

LET ALL THE PEOPLE SING.

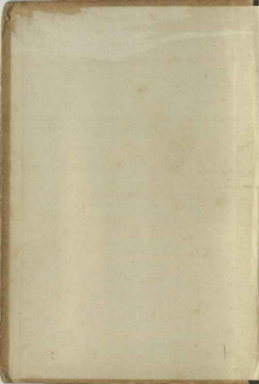
FOR CHOIR AND CONGREGATION

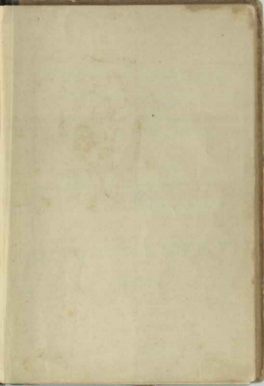
OCEAN GROVE  
CHRISTIAN  
SONGS

EDITORS

Bishop J.N. FitzGerald & Rev. C.H. Yatman  
Tali Esen Morgan

PUBLISHED FOR  
THE OCEAN GROVE ASSOCIATION  
OCEAN GROVE, NEW JERSEY.





## Introduction

We will let the book speak for itself

—The Editors



"The Big Little Book"

Ocean Grove  
**Christian  
Songs**

Editors

**Bishop J. H. Fitzgerald**

*President of Ocean Grove Association*

**Rev. Chas. H. Vatman**

*Leader of Young People's Meetings*

**Carl Esen Morgan**

*Director of Music at Ocean Grove*

published for  
**The Ocean Grove Association**  
New Jersey

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Ocean Grove  
N. J.

**Carl Esen Morgan**

16 W. 19th St.  
New York

		prices			
	Ocean Grove		Price Current		
Single Copy,	. . . . .	\$ .25	Single Copy,	. . . . .	\$ .25
Per One Hundred,	. . . . .	25.00	Per One Hundred,	. . . . .	25.00

TROVAT KIN.

## OLD HUNDRED.

CHRISTIAN PRIMER.

Praise God, from whom all Blessings flow, Praise Him, all creatures here below;

Praise Him, who bears us here, and bears us by His hand; Praise Him, who feeds us here, and leads us by His hand.

## THE APOSTLES' CREED.

I believe in God the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth. And in Jesus Christ His only begotten Son our Lord, who was conceived by the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary, suffered under Pontius Pilate, was crucified, dead and buried; the third day He rose from the dead; He ascended into heaven, and sitteth at the right hand of God the Father Almighty; from thence He shall come to judge the quick and the dead. I believe in the Holy Ghost, the holy catholic Church, the communion of saints, the forgiveness of sins, the resurrection of the body, and the life everlasting. Amen.

## THE LORD'S PRAYER.

Our Father who art in heaven, hallowed be Thy name. Thy Kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread; and forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us; and lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil; for Thine is the Kingdom, and the power, and the glory, forever. Amen.

## GLORIA PATRI.

CHRISTIAN PRIMER.

Glory be to the Pa-ther, and to the Son, and to the Ho-ly Ghost, As it

was in the be-gin-ning, be-gin, and ever shall be, world without end. A-men, A-men.

# OCEAN GROVE

## CHRISTIAN SONGS



### No. 1. HOLY, HOLY, HOLY!

EMERSON THAYER, D.D.

REV. JOHN B. DEWEY.

1. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! Lord God Al - mighty! Far - ly in the  
 2. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! all the saints adore Thee, Casting down their  
 3. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! On the darkness hide Thee, Tho' the eye of  
 4. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! Lord God Al - mighty! All Thy works shall

more - ing our songs shall rise to Thee; Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly,  
 golden crowns around the glassy sea; Cher - u - bins and ser - phim  
 the ful - lum Thy glo - ry may not see; On - ly Thou art ho - ly;  
 praise Thy name, in earth, and sky, and sea; Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly.

most - fal and mighty! God in Three Persons, Blessed Tri - ti - ty!  
 falling down before Thee, Which wert, and art, and ever more shalt be,  
 there is none beside Thee, Ex - cept in pow'r, in love, and ju - sti - ty,  
 most - fal and mighty! God in Three Persons, Blessed Tri - ti - ty!

# No. 2. JERUSALEM, MY HAPPY HOME.

"Benedicta Colubina," about 1700. (MATERNA. C. M. D.)

Samuel A. Ward, 1892.

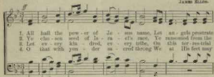
1. Je - ru - sa - lem, my hap - py home, Name ev - er dear to me!  
 2. Thine happier bowers than Eden's bloom, Not sin nor sor - row know.  
 3. A - pos - tles, martyrs, prophets, there A - round my feet - low stand.

When shall my in - here have an end, In joy and peace and love?  
 How sweet thro' trials and stormy seasons I on - ward press to you,  
 And soon my friends in Christ be - low Will join the glo - rious band.

When shall these eyes thy holy walls And peo - ple gaze be - hold?  
 Why should I labor at pain and weep, Or feel at death dis - may?  
 Je - ru - sa - lem, my hap - py home! My soul still pants for thee.

Thy bulwarks with al - va - tion strong, And streets of shin - ing gold!  
 I've Ce - sar's proud - ly land in view, And realize of end - less day.  
 Then shall my in - here have an end, When I thy joys shall see.





1. All hail the pow - er of Je - sus name, Let an - gels prostrate  
 2. Ye who - sen stand of Je - su - el's seat, Ye kneel from the  
 3. Let ev - ery kin - dred, ev - ery tribe, to this ter - restrial  
 4. O that with you - der in - cred - ble We at His feet may



fall, Let an - gels prostrate fall; Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem,  
 fall, Ye kneel from the fall, Hail Him who saves you by His grace,  
 fall, the cele - stial fall, To Him all hon - or is a - scrib - ed,  
 fall! We at His feet may fall! We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song.

Crown Him.

Crown Him.



And Crown Him, Crown Him, Crown Him, Crown Him, Crown Him, Crown Him, Crown Him, Crown Him,  
 Crown Him, Crown Him, Crown Him,

Crown Him,

Crown Him,

Full.



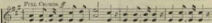
Crown Him, Crown Him, Crown Him, Crown Him, Crown Him, And crown Him Lord of all.  
 And crown Him Lord of all.

# No. 4. GLORY TO GOD IN THE HIGHEST.


FRANCIS J. CROSBY.

Wm. B. HEARNES, ly. poet.

*First Chorus*



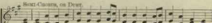
1. Glo - ry to God in the high - est! Glo - ry to God! Glo - ry to God!  
 2. Glo - ry to God in the high - est! Glo - ry to God! Glo - ry to God!



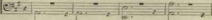

Glo - ry to God in the high - est! Shall be our song to - day;  
 Glo - ry to God in the high - est! Shall be our song to - day;



*Second Chorus, on Tenor.*



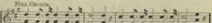
An - gel - or peer's rich words praise His ceaseless care and boundless love; to  
 O, may we, an un - broken band, A round the throne of Je - sus stand, And



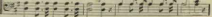

let our loud - est voice - or voice Our glad and grate - ful song of praise,  
 there with an - gels and the throng Of His re - verend ones, join the song.



*First Chorus*



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



GLORY TO GOD IN THE HIGHEST.

Glory, glory, glory, glory, glory be to God on high! God on high!

No. 5. THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD.

*Andantino.*

*Andante.*

*Slowly and sustained. Alto prominent.*

1. Lead is my Shep-herd, no ev-ils shall I know,  
2. Thro' the val-ley of the Shep-herd, at ease I sleep.

1. I feed in green pas-tures, and I rest, He lead-eth me  
2. Beside the still wa-ters, and I rest, Thy path shall be

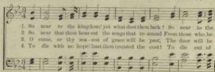
and where the still wa-ters flow, He steers me when wan-dering,  
I rest, Thy path shall be my way; No harm can be-fall with my

Com-fort or grief, No harm can be-fall with my Com-fort or grief,  
Com-fort or grief, No harm can be-fall with my Com-fort or grief.

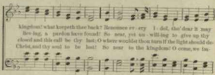
# No. 6. SO NEAR TO THE KINGDOM.

Part 2. Organ.

Rev. HANNAH LORRY, 1910.

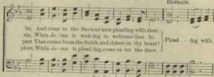


1. So near to the kingdom! yet what dost thou lack? So near to the  
 2. So near that thou hearst the songs that resound From those who, be-  
 3. O come, or thy sea-side of grace will be past, The door will be  
 4. To die with no hope! hast thou created the cost! To die out of



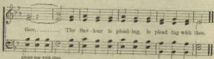
Kingdom! what keeps thee there back? Remember ev-ery 1: did, that door is may  
 be- ing, a garden have found! So near, yet un-willing to give up thy  
 closed and this call be thy last, O where wouldst thou turn if the light should be  
 Christ, and thy soul to be lost! So near to the Kingdom! O come, we in-

## Refrain.



be, And come to the Father now pleading with thee,  
 sin, When Je-sus is waiting to welcome thee in,  
 part That comes from the Spirit, and abides on thy heart! } Plead - ing with  
 them, While Je-sus is pleading, come on, try the door.

Pleading with thee,



God,..... The Father is pleading, is pleading with thee,  
 pleading with thee,

No. 7.

ZION CITY.

John Gardner.

George White.

*Moderato*

1. Glorious Chalice of life and joy, Zi - on, cit - y, of our God,  
 His whose word can - not be bro - ken, Fanned Que - en for His own, a ho - ly  
 2. See, the streams of liv - ing wa - ter, Springing from a - ber - nad here,  
 Still sup - ply thy sons and daughters, And all fear of want re - move.  
 3. Royal each hab - i - ta - tion hovering, See the land and the ap - pear,  
 For a glo - ry and a covering, Showing that the Lord is near.

On the Rock of a - ges founded, What can shake thy sure re - pose?  
 Who can falsify such a sig - na - ture, Or show our thirst's message?  
 He who gives us dal - ly man - na, He who dis - tress when we cry,

With sal - va - tion's wife surrounded, Thou mayst without all thy loss,  
 Grace, which, like the Lord, the gift - or, Nev - er falls from age to age.  
 Let His love the lead by - man - na, His - ing to His throne on high.

No. 7B.

RESPONSE.

*mf*

*f*, *mf* *ritardando* The "ECHO."

O - pen the heavens and send us relief, Help, help Thy peo - ple now, O God.

# No. 8. LET THE DEAR SAVIOUR COME IN.

Rev. W. C. RAYMOND.

J. H. DAVIS.

1. The Sav-our is stand-ing out-side your heart's door, Will you not  
 2. Oh, why do we stand-ing by the door - ing out? Will you not  
 3. Oh, why should you fear that the whole world should fear? Will you not  
 4. Take Je - sus for - get - ter His's name - y - es, Will you not

let Him come in just now? Seek, long for entrance, so  
 let Him come in just now? He - come and con - sume His power  
 let Him come in just now? The Sav - our is wait - ing to  
 let Him come in just now? And from all its part - is in

oh - so be - fore, Will you not let Him come in?  
 Lead us, from all - Will you not let Him come in?  
 give you a crown, Will you not let Him come in?  
 or - er - near free - Will you not let Him come in?

*Cresc.*

Let Him come in, let Him come in, Let the dear Saviour come in, just now;

Let Him come in, let Him come in, Let the dear Saviour come in.

## No. 9.

## WEARY.

Moderato. (Arranged)

SING, OR SOPRANO AND ALTO IN UNISON.

1. Weary, weary, for rest my soul doth sigh, longing, longing, Oh  
 2. Weary, so weary, of battling this a - lone. Cry - ing, cry - ing, for

life with God on high, Tired of bat - tles and strife,  
 God to take me home; Waiting and striving, and long - ing

*Cresc. pp*

So weary, so weary of life; Tired of battles and strife,  
 for peace that does not come; Waiting and striving and long - ing

*Cresc. pp* *Cresc.* *First time, Solo. pp*

So weary, so weary of life. (Just) O, troubled soul,  
 for peace that does not come,

*f* *pp* *Legato. D.B. for Cresc.*

light on, light on. There's comfort at last, and then all our sor - row is past.

# No. 10. BEAUTIFUL LAND OF SONG.

LEWIS. WHELAN TUNE.

J. M. HUNT.

1. There's a joy that brightens ev'ry morn'g by day, While we wait for  
 2. Such a joy-ful land as there who faith and love, makes a bliss for  
 3. When our morn'g by the sea and our even'g come, When we find the

Is - us with a cross- ing strong; To the land to - ward, that has no  
 the cry a - vor the land strong, Who is wait for the sea and a  
 that our we have lived so long, There'll be crown of glo - ry, there'll be

Chorus.  
 And a way to that bright, beautiful land of song,  
 home as high, to that bright, beautiful land of song,  
 joy and peace, in that bright, beautiful land of song. Sing on the homeward

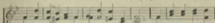
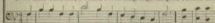
Why..... Sing with the psalm- ing throng, We shall find the  
 homeward way, sing with the psalm- ing, psalm- ing throng.

Oh - y es, to - mor - row Day in that bright, beautiful land of song

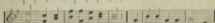
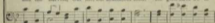


*Allergo.*

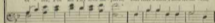
1. We plough the fields, and wait for The good seed on the land. But it is  
 2. He - on - ly in the Mak - er Of all things near and far. He plants the  
 3. We thank Thee, then, O Father, For all things bright and good, The seed that



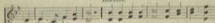
seed and watered. By God's al - mighty hand: He sends the snow in  
 way side flow - er, He lights the evening star: The whirlwind scatters  
 and the harvest, Our life, our health, our food: No gifts have we to



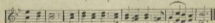
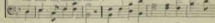
give - ter, The warmth to swell the grain, The harvest and the sun - shine,  
 by Him, By Him the birds are fed, Much more to us His skill - drom,  
 of - der, For all They love in - parts, But that which They de - sired - est,



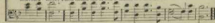
Harvest.



And with refreshing rain, } All good gifts a - round us, Are sent from  
 He gives our soil by bread. } Our heav - enly, thankful hearts.



heavens - here; Then thank the Lord, O thank the Lord, For all . . . His love.



With grandioso.

Wm. G. SHANNON.

1. A beau-ti-ful land by faith I see, A land of rest from sorrow free,  
 2. That beau-ti-ful land, the City of Light, No woe has known the shadow of night,  
 3. In vi-sion I see its streets of gold, Its beau-ti-ful gates I see, behold,  
 4. The heav-enly shining ar-cha'd in white, Its radiance equals the glories of light.

The home of the ransomed, bright and fair. And beautiful angels too, are there.  
 The glo-ry of God, the light of day hath driven the darkness far a-way.  
 The heav-en of life, the crys-tal sea, The health-giving fruit of life's fair tree.  
 And in one harmonious choir they praise Their glorious sov-er-ign's matchless grace.

Cresc.

Will you get Will you get Go to that beau-ti-ful land with me!

Will you get Will you get Go to that beau-ti-ful land!

## OPENING SENTENCE.

*pp* The Lord is in His heav-enly temple, let all His saints keep silence before Him!  
*p*

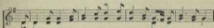
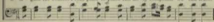
# No. 13. JESUS OF NAZARETH PASSETH BY.

Words, G. COLEMAN.

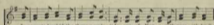
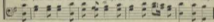
Tune, S. FENNELL.



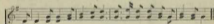
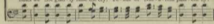
1. What means this eager anxious throng, Which moves with busy haste a-long—  
 2. Who is this Je - sus? Why should He The ev - y' member of our race re-ly?  
 3. Je - sus! 'tis He who once below Man's pathway trod, and pain and woe;  
 4. A - gain He comes! From place to place His ho - ly footsteps we can trace.



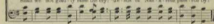
- These wondrous gatherings-day by day? What means this strange connection, say?  
 A - gain by strangers, has He still To - move the mil - li - ions at will?  
 And heralded ones, wherever He comes, brought out their sick, and deaf, and lame,  
 He passeth at our threshold—say, He en - ters—our - do means to stay.



- In accents loud 'd the throng reply: "Je - sus of Naz - a - reth pass - eth by."  
 A - gain the stir - ring notes re - ply: "Je - sus of Naz - a - reth pass - eth by."  
 The blind rejoiced to hear the cry: "Je - sus of Naz - a - reth pass - eth by."  
 Shall we not glad - ly raise the cry: "Je - sus of Naz - a - reth pass - eth by?"



- In accents loud 'd the throng reply: "Je - sus of Naz - a - reth pass - eth by."  
 A - gain the stir - ring notes re - ply: "Je - sus of Naz - a - reth pass - eth by."  
 The blind rejoiced to hear the cry: "Je - sus of Naz - a - reth pass - eth by."  
 Shall we not glad - ly raise the cry: "Je - sus of Naz - a - reth pass - eth by?"



5. Not all ye heavy-laden, come!  
 Here's pardon, comfort, rest and home,  
 Ye wanderers from a Father's love,  
 Return, accept His proffered grace,  
 Ye tempted ones, there's refuge nigh,  
 "Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

6. Not if you still this call refuse,  
 And all His wondrous love abuse,  
 Soon will He smite from you that name,  
 Your bitter prayer for pardon spare,  
 "Yea, later, late" will be the cry—  
 "Jesus of Nazareth has passed by."

# No. 14. WHEN THE CURTAINS ARE LIFTED.

Rev. JOHN WATSON.

Wm. J. KEMPNER.

1. When the curtains are lift-ed, Oh, what shall I see? Will my Lord with His  
 2. Will the heav-en - by His - y throne fall on my sight; And the throne of His  
 3. Now the in - sure is hid-den, I see but a pain, Yet it may be His  
 4. When His glorified presence shall glorify mine eyes, I'll be changed and be

no-gate be waiting for me? Will He welcome my coming, And  
 give - ry, That give - eth it light; Will the feet here and wa - ry  
 wrap - ing The end of the way; It will not be but in - ly. What  
 the His, And with His a - rous; And the hands hand with in - ter -

crown on the crown, With the saints of all a - ges, That sit on His throne  
 garments of gold, And the eyes not with weeping The darkness be - hold?  
 things so many come, If my Lord with His angels shall welcome me home,  
 the - ter's pain raise, And the lips bound to our new King welcome of praise.

### Curtains.

(1, 2, 3) When the cur - tains are lift-ed, Oh, what shall I see? Will my  
 (4) When the cur - tains are lift-ed, Oh, what shall I see, That my

Lord and His an - gels be waiting for me, He will - ing to  
 Lord and His an - gels are waiting for me, Are wait - ing to  
 be wait - ing to  
 be wait - ing to  
 be wait - ing to

## WHEN THE CURTAINS ARE LIFTED.

*rit. ad.*

wait - - - ing, Will my Lord and His angels be wait - ing for me?  
 wait - - - ing, That my Lord and His angels are wait - ing for me!

wait - ing for me!

## No. 15.

## BRING THEM IN.

AMERICAN TUNE.

W. A. GAYNOR. BY GAYNOR.

1. Hark! 'tis the Shepherd's voice I hear, That <sup>in</sup> the dar - est dark and drear,
2. Who'll go and help this Shepherd kind, Help tiller the lit - tle lambs to find?
3. Out - in the dar - est hour their cry, Out on the mountain wild and high,

Calling the lambs who've gone astray, Far from the Shepherd's fold a way,  
 Who'll bring the lost and to the fold, Where they'll be shelter'd from the cold?  
 Hark! in the Master speaks to thee, "Go, and my lambs wherever they be."

Chorus.

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

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

## No. 16.

## NAZARETH.

Organ. (Full original accompaniment can be used.)

Chor. Verse

The' jour - to the cham - ber, Come here, come and a - dore

Let the Lord of host - en Hath to ac - ce - tale g' - ve

Life for - ev - er - more, Life for - ev - er - more. Life for - ev - er -

or again on Verse.

more..... Instrument.

1. Shepherds who fold - ed your flock to
2. Kings from a far land, draw near and ho-
3. Wail to the or - dain, proclaim the joyful

old you, Tell what was told by an - gel and - en near  
told Him, Led by the star whose warn - ing leads ye home  
sta - ry, Warn of the way, the old - days bear a - ber

*f* Full Chorus.

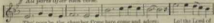
To you this night (this night) is born He who will guide you, To  
Your eyes are cast down,..... which rule my - al - en. Tell Him, Your  
The night is gone,..... be - hold in all the glo - ry, All

To you this night is

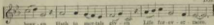
paths of years, to be - ing us - ters clear.....  
king do - mands to earth from bright - er skies.....  
trial and bright, now runs the more - ing star.....

## NAZARETH.

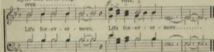
*f* All parts after each verse.



D.S.



*f* After last verse only.



## No. 17.

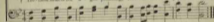
## LIFE ETERNAL.

Wm. J. Stone.

Wm. L. Todd,  
*Print.*



1. Sing with all the sons of glo - ry, Sing the tri - um - phal song!  
Death and sin - row, earth's darkness - ry, To the firm - est days be - long!
2. Oh, what glo - ry, far ex - ceed - ing All that eye has yet perceived!  
The - best hearts for a - god pleading, Nev - er that full joy conceived.

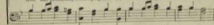


*tr.*—1. In God's like - ness, man a - wak - ing Knows the tri - um - phal song.  
*tr.*—2. No - very beam - ing eye - it shows it, Christ has passed the eter - nal gate.

D.C.



All a - round the clouds are breaking, Soon the storms of time shall cease,  
God has promised, Christ prepares it, There on high our welcome waits.



3. Life eternal! heaven rejoices,  
Jesus lives who once was dead,  
John, O man, the deathless voice,  
Child of God, lift up thy hand!  
Partakers from the banquet table,  
Saints all longing for their leaves,  
Prophets, psalmists, seers, and sages,  
All await the glory given.
4. Life eternal! O what wonders  
Crowd on faith, what joy unknown,  
When, under earth's closing chambers,  
Saints shall stand before the throne!  
O to enter that bright portal,  
See that glowing luminous,  
Know, with Thee, O God immortal,  
"Jesus Christ whom Thou hast sent!"

# No. 18. SCATTER SEEDS OF KINDNESS.

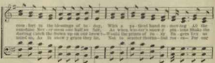
Rev. James Smith.

S. J. F. & Co. N. Y.

This is sung as a solo.


  
 Sing the word and the seed, scattering it like the seed of wheat,  
 Let it grow and bear fruit, that we may be fruitful  
 and multiply, and that our vineyard may be fruitful,  
 and we may have much seed to scatter.  
 Sing the word and the seed, scattering it like the seed of wheat,  
 Let it grow and bear fruit, that we may be fruitful  
 and multiply, and that our vineyard may be fruitful,  
 and we may have much seed to scatter.


  
 Sing the word and the seed, scattering it like the seed of wheat,  
 Let it grow and bear fruit, that we may be fruitful  
 and multiply, and that our vineyard may be fruitful,  
 and we may have much seed to scatter.  
 Sing the word and the seed, scattering it like the seed of wheat,  
 Let it grow and bear fruit, that we may be fruitful  
 and multiply, and that our vineyard may be fruitful,  
 and we may have much seed to scatter.


  
 Sing the word and the seed, scattering it like the seed of wheat,  
 Let it grow and bear fruit, that we may be fruitful  
 and multiply, and that our vineyard may be fruitful,  
 and we may have much seed to scatter.  
 Sing the word and the seed, scattering it like the seed of wheat,  
 Let it grow and bear fruit, that we may be fruitful  
 and multiply, and that our vineyard may be fruitful,  
 and we may have much seed to scatter.

*Crescendo*


  
 Sing the word and the seed, scattering it like the seed of wheat,  
 Let it grow and bear fruit, that we may be fruitful  
 and multiply, and that our vineyard may be fruitful,  
 and we may have much seed to scatter.

*Al. fr.*


  
 Sing the word and the seed, scattering it like the seed of wheat,  
 Let it grow and bear fruit, that we may be fruitful  
 and multiply, and that our vineyard may be fruitful,  
 and we may have much seed to scatter.



*All. mod. to.*

1. The gos-pel bells are ring-ing O-ver land from sea to sea; Hailed  
 2. The gos-pel bells in-vite us To a feast prepared for all; Do not  
 3. The gos-pel bells are joy-ful, As they toll a-bout and wide, Hearing

news of free-ty-va-tyon In-ter-ly of-fer you and me, For God so loved the  
 slight-est in-vi-ta-tion, Now re-joice the gos-pel-bells, For on the broad-est  
 noise of perfect par-don, That's a bar-bour con-vo-lut, Good tidings of great

world That His son-ly Son He gave, Who-oso'er be-liev-eth in Him, Ev-er  
 life, Eat of Me, then hungry men; That your sins be red-er-emed, They shall  
 joy To all people I do bring Un-to you is born a bar-bour, Which is

*Chorus.*

leading life shall have,  
 be as white as wool." } Gospel bells, how they ring, Over land from sea to sea;  
 Christ, the Lord and King." } Gospel bells, how they ring,

was Gospel bells, how they ring, Free by bring-ing, Hailed news to you and me,  
 Gospel bells, how they ring, Free by bring-ing, Hailed news to you and me,

1. O beau - ti - ful land, where the weary shall rest! O glorious a - leks, happy  
 2. O mansion of light, where no clouds intervene! O pasture of love, with your  
 3. O wide spreading trees, with your soft, cooling shade! O rich in dew fields, in your  
 4. O glo - ri - ous throng at Je - sus - a - le's feet! O rap - tur - ous way that He

leave - of the blood! O ban - ished of world! let us there be Thy guest, How  
 we - dare us greet! O riv - ers of joy, flowing round the bright ones, How  
 long - ly we wait! O mansions of flow'rs, abounding never in fade! How  
 pure - in - re - pent! O won - der - ful love! all in Christ made complete, How

## Chorus.

sweet it will be to be there,  
 sweet it must be to be there,  
 sweet it must be to be there,  
 sweet it must be to be there.

How sweet to be there! how sweet to be there! Where

all is so love - ly and joy, Not a sin - ner shall come to that

beau - ti - ful home, How sweet it will be to be there, to be there.

# No. 21. JERUSALEM THE GOLDEN.

TRADITION OF CHERRY, 1740 & C.

ALLEN, 1770 & C.

1. Je - ru - sa - lem the golden, With milk and honey blest, Through thy con - tem -  
 2. There is the throne of David, And there from now released, The shout of them that  
 3. O sweet and blessed country, The home of God's elect! O sweet and blessed

ple - tion thine head and voice expressed. I know not O I know not What  
 triumph, The song of them that feast, And they who with thy head or thine  
 country, That no - ge - haunts ex - post! Je - ru - sa - lem, in heav - en bring us To

joys await us there, What ex - cel - sity of glo - ry, What life beyond compare,  
 compared in the light, For ev - er and for ev - er Are clad in robes of white,  
 that dear land of rest; Who art, with God the Father, And Spirit, ever blest.

# No. 22. TO-DAY THE SAVIOUR CALLS.

CHURCH, PHOENIX SQUARE.

Dr. LEWIS, 1840.

1. To - day the Saviour calls, To - day the Saviour calls, Who calls us home,  
 2. To - day the Saviour calls, To - day the Saviour calls, Who calls us home,  
 3. To - day the Saviour calls, To - day the Saviour calls, Who calls us home,  
 4. To - day the Saviour calls, To - day the Saviour calls, Who calls us home,  
 5. To - day the Saviour calls, To - day the Saviour calls, Who calls us home,  
 6. To - day the Saviour calls, To - day the Saviour calls, Who calls us home,  
 7. To - day the Saviour calls, To - day the Saviour calls, Who calls us home,  
 8. To - day the Saviour calls, To - day the Saviour calls, Who calls us home,  
 9. To - day the Saviour calls, To - day the Saviour calls, Who calls us home,  
 10. To - day the Saviour calls, To - day the Saviour calls, Who calls us home,  
 11. To - day the Saviour calls, To - day the Saviour calls, Who calls us home,  
 12. To - day the Saviour calls, To - day the Saviour calls, Who calls us home,

# No. 23. WITH SHIELD AND BANNER BRIGHT.

Wm. J. Baerman, Jr. op.

*In marching movement.*

1. We are marching on with shield and banner bright, We will work for God and  
 by the Sun-day School our army we prepare, As we val-ly march on  
 a - ve.—We are marching onward, onward as we go, To the promised land where

let - us for the right, We will make His name re-joice-ing in His sight,  
 How-ed stand-ard there, And the har-lem's cross we can - ty learn to bear,  
 He - ing we - are here, Come and join our ranks as pilgrims here be - fore,

*Fin.*  
 And we'll work till Je - sus calls, Then a - wake, then a -  
 While we work till Je - sus calls, Then a - wake, then a -  
 Come and work till Je - sus calls, Then a - wake, then a -

Then a - wake, then a -  
 wake, then a - wake, then a - wake, then a - wake, then a -  
 Then a - wake, then a - wake, then a - wake, then a -

tr. then a - wake, then a - wake, then a - wake, then a -  
 tr. then a - wake, then a - wake, then a - wake, then a -  
 tr. then a - wake, then a - wake, then a - wake, then a -

## WITH SHIELD AND BANNER BRIGHT.

1.

We are marching on, our Captains ever near,  
 We'll conquer or die, the greater cause we bear;  
 Let the foe advance, we'll answer, never flinch,  
 And we'll work all Jesus' will.  
 Then awake, awake, our happy, happy song,  
 We will sing for joy, and gladly hallelujahs  
 In our Land of Shinar, let every heart be string,  
 While we work all Jesus' will. Amen.

2.

We are marching on the strength and tender love  
 That will lead to life and everlasting day,  
 To the smiling fields that never will decay,  
 And we'll work all Jesus' will.  
 We are marching on and pointing toward the prize,  
 To a glorious crown beyond the glowing skies,  
 On the radiant fields a home prepared never die,  
 And we'll work all Jesus' will. Amen.

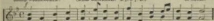
No. 24.

## SEE THE CONQUEROR.

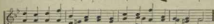
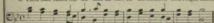
Index Transposed.

(SEE GLORIA. E. F. F. D.)

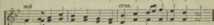
E. W. W.



1. See, the Conqueror mounts in triumph, See the King in roy - al state,  
 2. Who is this that comes in glo - ry, With the trump of ju - d - ge - ment?  
 3. They had raised our ho - men up - here in the clouds by God's right hand,



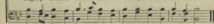
Did beg on the clouds, His char - iot, To His heavenly pal - ace gate.  
 Lord of hea - ven, God of ar - mies, He has gained the vic - to - ry;  
 There we sit in heav - enly pla - ces, There with Thee in glo - ry stand:



Hark! the choir of an - gel voi - ces Joy - ful al - le - lu - ia sing,  
 He who on the cross did suf - fer, He who from the grave a - rose,  
 In - sen - si - ble, a - dored by an - gels, Man with God in on the throne;



And the por - tals high are lift - ed To re - ceive their heav - enly King,  
 He has vanquished sin and the - tan, He by death has opened His throne,  
 Mighty Lord, in Thee we con - fide We by faith be - lieve our own.

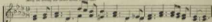


# No. 25. IT WAS SPOKEN FOR THE MASTER.

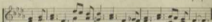
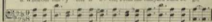
FRANK J. CHAMBERLAIN.

Wm. J. KILBURN.

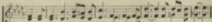
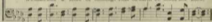
May be sung as solo and chorus.



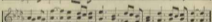
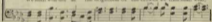
1. It was spoken for the Mas-ter, O how lov-ly - ly it fell!
2. O we know not when we meet - ter, When the promise said will fall,
3. Without sin - y - toll is a - ter, From the vineyard where we go.



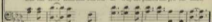
It was at-tered in a whis-per, Who had breath'd it none could tell,  
But we work and trust in Je - sus, For He watcheth o - ver all,  
We shall find a store of blessings That on earth we could not know.



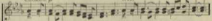
It was spoken for the Mas-ter, On - ly just a lit - tle word,  
We may see be - side the wa-ters Of af - flic - tion, It may be,  
We shall won - der at the bright - ness Of the crown we then shall wear.



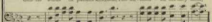
But the church that long had slumber'd In a grief worn heart were stirred,  
But the fruits of our trust in Je - sus At the reaping we shall see,  
But the Lord Himself will tell us Why He pluck'd the Jew - ish seed.



CHORUS, ♯



See the words of patient kindness, The' un - bound - ed all they sing,



IT WAS SPOKEN FOR THE MASTER.

Musical score for 'It Was Spoken for the Master'. The score is in G major and 4/4 time. It features a treble clef with a melody and a bass clef with a piano accompaniment. The melody includes a 'Ball.' (Ballad) section. The lyrics are: 'To the field of grace may gather harvest which we do the dream.'

No. 26.

PARTING HYMN.

J. HARRISON.

(ILLUSTR. BY THE REV. J. H.)

H. J. HARRISON.

Musical score for 'Parting Hymn'. The score is in G major and 4/4 time. It features a treble clef with a melody and a bass clef with a piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: '1. See - how, a - gain to Thy dear name we rise With our ac -  
2. Grant us Thy peace up - on our homeward way; With Thee be -  
3. Grant us Thy peace, Lord, thro' the even - ing night; Turn Thou to  
4. Grant us Thy peace through - out our earth - ly life. Our hearts in

Musical score for 'Parting Hymn'. The score is in G major and 4/4 time. It features a treble clef with a melody and a bass clef with a piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: 'and our part - ing hymn of praise; We stand, to bless Thee,  
gives, with Thee shall end, the day; Guard Thou the lips from  
us be dark - ness in - to light; From harm and sin - get  
we - row and our way in strife; Then, when Thy voice shall

Musical score for 'Parting Hymn'. The score is in G major and 4/4 time. It features a treble clef with a melody and a bass clef with a piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: 'on our worship cease, Then, low - ly kneel - ing, wait Thy word of peace,  
all the hearts from shame, That in this house have called up - on Thy name,  
keep Thy children free; For dark and light are both a - like to Thee,  
hid our conflict cease, Call us, O Lord, to Thine e - ter - nal peace.

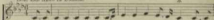
## No. 27.

## A LETTER FROM HOME.

Rev. C. S. K.

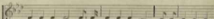
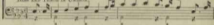
Rev. C. S. K.

SON AND ALTO IN UNISON.

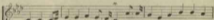
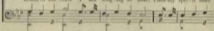


1. I've been reading a message so sweet and so wonder-ful, From my  
2. And it tells of the love it - ful - est of - y - et - er - nal, With its  
3. And I read that while here in this world full of pain and woe I may  
4. So I'm watching and waiting on - till He shall call for me, And the

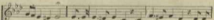
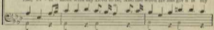
BASS AND TENOR IN UNISON.



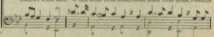
- Pa - ther a - lone to His chil - dren be - low, And it tells me His  
delight - ful gains of pearl and His stores of pure gold, They're no need of the  
rain - bow - on His ev - er - by bar - den and crown, And my heart strangely  
heard of His voice I am long - ing to hear, Then my spir - it shall



- heart is still so dear and sweet - est - ful, That His love has a shadow of  
me, for the shade of slight sin or fall, And those cruel fold - up - down  
waves when I feel that my Father knows, That His arms are a - round me, my  
sin, ev - er - more with my Lord to be, And the word He has giv'n in my



- chang - ing you know, O this letter from home, sweet letter from home, Precious  
word shall be hold, O this letter from home, sweet letter from home, Precious  
com - fort while here, O this letter from home, sweet letter from home, Precious





# A LETTER FROM HOME.

rit. . . . . *Cantata, ff*

let - ter from "home, sweet home." Then let praise be giv'n to our

Fa - ther in heav'n, For His wonderful message from home. . . . . Then

taught in this world had no dear to my heart, In this let - ter from "home, sweet home,"

# No. 28. JESUS CHRIST IS PASSING BY.

A. DENSON SMITH.

REV. JAMES F. KEENE.

1. Je - sus Christ is pass - ing by, He - ro, He to His blind eye,  
2. Lo, He stands and calls to them, What with these thin hairs of his?  
3. "Lord, I would Thy mercy see, Lead us - veal Thy love to me,  
4. O how sweet the touch of Thy Crown - it is - al - va - tion's love!

At the precious moments that cry, He saw - it - all in that  
Thou, and let His all thy need, Thou, He call - ed - them in - stead,  
Let it pass - a - trace my soul, All my heart and life are - laid,  
Je - sus gives from path to - lead, "Faith hath saved them, go to - ward!"

# No. 29. BRINGING IN THE SHEAVES.

Wesley's Hymns "Songs of Glory."

Class A. Hymns.

1. Sowing in the morning, sowing seeds of kindness, Sowing in the evening,  
 2. Sowing in the sun-shine, sowing in the shadow, Fearful neither clouds nor  
 3. Oh, then, or - or weep-ing, sowing for the Mas-ter, Tho' the loss sustained we

and the dew - y rain, Waiting for the har-vest, and the time of reap-ing,  
 winter's chilling breath; By and by the har-vest, and the in - bar and - ed,  
 ripe - it will - be shown; When our weep-ing's o-ver, He will bid us wel-come.

*Cresc.*  
 We shall re-joyce - ing, bring-ing in the sheaves, Bring-ing in the sheaves.

Bring-ing in the sheaves, bring-ing in the sheaves,  
 We shall re-joyce-ing, Bring-ing in the sheaves.

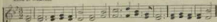
bring-ing in the sheaves, We shall re-joyce - ing, bring-ing in the sheaves

# No. 30. ONE MORE DAY'S WORK FOR JESUS.

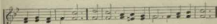
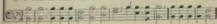
(EDINBURGH. 1853.)

Wm. B. WALKER.

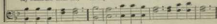
Rev. ROBERT LOWRY.



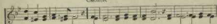
1. One more day's work for Jesus, One less of life for rest! But Jesus is so near,
2. One more day's work for Jesus! How sweet the work has been, To tell the story,
3. One more day's work for Jesus! O yes, a weary day; But Jesus' smiles are sweeter,
4. O bless - ed work for Jesus! O rest at Jesus' feet! There toll some praises,



And Christ is dear - er Than yes - ter - day, to rest His love and light  
To show the glo - ry, Where Christ's blood was shed! How it did shine  
And rest comes near - er, At each step of the way; And Christ is all,  
My wants are less - er, And pain for Him is sweet, Lord & I may.

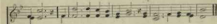
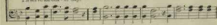


## Cadenz.

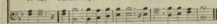


Fill all my soul to night,  
In this poor house of sin,  
Be - fore His face I fall  
I'd serve an oth - er day.

One more day's work for Jesus, One more day's work for



In - ce, One more day's work for Jesus, One less of life for rest!



No. 31.

LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT.

Composed by J. H. Wierman.

John E. Deane.

*pp* *f* *pp*

1. Lead, kindly Light, amid the darkening gloom,      Lead them to the open door.  
 2. What wilt thou do for us, O Jesus, when we rise?      The night is dark, and I am far from thee.

*f* *legato*

dark, and I am far from thee,      Lead them to the open door.  
 When wilt thou do for us, O Jesus, when we rise?      The night is dark, and I am far from thee.

*dim.* *cres.* *f* *dim.* *p* *pp*

Do not ask us, O Jesus,      This day we have seen the sign of thy power,  
 that we may be saved,      When thou shalt come again,      to give us life and grace.

No. 32.

EUCCHARISTIC HYMN.

Robert Harris.

Rev. A. B. Benson.

1. Bread of the world to us, O Jesus,      Give us, O Jesus, give us, O Jesus,  
 Bread of the world to us, O Jesus,      Give us, O Jesus, give us, O Jesus,

2. Bread of the world to us, O Jesus,      Give us, O Jesus, give us, O Jesus,  
 Bread of the world to us, O Jesus,      Give us, O Jesus, give us, O Jesus,

See last Verse.

*And*

1 Je - sus shall reign wher - e'er the sun Does His suc - cess - ive  
2 To Him shall real - low pray'r be made And real - low praise be

Yea - says can; His king - dom spread from shore to shore, Till  
down His head; His name the sweet je - sus shall be With

name shall wax and wane no more, From north to south the pris - ons meet  
ev - ry morning and - si - sters, Peo - ple and nations of ev - ry tongue

To pay their homage at His feet, While west - ern sun - sets  
Dwell on His love with sweet - est song, And in - fast voice -

own their Lord, And our age tribes at - tend His word,  
shall pro - claim Their ev - ry bless - ing on His Name

## No. 34.

## REST, SWEET REST.

FRANCIS J. CHASE, C.

Wm. J. KILPATRICK.

1. Hark! from the joy-land hear the song, Rest, sweet rest, breath'd by a soft lay,  
 2. Still from the joy-land breaks the sound, Rest, sweet rest, Thine where the life-time  
 3. Comes in the joy-land we shall know Rest, sweet rest, Hence where the life-time

at day long, Rest, sweet rest, Out of the pearl-gate light and fair,  
 fruits a-bound, Rest, sweet rest, Haste to the love-ly skies a-way,  
 rest - our low, Rest, sweet rest, Rest where the spring-time verdure shows,

There on a sun-beam thro' the air, Song of the full-voiced  
 Hark where the blue heaven's air do - say, Faith on her light wings  
 Rest where the clear ones all have flown, Rest where the love heart

er - ry - where, Rest, sweet rest, } Rest, sweet rest, In - loved  
 join the lay, Rest, sweet rest, }  
 hark to own, Rest, sweet rest, }

rest, Song for the full-voiced er - ry - where, Rest, sweet rest.

# No. 35. IN THE HOUR OF TRIAL.

ALLEN BRIDGEMAN.

(PREFACE 4 1 1 4)

VERSE 1. 2.

*ff* *Legato.*

# No. 36. THE LORD'S PRAYER.

*Very quietly.*

By JOHN A. TOWN,  
Author.

SHORT CHURCH TUNES.

1. Christ, our mighty Captain, leads against the foe; We will nev - er falter  
 2. Satan's fearful onslaughts cannot make us yield; While we trust in Christ, our  
 3. Let our glorious banner ev - er be unfurled— From its mighty stronghold  
 4. Pierce the he - ven's gate, but 'till not be long; Then triumphant shall we

when He bids us go; Tho' His righteous purpose we may nev - er know,  
 Dark be our own shield; Pressing ev - er on—the Spirit's sword we wield,  
 a - all shall be won; Christ, our mighty Captain, a - vanquish the world,  
 Join the blessed throng; Joy - ful - ly a - all - ing in the victor's song—

Chorus.

You will fol - low all the way,  
 And we fol - low all the way, Forward! forward! to the Lord's command,  
 And we fol - low all the way,  
 If we fol - low all the way.

Forward! forward! to the promised land; For - ward! for - ward!

In the cho - rus sing; We are here to win with Christ, our King!



# No. 38. IS MY NAME WRITTEN THERE.

REV. HARRY A. EDWARDS.

FRANK B. DEXTER, 1905.

1. Look, I can see for rich - es, Like the gold  
2. Look, my sin they are sin - ny, Like the scale of the  
3. Oh! that I could see on - y, With the mansions of light.

I would make more of love - in - would - in - the gold,  
But Thy blood, Oh, my sin - less, In all - a - clean for  
With its gh - o - st - ly, In pur - ge - ments of white,

In Thy book of Thy king - dom, With its page white and fair,  
For Thy prom - ise is writ - ten, In bright let - ters that glow,  
Where all - a - thing was - eth, To re - spell what is false,

Tell me, Je - sus, my sin - less, In my name writ - ten there,  
- That your sin be as near - let, I will make them like  
When the an - gels are watch - ing, Yes, my name's writ - ten there.

*Chorus*  
In my name's writ - ten there, In my name's writ - ten there,  
Yes, my name's writ - ten there, Yes, my name's writ - ten there.

*Chorus*  
In my name's writ - ten there, On the page white and fair,  
*And my sin*  
Yes, my name's writ - ten there, On the page white and fair.

1. Far and near the fields are team-ing With the waves of  
2. Seed them forth with man's eye beam-ing, Sown them in the  
3. O then, where Thy Lord is sow-ing, Gath-er now the

4. - pen'd grain, Far and near their gold is gleam-ing O'er the  
noon-tide's glare, When the sun's last rays are gleam-ing, Bid them  
sheaves of gold, Rear'tward then at ev'-ning wind-ing They shall

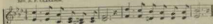
*Cresc.*  
sun-ny slope and plain }  
gath-er ev'-ry-where. } Lord of har-vest, send forth  
come with joy un-told.

reap-ers! Hear us, Lord, as Thus we cry, Send them

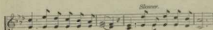
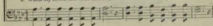
now the sheaves to gath-er, Ere the har-vest time pass by.

REV. A. F. CLARKE.

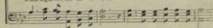
J. M. BUCK.



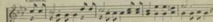
1. When the skies are clear and bright, And my pathway gleams with light,  
 2. In my struggles for the right, In the darkness of the night,  
 3. In my efforts to be true, While I strive His will to do,  
 4. When my loved ones fade and die, And no stars are in the sky,



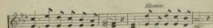
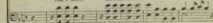
- When the sun, the heavens glow, God is with me, this I know,  
 When the tempests rookly blow, God is with me, this I know,  
 When, when duty calls, I go, God is with me, this I know,  
 When night covers all in low, God is with me, this I know.



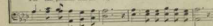
Cresc.



- This I know, this I know, God is with me, this I know, this I know,  
 This I know, this I know, this I know, this I know.



- For His promise tells me so, God is with me, this I know.



Song on Unity in Opinions.

Mus. by J. Furness

1. Off all the way, green palm and blue sea grey,      And stress this  
 2. His word goes forth, and compass by its might      Once more so  
 3. Sing and re-join, O, broad Je-su - us - ions,      Of all thy

day in fe - tal prop - a - tu - tion, Where Je - sus comes to wipe our  
 pain from down from deg - ra - da - tion; His - man - i - ty cloth give to  
 us, sing the a - mant - el - pa - tion; They' heard him love, the Christ of

such a - - way.....      I've now the throng to welcome  
 such his right.....      While those in dark days had no -  
 such a - - less.....      Bring faith and hope to them for -

less.....      the same,  
 word.....      the light  
 or - - - - -      of - - - - -      }      Join all, and sing, His

# PALM BRANCHES.

Solo on Organ.

name in class, let ev'ry voice resound with ac - - - - - cla - ma - tion.

Full Chorus, *f*

He - has - - - - - not pre - pared to be the Lord!

Lead Verse go to 4

Glory Him - who cometh to bring us sal - va - - - - -

Prelude and Interlude

Lord!

D.C. Lord!

Rev. James Guffey, Jr.  
And low fast.

Toll Free Music.

1. We are press-ing toward a coun-try where the air is pure - er still,  
2. Oh, how oft - en we grow weak - er as we press down's ragged trail,  
3. No we'll strive to do our du - ty till our last - the here - a - fter.

Where the stars, clouds, sea - er path - er o'er the home - land of the soul,  
And at times the cross seems heav - y as we head for north - er goal,  
And we'll do our best for Je - sus till our last shall press the shore.

There we'll see our Man of sor - row in His roy - al di - a - dem,  
But we know that o - ver - joy - der we for - ev - er more shall rest,  
Then we'll sail for that fair coun-try just a - cross the Ocean's foam.

When we reach that Ho - ly Cit - y call'd "the new Je - ru - sa - lem,"  
When we reach that Ho - ly Cit - y in those mansions of the West,  
And with in that Ho - ly Cit - y we will find our blessed home.

Chorus.

O that blessed Ho - ly Cit - y, we shall see it by and  
O that blessed Ho - ly Cit - y, we shall

THAT HOLY CITY.

by, you, by and by, That e - ter - nal Ho - ly Ci - ty  
 we'll see by and by, That e - ter - nal Ho - ly Ci - ty

*rit.* Then we'll join with angels and

God as we walk in the sky, walk in the sky, Then we'll join with

an - gels, and our Heav - en's praise sing.

an - gels, and our Heav - en's praise - in song.

join - in this.....

in the presence of the King.

When we reach that Holy Ci - ty, In the pal - ace of our King

When we reach that Holy Ci - ty, In the Ci - ty of our King.

No. 44.

RESPONSE.

*Andantino.*

He that shall endure to the end, shall be saved. A - men - sa - men.

*Allegro.*

1. Be joyful in God, all ye lands of the earth; Oh, serve Him with gladness and  
 2. Oh! exult in His gates with thanksgiving and song. Your vows in His temple pro-

fer; Exult in His presence with music and mirth. With love and devotion draw  
 nigh, His praise in rest - o - lions accompanance praising, And bless His a - do - ra - ble

name, Je - ho - vah in God, and Je - ho - vah a - lone, One - a - ter and  
 true. For good is the Lord, in - ex - press - i - ble good, And we are the

ful - ly else all, ... And we are His people, His sheep, we own,  
 work of His hand, ... His mer - cy and truth from e - ter - ni - ty stand.

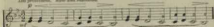
His sheep, and we fol - low His call; we fol - low His call, we fol - low His call,  
 And shall to e - ter - ni - ty stand, to e - ter - ni - ty stand, to e - ter - ni - ty stand.



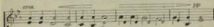
REV. J. W. ALDRICH.

Lyd. by TULLY HARRIS, New York.

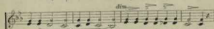
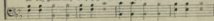
All directions. Slow and sustained.



1. Near the Cross was Ma-ry weep-ing, There her mournful station keep-ing.
2. But we have no need to let-ter Mourn from the mother's sor-row,
3. When an eye in pi-ty gave us, Where there was no eye to see us,
4. In-us, may Thy love constrain us, That from sin we may re-train us,



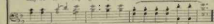
Gaz-ing on her dy-ing Son, Gaz-ing on her dy-ing Son,  
 At our Saviour's Cross to mourn, At our Saviour's Cross to mourn,  
 He His love and power display'd, He His love and power display'd,  
 In Thy griefs may deep-ly grieve, In Thy griefs may deep-ly grieve,



There is agoniz-ing anguish groan-ing, Yearning, sweet-ning, sigh-ing, mourn-ing,  
 Turn our sin-ful eyes from heav-en, Turn the eye of sin-ful heav-en,  
 By His stripes He wrought our heal-ing, By His death, our life re-veal-ing,  
 Thus our best af-fectious glo-ry-ing, To Thy glo-ry or-er be-ing.



Thou' her soul the sword had gone, Thou' her soul the sword had gone,  
 All His griefs for us were born, All His griefs for us were born,  
 He for us the ran-som paid, He for us the ran-som paid,  
 May we in Thy glo-ry live, May we in Thy glo-ry live.



# No. 47. SAVIOUR, COME IN TO-DAY.

Lyrics by J. H. Shaw.

J. H. Shaw.

1. Long Thou hast waited outside of my heart, Saviour, come in to-day;  
 2. Make me a temple all ho-ly with-in, Saviour, come in to-day;  
 3. Come and illumine my soul with Thy light, Saviour, come in to-day;

Tho' I have grieved Thou shalt not depart, Saviour, come in to-day.  
 Grant me forgiveness and cleanse me from sin, Saviour, come in to-day.  
 Shine on my darkness, and all will be bright, Saviour, come in to-day.

Wen-ty of sin, hea-ry - in-ter-posed, Seeking Thy mercy and  
 Come in and teach me to know Thy will; Help me to trust in Thy  
 Truth and Thy patience, and help me to know some of the joys of Thy

longing for rest; Oh, for my heart that I too may be glad,  
 - love and be still; Grant me and keep me secure from all ill, } Saviour, come  
 heaven be - lie; Mercies more I in Thy likeness would grow, }

## CHORUS.

In to-day . . . Saviour, come in, . . . Saviour, come in,  
 Saviour, come in.

SAVIOUR, COME IN TO-DAY.

Long Thou hast waited outside of my heart, Saviour, come in to-day.

No. 48. ON JORDAN'S BANKS.

REV. AUGUST HENNING.

T. C. PHILLIPS.

1. On Jordan's stony banks I stand, And cast a wishful eye To Canaan's fair and  
 2. O'er all those wide extended plains I gaze one eternal day, There God the Son led  
 3. Where shall I reach that happy place, And be forever blest? When shall I see my  
 4. With delight, my captives I would, Would here no longer stay, The Jordan's waters

happy land, Where my journey ends In  
 ever rest, And endless night a - way.  
 Father's love, And in His love we rest,  
 round me roll, Fearless I'll launch a - way.

Chorus.  
 We will not in the fair and happy

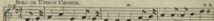
land, And a - cross on the ex - press above, ... Sing the  
 of our joy.

song of Moses and the Lamb, by and by, And dwell with Jesus in - - - - -

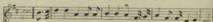
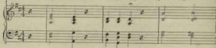
Wm. B. E. S. Eaton.

J. S. Edwards.

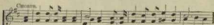
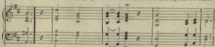
Solo on Violin or Clarinet.



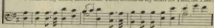
1. Then didst leave Thy throne and Thy Kingly crown, When Thou camest to earth for
2. Heaven's ark, to bring what the an-gel sang, Proclaiming Thy love to all
3. That came out Lord, with the di-ling word, That should set Thy peo-ple
4. When the hour's shall ring, and the an-gel sing. At Thy com-ing 'tis to -



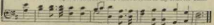
- ney. But in Belshazzar's hall was there found no room, For Thy holy Na-tivity. But in lowly birth Thou didst come to earth, A not in greatest height. I - ty. Free. But with meekness came, and with words of truth, Did they hear Fire to Cal - ry. ry. They will call me Jesus, saying, "Yet here's room, there is room at My side for Thee."



O come to my heart, Lord Jesus, There is room in my heart for Thee, for Thee.



O come to my heart, Lord Je - sus, There is room in my heart for Thee.



SAMUEL F. ANSLEY

(President McKinley's Favorite Hymn.)

LUTHERAL HYMN.

*p*

1. Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer to Thee! 'E'en though 't be a cross,  
*D.S. -* Nearer, my God, to Thee,

*Fine* *D.S.*

That asks of me, *D.S.* All my being shall be, Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
 Nearer to Thee!

The second verse may be sung by a solo voice or by the choir in this mode. For practice play from the organ *D.S.* in *F* minor.

*p*

2. Thou, like the wanderer, The sun gone-down, Darkness be thy rest,  
*D.S. -* Nearer, my God, to Thee,

*Fine* *D.S.*

My rest is found, Yet in my Cross 't be Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
 Nearer to Thee!

3. There let the way appear,  
 Steps unto heaven;  
 All that Thy wordeth me,  
 In mercy given,  
 Angels to beckon me  
 Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
 Nearer to Thee!
4. Then, with my waking thoughts  
 Bright with Thy praise,  
 Out of my stony grave  
 Halleluiah raise,

- So by my woes to be  
 Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
 Nearer to Thee!
5. Or if, on joyful wing  
 Clearing the sky,  
 Sun, moon, and stars forgot,  
 Upward I fly,  
 Still all my being shall be,  
 Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
 Nearer to Thee!

# No. 51. WE SHALL SLEEP, BUT NOT FOREVER.

REV. H. A. EDWARDS.

A. J. CANT.

1. We shall sleep, but not for - ev - er, There will be a glorious dawn; We shall  
 2. When we see a precious blossom, That we tend not with such care, Surely  
 3. We shall sleep, but not for - ev - er, In the low and at - last grave, Blessed

ness to part - us, never, On the sea - or restless shore! From the deepest cavern  
 taken from our bosom, How our wailing hearts despoil! Blessed be He who gave us  
 for the Lord that taketh, Blessed be the Lord that gave, In the bright - er and

never, From the desert and the plain, From the valley and the mountain, Creation  
 be - gins, Till the setting sun is low, Feeling all our hopes have perished, With the  
 all - y Death can never, never come! In His own good time He'll call us From our

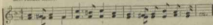
© Copyright, 1898.

things shall the a - gain,   
 down we shall be,   
 rest to Home, sweet Home. } We shall sleep, but not for - ev - er, There will be a

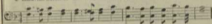
glorious dawn, We shall meet to part - us, never, On the sea - or restless shore!

REV. THOMAS KELLEN

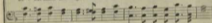
ARR. BY CHAS. C. BRANNEN, 1907.



1. Look, ye saints, the sight is glorious, See the "Man of sinners" born,
2. Crown the Saviour! An - gels crown Him, Rich the trophies Je - sus brings,
3. His - tory in de - cide - les crown'd Him, Mocking thus the Saviour's claim,
4. Hark! the chorus of ho - ly - ma - thers! Hark! those loud triumphant choirs!



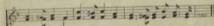
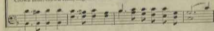
From the light re - turn vic - to - rious, Ev - 'ry knee to Him shall bow.  
 In the seat of pow'r enthroned Him, While the vault of heav - en rings,  
 Saints and an - gels crowd a - round Him, Own His d - o - m, praise His name,  
 Je - sus takes the high - est sta - tion, Oh, what joy the sight of - hold!



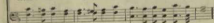
## BRASS.



Crown Him! crown Him, angels crown Him! Crown the Saviour "King of kings."



Crown Him! crown Him, angels crown Him! Crown the Saviour "King of kings."



Rev. Hiram H. Hayes.

John 14:18.

Fanny Freeman.

May be sung as a solo.

1. I will sing you a song of that beau - ti - ful land, The far - a - way  
 2. Oh, that home of the soul in my visions and dreams, its bright, joy - ful  
 3. That un - change - a - ble home is for you and for me, Where Je - sus of  
 4. Oh, how sweet it will be in that beau - ti - ful land, so free from all

home of the soul, Where no storms ever beat on the glittering strand, While the  
 walls I can see, Till I fan - cy but this - by the veil in our veins be -  
 Near - a - void stands, The King of all kingdoms for - ev - er is He, And He  
 see - us and pain, With songs on our lips and with harps in our hands, To

years of a - ter - ni - ty roll, While the years of a - ter - ni - ty roll, Where no  
 trees the fair cit - y and me, He - trees the fair cit - y and me, Till I  
 holdeth our crowns in His hands, And He holdeth our crowns in His hands, The  
 meet one an - oth - er a - gain, To meet one an - oth - er a - gain, With

storms ev - er beat on the glittering strand, While the years of eter - ni - ty roll.  
 fan - cy but this - by the veil in our veins be - tween the fair cit - y and me,  
 King of all kingdoms for - ev - er is He, And He holdeth our crowns in His hand,  
 songs on our lips and with harps in our hands, To meet one an - oth - er a - gain.



# No. 54. I'LL GO WHERE YOU WANT ME.

WALT WHITMAN,  
Author.

(COMMUNICATED.)

CHAS. E. KIMBALL.

1. It may not be on the mountain's height, Or in the stormy sea,  
2. Perhaps to-day there are loving words Which Jesus would have me speak;  
3. There's sure ly somewhere a low-ly place, In earth's lowly fields as wide,

It may not be at the battle's front My Lord will have word of me,  
There may be now in the paths of sin Some word for whom I should seek,  
When I may in - her time live's short day For Je - sus the cru - el - led.

But if by a still, small voice He calls To paths that I do not know,  
O how glad, if Thou wilt be my guide, Tho' dark and rugged the way,  
So, trusting my all to Thy in - dex care, And knowing Thou'rt ever true,

*Fin.*  
I'll answer, dear Lord, with my hand in Thine, I'll go where You want me to go,  
My voice shall echo in the message sweet, I'll say what You want me to say,  
I'll do Thy will with a heart sincere, I'll be what You want me to be.

etc. - I'll say what You want me to say, dear Lord, I'll be what You want me to be.

*Refrain.* I'll go where You want me to go, dear Lord, O'er mountains, or paths, or sea,  
*D.S.*

REV. JONATHAN GARLAND, JR.

TUNE FROM SWITZERLAND.

Solo in Soprano or Alto.

1. Beyond us lies a fairer shore,..... Where we will  
 2. When there at last,..... we feel our work,..... And breathe  
 3. We there will find,..... the friends we know,..... Who left us  
 4. We'll see our Lord,..... and favour them,..... Who did for

us,..... when life is o'er,..... There we will  
 When we will meet,..... when life is o'er,  
 here,..... the rag - rag gals,..... No more  
 will,..... long years a - go,..... With them the  
 we,..... that have part - part,..... We'll stand by

us,..... in time to come,..... When we get  
 There we will see,..... in time to come,  
 us,..... no very long time,..... When we get  
 streets,..... of gold will come,..... When we get  
 praise,..... through Jesus' name,..... When we get

home,..... when we get home,.....  
 home,..... when we get home,.....  
 home,..... when we get home,.....  
 home,..... when we get home,.....

## WHEN WE GET HOME.

Copyright, 1904, by Tull Egan Waagen.

The musical score consists of three systems of two staves each (treble and bass clef). The lyrics are written below the treble staff. The first system has lyrics: "O bless-ed day, When we shall reach the heav'nly home, O bless-ed day, O heav'nly home." The second system has lyrics: "O heav'nly home, O heav'nly home, O heav'nly home, O heav'nly home." The third system has lyrics: "When we get home, When we get home, When we get home, When we get home." The piece concludes with a double bar line.

No. 56.

## ART THOU WEARY?

WALKER WEAVER,  
of Ansonia, Conn.

Copyright, 1904, by Tull Egan Waagen.

The musical score consists of two systems of two staves each (treble and bass clef). The lyrics are written below the treble staff. The first system has lyrics: "1. Art thou weary, art thou languid? Art thou sore distressed? 'Come to me,' saith He, 'Hath He made to lead me to Him, if He be my guide?' - In His love and" The second system has lyrics: "2. If I had Him, if I follow, What my future here? - Many a sorrow, many a labor, Many a loss." The third system has lyrics: "3. 'And come to me, He will heal my wounds, And He will heal my wounds, And He will heal my wounds, And He will heal my wounds.'" The fourth system has lyrics: "4. If I ask Him to receive me, Will He say no nay? - Not till earth and sea are broken, Not till earth and sea are broken, Not till earth and sea are broken, Not till earth and sea are broken." The piece concludes with a double bar line.

Jubilant.

REV. S. LORRY. BY PERMISSION.

1. Oh! gold-en here-aft-er, Thine ev-ry bright-ness ev-ry Will shake in the  
 2. Oh! fast with-out number, A walk'g from death's shadow, Who walk in white  
 3. Oh! mercies a-bun-dant, In Heav'n ev-ry-where, A walk'g your  
 4. Oh! Je-su, our Mas-ter, Com-mand to lead fast-er These won-der-ful

them-der of man-n'd-ful songs, And ev-ry ev-ry with an-gel Pro-  
 ceed on the sea-er-ald shore, The glo-ry in our joy, The  
 ten-thou-sand re-cessed from sin, We'll stand on your pavements, No  
 pain in that bring us to Thee, 'Till, past the dark por-tal, We

claim an e-ter-nal, To receive God's salute to the glo-ri-ous through  
 there to be here you, And weeping will come to your spir-it in name,  
 more in exultation, With hallow'd wings to Je-su who welcome us in,  
 stand up in-vor-tal, And away with he-arts and the Je-su-per-ill us.

Cresc.

Oh! the-rite of Eve, That will heard from God's voice, When the loud hal-  
 lo

Je-su lay up from the soul, 'Till the flowers on the hills, And the

O GOLDEN HEREAFTER.

verse in the rift, shall mingle with joy in the meek's deep toll.

No. 58. HOW SWEET ARE THE WORDS.

Wm. G. B. B.

Wm. G. B. B. 1888.

1. How sweet are the words of my dear - love so dear, When dark clouds of  
2. How sweet in the love of my dear - love so dear, When sin - ners are  
2. How sweet in the world in the love of our Lord, to fall and a

me - row are low - er - ing near! My grief - in days and then, with regret may  
drowning His blessing to share! His smile like the sunlight, His words true and  
bracket, so rich in so word! Oh, come now, He calls them, and bid to His

best, "Thou was - ry one, come up - to Me," Oh, sweet are the words,  
dear, "Ye was - ry ones, come up - to Me," Oh, come up - to Me,  
word, "The whole world may come unto Me," Oh, sweet is the love,

sweet are the words, How sweet to my soul are the words of my Lord,  
come up - to Me, Ye was - ry and in - dex - ones, come up - to Me,  
sweet in the love, Oh, sweet to the world in the love of our Lord.

1. "Which way shall I take?" shouts a voice on the night, "I'm a pilgrim a -  
 2. "Which way shall I take for the bright golden open. That leads to the  
 3. "See the light from the palace in - d - ver - y - here, how they go all the

way led, and open to my light, And I seek for the palace that  
 way - less no safe - ly for man? To the right or the left, at  
 hedge - and fork in - dex - tress! My for - tune's my will for

*slower and sustained. rit.*

roads on the hill, but between us a stream is - o - ver, not - let and still,  
 and if I know - The night is so dark, and the pass - ers so few,  
 one - the - glad gleam. That sits thro' the M - in, and wades on the stream."

\* The chorus should begin while the solo voice is still hearing the last note.

Chorus.

Now, now then, my son, in the old way side cross, Like a

gray fl - or new? In I - chams and stony, And its cross-beam will

Quoted by permission of the author.

## THE WAYSIDE CROSS.

point to the bright gold on yonder That leads us to the wa-ters of

*See CHANT, may be sung after last stanza.*

safety for man, That bridges the waters so safely for man.

*Note.—Chorus may be sung by Male Voice, Tenors taking soprano and alto parts.*

## No. 60. COME, YE DISCONSOLATE.

Various Voices.

LARGE VOICES.

1. Come, ye dis-con-sol-ate, where e'er ye live, grieve, Come to the  
2. Joy of the dis-con-sol-ate, light of the way-ward, Hope of the  
3. Here see the bread of life, we wa-ter flow-ing, Fresh from the

sea - side, for-ve-ni-ly killed, How long your wounded hearts,  
pen - i-ten-t, safe-ly and pure! How speaks the Cross for us,  
Shame of God, pure from a - love, Come to the heart of love.

Here tell your an-guish, Earth has no sorrow that love's cannot heal,  
You die by my - ing, Earth has no sorrow that love's cannot cure,  
Come, ev-er know-ing, Earth has no sorrow but love's can so cure.

GEMMA DUFFY.

ALAN DUFFY.

1. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, Ye soldiers of the Cross, Lift high His royal  
 2. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, The trumpet call is - try; March to the mighty  
 3. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, Stand in His strength alone, The arm of flesh will  
 4. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, The strife will not be long, This day the name of

Im - mense, It trust not set for loss, From victory un - to vic - tory His  
 can - did, In this His glorious day, "Ye that are men now serve Him" A -  
 hall you, Ye dare not trust your own, Put on the good ar - mor, Each  
 bat - tle, The next, the vic - tor's song, To Him that o - ver - com - eth, A

an - y shall He lead, Till ev - 'ry foe is vanquish'd, And Christ is Lord indeed,  
 gain'd unnumber'd thron, Let courage rise with danger, And strength to strength oppo -  
 sition put us with pray'r, Where - in - ty rath, or - dain - get, He sets us wanting there,  
 crown of life shall be, He who the King of glo - ry Shall reign eternally.

Chorus. Harmony

Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, Ye soldiers of the cross, Lift  
 Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, Ye soldiers of the cross, Lift



## STAND UP FOR JESUS.

High His roy - al ban - ner, It must not, It must not end - for him.

No. 62.

## GUIDE ME!

Wm. Dean.

*See Verses Without  
Audible instructions.*

1. Guide me, O Thou great Je - ho - vah, I'll give thee' this ho - nor and  
I am weak, but Thou art mighty; Hold me with Thy powerful hand:  
2. O - pen now the eyes of low - ly me, Whence the light of life comes  
Let the S - ury, clearly ill - lum - inate, Lead me all my jour - ney thro'  
3. When I tread the verge of Je - ran, Bid my soul - mate leave me side;  
Bear me thro' the swelling sur - ge, Land me safe on Canaan's side.

Head of heav - en, Head of heav - en, Head of heav - en,

Head of heav - en,  
Strong De - ity,  
Songs of praise.

Head of heav - en,  
Strong De - ity,  
Songs of praise.

Head of heav - en,  
Strong De - ity,  
Songs of praise.

Feed me till I want no more, Feed me till I want no more,  
Be Thou still my strength and shield, Be Thou still my strength and shield,  
I will ex - er - give to Thee, I will ex - er - give to Thee.

# No. 63. THE CROSS OF CALVARY.

Mrs. W. G. Kegan.

Arr. by E. H. Mansueti.

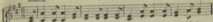
1. It's not the cold arms of the cross - My heart is light - to be.  
 2. O the matchless love that brought me, O love that set me free,  
 3. When the - tan's hands pressed me, Where think ye I should be?  
 4. That let - er - or let me be - get Where Christ gives life - er - ty.

But it's where my heart and hand - The cross of Cal - va - ry.  
 Meet glo - ry us - to glo - ry. The cross of Cal - va - ry.  
 On - to this cross - ad - red - up. The cross of Cal - va - ry.  
 And raise my heart strings round it - The cross of Cal - va - ry.

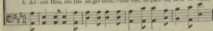
The cross was raised for me, The cross was raised for thee,  
 The cross was raised for me, The cross was raised for thee,  
 The cross was raised for me, The cross was raised for thee,  
 The cross was raised for me, The cross was raised for thee.

But it's where my heart and hand - The cross of Cal - va - ry.  
 Meet glo - ry us - to glo - ry. The cross of Cal - va - ry.  
 On - to this cross - ad - red - up. The cross of Cal - va - ry.  
 And raise my heart strings round it - The cross of Cal - va - ry.

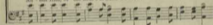
Duet.



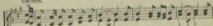
1. He - hold a stranger at the door, He gently knock - has knock - ed before;
2. O - penly at it made, — He stands, With such long heart and w - pen hands;
3. But will He prove a friend indeed? He will, — the sor - y friend you need;
4. Thus knock - ed with great de - cision, Turn - out His en - e - my and thine;
5. Ad - mit Him, ere His an - ger burn, — His foot, do part - ed, ne'er re - turn.



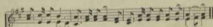
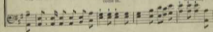
- Has wait - ed long, is wait - ing still; You treat me with - as friend or ill.  
 O' matchless kindness! and He shows This matchless kind - ness to His love.  
 The friend of sinners! Yes, 'tis He, With garments dyed in Chi - va - ry.  
 That will do away long sinners' sin, And let the low - ly Stranger in.  
 Ad - mit Him, or the host's at least You'll at His door re - port - ed stand.



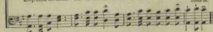
Chorus.



- Oh, let the dear Saviour come in, He'll cleanse thy heart from sin; Oh,



- keep Him no more out at the door, But let the dear Saviour come in.



# No. 65. LIFE, LIGHT, AND LOVE IN JESUS.

ALL MEASURES.

J. M. WALKER.

1. Life, light, and love, the gifts of God in Jesus, For Je - sus' sake be  
 2. Now with my Lord I walk the upward way, No night is there, but  
 3. How glad the hours spent at the feet of Je - sus, To leave the in - ter -  
 4. Come now to Christ, your darkness ban and blind, Yield now to Him your

gifts to you and me; And in His ho - ly, Man - of - Wood, I  
 Go on and on - fast day; There shines for me bright and clear, in  
 of His will as ever, And lead, while walk - ing, him - self as the  
 spir - it, soul and mind; Trust - ing His grace and mer - cy, you shall find

## CHORUS.

Life, light, and love in Je - sus, Je - sus, Je - sus, sing the glad, so bright,

Je - sus in - dy, glo - ry to His name! Let us - ty heart with

ray - ions now pre - cious, Life, light, and love in Je - sus.

## No. 66.

## O, HOW I LOVE JESUS.

Charles Wesley

Wm. Arnsdorf.

1. Je - sus, the name high a - vor all In heav'n, on earth, or sky;  
 2. Je - sus, the name to sin - ners dear, The name to sin - ners given;  
 3. O, that the world might taste and see The rich - es of His grace,  
 4. His un - ly right - eous - ness I show; His un - ly truth pre - cious;

In - gels and men be - fore He fell, And dev - ils here and by  
 He wash - ed all their guilt - y feet, He turn'd their hell to heav'n.  
 The arms of love that com - pass me Would all men kind re - store,  
 To all my bosoms here be - low, To cry, "He - roid the Lamb!"

Chorus.

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

O, how I love Je - sus! Be - cause He first lov'd me.

## No. 67.

## GLORIA PATRI.

Glory be to the Fa - ther, and ... to the Son, and to the Ho - ly Ghost,  
 As it was in the begin - ning, is now, and ev - er shall be, world without end, A - men.

REV. CHARLES DREWRY.

Wm. B. BRADSHAW, LYRIC.

1 We are out on the o - cean sail - ing, Homeward bound we sweetly glide,  
2 Millions now are safe - ly land - ed, O - ver on the golden shore.

We are out on the o - cean sail - ing, To a home be - yond the tide,  
Millions more are on their jour - ney, Yet there's room for millions more.

CHORUS. *cresc.*

All the storms will soon be o - ver, Then we'll an - chor in the harbor,

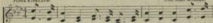
We are out on the o - cean sail - ing, To a home be - yond the tide,

We are out on the o - cean sail - ing, To a home be - yond the tide.

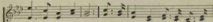
# No. 69. HALLELUJAH TO HIS NAME.

First Verse

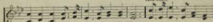
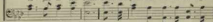
Two Verse Version



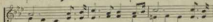
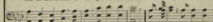
1. We see [trill]ing a - vor in the [trill]ed land, Hal - lu - jah
2. There's a clear light gleam - ing thro' the dark - est night, Hal - lu - jah
3. O'er the dark - ing wa - ters of His throne, we see, Hal - lu - jah
4. There are loved ones wait - ing in the heav - enly above, Hal - lu - jah



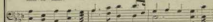
He - venly to His Name! And we'll be glad to guide us with us  
 He - venly to His Name! For His Word is light to us  
 He - venly to His Name! For His Word is light to us  
 He - venly to His Name! For His Word is light to us



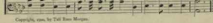
all - ing back, Hal - lu - jah to His Name!  
 you are bright, Hal - lu - jah to His Name!  
 you are true, Hal - lu - jah to His Name!  
 and we adore, Hal - lu - jah to His Name!



Name! Hal - lu - jah to His Name! He is  
 true and true!



glad - ly, cheer - ful, joy - ful all the way! O - be - dy to His Name!



# No. 70. ONWARD, CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS.

REV. SAMUEL JOHNSON-GORTON.

BY JAMES WALLACE.

1. Onward, Christian sol - diers, Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus  
 2. Like a mighty ar - my Moves the Church of God; Brothers, we are tread - ing  
 3. Crowns and thrones may perish, Kingdoms rise and wane, But the Church of Jesus  
 4. Onward, then, ye people, Join our happy throng, March with ours your val - ant

Go - ing on in - stead, Christ the Royal Man - ner Leads against the foe,  
 Where the valiant have trod, We are not dis - vid - ed, All one body we,  
 Constant will re - main, Gates of hell can nev - er Gild that Church pre - val - ant,  
 In the triumph song, Glo - ry, loud, and long - er In - to Christ the King.

## REMARK.

Forward in - to bat - tle, See, the banners go,  
 One in hope and dis - tress, One in char - i - ty,  
 We have Christ's own promise, And that cannot fail, } Onward, Christian soldiers,  
 This their covenant a - ges Men and an - gels sing.

Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on in - stead.



# No. 71. I HEARD THE VOICE OF JESUS SAY.

REV. HENRY BURTON.

REV. JOHN B. DYER.

*Solo, or Soprano and Alto in unison.*

1. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Come un - to Me and rest;  
 2. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Be - hold, I free - ly give  
 3. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "I am the dark world's Light;

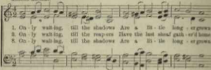
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down Thy head up - on My breast."  
 The lit - tle wa - ter, thiney one, Sleep down and drink, and live."  
 Look un - to Me, thy tears shall rise, And all thy day be bright."

Full Chorus.

I came to Je - sus as I was, Wea - ry and worn and sad,  
 I came to Je - sus, and I drank Of that lit - tle wa - ter stream;  
 I looked to Je - sus, and I found In Him my life, my rest,

I found in Him a rest - ing place, And He has made me glad.  
 My thirst was quenched, my soul re - vived, And now I live in Him.  
 And in that light of life I'll walk, Till travelling days are done.

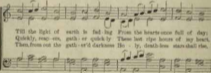
FRANCIS L. MOSE,  
AUTHOR.



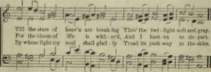
1. On - ly wait - ing, till the shadows Are a - dis - si - ping - or gone;  
2. On - ly wait - ing, till the vapors Have the last about path - er'd done;  
3. On - ly wait - ing, till the shadows Are a - dis - si - ping - or gone;



On - ly wait - ing, till the glimmer Of the day's last beam is down;  
For the sun - set close is fol - low'd, And the ac - tress who's here come.  
On - ly wait - ing, till the glimmer Of the day's last beam is down.



Till the light of earth is fol - low'd From the hearts - once full of day;  
Quickly, reap - ers, path - er quickly These last ripe leaves of my bow,  
Then, from out the path - er'd darkness Ho - ly, death - less stars shall rise.



Till the stars of heav'n are break - ing Thro' the red - light with and gray.  
For the bloom of life is with - er'd, And I hast - en to de - part.  
By whose light my soul shall glad - ly Tread its path way to the skies.

# No. 73. ARE YOU WASHED IN THE BLOOD?

L. L. K.

Rev. H. A. Sherman. 48 yrs.

1. Have you been to Je - sus for the cleansing power? Are you washed in the  
 2. Are you walk - ing sad - ly by the Saviour's side? Are you washed in the  
 3. When the Holy - ghost comes will your robes be white, Pure and white in the  
 4. Lay a - side the garments that are stained with sin, And be washed in the

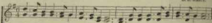
Blood of the Lamb? Are you fal - ly trusting in His grace this hour? Are you  
 Blood of the Lamb? Do you rest each moment in the Cro - ated? Are you  
 Blood of the Lamb? Will your soul be ready for the mansion bright, And be  
 Blood of the Lamb? There's a fountain flowing for the soul unclean, O be

Chorus.

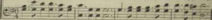
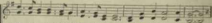
washed in the blood of the Lamb! Are you washed <sup>are you washed</sup> by the

Blood <sub>in the blood,</sub> Is the soul-cleansing blood of the Lamb! <sup>Are you</sup> <sub>at the Lamb?</sub>

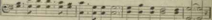
garments spotless? are they white as snow? Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?



1. Jesus, my Saviour, in Bethlehem came, Born in a manger to sorrow and shame,  
 2. Jesus, my Saviour, on Calvary's tree, Paid the great debt and my soul He set free,  
 3. Jesus, my Saviour, the same as of old, While I did wander a - far from the fold,  
 4. Jesus, my Saviour, shall come from on high, Sweet in the promise as every year fly.

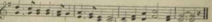
Oh, it was won-der-ful, that He should die, Seeking for me, for me,  
 Oh, it was won-der-ful, how could it be? Dy - ing for me, for me,  
 Greatly and long He hath pleased with my soul, Call - ing for me, for me,  
 Oh, I shall see Him de-scend-ing the sky, Com - ing for me, for me.



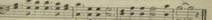
for me, . . . . . for me, . . . . .



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

Oh, it was won-der-ful, that He should die, Seeking for me, for me,  
 Oh, it was won-der-ful, how could it be? Dy - ing for me, for me,  
 Greatly and long He hath pleased with my soul, Call - ing for me, for me,  
 Oh, I shall see Him de-scend-ing the sky, Com - ing for me, for me.



## No. 75.

## OH, WORSHIP THE KING.

KIMBLEDY

LYONS, No. 11.

P. J. HAYDN.

1. Oh, wor-ship the King all glo-ri-ous a - lone, And grate-ful-ly  
 2. Oh, tell of His might, and sing of His grace, Whose robe is the  
 3. Thy beam - it - ful pure what tongue can ex - press? It breathes in the  
 4. Fragrant down of dust, and for - like no frail, In Thy do we

day His won - der - ful love; Our Shield and De - fend - er, His  
 light, whose can - o - py, space; His chariots of wrath the deep  
 sit, in chains in the light; It streams from the hills, in de -  
 vast, nor find Time to fall, Thy mercies how won - der - ful how

Architect of Days, Thy vi - sion'd in splen - dor, and glori - al with praise.  
 Thunder clouds form, and dark in the path on the wings of the storm.  
 winds to the plain, and sweetly the - like in the dew and the rain,  
 firm to the end! Our Mak - er, De - fend - er, De - fend - er, and Friend.

## No. 76.

## A CONTRITE HEART.

AYCOCK, C. M.

— American Tune.

1. O for a heart to praise thy God, a heart from sin set free; a heart that never  
 2. A heart that glows, unquench'd, with Thy great Redeemer's blood, O for a heart that

3. O for a lowly, contrite heart,  
 Following, true, and clean,  
 Which neither life nor death can part  
 From Him that dwells within!

4. A heart in every thought renewed,  
 And full of love divine,  
 Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,  
 A eye, Lord, of Thine.

# No. 77. JESUS, LOVER OF MY SOUL.

COLLEEN TREACY.

(ARRANGED BY THE REV. J. D.)

FOR PIANO. No. 77.

*Andante.*

1. Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bosom fly, While the waves  
2. Other refuge have I none; Hangs my helpless soul on Thee; Leave, O leave me

waters roll, While the tempest still is high! Hide me, O my Saviour, hide, Till the  
not alone, Still support and comfort me! All my trust on Thee is stayed, All my

strength of life is past; Safe in to the haven guide, O receive my soul at last!  
help from Thee I bring, Cover my defenceless head With the shadow of Thy wing!

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

4. Pleasant grace with Thee is found,  
Grace to cover all my sin;  
Let the healing streams abound;  
Make and keep me pure within.  
Thou of life the fountain art,  
Freely let me take of Thee;  
Spring Thou up within my heart,  
Lead to all eternity.

# No. 78.

# MARTYN. 7. D.

EDWIN STEVENS WARD.

*Fine.* D.C.

REV. A. A. G.

REV. JAMES ARTHUR GARDNER.

1. Dawn - ti - ful morn - ing star, Dawn - ti - ful morn - ing star, Do  
 2. Dawn - ti - ful morn - ing star, Dawn - ti - ful morn - ing star, Thy  
 3. Dawn - ti - ful morn - ing star, Dawn - ti - ful morn - ing star, When  
 4. Dawn - ti - ful morn - ing star, Dawn - ti - ful morn - ing star, Thy

low thy dawn The night re - tires, And gates of morn - ing - land,  
 glo - rious shone, O Christ di - vine, Like you bright orb a - lone,  
 have con - trol My trembling soul, Thy beams my sin - ful are,  
 glo - ry bright shall fill with light The shin - ing land a - lone.

Chorus. *rit.*

Dawn - ti - ful morn - ing star, Dawn - ti - ful morn - ing star, The

prophecy of old Thy shin - ing forecast, Dawn - ti - ful morn - ing star.

Slow and majestic.

1. O sacred Head, now wound - ed, With grief and shame weigh'd down,  
 2. What Thine, my Lord, hast suf - fer'd Was all for sinners gain,  
 3. What language shall I use To thank Thee, dear - est Friend,  
 4. Do thou hear me when I pray, O show Thy cross to me,

With grief and shame weigh'd down, Now sorrow - ful - ly sur - round -  
 Was all for sin - ners gain, Mine, mine was the trans - gres -  
 To thank Thee, dear - est Friend, For this, Thy dy - ing sur -  
 O show Thy cross to me, Ask, for my sin - ner - ty -

ed With thorns, Thine on - ly crown; With thorns, Thine on - ly crown,  
 - sion, But Thine the death - ly pain; But Thine the death - ly pain,  
 - ren, Thy pit - y with - out end! Thy pit - y with - out end!  
 - ing, Come, Lord, and set me free, Come, Lord, and set me free,

O sacred Head, O sacred Head, what glo - ry, What bliss, till now we  
 Lo, here I fall to, here I fall, my sin - ner - Thy I do adore Thy  
 O make me Thine, O make me Thine for - ev - er, And should I take - ing  
 These eyes, new faith, these eyes, new faith meet - ing, From Je - sus shall not



O SACRED HEAD.

1. Tell! Tell through death and grave, I joy to call Thee mine,  
 when I look on me with Thy face, You look on me Thy grace,  
 2. Lord, let me see in me, see in, Ourselves my face in Thee,  
 now, for he who dies in living Dies safe by, that Thy love.

No. 81.

ABIDE WITH ME.

HEBERT F. LYON.

WILLIAM HERBY MORGAN.

1. Abide with me: but faith the a-ven-ue, The dark-ness  
 2. hold to the close when our life's in the day, Earth's joys grow  
 3. I need Thy pres-ence as - ty pass ing hours, What can Thy  
 4. hold them Thy cross be - fore my closing eyes, Shine thro' the

deep-ness; Lead with me a-bide! When all - er help - ers  
 die, in glo-rious pain a-way, Change and de - cay in  
 grace can fill the tempter's yearn's? Who, like Thy will, say  
 given and point me to the skies, Hear'st's morning breaks, and

full and comfort free, Help of the helixion, O a-bide with me!  
 all around I see, O Thou, who change not, a-bide with me!  
 guide and stay can be? Thou shalt and sometime Lord, a-bide with me!  
 earth's vain shadows flee, In life, in death, O Lord, a-bide with me!

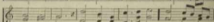
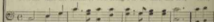
# No. 82. GOD GUARD COLUMBIA.

REV. HENRY C. McCLURE, D.D.

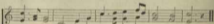
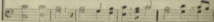
GEORGE BALCH TROTT.



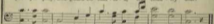
1. Al - mighty Lord of All, The na - tions rise and fall At
2. Thy hand, Thy arm, Thy power have kil - led by our sin, Thy
3. We bless Thee for the hand that led the in - no - cent Who
4. What time the clouds of war hung over us dark and low, Then,



Thy arm - ment, Our fa - ther's Staff and Stay, Keep Them, their  
 be - lie - vers down, — Faith and Fir - m - ity, Yr - ter and  
 made us free; For ev - ery real - ist see, Whom life our  
 Lord, what more, Still be our Staff and Stay, Hear Them, Thy



children's way! God guard Co - lum - bi - a, Our Path - er - land  
 In - dex - try, Love of the Truth and True, Free - dom and Law!  
 Free - dom men, O God of Wash - ington, We hon - or Thee  
 pro - p - ter Thy God guard Co - lum - bi - a, Thy arm - ent try hard



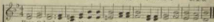
Copyright, 1874, by Henry C. McClure.—George Balch Trott.

3 Hold in Thy mighty hand  
 Our troops by sea and land,  
 In host and field!  
 Give them to do and dare,  
 In days of danger spare,  
 And guard them by Thy arm,  
 O God, our shield!

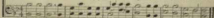
4 Lord God of host and wave,  
 The sovereign people save!  
 Oh! Then they wait!  
 Do Thou perpetuate  
 Thy glory in the State!  
 Save our Chief Magistrate!  
 God save the State!

# No. 83. RESPONSE AFTER PRAYER.

T. L. G.



Hear, O Lord, our humble sup - pli - ca - tion, Accept us, O Lord, for Je - sus' sake.



# No. 84. REMEMBER ME, O MIGHTY GOD.

FRANCIS LUTHER, 1757.

*And.* *p* *Andante.* *p* *pass. ritto.*

1. When clouds around me sweeping, When lone my watch I'm keeping, 'Mid  
 2. When walking on Earth's expanse, Con- tend the rag- ing masses; When  
 3. When weight of sin op- press- es, When dark despair dis- tresses, All

*Crescendo e pass. accel. al. . . . f*

less of a - vil fall- ing, 'Mid tempt- er's wot - ter call- ing,  
 from the dan - ger shock- ing, When in the dread deeps abas- ing,  
 thro' the life death's nar - row, And when I pass death's por - tal,

*Tempo l. tranquillo e molto espress.*

Re - mem-ber me, O Night - y God! Re- mem-ber me, O Night - y God!

# No. 85. HERE WE PART.

Heav'nly Fa - ther, we beseech Thee, Grant Thy blessing ere we part,

Take us in Thy care and keeping Guard from evil ev - 'ry heart. A - men.

No. 86.

NOTHING BUT LEAVES.

LOVE HYMNS, AMERICAN.

Wm. J. Van, By poet.

1. Nothing but leaves! The Spirit grieves O'er years of wand'ring life; O'er  
 2. Nothing but leaves! No gather'd sheaves Of life's fair ripening grain; We  
 3. Nothing but leaves! And memory weaves No veil to hide the past; And  
 4. Ah, who shall draw the Mas-ter's name, And bring but wither'd leaves! Ah,

the leafy'd while conscience sleep, O'er years and promise un-kept, And  
 now our words be' torn and woe'd, Wordy'dle words, for earnest deeds—Then  
 as we trace our way-ry way, And count each leaf and independent day, We  
 who shall at the Master's feet, De-lore the ve-ry judgment-seat, Lay

rest from years of strife— Nothing but leaves! Nothing but leaves!  
 rest, with full and pain, Nothing but leaves! Nothing but leaves!  
 and - ly find at last— Nothing but leaves! Nothing but leaves!  
 down, for golden sheaves, Nothing but leaves! Nothing but leaves!

No. 87.

THE GREAT PHYSICIAN.

Wm. J. Van, By poet.

1. The Great Phy - sician now is here, The sym - pto - ms - lay Je - su.  
 He speaks the drugging heart to cheer, Oh, hear the voice of Je - su.  
 2. Your man - y sins are all brought forth, Hear the voice of Je - su.  
 Oh in your way be prone to hear's, And wear a crown with Je - su.

Je - su - Sweetest name of ev - er sung... Je - su, blest of Je - su.

Chorus.

## THE GREAT PHYSICIAN,

D. M.

Sweetest note in our agh song, Sweetest name on our sad tongue,

1 All glory to the dying Lamb!  
I now believe in Jesus,  
I love the blessed Saviour's name,  
I love the name of Jesus.—*Chorus.*

4 His name dispels my guilt and fear,  
No other name but Jesus,  
Oh! how my soul delights to hear  
The charming name of Jesus.—*Chorus.*

No. 88.

## GLORIOUS FOUNTAIN,

Chorus.

T. C. O'LEARY, 19 yrs.

1 There is a fountain fill'd with blood, fill'd with blood, fill'd with blood,  
And streams plumb'd beneath that flood, beneath that flood beneath that flood,  
The dy-ing child re-joic'd to see, re-joic'd to see, re-joic'd to see,  
2 And there may I, tho' vile as he, tho' vile as he, tho' vile as he,

There is a fountain fill'd with blood, Drawn from Immortal's veins,  
And streams plumb'd beneath that flood, Less all their pain-y stains,  
The dy-ing child re-joic'd to see, That foun-tain in his day,  
And there may I, tho' vile as he, Wash all my sins a-way.

Chorus.

O glorious fountain! Here will I stay, And in Thy stream Wash my sins a-way.

3 Then dying Lamb, thy precious blood  
Shall never lose its power,  
Till all the ransom'd Church of God  
Are saved, to all no more.

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

# No. 89. WHEN THE ROLL IS CALLED.

S. M. S.

J. W. Beach.

1. When the trump - et of the Lord shall sound, and thou shalt be no  
 2. on the height and, cloudless rising, when the dead in Christ shall  
 3. Let us h - ur - ry for the Mes - ses, from the dawn till ev - ing

men, And the morn - ing breaks e - er - nal, bright and fair, When the  
 2. And the glo - ry of His re - sur - rection shows, When He  
 3. Let us talk of all His wondrous love and care, Then when

mead of earth shall pass - er - us in the ath - er above, And the  
 2. glo - rious ones shall pass - er - us to their home beyond the grave, And the  
 3. all of life in - ter - us, and our work on earth is done, And the

roll is called, you - der, O to be there, When the roll is  
 2. roll is called, you - der, O to be there, When the roll is  
 3. roll is called, you - der, O to be there, When the roll is

Chorus.

called up you - der, O to be there, When the roll is called up  
 2. called up you - der, O to be there, When the roll is called up  
 3. called up you - der, O to be there, When the roll is called up

WHEN THE ROLL IS CALLED.

you - des, When the roll..... is called up  
 you - des, I'll be there, When the roll is called up

you - des, When the roll is called up you - des, I'll be there.

No. 90

AWAKE, MY SOUL.

F. DODD.

CHRISTMAS, C. M.

8 BARS.

1. A - wake, my soul, stretch ev'ry nerve, And press with vig'or on; A  
 2. A cloud of witness - es around thine in full ac - cuse; For  
 3. Thy God's all - a - li - mat - ing voice That calls thee from on - high; To

heavenly race demands thy soul, And an immortal crown, And an immortal crown,  
 get the steps already trod, And onward urge thy way, And onward urge thy way,  
 His own hand presents the prize To thine aspiring eye - To thine aspiring eye.

4. That prize, with peerless glories bright,  
 Which shall new lustre lend,  
 When victors' wreaths and monarchs'  
 shall blend to crown that. [2ms]

5. Best Services, introduced by Thee,  
 Have I my race begun,  
 And, crowned with victory, at Thy feet  
 I'll lay my laurels down.

# No. 91. COME, YE THANKFUL PEOPLE!

(ST. GEORGE'S, WINCHESTER. 1. 5. 5. 1. 5.)

REV. HENRY ALPHEA, 1866.

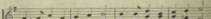
REV. GEORGE L. BROWN



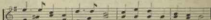
1. Come, ye thank-ful peo-ple, come, Hail the song of har-vest home;  
 2. All the world is God's own field, Fruit us - to His praise to yield;  
 4. For the Lord our God shall come, And shall take His har-vest home;  
 4. He - us us, Lord, quick-ly come To Thy glo - rious har-vest home;



All is nob-ly gain-er'd in, Ere the win-ter storms be-gin,  
 Wheat and tares be - gain - er sown, In - to joy or sor-row given;  
 From His field shall in that day All of - ten - us purge a - way,  
 Gain - er then Thy peo - ple in, Free from sor-row, free from sin.



God, our Mak-er, doth pro-vide For our wants to be sup-plied;  
 First the tithes, and then the ear, Then the fall corn shall up-pear;  
 Give His an - gels charge of har- In the fire the tares to cast,  
 There let ev - er pe - si - led, In Thy pres-ence to a - bid.



Come to God's own tem-ple, come Hail the song of har-vest home,  
 Lord of har-vest, grant that we Whosoever grain and pure may be,  
 Meet the fruit-ful ears to store In His gar-ten ev - er more,  
 Come with all Thine an - gels, come, Hail the glo - rious har-vest home.



## YIELD NOT TO TEMPTATION.

H. S. FLEMING. 2d. 1891.



1. Yield not to tempta - tion, For yielding is sin, Each vic - tory will  
 2. Show a - vil men your love, And language dis - dain, That's name held in  
 3. To him that o'er - com - eth God giveth a crown, They faith we will

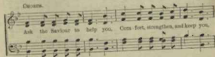


help you Some oth - er to win, Fight man - ful - ly on - ward,  
 re - venge, Now take it in vain, Be thoughtful and ear - nest,  
 conquer, Through oth - er and down, He who is out thy - here,

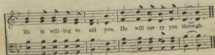


Dark passions oth - er, Look ear - est to Jesus, He'll car - ry you through,  
 Kind - hearted and true, Look ear - est to Jesus, He'll car - ry you through,  
 Our strength will re - new, Look ear - est to Jesus, He'll car - ry you through.

Chorus.



Ask the Har - bour to help you, Com - fort, strength, and keep you,

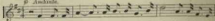


He is will - ing to aid you, He will car - ry you through.

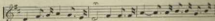
Music set by Francesco Le Gall.

1868.

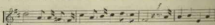
P. Andante.



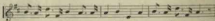
1. Oh, ho - ly night! The stars are brightly shin - ing, It is the  
 2. God's precious gift, each heart and voice re - joice - in, We hail the  
 3. Tri - ly He taught us all to love each oth - er; His law is



right of the dear Saviour's birth, Long lay the world in sin and we - rrow  
 birth of the long promised One, God's gift of love, with all our hearts and  
 love and His Gos - pel in power, Good will on earth, with ev - ry man a

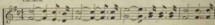


plea - ing, Till He appeared and the world felt its worth; A thrill of joy the  
 voice - in We praise the Name of the life - giving Son, He came to earth, Who  
 broth - er And in His Name all oppression shall cease, With lyrics of joy and

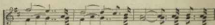
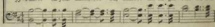


war - ry world re - joice - in, For you the breaks a new and glorious morn,  
 left His home to leave - in, To bring good news and hope - fulness to men,  
 grateful ad - o - ra - tion, Let all with - in us praise His ho - ly Name.

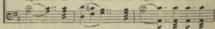
Chorus.



ff. Full... on your knees,.... Oh, hear... the an - gel voice - in, Oh,



night..... It - was..... Oh, night... when Christ was



OH, HOLY NIGHT.

Oh, night di - vine, Oh, night, Oh, night di - vine.

No. 94. O JESUS, THOU ART STANDING.

WILLIAM W. HOW.

ST. HILDA. ps. 90. D.

E. SCHMIDT.

1. O Je - sus, Thou art stand - ing Out - side the fast - closed door, In  
2. O Je - sus, Thou art knock - ing And let that hand be swift, And

low - ly pa - tience wait - ing To pass the thresh - old o'er; We hear the  
thrusts Thy love en - cir - cle, And hear Thy love love more'd, Oh, love that

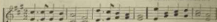
name of Christ - mas, His name and sign we bear; Oh, shame, thou'rt shame up -  
pon - est knowl - edge, to pa - tience to wait! Oh, sin that look no

one out To keep His stand - ing stern.  
O Lord, be fast to bar the gate!  
O Jesus, Thou art plead - ing  
In accents sweet and low, —  
— 'I died for you, My children,  
And will ye trust me not?  
O Lord, with shame and sorrow  
We open now the door:  
Thou Saviour, enter, enter,  
And leave us servants.

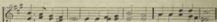
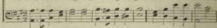
# No. 95. WHO IS ON THE LORD'S SIDE?

(HYMNAL 425, 1, 2)

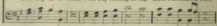
FRANCIS A. HAYWARD, 1871.



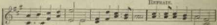
1. Who is on the Lord's side? Who will serve the King? Who will be His helpers
2. Not for weight of glo-ry, Not for crown and palm, Enter we this ar - my,
3. Jesus, Thou hast bought us, Not with gold or gem, But with Thine own life-blood,



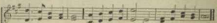
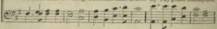
Other lives to bring? Who will leave the world's side? Who will face the foe?  
Bids the warrior pause; But for Love that claimeth Lives for whom He died,  
For Thy di - a - dem, With Thy bloodg all - ing Each who comes to Thee,



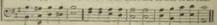
## CHORUS.



Who is on the Lord's side? Who for Him will go! By Thy call of mercy,  
He whom Je - sus nam - eth Must be on His side. By Thy love constraining,  
Thou hast made us willing, Thou hast made us free. By Thy great redemption,



By Thy grace de - vise, We are on the Lord's side, Service, we are Thine.  
By Thy grace de - vise, We are on the Lord's side, Service, we are Thine.  
By Thy grace de - vise, We are on the Lord's side, Service, we are Thine.



Crescendo *Wagner*.

Ritard.

1. Hark! the her - ald - an - gel sing, "Glo - ry to the  
 2. Joy - ful, all ye an - gels, sing, "Glo - ry to the  
 3. Christ, by high - est heav'n, a - dored, Christ, the ex - ce -  
 4. Hail the heav'n-born Prince... of peace! Hail, the Son of

new - born King; Peace... on earth and good - will,  
 of the skies; With an - gel hosts, pre - cious,  
 low - ly Lord; Yield in thank the God - head see,  
 right - eous - ness! Light... and life to all; He brings,

Ritard.

God... and sin - ners see - en - cased,  
 Christ... in heav'n, high - ly - born,  
 Hail... in our midst, De - i - ty!  
 Hark! the her - ald  
 Host... with loud - ing in... His wings.

an - gel sing, "Glo - ry to the new - born King.

1. The Church's one Foun - da - tion Is Je - sus Christ her Lord,  
 2. He - lent from ev - ry an - tion, Yet one o'er all the earth,  
 3. Mid - nil and ubi - a - in - tem, And in - vult of her war,  
 4. Yet she on each hath us - ion With God the Three in One,

She is His true cre - a - tion By wa - ter and the word;  
 Her char - ter of sal - va - tion One Lord, one faith, one bap - tism;  
 She waits the con - sum - ma - tion Of power for - ev - er - more;  
 And taps the sweetest com - mu - nion With those whose rest is won

From heav'n He came and sought her To be His ho - ly Bride;  
 One ho - ly Name she bless - es, Par - takes one ho - ly food,  
 THE with the vis - ion glo - rious Her long - ing eyes are bent,  
 O hap - py ones and ho - ly! Lord, give us grace that we

With His own blood He bought her, And for her life He died,  
 And to us here she pass - es, With ev - ry grace en - dued,  
 And the great Church vic - to - rious Shall be the Church at rest,  
 Like them the weak and low - ly, On High may dwell with Thee.

# No. 98. THE WORLD MUST BE TAKEN.

WALT WHITMAN.

S. FRANK LUTMAN.

1. The world must be tak - en for Je - sus, Cross, on - ter His  
 2. The world must be tak - en for Je - sus, O' land on end  
 3. The world must be tak - en for Je - sus, The stronghold of

er - dy to - day. There's need of the true heart - ed sol - diers, For  
 all to - be free. The mighty the law, we shall con - quere, Led  
 to - ter must yield, Go for - ward with our - age on - fall - ing, And

*Cresc.*

might - y to the tan's er - dy, Ex - ter - en - ter  
 on - dy the day - late dis - vine, Ex - ter - en - ter  
 ter - er to - ter from the field, Ex - ter - en - ter

Ex - ter in His er - dy to - day. The world must be

tak - en for Je - sus, Ex - ter in His er - dy to - day.

*Andante e Legato.*

1. 'Tis but a stranger here, Heaven's in my home; Danger and sorrow stand  
 Earth is a desert dove, Heaven's in my home; 'Tis but a transient rage! Heaven's in my home; (What  
 2. Short is my pilgrimage, Heaven's in my home; Time's cold and wintry

Round me on ev'ry hand, Heaven's in my Fatherland, Heaven's in my home.  
 Soon will be a-vengeant, I shall reach home at last; Heaven's in my home.

3 Plead! O my troubled soul,  
 Heaven's in my home;  
 I seek shall reach the goal,  
 Heaven's in my home;  
 Swiftly the race I'll run,  
 Yield up my crown to none,  
 Forward! the prize is won,  
 Heaven's in my home.

4 There, at my Saviour's side,  
 Heaven's in my home,  
 I shall be glorified,  
 Heaven's in my home;  
 There are the good and blest,  
 There I loved most and best,  
 There, too, I soon shall rest,  
 Heaven's in my home.

Isaac Watts.

(LONDON: C. H.)

1788.

1. Am I a sol-dier of the Cross, A follower of the Lamb,  
 2. What! he our del-iv-er to the skies, the dew-y beds of rest,  
 3. Am there no love for me to have? Must I not stem the flood?  
 4. Dare I stand fight if I would selve—increase my cov-er-age, Lord!

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



# No. 101. HOLY SPIRIT FAITHFUL GUIDE.

E. F. W.

WALTER H. WALKER.

Four.

1. Ho - ly Spi - rit, faith - ful Guide, Ev - er near the Christian's side,  
 2. Great - ly lead us, by the hand, To glory in a dis - cret hand,  
 3. Ev - er pre - sent, true - est Friend, Ev - er near Thine aid to lend,  
 4. Leave us not to doubt and fear, Group - ing on in dark - ness here;  
 5. When our days of toil shall cease, Wait - ing still for sweet re - lease,  
 6. Seek - ing rest but love's and pray'r, Trusting that our names are there,

Can.—Whisper soft - ly, "Wand'ring souls! Fol - low me, I'll guide thee home."

D. C.

Wan - der souls for - ever re - joice, While they hear that sweet - est voice,  
 When the storms are rag - ing and their hearts grow faint, and hopes give o'er,  
 Wand - ling deep the dis - mal flood, Flood - ing taught but Je - sus' blood,

# No. 102.

# I DO BELIEVE.

CHARLES WALKER.

Quartet.

1. Fa - ther, I stretch my hands to Thee, No aid or help I know;  
 2. What did Thine ex - ce - lent Son ex - pect be - fore I drew my breath;  
 3. O Je - sus, could I this be - lieve, I now should feel Thy pow'r to  
 4. An - other of faith, to Thee I lift My wor - ship, long - ing eyes,

Can.—I do be - lieve, I see be - fore That Je - sus died for me,  
 D. C. Given.

If Thou withdraw Thy - self from me, Ah, whither shall I go!  
 What pain, what is - sue to re - cure My soul from evil here, death!  
 And all my wants Thou would'st relieve, In this ex - cept - ed hour,  
 Oh, let me now re - ceive that gift, My soul with - out a sin,

And thro' His blood, His precious blood I shall from sin be free.

No. 103. HE BIDS YOU COME HOME.

1. Oh, turn ye, oh, turn ye, for why will ye die, When God is near  
 2. How vain the de - in - sion, that, while you de - lay, Your hearts may grieve  
 3. The con - sile in heart He will free - ly re - ceive, Oh, why will ye

mur - der is com - ing so nigh! Now Je - sus in - vites you, the  
 let - ter, your chains melt a - way. Come guilt - y, come wretched, come  
 not the glad mes - sage in - crease? If sin be your bur - den, why

fight. It says "Come," And an - gels are wait - ing to wel - come you home,  
 just as you are. All help - less and dy - ing, to Je - sus re - pair,  
 will you not come? The joy He makes welcome, He bids you come home.

No. 104. I CAN, I WILL, I DO BELIEVE.

1. I'm knowing at the merry seat, | Where Jesus answers prayer,  
 Can - I, I can, I will, I do believe, | That Jesus saves the soul,  
 2. | Reaching sin, go through my heart, | Enlighten my soul,  
 3. | O that it were from heaven right full, | And all my sin consume.

## No. 105.

## ONLY TRUST HIM,

L. M. M.

REV. J. B. SWANSON, LYRICIST.

1. Come, ev'ry soul by sin oppress'd, There's mercy with the Lord, And He will surely
2. For Jesus shed His precious blood With blessings to bestow; Plunge now in to the
3. Yes, Je-sus is the Truth the Way, That leads you in to rest, He lives in Him with-
4. Come, then, and join this holy band, And on to glo-ry go. To dwell in that ce-

Chorus.

give you rest, By trusting in His word,  
 crimson blood That washes white as snow,  
 our de-lay, And you are safe by Him,  
 joyful land, Where joys are mortal here.

On-ly trust Him, on-ly trust Him,

Only trust Him now, He will save you, He will save you, He will save you now.

## No. 106.

## PEACE, PERFECT PEACE,

HOMER EDWARDS &amp; SWANSON.

G. T. CALVERT.

1. Peace, perfect peace, in this dark world of sin? The blood of Jesus cleanses guilt within.

2. Peace, perfect peace, be throbbing thro' my breast? To do the will of Jesus, this is rest.
3. Peace, perfect peace, with sorrow crying "round" the Jesus' name, though but a name is heard.
4. Peace, perfect peace, with loved ones far away? In Jesus' keeping we are safe, and they.
5. Peace, perfect peace, our Father all our fathers? Jesus we know, and He is on the throne.
6. Peace, perfect peace, death overshadowing us and ours? Jesus has conquered death and all its powers.
7. It is enough; earth's struggles soon shall cease, And jump out in to heaven's perfect peace.

## No. 107.

## NOW THE DAY IS OVER.

SARAH GARDNER COLE.

JOSEPH BARRETT.

*pp* *p* *cresc.*

1. Now the day is a - ver, Night is draw - ing nigh,  
 2. Je - sus give the watch - er, Calm and sweet re - pose,  
 3. Their long night watch - es, May Thine an - gels spread  
 4. When the morn - ing wak - ens, Then may I a - gain  
 5. Glo - ry to the Fa - ther, Glo - ry to the Son,

*p* *mf* *pp*

Shad - ows of the ev - ning, And a - cross the sky,  
 With Thy read - y bless - ing, May our eye - lids close,  
 Their white wings a - bove us, Watch thy round earth bed,  
 Peace, and fresh and sin - less, In Thy ho - ly eyes,  
 And in Thee, bright light - s, Whither all a - gings run,

*mf* *mf*

## No. 108.

## COME UNTO ME.

HENSLBY, N. Y.

Dr. LOUISA WALKER.

*pp*

1. Come un - to Me when shadows darkly gather, When the sad heart is  
 D. S.—Come un - to me, and  
 2. Lapse on the cushions in thy Father's dwelling, Glad are the hours that  
 in a—Soft are the tones which  
 3. There, like an E - den blossoming in gladness, Bloom the fair flowers  
 in a—Come un - to Me, and

*Fine.* *D. S.*

we - ry sad and drearied, Seek - ing for comfort from your heavenly Father,  
 I will give you rest,  
 we - rous are our sins, Sweet are the hours in so - ly and sin - less dwelling,  
 take the heavenly hymns,  
 On earth too nobly pressed, Come unto Me, all ye who droop in sadness,  
 I will give you rest.

SAMUEL P. SMITH.

(VERSE, C. 4.)

GEO. LEASE WARD.

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

The sons of earth are wak - ing To yet - i - ter - nal days;  
 O - f us - ures in com - mu - tion, Pre - pared for Je - su's way.

Each breeze that sweeps the a - ir, Sweeps sin - ful - lings from a - ir,

2 See leathern nations bowing  
 Before the God we love,  
 And thousand hearts ascending  
 In gratitude above;  
 While sinners, now confessing,  
 The gospel-call obey,  
 And with the Savior's blessing,  
 A nation in a day.

3 Most river of salvation,  
 Purge this sinful way;  
 Flow thou to every nation,  
 Now in thy richness stay;  
 Stay not till all the world  
 Tetraphants reach their home  
 Stay not till all the holy  
 Apostles, "The Lord is come!"

1 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,  
 Ye soldiers of the Cross,  
 Lift high His royal banner,  
 It shall not suffer loss;  
 It shall not suffer loss,  
 From victory unto victory  
 His army shall He lead,  
 Till every foe is vanquished,  
 And Christ is Lord indeed.

2 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,  
 Stand in His strength alone;  
 The arm of flesh will fail you,  
 Ye dare not trust your own;  
 Put on the gospel armor,  
 Each place put on with prayer,  
 Where duty calls, or danger,  
 Be never wanting there.

3 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,  
 The trumpet-call obey,  
 March to the mighty conflict,  
 In this His glorious day;  
 "Ye that are men, now serve Him,"  
 Against unnumbered foes,  
 Your courage with danger,  
 And strength to strength oppose.

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

1. From Greenland's icy mountains, From India's coral strand, Where Afric's sunny

mountains roll down their golden sand, From many an unquiet rest, From

many a palm y palm, They call us to deliver Their land from error's chain.

- 1 What though the spicy breezes  
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,  
Though every nook and pleasure,  
And only man is vile!  
In vain with hark's kindness  
The gifts of God are strown,  
The heathen, in their blindness,  
How slow to woe and shame.
- 2 Shall we, whose souls are lighted  
With wisdom from on high,  
Shall we, to men unlighted,  
The lamp of life deny?

Salvation! oh, salvation!  
The joyful sound proclaim,  
Till earth's remotest nation  
Has learned Messiah's name.

- 4 Waft, waft, ye winds, His story,  
And ye, ye waters, roll,  
Till, like a sea of glory,  
It spreads from pole to pole;  
Till o'er our ransomed nation,  
The Lamb for sinners slain,  
Redeemer, King, Creator,  
In bliss returns to reign.

## No. 112. HAIL TO THE LORD'S ANOINTED.

- 1 Hail to the Lord's Anointed,  
Great David's greater Son!  
Hail to the true Anointed,  
His reign on earth begun!  
He comes to break oppressors,  
To set the captive free,  
To take away transgressions,  
And rule in equity.
- 4 He shall come down like showers  
Upon the fruitful earth,  
And love and joy, like fountains,  
Spring in His path to birth.

Before Him on the mountains  
Shall peace, the herald go,  
And righteousness, in fountains,  
From hill to valley flow.

- 2 For Him shall prayer ascending  
And daily vows ascend,  
His kingdom still increasing,  
A kingdom without end,  
The title of His name shall never  
His covenant remove;  
His name shall stand forever,  
That name to us is Love!

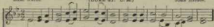
## No. 113.

## HE SHALL REIGN.

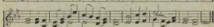
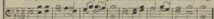
Small Words.

FOUR ST. L. M.

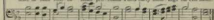
JOHN BARTON.



1. Je - sus shall reign where'er the sun Does his successive journey run;
2. From north to south the jubilee shall ring To pay their homage at His feet;
3. To Him shall endless praise be made, And endless praise crown His head;
4. Peo - ple and realms of ev'ry tongue Dwell on His love with sweetest song.



- His Kingdom stretch from shore to shore, Till oceans shall wax and wane no more.  
While western sun - sets own their Lord, And savage tribes attend His word.  
His name the waves per - form shall ring With ev'ry voice - ing our - ti - ble,  
And in - fant voice - s shall pro - claim Their early bless - ings on His name.



## No. 114.

## GLORYING IN THE CROSS.

- 1 When I survey the wondrous cross,  
On which the Prince of glory died,  
My richest gain I count but loss,  
And poor despise me as my pride.
- 2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,  
Save in the death of Christ, my God;  
As the rash Goliath chafed the host,  
I challenge thee to this contest.

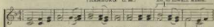
- 3 Yes, from the top, Ye heads, the best  
Meditate and how you should descend!  
But ever mark how and where descend!  
For therein hangs in death a crown!
- 4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,  
That were a present from the world,  
I would not exchange for that mine,  
To see my soul, my life, my all.

## No. 115.

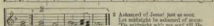
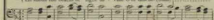
## ASHAMED OF JESUS.

(HARRING - L. M.)

BY J. LEWIS WALKER.

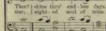


- 1 Je - sus, and shall'st ev - er be, A mortal man a - shamed of
- 1 Ashamed of Thee, whom an - gels praise, Whom glorify thou, .....
- 2 Ashamed of Je - sus, and ev - er far let evening blush to own a
- 2 He sheds the beams of light di - vine O'er this be - liever, .....



There? shall they' and - low days,  
star, night - of west of mine.

- 3 Ashamed of Jesus! just as soon  
Let midnight be ashamed of noon:  
The midnight with my soul till He,  
Bright Morning star, let darkness see.
- 4 Ashamed of Jesus! that dear Friend  
On whom my hopes of heaven depend!  
No, when I think, be this my shame,  
That I no more reveal His name.



# No. 116. THE LORD JEHOVAH REIGNETH.

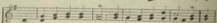
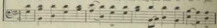
LULLAY C. HAYES.

Revised Edition, 1898. Sent by Gen. S. Hayes.

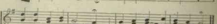
May be sung in Chorus.



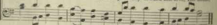
1. The Lord Je - ho - vah reign - eth, Their courage He sup - ply - eth,
2. The Lord Je - ho - vah reign - eth, And from His throne He reign - eth,
3. The Lord Je - ho - vah reign - eth, And care - ful watch main - ten - eth,
4. The Lord Je - ho - vah reign - eth, And great - ly men con - stant - eth,
5. Then praise the Lord Je - ho - vah, With song and har - mo - ny.



Who in His just their trust; His tri - bu - ty un - fail - ing He  
 To look with pity - ing eye, Not see His love re - lin - quish, Of  
 Our those who share His name; His grace and com - pas - ion His light  
 Through sor - row, sin, and loss, He - here His bound - less kind - ing He  
 And to His preser - vice crown; His faith - ful - ness re - ce - ive - eth - The'



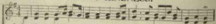
right and pow - er's pre - val - ing, Left none re - pent - ant from the dust,  
 them His mar - ty - chous - eth, When they in pen - i - tence draw nigh,  
 up the wide ex - ce - l - sit With an un - end - ing, unquench - able flame,  
 hold the stream of heal - ing, That cele - stial life from Calvary's cross,  
 pible - ful hat - al - ber - eth, We jour - ney toward His love, His home,



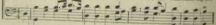
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# No. 117.

# LOVING-KINDNESS.



1. I wake, my soul, to joy - ful lays, And sing thy great De - spon - sor's praise;
2. He saw me in - deed, In the fall, Yet loved me, too, with - out - fail - ing all;





## LOVING-KINDNESS.

He just - ly claims a song from us, His lov - ing kind - ness, oh, how great!  
He saved us from our sin - ners, His lov - ing kind - ness, oh, how great!

Lov - ing kind - ness, lov - ing kind - ness, His lov - ing kind - ness, oh, how great!  
Lov - ing kind - ness, lov - ing kind - ness, His lov - ing kind - ness, oh, how great!

1 That' numerous hosts of mighty foes,  
Tho' earth and hell my will oppose,  
He safely leads my soul along,  
His loving-kindness, oh, how strong!  
Loving-kindness, loving-kindness,  
His loving-kindness, oh, how strong!

4 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,  
Has gathered thick and thunders loud,  
He turns my wail his always good,  
His loving-kindness, oh, how good!  
Loving-kindness, loving-kindness,  
His loving-kindness, oh, how good!

No. 118.

## HASTEN, SINNER.

(PSALM'S HYMN. 2.)

1 Hast - en, sin - ner, to be wise! Stay not for the morrow's sun.  
2 Hast - en, sin - ner, to be - lieve! Stay not for the morrow's moon.  
3 Hast - en, sin - ner, to re - turn! Stay not for the morrow's dawn.

Wit - ness, if you still de - spise, Harder is it to be wise,  
lest the sea - son should be o'er, Now this evening's stage be o'er,  
lest thy lamp should fall to burn, Ere mid - night's work be done.

## No. 110.

## COME, COME TO-DAY.

Piano Organ.

Arranged.



1. Love that brought thee,—love un - dy - ing, Calls, calls to - day,  
 With thy own, in bound - age sigh - ing, Comes, comes to - day!

2. Love that pass - eth love ex - cell - ing, Calls thee to - day!  
 Haste, ex - cept this love ex - cell - ing, Comes, comes to - day!

3. Love that went to Cal - vary's mountain, Calls thee to - day!  
 Love un - told, a No - ing, love - tale! Comes, comes to - day!



Let - ter not, for darkness fall - eth! Let - ter not, for sin up - hold!  
 Leave thy cross and griefs distressing, Je - sus hath us - bound and blessing!  
 All thy chains thy King shall re - ceive, Guide and guard and love thee re - ceive.



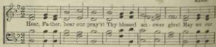
Let - ter not—No Je - sus call - eth, "Come, come to - day!"  
 Rich thou'lt be, No love you - see - ing, "Come, come to - day!"  
 There shall be for - ask - us re - ceive! "Come, come to - day!"

Copyright, 1904, by Felt and Morgan.

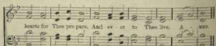
## No. 120.

## HEAR OUR PRAYER.

Same.



Hear, Pa - ther, hear our pray'rs! Thy blessed an - swer give! May we see



light for Thy peo - ple, And re - ceive us to Thy love, Je - sus.

## No. 121.

## THE SOLID ROCK.

C. Wick.

Wm. B. Shawcross, 1904.

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

On Christ, the Sol - id Rock, I stand; All other ground is sinking sand.

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

3. His oath, His covenant, and blood, Support me in the whirling flood; When all around my soul give way, He then is all my hope and stay.

## No. 122.

## AS PANTS THE HART.

Tune and Verse, 1896.

SIMPSON. C. M.

Lynn Town.

1. As pants the hart for cooling streams When heat - ed in the chase,  
2. For Thee, my God, the liv - ing God, My thirst - y soul doth pine,  
3. Why stand - est thou, why stand - est thou, my soul? Hope still, and thou shalt sing

As pants my soul, O God, for Thee And Thy re - fresh - ing grace,  
Oh, when shall I be - hold Thy face, Then Re - jo - ice in - vine!  
The grace of Him who is thy God, Thy health's re - stor - ing Spring.

## No. 123.

## TWO LITTLE HANDS.

W. A. S.

W. A. Sings.

1. I've two lit - the hands to work for Je - sus, One lit - the tongue His  
 2. I've two lit - the feet to tread the pathway, Up to the heav'n's by  
 3. I've one lit - the heart to give to Je - sus, One lit - the soul for

praise to tell, Two lit - the eyes to hear His coun - sel,  
 courts a - bore, Two lit - the eyes to read the lit - tle,  
 His to see, One lit - the life for His dear ser - vice,

Chorus.  
 One lit - the voice a - song to swell,  
 Tell - ing of Je - sus' wondrous love, Lord, we come, Lord, we come,  
 One lit - the self that He must have.

In our children's ear - ly learn - ing, Come to learn of Them.

By permission of David C. Cook.

## No. 124.

## WORK, FOR THE NIGHT.

W. A. S.

1. Work, for the night is coming, Work thro' the morning hours, Work while the dew is  
 2. Work, for the night is coming, Work thro' the sun - ny noon, Fill brightest hours with  
 3. Work, for the night is coming, Un - der the sunset skies, While their bright stars are

WORK, FOR THE NIGHT.

sparkling, Work 'mid springing flowers, Work when the day grows brighter, Work in the  
 in - ter, Rest comes soon and soon, Give us - ary thy - ing - ing - ing - ing Something to  
 glowing, Work, for daylight thou, Work till the last beam fall - eth, Praise to

glow - ing sun, Work, for the night is com - ing, When man's work is done,  
 keep in store, Work, for the night is com - ing, When man works no more,  
 shine no more, Work while the night is darkening, When man's work is o'er.

No. 125.

TRIUMPHANT ZION.

(TRURO. L. M.)

F. DUNSTON.

Williams's Festivals, Philadelphia, 1888.

1. Triumphant Zi - on, lift thy head From dust and darkness, and the dead;  
 2. Put all thy beautiful garments on, And let thy various charms be known.

The' hounded long, awake at length, And gird thee with thy Saviour's strength.  
 The world thy glo - rious shall con - fess, Tracked in the robes of 'righteousness.

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| 3 No more shall iron smother words,<br>And all thy hollowed walls with dread;<br>No more shall hail's insulting host<br>Their victory and thy sorrows boast. | 4 God from on high has heard thy prayer,<br>His hand thy ruins shall repair;<br>Now will thy watchful Monarch crown<br>To guard thee in eternal peace. |
|--|--|

## No. 126.

## JESUS IS MINE!

REV. G. J. BOWEN.

W. E. HARRIS, BY GEN.

1. Praise, O, each earthly joy, Je - sus is mine! Break ev - ery sin - der sin.  
 2. Praise, O, ye dreams of night, Je - sus is mine! Lost in this dawning light.  
 3. Praise, O, our tal - i - ty, Je - sus is mine! Wel - come, a - ter - ad - ty.

Je - sus is mine! Dark is the vil - derness, Earth has no  
 Je - sus is mine! All that my soul has tried, Left but a  
 Je - sus is mine! Welcome, O loved and blest, Wel - come, sweet

rest - ing place, Je - sus a - lone can bless, Je - sus is mine!  
 dis - mal void, Je - sus has not - to - led, Je - sus is mine!  
 scenes of rest, Welcome, try the closer's breast, Je - sus is mine!

## No. 127.

## GLORY TO HIS NAME.

REV. E. A. FOSTER.

REV. J. H. PROSSER, BY GEN.

1. Down at the cross where thy Saviour died, Down where for cleansing from  
 2. I am no more drawn by sin's ill from side, Je - sus no more by a -  
 3. Oh, pre - cious fountain that saves from sin, I am no glad I have  
 4. Come to this fountain, so rich and sweet, Cast thy poor soul at the

## GLORY TO HIS NAME.

As I cried, There to my heart was the blood applied, Glo-ry to His name with us; There at the cross where He took me in, Glo-ry to His name to us; There Jesus saves me and keeps me clean, Glo-ry to His name; His name's feet; Praise be to-day, and be made complete, Glo-ry to His name.

Piano. — There to my heart was the blood applied, Glo-ry to His name.

Piano. — Glo-ry to His name, Glo-ry to His name.

No. 128.

## BEHOLD, A STRANGER.

JOHN GARDNER.

FEDERAL STREET, L. M. S.

S. E. CLAYTON.

1. Behold, a stran-ger's at the door! He gently knocks, has knock'd before!  
 2. But will He prove a friend in - deed? He will, the ver - y friend you need.  
 3. Oh, lovely at - ti - tude! — He stands With trusting heart and in - dex hand.  
 4. Ad - mit Him, ere He at - ter gains; His feet de - just - ed, as'er re - turn.

Has wait'd long, to wait - ing with - out you, but no one - er friend in - deed.  
 The man of Na - a - vet - ty — He, With garments dyed at Cal - va - ry.  
 Oh, matchless kindness! and He shows His matchless kindness to His friend.  
 Ad - mit Him, or the door's at hand! When, at His door, do you'll want.

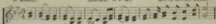
## No. 129.

## O COULD I SPEAK.

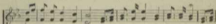
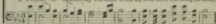
S. HANCOCK.

GABRIEL. C. F. M.

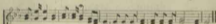
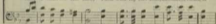
Arr. by LEWIS TAYLOR.



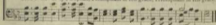
1. O could I speak the matchless worth, O could I sound the glories forth,
2. I'd sing the precious blood He spilt, My ransom from the dreadful guilt
3. I'd sing the cheer - us - ure His love, And all the fountains of love His words,
4. Well, the do - lightful day will come When my dear Lord will bring me home,



- Which in my two - hour shine, I'd wear and touch the heavenly strings, And  
 Of sin and wrath do - vine, I'd sing His glo - rious righteousness, In  
 Ex - alt - ed on His throne, In loftiest songs of sweetest praise, I  
 And I shall see His face, Then with my two - hour, Brother, friend, A



- the with Gabriel while he sings In tones almost divine, In notes almost di - vine,  
 which all perfect, heavenly Jews My soul shall ever shine, My soul shall ever shine,  
 would to everlasting days Make all His glories known, Make all His glories known,  
 Most a - ble - to I'd spend, Triumphant in His grace, Triumphant in His grace.

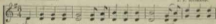


## No. 130.

## REVIVE US AGAIN.

Wm. James Hancock.

J. J. HANCOCK.



1. We praise Thee, O God, for the Son of Thy love, For Je - sus who
2. We praise Thee, O God, for Thy Spir - it of Truth, Who has shown us our
3. All glo - ry and praise to the Lamb that was slain, Who has borne all our
4. All glo - ry and praise to the God of all grace, Who has brought us, and
5. Re - vive us a - gain, fill each heart with Thy love, May each soul be re -





## REVIVE US AGAIN.

HYMNS.

God, and in new grace a - born,  
 Thy love and mercies our night  
 sin, and has cleansed ev'ry stain,  
 sought us, and guid - ed our ways,  
 blis - sed with love from a - born,

Hal - le - lu - jah! Thine the glo - ry; Hal - le -

lu - jah! A - men! Hal - le - lu - jah! Thine the glo - ry; Re - vive us a - gain.

## No. 131.

## MY GOD, MY FATHER.

THE CHARLOTTE GAZETTE.

ANNIE SMITH STEWART THURTELL.

1. My God, my Father, while I stay Far from my home or Thy rough way,  
 2. Thy dark my path and set my lot, Let me be still and near - near - and  
 3. If Thou shouldst call me to re - sign What must I yield, if Thy will be done,  
 4. Let not my halting heart be slow With Thy sweet Spirit for Thy guest,  
 5. Show me Thy will from day to day, Bless it with Thine and take a - way.

O teach me from my heart to say, Thy will be done,  
 Or breathe the prayer di - vine by night, Thy will be done,  
 I yield Thee only what is Thine, Thy will be done,  
 My God, to Thee I leave the rest! Thy will be done,  
 All that now makes it hard to say, Thy will be done.

## No. 132.

## ALL HAIL THE POWER.

FRANKLIN

(CORONATION, C. M.)

OLIVER BARNES

1. All hail the pow'ry of Je - sus' name, Let an - gels prostrate fall,  
 2. Let ev - 'ry kin - dred, ev - 'ry tribe, On this ter - res - trial ball,  
 3. Oh, that with you - der as - cend through We at His feet may fall.

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

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

## No. 133.

## ARISE, MY SOUL.

CHRISTIAN WALKER.

(LEMOE, N. H.)

LEWIS HARRIS

1. A - rise, my soul, a - rise, Shake off thy guilty fears, The blood of  
 2. His ev - er - last - ing love, For me to in - ter - cede, His all - re -  
 3. My God I'm re - as - sur - ed, His pardoning voice I hear, He will re -

ARISE, MY SOUL,

Sin - er - low - ly cry to - halt up - pour; Be - fore the throne my Sa - ve - ty stands,  
 draw - ing near; His pre - cious blood to - plead; His blood at - tained for all our race,  
 for his child, I can no longer fear; With con - fi - dence I now draw nigh,

Be - fore the throne my Sa - ve - ty stands; My name is writ - ten on His hands.  
 His blood at - tained for all our race, And sprink - les now the throne of grace.  
 With con - fi - dence I now draw nigh, And Fa - ther, Al - la - lu - ia, cry.

No. 124.

TURN TO THE LORD,

JOHN BROWN

Common Time

1. Come, ye sin - ners, poor and need - y, Weak and wounded, sick and sore;  
 In - me rest - y - stands to save you, Full of gra - ce, love, and pow - er.

2. —O - he - ry, low - ly, and ad - va - tion, Christ the Lord has come to reign.

Chorus

D.C.

Turn to the Lord, and seek ad - va - tion, From the praise of His dear name;

1. Now, ye needy, come and welcome,  
 God's free bounty glorify;  
 True belief and true repentance,  
 Every grace that brings you nigh.
2. Let not conscience make you linger,  
 Nor of stress heavily dream;

- All the pains He requires  
 Is to feel your need of Him.
4. Come, ye weary, heavy laden,  
 Broken and unsteady by the fall;  
 If you carry all you're laden,  
 You will never come at all.

## No. 135.

## THE LORD IS KING.

Male Voice

(MAJESTY. C. M. D.)

WALTER BRADY

1. The Lord de - scend - ed from a - bove, And bow'd the  
 2. Heav - en up - on the floods, Their fa - ry

Heav - en and high, And un - der - took the feet of  
 Heav - en, And Heav - en - er - ize Lord and

and The dark - ness of the sky,  
 King For or - der shall reign.

On cher - u - bins and ser - a - phim, Full of glo - ry He rode,  
 Giv - ing glo - ry to His aw - ful name, And low - er - ing His a - bow.

And on the wings of might - y winds, Over - fly - ing all a - bound,  
 Give us help to His ma - j - esty Up - on His ho - ly ground.

THE LORD IS KING.

And on the wings of night, y' while Came fly - ing all a - round,  
Give wor - ship to His maj - es - ty Up - on His ho - ly ground.

No. 136. JOY TO THE WORLD.

THOMAS STANFORD.

CANTICHL. C. M.

BARITT.

1. Joy to the world! the Lord is come, Let earth re - vive her King;

Let ev - 'ry heart pre - pare His room, And heav'n's and heav'n's  
And heav'n's and heav'n's

heav'n's and heav'n's sing, And heav'n's, and heav'n's and heav'n's  
sing, And heav'n's and heav'n's sing.

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| 1 Joy to the world! the Father's might;           | He comes to make His blessings flow        |
| Let them their songs employ;                      | Far as the curve is bound.                 |
| While fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains, | 4 He rules the world with truth and grace, |
| Repeat the swelling joy.                          | And makes the nations prone                |
| 2 No more let sin and sorrow grow,                | The glories of His righteousness,          |
| Nor thorns infect the ground,                     | And woodens of His love.                   |

# No. 137. FORWARD, YE SOLDIERS.

SAVED FROM SLAVERY.

B. FRANK LAYTON.

1. Sound, sound the bat - tle cry,      In arms of the an - gels high,  
 2. O, let your feet be      Onward to vic - tory, high.

Lyrics: 1. Sound, sound the bat - tle cry, In arms of the an - gels high, 2. O, let your feet be Onward to vic - tory, high.

By and a way, the      By and a way, the  
 hat - the re - vils, by      hat - the re - vils,  
 there - by a - dore, like      there - by a - dore,

Lyrics: By and a way, the hat - the re - vils, by there - by a - dore, like By and a way, the hat - the re - vils, there - by a - dore,

For - ward, ye sol - diers, all      will not, nor back ward  
 For - ward, ye sol - diers, all      strong - er than steel - clad,  
 On - ward, ye sol - diers, all      For - ward, ye sol - diers, all

Lyrics: For - ward, ye sol - diers, all will not, nor back ward For - ward, ye sol - diers, all strong - er than steel - clad, On - ward, ye sol - diers, all For - ward, ye sol - diers, all

Hearts, who the day, oh,      hearts and      who the day,  
 Are from it, who, are      hearts and      who the day,  
 Vic - tory is ours, they      Christ      who the day,

Lyrics: Hearts, who the day, oh, hearts and who the day, Are from it, who, are hearts and who the day, Vic - tory is ours, they Christ who the day,

Chorus.

March to the sound of      bat - tle of the Lord, Hold  
 the      bat - tle of the Lord, Hold

Lyrics: March to the sound of bat - tle of the Lord, Hold the bat - tle of the Lord, Hold

FORWARD, YE SOLDIERS.

glean - ing less - er - less high; Hosts for the King will vic - try bring

Over the seas that low - er high; Hosts for the King will a

gle - some vic - try bring Over the seas that low - er high.

No. 138. SOFTLY NOW THE LIGHT OF DAY.

G. W. Doane.

GREYMOUSE. 24

Two Verses.

*pp*

1. Soft - ly now the light of day, Fades up - on our sight a - way;
2. Then, whose all per - vad - ing eye Naught ex - cept, with - out, with - in,
3. Soon from us the light of day shall be - re - ce - pture a - way;

*dim.* *pp*

Free from care from in - sur - ance, Lord, we would com - mune with Thee,  
 Per - dition such in - firm - i - ty, O - pen faith and un - cost die,  
 Then, from sin and sor - row free, Take us, Lord, to dwell with Thee.

REV. ISAAC STOWELL.

A. SIMON.

1. On Je - sus's stormy banks I stand, And wat - er  
 2. Over all these wilder - ness - es - spread, - all pains - thence - ease, -  
 3. When shall I reach that hap - py place, And be -

with - out eye To O - cean's fair and  
 far - off - est days; There God the Son  
 or - ever - blest! When shall I see

hap - py land, Where my pos - ses - sions lie,  
 or - ever - blest, And with His right a -  
 hand the heav - en, And with His left the  
 Pa - ther's face, And in His ho -  
 ly - ness -  
 To  
 The  
 His  
 His

O - cean's fair and hap - py land, Where my pos - ses - sions lie,  
 God the Son far - off - est days, And with His right a -  
 hand the heav - en, And with His left the  
 shall I see my Pa - ther's face, And in His ho -  
 ly -



REV. J. E. RABBIT, D.D.

W. A. TAYLOR.

1. God be with you all we meet a - gain, By His merciful guide, up  
 2. God be with you all we meet a - gain, Youth like whigs we - come - ly  
 3. God be with you all we meet a - gain, When life's path - is thick with  
 4. God be with you all we meet a - gain, Keep love's banner float - ing

hold you, With His sheep in - care - ly hold you,  
 hide you, And by none we will pre - vide you,  
 found you, For His arm we fall - ing round you,  
 o'er you, Doubt death's terror - ing wave in - live you,  
 Ah

God be with you all we meet a - gain. Till we meet, all we  
 meet, all we meet, all we

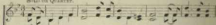
meet, Till we meet at Je - sus' feet, Till we meet, Till we  
 meet a - gain.

meet, all we meet, God be with you all we meet a - gain,  
 Till we meet, all we meet a - gain.

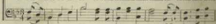
# No. 141. THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER.

FRANCIS SMITH, LAY.

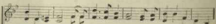
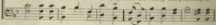
Time in QUARTER.



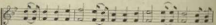
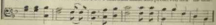
1. Oh, say, can you see, by the dawn's early light, What so proud by us
2. On the shores dimly seen thro' the mists of the deep, Where the hero's haughty
3. And where is that land who so vainly she swore That the law of
4. Oh, then be it or when freedom shall stand fir - m even their lord



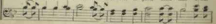
led at the twilight's last gleaming, Whose broad stripes and bright stars thro' the  
 host in dread of - fence re - pos - ed, What is that which the heroes, o'er the  
 war and the lat - ter's con - fli - ction A home and a country should  
 home and wild war's rades - o - in - tion, Blest with victory and peace, may the



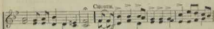
per - il - ous fight, O'er the ramparts we watch'd, were so gallantly streaming?  
 low - er - ing sleep, As if so - ful - ly blown, half conceals, half the stars we  
 leave us no more! Their blood has wash'd out their foes' foot - steps' path - way,  
 star's re - newed land Praise the Pow'r that hath made and preserved us, so that!



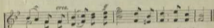
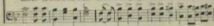
And the rock-ets' red glare, its bombs bursting in air, Gave proof thro' the  
 Now it catch us the gleams of the morning's first beams, In full glo - ry we  
 No ref - use could save the King - dom and slave From the ter - ror of  
 Then con - quer we must, when our cause is just, And this 's our



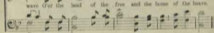
## THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER.



night that our flag was still there, Oh, say does that star-spangled banner yet  
 float, O'er the dome of the sea: "To the star-spangled banner! Oh, long may it  
 float in the sky and the breeze: And the star-spangled banner in triumph doth  
 o'er us: "In God, is our trust!" And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall



wave O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

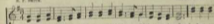


No. 142.

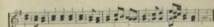
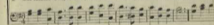
## AMERICA.

HENRY CLAY.

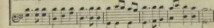
D. F. WORTH.



1. My country! 'tis of thee, Sweet land of liberty, Of thee we sing: Land where my
2. My own dear country, thee, Land of the no-ble free, Thy name I love, I love thy
3. Let music swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees sweet freedom's song: Let mortal
4. Our fathers' God, to Thee, Author of Liberty, To Thee we sing, Long may our



fathers' God, Land of the Pilgrim's pride! From ev'ry mountainside Let freedom ring,  
 rocks and hills, Thy soil and temples fill: My heart with rapture thrills, Like that above,  
 tongues extend, Let all that breathe praise, Let rocks their altars break, The sound  
 land be bright With freedom's holy light, Protect us by Thy might, Great God, our King!



# No. 143. A SOLDIER'S FAREWELL.

Translated by L. C. Bacon.

(MALE VOICES)

SONG NO. 1000.

*p* *Andante* *pp* *meno ritto*

1. How can I bear to leave thee, O'er part-ing this I give thee;  
 2. No more may I be hold thee, O'er to this heart as hold thee;  
 3. I think of thee with long lag, Think thee when tears are thronging.

*Crescendo e poco accel. sf . . . f*

And then, what'er he - falls on, I go where he - calls on.  
 With spear and you-ron gleam-ing, I see the foe all - round me.  
 That with my last faint sigh-ing, I'll whis-per soft while dy-ing.

*Tempo I. tranquillo e molto espressivo*

*Quasi p*

Fare-well, farewell, my own true love, Fare-well, farewell, my own true love.

# No. 144. BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC.

## Battle Hymn: (7c)

1 Mine eyes have seen the glory of the  
 coming of the Lord;  
 He is tramping out the vintage where  
 the grapes of wrath are stored;  
 He hath loosed the fateful lightning of  
 His terrible, avenging sword!  
 His truth is marching on.

Chor.—Glor-y, glor-y, hal-le-lu-jah!  
 Glor-y, glor-y, hal-le-lu-jah!  
 Glor-y, glor-y, hal-le-lu-jah!  
 His truth is marching on.

2 I have seen Him in the watch-tower of a  
 lonely sentinel camp;  
 They have built Him an altar in the  
 evening dew and damp;

I have read His righteous sentence by  
 the dim and flaring lamp;  
 His truth is marching on.

3 He has sounded forth the trumpet that  
 shall never call retreat;  
 He is sitting out the hearts of men be-  
 fore His judgment-seat;  
 Oh, be swift, my soul, to answer Him!  
 be jubilant, my feet!  
 Our God is marching on.

4 In the beauty of the lilies Christ was  
 born across the sea,  
 With a glory in His bosom that tran-  
 scended you and me;  
 As He died to make men free,  
 As He died to make men free,  
 While God is marching on.  
 John Ward Beech.

# SELECTED HYMNS.

(The music to these hymns can be found in "Green-Grave Songs,"  
the numbers being given at the right.)

## No. 143. Fill Me Now. (15)

1 Breathe o'er me, Holy Spirit;  
Batho my trembling heart and brow;  
Fill me with Thy hallow'd presence,  
Come, O come and fill me now.

Can.—Fill me now, fill me now,  
Holy Spirit, fill me now;  
Fill me with Thy hallow'd presence,  
Come, O come and fill me now.

2 Thou cannot fill me, gracious Spirit,  
Thou' I cannot tell Thou hast;  
But I need Thee, greatly need Thee,  
Come, O come and fill me now.

3 I am weakness, full of weakness;  
As Thy sacred feet I bow;  
Blest, divine, eternal Spirit,  
Fill with power, and fill me now.

4 Comfort and comfort, bless and save me!  
Batho, oh, batho my heart and brow!  
Thou art comforting and saving,  
Thou art sweetly filling now.

Rev. F. J. Stone, D.D.

## No. 145. The Comforter. (19)

1 O spread the tidings 'round, wherever  
man is found,  
Wherever human hearts and human voices  
sorrow sound;  
Let ev'ry Christian tongue proclaim the  
joyful sound—  
The Comforter has come!

Can.—The Comforter has come,  
The Comforter has come!  
The Holy Ghost from heav'n's,  
The Father's promise giv'n,  
O spread the tidings 'round,  
Wherever man is found—  
The Comforter has come!

2 The long, long night is past, the morn-  
ing breaks at last,  
And hushed the dreadful wail and cry  
of the dead,  
As ev'ry golden kille the day advances  
fast—  
The Comforter has come!

3 Lo! the great King of kings, with healing  
in His wings,  
To ev'ry captive send a full deliv'rance  
bring,  
And thro' the vacant cells the song of  
triumph ring—  
The Comforter has come!

1 O how often have divine! how shall this  
language of mine  
To word ring so certain till the matchless  
grace divine—  
That I, a child of hell, should be His  
image shine!  
The Comforter has come!

2 Sing till the echoes fly above the vaulted  
sky,  
And all the saints above to all below  
reply,  
In strains of endless love, the song that  
never will die—  
The Comforter has come!

Rev. F. Johnson, D.D.

## No. 147. I Love to Tell. (31)

1 I love to tell the story  
Of unseen things above,  
Of Jesus and His glory,  
Of Jesus and His love.  
I love to tell the story,  
Because I know 'tis true;  
It satisfies my longings,  
As nothing else can do.

Can.—I love to tell the story,  
T'will be my theme to glory,  
To tell the old, old story  
Of Jesus and His love.

2 I love to tell the story,  
More wonderful it seems  
Than all the golden fancies  
Of all the golden dreams.  
I love to tell the story,  
It did so much for me;  
And that is just the reason  
I tell it now to thee.

3 I love to tell the story,  
Tis pleasant to repeat  
What seems, each time I tell it,  
More wonderfully sweet.  
I love to tell the story,  
For none have ever heard  
The message of salvation  
From God's own holy Word.

4 I love to tell the story,  
For those who know it best  
Seem hungering and thirsting  
To hear it like the rest,  
And when, in scenes of glory,  
I sing the new, new song,  
T'will be the old, old story  
That I have lov'd so long.

Author's Mother

No. 148. Come, Stranger, Come. (11)

1 While Jesus whispers to you,  
Come, stranger, come!  
While we are praying for you,  
Come, stranger, come!  
Now is the time to own Him,  
Come, stranger, come!  
Now is the time to know Him,  
Come, stranger, come!

2 Are you too heavy laden?  
Come, stranger, come!  
Jesus will bear your burden,  
Come, stranger, come!  
Jesus will not deceive you,  
Come, stranger, come!  
Jesus can now redeem you,  
Come, stranger, come!

2 Oh, hear His tender pleading,  
Come, stranger, come!  
Come and receive the blessing,  
Come, stranger, come!  
While Jesus whispers to you,  
Come, stranger, come!  
While we are praying for you,  
Come, stranger, come!

and 2 Verse.

No. 149. A Charge to Keep. (43)

1 A charge to keep I have,  
A God to glorify,  
A never-dying soul to save,  
And fit it for the sky.

2 To serve the present age,  
My calling is to fill,  
O may it all my pow'rs engage  
To do my Master's will.

3 Arm me with justice arms,  
As in Thy sight to live;  
And O Thy servant, Lord, prepare  
A strict account to give.

4 Help me to watch and pray,  
And on Thyself rely,  
Assured, if Thy trust betray,  
I shall forever die.

Charles Watts.

No. 150. Master, Speak! (45)

1 Master, speak! Thy servant heareth,  
Waiting for Thy gracious word,  
Longing for Thy voice that cheereth,  
Master, let it now be heard,  
I am listening, Lord, for Thee;  
What hast Thou to say to me?

2 Speak to me by name, O Master!  
Let me know it is to me;  
Speak, that I may follow faster,  
With a step more firm and free,  
When the Shepherd leads the flock,  
In the shadow of the Rock.

3 Master, speak! thy soul and heart,  
Let me not unloosed depart,  
Master, speak! for O, Thou knowest  
All the workings of my heart,  
Knowest all its truest need,  
Speak! and make me that indeed.

4 Master, speak! and make me ready,  
When Thy voice is truly heard,  
With obedience glad and steady,  
Still to follow on Thy word,  
I am listening, Lord, for Thee;  
Master, speak! O speak to me.

Adapted by Dr. Johnson.

No. 151. There is a Land. (112)

1 There is a land of pure delight,  
Where saints immortal reign,  
Infinite day excludes the night,  
And pleasures banish pain,  
There everlasting spring abides,  
And never-withering flowers,  
Death, like a narrow sea, divides  
This heavenly land from ours.

2 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood  
Stand dress'd in living green,  
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,  
While Jordan rolled between,  
But treacherous mortals start and shrink  
To cross this narrow sea,  
And linger, observing on the brink,  
And fear to launch away.

2 Oh, could we make our doubts remove  
These gloomy doubts that tie,  
And see the Canaan that we love  
With unobscured eye,  
Could we but climb where Moses stood  
And view the landscape o'er, (Heed  
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold  
Should fright us from the shore.

John Watts.

No. 152. There's a Witness. (112)

1 There's a witness to God's mercy,  
Like the witness of the sea;  
There's a witness in His justice,  
Which is more than thirty.

2 There's a witness for the sinner,  
And more grace for the good,  
There is mercy with the Saviour,  
There is healing in His blood.

3 For the love of God is broader  
Than the measure of man's mind,  
And the heart of the Eternal  
Is most wonderfully kind.

4 If our love were but more simple,  
We should take Him at His word,  
And our lives would be all sunshine  
In the sweetness of our Lord.

Frederick W. Faber.

No. 153. Love Divine. (47)

- 1 Love divine, all love exceeding,  
Joy of heart's, to earth come down!  
Fix in us Thy heavenly dwelling,  
All Thy faithful servants crown.  
Jesus, Thou art all compassion,  
From unbounded love Thou art;  
Visit us with Thy salvation,  
Enter us by Thy inviting heart.
- 2 Breathe, oh, breathe Thy loving Spirit  
Into every troubled breast!  
Let us all in Thee inhale,  
Let us feel that sacred rest,  
Take away our heart's stingings;  
Alpha and Omega be;  
End of faith as its beginning,  
Set our hearts at liberty.
- 3 Come, Almighty to deliver,  
Let us all Thy life receive;  
Suddenly return, and stay,  
Nevermore Thy temples leave;  
There we would be always blessing,  
Serve Thee as Thy hosts above,  
Pray, and praise Thee without ceasing,  
Glory in Thy perfect love.
- 4 Finish then Thy new creation;  
Pure and spotless let us be;  
Let us see Thy great salvation  
Perfectly realized in Thee;  
Changed from glory into glory,  
Thill in heart's we take our place,  
Till we cast our crowns before Thee,  
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.  
*Chas. Wesley.*

No. 154. Come, Thou Fount. (117)

- 1 Come, Thou Fount of every blessing,  
Tune my heart to sing Thy grace;  
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,  
Call for songs of loudest praise.  
Teach us some melodious strain,  
Sing to His leading tongues above;  
Praise the mount, I've fixed upon it,  
Mount of Thy redeeming love!
- 2 How I'll praise thee, Jesus, Son,  
Father, by Thy help, I'll come;  
And I'll praise Thee, by Thy great goodness,  
Safely to arrive at home.  
Jesus sought me, when a stranger,  
Wand'ring from the fold of God;  
He to rescue me from danger,  
Interposed His precious blood!
- 3 O to grace how great a debtor  
Dully I'm constrained to be!  
Let Thy goodness, like a fetter,  
Bind my wandering heart to Thee!  
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,  
Prone to leave the God I love;  
Here's my heart, O take and seal it,  
Stamp it for Thy courts above.

*R. Robinson.*

No. 155. Cleansing Fountain. (117)

- 1 There is a fountain fill'd with blood,  
Drawn from Emmanuel's vein,  
And sinners plung'd beneath that flood,  
Love all their guilty stain.
- 2 The dying thief rejoiced to see  
That fountain in his day,  
And there may I, though vile as he,  
Wash all my sins away.
- 3 Dear dying Lamb! Thy precious blood  
Shall never lose its power,  
Till all the ransomed Church of God  
Are saved, to sin no more.
- 4 Ever since by faith I saw the stream  
Thy flowing wounds supply,  
Rebuking love has been my theme,  
And shall be till I die.
- 5 There is a soldier, sweeter song  
I'll sing Thy power to see,  
When this poor dying sinner bring  
Laid silent in the grave. *[Sings.]*  
*William Cooper.*

No. 156. Sweet Home. (83)

- 1 'Mid scenes of confusion and creature  
complains,  
How sweet to my soul is communion  
with mine,  
To feel at the banquet of mercy there's  
room,  
And feel in the presence of Jesus at  
home.
- 2 Come—Hark, home, sweet, sweet home,  
Prepare me, dear Father, for glory,  
my home.
- 3 Sweet bonds that unite all the children  
of grace,  
And bring precious Jesus, whose love  
cannot cease,  
Tho' off from Thy presence in sadness  
I roam,  
I long to behold Thee in glory at home.
- 4 What'er Thou desirest, oh, give me Thy  
grace!  
The Spirit's sure witness, and seal of  
Thy love;  
Enforce me with patience to wait at Thy  
throne,  
And feel, even now, a sweet foretaste of  
Thine.
- 4 I long, dearest Saviour, in Thy beauty  
to shine,  
No more as an exile in sorrow to pine,  
But in Thy bright image to rise from  
the tomb,  
With glorified millions to praise Thee  
at home.

*David Anderson.*

No. 157. Homeward Bound. (81)

- 1 Out on an ocean all boundless we ride,  
We're homeward bound, homeward bound,  
Tired on the waves of a rough, restless tide,  
We're homeward bound, homeward bound,  
Far from the safe, quiet harbor we rode,  
Seeking our Father's celestial abode,  
Promiser of which on us each He bestowed,  
We're homeward bound, homeward bound.
- 2 Wholly the storm sweeps us on as it rages,  
We're homeward bound, homeward bound,  
Look! yonder in the height, heavenly spheres,  
We're homeward bound, homeward bound,  
Steady, O pilot! stand firm at the wheel,  
Steady! we soon shall outweather the gale!  
Oh! how we fly 'neath the loud creaking sail!  
We're homeward bound, homeward bound.

- 3 We'll tell the world, as we journey along,  
We're homeward bound, homeward bound,  
Try to persuade them to enter our throng,  
We're homeward bound, homeward bound,  
Come, trembling stranger, forsake and oppress,  
Join in our number, O come and be blest!  
Journey with us to the mansions of rest,  
We're homeward bound, homeward bound.
- 4 Into the harbor of heav'n's now we glide,  
We're home at last, home at last,  
Nately we drift on its bright silver tide,  
We're home at last, home at last,  
Glory to God! all our dangers are o'er,  
We stand secure on the glorified shore,  
Glory to God! we will shout evermore,  
We're home at last, home at last.

W. P. Wilson.

No. 158. O Day of Rest. (111)

- 1 O day of rest and gladness,  
O day of joy and light,  
O hails of awe and ministration,  
Most beautiful, most bright,  
On thee, the high and lowly,  
Through ages joined in tune,

Sing—'Holy, holy, holy,'  
To the great God Triune.

- 2 On thee, at the creation,  
The light first had its birth,  
On thee, for our salvation,  
Christ rose from depths of earth,  
On thee our Lord, victorious,  
The Spirit sent from heav'n,  
And thou on thee, most glorious,  
A triple light was giv'n.
- 3 To-day on weary nations  
The heavenly canopy falls,  
To holy convocations  
The silver trumpet calls,  
Where gospel light is glowing  
With pure and radiant beams,  
And living water flowing  
With soul refreshing streams.
- 4 Now grace ever gaining,  
From this our day of rest,  
We reach the rest remaining  
To spirits of the blest,  
To Holy Ghost in grace,  
To Father and to Son,  
The Church her voice unites  
To Thee, O God, Three in One.

J. Burdett.

No. 159. Jesus Saves Me. (124)

- 1 Down at the cross, on Calvary's mountain,  
Where martyrs flow,  
I plung'd in the redeeming fountain,  
Wash'd whiter than the snow,  
When nothing in the whole creation  
Could purchase grace,  
My Saviour lov'd His free salvation,  
Gave me complete release.
- Chorus.—Brethren, won't you hear the story?  
See the fountain flow!  
Oh, glory in the highest, glory!  
Jesus saves me, this I know!
- 2 When, lost in sin, my all I squandered,  
Far from the fold,  
My Saviour sought me where I was  
dear'd,  
Gave me His wealth untold,  
All loads of sin and Satan's wronging,  
Which made me whole,  
I'll ne'er forget that joy transcending,  
When Jesus sav'd my soul.

- 3 All round my way the sun is shining,  
Darkness has fled,  
Oh Jesus! hence I am reclining,  
Duly by Him I'm led,  
My Lord has cast the robe around me,  
No more I'll tremble,  
The Shepherd of the sheep has loved me,  
Jesus has lov'd me home.



No. 150. Cleansing Wave. (137)

- 1 Oh! now I see the crimson wave  
The fountain deep and wide;  
Jesus, my Lord, mighty to save,  
Points to His wounded side.
- Chorus—The cleansing stream, I see, I see!  
I plunge, and oh, it cleanseth me!  
Oh! praise the Lord, it cleanseth me!  
It cleanseth me, yes, cleanseth me.
- 2 I see the new creation rise,  
I hear the speaking blood;  
It speaks polluted nature done,  
Makes smooth the cleansing flood.
- 3 I rise to walk in Jesus' own bright,  
Above the world of sin,  
With heart made pure, and garments white,  
And Christ enthroned within.
- 4 Amazing grace! 'tis Jesus' blood,  
To bid the blood applied,  
And Jesus, only Jesus know,  
My Jesus crucified.

Rev. John Palmer.

No. 151. Just as I Am. (138)

- 1 Just as I am! without one plea,  
But that Thy blood was shed for me,  
And that Thou biddest me come to Thee,  
O Lamb of God! I come, I come!
- 2 Just as I am! and waiting not,  
To rid my soul of one dark blot,  
To Thee whose blood can cleanse each spot,  
O Lamb of God! I come, I come!
- 3 Just as I am! the tamed and bound,  
With many a conflict, many a doubt,  
Fighting and here within, without,  
O Lamb of God! I come, I come!
- 4 Just as I am! poor, wretched, blind,  
Might, riches, healing of the mind,  
Yea, all I need, in Thee I find,  
O Lamb of God! I come, I come!
- 5 Just as I am! Thy will to do,  
With weakness, passion, chosen, free,  
Because Thy promise I believe,  
O Lamb of God! I come, I come!

CHRISTIAN BROTHERS.

No. 152. What a Friend. (141)

- 1 What a friend we have in Jesus,  
All our sins and griefs to bear!  
What a privilege to carry  
Everything to God in prayer!  
Oh, what peace we often borrow,  
Oh, what consolation flows,  
All because we do not carry  
Everything to God in prayer!

2 Have we trials and temptations?  
Is there trouble anywhere?  
We should never be discouraged,  
Take it to the Lord in prayer!  
Can we find a friend so faithful,  
Who will all our sorrows share?  
Jesus knows our every weakness,  
Take it to the Lord in prayer!

3 Are we weak and heavy-laden,  
Cumbered with a load of care?  
Precious Saviour, still our refuge,  
Take it to the Lord in prayer!  
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?  
Take it to the Lord in prayer!  
In His arms He'll take and shield thee,  
They will find a better care.

No. 153. My Faith Looks. (137)

- 1 My faith looks up to Thee,  
Thou Lamb of Calvary,  
Saviour divine!  
Now hear me while I pray,  
Take all my sins away,  
Oh, let me from this day  
Be wholly Thine.
- 2 May Thy rich grace impart  
Strength to my fainting heart,  
My soul inspire;  
As Thou hast died for me,  
Oh, may my love for Thee  
Pure, warm and constant be,  
A living fire.
- 3 While life's dark maze I tread,  
And grief around me spread,  
Be Thou my guide;  
Bid darkness turn to day,  
Wipe sorrow's tears away,  
Nor let me ever stray  
From Thee aside.

Rev. Palmer.

No. 154. Rock of Ages. (138)

- 1 Rock of Ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in Thee;  
Let the water and the blood,  
From Thy wounded side that flow'd,  
Be of sin the double cure,  
Save from wrath and make us pure.
- 2 Could my tears forever flow,  
Could my soul no language know,  
Tears for sin could not atone;  
Thou must save, and Thou alone  
In my hand no price I bring,  
Simply to Thy cross I cling.

3 While I draw this breathing breath,  
What my eyes shall close to death,  
When I rise to worlds unknown,  
And behold Thee on Thy throne,  
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in Thee.

J. B. Ripstein.

**No. 262. My Jesus, I Love Thee.** (132)

- 1 My Jesus, I love Thee, I know Thee not  
 For Thee all the follies of sin I resign;  
 My gracious Redeemer, my Saviour art  
 Thou,  
 If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.
- 2 I love Thee because Thou hast first loved  
 me,  
 And purchased my pardon on Calvary's  
 tree;  
 I love Thee for wearing the thorns on  
 Thy brow,  
 If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.
- 3 I'll love Thee in life, I will love Thee in  
 death,  
 And praise Thee as long as Thou leadest  
 me hence,  
 And say when the death-dew lies cold  
 on my brow,  
 If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.
- 4 In mansions of glory and endless delight  
 I'll ever adore Thee in heaven so bright;  
 I'll sing with the glistering crowns on my  
 brow,  
 If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.

**No. 266. Almighty King.** (146)

- 1 Come, Thou almighty King,  
 Help us Thy name to sing,  
 Help us to praise;  
 Father! all glorious,  
 O'er all the heavens,  
 Come, and reign over us,  
 Ancient of days!
- 2 Come, Thou incarnate Word,  
 God on Thy mighty sword,  
 Our pray'r attend,  
 Come, and Thy people bless,  
 And give Thy word success,  
 Spirit of holiness!  
 Oh so beloved!
- 3 Come, holy Comforter!  
 Thy sacred witness bear,  
 In this glad hour,  
 Thou, who almighty art,  
 Now rule in our hearts,  
 And go'er from us depart,  
 Spirit of power!

C. Wesley.

**No. 267. Marching to Zion.** (52)

- 1 Come, ye that love the Lord,  
 And let your joys be known;  
 Join in a song with sweet accord,  
 And thus surround the throne.
- Chorus—We're marching to Zion,  
 Beautiful, beautiful Zion;  
 We're marching upward to Zion,  
 The beautiful city of God!

- 2 Let those refuse to sing  
 Who never knew our God,  
 But children of the heavenly King  
 May speak their joys abroad.
- 3 The hill of Zion yields  
 A thousand sacred accents  
 Before we reach the heavenly fields  
 Or walk the golden streets.
- 4 Then let our songs abound,  
 And every tent be dry,  
 We're marching thro' Immanuel's  
 ground  
 To higher worlds on high.  
 Love Walk.

**No. 268. Firm Foundation.** (117)

- 1 How firm a foundation, ye saints of the  
 Lord, [Ward]  
 Is laid for your faith in His excellent  
 What none can lay  
 What none can lay  
 To you, who for refuge to Jesus have fled!
- 2 "Fear not, I am with thee, O be not  
 dismayed,  
 For I am thy God, I will still give thee  
 aid;  
 I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause  
 thee to stand, [hand]  
 Upheld by My gracious, omnipotent
- 3 "When through the deep waters I call  
 thee to go,  
 The rivers of sorrow shall not overflow,  
 For I will be with thee thy trials to show,  
 And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.
- 4 "The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for  
 repose,  
 I will not, I will not desert to his face;  
 That soul, tho' all hell should endeavor  
 to shake,  
 I'll never, no never, no never forsake!"  
 Camp 40th.

**No. 269. Blessed Assurance.** (75)

- 1 Blessed assurance, Jesus is mine!  
 Oh, what a foretaste of glory divine!  
 Redeemer, pardoner, purifier of God,  
 Born of His Spirit, wash'd in His blood.
- Chorus—This is my story, this is my song,  
 Praising my Saviour all the day long;  
 This is my story, this is my song,  
 Praising my Saviour all the day long.
- 2 Perfect submission, perfect delight,  
 Visions of rapture now burst on my sight  
 Angels descending bring from above  
 Songs of mercy, whispers of love.
- 3 Perfect submission, all is at rest,  
 I in my Saviour am happy and blest,  
 Watching and waiting, looking above,  
 Till, with His goodness, lost in His love,  
 Henry J. Crosby.





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