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Earnest C. Love

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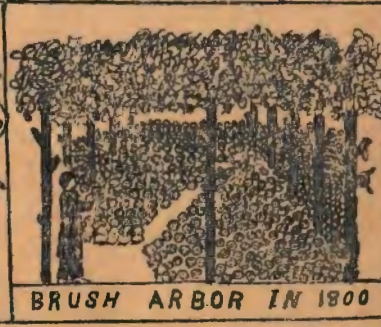
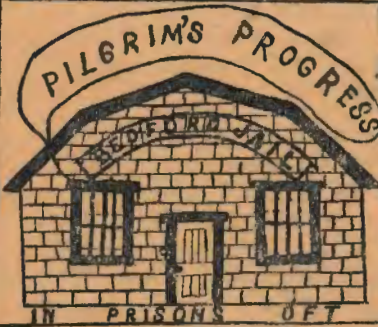
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INTERNATIONAL

SONGS THAT SHOOK TWO CONTINENTS
 EARNEST C. LOVE, EDITOR
 TUNES THAT SHOULD NEVER DIE

MELODIES



THE PACIFIC CHRISTIAN
 945 THORNE AVE
 FRESNO CALIFORNIA

Single Copy, postpaid, 20c; 12 Copies, \$2.00; 100 Copies, \$15.00

I N T R O D U C T I O N

The song-book introduced by this sketch is a new book but much of its contents are old. Most of these are sacred melodies, and of such intrinsic value to true worshipers that they have been kept not so much in books, but as sacred mementoes from generations of the past, and the editor has searched the ancient volumes and consulted aged Christians for what he decided would be suitable for this book.

Many of these songs were composed and sung before any person now living was born. I can remember more than seventy-five years ago when we worshiped in the log school building, and the music made by those earnest people was simply irresistible. Sinners would listen to these songs, and to the preaching of the gospel and before leaving the sanctuary would make the good confession.

The music to be made by God's people is singing, and when they sing with the Spirit and the understanding, that is true worship. Much of the music made by choirs and instruments is only noise, and not worship.

Worshippers of the earlier days were not so much concerned about choirs and instruments, but their sole purpose seemed to be to worship God, and that should be our aim today.

We do not have enough of the old style singing. There should be more old-fashioned singings in the homes of every neighborhood, and in the chapels, at least, once a week. Our neighbors and their children should be urged to attend. The songs in this book will be good for this.

We hope this little book will have a ready sale. My favorite song is No. 19. I am now in my eighty-fifth year.

ALFRED ELLMORE.

Covington, Indiana, March 26, 1924.

International Melodies

Edited by Earnest C. Love

— OLDEST AND SWEETEST SONGS IN PRINT —

Single Copy, postpaid, 20c; 12 Copies, \$2.00; 100 Copies, \$15.00

THE PACIFIC CHRISTIAN

945 THORNE AVENUE — FRESNO, CALIFORNIA

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By Earnest C. Love

1

Go On, Ye Pilgrims

Unknown

Unknown

1. Go on, ye pil-grims while be-low, In the sure path of peace;

De-ter-mined noth-ing else to know, But Je-sus and his grace;
D.S. Of-ten re-viled, but like a lamb, Did ne'er re-vile a-gain.

Observe your Leader, follow him; He thro' this world has been;

The musical score consists of four systems of two staves each. The first system begins with a treble clef, a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and a 6/8 time signature. The lyrics are written below the staves. The second system includes the instruction 'Fine.' at the end. The third system includes the instruction 'D.S.' at the end. The fourth system ends with a double bar line.

1

Go on, ye pilgrims while below,
In this sure path of peace;
Determined nothing else to know,
But Jesus and his grace;
Observe your Leader, follow him;
He thro' this world has been;
Often reviled, but like a lamb,
Did ne'er revile again.

2

Oh, take the pattern he has given
And love your enemies,
And learn the only way to heaven,
Through self-denial lies.
Remember, you must watch and pray
While trav'ling on the road,
Lest you should fall out by the way,
And wound the cause of God!

3

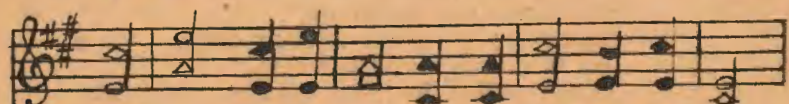
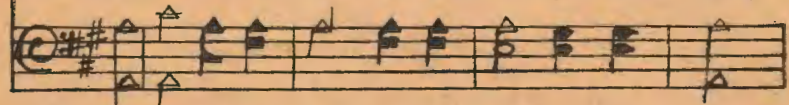
Go on rejoicing night and day,
Your crown is yet before;
Defy the trials of the way,
The storm will soon be o'er.
Soon we shall reach the promised land,
With all the ransomed race,
And join with all that glorious band,
To sing redeeming grace.



1. How firm a foun - da - tion, ye saints of the Lord,
2. In ev - ery con - di - tion--in sick - ness, in health,
3. Fear not; I am with you; O be not dis - mayed;
4. When through the deep wa - ters I cause you to go,



Is laid for your faith in his ex - cel - lent word;
 In pov - er - ty's vale or a - bound - ing in wealth;
 I, I am your God, and will still give you aid;
 The riv - ers of sor - row shall not you o'er - flow;



What more can he say than to you he hath said,
 At home and a - broad, on the land, on the sea---
 I'll strengthen you, help you, and cause you to stand,
 For I will be with you, your troub - les to bless,



You, who un - to Je - sus for ref - uge have fled?
 As your days may de - mand, so your suc - cor shall be.
 Up - held by my right - eous, om - nip - o - tent hand.
 And sanc - ti - fy to you your deep - est dis - tress.



Wm. Hunter

Wm. Miller



1. My heav'nly home is bright and fair,
 Nor pain, nor death can enter there;
 Its glitt'ring towers the sun outshine,
 That heav'n-ly man-sion shall be mine.

Cho. I'm going home, I'm going home, I'm going home; to die no more,
 To die no more, to die no more, I'm going home, to die no more.



2

My Father's house is built on high,
 Far, far above the starry sky;
 When from this earthly prison free,
 That heavenly mansion mine shall be.

3

Let others seek a home below,
 Where flames devour or waves o'erthrow;
 Be mine a happier lot to own,
 A heavenly mansion near the throne!

4

Then, fail this earth; let stars decline,
 And sun and moon refuse to shine,
 All nature sink and cease to be,
 That heavenly mansion stands for me!

5

When through fiery trials your pathway shall lie,
 My grace all sufficient shall be your supply;
 The flames shall not hurt you; I only design
 Your dross to consume and your gold to refine.

6

E'en down to old age all my people shall prove,
 My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love,
 And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn,
 Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be borne.

7

The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,
 I will not, I can not desert to his foes:
 That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake
 I'll never—no, never—no, never forsake!"

My Buried Friends

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in "International Melodies."

Unknown

Arr. by M. W.

The musical score consists of two systems. Each system has a vocal line in treble clef and a piano accompaniment in bass clef. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 4/4. The first system contains the first two lines of lyrics, and the second system contains the next two lines.

1. My bu-ried friends can I forget? Or must the grave eternal sever?
They linger in my mem-ory yet and in my heart they live forever!

2

They loved me once with love sincere,
And never did their love deceive me,
But often in my conflicts here
They rallied quickly to relieve me.

3

I heard them bid this world adieu,
I saw them on the raging billow—
That far off home appeared in view,
While yet they pressed the dying pillow.

4

I fain would weep, but what of tears!
No tears of mine could e'er recall them,
Nor could I wish that groveling cares—
Cares like mine, should e'er befall them.

5

They bask in scenes of light and love,
They dwell upon the mount of glory,
They live in realms of bliss above,
And shout to tell their pleasing story.

6

Oh, how I long to join their wing,
And range their fields of blooming flowers,
Come, holy watchers, come and bring
A mourner to your blissful bowers!

Awake, My Soul

Samuel Medley

Unknown

1. A-wake, my soul, to joyful lays,
And sing thy great Redeemer's praise;

He just-ly claims a song from thee;
His lov-ing kind-ness; O how free!

His lov-ing kind-ness, lov-ing kind-ness,
His lov-ing kind-ness, O how free!

The musical score consists of three systems, each with a vocal line (treble clef, G-clef) and a piano accompaniment line (bass clef, C-clef). The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are written below the notes.

2

He saw me ruined in the fall,
Yet loved me notwithstanding all;
He saved me from my lost estate,
His loving kindness, Oh, how great!

3

Though numerous hosts of mighty foes,
Though earth and hell my way oppose,
He safely leads my soul along,
His loving kindness, Oh, how strong!

4

When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
Has gathered thick and thundered loud,
He near my soul has always stood,
His loving kindness, Oh, how good!

5

Soon I shall pass this gloomy vale,
Soon all my mortal powers shall fail;
Oh! may my last expiring breath
His loving kindness sing in death

Isaac Watts

J. C. Lowell

1. Am I a sol - dier of the cross, A fel - lower of the Lamb,
 And shall I fear to own his cause, Or blush to speak his name?

The musical score consists of two systems of music. Each system has a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment line (bass clef). The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are printed below the vocal line.

2

Must I be carried to the skies
 On flowery beds of ease,
 While others fought to win the prize
 And sailed through bloody seas.

3

Are there no foes for me to face?
 Must I not stem the flood?
 Is this vile world a friend to grace,
 To help me on to God?

4

Sure I must fight if I would reign;
 Increase my courage, Lord;
 I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
 Supported by thy word!

5

Thy saints, in all this glorious war,
 Shall conquer though they die;
 They see the triumph from afar,
 By faith they bring it nigh!

6

When that illustrious day shall rise,
 And all thine armies shine
 In robes of victory through the skies,
 The glory shall be thine!

6

Then let me mount and soar away,
 To that bright land of endless day;
 And sing with rapture and surprise
 His loving kindness in the skies!

Friendless, Rejected

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Maggie Waggöner

Arr. by M. W.

1. Friendless, rejected by his own, Our Savior bore his grief alone;
The cru-el mob a-bout him cried, "A-way! let him be cru-el-fied!"

The image shows a musical score for the hymn. It consists of two systems of music. Each system has a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment line (bass clef). The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

2

Behold his mangled body now
Nailed to the cross on Calv'ry's brow!!
As Israel in the days of old,
The brazen serpent did behold!

3

He cried to God in agony,
"Oh, why hast thou forsaken me!"
His foes prevailed, he bowed his head,
" 'Tis finished," this he dying said.

4

Until his spirit took its flight,
The sun refused to give its light;
The veil was rent, the earth did quake,
And "many bodies" did awake!

5

His body in the grave was laid,
No human hands could give him aid;
The Romans sealed the guarded tomb;
His saints all groped in deepest gloom!

6

His Spirit which had stilled the waves,
And raised the dead when in their graves,
Was then in Satan's own dark land,
To conquer there by his strong hand!

7

Ten thousand demons guard Hell's gate,
Ten thousands angels near by wait;
The gate gives way! The vict'ry won!
The angels roll away the stone!

10 There Is a Land of Pure Delight

Isaac Watts

Arr. by G. F. R.

1. There is a land of pure de-light, Where saints im-mor-tal reign;
In-fi-nite day ex-cludes the night, And pleasures ban-ish pain.)

There ev-er-last-ing spring abides And never with'ring flow'rs;

Death like a nar-row sea divides This heav'nly land from ours.

The musical score consists of three systems of music. Each system has a vocal line on a treble clef staff and a piano accompaniment on a bass clef staff. The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is common time (C). The lyrics are printed below the vocal line of each system.

2

Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dressed in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.
But timorous mortals start and shrink
To cross this narrow sea,
And linger shivering on the brink.
And fear to launch away.

3

Oh, could we make our doubts remove
Those gloomy doubts that rise;
And see the Canaan that we love,
With unobscured eyes!
Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the Landscape o'er;
Not Jordan's wave nor death's cold flood
Could fright us from that shore!

8

The risen Savior gave command,
"My gospel preach in every land;
They of all nations who believe
Shall each eternal life receive."

Oh, Turn Ye

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in "International Melodies."

Unknown

Arr by M. W.

The musical score is written on two systems. Each system consists of a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment line (bass clef). The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 4/4. The first system contains the first two lines of lyrics. The second system contains the next two lines of lyrics and ends with a 'D.C.' (Da Capo) instruction.

1. Oh, turn ye, Oh, turn ye; for why will ye die,
b.C. Since Je- sus in- vites you, the Spirit says come;

When God in his mer - cy is com - ing so nigh?
The breth - ren are wait- ing to wel- come you home.

2

How vain the delusion, that while you delay,
Your hearts may grow better by staying away;
Come wretched, come starving, come just as you be,
Here streams of salvation are flowing most free.

3

Here Jesus is ready your souls to receive;
Oh! how can you question, since now you believe!
Since sin is your burden, why will you not come
He now bids you welcome—he now says there's room!

4

Why will you be starving and feeding on air?
There's mercy in Jesus, enough and to spare;
If still you are doubting, make trial and see,
And prove that his mercy is boundless and free!

5

In riches, in pleasure, what can you obtain,
To soothe your affliction, or banish your pain;
To bear up your spirit when summoned to die,
Or waft you to mansions of glory on high?

Farewell, My Dear Brethren

1

Farewell, my dear brethren, the time is at hand
That we must be parted from this social band;
Our several engagements now call us away.
Our parting is needful, and we must obey.

B. Francis

Lewis Edson

The musical score is written on four staves. The first staff is the vocal line, starting with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a common time signature (C). It ends with a 'Fin.' marking. The second staff is a piano accompaniment line, starting with a bass clef and a common time signature. The third staff is another vocal line, starting with a treble clef and a common time signature, ending with an 'Rc.' marking. The fourth staff is a piano accompaniment line, starting with a bass clef and a common time signature.

1. My gra-cious Redeemer I love; His praises aloud I'll proclaim, }
 And join with the armies above, To shout his a-dor-a-ble name. }
 D.C. And feel them incessantly shine, My boundless, ineffable joy.

To gaze on his glo-ries di-vine Shall be my e-ter-nal em - ploy,

2

You palaces, scepters and crowns,
 Your pride with disdain I survey,
 Your pomps are but shadows and sounds,
 And pass in a moment away.
 The crown that my Savior bestows,
 Yon permanent sun shall outshine;
 My joy everlastingly flows—
 My God, my Redeemer is mine.

2

Farewell, my dear brethren, farewell, for awhile,
 We'll soon meet again, if kind Providence smile;
 But when we are parted and scattered abroad,
 We'll pray for each other and wrestle with God!

3

Farewell, faithful soldiers, you'll soon be discharged,
 The war will be ended, your treasures enlarged;
 With shouting and singing, though Jordan may roar,
 We'll enter fair Canaan and stand on the shore.

4

Farewell, you young converts, enlisted for war,
 Sore conflicts await you, but Jesus is near;
 Although you must travel the dark wilderness,
 Your Captain's before you, he'll lead you to peace.

5

Farewell, faithfull Christians, farewell, all around,
 We may not all meet till the last trump shall sound;
 To meet you in glory I give you my hand,
 Our Savior to praise in that heavenly land!

—Unknown

How Sweet the Name

John Newton

Thomas Hastings

1. How sweet the name of Je - sus sounds in a be - liev - er's ear!

It soothes his sor - rows, heals his wounds,

And drives a - way his fear; and drives a-way his fear.

2

It makes the wounded spirit whole,
 And calms the troubled breast;
 'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
 And to the weary, rest.

3

Dear Name, the rock on which I build,
 My shield and hiding place;
 My never-failing treasury, filled
 With boundless stores of grace.

4

Jesus, my Shepherd, loving Friend,
 My Prophet, Priest, and King,
 My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
 Accept the praise I bring.

5

Weak is the effort of my heart,
 And cold my warmest thought,

Charles Wesley

Lowell Mason

1. Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to thy
while the bil - lows near me roll, While the tem - pest
D.C. Safe in - to the ha - ven guide; Oh, re - ceive my

bo - som fly; (Hide me, O my Sav - ior, hide,)
still is high. (Till the storm of life is past;) soul at last.

2

Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
More than all in thee I find;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick and lead the blind.
Just and holy is thy name,
I am all unrighteousness;
Vile and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of grace and truth.

3

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

But when I see thee as thou art,
I'll praise thee as I ought.

6

Till then I would thy love proclaim
With every fleeting breath;
And may the music of thy name
Refresh my soul in death.

The Sun Above Us Gleaming

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in "International Melodies."

Unknown

Arr. by M. W.



1. The sun a-bove us gleam-ing is not the sun for me;)
 Though joyous be its beaming and beau-ti-ful to see;)



(There is a Sun of Right - eous - ness)
 (Who cheers and saves me by (omit.....) his grace,



All copious on me streaming, Oh, that's the Sun for me.



2

The kings and lords of nations
Are not the kings for me;
Too low their highest stations,
Too mean their dignity;
The King of kings and Lord of lords,
Almighty in his ways and words,
The words of his salvation —
Oh, that's the King for me!

3

This house of death and mourning
Is not the house for me,
Where all to dust are turning,
In tears and agony;
But there's a house not made with hand,
It ever stood and ever stands,
Beyond the world's last burning;
Oh, that's the house for me!

Unknown

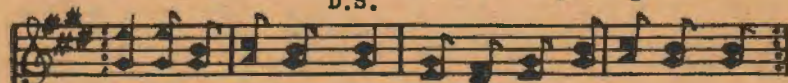
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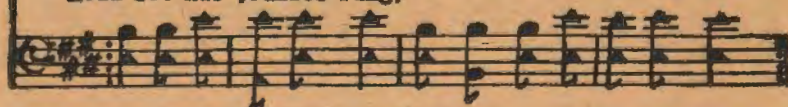
1. There is a hap - py land, far, far a - way,)
 Where saints in glo-ry stand, bright, bright as day.)
 D.S.--praise,praise for aye!



D.S.



Oh, how they sweetly sing, worthy is our Savior King,
 Loud let his praises ring;



2

Come to that happy land come, come away;
 Why will ye doubting stand? why still delay?
 Oh, we shall happy be, when from sin and sorrow free;
 Lord, we shall live with thee, blest, blest, for aye.

3

Bright in that happy land, beams every eye,
 Kept by a Father's hand, love cannot die.
 Oh, then to glory run, be a crown and kingdom won,
 And bright above the sun, reign evermore.

4

The wars the hero fights in
 Are not the wars for me;
 The war my soul delights in
 Shall end in victory;
 'Tis not a war of flesh and blood—
 I fight for heaven, I fight for God,
 A kingdom with my rights in,
 Oh, that's the war for me!

5

This land of sin and sorrow
 Is not the land for me;
 Where anguish oft I borrow
 From dying company;
 Th' immortal land is far away,
 I'll enter it on some bright day,
 That day may be tomorrow—
 Oh, that's the land for me.

18 **Fleshly Israel Dwelt in Bondage**

Copyright, 1924, by Earnest C. Love

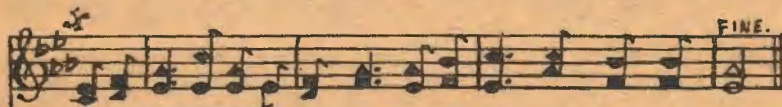
Maggie Waggoner

in "International Melodies."

Arr. by M. W.



1. Fleshly Israel dwelt in bondage, Bore their heavy yoke with sighs;



God sent Moses to redeem them, For he heard their mournful cries.
D.S. He's the God of our sal - va - tion; he a-lone our souls can save.



Cho. Trust Jehovah, he's our ref-uge; And a present help in trouble;



2

Hear the message from Jehovah,
"Let all Israel now depart;
Let my people go and serve me!"
But he hardened Pharaoh's heart.

3

Pleagues of death and sore affliction
Egypt suffered until they
Humbly begged for Israel's blessing,
And then bade them go their way.

4

Pharaoh with his hosts pursued them
To the Red Sea's waters deep;
Israel's hosts all crossed in safety
'Neath dark walls of water steep.

5

God's great power the sea divided—
See them cross with garments dry!
Pharaoh's hosts rush madly after—
Waves return! Oh, hear their cry!

Though Troubles Assail

John Newton

Jeremiah Ingalls

1. Though troubles assail and dangers af-fright, Though friends
 should all fail and foes all u-nite, Yet one thing se-ures us,
 whatever betide, The Scripture assures us, the Lord will provide.

The image shows a musical score for the hymn 'Though Troubles Assail'. It consists of three systems of music, each with a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment line (bass clef). The first system is marked with a '1' and contains the first line of the lyrics. The second system is marked with a '2' and contains the second line of the lyrics. The third system is marked with a '3' and contains the third line of the lyrics. The music is in a common time signature and features a simple, hymn-like melody.

2

The birds, without barn or storehouse, are fed;
 From them, let us learn to trust for our bread;
 His saints what is fitting shall ne'er be denied,
 So long as 'tis written, the Lord will provide.

3

We may, like the ships, by tempests be tossed
 On perilous seas, but can not be lost;
 Though Satan enrages the wind and the tide,
 The promise engages, the Lord will provide.

4

His call, we obey, like Abra'am of old,
 Not knowing our way, but faith makes us bold;
 For, though we are strangers, we have a good guide,
 And trust in all dangers the Lord will provide.

5

No strength of our own or goodness we claim;
 But since we have known the Savior's great name,
 In this, our strong tower, for safety we hide,
 The Lord is our power, the Lord will provide.

6

When life sinks apace, and death is in view,
 The word of his grace shall comfort us through:
 Not fearing or doubting with Christ on our side,
 We hope to die shouting the Lord will provide.

1. On Jor- dan's storm- y banks I stand, And cast a wish- ful eye;
 Cho. I'm bound for the Promised Land, I'm bound for the Promised Land.

To Ca- naan's fair and hap- py land, Where my pos- ses- sions lie,
 Oh, who will come and go with me? I'm bound for the Promised Land.

The image shows a musical score for the hymn 'On Jordan's Stormy Banks'. It consists of four staves of music. The first two staves correspond to the first line of lyrics, and the last two staves correspond to the second line of lyrics. The music is written in a single system with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The lyrics are printed below the notes.

2

O the transporting rapt'rous scene
 That rises to my sight!
 Sweet fields arrayed in living green,
 And rivers of delight!

3

There gen'rous fruits that never fail
 (On trees immortal grow;
 There rocks, and hills, and brooks and vales,
 With milk and honey flow.

4

All o'er these wide extended plains
 Shines one eternal day;
 There God, the Son, forever reigns,
 And scatters night away.

5

No chilling winds, nor pois'nous breath
 Can reach that healthful shore;
 Sickness and sorrow, pain nor death,
 Are felt and feared no more.

6

When shall I reach that happy place,
 And be forever blessed!
 When shall I see my Father's face
 And in his bosom rest!

7

Filled with delight, my raptured soul
 Would here no longer stay;
 Though Jordan's waves around me roll,
 Fearless I'd launch away!

22 I Hear Thee Speak of the Better Land

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Mrs. Felicia D. Hemans

Unknown

1. I hear thee speak of the Bet - ter Land; Thou call-est its
2. Is it where the feath - er - y palm trees rise, And the date grows
3. Is it far a - way in some re - gion old, Where the riv - ers

chil - dren a hap - py band! Moth - er, O where is that ra - diant
ripe under sun - ny skies, Or 'midst the green islands of glittering
wan - der o'er sands of gold, And the burn - ing rays of the ru - bies

shore, Shall we not seek it and weep no more?
seas, Where fra - grant for - ests per - fume the breeze,
shine, And the dia - mond lights up the se - cret mine?

(Is it where the flow - er of the or - ange blows?)
(And the fire - flies dance in the myr - tle boughs?)
(And strange bright birds on their starry wings,) Not there,
(Bear the rich hues of all glo - rious things?)
(And the pearl glows forth from the coral strand)
(Is it there, sweet moth - er, that Bet - ter Land?)

Not there! Not there! Not there! My child, not there!

4

Eye hath not seen it, my gentle boy,
Ear hath not heard its sweet song of joy!
Dreams cannot picture a world so fair,
Sorrow and death may not enter there,
Time may not breathe on its fadeless bloom.
Far beyond the clouds and beyond the tomb!
'Tis there, 'tis there! etc.

23 From Every Stormy Wind that Blows

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H Stowell

Arr. by M. W.

The musical score consists of four staves. The first staff is a treble clef with a 6/8 time signature. The second staff is a bass clef with a 6/8 time signature. The third staff is a treble clef with a 6/8 time signature, featuring a 'RIT' (ritardando) marking above it. The fourth staff is a bass clef with a 6/8 time signature. The lyrics are written below the staves, with some words in parentheses indicating phrasing.

1. From ev-'ry stormy wind that blows, From ev'ry swell-
There is a calm, a sure retreat,---'Tis found beneath

ing tide of woes,) 'Tis found beneath the mercy seat.
the mer- cy seat.) 'Tis found beneath the mercy seat.

2

There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads,
A place than all besides more sweet—
It is the blood-bought mercy seat.||

3

There is a scene where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend;
Though sundered far—by faith they meet
Around one common mercy seat.||

4

Ah! whither could we flee for aid,
When tempted, desolate, dismayed—
Or how the hosts of hell defeat,
Had suffering souls no mercy seat?!||

5

There! there on eagles' wings we soar,
And sin and sense seem all no more,
And heaven comes down our souls to greet.
And glory crowns the mercy seat!||

6

Oh, let my hand forget her skill,
My tongue be silent, cold and still,
This bounding heart forget to beat,
Ere I forget the mercy seat!||

My Christian Friends

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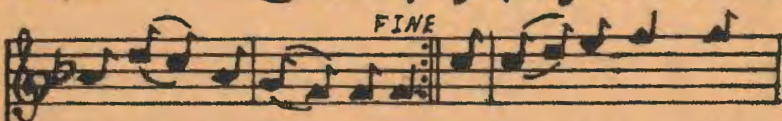
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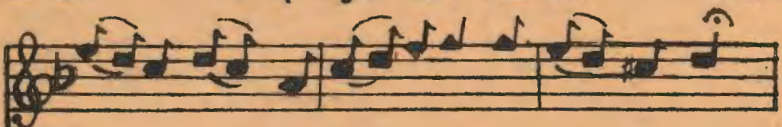
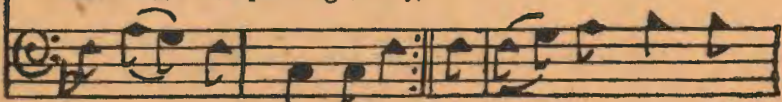
1. My Christian friends, in bonds of love, whose hearts,
Your friendship's like the strongest band, Yet we
D.C. And when I see that we must part, You draw

2. How sweet the hours have passed away, Since we
How loath we are to leave the place, Where Je-
D.C. But pilgrims in a for - eign land, We oft



the sweet-est un-ion prove,) Your presence sweet, Our
must take the parting hand.) like cords around my heart.)

have met to sing and pray,) Oh, could I stay with
shows his smil - ing face.) must take the parting hand.)



un - ion dear, What joys we feel to - geth - er here!
friends so kind, How it would cheer my fainting mind!



3

My Christian friends, both old and young,
I trust you will in Christ go on;
Press on, and soon we'll win the prize—
A crown of glory in the skies!
A few more days, or years at most,
And we shall reach fair Canaan's coast;
When, in that holy, happy land,
We'll no more take the parting hand.

Sweet Hour of Prayer

W. W. Walford

Wm. B. Bradbury

1. Sweet hour of pray'r, sweet hour of pray'r, That calls
And bids me at my Fath - er's throne, Make all
D.C. And oft es - caped the temp - ter's snare, By thy

FINE.

me from a world of care,)
my wants and (Omit.....) wishes known; In seasons of
return sweet (Omit.....) hour of pray'r.

D.C.

dis-tress and grief, My soul has of-ten found re-lief;

2

Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer
The joy I feel, the bliss I share
Of those whose anxious spirits burn
With strong desire for thy return!
With such I hasten to the place
Where God, my Savior, shows his face,
And gladly take my station there,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.

3

Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer
Thy wings shall my petition bear
To him whose truth and faithfulness
Engage the waiting soul to bless;
And since he bids me seek his face,
Believe his word and trust his grace,
I'll cast on him my every care,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.

Oh, Come, Come with Me

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Unknown

Arr. by M. W

1. Oh, come, come with me to the old church - yard, I well know
Friends slumber there we were wont to re-gard, W'll trace out
D.C. For deep is their sleep, though cold and hard, Their pil - low

FINE. ♩

the path through the soft green sward; }
their names in the old church - yard. } Oh, mourn not for them,
may be in the old church - yard.

D.C.

their grief is o'er; Weep not for them, they weep no more:

2

I know it seems vain when friends depart
To breathe kind words to the broken heart;
I know that the joys of life seem marred,
When we follow our friends to the old church yard;
But were I at rest beneath you tree,
Why should you weep, dear friends, for me?
I'm wayworn and sad, Oh, why then retard
The rest that I seek in the old church yard.

3

Our friends linger there in sweetest repose,
Released from the world's sad bereavement and woes;

27 Did Christ O'er Sinners Weep

Benj. Beddome

Lowell Mason

1. Did Christ o'er sin - ners weep, And shall our cheeks be dry?

Let tears of pen - i - ten - tial grief Flow forth from ev - ery eye!

2

3

The Son of God in tears,

He wept that we might weep:

The wond'ring angels see;

Each sin demands a tear;

Be thou astonished, O my soul,

In heav'n alone no sin is found

He shed those tears for thee.

And there's no weeping there.

And who would not rest with the friends they regard
 In quietude sweet in the old church yard?
 We'll rest in the hope of that bright day,
 When beauty shall spring from the prison of clay,
 When Gabriel's voice and the trump of the Lord,
 Shall awaken the dead in the old church yard!

4

Oh! weep not for me, I am anxious to go
 To that haven of rest where tears never flow
 I fear not to enter that dark lonely ward;
 For soon I shall rise from the old church yard:
 Yes, soon shall I join that heavenly band
 Of glorified saints at my Savior's right hand:
 Forever to dwell in bright mansions, prepared
 For the saints, who shall rise from the old church yard.

The Angels that Watched

Wm. B. Collyer

Unknown



1. The angels that watched 'round the tomb, Where lay the
When deep in mor - tal - i - ty's gloom, He hid for
D.C. Have wit-nessed his ris-ing and swept The chords with



Redeemer was laid, } That veiled their fair face while
a season his head; } the triumph of joy.



he slept, And ceased their sweet harps to em - ploy;



2

You saints, who once languished below,
But long since have entered your rest,
I pant to be glorified, too,
And lean on Immanuel's breast!
The grave in which Jesus was laid
Has buried my guilt and my fears;
And while I contemplate its shade,
The light of his presence appears!

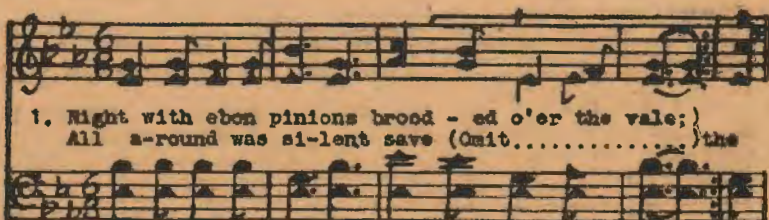
3

Oh, sweet is the season of rest,
When life's weary journey is done!
The blush that spreads over its west
The last ling'ring ray of its sun!
Though dreary the empire of night,
I soon shall emerge from its gloom,
And see immortality's light
Arise on the shades of the tomb!

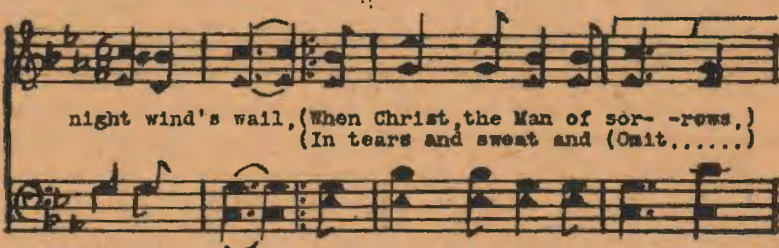
Night with Ebon Pinions

L. H. Jameson

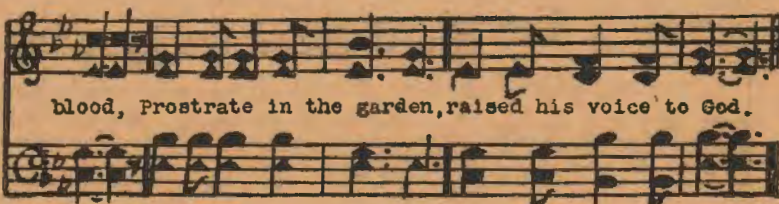
J. P. Powell



1. Night with ebon pinions brood - ed o'er the vale;
All a-round was si-lent save (Omit.....) the



night wind's wail, (When Christ, the Man of sor-rows,)
(In tears and sweat and (Omit.....))



blood, Prostrate in the garden, raised his voice to God.

2
Smitten for offenses
Which were not his own,
He for our transgressions
Had to weep alone! [fort].
No friend with words to com-
Nor hand to help was there,
When the Meek and Lowly
Humbly bowed in prayer!

3
Abba, Father, Father,
If indeed it may,
Let this cup of anguish
Pass from me I pray;
Yet if it must be suffered,
By me, thine only Son,
Abba, Father, Father,
Let thy will be done.

4
Then welcome the last rending sighs,
When these aching heart-strings shall break;
When death shall extinguish these eyes,
And moisten with dew the pale cheek!
No terror the prospect begets;
I am not mortality's slave;
The sunbeam of life as it sets
Paints a rain-bow of peace o'er the grave!

1. O how hap - py are they who their Savior obey, And have laid
up their treas - ures a - bove; Tongue can nev - er ex - press the
sweet oom - fort and peace Of a soul in its ear - li - est love.

The musical score consists of three systems, each with a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment line (bass clef). The key signature has one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

2

That comfort is mine, since the favor divine,
I have found in the blood of the Lamb;
Since the truth I believed, what a joy I received,
What a heaven in Jesus' blest name!

5

'Tis a heaven below, my Redeemer to know,
And the angels can do nothing more,
Than to fall at his feet, and the story repeat,
And the Lover of sinners adore!

4

Jesus all the day long, is my joy and my song;
Oh, that all his salvation might see!
He hath loved me, I cried, he hath suffered and died,
To redeem a poor sinner like me.

5

On the wings of his love I am carried above
All sin, and temptation, and pain;
Oh, why should I grieve, since on him I believe,
Oh, why should I sorrow again.

31 O Thou Fount of Every Blessing

R. Robinson

J. J. Rousseau

The musical score consists of four staves. The first staff is the vocal line, starting with a treble clef, a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and a 3/4 time signature. It ends with a fermata. The second staff is the piano accompaniment, starting with a bass clef and ending with a fermata. The lyrics are written below the staves.

1. O Thou Fount of every blessing! Tune my heart to sing thy grace;
Streams of mercy, never ceasing, Call for songs of loudest praise;
D.C. While the hope of endless glory Fills my heart with joy and love.

Teach me ev-er to a-dore thee, May I still thy good-ness prove,

2

Here I raise my Ebenezer,
Hither by thy help I've come,
And I hope by thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home;
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wand'ring from thy fold, O God,
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed his precious blood.

3

Oh! to grace how great a debtor,
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let thy goodness like a fetter
Bind my wand'ring heart to thee:
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,
Prone to leave the God I love,
Here's my heart, Oh, take and seal it,
Seal it for thy courts above.

6

Oh, the rapturous height of that holy delight,
Which I feel in the life-giving blood!
Of my Savior possessed, I am perfectly blessed,
Being filled with the fulness of God.

7

Now my remnant of days, I will spend to his praise,
Who has died, me from sin to redeem;
Whether many or few, all my days are his due:
They shall all be devoted to him.

A Charge to Keep I Have

C. Wesley

Lowell Mason

1. A charge to keep I have, A God to glo - ri - fy;
 A nev - er dy - ing soul to save, And fit it for the sky!

2

To serve the present age,
 My calling to fulfill;
 Oh, may it all my pow'rs engage
 To do my Master's will!

3

Arm me with jealous care,
 As in thy sight to live;
 And Oh, thy servant, Lord, prepare
 A strict account to give.

4

Help me watch and pray,
 And on thyself rely,
 Assured, if I my trust betray,
 I shall forever die.

My Soul be on Thy Guard

1

My soul, be on thy guard!
 Ten thousand foes a-rise;
 The hosts of sin are press-ing hard
 To draw thee from the skies.

2

Oh, watch and fight and pray,
 The battle ne'er give o'er;
 Renew it boldly every day,
 And help divine implore.

3

Ne'er think the victory won,
 Nor lay thine armor down;
 Thine arduous work will not be done
 Till thou obtain the crown.

34 Since I Can Read My Title Clear

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in "International Melodies."

Isaac Watts

Arr. by M. W.

1. Since I can read my ti - tle clear,
I'll bid fare - well to ev - 'ry fear,
We're a long time trav - 'ling here be - low,
We're a long time trav - 'ling here be - low.

To man - sions in the skies,
And wipe my weep - ing (Omit.....) eyes,
We're a long time trav - 'ling a-way from home,
To lay this bod - y (Omit.....) down.

The image shows a musical score for the hymn 'Since I Can Read My Title Clear'. It consists of three systems of music. The first system has a vocal line with lyrics and a piano accompaniment line. The second system continues the vocal line with lyrics and the piano accompaniment. The third system continues the piano accompaniment. The lyrics are arranged in lines corresponding to the notes of the vocal line.

2

Should earth against my soul engage,
And fiery darts be hurled,
Then I would smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.

3

Let cares, like a wild deluge, come,
And storms of sorrow fall,
May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all.

4

There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest;
And not a wave of trouble roll,
Across my peaceful breast.

4

Fight on, my soul, till death
Shall bring thee to thy God;
He'll take thee, at thy parting breath,
Up to his blest abode.

—George Heath

35 I Am Dwelling on the Mountain

Unknown

Unknown

Musical score for the hymn "I Am Dwelling on the Mountain". The score is written for voice and piano. The first system shows the vocal line with the lyrics: "1. I am dwelling on the mountain. Where the golden sunlight gleams, / O'er a land whose wondrous beauty far exceeds my fondest dreams; / D.C. That are blooming at the fountain, 'Neath the amaranthine bow'rs." The second system shows the piano accompaniment with the lyrics: "Where the air is pure ethereal, Laden with the breath of flow-ers, D.C." The score includes a "FINE" marking at the end of the first system and a "D.C." marking at the end of the second system.

2

I can see far down the mountain
Where we groped for many years,
When we wandered in the darkness
With the ghost of doubt and fears;
Broken vows and disappointments
Thickly scattered all the way,
But the Bible led unerring
To the land I hold today!

3

Tell me not of heavy crosses,
Or of burdens hard to bear,
For I find this great salvation
Makes each burden light appear;
And I love to follow Jesus.
Gladly counting all but dross,
Worldly honor all forsaking
For the glory of his cross.

4

Oh, the cross has wondrous beauty,
Oft I've found this to be true;
When I'm in the way so narrow,
I can see my pathway through;
And how sweetly Jesus whispers,
"Take the cross, thou need not fear;
I have trod the way before thee,
And my glory lingers near!"

Unknown

Unknown

FINE

1. Sin - ner go, will you go, to the high - lands of heav - en?
 Where the storms nev - er blow and the long sum - mer's giv - en;
 D.C. And the leaves of the bow'rs in the breez - es are flit - ting.

Where the bright bloom - ing flow'rs are their o - dors e - mit - ting;

D.C.

2

Where the rich golden fruit
 Is in bright clusters pending,
 And the deep laden boughs
 Of life's fair tree are bending;
 And where life's crystal stream
 Is unceasingly flowing.
 And the verdure is green
 And eternally growing!

3

Where the saints robed in white —
 Cleansed in life's flowing fountain—
 Shining beautiful and bright,
 They inhabit the mountain;
 Where no sin, nor dismay,
 Neither trouble nor sorrow,
 Will be felt for the day,
 Or be feared for the morrow.

4

He's prepared thee a home—
 Sinner canst thou believe it?
 And invites thee to come,
 Sinner, wilt thou receive it?
 Oh, come, sinner, come!
 For the tide is receding,
 And the Savior will soon,
 And forever cease pleading!

There Is a Fountain

Wm. Cowper

Lowell Mason

1. There is a foun - tain filled with blood, Drawn from
Im - man - uel's veins; And sin - ners plunged be - neath
that flood, Lose all their gull - ty stains. Lose all
their gull-ty stains, Lose all their gull-ty stains;

2

The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.

3

Dear dying Lamb, thy precious blood
Will never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed church of God
Be saved to sin no more.

4

E'er since by faith I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die!

O Land of Rest (No. 1)

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Unknown

in "International Melodies."

Arr. by M. W.

The musical score consists of three staves of music. The first staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one flat (B-flat), and a 2/4 time signature. The melody is written on a single line. The lyrics are: "1. O land of rest, for thee I sigh, When will the no - ment come,) When I can lay my ar - mor by, And dwell in peace at home?) And dwell in peace at home?)". The second staff continues the melody with the lyrics: "And dwell in peace at home.... And dwell in peace at (omit...) home; When I can lay my ar - mor". The third staff concludes the piece with the lyrics: "And dwell in peace at home....". There are musical markings such as "FINE" at the end of the first staff and "D.S." (Da Capo) at the beginning of the second and third staves.

2

No tranquil joys on earth I know,
No peaceful sheltering dome;
This world's a wilderness of woe,
This world is not my home.
This world, etc.

3

When by afflictions sharply tried,
I view the open tomb,
Although I dread death's chilling tide,
Yet still I long for home.
Yet still, etc.

4

Weary of toil and wandering 'round,
This vale of sin and gloom,
I long to quit the unhallowed ground,
And dwell with Christ at home.
And dwell, etc.

5

Our tears shall all be wiped away,
When we have ceased to roam;
And we shall hear our Father say,
Come, dwell with me at home.
Come, dwell, etc.

5

Then, in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing thy power to save;
When this poor lisping, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave!

Charlotte Elliott

Wm. B. Bradbury

1. Just as I am, with-out one plea,
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bidst me come to thee;
O Lamb of God, I come, I come!

The musical score consists of two systems of two staves each. The first system contains the first two lines of lyrics, and the second system contains the last two lines. The music is written in a treble and bass clef with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and a 2/4 time signature. The melody is primarily in the treble clef, with accompaniment in the bass clef.

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, though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt;
With fears within, and foes without—
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

4

Just as I am, poor, wretched blind—
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yes, all I need, in thee to find —
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

5

Just as I am—thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve
Because thy promise I believe—
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

6

Just as I am—thy love unknown,
Has broken every barrier down;
Now to be thine, yea, thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

O Happy Day

Philip Doddridge

E. F. Rimbault

1. O hap - py day that fixed my choice, On thee my Sav-
Well may this glowing heart rejoice, And tell its rapt-

CHORUS.
ior and my God.) Happy day, happy day, when Jesus washed
ure all abroad.)

FINE. D.S.
my sins a - way! (He taught me how to sing and pray,)
(And live re - joicing ev - 'ry day!)

2

O happy bond, that seals my vows
To him who merits all my love!
Let cheerful anthems fill his house,
While to that sacred shrine I move.

3

'Tis done, the great transaction's done;
I am my Lord's and he is mine,
He drew me and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice divine!

4

Now, rest my long divided heart,
Fixed on that blissful center, rest;
Here have I found a nobler part,
Here heavenly pleasures fill my breast!

41 Hear The Royal Proclamation

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Unknown

Arr. by Lou Donie Love

The musical score is written on five systems of staves. Each system consists of a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment line (bass clef). The key signature is two sharps (F# and C#), and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are printed below the vocal line. The score includes a first ending marked 'FINE' and a second ending marked 'D. S.' (Da Capo). The lyrics are: '1. Hear the royal proclamation, The glad tidings of sal- vation; Publishing to every creature---To the ruined D.S.--O'er heav'n and sons of na - ture; Je-sus reigns.He reigns victorious; earth most glorious;Lo! he(Omit..)reigns.'

2

See the royal banners flying,
Hear the heralds loudly crying,
Rebel sinners, royal favor
Now is offered by the Savior.
Jesus reigns, etc.

3

Hear, ye sons of wrath and ruin,
Who have wrought your own un-doing,
Here is life and free salvation,
Offered to the whole creation.
Jesus reigns, etc.

4

It was for you that Jesus died,
For you he was crucified,
Conquered death and rose to heaven,
Eternal life through him is given.
Jesus reigns, etc.

42 Must Jesus Bear the Cross Alone?

Geo. N. Allen

Thos. Shepherd

1. Must Je- sus bear the cross a- lone, And all the world go free?
No, there's a cross for ev-ery one, And there's a cross for me.

The image shows a musical score for the hymn. It consists of four staves of music. The first staff is the vocal line, starting with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The lyrics are written below the first two staves. The second staff is a piano accompaniment line. The third and fourth staves continue the piano accompaniment. The music is in a common time signature (C).

2

How happy are the saints above,
Who once went sorrowing here!
But now they taste unmingled love,
And joy without a tear.

3

The consecrated cross I'll bear
Till death shall set me free,
And then go home my crown to wear,
For there's a crown for me.

4

Upon the crystal pavement, down
At Jesus' pierced feet,
With joy I'll cast my golden crown,
And his dear name repeat.

5

The saints shall hear the mid-night cry;
The Lord will then appear,
As virgins wise, with burning lamps,
We'll meet him in the air.

6

O precious cross! O glorious crown!
O resurrection day!
Ye angels, from the stars, come down,
And bear my soul away.

5

Turn unto the Lord most holy,
Shun the paths of vice and folly—
Turn, or you are lost forever;
Turn, Oh, turn to Christ your Savior!
Jesus reigns, etc.

Time Speeds Away

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J. W. McGarvey

in "International Melodies."
Arr. by M. W.



1. Time speeds a - way, a - way, a - way, an-oth-er hour,
An - oth - er month, an-oth-er year drops from us like
D.C. The tress-es from our tem-ples fall, the eye grows dim



an - oth - er day,) Drops like the life - blood from
a leaf - let sear;) and strange to all.



our hearts; the rose - bloom from our cheeks de-part;



2

Time speeds away, away, away;
Like torrents in a stormy day;
He undermines the stately tower,
Uproots the tree and snaps the flower;
And sweeps from our distracted breast
The friends that loved, the friends that blest,
And leaves us weeping on the shore
To which they can return no more!

3

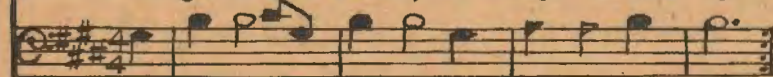
Time speeds away, away, away;
No eagle through the sky of day;
No wind along the hills can flee
So swiftly or so smooth as he.

I Would Not Live Always

Copyright, 1924, by Earnest C. Love in "International Melodies."
W. A. Muhlenberg Arr. by M. W.



1. I would not live al - ways; I ask not to stay;
Where storm af - ter storm ris - es dark o'er (Omit...)
D.C. Are enough for life's woes, full enough for (Omit...)



the way; The few cloudy mornings that dawn on us here;
its cheer.



2
I would not live always; no, welcome the tomb!
Since Jesus has lain there, I dread not its gloom;
There sweet be my rest till he bid me arise
To hail him in triumph, descending the skies.

3
Who, who would live always, away from his God,
Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,
Where rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright plains,
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns;

4
Where the saints of all ages in harmony meet,
Their Savior and brethren transported to greet;
While the anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,
And the smile of their Lord is the feast of the soul?

Like fiery steeds, from stage to stage,
He bears us on from youth to age,
Then plunges in the fearful sea
Of fathomless eternity!

4
Time speeds away, away, away;
O sinner, turn; no more delay;
A fearful end, an awful doom
Awaits you just beyond the tomb!
The door will shut! make haste, make haste!
In outer darkness you'll be cast!
Then what will be your fearful state?
You'll hear pronounced, "Too late, too late!"

Dark and Thorny Is the Desert

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Unknown

Arr. by M. W.

The musical score consists of three staves. The first staff is a vocal line with lyrics. The second staff is a piano accompaniment. The third staff is a vocal line with lyrics. The score ends with a 'FINE' marking and a 'D.C.' (Da Capo) instruction.

1. Dark and thorny is the desert Thro' which pilgrims make their way,
But be-yond this vale of sorrow, Lie the realms of end-less day;
D.C. Meet the tempest, fight with courage--Never faint but often pray.

Dear young sol-diers, do not mur-mur At the troub-les of the way;

2

He whose thunder shakes creation;
He who bids the planets roll;
He who rides upon the tempest,
And whose sceptre sways the whole;
Jesus, Jesus, will defend you;
Trust in him and him alone;
He has shed his blood to save you,
And will bring you to his throne.

3

There on flowery fields of pleasure,
And the hills of endless rest,
Joy and peace and love shall ever
Reign in triumph in your breast.
There ten thousand flaming seraphs
Fly across the heavenly plain;
There they sing immortal praises.
Glory, glory is their theme.

4

But, me thinks, a sweeter concert
Makes the crystal arches ring,
And a song is heard in Zion
Which the angels can not sing:
Who can paint those sons of glory,
Ransomed souls that dwell on high,
Who with golden harps forever,
Sound redemption through the sky!

5

See the heavenly host in rapture
Gazing on these shining bands;
Wondering at their costly garments,
And the laurels in their hands;

1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Chris - tian love;

The fel - low - ship of kin - dred minds Is like to that a - bove.

2

Before our Father's throne
We pour ardent prayers;
Our hopes, our fears, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our fears.

3

This glorious hopes revives
Our courage by the way
While each in expectation lives,
And longs to see the day.

4

When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be joined in heart
And hope to meet again.

5

From sorrow, toil, and pain,
And sin, we shall be free,
And perfect love and friendship reign
Through all eternity.

There upon the golden pavement,
See the ransomed march along!
While the brilliant courts of glory
Sweetly echo with their song!

6

Here I see the under shepherds,
And the flocks they fed below,
Here with joy they dwell together,
Jesus is their Shepherd now.
Hail! you happy, happy spirits!
Welcome to this blissful plain—
Glory, honor, and salvation;
Reign, sweet Shepherd, ever reign!

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 Unknown Arr. by Alfred Ellmore

1. We're trav'ling home to heav'n above; Will you go? will you go?
 To sing the Sav-ior's dy-ing love; Will you go? will you go?
 D.C. And mil-lions more are on the road; Will you go? will you go?

Mill-ions have reached,
 that blest a-bode,) A-noint-ed kings and priests to God,

2

We're going to see the Loving Lamb,
 Will you go? will you go?
 In rapturous strains to praise his name,
 Will you go? will you go?
 The crown of life we there shall wear,
 The Conq'teror's palms our hands shall bear,
 And all the joys of heaven we'll share;
 Will you go? will you go?

3

We're going to join the heavenly choir,
 Will you go? will you go?
 To raise our voice and tune the lyre,
 Will you go? will you go?
 There saints and angels gladly sing,
 Hosanna to their God and King,
 And make the heavenly arches ring,
 Will you go? will you go?

4

Ye weary, heavy laden, come;
 Will you go? will you go?
 In the blest house there still is room;
 Will you go? will you go?
 The Lord is willing to receive,
 If thou wait on him now believe,
 He'll give thy troubled conscience ease,
 Come, believe; come, believe.

5

The way to heaven is straight and plain,
 Will you go? will you go?
 Believe, repent, be born again,

Gone From My Heart

Unknown

Arr. by Stephen Foster

1. Gone from my heart, the world and all its charms;
Gone are my sins, and
all that would alarm; Gone evermore, and by his grace I know The
D.S. because he first loved me, And

FINE. CHORUS. D.S.

pre-cious blood of Je-sus cleans-es white as snow. (I love him;
pur- chased my sal- va- tion on Cal- v'ry's tree.)

2

Once I was lost upon the plains of sin,
Once was a slave to doubts and fears within;
Once was afraid to trust a loving God,
But now my guilt is washed away in Jesus' blood. Chorus:—

3

Once I was bound, but now I am set free,
Once I was blind, but now the light I see;
Once I was dead, but now in Christ I live,
To tell the world the peace that he alone can give. Chorus:—

The Savior cries aloud to thee,
"Take up thy cross, and follow me,
And thou shalt my salvation see,
Come to me; come to me.

6

Oh' could I hear some sinner say,
I will go; I will go;
I'll start this moment, clear the way,
Let me go; let me go!
My old companions, fare you well,
I will not go with you to hell,
With Jesus Christ I mean to dwell,
Let me go! fare you well!

49 That Sweetest, Dearest Tie that Binds

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Unknown

Auld Lang Sine

1. That sweet-est, dear-est tie that binds Our glow-ing hearts in

one--That sa-cred hope that binds our minds To har-mo-ny di-giv'n--The hope when days and years are past, We all shall meet in

FINE vine--It is the hope, the blis-sful hope, Which Je-sus' grace has heav'n.

2

What though the northern wintry blast
Shall howl around my cot,
What though beneath a southern sun
Be cast my distant lot;
Yet we shall have the blissful hope
Which Jesus' grace has given;—
The hope, when days and years are past,
We all shall meet in heaven.

3

From Birmah's shore, from Afric's strand,
From India's burning plain,
From Europe, from Columbia's land,
We hope to meet again;
It is the hope, the blissful hope,
Which Jesus' grace has given,
The hope, when days and years are past
We all shall meet in heaven.

4

No lingering look, no parting sigh,
No future meeting knows,
The friendship beams in every eye,
And hope immortal grows:

O Land of Rest (No.2)

Elizabeth Mills

William Miller

1. O land of rest, for thee I sigh, When will the moment
When shall I lay my ar-mor by, And dwell in peace at
D.S.--And we'll be gath-ered

-Chorus.

come,
(Omit...)home? We'll work till Je- sus comes, We'll
(Omit...)home.

D.S.
work till Je-sus comes, We'll work till Je-sus comes;

2

No tranquil joys on earth I know,
No peaceful sheltering dome;
This world's a wilderness of woe,
This world is not my home.

3

To Jesus Christ I fled for rest;
He bade me cease to roam,
And lean for succor on his breast,
Till he conduct me home.

4

I sought at once my Savior's side,
No more my steps shall roam;
With him I'll brave death's chilling tide,
And reach my Heavenly home.

O sacred hope! O blissful hope,
Which Jesus' grace has given,
The hope, when days and years are past,
We all shall meet in heaven.

Hail the Blest Morn

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Reginad Heber

Arr. by M. W.

1. Hail the blest morn, when the great Me-di-a-tor Down from the
Shep-herds, go, worship the Babe in the man-ger; Lo! for your
D.C. Star of the East the ho-ri-zon a - dorn-ing, Guide where the

re-gions of glo-ry de-scends!)
guide the bright angel attends.) Bright - est and best of the
in- fant Re- deem- er was laid.

sons of the morning, Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine aid;

The musical score consists of three systems of two staves each (treble and bass clef). The first system contains the first line of lyrics. The second system contains the second line of lyrics and a 'FINE' marking above the staff. The third system contains the third line of lyrics and a 'D.C.' marking above the staff.

1

Hail the blest morn, when the great Mediator
Down from the regions of glory descends!
Shepherds, go, worship the Babe in the manger;
Lo! for your guide the bright angel attends.

2

Cold on his cradle the dew-drops are shining,
Low lies his head with the beasts of the stall;
Angels adore him, in slumber reclining,
Maker and Monarch and Savior of all.

3

Say, shall we yield him, in costly devotion,
Odors of Edom and offerings divine —
Gems from the mountain, and pearls from the ocean
Myrrh from the forest, and gold from the mine?

4

Vainly we offer earth's richest oblation,
We can not with gold his favor secure;
Richer, by far, the heart's adoration,
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor!

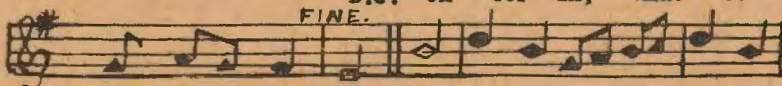
Come, Humble Sinner

E. Jones

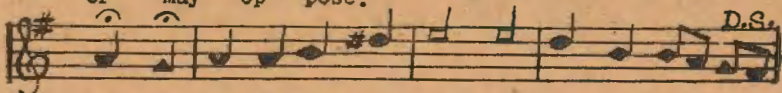
Scottish Melody



1. Come, hum - ble sin - ner, in whose breast a thou -
 Come, with your guilt and fear op - pressed, and make
 D.S.--en - ter in, what - ev -



sand thoughts revolve;)
 this last re - solve;) I'll go to Je - sus, though my
 er may op - pose.



sin has like a moun-tain rose; His king-dom now I'll

1

Come, humble sinner, in whose breast
 A thousand thoughts revolve;
 Come, with your guilt and fear oppressed,
 And make this last resolve;
 I'll go to Jesus, though my sin,
 Has like a mountain rose;
 His kingdom now I'll enter in,
 What ever may oppose.

2

Humbly I'll bow at his command,
 And there my guilt confess;
 I'll own I am a wretch undone,
 Without his sovereign grace.
 Surely he will accept my plea,
 For he has bid me, come;
 Forthwith I'll rise and to him flee,
 For yet he says there's room.

3

I can not perish if I go,
 I am resolved to try;
 But if I stay away I know
 I must forever die!
 I'll go to Jesus, though my sin
 Has like a mountain rose;
 His kingdom now I'll enter in,
 Whatever may oppose!

Joseph Hart

Jeremiah Ingalls

1. Come, ye sinners, poor and needy, Weak and wounded, sick and sore;
 Cho, I will a-rise and go to Je-sus, He will em-brace me in his arms;

Je-sus read-y stands to save you, Full of pit-y, grace and power.
 In the arms of my dear Savior--Oh, there are ten thousand charms.

1

Come, ye sinners, poor and needy,
 Weak and wounded, sick and sore;
 Jesus ready stands to save you,
 Full of pity, grace and power.

2

Let not conscience make you linger,
 Nor of fitness fondly dream;
 All the fitness he requireth,
 Is to feel your need of him.

3

Come, ye weary, heavy laden,
 Weak and wounded by the fall;
 If you tarry till you're better,
 You will never come at all.

4

Agonizing in the garden,
 Lo! your Savior prostrate lies;
 On the bloody tree behold him,
 Hear him cry, as there he dies!

5

Lo! the risen Lord ascended
 To his Father and his God!
 Venture to him, venture freely:
 Let no hindrances intrude.

6

Saints and angels joined in concert
 Sing the praises of the Lamb,
 While the glorious courts of heaven
 Sweetly echo his dear name.

Amazing Grace

John Newton

William Walker

1. Amazing grace, how sweet the sound! That saved a wretch like me;
I once was lost but now I'm found, Was blind but now I see.

1

Amazing grace, how sweet the sound!
That saved a wretch like me;
I once was lost but now I'm found,
Was blind but now I see.

2

'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear
And grace my fears relieved;
How precious did that grace appear
The hour I first believed!

3

Through many dangers, toils and snares,
I have already come;
'Twas grace that brought me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home!

4

The Lord has promised good to me,
His word my hope secures,
He will my shield and portion be
As long as life endures!

5

Yes, when this heart and flesh shall fail,
And mortal life shall cease,
I shall possess within the veil
A life of joy and peace!

6

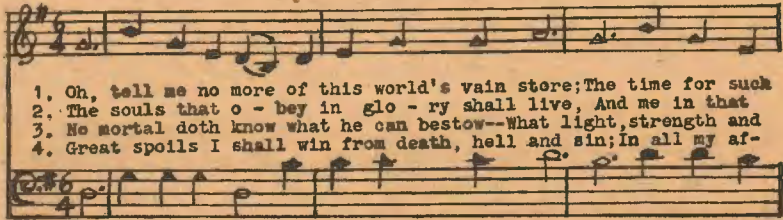
The earth shall soon dissolve like snow,
The sun forbear to shine;
But Christ, who called me here below,
Shall be forever mine!

Oh, Tell Me No More

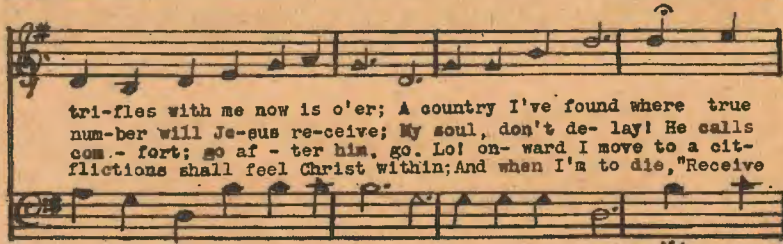
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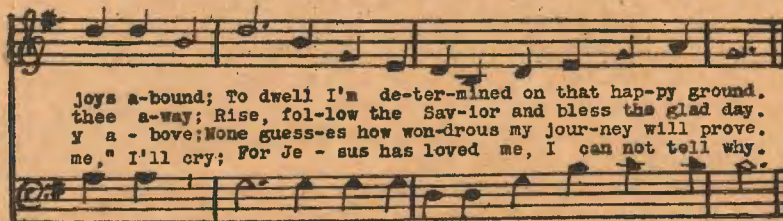
Arr. by M. W.



1. Oh, tell me no more of this world's vain store; The time for such
2. The souls that o - bey in glo - ry shall live, And me in that
3. No mortal doth know what he can bestow--What light, strength and
4. Great spoils I shall win from death, hell and sin; In all my af-



tri-les with me now is o'er; A country I've found where true
num-ber will Je-sus re-ceive; My soul, don't de-lay! He calls
com-fort; go af-ter him, go. Lo! on-ward I move to a cit-
flictions shall feel Christ within; And when I'm to die, "Receive



joys a-bound; To dwell I'm de-ter-mined on that hap-py ground.
these a-way; Rise, fol-low the Sav-ior and bless the glad day.
Y a -bove; None guess-es how won-drous my jour-ney will prove.
me," I'll cry; For Je - sus has loved me, I can not tell why.

5

But this I do find, we two are so joined,
He'll not live in glory and leave me behind;
So this is the race I'm running through grace,
Henceforth till admitted to see my Lord's face!

6

Now this is my care, that my neighbors may share
These blessings, to seek them, will none of you dare?
In bondage, Oh, why, and death will you lie,
When Jesus assures you free grace is so nigh!

Wm. Hunter

Unknown

The musical score consists of two systems of music. The first system has a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 2/4 time signature. It contains a single melodic line with lyrics underneath. The second system has a bass clef and contains a single bass line. The lyrics are: "1. You may sing of the beauty of moun-tain and dale, Of the silvery streamlets and flowers of the vale; But the place D.S. the house of the Lord. most delightful this earth can af-ford; Is the place of devotion,". There are musical markings such as "FINE" and "D.S." above the notes.

1

You may sing of the beauty of mountain and dale,
 Of the silvery streamlets and flowers of the vale;
 But the place most delightful this earth can afford;
 Is the place of devotion, the house of the Lord.

2

You may boast of the sweetness of day's early dawn,
 Of the sky's softening graces when day is just gone;
 But there's no other season or time can compare,
 With the hour of devotion, the season of prayer.

3

You may value the friendships of youth and of age,
 And select for your comrades the noble and sage;
 But the friends that most cheer me on life's rugged road,
 Are the friends of my Master, the children of God.

4

You may talk of your prospects, of fame, or of wealth,
 And the hopes that oft flatter the favorites of health;
 But the hope of bright glory, of heavenly bliss—
 Take away every other, and give me but this.

5

Ever hail, blessed temple, abode of my Lord!
 I will turn to thee often, to hear from his word;
 I will walk to thine altar with those that I love,
 And rejoice in the prospects revealed from above.

Musical score for the hymn "Brethren, See Poor Sinners". It consists of three staves of music. The first staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 2/4 time signature. The melody is written on a single line. The lyrics are: "1. Brethren, see poor sinners near you, Slumb'ring on the brink of woe; Far from God and un-con-vert-ed; Can you bear to see them go? D.C. Brethren, go, ex-hort the sin-ner; Speak the word to all around;". The second staff continues the melody. The third staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp, and a 2/4 time signature. The lyrics are: "Now their Savior of-fers par-don, If they will re-pent and turn;". The score includes performance markings such as "FINE." at the end of the first staff and "D.C." (Da Capo) above the third staff.

2

There are fathers—there are mothers,
 And their children sinking down;
 Brethren, go, exhort poor sinners;
 Speak the word to all around.
 Tell them all about the Savior,
 Tell them that he may be found;
 Brethren, go, exhort poor sinners;
 Speak the word to all around.

58 Love Divine, All Loves Excelling

1

Love divine, all loves excelling,
 Joy of heaven, to earth come down;
 Fix in us thy humble dwelling,
 All thy faithful mercies crown.
 Jesus, thou art all compassion,
 Pure unbounded love thou art;
 Visit us with thy salvation;
 Enter every trembling heart.

2

Breathe, Oh, breathe thy loving Spirit,
 Into every troubled breast!
 Let us all in thee inherit,
 Let us find that sacred rest.
 Take away our bent to sinning,
 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,

59 Attend, Young Friends (No.1.)

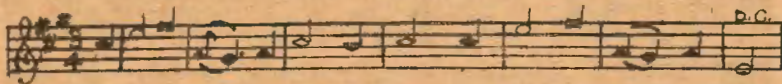
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Unknown

Arr. by M. W.



1. At-tend, young friends, while I re-late The dan-gers you are in,
The e - vils that a - round you wait While you re - main in sin,
D.C. Your sparkling eyes in death must close, And never more be seen.



Altho' you flourish like the rose, While on its branches green;

2

In death's cold shades you must lie down,
Long in your graves to dwell;
Your friends will then stand weeping 'round,
And bid their long farewell.
How small this world will then appear,
In that tremendous hour,
When you Jehovah's voice shall hear,
And feel his mighty power!

3

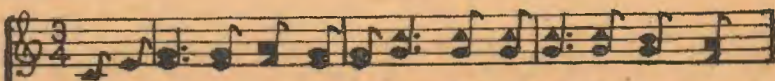
In vain you'll mourn, your days are past,
Alas! your time is o'er;
Your golden hours are spent at last,
And they 'll return no more.
Oh, come this moment and begin,
While life's sweet moments last!
Turn to the Lord, forsake your sin,
And he'll forgive what's past!

Suddenly return, and never,
Never more thy temples, leave,
Thee we would be always blessing;
Serve thee as thy hosts above;
Pray and praise thee, without ceasing;
Glory in thy perfect love.

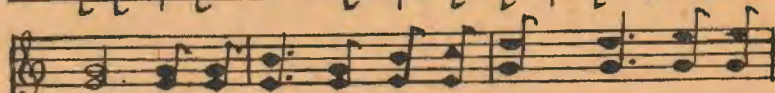
4

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

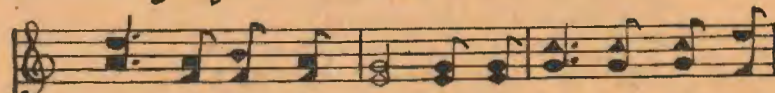
—Charles Wesley



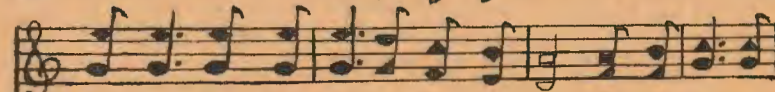
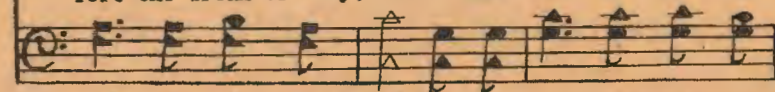
1. From a ves-sel in mid-o-cean came a sig-nal can-non's
2. No, they need not sad-ly per-ish far a-way from an-y
3. "Send us all you have aboard you" came a voice not far a-



boom; All on board of her were tramb-- ling with the shore, For a ship had heard the sig-nal and a-way; we will have you safe from dan - ger, long be-



thought of cer - tain doom, All on board were pale with cross the wa-ters bore. Through the dark-ness came the fore the break of day." But the cap - tain of the



ter-ror--must they perish thus tonight? Leaving not a message, "Ship ahoy, there! What is wrong?" "Ship is leaking," ves-sel from his lookout at the prow, sent this message



RIT.



trace be-hind them for their loved ones' loving sight! was the an - swer, "We shall sure - ly sink ere long!" through the darkness, "We shall need you, but not now!"



From a Vessel in Mid-Ocean (Cont.)

4

"We are safe, lie by till morning;
You can save us better then!"
But his words sent doubt and terror
Through the heart throbs of his men.
Once again the call was given,
"Better let us save tonight;"
But the captain only answered,
"Ship ahoy! Lie by till light!"

5

Morning dawned, the ship had settled
To the bottom of the deep!
All on board of her were sleeping
In their long and latest sleep!
Never more will trumpet rouse them,
Till the final trumpet call
Bids the sea give up its sleepers
To the Maker of us all!

6

Soul, be warned! A Savior calls you,
Through the trumpet of his word;
Will you wait a better season,
While that welcoming voice is heard;
Heaven's rescue ship will bear you
Homeward to your native shore;
Seek it, lest the judgment morning
Find you lost forever more!

61 Attend, Young Friends (No. 2.)

Unknown

J. H. D. Tomson

1. At-tend, young friends, while I re-late The dan-gers you are in,
 The e - vils that a - round you wait While you re-(Omit.....)
 D.C. Your spark-ling eyes in death must close, And never (Omit.....)

..... } Although you flourish like the rose,
 main in sin. } While on its branches green;
 more be seen.

1

Attend, young friends, while I relate
 The dangers you are in,
 The evils that around you wait
 While you remain in sin.
 Although you flourish like the rose,
 While on its branches green;
 Your sparkling eyes in death must close,
 And never more be seen.

2

In death's cold shades you must lie down,
 Long in your graves to dwell;
 Your friends will then stand weeping 'round,
 And bid their long farewell.
 How small this world will then appear,
 In that tremendous hour,
 When you Jehovah's voice shall hear,
 And feel his mighty power!

3

In vain you'll mourn, your days are past,
 Alas! your time is o'er;
 Your golden hours are spent at last,
 And they'll return no more.
 Oh, come this moment and begin,
 While life's sweet moments last!
 Turn to the Lord, forsake your sin,
 And he'll forgive what's past!

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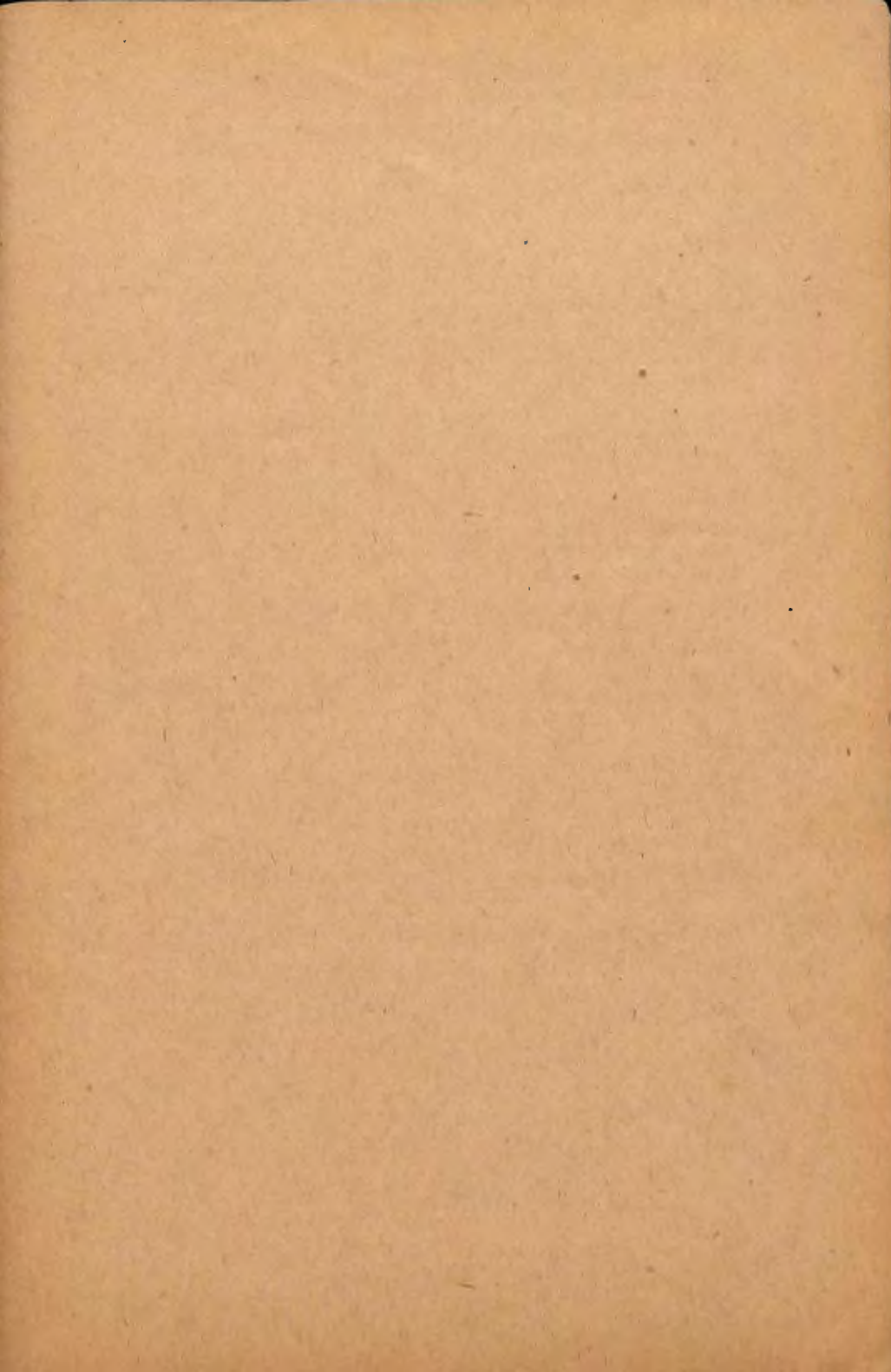
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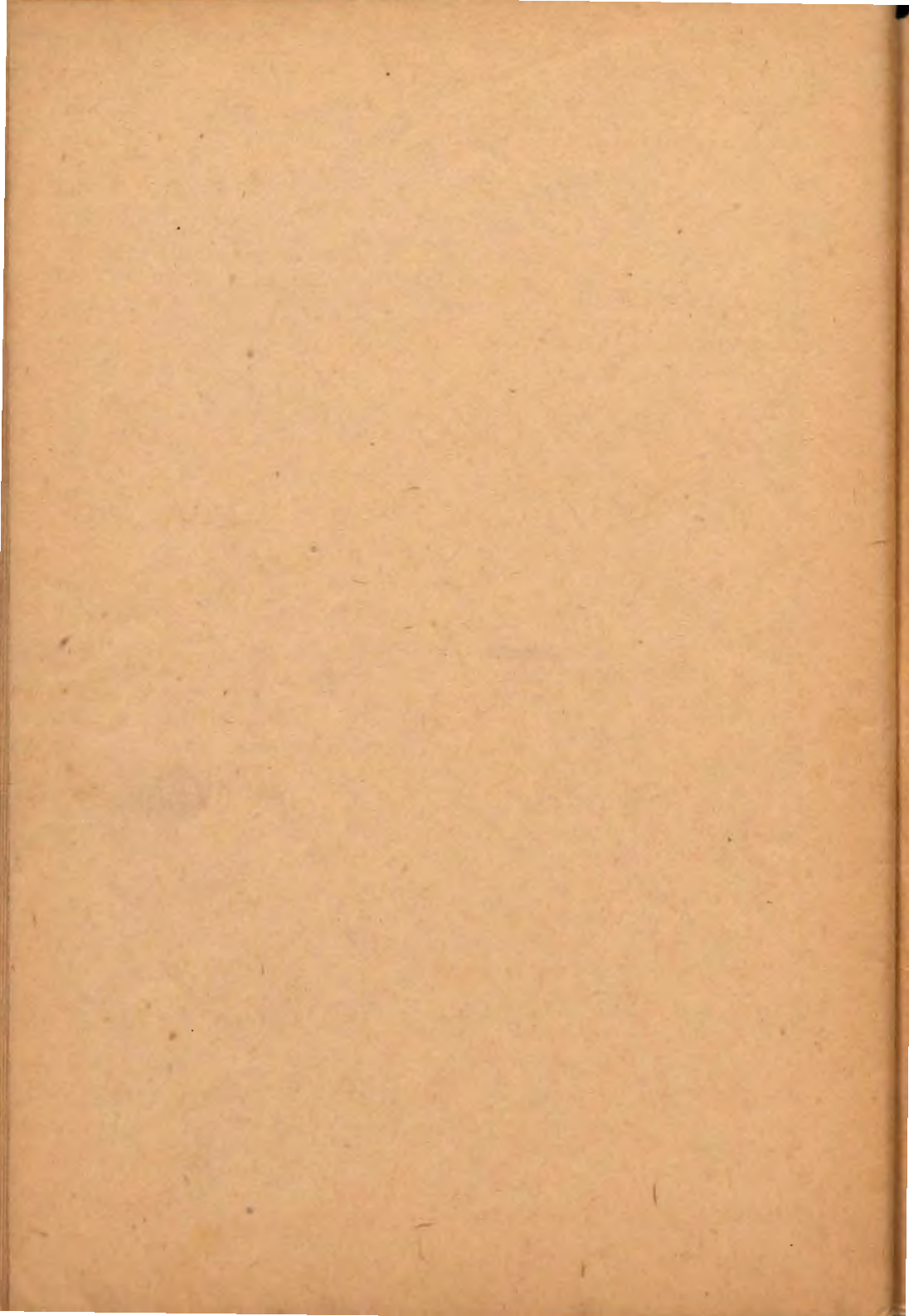
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