

THE BEST

Standard

Songs

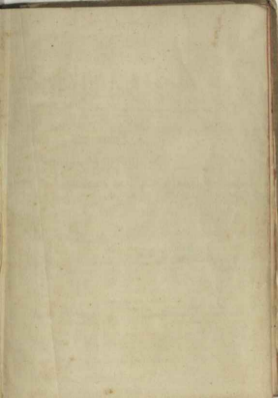
— EDITED BY —
R. H. PITT, D. D.
GEO. A. MINOR.

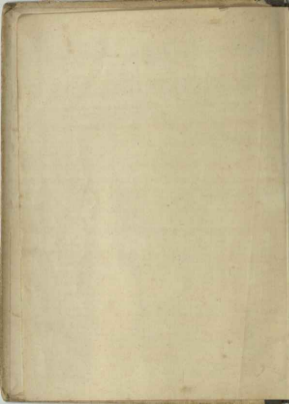
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THE BEST

STANDARD SONGS

SUNDAY SCHOOLS

SOCIAL WORSHIP 522

YOUNG PEOPLE'S MEETINGS

R. H. PITT, D.D.,
Hymn Editor

GEO. A. MINOR,
Music Editor

PUBLISHED BY

Pitt & Dickinson,
Richmond, Va.

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Richmond, Va.

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PREFACE

IN the construction of this book we have been guided by several considerations. First of all, we have avoided elaborate and difficult music. The book is intended for Sunday Schools and social worship, and we recognized the fact that it was practically impossible for the great mass of our Sunday Schools to spend any considerable time in mastering difficult musical compositions. There is not a number in this book that may not be quickly learned, even by those without musical training.

We have endeavored earnestly to avoid flooding the book with the light and trivial tunes that have become of late so common, and that have, in our judgment, so largely degraded the musical taste of our people, and have really injured the worshipful spirit which should always characterize the service of song. At the same time, we have striven to meet the necessarily great variety of tastes to be found in our congregations, hence, the book has in it a great deal of cheerful music—music in which there is vital and vigorous movement.

A leading feature of this book is the presence of a large number of old standard hymns and tunes. It is remarkable that with hundreds of hymns and tunes from which to select, so few should be used by the average congregation with any degree of freedom or regularity. We think it can be justly claimed that we have incorporated in this book the very best of standard hymns, and we have been careful to weld them to the tunes with which they have been associated for many years.

It has been a great pleasure to us in this work, to rescue from threatened oblivion quite a number of old and worshipful tunes, for example, the old tune "Approach," number 199; "I believe," 170; "Ereentry," 201; "Canaan," 180; "Melody," 175; "Come, Ye Sinners," 191; "I Will Arise," 211, and "How Firm a Foundation," 202. These and other tunes that might be mentioned have many hallowed associations, and it would be a pity for them to disappear. Besides, we have used quite a number of the old secular melodies that seem to fitly interpret the sacred words which we have set to them.

In addition to these features, the book has many new and meritorious pieces. Some of these have never appeared before in any publication. In making up our selections we have had access to the catalogue of copyrights owned by the E. M. Mcintosh Co., of Atlanta, Ga.—a catalogue singularly full and valuable. Besides, we are indebted to a great many musical publishers all over the country for permission to use their copyrighted material. We cannot make detailed acknowledgments here, but we do, in a general way, express our gratitude for their kindness.

We are sure that the mechanical features of the book will please our friends. The paper is good, the musical and letter-press types are clear and distinct, the binding is durable, and the price is certainly reasonable. We send the book forth with the warm prayer that it may be useful in dispensing the interest and promoting the value of the service of song in all the churches that may adopt it.

RICHMOND, Va., March 26, 1896.

S. H. FIFT,
GEO. A. MINOR.

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THE BEST STANDARD SONGS.

I JESUS, HEAR AND SAVE.

Geo. A. Nixon.

1. Lord of mor-ning and of night, Of mankind the life and light,
2. These'd-be-here re-vo-lu-tion things, Drive a- way on an-gels' wings,

Make us, Teach us, In-te-ri-or, — Je-sus, hear and save!
Lord of hosts, and King of kings, — Je-sus, hear and save!

Night-y Messias, Son of man, Humbled to a mor-tal child,
Who shall yet re-turn from high, Subd to night and sin-ner's cry,

Cap-tive, bound us, bound, re- viled, — Je-sus, hear and save!
Hear us, help us when we cry — Je-sus, hear and save!

FOR MANY MANY YEARS.

Rev. C. W. Ray, D. D.

E. M. McIlwain, Mus. Theor.

1. Night and day for ten - ny ten - ny years, Je - sus called me
 2. Night and day for ten - ny ten - ny years, Je - sus sought me
 3. Night and day for ten - ny ten - ny years, I have found that

in his ten - der love; And his voice seemed sweetest with his love,
 through the din - ner wild; And his voice yet his - tore in my soul,
 ten - der voice the voice, Whose ring through my heart's ringing chords

CHORUS.

As he sought me from his home to here,
 Like a moth - er's with her wayward child, O his love 'tis
 Weak - y, help - less, weak - er - er' he said.

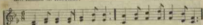
wid - er than the sea, Ten - less as the night - y a - come was,

O how could he have said follow me, And how can the wanderer be sure,

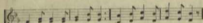
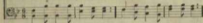
WALK IN THE LIGHT.

REV. EDNA A. HOFFMAN.

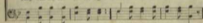
GEOFFREY A. HENSON.



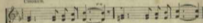
1. Walk, my brethren, in the light, Keep your souls-eyes pure and white,
2. Walk-ing day - ly in the light, - All the way shall grow more bright;
3. Fal - low Je - sus in the light; Where he walks there is no night;
4. Walk in fel - low-ship of love Till you reach the home a -bove;



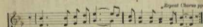
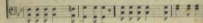
Sin - less, stain - less, free from sin, In the blood of Je - sus clean.
 God his world of love will give On your side - it runs and flows.
 All in pur - pur, like the day; Heaven's glo - ry leads the way.
 They who fol - low in the light Shall with Je - sus walk in white.



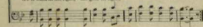
Chorus.



Walk, walk in the light, Walk, walk in the light,
 Walk in the light, the gold - en light, Walk in the light, the gold - en light.



Walk, walk in the light, The gold - en light of God.
 We'll walk in the light, the gold - en light.



COMING TO-DAY.

FANNY J. CHERRY.

JES. R. SWENBY.

1. Oa - me the de - ar, look - ing, look - ing, His - self, the Je - sus
 2. Shall He be wait - ing, wait - ing, wait - ing, O, what can - you do
 3. Low - ing - ly plead - ing, plead - ing, plead - ing, Mer - cy, through al - ligh - tness,
 4. Right - er in glo - ry, watch - ing, watch - ing, Long to be hold - ing

look - ing for them, Ten - der - ly call - ing, call - ing, call - ing,
 looks in his eyes, How his re - pose - ing, pose - ing, pose - ing,
 looks with this joy, These count to hap - py, hap - py, hap - py,
 only in the land, An - gels are wait - ing, wait - ing, wait - ing.

With - out them but now, O, never to - be
 down to thy ser - vice, O, why with them do
 down, are thy lit - tle de - ar - as shall not
 When shall thy an - swer with my - self be hold?

Je - sus is looking.

Je - sus is calling, Why doest thou linger, why do - est thou stay? Down to him

quick - ly, say to him glad - ly, Lord, I am coming, coming to - day

TO JESUS I WILL GO.

FRANK J. CHERRY.

W. H. DOANE.

1. There's a good voice within me - way, 'Tis a warning I have
 2. He has promised all my sins to for - give, If I ask in simple
 3. I will try to bear the cross for my youth, And be faithful to the
 4. Still the good voice within me - way, And its warning I have

heard a/ve and a/ve; But my heart is melt-ed now, I a - lay;
 faith for his love; In his ho - ly word I learn how to live,
 cross will I die; If with cheer-ful step I walk in the truth,
 heard a/ve and a/ve; But my heart is melt-ed now, I a - lay;

Chorus.

From my sin-ner I will wan - der no more,
 And to Je - sus for his king - dom a - love,
 I shall wear a star - ry crown, by and by,
 From my sin-ner I will wan - der no more.

} Yes, I will go,

you I will go; To Je - sus I will go and be saved; Yes, I will go,

you I will go; To Je - sus I will go and be saved.

AS THE DOVES TO THEIR WINDOWS.

Why are Doves that fly as a flock, and as the doves to their windows?—See, No. 4.

C. W. MAT.

R. M. McLINTON, Mus. Soc.

1. As the doves to their win - dows when dark grows the sky,
 2. As the doves to their win - dows when wild winds may blow,
 3. As the doves to their win - dows from stormy hours and cold,
 4. As the Doves to their win - dows may sin - ners draw near,

For shal - ter to Je - sus as we would fly,
 The aid in the per - il to Je - sus may we find,
 The tempt - at - ion from the En - emy a - void
 If shal - tered in Je - sus there's noth - ing to fear,

When clouds dark and threat'n - ing a - round us may roll,
 The' tri - umph we see - ry soul for - ever will
 From dark gain'g tem - p - tations of Je - sus - sion
 His pow'r is al - might - y to shield and to save,

A re - fuge in His shall be found for the soul,
 There's room, there is re - fuge and wal - crans for all,
 In Je - sus this shal - ter - ing fail shall be none,
 And last - ing the dark - ness of death and the grave.

AS THE DOVES TO THEIR WINDOWS.—Concluded.

REPEATS.

The wide - - - - - dows of the west - - - - - dows of - - - - - east - - - - - are

are - - - - - you and wide, you and wide, you and wide, you and wide, And wide is the And

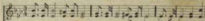
wide in the west - - - - - east of Je - - - - - sus we wide, wide

wide, The' storm - clouds may pass - - - - - and o - - - - - ver us
Je - - - - - sus we wide, The' storm - clouds may pass - - - - - and o - - - - - ver us

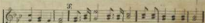
and There's of - - - - - up, there's of - - - - - up, and rest for the soul,
and There's of - - - - - up, there's of - - - - - up, and rest for the soul.

REV. R. CARRADINE, D.D.

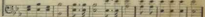
JOHN K. DWIGHT.



1. There's a hill lone and gray In a land far a-way, In a country far,
 2. Behold! Behold on the road, With a world's heavy load, Comes a throng crowed
 3. Hark! I hear the dull blow Of the hammer swung low, They are building my
 4. How they work him to death! To his last halting breath, While his friends only

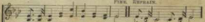


pass the like one, Where beneath that blue sky Went a man forth to die,
 man on the way, With a cross he to bear, But still on slow' the road
 Lead to the tree! And the cross they up-raised, While the world's loud gasp
 wung o'er the way! But the' low-ly and slain, Still no word of complaint



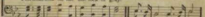
D.S.—For 'twas there on its side In one moment and died,

FINIS. BERNARD.

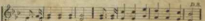


For the world, and for you, and for me,
 He's an - diting that hill lone and gray,
 On the blood Lamb of dark Cal - va - ry,
 Fall from him on the hill lone and gray.

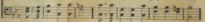
O, it bows down my heart,



To bow down a poor sin-ner like me,



And the tear-drops will start, When in mem'ry that gray hill I see;



1. These darknesses come down,
 And the rocks rent around,
 And a cry plann'd the world's before;
 'Twas the voice of our King,
 Who received death's dark sting,
 All to save us from endless misery!

Copyright, 1884, by Rev. R. Carradine, D.D.

2. Let the sun hide its face,
 Let the earth rent again,
 Over cross who their darkness have slain!
 Hark, behold! From the east,
 Huzam the blood Lamb of God,
 Who was slain, but is risen again!

ONWARD, CHRISTIAN ARMY.

Jas. C. Hartman.

Lester F. Warren.

1. Hark! I hear the tramp of - in - gress, Marching with ye - ro - man - ian band.
 2. "But what means this flaming host, set, With the strange de - vion of gold?"
 3. On - ward! on - ward, christi - an sol - diers! Press the bat - tle's front - al line.

And they come, a host ad - vanc - ing With their ban - ners high o'er - head.
 "Lay - al - ty!" to what, I pray you, In this lay - al - ty you hold?"
 The host's shout - ed thus to - low you, All shall own Him - in - al - ty's way.

"What do ye mean, ye war - like sol - diers? Do - der when com - manded I pray?"
 'Tis a pledge to him who leads us, That we will not look back or stay,
 In - no - count and in - no - count - less Must be - ar - or pass a - way.

"Hear the answer," we're the ar - my Of King Je - sus, on our way.
 'Till the world shall know he - re - his, North and South and East and West.
 On - ward! on - ward press the bat - tle! On - ward, you shall win the day.

REFRAIN

"We are marching on to Je - sus, Christ him - self in an - ny land;

Such a chief we dare to fol - low, Where - so - er - er we are led."

AT THE BEAUTIFUL GATE.

J. H. MARTIN.

H. M. McCREEN.

1. { I think I should never see my true-rom-antic fate, If any one is
 If no one should be at the beau-ti-ful gate, There wait-ing and

2. { How sad-ly I'd feel in the beau-ty-ful state, If any one is
 If no one should be at the beau-ti-ful gate, Con-stant-ly to

2. { O Lord, I know that for wis-dom and grace, In wait-ing has
 That may be in that beau-ti-ful place, A crown of re-

Chorus.

me - this one is, } "Yes, wait ing and watch-ing for
 watch - ing for me, }
 me - this one is, }
 you - by my side, } You, wait-ing and watch-ing for me, for
 you - ing to me, }

me, You, wait ing and watch-ing for me; May some-ty of
 me, You, wait-ing and watch-ing for me, for me;

stand at the beau-ti-ful gate In wait-ing and watch-ing for me,

ALL TO CHRIST I OWE.

Mrs. FLORENCE M. HALL.

JOHN T. CHAPIN, by per.

1. I bear the bur - den say, Thy strength in - deed is great;
 2. Lead, thou in - deed I find, Thy pow'r and thine a - love,
 3. For with - out good have I, Where - by thy grace to claim—
 4. When from my dy - ing bed My sin - ners soul shall free,
 5. And when be - fore the throne I stand in his sanc - tuary,

Child of weak - ness, weak and frail, Find in his blood all in all.
 One change the lep - er's spots, And wash the heart of stone.
 I'll wash my gar - ments white In the blood of Cal - vary's Lamb.
 Then "Je - sus died for me" Shall read the writ - ing plain.
 I'll lay my trophies down, All down at Je - sus' feet.

Chorus.

Je - sus died for me, All to him I owe;

His blood left a sanc - tuary stain; He washed it white as snow.

11 AGAIN WE'LL NEVER PASS THIS WAY.

* I cannot be sure whether the notes of the chorale should be any broader than they are, or any more strong than they are. My own feeling is, but not the feeling of the composer, that the notes should be as they are, but I shall not insist on this point.

F. H. DRENNON,

W. A. CHASE,

Andante.

Andante.

1. Do you hear the far-off pleading, hear his pleading?
2. Ock up on the mountain dress-y, cold and dress-y,
3. Ev'ry day some one is dy-ing, yes, is dy-ing.

pp *Quasi*

hear his pleading?
cold and dress-y,
yes, is dy-ing.

"On ye earth is - in my view year day by day;
There are none that may be wait-ing just for you;
On the mountains where they lie - go, for a - way.

pp *Quasi*

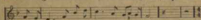
day by day;
just for you;
for a - way.

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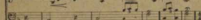
Again We'll Never Pass This Way.—Concluded.



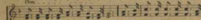
Go ye forth, I will be with you in - ter - med - ing, (in - ter - med - ing.)
 May he walk - ing near your path - way, O, in - ter - med - ing, (O, in - ter - med - ing.)
 While the day - long on your self may be in - ter - med - ing, (in - ter - med - ing.)



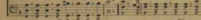
That moment may from the dark - ness lead a - way, (lead a - way.)
 Will you not go out and tell them that is true? (that is true?)
 That he gets his in - ter - med - ing while the day, (while the day.)



Chorus
 We will go and God be with us, with us, with us, We will



take the world, Je - sus in our day, And he'll be a full - er brother



we'll make - us, For we know there's a gain - ing pass this way, (this way.)



COME IN AND ABIDE.

Rev. R. H. PITT, D.D.
Slowly, with expression.

Arr. by L. S. PERLIN.

1. Come, *dear* Redeemer! In thy servants' *humbled* grief—Come in
 2. Come *now*, *dear* Redeemer, For we *lean* *grains* as we wait. Why *dost* thou
 3. Come, *dear* Redeemer! We are *hated* and *now* *distrained*. If thou wilt
 4. Hail, *dear* of Jesus! Thou hast *heard* thy *servants'* *prayer's*. And hasten

ye—*ten*. Give the *troubled* rest. Lo, the *day* is *dy-*
 ing—*ing*. At the *east*—*er* gate? O *ye* are the *pre-*
 sen—*ter*. We are *trav-*ly *blinded*. Thou *dost* *not* *leave* us *grain*,
 glow—*ing*. In thy *pre-*sent *face*. Thou hast *heard* the *ambition*

Lo, the *night* comes on a *pace*. And our *eyes*—*ing*, *high*—*ing*.
 In—*ter* in and *take* the *place*. Let us *hear* thy *own* *voice*.
 Thou *hast* *heard* the *people's* *cry*. We are *lost* *with* *out* *thee*.
 Where the *dead*—*er* *hand* is *drawn*. Thou *hast* *heard* *the* *prayer's* *cry*.

p *Chorus.*

Long to see thy face. Je—sus, *dear* Mas—ter! Let thy *love* *up*
 Let us see thy face. Je—sus, *dear* Mas—ter! Let thy *blow* *ing*
 Handed to us—ter in. Je—sus, *dear* Mas—ter! Come and *sing* *with*
 Peace—all shall be well. Je—sus, *dear* Mas—ter! Thou *dost* *hear* *our*

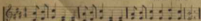
rit. dim.

in *ambition*; Come in *love's* *pre-*—*ter*. Make us *whol-*ly *glad*.
 in *the* *hall*; Come in *thy* *face*. Hear our *prayer's* *call*.
 in *each* *hour*; Deign to *be* *near* us. Now—*more* *do* *not*
 watch the *grain*. Mas—ter! We *dost* *hear* *our*? Thou *dost* *hear* *our* *call*.

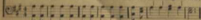
OUR BATTLE SONG.

G. A. B.

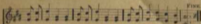
Geo. A. Brown.



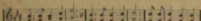
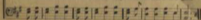
1. We are marching on, in a mighty throng, With the banner across King;
2. This shall be our song, As we march along, In the army of our King;
3. Come and join our band, Marching to that land, For we shall not fight in vain.



Cms.—1. We are marching on, etc.
 Cms.—2. This shall be our song, etc.
 Cms.—3. Come and join our band, etc.



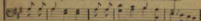
Trying hard to win, Proudly and then sin, We will fight and work and sing,
 He will punish all, Both the great and small, Who to sin their sin will bring,
 Over death and sin, We are bound to win, For the banner lives again.



Let the banner be high, Wave it toward the sky, We will work and fight,
 Let the banner wave! Jesus Christ will save! He will save from sin,
 Je-sus re-er-tion, Pardon and forgive; He will lead us on,



For our God and right, And we'll make our anthem ring,
 All who trust in him, And to the cross will cling,
 Till the vict'ry's won, And with him in heav'n we'll sing.



THE ANGEL'S SONG.

FRANCIS B. HAYWARD.

EDWARD LANGE.

1. Now let us sing the an - gel's song, That sang to
 2. The mass to tell the Fa - ther's love, His good - ness,
 3. The mass to bring the won - der of His grace, and
 4. The mass to bring us all - thing gift, "I am with you

and and then, When heav'nly light and an - ge led
 truth and grace, To show the bright - ness of His name,
 you let us sing, To take a - way the pain and sin,
 then, and why? In - stead to bring us, Je - sus came,

On earth - ly eye and ear, To see us sing our
 The glo - ry of His love, With His own light, as
 Which dark - ness and sin - ners, That great and great might
 For us to live and die, Then come and bring us

Heav - en King, Who al - ways deigns to love, them,
 full and bright, The shadow of death to chase,
 hear His call, And all to live be blessed,
 an - gel's song & guide us on our high

THE ANGEL'S SONG.—Concluded.

Extempore

Glo-ry to God! Glo-ry to God! Glo-ry to God in the

high - est! Peace on earth, good will to men, Glo-ry to God!

Glo-ry to God! Glo-ry to God in the high - est!

Peace on earth, good will to men, Good-will, good-will to men.

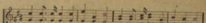
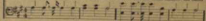
STAND UP FOR JESUS.

H. TORREY.

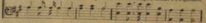
SAM HULL.



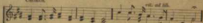
1. Stand up for Jesus, Christian, stand, Firm as a rock on ocean's strand!
2. Stand up for Jesus, Christian, stand! Bend not his name o'er sea and land!
3. Stand up for Jesus, Christian, stand! Lift high the cross with steadfast hand!
4. Stand up for Jesus, Christian, stand! Shine with the light forever - all hand!



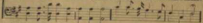
Beat back the waves of sin that roll, Like raging floods, around thy soul!
 Spread ye his glorious word abroad, Till all the world shall own his Lord.
 Till heathen lands, with wood'ring eyes, His sin-ful glo-ry shall de-ny.
 We'll dwell for aye, life's journey o'er, In radiance of light, on his bright shore.



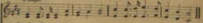
CHORUS.



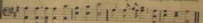
Stand up for Je - sus, my stand, Firm as a rock on ocean's strand!



a tempo.



Stand up, his righteous name defend; Stand up for Je - sus, your best friend.



J. H. MARTIN.

E. M. McLEWIS.

1. Have you looked to Je - sus for his heal - ing grace? Have you
 2. Have you fled to Je - sus from the wrath to come? Have you
 3. Have you come to Je - sus for re - lief and rest? Do you

gone to the Lord for a safe? Are you long - ing, thirsting to be -
 might the forgiveness of sin? Are you toil - ing, striv - ing for a
 rest, in his mer - cy and love? Are you trim - my looking on the

F.A.—In the cleansing fountain, in the

hold his hand? Do you want to be spot - less and pure?
 here's - by Jesus? Do you wish life and glo - ry to win?
 his - love's hand? Are you work - ing a King - dom a - head?
 lead - ing blood, That was shed by the cross - ed One.

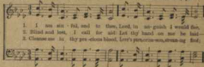
DYNAMICS

F.A.

Go and wash in the blood That was shed by the cross - ed One,
 Go and wash in the blood

KNOWLEDGE

J. H. ROBINSON, by per.

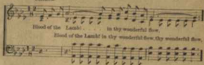


1. I am sin - ful, and in thee, Lord, in thy grace I would live,
 2. Blind and lost, I call for aid Let thy hand on me be laid—
 3. Cleanse me in thy pre - cious blood, Let's perfor - mance, streaming red,

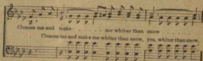


To the most - sin - ful, let me go, Make me whiter than the snow,
 Thou a - lone most, Lord, I know, Make me whiter - er than the snow,
 Babes of bright sun, Lord, be - come, Make me whiter - er than the snow

CHORUS



Blood of the Lamb! . . . in thy wonderful flow,
 Blood of the Lamb! in thy wonderful flow thy wonderful flow,



Cleanse me and make . . . me whiter than snow
 Cleanse me and make me whiter than snow, yes, whiter than snow.

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BLOOD OF THE LAMB!—Concluded.

Wilder than snow, the best of all snow,
Wilder than snow, the best of all snow, the beautiful snow,

Cleaner than milk, not white as that milk,
Cleaner than milk, not white as that milk, yes, whiter than snow.

18 WOODWORTH. L. M.

CHARLOTTE FLANNERY

Wm. B. BRADY

1. Just as I am, without one plea, But that thy blood was shed for me,
2. Just as I am, and waiting still, To rid my soul of one dark blot—
3. Just as I am, though 'twere the last, With many a conflict, many a doubt,
4. Just as I am, thou wilt receive, Will welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,
5. Just as I am—they love unknown, But look on us as by our sins alone;

And that thou wilt of us receive to thee, O Lamb of God, I come, I come!
To thee, whose blood can cleanse such spots, O Lamb of God, I come, I come!
With tears washed, and love wrought, O Lamb of God, I come, I come!
In name thy grace we'll be true— O Lamb of God, I come, I come!
Now to be thine, yes, thine alone, O Lamb of God, I come, I come!

BLESSED ASSURANCE.

Mrs. JAMES F. KNAPP.

Mrs. JAMES F. KNAPP, by gen.

1. Blessed as - sur - ance, Je - sus is mine! O, what a sweet - taste of
 2. Per - fect - love - union, per - fect de - light, Vic - tims of tri - um - ph - ant
 3. Per - fect - love - union, all is at rest, I - in my Sav - iour am

the joy all - round! Hate of sin - ce - tion, purchased God,
 banishes my night, An - gels de - spond - ing bring from a - heav - en,
 hap - py and bright, Watch - ing and wait - ing, look - ing a - heav - en,

born of his Spirit - it would be his blood,
 Echoes of heav - en, whispers of love,
 Filled with his good - ness, but in his love. } This is my ab - so - lute.

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

ab - so - lute, this is my song, Praising my Sav - iour all the day long.

HOME AND REST.

J. H. Brown.

E. M. McPherson.

1. When the night comes on and the work is done, And the
 2. When the day goes down in the set- ting low, And the
 3. When the morn- ing breaks and the sleep- er wakes, And the

day done in the west, And the ves- pers will hide the
 day- gone gath- ers round, While the ves- ry sleep in the
 shad- ows far a- way, And the glo- rious light breaks up-

sets us all free, led in home and rest, 'Twas then to know that it
 shad- ows deep, And the world- we take his rest, 'Twas then to know that it
 us in sight As he bids the new-born day, 'Twas then to know that it

shall be so When the day of life is past, And we shall be those
 shall be so When he gives his lov'd blessing, That they shall rest while
 shall be so When the day- spring bids the dawn, And none of that day-

is here first. To rest at home at last, To rest at home at last,
 we gaze here! Their faith -ful watch shall keep, Their faith -ful watch shall keep,
 take the rest, And glo-ry greets the eyes, And glo-ry greets the eyes.

BRINGING IN THE SHEAVES.

KIMPLIN BROWN.

GEO. A. MYERS, ly. poet.

1. Sow - ing in the morn - ing, sow - ing seeds of kind - ness,
 2. Sow - ing in the eve - ning, sow - ing in the dead - ness,
 2. Sow - ing forth with weep - ing, sow - ing for the Man - na,

Sow - ing in the morn - ing and the eve - y' eve; Wait - ing for the
 Four - ing with, or clouds our win - ter's whel - ling breeze; By and by the
 Thr' the low - er tale'd out eye - ll' of - ten grows; When our weep - ing's

har - vest, and the time of reap - ing, We shall reap, re - join - ing,
 har - vest, and the in - her - it - ed, We shall reap, re - join - ing,
 in - ear, he will bid us not - reap, We shall reap, re - join - ing.

Chorus.
 Bring - ing in the sheaves, Bring - ing in the sheaves, bring - ing in the sheaves,

We shall reap, re - join - ing, bring - ing in the sheaves,
 We shall reap, re - join - ing, (Chor.) - ing, bring - ing in the sheaves.

GLEAVE TO THE SAVIOUR.

J. D. MARTIN.

E. M. McLELLAN, Mus. Dir.

1. Would you please and love our Jesus? Follow him in all you do?
 2. Would you leave a friend in Jesus, To support you in your way?
 3. Do you long to be with Jesus, And a crown of life receive?

Would you win his love and be true? Be his servant, faithful, true.
 Own him as your Lord and Master, His words and love, a - lay.
 Be thus pre- sent in his ser-vice, Gladly to the end as - sume.

REFRAIN.

Glave to the sav - iour day by day, Tri-umph of

the, go with him in pray'r, In - ty - pe - form, and

con-quer the - play, Glave to the sav - iour as - ty - whate.

CALLING THEE AWAY.

MARGARET MOORE.

W. A. CHAMBERLAIN, by per.

1. Re-joice the cross of life and let us - for pain, let -
 2. Re-joice the sad - ding van - i - ties of life, let -
 3. Re-joice in life and let us - let - ing joy, let -

rejoice the thought of wealth or earthly gain, A voice is call - ing
 re-joice the vision of pain and end of strife, That voice is call - ing
 re-joice, when thoughts of - all are in thy, The Lord now calls thee

call - ing thee to - day, From sin and death to quick - ly live a - way,
 call - ing thee to - day, From all un - right - eousness to turn a - way,
 by his blood - shed, O seek him while his lov - ing voice is heard,

Chorus.

Call - ing, call - ing thee - way, Call - ing, call - ing thee - way,
 a - way, a - way,

From all earth - ly vanities - free, Sweet - ly call - ing thee a - way.

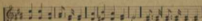
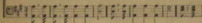
BLESSED DAY OF REST.

REV. J. H. MARVIN, D.D.

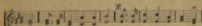
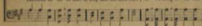
H. M. McLEMMON.



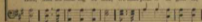
1. 'Tis the blessed day of rest, By the Lord kindly giv'n, And we
2. Had the time of holy rest, With its name transport, When in
3. 'Tis a joy - of life and bright, Joy - ful time, we rest, 'Tis the



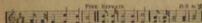
gath - er to worship God, Our Fa - ther, in heav'n; If with low - ly hearts we
 do - me, the time of pray', With gladness we meet; As he has the time we
 ascribe to us of rest's, Day fair - est and best; If we keep it to the



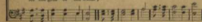
rest, And thus Je - sus drew near, What a joy to his chil - dren
 best, With us, the best of all, Heav'nly peace like the ho - ly - est,
 Lord, And his bless - ing we seek, We shall prize it as gold - en,



D. S. - What a joy to his chil - dren.



In his courts to ap - pear, } Blessed day of rest, Blessed day of rest,
 There is rest - ing with - in, } As the gift of the week,
 As the gift of the week.



In his courts they are met,

As per. The H. M. McLEMMON Co., owners of the Copyright.

COME UNTO ME.

MRS. M. E. C. BLAKE.

A. B. CROMBIE.

1. Hark, the gen-er-ous-ness of Je-sus call-eth You-der-ly up-
 2. Take his yoke, for he is meek and low-ly, Fear his law-does,
 3. Then, his lov-ing, ten-der voice a-bay-ing, Hear his yoke, his

an your ear; Sweet his eye of love and pit-y will-eth;
 of his tears; He who call-eth to the low-ly, he-ly,
 low-ly take; Find the yoke his hand to an you lay-ing.

Chorus.

Tremend-ous, stay and hear, } To that he low and low-ly in-der,
 He will teach if you will learn,
 Lighten us - ay for his sake.

Learn, up-on your dear Lord's breast; To that he low and low

low-ly in-der, Come, and I will give you rest.

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BUILDING ON THE ROCK.

D. E. D.

D. K. DENSON, by gen.

1. On the ad - id Rock I am build - ing, And my house will
 2. On the ad - id Rock I am build - ing, Proclaimations, gold,
 3. On the ad - id Rock I am build - ing, Wood and hay and
 4. On the ad - id Rock I am build - ing, And my work will
 5. O my build - er, where are you build - ing, In your house up -

more - ly stand the storm; Tho' the tem - pest rage forward mad - ly,
 all - ves, may all be That I place each day in the tem -
 stable will not stand For the fear of God will de - stroy them,
 more - ly there a - bide, Then the Lord will say, Faith - ful are - you,
 on the Rock, or sand? When the winds and waves beat up - on

D. E. — On the ad - id Rock I am build - ing,

FREE CHOICE.

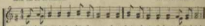
All is well, for it can do no harm,
 I am building for a - ter - ni - ty,
 His ap - pro - val they can no - twithstand,
 A - no - thing to waste you by my side,
 Will it fall to wreck, or will it stand?

And my house will more - ly stand the storm.

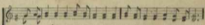
build - ing now, Tho' the tem - pest shock, still it is my - self,

Mrs. M. B. C. SHAW.

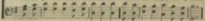
A. B. EVANS.



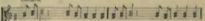
1. There's a fountain free, 'tis for you and me; Let us haste, O, haste to its brink;
2. There's a living stream, with acrytal glass: From the fountains of life now flows;
3. There's a living well and its waters well, And a - ter - nal life they can give;
4. There's a rock that's soft and its seal is left, That may not its pure waters stir;



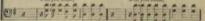
'Tis the fount of love from the fountains above, And he bids us all free - ly drink.
While the wa - ters call, let the wa - ter and hear the call that Earth freely gave.
And we joy - ful sing, or spring, O spring, As we haste to drink, and to live.
'Tis for you and me, and its stream flows: Let us haste joy - ful - ly there.



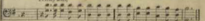
Chorus.



Will you come to the fountain free? Will you come? 'tis for you and me.
Will you come, Will you come,



Thirsty soul, hear the welcome call: 'Tis a fountain a - part'd for all.
Thirsty soul,

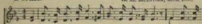


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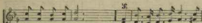
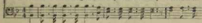
THE FOUNTAIN OF HIS BLOOD.

C. W. Ray.

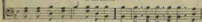
E. M. McIlvanna, Mrs. Dox.



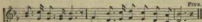
1. In Je - sus I have found a habi - ta - tion, Washed in the
 2. In Je - sus I am blest, My sin - ny soul has rest, Washed in the
 3. Beneath the cleansing tide, From my Redeemer's side, Washed in the



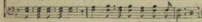
- foun - tain of his blood, Once con - diled for me, I
 foun - tain of his blood, Each stain is fast re - moved, The
 foun - tain of his blood, The salt and lime, the life, May
 of his blood,



D.S. — I'm washed so white as snow, Be -



- now as new shall be, Washed in the foun - tain of his blood,
 clean - ing pow - er I prize, Washed in the foun - tain of his blood,
 heal - ing vir - tu - es, Washed in the foun - tain of his blood.

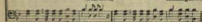


with the crimson flow; Washed in the foun - tain of his blood.

Cresc.



- Washed in the foun - tain of his blood, Washed in the precious cleansing blood,
 of his blood, cleansing blood.



WHATSOEVER SEED YOU SOW.

GEO. A. MERRILL.

GEO. A. MERRILL.

1. What-*so* - *ev* - *er* *seed* you *sow*, While *your* *journey* *here* *be* - *ing*, In *the*
 2. What-*so* - *ev* - *er* *seed* you *sow*, By *the* *sleeping* *time* *will* *grow*, And *will*
 2. What-*so* - *ev* - *er* *seed* you *sow*, Will *con* - *tin* - *ue* *when* *you* *go*

har - *vest* *you* 'll *be* *sure* *to* *reap* *a* - *gain*; Whether *angry* *words* *you* *speak*,
 and - *er* *joy* *some* *you* *or* *truce* - *ly* *hold*; For *the* *seed* *of* *truth* *and* *love*,
 shall *con* - *quer* *the* *world* *in* *some* - *day* *years*; Unhallowed *words* *will* *never* *die*,

Good *and* *kind* - *ly* *deeds* *you* *sow*, By *the* *reap* - *ing* *time* *you* 'll
 You 'll *reap* *life* *and* *joy* *a* - *gain*, For *the* *seed* *you* *sow*, *reap*
 In *the* *sun* - *ny* *they* 'll *die*, And *will* *ev* - *er* *bring* *forth*

CHORUS.

path *or* *just* *thorn*;
 pain *and* *wee* *in* *field*, } All *you* *say* *or* *do*, Are *but* *seed* *you* *sow*, For *the*
 whatsoever *seed* *you* *sow*,

reap - *ing* *time* *that* 's *coming* *spread* *abroad*; When *the* *showers* *of* *golden* *grain*, By *the*

WHATSOEVER SEED YOU SOW.—Concluded.

These to give you pain Will be gathered for the judgment day on high.

30 LORD, BLESS OUR SCHOOL TO-DAY.

G. A. M.

CHAS. A. MERRILL.

1. Lord, bless our school to-day; Bless us to-day; We come to
 2. Lord, bless our school to-day; Bless us to-day; Teach us just
 3. Lord, bless our school to-day; Bless us to-day; Bless when we

we-sing them; Bless us the way. Have from the world we learn,
 what to do.—Just what to say. May ev-'ry soul we see
 read thy word.—Bless when we pray. Bless ev-'ry song we sing.

With laughing hearts that burst Thy blessed truths to learn. Bless us to-day.
 Spring up, and sure-ly grow And blessings rich bestow. Bless us to-day.
 Each offering that we bring. Bless us in ev-'rything. Bless us to-day.

E. A. HOFFMAN.

E. A. HOFFMAN, *lyrics*.

1. O love, my pur-ting knowl-edge! O grace, so full and free!
 2. O sin-ger-fal mi-va-ther! From sin be-mak-er free!
 3. O blood of Christ so pre-cious, Pour'd out on Cal-va-ry!

I know that Je-sus saves me, And that's enough for me!
 I feel His love as I re-ceive, And that's enough for me!
 I feel His heav'n-ing pow-er, And that's enough for me!

DYNAMO.

And that's enough for me! And that's enough for me!

I know that Je-sus saves me, And that's enough for me!

Mrs. M. E. C. BLAKE

A. E. FROST

1. Hand - by, Lord, have we heard thee call - ing, Come, sit - tle down!

2. Tho' they lead o'er the wild dark mountain, Seek - ing the sheep,

3. If they lead through the tem - ple - In - ly, Preach - ing the word,

And we see where Christ's prints fall - ing, Lead us to thee,
Or a - long by the In - san's Bonnet, Help - ing the weak,
Or in homes of the poor and low - ly, Serv - ing the Lord.

Chorus

Foot - prints of Je - sus, that make the path - way glow;

We will fol - low the steps of Je - sus where - e'er they go.

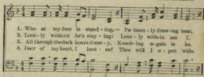
4. Though, Ours Lord, in thy pathway I
We follow thee; (singing)
Through the gloom of that plain of
Golgotha's - Cross; (singing)
5. If thy way and its narrow bearing,
We go again,
Up the slope of the hill-side, bearing
Our cross of pain; - Cross.
6. By and by, through the shining portals,
Turning our feet,
We shall walk with the glad innocent,
Heaven's golden streets; - Cross.
7. Then at last when on high he sits us,
Our journey done,
We will rest where the steps of Jesus
Lead us to his throne; - Cross.

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KNOCKING AT THE DOOR.

MRS. M. B. C. SLADE.

A. B. EVANS.

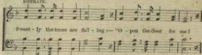


1. Why at my door he stand - ing, — I've heav - ly dream - ing been,
 2. Love - ly without he's stay - ing; Love - ly within am I.
 3. All through the dark hours dream - y, Knock - ing a - gain he be.
 4. Door of my heart, I just - en! Then will I a - gain with

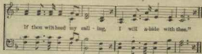


En - trance with in de - mand - ing? Whom in service I long?
 With I am still de - lay - ing, Will he not pass me by?
 Je - sus, art thou not won - dy, Wait - ing so long for me?
 Though he re - turns and close - ten, He shall with me a - bide.

REMARKS.



Sweet - ly the hours are fall - ing — O - pen the door for me!



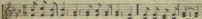
If then without my call - ing, I will a - bide with thee."

MOMENT BY MOMENT.

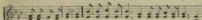
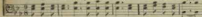
"We have an altar"—Heb. 13, 10.

GERARD QUINCY

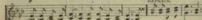
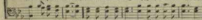
GERARD QUINCY, ly. poet.



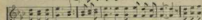
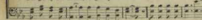
1. Moment by moment, moment by moment, The Service is mine,
 2. Moment by moment, moment by moment, I'm trusting in Thee,
 3. Moment by moment, moment by moment, He keeps me from sin,
 4. Moment by moment, moment by moment, He puts a law on me,
 5. Just in a moment, just in a moment, The trumpet will sound.



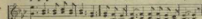
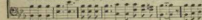
He Al-lies - vites; Heavens be bewitch - ed, by, and fills me with glory,
 dear Service in mine; I'm surely now - ful - led, and in the Lord's holding;
 all he - ly will be; By faith I am that - ing, such moment I'm trusting
 he puts a law on me; You, moment by the moment, you, moment by the moment,
 the trumpet will sound, and I will be caught up, yes, I will be caught up;



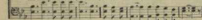
A looking to him, the true life - ing Will,
 The moment I'm dwelling, you, dwelling in them;
 That in you, my life - line, comes from all sin. } The blood now cleansing,
 The life of his love, is living in me.
 For glo - ry I'm bound, for glo - ry I'm bound.



the moment cleansing, Jesus, my Service, this moment in mine. Moment by



moment, moment by moment, in you he will, the Al-lies - vites.



GO BANISH THE NIGHT.

O. W. RAY.

R. M. McLEODSON, Mus. Doct.

1. Oh, ye Child - ren of light, Go and ban - ish the night, Go
 2. Oh, whate'er may be told, Over the des - ert so wild, Bid the
 3. Where the sun - light may gleam, O - ver lake - let - or stream, O'er the

bar - able of Christ and the day; Oh, bid - us - sine you - claim, In the
 weak and de - spir - ing, a - riv - er; That each heart may witness The ter -
 rible, rough and lonely high - way; Oh, from above bid - us there, Go to

Her - son's dear name, Go and drive all the dark - ness a - way,
 down - er a - line, And to bid all their sin - ful - ness
 bid - us or - der name, Near the light of the glad sun - set day.

O - ver mountains and sea, Where the lost ones may be, Let the

voice of re - com - pen - ce be told; Till the val - ley and plain, Our Re -

60 BANISH THE NIGHT.—Concluded.

Even - er shall reign, And the world - Yng are brought to the fold.

36 ZION. 8s, 7s & 4s.

THOMAS EMERY.

L. MASON.

1. { On the mountain's top we praise thee, Lo, the so - erd be - hold stands, }
 { Welcome news to Zi - on bear - ing, Zi - on long to see - the bands }

TENOR.

Heav - ening up - rise, God him - self shall loose thy bands.

CONTRA.

Heav - ening up - rise, God him - self shall loose thy bands.

2 How thy night has been long and unweary'd,
 All thy friends unfaithful proved?
 Have thy foes been proud and scornful,
 By thy sighs and tears removed?
 Come thy sorrows,
 Zion still is well beloved.

3 God, thy God, will now restore thee!
 He himself appears thy friend:
 All thy foes shall see below thee,
 How their haunts and triumphs end:
 Come deliverance,
 Zion's King will haste to send.

MRS. LOUISE K. BROWN

E. M. McLEWIS

1. There is joy in heav'n to-day! There is joy to-day O'er the
 2. When a soul leaveth earthly joys for the heav'n - ly way, And there
 3. His - ter, here with glad - i - ties, And, with heav'n re-joic'd, find his

heav'n - ly, in heav'n to-day, For a way from your heav'n - ly, find his
 heav'n - ly, in heav'n to-day, For a way from your heav'n - ly, find his
 heav'n - ly, in heav'n to-day, For a way from your heav'n - ly, find his

all - a - lone On heav'n - ly - ly, in heav'n to-day, For a way from your heav'n - ly, find his
 heav'n - ly, in heav'n to-day, For a way from your heav'n - ly, find his
 heav'n - ly, in heav'n to-day, For a way from your heav'n - ly, find his

Heav'n - ly, in heav'n to-day, For a way from your heav'n - ly, find his
 heav'n - ly, in heav'n to-day, For a way from your heav'n - ly, find his
 heav'n - ly, in heav'n to-day, For a way from your heav'n - ly, find his

Heav'n - ly, in heav'n to-day, For a way from your heav'n - ly, find his
 heav'n - ly, in heav'n to-day, For a way from your heav'n - ly, find his
 heav'n - ly, in heav'n to-day, For a way from your heav'n - ly, find his

KEEP AND GUIDE ME.

S. P. C.

S. P. CHALCROSS, by gen.

Slow



1. Keep me, O Fa-ther, bring me safe-ly to thy fold;
 2. Keep me, O Fa-ther, lest my sin-ful guide I roam;
 3. Keep me, O Fa-ther, till my earth-ly toils shall end,

God me and guide me, till my sin-ful I be-hold.
 Guard me and guide me, safe-ly to my heav'n-ly home.
 Keep me, and guide me, till he-av'n thy throne I see.

In - me, Je - hovah, I will trust my all to thee;
 Guide me, pro - tect me, from sin with thy ten - der care;
 Hear - en - ly Fa - ther, keep me, keep me all the way;

Till I safe-ly reach the realm of glo - ry, Guide, guide thou me.
 For the bliss-ful mansion, Lord, com-pan - ion, Guide, guide me there.
 Keep me, till thy lov-ing voice shall greet me, In that great day.

J. H. WEAVER.

A. B. TREMPER.



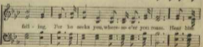
1. Are you stay - ing, sick - ly stay - ing, In the low, dreary, dark night,
2. Are you low - ing, faint - ly low - ing, How to take the life out
3. Are you roam - ing, long - ly roam - ing, In the cold, dark night of



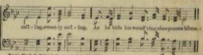
your - self blind - ly, you are stay - ing, sick - ly stay - ing, O - my, how
dark re - joice - ing, you are low - ing, faint - ly low - ing, O - my, how
dark and cold, you are roam - ing, long - ly roam - ing, O - my, how



REPEAT.
low - ly mournful, dark and cold,
Be - lieved for the stranger's voice, } On your ear his low - ing, hush
Can make haste to let me in.



Call - ing, For he seeks you, where - so - e'er you roam, That life



will - ing, sweet - ly will - ing, As he bids his wand'ring sheep come home.

I LOVE TO TELL THE STORY.

KATH HARKNEY.

Wm. G. FOSTER, by per.

1. I love to tell the story of unnumbered things a love, of Je - sus
 2. I love to tell the story, More wonder - ful it seems Than all the
 3. I love to tell the story; 'Tis pleasant to repeat What seems each
 4. I love to tell the story; For those who know it breathe new life -

and his glo - ry, Of Je - sus and his love, I love to tell the
 gold - en stories Of all our golden doings, I love to tell the
 time I tell it, More wonder - ful - ly sweet, I love to tell the
 long and thrilling To hear it like the rest, And 'tis, in every of

story Because I know 'tis true: It set - tle - s the soul's longings for
 story It did so much for me! And that is just the reason I
 story; For some have not - er heard The message of sal - va - tion From
 glo - ry, I sing the new, new song, 'Twill be - the old, old story That

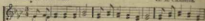
nothing else can do,
 tell it over to them,
 God's word ho - ly word,
 I have loved so long } I love to tell the story, 'Twill be my theme in

glo - ry, To tell the old, old story, Of Je - sus and his love.

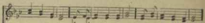
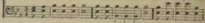
IF WE SEND NOT THE LIGHT.

ELMOR A. HOFFMAN.

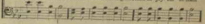
H. E. CHURCH.



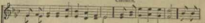
1. O ye children of God, Ye released not the light, There is work, there is
 2. Shall the dead hand we love, Clenched round the a-lar-nel, Be un-re-sour-ced to
 3. From Al-lan-ty's white-ness To the dark-ness of the world Must this ac-tion be -
 4. Let our off-rings of gold Be the iron of man - kind And each Christ-ian be
 5. With the plowman the field A rich harvest will yield, And the reapers will



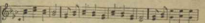
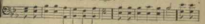
In - ter to de-ceive, de-ceive and de-posed, From the man-ner to be saved,
 sin and the world's sin - be compassed and won, For the world has loved the
 long sin - to God, And the will-less to die, Must be all gathered in,
 God pay his vow; bring the others to the Lord, And stand forth the great West
 come by and by, With the harvest of grain, And in joy-ful ac-tion



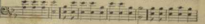
Chorus.



And the Man who takes us from you,
 And his hand out of justice he stretched,
 And he stretched his hand out of blood,
 We - all all at his al-lan-ty shall here,
 Will be done the Redeemer - so high. } O, our guilt will be great, If we



Let us and with White the people are dy-ing in sin, If we send not the



IF WE SEND NOT THE LIGHT.—Concluded.

Light To dispel the dark night, And for Je - sus the pre - s - ent - ing one!

42 CAST THY BREAD UPON THE WATERS.

J. H. HARRISON.

E. M. McFARLANE.

1. Cast thy bread up - on the wa - ters, Think - ing not "What - ers away!"
 2. Cast thy bread up - on the wa - ters, With - ly through the fall - low mill.
 3. As thou send - est thy bread - out - est To some - one - fast - be - hind thee.

God hath pro - vided, for - e - ver - more, It is a pain - some fit - to - day.
 They had not seen us, they had not seen us, They had not seen us, they had not seen us,
 In the in - visible bright - ness, That then they are they be - come.

Refrain.

Cast thy bread up - on the wa - ters, Why will they not be - lieve us?
 Cast thy bread up - on the wa - ters, Why will they not be - lieve us?

Some - one shall find out the har - vest, If there are't with a broad - cast.

GLORY TO GOD IN THE HIGHEST!

FERRY J. CROSBY

Wm. B. BRADFORD

First Chorus

Glo - ry to God in the high - est! Glo - ry to God!

Glo - ry to God! Glo - ry to God in the high - est! Shall

Second Chorus, as before.

In our song to-day. } 1. His rich - er year's rich may-est grace His
2. O, may we an - swer - him, A -

come - down and dwell here; He let our loud - est voice - es raise
round the throne! Je - sus stand, And there with us - give and the throng

Our glad and grate - ful song of praise } Glo - ry to God in the
Of his re - deemed ones join the song.

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GLORY TO GOD IN THE HIGHEST!—Concluded.

high-est! Glo-ry to God in the high-est! Glo-ry, glo-ry,

ff glo-ry, glo-ry, Glo-ry to to God on high! God on high!

44

WAHONOWIN. 4s & 6s.

E. M. McFarlane.

1. An-oth-er year Has told its four-fold tale,
 2. Ah! not a few Who need'd his' toot to leave,
 3. Why am I spared To see an-oth-er year?
 4. From God a- lone My mar-ches I re-ceive;

And still I'm here, A year-ler in this vain
 An' hid from view, With - in the at - land - gain,
 Why here I stand No sin - ny mar-ches here,
 To him a - lone I would for ev - er live.

45 UNFURL THE CHRISTIAN STANDARD!

FRANCIS KEYLER HAYWARD.

LESLIE F. WATSON.

1. Un - fold the Chris - tian stand - ard! lift it man - ful - ly on high,
 2. In God's name we set it up, this lan - guage and bright,
 3. That if ye dare not hold it fast, ye can - ly be the less,
 4. The Lord of Hosts, in whom a - lone our weak ones shall be strong.

And val - ly where the shin - ing dials were set a - gainst the sky!
 Up - lift - ed for the cause of Christ, the cause of Truth and Right;
 For it shall be vic - to - rious, this stand - ard of the cross!
 Shall lead us on to conquest with a might - y host the world!

A - way with weak half hearted ones, with faith less ones and doubt!
 The more the cause can a - vail, the more that must pre - vail,
 It shall not fail though ye cast, be - cause your standing here
 And soon the warfare shall be past, the glo - rious triumph near.

Un - fold the Chris - tian stand - ard, and let it live with a shout!
 Be cause the pres - ence of the Lord can nev - er be - come faint!
 And cast a - way the vic - iousness for love of the - at - a - tion,
 The king - dom of this world shall be the king - dom of his Son!

Refrain
 Let it live with a shout! O let it live with a shout!

Un - fold the Chris - tian stand - ard, and let it live with a shout!

F. E. HAYWARD.

Solo or Quartet.

— LITTLE F. WATSON.

1. O Her - low, pre - cious Son - son, Whom yet we know we love,
 2. O bring - us of - us - us - us, Who were - dross by lust wrought
 3. In them all fal - low dwell - eth, All grace and pure - ty - vine,
 4. O, grant the sin - ners - sin - ners, Of this cur - ring a - vine,

O name of right - eous - ness, All with - out stain a - buse!
 Thy - self the ev - er - la - st - ing Of love be - yond our thought!
 The glo - ry that we - will - eth, O Son, of God be - thine
 In and - low of - us - us - us, And ev - er - last - ing love.

Chorus.

We see - dip - tion, we know them, To thee when we sing;
 O, for God above,
 Their shall we praise and thank - thee, Whom yet we praise as King.

We praise thee, and we love thee, Our glorious Lord and King!
 And ev - er - more we love thee, Our Son - son and our King!

Mrs. M. D. Clark.

E. M. McLawson.

1. In the dar - est days of old, When they call'd for gold and gold,
 2. Then the woe - on that woe - woe, Spoke of him and pur - ple dye;
 3. Might - y red - emption and gave this - ing great whom to give
 4. Then the work of God's command, By his ho - ly prophet's hand,

For a re - red of - fer - ing, On - ly he whom ap - ple's hand,
 And the will was heard by them, But by will - ing hands, a love,
 All the names of Je - su - s; But their will - ing hands, a love,
 Was in - cred - ule - vious wrought, But the best and best of part,

Will, by heart - ed, all the world, Might - y gift or from - ven being,
 Might the best - ty work be done, Of the re - cred ven - ture here,
 By the pre - cious a - cry - stals, Might the most - ful from - ven well,
 Was the good and will - ing heart, That his ho - ly - ing all - drea brought,

Chorus

Free - ly give, will be safe,
 Free - ly give, will be safe, free - ly give, will be safe.

FREE GIVING.—Concluded.

And the promise of my word be-fore, Free-ly given,
Free-ly given, still be-fore,

still be-fore, And as free-ly do my love be-come
Free-ly given, still be-fore.

48

HARWELL. 8s & 7s. Double.

Wm. F. FAYERS

L. MANN

Psalm

1. Praise the Lord, all ye na-tions, Praise him, all ye hea-vens!
2. Shout, with joy - ful ac-ti-va-tion, His glo-ry, who - te-ness here!
A.C.—Do my soul to him de-vo-ted, To my Lord my all I own.
3. With my substance I will hon-or My ho-nour-er and my Lord!
4. Were ten thousand worlds my silver, All were nothing to his worth!
A.C.—Let his throne sit on ev-ry side, Glor-ify him to spread his fame.

To his kingdom now pre-sented, Let the earth her monarch know.
To his king - dom now pre-sent-ed, Let the earth her monarch know.
While the hills are of oil - vastness His ab-sol-ute - ing-give pre-claim.
While the low - lands of oil - vastness His ab-sol-ute - ing-give pre-claim.

THE BEAUTIFUL PARADISE GATE.

E. S. Latta.

From "Paradise and Eden."

JOHN G. BRAYNE.

1 There's a lone - ly gar - den, lone wood - dene by the Thicket
 2 There, the wild of the tempt - at - ion, the bliss you - not near! There you
 3 There's a high - way of God, where we safe - ly may go, That is
 4 O, how we - ry are there, that have gone on a - head! And are

run - at - al E - den's an - tony, And, O, how - O - God loved you a -
 such love, or any - more, or best! And, the love of God - you love an
 in - you so small and so great, And, the love of God - O - play, we
 safe in that bliss of - in - head! To their home - coming ep - it - le, O

wait for you, there, At the beau - ti - ful Par - a - dise gate!
 welcomed, from us, At the beau - ti - ful Par - a - dise gate!
 entrance, shall know, At the beau - ti - ful Par - a - dise gate!
 well - come was made, At the beau - ti - ful Par - a - dise gate!

Chorus.

From the - ti - ful gate! From the - ti - ful gate! From the - ti - ful gate!
 From the - ti - ful gate! From the - ti - ful gate! From the - ti - ful gate!

Shall I and shall you, be allowed together? That's the beautiful Paradise gate!

"I WILL UPHOLD THEE."

Mrs. LITTLE K. BROWN.

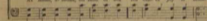
R. M. McLEOD.



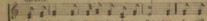
1. O praise be given! be lent, with us, O'er wa-ters wild and deep;
2. Name-thine be made a joy unnumbered bright, O'er wa-ters dark and deep;
3. Name-thine be made by us true still, Where all be peace and love;
4. It hath been said of Abraham too, Thy son my path-way be;
5. O glorious Light! I'll ad-ore thee Where'er or there may be thine!



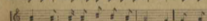
- I will not fear the tem-pest nor, If for my soul dark keep,
 Yet woe and wea-ry 'in the night, His blood of mine I need!
 And yet - at home may live on ill, Like that great sea a - shore,
 A gold-en light, it shines my way, If an - by God be near!
 At home, or broad, we live or see, No sin or joy be near.



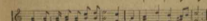
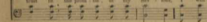
CHORUS.



I will trust in the pro-tec-tion of my Sav-ior, I will



trust in the pro-tec-tion of my Sav-ior, I will



trust in the pro-tec-tion of my Sav-ior, And he will lead me home.



MRS. MARY A. KROGER.

FRANK M. DAVIS, LYRICIST.



1. Lord, I care not for rich - es, North - or - all - ter nor gold,
 2. Lord, my sin, they are sin - ny, Like the sands of the sea,
 3. Oh, that thou - O - ful - fill - ed - est, With its man - sions of light,



I would make men of low - es, I would re - ce - ive the kiss,
 Run thy blood, oh, thy blood - shed! In my - O - shed for me,
 With its glo - ri - ous be - tings, In pure gar - ments of white,



In the book of thy king - dom, With its pa - ges so full,
 For thy great - ness is writ - ten In brighten - ment that glow,
 Where no a - ny thing man - ath, To de - spoil what is fair,



Tell me, Je - sus, my dear - love, In my name writ - ten there?
 Though promise be no more - let, I will make them like mine,
 Where the an - gels are watch - ing, Yes, my name's writ - ten there.

IS MY NAME WRITTEN THERE?—Concluded.

Chorus

In my name writ - ten there, On the page white and fair?
 In the book of thy king - dom, In my name writ - ten there?

52

YARBROUGH.

Miss Frances E. Havens, C.

Arr. by H. M. Williams.

1. Take my life, and let it be
 2. Take my feet, and let them be
 3. Take my all - my soul and my
 4. Take my will and make it thine,
 5. Take my loving Lord, I give

One - word - ed, Lord, to thee,
 Swiftest thou to - tal for thee,
 Not a vain word I wish - hold,
 It shall be no longer mine;
 All thy feet in fragrant steps;

One - word, I give my life to thee, Thine for - ev - er - more to be,

Take my hands, and let them move
 Take my voice, and let me sing
 Take my moments and my days,
 Take my heart, it is thine own,
 Take my will, and I will be

As the fingers of thy hand,
 Always - ly for my King,
 Let them flow in fragrant grace,
 It shall be thy cup of praise,
 Ev - er, un - ly, all for thee.

Lord, I give my life to thee, Thine for - ev - er - more to be,

By per. Mrs. H. M. Williams, C., owner of the Copyright.

ONLY TRUST HIM.

J. H. SHOOTER.

J. H. SHOOTER, LYRICIST.

1. Come, ev - 'ry soul by sin oppress'd, There's mercy with the Lord,
 2. For Je - sus had his precious blood Rich blessings to be shed;
 3. Yes, Je - sus is the Truth, the Way, That leads you in to rest;
 4. Come then, and join this ho - ly band, And on his glo - ry rest.

And he will merc - ly give you rest, by trust - ing in his word,
 Forgive - ness in - to the ev'ry sin - ner find That wash - es white as snow,
 Be - lieve in him with - out de - lay, And you are fel - ly blest,
 To dwell in that re - joic - ing land, Where joys in - numer - ated flow.

Chorus.

On - ly trust him, on - ly trust him, On - ly trust his name;

He will save you, he will save you, He will save you soon.

54 I KNOW I SHALL WANT TO BE THERE.

CHARLES K. FRANK.

CHAS. A. MERRILL.

1. When Je - sus be - loved ones to bring - ing To the home he has
 2. When Je - sus shall arise in his glo - ry— And the sun reward his
 3. When the host of the raptured are go - ing In streets that are

gone to par - adise, When an - gels in glo - ry are sing - ing,
 glo - ry shall shine, Made glad there' in dis - tinction's sweet glo - ry,
 unnumbered by billions, When the vic - tor of life shall be there - ing.

REPEATS.

I know I shall want to be there, I know I shall want to be
 I know I shall want to be there, I know I shall want to be
 I know I shall want to be there, I know I shall want to be

there, I know I shall want to be there, With
 be there, be there.

Jesus and all the bright angels, I know I shall want to be there.

THOMAS F. DODD.

LEADER 1. DODD, by jms.

1. Thy way, not mine, O Lord, How - ev - er dark it be!
 2. I dare not choose my lot, I would not if I might;
 3. Choose them for me my friends, My sick-room or my death;
 4. Not mine, not mine the chosen, In things so great or small.

Lead me by thine own hand; Choose not the path for me,
 Choose them for me, my God, In shall I walk a - right,
 Choose them my eyes for me, My joy - or - ty or wealth,
 In - stead my guide, my strength, My wisdom, and my all.

Chorus.

O, guide . . . me Heav-en-ly Fa - ther! O, guide . . . me
 O, guide me, guide me Heav-en-ly Fa - ther! O, guide me, guide me

Heav-en-ly Fa - ther! O, guide . . . me Heav-en-ly Fa - ther!
 Heav-en-ly Fa - ther! O, guide me, guide me Heav-en-ly Fa - ther!

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O, GUIDE ME.—Concluded.

O, guide us all the way

O, guide us, guide us, all the way, all the way.

56

GREGORY. C. P. M.

CHARLES WALKER.

L. C. FRYBARE.

1. Come on, my partners in distress, My consolation! 'till the will-be-done.
2. In - stead the horizontal 'till the will-be-done Look forward to that best 'till place.
3. Who - out - for with our Master here, We shall be - fore his face ap - pear.
4. There's blood on him - to - ap - pear - ing legs! In - life the best - ing eye - to - us.

Who will your lead - us And: A - while for - get your griefs and fears,
The music on - even a - side: The faith's strong on - gle - pin - and one,
And by his side all down: To go - down with the pain is over;
It brings to life the dead: Our sin - here have shall soon be past.

And back to you'd this tale of love To that on - be - the hill,
And have your passage in the skies, And wait the moment of God,
And all that to the end on - shore The cross, shall wear the crown,
And you and I on - and at last, To - triumph with our Lord.

I WANT TO BE A WORKER.

I. BALPHILL.

MELLOW BALPHILL, by per.



1. I want to be a worker for the Lord, I want to forward
 2. I want to be a worker ev'ry day, I want to lead the
 3. I want to be a worker strong and true, I want to trust in
 4. I want to be a worker for my Lord, To lead the best and



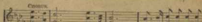

trust his in - ly word, I want to sing and pray, and be
 er - ing in the way, That leads to heav'n's a - bode, where
 Je - sus' prom - ise to us, All who will tri - ly come, shall
 er - ing to thy word, That points to joys on high, where





less - y ev'ry day, In the vine - yard of the Lord,
 all in peace and love, In the king - dom of the Lord,
 find a hap - py home, In the king - dom of the Lord,
 pleasure ev'ry day, In the king - dom of the Lord.



Chorus.



I will work, I will pray, In the vineyard, in the
 I will work and pray, I will work and pray.



I WANT TO BE A WORKER.—Concluded.

vine-yard of the Lord, I will work, I will pray,
of the Lord,

I will la-bor ev-ry day, In the vine-yard of the Lord.

58

DUNCAN. S. M.

JAN. MOVEMENT.

R. M. McIlroy.

1. Now in the morn'g you, At eve hold out thy hand: To
2. Thy hand's not what shall save, The late or ear-ly morn'g; Grace
3. And for thy shall up-pear, In ven-dice, heav-ly, strength, The
4. Then, when the ho-ly soul, The day of God is come, The

doubt and fear give them no heed—stead-fast e'er the hand,
keep the pre-dic-tions given a-live, Who and where'er - or showing
ten-der love, the weak, the out, And the full corn at length,
at-tilt reap - ev'ry shall be saved, And bear's sing, "Harvest home!"

59 THE ROCK THAT IS HIGHER THAN I

E. Johnson.

Wm. G. Fawcett, ly. gen.

1. O, sometimes the shadows are deep, And rough seems the path to the goal,
 2. O, sometimes how long across the day, And sometimes how weary my feet,
 3. O, come to the Rock let me keep, If blessings or mercies are sent.

And we ever, sometimes how they creep, Like footsteps down over the mud,
 But still say in life's dusty way, The Rock's blessed shadow let us rest,
 Or standing the mountain way steep, Or walking through the dust our y rain.

Chorus.

O, then, to the Rock let me fly, let me fly, To the Rock that is
 higher than I.

O, then, to the Rock let me fly, let me fly, To the Rock that is
 higher than I.

O, then, to the Rock let me fly, let me fly, To the Rock that is
 higher than I.

J. E. JOHNS

JOHN H. PARSONS

1. There are days of fall in the reaping time, There is seed to
 2. There are win - try hours when the seed is sown, And the week is long
 3. There are hot - ter hours when the fall - ing grain, There are pray - ers for
 4. O the reap - ing time it com - eth soon, For the Har - vest

work and pray, There are fields to sow - ter with precious seed, Ere the
 up - so - lar, There are days when har - row the field up - rears, Yet the
 main may grow, Yet the hour - are that the seed is sown, Though the
 seed is sown, That the grain from seed that the fields fall now, Shall be

day - light before a - way, O, the reap - ing time is com - ing,
 har - vest comes at last,
 har - vest time is here,
 give - and - bless to here's

O the reaping time is com - ing,

It is com - ing by and by, It is com - ing by and by,

O the reap - ing time is com - ing, For the harvest hour is high,
 O the reaping time is com - ing,

WON'T YOU COME?

MARTIN M. BOYLAN.

R. M. McJANNET, Mrs. DUC.

1. Do you think when you turn from your dear - love, How lit - tle he
 2. Do you think when you turn from your dear - love, How long it's over after you
 3. Do you think when you turn from your dear - love, How he pined and low
 4. Do you think when you turn from your dear - love, Let me tell, have you

take you to the land to come and see - him and to - lay him,
 land - him and see, How long at your heart he's been knocking,
 lit - tle did he say? Oh, do - ry heart you - down and knock - ing,
 want - ed the best? That you gain all of earth's best - ing from - me,

CHORUS.

Al - though he long's - on to you, Won't you come? Won't you
 And yet you will not let him in?
 And you know that the do - ry is best
 If you're in - the end should be best. Won't you come?

come? Won't you come and confess a - lay? The time is so
 Won't you come? and a - lay?

short for his ser - vice, And to - time is yours but to - day!

THE SWEETEST SONG.

W. H. LLOYDWEBSTER.

J. H. KIRCHENWART, *ly. poet.**Moderato.*

1. No sweet-er song is heard on earth, Than song that
2. In this sad world of sin and grief, Of our low
3. Till life shall end, we'll sing this song, Then when we

talk of Je - sus' birth, The sin - ner and the rag - ged
joys it is the chief, To sing of him whose dy - ing
gave the sin - ner living, The love which from our hap - pi - ness

Crescendo.

you On which he died For you and me, The Cru - el -
love he - saved for us a Jesus a - lone, }
he, That Je - sus died For you and me.

ff

Oh! The Cru - el - led! Harshness of thorns, his bleeding side,

Andante.

His plowed hands his wounded feet, We'll no-er sing in measureless grief.

PLEADING WITH THEE.

EMMA A. HARRMAN.

E. M. McFARLANE, MUS. DIR.

1. There is a voice of the low-ly-est love Plea-ding with thee,
 2. Long he has stood at the door of thy heart, Wait-ing on thee,
 3. Do you not hear him as gen-tly he pleads, Call-ing to thee,
 4. O how he yearns for thy sin-burdened heart, Whis-p'ring to thee,

plea-ding with thee; It is the voice of the Lord from a-bove,
 wait-ing on thee; How - e'er his grace and his power to in-ter-
 call-ing to thee? See with what de-vo-tion the Lord in-ter-
 whis-p'ring to thee; Earn-est-ly long his sweet love to in-ter-

Chorus.

Play-ing, "Come on to me," "Come on to me, . . .
 Come on to me,

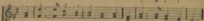
come on to me," Je-sus in ten-der-ly
 come on to me,

ANNIE STEELE.

J. H. BODENMANN, Sr. gen.



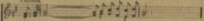
1. In - so, - and didst thou leave the sky, To hear our griefs and woe?
2. Well might the host'rs with woe - der view A love - song singe thou!
3. In thine a heart that will not bend To thy de - vice we - lend?
4. Oh, may our will - ing hearts be - lieve Thy sweet, thy gen - erous;



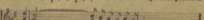
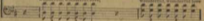
And didst thou bleed and grieve and die, For thy re - bell - ions sake?
 No thought of sin - ful us - er knew Thy - self - sin - ning so di - vine!
 In word, O our - selves here, do stand, And teach that arch - de - ceit - ful,
 That rep - tions of thy match - less grace, Thy right - eous - ness a - lay.



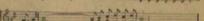
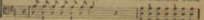
Chorus.



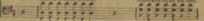
O thou was - der - ful, won - der - ful love,
 won - der - ful, won - der - ful love, won - der - ful, won - der - ful love



That brought - est down from heav - en above,
 brought him down from heav - en above, love - ti - ful - ness a - love,



As a sin - ner to die on the tree,
 came to die on the tree, suffer and die on the tree,



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WONDERFUL LOVE.—Concluded.

Treble clef, 2/4 time signature. The melody is written on a single staff with a long note at the beginning. The bass line is written on a single staff with a rhythmic accompaniment.

Verse lyrics:
 Ye have a love like me, a purest love like me,
 more a purest love like me, like me, a deeper love like me.

66

THE LOVE OF JESUS.

D. B. Leman

J. H. Brownstein, by gen.

Treble clef, 2/4 time signature. The melody is written on a single staff. The bass line is written on a single staff with a rhythmic accompaniment.

1. There is no love like the love of Jesus, Known in the tide of time,
 2. There is no love like the love of Jesus, Brighter a halo-less ray,
 3. There is no love like the love of Jesus, Pure as a guileless lamb.

Treble clef, 2/4 time signature. The melody is written on a single staff. The bass line is written on a single staff with a rhythmic accompaniment.

For all the ways—the young and old, That love up years with love,
 That receive peace from their wanderings, To rest or take a way,
 It is the glory that lights the throne, The House of God's great I AM.

A. B.—O men of men, take the love of Jesus, Offered to all— to them.

Chorus

D. B.

Treble clef, 2/4 time signature. The melody is written on a single staff. The bass line is written on a single staff with a rhythmic accompaniment.

Je—sus' love, purest love, Dearest love to God, and men.

W. H. BARBER.

MUSICA T. DETHMOS, by gen.



1. Great God, when I ap-proach thy throne, And all thy glo-ry see,
 2. How can a soul un-declared be die, Ex-cept the just de-ree?
 3. Bar-tered with sin's up-press-ive chain, O, how can I get free?
 4. And Lord, when I be-hold thy face, This must be all my plea,



This is my stay, and this a- lone, That Je-sus died for me,
 Help-less, and full of sin-ner I, That Je-sus died for me,
 No power can all my af-flict-ion gain, But Je-sus died for me,
 Save me by thy al-might-y grace, For Je-sus died for me.

REFRAIN



The Lord . . . is mer-ci-ful,
 Is mer-ci-ful un-to us, Is mer-ci-ful un-to us,



The Lord . . . is mer-ci-ful,
 Is mer-ci-ful un-to us, Is mer-ci-ful un-to us,

THE LORD IS MERCIFUL.—Concluded.

The Lord is mer-ci-ful,
 Is mer-ci-ful to us, Is mer-ci-ful to us.

He died for you and me,
 He died, he died for you and me, for you and me.

68 CLAY STREET. C. M.

Isaac Watts.

H. M. Kellyman.

1. Hal-lu-lu-thu, O the joy-ful sound! The glad-ness to our ears,
 2. Hear-ied in our ears and in sin, At half-a-dark-door we lay,
 3. Hal-lu-lu-thu! let the heav-ens cry, The heav-ens with a sound,

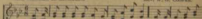
A new-born babe for ev-'ry wound, A sur-gon for our pain,
 But we a - rose by grace-divine To see a heav-'ly day,
 While all the ar-mies of the sky Our voices to raise the sound.

By perm. of the A. C. W. Co. of the Christian Church.

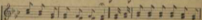
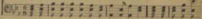
THE KINGDOM TO COME.

Mrs. HARRAN M. EICHMAN.

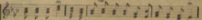
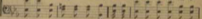
Rev. W. G. COOPER.



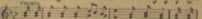
1. Let the world have its diamonds, its sil- ver and gold, I am richer by
2. Let the world have its settings, my bright-est I'll keep, For the pleasure of
3. Let the world have its houses, and its furniture, In the Lamb's Book of
4. Let the world give the pearl's worth the sea's blue deep, And its treasure of
5. I am richer by the sil- ver, its opals I can see, And the pearl's price



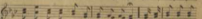
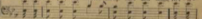
For with the sil- ver I hold, I am rich in a king- dom, a
 town I'll not give- up or swap, I'm a child of a King, I'll not
 Life has been with- in my name, When the world is on fire still my
 diamond- set pearl's it may keep, I'm a man- na- prepared in the
 sea will be a- gain to me, With the down- fall of a vic- tor I



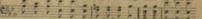
crowns and a throne, The crown- ed when- er's king- doms all in the flow-
 ing- for a crown, For the vic- tor of earth, for its wealth- in its name,
 diamond- set opals, And my king- dom and sil- ver will then be in
 sil- ver of gold, Where king- doms of pearl, and the wealth in the
 sea shall be re- newed, While the man- na of life's with for- ever re- newed.



Hal- lo - lo - jah, my soul re- joice up- ward and sing, Hal - lo -



lo - jah to Je - sus, the King of all Kings! Hal - lo - lo - jah, the



THE KINGDOM TO COME.—Concluded.

Kingdom, to surrender up my right, What a crowning 'twill be in the

realm by and by, What a crowning 'twill be in the realm by and by.

70

ALL THE WAY.

ELIZABETH A. HERRMAN.

Arranged.

1. I can hear my dear- love calling, In the land of promise calling;
2. Tho' the way be dark and dreary, Tho' my lot be sorrowed weary,
3. In - stead of - so go before me, This my heaven's merciful Father see,
4. Tho' the way be dark and dreary, Tho' my lot be sorrowed weary,
5. In thy hand - hold - love - thou hold me, In thy arms of love - oh hold me.

Chorus— I will take my cross and fol - low, My dear love - for I will fol - low.

On my way these words were falling, "Take thy cross, and daily fol - low me."
Yet my heart leaps with glad glory, As I fol - low, fol - low all the way.
And when weak, by grace receive me, As I fol - low, fol - low all the way.
Ev'ry hour, dear Lord, I need thee, As I fol - low, fol - low all the way.
And with thine own grace uphold me, As I fol - low, fol - low all the way.

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

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SCATTERING PRECIOUS SEED.

W. A. GIBBS.

GEO. F. HORN.

1. Scatter-ing pre-cious seed by the way-side, Scatter-ing
 2. Scatter-ing pre-cious seed for the poor-ly, Scatter-ing
 3. Scatter-ing pre-cious seed, breaking her-ty, Scatter-ing

pre-cious seed by the hill-side; Scatter-ing pre-cious seed
 pre-cious seed, sow-ly sow-ing; Scatter-ing pre-cious seed
 pre-cious seed, break-ing her-ty; Scatter-ing the word with gen-ty

for the field wide, Scatter-ing pre-cious seed by the way,
 break-ing her-ty, Sow-ly the seed with-in the soil,
 and sow-her-ty, Trusting the Lord for growth and fruit.

CANTATA.

Sow-ing the pre-cious seed, In the earth Sow-ing the pre-cious seed,

Sow-ing the seed at break-ing, Sow-ing the pre-cious seed,

SCATTERING PRECIOUS SEED.—Concluded.

Sow - ing in the ev - ning,
Sow - ing the pre - cious seed, Sow - ing the pre - cious seed,
Sow - ing the pre - cious seed by the way,
by the way.

72 HARWELL. Ba & 7a. Double.

D. MASH.

L. MASON
PIANO.

L. { Sack like you, O Je - su - cry - ing, Who will go and work to - day? }
P. { Proliferation, the furrow wait - ing, Who will bear the sheaves away? }
D. C. Who will an - swer, gladly say - ing, "There am I, send me, send me."
Lend and long the Master calls, Rich reward he of them shall.
Lend and long, Rich reward.

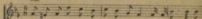
1 If you sowed from the sown,
And the heathen lands explore,
You can find the heathen sower,
You can help them in your hour;
If you cannot speak like angels,
If you cannot preach like Paul,
You can tell the love of Jesus,
You can say he died for all.

2 While the seeds of men are dying,
And the Master calls for you,
Let some hear you silly saying,
"There is nothing I can do!"
Gladly take the task he gives you,
Let his work your pleasure be,
Answer quickly when he calls,
"There am I, send me, send me."

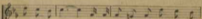
DEATH IS ONLY A DREAM.

G. W. BAY,
Mus.

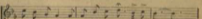
A. J. EDWARDS, ly. poet



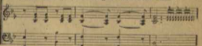
1. Had - ly we sing, and with tears to lose breath, As we stand by the
2. Why should we weep when the wak - ty soul rest. In the last - ing of
3. Naught in the air - or the silent should appeal, Tho' it frighten - ly
4. O - ver the bar - cel and on - trach - ing 'side, Both the light of -



say - it - ed dream, In the val - ley and by the dark
 In - one in - jures, In the sun - stone of glo - ry pro -
 the soul may come, In the arms of their lov - ing in -
 ter - al - ty glow, And the sun - stone the dark - ness and



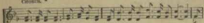
the - or of death, And yet 'tis no more than a dream,
 paid for the best? For death is no more than a dream,
 all men shall, They find it no more than a dream,
 none shall out - ride, To wake with glad souls from their dream.



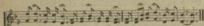
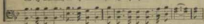
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DEATH IS ONLY A DREAM.—Concluded.

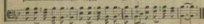
Chorus.



On - ly a dream, on - ly a dream, and glory beyond the dark stream: How



powerful God - a - mer, how happy the wak - ing, For death is only a dream.

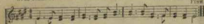


A Word of Comfort by G. A. Johnson.

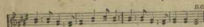
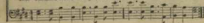
74 ENEE. 8s & 7s. Double.

W. B. CHAPIN.

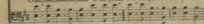
L. C. FURNACE,
Tune



1. Think, O ye who kneel by tombs - side, O'er the grave of those you love,
While your be - neath think with an - gels, They are such in heav'n above;
D.C.—Glo - ry's brightest beams are play - ing Round the hap - py Chris - tian's head,
2. Light and peace at - tain do - ing - ing 'From the hand of God most high,
3. In His glo - rious pres - ence liv - ing, They shall nev - er, nev - er die.
D.C.—Pain, and death, and night, and sighs, De - ter ' not the world a - way.



While your a - lone steps un - der - stand - ing, Lately thro' night's deep - ling slumb,
Cross, then, mem - ory, come to tombs - side, O'er the grave of those you love!



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GRACE W. FERRIS,
Special to a Solo.

W. A. GOSSET, *lyrics.*

1. I have something that you gave me for my sins, (my sins,
 2. Like his precious blood bring me peace all mine, (all mine,
 3. If my lowly heart had found it, I should never (should never)

It is something which he sent me from his Cross, (from his Cross,
 The his sweat and his - der whis - pers, those art mine, (those art mine,
 But my low - ly heart gave it to me, I be - lieve, (I be - lieve)

It is something which I car - ry in my heart, (my heart,
 What's the gift I clasp so fond - ly would I lose you, (lose you,
 O how sweet it is to bear it as his gift, his gift,

It is all his, Je - sus bids me from it part, (it part,
 The is cross which Christ my Man - ter gave to me, (to me,
 While the low - ly - ness of my low - ly Christ death is, (death is,

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SOMETHING JESUS GAVE ME.—Concluded.

The a cross . . . he gave me, All in love he gave it.

mus. *mus.*

To love . . . to love . . . in weakness, and in prayer.

To love . . . to love . . . to love

76

LABAN. S. M.

CHORUS HEAVEN

Dr. LORENZO MASON.

1. My soul, be on thy guard! Thou dost - and thou a - rise;
2. It watch, and fight, and pray; The last - he never give a - rise;
3. Ne'er think the vic - ty won. Nor let Satan ar - row down;
4. Fight on, my soul, till death shall bring thee to thy God;

The hosts of sin are pressing hard To drive thee from the ark;
 He - now is hold - by ev - ry day, And help di - vine im - prove.
 Thy righteous work will not be done Till thou ob - tain thy crown,
 He'll take thee, 'at thy part - ing breath, To his di - vine a - bode.

H. F. BLAIR.

Wm. J. KINGSFORD.

1. On the lap - ye gold - en shore, Where the faith - ful part - no more,
 2. Have our feet - not hopes are vain, Our - not wishes are fruit - less here,
 3. Where the harp of - en - gels ring, And the blood, by - ye - en sign,

When the storms of life are o'er, Meet me there, Where the
 that to heav'n's no thank of pain, Meet me there, By the
 In the pal - ace of the King, Meet me there, Where is

light shad - ows a - way - In - to pure and joy - ful day,
 Or - er sparkling brim - stone, In the cit - y of the high,
 sweet prom - ise - ful blood, Heart with heart, and friend with friend,

D.C.—storms of life are o'er, On the lap - ye gold - en shore,

I am go - ing home to sleep, Meet me there,
 Where our light is led to night, Meet me there,
 In a world that we've shall not, Meet me there.

Meet me there.

Where the faith - ful part - no more, Meet me there.

From "Songs of the new creation" by Mrs. Kingsford, 1881, by W. J. Kingsford.

MEET ME THERE.—Concluded.

Chorus.

Meet me there, Meet me there, Meet me there, Meet me there, Where the

Tree of Life is blossoming, Meet me there, Meet me there, Where the

78

EARLY. G. M.

J. G. WATKINS.

R. M. McWORTH.

1. We may not think the heavenly sleep To bring the Lord Christ down.
2. But when, sweet sinner, a - - - you put a - - - and help us see,
3. The leading of the man - - - from down to by our beds of pain;

In vain we search the low - - - and sleep, For him no sleep he can know.
And still he has yet the old - - - set, And here the dead - - - lie.
We thank him for life's strong and grace, And we are whole in a - - - gain.

4. There him the first and prayer we said | 5. O Lord and Master of us all,
Our sins of evil had done; | What'er our name or sign,
The last low whisper of our soul | We own thy way, we hear thy call,
And harkened with his name | We trust our lives by thine!

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Rev. M. R. C. SHARP.

E. M. McLEWIS.

1. From all the dark pi - ces Of earth's heathen na - tions, O,
 2. The sun - light is gleam - ing O'er us - when we - rang - ing To
 3. Wash about - ing and ring - ing, And in - bi - last ring - ing, Their

we have the sick and sore By! The voice of ad - ver - sion de -
 mand - ing the kingdoms of this world shall you - men them, His
 arms of re - bell - ion cast down, At last ev - er - lasting, The

waken ev - er - lasting, Come a - rise and help us, they cry,
 pre - serve shall them there, His heav - en - ly shall us - be them in
 Lord of ad - ver - sion Their King and re - deem - er shall crown

Chorus.

The King - dom is coming, O, bell - to the na - tions, God's

we - are ev - er - lasting shall be! The earth shall be full of his

THE KINGDOM COMING.—Concluded.

know-ledge and glo - ry, As we love that we - re the end

80 WATCHMAN, TELL US. 7s. Double.

JOHN BARTON.

LOWELL MASON.

1. Watchman, tell us of the night, What its signs of promise are,
2. Watchman, tell us of the night, High-er yet than ever were,
3. Watchman, tell us of the night, For the mercifulness to cheer.

Tear-ful, o'er your mountain's height, See that glo-ry breaking out,
Tear-ful, thro' all eyes and sight, Peace and truth, throughout the land,
Tear-ful, such mountains be sight, Doubt and try - er are withdrawn.

Watchman, does the watchman say Aught of hope or joy here - tell?
Watchman, will the beams a - lone Gild the spot that gave them birth?
Watchman, let thy wand disappear, His time is thy spot - of hours.

Tear-ful, how is bright the day, From that day of in - no - ce,
Tear-ful, a - gain are the wars; Now! it breaks o'er all the earth,
Tear-ful, let the Prince of peace, Let the Son of God be seen.

R. H. LATTA.

JOHN B. HAY ART.

Tempo: And. Cantabile

1. Why stand ye here - - - idle, When call - ed ye here upon
 2. Why stand ye here - - - idle, When called by the Lord!
 3. Why stand ye here - - - idle, When call - ed ye here
 to -

A - way in the vic - tuar - y, As ye are here said?
 How ex - ceed the O - ce - an? How great the re - ward!
 When call - ed the last - vest, O, what will ye do?

There's work that is wait - ing for some one to do,
 There's pain - ing and pain - ing, That have to be done,
 Your hands will be strong - er, And strong - er by your hands!

Then, haste to get - ting in - - - The wait - ing for you!
 Do - - - haste the rich - - - here the work in the
 Then, haste to the vic - tuar - y, do - - - you are - - - needed!

Cresc.

Why stand ye here i - - - do? O, what can ye say?

WHY STAND YE HERE IDLE?—Concluded.

Why stand ye here idle, The while of the day?

82

LIGHT AFTER DARKNESS.

FRANCIS H. HAYTHORN.

REV. R. TWYLAKE.

1. Light aft-er darkness, Grief aft-er loss, Strength aft-er weak-ness,
 2. Shew-ers aft-er sun-der, Pain aft-er pain, Right aft-er iniquity,
 3. Near aft-er far-ther, Honour aft-er gloom, Love aft-er unbelief,

Crown aft-er Cross; Sweet aft-er bit-ter, Hope aft-er fear,
 Peace aft-er pain; Joy aft-er sor-row, Calm aft-er heat,
 Life aft-er death; All-er long ago-ny, Eternity of bliss,

REFRAIN.
 Home aft-er wander-ing, Truth aft-er vain,
 Rest aft-er in-fer, Strength aft-er toil, All-er the weep-ing,
 Light aft-er the path-way, Leading to life.

Choose the glad rest-ful, Rest aft-er in-fer, Sweet rest aft-er toil,

MISS MARIANA H. BLAIR.

E. M. McLEWIS, Miss. Doo.

1. Thy in the house of thy - or of life, Gather - ing home gather - ing home
 2. Thy in the house of thy - or of life, Gather - ing home gather - ing home
 3. Thy in the house of thy - or of life, Gather - ing home gather - ing home

Thy in the house of thy - or of life, Gather - ing home gather - ing home.
 Thy in the house of thy - or of life, Gather - ing home gather - ing home.
 Thy in the house of thy - or of life, Gather - ing home gather - ing home.

Chorus

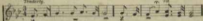
Gather - ing home Gather - ing home Gather - ing home Gather - ing home

we - are here, we - are here, Gather - ing home Gather - ing home
 we - are here, we - are here, Gather - ing home Gather - ing home

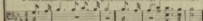
Gather - ing home Gather - ing home Gather - ing home Gather - ing home
 Gather - ing home Gather - ing home Gather - ing home Gather - ing home

F. R. L.
Tandery.

F. R. HAZEN, by gen.



1. We shall meet be yond the skies, Some sweet day, some sweet day;
 2. There will be no va-cant seats, Some sweet day, some sweet day;
 3. Win-ter's frost or summer's heat, Some sweet day, some sweet day;
 4. Man sin-ners, and boys of gold, Some sweet day, some sweet day.



Tempo



Can we meet in heav'n's bright, Some sweet day, some sweet day.
 Not a moment long we - re there, Some sweet day, some sweet day.
 Make us but - ter in - com-plete, Some sweet day, some sweet day.
 Songs that we - re shall grow old, Some sweet day, some sweet day.



TRILL



We shall re-appear once a-gain, From heav'n re-see, see, and gain;
 Death shall leave the work of sin, Christ shall leave the end of pain,
 E - ven those in sin -ners' hands, Who have sin-ners' hearts in pain,
 Joy shall lead them well to heav'n, From heav'n they'll sing to heav'n with joy.




We shall wish no more to die, Some sweet day, some sweet day.
 God shall wake us in heav'n's bliss, Some sweet day, some sweet day.
 Christ has - self the sun-light here, Some sweet day, some sweet day.
 Love shall lead us o - ver there, Some sweet day, some sweet day.



Mrs. M. B. C. SMITH

A. B. EVANS

1. When the jew-els wa-lk-a-re leav-ing, When the jew-els wa-lk-a-re glow-ing,
 2. O jew-els wa-lk-a-re leav-ing, O jew-els wa-lk-a-re glow-ing,
 3. In that ma-jes-tic wa-lk-a-re leav-ing, In that ma-jes-tic wa-lk-a-re glow-ing,
 4. There'll be no wa-lk-a-re leav-ing, There'll be no wa-lk-a-re glow-ing;

When the jew-els wa-lk-a-re leav-ing, When the jew-els wa-lk-a-re glow-ing —
 With the jew-els wa-lk-a-re leav-ing, With the jew-els wa-lk-a-re glow-ing —
 When the jew-els wa-lk-a-re leav-ing, When the jew-els wa-lk-a-re glow-ing —
 From wa-lk-a-re leav-ing, From wa-lk-a-re glow-ing —

Chorus.

Down to that ma-jes-tic wa-lk-a-re leav-ing, Down to that ma-jes-tic wa-lk-a-re glow-ing,
 Down to that ma-jes-tic wa-lk-a-re leav-ing, Down to that ma-jes-tic wa-lk-a-re glow-ing,

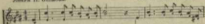
We shall wa-lk-a-re leav-ing, We shall wa-lk-a-re glow-ing,
 To that Ci - ty will you go?

By per-mis-sion of the Board of Music, New York.

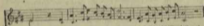
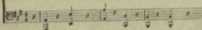
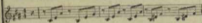
HE LEADETH ME.

JOSEPH H. GILMORE.

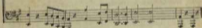
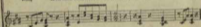
REV. E. M. METCALFE.



1. He lead - eth me! O, blessed thought! O, words with heav'nly sound!
 2. Sometimes, 'mid scenes of deepest gloom, Sometimes, when Labor's hours
 3. Lead, I would place my hand to thine, Now or - or never not to
 4. And when my task on earth is done, When, by thy plan, the victory's

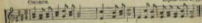


thought! What'er I do, where'er I be, O'er all 'tis thine that leadeth me!
 Mine, By whatsoever's'er becalm'd me, Still 'tis thine that leadeth me!
 place! Give lead, whatever bet I see, Thine 'tis that leadeth me!
 ven, Thy death's bold wave I will not flee, Thine 'tis that leadeth me!

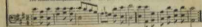


CANTATA.

Repeat chorus 2d.



He leadeth me, leadeth me, He leadeth me, by his own hand he leadeth me.



Words are.

R. M. McEwan, Mus. Doc.

1. Not far, not far from the king - dom, Yet in the shadow of the
 2. Not far, not far from Ganga - way, Where rain - clouds whirled and wait;
 3. They catch the strains of the sea - air, That float so sweet - ly a - long,
 4. They're in the dark and the day - get; They're in the night and the cold,

How near - ry are you - land - ed - ge - ing! How far are you - way - ing in!
 Not far - ing to us - ter in hold - ly, They sit - ge still at the gate!
 They're know - ing the way they are - way - ing, Yet join - ing not in the way!
 They're in our long - ing to lead them in kind - ly in - to the fold.

REFRAIN.

Not far, not far from the king - dom, Yet in - ge - ing still at the gate;

O walk no longer down - town - way, But on - ter our 'til the sea - side.

Geo. C. Brown,
Composer.

Geo. C. Brown,

1. Low - ly con - sidered for thy, My Mon - arch, Wait - ing the
 2. Vain - ly they watch sleep - ing, My Mon - arch, Sleep - ing be -
 3. Slumbering this world for ever, My Mon - arch, Dead - e - ring his

Country, Pastor.

re - surrected day, My precious Lamb, } Up from the tomb he a - rose!
 Leap the sea, My precious Lamb, } he a - rose!
 and - ed him, My precious Lamb. }

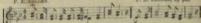
And he sat - tle - d upon all his foes, He a - rose a
 all his foes,

vic - tor over the realm of night, And he reigns for - ever with his saints in light,

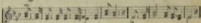
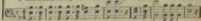
He a - rose, he a - rose, Vic - tor o - ver all his foes.
 He a - rose, he a - rose.

F. E. HALLAM.

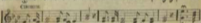
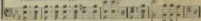
F. E. HALLAM, by ps.



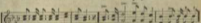
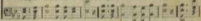
1. He will mention them no more for - ev - er, They are all tak - en a - way;
 2. Long I had my i - del - ious - ty cher - ish, They are all tak - en a - way;
 3. Oh the sad - ness of the way they've by - gone, They are all tak - en a - way;
 4. How the "vocal cord" would my pleas - ure, It is all tak - en a - way;
 5. How many a sorrow where I walk to - mor - row, They are all tak - en a - way.



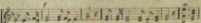
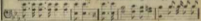
- He the heavy burden of sin did see - er, They are all tak - en a - way;
 When my burdened that they seem per - ish, They would all tak - en a - way;
 Now I would they were never I do - not say, They are all tak - en a - way;
 Now the word of God in my mind re - new, Love's de - light is in a - way;
 "Praise the Lord" in happy mood from this day, That's the way, my dear - est day.



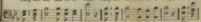
- They are all tak - en a - way, They are all tak - en a - way; He will



- mention them no more for - ev - er, Praise the Lord (sing) (half day) (half day)



- They are all tak - en a - way, They are all tak - en a - way; I am



He Will Mention Them No More.—Concluded.

meeting in the great Presence, His claims all take us a-way.

90

UNSEARCHABLE RICHES.

FANNY J. CHERRY.

JOHN D. SWANNY, 1870.

1. O the unsearchable riches of Christ!—Woe! that can never be told!
2. O the unsearchable riches of Christ, Who shall their greatness declare?
3. O the unsearchable riches of Christ, Truly, how low is they here.
4. O the unsearchable riches of Christ! Who would be grieved by us—here.

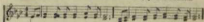
Rich as an hundred of silver and gold, Precious, more precious than gold!
 Jewels whose luster long lives in a dawn, Pearls that the poorest may own.
 Making the souls of the faithful and true, Happy where'er they go.
 To us, all the time, and forever on earth, Rich as like these is our God!

D.C.—O the unsearchable riches of Christ! Truly, more precious than gold.

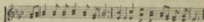
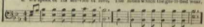
Truly, more precious than gold.—Woe! that can never be told!

ELIZABETH MITCHELL

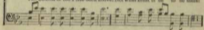
Arr. from WOODBRIDGE, by H. R. CHAMBERLIN



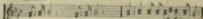
1. We speak of the realms of the blest, That country so bright and so fair;
2. We speak of its pathways of gold, Of its walls beaded with precious rare,
3. We speak of its freedom from sin, From sinners, from temp'ra-tion and care,
4. We speak of its service of love, The robes which angels of God wear.



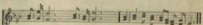
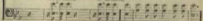
And all are his gl'ries confessed, But what must it be to be there!
 Of its wonderful pleasures told, But what must it be to be there!
 From tri-als without and with-in: But what must it be to be there!
 The Church of the First-born above, But what must it be to be there!



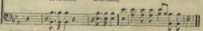
REPEAT



To be there, to be there, But what must it be to be there!
 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,



O WHEN SHALL I SEE JESUS?

Arr. by M. W. Larrison.

Arr. by E. W. McWhorter.

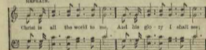


1. O when shall I see Je - sus, And reign with him a - lone,
 2. When shall I be de - liv - ered From this vain world of sin,
 3. How soon I am a wil - der, My Cap - tain's gone be - fore,
 4. And if I hold out faith - ful, A crown of life he'll give,
 5. They'gainst I am de - ter - mined To see - quest, though I die,

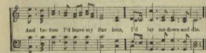


And drink the flow - ing foun - tain, Of ex - ce - lent - ing love?
 And with my thou - sand Je - sus, Drink out - less pleas - ure in?
 He's giv - ing me my ex - dore, And bid me not give o'er,
 And all his val - iant ad - vers'ers Shall ex - or with him live,
 And then a - way to Je - sus On wings of love I'll fly.

VERSE.



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



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

THE PLACE PREPARED.

Mrs. M. R. C. Beach.

S. M. McIlwain.

1. There's a heav - y - fel place, for you and for me, We know how shall
 2. And I need not look off, to find the dark place, O'er Jordan's dark
 3. I shall sit - ter his brow, and his kin - I know, In the - ing the

In my ar - rive; For a man who's pre - pared by Je - sus I am, And
 telling a - way, For he will with me high, and show me his face, And
 will of his word, In my heart - you, by him he has been to love, 'Till

Tranquil
 In the Way and the Dawn, } heav - y - fel place! . . .
 With me he will come to - day, } heav - y - fel place!
 dwell as - cend with my Lord, } heav - y - fel place!

heav - y - fel place! } Slipping death - ry I will, O,
 heav - y - fel place!

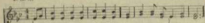
as he reveal, and bring to rest, For ev - er with Je - sus to dwell.

By per. The S. M. McIlwain Co., owners of the copyright.

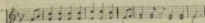
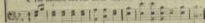
OVER THE BORDER LAND

J. H. A.

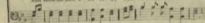
J. H. ALLEN, by per.



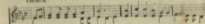
1. A horn, on high, is waik'ing me, Just o - ver the bor - der land,
2. My loved ones there, will welcome me, Just o - ver the bor - der land,
3. My Saviour there is call'ing me, Just o - ver the bor - der land,
4. The mother of God will call on me, Just o - ver the bor - der land,



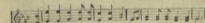
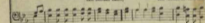
- And there my Saviour I shall see, Just o - ver the bor - der land,
 And with them soon, for 'till I be, Just o - ver the bor - der land,
 And by his grace will take me free, Just o - ver the bor - der land,
 And then we there' - - - - - will be, Just o - ver the bor - der land.



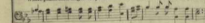
CHORUS



- Just o - ver the bor - der land, There wait the hosts of Heaven,
 the bor - der land, the hosts of the world.



- Where praise shall ring the year shall out, Just o - ver the bor - der land.



95 WALKING IN THE KING'S HIGHWAY.

Mrs. GRACE WALKER DAVIS.

— CHAS. H. GARNETT.

1. I am hap-py in the day, I am hap-py all the way,
 2. Li-ve all mine in the way—bright-ly, bold-ly, and free,
 3. I re-joice when I'm sad, For his prom-ise makes me glad,
 4. Each hap-py-mom-ent of his love! Such a sweet-ness from a love,

Now I'm walking in the King's highway; Things are done all right or wrong—
 Now I'm walking in the King's highway; There is no-thing to be gained,
 Now I'm walking in the King's highway; For each word I have a pain,—
 Now I'm walking in the King's highway; Jesus comes and walks with me!

Trusting still, I march a-pace, Now I'm walking in the King's highway,
 For I feel the love closest, Now I'm walking in the King's highway,
 In the light I wear a palm, Now I'm walking in the King's highway,
 More in love each day I see, Now I'm walking in the King's highway.

Chorus.

Walking in the King's highway, I am walking in the
 King's high-way!

King's high-way! I am hap-py in the land, I am

WALKING IN THE KING'S HIGHWAY.—Concluded.

trust- ing in his word, then I'm walk- ing in the King's high- way.

96

EVER NEAR.

Wm. H. GARDNER.

JOHN B. DEVAULT.

1. When the way is bright with sunshine, When darkness of darkness comes,
2. When the way is sad and lonely, And the eyes with tears are dim,
3. Through the fi-teen some a-mo-ments, And the clouds all close up-pon,
4. When the wanderer turneth back-ward, From the path of his mis-son,

Can there be who's on - or near you, Je - sus Christ, the Ho - ly One!
 Turn, O turn to us, in your mis-son, Turn and tell your glad in-ter-
 Let this yearn- ing be your con-vert, Je - sus Christ in us - or near.
 If he cry, "O help me, Master!" He will lead his on - or near.

In the mis-son, in the dark-ness, With a word of love that flows.

To - or walk- ing there to help you, Christ, the Lord, in us - or near.

97 TURNED AWAY FROM THE BEAUTIFUL GATE.

D. E. JOHNSON.
And no fast.

D. E. JOHNSON, *lyrics.*

1. Some one will know of the saints bright home, And hear the Lord saying, "Ye
 2. Some one will hear the an - gel's song And wish he could go with the
 3. Some one will stand with an orb - ing host, While Jesus preaches on the
 4. Some one will sit - get with love - ful eyes, While Christ and his people an -
 5. Some one will go in - to dark - ness down, Far - off from the fair land
 6. Some one will sit - by the door - of hell, And hear the soul with long an -

an - gel's voice, " With solemn he'll never o'er his soul - ever - the state,
 hap - py throng With singing he'll never o'er his soul - ever - the state,
 world - to - get, " With glowing he'll never o'er his soul - ever - the state,
 round the throne, With weeping he'll never o'er his soul - ever - the state,
 all that's dear, With anguish he'll never o'er his soul - ever - the state,
 longer can tell, With love - po' he'll never o'er his soul - ever - the state,

REFRAIN.

Turned a - way from the beautiful gate, Turned away from the beautiful gate

gate, Turned a - way from the beautiful gate, With solemn he'll never o'er his

soul - ever - the state, Turned a - way from the beautiful - the gate.

TELL IT AGAIN.

Rev. M. T. Hayes.

H. M. McCreary.

1. "Go - to the tomb when e - ar - ly in the morn - ing, try - ing to find at the
 2. "Did he not rise, a - gain, in the morn - ing? Had he - not the good
 3. "Send - ing, through the tomb, the words of his teach - ing, just as he had said, the
 4. "Send - ing, he said, at his last sight to ap - pre - hend, "I am so glad that for

close of the day. News of his re - turn we were told, he
 the sign of joy? Had I not seen - his hand was he hold?
 the sign of death, "God was his Son?" "Whom - ev - er" said he:
 man be man now!" Whispered, while low such the men on the tomb,

Re - peat
 "The Lord - y es - he has told it to me!"
 "The Lord - y es - he has told it to me!" } Tell it a - gain!
 "Then I am sure that he sent him, the man!"
 "Lord, I be - lieve in you to the end!"

Tell it a - gain! He - ro - d's - and - er, the man who
 said to the chief priests, "Send - y es - he has told me he - fore,"

say of the children of men, "Send - y es - he has told me he - fore,"

Words are

Edward E. Newman.

1. Hunt to the meery well, And only - ing heaven is giv'n, Down where the
 2. For thine eye well, for thou Thine pleasure joys were brought, Down where the
 3. Come, with the ransomed souls, The Father's promise bring, Down where the
 4. And man, to save his soul, We'll praise thy light, a born, Down where the

Living waters flow, Grace makes the wound which Love's blood has laid with love's,
 Living waters flow, There is the meery well, That Christ to earth has brought,
 Living waters flow, Beyond the high mountains, A dove! he reigns a King,
 Living waters flow, This is what thou'lt give, Made perfect by his love,

Harmony

Down where the living waters flow, Down where the living waters flow,
 Living waters flow,

Down where the trees of life dark green, I'm be - ing in the light, for

In - stead of the night, Down where the living wa - ters
 Living waters flow.

REV. E. A. HOFFMAN.

JOHN B. HAYART.

1. Why hangs my soul in - lone - ly to be there, With - in your
 2. Oh - en - gine to leave a world of sin, And as your
 3. All my soul loves to lingered a - ver there, All my de -

less - alone, lone - ly - ful and fair? Why hangs my heart still
 for - sake, gold - en, an - ter by? Oh - en - gine to
 sing a - ve for the love of Je - su, And as His' alone here

ap - peared in the home Where sin and sorrow met - or soon you come?
 leave the pain and weep, To - be my Je - sus or - or more to go,
 glad - ly I'll stand up to the cross where precious love of God.

REFRAIN.

Je - sus is there, Je - sus is there, And I would sing his

And I would sing his - er there, a - ver there, There, a - ver there.

FRYDILLA J. OWENS.

W. J. KIMMATHON, by poet.

1. Will your an - chor hold in the storms of life, When the clouds ap -
 2. It is safe - ly moored, 'till the storm withers, For 'tis well an -
 3. It will firm - ly hold in tempests of sin, When the breakers are
 4. It will sure - ly hold in the booms of death, When the wa - ters
 5. Whomsoever be - hold thro' the gulf's ring light, The res - y of

And with their wings' aid, When the deep's whirl, and the ex - haustion,
 sent by the storm's hand, and the ex - haustion's from his heart to mine,
 and the soul is free, Tho' the tempest raves and the wild winds blow,
 and shall mark our track, On the sea - long tide it can save or fail,
 gold, our har - bor bright, We shall see - clear fast by the sun - ny beam.

TRILLING

Will your an - chor drift, or fly in vain,
 Can de - ly the blast thro' strength's strain,
 Not an angry wave shall our bark o'er - flow,
 Whomsoever a - tide within the veil,
 With the eternal port for us - a - mine.

} We have an an - chor that

keeps the soul, should fast and sure while the billows roll, Planted in the

WE HAVE AN ANCHOR.—Concluded.

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

102

HARP. C. M.

John Newton.

Arr. by H. M. McCremon.

1. A. — now my grief (how sweet the word) That we'd a watch like me!
2. 'Twas grief that taught my heart to fear, And grief my heart relieved;
3. Tho' now my feet grow, with each season, I love it — and I sing;
4. The Lord has promised good to me, His word my hope increases;
5. Yet, when this flesh and mortal shall, And now — 'til the shadows,

Fin.

1. — now was lost, but now are found, Was blind, but now I see,
2. How joys which did not give us peace, The love I bear has freed!
3. The storm has brought me safe thus far, And grace will lead me home;
4. He will my shield and portion be, As long as life we share,
5. I shall praise — him, while in the rock, A life of joy and peace.

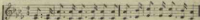
Chorus with organ! strain D. E.

Was blind, but now I see, Was blind, but now I see,
 The love I bear has freed! The love I bear has freed!
 And grace will lead me home, And grace will lead me home,
 As long as life we share, As long as life we share,
 A life of joy and peace, A life of joy and peace.

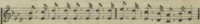
103 WHEN THE HARVEST ALL IS IN.

E. D. Latta.

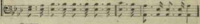
FRANK M. DAVIS.



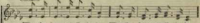
1. Would you send a song the har-vest, When the har-vest all is in?
2. Would you join the song of gladness, When the har-vest all is in?
3. Would you have a crown of - fer, When the har-vest all is in?
4. Would you have a crown of - fer, When the har-vest all is in?



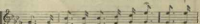
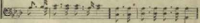
For the Mass of Love and Mer-cy, You would have the work be done,
You would be a faithful witness, In the harvest of true and sin,
From the hands of man and his - ly, Bring the good - ly gifts to win,
Such to send the harvestly gar - ment, For it be the true and sign.



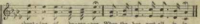
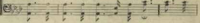
Chorus



When the har-vest all is in, When the har-vest all is in,



What a great - ing of the har-vest, What a



great - ing of the har-vest, When the har-vest all is in.



By per. The E. D. Latta Co., owners of the copyright.

Mrs. Loretta K. Downes.

E. M. Whitman.

1. No man may tell when the first-born shall come, What - er - in day, or in
 2. O, Man - a - all hope, that hath bit - of the weak, And filled with up - ton the
 3. E - ven be not this great promise in light! That I may obtain the
 4. O, let us strive, then, to work with a will, Then he will come and his

right's not ever gleams, But this we know, and it brings us consolation, -
 third - y who seek Joy at the Presence that flows on - or clear -
 gle - ry of heav'n's Life's love - y love - alone I'll cheer - ful - ly bear;
 joy - in - his - ful - fill, To - or - for me - dy his grace - come to bear!

VERSE.

"We shall be like him," "when he shall appear."
 "We shall be like him," "when he shall appear."
 "We shall be like him," "when he shall appear."
 "We shall be like him," "when he shall appear."
 When he shall appear, when

he shall appear, We shall be like him when he shall appear!

HOLY NIGHT!

Arr. by H. M. McTearns.

The first system of music consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment line. The vocal line is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a 3/4 time signature. The lyrics are: "The first night when the angels came to earth to bring the good news that the Christ child was born."

The second system of music continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "The first night when the angels came to earth to bring the good news that the Christ child was born."

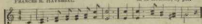
The third system of music continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "The first night when the angels came to earth to bring the good news that the Christ child was born."

The fourth system of music concludes the piece with a final vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "The first night when the angels came to earth to bring the good news that the Christ child was born."

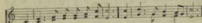
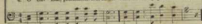
THE HALF HAS NEVER BEEN TOLD.

FRANCIS K. HAYWARD.

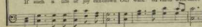
H. K. HAYWARD, by per.



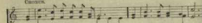
1. I know I love thee better, Lord, Than a - ny earth-ly joy.
2. I know that thou art true-er still Than a - ny earth-ly thing.
3. Thou hast put gladness in my heart; Thou wilt say I be glad.
4. O the - re-fore, praise me for her sake! What will thy pleasure be



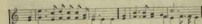
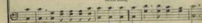
For thou hast giv- en me the peace Which noth- ing can de-stroy.
 And sweet-er is the thought than Thou a - ny love-ly thing.
 With-out the ac-cord of thy love I could not rest be-fore.
 If such a life of joy thou giv-est, Ours walk on earth with thee!



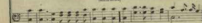
CHORUS.



The half has never yet been told, Of love so full and true;
 has told,



The half has never yet been told, The third - it almost is,
 has told, almost is.



STEPPING IN THE LIGHT.

L. H. EDWARDS

W. J. KIRKPATRICK, ly. poet.

1. Try - ing to walk in the steps of the Father-son, Try - ing to
 2. Press-ing our- selves by to him who is lead- ing, When we are
 3. Walk- ing to foot- steps of our- self the Father-son, First steps of
 4. Try - ing to walk in the steps of the Father-son, Up ward, still

Ed - low our God - our self King; Step - ing our lives by his
 steps - all to turn from the way; Trust - ing the one that is
 lead - ing us on - up, and down, Look - ing to him for the
 up - ward we'd Ed - low our Guide, When we shall see him, 'tis

Man - of us - an - ple, Happy, low hap - py, the songs that we bring
 strong to defend us, Happy, low hap - py, our guide - in each day,
 grace free - ly given us, Happy, low hap - py, our joy - say a - lways,
 King to be - come - ty, Happy, low hap - py, our place of his side,

Chorus

How hap - pi - fel - ly walk in the steps of the

Say - ant, Stepp- ing in the light, Stepp- ing in the light; How

Copyright, 1911, by W. J. Kirkpatrick.

STEPPING IN THE LIGHT.—Concluded.

Lead in - to the light, to walk in the shadow of the Fatherless, Lead in path of light.

108

SCHUMANN. S. M.

ISAAC WATTS.

L. C. EVERETT.

1. The Lord my Shepherd is, I shall be well supplied:
 2. He leads me to the place, Wherever I go, there grass,
 3. If I'm I go a - stray, He doth my soul re - strain,
 4. Wherever he leads me out, I can not yield to fear;

How can I be calm, and I say, his, What can I
 When he is - ing me, let me go - my path, And fill me -
 And guide me in his own right way, For his good
 That I should walk thro' death's dark shade, My Shep-herd's

want be - side, What can I want be - side?
 re - turn there, And fill me - side there,
 be - by name, For his good be - by name,
 with me there, My Shep-herd's with me there.

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DORIS LAWREN BARRY.

E. M. McLEOD, MUS. DRG.

1. The mistakes of my life have been my - ny, But the
 2. one I've - got of those who would have been; I am
 3. My mistake has been my - ny, And my
 4. The mistakes of my life have been my - ny, And my

one of my heart have been my - ny, And I want - y some
 work - ing of those who would pay, But I want to live
 one he will work all a - way, And the fact that now
 ply - in to work - y with me, Though I want - y can see

for my wrong - ing, But I'll knock at the door
 for his help - ing, And I know he'll give me
 his and his - ing, Then may we see the light of day,
 for my wrong - ing, Yet his help - ing will let me see.

Interlude
 I know I am sin - ful and the way - ny, And now I feel a

more and more, (more and more,) But Je - sus is - sion me to come

THE OPEN DOOR.—Concluded.

In, come in, I will see - ter the o - pen door.
 In, come in, I will see - ter the o - pen door.

110

TAKE ME AS I AM.

ELIZA H. HAMILTON

E. M. McLEOD

1. Je - sus, my Lord, to whom I cry, O - less than help me I must die.
2. Helpless I am, and full of guilt, But yet for me thy blood was spilt.
3. If thou hast work for me to do, Inquire my will, my heart, my soul.
4. And when at last the work is done, The last - the o'er the vic - ty won,

Forte

O, bring thy free will - va - tion nigh, And take me as I am.
 And thou must make me what thou wilt, But take me as I am.
 And work both to and by me, too, But take me as I am.
 Still, until my cry shall be a tone, O, take me as I am.

D. E.—O, bring thy free will - va - tion nigh, And take me as I am.

Pizzicato

D. E.

Take me as I am . . . Take me as I am . . .
 Take me, take me as I am, Take me, take me as I am.

As given by E. M. McLeod to the publishers of the copyright.

Rev. R. H. FORT, D.D.

Geo. A. MASON.

1 We are pressing on, ward for the promised prize, For the crown of
 2 Quick on us - 'ry foot - step brighten us - 'ry eye, Through the path be -
 3 On - ward, go, wherever light leads us, In - ing vain, Through our brethren

4 On - ly for to yield the show, Je - sus will become in whom our
 5 Turn - y, it is made us high, With our faith in - ing, and our
 6 In - ter, they shall yet be - joy, In the blood of pur - chase of our

D.S. — Then, all touch in and - ed, and all

7 In - de are done, — When the last day is — over, and the vic - ty won,
 8 In - ter all bright, For - ward we are pressing to the land of light,
 9 In - ter - ing, We shall stand to - geth - er, and life give us long

10 In - ter - pressed, From their sin and our sin, we shall rest at last.

Expressive

11 On - ward, on - ward, on - ward, till we see the face,

12 Till we see the face of our Lord, — Till we see the face of our Lord,

THE LAST HOPE.

REV. M. B. WILKINSON, D.D.

Arranged by G. A. WING.

1. The *last* hope, O *dear* by *the* *ex-* *posed,*
 2. O *why* with *them* *in-* *ger,* *Thy* *Lord* *is* *re-* *cover?*
 3. Then *come* *to* *the* *har-* *bour* *Who* *be-* *ing* *ly* *safe,*

To *re-* *cept* *the* *de-* *struction* *is* *de-* *serve* *and* *be* *saved.*
Why *long* *is* *our* *in-* *ter-* *est* *in* *the* *spire* *is* *to* *grow?*
For *the* *land* *of* *his* *in-* *heritance* *is* *per-* *ished* *forever.*

If *obedience* *is* *re-* *quired,* *the* *re-* *ward* *is* *right,*
That *spire* *is* *re-* *quired* *will* *take* *the* *re-* *ward* *right,*
Ac- *cept* *his* *in-* *heritance,* *Heavily* *born* *at* *his* *birth,*

But *thy* *spire* *is* *in-* *evitable* *Must* *be* *re-* *quired* *for!*
And *how* *can* *it* *re-* *quire* *if* *the* *re-* *ward* *is* *right!*
And *a* *re-* *quired* *obedience* *They* *know* *shall* *re-* *quire!*

MRS. LILLA E. BOWEN.

E. M. McLELLAN.

1. Pre-cious words - er - er! O, won-der-ful words, Teach me the
 2. True - ly in - de - ed their pow-er to all, "Com - e - to
 3. Wash - ing - ton - free them - selves and - are be - given, In the mid -

path-way of de - ty; Lead me be-side the still wa-ters of life,
 the wheels - er - er, His love ap-peared with a bar-ten of seven,
 right of thy ear; now! Wash - ing - ton - go on in the dark-ness of sin,

BOWEN.

Five - day long - eal - days of love - ty,
 trials of the heart - y - ful - er - er, } Pre-cious words - er - er in
 long - ing for me might to meet - er.

you and to me, Wash - ing - ton - free them - selves apart - er, Hear - ing ad -

in - then for - er - er the sea, Hear - ing the words that are - er!

As per the 1st edition in volume of the copyright.

FRANCIS W. PARKS.

E. M. McLENNAN, MISS DEAN.

1. O pa-r-a-dise! O pa-r-a-dise! Who shall not crave the rest?
 2. O pa-r-a-dise! O pa-r-a-dise! The world is grow-ing old!
 3. O pa-r-a-dise! O pa-r-a-dise! 'Tis sweet-ly wait-ing here!
 4. O pa-r-a-dise! O pa-r-a-dise! I want to sit no more,

Who would not seek the happy land Where they that loved are blest,
 Who would not be at rest and free Where love is true-er held?
 I long to be where Jesus is, To feel, to see him near,
 I want to be no more on earth, let us fly up here.

Chorus.

When joy-ful hearts and true shall meet in the light,

All hap-py-ness through and through, In God's sweet love, by right!

1. O paradise! O paradise!
 I greatly long to see
 The special place my Saviour led
 To love prepared for me.
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2. Lord Jesus, King of paradise,
 O keep me in thy love,
 And guide me to that happy land
 Of perfect rest above.

Mrs. M. B. C. PLUMB

E. M. McTearns, Mrs. Doc.

1. I've been 'till late, the night is fall - ing, I long a - gain to
 2. I've been up - on the lone - ly mount - ain, Where there is - not my
 3. My soul is faint, my spir - it weak - ing, In want of food that

and my home; A voice I hear, an - dle - ly call - ing; "My
 way is way; A - ble I bear the lone - ly mount - ain, That
 can give thee, My I've been to the lone - ly keep - ing, The

word - s of life, some - times from heaven!" I'll go, I'll go!
 in language - ful - ly to - day,
 found of life, a - enough for me. I'll go, I'll go!

With my heart of sor - row - full - ing, All my sin and weak - ness

will - ing, To my Father's de - sires - ting, I'll go, I'll go!

By per - mit - tion of the publishers, Messrs. G. Schirmer, Inc.

J. D. K. BARRETT

GEO. A. MASON.

1. There is something at all times for chil-dren to do, As they
 2. There are in-jures to learn of the wis-dom of God, That are
 3. There are no needs of love for the lit-tle ones here, To be
 4. There is - not an hour that is lost, nor min-ute to sit, As we

much in the Sunday school land; The bus-ness is great and when
 taught by the lit-tle that grow, We will walk in the path the dis-
 ciple and the teacher we know; If it be but an at-ten-tion
 some us - to them for our strength; And when we have finished this

Chorus — As we journey a long a-dream

First

as - it we go There's employ-ment for each lit-tle hand,
 down in the land, While he is good with man here be - low,
 word of good news, That may come - but some heart in his own,
 own right-ness will, He - give us to learn-as an hour.

in our glad song, There's something for chil-dren to do.

Chorus

There's something to do, there's something to do, There's something for children to do.

Rev. W. P. Stevens.

H. M. McLEOD.

1. O, the gospel story tell Of the cross! (Of the cross!) Let the
 2. Let us praise Thee by name Of the cross! (Of the cross!) And the
 3. O, the song shall never cease Of the cross! (Of the cross!) Of the

ark - a sin and cross! Of the cross! (Of the cross!) Sing the
 The Lord's pain and shame Of the cross! (Of the cross!) For the
 sor - row, grief and pain, Of the cross! (Of the cross!) For the

Jesus' grief and sin, How his blood did flow - by flow, Till the
 name came to our plea, For and - we then fell and low, And in
 glo - ry glide the way, And it hath in - sur - led way, And we'll

F. S. - blood did flow - by flow, Till the
 First Chorus.

world shall gladly leave Of the cross! (Of the cross, . . . of the
 death was hope and life Of the cross! (Of the cross, . . . of the
 sing in love's for aye Of the cross! (Of the cross, which the

world shall gladly leave Of the cross!

cross! Sing the Jesus' grief and sin, How his
 blood of the love died,

Repeat this to the following the end of the page.

ANDREW W. FRANCK.

D. K. THOMAS.

Subjects.

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 lov'd and own, Some sweet day, some sweet

day; We shall cross the storm - y life, Some sweet day, some sweet
 day; Peace and joy - ry for us wait, Some sweet day, some sweet
 day; Faith - ful - ty round the great white throne, Some sweet day, some sweet

day; We shall press the mantle of gold, While he - here my eyes are
 day; We shall hear the wondrous voice, Ho - ry to the land that's
 day; In the tree of life we sit, Joy and hap - piness are - ry -

334. How - ev'rs eyes - are, yet we - will, Some sweet day, some sweet day,
 slain, Christ wash'd but lives a - gain, Some sweet day, some sweet day,
 where, O Calvary of a - ver last, Some sweet day, some sweet day.

Geo. J. Minton.

1. Af-ter the dew's in the morn - ing and, till - we start when day is done,
2. Af-ter the hail, the wak - ing bells, bristling of joy from our hearth-stone.

Af-ter the snow, the sun - or - all leaves; Af-ter the bar - vent, gold on leaves,
Af-ter the hail, the in - di - an sun; Af-ter our weeping, sweet re - pen.

Af-ter the drizzle, the vi - o - let sky; Qui - et winds when whirrs go by,
Af-ter the bar - den, bliss - ful mood; Af-ter the far - row, wak - ing wood.

AFTER.—Concluded.

Af-ter the tem-pest, Calm of wa-ter; Af-ter the hot - the, peace-ful green.
 Af-ter the light, the dawn - y' morn; O - ver the shadowy dis - er - rent.

120

LOVE EACH OTHER.

1850. A. W. WOOD.

1. Love and kindness are easy matters; By this simple rule abide —
 Do not vex and our neighbor's pleasure. Just as if it were our own;
 2. When the poor are in - to - be - hold - en, If we will not get - y' hand;
 Christ accounts himself of - hand - ed, Who is ex - ty - mate's hand.

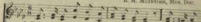
We should all ways love the - self - less, But not your selves the best;
 When a self - ish thought would arise, And our - ses - a - re - to - be - best.

Let us love the weak and hapless, — Trust the Father's love re - quard.
 Let us then re - main, let Je - sus, And re - side in his hand.

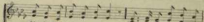
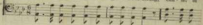
BECKONING HANDS.

Rev. C. C. LORRAIN.

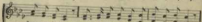
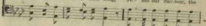
H. M. McDEVOTT, Mus. Dir.



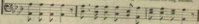
1. Beck - on - ing hands at the gate - way to - night, The - an - all
 2. Beck - on - ing hands of a north - er - wind low - the - re - stand
 3. Beck - on - ing hands of a fall - the - sun, and the - by - stand
 4. Beck - on - ing hands of a low - land, a wild, Watch - ing and
 5. Brightest and best of God - al - ti - mes King, Can - not



- stand - ing with re - di - em light, Eyes look - ing down from you
 life in the - re - turn to grace, Hands of a - re they to
 walk - ing, to walk - er, for them, In - to - ward of the time, the
 walk - ing the broad way of life, Hands of a low land, a
 all and the throne of their song, In - to - ward the way, the



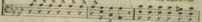
- best - on - ly hand, From - ti - ful hands, they are beck - on - ing "stand."
 best - on - ly hand, Beck - on - ing high - er the walk - ing can - not.
 light of the hand, To - low - er - er - ly, in beck - on - ing "stand."
 in - to - ward a hand, Out - from the gate - way to - night they can - not.
 physical One stand, Low - ing by - stand - ing with beck - on - ing hands.



REFRAIN



- From - ti - ful hands, Beck - on - ing
 From - ti - ful, best - on - ly hands, From - ti - ful, best - on - ly



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BECKONING HANDS.—Concluded.

hands, . . . Call - ing the dear ones to hear - en - ly hands,
beck-on-ing hands,

Heav - en - ly hands, . . . Beck - on - ing
Heav - en - ly hands, beck-on-ing hands, Heav - en - ly hands, Heav - en - ly

hands, . . . Call - ing the dear ones to hear - en - ly hands,
beck-on-ing hands,

122

L. W. Turner, Boston.

1. While life perhaps its precious light,
Hurry to find, and grace is given;
But soon, ah soon, approaching night
Shall bid us every hope of heaven.
2. While God invites, how blind the day!
How sweet the gospel's cheering word!
Come, sinners, haste, O haste away,
While yet a pard'ning God is found.
3. Haste, haste on life's most rapid wing,
Shall death command you to the grave,
Follow his bar your spirits bring,
And none be found to hear of woe.
4. In that low land of deep despair
No Sabbath's heavenly light shall dim,
No God regard your latter prayer,
No harrier call you to the skies.

M. A. M.

1. There's a bright and Gold-en light, That is shin-ing on our way,
 2. 'Tis the light that led us up, From the darkness of our sin,
 3. 'Tis the light that guides us on, O'er the rough and perilous life,
 4. If we trust the Father's voice, And a - boy his things command,

And it com-eth from a - bove; 'Tis the precious light of truth,
 To the glo-ri-ous light of day; 'Tis the light that life my soul,
 Up the won-der-ful hills of Grace; Thro' the tem-pest and the sea,
 He will guide us home a - bove; Thro' the Gold-en Light will shine,

D.S.—And bright-en up the way.

That will lead to end-less day; 'Tis the light of a Father's love,
 And endless peace and joy within; From this light I shall nev - er stray.
 Thro' the world and the strife, This light shall be ev - er mine,
 Ev - er in that hap-py land; It will be his own pre-cious love.

Cresc.

Gold-en Light, shine on, shine on, shine on us from a - bove,
 Golden Light, shine on, shine on, shine on,

Hymn F. E. Haydn.

GEO. A. MENON.

1. Sing - ing for Je - sus, our Sav - iour and King; Sing - ing for
 2. Sing - ing for Je - sus, our Sav - iour and King; Sing - ing for
 3. Sing - ing for Je - sus, our Sav - iour and King; Sing - ing for
 4. Sing - ing for Je - sus, our Sav - iour and King; Sing - ing for

Je - sus the Lord, whom we love; All ad - ore - him in
 love, like and join in the song; Call - ing the name of Je - sus
 with gladness and joy; Sing - ing for him, our Sav - iour and King;
 praise him and all that are in love; Sing - ing for him, our Sav - iour and King;

joy - our Je - sus, Sing - ing to praise our Sav - iour and King;
 with gladness and joy; Sing - ing for him, our Sav - iour and King;
 praise him and all that are in love; Sing - ing for him, our Sav - iour and King;
 sing - ing for him, our Sav - iour and King; Sing - ing for him, our Sav - iour and King;

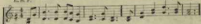
Chorus.

Sing - ing, sing - ing, Singing for Jesus our Saviour and King;
 Singing for Jesus, singing for Jesus.

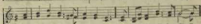
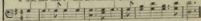
Sing - ing, sing - ing, Singing for Jesus our Saviour and King;
 Singing for Jesus, singing for Jesus.

R. S. F.

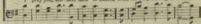
R. S. Foss.



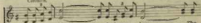
1. When I was far a - way from God, And all wander'd to His,
 2. Yet still I wander'd on in sin, till death-by grace was brought,
 3. Then, in my hopeless case, that voice Was speaking love a - gain—
 4. And now that I His love have found, And that love in my soul,



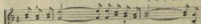
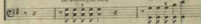
- I heard a voice from heav'n say, "The Sav-iour calls for thee."
 O - he, I cannot all be-hold Thee— I had my sin - is wrought,
 "If thou wouldst fol-low - the true love, Thou must be born a - gain,
 I pray you, sin -ners, turn to Christ, That he may make you whole."



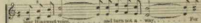
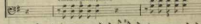
Chorus.



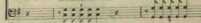
- He's calling for thee, He's calling for thee, O sinner, a - lay, O sinner, a - lay, The



- Sav-iour still pleads, He's pleading to-day, The Sav-iour still pleads, He's pleading to-day, He's pleading to-day.



- His blood was shed, and turns us a - way, and turns us a - way, For
 O sinner, turn, O sinner, turn, and turn us a - way, and turn us a - way.



By permission of R. S. Foss.

HEAR THE SAVIOUR CALLING.—Concluded.

Je - sus is call - ing to save you to - day.
For Je - sus is call - ing

126 COME TO THE SAVIOUR TO-DAY.

CHARLES WINDLEY.

Arr. by E. M. McLEOD.

1. { Come, sinners, to the great feast; Come to the Saviour to - day; }
Let us - ty and the Jew's guest, Come to the Saviour to - day;
2. { To good purpose be left no man; Come to the Saviour to - day; }
For God hath bid us all come here; Come to the Saviour to - day;

Come to the Saviour, don't de - lay; Come to the Saviour, Come to - day.

For you be glad his precious blood; Come to the Saviour to - day.

3 Hear by my Lord, on you I call;
The invitation is to all.

4 Come all the world! come, sinners, then
All things in Christ are ready given.

5 Come, all ye weary by sin oppressed,
Ye restless wand'ring after rest.

Reveries, etc., by E. M. McLeod.

6 Ye poor, and meek, and lowly minded,
In Christ a hearty welcome find.

7 My message is both glad and true;
Ye all may come to Christ and live.

8 O let his love your hearts constrain,
Nor suffer him to die in vain.

G. A. M.

GEO. A. MITCHELL

1. Shall we all meet there, in that land of light, Our teachers and
 2. Shall we all meet there, our own dear land, A - round the great
 3. Shall we all meet there, we are marching on, — And will the

what are in robes of white? Shall we all meet there, in that
 throne by that spi - rit - ed land? Shall we all meet there, in that
 ranks of that great white throng? Shall we all meet there at the

land a - lone, And sing with the an - gels their songs of love?
 let - ter books, Where pur - ple, red and sa - ffron, and blue re - veal
 last great day, To march with the ransom'd in bright ar - ray?

Shall we all meet there on that ex - ce - pted shore,
 Shall we all meet there, where the gate is a - jay,
 Shall we all meet there, or will there be more

SHALL WE ALL MEET THERE? Concluded.

With all the dear loved ones who've gone be-fore? Shall we all meet
And Je-sus is look'ing us down a-bove? Shall we all meet
For whom we shall watch, but who ne'er will come? Shall we all meet

There? by the Father's side, Who we - ant to dwell with the saints to-day?
There? shall the an-gels hear The ones that our Sunday school in all these?
There? Oh, it is our pray'r That Je-sus will help all to meet up there!

Chorus.

Shall we all . . . meet there, . . . Shall we all . . . meet there,
Shall we all meet there, meet there, meet there, Shall we all meet there, meet there,

Shall we all . . . meet there, And dwell in that beau-ti-ful land so high?
Shall we all meet there, meet there?

LET EVERY HEART REJOICE.

R. M. McCremont, by per.

Let ev - ry heart re - joice and sing, Let ev - ry soul exult and sing,
 To our great God and our King, To our great God and our King.

For he is good, the Lord is good, the Lord is good,
 the Lord is good, the Lord is good and great are all his ways,

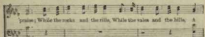
Lord is good, the Lord is good, the Lord is good and
 great are all his ways, With songs and har - monizing loud,

With songs, with songs and har - monizing loud,
 With songs and har - monizing loud,

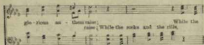
loud, The Lord Je - ho - vah praise, The Lord Je - ho - vah
 The Lord Je - ho - vah praise, The Lord Je - ho - vah

loud, The Lord Je - ho - vah praise, The Lord Je - ho - vah
 The Lord Je - ho - vah praise, The Lord Je - ho - vah

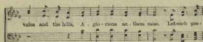
LET EVERY HEART REJOICE.—Concluded.



 voice; While the voice and the lily, While the voice and the lily, A



 glo-ri-ous as - sume voice; While the voice and the lily,



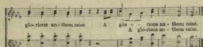
 voice and the lily, A - glo-ri-ous as - sume voice. Let each pre-



 sing the grate-ful song, And the God of our in-crease praise, While the



 voice and the lily. While the voice and the lily A



 glo-ri-ous as - sume voice A glo-ri-ous as - sume voice.
 A glo-ri-ous as - sume voice.

* In this passage the vocal parts should not be played, but only the strings.

At the second sign (A) the instruments should be resumed on the vocal part.

Geo. A. Myron.

1. Live for something; be not i - dia, Look a - head then for am - ply;
 2. Fold - ed hands are ev - er win - ty, Half - ish hearts are nev - er gay;
 3. That - ter blessings in your pathway; then - the words and cheerful smiles

Oh, cut down to me - low thinking, — La - bor is the crown - ed joy,
 Life for them has no - my - die - tion — As - tive be, then, while you may,
 Hat - ter are their gold - en sit - ter, With their greed - die - jell - ing wiles,

REFRAIN.

Go, then, work in my vine - yard; Go, then, work in my vine - yard;

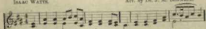
Go, then, work in my vine - yard; There's work a - nough for all.

PISGAH, C. M.

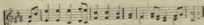
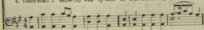
(SECOND TUNE)

ISAAC WATTS.

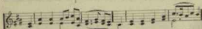
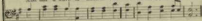
Arr. by Dr. J. M. DOWELL.



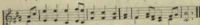
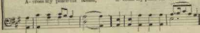
1. When I can read my G-d the clear To nations in the skies,
 2. Should earth against my soul engage, And sin - y dark be hid,
 3. Let earth, like a wild deluge, come, And storm of sinners fall!
 4. There shall I hallow my way - ty soul In seas of heav'nly rest,



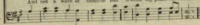
I hid face well to ev'ry face, And wipe my weeping eyes,
 Then I can smile at Satan's rage, And face a frowning world,
 May I but smile by such my foes, My God, my heav'n's, my all,
 And not a wave of trouble fall! A-come my peace-ful host,



And wipe my weeping eyes, And wipe my eyes a-way,
 And face a frowning world, And face a frowning world,
 My God, my heav'n's, my all, My God, my heav'n's, my all,
 A-come my peace-ful host, A-come my peace-ful host,



I hid face well to ev'ry face, And wipe my weeping eyes,
 Then I can smile at Satan's rage, And face a frowning world,
 May I but smile by such my foes, My God, my heav'n's, my all,
 And not a wave of trouble fall! A-come my peace-ful host,

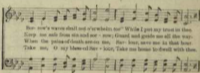


R. M. McLivmont.

R. M. McLivmont, Mrs. Dan.

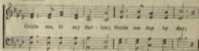


1. Guide me, O my Saviour, Guide me o'er ' life's troubled sea,
2. Guard me, O my Saviour, Guard and guide me ev'ry day,
3. Save me, O my Saviour, Save me from temptation's pow'r,
4. When the work of life is ended, All these hasten on for me,

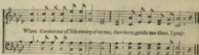


See how's woe shall not overwhelm me? While I put my trust in thee,
Keep me safe from sin and sorrow, Guard and guide me all the way,
When the pains of death arrive me, See how, save me in that hour,
Take me, O my Saviour, Take me home to dwell with thee.

REFRAIN.



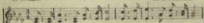
Guide me, O my Saviour, Guide me day by day;



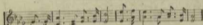
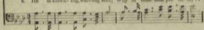
When dangers of life surround me, See how, guide me then, I pray.

C. W. Kay.

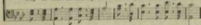
H. E. Crookson.



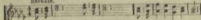
1. To thy sacred and built-up door, Great - ly as a won - der - ing dove,
2. Hand and a - pen wide the door, His - ter - ing as "thy thought" are,
3. He a way - al that will spread, the will bring a heart - ful answer;
4. He is know - ing, wait - ing still; Why is such - one yet de - lay?



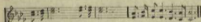
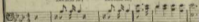
- He is know - ing as all - to - day, Think - ing in his heart - day here,
 Why in - sure and give him more, Quickly rise and let him in,
 Then shall we "The Living Bread," and be glad for - ev - er more,
 Why in - sure his heart - day still, He is given shall turn a - way?



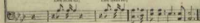
REFRAIN.



Let him in; Let him in; Since, why not make him room?
 Let him in; Let him in;



Let him in; Let him in; Let us not ever deny him.
 Let him in; Let him in;



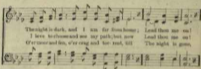
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Dr. JOHN H. NEWMAN

E. M. McLEWIS, Mus. Dir.



1. Lead, kindly light, a - mid th' stars singhams. Lead thou me on!
 2. I was not ev - er thus, nor pray'd that thou shouldst lead me on;
 3. So long thy pow'r hath blast me, now it still Will lead me on.



Thought is dark, and I am far from home; Lead thou me on!
 I have no compass and no map, but now Lead thou me on!
 O'erboard and low, e'er ebb and low, till The night is gone.



Keep thou my feet: I do not ask to see
 I level the gar - ble day, and, spite of these,
 And with the more than an - gel in - sen - sible



The fire that warms me, step enough for me,
 Pride ruled my will, he - nown - ber not past years!
 Which I have loved long since, and lost a - while!

LET YOUR LIGHT SHINE.

CHAS. H. GARDNER.

CHAS. H. GARDNER.

1. Let your light shine, let your light shine, That all - on high be told!
 2. Let your light shine, let your light shine, And shed its beams a - round;
 3. Let your light shine, let your light shine, That all the world may see

The glow - ing stars pro - ceed - ing may bring some - times to the aid,
 'Twill show the world you're not ashamed OF Christ, the Lamb of God,
 Your work - and our - way - and of love, That they may let - low then.

Cresc.

Let your light shine out 'mid the darkness on your journey, Let your light
 brightly

shine, O, let it shine brightly shine, It may prove a beacon-light to some

your - self in the night, Let your light shine brightly shine,
 Let your light shine, let your light brightly shine.

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FRANK M. DAVIS

A. J. SHAWLON, ly. gen.

1. Je - sus is walk - ing to - day, Come, Je - sus is call - ing to - day,
 2. Hear the sweet message of love, Glad by the multitude - day,
 3. Cast on the Saviour thy care, Hear his glad word call - day,

Thou - his your dwell - ing and love, Live - get no long - er a - way,
 Walk ye the king - dom a - love, Live - get no long - er a - way,
 Trust his your busi - ness to keep, He is the life and the way.

REPEATS.

Come, come, Je - sus is call - ing to - day,
 Come on - to us, come on - to us, Je - sus is call - ing to - day,

day, Come, come, Je - sus is call - ing to - day,
 call - ing to - day, Come on - to us, come on - to us,

Live - get no long - er a - way,
 Live - get no long - er a - way, no long - er a - way.

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SOME BLESSED DAY.

REV. C. W. BAY, D. D.

Wm. J. KITCHING, *lyric*

1. Some day, but when I can-er-t tell, To tell and soon I'll bid farewell;
 2. Some day, with-in the gates no fail, A golden harp my hands shall hold;
 3. Some day, I'll see my Saviour's face, And welcomed to His blissful throne;
 4. Some day, some blessed day, I know I'll find the love of being a - gain.

For I shall with the an-ge-ls-well, some day, some blessed day,
 And glad-ly sing robes of white I'll wear, some day, some blessed day,
 Shall with his peo-ple find a place, some day, some blessed day,
 And And how much to Christ I owe, some day, some blessed day.

Chorus.

Some day, some blessed day, some day, some blessed day, I'll be at
 some day, some blessed day, some day, some blessed day,

some with Christ to stay, some day, some blessed day.

R. E. HERRICK.

R. E. HERRICK.

1. I let - al and my own shoulders in thy way, Tell it to
 2. If doubt should enter in, with heavy hearts to sin, Tell it to
 3. His love will not leave thee, what - ev - er may come, Tell it to

Je - sus a - lone; Je - sus in the Lord, For get not to pray.—
 Je - sus a - lone; Still keep in the way, His word be thy stay.—
 Je - sus a - lone; When life-work shall end thy day, "Child, wait here."

Chorus.

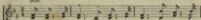
Tell it to Je - sus a - lone. Tell it to Je - sus,

Tell it to Je - sus, Tell it to Je - sus a - lone, For he is your friend,

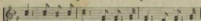
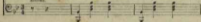
His love has no end.— Tell it to Je - sus a - lone,

Rev. C. W. Ray, D.D.
Ira.

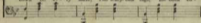
E. M. McCreant.



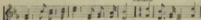
1. A gen - tle breeze, A - mid the storm, Once walk'd the
 2. When all - lone was, And for some hours Thy sleep - ing
 3. When rough the sea ON life lay in, And waves got



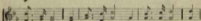
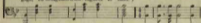
wild to - tal-teme sea, When all with dread, All hope had
 sunk in more dis - may, If 'ere the wave, Thy soul be
 down on ev - 'ry hand, The tem - pest rags, No faith en -



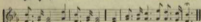
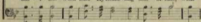
Cresc.



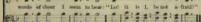
and, Precious - ly bought on Gal - i - lee,
 now Thy bay - low voice, to us a - field,
 rags, to bring us back - ingred to land. } O Gal - i - lee, sweet



Gal - i - lee! When saw thy troub - ling sea, in vain, What



wouldst thou I need to know: "Let it be I, to seek a field!"



W. L. THOMPSON.

W. L. THOMPSON.

1. There's a great day coming, A great day coming, There's a
 2. There's a bright day coming, A bright day coming, There's a
 2. There's a sad day coming, A sad day coming, There's a

great day coming by and by, When the sun and the air shall be
 bright day coming by and by, And the bright sun shall on - ly come to
 sad day coming by and by, When the air - and shall bear witness, "The

part of righteous folk, Are you ready for that day to come?
 them who love the Lord, Are you ready for that day to come?
 part, I know ye not? Are you ready for that day to come?

Chorus.

Are you ready, are you ready, Are you ready for the

Judgment-day? Are you ready, are you ready, For the Judgment-day?

Mrs. LOUISA K. BROWN.

S. M. McTAVEN.

1. The' the shadow-land of ev' my path-ways here, And no' an enemy with- in my way,
 2. In the deep-est vale the winds around me yell, And the thun-der my heart of- fright,
 3. When death-ly ang'ls' breath is on my brow, And the earth pass- es from my view,

In the darkness yet as a - - - - - all will I say, For my Sav-our is lead- ing the way,
 How-ly com- es the Spir- it down in my soul, Thus the world is all bright-ly and light,
 How-ly trust- ing in my Sav-our thus, as now, He will lead me in paths of - - - - - of love.

REPEAT.

I will trust in my Sav-our, I will trust in my Sav-our, I will

trust in my Sav-our all - - - - - way; He will lead me thro' the night, By his

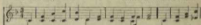
ev-er shin- ing light, I will trust in my Sav-our in - - - - - day.

ONE WHISPER, O FATHER!

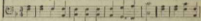
(May be sung as a Home-Response Hymn.)

Rev. C. W. Ray, D. D.

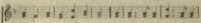
E. M. Jefferson, Mps. Doct.



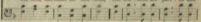
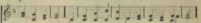
1. One Fa-ther in heav'n, we know thy will done, For those who heart
2. Of Fa-ther, can whisper of those from a - lone, Shall compass all
3. One who can, O Fa-ther! the government still, Unhelped, O who



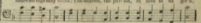

Yes - but we may - ing - ing to - day, They sit in the
dark - ness, thy - ing - ing and - ing, They who - will shall
can be a - ing - ing to - day, They sit in the
will, Yes in - a - ble

dark - ness of death and the grave, But thou art All - night - y to
turn their sad sight in - to day, And drive from their vision the dark
we - dom can make us un - able, The' his - dead are part - of and

can - bring! now, One who can, O Fa-ther! the government still, Unhelped, O who
dark - ness a - way, One who can, O Fa-ther! the government still, Unhelped, O who
heart - ing may look, The darkness, the per - son, to love in to - day's,



ONE WHISPER, O FATHER!—Concluded.

And give a crown be-fore for their suf-fer-ings;
And glad-ly with us ap-pear, show the way to heav'n;
Shall wait for our re-ward, and crown us with life.

145 THEY WAIT FOR US THERE.

REV. G. W. BAY, D. D.

FRANK VOSE.

1. Trust! Trust, let us leave our sins, death may our hearts oppress;
2. Death! death, come a moment here, fill the world with rest;
3. Trust! Trust to the Father's love, then we shall meet a host.

Yet 'tis our duty to reckon of our loss, when we are dead,
Dark to the soul, but 'tis our duty to seek the light from God,
Do not despair, our loved ones are by wait, close by the side.

wait for us there, wait for us there, wait for us there,
Wait for us there, wait for us there, wait for us there,
Wait for us there, wait for us there, wait for us there.

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LEAD ME, SAVIOUR.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

FRANK M. DAVIS, lyrics.

1. Sav-our, lead me, lead I stay,
 2. Then, the red-eyes of my soul,
 3. The best, lead me, then, at last.

Give my lead me all the
 When life's stormy billows
 When the storm of life is

1. Sav - our, lead me, lead I stay, Give - my
 2. Then, the red-eyes of my soul, When life's
 3. Sav - our, lead me, then, at last, When the

Lead me all the way,
 storm of life is past, To

see safe when by thy side,
 see safe when thou art with,
 the lead of end-less day,

Lead me all the way, see safe when by thy side,
 storm of life is past, To see safe when thou art with,
 storm of life is past, To the lead of end-less day,

I would in thy love a - bide,
 All my trespasses re - ly,
 Where all treasons wiped a way.

Lead me, lead me,

I would in thy love a - bide,
 All my trespasses re - ly,
 Where all treasons wiped a way.

Sav - our, lead me, lead I stay, Give - my down the stream of

Lead me, lead me,

LEAD ME, SAVIOUR.—Concluded.

ritard.

Lead me, Saviour, lead me, all the way.

streams of truth, all the way.

147

BETHANY. 6s & 4s.

Wm. S. F. ADAMS.

LOWELL MANN, by per.

1. Near - er, my God, to thee, Near - er to thee; 'E'en though it
 2. Though like the win - der - er, Day - light all gone, Dark - ness be
 3. There let the way up - gain, Steps un - to heaven, All that thou
 4. There, with my soul - together, 'tis bright with thy presence, O'er of my
 5. Or it, on joy - ful wing, Chase - ing the sky, I'm, surrounded

in a cross That re - sists not; Still all my song shall be,
 a - ver - y sin, My soul a shame; Yet, in my dream, I'd be
 mend - ed sin, In man - y places; An - gels to look - on me
 when - y grief, both - ed I'd rather, So by my tears to be
 more in - ter - est, Up - ward I fly. Still all my song shall be,

Near - er, my God, to thee! Near - er, my God, to thee, Near - er to thee!

EVEN E. KIRKWOOD.

FRANK M. DAVIS, lyrics.



1. I had a song, a song so sweet, I try all
 2. Someday my joy - try will be Ours, Earth will be
 3. Some day I say, content to wait, The up-king
 4. Whosoever the time for me to go, The heavenly



will - ly to re - part; The sad - a - dy and sad - ing
 but and low-ten was; And when the long rough way is
 of the joy-ful gain; Come soon or late, that day will
 path I may not know, but in God's hand my own I'll



say, I'll sing it if God will some day.
 but, I shall be held the love of God.
 be The doors of sad - low rest to me.
 lay, And he will lead me home some day.

CHORUS.



Someday, someday - go day to be, My voice will leave its mark -
 some happy day, a day to be, My voice will leave its

SOME DAY.—Concluded.

And following Chorus, repeat, if desired, last, or first, last.

dy *dy* *dy*

149 JESUS IS MINE. 6s & 4s.

Wm. H. Burrows, Boston.

L. M. Whitcomb.

1. Faith, I believe, worketh by joy, Je - sus is mine, Break ev - ery bar - ber in,
 2. Thought my soul a - way, Je - sus is mine, None would er - ase my,
 3. Fearful, yet drawn forth, Je - sus is mine, Led in the shining light,
 4. Fearful, but not in - ter - ly, Je - sus is mine, Welcome a - ter - at - ty.

Je - sus is mine, Dark is the wil - der - ness, Earth has no
 Je - sus is mine, Pre - scribing things of clay, None but for
 Je - sus is mine, All that my soul has tried, Left but a
 Je - sus is mine, Welcome, O Jesus and thou, Well - come, sweet

rest - ing place, Je - sus a - lone can bless, Je - sus is mine,
 one brief day, From my my heart a - way; Je - sus is mine,
 the real world, — Je - sus has not in - fect, Je - sus is mine,
 means of rest, Wel - come my dear - love's friend, Je - sus is mine.

By per. of The A. S. Whitcomb Co., owners of the Copyright.

E. Fessenden.

G. H. Jones.

1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels praise their fall;
 2. Ye cher - u - bim of Je - sus' name—A thou - sand thou - sand hail—
 3. Ye Gen - tile sib - lings, let us be - get The wor - ship and the gall;
 4. Let us - 'ry kin - dred, ev - 'ry tribe on this ter - res - trial ball,
 5. O that, with you - der sa - cred throng, We at his feet may fall,

Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown him Lord of all;
 Hail him, who saves you by his grace, And crown him Lord of all;
 Oh, spread your incense at his feet, And crown him Lord of all;
 To him all hon - or, glo - ry as - cribe, And crown him Lord of all;
 We'll join the ex - ce - llent - 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.
 Oh, spread your incense at his feet, And crown him Lord of all.
 To him all hon - or, glo - ry as - cribe, And crown him Lord of all.
 We'll join the ex - ce - llent - ing song, And crown him Lord of all.

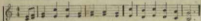
J. Thompson.

- 1 Jesus, I love thy charming name;
 'Tis music to my ear;
 [1] Fain would I sound it out to kind [2] That all the earth might hear.
 2 Yes, thou art precious to my soul,
 My transport and my boast;
 [1] Jewels to thee are gaudy toys, [2] And gold is earthy dust.
- 3 All that my selfish soul can wish,
 In thee doth richly meet;
 [1] None to my eyes is light as dust, [2] Nor fellowship half so sweet.
 4 Thy grace shall dwell upon my heart,
 And shed its fragrance there—
 [1] The precious taste of all its words, [2] The comfort of its care.

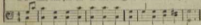
EDWARD TUNE.

EDWARD TUNE.

E. M. McFarren, Mrs. Dow.



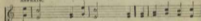
1. All hail the pow'ry of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels prostrate fall:
 2. Ye also are meet of Je - sus' name - I tremble, t'ouch and thrill -
 3. Ye thro' the wide world, so'er for - get. The words read with the gill:
 4. Let ev'ry kin - dred, ev'ry tribe the this for - no - trial hail,
 5. O that, with you - der no - real thing, We at his feet may fall!



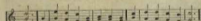
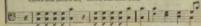
Bring forth the roy - al dia - d - ems, And crown him Lord of all,
 Hail him, who saves you by his grace, And crown him Lord of all,
 O, spread your trophies at his feet, And crown him Lord of all,
 To him, all maj - es - ty as - cribe, And crown him Lord of all,
 We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song, And crown him Lord of all.



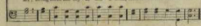
REPEAT.



And crown him, And crown him, And crown him Lord of
 Crown him Lord of all, Crown him Lord of all,



All, Bring forth the roy - al dia - d - ems, And crown him Lord of all.



G. W. Mason.

Dr. J. Mason.

1. O love di - vine, how sweet thou art! When shall I
 2. Proffer thee love, that shall be holy, the rich-est
 3. God up - yonder the love of God! O that in
 4. O Man - y would be - er - er all With Me - ty

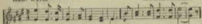
And thy will - ing heart All tak - en up by thee! I
 me O - march - a - ble; The first-born mine of light be -
 me who stand as ground In this year - my heart! For
 at the Man - he's feet! In this my joy - ty chosen My

Oh, I think, I die to prove The greatness of - re - deem - ing love,
 die to win the depths to me; Thy love and truth the eye - see - y,
 love I sigh for love I give; This un - ly year - ten, Lord, be - hold!
 un - ly man, de - light, and love, My joy, my love's as much to this,

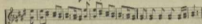
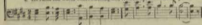
The love of Christ to me, The love of Christ to me,
 The length, the breadth, and height, The length, the breadth, and height,
 To mine this let - ter part, To mine this let - ter part!
 To hear the Bridegroom's voice, To hear the Bride - groom's voice!

Basil Wynn.

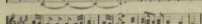
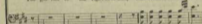
Arr. from HAYDN.



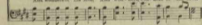
1. Joy to the world, the Lord is come! Let earth receive her King;
2. Joy to the world, the New-born King! Let men their songs employ;
3. No more let sinners grieve and mourn, Nor thrives the ground;
4. He rules the world with truth and grace, And makes the nations prove



- Let ev'ry heart pre- pare his voice, And hear his angels sing,
While with loud sounds, rick, bell, and psalm, Beyond the sounding joy,
He comes to make his dwel-ling here, Far as the earth is bound,
The glo-ries of his right-ness own, And wonder of his love.



- And ev'ry soul no more deny, And ev'ry heart no more deny,
He pre- pare the sounding joy, He- pre- pare the sounding joy,
Far as the earth is bound, Far as the earth is bound,
And wonder of his love, And wonder of his love.



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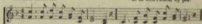
C. M.

J. Mason.

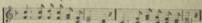
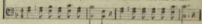
1. Mortals awake, with angels join,
And shout the solemn lay,
Jays love, and gratitude combine
To hail th' ascending day.
2. In heaven the rapt'rous song begins,
And sweet seraphs sing
Through all the shining regions vast,
And strong and loud the hymn.
3. Swift through the vast expanse they flow,
And loud the voice roll:
The chorus, the song, the joy, was new,
'Twas more than human could hold.
4. Draw, through the portals of the sky
Th' impetuous fervent rain,
And angels flow with eager joy
To hear the news to man.
5. With joy the chorus we'll repeat,
"Alone to God we high!
Glad will and praise are now complete,
Jesus was born to die."
6. Hail, Prince of life, for ever hail!
Redeemer, healer, Friend!
Though earth, and time and life, shall fail,
Thy praise shall never end.

JOHN BARTON.

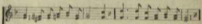
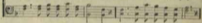
C. G. CORLISS, by per.



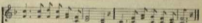
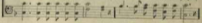
1. What a Friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to bear;
 2. How we tri - ble and tempta - tions? In these troubles a - nywhere?
 3. Are we weak and heavy la - den, Overburdened with a load of care?



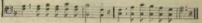
- What a pit - y - ful in - sur - ry Is - 'ry thing to feel in prayer,
 We should never be dis - cour - aged, Take it to the Lord in prayer,
 For strength and joy we will re - ceive, Take it to the Lord in prayer.



- O, what pains we often suf - fer, O, what needful pains we bear,
 Can we find a friend so faith - ful, Who will all our sor - rows care?
 Do thy friends despise, or make thee? Take it to the Lord in prayer;



- All because we do not trust - 'ry Is - 'ry thing to feel in prayer,
 Je - sus knows our sor - row and our pain; Take it to the Lord in prayer,
 In his arms he'll take and shield thee, There will find a safe rest there.



CHARLES WHEATLEY.

LENOX TUNES.

1. Hail ye the trumpet, blow, The gladly solemn sound, Let all the
 2. Jo - ces, our great High Priest, Hail ye with a true and true, Ye wa - ry
 3. Ex - ult the Lamb of God, The all - a - bounding Lamb of - lam - beth
 4. The great trumpet, blow, The voice of heav'nly grace, And, saved from

na - tions born, Through'st the richest blood, The year of ju - bi - lee is come;
 up in, rest, Ye merciful souls, in faith, The year of ju - bi - lee is come;
 through ye shall through the world proclaim, The year of ju - bi - lee is come;
 earth - ye year - he - less you the hour's here: The year of ju - bi - lee is come;

The year of ju - bi - lee is come, He - tero, ye - tunc - o - dicit - ure, here,
 The year of ju - bi - lee is come, He - tero, ye - tunc - o - dicit - ure, here,
 The year of ju - bi - lee is come, He - tero, ye - tunc - o - dicit - ure, here,
 The year of ju - bi - lee is come, He - tero, ye - tunc - o - dicit - ure, here.

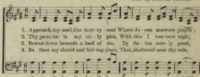
H. M. CHARLES WHEATLEY.

1. Arise, my soul, arise,
 Shake off thy guilty fears,
 The blessing Godhead
 In my behalf appears:
 Before His throne my dusty stands,
 My name is written on His hands.
2. He ever lives above,
 For us to intercede;
 His all-renewing love,

His precious blood, to plead;
 His blood atones for all our sins,
 And opens to us the throne of grace.

3. My God is immortal,
 His parting voice I hear;
 He waits me for His child,
 I can no longer fear:
 With confidence I now draw nigh,
 And, "Father, Abba, Father," cry.

Art. by G. A. MASON.

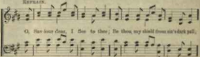


1. Approach, my soul, the war-ry - seat Where Je - sus answers pray'rs ;
 2. Thy peni-tes in my sin - ly place, With this I ven-ure sigh;
 3. Bow'd down beneath a load of sin, By His - ter sor-ry grief,
 4. Be thou my shield and hid-ing place, That, shafted near thy side,

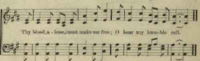


Thou hast my fall in - ter his feet, For none can per - ish there.
 Thou call'st unburdened souls to thee, And such, O Lord, art I.
 By war without and fear within, I come to thee for rest,
 I say my sorrow - sin - or sin, And tell him thou hast died.

REPEAT.



O, have your days, I live to thee; Be thou my shield from sin's dark pit;

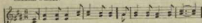


Thy blood, a - lone, must make me free, O hear my humble call.

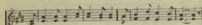
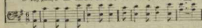
O. HOW I LOVE JESUS!

CHARLES WINKLEY

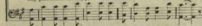
Arr. E. M. McFarren.



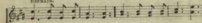
1. Je - sus hath died that I might live, Might live to God a - live,
2. He - ven, I thank thee for thy grace, The gift un - speak - able
3. My soul brought in thy strong de - sires, The gift that thou hast given,
4. Give us thy will O - ur - ry heart, From ev - ry wish set free,
5. Thy gifts a - lone can not suf - fice, O - ur - ry will be free.



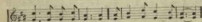
In this e - ter - nal life re - vive, And be in spir - it free,
 And walk with arms of faith con - firm'd, And all thy love to see,
 My long - ing heart is all on thee To be dis - cern'd in love,
 Let all I am to thee be lost, Forgive thy will to me,
 Thy pre - cepts and coun - sel, And where thou art in love.



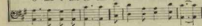
TRIO.



O how I love Je - sus! O how I love Je - sus!



O how I love Je - sus! Do - not let him be lost loved me.

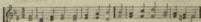


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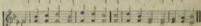
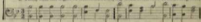
HEBRON. L. M.

Isaac Watts.

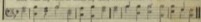
L. Mason.



1. Thus for the Lord has led me on, Thus for his pow'r's graces my days;
2. Much of my time has run to waste, And I, per-haps, am near my last.
3. I lay my head - y down to sleep, Peace is the pil - low for my head,
4. Then, when the thought of death shall come, My soul shall rest in such a bed.



And ev - 'ry ev - ning shall make known how fresh was the riv - er of his grace,
 But he for-gives my sin - ful past, And gives me strength for days to come.
 While with - out ap - pen - tise - we go to sleep, Their watchful an - gels stand by bed,
 And wait thy voice to break thy bolt, With sweet - en - ed - sleep to defend.

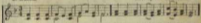


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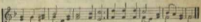
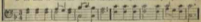
HURSLEY. L. M.

J. Kneass.

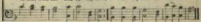
Arr. by W. H. Monk.



1. Rest of my soul, thou hast no more, It is not right if thou be more;
2. When will the fumes of kindle sleep My wearied eyes - like gen - tle sleep,
3. A bed with me from earth remove, For without thee I can not live;
4. Be near to thine ear when I wake, Ere through the world thy way I take.



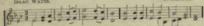
It may be worth your while to die To take thee from thy mortal eyes,
 Be thy last thought - be proud to rest For - ev - er on my Father's breast!
 A bed with me when night is high, For with-out thee I dare not die.
 A bed with me till, in thy love, I lay myself in heaven's down.



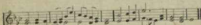
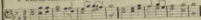
DUKE STREET. L. M.

ISAAC WATTS.

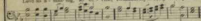
J. HAYDOCK.



1. When I saw my the won - drous cross On which the Prince of glory died,
2. I saw and in Land, that I should live, here in the death of Christ, my Lord;
3. How, from his hand, his hands, his feet, his side, and love here on high, there
4. Were the whole realm of na - ture join'd, That were present, for to mend!



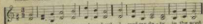
- My richest gold I count but loss, and your contempt on all my pride,
 All the vain things that charm me most, I sacrifice them to his blood,
 Did I much love and see - see worth? Or from my company did I draw
 Love or re - ward, or crown, I sacrifice my soul, my life, my all.



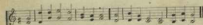
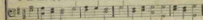
ROCKINGHAM. L. M.

ISAAC WATTS.

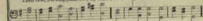
Dr. LEWIS MASON.



1. My dear Redeem - er, and my Lord, I read thy da - ty in thy word,
2. Such was thy love, and such thy zeal, such del'vance to thy Father's will,
3. Ould mankind, and the midnight air, witness the re - vent of thy pray'r?
4. Be thou my pat - tern, make us hear More of thy gracious things here!



- But in thy life the law appears, draws out to do - ing clear - er than
 thy law, and makes us re - vive, I would remember, and make thee see
 The due - ty of thy holy fathers knee, Thy comfort, and thy vict'ry too
 Then that, O' Lord, shall ever be my name, A - mong the del'vance of the Lamb.



H. HOWELL.

THOM. HARTMAN.

1. From ev'ry sorrow w'nd that blows, From ev'ry swelling tide of woes,
2. There is a place where Jesus dwells The soil of gladness on our souls—
3. There is a room where spirits bind, Where true love's fellowship will bind.

ritard.

There is a calm, a sweet retreat, The soul's be-neath the mercy-seat,
A place that all benighted souls adore; It is the ideal bright-merry-seat,
Though numbered far, by faith they see it. A - round our souls - our souls - our souls -

2. There, there an eagle wings we see,
And soars and his instinct we know;
And leaves our hearts our souls to rest,
And glory covers the mercy-seat.

3. O let my heart forget her skill,
My tongue be dumb, cold, and still,
This bounding heart forget to beat,
For I forget the mercy-seat.

CHARLES WINKLEY.

ARR. BY DR. LEWIS L. MANN.

1. O that my heart of sin were gone! O that I could at last be - come
2. Rest for my soul I long to find, Restless of all, if mine thou art,
3. Fair would I learn of thee, my God, Thy light and so - ve - led - down grace,
4. I would, but thou must give the power: My heart from ev'ry sin to - leave;

At Je - sus' feet to lay it down, To lay my soul at Je - sus' feet!
Give me thy meek and low - ly mind, And stamp thine image on my heart,
The room, all stained with hallowed blood, The in - her of thy dy - ing love,
Bring near, bring near the joy - ful hour, And fill me with thy pre - sent grace.

G. T. Swan.

H. E. Everett.

1. When tracing her - row sweeps the past, And none the past - and pain,
 2. 'Tis not that moon-ray thought a - gain, And dwell in - the's will,
 3. It is that heart's love fills our eyes, The path that leads to light,
 4. It is that hope with ar - dent gaze, To see the love to live,
 5. O! let me wing my hal-low'd flight, From earth-ly war and care,

'Tis not to think of peace of rest, And that thought is vain,
 'Tis not that moon-ray thought a - gain, And dwell in - the's will,
 And together on - gleaming to rise, And love her self in sight,
 Whom by long love in language known, And I must art to know,
 And ever a - love thousands of night, My heart's love like to share!

By per. the G. T. Swan Co., owners of the Copyright.

Jas. Graham.

H. M. McTearns.

1. In - vent and shall be - come by, A man - of - war submerg'd of these?
 2. Submerg'd of in - vent and shall be, Larkening light across a star?
 3. Submerg'd of in - vent and shall be, Larkening light across a star?
 4. Submerg'd of in - vent and shall be, Larkening light across a star?

Submerg'd of these, whose wings are gone, Whom do you show them? and how?
 'Tis not that moon-ray thought a - gain, And dwell in - the's will,
 'Tis not that moon-ray thought a - gain, And dwell in - the's will,
 'Tis not that moon-ray thought a - gain, And dwell in - the's will,
 'Tis not that moon-ray thought a - gain, And dwell in - the's will,
 'Tis not that moon-ray thought a - gain, And dwell in - the's will,
 'Tis not that moon-ray thought a - gain, And dwell in - the's will,
 'Tis not that moon-ray thought a - gain, And dwell in - the's will,

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Isaac Watts.

Arr. by L. Mason.

1. I'm not ashamed to own my Lord, Nor to de-fer his name;
 2. Je - sus, my Lord, I know his name, His name is all my boast;
 3. Firm as his throne his promise stands, And he can well as - sure
 4. Them who know his worthful name To - kin his Fa - ther's love,

Make him the hon - our of his word, The glo - ry of his name,
 Nor will he put my soul to shame, Nor let my hope be lost.
 What I've constantly told to his praise, Till the Je - sus - tive come,
 And by the new Je - su - sion Ap - point for me a place.

J. K. Zimmerman.

Anon.

1. Lord, I be - lieve; thy pow' I own; Thy word I would a - say;
 2. Lord, I be - lieve; but glo - ry done, Sometimes be - dies my night;
 3. Lord, I be - lieve; but oft, I know, My faith is cold and weak;
 4. Yes, I be - lieve; and on - ly thou, Canst give my soul re - lief!

But I do be - lieve, I do be - lieve, That Je - sus died for me,

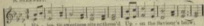
I was der - ceiv - ed - in - deed born, Whose from thy truth I stray,
 Look to thee with pray' and tears, And cry for strength and light,
 My weakness strengthen, and lend me The con - fi - dence I seek,
 Lord, to thy truth my spir - it bow; "Help thou mine un - be - lief."

And thou his blood, his precious blood, I shall draw do - wn to drink.

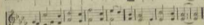
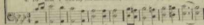
MANOAH. C. M.

A. BUCKLEY.

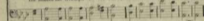
From Genesis, by GOSWORTHY.



1. His joy to entertain his wife's'd Up - on the barren's hill,
 2. No mortal eye with him compare A' seeing the sign of time,
 3. He saw no thing'd in deep darkness, And drew to try or - der,
 4. To him I saw my life and breath, And all the joys I have;



His hand with radiant glories crown'd, His eye with grace o'er-throne,
 Fair - er to be than all the fair Who fill the heav'nly train,
 For me, he took the shameful cross, And carried all my grief,
 He makes me triumph or - ver death, And saves me from the hell;



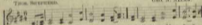
4 To heaven, the place of his abode,
 His feelings my weary soul,
 Shows me the glories of my God,
 And makes my joys complete.

4 When from thy bosom I receive
 Fresh proofs of love divine,
 And I a thousand thanks to give,
 Lord, they should all be thine.

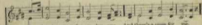
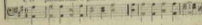
CROSS AND CROWN. C. M.

THOM. BUCKINGHAM.

GEO. N. ALLEN.



1. Must Je - sus bear the cross a - lone, And all the world go free?
 2. The sin - ne - rous had cross I'd bear, Tho' death should not me free;
 3. To - on the cruel pavement, down, At Je - sus' pierced feet,
 4. O precious cross! O glorious cross! O sin - ne - rous - free - ing day!

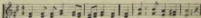


Yes, there's a cross for ev - 'ry one, And there's a crown for all,
 And there's a glory crown to wear, For there's a crown for all,
 With joy I'd cast my gold - en crown, And his dear name to - praise,
 Ye angels, from the above come down, And bear my soul a - way.

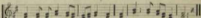
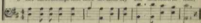


ANNA SPRENG

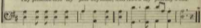
DR. LOWELL MASON.



1. Fa-ther, a hol-y of-fer-ing will de-vote,
 2. Give me a cal-m, a thank-ful heart, From ev-ry in-crease Thee;
 3. Let them-elves hope that they not mine My life and death ac-cept;

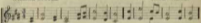


Ac-cepted at thy throne of grace, Let this pe-ni-tence plea:
 The blessings of thy grace be part, And make me live in Thee,
 Thy presen-ta-tion' my jour-ney shine, And crown my jour-ney's end.

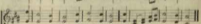
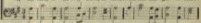


WILLIAM COPPLE.

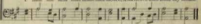
HENRY WILSON.



1. O be a slave - or walk with God, A cal-m and heav-enly grace,
 2. Where is the bless-ed - ness I know When first I saw the Lord?
 3. What peace-ful hours! what joyed! How sweet their mem-ory still!
 4. No tears, O be - ly! Down, re- turn, Sweet mem-ory - ger of rest!



A light to shine up - on the road That leads me to the Lamb!
 Where is the soul re-fresh-ing view Of Je - sus and his word?
 And they have left an ach-ing void The world can nev - er fill,
 I hate the sin that made this scene, And Grieve thee from my heart.



- 4 The dearest idol I have known,
 Whatever that idol be,
 Help me to tear it from thy throne,
 And worship only thee.

- 5 No shall my walk be close to God,
 His soul receive my frame,
 No paper light shall mark the road
 That leads me to Lamb.

MELODY. C. M.

IRAO WAVE.

A. CHAPIN.

1. Come, Ho - ly Spirit - O, heav'nly Dove, With all thy quick'ning pow'rs,
 2. Look! how we grieve - O! how be - lieve, Faint of those earth - ly joys;
 3. In vain we trace our fee - ble steps, In vain we strive to fly;
 4. These Lord, and shall we ev - er live At this poor fly - ing life,
 5. Come, Ho - ly Spirit - O, heav'nly Dove, With all thy quick'ning pow'rs

Can - die a flame of in - creas'd love In charis - mat - ic love's
 One with our Father - O! My soul - O! To such a - lov - ing joy,
 Ho - me - our heav'nly on - ward wings, And our de - sires - then fly,
 Our love no more, we could be true, And thine - no in - creas'd
 Come, Lord - O! send a charis - mat - ic love, And that shall live - O!

ORTONVILLE. G.M.

F. DORCHINGER.

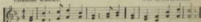
Dr. THOM. HAYWARD.

1. Je - sus, I love thy shining name, Thy name to my ear, Praise - worth!
 2. You, thou art precious to my soul, My comfort and my love, Je - sus be
 3. All that my heart and soul can wish, In thee I trust - thy name! Sing to my
 4. Thy precious love upon my heart, And shed its fragrance there - The subject

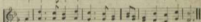
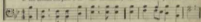
would it not be good That all the earth might love, That all the earth might love,
 that are gently love, And glad in our - old days, And glad in our - old days,
 eyes in light as thou, No creature had no more, No creature had no more,
 heirs of all its wealth, The wealth of its own, The wealth of its own.

CHARLES WHEAT.

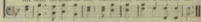
Wm. S. BROADBENT.



1. O for a three-and tongue to sing My great Redeemer's praise!
2. My gen- erous Man- ner and my love, As- sist me to proclaim,
3. Je- sus! the Name that thron- es our sin, That bids our sin-ners cease;
4. He breaks the pow-er of sin-ners' sin, He sets the prisoner free!



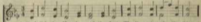
The glo- rious of my God and King, The triumph of his grace!
 To spread thro' all the earth a- round, The love-rite of thy Name,
 The sin- ner in the sin-ners' name, The life, and health and peace.
 His blood can make the soul re- new, His blood a- called for me.



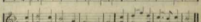
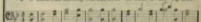
- | | |
|---|---|
| 5 He speaks—and, listening to his voice, | 6 Hear him, ye deaf; his praise, ye dumb, |
| New life the dead receive; | Your hallowed tongues employ! |
| The un- reach- ed, broken hearts re- joice; | Ye blind, behold your heav'nly state, |
| The humble poor believe. | And sing, ye lame, for joy! |

ANNA STEELE.

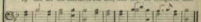
E. BRIDGES.



1. And did the Ho- ly and the Just, The Sovereign of the skies,
2. Yes, the Supreme—yet left his throne, His radiant throne on high—
3. He took the dy- ing traitor's place, And suffered in his stead;
4. O Lord, what heavenly won-der-ful! In this a- ter-ri-ble blood!



Shed down to wretched men and dust, That gall-ly men might die?
 For- give- ing our—ry! how unknown! To suf- fer, bleed, and die,
 For sin-ful men—oh, wondrous grace,—For sin-ful men, he died,
 By this we sin-ners saved from hell, And all, all brought to God.



ARLINGTON. C. M.

JAMES WATTS.

D. ANON.

1. With joy we meet - i - take the grace Of our High Priest a - lone;
 2. Touched with tears we - thy with us, He knows our sin - like Passion;
 3. He - in the days of sin - his flesh Poured out strong cries and tears;

His heart is made of sin - darkness, His low - est wail with tears,
 He knows what we long to - lament, For he hath left the same,
 And in his tears we find a - fresh What we - ty men - but tears.

- 4 He'll never quench the smoking flax,
 But raise it to a flame;
 The broken soul he never breaks,
 But weaves the musical name.
- 5 Thus let our humble faith address
 His mercy and his power,
 We shall obtain dea - ring grace
 In the distressing hour.

CARROLL. C. M.

JAMES HAAS.

Arr. by E. M. McEvoy, Mus. Dir.

1. That de - cel night he - fore his death, The Lamb for sin -ners slain;
 2. To keep the Good Lord, we have met, And to re - mem - ber thee;
 3. Thy self -sings, Lord, such an - o - ver signs To our re - mem - berance bring;
 4. O' - er our tongues, and set in frame Each heart that pants for thee,

And at - once with his dy - ing breath, This ad - vance sent us - in;
 Help each your remem - ber to be good, "For me, he died for me!"
 We eat the bread, and drink the wine, But think on such things,
 To sing, "Ho - san - na to the Lamb!" The Lamb that died for me!

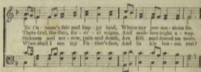
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SAMUEL JOHNSON.

Arr. by E. M. McBRIDE.

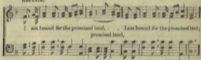


1. On Jer-dan's storm-y banks I stand, And cast a wide-ol eye
 2. All o'er these wide-ol banks of plain Shinarum, y - ter - and day;
 3. No shall Iug, wick'ol peevishness break Our wrath that health'ol show;
 4. When shall I reach that long-yy place, And be far - er - er blest?

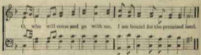


To - O - man's fair and long-yy land, Where my joy-ol show lies.
 There God, the Son, far - er - er reigns, And made his right a - way,
 righteous and mer - cy, pain and death, Are full and boundless joys.
 When shall I see my Fa - ther's throne, And in his love-ol rest?

REFRAIN.



I am bound for the promised land, . . . I am bound for the promised land,
 promised land,



O, who will come and go with me, I am bound for the promised land.

182 REMEMBRANCE. C. M. (with chorus)

Soprano.

Am. B. M. McEwen.

1. Shall sweet-est, dear-est be that binds Our glow-ing hearts in one.
 2. What though the restless win-ter blast May howl a round pa-ri-ent?
 3. From Denmark's shores, Com'st thou?—From India's burning plain?
 4. No long 'ring look, no part-ing sigh, Our fast-est meet-ing known.

Hail! in - and hope that treads our souls, To joys no here we know.
 What though beneath an east - ern sun Do not our dis - tant lot?
 From the - rope, from Cal - a - ble's land, We hope to meet a - gain,
 Their friendly beams from ev - 'ry eye, And love in - ex - ha - ust - ed glow.

Chorus.

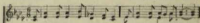
It is the hope, the bleas - sed hope, Which Je - sus' grace has giv'n to

The hope when days and years are past, We all shall meet to hear's.

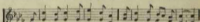
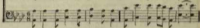
* This music may be omitted except for instrumental accompaniment.

BROAD WAY.

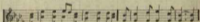
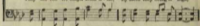
Arr. by E. M. McCREEN.



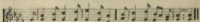
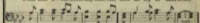
1. Am I a sel - ctor of the cross, A follow'r of the Lamb,
2. Are there no foes for me to fight? Must I not stem the flood?
3. Thy saints, in all this glo - rious way, Shall con - quer, tho' they die;



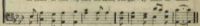
And shall I fear to wear his cross, Or bleed to wash his name?
 In this vile world a friend to grace, To help me on to heav'n,
 They see the tri - umph from a - far, By faith they bring it nigh.



Must I be carried to the skies On flow'ry beds of ease,
 From I must fight? I would wage, In - cross my own age, land,
 When that U - nu - mber - day shall rise, And all thy ar - maments,



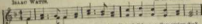
While with - outought to win the prize, And called thro' bloody war?
 I'd bear the toil, and dare the pain, Sup - port - ed by thy word,
 In robes of vic - ty thro' the skies, Tho' glo - ry shall be thine.



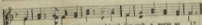
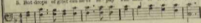
AT THE CROSS.

E. F. Johnson.

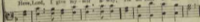
Isaac Watts.



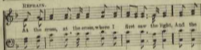
1. A - lon, and did my Sav - our bleed? And did my Precious blood?
2. Was it for sinners that I have done His great'st up - on the tree?
3. Well might the sun in dark - ness fade, And stars be gleam - ing in.
4. 'Twas night I hid my Mother's face, While his dear cross ap - peared;
5. Not drops of grief could pay or pay The debt of love I owe:



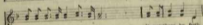
Would he de - scend that ex - cised head For such a worm as I?
A - man - ing pil - grims' unclean? And how he paid the price?
When Christ, the might - y King, is dead For man, the lowest - cre - ated?
He gave my heart to thank - ful tears, And wail - ing eyes be - tore
Here, Lord, I give my - self a - way, 'Tis all that I can do.



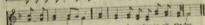
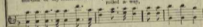
L. M. Mason.



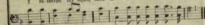
At the cross, at the cross, where I first saw the light, And the



burden of my heart to God - a - way— It was there by faith



I re - ceiv - ed my life, And now I am hap - py all the day.



THEODORE DUNSTON.

Dr. LOWELL MASON.

1. I love thy King - dom, Lord, The banner of thine a - band,
 2. I love thy Church, O God! Her walls be - fore thee stand,
 3. For her my tears shall fall, For her my pray'rs be - staid,
 4. For - yield my high - est joy I prize her love's - ly ways.

The Church our Master's Embassy brought With his own pre - cious blood,
 Near as the ap - ple of thine eye, And gave us on thy hand,
 To her thy love and truth be giv'n, Till walls and gates shall melt,
 Her sweet communion, and our town, Her hymns of love and praise.

JOHN FAWCETT.

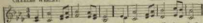
H. G. NICHOLS.

1. Glad to die the one that made Our hearts in Chri - stian love,
 2. He - fore our Fa - ther's throne We press our re - quest pray'rs,
 3. We claim our true - st love, Our true - st love - here bear,
 4. When we a - way - our part, It gives us in - ward pain,
 5. This glo - rious hope re - vives Our soul - age by the way.

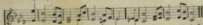
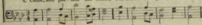
The af - fec - tion of his dear words Is like to that a love,
 Our lips, our tears, our sighs, are one, — Our con - fessions and our vows,
 And all - as in each oth - er flows The sym - pa - thizing love,
 But we shall still be joined in heart, And hope to meet a - gain,
 While each in us - pur - su - tion flows, And hope to see the day.

CHARLES WINGYAT.

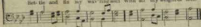
ALLEN CHAPIN.



1. And can I yet de - lay My lit - tle all to give?
2. Nay, but I yield, I yield! I can hold out no more!
3. Through late, I all for - sake! My friends, my all re - sign!
4. Come, and join - me now to - day, The heav'n is - gain re - move!

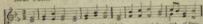


To hear my soul from earth a - way For Je - sus to re - ceive!
I sink, by dy - ing love transported, And see the heav'n re - veal!
Heaven's life draw in, take O take, And send me on - ce below!
But the soul he my way - ward With all thy weight of love.

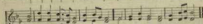
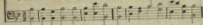


ISAAC WATTS.

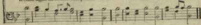
Old Southern Melody.



1. Show all - y, Lord, O Lord, forgive, Let a re - pent - ing sin - ner live!
2. My offences are great but don't despise, The poor's soul glory of thy grace;
3. Should I number trespasses mine my truth, I must pronounce thee just in death;
4. Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord, Whom hope, at thy lov'ing hand thy word.



Are not thy mercies large and free? May not a sin - ner trust in thee?
Great God, thy lov - ing heart we know, Do let thy just'ning love be shown.
And if my soul were sent to hell, Thy righteous love appears it well.
Would light on mine eyes, pardon mine sins, thine mercy never fail, O grant the grace.



JOHN CHURCH.

Arr. by E. M. McILROY, Mus. Dep.

1. Child-eren of the heav'n-ly King, As we journey, let us sing;
 2. We see the King come to land, In this way set for them trail;
 3. O ye banished need, be glad! Christ our Ad-ty state is ready;
 4. Fear not, brethren, joy-ful stand On the 'low-ness of our land!

1. Lord, a - be-don't-ly we'll go, Glad-ly leav-ing all be-fore;
 2. We see the King come to land, In this way set for them trail;
 3. O ye banished need, be glad! Christ our Ad-ty state is ready;
 4. Fear not, brethren, joy-ful stand On the 'low-ness of our land!

King our Father's was the guide, His cross in his work and way;
 They are hap-ty now, and we soon their hap-ty state shall see.
 He to save, our death an ransom, Death - or to our souls be common.
 Je - sus Christ, our Father's Son, Made us sin - ful - minded men,
 On - ly thou our Lord - or be, And we still will fol - low thee.

ISAAC WATTS.

Arr. by E. M. McILROY, Mus. Dep.

1. When I can read my si - tu - ation, The mansion in the skies,
 2. Should earth against my soul engage, And sin - y doors be locked,
 3. Let cares, like a wild deluge, come, Let storms of sor - row fall;
 4. There I shall better my won - ty soul, In view of heav'nly real,

I'll bid fare - well to an - ty sin, I'll bid fare - well to
 There I can walk at the Lord's right, There I can walk at
 He I had made - ly reach my home, He I had made - ly
 And not a wave of trouble will, And not a wave of

NINETY-FIFTH. Concluded.

as my love, And wipe my weary - ing eyes,
 the holy Spirit, And I thank a Father - ing world,
 thank my Father, My God, my heaven, my all,
 will, A cross, my peace - ful home.

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DE FLEURY. 8s.

Lower Tenors.

JOHN NEWTON.

PIANO.

1. How tedious and toilsome the youth When I was, no longer I see!
 I am grown, sweet love, and sweet love 'tis, I have all but that sweet love to me.
 2. C. — But when I am happy to sleep, The number's no pleasure to me.
 2. I His name yields the richest perfume, And sweeter than any in his name;
 2. C. His presence fills — in my gloom, And makes all within me rejoice;
 2. C. — No more had I hap - py in, My number would last all the year.

The soul - sweetest one shines but then, The fields above in rain to look gay!
 I should, were he always thus high, Have nothing to wish or to fear;

- 2 Content with beholding his face,
 My all to his pleasure resigned;
 No change of season or place
 Would make any change in my mind
 While I dwell with a sense of his love,
 A palace a toy would appear;
 And prisons would please mine,
 If Jesus would dwell with me there.
- 4 Dear Lord, if indeed I am thine,
 If thou art my soul and my mind,
 Why do I languish and pine?
 And why are my waters so long?
 O drive those dark clouds from my sky,
 Thy sun-shining presence restore;
 Or take me to thee by no high,
 Where winter and clouds are no more.

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TESS-BATLETT, 186.

Impassive Tenors.

- 1 O! that I were a stone weep,
 And shall not check to dry?
 Let floods of penitential grief
 Flow forth from every eye.
- 2 The sin of God is heavy,
 The world's ring weighs me!
 Be thou, O Lord, to my soul,
 As thou dost love for them!
- 3 He wept that we might weep;
 Each sin demands a tear!
 In heaven alone no sin is found,
 And there's no weeping there.

A. M. TEMPLER.

DR. THOMAS HASTINGS.

Piano.

1. Rock of a - ges, rock for us, Let us hide our-self in thee;
 A. C.—Be of sin the den-the cure, From ev'ry wrath and make us pure.

D. C.

Let us wa - ter and the blood, From thy side, a heal-ing fluid,

2. Could my soul no longer know,
 Could my heart forever flow,
 All the air would not alone;
 There must ever, and there alone,
 Nothing in my hand I bring,
 Simply to thy cross I cling.

3. While I draw this fleeting breath,
 When shall angels close in death,
 When I rise to worlds unknown,
 See thee on thy judgment throne,—
 Rock of ages, rock for us,
 Let me hide myself in thee.

COME YE SINNERS.

JOSEPH HARR.

REV. BY GEO. A. MARSH.

1. Come ye sin - ners, poor and woe - y, Weak and wounded, sick and sore,
 D. C.—He is a - ble, he is a - ble, He is will - ing, do what thou wilt.

D. C.

Je - sus read - y stand to save you, Full of pit - y, love and power,
 He is a - ble, he is a - ble, He is will - ing, do what thou wilt.

2. Let not conscience make you linger,
 Nor of stress doubtful diners;
 All the sinners he receiveth,
 It is his great love that inviteth:
 (1) This he gives you,
 'Tis the Spirit's rising witness. (2)

3. Approaching to the garden,
 Let your Maker's presence warn,
 On the bloody tree behold him;

Hear him cry before he dies,
 "It is finished!"

Sinners, will not this suffice? (1)

4. Let the merciful God, according,
 Pardon the guilt of his blood;
 Venture on him, venture wholly;
 Let no other trust intrude.

(1) None but Jesus
 Can do helpless sinners good. (2)

DAVID THOMAS.

H. S. HANCOCK.

1. 'Midst scenes of con - fu - sion and con - tem - porary complaints, How sweet to my
 2. Sweet home, that a - ccom - modates all the children of peace; And thro' its blessed
 3. Walls here in the val - ley of con - flict I stay, O give me such
 4. A long, low-out look, in thy beam - ty radiance; No more as we

meet in con - tem - porary with miseries To find at the last - part of
 Je - sus, whose love can not cease; Through which from thy presence
 mis - eries and sorrows my day; In all my af - flic - tions
 an - til in our - own to peace; And in thy dear in - age a -

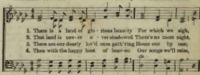
mid - dy heart's rest, And feel in the presence of Je - sus at home!
 mid - ways I roam, I long to behold thee in glo - ry at home.
 How would I come, the joy - ful to hope of my glo - ri - ous home,
 that from the tomb, With glo - ri - ous and full-time to grace thee at home.

Chorus.

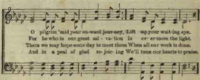
Home there I want, wherever I prepare me, for the best, the glo - ry, my home.

Mus. MARY G. PARK.

Arr. by MRS. CLARA H. SCOTT.

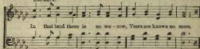


1. There is a land of glo-ri-ous beau-ty For which we sigh,
 2. That land is heav-en a - ver-blest-owed There's no more night,
 3. There are our dear-ly lov'd ones gath'ring Home out by our,
 4. Then with the happy host of heav-en Our songs we'll raise,

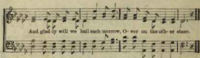


O pray for 'mid your on-ward jour-ney, Lift up your wait-ing eye,
 For he who is our great sal - va-tion is ar - riving the light,
 There we may hope some day to meet them When all our work is done,
 And in a joy of glad re-join-ing We'll tune our hearts to praise.

CHORUS.



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



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

OUR BONDAGE IT SHALL END.

Old Southern Melody.
Arr. by K. M. McIlwain.

Four.

1. Our bondage it shall end, by and by, by and by; Our
2. Tho' our sin - a - sins are strong, We'll go on, we'll go on, Tho' our

bondage it shall end, by and by; From Egypt's yoke we free,
sin - a - sins are strong, we'll go on; Tho' our hearts' slavery with thee.

That long - since Je - si - us, And to Ca - naan we'll re - turn,
In - a - sin - a - sin - a - sin, While the day - y' yet - ter morn.

By and by, by and by, And to Ca - naan we'll re - turn, by and by,
We'll go on, we'll go on, While the day - y' yet - ter morn, we'll go on.

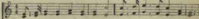
1. Through Man's bitter stress
We'll go on, we'll go on,
Though Man's rule be dry,
And the land yield to empty
2. To a land of men and wine,
We'll go on, we'll go on.
1. And when to Jordan's flood,
We are cast, we are cast,
Inheret's rules the tide,
And the waters he'll divide,
2. And the countless host shall shout,
We are cast, we are cast.

1. Then friends shall meet again,
Who have loved, who have loved,
Our unloves shall be woe
At the dear Redeemer's feet,
2. When we meet to part no more,
Who have loved, who have loved.
1. Then, with all the happy throng,
We'll rejoice, we'll rejoice,
Shouting glory to our King,
Till the vision of heaven shall ring,
2. And through all eternity,
We'll rejoice, we'll rejoice.

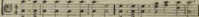
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SAMUEL T. HARRIS.

Arr. by R. M. McCreann.



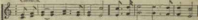
1. In the Christen's home is glo - ry, There resides a land of rest;
 2. He is sit - ting up my mansion, Which a - ter - nal - ly shall stand,
 3. Pain and sick - ness e'er shall ce - ase, Grief nor war, my lot shall cease,
 4. Sing, O sing, ye tribes of glo - ry—Hail your triumphs, ye ye!



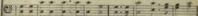

There my Sa - vor's grace be - lieve me, To bid - ad my soul's re - quest,
 For my stay shall not be transient In that he - ly, hap - py land,
 But, in that cel - es - tial re - sid - ence, I a crown of life shall wear,
 If an' grace will o - pen for you, Ye shall find an ex - ception there.



Chorus.



There is rest for the wea - ry—There is rest for the wea - ry—
 On the oth - er side of Jer - sa - lem, In the west fields of E - den.

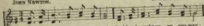



There is rest for the wea - ry—There is rest for you,
 Where the tree of life is blossoming—There is rest for you.

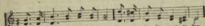
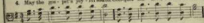


JOHN NEWTON.

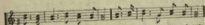
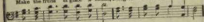
LOWELL MASON.



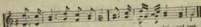
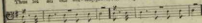
1. Safe-ly through an - all - at week, God has brought us on our way.
2. Whilom such sup-plies of grace, Thou' the dear Je - hovah's name,
3. Here we come thy name to praise; Let us feel thy presence here.
4. May the joy - ful's joy - ful sound O'er - come us - here, from that source,



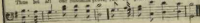
Let us now a bleas - ing seek; Work - ing in his courts to - day.
 How thy re - ven - ge - ing face - Take a - way our sin and shame
 May thy glo - ry meet our eyes, While we in thy house ap - pear;
 Make the fruits of grace a bound, Being re - lief from all our pain.



Day of all the week the best, Em - brace of a - ter - nal rest,
 From our world - ly cares set free, May we see this day in thee;
 Here af - ford us, Lord, a taste Of our re - ver - end - ing feast,
 Then let all our un - ship - pears, Till we join the Church a - bound



Day of all the week the best, Em - brace of a - ter - nal rest,
 From our world - ly cares set free, May we see this day in thee.
 Here af - ford us, Lord, a taste Of our re - ver - end - ing feast,
 Then let all our Sabbath - pears, Till we join the Church a - bound



H. DONALD.

H. S. CHURCH.

1. The cross'd with to-day's wretched host, To you do come I pray;
 2. No woe that comes close to my heart—A house who speak-ing this;
 3. A stranger love, I pitch my tent To seek this wretched host;
 4. The husband man a resting place, In woe that come I pray.

In woe that come I pray, take my rest: No shade like this for me.
 And those I speak my day-walk there: No spring like this for me.
 How shall my pil-grim life be spent: No home like this for me.
 How I rest of my way-wardness: No rest like this for me.

No shade like this for me! No shade like this for me.
 No spring like this for me! No spring like this for me.
 No home like this for me! No home like this for me.
 No rest like this for me! No rest like this for me.

In woe that come I pray, take my rest: No shade like this for me.
 And those I speak my day-walk there: No spring like this for me.
 How shall my pil-grim life be spent: No home like this for me.
 How I rest of my way-wardness: No rest like this for me.

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GAYTON, MASSACHUSETTS.

American Melody.

1. A-wake my soul, to joy thy love, And sing my great Redeemer's praise,
 2. He saw me rick-rod in the hill, Yet lov'd me, not withstanding all;
 3. The cross was hallow'd night by day, The earth and hell my way up-raise;
 4. When twelve, like a grossy band, He gathered them and thunders loud.

LOVING KINDNESS.—Concluded.

The just-ly obtained mercy from his— His lov-ing kind-ness, O how sweet!
 His mercy sent down my soul in— His lov-ing kind-ness, O how great!
 His mercy by death's ransom a— long— His lov-ing kind-ness, O how strong!
 His mercy will live— always stand— His lov-ing kind-ness, O how good!

Lov-ing kind-ness, lov-ing kind-ness, His lov-ing kind-ness, O how sweet!
 Lov-ing kind-ness, lov-ing kind-ness, His lov-ing kind-ness, O how great!
 Lov-ing kind-ness, lov-ing kind-ness, His lov-ing kind-ness, O how strong!
 Lov-ing kind-ness, lov-ing kind-ness, His lov-ing kind-ness, O how good!

205

REJOICE AND BE GLAD.

J. J. HEMMANS.

H. BOWEN.

1. Re-joice and be glad! the An-gels—ev-er-where, the host on high
 2. Re-joice and be glad! for the Lamb that was slain, O'er death he tri-
 3. Re-joice and be glad! the most high in the heav'ns, The plant with the
 4. Re-joice and be glad! the ho-sts—eth-er-ial— His name—eth-er-

triumph.
 eth-er-ial, his name, and his touch,
 triumph, and in—eth-er-ial—
 us on his throne in the sky,
 glo-ry, the Lamb that was slain.

around his throne, till the eter-ni-

Of him who was slain, find in-prison, all with gladness be in—eth-er-ial—
 For his name—his name—eth-er-ial—

H. F. Lynn.

Moderato.

1. Je - sus, I my eyes have laid on, All to leave, and bid - low thee;
 2. Let the world laugh and sneer - it has left my heart long ago,
 3. Oh, thou, worthy King and ransom, Thou, Je - sus - ter, were and pain;

Fine
 I am poor, despised, for - saken - Thou, from heaven, say all shall be,
 D.S. - Yet how rich is my soul - all - thou - God and love's own still my own!
 He - man heart and looks do raise me - Thou art not, like them, vain;
 D.S. - Pleas - ure hate and pain may more me - show thy love, and all is bright,
 In thy own view, pain is pleasure; With thy love, love is gain,
 D.S. - There may heart and strength may gather, All may work the good to me.

Per - sone - ry find me - in - thee, All I've sought and hoped and known,
 What thy grace - couldst - a - show me, that, of wisdom, love and light,
 I have called thee, Ah ha, Father! I have met my heart on thee!

THERE IS A FOUNTAIN.

W. Cowen.

Western Melody.

1. There is a fountain filled with blood, Drawn from Im - man - uel's vein,
 2. The dy - ing child re - joiced to see, That sweet - en in his day,
 3. Dear dy - ing Lamb, thy precious blood shall save - or how the poor's,
 4. For sin, by faith, I saw the stream Thy flow - ing wounds sup - ply,
 5. There is a no - ble quest - ion - ing, I'll sing thy praise to - day.

And sin - ners plunged beneath that flood, Lost all their guilty stains,
 And there may I, though vile as he, Wash all my sins a - way,
 Till all the ransomed - church of God, Be saved to sin no more,
 No - down - ing love has been my theme, And shall be, till I die,
 When this poor ling - ing, stagger - ing tongue, Live at - last in the grass.

THERE IS A FOUNTAIN. Concluded.

D. S.

Wash all their guilt-y stains, Wash all their guilt-y stains,
 Wash all my sin a-way, Wash all my sin a-way,
 Be saved be saved be saved, Be saved be saved be saved,
 And shall be till I die, And shall be till I die,
 Live at - last in the grace, Live at - last in the grace.

208

ENTREATY. C. M.

CHARLES WATSON.

Arr. by G. A. HISSON.

1. Fa - ther, I stretch my hands to thee, No ath - er help I know;
 2. What did thou say to him on - ce, He - now I draw my breath!
 3. Author of life, to thee I lift My weak eye, long - ing eyes,
 4. Shout to those round me, let me die, O speak and I shall live;
 5. The reward of sin -ners would rejoice, Could they but see thy love.

If thou with - draw thy self from me, Ah! whither shall I go?
 What pain, what be - lie - ver - er - or, My soul from end - less death!
 O let me now re - ceive that gift, My soul without it dies!
 And here I will no longer lie, Till thou thy light in - gress,
 O let me hear thy quick'ning voice And taste thy pur -ifying grace!

If thou with - draw thy self from me, Ah! whither shall I go?
 What pain, what be - lie - ver - er - or, My soul from end - less death!
 O let me now re - ceive that gift, My soul without it dies!
 And here I will no longer lie, Till thou thy light in - gress,
 O let me hear thy quick'ning voice And taste thy pur -ifying grace!

CHARLES WINDLEY.

F. GARIBOLDI.

1. Come, thou almighty King, Holy withy name to sing, Holy to praise!
2. Come, thou to our souls Word, Give us thy light - y' send, Our pray' fulfill;

{ For thee all glo - ri - am, } Come and reign o - ver us, Architect of days.
{ O'er all the ho - li - ty am, }
{ Come, and thy peo - ple bless, } Spylk of ho - li - ty am, On us de - scend!
{ And give thy word us grace, }

3. Come, holy Comforter,
Thy sacred witness bear
In this glad hour:
Thou who almighty art,
Now rule in every heart,
And so've from us depart,
Sign of power!

4. To the great One and Three,
Eternal praise be
Given—evermore!
His sovereign majesty
May we in glory see,
And to eternity
Love and adore.

S. F. BAYNE.

HENRY CARR.

1. My coun - try! 'tis of thee, sweet land of lib - er - ty,
2. My an - nals coun - try, thee, Land of the an - ble, free,
3. Let me - an - nals the songs, And sing from all the towns,
4. Our fa - ther's God! to thee, In - that of lib - er - ty,

OF thee I sing: Land where my fa - ther died! Land of the
Thy name I love: I love thy rocks and rills, Thy woods and
Sweet Freedom's song: Let men - tal temples a - wake, Let all that
To thee we sing: Long may our land be bright With Freedom's

AMERICA.—Concluded.

pilgrim's path! From ev'ry mountain-side, Let freedom ring!
 Sun-pled hills: My heart with rap-ture thro's the lake that a - burn,
 breathe partake; Let rocks their al - luv' break, The sword pre- pare,
 in - ly light; Pre- pare us by thy might, Great God, our King!

211 **BOTTOMLEY, L. M. Double.**

ISAAC WATTS.

Arr. by H. M. McLENNAN, Mus. Doc.

Free.

1. He died—the Friend of sinners here, For Sion's daughters to comfort;
 A mid - sun dark - ness veil'd his face, A sudden breaking dawn the part.
 D.C.—But he! what land - does joys we see—In - sin, the dead, re - vive a - gain!
 2. The fir - ing - line! Surrounds the bank, Up to his Father's part he flew!
 3. Oh - ye - hill in - glass your his name, And shout him welcome to the sky.
 D.C.—sing low! he opened the hearts of hell; And led the tyrant Death in chain.

There's been a grief for you! do you! The Lord of glo - ry - dies for you!
 Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell How high our great De - ty ever reigns!

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212

PITT.

Geo. A. MASON.

Steady

1. Lend me mine eyes, O Heav'n to see, That I may prize This book of love.
 2. Lend me mine ear, Heav'n to hear, That I may hear Thy voice within.
 3. Break my hard heart, Jesus my Lamb; In Thy longest part Hide thy sweet will.

SAMUEL JOHNSON.

JOHN WYKE.

First.

1. O come, thou Fount of life, by streams let down, Turn my heart to sing thy praise;
 2. Streams of mercy, new as ever flowing, Call the wings of love and grace;
 D.C. — Praise the mercies, — O, for ever be, — Mount of God's unchangeable love.

D.C.

Teach me some new — In these new — art, Sing by — Streams long forgotten here.

3 How I value my Redeemer;

Higher by thy help I'm come;
 And I hope, by thy good pleasure,
 Seldom to arrive at home;
 None would see when a stranger,
 Wandering from the fold of God;
 He to save my soul from danger,
 Interposed his precious blood.

4 O, to grace how great a debtor

Daily I'm constrained to be!
 Let that grace, Lord, like a letter,
 Seal my wandering heart to thee.
 Praise to worship, Lord, I feel it;
 Praise to love the God I love;
 Here's my heart; Lord, take and seal it,
 Seal it from thy courts above.

RAY PALMER.

LOWELL MANN.

1. My faith looks up to thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry,
 2. Man thy rich grace im - part Strength to my faint - ing heart,
 3. While life's dark scene I tread, And griefs a - round me spread,
 4. When death's cold, mid - sea dream

See - how de - vise! Now hear me while I pray, Take all my
 My soul to spare: As thou hast died for me, O may my
 Be thou my guide! Bid darkness turn to day, Wipe sinners'
 Shall o'er me roll, That see - how! then, to love, Fear and de -

OLIVET. Concluded.

galls a-way, O let me from this day Be what - by thine! I
love to share Thy, wars, and champion be, A lit - tle less!
tears a-way Nor let me be - or stray From thee a - side,
trust in mine, O, keep me safe a - while, A true - named man!

215 MARTYN. 7s. Double.

CHARLES WINDLEY.

G. E. MASON.

Five.

L. { In - vo - lunt - ar - y of my soul, Let me to thy hea - ven fly, }
While the sun - or - wa - ters roll, While the trumpet still is high; }
A.C.—Safe to be the hea - ven - guide, O receive my soul at last!

A.C.

Hide me, O my dear - love, hide, Till the storm of life is past!

- 1 O'er - whelms have I seen;
Thou art my bright - est need on earth;
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Thou support and comfort art!
All my trust on thee is stayed,
All my help from thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing.
- 2 Then, O Christ, and all I want,
Have thou all in thee I find;
Wash the fallen, cheer the faint,
Lead the sick, and lead the blind.

- Just and holy is thy Name,
I am all unrighteousness;
Woe and full of sin I am;
Thou art full of truth and grace.
- 4 Pardon my guilt with thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin;
Let the healing streams abroad,
Make and keep me pure within.
Thou of life the fountain art;
Freely let me take of thee;
Spring there up within my heart,
Flow to all eternity.

CHARLES WHEAT.

JEROME PLEYEL.

1. Depth of mys-ery! can there be Mis-ery still reserved for me?
 2. I have long withstood his grace, Long pro-vided him to his face,
 3. Je-sus, an-swer from a-bove, Is not all thy mi-ty here?
 4. Now in-voke me to re-peat; Let me now my fall be-peat.

Can my God be-walk for-ever, And the child of sinners spare?
 Would not here his pro-rious name, Derived him by a thousand fall,
 With thee not the wrong be-got? Lo, I fall be-fore thy feet,
 Deep-ly my re-vel-ation, Weep, be-fore, and die no more.

CHARLES WHEAT.

C. H. A. MANN.

1. Lord, we come be-fore thee now, At thy feet we humbly bow; O'er-look not our
 2. Lord, in this our multi-tude, In compassion now descend, Fill our hearts with
 3. In thine own appointed way Now we seek thee, here we stay, Lord, we have not
 4. Send some message from thy word That may joy and peace afford; Let thy Spirit

will be-gain, Shall we seek thee, Lord in vain? Shall we seek thee, Lord in vain?
 thy rich grace, Thine own lips to sing thy praise, Thine own lips to sing thy praise,
 how to go Till a blessing thou be-est, Till a blessing thou be-est,
 now in-part Fall not in sin to each heart, Fall not in sin to each heart.

CHARLES WINDLEY.

Arr. by E. M. McDEVITT.

1. How hap - py are they Who their far - ther a - boy,
 2. That was - ter was mine, When the far - er di - vided,
 3. 'Twas a her - er in - low My Ma - ther - er to know,

And have laid up their treasures a - bove? To give our - er an ex - pose
 1. Breathed in the blood of the Lamb; When my heart it be - loved,
 And the an - gel would do with - ing more Than tell at his feet,

The an - gel's - er - er and peace Of a soul in its ear - er - er love!
 What a joy I re - ceived, What a her - er in Je - sus - er's name!
 And the an - gel in - just, And the her - er of his - er - er - er - er.

4. From all the day long
 Was my joy and my song;
 O that all his an - gel's might were!
 The her - er - er - er, I cried,
 He her - er - er and died,
 To release a poor rebel like me.

5. On the wings of his love
 I was carried above
 All sin, and temptation, and pain;
 I could not believe
 That I ever should grieve again,
 That I ever should suffer again.

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6. I rode on the sky,
 Proudly justified I,
 Was did every Her - er his her - er
 My soul ascended higher
 In a chariot of fire,
 And the moon it was under my feet.

7. O the rapturous delight
 Of that holy delight
 When I fell in the life - giving blood
 Of my Sa - vour's com - ment,
 I was perfectly dead,
 As if I had with the fallacious of death.

SEND A BLESSING.

As sung by Mrs. E. T. Richardson, Treasurer of the Star-Pet Society.

Arr. by E. M. McWhorter, Miss. Tex.

1. O tell me no more of this world's vain show, The time of such
 A sunny day I've found Where true joys a - bound, To dwell I'm de -
 2. The world that he - lves, In joy - a - dle live, And see to that
 My soul, don't de - lay— He calls there a - way, His, did he say
 3. No more sad days know What he can be - show, What light, strength, and
 In, no - ward I move To a - ri - y above, Some grace we have

REFRAIN.

tel - lus with me now in a - ny
 moment on that hap - py ground,
 then he will be - ing in a - ny
 heaven, and then the glad day,
 wonder - go with me, go
 wondrous my joy - thy will prove.

Send a bless - ing, send a

blessing, send a bless - ing, send a bless - ing, send a

blessing just now, just now, just now, send a blessing just now.

4 Great evils I shall win
 From death, hell, and sin,
 And eternal afflictions shall be thine within,
 And when I'm in sin,
 Beware me I'll cry,
 For Jesus hath loved me, I must tell why.

5 Don't tell I do that,
 We two are no friend,
 He'll not live in glory and have no end;
 He bids in the sun
 He bids in the sun
 I'm running through grass,
 He'll not live in glory and have no end.

HEAVENLY ASPIRATION.

Arranged from German.

1. This world is not my home, I know, For sin and sorrow wound me;
 But now my longings are - thy bliss, And goodness makes a - round me.
 2. The least may fall, the least may bleed, And all look dark and drear-y;
 But love all sins may - please my soul, And cheer thoughts - it was - ty.

Chorus.

Then let my lot be what it may, O comfortless or come my - way,

I've come on to my home to-day, And may be there to - morrow.

3 With heart resigned, I bid adieu
 To those who love, but leave me;
 My home, my heavenly home's in view,
 Where death shall not be - leave me.

4 My heavenly home, where Jesus reigns!
 Where I behold the glory,
 I'll walk thy ever radiant plains,
 And sing redemption's story.

I WILL ARISE.*

Arr. by Geo. A. Simon.

I will arise and go to Je - sus, He will embrace me in his arms;

In the arms of my dear Sav - iour, O, there are ten thousand charms.

* Any number and suitable lyrics may be sung in connection with this theme.

PHILIP BROOKING.

E. F. HENNING.

1. O, hap- py day, that found my choice On thee, my God, I found my God!
 2. Well may this glowing heart re-joice, And tell the sup-er-nas all a-broad,
 O, hap- py hour that made my voice To him that ever-true and true love!
 Let cheer-ful an-thems till his house, While to that an-chor shal-ter I move.

CHORUS. FINIS.

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

A. S. He taught me how to watch and pray, And how re-joice-ing ev'ry day!

1. 'Tis done, the great transac-tion's done, I am my Lord's and he is mine;
 He drew me, and I followed on, Charmed to realize the voice divine.
2. Now rest, my long-divided heart, Fixed on this blessed center, rest! Here have I found a better part, Here heavenly pleasures fill my breast.

CLAUDE MONTEAU.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow, Praise him, all creatures here below;

Praise him a-bove, ye heav'nly host, Praise Father, Son, and Ho-ly Ghost.

J. E. SANBORN

W. O. THOMAS

1. God be with you till we meet a - gain, By his merciful grace, uphold you,
 2. God be with you till we meet a - gain, Through his wings protect us, hold you,
 3. God be with you till we meet a - gain, When life's perilous track we tread you,
 4. God be with you till we meet a - gain, Keep love's banner floating o'er you,

With his sheep mercifully fold you, God be with you till we meet a - gain.
 His life-giving word abide you, God be with you till we meet a - gain.
 His mercies us still and guard you, God be with you till we meet a - gain.
 His death's burning words lead 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, Till we meet, Till we meet,

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

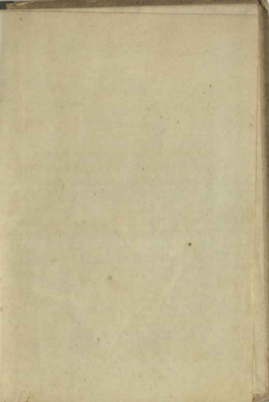
meet, God be with you till we meet a - gain.
 meet, Till we meet,

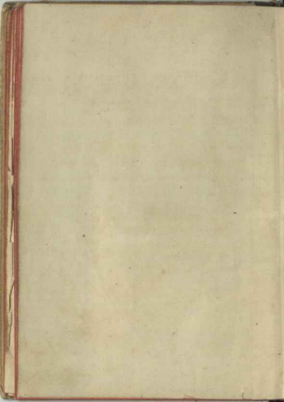
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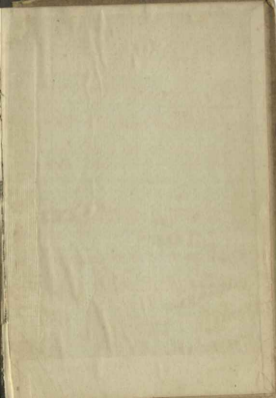
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<p>1. The first line of the first column is 'The first line of the first column'.</p> <p>2. The second line of the first column is 'The second line of the first column'.</p> <p>3. The third line of the first column is 'The third line of the first column'.</p> <p>4. The fourth line of the first column is 'The fourth line of the first column'.</p> <p>5. The fifth line of the first column is 'The fifth line of the first column'.</p> <p>6. The sixth line of the first column is 'The sixth line of the first column'.</p> <p>7. The seventh line of the first column is 'The seventh line of the first column'.</p> <p>8. The eighth line of the first column is 'The eighth line of the first column'.</p> <p>9. The ninth line of the first column is 'The ninth line of the first column'.</p> <p>10. The tenth line of the first column is 'The tenth line of the first column'.</p> <p>11. The eleventh line of the first column is 'The eleventh line of the first column'.</p> <p>12. 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