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Burning Bush Songs

No. 1.



THE GIFT OF
DR. MEDICAL
EDWIN HARRIS

PUBLISHED BY
MEMORIAL CHURCH
ASSOCIATION

WAUKESHA WIS.

herman Gill

BURNING BUSH SONGS

NO. 1

herman Gill

SELECTED BY

DUKE M. FARSON - EDWIN L. HARVEY

Published by
METROPOLITAN CHURCH ASSOCIATION
Waukesha, Wisconsin

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Burning Bush Songs. No. 1.

No. 1.

'Tis Burning In My Soul.

DELIA T. WHITE

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. God sent His might-y pow'r To this poor, sin-ful heart, To
 2. Be-fore the cross I bow, Up-on the al-tar lay A
 3. No. good that I have done, His prom-ise I em-brace; Ac-

keep me ev-'ry hour, And need-ful grace im-part; And since His Spir-it came
 will-ing of-f'ring now, My all from day to day; My Sav-ior paid the price,
 cept-ed in the Son, He saves me by His grace; All glo-ry be to God!

To take su-preme con-trol, The love-en-kin-dled flame Is burn-ing in my soul.
 My name He sweet-ly calls; Up-on the sac-ri-fice The fire from heav-en falls.
 Let hal-le-lu-jahs roll! His love is shed a-broad, The fire is in my soul.

CHORUS.

'Tis burn-ing in my soul, 'Tis burn-ing in my soul; The fire of heav'nly
 Ho-ly Spir-it came, All glo-ry to His name! The fire of heav'nly

love is burn-ing in my soul. The
 love is burn-ing [Omit. in my soul. The burn-ing in my soul.

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 UNIV. OF WISCONSIN
 MADISON

No. 2.

An Abundant Entrance In.

R. A. F.

2 Peter I: 11.

Rev. E. A. FERGERSON.

Joyfully.

1. Aft - er all of life is o - ver, And the cur-tain's lift - ed high, There's a
 2. In that land of "heav'nly sunlight" Loved ones for our com-ing wait, "Where the
 3. There they need no sun to light them, For the Lamb is on the throne; In the
 4. To the founts of liv - ing wa - ter He will lead us in that day, There will

land of Life E - ter-nal That will greet the Christian's eye, Who in Je - sus' blood have
 tree of life is blooming.' Just within the pearl-y gate. They will shout to see us
 midst He stands to welcome All His faith-ful children home. Who have gone thro' trib-u-
 be no pain nor sor row, He will wipe all tears a - way. We will soon go home to

trusted, And been cleansed from inbred sin, Will go sweeping thro' the portals With an "a-
 coming, Heav'nly anthems they will sing. As we sweep be-yond the portals With an "a-
 glo-ry, From this world of death and sin, Will go sweeping thro' the portals With an "a-
 glo-ry, For our souls are on the wing; We'll go sweeping thro' the portals With an "a-

CHORUS.

bun - dant en-trance in." With an a - bun-dant en-trance in, With an a -

bundant entrance in; We'll go sweeping thro' the portals With an abundant entrance in.

No. 3.

I'm Glad I Came Home.

C. F. W.

CHAS. F. WEIGELE.

1. I was so lone - ly, so ver - y lone - ly, When I from my Sav - ior had
 2. I was so hun - gry, so ver - y hun - gry, When out in the des - ert I
 3. I was so wea - ry, so ver - y wea - ry, When tired of my wand'ring I
 4. I was in dark - ness, walking in darkness, When blinded by sin I

wandered a - way; Now I am hap - py, so ver - y hap - py, Since I to my
 wandered a - lone; Since I'm in Ca - naan, living in Ca - naan, I've plen - ty of
 lay down to die; Je - sus came near me, so ver - y near me, When in my dis -
 tumbled a - long; Now I'm in' sun - light, walking in sunlight, My sight is re -

CHORUS.

Sav - ior have come home to stay.
 bread, oh, I'm glad I came home.
 tress un - to Him I did cry. } I'm glad I came home, oh, so glad I came home,
 stored, oh, I'm glad I came home.

From Je - sus my Sav - ior I'll nev - er - more roam; No more am I starv - ing,

wea - ry or lone, Since Je - sus has found me, I'm glad I came home.

No. 4.

Have Faith in God.

M. A. S.

MAY AGNEW STEPHENS.

Con express

1. Do you ev - er feel down - hearted or, dis - cour - aged? Do you ev - er think your
 2. Darkest night will al - ways come be - fore the dawn - ing, Sil - ver linings shine on
 3. God is might - y! He is a - ble to de - liv - er, Faith can vic - tor be in

work is all in vain? Do the bur - dens thrust up - on you make you
 God's side of the cloud; All your jour - ney He has prom - ised, to be
 ev - 'ry try - ing hour; Fear, and care, and sin, and sor - row be de -

trem - ble, And you fear that you shall ne'er the vic - t'ry gain?....
 with you, Naught has come to you but what His love al - lowed.
 feat - ed By our faith in God's al - might - y con - qu'ring pow'r.
vic - t'ry gain?
 His love al - lowed.
 con - qu'ring pow'r.

CHORUS.

Have faith in God,..... the sun will shine,.....
Have faith in God, the sun will shine,

Tho' dark the clouds..... may be to - day;.....
Tho' dark the clouds may be to - day;

Have Faith in God.

His heart hath planned..... your path and mine.....
 His heart hath planned your path and mine,

Rit.

Have faith in God..... have faith al - way.....
 Have faith in God,

No. 5. We'll Outshine the Sun.

Furnished by C. F. W.

Arranged by A. F. I.

1. If Je - sus leads this ar - my, We will out - shine the sun, We will
 2. If we keep on a - praying, We will out - shine the sun, We will

out - shine the sun, We will out - shine the sun; If Je - sus leads this
 out - shine the sun; We will out - shine the sun; If we keep on a -

ar - my, We will out - shine the sun, And we'll walk the golden streets on high.
 pray - ing, We will out - shine the sun, And we'll walk the golden streets on high.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>3. If we keep on believing, etc.</p> <p>4. If we stay clean and humble, etc.</p> <p>7. Keep winning souls for Jesus, And we'll outshine the sun, etc.</p> | <p>5. If Jesus keeps us polished, etc.</p> <p>6. If we keep on a-shouting, etc.</p> |
|--|---|

No. 6. Beneath the Shade of the Cross.

1. If you want par - don and in - fi - nite peace, If you want sigh - ing and
 2. If you want Je - sus to reign in your soul, Plunge in the foun - tain and
 3. If you want bold - ness, take part in the fight; If you want pu - ri - ty,
 4. If you want ho - li - ness, cling to the cross, Count - ing the rich - es of

sor - row to cease, Look up to Je - sus who died on the tree
 you shall be whole; Washed in the blood of the cru - ci - fied One,
 walk in the light; If you want lib - er - ty, shout, and be free,
 earth as but dross; Down at His feet you'll be wealth - y and wise,

CHORUS.

To pur - chase a full sal - va - tion. } Hid - ing be - neath the
 En - joy - ing a full sal - va - tion. }
 En - joy - ing a full sal - va - tion. }
 En - joy - ing a full sal - va - tion. }

shade of the cross, Count - ing the jew - els of earth but dross;

Cleansed in the blood that flowed from His side, En - joy - ing a full sal - va - tion.

No. 7. "The Past is All Under the Blood."

Mrs. C. H. M.

Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.

1. A pres-ent and per-fect sal - va - tion I have In Je - sus, my Sav - ior,
 2. The blood of the Lamb cleanseth now from all sin, Than - snow makes me whit - er;
 3. The bur - den of guilt which so long I had borne, In weight like a moun - tain;
 4. He leads me so gen - tly the way I should go, My won - der - ful Keep - er;
 5. I'm lost and en - com - passed with won - der - ful love, Tho' noth - ing I mer - it;

For He is a - bun - dant - ly a - ble to save Both now and for - ev - er.
 The Com - fort - er prom - ised a bid - eth with - in, My path grow - eth bright - er.
 The sins which had caused me so oft - en to mourn, All lost in the foun - tain.
 And gives sweetest com - fort the world can - not know, My peace grow - ing deep - er.
 A beau - ti - ful man - sion pre - par - ing a - bove, I soon shall in - her - it.

CHORUS.

He saves me just now, hal - le - lu - jah! The past is all

un - der the blood, And Cal - va - ry's flow makes me
 un - der, yes, un - der the blood,

whit - er than snow. The past is all un - der the blood.

No. 8.

Joy in My Soul.

J. B. M.

J. B. MACKAY.

1. In the blood of Je - sus that was shed for me, My trans-
 2. When I came be - liev - ing, Je - sus took me in, And for-
 3. I was filled with rap - ture as my heart be - lieved, As my
 4. I will sing of Je - sus and His pow'r to save, I will

gressions have been washed a - way; Oh, my heart o'er - flow - eth with His
 gave the debt I ne'er could pay; His re - deem - ing blood has can - celed
 all up - on the al - tar lay; Oh, the won - drous bless - ing that I
 shout His praise while here I stay; For the great sal - va - tion that to

love so free, And there's joy in my soul to - day.....
 all my sin, And there's joy in my soul to - day.....
 there' re - ceived Lives a joy in my soul to - day.....
 me He gave, Is the joy of my soul to - day.....

CHORUS.

There is joy in my soul, Oh, glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah! Je - sus'

blood makes me whole, Oh, glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah! His love and pow'r

Joy in My Soul.

di - vine has touched this heart of mine, And there's joy, yes, joy in my soul.

No. 9. Feasting With My Lord.

"Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money; come ye, buy, and eat; yea, come, buy wine and milk without money and without price."—Isaiah 55: 1.
JOHN S. BROWN. L. O. BROWN.

1. Since my soul is saved and sanc-ti-fied, Feast - ing, I'm feast - ing,
2. Feed - ing on the hon - ey and the wine, Feast - ing, I'm feast - ing,
3. Day by day we have a new sup - ply, Feast - ing, I'm feast - ing,
4. Man - y times we have an ex - tra spread. Feast - ing, I'm feast - ing,
5. Oft - en there are on - ly just we two, Feast - ing, I'm feast - ing,
6. If per - chance the cupboard's scarce of bread, Feast - ing, I'm feast - ing,

In this land of Ca - naan I'll a - bide, Feast - ing with my Lord.
Gath - er - ing the clus - ters from the vine, Feast - ing with my Lord.
And the food is nev - er stale nor dry, Feast - ing with my Lord.
When to deep - er truths I have been led, Feast - ing with my Lord.
Then He tells me what He'd have me do, Feast - ing with my Lord.
On the hid - den man - na I am fed, Feast - ing with my Lord.

CHORUS.

Feast - ing, I am feast - ing, Feast - ing with my Lord; I'm

feast - ing, I am feast - ing On the liv - ing Word.

No. 10. Would You Know Why I Love Jesus?

Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

1. { Would you know why I love Je - sus? Why He is so dear to me? }
 'Tis be-cause my bless-ed Je - sus [Omit.] }

2 CHORUS.

From my sins has ransomed me. This is why..... I love my
 This is why I love my Je - sus, This is

Je - sus, This is why..... I love Him so, He a-
 why I love Him so, This is why I love my Je - sus, This is why I love Him so, He has

toned..... for my transgres - sions. He has washed.... me white as snow.
 pardoned my transgressions, He has pardoned my transgressions, He has washed me. He has washed me
 [white as snow,

2 Would you know why I love Jesus?
 Why He is so dear to me?
 'Tis because the blood of Jesus
 Fully saves and cleanses me.

3 Would you know why I love Jesus?
 Why He is so dear to me?
 'Tis because, amid temptation,
 He supports and strengthens me.

4 Would you know why I love Jesus?
 Why He is so dear to me?
 'Tis because in every conflict
 Jesus gives me victory.

5 Would you know why I love Jesus?
 Why He is so dear to me?
 'Tis because my friend and Savior
 He will ever, ever be.

No. 11.

Under the Blood.

E. E. HEWITT.
Moderato.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Lord, keep my soul from day to day, Un - der the blood, un - der the blood;
 2. The sin - ner's ref - uge here a - lone, Un - der the blood, un - der the blood;
 3. Lord, with Thy - self my spir - it fill, Un - der the blood, un - der the blood;
 4. Sweet peace a - bides with - in the heart. Un - der the blood, un - der the blood;
 5. The Ho - ly Spir - it, hour by hour, Un - der the blood, un - der the blood;

Take doubt and fear and sin a - way, Un - der the pre - cious blood.
 Here Je - sus makes sal - va - tion known, Un - der the pre - cious blood.
 And work in me to do Thy will, Un - der the pre - cious blood.
 And gifts di - vine their joy im - part, Un - der the pre - cious blood.
 Ex - erts His sanc - ti - fy - ing pow'r, Un - der the pre - cious blood.

CHORUS.

Un - der the blood, the pre - cious blood, Un - der the cleans - ing, heal - ing flood;

Keep me, Sav - ior, from day to day, Un - der the pre - cious blood.

No. 12.

The Old Fountain.

EMMA M. JOHNSTON.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. By Sa - ma - ria's way-side well Once a ' bless - ed mes - sage fell On a
 2. And a lit - tle cap - tive maid, By a lep - er un - dis - mayed, Told to
 3. And a wo - man in a crowd, With - out word or cry a - loud, Just stooped
 4. As the eu - nuch tried to read, Phil - ip taught him of his need, And bap -
 5. O thou fountain, deep and wide, Flow - ing from the wounded side That was

woman's thirsty soul, Long a - go; And to eyes that long were sealed Was the
 him a sim - ple sto - ry, Long a - go; That the stream where he might lave Had a -
 down and touched His garment, Long a - go; As her earnest heart appealed, She was
 tized him in the stream, Long a - go; As the outward seal and sign Of an
 pierced for our redemption, Long a - go; In Thy ev - er - cleansing wave There is

glo - rious light re - vealed, Thro' a fount - ain that was o - pened Long a - go.
 lone the pow'r to save, Thro' his trust in that old fountain, Long a - go.
 soul and bod - y healed, In that fount - ain that was 'o - pened Long a - go.
 in - ward work di - vine, That was wrought thro' that old fountain, Long a - go.
 found all pow'r to save, 'Tis the pow'r that healed the na - tions, Long a - go.

CHORUS.

There's a fount - ain that was o - pened Long a - go, (long a - go,) For the

The Old Fountain.

heal-ing of the na-tions is its flow... A-long the line of a - ges The

prophets and the sages Caught the singing of its wa-ters Long a - go. (long a-go.)

No. 13.

I've Been Redeemed.

F. M. GRAHAM, Alt.
Cheerfully.

Arranged by A. F. I.

1. I've been re - deemed, all glo - ry to the Lamb, Je - sus has
2. O sin - ner, list - en, I once was lost like you, But Je - sus
3. I am so glad I've found the way of life, Free from all
4. I'm go - ing home, all glo - ry to the Lamb. Je - sus will
CHO. - I've been re - deemed, yes, I have been re - deemed, Glo - ry to

loved me, I'm saved, I know I am; O wondrous love that
found me, and saved me thro' and thro'; Now He is wait - ing for
sor - row, from sin, and from strife; I am so glad I'm
take me, now just as I am; Soon I'll be there with
Je - sus! 'Tis sweet for me to know; I've been re - deemed, yes,

D. C. for Chorus.

caused my Lord to die, Now will I serve Him, then reign with Him on high.
you to make a start, Come to Him quickly and choose the bet - ter part.
in this ho - ly way, Oh, hal - le - lu - jah! I'm hap - py night and day.
friends who've gone before, Oh, hap - py meet - ing! we'll meet to part no more.
I have been re - deemed, Oh, hal - le - lu - jah! my soul is white as snow

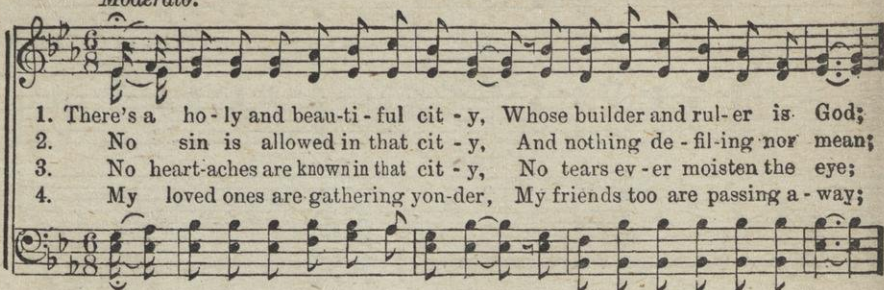
No. 14. The City That's Coming Down.

A. F. I.

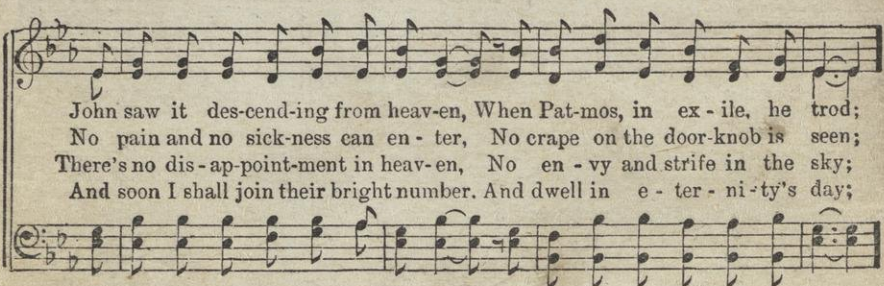
Rev. 21: 2.

ARTHUR F. INGLES.

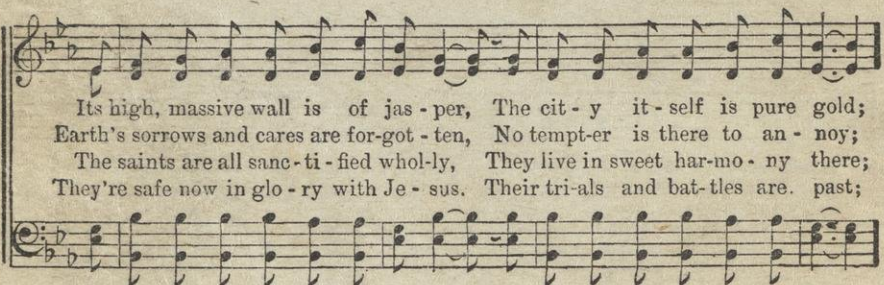
Moderato.



1. There's a ho - ly and beau - ti - ful cit - y, Whose builder and rul - er is God;
2. No sin is allowed in that cit - y, And nothing de - fil - ing nor mean;
3. No heart - aches are known in that cit - y, No tears ev - er moisten the eye;
4. My loved ones are gathering yon - der, My friends too are passing a - way;

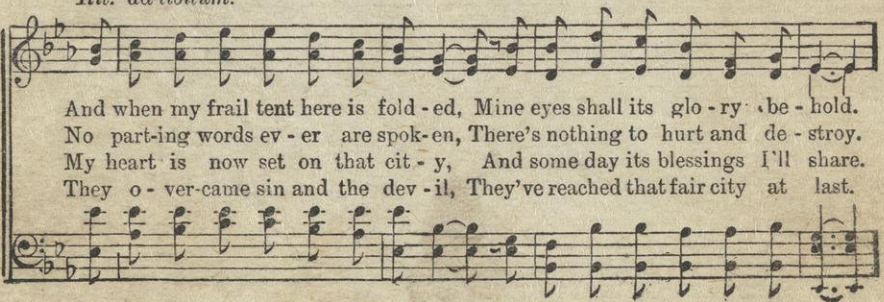


John saw it des - cend - ing from heav - en, When Pat - mos, in ex - ile, he trod;
No pain and no sick - ness can en - ter, No crape on the door - knob is seen;
There's no dis - ap - point - ment in heav - en, No en - vy and strife in the sky;
And soon I shall join their bright number. And dwell in e - ter - ni - ty's day;



Its high, massive wall is of jas - per, The cit - y it - self is pure gold;
Earth's sorrows and cares are for - got - ten, No tempt - er is there to an - noy;
The saints are all sanc - ti - fied whol - ly, They live in sweet har - mo - ny there;
They're safe now in glo - ry with Je - sus. Their tri - als and bat - tles are. past;

Rit. ad libitum.



And when my frail tent here is fold - ed, Mine eyes shall its glo - ry be - hold.
No part - ing words ev - er are spok - en, There's nothing to hurt and de - stroy.
My heart is now set on that cit - y, And some day its blessings I'll share.
They o - ver - came sin and the dev - il, They've reached that fair city at last.

The City That's Coming Down.

CHORUS. *Slow.*

In that bright city, pearly-white cit-y, I have a mansion, an harp, and a crown;

Rit. ad libitum.

Now I am watching, wait-ing, and long-ing, For the white city that's soon coming down.

No. 15.

Hear the Good News.

Luke 2: 10, 11.

L. D. CARRINGTON,

Arr. by L. L. P.

1. Broth-er, you may go to glo-ry, Hear the good news; Brother, you may go to
2. Christ is call-ing, call-ing sinners, Hear the good news; Christ is call-ing, call-ing

CHORUS.

glo-ry, Hear the good news. } You may lay down this world And take up the cross, And
sinners, Hear the good news.

go with us to glo-ry, Hear the good news.

3. All your sins may be forgiven.
4. Sinners now are finding Jesus.
5. He will save and sanctify you.
6. He is building us a mansion.
7. Jesus tasted death for sinners.
8. He will welcome all who trust Him.
9. You may join the blood-washed army.
10. Now's the time for peace and pardon.
11. Come, O come, He waits to save you.
12. Soon my Savior will be coming.

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No. 16.

Not Made With Hands.

Rev. E. A. FERGERSON.

Arr. from E. A. F. by J. McP.

1. Christ went a build - ing to pre - pare, Not made with
 2. Just look o - ver you - der and what do I see? Not made with
 3. I've never been to heav - en but so I'm told, Not made with
 4. The an - gels' wings all tipped with gold, Not made with
 Not made

hands, And 'twill be decked with jew - els rare, Not made with hands.
 hands, A heav - en - ly home prepared for me, Not made with hands.
 hands, That the heav - en - ly streets are paved with gold, Not made with hands.
 hands, They are so glo - rious to be - hold, Not made with hands.
 with hands.

CHORUS.

I know, I know, I have an - oth - er build - ing, Yes, I
 I know, I know.

know, I know, I know, Not made with hands.
 I know, I know. Not made with hands.

5 Some morning fair I'm going away,
 Not made with hands,
 And I won't come back 'till Millennial day;
 Not made with hands.

6 I have some friends who've gone before,
 Not made with hands,
 Up there we'll meet to part no more,
 Not made with hands.

No. 17.

He Brought Me Out.

"He hath put a new song in my mouth, even praise unto our God."—Ps. 49: 1-3.

Rev. H. J. ZELLEY. Cho. by H. L. G

H. L. GILMOUR.



1. My heart was distressed 'neath Je-ho-vah's dread frown, And low in the
2. He placed me up - on the strong rock by His side, My steps were es-
3. He gave me a song, 'twas a new song of praise, By day and by
4. I'll sing of His won - der - ful mer - cy to me, I'll praise Him till
5. I'll tell of the pit, with its gloom and de - spair, I'll praise the dear



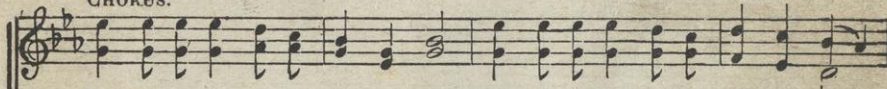
pit where my sins dragged me down; I cried to the Lord from the
 tab - lished and here I'll a - bide; No dan - ger of fall - ing while
 night its sweet notes I will raise; My heart's o - ver - flow - ing, I'm
 all men His good - ness shall see; I'll sing of sal - va - tion at
 Fa - ther, who an - swered my pray'r; I'll sing my new song, the glad



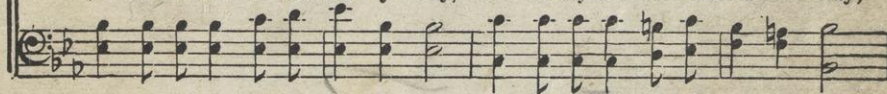
deep, mir y clay, Who ten - der - ly bro't me out to gold - en day.
 here I re - main, But stand by His grace un - til the crown I gain.
 hap - py and free, I'll praise my Re - deem - er, who has res - cued me.
 home and a - broad, Till man - y shall hear the truth and trust in God.
 sto - ry of love, Then join in the cho - rus with the saints a bove.



CHORUS.



He bro't me out of the mir - y clay, He set my feet on the rock to stay;



He puts a song in my soul to - day, A song of praise, hal - le - lu - jah!



92

No. 18.

Sanctified by Power Divine.

L. O. B.

L. O. BROWN.

1. Praise the Lord, O Christian sol - diers, In His love you now a - bide;
 2. Nev - er doubt the pow'r of Je - sus, He can save what-e'er be - tide;
 3. I have yield - ed self to Je - sus, And in Him I now con - fide;

But for you there's something bet - ter, He would have you sanc - ti - fied.
 For His blood to - day is flow - ing, And thro' faith we're sanc - ti - fied.
 All, yes all is on the al - tar—Praise the Lord, I'm sanc - ti - fied.

CHORUS.

Sanc - ti - fied by pow - er di - vine, Sanc - ti - fied
 Sanc - ti - fied by pow - er di - vine, by pow - er di - vine,

fied, since Christ is mine; Trust - ing dai - ly
 Sanc - ti - fied, since Christ is mine, since Christ is mine; Trust - ing dai - ly

Rit.

in His grace, Some sweet day I'll see His face.
 in His grace, shall see His face.

No. 19.

Contentment.

Phil. 4: 11.

V. C.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. I am hap - py, O so hap - py At God's side, (At God's side.)
 2. I am drink - ing at the foun - tain Of sweet peace, (Of sweet peace.)
 3. I will praise Him that He ev - er Made me whole, (Made me whole.)
 4. He has prom - ised thus to lead us All the way, (All the way.)
 5. We shall there be - hold His glo - ry With our eyes, (With our eyes.)

I am walk - ing in His pres - ence, Sat - is - fied. (Sat - is - fied.)
 While the bless - ings from my Fa - ther Nev - er cease. (Nev - er cease.)
 Praise Him for His sweet com - mun - ion With my soul. (With my soul.)
 We'll en - camp in fields e - lys - ian Some sweet day. (Some sweet day.)
 And en - joy those heights for - ev - er—Par - a - dise! (Par - a - dise!)

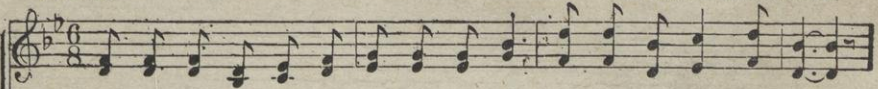
Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah! I am
 Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah! Bless - ings
 Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah! Praise Him
 Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah! We'll en -
 Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah! We'll en -

walk - ing in His pres - ence, Sat - is - fied. (Sat - is - fied.)
 from my heav'n - ly Fa - ther Nev - er cease. (Nev - er cease.)
 for His sweet com - mun - ion With my soul. (With my soul.)
 camp in fields e - lys - ian Some sweet day. (Some sweet day.)
 joy those heights for - ev - er—Par - a - dise! (Par - a - dise!)

No. 20. Is Thy Heart Right with God?

E. A. H.

Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.



1. Have thy af - fec-tions been nailed to the cross? Is thy heart right with God?
2. Hast thou do - min-ion o'er self and o'er sin? Is thy heart right with God?
3. Is there no more con-dem - na - tion for sin? Is thy heart right with God?
4. Are all thy pow'rs un-der Je - sus' con-trol? Is thy heart right with God?
5. Art thou now walk-ing in heav-en's pure light? Is thy heart right with God?



- Dost thou count all things for Je - sus but loss? Is thy heart right with God?
 O - ver all e - vil with - out and with-in? Is thy heart right with God?
 Does Je - sus rule in the tem - ple with-in? Is thy heart right with God?
 Does He each mo - ment a - bid in thy soul? Is thy heart right with God?
 Is thy soul wear-ing the gar - ment of white? Is thy heart right with God?



CHORUS.



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



Cleansed and made ho - ly, hum - ble and low ly, Right in the sight of God? ...
 of God?



No. 21. That Grand Word, Whosoever.

E. E. H.

John 3: 16.

E. E. HEWITT.

1. That grand word "who-so-ev-er" is ring-ing thro' my soul, Who-so-ev-er
 2. When-ev-er this sweet mes-sage in God's own Word I see, Who-so-ev-er
 3. I heard the lov-ing mes-sage, and now to oth-ers say, Who-so-ev-er
 4. To God be all the glo-ry! His on-ly Son He gave, Who-so-ev-er

will may come; In riv-ers of sal-va-tion the liv-ing wa-ters roll,
 will may come, I know 'tis meant for sin-ners, I know 'tis meant for me,
 will may come; Seek now the pre-cious Sav-ior, and He'll be yours to-day,
 will may come; And those who come be-liev-ing, He'll to the ut-most save,

CHORUS.

Who-so-ev-er will may come. Oh, that "who-so-ev-er will,

ev-er"! Who-so-ev-er will may come; The Sav-ior's in-vi-
 who-so-ev-er will,

ta-tion is free-ly sound-ing still, Who-so-ev-er will may come.

No. 22.

Jesus' Blood Covers Me.

L. E. J.

L. R. JONES.

1. In ways of sin I wan-dered long, My soul by guilt op-pressed,
 2. Since Je - sus touched my blind - ed eyes His beau - ty I be - hold;
 3. Be - neath the Sav - ior's blood I dwell, I know its cleans-ing pow'r;

Till Je - sus came and in His love Gave wondrous peace and rest.
 The glo - ries by His love re - vealed Can nev - er half be told.
 My dear - est Friend is Christ the Lord, I'll trust Him ev - 'ry hour.

CHORUS.

Je - sus' blood Je - sus' blood cov - ers me, cov - ers me, I was blind, but,

hal - le - lu - jah! now I see; Je - sus' blood Je - sus' blood cov - ers

me, cov - ers me, I was blind, but now I see. now I see.

No. 23.

Grazing.

Lines on the 23d Psalm.

A. F. I.

ARTHUR F. INGLER.

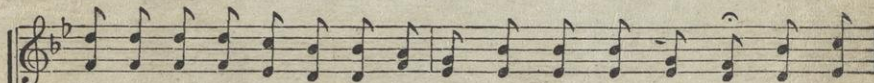
Not too fast.



1. In the pas-tures green and grow-ing, Where the qui-et streams are flow-ing,
2. In the val-ley of the shad-ow, Down in "con-se-cra-tion" meadow,
3. I'm so glad my Shep-herd's a-ble To pre-pare for me a ta-ble;
4. When the hungry wolves are howl-ing, And the an-gry dogs are growling,



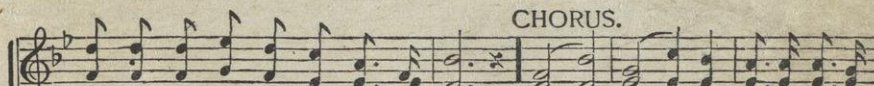
There my Shep-herd gen-tly leads me ev-ry day; Off He
 There I died to sin and self, one gloom-y day; But my
 "In the pres-ence of mine en-e-mies" I feed; I have
 Then my Shep-herd takes and hides me in the fold; Safe-ly



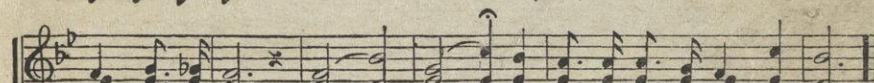
fills my soul with glo-ry As I tell the sweet "old sto-ry," How that
 "Shepherd true" was with me, And the "Sec-ond Bless-ing" gave me, While the
 found a patch of "clo-ver," And my cup is run-ning o-ver, Hal-le-
 there He'll ev-er keep me, Nev-er leave me nor for-sake me, While I



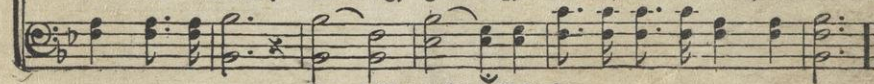
CHORUS.



Je-sus sweetly keeps me all the way.
 Spir-it took the "Car-nal Mind" a-way. } Grazing, grazing, I'm grazing in the
 lu-jah! He sup-plies my ev-ry need.
 trust Him, and His smil-ing face be-hold.



sweet clo-ver-field; Graz-ing, graz-ing, I'm saved, and sanctified, and healed.



No. 24.

Since Jesus Came to Stay.

Last two stanzas by Rev. P. B. Hicks.

Arr. by RICHARD K. HIGGINS.

1. Come list - en un - to me, A sto - ry I will tell, How
 2. Be - fore my Sav - ior came, I oft - en was cast down, The
 3. Since Je - sus came to stay, My feet have ceased to slip, I
 4. I know that I have found The Lord so good and kind, And
 5. And by and by we'll meet On that ce - les - tial shore, And

CHO.—O bless that hap - py day, When Je - sus came to stay, Al-

Je - sus Christ, the Son of God, Came in my heart to dwell;
 least thing made my tem - per flame, And tri - fles made me frown;
 sail no more a sink - ing wreck, But on the gos - pel ship;
 none need feed on husks of sin, If sin is left be - hind;
 walk with joy the gold - en street, And shout for ev - er - more;

though my sins were crim - son red, He washed them all a - way;

And by His might - y pow'r, Has changed my night to day, And
 But now my heart is clean, And sin's all washed a - way; So
 She's rigged in splen - did style, In true sal - va - tion way, And
 For since I've found this light So pre - cious day by day, I
 And then a - gain we'll raise This hap - py joy - ous lay, In

And since His pow'r and might Has changed my night to day, My

now my life is filled with joy, Since Je - sus came to stay.
 now with joy I sing and shout, Since Je - sus came to stay.
 all on board are sing - ing now, Since Je - sus came to stay.
 shout and sing with all my might, Since Je - sus came to stay.
 ev - er - last - ing songs of praise, Since Je - sus came to stay.

soul is filled with joy and light, Since Je - sus came to stay.

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No. 25. His Grace Aboundeth More.

KATE ULMER.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. O what a won-der-ful Sav-ior In Je-sus my Lord I have found!
2. When a poor sin-ner He found me, No good-ness to of-fer had I;
3. Noth-ing of mer-it pos-sess-ing, All help-less be-fore Him I lay;
4. In Him, my gra-cious Re-deem-er, My Prophet; my Priest and my King;
5. How can I keep from re-joic-ing? I'll sing of the joy in my soul;



Tho' I had sins with-out num-ber, His grace un-to me did a-bound.
 Off-en His law I had brok-en, And mer-it-ed naught but to die.
 But in the pre-cious blood flow-ing He washed all my sin-stains a-way.
 Mer-cy I find and for-give-ness, My all to His keep-ing I bring.
 Prais-ing the love of my Sav-ior, While years of E-ter-ni-ty roll.



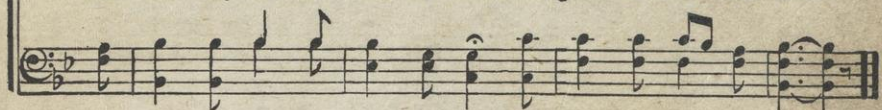
CHORUS.



His grace a-bound-eth more,..... His grace a-bound-eth more,
 and more,



Tho' sin a-bound-ed in my heart, His grace a-bound-eth more.



No. 26.

Oh, Victory!

† John 5: 4.

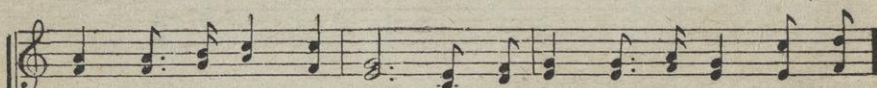
C. E. R.

C. E. ROWLEY.

Moderato.



1. I was lost, now I'm saved by the blood of the Lamb That was
 2. At the cross there is rest for the sin-burdened soul; Hear His
 3. Broth-er, you, too, may come for the full-ness of love; Per-fect



shed on the cross for me; Tak-en out of the pit and the
 kind in-vi-ta-tion, "Come!" All thy bur-dens on Him. He in-
 peace shall to you be giv'n; Ev-'ry doubt, ev-'ry fear Christ will



CHORUS. *Vigorously.*



deep, mir-y clay, Praise the Lord for vic-to-ry! } Oh, vic-to-ry,
 vites thee to roll, And no more in sin to roam. }
 sure-ly re-move, And will guide thee home to heav'n. }



glad vic-to-ry is com-ing down from heav'n to my soul!



Faith is the vic-to-ry that o-ver-comes, And makes the wounded spir-it whole.



No. 27.

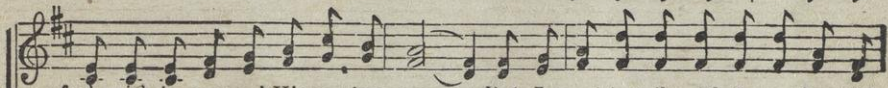
My Savior Face to Face.

W. C. AGAR,

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. I am glad I found the Sav-ior, for He makes my heart re-joice, And I
2. Yes, I know He ev - er loves me, dai - ly guides my ea - ger feet, And I'm
3. When life's sun is slow - ly set - ting, twi - light shad - ows veil the sky, And I'm
4. When I tread the crys - tal pave - ment of the new Je - ru - sa - lem, Where my



feel with-in my soul His sav - ing grace; But I want to talk with Je - sus, hear His
rest - ing in His - tender, fond em - brace; But I want to know Him better, and my
near the end - ing of life's wear - y race, In my heart will be this long - ing, none but
Sav - ior has prepared for me a place, Where the angel choirs are sing - ing praise and



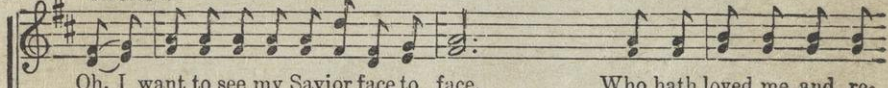
Fine.

lov - ing, gen - tle voice, I want to see my Sav - ior face to face.....
dear Re - deem - er meet, I want to see my Sav - ior face to face.....
Christ can sat - is - fy, I want to see my Sav - ior face to face.....
glo - ry to the Lamb, Oh, then I'll see my Sav - ior face to face.....

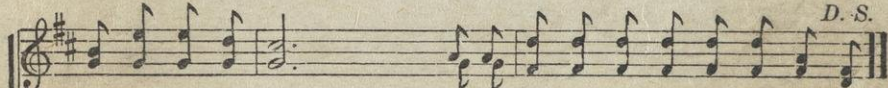


D. S. - ev - er - last - ing throne, I want to see my Sav - ior face to face.....
see my Sav - ior face to face.

CHORUS.



Oh, I want to see my Savior face to face, Who hath loved me and re -
Last v. - Oh, then I'll see, etc. see my Sav - ior face to face,



D. S.

deemed me by His grace; In His kingdom, crowned with glory, on His
and re - deemed me by His grace;



No. 28 In a Little While We're Going Home.

E. E. H.

E. E. HEWITT.

1. Let us sing a song that will cheer us by the way, In a little while we're
 2. We will do the work that our hands may find to do, In a little while we're
 3. We will smooth the path for some wea-ry, way-worn feet, In a little while we're
 4. There's a rest be-yond, there's re-lief from ev-'ry care, In a little while we're

go-ing home; For the night will end in the ev-er-last-ing day, In a
 go-ing home; And the grace of God will our dai-ly strength re-new, In a
 go-ing home; Oh, may lov-ing hearts spread a round an influence sweet! In a
 go-ing home; And no tears shall fall in that cit-y bright and fair, In a

CHORUS.

lit-tle while we're go-ing home. In a lit-tle while, In a
 In a lit-tle while, In a

lit-tle while, We shall cross the bil-lows' foam; We shall meet at last,
 In a lit-tle while,

When the storm-y winds are past, In a lit-tle while we're go-ing home.

No. 29.

Sin Can Never Enter There.

C. W. NAYLOR.

REV. 21: 27.

B. E. WARREN.

1. Heav - en is a ho - ly place, Filled with glo - ry and with grace; Sin can
 2. If you hope to dwell at last, When your life on earth is past, In that
 3. You may live in sin be - low, Heav - en's grace re - fuse to know, But you
 4. If you cling to sin till death, When you draw your la - test breath, You will

nev - er en - ter there; All with - in its gates are pure, From de -
 home so bright and fair, You must here be cleansed from sin, Have the
 can not en - ter there; It will stop you at the door, Bar you
 sink, in dark de - spair, To the re - gions of the lost, Thus to

CHORUS.

file - ment kept se - cure, Sin can nev - er en - ter there.
 life of Christ with - in, Sin can nev - er en - ter there. } Sin can nev - er
 out for ev - er - more, Sin can nev - er en - ter there.
 prove at aw - ful cost, Sin can nev - er en - ter there.

en - ter there, Sin can nev - er en - ter - there; So if at the judgment bar,

Sin - ful spots your soul shall mar. You can nev er en - ter there.

No. 30.

The Sanctified Life.

A. F. I.

I Cor. XII, 31; XIII; Heb. XIII, 12, 13.

ARTHUR F. INGLER.

Moderato.

1. No doubt, my dear friends, you have heard people say: "I'm sick of this 'up-and-down' life;
 2. I'll sing you a song of the sanc-ti-fied life, A life "set apart" from all sin;
 3. I used to grow nervous, impatient, and pout, When things would not go just my way,
 4. Perhaps, my dear friends, you would like to know how This change in my nature was made;
 5. One night, while communing with Jesus, quite late, He whispered this message so true:

I wish I could find 'a more ex-cel-lent way', Where cometh no en - vy and strife."
 A beau-ti-ful life, free from "en-vy and strife"; For Je-sus is dwelling with-in.
 But now 'tis quite diff'rent; I look up and shout, For Je-sus is in me to stay.
 And why I am sing-ing this song to you now—Not feeling the least bit a - fraid.
 "Despised and re-ject-ed, and out-side the gate, I suf-fered to sanc-ti - fy you."

REFRAIN.

"Where com-eth no en - vy and strife, With an-ger and self-ish-ness rife;
 For Je - sus is dwell-ing with - in, And keep-ing the soul calm and clean;
 For Je - sus is in me to stay, I'm sanc-ti - fied whol-ly to - day;
 Not feel-ing the least bit a - fraid, Faint-heart-ed, a-shamed, nor dis-mayed;
 "I suf-fered to sanc - ti - fy you, To save, heal, and sanc-ti - fy you,

I wish I could find 'a more ex-cel-lent way', Where cometh no en - vy and strife."
 A beau-ti-ful life, free from "en-vy and strife", For Je - sus is dwelling with-in.
 And now 'tis quite diff'rent; I look up and shout, For Je - sus is in me to stay.
 Yes, brother, I'm singing this song to you now, Not feel-ing the least bit a - fraid.
 De-spised and re-ject-ed, and out-side the gate, I suf-fered to sanc - ti - fy you."

The Sanctified Life.

6 I knelt at the cross where His blood was applied,
The blood that *eradicates* sin,
And there the dear Savior my soul sanctified,
And gave me "the witness" within.

REFRAIN.—

He gave me the witness within,
And glory from heaven shone in;
'Twas there the dear Savior my soul sanctified,
And gave me the witness within.

7 Since then I've been marching with triumphant tread
Thro' Canaan's rich, fruit-bearing clime;
For self has been slain and the "old man" is dead,
And vict'ry is mine all the time.

REFRAIN.—

Sweet vict'ry is mine all the time,
The "fulness of joy" now is mine;
Since self has been slain and the "old man" has died,
Sweet vict'ry is mine all the time.

No. 31.

Love Found Me.

H. L. GILMOUR.

Arr. by H. L. G.

1. { When out in sin and dark-ness lost, Love found me, My faint-ing soul was
I heard the Savior's words so blest, Love found me, Come, wea-ry, heav-y-

2. { The Spir-it roused me from my sleep, Love found me, Con-vic-tion seized me
Al-though I long withstood His grace, Love found me, He wooed me to His

1 2 CHORUS.

tem-pest tossed, Love found me; } Oh, 'twas love, love,
la-den, rest, Love found me. }
strong and deep, Love found me; } Oh, 'twas love, 'twas won-drous love,
kind em-brace, Love found me. }

Love that moved the might-y God, Love, love, 'twas love found me.

3 I'll praise Him while He gives me breath,
Love found me,
For saving from an endless death,
Love found me;
Christ is my advocate above,
Love found me;
I'm yoked to Him in perfect love,
Love found me.

4 And when I reach the gold paved street,
Love found me,
I'll sit adoring at His feet,
Love found me;
And sing hosannas round the throne,
Love found me.
Where I shall know as I am known,
Love found me.

No. 32.

I'll Follow Jesus.

W. J. H.

Matt. 4: 19.

W. J. HENRY.
Harmonized.

1. I'll fol-low Je-sus here, I'll nev-er, nev-er fear, Tho' Sa-tan's tempt-ing
 2. I'll fol-low by His side, what-ev-er may be-tide, Tho' per-ils thick-ly
 3. I'll fol-low all the way, I'll nev-er, nev-er stray, This world no more can
 4. I'll fol-low, fol-low on un-til the crown is won, And heaven's gates un-

pow'rs as-sail; And tho' I'm tempted sore, I'll trust Him ev-er-more, For
 thro'ng the way; Tho' bil-lows deep may roll, there's naught can harm my soul, For
 win my love; I've left it all be-hind, more last-ing joys to find, My
 fold to me; Then with my harp in hand I'll join that hap-py band, And

CHORUS

thro' His grace I shall pre-vail. I'll fol-low, I'll
 He-is with me night and day.
 treas-ures all are stored a-bove.
 praise Him thro' e-ter-ni-ty. I'll fol-low, fol-low on, I'll

fol-low, I'll fol-low Je-sus all the way; I'll
 fol-low, fol-low on.

fol-low, I'll fol-low, To the home of ev-er-last-ing day.
 fol-low, fol-low on, I'll fol-low, fol-low on.

No. 33. Be Ready When the Bridegroom Comes.

B. M. J.

J. M. BLACK.

1. Are you walk - ing now in the light of God? Be read - y when the
 2. Have you full sal - va - tion from ev - 'ry sin? Be read - y when the
 3. Is your heart made clean by the pre - cious blood? Be read - y when the
 4. He will come some day un - to ev - 'ry soul, Be read - y when the

Bridegroom comes. Are you in the path that the Mas - ter trod?
 Bridegroom comes. Trust - ing in His word, have you peace with - in?
 Bridegroom comes. Have you been made white in the cleans - ing flood?
 Bridegroom comes. By His heal - ing pow'r let Him make you whole -

CHORUS.

Be read - y when the Bridegroom comes. Will you be read - y to

en - ter in? Read - y when the Bridegroom comes? In the morn - ing light,

or at noon, or night, Be read - y when the Bridegroom comes.

No. 34.

Standing On the Rock.

Mrs. K. W.

Matth. 7: 24, 25.

Mrs. KENT WHITE.

1. Stand when the storms of doubt as - sail, Stand when your loved ones of
 2. When the word He writes up-on your heart, And you from the world' are
 3. When the tides of sin roll at your feet, And vain pomp and pride on
 4. 'T is the pre-cious blood that saves from sin, On - ly by the blood thro' the

earth all fail, Stand when your friends in Christ are few, Stand on the
 ful - ly set a - part, Tho' fier - y darts are hurled at you, Stand on the
 ev - 'ry side you meet, False prophets rise, and teach-ers, too. Stand on the
 gate we'll en-ter in, Then trust His word as 'tis giv'n you, Stand on the

CHORUS.

Rock and ev - er be true. Stand - ing, standing on the Rock,
 Standing on the Rock. I'm stand - ing on the Rock,

Stand - ing on the Rock that ne'er shall move, Oh, I'm stand - ing.
 Oh, I'm standing on the Rock, yes, I'm

stand - ing on the Rock, Stand - ing on the Rock that ne'er shall move.

No. 35.

My Shepherd's Care.

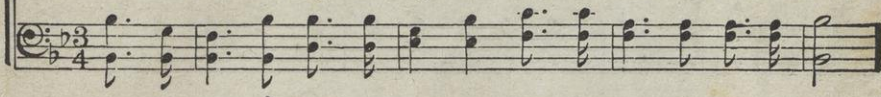
E. A. KILBOURNE. Arr. by A. F. I.

ARTHUR F. INGLER.

Moderato.



1. When I thirst, my Shep-herd leads me Where the qui - et wa - ters flow,
2. Yes, my life is in His keep - ing, In the paths of right-eous-ness;
3. I am feast - ing at His ta - ble, Though my foes are round a - bout;
4. Oh, my cup is run - ning o - ver With the wine of ho - li - ness;
5. O be - lov - ed! help me sing it, Help me shout it o'er and o'er;



When I hun - ger, still He leads me Where the sweet - est pas - tures grow.
 In the vale or on the moun - tain, Ev - 'ry - where He leads to bless.
 With His "oil of joy" a - noint - ed, I can sing, and leap, and shout.
 I can - not con - tain the bless - ing, Oh, what rap - ture I pos - sess!
 Shout the praise of Christ, my Shep - herd, Shout it loud from shore to shore.



CHORUS.

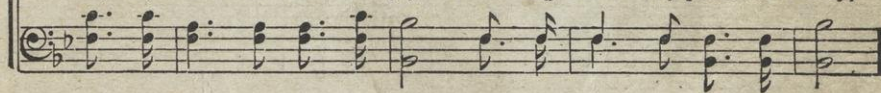


1st & 2d verses.

Yes, He leads me all the way, As I fol - low by His side;

3d, 4th & 5th verses.

Oh, my heart is full of joy, Noth - ing shall my peace de - stroy;



All my life is filled with sun - shine Since my soul is sanc - ti - fied.
 While I'm feast - ing with the Bridegroom Noth - ing can my soul an - noy.



No. 36.

Father's Letters.

Furnished by "AUNT REBECCA."
Not too fast.

Arranged by A. F. I.

1. I have let-ters from my Fa-ther. In my hand, in my hand, Writ-ten
2. Fa-ther told me in His let-ters, That are grand, that are grand, I could
3. I am now a new cre-a-tion, In this land, in this land; I am
4. I'm a stranger to the na-tions Of this land. of this land; They don't
5. I am sanc-ti-fied and hap-py, In my heart, in my heart, For the
6. I am not a - fraid of dy-ing, In this land, in this land; But I
7. Death is called a cru - el monster, In this land, in this land; When he

by my Eld-er Broth-er; They are grand, they are grand. They were written o'er the
make my-self no bet-ter In this land, in this land; Then I cried: "What shall I
free from con-dem-na-tion, It is grand, it is grand. I can sing and shout and
know my sit-u-a-tion, But it's grand, it is grand. Father's rich-es I be-
blood of Je-sus cleans-es Ev-'ry part, ev-'ry part; I have lost my "car-nal
oft - en feel like fly-ing, O how grand, O how grand! All the world is dark as
calls I will not an-swer, O how grand, O how grand! I may leave most an-y

sea, And were for-ward-ed to me; I'm as hap-py as can be, In this land.
do?" (For I had not read them thro') And He made me all a-new—In this land.
pray, And I'm hap-py night and day, And my soul can hardly stay In this land.
hold, And I've wealth that can't be told, And my kindred ne'er get old, In this land.
mind," Doubts and fears are left be-hind, And the Com-fort-er I find In my heart.
night. But my Fa-ther's face is bright, And I'm walking in the light, Thro' this land.
day, But they'll find no emp-ty clay, And I won-der what they'll say, In this land.

REFRAIN.

In this land, In this land, I'm as hap-py as can be, In this land.
In this land, In this land, And He made me all a-new, In this land.
In this land, In this land, And my soul can hard-ly stay In this land.
In this land, In this land, And my kin-dred ne'er get old, In this land.
In my heart, In my heart, And the Com-fort-er I find In my heart.
Thro' this land, Thro' this land, And I'm walk-ing in the light, Thro' this land.
In this land, In this land, And I won-der what they'll say, In this land.

No. 37. There's a Wideness in God's Mercy.

F. W. FABER.

LIZZIE S. TOURGEE.

1. There's a wide-ness in God's mer-cy, Like the wide-ness of the sea;
 2. There is wel-come for the sin-ner, And more grac-es for the good;
 3. For the love of God is broad-er Than the meas-ure of man's mind;
 4. If our love were but more sim-ple, We should take Him at His word;

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

No. 37a. The Sweet, Old Story.

ARTHUR F. INGLER.

JOHN 3: 16.

THOMAS HASTINGS.

Slow with feeling.

1. I heard my dy-ing Sav-ior say, "My life I give for thine; Thy sin is
 2. I pondered o'er each loving word, They seemed so sweet to me; I cried, "My
 3. And then I felt His blood applied, My in-bred sin de-part; My soul was
 4. He fills me now with perfect peace, My need He doth sup-ply; And on His
 5. O Soul, so troub-led, sad and worn, Come, lay thy bur-den down; Ac-cept the

now all washed away. And thou art whol-ly mine, And thou art whol-ly mine."
 Sav-ior and my Lord, I'll ev-er trust in Thee, I'll ev-er trust in Thee."
 whol-ly sanc-ti-fied, His love filled all my heart, His love filled all my heart.
 nev-er-changing grace I can for aye re-ly, I can for aye re-ly.
 cross which Christ hath borne, And thou shalt wear the crown, And thou shalt wear the crown.

Words copyright, 1902, by A. F. Ingler.

No. 38.

Light In the Valley.

H. S. L.

CHORUS.

H. S. LOWING.

1, 2. There's a light..... in the val-ley.... For me, for me;
 3, 4. There's a light.... in the val-ley.... For you, for you;
 There's a light in the valley For me, for me;

Fine.

There's a light..... in the val-ley.... For me, for me.
 There's a light..... in the val-ley.... For you, for you.
 There's a light in the valley For me, for me.

1. O Je - sus, come and res - cue Poor me, yes, me;
 2. Great char - iot of sal - va - tion, Take me, yes, me;
 3. O broth - er, come to Je - sus, Come now, just now;
 4. For Je - sus wants to save you, Just now, yes, now;
 O Je - sus, come and res - cue, come and res - cue Poor me, yes, me;

D. C.

O Je - sus, come and res - cue Poor me, yes, me.
 Great char - iot of sal - va - tion, Take me, yes, me.
 O broth - er, come to Je - sus, Come now, just now.
 For Je - sus wants to save you, Just now, yes, now.
 O Je - sus, come and res - cue, come and res - cue Poor me, yes, me.

No. 39.

Thou Art More to Me.

"Do all in the name of the Lord Jesus."—Col. 3: 17.

L. L. P.

L. L. PICKETT.

1. { Ev-'ry-thing that life con-tain-eth, All there is of me and mine,
Un - to Thee in con-se - cra-tion, Bless-ed Mas-ter, [Omit. . .] I re - sign.
2. { All my time and all my tal-ents, All my strength and earthly store,
All my bod - y, soul and spir - it, Whol-ly Thine for-[Omit. . .] ev-er - more.
3. { All my days and all my moments, All my weeks, and months, and years,
Shall be spent in Thy dear service, Thou who dri - est [Omit. . .] all my tears.

D. C.—So I glad-ly yield up to Thee All there is of mine and me.
CHORUS. D. C.

Thou art more to me, my Sav - ior, Than this world can ev - er be;

- | | |
|---|---|
| <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 4 In my eating and my drinking,
In my sleep and waking hours,
I shall seek to glorify Thee,
Using all my ransomed powers. | <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 5 When my pilgrimage is over,
And I see Thee on Thy throne,
May I gladly yield up to Thee
All the goods which were Thine own. |
|---|---|

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No. 40.

Just as I Am.

"Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out."—John 6: 37.

Miss CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT, 1834.

Wm. B. BRADBURY.

1. Just as I am, with - out one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me,
2. Just as I am, and wait-ing not To rid my soul of one dark blot,
3. Just as I am, tho' tossed a - bout, With man - y a con - flict, man - y a doubt,
4. Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind; Sight, rich - es, heal - ing of the mind,
5. Just as I am—Thou wilt re - ceive, Wilt wel - come, par - don, cleanse, re - lieve;

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 with-in, and fears with-out, O Lamb of God, I come, I come!
Yea, all I need, in Thee to find, O Lamb of God, I come, I come!
Be - cause Thy prom - ise I be - lieve, O Lamb of God, I come, I come!

No. 41.

Oh, Why not To-night?

J. CALVIN BUSHEY.

1. Oh, do not let the word de-part, And close thine eyes a-against the
 2. To-mor-row's sun may nev-er rise, To bless thy long de-lud-ed
 3. Our Lord in pit-y lin-gers still, And wilt thou thus His love re-
 4. Our bless-ed Lord re-fus-es none Who would to Him their souls u-

light; Poor sin-ner, hard-en not your heart, Be saved, oh, to-night.
 sight; This is the time, oh, then be wise, Be saved, oh, to-night.
 quite? Re-nounce at once thy stub-born will, Be saved, oh, to-night.
 nite; Be-lieve, o-bey, the work is done, Be saved, oh, to-night.

CHORUS.

Oh, why not to-night? Oh, why not to-
 Oh, why not to-night? why not to-night? Why not to-night?

night? Wilt thou be saved? Then why not to-night?
 why not to-night? Wilt thou be saved, wilt thou be saved? Then why not, oh, why not to-night?

No. 42. Glory, Glory, Jesus Saves Me.

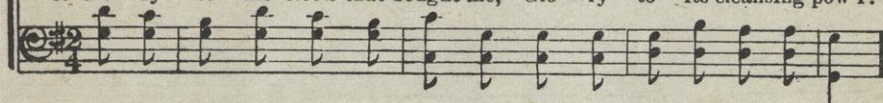
"Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honor, and glory, and blessing."—Rev. 5: 12.

LOUISE M. ROUSE.

S. H. PRATHER.



1. Pre-cious Sav - ior, Thou hast saved me; Thine and on - ly Thine I am;
2. Long my yearn - ing heart was try - ing To en - joy this per - fect - rest,
3. Trust - ing, trust - ing ev - 'ry · mo - ment, Feel - ing now the blood ap - plied;
4. Con - se - crat - ed to Thy serv - ice, I will live and die to Thee:
5. Yes, I will stand up for Je - sus; He has sweet - ly saved my soul,
6. Glo - ry to the blood that bought me, Glo - ry to its cleansing pow'r!



Oh, the cleans - ing blood has reached me, Glo - ry, glo - ry to the Lamb!
 But I gave all try - ing o - ver, Sim - ply trust - ing, I am blest.
 Ly - ing at the cleans - ing foun - tain; Dwell - ing in my Sav - ior's side.
 I will wit - ness, to Thy glo - ry, Of sal - va - tion full and free.
 Cleansed me from in - bred cor - rup - tion, Sanc - ti - fied and made me whole.
 Glo - ry to the blood that keeps me, Glo - ry, glo - ry ev - er - more!



CHORUS.



Glo - ry, glo - ry, Je - sus saves me, Glo - ry, glo - ry to the Lamb!



Oh, the cleans - ing blood has reached me, Glo - ry, glo - ry to the Lamb!



No. 43.

When I See the Blood.

"When I see the blood I will pass over you."—Ex. 12: 13. "Christ our passover is sacrificed for us."—1 Cor. 5: 7.

JOHN and E. A. H.

J. G. F.

1. Christ our Re-deem-er died on the cross, Died for the sin-ner,
 2. Chief-est of sin-ners, Je-sus will save; All He has prom-ised,
 3. Judg-ment is com-ing, all will be there, Each one re-ceive-ing
 4. O great com-pas-sion! O bound-less love! O lov-ing kind-ness,

paid all His due; Sprin-kle your soul with the blood of the Lamb,
 that will He do; Wash in the foun-tain o-pened for sin,
 just-ly his due; Hide in the sav-ing, sin-cleans-ing blood,
 faith-ful and true! Find peace and shel-ter un-der the blood.

CHORUS.

And I will pass, will pass o-ver you. When I When I see the

blood, When I see the blood, When I see the
 see the blood, When I see the blood, When I see the

Rit.

blood, I will pass, I will pass o-ver you. o-ver you.
 see the blood, o-ver you.

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No. 44.

Bring Your Sin to Jesus.

A. F. I.

Isa. 43: 25; Acts 3: 19.

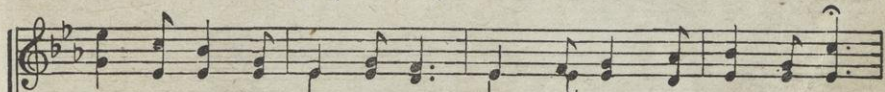
ARTHUR F. INGLES.



1. Are you la-den down with sin? Bring your sin to Je - sus. Have you en - e -
2. Does your heart grow faint with fear? Give your heart to Je - sus. Do your cares make
3. Have you doubts that make you sigh? Bring your doubts to Jesus; They will van-ish
4. Je - sus came in - to my heart; Bless the name of Je - sus! Bade my in - bred



mies with-in? Bring them all to Je - sus. You need nev - er be dis-mayed
 liv - ing drear? Cast them all on Je - sus. When you hum - bly bow in pray'r,
 when He's nigh, Sim - ply trust in Je - sus. Now He's plead-ing with your soul,
 sin de - part; Bless the name of Je - sus! Ban-ish'd fear, yes, ev - 'ry bit,



While on Him your heart is stayed, Oh, then do not be a - fright, -
 Ask Him then to take your care; He will keep you ev - 'ry-where,
 Wants to save and make you whole, All your life He will con - trol, -
 Sanc - ti - fied me, ev - 'ry whit, Now with-in the veil I sit;



Rit. ad lib.

CHORUS.



Put your trust in Je - sus.
 While you trust in Je - sus. } Come to Je - sus, wea-ry one, Trust Him till this
 You shall live in Je - sus.
 O sweet rest in Je - sus.



life is done; Then He'll take you to His home, If you're true to Je - sus!



No. 45. There's a Great Day Coming.

"Therefore, be ye also ready: for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of man cometh."
 Mathew 24: 14.

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 bright-ness 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 read-y, Are you read-y for the Judgment day?

No. 46.

Are You Washed in the Blood?

E. A. H.

Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.



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



washed in the blood of the Lamb? Are you ful - ly trust - ing in His
 washed in the blood of the Lamb? Do you rest each mo - ment in the
 white in the blood of the Lamb? Will your soul be read - y for the
 washed in the blood of the Lamb? There's a foun - tain flow - ing for the



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



CHORUS.



Are you washed in the blood, In the soul-cleansing blood of the Lamb?
 Are you washed in the blood, of the Lamb?



Are your gar - ments spot - less? Are they white as snow? Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?



No. 47. You're Going to Lose Your Soul.

Furnished by J. WESLEY LEE.

Arranged by A. F. I.

CHORUS.

You're go-ing to lose your soul, You're go-ing to lose your soul;

If you neg-lect sal - va - tion, You're go-ing to lose your soul. *Fine.*

1. You may be saved to - night, You may be saved to - night; If you'll ac-cept sal -
 2. You're drifting to your doom, You're drifting to your doom; The hour of death is
 3. Pre - pare to meet thy God, Pre-prepare to meet thy God; The judgment day is

D. C.
 va - tion, You may be saved to - night.
 near-ing, You're drifting to your doom.
 com-ing, Pre-prepare to meet thy God. 4. "Time enough yet, Time enough yet,"

1 *Rit.* 2 *D. C. al Fine.*
 You're sink-ing and saying: "There's time e-nough yet." time e-nough yet."

No. 48.

Softly and Tenderly.

"Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest."—Matt. 11:28.

W. L. T.

WILL L. THOMPSON.

Very slowly.

pp *m*

1. Soft - ly and ten - der - ly Je - sus is call - ing Call - ing for
 2. Why should we tar - ry when Je - sus is plead - ing, Plead - ing for
 3. Time now is fleet - ing, the mo - ments are pass - ing, Pass - ing from
 4. Oh, for the won - der - ful love He has prom - ised, Prom - ised for

you and for me, See on the por - tals He's wait - ing and watch - ing,
 you and for me? Why should we lin - ger and heed not His mer - cies,
 you and from me; Shad - ows are gath - er - ing, death - beds are com - ing,
 you and for me; Tho' we have sinned He has mer - cy and par - don,

CHORUS. m

Watch - ing for you and for me. Come home,..... come
 Mer - cies for you and for me?
 Com - ing for you and for me.
 Par - don for you and for me. Come home,

Cres. *pp*

home,..... Ye who are wea - ry, come home;... Ear - nest - ly,
 come home,

ppp *Rit.* *pp*

ten - der - ly, Je - sus is call - ing, Call - ing, O sin - ner, come home.

No. 49. Step Out on the Promise.

MAGGIE POTTER. Arr. by E. F. M.

E. F. MILLER.

1. O mourn - er in Zi - on, how bless - ed art thou, For Je - sus is
 2. Oh, 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. The prom - ise can't save, tho' the prom - ise is true; 'Tis the blood we get

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

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

Copyright, 1884, by E. F. Miller. By per.

No. 50. 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. He is able.

4. He is willing.
 5. Only trust Him.

6. He will cleanse you.
 7. Don't reject Him.

No. 51.

I Know He's Mine.

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr.

B. FRANK BUTTS.

- 1 There's One a - bove all earth-ly friends Whose love all earth - ly love transcends;
2. He's mine be - cause He died for me, He saved my soul, He set me free;
3. He's mine be - cause He's in my heart, And nev - er, nev - er will we part;
4. Some day up - on the streets of gold Mine eyes His glo - ry shall be - hold,

It is my Lord and Christ di-vine, My Lord, be - cause I know He's mine.
 With joy I wor - ship at His shrine, And cry, "Praise God, I know He's mine."
 Just as the branch is to the vine, I'm joined to Christ; I know He's mine.
 Then, while His arms a-round me twine, I'll cry for joy, "I know He's mine."

CHORUS.

I know He's mine,..... this Friend so dear;..... He lives with
 I know He's mine, this Friend so dear;

me..... He's ev - er near;..... Ten thou-sand
 He lives with me, He's ev - er near;

charms..... a-round Him shine..... And, best of all, I know He's mine.
 Ten thousand charms around Him shine,

No. 52.

Calvary.

Rev. B. CARRADINE.

Rev. I. L. PICKETT.

1. There's a hill lone and gray, In a land far a-way, In a coun - try be-yond the blue sea,
 2. Be - hold faint on the road, 'Neath the world's heavy load, Comes a thorn-crowned Man on the way!
 3. Hark, I hear the dull blow Of the hammer swung low, They are nail - ing my Lord to the tree!
 4. How they mock Him in death To His last lab'ring breath, While His friends sadly weep o'er the way!

Where be - neath that fair sky, Went a Man forth to die, For the world and for you and for me.
 With a cross He is bowed, But still on thro' the crowd He's as - cend - ing that hill lone and gray.
 And the cross they upraise While the mul - ti - tudes gaze On the blest Lamb of dark Cal - va - ry!
 But tho' lone - ly and faint Still no word of complaint Fell from Him on that hil - lock of gray.

CHORUS.

1-5. Oh, it bows down my heart, And the tear - drops will start, When in mem - 'ry that gray hill I see;
 6. Shout a - loud, then, my soul, Let the glad tidings roll From the land to the ends of the sea!

For 'twas there on its side Je - sus suffered and died, To re - deem a poor sin - ner like me.
 Je - sus conquered the grave, And has ris - en to save The whole world, and to make us all free.

5 Then the darkness came down,
 And the rocks rent around,
 And a cry pierced the sad-laden air!
 'Twas the voice of our King,
 Who received death's dark sting
 All to save us from endless despair.

6 Let the sun hide its face,
 Let the earth reel apace
 Over men who their Savior have slain!
 But behold! from the sod
 Comes the blest Lamb of God,
 Who was slain, but is risen again.

No. 53.

My Lord and I.

(Words of a hymn sung in the rocks and caves of France during the fierce persecution of the Huguenots three hundred years ago.)

Con espress.

Music and last verse by MAY AGNEW.

1. I have a Friend so pre - cious, So ver - y dear to me;
 2. Some-times I'm faint and wea - ry, He knows that I am weak,
 3. He knows how much I love Him, He knows I love Him well;
 4. I tell Him all my sor - rows, I tell Him all my joys,

He loves me with such ten - der love, He loves so faith - ful - ly;
 And as He bids me lean on Him, His help I glad - ly seek:
 But with what love He lov - eth me My tongue can nev - er tell;
 I tell Him all that pleas - es me, I tell Him what an - noys;

I could not live a - part from Him, I love to feel Him nigh,
 He leads me in the paths of light, Be - neath a sun - ny sky,
 It is an ev - er - last - ing love In ev - er rich sup - ply,
 He tells me what I ought to do, He tells me what to try,

Rit.

And so we dwell to - geth - er, My Lord and I....
 And so we walk to - geth - er; My Lord and I....
 And so we love each oth - er, My Lord and I....
 And so we talk to - geth - er, My Lord and I....

5 He knows how I am longing
 Some weary soul to win,
 And so He bids me go and speak
 A loving word for Him;
 He bids me tell His wondrous love,
 And why He came to die;
 And so we work together,
 My Lord and I.

6 He tells me of His kingdom,
 It is not far away;
 And oh, His heart is longing
 To take me there some day.
 Immortal bliss is waiting,
 And joys that never die;
 Soon there will reign together
 My Lord and I.

No. 54. He'll Never Forget to Keep Me.

"Yea, I have loved thee with an everlasting love."—Jer. 31: 3. "For I am the Lord, I change not."—Mal. 3: 6.

F. A. G.

F. A. GRAVES.

TENOR & ALTO DUET.

1. My Fa-ther has many dear chil-dren; Will He ev-er for-get to keep me?
 2. Our Fa-ther remembers the spar-rows, Their val-ue and fall He doth see;
 3. The words of the Lord are so priceless, How pa-tient and watchful is He;
 4. I now will a-bide in His shad-ow, Nev-er restless nor fear-ful will be;
 5. O broth-er, why don't you accept Him? He of-fers sal-va-tion so free;

He gave His own Son to re-deem them, And He cannot for-get to keep me.
 But dear-er to Him are His children, And He'll never for-get to keep me.
 Tho' moth-er for-get her own offspring, Yet He'll never for-get to keep me.
 In the se-cret of His presence He'll hide me, And He'll never for-get to keep me.
 Re-pent, and be-lieve, and o-bey Him, And He'll never for-get to keep thee.

REFRAIN.

He'll never for-get to keep me(keep me), He'll never for-get to keep me(keep me);
 5th v. He'll never for-get to keep thee(keep thee), He'll never for-get to keep thee(keep thee);

He gave His own Son to re-deem me, And He'll never for-get to keep me.
 2d v. But dear-er to Him are His children, And He'll never for-get to keep me.
 3d v. Tho' moth-er for-get her own offspring, Yet He'll never for-get to keep me.
 4th v. In the secret of His presence He'll hide me, And He'll never for-get to keep me.
 5th v. Re-pent, and be-lieve, and o-bey Him, And He'll never for-get to keep thee.

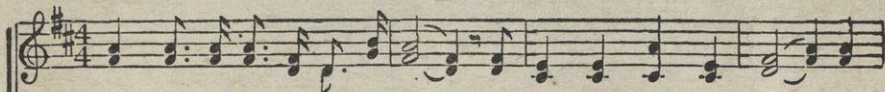
No. 55.

Walk in the Light.

Isaiah 2: 5.

ASA HULL.

GEO. C. HUGO.



1. Walk in the light the Lord hath giv'n To guide thy steps a - right; His
 2. Walk in the light of gos-pel truth That shines from God's own word; A
 3. Walk in the light, tho' shadows dark, Like spec-tres, cross thy way; Dark-
 Walk in the light, and thou shalt know The love of God to thee; The



CHORUS.



Ho - ly Spir-it, sent from heav'n, Can cheer the dark-est night. Walk... in the
 light to guide in ear-ly youth The faith-ful of the Lord.
 ness will flee be-fore the light Of God's e - ter - nal day.
 fel - low-ship so sweet be-low. In heav'n will sweeter be. Walk in the light, in the



light, Walk in the light;
 beau-ti - ful light of God, Walk in the light, in the beau-ti - ful light of God;



Walk... in the light, Walk in the light, the light of God.
 Walk in the light, in the beau-ti - ful light of God,



No. 56.

Love Everlasting.

E. E. HEWITT.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Love, that o - pens heav'n to me, At my Sav-ior's cross I see;
 2. I will tell it to His praise, He is with me "all the days;"
 3. Ho ly Spir it, by Thy pow'r Keep me trust-ing ev -'ry hour,
 4. In His im - age may I grow, In His foot-prints on-ward go,

Roy - al mer - cy He be - stows Where the pre - cious fountain flows.
 On His might - y arm I lean, Thro' life's ev - er - changing scene.
 Come with - in me, and a - bide, Gift of Je - sus glo - ri - fied.
 Till the shad - ows all are past, Till the morn - ing breaks at last.

CHORUS.

Love, love, Love that o - pens heav'n to me!
 Love, such love! won drous love!

Love, love, Ev - er - last - ing, full and free!
 Love, such love! bless - ed love!

No. 57.

Thou Fillest Me.

Rev. JOSHUA GILL.

M. F. GILL.

1. Je - sus, Thou art full of bless - ing, Full of grace and truth I see;
 2. Lord, I have re - ceived the bless - ing From Thy heart of love so free;
 3. Ho - ly Fa - ther, God of glo - ry, Full of mer - cy, like a sea;
 4. Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Spir - it, Glad I am Thy child to be;

Send just now my soul re - fresh - ing, Send Thy bless - ing now on me.
 Still I come, my need con - fess - ing, Pour Thy full - ness now on me.
 Help me now to tell the sto - ry, How Thou fill - est e - ven me.
 Glad to prove Thy sav - ing mer - it, Glad it reach - es e - ven me.

Now	on me,	now	on me,	Send Thy	bless - ing
Now	on me,	now	on me,	Pour Thy	full - ness
E -	ven me,	e -	ven me,	How Thou	fill - est
E -	ven me,	e -	ven me,	Glad it	reach - es
Send now	on me,	send now	on me,		
Pour now	on me,	pour now	on me,		
Fills e -	ven me,	fills e -	ven me,		
Reach - es	to me,	reach - es	to me,		

now	on me,	Send	Thy	bless - ing	now	on me.
now	on me,	Pour	Thy	full - ness	now	on me.
e -	ven me,	How	Thou	fill - est	e -	ven me.
e -	ven me,	Glad	it	reach - es	e -	ven me.

No. 58.

He Is Mine, I Am His,

GRACE ELIZABETH COBB.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL,

1. Bless-ed Lil - y of the Val - ley, oh, how fair is He! He is
 2. Let me sing of all His mer - cies, of His kind - ness true, He is
 3. Tho' He lead me thro' the val - ley of the shade of death, He is

mine, I am His; Sweet-er than the an - gels' mu - sic is His
 mine, I am His; Fresh at morn, and in the evening, comes a
 mine, I am His; Should I fear, when oh, so ten - der - ly He

D. S.—Sweet-er than the an - gels' mu - sic is His
 FINE.

voice to me, He is mine, I am His. Where the lil - ies fair are
 bless - ing new, He is mine, I am His. With the deep'n'g shadows
 whis - per - eth, He is mine, I am His? For the sun - shine of His

voice to me, He is mine, I am His.

blooming by the wa - ters calm, There He leads me, and up - holds me by His
 comes a whisper, 'Safe - ly rest! Sleep in peace, for I am near thee, naught shall
 pres - ence doth il - lume the night, And He leads me thro' the val - ley to the

strong right arm; All the air is love a - round me, I can feel no harm,
 thee mo - lest; I will lin - ger till the morn - ing, Keep - er, Friend, and Guest,
 moun - tain height; Out of bond - age in - to free - dom, in - to cloud - less light,

He Is Mine, I Am His.

CHORUS.

He is mine, I am His. Lil - - y of the Val - ley,
 He is mine, Bless - ed Lil - y of the Val - ley,

He is mine! Lil - - y of the Val - ley, I am His!
 Hal - le - lu - jah, He is mine! Bless - ed Lil - y of the Val - ley,

D. S.

No. 59.

I Will Arise.

J. HART.

American Spiritual.

1. Come, ye sin - ners, poor and need - y, Weak and wounded, sick and sore;
2. Now, ye need - y, come and wel - come; God's free boun - ty glo - ri - fy;
3. Let not conscience make you lin - ger, Nor of fit - ness fond - ly dream;
4. Come, ye wea - ry, heav - y - la - den, Bruised and mangled by the fall;

CHO.—I - will a - rise and go to Je - sus, He will embrace me in His arms;

Je - sus read - y stands to save you, Full of pit - y, love, and pow'r.
 True be - lief and true re - pent - ance, Ev - 'ry grace that brings you nigh.
 All the fit - ness He re - quir - eth Is to feel your need of Him.
 If you tar - ry till you're bet - ter, You will nev - er come at all.

D. C. for Chorus.

In the arms of my dear Sav - ior, Oh, there are ten thousand charms.

No. 60.

I Shall Be Like Him.

W. A. S.

Rev. W. A. SPENCER, D. D.

1. When I shall reach the more ex-cel-lent glo-ry, And all my tri-als are passed,
 2. We shall not wait till the glo-ri-ous dawning Breaks on the vi-sion so fair,
 3. More and more like Him, repeat the blest story, O-ver and o-ver a-gain,

I shall be-hold Him, O won-der-ful sto-ry! I shall be like Him at last.
 Now we may wel-come the heav-en-ly morning, Now we His im-age may bear.
 Changed by His Spir-it from glo-ry to glo-ry, I shall be sät-is-fied then.

CHORUS.

I shall be like Him, I shall be like Him, And in His beau-ty shall shine,

I shall be like Him, wondrously like Him, Je-sus, my Sav-ior di-vine.

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No. 61. The Mercy-seat.

- 1 From every stormy wind that blows,
 From every swelling tide of woes,
 There is a calm, a sure retreat:
 'Tis found beneath the mercy-seat.
- 2 There is a place where Jesus sheds
 The oil of gladness on our heads;
 A place than all besides more sweet:
 It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.

- 3 There is a scene where spirits blend,
 Where friend holds fellowship with friend:
 Though sundered far, by faith they meet
 Around one common mercy-seat.
- 4 Ah! whither could we flee for aid,
 When tempted, desolate, dismayed;
 Or how the hosts of hell defeat,
 Had suffering saints no mercy-seat?
- 5 There, there on eagle wings we soar,
 And sin and sense molest no more;
 And heaven comes down our souls to greet,
 While glory crowns the mercy-seat.

HUGH STOWELL.

No. 62.

A Charge to Keep I Have.

CHAS. WESLEY.

LOWELL MASON.

1. A charge to keep I have, A God to glo - ri - fy;
 2. To serve the pres - ent age, My call - ing to ful - fill,—
 3. Arm me with jeal - ous care, As in Thy sight to live;
 4. Help me to watch and pray, And on Thy - self re - ly,

A nev - er - dy - ing soul to save, And fit it for the sky.
 O may it all my pow'rs en - gage To do my Mas - ter's will.
 And oh, Thy serv - ant, Lord, pre - pare, A strict ac - count to give.
 As - sured if I my trust be - tray, I shall for - ev - er die.

No. 63. The Cross Accepted.

- 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 every fond ambition,
 All I've sought, and hoped, and known;
 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 man, untrue;
 And, while Thou shalt smile upon me,
 God of wisdom, love, and might,
 Foes may hate, and friends may shun me;
 Show Thy face, and all is bright.
- 3 Go, then, earthly fame and treasure!
 Come, disaster, scorn, and pain!
 In Thy service, pain is pleasure;
 With Thy favor, loss is gain.
 I have called Thee, "Abba, Father;"
 I have stayed my heart on Thee:

Storms may howl, and clouds may gather
 All must work for good to me.

- 4 Man may trouble and distress me,
 'Twill but drive me to Thy breast;
 Life with trials hard may press me,
 Heaven will bring me sweeter rest.
 Oh, 'tis not in grief to harm me,
 While Thy love is left to me;
 Oh, 'twere not in joy to charm me,
 Were that joy unmixed with Thee.
- 5 Know, my soul, thy full salvation,
 Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care;
 Joy to find in every station
 Something still to do or bear.
 Think what Spirit dwells within thee;
 What a Father's smile is thine;
 What a Savior died to win thee:
 Child of heaven, shouldst thou repine?
- 6 Haste thee on from grace to glory,
 Armed by faith, and winged by prayer;
 Heaven's eternal day's before thee,
 God's own hand shall guide thee there
 Soon shall close thy earthly mission,
 Swift shall pass thy pilgrim days,
 Hope shall change to glad fruition,
 Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

HENRY F. LYTE.

No. 64.

The Precious Blood.

Words, except 1st verse, by
Rev. W. McDONALD.

Music and Chorus by
Rev. J. H. STOCKTON.

1. The cross! the cross! the blood-stained cross! The hallowed cross I see! Re-mind-ing
 2. A thousand thousand fountains spring Up from the throne of God; But none to
 3. That priceless blood my ran-som paid, While I in bond-age stood; On Je-sus
 4. By faith that blood now sweeps a-way My sins, as like a flood; Nor lets one
 5. This wondrous theme will best em-ploy My harp be-fore my God, And make all

CHORUS.

me of precious blood That once was shed for me.
 me such blessings bring As Jesus' precious blood.
 all my sins were laid, He saved me with His blood. } Oh, the blood, the precious blood,
 guilt-y blemish stay: All praise to Jesus' blood.
 heav'n resound with joy, For Jesus' cleansing blood.

That Je-sus shed for me, Up-on the cross, in crimson flood, Just now by faith I see.

No. 65. A Stranger at the Door.

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

REFRAIN:—

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

2 O lovely attitude—He stands
 With melting heart and loaded hands;

O matchless kindness—and He shows
 This matchless kindness to His foes.

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

4 Rise, touched with gratitude divine;
 Turn out His enemy and thine:
 That soul-destroying monster—sin,
 And let the heavenly Stranger in.

5 Admit Him, ere His anger burn—
 His feet, departed, ne'er return;
 Admit Him, or the hour's at hand,
 You'll at His door rejected stand.

No. 66.

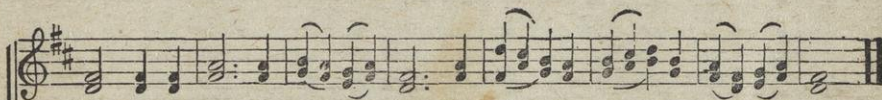
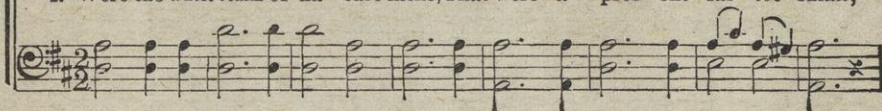
When I Survey.

ISAAC WATTS.

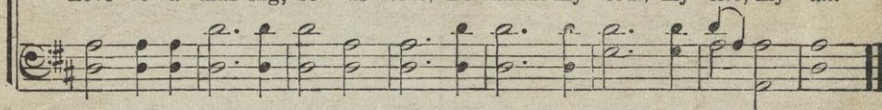
ISAAC BAKER WOODBURY.



1. When I sur-vey the wondrous cross, On which the Prince of glo-ry died,
2. For - bid it, Lord, that I should boast, Save in the death of Christ, my God;
3. See, from His head, His hands, His feet, Sor - row and love flow min-gled down;
4. Were the whole realm of na - ture mine, That were a pres - ent far too small;



My rich-est gain I count but loss, And pour con - tempt on all my pride.
 All the vain things that charm me most, I sac - ri - fice them to His blood.
 Did e'er such love and sor - row meet, Or thorns com - pose so rich a crown?
 Love so a - maz - ing, so di - vine, De - mands my soul, my life, my all.

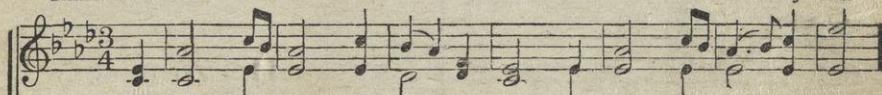


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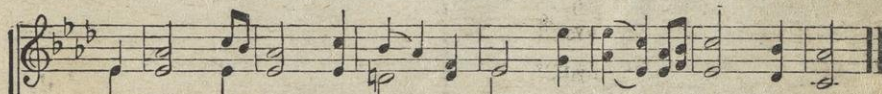
Godly Sorrow at the Cross.

ISAAC WATTS.

STEPHEN JENKS.



1. A - las! and did my Sav - ior bleed? And did my Sov-'reign die?
2. Was it for crimes that I have done, He groaned up - on the tree?
3. Well might the sun in dark-ness hide, And shut His glo - ries in.
4. Thus might I hide my blush - ing face While His dear cross ap - pears;
5. 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!
 When Christ, the might - y Mak - er, died, For man, the crea - ture's sin.
 Dis - solve my heart in thank - ful - ness, And melt mine eyes to tears.
 Here, Lord, I give my - self a - way, 'Tis all that I can do.



No. 68.

The Heavenly Home.

WILLIAM HUNTER.

Arr. by Rev. WILLIAM McDONALD.

1. { My heav'nly home is bright and fair: Nor pain nor death can en-ter there; }
 { Its glitt'ring tow'rs the sun out-shine; That heav'nly man-sion shall be mine. }

{ 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,
Far, far above the starry sky;
When from this earthly prison free,
That heavenly mansion mine shall be.
- 3 While here, a stranger far from home,
Affliction's waves may round me foam;
Although, like Lazarus, sick and poor,
My heavenly mansion is secure.
- 4 Let others seek a home below,
Which flames devour, or waves o'erflow,
Be mine the happier lot to own
A heavenly mansion near the throne.
- 5 Then fail the earth, let stars decline,
And sun and moon refuse to shine,
All nature sink and cease to be,
That heavenly mansion stands for me.

- Say, if in your tents my Beloved has been,
And where with His flocks He is gone.
- 5 He looks! and ten thousands of angels re-
joice,
And myriads wait for His word;
He speaks! and eternity, filled with His
voice,
Re-echoes the praise of the Lord.
- 6 Dear Shepherd, I hear, and will follow
Thy call;
I know the sweet sound of Thy voice;
Restore and defend me, for Thou art my all,
And in Thee I will ever rejoice.

JOSEPH SWAIN.

No. 69. My Beloved.

- 1 O Thou, in whose presence my soul takes
delight,
On whom in affliction I call.
My comfort by day, and my song in the
night,
My hope, my salvation, my all!
- 2 Where dost Thou, dear Shepherd, resort
with Thy sheep,
To feed them in pastures of love?
Say, why in the valley of death should I weep,
Or alone in this wilderness rove?
- 3 Oh, why should I wander an alien from
Thee,
Or cry in the desert for bread?
Thy foes will rejoice when my sorrows
they see,
And smile at the tears I have shed.
- 4 Ye daughters of Zion, declare, have you seen
The star that on Israel shone?

No. 70. Rest for the Weary.

- 1 Come unto me, when shadows darkly
gather,
When the sad heart is weary and dis-
tressed,
Seeking for comfort from your heavenly
Father,
Come unto me, and I will give you rest.
- 2 Large are the mansions in thy Father's
dwelling,
Glad are the homes that sorrows never
dim;
Sweet are the harps in holy music swelling,
Soft are the tones which raise the heav-
enly hymn.
- 3 There, like an Eden blossoming in glad-
ness,
Bloom the fair flowers the earth too
rudely pressed;
Come unto me, all ye who droop in sadness,
Come unto me, and I will give you rest.

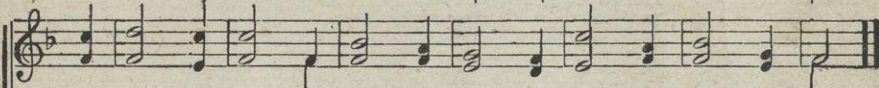
No. 71. Sin Kills Beyond the Tomb.

JOSEPH HART.

Welsh Air. AARON WILLIAMS.



1. Vain man, thy fond pur-suits for-bear; Re-pent, thine end is nigh;
2. Re-flect, thou hast a soul to save; Thy sins, how high they mount!
3. Death en-ters, and there's no de-fense; His time there's none can tell;
4. Thy flesh, per-haps thy great-est care, Shall in-to dust con-sume;



Death, at the far-thest, can't be far: O think be-fore thou die.
 What are thy hopes be-yond the grave? How stands that dark ac-count?
 He'll in a mo-ment call thee hence, To heav'n, or down to hell.
 But, ah! de-struc-tion stops not there; Sin kills be-yond the tomb



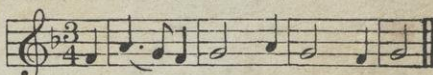
No. 72. Our Paschal Lamb.



- 1 Hail, Thou once despised Jesus!
 Hail, Thou Galilean King!
 Thou didst suffer to release us;
 Thou didst free salvation bring.
 Hail, Thou agonizing Savior,
 Bearer of our sin and shame!
 By Thy merits we find favor;
 Life is given through Thy name.
- 2 Paschal Lamb, by God appointed,
 All our sins on Thee were laid:
 By almighty love anointed,
 Thou hast full atonement made.
 All Thy people are forgiven,
 Through the virtue of Thy blood;
 Opened is the gate of heaven;
 Peace is made 'twixt man and God.
- 3 Jesus, hail! enthroned in glory,
 There forever to abide:
 All the heavenly hosts adore Thee,
 Seated at Thy Father's side:
 There for sinners Thou art pleading;
 There Thou dost our place prepare:
 Ever for us interceding,
 Till in glory we appear.
- 4 Worship, honor, power, and blessing,
 Thou art worthy to receive;
 Loudest praises, without ceasing,
 Meet it is for us to give.
 Help, ye bright angelic spirits;
 Bring your sweetest, noblest lays;
 Help to sing our Savior's merits;
 Help to chant Immanuel's praise!

JOHN BAKEWELL.

No. 73. Alive in Christ.



- 1 And can it be that I should gain
 An interest in the Savior's blood?
 Died He for me, who caused His pain?
 For me, who Him to death pursued?
 Amazing love! how can it be
 That Thou, my Lord, shouldst die for me?
- 2 'Tis mystery all! the Immortal dies!
 Who can explore His strange design?
 In vain the first-born seraph tries
 To sound the depths of love divine;
 'Tis mercy all! let earth adore:
 Let angel minds inquire no more.
- 3 He left His Father's throne above—
 So free, so infinite His grace!—
 Emptied Himself of all but love,
 And bled for Adam's helpless race:
 'Tis mercy all, immense and free,
 For, O my God, it found out me!
- 4 Long my imprisoned spirit lay,
 Fast bound in sin and nature's night;
 Thine eye diffused a quickening ray.
 I woke, the dungeon flamed with light,
 My chains fell off, my heart was free,
 I rose, went forth, and followed Thee.
- 5 No condemnation now I dread,
 Jesus, with all in Him, is mine;
 Alive in Him, my living Head,
 And clothed in righteousness divine.
 Bold I approach the eternal throne,
 And claim the crown, through Christ, my

OWN.

CHARLES WESLEY.

No. 74.

The Redeemed in Heaven.

MARY L. DUNCAN.

FREDERICK MARC ANTOINE VENUA.

1. Lo, round the throne, a glo - rious band, The saints in count - less
 2. Thro' trib - u - la - tion great they came; They bore the cross, de -
 3. They see the Sav - ior face to face; They sing the tri - umph
 4. O may we tread the sa - cred road That ho - ly saints and

myr - iads stand; Of ev - 'ry tongue re - deemed to God, Ar - rayed in
 spised the shame; But now from all their la - bors rest, In God's e -
 of His grace; And day and night, with cease - less praise, To Him their
 mar - tyrs trod; Wage to the end the glo - rious strife, And win, like

gar - ments washed in blood; Ar - rayed in gar - ments washed in blood.
 ter - nal glo - ry blest; In God's e - ter - nal glo - ry blest.
 loud ho - san - nas raise; To Him their loud ho - san - nas raise.
 them, a crown of life! And win, like them, a crown of life!

No. 75. Humility and Contrition.

- 1 Jesus, let Thy pitying eye
 Call back a wandering sheep;
 False to Thee, like Peter, I
 Would fain, like Peter, weep.
 Let me be by grace restored;
 On me be all long - suffering shown;
 Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
 And break my heart of stone.
- 2 Savior, Prince, enthroned above,
 Repentance to impart,
 Give me, through Thy dying love,
 The humble, contrite heart;
 Give what I have long implored,
 A portion of Thy grief unknown;

Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
 And break my heart of stone.

- 3 See me, Savior, from above,
 Nor suffer me to die;
 Life, and happiness, and love
 Drop from Thy gracious eye:
 Speak the reconciling word,
 And let Thy mercy melt me down;
 Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
 And break my heart of stone.
- 4 Look, as when Thy languid eye
 Was closed that we might live;
 "Father," at the point to die
 My Savior prayed, "Forgive!"
 Surely, with that dying word,
 He turns, and looks, and cries, "Tis done!"
 O my bleeding, loving Lord,
 Thou break st my heart of stone!

CHARLES WESLEY.

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