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Nathan A. Hayes

BEST HYMNS



FINEST
OF THE WHEAT

Rev. ELISHA A
HOFFMAN

MUSICAL EDITOR.
SONGS
FROM OVER
100
OF OUR
-BEST-
HYMN
WRITERS

*From all the Books
and New Ones to
be made the Best.*

COMPILED BY
HAROLD F. SAYLES
FOR SERVICES
OF SONGS



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FOR PRICES SEE TITLE PAGE.

Let the Sunshine In.

ADA BLENKHORN.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Do you fear the foe will in the conflict win? Is it
 2. Does your faith grow faint-er in the cause you love? Are your
 3. Would you go re-joic-ing on the up-ward way, Know-ing

dark with-out you,—dark-er still with-in? Clear the darkened
 pray'rs un-ans-wer'd by your God a-bove? Clear the darkened
 naught of darkness,—dwelling in the day? Clear the darkened

windows, o-pen wide the door, Let a lit-tle sun-shine in.
 windows, o-pen wide the door, Let a lit-tle sun-shine in.
 windows, o-pen wide the door, Let a lit-tle sun-shine in.

CHORUS.
 Let a lit-tle sun-shine in,..... Let a lit-tle sunshine in,.....
 the sunshine in, the sunshine in;

Clear the darkened windows, open wide the door, Let a little sunshine in.

Scattering Precious Seed.

W. A. OGDEN.

GEO. C. HUGG.

1. Scattering precious seed by the way-side, Scattering precious seed
 2. Scattering precious seed for the growing, Scattering precious seed,
 3. Scattering precious seed, doubting nev-er, Scattering precious seed.

by the hill-side; Scat-ter - ing precious seed o'er the field, wide,
 free - ly sow - ing; Scat-ter - ing precious seed, trusting, knowing,
 trust - ing ev - er; Sow - ing the word with pray'r and en - deav - or,

CHORUS.

Scattering precious seed by the way. { Sow - - - ing in the
 Sure-ly the Lord will send it the rain. { Sow - - - ing in the
 Trusting the Lord for growth and for yield. Sowing the precious seed,

1

morn - - - ing, Sow - - - ing at t
 eve - - - ning, (Omit.)
 Sow - ing the pre - cious seed, Sow - ing the seed at noon - tide;

2

noon - - - tide; Sowing the precious seed by the way.....
 Sowing the precious seed by the way.

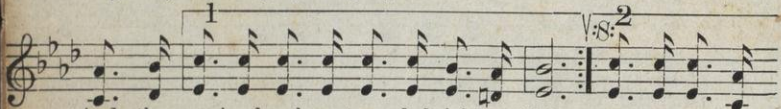
When the Roll is Called up Yonder.

B. M. J.

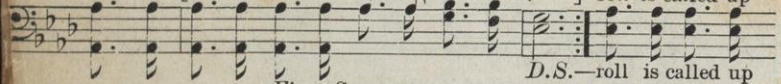
J. M. BLACK.



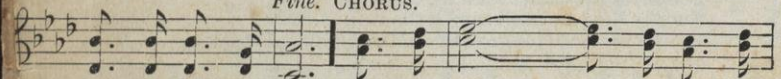
1. { When the trumpet of the Lord shall sound, and time shall be no more,
When the saved of earth shall gath - er o - ver on the oth - er shore,
2. { On that bright and cloudless morning when the dead in Christ shall rise,
When His cho - sen ones shall gath - er to their home beyond the skies,
3. { Let us la - bor for the Mas - ter from the dawn till setting sun,
Then when all of life is o - ver and our work on earth is done,



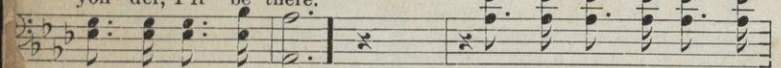
And the morning breaks, e-ter-nal, bright and fair;
 And the [Omit.] roll is called up
 And the glo - ry of His res - ur-rec - tion share;
 And the [Omit.] roll is called up
 Let us talk of all His wondrous love and care,
 And the [Omit.] roll is called up



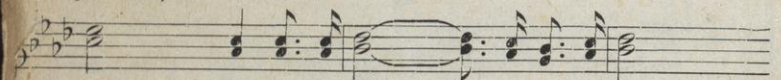
Fine. CHORUS.



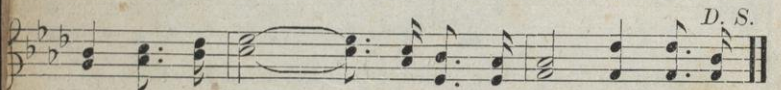
yon - der, I'll be there. When the roll..... is called up
 yon - der, I'll be there. When the roll is called up
 yon - der, I'll be there.



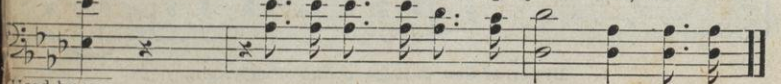
yon - der, I'll be there.



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



der, When the roll..... is called up yon - der, When the
 there, When the roll is called up yon - der, When the



Nov. 12 & 13.

2

Nettie A Hayes.
Resburg
to Clark Co: W. W.

V

B. N



1. {

2. {

3. {



y



t



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REV. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN,
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PREFACE.

In presenting these Hymns, which may be properly termed the "best," we realize that only a portion of the hymns deserving the honor of being so called, are here offered. The taste of no one person has alone been consulted, because in preparing a collection of hymns for a miscellaneous company more of a variety of style and movement must be had than any one person would select.

If all the pieces were heavy, with much close harmony, the book would commend itself only to the musician and those of higher musical education, and not be suitable for the musically untrained.

We have endeavored to give a number of hymns meeting the different tastes of the people, hymns that have been called the "best" by our fathers, and that are proving and will prove to us and to our children now, to be among the best.

THE COMPILER AND PUBLISHER.

In examining this book, try the following new numbers: 4, 9, 10, 16, 19, 23, 24, 27, 35, 36, 44, 59, 63, 66, 76, 79, 81, 98, 102, 111, 112, 113, 118, 132, 145, 148, 149, 151.

Let us call your attention to the following late hymns which have secured a world-wide popularity: 2, 5, 6, 7, 8, 11, 20, 21, 25, 29, 34, 39, 41, 43, 45, 47, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 60, 61, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 74, 75, 78, 80, 83, 84, 85, 92, 95, 96, 98, 99, 103, 106, 109, 114, 115, 116, 120, 121, 129, 130, 135, 136, 138, 140, 141, 142, 143, 155.

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MUSIC
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1894
Wick

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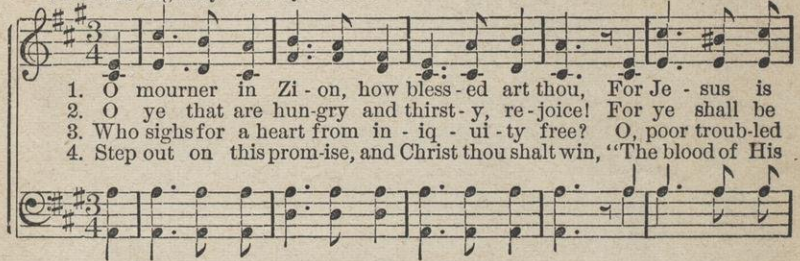
BEST HYMNS.

THE BIBLE.

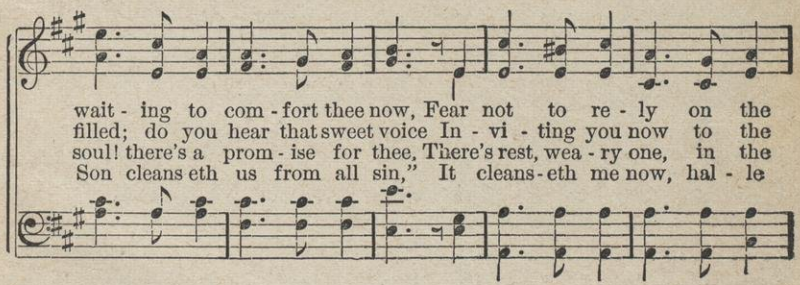
No. 1. Step Out on the Promise

From The Highway. Arr. by E. F. M.

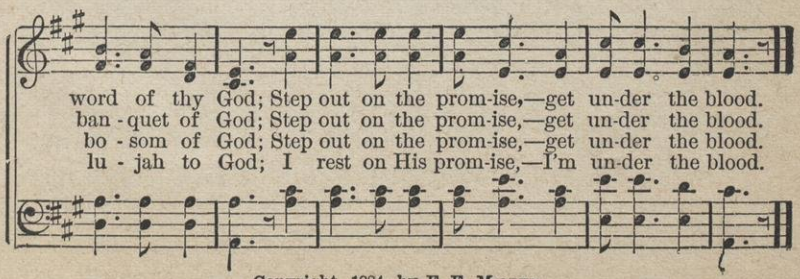
E. F. MILLER



1. O mourner in Zi-on, how bless-ed art thou, For Je-sus is
 2. O ye that are hun-gry and thirst-y, re-joice! For ye shall be
 3. Who sighs for a heart from in-iq-ui-ty free? O, poor troub-led
 4. Step out on this prom-ise, and Christ thou shalt win, "The blood of His



wait-ing to com-fort thee now, Fear not to re-ly on the
 filled; do you hear that sweet voice In-vi-ting you now to the
 soul! there's a prom-ise for thee, There's rest, wea-ry one, in the
 Son cleans eth us from all sin," It cleans-eth 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 His prom-ise,—I'm un-der the blood.

No. 2. Standing on the Promises.

R. K. C.

R. KELSO CARTER.

1. Standing on the prom-is-es of Christ my King, Thro' e-ter-nal a-ges
 2. Standing on the prom-is-es that can-not fail, When the howling storms of
 3. Standing on the prom-is-es I now can see Perfect, present cleansing
 4. Standing on the prom-is-es of Christ the Lord, Bound to him e-ter-nal-
 5. Standing on the prom-is-es I can-not fall, Listening ev'ry moment

let his praises ring; Glo - ry in the highest, I will shout and sing,
 doubt and fear as - sail, By the living Word of God, I shall pre-vail,
 in the blood for me; Standing in the liberty where Christ makes free,
 ly by love's strong cord, O-ver-com-ing dai-ly with the Spirits' sword,
 to the Spir - it's call, Rest-ing in my Sav-ior, as my all in all,

CHORUS.

Standing on the promises of God. Stand - ing, Stand - ing,
 Standing on the promises, Standing on the promises,
 Stand - ing,

Standing on the prom-is-es of God my Savior; Standing on the promises,
 Stand - - ing,

Standing on the prom-is-es, I'm standing on the prom-is-es of God.

No. 3. Trusting in the Promise.

H. B. H.

Music by E. S. LORENZ. By per.

1. I have found repose for my weary soul, Trusting in the promise of the Saviour ;
 2. I will sing my song as the days go by, Trusting in the promise of the Saviour ;
 3. O, the peace and joy of the life I live, Trusting in the promise of the Saviour ;

And a harbor safe when the billows roll, Trusting in the promise of the Saviour.
 And rejoice in hope, while I live or die, Trusting in the promise of the Saviour.
 O, the strength and grace only God can give, Trusting in the promise of the Saviour.

D.S. I will rest by grace in his strong embrace, Trusting in the promise of the Saviour.

I will fear no foe in the deadly strife, Trusting in the promise of the Saviour ;
 I can smile at grief and abide in pain, Trusting in the promise of the Saviour ;
 Whosoever will may be sav'd to-day, Trusting in the promise of the Saviour ;

I will bear my lot in the toil of life, Trusting in the promise of the Saviour.
 And the loss of all shall be highest gain, Trusting in the promise of the Saviour.
 And begin to walk in the ho-ly way, Trusting in the promise of the Saviour.

REFRAIN.

Resting on his mighty arm for-ev - er, Never from his loving heart to sev-er.

SALVATION.

No. 4. The Precious Blood.

N. E. B.

N. E. BYERS.

1. The pre-cious blood of Je - sus, By faith I now can see;
 2. I have no grace or mer - it, But plead Christ's blood a - lone;
 3. He is a great re - deem-er, He bore for us the pain;
 4. From all your sins my broth-er, Would you now be set free?

From Calv'-ry's sa - cred mount-ain, It flow'd for you and me.
 In vain is all our work - ing; His blood must sin a - tone.
 His blood the on - ly fount-ain, To wash a - way sin's stain.
 Trust in the blood of Je - sus, And you shall cleansed be.

CHORUS.

The blood..... of Je - sus Christ his Son, Cleanses from
 The blood, the precious blood of Jesus Christ his Son,

sin, Cleanses from sin; For thee..... the stream doth free-
 For thee the crimson stream doth ever

ly flow: Plunge in and be made white as snow.
 free-ly flow: as white as snow.

SALVATION.

No. 5. What a Wonderful Savior!

"And his name shall be called Wonderful."—Isa. 9:6.

E. A. H.

Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.



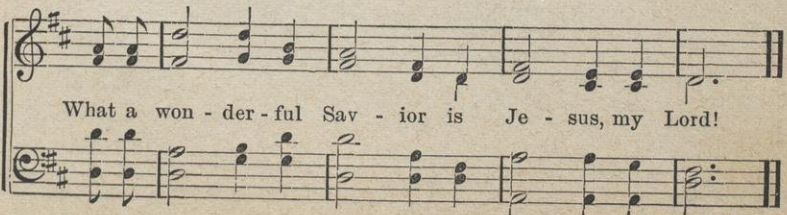
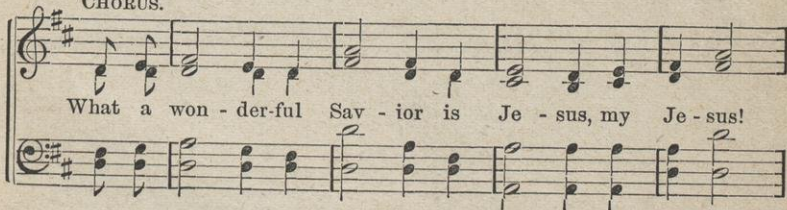
1. Christ has for sin atonement made, What a won - der - ful Sav - ior!
2. I praise Him for the cleansing blood, What a won - der - ful Sav - ior!
3. He cleans'd my heart from all its sin, What a won - der - ful Sav - ior!
4. He walks be - side me in the way, What a won - der - ful Sav - ior!
5. He gives me o - ver - com - ing pow'r, What a won - der - ful Sav - ior!
6. To Him I've giv - en all my heart, What a won - der - ful Sav - ior!



We are redeem'd! the price is paid! What a won - der - ful Sav - ior!
 That rec - on - ciled my soul to God; What a won - der - ful Sav - ior!
 And now He reigns and rules therein; What a won - der - ful Sav - ior!
 And keeps me faith - ful day by day; What a won - der - ful Sav - ior!
 And triumph in each try - ing hour; What a won - der - ful Sav - ior!
 The world shall nev - er share a part; What a won - der - ful Sav - ior!



CHORUS.



SALVATION.

No. 6.

Jesus Saves.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

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

Spread the glad - ness all a - round, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
 Tell to sin - ners, far and wide, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
 By his death and end - less life, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
 Let the na - tions now re - joice, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;

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

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

SALVATION.

No. 7. Wonderful Story of Love.

J. M. D.

Rev. J. M. DRIVER. By per.

1. Wonderful sto-ry of love: Tell it to me a - gain; Wonderful
 2. Wonderful sto-ry of love: Tho' you are far a - way; Wonderful
 3. Wonderful sto-ry of love: * Je - sus pro - vides a rest; Wonderful

sto-ry of love: Wake the im - mor - tal strain! Angels with rapture an -
 sto-ry of love: Still He doth call to - day; Call - ing from Calvary's
 sto-ry of love: For all the pure and blest; Rest in those mansions a -

nounce it, Shepherds with wonder receive it; Sinner, oh! won't you believe it?
 moutain, Down from the crystal bright fountain, E'en from the dawn of cre - a - tion,
 bove us, With those who've gone on before us, Sing - ing the rapturous cho - rus,

CHORUS.

Wonderful sto-ry of love. Won - der - - ful! Won -
 Wonderful sto-ry of love! Won -

der - ful! Won - der - ful! Wonderful sto-ry of love!
 sto-ry of love! Wonderful story of love

SALVATION.

No. 8.

Seeking for Me.

E. E. HASTY.

1. Jesus, my Savior, to Bethlehem came, Born in a manger to sorrow and shame;
 2. Jesus, my Savior, on Cal-va-ry's tree, Paid the great debt, and my soul he set free;
 3. Jesus, my Savior, the same as of old, While I did wander afar from the fold,
 4. Jesus, my Savior, shall come from on high, Sweet is the promise as weary years fly;

Oh, it was won-der-ful, blest be his name, Seek-ing for me, for me.
 Oh, it was won-der-ful, how could it be? Dy-ing for me, for me.
 Gent-ly and long he hath plead with my soul, Call-ing for me, for me.
 Oh, I shall see him de-scend-ing the sky, Com-ing for me, for me.

for me..... for me.....

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

Oh, it was won-der-ful, blest be his name, Seek-ing for me, for me.
 Oh, it was won-der-ful, how could it be? Dy-ing for me, for me.
 Gent-ly and long he hath plead with my soul, Call-ing for me, for me.
 Oh, I shall see him de-scending the sky, Com-ing for me, for me.

SALVATION.

No. 9. The Wonderful Love of God.

C. H. S.

(May be Sung as a Solo.)

CLARA H. SCOTT.

1. I sing of the King of glo - ry, And the won - der - ful love of God;
 2. A - bove this dark world's moaning Broods this wonderful love of God;
 3. No heart so en - gulf'd in sor - row But the won - der - ful love of God;
 4. Oh, yield to the voice so pressing, Of the won - der - ful love of God;

I sing of the pure and ho - ly, The Lamb of sa - cred sto - ry,
 With - in each heart, tho' sin - ning, Is felt the touch so win - ning,
 Lies 'neath it out - spread; then bor - row No fear for the dread to - mor - row,
 Oh, come, and thy need con - fess - ing, Re - ceive in thy soul the bless - ing

Of Je - sus, the Sav - ior, And the won - der - ful love of God.
 Of Je - sus, the Sav - ior, And the won - der - ful love of God.
 But trust thou the Sav - ior, And the won - der - ful love of God.
 Of Je - sus, the Sav - ior, And the won - der - ful love of God.

CHORUS.

The won - der - ful love of God, The won - der - ful love of God,

Be - lieve thou and trust thou In the won - der - ful love of God.

SALVATION.

No. 10.

God is Coming.

MRS. SUE M. O. HOFFMAN.

1. God is com-ing! God is com-ing! shout aloud 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 strag;
 4. God is com-ing! God is com-ing! O lift up your hearts and pray!

FINE.

Send the cry from town and cit-y to the vil-lage, ham-let, plain;
 Ev-'ry blood-bought son of Jesus, ral-ly to your leader's cry!
 We will meet them bravely, boldly, and the fight will not be long.
 In the fight 'twixt light and darkness He will need strong arms to-day.

D. S. Ev-'ry man be up on du-ty, For Je-ho-vah comes this way.
p *cres.* *f*

Copyright, 1888, by E. A. Hoffmann.

God is com-ing! hear the an-gels shout the tidings from above;
 God is com-ing! God is com-ing! rub your rusty armor bright,
 God is com-ing! and before Him powers of darkness must give way;
 God is com-ing! fal-ter nev-er—when the conflict here is done

p *cres.* *f*

He will d-l-uge our whole country with His tidal wave of love.
 Gird your sword and shield about you, and be ready for the fight.
 God is com-ing! by His strong arm we shall gain the victory.
 You shall wear a crown of glo-ry in the kingdom of His Son.

CHORUS. *ff* *D. S.*

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

SALVATION.

No. 11. Jesus, the Light of the World.

G. D. E. arr.

GEO D. ELDERKIN, arr.

1. Hark! the her-ald an-gels sing, Je-sus, the Light of the world;
 2. Joy-ful, all ye na-tions, rise, Je-sus, the Light of the world;
 3. Christ by high-est heav'n a-dored, Je-sus, the Light of the world;
 4. Hail the heav'n-born Prince of peace, Je-sus, the Light of the world;

Glo-ry to the new-born King, Je-sus, the Light of the world.
 Join the tri-umphs of the skies, Je-sus, the Light of the world.
 Christ, the ev-er-last-ing Lord, Je-sus, the Light of the world.
 Hail the Sun of right-eous-ness, Je-sus, the Light of the world.

CHORUS.

We'll walk in the light, beautiful light, Come where the dew-drops of mer-cy are bright;

Shine all around us by day and by night, Je-sus, the Light of the world.

Copyright, 1890, by Geo. D. Elderkin.

No. 12.

I Gave My Life,

Tune No. 21, "Gospel Hymns." Key C.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>1 I gave my life for thee,
 My precious blood I shed,
 That thou might'st ransom'd be,
 And quickened from the dead;
 I gave, I gave my life for thee,
 What hast thou given for me?</p> | <p>3 I suffered much for thee,
 More than thy tongue can tell,
 Of bitterest agony,
 To rescue thee from hell;
 I've borne, I've borne it all for thee,
 What hast thou borne for me?</p> |
| <p>2 My Father's house of light—
 My glory circled throne
 I left, for earthly night,
 For wand'rings sad and alone;
 I left, I left it all for thee;
 Hast thou left aught for me?</p> | <p>4 And I have brought to thee,
 Down from my home above,
 Salvation full and free,
 My pardon and my love;
 I bring, I bring rich gifts to thee,
 What hast thou brought to me?</p> |

SALVATION.

No. 13.

The Great Physician.

Rev. J. H. STOCKTON.

Fine.

1. { The Great Phy-si-cian now is near, The sym-pa-thiz-ing Je-sus;
 2. { He speaks the drooping heart to cheer, Oh,hear the voice of Je-sus.
 3. { Your ma-n-y sins are all for-giv'n, Oh,hear the voice of Je-sus,
 4. { Go on your way in peace to heav'n, And wear a crown with Je-sus.
 5. { All glo-ry to the dy-ing Lamb! I now be-lieve in Je-sus;
 6. { I love the bless-ed Sav-ior's name, I love the name of Je-sus.
 7. { His name dis-pels my guilt and fear, No oth-er name but Je-sus;
 8. { Oh! how my soul de-lights to hear, The charming name of Je-sus.

D. S.—Sweet-est car-ol ev-er sung, Je-sus, bless-ed Je-sus.

CHORUS.

D. S.

Sweet-est note in ser-aph song, Sweet-est name on mor-tal tongue,

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No. 14.

Joy to the World.

ISAAC WATTS.

Tune, ANTIOCH. C. M.

- 1 Joy to the world! the Lord is come;
Let earth receive her King;
Let every heart prepare him room,
And heaven and nature sing.
- 2 Joy to the world! the Savior reigns;
Let men their songs employ;

- While fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains,
Repeat the sounding joy.
- 3 He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of his righteousness,
And wonders of his love.

SALVATION.

No. 15.

Under the Blood.

Respectfully dedicated to Rev. J. M. FRAME.

S. A. LANNING.

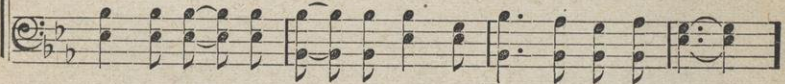
M. McCUMBER.



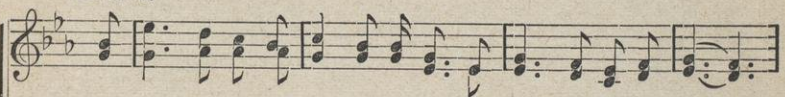
1. He who will wear garments white Must pass un-der the blood.
2. He who will a-tonement plead Must pass un-der the blood,
3. He who will from sin be free Must pass un-der the blood,
4. He who seeks a conscience clear Must pass un-der the blood,
5. He who would be sat - is - fied Must pass un-der the blood,



- He who reigns where there's no night, Has pass'd under the blood.
He who follows where Jesus will lead, Must pass under the blood.
He who will his Sav - ior see Must pass under the blood.
He who finds a Sav - ior dear Must pass under the blood.
He who would be glo - ri - fied Must pass under the blood.



CHORUS.



Oh, pass un-der the blood my brother, Oh, pass un-der the blood.



He who dwells where Je - sus is, Has pass'd un - der the blood.



SALVATION.

No. 16. There is no Better Friend.

E. A. H.

REV. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

1. Lov-ing hearts on earth are found, Pur-est friendships here a-bound,
 2. Hissweet love is best for you, Hu-man love may be un-true,
 3. Moth-er-love may sometimes fail, Sin may o-ver love pre-vail,
 4. They who should keep faith with you, May prove faithless and un-true,
 5. You may turn from this kind friend, On whose love you may de-pend,
 6. Oth-er hearts may seem more near, Je-sus you may hold less dear,
 7. Christ has been your warmest friend; On His faith-ful-ness de-pend;
 8. He for you has dai-ly cared, All your woes and sor-rows shared,

1. But these nev-er breathed a tru-er friend than Je-sus.
 2. But you ev-er have a pre-cious friend in Je-sus.
 3. But you'll nev-er find a bet-ter friend than Je-sus.
 4. You have nev-er known an-oth-er friend like Je-sus.

CHORUS.

{ You will nev-er find a bet-ter friend, So pure, and good and true a
 { You will nev-er find a bet-ter friend, On *[Omit.]*

friend, Who will such kind as-sist-ance lend as Je-sus;
] whose strong arm you may de-

pend; In all the world there's not a friend like Je-sus.

SALVATION.

No. 17. There is a Fountain.

WM. COWPER.

1. } There is a fount - ain filled with blood Drawn from Im-man-uel's veins,
And sinners plung'd beneath that flood, [Omit.....]

D.C. And sinners plung'd beneath that flood, [Omit.....]

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

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 Ere since, by Faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,

Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be, till I die.

- 4 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing thy power to save,
When this poor, lisping, stamm'ring
Lies silent in the grave. [tongue]

No. 18. How Gentle God's Commands.

1. How gen - tle God's commands! How kind his pre - cepts are!
2. His good - ness stands ap - proved, Unchanged 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.

SALVATION.

No. 19.

Peace.

JOHN.

"In me ye have peace," John 16: 33.

J. G. F.

1. Great peace have they who love Thy law, Whose mind is stayed on Thee,
 2. 'Twas peace on earth the an-gels sang, To wea- ry ones there's rest,
 3. No peace have they in wick-ed ways, They're like the troubled sea,
 4. "Fear not little flock," our Sa- vior said, It is your Fa- ther's will,
 5. If fire - y tri - als fill our way, Like Je- sus tempt-ed sore,

My peace I give, My peace I leave, Sweet peace ye have in me.
 Sweet peace was made thro' Je-sus' blood, Which can not be ex - pressed.
 Peace, peace they say, when they have none; From sin they do not flee.
 A glo- rious king-dom to be - stow; His word He will ful - fill.
 O "it is I, be not a-fraid;" Said Je- sus o'er and o'er.

CHORUS.

O, Thou wilt keep him in per-fect peace, Yes, Thou wilt keep him in

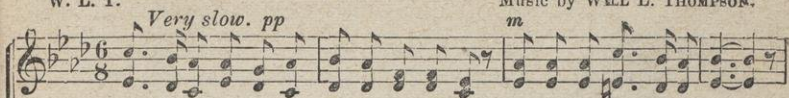
per-fect peace, Whose mind is stayed on Thee, Whose mind is stayed on Thee.

INVITATION.

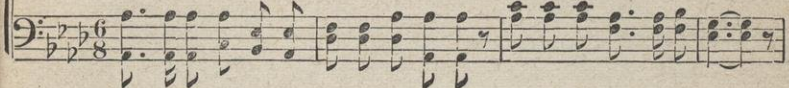
No. 20. For You and for Me.

W. L. T.

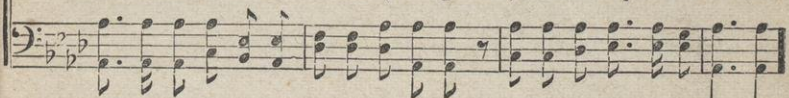
Music by WILL L. THOMPSON.



1. Soft-ly and tenderly Je - sus is calling, Calling for you and for me;
2. Why should we tarry when Jesus is pleading, Pleading for you and for me?
3. Time is now fleeting, The moments are passing, Passing from you and from me;
4. Oh, for the wonderful love he has promis'd, Promis'd for you and for me;



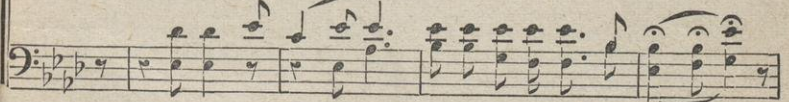
See on the portals he's waiting and watching, Watching for you and for me.
 Why should we linger and heed not his mercies, Mercies for you and for me.
 Shadows are gath'ring, death beds are coming, Coming for you and for me.
 Tho' we have sinn'd he has mercy and pardon, Pardon for you and for me.



CHORUS.



Come home, Come home; Ye who are weary, come home...
 Come home, Come home,



Ear-nest-ly, tenderly, Je-sus is call-ing, Calling, O sinner, come home!



INVITATION.

No. 21. Jesus is Passing this Way.

E. A. H.

J. H. TENNEY.

1. Is there a sin-ner a-wait-ing Mer-cy and par-don to-day?
 2. Broth-er, the Mas-ter is wait-ing, Wait-ing to free-ly for-give;
 3. Yes, he is com-ing to bless you, While in con-tri-tion you bow;

Wel-come the news that we bring him, "Je-sus is pass-ing this way!"
 Why not this mo-ment ac-cept him, Trust in his grace and live?
 Com-ing from sin to re-deem you, Read-y to save you now;

Com-ing in love and in mer-cy, Par-don and peace to be-stow,
 He is so ten-der and pre-cious, He is so near you to-day,
 Can you re-fuse the sal-va-tion, Je-sus is of-fer-ing here?

Com-ing to save the poor sin-ner From his heart an-guish and woe.
 O-pen your heart to re-ceive him, While he is pass-ing this way.
 O-pen your heart to ad-mit him, While he is com-ing so near.

CHORUS.

Je-sus is passing this way To-day To-day
 Je-sus is passing this way, To-day, is passing to-day!

Jesus is Passing this Way.—Concluded.

While he is near, oh, believe him, O - pen your heart to receive him, For

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

No. 22. 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.
- 3 Oh, believe him.
- 4 He is able.
- 5 He is willing.
- 6 He'll receive you.
- 7 Call upon him.

- 8 He will hear you.
- 9 Look unto him.
- 10 He'll forgive you.
- 11 Flee to Jesus.
- 12 Only trust him.
- 13 Jesus loves you.

- 14 Don't reject him.
- 15 I believe him.
- 16 He will bless you.
- 17 He will cleanse you.
- 18 He will clothe you.
- 19 Hallelujah, Amen.

INVITATION.

No. 23. The Savior is Tenderly Calling.

E. A. H.
SOLO.

Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.
ALL.

1. { The Sav - ior is ten - der - ly call - ing, He is call - ing, sweetly call - ing,
His ac - cents of love now are fall - ing, They are fall - ing, they are fall - ing,
2. { The Sav - ior will kindly re - ceive thee, Will re - ceive thee, will receive thee,
And free - ly, and ful - ly for - give thee, And for - give thee, and forgive thee,
3. { O come with thy sin and thy sor - row, With thy sorrow, with thy sor - row,
Wait not to be saved till to - mor - row, Till to - mor - row, till to - mor - row,

SOLO.

ALL.

The Sav - ior is ten - der - ly call - ing, "Weary sin - ner, come to me;" }
In warm - est compassion are fall - ing, Saying "I will par - don thee." }
In ten - der - est love will re - ceive thee, If thou humbly seek his face; }
And in his great mer - cy for - give thee, Thro' his all a - ton - ing grace. }
O come with thy sin and thy sor - row, He will take it all a - way; }
Wait not to be saved till to - mor - row, But be re - con - ciled to - day. }

CHORUS.

Come to Je - sus, come to Je - - sus, And no more in sin de - lay;
Come to Je - sus, O come, come to - day,

Come to Je - sus, come to Je - sus, Hear his lov - ing call to - day.
Come to Je - sus, to Je - sus,

INVITATION.

No. 24.

Invitation.

"And the Spirit and the bride say, come."—Rev. 22: 17.

H. U. ONDERDONK.

ROBERT L. FLETCHER.



1. The Spir - it, in our hearts, Is whisk'ring, "Sin-ner come;"
2. Let him that hear-eth say To all a - bout him, "Come;"
3. Yes, who - so - ev - er will, O let him quick - ly come,
4. Lo, Je - sus, who in - vites, De-clar-es, "I quick - ly come;"



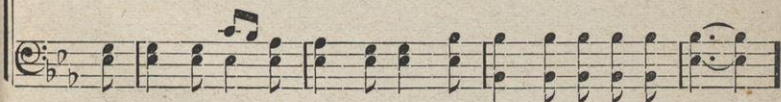
The bride, the Church of Christ, proclaims, To all his children, "Come."
 Let him that thirsts for righteousness, To Christ, the fountain come.
 And free - ly drink the stream of life; 'Tis Je - sus bids him come.
 Lord, e - ven so; we wait thine hour; O blest Re-deem-er, come.



REFRAIN.



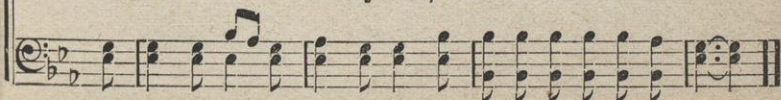
The Spir - it and the bride say, Come! Let him that heareth say, Come!



Rit.



And who - so - ev - er will may come, And take of the water of life.



INVITATION.

No. 25. Calling the Prodigal.

C. H. G.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. God is call - ing the prod - i - gal, come with - out de - lay,
 2. Pa - tient, lov - ing, and ten - der - ly still the Fa - ther pleads,
 3. Come, there's bread in the house of thy Fa - ther, and to spare,

Hear, O hear him call - ing, call - ing now for thee.....
 Hear, O hear him call - ing, call - ing now for thee.....
 Hear, O hear him call - ing, call - ing now for thee.....
 for me,

Though you've wandered so far from his pres - ence, come to - day,
 Oh! re - turn while the spir - it in mer - cy in - ter - cedes,
 Lo! the ta - ble is spread and the feast is wait - ing there,

CHORUS.

Hear his lov - ing voice calling still..... Call - - ing now for
 call - ing still. Calling now for thee,

thee..... Oh! wea - - - - ry prod - i - gal,
 Calling now for thee, wea - ry prod - i - gal, come,

Calling the Prodigal—Concluded.

come,..... call - - ing now for thee.....
 weary prodigal come, Calling now for thee, calling now for thee,

Oh, wea - - ry prod-i-gal, come.....
 wea-ry prod-i-gal, come, wea-ry prod-i-gal, come.

No. 26

"Turn Ye."

1. Oh, turn ye, oh, turn ye, for why will ye die, When God in great
2. How vain the de - lu - sion, that, while you de - lay, Your hearts may grow
3. The con - trite in heart he will free - ly re - ceive, Oh, why will you

mer - cy is com - ing so nigh? Now Je - sus in - vites you, the
 bet - ter, your chains melt a - way: Come guilt - y, come wretched, come
 not the glad mes - sage be - lieve? If sin - be your bur - den, why

Spir - it says "Come," And angels are wait - ing to wel - come you home.
 just as you are, All help - less and dy - ing, to Je - sus re - pair.
 will you not come? 'Tis you he makes welcome; he bids you come home.

INVITATION.

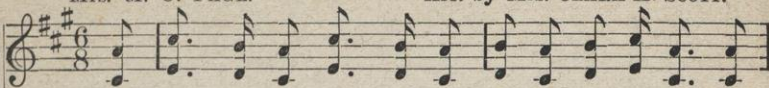
No. 27.

Mother's Counsel.

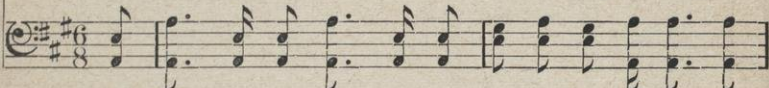
Melody, "Old Oaken Bucket."

Mrs. M. O. PAGE.

Arr. by Mrs. CLARA H. SCOTT.



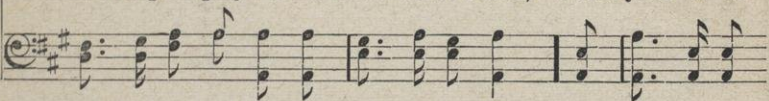
1. How oft 'mid the vis - ions of life's great com-mo-tion And
2. While lin - ger - ing fond - ly her pray'r is as-cend-ing And
3. How ma - ny a one in his hour of temp-ta-tion, Re-



REF.—The gos - pel, dear gos - pel, the God giv - en gos-pel, It



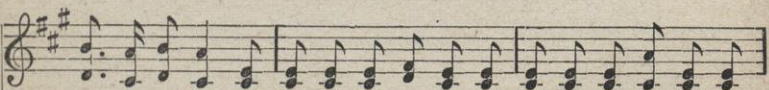
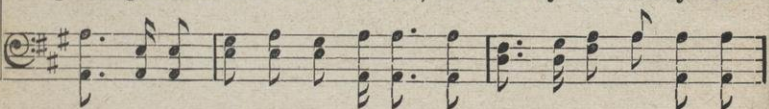
myst'ries so strange that I oft - en ex-plore, I drift in my
'mid her pe - ti-tion she breathes forth my name; She prays that the
mem-b'ring the pray's at his dear moth-er's knee, Would yield to its



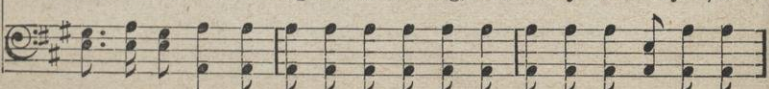
comes for the mill-ions, ac - cept it to - day.



heart to the home of my child-hood And soft - ly I o - pen the
Spir - it my foot-steps at-tend-ing, May give me a life that is
pleadings with - out res - er - va-tion, If on - ly its beau-ty his



latch of the door. I stand for a moment with heart love consuming, For
free from all blame. Ah, that was my watch word and well did I heed it, For
poor heart could see. The Spir-it is will-ing, He's read-y to meet you, And



Mother's Counsel—Concluded.

oh, there's a scene that I ne'er can for - get: My moth-er, dear mother so long have I trod in this pathway di-vine; My faith tho' so fee-ble, her bid all your sor-row and an-guish de-part, Come o - pen thy door, He is

D. C.

pray'r-ful communing—The text of her Bi-ble she's pon-der-ing yet. spir-it could feed it, And teach me the Gos-pel with "line up-on line." read-y to greet you, And sweet-ly to dwell like a friend in your heart.

No. 28.

FABER.

He is Calling.

Arr.

1. { There's a wideness in God's mercy, Like the wideness of the sea:
There's a kindness in his justice, Which is more than lib-er-ty.

CHORUS.

He is call-ing, "Come to me!" Lord, I'll glad-ly haste to thee.

- 2 There is welcome for the sinner,
And more graces for the good;
There is mercy with the Savior;
There is healing in his blood.
- 3 For the love of God is broader
Than the measure of man's mind;

- And the heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderful and kind.
- 4 If our love were but more simple,
We should take him at his word;
And our lives would be all sunshine
In the sweetness of our Lord.

INVITATION.

No. 29.

Come and See.

"Philip saith unto him, come and see"

W. A. OGDEN.

W. A. OGDEN.

1. 'Tis the gos-pel in - vi - ta - tion, 'Come and see, come and see, 'Un - to
 2. Oh, He nev - er will de ceive you 'Come and see, come and see, 'Of your
 3. Come to Je - sus now con - fid - ing, 'Come and see, come and see, 'In His

ev - 'ry tribe and na - tion, 'come and see, come and see, Je - sus
 bur - den he'll re - lieve you, 'come and see, come and see, He is
 shad - ow quick - ly hid - ing, 'come and see, come and see, In His

of - fers free sal - va - tion, 'come and see, What the
 wait - ing to re - ceive you, 'come and see, What the
 mer - cy there a - bid - ing, 'come and see, What the

CHORUS.

Lord hath done for me. Come and see, come and
 Lord hath done for me. come and see,
 Lord hath done for me,

see, come and see, What the Lord hath done for me, For He

Come and See—Concluded.

found my soul in sin, and he wash'd me pure and clean This the Lord hath done for me.

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

No. 30. Only Trust Him.

J. H. S.

Rev. J. H. SROCKTON, by per.

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

The musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F-sharp) and a 4/4 time signature. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The melody is simple and hymn-like, with lyrics written below the notes.

CHORUS.

give you rest, By trust-ing in his word. On-ly trust him, on-ly trust him,
 crim-son flood That washes white as snow. Come to Je-sus, come to Je- sus,
 out de-lay, And you are ful-ly blest. Don't reject him, don't reject him,
 les-tial land, Where joys immortal flow. I will trust him, I will trust him,

The musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F-sharp) and a common time signature. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The melody is simple and hymn-like, with lyrics written below the notes.

Only trust him now; He will save you, he will save you, He will save you now.
 Come to Je- sus now; He will save you, he will save you, He will save you now.
 Don't reject him now; He will save you, he will save you, He will save you now.
 I will trust him now; He will save me, he will save me, He will save me now.

The musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F-sharp) and a common time signature. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The melody is simple and hymn-like, with lyrics written below the notes.

INVITATION.

No. 31. Come, Sinner, Come.

H. R. PALMER.

W. E. WITTER.

1. { While Je sus whis-pers to you, Come, sin-ner, come!
 2. { While we are pray-ing for you, Come, sin-ner, come!
 3. { Are you too heav-y la-den? Come, sin-ner, come!
 4. { Je - sus will bear your bur-den; Come, sin-ner, come!
 5. { Oh, hear his tender plead-ing, Come, sin-ner, come!
 6. { Come, and re-ceive the blessing, Come, sin-ner, come!

{ Now is the time to own him, Come, sin-ner, come!
 { Now is the time to know him, Come, sin-ner, come!
 { Je - sus will not deceive you; Come, sin-ner, come!
 { Je - sus can now redeem you: Come, sin-ner, come!
 { While Je - sus whis-pers to you, Come, sin-ner, come!
 { While we are pray-ing for you, Come, sin-ner, come!

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No. 32. Come, Ye Sinners.

Fine.

1. Come, ye sin-ners, poor and needy, Weak and wounded, sick and sore; }
 Je - sus read - y stands to save you, Full of pi - ty, love and pow'r. }
 d. c.—Glo - ry, hon - or, and sal - va-tion, Christ the Lord, has come to reign.

CHORUS. *D. C.*

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

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>2 Now, ye needy, come and welcome,
 God's free bounty glorify;
 True belief and true repentance,
 Every grace that brings you nigh.</p> <p>3 Let not conscience make you linger,
 Nor of fitness fondly dream;</p> | <p>All the fitness he requireth,
 Is to feel your need of him.</p> <p>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.</p> |
|---|---|

INVITATION.

No. 33.

Waiting at the Pool,

Rev. A. J. HOUGH.

WM. G. FISCHER. By per.

1. Thousands stand to-day in sorrow, Waiting at the pool; Say-ing they will
 2. Souls your filthy garments wearing, Waiting at the pool; hearts your heavy
 3. Thousands once were standing near you, Waiting at the pool; Come their voices
 4. Mother leaves the son, the daughter, Waiting at the pool; Calls to them a-
 5. Step in boldly—death may smite you, Waiting at the pool; Je - sus may no

wash to-morrow, Waiting at the pool; Oth-ers step in left and right,
 bur-den bearing, Waiting at the pool; Can it be you nev-er heard,
 back to cheer you, Waiting at the pool; Back from Canaan's hap-py shore
 cross the wa-ter, Waiting at the pool; You can nev-er more em-brace
 more in-vite you, Waiting at the pool; Faith is near you, take her hand,

Wash their stain - ed garments white, Leav - ing you in sorrow's night,
 Je - sus long a - go hath stirred The wa-ters with His mighty word,
 Sor - rows past and la - bors o'er, Where they stand in tears no more,
 Moth - er or be-hold her face, If you keep the lep - er's place,
 Seek with her the bet - ter land, And no long - er doubt-ing stand

Waiting at the pool, Wait-ing, wait-ing, waiting at the pool.

DECISION.

No. 34. Shall I be Saved To-night?

"Look unto me, and be ye saved."—Isaiah xiv. 22.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

Mrs. M. BLISS WILSON, by per.

1. Je-sus is pleading with my poor soul, Shall I be saved to-night?
 2. Je-sus was nailed to the cross for me, Shall I be saved to-night?
 3. Je-sus is knocking at my poor heart, Shall I be saved to-night?
 4. What if that voice I should hear no more, Shall I be saved to-night?

If I be-lieve, He will make me whole, Shall I be saved to-night?
 How can my heart so un-grate-ful be? Shall I be saved to-night?
 What if His Spir-it should now de-part? Shall I be saved to-night?
 Quickly I'll o-pen this bolt-ed door? Save me, O Lord, to-night.

Tender-ly, sad-ly I hear Him say, How can you grieve me from day to day?
 Now He will save me by grace divine, Now, if I will, I may call Him mine;
 O-ver and o-ver His voice I hear, Sweetly it falls on my list'ning ear;
 Blessed Redeemer, come in, come in, Pit-y my sorrow, for-give my sin;

Shall I go on in the old, old way? Or shall I be saved to-night?
 Can I the pleasures of earth re-sign? Oh, shall I be saved to-night?
 Shall I re-ject Him—a friend so dear? Oh, shall I be saved to-night?
 Now let Thy work in my soul be-gin, For I will be saved to-night.

DECISION.
No. 35.

God Calling Yet.

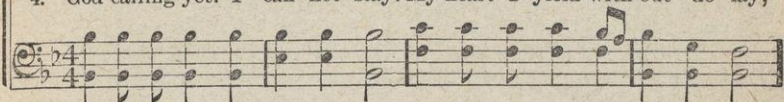
J. BORTHWICK.
Not too fast.

"I have called, and ye have refused." Prov. 1; 24.

JOHN

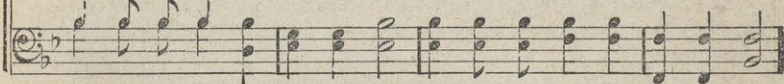


1. God calling yet! shall I not hear? Earth's pleasures shall I still hold dear?
2. God calling yet! shall I not rise? Can I His lov - ing voice de - spise,
3. God calling yet! and shall I give No heed, but still in bond-age live?
4. God calling yet! I can - not stay: My heart I yield with-out de - lay;



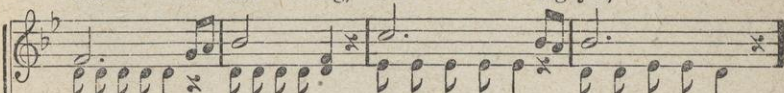
Shall life's swift passing years all fly, And still my soul in slum - ber lie?
And base - ly His kind care re - pay? He calls me still; can I de - lay?

I wait, but He does not for-sake; He calls me still; my heart a - wake!
Vain world, farewell! from thee I part; The voice of God has reach'd my heart.



CHORUS.

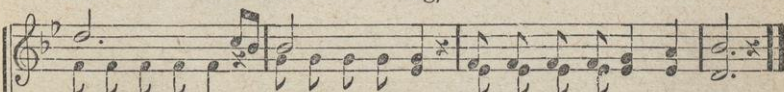
God is call - ing, call - - ing yet,



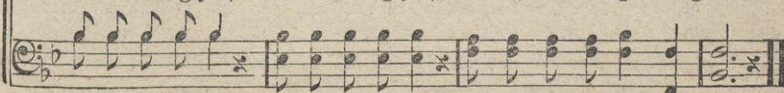
God is calling yet, God is calling yet, Heed His pleading voice, God is calling yet,



God is call - ing,



God is calling yet, God is calling yet, Sinner, heed His pleading voice.



DECISION.
No. 36.

I Am Coming.

W. G. FISCHER.

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

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

CHO.—I am trusting, Lord, in thee,
Dear Lamb of Calvary;
Humbly at thy cross I bow,
Jesus, saves me, save me now.

3 Jesus comes! He fills my soul!
Perfect in love I am;
I am every whit made whole;
Glory, glory to the Lamb.

No. 37.

Abide With Me.

H. F. LYRE.

WM. H. MONK.

1. A - bide with me! Fast falls the ev - en - tide, The dark-ness
2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day; Earth's joys grow
3. I need thy pres - ence ev - 'ry pass - ing hour; What but thy

deep - ens—Lord, with me a - bide! When oth - er help - ers
dim, its glo - ries pass a - way; Change and de - cay in
grace can foil the tempter's pow'r? Who, like thy - self, my

fail, and comforts flee, Help of the help-less, oh, a-bide with me!
all a-round I see; O thou who changest not, a-bide with me!
guide and stay can be? Thro' cloud and sunshine, oh, a-bide with me!

DECISION.

No. 38.

Return Ye.

N. E. B.

N. E. BYERS.



1. Re-turn ye, saith the Sav - ior, To all who are a - stray;
2. Re-turn ye, saith the Sav - ior, Who died on Calv - 'ry's tree;
3. While in the far off coun - try, His lov - ing voice I heard,
4. Wilt thou not heed the call, friend? God's mercy pleads with thee;



For I who have re-deemed you, Would give you life to - day.
 For you a feast is read - y; Taste of my love and see.
 I came, and peace he gave me; I'm saved; O praise the Lord.
 And Christ him - self is wait - ing, To set sin's cap - tive free.



CHORUS.



I come to thee my Sav - ior, Low at thy feet I bow;



I'm trust - ing thee for par - don, Praise God! He saves me now.
 saves me now.



DECISION.

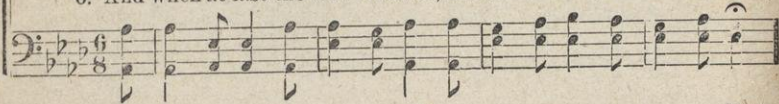
No. 39.

Take Me as I Am.

Melody by the late Rev. J. H. STOCKTON. Har. by W. J. K.



1. Je - sus, my Lord, to thee I cry, Un-less thou help me, I must die;
2. Help-less I am, and full of guilt, But yet thy blood for me was spilt;
3. No pre - par - a - tion can I make, My best re-solves I on - ly break;
4. I thirst. I long to know thy love, Thy full sal - va - tion I would prove;
5. If thou hast work for me to do, In-spire my will, my heart re-new,
6. And when at last the work is done, The bat-tle o'er, the vic-t'ry won;

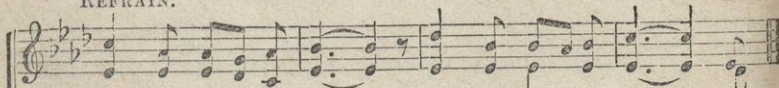


Oh, bring thy free sal - va - tion nigh, And take me as I am!
 And thou canst make me what thou wilt, But take me as I am!
 Yet save me for thine own name's sake, And take me as I am!
 But since to thee I can - not move, Oh, take me as I am!
 And work both in and by me too, But take me as I am!
 Still, still my cry shall be a - lone, Lord, take me as I am!

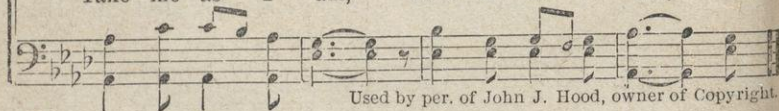
D. S. bring thy free sal - va - tion nigh, And take me as I am!

REFRAIN.

D. S.

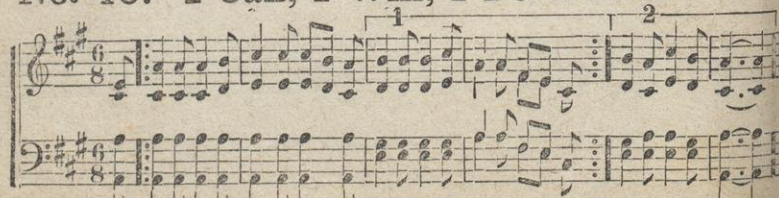


Take me as I am, Take me as I am; Oh,



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No. 40. I Can, I Will, I Do Believe.



1. ||: I'm kneeling at the mercy seat, :|| Where Jesus answers prayer.
 Cho.—||: I can, I will, I do believe, :|| That Jesus saves me now.
2. ||: Refining fire, go through my heart, :|| Illuminate my soul.
3. ||: O that it now from heaven might fall, :|| And all my sins consume.

DECISION.

No. 41. Follow all the Way.

REV. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

ART. BY IRA ORWIG HOFFMAN.

1. I can hear my Sav-ior call-ing, In the tend'rest ac-cents call-ing
 2. Tho' the way be dark and drea-ry, Tho' my feet be worn and wea-ry,
 3. Je-sus, ev-er go be-fore me, Shin-ing heav-en's sun-light o'er me
 4. Thro' the val-ley safe-ly lead me, Heav'nly man-na dai-ly feed me;
 5. In thy heart's af-fec-tion hold me, In thy arms of love en-fold me,

CHO.-I will take my cross and fol low, My dear Sav-ior I will fol low,

On my ear these words are falling, "Take thy cross, and daily fol-low me."
 Yet my heart keeps bright and cheery, As I fol-low, fol-low all the way.
 And when weak, by grace restore me As I fol-low, fol-low all the way.
 Ev-ry hour, dear Lord, I need thee As I fol-low, fol-low all the way.
 And with thine own grace uphold me As I fol-low, fol-low all the way.

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

Copyright, 1894, by the Hoffman Music Co.

No. 42.

Just as I Am.

C. ELLIOT.

Woodworth. L. M. (M. H. 393.)

WM. BRADBURY.

1. Just as I am! with-out one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me,
 2. Just as I am! and wait-ing not, To rid my soul of one dark blot,
 3. Just as I am! tho' tossed a-bout, With many a conflict, many a doubt,
 4. Just as I am! poor, wretched, blind, Sight, riches, heal-ing of the mind,

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.
 Fightings 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.

FAITH.

No. 43.

Christ is All.

"Unto you therefore which believe he is precious."—1 Pet. ii: 7.

W. A. WILLIAMS.

1. I entered once a home of care, For age and pen - u - ry were there:
 2. I stood be - side a dy - ing bed, Where lay a child with aching head,
 3. I saw the martyr at the stake, The flames could not his courage shake,
 4. I saw the gos - pel her ald go To Afric's sand and Greenland's snow,
 5. I dreamed that hoary time had fled, And earth and sea gave up their dead,
 6. Then come to Christ, oh! come to - day, The Fa - ther, Son and Spir - it say;

Yet peace and joy with - al; I asked the lone - ly moth - er
 Waiting for Je - sus' call, I marked his smile, 'twas sweet as
 Nor death his soul ap - pall; I asked him whence his strength was
 To save from Sa - tan's thrall; Nor home nor life he count - ed
 A fire dissolved this ball; I saw the church's ran - somed
 The Bride re - peats the call; For He will cleanse your guilt - y

whence Her helpless widow - hood's defence, She told me "Christ was all."
 May, And as his spir - it passed away, He whispered "Christ is all."
 giv'n, He looked triumphantly to heav'n, And answered "Christ is all."
 dear, Midst wants and perils owned no fear, He felt that "Christ is all."
 throng, I heard the bur - den of their song, 'Twas "Christ is all in all."
 stains, His love will soothe your weary pains, For "Christ is all in all."

CHORUS.

Christ is all, all in all, Yes, Christ is all in all, Yes, Christ is all in all.

Used by permission.

FAITH.

No. 44. Believe and be Saved To-day.

E. A. H.

Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

1. Oh, guilt - y sin - ner! to - day pre - pare To pray, to pray;
 2. 'Tis faith in Je - sus a - lone can bring The heav'n - ly peace;
 3. Re - pent, and trust in the cleans - ing blood, Oh, soul dis - trest!
 4. Have faith in God, and His word be - lieve, Be - lieve and pray,

Be - lieve, and Je - sus will take your sin A - way, a - way.
 Then to God's won - der - ful prom - ise - cling, And find re - lease.
 Go wash your stains in the crim - som flood, And be at rest.
 And He will free - ly your sins for - give, To - day, to - day.

CHORUS.

Be - lieve, and your sins shall be tak - en a - way, Shall be

tak - en a - way, a - way; Be - lieve, and your sins shall be

tak - en a - way, Shall be tak - en a - way to - day.

FAITH.

No. 45. 'Tis so Sweet to Trust in Jesus.

Mrs. LOUISA M. R. STEAD.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. 'Tis so sweet to trust in Je - sus, Just to take him at his word;
 2. O how sweet to trust in Je - sus, Just to trust his cleansing blood;
 3. Yes, 'tis sweet to trust in Je - sus, Just from sin and self to cease;
 4. I'm so glad I learn'd to trust thee, Precious Je - sus, Sav - ior, Friend;

Just to rest up - on his promise; Just to know, "Thus saith the Lord."
 Just in sim - ple faith to plunge me 'Neath the healing, cleansing flood.
 Just from Je - sus simply tak - ing Life and rest, and joy and peace.
 And I know that thou art with me, Wilt be with me to the end.

REFRAIN.

Je - sus, Je - sus, how I trust him! How I've prov'd him o'er and o'er!

Je - sus, Je - sus, pre - cious Je - sus! O for grace to trust him more.

From "Songs of Triumph," by permission.

No. 46. How Sweet the Name.

Tune No. 94.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>1 How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
 In a believer's ear;
 It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
 And drives away his fear.</p> <p>2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
 And calms the troubled breast;
 'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
 And to the weary, rest.</p> | <p>3 Dear Name, the Rock on which I build,
 My shield and hiding place;
 My never failing treasure, filled
 With boundless stores of grace.</p> <p>4 Jesus, my Shepherd, Savior, Friend;
 My Prophet, Priest, and King;
 My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
 Accept the praise I bring.</p> |
|--|--|

FAITH.

No. 47. Leaning on the Everlasting Arms.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. What a fel-low-ship, what a joy divine, Leaning on the ev - er -
 2. Oh, how sweet to walk in this pilgrim way, Leaning on the ev - er -
 3. What have I to dread, what have I to fear, Leaning on the ev - er -

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

REFRAIN.

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

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

Lean - ing, Lean - ing, Lean-ing on the ev - er-last-ing arms.
 Leaning on Jesus, leaning on Jesus,

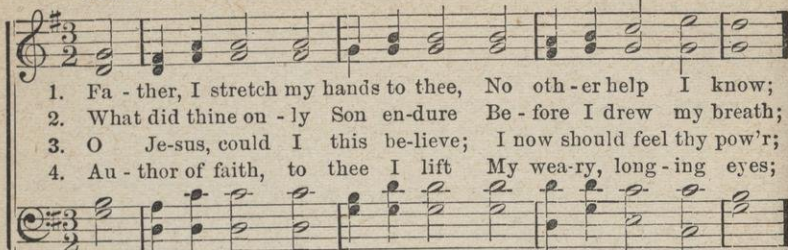
By per. of A. J. Showalter.

FAITH.

No. 48. I Do Believe. C. M.

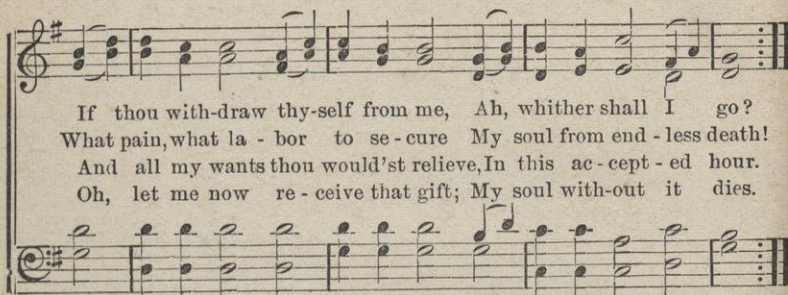
CHARLES WESLEY.

Unknown.



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

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



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

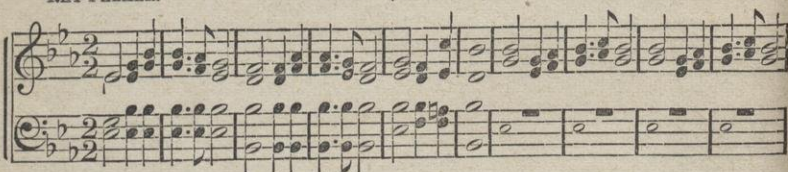
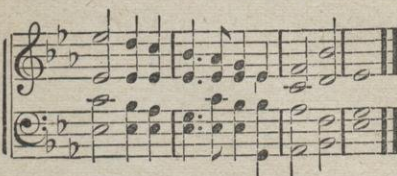
And thro' his blood, his pre-cious blood I shall from sin be free.

No. 49. My Faith Looks Up.

RAY PALMER.

C^d vet. (M. H. 702.)

LOWELL MASON.

- 1 My faith looks up to Thee,
 Thou Lamb of Calvary,
 Savior divine!
 Now hear me while I pray,
 Take all my guilt away,
 Oh, let me from this day
 Be wholly Thine.
- 2 May Thy rich grace impart
 Strength to my fainting heart,
 My zeal inspire;

As Thou hast died for me,
 O may my love to Thee
 Pure, warm, and changeless be—
 A living fire.

- 3 While life's dark maze I tread,
 And griefs around me spread,
 Be Thou my Guide;
 Bid darkness turn to day;
 Wipe sorrow's tears away,
 Nor let me ever stray
 From Thee aside.
- 4 When ends life's transient dream;
 When death's cold, sullen stream
 Shall o'er me roll;
 Blest Savior, then in love,
 Fear and distrust remove;
 O bear me safe above—
 A ransomed soul!

FAITH.

NO. 50.

Love Divine.

C. WESLEY.

FINE.



1. { Love di-vine, all love ex - cell-ing, Joy of heav'n to earth come down, }
 { Fix in us Thy hum-ble dwelling; All Thy faithful mercies crown. }
 D.C.—Vis - it us with Thy sal - va-tion; En - ter ev - 'ry trembling heart.
 2. { Breathe, oh breathe Thy loving Spir - it In - to ev - 'ry troubled breast; }
 { Let us all in Thee in - her - it; Let us find that sec-ond rest. }
 D.C.—End of faith, as its be - gin-ning, Set our hearts at lib - er - ty.



D.C.

Je - sus Thou art all com-pas-sion, Pure unbounded love Thou art.
 Take a-way our bent to sin-ning; Al - pha and O - me - ga be.



3 Come, Almighty to deliver,
 Let us all Thy life receive;
 Suddenly return, and never,
 Never more Thy temples leave;
 Thee we would be always blessing,
 Serve Thee as Thy hosts above,
 Pray, and praise Thee without ceasing,
 Glory in Thy perfect love.

4 Finish then Thy new creation;
 Pure and spotless let us be;
 Let us see Thy great salvation,
 Perfectly restored in Thee:
 Changed from glory into glory,
 Till in heaven we take our place,—
 Till we cast our crowns before Thee,
 Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

No. 51. Faith is a Living Power.

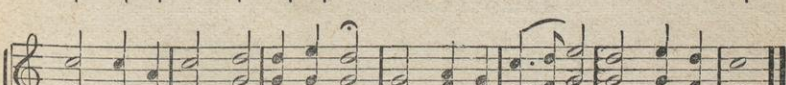
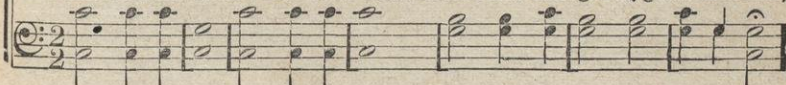
"That the promise by faith might be given to them that believe."—Gal. 3: 22.

A. D. 1531.

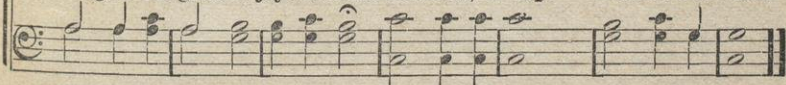
L. O. EMMERSON. 1847.



1. Faith is a liv ing pow'r from heav'n Which grasps the promise God has giv'n;
 2. Faith finds in Christ whate'er we need To save and strengthen, guide and feed;



Se - cure-ly fixed on Christ alone, A trust that can - not be o'er-thrown.
 Strong in His grace it joys to share His cross, in hope His crown to wear.



3 Faith to the conscience whispers peace; | 4 Such faith in us, O God, implant,
 And bids the mourner's sighing cease; | And to our prayers Thy favor grant
 By faith the children's right we claim. | In Jesus Christ, Thy saving Son,
 And call upon our Father's name. | Who is our fount of health alone.

CLEANSING.

No. 52. Are You Washed in the Blood?

E. A. H.

REV. E. A. HOFFMAN.

1. Have you been to Je-sus for the cleansing pow'r? Are you wash'd in the
 2. Are you walking dai-ly by the Savior's side? Are you wash'd in the
 3. When the Bride-groom cometh will your robes be white, Pure and white in the
 4. Lay a - side the garments that are stain'd with sin, And be wash'd in the

blood of the Lamb? Are you ful - ly trusting in his grace this hour? Are you
 blood of the Lamb? Do you rest each moment in the cru - ci - fied? Are you
 blood of the Lamb? Will your soul be read-y for the mansions bright, And be
 blood of the Lamb; There's a fountain flowing for the soul unclean, Oh, be

CHORUS.

washed in the blood of the Lamb? Are you washed in the
 Are you washed

blood, In the soul-cleansing blood of the Lamb?
 in the blood of the Lamb?

Are your garments spotless? Are they white as snow? Are you wash'd in the blood of the Lamb?

CLEANSING.

No. 53. The Savior is My All in All.

Wherefore he is able to save them to the uttermost.—Heb. 7: 25.

P. B.

P. BILHORN.

1. The Sav-iour is my all in all, He is my con-stant theme; By
 2. His spir - it gives sweet peace within, And bids all care de - part; He
 3. And what-so - ev - er I may ask, To glo - ri - fy His name, The
 4. Oh, praise the Lord, my soul, rejoice, Give thanks unto thy God, Who

sim - ply trust - ing in His word, He keeps me pure and clean.
 fills my soul with righteousness, And pu - ri - fies the heart.
 Fa - ther free - ly gives to me, Since Christ the Sav - iour came.
 took thee in thy sin - ful - ness, And cleansed thee by His blood.

CHORUS.

Glo - ry, oh glo - ry, Je - sus hath redeemed me,

Glo - ry, oh glo - ry, He washed my sins a - way.

CLEANSING.

No. 54.

Glorious Fountain.

COWPER.

T. C. O'KANE.

1. { There is a fountain fill'd with blood, fill'd with blood, fill'd with blood
 2. { And sinners plung'd beneath that flood, beneath that flood, beneath that flood,
 3. { The dy-ing thief re-joyced to see, re-joyced to see, re-joyced to see,
 4. { And there may I, tho' vile as he, tho' vile as he, tho' vile as he,

There is a fountain fill'd with blood, Drawn from Immanuel's veins, }
 And sinners plung'd beneath that flood, Lose all their guilty stains. }
 The dy-ing thief re-joyced to see That fountain in his day, }
 And there may I, tho' vile as he, Wash all my sins a-way. }

CHORUS.

Oh, glorious fountain! Here will I stay, And in thee ev-er. Wash my sins a-way.

- 3 Thou dying Lamb, || thy precious blood, || 4 E'er since by faith || I saw the stream, ||
 Shall never lose its power, Thy flowing wounds supply,
 Till all the ransom'd || Church of God, || Redeeming love || has been my theme, ||
 Are saved, to sin no more. And shall be till I die.

From "Redeemer's Praise." By per.

No. 55. Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

R. L.

R. LOWRY. By per.

1. { What can wash a - way my sin? Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus; }
 { What can make me whole a-gain? Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus. }

Nothing but the Blood—Concluded.

CHORUS.

Oh, precious is the flow That makes me white as snow:

No oth-er Fount I know, Nothing but the blood of Je - sus.

- | | | |
|---|--|--|
| 2 | For my pardon this I see—
Nothing but the blood of Jesus; | Naught of good that I have done,
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.— <i>Cho.</i> |
| | For my cleansing, this my plea,—
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.— <i>Cho.</i> | 4 This is all my hope and peace—
Nothing but the blood of Jesus; |
| 3 | Nothing can for sin atone,
Nothing but the blood of Jesus; | This is all my righteousness—
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.— <i>Cho.</i> |

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No. 56. Cleansing Wave.

Mrs. PHEBE PALMER.

Mrs. J. F. KNAPP. By per.

1. { Oh, now I see the cleansing wave! The fountain deep and wide;
Je - sus, my Lord, might-y to save, Points to His wounded side.

CHORUS.

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

- | | | | |
|---|---------------------------------------|---|----------------------------------|
| 2 | I rise to walk in heaven's own light, | 3 | Amazing grace! 'tis heaven below |
| | Above the world of sin, [white, | | To feel the blood applied; |
| | With heart made pure and garments | | And Jesus, only Jesus, know, |
| | And Christ enthroned within. | | My Jesus crucified. |

CLEANSING.

No. 57. **Glory to His Name.**

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.

Rev. J. H. STOCKTON, by per.

1. Down at the cross where my Sav - ior died, Down where for cleans-
 2. I am so won-drous - ly sav'd from sin, Je - sus so sweet-
 3. Oh, pre - cious fount-ain that saves from sin, I am so glad
 4. Come to this fount-ain, so rich and sweet; Cast thy poor soul

ing from sin I cried; There to my heart was the blood applied;
 ly a-bides with-in; There at the cross where he took me in;
 I have en-tered in; There Je - sus saves me and keeps me clean,
 at the Sav - ior's feet: Plunge in to-day, and be made com-plete;

D. s.—There to my heart was the blood ap - plied;
 Fine. CHORUS. D. S.

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

No. 58. **Art Thou Weary?**

1. Art thou wea-ry, art thou lan - guid? Art thou sore dis-tressed?
 2. Hath he marks to lead me to him If he be my guide?

“Come to me,” saith One, “and com - ing, Be at rest.” A-men.
 “In his feet and hands are wound-prints. And his side.”

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>3 If I find him, if I follow,
 What my future here?
 “Many a sorrow, many a labor,
 Many a tear.”</p> | <p>4 If I ask him to receive me,
 Will he say me nay?
 ‘Not till earth, and not till heaven
 Pass away.’</p> |
|--|--|

CLEANSING.

No. 59. Whiter than the Snow.

REV. ANDREW REED.

MRS. SUE M. O. HOFFMAN.

1. Come, my Re-deem-er, come, And deign to live with me;
2. Why should the world pre-sume, To oc-cu-py thy throne?
3. Ex-ert thy might-y pow'r, And ban-ish all my sin;
4. Rule thou in ev-'ry thought And pas-sion of my soul,
5. Then shall my days be thine, And all my heart be love,

Come, make my heart thy home, And bid thy ri-vals flee;
 Come, all thy right as-sume; I would be thine a-lone;
 In this au-spi-cious hour Bring all thy grac-es in;
 Till all my pow'rs are brought Be-neath thy full con-trol;
 And joy and peace be mine Such as are known a-bove.

Come, my Redeemer, quick-ly come, And make my heart thy lasting home;

Wash me in the blood, in the cleansing flood, And I shall be whiter than snow.
 D.S. - Wash me in the blood, in the cleansing flood, And I shall be whit-er than snow.

CHORUS.

Whit - - er than snow, Whit - - er than snow, D. S.

Whiter than the snow, Whiter than the beautiful snow, Whiter than the snow, Whiter than the snow, the snow.

CONFESSION.

No. 60. Let Us Hear You Tell It.

J. M. W.

J. M. WHYTE.

1. O, brother, have you told how the Lord for-gave? Let us hear you
 2. When toiling up the way, was the Sav-ior there? Let us hear you
 3. Was ev-er on your tongue such a blessed theme? Let us hear you
 4. The bat-tles you have fought, and the vict'ries won, Let us hear you

tell it o-ver once a-gain; Thy com-ing to the cross, where he
 tell it o-ver once a-gain; Did Je-sus bear you up in his
 tell it o-ver once a-gain; 'Tis ev-er sweet-er far than the
 tell it o-ver once a-gain; 'Twill help them on the way who have

died to save, Let us hear you tell it o-ver once a-gain.
 ten-der care? Let us hear you tell it o-ver once a-gain.
 sweetest dream, Let us hear you tell it o-ver once a-gain.
 just be-gun, Let us hear you tell it o-ver once a-gain.

Are you walk-ing now in his blessed light? Are you cleansed from
 Nev-er have you found such a friend as he, Who can help you
 There are aching hearts in the world's great throng, Who have sought for
 We are striv-ing now with the hosts of sin, Soon with Christ our

ev-'ry guilt-y stain? Is he your joy by day, and your
 'midst the toil and pain; O all the world should hear what he's
 rest, and all in vain; Hold Je-sus up to them by your
 Sav-ior we shall reign; Ye ransomed of the Lord, try a

Let us Hear you Tell It—Concluded.

song by night? Let us hear you tell it o - ver once a - gain.
 done for thee; Let us hear you tell it o - ver once a - gain.
 word and song; Let us hear you tell it o - ver once a - gain.
 soul to win; Let us hear you tell it o - ver once a - gain.

CHORUS.

Let us hear you tell it o - ver,
 Let us hear you tell it o - ver once a - gain,

tell it o - ver once a - gain,
 tell it o - ver, tell it o - ver once a - gain,

Tell the sweet and bless-ed sto - ry, It will help you on to

glo - ry, Let us hear you tell it o - ver once a - gain.

CONFESSION.

No. 61.

Tell it Again.

Mrs. M. B. C. SLADE.

R. M. MCINTOSH.

1. In - to the tent where a gyp - sy boy lay, Dy - ing a - lone at the
 2. "Did he so love me, a poor lit - tle boy? Send un - to me the good
 3. Bending we caught the last words of his breath, Just as he entered the
 4. Smiling, he said, as his last sigh he spent, "I am so glad that for

close of the day, News of sal - va - tion we carried, said he,
 tid - ings of joy? Need I not per - ish? my hand will he hold?
 val - ley of death, "God sent his Son!" "whoso - ev - er?" said he;
 me he was sent!" Whispered, while low sank the sun in the west,

REFRAIN.

"No - bod - y ev - er has told it to me!" Tell it a - gain!
 No - bod - y ev - er the sto - ry has told!"
 "Then I am sure that he sent him for me!"
 "Lord, I be - lieve, tell it now to the rest!"

Tell it a gain! Salvation's sto - ry re - peat o'er and o'er, Till none can

say of the children of men, No - bod - y ev - er has told me be - fore."

By permission.

CONFESSION.

No.62. Oh! How I Love Jesus.

CHAS. WESLEY.

1. Je - sus, the name high o - ver all, In hell, or earth, or sky;
 2. Je - sus, the name to sin - ners dear, The name to sin - ners given;
 3. Je - sus, the pris'ner's fet - ters breaks, And bruises Sa - tan's head;
 4. Oh, that the world might taste and see The rich - es of His grace;

An - gels and men be - fore it fall, And dev - ils fear and fly.
 It scat - ters all their guilt - y fear; It turns their hell to heaven.
 Pow'r into strengthless souls He speaks, And life in - to the dead.
 The arms of love that compass me, Would all mankind em - brace.

CHORUS.

Oh, how I love Je - sus; Oh, how I love Je - sus;

2d Cho. How can I for - get Thee? How can I for - get Thee, Lord?

Oh, how I love Je - sus, Be - cause He first loved me.
 How can I for - get Thee? Dear Lord, re - mem - ber me.

5 His only righteousness I show.
 His saving truth proclaim;
 'Tis all my business here below
 To cry, Behold the Lamb!

6 Happy, if with my latest breath
 I may but gasp His name:
 Preach Him to all, and cry in death,
 Behold, behold the Lamb!

CONFESSION.

No 63. My Heart O'er Flows with Joy.

S. A. LANNING.

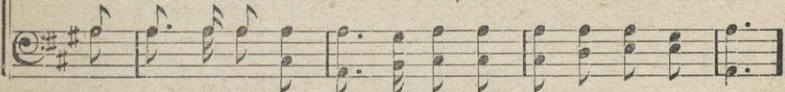
M. McCUMBER.



1. My heart o'er flows with joy to-day, With lib - er - ty I sing,
2. My sins did rise like mountains high, Dis - pair - ing I did cry,
3. Then Je - sus heard my mournful cry, He flew to my re - lief,
4. No more I'm left to doubt nor fear, For all is joy with - in,



That Je - sus has the power to save And full sal - va - tion bring.
 O save thou me most Ho - ly One, O save me or I die.
 He cleansed my heart from all its sin, Gave joy in - stead of grief.
 Ho - san - nah to the Lamb of God, His blood it saves from sin.



CHORUS.



O let me tell the sto - ry, It is so sweet to me,



Since I have found my Sav - ior And he has made me free.



Copyright, 1894, by Rev. James H. Frame.

No. 64. The Solid Rock.

1 My hope is built on nothing less,
 Than Jesus' blood and righteousness;
 I dare not trust the sweetest frame,
 But wholly lean on Jesus' name.

CHORUS.

On Christ the solid Rock I stand;
 All other ground is sinking sand,
 All other ground is sinking sand,

2 When darkness veils his lovely face,
 I rest on his unchanging grace;
 In every high and stormy gale,
 My anchor holds within the veil.

3 When he shall come with trumpet
 O may I then in him be found; [sound,
 Drest in his righteousness alone,
 Faultless to stand before the throne.

CONFESSION.

No. 65. Wondrously Redeemed.

E. A. H.

Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

1. I have pre-cious news to tell, hal - le - lu - jah! Christ has
 2. It was Christ's re-demp-tion-blood, hal - le - lu - jah! That re-
 3. I have found a pre-cious friend, hal - le - lu - jah! On whose

come with me to dwell, hal-le-lu-jah! By His grace and pow'r di-vine, He has
 stored my soul to God, hal-le-lu-jah! He the cleansing stream applied, Flowing
 help I can de-pend, hal-le-lu-jah! Since He took my sins a-way, He has

D. S. joic-ing night and day, As I

FINE.

changed this heart of mine, And He whispers, "I am thine," hal-le-lu - jah!
 from His wounded side; I am saved and jus-ti-fied, hal-le-lu - jah!
 taught me how to pray, And to do His will each day, hal-le-lu - jah!

walk the nar-row way, For He washed my sins a-way, hal-le-lu - jah!

Hal - le - lu - - - - jah! I'm redeemed! Oh, so

Hal - le - lu - jah! I'm redeemed! oh, hal - le - lu - jah! I'm redeemed! Oh, so

won - - - - - drous-ly re-deemed!

D. S.

won-drous-ly redeemed, yes, oh, so won-drous-ly redeemed! I'm re -

ASSURANCE.

No. 66. Jesus Leads the Way.

Melody, "Auld Lang Syne."

Mrs. M. O. PAGE.

Arr. by Mrs. CLARA H. SCOTT.

1. 'Tis sweet to lean on Je-sus's breast And know my sins for-giv'n,
 2. And now my Je-sus leads the way, And I ac-cept-ance bring,
 3. I'll tell the sto-ry o'er and o'er, It is so sweet to give,

'Tis sweet to think my earth - ly name Is writ - ten now in heav'n,
 I stand with-in the' noon-tide ray De - scend-ing from our King,
 'Tis all the sto - ry that we need To teach us how to live;

'Tis sweet to think my jour-ney here Is all illumined by grace,
 And this has made me strong to bear, And quick to do his will;
 And all the sto - ry that we need To tell in heav'n a - bove,

D. S.—'Tis sweet to think my jour-ney here Is all illumined by grace,

D. S.

That I may nev - er feel a fear, For I shall see his face.
 And watch-ing doth my heart pre-pare My mis-sion to ful - fill.
 Is just the same old gos-pel theme Of Je - sus and his love.

That I may nev - er feel a fear, For I shall see his face,

ASSURANCE.

No. 67. The Child of a King.

HATTIE E. BUELL.

Arr. by Rev. JOHN B. SUMNER.

1. My Fa-ther is rich in hous-es and lands, He hold-eth the
 2. My Fa-ther's own Son, the Sav-iour of men, Once wander'd o'er
 3. I once was an out-cast stran-ger on earth, A sin-ner by
 4. A tent or a cot-tage, why should I care? They're building a

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

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

CHORUS.

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

Ad lib.

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

ASSURANCE.

No. 68.

Blessed Assurance.

F. J. CROSBY.

Mrs. JOSEPH F. KNAPP.

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

fore-taste of glo-ry di-vine! Heir of sal-va-tion, pur-chase of
 rap-ture now burst on my sight, An-gels de-scend-ing, bring from a-
 Sav-ior am hap-py and blest, Watching and wait-ing, look-ing a-

CHORUS.

God, Born of His spir-it, washed in His blood. This is my sto-ry,
 bove, Ech-oes of mer-cy, whis-pers of love. This is my sto-ry,
 bove, Filled with His goodness, lost in His love. This is my sto-ry,

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

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

ASSURANCE,

No. 69.

The Haven of Rest.

H. L. GILMOUR.

GEO. D. MOORE.

1. My soul in sad ex - ile was out on life's sea, So
 2. I yield - ed my - self to his ten - der em brace, And
 3. The song of my soul, since the Lord made me whole, Has
 4. How pre - cious the thought that we all may re - cline, Like
 5. Oh, come to the Sav - ior, he pa - tient - ly waits To

bur - dened with sin; and dis - tress, Till I heard a sweet voice say - ing
 faith tak - ing hold of the word, My fet - ters fell off, and I
 been the OLD STO - RY so blest, Of Je - sus, who'll save who - so.
 John the be - lov - ed and blest, On Je - sus' strong arm, where no
 save by his pow - er di - vine; Come, an - chor your soul in the

D. S.—The tem - pest may sweep o'er the

Fine.
 "Make me your choice;" And I en - tered the "Ha - ven of Rest!"
 an - chored my soul; The ha - ven of rest is my Lord.
 ev - er will have A home in the "Ha - ven of Rest!"
 tem - pest can harm, — Se - cure in the "Ha - ven of Rest!"
 ha - ven of rest, And say, "My be - lov - ed is mine!"

wild, storm - y deep, In Je - sus I'm safe ev - er - more.

CHORUS.

D. S.
 I've anchor'd my soul in the ha - ven of rest, I'll sail the wide seas no more;

ASSURANCE.

No. 70. Is My Name Written There?

Mrs. MARY A. KIDDER.

FRANK M. DAVIS, by per.

1. Lord, I care not for rich - es, Neither sil - ver nor gold;
 2. Lord, my sins they are ma - ny, Like the sands of the sea,
 3. Oh! that beau - ti - ful cit - y, With its mansions of light,

I would make sure of heav - en, I would en - ter the fold,
 But thy blood, Oh, my Sav - ior, Is suf - fi - cient for me;
 With its glo - ri - fied be - ings, In pure garments of white;

In the book of thy king - dom, With its page white and fair,
 For thy prom - ise is writ - ten, In bright let - ters that glow,
 Where no e - vil thing com - eth, To de - spoil what is fair;

Tell me, Je - sus, my Sav - ior, Is my name writ - ten there?
 "Tho' your sins be as scar - let, I will make them like snow,"
 Where the an - gels are watch - ing, Yes, my name's writ - ten there.

Fine.

In the book of thy king - dom, Is my name writ - ten there?
 Yes, my name, &c.

CHORUS. *D. S.*
 Is my name writ - ten there, On the page white and fair?
 2d and 3rd Verses.
 Yes, my name, &c.

ASSURANCE.

No. 71. Jesus is Mine!

Mrs. C. J. BONAR.

T. E. PERKINS, by per.

1. Fade, fade, each earthly joy, Je-sus is mine! Break ev - 'ry ten-der
 2. Fare-well ye dreams of night, Je-sus is mine! Lost in this dawning
 3. Fare-well mor-tal - i - ty, Je-sus is mine! Wel-come e - ter-ni-

tie, Je - sus is mine! Dark is the wil-der-ness, Earth has no
 light, Je - sus is mine! All that my soul has tried Left but a
 ty, Je - sus is mine! Wel-come, O loved and blest, Welcome sweet

rest-ing place, Je - sus a-lone can bless, Je - sus is mine!
 dis-mal void, Je - sus has sat - is - fied, Je - sus is mine!
 scenes of rest, Welcome, my Sav-ior's breast, Je - sus is mine!

No. 72. Enough for Me.

E. A. H.

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN, by per.

1. O love surpassing knowledge! O grace so full and free! I know that Jesus saves me,

Fine. REFRAIN. *D. S.*
 And that's enough for me! And that's enough for me! Of joy and peace for me!

2 O wonderful salvation!
 From sin he makes me free!
 I have the sweet assurance,
 And that's enough for me!

3 O blood of Christ so precious,
 Poured out on Calvary!
 I feel its cleansing power,
 And that's enough for me!

CONSECRATION.

No. 73.

All for Jesus.

MARY D. JAMES.

Arranged.

1. { All for Je-sus, all for Je - sus! All my being's ransomed powers:
 All my tho'ts, and words, and doings, All my days and all my [Omit.] hours.
 2. { Let my hands perform His bidding, Let my feet run in His ways—
 Let my eyes see Je-sus on - ly, Let my lips speak forth His [Omit.] praise.

All for Je-sus! all for Je - sus! All my days and all my hours; hours.
 All for Je-sus! all for Je - sus! Let my lips speak forth His praise; praise.

3 Since my eyes were fixed on Jesus,
 I've lost sight of all beside;
 So enchained my spirit's vision,
 Looking at the crucified.
 ||:All for Jesus! all for Jesus!
 Looking at the Crucified.:||

4 Oh, what wonder! how amazing!
 Jesus, glorious King of kings—
 Deigns to call me His beloved,
 Lets me rest beneath His wings,
 ||:All for Jesus! all for Jesus!
 Resting now beneath His wings.:||

No. 74.

I Live for Him.

Copyright, 1882, by R. E. Hudson.

C. R. DUNBAR.

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

Cho.—I'll live for Him who died for me, How hap - py then my life shall be!

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

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

BY W. D. C. C. C.

CONSECRATION.

No. 75. Where He Leads I'll Follow.

W. A. O.

W. A. OGDEN.

1. Sweet are the prom-is - es, Kind is the word, Dear-er far than
 2. Sweet is the ten - der love Je - sus hath shown, Sweeter far than
 3. List to His lov-ing words, "Come un - to me," Wea-ry, heav-y

an - y mes-sage man ev - er heard; Pure was the mind of Christ,
 an - y love that mor-tals have known; Kind to the err - ing one,
 lad - en, there is sweet rest for thee; Trust in His prom-is - es,

Sin - less I see; He the great ex - am-ple is, and pat-tern for me.
 Faithful is He; He the great ex - am-ple is, and pat-tern for me.
 Faithful and sure; Lean up - on the Sav-ior, and thy soul is se-secure.

CHORUS.

Where..... He leads I'd fol - low,
 Where He leads I'd fol - low, Where He leads I'd fol - low,

Fol - low all the way, Follow Jesus ev'ry day.
 Follow all the way, yes, follow all the way.

CONSECRATION.

No. 76. Jesus, Take Me In.

JOHN WILLAN.

JOHN WILLAN.

1. Have mer-cy on me Je-sus, And wash a-way my sin;
 2. I long to be for-giv-en, And know that I am thine;
 3. Oh, yes, lost one, I'll take you, For such I came to save;

I'm lost, but oh, my Sav-ior, Wilt thou not take me in?
 Oh, let me now come to thee, And take this heart of mine.
 I long for you have wait-ed, Now look, be-lieve and live.

CHORUS.

1 & 2 Je - sus, take me in, Je - sus, take me in!
 3. I will take you in, I will take you in;

Rall.

I'm lost, but oh, my Sav-ior, Wilt thou not take me in?
 You're lost, but I will save you, And free-ly take you in.

Copyright, 1889, by John Willan.

No. 77. Take My Life and Let It Be.

1. Take my life and let it be Con-se-crat-ed, Lord, to thee; Take my hands and
 2. Take my feet and let them be Swift and beautiful for thee; Take my voice and
 3. Take my lips and let them be Fill'd with messages from thee; Take my sil-ver
 4. Take my moments and my days, Let them flow in endless praise; Take my in-tel-

Take My Life—Concluded.



let them move At the impulse of thy love, At the im-pulse of thy love.
let me sing, Always, on-ly for my King, Always on-ly for my King.
and my gold, Not a mite would I with-hold, Not a might would I with-hold.
lect and use Ev'ry pow'r as thou shalt choose, Ev'ry pow'r as thou shalt choose.



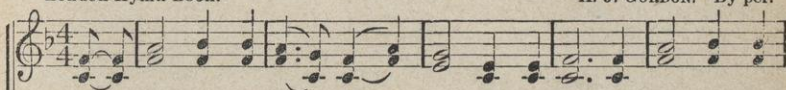
5 Take my will and make it thine,
It shall be no longer mine;
Take my heart, it is thine own,
It shall be thy royal throne.

6 Take my love, my God, I pour
At thy feet its treasured store,
Take myself, and I will be
Ever, only, all for thee.

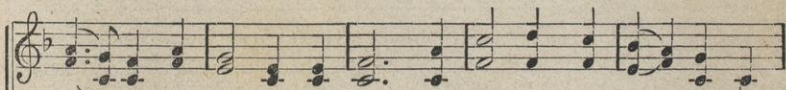
No. 78. My Jesus, I Love Thee.

London Hymn Book.

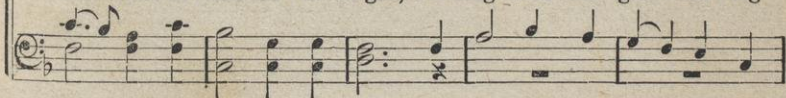
A. J. GORDON. By per.



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



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



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



CONSECRATION.

No. 79. Oh, to be Something.

Rev. GEO. W. CROFTS.

ARTHUR J. SMITH.

1. Oh, to be some-thing, dear Sav - ior, I pray, Some-thing of
 2. Some-thing, where spir - its are burden'd with sin, Some-thing, those
 3. Some-thing to o - pen the eyes of the blind, Some-thing to
 4. Some-thing to sol - ace e - ter - ni - ty's fears, Some-thing to

use to the world in my day; Some-thing, dear Sav - ior, what-
 spir - its for heav - en to win; Some-thing, to woo them to
 light - en the sin-dark-en'd mind; Some-thing, to lead them to
 cheer when e - ter - ni - ty nears; Some-thing, to ban-ish death's

D. S.—Some-thing, dear Sav - ior, what-

ev - er it be, Some-thing, yes, some-thing of hon - or to thee.
 Cal - va - ry's cross, Some-thing, to give them pure gold for their dross.
 fount - ains of love, Some-thing, to point them to man - sions a - bove.
 ven - om - ous sting, Some-thing, to help them life's triumphs to sing.

ev - er it be, Some-thing, yes, some - thing of hon or to thee.

CHORUS.

D. S.

Oh, to be some-thing, my Savior, do thou Make of me something, yes, something just now;

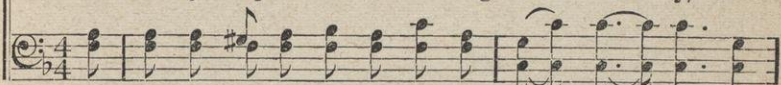
PRAYER.

No. 80, A Little Talk with Jesus.

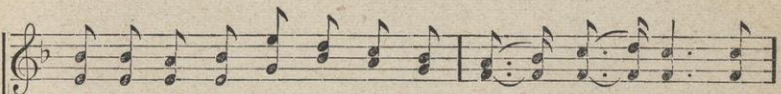
Arr. by IRA O. HOFFMAN.



1. Tho' dark the night, and clouds look black, And stormy o-ver-head, And
2. When those who once were dearest friends Be-gin to per-se-cute, And
3. And thus by fre-quent lit-tle talks I gain the vic-to-ry, And



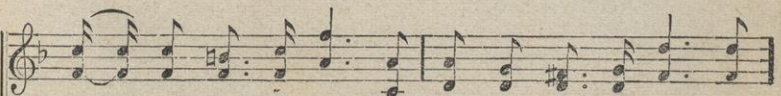
Cho.—A lit-tle talk with Je-sus makes my heart more light, A



tri-als sore of ev-'ry kind A-cross my path are spread, How those who once pro-fessed to love Have si-lent grown and mute, I march a-long with cheer-ful song, En-joy-ing lib-er-ty; With



lit-tle talk with Je-sus makes the path more bright, In



soon I con-quer all When on the Lord I call; A tell Him all my grief, He quick-ly sends re-lief, A Je-sus as my friend, I know, un-til the end, A



tri-als of ev-'ry kind, praise God, I al-ways find A



lit-tle talk with Je-sus makes it right, all right.
lit-tle talk with Je-sus makes it right, all right.
lit-tle talk with Je-sus makes it right, all right.



lit-tle talk with Je-sus makes it right, all right.

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PRAYER.

No. 81.

I Must Tell Jesus.

E. A. H.

Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

1. I must tell Je - sus all of my tri - als; I cannot bear these
 2. I must tell Je - sus all of my troubles; He is a kind, con -
 3. Tempted and tried I need a great Sav - ior, One who can help my
 4. O how the world to e - vil al - lures me! O how my heart is

S:

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

D. S. — I must tell Je - sus, I must tell Je - sus,

Fine. CHORUS.

He ev - er loves and cares for his own. I must tell Je - sus!
 Make of my trou - bles quick - ly an end.
 He all my cares and sor - rows will share.
 O - ver the world the vic - t'ry to win.
 Je - sus can help me, Je - sus a - lone.

D. S.

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

Copyright, 1893, by The Hoffman Music Co.

No. 82.

Sweet Hour of Prayer. Key D.

1 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!	2 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
That calls me from a world of care	Thy wings shall my petition bear
And bids me at my Father's throne,	To him, whose truth and faithfulness
Make all my wants and wishes known;	Engage the waiting soul to bless.
In seasons of distress and grief;	And since he bids me seek his face,
My soul has often found relief;	Believe his word, and trust his grace,
: And oft escaped the tempter's snare	: I'll cast on him my every care,
By thy return, sweet hour of prayer. :	And wait for thee, sweet hour of pray'r. :

PRAYER.

No. 83.

Tell it to Jesus.

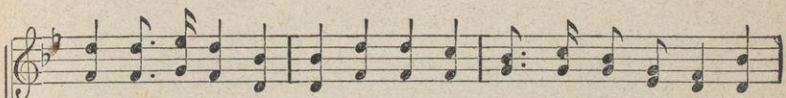
J. E. RANKIN, D. D.

Matt. xiv. 12.

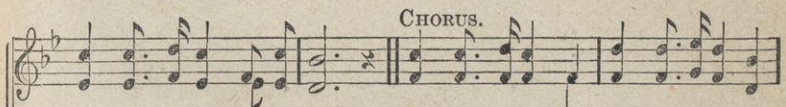
E. S. LORENZ.



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,

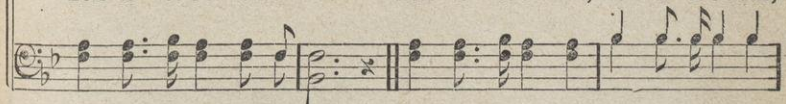


Tell it to Je - sus; Are you griev-ing o - ver joys de-part-ed?
 Tell it to Je - sus; Have you sins that to man's eye are hid-den?
 Tell it to Je - sus; Are you anx-ious what shall be to-mor-row?
 Tell it to Je - sus; For Christ's com-ing King-dom are you sigh-ing?

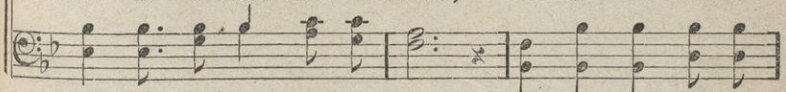


CHORUS.

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.



PRAYER.

No. 84.

Nearer the Cross.

Mrs. F. J. CROSBY.

Mrs. J. F. KNAPP.

1. "Near-er the cross!" my heart can say, I am coming near-er, Near-er the
 2. Near-er the Christian's mer - cy seat, I am coming near-er, Feasting my
 3. Near-er in pray'r my hope as-pires, I am coming near-er, Deep er the

cross from day - to day, I am com-ing near-er; Nearer the cross where
 soul on man-na sweet, I am com-ing near-er; Stronger in faith, more
 love my soul desires, I am com-ing near-er; Nearer the end of

Je-sus died, Near-er the fountain's crimson tide, Near er my Sav-ior's
 clear I see Je-sus who gave Himself for me; Near-er to Him I
 toil and care, Near-er the joy I long to share, Near-er the crown I

wounded side, I am com-ing near-er, I am com-ing near-er.
 still would be: Still I'm com-ing near-er, Still I'm com-ing near-er.
 soon shall wear: I am com-ing near-er, I am com-ing near er.

PRAYER.

No. 85. What a Friend We Have in Jesus.

H. BONAR.

C. C. CONVERSE.

FINE.

D. S.

- 1 What a friend we have in Jesus,
All our sins and griefs to bear;
What a privilege to carry
Everything to God in prayer.
Oh, what peace we often forfeit,
Oh, what needless pain we bear—
All because we do not carry
Everything to God in prayer.
- 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 it to the Lord in prayer.
- 3 Are we weak and heavy laden,
Cumbered with a load of care?
Precious Savior, 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.

No. 86. Jesus, Lover of My Soul,

CHARLES WESLEY.

Tune, MAREYN. 7s.

- 1 Jesus, Lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high.
Hide me, oh, my Savior, hide
Till the storm of life be past;
Till the storm of life be past;
Safe into the haven guide,
Oh, receive my soul at last.
- 2 Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on thee,
Leave, ah, me not alone,
Still support and comfort me.

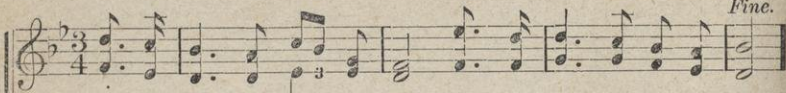
- All my trust on thee is stayed,
All my help from thee I bring;
Cover my defenseless head
With the shadow of thy wing.
- 3 Plenteous grace with thee is found—
Grace to cover all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound;
Make and keep me pure within.
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of thee:
Spring thou up within my heart;
Rise to all eternity.

PRAYER.

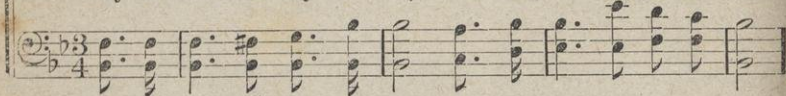
No. 87. Jesus, Savior, Pilot Me.

J. E. GOULD.

Fine.



1. Je - sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me, O - ver life's tem - pest - ous sea;
 D. C.—Chart and com - pass came from thee; Je - sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me.
 2. As a moth - er stills her child, Thou canst hush the o - cean wild;
 D. C.—Wondrous Sovereign of the sea, Je - sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me.
 3. When at last I near the shore, And the fear - ful breakers roar,
 D. C.—May I hear thee say to me, "Fear not, I will pi - lot thee!"



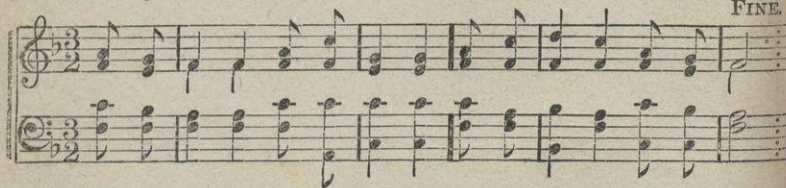
D. C.

Un - known waves before me roll, Hid - ing rocks and treacherous shoal;
 Boisterous waves o - bey thy will, When thou say'st to them, "Be still!"
 'Twixt me and the peaceful rest, Then while lean - ing on thy breast,



No. 88, Come Thou Fount.

FINE.



D. C.

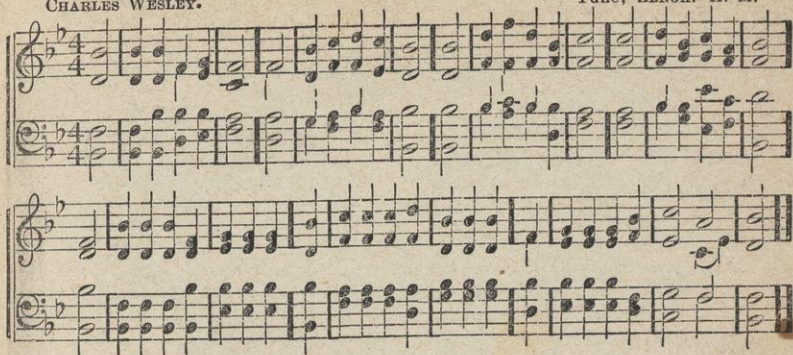
- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>1 Come, Thou Fount of every blessing,
 Tune my heart to sing Thy grace;
 Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
 Call for songs of loudest praise.
 Teach me some melodious sonnet,
 Sung by flaming tongues above;
 Praise the mount—I'm fixed upon it—
 Mount of Thy redeeming love.</p> | <p>2 O to grace how great a debtor
 Daily I'm constrained to be!
 Let Thy goodness like a fetter,
 Bind my wandering heart to Thee:
 Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,
 Prone to leave the God I love;
 Here's my heart, O take and seal it;
 Seal it for Thy courts above.</p> |
|---|---|

PRAYER.

No. 89. Arise, My Soul, Arise.

CHARLES WESLEY.

Tune; LENOX. H. M.

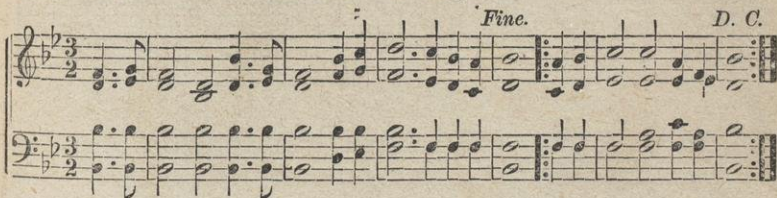


- 1 Arise, my soul, arise;
Shake off thy guilty fears;
The bleeding Sacrifice
In my behalf appears:
||: Before the throne my Surety stands; ||
My name is written on his hands.
- 2 He ever lives above,
For me to intercede,
His all redeeming love,
His precious blood to plead;
||: His blood atoned for all our race, :||
And sprinkles now the throne of grace.
- 3 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, :||
And Father, Abba, Father, cry.

No, 90, Tune 169 "G. H. Key A."

- 1 Lord Jesus, I long to be perfectly
whole;
I want thee forever to live in my soul;
Break down ev'ry idol, cast out ev'ry foe;
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter
than snow.
*Whiter than snow, yes, whiter than snow;
Now wash me and I shall be whiter than snow.*
- 2 Lord Jesus, look down from thy throne
in the skies, [fice;
And help me to make a complete sacri-
I give up myself, and whatever I know—
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter
than snow. [entreat;
- 3 Lord Jesus, for this I most humbly
I wait, blessed Lord, at thy crucified feet,
By faith, for my cleansing, I see thy
blood flow— [than snow.
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter

No. 91. Rock of Ages.



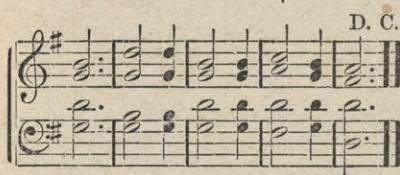
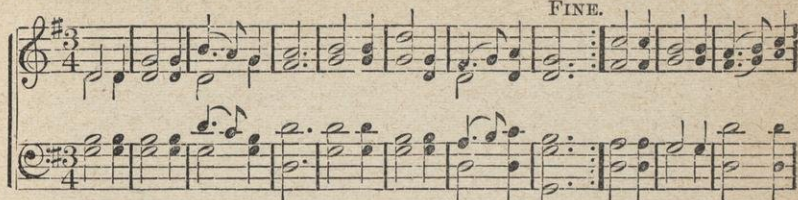
- 1 Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From thy wounded side which flow'd
Be of sin the double cure;
Save from wrath, and make me pure.
- 2 Could my tears forever flow—
Could my zeal no languor know
These for sin could not atone;
- 3 Thou must save and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

HOLY SPIRIT:

No. 93. Holy Spirit, Faithful Guide.

M. M. WELLS.

FINE.



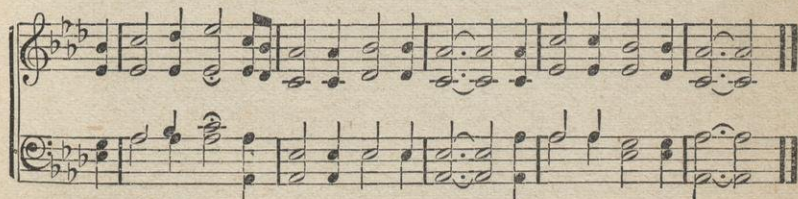
D. C. 2

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

1 Holy Spirit, faithful Guide,
Ever near the Christian's side,
Gently lead us by the hand,
Pilgrims in a desert land.
Weary souls fore'er rejoice,
While they hear that sweetest voice
Whispering softly, "wanderer, come,
Follow me, I'll guide thee home."

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

No. 94. Come Holy Spirit.



1 Come, Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove!
With all thy quickening powers;
Kindle a flame of heavenly love
In these cold hearts of ours.

2 Dear Lord! and shall we ever live
At this poor dying rate?

Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
And thine to us so great?

3 Come, Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove!
With all thy quickening powers;
Come, shed abroad a Savior's love,
And that shall kindle ours,

WORK:

No. 95. The Call for Reapers.

J. O. THOMPSON.

J. B. O. CLEMM.

Spirited.

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

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

CHORUS.

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

reap - ers! Hear us, Lord, to thee we cry; Send them now the

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

WORK.

No. 96. Throw out the Life Line.

Rev. E. S. UFFORD.

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

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

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

CHORUS.

throw out the Life-Line, his per-il to share? Throw out the Life-Line!
 out with the Life-Boat, a-way, then, a-way!
 soon hurl them out where the dark wa-ters flow,
 throw out the Life-Line, and save them to-day.

Throw out the Life-Line! Some one is drifting away; Some one is sinking to-day.

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No. 97. Jesus, I My Cross Have Taken.

Use tune No. 32, "Come, Ye Sinners."

1 Jesus, I my cross have taken,
 All to leave and follow thee,
 Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,
 Thou from hence my all shalt be;
 Perish ev'ry fond ambition.
 All I've sought, or hoped, or know,
 Yet how rich is my condition,
 God and heaven are still my own.

2 Let the world despise and leave me.
 They have left my Savior too;
 Human hearts and looks deceive me—
 Thou art not, like them, untrue;
 O! while thou dost smile upon me,
 God of wisdom, love, and might,
 Foes may hate, and friends disown me,
 Show thy face and all is bright.

Seeking the Lost—Concluded.

Jesus, the Lamb for for sin - ners slain, for sin - ners slain.

Je - sus the Lamb..... for sin - ners slain.....

No. 99. Bring Them In.

ALEXCENAH THOMAS.

W. A. OGDEN. By per.

1. Hark! 'tis the Shepherd's voice I hear, Out in the des-ert dark and drear,
 2. Who'll go and help this Shepherd kind, Help Him the little lambs to find?
 3. Out in the des-ert hear their cry, Out on the mountains wild and high,

Calling the lambs who've gone astray, Far from the Shepherd's fold away.
 Who'll bring the lost ones to the fold, Where they'll be shel-ter'd from the cold?
 Hark! 'tis the Mas-ter speaks to thee, "Go, find my lambs where'er they be."

CHORUS.

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

Bring them in, Bring them in, Bring the wand'ring ones to Je-sus

WORK.

No. 100. Onward, Christian Soldiers!

SABINE BARING-GOULD.

TUNE:-- Onward. 6, 5.

1. Onward, Christian sol-diers! Marching as to war, With the cross of
 2. Like a night-y ar-my Moves the Church of God, Brothers, we are
 3. Crowns and thorns may per-ish, Kingdoms rise and wane. But the Church of
 4. Onward, then ye peo-ple! Join our hap-py throng, Blend with ours your

Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore, Christ, the roy - al Mas - ter,
 tread - ing Where the saints have trod; We are not di - vid - ed,
 Je - sus Con - stant will re - main; Gates of hell can nev - er
 voic - es In the tri - umph song; Glo - ry, laud, and hon - or

Leads a - gainst the foe; Forward in - to bat - tle, See, his banners go!
 All one bod - y we, One in hope and doctrine, One in char - i - ty.
 'Gainst that Church prevail, We have Christ's own promise. And that cannot fail.
 Un - to Christ the King, This thro' countless a - ges Men and an - gels sing.

CHORUS.

Onward, Christian soldiers! Marching as to war, With the cross of Jesus Going on be - fore.

No. 101. Work for the Night is Coming.

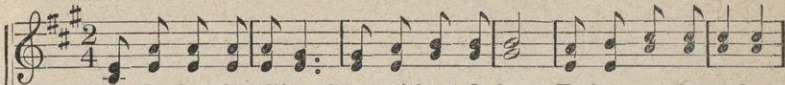
<p>1 Work, for the night is coming; Work through the morning hours; Work, while the dew is sparkling; Work, 'mid springing flow'rs; Work, when the day grows brighter; Work, in the glowing sun; Work, for the night is coming, When man's work is done.</p> <p>2 Work, for the night is coming; Work through 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>
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WORK.

No. 102. The Bugle Call.

Rev. J. S. BITLER.

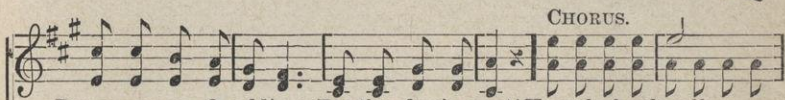
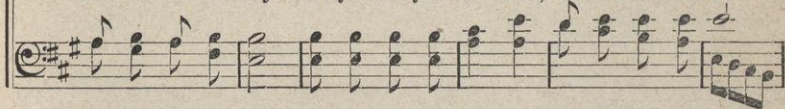
Rev. D. C. JOHN.



1. Hear the bu-gle calling, Come without de-lay; Ev-'ry man be read-y
2. Hear the bu-gle calling, Time is go-ing fast. Men are dying round you,
3. Hear the bu-gle calling; See, it calls for *you!* Do not say, "there others,"
4. Oh, if some poor sinner, Looking now to thee, Should be lost for-ev-er,

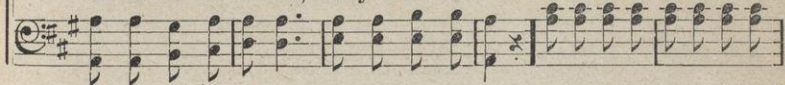


For the fight to-day. Do not sleep in dan-ger, Do not hes-i-tate;
Life will soon be past! Seize the moment quickly, Speak the word just now;
That will nev-er do; For *your* place my brother, Oth-ers can-not fill;
To all e-ter-nity! Could you clear your con-science, Of the blood of men?

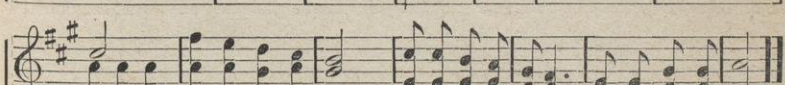


CHORUS.

Rouse you up, O soldiers, For the foe is great! Hear the bugle call -
Trust the Lord to guide you, He will show you how.
You must do your du-ty, Do it with a will. calling, calling
At the bar of Je-sus, Can you meet it then?



ing, A-wake ye sol-diers of the cross! Hear the bugle call -
you and me, calling, calling



ing, Come without delay, Rouse ye up O soldiers, For the fight to-day.
you and me,



WORK:

No, 103. I Want to be a Worker,

I. B.

"The laborers are few."—MATT. 9: 27.

I. BALTZELL.

1. I want to be a worker for the Lord, I want to love and trust His holy
 2. I want to be a worker ev-'ry day, I want to lead the erring in the
 3. I want to be a worker strong and brave, I want to trust in Jesus' pow'r to
 4. I want to be a worker; help me, Lord, To lead the lost and erring to Thy

word; I want to sing and pray, and be bu- sy ev-'ry day In the
 way That leads to heav'n a-bove, where all is peace and love In the
 save; All who will tru- ly come, shall find a hap- py home In the
 word That points to joy on high, where pleasures nev- er die In the

CHORUS.

1. vineyard of the Lord. I will work, I will pray, In the
 2, 3, 4. kingdom of the Lord. I will work and pray, I will work and pray,

vineyard, in the vineyard of the Lord; of the Lord; I will work, I will

pray, I will la- bor ev-'ry day In the vineyard of the Lord.

By permission.

WORK.

No. 104. Must Jesus Bear the Cross Alone?

THOS. SHEPHERD.

GEO. N. ALLEN.



1. Must Je - sus bear the cross a - lone, And all the world go free?
2. The con - se - crat - ed cross I'll bear Till death shall set me me;
3. Up - on the crys - tal pavement, down At Je - sus' pierc-ed feet,
4. Oh, precious cross! oh, glo - rious crown! Oh! res - ur - rec - tion day!



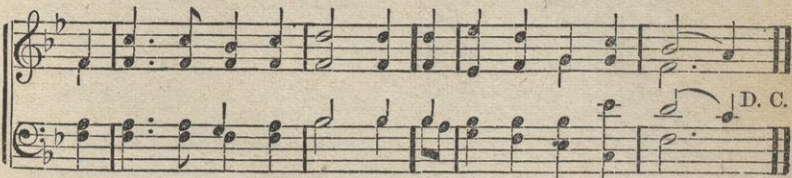
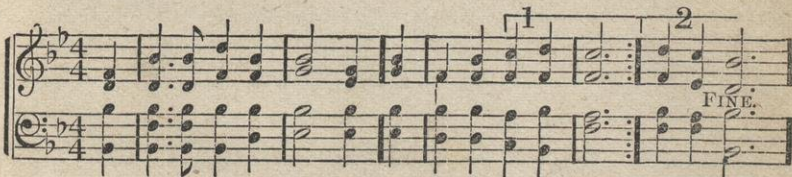
No, there's a cross for ev - 'ry one, And there's a cross for me.
 And then go home my crown to wear, For there's a crown for me.
 With joy I'll cast my gold - en crown, And His dear name re - peat.
 Ye an - gels, from the stars come down, And bear my soul a - way.



No. 105. Stand up for Jesus.

G. DUFFIELD.

Tune: WEBB. 7, 6.



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.

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

WORK:

No. 106. Bringing in the Sheaves.

From "Songs of Glory."

GEO. A. MINOR.

The musical score for 'Bringing in the Sheaves' is written in 4/4 time with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). It consists of two systems of music. The first system includes a vocal line with a treble clef and a piano accompaniment with a bass clef. The second system is labeled 'CHORUS.' and also includes a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The score concludes with a 'FINE.' and a note to 'After repeat D. S. to FINE.' There are first and second endings marked with '1' and '2' above the vocal line.

- 1 Sowing in the morning, sowing seeds of kindness,
Sowing in the noontide, and the dewy eves;
Waiting for the harvest, and the time of reaping,
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.
- CHO.—Bringing in the sheaves, bringing in the sheaves,
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.
- 2 Sowing in the sunshine, sowing in the shadows,
Fearing neither clouds nor winter's chilling breeze;
By and by the harvest, and the labor ended,
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.
- 3 Go then, ever weeping, sowing for the Master,
Though the loss sustained our spirit often grieves;
When our weeping's over, He will bid us welcome,
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.

No. 107. Am I a Soldier of the Cross.

The musical score for 'Am I a Soldier of the Cross' is written in 4/4 time with a key signature of two sharps (D major). It consists of a vocal line with a treble clef and a piano accompaniment with a bass clef. The score is a single system of music.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1 Am I a soldier of the cross,—
A follower of the Lamb,—
And shall I fear to own his cause,
Or blush to speak his name? 2 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood? | <p>Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?</p> <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 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. |
|---|---|

WORK:

No. 108. Remembered by What I have Done.

DR. BONAR.

WARREN W. BENTLEY.

1. Up and a-way, like the dew of the morning, Soaring from earth to its
 2. Shall I be misse-d if an-oth-er suc-ceed me, Reap-ing the fields I in
 3. On-ly the truth that in life I have spok-en, On-ly the seed that on
 4. Oh, when the Sav-ior shall make up his jewels, When the bright crowns of re-

home in the sun, Thus would I pass from the earth and its toil-ing,
 spring-time have sown? No, for the sow-er may pass from his la-bors,
 earth I have sown; These shall pass on-ward when I am for-got-ten,
 joic-ing are won, Then will his faith-ful and wea-ry dis-ci-ples

CHORUS.

On-ly re-mem-ber'd by what I have done. On-ly re-mem-ber'd,
 On-ly re-mem-ber'd by what he has done. On-ly, etc.
 Fruits of the har-vest and what I have done. On-ly, etc.
 All be re-mem-ber'd for what they have done. On-ly, etc.

on-ly re-mem-ber'd, On-ly re-mem-ber'd by what I have done,

rit.
 On-ly re-mem-ber'd, only re-mem-ber'd, Only re-mem-ber'd by what I have done.

WORK.

No. 109. Rally 'Round the Cross.

E. F. M.

The battle song of victory.

E. F. MILLER.

1. A - gain we have come in Je - hovah's name, The bat - tle to
2. When Is - rael of old marched around the wall, They blew with their
3. Our fa - thers, we know, to the Lord were true, They took up the
4. We all must en - gage if a crown we'd wear, And yon - der with
5. The con - flict will soon be for - ev - er o'er, The sum - mons will

fight and the vic - tory gain, We'll gird on the armor and to the conflict
trumpets and shouted all; Then down came the walls, and they took the mighty
sword and they battled thro'; They're safe now in glory and looking down to -
Je - sus the glory share; Then let all be true as we in - to bat - tle
come from the other shore; And then home to glo - ry re - joic - ing we will

go, And in the name of Je - sus we'll con - quer ev - ery foe.
king; To God they gave the glo - ry, who did sal - va - tion bring.
night, They call to you and me to be faith - ful in the fight.
go, And res - cue ev - ery sin - ner from death and all its woe.
go, To praise him for the vic - tory he gave us here be - low.

CHORUS.
Then rally! rally! rally round the cross! No one ever there will suffer

Rally 'Round the Cross—Concluded.

loss; And in the name of Je - sus we'll face the dead - ly foe,

And vic - to - ry will perch up - on our ban - ner as we go.

No. 110. Coronation.

Rev. E. PERRONET, 1782.

O. HOLDEN, 1792.

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

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

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

WORK:

No. 111. Marching on to Victory.

Dedicated to Moody's Battalion, Boy's Brigade, Chicago Ave. Church.

E. H. D.

D. B. TOWNER.

1. Soldiers, march-ing on - ward day by day, Who is Cap - tain
2. Ev - er for-ward, bear - ing for his sake, Bur - dens heav - y
3. Strong Re-deem-er! in thy name we fight, Love, our ar - mor

in the toil-some way? Christ, our Mas - ter, doth the ar - my lead,
no one else will take, Trust - ing, find - ing strength to do the right,
faith, our weapon bright, Cour - age, broth-ers, fear not fire or sword,

CHORUS.

With his ban-ner o - ver us to guard our need, Marching on to vic-t'ry,
For his yoke is eas - y, and his bur-den light.
We shall walk in-vin-ci-ble thro' Christ our Lord.

comrades bold, First ourselves to con-quer, firm to hold, Manhood brave and stainless

to un - fold, En - ter-ing the serv - ice with a heart of gold.

WORK.

No. 112. Scatter Sunshine.

LANTA WILSON SMITH.

E. O. EXCELL.

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

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

You can all be - stow, If you scat - ter sunshine Ev - 'ry - where you go.
You may help remove, With your songs and courage, Sym - pa - thy and love.
Thro' the ills of life, Scat - ter smiles and sunshine, O'er its toil and strife.

CHORUS.

Scat - ter sun - shine all a - long your way, Cheer and bless and
Scatter the smiles and o - ver the way,

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

WORK:

No. 113. The Day is Breaking.

Mrs. F. A. F. WHITE.

CLARA H. SCOTT.

1. If I stand on the walls with the watchmen, And you hear my trumpet
2. If I see from the heights where I'm watching. The star of my Lord gleam
3. If I stand in the midst of the reapers When the fields into fruit have

sound, You may know that the day is break-ing; Then send the ech - o
bright, I will shout till the world shall hear me, Re-joice, the end of
come, We will sing as we ply the sick-le, And shout the har-vest

round, A - rise, a - rise, a - rise! Oh, hear the trump-et
night, A - rise, a - rise, a - rise! Be - hold the glo - rious
home. A - rise, a - rise, a - rise! With glad ho - san - nas

sound! A - rise for the day is break-ing, And send the ech o round!
day! A - rise for the day is break-ing, And speeds the night away!
come! A - rise for the day is break-ing, And shout the harvest home!

the trumpet sound!

the glorious day!

ho-san-nas come!

EXPERIENCE.

No. 114. Sweet Peace, the Gift of God's Love.

P. H. ROBLIN.

P. BILHORN.

1. There comes to my heart one sweet strain, (sweet strain,) A
 2. By Christ on the cross peace was made, (was made,) My
 3. When Je - sus as Lord I had crowned, (had crowned,) My
 4. In Je - sus for peace I a - bide, (a - bide,) And

glad and a joy - ous re - frain, (re - frain,) I
 debt by His death was all paid, (all paid,) No
 heart with this peace did a - bound, (a - bound,) In
 as I keep close to His side, (His side,) There's

sing it a - gain and a - gain, Sweet peace, the gift of God's love.
 oth - er foun - da - tion is laid For peace, the gift of God's love.
 Him the rich blessing I found, Sweet peace, the gift of God's love.
 nothing but peace doth be - tide, Sweet peace, the gift of God's love.

CHORUS.

Peace, peace, sweet peace, Won - der - ful gift from a - bove, (a - bove,)

Rit.

Oh, won - der - ful, won - der - ful peace, Sweet peace, the gift of God's love.

EXPERIENCE.

No. 115. Sunshine in the Soul.

E. E. HEWITT.

JNO. R. SWENEY, by per.

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

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

REFRAIN.

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

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

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

EXPERIENCE.

No. 117. Where the Living Waters Flow.

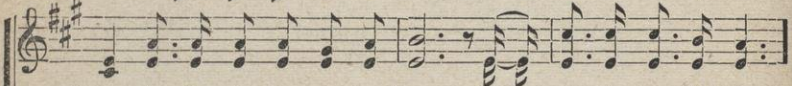
CAPT. R. KELSO CARTER.

Used by permission.

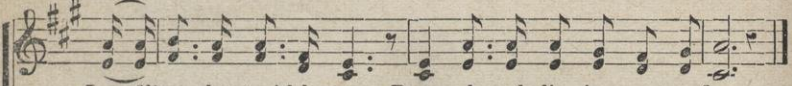
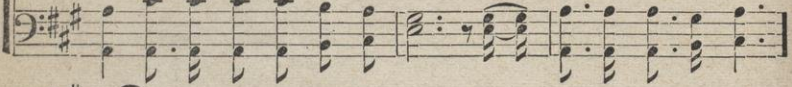
E. E. NICKERSON.



1. Rest to the wea - ry soul And ach - ing breast is given,
 2. For thee, my soul, for thee These price-less joys were bought,
 3. Come, with the ran-somed train, The Sav-iour's prais - es sing,
 4. And soon, be - fore His face, We'll praise in light a - bove,



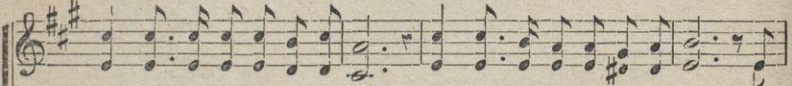
Down where the liv - ing wa - ters flow; Grace makes the wounded whole,
 Down where the liv - ing wa - ters flow; Thine is the mer - cy free,
 Down where the liv - ing wa - ters flow; Re - joice! the Lamb was slain,
 Down where the liv - ing wa - ters flow; Tri - umph - ant thro' His grace,



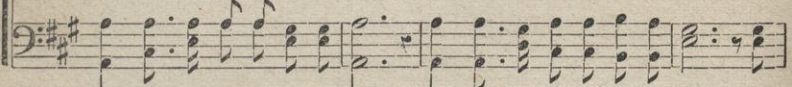
Love fills our heart with heaven, Down where the liv - ing wa - ters flow.
 That Christ to earth has bro't, Down where the liv - ing wa - ters flow.
 A - dore! He reigns a King, Down where the liv - ing wa - ters flow.
 Made per - fect by His love, Down where the liv - ing wa - ters flow.



CHORUS.



Down where the living waters flow, Down where the tree of life doth grow, I'm



liv - ing in the light, for Jesus now I fight, Down where the living waters flow.



EXPERIENCE.

No. 118. The Christian's Repose.

S. A. LANNING.

M. McCUMBER.



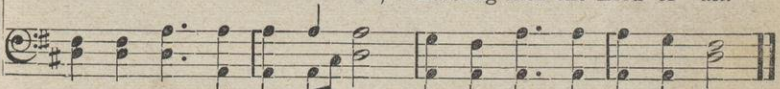
1. In the Sav-ior's love I'm rest-ing, Sin no more my soul cau harm,
2. In his pas-tures I am feed-ing, Hunger more I ne'er shall know;
3. Je-sus keep me thine I pray, Let me from thee nev-er stray,
4. Ev-er then with friends I'll be, My dear Sav-ior then I'll see,



In his prom-is-es I'm trusting Neath his ev-er-last-ing arms.
 At his fount-ains I am drinking Where re-fresh-ing wa-ters flow.
 Till my soul, on raptured wings, Soars a-bove all earth-ly things.
 And at his dear feet I'll fall, Prais-ing him the King of all.



In his prom-is-es I'm trusting Neath his ev-er-last-ing arms.
 At his fount-ains I am drinking Where re-fresh-ing wa-ters flow.
 Till my soul, on raptured wings, Soars a-bove all earth-ly things.
 And at his dear feet I'll fall, Prais-ing him the Lord of all.



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No. 119. Laban. S. M.



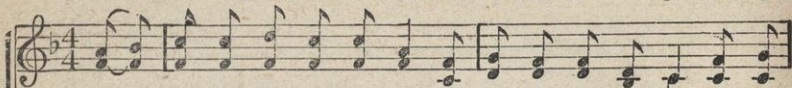
- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>1 My soul, be on thy guard;
 Ten thousand foes arise;
 The hosts of sin are pressing hard
 To draw thee from the skies.</p> <p>2 O watch, and fight, and pray;
 The battle ne'er give o'er;
 Renew it boldly every day,
 And help divine implore.</p> | <p>3 Ne'er think the victory won,
 Nor lay thine armor down;
 Thy arduous work will not be done,
 Till thou obtain thy crown.</p> <p>4 Fight on, my soul, till death
 Shall bring thee to thy God;
 He'll take thee at thy parting breath,
 To his divine abode.</p> |
|--|--|

EXPERIENCE.

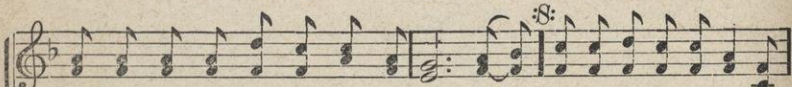
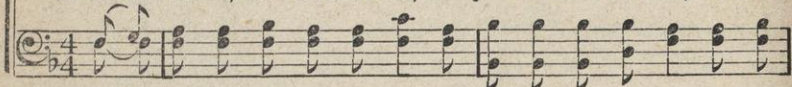
No. 120, The Lily of the Valley.

"A friend loveth at all times. Pro. 17: 17.

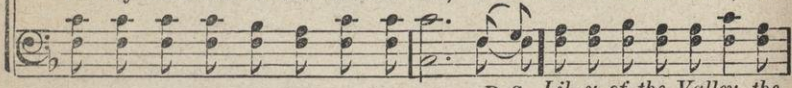
English Melody.



1. I have 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 sor-rows borne; In tempt-
3. He will nev-er, nev-er leave me, nor yet for-sake me here, While I



fair-est of ten thousand to my soul; The Lil-y of the Valley, in ta-tion He's my strong and mighty tow'r; I have all for Him forsaken, and live by faith and do His blessed will; A wall of fire about me, I've

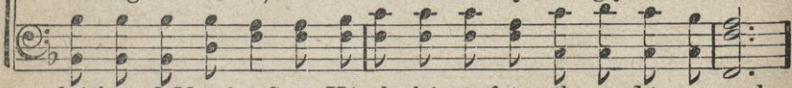


D. S. Lil-y of the Valley, the

FINE.



Him a-lone I see All I need to cleanse and make me ful-ly whole. all my i-dols torn From my heart, and now He keeps me by His pow'r. noth-ing now to fear, With His manna He my hun-gry soul shall fill.



bright and Morning Star, He's the fairest of ten thousand to my soul.



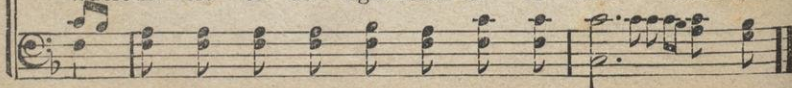
In sor-row, He's my com-fort, in troub-le He's my stay, Tho' all the world for-sake me, and Sa-tan tempts me sore, Then sweep-ing up to glo-ry, to see His bless-ed face,



D. S.



He tells me ev-'ry care on Him to roll. He's the Thro' Je-sus I shall safe-ly reach the goal. He's the Where riv-ers of de-light shall ev-er roll. He's the



EXPERIENCE.

No. 121.

At the Cross.

R. E. HUDSON.

1. A - las! and did my Sa - vior 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.

EXPERIENCE.

No. 122.

Happy on the Way.

R. E. HUDSON. By per.

1. } O good old way, how sweet thou art, Bless the Lord, I'm
 } May none of us from thee de-part; Bless the Lord, I'm
 2. } But may our ac-tions al-ways say, Bless the Lord, I'm
 } We're march-ing in the good old way, Bless the Lord, I'm
 3. } This note a-bove the rest shall swell, Bless the Lord, I'm
 } That Je-sus do-eth all things well, Bless the Lord, I'm

CHORUS.

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

No. 123.

Blest be the Tie.

REV. JOHN FAWCETT, 1772.

FROM H. G. NAGELL.

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

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

EXPERIENCE.

No. 124. And shall I Turn Back.

M. O. P.

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Arr. by C. H. S.



1. { O Je - sus, my Mas - ter, thine, thine I will be, The world so de -
A life - giv - ing Sav - ior I find thee to - day, Who bears all my
2. { I love thee for when I was lost in my sin, A door thou didst
And now I can sup with my broth - er and friend, And know he is



CHORUS.



lud - ing— I've left all for thee; } Oh, hap - py am I, hap - py am I,
sorrows, and smooths all my way. }
o - pen and bade me come in, } And shall I turn back in - to the world?
mine till life's journey shall end. } I'll nev - er turn back, never turn back,



Je - sus is mine, is mine; Oh, happy am I, happy am I, Je - sus is mine.
Je - sus, yes, Jesus is mine.

Oh, no, not I, not I! And shall I turn back into the world? No, no not I!
Oh, no, not I, not I! I'll never turn back, never turn back, No, no not I! (no, not I!)



- 3 Thy spirit O Christ, like a song in the night,
Is filling my soul with a holy delight—
And praise like an incense, doth upward arise,
To greet thee my Savior, who reigns in the skies.
4 I'll love thee while life still shall flow on apace,
I'll love thee when soon we shall see face to face;
And when the great chorus in heaven we sing;
We'll worship our Je - sus as Master and King.

No. 125.

He Leadeth Me.

Tune, No. 51, "Gospel Hymns." Key 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.

Cho.—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.

3 Lord, I would clasp thy hand in mine,
Nor ever murmur nor repine—
Content, what ever lot I see,
Since 'tis my God that leadeth me.

EXPERIENCE.

No. 126.

O Happy Day.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

English Melody.

1. { O hap-py day, that fix'd my choice On thee, my Sav-ior and my God!
Well may this glowing heart re-joice, And tell its rap-tures all a - broad.

2. { O hap py bond, that seals my vows To him that mer-its all my love!
Let cheer-ful an-thems fill his house, While to that sacred shrine I move.

3. { 'Tis done! the great transaction's done! I am my Lord's, and he is mine:
He drew me, and I fol-low'd on, Charm'd to confess the voice di-vine.

4. { Now rest, my long di-vid-ed heart; Fix'd on this bliss-ful cen-tre, rest;
Nor ev-er from thy Lord de-part; With him, of ev-'ry good possess'd.

5. { High heav'n that heard the solemn vow, That vow renew'd shall daily hear,
Till in life's lat-est hour I bow, And bless in death a bond so dear.

Fine.

Hap-py day, hap - py day, When Je-sus wash'd my sins a - way!

D. S.

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

No. 127. Come Ye That Love the Lord.

ISAAC WATTS.

Arranged.

1. Come ye that love the Lord, And let your joys be known;
2. Let those re - fuse to sing Who nev - er knew our God;
3. There we shall see his face, And nev - er, nev - er sin;
4. Then let our songs a - bound, And ev - 'ry tear be dry;

CHO.—I'm glad sal - va - tion's free, I'm glad sal - va - tion's free

Come Ye that Love the Lord—Concluded.



Join in a song with sweet ac - cord, While ye sur-round the throne.
But children of the heav'n-ly King May speak their joys a - broad.
There, from the riv - ers of his grace, Drink endless pleas-ures in.
We're marching thro Immanuel's ground To fair - er worlds on high.



Sal - va - tion's free for you and me, I'm glad sal - va - tion's free.

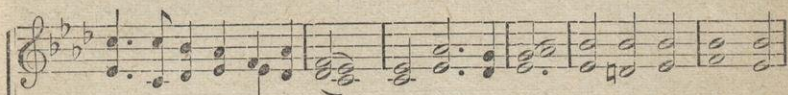
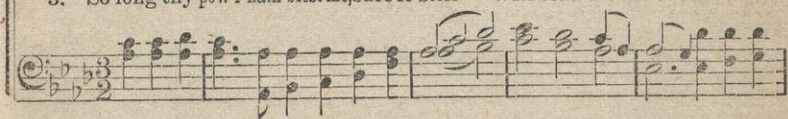
No. 128. Lead, Kindly Light.

JOHN H. NEWMAN.

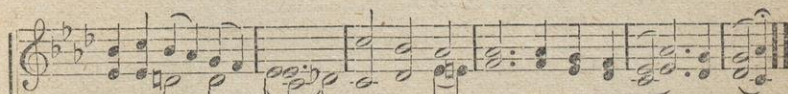
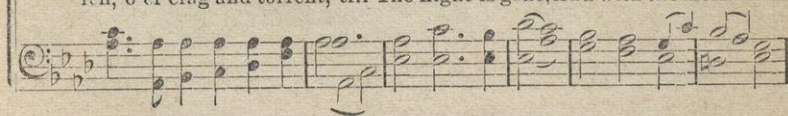
JOHN B. DYKES.



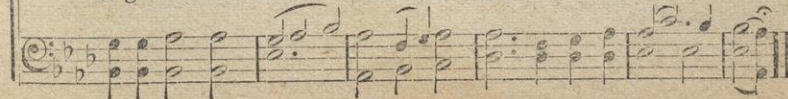
1. Lead, kindly Light, amid th'encircling gloom, Lead, thou me on; The night is
2. I was not ev-er thus, nor pray'd that thou Shouldst lead me on; I lov'd to
3. So long thy pow'r hath blest me, sure it still Will lead me on O'er moor and



dark, and I am far from home, Lead thou me on. Keep thou my feet; I
choose and see my path; but now Lead thou me on. I lov'd the gar - ish
fen, o'er crag and torrent, till The night is gone, And with the morn those



do not ask to see The dis - tant scene; one step enough for me.
day; and, spite of fears, Pride ruled my will; re - mem - ber not past years.
an - gel fac - es smile, Which I have lov'd long since, and lost a - while.

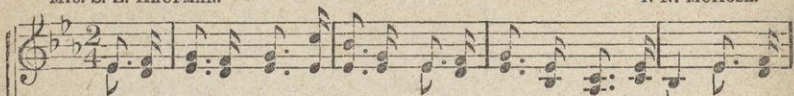


EXPERIENCE.

No. 129. He's Just the Same To-day.

Mrs. S. Z. KAUFMAN.

I. N. McHose.



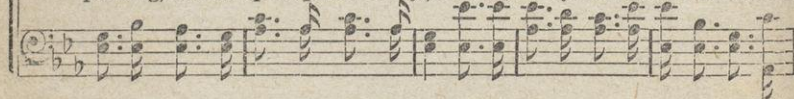
1. Have you ev-er heard the sto-ry Of the Babe at Beth-le-hem, Who was
2. Have you ev-er heard how Jesus Walked upon the roll-ing sea, To His
3. Once while resting on a pil-low In the ves-sel, fast a-sleep, There a-
4. Sure-ly you have heard how Jesus Prayed down in Gethsemane, How He



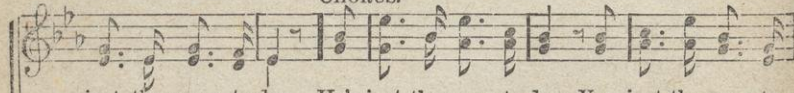
worshipped by the angels, And by wise and holy men, How He taught the learned
 dear dis-ci-ples tossing On the waves of Gal-i-lee, How He res-cued sinking
 rose a mighty tempest On the wild and raging deep; "Peace, be still," the Lord
 crush-ed His pre-cious life-blood On the rugged, shameful tree, Cruel thorns His forehead



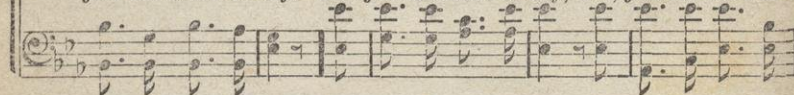
doc-tors In the Temple far a-way? I am glad to tell you, brother, He is
 Pe-ter From his danger and dismay? I am glad to tell you, brother, He is
 manded, Ev-'ry an-gry wave did stay; I am glad to tell you, brother, He is
 pier-cing, As His Spirit passed away; Brother, won't you come and love Him? He is



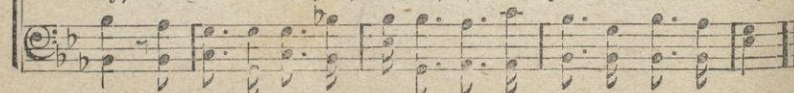
CHORUS.



just the same to-day. He's just the same to-day, Yes, just the same to -



day, I'm glad to tell you, broth-er, He is just the same to - day.



EXPERIENCE.

No. 130.

More About Jesus.

E. E. HEWITT.

JNO. R. SWENKY.

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

More of his sav - ing full-ness see, More of his love who died for me.
Spir - it of God, my teach-er be, Show-ing the things of Christ to me.
Hear ing his voice in ev - 'ry line, Making each faith-ful say-ing mine.
More of his kingdom's sure increase; More of his coming, Prince of Peace.

REFRAIN.

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

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

PRAISE.

No. 131. Battle Hymn Of the Republic.

JULIA WARD HOWE.

Old Campmeeting Air.



1. Mine eyes have seen the glo - ry of the com - ing of the Lord: He is
2. I have seen him in the watch - fires of a hundred circling camps; They have
3. He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall nev - er call re - treat; He is
4. In the beau - ty of the lil - ies, Christ was born a - cross the sea; With a



tramp - ling out the vint - age, where the grapes of wrath are stored; He hath
 build - ed him an al - tar in the eve ning dews and damps; I can
 sift - ing out the hearts of men be - fore his judg - ment - seat; Oh, be
 glo - ry in his bo - som, that trans - fig - ures you and me; As he



loos'd the fateful lightning of his ter - ri - ble swift sword: His truth is marching on.
 read his righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps: His truth is marching on.
 swift my soul to answer him! be ju - bi - lant, my feet! Our God is marching on.
 died to make men ho - ly, let us die to make men free: While God is marching on.



CHORUS.



Glo - ry, glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah! Glo - ry, glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah!



Glo - ry, glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah! His truth is march - ing on.



PRAISE.

No. 132. Holy, Holy, Holy!

REGINALD HEBER.

J. B. DYKES.

1. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, Lord, God Al - might - y!
 2. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, All the saints a - dore thee,
 3. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, Tho' the darkness hide thee,
 4. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, Lord, God Al - might - y!

Ear - ly in the morn - ing our song shall rise to thee;
 Cast - ing down their gold - en 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 Ser - aphim 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 shall be.
 Per - feet in pow'r, in love, in pu - ri - ty.
 God in Three per - sons, bless - ed Trin - i - ty!

PRAISE.

No. 133. Holy, Holy is the Lord.

F. J. C.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly is the Lord! Sing, O ye peo - ple,
 2. Praise him, praise him, shout a loud for joy, Watch-man of Zi - on,
 3. King e - ter - nal, bless - ed be his name! So may his chil - dren

glad - ly a - dore him; Let the mount - ains trem - ble at his word,
 her - ald the sto - ry; Sin and death his king - dom shall de - stroy,
 glad - ly a - dore him; When in heav'n we join the hap - py strain,

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

bound - less in mer - cy, Great is Je - ho - vah, King o - ver all.
 ye who be - hold him Robed in his splen - dor, match - less, di - vine.
 joy - ful a - wake - ing, There we shall see him, there we shall sing.

CHORUS.

Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly is the Lord, Let the hills be joy - ful be - fore him.

PRAISE.

No. 134. Awake, My Soul.

Musical score for 'Awake, My Soul' in G major, 4/4 time. The score consists of two systems of treble and bass staves. The first system includes a repeat sign with a first ending bracket and a 'FINE.' marking. The second system ends with a 'D. S.' (Da Capo) instruction.

1 Awake, my soul, to joyful lays,
And sing thy great Redeemer's praise;
He justly claims a song from me;
His loving kindness, oh, how free!

3 Though mighty hosts of cruel foes,
Though earth and hell my way oppose,
He safely leads my soul along;
His loving kindness, oh, how strong!

2 He saw me ruined by the fall,
Yet loved me, notwithstanding all;
He saved me from my lost estate:
His loving kindness, oh, how great!

4 So when I pass death's gloomy vale;
And all my mortal powers must fail;
Oh, may my last, expiring breath
His loving kindness sing in death.

No. 135. More Love to Thee.

ELIZABETH PRENTISS.

W. H. DOANE.

Musical score for 'More Love to Thee' in B-flat major, 4/4 time. The score consists of four systems of treble and bass staves. The lyrics are placed between the staves. The score concludes with a final cadence.

1. More love to Thee, O Christ! More love to Thee; Hear Thou the
2. Once earth - iy joy I craved, Sought peace and rest; Now Thee a -
3. Then shall my lat - est breath Whis - per Thy praise, This be the

prayer I make On bend-ed knee; This is my earn - est plea,
lone I seek, Give what is best; This all my prayer shall be,
part - ing cry My heart shall raise: This still its prayer shall be:

More love, O Christ to Thee, More love to Thee! More love to Thee!

PRAISE,

No. 136. We Praise Thee, O God,

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

For Je - sus who died, and is now gone a - bove.
 Who has shown us our Sav - ior, and scat - tered our night.
 Who hath borne all our sins, and has cleansed ev - 'ry s'ain.
 May each soul be re - kin - died with fire from a - bove.

CHORUS.

Hal-le-lu-jah! Thine the glory. Hal-le-lu-jah A-men. re - vive us a - gain.

No. 137. Heaven is not Far Away.

EDWIN OLIVER.

ARR. O. E. M.

1. When the tears be dew the eyes, Heav-en is not far a - way;
 CHO.-Praise the Lord I now can say, Heav-en is not far a - way,

When the heart for cleansing cries, Heaven is not far a - way.
 When the soul is right with Jesus, Heaven is not far a - way.

2 When your sins are all confessed,
 Heaven is not far away;
 When you find sweet peace and rest.
 Heaven is not far away.

5 You will then be written down,
 Heaven is not far away;
 For a mansion and a crown,
 Heaven is not far away.

PRAISE,

No. 138. Blessed be the Name.

Words and Music

Arr. by Rev. O. E. MURRAY.

1. How sweet the name of Je - sus sounds, Blessed be the name of the Lord ;
2. It makes the wounded spir - it whole, Blessed be the name of the Lord ;
3. It soothes the troubled sinners breast, Blessed be the name of the Lord ;
4. Then will I tell to sin - ners round, Blessed be the name of the Lord ;
5. There's mu - sic in the Sav - ior's name, Blessed be the name of the Lord ;

It soothes my sorrows heals my wounds, Blessed be the name of the Lord.
 'Tis man - na to the hun - gry soul, Blessed be the name of the Lord.
 It gives the wea - ry sweet - est rest, Blessed be the name of the Lord.
 What a dear Sav - ior I have found, Blessed be the name of the Lord.
 Let ev - 'ry heart his love proclaim, Blessed be the name of the Lord.

Blessed be the name, blessed be the name, Blessed be the name of the Lord, the Lord.

Copyright, 1892, by O. E. MURRAY.

No. 139. We'll Never Say Good-bye.

Use the tune above, "Blessed be the Name."

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>1 When in reunion glad and sweet
 In you fair home on high,
 Our loved and lost again we greet
 We'll never say good-bye.</p> <p><i>Never say good-bye, never say good bye,
 Never say good-bye up in heaven;
 Never say good-bye, never say good-bye,
 Never say good-bye up in heaven.</i></p> | <p>2 There sad farewells are never known;
 Where loved ones never die;
 Once gather round our Father's throne
 We'll never say good-bye.</p> <p>3 How blest the fellowship will be;
 No sorrow or a sigh;
 And thro' the long eternity
 We'll never say good-bye.</p> |
|---|---|

By per. Words copyrighted by The Hoffman Music Co.

CHRIST'S RETURN.

No. 140. Triumph By and By.

Dr. C. R. BLACKALL.

H. R. PALMER.

1. The prize is set be-fore us, To win his words im-plore us, The
 2. We'll fol-low where he lead-eth, We'll pas-ture where he feed-eth, We'll
 3. Our home is bright a-bove us, No tri-als dark to move us, But

eye of God is o'er us, From on high (from on high); His loving tones are calling,
 yield to him who pleadeth, From on high (from on high); Then naught from him shall sever,
 Je-sus dear to love us, There on high (there on high); We'll give him best endeavor,

While sin is dark, appalling, 'Tis Jesus gently calling, he is nigh, (he is nigh.)
 Our hope shall brighten ever, And faith shall fail us never, he is nigh, (he is nigh.)
 And praise his name forever; His precious words can never, never die, (nev-er die.)

CHORUS.

By and by we shall meet him, By and by we shall greet him, And with

1 Jesus reign in glory, by and by, (by and by;) 2 Jesus reign in glory by and by.

CHRIST'S RETURN

No. 141. 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 sin-ners shall be
 bright day com-ing by and by, But its brightness shall on-ly come to
 sad day com-ing by and by, When the sin-ner shall hear his doom, "De-

part-ed right and left, Are you read-y for that day to come?
 them that love the Lord, Are you read-y for that day to come?
 part, I know ye not" Are you read-y for that day to come?

CHORUS.

Are you read-y? are you read-y? Are you read-y for the

judgment day? Are you ready? are you ready For the judgment day?

By permission of W. L. Thompson & Co., East Liverpool, O.

CHRIST'S RETURN

No. 142. We'll Work till Jesus Comes.

Mrs. ELIZABETH MILLS

Dr. WM. MILLER,
 Arr. by W. J. K., 1859.

1. Oh, land of rest, for thee I sigh, When will the mo-ment come,
 2. No tran-quil joys on earth I know, No peace-ful, shelt'ring dome;
 3. To Je-sus Christ I fled for rest; He bade me cease to roam,
 4. I sought at once my Sav-ior's side, No more my steps shall roam;

When I shall lay my ar - mor by, And dwell in peace at home?
 This world's a wil - der - ness of woe, This world is not my home.
 And lean for suc - cor on his breast Till he con - duct me home.
 With him I'll brave death's chilling tide, And reach my heav'nly home.

CHORUS.

We'll work till Je-sus comes, We'll work till Je-sus comes, We'll
 We'll work We'll work

work till Je - sus comes, And we'll be gath-ered home.
 We'll work

By permission,

LORD'S RETURN.

No. 143. Behold the Bridegroom.

Words and Music by R. E. HUDSON. By per.

1. Are you ready for the Bridegroom When he comes, when he comes? Are you
 2. Have your lamps trimm'd and burning When he comes, when he comes; Have your
 3. We will all go out to meet him When he comes, when he comes; We will
 4. We will chant al - le - lu - ias When he comes, when he comes; We will

ready for the Bridegroom When he comes, when he comes? Behold! he cometh! Be-
 lamps trimm'd and burning When he comes, when he comes; He quickly cometh, he
 all go out to meet him When he comes, when he comes; He sure-ly cometh! he
 chant al - le - lu - ias When he comes, when he comes; Lo! now he cometh! Lo!

hold! he com-eth! Be rob'd and read-y, for the Bridegroom comes.
 quick - ly com-eth, O soul, be read-y when the Bridegroom comes.
 sure - ly com-eth! We'll go to meet him, when the Bridegroom comes.
 now he com-eth! Sing al - le - lu - ias! for the Bridegroom comes.

CHORUS.

Behold the Bridegroom, for he comes, for he comes! Behold the Bridegroom, for he comes, for he comes!

Be hold! he com-eth! be-hold! he cometh! Be rob'd and read y, f r the Bridegroom comes!

HEAVEN.

No. 144. I Know That My Redeemer Lives.

Arr. by M. G. P. 1882.

Arr. by Rev. M. G. PRESCOTT. 1882.

1. I know that my Re-deem - er lives, That He's pre -
2. I'm trust - ing Je - sus Christ for all, ... I know His
3. And now be - wil - dered at the thought, I stand and
4. I know that soon my Lord will come, I know He

D.C.—For I am on - ly wait - ing here, To hear the

pared a home for me, And crowns of vic - to - ry He gives
blood a - tones for me, I'm lis - tening for the gen - tle call
won - der at His love, How He from heav'n to earth was brought
will not tar - ry long, I know He soon will call me home

summons, "child, come home," For I am on - ly wait - ing here,

FINE. CHORUS.

To those who would His chil - dren be.
To say "the Mas - ter wait - eth thee."
To die, that I might live a - bove. } Then ask me not to
To sing with joy the heav'n - ly song. }

To hear the sum - mons, "child, come home."

D. C.
min - gle on A - mid the gay and thought - less throng,

HEAVEN.

No. 145. One by One, We'll All be Gathered.

A. J. S.

A. J. SHOWALTER. By per.

1. We are trav'ling to a bet-ter land— One by one we'll all be
 2. We are draw-ing near-er ev-'ry day— One by one we'll all be
 3. There we'll meet our loved ones gone before— One by one we'll all be
 4. Come, my broth-er, join the hap-py thron— One by one we'll all be

gathered home,— And we'll trust the Saviour's guid-ing hand: One by
 gathered home— To that joy that fad-eth not a-way: One by
 gathered home,— And we'll dwell with Je-sus ev-er-more: One by
 gathered home— Sing-ing now redemption's ho-ly song: One by

CHORUS.

one we'll all be gathered home. Gath-'ring, gath-'ring,
 one we'll all be gathered home.
 one we'll all be gathered home. Gath-'ring to-geth-er, gath-'ring to-geth-er,
 one we'll all be gathered home.

One by one we'll all be gathered home; Gath-'ring,
 Gath-'ring to-geth-er,

gath-'ring, One by one we'll all be gathered home.
 gath-'ring to-geth-er,

HEAVEN.

No. 146.

The Saint's Home.

1. 'Mid scenes of con - fu - sion and crea - ture complaints, } with saints!
 How sweet to my soul is com - mun - ion (omit.) }
 2. An al - ien thro' earth, its gay pleas - ures (omit.) } to trace;
 I wan - dered thro' earth, its gay pleas - ures (omit.) }
 3. The pleas - ures of earth I have seen fade a - way; } de - cay;
 They bloom for a sea - son, but soon they (omit.) }

To find at the ban - quet of mer - cy there's room, And feel in the
 In the path - way of sin I con - tin - ued to roam, Un - mind - ful, a -
 But pleas - ures more last - ing in Je - sus are given, Sal - va - tion on

D. C. Pre - pare me, dear

Fine. *D. C.*
 pres - ence of Je - sus at home. Home, home, sweet, sweet home;
 las! that it led me from home.
 earth and a man - sion in heaven.
 Sav - ior, for glo - ry, my home.

No. 147. I'm Going Home to Die no More.

WM. HUNTER, D. D.

Arranged for this work.

1. { My heav'nly home is bright and fair; No pain, nor death can enter there: }
 { Its glitt'ring tow'rs the sun outshine; That heav'nly mansion shall be mine. }

Cho. { I'm go - ing home, I'm go - ing home, I'm go - ing home to die no more! }
 { To die no more, to die no more; I'm go - ing home to die no more! }

2 My Father's house is built on high, 3 Let others seek a home below, [flow,
 Far, far above the starry sky: Which flames devour, or waves o'er-
 When from this earthly prison free, Be mine a happier lot to own
 That heav'nly mansion mine shall be. A heavenly mansion near the throne.

HEAVEN.

No. 148. Oh! When Shall I See Jesus?

Arr. by W. M. LEFTWICH.

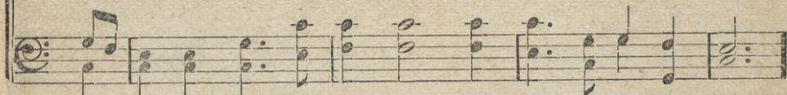
Arr. by R. M. McINTOSH.



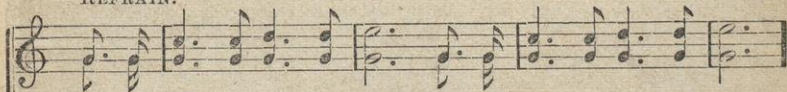
1. Oh, when shall I see Je - sus, And reign with him a - bove;
2. When shall I be de - liv - ered From this vain world of sin,
3. But now I am a sol - dier; My Cap - tain's gone be - fore;
4. And if I hold out faith - ful, A crown of life he'll give;



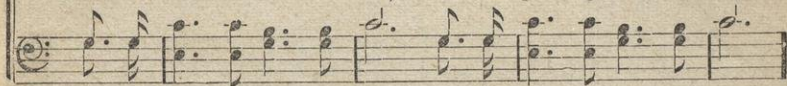
And drink the flow - ing fount - ain Of ev - er - last - ing love?
And with my bless - ed Je - sus, Drink end - less pleasures in?
He's giv - en me my or - ders, And bid me not give o'er.
And all his val - iant sol - diers Shall ev - er with him live.



REFRAIN.



Christ is all this 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 When'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.

HEAVEN.

No. 149. That Beautiful Land.

(To my friend, Miss Emma C. Vogelgasang.)

Mrs. F. A. F. WHITE.

MARK M. JONES.

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

Bi-ble the sto - ry is told.... Where cares nev-er come; Nev-er
fruit-age is bright-er than gold... There are harps for our hands, In t at
man-sions whose joys are un - told... And per - en - ni - al spring, Where the

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

CHORUS.

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

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

Copyright, 1889, by Mark M. Jones.

Published as a solo and quartet in sheet form by the Author, Austin, Ills.

That Beautiful Land—Concluded.

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

No. 150. At the Fountain.

OLD MELODY.

1. Of Him who did sal - va - tion bring, I'm at the fountain drinking, I
2. Ask but His grace, and lo! 'tis giv'n, I'm at the fountain drinking, Ask
3. Tho' sin and sorrow wound my soul, I'm at the fountain drinking, Je -
4. Where'er I am, where'er I move, I'm at the fountain drinking, I
5. In - sa - tiate to this spring I fly, I'm at the fountain drinking, I

CHORUS.

could for - ev - er think and sing, I'm on my journey home. Glo - ry to
and He turns your hell to heav'n, I'm on my journey home.
sus, Thy balm will make me whole, I'm on my journey home.
meet the ob - ject of my love, I'm on my journey home.
drink and yet am ev - er dry, I'm on my journey home.

God, I'm at the fountain drinking, Glory to God, I'm on my journey home.
last verse, My soul is sat - is - fied.

HEAVEN:

No. 151.

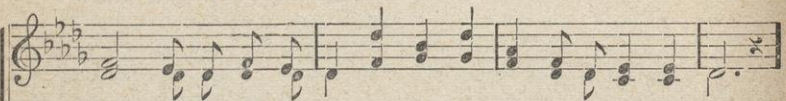
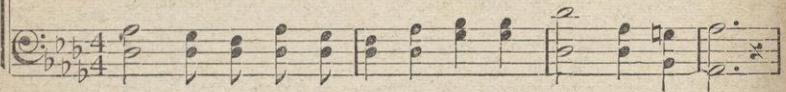
The Other Shore.

Mrs. MARY O. PAGE.

Arr. by Mrs. CLARA H. SCOTT.



1. There is a land of glo-ri-ous beau-ty For which we sigh,
2. That land is nev - er o - ver shadowed There's no more night,
3. There are our dear-ly lov'd ones gath'ring Home one by one;
4. Then with the hap-py host of heav-en Our songs we'll raise,



Oh pilgrim 'mid your on-ward journey, Lift up your waiting eye.
For he who is our great Sal-va-tion Is ev-er more the light.
There we may hope some day to meet them When all our work is done.
And in a peal of glad re-joic-ing We'll tune our hearts to praise.



REFRAIN.



In that land there is no sor-row, Tears are known no more,



And glad-ly will we hail each morrow. O-ver on the oth-er shore.



CHILDREN.

No. 152. Jesus Will Bless the Little Ones.

"He took them up in His arms, put His hands upon them and blessed them."

JOHN.

J. G. F.



1. The in - fant children Christ received, O praise His precious name;
2. An aw - ful warning Je - sus gave, To those who would of - fend;
3. Go gath - er in these lit - tle ones, From off the field of sin,



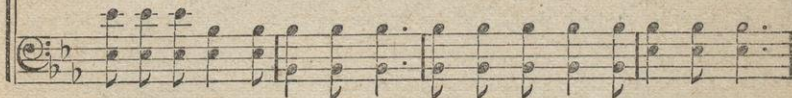
He took them up in - to His arms, He blessed each babe that came.
Let none de - spise these lit - tle ones, God cares for all of them.
The har - vest great, the lab'ers few, Then bring, oh, bring them in..



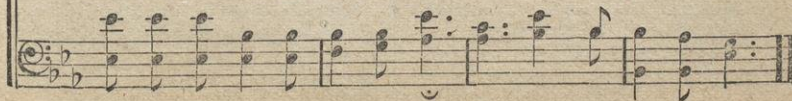
CHORUS.



Je - sus will bless the lit - tle ones, Je - sus will bless the lit - tle ones,



Je - sus will bless the lit - tle ones, O praise His precious name.



This Hymn is free to be used for the glory of God.

CHILDREN.

No. 153. I Think When I Read.

Mrs. JEMIMA LUKE.

English.

1. I think, when I read that sweet sto - ry of old, When
2. I wish that His hands had been placed on my head, That His
3. Yet still to His foot-stool in prayer I may go, And
4. A beau - ti - full place He is gone to pre - pare For

Je - sus was here a - mong men, How He called lit - tle children as
arms had been thrown a - round me, And that I might have seen His kind
ask for a share in His love; And if I now but ear - nest - ly
all who are washed and for - given: And the ma - ny dear children are

lams to His fold; I should like to have been with them then.
looks when He said, "Let the lit - tle ones come un - to me."
seek Him be - low, I shall see Him and hear Him a - bove.
gath - er - ing there, "For of such is the king - dom of heaven."

No. 154. Take the Name of Jesus.

Tune, No. 72 "Gospel Hymns." Key, A₂.

- | | |
|---|--|
| 1 Take the name of Jesus with you,
Child of sorrow and of woe—
It will joy and comfort give you,
Take it, then, where'er you go.
<i>Precious name, O how sweet,
Hope of earth and joy of heaven;</i>
<i>Precious name, O how sweet,
Hope of earth and joy of heaven.</i> | If temptations round you gather,
Breathe that holy name in prayer. |
| 2 Take the name of Jesus ever,
As a shield from every snare; | 3 Oh! the precious name of Jesus;
How it thrills our souls with joy,
When his loving arms receive us,
And his songs our tongues employ! |
| | 4 At the name of Jesus bowing,
Falling prostrate at his feet, [him,
King of kings in heav'n we'll crown
When our journey is complete. |

CLOSING.

No. 155. God be With You.

"The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you."—Rom. 16: 20.

J. E. RANKIN, D. D.

W. G. TOMER.

1. God be with you till we meet a-gain, By his counsels guide, up-
 2. God be with you till we meet a-gain, 'Neath his wings se-cure-ly
 3. God be with you till we meet a-gain, When life's per-ils thick con-
 4. God be with you till we meet a-gain, Keep love's banner float-ing

hold you, With his sheep se-cure-ly fold you, God be with you till we
 hide you, Dai-ly man-na still di-vide you, God be with you till we
 found you, Put his arms un-fail-ing round you, God be with you till we
 o'er you, Smite death's threat'ning wave before you, God be with you till we

CHORUS.

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

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

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

LORD'S DAY.

No. 156. O Day of Rest and Gladness.

C. WORDSWORTH.

German Melody.

1. { O day of rest and glad-ness, O day of joy and light; }
 { O balm of care and sad-ness, Most beau-ti - ful, most bright; }
 2. { On thee, at the cre - a - tion The light first had its birth; }
 { On thee, for our sal - va - tion, Christ rose from depths of earth; }
 3. { New grac - es ev - er gain - ing From this, our day of rest. }
 { We reach the rest re - main - ing To spir - its of the blest; }

On thee the high and low - ly, Thro' a - ges join'd in tune,
 On thee, our Lord, vic - to - rious, The spir - it sent from heav'n;
 To Ho - ly Ghost be prais - es, To Fa - ther, and to Son;

Sing "Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly," To the great God Tri - une.
 And thus on thee, most glo - rious, A tri - ple light was giv'n.
 The Church her voice up - rais - es To thee, blest Three in One.

No. 157.

Stockwell.

C. C. COX.

DARIUS E. JONES.

1. Si - lent - ly the shades of eve - ning Gather round my low - ly door,
 2. Oh, the lost, the un - for - got - ten, Tho' the world be oft for - got,
 3. Living in the si - lent hours Where our spir - its on - ly blend,
 4. How such ho - ly men - o - ries clus - ter. Like the stars when storms are past,

Stockwell—Concluded.



Si-lent-ly they bring be-fore, me Fac-es I shall see no more.
 Oh, the shroud-ed and the lone-ly, In our hearts they per-ish not.
 They, un-linked with earth-ly troub-le, We still hop-ing for its end.
 Point-ing out to that fair heav-en, We may hope to gain at last.



No. 158. America.

S. F. SMITH.



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



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 free-dom's song; Let mor-tal tongues a-wake, Let all that
 To thee we sing: Long may our land be bright With free-dom's



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



CLOSING.

No. 159. Lord, Dismiss Us.

WALTER SHIRLEY. (Greenville. 8, 7, 4.)

ROUSSEAU.

Fine.

1. Lord, dismiss us with thy bless-ing, Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
 D. C.—O re-fresh us, O re-fresh us, Trav'ling thro' this wil-der-ness,
 2. Thanks we give, and ad-o-ra-tion, For the gos-pel's joy-ful sound;
 D. C.—May thy presence, May thy presence With us ev-er-more be found.
 3. So, when-e'er the sig-nal's giv-en Us from earth to call a-way,
 D. C.—May we ev-er, May we ev-er Reign with Christ in end-less day.

D. C.

Let us each thy love pos-sess-ing, Tri-umph in re-deem-ing grace.
 May the fruits of thy sal-va-tion In our hearts and lives a bound.
 Borne on an-gels' wings to heav-en, God the sum-mons to o-bey.

Boylston. S. M.

No. 160. Tune above.

- 1 A charge to keep I have;
 A God to glorify:
 A never-dying soul to save
 And fit it for the sky.
- 2 To serve the present age
 My calling to fulfil,
 O may it all my powers engage
 To do my Master's will.
- 3 Help me to watch and pray,
 And on thyself rely;
 Assured if I my trust betray,
 I shall forever die.

No. 161. Tune above.

- 1 I love thy Church, O God!
 Her walls before thee stand,
 Dear as the apple of thine eye,
 And graven on thy hand.
- 2 For her my tears shall fall,
 For her my prayers ascend;
 To her my cares and toils be given,
 Till toils and cares shall end.
- 3 Beyond my highest joy
 I prize her heavenly ways,
 Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
 Her hymns of love and praise.

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 2. The world's fierce winds are blowing Temp - ta - tions sharp and keen;
 3. When in af - flic - tion's val - ley, I'm treading the road of care,
 4. He died for me on the moun - tain, For me they pierced His side;
 5. He gives me the sweet prom - ise That He will come a - gain,

CHO. — ♪ No, nev - er a - lone, . . . ♪ No, nev - er a - lone;

I've felt sin's break - ers dash - ing, Try - ing to con - quer my soul;
 I feel a peace in know - ing My Sav - ior stands be - tween;
 My Sav - ior helps me to car - ry My cross when heav - y to bear;
 For me He o - pened that fountain, The crim - son, cleans - ing tide;
 And when He's reigning in glo - ry, I'll en - ter in thro' His name;

He promised nev - er to leave me, Nev - er to leave me a - lone.

I've heard the voice of my Sav - ior Tell - ing me still to fight on;
 He stands to shield me from dan - ger When earth - ly friends are gone;
 My feet, en - tan - gled with bri - ars Read - y to cast me down,
 For me He's wait - ing in glo - ry, Seat - ed up - on His throne;
 And when in yon land of beau - ty I find my "home, sweet home,"

♪ No, nev - er a - lone, . . . ♪ No, nev - er a - lone;

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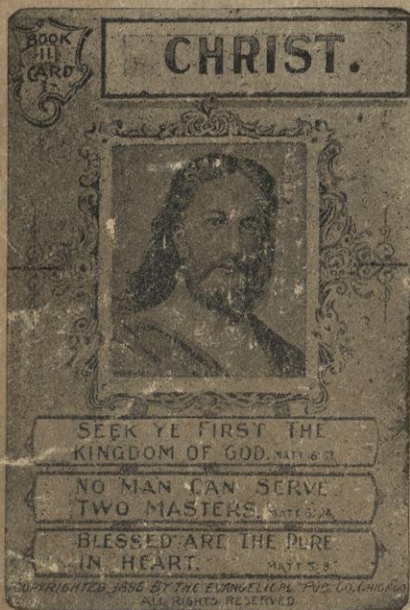
He promised nev - er to leave me, Nev - er to leave me a - lone.
 He promised nev - er to leave me, Nev - er to leave me a - lone.
 My Sav - ior whis - pers His promise: "I nev - er will leave thee a - lone."
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