


1900

# Gospel Praise: A Collection Of New and Old Hymns and Tunes For All Occasion Of Christian Work and Worship

A. J. Showalter

E. G. Sewell

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# GOSPEL

# PRAYER

Edited By  
J. H. Walter  
G. Jensen

GOSPEL ADVOCATE PUBLISHING CO.  
232 N. MARKET ST., NASHVILLE, TENN.

# GOSPEL PRAISE

3/3 223 218

A COLLECTION OF

NEW AND OLD HYMNS AND TUNES

FOR ALL OCCASIONS OF

Christian Work and Worship

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EDITED BY

A. J. SHOWALTER AND E. G. SEWELL

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NASHVILLE, TENN.

GOSPEL ADVOCATE PUBLISHING COMPANY

1900

208

## PREFACE.

The selection and preparation of a song book for those that want to sing with the spirit and with the understanding, to sing songs the sentiment of which shall be in harmony with the word of God, is a work of supreme importance. It is easy to gather up enough of songs and music to make a book; but to get up a book that will suit the taste of this age, and at the same time be in harmony with the teaching of the word of God in the sentiment of its songs, is an undertaking that demands much thought and earnest care.

We have sought, in this work, to present a book suitable for members of the church to sing in worshiping assemblies, in protracted meetings, in the Lord's day school, in the family—anywhere, in fact, that people want to sing songs that will not in any wise conflict with the pure teaching of the Lord's word. This age especially needs a book that shall be sound in sentiment, so as to voice the principles taught in the Holy Scriptures. The people want many good old songs that they have heard and loved from their childhood. They also want, and should have, a number of good, new songs that they have not seen in other books; and we have tried to present in this collection that which will gratify these desires. Of course we do not expect to please every one, but we do hope to please such as love good songs, with sound scriptural sentiment, and who wish to enjoy the pleasant and soul-refreshing service of song. We have striven to present songs of praise, of exhortation, of instruction, of edification, of rejoicing, and of admonition, and fondly hope many will find it what the proprietors have tried to produce, and that which will satisfy and rejoice and elevate many hearts.

PUBLISHERS.



# Gospel Praise.



OPENING.

## No. 1. IN THY NAME, O LORD! ASSEMBLING.

THOS. KELLY.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. In Thy name, O Lord! as-sembling, We, Thy peo - ple, now draw near ;  
2. While our days on earth are lengthen'd, May we give them, Lord, to Thee ;  
3. There, in wor-ship pur - er, sweet er, Thee Thy peo - ple shall a - dore ;

Teach us to re-joice with trembling ; Speak, and let Thy servants hear, —  
Cheered by hope, and dai - ly strengthened, May we run, nor wea - ry be,,  
Tast - ing of en - joy - ment great - er Than we could con - ceive be - fore ;

Hear with meekness, hear with meekness, — Hear Thy word with god - ly fear.  
Till Thy glo ry, till Thy glo - ry, Without clouds in heav'n we see.  
Full en - joyment, full en - joyment, Full, unmixed, and ev - er - more.

No. 2.

HIS LOVING KINDNESS.

SAMUEL MEDLEY.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. A - wake, my soul, in joyful lays, And sing the great Redeemer's praise ;  
 2. He saw me ru - ined in the fall, Yet loved me not withstanding all ;  
 3. Tho' num'rous hosts of might-y foes, Tho' earth and hell my way oppose,  
 4. When trouble, like a gloomy cloud, Has gather' d thick and thunder' d loud,

He just - ly claims a song from thee. His lov - ing-kindness, O how free !  
 He saved me from my lost es - tate, His lov - ing-kindness, O how great !  
 He safe - ly leads my soul a - long, His lov - ing-kindness, O how strong !  
 He near my soul has always stood, His lov - ing-kindness, O how good !

O how free, O how free, His lov - ing-kindness, O how free ;  
 O how great, O how great, His lov - ing-kindness, O how great ;  
 O how strong, O how strong, His lov - ing-kindness, O how strong ;  
 O how good, O how good, His lov - ing-kindness, O how good ;

He justly claims a song from thee, His loving-kindness, O how free! (how free!)  
 He saved me from my lost estate, His loving-kindness, O how great! (how great!)  
 He safely leads my soul along, His loving-kindness, O how strong! (how strong!)  
 He near my soul has always stood, His loving-kindness, O how good! (how good!)

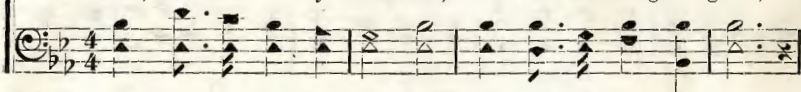
## No. 3. COME TO THE PLACE OF WORSHIP. 7, 6, D.

F. S. S.

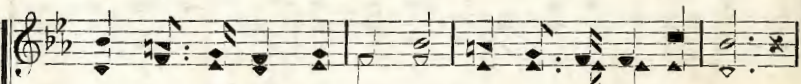
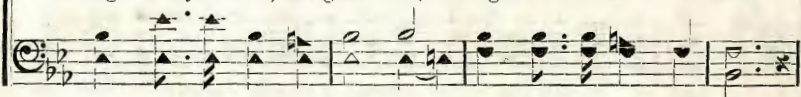
F. S. SHEPARD.



1. Come to the place of wor-ship, Come to the house of prayer;
2. Strength comes from close commun-ion With our most gra-cious Lord,
3. Come, for thro' ver-y weak-ness, Prom-ise of strength is given,



Come and the bless-ed Sav-iour Sure-ly will meet you there.  
 And when we seek the Sav-iour, He doth our faith re-ward.  
 Strength not your own, but great-er, Strength of the Lord of heaven.



Come with your joys and sor-rows, Come with your load of care;  
 Come then with bold as-sur-ance Un-to our bless-ed King;  
 Why then de-lay or fal-ter? He is a lov-ing Friend



Je-sus is sym-pa-thiz-ing, He will your bur-dens bear.  
 Free-ly His grace He giv-eth, Seek Him in ev-'ry thing.  
 That thro' life's cares will guide you Safe-ly un-to the end.





# No. 4. HIS NAME IS JESUS.

ELISHA A HOFFMAN.

J. D. PATTON.

1. We meet to-day to mag-ni-fy The precious name of Je-sus,  
 2. The name of Je-sus we a-dore, The precious name of Je-sus,  
 3. O laud it to the skies a-bove, The precious name of Je-sus,

To hon-or and to glo-ri-fy The ho-ly name of Je-sus;  
 And dai-ly love it more and more, The ho-ly name of Je-sus;  
 O whis-per it in ten-der love, The ho-ly name of Je-sus;

There is no oth-er name so sweet, No name in earth or heav-en  
 It fills the heart with boundless joy, And ban-ish-es all sad-ness,  
 Through this dear name we have to-day, The joy of sin for-giv-en,

As the dear name our lips re-peat, The name to Je-sus giv-en.  
 And brings a peace with-out al-loy, And thrills the soul with glad-ness.  
 And go re-joic-ing on our way, To yon sweet home in heav-en.

REFRAIN.

His name is Je-sus, And He is a loving friend and Saviour;  
 His name, His blessed name is Je-sus,



HIS NAME IS JESUS.—Concluded.

His name is Je - sus, And I long each day to have His fa - vor.  
His name, His blessed name is Je - sus.

No. 5.

LYONS. 10, 11.

CHARLES WESLEY.

FRANCIS JOSEPH HAYDN.

1. Ye serv-ants of God, your Mas-ter pro-claim, And pub-lish a-
2. God rul-eth on high, al-might-y to save; And still He is
3. "Sal-va-tion to God who sits on the throne," Let all cry a-
4. Then let us a-dore, and give Him His right, All glo-ry and

broad His won-der-ful name; The name all vic-tor-ious of  
nigh, His pres-ence we have; The great con-gre-ga-tion His  
loud, and hon-or the Son; The prais-es of Je-sus the  
pow'r, and wis-dom and might; All hon-or and bless-ing, with

Je-sus ex-tol; His king-dom is glo-ri-ous, and rules o-ver all.  
triumph shall sing, As-crib-ing sal-va-tion to Je-sus our King.  
an-gels pro-claim, Fall down on their fac-es, and wor-ship the Lamb.  
an-gels a-bove, And thanks nev-er ceas-ing, and in-fi-nite love.

No. 6.

OUR THANKFUL SONGS.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. Our hearts with joy are bound - ing, While once a - gain we come,  
 2. How sweet the gold - en mo - ments, Of earn - est pray' r and praise,  
 3. O, Sav - iour, keep us faith - ful, While here on earth we stay,

To meet our bless - ed Sav - iour, With - in our Lord's day home.  
 To Him whose lov - ing kind - ness, Has fol - lowed all our days.  
 And lead our youth - ful foot - steps, To realms of end - less day.

REFRAIN.

Our hearts with joy are bound - ing, Our thank - ful songs a - rise,

On an - gel pin - ions waft - ed, Like in - cense, to the skies.

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No. 7.

BEGIN THE DAY WITH GOD. S. M.

Anon.

A. J. S., by per.

1. Be - gin the day with God! He is the sun and day;  
 2. Take thy first walk with God! Let Him go forth with thee;  
 3. Thy first trans - ac - tion be With God Him - self a - bove;

**BEGIN THE DAY WITH GOD.—Concluded.**

He is the ra-diance of the dawn; To Him address thy lay.  
 By stream, or sea, or moun-tain-path, Seek still His com - pa - ny.  
 So shall thy busi-ness pros-per well, And all thy day be love.

**No. 8. WE COME WITH SONG.**

JENNIE WILSON.

JNO. R. BRYANT.

1. We come to - day with songs of cheer, To tell of Christ our Saviour dear,
2. We sing to - day of boundless love, That of - fers last - ing life a - bove,
3. We sing of blessed faith and peace, Which bring from strife and doubt release,
4. We sing of one great Name of names, Which highest praise and honor claims,

Who came from heaven long a - go, That sin - ful men His grace might know.  
 In man - sions of the Fa - ther's home, When who - so - ev - er will may come.  
 And bid our souls find per - fect rest, While leaning on the Saviour's breast.  
 The name of Christ all earth shall own, And humbly bow be - fore His throne.

REFRAIN.

We come, we come with hap - py songs, Of Him to whom all praise be - longs,

The Ho - ly One whom saints a - dore, And glo - ri - fy for - ev - er - more.



# No. 9. O HOLY, HOLY LORD.

W. M. JESSIE WILSON.

A. J. SHOWALTER, by per.

1. O ho - ly, ho - ly Lord, Thou God whom we adore, We rev - erence Thy  
 2. Ye peo - ple of the Lord, Whose service we en - joy, Draw near to Him with  
 3. Ex - tol the name of God, His wondrous love proclaim, And tell to all the  
 4. Let glad ho - san - nas ring Thro' - out God's vast domain, And all cre - a - tion

sacred word, Thy sov' reign aid implore ; Let ev' ry heart be filled with fear,  
 sweet accord, Your souls' best pow' rs employ ; In song, in pray' r, in earnest praise,  
 world abroad, The honors of His name ; Let grateful homage fill your hearts,  
 loud - ly sing In one ex - ultant strain—O ho - ly, ho - ly, blessed Lord,

And all our worship be sincere, And all our wor - ship be sincere.  
 To heav' n your sweetest voices raise, To heav' n your sweet - est voic - es raise.  
 While God His gracious love imparts, While God His gra - cious love imparts.  
 Thy name be honored and ador' d, Thy name be hon - ored and adored.

# No. 10. ARIEL. C. P. M.

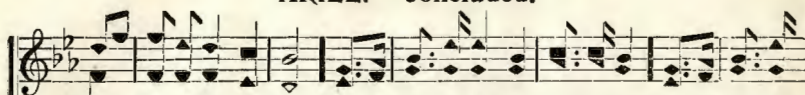
SAMUEL MEDLEY.

ARR. FROM MOZART, BY DR. L. MASON.

1. O could I speak the matchless worth, O could I sound the glories forth,  
 2. I'd sing the char - ac - ters He bears, And all the forms of love He wears,  
 3. Well—the de - light - ful day will come, When my dear Lord will bring me home,



ARIEL.—Concluded.



Which in my Saviour shine ! I'd soar and touch the heav'nly strings, And vie with  
Ex - alted on His throne, In loftiest songs of sweetest praise, I would to  
And I shall see His face ; Then with my Saviour, Brother, Friend, A blest e -



Gabriel while he sings In notes almost di - vine, In notes al most divine.  
ev - er - lasting days Make all His glories known, Make all His glories known.  
ter-ni - ty I'll spend, Triumphant in His grace, Triumphant in His grace.

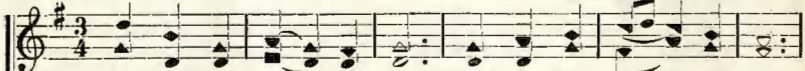


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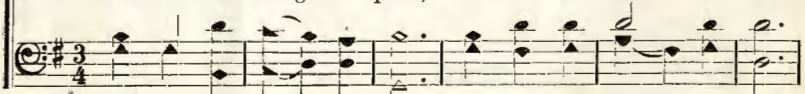
WORTHY THE LAMB.

JAMES ALLEN.

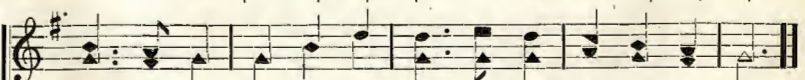
FELICE GIARDINI.



1. Glo - ry to God on high ! Let heav'n and earth re - ply,  
2. Join, all ye ran - somed race, Our Lord and God to bless ;  
3. Soon must we change our place, Yet will we nev - er cease



"Praise ye His name!" His love and grace a - dore, Who all our  
Praise ye His name! In Him we will re - joice, And make a  
Prais - ing His name; To Him our songs we bring; Hail Him our



sor - rows bore; Sing loud for ev - ermore, "Wor - thy the Lamb!"  
joy - ful noise, Shouting with heart and voice, "Wor - thy the Lamb!"  
gra - cious King; And, thro' all a - ges sing, "Wor - thy the Lamb!"



## No. 12.

## FATHER, BLESS US.

M. C.

MENZIES CUMMING.

1. Fa - ther, bless us as we part, Bless each warm and  
 2. 'Mid the shades of si - lent night, Keep us ev - er  
 3. Shield us from the tempt - er's power, Save us in the

trust - ing heart; Bless us, Lord, thro' life with love  
 in Thy sight; In the field, or in the street  
 tri - al hour; When in death we sink to rest

Till we dwell with Thee a - bove, Till we dwell with Thee a - bove.  
 Ev - er near "the mer - cy-seat," Ev - er near "the mer - cy-seat."  
 May our pil - low be Thy breast, May our pil - low be Thy breast.

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## No. 13.

## PILOT. 7. 61.

EDWARD HOPPER.

J. E. GOULD.

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

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

## PILOT.—Concluded.

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

## No. 14.

## EVENTIDE.

HENRY F. LYTE.

WILLIAM HENRY MONK.

1. A - bide with me; fast falls the e - ven - tide; The dark - ness
2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day; Earth's joys grow
3. I need Thy pres - ence ev - 'ry pass - ing hour; What but Thy
4. I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless; Ills have no
5. Hold Thou Thy cross be - fore my clos - ing eyes; Shine thro' the

deep - ens; Lord, with me a - bide; When oth - er help - ers  
 dim, its glo - ries pass a - way; Change and de - cay in  
 grace can foil the tempt - er's power? Who like Thy - self my  
 weight, and tears no bit - ter - ness; Where is death's sting? where,  
 gloom and point me to the skies; Heaven's morning breaks, and

fail, and com - forts flee, Help of the help - less, O a - bide with me.  
 all a - round I see; O Thou who changest not, a - bide with me.  
 guide and strength can be? Thro' cloud and sunshine, O a - bide with me.  
 grave, thy vic - to - ry? I triumph still, if Thou a - bide with me.  
 earth's vain shadows flee; In life, in death, O Lord, a - bide with me.



## No. 15.

## I'M NEARER MY HOME.

Miss PHOEBE CAREY.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. One sweet - ly sol - emn thought, Comes to me  
 2. I'm near - er my Fa - ther's house, Where the ma - ny  
 3. I'm near - er the bound of life, Where we lay our  
 4. O Fa - ther, per - fect my trust, Sup - port my

o'er and o'er, I'm near - er my home to - day, Than  
 man - sions be, I'm near - er the great white throne, I'm  
 bur - dens down, And near - er the time to leave The  
 fee - ble frame, O keep me be - neath thy care, My

## REFRAIN.

ev - er I've been be - fore. I'm near - - er my  
 near - er the Jas - per sea. }  
 cross and wear the crown. }  
 trem - bling hopes sus - tain. } I'm near - er my home,

home, . . . . My beau - - ti - ful home, . . . I'm  
 near - er my home, My beau - ti - ful home, beau - ti - ful home,

near - er my home in Heav'n to - day, Than ev - er I've been be - fore.



## No. 16.

## GOD BE WITH YOU.

"The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you."—Rom. 14 : 20.

J. E. RANKIN.

W. G. TOMER.

1. God be with you till we meet a-gain, By His counsels guide uphold you,  
 2. God be with you till we meet a-gain, 'Neath His wings protecting hide you,  
 3. God be with you till we meet a-gain, When life's perils thick confound you,  
 4. God be with you till we meet a-gain, Keep love's banner flouting o'er you,

With His sheep secure-ly fold you, God be with you till we meet a gain.  
 Dai - ly man-na still di - vide you, God be with you till we meet a-gain.  
 Put His arms un-fail-ing round you, God be with you till we meet a-gain.  
 Smite death's threat'ning wave before you, God be with you till we meet a-gain.

## REFRAIN.

Till we meet, till we meet, till we meet, Till we meet,  
 Till we meet, till we meet, till we meet, Till we meet

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

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

## No. 17.

## LORD'S DAY WORSHIP.

P. H.

J. H. F.

*Moderato.*

1. Oft as re - turns . . . the ho - ly day, . . . The  
 2. The Lord is good, . . . His mer - cy shines . . . Thro'  
 3. Here, bless the Lord; . . . here, praise His name, . . . And  
 4. Lord, in Thy praise . . . shall more and more . . . Be

day of sa - cred rest, Thy house, O God, . . . Thy peo - ple  
 out all na - ture fair, His churches shall . . . with joy re -  
 here His triumphs sing; Here, ye His saints, . . . your hom - age  
 fixed our high - est love, Till with the blest . . . our songs shall

## REFRAIN.

throng, . . . With hearts di - vine - ly blest.  
 sound, . . . While we His works de - clare. } How beautiful His courts, How  
 pay, . . . And glo - ri - fy your King. }  
 fill . . . Thy tem - ple bright a - bove.

ex - cellent His truth, How mer - ci - ful and just His ways; All ye, His

saints, . . . to Zi - on haste . . . And swell the notes of praise.

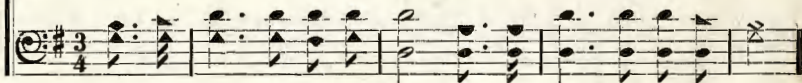
## No. 18. SAFELY THROUGH ANOTHER WEEK.

JOHN NEWTON.

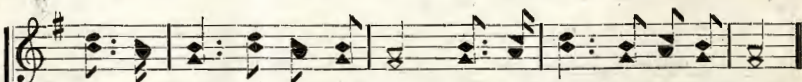
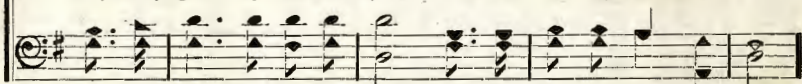
DR. LOWELL MASON.



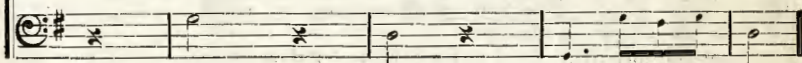
1. Safe - ly through an - oth - er week, God has brought us on our way ;
2. While we seek supplies of grace, Thro' the dear Redeemer's name,
3. Here we come Thy name to praise ; May we feel Thy presence near ;



Let us now a blessing seek, Wait - ing in His courts to - day :  
 Show Thy rec - on - cil - ed face, Take a - way our sin and shame ;  
 May Thy glo - ry meet our eyes, While we in Thy house ap - pear ;



Day of all the week the best, Em - ble - m of e - ter - nal rest ;  
 From our world - ly cares set free, May we rest this day in Thee ;  
 Here af - ford us, Lord, a taste Of our ev - er - last - ing feast ;



Day of all the week the best, Em - ble - m of e - ter - nal rest.  
 From our world - ly cares set free, May we rest this day in Thee.  
 Here af - ford us, Lord, a taste Of our ev - er - last - ing feast.





## No. 19.

## PRAISE TO JEHOVAH.

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. Praise to Je-ho-vah we are singing For His unchanging love and grace ;  
 2. Praise to Je-ho-vah we are singing, He has been ver-y good and kind ;  
 3. Praise to Je-ho-vah we are singing, Glad ly our voic-es we up-raise,  
 4. Praise to Je-ho-vah we are singing, His loving kindness we proclaim ;

Off' rings of song our lips are winging Heavenward from this sa-cred place.  
 He to His home the lost is bringing, He has our hearts to heav'n inclined.  
 Join with the songs of an-gels ringing, Off' ring our meed of love and praise.  
 Thanks from our grateful hearts are springing, Lauding His great and matchless name.

## REFRAIN.

Glo-ry to God 'for His kind fa-vor, Glory and praise for His warm love ;

Thanks for the gift of a lov-ing Saviour, Guiding our feet to heav'n above.

Thanks for the gift of a lov-ing Saviour, Guiding our feet to heav'n above.



No. 20.

SING TO JEHOVAH.

P. H.

J. H. F.

1. Sing to Je - ho - vah, sing ye with gladness, High - est in glo - ry,  
 2. We are His peo - ple, led by His coun - sel, Kept by His pow - er,  
 3. Ev - er we'll serve Him, Master - all bless - ed, Ev - er we'll trust Him,

An - cient of Days, Throng ye His tem - ples, bow ye be - fore Him,  
 blest in His ways, We are His chil - dren, heirs of His prom - ise,  
 God of all grace, Ev - er we'll love Him, Fa - ther all glo - rious,

REFRAIN.

Fill ye His courts with anthems of praise.  
 Sing then with gladness, sing ye His praise. } God the Cre - a - tor, God the up -  
 Ev - er to Him be glory and praise. }

hold - er, God the pro - vid - er, boundless in store, Ru - ling the

heav - ens, car - ing for mor - tals, Sing to Je - ho - vah praise ev - er - more.

## No. 21. COME WITH GLAD THANKSGIVING.

E. E. HEWITT.

EDWIN MOORE.

1. Come with glad thanks-giv - ing, come with joy - ful sing - ing,  
 2. For His roy - al boun - ty, let us ev - er ren - der,  
 3. Let us go re - joic - ing, trust - ing in our Sav - iour,

For the ten - der mer - cies of an - oth - er year; God, our heav'nly  
 True and faith - ful serv - ice thro' the com - ing days; He, our lov - ing  
 Ask - ing that His bless - ing glad - den all our way; Work - ing for His

Fa - ther, 'round our pathway fling - ing Gold - en beams of hope and cheer.  
 keep - er, He, our strong de - fend - er, Hap - py hal - le - lu - jahs raise.  
 king - dom, in His gracious fa - vor, Hap - py in His love each day.

## REFRAIN.

Come with glad thanksgiving, come with joy - ful sing - ing, For this sweet re -

un - ion, praise the Lord! Let our grateful voic - es thro' the tem - ple

COME WITH GLAD THANKSGIVING.—Concluded.

ring - ing, Lift a - new the joy - ful cho - rus, praise the Lord!

No. 22. LET THE NATIONS PRAISE HIM.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah! Praise the Lord with heart and voice;
2. At His tem - ple gates a - dore Him; Let His courts be filled with song,
3. O ye rap - tured saints a - dore Him, Gathered at His throne a - bove;

Now ex - alt - ed King of glo - ry, Let the world in Him re - joice.  
 Strength and hon - or, pow'r, do - min - ion. To the Son of God be - long.  
 Swell the an - them of re - demp - tion, Strike a - new your harps of love.

REFRAIN.

Praise Him, all ye nations, praise Him! Shout ho - san - na to the Lord our King;

Crown'd victorious, great and glorious, He is wor - thy of the praise we bring.



# No. 23. THE MUSIC OF THE SOUL.

GEO. RUNION.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. There's a song my heart is sing-ing, As I journey day by day ;  
 2. There's a song my heart is sing-ing, As I do my Master's will,  
 3. There's a song my heart is sing-ing, As I triumph o - ver sin,  
 4. There's a song my heart is sing-ing, And I cannot tell the joy,  
 As I jour - ney day by day ;

Thro' my soul the words are ring - ing, "I'll go with Thee all the way."  
 To my life true glad-ness bring-ing, As I hear His "Peace, be still."  
 While I to the cross am cling-ing, Hoping still the crown to win.  
 Je - sus to my soul is bring-ing, While His work my tho'ts employ.  
 "I'll go with thee all the way."

REFRAIN.

'Tis the mu-sic born of love. Precious gift from a - bove ;  
 'Tis the mu - sic born of love, Pre-cious gift from a - bove ;


Sing, my soul, in ec - sta - cy, Praise to Him who set you free.  
 Sing, my soul, in ec - sta - cy,

## No. 24.



## BLESSED BE THE NAME.

W. H. CLARK.


Arr. by WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



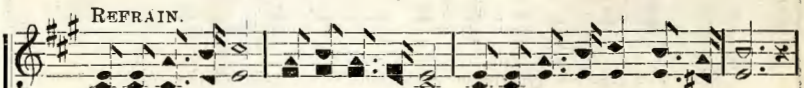
1. All praise to Him who reigns a - bove, In maj - es - ty su - preme;
2. His name a - bove all names shall stand, Ex - alt - ed more and more,
3. Re - deem - er, Sav - iour, Friend of man; Once ru - ined by the fall,
4. His name shall be the Coun - sel - or, The might - y Prince of peace,
5. The ran - somed hosts to Thee shall bring Their praise and homage meet;
6. Then shall we know as we are known, And in that world a - bove

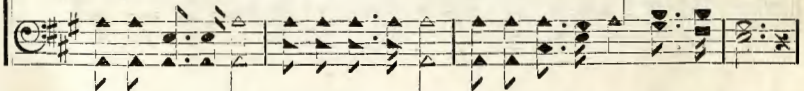
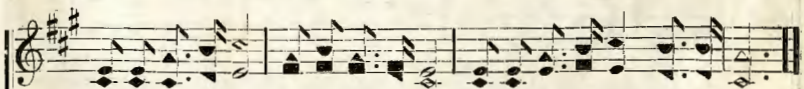
Who gave His Son for man to die, That He might man re - deem.  
 At God the Father's own right hand, Where an - gel hosts a - dore.  
 Thou hast de - vised sal - va - tion's plan, For Thou hast died for all.  
 Of all earth's kingdom, Conquer - or, Whose reign shall nev - er cease.  
 With rapturous awe a - dore their King, And wor - ship at His feet.  
 For - ev - er sing a - round the throne His ev - er - last - ing love.




REFRAIN.



Bless - ed be the name, blessed be the name, Blessed be the name of the Lord;

Bless - ed be the name, blessed be the name, Blessed be the name of the Lord.

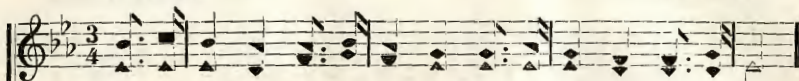


## No. 25.

## WE WILL PRAISE HIM.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

A. J. SHOWALTER.



1. In the house of ma - ny man - sions, There is one for you and me ;
2. In the house of ma - ny man - sions, With the ho - ly an - gel throng,
3. With the prophets and the mar - tyrs, In the ar - my of the Lord.
4. In the house of ma - ny man - sions, With our part - ed ones a - bove,



There the King in all His beau - ty And His splen - dor we shall see.  
 That proclaimed the Saviour's ad - vent, In their glorious mid - night song.  
 Who have fought the bat - tle brave - ly, And have conquer' d thro' His word.  
 At the bless - ed feet of Je - sus, We will sing re - deem - ing love.



## REFRAIN.



We will cast our crowns be - fore Him, When we reach the oth - er shore ;



Hal - le - lu - jah ! Hal - le - lu - jah ! We will praise Him ev - er - more !





ADALYN.

EDWIN MOORE.

1. O Lord of Hosts, Thou Mighty One! We praise Thy name in song;  
 2. O Thou E - ter - nal God, most High! Thy good ness we a - dore,  
 3. O gra - cious Lord, our God and King, How good it is to be

Thou art our shield and shin - ing sun, Thou art our fort - res strong.  
 Thy ho - ly king - dom glo - ri - fy, And serve Thee ev - er - more.  
 With - in Thy courts and dai - ly bring Our sac - ri - fice to Thee;

To them that put their trust in Thee Thy grace Thou wilt dis - pense,  
 Thy bless - ed word shall ev - er be A lamp un - to our feet;  
 O dwell in love with - in each heart—Our Coun - sel - or and Friend;

Thy arm to them will ev - er be A safe and sure de - fense.  
 Thy stat - utes and Thy just de - cree Pro - claim Thy mer - cy sweet.  
 And when from earth our souls de - part Thy guid - ing Spir - it lend.

## No. 27.

## CLOSE TO THE SAVIOUR.

ADALYN.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. Close to the Sav - iour, Near to the cross, Count - ing earth's  
 2. Close to the Sav - iour, Serv - ing Him still, Learning His  
 3. Close to the Sav - iour, E'en to the last, Till all life's

treas - ures Noth - ing but dross; Leav - ing its fol - lies Glad - ly to  
 pleas - ure, Do - ing His will; Earn - est - ly striv - ing Ev - er to  
 sor - rows Safe - ly are past; And when the sum - mons Com eth for

be Clos - er, dear Sav - iour, Clos - er to Thee. }  
 be Clos - er, dear Sav - iour, Clos - er to Thee. } Clos - er to Thee, yes,  
 me, Draw me, my Sav - iour, Clos - er to Thee. }

Clos - er to Thee, Draw me, my Saviour, Clos - er to Thee! Here and in

heav - en, Let me a - bide, Now and for - ev - er, Close by Thy side.

## No. 28.

## O TO BE LIKE THEE.

T. O. CHRISHOLM.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. O to be like Thee! blessed Re-deem-er, This is my con-stant  
 2. O to be like Thee! full of com-pas-sion, Lov-ing, for-giv-ing,  
 3. O to be like Thee! low-ly in spir-it, Ho-ly and harm-less,  
 4. O to be like Thee! Lord, I am com-ing, Now to re-ceive th' a-

long-ing and pray'r; Glad-ly I'll for-feit all of earth's treasures,  
 ten-der and kind, Help-ing the help-less, cheer-ing the faint-ing,  
 pa-tient and brave; Meek-ly en-dur-ing cru-el re-proach-es,  
 no-int-ing di-vine; All that I am and have I am bring-ing,

REFRAIN.

Je-sus, Thy per-fect like-ness to wear.  
 Seek-ing the wand'ring sin-ners to find. } O to be like Thee!  
 Will-ing to suf-fer, oth-ers to save.  
 Lord, from this mo-ment all shall be Thine.

O to be like Thee, Blessed Re-deem-er, pure as Thou art; Come in Thy

*Rit.*

sweet-ness, come in Thy full-ness; Stamp Thine own image deep in my heart.



## No. 29.

## DRAW ME NEARER.

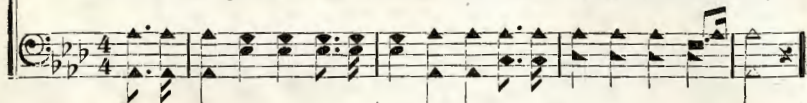
"Let us draw near with a true heart."—Heb. 10 : 22.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE, by per.



1. I am Thine, O Lord, I have heard Thy voice, And it told Thy love to me ;
2. Con-se-crate me now to Thy service, Lord, By the pow'r of grace di-vine ;
3. O the pure de-light of a single hour That before Thy throne I spend,
4. There are depths of love that I cannot know Till I cross the narrow sea,



But I long to rise in the arms of faith, And be clos-er drawn to Thee.  
 Let my soul look up with a steadfast hope, And my will be lost in Thine.  
 When I kneel in pray'r, and with Thee my God, I commune as friend with friend.  
 There are heights of joy that I may not reach Till I rest in peace with Thee.



## REFRAIN.



Draw me near - er, nearer, blessed Lord, To the cross where Thou hast died;  
near-er, near-er,



Draw me nearer, nearer, nearer blessed Lord, To Thy precious, bleeding side.



## No. 30.

## WHITER THAN SNOW.

"Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow."—Ps. 51: 7.

JAMES NICHOLSON.

WM. G. FISCHER, by per.

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

ev - er, to live in my soul; Break down ev - 'ry i - dol, cast  
 make a com - plete sac - ri - fice; I give up my - self, and what -  
 Lord, at Thy cru - ci - fied feet, By faith, for my cleansing, I  
 in me a new heart cre - ate; To those who have sought Thee, Thou

out ev - 'ry foe; Now wash me, and I shall be whit - er than snow.  
 ev - er I know—Now wash me, and I shall be whit - er than snow.  
 see Thy blood flow—Now wash me, and I shall be whit - er than snow.  
 nev - er said 'st No—Now wash me, and I shall be whit - er than snow.

## REFRAIN.

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

Now wash me, and I shall be whit - er than snow.

## No. 31.

## COME, BLESSED SAVIOUR.

C. C. ARMSTRONG.

J. H. ROSECRANS.

1. Come, oh, come, my bless-ed Sav-iour, Fill the chambers of my soul,  
 2. When I bow my knee be- fore Thee, Lord, oh, hear me while I pray.  
 3. When I sleep, oh, be Thou near me, Let Thy wings be o'er me spread,  
 4. When in grief's dark door I'm stand-ing, Come and cheer me with Thy love,  
 5. When I stand by death's dark riv- er, Which my soul has dread-ed long,

Let me feel Thy mer-cy ev-er Thro' my heart un-ceas-ing roll.  
 Let Thy ten-der love with-in me, Draw me close to Thee all-way.  
 With Thine ev-er-last-ing mer-cy "Cov-er my de-fenceless head."  
 When to earth my heart is bend-ing, Lift and fix my tho'ts a-bove.  
 Take me, then, my bless-ed Sav-iour, "To the sum-mer land of song."

## REFRAIN.

Come, my lov-ing Sav- - - - iour, Fill my  
 Come, yes, come, come, oh, lov-ing Sav- iour, Fill my soul,

soul with peace and joy, May I feel Thy pres-ence  
 fill with peace and joy, May I feel

ev - - - er— Love a-bound without al-loy.  
 feel Thy pres-ence ev-er— with-out al-loy.

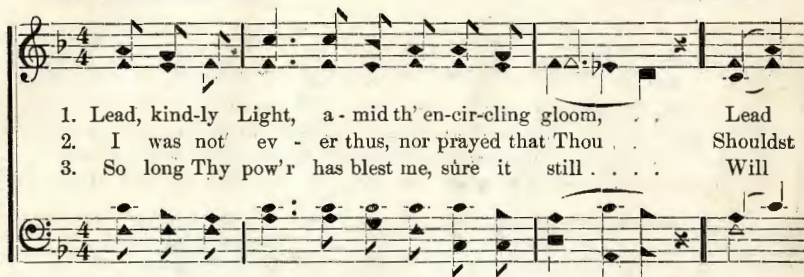


## No. 32. LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT. 10, 4, 10, 4, 10, 10.

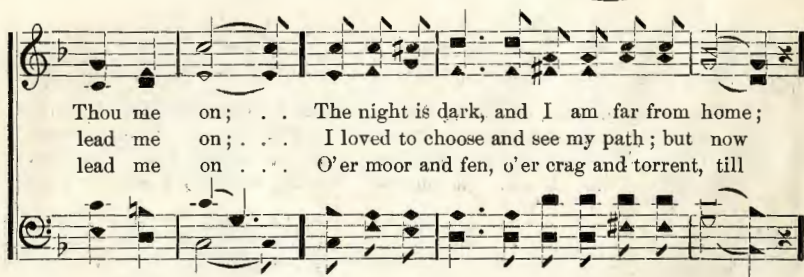
Respectfully inscribed to my friend and co-worker, Prof. Edwin Moore, Yonkers, N. Y.

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN.

A. J. SHOWALTER.



1. Lead, kind-ly Light, a - mid th' en-cir-cling gloom, . . . Lead  
 2. I was not' ev - er thus, nor prayed that Thou . . . Shouldst  
 3. So long Thy pow'r has blest me, sure it still . . . Will



Thou me on; . . . The night is dark, and I am far from home;  
 lead me on; . . . I loved to choose and see my path; but now  
 lead me on . . . O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till



Lead Thou me on; Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see  
 Lead Thou me on; I loved the gar - ish day, and spite of fears,  
 The night is gone, And with the morn those an - gel fac - es smile,

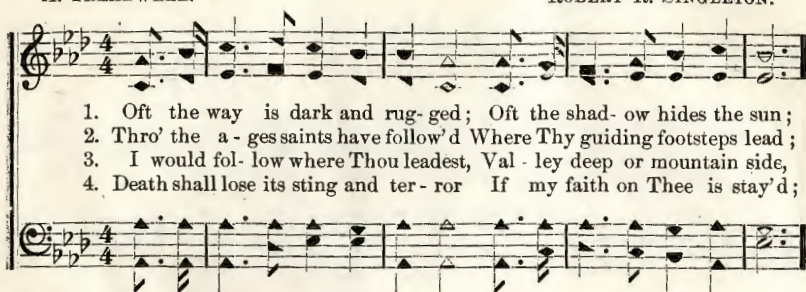


The dis - tant scene; . . . one step e - nough . . . for me.  
 Pride ruled my will; . . . re - mem - ber not . . . past years.  
 Which I have loved long since, and lost . . . a - while.

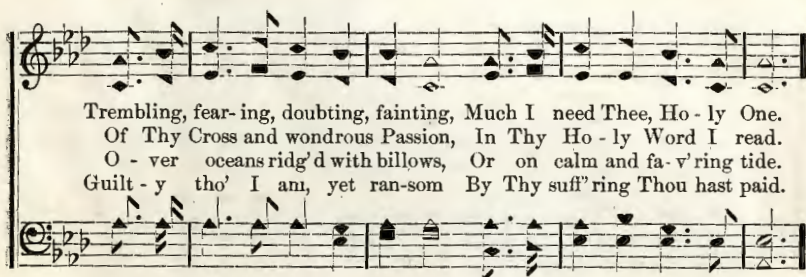
## No. 33. GUIDE ME, O THOU GREAT JEHOVAH.

A. TREADWELL.

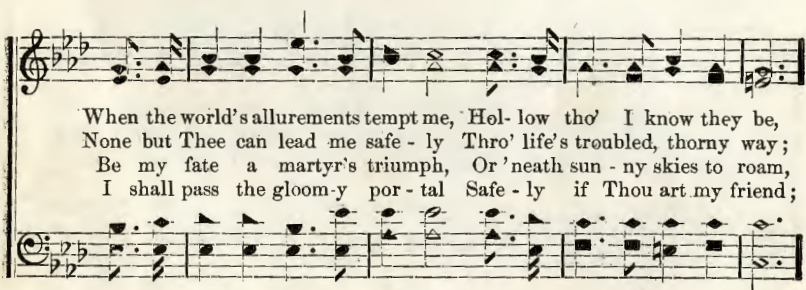
ROBERT R. SINGLETON.



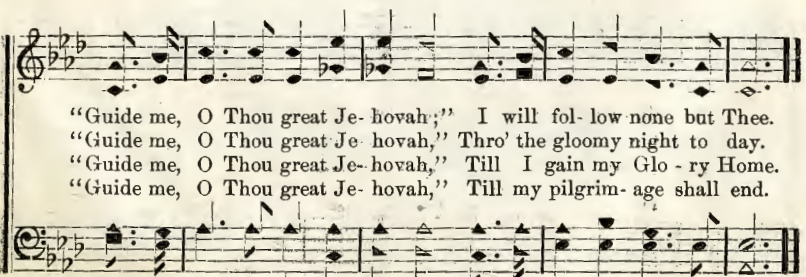
1. Oft the way is dark and rug-ged; Oft the shad-ow hides the sun;  
 2. Thro' the a-ges saints have follow'd Where Thy guiding footsteps lead;  
 3. I would fol-low where Thou ledest, Val-ley deep or mountain side,  
 4. Death shall lose its sting and ter-ror If my faith on Thee is stay'd;



Trembling, fear-ing, doubting, fainting, Much I need Thee, Ho-ly One.  
 Of Thy Cross and wondrous Passion, In Thy Ho-ly Word I read.  
 O-ver oceans ridg'd with billows, Or on calm and fa-v'ring tide.  
 Guilt-y tho' I am, yet ran-som By Thy suff'ring Thou hast paid.



When the world's allurements tempt me, Hol-low tho' I know they be,  
 None but Thee can lead me safe-ly Thro' life's troubled, thorny way;  
 Be my fate a martyr's triumph, Or 'neath sun-ny skies to roam,  
 I shall pass the gloom-y por-tal Safe-ly if Thou art my friend;



"Guide me, O Thou great Je-hovah;" I will fol-low none but Thee.  
 "Guide me, O Thou great Je-hovah," Thro' the gloomy night to day.  
 "Guide me, O Thou great Je-hovah," Till I gain my Glo-ry Home.  
 "Guide me, O Thou great Je-hovah," Till my pilgrim-age shall end.

## No. 34.

## EVERY DAY AND HOUR.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

"Cleanse me from my sin."—Ps. 51 : 2.

W. H. DOANE, by per.

*Slowly.*

1. Sav-iour, more than life to me, I am clinging, clinging close to Thee ;  
 2. Thro' this changing world below, Lead me gently, gen- tly as I go ;  
 3. Let me love Thee more and more, Till this fleeting, fleeting life is o'er ;

Let Thy pre-cious blood applied, Keep me ev-er, ev-er near Thy side.  
 Trust-ing Thee, I can-not stray, I can nev-er, nev-er, lose my way.  
 Till my soul is lost in love, In a brighter, brighter world a-b-ove.

## REFRAIN.

Ev - 'ry day, ev - 'ry hour, Let me feel Thy cleansing pow'r ;  
 Ev - 'ry day and hour, ev - 'ry day and hour,

May Thy ten - der love to me Bind me clos-er, clos-er, Lord, to Thee.



## No. 35. DRAW ME CLOSER, LORD, TO THEE.

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. Draw me clos - er, Lord, to Thee, Fold me in Thy love's embrace,  
 2. Draw me clos - er, Lord, to Thee; In Thy arms Thy child en - fold,  
 3. Draw me clos - er, Lord, to Thee, In commun - ion rich and sweet,  
 4. Draw me clos - er, Lord, to Thee, For my long - ing soul as - pires,

And un - to my soul re - veal All the rich - es of Thy grace.  
 And this earth - ly heart of mine In - to Thine own im - age mold.  
 Till my soul shall be re - fined, And in Thee be made com - plete.  
 To dis - cov - er in Thy - self All its yearns for and de - sires.

## REFRAIN.

Draw me clos - er, clos - er, clos - er, Clos - er, Lord, to Thee ;

Ev - er pur - er, pur - er, pur - er Then my soul shall be.

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## No. 36. I NEED THEE EVERY HOUR.

Mrs. ANNIE S. HAWKS.

Rev. ROBERT LOWRY.

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

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## I NEED THEE EVERY HOUR.—Concluded.

## REFRAIN.

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

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

## No. 37. NEARER TO JESUS, MY GOD.

Mrs. A. P. JARVIS.

N. KEFF SMITH.

1. Near-er, my God, to Thee, This is my pray'r ; Nearer Thy bleeding  
 2. Near-er, my God, to Thee, Ev - er - y day ; Teach how to keep Thy  
 3. Fill this poor heart with love, This tongue with praise ; So I may tell Thy  
 4. Then, when heav'n's glories burst All on my sight, When I be-hold the

side—Kept by Thy care ; Near-er, my God, to Thee, What-e'er be-  
 laws, Teach how to pray. Je-sus, dear ris-en Lord, This is my  
 pow'r Thro' all my days. Dai-ly my will and choice I would re-  
 Lamb Who is the light—Then from my raptured heart Will burst this

tide ; Near-er the sav - ing cross, Where Je - sus died.  
 plea ; Draw me by love di - vine, Near - er to Thee.  
 sign, Till all my life is lost, Sav - iour, in Thine.  
 plea—Near-er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee.

## No. 40.

## EVER IN THE LIGHT.

EMMA PITT.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. Striv-ing to fol-low the foot-steps of Je-sus, Glad-ly to  
 2. Lean-ing more firm-ly on Christ who is guid-ing, Giv-ing our  
 3. Cling-ing in faith to Him who is lead-ing, Leading His  
 4. Rest-ing on Him who is strong to de-liv-er, Fear not the

walk in the light He has giv'n; On-ward we go by the  
 zeal to the work in His field; Trust-ing more ful-ly the  
 dear ones safe in-to the fold; Strength to the weak He  
 tempt-er, or heed not the foe; Christ is our Rock, the dear

pur-est ex-am-ple, On by the path that will lead us to heav'n.  
 arm that can save us, Rich and a-bund-ant the har-vest will yield.  
 ev-er is giv-ing, Till we in glo-ry His face shall be-hold.  
 Rock of sal-va-tion, Ev-er we trust Him as on-ward we go.

## REFRAIN.

Tis beau-ti-ful to walk in the foot-steps of Je-sus,

Ev-er in the light, Ev-er in the light; Up to realms of light.



## No. 41.

## BY THE BLOOD.

G. B. F.

G. B. FIELDS.



1. O, I've been redeemed by the Blood of the Lamb, I've been redeemed,
2. O, I've been redeemed and made whiter than snow, Whiter than snow,
3. Yes, Je - sus the Saviour can ease ev-'ry pain, Ease ev-'ry pain,

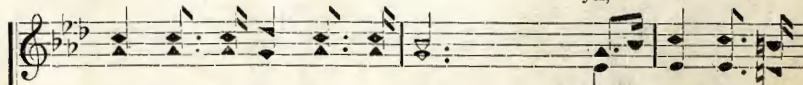
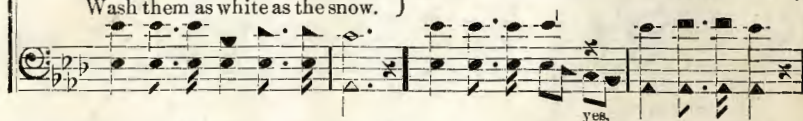


I've been redeemed; O, I've been redeemed and His serv-ant I am,  
whit - er than snow; O, I've been redeemed and 'tis bless - ed to know  
ease ev-'ry pain; Yes, Je - sus the Sav- iour can cleanse ev'ry stain,



## REFRAIN.

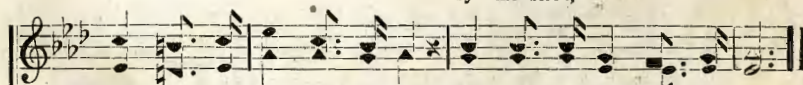
I've been redeemed by the blood. } I've been redeemed, I've been redeemed,  
Je - sus the Sav- iour of men. }  
Wash them as white as the snow. }



I've been redeemed by the blood, O, I've been re -



by the blood,



deemed by the blood of the Lamb, Washed and made whiter than snow.



## No. 42. WITH THE SAVIOUR IN THE HEART.

F. S. SHEPARD.

EDWIN MOORE.

1. With the Sav-iour in the heart, There's endur-ing peace, For from ev-'ry  
 2. With the Sav-iour in the heart, There's a-bid - ing joy, For His presence  
 3. With the Sav-iour in the heart, There is con-stant rest, For He bids our

bond of sin He doth give re-lease; If we bring Him ev'ry care He will  
 ev - ergives Peace without al - loy. If the Lord within a-bide There is  
 fears depart, Gives as-sur - ance blest; If we trust His gracious love He will

all our burdens bear, In our joys and sorrow share, Giving bless-ed peace.  
 nought to wish be-side; He will comfort, He will guide, Giving wondrous joy.  
 ev - er faith-ful prove, And will ev'ry doubt remove, Giv-ing rest, sweet rest.

## REFRAIN.

With the Sav-iour in the heart, And the life by Him pos-sessed,

With the Saviour in the heart, the heart, There is rest, . . . sweet rest,  
 there is rest,

## WITH THE SAVIOUR IN THE HEART.—Concluded.



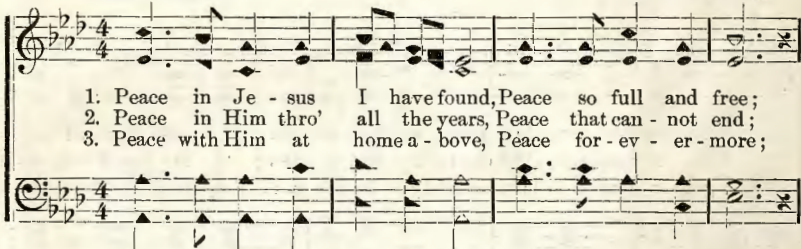
With the Sav-our in the heart, the heart, There is rest, sweet rest.

## No. 43.

## PEACE IN JESUS.

D. A. THREADGILL.

W. T. TAYLOR.

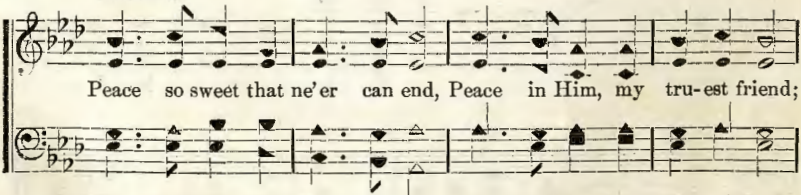


1. Peace in Je - sus I have found, Peace so full and free;  
2. Peace in Him thro' all the years, Peace that can - not end;  
3. Peace with Him at home a - bove, Peace for - ev - er - more;

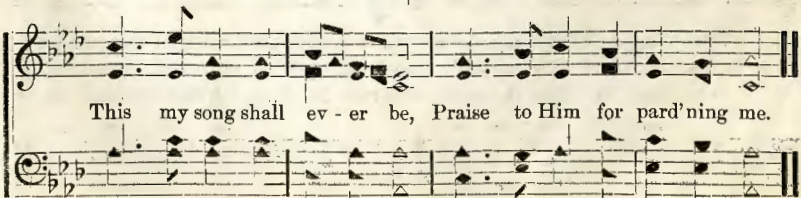


In my heart doth peace a - bound, Since He par-doned me.  
While I walk this vale of tears, He will be my friend.  
Peace with Je - sus, whom I love, On the gold - en shore.

## REFRAIN.



Peace so sweet that ne'er can end, Peace in Him, my tru-est friend;



This my song shall ev - er be, Praise to Him for pard'ning me.



## No. 44.

## MY SOUL'S SWEET REST.

E. E. HEWITT.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. When tread-ing thorny pathways, And cares are on me thrust, I seek my  
 2. When in the light of Calvary, My sins are brought to view, I plunge in-  
 3. When earth-ly joys are fad-ing, As ros - es in the blast, When van-ish

lov-ing Sav-our, And turn my fears to trust; I tell Him all my  
 to the fount-ain, And cleans-ing find a - new; So far will He re-  
 gold-en sunbeams That cheered you in the past: Go, then, in faith to

troub - les, While lean - ing on His breast; This, this is my re-  
 move them, As east is from the west; This, this is my re-  
 Je - sus, And in His love be blest: In Him is true re-

fresh - ing, And this my soul's sweet rest, And this my soul's sweet rest.  
 fresh - ing, And this my soul's sweet rest, And this my soul's sweet rest.  
 fresh - ing; In Him, the soul's sweet rest, In Him, the soul's sweet rest.

## No. 45.

## REDEEMED.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Redeem'd, how I love to proclaim it, Redeem'd by the blood of the Lamb ;  
 2. Redeem'd and so happy in Je - sus, No language my rapture can tell ;  
 3. I think of my blessed Redeem-er, I think of Him all the day long ;  
 4. I know I shall see in His beau-ty, The King in whose law I de-light ;  
 5. I know there's a crown that is waiting, In yonder bright mansion for me ;

Redeem'd thro' His in-fi-nite mer- cy, His child and for-ev-er I am.  
 I know that the light of His presence With me doth continual-ly dwell.  
 I sing, for I can-not be si-lent, His love is the theme of my song.  
 Who loving-ly guardeth my footsteps, And giveth me songs in the night.  
 And soon with the spirits made perfect, At home with the Lord I shall be.

## REFRAIN.

Re - deem'd, re - deem'd, Redeemed by the blood of the Lamb,  
 Redeem'd, redeem'd,

Re - deem'd, re - deem'd, His child and for-ev-er I am.  
 Redeem'd, redeem'd,

No. 46.

BLESSED ASSURANCE.

"Beloved, now are we the sons of God."—1 John 3: 2.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

Mrs. JOSEPH F. KNAPP.

1. Bless-ed as - sur - ance, Je - sus is mine! O 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, purchase of  
 rap - ture burst on my sight; An - gels de - scend - ing, bring from a -  
 Sav - iour am hap - py and blest; Watching and wait - ing, look - ing a -

REFRAIN.

God; Born of His Spir - it, wash'd in His blood.  
 bove Ech - oes of mer - cy, whispers of love. } This is my sto - ry,  
 bove, Fill'd with His goodness, lost in His love. }

this is my song, Praising my Sav - iour all the day long; This is my

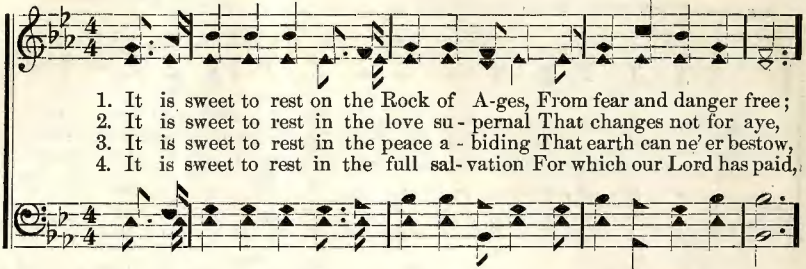
sto - ry, this is my song, Praising my Sav - iour all the day long.



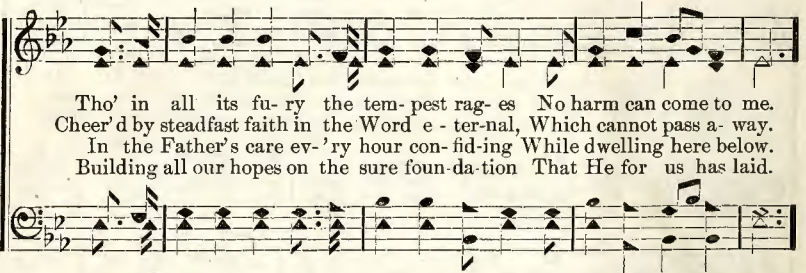
## No. 47. ON THE EVERLASTING ROCK.

JENNIE WILSON.

RAN. C. STOREY.

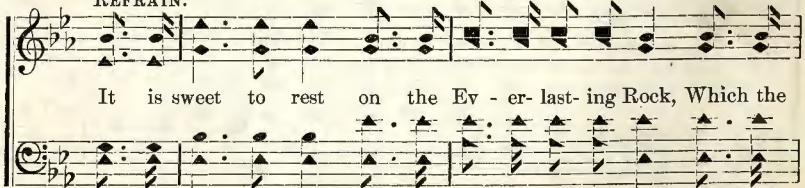


1. It is sweet to rest on the Rock of A-ges, From fear and danger free ;  
 2. It is sweet to rest in the love su- pernal That changes not for aye,  
 3. It is sweet to rest in the peace a- bidding That earth can ne'er bestow,  
 4. It is sweet to rest in the full sal- vation For which our Lord has paid,

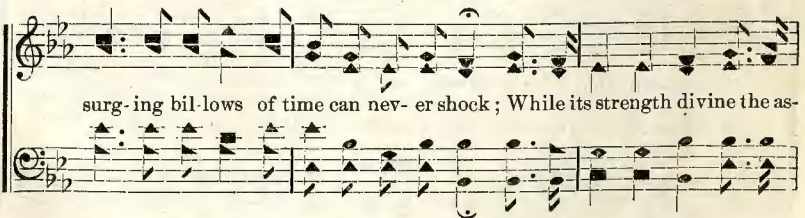


Tho' in all its fu- ry the tem- pest rag- es No harm can come to me.  
 Cheer'd by steadfast faith in the Word e- ter- nal, Which cannot pass a- way.  
 In the Father's care ev-'ry hour con- fid- ing While dwelling here below.  
 Building all our hopes on the sure foun- da- tion That He for us has laid.

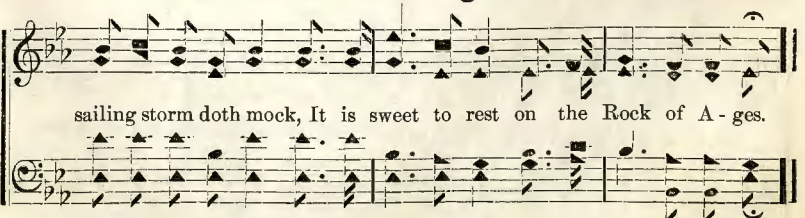
## REFRAIN.



It is sweet to rest on the Ev - er - last - ing Rock, Which the



surg - ing bil - lows of time can nev - er shock ; While its strength divine the as -



sailing storm doth mock, It is sweet to rest on the Rock of A - ges.

## No. 48.

## CONFIDENCE.

"None of these things move me."—Acts 20: 24.

NELLIE B. SWEETS. Refrain by N. K. S.

N. KEFF SMITH.

1. Tho' tri - als come on ev - 'ry side, Yet not distressed are we,  
 2. If we grow wea - ry by the way, And crave the promised rest,  
 3. And when up - on the Shining Shore We stand a-mong the blest,

Tho' oft perplexed, we'll not de-spair, For Christ says, "Trust in Me."  
 With hearts still fixed on Him, our souls In pa - tience we pos - sess.  
 We'll think not of the cross we bore, Nor how we longed for rest.

His grace sustains, His love upholds, We dai - ly, hour - ly prove,  
 And tho' our hearts may sometimes ache, And tho' our eyes grow dim,  
 But safe and hap - py in the joy Of our most bliss - ful lot,

The soul that ful - ly trusts in Him Earth's cares can nev - er move.  
 These things can nev - er move our souls From their calm trust in Him.  
 We'll praise our Lord, for by His grace Earth's tri - als move us not.

## REFRAIN.

O "none of these things can move me," For un - der His wings I a - bide;

## CONFIDENCE.—Concluded.

*rit.*

Tho' tri- als may come to prove me, Still clos- er I'll draw to His side.

## No. 49. OUR HEAVEN BELOW.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. O to feel the love of Je - sus Well-ing up with-in the soul,  
 2. O the love of Christ, our Saviour, How it melts our hearts to love,  
 3. O the love of Christ, our Saviour, Vast and boundless, deep and wide,

O to feel its joy un-bound-ed, Like the waves of o - cean roll.  
 How it draws us un - re - sist-ing To the ra - diant hills a - bove.  
 Love that seeks, redeems and saves us, Love transcend-ing all be side.

## REFRAIN.

What are all our cares and sorrows To the heights of joy we know,

When our tongues that love are singing, And our heav'n be-gins be - low.



## No. 50.

## JESUS A TRUE FRIEND.

E. A. H.

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

1. How kind a friend is Je - sus! He loves me ten - der - ly,  
 2. He is the friend of sin - ners, And shed His pre - cious blood  
 3. A help - er to the help - less, A com - fort - er is He;

And walks with me each mo - ment, My guard and guide to be!  
 That they might be for - giv - en, And rec - on - ciled to God;  
 He, in the time of troub - le, A tower of strength will be;

How ma - ny are the bless - ings Bestowed up - on His child,  
 All who in faith o - bey Him Re - ceive a par - don free,  
 And when the world as - sails thee, Trust thou His might - y arm

To shield me from all e - vil, And keep me un - de - filed!  
 And if thy soul can trust Him, Thy Sav - iour He will be.  
 To suc - cor and de - fend thee, And keep thy soul from harm.

## REFRAIN.

A kind friend, and a good friend, And a true friend is He;

## JESUS, A TRUE FRIEND.—Concluded.

You will nev - er find a bet - ter friend Than Jesus will be to thee.

## No. 51. IT IS SWEET TO FOLLOW JESUS.

BIRDIE BELL.

A. J. ROBERTSON.

1. It is sweet to fol-low Je - sus In the path His feet have trod ;  
 2. It is sweet to fol-low Je - sus In the time of shade or sun,  
 3. It is sweet to fol-low Je - sus, For He holds our hand in His,  
 4. It is sweet to fol-low Je - sus All the way to yon - der home,

Ev - ry day He gen - tly leads us Near - er home and near - er God.  
 Close - ly cling to Him who guides us Till our days on earth are done.  
 Speak - ing words of lov - ing coun - sel Till we reach the land of bliss.  
 Trust - ing Him who walks be - side us Lest our heedless feet should roam.

## REFRAIN.

It is sweet to fol - low Je - sus, Fol - low Je - sus all the way,

Till we reach the far - off coun - try, That fair land of cloud - less day.

## No. 52.

## I AM REDEEMED.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.

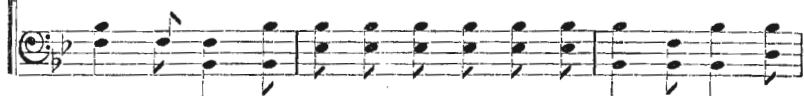
A. J. SHOWALTER.



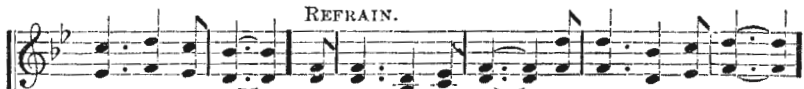
1. My heart is a fountain of joy to-day, For Je-sus has washed all my  
 2. I nev-er had tho't such a peace to know, But Je-sus has washed me as  
 3. And so I have foretaste of heav'n within, For Je-sus has saved me from



sins a-way, Yes, Je-sus has washed all my sins a-way, And  
 white as snow, Yes, Je-sus has washed me as white as snow, And  
 all my sin, Yes, Je-sus has saved me from all my sin, And



## REFRAIN.



I am re-deemed. And I am re-deemed, Yes, I am re-deemed,  
 I am re-deemed. And I am re-deemed, Yes, I am re-deemed,  
 I am re-deemed. And I am re-deemed, Yes, I am re-deemed,



For Je-sus has washed all my sins a-way, And I am re-deemed.  
 For Je-sus has washed me as white as snow, And I am re-deemed.  
 For Je-sus has saved me from all my sin, And I am re-deemed.





## No. 53. THE ROCK THAT IS HIGHER THAN I.

Wm. G. FISCHER, by per.

1. O, sometimes the shadows are deep, And rough seems the path to the goal,  
 2. O, sometimes how long seems the day, And sometimes how weary my feet ;  
 3. O, near to the Rock let me keep, If bless-ings or sor-rows pre vail ;

And sorrows, sometimes how they sweep Like tempests down o - ver the soul.  
 But toil - ing in life's dust - y way, The Rock's blessed shadow, how sweet!  
 Or climb - ing the mountain way steep, Or walk - ing the shad - ow - y vale.

## REFRAIN.

O, then, to the Rock let me fly, (let me fly,) To the

Rock that is high - er than I ;  
 is high - er than I ; O, then, to the

Rock let me fly, (let me fly,) To the Rock that is high - er than I.

## No. 54. CHRIST HAS SET ME FREE.

ANNA D. BRADLEY.

J. H. ROSECRANS.

1. Free from law! oh, join my shout of triumph! I am free, yes, free, the  
 2. Child of God! this is my glorious ti - tle! I am free, yes, free, the  
 3. Come to me! oh, hear the in - vi - ta - tion, He is call - ing, gen - tly

Christ has set me free; Once He died to win my full sal - va - tion,  
 blood has set me free; Out of death to life of end - less beau - ty,  
 call - ing now to thee; Soul, He cries, I long for thy sal - va - tion,

## REFRAIN.

And the law no lon - ger now can fright - en me. } Free - - -  
 I am safe for - ev - er now, dear Lord, with Thee. }  
 Come, oh, come, He cries, and I will set you free. } Christ has won my

dom! Free - - dom! Now the law no  
 full sal - va - tion, I am free from con - dem - na - tion,

more can threat - en me! Free - - dom!  
 Christ has won my full sal - va - tion,

## CHRIST HAS SET ME FREE.—Concluded.

Free - - dom! Christ is mine, and from the law I'm free.  
I am free from condem-nation,

## No. 55.

## CHRIST IS NEAR ME.

ADALYN.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. When the waves of time sweep o'er me, I shall nev-er be dismayed,  
2. When the cares of life surround me, Christ each heavy burden bears;  
3. When the way seems rough and dreary, Je - sus gently takes my hand,

For my Sav-our goes be-fore me, And He says, "Be not a-fraid."  
Since thro' love He sought and found me, Ev-'ry grief He free-ly shares.  
And He whispers, "Come, ye wea-ry, Just be-yond is Beau-lah Land."

## REFRAIN.

Christ is near me, He will cheer me, Whatso-e'er my lot may be;

He will guide me, keep and hide me 'Neath His wings, e - ter-nal-ly.  
'neath His wings,



## No. 56.

## RESTING IN JESUS' ARMS.

ADALYN.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. In the arms of Je-sus I sweet-ly rest, And my soul re-pos-es up -  
 2. In the arms of Je-sus my cares de-part, For He shares my sorrow and  
 3. In the arms of Je-sus! 'twas love divine Made this blessed shel-ter of  
 4. In the arms of Je-sus I'll sleep in peace When the cares and tri-als of

on His breast; As a ten-der moth-er her child doth hold, I am  
 cheers my heart; All my heav-y bur-dens He bears a-way, For I  
 safe-ty mine; And I ask no sweet-er a-bid-ing-place Than in  
 earth-life cease; He will bear me up-ward on wings of love, To those

## REFRAIN.

shelter'd in Je-sus' fold.  
 take them to Him each day. } I am rest-ing in Je-sus'  
 Je-sus', my Lord's em-brace. }  
 man-sions pre-pared a-bove.

arms, And I fear not the world's a-larms; Tho' its  
 ten-der arms,

storms as-sail me on ev-'ry side, In this ref-uge my soul shall hide.

## No. 57. THE BELIEVER'S STANDING.

Eph. 2: 4-6.

G. C. NEEDHAM.

N. KEFF SMITH.

1. I stand; but not as once I stood, Be-neath my load of guilt;  
 2. I stand; but now on Calv'ry's mount, Be-side that woe-ful cross:  
 3. I stand; but not with-in the grave, Where once my Lord did lie;  
 4. I stand, where Je-sus now ap-pears, In-un-ion with my Lord:

My heav'n-ly Sure-ty bore it all, For me His blood was spilt.  
 I know its grace and pow'r to save From self and world-ly dross.  
 The cross and tomb He left be-hind—His throne is now on high.  
 In Him ac-cept-ed; wondrous grace, Made sure thro' His own word.

O bless the Lord; ex-alt His name, Who gave Him-self for me;  
 O bless the Lord, I do be-lieve That Je-sus died for sin;  
 O bless the Lord, He bur-ied sin Deep in that grave of night;  
 O bless the Lord, what un-ion this; His life to me is giv'n—

His death of shame—a-ton-ing death, From wrath hath set me free.  
 Yet by that cross is not our place, But where He's en-tered in.  
 And from that pris-on brought me forth, A cap-tive thro' His might.  
 In self so vile; in Him so fair, Blest ves-ti-bule of heav'n.

## No. 58.

## THE VALLEY OF BLESSING.

Mrs. A. P. JARVIS.  
In "Herald and Presbyter."

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



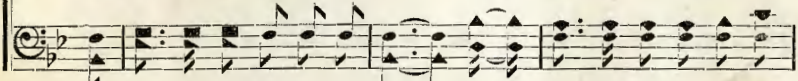
1. I know of a beau - ti - ful val - ley In which I would
2. In that beau - ti - ful val - ley of bless - ing With dark - ness we
3. O the beau - ti - ful val - ley of bless - ing, Where God's will is



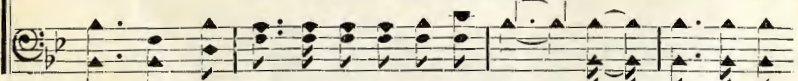
wan - der for aye; The smile of God's love is up - on it,  
ne'er shall be cursed, For in all of His bright - ness and glo - ry  
full and com - plete; Where we bow in a true con - se - cra - tion,



His pres - ence sheds rapturous day. This vale is the val - ley of  
The Son in His fullness will burst. For He is the light, and life -  
And lay all our lives at His feet. May we live in the sunshine for -



bless - ing; Who en - ters, may therein a - bide, And taste of the  
giv - ing; Ac - cept - ed in Him we shall stand, Sur - ren - dered in  
ev - er, Be - yond all our doubts and our fears, Where, complete in His



springs of God's mer - cy That well up - on ev - er - y side.  
full to His keep - ing, And held by His gra - cious right - hand.  
glo - ri - ous like - ness, He shall wipe a - way all of our tears.





## No. 59. '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, Saviour, Friend;

Just to rest up - on His promise; Just to know, "Thus said the Lord."  
 Just in sim - ple faith to plunge me 'Neath the healing, cleansing flood.  
 Just from Je - sus sim - ply 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.

## No. 60. THE MISTAKES OF MY LIFE.

Mrs. URANIA LOCKE BAILEY.

A. J. SHOWALTER, by per.

1. The mistakes of my life have been ma - ny, But the sins of my  
 2. I am low - est of those who would love Him, I am weak - est of  
 3. My mis - takes His free grace now will cov - er, And my sins He will  
 4. The mistakes of my life have been ma - ny, And my spir - it is

heart have been more, And I scarce - ly can see for my weep - ing, But I'll  
 those who would pray, But I come to Him as He has bid - den, And I  
 wash all a - way; And the feet that now stumble and fal - ter, Soon may  
 wea - ry with sin; Tho' I scarce - ly can see for my weep - ing, Yet the

## REFRAIN.

knock at the o - pen door.  
 know He'll not say me nay. } I know I am sin - ful and un -  
 en - ter the gate of day. }  
 Sav - iour will let me in.

wor - thy, And now I feel it more and more, But Je - sus in -

vites me to come in: I will en - ter the o - pen door.  
 come in:

## No. 61. HOW SWEET TO THINK OF JESUS.

E. R. LATTA.

R. L. FERGUSON.

1. As we read His word di - vine, How sweet to think of Je - sus!  
 2. When the tempter tries his pow'r, How sweet to think of Je - sus!  
 3. When we wak - en with the day, How sweet to think of Je - sus!  
 4. To the young and to the old, How sweet to think of Je - sus!

While we dwell on ev - 'ry line, How sweet to think of Je - sus!  
 In each dark and troub - led hour, How sweet to think of Je - sus!  
 When the day - light fades a - way, How sweet to think of Je - sus!  
 Nev - er, nev - er can be told, How sweet to think of Je - sus!

## REFRAIN.

He be - held us all un - done, When to res - cue there was none,

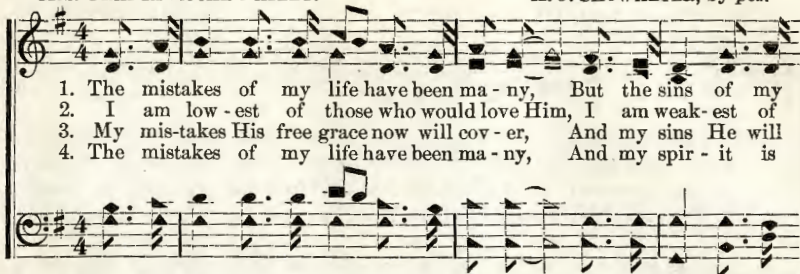
And He died for ev - 'ry one, How sweet to think of Je - sus!



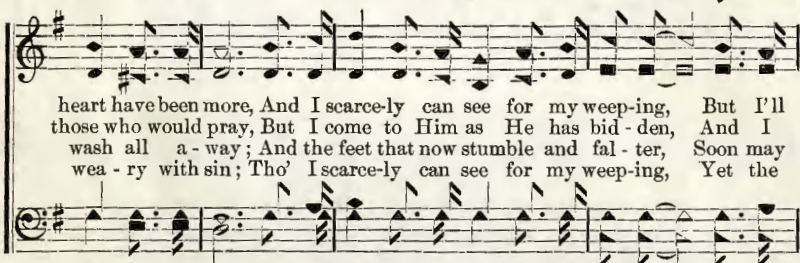
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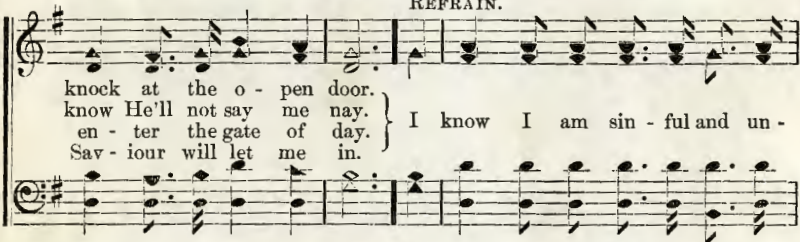


1. The mistakes of my life have been ma - ny, But the sins of my  
 2. I am low - est of those who would love Him, I am weak - est of  
 3. My mis - takes His free grace now will cov - er, And my sins He will  
 4. The mistakes of my life have been ma - ny, And my spir - it is

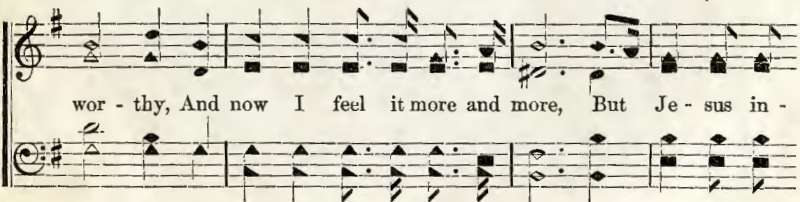


heart have been more, And I scarce - ly can see for my weep - ing, But I'll  
 those who would pray, But I come to Him as He has bid - den, And I  
 wash all a - way; And the feet that now stumble and fal - ter, Soon may  
 wea - ry with sin; Tho' I scarce - ly can see for my weep - ing, Yet the


## REFRAIN.



knock at the o - pen door.  
 know He'll not say me nay. } I know I am sin - ful and un -  
 en - ter the gate of day. }  
 Sav - iour will let me in.



wor - thy, And now I feel it more and more, But Je - sus in -



vites me to come in: I will en - ter the o - pen door.  
 come in:

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While we dwell on ev - 'ry line, How sweet to think of Je - sus!  
 In each dark and troub - led hour, How sweet to think of Je - sus!  
 When the day - light fades a - way, How sweet to think of Je - sus!  
 Nev - er, nev - er can be told, How sweet to think of Je - sus!

## REFRAIN.

He be - held us all un - done, When to res - cue there was none,

And He died for ev - 'ry one, How sweet to think of Je - sus!

## No. 62.

## THE REST OF FAITH.

R. O. SMITH.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. I am rest-ing, sweet-ly rest-ing, Pillowed on my Saviour's breast;  
 2. Rest-ing in the arms of Je - sus, List'ning to His lov-ing voice,  
 3. Rest-ing in the arms of Je - sus! Nev - er rest so sweet as this;

In the arms of Je - sus cra-dled, Calm-ly, peace-ful - ly I rest.  
 As He says in ac - cents ten - der: "Ev - er - more thou mayst rejoice."  
 Dear - er than ca - ress of moth - er, Soft - er than a zeph - yr's kiss, -

Trust-ing in His strength to hold me, As His might-y arms en-fold me;  
 Joy, like some re - sist-less riv - er Fills and thrills me with its quiv - er;  
 Fill - ing all my soul with pleasure; Je - sus' love my rich - est treas - ure,


And in trust - ing I am blest, And in trust - ing I am blest.  
 As His will I make my choice, As His will I make my choice.  
 Sav - ing grace my end - less bliss, Sav - ing grace my end - less bliss!





## No. 63. I'M GLAD I HAVE A SAVIOUR.

Mrs. W. J. KENNEDY.

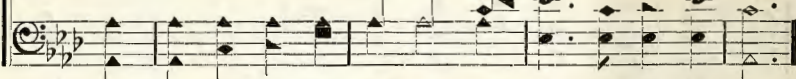
J. S. HENDRICKS.




1. I'm glad I have a Sav-iour Who came to res-cue me;  
 2. I'm glad I have a Sav-iour Who sought His wand'ring sheep,  
 3. I'm glad I have a Sav-iour Who hears and an-swers prayer;  
 4. I'm glad I have a Sav-iour Whose mer-cy is so free;



When sunk in sin and ru-in He died to set me free.  
 Who brought me home re-joic-ing, And still doth safe-ly keep.  
 My bur-dens and my sor-rows He ten-der-ly doth bear.  
 O come, poor soul, and trust Him, There's glad-ness too for thee.




## REFRAIN.



I'm glad I have a Sav-iour, I'm glad, I'm glad to-day;

I'm glad I have a Sav-iour Who wash'd my sins a-way.



## No. 64. THE HALF HAS NEVER YET BEEN TOLD.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. I know I love Thee bet-ter, Lord, Than an - y earth - ly joy!  
 2. I know that Thou art near - er still Than an - y earth - ly throng;  
 3. Thou hast put glad-ness in my heart; Then well may I be glad!  
 4. O Sav - iour, precious Saviour, mine! What will Thy pres-ence be,

For Thou hast giv - en me the peace Which noth - ing can de - stroy.  
 And sweet - er is the tho't of Thee Than an - y love - ly song.  
 With - out the se - cret of Thy love I could not but be sad.  
 If such a life of joy can crown My walk on earth with Thee?

## REFRAIN.

The half has nev - er yet been told, yet been told, Of

love so full and free! full and free! The half has nev - er yet been

told, yet been told, The blood— it cleans - eth me! it cleans - eth me!

## No. 67.

## SUNSHINE IN THE SOUL.

E. E. HEWITT.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

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 spring-time in my soul to-day, For when the Lord is near,  
 4. There's glad-ness in my soul to-day, And hope, and praise, and love,

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

## REFRAIN.

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

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 my soul.



## No. 68. MY JOY SHALL BE IN JESUS.

G. E.

GEORGE ELY.

*Marcato.*

1. What if the world with pleasure smiles, And all the whirl of sin beguiles ;  
 2. Tho' I be greet-ed with a sneer, I can re-mem-ber Christ is near ;  
 3. When I shall walk the streets of gold, When I His beau-ty there be-hold,

Though Sa - tan still em - ploy his wiles, My joy shall be in Je - sus.  
 Though I have burdens hard to bear, My joy shall be in Je - sus.  
 Then shall e - ter - ni - ty un - fold The joy there is in Je - sus.

REFRAIN.

There my founda - tion is se - cure, My rest complete, sal - va - tion sure ;

My King is rich, tho' I be poor; My joy shall be in Je - sus.

## No. 69.

## JOYS AWAKEN.

D. A. THREADGILL.

W. T. TAYLOR.



1. Joys with - in my soul a - wak - en, Christ has come with me to reign ;
2. Joys with - in that no one knoweth—None but He who rules a - bove ;
3. Joys with - in my soul for - ev - er While I praise the God of love ;



All my bur - dens He has tak - en, And I'll praise His ho - ly name.  
 And my soul with praise o'er-flow-eth To the Sav - iour for His love.  
 Joys that noth - ing e'er can sev - er When I reach that home a - bove.



## REFRAIN.



Tho' the storms of life as - sail me, I will praise Him here be - low ;



For His pres - ence will not fail me, He will lead me home, I know.



## No. 70.

## I AM TRUSTING.

J. M. D.

JOHN M. DYE.

1. My heart is full of joy to-day, I am trust-ing in Je-sus to save;  
 2. My sins oppress my soul no more, I am trust-ing in Je-sus to save;  
 3. The bur-den of mysong shall be: I am trust-ing in Je-sus to save;

For He has wash'd my sins a-way, I am trust-ing in Je-sus to save.  
 I own His pow'r and Him a-dore, I am trust-ing in Je-sus to save.  
 His par-don reach-es e - ven me, I am trust-ing in Je-sus to save.

## REFRAIN.

I am trust - ing, I am trust - ing, I am  
 I am trust-ing, I am trust-ing,

trust - ing in His pow'r to save; I am trust-ing, I am  
 I am trust-ing,

trust - ing, I am trust-ing, I am trust-ing in Je-sus to save.  
 I am trusting,



## No. 71.

## SUNSHINE ALL THE WAY.

ADALYN.

J. C. DAVISON.

1. There's sun-shine all a - long the way That leads from earth to heav'n,  
 2. There's sun-shine all a - long the way When Je - sus holds my hand;  
 3. There's sun-shine all a - long the way, For I am go - ing home,

And flow'rs of love, like blooms of May, To wea - ry souls are giv'n.  
 He turns my dark - est night to day, And brightens all the land.  
 Where shin - eth one e - ter - nal day, And shad - ows nev - er come.

## REFRAIN.

There's sun - shine all a - long the way, — It bright - ens day by day ;

And O it shin - eth more and more Un - to the Per - fect Day.

## No. 72. LEANING ON THE EVERLASTING ARMS.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

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

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

## REFRAIN.

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

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

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

## No. 73. COMPANIONSHIP WITH JESUS.

"Jesus himself drew near, and went with them."—Luke 24 : 15.

MARY D. JAMES.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Oh, bless-ed fel - low-ship di-vine! Oh, joy su-preme-ly sweet! Com-  
 2. I'm walk-ing close to Je - sus' side, So close that I can hear The  
 3. I know His shelt'ring wings of love Are al-ways o'er me spread, And

pan - ion-ship with Je - sus here Makes life with bliss re - plete, In  
 soft - est whis-pers of His love, In fel - low-ship so dear, And  
 tho' the storms may fierce - ly rage, All calm, and free from dread, My

un - ion with the pur - est one I find my heav'n on earth be gun.  
 feel His great, al-might - y hand Pro - tects me in this hos - tile land.  
 peace - ful spir - it ev - er sings "I'll trust the coy - ert of Thy wings."

## REFRAIN.

Oh, wondrous bliss! oh, joy sublime! I've Je - sus with me all the time,

Oh, wondrous bliss! oh, joy sublime! I've Je - sus with me all the time.



## No. 74. WALKING IN FELLOWSHIP SWEET.

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. I walk with the Sav-iour in fel-lowship sweet, And O- how He  
 2. Be- side me He walks, and His love cheers the way, And then all is  
 3. A Coun- sel- or He, a Com- pan- ion, a Guide, The best of all  
 4. With Je- sus' be- side me, my hand in His hand, Tempta- tions lose

com-forts my heart! So deep is my peace, and my joy so complete,  
 sun- shine and peace; He keeps my faith strong with His presence each day;  
 earth-friends is He; I know if I on- ly keep near to His side,  
 all of their pow'r; No harm can be- tide me, un- conquered I stand,

## REFRAIN.

From Him I could nev- er- more part.  
 A won- der- ful friend Je- sus is!  
 I nev- er dis- couraged shall be. } I walk with my Sav- iour in  
 If Je- sus is with me each hour.

fellowship sweet, With Je- sus, my heaven- ly Guide, And He, my Re-

deem- er, Com- pan- ion, and Friend Will ev- er keep close to my side.

## No. 75.

## DENNIS. S. M.

JOHN FAWCETT.

H. G. NAEGELI.  
Arr. by W. B. BRADBURY.

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

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

## No. 76.

## MARLOW. C. M.

JOSEPH SWAIN.

English Melody. Arr. by Dr. L. MASON.

1. How sweet, how heav'nly is the sight, Where those who love the Lord  
 2. When each can feel his brother's sigh, And with him bear a part;  
 3. When, free from en - vy, scorn, and pride, Our wish - es all a - bove,  
 4. When love, in one de - lightful stream, Through ev - 'ry bo - som flows;  
 5. Love is the gold - en chain that binds The hap - py souls a - bove;

In one an - oth - er's peace de - light, And so ful - fill His word.  
 When sor - row flows from eye to eye, And joy from heart to heart;  
 Each can his broth - er's fail - ings hide, And show a broth - er's love;  
 When un - ion sweet, and dear es - teem, In ev - 'ry ac - tion glows.  
 And he's an heir of heav'n who finds His bo - som glow with love.

## No. 77. SUNWARD TURN YOUR FACES.

A. J. S.

A. J. SHOWALTER, C.

1. Sunward turn your fac - es, Toward the light a - bove, Shin - ing in its  
 2. Do not grope in darkness When there's light on high; Je - sus' lov - ing  
 3. Tho' life's dreams have vanished, And the heart is sore, Yet the light is

splen - dor, Warm with heaven's love; Giv - ing hope and courage To the  
 pres - ence Clears the dark - est sky. Then look ev - er up - ward, Toward the  
 shin - ing Bright - ly as of yore. Turn your fac - es sunward Toward the

darkened soul, Till the world with glo - ry Shines from pole to pole.  
 orb of day, Find in Christ the sunshine That will light the way.  
 light on high, Let its rays so cheer - ing Give thee song for sigh.

## REFRAIN.

Sun - ward, sun - ward, Sunward turn to - day, Light . . . is  
 Sun - ward, ev - er sun - ward, Light is ev - er

shin - ing, Shin - ing all the way; Sun - ward, sun - ward, Sunward  
 Sun - ward, ev - er sun - ward,



## SUNWARD TURN YOUR FACES.—Concluded.

turn your eyes, Light . . . is streaming, Streaming from the skies.  
Light is ev - er stream - ing,

## No. 78.

## FLEE AS A BIRD.

EMMA GEAR.

CLAUD. L. CHAMBERLIN.

1. Flee as a bird to your mountain, When the trials of life press you sore ;
2. When you're assailed by temptation, O then flee as a bird to your home ;
3. When the dark shadows of evening Gather fast in the val-ley be - low,

Hide you with-in its deep shad-ows Until the strong tempest is o'er.  
Safe - ly a-bide in its shel-ter Un - til they are all o - ver-come.  
Flee as a bird to your mountain Whose top shines with heaven's pure glow.

## REFRAIN.

Flee as a bird to your mountain, When storms beat upon you be-low ;

Find it a safe, peaceful cov-ert, A ref-uge thro' life as you go.

## No. 79.

## THEY SHALL REIGN.

"And hath made us kings and priests unto God."—Rev. 1: 6.

F. L. SNYDER.

GEO. E. MYERS.

1. Those who love the King of glo - ry, And His bless - ed name a - dore,  
2. Those who love the bless - ed Sav - iour, And o - bey His ho - ly will,  
3. Those who o - ver - come the tempt - er, And each foe that doth as - sail,

Walk - ing dai - ly in His foot - steps, As He go eth on be - fore,  
Who will fol - low where He lead - eth, And when dy - ing love Him still,  
Who in Je - sus' name go for - ward, And thro' grace o'er all pre - vail,

Who will nev - er doubt nor wav - er, But will trust Him more and more,  
Who will suf - fer all for Je - sus, Tho' it be a tri - al sore,  
Who will press right on and up - ward, Till they reach the oth - er shore,

They shall reign as kings and priests for - ev - er - more.

## REFRAIN.

They shall reign, . . . they shall reign, . . . Reign for -  
They shall reign, they shall reign,







## No. 81.

## DO HIS WILL.

E. F. S.

E. F. STANTON.

1. Are you work-ing in the vine-yard of the Lord each day?  
 2. Are you point-ing men to Je-sus, guid-ed by His word?  
 3. Are you look-ing for the com-ing of the bless-ed King?

Are you walk-ing with the Sav-iour in the nar-row way?  
 Do you preach the bless-ed gos-pel of the ris-en Lord?  
 Will you meet the Lord in glo-ry and His prais-es sing?

Are you serv-ing Him with glad-ness, trust-ing in His blood?  
 Are you liv-ing 'neath the shad-ow of His pierc-ed side?  
 If through life the cause of Je-sus is your glad em-ploy

Love, o-bey the bless-ed Mas-ter, do the will of God.  
 Christ, the Sav-iour, bids the right-eous in His love a-bide.  
 You will hear Him sweet-ly say-ing, "en-ter thou my joy."

## REFRAIN.

Do His will, do His will, Do the bless-ed will of God;  
 Do His will, do His will, do His will,

## DO HIS WILL.—Concluded.

Do His will, do His will, Do the Ho-ly will of God.  
Do His will, do His will, do His will,

## No. 82.

## TAKE COURAGE.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. O trust in the Lord and take courage, Tho' ma-ny the tri-als we see ;  
2. Tho' life has its cares and its cross - es, Its days that are dreary and long ;  
3. The troubles that compass our path-way Are on - ly designed for our good ;

The arm of His mer-cy en-folds us, No mat-ter where'er we may be.  
The clouds will dissolve in to sun-shine, And sor-row be turned in-to song.  
O how can we doubt His pro-tec-tion, Who al-ways be-side us hath stood ?

## REFRAIN.

O trust in the Lord and take cour-age ; If faith-ful we watch un-to pray'r,

There's nothing can ev - er be-fall us, That grace will not help us to bear.

## No. 83.

## THE LORD IS KING.

CHARLES WESLEY.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. Re-joyce, the Lord is King, Your Lord and King a-dore;  
 2. Je-sus, the Sav-iour, reigns, The God of truth and love;  
 3. He sits at God's right hand, Till all His foes sub-mit,  
 4. Re-joyce in glo-rious hope; Je-sus, the Judge, shall come,

Mor-tals give thanks and sing, And tri-umph ev-er-more.  
 When He had purged our stains, He took His seat a-bove;  
 And bow to His com-mand, And fall be-neath His feet.  
 And take His serv-ants up To their e-ter-nal home.

## REFRAIN.

Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice, Re -  
 Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice, lift up your hearts, lift up your voice, Re -

joyce, re-joyce, A-gain, I say, re-joyce.  
 joyce a-gain, re-joyce a-gain,



No. 84. MARCHING UP TO GLORY-LAND.

C. L. C.

C. L. CHAMBERLIN.

1. We're a hap - py band, marching bravely in The nar - row way which is  
 2. We're an earn - est band, keeping heav'n in view While working now for the  
 3. When a few more years shall have passed away, We'll see the dawn of a

free from sin; We are march - ing on to the shin - ing strand,  
 good and true, And the on - ward march of this toil - ing band  
 bright - er day; We will cross the tide at our Lord's com - mand,

REFRAIN.

We're marching up to glo - ry - land. } We're march - ing up to  
 Is lead - ing up to glo - ry - land. }  
 And all be safe in glo - ry - land. } We're marching, marching

glo - ry - land, Up to glo - ry - land, up to glo - ry - land, We're

march - ing up to glo - ry - land, Up to glo - ry - land on high.  
 marching, marching

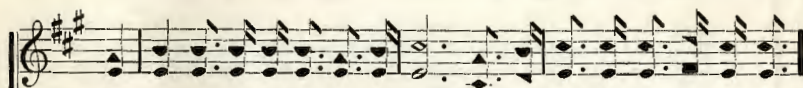
## No. 85. WE'LL ALL SING TOGETHER BY AND BY.

L. E. GREEN.

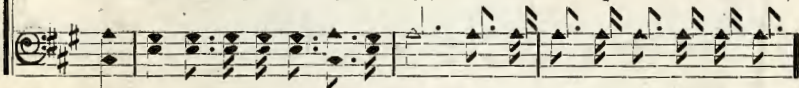
DR. D. M. WILSON.



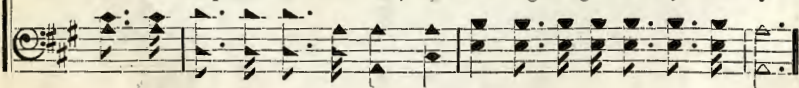
1. We're a band of sing-ing Christians On the march to Canaan's land,
2. We will sing the praise of Je-sus As we jour-ney here be-low,
3. Let us praise our heav'nly Fa-ther For the sa-cred gift of song,
4. As we walk the streets to-geth-er In that bright ce-les-tial land,



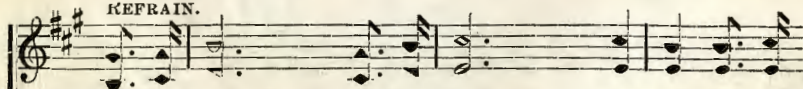
We'll all sing togeth-er by and by ; There we'll join the an-gel cho-rus,  
 We'll all sing togeth-er by and by ; There with ransomed souls in glo-ry,  
 We'll all sing togeth-er by and by ; Till we reach our home in heaven,  
 We'll all sing togeth-er by and by ; With a crown up-on our forehead,



And with loved ones on the strand, We'll all sing to-gether by and by.  
 With our robes made white as snow, We'll all sing to-gether by and by.  
 Then with yon-der happy throng, We'll all sing to-gether by and by.  
 And a harp with-in our hand, We'll all sing to-gether by and by.



## REFRAIN.



By and by, by and by, We'll all sing to -  
 By and by, by and by.



## We'll All Sing Together By and By.—Concluded.

geth-er by and by, by and by, By and by, By and by, by and  
 by, by and by, We'll all sing to-gether by and by.

## No. 86. LIGHT AFTER DARKNESS.

FRANCIS R. HAVERGAL.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. Light aft - er dark - ness, Gain aft - er loss, Strength aft - er  
 2. Sheaves aft - er sow - ing, Sun aft - er rain, Sight aft - er  
 3. Near aft - er dis - tant, Gleam aft - er gloom, Love aft - er

weak - ness, Crown aft - er cross; Sweet aft - er bit - ter,  
 mys - ter - y, Peace aft - er pain; Joy aft - er sor - row,  
 lone - li - ness, Life aft - er tomb; Aft - er long ag - o - ny

Hope aft - er fears, Home aft - er wan - der - ing, Praise aft - er tears.  
 Calm aft - er blast, Rest aft - er wea - ri - ness, Sweet rest at last.  
 Rap - ture of bliss, Right was the path - way Lead - ing to this.



## No. 87.

## SHOWERS OF BLESSING.

"There shall be showers of blessing."—Ezek. 34: 26.

W. T. DALE.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. There shall be showers of blessing,      Fall - ing like rain from a - bove ;  
 2. There shall be showers of blessing,      Wa - t' ring our spir - its a - gain ;  
 3. There shall be showers of blessing ;      Streams of His mer - cy we need ;  
 4. There shall be showers of blessing ;      Now on each heart may they fall ;

There shall be "times of re - fresh - ing,"      Fill - ing our hearts with His love.  
 Clouds o'er the land are now ris - ing,      Filled with "a - bun - dance of rain."  
 Lord, do Thou grant a re - fresh - ing,      While for Thy mer - cy we plead.  
 While to our God we're confess - ing,      Lord, grant Thy blessing to all.

REFRAIN.

Show - - ers of bless - ing,      Show - - ers to -  
 Show - ers of bless - ing,      show - ers of bless - ing,      Show - ers of bless - ing, of

day ;      Drops of His mer - cy are fall - ing,  
 bless - ing to - day ;

*rit.*

But for the showers we pray.

5 There shall be showers of blessing,  
 Filling our land with delight ;  
 Showers of blessing, reviving,  
 Giving us songs in the night.

6 There shall be showers of blessing,  
 Showers of blessing on all ;  
 Glory to God ! they are coming,  
 Showers of blessing now fall.

## No. 88.

## MOVE OUT INTO THE LIGHT.

"In him was life; and the life was the light of men."—John 1: 4.

EDNA LEAKE NIX.

RICHARD K. HIGGINS.

1. O wea-ry, sin-sick wand'rer, A rest re-mains for you, God's ho-ly  
 2. Give God a life of serv-ice, A life of faith and pray'r, That you may  
 3. The light still shines resplendent, As on the a - ges roll, The Com-fort-  
 4. The time is swift - ly coming, By faith I now can see The Prince of

word reveals it,—A promise kind and true; Lay down your sins and burdens, Ex-  
 ter heav-en, And all its glories share; Let God now reign within you, He  
 er's been giv-en, That re-as-sures the soul; Put all up-on the al-tar, Live  
 Peace descending, Our King on earth to be; Get read-y now to meet Him, And

*D.S.—Gird on the gos-pel ar-mor To*  
 FINE.

change for day your night, And joy and peace will follow; Move out in - to the light.  
 rules by love, not might, He waits to bid you welcome; Move out in - to the light.  
 ho - ly in His sight, Receive Him in His ful-ness, Move out in - to the light.  
 live by faith, not sight, Accept His full sal-va-tion. Move out in - to the light.

*bat-tle for the right, Pre-pare to meet the con-flict, Move out in - to the light.*  
 REFRAIN.

Move out in - to the light, in - to the light,  
 Move in - to the light, in - to the beau-ti - ful light,

O move out in - to the light;  
 O move out in - to the light, the beau-ti - ful light;

## No. 89.

## LET THE SUNSHINE IN.

ADA BLENKHORN.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Do you fear the foe will in the con - flict win? Is it dark with-  
 2. Does your faith grow fainter in the cause you love? Are your pray'rs un-  
 3. Would you go re-joic-ing on the up - ward way, Knowing naught of

out you,—darker still with-in? Clear the darkened windows, o - pen  
 answer'd by your God a - bove? Clear the darkened windows, o - pen  
 darkness,—dwelling in the day? Clear the darkened windows, o - pen

## REFRAIN.

wide the door, Let a lit - tle sunshine in. Let a lit - tle sun-

shine in, . . . Let a lit - tle sun - shine in . . . Clear the  
 the sun - shine in, . . . the sun - shine in, . . .

darkened windows, o - pen wide the door, Let a lit - tle sunshine in.

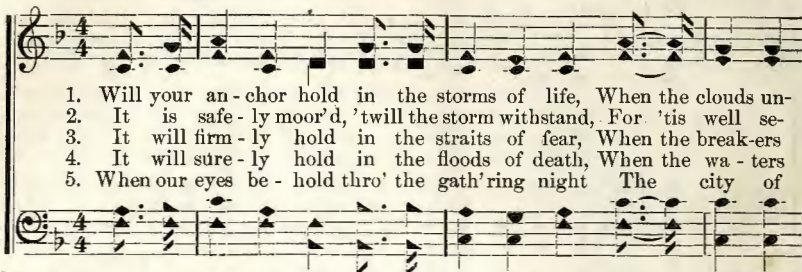


## No. 90.

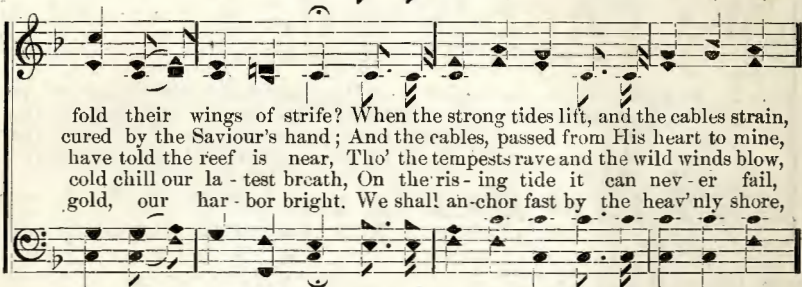
## WE HAVE AN ANCHOR.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. Will your an-chor hold in the storms of life, When the clouds un-  
 2. It is safe-ly moor'd, 'twill the storm withstand, For 'tis well se-  
 3. It will firm-ly hold in the straits of fear, When the break-ers  
 4. It will sure-ly hold in the floods of death, When the wa-ters  
 5. When our eyes be-hold thro' the gath'ring night The city of

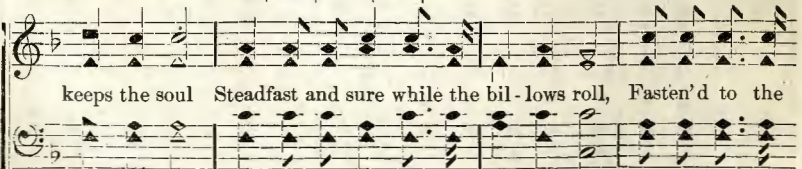


fold their wings of strife? When the strong tides lift, and the cables strain,  
 cured by the Saviour's hand; And the cables, passed from His heart to mine,  
 have told the reef is near, Tho' the tempests rave and the wild winds blow,  
 cold chill our la-test breath, On the ris-ing tide it can nev-er fail,  
 gold, our har-bor bright, We shall an-chor fast by the heav'nly shore,

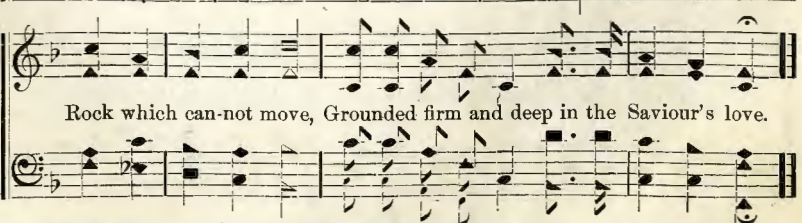
## REFRAIN.



Will your an-chor drift, or firm re-main?  
 Can de-fy the blast, thro' strength divine.  
 Not an an-gry wave shall our bark o'erflow. } We have an an-chor that  
 While our hopes a-bide with-in the veil.  
 With the storms all past for-ev-er-more.



keeps the soul Steadfast and sure while the bil-lows roll, Fasten'd to the



Rock which can-not move, Grounded firm and deep in the Saviour's love.

## No. 91.

## WAITING UP YONDER.

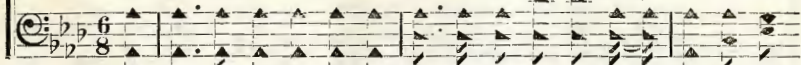
H. P. FITCH.

(Good as a Solo.)

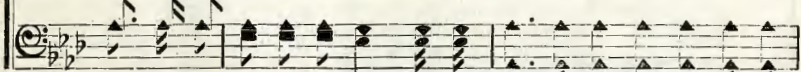
A. J. SHOWALTER.

*Not too fast.*

1. I think of the love ones who once with us gath-ered, And joined in the
2. I think of the prophets and pa - triarchs faithful Who longed for the
3. I think of the Sav-i-our, so precious and lov-ing, Who once for my
4. I think of the glo - ry that waits me up yon-der, Of the pleasures e -



serv - ice of Je - sus be - low ; Of the sheaves they are bringing and the  
 day, now so glorious and bright ; Of their pa - tient en - dur - ance, and the  
 sins died on Cal - va - ry's tree ; Of the crown He is hold ing, and the  
 ter - nal that heav'n will afford, Of the knowledge in - creas ing, and the



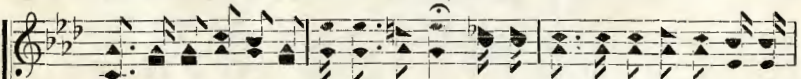
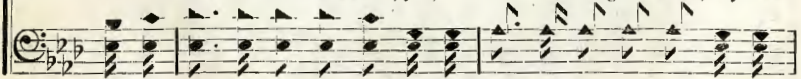
songs they are singing, For they chant the glad song the redeemed only know.  
 bless - ed as - sur - ance That cheered them in sorrow till faith changed to sight.  
 bless - ed en - fold - ing Which thro' grace all abounding, waits a sinner like me.  
 rap - ture un - ceas ing, But sweet er that all, I shall be with my Lord.



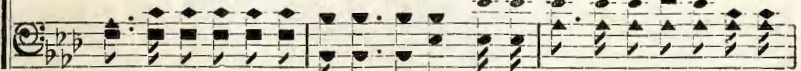
## REFRAIN.



- 1-2. O I know I shall meet them, yes, I know I shall greet them, By the
- 3-4. O I know I shall meet Him, yes, I know I shall greet Him, By the



riv - er of life, where we'll part nevermore ; O the joy of that meeting, O the  
 riv - er of life, where we'll part nevermore ; O the joy of that meeting, O the



## WAITING UP YONDER.—Concluded.

bliss of that greeting, When they welcome me home to e-ter - ni-ty's shore.  
bliss of that greeting, When He welcomes me home to e-ter - ni-ty's shore.

## No. 92.

## PISGAH.

ISAAC WATTS.

J. C. LOWRY. Arr. by A. J. S.

1. Since I can read my ti - tle clear, To mansions in the skies,
2. Should earth against my soul en-gage, And fi-ery darts be hurled, . .
3. Let cares like a wild del-uge come, And storms of sorrow fall ; . .
4. Then shall I bathe my wea - ry soul In seas of heav' nly rest ; . .

FINE.

I bid fare-well to ev - 'ry fear, And wipe my weep-ing eyes.  
Then I can smile at Sa-tan's rage, And face a frown-ing world.  
May I but safe - ly reach my home, My God, my heav' n, my all.  
And not a wave of troub-le roll A - cross my peace-ful breast.

D.S.

And wipe my weep-ing eyes, . . And wipe my weeping eyes ; . . .  
And face a frowning world, . . And face a frowning world ; . . .  
My God, my heav' n, my all, . . My God, my heav' n, my all ;  
A - cross my peace-ful breast, . . A - cross my peace-ful breast ; . .

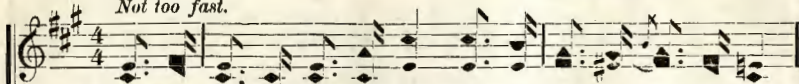


## No. 93.

## BEAUTIFUL ROBES.

E. E. HEWITT.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

*Not too fast.*

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



Where shall en-ter naught that may de-file; Where the daybeam ne'er declines,  
When the beau-ty of the King we see; Hold-ing converse full and sweet,  
Where the Lamb His ransomed ones shall lead; For His blood shall wash each stain,



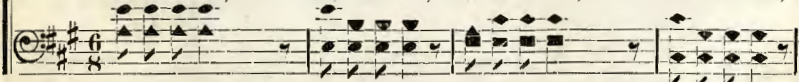
For the bless-ed light that shines Is the glo-ry of the Saviour's smile.  
In a fel-low-ship complete; Waking songs of ho-ly mel-o-dy.  
Till no spot of sin re-main, And the soul for-ev-er-more is freed.



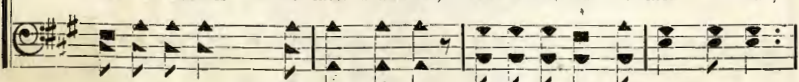
## REFRAIN.



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



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



## BEAUTIFUL ROBES.—Concluded.

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

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

## No. 94.

## ART THOU WEARY.

J. M. NEALE, Tr.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. Art thou wea - ry? art thou lan - guid? Are thou sore dis - tress'd?
2. Hath He marks to lead me to Him If He be my Guide?
3. Is there di - a - dem as mon - arch, That His brow a - dorns?
4. If I find Him, if I fol - low, What my fu - ture here?
5. If I still hold close - ly to Him, What hath He at last?
6. If I ask Him to re - ceive me, Will He say me nay?

*pp*

“Come to me,” saith One, and com - ing, “Be at rest,” “Be at rest.”  
 “In His feet and hands are wound - prints, And His side,” “And His side.”  
 “Yes, a crown in ver - y sure - ty, But of thorns,” “But of thorns.”  
 “Many a sor - row, many a la - bor, Many a tear,” “Many a tear.”  
 “Sor - row vanquished, la - bor end - ed, Jor - dan past,” “Jor - dan past.”  
 “Not till earth and not till heav - en Pass a - way,” “Pass a - way.”

## No. 95.

## LOOK BEYOND!

E. R. LATTI.

J. D. PATTON.

1. Broth-er, if thy lot be hard, Look be - yond! look be - yond!  
 2. Rough may be thy path to tread, Look be - yond! look be - yond!  
 3. Do not be the slave of sin, Look be - yond! look be - yond!

Heav-en's bliss can-not be marred; Look be - yond! look be - yond!  
 There's a smooth - er one a - head; Look be - yond! look be - yond!  
 Ev - er - last - ing joys to win, Look be - yond! look be - yond!

Look be - yond each try - ing scene, And the clouds that in - ter - vene!  
 Look be - yond the toil and care. That be - set us ev - 'ry-where;  
 Think of all that waits us there, That we shall for - ev - er share;

What - so - e'er may come be - tween, Look be - yond! look be - yond!  
 Do not yield thee to de - spair, Look be - yond! look be - yond!  
 Where there are no ills to bear! Look be - yond! look be - yond!

## REFRAIN.

Look be - yond! look be - yond! Where the Heav'nly Ca - naan lies!  
 Look be - yond! look be - yond!



LOOK BEYOND!—Concluded.

Look be-yond! look be-yond! To the ev - er-last - ing prize.  
 Look be-yond! look be-yond!

No. 96. WE SHALL REST AT EVENTIDE.

J. A. T.

J. A. TAYLOR.

1. We shall rest at e - ven - tide, When the day of toil is past;  
 2. Wea - ry one, thy lit - tle day Draw - eth swift - ly to its close;  
 3. Lean - ing on the Saviour's breast We may all in peace a - bide;

Cast - ing all our cares a - side, We shall sweet - ly rest at last.  
 Ere for thee it fades a - way, Come to Christ and find re - pose.  
 There our wea - ry souls may rest, Soothed and blest at e - ven - tide.

REFRAIN.

We shall rest, yes, sweet - ly rest, If we trust the Cru - ci - fied;

We shall rest, O bless - ed rest! We shall rest at e - ven - tide.

## No. 97. WE'RE SAILING O'ER THE OCEAN WIDE.

A. J. S.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. We're sail-ing o'er (We're sail-ing o'er) the o-cean wide; (the o-cean wide;)  
 2. Tho' wild may rage (Tho' wild may rage) the storm around, (the storm a-round,)  
 3. We catch a glimpse (We catch a glimpse) of yon-der shore, (of you- der shore,)

Our barque is toss'd (Our barque is toss'd) with wind and tide; (with wind and tide;)  
 The calm with-in (The calm with-in) doth still abound; (doth still a-bound;)  
 Where sails are furl'd (Where sails are furl'd) and storms are o'er; (and storms are o'er;)

But we've on board, (But we've on board,) a pi-lot true, (a pi-lot true,)  
 For at the helm (For at the helm) is Christ we know, (is Christ we know,)  
 We'll an-chor safe (We'll an-chor safe) in port at last, (in port at last,)

Who fears not storms (Who fears not storms) nor depths of blue. (nor depths of blue)  
 And steers straight home (And steers straight home) where all would go. (where all would go.)  
 Beyond the reach (Be-yond the reach) of ev-'ry blast. (of ev-'ry blast.)

## REFRAIN.

Then spread the sails (Then spread the sails) and catch the breeze, (and catch the breeze,)

## We're Sailing O'er the Ocean Wide.—Concluded.

Our Pi - lot King (Our Pi - lot King) con-trols the seas ; ( con-trols the seas ; )

Tho' waves roll high (Tho' waves roll high ) and lights are dim, (and lights are dim,)

We still can trust (We still can trust) our barque to Him. ( our barque to Him.)

## No. 98.

## RETREAT. L. M.

HUGH STOWELL.

THOMAS HASTINGS.

1. From ev-'ry stormy wind that blows, From ev-'ry swell-ing tide of woes,
2. There is a place where Jesus sheds The oil of glad-ness on our heads,
3. There is a scene where spirits blend, Where friend holds fellowship with friend;
4. There, there on eagles' wings we soar, And sin and sense mo-lest no more,
5. Oh, let my hand for-get her skill, My tongue be si-lent, cold, and still,

There is a calm, a sure retreat—'Tis found beneath the mer-cy - seat.  
 A place, than all besides, more sweet— It is the blood-bought mer-cy - seat.  
 Tho' sundered far, by faith they meet Around one com-mon mer-cy - seat.  
 And heav'n comes down our souls to greet, And glory crowns the mer-cy - seat.  
 This bounding heart forget to beat, If I for - get Thy mer-cy - seat.



## No. 99.

## COURAGE.

BIRDIE BELL.

H. A. MULLENNIX.

1. Why shouldst thou fear or trem - ble? The Lord is by thy side;  
 2. Be ev - er of good cour - age! Christ bids thee to be strong;  
 3. Then keep thy faith un - spot - ted, Of naught be thou a - fraid,

He'll guard thee from all dan - ger, In Je - sus' care con - fide;  
 Faint not, but brave - ly bat - tle, A - gainst the hosts of wrong;  
 God bids thee have good cour - age, And nev - er be dis - mayed:

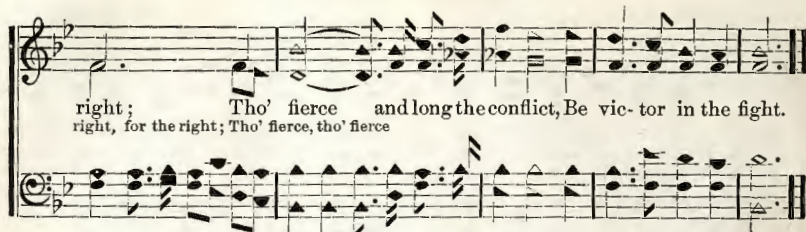
Press on, He will pro - tect thee, No hand shall o - ver - throw,  
 Rest not till ends the con - flict, Un - til the dawn of peace,  
 Fight on till ends the strug - gle, Un - til the field is won,

For He's thy trust - ing Cap - tain And leads thee 'gainst the foe.  
 When all the noise and troub - le Of this fierce strife shall cease.  
 When He will crown thee vic - tor, And greet thee with "Well done!"

## REFRAIN.

Be strong and of good cour - age, And bat - - tle for the  
 Be strong, be strong and of good cour - age, And bat - tle, bat - tle for the

## COURAGE.—Concluded.

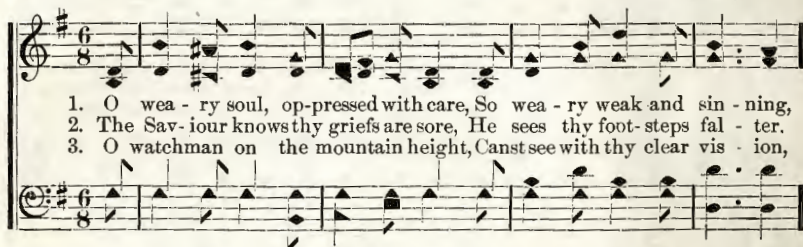


right; Tho' fierce and long the conflict, Be vic-tor in the fight.  
right, for the right; Tho' fierce, tho' fierce

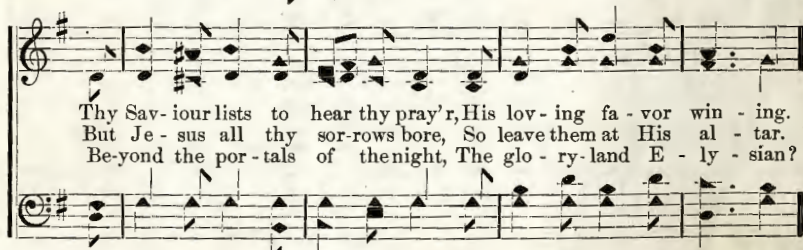
## No. 100. THE MORNING COMETH.

H. P. FITCH.

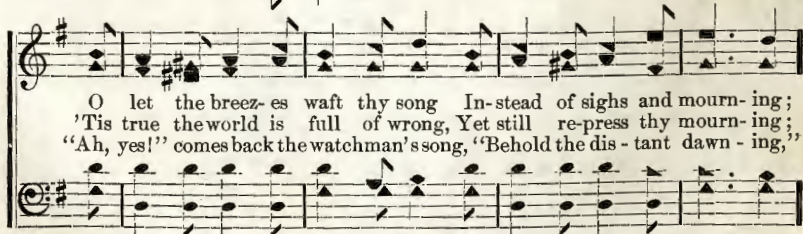
A. J. SHOWALTER.



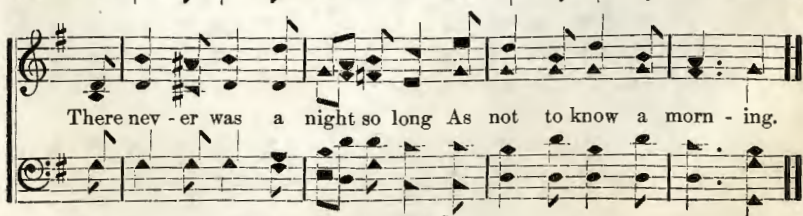
1. O wea-ry soul, op-pressed with care, So wea-ry weak and sin-nig,  
2. The Sav-iour knows thy griefs are sore, He sees thy foot-steps fal-ter.  
3. O watchman on the mountain height, Canst see with thy clear vis-ion,



Thy Sav-iour lists to hear thy pray'r, His lov-ing fa-vor win-ning.  
But Je-sus all thy sor-rows bore, So leave them at His al-tar.  
Be-yond the por-tals of thenight, The glo-ry-land E-ly-sian?



O let the breez-es waft thy song In-stead of sighs and mourn-ing;  
'Tis true the world is full of wrong, Yet still re-press thy mourn-ing;  
"Ah, yes!" comes back the watchman's song, "Behold the dis-tant dawn-ing,"



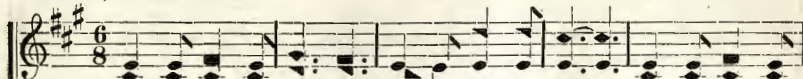
There nev-er was a night so long As not to know a morn-ing.

## No. 101.

## SCATTER SUNSHINE.

LANTA WILSON SMITH.

E. O. EXCELL.



1. In a world where sorrow Ev - er will be known, Where are found the
2. Slight - est ac - tions oft - en Meet the sor - est needs, For the world wants
3. When the days are gloom - y, Sing some hap - py song, Meet the world's re -



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



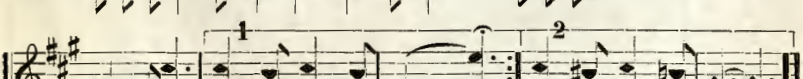
all be - stow, If you scat - ter sun - shine Ev - 'rywhere you go.  
help re - move, With your songs and courage, Sym - pa - thy and love.  
ills of life, Scat - ter smiles and sunshine, O'er its toil and strife.



## REFRAIN.



Scat - ter sunshine 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.





## No. 102.

## KEEP LOOKING UP.

BIRDIE BELL.

H. H. THOMASON.

1. Keep look - ing up, and tread the path be - fore thee, No time to  
 2. Keep look - ing up, the dark gray skies will brighten, The clouds fast  
 3. Keep look - ing up, when fears and doubts be - set thee, A home is

gath - er thorns a - long the way; A sleep - less eye is  
 melt - ing as the sun ap - pears; A dawn - ing day the  
 wait - ing when thy toil is o'er; The lov - ing Christ on

*D.S.*—Keep look - ing up and

ev - er watching o'er thee, Keep looking up! go on in faith each day.  
 waiting world doth lighten, Keep looking up, God's hands will wipe thy tears.  
 high will ne'er forget thee, Keep looking up, and God enthroned a-dore.

*cease thy sad re-pin-ing, The glow-ing east pro-claims the promised day.*

## REFRAIN.

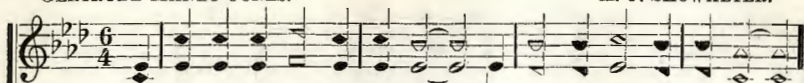
Keep look - ing up, A star a - above is shin - ing,  
 Keep look - ing up, keep look - ing up,

Keep look - ing up, A hand doth point the way;  
 Keep look - ing up, keep look - ing up,

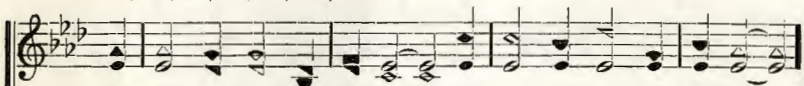
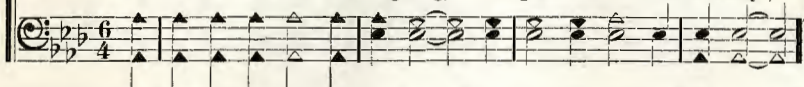
## No. 103. LOOK UP, AND SING A SONG.

GERTRUDE MANLY JONES.

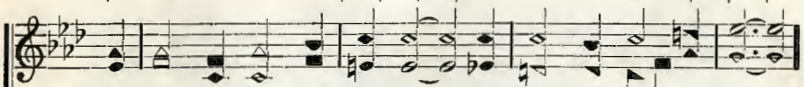
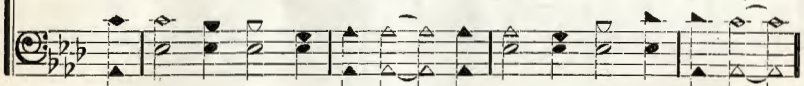
A. J. SHOWALTER.



1. O don't go bow'd down in sor-row, The world is what you make it ;
2. The hon-ey bee seeks the flow - er Tho' skies are dull and chilling ;
3. All na-ture God's love is sing-ing, O'er peak and mountain hoary ;



There's sweet sunshine to-mor-row, If you but reach and take it.  
Thro' many a sun-less hour . . The birds their songs are trill-ing ;  
O'er vales and fields are ring-ing Sweet prais-es to His glo-ry ;



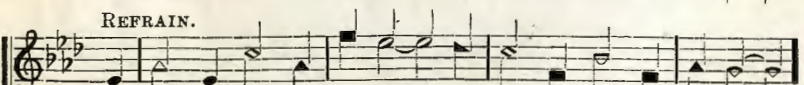
Make not life's path-way drear-y With plaints of woe and wrong ;  
For ev-'ry blur, there's beau-ty ; There's right for ev-'ry wrong ;  
Will you His crea-ture—liv-ing—One of the "blood-bought throng"—



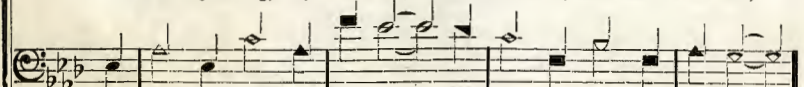
Be val-iant, strong and cheer-y, Look up and sing a song.  
Ah, cour-age is your du-ty ; Look up and sing a song.  
Re-fuse your heart's thanksgiving? Look up and sing a song.



## REFRAIN.



A cheer-y song, my broth-er, Perchance may save an-oth-er ;



## LOOK UP, AND SING A SONG.—Concluded.

Don't wor - ry so; For - get your woe: Look up and sing a song.

## No. 104. SINGING ALL THE WAY.

Selected.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

*Joyfully.*

1. Tho' we sow the seed with weeping, Toil-ing in the heat of day,
2. Bear-ing sheaves to shine in glo - ry, Gems to deck the Master's crown,
3. Let us, then, be up and do-ing, Scat-ter seed at ear-ly day;
4. For we know not which will pros-per, Of the seed we scat-ter wide,

We will all go home re - joic-ing, Sweet-ly sing-ing on the way.  
Ripened sheaves for Christ, our Saviour, At His feet to lay them down.  
And at mid-day keep on sow-ing, And till daylight fades a - way.  
In the morn-ing, or at mid-day, Or at qui - et e - ven-tide.

REFRAIN.

When the Mas - ter calls at ev'n-ing, Calls from work a - way,

We'll go home our ripe sheaves bringing, Sweetly sing-ing all the way.



## No. 105.

## CHRIST IS COMING.

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

W. G. WOLFE.

1. Have you heard that Christ is com-ing, He is com - ing by and by,  
 2. Let us all be watching, wait-ing, for the Lord will sure - ly come,  
 3. What a day of ex - ul - ta-tion and of glad-ness that will be,

Com - ing back to gath - er all His loved and own, To be  
 He has said it in His ev - er - last - ing word; Let us  
 When our eyes shall see the rend - ing of the sky, And shall

with Him in His kingdom and to reign with Him on high, And with  
 all be work-ing, pray-ing, till the Mas - ter calls us home, To be  
 see the Lord de-scend-ing in His ho - ly maj - es - ty, As He

REFRAIN.  
 rap-ture meet a-round the golden throne? } He is com - - ing  
 shar-ers in the heav-en-ly re-ward. }  
 com-eth in His glo-ry by and by. } He is com-ing by and by,

by and by, He is com - - ing from on  
 He is com-ing by and by, He is com-ing from on high, He is

## CHRIST IS COMING.—Concluded.

high;  
com - ing from on high;

He is com - ing, O believe Him! And be

read - y to receive Him; He is com - ing in His glo-ry by and by.

## No. 106.

## COWPER. C. M.

JOHN NEWTON.

Dr. LOWELL MASON.

1. Amazing grace! how sweet the sound That saved a wretch like me! I once was
2. 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear, And grace my fears relieved; How precious
3. Thro' many dangers, toils, and snares I have alread-y come; 'Twas grace that
4. The Lord has promised good to me, His word my hope secures; He will my
5. Yes, when this flesh and heart shall fail, And mortal life shall cease, I shall pos-

lost, but now am found, Was blind, but now I see, Was blind, but now I see.  
did that grace ap-pear, The hour I first believed! The hour I first believed!  
brought me safe thus far, And grace will lead me home. And grace will lead me home.  
Shield and Portion be, As long as life en-dures, As long as life en-dures.  
sess, with-in the vale, A life of joy and peace, A life of joy and peace.

## No. 107. Listen to the Saviour's Words so Tender.

A. J. S.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. Lis - ten to the Say-iour's words so ten - der, Sweet - er than the  
 2. Let the ten - der Shep herd choose your path-way, None so kind and  
 3. O what bless - ed words are these, my Sav - iour, How they cheer my  
 4. When the work of life with me is o - ver, And I hear Thy

harp on the gold - en shore, Say - ing to the wea - ry, heav - y -  
 lov - ing, so true as He; Lis - ten to His soft - est ac - cents  
 heart as I toil for Thee, Bring - ing in the sun - shine of Thy  
 voice on the earth no more, May I see and hear Thee, bless - ed

la - den, Come to Me and sor - row no more. Find in Me  
 plead - ing, Say - ing come and fol - low thou Me. Fol - low Me,  
 pres - ence, Showing that Thou car - est for me. Care for me,  
 Sav - iour, Call - ing me to heav - en's fair shore. Call for me,

sweet - est rest, Take My yoke up on you, learn of Me; Come and be  
 fol - low Me, I am meek and low - ly now of heart; Thou my child  
 Sav - iour dear, I am trust - ing in Thy wondrous grace; Per - fect love  
 bless - ed Lord, Call me to that bet - ter land on high; I will trust



## Listen to the Saviour's Words so Tender.—Concluded.



heav - en's guest, Come and sup with Me and I with thee.  
 then shalt be, And from Thee I nev - er more shall part.  
 casts out fear, And I long to see Thee face to face.  
 in Thy word, And shall see and know Thee by and by.

## No. 108.

## MURMUR NOT.

ADALYN.

CLAUD H. BOTTOMS.

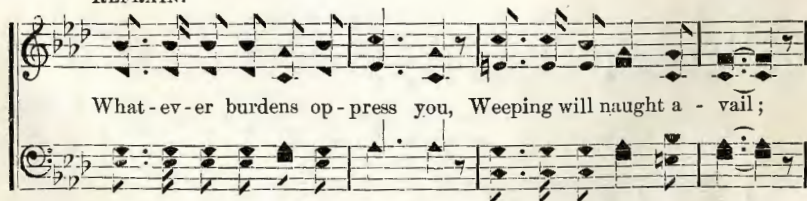


1. Soul, are you sad and wea - ry,— Seem-eth the jour - ny long?  
 2. And when life's woes o'er take you, Fill - ing you with a - larm,  
 3. There will be joy for sad - ness, Pa - tient - ly run your race;

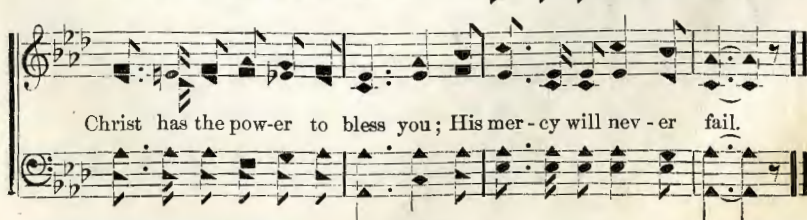


Smile, though the sky be drear - y; Light - en your heart with song.  
 Je - sus will ne'er for - sake you,—Lean on His ten - der arm.  
 Then with a thrill of glad - ness, Rest in your Lord's em - brace.

## REFRAIN.



What - ev - er burdens op - press you, Weeping will naught a - vail;



Christ has the pow - er to bless you; His mer - cy will nev - er fail.

ELIZABETH A. HOPKINSON.

A. J. SHAWLDER.

1. Homeward lead my feet, O'er the golden throne, Where sits ma - ry  
 2. Je - sus, my dear - est, sing - ing as I go, O'er a long the  
 3. Homeward I am go - ing to Je - sus - si - des, Where a robe of  
 4. Home ward, homeward going, fol - lowing the Lord, Whom we call He

men - store fair and bright, Whither my best friends to be with Christ have gone,  
 way by Je - sus' love, Strong in faith and our joy, leav - ing all be - low,  
 white in wait - ing me, Whom my love shall soon re - ad di - a - dem,  
 leads His trust - ing child, Leav - ing on His love and rest - ing on His Word,

HEROIC.

Ev - er in the pal - a - ce of light,  
 Press - ing O'er the glo - ri - ous red sea - berms,  
 And for - ev - er I shall hap - py be,  
 Pre - par - ing to the ex - e - cut - ion - field.

Go - ing home to glo - ry,

go - ing home to God, Walk - ing in the foot - steps of my Lord, Shield - ed by His

love and trust - ing in His Word, Ready to an - nounce my soul's re - ward.



## No. 110. THERE'S A JOY IN THE CUP OF SORROW.

EMMA A. TIFFANY.

ALAN GREEN.

1. There's a joy in the cup of sor - row; Tho' bit - ter tears are  
 2. There's a joy in the cup of sor - row, Tho' lone - ly hours are  
 3. There's a joy in the cup of sor - row, For we best in true

ful - ling to - day, There's a thought of the dawn of the mor - row,  
 blood - ing to - day, For there's peace that comes in on the mor - row,  
 sub - mis - sion to - day; For we trust - ing - ly wait for the mor - row,

God . . . shall wipe all  
 BROTHERS,  
 When God shall wipe all tears a - way. When God shall wipe all tears, all

tears a - way,  
 tears a - way, When God shall wipe all tears a - way; There's a  
 tears a - way, When God shall wipe all tears a - way; For there's  
 tears a - way, When God shall wipe all tears a - way; For we

that of the dawn of the mor - row, When God shall wipe all tears a - way,  
 peace that comes in on the mor - row, When God shall wipe all tears a - way,  
 trust - ing - ly wait for the mor - row, When God shall wipe all tears a - way.

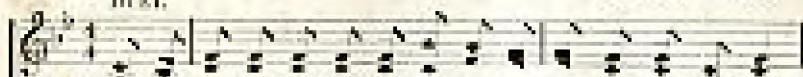


## No. 111.

## JESUS HIDS US COME.

Arranged by  
HUNT.

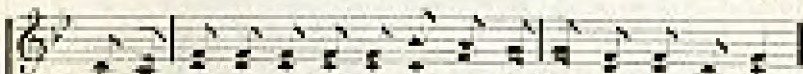
A. J. SHAWALTER.



1. Don't you hear Him earnestly call-ing? Je-sus speaks in tones of love;
2. Hear His pleading in the gar-den, See His blood-ing on the cross;
3. Christians need not be af-fright-ed When the night of death shall come;



Hear the tears in ac-cents fall-ing, Grea-tly fall-ing from a-bove;  
Will you slight the pro-phet's words? Can you hear the dread-ful low?  
All the pas-sage will be light-ed, To that best, in-ter-est-ing home;



"In my Fa-ther's house is room- as is pre-pared a place for thee;  
Let us dis-robe to- day our-selves, Kne from our greiv-ous and pain-ful;  
When the all-ter-rible is broken, When our earth-ly home shall fall,



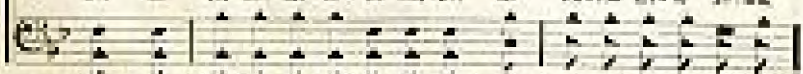
Love-ly man-sion free-ly give us, On-ly come and fol-low Me!"  
Linger near the hal-ling En-ter-ing, Flow-ing from let-tered-ed side,  
When the last fare-well is spoken, Save us, Je-sus, save us all.



REFRAIN.



Let us fol-low Him, Let us fol-low Him,  
Let us fol-low Him, Let us fol-low Him,



## JESUS BIDS US COME.—Concluded.

Let us fol - low, it is Je - sus bids us come;      this is come;

He will lead us through the val - ley.      He will lead us through the val - ley.

He will lead us o'er the riv - er safe - ly home.      safe - ly home.

No. 112.

AZMON, C. M.

Jesse WATTS.

Arr. by Dr. L. HARRY.

1. I'm not ashamed to own my Lord, Nor to de - fend His cause;  
 2. Je - sus my Lord, I know His name, His name is all my trust;  
 3. Firm as His throne His promise stands, And He can well se - cure  
 4. Them will He own, my worth - less name: Re - fore His Fa - ther's face,

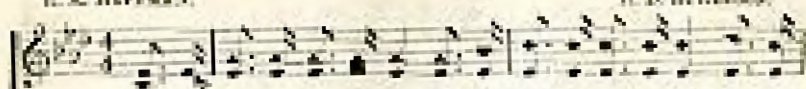
Maintain the hon - or of His word, The glo - ry of His crown  
 Nor will He put my soul to shame, Nor let my hope be lost.  
 What I've com - mit - ted to His hands, Till the do - om - sine hour,  
 And in the new Je - su - s - kom Ap - point for me a place.



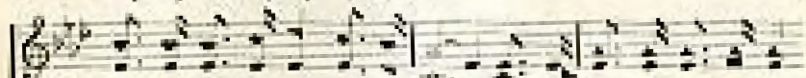
## No. 113. BY AND BY WE'LL REACH OUR HOME.

H. A. HOFFMAN.

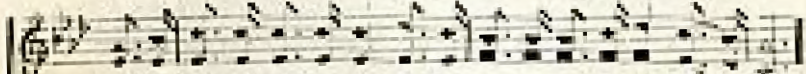
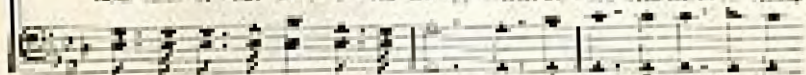
H. D. HILLMAN.



1. As we go our pilgrim way, half wing'd - our day by day; We are
2. It will not be very long till we join the host throng, in their
3. What a meeting that will be when with vision clear we see. All the



hap - py in His grace and His love; Joy - fill - ly we taste a long,  
 songs of grate - ful praise by the throne; Ev - ery footstep leads us near  
 dearest ones of our love - our throes; When we walk with them in white,



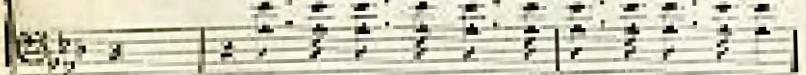
sing - ing strains of ho - ly song, As we journey to the mansion in heav'n,  
 our e - ter - nal home so dear, Whether our beloved friends ever are gone,  
 wear the crown of glory bright, And with them the crownless glory share!



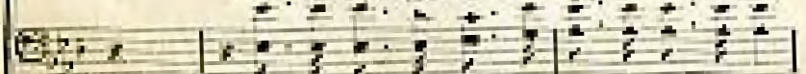
REFRAIN.



By and by . . . . we'll reach our home,  
 By and by we'll reach our home, by and by we'll reach our home.



Reach our hap - - - py home on high;  
 Reach our hap - - - py home on high, hap - - - py home on high.





## BY AND BY WE'LL REACH OUR HOME.—Concluded.

All - we live in a . . . . . world of sin,  
 All - we live in a world of sin, all - we live in a world of sin,

We will reach our Father's house, by and by.  
 We will reach our Father's house, by and by.

No. 114.

MANOAH. C. M.

H. STEWART.

GREGGORY.

1. Ho - ly the most exalted throne, Up - on the Saviour's brow;
2. No mortal man with Him compares, Among the sons of men;
3. He was our plumed in deep distress, And free is my re - lief;
4. To Him I owe my life and breath, And all the joys I have;
5. To banish the place of His a - bode, He brings my soul by rest;
6. Save from Thy bounty, I re - ceive, Such proofs of love al - ways.

His head with radiant glories crowned, His lips with grace o'erflow,  
 Fair - er is He than all the air, Who fill the heavenly train,  
 For me He bore the shameful cross, And carried all my grief,  
 He makes me triumph o - ver death, And saves me from the grave,  
 Shows me the glories of my God, And makes my joys complete,  
 Had I a thousand hearts to give, Lord, they should all be Thine.

## No. 115. IF NO BURDENS THERE WERE TO CARRY.

W. H. GARDNER.

EDWIN MOORE.

1. If no burd-ens there were to car-ry, Then why should we long for rest?  
 2. If we nev-er were lost in dark-ness, Then why should we long for light?  
 3. If we nev-er had been a wand' rer, Then why should we long for home?

Ah, no sor-row is sent up-on us, Save for some pur-pose blest.  
 If we nev-er were struck with blind-ness, Why should we long for sight.  
 Ah, the glo-ri-ous day is com-ing, When we no more shall roam.

## REFRAIN.

Ev-'ry tri-al brings us near-er, To the lov-ing Sav-iour's breast,

Ev-'ry sor-row shows us clear-er, Where is found e-ter-nal rest,

Ev-'ry sor-row shows us clear-er, Where is found e-ter-nal rest.

## No. 116.

## SOME DAY.

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.  
DUET.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. Some day we shall be freed from sin, And feel no more of strife within ;  
2. Some day the clouds will lift and rise, And sin no more shall veil our eyes ;  
3. Some day the Lord of Par - a - dise, With gladness will our hearts surprize,

But, fill'd with heaven's perfect peace, Our joy shall more and more in-crease.  
But sunshine shall our hearts illumine, And Christ Himself dispel our gloom.  
And send us from the heav'n's a - bove, The treasure of His - per - fect love.

## REFRAIN.

Then, then our hearts will be at rest, With  
our hearts at rest,

heav-en's sweet-est love pos - sessed, And we shall know God's  
shall know

per - fect peace, And joy shall more and more in - crease.  
sweet peace,



## No. 117.

## LOOKING AWAY.

Dedicated to Dolly Hutson, South Carolina.

EUGENE P. MICKEL.

N. KEFF SMITH.

1. Looking a-way un-to Je - sus, What are the ills of to - day?  
 2. Looking a-way un-to Je - sus, — Je - sus who ev - er is near, —  
 3. Looking a-way un-to Je - sus, Soon we shall wea - ry no more;

Wis - dom and strength He will give us, Guid - ing us all of the way.  
 Sor - rows and troub - les will van - ish; Per - fect love cast - eth out fear.  
 O for the rest that is prom - ised, When this brief so - jurn is o'er!

Out of our weak - ness and fail - ure, — Out of tempta - tion and sin, —  
 Gone is the heart's bit - ter an - guish, — Throb - bings of pain and woe cease, —  
 O for the beau - ty of heav - en! O for the songs an - gels sing!

Kept by His grace thro' life's bat - tles, We shall the vic - to - ry win.  
 When to our souls fond - ly trust - ing Je - sus, our Saviour, speaks peace.  
 O for the meet - ing our Sav - iour, Je - sus, our Saviour and King!

REFRAIN.

Look - ing a - way! look - ing a - way! Morn - ing, evening, day by day;

## LOOKING AWAY.—Concluded.

*rit.*

Look-ing a-way un-to Je-sus—Trust-ing, and looking a-way.

## No. 118. FOUNTAIN OF LOVE ETERNAL.

KATE ULMER.

FINLEY LYON.

1. Free-ly in beau-ty, in strength and pow'r, Scatt'ring its spray a life -  
 2. Here for the wea-ry there's rest most sweet, Here the sin-stained, cleansing  
 3. Drink of its wa-ters a-bund-ant-ly, Ev-er a-bide in its

giv-ing show'r; Blessings be-stow-ing un-told each hour, Flows the blest  
 find com-plete; Here where the sin-ner and Sav-iour meet, At the blest  
 tide so free; Till we shall meet in e-ter-ni-ty Still at the

## REFRAIN.

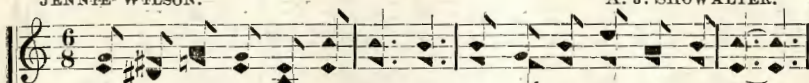
Fountain of love. Fountain of love e-ter-nal, Boundless and pure and

free; Fountain of love e-ter-nal, Flowing for you and for me.

## No. 119. THERE WILL BE LIGHT AT THE RIVER.

JENNIE WILSON.

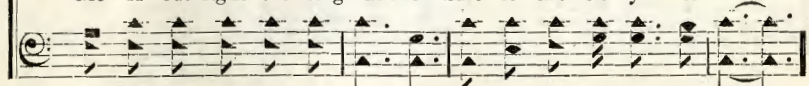
A. J. SHOWALTER.



1. Aft - er the life-paths we're treading End up - on time's sol - emn shore,
2. There will be light for the spir - its Who thro' deep shadows have come—
3. There will be light for the wea - ry Who thro' sore tri - als have passed—
4. There will be light for the faith - ful, What - e'er the way they have trod—



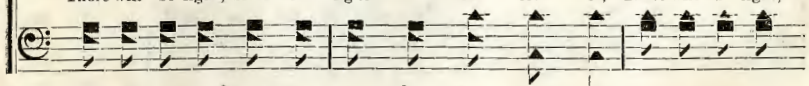
There will be light at the riv - er While the redeemed ones pass o'er.  
 Fade-less light shin - ing glad wel - come Out from the windows of home.  
 Ra - di - ant light as they en - ter Peace that for - ev - er shall last.  
 Glo - ri - ous light sent to guide them Safe to the cit - y of God.



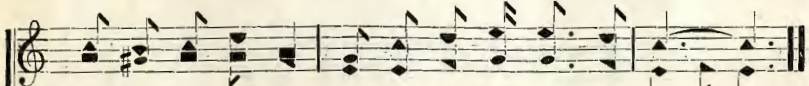
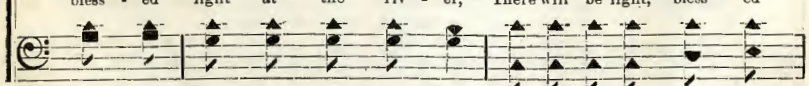
## REFRAIN.



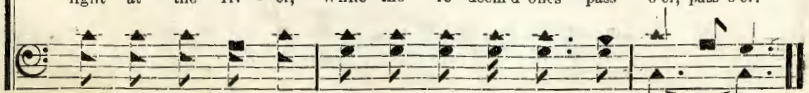
There . . . . will be light at the riv - er, There . .  
 There will be light, bless - ed light at the riv - er, There will be light,



will be light at the riv - er, There . . . will be  
 bless - ed light at the riv - er, There will be light, bless - ed



light at the riv - er, While the redeem'd ones pass o'er. . . .  
 light at the riv - er, While the re - deem'd ones pass o'er, pass o'er.





No. 120.

WAIT AND MURMUR NOT.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK, by per.

1. The home where changes nev- er come, Nor pain nor sor- row, toil nor care ;  
 2. Yet when bow'd down beneath the load By heav'n allow'd, thine earthly lot ;  
 3. If in thy path some thorns are found, O, think who bore them on His brow ;  
 4. Toil on nor deem, tho' sore it be, One sigh unheard, one pray'r forgot ;

Yes! 'tis a bright and bless-ed home ; Who would not fain be rest-ing there?  
 Thou yearnst to reach that blest a - bode, Wait, meek-ly wait, and murmur not.  
 If grief thy sorrowing heart has found, It reached a ho - li - er than thou.  
 The day of rest will dawn for thee ; Wait, meek-ly wait and murmur not.

REFRAIN.

O, wait, meek - ly wait, meek - ly wait, and mur - mur not, O,

wait, meek - ly wait, meek - ly wait, and mur - mur not, O, wait, meek - ly wait,

O, wait, meek - ly wait, O, wait, and mur - mur not. O mur-mur not.

## No. 121.

## JESUS KNOWS IT ALL.

KATE ULMER.

FINLEY LYON.

1. O trou-ble heart be not dis-cour-aged, Je-sus guards thy trembling soul ;  
 2. He hears each sigh that upward ris-es, Notes the fall of ev-'ry tear ;  
 3. His lips have press'd the cup of sorrow, Cruel thorns have crown'd His brow ;  
 4. Fear not, His grace will never fail thee, Till thou dwellest safe a - bove ;

A - mid life's bit-t'rest cares and tri - als, Love di - vine still  
 He knows oft - times the feet grow wea - ry, Knows the day is  
 He trod the lone - ly path to Cal - v'ry, Faint - ing souls to  
 Trust on, in sun - shine or in shad - ow, Rest - ing in His

## REFRAIN.

has con - trol. (still has con - trol.) } Je - - sus knows it  
 oft - en drear. (is oft - en drear.) }  
 suc - cor now. (to suc - cor now.) } Je - sus knows, yes,  
 change-less love. (His changeless love.) }

all, yes, Je - sus knows it all, O, let this  
 Je-sus knows it all, Je - sus knows, yes, Je-sus knows it all,

## JESUS KNOWS IT ALL.—Concluded.

blest as - sur - ance com - fort, Je - sus knows, He knows it all. (He knows it all.)

## No. 122.

## LOOK ALOFT.

Arr. by F. L. SNYDER.

GEO. E. MYERS.

1. When clouds are low' ring wild and dark, When storms beat fiercely on your
2. When fear - ful shipwreck threatens you, When not a har - bor light's in
3. No star of hope may beam to - day, No bea - con shine up on your
4. O chris - tian sail - or, fear no more! Launch boldly forth for you - der

bark, When waves obscure each well known mark, Then look, look a - loft.  
view, And mor - tal hands no more can do, O, then, look a - loft.  
way, Your ship no more her helm o - bey, Yet look, look a - loft.  
shore, And faith shall guide you safe - ly o'er, Then look, look a - loft.

## REFRAIN.

A - bove the clouds there is an eye, And tho' the tem - pest rag - es  
high, Your blessed Saviour's ev - er nigh, O, then look, look a - loft.



## No. 123. YIELD NOT TO TEMPTATION.

"God is faithful, who will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able."—Cor. 10 : 13.

H. R. P.

HORATIO R. PALMER.

DUET.

1. Yield not to tempt-a - tion, For yielding is sin, Each vic-t'ry will  
 2. Shun e - vil com-pan - ions, Bad language dis - dain, God's name hold in  
 3. To him that o'ercom - eth God giv - eth a crown, Thro' faith we shall

help you Some oth - er to win; Fight man - ful - ly on - ward,  
 rev - rence, Nor take it in vain; Be thoughtful and earn - est  
 con - quer, Though oft - en cast down; He who is our Sav - iour,

Dark passions sub - due, Look ev - er to Je - sus, He'll car - ry you through.  
 Kind - hearted and true, Look ev - er to Je - sus, He'll car - ry you through.  
 Our strength will re - new, Look ev - er to Je - sus, He'll car - ry you through.

REFRAIN.

Ask the Sav - iour to help you, Com - fort, strengthen, and keep you;

He is will - ing to aid you, He will car - ry you through.

No. 124. MAKE SOME OTHER HEART REJOICE.

C. M. F.

CHAS. M. FILLMORE.

1. Would you know earth's highest hap-pi-ness, Would you know its great-est  
 2. Pleasant smiles will cheer a droop-ing heart, Kind-ly words re-lieve a  
 3. Ma - ny hearts are crushed with bit-ter woe, Ma - ny hearts with grief are

·bless - ed - ness, Would you know its tru-est joy - ful - ness, Make some other  
 bit - ter smart, Helping hands to weak-ness strength impart, Make some other  
 bend - ing low, Ma - ny hearts need help you can be - stow, Make some other

REFRAIN.

heart re - joice. Give a pleas-ant smile, Speak a kind-ly word,  
 Give a pleas-ant smile, Speak a kind-ly word.

Lend a hand to help a broth-er, Give a pleas-ant smile,  
 Lend hand to help a broth - er, Give a pleas-ant smile,

Speak a kind-ly word, Lend a hand to help an - oth - er.  
 Speak a kind - ly word, Lend a hand to help an - oth - er.

## No. 125.

## PRECIOUS SHOWERS.

M. C.

MENZIES CUMMING.

1. Pre-cious "show'rs of bless - ing," pre-cious, pre - cious show'rs On the  
 2. Pre-cious "show'rs of bless - ing," fall, with frag - rance sweet, As a -  
 3. Pre-cious "show'rs of bless - ing," fears and tears re - prove As we  
 4. Pre-cious "show'rs of bless - ing," on the soul dis - till Like the

way-worn trav'ler to the goal, Like the gen - tle rain up - on the  
 long life's path we're call'd to stray, When we smooth pain's pil-low, or grim  
 strive to con-quer self and sight, When the pleas of pas-sion fail the  
 dew up - on the morn-ing air, When with will - ing hand some hungry

thirst - y flow'rs, "Show'rs of blessing" fall up - on the thirst - y soul.  
 want de - feat, "Show'rs of blessing" drop a - long our wea - ry way.  
 heart to move, Precious "show'rs of blessing" come in *liv - ing right*.  
 soul we fill, Precious "show'rs of blessing" an - swer *earn - est prayer*.

## REFRAIN.

Show'rs of bless - ing, show'rs of bless - ing, Pre - cious  
 Pre - cious show'rs, pre - cious show'rs,



## PRECIOUS SHOWERS.—Concluded.

to-kens of a Saviour's love, Gen-tly fall on ev-'ry true and  
pre-cious love,

trust-ing heart, Like a gleam of glo-ry's sun-shine from a - bove.

## No. 126.

## THE SHEPHERD PSALM.

R. A. L., in "Central Presbyterian."

A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. The Lord is my Shepherd, My wants are His care, He ten - der - ly  
2. Yea, tho' thro' death's shadow My pathway shall lie, Why should I fear  
3. Be - fore all that hate me My ta - ble is spread, His gra - cious an -

rests me In green fields and fair; My soul He re - stor - eth, And  
e - vil When Je - sus is nigh? His rod to pro - tect me, His  
point - ing Be - dew - eth my head; With good - ness and mer - cy My

makes me to go, In paths of His choosing, Where still wa - ters flow.  
staff me to guide, From grace un - to glo - ry, I'll walk at His side.  
cup run - neth o'er, And in the Lord's house I will dwell ev - er - more.

## No. 127. THE LORD UPHOLDETH THEE.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

M. W. ALLRED.

1. Look up, look up, O troub- led one, A glo- rious hope is thine;  
 2. He loves as none can ev - er love, He feels each thro' of care,  
 3. Re- deem'd thro' love, and heir thro' grace, Of life that yet shall be;  
 4. There is a calm for ev - 'ry storm, A joy for ev - 'ry pain,

"I have redeem'd thee," saith the Lord, "Fear not, for thou art mine."  
 And bids thee lean up - on His breast, And lose thy sor - row there.  
 In all His beauty, strength and pow'r, Thine eyes the King shall see.  
 And they who dwell in Christ on earth, In bliss with Him shall reign.

## REFRAIN.

Look up, look up, . . . . . O troub - led one, O troub - led one,  
 Look up, look up, . . . . . O troub - led one, O troub - led one,

Thou dost not walk the way a - lone; the way a - lone;  
 Thou dost not walk the way a - lone; the way a - lone;

The Lord, thy God, up - hold - eth thee, up - hold - eth thee,  
 The Lord, thy God, up - hold - eth thee, up - hold - eth thee,

## THE LORD UPHOLDETH THEE.—Concluded.

And clasps thy hand . . . . with-in His own.  
 And clasps thy hand with-in His own, with-in His own.

## No. 128. BEAR YE ONE ANOTHER'S BURDENS.

E. A. HOFFMAN.

GEO. W. BACON.

*Firmly.*

1. Bear ye one an-oth-er's bur-dens, Bear ye one an- other's cares;
2. Bear ye one an-oth-er's bur-dens, Lend a hand in time of need;
3. Bear ye one an-oth-er's bur-dens, It is Christ-like so to do;
4. Bear ye one an-oth-er's bur-dens, Great your re-com-pense will be;

He is liv-ing most like Je-sus Who an-oth-er's sor-row shares.  
 He who lives His life for oth-ers Is the friend of Christ in-deed.  
 Je-sus spent His strength in serv-ice, Help-ing oth-ers—why not you?  
 Christ will say, "in help-ing oth-ers, Ye have done it un-to me."

## REFRAIN.

Bear ye one an-oth-er's bur-dens, Thus the law of Christ fulfill,  
 of Christ ful-fill,

He who lives His life for oth-ers Best o-beys the Master's will.



## No. 129.

## PLEASURES FOREVERMORE.

MRS. M. H. MICHAEL.

N. KEFF SMITH.



1. I see, by faith, a joy-ous land; No pain, no tears, no cry-ing;  
 2. I see, by faith, a land of rest, That for His own "re-main-eth;"  
 3. I wait, "till faith is lost in sight," Till grief in joy is end-ed;



A land whose light can know no night, Of griefs, of fears, of dy-ing.  
 They "o-ver-come" in Je-sus' name, Each who this rest at-tain-eth.  
 Till hap-py guest, at brid-al feast I en-ter in, at-tend-ed



Sad death passed o'er, and on be-fore, A joy-ful con-tem-pla-tion!  
 I see, by grace, each "dwelling place" Made fair by Christ's prepar-ing;  
 By wa-ving palms, by holiest psalms, Till lost in light and won-der;



They'll gath-er in, souls wash'd from sin, "Of ev-'ry tribe and na-tion,"  
 O marriage feast which our High Priest Won for the weak, the err-ing,  
 In white robes drest, I'll prove heav'n blest My home-land o-ver yon-der,



For-ev-er-more, for-ev-er-more, In pure and white a-dorn-ing;  
 For-ev-er-more, for-ev-er-more. In that new E-den's glo-ry,  
 For-ev-er-more, for-ev-er-more, O joy, O rest, O splen-dor,



## PLEASURES FOREVERMORE.—Concluded.

In joys ef - ful - gence o'er and o'er We'll sing thee, land of morn - ing.  
All heav - en ech - oing o'er and o'er, We'll sing re - demp - tion's sto - ry.  
His face the light than sun more bright, His love, all love more ten - der.

## No. 130. PILGRIMS HOMEWARD BOUND.

Suggested by W. H. L.

W. H. LAWSON.

1. We are but pil - grims far from home, Bound for those mansions so fair ;
2. Soon will the toil - some jour - ney end, Soon will its cares all be past ;
3. There shall we find those gone be - fore, Safe with the ran - somed a - bove ;

Here for a - while our feet must roam, Then we shall meet o - ver there.  
Then with our Saviour, Guide and Friend, Gladly we'll shout, "home at last !"  
Prais - ing the Lamb for - ev - er - more, We shall a - bide in His love.

## REFRAIN.

Home, ° home, sweet home, Hap - py home of love o - ver there ;  
Home sweet home, O home e - ter - nal,

Home, home, sweet home, All thy pure de - lights we shall share  
Home a - bove of joys su - per - nal,



## No. 131.

## BE STRONG IN THE FAITH.

D. L. B.

D. L. BEDSOE.



1. Bestrong in the faith, my broth - er, Bestrong in the faith of God ;  
 2. Bestrong in the faith, my broth - er, Bestrong in the pow'r of God ;  
 3. Bestrong in the faith, my broth - er, Bestrong in the love of God ;



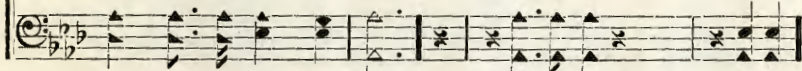
He will keep you day by day In the straight and nar - row way, Be  
 Tho' the way be dark and steep, He your soul will safe - ly keep, Be  
 On the cross the Sav - iour died, And the law is sat - is - fied, Be



## REFRAIN.



strong in the faith of God. Be strong in the faith  
 strong in the pow'r of God. } in the faith, be strong,  
 strong in the love of God. }



Be strong in the faith of God ; He will keep you day by day,  
 Be strong in the pow'r of God ; Tho' the way be dark and steep,  
 Be strong in the love of God ; On the cross the Sav - iour died,



In the straight and nar - row way, Be strong in the faith of God.  
 He your soul will safe - ly keep, Be strong in the pow'r of God.  
 And the law is sat - is - fied, Be strong in the love of God.





## No. 132. WE SHALL MEET OUR LOVED ONES THERE.

A. H. B.

A. H. BUTLER.

1. We shall meet those gone be fore, O - ver on the oth - er shore, Where all  
 2. We shall join the hap - py band, O - ver on the gold - en strand, We shall  
 3. We shall stand be - fore the King, And to Him our tribute bring, Songs of

part - ings will be o'er, by and by; (by and by;) O how hap - py we shall  
 see the promised land, by and by; (by and by;) May our lov'd ones all be  
 a - do - ra - tion sing, by and by; (by and by;) When we hear His words well

be, When we've crossed life's stormy sea, From all sin for - ev - er  
 there, In that land be - yond compare, Past all earth - ly toil and  
 done, En - ter ye, your rest is won, When with faith our race is

## FINE. REFRAIN.

free, by and by. (by and by.) We shall meet, we shall  
 care, by and by. (by and by.)  
 run, by and by. (by and by.) We shall meet,

meet, We shall meet our loved ones there, by and by; O how  
 we shall meet, by and by;

## No. 133.

## CROSS AND CROWN.

Anon.

A. J. SHOWALTER.



1. What if our bark o'er life's rough wave, By ad-verse winds be driv'n,
2. What tho' af-flic-tion be our lot, Our hearts with an-guish riv'n!
3. Our sweet-est joys here van-ish all, And fade like hues at ev'n;
4. Thou, God, our joy and rest shall be, And sor-rows far be driv'n;
5. There, from the bloom-ing tree of life, The heal-ing fruit is giv'n;



And howl-ing tem-pests round us roar?—There are no tears in heav'n.  
 Still, let it nev-er be for-got—There are no tears in heav'n.  
 Our bright-est hopes like me-tears fall—There are no tears in heav'n.  
 And sin and death for-ev-er flee;—There are no tears in heav'n.  
 There, there shall cease the painful strife;—There are no tears in heav'n.



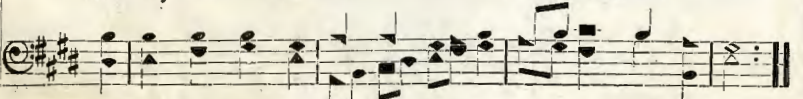
## REFRAIN.



Beau-ti-ful home, beau-ti-ful home, Beau-ti-ful home of love!



And they that bear the cross be-low Shall wear the crown a-bove.



## No. 134. WE'RE ON THE WAY TO CANAAN'S LAND.

H. G. JACKSON.

W. S. NICKLE.



1. From E-gypt's cru-el bond-age fled, O - be-dient to our Lord's command,
2. Thro' wilder-ness-es wide and drear, Our Lord will guide our steps a-right,
3. His pow'r the smitten rock controls, A crystal stream our need supplies,
4. In hos-tile lands we feel no fear; No foe our onward march can stay;
5. Ere long, the River crossed, we'll meet The ransom'd host at His right hand;



And by His word and spir - it led, We're on the way to Canaan's Land!  
 Be-hold to prove His presence here, The cloud by day, the fire by night!  
 He feeds our hun-gry, fainting souls, With dai-ly man-na from the skies!  
 In ev-'ry con-flict He is near, Whose presence cheers us on the way.  
 And there re-ceive a welcome sweet, From our dear Lord to Canaan's Land!



## REFRAIN.



We're on the way, a pilgrim band; We're on the way to Canaan's Land;



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





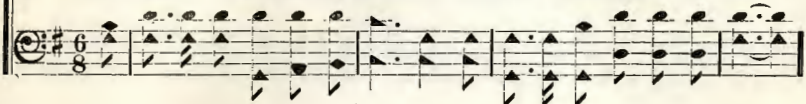
## No. 135. I'LL ALWAYS HAVE JESUS BESIDE ME.

LAURA E. NEWELL.

T. M. BOWDISH.



1. I'll always have Je-sus be-side me And live in the light of His love ;
2. I know not if shadow or sunshine Are waiting, as on-ward I roam ;
3. It may be my fond hopes must perish, Am-bitions the dearest must fall ;
4. I know just a lit-tle ways far-ther Be-yond methere li-eth a vale ;
5. I'll cling to His hand tho' the bil-lows Toss wild-ly and lash in- to foam ;



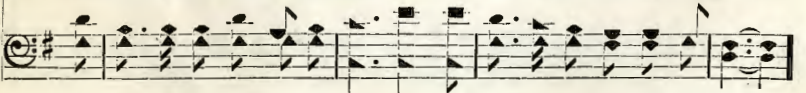
I know He will counsel and guide me, Wher-ev - er on earth I may rove.  
 But this do I know, I can trust Him, Who leadeth me ten-der-ly home.  
 But I will His promis-es cher-ish, For He is my por-tion, my all.  
 Tho' Jordan's dark waters are surg-ing, My Pi-lot and Guide will not fail.  
 I'll always have Je-sus be-side me, Re-joic-ing I'm nearing my home.



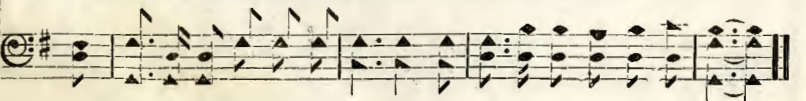
## REFRAIN.



I'll al-ways have Je-sus be-side me, He nev-er will leave nor for-sake ;



And when all my la-bors are end-ed, I shall in His likeness a - wake.



## No. 136. GOD'S WONDERFUL REDEEMING LOVE.

Mrs. E. P. C.

Mrs. ETHEL PERKINS CRIPPEN.

1. Some day we shall stand be-fore the great white throne, With millions of  
 2. Each day as we min-gle with the bus-y throngs Engrossed in this  
 3. Let Christ fill our hearts so full of yearn-ing love For souls that are

ransomed souls; The deeds we have done on earth shall all be shown, And  
 world's af-fairs, Our lives should be full of love and hap-py songs, And  
 lost in sin That ma-n-y will say when we shall meet a-bove, We

clear-ly we then shall see How i-dle we've been when we might have pointed  
 Christ's life should shine thro' ours. How idle we are when we might be point-ing  
 helped them to find the Lord. How happy we'll be that we've pointed wea-ry

souls To the ma-ny shin-ing mansions a-bove; How si-lent we've been  
 souls To the ma-ny shin-ing mansions a-bove; How si-lent when we  
 souls To the ma-ny shin-ing mansions a-bove; How hap-py we'll be

when we might have told the world Of God's won-der-ful re-deem-ing love.  
 might be tell-ing all the world Of God's won-der-ful re-deem-ing love.  
 that we've told a sin-sick world Of God's won-der-ful re-deem-ing love.

## No. 137. THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD.

GEO. A. LOFTON.

E. F. STANTON.

1. The light of the world are the chil-dren of God, The salt of the  
 2. This world is all dark and the sin-ner is blind, Nor can he the  
 3. A - rise, then, ye christians, and shine with your light, The way is so  
 4. Im - man - uel's our Cap - tain and tri - umph is sure, When Zi - on is

earth and the strength of His rod; But Christ is the glo - ry re -  
 way out a - lone ev - er find; And chris - tians are lamps on the  
 rug - ged and black is the night; For thou - sands are stum - bling o'er  
 clothed in hab - il - i - ments pure; And high o'er the a - ges His

ful - gent in grace That christians re - flect in the light of His face.  
 broad way of gloom, The sin - ner to turn from His ill - fat - ed doom.  
 vir - gins a - sleep, Un - light - ed their lamps, to the bot - tom - less deep.  
 ban - ner will wave, Till earth to His glo - ry His pow - er shall save.

## REFRAIN.

A - rise, a - rise, With your light and let it shine;  
 A - rise with your light, a - rise with your light,

A - rise, a - rise, Glo - ri - fy the Lord di - vine.  
 A - rise with your light, a - rise with your light,



No. 138.

JESUS IS EVER THE SAME.

E. R. LAITA.

H. A. DAVIS.

1. The friends we have trust-ed may turn us a - way, The lips that have  
 2. The hopes that we cher-ish may prove to be vain, And per-ish the  
 3. The beau-ti-ful morning a tem-pest may bring, And lightnings a  
 4. Then let us in gladness o-bey His commands, His love and His

praised us may blame; But there is one Friend who will nev-er be-tray,  
 joys that we claim; But there is a prom-ise that still will re-main,  
 bout us may flame; But, cer-tain as win-ter is fol-lowed by spring,  
 goodness pro-claim; The King of all kingdoms and Lord of all lands

REFRAIN.

For Je - sus is ev - er the same.  
 For Je - sus is ev - er the same. } Ev - er the same,  
 The Sav - iour is ev - er the same.  
 Is ev - er and ev - er the same.

ev - er the same, Je - sus is ev - er the same; Ev - er the same,

ev - er the same, Yes, Je - sus is ev - er the same. . . .  
 Yes, Je - sus is ev - er, is ev - er the same.

## No. 139. FIX YOUR EYES ON JESUS.

A. J. S.

A. J. SHOWALTER.



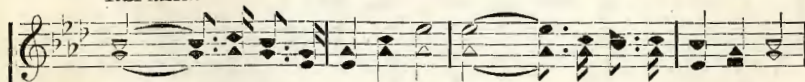
1. While the storms of life are rag-ing round you, Fix your eyes on Je - sus ;
2. He con-trols the bil-lows of life's o - cean, Fix your eyes on Je - sus ;
3. When the clouds of doubt seem gath' ring o' er you, Fix your eyes on Je - sus ;
4. By and by the voy - age will be end - ed, Fix your eyes on Je - sus ;



Nev - er let the hosts of sin confound you, Fix your eyes on Je - sus.  
 He can still the tempest's wild com-motion, Fix your eyes on Je - sus.  
 He can make the way all clear be - fore you, Fix your eyes on Je - sus.  
 Safe - ly moored in har - bor well de - fend - ed, Fix your eyes on Je - sus.



## REFRAIN.



He . . . will keep you from all harm; Shield you with His mighty arm,  
 He will sure - ly keep you from all harm; Shield you safe - ly with His might - y arm,



And con-trol the winds of ev - 'ry storm; Fix your eyes on Je - sus.



## No. 140.

## THE FAITHFUL SERVANT.

LOUELLA McCUTCHEON.

C. L. CHAMBERLIN.

1. Tho' hard the work and hum-ble, The Mas-ter gives to you, Still with thy  
 2. Per-haps but one small tal-ent He hath on thee bestow'd, Perhaps He  
 3. And if where weeds grow thickest He bids thee seek for grain, Then be thy

might per-form it As He hath bid thee do. Tho' fruit-less seem thy  
 bids thee car-ry Some ver-y heav-y load; O do not thou grow  
 search un-tir-ing, And do not thou complain; For to the faith-ful

la-bor, And sad thy lot may be, Yet He who keeps the sparrow Will  
 wea-ry, Nor sigh too soon for rest, His help to thee is promised, He  
 serv-ant Is promised great re-ward, And on-ly such shall en-ter The

## REFRAIN.

still re-mem-ber thee.  
 know-eth what is best. } Be faith-ful, O be faith-ful, And work thro'  
 king-dom of their Lord. }

shade and sun, Till Christ, the Master, sayeth, "Thy work hath been well done."



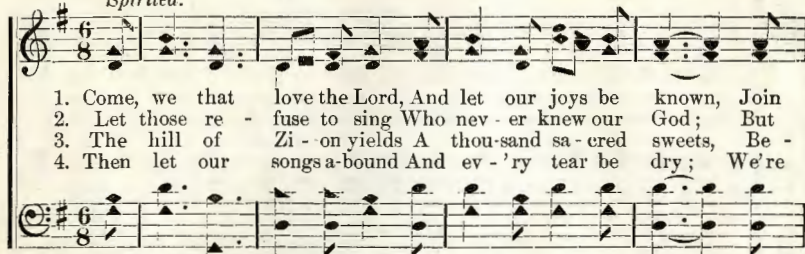
## No. 141.

## WE'RE MARCHING TO ZION.

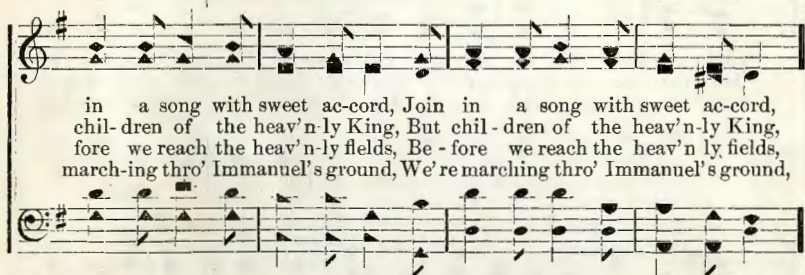
"We are journeying unto the place of which the Lord said, I will give it you."—Num. 10: 29.

ISAAC WATTS.

ROBERT LOWRY.

*Spirited.*


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



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



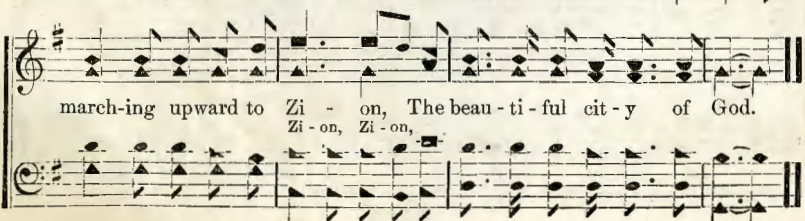
And thus sur - round the throne, And thus surround the throne.  
 May speak their joys a - broad, May speak their joys a - broad.  
 Or walk the gold - en streets, Or walk the gold - en streets.  
 To fair - er worlds on high, To fair - er worlds on high.

And thus sur - round the throne, And thus sur - round the throne.

REFRAIN.



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




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

## No. 142.

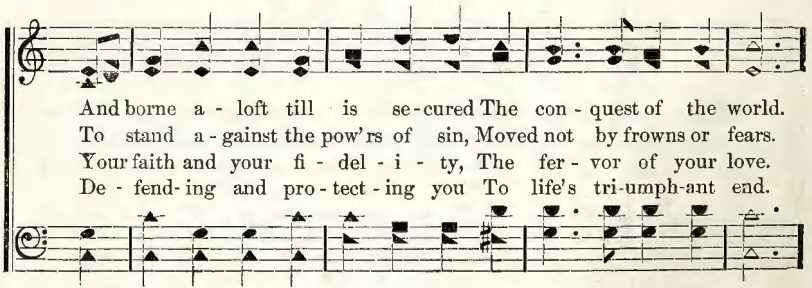
## TO CHRIST BE TRUE.

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

Dr. D. M. WILSON.




1. To Christ be loy - al and be true; His ban - ner be un - furled,  
 2. To Christ be loy - al and be true; He needs brave vol - un - teers  
 3. To Christ be loy - al and be true; In no - ble serv - ice prove  
 4. To Christ be loy - al and be true, And He will be your friend,

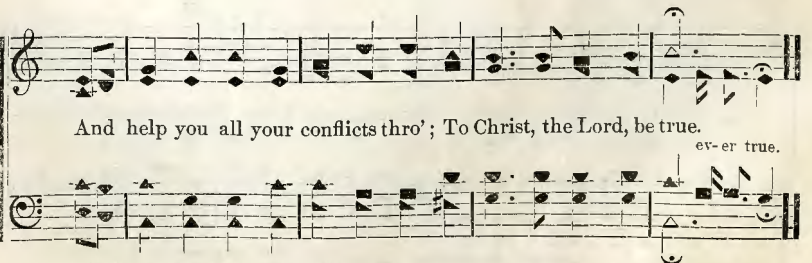


And borne a - loft till is se - curred The con - quest of the world.  
 To stand a - gainst the pow'rs of sin, Moved not by frowns or fears.  
 Your faith and your fi - del - i - ty, The fer - vor of your love.  
 De - fend - ing and pro - tect - ing you To life's tri - umph - ant end.

## REFRAIN.



To Christ, the Lord, be true, For He will go with you,  
 ev - er true, For He will ev - er go with you,



And help you all your conflicts thro'; To Christ, the Lord, be true.  
 ev - er true.

## No. 143. WALKING IN HIS FOOTSTEPS.

W. H. GARDNER.

EDWIN MOORE.

1. Would you flee from dark-est shad-ows? Are you press'd by hosts of sin?  
 2. Broth-er, are you ev-er tempt-ed? Is your spir-it sore-ly tried?  
 3. Are you, broth-er, faint and wea-ry? Does the light of hope burn dim?

Walk ye then in Je-sus' foot-steps, Put your trust a-lone in Him.  
 Walk ye then in Je-sus' foot-steps, Keep ye close, then, by His side.  
 Walk ye then in Je-sus' foot-steps, Put your trust a-lone in Him.

## REFRAIN.

Walk-ing in His foot-steps, Lean-ing on His arm,  
 Walk-ing in His foot-steps, Lean-ing on His arm,

*rit.*  
 He will ev-er keep you Safe from ev-'ry harm, Safe from ev-'ry harm.  
 He will ev-er keep you



## No. 144.

## WHOLLY THINE.

BIRDIE BELL.

A. J. ROBERTSON.

1. May my life be spent in serv-ice For the Mas-ter whom I own ;  
 2. Take my heart to be Thy dwelling. Make it fit for Thee, my Lord,  
 3. Con-se-crate my life for serv-ice, Thou hast bought me for Thine own,  
 4. Con-se-crate me whol-ly, Mas-ter, Un-di-vid-ed be Thy sway ;

Je-sus, guide each tho't and ac-tion, In my heart set up Thy throne.  
 Help me cast a-way all i-dols, Christ a-lone be there a-dored.  
 Thou hast purchased my re-demp-tion, I would live for Thee a-lone.  
 Lord, ac-cept my heart's al-le-giance, Make me whol-ly Thine for aye.

## REFRAIN.

Make me Thine . . . and Thine a-lone, Con-se-  
 Make me Thine and Thine a-lone, yea, Thine a-lone,

crate . . . me for Thine own, More and more Thy  
 Con-se-crate me for Thine own, for Thine own, More and more Thy

like-ness bear, More and more Thy goodness share.  
 like-ness bear, Thy likeness bear, Thy goodness share.

## No. 145. LET US LABOR FOR THE MASTER.

L. E. GREEN.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. Let us la - bor for the Mas - ter, In His vine - yard here be - low ;  
 2. Let us love and plead with sinners, Tell them Je - sus came to die  
 3. There are sin - sick souls that wan - der In the dark - ness and the cold,

Us - ing faith - ful - ly our tal - ents And a bless - ing He'll be - stow ;  
 That they might have life e - ter - nal In a hap - py home on high ;  
 Let us bring them to the Shepherd And the safe - ty of the fold ;

There is need of earn - est work - ers In the cause of Christ to - day,  
 Let us go in - to the hedg - es And the ma - ny haunts of sin -  
 Let us heal the bro - ken heart - ed With the pre - cious balm of love,

And the Saviour's kind ap - prov - al Shall our la - bor well re - pay.  
 There are lost ones on the mountains, Je - sus bids us bring them in.  
 Bid them take their griefs to Je - sus And a throne of grace a - bove.

## REFRAIN.

We will la - - - - - bor with our might, . . . .  
 We will la - bor, we will la - bor with our might, with our might,,

## LET US LABOR FOR THE MASTER.—Concluded.

In the serv - - - ice of our Lord;  
In the serv - ice, bless - ed serv - ice of our Lord, of our Lord;

When we tri - - - umph for the Right,  
When we tri - umph, when we tri - umph for the Right, for the Right,

Great will be our soul's re - ward.  
Great will be our soul's re - ward, our soul's re - ward.

*rit.* . . . . .

## No. 146.

## LABAN. S. M.

GEO. HEATH.

Dr. LOWELL MASON.

1. My soul, be on thy guard, Ten thou-sand foes a - rise;  
2. Oh, watch, and fight, and pray, The bat - tle ne'er give o'er;  
3. Ne'er think the vic - 'try won, Nor lay thine arm - or down;  
4. Fight on, my soul, till death, Shall bring thee to thy God;

The hosts of sin are press - ing hard To draw thee from the skies.  
Re - new it bold - ly ev - 'ry day, And help di - vine im - plore.  
The work of faith will not be done Till thou ob - tain the crown.  
He'll take thee, at thy part - ing breath, To His di - vine a - bode.



## No. 147. CAN THE LORD DEPEND ON YOU?

M. L. HOFFORD.

ASA HULL.

1. There's a war-fare sin is wag-ing bold and strong, And the conflict has been  
 2. Don't you see the foe advanc-ing, march-ing on, With their armor upward  
 3. Don't you hear God's armies treading on life's way? See! His word of truth they're

rag - ing fierce and long; But the hosts of God must con-quer, for  
 glanc-ing in the sun? Don't you hear God's bu- gle call - ing the  
 spread-ing day by day; Don't you hear the call for help - ers who

they are brave and true; Oh, say! my broth-er, can the Lord de-pend on you?  
 faith-ful and the true; Oh, say! my hroth-er, can the Lord de-pend on you?  
 will His bidding do? Oh, say! my broth-er, can the Lord de-pend on you?

## REFRAIN.

Oh, say! my broth-er, can the Lord de-pend on you, Will you

be His loy-al sol-dier, brave and true? He is call-ing us to du-ty, it

## CAN THE LORD DEPEND ON YOU?—Concluded.

means there's work to do; Oh, say! my broth-er, can the Lord depend on you?

## No. 148.

## "IN HIS NAME."

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

S. MILLER WHITFIELD.

1. In the name of the Lord you love, Scat-ter life's gold-en grain;
2. "In His name" speak a lov-ing word, Speak it to some sad heart;
3. "In His name" do a kind-ly deed, Help-ing a struggling soul;
4. "In His name" seek to make the world Bright-er with love and cheer,

Boun-teous har-vests the seed will yield, In ev-'ry vale and plain.  
 Spo-ken kind-ly, perchance it may Com-fort and cheer im-part.  
 Faith and cour-age you may in-spire, New strength to reach the goal.  
 Blest in do-ing the Mas-ter's will, Checking the flow-ing tear.

## REFRAIN.

Speak "in His name" a lov-ing word, Do "in His name" a kind-ly deed,

Be un-to oth-ers, as was your Lord, A friend in time of need.

## No. 149.

## MARCHING, MARCHING.

E. F. S.

E. F. STANTON. Arr. by A. J. S.

1. March-ing, march-ing, Stead-i-ly on we go, Toil-ing, fight-ing,  
 2. March-ing, march-ing, seek-ing the sin-ners blind, Hop-ing, trust-ing,  
 3. March-ing, march-ing, tell-ing of God's free grace, Christ on Cal-v'ry  
 4. March-ing, march-ing, treading the nar-row way, All God's pre-cepts

conquer-ing ev-'ry foe; Marching, march-ing, Je-sus the Ho-ly One,  
 praying for all mankind; Marching, march-ing, soldiers of God are we,  
 suf-fered to save our race; Marching, march-ing, led by the Son of God,  
 dai-ly we would o-bey; Marching, march-ing, soon will the war-fare end,

REFRAIN.

Crowned with glo-ry, bids us with faith go on. } March-ing,  
 Christ our Cap-tain, prom-is-es vic-to-ry. }  
 Walk-ing in the paths which our fathers trod. }  
 Then in glo-ry a-ges of bliss we'll spend. } March-ing, we're march-ing,

march-ing, On-ward, up-ward, Joyful-ly on we go; March  
 march-ing, we're march-ing, March-ing, we're

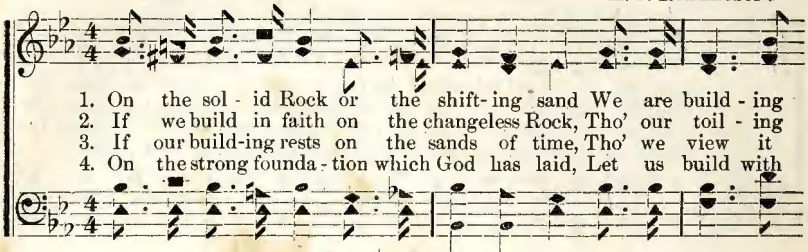
ing march-ing, Trust-ing Je-sus, conquer-ing ev-'ry foe.  
 march-ing, march-ing, we're march-ing.



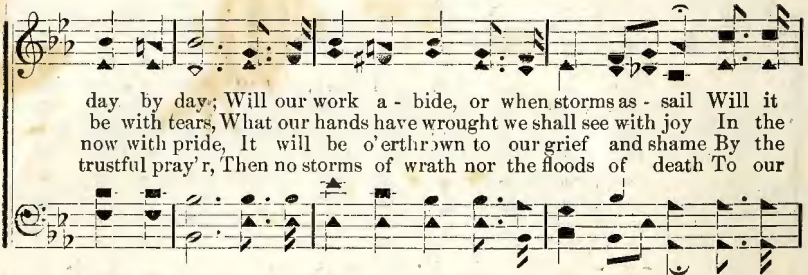
## No. 150. BUILDING FOR ETERNITY.

JENNIE WILSON.

A. J. ROBERTSON.

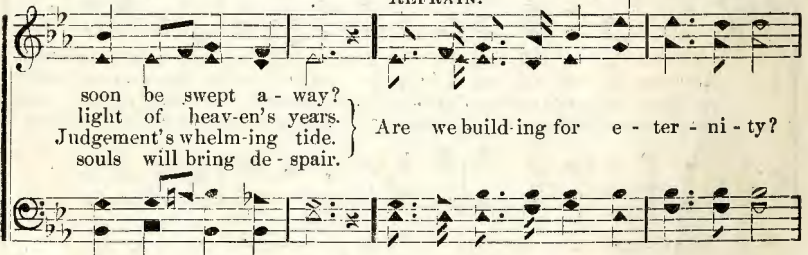


1. On the sol - id Rock or the shift - ing sand We are build - ing  
 2. If we build in faith on the changeless Rock, Tho' our toil - ing  
 3. If our build - ing rests on the sands of time, Tho' we view it  
 4. On the strong founda - tion which God has laid, Let us build with



day by day; Will our work a - bide, or when storms as - sail Will it  
 be with tears, What our hands have wrought we shall see with joy In the  
 now with pride, It will be o'erthrown to our grief and shame By the  
 trustful pray'r, Then no storms of wrath nor the floods of death To our

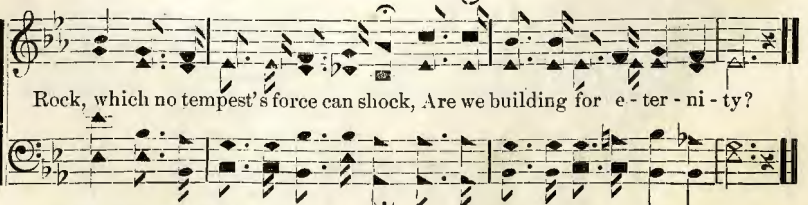
## REFRAIN.



soon be swept a - way?  
 light of heav - en's years. } Are we build - ing for e - ter - ni - ty?  
 Judgement's whelm - ing tide.  
 souls will bring de - spair.



Are we build - ing for e - ter - ni - ty? On the ev - er - last - ing



Rock, which no tempest's force can shock, Are we building for e - ter - ni - ty?

## No. 151.

## HARVESTING THE GRAIN.

ADALYN.

A. J. SHOWALTER.



1. Out in the broad fields hear the reapers call-ing, Hear the reap-ers
2. Out in the by - ways hear the reapers plead-ing, Hear the reap-ers
3. Out on the high-ways hear the reapers sing-ing, Hear them sweet-ly
4. White are the fields, and Christ your help is needing, Christ your help is



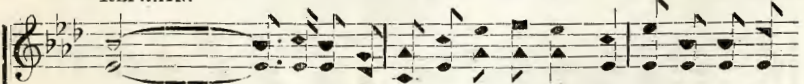
call - ing o - ver hill and plain; From dew - y morn - ing  
 plead - ing some lost soul to gain; Down by the way - side  
 sing - ing in a glad re - frain; Sheaves for the Mas - ter's  
 need - ing - shall He call in vain? Go forth to - day, the



till the night is fall - ing, Till the night is fall - ing, reaping golden grain.  
 they are in - ter - ced - ing, Kindly in - ter - ced - ing for the scattered grain.  
 garn - er they are bringing, Joyfully they're bringing sheaves of ripened grain.  
 earn - est summons heeding, To the ripe field speeding, gath - er in the grain.



## REFRAIN.



Lo! . . . . the Master's fields are ripe for reaping, Go in - to the  
 Lo! the fields are ripe, the



high ways, In the lone-ly by - ways; Though . . . . the seed was  
 Though the pre-cious seed was



## HARVESTING THE GRAIN.—Concluded.

sown with bitter weep - ing Ye shall reap in gladness Sheaves of ripened grain.

No. 152.

OLIVET. 6, 4.

RAY PALMER.

Dr. L. MASON.

1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry,  
 2. May Thy rich grace im - part Strength to my faint - ing heart,  
 3. While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs a - round me spread,  
 4. When ends life's tran - sient dream, When death's cold sul - len stream

Sav - iour di - vine! Now hear me while I pray, Take all my  
 My zeal in - spire; As Thou hast died for me, O may my  
 Be Thou my guide; Bid dark - ness turn to - day, Wipe sor - row's  
 Shall o'er me roll, Blest Sav - iour then, in love, Fear and dis -

guilt a - way; O, let me from this day Be whol - ly Thine.  
 love to Thee, Pure, warm and changeless be, A liv - ing fire.  
 tears a - way, Nor let me ev - er stray From Thee a - side.  
 trust re - move; O, bear me safe a - bove, A ran - somed soul.



No. 153.

SPEED THE LIGHT.

ANNA D. BRADLEY.

Mark 16: 15.

J. H. ROSECRANS.

1. There's a land . . . beyond the sea Where the fields . . . are  
 2. Hear our cry, . . . for soon for us Day will sink . . . in  
 3. Still they cry! . . . give heed, oh, soul, Je - sus died . . . that  
 4. Know, my soul, . . . 'tis not e - nough That you sing . . . and

1. There's a land be - yond the sea, Where the fields are  
 white and fair; Hear the cry, . . . oh, souls redeem'd—From the  
 end - less night; Give us help . . . ere 'tis too late,—Speed the  
 they might live; Dare ye turn . . . a deaf - ened ear? Dare re -  
 soft - ly pray; Speed the light, . . . oh, speed the light!—Je - sus

white and fair; Hear the cry, oh, souls re - deem'd,—  
 REFRAIN.

lost . . . ones o - ver there. Speed the light, or else we die,  
 light . . . oh, speed the light.  
 fuse . . . the light to give?  
 calls, . . . do not de - lay. Speed the light, or else we die,

From the lost ones o - ver there.

Souls re - deem'd, oh, speed the light, Heed, oh, heed our anguished  
 Souls redeem'd, oh, speed the light, Heed, oh, heed


cry,— Speed the light, . . . oh, speed the light.  
 our anguished cry, Speed the light, oh, speed the light.

## No. 154.


## JESUS SAVES.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS.

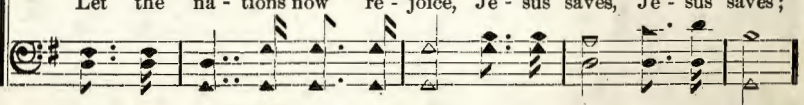

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



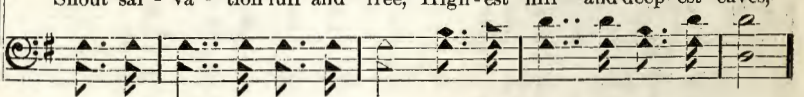
1. We have heard a joy - ful sound, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;  
 2. Waft it on the roll - ing tide, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;  
 3. Sing a - bove the bat - tle's strife, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;  
 4. Give the winds a might - y voice, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;

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 com - mand, 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.



## No. 155. PUT ON THE WHOLE ARMOR.

FRANCES V. HUBBARD.

ASA HULL.

1. Put on the ar - mor of the Lord, That you may stand in that great day,  
 2. The breast-plate strong of righteousness, Loins girt with truth, feet shod with peace;  
 3. The hel - met of sal - va - tion take, The shield of faith shall turn a - way  
 4. Put on the ar - mor! In Thy hand The two-edg'd sword all glit'ring wave!

When all shall gath - er at His word, When earthly things shall pass a - way.  
 Go bold - ly forth, thy God shall bless, And hear those pray'rs that never cease.  
 All the as - saults the wick - ed make; Stand and withstand in that great day.  
 Go forth, go forth a val - iant band, God save the right, pro - tect the brave!

REFRAIN.

Then, sol - dier, rise, the foe is near! A - rise, and arm you for the fight;

In His name conquer, nev - er fear, Press bold - ly on for God and right!

REFRAIN. *mp*

Press boldly on, the foe is near;  
 Press bold - ly on, . . . . . the foe is near; . . . A - rise, and

BASS SOLO, OR BASS AND TENOR.



## PUT ON THE WHOLE ARMOR.—Concluded.

*mf* *cres.*

A-rise, and arm you for the fight! And nev-er fear,  
arm . . . you for the fight! And nev-er fear, . . . .

*f*

*f*

Press bold-ly on for God and right!  
Press bold-ly on . . . . for God and right, for God and right!

## No. 156. ARLINGTON. C. M.

ISAAC WATTS.

DR. THOS. A. ARNE.

1. Am I a sol-dier of the cross, A fol-l'wer of the Lamb?  
2. Must I be car-ried to the skies On flow'ry beds of ease,  
3. Are there no foes for me to face? Must I not stem the flood?  
4. Sure I must fight, if I would reign; In-crease my cour-age, Lord!

And shall I fear to own His cause, Or blush to speak His name?  
While oth-ers fought to win the prize, And sailed thro' blood-y seas?  
Is this vile world a friend to grace, To help me on to God?  
I'll bear the toil, en-dure the pain, Sup-ported by Thy word.

## No. 157. I LOVE TO TELL THE STORY.

KATE HANKEY.

WM. G. FISCHER, by per.

1. I love to tell the sto - ry Of un seen things a - bove, Of Je - sus  
2. I love to tell the sto - ry; More wonder - ful it seems Than all the  
3. I love to tell the sto - ry; 'Tis pleasant to repeat What seems, each  
4. I love to tell the sto - ry, For those who know it best Seem hun - ger -

and His glo - ry, Of Je - sus and His love. I love to tell the  
gold - en fan - cies Of all our golden dreams. I love to tell the  
time I tell it, More won - der - ful - ly sweet. I love to tell the  
ing and thirst - ing To hear it like the rest. And when, in scenes of

sto - ry, Be - cause I know 'tis true: It sat - is - fies my longings As  
sto - ry, It did so much for me! And that is just the rea - son I  
sto - ry, For some have nev - er heard The mes - sage of sal - va - tion From  
glo - ry I sing the new, new song, 'Twill be - the old, old sto - ry That

noth - ing else can do.  
tell it now to thee. } I love to tell the sto - ry, 'Twill be my theme in  
God's own ho - ly word.  
I have lov'd so long.

glo - ry, To tell the old, old sto - ry, Of Je - sus and His love.

## No. 158.

## ARE YOU WORKING?

E. R. LATTA.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. Are you work - ing in the Saviour's vineyard, Where there's much for  
 2. Are you work - ing in the Saviour's vineyard, In the morn - ing  
 3. Are you work - ing in the Saviour's vineyard, Watch - ing, pray - ing,

ev - 'ry one to do? Are you i - dling in the mark - et plac - es,  
 and the noontide ray? Are you striv - ing for His cause and kingdom,  
 toiling with your might? Ev - 'ry sea - son, hop - ing, ev - er hop - ing

REFRAIN.

Say - ing no one has command - ed you? } Work, work for  
 That the e - vil may be swept a - way? } Work for Je - sus,  
 For the tri - umph of the truth and right?

Je - sus, Hear Him and o - bey - To the fields a - way!  
 work for Je - sus,

Toil, toil in earn - est, Christ your la - bor will re - pay.  
 Toil in earn - est, toil in earn - est,



## No. 159.

## SOLDIERS IN THE ARMY.

PALMER HARTSOUGH.

Eph. 6 : 11.

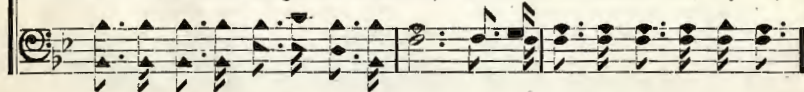
J. H. FILLMORE.

*Marcia.*

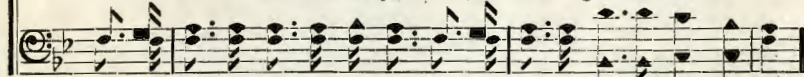
1. We are soldiers in the ar-my, We are un-der marching orders, We are
2. Tho' the way be rough and thorny, Tho' the foe be strong and wi-ly, Forward
3. Joy to us is pain and hunger, Sweet to us is sound of bat-tle, For we



now to move against a mighty foe; We have buckled on the arm-or,  
sounds the call, and bold we march along, And the legions camp a-round us,  
see a crown and kingdom to be won, To our Lead-er we'll be loy-al,



We have raised a - loft our banners, And we sing for joy as on we go.  
All their might cannot confound us, For Je - ho - vah is our shield and song.  
And with Him we'll share the triumph, When at last the glorious war is done.



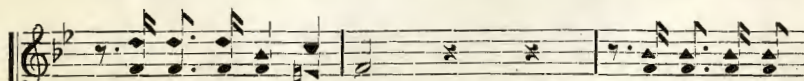
## REFRAIN.



The Lord of hosts, is our de-fense,



The Lord of hosts,..... is our de - fense,..... He is our



our ref - uge and our strength,

The Lord of hosts,



ref - uge and strength, and strength, The Lord of hosts,.....

## SOLDIERS IN THE ARMY.—Concluded.

is our de-fense,..... He is our ev - er - last - ing strength.

is our de-fense,..... He is our ev - er - last - ing strength.

## No. 160. WORK, WATCH AND PRAY.

E. F. S.

E. F. STANTON.

1. Work for the Lord, for thee He suffered, Languished in dark Gethse - ne ;
2. Watch for the Lord is com-ing quickly, Com-ing to wed His spotless bride ;
3. Pray for the Lord to send more lab' rers In - to the field to reap the grain ;

La - bor for Him and share His glo-ry, Reign on the earth e - ter-nal-ly.  
If you are faith - ful at His coming, Ev - er with Him thou shalt a-bide.  
Go in - to all the world, preach Je - sus — Mer - ci - ful Lamb for sinner's slain.

## REFRAIN.

Work, watch and pray, be loy - al to Christ, La - bor for Je - sus faith - ful - ly ;

Do His commandments, God glo - ri - fy ; Reign on the earth e - ter - nal - ly.

## No. 161. OUT IN THE HARVEST FIELD.

JENNIE WILSON.

A. J. ROBERTSON.

1. Out in the har-vest-field are wait-ing Ripe gold-en sheaves that our  
 2. Out in the har-vest-field are reap-ers, Faint 'neath the bur-dens of  
 3. Out in the har-vest-field would Je-sus Fain have each lov-ing be-  
 4. Out in the har-vest-field till day-light Wanes to the dusk of the

hands should bring, Safe to the gar-ners of life e-ter-nal,  
 toil they bear, Let us not stand where the i-dle lin-ger,  
 liev-er go, Serv-ing in faith till their tasks are fin-ished,  
 dew-y eve, Work for the Lord till we hear His sum-mons,

REFRAIN.

Trib-utes of love to our Sav-iour King.  
 Will ing-ly we should their la-bors share. } Haste, let us go where the  
 When He will bless-ed re-wards be-'stow.  
 Bid-ding us la-bors of earth to leave.

Mas-ter calls us, Out where the har-vest is wav-ing white, Out in the

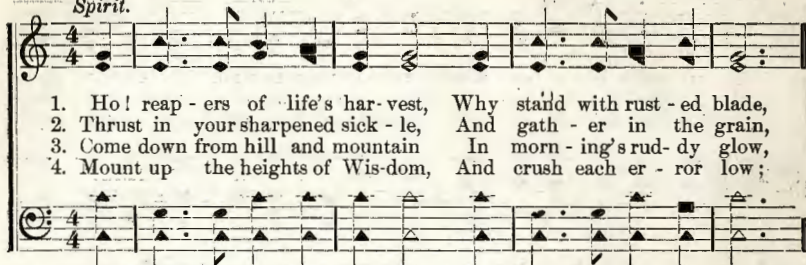
field of the Lord are wait-ing Sheaves we should gather ere falls the night.



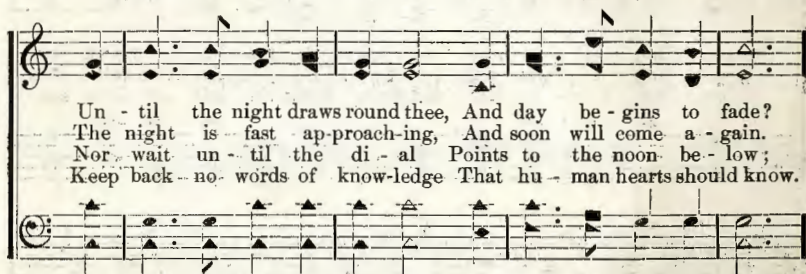
## No. 162. HO! REAPERS OF LIFE'S HARVEST.

I. B. WOODBURY.

I. B. WOODBURY, by per.

*Spirit.*


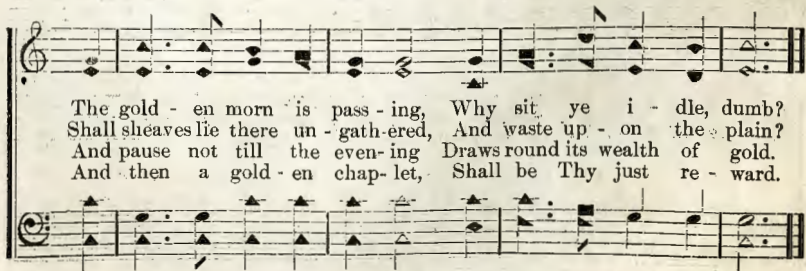
1. Ho! reap - ers of life's har - vest, Why stand with rust - ed blade,  
 2. Thrust in your sharpened sick - le, And gath - er in the grain,  
 3. Come down from hill and mountain In morn - ing's rud - dy glow,  
 4. Mount up the heights of Wis - dom, And crush each er - ror low;



Un - til the night draws round thee, And day be - gins to fade?  
 The night is - fast ap - proach - ing, And soon will come a - gain.  
 Nor wait un - til the di - al Points to the noon - be - low;  
 Keep back - no - words of know - ledge That hu - man hearts should know.



Why stand ye i - dle, wait - ing, For reap - ers more to come?  
 The Mas - ter calls for reap - ers, And shall He call in vain?  
 And come with strong - er sin - ew, Nor faint in heat or cold,  
 Be faith - ful to thy mis - sion, In serv - ice of Thy Lord,



The gold - en morn is pass - ing, Why sit ye i - dle, dumb?  
 Shall sheaves lie there un - gath - ered, And waste up - on the plain?  
 And pause not till the even - ing, Draws round its wealth of gold.  
 And then a gold - en chap - let, Shall be Thy just re - ward.

## No. 163.

## VOLUNTEERS ARE WANTED.

F. L. SNYDER.

GEO. E. MYERS.

1. In this world of sor-row There are wrongs to right: Ho! then, to the  
 2. Sa-tan and his al-lies Wage a war-fare sore, Bring-ing de-vas-  
 3. Men are dai-ly dy-ing, Crushed beneath the wrong By a dead-ly

con-flict, All ye sons of might; Sa-tan's hosts are march-ing  
 ta-tion To our ver-y door; Christ, our Cap-tain call-eth:  
 ar-my, Vig-i-lant and strong; Hear the call of Je-sus,

With de-fi-ant tread, Fall in line for bat-tle, Christ is at the head.  
 Take the sword and shield, Strike the foe-man bold-ly, Drive him from the field.  
 Ev-'rywhere you go, Vol-un-teers are want-ed To en-gage the foe!

## REFRAIN.

Vol-un-teers are want-ed, Souls for Christ to win, And pre-pare for

bat-tle 'Gainst the mons-ter, sin; Ev-'ry-where are want-ed

## VOLUNTEERS ARE WANTED.—Concluded.

Soldiers great and small, To en - list for serv - ice: Who will heed the call?

## No. 164.

## HEAR THE CRY.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. Far a - way be - yond the deep, On the winds that nev - er sleep,  
2. O'er the wild and heav - ing main Shall their cry be heard in vain?  
3. Haste the word of truth to bear On the wings of faith and prayer;

Pre - cious souls in heath - en lands Reach to us their pleading hands.  
Let our hearts with pit - y glow, And our tears in sor - row flow.  
Haste the Bread of Life to break For the dear Re - deem - er's sake.

## REFRAIN.

Hear the cry! O send the light! You whose homes are warm and bright;

Send the light our hearts to cheer, Leave us not to per - ish here.



## No. 165. THE SOLDIERS OF ZION.

G. M. BLISS.

M. L. McPHAIL.

*March movement.*

1. The voic - es of Zi - on are sing - ing a - gain, A cho - rus of  
 2. The ar - my is march - ing to cap - ture the field, With love for its  
 3. The mar - tyrs of Je - sus have sung it be - fore, The praise of His  
 4. The lips of the ran - somed the sto - ry re - peat Of con - flicts with  
 5. The soul - thrill - ing mu - sic in might - y re - frain, Like sur - ges will

praise to the Lamb that was slain, Sweet mu - sic that cheer - eth in  
 stand - ard, and faith for its shield, To hat - red and er - ror will  
 love gird - les o - cean and shore, The song of re - demp - tion will  
 sin and its sig - nal de - feat; As - crib - ing to Je - sus the  
 sweep o - ver mountain and plain, When Christ our Re - deem - er in

*D.S.*—march to the mu - sic—so

FINE.

per - il and pain The hearts of the sol - diers of Zi - on.  
 nev - er can yield While cheered by the an - thems of Zi - on.  
 fill ev - er more The home of the sol - diers of Zi - on.  
 praise that is meet, Is joy to the sol - diers of Zi - on.  
 glo - ry shall reign, Re - ward - ing the sol - diers of Zi - on.

*pre - cious of old—The song of the sol - diers of Zi - on.*

REFRAIN.

When the gates of pearl un - fold, And the glo - ries we be - hold

*D.S.*

That are wait - ing for the souls that o - ver - come, We'll

No. 166.

SEEDS OF PROMISE.

JESSIE H. BROWN.

FRED. A. FILLMORE.

1. Oh, scatter seeds of lov-ing deeds, A - long the fer - tile field, For  
 2. Tho' sown in tears thro' wea - ry years, The seed will sure - ly live; Tho'  
 3. The harvest home of God will come, And aft - er toil and care, With

REFRAIN.

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

day along your way The seeds of prom  
 Then day by day a-long your way, The seeds of promise

ise cast . . . . . That rip - ened grain . . . . . from hill and  
 cast, the seeds of prom - ise cast, That ripened grain

plain, . . . . . Be gathered home . . . . . at last.  
 from hill and plain, Be gath - ered home at last, be gathered home at last.

Be gathered home at last.

## No. 167.

## GO FORTH AND WORK.

G. E. M.

GEO. E. MYERS.

1. Go forth in the vineyard, the Master's call o - bey ; The ripened fields are  
 2. Go out in the by-ways and bring the wand' rers in ; Search out the lost and  
 3. Then up and be do - ing, and work while yet 'tis day ; O guide the weak and

wait-ing, do not long - er de - lay ; The har - vest is great but the la - bor - lone - ly on the des - erts of sin ; Be earn - est, courage - ous, and la - bor - err - ing to the Truth and the Way ; No long - er stand i - dle, gird on thy

ers are few, O heed the call for workers, and to Je - sus be true.  
 with a will To serve the lov - ing Mas - ter, His commands to ful - fill.  
 strength a - right, Whatev - er thou dost find to do, O do it with thy might.

FINE.

REFRAIN.

Go forth . . . and work to - day, . . .  
 lu - to the fields, . . . and work to - day, . . .

The Mas - ter's call o - bey ; . . .  
 The Mas - ter's call, His call o - bey ; . . .

D.S.



## No. 168. WHILE WE LABOR FOR THEE. 12, 8.

"Establish thou the work of our hands."—Ps. 90: 17.

J. O. BARNHARDT.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. While we la - bor for Thee in the vine - yard be - low, Dear Lord, give us  
 2. Tho' we scat - ter the seed with a hand that is weak, O may ev - 'ry  
 3. Toil - ing now for the Mas - ter and plead - ing in tears With souls which the

strength to en - dure; As we dai - ly en - deav - or some good seed to sow,  
 mo - tive be pure; While with fal - ter - ing lips to the sin - ner we speak,  
 world doth al - lure; Tho' we still must a - wait for the har - vest of years,

## REFRAIN.

Es - tab - lish our work, make it sure. Yea, es - tab - lish the work of our

hands, blessed Lord, And grant it may ev - er en - dure; As Thy glo - ry ex -

pands in all kingdoms and lands, Es - tab - lish our work, make it sure.

## No. 169. Marching on to Glory Day by Day.

JENNIE WILSON.

A. J. ROBERTSON.

1. 'Neath the sa - cred gos - pel ban - ner with the Sav - iour for our guide,  
 2. Climbing rug - ged steep - s be - fore us, led in ways we do not know,  
 3. O - ver com - ing earth's temp - ta - tions, joys en - dur - ing to ob - tain,  
 4. To be read - y for the ban - quet at the mar - riage of the Lamb,

We are march - ing on to glo - ry day by day; Trust - ing  
 We are march - ing on to glo - ry day by day; Pass - ing  
 We are march - ing on to glo - ry day by day; Seek - ing  
 We are march - ing on to glo - ry day by day; With the

in our ho - ly lead - er through what - ev - er may be - tide,  
 oft through pleas - ant val - leys where re - fresh - ing wa - ters flow,  
 heav - en's shin - ing cit - y, life e - ter - nal there to gain,  
 com - pa - ny of pure ones to u - nite in vic - try's psalm,

FINE. REFRAIN.

We are marching on to glo - ry day by day. We are marching on to

*D.S.*— We are marching on to glo - ry day by day.

glo - ry day by day, We are marching on to glo - ry day by day;

## Marching on to Glory Day by Day.—Concluded.

D.S.

Gath-er-ing from ev-'ry na-tion, 'neath the ban-ner of sal-va-tion,

## No. 170. WORK, FOR THE NIGHT IS COMING.

Dr. MASON.

1. Work, for the night is com-ing, Work thro' the morn-ing hours,  
2. Work, for the night is com-ing, Work thro' the sun-ny noon;  
3. Work, for the night is com-ing, Un-der the sun-set skies;

Work while the dew is spark-ling, Work 'mid spring-ing flow'rs;  
Fill bright-est hours with la-lor, Rest comes sure and soon;  
While their bright tints are glow-ing, Work, for day-light flies;

*cres.*  
Work when the day grows bright-er, Work in the glow-ing sun,  
Give ev-'ry fly-ing min-ute Some-thing to keep in store;  
Work till the last beam fad-eth, Fad-eth to shine no more;

Work, for the night is com-ing, When man's work is done.  
Work, for the night is com-ing, When man works no more.  
Work while the night is dark-'ning, When man's work is o'er.



## No. 171.

## NOT ALONE.

E. E. HEWITT.

A Chinese convert said "I cannot go to Jesus alone."

EDWIN MOORE.

1. I would not trav - el on a-lone, To that bright Land of Song ;  
 2. I would not trav - el on a-lone, For Je - sus came for me  
 3. I would not trav - el on a-lone ; O, be some jew - el mine

I long to lead some oth - ers there, To join the white-robed throng.  
 That I might leave the ways of sin, And His dis - ci - ple be ;  
 To lay at my Re - deem - er's feet, To swell His joy di - vine.

Some dear ones in the household group, Some friends a-long the way ;  
 So let me to some oth - er hearts The bless - ed mes - sage bring,  
 'Tis sweet to know His pre - cious love, 'Tis sweet to tell it too ;

Can I not gent - ly speak to them A win - ning word to - day ?  
 That oth - er lips may sing with me The prais - es of our King.  
 My Sav - iour gives me work for Him That an - gels can - not do.

## REFRAIN.

I love my Sav - iour, yes, I do ; Make me, O Lord, Thy wit - ness true ;

## NOT ALONE.—Concluded.

For not a-lone, O not a-lone, Would I ap-pear be-fore the throne.

## No. 172. ONWARD, CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS.

S. B. GOULD.

A. S. SULLIVAN.

1. Onward, Christian soldiers! Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus
2. Like a mighty ar - my Moves the Church of God; Brothers, we are treading
3. Onward, then, ye peo - ple, Join our happy throng, Blend with ours your voices

Go-ing on be-fore; Christ, the roy-al Mas - ter, Leads against the foe;  
Where the saints have trod; We are not di - vid - ed; All one bod - y we,  
In the triumph-song; Glo-ry, laud and hon - or Un-to Christ, the King;

## REFRAIN.

Forward in-to bat - tle, See, His banners go.  
One in hope and doc - trine, One in char - i - ty! } Onward, Christian sol - diers!  
This thro' countess a - ges Men and angels sing. }

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

## No. 173. SCATTERING PRECIOUS SEED.

W. A. OGDEN.

GEO. C. HUGG.

1. Scat-ter-ing pre-cious seed by the way-side,      Scat-ter-ing  
 2. Scat-ter-ing pre-cious seed for the grow-ing,      Scat-ter-ing  
 3. Scat-ter-ing pre-cious seed, doubting nev-er,      Scat-ter-ing

pre-cious seed by the hill-side;      Scat-ter-ing pre-cious seed  
 pre-cious seed free-ly sow-ing;      Scat-ter-ing pre-cious seed  
 pre-cious seed, trust-ing ev-er;      Sow-ing the word with pray'r

o'er the field, wide,      Scat-ter-ing pre-cious seed by the way.  
 trust-ing, know-ing,      Sure-ly the Lord will send it the rain.  
 and en-deav-or,      Trusting the Lord for growth and for yield.

## REFRAIN.

Sow-ing in the morn-ing,  
 Sow-ing the pre-cious seed,      Sow-ing the pre-cious seed,

Sow-ing at the noon-tide;  
 Sow-ing the seed at noon-tide,      Sow-ing the pre-cious seed;



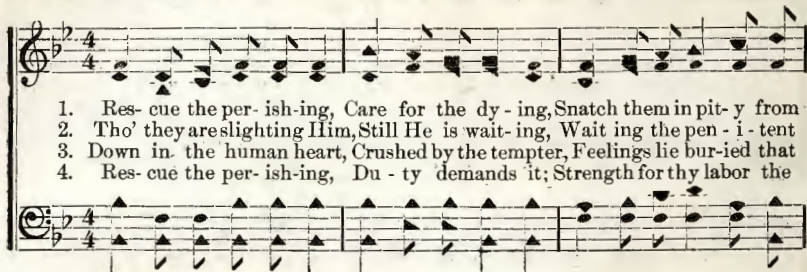
## No. 176.

## RESCUE THE PERISHING.

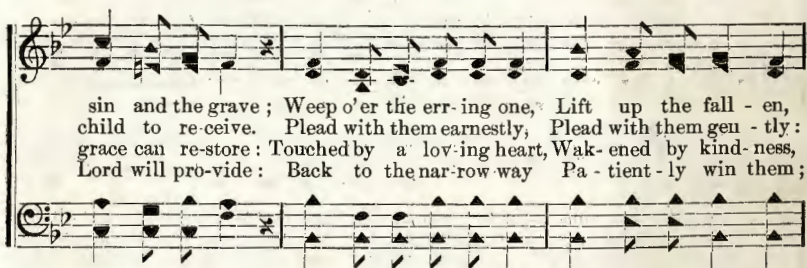
"Go out into the highways and hedges, and compel them to come in, that my house may be filled."—Luke 14: 23.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

WILLIAM H. DOANE.

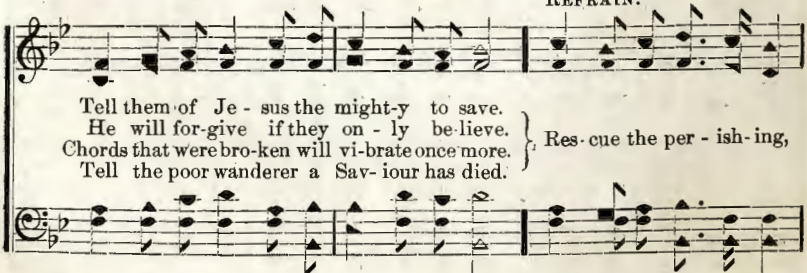


1. Res-cue the per-ish-ing, Care for the dy-ing, Snatch them in pit-y from  
 2. Tho' they are slighting Him, Still He is wait-ing, Wait ing the pen-i-tent  
 3. Down in the human heart, Crushed by the tempter, Feelings lie bur-ied that  
 4. Res-cue the per-ish-ing, Du-ty demands it; Strength for thy labor the

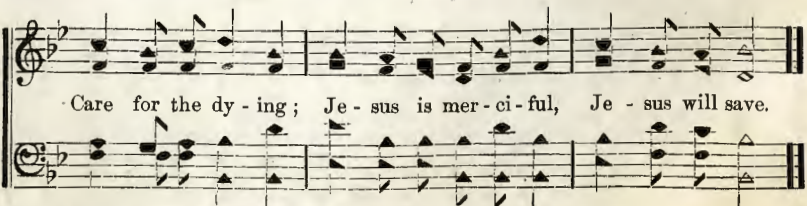


sin and the grave; Weep o'er the err-ing one, Lift up the fall-en,  
 child to re-ceive. Plead with them earnestly, Plead with them gen-tly:  
 grace can re-store: Touched by a lov-ing heart, Wak-ened by kind-ness,  
 Lord will pro-vide: Back to the nar-row way Pa-tient-ly win them;

## REFRAIN.



Tell them of Je-sus the might-y to save.  
 He will for-give if they on-ly be-lieve. } Res-cue the per-ish-ing,  
 Chords that were bro-ken will vi-brate once more. }  
 Tell the poor wanderer a Sav-our has died.



Care for the dy-ing; Je-sus is mer-ci-ful, Je-sus will save.

## No. 177.

## TELL IT ABROAD!

E. R. LATTA.

JNO. R. BRYANT.

1. There's re - demp-tion for the straying, Tell it abroad! (tell it a - broad!)  
 2. Je - sus died to bring sal - va-tion, Tell it abroad! (tell it a - broad!)  
 3. There's a prize that shall be giv - en, Tell it abroad! (tell it a - broad!)

'Tis a glad and faith-ful saying—Tell it a-broad! (tell it a - broad!)  
 To the lost of ev - 'ry na-tion, Tell it a-broad! (tell it a - broad!)  
 To the right-ful heirs of heav - en, Tell it a-broad! (tell it a - broad!)

For the lost ones Christ is seeking, To their hearts His voice is speaking,  
 All a-mong the bit - ter fountains, In the vale, or on the mountains,  
 Does your spir - it long to gain it? Are you striving to ob-tain it?

Ere the morn-ing light is breaking, Tell it a - broad! (tell it a - broad!)  
 Is the Shepherd's smiling count' nance! Tell it a - broad! (tell it a - broad!)  
 You may ev - er-more re-tain it! Tell it a - broad! (tell it a - broad!)

*D.S.—pre-cious life-blood giv-en! Tell it a-broad! (tell it a broad!)*

## REFRAIN.

Tell it a - broad! O won-drous sto - - - ry!  
 Tell it a-broad! O won-drous sto - ry, won-drous sto - ry!

## TELL IT ABROAD!—Concluded.

Of the Christ . . . . . who came from glo - - ry,  
Of the Christ who came from glo - ry, came from glo - ry,

Left His Father's home in heaven, For our sins His heart was riven, And His

*D.S.*

No. 178.

SEWELL. 7.

F. R. HAVERGAL.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. Take my life, and let it be Con-se-crat-ed, Lord, to Thee;
2. Take my feet, and let them be Swift and beau-ti-ful for Thee;
3. Take my sil-ver and my gold, Not a mite would I with-hold;
4. Take my will and make it Thine, It shall be no lon-ger mine;
5. Take my love; my Lord, I pour At Thy feet its treas-ure-store;

Take my hands, and let them move At the im-pulse of Thy love.  
Take my voice, and let me sing Al-ways, on-ly for my King.  
Take my moments and my days, Let them flow in cease-less praise.  
Take my heart, it is Thine own, It shall be Thy roy-al throne.  
Take my-self, and I will be Ev-er, on-ly, all for Thee.



## No. 179.

## HUMBLE WORKERS.

"These were the potters, and those that dwell among plants, and hedges; there they dwell with the King for his work."—1 Chron. 4: 23.

M. C.

MENZIES-CUMMING.

1. In the pal-ace of a king, Court-ly deeds, grand honors bring, And there's  
 2. In sin's pleasure-painted street, Where vice leads, with swift-wing'd feet, In the  
 3. In the field of "Ev'ry-Day," We're the *pot-ters* to the clay, In the  
 4. Train a hedge, or plant a flow'r: Mould the clay each day and hour; Be as -

work for humble workers ev-'rywhere; All cannot be statesmen,—grave, Or be  
 ceaseless chase of wealth, and folly's toys, There are hedges to be "set," Train'd and  
 chil-dren of our ten-der care and love; Minds are moulded,—*not with wands*—But like  
 sur-ed such la-bor will its hon ors bring. Tho' no courtier's robes you wear, And no

courtiers,—grand and brave, There are planters, hedges, potters need-ed there.  
 trimm'd, *with-out re-gret*, Lest temptation's wiles ensnare our girls and boys.  
 clay, in skill-ful hands, in - to ves-sels fit-ted for "the King," a-bove.  
 pal-ace hon ors share, You are "humble workers" dwelling with "the King."

## REFRAIN.

There is work to be done, for the King, by ev-'ry one, In the

## HUMBLE WORKERS.—Concluded.

field, or 'mid the cit-y's nois - y ring; Humble *hedgers* you may be, Or a

plan-ter, fair to see, Or a *pot-ter*, forming ves-sels for "the King,"

## No. 180. NETTLETON. 8, 7. D.

R. ROBINSON.

ASAHEL NETTLETON.

FINE.

1. { O Thou Fount of ev'ry bless-ing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace: }  
 { Streams of mer-cy, nev-er ceas-ing, Call for songs of loudest praise. }  
 2. { Here I'll raise my Eb-en-e-zer; Hith-er by Thy help I've come; }  
 { And I hope, by Thy good pleasure, Safe-ly to ar-rive at home. }  
 3. { O to grace how great a debt-or, Dai-ly I'm constrained to be! }  
 { Let Thy good-ness, like a fet-ter, Bind me clos-er still to Thee. }

*D.C.*— While the hope of end-less glo-ry Fills my heart with joy and love.  
*D.C.*— He, to res-cue me from dan-ger, In-ter-posed His precious blood.  
*D.C.*— By Thy Word and Spir-it guide me, Till I reach Thy courts a-bove.

*D.C.*  
 Teach me ev-er to a-dore Thee: May I still Thy goodness prove,  
 Je-sus sought me when a stranger, Wand'ring from Thy fold, O God;  
 Nev-er let me wander from Thee, Nev-er leave Thee, whom I love;

## No. 181. RAISE ALOFT THE STANDARD.

LAURA E. NEWELL.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. Raise a - loft the stand - ard, Let the col - ors fly; See our loy - al  
 2. Raise a - loft the stand - ard, Be its folds unfurled; Tell to ev - 'ry  
 3. Raise a - loft the ban - ner, In the ranks stand fast; Sol - diers true and

ar - my Proud - ly mov - ing by; Je - sus, is the Cap - tain  
 peo - ple, God doth rule the world; Her - ald His sal - va - tion,  
 val - iant, Fight un - til the last; Bat - tle brave and loy - al,

Of our mighty band, Sound the song of tri - umph, O - ver sea and land.  
 Now from shore to shore, Till each land and na - tion Shall our God a - dore.  
 Ev - er as you go, Till you reach His pas - ture, Where still waters flow.

## REFRAIN.

Glo - ry in the high - est, Je - sus leads the way; Glo - ry in the

high - est, Com - eth no dis - may; Raise a - loft the stand - ard,



## RAISE ALOFT THE STANDARD.—Concluded.

Let the col - ors fly, Je - sus is our Lead - er; On to vic - to - ry!

## No. 182.

## WHAT WE WILL BE.

ADALYN.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. We will be sow - ers for Je - sus, Sow - ing for Him pre - cious seed;  
 2. We will be gleaners for Je - sus, Out on life's broad har - vest - field;  
 3. We will be jew - els for Je - sus, Shin - ing in beau - ty for Him;

If they grow grain for His gar - ner We shall be hap - py in - deed.  
 Gath - er - ing grain that the reap - ers Leave from the boun - ti - ful yield.  
 Gleaming in hearts that are lone - ly, Light - ing some path - way that's dim.

Speak - ing and act - ing in kind - ness, Greet - ing each one with a smile,  
 Glean - ing and sing - ing to - geth - er, Aft - er the reap - ers we'll go,  
 Then in yon beau - ti - ful heav - en, When He shall make up His own,

Sow - ing in love for the Mas - ter, Sow - ing to reap aft - er - while.  
 Tho' they bear sheaves and we hand - fuls, Christ will re - ward us, we know.  
 We shall be gems for His crown - ing, Shin - ing for Je - sus a - lone.

## No. 183.

## MARCHING HOME.

A. J. S.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. We are on our way to the realms of day, Marching home, . . . we're  
 2. In those mansions bright dwell the saints in light, Marching home, . . . we're  
 3. We will work each day while we watch and pray, Marching home, . . . we're  
 4. By and by, in love, we'll be called a - bove, Marching home, . . . we're  
 marching home,--

march-ing home;                      And the God of love beck - ons  
 march-ing home;                      And for us they wait at the  
 march-ing home;                      We will trust the Lord and His  
 march-ing home;                      There to find our rest with the  
 home, yes, marching home;

from a - bove, March-ing home, . . . . . we're march-ing home.  
 pearl - y gate, March-ing home, . . . . . we're march-ing home.  
 own sure word, March-ing home, . . . . . we're march-ing home.  
 pure and blest, March-ing home, . . . . . we're march-ing home.  
 home, march-ing home.

## REFRAIN.

We are march - - - ing home to God,                      In the  
 We are march-ing home to God, home to God,

way . . . . . our fa - ther's trod,                      And we'll shout and  
 In the way our fa - thers trod, our fa - ther's trod,

MARCHING HOME.—Concluded.

sing praise to Christ our King, While we march . . . to Canaan's land.  
while we march to Ca-naan's land, happy land.

No. 184.

ZERAH. C. M.

JOHN MORRISON.

LOWELL MASON.

1. To us a Child of hope is born, To us a Son is giv'n;  
2. His name shall be the Prince of peace, For ev - er - more a - dored,  
3. His pow'r, in - creas - ing, still shall spread, His reign no end shall know;  
4. To us a Child of hope is born, To us a Son is giv'n;

Him shall the tribes of earth o - bey; Him, all the hosts of heav'n;  
The Won - der - ful, the Coun - sel - or, The great and might - y Lord!  
Jus - tice shall guard His throne a - bove, And peace a - bound be - low;  
The Won - der - ful, the Coun - sel - or, The might - y Lord of heav'n!

Him shall the tribes of earth o - bey; Him, all the hosts of heav'n.  
The Won - der - ful, the Coun - sel - or, The great and might - y Lord.  
Jus - tice shall guard His throne a - bove, And peace a - bound be - low.  
The Won - der - ful, the Coun - sel - er, The might - y Lord of heav'n.



## No. 185.

## PRESSING ON.

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. Press-ing on to the joys a-wait-ing me, In the  
 2. Press-ing on, in the strength the Saviour gives, To at-  
 3. Press-ing on with a pur-pose brave and strong, With a  
 Press-ing on,

Par - a - dise so blest; Press-ing on to the man-sions fair to  
 tain the heav'n-ly prize; Press-ing on to the home where Je - sus  
 pur-pose true and pure, To that fair land of glad-ness and of

REFRAIN.

see, Where the wea-ry are at rest. } Pressing on,  
 is, In the land be-yond the skies. }  
 song, Which for-ev-er shall en-dure. } Press-ing on,  
 Press-ing on,

press-ing on, press-ing on, To the goal that is be-fore; Pressing

on, Press-ing on, press-ing on, Press-ing on to Heav-en's door.

## No. 186.

## HE LOVES ME.

ISAAC WATTS.

Arr. for this work.

1. A - las! and did my Sav - iour 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.

## REFRAIN.

He loves me, He loves me, He loves me, this I know;  
 I know;

He gave Him - self to die for me, Be - cause He loves me so.

LOVE FOR THE SAVIOUR.

No. 187.

ADORATION.

ADALYN.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. Je - sus, I love Thee; Ser - aphs a - bove me Share in no  
 2. Christ, I a - dore Thee, Pros - trate be - fore Thee, Here at Thy  
 3. O Thou di - vine One! Great and be - nign One! Tho' I'm un -

rap - ture sweeter than this! Just to be near Thee, See and re - vere Thee,  
 feet my all I - re - sign; What are life's cross - es, Pleasures or loss - es,  
 wor - thy, let me a - bide, Lov - ing Thee ev - er, Leaving Thee nev - er,

REFRAIN.

Filleth my soul with heav - en - ly bliss - }  
 If I but know Thy fa - vor is mine? } Saviour all - glorious! Christ, the vic -  
 Kept thro' Thy mercy, close by Thy side! }

to - rious! Kingdoms and crowns are cast at Thy feet; O Thou most ho - ly,

Tho' I am low - ly, I would ap - proach Thy great mer - cy seat.



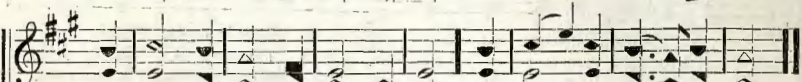
No. 188. BALERMA. C. M.

CHARLES WESLEY.

Arr. by R. SIMPSON.



1. O for a heart to praise my God, A heart from sin set free;
2. A heart resigned, sub-mis sive, meek, My dear Re-deem-er's throne,
3. O for a low-ly con-trite heart, Be-liev-ing, true, and clean,
4. A heart in ev-'ry tho't renewed, And filled with love di-vine;



A heart that al-ways feels the blood So free-ly shed for me.  
 Where on-ly Christ is heard to speak, Where Je-sus reigns a-lone.  
 Which neith-er life nor death can part From Him who dwells with-in.  
 Per-fect, and right, and pure, and good, A cop-y, Lord, of Thine.



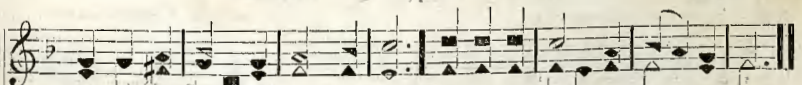
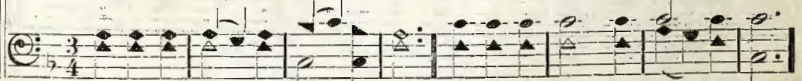
No. 189. HURSLEY. L. M.

JOHN KEBLE.

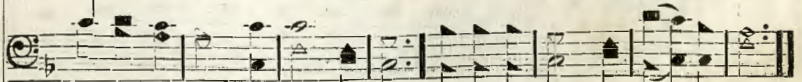
Arr. by WM. H. MONK.



1. Sun of my soul, Thou Sav-iour dear, It is not night if Thou be near;
2. When the soft dews of kind-ly sleep My wearied eye-lids gen-tly steep;
3. Abide with me from morn till eve, For without Thee I can-not live;
4. Beneath to bless me when I wake, Ere thro' the world my way I take;



O may no earth-born cloud a-rise To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes.  
 Be my last tho't, how sweet to rest For-ev-er on my Sav-iour's breast!  
 A-bide with me when night is nigh, For without Thee I dare not die.  
 A-bide with me till in Thy love I lose my-self in heav'n a-bove.



No. 190. THOU KNOWEST THAT I LOVE THEE.

A. D. NYAL.

John 21: 17. LEE BRYAN WHEELER, by per.

1. Thou know-est that I love Thee! For Thou canst read my heart,  
 2. Thou know-est that I love Thee, Lo! at Thy feet I fall;  
 3. Thou know-est that I love Thee— O lift me to Thy breast!

And there Thine eye be - hold - est How dear to me Thou art.  
 Thou art my hope of heav - en, Thou art my All in All.  
 With - in Thy arms so ten - der My soul would sweet - ly rest.

REFRAIN.

I love Thee, I love Thee, Dear Lord, my heart is Thine;

And tho' I am un - wor - thy, I know Thy love is mine.

No. 191. MORE LOVE TO THEE.

Mrs. ELIZABETH PRENTISS.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. More love to Thee, O Christ, More love to Thee! Hear Thou the  
 2. Once earth - ly joy I craved, Sought peace and rest; Now Thee a -  
 3. Let sor - row do its work, Send grief and pain; Sweet are Thy  
 4. Then shall my lat - est breath Whis - per Thy praise; This be the

LOVE FOR THE SAVIOUR.  
**MORE LOVE TO THEE.—Concluded.**

VOICES IN UNISON.

pray'r I make On bend-ed knee. This is my earn-est plea,  
 lone I seek, Give what is best. This all my pray'r shall be,  
 mes-sen-gers, Sweet their re-frain, When they can sing with me,  
 part-ing cry My heart shall raise. This still it's pray'r shall be,

FULL HARMONY.

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

**No. 192. NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE. 6, 4.**

(May be sung to "Bethany," if so preferred.)

Mrs. SARAH FLOWER ADAMS.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. Near-er, my God, to Thee, Near-er to Thee! E'en tho' it
2. Tho' like a wan-der-er, The sun gone down, Dark-ness be
3. There let the way ap-pear, Steps un-to heav'n; All that Thou
4. Then, with my wak-ing that's Bright with Thy praise, Out of my
5. Or if, on joy-ful wing, Cleav-ing the sky, Sun, moon and

be a cross That rais-eth me! Still all my song shall be,  
 o-ver me, My rest a stone, Yet in my dreams I'd be,  
 send-est me, In mer-cy giv'n; An-gels to beck-on me,  
 ston-y griefs, Beth-el I'll raise; So by my woes to be,  
 stars for-got, Up-ward I fly, Still all my song shall be,

Near-er, my God, to Thee, Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer to Thee!



No. 193.

MORE LIKE MY SAVIOUR.

E. A. HOFFMAN.

GEO. W. BACON.

*Moderato.*

1. More like my Sav-iour my spir - it would be, Cleansed from all  
 2. More of His sweet-ness of tem - per I crave, More of His  
 3. No - ble, for - giv - ing, and pure would I be, Hum - ble and

e - vil His pure eyes can see; Bear - ing His like - ness with -  
 kind - ness of heart I would have; More of His like - ness I  
 low - ly and meek as was He; Ren - der - ing serv - ice to

in me al - way, Wak - ing in love with all peo - ple each day.  
 dai - ly would wear, More of His beau - ti - ful char ac - ter share.  
 oth - ers in need, Show - ing the fruit of the Spir - it in - deed.

REFRAIN.

More like my Sav - iour, More like my Saviour I long to be;  
 More like my Sav-iour I long to be,

More like my Sav - iour Till naught of sin a - bid - eth in me.  
 More like my Sav-iour I long to be,

E. E. HEWITT.

FINLEY LYON.

1. Bless-ed life of con-se-cra-tion, Yielded to the Lord our King, (our King,  
 2. By His grace, redeemed, forgiv-en, I would glori-fy His name; (His name)  
 3. All for Je-sus; He has bought me, For His blood was shed for me; (for me;)

Of His ut-termost sal-va-tion, Let His ransomed children sing.  
 Fleet-ing hours to Him be giv-en, Let my life His praise proclaim.  
 Now dear Saviour, Thou hast taught me, All I have to bring to Thee.

REFRAIN.

All, all for Je-sus, all, all for Je-sus, Hap-py in the

love that sets me free, (sets me free,) All, all for Je-sus, all, all for

Je-sus, All my life for Him who died for me, (who died for me.)

No. 195.

ELLESDIE. 8, 7. D.

HENRY F. LYTE.

Arr. from W. A. MOZART,

1. Je - sus, I my cross have ta - ken, All to leave, and fol - low Thee ;  
 2. Let the world de - spite and leave me, They have left my Sav - iour too ;  
 3. Go then, earth - ly fame and treasure ! Come dis - as - ter, scorn, and pain !  
 4. Man may troub - le and dis - tress me, 'Twill but drive me to Thy breast ;

Des - ti - tute, despised, for - sak - en, Thou, from hence, my all shalt be :  
 Hu - man hearts and looks deceive me ; Thou art not, like man, un - true ;  
 In Thy serv - ice pain is pleas - ure ; With Thy fa - vor loss is gain.  
 Life with tri - als hard may press me, Heav'n will bring me sweet - er rest.

Per - ish ev - 'ry fond am - bi - tion, All I've sought, and hoped, and known,  
 And while Thou shalt smile up - on me, God of wis - dom, love, and might,  
 I have called Thee, Ab - ba, Fa - ther ; I have stayed my heart on Thee :  
 O 'tis not in grief to harm me, While Thy love is left to me ;

Yet how rich is my con di - tion, God and heav'n are still my own !  
 Foes may hate and friends may shun me, Show Thy face and all is bright.  
 Storms may howl, and clouds may gath - er, All must work for good to me.  
 O 'twere not in joy to charm me, Were that joy un - mixed with Thee.



THE CHURCH.

No. 196.

BEALOTH. S. M. D.

TIMOTHY DWIGHT.

L. C. EVERETT.

1. I love Thy king-dom, Lord, The house of Thine a - bode,  
 2. For her my tears shall fall, For her my pray'rs as - cend;  
 3. Je - sus, Thou Friend di - vine, Our Sav - iour and our King,

The Church our blest Re-deem - er saved With His own pre - cious blood ;  
 To her my cares and toils be giv'n, Till toil and cares shall end.  
 Thy hand from ev - 'ry snare and foe Shall great de - liv - 'rance bring.

I love Thy church, O God, Her walls be - fore Thee stand,  
 Be - yond my high - est joy, I prize her heav'n - ly ways,  
 Sure as Thy truth shall last, To Zi - on shall be giv'n

Dear as the ap - ple of Thine eye, And grav - en on Thy hand.  
 Her sweet commun - ion, sol - emn vows, Her hymns of love and praise.  
 The bright - est glo - ries earth can yield, And brighter bliss of heav'n.

## No. 197. ARM OF THE LORD, AWAKE!

WILLIAM SHRUBSOLE.

Is. 51: 9.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. Arm of the Lord, a-wake, a-wake, Put on Thy strength, the nations shake;  
2. Say to the heathen from Thy throne, "I am Je-ho-vah, God a-lone!"  
3. No more let human blood be spilt, Vain sac-ri-fice for hu-man guilt;

And let the world, a-dor-ing see Tri-umphs of mercy wrought by Thee.  
Thy voice their idols shall confound, And cast their al-tars to the ground.  
But to each conscience be ap-plied The blood that flow'd from Jesus' side.

## REFRAIN.

Almight-y God, . . . . Thy grace pro-claim, . . . . In ev-'ry  
Almight-y God, Thy grace proclaim,

clime, of ev-'ry name, . . . . Till ad-verse pow'rs . . . .  
of ev-'ry name, Till ad-verse pow'rs

be-fore Thee fall, . . . . And crown the Sav-iour, Lord of all.  
be-fore Thee fall,

No. 198.

HARWELL. 8, 7. D.

JOHN NEWTON.

Dr. L. MASON.

1. Glo-ri-ous things of thee are spok - en, Zi - on, cit - y of our God,  
 2. See, the streams of liv - ing wa - ters, Springing from e - ter - nal love,  
 3. Round each hab - i - ta - tion hov - 'ring, See the cloud and fire ap - pear,

He whose word can not be bro - ken, Formed thee for His own a - bode:  
 Well sup - ply thy sons and daughters, And all fear of want re - move:  
 For a glo - ry and a cov - ring, Show - ing that the Lord is near:

On the Rock of A - ges found - ed,	What can shake thy sure repose?
Who can faint while such a river	Ever flows their thirst t' assuage?
Thus deriving from their banner	Light by night, and shade by day,

On the Rock of A - ges found - ed, What can shake thy sure re - pose?  
 Who can faint while such a riv - er Ev - er flows their thirst t' as - suage?  
 Thus de - riv - ing from their ban - ner Light by night, and shade by day,

With sal - va - tion's walls surround ed, Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.  
 Grace, which, like the Lord, the Giv - er, Nev - er fails from age to age.  
 Safe they feed up - on the man - na, Which He gives them when they pray.

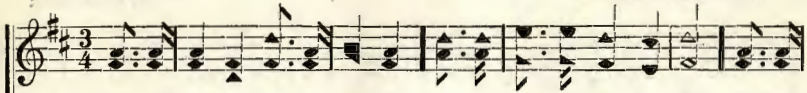


## No. 199.

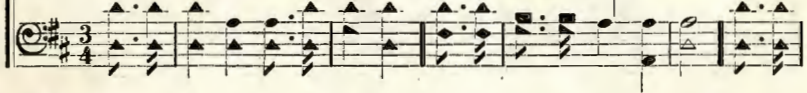
## ZION. 8, 7, 4.

THOMAS KELLY.

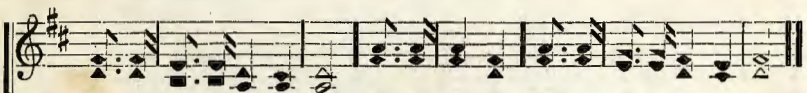
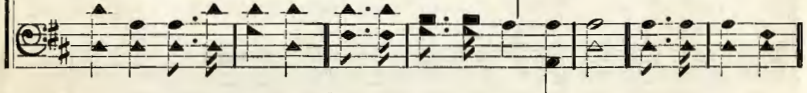
DR. THOS. HASTINGS.



1. Zi - on stands by hills surrounded, Zi - on, kept by pow'r di-vine ; All her
2. Ev-'ry hu-man tie may per-ish ; Friend to friend unfaithful prove ; Mothers
3. In the furnace God may prove thee, Thence to bring thee forth more bright, But can



- foes shall be confounded, Tho' the world in arms combine ; Hap-py Zi - on,  
cease their own to cherish ; Heav'n and earth at last re-move ; But no changes  
nev - er cease to love thee ; Thou art precious in His sight ; God is with thee, —



- What a favored lot is thine ! Happy Zi - on, What a favored lot is thine !  
Can at-tend Je-hovah's love, But no changes Can at-tend Je-hovah's love.  
God, thine ev-er-lasting light, God is with thee, — God, thine everlasting light.



## No. 200. GOOD TIDINGS TO ZION. 8, 7, 4.

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <ol style="list-style-type: none"> <li>1 On the mountain's top appearing,<br/>Lo, the sacred herald stands,<br/>Welcome news to Zion bearing,<br/>Zion long in hostile lands :<br/>Mourning captive,<br/>God Himself will loose thy bands.</li> <li>2 Has thy night been long and mournful?<br/>Have thy friends unfaithful proved?<br/>Have thy foes been proud and scornful,<br/>By thy sighs and tears unmoved?<br/>Cease thy mourning ;<br/>Zion still is well beloved.</li> </ol> | <ol style="list-style-type: none"> <li>3 God, thy God, will now restore thee ;<br/>He Himself appears thy Friend ;<br/>All thy foes shall flee before thee,<br/>Here their boasts and triumphs end ;<br/>Great deliverance,<br/>Zion's King vouchsafes to send.</li> <li>4 Enemies no more shall trouble,<br/>All thy wrongs shall be redressed ;<br/>For thy shame thou shalt have double,<br/>In thy Maker's favor blessed ;<br/>All thy conflicts<br/>End in everlasting rest.</li> </ol> |
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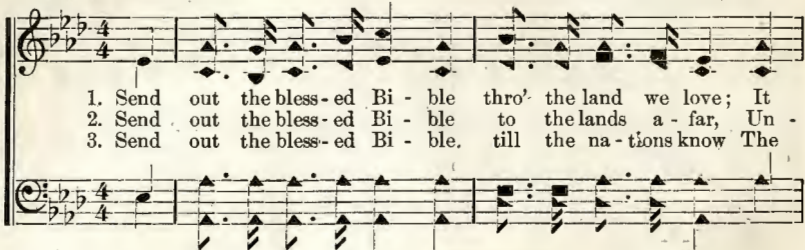
Thomas Kelly.

## No. 201.

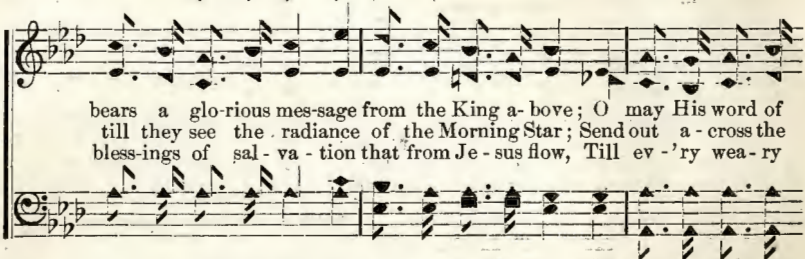
## SEND OUT THE BIBLE.

E. E. HEWITT.

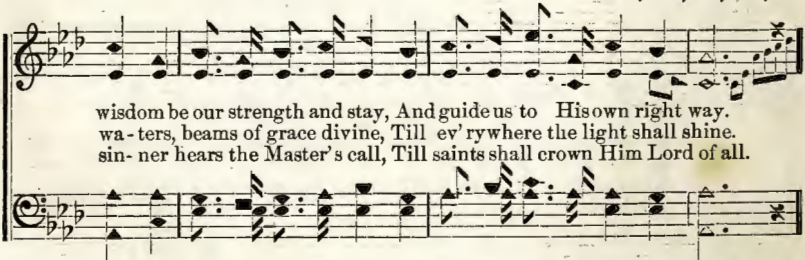
FINLEY LYON.



1. Send out the bless-ed Bi-ble thro' the land we love; It  
 2. Send out the bless-ed Bi-ble to the lands a-far, Un-  
 3. Send out the bless-ed Bi-ble. till the na-tions know The

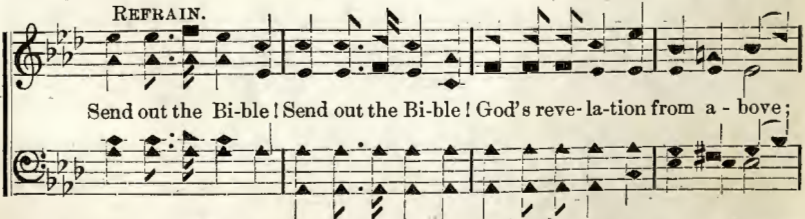


bears a glo-ri-ous mes-sage from the King a-bove; O may His word of  
 till they see the ra-diance of the Morning Star; Send out a-cross the  
 bless-ings of sal-va-tion that from Je-sus flow, Till ev-'ry wea-ry

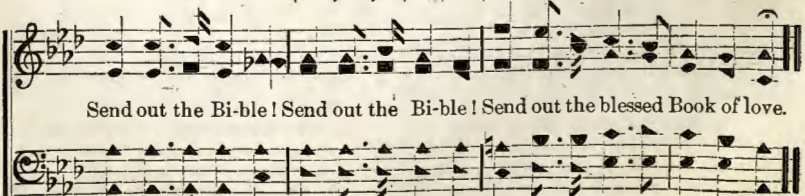


wisdom be our strength and stay, And guide us to His own right way.  
 wa-ters, beams of grace di-vine, Till ev'rywhere the light shall shine.  
 sin-ner hears the Mas-ter's call, Till saints shall crown Him Lord of all.

## REFRAIN.



Send out the Bi-ble! Send out the Bi-ble! God's reve-la-tion from a-bove;



Send out the Bi-ble! Send out the Bi-ble! Send out the blessed Book of love.

## No. 202.

## MY MOTHER'S BIBLE.

Evangelist M. B. WILLIAMS.

CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.

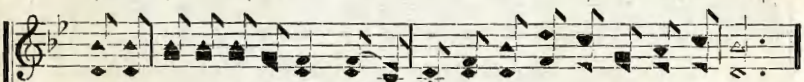
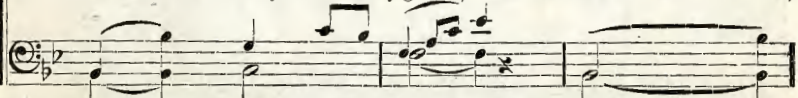
DUET.



1. There's a dear and precious book, Tho' it's worn and faded now, Which re-
2. As she read the stories o'er, Of those mighty men of old, Of
3. Then she read of Je-sus' love, As He blest the children dear, How He
4. Well, those days are past and gone, But their mem'ry lingers still, And the



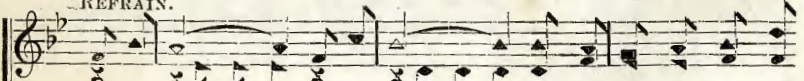
calls those happy days of long a - go, When I stood at mother's knee,  
 Jos-eph and of Dan-iel and their trials; Of lit-tle Da-vid bold,  
 suffered, bled and died up-on the tree; Of His heav-y load of care,  
 dear old book each day has been my guide; And I seek to do His will,



With her hand upon my brow, And I heard her voice in gentle tones and low.  
 Who became a king at last; Of Sa-tan with His many wick-ed wiles.  
 Then she dried my flowing tears With her kisses as she said it was, for me.  
 As my mother taught me then, And ev-er in my heart His words abide.



REFRAIN.



Bless ed book, . . . pre-cious book, . . . On thy dear old tear-stained  
 Bless-ed book, pre-cious book,



leaves I love to look; . . . Thou art sweeter day by day, As I  
 love to look;





## MY MOTHER'S BIBLE.—Concluded.

*rall.*

walk the nar - row way That leads at last to that bright home above.

## No. 203. NO BOOK LIKE THE BIBLE.

MINNIE KARNS.

J. S. HENDRICKS.

1. No book is like the Bi - ble For chil - dren, youth and age;  
 2. It tells of man's cre - a - tion, His sad pri - me - val fall;  
 3. Oh, let us love the Bi - ble, And prize it more and more;

Our du - ty, plain and sim - ple, We find on ev - 'ry page.  
 It tells of man's re - demp - tion, Thro' Christ who died for all:  
 Our life is like a shad - ow, Our days will soon be o'er;

It came from God in heav - en, A light to guide our way,  
 In sa - cred words of wis - dom, It bids us watch and pray,  
 But if we close - ly fol - low The coun - sel God has giv'n,

A voice from Him who gave it, Re - prov - ing when we - stray.  
 And ear - ly come to Je - sus, The Life, the Truth, the Way.  
 We then may hope with an - gels To sing His praise in heav'n.

## No. 204. THERE'S A CROSS TO BEAR.

E. F. S.

E. F. STANTON.

1. There's a cross to bear by each one who'd share The sweet bliss of the  
 2. We must self de - ny for the Lord on high If we would His dis -  
 3. Let us watch and pray, bear the cross each day, Trusting Je - sus till

life to come; There's a crown so bright for the saints of light In that  
 ci - ples be; If the crown we'd wear we the cross must bear, And o'er  
 life is o'er; Then a shin - ing crown He will give His own As we

## REFRAIN.

beau - ti - ful heav'nly home. } I'll bear the cross . . . . .  
 sin gain the vic - to - ry. }  
 reach Canaan's hap - py shore. } I'll bear the cross, tho' heav - y it be,

for Je - sus' sake, . . . . . Sup - port - ed by . . . . .  
 for Je - sus' sake, for His dear sake, Sup - port - ed by the Sav - iour of men,

the Sav - iour di - vine, . . . . . And when in  
 the Sav - iour di - vine, the Lord di - vine, And when in

## THERE'S A CROSS TO BEAR.—Concluded.

glo - - - ry I a - wake, . . . . . A shin - ing  
glo - ry, heav - en - ly glo - ry, I a - wake, with Christ a - wake A shin - ing

crown . . . . . will ev - er be mine.  
crown, a beau - ti - ful crown, will ev - er be mine, for - ev - er mine.

## No. 205.

## AVON. C. M.

JOHN HAMPDEN GURNEY.

HUGH WILSON.

1. Lord, as to Thy dear cross we flee, And pray to be for-giv'n,
2. Help us, thro' good re - port and ill, Our dai - ly cross to bear;
3. Let grace our self - ish - ness ex - pel, Our earth - li - ness re - fine;
4. If joy shall at thy bid - ding fly, And grief's dark day come on,
5. Kept peace - ful in the midst of strife, For - giv - ing and for - giv'n,

So let Thy life our pat - tern be, And form our souls for heav'n.  
Like Thee, to do our Fa - ther's will, Our brot - her's griefs to share.  
And kind - ness in our bo - soms dwell As free and true as Thine.  
We, in our turn would meekly cry, "Fa - ther, Thy will be done!"  
Oh, may we lead the pil - grim's life, And fol - low Thee to heav'n!



GRACE GLENN.

JNO. R. BRYANT.

1. You may sing the songs tri-umph-ant Of the loy-al and the brave,  
2. There are bat-tle-hosts ad-vanc-ing, O-ver mountain, o-ver main;

Who have died to save the suff'ring From the ty-rant and the grave;  
There are conquered ones and congu'ring, Victors crowned and victors slain;

But a loud-er and a clear-er Is the song the an-gels sing  
But the bloodless bat-tle rag-es With the weak and with the strong;

Of the One who for a man-ger Left the pal-ace of the King.  
You and I make dai-ly conquests On the field of-right and wrong.

REFRAIN.

Then lift up the cross the cross of Je - sus,  
Then lift up the cross,

## LIFT UP THE CROSS.—Concluded.

Your banner then let . . . . . it ev - er be ; . . .  
 Your ban-ner then let it ev - er be, ev - er be ;

It stand-eth fast . . . 'gainst ev - 'ry blast, . . .  
 It stand - eth fast 'gainst ev - 'ry blast,

It sets the cap - tive free, . . . . . him free.  
 It sets the cap - tive free, it sets him free.

## No. 207.

## HEBRON. L. M.

ISAAC WATTS.

Dr. L. MASON.

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 mingled down;
4. Were all the realm of na-ture mine, That were a pres - ent far too small;

My rich-est gain I'll count but loss, And pour contempt 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 compose so rich a crown?  
 Love so a - maz - ing, so di-vine, Demands my soul, my life, my all.

## No. 208. STANDING BY THE CROSS.

ALLEN SHIRLEY. Ref. by A. J. S.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. Sweet the moments, rich in bless-ing, Which before the cross I spend,  
 2. Here I'll sit for - ev - er view-ing, Mer - cy streaming in His blood;  
 3. Tru - ly bless-ed is this sta-tion, Low be-fore His cross to lie,  
 4. Here it is I find my heav-en, While up-on the cross I gaze,  
 5. Lord, in cease-less con-tem-pla-tion, Fix my trusting heart on Thee,

Life and health and peace pos-sess-ing, From the sin-ner's dy-ing Friend.  
 Pre-cious drops! my soul be-dew-ing, Plead they now my peace with God.  
 While I see di-vine com-pas-sion, Beaming in His gra-cious eye.  
 Here the joy of sins for-giv-en, Shall in-spire my songs of praise.  
 Till I know Thy full sal - va - tion, And Thy face in glo-ry see.

## REFRAIN.

Stand - ing by the cross, Stand - ing by the cross,

Stand-ing by the cross of Cal - va - ry; Look-ing up to Christ,

Trust-ing in His love, Hop-ing in His mer - cy full and free.



## No. 209.

## NEARER THE CROSS.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

Mrs. J. F. KNAPP.

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

cross from day to day, I am com-ing near - er; Near - er the cross where  
 soul on man-na sweet, I am com-ing near - er; Strong - er in faith, more  
 love my soul de-sires, I am com-ing near - er; Near - er the end of

Je - sus died, Near - er the fountain's crim-son tide, Near - er my Saviour's  
 clear I see Je - sus who gave Him-self for me; Near - er to Him I  
 toil and care, Near - er the joy I long to share, Near - er the crown I

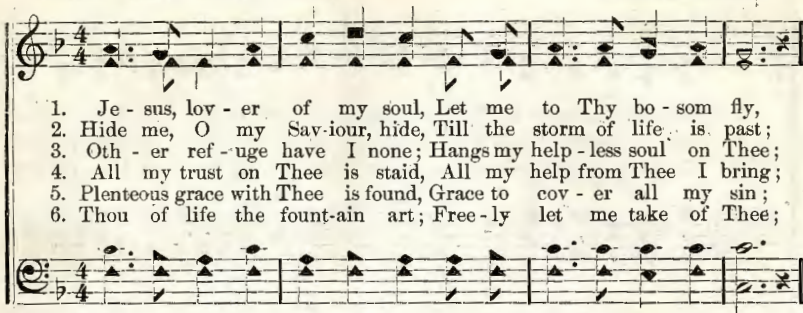
wound-ed side, I am com-ing near - er, I am com-ing near - er.  
 still would be; Still I'm com-ing near - er, Still I'm com-ing near - er.  
 soon shall wear: I am com-ing near - er, I am com-ing near - er.

## No. 210.

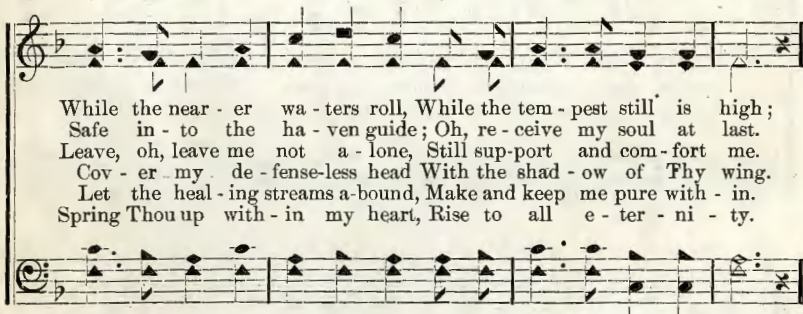
## DOWN AT THE CROSS.

CHAS. WESLEY. Ref. by A. J. S.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

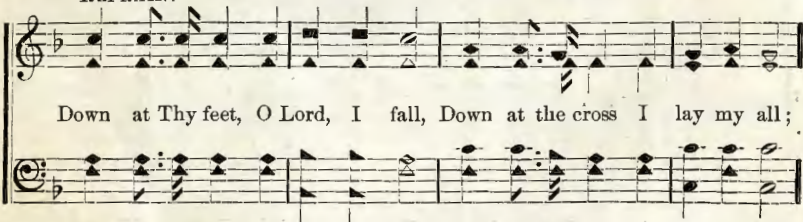


1. Je - sus, lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly,  
 2. Hide me, O my Sav - iour, hide, Till the storm of life is past;  
 3. Oth - er ref - uge have I none; Hangs my help - less soul on Thee;  
 4. All my trust on Thee is staid, All my help from Thee I bring;  
 5. Plenteous grace with Thee is found, Grace to cov - er all my sin;  
 6. Thou of life the fount - ain art; Free - ly let me take of Thee;

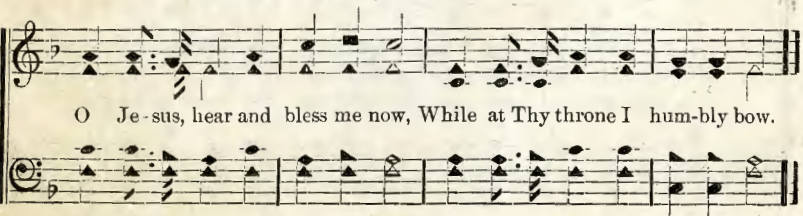


While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the tem - pest still is high;  
 Safe in - to the ha - ven guide; Oh, re - ceive my soul at last.  
 Leave, oh, leave me not a - lone, Still sup - port and com - fort me.  
 Cov - er my de - fense - less head With the shad - ow of Thy wing.  
 Let the heal - ing streams a - bound, Make and keep me pure with - in.  
 Spring Thou up with - in my heart, Rise to all e - ter - ni - ty.

## REFRAIN.



Down at Thy feet, O Lord, I fall, Down at the cross I lay my all;



O Je - sus, hear and bless me now, While at Thy throne I hum - bly bow.

## No. 211.

## NEAR THE CROSS.

"Peace through the blood of his cross."—Coll. 1 : 29.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE, by per.

1. Je - sus, keep me near the cross, There a pre-cious fount - ain  
 2. Near the Cross, a trem-b-ling soul, Love and mer - cy found me;  
 3. Near the Cross! O Lamb of God, Bring its scenes be - fore me;  
 4. Near the Cross I'll watch and wait, Hop - ing, trust - ing ey - er,

Free to all a heal - ing stream, Flows from Cal - v'ry's mount - ain.  
 There the bright and morn - ing star Sheds its beams a - round me.  
 Help me walk from day to day, With its shad - ows o'er me.  
 Till I reach the gold - en strand, Just be - yond the riv - er.

## REFRAIN.

In the Cross, in the Cross, Be my glo - ry ev - er;

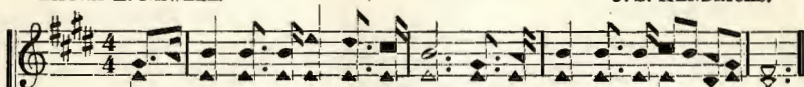
Till my rap - tured soul shall find Rest be - yond the riv - er.



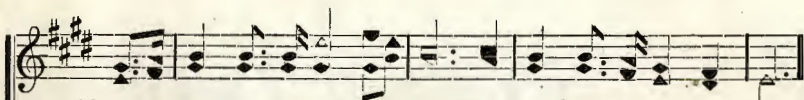
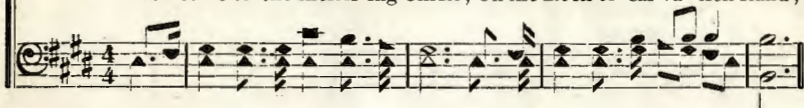
## No. 212. I'LL CLING TO THE CROSS OF JESUS.

LAURA E. NEWELL.

J. S. HENDRICKS.



1. I'm safe in the rift of the rock; In the love of my Lord I rest;
2. I know He is mighty to save; I have prov-en His love di-vine;
3. 'Tis joy to a-bide in His love; There is blessing and peace un-told;
4. Then come to the shel-ter-ing Christ; On the Rock of sal-va-tion stand;



Ne'er sor-row, nor tempest's shock, Shall ren-der my soul op-pressed.  
His par-don He free-ly gave, And cleans'd this poor heart of mine.  
And light, when life's skies are dim, When safe in the Saviour's fold.  
His death hath for all suf-ficed; Oh! cling to His pierc-ed hand.



## REFRAIN.



I'll cling to the cross of Je-sus; My ref-uge He still shall be;



He guides me where'er I wan-der; His par-don hath set me free.



## No. 213. OH, WONDERFUL WORD OF SALVATION.

PALMER HARTSOUGH.

J. H. FILLMORE.

1. Oh, won - der - ful word of sal - va - tion, Oh, won - der - ful  
 2. The ten - pest may gath - er with - out me, And dan - gers from  
 3. Oh, help me to tell the sweet sto - ry, The won - der - ful

mes - sage of love, To us from the mer - ci - ful Fa - ther,  
 Sa - tan and sin; His word is a fort - ress a - bout me,  
 mes - sage pro - claim, For all there's a man - siou in glo - ry,

To us from the cit - y a - bove. Oh, ten - der - est whis - pers of  
 And faith is un - shak - en with - in. Tho' thorn - y the way, He is  
 For all there is hope in His name. There's joy for the jour - ney that's

par - don, Oh, love that we ev - er shall sing, Oh, beau - ti - ful  
 guid - ing, I fol - low with foot - steps so free. For peace in my  
 drear - y, There's sight for the eyes that are dim; There's strength for the

ti - dings of mer - cy, From heav - en's all glo - ri - ous King.  
 heart is a - bid - ing, And heav - en is wait - ing for me.  
 feet that are wea - ry, There's glo - ry e - ter - nal with Him.

## No. 214.

## MIGHTY TO SAVE.

R. W. TODD.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. O who is this that com-eth From E-dom's crim-son plain?  
 2. O why is Thine ap - par - el With reek-ing gore all dyed?  
 3. O bleed-ing Lamb, my Sav- iour, How couldst Thou bear this shame?

With wounded side, with garments dyed? O tell me now Thy name?  
 Like them that tread the wine-press red? O why this blood-y tide?  
 With mercy fraught Thine own arm bro't Sal-va-tion in Thy name!

"I that saw thy soul's distress, A ran-som gave, a ran-som gave;  
 "I the wine-press trod alone, 'Neath dark'ning skies, 'neath dark'ning skies;  
 "I the blood-y fight have won, Conquer'd the grave, con-quer'd the grave;

I that speak in right-eous-ness, Might-y to save.  
 Of the peo-ple there was none Might-y to save.  
 Now the year of joy has come, Might-y to save.

## REFRAIN.

Might-y to save, Might-y to save;  
 Might-y, yes, might-y to save, Might-y, yes, might-y to save:



## MIGHTY TO SAVE.—Concluded.

Lord, I trust Thy wondrous love, Might - y to save.  
 Might - y, yes, might - y to save.

## No. 215. CLEANSING WAVE.

PHEBE PALMER.

Mrs. JOSEPH F. KNAPP.

1. O, now I see the crim-son wave, The fount-ain deep and wide,  
 2. I rise to walk in heav'n's own light, A - bove the world and sin,  
 3. A - maz-ing grace! 'tis heav'n be-low, To feel the blood ap-plied,

Je - sus, my Lord, might - y to save, Points to His wound-ed side.  
 With heart made pure, and garments white, And Christ enthroned with-in.  
 And Je - sus, on - ly Je - sus know, My Je - sus cru - ci - fied.

## REFRAIN.

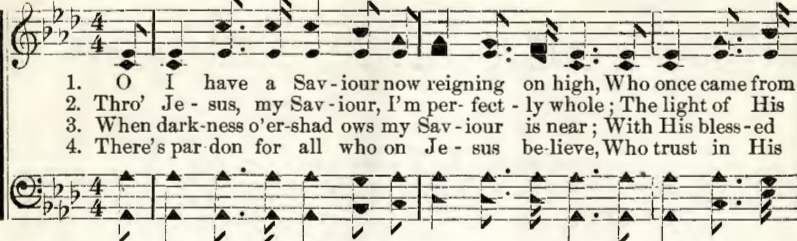
The cleansing stream, I see, I see! I plunge, and O, it cleanseth me!

O, praise the Lord, it cleanseth me! It cleanseth me, yes, cleanseth me!

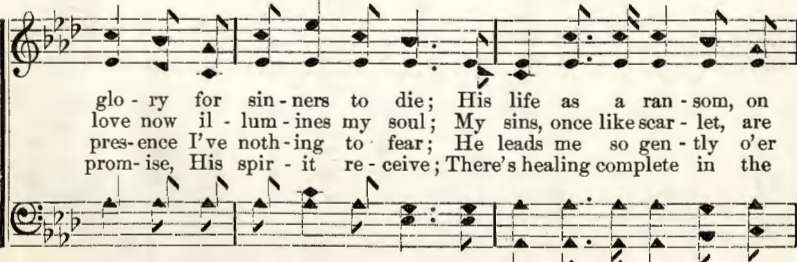
## No. 218. THERE'S PARDON SO FREE.

T. M. B.

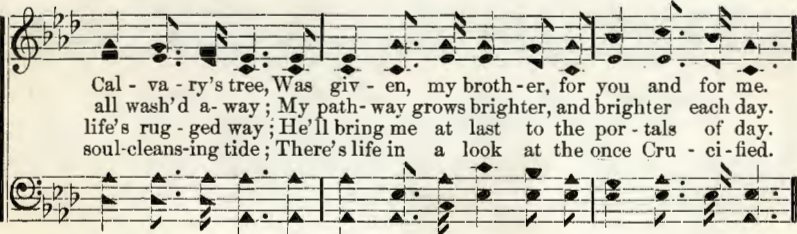
T. M. BOWDISH.



1. O I have a Sav-iour now reigning on high, Who once came from  
 2. Thro' Je-sus, my Sav-iour, I'm per-fect-ly whole; The light of His  
 3. When dark-ness o'er-shad-ows my Sav-iour is near; With His bless-ed  
 4. There's par-don for all who on Je-sus be-lieve, Who trust in His

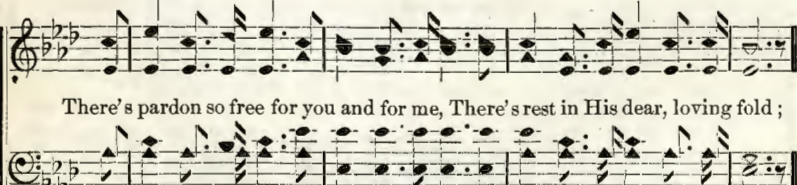


glo-ry for sin-ners to die; His life as a ran-som, on  
 love now il-lum-ines my soul; My sins, once like scar-let, are  
 pres-ence I've noth-ing to fear; He leads me so gen-tly o'er  
 prom-ise, His spir-it re-ceive; There's healing complete in the

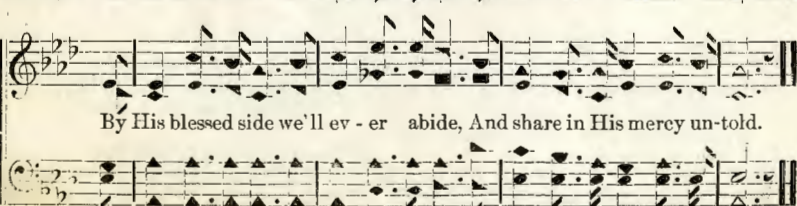


Cal-va-ry's tree, Was giv-en, my broth-er, for you and for me.  
 all wash'd a-way; My path-way grows brighter, and brighter each day.  
 life's rug-ged way; He'll bring me at last to the por-tals of day.  
 soul-cleans-ing tide; There's life in a look at the once Cru-ci-fied.

## REFRAIN.



There's pardon so free for you and for me, There's rest in His dear, loving fold;



By His blessed side we'll ev-er abide, And share in His mercy un-told.

# No. 219. THOUGH YOUR SINS BE AS SCARLET.

"Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow."—Isaiah 1 : 18.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

WILLIAM H. DOANE.

DUET. *Gently.*

1. "Tho' your sins be as scar-let, They shall be as white as snow; as snow;  
 2. Hear the voice that entreats you: Oh, return ye un - to God! to God!  
 3. He'll forgive your transgressions, And remember them no more; no more;

QUARTET.

Tho' they be red . . . . . like crim-son, They shall be as wool;"  
 He is of great . . . . . com-pas-sion, And of won-drous love;  
 "Look un-to Me . . . . . ye peo-ple," Saith the Lord your God;

Tho' they be red,

DUET. *p*

QUARTET. *f*

"Tho' your sins be as scar-let, Tho' your sins be as scar-let,  
 Hear the voice that en-treats you, Hear the voice that en-treats you,  
 He'll for-give your transgressions, He'll for-give your trans-gres-sions,

*p ritard.*

They shall be as white as snow, They shall be as white as snow."  
 Oh, re-turn ye un-to God! Oh, re-turn ye un-to God!  
 And re-mem-ber them no more, And re-mem-ber them no more.



## No. 220. BRIGHTLY BEAMS THE GOSPEL LIGHT.

HELEN DUNGAN.

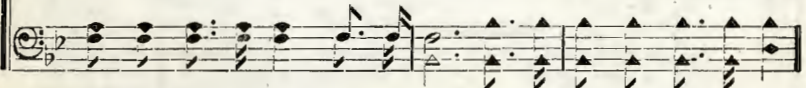
J. M. DUNGAN.



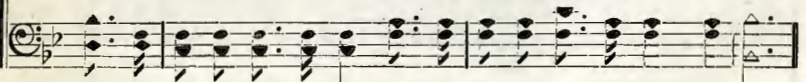
1. Is your soul a glow with love From the heav'nly home above, Are you
2. Yes, your Saviour bids you come To that bless-ed, hap - py home, He's pre-
3. Ma - ny loved ones you will greet In the shin-ing, golden street, Of the



walk ing in the straight narrow way That will lead you safe - ly on,  
pared for those who serve Him be - low; And a wel - come you'll receive,  
Cit - y of our God built a - bove, And with friends who've gone before,



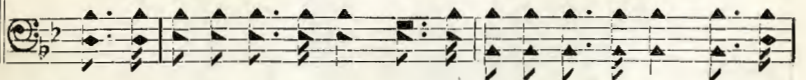
All your cares and tri - als gone, To the land of ev - er - last - ing day?  
If your heart to Him you'll give, And the blessing of His pres - ence know.  
On that bright, e - ter - nal shore, You will join them in their songs of love.



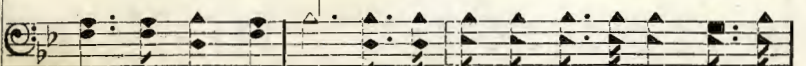
## REFRAIN.



Bright - ly beams the Gos - pel light, With a ra - diance pure and bright, In - to



ev - 'ry anx - ious heart, Bringing joy and peace to all, Who will



Brightly Beams the Gospel Light.—Concluded.

heed the Mas-ter's call, And will wise - ly choose the bet - ter part.

No. 221.

I'LL FOLLOW CHRIST.

GEO. F. ROBERTSON.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. I'll fol - low Christ my Sav - iour Where'er He leads the way;  
 2. I'll fol - low Christ my Cap - tain, And watch, and pray, and fight,  
 3. I'll fol - low Christ my Shep - herd Who'll guide me by His will

While walk - ing in His foot - steps I can not go a - stray.  
 O - be - dient to His or - ders I'll strive to do the right.  
 In - to the rich - est pas - tures And by the wa - ters still.

REFRAIN.

Yes, Lord, I'll fol - low, fol - low, A - longth' appointed way

Which shin eth brighter, bright - er, Un - to the per - fect day.

# No. 222. "If Ye Love Me Keep My Commandments."

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. "If ye love me, keep my commandments" pure, This is the teaching  
 2. He will work in all both to will and do, His sovereign grace He  
 3. We with fear and trembling will ev - er try To fol - low Je - sus

of the Lord, And His grace will make our sal - va - tion sure, If  
 will af - ford; All the toils of life He will guide us through If  
 so a - dored; We shall share the joys of the home on high If

REFRAIN.

we con - tin - ue in His word. } "If ye, then, . . . would My dis - ci - ple be,  
 we con - tin - ue in His word. } "If ye, then, would My dis - ci - ple be,  
 we con - tin - ue in His word. }

Ye must . . . con - tin - ue in my word;" "Tis the way . . . our  
 Ye must con - tin - ue in my word;" "Tis the way our

bles - ed Sav - iour taught To gain . . . in heav'n the great re - ward.  
 bles - ed Sav - iour taught To gain in heav'n the great re - ward.



1 Samuel 15 : 22.

J. H. SAMMIS.

D. B. TOWNER.

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

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

## REFRAIN.

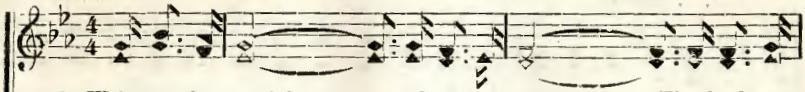
And with all who will trust and o - bey.  
 Can a - bide while we trust and o - bey.  
 But is blest if we trust and o - bey. } Trust and o - bey, for there's  
 Are for them who will trust and o - bey.  
 Nev-er fear, on - ly trust and o - bey. }

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

# No. 224. THE STRAIGHT AND NARROW WAY.

D. A. THREADGILL.

S. M. SINGLETON.



1. We're on the straight . . . and nar row way, . . . That leads us
2. O we would walk . . . . the way that's straight, . . . Un-til we
3. Yes, when we reach . . . . that cit-y fair, . . . . We'll see our



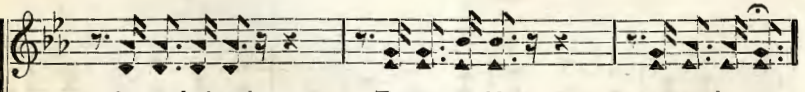
1. We're on the straight and nar-row way,



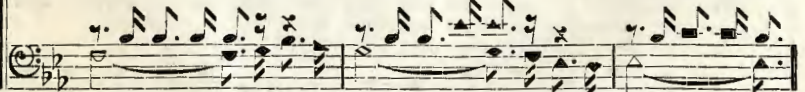
on . . . . to endless day, . . . . Where Christ the Lord  
 reach . . . the golden gate; . . . Then once within  
 Lord . . . and Saviour there; . . . He'll say, "Well done,



That leads us on to endless day, Where Christ the Lord..... for us doth



for us doth wait, To own and bless us at the gate.  
 the cit-y's wall, No grief can e'er our hearts befall.  
 thou faithful one, Comes it with me, upon my throne."

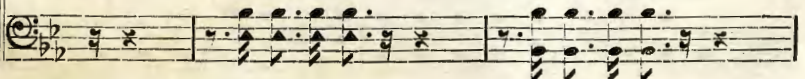


wait,..... To own and bless..... us at the gate.....

REFRAIN.



The nar-row way, . . . . the gate so straight, . . . Shall be my  
 The nar-row way, the gate so straight,



THE STRAIGHT AND NARROW WAY.—Concluded.

way, . . . shall be my gate; . . . My home shall be . . . that cit-y  
 Shall be my way, shall be my gate; My home shall be

fair; . . . E-ter-ni-ty . . . I'll spend up there. . . .  
 that cit-y fair; E-ter-ni-ty, e-ter-ni-ty I'll spend up there, I'll spend up there.

No. 225. CHRISTMAS. C. M.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

GEORGE FREDERICK HANDEL.

1. A-wake, my soul, stretch every nerve, And press with vigor on; A heavenly
2. A cloud of witness - es a - round Hold thee in full sur-vey; For - get the
3. 'Tis God's all an-i - mating voice That calls thee from on high; 'Tis His own
4. Blest Saviour, introduced by Thee, Have I my race be-gun; And, crown'd with

race demands thy zeal, And an im-mortal crown, And an im-mor-tal crown.  
 steps al-read-y trod, And onward urge thy way, And onward urge thy way.  
 hand presents the prize To thine as-pir-ing eye, To thine as-pir-ing eye.  
 victory, at thy feet I'll lay my honors down, I'll lay my honors down.



1. O sin-ner, come home . . . . . to Je-sus to-day, . . . . .  
 2. O brother, come home . . . . . to du-ty, to God, . . . . .  
 3. O prod-i-gal, come, . . . . . you've tarried so late, . . . . .

1. O sinner, come home, to Je-sus to-day,

Come humbly, with faith . . . . . the gos-pel o - bey; . . . . .  
 Come, fol-low the path . . . . . that Je-sus has trod; . . . . .  
 Thy Fa-ther so long . . . . . has watched at the gate;

Come humbly, with faith the gospel o - bey;

On Cal-va-ry's cross . . . . . He suf-fered and died, . . . . .  
 Come back to the church . . . . . and take up thy cross, . . . . .  
 He'll hast-en to run . . . . . and meet you with bliss,

On Cal-va-ry's cross, He suffered and died,

That you in His love . . . . . might ev - er a - bide. . . . .  
 The Lord will in love . . . . . consume all your dress. . . . .  
 And give you a robe, . . . . . a ring and a kiss;

That you in His love might ev - er a - bide.

The Saviour of men . . . . . is wait-ing in love . . . . .  
 Why wander so long . . . . . a - way from the fold, . . . . .  
 Glad an-thems will ring . . . . . thro' heaven and earth, . . . . .

The Saviour of men is waiting in love

COME HOME.—Concluded.

To give you a home . . . . . in heav-en a - bove; . . . . .  
 In darkness and doubt, . . . . . so hun-gry and cold?  
 God's house shall be filled . . . . . with mu-sic and mirth;

To give you a home . . . . . in heav-en a-bove;

There's life, peace and rest . . . . . in Je-sus, the' way, . . . . .  
 Come home to your friends; . . . . . the Saviour a - bove . . . . .  
 With joy and de - light . . . . . the news will a - bound,

There's life, peace and rest . . . . . in Je-sus, the way,

For all who with joy . . . . . His bidding o - bey,  
 Will give you sweet peace . . . . . and heav-en-ly love. . . . .  
 "The dead is a - live, . . . . . the lost one is found."

For all who with joy . . . . . His bidding o-bey.

REFRAIN.

Come home, come home, O sin-ner, dear sinner, come home; . . . . .  
 Come home, come home, . . . . . come home;

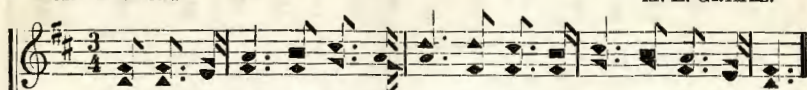
*rit.*  
 Come home, come home, O sin-ner, dear sinner, come home. . . . .  
 Come home, come home, . . . . . come home.

## No. 227.

## BEHOLD A STRANGER.

JOSEPH GRIGG.

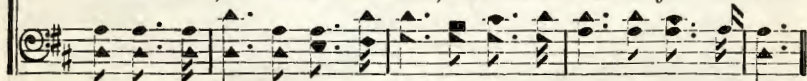
M. E. GRIMES.



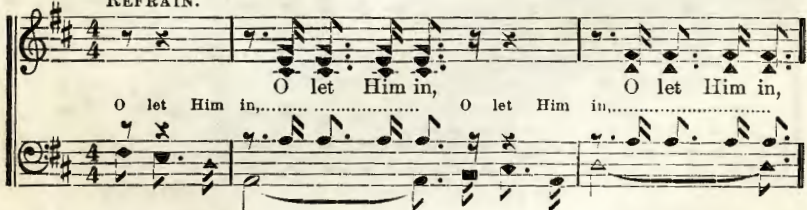
1. Be-hold a stran-er at the door! He gent-ly knocks—has knocked before,
2. O love-ly at-ti-tude! He stands With melting heart and loaded hands;
3. But will He prove a Friend in-deed? He will, the ver-y friend, you need;
4. Ad-mit Him, ere His an-ger burn, His feet, de-part-ed, ne'er re-turn;



Has wait-ed long—is wait-ing still; You treat no oth-er friend so ill.  
 O match-less kindness! and He shows This matchless kindness to His foes!  
 The Friend of sin-ners—yes, 'tis He With garments dyed on Cal-va-ry.  
 Ad-mit Him, or the hours at hand, You'll at His door re-ject-ed stand.



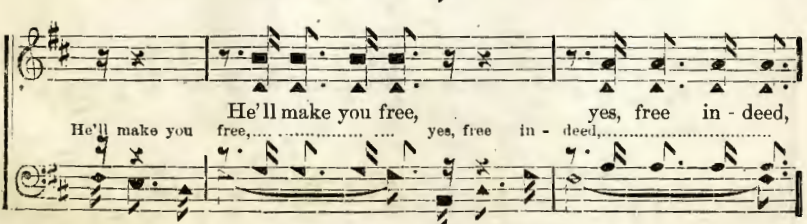
## REFRAIN.



O let Him in,..... O let Him in,..... O let Him in,..... O let Him in,



He'll cleanse thy heart..... from ev-'ry sin;.....  
 He'll cleanse thy heart..... from ev-'ry sin;.....



He'll make you free,..... yes, free in-deed,.....  
 He'll make you free,..... yes, free in-deed,.....



BEHOLD A STRANGER.—Concluded.

And prove a friend..... in time of need.....

And prove a Friend in time of need.

No. 228. COME TO THE FOUNTAIN.

E. R. LATTA.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. Come to the Fountain! hark the call! Come to the Fountain, free for all!  
 2. Come to the Fountain oped for thee! Come to the Fountain and be free!  
 3. Come to the Fountain! do not wait! Come to the Fountain ere too late!

Come when the morning, smiling, breaks, Come when the daylight earth forsakes!  
 Come when the mid-day sun is bright, Come in the quieted hours of night!  
 Come in the ro - sy morn of life; Come in the days of care and strife!

REFRAIN.

Come, O come, come, O come! Come to the Fountain, sin - sick soul!

Come, O come, come, O come! Come to the Fountain and be whole!

INVITATION.

No. 229. O PRODIGAL CHILD, COME HOME.

J. M. D.

JOHN M. DYE.

1. The Sav-iour is call-ing, is call-ing to-day, O prod-i-gal  
 2. O why will you lin-ger in dark-ness and cold? O prod-i-gal  
 3. O come to the Sav-iour, He's pleading for thee, O prod-i-gal

child, come home; He of-fers thee par-don, why lon-ger de-lay?  
 child, come home; There's shel-ter and warmth in the dear Shepherd's fold,  
 child, come home; Ac-cept His sal-va-tion. He of-fers it free,

REFRAIN.

O prod-i-gal child, come home. } Come home, . . . . . come  
 O prod-i-gal child, come home. }  
 O prod-i-gal child, come home. } O list to His voice, He's

home, (come home,) O prod-i-gal child, come home; . . . He of-fers thee  
 call-ing to-day, . . . . . come home;

par-don, why longer de-lay? O prod-i-gal child, come home. . .  
 . . . . . come home.

No. 230. JESUS WILL SAVE YOU TO-DAY.

J. M. B.

J. M. BOWMAN.

*Slow and with feeling.*

1. O - sin - ner why lin - ger in doubt and dis - may, When Je - sus is  
 2. Come sinners, "why stand ye here i - dle all day?" The Mas - ter is  
 3. Come brothers why wait ye here noth - ing to do, While oth - ers a  
 4. O sin - ner why tar - ry the call to o - bey? Per - suad - ed, ac -

read - y to save? Ac - cept His sal - va - tion, — His call - ing o - bey,  
 wait - ing for you, Come en - ter the vine - yard, why lin - ger a - way?  
 stead - y watch keep? The fields are all whit - en'd — the la - brers are few, —  
 cept - ing, al - most. How sad if the death - an - gel brook no de - lay, —

CHORUS.

For you His own life - blood He gave. } Yes, Je - sus will pardon, — His  
 Here you will find serv - ice to do. }  
 The har - vest is read - y to reap. }  
 So near to the kingdom, — but lost. }

mer - cy is sure, — Come sinner no long - er de - lay, Ac - cept His sal -

*Rit.*

va - tion, His love so pure, And Je - sus will save you to - day.



# No. 231. JESUS KNOCKS AT THY HEART.

"Behold, I stand at the door, and knock."—Rev. 3: 20.

A. J. S.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. Lo! Je - sus pa - tient - ly knocks at the door, Knocks at thy heart,  
 2. O - pen the door and say, "Master, come in, Come and a - bide,  
 3. Je - sus stands wait - ing and pleads with thee still; O - pen to - day!  
 4. O - pen the door of thy heart and find rest, Find it to - day,

knocks at thy heart, O - pen to - day and re - sist Him no more,  
 come and a - bide;" He will re - deem thee and cleanse from all sin,  
 o - pen to - day! How canst thou treat the dear Sav - iour so ill,  
 find it to - day; Let Him but en - ter and thou shalt be blest;

REFRAIN.

Lest He for - ev - er de - part. Knock - - ing to -  
 He will be with thee to guide. }  
 How canst thou turn Him a - way? }  
 Why wilt thou lon - ger de - lay? Knock - ing, knock - ing to -

day, . . . Knock - ing to - day, . . . Je - sus is ear - nest - ly  
 day, to - day, Knock - ing, knock - ing to - day, to - day,

knock - ing  
 knock - ing to - day, Is knock - ing for en - trance to - day.

INVITATION.

No. 232.

JESUS IS CALLING TO-DAY.

D. R. LUCAS.  
DUET.

J. H. ROSECRANS.  
SEMI-CHORUS

1. Je-sus is ten-der-ly call-ing for thee, Call-ing for thee, yes,  
 2. Je-sus is ten-der-ly call-ing thee now, Call-ing thee now, yes,  
 3. Je-sus is ten-der-ly call-ing, O come! Call-ing to-day, yes,

DUET.

call-ing for thee, List-en and hear Him say, "fol-low thou me,"  
 call-ing thee now, Wait-ing for thee in sub-mis-sion to bow,  
 call-ing to-day, All who are wea-ry and long-ing for home,

SEMI-CHORUS.

FULL CHORUS.

Fol-low, yes, fol-low thou me. } Je - - sus is  
 Call-ing, yes, call-ing just now. }  
 Je - sus is call-ing to-day. } Je - sus is call-ing,

call-ing to-day, Je - - sus is call-ing to-day;  
 call-ing to-day, Je - sus is call-ing, call-ing to-day;

Je - - sus is call-ing to-day, Calling, yes, calling to-day.  
 Je - sus is call-ing, call-ing to-day,

# No. 233. COME CLOSE TO THE SAVIOUR.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

H. R. PALMER.

DUET

1. Come close to the Sav-iour, thy loving Redeemer, O sorrowing heart op-  
 2. Come close to the Sav-iour, He calleth thee gently, Draw near to thy Father's  
 3. Come close to thy Sav-iour, earth's pleasures are fleeting, But Je-sus will care for

press'd, (sore-ly oppress'd,) Life's journey is drear-y, thy spir-it is wea-ry,  
 throne, (Thy Father's throne,) His eyes will behold thee, His mer-cy en-fold thee,  
 thee, (He'll care for thee,) What-ev-er may grieve thee, He never will leave thee,

O come unto Him and rest. Come close to the Saviour, O why dost thou linger?  
 Why car-ry thy grief a-lone? Come close to the Saviour, O trust and remember,  
 Thy strength as thy day shall be. Come close to the Saviour, O come as a birdling

He know-eth thy heart op-press'd, (sore-ly op-pres'd,) His prom-ise be-  
 Thro' tri-als our souls are blest, (rich-ly are blest,) What-ev-er be-  
 Flies back to its par-ent nest, (flies to its nest,) Where peace like a

liev-ing, His mes-sage re-ceive-ing, O come un-to Him and rest.  
 tide thee, thy ref-uge will hide thee, O come un-to Him and rest.  
 riv-er, flows on-ward for-ev-er, O come un-to Him and rest.



INVITATION.

COME CLOSE TO THE SAVIOUR.—Concluded.

REFRAIN. *Slowly, don't hurry.*

Peacefully, tranquilly, tenderly rest, Folding thy wings like a dove, . . .  
like a dove,

Peaceful-ly, tranquilly, ten-der-ly rest Safe in the arms of His love.  
in the arms of His love.

No. 234. COME, YE DISCONSOLATE. II, 10.

THOS. MOORE AND THOS. HASTINGS.

SAMUEL WEBBE.

1. Come, ye dis-con-so-late, wher-e'er ye lan-guish, Come to the  
2. Joy of the des-o-late, light of the stray-ing, Hope of the  
3. Here see the Bread of Life, see wa-ters flow-ing Forth from the

mer-cy-seat, fer-vent-ly kneel; Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your  
pen-i-tent, fadeless and pure; Here speaks the Com-fort-er, ten-der-ly  
throne of God, pure from a-bove; Come to the feast of love; come, ev-er

an-guish; Earth has no sor-row that heav'n can-not heal.  
say-ing, Earth has no sor-row that heav'n cau-not cure.  
know-ing Earth has no sor-row but heav'n can re-move.

INVITATION.

No. 235.

COME AND BE BLEST.

PALMER HARTSOUGH.

J. H. FILLMORE.

1. Sweet on the ear falls a heav - en - ly voice, Hear it, oh,  
 2. Sweet on the ear falls the ac - cent so pure, Why should earth's  
 3. There in that land where the gold - en harps ring, There in that

hear it, each heart, and re - joice, Come un - to me and make  
 fol - lies the spir - it al - lure! Why not the bless - ings e -  
 land where the glo - ri - fied sing, There in that pal - ace where

heav - en your choice, Come, and your souls shall find rest.  
 ter - nal se - cure? Choos - ing the things that are best.  
 Je - sns is King, There may you be a glad guest.

REFRAIN.

Je - sus in - vites you to - day, Why will you lon - ger de - lay,  
 Je - sus in - vites you, in - vites you to - day, Why will you longer, why lon - ger de - lay,

This . . . is the beau - ti - ful way, Come, and for - ev - er be blest.  
 This is the beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful way,



INVITATION.

No. 236. THE FOUNTAIN OF HEALING.

BIRDIE BELL.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. Here's a fount - ain pure and ho - ly, Free its flow to ev - 'ry soul;  
 2. Trav - ler, on life's des - ert stray - ing, Faint thy heart and parched thy lip,  
 3. Long - ing soul, de - lay no lon - ger, This will sure - ly quench thy thirst;  
 4. O, this fount of God's sal - va - tion! Free - ly of - fered to each one,

Come, and taste these sparkling wa - ters, Sin - sick one, and be made whole.  
 Here's the cup of prof - erred mer - cy, All of it may glad - ly sip.  
 Here from out the Rock of A - ges, These re - fresh - ing wa - ters burst.  
 Giv - ing strength to fainting pil - grims, Sav - ing souls that are un - done.

REFRAIN.

Fount ain bright and full of beau - ty, Gleaming in God's sun - light fair,

Full of heal - ing, full of com - fort, May we all thy bless - ings share!

Full of heal - ing, full of com - fort, May we all thy bless - ings share.





INVITATION.

No. 238. HALTING ON THE BORDERLAND.

BIRDIE BELL.

JNO. R. BRYANT.

1. Halt-ing on the bor-derland, Just a step be-tween— One a-waits with  
 2. Halt-ing on the bor-derland, Why not step a-cross? Do not lon-ger  
 3. Halt-ing on the bor-derland, Hear that pleading voice, Who o-beys His  
 4. Halt-ing on the bor-derland, Why not now de-cide? Christ the Lord will

REFRAIN.

outstretch'd hand, One of roy-al mien. Halt - ing on the bor der land,  
 doubtingstand, All but Christ is dross. }  
 sweet command, Ev - er will re-joice. }  
 clasp your hand On the oth-er side. Halt-ing, halt-ing on the bor-der-land,

Take . . the step to - day; Join . . the Mas-ter's  
 Take the step, O take the step to - day; Join, O join the Mas-ter's

Work and watch and pray.

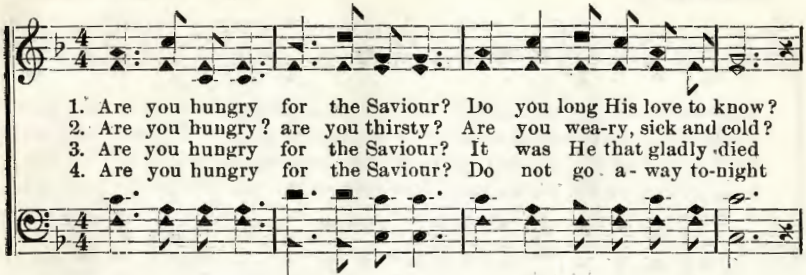
loy - al band, Work and watch, yes, work and watch and pray.  
 Work, yes, work and watch and pray.

## No. 239.

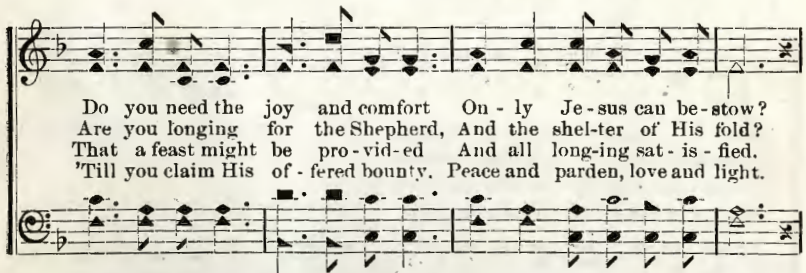
## SOUL-HUNGER.

Mrs. CARRIE E. BRECK.

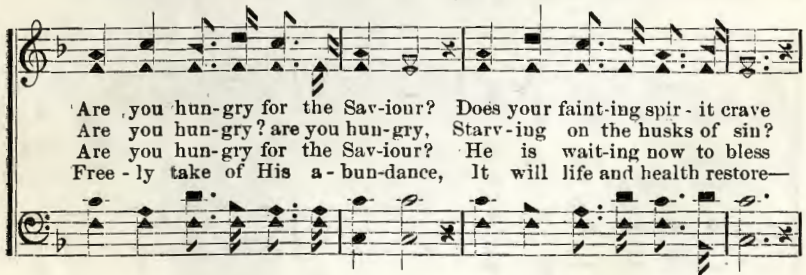
N. KEFF SMITH.



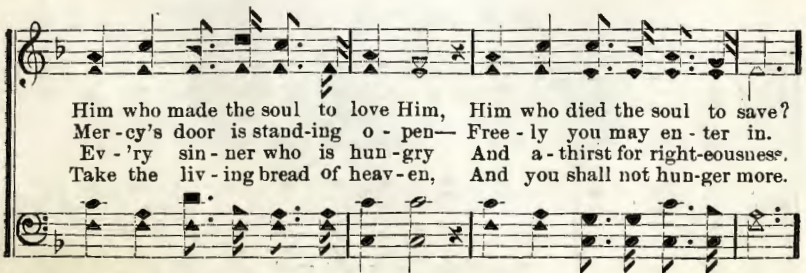
1. Are you hungry for the Saviour? Do you long His love to know?  
 2. Are you hungry? are you thirsty? Are you wea-ry, sick and cold?  
 3. Are you hungry for the Saviour? It was He that gladly died  
 4. Are you hungry for the Saviour? Do not go a-way to-night



Do you need the joy and comfort On-ly Je-sus can be-stow?  
 Are you longing for the Shepherd, And the shel-ter of His fold?  
 That a feast might be pro-vid-ed And all long-ing sat-is-fied.  
 'Till you claim His of-fered bounty. Peace and par-den, love and light.



Are you hun-gry for the Sav-iour? Does your faint-ing spir-it crave  
 Are you hun-gry? are you hun-gry, Starv-ing on the husks of sin?  
 Are you hun-gry for the Sav-iour? He is wait-ing now to bless  
 Free-ly take of His a-bun-dance, It will life and health restore—



Him who made the soul to love Him, Him who died the soul to save?  
 Mer-cy's door is stand-ing o-pen— Free-ly you may en-ter in.  
 Ev-'ry sin-ner who is hun-gry And a-thirst for right-eousness.  
 Take the liv-ing bread of heav-en, And you shall not hun-ger more.



INVITATION.

SOUL-HUNGER.—Concluded.

REFRAIN.

Heark - en now to thy dear Sav - iour, He is  
 Heark - en now to thy dear Sav - iour,

stand - ing He is stand - ing, at thy door, Take the  
 stand - ing at thy door,

liv - - ing bread of heaven, And you shall nev - er hun - ger more.  
 Take the liv - ing bread of heav - en,

Detailed description: This block contains the musical score for the Refrain of 'Soul-Hunger'. It consists of three systems of music, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment line. The first system begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one flat (B-flat), and a 3/4 time signature. The vocal line starts with a triplet of eighth notes. The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note bass line. The second system continues the melody, with the vocal line including a triplet of eighth notes. The piano accompaniment has a more active eighth-note pattern. The third system concludes the refrain with a final cadence in the piano accompaniment.

No. 240.

BOYLSTON. S. M.

BENJ. BEDDOME.

DR. LOWELL MASON.

1. Did Christ o'er sin - ners weep, And shall our cheeks be dry?  
 2. The Son of God in tears The wond'ring an - gels see;  
 3. He wept that we might weep—Each sin de - mands a tear;

Let tears of pen - i - tential grief Flow forth from ev - 'ry eye.  
 Be thou as - ton - ished, O my soul: He shed those tears for thee.  
 In heav'n a - lone no sin is found, And there's no weep - ing there.

Detailed description: This block contains the musical score for 'Boylston'. It features three systems of music. The first system is the vocal line, which includes three numbered verses of lyrics. The time signature is 3/4. The second system is the piano accompaniment, which provides a harmonic and rhythmic foundation for the vocal line. The third system continues the piano accompaniment, ending with a final chord. The key signature is one flat (B-flat).

INVITATION.

No. 241. ARE YOU COMING HOME TO-NIGHT?

"All things are ready, come."—Matt. 22: 4.

Arranged.

JAMES McGRANAHAN, by per.

1. Are you com-ing Home, ye wan-d' rers, Whom Je-sus died to win,  
 2. Are you com-ing Home, ye lost ones? Be-hold your Lord doth wait:  
 3. Are you com-ing Home, ye guilt - y, Who bear the load of sin;

All foot-sore, lame and wea - ry, Your garments stain'd with sin;  
 Come, then, no lon - ger lin - ger, Come ere it be too late;  
 Out - side you've long been stand - ing, Come now and ven - ture in;

Will you seek the blood of Je - sus To wash your garments white;  
 Will you come and let Him save you, O trust His love and might,  
 Will you heed the Saviour's prom - ise, And dare to trust Him quite,

*rit.*.....  
 Will you trust His precious prom-ise, Are you com-ing Home to-night?  
 Will you come while He is call-ing, Are you com-ing Home to-night?  
 "Come un - to me," saith Je-sus, Are you com-ing Home to-night?

INVITATION.

ARE YOU COMING HOME TO-NIGHT?—Concluded.

REFRAIN.

Are you com-ing Home to-night, Are you com-ing Home to-night,

Are you com-ing Home to Je - sus, Out of darkness in - to light?

Are you com-ing Home to-night, Are you com-ing Home to-night,

To your lov-ing, heav'nly Fa-ther, Are you com-ing Home to-night?

No. 242. C. M.

- 1 Come, humble sinner, in whose breast  
A thousand thoughts revolve;  
Come, with your guilt and fear oppressed,  
And make this last resolve:
- 2 I'll go to Jesus, though my sin  
Has like a mountain rose;  
His kingdom now I'll enter in,  
Whatever may oppose.
- 3 Humbly I'll bow at His command,  
And there my guilt confess;

- I'll own I am a wretch undone,  
Without His sovereign grace.
- 4 Surely He will accept my plea,  
For He has bid me come;  
Forthwith I'll rise, and to Him flee,  
For yet, He says, there's room.
- 5 I cannot perish if I go;  
I am resolved to try;  
For if I stay away, I know  
I must forever die.

E. Jones.



INVITATION.

No. 243.

WILL YOU GO?

Anon.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. A beau - ti - ful land by faith I see, A land of rest, from  
 2. That beau - ti - ful land, the Home of Light, It ne'er has known the  
 3. In vis - ions I see its streets of gold, Its pearl - y gates I

sor - row free, The home of the ran - somed bright and fair, And  
 shades of night; The glo - ry of God, the Light of Day, Hath  
 too be - hold; The riv - er of life, the crys - tal sea, Th'am-

REFRAIN.

beau - ti - ful an - gels, too, are there. }  
 driv - en the dark - ness far a - way. } Will you go? Will you go?  
 bro - si - al fruits of life's fair tree. }

Go to that beau - ti - ful home with me? Will you go?

Will you go? Go to that beau - ti - ful home with me?

INVITATION.

No. 244.

THE GREAT PHYSICIAN.

WM. HUNTER.

Arr. by J. H. STOCKTON.

1. The great Phy - si - cian now is near, The sym - pa - thiz - ing Je - sus;  
 2. Your ma - ny sins are all for - giv' n, O, hear the voice of Je - sus;  
 3. All glo - ry to the dy - ing Lamb! I now believe in Je - sus;  
 4. His name dis - pels my guilt and fear, No oth - er name but Je - sus;  
 5. And when to that bright world a - bove, We rise to see our Je - sus,

He speaks the drooping heart to cheer, O, hear the voice of Je - sus.  
 Go on your way in peace to heav' n, And wear a crown with Je - sus.  
 I love the bless - ed Saviour's name, I love the name of Je - sus.  
 O, how my soul de - lights to hear The pre - cious name of Je - sus.  
 We'll sing a - round the throne of love His name, the name of Je - sus.

REFRAIN.

"Sweetest note in ser - aph song, Sweetest name on mor - tal tongue,

Sweet - est car - ol ev - er sung, Je - sus, bless - ed Je - sus."

Used by per.

## No. 245.

## JESUS IS CALLING.

PALMER HARTSOUGH.

FINLEY LYON.

1. Je - sus is call - ing, I hear His lov - ing voice Call - ing so  
 2. Je - sus is call - ing, He points to realms of bliss, Wis - dom is  
 3. Je - sus is call - ing, I love the ten - der voice, Charmed by His

gen - tly, O, hear Him and re - joice; Glad will we hast - en, and  
 wait - ing, and all her paths are peace; Glad to His king - dom we  
 good - ness I make of Him my choice; His bless - ed serv - ice shall

fol - low Him to - day—He is the true and liv - ing way. (the liv - ing way.)  
 now will en - ter in, Leav - ing the des - ert wilds of sin. (the wilds of sin.)  
 be my chief delight, His smile shall make the world all bright. (the world all bright.)

## REFRAIN.

Hast - en to Je - sus, He call - eth us to - day, Glad will we

fol - low in the liv - ing way, Je - sus, the Sav - iour; sal -



INVITATION.

JESUS IS CALLING.—Concluded.

va-tion did He bring; Je - sus, the blest One, for - ev - er will we sing.

No. 246. COME TO THE SAVIOUR.

GEO. F. ROOT.

*Earnestly.*

GEO. F. ROOT, by per.

1. Come to the Sav-iour, make no de-lay; Here in His word He's  
 2. "Suf-fer the chil-dren!" oh, hear His voice, Let ev-'ry heart leap  
 3. Think once 'a-gain, He's with us to-day; Heed now His blest com-

shown us the way; Here in our midst He's standing to-day, Tenderly saying "Come!"  
 forth and rejoice, And let us free-ly make Him our choice; Do not de lay but come.  
 mands, and obey; Hear now His accents tenderly say, "Will you, my children, come?"

REFRAIN.

Joy-ful, joy-ful will the meeting be, When from sin' our hearts are pure and free,

And we shall gath-er, Sav-iour, with Thee, In our e - ter - nal home.

INVITATION.

No. 247.

HAST THOU HEARD?

Mrs. W. J. KENNEDY.

J. R. GRISSO.

1. Hast thou heard of the cru - ci - fied One? Of Je - sus, the  
 2. Hast thou heard of the fount - ain of blood? There's cleansing in  
 3. Hast thou heard of life's wa - ters so free? Thou'rt thirst - y, go  
 4. Hast thou heard of the heav - en - ly bread? 'Tis Je - sus, who

might - y to save? How the Fa - ther gave up His dear Son,  
 it for thy soul; Trust in Je - sus who made peace with God,  
 drink there to - day; And thou nev - er - more thirst - y will be,  
 came from a - bove; Come thou poor hung'ring soul and be fed,

REFRAIN.

So free - ly His life for thee gave.  
 Thy bur - dens, and sins, on Him roll. } Hast thou heard? hast thou heard?  
 So hast - en, no lon - ger de - lay.  
 Come trust - ing a dear Sav - iour's love.

Heard the mes - sage of God un - to thee? O be - lieve,

O be - lieve, Be - lieve His sure word and from sin be set free.

INVITATION.

No. 248. O MEET ME OVER THERE.

J. C. L.

J. C. LENDERMAN.

1. A hap - py home is wait - ing me, A home that's bright and fair ;  
 2. We'll see our Sav - iour as He is, And in His glo - ry share ;  
 3. We'll lay our cross and arm - or down, And rest from all our care,  
 4. Sweet songs of praise we'll ev - er sing, And robes of white we'll wear ;

A home where I my Lord shall see, O meet me o - ver there.  
 En - joy His love and taste His bliss, O meet me o - ver there.  
 Take up a gold - en harp and crown, O meet me o - ver there.  
 We'll make the heav'nly arch - es ring, O meet me o - ver there.

REFRAIN.

O meet me, O meet me, In that sweet home so fair ;

O meet me, O meet me, O meet me o - ver there.



# No. 249. DRIFTING FROM GOD AND HEAVEN.

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. Soul, thou art drifting from the Lord, Far from thy faith in His dear word,  
 2. Soul, thou art drifting heed-less-ly, O - ver the wide and boundless sea,  
 3. Soul, thou art drifting o'er and o'er Near-er "the great For - ev - er-more,"  
 4. Soul, thou art drifting on and on, And soon will set the eve-ning sun;

Far from His free and sav - ing grace, Far from the on - ly hid - ing place.  
 Borne by the roll - ing tide a - way, Far - ther from safe - ty day by day.  
 Drifting from God, and heav'n and peace, Drifting where sorrows nev - er cease.  
 Then will be night, and woe, and gloom, And endless death the sin - ner's doom.

REFRAIN.

Drift - ing, drift - ing a - way, Drifting from God and heav - en to - day;  
 Drift - ing,

*After last verse repeat Refrain pp.*  
 Drift - ing, drift - ing a - way, Drift - ing from end - less life a - way.  
 Drift - ing,

# No. 250. Don't Take the First Step, My Boy!

"He that doeth it destroyeth his own soul."—Prov. 6: 32.

F. A. B.

F. A. BLACKMER.



1. There's a path-way that leads un - to life, And a road which your
2. To the dear ones now pray - ing for you, Ev - er prove a sweet
3. O be - ware when the fair, jew - eled band, Shall with wine you at -
4. Seek the king - dom of God, and thus gain Strength to stand when temp -
5. And true hap - pi - ness here you shall find, Which a - lone is with -



soul can de - stroy; Do the right and t'ward that which can harm,  
 com - fort and joy; Nev - er grieve them by go - ing a - stray,  
 tempt to de - coy; Death may lurk in that first so - cial glass,  
 ta - tions an - noy; T'ward the realm of the foe of your soul,  
 out earth's al - loy; And the Sav - iour shall keep you thro' all,



REFRAIN.

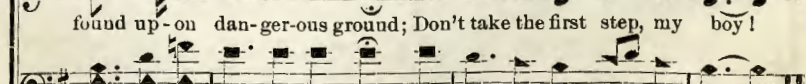
Don't take the first step, my boy.	} Don't take the first step, my
Don't take the first step, my boy.	
Don't take the first step, my boy.	
Don't take the first step, my boy.	
If He be your guide, my boy.	



boy, T'ward that which your soul can de - stroy; Who takes it is



found up - on dan - ger - ous ground; Don't take the first step, my boy!



# No. 251. TRUSTING IN THE SAVIOUR'S NAME.

J. M. B.

J. M. BOWMAN.

1. Are you toss'd up-on the roll - ing sea of fear? Do the  
 2. Are you strug - gling now on sor-row's Gal - i - lee? Go to  
 3. If you ev - er in for - bid - den paths have stray'd, Call for  
 4. When your barque is launch'd up-on the sea of death, And the

waves of doubt your bo - som fill? Are you sink - ing when the  
 meet your Lord up - on the wave, If you sink while walk - ing  
 res - cue, par - don, peace and pow'r; Hear that lov - ing voice "tis  
 mes - sen - ger your soul shall claim, Will His praise be waft - ed

Mas - ter is so near? He comes forth commanding "Peace be still."  
 on the storm - y sea, He holds out His lov - ing hand to save.  
 I be not a - fraid," He will com - fort in the try - ing hour.  
 on your fleet - ing breath? Trusting in the bless - ed Sav - iour's name.

REFRAIN.

Are you trusting? Are you praying? Are you  
 Are you trust - ing, sweet - ly trust - ing? Are you pray - ing, ev - er pray - ing?

trust - ing in the Sav - iour's name? Are you trusting?  
 Saviour's name? Are you trust - ing, sweet - ly trust - ing?



## TRUSTING IN THE SAVIOUR'S NAME.—Concluded.

Are you watching? Are you trust-ing in the Saviour's name?  
 Are you watching, ev-ry watching?

## No. 252. HOW FIRM A FOUNDATION.

GEO. KEITH.

Popular Melody.

1. How firm a foun-da-tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your  
 2. In ev-'ry con-di-tion—in sick-ness, in health, In pov-er-ty's  
 3. Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dismayed, For I am thy  
 4. E'en down to old age all my peo-ple shall prove My sov'reign, e-  
 5. The soul that on Je-sus hath leaned for re- pose, I will not, I

faith in His ex-cel-lent word! What more can He say than to  
 vale or a-bound-ing in wealth, At home and a-broad, on the  
 God, and will still give thee aid; I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and  
 ter-nal, un-change-a-ble love; And when ho-ry hairs shall their  
 can not de-sert to his foes; That soul, though all hell should en-

you He hath said, You who un-to Je-sus for ref-uge have fled?  
 land, on the sea—As thy days may demand, shall thy strength ever be.  
 cause thee to stand, Up-held by my right-eous, om-ni-p-o-tent hand.  
 tem-ples a-dorn, Like lambs they shall still in my bo-som be borne.  
 deav-er to shake, I'll nev-er, no nev-er, no nev-er for-sake.

## No. 253. WHEN THAT AWFUL DAY SHALL COME.

W. T. DALE, by per.  
*With expression.*

Rev. 6: 17.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1. When that aw - ful day shall come and the Judge ap - pears, What a  
 2. When the dead shall gath - er there from the sea and land, Gath'ring  
 3. When the se - crets of all hearts Je - sus will make known, As we  
 4. O pre - pare us, gra - cious Lord, for that aw - ful day, Wash us

throbbing of all hearts, quak - ing there with fears; 'Mid the fall - ing  
 there in might - y throngs at the Lord's command, Who shall gath - er  
 stand to - geth - er there 'round the great white throne, And the Judge shall  
 in Thy pre - cious blood, take our sins a - way; May we stand to -

of the stars and the flam - ing spheres, Who shall be a - ble to stand?  
 in that day on the Lord's right hand, Who shall be a - ble to stand?  
 there proclaim those that are His own, Who shall be a - ble to stand?  
 geth - er there in Thy bright ar - ray, Then we'll be a - ble to stand.

## REFRAIN.

Who shall be a - ble to stand? Who shall be  
 Who shall be a - ble, be a - ble to stand? Who shall be

a - ble to stand? They who trust in Christ the Lord and His  
 a - ble, be a - ble to stand?

WARNING.

WHEN THAT AWFUL DAY SHALL COME.—Concluded.

word o - bey; They shall all there be a - ble to stand.

No. 254. LIPSCOMB. 7. D.

THOMAS SCOTT.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. Hast - en, sin - ner, to be wise, Stay not for the mor-row's sun;  
2. Hast - en, sin - ner, to re - turn, Stay not for the mor-row's sun,

Wis - dom, if thou still de - spise, Hard - er is it to be won.  
Lest thy lamp should cease to burn Ere sal - va - tion's work is done.

Hast - en mer - cy to im - plore, Stay not for the mor-row's sun,  
Hast - en, sin - ner, to be blest, Stay not for the mor-row's sun,

Lest thy sea - son should be o'er Ere this ev'ning's stage be run.  
Lest per - di - tion thee ar - rest Ere the morn - ing is be - gun.



# No. 255. WILL JESUS FIND US WATCHING?

"Watch therefore; for ye know not what hour your Lord doth come."—Matt. 24: 42.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE, by per.

1. When Je - sus comes to re - ward His serv - ants, Wheth - er it be  
 2. If at the dawn of the ear - ly morn - ing, He shall call us  
 2. Have we been true to the trust He left us? Do we seek to  
 4. Bless - ed are those whom the Lord finds watching; In His glo - ry

noon or night, Faith - ful to Him will He find us watch - ing,  
 one by one, When to the Lord we re - store our tal - ents,  
 do our best? If in our hearts there is naught con - demns us,  
 they shall share; If He shall come at the dawn or mid - night,

*Rit.* REFRAIN.

With our lamps all trimm'd and bright?  
 Will He an - swer thee—Well done?  
 We shall have a glo - rious rest. } Oh, can we say we are  
 Will He find us watch - ing there?

read - y, brother? Read - y for the soul's bright home? Say will He

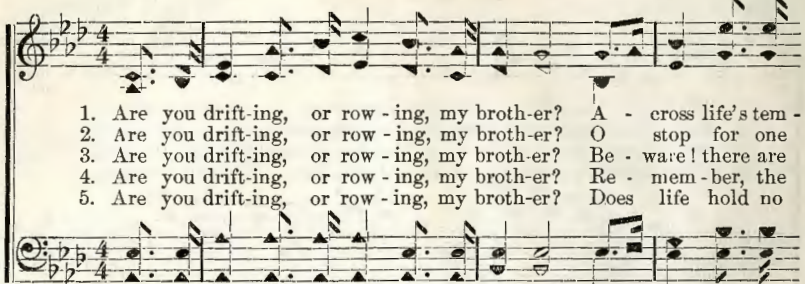
find you and me still watching, Waiting, waiting when the Lord shall come?

## No. 256.

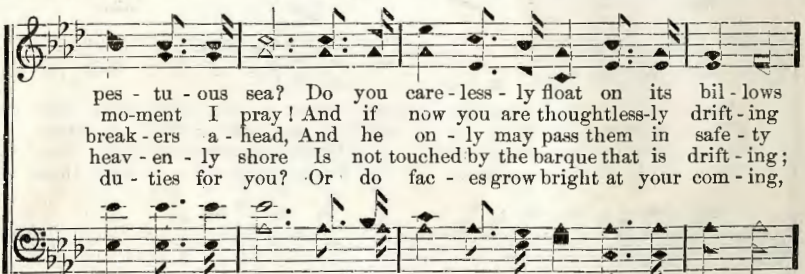
## DRIFTING OR ROWING.

ADALYN.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

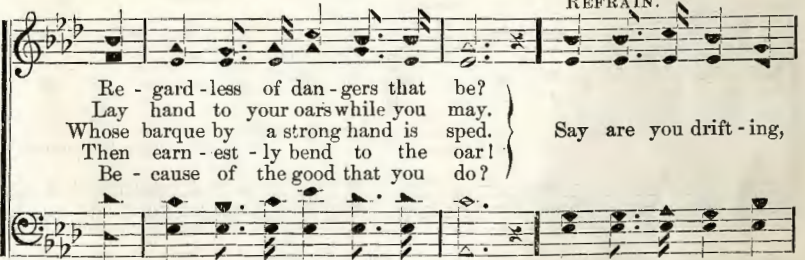


1. Are you drift-ing, or row-ing, my broth-er? A - cross life's tem -  
 2. Are you drift-ing, or row-ing, my broth-er? O stop for one  
 3. Are you drift-ing, or row-ing, my broth-er? Be - ware! there are  
 4. Are you drift-ing, or row-ing, my broth-er? Re - mem - ber, the  
 5. Are you drift-ing, or row-ing, my broth-er? Does life hold no



pes - tu - ous sea? Do you care - less - ly float on its bil - lows  
 mo - ment I pray! And if now you are thought - less - ly drift - ing  
 break - ers a - head, And he on - ly may pass them in safe - ty  
 heav - en - ly shore Is not touched by the barque that is drift - ing;  
 du - ties for you? Or do fac - es grow bright at your com - ing,

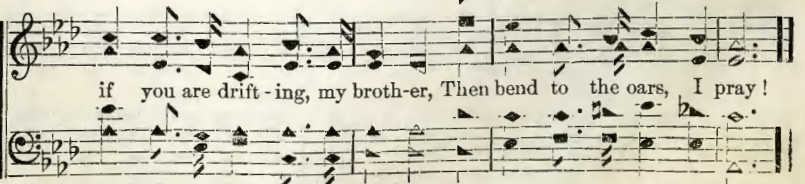
## REFRAIN.



Re - gard - less of dan - gers that be?  
 Lay hand to your oars while you may. }  
 Whose barque by a strong hand is sped. } Say are you drift - ing,  
 Then earn - est - ly bend to the oar! }  
 Be - cause of the good that you do? }



drift - ing, drift - ing, Drift - ing, or row - ing, to - day? O



if you are drift - ing, my broth - er, Then bend to the oars, I pray!

No. 257.

OH, BE READY.

CHARLOTTE G. HOMER.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Si - lent - ly the golden moments Pass for - ev - er - more a - way;  
 2. But a moment we are pass - ing, From the cra - dle to the grave;  
 3. Say, O care - less one a - wea - ry, On the way you long have trod,  
 4. What a meet - ing, what a greet - ing! O the day beyond com - pare,

Near - er seems the vale of shad - ows, Near er, too, the judg - ment day.  
 Then up - on the rocks e - ter - nal, Like the breaking of a wave.  
 Shall ye go thus emp - ty hand - ed. To the judgment bar of God?  
 When with all the saints for - ev - er We are gathered o - ver there.

REFRAIN.

Oh, be read - - - y for the Bride - groom,  
 Oh, be read - y for the Bride - groom when He comes,

Read - y for the mid - night cry!  
 Read - y, Oh, be read - y for the mid - night cry!

Sheaves of gold - - - en grain be gath - 'ring  
 Sheaves of gold - en grain be gath - 'ring, gath - 'ring, gath - 'ring



INVITATION AND WARNING.

OH, BE READY.—Concluded.

For the har - vest by and by. . . by and by.  
 For the har - vest by and by, by and by.

No. 258. CHRIST WILL GIVE THEE LIGHT.

JENNIE WILSON.  
*Earnestly.*

A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. A - wak - en from thy slum - ber! From dan - ger take thy flight;
2. A - wake, no lon - ger lin - ger On sin's en chant - ed ground;
3. A - wak - en, clear and stead - fast, Be - hold God's bea - con shine,
4. From heav - en's sa - cred sum - mits Love's rays are beam - ing bright,

A - wake! tho' deep the dark - ness, The Lord will give thee light.  
 "A - wak - en, soul, a - wak - en!" The Spir - it's calls re - sound.  
 To guide thee un - to ref - uge, E - ter - nal and di - vine.  
 O seek those ho - ly high - lands, And Christ will give thee light.

RERRAIN.

"A - wake, a - wake, O sleep - er," The cry rings thro' the night!


A - wake and flee for safe - ty, And Christ will give thee light.

No. 259.

LET HIM IN.

J. B. ATCHINSON.

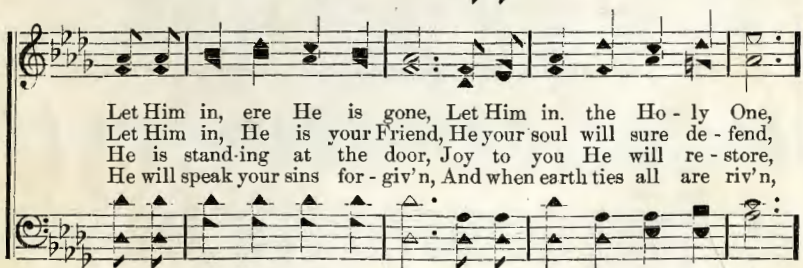
E. O. EXCELL.



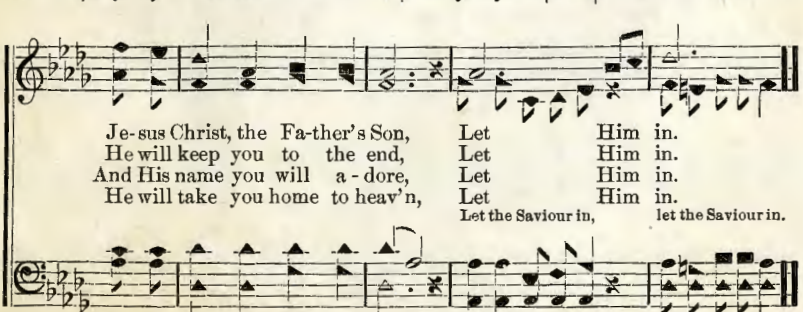
1. There's a stran-ger at the door, Let Him in;  
 2. O - pen now to Him your heart, Let Him in;  
 3. Hear you now His lov - ing voice? Let Him in;  
 4. Now ad - mit the heav'n-ly Guest. Let Him in;  
 Let the Saviour in, let the Saviour in;



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



Let Him in, ere He is gone, Let Him in. the Ho - ly One,  
 Let Him in, He is your Friend, He your soul will sure de - fend,  
 He is standing at the door, Joy to you He will re - store,  
 He will speak your sins for - giv'n, And when earth ties all are riv'n,



Je - sus Christ, the Fa - ther's Son, Let Him in.  
 He will keep you to the end, Let Him in.  
 And His name you will a - dore, Let Him in.  
 He will take you home to heav'n, Let Him in.  
 Let the Saviour in, let the Saviour in.

# No. 260. O! WHO SHALL BE ABLE TO STAND?

"For the great day of His wrath is come, and who shall be able to stand?"—Rev. 6: 7.

W. T. DALE.

G. W. BROWN.

1. There's a great Judgment day that is com-ing we know, It's  
 2. Then the right-eous and wick-ed to- geth-er shall meet, To  
 3. There will be great re-joic-ing of hap-py ones there, Who  
 4. But there'll be lam-en-ta-tion and mourning that day, When  
 5. O pre-pare us, dear Lord, for Thy com-ing ere long, The

com-ing to one and all; For the Judge shall descend in His  
 judgment they shall be brought; And the Judge shall proclaim to the  
 followed the Sav-our here; When they hear Him de-clare "Come ye  
 Je-sus shall say "de-part;" And the wick-ed shall flee from His  
 judgment of that great day; When the saints shall re-joice in Thy

REFRAIN.

power di-vine, And judge both the great and small.  
 righteous, "Well done." The wicked, "I know you not."  
 bless-ed of mine, And en-ter my home so fair." } When Jesus comes and the  
 presence a-way, What rending of ey-'ry heart.  
 presence with song, The wicked be driv'n a-way.)

judgment is set, O! who will be on His right hand? When the

trum-pet shall sound and the nations have come. O! who shall be able to stand.



No. 261.

WANDERING AWAY.

"Then said Jesus, Will ye also go away?"—John 6: 67.

I have seen over five hundred people come forward for prayer,  
while this song was being sung. W. E. P.

E. R. LATTA.

KNOWLES SHAW.

1. Wan-der - er a-way from Je - sus, In the winding ways of sin,  
2. Wan-der - er a-way from Je - sus, In the road of end-less woe,  
3. Wan-der - er a-way from Je - sus, Would'st thou not a crown ob-tain?

Turn and seek the world's Redeemer, And His serv-ice now be-gin.  
If thou wilt not turn to Je - sus, Whith-er, whith-er wilt thou go?  
Why then wilt thou slight His goodness? Fear-est not the woe and pain?

On Mount Cal - va - ry He suf - fered, On the cru - el cross He died;  
Broad the road where thou art go - ing, Ma - ny with thee downward move;  
Can you bar - ter life e - ter - nal, For the pleas-ure sin can give?

See His hands and feet so wounded, And be - hold His pierc-ed side.  
Turn and seek the nar - row path - way, That will lead to bliss a - bove.  
Turn, oh, turn you to the Sav - iour, And a fade-less crown re - ceive.

REFRAIN.

Wan-der - ing a - way, wan-der - ing a - way, Wandering a-way from Je - sus;

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INVITATION AND WARNING.  
**WANDERING AWAY.—Concluded.**

Hear His gentle voice, Calling you to-day, And wander no more away from Jesus.

**No. 262. WHY DO YOU WAIT ?**

G. F. R.

"Arise, He calleth thee."—Mark 10: 49.

GEO. F. ROOT, by per.

1. Why do you wait, dear broth - er, Oh, why do you  
 2. What do you hope, dear broth - er, To gain by a  
 3. Do you not feel, dear broth - er, His Spir - it now  
 4. Why do you wait, dear broth - er, The har - vest is

tar - ry so long? Your Sav - iour is waiting to give you  
 fur - ther de - lay? There's no one to save you but Je - sus,  
 striv - ing with - in? Oh, why not ac - cept His sal - va - tion,  
 pass - ing a - way, Your Sav - iour is long - ing to bless you,

REFRAIN.

A place in His sanc - ti - fied throug.  
 There's no oth - er way but His way. } Why not? why not? Why not  
 And throw off thy burden of sin. }  
 There's danger and death in de - lay.

come to Him now? Why not? why not? Why not come to Him now?



## No. 263.

## ARE YOU READY?

SHARP MCNIEL.

SHARP MCNIEL.

1. Are you walk - ing in the way Lead - ing to the "per - fect day,"  
 2. If you long to gain the strand Of that pure, ce - les - tial land,  
 3. O be read - y for the call, When death's shadows round you fall,

Of the fair, un - cloud - ed realm be - yond the sky? Will you  
 You must jour - ney in the foot - steps of the Lord; Tho' the  
 And your soul a - far from earth - ly scenes must go; Freed from

meet the saved ones there, And their bliss and glo - ry share,  
 way be rough and dim, You must dai - ly fol - low Him,  
 ev - 'ry stain of sin, Thro' the blood made pure with - in,

In those bright e - ter - nal man - sions built on high?  
 Trust - ing in the guid - ance of His ho - ly word.  
 Then the rapt - ure of the ran - somed you shall know.

## REFRAIN.

Are you read - y! . . . Are you read - y? . . . Are you read - y?  
 Are you read - y?  
 Are you read - y?



ARE YOU READY?—Concluded.

Are you read - y for the hour of death to come? Are you read - y?

Are you read - y? . . . Are you read - y? . . . Are you read - y? . . .

Are you read - y for the Lord to take you home? take you home?

No. 264. FEDERAL STREET. L. M.

JOHN DOBELL.

H. K. OLIVER.

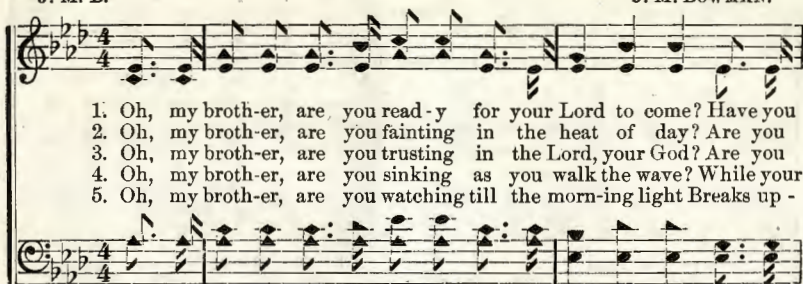
1. How pleasing to be - hold and see The friends of Je - sus all a - gree—  
 2. Here we be - hold the dawn of bliss ; Here we be - hold the Saviour's grace ;  
 3. While here we sit we would im - plore That love may spread from shore to shore,  
 4. To all we free - ly give our hand, Who love the Lord in ev - 'ry land ;

To sit a - round the sa . cred board As members of one common Lord.  
 Here we be - hold His pre - cious blood, Which sweetly pleads for us with God.  
 Till all the saints, like us, com - bine To praise the Lord in songs di - vine.  
 For all are one in Christ our head, To whom be end - less hon - ors paid.

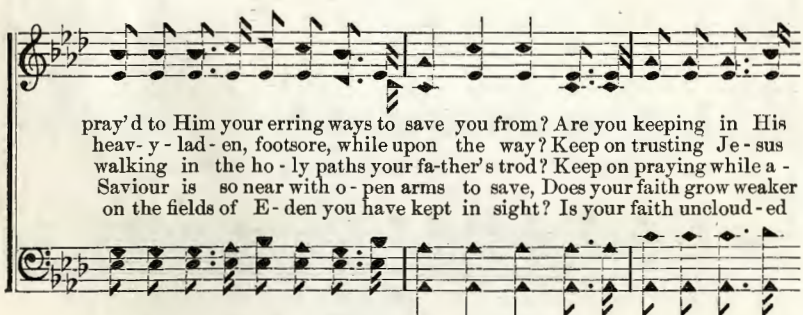
## No. 265. MY BROTHER, ARE YOU READY?

J. M. B.

J. M. BOWMAN.



1. Oh, my broth-er, are you read-y for your Lord to come? Have you  
 2. Oh, my broth-er, are you fainting in the heat of day? Are you  
 3. Oh, my broth-er, are you trusting in the Lord, your God? Are you  
 4. Oh, my broth-er, are you sinking as you walk the wave? While your  
 5. Oh, my broth-er, are you watching till the morn-ing light Breaks up -

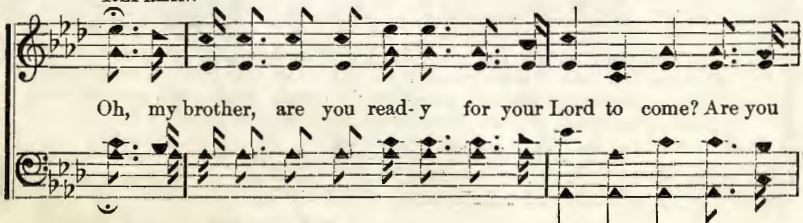


pray'd to Him your erring ways to save you from? Are you keeping in His  
 heav-y-lad-en, footsore, while upon the way? Keep on trusting Je-sus  
 walking in the ho-ly paths your fa-ther's trod? Keep on praying while a -  
 Saviour is so near with o-pen arms to save, Does your faith grow weaker  
 on the fields of E-den you have kept in sight? Is your faith uncloud-ed



footsteps to that heav'nly home, Where no sorrow ev-er shall ap-pear?  
 and His ho-ly will o-bey, Press on for the kingdom now is near.  
 long this heav'nly way you plod, Till your lov-ing Saviour's voice you hear.  
 while the angry storm you brave? Keep on praying broth-er, nev-er fear.  
 thro' the long and wea-ry night, Till the glorious morning shall ap-pear?

## REFRAIN.



Oh, my brother, are you read-y for your Lord to come? Are you

MY BROTHER, ARE YOU READY?—Concluded.

faint - ing while the cross you bear? Oh, keep watch - ing, trust - ing,  
 praying till you reach your home, There a crown of glo - ry you shall wear.

No. 266. THERE IS A FOUNTAIN. C. M.

W. COWPER.

Arr. by Dr. LOWELL MASON.

1. There is a fount - ain filled with blood, Drawn from Im - man - uel's veins;  
 2. E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream Thy flowing wounds sup - ply,  
 3. Then in a no - bler, sweet - er song, I'll sing Thy pow'r to save,

*f* FINE.

And sinners plunged be - neath that flood, Lose all their guilt - y stains.  
 Re - deem - ing love has been my theme, And shall be, till I die.  
 When this poor lisping, stamm' ring tongue, Lies si - lent in the grave.

*D.S.*

Lose all their guilt - y stains,	Lose all their guilt - y stains;
And shall be, till I die,	And shall be, till I die;
Lies si - lent in the grave,	Lies si - lent in the grave;



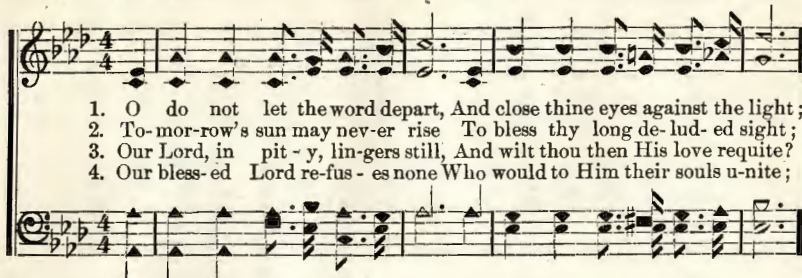
INVITATION AND WARNING.

No. 267. WHY NOT TO-NIGHT.

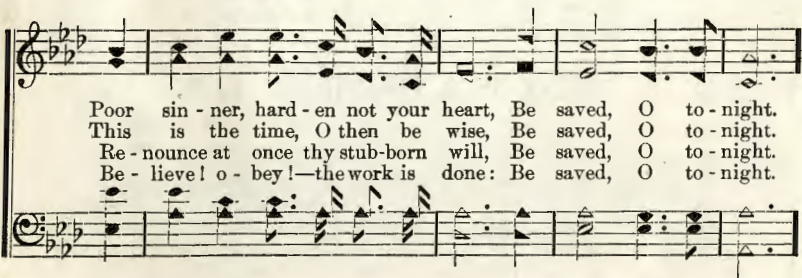
"Behold, now is the accepted time.—2 Cor. 6: 2.

HORATIUS BONAR.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

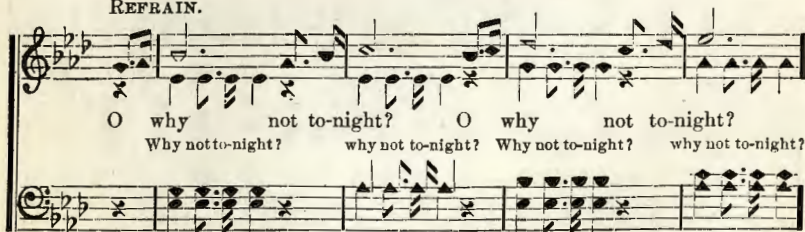


1. O do not let the word depart, And close thine eyes against the light ;  
 2. To-mor-row's sun may nev-er rise To bless thy long de-lud-ed sight ;  
 3. Our Lord, in pit - y, lin-gers still, And wilt thou then His love requite ?  
 4. Our bless-ed Lord re-fus - es none Who would to Him their souls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

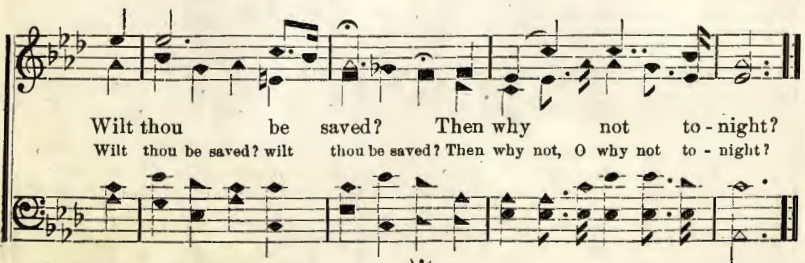


Poor sin - ner, hard - en not your heart, Be saved, O to - night.  
 This is the time, O then be wise, Be saved, O to - night.  
 Re - nounce at once thy stub - born will, Be saved, O to - night.  
 Be - lieve ! o - bey !—the work is done : Be saved, O to - night.

REFRAIN.



O why not to-night? O why not to-night?  
 Why not to-night? why not to-night? Why not to-night? why not to-night?



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

No. 268. THE BRIDEGROOM IS COMING.

W. H. M.

W. H. MORRIS.

1. The Bridegroom is coming, O en - ter in, The door is o - pen wide ;  
 2. The Bridegroom is coming, O hear the cry, The door is o - pen wide ;  
 3. The Bridegroom is coming, and calls for thee, The door is o - pen wide ;  
 4. The Bridegroom is coming, and will not wait, The door is o - pen wide ;

If you would be read-y, right now be - gin, The door is o - pen wide.  
 The ban-quet is spread and thy Lord is nigh, The door is o - pen wide.  
 And you are in - vit - ed His guest to be, The door is o - pen wide.  
 Come en - ter, dear sin-ner, ere 'tis too late, The door is o - pen wide.

REFRAIN.

The door is o - pen wide, Come en - ter, do not wait ;  
 o - pen wide, do not wait ;

O sin-ner, now de - cide, It soon may be too late.  
 de - cide, too late.

PALMER HARTSOUGH.

J. H. FILLMORE.

1. I am resolved no lon - ger to lin - ger, Charmed by the world's delight;  
 2. I am resolved to go to the Sav - iour, Leaving my sin and strife;  
 3. I am resolved to fol - low the Sav - iour, Faithful and true each day,  
 4. I am resolved to en - ter the king - dom, Leaving the paths of sin;  
 5. I am resolved, and who will go with me? Come, friends, without de - lay,

Things that are high - er, things that are no - bler, These have allured my sight.  
 He is the true one, He is the just one, He hath the words of life.  
 Heed what He say - eth, do what He will - eth, He is the liv - ing way.  
 Friends may oppose me, foes may be - set me, Still will I en - ter in.  
 Taught by the Bi - ble, led by the Spir - it, We'll walk the heav'nly way.

REFRAIN.

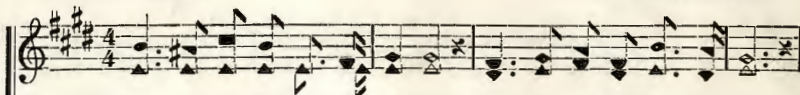
I will hast - en to Him, Hast - en so glad and free,  
 I will hast - en, hast - en to Him, Hast - en glad and free,

Je - sus, great - est, high - est, I will come to Thee.  
 Je - sus, Je - sus,

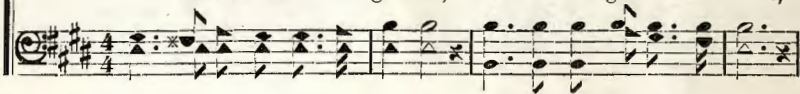


FANNY J. CROSBY.

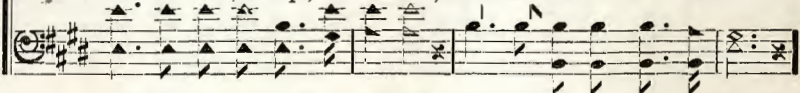
A. J. SHOWALTER.



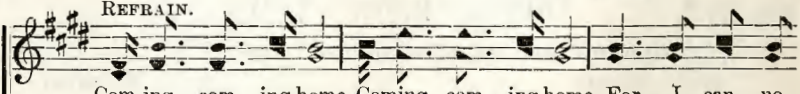
1. Like a way-ward child I wandered From my Father's house a-way,
2. I have wander'd in the darkness, And my path was lone and drear,
3. O the rap-ture that a-waits me, When I reach my Fa-ther's door!
4. I will ask Him to for-give me, For the wrong that I have done,



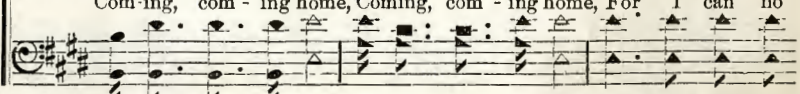
But I hear His voice en-treat-ing, And I'm com-ing home to-day.  
 But my Fa-ther did not leave me, He was watch-ing ev-er near.  
 Once with-in its blest en-clos-ure, I am safe for-er-er-more.  
 To re-ceive, ac-cept, and bless me, Thro' His well be-lov-ed Son.



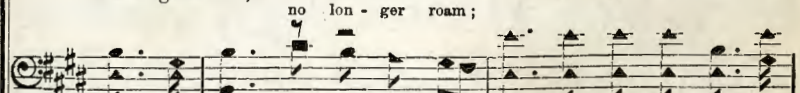
## REFRAIN.



Com-ing, com-ing home, Com-ing, com-ing home, For I can no



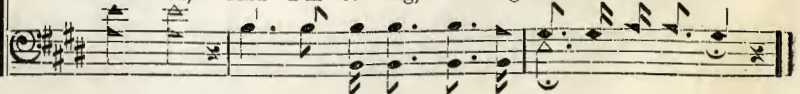
lon-ger roam, I am sad and brok-en



no lon-ger roam;



heart-ed, And I'm com-ing, com-ing home. (I'm coming home.)



THE LORD'S SUPPER.

No. 271.

DOWN'S. C. M.

THOMAS COTTERILL.

LOWELL MASON.

1. In mem-ory of the Saviour's love We keep the sa - cred feast,  
 2. By faith we take the Bread of Life, With which our souls are fed ;  
 3. Un - der His ban - ner thus we sing, The wonders of His love ;

Where ev - 'ry hum - ble, con-trite heart Is made a wel - come guest.  
 The Cup, in tok - en of His blood, That was for sin - ners shed.  
 And thus an - ti - ci - pate by faith, The heav'nly feast a - bove.

No. 272.

OLIVE'S BROW. L. M.

"My soul is exceeding sorrowful, even unto death."—Matt. 26 : 38.

WM. B. TAPPAN.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. 'Tis midnight; and on Ol-ive's brow The star is dimmed that lately shone ;  
 2. 'Tis midnight; and from all removed The Saviour wrestles lone with fears ;  
 3. 'Tis midnight; and for other's guilt The man of sor-rows weeps in blood ;  
 4. 'Tis midnight; and from ether plains Is borne the song that an-gels know ;

'Tis midnight in the gar - den now, The suff'ring Saviour prays a - lone.  
 E'en that dis - ci - ple whom He loved Heeds not His Master's grief and tears.  
 Yet He, who hath in an - guish knelt, Is not for - sak - en by His God.  
 Un - heard by mortals are the strains That sweetly soothe the Saviour's woe.

## No. 273.

## MY SUFFERING SAVIOUR.

ADALYN.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. Lone - ly and sad of heart, now I seem to be Weep - ing with  
 2. Fol - low - ing on the way I can see them now Press - ing the  
 3. Now I sur - vey the cross where my Sav - iour died, Now I be -

Christ, my Lord, in Geth - sem - a - ne; Sor - row - ing Son of God,  
 crown of thorns on His bleed - ing brow; Suf - fer - ing Son of God,  
 hold the wounds in His pierc - ed side; Je - sus, Thou Son of God,

when Thy grief I see, O how my heart goes out  
 whom they dis - a - vow, King of my ram - somed soul,  
 whom they cru - ci - fied, Reign in my grate - ful heart,

in its love to Thee! Je - sus wept, can it be? Je - sus wept,  
 at Thy feet I bow! Christ was scorned, can it be? Christ was scorned  
 crowned and glo - ri - fied! Je - sus died, can it be? Je - sus died,

wept for me, O won - der - ful love of God, Je - sus wept for me!  
 scorned for me, O won - der - ful love of God, Christ was scorned for me!  
 died for me, O won - der - ful love of God, Je - sus died for me!



## No. 274.


## THE RISEN LORD.

R. M. OFFORD.

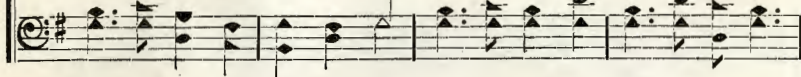
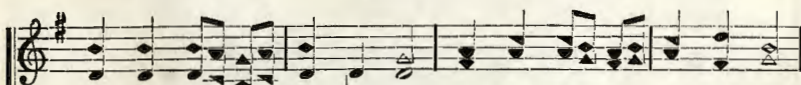
N. KEFF SMITH.



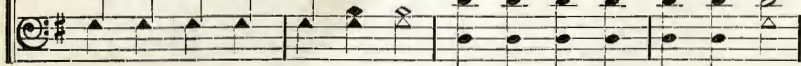

1. Lo, a ris - en Lord we sing; Al - le - lu - ia! al - le - lu - ia!  
 2. Shut with - in the tomb His stay, Al - le - lu - ia! al - le - lu - ia!  
 3. His the death, but ours the life, Al - le - lu - ia! al - le - lu - ia!  
 4. Lo, a ris - en life we bring, Al - le - lu - ia! al - le - lu - ia!

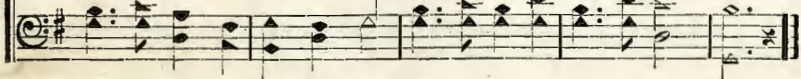
Once He died, love's of - fer - ing, Al - le - lu - ia! al - le - lu - ia!  
 Death no more can hold its prey, Al - le - lu - ia! al - le - lu - ia!  
 Ours the vic - t'ry, His the strife; Al - le - lu - ia! al - le - lu - ia!  
 This our love's glad of - fer - ing, Al - le - lu - ia! al - le - lu - ia!

See Him death's dark ter - rors brave, Dy - ing, dy - ing souls to save,  
 Lo, He bled to meet our need, Rose His pre - cious blood to plead,  
 Now by all the griefs He bore, Now by all the shame He wore,  
 Souls re - deemed and hearts re - newed, Wills to His sweet will sub - dued,

Us to res - cue from the grave, Al - le - lu - ia! al - le - lu - ia!  
 Still for us doth in - ter - cede! Al - le - lu - ia! al - le - lu - ia!  
 We are His, for - ev - er - more! Al - le - lu - ia! al - le - lu - ia!  
 These shall speak our grat - i - tude, Al - le - lu - ia! al - le - lu - ia!



THE RISEN LORD.

No. 275. "THE LORD IS RISEN INDEED."

WM. JESSE WILSON.

Melody by WM. JESSE WILSON.  
Harmonized by A. J. S.

1. "The Lord is ris'n in - deed!" Death holds no lon - ger sway O'er  
2. Then let the world re - joice, And sing ex - ult - ant praise; From  
3. Ho - san - na to the King! Let Is - rael's hosts pro - claim, And  
4. Then hallowed be His name, His reign tri - umph - ant be; Let

Him who died the world to save And drive death's gloom a - way: The  
out the tomb Christ has come forth To man's en - rap - tured gaze: We  
all the Gen - tile na - tions sing In hon - or of His name: The  
peace on earth, good-will to men, A - bound from sea to sea: Let

price of our redemption's paid, The reign of death at last is stayed.  
see Him tri - umph o'er the grave, We know Him mighty now to save.  
ris - en Lord as - cends on high, And men no more need fear to die.  
glo - ry to His name be giv'n By all on earth and all in heav'n.

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No. 276. S. M.

- 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 fulfill,  
O may it all my powers engage  
To do my Master's will!
- 3 Arm me with jealous care,  
As in Thy sight to live;  
And O Thy servant, Lord, prepare  
A strict account to give!
- 4 Help me to watch and pray,  
And on Thyself rely,  
Assured, if I my trust betray,  
I shall forever die.

Charles Wesley.

No. 277. C. M.

- 1 O for a faith that will not shrink,  
Though pressed by every foe;  
That will not tremble on the brink  
Of any earthly woe;
- 2 That will not murmur or complain  
Beneath the chastening rod,  
But, in the hour of grief or pain,  
Will lean upon its God;
- 3 A faith that shines more bright and clear  
When tempests rage without;  
That, when in danger, knows no fear,  
In darkness, feels no doubt!
- 4 Lord, give us such a faith as this;  
And then, what'er may come,  
We'll taste, e'en here, the hallowed bliss  
Of an eternal home.

W. H. Bathurst.

FUNERALS.

No. 278.

ZEPHYR. L. M.

Mrs. ANNA L. BARBAULD.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. How blest the righteous when he dies! When sinks a wea - ry soul to rest ;  
 2. So fades a sum-mer cloud a - way, So sinks the gale when storms are o'er ;  
 3. A ho - ly qui - et reigns a-round, A calm which life nor death destroys ;  
 4. Life's du - ty done, as sinks the clay, Light from its load the spir - it flies ;

How mildly beam the clos - ing eyes! How gent - ly heaves th' expiring breast!  
 So gent - ly shuts the eye of day, So dies a wave a - long the shore.  
 Noth - ing disturbs that peace profound, Which his un - fet - tered soul en - joys.  
 While heav'n and earth combine to say: "How blest the right - eous when he dies!"

No. 279.

REST. L. M.

Mrs. MARGARET MCKAY.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. A - sleep in Je - sus! blessed sleep! From which none ever wakes to weep!  
 2. A - sleep in Je - sus! O, how sweet, To be for such a slumber meet;  
 3. A - sleep in Je - sus! peaceful rest! Whose waking is supreme - ly blest;  
 4. A - sleep in Je - sus! O, for me May such a bliss - ful ref - uge be;

A calm and un - dis - turbed re - pose, Un - bro - ken by the last of foes!  
 With ho - ly con - fi - dence to sing That death hath lost its venomed sting!  
 No fear, no woe, shall dim that hour, That man - i - fests the Saviour's pow'r.  
 Se - cure - ly shall my ash - es lie, Waiting the summons from on high.



No. 280.

GATHERED HOME.

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 lov'd ones gone be - fore, One by one we'll all be  
 4. Come, my broth - er, join the bap - py throng, One by one we'll all be

gath - ered home, And we'll trust the Sav - iour's guid - ing hand,  
 gath - ered home, To that joy that fad - eth not a - way,  
 gath - ered home, And we'll dwell with Je - sus ev - er - more,  
 gath - ered home, Sing - ing now Re - demp - tion's ho - ly song,

REFRAIN.

One by one we'll all be gathered home. Gath - 'ring, gath - 'ring,  
 "Gath'ring to-gether," "gath'ring to-gether,"

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

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

FUNERALS.

No. 281.

DEATH IS ONLY A DREAM.

C. W. RAY.

Music and Refrain by A. J. BUCHANAN.

*Effective as a Solo.*

1. Sad - ly we sing and with trem - u - lous breath, As we stand by the  
 2. Why should we weep when the wea - ry ones rest, In the bos - om of  
 3. Naught in the riv - er the saintsshould ap - pall, Tho' it fright - ful - ly  
 4. O - ver the tur - bid and on - rush - ing tide, Doth the light of e -

mys - ti - cal stream, In the val - ley and by the dark  
 Je - sus su - preme, In the man - sions of glo - ry pre -  
 dis - mal may seem, In the arms of their Sav - iour no  
 ter - ni - ty gleam; And the ran - somed the dark - ness and

riv - er of death, And yet 'tis no more than a dream.  
 pared for the blest? For death is no more than a dream.  
 ill can be - fall, They find it no more than a dream.  
 storm shall out - ride, To wake with glad smiles from their dream.

REFRAIN.

On - ly a dream, on - ly a dream Of glo - ry be - yond the dark stream, How

peaceful the slumber, How happy the waking, For death is on - ly a dream.

## No. 282.

## SOME SWEET DAY.

ARTHUR W. FRENCH.

D. B. TOWNER.

*Moderato.*

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

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

day; We shall press the sands of gold, While be - fore our eyes un -  
 day; We shall hear the won-drous strain, Glo - ry to the Lamb that's  
 day; By the tree of life so fair, Joy and rap - ture ev - 'ry

fold, Heav-en's splendors, yet un - told. Some sweet day, some sweet day.  
 slain, Christ was dead, but lives a - gain, Some sweet day, some sweet day.  
 where, O the bliss of o - ver there, Some sweet day, some sweet day.



# No. 283. We Speak of the Realms of the Blest.

ELIZABETH MILLS.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. We speak of the realms of the blest, That coun-try so bright and so fair;  
 2. We speak of its pathways of gold, Of its walls deck'd with jewels so rare,  
 3. We speak of its free-dom from sin, From sor- row, temptation and care,  
 4. We speak of its serv- ice of love, The robes which the glo-ri-fied wear,

And oft are its glo-ries confessed: But what must it be to be there!  
 Of its won-ders and pleasures un-told: But what must it be to be there!  
 From tri - als without and with-in: But what must it be to be there!  
 The Church of the First-born a - bove: But what must it be to be there!

REFRAIN.

To be there, To be there, to be there, to be there, But

what must it be to be there! To be there, To be there, to be

there, But what must it be to be there. to be there.

## No. 284. O BLESSED REALMS OF PARADISE.

WM. HENRY GARDNER.  
Words of Refrain by E. M.

EDWIN MOORE.

1. O bless - ed realms of Par - a - dise, O star - ry mansions of the skies,  
2. My cross is heav - y, Lord, to bear, My life is dark with grief and care,  
3. But still I stay, and hope and wait, That God will see me at the gate,  
4. O bless - ed realms of Par - a - dise, O star - ry mansions in the skies,

How ma - ny years will roll o'er me Ere I your pearl - y gates shall see!  
The dear old friends beloved of yore, In tri - umph now have all pass'd o'er.  
And bid me sweet - ly come and rest Up - on the Saviour's lov - ing breast.  
Some day your wonders I shall see, A dwell - er for e - ter - ni - ty!

## REFRAIN.

O Par - a - dise, sweet Par - a - dise, What tho'ts of rap - ture in me rise!

What joy to know that grace so free Provides a heav'nly home for me!

## No. 285.

## OVER THERE.

C. W. J.

C. W. JAMES.

1. There's a hap - py home in heav'n prepared for me, (yes, for me,  
 2. O I long to meet my Sav - iour o - ver there, (o - ver there,)  
 3. Bless - ed an - gels now are wait - ing o - ver there, (o - ver there,)

When I cross o'er Jordan's rolling tide; And the loved ones gone before I  
 And for - ev - er - more behold His face; O I long to see those mansions  
 Wait - ing by the riv - er side for me; Soon I'll cross o'er Jordan's waters

there shall see, (I shall see,) And shall find sweet rest at Je - sus' side.  
 bright and fair, (bright and fair,) Mine for - ev - er thro' His sav - ing grace.  
 free from care, (free from care,) There to dwell be - side the crys - tal sea.

REFRAIN.

O - ver there, O - ver there, o - ver there, O I long to be

rest - ing o - ver there; O - ver there, o - ver



## OVER THERE.—Concluded.

there, (o-ver there,) O I long to be rest-ing o-ver there. (o-ver there.)

## No. 286.

## HOME, SWEET HOME.

DAVID DENHAM.

H. R. BISHOP.

- 'Mid scenes of con-fu-sion and crea-ture complaints, How sweet to my
- Sweet bonds that u-nite all the chil-dren of peace! And thrice blessed
- While here in the val-ley of con-flict I stray, O give me sub-
- I long, dear est Lord, in Thy beau-ty to shine, No more as an

soul is com-mun-ion with saints; To find at the ban-quet of  
 Je-sus, whose love can-not cease! Tho' oft from Thy pres-ence in  
 mis-sion and strength as my day; In all my af-flic-tions to  
 ex-ile in sor-row to pine; And in Thy dear im-age a-

mer-cy there's room, And feel in the pres-ence of Je-sus at home.  
 sad-ness I roam, I long to be-hold Thee in glo-ry, at home.  
 Thee would I come, Re-joic-ing in hope of my glo-ri-ous home.  
 rise from the tomb, With glo-ri-fied mil-lions, to praise Thee at home.

## REFRAIN.

Home! home! sweet, sweet home, Prepare me, dear Saviour, for glo-ry, my home.

## No. 287. GATHERED HOME BY AND BY.

ADALYN.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. There's a home for - ev - er blest, where the wea - ry rest, Just be -  
 2. In that bless - ed home on high all our treas - ures lie, And the  
 3. Hap - py home of light and love in the realms a - bove, For thy

yond the golden stars of the sky; And when life for us is o'er on this  
 Fa - ther ev - 'ry want doth sup - ply; Aft - er all our doubts and fears and our  
 bliss our long - ing souls oft - en sigh; But if faith - ful here each day as we

## REFRAIN.

changing shore, We'll be gathered to that home by and by. }  
 bit - ter tears, We'll be gathered to that home by and by. } O that glo - rious  
 work and pray, We'll be gathered to that home by and by. }

home on high! Home where loved ones never die! As we jour - ney here be -

low it is sweet to know We'll be gathered to that home by and by.

## No. 288. OUR BETTER HOME.

MILDRED MERLE.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. It lies be-yond earth's vis-ion, Be-yond the star-ry sky—  
 2. 'Tis in a gold-en cit-y, Fair cit-y of the blest;  
 3. The tree of life is grow-ing In rich lux-u-riance there;  
 4. Bright crowns of life are wait-ing In man-sions bright a-bove,  
 5. There I shall meet my lov'd ones, When He shall bid me come,

Be-yond the ra-diant sun-set: We'll reach it by and by.  
 With-in its walls of jas-per Earth's wea-ry toil-ers rest.  
 The stream of life is flow-ing So crys-ta-line and fair.  
 And gold-en harps are tun-ing To sweet-est songs of love.  
 And share with them, in glo-ry, That bright-er, bet-ter home.

## REFRAIN.

There with the glo-ri-fied, Safe at the Saviour's side, I . . . shall be  
 There, there with the glo-ri-fied, Safe, safe at the Sav-iour's side, I, yes, I shall be

sat-is-fied, By and by; By . . and by, . . . By . . and  
 sat-is-fied, By and by; By and by, By and by,

by, I . . . shall be sat-is-fied, By and by.  
 By and by, I, yes, I shall be sat-is-fied, By and by.



## No. 289. JERUSALEM, THE GOLDEN. 7, 6. D.

BERNARD OF CLUNY.  
Tr. by J. M. NEALE.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. Je - ru - sa - lem the gold - en, With milk and hon - ey blest,  
2. They stand, those halls of Zi - on, All ju - bi - lant with song,  
3. There is the throne of Da - vid; And there from care re - leased,  
4. O sweet and bless - ed coun - try, The home of God's e - lect!

Be - neath thy con - tem - pla - tion Sink heart and voice op - pressed:  
And bright with many an an - gel And all the mar - tyr throng;  
The shout of them that triumph, The song of them that feast;  
O sweet and bless - ed coun - try, That ea - ger hearts ex - pect!

I know not, O I know not What so - cial joys are there,  
The Prince is ev - er in them, The day - light is se - rene;  
And they, who, with their Lead - er, Have con - quered in the fight,  
Je - sus, in mer - cy bring us To that dear land of rest,

What ra - dian - cy of glo - ry, What light be - yond com - pare.  
The pas - tures of the bless - ed, Are decked in glo - rious sheen.  
For - ev - er and for - ev - er Are clad in robes of white.  
Who art, with God the Fa - ther, And Spir - it, ev - er blest.

## No. 290.

## BLESSED HOME.

EMILY HUNTINGDON MILLER.

Melody by J. E. BIGGIE.  
Arr. and harmonized by A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. O think of a home o - ver there, By the side of the  
 2. O think of the friends o - ver there, Who be - fore us the  
 3. My Sav - iour is now o - ver there, There my kin - dred and  
 4. I'll soon be at home o - ver there, For the end of my

riv - er of light, Where the saints all im - mor - tal and fair, Are  
 jour - ney have trod; Of the songs that they breathe on the air, In their  
 friends are at rest; Then a - way from my sor - row and care, Let me  
 jour - ney I see; Ma - ny dear to my heart o - ver there Are

REFRAIN.

rob'd in their gar - ments of white. Bless - ed home, hap - py  
 home in the pal - ace of God. }  
 fly to the land of the blest. }  
 watch - ing and wait - ing for me. Bless - ed home,

home, How I long, how I long to be there; Bless - ed  
 hap - py home,

home, hap - py home, How I long, how I long to be there.  
 Bless - ed home. hap - py home,

## No. 291. IN THE MORNING OF JOY.

Mrs. R. A. EVILSIZER.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. When the trumpet shall sound, And the dead shall arise, And the splendors im-  
 2. When the King shall appear In His beau-ty on high, And shall summon His  
 3. O the bliss of that morn When our lov'd ones we meet, With the songs of the

mor-tal Shall en-vel-op the skies, When the An-gel of Death Shall no  
 chil-dren To the courts of the sky, Shall the cause of the Lord Have been  
 ransom'd We each oth-er shall greet, Singing praise to the Lamb, Thro' e-

lon-ger de-stroy. And the dead shall a-wak-en In the morning of joy.  
 all your employ, That your soul may be spotless In the morning of joy?  
 ter-nity's years, With the past all for-got-ten With its sorrows and tears.

## REFRAIN.

In the morning of joy, In the morning of joy, We'll be gathered to

glo-ry, In the morn-ing of joy; In the morn-ing of joy In the



## IN THE MORNING OF JOY.—Concluded.

morn-ing of joy, We'll be gathered to glo-ry, In the morning of joy.

No. 292.

VARINA. C. M. D.

ISAAC WATTS.

Arr. by Dr. G. F. ROOT.

1. There is a land of pure de-light, Where saints im-mor-tal reign;  
 2. Sweet fields be-yond the swell-ing flood, Stand dressed in liv-ing green;  
 3. O! could we make our doubts re-move, Those gloom-y doubts that rise,

In - fi - nite day ex-cludes the night, And pleasures ban-ish pain.  
 So to the Jews old Ca-naan stood, While Jor-dan rolled be-tween.  
 And see the Ca-naan that we-love, With un-be-cloud-ed eyes;

There ev-er-last-ing spring a-bides, And nev-er-with-'ring flow'rs;  
 But tim'rous mor-tals start and shrink To cross this nar-row sea,  
 Could we but climb where Mo-ses stood, And view the land-scape o'er,

Death like a nar-row sea di-vides This heav'nly land from ours.  
 And lin-ger, shiv'ring on the brink, And fear to launch a-way.  
 Not Jor-dan's stream nor death's cold flood Should fright us from the shore.

# No. 293. WHEN THE ROLL IS CALLED UP YONDER.

B. M. J.

J. M. BLACK.

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

And the morn - ing breaks, e - ter - nal, bright and fair; When the  
 And the glo - ry of His res - ur - rec - tion share; When His  
 Let us talk of all His won - drous love and care, Then when

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

And the roll is called up yon - der, I'll be there.  
 Last verse.—And the roll is called up yon - der, we'll be there.

REFRAIN.

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

WHEN THE ROLL IS CALLED UP YONDER.—Concluded.

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

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

No. 294. OLD HUNDRED. L. M.

ISAAC WATTS.

GUIL. FRANCO.

1. Let ev - er - last - ing glories crown Thy head, my Sav - iour and my Lord;
2. In vain the trembling consciences seeks Some solid ground to rest up - on;
3. How well Thy bless - ed truths a - gree, How wise and ho - ly Thy commands;
4. Should all the forms that men de - vise Assault my faith with treacherous art,

Doxology. Praise God, from whom all blessings flow; Praise Him all creatures here below;

Thy hands have bro't salva - tion down, And writ the blessings in Thy word.  
 With long despair the spir - it breaks Till we ap - ply to Christ a - lone.  
 Thy prom - is - es, how firm they be, How firm our hope and comfort stands.  
 I'd call them van - i - ty and lies, And bind the gos - pel to my heart.

Praise Him a - bove, ye heav'nly host; Praise Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost.



No. 295. WHAT A MEETING!

F. L. SNYDER.

GEO. E. MYERS.

1. When the res - ur-rec - tion morn-ing breaks up-on us bright and fair,  
 2. When the day of fin - al rest - ing for the faith - ful draw - eth nigh,  
 3. When the day of glo - rious tri - umph breaks upon us from on high,

Af - ter we have fin - ished here our earth - ly race, We'll be  
 And we're called from this un - cer - tain dwell - ing place, We'll be  
 And we've con - quered ev - 'ry e - vil through His grace, We'll be

gath - ered with the an - gels and the ran - somed o - ver there, And shall  
 gath - ered with our loved ones in the home be - yond the sky, There to  
 gath - ered in that hap - py land where our pos - ses - sions lie, And, for

REFRAIN.

see our bless - ed Sav - iour face to face, } What a meet - ing  
 see our bless - ed Sav - iour face to face. }  
 ev - er - more behold our Saviour's face. } What a meet - ing with the Sav - iour,

With the Sav - iour, And our loved ones gone be - fore!  
 What a meet - ing with the Sav - iour,

WHAT A MEETING!—Concluded.

What a greet - - - ing, what a meet - - - ing,  
 What a greet - ing of the mill - ions, What a meet - ing of the mill - ions,

What a meet - ing on that bright e - ter - nal shore!

No. 296. RESTING BY AND BY.

W. E. PENN.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1. Christians, are you grow - ing wea - ry? There'll be rest - ing by and by;  
 2. Have you ma - ny hours of anguish? There'll be rest - ing by and by;  
 3. Cheer up then, no lon - ger fear - ing, There'll be rest - ing by and by!  
 4. Let us work and keep on pray - ing, There'll be rest - ing by and by!

*f* FINE.  
 Is your path - way dark and drear - y? There'll be rest - ing by and by.  
 Where your souls will no more languish, There'll be rest - ing by and by.  
 When you see our Lord's ap - pear - ing, There'll be rest - ing by and by.  
 If we come His word o - bey - ing, There'll be rest - ing by and by.

*D.S.*—When the toils of life are o - ver, There'll be rest - ing by and by.

REFRAIN.

*D.S.*

There'll be rest - ing by and by, There'll be rest - ing by and by;

# No. 297. Growing Into the Likeness of Christ.

E. A. HOFFMAN.  
*Thoughtfully.*

GEO. W. BACON.

1. Grow-ing in - to the likeness of Christ al - way, Bear-ing more of His  
 2. Grow-ing in - to the likeness of Christ the Lord, Feed-ing on the sweet  
 3. Grow-ing in - to His likeness from grace to grace, Grow-ing on till the

im - age from day to day; Freer from self and sin, Deep - er His  
 prom - ise of His dear word, Ho - li - er, pur - er, still, Stronger to  
 world can His im - age trace, Seeking to know Him more, Nearing the

love with-in, Grow-ing in - to the likeness of Christ al-way.  
 do His will, Grow-ing in - to the likeness of Christ, the Lord.  
 goal be - fore, Grow-ing in - to His likeness of grace to grace.

*D.S.*—*Grow-ing in - to the likeness of Christ the Lord.*

REFRAIN.

Grow - ing, grow - ing, Si - lent - ly, con - stant - ly  
 Grow-ing, yes, si - lent - ly, con - stant - ly grow-ing,

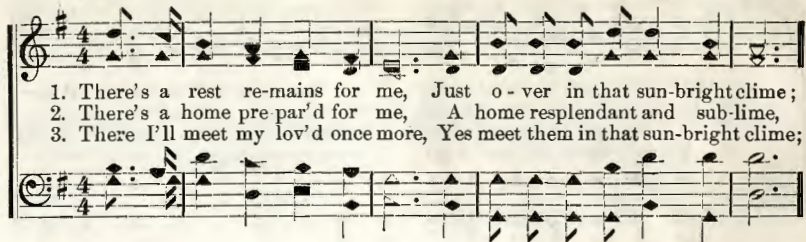
thro' the word; Grow - ing, grow - ing,  
 Grow - ing, yes, si - lent - ly, cou - stant - ly grow - ing,



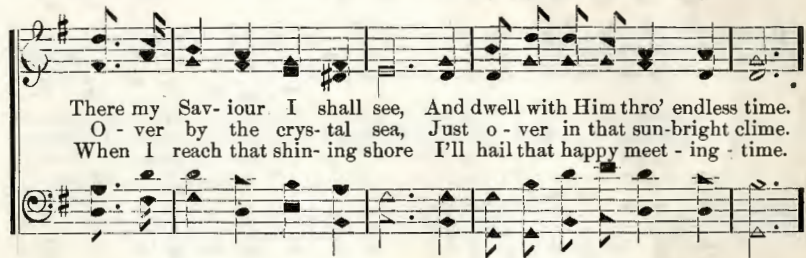
## No. 298. IN THAT SUN-BRIGHT CLIME.

E. G. BLACKMON.

A. D. SARTWELL.



1. There's a rest re-mains for me, Just o-ver in that sun-bright clime;  
 2. There's a home pre par'd for me, A home resplendant and sub-lime,  
 3. There I'll meet my lov'd once more, Yes meet them in that sun-bright clime;

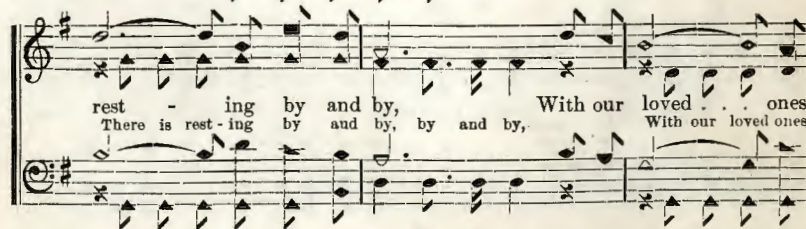


There my Sav-our I shall see, And dwell with Him thro' endless time.  
 O-ver by the crys-tal sea, Just o-ver in that sun-bright clime.  
 When I reach that shin-ing shore I'll hail that happy meet-ing time.

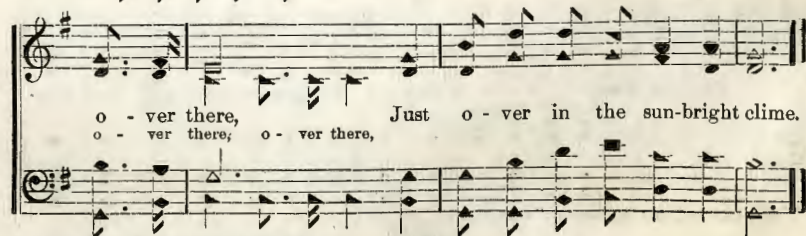
## REFRAIN.



There is rest - - - ing by and by, . . . There is  
 There is rest - ing by and by, by and by,



rest - ing by and by, With our loved . . . ones  
 There is rest-ing by and by, by and by, With our loved ones



o-ver there, Just o-ver in the sun-bright clime.  
 o-ver there, o-ver there,

No. 299.

I'LL BE THERE.

WILL H. GAREY.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. Oft I've heard my mother tell Of a home she lov'd so well, And her  
 2. Just a-cross the crys-tal sea. Mother's sweetly call-ing me, And my  
 3. O-ver on the peaceful shore. There my Saviour I'll a-dore; With His  
 4. An-gels watch the pearly gate, There's a mes-sage to re-late, I've not

last words softly fell, I'll be there; Where the angels sweetly sing. And their  
 answer soon shall be, I'll be there; What a meeting that will be, When my  
 hand to guide me o'er, I'll be there; With the an-gels' hap-py band, We will  
 long on earth to wait, I'll be there; Up the glit-tring streets I'll wend, There to

harps with mu-sic ring, In the pal-ace of the King, I'll be there.  
 moth-er's face I see, For 'tis thro' e-ter-ni-ty, I'll be there.  
 walk the gold-en strand, In that fair and hap-py land, I'll be there.  
 meet de-part-ed friend, In a world that ne'er shall end, I'll be there.

REFRAIN.

I'll be there, . . . yes, I'll be there. I'll be there, . . . yes,  
 I'll be there, yes, I'll be there, I'll be there, I'll be there,

I'll be there, Where the an-gels sweetly sing, And their  
 yes, I'll be there,

## I'LL BE THERE.—Concluded.

harps with music ring, In the pal-ace of the King, I'll be there.  
yes, I'll be there.

## No. 300. THE RIVER OF LIFE.

HORATIUS BONAR.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. Fresh from the throne of glo - ry, Bright in its crys - tal gleam,  
2. Stream full of life and glad - ness, Spring of all health and peace,  
3. Riv - er of God, I greet Thee, Not now a - far, but near;

Bursts out the liv - ing fount - ain, Swells on the liv - ing stream.  
No harps by Thee hang si - lent, Nor hap - py voic - es cease.  
My soul to Thy still wa - ters, Hastes in its thirst - ings here.

## REFRAIN.

Bless - ed Riv - er, bless - ed Riv - er, Let me feast my eyes on Thee.  
Tran - quil Riv - er, tran - quil Riv - er, Let me sit and sing by Thee.  
Ho - ly Riv - er, ho - ly Riv - er, Let me ev - er drink of Thee.

Bless - ed Riv - er, let me ev - er, Ev - er feast my eyes on Thee.  
Tran - quil Riv - er, let me ev - er, Ev - er sit and sing of Thee.  
Ho - ly Riv - er, let me ev - er, Ev - er drink of on - ly Thee.



## No. 301. O BEAUTIFUL BLOSSOM OF PITY.

FLORA KIRKLAND.  
SOLO OR DUET.

ADAM GEIBEL.

1. There's a beau-ti-ful blos-som called Pit-y, And it  
 2. In His love and His pit-y He sought us, The Re-  
 3. See the mul-ti-tude throng-ing a-bout Him! See His  
 4. And to-day there are ten-der hearts car-ing For the

grew in a heav-en-ly clime; But it bloomed in the life-time of  
 deem-er and lov-er of all; And He found us and bought us for  
 beau-ti-ful pit-y-ing love Flow-ing forth in His marvels of  
 sick ones in ev-er-y clime; 'Tis the seed from the blos-som of

Je-sus, On the sor-row-ful low-lands of time.  
 heav-en, And He help-eth us now, when we call.  
 heal-ing, Shed-ding per-fume from heav-en a-bove.  
 Pit-y, Tak-ing root in the low-lands of time.

*mf* REFRAIN.

O, beau-ti-ful blossom of Pit-y! O, flow'r from a heav-en-ly clime!

*mf* Transplanted from yonder bright cit-y, *p* It grows in the low-lands of time. *Rit.*

## No. 302. THE CONQUERING LION OF JUDAH.

W. C. MARTIN.

M. L. MCPHAIL.

1. The Li - on of Ju - dah goes forth in His might,  
 2. The Li - on of Ju - dah shall con - quer the world,  
 3. The Li - on of Ju dah shall reign o - ver all,

To van - quish the wrong and es - tab - lish the right; To  
 The slay - er of souls from his throne shall be hurl'd; The  
 And low at His feet ev - 'ry crea - ture shall fall; His

shat - ter the chains of the poor and oppress'd, And mil - lions from  
 pow - ers of dark - ness shall ut - ter - ly fail, For wor - thy and  
 glo - ry shall saints and arch - an - gels pro - claim, O ho - ly, thrice

*D.S.—free to the breez - es with bold - ness we fling The ban - ner of*

## FINE. REFRAIN.

Sa - tan's do - min - ion to wrest. }  
 a - ble is Christ to pre - vail. } The glo - ri - ous ban - ner of  
 ho - ly His won - der - ful name. }

*Ju - dah's all - con - quer - ing King.*

Christ is unfurled, The Li - on of Ju - dah shall conquer the world; So



## No. 303. JUST TO BE AT HOME WITH JESUS.

GEO. I. RUNION.

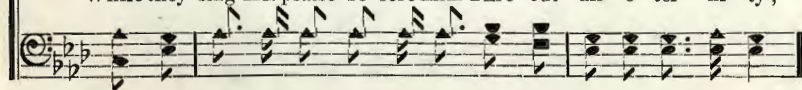
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



1. Just to be at home with Je-sus, Just to lean up - on His breast,
2. Just to be at home with Je-sus In that blest a - bode a - bove,
3. Just to be at home with Je-sus—Just to look in - to His face,
4. Just to be at home with Je-sus, And the ho - ly an - gels see,



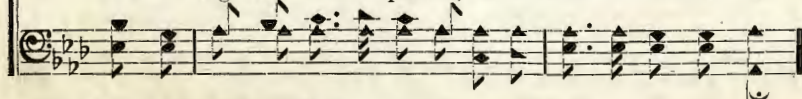
Feel His lov - ing arms a - bout me, Know at last I've found sweet rest ;  
 Made for those who do His bidding, Filled with His own boundless love ;  
 Have His lov - ing smile up - on me, Just to praise Him for His grace  
 While they sing His praise be - fore Him Thro' - out all e - ter - ni - ty ;



There to be and live for - ev - er While e - ter - nal a - ges roll,  
 Just to know that pain and sor - row Can no more my peace de - stroy,  
 He so free - ly show - ers on me While I tar - ry here be - low,  
 And I'll join that might - y cho - rus, As it swells in har - mo - ny,



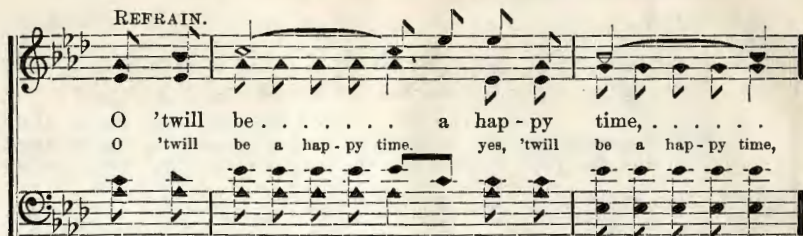
Just to know I've found the ha - ven Je - sus has for ev - 'ry soul.  
 But, in Je - sus sweet - ly rest - ing I shall find the pur - est joy.  
 That I may His bless - ings scat - ter, His great love to oth - ers show.  
 As it rings thro' heav - en's por - tals, Praise to Him who died for me.



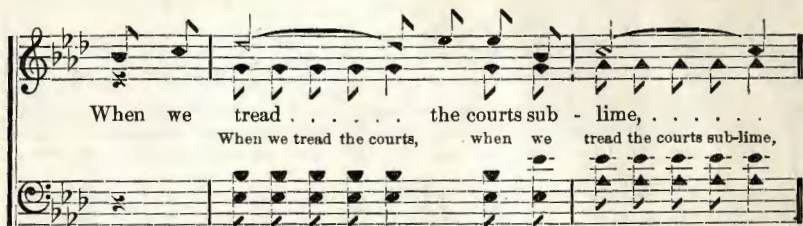


## JUST TO BE AT HOME WITH JESUS.—Concluded.

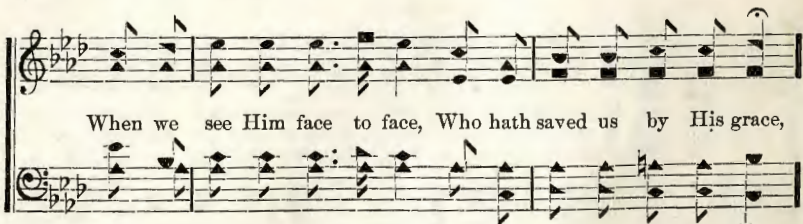
REFRAIN.



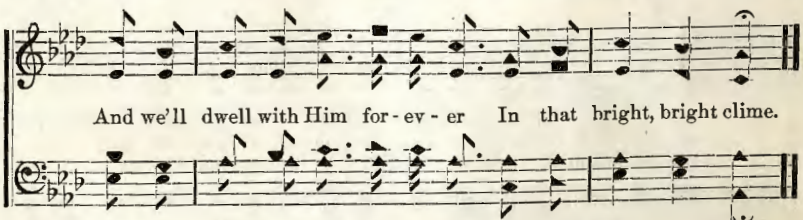
O 'twill be . . . . . a hap - py time, . . . . .  
O 'twill be a hap - py time. yes, 'twill be a hap - py time,



When we tread . . . . . the courts sub - lime, . . . . .  
When we tread the courts, when we tread the courts sub-lime,



When we see Him face to face, Who hath saved us by His grace,



And we'll dwell with Him for - ev - er In that bright, bright clime.

## No. 304. C. M.

- 1 Jesus! I love Thy charming name,  
'Tis music to mine ear;  
Fain would I sound it out so loud,  
That earth and heaven should hear.
- 2 Yes!—Thou art precious to my soul,  
My transport and my trust;  
Jewels, to Thee, are gaudy toys,  
And gold is sordid dust.
- 3 All my capacious powers can wish,  
In Thee doth richly meet;

Not to mine eyes is light so dear,  
Nor friendship half so sweet.

- 4 Thy grace still dwells upon my heart,  
And sheds its fragrance there;—  
The noblest balm of all its wounds,  
The cordial of its care.

- 5 I'll speak the honors of Thy name,  
With my last laboring breath; [arms  
Then, speechless, clasp Thee in mine  
The antidote of death.

No. 305. THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD.

E. E. HEWITT.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. They who sat in dark-ness saw a bless-ed light, Je - sus is the  
 2. Still He smiles up - on us from His home a - bove, Je - sus is the  
 3. For the dis - tant na - tions, for the land a - far, Je - sus is the

Light of the world; Chasing gloom-y shad-ows, breaking thro' the night,  
 Light of the world; Sending heav'nly sunshine, gen - tle beams of love,  
 Light of the world; Tell them of His glo - ry, show the Morn-ing Star,

Je - sus is the Light of the world. In the crowd-ed cit - ies of fair  
 Je - sus is the Light of the world. Where a heart is turning t'ward the  
 Je - sus is the Light of the world. Let us send the Gos-pel, like a

Gal - i - lee, By the curl - ing bil - lows of its a - zure sea, O'er the  
 shin - ing way, Longing for the com - ing of a bet - ter day, He is  
 her - ald bright, Witness of the Saviour, true and per - fect light; O that

hills of Judah, shining pure and free, Je - sus is the Light of the world.  
 there to guide them by a kind - ly ray, Je - sus is the Light of the world.  
 all could see Him, know His saving might! Je - sus is the Light of the world.

THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD.—Concluded.

REFRAIN.

Light of the world, Blessed Light of the world, Je-sus is the Light of the world ;

Light of the world, blessed Light of the world, Je-sus is the Light of the world.

No. 306. CORONATION. C. M.

EDWARD PERRONET.

OLIVER HOLDEN.

1. All hail the pow'r of Je-sus' name! Let an-gels pros-trate fall ;  
 2. Ye chos-en seed of Is-rael's race, Ye ransomed from the fall,  
 3. Let ev-'ry kin-dred, ev-'ry tribe, On this ter-res-trial ball,  
 4. O that with yon-der sa-cred throng We at His feet may fall ;

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

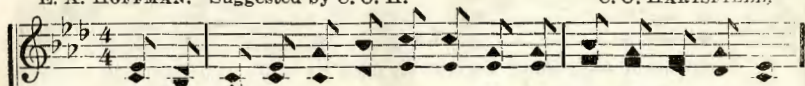
Bring forth the roy-al di-a-dem, And crown Him Lord of all.  
 Hail Him who saves you by His grace, And crown Him Lord of all.  
 To Him all maj-es-ty as-cribe, And crown Him Lord of all.  
 We'll join the ev-er-last-ing song, And crown Him Lord of all.



# No. 307. WE ARE MARCHING, ONWARD MARCHING.

E. A. HOFFMAN. Suggested by C. O. H.

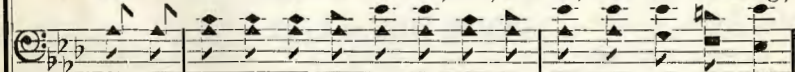
C. O. HARTSFIELD,



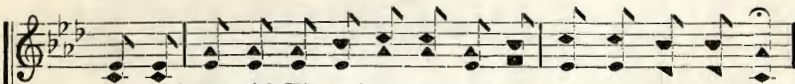
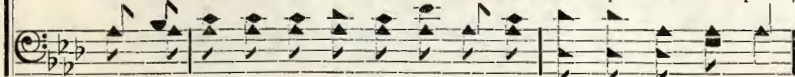
1. We are marching, on-ward marching, to the land of end-less light,
2. We are marching, on-ward marching, 'neath the banner of our King,
3. We are un-der marching or-ders in the serv-ice of our King,



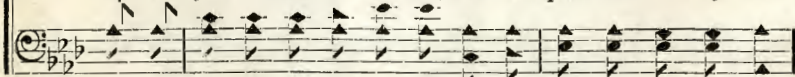
Where we ne'er shall know a sor-row, where the skies are al-ways bright;  
 And the triumphs of the Cross in ex-ul-ta-tion glad we sing,  
 Un-to Him in con-se-cra-tion, love, and life, and all we bring;



Je-sus welcomes ev-'ry sin-ner, who will heed His lov-ing voice,  
 For we jour-ney to a cit-y where no e-vil draw-eth nigh,  
 For we know that He will lead us, when life's triumphs are com-plete,



To go home with Him to heav-en, with the ran-somed to re-joice.  
 To Je-ru-sa-lem the gold-en, to our Fa-ther's home on high.  
 Up to yon-der home e-ter-nal, where the pure and ho-ly meet.



REFRAIN.



O-ver there . . . . . we'll hap-py be,  
 O-ver there we'll hap-py be, so hap-py be,



We are Marching, Onward Marching.—Concluded.

In the home . . . . . be-yond life's sea,  
 In the home be - yond life's sea, swift roll - ing sea,

Where we'll dwell . . . . . with our Re - deem - er,  
 Where we'll dwell with Christ our dear Re - deem - er,

Through a long . . . . . e - ter - ni - ty.  
 Through a long e - ter - ni - ty, e - ter - ni - ty.

No. 308.

McQUIDDY. L. M.

GRIGG.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. Je - sus! and shall it ev - er be, A mor - tal man ashamed of Thee?  
 2. Ashamed of Je - sus! soouer far Let evening blush to own a star:  
 3. Ashamed of Je - sus! just as soon Let midnight be ashamed of noon:  
 4. Ashamed of Je - sus! that dear Friend On whom my hopes of heav'n depend?

Ashamed of Thee, whom angels praise, Whose glories shine thro' endless days?  
 He sheds the beams of light di - vine O'er this be - night - ed soul of mine.  
 'Tis midnight with my soul, till He, Bright Morning Star, bid darkness flee.  
 No: when I blush, be this my shame, That I no more re - vere His name.

## No. 309. SAILING O'ER LIFE'S OCEAN.

Anon.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

*With vigor.*

1. We're a faith-ful pil-grim band, Sail-ing to the heav'n-ly land;  
 2. Tho' the roar-ing bil-lows swell, Yet se-cure-ly we may dwell,  
 3. Tho' for ma-ny a-ges past She has long withstood the blast,

With our spreading sail we onward sweep; Tho' the tem-pest ra-ges long,  
 Tho' the break-ers roar up-on the lea; Mid the storm, by day or night,  
 And in safe-ty crossed the bil-lows o'er, Yet, a-mid the rocks and shoals,

There is one a-mid the throng Who will guide the sail - or o'er the deep.  
 Trust our Cap-tain, by His might He will guide us safe - ly o'er the sea.  
 She has land - ed ma - ny souls On fair Canaan's bright and peaceful shore.

## REFRAIN.

We are sail - - - ing o'er the o - cean,  
 We are sail - ing o'er the o - cean, We are drift - ing with the tide,

We are drift - - - ing with the tide;  
 We are sail - ing o'er the o - cean, We are drift - ing with the tide;



SAILING O'ER LIFE'S OCEAN.—Concluded.

Soon the storm . . . . . will all be o - - ver,  
 Soon the storm will all be o - ver, Soon the storm will all be o - ver,

And we'll reach . . . . . the oth - er side.  
 And we'll safe - ly reach the oth - er side, the oth - er side.  
 And we'll safe - ly reach the oth - er side.

No. 310. ORTONVILLE. C. M.

JOHN NEWTON.

Dr. THOS. HASTINGS.

1. How sweet the name of Jesus sounds In a be-liev-er's ear; It soothes his
2. It makes the wounded spirit whole, And calms the troubled breast; 'Tis manna
3. Weak is the ef-fort of my heart, And cold my warmest tho't; But when I
4. Till then I would Thy love proclaim, With ev'ry fleeting breath; And may the

sorrows, heals his wounds, And drives away his fear, And drives away his fear.  
 to the hungry soul, And to the weary rest, And to the weary rest.  
 see Thee as Thou art, I'll praise Thee as I ought, I'll praise Thee as I ought.  
 mu-sic of Thy name Re-fresh my soul in death, Refresh my soul in death.

No. 311.

TAKE ME HOME.

SHARP MCNIEL.

SHARP MCNIEL.

1. From this world of grief and pain To that land where joy doth reign,  
 2. From this world where foes molest To that land of peace-ful rest,  
 3. From this world of chill and gloom To that land of summer bloom,

Bless-ed Sav-iour, take me home; In Thy pres-ence to 'a-bide,  
 Bless-ed Sav-iour, take me home; Where no mor-tal sin nor strife  
 Bless-ed Sav-iour, take me home; When my earth-ly stay shall end,

Where no harm can e'er be-tide, Bless-ed Sav-iour, take me home.  
 Mars the glad, ce-les-tial life, Bless-ed Sav-iour, take me home.  
 Let my soul to Thee as-cend, Bless-ed Sav-iour, take me home.

REFRAIN.

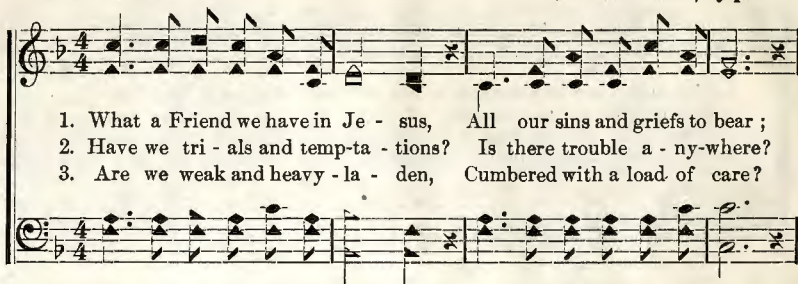
Take me home, take me home, From Thy shel-ter ne'er to roam;  
 Take me home, take me home,

Take me home, take me home, Blessed Sav-iour, take me home.  
 Take me home, take me home,

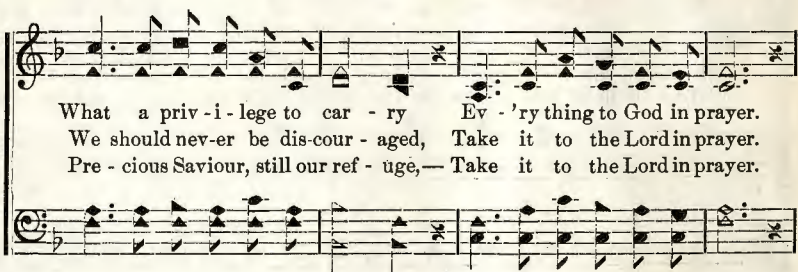
## No. 312. WHAT A FRIEND WE HAVE.

GEO. SCRIVEN.

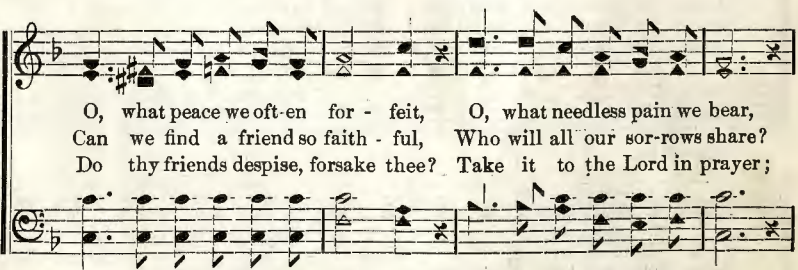
C. C. CONVERSE, by per.



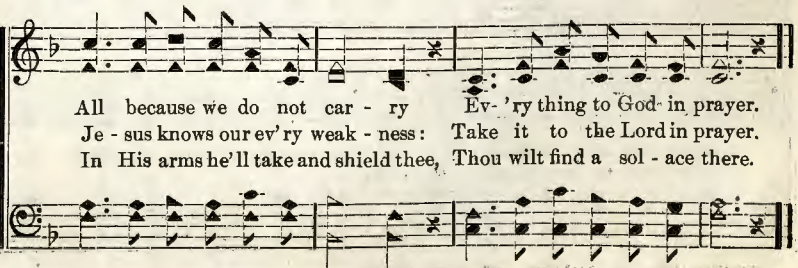
1. What a Friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to bear ;  
 2. Have we tri - als and temp - ta - tions? Is there trouble a - ny - where?  
 3. Are we weak and heavy - la - den, Cumbered with a load of care?



What a priv - i - lege to car - ry Ev - 'ry thing to God in prayer.  
 We should nev - er be dis - cour - aged, Take it to the Lord in prayer.  
 Pre - cious Saviour, still our ref - uge, — Take it to the Lord in prayer.



O, what peace we oft - en for - feit, O, what needless pain we bear,  
 Can we find a friend so faith - ful, Who will all our sor - rows share?  
 Do thy friends despise, forsake thee? Take it to the Lord in prayer ;



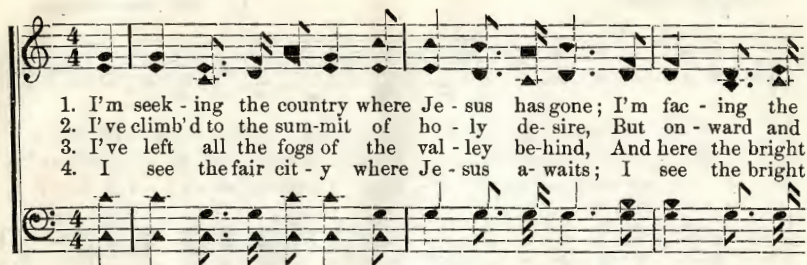
All because we do not car - ry Ev - 'ry thing to God in prayer.  
 Je - sus knows our ev - 'ry weak - ness: Take it to the Lord in prayer.  
 In His arms he'll take and shield thee, Thou wilt find a sol - ace there.



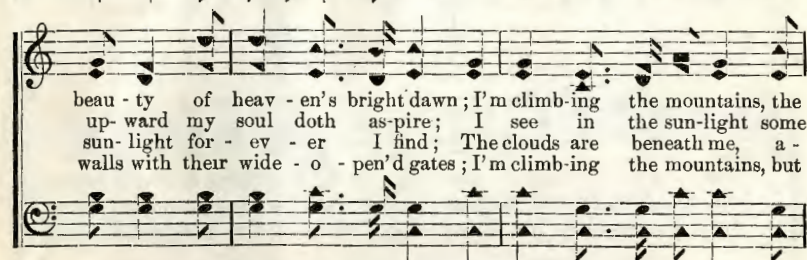
## No. 313. THE MOUNTAINS OF FAITH.

H. J. ZELLEY.

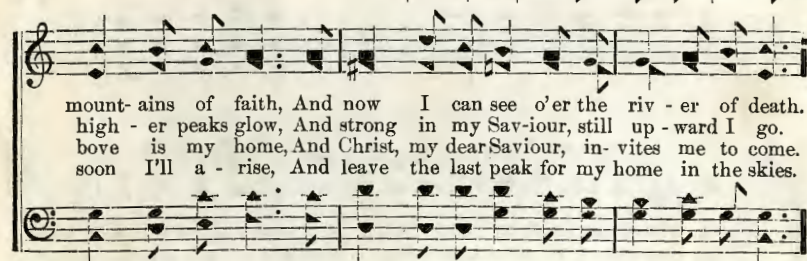
M. L. MCPHAIL.



1. I'm seek - ing the coun - try where Je - sus has gone; I'm fac - ing the  
 2. I've climb'd to the sum - mit of ho - ly de - sire, But on - ward and  
 3. I've left all the fogs of the val - ley be - hind, And here the bright  
 4. I see the fair cit - y where Je - sus a - waits; I see the bright

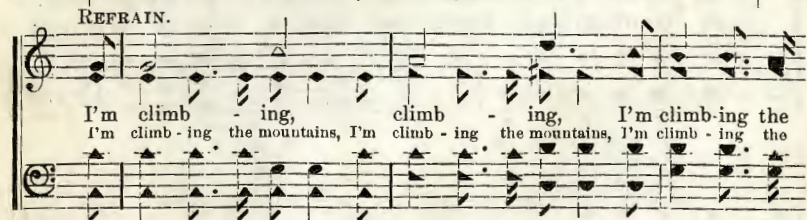


beau - ty of heav - en's bright dawn; I'm climb - ing the mountains, the  
 up - ward my soul doth as - pire; I see in the sun - light some  
 sun - light for - ev - er I find; The clouds are beneath me, a -  
 walls with their wide - o - pen'd gates; I'm climb - ing the mountains, but

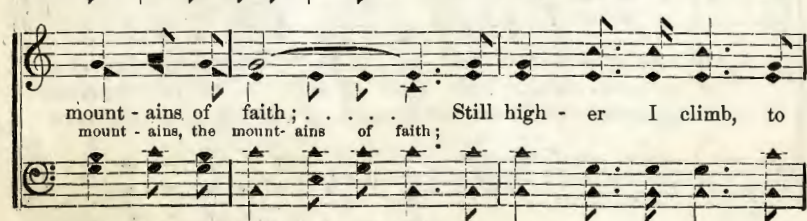


mount - ains of faith, And now I can see o'er the riv - er of death.  
 high - er peaks glow, And strong in my Sav - iour, still up - ward I go.  
 bove is my home, And Christ, my dear Saviour, in - vites me to come.  
 soon I'll a - rise, And leave the last peak for my home in the skies.

## REFRAIN.



I'm climb - ing, climb - ing, I'm climb - ing the  
 I'm climb - ing the moutains, I'm climb - ing the mountains, I'm climb - ing the



mount - ains of faith; . . . Still high - er I climb, to  
 mount - ains, the mount - ains of faith;

## THE MOUNTAINS OF FAITH.—Concluded.

re-gions sublime, On the peaks of the mountains of faith. . . .  
the mountains of faith.

## No. 314. THE TENDER SHEPHERD.

ADALYN.

S. I. CHAPMAN.

1. Je - sus, ten - der Shepherd, lead me, In Thy pastures cool and sweet ;
2. When the cares of life o'er-take me, Lead me by the wa - ters still ;
3. O my Shepherd, lead me, guide me, Keep me with Thy flock alway ;

On Thy heav'nly boun-ty feed me ; Guide my weak and wand'ring feet.  
Keep me, love me, nor for-sake me, While I do Thy ho - ly will.  
For no e - vil can be-tide me While within Thy fold I stay.

## REFRAIN.

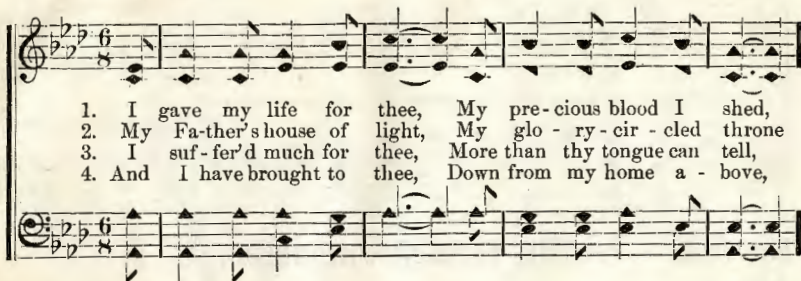
O my Sav-iour, walk be-side me, Lead me on from day to day ;

With Thy lov - ing hand to guide me, I can nev - er go a - stray.

## No. 315. I GAVE MY LIFE FOR THEE.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

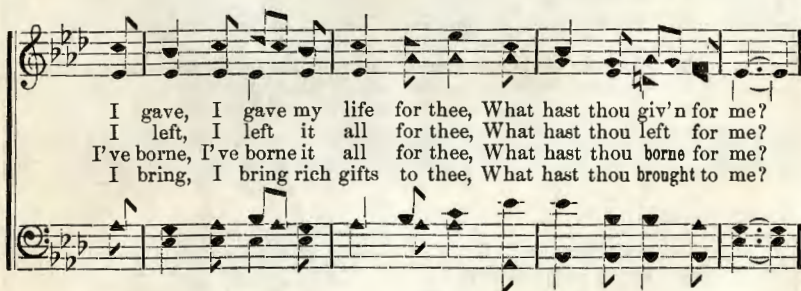
A. J. SHOWALTER.



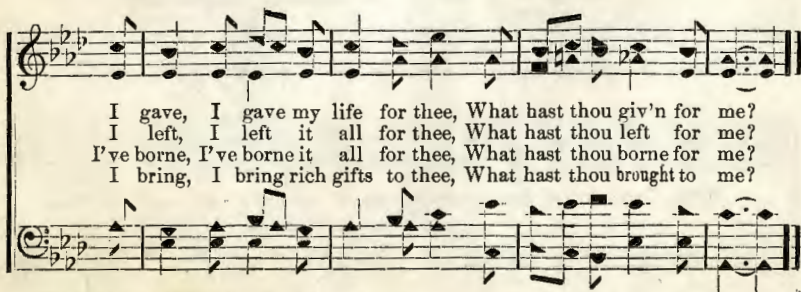
1. I gave my life for thee, My pre-cious blood I shed,  
 2. My Fa-ther's house of light, My glo-ry-cir-cled throne  
 3. I suf-fer'd much for thee, More than thy tongue can tell,  
 4. And I have brought to thee, Down from my home a - bove,



That thou might' st ransom' d be, And quick-en' d from the dead ;  
 I left, for earth - ly night, For wand' rings sad and lone ;  
 Of bit - terest ag - o - ny, To res - cue thee from hell ;  
 Sal - va - tion full and free, My par - don and my love ;



I gave, I gave my life for thee, What hast thou giv'n for me?  
 I left, I left it all for thee, What hast thou left for me?  
 I've borne, I've borne it all for thee, What hast thou borne for me?  
 I bring, I bring rich gifts to thee, What hast thou brought to me?



I gave, I gave my life for thee, What hast thou giv'n for me?  
 I left, I left it all for thee, What hast thou left for me?  
 I've borne, I've borne it all for thee, What hast thou borne for me?  
 I bring, I bring rich gifts to thee, What hast thou brought to me?



## No. 316. WHAT SHALL I DO WITH MY BURDENS?

BIRDIE BELL.

A. J. ROBERTSON.

1. What shall I do with my bur-dens? Oft they are heav-y to bear,  
 2. What shall I do with my bur-dens? Where shall I find a re-lief?  
 3. What shall I do with my bur-dens? Lay them to-day at Thy cross!

Bur-dens of sor-row and an-guish, Bur-dens of wor-ry and care;  
 Bur-dens of sin and temp-ta-tion, Bur-dens of troub-le and grief;  
 Bur-dens which long I have car-ried, Bur-dens of sad-ness and loss;

Faith-less the friends I have trust-ed, Where shall I turn but to Thee?  
 Vis-ion is blend-ed with weep-ing, Lo, I am seek-ing Thee, Lord,  
 Ach-ing my heart, I am wea-ry, Where but in Thee is true rest?

Sav-our, all faith-ful and ten-der, List to my sor-row-ful plea.  
 Je-sus, speak comfort and par-don, Save by Thy heav-en-ly word.  
 Je-sus, Thou great Bur-den-Bear-er, Let me but lean on Thy breast.

*D.S.* — Thou art the great Bur-den-Bear-er, Thou wilt have pit-y on me.

**REFRAIN.** *D.S.*

What shall I do with my bur-dens? Where can I go but to Thee?

No. 317.

MARCHING TO GLORY.

SHARP McNEIL.

SHARP McNEIL.

1. We're marching a-long to the cit-y of God, Se-cure in the  
 2. The Sav-iour has gone to pre-pare a sweet home For those who are  
 3. The Bridegroom is call-ing, O list to His voice, "Be read-y," He

path-way our Sav-iour has trod; The road may be rough and our  
 faith-ful, tho' tri-als may come; O heart, heed the sum-mons, o-  
 bids you now make Him your choice; While He is be-side you, ac-

eyes may be dim, But we shall be al-ways found fol-low-ing Him.  
 bey the glad call, To-day is the day of sal-va-tion for all.  
 cept Him to-day, He waits with a bless-ing, O turn not a-way.

REFRAIN.

We're march - - ing, we're march - ing, To  
 We're march - ing, yes, march - ing, We're march - ing, yes, march - ing, To

man-sions so fair and bright; We're march - - ing, to  
 We're march - ing, yes, march - ing, we're

MARCHING TO GLORY.—Concluded.

glo - - - ry, We're march-ing to realms of light.  
march - ing to glo - ry,

No. 318. WONDERFUL WORDS OF LIFE.

"The words that I speak unto you, they are spirit, and they are life."—John 6: 63.

P. P. B.

P. P. BLISS, by per.

1. Sing them o - ver a - gain to me, Won - der - ful words of  
2. Christ, the bless - ed One, gives to all Won - der - ful words of  
3. Sweet - ly ech - o the gos - pel call, Won - der - ful words of

Life; Let me more of their beau - ty see, Won - der - ful words of  
Life; Sin - ner, list to the lov - ing call, Won - der - ful words of  
Life; Of - fer par - don and peace to all, Won - der - ful words of

Life. Words of life and beau - ty, Teach me faith and du - ty;  
Life. All so free - ly giv - en, Woo - ing us to heav - en.  
Life. Je - sus, on - ly Sav - iour, Sanc - ti - fy for - ev - er.

REFRAIN.

1 2  
Beau - ti - ful words, won - der - ful words, Wonderful words of Life, Life.



## No. 319.

## MORE ABOUT JESUS.

E. E. HEWITT.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

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 cummun - ion with my Lord ;  
 4. More a - bout Je - sus ; on His throne, Riches in glo - ry all His own ;

More of His sav - ing ful - 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, Mak - ing each faith - ful say - ing mine.  
 More of His kingdom's sure increase ; More of His com - ing, Prince of Peace.

## REFRAIN.

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


More of His sav - ing ful - ness see, More of His love who died for me.

## No. 320.



## 'TIS HEAVEN AT LAST.

Dr. H. BONAR.


Adapted by A. J. S.




1. An - gel voic - es, sweetly sing - ing, Ech - oes thro' the blue dome ring - ing,  
 2. On the jasper threshold standing, Like a pil - grim safe - ly land - ing,  
 3. Soft - est voic - es, sil - ver peal - ing, Fresh - est frag - rance, spirit - heal - ing,  
 4. Not a teardrop ev - er fall - eth, Not a pleas - ure ev - er pall - eth,  
 5. Now at length the veil is rend - ed, Now the pil - grimage is end - ed,


News of won - drous gladness bring - ing, Ah ! 'tis heav'n, 'tis heav'n at last !  
 See, the strange bright scene ex - pand - ing, Ah ! 'tis heav'n, 'tis heav'n at last !  
 Hap - py hymns a - round are steal - ing, Ah ! 'tis heav'n, 'tis heav'n at last !  
 Song to song for - ev - er call - eth ; Ah ! 'tis heav'n, 'tis heav'n at last !  
 And the saints their thrones as - cend - ed ; Ah ! 'tis heav'n, 'tis heav'n at last !




Sin for - ev - er left be - hind us, Earth - ly vis - ions cease to blind us,  
 What a cit - y ! what a glo - ry ! Far beyond the brightest sto - ry  
 Not a bro - ken blos - som yon - der, Not a link can snap a - sun - der,  
 Christ Him - self the liv - ing splendor, Christ the sun - light mild and tender,  
 Broken death's dread band that bound us, Life and vic - to - ry a - round us ;

Flesh - ly fet - ters cease to bind us, Ah ! 'tis heav'n, 'tis heav'n at last !  
 Of the a - ges old and hoar - y, Ah ! 'tis heav'n, 'tis heav'n at last !  
 Stay'd the tempest, sheath'd the thunder ; Ah ! 'tis heav'n, 'tis heav'n at last !  
 Prais - es to the Lamb we ren - der, Ah ! 'tis heav'n, 'tis heav'n at last !  
 Christ, the King, Him - self hath crown'd us ; Ah ! 'tis heav'n, 'tis heav'n at last !



## No. 321. GOING DOWN THE VALLEY.\*

A. J. S.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. One by one we're go - ing downward to the grave, Soon we'll  
 2. One by one we're go - ing to our fi - nal rest, When the  
 3. By and by the Lord will call us to the skies, There to

say good - bye to those we hold most dear; But the Sav - iour in His  
 Lord shall bid us lay our arm - or down; Thro' the val - ley we shall  
 join the host un - num - bered gone be - fore; At the trump of God the

won - drous love doth save, So we put our trust in Him and have no fear.  
 reach the mansions blest, For we first must bear the cross, then wear the crown.  
 dead in Christ shall rise And shall dwell with Him in glo - ry ev - er - more.

## REFRAIN.

We are go - ing down the val - ley, We are go - ing down the val - ley,

We are go - ing down the val - ley dark and cold, (dark and cold,)

\* Words suggested by a beautiful Quartet by J. H. Fillmore.



## GOING DOWN THE VALLEY.—Concluded.

But from death we fear, no e - vil, But from death we fear, no  
 e - vil, For the Sav - iour will, pro - tect us with His love un - told.

## No. 322.

## TOPLADY. 7. 61.

A. M. TOPLADY.

DR. THOS. HASTINGS.

1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee;  
 2. Not the la - bor of my hands Can ful - fill Thy law's demands;  
 3. Noth - ing in my hand I bring, Sim - ply to Thy cross I cling;  
 4. While I draw this fleet - ing breath, When my eye - lids close in death,  
 Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy wound - ed side which flowed,  
 Could my zeal no res - pite know, Could my tears for - ev - er flow,  
 Na - ked, come to Thee for dress; Help - less, look to Thee for grace;  
 When I soar to worlds un - known, See Thee on Thy judgment throne,  
 Be of sin the doub - le cure; Cleanse me from its guilt and power.  
 All for sin could not a - tone; Thou must save, and Thou a - lone.  
 Vile, I to the fount - ain fly, Wash me, Sav - iour, or I die.  
 Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee.

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