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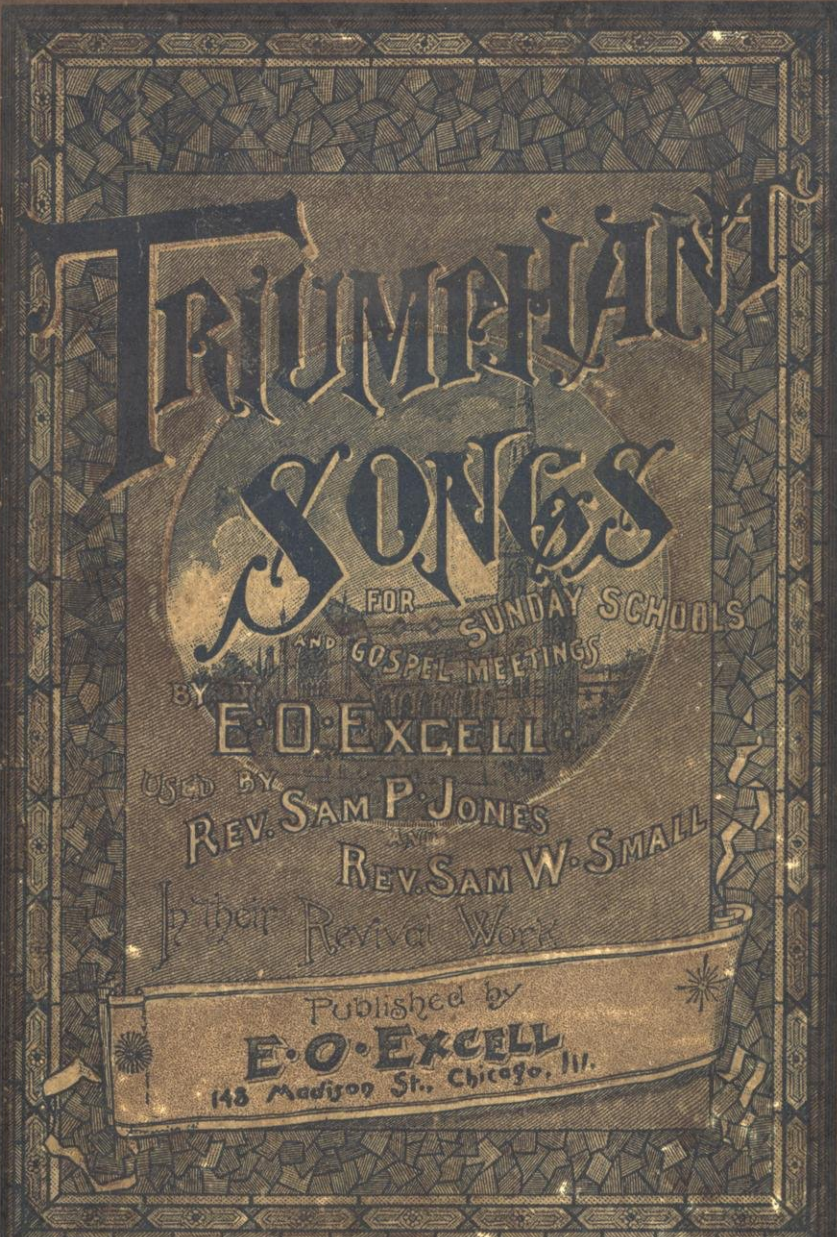
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TRUMPHANT SONGS

FOR SUNDAY SCHOOLS
AND GOSPEL MEETINGS

BY E. O. EXCELL

USED BY
REV. SAM P. JONES
AND
REV. SAM W. SMALL
In their Revival Work

Published by
E. O. EXCELL
148 Madison St., Chicago, Ill.

PRICE, 35c PER COPY. BY EXPRESS, \$ 3.60 PER DOZ. \$ 30.9 PER 100.
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Miss Jennie Green

Harriet

Wm

Goodbye

—THE—
GOSPEL 
IN SONG,

FOR SUNDAY SCHOOLS AND GOSPEL MEETINGS,
BY E. O. EXCELL.

Board Covers (Music Edition), \$30 per 100; 35c. each by mail.
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1889

Miss Jennie Grace

Howard
Mich

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→ PREFACE ←

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Yours truly,

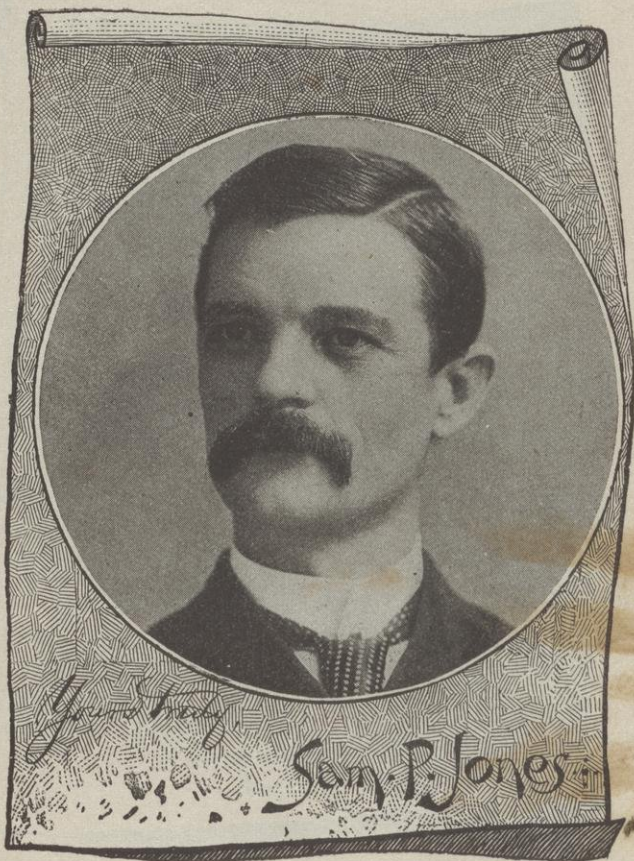
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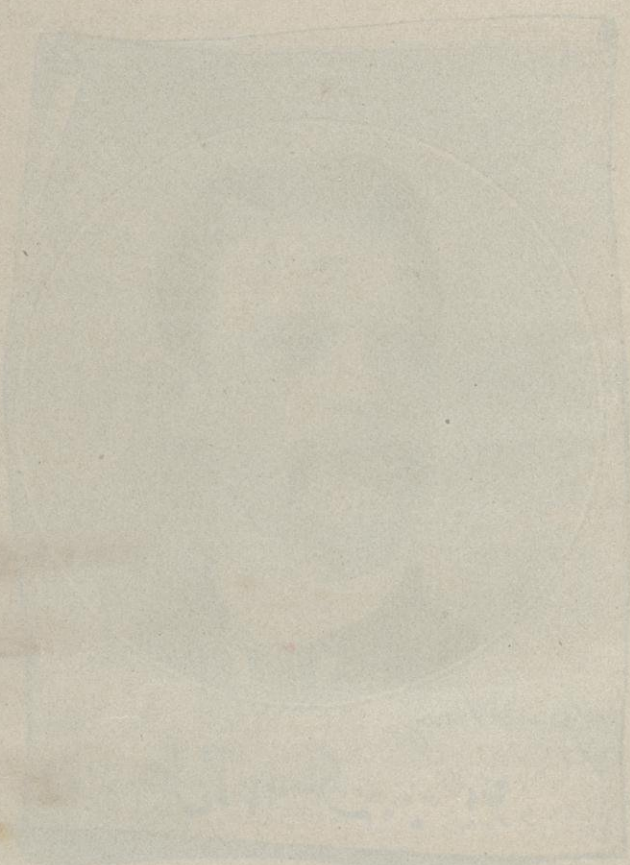
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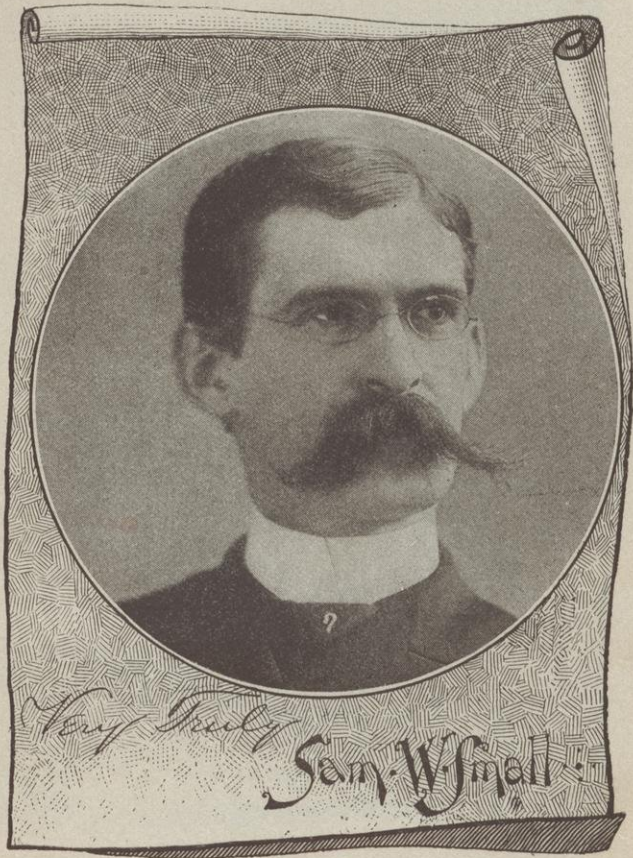
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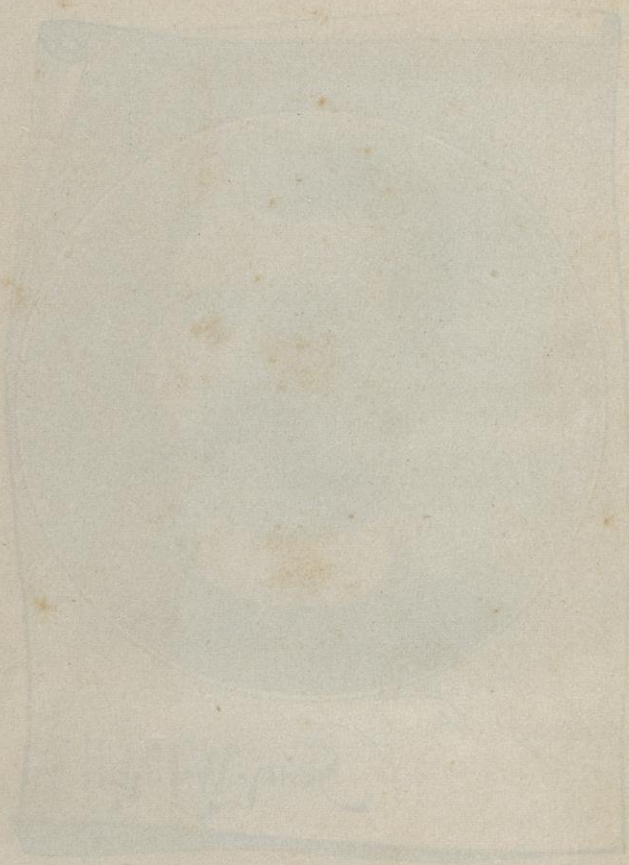
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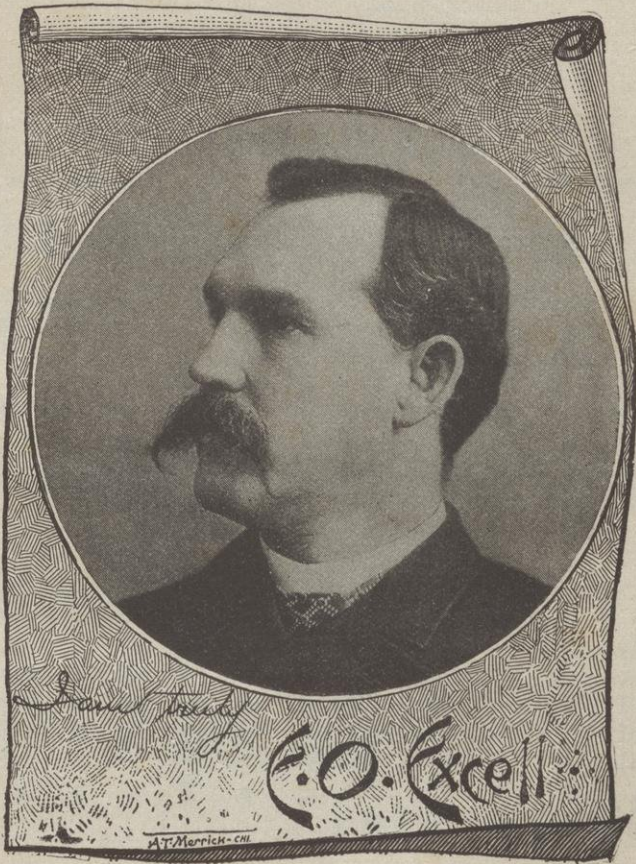
Sam. P. Jones

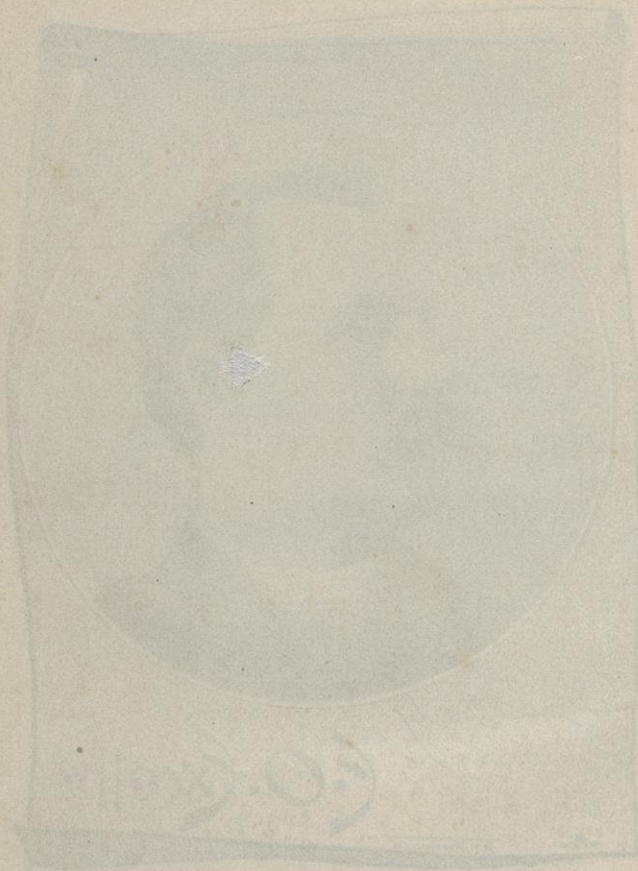




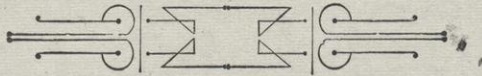
Very Truly
Sam. W. Small.







Triumphant Songs.



No. 1.

Revive Us Again.

DR. W. P. MACKAY.

English Melody.

1. We praise thee, O God! for the Son of thy love, For
 2. We praise thee, O God! for thy Spir- it of light, Who has
 3. All glo - ry and praise to the Lamb that was slain, Who has
 4. All glo - ry and praise to the God of all grace, Who has
 5. Re - vive us a - gain; fill each heart with thy love; May each

CHORUS.

Je - sus who died, and is now gone a - bove. Hal - le -
 shown us our Sav - ior, and scat - tered our night. Hal - le -
 borne all our sins, and has cleans'd ev - 'ry stain. Hal - le -
 bought us, and sought us, and guid - ed our ways. Hal - le -
 soul be re - kin - dled with fire from a - bove. Hal - le -

lu - jah! Thine the glo - ry, Hal - le - lu - jah! A - men. Revive us a - gain.

No. 2.

My Goal is Christ.

Unknown.

E. O. EXCELL.

1. Ah, tell me not of gold or treasure, Of
 2. The world and her pur - suits will per - ish, Her
 3. A - gainst this tow'r there's no pre - vail - ing; His
 4. And though a pil - grim I must wander, Still

pomp and beau - ty here on earth! There's not a thing that
 beau - ty's fad - ing like a flower; The bright - est schemes the
 king - dom pass - es not a - way; His throne a - bides de -
 ab - sent from the one I love; He soon will have me

gives me pleas - ure Of all the world dis - plays for worth.
 earth - can eber - ish, Are but the pas - time of an hour.
 - spite as - sail - ing, From hence - forth un - to end - less day.
 with him yon - der, In his own glo - ry - world's a - bove.

Each heart will seek and love its own; My goal is Christ, and
4th. Tri - umph - ant - ly I there - fore own; My goal is Christ, and

Christ a - lone, My goal is Christ and Christ a - - lone.

No. 3.

Bring Them In.

ALEXCENAH THOMAS.

W. A. OGDEN.

1. Hark! 'tis the Shepherd's voice I hear, Out in the des-ert
 2. Who'll go and help this Shep-herd kind, Help him the lit-tle
 3. Out in the des-ert hear their cry; Out on the mountain

dark and drear, Call-ing the lambs who've gone a-stray,
 lambs to find? Who'll bring the lost ones to the fold,
 wild and high, Hark! 'tis the Mas-ter speaks to thee,

CHORUS.

Far from the Shep-herd's fold a-way,
 Where they'll be shel-tered from the cold? Bring them in,
 "Go find my lambs wher-e'er they be.

Bring them in, Bring them in from the fields of sin;

Bring them in, Bring them in, Bring the lit-tle ones to Je-sus.

By permission,

No. 4. We'll go up and Take the Land.

Selected.

CHAS. DUNGAN.

1. Cheer, cheer up my faint - ing brother, Fix your eyes up -
 2. 'Tis a land where all are hap - py, For their hearts are
 3. 'Tis a land of milk and hon - ey, 'Tis a land of

- on the cross, God hath promised us a kingdom, In ex -
 free from care, 'Tis a land of sins for - giv - en, And we
 joy and song, Naught un - ho - ly there shall en - ter, To dis -

- change for earth - ly dross; Let us ral - ly round the standard,
 all may en - ter there, Then have courage in the con - flict,
 - turb the blood - wash'd throng; There is peace with - in the kingdom,

There are sol - diers in demand, And with heart and hand u
 Nev - er stray - ing an - y more, For our Sav - ior will re
 Where earth's cares shall nev - er come, And our friends are there to

We'll go up and Take the Land. Concluded.

CHORUS.

- ni - ted, We'll go up and take the land.
- ceive us, When we en - ter at the door. A firm determined.
meet us, They will bid us welcome home.

band, We'll go up and take the land, God hath promised

us the king-dom, We'll go up and take the land, A

firm, determined band, We'll go up and take the land, God hath

promised us the king - dom, We'll go up and take the land.

No. 5.

Follow, Follow Me.

L. A. MORRISON.

E. O. EXCELL.

1. The Sav - ior is call - ing, Oh hear how he pleads, In
 2. The Sav - ior still calls you, Why will you not come? He
 3. The Sav - ior still calls you, Why will you de - lay? Your

love which he bears for your soul, He asks you to fol - low wher -
 saves by his won - der - ful grace, Your sins he will par - don, and
 com - ing is sure - ly great gain, He of - fers you guidance, for

- ev - er he leads, That you may be ful - ly made whole.
 give you a home, Where light is the smile of his face.
 he is "The Way," He's plead - ing for you, is it vain?

CHORUS.

Oh, hear him still call - ing, "Come fol - low, fol - low me," Oh,
3d verse. I hear thee, dear Sav - ior, I'll fol - low, fol - low thee; I

hear him still call - ing, "Come, fol - low, fol - low me."
 hear thee, dear Sav - ior, I'll fol - low, fol - low thee.

No. 6.

There's A Blessing For Me.

HENRIETTA E. BLAIR.

W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. There is per-fect cleans-ing in the pre-cious blood That flows for
 2. I am saved each moment thro' the cleans-ing blood That now, by
 3. Oh, the blood that keeps me from the pow'r of sin My constant
 4. There is life e-ter-nal in the pre-cious blood That still is

all so free; There is full sal - va - tion in its crim-son flood, There's a
 faith I see; I am sweet-ly rest - ing at the cross I love; There's a
 theme shall be; I have laid my bur - den at the Sav-ior's feet; There's a
 flow-ing free, And my soul shall glo - ry in the Sav-ior's cross; There's a

CHORUS.

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

blessing for me, A bless-ing from the Lord for me; There is
 Hal-le-lu-jah,

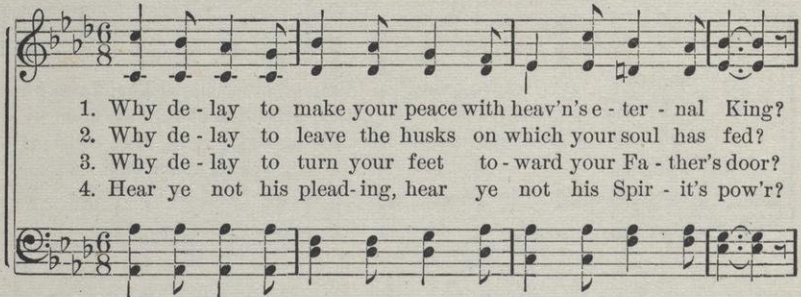
full sal-vation in the crim-son flood; There's a blessing from the Lord for me.

No. 7.

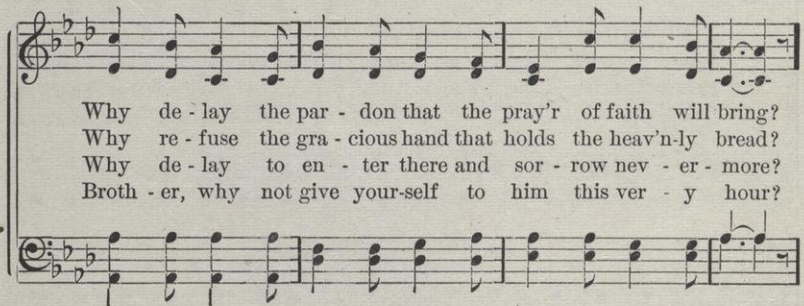
Why Delay?

G. F. R.

DR. GEO. F. ROOT.

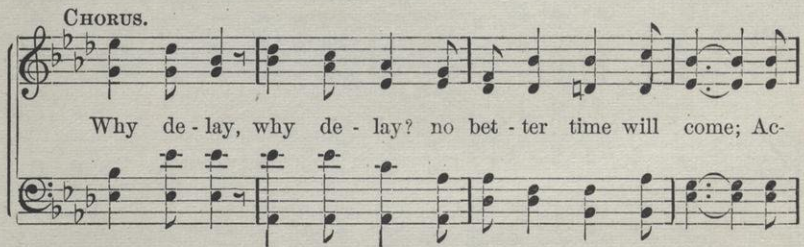


1. Why de - lay to make your peace with heav'n's e - ter - nal King?
 2. Why de - lay to leave the husks on which your soul has fed?
 3. Why de - lay to turn your feet to - ward your Fa - ther's door?
 4. Hear ye not his plead - ing, hear ye not his Spir - it's pow'r?

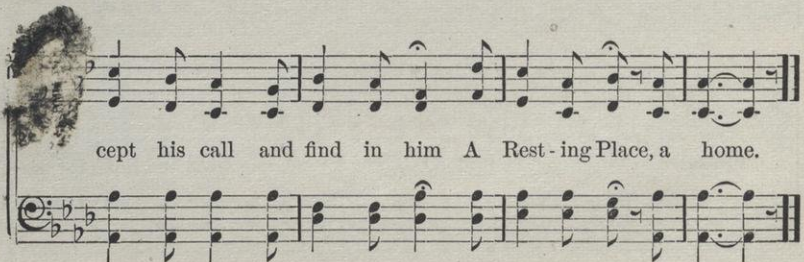


Why de - lay the par - don that the pray'r of faith will bring?
 Why re - fuse the gra - cious hand that holds the heav'n - ly bread?
 Why de - lay to en - ter there and sor - row nev - er - more?
 Broth - er, why not give your - self to him this ver - y hour?

CHORUS.



Why de - lay, why de - lay? no bet - ter time will come; Ac -



cept his call and find in him A Rest - ing Place, a home.

No. 8.

At the Cross.

R. E. HUDSON.

1. A - las! and did my Sav - ior bleed, And did my Sovereign die,
 2. Was it for crimes that I have done, He groaned 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!

CHORUS.

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

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

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

No. 9. There's a Great Day Coming.

W. L. T.

W. L. THOMPSON.

1. There's a great day com-ing, A great day com-ing, There's a
 2. There's a bright day com-ing, A bright day com-ing, There's a
 3. There's a sad day com-ing, A sad day com-ing, There's a

great day com-ing by and by, When the saints and the
 bright day com-ing by and by, But its bright-ness shall
 sad day com-ing by and by, When the sin - ner shall

sin - ners shall be part - ed right and left, Are you
 on - ly come to those who love the Lord, Are you
 hear his doom, "De - part I know ye not," Are you

CHORUS.

read-y for that day to come? } Are you read - y?
 read-y for that day to come? }
 read-y for that day to come? }

Are you read - y? Are you read - y for the Judg - ment day?

There's A Great Day Coming. Concluded.

Are you ready? Are you ready For the Judgment day?

No. 10. Jesus Bids You Come.

W. L. T.

WILL L. THOMPSON.

1. Je - sus bids you come, Je - sus bids you come,
 2. Je - sus bids you come, Je - sus bids you come,
 3. Je - sus bids you come, Je - sus bids you come,
 4. Je - sus bids you come, Je - sus bids you come,

Ear - nest - ly for you he's call - ing Gent - ly at thy
 Wea - ry trav - 'ler do not tar - ry, Je - sus will thy
 Voic - es may not al - ways call you, "Late, too late," may
 Where 'tis love and joy for - ev - er, Where we'll meet to

heart he's plead - ing "Come un - to me, Come un - to me."
 bur - dens car - ry, "Oh, will you come? "Oh, will you come?
 yet be - fall you, "Why will ye die?" "Why will ye die?"
 part, no, nev - er, Sin - ner, come home, Oh come, come home.

No. 11. We Shall Stand Before the King.

E. O. E.

E. O. EXCELL.

1. We shall stand be - fore the King, With the
 2. Ring ye bells of heav - en ring, We shall
 3. Wake my soul thy trib - ute bring, Thou shalt

an - gels we shall sing, By and by, by and
 stand be - fore the King, By and by, by and
 stand be - fore the King, By and by, by and
 By and by.

by. Walk the bright, the gold - en shore, Prais - ing
 by. There our sor - rows will be o'er, There his
 by. Lay thy tro - phies at His feet, In His
 By and by,

Him for - ev - er more, By and by, by and by.
 name we will a - dore, By and by, by and by.
 likeness stand complete, By and by, by and by.
 By and by, By and by.

We Shall Stand Before The King. Concluded.

CHORUS.



We shall stand . . . be-fore the King, . . . With the
We shall stand be-fore the King,



An - gels we shall sing, Glo - ry glo - ry to our King, Hal - le -



- lu - - jah, hal - le - lu - - jah, We shall
Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah,



stand be - fore the King.
We shall stand

No. 12.

He Redeemed Me.

G. F. R.

Theme CH. H. CARROLL.
Dr. GEORGE F. ROOT.

1. Would you know why Christ, my Savior, Is my constant theme and song?
2. Oh, the days are full of gladness, That I spend in his em-ploy!
3. Come, be - lov - ed, bow be - fore him, Seek the par - don of your King,

Why to seek his lov - ing fa - vor Is my joy the whole day long?
I can ban - ish care and sad - ness In that song of heav - en - ly joy.
That on earth you may a - dore him, And with saints in glo - ry sing.

CHORUS.

He redeemed me, He redeemed me, He redeemed me, How the

ransomed choir re - peat it o'er; and o'er He re -
o'er, re - peat it o'er,

deemed me, He redeemed me, He redeemed me, Glo - ry,
He redeemed me, He redeemed me, He redeemed me, Glo - ry,

He Redeemed Me. Concluded.

glo - ry be to him for ev - er - more, (for ev - er - more.)

No. 13.

A Sinner Like Me.

C. J. B.

C. J. BUTLER.

1. I was once far a - way from the Sa - vior, And as
 2. I wan - dered on in the dark - ness, Not a
 3. And then in that dark lone - ly hour, A

vile as a sin - ner could be, I won - dered if
 ray of light could I see, And the tho't filled my
 voice sweet - ly whispered to me, Say - ing Christ, the Re -

Christ, the Re - deem - er, Could save a poor sin - ner like me.
 heart with sad - ness, There's no help for a sin - ner like me.
 deem - er has pow - er To save a poor sin - ner like me.

4 I listened, and lo! 'twas the Savior
 That was speaking so kindly to me;
 I cried, I'm the chief of sinners,
 Oh, save a poor sinner like me.

6 No longer in darkness I'm walking,
 For the light is now shining on me,
 And now unto others I'm telling,
 How he saved a poor sinner like me.

5 I then fully trusted in Jesus;
 And oh, what a joy came to me:
 My heart was filled with his praises,
 For saving a sinner like me.

7 And when life's journey is over,
 And I the dear Savior shall see,
 I'll praise him forever and ever,
 For saving a sinner like me.

By permission.

No. 14.

Let Him In.

REV. J. B. ATCHISON.

E O. EXCELL.

1. There's a stranger at the door, Let him in,
 2. O - pen now to him your heart, Let him in,
 3. Hear you now his loving voice, Let him in,
 4. Now ad - mit the heavenly Guest, Let him in,
 Let the Saviour in, let the Saviour in

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

Let him in ere he is gone, Let him in, the Ho - ly One, Je - sus
 Let him in, He is your Friend, He your soul will sure defend, He will
 He is stand - ing at the door, Joy to you he will re - store, And his
 He will speak your sins forgiv'n, And when earth ties all are riven, He will

Christ, the Father's Son, Let him in.
 keep you to the end, Let him in.
 name you will a - dore, Let him in.
 take you home to heaven, Let him in.
 Let the Saviour in, let the Saviour in.

No. 15.

Oh, Hear the Savior's Voice.

G. H. R.

Dedicated to Rev. Sam. P. Jones.

GEO. H. RYDER.

1. Broth - er! hear the Sav - ior call - ing, See the sweat-drops
 2. Broth - er! see the Sav - ior stand - ing, Mild com - pas - sion
 3. Broth - er! hast - en thy re - pent - ing, He is read - y
 4. Broth - er! hast - en his re - joic - ing, An - gels wait to

on his brow; Broth - er! see the tear - drops fall - ing,
 in his eye, Lov - ing - ly his arms ex - tend - ing,
 to for - give; Broth - er! hast - en thy re - lent - ing,
 bless you now; They are list - 'ning for the voic - ing

REFRAIN.

Hark - en! he is call - ing now.
 Broth - er! say why will you die? Oh, hear the Sav - iour's
 While he gen - tly bids thee live.
 Of your earn - est, sol - emn vow.

voice, (oh, hear,) In ac - cents sweet and clear, (oh, hear,)

He bids your heart rejoice, (rejoice,) You need no long - er fear.

No. 16.

At The Well-side.

J. E. H.

J. E. HALL.

1. At the well-side worn and wea - ry, Sat the Sav ior;
 2. So to those who tread life's path-way, O'er its drear and
 3. Sin - ful one, wouldst know for- give-ness? Of thy sin wouldst

thus one day, To the wo - man, who came hith - er,
 des - ert lands, Thirst-ing for some cool - ing foun - tain,
 cleans - ed be? Hear the bless - ed Je - sus say - ing,

CHORUS.

In sweet ac - cents hear him say, "Who - so - e'er this
 Now re - ceive at Je - sus' hands. "Who - so - e'er this
 "Come and drink, O come to me." "Who - so - e'er this

wa - ter drink - eth, Shall not thirst, shall not thirst; Who - so - e'er this

wa - ter drink - eth, Shall not, shall not thirst a - gain.

No. 17. Not Far, Not Far From the Kingdom.

Words arr.

IRA D. SANKEY.

Moderato.

1. Not far, not far from the Kingdom, Yet in the shad-ow of sin,
 3. Not far, not far from the Kingdom, Where voices whis-per and wait;
 3. A-way in the dark and the dan-ger, Far out in the night and the cold;
 4. Not far, not far from the Kingdom, 'Tis on - ly a lit - tle space;

How ma - ny are coming and go-ing!—How few there are enter - ing in!
 Too tim - id to en - ter in bold - ly, So lin - ger still outside the gate
 There Je - sus is waiting to lead you So ten - der - ly in - to the fold.
 But oh, you may still be for - ev - er Shut out from yon heav - en - ly place

REFRAIN.

How few there are en - ter - ing in, How few there are en - ter - ing in!

How ma - ny are coming and going, —How few there are en - ter - ing in!

No. 18.

Happy Rest.

FRANCIS A. SIMKINS.

E. O. EXCELL.

1. When this earth - ly life shall end, And our spir - its then as - cend,
 2. When our days of toil are past, And the ev - 'ning comes at last,
 3. Then, when breaks the glorious morn, And our spir - its, new - ly born,

To the bright e - ter - nal man - sions of the blest, Sweet to
 If our hearts have tru - ly honored his be - hest, We shall
 By the night of grief and sin no more op - prest, On that

know our cares are o'er, And the life that lies be - fore
 safe - ly cross the tide, And the gates will o - pen wide,
 hap - py, gold - en shore, We shall dwell for - ev - er more,

Will be nev - er - end - ing, hap - py, hap - py rest, (sweet rest.)
 And we'll en - ter in - to hap - py, hap - py rest, (sweet rest.)
 In our home of ev - er - last - ing hap - py rest, (sweet rest.)

Happy Rest. Concluded.

CHORUS.

Oh the heav'n - - - ly rest a - bove,
Oh the heav'nly rest a - bove Oh the heav'n - ly rest a - bove

In that world of peace and love, In that
In that world of peace and love, In that

love On that hap - - - py,
world of peace and love, On that hap - py gold - en shore,

gold - en shore We shall
On that hap - py, gold - en shore, We shall

sor - row nev - er - more
sor - row nev - er - more, We shall sor - row nev - er - more,

No. 19.

Come to Jesus, Now.

H. W. ONDERDONK.

GEO. H. RIDER.

1. The spir - it in our hearts Is whisp'r-ing, "sinner, come;" The
 2. Let him that hear - eth say To all a - bout him, "come;" Let
 3. Yea, who - so - ev - er will, O, let him free - ly come; And

bride, the church of Christ, proclaims To all his children, "come;"
 him that thirsts for right - eous - ness, To Christ, the fountain, come!
 free - ly drink the stream of life, 'Tis Je - sus bids him come.

CHORUS.

Come to Je - sus now, Come to Je - sus now,

Come to Je - sus now, Come to Je - sus now;

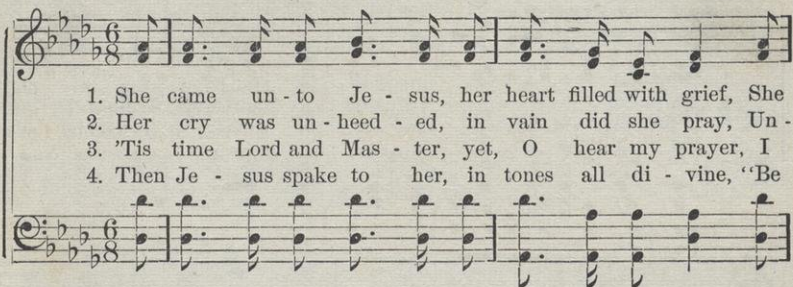
Come to Je - sus now, He is call - ing you.

No. 20.

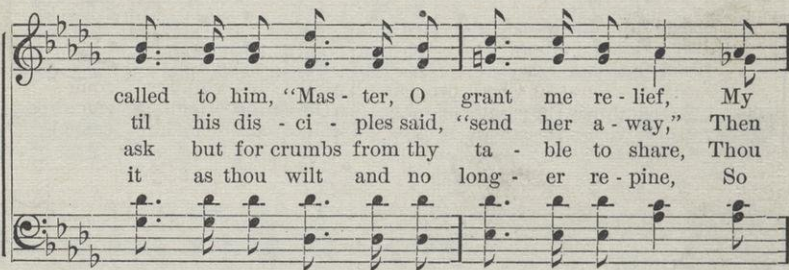
Thy Daughter is Free.

A. J. M.

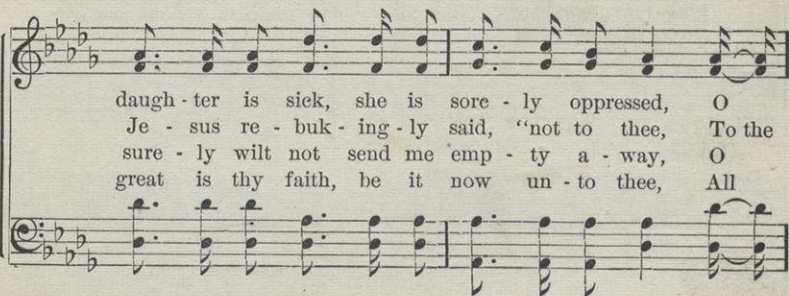
A. J. MAXHAM.



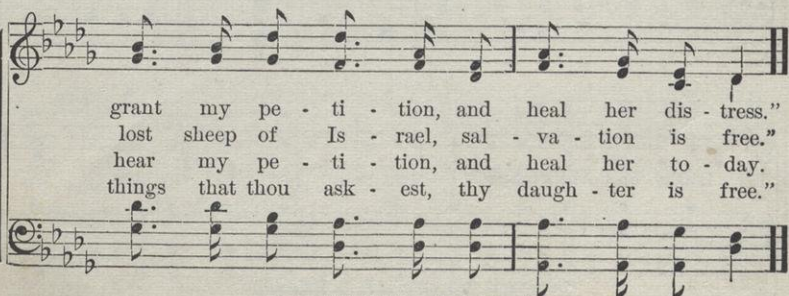
1. She came un - to Je - sus, her heart filled with grief, She
 2. Her cry was un - heed - ed, in vain did she pray, Un -
 3. 'Tis time Lord and Mas - ter, yet, O hear my prayer, I
 4. Then Je - sus spake to her, in tones all di - vine, 'Be



called to him, "Mas - ter, O grant me re - lief, My
 til his dis - ci - ples said, "send her a - way," Then
 ask but for crumbs from thy ta - ble to share, Thou
 it as thou wilt and no long - er re - pine, So



daugh - ter is sick, she is sore - ly oppressed, O
 Je - sus re - buk - ing - ly said, "not to thee, To the
 sure - ly wilt not send me emp - ty a - way, O
 great is thy faith, be it now un - to thee, All



grant my pe - ti - tion, and heal her dis - tress."
 lost sheep of Is - rael, sal - va - tion is free."
 hear my pe - ti - tion, and heal her to - day.
 things that thou ask - est, thy daugh - ter is free."

No. 21.

Loyal to Jesus.

REV. C. W. RAY.

CHAS. EDW. PRIOR.

1. Loy - al to Je - sus, our Sav - ior and King, Loy - al and
 2. Faith - ful to Je - sus, his cause to main - tain, Faith - ful and
 3. Trust - ing in Je - sus, Tho' fee - ble and frail, Trust - ing his

trust - ful, his prais - es we sing; Loy - al and grate - ful, our
 ser - vice a crown to ob - tain; Faith - ful and ho - ly, a
 prom - ise, we nev - er can fail; Trust - ing his fa - vor, we'll

trib - ute we bring, To him whom the an - gels a - dore.
 king - dom we gain, When toils and temp - ta - tions are o'er.
 sure - ly pre - vail, If we shall his mer - cy im - plore.

CHORUS.

Loy - al to Je - sus, what - e'er shall be - fall, Loy - al to

truth and hu - man - i - ties call, Loy - al to du - ty, we

Loyal to Jesus. *Concluded.*

nev - er shall fall, We'll stand for the right ev - er - more!

No. 22. I Come to Thee.

ANNA MARLIM.

E. O. EXCELL.

1. Thou art my strength and shield, My ref - uge and my grace; When
 2. A home for wea - ry souls, A rock my trust to stay, My
 3. My sins how man - i - fold, Yet thou canst cleanse them all; Oh,

earth - ly help - ers flee, Thou art my hid - ing place.
 shep - herd and my guide, Who on - ly knows the way.
 lead me to thy home, And keep me, lest I fall.

CHORUS.

I come, (to thee,) I come, (to thee,) In sor - row and in my dis - tress,

I come, (to thee,) I come (to thee,) To thee for ho - li - ness,

No. 23.

Wonderful Story.

REV. A. P. COBB.

E. O. EXCELL.

1. I have heard a most won - der - ful sto - ry! Of a
 2. I have heard a most won - der - ful sto - ry! Of a
 3. I have heard a most won - der - ful sto - ry! Of a

Shepherd, so faith - ful and bold, That he sought, thro' the
Broth - er, so lov - ing and brave, That to res - cue and
Sa - vior, so pa - tient and true, That he calls in the

dark night of suf - f'ring, For the lost one a - way from the fold!
 save the poor sin - ner, His own life blood he will - ing - ly gave!
 high-ways and hedg - es, Without ceasing, for wand'ers like you,

REFRAIN.

Have you heard of that *Shepherd,* so faith - ful and bold, Who
 Have you heard of this *Broth - er,* so lov - ing and brave, Who
 Have you heard of this *Sa - vior,* so pa - tient and true, Who

sought for the lost one a - way from the fold? Who
 gave his own life - blood poor sin - ners to save? Who
 calls with - out ceas - ing for wand'ers like you? Who

Wonderful Story. Concluded.

EXCELL.

Of a
Of a
Of a

sought for the lost one a - way from the fold?
gave his own life - blood, poor sin - ners to save?
calls, with - out ceas - ing, for wan - d'ers like you?

No. 24.

Only.

J. M. DUNGAN.

Slow and with feeling.

ro' the
ne and
n the

1. On - ly a word for the Mas - ter, Lov - ing - ly,
2. On - ly a look of re - mon - strance, Sor - row - ful,
3. On - ly one cry from the sin - ner, Bit - ter - ly,
4. On - ly some act of de - vo - tion, Will - ing - ly,
5. On - ly an hour with the chil - dren, Pleas - ant - ly,

fold!
gave!
you,

qui - et - ly said; On - ly a word! Yet the
gen - tle and deep; On - ly a look! Yet the
earn - est and wild; "Help, Lord! I die!" Rose in
joy - ful - ly done; "Sure - ly 'twas naught," (So the
cheer - ful - ly given; Still seed was sown, In that

Who
Who
Who

Mas - ter heard; And some faint - ing hearts were fed.
strong man shook; And he went a - lone to weep.
ag - o - ny; And the Sa - vior saved his child.
proud world thought; But yet souls for Christ were won.
hour a - lone, Which would bring forth fruit for heaven.

Who
Who
Who

No. 25.

I've Washed My Robes.

E. O. E.

E. O. EXCELL.

1. My robes were once all stain'd with sin, I knew not how to make them clean;
 2. That promise, "who-so - ev - er will," In-clud-ed me,—includes me still;
 3. I do not doubt,nor do I say, "I hope the stains are wash'd a-way,"
 4. Oh, who will come and wash to-day, 'Till all their stains are wash'd away;

Un-til a voice said, sweet and low, "Go wash, I'll make them white as snow."
 I came and ev - er since, I know, His blood it cleanseth white as snow.
 For in his Word I read it so; His blood it cleanseth white as snow.
 Un - til by faith they see and know Their robes are wash'd as white as snow.

CHORUS.

I've wash'd my robes in Jesus' blood, And he has
 I've wash'd my robes in Je-sus' blood,

made them white as snow: . . I've wash'd my robes . . . in Je-sus'
 And he has made them white as snow. I've wash'd my robes

blood, And he has made them white as snow.
 in Jesus' blood, And he has made them white as snow, white as snow,

No. 26.

I'm Nearer My Home.

H. A. LEWIS.

DUET.

1. One sweet-ly, solemn thought, Comes to me o'er and o'er, I'm
 2. I'm nearer my Father's house, Where heav'nly mansions be; I'm
 3. I'm nearer the bound of life, Where we lay our burdens down; I'm

near-er my home to-day Than ev-er I've been be-fore.
 near-er the great white throne, Nearer the Jas-per sea.
 near-er the time to leave The cross and wear the crown.

CHORUS.

I'm near - - - er my home, . . . I'm
 I'm near - er my home, my heav - en - ly home, I'm

near - - - er my home, . . . I'm
 near - er my home, my heav - en - ly home, I'm

Repeat Chorus last time pp.

Rit.
 near - - - er my home to-day, than ev-er I've been be-fore.
 near-er my home.

No. 27.

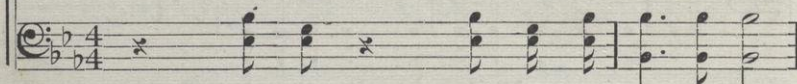
Knocking, Knocking.

E. O. E.,

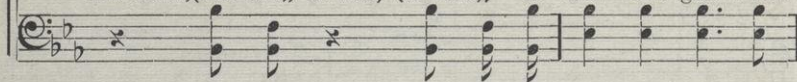
E. O. EXCELL.



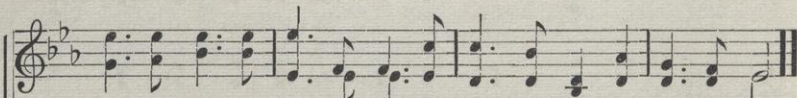
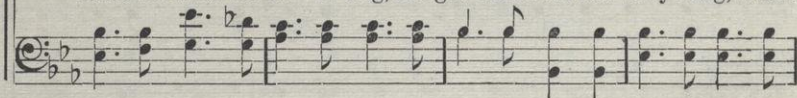
1. Knock-ing (knocking) knock-ing (knocking,) with pierc-ed hands,
2. Knock-ing (knocking) knock-ing (knocking,) I see him there,
3. Knock-ing (knocking) knock-ing (knocking,) I hear him say,
4. Knock-ing (knocking) knock-ing (knocking,) The an-gels wait



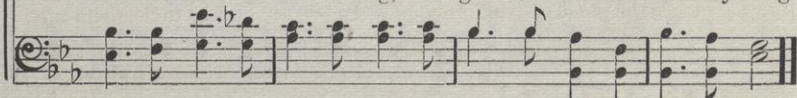
Wait-ing, (waiting,) wait-ing, (waiting) the Sa- vior stands; I
 Plead-ing, (pleading,) plead-ing, (pleading) with pa-tient care, He
 "My child, (my child,) my child, (my child) be saved to-day!" Oh
 The news, (the news,) to waft, (to waft,) to hea-ven's gate Where



pray you, haste and let him in, He waits to bear thy load of sin, I
 waits for thee, thy soul to save; His blood for thee he free-ly gave; He
 do not, do not wait so long, Give him thy heart ere he is gone, Oh
 ransomed souls for-ev-er sing, The glo-ries of our hea-venly King, Where



pray you, haste and let him in, He waits to bear thy load of sin.
 waits for thee, thy soul to save, His blood for thee He free-ly gave.
 do not, do not wait so long, Give him thy heart ere he is gone.
 ransomed souls for-ev-er sing, The glo-ries of our hea-venly King.



No. 28.

The Blood is All My Plea.

REV. F. C. BAKER.

E. F. MILLER.

1. I knew that God in his Word had spoken, The pow'r of sin can
 2. Must I go on in sin and sorrow, To-day in sun-shine,
 3. With anguish wrung, I cried, My Lord, Is there not pow'r in
 4. Oh, yes, my love will take you in, The blood will cleanse you
 5. And there I stand this ver-y hour, Kept by Al-might-y

all be broken, The heart held cap-tive yet be free,
 clouds to-mor-row? First I'm sin-ning, then re-pent-ing,
 Je-sus' blood To make in me a per-fect cure?
 from all sin, Will wash a-way your guilt-y stains,
 keep-ing pow'r Temp-ta-tions come, the blood's my plea,

CHORUS.

Lord, is this bless-ing not for me? The blood, the blood is
 Now, I'm stub-born, then re-lenting The blood, etc.
 To cleanse my heart and keep it pure? The blood, etc.
 And cleanse, till not one spot re-mains, The blood, etc.
 The precious blood now cleans-es me. The blood, etc.

all my plea, Hal-le-lu-jah! it cleans-eth me; The

blood, the blood is all my plea, Hal-le-lu-jah! it cleanseth me.

G. F. R.

1. Hear, O broth - ers, hear! you nev - er have con - ceived how hap - py
2. Hear, O broth - ers, hear! you know you've nev - er found A pleasure
3. Hear, O broth - ers, hear! no long - er, then, de - lay; The moments

you would be, yes, how hap - py you would be, If from ev' - ry
that is pure, not a pleas - ure that is pure, On - ly when you've
quick - ly fly; yes, the moments quick - ly fly; If you do not

sin - ful tho't and word and deed, The bles - sed Sav - ior's love had
held the prom - ise of the Lord, The promise of his word, so
own and love him here be - low, You know he can - not own you,

set you free; Turn you, turn you to his ho - ly word a - gain.
strong and sure; Try, then, try to love him, Proph - et, Priest and King.
by and by; Still the heav'nly voice is sounding once a - gain

Ten - der - ly, how ten - der - ly he's call - ing, while you roam;

Hear O Brothers. Hear! *Concluded.*

Give, oh, give yourself and all you have, to him: "Wea-ry ones, and

CHORUS.

heav - y la - den, come," For oh, this word is true! you

nev - er have con - ceived How hap - py you would be, yes, how

hap - py you would be, If you on - ly now would on the Lord be-

- lieve, And let his word of pow - er make you free, (make you free.)

No. 30.

Whatever Ye Do.

LILLA M. ALEXANDER.

J. M. DUNGAN.

1 It was on - ly a lit - tle word,
 2. It was on - ly a glance from an eye,
 3. It was on - ly the touch of a hand,

But God a - lone may know How it
 By sym - pa - thy filled with tears, But its
 But it helped the fall - en to rise; And the

saved a soul from the down - ward path,
 mem - ry clings like the per - fume of flow'rs,
 Sav - ior smiled as its rec - ord was made

And a life of shame and woe.
 Whose fra - grance grows sweet - er with years.
 In the book that be - fore him lies.

Whatsoever Ye Do. *Concluded.*

It was on - ly a lit - tle word, Yet its
 It was on - ly a scorn - ful look, And a
 It was on - ly a lit - tle thing, To

cru - el, sting - ing smart Es - tranged a dear friend who had
 haught - y, contemptuous air; But it mad - dened a soul that was
 pass on the oth - er side; But it gave in - to Sa - tan's

loved us long, And wound - ed a faith - ful heart.
 seek - ing for help, And hur - ried it on to de - spair.
 pow - er, a soul, For whom Christ, the Lord, had died.

CHORUS.

What - so - ev - er ye do, oh, hear it! hear it!

Repeat Chorus pp.

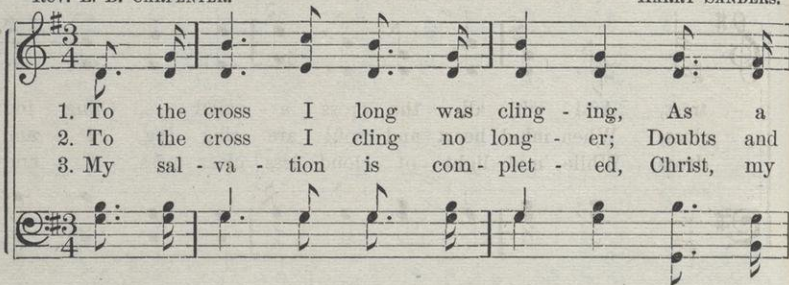
What - so - ev - er ye do, Do all to the glo - ry of God.

No. 31.

Clinging and Resting.

REV. L. B. CARPENTER.

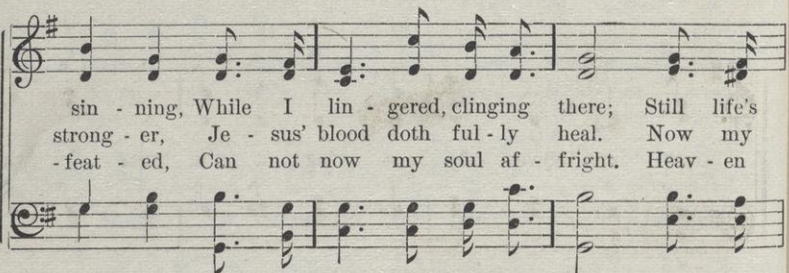
HARRY SANDERS.



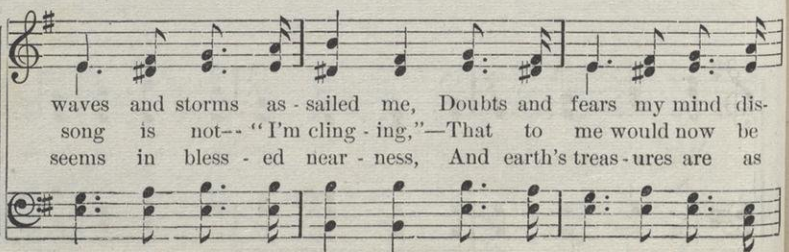
1. To the cross I long was cling - ing, As a
 2. To the cross I cling no long - er; Doubts and
 3. My sal - va - tion is com - plet - ed, Christ, my



ref - uge from de - spair; Found re - lief from guilt of
 fears no long - er feel, Faith, and hope, and love are
 hope, my life, my light; Sin, and death, and hell de -



sin - ning, While I lin - gered, clinging there; Still life's
 strong - er, Je - sus' blood doth ful - ly heal. Now my
 - feat - ed, Can not now my soul af - fright. Heav - en



waves and storms as - sailed me, Doubts and fears my mind dis -
 song is not-- "I'm cling - ing,"—That to me would now be
 seems in bless - ed near - ness, And earth's treas - ures are as

Clinging and Resting. Concluded.

ANDERS.

a
and
my

- trest, And with all the cross a - vail'd me, Cling - ing
loss, When mind, heart and soul are sing - ing, "I am
dross, While, 'mid light of cloud - less clear - ness, I am

of
are
de-

REFRAIN.

gave no per - fect rest.
rest - ing at the cross." I was cling - ing, now I'm
rest - ing at the cross.

life's
my
en

rest - ing, Sweet - ly rest - ing at the cross; I was

and dis-
v be
e as

cling - ing; now I'm rest - ing, Sweet - ly rest - ing at the cross.

No. 32.

Sowing and Reaping.

Rev. C. H. HALL.

J. M. DUNGAN.

1. Must I al - ways toil and la - bor? Must my work be
 2. Shall the har - vest all be gath - ered, And no sheaves be
 3. He will guard each truth I've spok - en, Some shall fall on

e'er in vain? Can I nev - er aid my neigh - bor
 - long to me? Shall I on - ly be not far - thered
 fer - tile ground; Ev - 'ry bond that I have bro - ken,

To a high - er life at - tain? Must I e'er con -
 In the life that is to be? Now's the sow - ing,
 To my cred - it shall be found; Then I'll sow, and,

tin - ue sow - ing? Will the reap - ing nev - er come?
 soon the reap - ing, Then my heart will strong - er be;
 pa - tient wait - ing, Bear at last my gath - ered sheaves;

Sowing and Reaping. Concluded.

Can't I aid man's up-ward grow-ing? Have I noth-ing
Then no long-er I'll be weep-ing O'er my in-suf-
And, es-caped from sin and hat-ing, En-ter where none

CHORUS.

ev-er done?
-fi-cien-cy. We should sow in life's brief morn-ing,
ev-er grieves.

Lest the night of death draw nigh; We should sow while

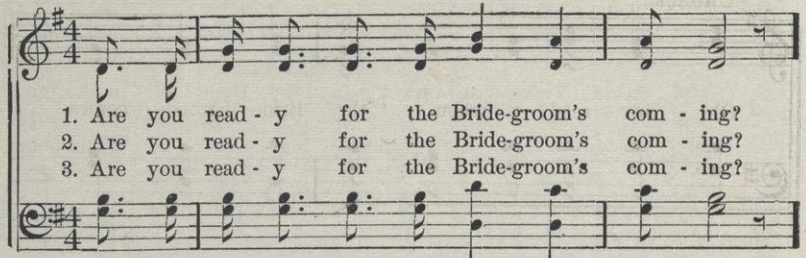
life is fleet-ing, Reap-ing bye and bye, (bye and bye).

No. 33.

Oh! Be Ready.

W. A. O.

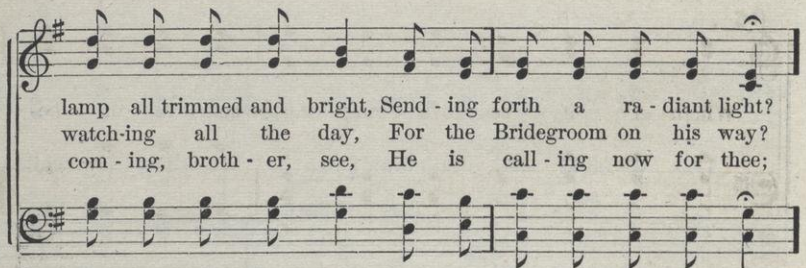
W. A. OGDEN.



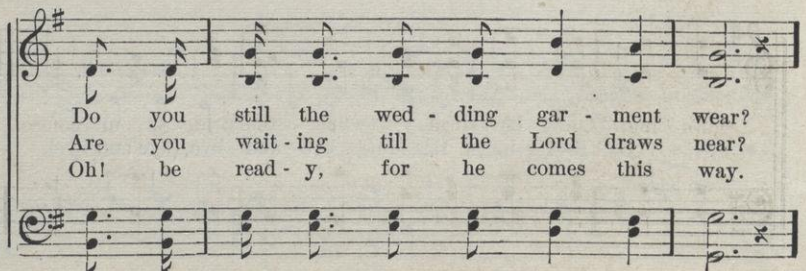
1. Are you read - y for the Bride-groom's com - ing?
 2. Are you read - y for the Bride-groom's com - ing?
 3. Are you read - y for the Bride-groom's com - ing?



Are you read - y now the feast to share? Is your
 Has the sum - mons reached a list - 'ning ear? Are you
 Are you go - ing forth to meet him, say? He is



lamp all trimmed and bright, Send - ing forth a ra - dian - t light?
 watch - ing all the day, For the Bridegroom on his way?
 com - ing, broth - er, see, He is call - ing now for thee;



Do you still the wed - ding gar - ment wear?
 Are you wait - ing till the Lord draws near?
 Oh! be read - y, for he comes this way.

Oh! Be Ready. Concluded.

CHORUS.

Oh! be read - y when, the Bride - groom comes,

Oh! be read - y, when the Bride - groom comes,

Wheth - er it be eve - ning, Or wheth - er it be

morn - ing, Oh! be read - y, when the Bride - groom comes!

No. 34.

Come and be Saved.

Art. from FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

Melody by E. A. HOFFMAN, Har. by E. O. E.

1. Will you not come to him for *life*? Why will ye die, O why?
 2. Will you not come to him for *peace*? Peace thro' his cross a - lone?
 3. Will you not come to him for *rest*? All that are wea - ry, come?
 4. Will you not come to him for *joy*? Will you not come for this?
 5. Will you not come to him for *all*? Will you not "taste and see?"

He gave his life for you and me! O soul, why will you die?
 He shed his precious blood for you; O make his peace your own!
 The rest he gives is deep and true; Rest in his love, your home!
 He gives a joy so sweet and true; O taste his per - fect bliss!
 He waits to give it all to you, And calls, "come un - to me!"

CHORUS.

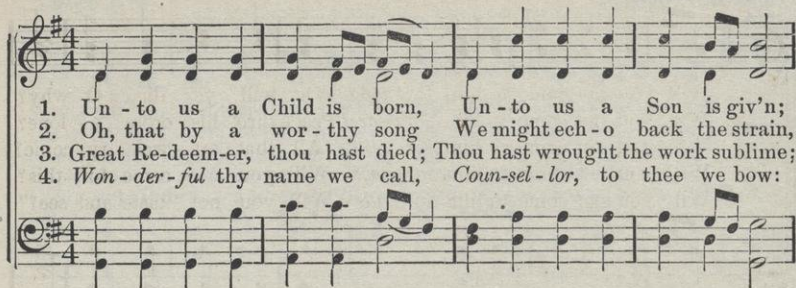
Come and be saved to - day, Come and be saved to -
 Come and be saved to - day, Come and be

day, Come and be saved from all your sins to - day.
 saved to-day, Come and be saved from all your sins to - day.

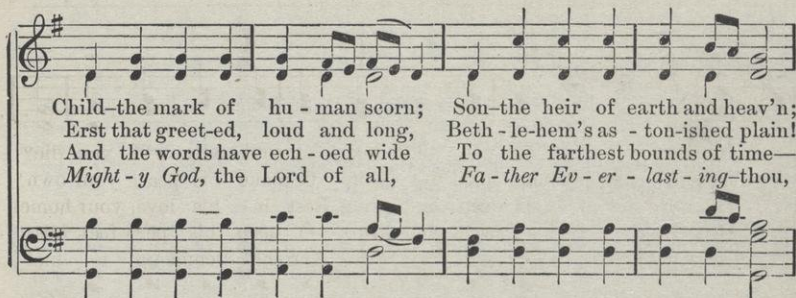
No. 35.

"Unto us a Child is Born."

HARRY SANDERS.



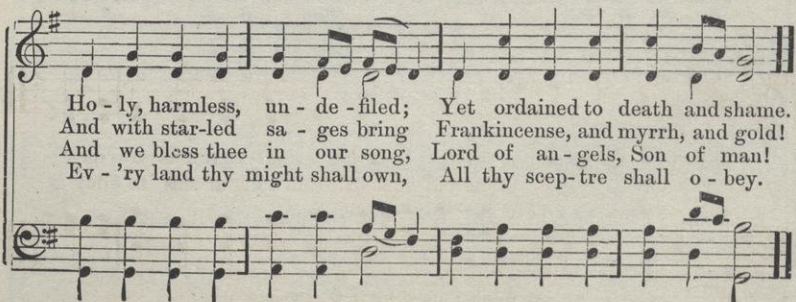
1. Un - to us a Child is born, Un - to us a Son is giv'n;
 2. Oh, that by a wor - thy song We might ech - o back the strain,
 3. Great Re - deem - er, thou hast died; Thou hast wrought the work sublime;
 4. Won - der - ful thy name we call, Coun - sel - lor, to thee we bow:



Child - the mark of hu - man scorn; Son - the heir of earth and heav'n;
 Erst that greet - ed, loud and long, Beth - le - hem's as - ton - ished plain!
 And the words have ech - oed wide To the farthest bounds of time—
 Might - y God, the Lord of all, Fa - ther Ev - er - last - ing - thou,



Son of God, a hu - man child; God with us, his wondrous name;
 Might the man - ger cra - dled King With the shepherd watch be - hold,
 "It is finished!" - fin - ished long Is thy great Re - demp - tion plan;
 Prince of Peace: - thy steadfast throne Strong in judgment stands for aye:



Ho - ly, harmless, un - de - filed; Yet ordained to death and shame.
 And with star - led sa - ges bring Frankincense, and myrrh, and gold!
 And we bless thee in our song, Lord of an - gels, Son of man!
 Ev - 'ry land thy might shall own, All thy sccep - tre shall o - bey.

No. 36.

Waiting by the River.

MISS M. P. GRIFFIN.

E. O. EXCELL.

1. We are wait-ing by the riv-er, We are watching on the shore,
 2. Tho' the mists hang o'er the riv-er, And its bil-lows loud-ly roar,
 3. And the bright ce - les - tial cit - y, We have caught such radiant gleams
 4. He has called for many a loved one, We have - seen them leave our side,
 5. When we've passed the vale of shadows, With its dark and chill - ing tide,

On - ly wait - ing for the boatman, Soon he'll come to bear us o'er.
 Yet we hear the song of an - gels, Waft - ed from the oth - er shore.
 Of its towers, like dazzling sunlight, With its sweet and peace - ful streams.
 With our Sa - viour we shall meet them, When we too have crossed the tide.
 In that bright and glo - rious cit - y, We shall ev - er more a - bide.

CHORUS.

Wait - ing, watch - ing, wait - ing, watch - ing,
 Wait - ing, wait - ing, watching, watching, wait - ing, wait - ing watch - ing, watching,

We are watching on the shore . . . Wait - ing, watch - ing,
 We are watching, we are watching on the shore, Waiting, waiting, watching, watching,

wait - ing, watch - ing For the boatman who will bear us o'er.
 waiting, waiting, watching, watching.

No. 37.

Are You Willing?

W. A. O.

W. A. OGDEN.

1. Are you willing that the Lamb of God shall be
 2. Are you willing that the blood shall not a - vai?
 3. Are you willing, when the fi - nal day shall come,

Cru - ci - fied a - fresh for thee? Are you willing to re -
 That his mer - cy too, shall fail, Are you willing to re -
 When the saints are gathered home; Are you willing that the

- fuse his love a - gain, The Lamb for sin - ners slain?
 - ject his plead - ing voice, And make the world your choice?
 Judge shall say to thee, "De - part, de - part from me?"

CHORUS.

Oh! do not grieve him, Just now re - ceive him,

With thy soul the Spir - it striv - eth, Grieve him not a - way.

No. 38. Will You be Washed in the Blood?

E. O. E.

Rev. 15.

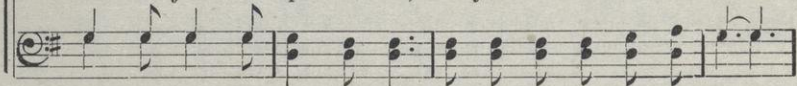
E. O. EXCELL.



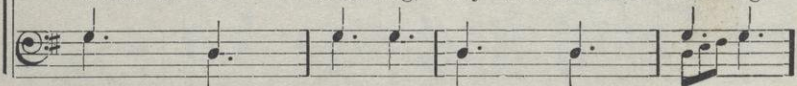
1. List, the Spir - it calls to thee, Will you be washed in the blood?
2. Sin - ner, now this bless - ing claim, Will you be washed in the blood?
3. He can wash you white as snow, Will you be washed in the blood?
4. Christ did drink that cup for all, Will you be washed in the blood?



Je - sus died to make you free, Will you be washed in the blood?
 Thro' the dear Re - deem - er's name, Will you be washed in the blood?
 And the wit - ness you may know, Will you be washed in the blood?
 Don't re - ject the Spir - it's call, Will you be washed in the blood?



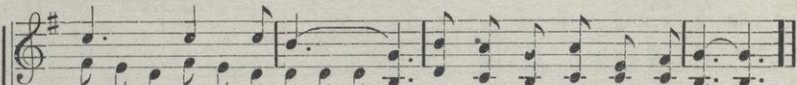
Par - don free - ly giv - en, Cleans - ing you for heav - en.
 Claim him as your Sa - viour, He can save for - ev - er.
 You can know this hour Of his dy - ing pow - er.
 Grace is all a - bound - ing, Joy thro' heav'n re - sound - ing.



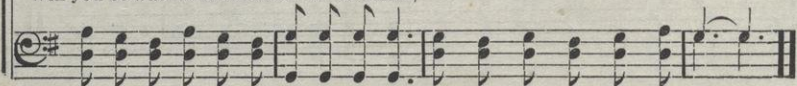
CHORUS.



Will you be washed, Washed in the blood of the Lamb.
 Will you be washed in the blood of the Lamb,



Will you be washed, Washed in the blood of the Lamb.
 Will you be washed in the blood of the Lamb,

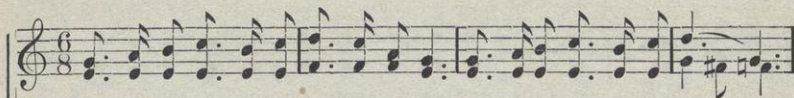


No. 39.

Jesus is Waiting to Save.

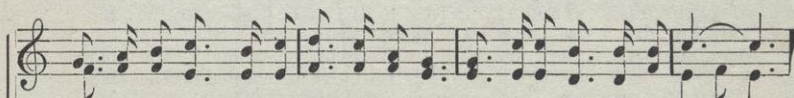
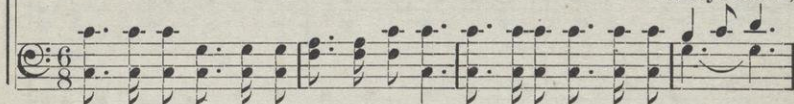
E. O. E.

E. O. EXCELL.



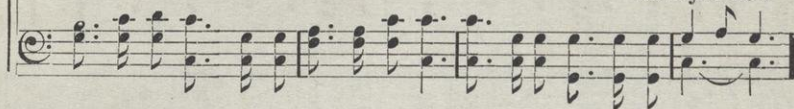
1. Why do you lin-ger in darkness so long? Je-sus is wait-ing to save;
2. Leave the broad road and the narrow way choose, Jesus is waiting to save;
3. Time will not linger; how soon we must go! Je-sus is wait-ing to save;
4. Je - sus is calling, Oh, come un-to me! Je-sus is wait-ing to save;
5. While we are praying, oh, stay not a - way, Je - sus is wait-ing to save;

save you now;

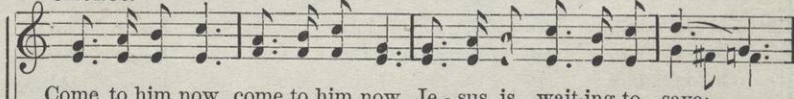


Have you not friends in the heavenly throng? Je-sus is wait-ing to save;
 Angels are longing to tell the glad news, Je-sus is wait-ing to save;
 Why turn a-way, and to Je-sus say, No? Je-sus is wait-ing to save;
 Par - don is purchased, salvation is free, Je-sus is wait-ing to save;
 Come to him now, not a moment de - lay, Je-sus is wait-ing to save;

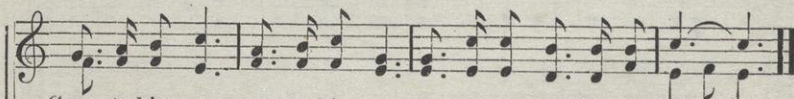
save you now



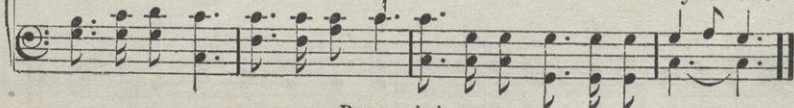
CHORUS.



Come to him now, come to him now, Je - sus is wait-ing to save;
 save you now;



Come to him now, come to him now, Je - sus is wait-ing to save.
 save you now.



By permission.

No. 40. In the Hollow of His Hand.

J. M. DUNGAN.

1. When tossed up - on the bil - lows, A -
 2. Though ra - ging winds may drive me, A -
 3. When by the swell - ing Jor - dan, My

- far from friend - ly land, I will look to him who
 wreck up - on the strand, I will cling to him who
 feet in sink - ing sand, I will cry to him who

holds me, In the hol - low of his hand, Though
 holds me, In the hol - low of his hand, Though
 holds me, In the hol - low of his hand, Ah,

ray - less be my path - way, By night the heav - en - spanned,
 dead - ened sails hang o'er me, By hast - 'ning winds unfanned,
 there is bliss in walk - ing, E'en tho' a des - ert land,

In the Hollow of His Hand. *Concluded.*

I will trust in him who holds me, In the
 I will wait on him who holds me, In the
 In know - ing that he holds me, In the

CHORUS.

hol - low of his hand, In the hollow, (In the hollow.)

of his hand, (of his hand) In the hol - low, (In the hol - low)

of his hand, (of his hand,) I will trust in him who

holds me, In the hol - low of his hand.

No. 41.

I'm Coming Back To-night.

"Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out."

EMMA PITT.

H. A. LEWIS.

DUET.

1. I'm com-ing back to Je - sus, Guil-ty and full of sin, I've
 2. I'm com-ing back to Je - sus, Back to the arms of love, I'll
 3. I'm com-ing back to Je - sus, Leav-ing all else be - hind, Fare-

wander'd so far from his mer - cy, Still he will take me in.
 come, and all brok-en with sor - row, His sweet for-give ness prove.
 well to the sins that be-guile me, Now I shall par-don find.

REFRAIN.

I'm com-ing back to Je - sus, Back to the truth and right, I

know it will cost me a strug - gle, But I'm com-ing back to -

night; I'm coming back to Je - sus, I'm coming back to - night.

Repeat. pp

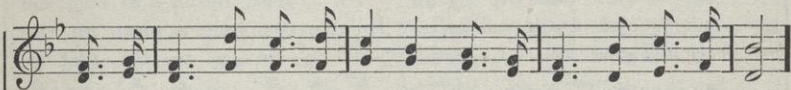
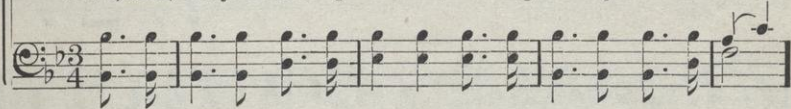
"Casting all your cares upon Him, for He careth for you." 1 Peter 5: 7.

ALICE JACOBS.

E. O. EXCELL.



1. Are you trusting, in the Sav-ior, Trusting in his gracious care?
2. Wea-ry sin-ner, go to Je-sus, Tell Him of the fault with-in;
3. Do not fear, He *will* ac-cept you, For His prom-is-es are true;
4. Go, then, cast your cares up-on Him, Bow-ing humbly at His feet:



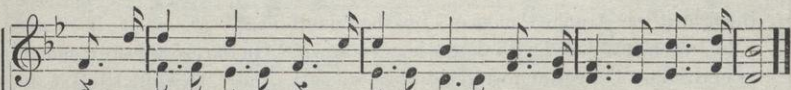
Is your faith in Je-sus rest-ing? Does He ev-'ry bur-den bear?
 Nev-er doubt-ing, nev-er fear-ing, For His blood can cleanse *all* sin.
 And He says He will not cast out An-y sin-ner, e-ven you.
 Then go forth to work for Je-sus, Conqu'ring all the foes you meet.



REFRAIN.



He is a-ble, He is will-ing; He can bear your burdens all;
 He is a-ble, He is will-ing,



He will save you, He will keep you, Come, then, heed his lov-ing call,
 He will save you, He will keep you,



No. 43. That Old, Old Story is True.

D. B. WATKINS.

E. O. EXCELL.

1. There's a won - der - ful sto - ry I've heard long a - go, 'Tis
 2. They told of a be - ing so love - ly and pure, That
 3. He a - rose and as - cend - ed to heav - en, we're told, Tri -
 4. O that won - der - ful sto - ry I love to re - peat, Of

call'd "The sweet sto - ry of old;" I hear it so of - ten, wher -
 came to the Earth to dwell, To seek for his lost ones, and
 umph - ant o'er death and hell; He's pre - par - ing a place in that
 peace and good will to men; There's no sto - ry to me that is

ev - er I go, That same old sto - ry is told; And I've
 make them se - cure From death and the pow - er of hell; That
 ci - ty of gold, Where loved ones for - ev - er may dwell. Where our
 half so sweet, As I hear it a - gain and a - gain. He in -

thought it was strange that so of - ten they'd tell That sto - ry as if it were
 he was despis'd, and with thorns he was crown'd, On the cross was extended to
 kin - dred we'll meet, and we'll nev - er - more part, And O, while I tell it to
 vites you to come—he will free - ly re - ceive, And this mes - sage he send - eth to

That Old, Old Story is True.—Concluded.

new; But I've found out the rea - son they loved it so well, That
 view; But O, what sweet peace in my heart since I've found That
 you, It is peace to my soul, it is joy to my heart, That
 you, "There's a man - sion in glo - ry for all who be-lieve," That

REFRAIN.

old, old sto - ry is true. That old, old sto - ry is true, That
 old, old sto - ry is true. That old, old sto - ry is true, That
 old, old sto - ry is true. That old, old sto - ry is true, That
 old, old sto - ry is true. That old, old sto - ry is true, That

It is tru ,

old, old sto - ry is true; But I've found out the rea - son they
 old, old sto - ry is true; But O, what sweet peace in my
 old, old sto - ry is true; It is peace to my soul, it is
 old, old sto - ry is true; "There's a man - sion in glo - ry for
 it is true,

loved it so well, That old, old sto - ry is true.
 heart since I've found That old, old sto - ry is true.
 joy to my heart, That old, old sto - ry is true.
 all who be - lieve," That old, old sto - ry is true.

No. 44.

Ever will I Pray.

A. CUMMINGS.

J. H. TENNEY.

1. Fa - ther, in the morn - ing Un - to Thee I pray;
 2. At the bus - y noon - tide, Pressed with work and care,
 3. When the evening shad - ows Chase a - way the light,
 4. Thus in life's glad morn - ing, In its bright noon - day,

Let Thy lov - ing kind - ness Keep me through this day.
 Then I'll wait with Je - sus Till he hear my prayer.
 Fa - ther, then I'll pray Thee Bless thy child to - night.
 In its shadowy even - ing Ev - er will I pray.

CHORUS.

I will pray, I will pray, Ev - er will . . . I pray;
 I will pray, I will pray Ev - er will I pray.

Morn - ing, noon and even - ing Un - to Thee I'll pray.
 Un - to Thee I'll pray.

By permission.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

E. O. EXCELL.

1. I gave my life for thee, My pre-cious blood I shed,
 2. My Fa-ther's house of light— My glo-ry-cir-cled throne,
 3. I suf-fered much for thee, More than my tongue can tell,
 4. And I have brought to thee, Down from r:y home a - bove,

That thou might'st ransomed be, And quickened from the dead;
 I left for earth-ly night, For wandr'ings sad and lone;
 Of bit-t'rest ag-o-ny To res-cue thee from hell;
 Sal-va-tion full and free, My par-don and my love;

I gave my life for thee, What hast thou given for me?
 I left it all for thee, Hast thou left aught for me?
 I've borne it all for thee, What hast thou borne for me?
 I bring rich gifts for thee, What hast thou bro't for me?
 for thee, for me?

I gave my life for thee, What hast thou given for me?
 I left it all for thee, Hast thou left aught for me?
 I've borne it all for thee, What hast thou borne for me?
 I bring rich gifts for thee, What hast thou bro't for me?
 for thee, for me?

No. 46. Silently the Shades of Evening.

C. C. Cox.

CAREY BOGESS.

1. Si-lent-ly the shades of evening Gather round my low - ly door,
 2. O, the lost, the un - for - gotten, Tho' the world be oft for - got!
 3. Liv - ing in the si - lent hours, Where our spirits on - ly blend,
 4. How such ho - ly memories cluster, Like the stars when storms are past,

Si - lent-ly they bring before me, Fa - ces I shall see no more.
 O, the shrouded and the lone - ly, In our hearts they perish not.
 They, unlinked with earthly trouble, We, still hoping for its end.
 Pointing up to that fair heaven, We may hope to gain at last.

CHORUS.

Come the si - lent shades of evening, (si - lent-ly,) Ho - ly memories
 Come the shades of evening,

clus - ter round me, (si - lent-ly,) Point - ing up to that fair

heav - en, (si - lent - ly,) We may hope to gain at last.

By per. from "Glorious Things,"

WILL L. THOMPSON.

1. My heav'nly home is bright and fair, I long to be there.
 2. Its glittering tow'rs the sun out-shine, I long to be there.
 3. My Father's house is built on high, I long to be there.
 4. When from this earth-ly pris - on free, I long to be there.

No pain nor death can en ter there, I long to be there.
 That heav'nly mansion shall be mine, I long to be there.
 Far, far a - bove the star - ry sky, I long to be there.
 That heav'nly mansion mine shall be, I long to be there.

CHORUS.

Oh, an - gels, guide me home, An - gels, guide me home,
 angels, angels, angels, angels,

Repeat Cho. pp.


An - gels, guide me home, I long to be there.
 angels, angels,

By permission.

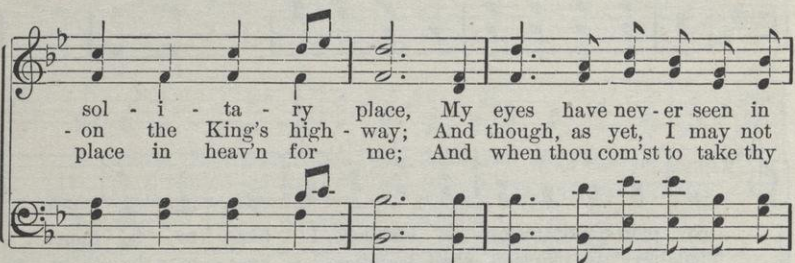
No. 48. Whom, Having Not Seen, Ye Love.

Selected.

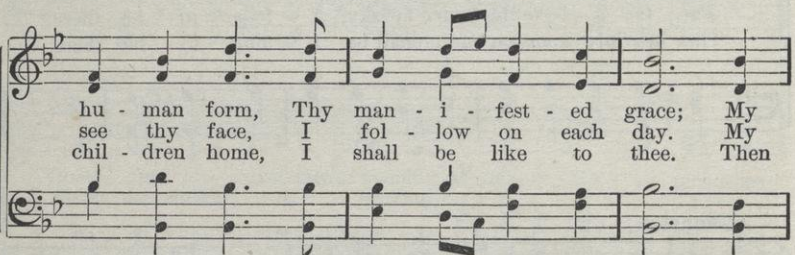
J. M. DUNGAN.



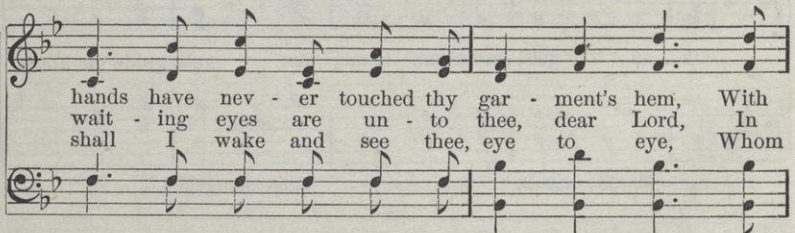
1. Sav - ior, my feet have nev - er trod with thine, The
 2. But, Lord, my res - cued feet are stead - fast set Up -
 3. I know that thou art gone to beau - ti - fy A



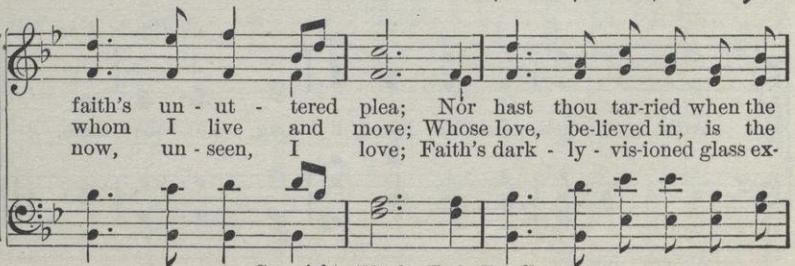
sol - i - ta - ry place, My eyes have nev - er seen in
 - on the King's high - way; And though, as yet, I may not
 place in heav'n for me; And when thou com'st to take thy



hu - man form, Thy man - i - fest - ed grace; My
 see thy face, I fol - low on each day. My
 chil - dren home, I shall be like to thee. Then



hands have nev - er touched thy gar - ment's hem, With
 wait - ing eyes are un - to thee, dear Lord, In
 shall I wake and see thee, eye to eye, Whom



faith's un - ut - tered plea; Nor hast thou tar - ried when the
 whom I live and move; Whose love, be - lieved in, is the
 now, un - seen, I love; Faith's dark - ly - visioned glass ex -

Whom, Having Not Seen, Ye Love. Concluded.

day was spent, And bro - ken bread with me.
full - est joy, That earth or heav'n can prove.
- changed at last, For rapt - urous sight a - bove.

CHORUS.

Whom, hav - ing not seen, yet I love, (yet I love;) Whom,

hav - ing not seen, yet I love, (yet I love;) 'Tis my

Sav - ior so dear, is guid - ing me here, Whom,

hav - ing not seen, yet I love, (yet I love.)

No. 49.

I Shall Be Satisfied.

E. C. HEWETT.

ALFRED BEIRLY.
CHO. E. O. E.

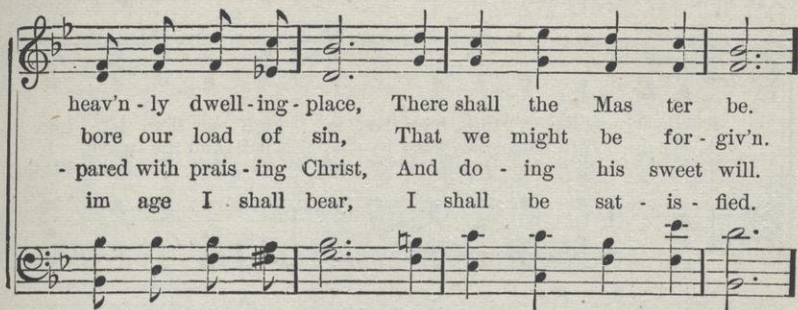
1. I know not where those mansions are, That hands have nev - er
 2. I know not what com-pan-ion-ship Shall bless the ransomed
 3. I know not what the blest pur-suits, Of heav'n's e - ter - nal
 4. I can - not tell what bod-ies clothe The saints in that far

wrought, Those ra - diant, homes, whose glo - ries rare, Ex -
 soul, What dear de - lights of friend with friend, While
 day, What deeds of love, what thoughts of joy, Make
 land, What grace, what beau - ty deck their forms, As

- cel all hu - man thought; But this I know, when man re -
 end - less cy - cles roll; But this I know, the Friend whose
 bright their hap - py way; But this I know, no glad em -
 near the throne they stand; But this I know, each shall be

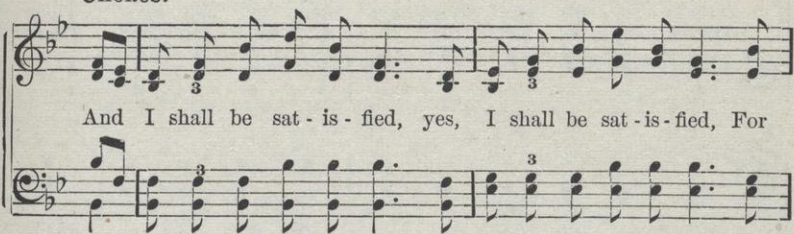
- deem'd, From sin and sor - row free, Shall reach his
 smile Shall make the light of heav'n, Is he who
 - ploy The shin - ing hours can fill, To be com -
 like His Lord the cru - ci - fied; And when his

I Shall Be Satisfied. *Concluded.*

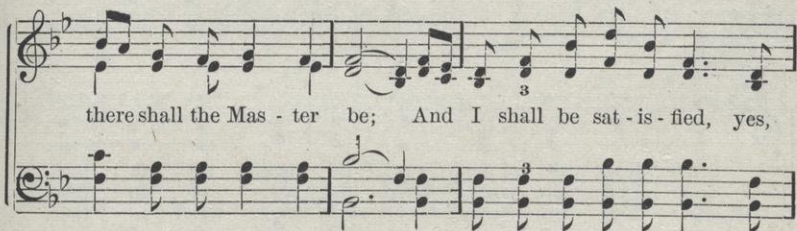


heav'n - ly dwell - ing - place, There shall the Mas - ter be.
bore our load of sin, That we might be for - giv'n.
- pared with prais - ing Christ, And do - ing his sweet will.
im age I shall bear, I shall be sat - is - fied.

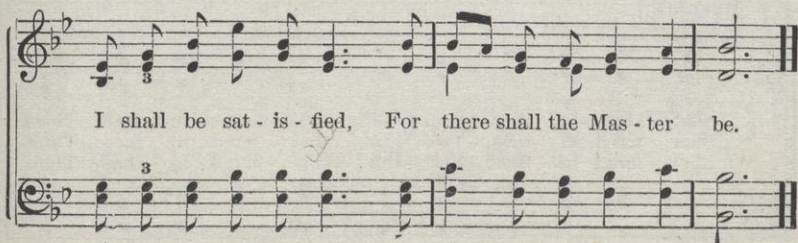
CHORUS.



And I shall be sat - is - fied, yes, I shall be sat - is - fied, For



there shall the Mas - ter be; And I shall be sat - is - fied, yes,



I shall be sat - is - fied, For there shall the Mas - ter be.

No. 50.

I'll Shelter in Thee.

H. REYNOLDS. Arr. by W. A. O.

W. A. OGDEN.

1. O swift to the "rock that is high - er than I" Like
 2. My frail bark was tossed by the wind and the wave, I
 3. Now safe on the "Rock" of sal - va - tion I stand, While

No - ah's pale dove to its shel - ter I'll fly, My
 cried in my grief, "Lord have mer - cy and save," Then
 stretch - ing be - fore me is Zi - on's fair land, There

ref - uge thro' sin's rag - ing bil - lows shall be, Thou,
 quick - ly the Rock's bless - ed shade I could see, And
 Je - sus, the rock of my faith I can see, And

dear "Rock of A - ges," I'll shel - ter in thee.
 now I am shel - tered for - ev - er in thee.
 rest me for - ev - er, Safe shel - tered in thee.

REFRAIN.

Shel - ter in thee, Yes, I'll shel - ter in thee; Thou
 Shel - tered in thee, Yes, I'm shel - tered in thee; Thou
 Shel - tered in thee, Yes, I'm shel - tered in thee; Thou

I'll Shelter in Thee. Concluded.

dear "Rock of A - ges," I'll shel - ter in thee.
 dear "Rock of A - ges," I'm shel - tered in thee.
 dear "Rock of A - ges," I'm shel - tered in thee,

No. 51. Let it Make Thee Whole.

FRANCIS R. HAVERGAL.

W. A. OGDEN.

1. Oh the pre-cious blood of Je - sus, Shed on Cal - va - ry,
2. Pre-cious blood that hath redeemed us, All the price is paid,
3. Tho' thy sins are red like crim-son, Deep in scar - let glow,
4. Pre-cious, pre-cious blood of Je - sus, Ev - er flow - ing free,

Shed for reb - els, shed for sin - ners, Shed for you and me,
 Per - fect par - don now is of - fered, Perfect peace is made,
 Je - sus' pre-cious blood can make them Whiter than the snow,
 Oh! be - lieve it, oh receive it, Sinner, 'tis for thee.

CHORUS.

Oh! the pre-cious blood, Let it make thee whole,
 pre-cious blood, make thee whole,

Let it flow in mighty cleansing, O'er thy guilt - y soul.

No. 52.

Seek and Find.

LATTI.

J. M. DUNGAN.

1. Man - y seek for earth - ly treas - ure, But the prize they
 2. They who seek the things of heav - en, And up - on the
 3. If we ear - ly seek the Sa - vior, If we to the

sel - dom gain; In the gid - dy round of pleas - ure,
 Lord be - lieve, Have the blest as - sur - ance giv - en,
 end en - dure, We shall gain his gra - cious fa - vor,

Man - y seek for joy in vain, But to those of
 They shall crowns of life re - ceive, Fee - bly seek - ing
 Our sal - va - tion shall be sure, Je - sus, thou art

con - trite spir - it seek - ing Je - sus, good and kind,
 af - ter Je - sus, stop - ping oft to look be - hind,
 ev - er near us, sick with sin, and lame and blind,

Seek and Find. *Concluded.*

Is the cheer-ing prom-ise, hear it, "Seek, and ye shall find."
 From our doubts the prom-ise frees us, "Seek, and ye shall find."
 But thy prom-ise still doth cheer us, "Seek, and ye shall find."

CHORUS.

Seek and find the blessed Sa - vior,
 Seek and find the blessed Sa - vior, 'bless-ed Sa-vior,

Who the pre - cious promise has giv - en,
 Who the precious promise has giv-en, The promise has giv'n,

It is he who offers you par-don,
 It is he who offers you pardon, of - fers you par-don,

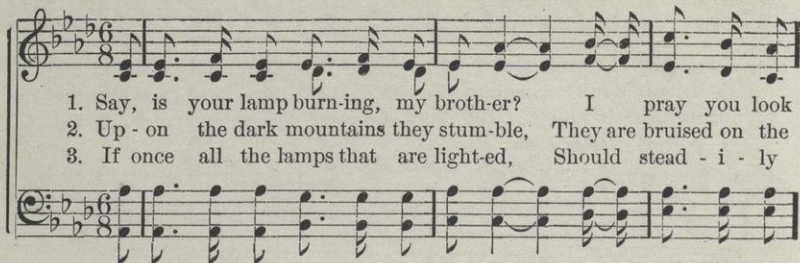
Rit.

And to give you a home in heaven.
 And to give you a home in heav'n, a home in heav'n.

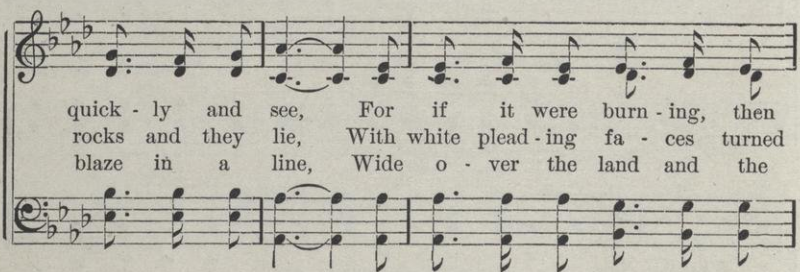
No. 53. Say, is Your Lamp Burning?

(To my Co-worker, W. B. Jacobs.)

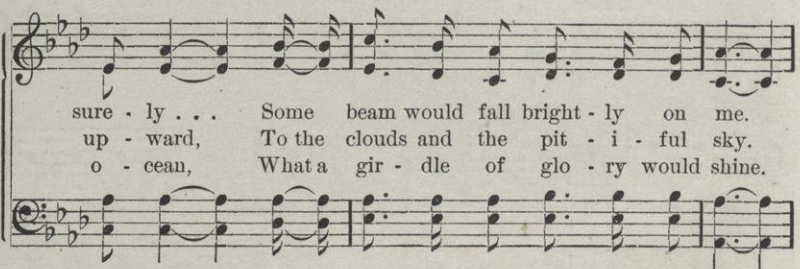
E. O. EXCELL.



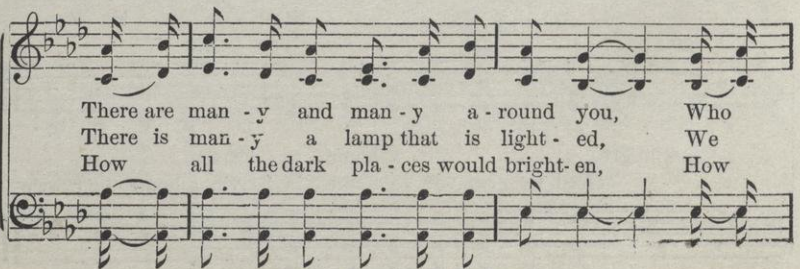
1. Say, is your lamp burn-ing, my broth-er? I pray you look
2. Up - on the dark mountains they stum-ble, They are bruised on the
3. If once all the lamps that are light-ed, Should stead - i - ly



quick - ly and see, For if it were burn - ing, then
rocks and they lie, With white plead - ing fa - ces turned
blaze in a line, Wide o - ver the land and the



sure - ly . . . Some beam would fall bright - ly on me.
up - ward, To the clouds and the pit - i - ful sky.
o - cean, What a gir - dle of glo - ry would shine.



There are man - y and man - y a - round you, Who
There is man - y a lamp that is light - ed, We
How all the dark pla - ces would bright-en, How

Say, is Your Lamp Burning? *Concluded.*

fol-low where-ev-er you go. If you tho't that they walked in the
be-hold them a-near and a-far, But not man - y a - mong them, my
mists would roll up and a - way! How the earth would laugh out in her

shad - ow, Your lamp would burn bright-er I know.
broth - er, Shine stead - i - ly on like a star.
glad - ness, To hail the mil - len - ni - al day.

Say, is your lamp burn-ing, my broth-er? I pray you look

quick - ly and see, For if it were burn - ing, then

sure - ly, Some beam would fall bright - ly on me.

No. 54. Come to Jesus, Weary Soul.

E. A. H.

ELISHA ALBRIGHT HOFFMAN.

1. Come to Je - sus, weary soul, He is wait - ing to for - give;
2. Come to Je - sus, and for sin There a per - fect cleansing find;
3. Come to Je - sus, burdened one, While he is so ve - ry nigh;

Do you doubt his love and grace? Can you not his word be - lieve?
He is full of truth and grace, He is mer - ci - ful and kind.
Cast a - way your doubts and fears, For he now is pass - ing by.

CHORUS.

Has he not promised your sins to for - give? Is he not

faith - ful and true? Christ nev - er turned a poor

sin - ner a - way; Lo! there is mer - cy for you.

No. 55. Savior, Wash me in the Blood.

COWPER.

E. O. EXCELL.

1. { There is a foun-tain filled with blood, Drawn from Immanuel's veins, }
 { And sin-ners plunged beneath that flood, Lose all their guilty stains, }
 2. { The dy-ing thief rejoiced to see That foun-tain in his day, }
 { And there may I, tho' vile as he, Wash all my sins a-way, }

CHORUS.

Sav-ior, wash..... me in the blood, Sav-ior,
 Sav-ior, wash me in the blood, in the blood, the blood of the Lamb, Sav-ior,

wash..... me in the blood, Oh, wash..... me in the
 wash me in the blood, in the blood, the blood of the Lamb, Oh, wash me in the blood, in the

blood, the blood of the Lamb, And I shall be whit-er than the snow.

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

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

No. 56. Oh, I Long to be Like Jesus.

D. B. W.

Melody by D. B. WATKINS.

Har. by E. O. EXCELL.

1. Man - y friends I have here, Whom my heart hold - eth dear, And to
2. In this world here be - low, There are man - y I know, Who are
3. There's a day roll - ing round, When the trum - pet shall sound, And the

be like them oft I'm in - clined, But there's one far a - bove,
more like the Sav - ior than I, But I've made him my choice,
dead from their graves will a - rise, Then his glo - ry we'll see,

All on earth that I love, For in him is all good - ness combined.
And my heart doth re - joice, For I'll see him I know by and by.
And like Je - sus we'll be, When we join that bright throng in the skies.

CHORUS.

Oh, I want to be like Je - sus, Oh, I want to be like Je - sus,

Oh, I want to be like Je - sus, And dwell where Je - sus is.

No. 57.

To the Rescue.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS.

CHAS. EDW. PRIOR.

1. Death-bells toll - ing, toll - ing, toll - ing, Wrecks a - drift and
 2. Voic - es cheer - ing, life - boats steer - ing, See, the help - ing
 3. Joy - bells ring - ing, ring - ing, ring - ing, Friends a heart - y

break - ers roll - ing; Where the floods of in - tem - p'rance rave,
 hands are near - ing, While the pledge; our glad sig - nal, flies
 wel - come bring - ing; Heav'n bends down our joy a - near,

CHORUS.

Light the bea - con, and speed to save. Sign our
 Hope - ful mes - sage to wea - ry eyes.
 Greets the res - cued with words of cheer. Sign our pledge, oh,

pledge, now sign, And strength di - vine shall yet be thine;
 sign, now sign,

Sign our pledge, now sign, Touch not, taste not the wine.
 Sign our pledge, oh, sign, now sign,

No. 58.

God is Calling Yet.

GERHARD TERSTEGEN.

E. O. EXCELL.

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

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

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

CHORUS.

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

God is Calling Yet. Concluded.

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

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

No. 59.

Happy Day.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

1. { O hap-py day, that fixed my choice On thee, my Sav-ior and my God! }
Well may this glow-ing heart re-joice, And tell its raptures all a-broad. }
2. { O hap-py bond, that seals my vows To him who mer-its all my love! }
Let cheerful an-thems fill his house, While to that sacred shrine I move. }

Fine.
Hap-py day, hap-py day, When Je-sus washed my sins a-way;
D.S. Hap-py day, hap-py day, When Je-sus washed my sins a-way.

D.S.
He taught me how to watch and pray, And live re-joic-ing ev-ry day.

3 'Tis done, the great transaction's done, 4 Now rest, my long divided heart,
I am my Lord's, and he is mine; Fixed on this blissful centre, rest;
He drew me, and I followed on, [vine. Nor ever from thy Lord depart,
Charmed to confess the voice di- With him of every good possessed.

No. 60.

There is Room.

A. B.

ALFRED BEIRLY.

1. Weary spir - it, seeking rest, In the Sav - ior re - pose;
 2. Art thou wand'ring from the fold, Take this prom - ise di - vine;
 3. La - den soul, with sin oppress'd, Je - sus beck - ons thee home;
 4. Weary spir - it, burden'd one, Seek the com - fort - er nigh;

Lay thy bur - den at his feet, He will light - en thy woes.
 If re - pent - ant thou wilt come, Je - sus' par - don is thine.
 Wilt thou rest in his em - brace, Leave thy sor - row and come.
 Rest con - fid - ing in his love, Je - sus hears ev' - ry sigh.

Come, come, believ - ing, Wholly trust - ing, be free; There is
 Come, come, O come, believ - ing,

room in the presence of Je - sus for thee, Je - sus for thee,

No. 61.

Coming to the Master.

F. A. SIMKINS.

E. O. EXCELL.

1. Oh, let me come to thee, dear, bless-ed Mas-ter, Lead me the
 2. Oh, let me bring to thee my care and sor-row, Make me more
 3. Oh, let me feel thy gracious love so ten-der, Thy changeless
 4. Oh, let me be all thine when I am dy-ing, My wea-ry

liv-ing way; Change thou my night of per-il and dis-as-ter,
 tru-ly thine, And fit my spir-it for that bright to-mor-row,
 care for me; Help me to make to thee a full sur-rend-er,
 heart at rest, Up-borne a-bove earth's sor-row and its sigh-ing,

CHORUS.

To ev-er-glorious day.
 Where joy shall e'er be mine. Then, when these transient scenes of earth are
 And be from sin set free.
 In thee for-ev-er blest.

end-ed, And when time shall be no more, . . . My

soul shall be by heav'nly hosts attended To that bright shin-ing shore.

No. 62.

The Bells of Conscience.

Words and music written expressly
for, and dedicated to my friend, E. O. EXCELL.

J. M. D.

J. M. DUNGAN.

1. The con-science of child-hood is speak-ing in whis-pers, Oh,
2. The con-science of young men and maid-ens is call-ing, In
3. The con-science of man-hood is loud-ly ap-pear-ing, And
4. The con-science of old age is heav-i-ly la-den, With

come to the Sav-ior and give him your life, "Of
earn-est ap-peals for the strength of your will, The
say-ing, oh come in the noon-tide of day, The
sins which thro' life have been heav-y to bear, But

such is the king-dom of heav-en," says Je-sus, So
work of your Mas-ter it needs all your ef-forts, To
sands of your hour-glass are slow-ly re-ced-ing, So
Je-sus is a-ble to roll off thy bur-den, To

then seek him ear-ly, and en-ter the strife,
bear all life's bur-dens, and Christ's law-ful-fill.
start for the king-dom and do not de-lay.
cleanse you from e-vil and lift ev-'ry care.

The Bells of Conscience. Concluded.

CHORUS.

The bells of your conscience are ringing The bells, the bells, The

bells of your conscience are ringing, Say - ing sinner, Oh, come home. . . .
come home.

No. 63. I'm Kneeling at the Mercy-seat.

(Use any Common Metre Hymn with either Chorus.)

Cho. No. 1. I'm kneeling at the mer-cy-seat, I'm kneeling at the mer-cy - seat,
Cho No. 2. I can, I will, I do be-lieve, I can, I will, I do be-lieve,

I'm kneeling at the mer - cy - seat, Where Je - sus answers prayer.
I can, I will, I do be-lieve That Je - sus saves me now.

- 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 Spirit, to 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.

No. 64. He is Able to Deliver Thee.

W. A. O.

W. A. OGDEN.

1. 'Tis the grandest theme thro' the a - ges rung; 'Tis the
 2. 'Tis the grandest theme in the earth or main; 'Tis the
 3. 'Tis the grandest theme, let the tid - ings roll, To the

grand - est theme for a mor - tal tongue, 'Tis the
 grand - est theme for a mor - tal strain, 'Tis the
 guil - ty heart, to the sin - ful soul, Look to

grand - est theme that the world e'er sung, "Our
 grand - est theme tell the world a - gain, "Our
 God in faith, he will make thee whole, "Our

God is a - ble to de - liv - er thee."

CHORUS.

He is a - - - ble to de - liv - er thee, He is
 a - ble, he is a - ble,

He is Able to Deliver Thee. Concluded.

a - - - - ble to de - liv - er thee; Tho' by sin op - prest, Go to
a ble, he is a - ble

him for rest; Our God is a - ble to de - liv - er thee.

No. 65. Blest Be the Tie that Binds.

JOHN FAWCETT.

GEO. NAEGELI.

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

The fel - low - ship of kindred minds Is like to that a - bove.
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one, Our comforts and our cares.
And of - ten for each oth - er flows, The sym - pa - thizing tear.
But we shall still be joined in heart, And hope to meet a - gain.

JOHN NEWTON.

E. O. EXCELL.

1. I saw one hang - ing on a tree, In ag - o -
 2. Sure nev - er till my lat - est breath Can I for
 3. My con - science felt and owned the guilt, And plunged me
 4. A - las! I knew not what I did, But now my
 5. A sec - ond look he gave, which said, "I free ly

- nies and blood, He fixed his lan - guid eyes on me, As
 - get that look; It seemed to charge me with his death, Tho'
 in des - pair; I saw my sins his blood had spilt, And
 tears are vain, Where shall my trem - bling soul be hid, For
 all for - give, This blood is for thy ran - som paid, I

CHORUS.

near the cross I stood.
 not a word he spoke. O can it be, up - on a
 helped to nail him there.
 I the Lord have slain.
 die, that thou may'st live."

tree, my Sa - vior died for me O can it
 For me,

O, Can it Be? Concluded.

be up - on a tree, He shed his blood for me?

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

No. 67. America. (National Hymn.)

S. F. SMITH.

1. My country, '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 - ther's God, to thee, Au - thor of lib - er - ty,

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

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 freedom's

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

cres.
Pilgrim's pride, From ev - ry mountain side, Let free - dom ring.
templed hills, My heart with rapture 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!

Musical notation for the fourth system, including treble and bass staves.

No. 68.

All, All for Thee.

CHARLOTTE MURRAY.

J. M. DUNGAN.

1. All, all for thee, O take me now en - tire - ly; Re-
 2. I give my heart, I long to love thee bet - ter Than
 3. All, all for thee, my - self in all my weakness, Un-
 4. Oh, Mas - ter, by thine own most ho - ly spir - it, Send

- tune each note with thine own gentle hand; I give myself a -
 ev - er I have done in years be - fore; That all I do may
 - fit, a - lone, the feeblest chord to raise; An in - strument dis -
 heavn'ly mu - sic o'er the earth thro' me; So true, so beau - ti -

- fresh in - to thy keeping, To do, or suf - fer as thou
 be a "joy not du - ty," Lord Je - sus grant it, may I
 - cordant, worn and worthless, But rea - dy to be used to
 - ful, so soul - re - fresh - ing, That those who hear it, may learn

CHORUS.

sha't command.
 love thee more;
 sound thy praise. All, all for thee, Savior, All, all for thee, Oh,
 more of thee.

All, All for Thee. Concluded.

take my life in - to thy hand, in - to thy hand, Oh, give me thy Spirit

And I shall be ho - ly, Then take my life in - to thy hand.

No. 69. All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name.

PERONET.

OLIVER HOLDEN.

1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name, Let an - gels prostrate fall;
 2. Let ev' - ry kindred, ev' - ry tribe, On this ter - res - trial ball,
 3. Oh, that with you - 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 ma - jes - ty as - crite, 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 ma - jes - ty as - crite, And crown Him Lord of all.
 We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song, And crown Him Lord of all.

No. 70.

I'll Try to be Ready to Go.

J. M.

JOHN MCPHERSON.

1. I know not how soon God will bid me to come, I'll
 2. Tho' tri - als may come, tho' my rich - es for - sake, I'll
 3. How pre - cious the prom - ise re - veal'd in his word, I'll
 4. The Spir - it in - vites you to join in the fray, I'll

try to be read - y to go, To share in the glo - ry that
 try to be read - y to go, When death o - ver - takes me, in
 try to be read - y to go, That we shall at last dwell to -
 try to be read - y to go, And help to bring in the mil -

waits me at home, I'll try to be read - y to go.
 glo - ry I'll wake, I'll try to be read - y to go.
 - geth - er with God, I'll try to be read - y to go.
 - len - i - al day, I'll try to be read - y to go.

CHORUS.

I'll try to be read - y to go, I'll
 Be read - y to go,

I'll Try to be Ready to Go. Concluded.

try to be read-y to go; His blood makes me whit-er than
be read-y to go; yes,

snow, I'll try to be read-y to go.
whit-er than snow,

No. 71. God Is Ever Good.

E. O. EXCELL.

1. See the shin-ing dew-drops On the flow-ers strewed, Prov-ing as they
2. See the morn-ing sun-beams Light-ing up the wood, Si-lent-ly pro-
3. In the leaf-y tree tops, Where no fears in-trude, Mer-ry birds are
4. Bring, my heart, thy tri-bute, Songs of grat-i-tude, While all na-ture

spar- kle—God is ev-er good, God is ev-er good.
-claim-ing—God is ev-er good, God is ev-er good.
sing-ing—God is ev-er good, God is ev-er good.
ut-ters—God is ev-er good, God is ev-er good.

W. A. O.

W. A. OGDEN.

1. Brightly, sweet-ly, toil-ing for the Mas-ter, Go we forth with
 2. Glad-ly, sweet-ly, we will tell the sto-ry, Of his love to
 3. Meek-ly, meek-ly toil-ing for the Mas-ter, Walking faith-ful-

will-ing hands to do What-so-e'er to us he hath ap-point-ed,
 mortals here be-low; Christ, the bright-ness of the Fa-ther's glo-ry,
 -ly the path he trod; Lead-ing wand'ers to the dear Re-deem-er,

CHORUS.

Faith-ful-ly our mis-sion we'll pur-sue. Toil-ing for
 Free-ly here his bless-ing will be-stow.
 Pointing sin-ners to the Lamb of God. Toil-ing, toil-ing

Je-sus, Joy-ful-ly we go; yes, joy-ful-ly we go;
 for the Master,

Toil-ing for Je-sus, In his vineyard here be-low.
 Toiling, toil-ing for the Master.

By permission.

No. 73.

Happy on the Way.

R. E. HUDSON.

1. Oh, good old way, how sweet thou art, Bless the Lord, I'm
 2. But may our ac - tions al - ways say, Bless the Lord, I'm
 3. This note a - bove the rest shall swell, Bless the Lord, I'm

hap - py on the way, May none of us from thee de - part;
 hap - py on the way, We're march - ing in the good old way,
 hap - py on the way, That Je - sus do - eth all things well,

CHORUS.

Bless the Lord, I'm hap - py on the way,
 Bless the Lord, I'm hap - py on the way, } Hap - py on the way,
 Bless the Lord, I'm hap - py on the way,

Hap - py on the way, Bless the Lord, I'm hap - py on the way.

By permission.

No. 74. "Christ Jesus Died for Sinners."

W. A. O.

W. A. OGDEN.

1. There's a won - der - ful theme in the gos - pel tongue, As
 2. 'Tis a won - der - ful theme, and I oft have read - How
 3. 'Tis a won - der - ful theme, that the Lord should give His

e'er was heard, as e'er was sung, And thro' the world the
 Je - sus bowed his wea - ry head; " 'Tis fin - ished," to the
 life, that I might life re - ceive; And now he bids me

mes - sage rung, " Christ Je - sus died for sin - ners."
 world he said: " Christ Je - sus died for sin - ners."
 look and live: " Christ Je - sus died for sin - ners."

CHORUS.

Tell the mes - - - sage o'er a - gain, Je - sus
 Tell the mes - sage o'er a - gain, o'er a gain,

died . . . for sin - ful men; Sound the
 Je - sus died for sin - ful men, sin - ful men;

Christ Jesus Died for Sinners. *Concluded.*

word, . . . and make it plain; *“Christ Je-sus died for sinners.”*
 Sound the word and make it plain, make it plain,

No. 75. *Lost, but Jesus Saved Me.*

Mrs. EMMA PITT.

E. O. EXCELL.

1. Lost, but Je - sus saved me, Saved me by his love; Lost, but now he
2. Lost up - on the mountains Of life's woe and sin; Lost, but his free
3. Lost far o'er the des - ert, Know not where to flee; Lost, but Je - sus

keeps me For my rest a - bove. Lost, but Je - sus found me
 par - don Safe - ly took me in; Lost, but Je - sus bought me,
 loved me, Kind - ly pit - ied me; Lost, but Je - sus brought me,

In the des - ert wild; Lost, but he redeemed me, Owns me for his child.
 Bought me with his blood; Lost, but Je - sus keeps me In the nar - row road.
 Out in - to the light; Lost, but still he saves me, Guards me by his might,

No. 76. Are You Washed in the Blood?

E. A. H.

REV. E. A. HOFFMAN.

1. Have you been to Jes - us for the cleans - ing pow'r? Are you
 2. Are you walk - ing dai - ly by the Sa - vior's side? Are you
 3. When the Bridegroom com - eth, will your robes be white, Pure and
 4. Lay a - side the garments that are stained with sin, And be

washed in the blood of the Lamb? Are you ful - ly trusting in his
 washed in the blood of the Lamb? Do you rest each moment in the
 white in the blood of the Lamb? Will your soul be read - y for the
 washed in the blood of the Lamb; There's a foun-tain flowing for the

grace this hour? Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?
 Cru - ci - fied? Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?
 man - sions bright? And be washed in the blood of the Lamb?
 soul un - clean, Oh, be washed in the blood of the Lamb?

CHORUS.

Are you washed in the blood, In the
 Are you washed in the blood,

By permission.

Are You Washed, Etc. Concluded.

soul - cleansing blood of the Lamb? Are your garments spotless?
of the Lamb?

Are they white as snow? Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?

No. 77. Just as I Am.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOT.

WM. BRADBURY.

1. Just as I am! without one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me,
2. Just as I am! and wait - ing not, To rid my soul of one dark blot,
3. Just as I am! tho' tossed a - bout, With many a conflict, many a doubt,
4. Just as I am! poor, wretched, blind, Sight, riches, heal - ing of the mind,
5. Just as I am! Thou wilt receive, Wilt welcome, par - don, 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. 78.

Beautiful Stream.

R. TORBEY.

GEO. H. RIDER.

1. I'll sing of that stream, of that beau - ti - ful stream, That
 2. I'll sing of that stream, of that beau - ti - ful stream, Which
 3. I'll sing of that stream, of that beau - ti - ful stream, That
 4. I'll sing of that stream, of that beau - ti - ful stream, That

flows thro' the sweet Canaan land, Its waters gleam bright in their
 gladdens the cit - y of God; It flows from the throne of the
 fount, God has o - pen'd for sin, That stream from his side, who for
 fount that is flow - ing so free; I'll sing of that flood, which is

heav - en - ly light, And rip - ple o'er sil - ver - y sands.
 Fa - ther, a - lone; And spreads its sweet wa - ters a - broad.
 sin - ners once died; He's healed, who but plunges with - in,
 crimsoned with blood, From sin that has cleansed ev - en me.

CHORUS.

Go wash in that beau - ti - ful stream, Go
 Beau - ti - ful stream,

Beautiful Stream. *Concluded.*

wash in that beau-ti - ful stream; Its wa-ters so free, are
beau-ti - ful stream;

flow-ing for thee: Go wash in that beau - ti - ful stream.
beau - ti - ful stream.

No. 79. I Am Coming to the Cross.

WM. McDONALD.

WM. G. FISHER.

1. I am com - ing to the cross; I am poor, and weak, and blind;
2. Long my heart has sigh'd for thee, Long has e - vil reigned with-in;
3. Here I give my all to thee, Friends, and time, and earth - ly store;

Chorus. I am trust - ing, Lord, in thee; Blest Lamb of Cal - va - ry;

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.

Humbly at thy cross I bow, Save me, Je - sus, save me now.

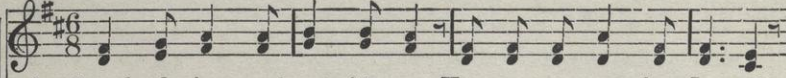
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No. 80.

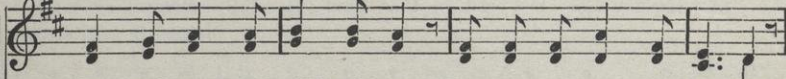
Nothing For Jesus.

MRS. MARY D. JAMES.


W. J. KIRKPATRICK.



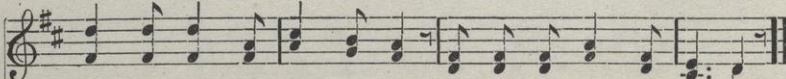
1. Crowd - ed is your heart with cares, Have you no room for Je - sus?
 2. Wast - ing all your pre - cious hours, Have you no work for Je - sus?
 3. Chas - ing bub - bles thro' the air, Have you no time for Je - sus?
 4. Bear - ing on - ly worth - less leaves, Have you no fruit for Je - sus?



Cap - tured by earth's gild - ed snares, Have you no room for Je - sus?
 Spend - ing those God - giv - en powers, Have you no work for Je - sus?
 None for gra - cious deeds to spare, Have you no time for Je - sus?
 In your hands no pre - cious sheaves, Have you no fruit for Je - sus?



Lo, he's stand - ing at your door, Knocking, knock - ing, o'er and o'er,
 Striv - ing not to con - quer sin, Seek - ing not a soul to win,
 Earth - ly pleas - ures, wealth and ease, Seek - ing, grasp - ing toys like these,
 Not a grain to store a - way, Naught your la - bor to re - pay,

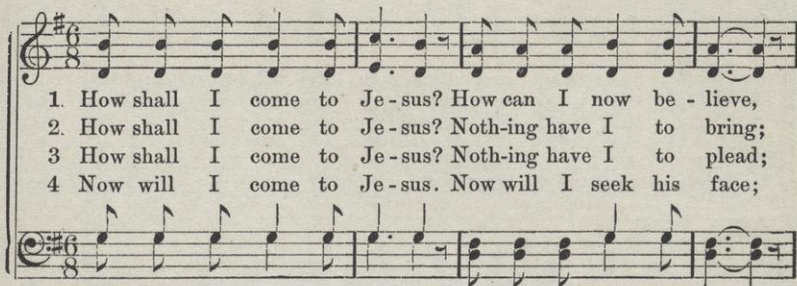


Hear him plead - ing ev - er - more, Have you no room for Je - sus?
 Bring - ing not a wand - 'rer in, Have you no work for Je - sus?
 Striv - ing on - ly self to please, Have you no time for Je - sus?
 Not a joy for that great day, When you shall meet with Je - sus?

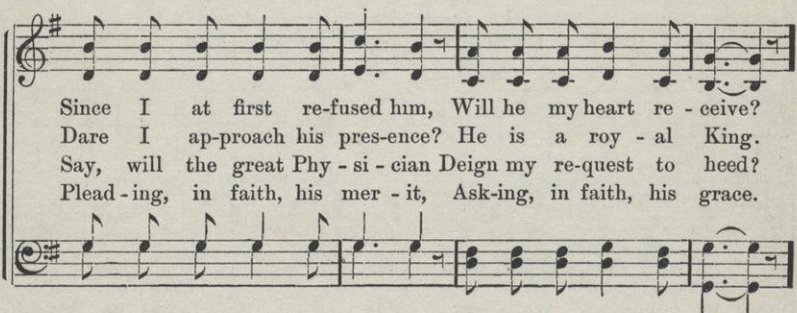
No. 81. How Shall I Come to Jesus?

HENRIETTA E. BLAIR.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

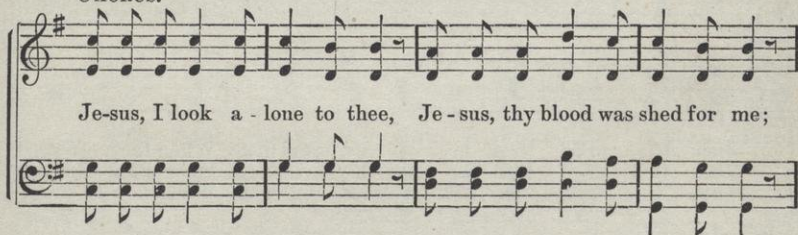


1. How shall I come to Je-sus? How can I now be - lieve,
2. How shall I come to Je-sus? Noth-ing have I to bring;
3. How shall I come to Je-sus? Noth-ing have I to plead;
4. Now will I come to Je-sus. Now will I seek his face;

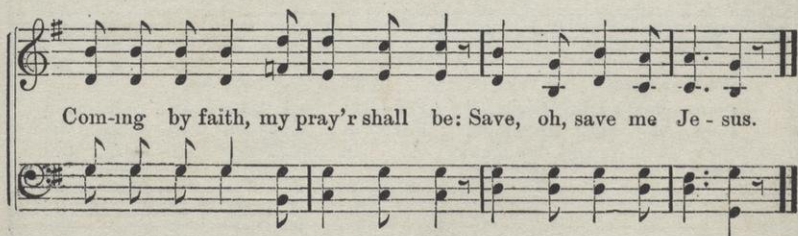


Since I at first re-fused him, Will he my heart re - ceive?
Dare I ap-proach his pres-ence? He is a roy - al King.
Say, will the great Phy - si - cian Deign my re-quest to heed?
Plead - ing, in faith, his mer - it, Ask-ing, in faith, his grace.

CHORUS.



Je-sus, I look a - lone to thee, Je - sus, thy blood was shed for me;



Com-ing by faith, my pray'r shall be: Save, oh, save me Je - sus.

By permission.

No. 82. Are you for the Promised Land?

G F. R.

DR. GEORGE F. ROOT.

1. First in bond-age, then in the wil-der-ness, Is-real
 2. Hard the bond-age, drea-ry the wil-der-ness, Long the
 3. Friends in bond-age, friends in the wil-der-ness, Do you

jour-neyed to the Prom-ised Land, And tho' long in grief and
 jour-ney to the Prom-ised Land; Oft re-pin-ning, oft in
 wish to reach the Prom-ised Land? Christ, in love and won-drous

bit-ter-ness, They were guid-ed by a Fath-er's hand.
 wea-ri-ness, Still pro-ject-ed by a Fath-er's hand.
 ten-der-ness, Waits to guide you by his might-y hand.

When they cried, then he de-liv-ered them; When they strayed,
 When they cried, then he de-liv-ered them, When they strayed,
 When you cry, he will de-liv-er you, When you stray,

then they felt his hand; For in all their life in the
 then they felt his hand; For in all their life in the
 you will feel his hand; If in bond-age or in the

Are you for the Promised Land? Concluded.

wil - der-ness, They were long - ing for the Prom - ised Land.
 wil - der-ness, They were long - ing for the Prom - ised Land.
 wil - der-ness, You are long - ing for the Prom - ised Land.

No. 83. In the Cross of Christ.

J. BOWRING.

ALFRED BEIRLY.

1. In the cross of Christ I glo - ry, Tower - ing
2. When the woes of life o'er - take me, Hopes de -
3. When the sun of bliss is beam - ing, Light and
4. Bane and bless - ing, pain and pleas - ure, By the

o'er the wrecks of time; All the light of
 ceive, and fears an - noy, Nev - er shall the
 love up - on my way, From the cross the
 cross are sanc - ti - fied; Peace is there, that

sa - cred sto - ry Gath - ers round its head sub - lime.
 cross for - sake me Lo! it glows with peace and joy.
 ra - diance streaming, Adds new lus - tre to the day.
 knows no meas - ure Joys that thro' all time a - bide.

No. 84.

A Worker's Prayer.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

J. M. DUNGAN.

1. Lord, speak to me, that I may speak, In liv-ing ech - oes
 2. O strengthen me, that while I stand, Firm on the rock, and
 3. O teach me, Lord, that I may teach, The precious things thou
 4. O give thine own sweet rest to me, That I may speak with
 5. O fill me with thy full-ness Lord, Un - til my ver - y
 6. O use me Lord, use e - ven me, Just as thou wilt, and

of thy tone; As thou hast sought, so let me seek, Thy
 strong in thee; I may stretch out a lov - ing hand, To
 dost im - part; And wing my words, that they may reach The
 sooth - ing power, A word in sea - son, as from thee, To
 heart o'er flow, In kind - ling tho't, and glow - ing word, Thy
 when and where; Un - til thy bless - ed face I see, Thy

CHORUS.

err - ing chil - dren, lost and lone.
 wrest - lers in the troub - led sea.
 hid - den depths of many a heart. O lead me, Lord, that
 wea - ry ones in need - ful hour.
 love to tell, thy praise to show.
 rest, thy joy thy glo - ry share.

I may lead The wand'ring and the wav'ring feet; O feed me, Lord,

A Worker's Prayer. *Concluded.*

that I may feed Thy hun-g'ring ones with man - na sweet.

No. 85. *Suffer the Children to Come.*

L. H. B.
DUET.

L. H. BAKER.

1. "Suf - fer the child - ren to come un - to Me, For - bid them not, for -
2. Je - sus shall gath - er the lambs with His arms, And car - ry them, and
3. Shep - herd so ten - der, so lov - ing and strong, I come to Thee, I

-bid them not," For of such is the king - dom of
car - ry them, Safe - ly held in His bo - som, and
come to Thee, To be kept by Thy pow - er, and

heav - en," said He, For - bid them not, for - bid them not.
free from all harm, He'll car - ry them, He'll car - ry them.
saved from the wrong, I come to Thee, I come to Thee.

CHORUS.

I am so glad that Je - sus said: "Suffer the children to come (un-to Me);"

I am so glad that Je - sus said: "Of such is the kingdom of heaven."

No. 86.

I Feel Like Going On.

E. A. H.

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

In a testimony meeting a Christian in the prime of life spoke of his many trials and discouragements, and seemed utterly down-cast. Following him, an old grey-haired father arose to his feet, and in clear, thrilling tones, cried: "Brethren, I feel like going on, the Lord being my help." His words proved an inspiration to every heart.

1. I am a Christ-ian pil - grim, And jour - ney to a land,
 2. Why should I be dis-cour - aged, Tho' oft the sky ap - pears
 3. I meet with ma - ny trou - bles, And tri - als on the way,

Where, robed in roy - al gar - ments, The Lord's an - noint - ed stand; In
 All veiled in clouds and dark - ness, And I have doubts and fears? My
 But when I look to Je - sus, And in the spir - it pray, He

Je - sus' blood, these saved ones Have wash'd their garments white, And
 Lord and my Re - deem - er, While he my lead - er is, Will
 gives me grace and cour - age And helps my soul a - long; And

soon I hope to join them, In yon - der land of light.
 guide my steps in safe - ty, What want I more than this?
 so I go re - joic - ing, And sing my pil - grim song.

I Feel Like Going On. *Concluded.*

CHORUS.

I feel like go - ing on, broth - er, I feel like go - ing on,
I'm on my way to Zi - on, And I feel like go - ing on.

No. 87. Let Them Come to Me.

A. H. ADAMS.

E. O. EXCELL.

1. { Hear the gen - tle Shep - herd Call - ing lambs like me, }
 { In his sweet - est ac - cents, "Let them come to me." }
 2. { He will bid us en - ter, When our tir - ed feet }
 { Reach the gold - en cit - y, He'll be there to greet. }
 3. { Thanks, dear bless - ed Je - sus, For thy words of love, }
 { Bid - ding chil - dren en - ter Thy bright courts a - bove. }

REFRAIN.

"Let them come to me, Oh, let them come to me,"
Hear him sweet - ly say - ing, "Let them come to me,

From "THE GOSPEL IN SONG," by per.

"Jesus walked to Galilee."—John vii, 1.

ROBERT MORRIS, LL. D.

H. R. PALMER.

1. Each coo-ing dove . . . and sigh-ing bough . . . That makes the
 2. Each flow-ery glen . . . and moss-y dell, . . . Where hap-py
 3. And when I read . . . the thrill-ing lore, . . . Of him who

eye . . . so blest to me, . . . Has some-thing far . . . di-viner
 birds . . . in song a-gree . . . Thro' sun-ny morn . . . the praises
 walked . . . up-on the sea, . . . I long, oh, how . . . I long once

now . . . It bears me back . . . to Gal-i-lee. . . .
 tell . . . Of sights and sounds . . . in Gal-i-lee.
 more . . . To fol-low him . . . in Gal-i-lee. . . .

CHORUS.

O Gal-i-lee! sweet Gal-i-lee! Where Je-sus loved so much to be; O

Gal-i-lee! blue Gal-i-lee! Come, sing thy song a-gain to me!

By permission.

No. 89.

Bringing in the Sheaves.

"The harvest is the end of the world."—Matt. xiii. 39.

Words from "Songs of Glory."

GEO. A. MINOR, by per.

1. Sowing in the morning, sowing seeds of kindness, Sowing
 2. Sowing in the sunshine, sowing in the shadows, Fearing
 3. Go, then, ev - er weeping, sowing for the Mas - ter, Tho' the

in the noon-tide, and the dew - y eves; Wait - ing for the har - vest,
 neither clouds nor winter's chilling breeze; By and by the har - vest,
 loss sustain'd our spir - it of - ten grieves; When our weeping's o - ver,

and the time of reap - ing, We shall come re - joic - ing,
 and the la - bor end - ed, We shall come re - joic - ing,
 He will bid us wel - come, We shall come re - joic - ing,

CHORUS.

bringing in the sheaves. Bringing in the sheaves, Bringing in the sheaves.

We shall come re-joic-ing, bringing in the sheaves,
 We shall come re-joic--ing, bringing in the sheaves.

No. 90.

Gathering Home.

MISS MARIANA B. SLADE.

R. M. McINTOSH.

1. Up to the beau-ti-ful Giv-er, of life, Gath-er-ing home!
 2. Up to the cit-y where fall-eth no night, Gath-er-ing home!
 3. Up to the beau-ti-ful mansions a-bove, Gath-er-ing home!

gath-er-ing home! Up to the dwell-ing, where com-eth no strife, The
 gath-er-ing home! Up where the Sav-ior's own face is the light, The
 gath-er-ing home! Safe in the arms of his in-fi-nite love, The

CHORUS.

dear ones are gath-er-ing home. Gath-er-ing home. gath-er-ing

home, Gath-er-ing home, gath-er-ing home! Nev-er-to

sor-row more, nev-er to roam, Gath-er-ing home, gath-er-ing home!

By per. of R. M. McIntosh.

Gathering Home. Concluded.

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

No. 91. Step Out on the Promise.

The Highway.

E. F. MILLER.

1. O mourn-er in Zi-on, how bless-ed art thou, For Je-sus is
2. O ye that are hun-gry and thirs-ty, re-joice! For ye shall be
3. Who sighs for a heart from in-iq-ui-ty free? O, poor troubled
4. The prom-ise don't save, tho' the prom-ise is true; 'Tis the blood we get


wait-ing to com-fort thee now; Fear not to re-ly on the
filled; do you hear that sweet voice, In-vit-ing you now to the
soul! there's a prom-ise for thee; There's rest, wea-ry one, in the
un-der that cleans-es us thro', It cleans-es me now, hal-le

word of thy God; Step out on the prom-ise, get un-der the blood.
ban-quet of God? Step out on the prom-ise, get un-der the blood.
bo-som of God; Step out on the prom-ise, get un-der the blood.
lu-jah to God! I rest on the prom-ise, I'm un-der the blood.


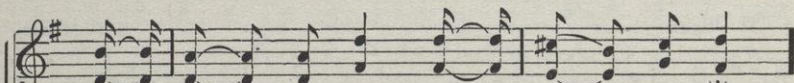
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Mrs. S. M. I. HENRY,

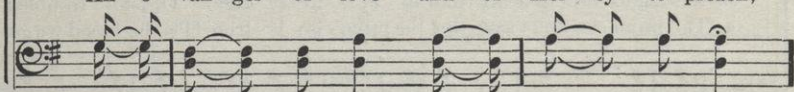
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



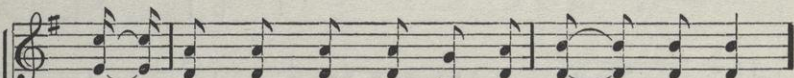
1. There is plen - ty to do in this world of ours;
 2. There are foun - tains of sin and of sor - row to seal;
 3. There is plen - ty to do o - ver all the land:—
 4. There is plen - ty to do: there are chil - dren to teach;

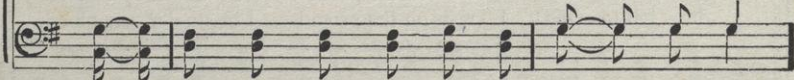
There are weeds to pluck from a - mong its flow'rs;
 There are foun - tains to o - pen,—the na - tions to heal;
 Work, crowd - ing the brain, the heart, and the hand;
 An e - van - gel of love and of mer - cy to preach;




There are fields to sow, there are fields to reap;
 There are brave words to speak, there are songs to be sung;
 There are mil - lions to feed in the world's bus - y hive;
 The fall - en to lift, the proud to a - base,

There are vine - yards to set on the moun - tain steep;
 There are doors to be o - pened, and bells to be rung;
 There are rail - roads to build, and en - gines to drive;
 To bring right and wrong to their own fit - ting place;



By permission.

Plenty to Do. Concluded.

There are for - ests to plant, and for - ests to fell,
There's a con - flict to wage with the ar - mies of sin;
There are path - ways to mark o - ver moun - tain and lea;
There's an en - sign to plant on the heights by the sea;

And homes to be build - ed on hill - side and dell.
There's a fort - ress to hold, and a fort - ress to win.
There are harps to be hung in the depths of the sea.
There's work for the mil - lion— for you and for me.

REFRAIN.

Oh, there's plen - ty to do, there's plen - ty to do.

There's plen - ty a - round us to do.

No. 93.

What a Gathering That will be.

J. H. K.

J. H. KURZENKNABE.

1. At the sound-ing of the trum - pet, When the
 2. When the an - gel, of the Lord pro - claims that
 3. At the great and fi - nal judg - ment, when the
 4. When the gold - en harps are sound - ing, and the

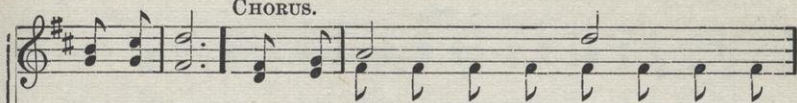
saints are gathered home, We will greet each oth - er by the
 time shall be no more, We shall gath - er, and the saved and
 hid - den comes to light, When the Lord in all his glo - ry
 an - gel bands pro - claim, In tri - umph - ant strains the glo - rious

crys - tal sea, With the friends and all the lov'd ones, there a -
 ransom'd see, Then to meet a - gain to - geth - er, on the
 we shall see; At the bid - ding of our Saviour, "Come, ye
 ju - bi - lee; Then to meet and join to sing the song of
 crystal sea.

- wait - ing us to come, What a gath'ring of the faith - ful
 bright ce - les - tial shore, What a gath'ring of the faith - ful
 bless - ed to my right," What a gath'ring of the faith - ful
 Mo - ses and the Lamb, What a gath'ring of the faith - ful

What a Gathering, Etc. Concluded.

CHORUS.



that will be!

that will be! What a gath - - - 'ring,

that will be! What a gath'ring of the loved ones when we'll

that will be!



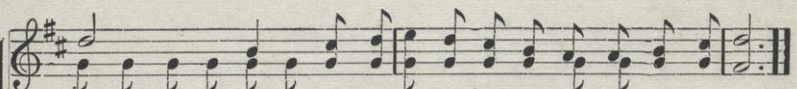
gath - - - 'ring, At the sounding of the glorious ju - bi -
meet with one an - oth - er,



- lee!

What a gath - - - 'ring,

ju - bi - lee! What a gath - 'ring when the friends and all the



gath - - - 'ring, What a gath'ring of the faithful that will be!
dear ones meet each other,



No. 94.

It is I, Be Not Afraid.

J. E. H.
DUET.

J. E. HALL.

1. Pil - grim trav - elling on life's high - way, Tho' cast
 2. Sail - or, tossed up - on the bil - lows, Dark and
 3. When in tri - al, when in sor - row, Drear and

ORGAN.

down with doubt and fear, Sweet - ly o'er thy
 gloom - y tho' it be. Hear a - bove the
 lone - ly all a - round, Je - sus' cheer - ing

troub - led spir - it Comes the voice of hope and cheer.
 roar - ing break - ers Je - sus' voice, he speaks to thee.
 voice is speak - ing; List - en to the wel - come sound.

CHORUS.

It is I, . . . be not a - afraid; It is
 It is I, be not a - afraid;

I, . . . be not a - afraid; Hear the voice of Je - sus
 It is I, be not a - afraid;

It is I, Be Not Afraid. *Concluded.*

Slow.

Say - ing, It is I, it is I, be not a - fraid.

No. 95. He Loved Me So.

E. O. E.

E. O. EXCELL.

1. By faith the Lamb of God I see, Ex - pir - ing on the
2. For me the Fa - ther sent his Son; For me the vic - to -
3. So glad I am that he is mine, - So glad that I with
4. O Lamb of God, that made me free, I con - se - crate my
5. And when my Lord shall bid me come, To join the loved ones

cross for me; He paid the might - y debt I owe:
 ry he won; To save my soul from end - less woe,
 him shall shine: I'll trust in him, for this I know,
 all to thee; My all, for this I sure - ly know,
 round the throne, I'll sing, as through the gates I go,

REFRAIN.

He died be - cause he loved me so. He loved me
 He

so, he loved me so, He died be - cause he loved me so,
 loved

No. 96.

God be With You.

J. E. RANKIN, D. D.

W. G. TOMER.

1. God be with you till we meet a - gain, By his councils 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 di - 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 meet, Till we
 Till we meet, till we meet, till we meet,

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

God be With You. Concluded.

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

No. 97. Rock of Ages.

A. M. TOPLADY.

THOS. HASTINGS.

1. Rock of a - ges cleft for me, Let me hide my-self in Thee;
2. Could my tears for - ev - er flow, Could my zeal no lan-guor know,
3. While I draw this fleet-ing breath, When my eyes shall close in death,

Let the wa - ter and the blood, From thy wounded side which flow'd,
These for sin could not a - tone; Thou must save, and thou a - lone:
When I rise to worlds unknown, And be - hold Thee on Thy throne,

Be of sin the doub - le cure, Save from wrath and make me pure.
In my hand no price I bring, Sim - ply to thy cross I cling.
Rock of a - ges cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee.

No. 98. Since I Have Been Redeemed

E. O. E.

To GEO. T. HOWSER.

E. O. EXCELL.

1. I have a *song* I love to sing, Since I have been re - deem'd,
 2. I have a *Christ* that sat - is - fles, Since I have been re - deem'd,
 3. I have a *Witness*, bright and clear, Since I have been re - deem'd,
 4. I have a *joy* I can't ex-press, Since I have been re - deem'd,
 5. I have a *home* pre-pared for me, Since I have been re - deem'd,

Of my Re-deem-er, Sa-vior, King, Since I have been re - deem'd.
 To do his will my high-est prize, Since I have been re - deem'd.
 Dis - spell - ing ev - 'ry doubt and fear, Since I have been re - deem'd.
 All through his blood and righteousness, Since I have been re - deem'd.
 Where I shall dwell e - ter - nal - ly, Since I have been re - deem'd.

CHORUS.

Since I have been re-deem'd,
 Since I have been re-deem'd, Since I have been re-deem'd,

Since I have been re-deem'd, I will glo - ry in his

Since I Have Been Redeemed. *Concluded.*

name, Since I have been re-
 Since I have been re-deem'd, Since

- deem'd,
 I have been redeem'd, I will glo-ry in my Savior's name.

No. 99. Jesus Lover of My Soul.

CHARLES WESLEY.

S. B. MARSH.
 FINE.

1. { Je - sus, lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly,
 { While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the tem - pest still is high! }
D. C. Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, Oh, re - ceive my soul at last.

D.C.
 Hide me, O my Sav - ior, hide, Till the storm of life is past;

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

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

No. 100.

Glory to His Name.

"I will glorify thy name forever." Ps. lxxiii. 4.

REV. E. A. HOFFMAN.

REV. J. H. STOCKTON.

1. Down at the cross where my Savior died, Down where for cleansing from
 2. I am so won-drous-ly sav'd from sin, Je-sus so sweetly a-
 3. Oh, precious 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 to his
 bides with-in; There at the cross where he took me in; Glo-ry to his
 en-ter'd in; There Je-sus saves me and keeps me clean; Glo-ry to his
 Sav-ior's feet, Plunge in to-day, and be made complete, Glo-ry to his

CHORUS.

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

There to my heart was the blood ap-plied; Glo-ry to his name.

By permission.

No. 101.

The Road to Heaven.

Arr. by E. O. EXCELL



1. The road to heav'n by Christ was made, With heav'nly truth the rails are laid, Fr m
 2. Repentance is the sta - tion, then, Where passengers are tak - en in; No
 3. The Bi - ble is the en - gi - neer, It points the way to heav'n so clear, Thro'
 4. God's love the fire, his truth the steam Which drives the engine and the train; All
 5. Come, then, poor sinner, now's the time, At an - y sta - tion on the line; If
 6. And then to glo - ry we will go, With all on board as white as snow, So



earth to heav'n the line extends To life e - ter - nal where it ends.
 fee for them is there to pay, For Je - sus is him - self the way.
 tunnels dark and drea - ry here, It does the way to glo - ry steer.
 you who would to glo - ry ride, Must come to Christ, in him 'a - bide.
 you re - pent and turn from sin, The train will stop and take you in.
 ring the bell and start the train, And run it thro' in Je - sus' name.



CHORUS.



I'm go - ing home, I'm go - ing home, I'm go - ing home To die no more.



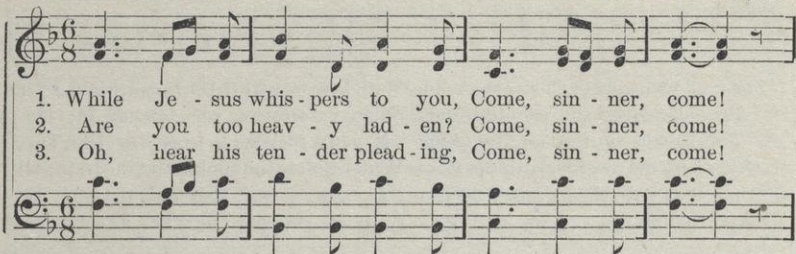
No. 102.

Come, Sinner, Come.

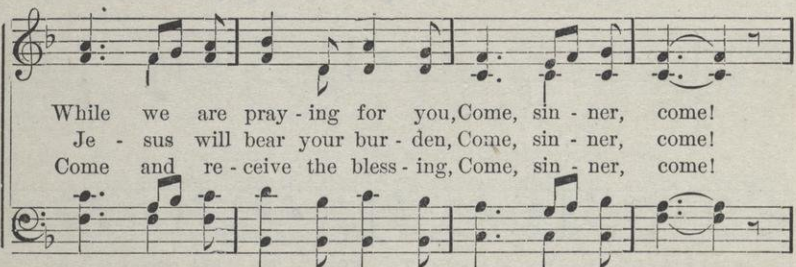
"Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden." Matt. xi. 28.

WILL. E. WITTER.

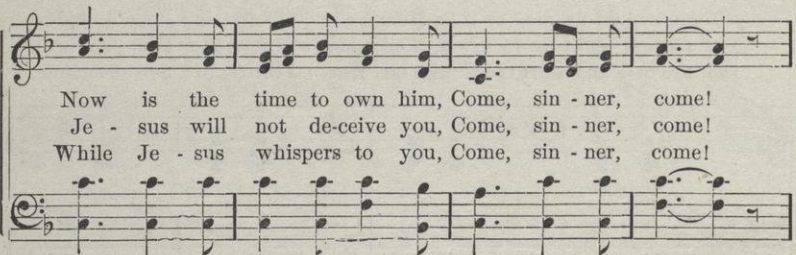
H. R. PALMER. By per.



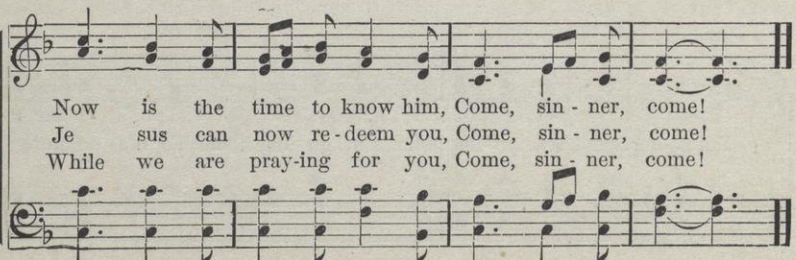
1. While Je - sus whis - pers to you, Come, sin - ner, come!
 2. Are you too heav - y lad - en? Come, sin - ner, come!
 3. Oh, hear his ten - der plead - ing, Come, sin - ner, come!



While we are pray - ing for you, Come, sin - ner, come!
 Je - sus will bear your bur - den, Come, sin - ner, come!
 Come and re - ceive the bless - ing, Come, sin - ner, come!



Now is the time to own him, Come, sin - ner, come!
 Je - sus will not de - ceive you, Come, sin - ner, come!
 While Je - sus whispers to you, Come, sin - ner, come!

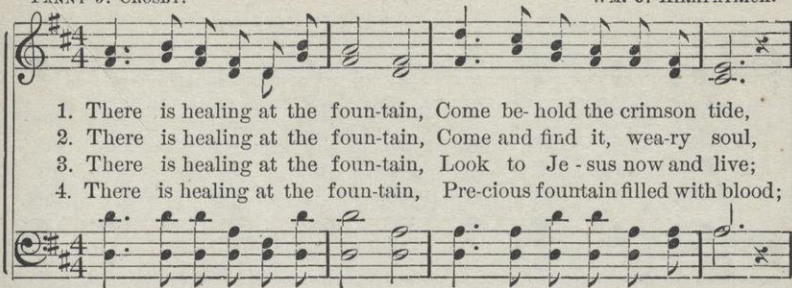


Now is the time to know him, Come, sin - ner, come!
 Je sus can now re - deem you, Come, sin - ner, come!
 While we are pray - ing for you, Come, sin - ner, come!

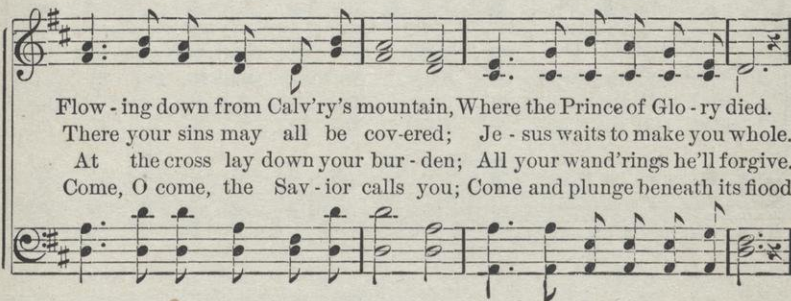
No. 103. Healing at the Fountain.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

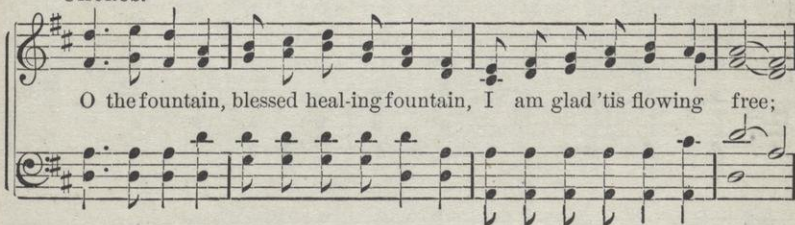


1. There is healing at the foun-tain, Come be-hold the crimson tide,
2. There is healing at the foun-tain, Come and find it, wea-ry soul,
3. There is healing at the foun-tain, Look to Je-sus now and live;
4. There is healing at the foun-tain, Pre-cious fountain filled with blood;

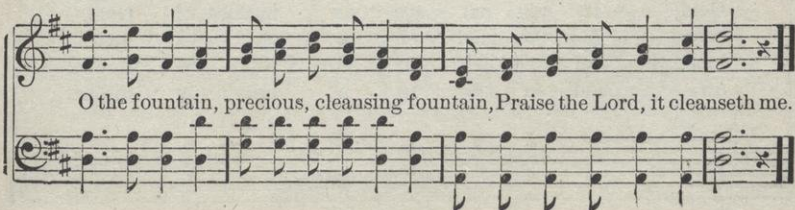


Flow-ing down from Calv'ry's mountain, Where the Prince of Glo-ry died.
There your sins may all be cov-ered; Je-sus waits to make you whole.
At the cross lay down your bur-den; All your wand'rings he'll forgive.
Come, O come, the Sav-ior calls you; Come and plunge beneath its flood

CHORUS.



O the fountain, blessed heal-ing fountain, I am glad 'tis flow-ing free;



O the fountain, precious, cleansing fountain, Praise the Lord, it cleanseth me.

By permission.

No. 104.

An Heir to a Throne.

E. A. H.

E. A. HOFFMAN.

1. An heir to a throne am I, . . . In the
 2. For joy let my spir - it sing! I'm a
 3. How can I ex - press my joy? O my
 4. Let me live as be - comes a son Of the

king - dom of God on high; For we shall be kings and be
 child of a roy - al King, And soon shall in - her - it a
 soul, all thy pow'rs em - ploy, The won - der - ful love of the
 high and the ho - ly One! My life—be it such that to

priests, we are told, In his pal - ace, on thrones of
 king - dom a - bove, In the land of e - ter - nal
 Lord to make known, Thro' whose soul - cleans - ing blood a -
 all may be known, I'm the child of a King, his

Gold, In his pal - ace, on thrones of Gold.
 love, In the land of e - ter - nal love.
 - lone, I'm an heir to a roy - al throne.
 own, And an heir to a heav'n - ly throne.

Mrs. J. P. Bixby.

W. S. MARTIN.

1. The Mas-ter has come, he call-eth for me, Oh, precious the message and
 2. The Mas-ter has come, he call-eth for thee, Yes, Je-sus, the Mas-ter, has
 3. The Mas-ter has come, he call-eth for thee, A way with thy earth-ly

true; With haste, Lord, I rise and come un-to thee, All
 come; Be-lieve in his word, and trust in his grace, Why
 care; He of-fers sweet rest, O sin-ner to thee; Thy

CHORUS.

praise for the glad in-ter-view. The Mas-ter is come, He
 long-er in sin shouldst thou roam?
 bur-den he glad-ly will bear. The Master, the Master is come, He

call-eth for thee, He call-eth for thee, He
 call-eth, he call-eth for thee,

Rit.

call-eth for me, He call-eth, he call-eth for thee and for me.

No. 106.

Safe to Land.

Mrs. EMMA PITT

E. O. EXCELL.

1. Safe to land my Lord will guide me, In the dark I fear no ill;
 2. My frail bark he's safe-ly steer-ing, He has sailed in storms be-fore;
 3. On the helm a hand is rest-ing, That is strong-er far than mine;
 4. In the Rock of A-ges hid-ing, Oh, how sweet our rest will be!

Tho' the storms and woes be-tide me, His dear arm is round me still.
 I can trust him, nothing fear-ing, Safe with him I'll reach the shore.
 Tho' deep bil-lows I am breasting, I can trust in love di-vine.
 Faith, and love, and hope a-bid-ing, As we sail o'er life's dark sea.

CHORUS.

Safe to land, safe to land, Jesus guides tho' billows roar;
 Safe to land, safe to land, tho' billows roar:

Safe to land, safe to land, We will reach that peaceful shore.
 Safe to land. safe to land, peaceful shore.

By permission.

ELIZA M. SHERMAN.

J. E. HALL.



1. Once I wan-dered far from Je - sus, Far from joy and far from home;
2. But I heed - ed not his call - ing, Would not hear the voice so sweet,
3. But the way grew dark and drear-y, When his face I could not see,
4. Then a - gain my darken'd pathway Brightly glow'd with Jesus' smile,



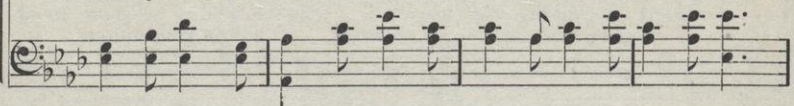
But the lov - ing Sav - ior missed me, And he gent - ly called me home.
 So I wandered on un - heed - ing, Tho' the thorns did wound my feet.
 And I called in bit - ter an - guish, "O my Sav - ior, come to me."
 For, unknown, my lov - ing Sav - ior Stood be - side me all the while.



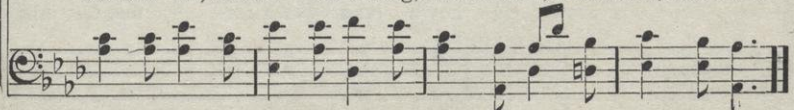
CHORUS.



Soft - ly comes the still, small whisper, "Come, my child, no longer roam;



Come to me, while I am calling, Child of love, come home, come home."



No. 108.

On the Sweet Other Side.

Mrs. EMMA PITT.

E. O. EXCELL.

1. We're o - ver on the storm-y side, Dark clouds be - set our way;
 2. There is an - oth - er bright-er side Of life be-yond the sky,
 3. Our jour - ney here will soon be done, We'll en - ter in - to rest,
 4. Soon I shall strike those harps of gold, Where flow'rs immortal bloom,

But just a - cross the roll - ing tide, Beam shores of end-less day.
 Where sin and sor - row ne'er be - tide, And loved ones nev - er die.
 In yon - der clime that needs no sun, — Re - pose on Je - sus' breast.
 My dear Re-deem-er's face be - hold, And calm - ly rest at home.

CHORUS.

On the oth - er side, be - yond the roll - ing tide,
 sweet oth - er side,

Je - sus is wait - ing for me, On the gold - en shore, In the
 Je - sus waits for me, for me, bright golden shore,

grand ev - er - more, Lov'd ones are watch - ing for me, for me
 Lov'd ones watch for me, for me

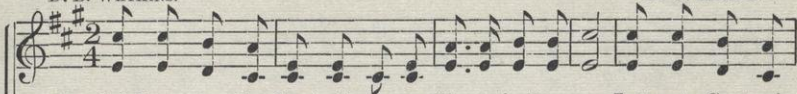
By permission.

No. 109.

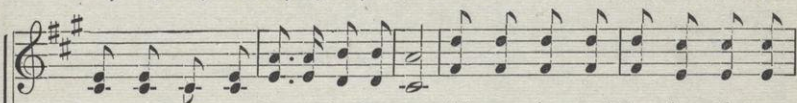
Glory in the Cross.

D. B. WATKINS.

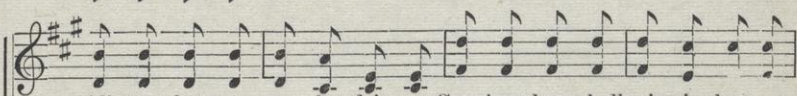
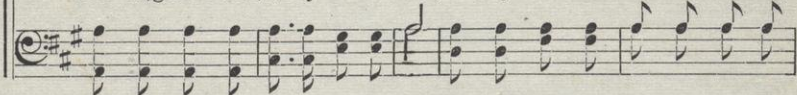
E. O. EXCELL.



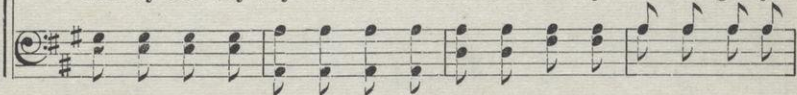
1. Sol-diers, in the Sav-ior's ar-my, Glo-ry in the cross; Let not Sa-tan's
2. Tho' you pass thro' trib-u-lation, Glo-ry in the cross; Christ is still your
3. Tho' ye here are poor and low-ly, Glo-ry in the cross; 'Tis his will ye
4. Tho' thy path seem dark and lonely, Glo-ry in the cross; Cling to Je-sus,
5. Tho' thy dearest friends may leave thee, Glory in the cross; Let not earth-ly



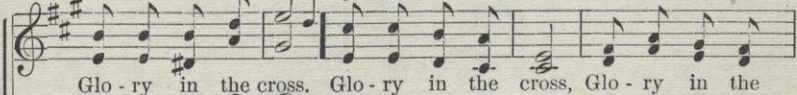
hosts a-larm you, Glory in the cross, All your sins shall be for-giv-en,
 sure foun-da-tion, Glory in the cross, While with footmen you're contending,
 should be ho-ly, Glory in the cross; He re-spects not wealth nor station,
 Je-sus on-ly, Glory in the cross; He hath passed this way be fore thee,
 loss-es, grieve thee, Glory in the cross; All thy loss-es he'll re-store thee,



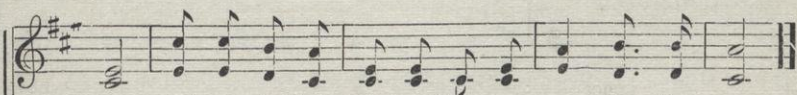
All your fears a-way be driv-en, Conq'ers here shall reign in heave-
 Danger ev-'ry step attend-ing, Think on whom you're still depend-ing,
 But to all in ev-'ry na-tion, Free-ly of-fers full sal-va-tion,
 Still in love he's watch-ing o'er thee, He will give thee grace and glo-ry,
 Gen-tly clear thy way be-fore thee, Guide thee safely home to glo-ry,



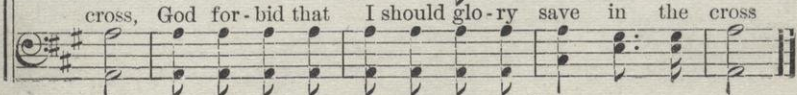
CHORUS.



Glo-ry in the cross, Glo-ry in the cross, Glo-ry in the



cross, God for-bid that I should glo-ry save in the cross



No. 110. Grace, Patience and Strength.

MRS. M. E. B. WILLSON.

ALFRED BEIRLY.

1. *Thy Grace* all suf - fi - cient, to me let it be Like a
 2. *Thy Pa-tience*, O Lord, to my soul free - ly give, That
 3. *Thy Strength*, give me dai - ly and hour - ly, I pray, Up -

shield to pro - tect and from Sa - tan set free; In
 I may not mur - mur, but con - stant - ly live In the
 - hold me, for I am but weak - ness each day; Be -

ev - 'ry temp - ta - tion this prom - ise I claim, For
 sun - shine of glad - ness, thine own lov - ing smile, In
 - stow on me, Lord, from thy boun - ti - ful store, Thy

by it my en - e - mies oft have been slain.
 joy or in sad - ness, in thee all the while.
grace and thy *pa - tience*, with *strength* ev - er - more.

Grace, Patience and Strength (are thine,) My dear lov - ing Sav - ior, now

Grace, Patience and Strength. *Concluded.*

let them be mine; Grace; Pa - tience and Strength(are thine,) My

dear, lov - ing Sav - ior, now let them be mine. *Rit.*

No. 111. Come, Thou Fount.

Rev. R. ROBINSON.

JOHN WYETH.

Fine.

1. { Come, thou Fount of ev - ry blessing, Tune my heart to sing thy grace; }
 { Streams of mer - cy, nev - er ceas - ing, Call for songs of loud - est praise. }

D. C. Praise the mount, I'm fixed up - on it! Mount of thy re - deem - ing love.

D. C.

Teach me some me - lodious son - net, Sung by flaming tongues a - bove;

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

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

No. 112.

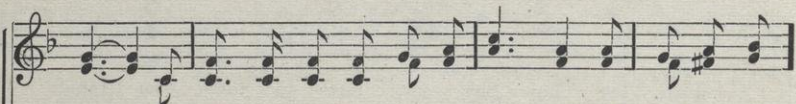
What Are You Doing?

ELIZA M. SHERMAN.

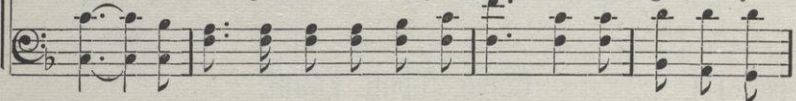
J. E. HALL.



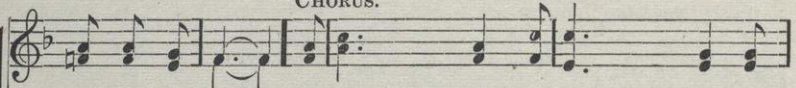
1. Say, what are you do - ing for Je - sus, The Sav - ior who suf - fered for
 2. Say, what are you do - ing for Je - sus? He was cru - ci - fied, sin - ners, for
 3. Say, what are you do - ing for Je - sus, One thorn from his crown to re -



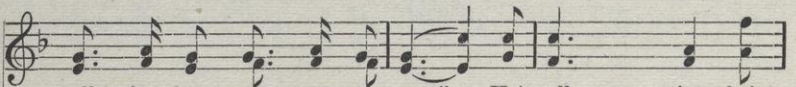
thee? His soft voice is call - ing thee gen - tly, Oh, child of my
 you. Oh, give him the life that he pur - chased, And take of his
 - move? Oh, o - pen the door to your Sav - ior, And give him your



CHORUS.



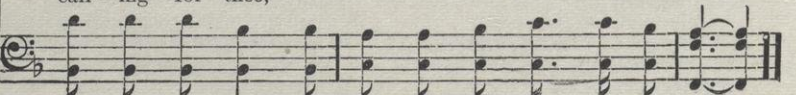
love, come to me. He's call - ing, he's call - ing, he's
 love, pure and true.
 ten - der - est love - He's call - ing for thee, he's call - ing for thee, He's



call - ing thee, "come un - to me." He's call - ing, he's
 He's call - ing for thee, he's



call - ing for thee, He's call - ing thee, "come un - to me."
 call - ing for thee,



No. 113.

Mother is Praying For Me.

E. A. H.

REV. E. A. HOFFMAN.

1. As the shad - ows of eve - ning are clos - ing me round,
 2. There was once a fond place in that cir - cle for me—
 3. That dear moth - er is now at the throne humbled low,
 4. O thou Fa - ther of mer - cies, Dis - pens - er of grace,

And I'm sit - ting so si - lent - ly here, Sad and
 How the thought brings a tear to my eye! It was
 And she weeps for her son far a - way; And she's
 Hear the pray'r I am of - fer - ing now, And for -

lone, is my heart, for I'm think - ing of home, And the
 next to my moth - er, who loved me so well, I was
 plead - ing, as on - ly a fond moth - er can, For the
 - give my heart-wand'rings, and par - don my sin: In con -

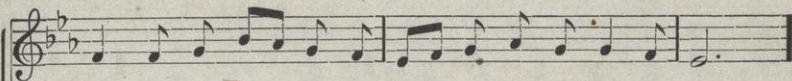
Mother is Praying For Me. *Continued.*

cherished ones who lin - ger there. A voice I can hear
 dear - est, in those days gone by; But I knew not the worth
 prod - i - gal now gone a - stray; Her tears, as they fall,
 - tri - tion at thy feet I bow. No lon - ger from love

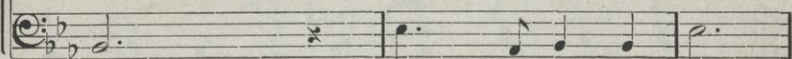
from the cot - tage as - cend, To the Lord, with so ten -
 of that kind moth - er's love, Nor how strong such af - fec -
 like the drops of the rain, Rise to God in im - por -
 such as thine can I turn, No long - er I'll wan -

- der a plea; 'Tis the voice of my moth - er, its
 - tion could be; And a - las! like a prod - i - gal
 - tu - nate plea. As she bends at the al - tar of
 - der from thee. For - give me, and an - swer in

'Mother is Praying For Me. Concluded.



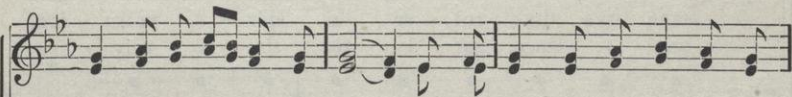
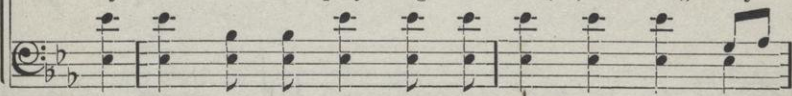
sweet-ness I know, Yes, my moth-er is pray-ing for me.
wan-dered a-way, While my moth-er was pray-ing for me.
mer-cy where oft We to-gether had bend-ed the knee.
mer-cy the pray'r That my moth-er is pray-ing for me.



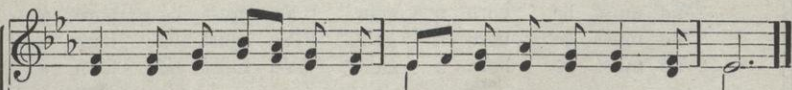
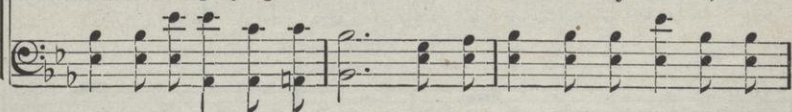
CHORUS.



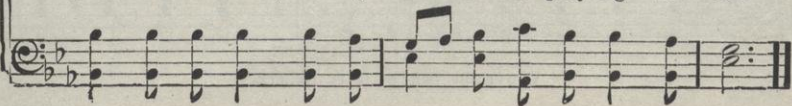
My moth-er is pray-ing for me, (for me,) My



moth-er is praying for me; 'Tis the voice of my moth-er, its



sweet-ness I know, Yes my moth-er is pray-ing for me.



No. 114. "Ye Must be Born Again."

W. A. O.

W. A. OGDEN.

1. Oh, won - der - ful words by the Mas - ter spo - ken,
 2. Those won - der - ful words on the soul are burn - ing,
 3. Oh, come to the Sav - ior, this truth be - liev - ing,

"Ye must be born a - gain;" Of
 "Ye must be born, Oh,
 "Ye must be born, (be born a - gain;") In

life ev - er - last - ing the sign and to - ken,
 come like the rul - er in spir - it yearn - ing,
 pen - i - tence, par - don for sin re - ceiv - ing,

"Ye must be born a - gain." "Ye must be born a -
 "Ye must be born a - gain." "Ye must be born a -
 "Ye must be born a - gain." "Ye must be born a

"Ye Must be Born Again." *Concluded.*

gain," he said, Un - to the rul - er who came for aid;
 gain," for lo! Je - sus, the Mas - ter, hath told you so;
 gain," in love, And like the rul - er, your faith must prove;

Born of the Spir - it of God in - deed, Oh, "Ye must be
 Born of the Spir - it while here be - low, Oh, "Ye must be
 Born of the Spir - it of God a - bove, Oh, "Ye must be

REFRAIN.

born a - gain." "Ye must be born a - gain,"
 born a - gain." "Ye must be born, be born a - gain,"
 born a - gain." "Ye must be born, be born a - gain,"

"Ye must be born a - gain," Born of the
 "Ye must be born, be born a - gain,"

Spir - it, an heir of God, Oh, "Ye must be born a - gain."

No. 115.

The Cry of the Lost.

ELISHA ALBRIGHT HOFFMAN.

ALFRED BEIRLY.

SOLO. *With much expression.*

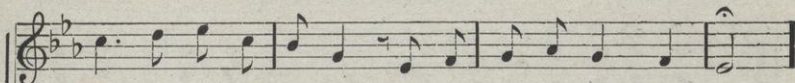
1. There are homes of want and sor-row, There are haunts of sin and
 2. Can we not be do-ing something To re-claim the lost who
 3. Oh, how sad their hearts, and wea-ry! Oh, how weak these souls, and

shame, Where no lov - ing voice and ten - der, Whis - pers
 And in blind - ness and in fol - ly, Walk in
 faint! How they thirst for life's pure wa - ter! Hear you

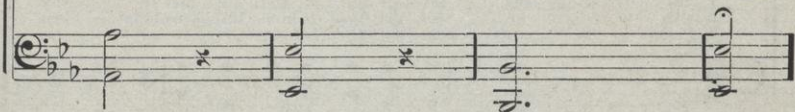
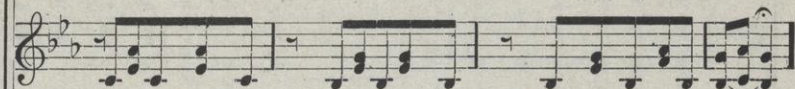
the Re-deem - er's name; Yet for all these sor - row-
 sin's de-struct - ive way? Can we not, with heart like
 not their deep com-plaint? For the sake of Je - sus,

bur-dened, And for all these sin en - slaved, Je - sus
 Je - sus, And with love as warm as his, Go and
 broth - er, Heed their loud, de - spair ing, cry! Go and

The Cry of the Lost. Concluded.



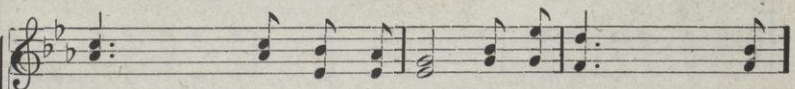
paid the price of ran-som, And would have them reached and saved.
find them, and en-treat them To ac-cept his grace and peace?
. lead them to the Sav-ior! Help to save them ere they die!



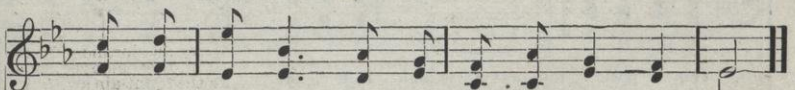
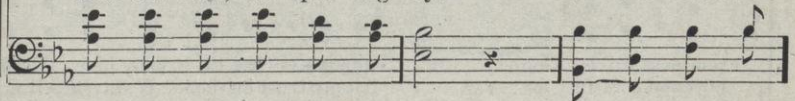
CHORUS.



For the sake of Je - sus, broth - er, Heed the
For the sake of Je - sus, broth - er,



loud, de - spair - ing cry! Go and lead them
Hear the loud, de - spair - ing cry! Go and lead them



to the Sav-ior! Help to save them ere they die!



No. 116.

Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

CHAS. WESLEY.

(To Mr. and Mrs. T. P. Nisbett.)

E. O. EXCELL.

1. Je - sus, lov - er of my soul, Let me to thy bo - som
 1. Oth - er ref - uge have I none; Hangs my help - less soul on
 3. Plenteous grace with thee is found, Grace to cov - er all my

*
 1. Je - sus, lov - er of my soul, Let me to thy,
 2. Oth - er ref - uge have I none; Hangs my help - less,
 3. Plen - teous grace with thee is found, Grace to cov - er,

fly, While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the
 thee; Leave, O leave me not a - lone, Still sup -
 sin; Let the heal - ing stream a - bound; Make and

to thy bo - som fly, While the the near - er wa - ters roll, While the
 help - less soul on thee: Leave, the O leave me not a - lone, Still sup -
 cov - er all my sin: Let the the heal - ing stream a - bound: Make and

tem - pest still is high, Hide me, O my Sa - vior, hide, Till the
 port and com - fort me; All my trust on thee is stayed, All my
 keep me pure with - in, Thou of life the fount - ain art, Free - ly

tem - pest, tem - pest still is high! Hide me, O my Sa - vior, hide, Till the
 port, sup - port and com - fort me: All trust on thee is stayed, All my
 keep me, keep me pure with - in; Thou of life the fount - ain art, Free - ly

Jesus, Lover of My Soul.—Concluded.

storm of life is past, Safe in-to the ha-ven
 help from thee I bring, Cov-er my de-fense-less
 let me take of thee, Spring thou up with-in my

storm of, storm of life is past; Safe in- in-
 help from, help from thee I bring; Cov- er
 let me, let me take of thee; Spring thou

guide, O re-ceive my soul at last,
 head With the shad-ow of thy wing,
 heart; Rise to all e-ter-ni-ty,

to the ha-ven guide, O re-ceive my soul, my soul at last!
 my de-fense-less head, With the shad-ow of thy wing!
 up with-in my heart, Rise to all to all e-ter-ni-ty.

Safe in-to the ha-ven guide, O re-ceive my soul at last.
 Cov-er my de-fense-less head With the shad-ow of thy wing.
 Spring thou up with-in my heart, Rise to all e-ter-ni-ty.

Safe in- to the ha-ven guide, O re-ceive my soul at last!
 Cov- er my de-fense-less head With the shad-ow of thy wing!
 Spring thou up with-in my heart, Rise to all e-ter-ni-ty.

No. 117. All May Come to Jesus.

Mrs. HARRIET JONES.

H. A. LEWIS.

1. Are your robes all stained with sin? Bring them now to Je - sus;
 2. Hear that voice so sweet and low—'Tis the voice of Je - sus;
 3. Come, my broth - er, come to - day, Bring your sins to Je - sus;

He will make them white and clean, Bless - ed, bless - ed Je - sus;
 He will wash you white as snow; Oh, the love of Je - sus!
 He will wash them all a - way, Oh, be clean thro' Je - sus;

Oh, be - lieve the promise sweet, Come, and kneel at Je - sus' feet;
 Oh, ac - cept the Son of God, Tram - ple not up - on the blood;
 He is wait - ing to re - ceive, Do not thus his Spir - it grieve;

Sin - ners at the mer - cy - seat, Find sweet rest in Je - sus.
 'Tis for you the crim - son flood, Come, oh, come to Je - sus.
 He will save if you be - lieve, Bless - ed, bless - ed Je - sus.

CHORUS.

Oh, that deep and cleans - ing flood! Oh, the pow'r of Je - sus' blood!

All May Come to Jesus. Concluded.

Glo - ry, glo - ry be to God! All may come to Je - sus.

No. 118. The Morning Light.

SAMUEL F. SMITH.

GEO. WEBB.

1. The morn-ing light is break-ing, The dark-ness dis-ap-pears;

FINE.
The sons of earth are wak-ing To pen-i-ten-tial tears.
D. S. Of na-tions in com-mo-tion, Pre-pared for Zi-on's war.

D. S.
Each breeze that sweeps the o - cean Brings tid-ings from a - far.

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!"

No. 119.

Whiter Than The Snow.

Mrs. M. A. KIDDER.

J. A. DAILEY.

1. Fear not, lit - tle flock, says the Savior di - vine, The Fa - ther has
 2. Far whit - er than snow, and as fair as the day, — For Christ is the
 3. Yon sheep, that was lost in the val - ley of sin, Was found by the

willed that the king - dom be thine; O soil not your gar - ments with
 fount - ain to wash guilt a - way; Oh, give him, poor sin - ner, that
 shep - herd, who gath - ered him in; With songs of thankgiv - ing the

sin here be - low, — My sheep and my lambs must be whit - er than snow.
 burden of thine, And en - ter the fold with the nine - ty - and - nine.
 hills did re - sound, My friends, and my neighbors, the lost sheep is found.

CHORUS.

Whit - - - er than snow,
 Whit - er than the snow, I long to be, dear Sav - ior,

Whit - - - er than snow, Whit - - - er than
 Whiter than the snow, I long to be Whit - er than the snow,

Whiter Than The Snow. *Concluded.*

Repeat Chorus pp.

snow, Whit - er than snow.
 I long to be, dear Savior, whiter than the snow, Whiter than the snow.

No. 120. Jesus, I my Cross have Taken.

HENRY F. LYTE.

MOZART.

1. Je - sus, I my cross have ta - ken, All to leave and fol - low thee;

FINE.

Naked, poor, despised, for-sak - en, Thou from hence my all shalt be;
D.S. Yet how rich is my con-di - tion, God and heav'n are still my 'own.

D.S.

Per - ish ev - 'ry fond am - bi - tion, All I've sought and hop'd and known.

2 Let the world despise, forsake me,
 They have left my Savior too;
 Human hearts and looks deceive me,
 Thou' art not, like man, untrue;
 And, while thou shalt smile upon me,
 God of wisdom, love and might,
 Foes may hate, and friends may shun
 Show thy face, and all is bright. [me.

3 Go, then, earthly fame and treasure!
 Come, disaster, scorn and pain!
 In thy service, pain is pleasure;
 With thy favor, loss is gain.
 I have called thee, "Abba, Father,"
 I have stayed my heart on thee;
 Storms may howl, and clouds may gath-
 All must work for good to me. [er.

JESSIE H. BROWN.

FRED A. FILLMORE. By per.

1. Oh scat ter seeds of lov - ing deeds, A - long the fer - tile field, For
 2. Tho' sown in tears thro' weary years, The seed will surely live; Tho'
 3. The harvest - home of God will come, And af - ter toil and care; With

CHORUS.

grain will grow from what you sow, And fruitful harvest yield. Then day by
 great the cost it is not lost, For God will fruitage give.
 joy un - told your sheaves of gold Will all be garnered there.

day along your way, The seeds of prom - - - ise
 Then day by day along your way, The seeds of promise cast, the

cast, That ri - pened grain from hill and
 seeds of prom - ise cast, That ri - pened grain

plain, Be gathered home at last.
 From hill and plain, Be gathered home at last, be gathered home at last.

Be gathered home at last.

No. 122. Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty?

REGINALD HEBER, D. D.

REV. JOHN B. DYKES.

1. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! Lord God Al-migh - ty!
 2. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! all the saints a - dore thee,
 3. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! tho' the dark - ness hide thee,
 4. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! Lord God Al-migh - ty!

Ear-ly in the morn - ing our songs shall rise to thee;
 Casting down their golden crowns a - round the glass - y sea;
 Tho' the eye of sin - ful man thy glo - ry may not see,
 All thy works shall praise thy name in earth, and sky, and sea;

Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! Mer - ci - ful and Might - y!
 Cher - u - bim and Sera - phim fall - ing down be - fore thee,
 On - ly thou art Ho - ly, there is none be - side thee,
 Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! Mer - ci - ful and Might - y!

God in three Per - sons, bless - ed Trin - i - ty!
 Which wert and art, and ev - er more shalt be.
 Per - fect in pow'r in love, and pur - i - ty.
 God in three Per - sons, bless - ed Trin - i - ty! A - men.

No. 123. Make me White as Snow.

ELISHA ALBRIGHT HOFFMAN.

ALFRED BEIRLY.

1. I come, O Lord, in pen - i - tence, With trembling and with tears, My
2. I come in joy and hope - ful - ness, With con - fi - dence of soul, That
3. I come and plead com - pas - sion, Lord! Oh, hear me while I pray; And

break - ing heart a shel - ter seeks From all its doubts and fears; An
thou wilt kind - ly wel - come me, And save and make me whole; For
seal my par - don in the blood That wash - es guilt a - way! Is

er - ing one, I bring to thee My sin, and guilt, and woe; Oh,
mul - ti - tudes have found thy heart A fount of love and grace; And
not thy mer - cy rich and free? And wilt thou not for - give? May

wash me in thy cleansing blood, And make me white as snow.
so in lov - ing trust and faith I come to seek thy face.
not a sin - ner trust in thee, And then for - ev - er live?

CHORUS.

Oh, wash me in thy cleansing blood, And make me white as

Make me White as Snow. Concluded.

snow; Oh, wash me in thy cleansing blood, And make me white as snow.

No. 124. Steal Away to Jesus.

E. O. EXCELL.

1. Re-turn, O wan-d'r-er, to thy home, Thy Fa-ther calls for thee;
 2. Re-turn, O wan-d'r-er, to thy home, 'Tis Je-sus calls for thee;
 3. Re-turn, O wan-d'r-er, to thy home, 'Tis mad-ness to de-lay;

No long-er now an ex-ile roam In guilt and mis-er-y.
 The Spir-it and the Bride say come: Oh, now for ref-uge flee
 There are no par-dons in the tomb, And brief is mer-cy's day.

CHORUS. *pp*

Steal a-way, steal a-way, Steal a-way to Je-sus;

Steal a-way, steal a-way home, For Je-sus waits to save you.

No. 125.

The New Song.

Miss L. P. HIGGINS.

GEO. H. RYDER.

1. Hear the new song, ring - ing O - ver land and sea;
 2. Tem - p'rance ban - ners wav - ing, See her ar - mies fair;
 3. See the tempt - er dy - ing, Naught can save him now;
 4. On the breez - es swell - ing, Come the strains a - far;
 5. Ev - er draw - ing near - er, Hear the glad new song;

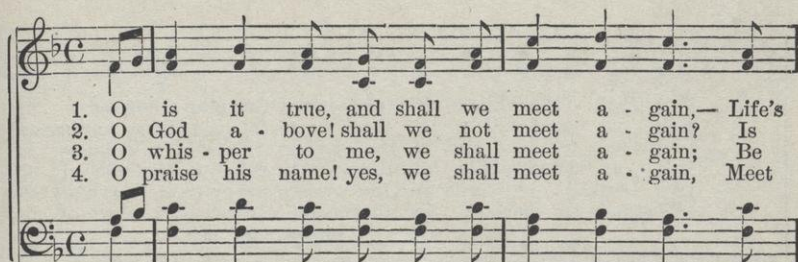
To the wretch - ed bring - ing Hope and vic - to - ry.
 Un - told mill - ions sav - ing From the tempt - er's snare.
 In the dust low ly - ing, Who to him will bow?
 To the glad earth tell - ing His long reign is o'er.
 Ev - er sweet - er, clear - er, Hills and vales a - mong;

Ring - ing, sing - ing, bring - ing vic - t'ry O - ver land and sea
 Wav - ing, sav - ing, crav - ing vic - t'ry, See her ar - mies fair.
 Ly - ing, dy - ing, sigh - ing vic - t'ry, Naught can save him now.
 Swelling, dwelling, tell - ing vic - t'ry, Come the strains a - far.
 Near - er, clear - er, dear - er, vic - t'ry, Hear the glad new song.

Ring - ing, sing - ing, bring - ing vic - t'ry O - ver land and sea.
 Ring - ing, sing - ing, bring - ing vic - t'ry O - ver land and sea.
 Wav - ing, sav - ing, crav - ing vic - t'ry O - ver land and sea.
 Ly - ing, dy - ing, sigh - ing vic - t'ry O - ver land and sea.
 Near - er, clear - er, dear - er vic - t'ry O - ver land and sea.

FRANCIS A. SIMKINS.

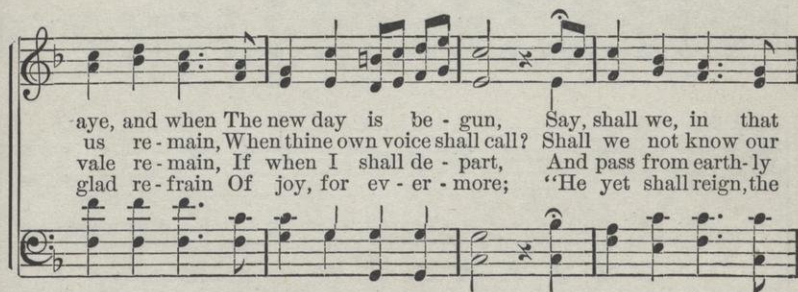
ALFRED BEIRLY.



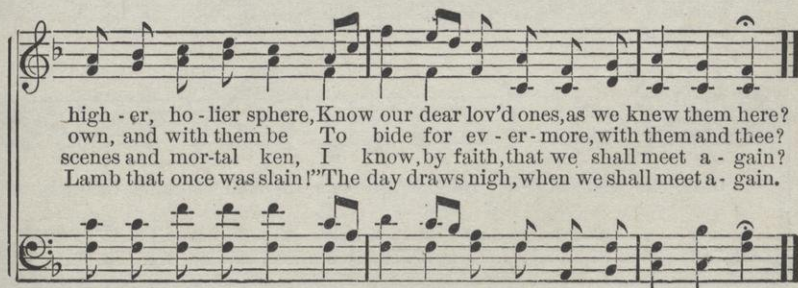
1. O is it true, and shall we meet a - gain, — Life's
 2. O God a - bove! shall we not meet a - gain? Is
 3. O whis - per to me, we shall meet a - gain; Be
 4. O praise his name! yes, we shall meet a - gain, Meet



toil - some jour - ney done; When earth's brief day is closed for
 this sad world our all? May no sweet prom - ise still to
 still, my wist - ful heart! Why should I rath - er in this
 on the oth - er shore, Where heav'n - ly hosts shall sing the



aye, and when The new day is be - gun, Say, shall we, in that
 us re - main, When thine own voice shall call? Shall we not know our
 vale re - main, If when I shall de - part, And pass from earth - ly
 glad re - frain Of joy, for ev - er - more; "He yet shall reign, the



high - er, ho - lier sphere, Know our dear lov'd ones, as we knew them here?
 own, and with them be To bide for ev - er - more, with them and thee?
 scenes and mor - tal ken, I know, by faith, that we shall meet a - gain?
 Lamb that once was slain!" The day draws nigh, when we shall meet a - gain.

No. 127.

At The Beautiful Gate.

Rev. J. H. MARTIN

R. M. McINTOSH.

1. } I think I should mourn o'er my sor-row-ful fate, If sor-row in
 If no one should be at the beau-ti-ful gate, There waiting and
 2. } How sad-ly I'd feel in the heav-en-ly state, If sad-ness in
 If no one should be at the beau-ti-ful gate, Conduct-ed to
 3. } O Lord, I be-seech thee for wisdom and grace, In win-ning lost
 That ma-n-y may be in that beau-ti-ful place, A crown of re-

CHORUS.

heav-en can be, } Yes, wait - - - ing and watching for
 watch-ing for me. }
 heav-en can be, }
 glo-ry by me. }
 souls un-to thee; }
 joic-ing to me. } Yes, wait-ing and watching for me, for

me, Yes, wait - - - ing and watching for me; May ma-n-y of
 me, Yes, wait-ing and watching for me, for me;

those at the beau-ti-ful gate Be wait-ing and watching for me.

L. A. MORRISON.

Arr. by E. O. E.

1. Je - sus Christ is my Re - deem - er, Je - sus Christ is
 2. He gave his life to save me, He gave his
 3. And by his grace I tri - umph, And by his
 4. I glo - ry in his fa - vor, I glo - ry
 5. I shall live with him for - ev - er, I shall live with

my Re - deem - er, Je - sus Christ is my Re - deem - er,
 life to save me, He gave his life to save me,
 grace I tri - umph, And by his grace I tri - umph,
 in his fa - vor, I glo - ry in his fa - vor,
 him for - ev - er, I shall live with him for - ev - er,

CHORUS.

His dy - ing brought the pow'r. { Send the pow'r, pre - cious
 { Send it now, send it

pow'r, Send the pow'r Je - sus prom - ised should come down; }
 now, Send the pow'r Je - sus prom - ised should come down. }

By permission.

No. 129.

Rock of Ages.

(Dedicated to Trinity Choir, Oil City, Pa.)

Soprano prominent.

E. O. EXCELL.

1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me,
 2. Could my tears for - ev - er flow,
 3. While I draw this fleet - ing breath,

1. Rock of A - ges cleft for me, Blest Rock of A - ges cleft for me,
 2. Could my tears for - ev - er flow, Oh, Could my tears for - ev - er flow,
 3. While I draw this fleeting breath, Yes, While I draw this fleeting breath,

Let me hide my - self in thee,
 Could my zeal no lan - guor know,
 When mine eyes shall close in death,

Let me hide my - self in thee, Oh! Let me hide my - self in thee,
 Could my zeal no languor know, Oh, Could my zeal no languor know,
 When my eyes shall close in death, Yes, When my eyes shall close in death,

Let the wa - ter and the blood,
 These for sin could not a - tone,
 When I rise to worlds un - known,

Let the wa - ter and the blood, Oh! Let the wa - ter and the blood,
 These for sin could not a - tone, No, These for sin could not a - tone,
 When I rise to worlds unknown, Yes, When I rise to worlds unknown,

Rock of Ages. Concluded.

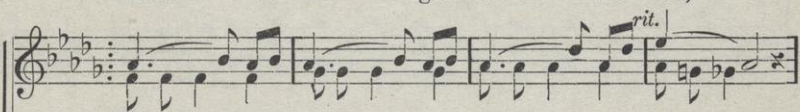
From thy wound - ed side which flow'd,
 Thou must save and thou alone,
 And be - hold thee on thy throne;



From thy wounded side which flow'd, Yes, From thy wounded side which flow'd,
 Thou must save and thou alone, Yes, Thou must save and thou a-lone,
 And be-hold thee on thy throne, Yes, And behold thee on thy throne,



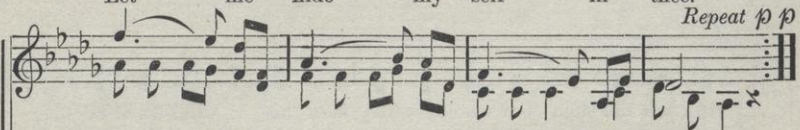
Be of sin the dou - ble cure,
 In my hand no price I bring,
 Rock of A - ges cleft for me,



Be of sin the double cure, Yes, Be of sin the double cure,
 In my hand no price I bring, Lord, In my hand no price I bring,
 Rock of A - ges cleft for me, Blest Rock of A - ges cleft for me,

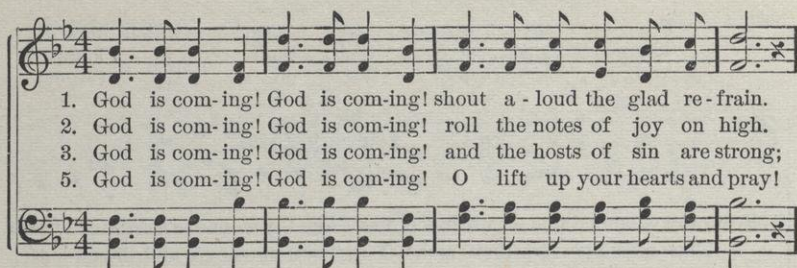


Save from wrath and make me pure,
 Sim - ply to thy cross I cling,
 Let me hide my - self in thee.

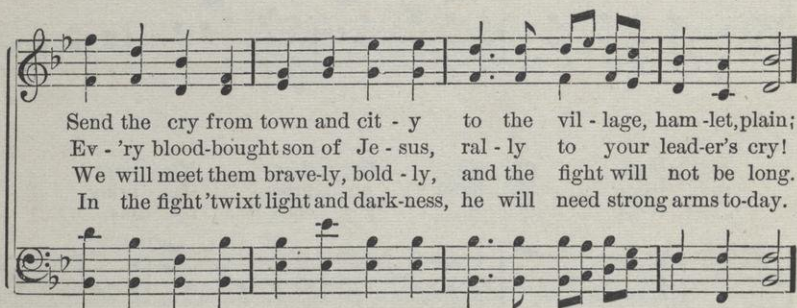


Save from wrath and make me pure, Yes, Save from wrath and make me pure.
 Sim - ply to thy cross I cling, Lord, Simply to thy cross I cling.
 Let me hide my - self in thee, Oh, Let me hide my - self in thee.

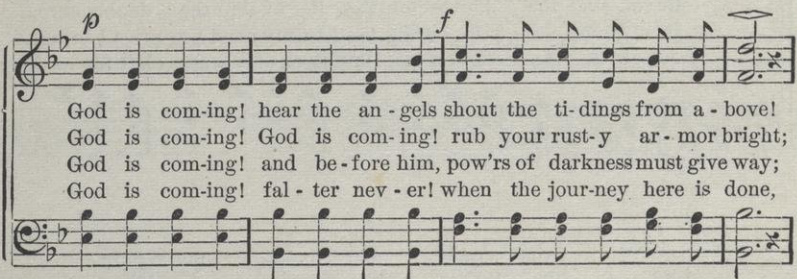




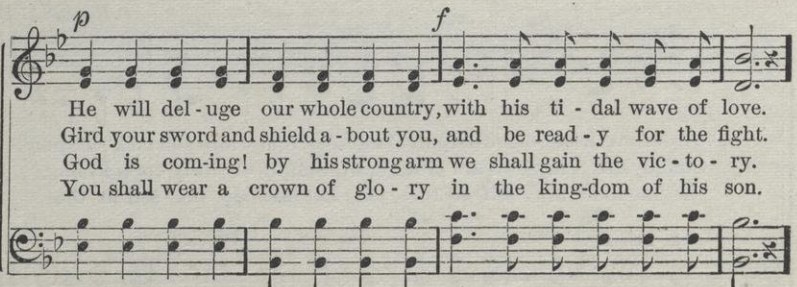
1. God is com-ing! God is com-ing! shout a - loud the glad re - frain.
 2. God is com-ing! God is com-ing! roll the notes of joy on high.
 3. God is com-ing! God is com-ing! and the hosts of sin are strong;
 5. God is com-ing! God is com-ing! O lift up your hearts and pray!



Send the cry from town and cit - y to the vil - lage, ham - let, plain;
 Ev - 'ry blood - bought son of Je - sus, ral - ly to your lead - er's cry!
 We will meet them brave - ly, bold - ly, and the fight will not be long.
 In the fight 'twixt light and dark - ness, he will need strong arms to - day.



God is com-ing! hear the an - gels shout the ti - dings from a - bove!
 God is com-ing! God is com-ing! rub your rust - y ar - mor bright;
 God is com-ing! and be - fore him, pow'rs of darkness must give way;
 God is com-ing! fal - ter nev - er! when the jour - ney here is done,



He will del - uge our whole country, with his ti - dal wave of love.
 Gird your sword and shield a - bout you, and be read - y for the fight.
 God is com-ing! by his strong arm we shall gain the vic - to - ry.
 You shall wear a crown of glo - ry in the king - dom of his son.

God is Coming. Concluded.

CHORUS.

God is com-ing! pass the watch-word all a - long the line to - day!

Ev - ry man be up - on du - ty, for Je - ho - vah comes this way.

No. 131. Come, Thou Almighty King.

CHARLES WESLY.

FELICE GIARDINI.

1. Come, thou al - might - y King, Help us thy name to sing,
2. Come, ho - ly Com - fort - er, Thy sa - cred wit - ness bear,
3. To thee, great One in Three, The high - est prais - es be.

Help us to praise! Fa - ther all glo - ri - ous, O'er all vic -
In this glad hour; Thou, who al - might - y art, Now rule in
Hence, ev - er - more; Thy sov - reign maj - es - ty May we in

to - ri - ous, Come, and reign o - ver us, An - cient of days.
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.

No. 132.

The Hope Of The Soul.

W. P. RIVERS.

R. M. McINTOSH.

SEMI-CHORUS.

1. The soul hath a hope ev-er dear, Of life in a clime of
 2. Sweet hope of the life ev-er blest With God in his home, with
 3. Dear hope of the soul's bet-ter life—An o - cean of Peace—sweet
 4. Oh, soul, keep thy hope ev-er pure, Of life in the clime of

beau - ti - ful sheen; Where ne'er come the storm-clouds of
 Je - sus a - bove; Where an - gels and saints are at
 Pu - ri - ty's sea! Where nev - er is tem - pest or
 vir - tue and truth; Where vis - ions of glo - ry en-

fear, Where shad - ows of gloom shall nev - er be seen;
 rest, Where heav - en - ly joys are rapt - ures of love;
 strife, Where pleas - ures are ho - ly, bound - less, and free;
 dure, Wher - ev - er a - bides the beau - ty of youth;

CHORUS.

Where shad - ows of gloom shall nev - er be seen, (nev - er be seen,)
 Where heav - en - ly joys are rapt - ures of love, (rapt - ures of love,)
 Where pleasures are ho - ly, bound - less, and free, (boundless, and free,)
 Wher - ev - er a - bides the beau - ty of youth, (beau - ty of youth,)

By permission of R. M. McINTOSH.

The Hope Of The Soul. Concluded.

Where shad-ows of gloom shall nev - er be seen; (nev - er be seen;)
 Where heav-en - ly joys are rapt - ures of love; (rapt-ures of love;)
 Where pleas-ures are ho - ly, bound-less, and free; (boundless, and free;)
 Wher - ev - er a - bides the beau - ty of youth, (beau - ty of youth;)

Oh, life's im - mor - tal years! In a clime where flow no tears—
 Oh, life's im - mor - tal years! In a clime where flow no tears—
 Oh, life's im - mor - tal years! In a clime where flow no tears—
 Oh, life's im - mor - tal years! In a clime where flow no tears—

Where shad - ows of gloom shall nev - er be seen.
 Where heav - en - ly joys are rapt - ures of love.
 Where pleas - ures are ho - ly, bound - less, and free.
 Wher - ev - er a - bides the beau - ty of youth.

No. 133.

Work, For the Night is Coming.

Key F.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>1 Work, for the night is coming;
 Work through the morning hours;
 Work while the dew is sparkling;
 Work 'mid springing flow'rs;
 Work when the day grows brighter,
 Work in the glowing sun;
 Work, for the night is coming,
 When man's work is done.</p> <p>2 Work, for the night is coming;
 Work through the sunny noon;
 Fill brightest hours with labor;
 Rest comes sure and soon.</p> | <p>Give every flying minute
 Something to keep in store;
 Work, for the night is coming,
 When man works no more.</p> <p>3 Work, for the night is coming,
 Under the sunset skies;
 While their bright tints are glowing,
 Work, for daylight flies.
 Work till the last beam fadeth,
 Fadeth to shine no more;
 Work while the night is darkening,
 When man's work is o'er.</p> |
|--|---|

No. 134. O When Shall I See Jesus?

ARR. W. M. LEFTWICH.

ARR. R. M. MCINTOSH.

1. O when shall I see Je - sus, And reign with him a - bove;
 2. When shall I be de - liv - ered From this vain world of sin,
 3. But, now I am a sol - dier; My Cap - tain's gone be - fore;
 4. And if I hold out faith - ful, A crown of life he'll give;

And drink the flow - ing fountain, Of ev - er - last - ing love?
 And with my bless - ed Je - sus, Drink end - less pleas - ures in?
 He's giv - en me my or - ders, And bid me not give o'er.
 And all his val - iant sol - diers Shall ev - er with him live.

REFRAIN.

Christ is all the world to me, And his glo - ry I shall see;

And be - fore I'd leave my Sav - ior, I'd lay me down and die.

5 Whene'er you meet with troubles
 And trials on your way,
 Oh, cast your care on Jesus,
 And don't forget to pray.

6 Gird on the heavenly armor
 Of faith, and hope, and love;
 And when the combat's ended,
 You'll reign with him above.

By permission.

No. 135. Take me to the Precious Fountain.

Mrs. E. W. CHAPMAN.

ALFRED BIERLY.

1. Take me to the pre-cious foun-tain, Where the crystal wa - ters flow,
 2. Take me to the pre-cious foun-tain, Stain of sin shall dis - ap - pear,
 3. Take me to the pre-cious foun-tain, Pure and ho - ly I would be;

There, on Calvary's ho - ly mountain, Make me whi - ter than the snow.
 And on Zi - on's blessed mountain With the ransomed I'll ap - pear.
 Seal my heart by thine own spir - it, Make me more and more like thee.

CHORUS.

Take . . . me to the foun - tain,
 Take me to the foun - tain, Take me to the foun - tain,

Pre - - - cious is its o - ver - flow! In . . . its
 Pre - cious is its o - ver - flow! In its crys - tal wa -

cris - tal wa - - - ters, Make me whi - ter than the snow.
 - ters In its crys tal wa - ters,

No. 136.

Ashamed of Jesus.

JOSEPH GRIGGS.

E. O. EXCELL.

DUET

1 Je - sus, and shall it ev - er be, A
 2 A - shamed of Je - sus! soon - er far Let
 3 A - shamed of Je - sus! just as soon, Let
 4 A - shamed of Je - sus! that dear Friend, On
 5 A - shamed of Je - sus! yes, I may, When

If preferred play duet.

mor - tal man a - shamed of thee? A -
 even - ing blush to own a star; He
 mid - night be a - shamed of noon; 'Tis
 whom my hopes of heav'n de - pend; No!
 I've no guilt to wash a - way, No

shamed of thee, whom an - gels praise, Whose
 sheds the beams of light di - vine O'er
 mid - night with my soul till he, Bright
 when I blush, be this my shame, That
 tear to wipe, no good to crave, No

Ashamed of Jesus. Concluded.

glo - ries shine through end - less days?
 this be - night - ed soul of mine.
 Morn - ing Star, bid dark - ness flee.
 I no more re - vere his name.
 fears to quell, no soul to save.

CHORUS.

A - shamed . . . of Je - sus, I nev - er,
 A - shamed of Je - sus, a - shamed of Je - sus, I nev - er,

I nev - er will be; . . . For Je - - - - sus, my
 I nev - er, I nev - er will be; For Je - sus my Sav - ior, for

ff

Sav - ior, is not a - shamed of me.
 Je - sus, my Sav - ior,

1. Je - sus is wait - ing to wel - come the wea - ry,
 2. Long have you striv - en to find it with - out me,
 3. Will you not come? you need no prep - a - ra - tion,
 4. Doubt - ing and trou - bled one, can you not trust me?
 5. Oh I am yearn - ing to see you un - bur - dened,

Worn with the world's fruit - less striv - ing for peace,
 sought it in feel - ings e - mo - tion - al, vain;
 stay not to think, but come just as you are,
 A - ble to save you from ev - er - y ill,
 Death did I suf - fer that you might be free.

Tired with a night - watch that know - eth no morn - ing,
 These have all failed you, and still you are rest - less,
 Bring noth - ing with you, for love giv - eth free - ly,
 A - ble to lead you through con - flict to glo - ry,
 Will you not come? and by life con - se - cra - tion,

Sick with a heart - ache that earth can not ease.
 Seek - ing to pur - chase what naught can ob - tain.
 Peace - per - fect peace that no sor - row can mar.
 A - ble to say to life's storm, "Peace be still."
 Try to win oth - ers and bring them to me.

Jesus is Waiting. *Concluded.*

Je - sus is wait-ing, He stand - eth and knock-eth

Rit.
Call - ing in love up - on each one op - pressed,

Come un - to me, sin - ner wea - ry and la - den

I will re - fresh you and give you my rest.

No. 138.

So Wondrously Redeemed.

E. A. H.

ELISHA ALBRIGHT HOFFMAN
And E. O. EXCELL.

1. The joy I feel to-day No mor-tal could have dreamed;
2. No more I serve the world; How sweet its pleas-ures seemed!
3. With-in my hap-py heart The heav'n-ly light has beamed,

My heart is full of song (and praise), My heart is full of
I fol-low now my Lord (and Christ), I fol-low now my
And I have won-drous love (and peace), And I have won-drous

song (and praise), For I have been re-deemed, So
Lord (and Christ), By whom I am re-deemed, So
love (and peace), For I have been re-deemed, So

CHORUS.

won-drous-ly re-deemed. Re-deemed, I am re-deemed, re-

deemed, So won-drous-ly re-deemed, Re-re-deemed,
I am re-deemed, re-deemed,

So Wondrously Redeemed.

- deemed, re - deemed, So won-drous-ly re - deemed.
I am re-deem'd, I am re-deem'd,

No. 139. Come to Me.

Mrs. J. C. YULE.

E. O. EXCELL.

DUET. SOPRANO AND TENOR.

1. Wea - ry soul, by care oppress'd, Wouldst thou find a place of rest?
2. Hun - gry soul, why pine and die, With ex-haust-less stores so nigh?
3. Thirst-y soul, earth's sweetest rill, Mocks thee with its prom - ise still?
4. Home-less soul, thy path is drear, An - gry tem-pests gath - er near,
5. Heav'n-ly bread and heav'n-ly wine, Liv - ing wa - ters, all are mine;

Lis - ten, Je - sus calls to thee, Come and find thy rest in me.
Lo! the board is spread for thee, Come and feast to - day with me.
Hark! the Sav - ior calls to thee, Here is wa - ter, come to me.
Night is dark'ning, o - ver thee, Here is shel - ter, come to me.
Mine they are, and thine may be, Wea - ry wan-d'rer, come to me.

CHORUS. Repeat p.

Come to me, come to me, Come and find thy rest in me
Come to me, come to me, Come and feast to - day with me.
Come to me, come to me, Here is wa - ter, come to me.
Come to me, come to me, Here is shel - ter, come to me.
Come to me, come to me, Wea - ry wan-d'rer, come to me.

No. 140. Then Rejoice, All Ye Ransomed.

E. F. M.

E. F. MILLER.

1. There's re-joic-ing in the presence of the an-gels O-ver
 2. Oh, how hap-py is the sin-ner who has tast-ed Of the
 3. In the home where once was strife, and pain, and sor-row, There'll be
 4. We will ral-ly round the standard of our Sav-ior; And to

sin-ners com-ing home, All the heav'nly harp-ers with a might-y
 Savior's wond'rous love, Love, that bringeth peace and joy, which passeth
 blessed peace and joy, Pray'r and praise to God a-round the fam-ily
 oth-ers loud-ly call, Come, ye sin-ners, and re-pent, be-lieve in
 coming home,

CHORUS.

chor-us, Now are prais-ing round the throne. Then re-joyce, all ye
 knowledge, Ev-er giv-en from a-bove.
 al-tar Will the pow'r of sin de-destroy.
 Je-sus, He will free-ly par-don all. Then rejoice,

ran-somed, Let your praises reach to heaven's high-est dome, For the
 all ye ransomed, highest dome,

Then Rejoice, All Ye Ransomed. *Concluded.*

dead's a-live, the lost is found, and wand'ers Now are coming, coming home.

No. 141. Our God, We Thank Thee.

ADELAIDE A. PROCTOR.

CHAS. EDW. PRIOR.

1. Our God, we thank thee, who hast made The earth so bright;
2. We thank thee, too, that thou hast made Joy to a bound;
3. We thank thee more that all our joy Is touch'd with pain;
4. We thank thee, Lord, that thou hast kept The best in store;
5. We thank thee, Lord, that here our souls, Tho' am - ply blest,

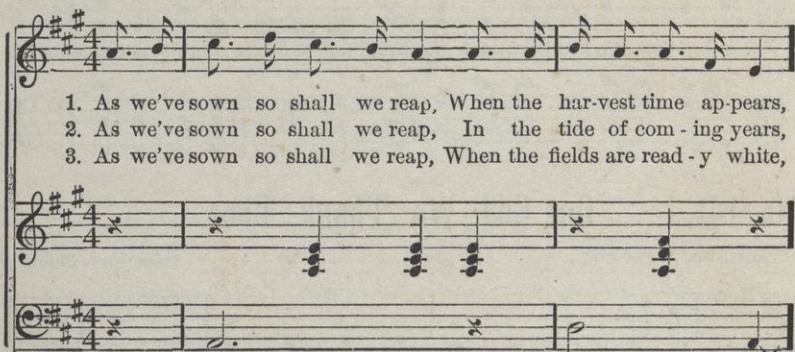
So full of splen - dor and of joy, Beau - ty and light;
 So man - y gen - tle thoughts and deeds Cir - cling us round;
 That shad - ows fall on bright - est hours, That thorns re - main;
 We have e - nough, but not too much, To long for more;
 Can nev - er find, al-though they seek, A per - fect rest;

So man - y glo - rious things are here, No - ble and right.
 That in the dark - est spot of earth, Some love is found.
 So that earth's bliss may be our guide, And not our chain.
 A yearn - ing for a deep - er peace, Not known be - fore.
 Nor ev - er shall, un - til they lean On Je - sus' breast.

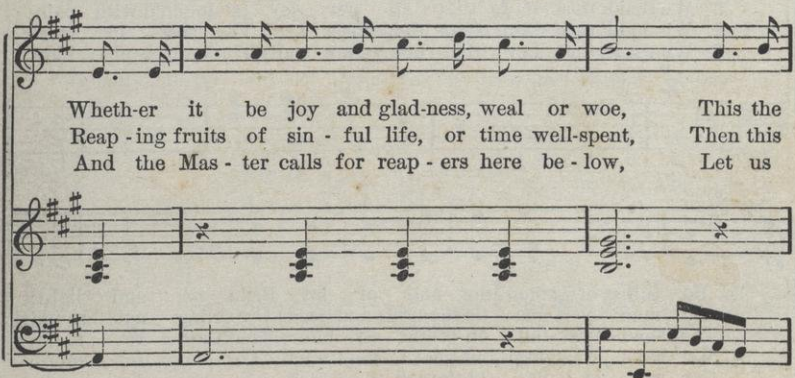
No. 142. As We've Sown so Shall We Reap.

F. M. D.

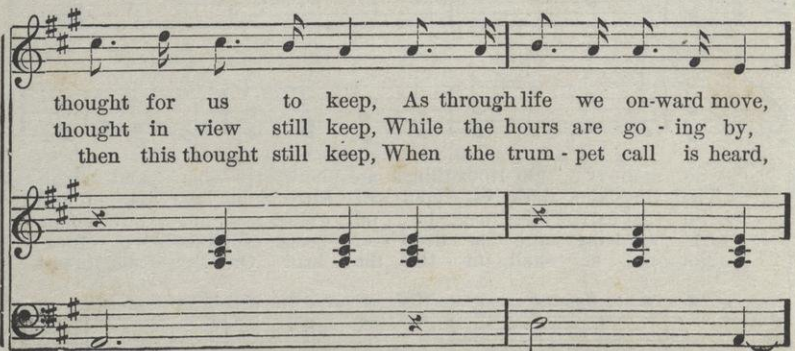
FRANK M. DAVIS.



1. As we've sown so shall we reap, When the har-vest time ap-pears,
2. As we've sown so shall we reap, In the tide of com-ing years,
3. As we've sown so shall we reap, When the fields are read-y white,

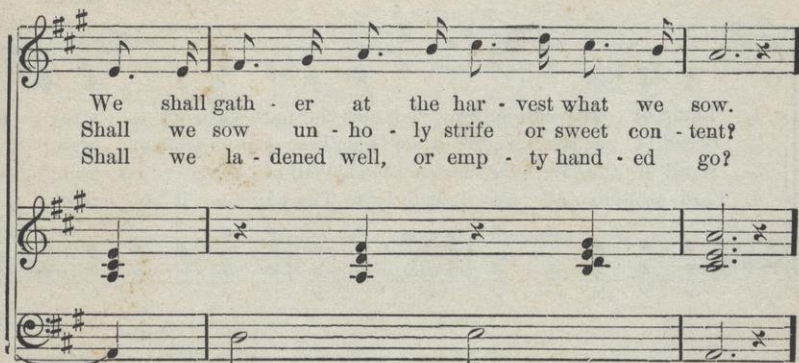


Wheth-er it be joy and glad-ness, weal or woe, This the
Reap-ing fruits of sin-ful life, or time well-spent, Then this
And the Mas-ter calls for reap-ers here be-low, Let us



thought for us to keep, As through life we on-ward move,
thought in view still keep, While the hours are go-ing by,
then this thought still keep, When the trum-pet call is heard,

As We've Sown so Shall we Reap. *Concluded.*

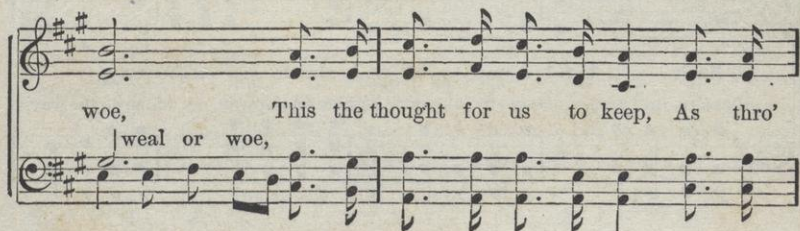


We shall gath - er at the har - vest what we sow.
Shall we sow un - ho - ly strife or sweet con - tent?
Shall we la - dened well, or emp - ty hand - ed go?

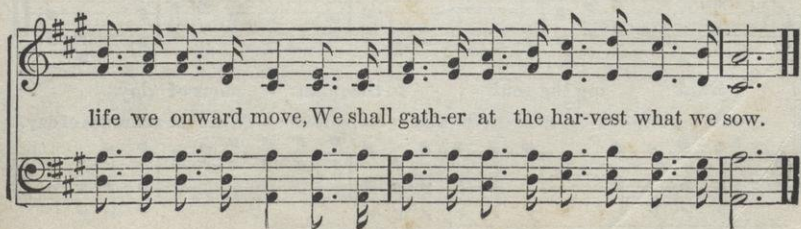
CHORUS.



On, on, ev - er to the har - vest, Sow - ing eith - er weal or



woe, This the thought for us to keep, As thro'
weal or woe,



life we onward move, We shall gath - er at the har - vest what we sow.

BARTON.

E. O. EXCELL.

1. Lamp of our feet, where-by we trace Our path when apt to stray ;
 2. Bread of our souls, where-on we feed; True man-na from on high ;
 3. Word of the Ev - er - last-ing God, Will of His glor-ious Son ;
 4. Lord, grant us all a - right to learn The wis-dom it im - parts,

Stream from the fount of heav-en-ly grace; Brook, by the trav-'ler's way.
 Our guide and chart, where-in we read Of realms be-yond the sky.
 With-out thee how could earth be trod, Or heav'n it - self be won?
 And to its heav'nly teach - ing turn With sim - ple child-like hearts.

CHORUS.

Beau - ti-ful Lamp, bright-ly shine on the way,
 Beau-ti-ful Lamp, Beau-ti-ful Lamp, Shine on the way, Shine on the way,

Guid - ing the soul to the man - sions of day.
 Guid-ing the soul, guid-ing the soul to the mansions of day, to the mansions of day.

No. 144.

What Hast Thou Done?

E. O. E., Arr.

E. O. EXCELL.

1. What hast thou done to show thy love For
 2. Hast thou the world re-nounced en-tire, And
 3. Hast thou e'er dried the wid-ow's tear? Or
 4. Or hast thou lived in sel-fish ease, Seek
 5. For-get not, soul, that by and by, A

him who left his throne a-bove; His glo-rious throne in
 for its praise felt no de-sire? From ev-ry fol-ly
 sought the or-phan's path to cheer? Hast thou e'er raised the
 ing a-lone thy self to please, For-get-ful that thy
 reck'ning comes in yon-der sky, When Christ, as judge, will

yon-der sky; And came to earth for thee to die?
 turned a-way; To seek for joys that last al-way?,
 fall-en up, And bid-den him once more to hope?
 God would claim Thy life, if thou wouldst bear his name?
 ask of thee, "O soul! what hast thou done for me?"

Tell me, my soul! Oh, tell me, my soul!

No. 145.

"These Sayings of Mine."

A. P. COBB.

CHAS. EDW. PRIOR,

1. Who - so hear - eth and do - eth "these say - ings of mine,"
 2. Who - so hear - eth and scorn - eth "these say - ings of mine,"
 3. Art thou fool - ish or wise, O, broth - er of mine?

I will lik - en to one, who thro' storm and thro' shine,
 Is fool - ish - ly build - ing thro' storm and thro' shine,
 Art thou heed - ing thy Sav - ior, thro' storm and thro' shine?

His house wise - ly builds on the firm rock be - low,
 His house on the sand, and 'twill speed - i - ly fall,
 On the rock or the sand, oh, tell me, I pray,

And safe there a - bides, when the fierce tem - pests blow.
 When the rain shall de - scend, and the tem - pest shall fall.
 On which art thou build - ing thy dwell - ing each day?

CHORUS.
 O bless - ed Foun - da - tion! O tried Cor - ner - stone! So

"These Sayings of Mine." Concluded.

ear - nest - ly longed for, and sought by earth's sag - es! On

thee will I build, in thee trust a - lone, Thou

bless - ed Re - deem - er, Thou Rock of the A - ges.

No. 146. Only Trust Him.

- 1 Come, every soul by sin oppressed,
There's mercy with the Lord,
And he will surely give you rest,
By trusting in his word.

Cho.—Only trust him, only trust,
Only trust him now;
He will save you, he will save you,
He will save you now.

- 2 For Jesus shed his precious blood
Rich blessings to bestow,
Plunge now into the crimson tide
That washes white as snow.

- 3 Yes, Jesus is the Truth, the Way,
That leads you into rest;
Believe in him without delay,
And you are fully blest.

No. 147. Marching to Zion.

- 1 Come, ye that love the Lord,
And let your joys be known:
Join in a song with sweet accord,
While ye surround his throne.

Cho.—We're marching to Zion,
Beautiful, beautiful Zion!
We're marching upward to Zion,
The beautiful city of God

- 2 Let those refuse to sing,
Who never knew our God:
But servants of the Heavenly King
May speak their joys abroad.

- 3 Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry:
We're marching through Immanuel's
To fairer worlds on high. [ground

No. 148. The Handwriting on the Wall.

"And the king saw the part of the hand that wrote." Dan. 5: 5.

K. SHAW.

KNOWLES SHAW, ART. & V. E. O. EXCELL.

1. At the feast of Bel-shaz-zar and a thousand of his lords, While they
 2. See the brave cap-tive Dan-iel as he stood before the throng, And re-
 3. See the faith, zeal, and courage, that would dare to do the right, Which the
 4. So our deeds are re- cord-ed, there's a Hand that's writing now, Sinner,

drank from gold - en ves - sels, as the book of truth re-cords;
 buked the haugh - ty mon - arch for his might - y deeds of wrong;
 spir - it gave to Dan - iel, — this the se - cret of his might;
 give your heart to Je - sus, to His roy - al man-date bow;

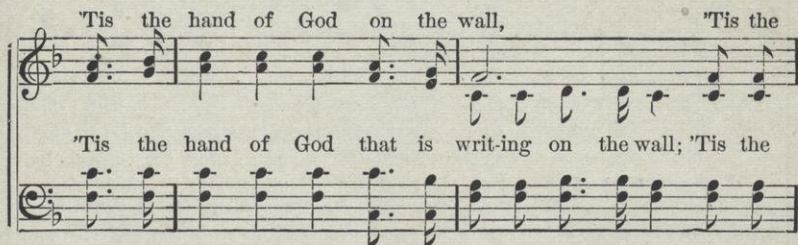
In the night as they rev-el in the roy-al pal-ace hall, They were
 As he read out the writing, 'twas the doom of one and all, For the
 In his home in Ju - de - a, or a cap-tive in the hall — He
 For the day is ap-proaching, it must come to one and all, When the

seized with con - ster - na - tion, 'twas the hand up - on the wall.
 king - dom now was fin - ished — said the hand up - on the wall.
 un - der - stood the writ - ing, of his God up - on the wall.
 sin - ner's con - dem - na - tion, will be writ - ten on the wall.

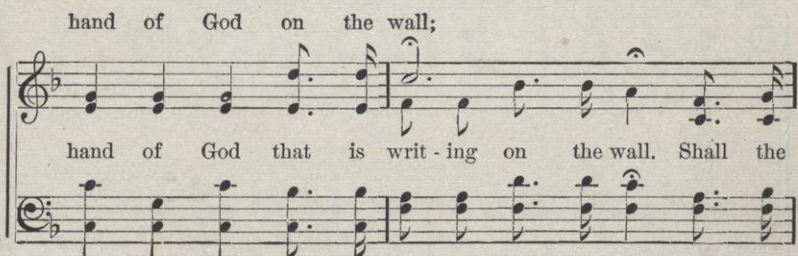
The Handwriting on the Wall. *Concluded.*

CHORUS.

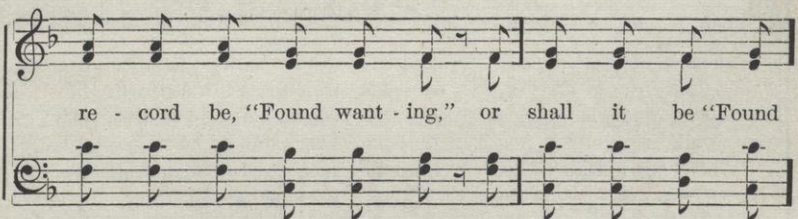
'Tis the hand of God on the wall, 'Tis the
'Tis the hand of God that is writ-ing on the wall; 'Tis the



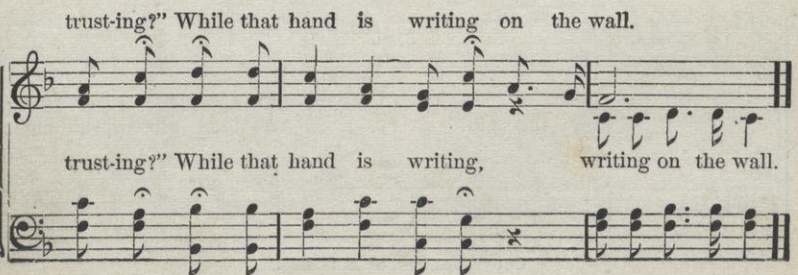
hand of God on the wall;
hand of God that is writ-ing on the wall. Shall the



re-cord be, "Found want-ing," or shall it be "Found



trust-ing?" While that hand is writing on the wall.
trust-ing?" While that hand is writing, writing on the wall.



No. 149.

Saved Forever.

Unknown.

H. A. Lewis.

1. Sing, my soul, oh, sing with rapt - ure Of God's
 2. Oh, the bliss of this sal - va - tion, Full sal -
 3. I am saved, I have the wit - ness Of the
 4. We are one, oh, bless - ed un - ion, Heav'nly
 5. Soon with - in the gold - en cit - y, Where my

won - drous love to thee, How he broke the
 va - tion from all sin, Par - doned, cleansed, and
 Spir - it, full and free; All is peace, and
 fel - low - ship di - vine; Day by day we
 loved ones wait for me, There the King in

chains of dark - ness, And from death hath set thee free.
 saved for - ev - er, Je - sus Christ en - throned with - in.
 joy, and glad - ness, Je - sus Christ a - bides with me.
 walk to - geth - er, I am his, and he is mine.
 his own beau - ty, Face to face I soon shall see.

CHORUS.

Oh, the glo - - ry, ra - diant glo - ry, shin - ing
 Oh, the glo - ry, ra - diant glo - ry, shin - ing

Saved Forever. Concluded.

in . . . my soul to - day; . . .
in my soul to - day, yes, shin - ing in my soul to - day;

All of dark - ness, doubts and sad - ness, Are for -
All of dark - ness, doubts and sad - ness, Are for -

ev - er passed a - way, (a - way).
ev - er passed a - way, are passed a - way, a - way.

No. 150. Title Clear.

- 1 When I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I'll bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.

Cho.—We will stand the storm,
We will anchor by and by.

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

- 3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,
Let storms of sorrow fall,
So I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all.

No. 151. All to Christ I Owe.

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

Cho.—Jesus paid it all,
All to him I owe;
Sin had left a crimson stain,
He washed it white as snow.

- 2 Lord, now indeed I find
Thy power, and thine alone,
Can change the leper's spots,
And melt the heart of stone.

- 3 For nothing good have I
Whereby thy grace to claim.—
I'll wash my garment white
In the blood of Calvary's Lamb.

No. 152.

Tell it Again.

Mrs. M. B. C. SLADE.

R. M. McINTOSH.

A home missionary visited a dying boy in a gipsy tent; bending over him, he said, "God so loved the world, that he gave his only Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." The dying boy heard and whispered: "Nobody ever told me,"

1 In - to the tent where a gip - sy boy lay, Dy - ing a - lone,
2. "Did he so love me, a poor lit - tle boy? Send un - to me
3. Bend - ing, we caught the last words of his breath, Just as he en -
4. Smil - ing he said, as his last sigh was spent, "I am so glad

at the close of the day, News of sal - va - tion we
the good tid - ings of joy? Need I not per - ish?—my
tered the val - ley of death; "God sent his Son!—who - so
that for me he was sent!" Whis - pered, while low sank the

carried,—said he: "No - bod - y ev - er has told it to me!"
hand will he hold?—"No - bod - y ev - er the sto - ry has told!"
ev - er!" said he; "Then I am sure that he sent him for me!"
sun in the west: "Lord, I be - lieve! tell it now to the rest!"

REFRAIN.

Tell it a - gain! tell it a - gain! Sal - va - tion's sto - ry re -

By per. of R. M. McIntosh.

Tell it Again. Concluded.

peat o'er and o'er, Till none can say of the chil - dren

of men, "No - bod - y ev - er has told me be - fore!"

No. 153. Beulah Land.

No. 154. The Great Physician.

1 I've reached the land of corn and wine,
And all its riches freely mine;
Here shines undimm'd one blissful day,
For all my night has passed away.

Cho.—O Beulah land, sweet Beulah land,
As on thy highest mount I stand,
I look away across the sea, [me,
Where mansions are prepared for
And view the shining glory shore,
My heav'n, my home for evermore!

2 The Savior comes and walks with me,
And sweet communion here have we;
He gently leads me with his hand,
For this is heaven's border land.

3 A sweet perfume upon the breeze
Is borne from ever-vernal trees,
And flow'rs that never fading grow
Where streams of life forever flow.

4 The zephyrs seem to float to me,
Sweet sounds of heaven's melody,
As angels, with the white-robed throng,
Join in the sweet redemption song.

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

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

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

3 His name dispels my guilt and fear,
No other name but Jesus;
Oh, how my soul delights to hear
The precious name of Jesus.

4 And when to that bright world above,
We rise to see our Jesus,
We'll sing around the throne of love
His name, the name of Jesus.

F. M. D.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. There's a voice that speaks to-day, To the child in er - ror's way;
 2. You who've wandered long in sin, And a new life would be - gin,
 3. Hear him call - ing you who roam, Still en-treat - ing you to come;

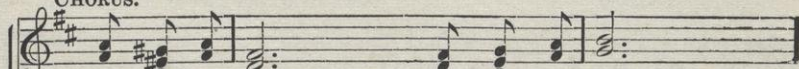
And in pit - y hear it say, Come un - to me, (Come un - to me.)
 Hear that voice that speaks with-in, Come un - to me, (Come un - to me.)
 If you'd find sweet rest at home, Come un - to me, (Come un - to me.)

I will give you peace and rest, All ye wea - ry and oppressed,
 Shin - ing ones in heav - en wait, Close be - side the pearl - y gate,
 Will you world - ly things re - sign, Say - ing, Je - sus shall be mine?

If you'll on - ly be my guest Come un - to me.
 Now to see you heed, tho' late, Come un - to me.
 Will you heed his call di - vine, Come un - to me.

Come Unto Me. *Concluded.*

CHORUS.



 Come un - to me, Come un - to me,

 Come un - to me, Come un - to me,




 Hear the Sav - ior sweet - ly say, Come un - to me, Come un - to me,



 Come un - to me, Come un - to me,

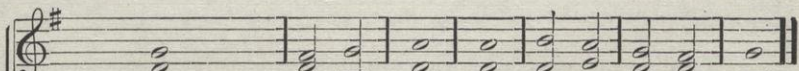
 Come un - to me, Come un - to me,



 Hear the Sav - ior sweet - ly say, Come un - to me, Come un - to me.

No. 156.

Gloria Patri.



 Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, And to the Ho - ly Ghost;

 As it was in the begin -

 ning, is now, and ev - er shall be, World with - out end. A - men.

No. 157.

Come, Thou Fount.

Rev. R. ROBINSON.

ANNIE HARRISON, ART. by E. O. EXCELL.

1. Come, thou fount of ev - - ry bless - ing, Tune my
 2. Here I'll raise my Eb - e - nez er, Hith - er
 3. Oh, to grace how great a debt - or, Dai - ly

1. Oh, come thou Fount of, of ev - 'ry bless - ing, Oh, tune my
 2. Yes, here I'll raise my, my Eb - en - ez - er, Yes, hith - er
 3. Yes, oh, to grace how, how great a debt - or, Yes, dai - ly

heart to sing thy grace, Streams of mer - cy
 by thy help I come, And I hope by
 I'm constrained to be, Let thy good - ness

heart to, to sing thy grace, The streams of mer - cy
 by thy, thy help I come, And ev - er hope by
 I'm con - constrained to be, Oh, let thy good - ness

nev - - er ceas - ing, Call for songs of loud - - est praise,
 thy good pleasure, Safe - ly to ar - rive at home,
 like a fet - ter, Bind my wand'ring heart to thee,

They nev - er ceas - ing, They call for songs of, of loud - est praise,
 By thy good pleas - ure, Yes, safe - ly to ar - ar - rive at home,
 Yes, like a fet - ter, Yes, bind my wand'ring, my heart to thee,

Come, Thou Fount. Concluded.

Solo.

Teach me some me - lo - dious son - net, Sung by
Je - sus sought me when a stran - ger, Wand - 'ring
Prone to wan - der Lord I feel it, Prone to

Praise, the mount, I'm
He, to res - cue
Here's, my heart, oh,
TUTTI.

flam - ing tongues a - bove, Oh, praise the mount, I'm
from the fold of God, Yes, he to res - cue
leave the God I love, Yes, here's my heart, oh,

fixed up - on it, Mount of thy re - deem - - ing love.
me from dan - ger, In - ter - posed his pre - cious blood.
take and seal it, Seal it for thy courts a - bove.

I'm fixed up - on it, The mount of thy re - re - deem - ing love.
My soul from dan - ger, He in - ter - posed his, his pre - cious blood.
Oh, take and seal it, Yes, seal it for thy, thy courts a - bove.

No. 158. Angels Hovering Round.

1. There are an - gel's hov' - ring round, There are an - gels hov' - ring round,

There are an - gels, an - gels hov' - ring round.

2 To carry the tidings home.

3 To the new Jerusalem.

4 Poor sinners are coming home.

5 And Jesus bids them come.

6 Let him that heareth, come.

7 We're on our journey home.

No. 159.

Papa, Come This Way.

M. E. W.

Mrs. M. E. Willson.
Arr. by ALFRED BIERLY.

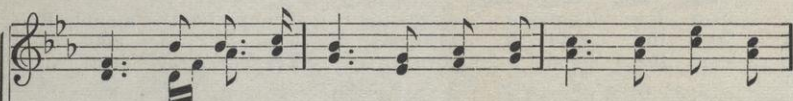
A fisherman got lost in the fog; his little child called from the shore, "Come this way," and guided by the voice, he reached home in safety. So, unsaved and lost fathers, listen to the little voices from the heavenly shore, calling, "Papa, come this way.

DUET.

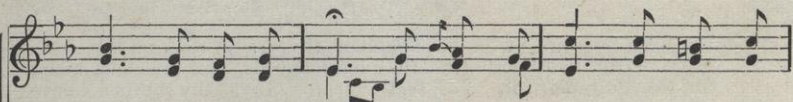
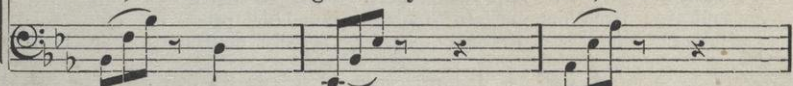


1. A lit - tle child - ish voice is still'd, Two lit - tle li - ly - white hands are
2. I'm sure my dar - ling is at rest, Within the ten - der Shepherd's
3. Wher - e'er I go, that voice I hear, As tho' my dar - ling could not

ORGAN.



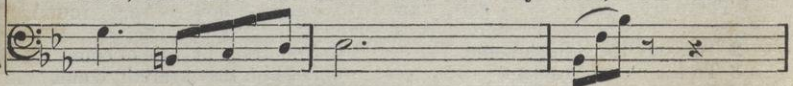
crossed; Two lit - tle eyes for - ev - er closed, The sound of
fold; He took her from this sin - ful world, He shields her
rest, Un - til I give my heart to him, Who died to



pat - t'ring feet is lost, A lit - tle form from out our
from its blast and cold; But how I miss the lov - ing
save and make me blest. And so it ech - oes in my



home, Was borne by lov - ing hands a - way; But still I
kiss, And oh! my long - ing heart is sore; Then comes that
heart, And thro' the cham - bers of my soul, I'll not re -



Papa, Come This Way. Concluded.

seem to hear a voice With-in my heart, it says each day,
lit - tle plead-ing voice, It gen-tly whis-pers o'er and o'er;
- sist that plead-ing voice, I'll go to Je - sus and be whole.

“Pa-pa, come this way, Pa - pa, come this way;” A

lit - tle voice calls from that shore, “Pa - pa, come this way.” *rall.*

No. 160. Nearer, My God, to Thee.

Key G.

- 1 Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me;
Still all my song shall be—
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!
- 2 Though, like the wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be o'er me,
My rest a stone;
Yet, in my dreams I'd be—
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!
- 3 There let the way appear,
Steps up to heaven;
All that thou sendest me,
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me—
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

No. 161. He Leadeth Me.

Key of D.

- 1 He leadeth me! oh, blessed thought;
Oh! words with heav'nly comfort
fraught;
Whate'er I do, where'er I be,
Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me.
- Ref.*—He leadeth me, He leadeth me!
By his own hand he leadeth me;
His faithful follower I would be,
For by his hand he leadeth me.
- 2 Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest
gloom,
Sometimes where Eden's bowers
bloom,
By waters still, o'er troubled sea,—
Still 'tis his hand that leadeth me.
- 5 Lord, I would clasp thy hand in mine,
Nor ever mumur nor repine—
Content, whatever lot I see,
Since 'tis my God that leadeth me.

ARR. BY JOSHUA GILL.

1. I've found a friend in Je - sus, he's ev'-ry-thing to me, He's the
 2. He all my griefs has ta - ken, and all my sorrows borne, In temp-
 3. He'll nev - er, nev - er leave me, nor yet forsake me here, While I

fair - est of ten thousand to my soul; The
 - ta - tion he's my strong and mighty tower; I have
 live by faith and do his blessed will; A

Li - ly of the Valley, in him a - lone I see, All I
 all for him for - saken, and all my i - dols torn, From my
 wall of fire a - bout me, I've nothing now to fear; With his

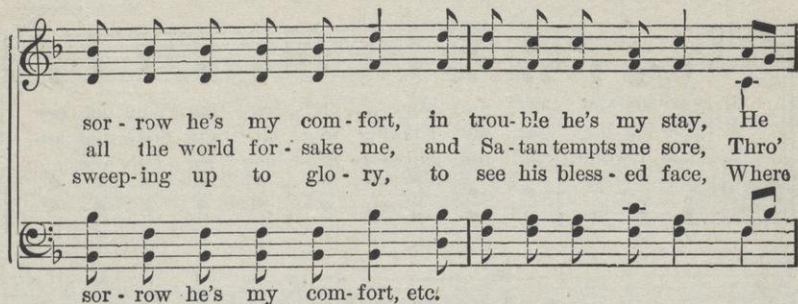
D.S. Li - ly of the Valley, the bright and Morning Star, He's the

FINE.

need to cleanse and make me ful - ly whole. In
 heart, and now he keeps me in his power; Tho'
 man - na he my hun - gry soul shall fill; Then

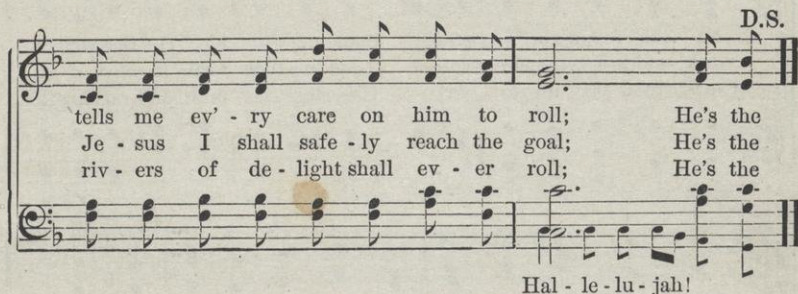
fair - est of ten thousand to my soul. *Cho.* In

The Lily of the Valley, Concluded.



sor - row he's my com - fort, in trou - ble he's my stay, He
all the world for - sake me, and Sa - tan tempts me sore, Thro'
sweep - ing up to glo - ry, to see his bless - ed face, Where

sor - row he's my com - fort, etc.

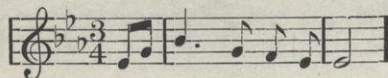


D.S.

tells me ev' - ry care on him to roll; He's the
Je - sus I shall safe - ly reach the goal; He's the
riv - ers of de - light shall ev - er roll; He's the

Hal - le - lu - jah!

No. 163. I Hear Thy Welcome Voice.



I hear thy welcome voice,
That calls me, Lord, to thee,
For cleansing in thy precious blood,
That flowed on Calvary.

Cho. I am coming, Lord,
Coming, now, to thee;
Wash me, cleanse me in the blood,
That flows on Calvary.

2 'Tis Jesus calls me on
To perfect faith and love,
To perfect hope and peace and trust
For earth and heaven above.

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

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

No. 164. Sweet Hour of Prayer.



1 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of
prayer,

That calls me from a world of care,
And bids me at my Father's throne,
Make all my wants and wishes known.
In seasons of distress and grief,
My soul has often found relief,
And oft escaped the tempter's snare,
By thy return, sweet hour of prayer.

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

No. 165.

Seeking the Lost.

W. A. O.

W. A. OGDEN.

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

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

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

CHORUS.

Go - ing a - far up - on the mountain,
 Go - ing a - far upon the moun - tain, Bring - ing the

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

By permission.

Seeking the Lost. Concluded.

The musical score consists of two systems of music. Each system has a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment line (bass clef). The key signature is one flat (B-flat major or D minor), and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

In-to the fold In-to the fold of my Redeem- er, Redeemer, Je-sus the
Lamb for sin- ners slain, for sin- ners slain.
Lamb for sin- ners slain

No. 166. O, Think of the Home Over There. No. 167. I Love to Tell the Story.

Two short musical staves are shown. The first staff is for 'O, Think of the Home Over There' and is in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The second staff is for 'I Love to Tell the Story' and is in B-flat major (two flats) and 4/4 time.

1 Oh, think of the home over there,
 By the side of the river of light,
 Where the saints, all immortal and fair,
 Are robed in their garments of white.

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

2 Oh, think of the friends over there,
 Who before us the journey have trod,
 Of the songs that they breathe on the air,
 In their home in the palace of God.

Ref.—Over there, over there,
 Oh, think of the friends over there.

3 My Savior is now over there,
 There my kindred and friends are at
 rest;

Then away from my sorrow and care,
 Let me fly to the land of the blest.

Ref.—Over there, over there,
 My Savior is now over there.

4 I'll soon be at home over there,
 For the end of my journey I see;
 Many dear to my heart, over there,
 Are watching and waiting for me.

Re^o —Over there, over there,
 I'll soon be at home over there.

1 I love to tell the Story!
 Of unseen things above,
 Of Jesus and his glory,
 Of Jesus and his love;
 I love to tell the Story,
 Because I know it's true;
 It satisfies my longings,
 As nothing else would do.

Cho.—I love to tell the Story!
 'Twill be my theme in glory,
 To tell the Old, Old Story
 Of Jesus and his love.

2 I love to tell the Story!
 More wonderful it seems,
 Than all the golden fancies
 Of all our golden dreams;
 I love to tell the Story!
 It did so much for me;
 And that is just the reason
 I tell it now to thee.

3 I love to tell the Story!
 For those who know it best
 Seem hungering and thirsting
 To hear it, like the rest;
 And when, in scenes of glory,
 I sing the NEW, NEW SONG,
 'Twill be the OLD, OLD STORY
 That I have loved so long.

No. 168.

"Look and Live."

W. A. O.

W. A. OGDEN.

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

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

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

CHORUS.

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

“Look and Live.” Concluded.

Look to Je - sus now and live, 'Tis re - cord - ed in his word,

Hal - le - lu - jah! It is on - ly that you ‘look and live.’

No. 169. What a Friend We Have in Jesus.

Rev. H. BONAR, D. D.

C. C. CONVERSE.

1. What a friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to bear;

What a priv - i - lege to car - ry Ev - 'ry thing to God in prayer.
D. S. All be - cause we do not car - ry Ev - 'ry thing to God in prayer.

Oh, what peace we oft - en for - -feit, Oh, what needless pain we bear—

2 Have we trials and temptations,
 Is there trouble anywhere?
 We should never be discouraged,
 Take it to the Lord in prayer.
 Can we find a friend so faithful,
 Who will all our sorrows share?
 Jesus knows our every weakness,
 Take 't to the Lord in prayer.

3 Are we weak and heavy laden,
 Cumbered with a load of care?
 Precious Saviour, still our refuge,—
 Take it to the Lord in prayer.
 Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?
 Take it to the Lord in prayer;
 In his arms he'll take and shield thee,
 Thou wilt find a solace there.

By permission.

No. 170.

Nearer Home

F. M. DAVIS.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. Ev - 'ry day brings us near - er to the bet - ter land, Near - er
 2. Ev - 'ry day brings us near - er to the land of love, Near - er
 3. Ev - 'ry day brings us near - er to the pearl - y gates, Near - er

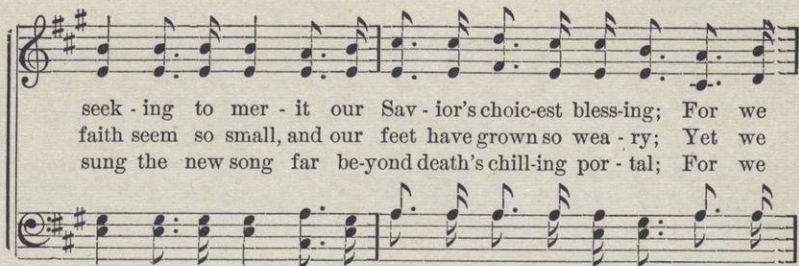
home, (Near - er home,) near - er home, (near - er home,) Ev - 'ry
 home, (Near - er home,) near - er home, (near - er home,) Ev - 'ry
 home, (Near - er home,) near - er home, (near - er home,) Ev - 'ry

day brings us near - er to the Lord's right hand, Near - er
 day brings us near - er to the fields a - bove, Near - er
 day brings us near - er where the Sav - ior waits, Near - er

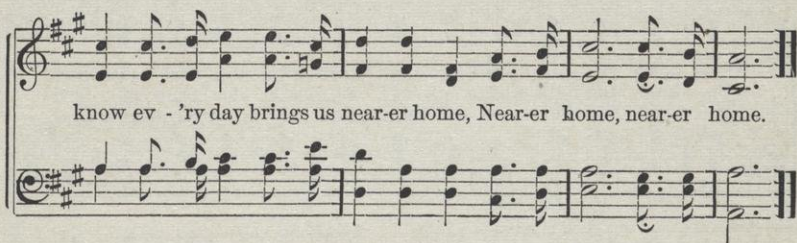
home, (Near - er home,) near - er home, (near - er home.) We will
 home, (Near - er home,) near - er home, (near - er home.) Oh, the
 home, (Near - er home,) near - er home, (near - er home.) Oh, the

sing and re - jice while the days are quick - ly pass - ing, Ev - er
 way oft - en - times may seem lone - ly, dark, and drear - y, And our
 joy we shall know when we reach the land im - mor - tal, And have

Nearer Home. *Concluded.*



seek - ing to mer - it our Sav - ior's choic - est bless - ing; For we
faith seem so small, and our feet have grown so wea - ry; Yet we
sung the new song far be - yond death's chill - ing por - tal; For we



know ev - 'ry day brings us near - er home, Near - er home, near - er home.

No. 171. Blow Ye the Trumpet, Blow.



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,
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

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

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

No. 172. Arise, My Soul, Arise.



1 Arise, my soul, arise;
Shake off thy guilty fears,
The bleeding sacrifice
In my behalf appears;
Before the throne my surety stands,
Before the throne my Surety stands,
My name is written on his hands.

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

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

JULIA STERLING.

IRA D. SANKEY.

1. Oh, hear the joy - ful mes - sage, 'Tis sound - ing far and wide;
 2. Ye souls that long in dark - ness, The path of sin have trod,
 3. Ye wea - ry, heav - y - la - den, Op - pressed with toil and care,

Good news of full sal - va - tion, Thro' him, the Cru - ci - fied.
 Be - hold the light of mer - cy! Be - hold the Lamb of God!
 He waits to bid you wel - come, And all your bur - dens bear.

God's Word is Truth E - ter - nal, Its prom - ise all may claim,
 With all your heart be - lieve him, And now the prom - ise claim;
 A pre - cious gift he of - fers, A gift that all may claim,

Who look by faith to Je - sus, And call up - on his name.
 That none shall ev - er per - ish, Who call up - on his name.
 Who look to him be - liev - ing, And call up - on his name.

CHORUS.

"Who - so - ev - er call - eth, Who - so - ev - er call - eth, Who - so - ev - er

Whosoever Calleth, Concluded.

call-eth on his name shall be saved! Who-so-ev-er call-eth, Who-so-

ev-er call-eth, Who-so-ev-er call-eth on the Lord shall be saved!"

No. 174. Must Jesus Bear the Cross?

- 1 Must Jesus bear the cross alone,
And all the world go free?
No! there's a cross for every one,
And there's a cross for me.
- 2 The consecrated cross I'll bear,
Till death shall set me free,
And then go home, my crown to wear,
For there's a crown for me.
- 3 O, precious cross, O, glorious crown!
O, resurrection day!
Ye angels from the stars, come down,
And bear my soul away.

No. 175. O, For a Thousand Tongues.

- 1 O for a thousand tongues to sing
My great Redeemer's praise;
The glories of my God and King,
The triumph of his grace.
- 2 My gracious Master and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,
To spread thro' all the earth abroad,
The honors of thy name.
- 3 Jesus! the name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
His life, and health, and peace.

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

No. 176. Am I a Soldier of the Cross?

- 1 Am I a soldier of the cross,
A follower of the Lamb?
And shall I fear to own his cause,
Or blush to speak his name?
- 2 Must I be carried to the skies
On flow'ry beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize,
And sailed through bloody seas?
- 3 Sure, I must fight, if I would reign;
Increase my courage, Lord;
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.

No. 177. Give Me the Wings of Faith.

- 1 Give me the wings of faith, to rise
Within the veil and see
The saints above, how great their joys,
How bright their glories be.
- 2 Once they were mourners here below,
And poured out cries and tears;
They wrestled hard, as we do now,
With sins and doubts and fears.
- 3 I ask them whence their victory came;
They, with united breath,
Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,
Their triumph to his death.

No. 178.

Walk in the Light!

ISAAC WATTS.

Arr. by E. O. EXCELL.

1. Am I a sol-dier of the cross, A fol-low'r of the Lamb?
 2. Must I be car-ried to the skies On flow-ry beds of ease?
 3. Are there no foes for me to face? Must I not stem the flood?
 4. Sure I must fight, if I would reign; In-crease my cour-age, 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 thro' bloody seas?
 Is this vile world a friend to grace, To help me on to God?
 I'll bear the toil, en-dure the pain, Sup-port-ed by thy word

CHORUS.

Let us walk in the Light, Let us walk in the
 Let us walk in the Light, Let us walk

Light, Oh, let us walk, in the
 in the Light, Oh, let us walk in the

Light, In the Light, the beau-ti-ful Light of God,
 in the Light,

No. 179.

O Years! O Tears!

F. A. S.

FRANCIS A. SIMKINS.
Har. by E. O. EXCELL.

1. O years, lost years! O tears, sad tears! Years that have marked a
 2. O years, lost years! O tears, sad tears! Years, I have lived them
 3. O years, lost years! O tears, sad tears! Years, van-ished years, for -

wast - ed life, Tears for the years of sin and strife; Years that be -
 all in vain, Tears, can they ease my heart of pain? Years that have
 ev - er gone, Tears, bit - ter tears, shall tears flow on? Years, bless - ed

longed to God a - lone, Tears that I made, them all my own: Lost
 brought no gathered sheaves, Tears that I reaped but withered leaves: Lost
 years may still be mine, Tears they shall speak the Love Di - vine: Lost

years I nev - er may re - call, Sad tears, when shall they cease to fall?
 years, contem'd the Mas - ter's will, Sad tears, are flow - ing, flow - ing still.
 years, my soul grieve not so sore, Sad tears, ah, they shall flow no more.

1. Are you wea-ry, are you heav-y-heart-ed? Tell it to Je-sus,
 2. Do the tears flow down your cheeks un-bid-den? Tell it to Je-sus,
 3. Do you fear the gath-'ring clouds of sor-row? Tell it to Je-sus,
 4. Are you trou-bled at the thought of dy-ing? Tell it to Je-sus,

Tell it to Je-sus; Are you griev-ing o-ver joys de-part-ed?
 Tell it to Je-sus; Have you sins that to man's eye are hid-den?
 Tell it to Je-sus; Are you anx-ious what shall be to-mor-row?
 Tell it to Je-sus; For Christ's com-ing King-dom are you sigh-ing?

CHORUS.

Tell it to Je-sus a-lone. Tell it to Je-sus, Tell it to Je-sus,

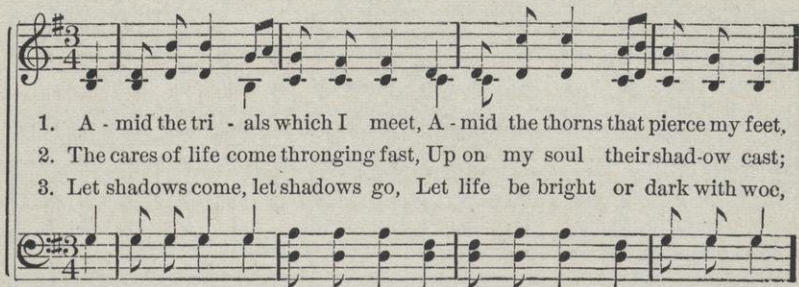
He is a friend that's well known; You have no oth-er

such a friend or broth-er, Tell it to Je-sus a-lone.

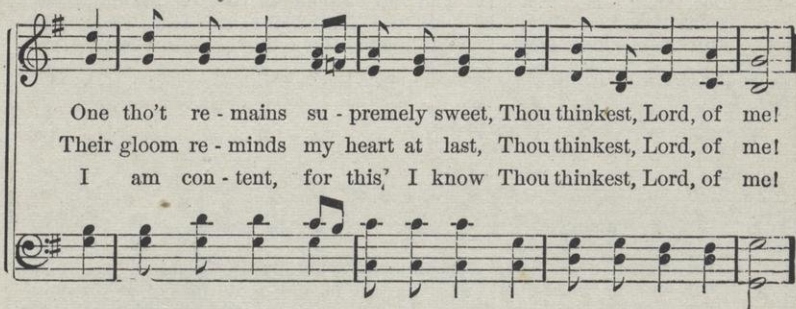
No. 181. Thou Thinkest, Lord, of Me.

E. D. MUND.

E. S. LORENZ.

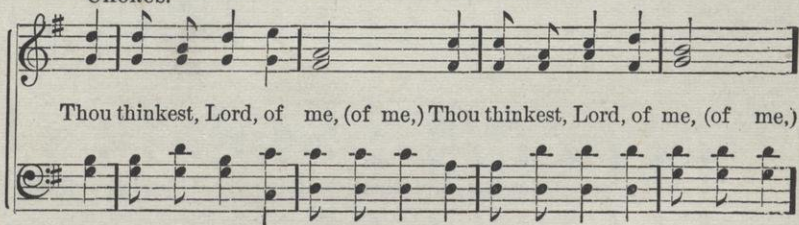


1. A - mid the tri - als which I meet, A - mid the thorns that pierce my feet,
2. The cares of life come thronging fast, Up on my soul their shad-ow cast;
3. Let shadows come, let shadows go, Let life be bright or dark with woe,

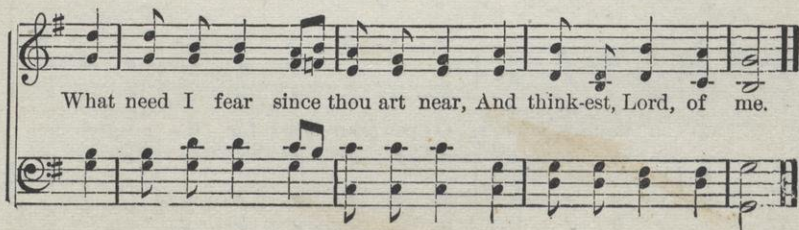


One tho't re - mains su - preme ly sweet, Thou thinkest, Lord, of me!
Their gloom re - minds my heart at last, Thou thinkest, Lord, of me!
I am con - tent, for this, I know Thou thinkest, Lord, of me!

CHORUS.



Thou thinkest, Lord, of me, (of me,) Thou thinkest, Lord, of me, (of me,)



What need I fear since thou art near, And think-est, Lord, of me.

By permission

No. 182. Ho! Every One That is Thirsty!

L. J. R.

LUCY J. RIDER.

1. Ho! ev - 'ry one that is thirst - y in spir - it, Ho! ev - ry
 2. Child of the world, are you tired of your bondage? Wea - ry of
 3. Child of the king - dom, be filled with the Spir - it, Noth - ing but

one that is wea - ry and sad, Come to the foun - tain, there's
 earth - joys, so false, so un - true; Thirst - ing for God, and his
 ful - ness thy long - ing can meet, 'Tis the en - due - ment for

ful - ness in Je - sus, All that you're longing for, come and be glad.
 ful - ness of bless - ing? List to the prom - ise—a mes - s - age for you.
 life and for serv - ice; Thine is the prom - ise, so cer - tain, so sweet.

"I will pour wa - ter on him that is thirst - y, I will pour floods

up - on the dry ground; O - pen your heart for the gifts I am

Ho! Every One That is Thirsty!

bring-ing, While ye are seek - ing me, I will be found."

No. 183. 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.

No. 184. From all that Dwell Below.

- 1 From all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung
Through every land, by every tongue.
- 2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord,
Eternal truth attends thy word;
Thy praise shall sound from shore to
shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.
- 3 Your lofty themes, ye mortals, bring;
In songs of praise divinely sing;
The great salvation loud proclaim,
And shout for joy the Savior's name.

No. 185. Oh, Render Thanks to God above.

- 1 Oh, render thanks to God above,
The fountain of eternal love;
Whose mercy firm, thro' ages past,
Hath stood, and shall forever last.
- 2 Who can his mighty deeds express,
Not only vast, but numberless?
What mortal eloquence can raise
His tribute of immortal praise?
- 3 Extend to me that favor, Lord,
Thou to thy chosen dost afford;
When thou return'st to set them free;
Let thy salvation visit me.

No. 186. From Every Stormy Wind.

- 1 From every stormy wind that blows,
From every swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure retreat:
'Tis found beneath the mercy-seat.
- 2 There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads;
A place than all besides more sweet:
It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.
- 3 Ah! whither could we flee for aid,
When tempted, desolate, dismayed,
Or how the hosts of hell defeat,
Had suffering saints no mercy-seat?
- 4 There, there on eagle wings we soar,
And sin and sense molest no more;
And heaven comes down our souls to
greet,
While glory crowns the mercy-seat.

No. 187.

The Wonderful Jesus!

E. A. HOFFMAN.

CHAS. EDW. PRIOR.

1. Have you heard of the won-der-ful Sav-ior Who dwelt on the
 2. Have you heard that, in dy-ing for sin-ners, He answered for
 3. O my broth-er! if you are not trust-ing In Je-sus, the

earth a-mong men, And died on the cross for their ran-som, Then
 me and for you, Se-cur-ing for us a full clear-ance, And
 bear-er of sin, If wide is the door of God's mer-cy, And

went back to heav-en a-gain? Have you heard that his
 do you be-lieve it all true? Have you par-don and
 you have not en-tered with-in, Then to-day come and

work of a-tone-ment, Com-plet-ed on Cal-va-ry's tree,
 peace and as-sur-ance, And do you with con-fi-dence know
 hum-bly con-fess him, And go from this hal-low-ed place,

The Wonderful Jesus. *Concluded.*

Brings par-don and peace to the sin - ner, And makes him e -
 That his blood has made sure your sal - va - tion, And wash - es you
 Re - deemed from your guilt and transgressions, A sin - ner re -

CHORUS.

ter - nal - ly free?
 whit - er than snow? O this won - der - ful, won - der - ful
 newed by his grace.

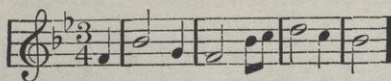
Je - sus! The bear - er of guilt and of sin! To - day, in his

free grace trust - ing, The life of a Chris - tian be - gin; To -

Rit. ad lib. *Rit.*

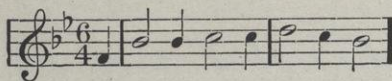
day in his free grace trusting, The life of a Chris - tian be - gin.

No. 188. Jesus, the Name High Over all.



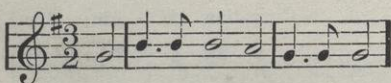
- 1 Jesus, the Name high over all,
In hell, or earth, or sky;
Angels and men before it fall,
And devils fear and fly.
- 2 Jesus, the Name to sinners dear—
The Name to sinners given,
It scatters all their guilty fear;
It turns their hell to heaven.
- 3 Oh, that the world might taste and see
The riches of his grace;
The arms of love that compass me,
Would all mankind embrace.

No. 189. Come, Let us Join, etc.



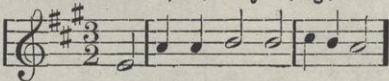
- 1 Come, let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne;
Ten thousand thousand are their
tongues,
But all their joys are one.
- 2 Worthy the Lamb that died, they cry,
To be exalted thus:
Worthy the Lamb, our hearts reply,
For he was slain for us.
- 3 The whole creation join in one,
To bless the sacred Name
Of him that sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

No. 190. Return, Oh, Wanderer.



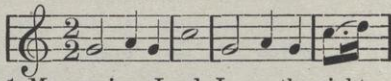
- 1 Return, O wanderer, return,
And seek thy Father's face;
Those new desires which in thee burn
Were kindled by his grace.
- 2 Return, O wanderer, return,
He hears thy humbled sigh;
He sees thy softened spirit mourn,
When no one else is nigh.
- 3 Return, O wanderer, return,
The Savior bids thee live;
Come to his cross, and grateful learn
How freely he'll forgive.

No. 191. Jesus, The Very Thought.



- 1 Jesus, the very thought of thee
With sweetness fills my breast;
But sweeter far thy face to see,
And in thy presence rest.
- 2 No voice can sing, no heart can frame,
Nor can the memory find
A sweeter sound than Jesus' name,
The Savior of mankind.
- 3 O Hope of every contrite heart,
O Joy of all the meek,
To those who ask, how kind thou art,
How good to those who seek.

No. 192. My Gracious Lord.



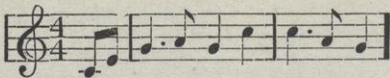
- 1 My gracious Lord, I own thy right
To every service I can pay,
And call it my supreme delight
To hear thy dictates and obey.
- 2 What is my being but for thee—
Its sure support, its noblest end;
'Tis my delight, thy face to see,
And serve the cause of such a
Friend.
- 3 'Tis to my Savior I would live,
To him who for my ransom died;
Nor could all worldly honor give
Such bliss as crowns me at his side

No. 193. Lord, I Am Thine.



- 1 Lord, I am thine, entirely thine,
Purchased and saved by blood divine;
With full consent thine would I be,
And own thy sovereign right in me.
- 2 Grant one poor sinner more a place
Among the children of thy grace;
A wretched sinner, lost to God,
But ransomed by Immanuel's blood.
- 3 Thine would I live, thine would I die;
Be thine through all eternity;
The vow is past, beyond repeal,
And now I set the solemn seal.
- 4 Here, at the cross, where flows the
blood
That bought my guilty soul for God,—
Thee my new Master now I call,
And concentrate to thee my all.

No. 194. There is a Fountain.



- 1 There is a fountain filled with blood
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
And sinners plunged beneath that
flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.
- 2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.
- 3 Thou dying Lamb, thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed Church of God
Are saved to sin no more.
- 4 E'er since by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

- 2 Stand up, stand up for Jesus!
The trumpet call obey;
Forth to the mighty conflict,
In this, his glorious day;
Ye that are men, now serve him,
Against unnumbered foes;
Your courage rise with danger,
And strength to strength oppose.
- 3 Stand up, Stand up for Jesus!
Stand in his strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you—
Ye dare not trust your own.
Put on the gospel armor,
And watching unto prayer,
Where duty calls, or danger,
Be never wanting there.
- 4 Stand up, stand up for Jesus!
The strife will not be long;
This day the noise of battle,
The next, the victor's song;
To him that overcometh,
A crown of life shall wear;
He, with the King of glory,
Shall reign eternally.

No. 195. How Gentle God's Commands.



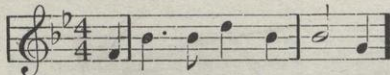
- 1 How Gentle God's commands,
How kind his precepts are;
Come, cast your burden on the Lord,
And trust his constant care.
- 2 Beneath his watchful eye
His saints securely dwell;
That hand which bears all nature up
Shall guard his children well.
- 3 Why should this anxious load
Press down your weary mind?
Haste to your heavenly Father's
throne,
And sweet refreshment find.
- 4 His goodness stands approved,
Unchanged from day to day:
I'll drop my burden at his feet,
And bear a song away.

No. 197. Come, ye Sinners.



- 1 Come, ye sinners, poor and needy,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore;
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity, love, and power.
- Cho.*—
- Turn to the Lord and seek salvation,
Sound the praise of his dear name;
Glory, honor, and salvation!
Christ, the Lord, has come to reign.
- 2 Now, ye needy, come and welcome,
God's free bounty glorify;
True belief and true repentance,—
Every grace that brings you nigh.

No. 196. Stand up for Jesus.



- 1 Stand up, stand up for Jesus!
Ye soldiers of the cross,
Lift high his royal banner,
It must not suffer loss;
From victory unto victory
His army shall he lead,
Till every foe is vanquished,
And Christ is Lord indeed.
- 3 Let not conscience make you linger;
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness he requireth
Is to feel your need of him!
- 4 Come, ye weary, heavy-laden,
Bruised and mangled by the fall;
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all.

No. 198. Will You Do What You Can?

C. W. RAY.

CHAS. EDW. PRIOR.

1. Will you do what you can for the lost in sin? Will you
 2. Will you do what you can for the halt and blind, Who may
 3. Will you do what you can that they may be - lieve In the

seek for those who have gone a-stray? Will you watch, will you pray,
 grope their way in the midnight gloom? Will you bear forth a light
 Sav-iour's name, And be tru - ly blest? Will you do what you can

will you strive to win Ev-'ry wan-d'rer from the world's highway?
 for the darkened mind? Will you warn and save from the com-ing doom?
 that they may re - ceive Of his wondrous grace, and enjoy his rest?

CHORUS.

Will you do what - e'er you can for the sin - ner un - for -

giv'n? Will you bring them to the Sav-iour while you may? Will you

Will You Do What You Can? Concluded.

mark the nar - row path to the shin - ing courts of heav'n?

Will you lead them, will you keep them in the way?

No. 199. From Greenland's Icy etc.

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

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

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

2 It tells me of a place of rest;
It tells me where my soul may flee:
Oh, to the weary, faint, oppressed,
How sweet the bidding, "Come to me."

3 "Come, for all else must fail and die!
Earth is no resting place for thee;
To heaven direct thy weeping eye,
I am thy portion; Come to me."

4 O voice of mercy, voice of love!
In conflict, grief, and agony,
Support me, cheer me from above!
And gently whisper, "Come to me."

No. 201. My Soul, be on thy Guard.

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

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

3 Ne'er think the vict'ry won,
Nor lay thine armor down;
The work of faith will not be done,
Till thou obtain the crown.

4 Then persevere till death
Shall bring thee to thy God;
He'll take thee at thy parting breath,
To His divine abode.

No. 200. With Tearful Eyes.

1 With tearful eyes I look around;
Life seems a dark and stormy sea;
Yet, 'mid the gloom, I hear a sound,
A heavenly whisper, "Come to me."

REV. W. O. CUSHING.

REV. ROBERT LOWRY.

1. Down in the valley with my Savior I would go, Where the flowers are bloom-
 2. Down in the valley with my Savior I would go, Where the storms are sweep-
 3. Down in the valley, or up-on the mountain steep, Close be-side my Sav-

ing and the sweet wa-ters flow; Ev-ry-where he leads me I would
 ing and the dark wa-ters flow; With his hand to lead me I will
 ior would my soul ev-er keep; He will lead me safe-ly, in the

follow, follow on, Walking in his foot-steps till the crown be won.
 never, never, fear, Dangers can-not fright me, if my Lord is near.
 path that he has trod, Up to where they gath-er on the hills of God.

REFRAIN.

Fol-low! fol-low! I will follow Je-sus! Any-where, ev'rywhere,

I will fol-low on! Fol-low! fol-low! I will fol-low

I Will Follow Jesus. *Concluded*

Je - sus! Ev - 'ry - where He leads me I will fol - low on!

No. 203. Jesus. Bids Us Shine.

E. O. EXCELL.

1. Je-sus bids us shine, With a clear pure light, Like a lit-tle can - dle
2. Je-sus bids us shine, First of all for Him; Well He sees and knows it,
3. Je-sus bids us shine, Then for all a - round, Ma-ny kinds of dark-ness,

Burn - ing in the night, In this world of dark - ness,
 If our light is dim; He looks down from heav - en,
 In this world a - bound, Sin and want and sor - row;

We must shine, You in your small cor-ner, And I in mine.
 Sees us shine, You in your small cor-ner, And I in mine.
 We must shine, You in your small cor-ner, And I in mine.

No. 204. "Tis Dividing the World."

Written expressly for my friend, E. O. EXCELL, Chicago, Ill.

W. A. O.

W. A. OGDEN.

Andante.

Ad lib.

BASS SOLO.

1. 'Tis di - vid - ing the world, Oh! my friend, it is true, The
 2. 'Tis di - vid - ing the world, Look a - gain you shall see, The

dear cross of Je - sus, On which side are you? Are you
 prince of sal - va - tion, Oh yes, it is he, 'Tis the

"'Tis Dividing the World." Continued.

scoff - ing his grace, Like the thief at his side? Or
Sa - vior of men, Who a - rose from the dead. Now

Rit.

seek - ing the mer - cy of Christ cru - ci - fied? 'Tis di -
glo - ry and hon - or, en - cir - cle his head; 'Tis di -

- vid ing the world, Look a - broad and be - hold, The
- vid - ing the world, But his prom - is - es are, A

"Tis Dividing the World." Continued.

Rit.

ar - mies of sa - tan, de - fi - ant and bold, With the
crown and a robe for the faith - ful to wear, And the

8

weap - ons of sin, they u - nit - ed - ly stand, O -
song of the vic - tor at last he shall sing, Who

- bey - ing the cap - tain of sins dark command, O -
bat - tles for Je - sus, our Sa - vior and King, Who

"Tis Dividing the World." *Concluded.*

Rit. *Ad lib.* . . .

- bey - ing the captain of sins dark command, On which side,
bat - tles for Je - sus, our Sa - vior and King, On which side,

The first system of music features a vocal line in bass clef with a fermata over the first measure. The piano accompaniment consists of three staves: a treble clef staff with chords and a bass clef staff with a bass line. The key signature has one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 8/8. The piano part includes a fermata over the first measure and the number '8' written below the bass staff.

which side, On which side are you? Arrayed with God's

The second system continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The piano part includes a fermata over the first measure.

Rit.

en - e - mies, or friends tried and true?

The third system concludes the piece. The piano part includes a fermata over the first measure.

No. 205.

The Model Church.

JOHN YATES.

E. O. EXCELL.

1. Well, wife, I've found the mod-el church, And worshipp'd there to-
 2. The sex-ton did not set me down, A-way back by the
 3. I wish you'd heard the sing-ing, wife, It had the old-time

- day; It made me think of good old times, Be-fore my hair was
 door; He knew that I was old and deaf, And saw that I was
 ring; The preach-er said with trum-pet voice, Let all the peo-ple

gray, The meet-ing house was fin-er built, Than they were years a-
 poor, He must have been a christian man, He led me bold-ly
 sing, "Old Cor-o-na-tion," was the tune, The mu-sic up-ward

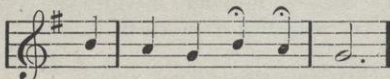
go, But then I found when I went in, It was not built for show.
 thro' The long aisle of that crowded church, To find a pleas-ant pew.
 roll'd, Till I tho't I heard the angel-choir Strike all the harps of gold.

The Model Church. Concluded.

- 4 My deafness seemed to melt away,
My spirit caught the fire;
I joined my feeble, trembling voice,
With that melodious choir;
And sang, as in my youthful days,
"Let angel's prostrate fall;



Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem,



And crown him Lord of all.

5. I tell you, wife, it did me good
To sing that hymn once more;
I felt like some wrecked mariner
Who gets a glimpse of shore.
I almost want to lay aside
This weather-beaten form,
And anchor in the blessed port,
Forever from the storm.

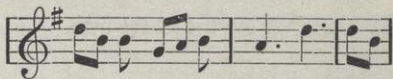
6. 'Twas not a flowery sermon, wife,
But simple gospel truth;
It fitted humble men like me;
It suited hopeful youth,

To win immortal souls to Christ,
The earnest preacher tried;
He talked not of himself, or creed,
But Jesus crucified.

7. Dear wife, the toil will soon be o'er,
The victory soon be won,
The shining land is just ahead,
Our race is nearly run,
We're nearing Canaan's happy shore,
Our home so bright and fair;
Thank God, we'll never sin again;



There'll be no sorrow there; There'll



be no sor-row there; In heaven



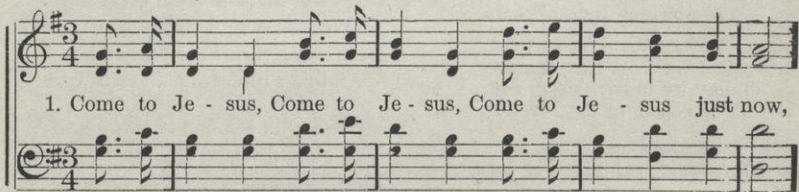
a - bove where all is love



There'll be no sor-row there.

No. 206.

Come to Jesus.



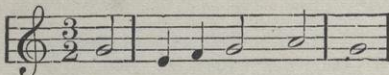
1. Come to Je - sus, Come to Je - sus, Come to Je - sus just now,



just now come to Je - sus, Come to Je - sus just now.

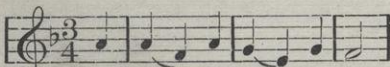
- | | | |
|-----------------------|------------------------|-----------------------|
| 2. He will save you. | 7. Call upon him. | 12. Only trust him. |
| 3. Oh, believe him. | 8. He will hear you. | 13. Jesus loves you. |
| 4. He is able. | 9. Look unto him. | 14. Don't reject him. |
| 5. He is willing. | 10. He'll forgive you. | 15. I believe him. |
| 6. He'll receive you. | 11. Flee to Jesus. | 16. Hallelujah, Amen. |

No. 207 And Can I Yet Delay?



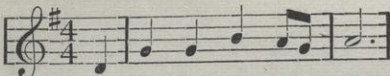
- 1 And can I yet delay
My little all to give?
To tear myself from earth away
For Jesus to receive?
- 2 Nay, but I yield, I yield;
I can hold out no more:
I sink, by dying love compelled,
And own thee conqueror.
- 3 Though late, I all forsake;
My friends, my all, resign;
Gracious Redeemer, take, O take
And seal me ever thine.

No. 208. The day is Past and Gone.



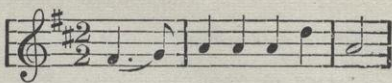
- 1 The day is past and gone,
The evening shades appear;
O may we all remember well
The night of death draws near.
- 2 We lay our garments by,
Upon our beds to rest,
So death will soon disrobe us all
Of what we've here possessed.
- 3 Lord, keep us safe this night,
Secure from all our fears;
May angels guard us while we sleep,
Till morning light appears.
- 4 And when our days are past,
And we from time remove,
O may we in thy bosom rest,
The bosom of thy love.

No. 209. Awake, and Sing The Song.



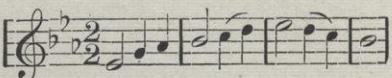
- 1 Awake, and sing the song
Of Moses and the Lamb;
Wake, every heart and every tongue,
To praise the Savior's name.
- 2 Sing of his dying love;
Sing of his rising power;
Sing how he intercedes above
For those whose sins he bore.
- 3 Sing on your heavenly way,
Ye ransomed sinners, sing;
Sing on, rejoicing every day
In Christ, the eternal King

No. 210. Stand up for the Lord.



- 1 Stand up, and bless the Lord,
Ye people of his choice;
Stand up, and bless the Lord your God,
With heart, and soul, and voice.
- 2 Oh, for the living flame
From his own altar brought,
To touch our lips, our souls inspire,
And wing to heaven our thought
- 3 God is our strength and song,
And his salvation ours;
Then be his love in Christ proclaimed
With all our ransomed powers.

No. 211. Show Pity, Lord.

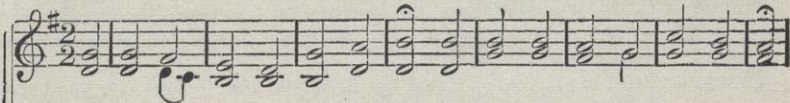


- 1 Show pity, Lord! O Lord, forgive;
Let a repenting rebel live;
Are not thy mercies large and free?
May not a sinner trust in thee?
- 2 Oh, wash my soul from every sin,
And make my guilty conscience clean,
Here on my heart the burden lies,
And past offences pain mine eyes.
- 3 My lips with shame my sins confess,
Against thy law, against thy grace;
Lord, should thy judgment grow
severe,
I am condemned, but thou art clear.
- 4 Should sudden vengeance seize my
breath,
I must pronounce thee just in death;
And if my soul were sent to hell,
The righteous law approves it well.
- 5 Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord!
Whose hope, still hovering round thy
word, [there,
Would light on some sweet promise
Some sure support against despair.

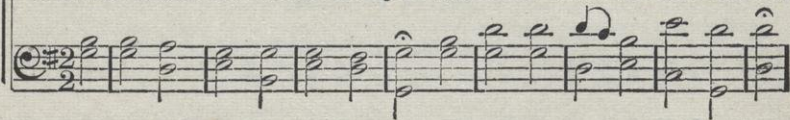
OLD HUNDRED.

All stand and sing.

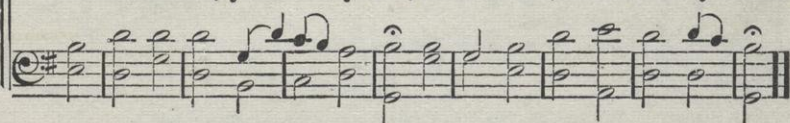
G. FRANC, 1543.



1. Praise God, from whom all blessings flow; Praise him, all creatures here below;



Praise him above, ye heaven-ly host, Praise Father, Son and Ho - ly Ghost.



TEACHER. And seeing the multitudes, he went up into a mountain: and when he was set, his disciples came unto him:

SCHOOL. And he opened his mouth, and taught them saying,

TEACHER. Blessed are the poor in spirit:

SCHOOL. For theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

TEACHER. Blessed are they that mourn:

SCHOOL. For they shall be comforted.

TEACHER. Blessed are the meek:

SCHOOL. For they shall inherit the earth.

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

SCHOOL. For they shall be filled.

TEACHER. Blessed are the merciful:

SCHOOL. For they shall obtain mercy.

TEACHER. Blessed are the pure in heart:

SCHOOL. For they shall see God.

TEACHER. Blessed are the peacemakers.

SCHOOL. For they shall be called the children of God.

TEACHER. Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake.

SCHOOL. For theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

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

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

PRAYER.

No. 218. Opening Service No. 2.

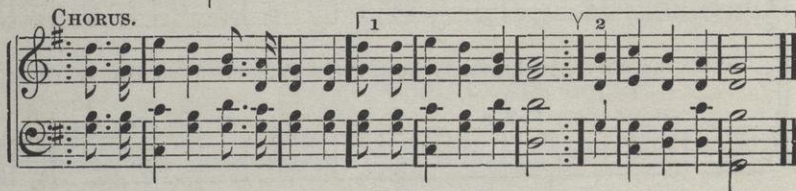
W. B. JACOBS.

TEACHER. For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.—John iii. 16.

SCHOOL. In this was manifested the love of God toward us, because that God sent his only begotten Son into the world, that we might live through him.—1 John iv. 9.

TEACHER. Beloved, if God so loved us, we ought also to love one another.—1 John iv. 11.

REVIVE US AGAIN.



ALL SING We praise Thee, O God! for the Son of Thy love,
For Jesus who died, and is now gone above.
CHO.—Hallelujah! Thine the glory,
Hallelujah! Amen!
Hallelujah! Thine the glory,
Revive us again

TEACHER. But the Comforter, which is the Holy Ghost, whom the Father will send in my name, he shall teach you all things, and bring all things to your remembrance, whatsoever I have said unto you.—John xiv. 26.

SCHOOL. When he, the Spirit of truth, is come, he will guide you into all truth: for he shall not speak of himself; but whatsoever he shall hear, that shall he speak: and he will show you things to come.—John xvi. 13.

TEACHER. He shall glorify me: for he shall receive of mine, and shall show it unto you.—John xvi. 14.

(See tune above.)

ALL SING. We praise Thee, O God! for thy Spirit of light,
Who has shown us our Savior, and scattered our night.
CHO.—Hallelujah! etc.

TEACHER. And I beheld, and I heard the voice of many angels round about the throne, and the living creatures and the elders; and the number of them was ten thousand times ten thousand, and thousands of thousands.—Rev. v. 11.

SCHOOL. Saying with a loud voice. Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honor and glory, and blessing.—Rev. 12.

(See tune above)

ALL SING. All glory and praise to the Lamb that was slain,
Who has borne all our sins, and has cleansed every stain.
CHO.—Hallelujah! etc.

(School Standing.)

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

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

ALL SING. *(See Music below.)*

Awake my soul, in joyful lays, And sing thy great Redeemer's praise; He justly claims a song from me,	His loving kindness, oh, how free! Loving kindness, Loving kindness, His loving kindness, oh, how free.
---	---

TEACHER. How excellent is thy loving kindness, O God! therefore the children of men put their trust under the shadow of thy wings.

SCHOOL. Because thy loving kindness is better than life, my lips shall praise thee.

ALL SING. *(See music below.)*

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

TEACHER. The Lord hath appeared of old unto me, saying, yea, I have loved thee with an everlasting love; therefore with loving kindness have I drawn thee.

SCHOOL. And with everlasting kindness will I have mercy on thee, saith the Lord, thy Redeemer.

ALL SING. *(See music below.)*

Tho' num'rous hosts of mighty foes, Tho' earth and hell my way oppose, He safely leads my soul along.	His loving kindness, oh, how strong! Loving kindness, loving kindness, His loving kindness, oh, how strong.
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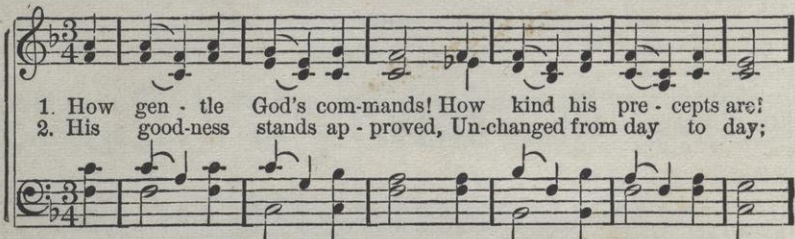
PRAYER.

LOVING KINDNESS,

The musical score is written in 4/4 time with a key signature of one sharp (F#). It consists of two systems of music, each with a treble and bass staff. The melody is primarily in the treble staff, featuring a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes, often beamed together. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and moving lines. The piece concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots.

- TEACHER.** Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth. Serve Him with gladness, and magnify His name forever!
- SCHOOL.** What shall I render unto the Lord for all His benefits towards me? I will take the cup of salvation and call upon the name of the Lord.
- TEACHER.** Give us, O Lord, the wisdom from above, which is first pure, then peaceable, gentle, easy to be entreated, full of mercy and good fruits, without partiality, and without hypocrisy.
- SCHOOL.** Whence then cometh wisdom? and where is the place of understanding?
- TEACHER.** Behold, the fear of the Lord, that is wisdom and to depart from evil is understanding.
- SCHOOL.** Happy is the man that findeth wisdom, and the man that getteth understanding.
- TEACHER.** The merchandise of it is better than the merchandise of silver, and the gain thereof than fine gold.
- SCHOOL.** She is more precious than rubies.
- TEACHER.** And all things thou canst desire are not to be compared unto her.
- SCHOOL.** Length of days is in her right hand; and in her left hand riches and honor.
- TEACHER.** Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace.
- SCHOOL.** She is a tree of life to them that lay hold upon her; and happy is every one that retaineth her.
- TEACHER.** And beside this, giving all diligence, add to your knowlege temperance.
- SCHOOL.** And to temperance patience.
- TEACHER.** And to patience godliness.
- SCHOOL.** And to godliness brotherly kindness.
- TEACHER.** And to brotherly kindness charity.

DENNIS.



1. How gen - tle God's com - mands! How kind his pre - cepts are!
2. His good - ness stands ap - proved, Un - changed from day to day;



Come, cast your bur - den on the Lord, And trust his con - stant care.
I'll drop my bur - den at his feet, And bear a song a - way.

PRAYER.

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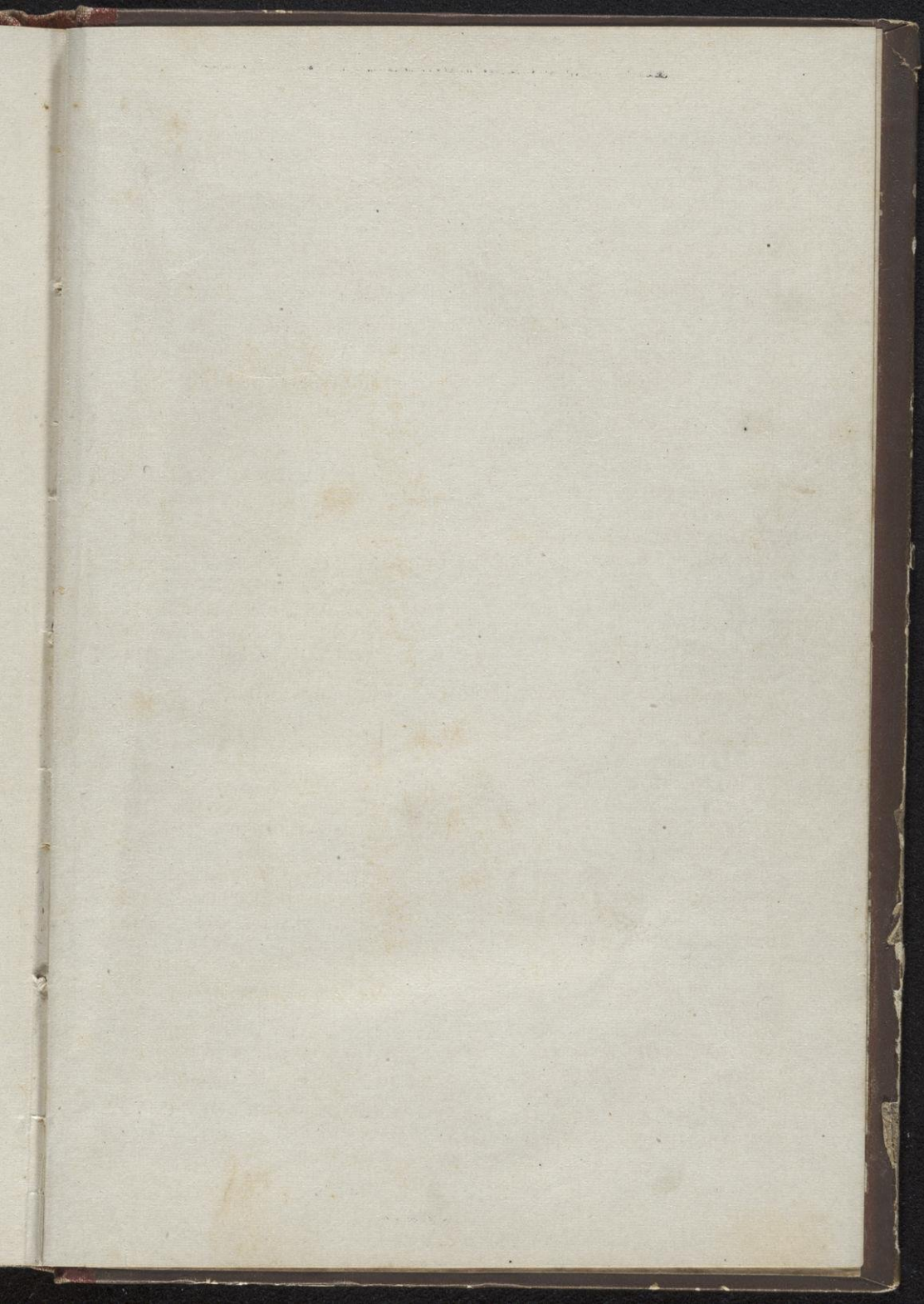
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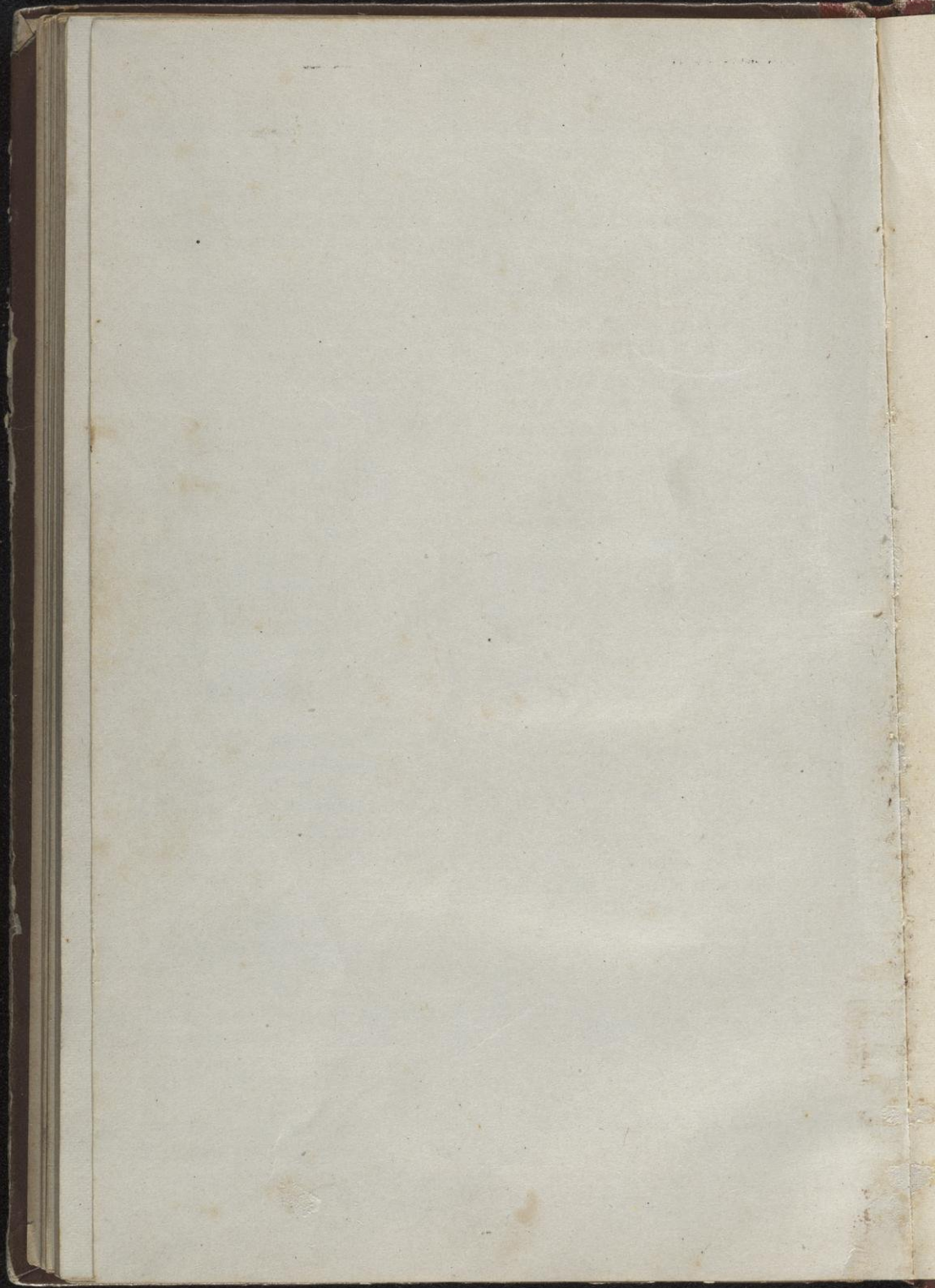
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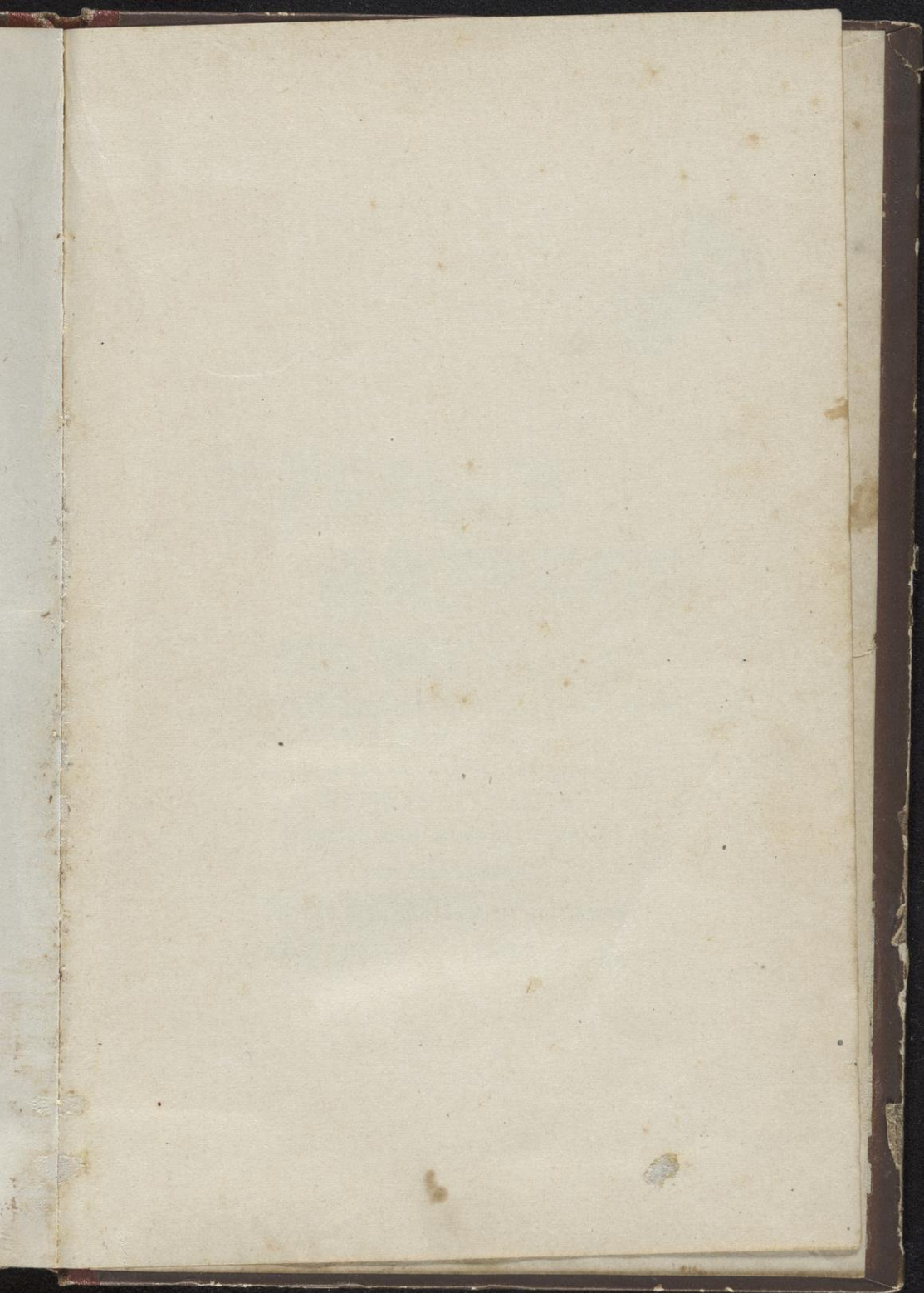
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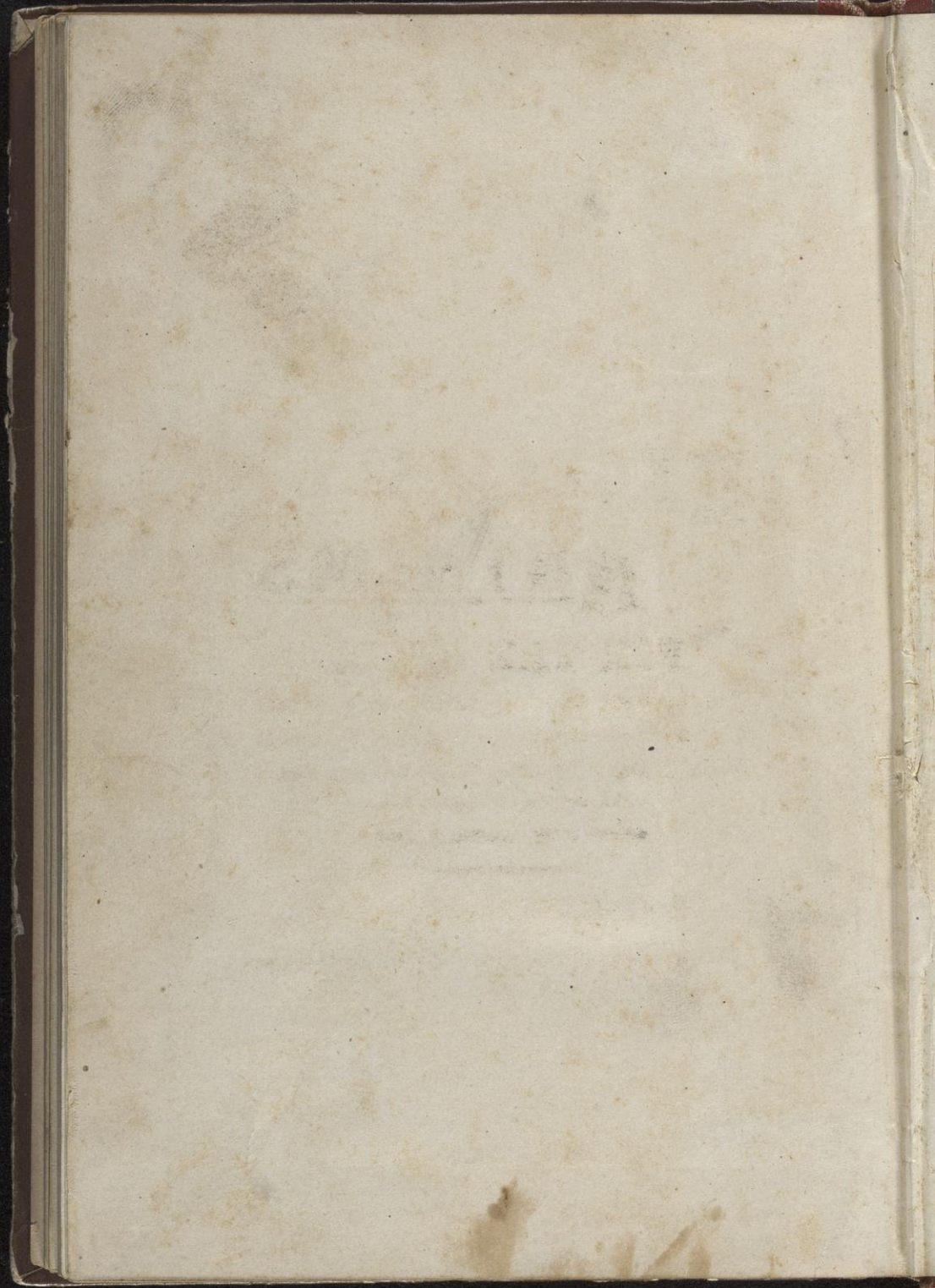
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