

1906

Seventy-Seven Sweet Songs and Thirty-Six Familiar Hymns and Gospel Songs: A Collection of Hymns and Tunes for Gospel Meetings and All Occasions of Christian Work and Worship.

T. B. Larimore

William J. Kirkpatrick

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SEVENTY-SEVEN SWEET SONGS

AND THIRTY-SIX FAMILIAR
HYMNS AND GOSPEL SONGS

A COLLECTION OF HYMNS AND TUNES

FOR

GOSPEL MEETINGS

AND

All Occasions of Christian Work
and Worship

Edited by

T. B. LARIMORE AND WILLIAM J. KIRKPATRICK

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NASHVILLE, TENN.
McQUIDDY PRINTING COMPANY

1906

SEVENTY-SEVEN SWEET SONGS.

No. 1. Rescue the Perishing.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE.

1. Res - cue the per-ish-ing, Care for the dy - ing, Fetch them in pit - y from
 2. Tho' they are slighting him, Still he is wait-ing, ing the pen - i - tent
 3. Down in the human heart, Crush'd by the tempt-ing, Feelings he bur - ied that
 4. Res - cue the per-ish-ing, Du - ty demands it, Strength for thy la - bor the

sin and the grave; Weep o'er the err-ing one, Lift up the fall - en,
 child to re-ceive. Plead with them earnest-ly, Plead with them gen-tly;
 grace can re store; Touched by a lov-ing heart, Wak-ened by kind-ness,
 Lord will pro-vide; Back to the nar-row way Pa - tient-ly win them;

CHORUS.

Tell them of Je - sus the Might - y to save.
 He will for-give if they on - ly believe.
 Chords that were broken will vibrate once more. } Res - cue the per - ish-ing
 Tell the poor wand'r'er a Sav-iour has died.

Care for the dy - ing; Je - sus is mer - ci - ful, Je - sus will save.

No. 2.

Be Strong in the Faith.

D. L. B.

D. L. BEDSOE.

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

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

CHORUS.

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

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

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

No. 3. Keep Your Heart Singing.

C. H. G.

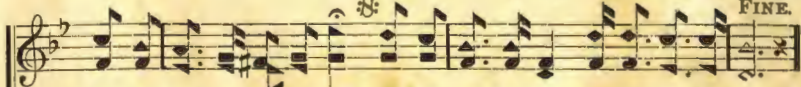
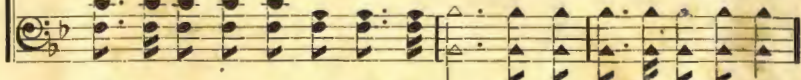
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



1. We may light-en toil and care, Or a heav-y bur-den share, With a
2. If his love is in the soul, And we yield to his con-trol, Sweetest
3. How a word of love will cheer, Kin-dle hope, and ban-ish fear, Soothe a



word, a kind-ly deed, or sun-ny smile; We may gird-le day and night
 music will the lone-ly hours be-guile; We may drive the clouds away,
 pain, or take a-way the sting of guile; O how much we all may do,

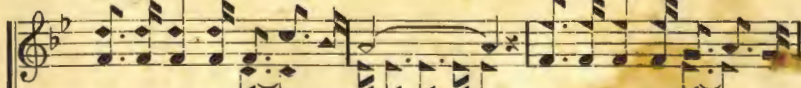


FINE.

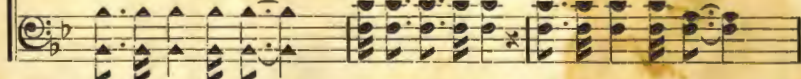
With a ha-lo of de-light, If we keep our hearts singing all the while.
 Cheer and bless the darkest day, If we keep our hearts singing all the while.
 In the world we travel through, If we keep our hearts singing all the while.



CHORUS.



Keep your heart singing all the while, Make the world brighter with a
 sing-ing, singing all the while; bright-er,



D.S.


smile, Keep the song sing-ing! lone-ly hours we may be-guile,
 brighter with a smile;



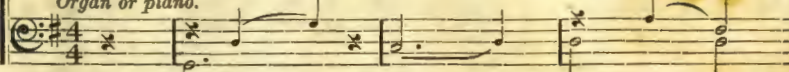
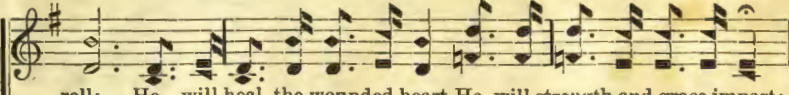
No. 4. The Best Friend is Jesus.

P. P. B.
DUET.

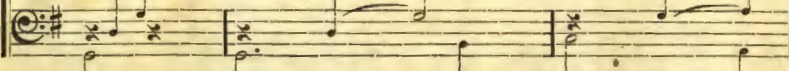
P. P. BILHORN.




1. O the best friend to have is Je - sus, When the cares of life up-on you
 2. What a friend I have found in Je - sus! Peace and comfort to my soul he
 3. Tho' I pass thro' the night of sor - row, And the chil - ly wa - ters of Jordan
 4. When at last to our home we gath - er, With the lov'd ones who have gone be -
Organ or piano.

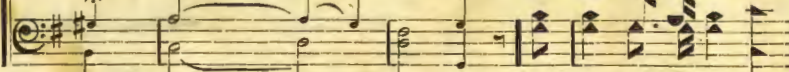
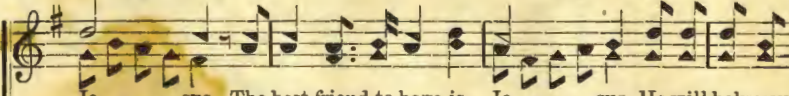
roll; He will heal the wounded heart, He will strength and grace impart;
 brings; Lean-ing on his night-y arm, I will fear no ill nor harm;
 roll, Nev - er need I shrink or fear, For my Sav - iour is so near;
 fore, We shall sing up - on the shore, Prais - ing him for - ev - er - more;





CHORUS. *Spirited.*




O the best friend to have is Je - sus. The best friend to have is

Je - - sus, The best friend to have is Je - - sus, He will help you
 Je - sus ev - 'ry day, Je - sus all the way,

when you fall, He will hear you when you call; O the best friend to have is Jesus.



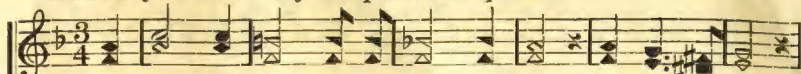
No. 5. Behold, I Stand at the Door.

WINFIELD S. DAVIS.

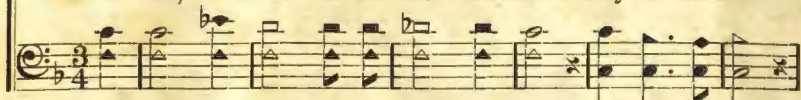
REV. 3: 20.

GEO. T. KIRKPATRICK.

SOLO OR QUARTET. *With great expression. Tempo ad. lib.*



1. Be- hold, I stand at the door and knock! May I come in?
2. Be- hold, I stand at the door and knock! May I come in?
3. Be- hold, I stand at the door and knock! May I come in?
4. Be- hold, I stand at the door and knock! May I come in?
5. Be- hold, I stand at the door and knock! May I come in?



May I come in? At times be - fore I've knocked at thy door, May
 May I come in? Thy great - est foes thou dost not op - pose; May
 May I come in? Dark is thy night! why shut out the light? May
 May I come in? Thy soul dis - tressed shall find sweetest rest, May
 May I come in? Why have me wait till it be too late? May



I come in? I'm Je - sus who for thee once died, On Cal - vary's hill was
 I come in? I'm Je - sus clad in garments red, Sharp thorns were pressed in -
 I come in? I'm Je - sus who can change to - day 'The dark - est night that
 I come in? I'm Je - sus, heav - en's migh - ty King, Sal - va - tion to thy
 I come in? I'm Je - sus ris - en from the grave, My life for all man -



cru - ci - fied, I now have called with thee to a - bide, May I come in?
 to my head, For thee, for thee, my blood was shed, May I come in?
 shrouds thy way, And to the end of time I'll stay, May I come in?
 door I bring, A liv - ing and un - fail - ing spring, May I come in?
 kind I gave, I'll knock once more thy soul to save, May I come in?



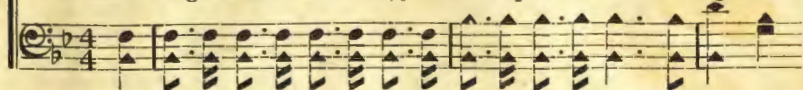
No. 6. The Grand Old Story of Salvation.

E. E. HEWITT.

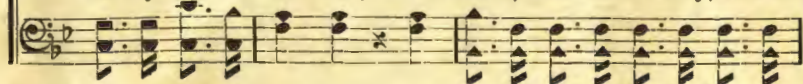
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. We tell it as we journey t'ward the mansions built above, The grand old
2. His hand can lift the fallen and his blood can make them white, The grand old
3. We'll sing it in the bat-tle, and its notes shall vie'try be, The grand old
4. The an-gels look with wonder, yet their harps can never tell The grand old



sto - ry of sal - va - tion; We sing it out with gladness, in the
 sto - ry of sal - va - tion; His love can pierce the darkness with a
 sto - ry of sal - va - tion; We'll sing it in our tri - als, till the
 sto - ry of sal - va - tion; His ransomed, cloth'd with beauty, shall the



mel - o - dies of love, The grand old sto - ry of sal - va - tion.
 nev - er - fad - ing light, The grand old sto - ry of sal - va - tion.
 pass - ing shadows flee, The grand old sto - ry of sal - va - tion.
 praise of Je - sus swell, The grand old sto - ry of sal - va - tion.



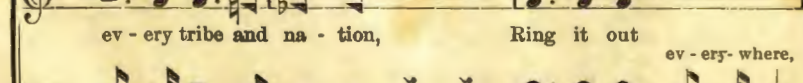
CHORUS.



Ring it out, ring it out, ring it out, ring it out, Ring, to



ev - ery tribe and na - tion, Ring it out ev - ery - where,



The Grand Old Story, etc.—Concluded.

ring it out The grand old sto - ry of sal - va - tion.
 ev - erywhere,

No. 7. Though Your Sins Be As Scarlet.

FANNY J. CROSSY.

(Isaiah 1 : 18.)

WILLIAM H. DOANE..

DUET. *Gently.*

1. "Tho' your sins be as scar - let, They shall be as white as snow; as snow;
2. Hear the voice that entreats you; O re - turn ye un - to God! to God!
3. He'll forgive your transgressions, And remember them no more; no more;

QUARTET.

Tho' they be red..... like crim - son, They shall be as wool;"
 He is of great..... com - pass - ion, And of won - drous love;
 "Look un - to Me..... ye peo - ple," Saith the Lord your God:

Tho' they be red,

DUET. *p*

QUARTET. *f*

"Tho' your sins be as scar - let, Tho' your sins be as scar - let,
 Hear the voice that entreats you, Hear the voice that en - treats you,
 He'll for - give your transgressions, He'll for - give your transgressions,

p ritard.

They shall be as white as snow, They shall be as white as snow."
 O re - turn ye un - to God! O re - turn ye un - to God!
 And re - mem - ber them no more, And re - mem - ber them no more.

No. 8. Are You Coming to the Feast?

I. N. M.

I. N. McHose.

1. There's a feast now a-wait-ing, pre-pared by lov-ing hands; In the
 2. Come, for all things are read-y; why will you stay a-way? Hear the
 3. 'Tis a feast ev-er-last-ing, a-bun-dant, rich and free, Thro' the

midst of the banquet the gen-tle Savi-our stands; Then no lon-ger go
 kind in-vi-ta-tion; O come, without de-lay; 'Tis the day of sal-
 blood of the Sav-iour, an o-pen door we see; Come and wear the white

rov-ing o'er des-erts bare and wild, See! the Father now is wait-ing to
 va-tion; why will you lon-ger roam? There's a man-sion now prepar-ing for
 rai-ment, the wed-ding gar-ment fair, And the Lord and all his an-gels will

CHORUS.

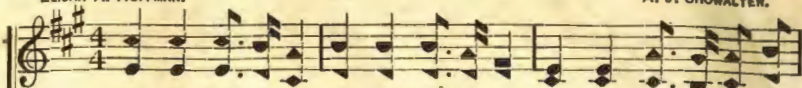
greet his wea-ry child. } You're invited,..... are you com-ing?.....
 you in you-der home. }
 bid you welcome there. } to the feast, to the feast,

O ac-cept the in-vi-ta-tion; all things are ready, come;
 See the Fa-ther now is waiting to (Omit.) welcome wand'ers home.

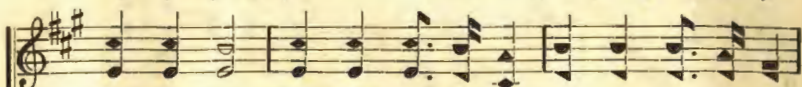
No. 9. Leaning on the Everlasting Arms.

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

A. J. SHOWALTER.



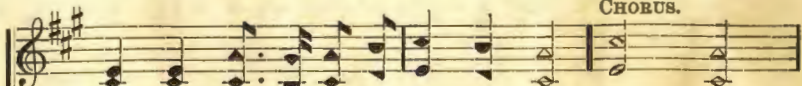
1. What a fel-low-ship, what a joy di-vine, Lean-ing on the ev-er-
2. O, how sweet to walk in this pilgrim way, Lean-ing on the ev-er-
3. What have I to dread, what have I to fear, Lean-ing on the ev-er-



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



CHORUS.



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



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



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



No. 10.

When Love Shines In.

Mrs. FRANK A. BRECK.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Je-sus comes with pow'r to glad-den, When love shines in, Ev-ry life that
 2. How the world will glow with beau-ty, When love shines in, And the heart re-
 3. Dark-est sor-row will grow bright-er, When love shines in, And the heav-iest
 4. We may have un-fad-ing splen-dor, When love shines in, And a friend-ship

woe can sad-den, When love shines in. Love will teach us how to pray,
 joy in du - ty, When love shines in. Tri - als may be sanc-ti - fied,
 bur-den light-er, When love shines in. 'Tis the glo - ry that will throw
 true and ten-der, When love shines in. When earth-vict'ries shall be won,

Love will drive the gloom away, Turn our darkness into day, When love shines in.
 And the soul in peace abide, Life will all be glo - ri - fied, When love shines in.
 Light to show us where to go; O the heart shall blessing know When love shines in.
 And our life in heav'n begun, There will be no need of sun, For love shines in.

When love shines in,.....When love shines in, How the heart is
 When love shines in,.....

When love shines in, When love shines in, When love shines in,
 tuned to singing, When love shines in;..... When love shines in,..... When
 When love shines in;..... When love shines in,

When love shines in, When love shines in.

When Love Shines In.—Concluded.

love shines in, Joy and peace to others bringing, When love shines in.
When love shines in.

When love shines in.

No. 11. Sweet Peace, The Gift Of God's Love.

P. P. B.

Gal. 5 : 22.

P. P. BILHORN.

1. There comes to my heart one sweet strain (sweet strain), A glad and a
2. When Je - sus as Lord I had crowned (had crowned), My heart with this
3. In Je - sus at peace I a - bide, (a - bide), And while I keep

joy - ous re - frain (refrain); I sing it a - gain and a - gain, Sweet
peace did a - bound (abound); In him a rich bless - ing I found, Sweet
close to his side (his side), There's nothing but peace can be - tide, Sweet

CHORUS.

peace, the gift of God's love. Peace, peace, sweet peace! Wonderful gift from a -

bove (above), O wonderful, wonderful peace! Sweet peace, the gift of God's love.

No. 12.

My Saviour First of All.

FANNY J. CROSSBY.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. When my life-work is end-ed, and I cross the swell-ing tide, When the
 2. O the soul-thrilling rapture when I view his bless-ed face, And the
 3. O the dear ones in glo-ry, how they beck-on me to come, And our
 4. Thro' the gates to the cit-y in a robe of spotless white, He will

bright and glorious morning I shall see; I shall know my Redeemer when I
 lus-tre of his kindly beaming eye; How my full heart will praise him for the
 part-ing at the riv-er I re-call; To the sweet vales of E-den they will
 lead me where no tears will ev-er fall; In the glad song of a-ges I shall

reach the oth-er side, And his smile will be the first to welcome me.
 mer-cy, love, and grace, That prepares for me a mansion in the sky.
 sing my welcome home; But I long to meet my Sav-iour first of all.
 min-gle with de-light; But I long to meet my Sav-iour first of all.

CHORUS.

I shall know him, I shall know him, And redeem'd by his side I shall stand,
 I shall know him,

I shall know him, I shall know him By the print of the nails in his hand.
 I shall know him.

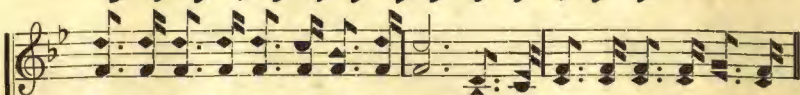
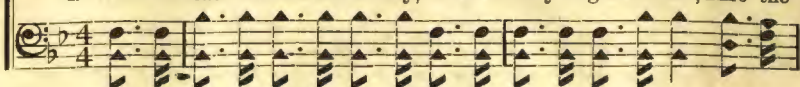
No. 13. We Shall Reign with Him in Glory.

J. B. MACKAY.

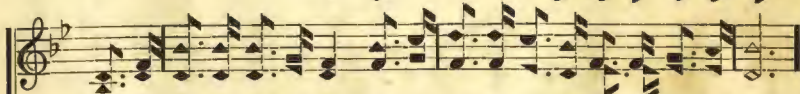
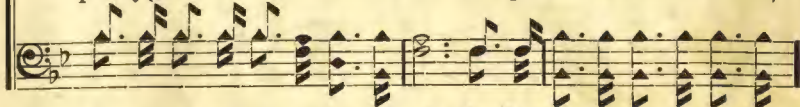
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



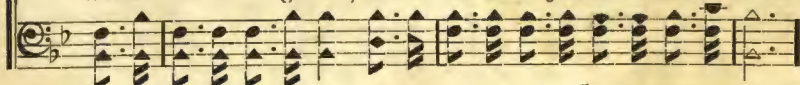
1. We are marching, on-ward marching, To that land of light a-bove, Where no
2. There are mighty foes that meet us, As our jour-ney we pursue, There are
3. Oft the clouds a-bove us gath-er, And the darkness settles down, Oft the
4. When we reach that land of beauty, With its cit-y bright and fair, Thro' the



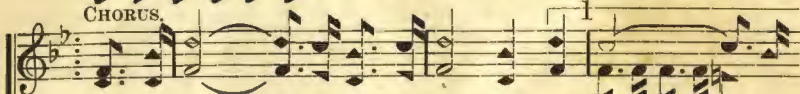
burn-ing tears of sor- row dim the eye, Where the ransomed ones are sing- ing dan- gers that be- set on ev-'ry hand; But no e - vil thing can harm us shad- ows and the mists obscure the day; But a ra- diant beam of glo - ry pear- ly gates the Lord shall lead his own, To go out no more for- ev - er,



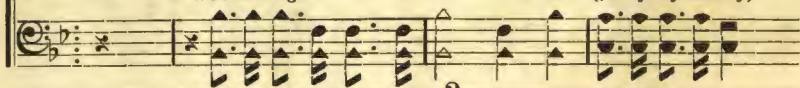
Of the Saviour's wondrous love, We shall reign with him in glory by and by. While to Je- sus we are true, For his hosts will march triumphant to that land. From the Saviour's smiling face, Ev - er falls in golden splendor on our way. While e - ter- nal a - ges roll, And the hal- le - lu- jahs echo round the throne.



CHORUS.



We shall reign..... with him in glo - ry, In glo - ry
We shall reign In glo-ry by and by,



by and by,..... In the land of light on high.
glo-ry by and by,



No. 14.

Blessed Assurance.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

Mrs. Jos. F. KNAPP.

1. Bless-ed as-sur-ance, Je-sus is mine! O what a fore-taste of
 2. Per-fect sub-mis-sion, per-fect de-light, Vis-ion of rapt-ure
 3. Per-fect sub-mis-sion, all is at rest, I in my Sav-iour am

glo-ry di-vine! Heir of sal-va-tion, purchased of God, Born of his
 burst on my sight; An-gels de-scend-ing, bring from a-bove, Ech-oes of
 hap-py and blest; Watching and waiting, look-ing a-bove, Fill'd with his

CHORUS.

Spir-it, washed in his blood.
 mer-cy, whis-pers of love. } This is my sto-ry, this is my
 good-ness, lost in his love. }

song, Prais-ing my Sav-iour all the day long; This is my sto-ry,

this is my song, Prais-ing my Sav-iour all the day long.

No. 15.

I Will Tell the Story.

F. M. D.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. I will tell the sto - ry How the Lord in glo - ry Has from sin re -
 2. I was worn and wea - ry, All my way seemed dreary 'Till I heard my
 3. In his love a - bid - ing, In his shad - ow hid - ing, I will still the

deemed me, bless his ho - ly name; Saved my soul com - plete - ly
 Sav - iour's pard - ning voice with - in; Then life lost its sad - ness,
 sto - ry o'er and o'er re - peat; With his grace up - hold - ing,

By his grace so sweet - ly, I will ev - er - more his wondrous love proclaim.
 All was joy and glad - ness, Christ had cleansed my heart from all the stains of sin.
 And his arms en - fold - ing, I am safe for - ev - er in a sure retreat.

CHORUS.

I..... will tell the sto - ry, how..... the Lord in glo - ry,
 I will tell the wondrous sto - ry, I will tell the wondrous sto - ry,

Christ the blest Re - deem - er, Of - fers par - don full and free.
 Christ the Lord of life and glo - ry,

No. 16.

Jesus Lives.

JOHN R. COLGAN.

A. F. MYERS.

1. Might - y ar - my of the young, Lift the voice in cheer - ful song,
 2. Tongues of children light and free, Tongues of youth all full of glee,
 3. Je - sus lives, O bless - ed words! King of Kings, and Lord of lords!

Send the welcome word a - long, Je - sus lives! Once He died for you and me,
 Sing to all on land and sea, Je - sus lives! Light for you and all mankind,
 Lift the cross and sheathe the swords, Je - sus lives! See, he breaks the pris - on wall,

Bore our sins up - on the tree, Now he lives to make us free, Je - sus lives!
 Sight for all by sin made blind, Life in Je - sus all may find, Je - sus lives!
 Throws aside the dreadful pall, Conquers death at once for all, Je - sus lives!

CHORUS.

Wait not till the shadows lengthen, till you old - er grow, Ral - ly now and
 Wait not, Sing,
 Wait not, wait not, Sing for

sing for Je - sus, ev - 'rywhere you go, Lift your joy - ful voic - es high,
 sing,
 Je - sus,

No.18.

Come to Him To-day.

W. A. C.

J. Henry Showalter.

1. Come, O come to Je - sus, Come to him to-day; Come while he is plead-ing;
 2. Look a-way to Calv'ry, There your Saviour died; On the cross he suf-fered,
 3. Come, O come to Je - sus, Look to him a-lone; None but he can save you,
 4. Come while we are singing, Come now while we pray; Come unto your Saviour,

Come to him we pray; Take him as your Saviour, On his word re-ly;
 There was cruci-fied; Hear, while he is call-ing, Come now while you may;
 None but he a-tone; Christ the great Re-deem-er, Christ the liv-ing way,
 Come to him to-day; An-gels now are wait-ing To make heav-en ring,

FINE. CHORUS.

Come while he is wait-ing, Come while he is nigh.
 Come while he is plead-ing, Come, O come to-day. } Come to him to-day,
 Won't you let him save you, Won't you come to-day?
 For a soul re-turn-ing To his Lord and King.

D.S.—Come and let him save you, Come, O come to-day.

Come to him to-day, Je - sus now is call - ing you to

D.S.

come to - day, Won't you heed his prom - ise, Turn un - to his way?

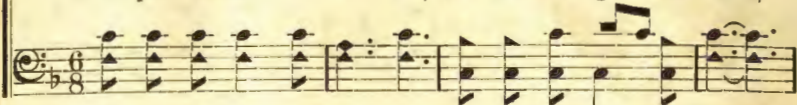
No. 19. Open the Door to Jesus.

IDA L. REED.

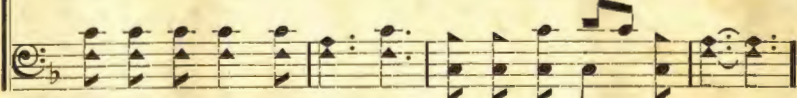
F. E. FARRAR.



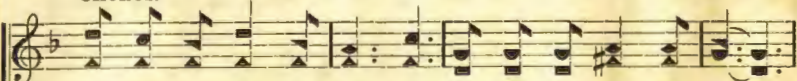
1. O - pen the door to Je - sus, He at thy thresh-old stands,
2. O - pen the door to Je - sus, Soon, ere he turns a - way
3. O - pen the door to Je - sus, Hast - en to meet thy King,
4. O - pen the door to Je - sus, Bid him with glad - ness come,



Plead - ing with thee for en - trance, Plead - ing with nail - scarred hands.
Wounded in spirit to leave thee, Grieved at thy long de - lay.
Won - der - ful peace a - bid - ing, He to thy soul will bring.
Now in his king - ly glo - ry, In - to thy heart and home.



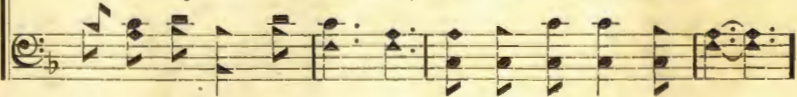
CHORUS.



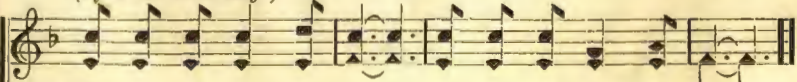
O - pen the door to Je - sus, Wel - come him roy - al - ly;



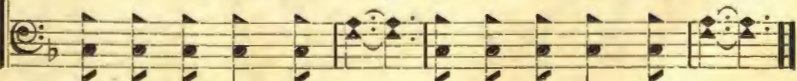
He from thy sins will save thee, He will a - bide with thee.



(After last verse only.)



He will a - bide with thee, He will a - bide with thee.



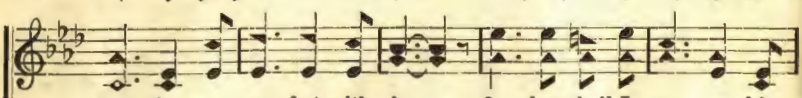
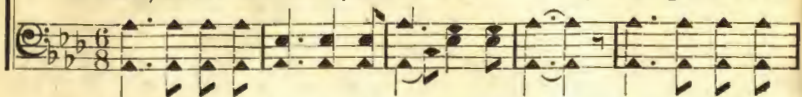
No. 20. Let Him Be Your Saviour Too.

Mrs. C. H. M.

Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.



1. I came to the Sav-our all cov-ered with sin, No joy of sal-
2. Sweet, sweet was the comfort which came to my soul When like a great
3. Come, come to the Saviour, this Friend tried and true; He'll par-don and



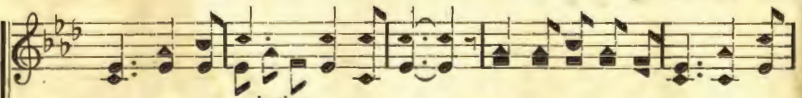
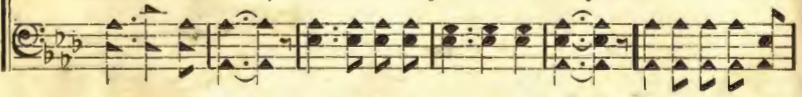
va - tion, no com - fort with - in. O when shall I ev - er his
 moun - tain my sins off did roll. I'll tell it to oth - ers, his
 cleanse you, your strength he'll renew. If on - ly you'll let him, he'll



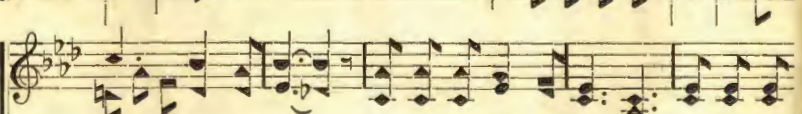
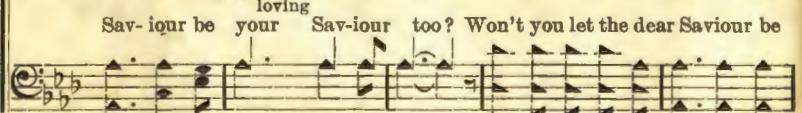
CHORUS.



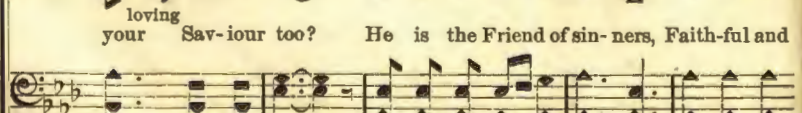
prais - es be - gin? He took all my burden a - way.
 dear name ex - tol; He took all my burden a - way. } Won't you let the dear
 save thro' and thro'; He'll take all your burden away.



Sav - iour be your ^{loving} Sav - iour too? Won't you let the dear Saviour be



your ^{loving} Sav - iour too? He is the Friend of sin - ners, Faith - ful and



Let Him Be Your Saviour Too.—Concluded.

tried and true; Won't you let the dear Saviour be your Sav-iour too?

lov-ing

No. 21. Why Do You Linger?

Mrs. W. J. KENNEDY.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. O why do you linger, my brother? O why do you still stay a-way?
2. To save your poor soul he is yearning, O come to him now, while you may;
3. O careless one, great is your danger; Around you are fetters of sin;
4. O wait not for fur-ther conviction, But come to him just as you are:

For you a dear Saviour is waiting To give you salvation to - day.
His hand pierced for you holds out mercy, O why not receive it to - day?
Es - cape to the on-ly safe refuge, And Je - sus will welcome you in.
Look up thro' the gloom and the darkness To Je - sus, the bright Morning Star.

CHORUS.

Why do you linger? Why do you linger? The Savionr is calling to - day;

O come and believe, Free pardon receive, And have all your sins washed away.

No. 22.

Roll it Off.

E. E. HEWITT.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK

1. Roll it off on Je - sus, All thy load of sin; He will lift it from thee
 2. Roll it off on Je - sus, Ev-'ry press-ing grief; He will sweetly com-fort
 3. Roll it off on Je - sus, Ev-'ry heart-request; Bring him thy pe-ti - tion

Breathing peace within; Ev-'ry haunting mem-'ry, Ev - 'ry gloom-y fear,
 He will give re - lief; Pre - cious con - so - la - tion Com-eth from a - bove
 For he know-eth best; He who marks thy pathway, He who bears thy care

CHORUS.

Bring to him, thy Saviour, He is ev - er near.
 There is grace to help us In his wondrous love. } Roll it off, roll it off, Too
 Hath the pow'r and wisdom, He will answer pray'r.

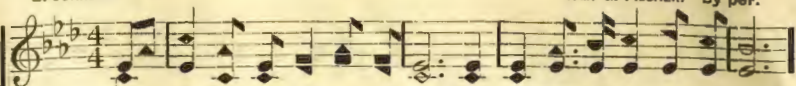
great for thee to bear; Roll it off, roll it off, All thy load of care;

Roll it off on Je - sus, Lean upon his breast; He is calling, "Come and rest."

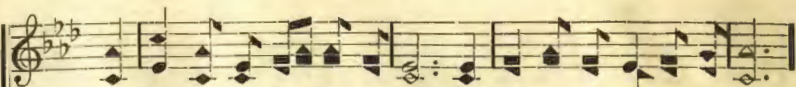
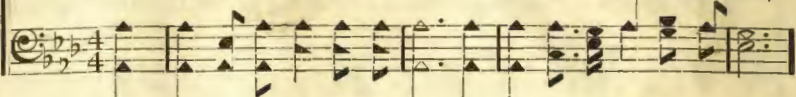
No. 23. The Rock that is Higher than I.

E. JOHNSON.

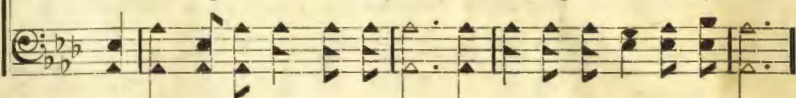
Wm. G. FISCHER. By per.



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



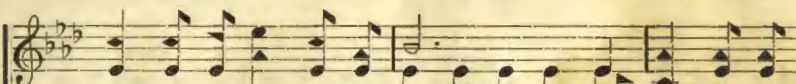
And sorrows, sometimes how they sweep Like tempests down over the soul.
But toil-ing in life's dust-y way, The Rock's blessed shadow, how sweet!
Or climb-ing the mountain way steep, Or walking the shad-ow - y vale.



CHORUS.



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



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



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



No. 24. In the Morning of Joy.

Mrs. R. A. EVILBIZER.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. When the trumpet shall sound, And the dead shall arise, And the splendors im-
 2. When the King shall appear In his beauty on high, And shall summon his
 3. O the bliss of that morn When our lov'd ones we meet! With the songs of the

mor-tal Shall en-vel - op the skies; When the An - gel of Death Shall no
 children To the courts of the sky, Shall the cause of the Lord Have been
 ransom'd We each oth-er shall greet, Sing - ing praise to the Lamb, Thro' e-

lon - ger destroy, And the dead shall a-wak-en In the morn-ing of joy.
 all your employ, That your soul may be spotless In the morn-ing of joy?
 ter-ni-ty's years, With the past all for-got-ten With its sorrows and tears.

REFRAIN.

In the morning of joy, In the morning of joy, We'll be gathered to

glo-ry In the morn-ing of joy; In the morn-ing of joy, In the

In the Morning of Joy.—Concluded.

morning of joy, We'll be gathered to glo-ry In the morning of joy.

No. 25. Say, Will You Meet Me There?

MAY MAURICE.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. When my wea-ry feet reach the shi-ning goal, And the mas-ter's voice greets my
2. When I sweet-ly rest on the peace-ful shore, Where the blight of sin shall be
3. When I stand at last with the white-ro'b'd throng, To adore my King, and his

rap-tured soul; Where the waves of joy shall around me roll, O say, will you
felt no more; When I find the lov'd ones who've gone before, O say, will you
praise prolong; When my voice shall join in the glad, new song, O say, will you

CHORUS.

meet me there? Say, will you meet me there? Say, will you meet me there?
O say, O say,

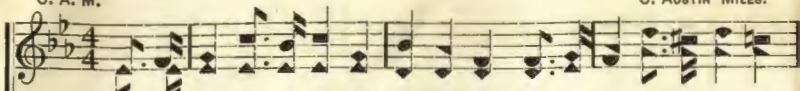
In the home a-bove, In the land of love, O say, will you meet me there?

No. 26.

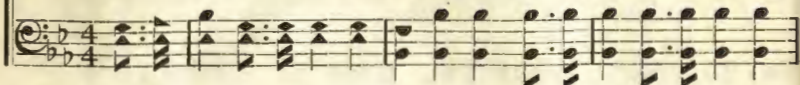
The Cloud and Fire.

C. A. M.

C. AUSTIN MILES.



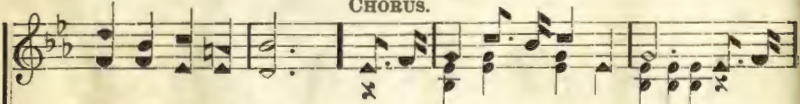
1. As of old when the hosts of Is - ra - el Were compelled in the wil-der-
 2. To and fro as a ship with-out a sail, Not a compass to guide them
 3. All the day of their wand' rings they were fed, To the land of the prom-ise



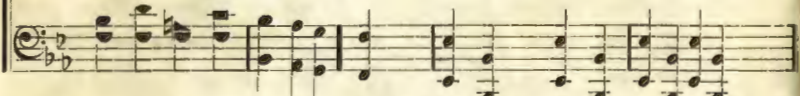
ness to dwell, Trust-ing they in their God to lead the way To the
 thro' the vale, But the sign of their God was ev - er near, Thus their
 they were led, By the hand of the Lord in guid-ance sure, They were



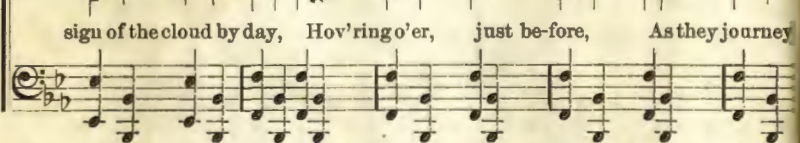
CHORUS.



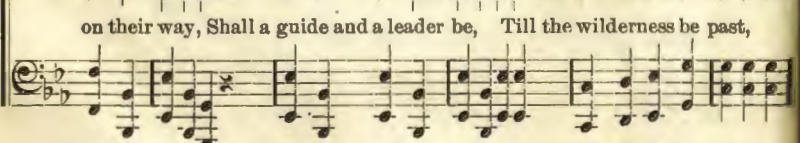
light of per - fect day. }
 faint-ing hearts to cheer. } So the sign of the fire by night, And the
 brought to Canaan's shore. }



sign of the cloud by day, Hov'ring o'er, just be-fore, As they journey



on their way, Shall a guide and a leader be, Till the wilderness be past,



The Cloud and Fire.—Concluded.

For the Lord our God, in his own good time, Shall lead to the light at last.

No. 27. Heavenly Sunlight.

H. J. ZELLEY.

G. H. COOK.

1. Walking in sun - light, all of my jour - ney; O - ver the moun - tains
 2. Shadows a - round me, shadows a - bove me, Nev - er con - ceal my
 3. In the bright sun - light, ev - er re - joic - ing, Pressing my way to

thro' the deep vale; Je - sus has said, "I'll nev - er for - sake thee,"
 Sav - iour and Guide; He is the light, in him is no dark - ness,
 mansions a - bove; Sing - ing his prais - es, glad - ly I'm walk - ing,

D.S.—Hal - le - lu - jah! I am re - joic - ing,

FINE. CHORUS.

Prom - ise di - vine that nev - er can fail.
 Ev - er I'm walk - ing close to his side. } Heav - en - ly sun - light,
 Walk - ing in sun - light, sun - light of love. }

Sing - ing his prais - es, Je - sus is mine.

D.S.

heav - en - ly sun - light, Flooding my soul with glo - ry di - vine;

No. 28.

Ship of Zion.

Mrs. M. B. C. SLADE.

D. SULLINE.

1. There's a wail from the is-lands of the sea, (of the sea,) There's a
2. There's a moan from the des-ert, full of pain, (full of pain,) There's a
3. There's a groan from the Gaug-es where they fall (where they fall.) At the

voice that is call-ing you and me, (you and me,) In the old Ship of
sigh o-ver Af-ric's sun-ny plain, (sunny plain,) In the old Ship of
feet of the i-dols, in their thrall, (in their thrall,) In the old Ship of

Zi-on, The strong help of Zi-on, The good news of Zi-on, car-ry ye!
Zi-on, The strong help of Zi-on, Bear good news of Zi-on, o'er the main.
Zi-on, The strong help of Zi-on, The good news of Zi-on, bear them all!

CHORUS.

"Come o-ver and help us!" is the cry; (is the cry;) "Come o-ver and

help us, or we die," (or we die,) { I see the woe fall-ing,
A-cross the wide wa-ters,
I see i-dols fall-ing,

Ship of Zion.—Concluded.

I hear the voice call-ing; O Ship of Sal - va-tion, thith-er fly.
 Hear Af-ric's dark daughters; O Ship of Sal - va-tion, thith-er fly.
 And In - di - a call-ing; O Ship of Sal - va-tion, thith-er fly.

No. 29. Save One.

E. E. HEWITT.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Out in the break-ers are per-ish-ing souls, Save one, save one;
 2. Out in the dark-ness of sin's aw-ful night, Save one, save one;
 3. Out on the mountain so sad-ly a-stray, Save one, save one;
 4. Lov'd one or strangers, who-e'er they may be, Save one, save one;

Out where the cur-rent of sin mad-ly rolls, Save one, save one.
 Tell them of Je-sus, and lead to the light, Save one, save one.
 From the sweet home land so far, far a-way, Save one, save one.
 Go in his spir-it who saves you and me, Save one, save one.

CHORUS.

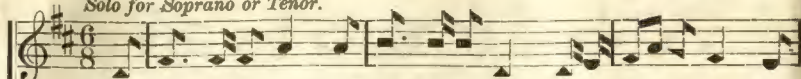
Pit - y the per-ish-ing, La-bor and pray; Hast-en to res-cue them,

Save one to-day; Then in your heart will be heaven begun, Save one, save one.

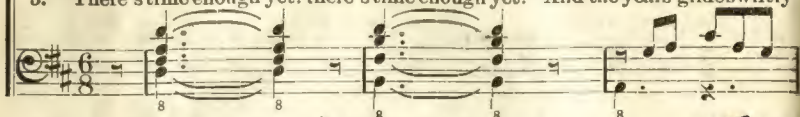
No. 30. There's Time Enough Yet.

Mrs. C. H. M.
Solo for Soprano or Tenor.

Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.



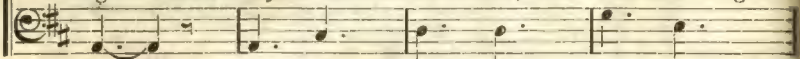
1. "There's time enough yet! there's time enough yet!" Is the song of youth to -
2. "There's time enough yet! there's time enough yet!" And the cares of life press
3. "There's time enough yet! there's time enough yet!" And the years glideswiftly



day; "For I want my life, which is scarce begun, To be glad and free and hard, While the brow is furrow'd with anxious lines, And the hands with toil are by, While the sun sinks low in the crimson west, And the night is drawing



gay. Let me taste awhile of the joys of earth, Of its pleasures first par-scarred. "I must fill my place in this bus-y world, I must meet life's stern de-nigh. "I am weary now and must rest awhile, There'll be time enough to



take; When I've older grown I will seek the Lord, And the paths of sin forsake." mands; When my work is done, I will then find time To obey my Lord's command pray;" But the rest he takes is the sleep of death, And his soul is lost for aye.



CHORUS.



Then turn to the Lord while 'tis call'd to-day, Lest this be thy vain re-gret:



There's Time Enough Yet.—Concluded.

rit.

That my soul is lost, and my life is wreck'd On the rock of "time enough yet."

No. 31. Come Home.

W. F. CORNER.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1. The Sav-our in-vites you, poor wand'rer, to come; The Fa-ther is
2. Re-turn to the Fa-ther, who holds you so dear; Say, why will you
3. Poor wan-der-er, haste, for the night draweth nigh; Say, why will you
4. Come home, trembling mourner, O come and be blest; Here lay down your

wait-ing to wel-come you home; Now cease from your wand'rings so
per-ish when plen-ty is near? O leave the lone des-ert where
lin-ger still? Why will you die? Tho' poor and un-wor-thy, with
bur-dens that you may find rest; Be cleansed from your sins, and to

lone-ly and wild; Re-turn to your Fa-ther, O prod-i-gal child!
shad-ows are piled; Re-turn to your Fa-ther, O prod-i-gal child!
sin all de-filed; The Fa-ther will wel-come the prod-i-gal child!
God rec-on-ciled; Re-turn to your Fa-ther, O prod-i-gal child!

CHORUS. *Repeat Chorus. pp.*

Come home, come home, O prod-i-gal child, come home!
Come home, come home,

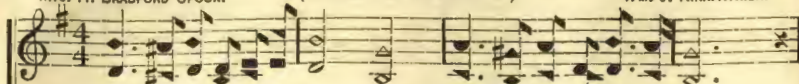
No. 32.

* Take the Life-Boat.

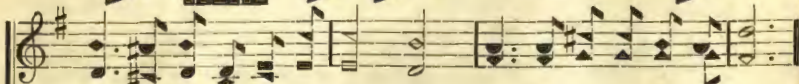
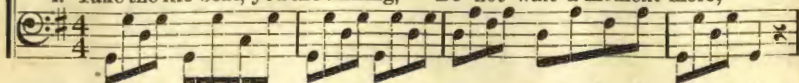
Mrs. H. BRADFORD SPOOR.

(Solo or Duet and Chorus.)

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



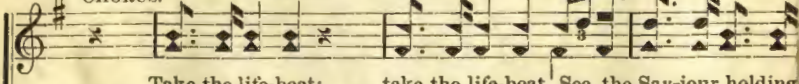
1. Are you wrecked upon life's ocean? Loud the waves about you roar;
2. Lin-ger not for earthly treasures, Yonder lies the land of gold;
3. Precious souls, like you, have lingered; "Time enough" they gaily said;
4. Take the life-boat, you are sinking, Do not wait a moment more;



Still there's hope you need not per-ish; You may reach the heav'nly shore.
 Friends and lov'd ones there are waiting, There are joys for you un-told.
 Ere the mor-row they had per-ished, They are numbered with the dead.
 This may be your fi-nal of-fer, Has-ten now for yon-der shore.



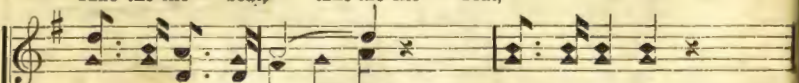
CHORUS.



Take the life-boat; take the life-boat, See, the Sav-iour holding



Take the life - boat, take the life - boat,



out a help - ing hand.....

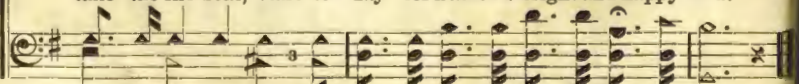
Wait no lon-ger,



Wait no lon - ger, take the



take the life-boat, Start to - day for heaven's bright and happy land.



life - boat,

*Consul Gen. Wildman and family, who went down with the Steamship Rio de Janerio, Feb. 24, 1901, while entering the Golden Gate, San Francisco, might have been saved had they hastened into the life-boat. But while they waited to secure some valuables, the ship went down and they were lost.

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No. 33.

To the Rescue.

Mrs. C. H. M.

Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.

1. To the res-cue! to the res-cue! Souls are drifting with the tide;
 2. Who will tell of this sal-va-tion, Bless-ed life-boat close at hand,
 3. Some are con-scious of their dan-ger, And for suc-cor loud-ly cry;
 4. Hu-man wrecks are all a-bout us, Vic-tims of the tempter's pow'r;

On-ward tow'rd the rocks before them With the cur-rent swift they glide.
 Ere their barks are wreck'd and scatter'd Far and near up-on the strand?
 Cut the shore-lines, has-ten to them Ere in sin they sink and die.
 O the joy be-yond all tell-ing Could we res-cue one this hour!

mf CHORUS. *p*

Farther and farther a-way!..... Farther and farther a-way!.....
 drifting away, drifting away,

cres.

With the cur-rent drift-ing by,... To the res-cue quick-ly fly,
 With the current drifting, drifting by, To the rescue quickly, quickly fly,

God will help us if we try, Help to save some one to-day.
 God will help us if we on-ly try,

No. 34.

Drifting Down.

JESSIE BROWN POUNDS.

W. E. M. HACKLEMAN.

Slowly, with expression.

1. You are drifting far from shore, lean-ing on an i - dle oar, You are
2. Lights upon the Homeland shore give you warn-ing o'er and o'er, You are
3. Voices from the Homeland shore faint-er grow, as they im-plore, You are

drifting, slowly drifting, drifting down; You are drifting with the tide, to the drifting, slowly drifting, drifting down; Soon beyond the har-bor bar will your drifting, slowly drifting, drifting down; O, my brother, do not wait! heed them

o - cean wild and wide, You are drift-ing, slowly drift-ing, drifting down.
boat he car-ried far, You are drift-ing, slowly drift-ing, drifting down.
ere it be too late, Ere for - ev - er you have drifted, drift-ed down.

CHORUS. *rit.*

You are drift - ing down, drift - ing down To the
You are drift-ing, slow-ly drift-ing, you are slow-ly drifting down

dark and aw-ful sea; You are drift - ing down From a Father's loving care,
dark and aw-ful sea; You are drifting, slowly drifting,

Drifting Down.—Concluded.

rit. ad lib.

To the blackness of despair, You are drifting, slowly drifting, drifting down.
drifting down.

No. 35. To That City Will You Go?

Mrs. M. B. C. SLADE.

Dr. A. B. EVERETT.

1. Where the jasper walls are beaming, Where the pearly portals are glowing;
2. O - pen are the shining por-tals, Shut by night or day are they never;
3. In that many-mausioured dwell-ing, Je - sus one for you is pre-par - ing;
5. There shall be no day's declin-ing, Tho' no sun or moon light the heaven;

Where the golden street is gleaming, Where the crystal waters are flow-ing:--
With the glo - ri - fied im-mor-tals, Will you dwell with them, for - ev - er?
Where ho-san-nas glad are swell-ing, Will you come their joy sweetly sharing?
From amidst the throne is shin-ing, Glo - ry from the Lord freely giv - en.

CHORUS.

Down be-side the wondrous riv - er, Where the trees of heal-ing grow,

Repeat. pp

We shall meet and live for-ev - er; To that cit - y will you go?

No. 36. Tell Mother I'll Be There.

C. M. F.

CHARLES M. FILLMORE.

1. When I was but a lit-tle child, how
 2. Tho' I was oft - en wayward, she was
 3. When I be-came a prod - i - gal, and
 4. One day a message came to me; it

well I rec - ol - lect How I would grieve my moth-er with my
 al - ways kind and good, So pa-tient, gen-tle, lov-ing, when I
 left the old roof-tree, She al-most broke her lov-ing heart in
 bade me quick-ly come, If I would see my moth-er ere the

fol - ly and neg-lect; And now that she has gone to heav'n, I
 act - ed rough and rude; My childhood griefs and tri - als she would
 mourning aft - er me, And day and night she prayed to God to
 Sav-iour took her home; I prom-ised her, be - fore she died, for

miss her ten-der care, — O an-gels, tell my moth-er I'll be there.
 glad-ly with me share, — O an-gels, tell my moth-er I'll be there.
 keep me in his care, — O an-gels, tell my moth-er I'll be there.
 heav-en to pre-pare, — O an-gels, tell my moth-er I'll be there.

Tell Mother I'll Be There.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

Tell { moth-er I'll be there in an-swer to her pray'r, This
moth-er I'll be there, heav'n's joys with her to share, Yes,

message, guardian angels, to her bear; Tell }
tell my dar-ling (Omit.....) } moth-er I'll be there.

No. 37.

Right-About, Face.

E. R. Latta, alt.

Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. Come, wand'ring broth-er, in sin or dis-grace; Turn, turn to
2. En-ter the king-dom of mer-cy and grace! Je-sus in-
3. Come to the Sav-iour, sal-va-tion em-brace, Turn from all
4. He with the ran-somed will grant you a place, If from your
5. Might-y re-demp-tion! it cov-ers your case, Turn-ing to

CHORUS.

Je-sus, O right-a-bout, face.
vites you, O right-a-bout, face.
e-vil, Now right-a-bout, face. } Right a-bout, face,
wand'rings You right-a-bout, face.)
Je-sus, O right-a-bout, face.)

Right-a-bout, face; Turn, turn to Je-sus, O right-a-bout, face.

No. 38. Some Day the Silver Cord Will Break.

IDA SCOTT TAYLOR.

W. H. DOANE.

Gently with feeling.

1. Some day the sil - ver cord will break, And earthly dreams and vigils cease;
 2. Some day for me my Lord shall call, With gentle whis - per in my ear;
 3. O when shall break life's silver cord, And when the morn of morns I see,

rit.

My spir - it will its clay for - sake, And find the hav - en - land of peace.
 The sil - ver cord will loose and fall, When I his ten - der voice shall hear.
 With friends I love, my King and Lord At heaven's gate shall wel - come me.

CHORUS. *Slower.*

The sil - ver cord some day will break, And I to
 sil - ver cord, will break,

end - - less joys a - wake; O then for me
 end - less, end - less, me, for me

rit.

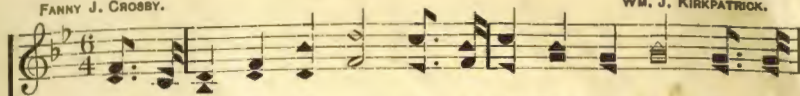
shall life be done, (be done,) E - ter - nal life and heav'n be won!

No. 39.

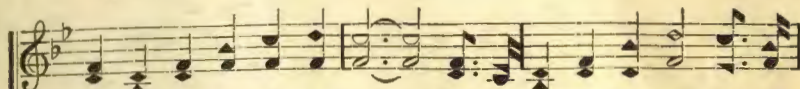
Welcome for Me.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

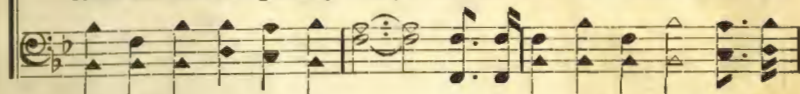
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



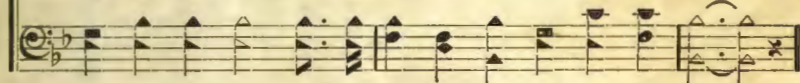
1. Like a bird on the deep, far a-way from its nest, I had
 2. I am safe in the ark; I have fold-ed my wings On the
 3. I am safe in the ark, and I dread not the storm, Tho' a -



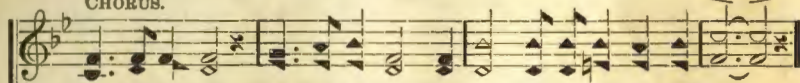
wander'd, my Sav-iour, from thee; But thy dear lov-ing voice call'd me
 bo - som of mer - cy di - vine; I am fill'd with the light of the
 round me the sur - ges may roll; I will look to the skies, where the



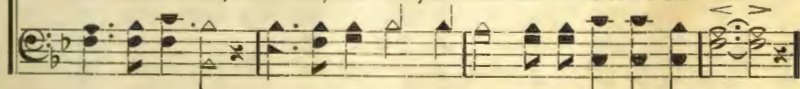
home to thy breast, And I knew there was wel-come for me.
 pres-ence so bright, And the joy that will ev - er be mine.
 day nev - er dies, I will sing of the joy in my soul.



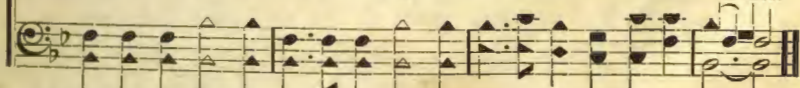
CHORUS.



Wel-come for me, Saviour, from thee; A smile and a welcome for me:



Now, like a dove, I rest in thy love, And find a sweet ref-uge in thee.
 in thee.



No. 40.

Only a Few Short Years.

E. P. C.

ETHEL P. CRIPPEN.

1. O it's on - ly a few short years of heart-ache and long - ing;
 2. O it's on - ly a few short years, then waste not one mo - ment
 3. O it's on - ly a few short years, tho' pain oft o'er - take us;

O it's on - ly a few short years of pa - tient serv - ice here! Then the
 O it's on - ly a few short years, the days go swift - ly by! Do each
 O it's on - ly a few short years, tho' care and grief seem long! Then live

Sav - iour will gen - tly lead us Where we'll find all our heart's de - sire,
 du - ty, tho' great or hum - ble, In a spir - it of tend' rest love,
 on - ly and all for Je - sus, In his serv - ice is joy complete;

When we cast a - way these earth - ly lim - i - ta - tions On the
 Then the lit - tle heav'n of love a - round you grow - ing, You shall
 If he bids you, wait in qui - et, sweet com - mun - ion; If he

p CHORUS.

joy - ful res - ur - rec - tion morn. }
 some day find in heav'n a - bove. } O it's on - ly a few short years,
 sends you, go on swift glad feet. }

Only a Few Short Years.—Concluded.

p *cres.*

On - ly a few short years, 'Till we leave the toil and tears, And we

ritardando.....

en - ter in the years Of an ev - er - last - ing peace and joy.

No. 41. No, Not One.

JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr.

Geo. C. Hugg.

1. There's not a friend like the low-ly Je-sus, No, not one! no, not one!
 2. No friend like him is so high and ho-ly, No, not one! no, not one!
 3. There's not an hour that he is not near us, No, not one! no, not one!
 4. Did ev-er saint find this Friend forsake him? No, not one! no, not one!

FINE.

None else could heal all our soul's dis-eas-es, No, not one! no, not one!
 And yet no friend is so meek and low-ly, No, not one! no, not one!
 No night so dark but his love can cheer us, No, not one! no, not one!
 Or sin-ner find that he would not take him? No, not one! no, not one!

D. S.—There's not a friend like the low-ly Je-sus, No, not one! no, not one!

CHORUS.

D. S.

Je-sus knows all a - bout our struggles, He will guide till the day is done;

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No. 42. Death is Only a Dream.

C. W. RAY.

Music and Chorus by A. J. BUCHANAN.

Effective as a Solo.

1. Sad - ly we sing and with trem - u - lous breath, As we stand by the
2. Why should we weep when the wea - ry ones rest, In the bo - som of
3. Naught in the riv - er the saints should ap - pall, Tho' it fright - ful - ly
4. O - ver the tur - bid and on - rush - ing tide, Doth the light of e -

mys - ti - cal stream, In the val - ley and by the dark
 Je - sus su - preme, In the man - sions of glo - ry pre -
 dis - mal may seem, In the arms of their Sav - iour no
 ter - ni - ty gleam; And the ran - somed the dark - ness and

riv - er of death, And yet 'tis no more than a dream.
 pared for the blest? For death is no more than a dream.
 ill can be - fall, They find it no more than a dream.
 storm shall out - ride, To wake with glad smiles from their dream.

CHORUS.

On - ly a dream, on - ly a dream Of glo - ry beyond the dark stream, How

peaceful the slumber, How happy the waking, For death is on - ly a dream.

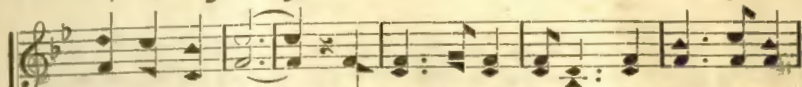
No. 43. The Beautiful City of God.

MARY A. MCKEE.

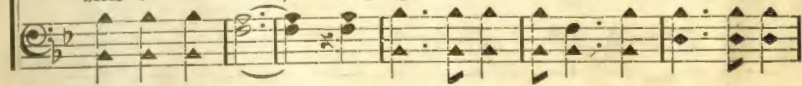
ADAM GEIBEL.



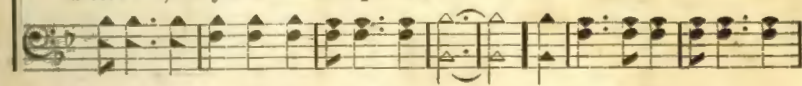
1. With man-sions of fair-ness, And beau-ty, and rare-ness, And streets with a
2. Its riv - ers of glad-ness Will ban - ish all sad-ness, And sor-row shall
3. But light will be giv-en, All storm clouds be riven From o - ver that
4. No sor - row or sigh-ing, Nor an-guish or dy-ing, Can shad - ow the



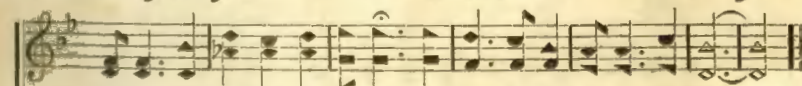
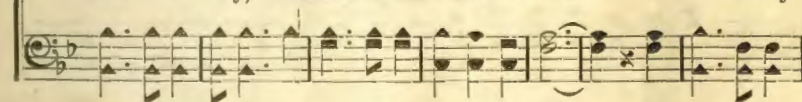
pavement of gold; Where no one grows weary,— No pros-pect is
 van - ish a - way; The moon shall not lighten, The sun shall not
 cit - y of God; We'll view them in won-der, Thro' all that may
 bliss of that home; And pil-grims who rest there, For - ev - er are



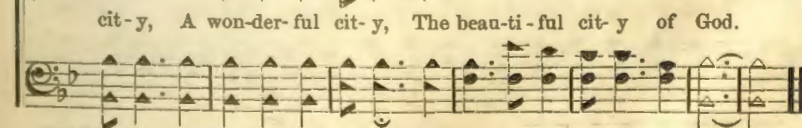
dear-y,—and no one can ev-er grow old.
 bright-en, That cit-y by night or by day.
 sund-er, The path that in sorrow we trod. } O there is a cit-y, a
 blest there, Nor yearn in their rapture to roam.



beau-ti-ful cit-y, Whose builder and maker is God! A far - a-way



cit-y, A won-der-ful cit-y, The beau-ti-ful cit-y of God.



No. 44.

What Will You Do?

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

Mrs. FANNIE L. SIMPSON.

Andante con moto.

1. What will you do with Christ Jesus, the Lord? Behold him, he cometh this
 2. What will you do with the soul-cleansing blood That takes all defilement a-
 3. What will you do with the of-fer of grace, And heaven's remis-sion of

way;
 way?
 siu?

cres. *f*

Close to thee now he is pass-ing a-long And off'ring sal-
 Crim-son it flows, so a-bun-dant and free, And a-ble to
 Will you not o-pen the door of your heart, And let the dear

rall. **CHORUS.**

va-tion to-day. }
 save you to-day. } O what will you do now that Christ is so nigh?
 Saviour come in? }

pp *cres.* *sf*

O what will you do? Will you let him pass by? Why not draw near him and

dim. e rall.

ten-der-ly hear him? O give him your heart while his grace is so nigh.

No. 45.

Cross the Line.

LIZZIE DEARMOND.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Cross the line, cross the line from the world to the Christ, He has wait-ed so
 2. Cross the line, cross the line, lay your bur-den of sin At the feet of the
 3. Cross the line, cross the line to the bright other side, Cling with faith to the

long there for you; Will you still hold as dear fleeting pleasures of earth, When the
 Saviour of men; Hear his voice "Come to Me," take the step while you can, Slighted
 strengthening hand; Ere the dark shadows fall and life's sun sinks to rest, On the

CHORUS.

days of your life are so few?
 once, he may ne'er call a - gain. } Cross the line, cross the line, he will
 Lord's side re - joic - ing - ly stand. }

not come to you, "Follow me," heed the call and o - bey; (o - bey,) Cross the

line, cross the line, it is on - ly a step, From the world to the heavenly way.

No. 46. Turned Away From the Beautiful Gate.

D. E. D.

Not too fast.

D. E. DORTCH.

1. Someone will knock at the saints' bright home, And hear the Lord saying, "You
2. Someone will hear the an-gels' song, And wish he could join with the
3. Someone will stand with an ach-ing heart, While Je-sus pronounces the
4. Someone will lin-ger with tear-ful eyes, While Christ and his peo-ple as-
5. Someone will go in-to darkness drear, Far off from the Saviour and

can - not come." With sad-ness, he'll mourn o'er his sor - row - ful state—
 hap - py throng. With sigh-ing, he'll mourn o'er his sor - row - ful state—
 word, "de-part." With groaning, he'll mourn o'er his sor - row - ful state—
 cend the skies. With weeping, he'll mourn o'er his sor - row - ful state—
 all that's dear. With an-guish, he'll mourn o'er his sor - row - ful state—

CHORUS.

Turned a-way from the beau-ti-ful gate! Turned a-way from the beau-ti-ful

gate! Turned a-way from the beau-ti-ful gate! With sadness, he'll

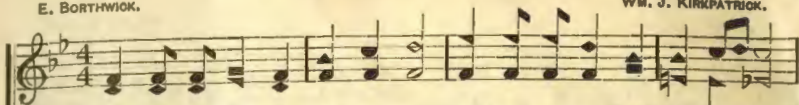
mourn o'er his sor-row-ful state—Turned away from the beau-ti-ful gate!

No. 47.

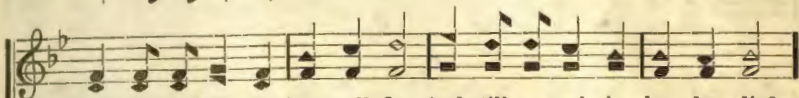
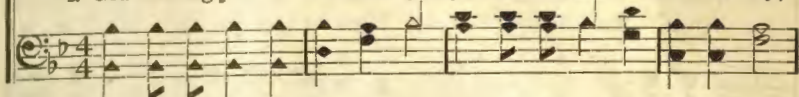
God is Calling.

E. BORTHWICK.

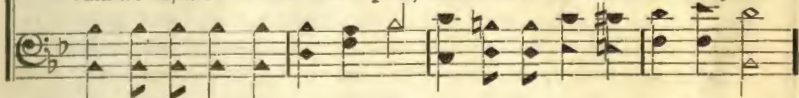
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



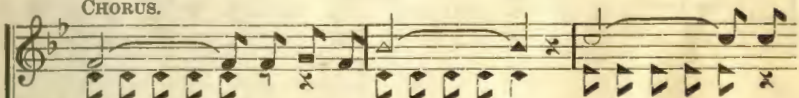
1. God call-ing yet! shall I not hear? Earth's pleasures shall I still hold dear?
2. God call-ing yet! shall I not rise? Can I his lov-ing voice de-spise,
3. God call-ing yet! and shall I give No heed, but still in bon-dage live?
4. God call-ing yet! I can-not stay; My heart I yield with-out de-lay;



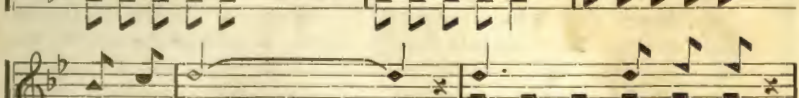
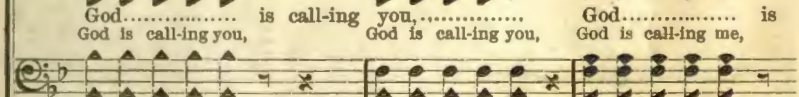
Shall life's swift passing years all fly, And still my soul in slum-ber lie?
 And base-ly his kind care re-pay? He calls me still; can I de-lay?
 I vain wait, but he does not for-sake; He calls me still; my heart a-wake!
 Vain world, farewell! from thee I part; The voice of God has reached my heart.



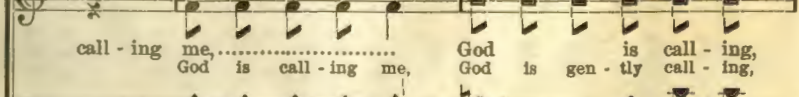
CHORUS.



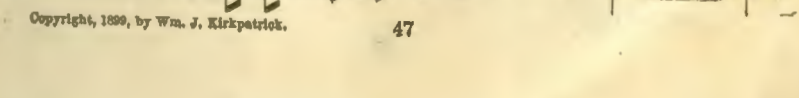
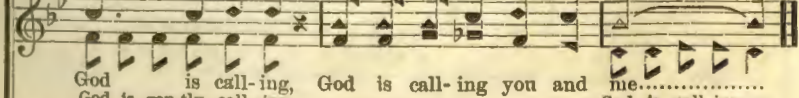
God..... is call-ing you,..... God..... is
 God is call-ing you, God is call-ing you, God is call-ing me, is



call - ing me,..... God is call - ing, God is call - ing,
 God is call - ing me, God is gen - tly call - ing,



God is call-ing, God is call-ing you and me.....
 God is gen-tly call-ing, God is call-ing me.



No. 48. On the Cross of Calvary.

C. F. O.

Arr. by W. J. K.

1. On the cross of Cal-vary, Je-sus died for thee and me; There he
 2. O what wondrous, wondrous love, Bro't me down at Je-sus' feet! O such
 3. Take me, Je - sus, I am thine, Wholly thine for - ev - er - more; Bless-ed
 4. Clouds and darkness veil'd the sky, When the Lord was cru-ci-fied; "It is

shed his precious blood, That from sin we might be free. O the cleansing stream doth
 wondrous, dy-ing love, Asks a sac - ri-fice complete! Lord, I give my-self to
 Je-sus, thou art mine, Dwell within for-ever-more. Cleanse, O cleanse my heart from
 fin-ish'd!" was his cry, When he bow'd his head and died. It was fin-ish-ed there for

flow, And it wash-es white as snow: It was for me that Je-sus died! On the
 thee, Soul and bod - y thine to be: It was for me thy blood was shed On the
 sin, Make and keep me pure within: It was for this thy blood was shed On the
 me; All the world may now go free: It was for me that Je-sus died On the

D.S.—that Je-sus died On the

CHORUS.

cross of Cal-vary. On Calvary,..... on Cal-vary,..... It was for me
 On Calvary, on Calvary,

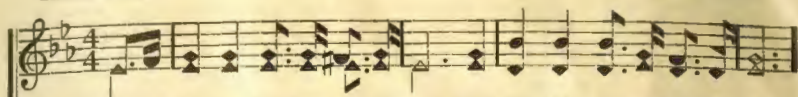
cross of Ca-lva-ry.

No. 49.

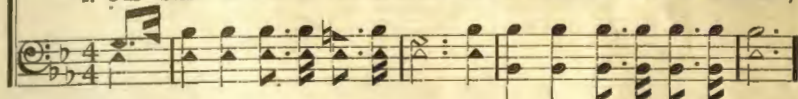
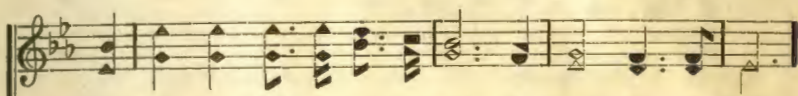
O Why Not To-night?

ELIZABETH REED.

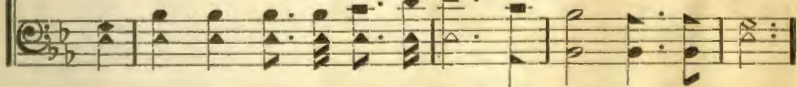
J. CALVIN BUSHBY.



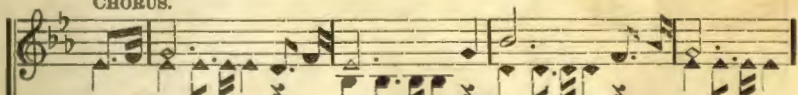
1. O do not let the word de-part, And close thine eyes against the light;
 2. To - mor-row's sun may nev-er rise To bless thy long de-lud-ed sight;
 3. Our God in pit - y lin-gers still, And wilt thou thus his love re-quite?
 4. Our bless-ed Lord re-fus-es none Who would to him their souls u-nite;

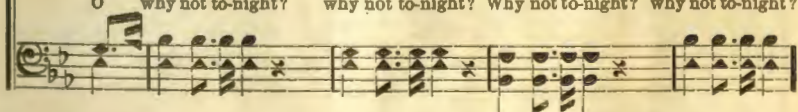
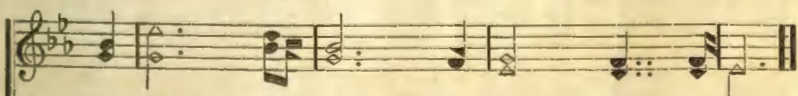
Poor sin - ner, hard - en not thy heart, Be saved, O to - night.
 This is the time, O then be wise, Be saved, O to - night.
 Re - nounce at once thy stub-born will, Be saved, O to - night.
 Be - lieve, o - bey, the work is done, Be saved, O to - night.



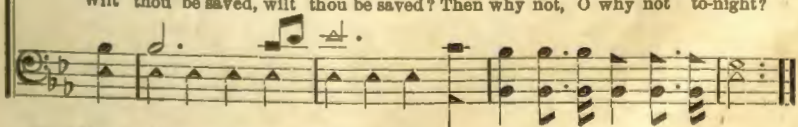
CHORUS.



O why not to-night? O why not to-night?
 O why not to-night? why not to-night? Why not to-night? why not to-night?

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



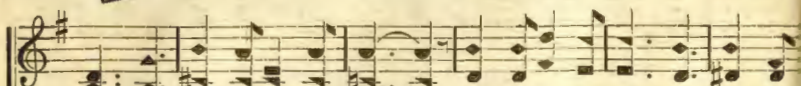
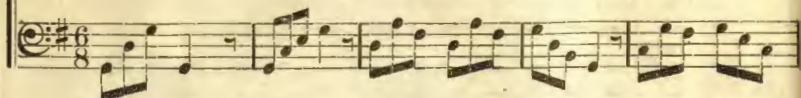
No. 50. Seek Ye First the Kingdom.

E. E. HEWITT.

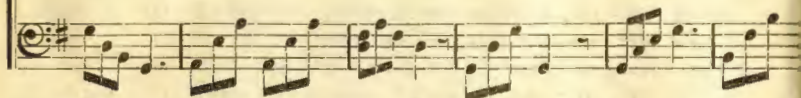
JNO. R. SWENEY.



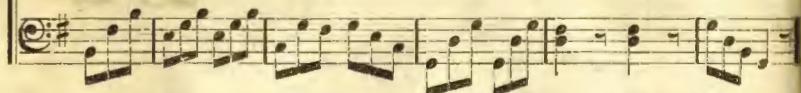
1. Seek ye first the king- dom; Not the things of earth, Priceless are the
2. Seek ye first the king- dom; Ev - er-last- ing love Woos you to the
3. Seek ye first the king- dom; Seek the "Gift of God;" 'Tis the Saviour's



treasures Of immor- tal worth. Like a fitting shad - ow, Time will
 blessings From the land a - bove. Pardon and re - new - al, Righteous-
 of - fer, Purchased by his blood. Seek ye first his glo - ry; Be it



pass a - way, But the heav'nly rich - es Change not, nor de - cay.
 ness and peace, Grace for ev - 'ry tri - al, Joys that never cease.
 life's sweet aim, Him to serve and hon - or, Trusting in his name.



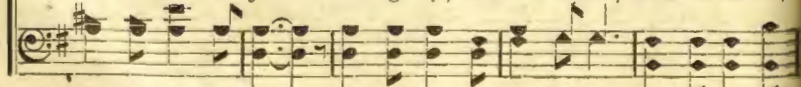
CHORUS.



Seek ye first the kingdom; 'Tis the Master's voice; In his precious promise



Ev - er - more re - joice. "All things else," his word is true, "Shall be add-ed



Seek Ye First the Kingdom.—Concluded.

un - to you, ' In his precious prom - ise Ev - er-more re - joice.

No. 51. Calvary's Stream is Flowing.

LIDIE H. EDMUNDS.

Adapted and Arr. by WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. From that dear cross where Je - sus died, Cal - v'ry's stream is flow - ing ;
2. Come, wash the stain of sin a - way, Cal - v'ry's stream is flow - ing ;
3. For ev - 'ry con - trite, wounded soul, Cal - v'ry's stream is flow - ing ;
4. For ev - 'ry wea - ry, ach - ing heart, Cal - v'ry's stream is flow - ing ;
5. With life and peace up - on its tide, Cal - v'ry's stream is flow - ing ;

From bleeding hands and feet and side, Cal - v'ry's stream is flow - ing.
 Come, while 'tis call'd sal - vation's day, Cal - v'ry's stream is flow - ing.
 Step in just now, and be made whole, Cal - v'ry's stream is flow - ing.
 A ten - der heal - ing to im - part, Cal - v'ry's stream is flow - ing.
 Sweet blessings down the a - ges glide, Cal - v'ry's stream is flow - ing.

CHORUS.

Cal - v'ry's stream is flow - ing, Cal - v'ry's stream is flow - ing ;

Flow - ing so free for you and for me, Cal - v'ry's stream is flow - ing.

No. 52.

Will You Come?

JESSIE H. BROWN.

J. H. FILLMORE.

1. There is rest for the weary, if rest they will seek, There is cheer for the
 2. There is sight for the blinded and cure for the ill, There is balm for the
 3. There is peace for the troubled and freedom for slaves, There is hope for the

lone - ly and strength for the weak, There is par - don and blessing, and
 wounded—be healed if you will, There is rest for your la - bors, and
 hope-less, and light up-on graves; O..... hear the glad mes-sage and

end - less reward, There is per - fect sal - va - tion in Je - sus the Lord
 sweet-ness in rest, There is all that is pur - est, and dear-est and best
 heed the sweet call, There is room and a welcome with Je - sus for all.

CHORUS.

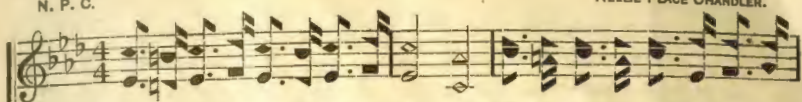
Will you come, will you come to the Lord? Will you come? will you come? O, ye
 Will you come, Will you come?

souls that have seen him revealed in his word? Will you come? will you come?...
 Will you come? will you come?

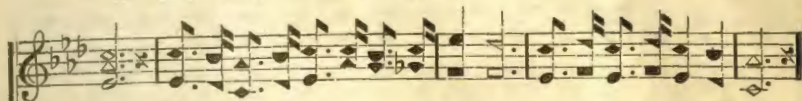
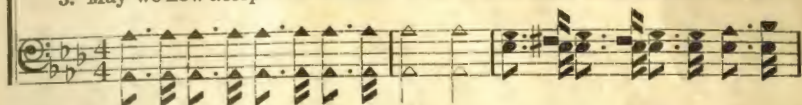
No. 53. He Saves with Power Divine.

N. P. C.

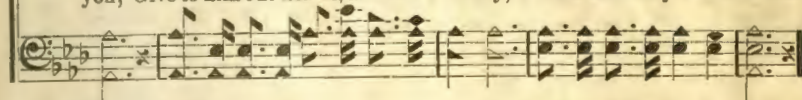
NELLIE PLACE CHANDLER.



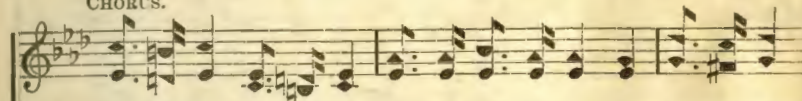
1. Hear a-gain the blessed, blessed sto - ry Of the Saviour's wondrous pow'r to
2. Sorrow, toil, and pain were in his pathway All a-long his jour-ney here be-
3. May we now accept this blessed Sav-iour Who has done so much for me and



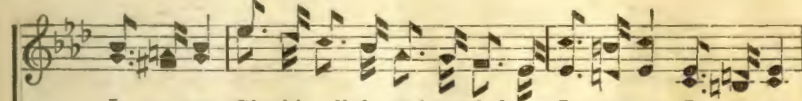
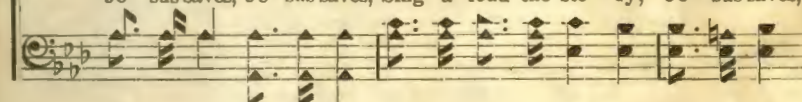
save; How for us he left his home in glory, Conquered sin, death and the grave.
low, Leading him at last to Calv'ry's mountain, All to save our souls from woe.
you; Give to him our hearts, and tell the story, Others then may find him too.



CHORUS.



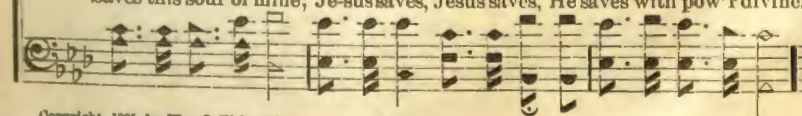
Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves, Sing a-loud the sto - ry; Je - sus saves,



Je - sus saves, Give him all the praise and glory; Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves,



Saves this soul of mine; Je - sus saves, Jesus saves, He saves with pow'r divine.



No. 54.

Will You Be One?

Mrs. C. H. M.

Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.

1. Have you giv'n your-self to Je-sus, do you now to him be-long?
2. Will you be a-mong the num-ber who their golden sheaves will bring?
3. Will you be a-mong the num-ber of the sol-diers brave and true?
4. As the vir-gins wise were wait-ing, are you watch-ing day and night?

Will you be a-mong the num-ber of the hap-py blood-wash'd throng?
 To the feet of the Re-deem-er and u-nite to crown him King,
 Who, in spite of all a-against them, with their Lord are go-ing through,
 For the com-ing of the Bridegroom, with your lamps all trimm'd and bright,

Who a-round God's throne for-ev-er sing the hal-le-lu-jah song?
 Join-ing in the shouts of tri-umph mak-ing heav-en's arch-es ring?
 Will you gath-er in the homeland at that glo-rious, grand re-view?
 Read-y with the saints to gath-er dress'd in gar-ments spot-less white?

CHORUS.

Will you, will you be one?..... Yes, by God's assisting grace I will
 Will you be one? will you be one?

run the children's race, And I'll be among the ransomed over there; In that
 over there;

Will You Be One?—Concluded.

city of delight where our faith is lost in sight, By the grace of God I'll meet you there.

No. 55. Where Will You Spend Eternity?

M. H. M.

MARY HUBBERT MUMFORD.

1. Where will you spend e - ter - ni - ty? This question comes home to all,
2. Where will you spend e - ter - ni - ty? Life's pleasures will soon be o'er;
3. Where will you spend e - ter - ni - ty? Shall all with your soul be well?
4. Where will you spend e - ter - ni - ty? The an-gels now bend to hear;
5. Where will you spend e - ter - ni - ty? The dear ones, who've gone before,

The old, the young, the rich, the poor, Must answer the sol- emn call.
 Their songs and mirth will pass a-way, And leave you for-ev - er - more.
 Say, will you en - ter Gates of Pearl, Or ev - er in dark-ness dwell?
 O choose to-day a place of rest, With Jesus, your Friend so dear.
 With long-ing eyes your com-ing wait, O meet them on yon - der shore.

CHORUS.

Where will you spend e - ter - ni - ty? Do not the an-swer de - lay;

Ritardando.....
 Shall all be darkness or marvellous light? Settle this question to - day.

No. 56. Drifting Away from God.

Mrs. J. A. GRIFFITH.

P. BILHORN.

1. Drifting away from Christ in thy youth, Drifting a - way from mer-cy and truth,
 2. Drifting away from moth-er and home, Drifting a - way in sor-row to roam,
 3. Drifting away on sin's treach'rous tide, Drifting where death and darkness abide,

f
 Drift-ing to sin in ten-der-est youth, Drifting a - way from God.
 Drift-ing where peace and rest cannot come, Drifting a - way from God.
 Drift-ing where fiends your fate will de-ride, Drifting a - way from God.

CHORUS.

Broth - er, the Sav-iour has called you be-fore; See! you are near-ing e -

f *rit.*
 ternity's shore! Soon you may perish, be lost evermore, Jesus now calls for you.

- 4 Drifting away from hope's blessed shore,
 Drifting away where wild breakers roar,
 Drifted and stranded, wreck'd evermore,
 Far from the light of God.
- 5 Why will you drift on billows of shame?
 Spurning his grace again and again?
 Soon you'll be lost! in sin to remain,
 Ever away from God.

No. 57. Him That Cometh Unto Me.

E. E. HEWITT.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. List-en to the blessed in-vi-ta-tion, Sweeter than the notes of angel-song,
 2. Wea-ry toil-er, sad and heavy la-den, Joy-ful-ly the great sal-va-tion see,
 3. Come, ye thirsty, to the living wa-ters, Hungry, come and on his bounty feed,

Chiming softly with a heav-en-ly ca-dence, Call-ing to the passing throng.
 Close beside thee stands the Burden Bear-er, Strong to bear thy load and thee.
 Not thy fit-ness is the plea to bring him, But thy pressing utmost need.

CHORUS.

Him that cometh unto me, un-to me, Him that cometh unto me, un-to me,

Him that cometh un-to me,..... I will in no-wise cast out.
 un-to me,

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>4 "Him that cometh," blind or maimed
 or sinful
 Cometh for his healing touch divine.
 For the cleansing of the blood so
 precious,
 Prove anew this gracious line.</p> | <p>5 Coming humbly, daily to this Saviour,
 Breathing all the heart to him in
 prayer;
 Coming some day to the heavenly
 mansions,
 He will give thee welcome there.</p> |
|--|--|

No. 58. This is a Faithful Saying.

E. E. HEWITT.

GEO. T. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Hear the pre-cious gos-pel sto - ry, Told to sinners long a - go;
 2. Now ac-cept this "faithful say - ing," Let it draw you to his feet;
 3. All your sins shall be for-giv - en, Washed in Calv'ry's stream to-day;
 4. Grasp a-new this "faithful say - ing," Trust-ing Je-sus, doubt no more;
 5. Free - ly take the great sal - va - tion Bought up-on the cross for you;

O what com-fort, O what glo - ry, From this blessed truth shall flow.
 Come to him, no more de-lay - ing, Find in him deliverance sweet.
 All your fet-ters shall be riv - en, All your dark-ness flee a-way.
 Press-ing on-ward, watch-ing, pray - ing, En - ter ev - 'ry o - pen door.
 Bow the heart in a - dor - a - tion, Give your life in serv-ice true.

CHORUS. 1 Tim. 1: 15.

"This is a faithful say-ing, This is a faithful say-ing, This is a faithful

say - ing, And worthy of all ac-cep-ta-tion, That Christ Je-sus came, That

Christ Jesus came, That Christ Jesus came in-to the world to save sin-ners."

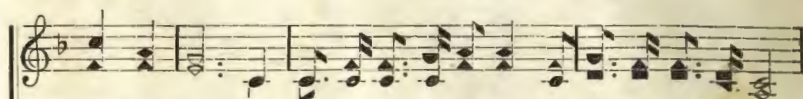
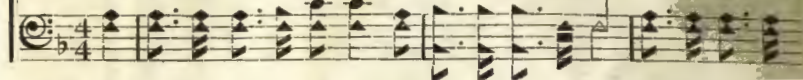
No. 59. That Grand Word, "Whosoever."

E. E. H.

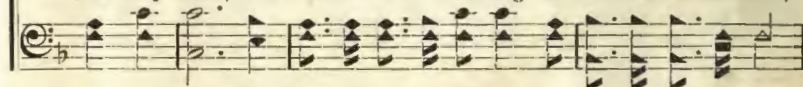
E. E. HEWITT.



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



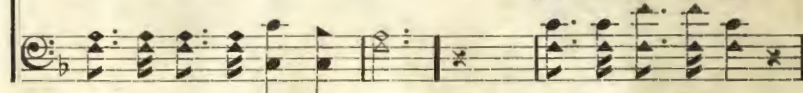
will may come; In riv-ers of sal-va-tion the liv-ing wa-ters roll,
will may come; I know 'tis meant for sinners, I know 'tis meant for me,
will may come; Seek now the precious Saviour, and he'll be yours to-day,
will may come; And those who com: believing he'll to the nt-most save,



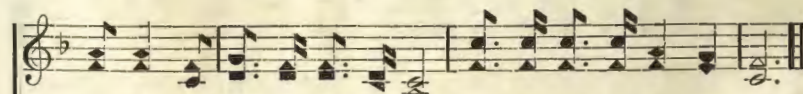
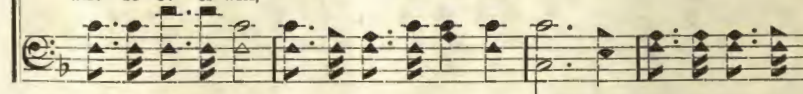
CHORUS.



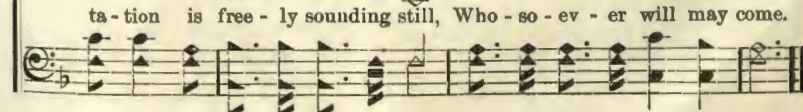
Who-so-ev-er will may come. O that "who-so-ev-er will so-



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



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



No. 60.

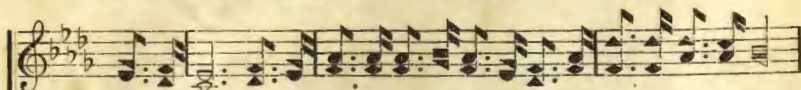
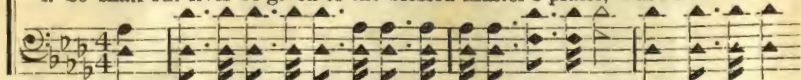
Meet Me in the City.

DELIA T. WHITE.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



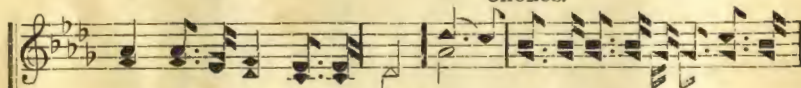
1. Ten thousand times ten thousand in the cit-y of our King, Wash'd in the blood
2. Be - hold a mighty army marching onward to the throne, Wash'd in the blood
3. When fears and doubts be-set us, let us ring it out a-gain, Wash'd in the blood
4. So shall our lives be given to the blessed Master's praise, Wash'd in the blood



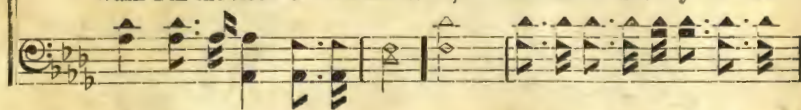
of the Lamb; As they gaze up-on his beauty, everlasting love they sing,
of the Lamb; Sweetly trusting their Redeemer, they are sav'd by grace alone,
of the Lamb; Soon array'd in spotless garments, in his kingdom we shall reign,
of the Lamb; 'Tis the sweetest note of triumph that his ransom'd people raise,



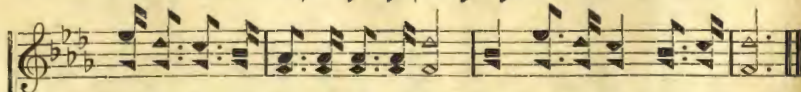
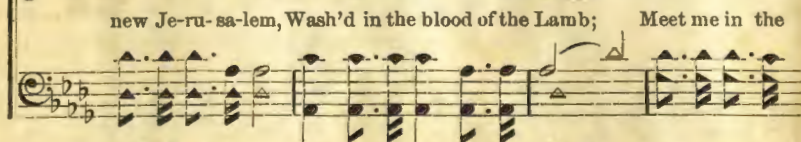
CHORUS.



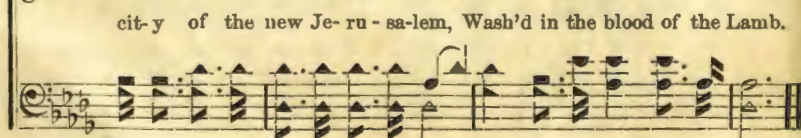
Wash'd in the blood of the Lamb. O, meet me in the cit-y of the



new Je-ru-sa-lem, Wash'd in the blood of the Lamb; Meet me in the



cit-y of the new Je-ru-sa-lem, Wash'd in the blood of the Lamb.



No. 61.

Come unto Me.

E. F. S.

E. F. STANTON.

1. The Sav-iour sweet-ly calls to-day "O come un-to Me and rest;
 2. The Sav-iour whis-pers ten-der-ly "O come un-to Me and rest;
 3. The ris-en Sav-iour calls in love "O come un-to Me and rest;
 4. The Saviour calls from mansions bright "O come un-to Me and rest;

I am the Life, the Truth, the Way, O come un-to Me and rest."
 I died for thee on Cal-va-ry, O come un-to Me and rest."
 With joy and glad-ness look a-bove, O come un-to Me and rest."
 My yoke is eas-y, bur-den light, O come un-to Me and rest."

CHORUS.

Come un-to Me, un-to Me, Come un-to Me, O come un-to Me,
 Come un-to Me, un-to Me, Come un-to Me, O come un-to Me,

un-to Me, O come un-to Me, un-to Me,
 come un-to Me, come un-to Me,

rit.
 Me, And-I will give you rest. sweet rest.
 come un-to Me, sweet rest.

No. 62. Calling Me Over the Tide.

JESSIE H. BROWN.

J. H. FILLMORE.

1. Friends who have loved me are slip-ping a - way, Si - lent - ly
 2. Dim - ly thro' gath - er - ing dark-ness I see Je - sus, my
 3. Nar - row the wa - ters, and tran-quil the shore; There my be -

on - ward they glide; Still are their voic - es, as backward they stray,
 Friend and my Guide; An - gels are watch-ing and wait-ing for me,
 lov - ed a - bid - Christ and the an - gels and friends gone be - fore,

CHORUS.

Call - ing me o - ver the 'tide. Call - ing to me, they are

call - ing to me, Loved ones are call-ing me o - ver the tide, They are

call-ing to me, they are call-ing to me, Call-ing me o - ver the tide.

No. 63.

Meet Me There.

HENRIETTA E. BLAIR.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. On the hap - py, golden shore, Where the faithful part no more, When the
 2. Here our fond - est hopes are vain, Dear - est links are rent in twain; But in
 3. Where the harps of an - gels ring, And the blest for - ev - er sing, In the

storms of life are o'er, Meet me there; Where the night dissolves a way In - to
 heav'n no thro' of pain, Meet me there; By the riv - er spark - ling bright, In the
 pal - ace of the King, Meet me there; Where in sweet communion blend Heart with

FINE.

pure and per - fect day, I am going home to stay, Meet me there.
 cit - y of de - light, Where our faith is lost in sight, Meet me there.
 heart, and friend with friend, In a world that ne'er shall end, Meet me there.

D.S.—happy golden shore, Where the faithful part no more, Meet me there.

CHORUS.

Meet me there, Meet me there, Meet me there, Where the tree of life is
 Meet me there, Meet me there, Meet me there,

D.S.

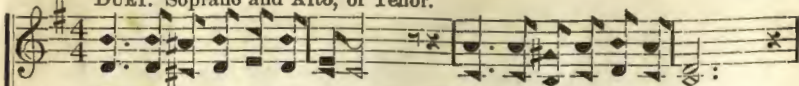
blooming, Meet me there; When the storms of life are o'er, On the
 Meet me there,

No. 64. He will Meet Me At the Portal.

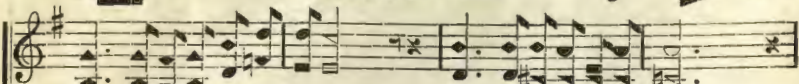
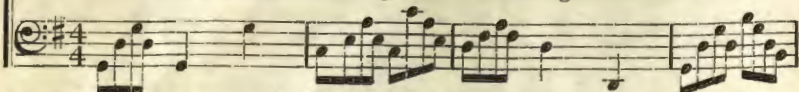
IRVIN H. MACK.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

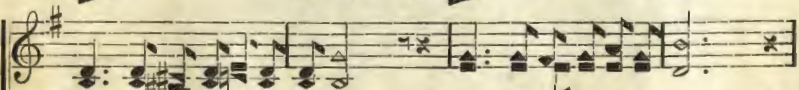
DUET. Soprano and Alto, or Tenor.



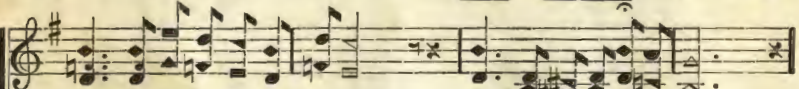
1. When the cares of life have ended And I cross the si-lent stream;
 2. I shall know my blessed Saviour When he comes to greet me there,
 3. O, the joys of that glad meeting, Precious thought! it thrills me now,



As I reach the heav'nly portal And its glories on me beam;
 When he takes me to him gently, Bids me all those blessings share.
 I shall hear him bid me welcome, Feel his kiss upon my brow.



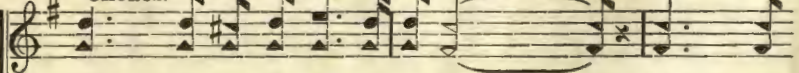
I shall hear the song of welcome, As I sweep within the wall,
 I shall hear his voice so tender, And his kindly face shall see,
 There I'll sing the songs of Zion, There with saints communion hold,



I shall see the Saviour coming And shall know his loving call.
 I shall rest up-on his bos-om, Praise him thro' e-terni - ty.
 There I'll shout glad hallelujahs, Safe within the heav'nly fold.



CHORUS.



He will meet me at the por-tal,..... He will



He will meet me, he will meet me, meet me at the por-tal, He will lead me

He will Meet Me At the Portal.—Concluded.

lead me by the hand,..... Bid me wel-come to his
by the hand, will lead me by the hand, Bid me welcome to his man-sions,
rallentando.
man-sions,..... In that bright and happy land.....
bright happy land.
welcome to his mansions, In that bright and happy, hap-py land.....

No. 65. Where Jesus Is, 'Tis Heaven.

C. F. BUTLER.

JAMES. M. BLACK.

1. Since Christ my soul from sin set free, This world has been a heav'n to me;
2. Once heav-en seem'd a far-off place, Till Je-sus showed his smiling face:
3. What matters where on earth we dwell? On mouttain top, or in the dell;

FINE.

And 'mid earth's sorrow and its woe, 'Tis heav'n my Je-sus here to know.
Now it's be-gun with-in my soul, 'Twill last while endless a - ges roll.
In cot-tage, or a man-sion fair, Where Je-sus is, 'tis heav-en there.

D.S.—On land or sea, what matters where? Where Jesus is, 'tis heav-en there.

CHORUS.

D.S.

O hal - le - lu - jah, yes, 'tis heav'n, 'Tis heav'n to know my sins for-giv'n;

No. 66,

Hear Him Calling.

JNO. R. CLEMENTS.

P. P. BILHORN.

1. Don't you hear the Sav-iour call-ing In those tones so matchless sweet?
 2. Don't you hear the Sav-iour call-ing? How he loves each wand'ring child:
 3. Don't you hear the Sav-iour call-ing? He may nev-er call a-gain;

Don't you hear him call-ing you from sin a-way (from sin a-way)?
 What re-joic-ing when he sees one com-ing home (one com-ing home)?
 It is now he bids you turn to him and live (O, turn and live);

Can't you catch the ten-der pleading, As he bids you to his feet,
 Not a night was e'er so cheer-less, Nor a storm has raged so wild
 For his ways are ways of pleas-ant-ness, And all his paths are peace;

CHORUS.

There to learn love's sweetest lesson for each day?
 To re-strain him in his search for those who roam. } Call-ing, call-ing;
 'Tis a life of joy and hap-pi-ness he'll give. }

Heed his tender voice; List-en, listen, Make to-day the choice. Calling, calling,

Hear Him Calling.—Concluded.

Sweeter than be-fore; Now in lov-ing, tender tonés He calls once more.

No. 67. Why Not Now.

EL. NATHAN.

C. C. CASE.

1. While we pray and while we plead, While you see your soul's deep need,
2. You have wandered far a - way; Do not risk an - oth - er day,
3. In the world you've failed to find Aught of peace for troubled mind;
4. Come to Christ, o - be-dience make; Come to Christ and par-don take;

While our Fa - ther calls you home, Will you not, my broth - er, come?
Do not turn from God your face, But to - day ac - cept his grace.
Come to Christ, on him be - lieve, Peace and joy you shall re - ceive.
Trust in him from day to - day, He will keep you all the way.

CHORUS.

Why not now?..... why not now?..... Why not come to Je - sus now?
Why not now? Why not now?

Why not now?... why not now?..... Why not come to Je - sus now?
Why not now? why not now?

No. 68.

Give Me Thy Heart.

E. E. HEWITT.

ANNA F. BOURNE.

1. "Give me thy heart," says the Fa-ther a-bove, No gift so pre-cious to
 2. "Give me thy heart," says the Sav-iour of men, Call-ing in mer-cy a-
 3. "Give me thy heart," says the Spir-it di-vine, "All that thou hast, to my

him as our love, Soft-ly he whis-pers wher-ev-er thou art,
 gain and a-gain; "Turn now from sin, and from e-vil de-part,
 keep-ing re-sign; Grace more a-bound-ing is mine to im-part,

CHORUS.
 "Grate-ful-ly trust me, and give me thy heart."
 Have I not died for thee? give me thy heart."
 Make full sur-ren-der and give me thy heart." } "Give me thy heart,

p
 Give me thy heart," Hear the soft whisper, wher-ev-er thou art; From this dark

rit.
 world, he would draw thee apart, Speaking so ten-der-ly, "Give me thy heart."

No. 69. There's a Great Day Coming..

W. L. T.

W. L. THOMPSON.

1. There's a great day com-ing, A great day com-ing, There's a
 2. There's a bright day com-ing, A bright day com-ing, There's a
 3. There's a sad day com-ing, A sad day com-ing, There's a

great day com-ing by and by, When the saints and the sin-ners shall be
 bright day com-ing by and by, But its bright-ness shall on-ly come to
 sad day com-ing by and by, When the sin-ner shall hear his doom, "De-

part-ed right and left; Are you read-y for that day to come?
 those who love the Lord; Are you read-y for that day to come?
 part, I know ye not;" Are you read-y for that day to come?

m CHORUS. *pp* *m*
 Are you read-y, Are you read-y, Are you read-y for the

m *pp* *m*
 judgment day? Are you ready, Are you ready, For the judgment day?

By per. of W. L. Thompson & Co., East Liverpool, O., and Thompson Music Co., Chicago, Ill.

No. 70.

Softly and Tenderly.

W. L. T.

WILL L. THOMPSON.

Very slow. pp

1. Soft - ly and tenderly Je-sus is calling, Calling for you and for me;
2. Why should we tarry when Jesus is pleading, Pleading for you and for me ?
3. Time is now fleeting, the moments are passing, Passing from you and from me;
4. O for the won-der-ful love he has promised, Promised for you and for me;

See, on the portals he's waiting and watching, Watching for you and for me.
 Why should we linger and heed not his mercies, Mercies for you and for me?
 Shadows are gath-er-ing, death warnings coming, Coming for you and for me.
 Tho' we have sinned, he has mercy and pardon, Pardon for you and for me.

CHORUS.

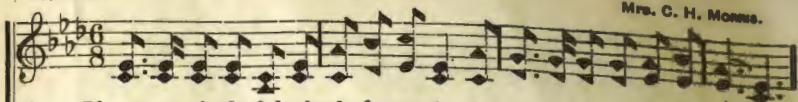
Come home, come home, Ye who are weary, come home;
 Come home, come home,

Ear-nest-ly, tenderly, Je-sus is call-ing, Calling, O sinner, come home!

No. 71. Let Jesus Come Into Your Heart.

C. H. M.

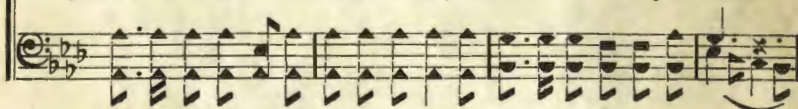
Mrs. C. H. Moore.



1. If you are tired of the load of your sin, Let Je-sus come into your heart;
2. If 'tis for pur-i-ty now that you sigh, Let Je-sus come into your heart;
3. If there's a tempest your voice can-not still, Let Je-sus come into your heart;
4. If friends, once trusted, have proven un-true, Let Je-sus come into your heart;
5. If you would join the glad songs of the blest, Let Je-sus come into your heart;



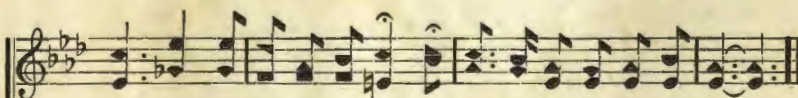
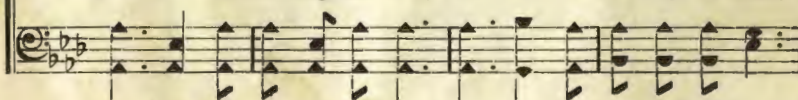
If you des-ire a new life to be-gin, Let Je-sus come into your heart.
 Fountains for cleansing are flow-ing near by, Let Je-sus come into your heart.
 If there's a void this world never can fill, Let Je-sus come into your heart.
 Find what a Friend he will be un- to you, Let Je-sus come into your heart.
 If you would enter the man-sions of rest, Let Je-sus come into your heart.



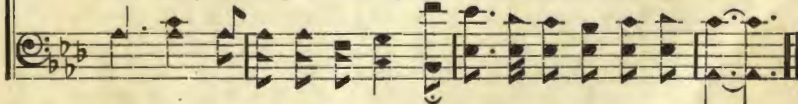
CHORUS.



Just now, your doubt-ings give o'er; Just now; re-ject him no more;
 Just now, my doubt-ings are o'er; Just now, re-ject-ing no more;



Just now, throw o-pen the door; Let Je-sus come in- to your heart.
 Just now, I o- pen the door, And Je-sus comes in-to my heart.



No. 72. Who Will Follow Jesus?

E. E. HEWITT.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Who will follow Je-sus; Standing for the right, Hold-ing up his ban-ner
 2. Who will follow Je-sus In life's bus-y ways, Work-ing for the Mas-ter,
 3. Who will follow Je-sus When the tempter charms, Flee-ing, then, for safe-ty
 4. Who will follow Je-sus In his work of love? Lead-ing oth-ers to him

In the thickest fight? List'ning for his or-ders, Read-y to o-bey,
 Giv-ing him the praise? Earn-est in his vineyard, Hon-or-ing his laws,
 To the Saviour's arms? Trusting in his mer-cy, Trusting in his pow'r,
 Lift-ing pray'rs above? Courage, faith-ful serv-ant; In his word we see,

CHORUS.

Who will fol-low Je-sus, Serv-ing him to-day?
 Faith-ful to his coun-sel, Watch-ful for his cause. } Who will follow Jesus?
 Seek-ing fresh re-new-als Of his grace each hour?
 On our side for-ev-er Will this Saviour be.

Who will make reply, "I am on the Lord's side, Master, here am I?" Who will follow

Jesus? Who will make reply, "I am on the Lord's side, Master, here am I?"

No. 73.

I Want to Go There.

H. L.

HENRY LOPER.

1. We are told of a home in that cit - y a - bove, When with life and it
 2. Since here God has called me, I'll stand at my post, And do what he
 3. Soon this brief life is end - ed, our work here is done, For the days are so
 4. There none but the pure shall that cit - y be - hold; 'Tis the home of the

cares we are thro', Where the walls are of jas - per, the streets are of gold;—
 gives me to do, For the thought is re - fresh - ing as homeward I look;—
 fleet - ing and few, Where lov'd ones have gathered . no death ever comes;—
 faith - ful and true, Where the Saviour a man - sion for me has prepared;—

CHORUS.

I want to go there, don't you?
 I want to go there, don't you?
 I want to go there, don't you?
 I expect to go there, don't you?

I want to go there, I want to go there,

Where lov'd ones are wait - ing in that home - land so fair, Where there's

nev - er a tri - al, a sor - row or care, I want to go there, don't you?

No. 74.

Lord, I'm Coming Home.

W. J. K.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. I've wandered far a - way from God, Now I'm com-ing home;
 2. I've wast - ed ma - ny pre - cious years, Now I'm com-ing home;
 3. I'm tired of sin and stray - ing, Lord, Now I'm com-ing home;
 4. My soul is sick, my heart is sore, Now I'm com-ing home;

The paths of sin too long I've trod, Lord, I'm com-ing home.
 I now re-pent with bit - ter tears, Lord, I'm com-ing home.
 I'll trust thy love, be - lieve thy word, Lord, I'm com-ing home.
 My strength re-new, my hope re-store, Lord, I'm com-ing home.

CHORUS.

Com - ing home, com - ing home, Nev - er - more to roam;

O - pen wide thine arms of love, Lord, I'm com - ing home.

5 My only hope, my only plea,
 Now I'm coming home;
 That Jesus died, and died for me,
 Lord, I'm coming home.

6 I need his cleansing blood I know,
 Now I'm coming home;
 O wash me whiter than the snow,
 Lord, I'm coming home.

No. 75.

God Be With You.

J. E. RANKIN.

Rom. 14: 20.

W. G. TOMER.

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

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

CHORUS.

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

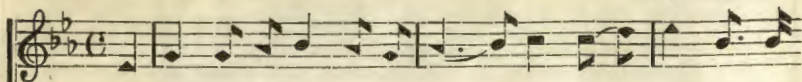
meet at Je - sus' feet, Till we meet, till we meet, till we meet,
 meet at Je - sus' feet, Till we meet, Till we meet, Till we meet, till we meet,

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

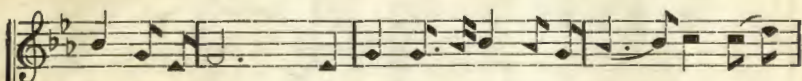
No. 76. They Say there's a Land.

W. L. T.

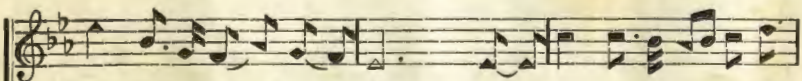
W. L. THOMPSON.



1. They say there's a land o'er the o - cean, Where won - ders and
 2. They say we shall dwell there for - ev - er, If we list to our
 3. They say we shall know all our loved ones, When we meet on that



beau - ties are seen, They say it's a glo - ri - ous E - den, Where
 Saviour's command, They say we shall ev - er be hap - py, When
 bright, golden shore, They say we shall clasp hands so glad - ly And to -



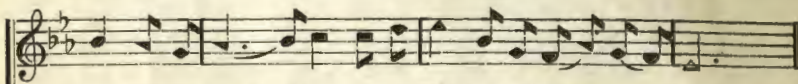
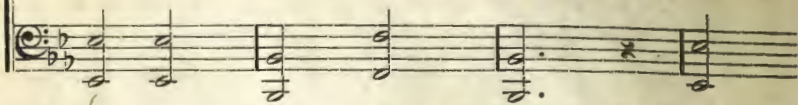
none but the bless - ed con - vene. Ma - ny friends for that land have de -
 safe in that beau - ti - ful land. 'Tis there we shall meet loving
 gath - er re - joice ev - er - more. O, let us pre - pare for the



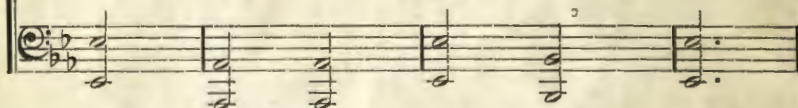
They Say there's a Land.—Concluded.



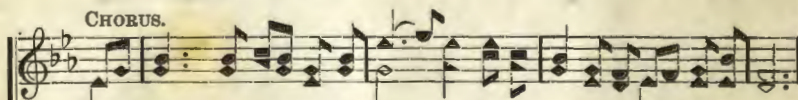
part - ed, They have cross'd over life's troubled sea,..... O let us sail
 Je - sus, Who suffer'd and died, us to save,..... He will stand on the
 jour - ney, Let our hearts be kept loy-al and true,..... Then the Saviour will



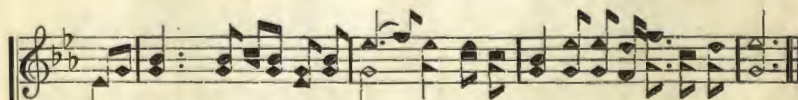
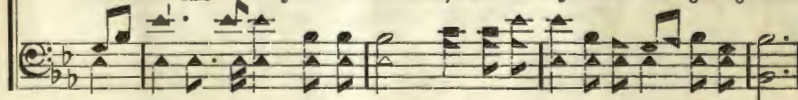
o - ver and meet them, Je-sus' life-boat will carry us free.
 bright shore, and hail us, As we ride o'er the last broken wave.
 watch and pro- tect us, Till the mansions of heaven are in view.



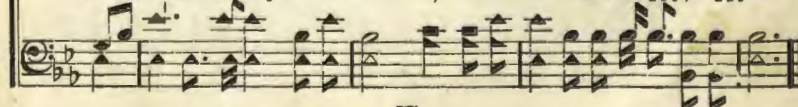
CHORUS.



Then sail sail a - way o'er the o - cean, Where we'll join with the bright angel band,



Then sail sail a - way o'er the o - cean, To our home in that happy, happy land.



No. 77. When the Roll is Called up Yonder.

B. M. J.

J. M. BLACK.



1. When the tram-pet of the Lord shall sound, and time shall be no more,
2. On that bright and cloudless morn-ing, when the dead in Christ shall rise,
3. Let us la - bor for the Mas - ter from the dawn to set-ting sun,



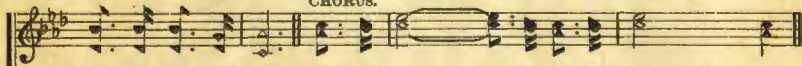
And the morning breaks, eternal, bright and fair; When the saved of earth shall
And the glo - ry of his res - ur - rec-tion share; When his chosen ones shall
Let us talk of all his wondrous love and care; Then, when all of life is



gath - er o - ver on the oth - er shore, And the roll is called up
gath - er to their home be - yond the skies, And the roll is called up
o - ver, and our work on earth is done, And the roll is called up



CHORUS.



yon - der, I'll be there. When the roll..... is called up yon - der,
When the roll is called up yon - der, I'll be there,



When the roll..... is called up yon - - der, When the
When the roll is called up yon - der, I'll be there,



roll..... is called up yonder, When the roll is called up yonder, I'll be there.
When the roll



Familiar Hymns and Gospel Songs.

No. 78.

Coronation. C. M.

EDW. PERRONET.

O. HOLDEN.

1. All hail the pow'r of 'Je - sus' name! Let an - gels prostrate fall:
 2. Ye chos - en seed of Is - rael's race, — A rem - nant weak and small, —
 3. Let ev - 'ry kin - dred, ev - 'ry tribe On this ter - res - trial ball,
 4. O that, with yon - der sa - cred throng, We at his feet may fall,

Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown him Lord of all,
 Hail him who saves you by his grace, And crown him Lord of all,
 To him all maj - es - ty as - cribe, And crown him Lord of all,
 We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song, And crown him Lord of all,

Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown him Lord of all.
 Hail him who saves you by his grace, And crown him Lord of all.
 To him all maj - es - ty as - cribe, And crown him Lord of all.
 We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song, And crown him Lord of all.

No. 79.

Ortonville. C. M.

JOHN NEWTON.

DR. THOS. HASTINGS.

1. How sweet the name of Je - sus sounds In a be - liev - er's ear; It soothes his
 2. It makes the wounded spirit whole, And calms the troubled breast; 'Tis manna
 3. Weak is the ef - fort of my heart, And cold my warmest tho't, But when I
 4. Till then I would thy love proclaim, With ev - 'ry fleeting breath; And may the

sorrows, heals his wounds, And drives away his fear, And drives away his fear.
 to the hungry soul, And to the wea - ry rest, And to the wea - ry rest.
 see thee as thou art, I'll praise thee as I ought, I'll praise thee as I ought.
 mu - sic of thy name Re - fresh my soul in death, Refresh my soul in death.

No. 80.

Antioch. C. M.

ISAAC WATTS.

Arr. from HANDEL.

1. Joy to the world, the Lord has come! Let earth re-ceive her King;
 2. Joy to the earth, the Saviour reigns! Let men their songs em- ploy;
 3. No more let sins and sor-rows grow, Nor thorns in- fest the ground.
 4. He rules the world with truth and grace, And makes the na-tions prove

Let ev - 'ry heart pre- pare him room, And heav'n and na- ture sing,
 While fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains, Re- peat the sound- ing joy,
 He comes to make his bless- ings flow, Far as the curse is found,
 The glo- ries of his right-cous- ness, And won- ders of his love,

And heav'n and na- ture sing, And heav'n, and heav'n and na- ture sing.
 Re- peat the sound- ing joy, Re- peat, re- peat the sound- ing joy.
 Far as the curse is found, Far as, far as the curse is found.
 And won- ders of his love, And won- ders, won- ders of his love.

No. 81.

Christmas. C. M.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

GEORGE FREDERICK HANDEL.

1. A- wake, my soul, stretch every nerve, And press with vigor on; A heav'nly
 2. A cloud of witness - es a- round Hold thee in full sur- vey; For- get the
 3. 'Tis God's all an- i - mat- ing voice That calls thee from on high; 'Tis his own
 4. Blest Saviour, intro- duced by thee, Have I my race be - gun, And, crown'd with

race demands thy zeal, And an im- mor- tal crown, And an im- mor- tal crown.
 steps al- read - y trod, And onward urge thy way, And onward urge thy way.
 hand pre- sents the prize To thine as- pir- ing eye, To thine as- pir- ing eye.
 vic - t'ry, at thy feet I'll lay my hon-ors down, I'll lay my hon-ors down.

No. 82.

Olivet. 6s, 4s.

RAY PALMER

Dr. L. MASON.

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

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

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

No. 83.

Spring. C. M.

L. C. EVERETT.

1. O for a heart to praise my God, A heart from sin set free;
 2. A heart re - signed, sub - mis - sive, meek, My great Re - deem - er's throne -
 3. O for a low - ly, con - trite heart, Con - fid - ing, true, and clean,
 4. A heart in ev - 'ry thought renewed, And full of love di - vine,

A heart that al - ways feels the blood So free - ly shed for me;
 Where on - ly Christ is heard to speak, Where Je - sus reigns a - lone!
 Which nei - ther life nor death can part From him that dwells with - in;
 Per - fect and right, and pure and good, A cop - y, Lord, of thine!

No. 84. My Jesus, I Love Thee.

London Hymn Book.

A. J. GORDON.

1. My Je - sus, I love thee, I know thou art mine, For thee all the
 2. I love thee, be - cause thou hast first lov - ed me, And purchased my
 3. I will love thee in life, I will love thee in death, And praise thee as
 4. In man - sions of glo - ry and end - less de - light, I'll ev - er a -

fol - lies of sin I re - sign; My gra - cious Re - deem - er, my
 par - don on Cal - va - ry's tree; I love thee for wear - ing the
 long as thou lend - est me breath; And say when the death - dew lies
 dore thee in heav - en so bright; I'll sing with the glit - ter - ing

Sav - iour art thou, If ev - er I loved thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.
 thorns on thy brow, If ev - er I loved thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.
 cold on my brow, If ev - er I loved thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.
 crown on my brow, If ev - er I loved thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.

No. 85. Manoah. C. M.

8. STENNETT.

GREATOREX.

1. Ma - jes - tic sweetness sits enthroned Up - on the Sav - iour's brow;
 2. No mor - tal can with him com - pare A - mong the sons of men;
 3. He saw me plunged in deep dis - tress, And flew to my re - lief;
 4. To him I owe my life and breath, And all the joys I have;

His head with ra - diant glo - ries crowned, His lips with grace o'er - flow.
 Fair - er is he than all the fair Who fill the heav'n - ly train.
 For me he bore the shame - ful cross, And car - ried all my grief.
 He makes me tri - umph o - ver death, And saves me from the grave.

5 To heaven, the place of his abode,
 He brings my weary feet;
 Shows me the glories of my God,
 And makes my joys complete.

6 Since from thy bounty I receive
 Such proofs of love divine,
 Had I a thousand hearts to give,
 Lord they should all be thine.

No. 86. Penitence. 6s, 5s. D.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

SPENGER LANE,

1. In the hour of tri - al, Je - sus, plead for me, Lest by base de -
 2. With for - bid - den pleasures Would this vain world charm; Or its sor - did
 3. Should thy mercy send me Sor - row, toil and woe, Or should pain at -
 4. When my last hour com - eth, Fraught with strife and pain, When my dust re -

ni - al I de - part from thee, When thou see'st me wav - er, With a
 treasures Spread to work me harm; Bring to my remembrance Sad Geth -
 tend me On my path be - low: Grant that I may nev - er Fail thy
 turn - eth To the dust a - gain; On thy truth re - ly - ing, Thro' that

look re - call, Nor for fear nor fa - vor Suf - fer me to fall.
 sem - a - ne, Or, in dark - er semblance, Cross - crown'd Cal - va - ry.
 hand to see; Grant that I may ev - er Cast my care on thee.
 mor - tal strife, Je - sus, take me dy - ing, To e - ter - nal life.

No. 87. Why Keep Jesus Waiting.

C. C. C.

C. C. CLINE.

1. Why keep Je - sus wait - ing, Waiting in the cold? He will bear you gen - tly,
 2. Why keep Je - sus wait - ing, Waiting at the door? Oft he knocketh soft - ly,
 3. Why keep Je - sus plead - ing, Pleading at the door? He would be your Saviour,
 4. Why keep Je - sus wait - ing—Knocking at the door? Soon he'll cease his plead - ing,

rit. I im - plore.
 Gen - tly to his fold; See him, soul, and o - pen, O - pen, I im - plore.
 Soft - ly, o'er and o'er; Hear him, soul, and o - pen, O - pen, I im - plore.
 Ev - er, ev - er - more; Love him, soul, and o - pen, O - pen, I im - plore.
 Yes, for - ev - er - more; Come, poor soul, OBEY him, O - pen, I im - plore.

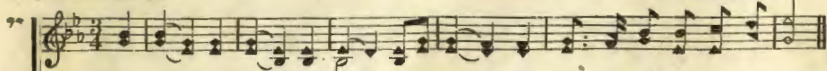
Copyright, 1883, by C. C. Cline. Used by permission.

No. 88.

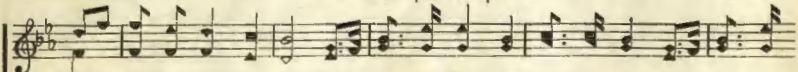
Ariel. C. P. M.

SAMUEL MEDLEY.

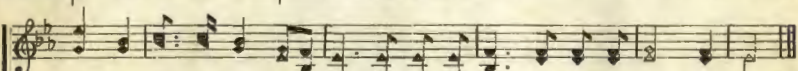
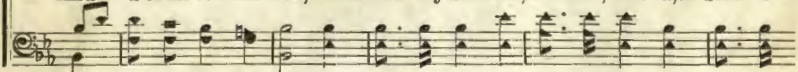
LOWELL MASON.



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 characters he bears, And all the forms of love he wears,
4. Well, the delightful day will come When my dear Lord will bring me home,



Which in my Saviour shine! I'd soar and touch the heav'nly strings, And vie with
Of sin and wrath divine; I'd sing his glorious righteousness, In which all
Ex - alt-ed on his throne; In loft-iest songs of sweetest praise, I would to
And I shall see his face; Then with my Saviour, Brother, Friend, A blest e -



Gabriel, while he sings, In notes almost di-vine, In notes almost di - vine.
perfect, heav'nly dress My soul shall ev - er shine, My soul shall ev - er shine.
ev - er - last - ing days Make all his glories known, Make all his glo - ries known.
ter - ni - ty I'll spend, Tri-umphant in his grace, Triumphant in his grace.

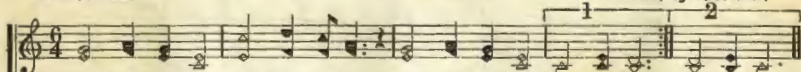


No. 89.

He is Calling.

F. W. FABER.

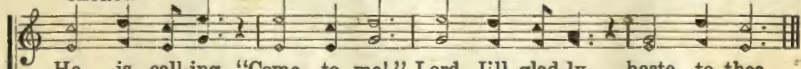
Arr. by S. J. VAIL.



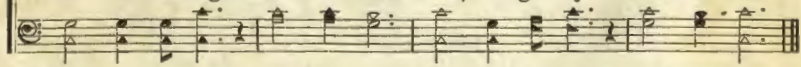
1. { There's a wideness in God's mercy, Like the wideness of the sea; }
{ There's a kindness in his justice Which is more than (Omit.) } lib - er - ty.



CHORUS.



He is call-ing. "Come to me!" Lord, I'll glad-ly haste to thee.



- | | |
|--|---|
| <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 2 There is welcome for the sinner,
And more graces 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; | <ol style="list-style-type: none"> And the heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderful and 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 the Lord. |
|--|---|

No. 90.

Varina. C. M. D.

ISAAC WATTS.

GEO. F. ROOT.

1. There is a land of pure de-light, Where saints im-mor-tal dwell; }
 In - fi - nite day ex-cludes the night, And pleas-ures ban-ish pain. }
 2. Sweet fields be-yond the swell-ing flood Stand dress'd in liv - ing green; }
 So to the Jews old Canaan stood, While Jor-dan roll'd be-tween. }
 3. O, could we make our doubts re-move, Those gloom-y doubts that rise,
 And see the Ca-nan that we love, With un-be-cloud-ed eyes—

There ev - er - last - ing spring a-bides, And nev - er - with'ring flow'rs;
 But tim'rous mor-tals start and shrink To cross this nar - row sea,
 Could we but climb where Mo-ses stood, And view the land-scape o'er,

Death, like a nar - row sea, di-vides This heavenly land from ours.
 And lin - ger, shivering, on the brink, And fear to launch a - way.
 Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood, Should fright us from the shore.

No. 91.

Work. 7s, 6s, 5s.

SIDNEY DYER.

LOWELL MASON.

1. { Work, for the night is coming, Work, thro' the morning hours: } Work, mid springing flow'rs.
 { Work, while the dew is sparkling. (Omit.....) }
 D. C. - Work, for the night is coming, (Omit.....) When man's work is done.

Work, when the day grows bright - er, Work in the glow - ing sun;
 D. C.

2 Work, for the night is coming,
 Work through the sunny noon;
 Fill brightest hours with labor,
 Rest comes sure and soon.
 Give every flying minute
 Something to keep in store:
 Work, for the night is coming,
 When man works no more.

3 Work, for the night is coming,
 Under the sunset skies;
 While their bright tints are glowing,
 Work, for daylight flies.
 Work till the last beam fadeth,
 Fadeth to shine no more;
 Work while the night is dark'ning,
 When man's work is o'er.

No. 92.

Toplady. 7s. 6 lines.

A. M. TOPLADY.

DR. THOS. HASTINGS.

1. Rock of a - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my-self in thee;
 2. Not the la - bor of my hands, Can ful - fill thy law's de-mands;
 3. Noth - ing in my hand I bring, Sim - ply to thy cross I cling;
 4. While I draw this fleet - ing breath, When my eye - lids close in death,

Let the wa - ter and the blood, From thy wound - ed side which flow'd,
 Could my zeal no res - pite know, Could my tears for - ev - er flow,
 Na - ked, come to thee for dress; Help - less, look to thee for grace;
 When I soar to worlds un-known, See thee on thy judgment throne,

Be of sin the doub - le cure; Cleanse me from its guilt and pow'r.
 All for sin could not a - tone; Thou must save, and thou a - lone.
 Vile, I to the fount - ain fly, Wash me, Sav - iour, or I die.
 Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my-self in thee.

No. 93.

Woodworth. L. M.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. Just as I am, with - out one plea, But that thy blood was shed for me,
 2. Just as I am, and wait - ing not To rid my soul of one dark blot,
 3. Just as I am, tho' toss'd a - bout With many a conflict, many a doubt,
 4. Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind; Sight, riches, heal - ing of the mind,

And that thou bidd'st me come to thee, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
 To thee whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
 Fight - ing with - in, and fears without, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
 Yea, 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
 Hath broken every barrier down;
 Now, to be thine, yea, thine alone,
 O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

No. 94.

Loving Kindness.

SAMUEL MEDLEY.

Wm. CALDWELL.

1. A - wake, my soul, to joy - ful lays, And sing thy great Redeemer's praise;
 2. He saw me ru - ined in the fall, Yet loved me, not - with-standing all;
 3. Tho' numerous hosts of might - y foes, Tho' earth and hell my way op - pose,
 4. When trouble, like a gloom - y cloud, Has gath - ered thick and thundered loud,

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

Lov - ing kindness, lov - ing kindness, His lov - ing kind - ness, O how free!
 Lov - ing kindness, lov - ing kindness, His lov - ing kind - ness, O how great!
 Lov - ing kindness, lov - ing kindness, His lov - ing kind - ness, O how strong!
 Lov - ing kindness, lov - ing kindness, His lov - ing kind - ness, O how good!

No. 95.

The Great Physician.

WILLIAM HUNTER.

Arr. by J. H. STOCKTON.

FINE.

1. { The great Phy - si - cian now is near, The sym - pa - thiz - ing Je - sus, }
 { He speaks the droop - ing heart to cheer, O hear the voice of Je - sus, }
 2. { Your ma - ny sins are all forgiv'n, O hear the voice of Je - sus, }
 { Go on your way in peace to heav'n, And wear a crown with Je - sus. }

D.C.— Sweet - est car - ol ev - er sung, Je - sus, bless - ed Je - sus.

CHORUS.

D.C.

Sweet - est note in ser - aph song, Sweet - est name on mor - tal tongue,

3 His name dispels my guilt and fear,
 No other name but Jesus:
 O how my soul delights to hear
 The charming name of Jesus.

4 The children too, both great and small,
 Who love the name of Jesus,
 May now accept the gracious call
 To work and live for Jesus.

No. 96.

How Firm a Foundation.

GEO. KEITH.

Popular Melody.

1. How firm a foun-da-tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your
 2. In ev-'ry con-di-tion—in sick-ness, in health, In pov-er-ty's
 3. Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dismayed, For I am thy
 4. E'en down to old age all my peo-ple shall prove My sov-'reign, e-
 5. The soul that on Je-sus hath leaned for re- pose, I will not, I

faith in his ex- cel-lent word! What more can he say than to
 vale or a- bound- ing in wealth, At home and a- broad, on the
 God, and will still give thee aid; I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and
 ter- nal, un-change- a- ble love; And when ho-a-ry hairs shall their
 can not de- sert to his foes; That soul, though all hell should en-

you he hath said, You who un-to Je- sus for ref- uge have fled?
 land, on the sea— As thy days may demand, shall thy strength ever be.
 cause thee to stand, Up- held by my right-eous, om-nip- o-tent hand.
 tem- ples a- dorn, Like lambs they shall still in my bo- som be borne.
 deav- or to shake, I'll nev- er, no nev- er, no nev- er for- sake.

No. 97.

Pilot Me. 7s. 6 lines.

E. HOPPER.

J. E. GOULD,
FINE.

1. Je- sus, Sav- iour, pi- lot me, O- ver life's tem- pes- tuous sea;

D. C.—Chart and com- pass came from thee: Je- sus, Sav- iour, pi- lot me.

Unknown waves be- fore me roll, Hid- ing rock and treach'rous shoal:

2 As a mother stills her child
 Thou canst hush the ocean wild;
 Boist'rous waves obey thy will
 When thou say'st to them "Be still."
 Wondrous Sovereign of the sea,
 Jesus, Saviour, pilot me.

3 When at last I near the shore,
 And the fearful breakers roar
 'Twixt me and the peaceful rest,
 Then, while leaning on thy breast,
 May I hear thee say to me,
 "Fear not, I will pilot thee."

No. 98.

Rowley. 5s, 6s, 9s.

CHAS. WESLEY,

LOWELL MASON.

1. How hap - py are they Who the Sav - iour o - bey, And have laid up their
 2. This com - fort is mine, Since the fa - vor di - vine I have found in the
 3. 'Tis a heav - en be - low My Re - deem - er to know; And the an - gels can
 4. What a mer - cy is this! What a heav - en of bliss! How un - speak - a - bly

treasures a - bove! Tongue can - not ex - press The sweet comfort and peace
 blood of the Lamb; Since the truth I believed, What a joy I've re - ceiv - ed,
 do noth - ing more Than to fall at his feet, And the sto - ry re - peat,
 hap - py am I! Gathered in - to the fold, With be - liev - ers enrol - led—

Of a soul in its ear - li - est love, Of a soul in its ear - li - est love.
 What a heav - en in Jesus' blest name, What a heav - en in Je - sus' blest name.
 And the Lov - er of sin - ners a - dore, And the Lov - er of sin - ners a - dore.
 With be - liev - ers to live and to die! With be - liev - ers to live and to die!

No. 99.

Nettleton. 8s, 7s.

R. ROBINSON.

ABIGAIL NETTLETON.

FINE.

1. { O thou Fount of ev - 'ry bless - ing, Tune my heart to sing thy grace: }
 { Streams of mer - cy, nev - er ceas - ing, Call for songs of loudest praise. }

D. C.—While the hope of end - less glo - ry Fills my heart with joy and love.

Teach me ev - er to a - dore thee: May I still thy goodness prove,

2 Here I'll 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,
 Wandering from thy fold, O God;
 He to rescue me from danger,
 Interposed his precious blood.

3 O, to grace how great a debtor
 Daily I'm constrained to be!
 Let thy goodness, like a fetter,
 Bind me closer still to thee.
 Never let me wander from thee,
 Never leave thee, whom I love,
 By thy Word and Spirit guide me,
 Till I reach thy courts above.

No. 100. Let Us Walk in the Light.

Anon.

Anon.

1. 'Tis re - lig - ion that can give, In the light, in the light, Sweet - est
 2. 'Tis re - lig - ion must sup - ply, In the light, in the light, Sol - id
 3. Aft - er death the joys will be, In the light, in the light, Last - ing
 4. Be the liv - ing God my friend, In the light, in the light, Then my

CHORUS.

pleasure while we live In the light of God.
 com - fort when we die In the light of God.
 as e - ter - ni - ty, In the light of God. } Let us walk in the light,
 bliss shall nev - er end, In the light of God.

In the light, in the light, Let us walk in the light, In the light of God.

No. 101. Martyn. 7s. D.

CHAR. WESLEY.

S. B. MARSH.

FINE.

1. { Je - sus, lov - er of my soul, Let me to thy bo - som fly, }
 While the bit - lows near me roll, While the tempest still is high; }

D.C. - Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, O receive my soul at last!

Hide me, O my Sav - iour hide, Till the storm of life is past;

- 2 Other refuge have I none,
 Hangs my helpless soul on thee;
 Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
 Still support and comfort me!
 All my trust on thee is stayed.
 All my help from thee I bring,
 Cover my defenseless head
 With the shadow of thy wing.
- 3 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;
 Prince of peace and righteousness:
 Most unworthy, Lord, I am;
 Thou art full of truth and grace.
- 4 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!

No. 102.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

O Happy Day.

E. F. RIMBAULT.

1. { O hap - py day that fixed my choice On thee, my Sav - iour and my God!
Well may this glow - ing heart re - joice, And tell the rap - ture all a - broad. }

2. { O hap - py bond, that seals my vows, To him that mer - its all my love!
Let cheerful an - thems fill his house, While to that sa - cred 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, Charm'd to confess the voice divine. }

CHORUS.

Hap - py day, hap - py day, When Je - sus wash'd my sins a - way!

FINE.

D.S.

He taught me how to watch and pray, And live re - joic - ing ev - 'ry day.

No. 103.

WM. PATTON MACKAY.

Revive Us Again.

J. J. HUSBAND.

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 light, 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 bought us, and
5. Re - vive us a - gain; fill each heart with thy love; May each soul be re -

CHORUS.

died, and is now gone a - bove.
Sav - iour and scattered our night
sins, and Has cleans'd ev'ry stain. } Hal - le - lu - jah! Thine the glo - ry; Hal - le -
sought us, and guid - ed our ways. }
kin - dled with fire from a - bove. }

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

No. 104. Come, Ye Disconsolate. 11s, 10s.

THOMAS MOORE.

SAMUEL WEBBE.

1. Come, ye dis-con - so-late, wher-e'er ye lan-guish; Come to the
 2. Joy of the des - o-late, light of the stray-ing, Hope of the
 3. Here see the Bread of Life; see wa-ters flow-ing Forth from the

mer - cy-seat, fer - vent-ly kneel; Here bring your wound-ed hearts,
 pen - i - tent, fade-less and pure; Here speaks the Com-fort - er,
 throne of God, pure from a - bove; Come to the feast of love:

here tell your an-guish, Earth has no sorrow that Heaven cannot heal.
 ten - der-ly say - ing, Earth has no sorrow that Heaven cannot cure.
 come, ev - er know-ing Earth has no sorrow but Heaven can re-move.

No. 105. Siloam. C. M.

EDMUND JONES.

I. B. WOODBURY.

1. Come, hum-ble sin - ner, in whose breast A thousand tho'ts re-volve;
 2. I'll go to Je - sus, though my sin Has like a mountain rose;
 3. Hum-bly I'll bow at his com-mand, And there my guilt con-fess;
 4. Sure - ly he will ac-cept my plea, For he has bid me come;
 5. I can - not per - ish if I go; I am re-solved to try:

Come, with your guilt and fear oppress'd, And make this last re-solve.
 His king-dom now I'll en - ter in, What-ev - er may op-pose.
 I'll own I am a wretch un-done, With-out his sov-'reign grace.
 Forth-with I'll rise, and to him flee, For yet, he says, there's room.
 For if I stay a - way, I know I must for-ev - er die.

No. 106. Lead, Kindly Light. 10s, 4s.

JOHN H. NEWMAN.

JOHN B. DYKES.

1. Lead, kindly Light, amid th'encircling gloom, Lead thou me on; The night is
 2. I was not ever thus, nor pray'd that thou Should'st lead me on; I lov'd to
 3. So long thy pow'r hath blest me, sure it still Will lead me on, O'er moor and

dark, and I am far from home, Lead thou me on; Keep thou my feet; I
 choose and see my path; but now Lead thou me on; I lov'd the gar-ish
 fen, o'er crag and torrent, till The night is gone, And with the morn those

do not ask to see The dis-tant scene; one step e-nough for me.
 day; and, spite of fears, Pride ruled my will; re-mem-ber not past years.
 an-gel fac-es smile, Which I have lov'd long since, and lost a-while.

No. 107. Bethany. 6s, 4s.

SARAH F. ADAMS.

LOWELL MASON.

1. Near-er, my God, to thee, Near-er to thee; E'en though it be a cross
 2. Though like a wan-der-er, Day-light all gone, Dark-ness be o-ver me,
 3. There let the way ap-pear, Steps unto heaven; All that thou send-est me,
 4. Then, with my waking tho'ts Bright with thy praise, Out of my ston-y griefs
 5. Or if, on joy-ful wing, Cleav-ing the sky, Sun, moon, and stars for-got,

D.S.—Near-er, my God, to thee,

FINE. That rais-eth me! Still all my song shall be, Near-er, my God, to thee!
 My rest a stone; Yet, in my dreams I'd be Near-er, my God, to thee!
 In mer-cy given, An-gels to beck-on me Near-er, my God, to thee!
 Beth-el I'll raise; So by my woes to be Near-er, my God, to thee!
 Up-ward I fly; Still all my song shall be, Near-er, my God, to thee!

Near-er to thee!

No. 108. What a Friend We Have.

JOSEPH SCRIVEN.

C. C. CONVERSE.

1. What a Friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to bear;
 2. Have we tri - als and temp - ta - tions? Is there trouble an - y - where?
 3. Are we weak and heav - y la - den, Cumbered with a load of care?

What a priv - i - lege to car - ry Ev - 'ry-thing to God in prayer.
 We should nev - er be dis - cour - aged, Take it to the Lord in prayer.
 Pre - cious Sav - iour, still our ref - uge, - Take it to the Lord in prayer.

O, what peace we oft - en for - felt, O, what need - less pain we bear,
 Can we find a friend so faith - ful, Who will all our sor - rows share?
 Do thy friends despise, for - sake thee? Take it to the Lord in prayer;

All be - cause we do not car - ry Ev - 'ry-thing to God in prayer.
 Je - sus knows our ev - 'ry weak - ness: Take it to the Lord in prayer.
 In his arms he'll take and shield thee, Thou wilt find a so - lace there.

Used by permission.

Boylston. S. M.

LOWELL MASON.

No. 109. Did Christ O'er Sinners Weep.

1 Did Christ o'er sinners weep,
 And shall our cheeks be dry?
 Let tears of penitential grief
 Flow forth from every eye.

2 The Son of God in tears
 The wond'ring angels see:
 Be thou astonished, O my soul:
 He shed those tears for thee.

3 He wept that we might weep—
 Each sin demands a tear;
 In heaven alone no sin is found,
 And there's no weeping there.

—Benjamin Beddome.

No. 110. The Accepted Time.

1 Now is th' accepted time,
 Now is the day of grace;
 Now, sinners, come, without delay,
 And seek the Saviour's face.

2 Now is th' accepted time,
 The Saviour calls to-day;
 To-morrow it may be too late;
 Then why should you delay?

3 Now is th' accepted time,
 The gospel bids you come;
 And every promise in his word
 Declares there yet is room.

—John Dobell.

No. 111.

Pleyel. 7s.

- 1 Hasten, sinner, to be wise!
Stay not for the morrow's sun:
Wisdom, if you still despise,
Harder is it to be won.
- 2 Hasten, mercy to implore!
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest thy season should be o'er
Ere this evening's stage be run.

- 3 Hasten, sinner, to return!
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest thy lamp should fail to burn
Ere salvation's work is done.
- 4 Hasten, sinner, to be blest!
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest perdition thee arrest
Ere the morrow is begun.

—Thos. Scott.

No. 112.

Come to Jesus Just Now.

Anon.

1. Come to Je - sus, Come to Je - sus, Come to Je - sus just now, Just

now, come to Je - sus, Come to Je - sus just now.

2 He will save you, etc.
3 He is able, etc.
4 He is willing, etc.
5 He is ready, etc.
6 O believe him, etc.
7 O receive him, etc.
8 Don't reject him, etc.

No. 113.

I Will Go.

MARTHA J. LANKTON.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. I will go, I can-not stay From the arms of love a-way; O for strength of
2. Tho' I long have tried in vain, Tried to break the tempter's chain, Yet to-night I'll
3. I am lost, and yet I know Earth can nev-er heal my woe; I will rise at
4. Something whispers in my soul, Tho' my sins like mountains roll, Jesus' blood will
5. I o- bey the Saviour's call, Now to him I yield my all, At his feet, where

CHORUS.

faith to say, Je - sus died for me.
try a - gain, Je - sus help thou me. } Can it be, O, can it be
once and go, Je - sus died for me.
make me whole, Je - sus died for me.
oth - ers fall, There's a place for me.

rit.
There is hope for one like me? I will go with this my plea, Je - sus died for me.

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