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Praise and promise hymns: for use in Sunday-schools, prayer meetings, revivals, young people's meetings, and on special occasions. 1900

Chicago, Illinois: R. R. McCabe and Company, 1900

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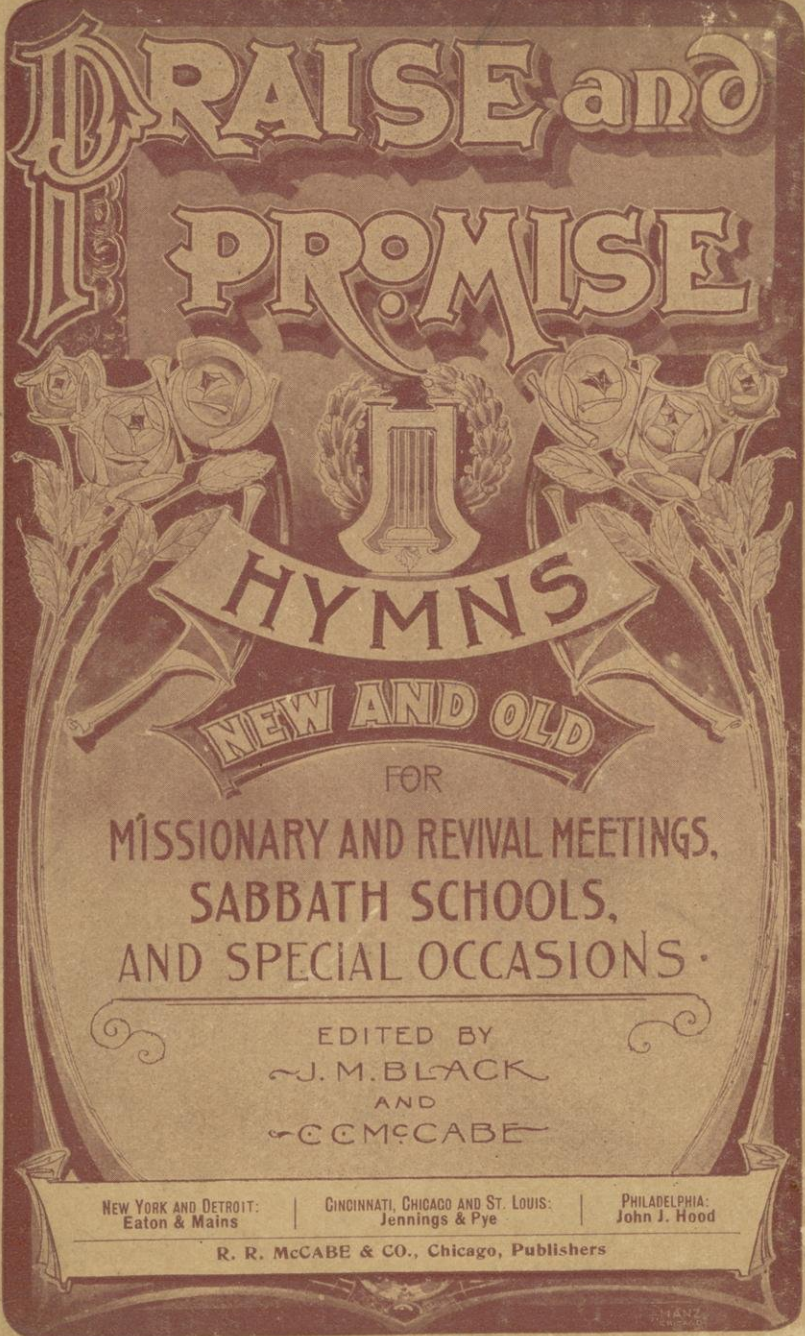
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Am. La. Soc. of the Cross



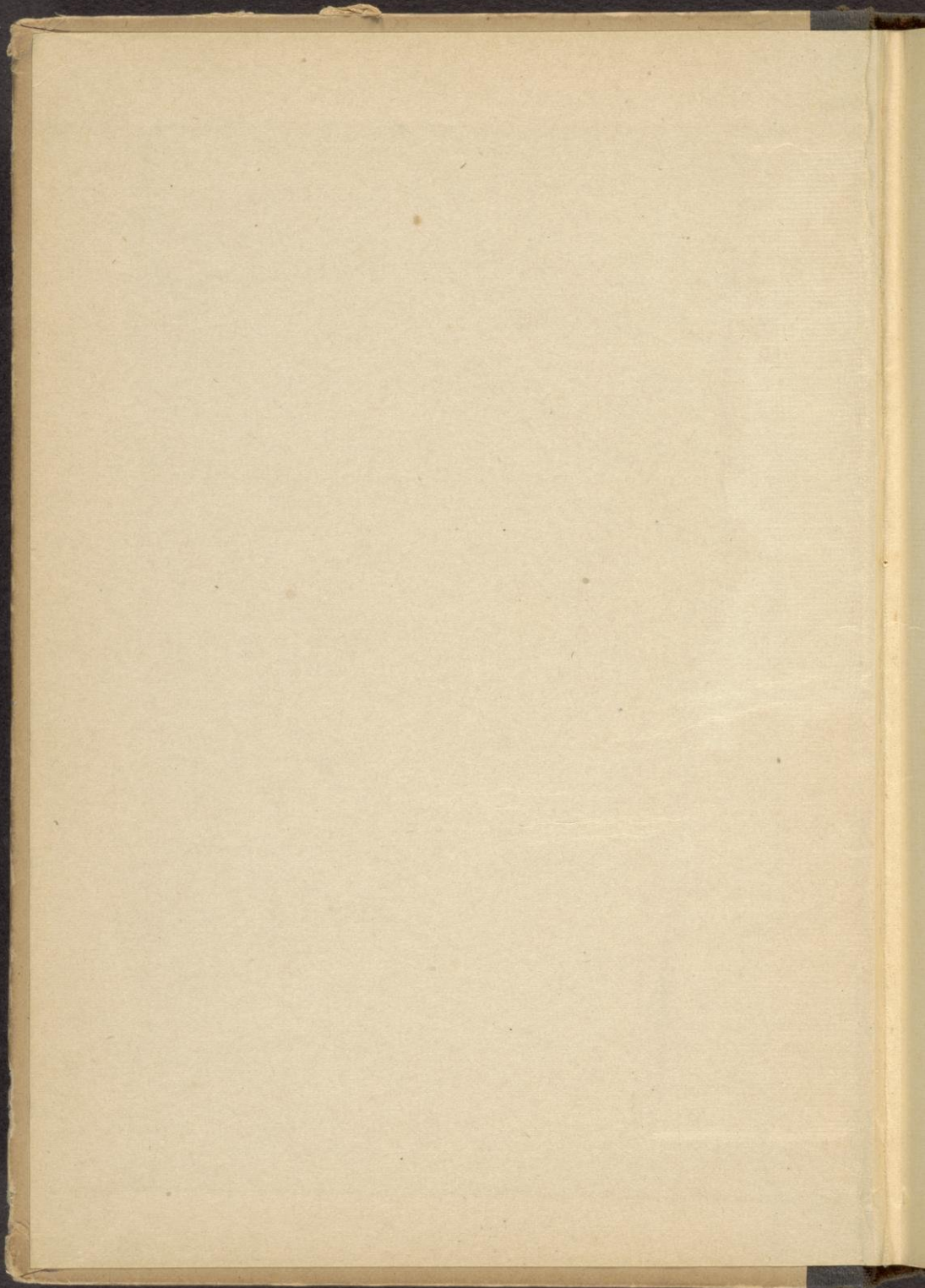
NEW YORK AND DETROIT:
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CINCINNATI, CHICAGO AND ST. LOUIS:
Jennings & Pye

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John J. Hood

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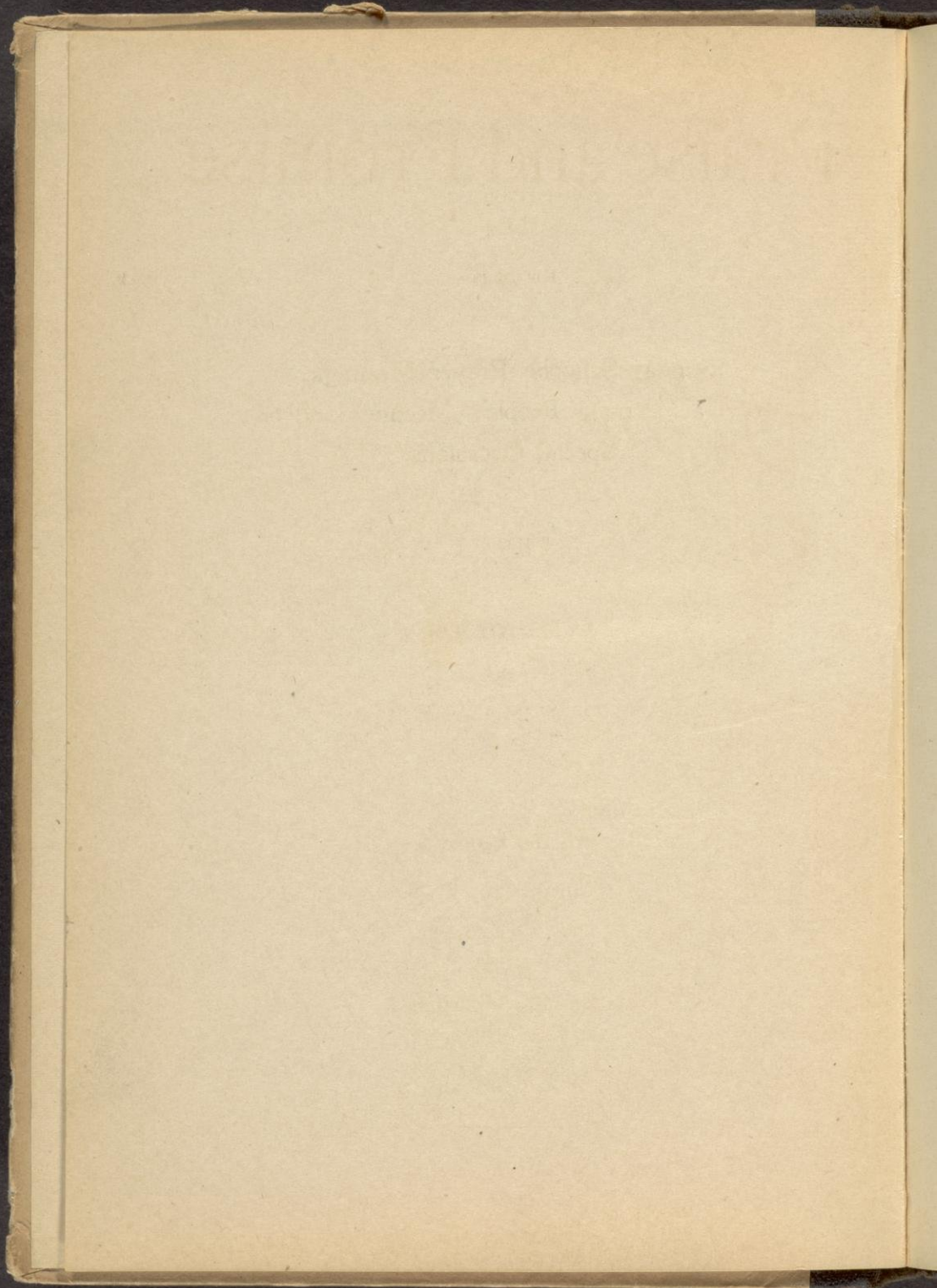


Helene Hartman Thomas

Easter 1944

Love

A



Praise and Promise

FOR USE IN

Sunday-Schools, Prayer Meetings,
Revivals, Young People's Meetings and on
Special Occasions.

EDITED BY

J. M. BLACK

AND

C. C. McCABE

"Let All the People Sing."

PUBLISHERS:

R. R. McCABE & CO.,

170 South Clinton St.,

Chicago, Ill.

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PREFACE.



Every piece in this book has been selected with special reference to the Prayer Meeting, the Revival, the Sunday-School, and Young People's Meetings. It contains a very large number of splendid new and *singable* pieces, and many of the most precious and popular hymns of the church are also found within its pages. No church nor Sunday-School can make a mistake in selecting "Praise and Promise." It has many competitors, but is easily chief among them all.

J. M. BLACK.
C. C. McCABE.

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THE PUBLISHERS.

ANDERSON BROS., MUSIC TYPOGRAPHERS, 325 DEARBORN ST., CHICAGO, ILL.

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Praise and Promise.

No. 1.

Walk With Me.

REV. W. C. MARTIN.

J. M. BLACK.

1. Walk with me, dear Lord, with me, I shall then so hap - py be;
2. Walk with me, dear Lord, with me, For the way I can - not see,
3. Walk with me, dear Lord, with me, Till I reach the nar - row sea,

In my heart a rich de - light Shall a - bide by day and night.
And the per - ils can - not know If Thou do not with me go.
Till I cross the swell - ing tide Stay Thou ev - er by my side;

Lead me gen - tly by the hand Thro' the drear - y des - ert land,
I must cling to Thee each day Lest I wan - der from the way;
Till I reach the shin - ing strand Lead me by Thy pier - ced hand,

Rit.
I shall e'er be safe with Thee, — Walk with me, dear Lord, with me.
Keep me, Je - sus, close to Thee: Walk with me, dear Lord, with me.
Till in glo - ry I shall be, Walk with me, dear Lord, with me.

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No. 2.

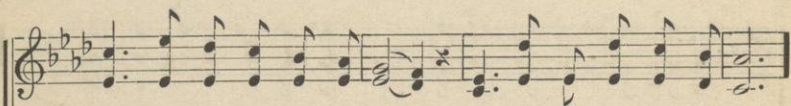
God is With Me.

REV. B. F. CLARKSON.

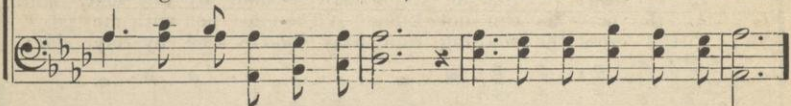
J. M. BLACK.



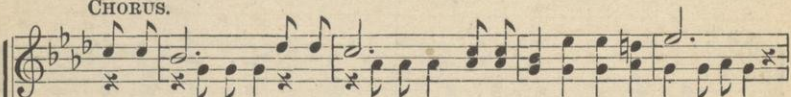
1. When the skies are clear and bright, And my pathway gleams with light;
2. In my struggles for the right, In the dark-ness of the night,
3. In my ef-forts to be true, While I strive His will to do,
4. When my loved ones fade and die, And no stars are in the sky,



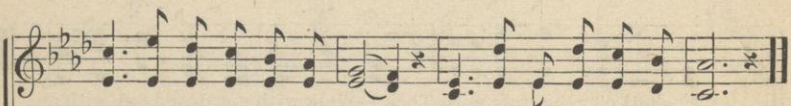
When the gen-tle breez-es blow, God is with me, this I know.
 When the tem-pests rude-ly blow, God is with me, this I know.
 When, where du-ty calls, I go, God is with me, this I know.
 When night cov-ers all be-low, God is with me, this I know.



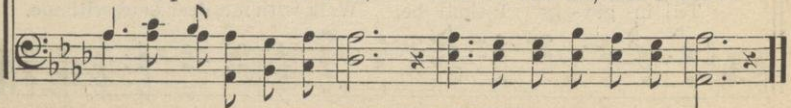
CHORUS.



This I know, this I know, God is with me, this I know,
 This I know, this I know, this I know, this I know,



For His promise tells me so, God is with me, this I know.



No. 3. I've Given My Heart to Jesus.

IDA L. REED.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. I've giv-en my heart to Je - sus, My life to His serv - ice sweet,
 2. I've giv-en my heart to Je - sus, My Saviour, my Lord, my God;
 3. I've giv-en my heart to Je - sus, I'm hap-py my King to own;

My strength and my hope I'll dai - ly Re - new at His pre - cious feet.
 His foot-steps I'll try to fol - low In paths He for me hath trod.
 My la - bor His love shall sweeten, My soul shall be His a - lone.

CHORUS.

I've giv-en my heart to Je - sus, And He shall my lead - er be;.....
 my heart to Je - sus, lead - er, my lead - er be;

My soul shall be His for - ev - er, And dai - ly He'll com - fort me.

No. 4. The Message of Salvation.

LAURA E. NEWELL.

E. S. HOWARD.

1. There's a mes-sage of sal-va-tion, Un-to ev-'ry tribe and
 2. Je-sus says "I'll ne'er for sake you, When tempta-tions o-ver-
 3. When to Him for coun-sel turn-ing, With our lamps all trimmed and

na-tion, It is sent from heav'n, the bless-ed home a-bove,
 take you, I will keep you, I will guide you with mine eye,"
 burn-ing, We are read-y for the Bridegroom as we wait,

To the heav-y la-den call-ing, Mid the shad-ows dark-ly
 Till life's close the way He'll brighten, All your path-way He will
 And with rap-ture we will greet Him, When at last His own shall

fall-ing, "Come to me and rest," the words are breathed in love.
 light-en, Till He calls you home to glo-ry by and by.
 meet Him, Not one trust-ing soul shall hear the words "Too late!"

CHORUS.

Je-sus came..... to earth to save you, And His
 Je-sus came

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No. 6.

Walk Beside Me.

KATHARINE E. PURVIS.

J. M. BLACK.

1. Walk be-side me, O my Sav-iour, While life's morning sky is bright;
 2. When the noontide's glowing splendor Brings its weight of toil and care,
 3. When the twilight shades, descending, Warn my soul that night is near,

Grant me now Thy lov-ing fa-vor, Flood my path with heav'nly light.
 May Thy love, so pure and ten-der, All my heav-y bur-dens bear!
 With the hues of sun-set blending, Let the light of heav'n ap-pear.

Whether good or ill be-tide me, Whether skies be dark or clear,
 In a wea-ry land, pro-vide me Shelt'ring rock and cool-ing care;
 Thro' the val-ley, Sav-iour, take me, Close my eyes when night shall come,

Ev-er stay so close be-side me, I may know and feel Thee near.
 When the tem-pest ra-ges, hide me Un-der-neath Thy fold-ed wing.
 Then bid an-gel voi-ces wake me, Sweet-ly singing, "Welcome home."

CHORUS.

Bless-ed Sav-iour, walk with me, Take a-way all anx-i-ous fear;

Walk Beside Me—Concluded.

Ev - er stay so close be-side me, I may know and feel Thee near.

No. 7. The Gospel Feast.

CHARLES WESLEY.
Chorus by H. L. G.

H. L. GILMOUR.

1. Come, sin-ners, to the gos - pel feast; It is for you, it is for me;
2. Ye need not one be left be - hind; It is for you, it is for me;

Let ev - 'ry soul be Je - sus' guest; It is for you, it is for me.
For God hath bid-den all man-kind; It is for you, it is for me.

D. S.—O wea-ry wand'rer, come and see; It is for you, it is for me.

CHORUS.

D. S.

Sal - va-tion full, sal - va-tion free, The price was paid on Cal - va - ry;

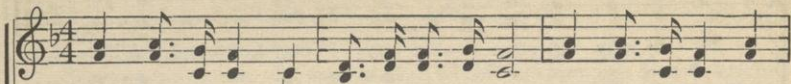
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|---|---|
| <p>3 Sent by my Lord, on you I call;
The invitation is to all;</p> <p>4 Come, all the world! come, sinner, thou,
All things in Christ are ready now.</p> <p>5 Come, all ye souls by sin oppressed,
Ye restless wanderers after rest;</p> <p>6 Ye poor, and maimed, and halt, and blind
In Christ a hearty welcome find.</p> | <p>7 My message as from God receive;
Ye all may come to Christ and live;</p> <p>8 O let this love your hearts constrain,
Nor suffer Him to die in vain.</p> <p>9 See Him set forth before your eyes,
That precious, bleeding sacrifice:</p> <p>10 His offered benefits embrace,
And freely now be saved by grace.</p> |
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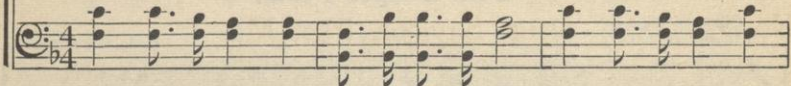
No. 8. Life, Light and Love in Jesus.

ADA BLENKHORN.

J. M. BLACK.



1. Life, light and love, the gifts of God so free, For Je - sus' sake He
2. Now with my Lord I walk the up - ward way, No night is there, but
3. How blest the hours spent at the mer - cy - seat, To learn the les - sons
4. Come now to Christ, your Sav - iour true and kind, Yield now to Him your



gives to you and me; And in His ho - ly, bless - ed Word I see
clear and per - fect day; There shines for me a bright and bless - ed ray, -
of His will so sweet, And find, while wait - ing hum - bly at His feet,
spir - it, soul and mind; Trust - ing His grace and mer - cy, you shall find



CHORUS.



Life, light and love in Je - sus. Je - sus, Je - sus, sing the glad refrain,



Je - sus on - ly, glo - ry to His name! Let ev - 'ry heart with



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Life, Light and Love in Jesus—Concluded.

rap - ture now pro-claim, Life, light and love in Je - sus.

No. 9. Jesus, Saviour, Pilot Me.

EDWARD HOPPER.

J. E. GOULD.

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

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

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

No. 10.

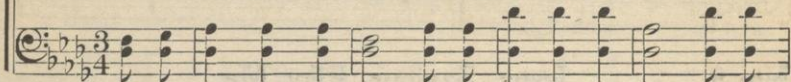
Trust, Obey, and Pray.

E. A. H.

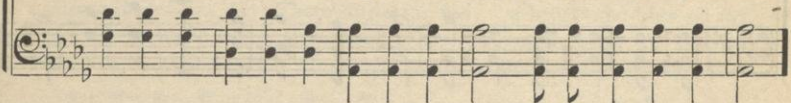
REV. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.



1. In your Sav - iour a - bide, walk in love by His side, Keep your
2. In the strength of His grace run the heav - en - ly race, And for -
3. As you jour - ney a - long let your cour - age be strong, And your



feet in the beau - ti - ful, heav - en - ly way, Then no ill shall be - tide
get not to watch a - gainst sin, and to pray; Learn His will from the Word
faith fixed on Je - sus each step of the way; Have His love in your heart,



and no good be de - nied, And your soul will be hap - py al - way.
and then fol - low the Lord, And your soul will be hap - py al - way.
walk from e - vil a - part, And your soul will be hap - py al - way.



CHORUS.



{ Trust in the Lord, and His peace - giv - ing Word, And from Je - sus you
{ Trust and o - bey, and for - get not to pray, And your [Omit. . .



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Trust, Obey, and Pray—Concluded.

nev-er will stray;
] soul will be hap-py in Je-sus al-way.

No. 11.

We Would See Jesus.

Anon.

F. MENDELSSOHN. ARR.

1. We would see Je - sus—for the shadows length-en A - cross this
2. We would see Je - sus—the great Rock-foun-da-tion, Where-on our
3. We would see Je - sus—oth - er lights are pal - ing, Which for long
4. We would see Je - sus—this is all we're need-ing, Strength, joy, and

lit - tle land-scape of our life; We would see Je - sus, our weak
 feet were set with sov'reign grace; Not life, nor death, with all their
 years we have re-joiced to see; The bless-ings of our pil-grim-
 will - ing-ness, come with the sight; We would see Je - sus, dy - ing,

faith to strength-en For the last wea - ri - ness—the fi - nal strife.
 ag - i - ta - tion, Can thence re-move us, if we see His face.
 age are fail - ing; We would not mourn them, for we go to Thee.
 ris - en, plead - ing; Then wel-come, day! and fare-well, mor-tal night!

No. 12.

Into His Image.

E. R. LATTA.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. In - to His im - age to grow, Ev - er my pur - pose shall be,
 2. In - to His im - age to grow, Ev - er re - sem - bling Him more,
 3. In - to His im - age to grow, Out of the like - ness of sin;

Who from the courts of the sky Came as a ran - som for me:
 As in His foot - steps I tread, Seek - ing the heav - en - ly shore:
 Trusting, thro' mer - its of His, Glo - ry e - ter - nal to win:

Like as a serv - ant He came, Bear - ing my guilt and my shame,
 Yea, I will ear - nest - ly plead, Plead to be like Him in - deed,
 Per - fect in faith and in love, Meet for His kingdom a - bove:

Bear - ing my bur - den of woe; Lov - ing and suf - fer - ing so!
 Who, up - on Cal - va - ry's tree, Purchased sal - va - tion for me.
 This the dear wish of my soul, Now to be per - fect - ly whole.

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Into His Image—Concluded.

CHORUS.

Lov - - ing and suffering so, Lov - - ing and suffering so!
Loving, yes, loving and suf-fer-ing so, Loving, yes, loving and suf-fer-ing so!

Bearing my burden of woe, Loving and suffering so!
Bear - - - ing my bur-den of woe, Lov-ing and suf-fer-ing, suf-fer-ing so!

No. 13.

I will Follow Jesus.

Arranged.

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

CHO.—Where He leads me I will fol-low, Where He leads me I will fol-low,

Ad lib. *D. C. for Chorus.*

I can hear my Saviour calling, "Take thy cross, and follow, follow me."
I'll go with Him thro' the garden, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
I'll go with Him thro' the judgment, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
He will give me grace and glo-ry, And go with me, with me all the way.

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

No. 14.

The Cross is Not Greater.

B. B.

BALLINGTON BOOTH.

May be sung as a Solo and Chorus.

1. The cross that He gave may be heavy, But it ne'er out-weighs His grace;
2. The thorns in my path are not sharper Than composed His crown for me;
3. The light of His love shineth brighter, As it falls on paths of woe;
4. His will I have joy in ful-fill-ing, As I'm walk-ing in His sight;



The storm that I feared may surround me, But it ne'er excludes His face.
 The cup that I drink, not more bit-ter Than He drank at Gethsemane.
 The toil of my work groweth light-er, As I stoop to raise the low.
 My all to the blood I am bring-ing, It a-lone can keep me right.



CHORUS.



The cross is not great-er than His grace, The storm can - not

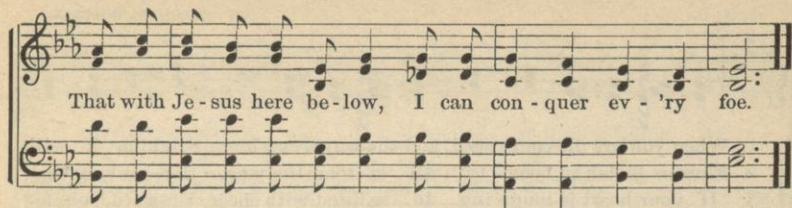


hide His bless-ed face; I am sat - is - fied to know



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The Cross is Not Greater—Concluded.



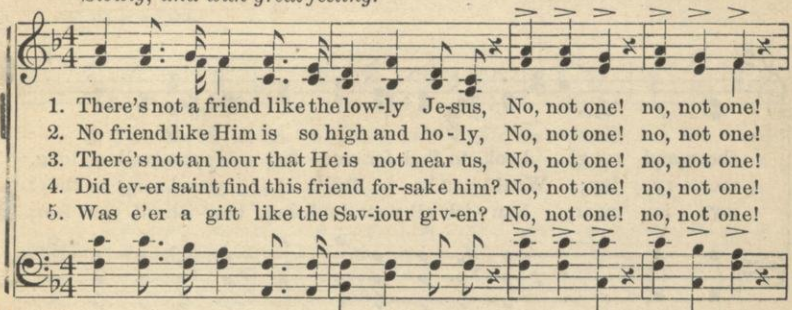
That with Je-sus here be-low, I can con-quer ev-'ry foe.

No. 15. No, Not One!

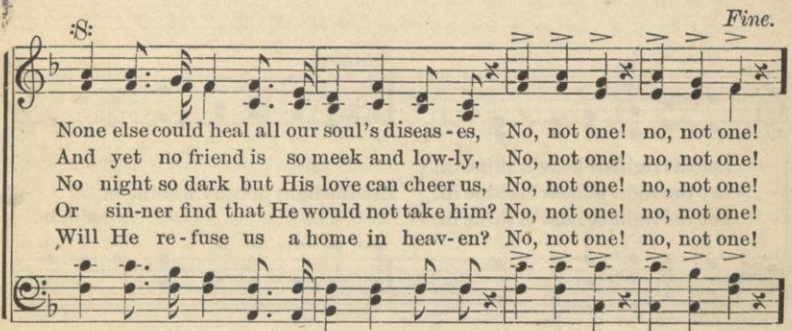
REV. JOHNSON OATMAN.

GEO. C. HUGG.

Slowly, and with great feeling.



1. There's not a friend like the low-ly Je-sus, No, not one! no, not one!
2. No friend like Him is so high and ho-ly, No, not one! no, not one!
3. There's not an hour that He is not near us, No, not one! no, not one!
4. Did ev-er saint find this friend for-sake him? No, not one! no, not one!
5. Was e'er a gift like the Sav-iour giv-en? No, not one! no, not one!



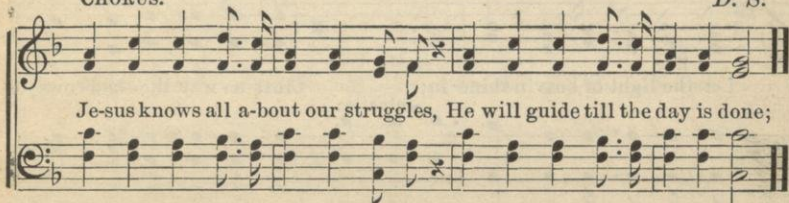
Fine.

None else could heal all our soul's diseas-es, No, not one! no, not one!
 And yet no friend is so meek and low-ly, No, not one! no, not one!
 No night so dark but His love can cheer us, No, not one! no, not one!
 Or sin-ner find that He would not take him? No, not one! no, not one!
 Will He re-fuse us a home in heav-en? No, not one! no, not one!

D.S.—There's not a friend like the low-ly Je-sus, No, not one! no, not one!

CHORUS.

D. S.



Je-sus knows all a-bout our struggles, He will guide till the day is done;

From "Heaven's Echo," by per. of Geo. C. Hugg.

No. 16. Let the Light of Heaven Shine In.

E. A. H.

REV. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

1. When you are dis-cour-aged, and the way seems long, Brighten it with
 2. Flowers bloom in beau-ty all a-long the way, Rob-ins sing their
 3. If your heart is long-ing to be filled with cheer, Up-ward look, for

cheer and song; Look to God for com-fort as you walk a-long,
 mer-ry lay; Would you be as full of joy and song as they?
 joy is near; Ban-ish all your doubting, ban-ish all your fear,

CHORUS.

Let the light of heav'n shine in. }
 Let the light of heav'n shine in. } Let the light of heav'n shine in,
 Let the light of heav'n shine in. } shine in,

Let the light of heav'n shine in; shine in; Clear a-way the shad-ows

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Let the Light of Heaven Shine In—Concluded.

from the heart of sin, Let the light of heav'n shine in.

No. 17. To Thee I Come.

Words arranged.

J. E. GOULD.

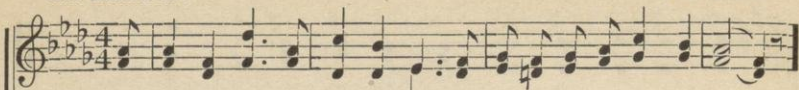
1. Je - sus, I come to Thee for light; Re - store to me my
 2. Je - sus, I come—I can - not stay From Thee an - oth - er
 3. Je - sus, I come—"just as I am," To Thee, the ho - ly,

blind - ed sight, And from my soul dis - pel the night—
 pre - cious day; I would Thy word at once o - bey—
 spot - less Lamb; Thou wilt my troub - led spir - it calm—

Je - sus, to Thee I come! Je - sus, to Thee I come!

ADA BLENKHORN.

J. M. BLACK.



1. My Saviour's voice is sweet to me, I love to hear it more and more;
2. To Him when'er I, grieving, go, And tell the troubles of the day,
3. When at the throne in prayer I kneel, And seek to find from sin re-lease,
4. New pow'r and life His words impart, And cleanse from ev'ry stain of sin;
5. Oh, lis-ten to that Voice divine, And yield to His persuasive love;



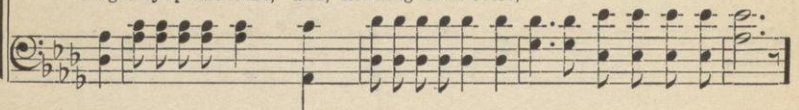
He speak-eth, low and ten-der-ly, Sweet words of comfort o'er and o'er.
 He speaks in ac-cents soft and low, And all my tears are wiped a-way.
 What joy un-speak-a-ble I feel When Jesus whispers "Go in peace."
 They fill with light the darkened heart That lets the Holy Spir-it in.
 So shall His peace and joy be thine, And countless blessings from above.



CHORUS.



He speaks, and, list'ning to His voice, Sweet peace doth all my spirit fill;
 He gently speaks to me, and, list'ning to His voice,



And in His good-ness I rejoice, When He doth whisper "Peace, be still."



No. 19.

Be Not Ashamed of Jesus.

W. C. MARTIN.

EVA SCHLOTTMAN.

1. Be not ashamed of Je - sus, Tho' others may fear and flee;
 2. Be not ashamed of Je - sus, Thy Saviour and tru - est Friend;
 3. Be not ashamed of Je - sus, The King who at last shall reign;

When thou wast poor and need - y He was not ashamed of thee.
 He will not chide nor fail thee,—On Him you can always de - pend.
 He, for thy soul's sal - va - tion, Has suffered the world's dis - dain.

CHORUS.

Be not ashamed of Je - sus, Whose goodness no words can tell;

Be not ashamed, ashamed of Him Who loveth thy soul so well.

No. 20.

The Vale of Content.

E. A. H.

REV. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

1. There's a vale of con-tent and of heav-en-ly peace, Where
 2. I was long years a stran-ger to peace and con-tent, And
 3. I am rest-ful and calm what-so-ev-er be-fall, Con-
 4. Tho' the days may seem ill, and e-vents may go wrong, My

those who love Je-sus a-bide, Where the friends of the Lord share His
 lived in the dark-ness and night, But have found at the last in this
 tent in each trou-ble and care; Christ may lead in-to sor-row and
 soul has re-pose in the Lord; He makes all work to-geth-er on

*D. S.—pres-ence of Christ makes it**Fine.*

fel-low-ship sweet, And lin-ger in joy by His side.
 beau-ti-ful vale A life of un-end-ing de-light.
 tri-al and pain, His love cheers my heart e-ven there.
 earth for my good; So says His in-fal-li-ble Word.

heav-en to me, And I'm hap-py in Him night and day.

CHORUS.

I have en-tered this vale of con-tent-ment so sweet, And

The Vale of Content—Concluded.

D. S.

life now is sun - shine al - way,..... For the

Musical notation for the first system, including treble and bass staves with lyrics.

No. 21. Oh, Worship the King.

ROBERT GRANT.

F. J. HAYDN.

1. Oh, worship the King all - glo - rious a - bove. And gratefully sing
 2. Oh, tell of His might, and sing of His grace, Whose robe is the light,
 3. Thy boun - ti - ful care what tongue can re - cite? It breathes in the air,
 4. Frail children of dust, and fee - ble as frail, In Thee do we trust,

Musical notation for the first system, including treble and bass staves with lyrics.

His won - der - ful love; Our Shield and Defender, the An - cient of Days,
 whose can - o - py, space; His chariots of wrath the deep thunder - clouds form,
 it shines in the light, It streams from the hills, it descends to the plain,
 nor find Thee to fail; Thy mercies how ten - der! how firm to the end!

Musical notation for the second system, including treble and bass staves with lyrics.

Pa - vil - ioned in splen - dor, and gird - ed with praise.
 And dark is His path on the wings of the storm.
 And sweet - ly dis - tills in the dew and the rain.
 Our Mak - er, De - fend - er, Re - deem - er, and Friend.

Musical notation for the third system, including treble and bass staves with lyrics.

No. 22.

Jesus is Precious.

GRANT COLFAX TULLAR.

I. H. MEREDITH.

1. Peace like a riv-er is flooding my soul, Since Christ, my Saviour,
 2. Joy is abounding—my heart gaily sings, Cleave I the heavens—
 3. O precious Je-sus, how love-ly Thou art! Come, and, a-bid-ing,

mak-eth me whole; Sweet peace a-bid-ing my por-tion shall be—
 mount up on wings; Christ hath ex-alt-ed—my soul He set free—
 rule in my heart; Break ev-'ry fet-ter—Thy face let me see,

CHORUS.

Je - sus, my Sav-iour, is pre-cious to me. Pre - - cious to
 Je - sus, my Sav-iour, is pre-cious to me.
 Then Thou shalt ev-er be pre-cious to me. Precious to me, He is

me, pre - - - cious to me,
 pre-cious to me, Je - sus, the Sav - iour, is pre - cious to me,

Je - - sus shall ev-er be pre - cious to me,
 Je - sus, my Sav - iour, ev - er shall be so precious to me, so precious to me.

No. 23.

I Give My Heart to Thee.

IDA SCOTT TAYLOR.

W. H. DOANE.

1. I give my heart to Thee, O bless-ed Sav - iour, Heav-y and
 2. I give my heart to Thee, O Lord, for-ev - er, Wea-ry with
 3. I give my heart to Thee, O Je - sus, take it, Cleanse it from

bur-den-ed with its load of sin; Smile Thou up - on me
 striv-ings, filled with anx-ious care; Help me to cling to
 sin, Thy pre-cious blood ap - ply; Grant that Thy Spir - it's

with Thy lov - ing fa - vor, Hear and for - give me,
 Thee with new en - deav - or, Help me, dear Lord, my
 pow'r may melt and break it, Teach it to serve Thee

CHORUS.

make me pure with - in. }
 dai - ly cross to bear. } O take my heart, Sav-iour Di -
 while the days go by. }

vine; Guard it from e - vil, Make it whol - ly Thine.

No. 24.

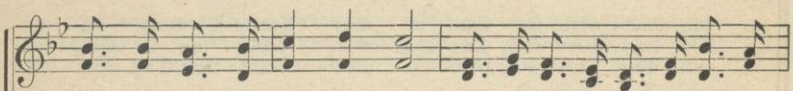
Beautiful Land of Song.

LANTA WILSON SMITH.

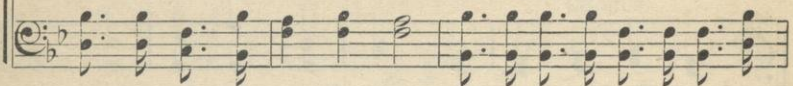
J. M. BLACK.



1. There's a joy that brightens ev'ry earth-ly day, While we work for
2. Reach a helping hand to those who faint and die; Strike a blow for
3. When our earthly tri-als and our con-flicts cease, When we find the



Je - sus with a cour-age strong; 'Tis the blest reward that fad-eth
vic - t'ry o - ver sin and wrong; Win a soul for Je - sus, and a
dear ones we have loved so long, There'll be crowns of glory, there'll be



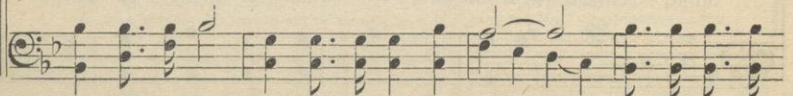
CHORUS.



not a-way, In that bright, beautiful land of song. }
home on high, In that bright, beautiful land of song. } Sing on the homeward
joy and peace, In that bright, beautiful land of song. }



way, Sing with the gath'ring throng; We shall find the
homeward way, Sing with the gath'ring, gath'ring throng,



Beautiful Land of Song—Concluded.

cit - y of E - ter - nal Day In that bright, beautiful land of song.

No. 25. Thou Thinkest, Lord, of Me.

E. D. MUND.

E. S. LORENZ.

1. A - mid the tri - als which I meet, A - mid the thorns that pierce my feet,
 2. The cares of life come thronging fast, Up - on my soul their shad - ows cast;
 3. Let shadows come, let shadows go, Let life be bright, or dark with woe,

Fine.

One thought remains su - preme - ly sweet, Thou thinkest, Lord, of me!
 Their gloom reminds my heart at last, Thou thinkest, Lord, of me!
 I am con - tent, for this I know, Thou thinkest, Lord, of me!

D.S.—What need I fear, since Thou art near, And thinkest, Lord, of me?

CHORUS. *D. S.*

Thou thinkest, Lord, of me, Thou thinkest, Lord, of me;
 of me, of me;

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No. 26.

This Great Salvation.

W. B. D.

W. B. DRURY.

1. How great the sal-va-tion that saves in the hour When doubt and temp-
 2. How great the sal-va-tion that saves in the gloom Of val-ley and
 3. How great the sal-va-tion re-vealed in the day The trumpet shall

ta - tion as - sail with great pow'r, When tempests a - rise, and dark
 shad - ow, that lights up the tomb With glo - ry im - mor - tal, and
 sound and the heav'n's roll a - way, When Christ shall descend as a

storms sweep the soul, And bil-lows of grief o'er the trembling heart roll!
 shouts o'er the grave The tri-umph of Je - sus, the might-y to save!
 Conqu'ror and King, When we shall be like Him, His prais-es to sing!

CHORUS.

Oh, this great, this great sal - va - tion, Tell its
 Oh, this great, this great sal - va - tion,

pow'r. to ev'-ry na - tion, Let it ring. thro' all cre-
 Tell its pow'r to ev'-ry na-tion, Let it ring

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This Great Salvation—Concluded.

a - tion, Je - sus saves,..... Oh, great sal - va - tion!
thro' all cre - a - tion, Je - sus saves,

No. 27. I Surrender All.

J. W. VAN DE VENTER.

W. S. WEEDEN.

DUET.

1. { All to Je - sus I sur - ren - der, All to Him I free - ly give; }
 { I will ev - er love and trust Him, In His pres - ence dai - ly live. }
2. { All to Je - sus I sur - ren - der, Hum - bly at His feet I bow; }
 { Worldly pleasures all for - sa - ken, Take me, Je - sus, take me now. }
3. { All to Je - sus I sur - ren - der, Make me, Saviour, wholly Thine; }
 { Let me feel the Ho - ly Spir - it, Tru - ly know that Thou art mine. }

CHORUS.

I sur - ren - der all, I sur - ren - der all, I sur - ren - der all;
I sur - ren - der all, I sur - ren - der all, I sur - ren - der all;

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

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

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

No. 28.

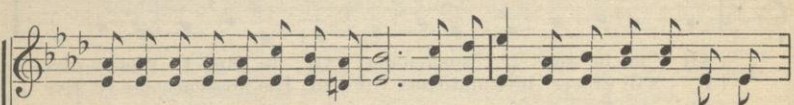
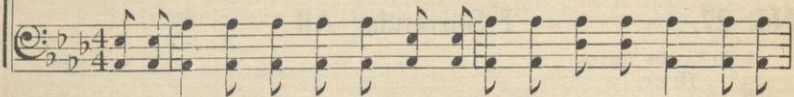
My Savior First of All.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

JNO. R. SWENEY.



1. When my life-work is end - ed, and I cross the swell-ing tide, When the
2. Oh, the soul-thrill-ing rap-ture when I view His bless-ed face, And the
3. Oh, the dear ones in glo - ry, how they beck-on me to come, And our
4. Thro' the gates to the cit - y in a robe of spot-less white, He will



bright and glorious morning I shall see; I shall know my Redeemer when I
 lus-tre of His kindly beaming eye; How my full heart will praise Him for the
 part-ing at the riv-er I re-call; To the sweet vales of E-den they will
 lead me where no tears will ever fall; In the glad song of a - ges I shall



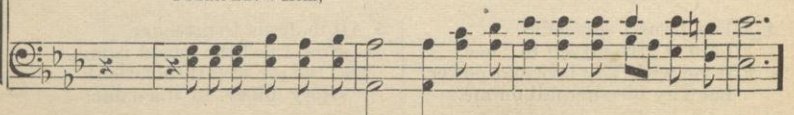
reach the oth - er side, And His smile will be the first to welcome me.
 mer - cy, love and grace, That prepares for me a man-sion in the sky.
 sing my welcome home; But I long to meet my Sav-iour first of all.
 min-gle with de-light; But I long to meet my Sav-iour first of all.



CHORUS.



I shall know Him, I shall know Him, And redeemed by His side I shall stand;
 I shall know Him,



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My Savior First of All—Concluded.

I shall know Him, I shall know Him By the print of the nails in His hand.
I shall know Him,

No. 29. The Lord Will Go Before You.

LIZZIE ACKERS.

J. J. JENNINGS.

Slowly.

1. The Lord hath said that He will guide And ever walk close by our side;
2. We need not shrink nor fearful be, Tho' all the way we can-not see,
3. So step by step, come weal or woe, We're safe because He loves us so;
4. 'Tis ours to follow, brave and true, Un-til the riv - er's brink we view,

But bet-ter still for falt'ring feet, This promise comes so clear and sweet.
For just a-head, where'er we are, There shines this blessed guiding Star.
And in our wea-ry waiting time The promise rings with sweetest chime.
And then with rapture we'll behold This promise-bridge of heaven's gold.

REFRAIN.

The Lord will go be - fore you, The Lord will go be - fore you,

The Lord will go be - fore you, His prom - is - es are sure.

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No. 30. Jesus is Always the Same.

Mrs. LANTA WILSON SMITH.
DUET. SOP. & TENOR.

J. M. BLACK.

1. Je - sus is al - ways the same true friend, On this as -
 2. Bright hopes de - ceive us, and tears will start When friends and
 3. Je - sus will dai - ly our joy re - new; Love Him and

sur - ance our hearts de - pend; Trust in the love that can
 loved ones drift far a - part; But there is balm for the
 serve Him life's jour - ney through; Though all else fail us, we'll

nev - er end, Je - sus is al - ways the same.
 wound - ed heart, Je - sus is al - ways the same.
 find it true, Je - sus is al - ways the same.

CHORUS.

Al - ways the same, al - ways the same, Friends may for - sake us,

Je - sus is always the same, Al - ways the same, always the same,

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Jesus is Always the Same—Concluded.

Life, love, and joy may fail, But Je - sus is al - ways the same.

No. 31. A Home in My Heart for Jesus.

LANTA WILSON SMITH.

J. M. BLACK.

1. There's a home in my heart for Je - sus, In the heart He has cleansed from sin;
2. There's a home in my heart for Je - sus, There's a sympathy rare and sweet;
3. There's a home in my heart for Je - sus, And He whispers that all is well;

'Tis the shrine of a deep de - vo - tion, And my Saviour a - bides within.
 There are days of divine com - mun - ion, When His presence is bliss complete.
 In the light of His love a - bid - ing, There's a joy that no words can tell.

CHORUS.

There's a home in my heart, And Je - sus abides with - in;
 There's a home in my heart, a - bides within;

He will al - ways be a friend to me, There's a home in my heart for Him.

No. 32. Since I Found My Saviour.

E. E. HEWITT.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Life wears a different face to me, Since I found my Sav-iour;
 2. He sought me in His wondrous love, So I found my Sav-iour;
 3. The pass-ing clouds may in - ter-vene, Since I found my Sav-iour;
 4. A strong hand kind-ly holds my own, Since I found my Sav-iour;

Rich mer-cy at the cross I see, My dy-ing, liv - ing Sav-iour.
 He brought sal-va-tion from a - bove, My dear, Al-might-y Sav-iour.
 But He is with me, tho' un-seen, My ev - er-pres - ent Sav-iour.
 It leads me on - ward to the throne, Oh, there I'll see my Sav-iour!

CHORUS.

Golden sunbeams 'round me play, Je - sus turns my night to day;

Heav - en seems not far a - way, Since I found my Sav - iour.

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No. 33.

Jesus is Calling.

E. A. H.

REV. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

1. Je-sus is lov-ing-ly calling to thee, Call-ing to thee, calling to thee;
 2. Je-sus is pa-tient-ly wait-ing for thee, Wait-ing for thee, wait-ing for thee;
 3. Je-sus is ten-der-ly plead-ing with thee, Plead-ing with thee, plead-ing with thee,
 4. Je-sus is earnest-ly call-ing to-day, Call-ing to-day, call-ing to-day;

“Come with thy sor-row and sin un-to me,” Je-sus is call-ing to thee.
 Of-fers His grace and His mer-cy so free, Je-sus is wait-ing for thee.
 Come, and thy Sav-iour and Friend He will be, Je-sus is plead-ing with thee.
 Love Him, and serve Him, no long-er de-lay, Je-sus is call-ing to-day.

REFRAIN.

Call - ing, call - ing, “Come un-to me, come un-to me,”
 Wait - ing, wait - ing, Wait-ing for thee, wait-ing for thee,
 Plead - ing, plead - ing, Plead-ing with thee, plead-ing with thee,
 Call - ing, call - ing, Call-ing to-day, call-ing to-day,
 Call-ing to thee, call-ing to thee,
 Wait-ing for thee, wait-ing for thee,
 Plead-ing with thee, plead-ing with thee,
 Call-ing to-day, call-ing to-day,

Je - - - sus is call - - ing, Is lov-ing-ly calling to thee.
 Je - - - sus is wait - - ing, Is pa-tient-ly wait-ing for thee.
 Je - - - sus is plead - - ing, Is ten-der-ly plead-ing with thee.
 Je - - - sus is call - - ing, Is earnest-ly call-ing to-day.

Je - sus is call-ing, is ten-der-ly call-ing,
 Je - sus is wait-ing, is pa-tient-ly wait-ing,
 Je - sus is plead-ing, is ten-der-ly plead-ing,
 Je - sus is call-ing, is lov-ing-ly call-ing.

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No. 34.

He Saves Me To-day.

JOHN CENNICK.

Music and Chorus by Dr. S. B. JACKSON.

1. Je - sus, my all, to heav'n is gone, He whom I fixed my hopes up-on;
 2. The way the ho - ly proph-ets went, The road that leads from banishment,
 3. Lo! glad I come, and Thou, blest Lamb, Shalt take me to Thee as I am;
 4. Then will I tell to sin-ners round, What a dear Saviour I have found;

His track I see, and I'll pur-sue The narrow way till Him I view.
 The King's highway of ho - li - ness, I'll go, for all His paths are peace.
 Nothing but sin have I to give; Nothing but love shall I re-ceive.
 I'll point to Thy Re-deem-ing blood, And say, "Behold the way to God."

CHORUS.

I can, I will, I do be-lieve in Je - sus, And I know He

saves me to - day! Hal - le - lu - jah, I'm free! I'm free! Oh,
 I am free!

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He Saves Me To-day—Concluded.

glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! He has washed my sins all a - way!

No. 35. Guide Me, Great Jehovah.

WILLIAM WILLIAMS.

Dr. T. HASTINGS.

1. { Guide me, O Thou great Je - ho-vah, Pilgrim thro' this bar-ren land; }
 I am weak, but Thou art mighty; Hold me with Thy pow'rful hand: }
2. { O - pen now the crys-tal fountain, Whence the heal-ing wa-ters flow; }
 Let the fier - y, cloud - y pil - lar, Lead me all my journey thro': }
3. { When I tread the verge of Jor-dan, Bid my anxious fears sub-side; }
 Bear me thro' the swell-ing cur-rent; Land me safe on Canaan's side: }

Bread of heav - en, Feed me till I want no more,
 Strong De - liv - 'rer, Be Thou still my strength and shield,
 Songs of prais - es I will ev - er give to Thee,

Bread of heav - en, Feed me till I want no more.
 Strong De - liv - 'rer, Be Thou still my strength and shield.
 Songs of prais - es I will ev - er give to Thee.

No. 36. Let the Dear Saviour Come In.

Rev. W. C. MARTIN.

J. M. BLACK.

1. The Sav-iour is standing out-side your heart's door, Will you not
 2. Oh, why so un-heed-ing to that lov - ing call? Will you not
 3. Oh, why should you fear tho' the whole world should frown? Will you not
 4. Take Je - sus for pi - lot o'er life's storm - y sea; Will you not

let Him come in just now? Seek - ing for en - trance, as
 let Him come in just now? Re - ceive and con - fess Him thy
 let Him come in just now? The Sav - iour is wait - ing to
 let Him come in just now? And from all its per - ils be

oft - en be - fore, Will you not let Him come in?....
 Lord be - fore all— Will you not let Him come in?....
 give you a crown, Will you not let Him come in?....
 ev - er - more free— Will you not let Him come in?....

CHORUS.

Let Him come in, let Him come in, Let the dear Saviour come in just now;

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Let the Dear Saviour Come In—Concluded.

Let Him come in, let Him come in, Let the dear Saviour come in.

No. 37. Precious Name.

MRS. LYDIA BAXTER.

W. H. DOANE.

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

It will joy and com-fort give you, Take it then where'er you go.
 If temptations round you gath-er, Breathe that ho - ly name in prayer.
 When His lov-ing arms re-ceive us, And His songs our tongues employ.
 King of kings in heav'n we'll crown Him, When our journey is com-plete.

REFRAIN.

Precious name, O how sweet! Hope of earth and Joy of heav'n; Precious
 Precious name, O how sweet!

name, O how sweet! Hope of earth and Joy of heav'n.
 Precious name, O how sweet, how sweet!

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REV. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

E. S. HOWARD.



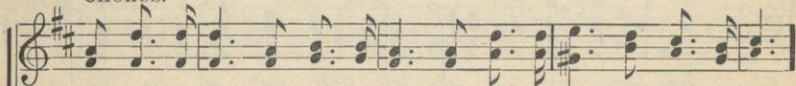
1. The struggle here seems hard and long, To do the right and fight the wrong;
2. The world can nev - er sat - is - fy; Its wells and springs, a-las! run dry;
3. Here, burden-bear-ers we must be; There, better days we all shall see;
4. The Jordan waves we do not fear, For Christ, to help us, will be near;



But soon it will be o - ver-past, And we shall be in heav'n at last.
 Be - yond the Jor - dan is our home, And thither soon we all shall come.
 Soon thro' the gates of death we'll go, To where the streams immortal flow.
 His arm will guide, thro' Jordan's tide, In safe - ty to the oth - er side.



CHORUS.



His arm will guide, thro' Jordan's tide, In safe - ty to the oth - er side;



The por - tals past, our hearts at last For - ev - er shall be sat - is - fied.

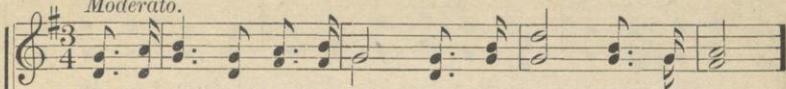


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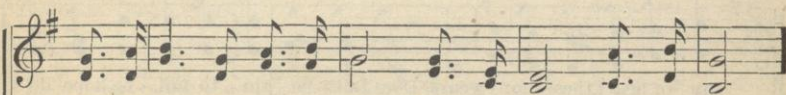
Some Sweet Day.

ARTHUR. W. FRENCH.

D. B. TOWNER.

Moderato.

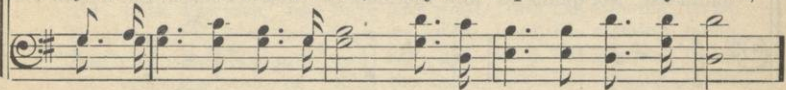
1. We shall reach the riv - er side, Some sweet day, some sweet day;
2. We shall pass in - side the gate, Some sweet day, some sweet day;
3. We shall meet our loved and own, Some sweet day, some sweet day;



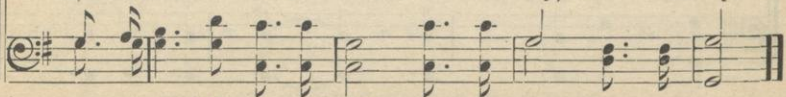
We shall cross the storm-y tide, Some sweet day, some sweet day;
 Peace and plen-ty for us wait, Some sweet day, some sweet day;
 Gath'ring round the great white throne, Some sweet day, some sweet day;



We shall press the sands of gold, While be - fore our eyes un - fold
 We shall hear the wondrous strain, "Glo - ry to the Lamb that's slain,
 By the tree of life so fair, Joy and rap - ture ev - 'ry - where,



Heaven's splendors, yet un - told, Some sweet day, some sweet day.
 Christ was dead, but lives a - gain, Some sweet day, some sweet day.
 Oh, the bliss of o - ver there! Some sweet day, some sweet day.



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No. 40.

Sometime, Somewhere.

CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.

1. Un - an - swered yet? The pray'r your lips have plead - ed In ag - o -
 2. Un - an - swered yet? Tho' when you first pre - sent - ed This one pe -
 3. Un - an - swered yet? Nay, do not say un - grant - ed; Per - haps your
 4. Un - an - swered yet? Faith can - not be un - an - swered; Her feet were

ny of heart these many years? Does faith be - gin to fail, is hope de -
 tion at the Father's throne, It seemed you could not wait the time of
 part is not yet whol - y done; The work be - gan when first your pray'r was
 firm - ly plant - ed on the Rock; A - mid the wildest storm pray'r stands un -

part - ing, And think you all in vain those fall - ing tears? Say not the
 ask - ing, So ur - gent was your heart to make it known. Tho' years have
 ut - tered, And God will fin - ish what He has be - gun. If you will
 daunt - ed, Nor quails be - fore the loud - est thun - der shock. She knows Om -

Father hath not heard your pray'r; You shall have your desire, sometime, some -
 passed since then, do not despair; The Lord will answer you, sometime, some -
 keep the in - cense burning there, His glo - ry you shall see, sometime, some -
 nip - o - tence has heard her pray'r, And cries, "It shall be done," sometime, some -

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Sometime, Somewhere—Concluded.

Rit. *Ad lib.*

where, You shall have your de - sire, some-time, some-where.
 where, The Lord will an - swer you, some-time, some-where.
 where, His glo - ry you shall see, some-time, some-where.
 where, And cries, "It shall be done," some-time, some-where.

No. 41. Lord, I'm Coming Home,

W. J. K. *With feeling.*

Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. I've wan-dered far a - way from God, Now I'm com-ing home;
2. I've wast - ed man - y pre - cious years, Now I'm com-ing home;
3. I'm tired of sin and stray-ing, Lord, Now I'm com-ing home;
4. My soul is sick, my heart is sore, Now I'm com-ing home;
5. My on - ly hope, my on - ly plea, Now I'm com-ing home;
6. I need His cleans-ing blood, I know, Now I'm com-ing home;

Fine.

The paths of sin too long I've trod, Lord, I'm com-ing home.
 I now re - pent with bit - ter tears, Lord, I'm com-ing home.
 I'll trust Thy love, be - lieve Thy word, Lord, I'm com-ing home.
 My strength re - new, my hope re - store, Lord, I'm com-ing home.
 That Je - sus died, and died for me, Lord, I'm com-ing home.
 Oh, wash me whit - er than the snow, Lord, I'm com-ing home.

D.S.—O - pen wide Thine arms of love, Lord, I'm coming home.

CHORUS.

D.S.

Com-ing home, com-ing home, Nev - er more to roam;

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No. 42.

Talk to Me of Jesus.

C. H. G.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Speak to me more oft - en of the Sav - iour and His love;
 2. Tell me of His love so won - der - ful, so wide and deep;
 3. Tell me how He hushed the tem - pest by His "Peace, be still;"
 4. Talk to me a - bout the life He led in Gal - i - lee;

Keep re - peat - ing how He died, His love for me to prove;
 Tell a - gain the sto - ry of the Shepherd and His sheep;
 Tell a - gain the mean - ing of His "Who - so - ev - er will;"
 Of the bit - ter cup He drank in dark Geth - sem - a - ne;

Tell me of the man - sions bright pre - pared in heav'n a - bove;
 Tell me of a Sav - iour who could o - ver sin - ners weep;
 Tell me more a - bout the law He would that I ful - fil;
 Lead me all the way from Beth - le - hem to Cal - va - ry, -

CHORUS.

Talk to me more a - bout Je - sus! More and more,

Talk to Me of Jesus—Concluded.

more a-bout the Sav - iour, Of a love un - meas - ured by e -

ter - ni - ty; Tell me more a - bout the Lord who died for me.

No. 43.

Jesus is Mine!

Mrs. CATHARINE J. BONAR.

T. E. PERKINS. By per.

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

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

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

No. 44.

My Cup, it Runneth O'er.

REV. J. B. FOOTE, D. D.

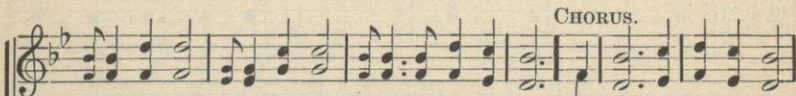
W. Y. FOOTE.



1. Praise to my Shepherd King, Saviour di-vine; Glad notes of joy I sing,
2. My soul is now restored Thro' Jesus' pow'r, My great triumphant Lord
3. Here is a ta-ble spread, Banquet of love; Glad oil up-on my head,
4. My days are shining bright; Thro' future time Each added hour shall be,



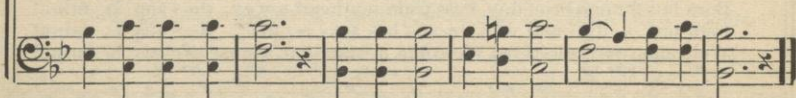
No want is mine, His gifts, a full sup- ply, Garden of delight,
Keeps me ev- 'ry hour. He makes His rod my joy, His staff so dear!
Poured from a- bove; Foes can-not now encroach, Jesus stands on guard,
Lord, wholly Thine. Thy name, dear Shepherd King, Stamped on my brow;



Pastures green, water's sheen, Brighten all my night.
Paths of right, always bright, Je-sus ev-er near. } My cup, it runneth o'er,
Vict'ry won, heav'n begun, Love its own re-ward. }
In Thee I'll dwell, Thy love I'll tell, Sing hallelujah now!



Je-sus fills with love; Ful-ly blest, soul at rest, Like heav'n above.



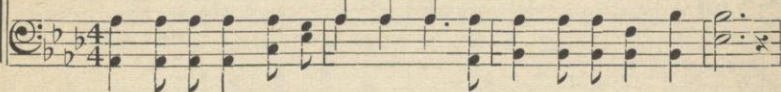
No. 45. The Duty that Calls To-day.

LANTA WILSON SMITH.

J. M. BLACK.



1. Somewhere is waiting a bless-ed work That on - ly your hand can do;
2. Du-ty may bring you to heights of fame, Or lead to some lowly vale;
3. Whether you toil in the bus - y world, Or brighten some humble place,
4. Somewhere is waiting—oh, slight it not—The work that you best can do;



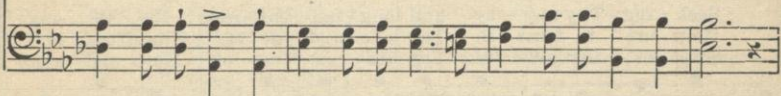
Work that the Master in wisdom planned, And placed in this world for you.
Ei-ther will yield you a gold-en crown; Then never despair nor fail.
Blessed the work of the Master will be, And rich His abundant grace.
Seek thro' the pathway of faith and prayer The mission God meant for you.



CHORUS.



Search for it, find it! God's ho-ly work; It nev - er is far a - way;



Find it by do-ing with heart and soul The du - ty that calls to-day.



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No. 46. Saviour, Come In To-day.

LIZZIE DE ARMOND.

J. M. BLACK.

1. Long Thou hast wait - ed out - side of my heart, Sav - iour, come
 2. Make me a tem - ple all ho - ly with - in, Sav - iour, come
 3. Come and il - lu - mine my soul with Thy light, Sav - iour, come

in to - day; Tho' I have grieved Thee, O do not de - part,
 in to - day; Grant me for - give - ness and cleanse me from sin,
 in to - day; Shine on my darkness, and all will be bright,

Sav - iour, come in to - day. Wea - ry of sin, heavy - laden, oppressed,
 Sav - iour, come in to - day. Come in and teach me to know Thy will;
 Sav - iour, come in to - day. Teach me Thy patience, and help me to know

Seek - ing Thy mer - cy and long - ing for rest; En - ter my
 Help me to trust in Thy love and be still; Guard me, and
 Some of the joys of Thy heav - en be - low; More and more

heart that I too may be blest, Sav - iour, come in to - day.
 keep me se - cure from all ill, Sav - iour, come in to - day.
 I in Thy likeness would grow, Sav - iour, come in to - day.

Saviour, Come In To-day—Concluded.

CHORUS.

Saviour, come in, Saviour, come in;
Saviour, come in, Saviour, come in;

Long Thou hast waited outside of my heart, Saviour, come in to-day.

No. 47. I Need Thee Every Hour.

Mrs. ANNIE E. HAWKS.

-REV. ROBERT LOWRY.

1. I need Thee ev'ry hour, Most gra-cious Lord; No ten-der voice like
2. I need Thee ev'ry hour, Stay Thou near by; Temptations lose their
3. I need Thee ev'ry hour, In joy or pain; Come quickly and a-
4. I need Thee ev'ry hour; Teach me Thy will; And Thy rich promis-
5. I need Thee ev'ry hour, Most Ho - ly One; O make me Thine in-

REFRAIN.

Thine Can peace af-ford. }
pow'r When Thou art nigh. } I need Thee, O I need Thee, Ev-'ry hour I
bide, Or life is vain. }
es In me ful-fil. }
deed, Thou bless-ed Son! }

need Thee; O bless me now, my Sav-our, I come to Thee.

No. 48.

I'll Sing of His Love.

ADA BLENKHORN.

E. S. HOWARD.

1. I'll sing of His matchless and won-der-ful love, Which God, in His
 2. Tho' countless the sins we have done in the past, In Love's mighty
 3. How shall we es-cape from the sinner's dark fate, If we should neg-

Son, hath proclaimed from a - bove; 'Tis high-er than heav-en, more
 sea ev - 'ry one we may cast; A - bove them a - bid - eth the
 lect a sal - va - tion so great? No more in the dark-ness of

deep than the sea, And broad as the u - ni-verse, priceless and free.
 sin-cleas-ing flood, A - tone-ment of Je - sus—His own precious blood.
 sin let us live, But come to the Sav-iour who waits to for-give.

CHORUS.

I'll sing of His won-der-ful love, His matchless and
 yes, I'll sing

I'll Sing of His Love—Concluded.

won-der-ful love;..... 'Tis broad as the u - ni - verse,
 won-der-ful love;

price-less and free, All praise to the Fa-ther a - bove.....
 the Fa-ther a - bove.

No. 49. Take Up Thy Cross.

CHARLES W. EVEREST.

H. C. ZEUNER.

1. "Take up thy cross," the Saviour said, "If thou wouldst my disciple be;
2. Take up thy cross; let not its weight Fill thy weak spirit with a - larm;
3. Take up thy cross, nor heed the shame; Nor let thy foolish pride re - bel;
4. Take up thy cross, then, in His strength, And calm-ly ev-'ry dan-ger brave;
5. Take up thy cross, and follow Christ; Nor think till death to lay it down;

De-ny thy-self, the world forsake, And humbly follow aft - er me."
 His strength shall bear thy spirit up, And brace thy heart and nerve thine arm.
 Thy Lord for thee the cross endured, To save thy soul from death and hell.
 'Twill guide thee to a bet-ter home, And lead to vict'ry o'er the grave.
 For on - ly he who bears the cross May hope to wear the glorious crown.

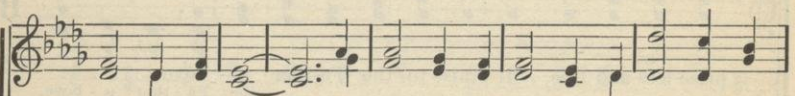
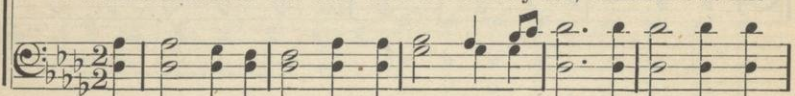
No. 50. Is it Well With Thy Soul?

ANNIE L. JAMES.

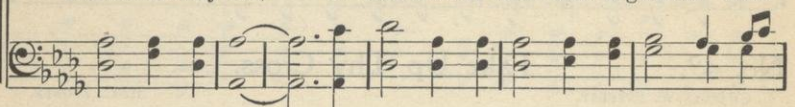
W. D. HOWARD.



1. Tho' joys like the sun-shine il - lu - mine the way, And lightly thy
2. Say, where is thy ref-uge for years that shall come? And what of thy
3. When storms of af - flic - tion around thee may fall, And bil-lows like



care may dis - pel, Is Je - sus thy hope and thy an - chor to -
 faith canst thou tell? O where is thy treasure, thy heart and thy
 mountains may roll, O hast thou a trust that is great - er than



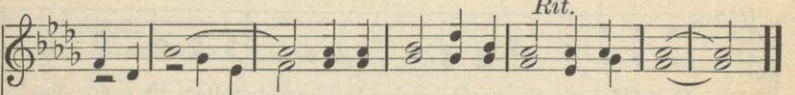
CHORUS.



day? Is it well with thy soul, is it well? } Is it well.....
 home? Is it well with thy soul, is it well? }
 all? Is it well with thy soul, is it well? } Is it well



Rit.



with thy soul, Is it well, is it well with thy soul?
 with thy soul,



No. 51. At Evening Time it Shall be Light.

LANTA WILSON SMITH.

J. M. BLACK.

1. When soft - ly fades the sun-set light, And sombre shadows tell of night,
2. A - bove the clouds the stars still shine, And whisper of the Hand divine;
3. God's love has left its might-y trace In wondrous deeds of saving grace;

Above the gloom faith sees the Lord, And dares to rest upon His word.
When on our hearts the shadows fall, We know God's love is over all.
That sa - cred love still holds the pow'r To gild with light life's darkest hour.

CHORUS.

O pre - cious promise, rich reward, Sing hal - le - lu - jah, bless the Lord!

Tho' sombre shadows tell of night, At evening time it shall be light.

No. 52.

Whiter than Snow.

E. R. LATTI.

H. S. PERKINS.

1. Bless-ed be the Foun-tain of blood, To a world of sin-ners re-vealed;
 2. Thorn-y was the crown that He wore, And the cross His bod-y o'er-came;
 3. Fa-ther, I have wandered from Thee, Oft-en has my heart gone a-stray;

Bless-ed be the dear Son of God; On-ly by His stripes we are healed.
 Grievous were the sorrows He bore, But He suf-fered thus not in vain.
 Crimson do my sins seem to me— Wa-ter can-not wash them a-way.

Tho' I've wandered far from His fold, Bringing to my heart pain and woe,
 May I to that Fountain be led, Made to cleanse my sins here be-low;
 Je-sus, to that Fountain of Thine, Lean-ing on Thy promise I go;

Wash me in the blood of the Lamb, And I shall be whit-er than snow.
 Wash me in the blood that He shed, And I shall be whit-er than snow.
 Cleanse me by Thy washing di-vine, And I shall be whit-er than snow.

CHORUS.

Whit-er than the snow, . . . whit-er than the snow; . . .
 Whiter than the snow, whiter than the snow, whiter than the snow, whiter than the snow;

Whiter than Snow—Concluded.

Wash me in the blood of the Lamb, And I shall be whiter than snow.
of the Lamb, than snow.

No. 53.

My Jesus, I Love Thee.

A. J. GORDON.

1. My Je - sus, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine; For Thee all the
2. I love Thee because Thou hast first lov-ed me, And purchased my
3. I will love Thee in life, I will love Thee in death, And praise Thee as
4. In mansions of glo - ry and end - less de - light, I'll ev - er a -

fol - lies of sin I re - sign; My gra - cious Re - deem - er, my
par - don on Cal - va - ry's tree; I love Thee for wear - ing the
long as Thou lend - est me breath; And say when the death - dew lies
dore Thee in heav - en so bright; I'll sing with the glit - tering

Sav - iour art Thou; If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.
thorns on Thy brow; If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.
cold on my brow, If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.
crown on my brow, If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.

No. 54.

The Comforter has Come!

REV. F. BOTTOME, D. D.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

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

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

D.S. Holy Ghost from heav'n, The Father's promise giv'n; Oh, spread the tidings

Fine.

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

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

CHORUS.

D. S.

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

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No. 55.

Some Day.

E. A. H.

REV. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

Moderato.

1. Some day my Sav - iour I shall know, As now I know Him not;
 2. Some day my peace shall deep-er be, And pur - er love be mine;
 3. Some day, O longed-for, hap - py day! Dis - cord - ant notes will cease,
 4. Some bright, glad day, not far a - way, My heart will love Him so,

And fol - low Him in per - fect faith, Free from all fear and doubt.
 And all the light and joy of heav'n With - in my soul shall shine.
 And bells of joy chime thro' my soul The song of heav'nly peace.
 That life will be a Par - a - dise, A heav'n be - gun be - low.

CHORUS.

Some day, some brighter, bet - ter day, Just on be -
 sweet - er day,
 sweet-er, ho-lier day,

fore, My Saviour's im-age I shall wear, And love Him more and more.

No. 56.

Jesus is Passing by.

E. E. HEWITT.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Come, con-trite one, and seek His grace, Je-sus is pass-ing by;
 2. Come, hun-gry one, and tell your need, Je-sus is pass-ing by;
 3. Come, wea-ry one, and find sweet rest, Je-sus is pass-ing by;
 4. Come, burdened one, bring all your care, Je-sus is pass-ing by;

See in His rec-on-cil-ed face The sun-shine of the sky.
 The Bread of Life your soul will feed, And ful-ly sat-is-fy.
 Come where the long-ing heart is blessed, And on His bos-om lie.
 The love that list-ens to your pray'r Will "no good thing" de-ny.

CHORUS.

Pass-ing by, pass-ing by, Hasten to meet Him on the way,
 Passing by, passing by, passing by, passing by,

Je-sus is passing by to-day, Pass-ing by, pass-ing by.
 Passing by, passing by, passing by, passing by.

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S. C. FOSTER, ARR.

1. { Far, far be-yond the storms that gath-er Dark o'er our way,
 Far, far be-yond the roll - ing bil-lows, Faith spreads her wings;
 2. { Far, far be-yond the vale and shad-ow Loved ones have passed;
 O bless-ed morn of joy un - bound-ed, O glo-rious day;

There shines the light of joy e - ter-nal, Bright in the realms of day. }
 Love tells us of the Gold-en Cit-y, Hope, of its glo-ry sings. }
 We'll meet them in the "man-y mansions," All gathered home at last. }
 There ev-'ry tear of grief and anguish Je-sus shall wipe a - way. }

CHORUS.

There shall sor - row, pain, and part - ing Grieve our hearts no more;

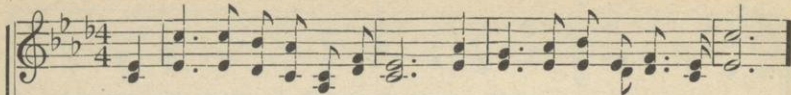
Soon, soon we'll meet beyond the riv - er, Safe on the Home-land shore.

No. 58.

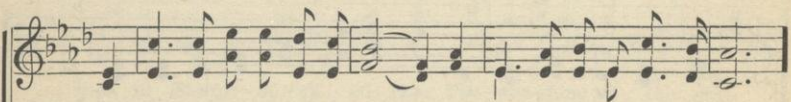
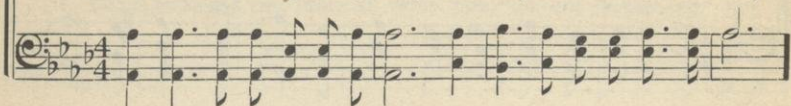
'Tis Sweet to Follow Jesus.

Rev. W. C. MARTIN.

GEO. B. HOLSINGER.



1. I will not say to Je-sus "nay," However rough may seem the way;
2. Wher-ev - er sent I am con-tent, E'en tho' I know not His in-tent;
3. I'll nev - er fear with Je-sus near, Nor to the tempter's voice give ear;
4. Let troubles roll up-on my soul, I'm safe, for Je-sus has con-trol;



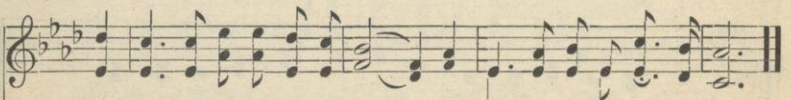
But let Him choose my path for me, And trust Him where I cannot see.
 I'm sat - is-fied while I can know He leads me in the way I go.
 My will is just to fol-low Him, E'en tho' the light before be dim.
 To trust in Him, ah, this is mine Till I with Him in glo-ry shine.



CHORUS.



For it is blessed and so sweet To have the Saviour guide my feet;



His way I know is always best, And so my heart in faith shall rest.



No. 59.

Grieve Not the Spirit.

CHARLOTTE. G. HOMER.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Thou art not ver - y far from the king - dom; Al - most thou'rt per -
 2. Thou art not ver - y far from the king - dom, But halt - ing, His
 3. Thou art not ver - y far from the king - dom, Just o - ver the
 4. Thou art not ver - y far from the king - dom; De - cide! there's no

sua - ed to - day; Thy heart has been touched by the gos - pel,
 voice to o - bey; While an - gels are watch - ing and wait - ing,
 bor - der - a - stray; Yet still is the voice in - ter - ced - ing,
 time for de - lay; Ac - cept Him, be - lieve Him, re - ceive Him,

CHORUS.

O grieve not the Spir - it a - way..... Grieve not the
 a - way.

Spir - it a - way, Grieve not the Spir - it a - way; Thou art

not ver - y far from the kingdom, O grieve not the Spir - it a - way.

No. 60.

His Love in My Soul.

REV. RICHARD H. GILBERT.

WM. J. KING.

1. There's a glad, happy song that my heart loves to sing, Since Christ by His
 2. This sweetsong in my heart helps me, day after day, In each tri - al and
 3. That most blessed of books, the sweet scripture of truth, The mes - sage most
 4. Then on - ward with Je - sus, without doubt or fear, Re - joic - ing, con -

own precious blood made me whole; It is not a mere fan - cy, but
 sor - row the vic - t'ry to win; And I'll bless Him for making me
 dear to my sad heart first bro't; But no tongue can the sto - ry with
 tent in His Spir - it's control; And I'll tell o'er and o'er un - to

sweet, bless - ed fact, And 'tis this, that I know I've His love in my soul.
 a - ble to say That His all - cleansing blood now saves me from sin.
 ful - ness set forth, Of the joy that His love in my spirit has wrought.
 all who will hear, The sweet - ness and pow'r of His love in my soul.

CHORUS.

His love my soul is telling o'er and o'er, And sinners 'round the tidings shall

hear; His love, for me so rich and free, He will give to thee, a fountain of blessing.

No. 61. I'll Follow Where He Leads.

LOU W. WILSON.

M. C. WILLIAMS.

1. Where He leads me I will fol-low, E'en tho' rough the path be-fore;
 2. Where He leads me I will fol-low, Ask-ing not the way to know;
 3. Where He leads me I will fol-low, In His foot-steps all the way;
 4. Where He leads me I will fol-low; This the strength, O Lord, I crave;

I will trust the bless-ed Sav-iour, Till the wea-ry strife is o'er.
 At the Lord's command I'll take me Where-so-e'er He bids me go.
 Soon the con-flict will be end-ed; Soon will dawn a bet-ter day.
 If Thou wilt, oh, make me use-ful, Some poor dy-ing soul to save.

REFRAIN.

Where He leads me I will fol-low; I would heed the gos-pel call;

This the watchword, pass it onward,—All for Je-sus, all, yes, all.

No. 62.

Resting, Sweetly Resting.

HARRIET E. JONES.

JNO. R. BRYANT.

1. In the shel-ter of the Rock, I am rest-ing; Tho' the an-gry bil-lows
 2. In the fav-or of the King, I am rest-ing; In the shadow of His
 3. In my strong and mighty Tow'r, I am rest-ing; He up-holds me by His
 4. Christ, my Rock, my Tow'r, my King, Blessed resting, In the shadow of His

mock, I am rest-ing; I can stem the wind and tide, In the
 wing, I am rest-ing; Since I learned to love my Lord, And o-
 pow'r, I am rest-ing; Oh, a wondrous help is He, In my
 wing, I am rest-ing; Rock of safe-ty for my feet, Tow'r of

shel-ter of His side, And in safe-ty there a-bide, Sweetly rest-ing.
 bey His ho-ly word, Ev-'ry day comes sweet reward, I am rest-ing.
 weakness strengthens me, Oh, the bless-ed-ness to be In Him rest-ing.
 strength, when foes I meet, Christ, my King, O joy com-plete, Bless-ed rest-ing!

CHORUS.

I am resting, I am resting; In the shelter of the
 sweetly rest-ing, sweetly resting;

Rock, I am resting; I am rest-ing, I am
 yes, I'm rest-ing, I am rest-ing, sweetly rest-ing,

Resting, Sweetly Resting—Concluded.

rest-ing; In the shelter of the Rock, I am rest-ing
sweet-ly rest-ing;

No. 63. The Shining Shore.

DAVID NELSON.

GEORGE F. ROOT.

1. My days are glid-ing swift-ly by, And I, a pil-gri-m stran-ger,
2. We'll gird our loins, my breth-ren dear, Our heav-nly home dis-cern-ing;
3. Should coming days be cold and dark, We need not cease our sing-ing;
4. Let sor-row's rud-est tem-pest blow, Each cord on earth to sev-er:

Would not de-tain them as they fly, Those hours of toil and dan-ger:
Our ab-sent Lord has left us word, "Let ev-'ry lamp be burn-ing."
That per-fect rest naught can mo-lest, Where gold-en harps are ring-ing.
Our King says "Come!" and there's our home, For-ev-er, and for-ev-er.

D.S.—just be-fore, the shin-ing shore We may al-most dis-cov-er!

CHORUS. *D.S.*

For, O we stand on Jordan's strand, Our friends are pass-ing o-ver; And

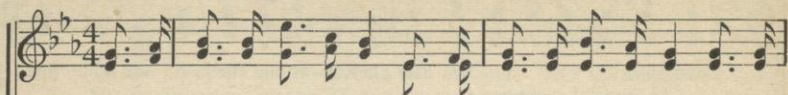
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No. 64.

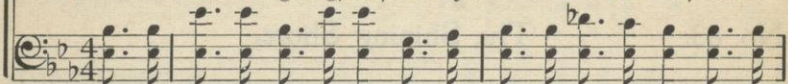
The Glad Home-Gathering.

ADA BLENKHORN.

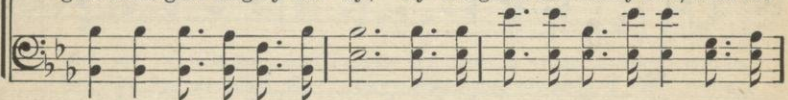
J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.



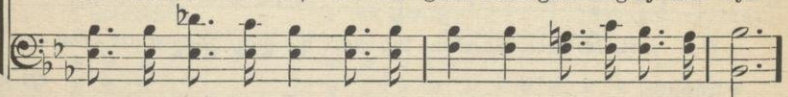
1. By and by I know there'll be, by the shin-ing crys-tal sea, Such a
2. Friend with friend again will meet, O the welcome will be sweet, At the
3. Christ the Lamb shall be our light, we shall walk with Him in white, At the
4. There's an in - vi - ta - tion free, and it comes to you and me, To the
5. Praise the Lord! I'm go-ing, too, now by faith the scene I view, At the



glad home-gath'ring, by and by; When we walk the golden strand in that
 glad home-gath'ring by and by; We shall meet to part no more, on that
 glad home-gath'ring by and by; He will wipe a-way our tears, he will
 glad home-gath'ring by and by; "Who-so - ev-er will" may share in the
 glad home-gath'ring by and by; By His grace and mercy free, with the



bright and bless - ed land, At the glad home-gath'ring by and by.
 fair and bliss - ful shore, At the glad home-gath'ring by and by.
 ban - ish all our fears, At the glad home-gath'ring by and by.
 joy - ful meet - ing there, At the glad home-gath'ring by and by.
 ran-somed I will be, At the glad home-gath'ring by and by.



CHORUS.



There will be a glad home-gath -'ring by and by, There will,



The Glad Home-Gathering—Concluded.

be a glad home-gath'ring by and by; When the Lord shall bid us

come to His bright, celestial home, To the glad home-gath'ring by and by.

No. 65.

All Hail the Power.

Rev. E. PERRONET.

O. HOLDEN.

1. All hail the pow'r of Je-sus' name! Let an-gels prostrate fall;
2. Let ev-'ry kin-dred, ev-'ry tribe, On this ter-res-trial ball,
3. O that with yon-der sa-cred throng We at His feet may fall!

Bring forth the roy-al di-a-dem, And crown Him Lord of all;
 To Him all maj-es-ty as-cribe, And crown Him Lord of all;
 We'll join the ev-er-last-ing song, And crown Him Lord of all;

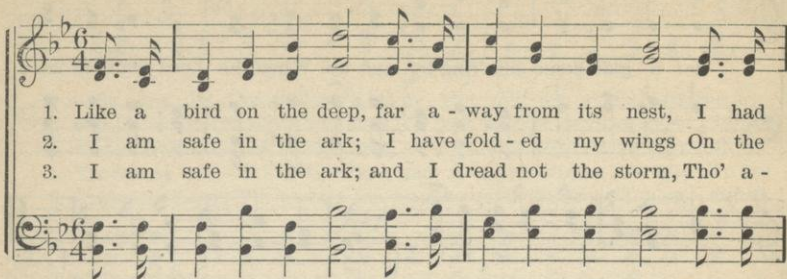
Bring forth the roy-al di-a-dem, And crown Him Lord of all.
 To Him all maj-es-ty ascribe, And crown Him Lord of all.
 We'll join the ev-er-lasting song, And crown Him Lord of all.

No. 66.

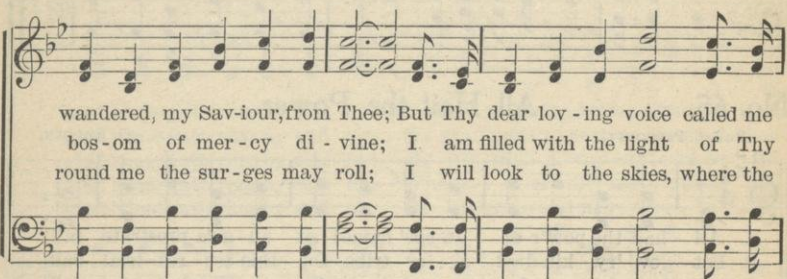
Welcome for Me.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

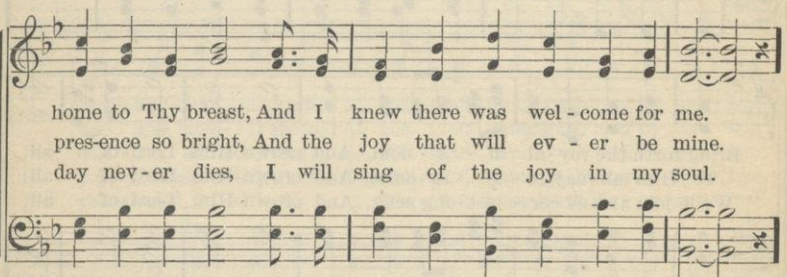
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. Like a bird on the deep, far a - way from its nest, I had
 2. I am safe in the ark; I have fold - ed my wings On the
 3. I am safe in the ark; and I dread not the storm, Tho' a -

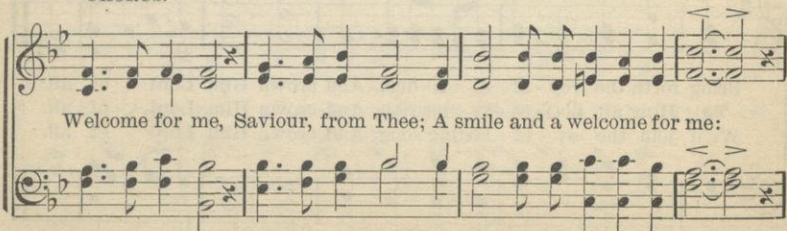


wandered, my Sav-iour, from Thee; But Thy dear lov - ing voice called me
 bos - om of mer - cy di - vine; I am filled with the light of Thy
 round me the sur - ges may roll; I will look to the skies, where the



home to Thy breast, And I knew there was wel - come for me.
 pres - ence so bright, And the joy that will ev - er be mine.
 day nev - er dies, I will sing of the joy in my soul.

CHORUS.



Welcome for me, Saviour, from Thee; A smile and a welcome for me:

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Welcome for Me—Concluded.

Now, like a dove, I rest in Thy love, And find a sweet refuge in Thee.
in Thee.

No. 67. Something for Jesus.

S. D. PHELPS, D. D.

ROBERT LOWRY, D. D.

1. Sav-iour! Thy dy - ing love Thou gav-est me, Nor should I
2. At the blest mer - cy seat, Plead-ing for me, My fee - ble
3. Give me a faith - ful heart—Like-ness to Thee— That each de -
4. All that I am and have—Thy gifts so free— In joy, in

ought with-hold, Dear Lord, from Thee; In love my soul would bow, My heart ful-
faith looks up, Je - sus, to Thee; Help me the cross to bear, Thy wondrous
part - ing day Hence - forth may see Some work of love be - gun, Some deed of
grief, thro' life, Dear Lord, for Thee! And when Thy face I see, My ran-somed

fil its vow, Some of-f'ring bring Thee now, Something for Thee.
love de - clare, Some song to raise, or pray'r, Something for Thee.
kind - ness done, Some wan-d'r'er sought and won, Something for Thee.
soul shall be, Through all e - ter - ni - ty, Something for Thee.

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No. 68.

His Word Endureth.

IDA M. BUDD.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. O wand'rer from the Saviour's fold, Where'er thy way may be, Can
 2. Canst thou not hear His loving words, Thro' all earth's restless strife, "He
 3. Fear not; be-lieve, for on-ly they Who trust may en-ter in; By
 4. Come, then, O soul, and find in Him Thy life, thy rest, thy peace; So

earth such sweet as-sur-ance give As that He of-fers thee?....
 that be-liev-eth on the Son Hath ev - er-last-ing life." ...
 faith e - ter - nal life is won, And vic - t'ry o - ver sin.....
 shall thy heav'nly joys be - gin, And nev - er, nev-er cease....

CHORUS.

Heav'n..... and earth..... shall pass..... a - way,....
 Heaven and earth, heaven and earth, heaven and earth shall pass away,

But..... my words..... shall not pass..... a - way;....
 But my words shall not pass a - way, my words shall not pass a - way;

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His Word Endureth—Concluded.

Heav'n and earth shall pass a - way, . .
 Heaven and earth, heaven and earth, heaven and earth shall pass a - way,

But my words shall not pass a - way
 But my words shall not pass a - way, my words shall not pass a - way.

No. 69. If Life be Long.

Rev. J. G. BONNELL,

C. E. COUSER.

1. If life be long, I will be glad That I may long o - bey;
2. This life is giv'n me to pre-pare For that which is to come;
3. The life God gives I will em-ploy To do His bless-ed will;
4. Then let me live for God a - lone, While life to me is giv'n;

If short, then why should I be sad To soar to end-less day?
 Grant me, O Lord, the bliss to share Of an e - ter - nal home.
 Up - ward I'll soar on wings of joy, And do His pleas-ure still.
 And let me serve be - fore the throne For-ev-er-more in heav'n.

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REV. W. C. MARTIN.

J. M. BLACK.

1. When life's dark billows threat'ning roll, And sombre clouds hang o - ver me,
 2. I cling to Thee in sorrow's night; I cling when dangers threaten me;
 3. Safe cov - ert when my sins pur-sue; De-fense from foes I can - not see;

Sweet Ref-uge of my shrinking soul, I cling to Thee, I cling to Thee.
 Till doubts shall cease to cloud my sight, I cling to Thee, I cling to Thee.
 My faith-ful Friend, my Leader true, I cling to Thee, I cling to Thee.

CHORUS.

And when I reach you gold-en shore, And pearly gates unfold for me,

Rit.
 Still then, my Sav-iour, as be-fore, I'll cling to Thee, I'll cling to Thee.

No. 71.

Looking This Way.

J. W. V.

J. W. VAN DE VENTER.

DUET.

1. O-ver the riv-er fa-ces I see, Fair as the morning, looking for me;
 2. Father and mother, safe in the vale, Watch for the boatman, wait for the sail,
 3. Brother and sister, gone to that clime, Wait for the oth-ers coming sometime;
 4. Sweet little darling, light of the home, Looking for someone, beckoning "come;"
 5. Jesus the Saviour, bright Morning Star, Looking for lost ones straying a-far;

Free from their sorrow, grief and despair, Waiting and watching patiently there.
 Bearing the loved ones o-ver the tide In-to the har-bor, near to their side.
 Safe with the angels, whiter than snow, Watching for dear ones waiting below.
 Bright as a sunbeam, pure as the dew, Anxiously look-ing, mother, for you.
 Hear the glad message, why will you roam? Jesus is calling, "Sinner, come home."

CHORUS.

Looking this way, yes, looking this way, Loved ones are waiting, looking this way;

Fair as the morning, bright as the day, Dear ones in glo-ry, looking this way.

No. 72.

No Good-byes in Heaven.

ADA BLENKHORN.
Moderato.

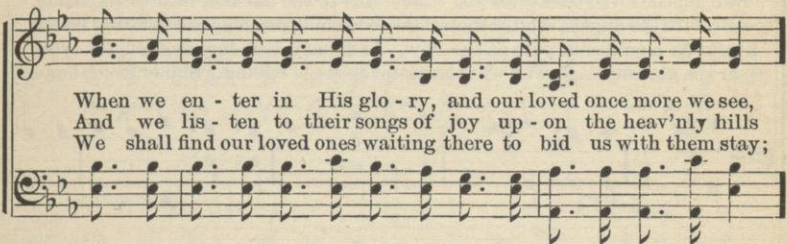
EDNA G. YOUNG.



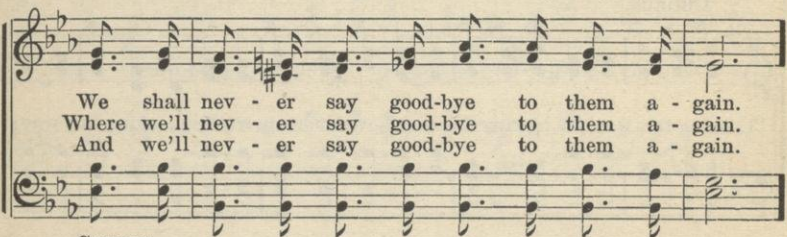
1. There are no good-byes in heav-en where the man - y man - sions be,
2. There are no good-byes in heav-en! how this hope our spir - it thrills,
3. All our sor - row, pain, and sigh - ing shall for - ev - er pass a - way;



Where the ran - somed of the Lord with Him shall reign;
As by faith we walk with them the shin - ing plain;
All we could not un - der - stand shall be made plain;

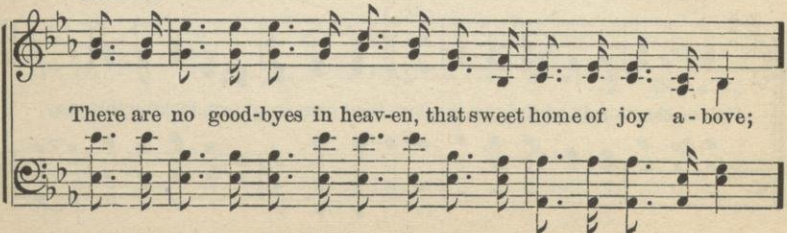


When we en - ter in His glo - ry, and our loved ones more we see,
And we lis - ten to their songs of joy up - on the heav'nly hills
We shall find our loved ones waiting there to bid us with them stay;



We shall nev - er say good - bye to them a - gain.
Where we'll nev - er say good - bye to them a - gain.
And we'll nev - er say good - bye to them a - gain.

CHORUS.



There are no good-byes in heav-en, that sweet home of joy a - bove;

No Good-byes in Heaven—Concluded.

No good-byes, no good-byes, We shall part no more for-
 No good-byes, no good-byes, no good-byes,

ever from the friends we dearly love, No good-byes, no good-byes.
 No good-byes, no good-byes.

Felene Stratman Thomas

No. 73.

He Rolls the Sea Away.

E. A. H.

REV. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

FINE.

1. { Up - on the shore of E - gypt's sea Stood Is - rael in dis - may, }
 { But God came down in grace and pow'r, And rolled the sea a - way. }
2. { Be - hind them was king Pharaoh's host, Be - fore, the wa - ters lay; }
 { God made a path - way thro' the deep; He rolled the sea a - way. }
3. { The God who wrought in old - en time Is just the same to - day; }
 { He brings de - liv' - rance to His own, And rolls the sea a - way. }
4. { It mat - ters not that troub - les come And seem to close the way; }
 { God has the pow - er as of old To roll the sea a - way. }

D. C.—For it is still His sov' - reign will To roll the sea a - way.

CHORUS.

D. C.

He rolls the sea a - way, He rolls the sea a - way,

No. 74.

Waiting with Joyful Hearts.

ADA BLENKHORN.

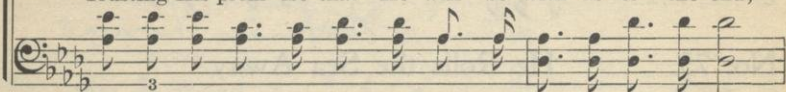
E. S. HOWARD.



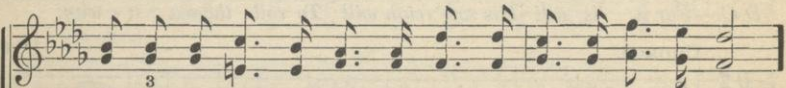
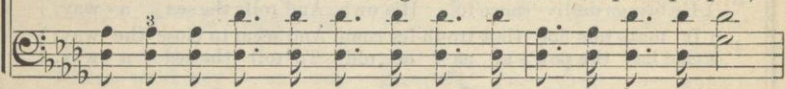
1. Wait-ing with joy - ful hearts to hear our blessed Lord's command,
2. Keeping the blood-stained cross and vic-tor's crown be-fore our view,
3. Know-ing the God of bat - tles will His sol-diers true de-fend,



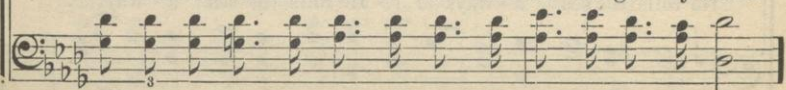
Read-y be-neath the ban - ner of His cross to take our stand;
 Pray-ing for grace and strength the con-flict dai - ly to re - new;
 Trusting His prom - ise that He will be with us to the end;



Fol-low - ing in His steps thro' cloudless day or dark-est night,
 Forward we press, that we at last may win the glo-rious prize
 We will en - dure as see - ing Him who doth our place pre-pare,



Loy - al and true to Him a - mid the thick-est of the fight.
 Je - sus will give to all His faith - ful ones be-yond the skies.
 Where we shall see Him face to face and all His glo - ry share.



Waiting with Joyful Hearts—Concluded.

CHORUS.

Wait - ing for our Lord's command, Read - y by His cross to stand,
Waiting for our blessed Lord's command, Ready by His cross to take our stand,

Walk - ing in the steps of Je - sus To . . . the promised land.
Walking in the ver - y steps of Je - sus To the peaceful, peaceful promised land.

No. 75.

Depth of Mercy.

CHARLES WESLEY.

J. STEVENSON.

1. { Depth of mer-cy! can there be Mer-cy still re-served for me? }
 { Can my God His wrath for - bear, Me, the chief of sinners, spare? }
 2. { I have long withstood His grace; Long provoked Him to His face; }
 { Would not hearken to His calls; Grieved Him by a thousand falls. }
 3. { Now in - cline me to re - pent; Let me now my sins la - ment; }
 { Now my foul re - volt de - plore, Weep, be - lieve, and sin no more. }

REFRAIN. *Faster.*

Smoothly.

Repeat pp.

{ God is love, I know, I feel, } Jesus weeps, He weeps and loves me still.
 { Jesus weeps and loves me still; }

No. 76.

Our Burden Bearer.

AMELIA M. STARKWEATHER.
DUET.

J. M. BLACK.

1. Cast thy care up - on the Sav - iour, He will all thy burdens bear;
2. He will make thy life to praise Him, And thy tongue to sing for joy;
3. He will not per - mit one sor - row More thy comfort to mo - lest

He has promised to sustain thee;—Claim His precious word in pray'r.
He will give thee in af - flic - tion Hap - pi - ness with - out al - loy.
Than will fit thee for life's du - ties And the sweet, e - ter - nal rest.

CHORUS.

Je - sus is our bur - den bear - er, All the
Je - sus is our bur - den bear - er,

world may now go free; Hear His lov - - ing in - vi -
All the world may now go free; Hear His lov - ing

Rit.
ta - tion, "Wea - ry soul, come un - to me."
in - vi - ta - tion, "Wea - ry soul, come un - to me, come unto me."

No. 77.

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 spring-time 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, lis-ten-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 bless-ings which He gives me now, For joys "laid up" a-bove.

REFRAIN.

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

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

Je-sus shows His smil-ing face, There is sunshine in my soul.

No. 78.

Beautiful Robes.

E. E. HEWITT.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

Not too fast.

1. We shall walk with Him in white, In that coun-try pure and bright,
 2. We shall walk with Him in white, Where faith yields to bliss-ful sight,
 3. We shall walk with Him in white, By the four-tains of de-light,

Where shall enter naught that may defile; Where the daybeam ne'er declines,
 When the beau-ty of the King we see; Holding converse full and sweet,
 Where the Lamb His ransomed ones shall lead; For His blood shall wash each stain,

For the bless-ed light that shines Is the glo-ry of the Saviour's smile.
 In a fel-low-ship complete, Waking songs of ho-ly mel-o-dy.
 Till no spot of sin re-main, And the soul for-ev-er-more is freed.

CHORUS.

Beau - - ti - ful robes, . . . beau - ti - ful robes, . . .
 Beau-ti-ful robes, beau-ti-ful robes, beau-ti-ful robes, beau-ti-ful robes,

Beau - - ti - ful robes we then shall wear; . . .
 Beau-ti-ful robes we then shall wear, beau-ti-ful robes we then shall wear;

Beautiful Robes—Concluded.

Gar - - ments of light, love - ly and bright,
 Garments of light, garments of light, lovely and bright, lovely and bright,

Walk - ing with Je - sus in white, Beau - ti - ful robes we shall wear.

No. 79. Holy Spirit, Faithful Guide.

M. M. WELLS.
Fine.

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

D. C.—Whisp'ring softly, "Wand'rer, come! Fol - low me, I'll guide thee home."

D. C.

Wea - ry souls for - e'er re - joice, While they hear that sweetest voice

2 Ever-present, truest Friend,
 Ever near, Thine aid to lend;
 Leave us not to doubt and fear,
 Groping on in darkness drear.
 When the storms are raging sore,
 Hearts grow faint, and hopes give o'er,
 Whisper softly, "Wanderer, come!
 Follow me, I'll guide thee home."

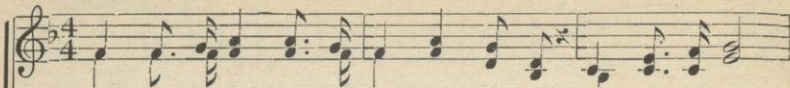
3 When our days of toil shall cease,
 Waiting still for sweet release,
 Nothing left but heaven and prayer,
 Wondering if our names are there;
 Wading deep the dismal flood,
 Pleading naught but Jesus' blood,
 Whisper softly, "Wanderer, come!
 Follow me, I'll guide thee home."

No. 80.

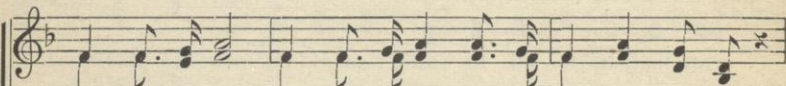
Would You be Happy?

E. A. H.

REV. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

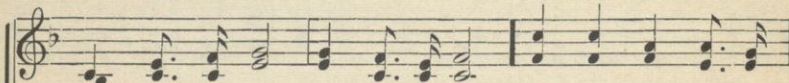


1. Would you be hap - py in Christ your Sav-iour? Keep in the way,
 2. Would you each day have your bur - dens light-er? Keep in the way,
 3. Long you for love in its full com-plete-ness? Keep in the way,
 4. Would you at last reach the gates of heav - en? Keep in the way,



keep in the way; Ev - er a-bide in His love and fa - vor,
 keep in the way; Would you each day find the path-way bright-er?
 keep in the way; Long you to know all its pow'r and sweetness?
 keep in the way; Fol - low the coun-sels the Lord has giv - en,

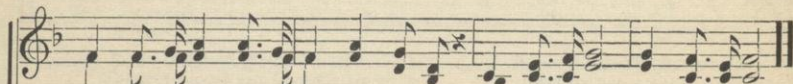
CHORUS.



Trust and o - bey, trust and o - bey. Je - sus knows how to



lead and guide you, Dai - ly man - na He will pro - vide you,



Grace to be faithful He will di-vide you; Trust and o-bey, trust and o-bey.

No. 81.

Soldiers of King Jesus.

(FOR THE JUNIORS.)

ADA BLENKHORN.

H. N. LINDSAY

1. We are sol - diers of King Je - sus, Clad in ar - mor bright,
 2. We are sol - diers of King Je - sus, He's our Cap - tain true,
 3. We are sol - diers of King Je - sus, We're a loy - al band;
 4. We are sol - diers of King Je - sus; Tho' the fight be long

And we fol - low where He leads us, Fight - ing for the right.
 And what - ev - er He shall bid us We will glad - ly do.
 We are bold, and brave and fear - less, True to His com - mand.
 We shall share the vic - tor's tri - umph, Sing the vic - tor's song.

CHORUS.

Marching, marching ev - er on - ward, 'Neath His ban - ner so bright,

We are sol - diers of King Je - sus, Fight - ing for the right.

No. 82. Wonderful Love for Thee and Me.

LIDA M. KECK

J. M. BLACK.

1. Born in a man-ger, lowly and poor, Willing the world's dark frowns to endure;
2. Tell of His love to those who are sad, Bring them the news so wondrous and glad;
3. Let ev-'ry soul from near and from far Follow the rays of Bethlehem's star,

Came the dear Lord, our Saviour to be, Wonderful love for thee and me.
Tell them that Christ their helper would be, Wonderful love for thee and me.
Till it shall shine o'er Cal-va-ry's tree, Wonderful love for thee and me.

CHORUS.

Won-der-ful love, won-der-ful love, Won-der-ful love for thee and me;

Won-der-ful love, won-der-ful love, Won-der-ful love for thee and me.

No. 83.

"I will Help Thee."

LYDIA M. ARNOLD.

MRS. S. V. RUE.

1. "I will help thee!" hear the promise Of the One who reigns a - bove;
 2. Led by Him, and trusting ev - er In His grace from day to day,
 3. Keep me ev - er near Thee, Je-sus, With my hand enclosed in Thine;

Tho' I'm weak and heavy - la - den, He will fill my heart with love.
 I shall be se - cure from danger, From Him I shall nev - er stray.
 Then, when du - ty calls, or danger, I'll not mur - mur nor re - pine.

CHORUS.

"Fear thou not for I am with thee," I will hold thee by the hand,
 "Fear thou not for I am with thee," I will hold thee by the hand,

All a - long thy pilgrim journey, Safely to the Promised Land.
 All a - long thy pilgrim journey, Safely to the Promised Land.

No. 84. In the Shadow of His Wings.

KATHARINE E. PURVIS.

J. M. BLACK.

1. In the shad-ow of His wings I am rest - ing, On the
 2. In the shad-ow of His wings I am rest - ing, I have
 3. In the shad-ow of His wings I am rest - ing, I have

liv - ing word my hope is stayed; In His all - a - ton - ing
 joy that ev - er shall a - bide; Hap - py songs of faith I
 peace the world can nev - er give; For the Com - fort - er has

blood I am trust - ing, All my bur - dens at His feet are laid.
 sing - ev - er know - ing I am saved be - cause for me He died.
 come, soft - ly whisp'ring, "With the ris - en One thy soul shall live."

CHORUS.

In the shad - ow of His wings I am rest - ing, In this

bles - ed shel - ter I will hide; In the cleansing blood my

In the Shadow of His Wings—Concluded.

soul will be trust - ing, Till I reign in glo - ry by His side.

No. 85.

Abide With Me.

HENRY F. LYTE.

WILLIAM HENRY MONK.

1. A - bide with me: fast falls the e - ven-tide; The dark-ness
 2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day; Earth's joys grow
 3. I need Thy pres - ence ev - 'ry pass - ing hour; What but Thy
 4. Hold Thou Thy cross be - fore my clos - ing eyes; Shine thro' the

deep - ens; Lord, with me a - bide! When oth - er help - ers
 dim, its glo - ries pass a - way; Change and de - cay in
 grace can foil the tempter's power? Who, like Thy - self, my
 gloom and point me to the skies; Heav'n's morning breaks, and

fail, and comforts flee, Help of the helpless, O a - bide with me!
 all a - round I see; O Thou, who changest not, a - bide with me!
 guide and stay can be? Thro' cloud and sunshine, Lord, abide with me!
 earth's vain shadows flee; In life, in death, O Lord, a - bide with me!

With feeling.

T. C. O'KANE.

1. Be - hold a Stranger at the door; He gently knocks, has knocked before;
 2. O love ly at - ti - tude, He stands With melting heart and o - pen hands;
 3. But will He prove a friend in - deed? He will, the ver - y friend you need;
 4. Rise, touched with gratitude di - vine, Turn out His en - e - my and Thine;
 5. Ad - mit Him, ere His an - ger burn, His feet, de - part - ed, ne'er re - turn;

Has wait - ed long, is wait - ing still: You treat no oth - er friend so ill.
 O matchless kindness, and He shows This matchless kindness to His foes.
 The friend of sinners? Yes, 'tis He, With garments dyed on Cal - va - ry.
 That soul - de - stroy - ing monster, Sin, And let the heav'ly Stranger in.
 Ad - mit Him, or the hour's at hand, You'll at His door re - ject - ed stand.

CHORUS.

Oh, let the dear Saviour come in, He'll cleanse your heart from sin;
 come in, from sin;

Oh, keep Him no more out at the door, But let the dear Saviour come in.
 come in.

No. 87.

Following Jesus.

ADA BLENKHORN.

J. M. BLACK.

1. The way to heav'n will brighter grow, Following, following Je - sus;
 2. How sweet the fellowship will be, Following, following Je - sus;
 3. Our way will lie by waters still, Following, following Je - sus;
 4. If seem-ing ill to us shall come, Following, following Je - sus;
 1. The way to heav'n will brighter grow,

The way to oth-ers we may show, Following, following Je - sus.
 His life of beauty we shall see, Following, following Je - sus.
 Peace undisturbed our days shall fill, Following, following Je - sus.
 It will but lead us nearer home, Following, following Je - sus.
 The way to others we may show,

CHORUS.

Fol-low-ing Je - sus day by day, Walking in His footsteps all the way;

Ne-ver from His fold to go a - stray, Following, following Je - sus.

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No. 88.

Glad Welcome We Sing.

(OPENING SONG FOR THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL.)

DWIGHT E. MARVEN.

W. MORETON OWEN.

1. In love's fel - low - ship we meet you Here the gos - pel
 2. Je - sus walk - ing close be - side you, While the hours are
 3. He will ne'er for - sake nor leave you, When by sin you
 4. All thro' life may peace at - tend you, Giv - ing calm and

to pro - claim, And with song of joy we greet you
 go - ing by, Will with ho - ly coun - sels guide you,
 grieve Him sore, But will gra - cious - ly re - ceive you,
 sweet re - pose, And the pow'rs of heav'n de - fend you

CHORUS.

In the Sav - iour's ho - ly name. }
 And with grace your needs sup - ply. } Wel - come, wel - come, glad
 And your wand'ring heart re - store. }
 From un - seen and o - pen foes.

wel - come we sing; Join us in prais - ing our Sav - iour and King.

L. N.

TEKOA S. WINEY.

1. Thankful hearts, and happy voices Blend, as joy-fully we sing
 2. For His ho-ly word we praise Him, Here we're glean- ing precious truth
 3. To the Trin-i-ty for-ev-er, Ho-ly, bless-ed Three in One,

Songs of praise, our glad ho-san-nas, Un-to Christ, our Lord and King.
 That will light the way and guide us In old age or joy-ous youth.
 Be our prais-es and de-vo-tions As the ceaseless a-ges run.

CHORUS.

In our Sabbath-school u-nit-ed, In His name we'll work and pray,

Un-to Him who loves His children, Be our hearts' best gift to-day.

No. 90.

That Beautiful Land.

MRS. F. A. F. WHITE.

MARK M. JONES.

1. I have heard of a land On a far a-way strand, In the
 2. There are ev - er-green trees That bend low in the breeze, And their
 3. There's a home in that land, At the Fa-ther's right hand; There are

Bi - ble the sto - ry is told, Where cares nev - er come, Nev - er
 fruitage is brighter than gold; There are harps for our hands In that
 mansions whose joys are un - told, And per - en - ni - al spring, Where the

dark - ness nor gloom, And noth - ing shall ev - er grow old....
 fair - est of lands, And noth - ing shall ev - er grow old....
 birds ev - er sing, And noth - ing shall ev - er grow old....

CHORUS.

In that beau - ti - ful land, On the far - a-way strand, No storms with their

That Beautiful Land—Concluded.

blasts ev - er frown; The streets, I am told, are paved with pure

gold, And the sun, it shall nev - er go down....

No. 91. 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 pow'r;
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;

D. C. for Chorus.

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 relieve In this ac - cept - ed hour.
 Oh, let me now re - ceive that gift! My soul without it dies.

And thro' His blood, His precious blood, I shall from sin be free,

No. 92.

Speed the Light.

E. A. H.

REV. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

1. To the mil-lions liv-ing o'er the deep, deep sea, Speed the
 2. There in an-guish mil-lions for the gos-pel wait, Speed the
 3. Je-sus bids us bear to them the gos-pel news, Speed the
 4. We will go, and in our bless-ed Mas-ter's name Speed the

light, speed the light; To their cry of pit-y dare we
 light, speed the light; Go and seek their res-cue ere it
 light, speed the light; Can the souls He ransomed His re-
 light, speed the light; We will His sal-va-tion and His
 Speed the light, speed the light;

heed-less be? Speed the light, O speed the light!
 is too late, Speed the light, O speed the light!
 quest re-fuse? Speed the light, O speed the light!
 love proclaim, Speed the light, O speed the light!
 Speed the light, O speed the light!

CHORUS.

Speed the light, the bless-ed gos-pel light, To the lands,
 Speed the light, the bless-ed gos-pel light, To the

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Speed the Light—Concluded.

..... which are in gloom and night; Souls are wait - - ing, and the
lands which are in gloom and night; Souls are wait-ing, and the

fields are white, Speed the light, O speed the light!
fields are white, Speed the light, O speed the light!

No. 93. Come, My Soul.

JOHN NEWTON.

CARL MARIA VON WEBER.

1. Come, my soul, thy suit pre - pare, Je - sus loves to an - swer prayer;
2. Lord, I come to Thee for rest; Take pos - ses - sion of my breast;
3. While I am a pil - grim here, Let Thy love my spir - it cheer;
4. Show me what I have to do; Ev - 'ry hour my strength re - new;

He Him - self in - vites thee near, Bids thee ask Him, waits to hear.
There Thy blood - bought right maintain, And with - out a ri - val reign.
As my Guide, my Guard, my Friend, Lead me to my jour - ney's end.
Let me live a life of faith, Let me die Thy peo - ple's death.

No. 94. I'll Go Where You Want Me to Go.

(CONSECRATION.)

MARY BROWN.

CARRIE E. ROUNSEFELL.

Andante.

1. It may not be on the mountain's height, Or o - ver the stormy sea;
 2. Per-haps to-day there are loving words Which Jesus would have me speak—
 3. There's surely somewhere a lowly place, In earth's harvest fields so wide,

It may not be at the battle's front My Lord will have need of me;
 There may be now in the paths of sin Some wand'rer whom I should seek—
 Where I may la-bor thro' life's short day For Je-sus, the Cru - ci - fied;

But, if by a still, small voice He calls To paths that I do not know,
 O Sav-iour, if Thou wilt be my Guide, Tho' dark and rugged the way,
 So trust-ing my all to Thy tender care, And knowing Thou lovest me,

I'll answer, dear Lord, with my hand in Thine, I'll go where you want me to go.
 My voice shall ech-o Thy message sweet, I'll say what you want me to say.
 I'll do Thy will with a heart sincere, I'll be what you want me to be.

I'll Go Where You Want Me to Go—Concluded.

REFRAIN.

I'll go where you want me to go, dear Lord, Over mountain, or plain, or sea;

I'll say what you want me to say, dear Lord, I'll be what you want me to be.

No. 95. In the Cross of Christ.

Sir J. BOWRING.

(RATHBUN. 8s, 7s.)

ITHAMAR CONKEY.

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

All the light of sa - cred sto-ry Gathers round its head sublime.
 Nev - er shall the cross for - sake me; Lo! it glows with peace and joy.
 From the cross the ra-diance streaming Adds more lus-tre to the day.
 Peace is there that knows no measure, Joys that thro' all time a - bide.

No. 96.

Be a Sunny Christian.

Rev. W. C. MARTIN.

J. M. BLACK.

1. Be a sun-ny, sun-ny Christian, Give the world your brightest smile;
 2. Be a sun-ny, sun-ny Christian, Be a wor- thy child of grace;
 3. Be a sun-ny, sun-ny Christian, Show the world a beaming face;

Let your eyes with love be beaming, Keep your brightness all the while;
 Do not let the lines of trou- ble Mar the brightness of your face;
 In the life you live for Je- sus, Gloom should nev- er have a place;

Do not show the world the tear- drop, Which at times may dim the eye,
 Fill the day with deeds of kind- ness, Cheer some wea- ry soul a- long;
 Let your days be full of glad- ness, In the serv- ice of your Lord;

Take that se- cret- ly to Je- sus, Who a- lone the fount can dry.
 Scatter ro- ses by the wayside, Light the way with smile and song.
 He will nev- er, nev- er leave you, If you lean up- on His word.

CHORUS.

Be a sun - - - ny, sun-ny Chris - - - tian,
 Be a sun-ny, sun-ny Christian, Let your face be bright as day,

Be a Sunny Christian—Concluded.

Let your face..... be bright as day; Show the
 Be a sun-ny, sun-ny Christian, Let your face be bright as day; Show the

world..... that hope of heav - en Drives the shadows all away.
 world that hope of heaven Drives the shadows all away,

No. 97. How Precious is the Book.

JOHN FAWCETT.

FR. WILLIAM GARDINER.

1. How precious is the book di - vine, By in - spi - ra - tion giv'n!
 2. It sweet-ly cheers our faint-ing hearts In this dark vale of tears;
 3. This lamp thro' all the drear - y night Of life shall guide our way,

Bright as a lamp its doc-trines shine, To guide our souls to heav'n.
 Life, light and com-fort it im - parts, And calms our anx - ious fears.
 Till we be - hold the clear - er light Of an e - ter - nal day.

No. 98.

It is Well with My Soul.

H. G. SPAFFORD.

P. P. BLISS.

1. When peace, like a riv - er, at-tend - eth my way, When sor - rows, like
 2. Tho' Sa-tan should buf-fet, tho' tri-als should come, Let this blest as-
 3. My sin,—oh, the bliss of this glo - ri - ous tho't—My sin—not in
 4. And, Lord, haste the day when the faith shall be sight, The clouds be rolled

sea - bil-lows, roll; What-ev - er my lot, Thou hast taught me to
 sur - ance con - trol, That Christ hath re - gard - ed my help - less es-
 part but the whole, Is nailed to His cross and I bear it no
 back as a scroll, The trump shall re-sound, and the Lord shall de-

CHORUS.

say, It is well, it is well with my soul. It is well
 tate, And hath shed His own blood for my soul.
 more, Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, O my soul!
 scend, "E-ven so"—it is well with my soul. It is

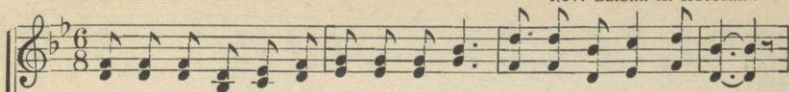
..... with my soul, It is well, it is well with my soul.
 well with my soul, with my soul,

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No. 99. Is Thy Heart Right with God?

E. A. H.

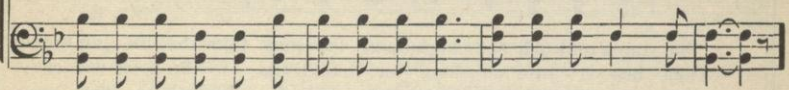
REV. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.



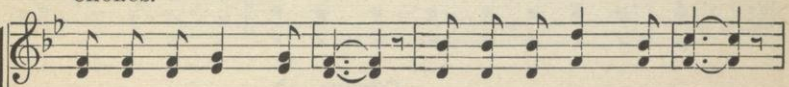
1. Have thy affections been nailed to the cross? Is thy heart right with God?
2. Hast thou do-min-ion o'er self and o'er sin? Is thy heart right with God?
3. Is there no more condemnation for sin? Is thy heart right with God?
4. Are all thy pow'rs under Je-sus' con-trol? Is thy heart right with God?
5. Art thou now walking in heaven's pure light? Is thy heart right with God?



Dost thou count all things for Je-sus but loss? Is thy heart right with God?
 O-ver all e-vil with-out and with-in? Is thy heart right with God?
 Does Je-sus rule in the tem-ple with-in? Is thy heart right with God?
 Does He each moment a-bide in thy soul? Is thy heart right with God?
 Is thy soul wearing the garment of white? Is thy heart right with God?



CHORUS.



Is thy heart right with God, Washed in the crim - son flood,



Cleansed and made holy, humble and lowly, Right in the sight of God?
of God?



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No. 100.

Christ Receiveth Sinners.

CHARLOTTE G. HOMER.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Ye wea-ry, hun-gry, starving poor, be-hold a feast is spread!
 2. Be-hold! the host is wait-ing, and the day is pass-ing by!
 2. Fear not to come, there yet is room and bread e-nough for thee;

The ban-quet hall is op-en now, and mil-lions have been fed;
 The most un-wor-thy sin-ner may in con-fi-dence draw nigh;
 There's wel-come in the Fa-ther's house, His boun-ty, O how free!

The young and old, the high and low may take the liv-ing bread:—
 Then hes-i-tate no long-er, though the i-dle scoff-ers cry:—
 The in-vi-ta-tion, praise the Lord! in-clud-eth e-ven me:—

CHORUS.

"This man re-ceive-th sinners." Thanks be to God! Praise the Lord for

such a Sav-iour; Thanks be to God! For Christ re-ceive-th me.

No. 101. Living in the Bright Sunshine.

LIDA M. KECK.

C. F. GREEN.

1. Joy - ful, O joy - ful are our hearts to - day, Guard - ed and
 2. Sweet - ly, O sweet - ly doth the Sav - iour's love Ten - der - ly,
 3. Clear - er and brighter seem the skies to - day, Clouds have been

guid - ed by a love di - vine; Flow - ers are blooming all the
 glad - ly round our hearts en - twine; On - ward we jour - ney to our
 banished by a hand di - vine; Life grows the sweet - er all a -

CHORUS.

hap - py way, Liv - ing in the bright sun - shine.
 home a - bove, Liv - ing in the bright sun - shine. } Liv - ing in the
 long the way, Liv - ing in the bright sun - shine. }

bright sun - shine,.... Liv - ing in the bright sun - shine;
 the bright sun - shine, the bright sunshine;

Singing happy songs as the days go by, Living in the bright sunshine.

No. 102.

I'm Going Home to Glory.

JENNIE WILSON.

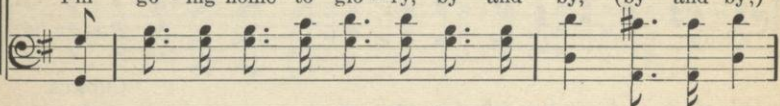
E. S. HOWARD.



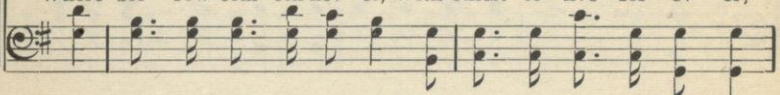
1. Be - yond the gloom and sor - row, Will come a glad to - mor - row,
2. I'll walk, with - out re - pin - ing, The way of God's de - sign - ing,
3. Where souls redeemed are dwelling, In rapt - ure past all tell - ing,



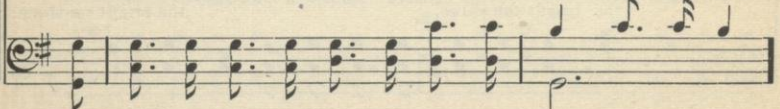
I'm go - ing home to glo - ry, by and by, (by and by,)
 I'm go - ing home to glo - ry, by and by, (by and by,)
 I'm go - ing home to glo - ry, by and by, (by and by,)



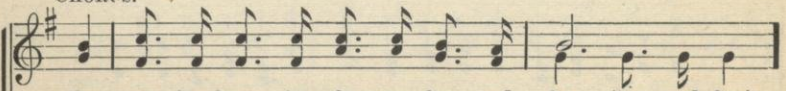
Bright gleams, my path a - dorn - ing, Fore - tell that gold - en morn - ing,
 Re - leased from earth - ly cross - es, With rich re - ward for loss - es,
 Where sor - row com - eth nev - er, With Christ to live for - ev - er,



I'm go - ing home to glo - ry, by and by, (by and by.)



CHORUS.



I'm go - ing home to glo - ry, by and by, (by and by,)



I'm Going Home to Glory—Concluded.

I'm go - ing home to glo - ry, by and by, (by and by,)

Where sor - row com - eth nev - er, With Christ to live for - ev - er,

I'm go - ing home to glo - ry, by and by, (by and by.)

No. 103.

Come Unto Me.

1. Come un - to me, when shadows darkly gath - er, 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 blos - som - ing in gladness, Bloom the fair flow'rs the

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

Fine. *D.S.*

wea - ry and distressed; Seeking for com - fort from your heav'nly Father,
sor - rows nev - er dim; Sweet are the harps in ho - ly mu - sic swelling,
earth too rude - ly pressed; Come un - to me, all ye who droop in sad - ness,

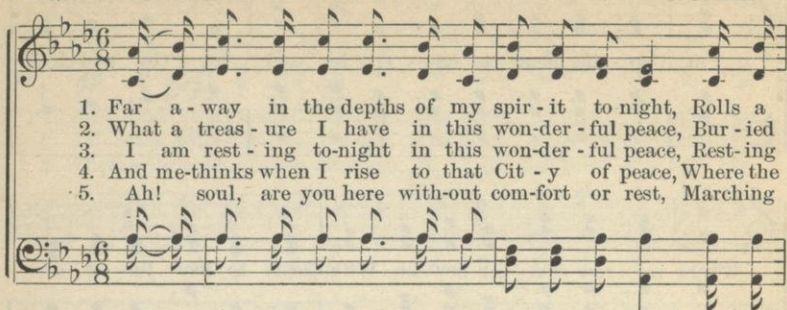
I will give you rest.
raise the heav'nly hymn.
I will give you rest.

No. 104.

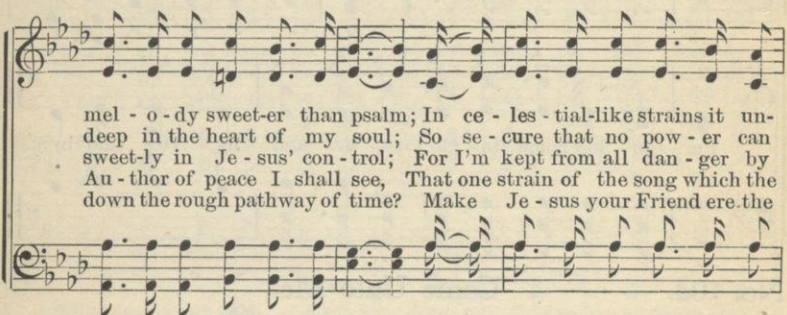
Wonderful Peace.

Rev. W. D. CORNELL, Alt.

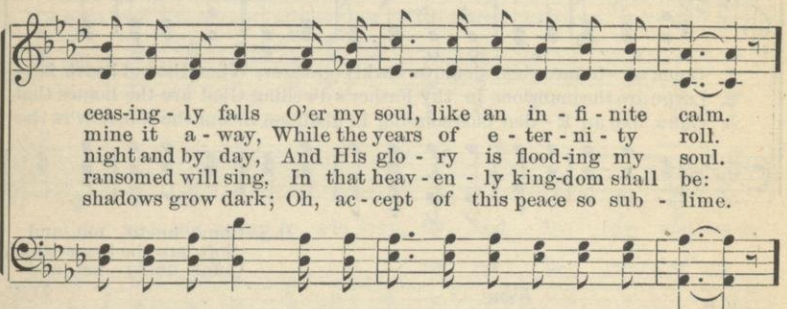
Rev. W. G. COOPER.



1. Far a - way in the depths of my spir - it to night, Rolls a
 2. What a treas - ure I have in this won - der - ful peace, Bur - ied
 3. I am rest - ing to - night in this won - der - ful peace, Rest - ing
 4. And me - thinks when I rise to that Cit - y of peace, Where the
 5. Ah! soul, are you here with - out com - fort or rest, Marching

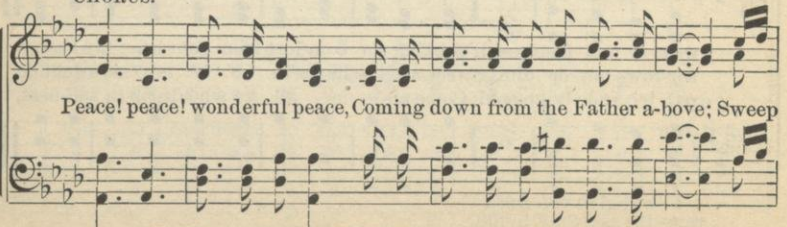


mel - o - dy sweet - er than psalm; In ce - les - tial - like strains it un -
 deep in the heart of my soul; So se - cure that no pow - er can
 sweet - ly in Je - sus' con - trol; For I'm kept from all dan - ger by
 Au - thor of peace I shall see, That one strain of the song which the
 down the rough pathway of time? Make Je - sus your Friend ere the



ceas - ing - ly falls O'er my soul, like an in - fi - nite calm.
 mine it a - way, While the years of e - ter - ni - ty roll.
 night and by day, And His glo - ry is flood - ing my soul.
 ransomed will sing, In that heav - en - ly king - dom shall be:
 shadows grow dark; Oh, ac - cept of this peace so sub - lime.

CHORUS.



Peace! peace! wonderful peace, Coming down from the Father a - bove; Sweep

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Wonderful Peace—Concluded.

o - ver my spir - it for - ev - er, I pray, In fathomless billows of love.

No. 105. Holy, Holy, Holy!

REGINALD HEBER, D. D.

Rev. JOHN B. DYKES.

1. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, Lord God Al - might - y! Ear - ly in the
2. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! all the saints a - dore thee, 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 songs shall rise to Thee; Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly,
golden crowns around the glass - y sea; Cher - u - bim and sera - phim
sin - ful man Thy glo - ry may not see; On - ly Thou art ho - ly;
praise Thy name, in earth, and sky, and sea; Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly,

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

No. 106.

The Blood of Jesus.

2d and 3d stanzas by C. D. E.

Arr. by C. D. EMERSON.

1. We'll shout and sing, make heaven ring with praises to our King,
 2. In cheer-ful lays our voi - ces raise to Him our songs of praise;
 3. His name so sweet, His love complete, we own, and kiss His feet;

Who bled and died, was cru - ci - fied, that He might par - don bring;
 We loud proclaim His bless-ed name, and won - ders of His ways,
 To pu - ri - fy and sanc - ti - fy, His prom - is - es are meet;

His blood can save a soul, can cleanse and make it whole—
 While this, the sto - ry sweet, we joy - ful - ly re - peat—
 All glo - ry to His name, with rap - ture we pro - claim—

The blood of Je - sus cleans-eth white as snow, white as snow.

CHORUS.

The blood of Jesus cleanseth white as snow, white as snow, The blood of Jesus

The Blood of Jesus—Concluded.

cleanseth white as snow, white as snow; I bless the hap-py day when He
washed my sins away, The blood of Jesus cleanseth white as snow, white as snow.

No. 107.

There is a Fountain.

W. COWPER.

LOWELL MASON.

1. There is a fountain filled with blood, Drawn from Immanuel's veins,
2. The dy - ing thief re-joiced to see That foun-tain in his day;
3. Dear dy - ing Lamb! Thy precious blood Shall nev - er lose its pow'r,
4. E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream Thy flowing wounds sup-ply,
5. Then in a no - bler, sweet-er song, I'll sing Thy pow'r to save,

Fine.

And sin-ners plunged beneath that flood, Lose all their guilt-y stains.
And there may I, tho' vile as he, Wash all my sins a - way.
Till all the ransomed Church of God Are saved, to sin no more.
Re - deem - ing love has been my theme, And shall be till I die.
When this poor lisp-ing, stamm'ring tongue Lies si - lent in the grave.

D. S.

Lose all their guilt-y stains, Lose all their guilt-y stains;
Wash all my sins a - way, Wash all my sins a - way;
Are saved, to sin no more, Are saved, to sin no more;
And shall be till I die, And shall be till I die;
Lies si - lent in the grave, Lies si - lent in the grave;

E. A. H.

REV. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

1. I must tell Je - sus all of my tri - als; I can - not
 2. I must tell Je - sus all of my troub - les; He is a
 3. Tempted and tried I need a great Sav - iour, One who can
 4. O how the world to e - vil al - lures me! O how my

bear these bur - dens a - lone; In my dis - tress He kind - ly will help me;
 kind, com - pas - sion - ate Friend; If I but ask Him, He will de - liv - er,
 help my bur - dens to bear; I must tell Je - sus, I must tell Je - sus,
 heart is tempted to sin! I must tell Je - sus, and He will help me

CHORUS.

He ev - er loves and cares for His own.
 Make of my troubles quickly an end.
 He all my cares and sorrows will share. } I must tell Je - sus, I must tell
 O - ver the world the vic - t'ry to win.

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

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

No. 109.

Love Divine.

CHARLES WESLEY.

JOHN ZUNDEL.

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

Fix in us Thy hum-ble dwelling; All Thy faithful mer-cies crown.
 Let us all in Thee in-her-it, Let us find that sec-ond rest.
 Sud-den-ly re-turn, and nev-er, Nev-er-more Thy temples leave;
 Let us see Thy great sal-va-tion, Per-fect-ly re-stored in Thee.

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

Vis-it us with Thy sal-va-tion; En-ter ev-'ry trembling heart.
 End of faith, as its be-gin-ning, Set our hearts at lib-er-ty.
 Pray and praise Thee without ceasing, Glo-ry in Thy per-fect love.
 Till we cast our crowns before Thee, Lost in won-der, love, and praise.

No. 110.

My Shepherd.

Rev. W. C. MARTIN.

(FIRST PART MAY BE SUNG AS A SOLO.)

C. F. GREEN.

1. The still wa-ters flow where He lead - eth me, By streams of His
 2. The word of the Lord is a pas - ture green, A rich and un-
 3. My Shep-herd re - stor - eth my wea - ry soul, Re - vives when I

grace I a - bide; From fear of the foe I am now wholly free,
 fail - ing sup - ply; Each need of my soul by the Shepherd is seen;
 faint by the way; He bind - eth my wounds and He mak - eth me whole;

DUET. ALTO and TENOR.

And rest, sweetly rest by His side. Tho' toil may be mine, and a load to bear,
 No want doth He ev - er deny. Yea, tho' I should walk in the deep, dark vale,
 I shall from His side never stray. No grief is so dark as to hide His face,

His rod and His staff are my stay; Tho' clouds shade my pathway, yet
 I'll know ne'er a doubt nor a fear; And tho' ev - 'ry friend and com-
 No pain but He helps me to bear; Each step of the way He sup-

FULL CHORUS.

why should I care, Since He leadeth me all the way. }
 pan-ion should fail, I know that my Saviour is near. } My Shepherd is He,
 plies me with grace, And lifts from my heart ev'ry care. }

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(112)

My Shepherd—Concluded.

when I wake or sleep, He leadeth my soul in the way; No foe can as-

sail, for a watch He doth keep; He guards me by night and by day.

No. 111.

Rock of Ages.

A. M. TOPLADY.

(TOPLADY. 7s.)

THOS. HASTINGS.

Fine.

1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my-self in Thee;

D. C.—Be of sin the doub-le cure, Save from wrath and make me pure.

D. C.

Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy wounded side which flowed,

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.

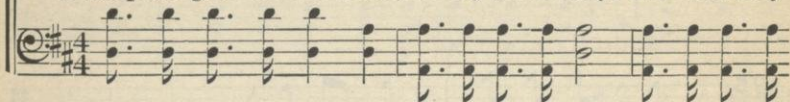
No. 112. Do Your Very Best To-day.

LANTA WILSON SMITH.

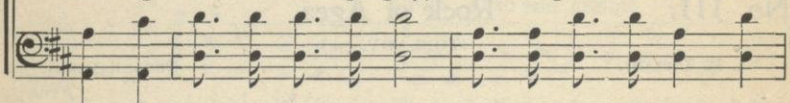
C. F. GREEN.



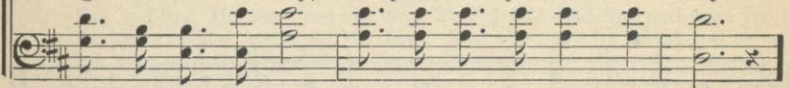
1. Are you look - ing for - ward to some cherished time, Missing dai - ly
2. Prize the pre - cious moments while they're passing by; Fill them full of
3. Make your life a bless - ing time can ne'er destroy; Let some no - ble
4. Grasp the gold - en mo - ments, for they will not stay; Life is swift - ly



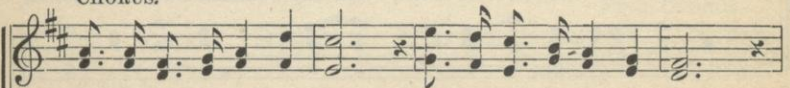
mu - sic for some dis - tant chime; Scorn - ing all the pres - ent
 lov - ing deeds that can - not die; Win some souls for Je - sus,
 call - ing all your time em - ploy; Then no sad re - grets will
 fad - ing to the twi - light gray, But a grand en - deav - or



with its gifts sub - lime? Do your ver - y best to - day.
 and a home on high, Do your ver - y best to - day.
 mar your fu - ture joy, Do your ver - y best to - day.
 bright - ens all the way, Do your ver - y best to - day.



CHORUS.



Do your ver - y best to - day, Do your ver - y best to - day;
 to - day, to - day;



Do Your Very Best To-day—Concluded.

Just the present moment is the golden time, Do your very best to - day.

Musical score for 'Do Your Very Best To-day' in G major, 2/4 time. The score consists of two staves: a treble staff and a bass staff. The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The piece concludes with a double bar line and a repeat sign.

No. 113. Hark, the Voice of Jesus Calling.

DANIEL MARCH.

Spanish Melody.

1. Hark, the voice of Je - sus call - ing, "Who will go and work to - day?
2. Let none hear you i - dly say - ing, "There is nothing I can - do,"

Musical score for the first system of 'Hark, the Voice of Jesus Calling' in B-flat major, 3/4 time. The score consists of two staves: a treble staff and a bass staff. The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff.

Fields are white, and harvests waiting, Who will bear the sheaves away?"
While the souls of men are dy - ing, And the Mas - ter calls for you;

Musical score for the second system of 'Hark, the Voice of Jesus Calling' in B-flat major, 3/4 time. The score consists of two staves: a treble staff and a bass staff. The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff.

Loud and long the Master call - eth, Rich re - ward He of - fers free;
Take the task He gives you, gladly; Let His work your pleasure be;

Musical score for the third system of 'Hark, the Voice of Jesus Calling' in B-flat major, 3/4 time. The score consists of two staves: a treble staff and a bass staff. The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff.

Who will an - swer, gladly say - ing, "Here am I, send me, send me?"
An - swer quickly when He call - eth, "Here am I, send me, send me."

Musical score for the fourth system of 'Hark, the Voice of Jesus Calling' in B-flat major, 3/4 time. The score consists of two staves: a treble staff and a bass staff. The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The piece concludes with a double bar line and a repeat sign.

No. 114. When the Roll is Called Up Yonder.

J. M. B.

J. M. BLACK.



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



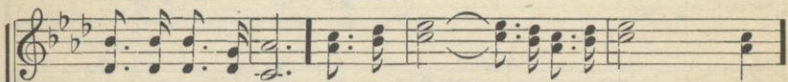
And the morning breaks, eternal, bright, and fair; When the saved of earth shall
And the glo - ry of His res - ur - rec - tion share; When His cho - sen ones shall
Let us talk of all His wondrous love and care, Then when all of life is



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

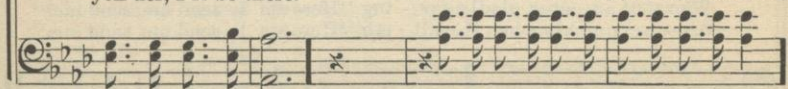


CHORUS.



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

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



When the Roll is Called Up Yonder—Concluded.

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

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

No. 115. There's a Wideness.

FREDERICK W. FABER.

LIZZIE J. 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 gra-ces for the good;
3. For the love of God is broad-er Than the meas-ure of man's mind;
4. If our love were but more sim-ple, We should take Him at His word;


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

No. 116.

The Cross.

DR. BONAR.


J. R. DUNHAM.



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

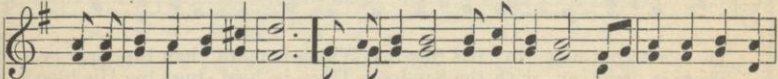


fy - ing ev - 'ry blast, Hal-le - lu - jah for the cross! The winds of
 triumphs let us tell, Hal-le - lu - jah for the cross! The grace of
 sins on Je - sus laid, Hal-le - lu - jah for the cross! So 'round the



hell have blown, The world its hate hath shown, Yet 'tis not o - ver-thrown,
 God here shown, Thro' Christ, the blessed Son, Who did for sin a - tone,
 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

The Cross—Concluded.

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

No. 117. Revive Us Again.

Wm. P. MACKAY.

J. J. HUSBAND.

1. We praise Thee, O God! for the Son of Thy love, For Je - sus who
2. We praise Thee, O God! for Thy Spirit of light, Who has shown us our
3. All glo - ry and praise to the Lamb that was slain, Who has borne all our
4. Re - vive us a - gain; fill each heart with Thy love; May each soul be re-

REFRAIN.

died and is now gone a - bove.
 Sav - iour and scat - tered our night. } Hal - le - lu - jah! Thine the
 sins, and has cleansed ev - 'ry stain.
 kin - dled with fire from a - bove.

glo - ry; Hal - le - lu - jah! a - men! Re - vive us a - gain.

No. 118. Leaning on Jesus, Blessed Redeemer.

C. H. G.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Leaning on Je-sus, blessed Redeemer, Casting on Him all the cares of the
 2. Leaning on Je-sus, blessed Redeemer, Trusting in Him glad-ly onward I
 3. Leaning on Je-sus, blessed Redeemer, Singing His love I will trav-el a-

day; Faith-ful-ly foll-wing wher-ev-er He lead-eth, Glad is my
 move; Sor-row is lost in the joy of His presence,—Even the
 long; In the dark val-ley of shadows I'll praise Him, Jesus, my

CHORUS.

heart, and bright is the way.
 night is bright with His love. } Leaning on Je - sus, leaning on
 hope, my joy and my song. } Leaning on Je - sus,

Je - sus, Singing His praise the whole day long;
 lean-ing on Je - sus, Singing His praise

Leaning on Jesus, Blessed Redeemer—Concluded.

He is my Refuge, my Lord and Redeemer, Jesus, my hope, my joy and my song.

No. 119. When My Saviour I Shall See.

ARR. P. P. B.

P. P. BILHORN.

1. When my Sav-iour I shall see, In His glo-rious like-ness
 2. When I'm whol-ly freed from sin, Spot-less, clean and pure with-
 3. When my feet shall press the shore, Trod by an-gels' feet be-
 4. Oh, till then be this my care, More His im-age blest to

be, Clad in robes by love sup-plied, Then shall I be sat-is-fied.
 in, Meet to stand by Je-sus' side, Then shall I be sat-is-fied.
 fore, Near to liv-ing streams that glide, Then shall I be sat-is-fied.
 bear, More to con-quer self and pride, So shall I be sat-is-fied.

CHORUS.

Sat-is-fied with love di-vine, Sat-is-fied, since Christ is

mine, Ev-'ry need in Him sup-plied, Then shall I be sat-is-fied.

No. 120. Tell Me the Gospel Story.

REV. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

E. S. HOWARD.

1. Tell me the sto-ry sweet, Whisper it o'er and o'er, I long to hear the
 2. Tell me the sto-ry dear, Breathing of life and peace, No words can be to
 3. Tell me the sto-ry old, Old-en yet ev-er new; The sto-ry of the

words Repeated ev-er-more; It doth within my heart Tender e-mo-tions move;
 me As comforting as these. Like strains of holy song, Wafted from heav'n above;
 Christ, So beautiful and true. As years are passing on, More of God's love I prove;

The sto-ry sweet to me re-peat Of Je-sus and His love.

CHORUS.

Tell me the sim-ple sto-ry, It doth my heart so strange-ly move; The

sto-ry sweet to me re-peat Of Je-sus and His love. Jesus' precious love.

No. 121. There's Cleansing in the Precious Blood.

I. N.

J. M. BLACK.

1. O has-ten now to Calv'ry's moun-tain, There's cleansing in the
 2. "Come now, to-geth - er let 'us rea-son," There's cleansing in the
 3. Your heart is full of sin and sad-ness, There's cleansing in the
 4. At morn-ing, noon, and night I'm sing - ing, There's cleansing in the

pre-cious blood; And plunge in - to the flow - ing foun-tain, There's
 pre-cious blood; Although your sins be red like crim-son, There's
 pre-cious blood; In Je - sus there is joy and glad-ness, There's
 pre-cious blood; O let us keep the an - them ring - ing, There's

CHORUS.

cleansing in the pre - cious blood. There's cleansing in the pre-cious

blood, Plunge now beneath the crim-son flood; Con - fess - ing all your

sins to Je - sus, There's cleansing in the pre - cious blood.

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No. 122.

God is a Refuge.

ANNA H. WOODROOFF.

J. M. BLACK.

1. God is a ref - uge, a shel - ter in troub - le, Trust in His
 2. God is a ref - uge, a sol - ace in sor - row, Trust in His
 3. God is a ref - uge, O soul to Him fly - ing, Trust Him, He

care, for He walks by thy side; Shar - ing thy burdens, thy joys He doth
 wis - dom, His tender con - trol; He will not fail thee to - day, nor to -
 loves thee, and He will pre - vail; Trust in Him ev - er, when liv - ing, when

doub - le, Trust in Je - ho - vah, what - ev - er be - tide.
 mor - row, Trust in Je - ho - vah, the strength of thy soul.
 dy - ing, Trust in Je - ho - vah, His love can - not fail.

CHORUS.

Trust in Je - ho - - vah, trust in Je - ho - vah,
 Trust in Je - ho - vah, trust in Je - ho - vah,

Rock of thy ref - uge, and He shall pre - vail; When in the

God is a Refuge—Concluded.

sunshine, or in the shadow, Trust in Je-ho-vah, His love cannot fall.

No. 123. Pass Me Not.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

WILLIAM H. DOANE.

1. Pass me not, O gen-tle Sav-iour, Hear my humble cry; While on
2. Let me at a throne of mer-cy Find a sweet re-lief; Kneel-ing
3. Trust-ing on-ly in Thy mer-it, Would I seek Thy face; Heal my
4. Thou the Spring of all my com-fort, More than life to me, Whom have

CHORUS.

oth-ers Thou art smil-ing, Do not pass me by.
 there in deep con-tri-tion, Help my un-be-lief.
 wounded, bro-ken spir-it, Save me by Thy grace. } Saviour, Saviour,
 I on earth beside Thee? Whom in heav'n but Thee?

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

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No. 124.

He's Coming By and By.

LIZZIE AKERS.

J. M. BLACK.

1. The bells of hope ring in my soul, And, oh, how sweet their chime!
 2. It may be at the e - ven-tide, My Lord will come for me;
 3. So, watching, pray-ing, toil - ing on, Still cheered by hope's sweet bells,

Their song keeps ring-ing day by day, Tho' bus - y work - ing time.
 Or that the si - lent midnight hour, His cho - sen time will be.
 I jour - ney to the Beau - lah land Where joy for - ev - er dwells.

Tho' wea - ry oft with toil and care, Tho' oft for rest I sigh,
 He gen - tly bids me watch and wait, When un - to Him I cry;
 I catch a glimpse of Canaan's shore, My home be - yond the sky;

Hope's bells my faint - ing spir - it cheer, He's coming by and by.
 And tunes my heart to hope's re - frain, He's coming by and by.
 All glo - ry to His precious name! He's coming by and by.

CHORUS.

He's com - ing by and by, He's com - ing by and by;

He's Coming By and By—Concluded

The bells of hope ring in my soul, He's coming by and by.

No. 125. While Jesus Whispers.

WILL. E. WITTER.

H. R. PALMER.

1. While Je-sus whis-pers to you, Come, sinner, come! While we are
2. Are you too heav-y la-den? Come, sinner, come! Je-sus will
3. Oh, hear His ten-der pleading, Come, sinner, come! Come and re-

pray-ing for you, Come, sinner, come! Now is the time to own Him, bear your bur-den, Come, sinner, come! Je-sus will not de-ceive you, ceive His bless-ing, Come, sinner, come! While Jesus whispers to you,

Come, sinner, come! Now is the time to know Him, Come, sinner, come!
 Come, sinner, come! Je-sus can now redeem you, Come, sinner, come!
 Come, sinner, come! While we are praying for you, Come, sinner, come!

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No. 126.

Not Ashamed of Jesus.

JOSEPH GRIGG.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

DUET FOR TENOR AND CONTRALTO.

1. Je - sus, and shall..... it ev - er be,..... A mor - tal man.....
 2. Ashamed of Je - - sus! soon - er far..... Let eve - ning blush....
 3. Ashamed of Je - - sus! just as soon..... Let midnight be.....
 4. Ashamed of Je - - sus! yes, I may,..... When I've no guilt.....
 Jesus, and shall it ev - er be, A mortal man

a - shamed of Thee?.... Ashamed of Thee,.... whom angels praise,....
 to own her star;..... He sheds the beams... of light di - vine.....
 a - shamed of noon;..... 'Tis midnight with.... my soul till He,.....
 to wash a - way,..... No tear to wipe,.... no good to crave,....
 ashamed of Thee? Ashamed of Thee, whom angels praise,

CHORUS.

Whose glo - ries shine thro' end - less days? Ashamed of Je - sus I
 O'er this be - night - ed soul of mine.
 Bright Morning Star, bids darkness flee.
 No fears to quell, no soul to save.
 Whose glories shine thro' endless days? Ashamed of Je - sus I

nev - er, I nev - er will be,..... For my dear
 nev - er, I nev - er will be, I nev - er will be, For

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Not Ashamed of Jesus—Concluded.

Sav - iour is not a-shamed of me;
 my dear Sav - iour is not a-shamed, is not a-shamed of me;

No; when I blush, be this my shame,
 No; when I blush, be this my shame,

That I no more re - vere His name.
 That I no more re - vere His name.

No. 127. Sun of My Soul.

1. Sun of my soul, Thou Saviour dear, It is not night if Thou be near;
2. When the soft dews of kind - ly sleep My wea - ry eye-lids gen - tly steep,
3. A - bid with me from morn till eve, For with - out Thee I can - not live;
4. If some poor wand'ring child of Thine Have spurned, to - day, the voice di - vine,
5. Watch by the sick; en - rich the poor With blessings from Thy boundless store;
6. Comenear and bless us when we wake, Ere thro' the world our way we take;

O may no earth-born cloud a-rise To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes!
 Be my last tho't, how sweet to rest For - ev - er on my Saviour's breast.
 A - bid with me when night is nigh, For with - out Thee I dare not die.
 Now, Lord, the gracious work begin; Let him no more lie down in sin.
 Be ev - ry mourner's sleep to - night, Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.
 Till, in the o - cean of Thy love, We lose our-selves in heav'n a - bove.

No. 128. The Lord Answers Prayer.

CHARLOTTE G. HOMER.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. When the soul is oppressed by the heat of the day, And the
 2. When the sunshine of glad-ness is flood-ing the soul, When the
 3. When the temp-est is wild-est and storm-winds are high, When the

clouds of con-ten-tion hangs o-ver the way; When we faint 'neath the
 waves of temp-ta-tion like sea-bil-lows roll; When the path-way is
 wa-ters are calm as the stars in the sky; When our breaking hearts

bur-den He has called us to bear, There is joy in be-liev-ing the
 lost in the tu-mult of care, There is joy in be-liev-ing the
 cry from the depths of de-spair, There is joy in be-liev-ing the

REFRAIN.

Lord answers pray'r. The Lord an-swers pray'r, yes, the Lord an-swers

pray'r; There is joy in be-liev-ing the Lord an-swers pray'r.

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No. 129.

Some Happy Day.

Rev. L. F. JACKSON.

C. F. GREEN.

1. Some day, when life and all its cares are o'er, And
 2. Some day; nor ask we now the rea - son why Our
 3. Some day the clouds that hov - er o'er our way Will
 4. Some day we'll see the loved ones face to face, And

we are safe up - on a bright - er shore, We'll know what
 hopes, so bright, seemed on - ly born to die, We'll know the
 lift, and, in the realms of end - less day, We'll learn how
 not be pained to note the va - cant place; We'll learn the

mer - cy had con - cealed be - fore, Some day, some hap - py day.
 se - cret of it by and by, - Some day, some hap - py day.
 full of gracious show'rs were they, Some day, some hap - py day.
 won - ders of sus - tain - ing grace, Some day, some hap - py day.

CHORUS. •

Some day, some day, Some hap - py day,
 Some hap - py day, some hap - py day,

We'll know the se - cret of it by and by, Some hap - py day.

No. 130.

Jesus, Ever Nigh.

Rev. W. C. MARTIN.

Spanish Melody. Arr.

1. Still with my Sav-iour when the sun sinks in the west, Still in the
 2. On - ly in Je - sus has my soul su-preme de-light, Je - sus who
 3. Dawn, happy morn-ing, day of glad-ness and of rest, Bright day of

gloaming, lean - ing on His breast; And un - til the morn-ing
 robes me in His gar-ments white; So un - til the day dawn
 crown-ing, last of all and best; Rise, thou Sun of beau-ty,

breaks e - ter - nal in the sky, Shall my pre - cious Sav - iour
 I shall rest be - neath His wing, Then shall dwell for - ev - er
 O re - veal Thy glo - ry now, Ev - 'ry tongue shall bless Thee,

Slower. CHORUS.
 still be ev - er nigh.
 with my God and King. } Je - sus, my Sav-iour, stay for-ev - er
 ev - 'ry knee shall bow. }

near my side; Je - sus, my Sav-iour, Safe in Thee I hide.

No. 131.

God be With You.

Rev. 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 se - cure - ly
 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 float - ing

hold you, With His sheep se - cure - ly fold you,
 hide you, Dai - ly man - na still pro - vide you,
 found you, Put His arms un - fail - ing round you,
 o'er you, Smite death's threat'ning wave be - fore you,

CHORUS.

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

meet, Till we meet at Je - sus' feet; Till we
 meet a - gain, till we meet;

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

No. 132.

The Gospel Bells.

S. W. M.

S. WESLEY MARTIN.

1. The gos-pel bells are ring-ing O-ver land from sea to sea;
 2. The gos-pel bells in-vite us To a feast prepared for all;
 3. The gos-pel bells are joy-ful, As they ech-o far and wide,

Blessed news of free sal-va-tion Do they of-fer you and me.
 Do not slight the in-vi-ta-tion, Nor re-ject the gra-cious call.
 Bear-ing notes of per-fect par-don, Thro' a Saviour cru-ci-fied.

"For God so loved the world That His on-ly Son He gave,
 "I am the bread of life; Eat of me, thou hun-gry soul,
 "Good ti-dings of great joy To all peo-ple I do bring,

Who-so-e'er be-liev-eth in Him Ev-er-last-ing life shall have."
 Tho' your sins be red as crim-son, They shall be as white as wool."
 Un-to you is born a Saviour, Which is Christ, the Lord and King."

CHORUS.

Gospel bells, how they ring, O-ver land from sea to sea;
 Gos-pel bells, how they ring,

The Gospel Bells—Concluded.

Gospel bells, free-ly bring Blessed news to you and me.
 Gos-pel bells, free-ly bring

The musical score consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a common time signature. It features a melody with eighth and quarter notes, including a fermata over the final note. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, providing a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

No. 133. My Country! 'Tis of Thee.

S. F. SMITH.

HENRY CAREY.

1. My coun-try! 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty,
 2. My na - tive coun - try, thee, Land of the no - ble, free,
 3. Let mu - sic swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees
 4. Our fa - thers' God, to Thee, Au - thor of lib - er - ty,

The musical score is in 3/4 time with a key signature of one flat. It features a simple, hymn-like melody in the upper staff and a chordal accompaniment in the lower staff. The lyrics are printed below the upper staff.

Of thee I sing: Land where my fa - thers died! Land of the
 Thy name I love; I love thy rocks and rills, Thy woods and
 Sweet freedom's song; Let mor - tal tongues a - wake; Let all that
 To Thee we sing; Long may our land be bright With free - dom's

This section continues the musical score with the same notation as the previous section. The lyrics are printed below the upper staff.

Cres.
 pil-grims' pride! From ev - 'ry moun - tain side Let free - dom ring!
 tem - pled hills; My heart with rap - ture thrills Like that a - bove.
 breathe partake; Let rocks their si - lence break, The sound pro - long!
 ho - ly light; Pro - tect us by Thy might, Great God, our King!

The final section of the score is marked with a *Cres.* (Crescendo) dynamic. It features a more active melody in the upper staff and a corresponding accompaniment in the lower staff. The lyrics are printed below the upper staff.

No. 134.

Leaning on Jesus.

REV. W. F. CRAFTS.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Wea-ry with walking a-lone, Long heav-y-la-den with sin,
 2. Fear-ing to stand for my Lord, Trembling for weakness in pray'r;
 3. Anxious no long-er for self, Shrink-ing no long-er from pain;
 4. Lean-ing, I walk in "The Way," Lean-ing "The Truth" I shall know,

Toil-ing all night without Christ,— Rest for my soul shall I win.
 Yet on the bos-om di-vine Los-ing each sor-row and fear.
 Lean-ing on Je-sus, a-lone, He all my care will sus-tain.
 Lean-ing on heart-throbs of Christ, Safe in-to "Life" I may go.

CHORUS.

Lean-ing on Je-sus, I walk.... at His side;....
 Lean-ing on Je-sus, in Him I a-bide, Leaning on Je-sus, I walk at His side;

Lean-ing on Je-sus, I trust Him, my Shepherd and Guide.
 Leaning on Je-sus, what-ev-er be-tide,

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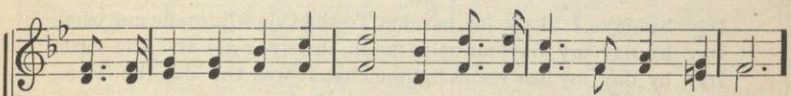
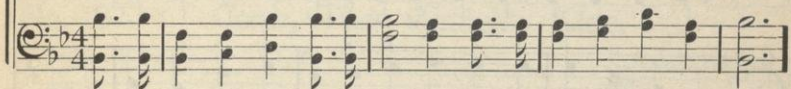
No. 135. The Crimson Wave is Flowing.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE.



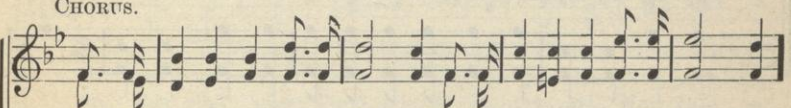
1. O the crimson wave, hal-le - lu - jah! Now is flow - ing full and free;
2. O the crimson wave, hal-le - lu - jah! Now is flow - ing deep and wide,
3. O the crimson wave, hal-le - lu - jah! It will give thee joy with - in;
4. O the crimson wave, hal-le - lu - jah! If its full - ness fill thy soul,



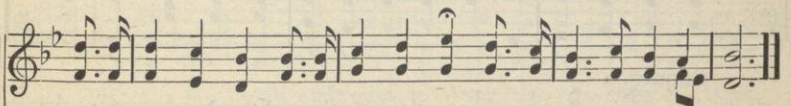
Brother, come, while yet there's par - don, And the Sav - iour pleads with thee.
 From the cleansing fountain o - pened At the cross where Je - sus died.
 'Tis the blood of Christ redeemed thee, And will cleanse from ev - 'ry sin.
 Thou wilt sing His love that saves thee, While e - ter - nal a - ges roll.



CHORUS.



O the crimson wave now is flowing, Blessed crimson wave, life bestow - ing;
 flowing free, be - stow - ing free;



Hear the voice that pleads with thy heart to - day, Come and wash thy sins away.



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No. 136. Grace and Glory Day by Day.

Rev. W. C. MARTIN.

J. M. BLACK.

1. Day by day I trust my guiding To the Shepherd of my soul,
 2. Day by day I trust for manna To sustain my heav'n-born life,
 3. Day by day the way grows brighter As I near the gold-en shore,

Day by day I look for par-don To the One who made me whole;
 Day by day my Saviour helps me In the strug-gle and the strife;
 Day by day my load seems lighter Than it was the day be-fore:

Day by day I ask for wisdom From the Fount of truth and light,
 Day by day He leads me onward Where the liv-ing wa-ters flow,
 Day by day my love in-creas-es As by faith I see the Lord,

Day by day my joy grows greater As I feel His pres-ence bright,
 Day by day my soul is sat-is-fied With Je-sus here be-low.
 Day by day my steps lead upward To my Sav-iour and my God.

CHORUS.

Glo - ry and grace each day; Glo - ry and grace for aye:

Grace and Glory Day by Day—Concluded.

Grace and glo-ry is my portion From the Saviour day by day.

The musical score consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and a common time signature. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The melody is simple and hymn-like, with lyrics printed below the upper staff.

No. 137. Come, Thou Almighty King.

CHARLES WESLEY.

FELICE GIARDINI.

1. Come, Thou al-might-y King, Help us Thy name to sing,
 2. Come, Thou in-car-nate Word, Gird on Thy might-y sword;
 3. Come, ho-ly Com-fort-er, Thy sa-cred wit-ness bear,
 4. To the great One in Three, The high-est prais-es be,

The musical score is in 3/4 time with a key signature of one sharp (F#). It features a vocal line in the upper staff and a piano accompaniment in the lower staff. The lyrics are printed below the vocal line.

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
 Hence, ev-er-more! His sov'reign maj-es-ty May we in

This section continues the musical score from the previous block, with the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are printed below the vocal line.

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!
 glo-ry see, And to e-ter-ni-ty Love and a-dore!

This section concludes the musical score for 'Come, Thou Almighty King.' The vocal line and piano accompaniment are shown, with the final lyrics printed below.

No. 138. The "Good News" Must be told.

E. A. H.

REV. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

1. The sto-ry of re-deem-ing love More pre-cious is than gold,
 2. It is a sto-ry strange-ly sweet, That nev-er grow-eth old;
 3. O yes! our lips must hon-or Him, His love must be ex-tolled;
 4. To those who long for heav'n-ly peace, To wand'ers from the fold,

Rit.

And on thro' all the years of time The "good news" must be told.
 And to the a-ged and the young The "good news" must be told.
 His grace to men must be made known, The "good news" must be told.
 To all who thirst for right-eous-ness, The "good news" must be told.

CHORUS.

That sweet old sto-ry must be told, The
 must, it must be told,

Gos-pel sto-ry must be told, The story strange and true, so
 must, it must be told,

Rit.

old and ev-er new, The sweet old sto-ry must be told.

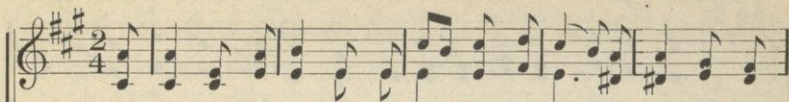
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No. 139.

How Firm a Foundation.

G. KEITH.

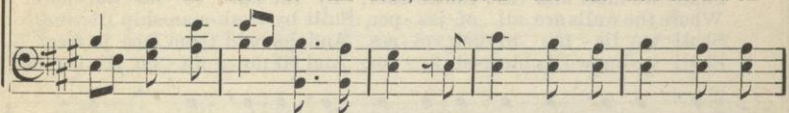
M. PORTOGALLO.



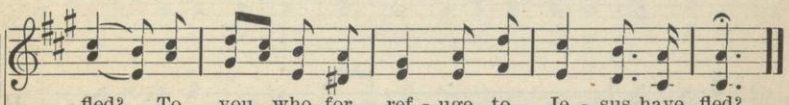
1. How firm a foun-da-tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your
2. "Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dismayed, For I am thy
3. "When thro' the deep wa-ters I call thee to go, The riv-ers of
3. "The soul that on Je-sus hath leaned for re-pose, I will not, I



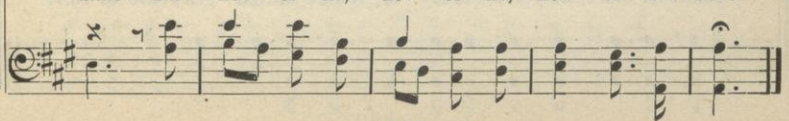
faith in His ex-cel-lent word! What more can He say, than to
 God, I will still give thee aid; I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and
 sor-row shall not o-ver-flow; For I will be with thee, thy
 will not de-sert to his foes, That soul-tho' all hell should en-



you He hath said,— To you, who for ref-uge to Je-sus have
 cause thee to stand, Up-held by my gra-cious, om-nip-o-tent
 trou-ble to bless, And sanc-ti-fy to thee thy deepest dis-
 deav-or to shake, I'll nev-er—no, nev-er—no, nev-er for-



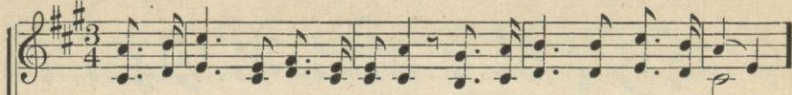
fled? To you, who for ref-uge to Je-sus have fled?
 hand, Up-held by my gra-cious, om-nip-o-tent hand.
 tress, And sanc-ti-fy to thee thy deep-est dis-tress.
 sake!" I'll nev-er—no, nev-er—no, nev-er for-sake!



No. 140. Shall We Meet Beyond the River?

H. L. HASTINGS.

E. S. RICE.



1. Shall we meet beyond the riv-er, Where the sur - ges cease to roll?
2. Shall we meet in that blest harbor When our storm-y voyage is o'er?
3. Shall we meet in yon-der cit-y, Where the tow'rs of crys-tal shine?
4. Shall we meet with many a loved one That was torn from our embrace?
5. Shall we meet with Christ our Saviour When He comes to claim His own?



Where in all the bright for-ev - er, Sorrow ne'er shall press the soul?
 Shall we meet and cast the an-chor, By the fair ce - les - tial shore?
 Where the walls are all of jas - per, Built by work-man-ship di-vine?
 Shall we lis - ten to their voi - ces, And be-hold them face to face?
 Shall we know His bless-ed fa - vor, And sit down up - on His throne?



CHORUS.



Shall we meet, shall we meet, Shall we meet beyond the riv - er?
 5th v. We shall meet, etc.



Shall we meet be-yond the riv - er, Where the sur - ges cease to roll?



No. 141.

We're Marching to Zion.

REV. I. WATTS.

REV. R. LOWRY.

1. Come, ye that love the Lord, And let your joys be known; Join in a
 2. Let those re - fuse to sing Who nev - er knew our God; But chil - dren
 3. The hill of Zi - on yields A thou - sand sa - cred sweets, Be - fore we
 4. Then let our songs abound, And ev - 'ry tear be dry; We're marching

song with sweet ac - cord, Join in a song with sweet ac - cord,
 of the heav'n - ly King, But chil - dren of the heav'n - ly King,
 reach the heav'n - ly fields, Be - fore we reach the heav'n - ly fields,
 thro' Im - man - uel's ground, We're marching thro' Im - man - uel's ground,

And thus sur - round the throne, And thus surround the throne.
 May speak their joys a - broad, May speak their joys a - broad.
 Or walk the gold - en streets, Or walk the gold - en streets.
 To fair - er worlds on high, To fair - er worlds on high.
 And thus surround the throne, And thus sur - round the throne.

CHORUS.

We're march - ing to Zi - on, Beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful Zi - on; We're
 We're marching on to Zi - on,

marching upward to Zi - on, The beau - ti - ful cit - y of God.
 Zi - on, Zi - on,

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No. 142.

The Call for Reapers.

J. O. THOMPSON.
Spirited.

J. B. O. CLEMM.

1. Far and near the fields are teem - ing With the waves of
2. Send them forth with morn's first beam - ing, Send them in the
3. O thou, whom thy Lord is send - ing, Gath - er now the

rip - ened grain; Far and near their gold is gleam - ing O'er the
noon-tide's glare; When the sun's last rays are gleam - ing Bid them
sheaves of gold, Heav'nward then at eve - ning wend - ing, Thou shalt

CHORUS.

sun - ny slope and plain.
gath - er ev - 'ry-where. } Lord of har - vest, send forth
come with joy un - told. }

reapers! Hear us, Lord, to Thee we cry; Send them now, the

sheaves to gath - er, Ere the har - vest time pass by.

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No. 143. Battle Hymn of the Republic.

JULIA WARD HOWE.

Arr.

1. Mine eyes have seen the glo - ry of the com - ing of the Lord;
 2. I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hun - dred cir - cing camps;
 3. He has sounded forth the trump - et that shall nev - er call re - treat;
 4. In the beau - ty of the lil - ies, Christ was born a - cross the sea,

He is trampling out the vint-age where the grapes of wrath are stored;
 They have builded Him an al - tar in the eve - ning dew and damps;
 He is sift - ing out the hearts of men be - fore His judg - ment - seat;
 With a glo - ry in His bos - om that trans - fig - ures you and me;

He hath loosed the fate - ful light - ning of His ter - ri - ble, swift sword,
 I have read His right - eous sen - tence by the dim and flar - ing lamps,
 Oh, be swift, my soul, to an - swer Him! be ju - bi - lant, my feet!
 As He died to make men ho - ly, let us die to make men free,

CHORUS.

His truth is marching on. }
 His day is marching on. } Glo - ry, glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah!
 Our God is marching on. }
 While God is marching on. }

1
 2
 Glo - ry, glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! His truth is marching on,

No. 144.

The Child of a King.

HATTIE E. BUELL.

Arr. from a melody by REV. JOHN B. SUMNER.

1. My Fa-ther is rich in hous - es and lands, He hold - eth the
 2. My Father's own Son, who saves us from sin, Once wan-dered o'er
 3. I once was an out-cast stran-ger on earth, A sin - ner by
 4. A tent or a cott-age, why should I care? They're building a

wealth of the world in His hands! Of ru - bies and dia - monds, of
 earth as the poor - est of men; But now He is reign - ing for -
 choice, and an a - lien by birth! But I've been a - dopt - ed, my
 pal - ace for me o - ver - there! Tho' ex - iled from home, yet still

sil - ver and gold, His cof - fers are full, He has rich - es un - told.
 ev - er on high, And will give me a home in heav'n by and by.
 name's written down, An heir to a man - sion, a robe and a crown.
 I may sing: All glo - ry to God, I'm the child of a King!

CHORUS.

I'm the child of a King, the child of a King!

Ad lib.
 With Je - sus, my Sav - iour, I'm the child of a King!

1. Je-sus, my Sav - iour, to Beth - le-hem came, Born in a man - ger to
 2. Je-sus, my Sav - iour, on Cal - va-ry's tree, Paid the great debt, and my
 3. Je-sus, my Sav - iour, the same as of old, While I did wan - der a -
 4. Je-sus, my Sav-iour, shall come from on high, Sweet is the prom - ise as

sorrow and shame; Oh, it was wonderful, blest be His name, Seeking for me, for me.
 soul He set free; Oh, it was wonderful, how could it be? Dying for me, for me.
 far from the fold, Gently and long He hath plead with my soul, Calling for me, for me.
 weary years fly; Oh, I shall see Him descending the sky, Coming for me, for me.

for me..... for me,.....

Seeking for me,	seeking for me,	Seeking for me,	seeking for me;
Dy-ing for me,	dy-ing for me,	Dy-ing for me,	dy-ing for me;
Call-ing for me,	call-ing for me,	Call-ing for me,	call-ing for me;
Com-ing for me,	com-ing for me,	Com-ing for me,	com-ing for me;

Oh, it was won-der-ful, blest be His name, Seeking for me, for me.
 Oh, it was won-der-ful, how could it be? Dy-ing for me, for me.
 Gen - tly and long He hath plead with my soul, Calling for me, for me.
 Oh, I shall see Him de - scend - ing the sky, Coming for me, for me.

ADA BLENKHORN.

L. F. J. Arr. by J. M. BLACK.



1. My Sav-iour is with me, wher-ev-er I go, In dark-ness and
2. His life-giv-ing word faith and courage re-new, They fall on my
3. My Sav-iour is with me, the tho't, O how sweet! How blessed the



dan-ger the way He doth show; When storms rage around me, and
spir-it re-fresh-ing as dew; On heav-en-ly man-na my
les-sons I learn at His feet! How pre-cious the wis-dom His



sor-rows in-crease, He still-eth the tem-pest and giv-eth me peace.
soul He doth feed, In paths of His choos-ing my steps He doth lead.
love doth im-part, With joy and de-vo-tion it fill-eth my heart!



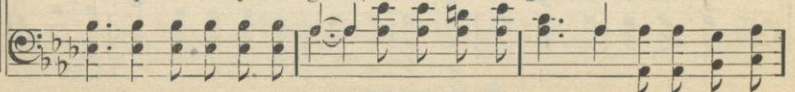
CHORUS.



I'll trust in my Sav-iour, what-ev-er be-tide, I know all my



footsteps He safely will guide; I know He will guard me with ten-der-est



My Saviour is With Me—Concluded.

love, Un - til I shall en - ter His glo - ry a - bove.

No. 147. O Happy Day.

DODDRIDGE.

RIMBAULT.

1. { O happy day that fixed my choice On Thee, my Sav-iour and my God! }
 { Well may this glowing heart re-joyce, And tell its rap-tures all a-broad. }

2. { O happy bond, that seals my vows To Him who mer-its all my love! }
 { Let cheerful anthems fill His house, While to that sa-cred 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 di-vine. }

Fine.

Hap - py day, hap - py day, When Je - sus washed my sins a - way!

D.S.—Hap-py day, happy day, When Je-sus washed my sins a-way!

D.S.

Hetaught me how to watch and pray, And live re-joic-ing ev-'ry day;

No. 148.

Draw Me Nearer.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE.

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

told Thy love to me; But I long to rise in the
 pow'r of grace di - vine; Let my soul look up with a
 fore Thy throne I spend, When I kneel in prayer, and with
 cross the nar - row sea; There are heights of joy that I

REFRAIN.

arms of faith, And be clos - er drawn to Thee. Draw me near - er,
 steadfast hope, And my will be lost in Thine.
 Thee, my God, I commune as friend with friend.
 may not reach, Till I rest in peace with Thee. Draw me near - er, near - er,

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

Draw Me Nearer—Concluded.

near-er, near-er, near-er, blessed Lord, To Thy precious, bleeding side.

No. 149. Glory to His Name.

REV. E. A. HOFFMAN.

REV. J. H. STOCKTON.

1. Down at the cross where my Saviour died, Down where for cleansing from
2. I am so won-drous-ly saved from sin, Je - sus so sweet-ly a -
3. O pre-cious fountain, that saves from sin, I am so glad I have
4. Come to this fountain so rich and sweet; Cast thy poor soul at the

sin I cried; There to my heart was the blood ap-plied; Glo-ry
bides with-in; There at the cross where He took me in; Glo-ry
en-tered in; There Je-sus saves me and keeps me clean; Glo-ry
Sav-iour's feet; Plunge in to-day, and be made com-plete; Glo-ry

D. S.—There to my heart was the blood ap-plied; Glo-ry

Fine. CHORUS. *D. S.*

to His name. Glo-ry to His name, Glo-ry to His name;

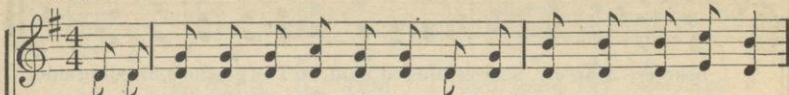
to His name.

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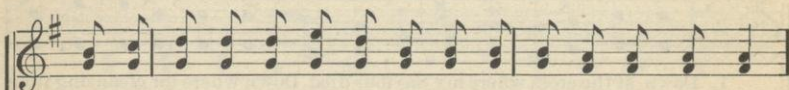
No. 150. If You Bear the Cross for Jesus.

F. L. S.


E. S. HOWARD.




1. If you bear the cross for Je - sus, it will make your bur - dens light,
2. If you bear the cross for Je - sus, in the ear - ly days of youth,
3. If you bear the cross for Je - sus, it will less - en all your care,



And your pathway beam with sunshine as the noon-day clear and bright;
And you make His word your counsel, walking in its pre - cious truth;
For the meek and low - ly Saviour says, your sor - rows He will share;



If you fol - low where He leads you, trusting Him by night and day,
It will keep your feet from straying and your lips from speaking guile,
Help - ing you to bear life's burdens, mak - ing eas - y how to live,



You will find your cares grow light - er as you walk the nar - row way.
And the way that leads to heav - en will grow bright - er all the while.
Oh, such friendship this be - tok - ens, can - not help but com - fort give.

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If You Bear the Cross for Jesus—Concluded.

CHORUS.

If you bear the cross for Jesus, you will find your cares grow light,
If you bear, your cares grow light,

And your soul secure and happy, as you're living for the right.
And your soul living, as you're liv-ing for the right.

No. 151. Come, ye Sinners, Poor and Needy.

JOSEPH HART.

ANON.

Fine.

1. { Come, ye sin-ners, poor and need-y, Weak and wounded, sick and sore; }
 { Je-sus read-y stands to save you, Full of pit - y, love and pow'r. }
2. { Now, ye need-y, come and welcome, God's free bounty glo - ri - fy; }
 { True be-lief and true re-pent-ance, Ev-'ry grace that brings you nigh. }
3. { Let not conscience make you lin-ger, Or of fit-ness fond - ly dream; }
 { All the fit-ness He re - quir-eth, Is to feel your need of Him. }
4. { Come, ye wea-ry, heav-y la-den, Bruised and mangled by the fall, }
 { If you tar-ry till you're better, You will nev - er come at all. }

D.C.—Glo-ry, hon-or and sal - va-tion, Christ, the Lord, has come to reign.

CHORUS. D.C.

Turn to the Lord and seek sal - va - tion, Sound the praise of His dear name;

No. 152.

The New Jerusalem.

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR.

A. H. SONGSTER.

Slow and connected.

1. There's a land of fadeless beauty in the sky, And we'll reach the Holy
 2. In that land no tears will ever dim the eye, And we'll reach the Holy
 3. In that blessed land the people never die, And we'll reach the Holy
 4. We have dear ones waiting for us up on high, And we'll reach the Holy

Cit-y by and by; When the storms of life are o'er, We shall
 Cit-y by and by; With our tri-als o-ver-past, We shall
 Cit-y by and by; There we'll nev-er know a pain, Nev-er
 Cit-y by and by; Safe with them while a-ges fly, We shall

Cres.

gain that bless-ed shore, We shall gather in that Cit-y by and by.
 gath-er home at last, We shall gather in that Cit-y by and by.
 more be sick a-gain, We shall gather in that Cit-y by and by.
 nev-er say good-by, When we gather in that Cit-y by and by.

REFRAIN. *mf*

By and by, by and by, We shall reach that Ho-ly
 by and by, by and by,

Copyright, 1899, by Asa Hull.

The New Jerusalem—Concluded.

Cit-y by and by; When the storms of life are o'er We shall
by and by;

Slow.

gain that blessed shore, We shall gather in that City by and by, by and by.

No. 153. I Am Coming to the Cross.

REV. WM. McDONALD.

WM. G. FISCHER.

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

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

D. C. for Chorus.

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

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

No. 154.

Whiter than Snow.

JAMES NICHOLSON.

WM. G. FISCHER.

1. Lord Je - sus, I long to be per - fect - ly whole; I
 2. Lord Je - sus, look down from Thy throne in the skies, And
 3. Lord Je - sus, for this I most hum - bly en - treat; I
 4. Lord Je - sus, Thou seest I pa - tient - ly wait; Come

want Thee for - ev - er to live in my soul; Break down ev - 'ry
 help me to make a com - plete sac - ri - fice; I give up my -
 wait, bless - ed Lord, at Thy cru - ci - fied feet; By faith, for my
 now, and with - in me a new heart cre - ate; To those who have

i - dol, cast out ev - 'ry foe; Now wash me, and I shall be
 self, and what - ev - er I know—Now wash me, and I shall be
 cleansing, I see Thy blood flow—Now wash me, and I shall be
 sought Thee, Thou never saidst No—Now wash me, and I shall be

CHORUS.

whit - er than snow. Whit - er than snow, yes, whit - er than

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Whiter than Snow—Concluded.

Two staves of musical notation. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#) and a common time signature. The bottom staff is a bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The lyrics are written below the top staff.

snow; Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

No. 155. O how Happy are They!

CHARLES WESLEY.

Arranged.

Two staves of musical notation. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of two flats (Bb and Eb) and a 2/4 time signature. The bottom staff is a bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The lyrics are written below the top staff.

1. O how hap-py are they, Who the Sav-iour o-bey, And have
2. That sweet comfort was mine, When the fa-vor di-vine I re-
3. 'Twas a heav-en be-low My Re-deem-er to know, And the
4. Je-sus all the day long Was my joy and my song: O that
5. O the rap-tur-ous height Of that ho-ly de-light Which I

Two staves of musical notation. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of two flats (Bb and Eb) and a 2/4 time signature. The bottom staff is a bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The lyrics are written below the top staff.

laid up their treasures a - bove! Tongue can nev - er express The sweet
 ceived thro' the blood of the Lamb; When my heart first believed, What a
 an-gels could do nothing more, Than to fall at His feet, And the
 all His sal - va-tion might see! "He hath loved me," I cried, "He hath
 felt in the life-giv-ing blood! Of my Sav-iour possessed, I was

Two staves of musical notation. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of two flats (Bb and Eb) and a 2/4 time signature. The bottom staff is a bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The lyrics are written below the top staff.

com - fort and peace Of a soul in its ear - li - est love.
 joy I received, What a heav-en in Je - sus's name!
 sto - ry re - peat, And the Lov - er of sin - ners a - dore.
 suf - fered and died To re - deem e - ven reb - els like me."
 per - fect - ly blest, As if filled with the ful - ness of God.

No. 156.

I Cling to Thee.

MAGGIE E. GREGORY.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Dear Lord, un-loose my stamm'ring tongue, And bid it speak for Thee, That
2. Dear Lord, I con-se-crate my all, A sac-ri-fice most meet, And
3. Oh, guide my fee-ble, falt'ring feet, And watch them lest they stray; And

I may tell to sin-ners round, Thy goodness un-to me; Dear Mas-ter,
lay the hum-ble of-fer-ing Low at Thy bless-ed feet; Re-ceive it
day by day may they be found In wisdom's pleas-ant way; Dear Lord, with-

lift my i-dle hands, And fill them with Thy work; Inspire my soul with
for Thy mer-cy's sake, Ac-cept the gift I bring; 'Tis all I have to
in my err-ing heart, O make Thy dwell-ing-place; Baptize it rich-ly

CHORUS.

fer-vent zeal, That I no task may shirk. Sav-our, I cling to Thee,
of-fer Thee, My Lord, my God, my King.
with Thy love, And fill it with Thy grace. Sav-our, I will cling to Thee,

I'll live and work for Thee, I'll love and serve Thee better, Saviour, stay with me.
I will live and work for Thee, I will love and serve Thee better,

No. 157.

Faint Not, Doubt Not.

REV. E. A. HOFFMAN.

ARTHUR W. NELSON.

March time. With spirit.

1. Faint not, doubt not, but from day to day, Rest up - on the
 2. He will ev - er shel - ter thee from harm, For the Lord is
 3. Trust Him, trust Him, He is ev - er nigh, With His love to

prom - ise of a faith - ful Lord, - Fol - low glad - ly where He
 a - ble to de - fend His own; Safe art thou in His
 bless thee, with His love to cheer; He will guide thee with His

REFRAIN.

leads the way, Trusting in His sure, un - fail - ing Word. Soul, have
 tect - ing arm, He will nev - er leave His child a - lone.
 watchful eye, And protect thee when the foe is near. Soul, have faith

Soul, have faith in Christ

faith in Christ the Lord, He will walk the way be - side thee;
 in Christ the Lord, He will walk the way be - side thee;
 the liv - ing Lord, He will walk along the way be - side thee;

Trust His love and grace unfailing, And in safety He will guide thee.
 Trust His love and grace unfailing,

Trust His love and grace so sure, un - fail - ing,

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No. 158.

Lo! Here am I.

Rev. W. C. MARTIN.

J. M. BLACK.

1. Lo! here am I to do Thy will, O Lord; Lo! here am I at -
 2. Lo! here am I, and all I have is Thine; Lo! here am I to
 3. I do not ask for treasures here be - low; I do not seek the

ten - tive to Thy word; Thy will is - mine, to do or dare or die -
 do Thy will di - vine; On er - rands for my Sav - iour would I fly;
 path be - fore to know, On - ly re - veal where I shall go, not why -

On - ly let me know Thy pleas - ure, Lo! here am I.
 Send me where - so - e'er Thou will - est, Lo! here am I.
 Mas - ter, let me know Thy pleas - ure, Lo! here am I.

CHORUS.

Speed, speed my feet in Thy serv - ice so sweet; With lov - ing hands I will

do Thy com - mands: On - ly sup - ply am - ple grace from on high, -

Lol Here am I—Concluded.

Mas - ter, let me know Thy pleas - ure; Lo! here am I.

No. 159. He is So Good to Me.

C. F. G.

C. F. GREEN.

1. I love my bless - ed Sav - iour, He is so good to me;
 2. Oh, when I think how Je - sus Suf - ered and died for me,
 3. Oh, who like Je - sus, tell me, Could all my sor - rows share?
 4. I tell Him all my troub - les, My hope on Him is stayed;

He helps me thro' life's con - flicts, And gives me lib - er - ty.
 I can - not help but love Him, Un - wor - thy tho' I be.
 Oh, who like Him, life's bur - dens Would help me here to bear?
 He speaks so gen - tly, say - ing, "My child, be not a - fraid."

CHORUS.

I love Him, yes, I love Him, I'm as hap - py as can be;

I know He died for sin - ners - That takes in e - ven me.

No. 160.

Wonderful Love.

H. A. HENRY.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Tell me the sto - ry of Je - sus a - gain, Tell of His love,
 2. Out on the by-ways and high-ways of life, Tell of His love,
 3. Nothing on earth or in heav-en so sweet; Tell of His love,

won - der - ful love; Tell how he died for the chil - dren of men,
 won - der - ful love; How it will smooth a - way an - ger and strife,
 won - der - ful love; Noth - ing so beau - ti - ful, per - fect, com - plete,

Won - der - ful, won - der - ful love! When I am faint with the
 Won - der - ful, won - der - ful love! Com - forts may fail me, and
 Won - der - ful, won - der - ful love! When I am near where the

heat of the day, Bur - dened with sor - row and care by the way,
 friends may for - sake, E - vils op - press me, and sor - rows o'er - take,
 dark wa - ters flow, When thro' the val - ley of shad - ows I go,

Tell me of Him who on Cal - va - ry's tree, - Suf - fered and
 Yet in my heart shall this prayer ev - er be, - Tell me of
 When face to face I my Sav - iour shall see, This shall my

Wonderful Love—Concluded.

Rit. CHORUS.

died for a sin - ner like me. Won - - der - ful
 Je - sus, who suf - fered for me.
 song thro' e - ter - ni - ty be: Won - der - ful, won - der - ful,

won - der - ful love, Won - - - der - ful, won - der - ful love!
 won - der - ful love, Won - der - ful, won - der - ful, won - der - ful love!

How I shall sing, when I meet the great King, His wonderful, wonderful love!

No. 161. Just as I Am.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

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

And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God, I come, I come!
 To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come, I come!
 Fight - ings and fears within, with - out, O Lamb of God, I come, I come!
 Yea, all I need, in Thee to find, O Lamb of God, I come, I come!
 Be - cause Thy promise I be - lieve, O Lamb of God, I come, I come!

No. 162.

Tell the Sweet Story.

REV. ALFRED J. HOUGH.

J. M. BLACK.

Moderato.

1. Tell the sto - ry, ten-der, sweet, At the Saviour's wounded feet I have
 2. Tell the sto - ry o'er and o'er, I have opened wide the door Where the
 3. Tell the sto - ry, ten-der, sweet, All its matchless strains repeat, - Of a

found re-deem-ing mer-cy full and free; And a flood of rap-ture glows
 Saviour knocked and waited day by day; Now His praise I love to sing,
 soul redeemed and filled with love divine; Now for Christ a-lone I live,

In my heart, and o-ver-flows, For the love of Je-sus saves e-ven me.
 My Re-deem-er, Saviour, King, And His word my soul delights to o-bey.
 And to Him my service give, For the love of Je-sus now is mine.

CHORUS.

Crown Him with glo - - ry, Tell the sweet sto - - ry, Tell the
 Crown Him with glo - ry, Tell the sweet sto-ry,

name, the fame of Jesus far and wide, Crown Him with glo - - ry,
 far and wide, Crown Him with glo-ry,

Tell the Sweet Story—Concluded.

Tell the sweet sto - - ry, Tell the whole wide world of Jesus crucified.
Tell the sweet sto-ry, cru-ci-fied.

No. 163. O Could I Speak the Matchless Worth.

SAMUEL MEDLEY.

ATT. by LOWELL MASON.

1. O could I speak the match - less worth, O could I
2. I'd sing the pre - cious blood He spilt, My ran - som
3. Well, the de - light - ful day will come When my dear

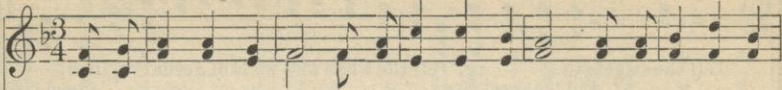
sound the glo - ries forth, Which in my Sav - iour shine, I'd
from the dreadful guilt Of sin, and wrath di - vine; I'd
Lord will bring me home, And I shall see His face; Then

soar and touch the heav'nly strings, And vie with Ga - briel
sing His glo - rious right-eous-ness, In which all - per - fect,
with my Sav - iour, Broth - er, Friend, A blest e - ter - ni -

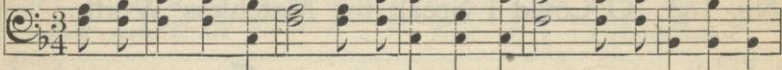

while he sings In notes almost di - vine, In notes almost di - vine.
heav'nly dress My soul shall ev - er shine, My soul shall ev - er shine.
ty I'll spend, Tri - um - phant in His grace, Triumphant in His grace.

Rev. J. H. SAMMIS.


D. B. TOWNER.




1. When we walk with the Lord In the light of His Word, What a glo-ry He
 2. Not a shad-ow can rise, Not a cloud in theskies, But His smile quickly
 3. Not a bur-den we bear, Not a sor-row we share, But our toil He doth
 4. But we nev-er can prove The delights of His love Un-til all on the
 5. Then in fel-low-ship sweet We will sit at His feet, Or we'll walk by His

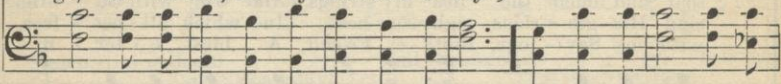
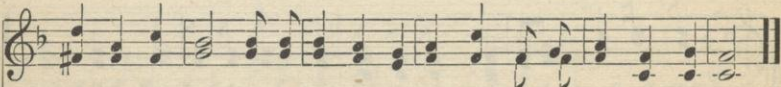
sheds on our way! While we do His good will, He a-bides with us
 drives it a-way; Not a doubt nor a fear, Not a sigh nor a
 rich-ly re-pay; Not a grief nor a loss, Not a frown nor a
 al-tar we lay; For the fa-vor He shows, And the joy He be-
 side in the way; What He says we will do, Where He sends we will




CHORUS.



still, And with all who will trust and o-bey. }
 tear Can a-bide while we trust and o-bey. }
 cross, But is blest, if we trust and o-bey. } Trust and o-bey, For there's
 stows, Are for all who will trust and o-bey. }
 go, Nev-er fear, on-ly trust and o-bey. }

no oth-er way To be hap-py in Je-sus But to trust and o-bey.



No. 165. One More Day's Work for Jesus.

MISS ANNA WARNER.

REV. ROBERT LOWRY.

1. One more day's work for Je - sus; One less of life for me!
 2. One more day's work for Je - sus; How glo - rious is my King!
 3. One more day's work for Je - sus; How sweet the work has been,
 4. One more day's work for Je - sus - Oh, yes, a wea - ry day;
 5. Oh, bless - ed work for Je - sus! Oh, rest at Je - sus' feet!

But heav'n is near - er, And Christ is dear - er, Than yes -
 'Tis joy, not du - ty, To speak His beau - ty; My soul
 To tell the sto - ry, To show the glo - ry, Where Christ's
 But heav'n shines clear - er, And rest comes near - er, At each
 There toil seems pleas - ure, My wants are treas - ure, And pain

ter - day to me; His love and light Fill all my soul to - night.
 mounts on the wing At the mere thought How Christ my life has bought.
 flock en - ter in! How it did shine In this poor heart of mine!
 step of the way; And, Christ in all - Be - fore His face I fall.
 for Him is sweet; Lord, if I may, I'll serve an - oth - er day.

CHORUS.

One more day's work for Je - sus, One more day's work for Je - sus,

One more day's work for Je - sus, One less of life for me.

No. 166.

Some Blessed Day.

W. B. DRURY.

J. M. BLACK.

1. Some day we'll meet,..... on that blest shore,.....
 2. Some day, when life..... and work are done,.....
 3. Some day, in realms..... of heav'nly light,.....
 1. Some day we'll meet,..... on that blest shore,.....

The loved ones who..... have gone be - fore,.....
 And we the crown..... of life have won,.....
 We'll see how God..... did lead a - right.....
 The loved ones who..... have gone be - fore,

And know that we..... shall part no more;.....
 We'll shine for - ev - - - er as the sun;.....
 Our wea - ry feet..... thro' earth - ly night;.....
 And know that we..... shall part no more;

CHORUS.

Some day, some blessed day. Some day, some blessed day, We know not when 'twill

Some Blessed Day—Concluded.

be, We'll meet around the great white throne, Some day, some blessed day.

No. 167.

Jesus Says So.

REV. B. F. CLARKSON.

H. E. SMITH.

1. The blood of Christ, for sin-ners shed, Will wash us white as snow;
2. His blood He free-ly shed for all; Oh, see the foun-tain flow!
3. The lights now gleam up-on the shore, Where we some day may go,
4. In that fair land we'll rest at last, In gar-ments white as snow,
5. O come to Je-sus, come to-day; He'll wash you white as snow;

His Spir-it bring to life the dead, For Je-sus says so.
 His Spir-it un-to all doth call; For Je-sus says so.
 And dwell with Him for-ev-er-more, For Je-sus says so.
 When all the cares of earth are past, For Je-sus says so.
 He will not turn one soul a-way, For Je-sus says so.

CHORUS.

For Je-sus says so, for Je-sus says so; His

Rit. blood now cleans-es, this I know, For Je-sus says so.

EDGAR PAGE.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. I've reached the land of corn and wine, And all its rich-es free-ly mine;
 2. My Saviour comes and walks with me, And sweet communion here have we;
 3. A sweet perfume up-on the breeze Is borne from ev-er-ver-nal trees,
 4. The zephyrs seem to float to me Sweet sounds of heaven's mel-o-dy,

Here shines undimmed one blissful day, For all my night has passed a-way.
 He gen-tly leads me by the hand, For this is heaven's bor-der-land.
 And flow'rs that nev-er-fad-ing grow Where streams of life for-ev-er flow.
 As an-gels, with the white-robed throng, Join in the sweet redemption song.

CHORUS.
 O Beau-lah Land, sweet Beulah Land, As on thy high-est mount I stand,

I look a-way a-cross the sea, Where mansions are prepared for me,

And view the shin-ing glo-ry-shore, My heav'n, my home for-ev-er-more!

No. 169.

Near the Cross.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE.

1. Je - sus, keep me near the Cross, There a pre - cious foun - tain
 2. Near the Cross a trembling soul; Love and mer - cy found me;
 3. Near the Cross, O Lamb of God, Bring its scenes be - fore me;
 4. Near the Cross I'll watch and wait, Hop - ing, trust - ing ev - er,

Free to all— a heal - ing stream—Flows from Calv'ry's mountain.
 There the bright and Morn - ing Star Shed its beams a - round me.
 Help me walk from day to day With its shad - ow o'er me.
 Till I reach the gold - en strand, Just be - yond the riv - er.

REFRAIN.

In the Cross, in the Cross, Be my glo - ry ev - er,

Till my rap - tured soul shall find Rest be - yond the riv - er.

No. 170.

Satisfied with Jesus.

ANNA CHICHESTER.

JOHN TIBBALS.

1. I am walking with the Saviour in the blessed nar-row 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

sat-is-fied with Christ my Lord; Once my soul was in the darkness, now has
sat-is-fied with Christ my Lord; With His tender arms around me I can
sat-is-fied with Christ my Lord; When temptations overwhelm me, with His

D. S.—nev - er will forsake 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;
I am sat - is - fied with Je - sus, I am sat - is - fied with Je - sus;

D. S.

I am sat - is-fied to walk with Him the long, long way, For He

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No. 171.

I Love to Tell the Story.

MISS KATE HANKEY, 1867.

W. G. FISCHER.

1. I love to tell the Sto - ry Of unseen things a - bove, Of Je - sus and His
 2. I love to tell the Sto - ry! More wonderful it seems, Than all the golden
 3. I love to tell the Story! 'Tis pleasant to repeat What seems, each time I
 4. I love to tell the Story! For those who know it best Seem hungering and

Glo - ry, Of Je - sus and His Love! I love to tell the Sto - ry! Be -
 fan - cies Of all our golden dreams. I love to tell the Sto - ry! It
 tell it, More won - der - ful - ly sweet. I love to tell the Sto - ry! For
 thirsting To hear it, like the rest. And when, in scenes of glory, I

cause I know it's true; It sat - is - fies my longings, As nothing else would do,
 did so much for me! And that is just the reason I tell it now to thee.
 some have never heard The message of salvation From God's own Holy Word.
 sing the New, New Song, 'Twill be the Old, Old Story That I have loved so long.

CHORUS.

I love to tell the Sto - ry! 'Twill be my theme in glo - ry,

To tell the Old, Old Sto - ry Of Je - sus and His love.

No. 172.

Sunshine of Love.

REV. RICHARD H. GILBERT.

J. M. BLACK.

1. In this world, where shadows Dark and drear abound, Where the tears of
 2. Souls in darkness grop-ing, Seek-ing for the way, Lead-ing up to
 3. Soon will end the work-time, And the pain and strife, Then we'll rest to-

sor - row Plen - ti - ful are found, Let us prove our un - ion With the
 glo - ry, Realm of end-less day; Comfort, cheer, and help them, Doubt and
 geth-er, Blest with peace and life; With our lov-ing Sav - iour, Now en-

Christ a - bove, By the joy of show - ing Bright sunshine of love.
 fear re - move, Mak - ing plain the pathway With sunshine of love.
 throned a - bove, Bask - ing then for - ev - er In sunshine of love.

CHORUS.

Sun - shine, sunshine, coming from a - bove; Keep it beaming ev - er,
 Sunshine, blessed sunshine,

Bright sunshine of love; Keep it beaming ever, Bright sunshine of love.

No. 173.

Blessed Assurance.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

Mrs. JOS. F. KNAPP.

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

glo - ry di - vine! Heir of sal - va - tion, purchase of God, Born of His
 burst on my sight, An - gels, descending, bring from a - bove, Ech-oes of
 hap - py and blest, Watching and waiting, look - ing a - bove, Filled with His

CHORUS.

Spir - it, washed in His blood. } This is my sto - ry, this is my
 mer - cy, whis-pers of love. }
 good-ness, lost in His love. }

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

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

No. 174.

I Love Thee, I Know.

Rev. W. C. MARTIN.

J. M. BLACK.

1. I love Thee, my Je - sus, I can-not say more, E'en should my words echo from
 2. I love Thee, I love Thee; the words are so sweet I could them a thousand times
 3. I love Thee, my Je - sus, yea, Thou art to me More precious than all the world's

shore un - to shore, But this much a - gain and a - gain I can say, I
 o - ver re - peat; I sing them a - loud, and I whisper them low, I
 treasures could be; I long for the day I shall see Thy sweet face, I

CHORUS.

love Thee, my Je - sus, I love Thee al - way. I love..... Thee, I
 love Thee, my Je - sus, I love Thee, I know.
 love Thee, my Je - sus, Thou Fountain of grace. I love Thee, my Je - sus, I

know,..... I love..... Thee, I know;..... What - ev - er be -
 love Thee, I know, I love Thee, my Je - sus, I love Thee, I know;

tide me, or ev - er I go, I love Thee, my Jesus, I love Thee, I know.

No. 175.

A Better Time is Coming.

J. B. V.

J. B. VAUGHAN.

1. Soon we'll lay our bur-dens down, And take up a gold-en crown, A
 2. We have tri - als here be - low, Where the tur - bid wa - ters flow, A
 3. Soon, be - fore our Fa-ther's throne, We will meet the loved ones gone, A

bet-ter time is com-ing by and by; Soon we'll en - ter in - to
 bet-ter time is com-ing by and by; Let us look be - yond the
 bet-ter time is com-ing by and by; Let us press a - long the

D. S.—When this wea - ry life is

rest, With the ran-somed and the blest, A better time is coming by and
 gloom, Where transplanted ro - ses bloom, A better time is coming by and
 way, To that glad tri - um - phal day, A better time is coming by and

Fine. CHORUS.

by. (by and by.) A bet - ter time is com-ing by and

by. (by and by.)

D. S.

by. (by and by.) A bet - ter time is coming by and by; (by and by.)

D. S.

No. 176.

No Night There.

W. K.

WALTER KITTREDGE.

With expression.

1. There is no night there, but one endless day, In that beautiful land, Away, far away;

Just beyond the river that land I see:—Loved ones are waiting to welcome thee.

8: CHORUS.

There is no night there, no night there, God is the light, there is no night there;

Fine.
No night there, no night there, God is the light, there is no night there.

2. Why are we troubled here below? To that beautiful land we soon shall go;

No Night There—Concluded.

Repeat Chorus. D. S.

Who will meet us? what shall we see, When we get over the jas - per sea?

The first system of music consists of three staves. The top staff is a vocal line in G major with a key signature of one flat (F major) and a common time signature. It begins with a treble clef and contains the lyrics. The middle and bottom staves are piano accompaniment, with the middle staff in treble clef and the bottom staff in bass clef. The piano part features chords and a simple bass line.

3. Flow'rs are blooming on ev-'ry hand, Riv-ers like crystal in that beautiful land,

The second system of music also consists of three staves. The top staff is a vocal line in G major with a key signature of one flat and a common time signature. It begins with a treble clef and contains the lyrics. The middle and bottom staves are piano accompaniment, with the middle staff in treble clef and the bottom staff in bass clef. The piano part features chords and a simple bass line.

Repeat Chorus. D. S.

Music the sweetest, flowers most rare,
We'll dwell with our Father, there is no night there.

The third system of music consists of three staves. The top staff is a vocal line in G major with a key signature of one flat and a common time signature. It begins with a treble clef and contains the lyrics. The middle and bottom staves are piano accompaniment, with the middle staff in treble clef and the bottom staff in bass clef. The piano part features chords and a simple bass line.

No. 177.

Gloria Patri.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Ho - ly Ghost;
As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, World without end. Amen.

The musical notation for 'Gloria Patri' consists of two staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (D major) and a common time signature. It contains the lyrics. The bottom staff is in bass clef with a key signature of one sharp and a common time signature. It contains the piano accompaniment, which consists of chords and a simple bass line.

No. 178.

"He Shall Sustain Thee."

LIDA M. KECK.

J. M. BLACK.

1. Life may have tri - al, and sor - row and care, Bur - dens too
 2. Fear not the sub - tle temp - ta - tions that roll Like an - gry
 3. Earth - friends may cheer with their fel - low - ship sweet, Mak - ing life's
 4. When the long shadows fore - to - ken the night, Lo, in life's

great for thy spir - it to bear, But the sweet prom - ise of
 o - cean - waves o - ver thy soul; He who spake peace to wild
 path - way with glad - ness re - plete, But there's a Friend that is
 e - ven - tide all shall be light! Praise His dear name with thy

Rit.

Je - sus is thine, "He shall sustain thee," with pow - er di - vine.
 Gal - i - lee's wave, "He shall sustain thee," the "Mighty to save!"
 dear - er than all, "He shall sustain thee," nor suf - fer thy fall.
 last fleet - ing breath, "He shall sustain thee" in life and in death.

CHORUS.

"He. shall sustain thee, He. shall sustain thee,"
 "He shall sustain thee," O child of His care, Lean upon Him and thy burdens He'll bear;

Je - sus, thy Sav - iour, will all thy sor - row share;
 Je - sus, thy bless - ed Re - deem - er, hath promised that He thy sorrows will share;

"He Shall Sustain Thee"—Concluded.

"He..... shall sus-tain thee, He..... shall sus-
Lean up - on Je - sus, O child of His care, He is so read-y thy

tain thee, He..... shall sustain thee," O child of His care.
burdens to bear, Trust Him, and "He shall sustain thee," O child of His care.

No. 179. Nearer, My God, to Thee.

SARAH F. ADAMS.

LOWELL MASON.

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

D. S.—Near-er, my God, to Thee,

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

Near - er to Thee!

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No. 180. The Land Beyond the Stars.

KATHARINE E. PURVIS.

J. M. BLACK.

1. We can see the gleam a - far Of "the bright and morning star,"
 2. When our eyes be - hold the light Of that land which has no night,
 3. Our sad hearts, with long - ing filled For the voi - ces death has stilled,

As we jour - ney on our home - ward way; Soon earth's
 God's own hand shall wipe a - way all tears; We shall
 And the fa - ces lost to mor - tal sight, Shall u -

shadows will be past, And our souls re - joice at last In the
 see Him face to face Who hath saved us by His grace, And re -
 nite love's broken chain When we clasp our own a - gain, In the

CHORUS.

dawn of ev - er - last - ing day. On the hap - - - py gold - en
 peat His praise thro' end - less years. On the hap - py
 morning of e - ter - nal light.

shore, gold - en shore, We shall meet, to part no
 We shall meet

The Land Beyond the Stars—Concluded.

more, to part no more, And the face of Je - sus see, Who once

died for you and me, And we'll sing His praise thro' end-less days.

No. 181. Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

CHARLES WESLEY.

SIMEON BUTLER MARSH.

Fine.

1. { Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bos - om fly, . . . }
 { While the nearer wa - ters roll, While the tempest still is high . . . }

D.C.—Safe in - to the ha - ven guide; Oh, re - ceive my soul at last.

Hide me, O my Sav - iour, hide, Till the storm of life is past;

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

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

No. 182. Would You Shine for Jesus?

G. M. BILLS.

M. L. MCPHAIL.

1. Would you shine for Jesus? Let His love impart Ar-dor to your ac-tions,
 2. Would you shine for Jesus 'Mid the careless throng? Im-i-tate His graces
 3. Would you shine for Jesus As a mir-ror true? Image forth His goodness

Com-fort to your heart; With your soul illu-mined By the Spirit's glow,
 As you pass a-long; Make no weak sur-render To the coarse and vile;
 As re-vealed in you. If you thus re-lect Him Till this life is o'er,

Fine. CHORUS.

You will be a bea-con In this world of woe. Shin - ing for
 Keep your tongue from evil, And your lips from guile.
 You will in His king-dom Shine for-ev - er - more. Shining for Je-sus, yes,

D. S.—To the sad and erring, Thus for Je-sus shine.

Je - sus, Bringing light di - vine To the sad and erring, Thus for
 shining for Je-sus,

D. S.

Je-sus shine; Shin - ing for Je - sus, Bringing light di-vine
 Shining for Jesus, yes, shining for Jesus,

No. 183. The Land Just Across the River.

REV. SAMUEL STENNETT.

T. C. O'KANE.

1. On Jor-dan's storm-y banks I stand, And cast a wish-ful eye
 2. O'er all those wide-ex-tend-ed plains Shines one e-ter-nal day;
 3. When shall I reach that hap-py place, And be for-ev-er blest?
 4. Filled with delight, my rap-tured soul Would here no long-er stay;

To Ca-naan's fair and hap-py land, Where my pos-ses-sions lie.
 There God the Son for-ev-er reigns, And scat-ters night a-way.
 When shall I see my Fa-ther's face, And in His bos-om rest?
 Tho' Jor-dan's waves a-round me roll, Fear-less I'd launch a-way.

CHORUS.

We will rest in the fair and hap-py land, by and by, Just a-

cross on the ev-er-green shore;..... Sing the song of
 ev-er-green shore;

Mo-ses and the Lamb, by and by, And dwell with Je-sus ev-er-more.

No. 184. Leaning On the Everlasting Arms.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. What a fel-low-ship, what a joy divine, Lean-ing on the ev - er-
 2. Oh, how sweet to walk in this pilgrim way, Lean-ing on the ev - er-
 3. What have I to dread, what have I to fear, Lean-ing on the ev - er-

last - ing Arms! What a bless-ed-ness, what a peace is mine,
 last - ing Arms! 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,
 Lean - ing on Je - sus,

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

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

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No. 185.

Joy to the World.

ISAAC WATTS.

HANDEL.

1. Joy to the world! the Lord is come; Let earth re-ceive her King; Let
 2. Joy to the world! the Sav-iour reigns; Let men their songs em-ploy; While
 3. No more let sin and sor-row grow, Nor thorns in-fest the ground; He
 4. He rules the world with truth and grace, And makes the na-tions prove The

ev-ry heart pre-pare Him room, And heav'n and na-ture sing, And
 fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains, Re-peat the sound-ing joy, Re-
 comes to make His bless-ings flow Far as the curse is found, Far
 glo-ries of His right-eous-ness, And won-ders of His love, And
 And heav'n and na-ture

heav'n and na-ture sing, And heav'n, and heav'n and na-ture sing.
 Re-peat the sound-ing joy, Re-peat, re-peat the sound-ing joy.
 as the curse is found, Far as, far as the curse is found.
 won-ders of His love, And wonders, and won-ders of His love.
 sing,.....
 sing, And heav'n and na-ture sing,

No. 186.

Faith of Our Fathers.

FREDERICK W. FABER.

Ad. by J. G. WALTON.

1. } Faith of our fa-thers! liv-ing still In spite of dun-geon, fire, and sword:
 } O how our hearts beat high with joy When-e'er we hear [Omit. . . .] that glo-

rious word: Faith of our fa-thers! ho-ly faith! We will be true to thee till death!

2 Our fathers, chained in prisons dark,
 Were still in heart and conscience free;
 How sweet would be their children's fate,
 If they, like them, could die for thee!
 Faith of our fathers! holy faith!
 We will be true to thee till death!

3 Faith of our fathers! we will love
 Both friend and foe in all our strife:
 And preach thee, too, as love knows how,
 By kindly words and virtuous life:
 Faith of our fathers! holy faith!
 We will be true to thee till death!

No. 187.

Arise, My Soul, Arise.

CHARLES WESLEY.

LEWIS EDSON.

1. A - rise, my soul, a-rise; Shake off thy guilty fears; The bleeding sac-ri-
 2. He ev - er lives a-bove, For me to in - ter-cede; His all - re-deem-ing
 3. Five bleeding wounds He bears, Received on Cal-va-ry; They pour ef - fect-ual
 4. My God is rec-on-ciled; His pard'ning voice I hear: He owns me for His

fice In my be - half ap - pears: Be - fore the throne my Sure-ty stands,
 love, His precious blood, to plead; His blood a - toned for all our race,
 pray'rs, They strongly plead for me: "For-give him, O forgive," they cry,
 child; I can no long - er fear: With con - fi - dence I now draw nigh,

Be - fore the throne my Surety stands, My name is writ - ten on His hands.
 His blood a - toned for all our race, And sprinkles now the throne of grace.
 "For-give him, O forgive," they cry, "Nor let that ransomed sinner die."
 With con-fi-dence I now draw nigh, And, "Father, Ab-ba, Fa-ther," cry.

No. 188. The Year of Jubilee.

- 1 Blow ye the trumpet, blow,
 The gladly-solemn sound!
 Let all the nations know,
 To earth's remotest bound,
 The year of jubilee is come!
 Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.
- 2 Jesus, our great High Priest,
 Hath full atonement made:
 Ye weary spirits, rest;
 Ye mournful souls, be glad:
 The year of jubilee is come!
 Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.
- 3 Extol the Lamb of God,
 The all-toning Lamb;
 Redemption in His blood
 Throughout the world proclaim:
 The year of jubilee is come!
 Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

CHARLES WESLEY.

No. 189. O Thou That Hearest Prayer.

- 1 O Thou that hearest prayer,
 Attend our humble cry,
 And let Thy servants share
 Thy blessing from on high:
 We plead the promise of Thy word;
 Grant us Thy Holy Spirit, Lord!
- 2 If earthly parents hear
 Their children when they cry;
 If they, with love sincere,
 Their children's wants supply;
 Much more wilt Thou Thy love display,
 And answer when Thy children pray.
- 3 Our heavenly Father, Thou;
 We, children of Thy grace;
 O let Thy Spirit now
 Descend and fill the place;
 That all may feel the heavenly flame,
 And all unite to praise Thy name.

JOHN BURTON.

No. 190. My Jesus, as Thou Wilt.

Tr. by Miss J. BORTHWICK.

CARL MARIA VON WEBER.

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

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

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

Greenwood. S. M.

JOSEPH E. SWEETSER.

No. 191. The Throne of Grace.

- 1 Behold the throne of grace;
The promise calls us near;
There Jesus shows a smiling face,
And waits to answer prayer.
- 2 Thine image, Lord, bestow,
Thy presence and Thy love,
That we may serve Thee here below,
And reign with Thee above.
- 3 Teach us to live by faith,
Conform our wills to Thine;
Let us victorious be in death,
And then in glory shine.

JOHN NEWTON.

No. 192. Thine, Living or Dying.

- 1 Jesus, I live to Thee,
The loveliest and best;
My life in Thee, Thy life in me,
In Thy blest love I rest.
- 2 Jesus, I die to Thee,
Whenever death shall come;
To die in Thee is life to me,
In my eternal home.
- 3 Living or dying, Lord,
I ask but to be Thine;
My life in Thee, Thy life in me,
Makes heaven forever mine.

HENRY HARBAUGH.

No. 193. O for a Thousand Tongues to Sing.

C. WESLEY.

CARL GOTTHELF GLASER.

1. O for a thou - sand tongues, to sing My great Re - deem - er's praise,
 2. My gra - cious Mas - ter and my God, As - sist me to pro - claim,
 3. Je - sus! the name that charms our fears, That bids our sor - rows cease;
 4. He breaks the pow'r of can - celled sin, He sets the prison - er free;

The glo - ries of my God and King, The tri - umphs of His grace!
 To spread thro' all the earth a - broad, The hon - ors of Thy name.
 'Tis mu - sic in the sin - ner's ears, 'Tis life, and health, and peace.
 His blood can make the foul - est clean; His blood a - vailed for me.

No. 194. How Sweet the Name.

- 1 How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
 In a believer's ear!
 It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
 And drives away his fear.
- 2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
 And calms the troubled breast;
 'Tis manna to the hungry soul;
 And to the weary, rest.
- 3 Dear Name, the rock on which I build,
 My shield and hiding - place;
 My never - failing treasure, filled
 With boundless stores of grace.
- 4 Jesus, my Shepherd, Saviour, Friend,
 My Prophet, Priest, and King;
 My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
 Accept the praise I bring!

JOHN NEWTON

No. 195. O for a Faith. C. M.

- 1 O for a faith that will not shrink,
 Though pressed by ev'ry foe,
 That will not tremble on the brink
 Of any earthly woe!
- 2 That will not murmur nor complain
 Beneath the chastening rod,
 But, in the hour of grief or pain,
 Will lean upon its God;
- 3 A faith that shines more bright and clear
 When tempests rage without;
 That when in danger knows no fear,
 In darkness feels no doubt;
- 4 Lord, give us such a faith as this,
 And then, whate'er may come,
 We'll taste, e'en here, the hallowed bliss
 Of an eternal home.

WILLIAM HILEY BATHURST.

No. 196. My Faith Looks Up to Thee.

RAY PALMER.

L. MASON.

1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry, Sav - iour Di - vine! Now hear me
 2. May Thy rich grace impart strength to my fainting heart, My zeal inspire! As Thou hast
 3. While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs around me spread, Be Thou my guide: Bid darkness
 4. When ends life's transient dream, When death's cold, sullen stream Shall o'er me roll, Blest Saviour,

while I pray; Take all my guilt a - way; Oh, let me from this day Be whol - ly Thine!
 died for me, Oh, may my love to Thee Pure, warm, and changeless be - A liv - ing fire!
 turn to - day, Wipe sor - row's tears a - way, Nor let me ev - er stray From Thee a - side.
 then, in love, Fear and distrust remove; Oh, bear me safe a - bove - A ransomed soul.

No. 197.

Come, Sound His Praise.

ISAAC WATTS.

ISAAC SMITH.

1. Come, sound His praise a - broad, And hymns of glo - ry sing: Je -
 2. Come, wor - ship at His throne, Come, bow be - fore the Lord; We
 3. To - day at - tend His voice, Nor dare pro - voke His rod; Come

ho - vah is the sov - 'reign God, The u - - ni - ver - sal King.
 are His works, and not our own; He formed us by His word.
 like the peo - ple of His choice, And own your gra - cious God.

No. 198. Give to the Winds Thy Fears.

No. 199. Awake, and Sing.

- 1 Give to the winds thy fears;
 Hope, and be undismayed;
 God hears thy sighs and counts thy tears;
 God shall lift up thy head.
- 2 Through waves, and clouds, and storms,
 He gently clears the way;
 Wait thou His time, so shall this night
 Soon end in joyous day.
- 3 What though thou rulest not?
 Yet heaven, and earth, and hell
 Proclaim, "God sitteth on the throne,
 And ruleth all things well."
- 4 Far, far above thy thought
 His counsel shall appear,
 When fully He the work hath wrought
 That caused Thy needless fear.

- 1 Awake, and sing the song
 Of Moses and the Lamb;
 Wake, every heart and every tongue,
 To praise the Saviour's name.
- 2 Sing of His dying love;
 Sing of His rising power;
 Sing how He intercedes above
 For those whose sins He bore.
- 3 Sing on your heavenly way,
 Ye ransomed sinners, sing;
 Sing on, rejoicing every day
 In Christ, th' eternal King.
- 4 Soon shall we hear Him say,
 "Ye blessed children, come!"
 Soon will He call us hence away,
 To our eternal home.

PAUL GERHARDT. Tr. by J. WESLEY.

WILLIAM HAMMOND.

No. 200.

I Love Thy Kingdom, Lord.

TIMOTHY DWIGHT.

HANDEL.

1. I love Thy king - dom, Lord, The house of Thine a - bode,
 2. I love Thy Church, O God! Her walls be - fore Thee stand,
 3. For her my tears shall fall, For her my pray'rs as - cend;
 4. Be - yond my high - est joy I prize her heav'n - ly ways,

The Church our blest Re - deem - er saved With His own pre - cious blood.
 Dear as the ap - ple of Thine eye, And grav - en on Thy hand.
 To her my cares and toils be giv'n, Till toils and cares shall end.
 Her sweet com - mun - ion, sol - emn vows, Her hymns of love and praise.

No. 201. Alas! and Did My Saviour Bleed?

ISAAC WATTS.

STEPHEN JENKS.

1. A - las! and did my Sav-iour bleed? And did my Sovereign die?
 2. Was it for crimes that I have done, He groaned up-on 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 be - yond de-gree!
 Here, Lord, I give my - self a-way,—'Tis all that I can do.

No. 202. Behold the Saviour.

- 1 Behold the Saviour of mankind
Nailed to the shameful tree;
How vast the love that Him inclined
To bleed and die for thee!
- 2 Hark! how He groans, while nature shakes,
And earth's strong pillars bend:
The temple's veil in sunder breaks,
The solid marbles rend.
- 3 'Tis done! the precious ransom's paid!
"Receive my soul!" He cries,
See where He bows His sacred head;
He bows His head, and dies!
- 4 But soon He'll break death's envious chain,
And in full glory shine:
O Lamb of God, was ever pain,
Was ever love, like Thine?

S. WESLEY.

No. 203. There is a Safe and Secret Place.

- 1 There is a safe and secret place
Beneath the wings divine,
Reserved for all the heirs of grace;
O be that refuge mine!
- 2 The least and feeblest there may bide,
Uninjured and unawed;
While thousands fall on every side,
He rests secure in God.

- 3 He feeds in pastures large and fair
Of love and truth divine:
O child of God, O glory's heir,
How rich a lot is thine!
- 4 A hand almighty to defend,
An ear for every call,
An honored life, a peaceful end,
And heaven to crown it all!

HENRY F. LYTE.

No. 204. Jehovah, God.

- 1 Jehovah, God, Thy gracious power
On every hand we see;
O may the blessings of each hour
Lead all our thoughts to Thee.
- 2 If on the wings of morn we speed
To earth's remotest bound,
Thy hand will there our footsteps lead,
Thy love our path surround.
- 3 Thy power is in the ocean deeps,
And reaches to the skies;
Thine eye of mercy never sleeps,
Thy goodness never dies.
- 4 From morn till noon—till latest eve,
Thy hand, O God, we see;
And all the blessings we receive,
Proceed alone from Thee.

JOHN THOMSON.

No. 205. Take My Life, and Let it Be.

FRANCIS R. HAVERGAL.

C. H. A. MALAN.

1. Take my life, and let it be Con - se - cra - ted,
 2. Take my feet, and let them be Swift and beau - ti -
 3. Take my lips, and let them be Filled with mes - sa -
 4. Take my mo - ments and my days, Let them flow in
 5. Take my will, and make it Thine, It shall be no
 6. Take my love, my God, I pour At Thy feet its

Lord, to Thee; Take my hands, and let them move At the
 ful for Thee; Take my voice, and let me sing Al - ways—
 ges from Thee; Take my sil - ver and my gold, Not a
 end - less praise; Take my in - tel - lect, and use Ev - 'ry
 long - er mine; Take my heart, it is Thine own, It shall
 treas - ure - store; Take my - self, and I will be Ev - er—

im - pulse of Thy love, At the im - pulse of Thy love.
 on - ly for my King, Al - ways on - ly for my King.
 mite would I with - hold, Not a mite would I with - hold.
 pow'r as Thou shalt choose, Ev - 'ry pow'r as Thou shalt choose.
 be Thy roy - al throne, It shall be Thy roy - al throne.
 on - ly all for Thee, Ev - er - on - ly all for Thee.

No. 206. Children of the Heavenly King.

- Children of the heavenly King,
As we journey let us sing;
Sing our Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in His works and ways.
- We are traveling home to God,
In the way our fathers trod;
They are happy now, and we
Soon their happiness shall see.
- Fear not, brethren, joyful stand
On the borders of our land;
Jesus Christ, our Father's Son,
Bids us undismayed go on.
- Lord, obediently we'll go,
Gladly leaving all below:
Only Thou our Leader be,
And we still will follow Thee.

JOHN CENNICK.

No. 207. They Who Seek.

- They who seek the throne of grace,
Find that throne in every place;
If we live a life of prayer,
God is present everywhere.
- In our sickness or our health,
In our want or in our wealth,
If we look to God in prayer,
God is present everywhere.

P. P.—13.

- When our earthly comforts fail,
When the foes of life prevail,
'Tis the time for earnest prayer;
God is present everywhere.

- Then, my soul, in every strait
To thy Father come and wait;
He will answer every prayer;
God is present everywhere.

OLIVER HOLDEN, alt.

No. 208. Gracious Spirit.

- Gracious Spirit, Love Divine,
Let Thy light within me shine!
All my guilty fears remove;
Fill me with Thy heavenly love.
- Speak Thy pardoning grace to me;
Set the burdened sinner free;
Lead me to the Lamb of God;
Wash me in His precious blood.
- Life and peace to me impart;
Seal salvation on my heart;
Breathe Thyself into my breast,
Earnest of immortal rest.
- Let me never from Thee stray;
Keep me in Thy narrow way;
Fill my soul with joy divine;
Keep me, Lord, forever Thine.

JOHN STOCKER.

No. 209. Jesus, Where'er Thy People Meet.

WILLIAM COWPER.

(LOUVAN. L. M.)

VIRGIL C. TAYLOR.

1. Je - sus, where'er Thy people meet, There they behold Thy mercy-seat;
 2. For Thou, within no walls confined, Dost dwell with those of humble mind;
 3. Great Shepherd of Thy chosen few, Thy former mercies here re-new;
 4. Here may we prove the pow'r of pray'r, To strengthen faith and sweeten care;

Where'er they seek Thee, Thou art found, And every place is hallowed ground.
 Such ever bring Thee where they come, And, going, take Thee to their home.
 Here, to our waiting hearts, proclaim The sweetness of Thy saving name.
 To teach our faint desires to rise, And bring all heav'n before our eyes.

No. 210. O Thou, Our Saviour.

- 1 O Thou, our Saviour, Brother, Friend,
Behold a cloud of incense rise;
The prayers of saints to heaven ascend,
Grateful, accepted sacrifice.
- 2 Regard our prayers for Zión's peace;
Shed in our hearts Thy love abroad;
Thy gifts abundantly increase;
Enlarge, and fill us all with God.
- 3 Before Thy sheep, great Shepherd, go,
And guide into Thy perfect will;
Cause us Thy hallowed name to know;
The work of faith in us fulfil.
- 4 Take the dear purchase of Thy blood:
Thy blood shall wash us white as snow:
Present us sanctified to God,
And perfected in love below.

CHARLES WESLEY.

No. 211. Before Jehovah's Throne.

- 1 Before Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations bow with sacred joy;
Know that the Lord is God alone,
He can create, and He destroy.
- 2 His sovereign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and formed us men,
And when like wandering sheep we
strayed,
He brought us to His fold again.

- 3 We'll crowd Thy gates with thankful
songs,

High as the heavens our voices raise;
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill Thy courts with sounding praise.

- 4 Wide as the world is Thy command;
Vast as eternity Thy love;
Firm as a rock Thy truth shall stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

ISAAC WATTS, alt. by J. WESLEY.

No. 212. All People that On Earth.

- 1 All people that on earth do dwell,
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice:
Him serve with fear, His praise forth tell,
Come ye before Him, and rejoice.
- 2 The Lord, ye know, is God indeed,
Without our aid He did us make;
We are His flock, He doth us feed,
And for His sheep He doth us take.
- 3 O enter then His gates with praise,
Approach with joy His courts unto:
Praise, laud, and bless His name always,
For it is seemly so to do.
- 4 For why? the Lord our God is good,
His mercy is forever sure;
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.

WILLIAM KETHE.

No. 213.

Go Forth, Ye Heralds.

JOHN LOGAN.

(MIGDOL. L. M.)

LOWELL MASON.

1. Go forth, ye heralds, in my name, Sweetly the gos-pel trumpet sound;
 2. The joy-ful news to all im-part, And teach them where sal-vation lies;
 3. Free-ly from me ye have received, Freely, in love, to oth-ers give;

The glorious ju - bi-lee proclaim, Where'er the hu-man 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 - hors, sin - ners live.

No. 214. Come, Let Us Tune Our Loftiest Song.

- 1 Come, let us tune our loftiest song,
 And raise to Christ our joyful strain;
 Worship and thanks to Him belong,
 Who reigns, and shall forever reign.
- 2 His sovereign power our bodies made;
 Our souls are His immortal breath;
 And when His creatures sinned, He bled,
 To save us from eternal death.
- 3 Burn every breast with Jesus' love;
 Bound every heart with rapturous joy;
 And saints on earth, with saints above,
 Your voices in His praise employ.
- 4 Extol the Lamb with loftiest song,
 Ascend for Him our cheerful strain;
 Worship and thanks to Him belong,
 Who reigns, and shall forever reign.

ROBERT A. WEST.

No. 215. I Know that My Redeemer Lives.

- 1 I know that my Redeemer lives;
 What joy the blest assurance gives!
 He lives, He lives, who once was dead;
 He lives, my everlasting Head!
- 2 He lives, to bless me with His love;
 He lives, to plead for me above;
 He lives, my hungry soul to feed;
 He lives, to help in time of need.

- 3 He lives, and grants me daily breath;
 He lives, and I shall conquer death;
 He lives, my mansion to prepare;
 He lives, to bring me safely there.

- 4 He lives, all glory to His name;
 He lives, my Saviour, still the same;
 What joy the blest assurance gives,
 I know that my Redeemer lives!

SAMUEL MEDLEY.

No. 216. Servants of God.

- 1 Servants of God, in joyful lays,
 Sing ye the Lord Jehovah's praise;
 His glorious name let all adore,
 From age to age, for evermore.
- 2 Blest be that name, supremely blest,
 From the sun's rising to its rest;
 Above the heavens His power is known,
 Thro' all the earth His goodness shown.

- 3 Who is like God? so great, so high,
 He bows Himself to view the sky;
 And yet, with condescending grace,
 Looks down upon the human race.

- 4 O then, aloud, in joyful lays,
 Sing to the Lord Jehovah's praise;
 His saving name let all adore,
 From age to age, for evermore.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

No. 217.

Walk in the Light.

B. BARTON.

(MANOAH. C. M.)

From MEHUL and HAYDN.

1. Walk in the light! so shalt thou know That fel-low-ship of love,
 2. Walk in the light! and thou shalt find Thy heart made truly His,
 3. Walk in the light! and thou shalt own Thy darkness passed a-way,
 4. Walk in the light! thy path shall be Peace-ful, se-re-ne, and bright:

His Spir - it on - ly can be-stow Who reigns in light a - bove.
 Who dwells in cloudless light enshrined, In whom no darkness is.
 Be-cause that light hath on thee shone In which is per-fect day.
 For God, by grace, shall dwell in thee, And God Himself is light.

No. 218. My God, the Spring of All My Joys.

- 1 My God, the spring of all my joys,
 The life of my delights,
 The glory of my brightest days,
 And comfort of my nights!
- 2 In darkest shades, if Thou appear,
 My dawning is begun;
 Thou art my soul's bright morning star,
 And Thou my rising sun.
- 3 The opening heavens around me shine
 With beams of sacred bliss,
 If Jesus shows His mercy mine,
 And whispers I am His.
- 4 My soul would leave this heavy clay
 At that transporting word,
 Run up with joy the shining way,
 To see and praise my Lord.

- 3 Through every period of my life
 Thy goodness I'll pursue;
 And after death, in distant worlds,
 The pleasing theme renew.
- 4 Through all eternity to Thee
 A grateful song I'll raise;
 But oh, eternity's too short
 To utter all Thy praise.

JOSEPH ADDISON.

No. 220. God Moves in a Mysterious Way.

- 1 God moves in a mysterious way
 His wonders to perform;
 He plants His footsteps in the sea,
 And rides upon the storm.
- 2 Deep in unfathomable mines
 Of never-failing skill,
 He treasures up His bright designs,
 And works His sovereign will.
- 3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take:
 The clouds ye so much dread
 Are big with mercy, and shall break
 In blessings on your head.
- 4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
 But trust Him for His grace;
 Behind a frowning providence
 He hides a smiling face.

- 1 When all Thy mercies, O my God,
 My rising soul surveys,
 Transported with the view, I'm lost
 In wonder, love, and praise.
- 2 O how can words with equal warmth
 The gratitude declare,
 That glows within my ravished heart?
 But Thou canst read it there.

WILLIAM COWPER.

No. 221.

Forever Here My Rest.

CHARLES WESLEY.

(AVON. C. M.)

HUGH WILSON.

1. For - ev - er here my rest shall be, Close to Thy bleed-ing side;
 2. My dy - ing Sav - iour, and my God, Fountain for guilt and sin,
 3. Wash me, and make me thus Thine own; Wash me, and mine Thou art;
 4. Th' atonement of Thy blood ap - ply, Till faith to sight improve;

This all my hope, and all my plea, "For me the Sav-iour died."
 Sprinkle me ev - er with Thy blood, And cleanse and keep me clean.
 Wash me, but not my feet a - lone, My hands, my head, my heart.
 Till hope in full fru - i - tion die, And all my soul be love.

No. 222. O for a Heart to Praise.

- 1 O for a heart to praise my God,
 A heart from sin set free!
 A heart that always feels Thy blood,
 So freely spilt for me!
- 2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
 My great Redeemer's throne;
 Where only Christ is heard to speak,
 Where Jesus reigns alone.
- 3 O for a lowly, contrite heart,
 Believing, true, and clean,
 Which neither life nor death can part
 From Him that dwells within!
- 4 A heart in every thought renewed,
 And full of love divine;
 Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
 A copy, Lord, of Thine.

CHARLES WESLEY.

No. 223. Come, Humble Sinner.

- 1 Come, humble sinner, in whose breast
 A thousand thoughts revolve,
 Come, with your guilt and fear oppressed,
 And make this last resolve:—
- 2 I'll go to Jesus, though my sin
 Like mountains round me close;
 I know His courts, I'll enter in,
 Whatever may oppose.

- 3 Perhaps He will admit my plea,
 Perhaps will hear my prayer;
 But, if I perish, I will pray,
 And perish only there.
- 4 I can but perish if I go;
 I am resolved to try;
 For if I stay away, I know
 I must forever die.

EDMUND JONES.

No. 224. Jesus, Thine All-Victorious Love.

- 1 Jesus, Thine all-victorious love
 Shed in my heart abroad:
 Then shall my feet no longer rove,
 Rooted and fixed in God.
- 2 O that in me the sacred fire
 Might now begin to glow,
 Burn up the dross of base desire
 And make the mountains flow!
- 3 O that it now from heaven might fall,
 And all my sins consume!
 Come, Holy Ghost, for Thee I call;
 Spirit of burning, come!
- 4 Refining fire, go through my heart;
 Illuminate my soul;
 Scatter thy life through every part,
 And sanctify the whole.

CHARLES WESLEY.

No. 225. From All that Dwell Below the Skies.

(DUKE STREET. L. M.)

ISAAC WATTS.

JOHN HATTON.

1. From all that dwell be-low the skies. Let the Cre-a - tor's praise a - rise;
 2. E - ter-nal are Thy mer - cies, Lord; E - ter-nal truth attends Thy word:
 3. Your loft-y themes, ye mor - tals, bring; In songs of praise di - vine-ly sing;
 4. In ev-'ry land be - gin the song; To ev-'ry land the strains be-long:

Let the Re-dee-mer's name be sung, Thro' ev'ry land, by ev-'ry tongue.
 Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore, Till suns shall rise and set no more.
 The great sal-va-tion loud proclaim, And shout for joy the Saviour's name.
 In cheerful sounds all voi - ces raise, And fill the world with loudest praise.

No. 226. Of Him Who Did Salvation Bring.

- 1 Of Him who did salvation bring,
 I could forever think and sing;
 Arise, ye needy,—He'll relieve;
 Arise, ye guilty,—He'll forgive.
- 2 Ask but His grace, and lo! 'tis given;
 Ask, and He turns your hell to heaven:
 Though sin and sorrow wound my soul,
 Jesus, Thy balm will make it whole.

3 To shame our sins He blushed in blood;
 He closed His eyes to show us God:
 Let all the world fall down and know
 That none but God such love can show.

4 Insatiate to this spring I fly;
 I drink, and yet am ever dry;
 Ah! who against Thy charms is proof?
 Ah! who that loves, can love enough?

BERNARD OF CLAIRVAUX. TR. by A. W. BOEHM.

No. 227. Jesus Shall Reign.

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

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

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

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

ISAAC WATTS.

No. 228. Happy the Man.

1 Happy the man who finds the grace,
 The blessing of God's chosen race,
 The wisdom coming from above,
 The faith that sweetly works by love.

2 Wisdom divine! who tells the price
 Of wisdom's costly merchandise?
 Wisdom to silver we prefer,
 And gold is dross compared to her.

3 Her hands are filled with length of days,
 True riches, and immortal praise;
 Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
 And all her flowery paths are peace.

4 Happy the man who wisdom gains;
 Thrice happy, who His guest retains;
 He owns, and shall forever own,
 Wisdom, and Christ, and heaven, are one.

CHARLES WESLEY.

No. 229. When I Survey the Wondrous Cross.

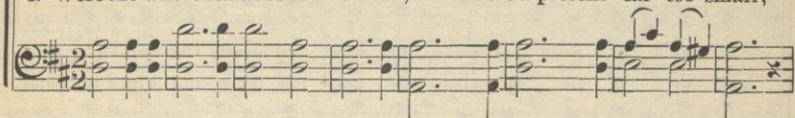
(EUCCHARIST. L. M.)

ISAAC WATTS.

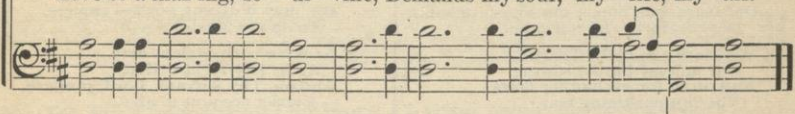
ISAAC BAKER WOODBURY.



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



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



No. 230. I Thirst, Thou Wounded Lamb.

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 derive,
 And by Thee move, and in Thee live.

4 Hence our hearts melt, our eyes o'erflow,
 Our words are lost, nor will we know,
 Nor will we think of aught beside,
 "My Lord, my Love is crucified."

NICOLAUS L. ZINZENDORF. Tr. by J. WESLEY.

No. 231. God Calling Yet.

1 God calling yet! shall I not hear?
 Earth's pleasures shall I still hold dear?
 Shall life's swift passing years all fly,
 And still my soul in slumber lie?

2 God calling yet! shall I not rise?
 Can I His loving voice despise,
 And basely His kind care repay?
 He calls me still; can I delay?

3 God calling yet! and shall He knock,
 And I my heart the closer lock?
 He still is waiting to receive,
 And shall I dare His Spirit grieve?

4 God calling yet! I cannot stay;
 My heart I yield without delay:
 Vain world, farewell! from thee I part;
 The voice of God hath reached my heart.

Tr. JANE BORTHWICK.

No. 232. 'Tis Midnight.

1 'Tis midnight; and on Olives' brow
 The star is dimmed that lately shone:
 'Tis midnight; in the garden, now,
 The suffering Saviour prays alone.

2 'Tis midnight; and from all removed,
 The Saviour wrestles lone with fears;
 E'en that disciple whom He loved
 Heeds not his Master's grief and tears.

3 'Tis midnight; and for others' guilt
 The Man of sorrows weeps in blood;
 Yet He that hath in anguish knelt
 Is not forsaken by His God.

4 'Tis midnight; and from ether-plains
 Is borne the song that angels know;
 Unheard by mortals are the strains
 That sweetly soothe the Saviour's woe.

WILLIAM B. TAPPAN.

No. 233. Revive Thy Work. S. M.

ALBERT MIDLANE.

H. G. NĒGELI.

1. Re - vive Thy work, O Lord, Thy migh - ty arm make bare;
 2. Re - vive Thy work, O Lord, Cre - ate soul - thirst for Thee;
 3. Re - vive Thy work, O Lord, Ex - alt Thy pre - cious name;

Speak with the voice that wakes the dead, And make Thy peo - ple hear.
 And hun - g'ring for the Bread of life, Oh, may our spir - its be!
 And by the Ho - ly Ghost our love For Thee and Thine in - flame.

No. 234. Blest Be the Tie.

- 1 Blest be the tie that binds
 Our hearts in Christian love;
 The fellowship of kindred minds
 Is like to that above.
- 2 Before our Father's throne
 We pour our ardent prayers;
 Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
 Our comforts and our cares.
- 3 We share our mutual woes,
 Our mutual burdens bear;
 And often for each other flows
 The sympathizing tear.
- 4 When we asunder part,
 It gives us inward pain;
 But we shall still be joined in heart,
 And hope to meet again.

JOHN FAWCETT.

No. 235. A Charge to Keep I Have.

- 1 A charge to keep I have,
 A God to glorify;
 A never-dying soul to save,
 And fit it for the sky.
- 2 To serve the present age,
 My calling to fulfil,—
 Oh, may it all my powers engage,
 To do my Master's will.
- 3 Arm me with jealous care,
 As in Thy sight to live;
 And oh, Thy servant, Lord, prepare,
 A strict account to give.
- 4 Help me to watch and pray,
 And on Thyself rely,
 Assured, if I my trust betray,
 I shall forever die.

CHARLES WESLEY.

Boylston. S. M.

LOWELL MASON.

No. 236. And Can I Yet Delay.

- 1 And can I yet delay
 My little all to give?
 To tear my soul from earth away
 For Jesus to receive?
- 2 Nay, but I yield, I yield!
 I can hold out no more:
 I sink, by dying love compelled,
 And own Thee conqueror!
- 3 Though late, I all forsake;
 My friends, my all, resign:
 Gracious Redeemer, take, O take,
 And seal me ever Thine.
- 4 Come, and possess me whole,
 Nor hence again remove:
 Settle and fix my way'ring soul
 With all Thy weight of love.

CHARLES WESLEY.

No. 237. Mourn for the Thousands Slain.

- 1 Mourn for the thousands slain,
 The youthful and the strong;
 Mourn for the wine-cup's fearful reign,
 And the deluded throng.
- 2 Mourn for the ruined soul—
 Eternal life and light
 Lost by the fiery, maddening bowl,
 And turned to hopeless night.
- 3 Mourn for the lost;—but call
 Call to the strong, the free;
 Rouse them to shun that dreadful fall,
 And to the refuge flee.
- 4 Mourn for the lost;—but pray,
 Pray to our God above,
 To break the fell destroyer's sway,
 And show His saving love.

No. 238.

Come, Holy Spirit, Come.

(STATE ST. S. M.)

BENJAMIN BEDDOME.

JONATHAN CALL WOODMAN.

1. Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, come, With en - er - gy di - vine,
 2. From the ce - les - tial hills Light, life, and joy dis - pense;
 3. O melt this fro - zen heart, This stubborn will sub - due;
 4. The prof - it will be mine, But Thine shall be the praise;

And on this poor, be - nighted soul With beams of mer - cy shine.
 And may I, dai - ly, hour - ly, feel Thy quick'ning in - flu - ence.
 Each e - vil pas - sion o - ver - come, And form me all a - new.
 Cheer - ful to Thee will I de - vote The remnant of my days.

No. 239. My Times Are In Thy Hand.

- 1 "My times are in Thy hand;"
 My God, I wish them there;
 My life, my friends, my soul, I leave
 Entirely to Thy care.
- 2 "My times are in Thy hand,"
 Whatever they may be;
 Pleasing or painful, dark or bright,
 As best may seem to Thee.
- 3 "My times are in Thy hand;"
 Why should I doubt or fear?
 My Father's hand will never cause
 His child a needless tear.
- 4 "My times are in Thy hand;"
 I'll always trust in Thee:
 And, after death, at Thy right hand
 I shall forever be.

W. F. LLOYD.

- 3 Grace taught my roving feet
 To tread the heavenly road;
 And new supplies each hour I meet,
 While pressing on to God.
- 4 Grace all the work shall crown
 Through everlasting days;
 It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
 And well deserves our praise.

P. DODDRIDGE.

No. 241. My Soul, Be On Thy Guard.

- 1 My soul, be on thy guard;
 Ten thousand foes arise;
 The hosts of sin are pressing hard
 To draw thee from the skies.
- 2 O watch, and fight, and pray;
 The battle ne'er give o'er;
 Renew it boldly every day,
 And help divine implore.
- 3 Ne'er think the victory won,
 Nor lay thine armor down:
 The work of faith will not be done,
 Till thou obtain the crown.
- 4 Fight on, my soul, till death
 Shall bring thee to thy God;
 He'll take thee, at thy parting breath,
 To His divine abode.

G. HEATH.

No. 240. Grace! 'Tis a Charming Sound.

- 1 Grace! 'tis a charming sound,
 Harmonious to the ear;
 Heaven with the echo shall resound,
 And all the earth shall hear.
- 2 Grace first contrived a way
 To save rebellious man;
 And all the steps that grace display,
 Which drew the wondrous plan.

No. 242. Come, Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove.


ISAAC WATTS.

(ST. MARTIN'S. C. M.)

WILLIAM TANSUR.



1. Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, heav'nly Dove, With all Thy quickening powers;
2. Look how we grov - el here be - low, Fond of these earthly toys;
3. In vain we tune our form - al songs, In vain we strive to rise;
4. Fa - ther, and shall we ev - er live At this poor dy - ing rate,
5. Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, heav'nly Dove, With all Thy quickening powers;



Kin - dle a flame of sa - cred love In these cold hearts of ours.
Our souls, how heav - i - ly they go, To reach e - ter - nal joys.
Ho - san - nas lan - guish on our tongues. And our de - vo - tion dies.
Our love so faint, so cold to Thee, And Thine to us so great?
Come, shed a - broad a Sav - iour's love, And that shall kindle ours.

No. 243. Spirit Divine.

- 1 Spirit Divine, attend our prayer,
And make our hearts Thy home;
Descend with all Thy gracious power:
Come, Holy Spirit, come!
- 2 Come as the light: to us reveal
Our sinfulness and woe;
And lead us in those paths of life
Where all the righteous go.
- 3 Come as the fire, and purge our hearts,
Like sacrificial flame:
Let our whole soul an offering be
To our Redeemer's name.
- 4 Spirit Divine, attend our prayer,
And make our hearts Thy home;
Descend with all Thy gracious power:
Come, Holy Spirit, come!

ANDREW REED.

No. 244. Come, Holy Ghost.

- 1 Come, Holy Ghost, our hearts inspire;
Let us Thine influence prove;
Source of the old prophetic fire,
Fountain of life and love.
- 2 Come, Holy Ghost, for moved by Thee
The prophets wrote and spoke,
Unlock the truth, Thyself the key;
Unseal the sacred book.
- 3 Expand Thy wings, celestial Dove,
Brood o'er our nature's night;
On our disordered spirits move,
And let there now be light.
- 4 God, through Himself, we then shall know,
If Thou within us shine;
And sound, with all Thy saints below,
The depths of love divine.

CHARLES WESLEY.

No. 245. Am I a Soldier of the Cross.

(ARLINGTON. C. M.)

ISAAC WATTS.

THOS. A. ARNE.

1. Am I a sol-dier of the cross, A foll'wer of the Lamb,
 2. Must I be car-ried to theskies 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; In-crease my courage, Lord;

And shall I fear to own His cause, Or blush to speak His name?
 While oth-ers fought to win the prize, And sailed through 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-ported by Thy word.

No. 246. I'm Not Ashamed to Own My Lord.

- 1 I'm not ashamed to own my Lord,
Or to defend His cause;
Maintain the honor of His word,
The glory of His cross.
- 2 Jesus, my God! I know His name;
His name is all my trust;
Nor will He put my soul to shame,
Nor let my hope be lost.
- 3 Firm as His throne His promise stands,
And He can well secure
What I've committed to His hands,
Till the decisive hour.
- 4 Then will He own my worthless name
Before His Father's face,
And in the New Jerusalem
Appoint my soul a place.

ISAAC WATTS.

No. 247. Come, Let Us Who In Christ.

- 1 Come, let us who in Christ believe,
Our common Saviour praise:
To Him with joyful voices give
The glory of His grace.
- 2 He now stands knocking at the door
Of every sinner's heart:
The worst need keep Him out no more,
Nor force Him to depart.

- 3 Through grace we hearken to Thy voice,
Yield to be saved from sin;
In sure and certain hope rejoice,
That Thou wilt enter in.

- 4 Come quickly in, Thou heavenly Guest,
Nor ever hence remove;
But sup with us, and let the feast
Be everlasting love.

CHAS. WESLEY.

No. 248. Come, Ye that Love the Saviour's Name.

- 1 Come, ye that love the Saviour's name,
And joy to make it known,
The Sovereign of your hearts proclaim,
And bow before His throne.
- 2 Behold your Lord, your Master, crowned
With glories all divine;
And tell the wondering nations round
How bright those glories shine.
- 3 When, in His earthly courts, we view
The glories of our King,
We long to love as angels do,
And wish like them to sing.
- 4 And shall we long and wish in vain?
Lord, teach our songs to raise:
Thy love can animate the strain,
And bid it reach the skies.

ANNE STEELE.

No. 249.

Stand Up for Jesus!

GEORGE DUFFIELD, Jr.

G. J. WEBB.

1. Stand up! stand up for Je - sus! Ye sol - diers of the cross;
Lift high His roy - al ban - ner, It must not suf - fer loss:
Fine.
D. S.
From vic - t'ry un - to vic - t'ry His ar - my He shall lead,

- 2 Stand up! stand up for Jesus!
Stand in His strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you;
Ye dare not trust your own:
Put on the gospel armor,
And, watching unto prayer,
Where duty calls, or danger,
Be never wanting there.
- 3 Stand up! stand up for Jesus!
The strife will not be long;
This day the noise of battle,
The next the victor's song:
To him that overcometh,
A crown of life shall be;
He with the King of glory
Shall reign eternally.

Each breeze that sweeps the ocean
Brings tidings from afar,
Of nations in commotion,
Prepared for Zion's war.

- 2 See heathen nations bending
Before the God we love,
And thousand hearts ascending
In gratitude above;
While sinners, now confessing,
The gospel call obey,
And seek the Saviour's blessing,
A nation in a day.
- 3 Blest river of salvation,
Pursue thine onward way;
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy richness stay:
Stay not till all the lowly
Triumphant reach their home:
Stay not till all the holy
Proclaim, "The Lord is come!"

SAMUEL F. SMITH.

No. 250. The Morning Light.

- 1 The morning light is breaking;
The darkness disappears;
The sons of earth are waking
To penitential tears:

No. 251.

Praise God.

(OLD HUNDRED. L. M.)

THOMAS KEN.

LOUIS BOURGEOIS.

Praise God, from whom all bless-ings flow; Praise Him, all crea-tures here be - low;
Praise Him a - bove, ye heav'n-ly host; Praise Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost.

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