

LIVING SONGS



EDITED BY
W. G. E. CUNNINGHAM D. D.
AND
R. M. McINTOSH.

NASHVILLE, TENN.:
PUBLISHING HOUSE M. E. CHURCH, SOUTH.
BARBEE & SMITH, AGENTS.

**Broadway Methodist
Sunday School.**

Cunnamoan, W. D. E. + R. M. Mcintosh.

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Living Stone. Nashville:
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LIVING SONGS:

FOR

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL, THE EPWORTH LEAGUE,
PRAYER MEETINGS, REVIVALS,

AND

All Special Occasions of Christian Work and Worship.

EDITED BY

W. G. E. CUNNYNGHAM, D.D., SUNDAY SCHOOL EDITOR,

AND

PROF. R. M. MCINTOSH, EMORY COLLEGE, OXFORD, GA.

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1892.

PREFACE.

It has become necessary to publish another song book for use in our Sunday schools. Prof. McIntosh, of Emory College, Ga., well known throughout the land, especially in the M. E. Church, South, as an experienced and successful composer and editor of music, has prepared the present volume with great care. He regards it as the best of all his song books, and we trust our Sunday school people will indorse his judgment. "A number of songs from our own catalogue, that have become popular, have been inserted." These popular songs not only enrich the collection, but bring our Sunday schools and congregations nearer together. We could wish that all our congregations and Sunday schools would use the same hymns and tunes, and thus come into closer fellowship in the service of song, if not in all our forms of public worship. We believe our Sunday school music is improving, and that the day is not distant when much of it will be used in the adult congregations. We send forth "LIVING SONGS" with the hope that it will be very popular and useful.

Nashville, Tenn., April, 1892.

W. G. E. CUNNINGHAM,
Sunday School Editor.

PROF. MCINTOSH desires to express his thanks to Mrs. LOULIE MCINTOSH BURNS, Miss NANNIE SALLIE MCINTOSH, and Mrs. EMMA YARBROUGH EVANS, for valuable assistance rendered him in the selection of material for this book.

LIVING SONGS.

No. 1. I AM TRUSTING THEE.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

R. M. McINTOSH.

1. I am trust-ing thee, Lord Je - sus, Trust-ing on - ly thee,
 2. I am trust-ing thee for par - don; At thy feet I bow,
 3. I am trust-ing thee for cleans-ing, In the crim-son flood,
 4. I am trust-ing thee to guide me Thou a-lone shalt lead,
 5. I am trust-ing thee, Lord Je - sus; Nev - er let me fall

Trust-ing thee for full sal - va - tion, Great and free.
 For thy grace and ten - der mer - cy Trust - ing now.
 Trust-ing thee to make me ho - ly By thy blood.
 Ev - 'ry day and hour sup - ply - ing All my need.
 I am trust-ing thee for - ev - er, And for all.

I am trusting thee, I am trust-ing thee, I am trusting on - ly thee;

I am trust-ing thee, Lord Je - sus, I am trust-ing on - ly thee.

No. 2.

A FRIEND TO GUIDE ME.

W. A. O.
Slow.

W. A. OGDEN.

1. I have a friend to guide me, Here be - low, here be - low;
2. My ta - ble he pre - par - eth, Here be - low, here be - low;
3. When thro' death's vale I'm go - ing, Here be - low, here be - low;

He walk - eth close be - side me Where I go, where I go.
And of his boun - ty spar - eth Where I go, where I go:
His light my way still show - ing, Guides me through, guides me through.

For me he in - ter - ced - eth, My hun - gry soul he feed - eth, My
Of what is best he will - eth, The storm of sin he still - eth, My
Oh! naught his love can sev - er, His mer - cy fail - eth nev - er, And

Interlude after second stanza.

FINE.

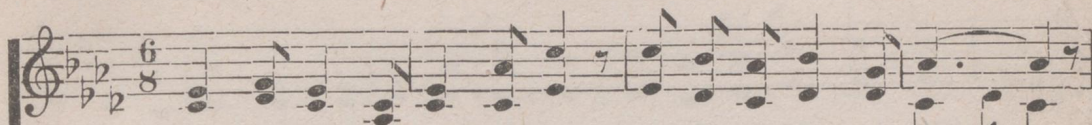
falt - ring feet he leadeth Where the richest pastures grow.
cup of joy he fill - eth Where the liv - ing wa - ters flow.
I shall dwell for - ev - er In the home his children know.

No. 3.

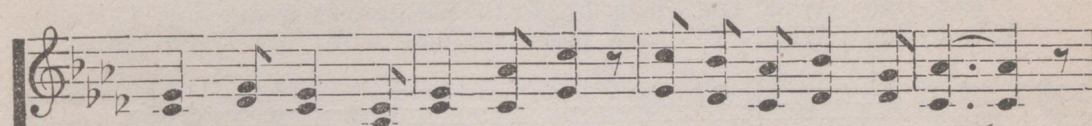
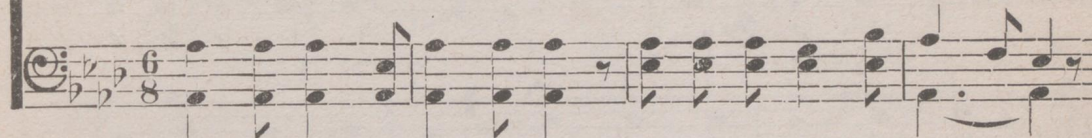
ONLY FOR THEE.

ELIZA A. WALKER.

W. A. OGDEN.



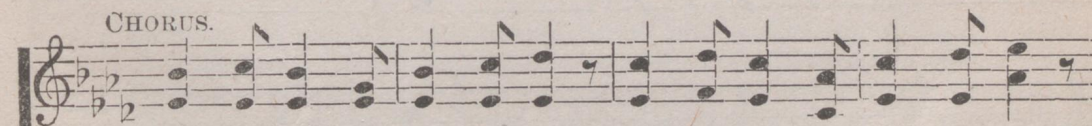
- 1. Bless - ed Sav - iour, I would live On - ly for thee, for thee; (for thee;)
- 2. All my spir - it's deep de - sire, On - ly for thee, for thee; (for thee;)
- 3. In my joys would I re - joice, On - ly for thee, for thee; (for thee;)
- 4. All my smiles and all my tears, On - ly for thee, for thee; (for thee;)



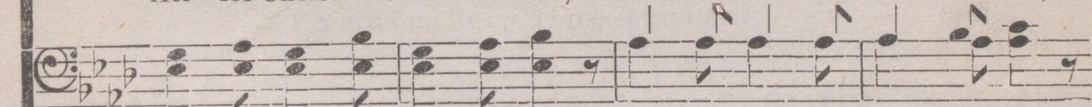
- Use the tal - ents thou dost give, On - ly for thee, for thee.
- All my pow'rs of mind as - pire, On - ly for thee, for thee.
- In my choic - es make my choice, On - ly for thee, for thee.
- All my youth and rip - er years On - ly for thee, for thee.



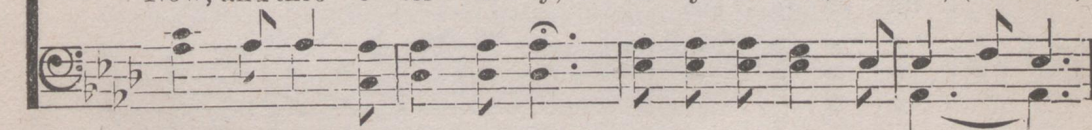
CHORUS.



All for Christ who died for me; Paid the debt to set me free;



Now, and thro' e - ter - ni - ty, On - ly for thee, for thee, (for thee.)



No. 4. Leaning on the Everlasting Arms.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.

A. J. SHOWALTER, by per.

1. What a fel-lowship, what a joy di-vine, Leaning on the Ev-er-
 2. Oh, how sweet to walk in this pilgrim way, Leaning on the Ev-er-
 3. What have I to dread, what have I to fear, Leaning on the Ev-er-

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

REFRAIN.

Lean - ing on the Ev-er-last - ing Arms! Lean - ing,
 Lean-ing on Je - sus,

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

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

No. 5.

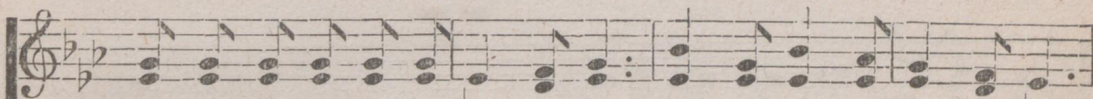
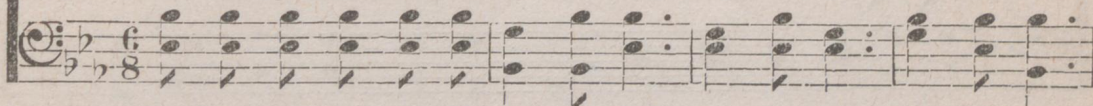
.YON PORTALS FAIR.

Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

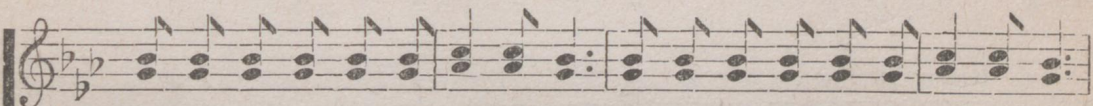
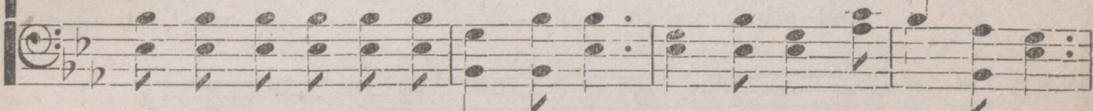
R. M. McINTOSH.



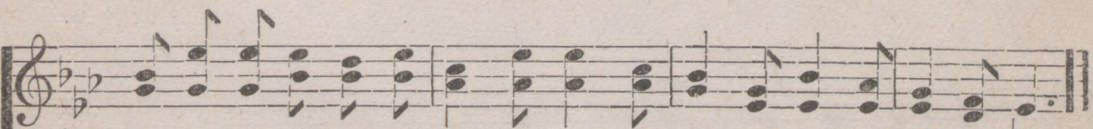
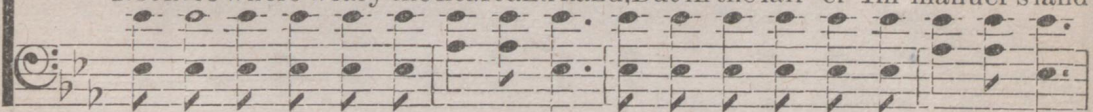
1. When shall we stand at yon por-tals fair? By and by, by and by.
2. When will the la-bor of earth be o'er? By and by, by and by.
3. When will we see all our friends a-gain? By and by, by and by.
4. We have a prom-ise of bless-ed rest, By and by, by and by.



When shall we share in the glo-ry there? By and by, yes by and by.
 When will we sor-row and sigh no more? By and by, yes by and by.
 When shall we join them in sweet re-frain? By and by, yes by and by.
 Lean-ing in calmness on Je-sus' breast, By and by, yes by and by.



'Twill not be long till the Lord shall come, Call me to en-ter my heav'nly home,
 Not long on earth can the pilgrim stay; Soon God will summon to heav'n a way;
 'Twill not be long till in joy we meet, And in af-fec-tion each oth-er greet;
 Not here where weary the heart and hand, But in the fair-er Im-manuel's land



There with the ho-ly and blest to roam, Yes, by and by, yes, by and by.
 Oh! it is com-ing, that glad, glad day, Yes, by and by, yes, by and by.
 Oh! the re-u-nion will be so sweet, Yes, by and by, yes, by and by.
 Crown'd with the host of the white-rob'd band, Yes, by and by, yes, by and by.



No. 6.

COME WALK WITH JESUS.

MARGARET MOODY.

W. A. OGDEN.

1. Come and walk to - day with Je - sus, Be - side him hand in hand;
 2. Come and walk to - day with Je - sus, In gen - tle - ness and truth,
 3. Come and walk to - day with Je - sus, And ask him for his grace,
 4. Come and walk to - day with Je - sus, A - long the King's high - way;

And our light will shine the bright - er, A - long this bor - der land.
 Fol - low in the path He tak - eth, Thro' all the days of youth.
 To - keep us all our jour - ney, While in the heav'nly race.
 It - lead - eth home to glo - ry, And to the per - fect day.

REFRAIN.

Come walk, . . . come walk . . . with Je - sus, our dear Lord,
 walk to - day, walk to - day

And life will be the sweet - er, And dear - er the re - ward.

No. 7.

FLITTING AWAY.

W. C. BRYANT.

C. C. CLINE, by per.

1 As shad - ows, cast by cloud and sun, Flit o'er the sum-mer grass,
 2 And while the years, an end - less host, Come pressing swift-ly on,
 3 Yet doth the star of Beth-l'em shed A lus - ter pure and sweet;
 4 O Fa - ther! may thy ho - ly star Grow ev - 'ry year more bright,

Rit.

So, in thy sight, Almight - y One, Earth's gen - e - ra - tions pass.
 The brightest names that earth can boast Just glist-en, and are gone.
 And still it leads, as once it led, To the Mes - si - ah's feet.
 And send its glo - rious beams a - far, To fill the world with light.

CHORUS.

1-2 Flit-ting, . . . flit - ting, . . . Flitting like shadows a - way ;
 3-4 Brighter, . . . bright-er, . . . Brighter the ho - ly star shines ;

1-2 Flitting a - way, flit-ting a - way,
 3-4 Brighter it shines, Brighter it shines,

Rit.

Flit - ting, . . . flit-ting a-way, Flitting like shadows a - way.
 Bright-er, . . . brighter it shines, Brighter the ho - ly star shines.

Flit-ting a - way,
 Brighter it shines,

No. 8.

GO TO JESUS.

MARGARET MOODY.

W. A. OGDEN.

1. Go to Je - sus, wear - y one, Burdened with thy sor - row,
 2. Go to Je - sus, dy - ing one, He of life is giv - er,
 3. Go to Je - sus with thy pray'r, Go to him, be - lieve him,

Wait not for an - oth - er sun, Seek him ere the mor - row.
 And from death 'tis he a - lone, Can thy soul de - liv - er.
 And thy bur - den he will bear When thou dost re - ceive him.

CHORUS.

Tell him all thy ag - o - ny, Ev - 'ry sin con - fess - ing,

And the Lord will com - fort thee, Pour thee out a bless - ing.

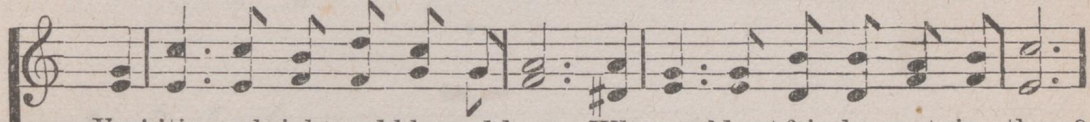
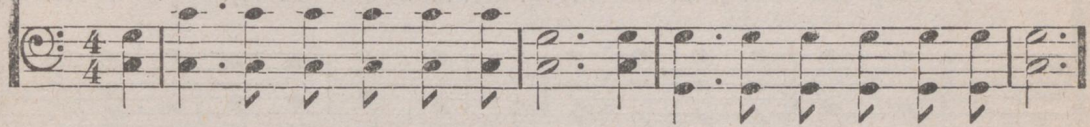
No. 9.

WAIT AND MURMUR NOT.

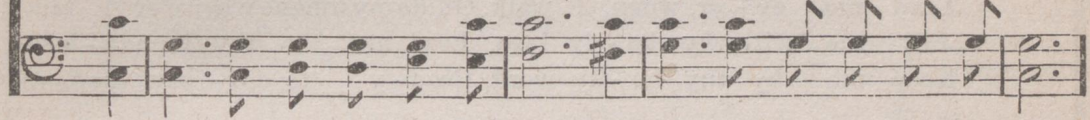
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK, by per.



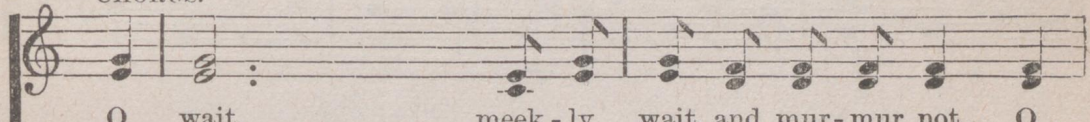
1 The home where changes nev - er come, Nor pain nor sor - row, toil nor care;
 2 Yet when bow'd down beneath the load By heav'n allow'd, thine earthly lot;
 3 If in thy path some thorns are found, O, think who bore them on his brow:
 4 Toil on nor deem, tho' sore it be, One sigh unheard, one pray'r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



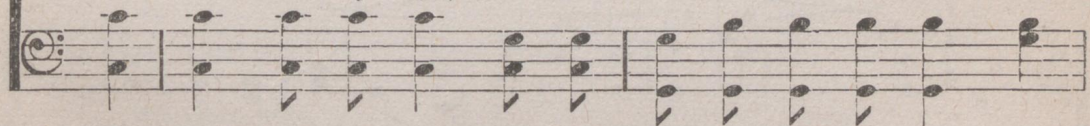
Yes! 'tis a bright and bless-ed home; Who would not fain be rest-ing there?
 Thou yearnst to reach that blest a - bode, Wait, meekly wait, and mur-mur not.
 If grief thy sorr' wing heart has found, It reached a ho - li - er than thou.
 The day of rest will dawn for thee; Wait, meek-ly wait and mur-mur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



CHORUS.



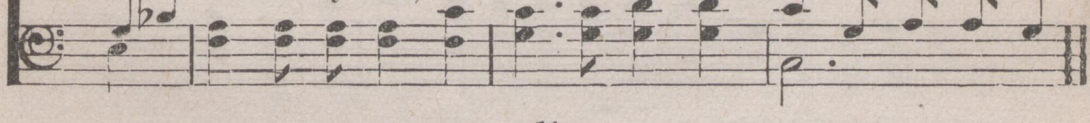
O wait, meek-ly wait, meek-ly wait, and mur-mur not, O



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



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

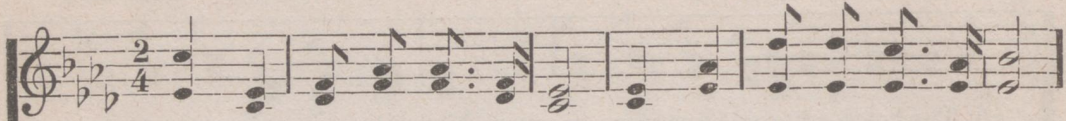


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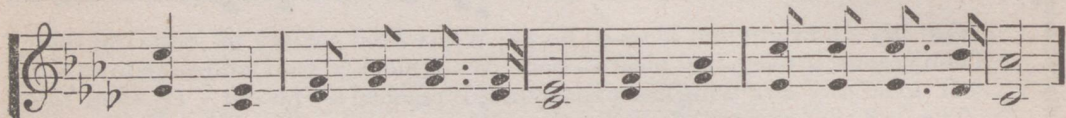
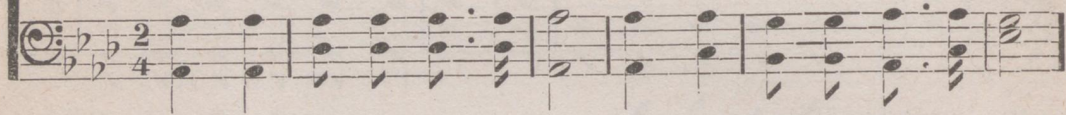
KEEP ME DAY BY DAY.

Rev. JOHN O. FOSTOR.

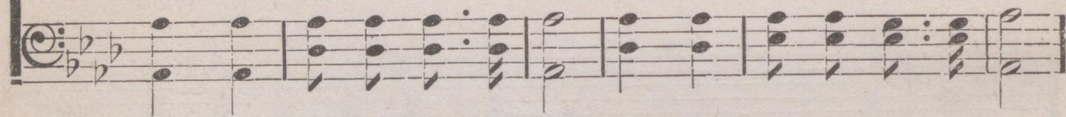
W. A. OGDEN.



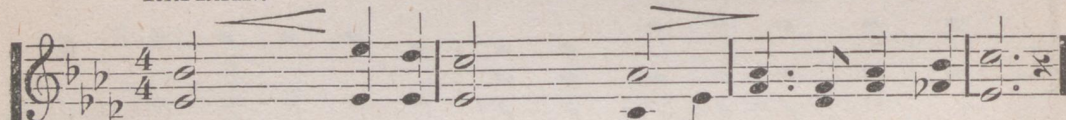
1. Keep me, Sav-iour, day by day, In the straight and nar-row way,
 2. Make me pure by grace di-vine, Let thy light a-round me shine ;
 3. Keep me e'er from do-ing wrong, Make me in the Spir-it strong ;



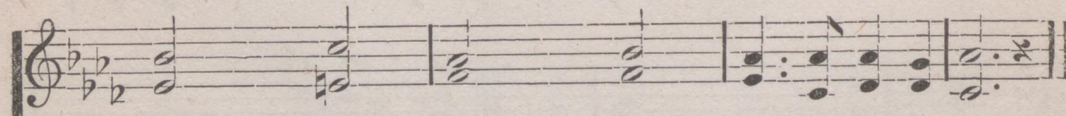
Lead me ev - er, when, I walk, Guide my tongue when e'er I talk.
 Fill me with thy ho - ly love, Lead me to thy throne a - bove.
 Keep me by thy ho - ly word, Read - y to o - bey the Lord.



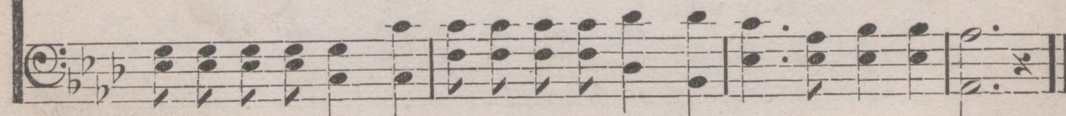
REFRAIN.



Keep me, O Sav - - iour, Keep me day by day ;
 Keep me blessed Saviour, Keep me blessed Saviour,



Lead me, Guide me In thy ho-ly way.
 Lead me blessed Saviour, Guide me blessed Saviour,



No. 11.

THE SHELTERING ROCK.

W. E. P.

W. E. PENN, by per.

Slow. May be sung with good effect as a Solo.

1 There is a Rock in a wea-ry land, Its shad-ow falls on the
 2 There is a Well in a des-ert plain, Its wa-ters call with en-
 3 A great fold stands with its por-tals wide, The sheep a-stray on the
 4 There is a cross where the Sav-iour died, His blood flow'd out in a

burn-ing sand, In - vit-ing pilgrims as they pass To seek a shade in the
 - treating strain, "Ho, ev-'ry thirsting sin-sick soul, Come freely drink, and thou
 mountain side, The Shepherd climbs o'er mountains steep, He's searching now for his
 crim-son tide A sac-ri-fice for sins of men, And free to all who will

REFRAIN.

wil - der - ness.
 shalt be whole." } Then why will ye die? Oh! why will ye die?
 wand'ring sheep.
 en - ter in.

Slower.
 When the shelt'ring Rock is so near by? Oh! why will ye die?
 When the liv - ing Well is so near by? Oh! why will ye die?
 When the Shepherd's fold is so near by? Oh! why will ye die?
 When the crim-son cross is so near by? Oh! why will ye die?

No. 12.

LORD, LET ME HIDE.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.

JOHN F. BONNELL.

1. In the cleft of thy dear side, Lord, let me hide! Where no e - vil
 2. In the shel-ter of thy love, Lord, let me hide! Where no sin my

can be-tide, Lord, let me hide! Where no sorrow can in- vade, Where no
 heart can move, Lord, let me hide! Where I'll be-se-cure from harm, Free from

foe can make afraid, Where my heart on thee is stayed, Lord, let me hide;
 danger and a-larm, Neath thy ev-er- last-ing arm, Lord, let me hide;

Let me hide at thy side, Let me
 Let me hide In the cleft of thy dearside,

hide, Where no e - vil can be - tide; Safe - ly,
 Let me hide, let me hide,

LORD, LET ME HIDE.—Concluded.

in the cleft of thy dear side, Lord, let me hide.

No. 13.

HERMON. C. M.

Rev. JOHN P. MCFERRIN, by per.

1. { How hap - py ev - 'ry child of grace Who knows his sins for - given; }
 { This earth, he cries, is not my place, I seek my place in heaven; }

A coun - try far from mor - tal sight;—Yet, O, by faith I see:

The land of rest, the saints' de - light, The heav'n prepared for me.

2 O what a blessed hope is ours!
 While here on earth we stay,
 We more than taste the heavenly powers,
 And antedate that day.
 We feel the resurrection near,
 Our life in Christ concealed,
 And with his glorious presence here
 Our earthen vessels filled.

3 O, would he more of heaven bestow,
 And let the vessels break.
 And let our ransomed spirits go
 To grasp the God we seek;
 In rapt'rous awe on him to gaze,
 Who bought the sight for me,
 And shout, and wonder at his grace,
 To all eternity!

No. 14.

LITTLE ONES LIKE ME.

Arr. by W. A. OGDEN.

1. Je - sus, when He left the sky, And for sin - ners came to die,
 2. 'Twas for them his life he gave, To re - deem them from the grave;
 3. Children then should love him too, Strive his ho - ly will to do,

In his mer - cy pass'd not by . . . Lit - tle ones like me,
 Je - sus a - ble is to save Lit - tle ones like me,
 Pray to him, and praise him too, Lit - tle ones like me,

Lit - tle ones like me, like me; Lit - tle ones like me, like me;
 Lit - tle ones like me, like me; Lit - tle ones like me, like me;
 Lit - tle ones like me, like me; Lit - tle ones like me, like me;

In his mer - cy pass'd not by, Lit - tle ones like me.
 Je - sus a - ble is to save, Lit - tle ones like me.
 Pray to him, and praise him too, Lit - tle ones like me.

No. 15.

WHO SHALL ABIDE?

MARGARET MOODY.

W. A. OGDEN.

1. Who shall a-bide his com - ing? Who shall his chos - en be?
 2. Who shall a-bide his com - ing? When he shall claim his own?
 3. Who shall a-bide his com - ing? They who are un - de - filed;

When at the Lord's ap - pear - ing, What shall he say of thee?
 Stand in the day of judg - ment, Spotless be - fore his throne.
 They who in faith have fol - low'd Christ, as a lit - tle child.

REFRAIN.

1-2.—Who . . . shall a - bide, . . . who . . . shall a - bide? . . .
 3.— They
 1-2.—Who shall abide, who shall abide? Who shall abide, who shall abide?
 3.— They they They they

When at thy judgment, O Christ, ap - pear - ing, Who shall abide with thee?
 They

No. 16.

GOING HOME.

J. CALVIN BUSHEY, by per.

SOLO. FULL.

1 To that "heav'nly home," blest tho't to me, I am go - ing by
 2 No tear-drops there to dim the eyes,
 3 Nor death nor pain can en - ter there, } go-ing, go-ing home,

SOLO.

and by, I soon shall be at rest in thee,
 I am go-ing by and by; } No clouds o'er-cast the heav'n-ly skies,
 A - mid the shin-ing hosts up there,

FULL.

I am go - ing by and by.
 go - ing, go - ing home, I am go - ing by and by.

SOLO.
 Slow, and with strong accent.

I've no a - bid - ing cit - y here, I seek for one to come,
 This earth - ly home is fair and bright, Regrets will oft - en come,
 I know I ne'er shall wcr-thy be To dwell 'neath heaven's dome,

GOING HOME. Concluded.

DUET. FULL. *f*

And tho' my pil-grim-age be drear, I know there's rest at home.
 And, oh, I long to see the light That gilds my heav'nly home.
 But Christ, my Sav-iour, died for me, And now he calls me home.

CHORUS. *ff*

I am go - ing home by and by, I am
 go-ing, go-ing home, go-ing, go-ing home,

go - ing home by and by, by and by; In
 go - ing, go - ing home,

heav'n a - bove Where all is love, I'm go - ing by and by.

No. 17.

THE SWEET STORY.

Rev. J. B. ATCHINSON.

PEARL J. SPRAGUE, by per.

1 Re-peat the sweet sto - ry of Je - sus to me, Oh, tell me the
 2 Oh, tell me once more of his won - der - ful love, His goodness and
 3 Oh, tell me a - gain of the land of the blest, Where sorrow and

sto - ry once more; Tho' oft - en I've heard it, each time it is told,
 mer - cy to me; When hopeless - ly lost in the dark - ness of sin,
 sin nev - er come; Where I with the Sav - iour shall ev - er - more dwell,

CHORUS.

'Tis sweet - er than ev - er be - fore. } 'Tis sweet - - - er, yes,
 He found me and bade me go free. }
 Oh, tell me of heav - en my home. } Oh, tell me the sto - ry of

sweet - - - er each time than be - fore,
 Je - sus once more, 'Tis sweet - er, yes, sweet - er each time than before;

Then tell . . . me the sto - - - ry of Je - - - sus once more.

- 1 How he died on the tree for sinners like me, Oh, tell me the story of Jesus once more.
- 2 How his wonderful love bro't him from above.
- 3 Where I with the blest shall evermore rest.

No. 18.

GOD'S WAYS.

W. A. O.

W. A. OGDEN.

1. God's ways are past our un-derstanding, But oh, his prom-is-es are plain;
 2. God's ways are past our un-derstanding, But oh, he of-fers un-to thee,
 3. God's ways are past our un-derstanding, But faith can read his purpose well,

And they who go to him be-liev-ing, A sure and bless-ed hope obtain.
 The love he giv-eth to his children, The hope in Christ that makes us free.
 And if we love him and o-bey him, Our hope no mor-tal tongue can tell.

CHORUS,

A perfect hope, a bless-ed hope, A hope that nothing can de- stroy,
 de- stroy,

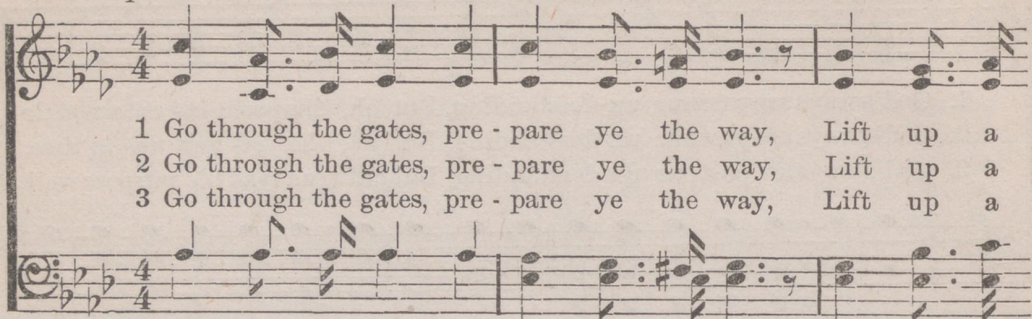
For God who prom-is-es is faith-ful, He giv-eth ev-er-last-ing joy.

No. 19.

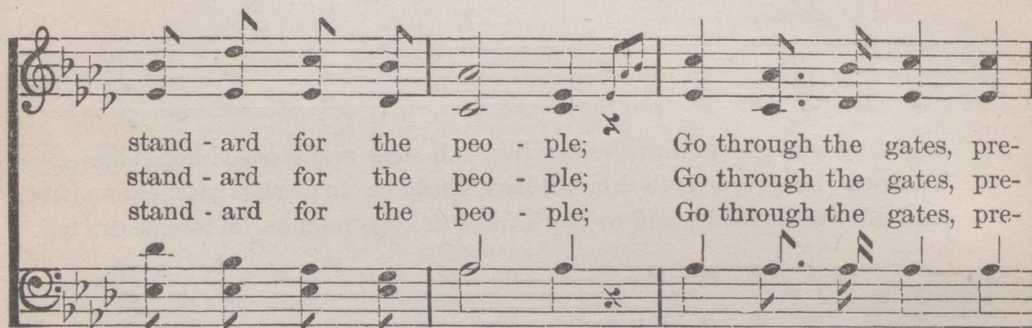
MIGHTY TO SAVE.

W. A. O.
Spirited.

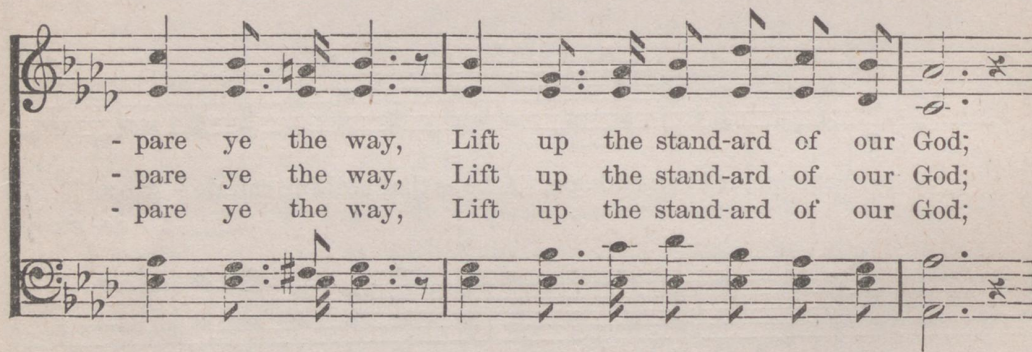
W. A. OGDEN, by per.



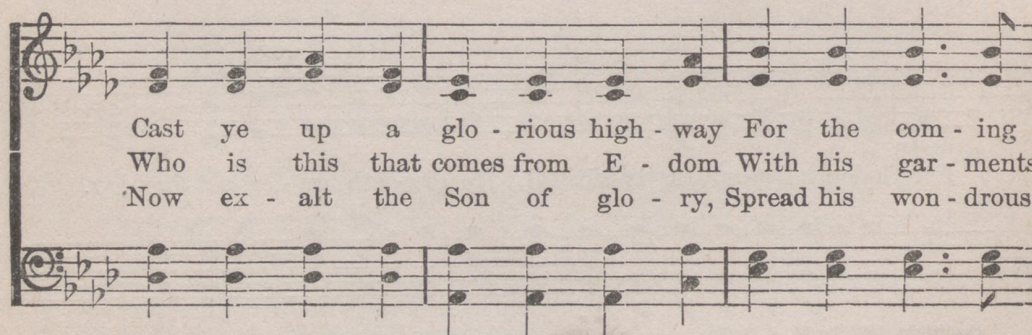
1 Go through the gates, pre - pare ye the way, Lift up a
2 Go through the gates, pre - pare ye the way, Lift up a
3 Go through the gates, pre - pare ye the way, Lift up a



stand - ard for the peo - ple; Go through the gates, pre -
stand - ard for the peo - ple; Go through the gates, pre -
stand - ard for the peo - ple; Go through the gates, pre -



- pare ye the way, Lift up the stand - ard of our God;
- pare ye the way, Lift up the stand - ard of our God;
- pare ye the way, Lift up the stand - ard of our God;



Cast ye up a glo - rious high - way For the com - ing
Who is this that comes from E - dom With his gar - ments
Now ex - alt the Son of glo - ry, Spread his won - drous

MIGHTY TO SAVE. Concluded.

of our King, Sing his prais-es, tell his glo - ry, Make the gates of
dyed in blood? 'Tis the Lord of life and glo - ry, 'Tis the bless-ed
name a - broad, Un - to men he brings sal - va - tion, Je - sus Christ the

ff

Zi - on ring, Might - y to save, might - y to save,
Son of God, Might - y to save, might - y to save,
Son of God, Might - y to save, might - y to save,

p *ff*

Say ye to the daugh-ter of Zi - on, Might-y to save;
Say ye to the daugh-ter of Zi - on, Might-y to save;
Say ye to the daugh-ter of Zi - on, Might-y to save;

mighty to save, Je - sus Christ is might-y to save.
mighty to save, Je - sus Christ is might-y to save.
mighty to save, Je - sus Christ is might-y to save.

No. 20. ARM OF THE LORD, AWAKE!

W. A. OGDEN.

With vigor.

1. Arm of the Lord, a-wake! a- wake! Put on thy strength, the nations shake;
 2. Say to the heathen from thy throne, I am the Lord, and I a-lone!
 3. Almighty - y God, thy grace pro-claim, In ev - 'ry clime of ev - 'ry name,

And let the world a-dor-ing see, Triumphs of mer - cy wrought in thee.
 Thy voice their i-dols shall confound, And cast their al - tars to the ground.
 Till ad-verse pow'rs before thee fall, And crown the Saviour Lord of all.

CHORUS. *f*

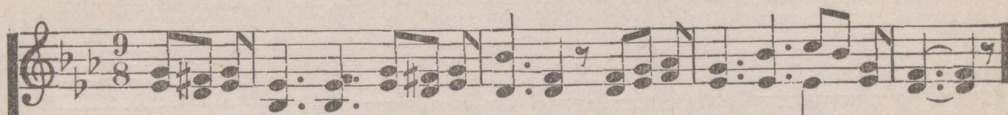
A - wake, . . O arm of the Lord! Put on thy strength, O Zi - on,
 a-wake,

Let the na - - - tions know, JE - HOVAH, he is GOD.
 Let the na-tions, na-tions know,

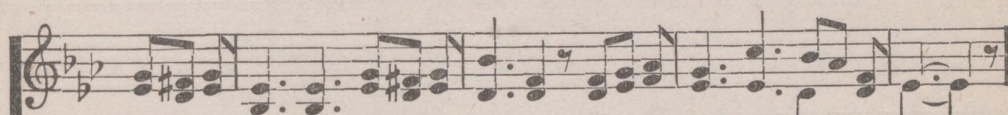
No. 21. CLEAVE TO THE SAVIOUR.

Rev. J. H. MARTIN, D. D.

R. M. McINTOSH, by per.

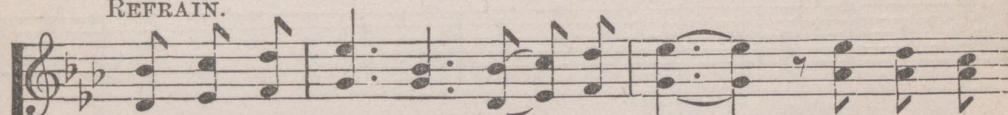


1 Would you please and hon- or Je- sus? Follow him in all you do;
2 Would you have a friend in Je- sus, To sup- port you in your way?
3 Do you long to be with Je- sus, And a crown of life se- cure?

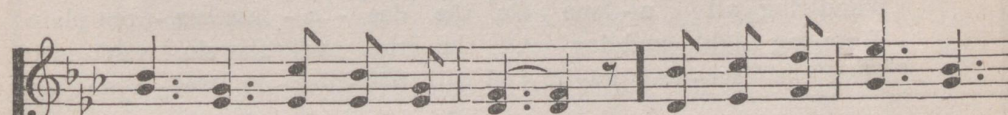


Would you win his love and fa- vor? Be his serv- ant, faithful, true.
Own him as your Lord and Master, Him re- ceive, and love, o - bey.
Be thou pa- tient in his service, Meekly to the end en- dure.

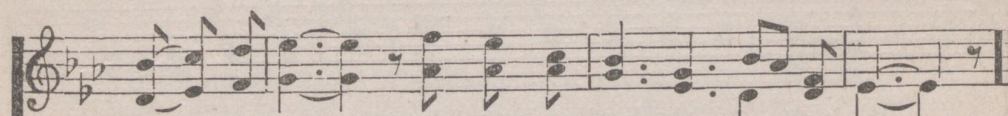
REFRAIN.



Cleave to the Sav- iour day by day, Tempted by



sin, go seek him in pray'r; Du - ty per - form, and



courage dis - play, Cleave to the Sav- iour ev - 'ry - where.

No. 22.

JOY IN HEAVEN.

Mrs. LOULA K. ROGERS.

R. M. McINTOSH, by per.

1. There is joy in heav'n to-day! There is joy to-day
 2. When a soul has gone a-stray From the nar-row way,
 3. Sin-ner, bow with grat-i-tude, And, with heart sub-dued,

O'er the lamb that is found a-gain, Far a-way from pastures green,
 And there seem-eth no joy nor rest, Je-sus still is ev-er near,
 Plead his mer-cy and par-don free! He will see the fall-ing tear,

Wand'ring all a-lone On the des-o-late bar-ren plain!
 Hear-ing night and day All the cries of the sin oppress'd!
 Hear the fer-vent pray'r, And will ten-der-ly wel-come thee!

REFRAIN.

Glo-ry to the Lord of hosts, Shout the morn-ing stars on high,

JOY IN HEAVEN. Concluded.

Praise him ev - er, ye an - gels of light! He has heard the dis-tant cry

Of the lamb to - day, And he bears it re-joic - ing home.

No. 23.

GEORGIA. S. M.

R. M. McINTOSH, by per.

1 Be - hold th'a - maz - ing sight, The Sav-iour lift - ed high :
 2 For whom, for whom, my heart, Were all these sor - rows borne?
 3 For love of us he bled, And all in tor - ture died :
 4 I see, and I a - dore In sym - pa - thy of love :

Be - hold the Son of God's de-light Ex - pire in ag - o - ny.
 Why did he feel that piercing smart, And meet that va - rious scorn?
 'Twas love that bowed his faint-ing head, And oped his gush - ing side.
 I feel the strong, at-trac-tive power, To lift my soul a - bove.

No. 24.

SOME SWEET DAY.

ARTHUR W. FRENCH.
Moderato.

D. B. TOWNER, by per.

1 We shall reach the riv - er side, Some sweet day, some sweet
 2 We shall pass in - side the gate, Some sweet day, some sweet
 3 We shall meet our loved, our own, Some sweet day, some sweet

day; We shall cross the storm - y tide, Some sweet day, some sweet
 day; Peace and plen - ty for us wait, Some sweet day, some sweet
 day; Gath'ring round the great white throne, Some sweet day, some sweet

day; We shall press the sands of gold, While be - fore our eyes un -
 day; We shall hear the wondrous strain, Glo - ry to the Lamb that's
 day; By the tree of life so fair, Joy and rap - ture ev - 'ry

fold Heaven's splendors, yet un - told, Some sweet day, some sweet day.
 slain, Christ was dead, but lives a - gain, Some sweet day, some sweet day.
 where, O the bliss of meeting there! Some sweet day, some sweet day.

No. 25.

LET THE TIDINGS ROLL.

LAURA C. LINDER.

W. A. OGDEN.

1. Let the glo-ri-ous tid-ings roll O-ver ev-'ry na-tion,
 2. Preach the bless-ed gos-pel word Un-to men be-night-ed;
 3. Speak to ev-'ry hu-man heart, Tell the old, old sto-ry

Je-sus is the King of kings, Prince of our sal-va-tion.
 Let the grace of God a-bound, Let their souls be light-ed.
 Of the Sav-iour's dy-ing love, And the home in glo-ry.

CHORUS.

Let the tid-ings roll . . . O-ver ev-'ry land and sea,
 Let the tid-ings, tid-ings roll,

Till na-tions crown him Lord of all, And in his love are free.

No. 26.

MEET ME THERE.

H. E. BLAIR.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1 On the hap - py gold - en shore, Where the faith - ful part no more,
 2 Here our fond - est hopes are vain, Dear - est links are rent in twain ;
 3 Where the harps of an - gels ring, And the blest for - ev - er sing,

When the storms of life are o'er, Meet me there. Where the
 But in heav'n no throb of pain, Meet me there. By the
 In the pal - ace of the King, Meet me there. Where in

night dis - solves a - way In - to pure and per - fect day,
 riv - er spark - ling bright, In the cit - y of de - light,
 sweet com - mun - ion blend Heart with heart, and friend with friend,

D.S.—storms of life are o'er, On the hap - py gold - en shore,

I am go - ing home to stay, Meet me there.
 Where our faith is lost in sight, Meet me there.
 In a world that ne'er shall end, Meet me there.
 Meet me there.

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

From "Songs of Joy and Gladness," by per. Copyright, 1885, by W. J. Kirkpatrick.

MEET ME THERE. Concluded.

CHORUS.

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

Tree of Life is blooming, Meet me there. When the
Meet me there. *D.S.*

No. 27. DAVIES. 7s.

R. M. McINTOSH.

1 Lov-ing Je-sus, gen-tle Lamb, In thy gra-cious hands I am:
2 I shall then show forth thy praise, Serve thee all my hap-py days;

Make me, Sav-iour, what thou art, Live thy-self with-in my heart.
Then the world shall al-ways see Christ, the ho-ly Child, in me.

Copyright, 1886, by R. M. McIntosh.

No. 28.

MAN SHALL LIVE AGAIN.

MARGARET MOODY.

W. A. OGDEN.

1. Hear ye the sto - ry, hear it a - gain, — Je - sus for sin - ners
 2. Glo - rious the tid - ings, cheer - ing the word ; Reigns he vic - to - rious,
 3. Life ev - er - last - ing free - ly he'll give ; Look un - to Je - sus,

once was slain ; Now he is ris - en, man shall not die ;
 Christ the Lord ! Born to re - deem us, might - y to save !
 look and live ; Now he in - vites you, trust in his word,

CHORUS.

Lo ! he is call - ing you from on high. Hear the bless - ed
 Je - sus is conquer - or o'er the grave. }
 Je - sus is call - ing you, seek the Lord. } Hear the blessed sto - ry

sto - ry Of the Sav - iour
 hear it once a - gain, Of the Lord of glo - ry, —

MAN SHALL LIVE AGAIN. Concluded.

slain, O - - - - verdeath he
Lamb for sin - ners slain :— O - verdeath he tri - umphed,

tri - - umphed And man shall live a - gain.
o - verdeath he triumphed, man shall live again, shall live a - gain.

No. 29. DUNCAN. S. M.

R. M. McINTOSH, by per.

1 Sow in the morn thy seed, At eve hold not thy hand: To
2 Thou know'st not which shall thrive, The late or ear - ly sown; Grace
3 And du - ly shall ap - pear, In ver - dure, beau - ty, strength, The
4 Then, when the fin - al end, The day of God is come, The

doubt and fear give thou no heed—Broad-cast it o'er the land.
keeps the pre-cious germ a - live, When and wher-ev - er strown;
ten-der blade, the stalk, the ear, And the full corn at length.
an - gel reap - ers shall de-scend, And heav'n'sing, "Harvest home!"

No. 30. BECAUSE HE FIRST LOVED ME.

Rev. J. H. MARTIN, D. D.

R. M. McINTOSH, by per.

1 Do you ask why I love Je-sus? 'Tis be-cause he first loved me;
 2 Once I had no love for Je-sus, For my soul was sunk in sin,
 3 But I gave my-self to Je-sus For the love he showed to me;
 4 Sin-ner, love this lov-ing Je-sus, Who in mer-cy died for thee;

He from sin and death re-deems us, He from bondage sets us free.
 Charmed with that a-lone which pleases, Grat-i-fies the lusts with-in.
 Now I love my bless-ed Je-sus, Bleeding Lamb of Cal-va-ry.
 He the cap-tive soul re-leas-es, Bids the pris-on-er go free.

REFRAIN.

'Tis for this my heart loves Je - sus,
 'Tis for this, 'tis for this my heart loves Je - sus, 'tis for this,

'Tis be - cause he first loved me;
 'Tis be - cause he first loved me, he first loved me, first loved me;

BECAUSE HE FIRST LOVED ME. Concluded.

He from guilt my soul re - leas - es
 He from guilt, yes, he from guilt my soul re - leas - es

With a par - - - - don full and free.
 With a par - don, with a par - don full and free.

No. 31.

KERLIN. C. M.

R. M. MCINTOSH, by per.

1 The morning bright, with ro - sy light, Has waked me from my sleep:
 2 All thro' the day, I humbly pray, Be thou my guard and guide;
 3 O make thy rest with - in my breast, Great Spir - it of all grace:

Fa - ther, I own thy love a - lone Thy lit - tle one doth keep.
 My sins for - give, and let me live, Blest Je - sus, near thy side.
 Make me like thee, then shall I be Pre - pared to see thy face.

No. 32. IN THE SHADOW OF THY WINGS.

IDA L. REED.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. In the shad-ow of thy wings, I my
 2. In the shad-ow of thy wings, Guard-ed
 3. 'Neath the shad-ow of thy wings, In their

1. In the shad-ow of thy wings, I
 2. In the shad-ow of thy wings, Guard-
 3. 'Neath the shad-ow of the wings, In

ref-uge e'er will make, When each year its sor-row
 by thy love so pure. When the tempter's wiles are
 cov-ert, I wilt hide, When life's sor-rows round me

my ref-uge e'er will make, When each
 ed by thy love so pure, When the
 their cov-ert, I wilt hide, When life's

brings, And life's tem-pest o'er me break.
 vain; Is there shel-ter more se-cure?
 spring, Till my hands thy tears have dried.

year its sor-row brings, And life's tempest o'er me break.
 tempter's wiles are vain; Is there shelter more se-cure?
 sor-rows round me spring, Till my hands thy tears have dried.

In the shad-ow of thy wings, I will
 CHORUS.

In the shad-ow of thy wings, of thy wings, I will
 In the shad-ow of thy wings, I will

In the shad-ow of thy wings, of thy wings, I will

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IN THE SHADOW OF THY WINGS. Concluded.

rest me calm and still, While the storm winds o'er me

rest me calm and still, calm and still, While the storm winds o'er me
rest me calm and still, calm and still, While the storm winds o'er me

rest me calm and still, While the storm winds o'er me

sweep,

sweep, o'er me sweep, Bend - ing to thy ho - ly will.

sweep, Bend - ing to thy ho - ly will.

No. 33.

HEBRON. L. M.

Dr. L. MASON.

1 Thus far the Lord hath led me on, Thus far his pow'r prolongs my days,
2 Much of my time has run to waste, And I per-haps am near my home;
3 I lay my bod - y down to sleep, Peace is the pil - low for my head;
4 Thus when the night of death shall come, My flesh shall rest beneath the ground,

And ev - 'ry evening shall make known Some fresh memorial of his grace.
But he for-gives my fol-lies past, And gives me strength for days to come.
While well-ap-point-ed an-gels keep Their watchful stations round my bed.
And wait thy voice to rouse my tomb, With sweet salva-tion in the sound.

No. 34

AS PANTS THE HART.

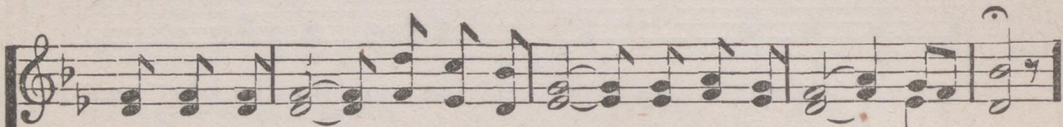
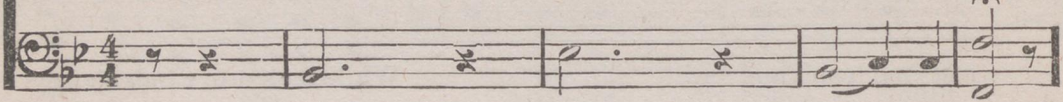
NAHUM TATE, 1696.

Altered by HENRY FRANCIS LYTE, 1834.

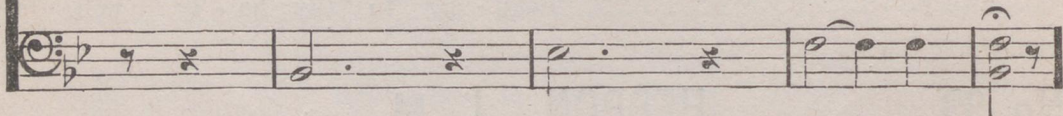
R. M. McINTOSH, by per.



1 As pants the hart for cool-ing streams, When heated in the chase,
2 For thee, my God, the liv-ing God, My thirst-y soul doth pine;
3 Why rest-less, why cast down, my soul? Trust God and thou shalt sing



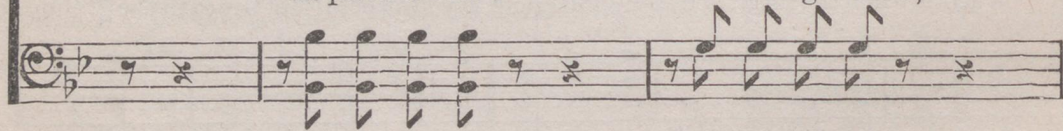
So pants my soul, O Lord! for thee, And thy re - fresh - ing grace.
Oh, when shall I be - hold thy face, Thou Maj - es - ty di - vine?
His praise a - gain, and find him still Thy health'se - ter - nal spring.



REFRAIN.



As pants the hart for cool-ing streams, So pants my
As pants the hart for cooling streams,



soul, O Lord, for thee; As pants the hart
So pants my soul, O Lord, for thee, O Lord, for thee, As pants the hart



AS PANTS THE HART. Concluded.

for cooling streams, . . . So pants my soul, O Lord, for thee.
 for cooling streams, So pants my soul, so pants my soul, O Lord, for thee.

The musical score consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a common time signature. It features a melody with several long, flowing lines. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, providing a harmonic accompaniment with chords and moving lines.

No. 35.

SCHUMANN. S. M.

L. C. EVERETT, by per.

1 The Lord my Shep - herd is, I shall be
 2 He leads me to the place Where heaven - ly
 3 If e'er I go a - stray, He doth my
 4 While he af - fords his aid, I can - not

The musical score is in treble clef with a key signature of two sharps (D major) and a 6/4 time signature. It features a melody with a gentle, pastoral feel. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, providing a harmonic accompaniment.

well sup - plied: Since he is mine, and I am his,
 pas - ture grows, Where liv - ing wa - ters gen - tly pass,
 soul re - claim, And guides me in his own right way,
 yield to fear: Though I should walk through death's dark shade,

The musical score continues with the same key signature and time signature. The melody and accompaniment continue to provide a harmonic and melodic support for the lyrics.

What can I want be - side? What can I want be - side?
 And full sal - va - tion flows, And full sal - va - tion flows.
 For his most ho - ly name, For his most ho - ly name.
 My Shepherd's with me there, My Shepherd's with me there.

The musical score concludes with the same key signature and time signature. The melody and accompaniment provide a final, peaceful resolution to the piece.

No. 36.

AT THE FOUNT OF LOVE.

MARGARET MOODY.

W. A. OGDEN.

1. Come and drink to - day at the fount of life, Flowing
 2. Come and drink to - day at the fount of life, Flowing
 3. Come and drink to - day at the fount of life, Flowing

free - ly, so free - ly, 'Tis a fountain pure, 'tis a cleansing tide,
 free - ly, so free - ly, To the halt and blind, to the lame and dumb,
 free - ly, so free - ly, There is naught to do, there is naught to pay,

They that drink in faith ev - er - more a - bide; Ev - 'ry
 Lo! the Spir - it calls and the bride says come, For the
 On - ly come to God in the gos - pel way; Take the

soul may come, there are none de - nied At the fount of Je - sus' love.
 thirst - y soul there is ev - er room At the fount of Je - sus' love.
 cup of joy he will give to - day At the fount of Je - sus' love.

AT THE FOUNT OF LOVE. Concluded.

Com^e drink, . . . come free - ly, Come drink . . . to - day;
Come drink, taste his love

Life's wa - ter free, is of - fer'd thee, Come in the gos - pel way.

No. 37. BROKER. L. M.

R. M. McINTOSH, by per.

Softly, gently, yet distinct.

1 'Tis midnight, and on O - live's brow, The star is dimm'd that late - ly shone:
2 'Tis midnight; and, from all removed, The Saviour wrestles lone, with fears;
3 'Tis midnight; and for oth - ers' guilt The man of sor - rows weeps in blood;
4 'Tis midnight; and, from ether plains Is borne the song that an - gels know:

'Tis midnight; in the gar - den now, *pp* The suffering Saviour prays a - lone.
E'en that dis - ci - ple whom he loved Heeds not his Master's grief and tears.
Yet he that hath in an - guish knelt Is not for - sak - en by his God.
Unheard by mor - tals are the strains That sweetly soothe the Saviour's woe.

No. 38.

SAILOR ON THE OCEAN.

W. A. O.

W. A. OGDEN.

1. Sail - or on the o - cean sail - ing, sail - ing, See the bea - con
 2. Pil - grim on the high - way go - ing, go - ing, On thy jour - ney
 3. Shepherd who Thy flock art guid - ing, guid - ing, Lead them in - to

light a - far, Bless - ed ones thy craft are hail - ing, hail - ing,
 here be - low, There's a per - fect 'Guide' e'er show - ing, show - ing,
 pas - tures fair; By the bless - ed 'Rock' be hid - ing, hid - ing,

REFRAIN.

Yon - der from the har - bor bar. Sail - or, sail - or on life's o - cean,
 Thee the 'way of life' to know. Pil - grim, pil - grim on life's jour - ney,
 Where the cooling wa - ters are. Shepherd, Shepherd gent - ly guid - ing,

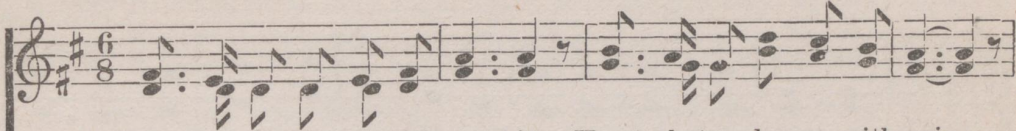
Look to the 'Light' that's shin - ing clear, In the way of beau - ty,
 Look to thy 'Guide, he's ev - er near, In the way of beau - ty,
 Look to the 'Rock' it stand - eth near, In the way of beau - ty,

In the path of du - ty, Go thou and nev - er fear.

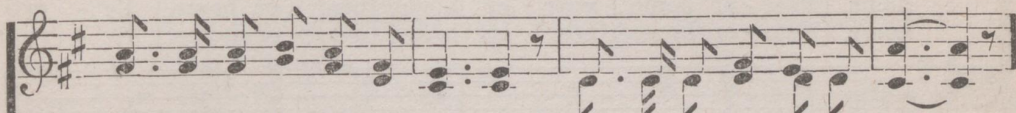
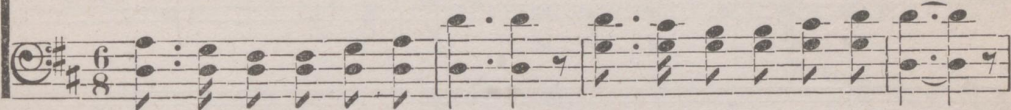
No. 39. EYES THAT ARE WEARY.

W. H. GARDNER.

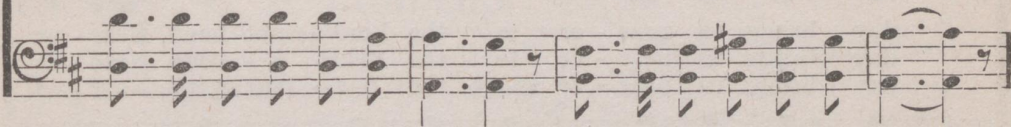
W. A. OGDEN.



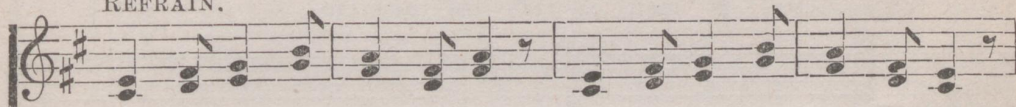
1. Eyes that are wea-ry with watching, Hearts that are heavy with pain,
2. Eyes that are wea-ry with watching, Day-light is dawning at last;
3. Eyes that are wea-ry with watching, Je - sus is com-ing in might;
4. Ye that are wea-ry with watching, Join in the glo - ri-ous song!



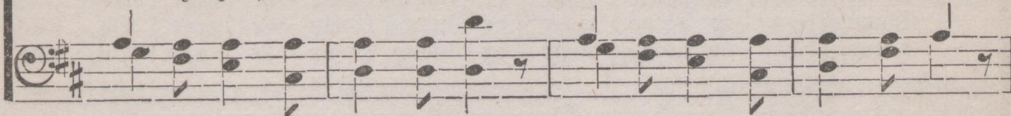
Soon ye shall lay down your burdens, New hopes will blossom a - gain.
Soon the dark clouds will blow o - ver, Soon the wild tempest be passed.
Thousands are running to meet him, Hail-ing their King with de-light.
Hail him, your Lord and your Master, Fol - low the sanc - ti-fied throng.



REFRAIN.



Wea - ry eyes, O weep no more, Je - sus comes to dry each tear,



He is wait - ing at the threshold, Will you bid him en - ter here?



No. 40.

NEARER HOME.

F. M. DAVIS.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

1 Ev - 'ry day brings us near - er to the bet - ter land, Near - er
 2 Ev - 'ry day brings us near - er to the land of love, Near - er
 3 Ev - 'ry day brings us near - er to the pearl - y gates, Near - er

home, (Near - er home,) near - er home, (near - er home,) Ev - 'ry
 home, (Near - er home,) near - er home, (near - er home,) Ev - 'ry
 home, (Near - er home,) near - er home, (near - er home,) Ev - 'ry

day brings us near - er to the Lord's right hand, Near - er
 day brings us near - er to the fields a - bove, Near - er
 day brings us near - er where the Sav - iour waits, Near - er

home, (Near - er home,) near - er home, (near - er home,) We will
 home, (Near - er home,) near - er home, (near - er home,) Oh, the
 home, (Near - er home,) near - er home, (near - er home,) Oh, the

sing and re - joice while the days are quick - ly pass - ing, Ev - er
 way oft - en - times may seem lone - ly, dark, and drear - y, And our
 joy we shall know when we reach the land im - mor - tal, And have

NEARER HOME. Concluded.

seek - ing to mer - it our Sav - iour's choic - est bless - ing; For we
 faith seem so small, and our feet have grown so wea - ry; Yet we
 sung the new song far be - yond death's chill - ing por - tal; For we

know ev - 'ry day brings us near - er home, Near - er home, near - er home.

No. 41.

CAPERS. C. M.

R. M. McINTOSH, by per.

1 For - ev - er here my rest shall be, Close to thy bleed - ing side;
 2 My dy - ing Sav - iour, and my God, Fount - ain for guilt and sin,
 3 Wash me, and make me thus thine own; Wash me, and mine thou art;
 4 Th' a - tonement of thy blood ap - ply, Till faith to sight im - prove,

This all my hope, and all my plea, For me the Sav - iour died.
 Sprin - kle me ev - er with thy blood, And cleanse and keep me clean.
 Wash me, but not my feet a - lone, My hands, my head, my heart.
 Till hope in full fru - i - tion die, And all my soul be love.

No. 42. Beyond the Smiling and the Weeping.

H. BONAR, D. D.
DUET.

Arr. from BUSHEY, by R. M. McINTOSH.

1 Be - yond the smiling and the weeping, Be - yond the waking and the
 2 Be - yond the blooming and the fad - ing, Be - yond the shining and the
 3 Be - yond the parting and the meeting, Be - yond the farewell and the

sleep - ing, Be - yond the sowing and the reap - ing, I shall be soon.
 shad - ing, Be - yond the hoping and the dreading, I shall be soon.
 greet - ing, Be - yond the pulse's fe - ver'd beating, I shall be soon.

CHORUS.

Home, home, sweet, sweet home!

I'll be rest - ing, sweet - ly rest - ing, Wheresad part - ing can - not come,

Home, sweet home, home, sweet home, Home, sweet home, home, sweet home,

Be - yond . . . life's sor - rows

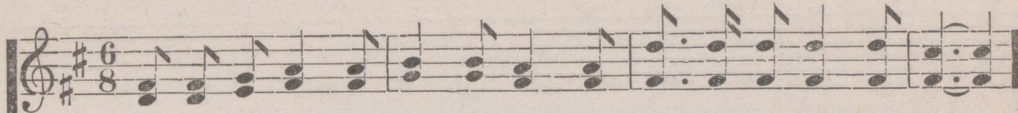
Be - yond life's sor - rows I shall rest, In heav - en my home.

home, sweet home.

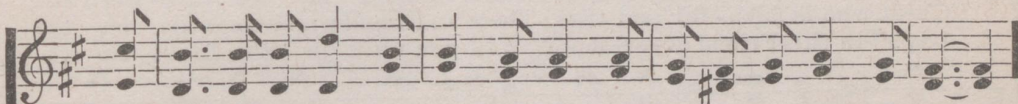
No. 43. WHERE IS MY SOUL TO-NIGHT?

MARTHA J. LANKTON.

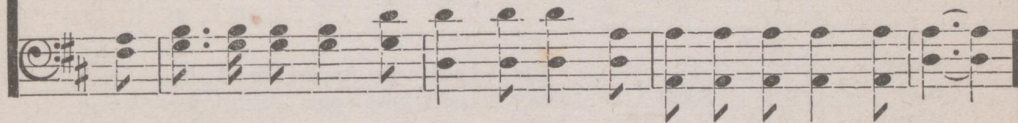
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



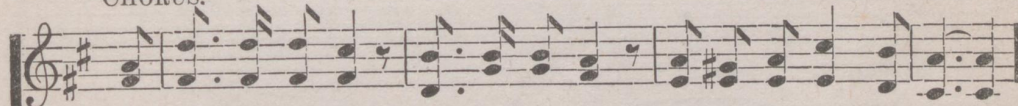
1. Oft have I heard a voice that said, In tones that were soft and low,
2. Oft have I heard a warn-ing voice, That urged me to fly from sin ;
3. Oft have I heard a ten-der voice, When troubled and care-op - pressed,
4. Oft have I heard a grieved, sad voice. En-treat-ing me o'er and o'er ;



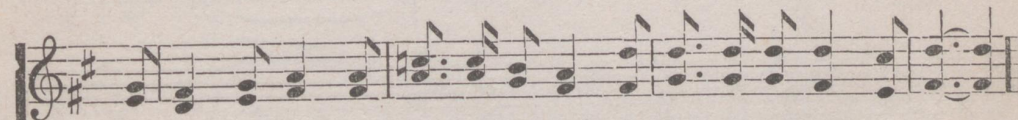
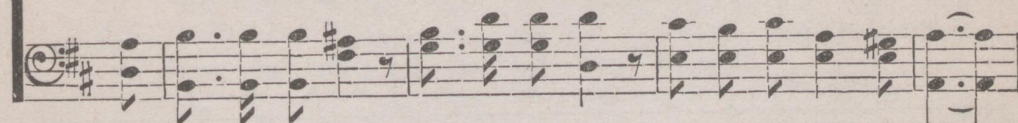
“Thy Saviour has loved, and loves thee yet, Then why wilt thou slight him so?”
 To o - pen the door I long have closed And welcome the Sav-iour in.
 And then like a wea - ry child I sighed In Je - sus to find a rest.
 And if I re - fuse to hear it now, Perhaps it will come no more.



CHORUS.



But where is my soul, where is my soul, Where is my soul to - night?
Last v. O Sav-iour, I yield, Sav- iour, I yield, Take thou my soul to - night;



That voice pleads on, pleads patiently on, But where is my soul to - night?
 I now believe, and glad - ly re - ceive Thy message of grace to - night.



No. 44.

GOSPEL OF PEACE.

MARGARET MOODY.

W. A. OGDEN.

1. There is joy for the life that is drear - y, There is
 2. There is light for the wand-'rer in sor - row, There's a
 3. Will you fol - low this Guide where he go - eth? Will you

peace for the soul that's dis-trest; There is hope for the care-worn and
 Guide who is faith-ful and true; There's a Friend who ne'er fails on the
 trust in this Friend ev-er-more? Will you walk in the Light as it

wear - y, In the gos - pel is prom - ised a rest.
 mor - row, And a heav'n he's pre - par - ing for you.
 glow - eth? Lo! it bright - ens the heav - en - ly shore.

REFRAIN.

Bless-ed gos - pel of peace. Sent to
 Bless-ed gos - pel of joy and of peace,

us from our Fa - ther a - bove, Bless-ed gos - pel of
 Bless-ed gos - pel of

GOSPEL OF PEACE. Concluded.

peace, Full of hope, full of pow'r, full of love.
joy and of peace,

No. 45.

FARMVILLE.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOT.

R. M. McINTOSH, by per.

1. Just as I am— with - out one plea, But that thy blood was
2. Just as I am— and wait - ing not To rid my soul of
3. Just as I am— though tossed a - bout With ma - ny a con - flict,
4. Just as I am— poor, wretched, blind : Sight, rich - es, heal - ing
5. Just as I am— thy love un - known Has brok - en ev - 'ry

shed for me, And that thou bidst me come to thee—
one dark blot, To thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot ;
ma - ny a doubt, With fears with - in and wars with - out—
of the mind, Yea, all I need, in thee to find,
bar - rier down : Now to be thine, yea, thine a - lone,

O Lamb of God, I come! O Lamb of God, I come!

No. 46.

GO WASH IN THE BLOOD.

J. H. MARTIN, D. D.

R. M. McINTOSH, by per.

1. Have you looked to Je-sus for his healing grace? Have you gone to the
 2. Have you fled to Jesus from the wrath to come? Have you sought the for-
 3. Have you come to Je-sus for re-lief and rest? Do you trust in his

Lord for a cure? Are you long-ing, thirsting to be-hold his face?
 give-ness of sin? Are you toil-ing, striv-ing for a heav'n-ly home?
 mer-cy and love? Are you hum-bly lean-ing on the Saviour's breast?

REFRAIN.

Do you want to be spot-less and pure? Go and wash in the
 Do you wish life and glo-ry to win?
 Are you seek-ing a king-dom a-bove? Go and wash

blood That was shed by the cru-ci-fied One, In the cleans-ing
 in the blood

GO WASH IN THE BLOOD. Concluded.

FINE.

fountain. In the heal-ing blood, That was shed by the cru - ci-fied One.

No. 47. TAKE ME AS I AM.

R. M. McINTOSH.

1 Je - sus, my Lord, to thee I cry, Un less thou help me I must die ;
 2 Help-less I am, and full of guilt, But yet for methy blood was spilt,
 3 If thou hast work for me to do, In-spire my will, my heart re-new,
 4 And when at last the work is done, The bat - tle o'er, the vict'ry won,

FINE.

Oh, bring thy free sal - va - tion nigh, And take me as I am.
 And thou canst make me what thou wilt, But take me as I am.
 And work both in and by me, too, But take me as I am.
 Still, still my cry shall be a - lone, Oh, take me as I am.

D.S.—Oh, bring thy free sal - va - tion nigh, And take me as I am.

REFRAIN. D.S.

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

No. 48. GUIDE US IN THE PATHWAY.

M. E. O.

M. E. OGDEN.

1. Sav-iour, guide us in the pathway, Leading to thy throne on high ;
2. Be thou near us, oh our Sav-iour, For without thee all is night ;
3. Make our lives like thine, dear Sav-iour, Meek and low - ly, un - de - filed ;

We are weak, and oft we falt - er ; Saviour, guide us with thine eye.
Guard and guide us lest the tempt - er Should our hopes, and spir - its blight.
Take us whol - ly in thy keep - ing, Make us each thy lov - ing child.

CHORUS.

When temp - ta - tion's darts as - sail us, When in sin - ful paths we stray,

Be thou near us, to de - liv - er, Lead us in the per - fect way.

No. 49.

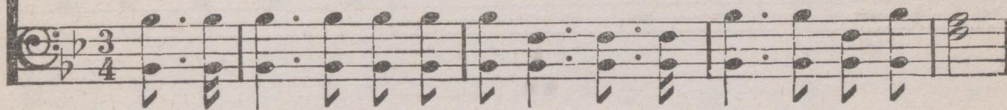
REDEEMING MERCY.

J. H. MARTIN, D.D.

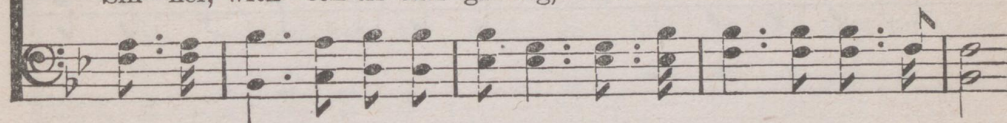
R. M. McINTOSH, by per.



1 Bright-ly shines re-deeming mer-cy From the cross of Cal-va-ry,
 2 See that cross illum'd with splendor, Blaz-ing with the love of God,
 3 Look, my soul, a-dore and wonder, Praise and bless Immanuel's name,
 4 He has purchas'd our sal-va-tion, Ransom'd us from sin and hell,
 5 On the trag-ic scene a-maz-ing, On the cross of Cal-va-ry,



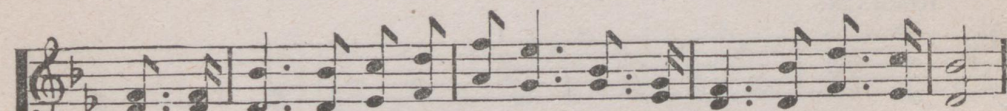
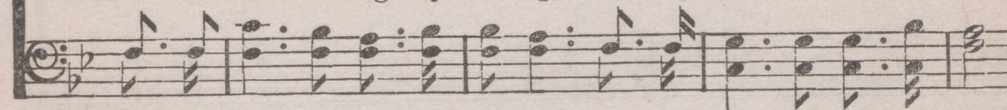
Beams of ra-diance ev-er streaming Dart on ev-'ry land and sea.
 View the Sav-iour, kind and ten-der, Pour-ing forth his pre-cious blood.
 Quake not at the law's dread thunder, Tremble not at Si-nai's flame.
 Give him thanks and ad-o-ra-tion, Saints with him in bliss shall dwell.
 Sin-ner, with con-tri-tion gaz-ing, Trust in him that died for thee.



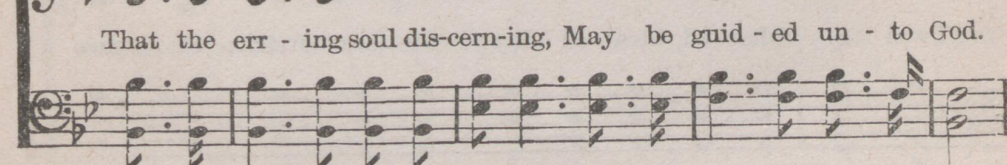
REFRAIN.



'Tis a bea-con bright-ly burning, Cast-ing gleams of light a-broad,



That the err-ing soul dis-cern-ing, May be guid-ed un-to God.



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No. 50. THE LAMB OF CALVARY.

Rev. J. H. MARTIN, D. D.

R. M. McINTOSH, by per.

1 There was love, deep love, in the cross dis-played, When the
 2 There is love, strong love, in the King on high To the
 3 There is love, warm love, in the Sav-iour's heart For the
 4 Un-to Je-sus come with your load of grief, And re-

Lamb of Cal-va-ry died, For the slaves of sin was a
 souls condemned for their guilt; He will save the lost that to
 troub-led, wretched, and weak; In his bound-less grace he will
 pose by faith on his breast, There your bur-den-ed spir-it shall

ran-som paid, When the Lamb of Cal-va-ry died.
 him draw nigh Thro' the pre-cious blood that he spilt.
 peace im-part To the mourn-er, low-ly and meek.
 find re-lief— On the Lamb of Cal-va-ry rest.

REFRAIN.

'Twas a bless-ed, bless-ed day for our wretch-ed race

THE LAMB OF CALVARY. Concluded.

When the Lamb of Cal - va - ry died; Je - sus

saves the hum-ble now in his bound-less grace, For in

love to sin-ners he died; In love to sin-ners he died,

In love to sin-ners he died, Je - sus saves the hum-ble

now in his bound-less grace, For in love to sin-ners he died.

No. 51.

LOVE OF GOD.

W. A. O.

W. A. OGDEN.

1. Sing we of the grace of God, Of the won-ders of his love;
 2. Love that brought salva - tion near, Thro' God's well-be-lov - ed Son,
 3. Love of God so full and free, Love of God so strong to save,
 4. Love that holds the worlds in space, Love that light-eth all within;

Tell his glo - ries all a - broad, And of his wonder - ful love!
 And be - liev - ing we shall wear Yon - der a beau - ti - ful crown!
 Blood that cleanseth e - ven me, Won - der - ful, wonder - ful love!
 Love that keeps us by his grace, Won - der - ful, wonder - ful love!

CHORUS.

Wonder - ful love of God! Wonder - ful love of God! . . .
 oh wonderful love! oh wonderful love!

How it redeemeth, and how it reclaimeth The souls he hath bought with blood.

No. 52.

COME THOU AND SEE.

W. A. O.

W. A. OGDEN.

1. O come thou and see what the Lord hath done, Come thou and see what he still is
 2. O come thou and see what a glorious friend! Come thou and see what this friend will
 3. "O come thou and see," 'tis a lov-ing call; Come thou and drink of the living

doing, What he hath wrought thro' Christ his Son, Wonderful, wonderful Saviour!
 give you, I life ev- er more, it ne'er shall end; Wonderful, wonderful Sav - iour!
 wa-ters, Je-sus invites, 'tis free for all! Wonder-ful, wonderful Sav - iour!

CHORUS.

Come thou and see, oh come thou and see, What a dear Sav-iour he will be,

a tempo. Come thou and see, oh come thou and see, What a wonderful, wonderful Saviour!
cres. rit.

No. 53. THE HOPE OF THE SOUL.

Rev. W. P. RIVERS.

R. M. McINTOSH, by per.

SEMI-CHORUS.

1 The soul hath a hope ev - er dear Of life in a clime of
 2 Sweet hope of the life ev - er blest With God in his home, with
 3 Dear hope of the soul's bet - ter life— An o - cean of Peace—sweet
 4 Oh, soul, keep thy hope ev - er pure, Of life in the clime of

beau - ti - ful sheen ; Where ne'er come the storm-clouds of fear,
 Je - sus a - bove ; Where an - gels and saints are at rest,
 Pu - ri - ty's sea ! Where nev - er is tem - pest or strife,
 vir - tue and truth , Where vis - ions of glo - ry en - dure,

CHORUS. 3

Where shadows of gloom shall nev - er be seen ; Where shadows of gloom shall
 Where heav - en - ly joys are rapt - ures of love ; Where heav - en - ly joys are
 Where pleasures are ho - ly, boundless, and free ; Where pleasures are ho - ly,
 Where ev - er a - bides the beau - ty of youth ; Where ev - er a - bides the

nev - er be seen, (nev - er be seen,) Where shadows of gloom shall
 rapt - ures of love, (rapt - ures of love,) Where heav - en - ly joys are
 bound - less, and free, (boundless, and free,) Where pleasures are ho - ly,
 beau - ty of youth, (beau - ty of youth,) Where ev - er a - bides the

THE HOPE OF THE SOUL. Concluded.

nev - er be seen; (nev-er be seen;) Oh, life's im-mor-tal years! In a
 rapt-ures of love; (raptures of love;) Oh, life's im-mor-tal years! In a
 boundless, and free; (boundless, and free;) Oh, life's im-mor-tal years! In a
 beau - ty of youth; (beauty of youth;) Oh, life's im-mor-tal years! In a

clime where flow no tears—Where shadows of gloom shall never be seen.
 clime where flow no tears—Where heavenly joys are rapt-ures of love.
 clime where flow no tears—Where pleasures are ho-ly, bound-less, and free.
 clime where flow no tears—Where ev-er a-bides the beau - ty of youth.

No. 54. SPRING. C. M.

L. C. EVERETT, by per.

1 Fa - ther, I stretch my hands to thee, No oth - er help I know;
 2 What did thine on - ly Son en - dure, Be - fore I drew my breath!
 3 Au - thor of faith, to thee I lift My wea - ry, long - ing eyes:
 4 Sure - ly thou canst not let me die: O speak, and I shall live;
 5 The worst of sin - ners would re - jice, Could they but see thy face:

If thou with - draw thy - self from me, Ah! whith - er shall I go?
 What pain, what la - bor to se - cure My soul from end - less death!
 O let me now re - ceive that gift, My soul with - out it dies!
 And here I will un - wear - ied lie, Till thou thy Spir - it give.
 O let me hear thy quick'ning voice, And taste thy pard'ning grace!

No. 55.

ENOUGH FOR ME.

E. A. H.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN, by per.

1. O love, sur-pass-ing knowledge! O grace, so full and free!
 2. O won-der-ful sal-va-tion! From sin he makes me free!
 3. O blood of Christ so pre-cious, Pour'd out on Cal-va-ry!

I know that Je-sus saves me, And that's enough for me!
 I feel the sweet as-sur-ance, And that's enough for me!
 I feel its cleansing pow-er, And that's enough for me!

REFRAIN.

And that's e-nough for me! And that's e-nough for me!

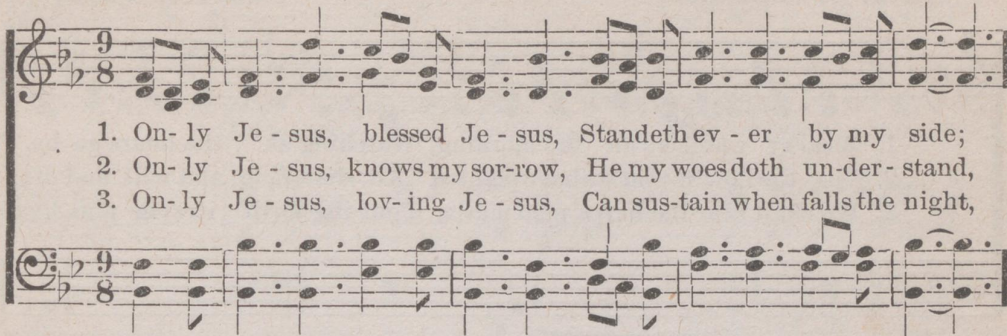
I know that Je-sus saves me, And that's e-nough for me!

No. 56.

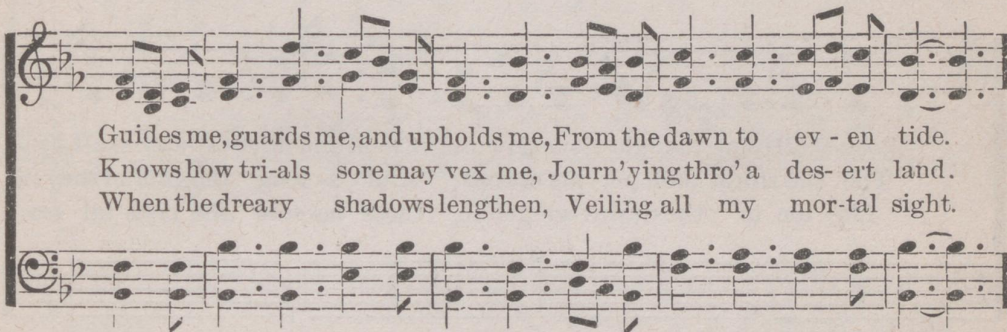
ONLY JESUS.

Mrs. LAURA E. NEWELL.

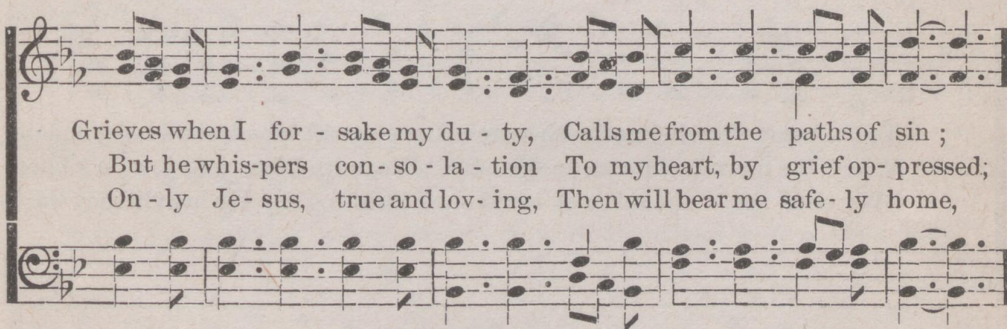
J. R. BRYANT.



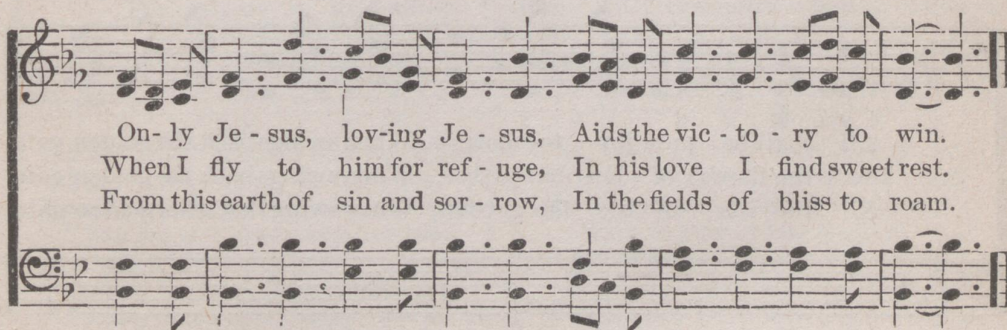
1. On-ly Je - sus, blessed Je - sus, Standeth ev - er by my side;
 2. On-ly Je - sus, knows my sor-row, He my woes doth un-der - stand,
 3. On-ly Je - sus, lov-ing Je - sus, Can sus-tain when falls the night,



Guides me, guards me, and upholds me, From the dawn to ev - en tide.
 Knows how tri-als sore may vex me, Journ'ying thro' a des-ert land.
 When the dreary shadows lengthen, Veiling all my mor-tal sight.



Grieves when I for - sake my du - ty, Calls me from the paths of sin;
 But he whis-pers con-so-la-tion To my heart, by grief op-pressed;
 On - ly Je - sus, true and lov-ing, Then will bear me safe-ly home,



On - ly Je - sus, lov-ing Je - sus, Aids the vic - to - ry to win.
 When I fly to him for ref - uge, In his love I find sweet rest.
 From this earth of sin and sor - row, In the fields of bliss to roam.

No. 57.

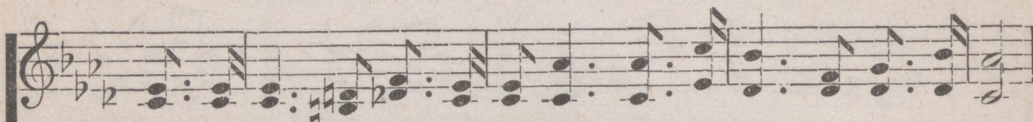
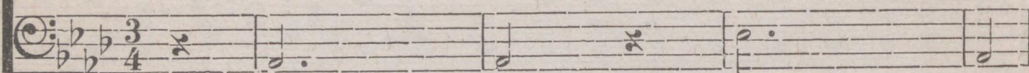
THE GOLDEN GATE.

Mrs. E. W. CHAPMAN.

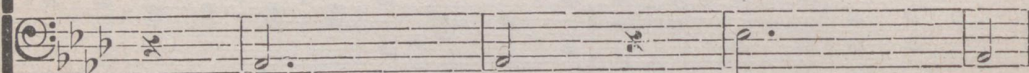
FRANK M. DAVIS.



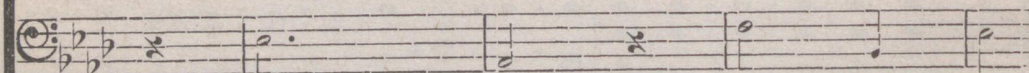
1. Wea-ry watchers for the morning, Watching as the hours go by,
2. Tho' the flow'rs that we have planted All shall fade and wilt and die,
3. We shall hear the harps, glad music, Pour-ing forth in sym-phony ;



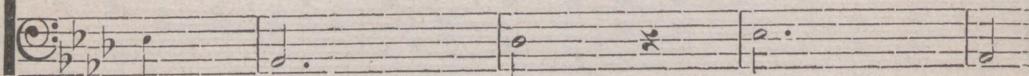
Soon shall come the glo-rious dawning; Cloud and mist a-way shall fly.
Tho' the storm their pet-als scatter; And a-long the ground they lie,
Lis-ten to the strains an-gel-ic, Close be-side the crys-tal sea;



To the heart o'erwhelmed with sorrow, Love's swift wheels shall ne'er be late;
When the morn-ing dawns in splendor, We with bliss and joy e-late,
We shall see the robes of loved ones, Shin-ing as in heav'n they wait;



All shall be pure joy to-morrow, When swings back the golden gate.
Shall the flow'rs of E-den gather, When swings back the golden gate.
All the ills of life for-got-ten, When swings back the golden gate.



THE GOLDEN GATE. Concluded.

CHORUS.

Gold-en gate, the gold-en gate! When swings back the gold-en
Golden gate, the gold-en gate! When swings back the golden,

gate! All shall be pure joy to-morrow, When swings back the golden gate.
golden gate!

No. 58. JESUS, I MY CROSS HAVE TAKEN.

GRANT.

Dr. A. B. EVERETT, by per.

FINE.

1. { Je - sus, I my cross have tak - en, All to leave and fol - low thee: }
{ Na - ked, poor despised, forsak - en, Thou, from hence, my all shalt be. }

D.C.—Yet how rich is my con - di - tion, God and heav'n are still my own!

D.C.

Per - ish, ev-'ry fond am - bi - tion, All I've sought, or hoped, or known:


2 Let the world despise and leave me:
They have left my Saviour too:
Human hearts and looks deceive me—
Thou art not, like them, untrue.
And while thou shalt smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love, and might,
Foes may hate, and friends disown me,
Show thy face, and all is bright.

3 Go, then, earthly fame and treasure:
Come, disaster, scorn, and pain:
In thy service pain is pleasure—
With thy favor loss is gain.
I have have called thee Abba, Father,
I have set my heart on thee; [er,
Storms may howl, and clouds may gath -
All must work for good to me.


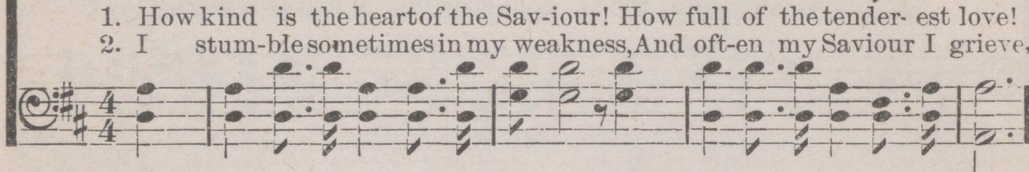
No. 59. THE WONDERFUL SAVIOUR.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.

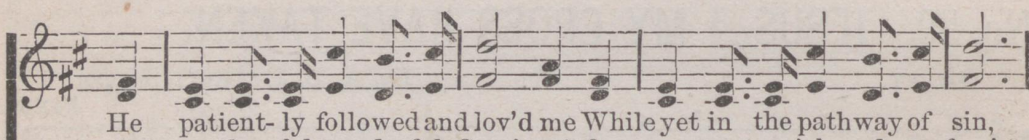
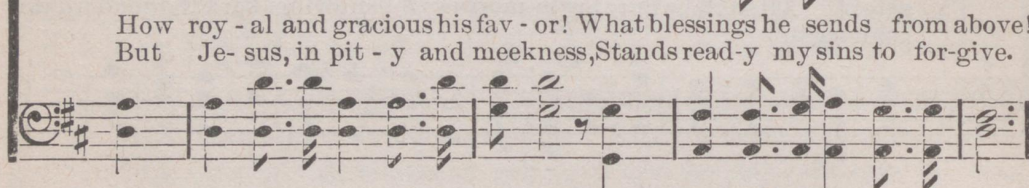
R. M. McINTOSH, by per.



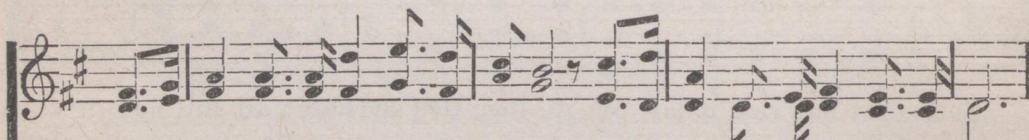
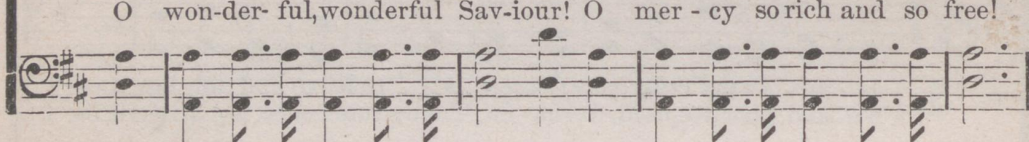
1. How kind is the heart of the Sav-iour! How full of the tender-est love!
2. I stum-ble sometimes in my weakness, And oft-en my Saviour I grieve,



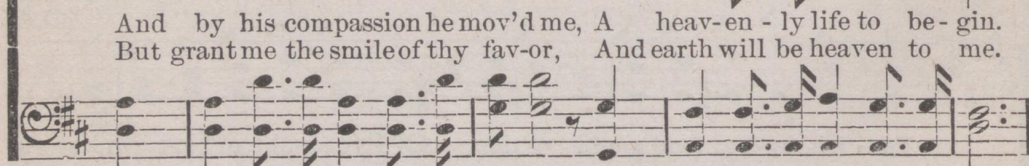
How roy-al and gracious his fav-or! What blessings he sends from above!
But Je-sus, in pit-y and meekness, Stands read-y my sins to for-give.



He pa-tient-ly fol-lowed and lov'd me While yet in the pathway of sin,
O won-der-ful, wonderful Sav-iour! O mer-cy so rich and so free!



And by his compassion he mov'd me, A heav-en-ly life to be-gin.
But grant me the smile of thy fav-or, And earth will be heaven to me.



CHORUS.



Dear Sav-iour, dear Sav-iour, A bless-ing I crave now of thee;



THE WONDERFUL SAVIOUR. Concluded.

In mer-cy for-ev-er and ev-er, Re-mem-ber, remember me.

No. 60. FATHER OF MERCIES.

F. M. D.

DUET AND CHORUS.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

1 Fa-ther of mercies, I come! Come with my burden to thee, Help other than
 2 Fa-ther of mercies, I come! Take then this heart, tis thine own; Refine it and
 3 Fa-ther of mercies, I come! Sweetly to rest in thy love; O take me to

REFRAIN.

thine there is none, Look then in pit-y on me.
 make it all pure, Make it thine own royal throne. } Fa-ther of mer-cies, I
 dwell, Lord, with thee, In thine own mansions above. }

come, I come; Fa-ther of mer-cies, I come, I come.

No. 61.

CALLING THEE AWAY.

MARGARET MOODY.

W. A. OGDEN.

1. Be - yond the cares of life and bit - ter pain, Be -
 2. Be - yond the fad - ing van - i - ties of life, Be -
 3. Be - yond is life and ev - er - last - ing joy, Be -

yond the thought of wealth or earth-ly gain, A voice is call - ing,
 yond the realms of pass-ion and of strife, That voice is call - ing,
 yond, where naught of e - vil can an-noy, The Lord now calls thee

call - ing thee to - day, From sin and death to quickly flee a - way.
 call - ing thee to - day, From all un-righteousness to turn a - way.
 by his bless - ed word; Oh seek him while his lov - ing voice is heard.

CHORUS.

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

From all earth-ly care and sor - row, Sweet - ly call - ing thee a - way.

No. 62.

THE NEW SONG.

Mrs. HARRIET E. JONES.

J. R. BRYANT.

1. I am the Lord's and he is mine, Praise, O praise his name!
 2. The Lord has wash'd my sins a - way, Praise, O praise his name!
 3. O mer - cy drops how sweet! how sweet! Praise, O praise his name!

O sweet, O sweet the love di - vine, Praise, O praise his name!
 And I am hap - py all the day, Praise, O praise his name!
 They come while at thy mer - cy seat, Praise, O praise his name!

I've learn'd to sing the new, new song, 'Tis in my heart and
 My name is writ - ten o - ver there, Where stand the ma - ny
 And still they come to glad - den men From out the fount so

CHO.—O sweet new song! O wondrous song, 'Tis in my heart and

on my tongue; All glo - ry to the matchless One! Praise, O praise his name!
 mansions fair our Saviour promis'd to prepare, Praise, O praise his name!
 full and free, And shall to all e - ter - ni - ty—Praise, O praise his name;

on my tongue, Since Jesus wash'd my sins away, Praise, O praise his name.

No. 63. THERE'S LIGHT AT THE CROSS.

Mrs. E. W. CHAPMAN.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. There's light at the cross, where my Sav-iour died, Where flow'd for my
2. There's light at the cross, where a Saviour's love Shines bright on the
3. There's light at the cross, 'tis a gold-en light, It comes from the

cleans-ing the crim-son tide; A light that doth lead from the
way that will lead a - bove; Though rug - ged and hill - y the
throne in the man-sions bright, Where pure heav'n-ly rays will for-

wilds of sin, 'Tis fill - ing my soul with a peace with - in.
path of life, 'Twill guide through the trouble and toil and strife.
ev - er shine, For Je - sus the Lamb is the light di - vine.

CHORUS.

There's light at the cross, There's light at the
At the cross, at the cross,

THERE'S LIGHT AT THE CROSS. Concluded.

cross, for me, There's light at the
at the cross, There's light at the cross,

cross, There's light at the cross for me.
at the cross,

No. 64.

LEBANON. 7s.

Dr. A. B. EVERETT, by per.

1 Christ, the Lord, is risen to-day! Sons of men and an-gels say!
2 Love's re-deem-ing work is done,—Fought the fight, the bat-tle won:
3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal—Christ hath burst the gates of hell:
4 Lives a-gain our glo-ri-ous King!“Where, O death, is now thy sting?”
5 Soar we now where Christ has led, Foll'wing our ex-alt-ed Head:

Raise your joys and triumphs high! Sing, ye heavens: thou earth, re-ply!
Lo! the sun's e-clipse is o'er; Lo! he sets in blood no more.
Death in vain for-bids his rise: Christ hath o-pened Par-a-dise.
Once he died our souls to save: “Where's thy vic-t'ry, boasting grave?”
Made like him, like him we rise—Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.

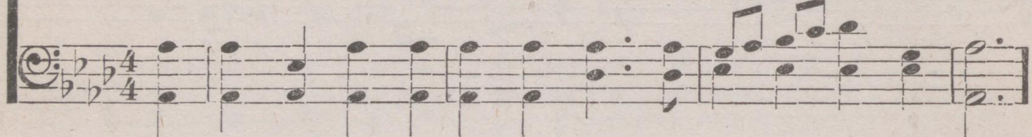
No. 65. I KNOW A HEALING FOUNTAIN NIGH.

H. SANDERS.

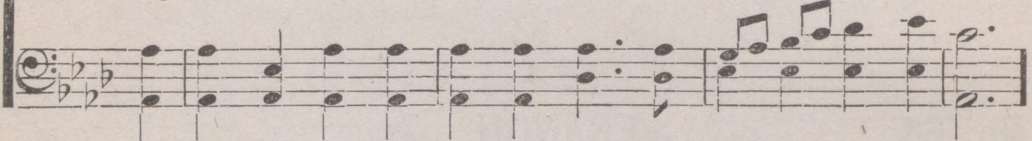
H. SANDERS.



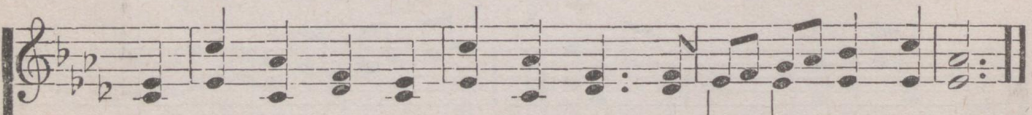
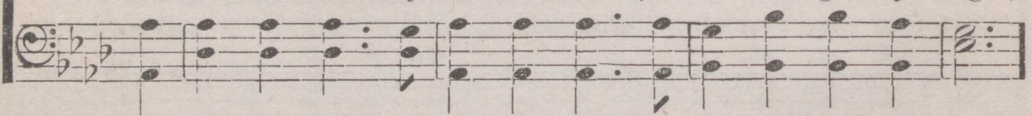
1. I know a heal - ing Fountain nigh, 'Tis free for you and me,
2. I know a gar - den sweet and fair, 'Tis full of choic - est flow'rs,
3. I know a stream, a crys - tal stream, It nev - er fails or dries;
4. I know a home, far, far a - way, Not made by hu - man hands;



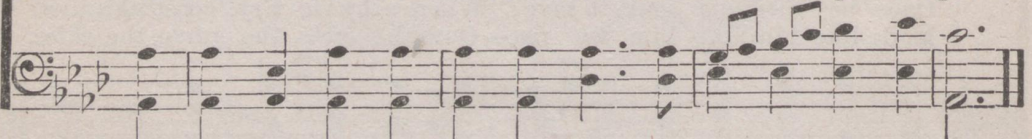
And tho' your sins be mountain high, All may be wash'd a - way.
It fills the breeze with o - dors rare, 'Tis fair as E - den's bow'rs.
Its wa - ters pure with sun - light gleam, In heav'n it takes its rise.
High up a - bove, where an - gels stay, And all the saint - ed bands.



That Fountain pure is Je - sus' blood! 'Twas shed for all mankind;
That gar - den is "The word of God," Its prom - is - es those flow'rs,
"Wa - ter of Life" that stream is named, It flows on through all time,
That home is where my Sav - iour dwells, And God in glo - ry reigns,



O come and bathe in that blest flood, And full sal - va - tion find!
It scat - ters bless - ings free and broad, Thro' all the pass - ing hours.
Its liv - ing vir - tues far are famed; O drink this draught sublime!
No storm of sor - row ev - er swells A - cross those peaceful plains.



No. 66.

HOME AND REST.

Rev. J. H. SIMMIS.

R. M. MCINTOSH.

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

day dies in the west, And the wel - come call bids the
 dark - ness gath - ers round, While the wear - y sleep in the
 shad - ows flee a - way, And the glo - rious light bursts up -

work - ers all From their toil to home and rest, 'Tis sweet to know that it
 shad - ows deep, And the watchman takes his round, 'Tis sweet to know that it
 on his sight, As he hails the new - born day, 'Tis sweet to know that it

shall be so When the day of life is past, And we shall be from
 shall be so When he gives his loved ones sleep, That they shall rest while
 shall be so When the dayspring floods the skies, And sons of God for -

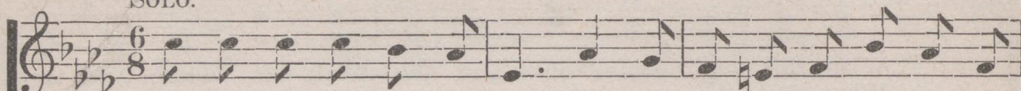
la - bor free, To rest at home at last, To rest at home at last.
 an - gels blest Their faithful watch shall keep, Their faithful watch shall keep.
 sake the sod, And glo - ry greets the eyes, And glo - ry greets the eyes.

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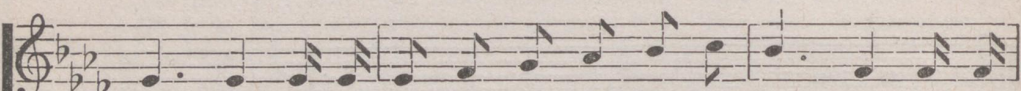
No. 67. Would You go Home with the Angels?

Mrs. ESTELLE OLTROGGE.
SOLO.

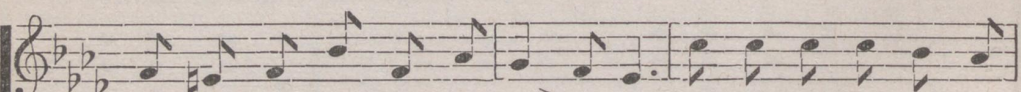
Mrs. ESTELLE OLTROGGE.



1. Where are you go - ing, oh, sin - ner, So heed-less of what is to
2. Chris-tian, oh, say, is your treas - ure Laid up in the kingdom of



come? Are you treading the path-way to glo - ry, Or the
God? Do you live for the glo - ry of Je - sus? Are your



road that will lead you to doom? Pause ere 'tis too late, oh,
feet with his right-eous-ness shod? Do you e'er pray with the

Would You go Home with the Angels? Concluded.

sin - ner; Think of your dread-ful end, Should
err - ing, And aid the help - less poor? Gen - tly

you die to - night, With - out the sin - ner's Friend
lead the chil - dren To seek a heaven - ly shore?

CHORUS.

Would you go home with the an - gels? Would you go home with the an - gels?

Ask him in faith, Je - sus will save; His life for you he gave.

No. 68.

SOWING THE TARES.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. Sow - ing the tares when it might have been wheat, Sow - ing of
 2. Sow - ing the tares, oh how dark the black sin, Ming - ling a
 3. Sow - ing the tares that will bring sor - row down, Robs of its
 4. Sow - ing the tares un - der cov - er of night Which might have been

mal - ice, spite and de - ceit; We might have sown ros - es a -
 curse with life's sweet - est hymn, And heed - ing no an - guish, no
 jew - els life's fair - est crown, And turn - ing to sil - ver the
 wheat all gold - en and bright, O heart turn to God with re -

mid life's sad cares, While we were so cru - el - ly sow - ing the tares.
 pit - y - ing prayers, While we were so cru - el - ly sow - ing the tares.
 once gold - en hair Grows whit - er and whit - er as we sow the tares.
 pent - ance and pray'r, And plead for for - give - ness for sow - ing the tares.

CHORUS.

Sow - ing the tares, sow - ing the tares,
 Sowing the tares sowing the tares, sow - ing the tares, sow - ing the tares,

sow - ing the tares . . . Cru - el - ly sow - ing the tares.
 sowing the tares, sowing the tares,

No. 69.

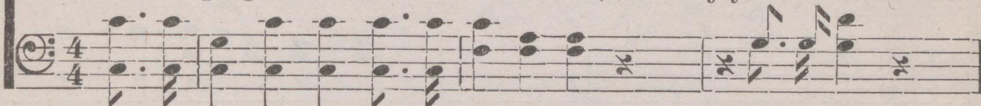
THERE IS JOY.

MARGARET MOODY.

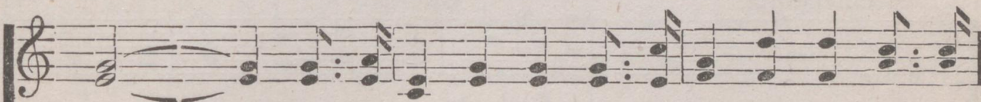
W. A. OGDEN.



- 1. When a sin-ner comes, as a sin-ner may, There is joy, there is
- 2. When a soul is born in the kingdom bright, There is joy, there is
- 3. When a pil-grim comes to the riv-er wide, There is joy, there is



There is joy,



joy; When returns to God in the gos - pel way, There is
 joy; When it walks by faith in the gos - pel light, There is
 joy; When hed wells se - cure on the oth - er side, There is



there is joy,

REFRAIN.



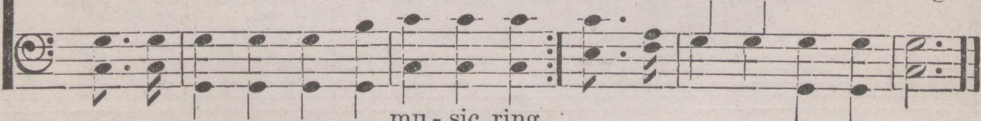
joy, there is joy. } There is joy a - mong the an - gels,
 joy, there is joy. }
 joy, there is joy. } When a sin - ner comes re - pent - ing,



there is joy,



And their harps with music ring; . . .
 (*Omit.*) Bend - ing low be - fore our King.



mu - sic ring,

No. 70.

LOOK TO JESUS.

H. SANDERS.
SOLO SOP.

H. SANDERS.

CHORUS.

1. Would you all your sins re-move? Look, O look to Je - sus;
2. Would you peace of soul en-joy? Look, O look to Je - sus;
3. Would you have a taste of heav'n? Look, O look to Je - sus;

SOLO SOP.

CHORUS.

Would you now his mer-cy prove? Look, O look to Je - sus;
Hap - py be, with - out al-loy? Look, O look to Je - sus;
For his life was free-ly given, Look, O look to Je - sus;

CHORUS.

His is love be - yond de-gree. Look, O look to Je - sus,
Come and feast with him to-day. Look, O look to Je - sus,
On him all our sins were laid. Look, O look to Je - sus,

SOLO BASS.

SOLO ALTO.

CHORUS.

You shall full sal - va - tion see, Look; O look to Je - sus.
Come, ard come with-out de - lay, Look; O look to Je - sus.
He has full a - tone - ment made, Look; O look to Je - sus.

LOOK TO JESUS. Concluded.

REFRAIN.

Look to Je - sus now and live, Look, O look to Je - sus;

Peace and par - don now re - ceive, Look, O look to Je - sus.

No. 71. SUMMERS. L. M.

R. M. McINTOSH, by per.

1 High in the heavens, e - ter - nal God, Thy goodness in full glo - ry shines;
 2 For - ev - er firm thy justice stands, As mountains their foun - da - tions keep;
 3 Thy pro - vi - dence is kind and large, Both man and beast thy boun - ty share;
 4 My God! how ex - cel - lent thy grace! Whence all our hope and comfort springs:
 5 Life, like a fountain, rich and free, Springs from the presence of the Lord;

Thy truth shall break thro' ev'ry cloud That veils and darkens thy de - signs.
 Wise are the won - ders of thy hands, Thy judgments are a might - y deep.
 The whole cre - a - tion is thy charge, But saints are thy pe - cu - liar care.
 The sons of A - dam in dis - tress Fly to the shad - ow of thy wings.
 And in thy light our souls shall see The glo - ries promised in thy word.

No. 72.

HOLD UP THE LIGHT.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. Shine, Christian, shine, there's darkness all a-round, Hold up thy light,
 2. Shine and re-lect the glo-ry of his grace, Hold up thy light,
 3. Shine o'er the waves, the rocks where dan-gers foam, Hold up thy light,

Hold up thy light. Let deeds of love to all man-kind a-bound;
 Hold up thy light. Draw wanderers back to seek the Fa-ther's face,
 Hold up thy light. Work out the path that leads to heav'n and home,

CHORUS.
 Shine for Christ with all thy might. O turn thy lamp and shine

With splen-dor all di-vine, Cheer the tem-pest tossed, Souls forlorn and lost,

{ Show how the waves di-vide, } Shine, for Christ shall give thee light.
 { When Je - sus is the guide, }

No. 73. LORD JESUS, I LOVE THEE.

IDA L. REED.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. Lord Je - sus, I love thee, Thy laws I'll o - bey; No God reigns a -
 2. Lord Je - sus, I love thee, My heart is thine own, My soul shall a -
 3. Lord Je - sus, I love thee, Thou Light of my way, Who reign-eth a -

bove thee, Thou Light of my way; I love thee, I love thee, For
 dore thee, Shall bow at thy throne; At morn-ing, at midnight, At
 bove me, In mer - cy each day; Thy care shall be o'er me Life's

thou art my guide, Earth's pow'r cannot move thee, Or turn thee a - side.
 noon will I raise To thee, my Lord Je - sus, Sweet anthems of praise.
 path-way a - long, With thee for my lead-er I can - not go wrong.

CHORUS.

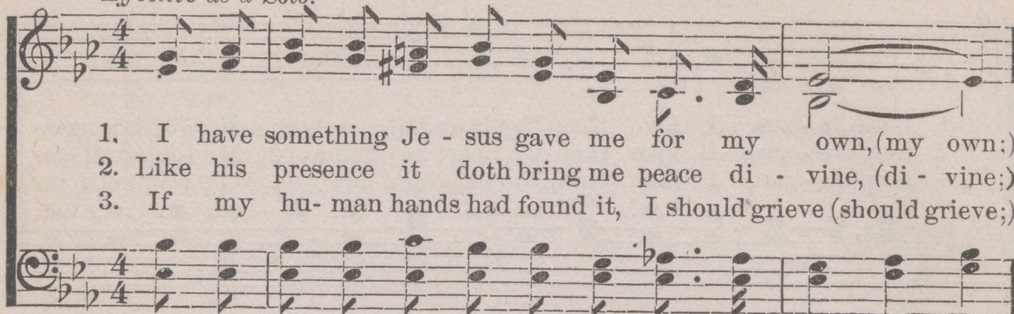
Lord Je - sus, I love thee, Thy laws I'll o - bey;

No God reigns a - bove thee, Thou Light of my way.

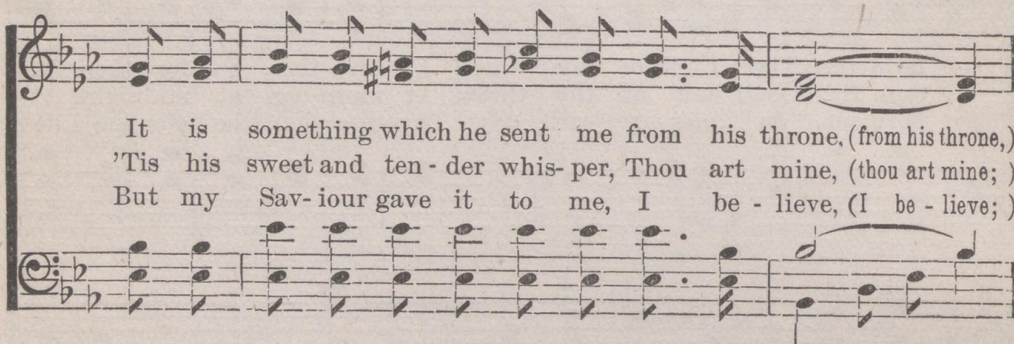
No. 74. SOMETHING JESUS GAVE ME.

GRACE W. HINSDALE.
Effective as a Solo.

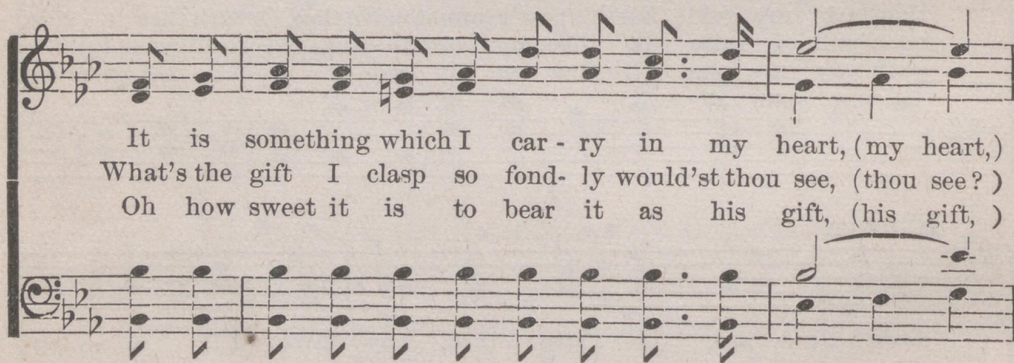
W. A. OGDEN.



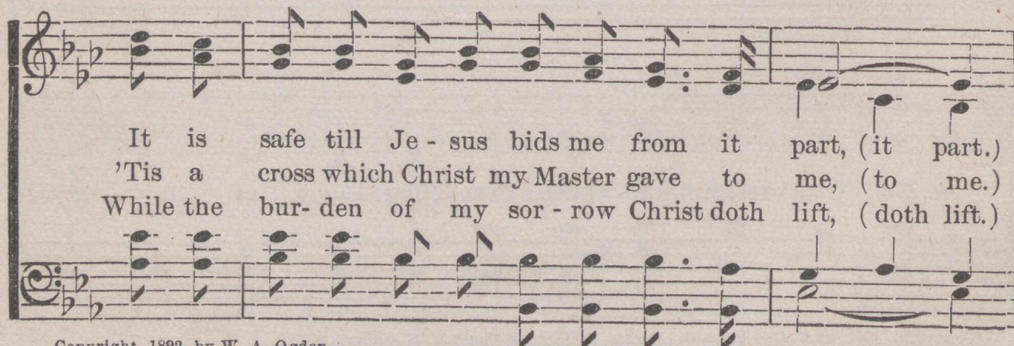
1. I have something Je - sus gave me for my own, (my own;)
2. Like his presence it doth bring me peace di - vine, (di - vine;)
3. If my hu - man hands had found it, I should grieve (should grieve;)



It is something which he sent me from his throne, (from his throne,)
'Tis his sweet and ten - der whis - per, Thou art mine, (thou art mine;)
But my Sav - iour gave it to me, I be - lieve, (I be - lieve;)



It is something which I car - ry in my heart, (my heart,)
What's the gift I clasp so fond - ly would'st thou see, (thou see?)
Oh how sweet it is to bear it as his gift, (his gift,)



It is safe till Je - sus bids me from it part, (it part.)
'Tis a cross which Christ my Master gave to me, (to me.)
While the bur - den of my sor - row Christ doth lift, (doth lift.)

SOMETHING JESUS GAVE ME. Concluded.

'Tis a cross . . . he gave me, All in love he gave me,
a cross yes, in love

To have . . . to bear . . . In meekness, and in prayer.
To have to bear

No. 75. YARBROUGH.

Miss FRANCES E. HAVERGAL.

Arr. by R. M. McINTOSH.

1 Take my life, and let it be Con-se-crated, Lord, to thee;
2 Take my feet, and let them be Swift and beau-ti-ful for thee;
3 Take my sil-ver and my gold, Not a mite would I with-hold;
4 Take my will and make it thine, It shall be no lon-ger mine;
5 Take my love; my Lord, I pour At thy feet its treas-ure-store;

CHO.—Lord, I give my life to thee, Thine for-ev-er-more to be;

D.C.

Take my hands, and let them move At the im-pulse of thy love.
Take my voice, and let me sing Al-ways, on-ly for my King.
Take my mo-ments and my days, Let them flow in cease-less praise.
Take my heart, it is thine own, It shall be thy roy-al throne.
Take my-self, and I will be Ev-er, on-ly, all for thee.

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

By per. R. M. McIntosh.

No. 76. I Wonder if there's Room for Me.

W. L. T.

WILL. L. THOMPSON.

FIRST VOICE.

1. I have heard of a home far a-way above the skies, Where the
2. But they say that the righteous shall scarce-ly en-ter there; How

good and the true may happy be; I have look'd thro' the stars, And I've
then shall a sin - ner like me? I am far, far a-way From the

watch'd thro' lonely hours, And I've wondered if there's room there for me.
gen- tle Shepherd's care; Oh, I wonder if he'll make room for me.

SECOND VOICE.

Yes, there's room for you and for me, And there's room for the whole world be-
Yes, there's room, the call is for thee, 'Tis a grand in - vitation, full and

I Wonder if there's Room for Me. Concluded.

side; The won - der - ful love of the Lord reaches all; It
free; There's room for us all, if we list to his call; Yes, he's

CHORUS.

gent-ly calls us now to his side. } Room for you and me, And there's
willing to make room there for me. }

Yes, there's room for you,

room for all; Lis-ten, lis-ten, Hear his earnest call, Whoso-ev-er will may

come, Who - so - ev - er will may come, Come ye that are wea - ry

And are heav-y la - den, List-en; he's calling thee, There's room for all.

No. 77.

HOLD ME IN THY CARE.

Words arranged.

WILLARD P. MORRIS.

1. Lamb of God I look to Thee, Thou shalt my ex - am - ple be;
 2. Fain I would be as thou art, Give to me th'o - be - dient heart;
 3. I shall then show forth Thy praise, Serve thee all my hap - py days,

Thou art ho - ly, meek and mild, I am but a sin - ful child.
 Thou art pit - i - ful and kind, Let me have thy lov - ing mind.
 And the world shall know and see That thy spir - it dwells in me.

REFRAIN.

Hold . . me Sav - iour, In thy lov - ing care,
 Hold me, hold me Sav - iour dear,

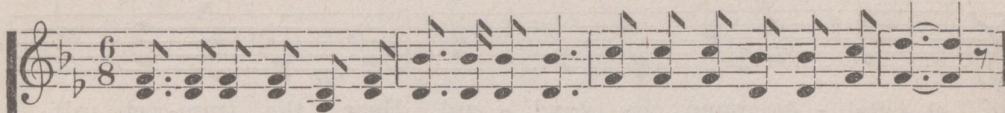
Keep me from temp - ta - tion, More than I can bear.

No. 78.

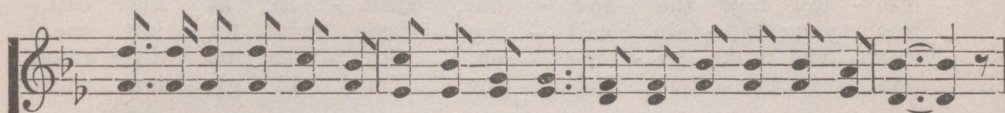
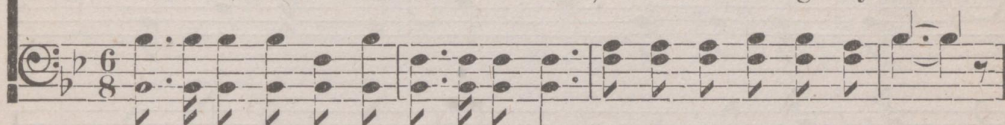
UNSEARCHABLE RICHES.

F. J. C.

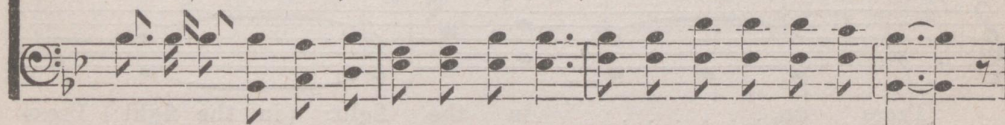
J. R. SWENEY, by per.



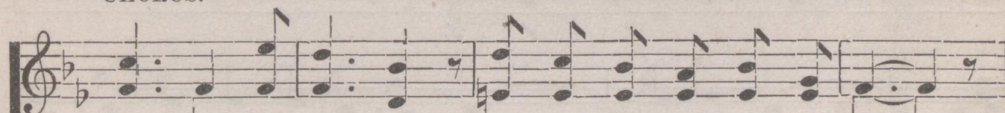
1. O the unsearcha - ble rich-es of Christ—Wealth that can never be told;—
2. O the unsearcha - ble rich-es of Christ, Who shall their greatness declare;
3. O the unsearcha - ble rich-es of Christ, Freely, how free-ly they flow;
4. O the unsearcha - ble rich-es of Christ, Who would not gladly endure



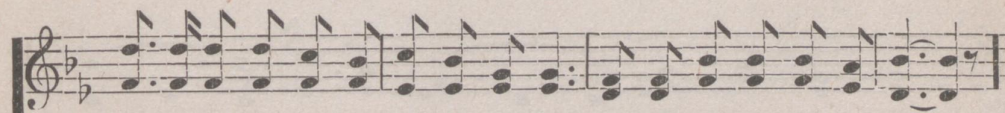
Rich-es exhaustless of mer-cy and grace, Precious, more precious than gold!
 Jewels whose lustre our lives may adorn, Pearls that the poorest may wear.
 Making the souls of the faithful and true Happy wherev - er they go.
 Tri- als, af-flic-tions, and crosses on earth, Riches like these to se - cure?



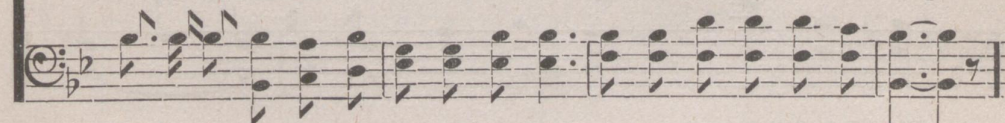
CHORUS.



Pre - cious, more pre-cious,—Wealth that can nev - er be told;



O the unsearcha - ble rich-es of Christ! Precious, more precious than gold.



No. 79. PRESS ON FOR THE RIGHT.

W. H. GARDNER.

W. A. OGDEN.

1. Ral - ly round the stand - ard, Hear the trum - pet call,
 2. Where the fight is thick - est, There ye all should be,
 3. When a com - rade fall - eth, Haste to fill his place,
 4. When the bat - tle's o - ver, Give to Christ the praise,

Fol - low now the Sav - iour, Hast - en at his call.
 Hear your Cap - tain call - ing, Come, and fol - low me.
 Keep the ranks un - brok - en, Suf - fer no dis - grace.
 He it is who leads you On in glo - rious ways.

CHORUS.

Press on, in the fight; (in the fight;) Press
 press on

on for the right; . . . There are fields to win, From the
 for the right;


hosts of sin, Press on (press on) in the right. (the right.)

No. 80.

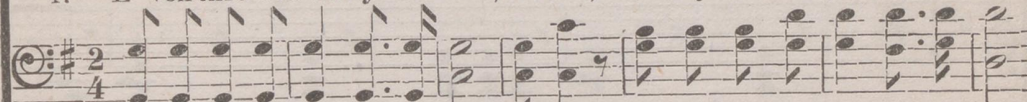
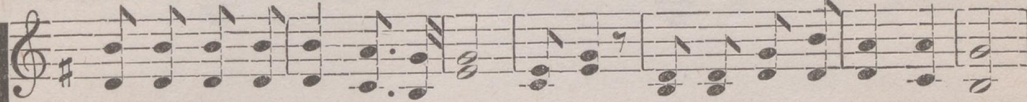
WHITHER DO YOU JOURNEY?

W. A. O.

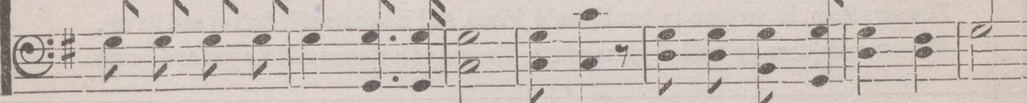

W. A. OGDEN.





1. Whither do you jour-ney a-long, brother? On the path of life now so fair?
 2. Whither do you jour-ney a-long, brother? Seek you world-ly pleasures to try?
 3. Whither do you jour-ney a-long, brother, Is the "Rock of A-ges" thy stay?
 4. E-ven thro' the valley of death, brother, Lo! thy Sav-iour pass'd on before,

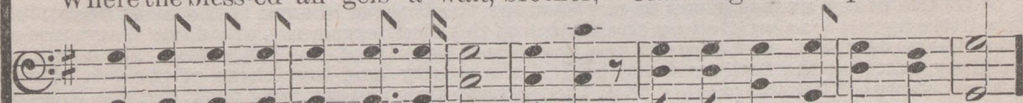
Are you go-ing home to that land, brother, Where the ma-ny mansions are?
 Soon they all will van-ish a-way, brother. Like a summer cloud on high.
 He will be thy rod and thy staff, brother, E-ven to the per-fect day.
 He will not for-sake thee e'en there, brother, But will keep thee ev-er-more.

Do you jour-ney on to that coun-try, Yon-der in the realms of light?
 Will you jour-ney on to that coun-try, Yon-der in the realms of light?
 Come and journey on to that coun-try, Yon-der in the realms of light,
 Je-sus is the light of that coun-try, Yon-der in the realms of light,

Where the bless-ed an-gels a-wait, brother, Clad in garments pure and white.



No. 81. THE ROSE OF SHARON.*

Inscribed to Mrs. PALMER.

Written March 8th, 1878.

Words and Music by H. R. PALMER, by per.

1. There's a Rose that is blooming for you, friend, There's a Rose that is blooming for me;
 2. Long a - go in the val-ley so fair, friend, Far a - way by the beau-ti-ful sea,
 3. All in vain did they crush this fair flow'r, friend, All in vain did they shatter the tree,

Its per-fume is per-vad-ing the world, friend, Its perfume is for you and for me.
 This pure Rose in its beau-ty first bloom'd, friend, And it blooms still for you and for me.
 For its roots, deep-ly bedded, sprang forth, friend, And it blooms still for you and for me.

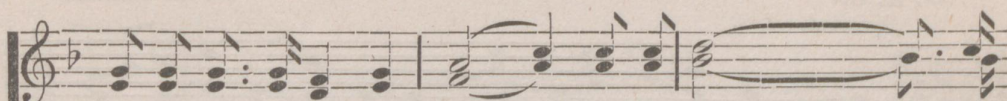
REFRAIN.

There's a Rose, a love - ly Rose, And its
 Rose that blooms for me, A Rose that blooms for you,

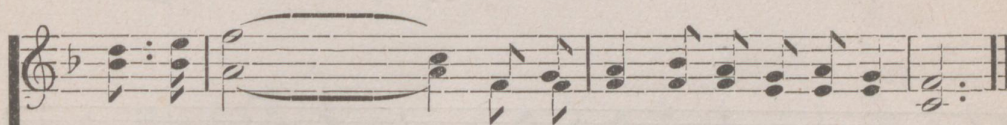
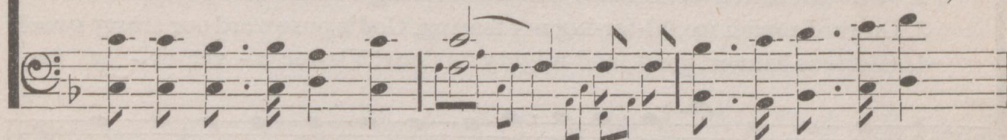
* Of the many names given to our Saviour, the Rose of Sharon is the most beautiful. This little hymn was written on the shores of the Mediterranean, amid the fragrance of ever-blooming roses, and beneath the matchless beauty of Italian skies. Thoughts of the Holy Land on the farther shore, and of the purity and loveliness of the life of our Saviour mingled unconsciously with the surrounding beauty, and took form in this little poem and melody.

Copyrighted, June, 1878, by H. R. Palmer.

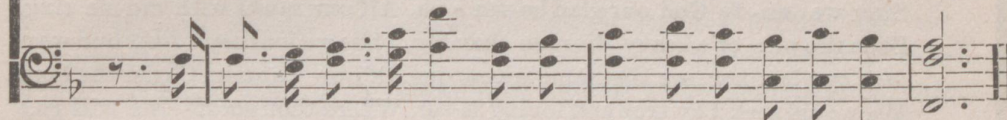
THE ROSE OF SHARON. Concluded.



beau-ty all the world shall see: . . . There's a Rose a
Rose that blooms for me,



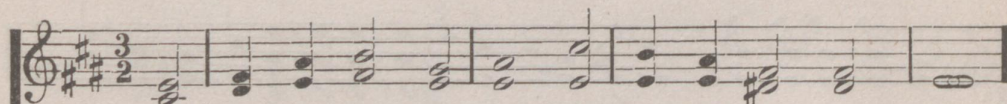
love-ly Rose, Its per-fume is for you and for me.
A Rose that blooms for you,



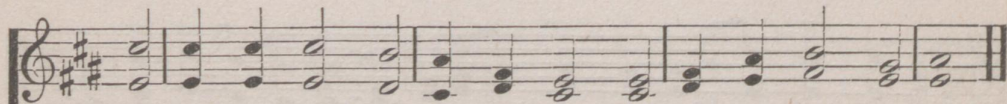
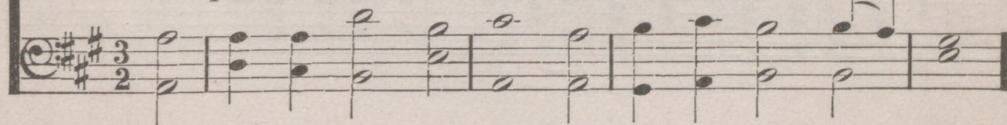
No. 82.

McCOY. S. M.

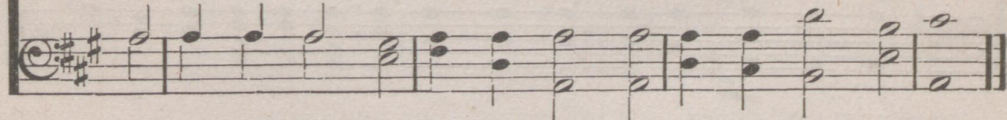
L. C. EVERETT, by per.



1 Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, come, With en - er - gy Di - vine,
2 O melt this fro - zen heart; This stub-born will sub - due;
3 The prof - it will be mine, But thine shall be the praise:



And on this poor be-night-ed soul, With beams of mer - cy shine.
Each e - vil pas - sion o - ver-come, And form me all a - new!
And un - to thee will I de - vote The rem-nant of my days.



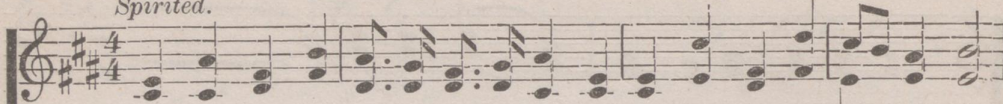
No. 83.

CHRISTIAN BATTLE CRY.

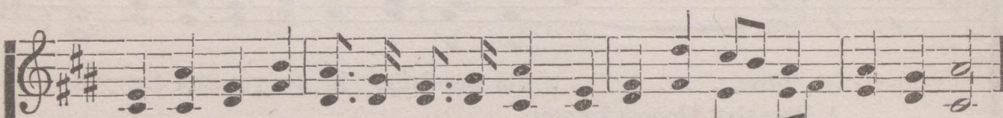
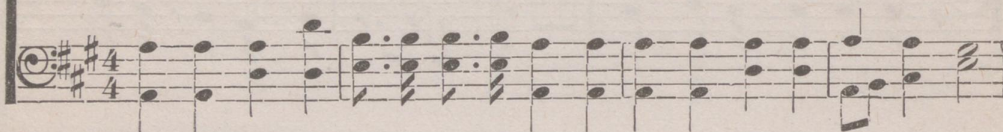
W. A. O.

W. A. OGDEN.

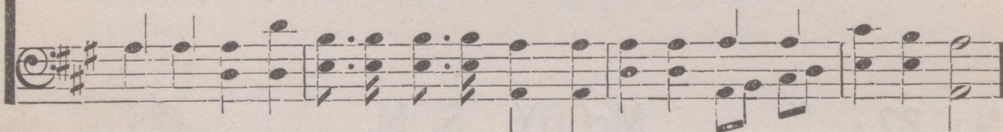
Spirited.



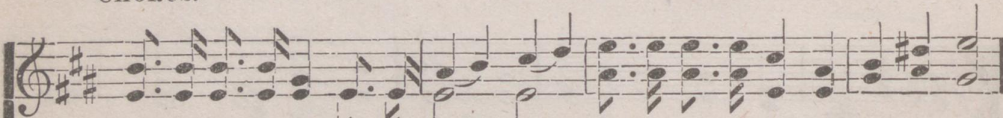
1. Onward march we, 'neath the royal banner, Soldiers of the heav'nly King;
2. Onward march we, needful weapons bearing, For life's long great battle day,
3. Onward march we, fal-ter-ing nor fearing, God's pure word our trusty sword;
4. Glorious banner! great, and mighty Saviour! Vic-tor o - ver ev - 'ry foe,



Sing we un-to God our glad ho-san - na, All our ranks with mu-sic ring.
 Each the oth- er's heavy bur-den shar-ing, Thus we journey on our way.
 On our ban-ner see the name appear-ing, Of our Cap-tain, Christ the Lord.
 We would seek Thy true and loving fa-vor, Where thou goest we will go.



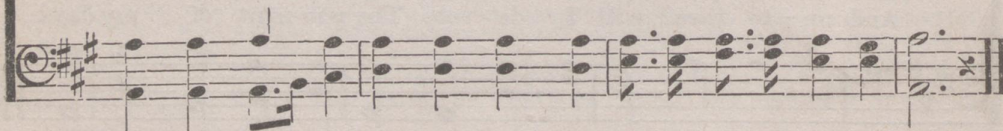
CHORUS.



Glory be to God! Halle-lu - jah! Glo-ry be to God, to God on high!



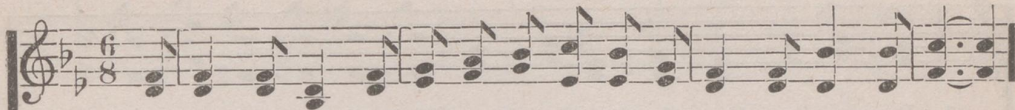
Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! Sound aloud the bat-tle cry.



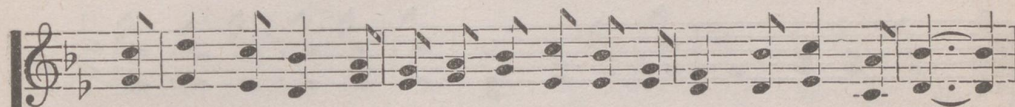
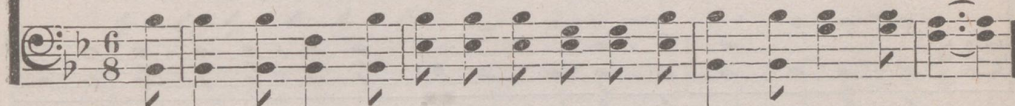
No. 84. I'LL SING THE PRAISE OF JESUS.

F. M. D.

FRANK M. DAVIS.



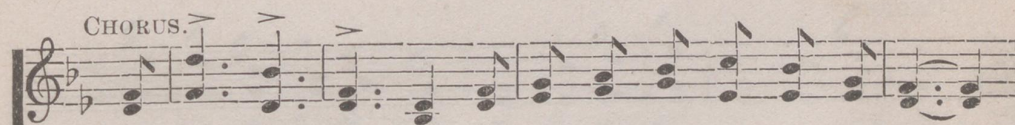
1. I'll sing the praise of Je- sus my Sav-iour, Who sets my spir - it free ;
2. I'll sing the praise of Je- sus my Sav-iour, And tell His love a - broad ;
3. I'll sing the praise of Je- sus my Sav-iour, Who hears my feeblest cry ;



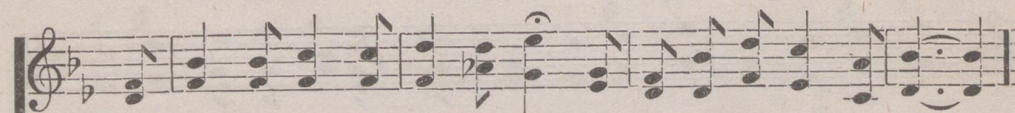
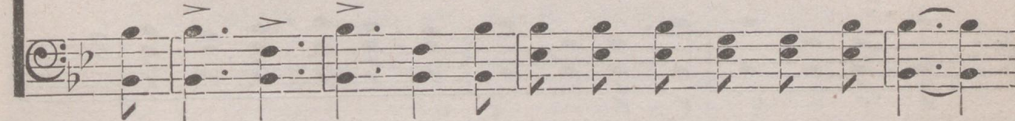
He gave his life a ransom for ma-ny, He gave his life for me.
He fills my soul with rapture, re-joic-ing, He leads me home to God.
A Friend in times of sor-row and trouble, A Friend that's ev-er nigh.



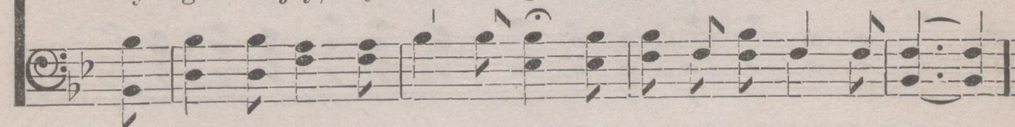
CHORUS.



I'll praise him, praise him, I'll praise him in ser - vice and song;



My high - est joy, my chief de-light, Is praising him all day long.

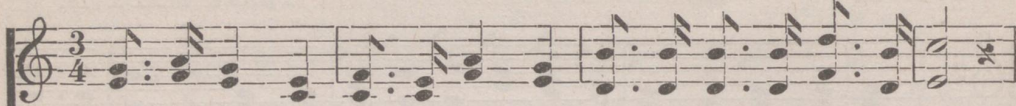


No. 85.

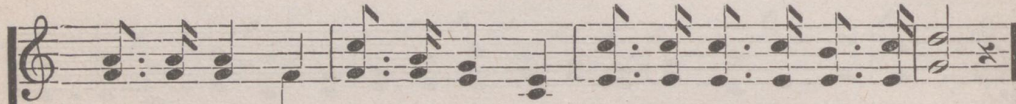
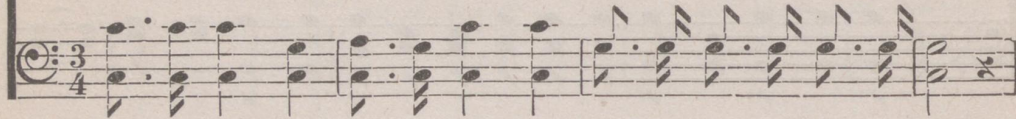
SINGING PRAISES.

* * *

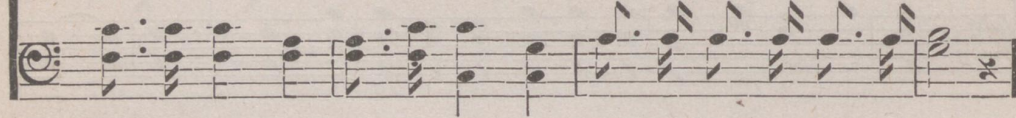
FRANK M. DAVIS.



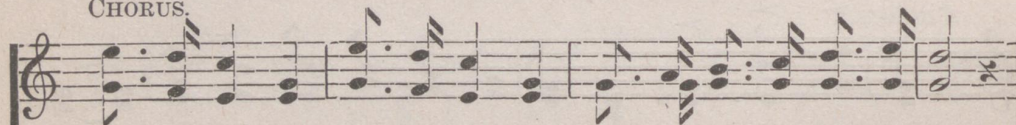
1. Je - sus, in thy glo - rious dwell - ing Where the heavenly anthems ring,
2. Je - sus, from the glo - ry round thee Dost thou look with smiling face,
3. Je - sus, tho' we can - not see thee, Art thou still our watchful guide?
4. Je - sus, thou wilt nev - er leave us Till our will - ing feet shall stand



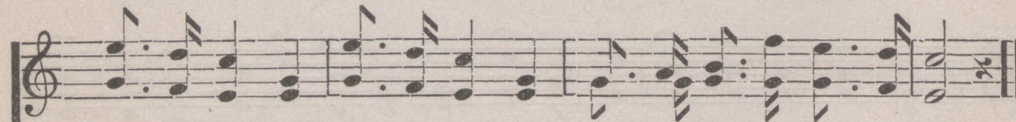
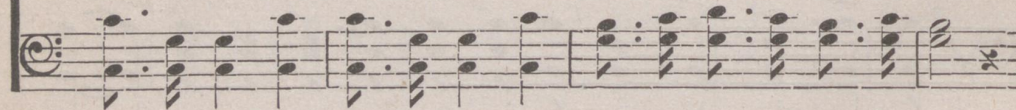
Dost thou hear the children sing - ing? Dost thou heed the praise they bring?
 When the children's hands are lift - ed, Low - ly pray - ing for thy grace?
 Does thy lov - ing whis - per call us? Does thy ten - der hand pro - vide?
 With the choir of an - gels singing Ev - er - more at thy right hand.



CHORUS.



Glo - ry, glo - ry hal - le - lu - iah! From the riv - er to the sea,



Sweet the voic - es of the chil - dren, Sing - ing prais - es un - to thee.

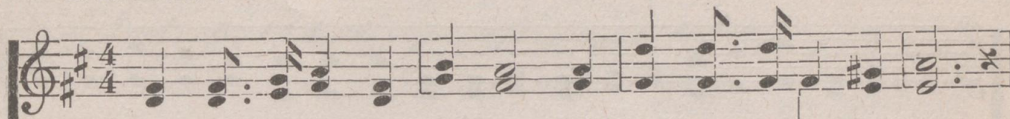


No. 86.

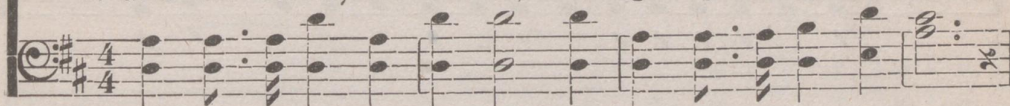
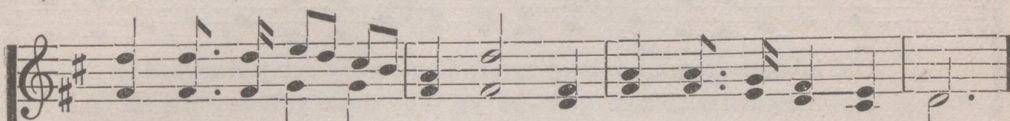
GIVE ME THE OLD BIBLE.

E. R. LATTA.

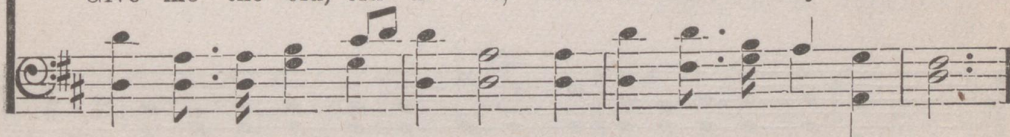
FRANK M. DAVIS.



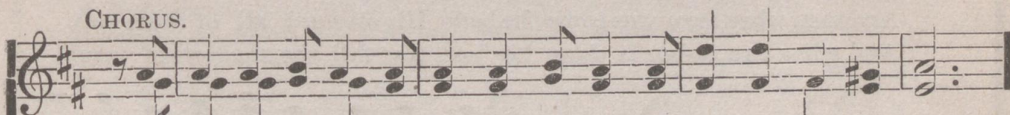
1. Give me the old, old Bi - ble, That teach - es my lips to pray;
 2. Give me the old, old Bi - ble, I learn'd when a child to read;
 3. Give me the old, old Bi - ble, That tells of the Christ to come;
 4. Give me the old, old Bi - ble, That tells of a Sav-iour's birth;
 5. Give me the old, old Bi - ble, That tells of a Sav-iour slain;
 6. Give me the old, old Bi - ble, That age up - on age has stood;

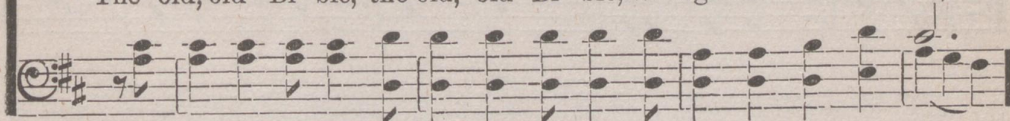
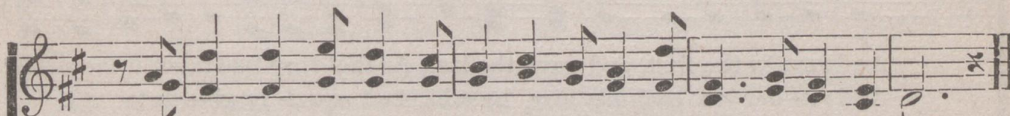
Give me the old, old Bi - ble, What - ev - er you take a - way.
 Give me the old, old Bi - ble, For it is a friend in - deed.
 Give me the old, old Bi - ble, That tells of a heav-enly home.
 Give me the old, old Bi - ble, That prom - is - es pow'r on earth.
 Give me the old, old Bi - ble, That tells of Mes - si - ah's reign.
 Give me the old, old Bi - ble, To show me the way to God.



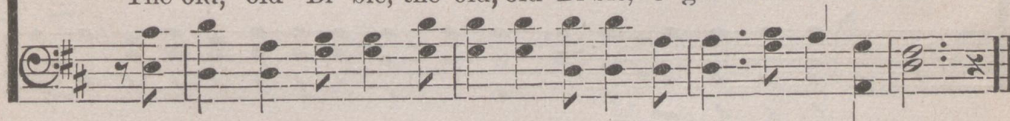
CHORUS.



The old, old Bi - ble, the old, old Bi - ble, With gladsome heart I see;

The old, old Bi - ble, the old, old Bi - ble, O give that book to me.

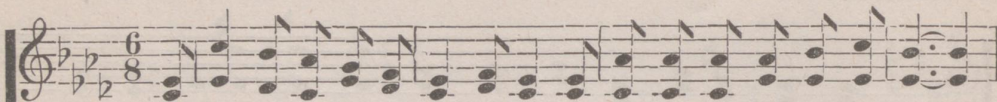


No. 87.

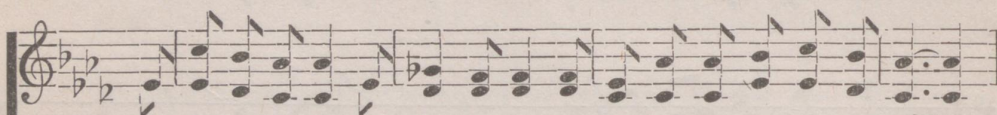
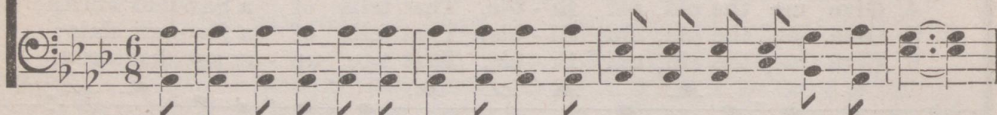
THE VINEYARD GATE.

Mrs. M. B. C. SLADE.

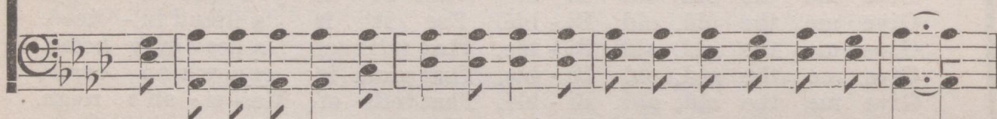
R. M. McINTOSH.



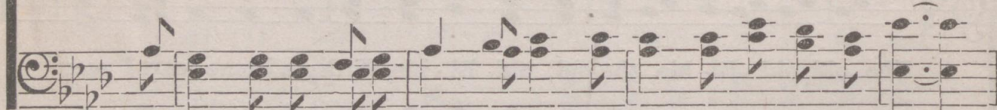
1. The Master stood at the vineyard gate, And early at morning cried He:
2. So, hour by hour, would He come and see The idlers, and unto them say:
3. The vineyard gate of our Lord Divine, Oh, shall we not en-ter it now?



Oh, laborers, come, nor longer wait, Come work in my vineyard for me.
My vineyard with in go al - so ye, Why stand ye here i - dle all day?
He needs us to tend each fruitful vine, His spirit is showing us how.



They toil'd from morn till the day was past; The Lord then unto them came,
And then when even was come he bade His steward all of them call.
And when our la-bor is done be-low, As fall the shadows of night



And gave to the first, and gave the last, As tho' they had labor'd the same.
And ren-der to each his hire, he said, And equal-ly give unto all.
The Lord of us all is just, we know, He'll give us whatever is right.



THE VINEYARD GATE. Concluded.

REFRAIN.

Hear him call - ing, Come,
Work in my vine-yard,
Come, Come work in my vine-yard for me.

No. 88. PILGRIM. 8s & 7s.

Rev. FOUNTAIN E. PITTS.

Arr. by R. M. McINTOSH.

FINE.

1. { "Whither goest thou, pilgrim stranger, Wand'ring thro' this darksome vale? }
Knowest thou not 'tis full of dan-ger, And will not thy courage fail?" }
D.C.—Yet no harm will e'er be - fall me, While I'm blest with such a Guide."

D.C.

2. "Pil - grim thou dost just - ly call me, Wand'ring o'er this waste so wide.

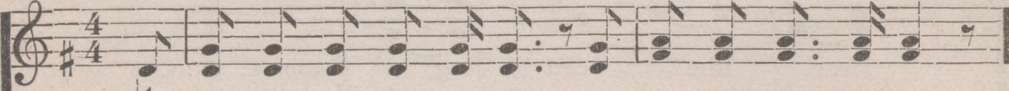
3 "Such a Guide! No guide attends thee— Hence, for thee my fears arise;
If a guardian power befriend thee,
'Tis unseen by mortal eyes."

4 "Yes, unseen; but still, believe me,
Such a Guide my steps attends;
He'll in ev'ry strait relieve me,
He from ev'ry harm defends."

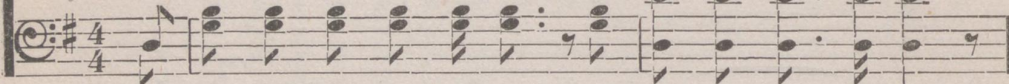
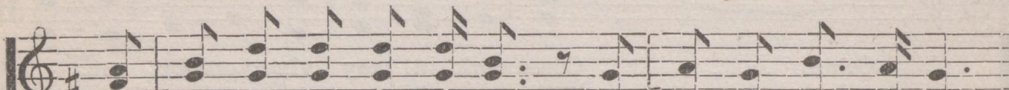
No. 89. WE'RE SOLDIERS IN THE ARMY.

E. R. LATTA.

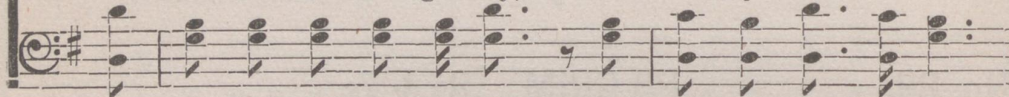
FRANK M. DAVIS.



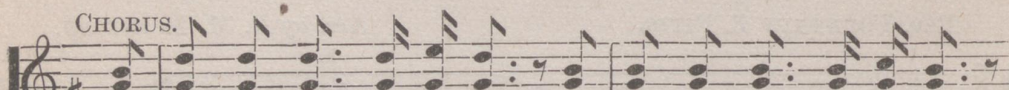
1. We're sol-diers in the ar-my Of Je-sus Christ the Lord,
 2. We're sol-diers in the ar-my, That's bat-tling for the right;
 3. We're sol-diers in the ar-my, Con-tend-ing for the truth;
 4. We're sol-diers in the ar-my, That striv-eth for a crown;

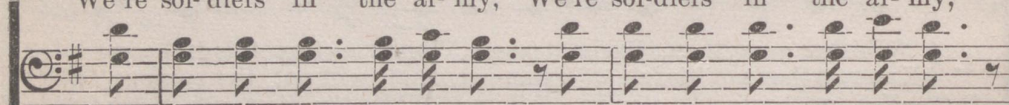
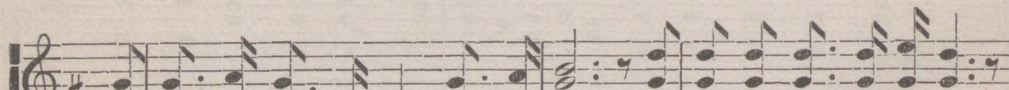
And we are press-ing for-ward, Ac-cord-ing to his word.
 And Je-sus is the Cap-tain That lead-eth to the fight.
 The truth that is in Je-sus, And tri-umphs o-ver death.
 A crown of life and glo-ry, For ev-'ry faith-ful one.



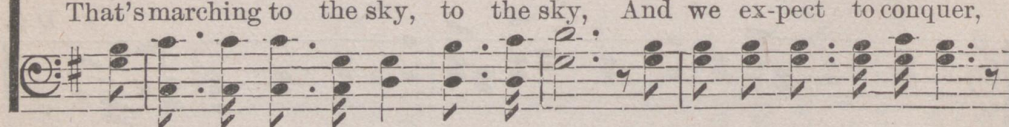
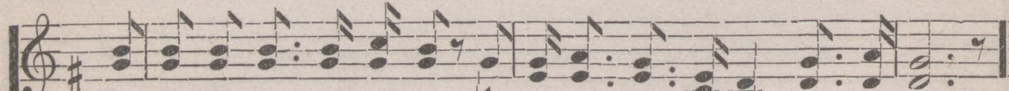
CHORUS.



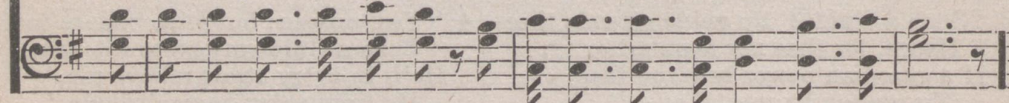
We're sol-diers in the ar-my, We're sol-diers in the ar-my,

That's march-ing to the sky, to the sky, And we ex-pect to conquer,

And we ex-pect to conquer, To conquer by and by, by and by.



No. 90.

LOVEST THOU ME?

W. H. GARDNER.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. The Saviour is patient - ly wait - ing, Oh what shall thine answer then be?
 2. Oh see how his eyes beam upon thee, What love in their depths is portray'd;
 3. Oh hes - i - tate not for thine an - swer: On high it re - cord - ed will be;

Oh hear him now tender - ly ask - ing, The question, Oh lovest thou me?
 Come answer the question he's ask - ing, Why should it so long be de - layed?
 Come list to the voice of the Mas - ter, Who asketh, Oh lov - est thou me?

CHORUS.

Lov - est thou me? Lov - est thou me? Lov - est thou me, thou me?

Oh hear him now ten - der - ly ask - ing, Lov - est thou me, thou me?

No. 91.

SAY, ARE YOU READY?

A. S. KIEFFER.

T. C. O'KANE.

1. Should the Death an - gel knock at thy cham - ber In the still
 2. Ma - ny sad spir - its now are de - part - ing In - to the
 3. Ma - ny redeemed ones now are as - cend - ing In - to the

watch of to - night, Say, will your spir - it pass in - to torment,
 world of de - spair, Ev - 'ry brief mo - ment brings your doom nearer;
 man - sions of light; Je - sus is pleading, patient - ly pleading,

CHORUS.

Or to the land of de - light?
 Sin - ner, O sin - ner, be - ware!
 Oh, let him save you to - night. } Say, are you read - y?

Oh, are you read - y? If the Death an - gel should call, (should call;)

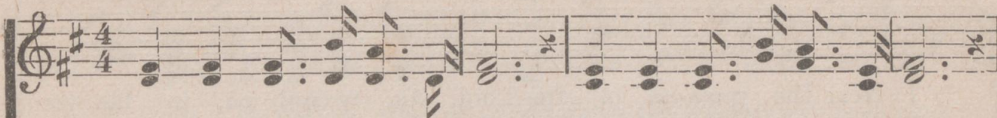
Say, are you read - y? Oh, are you ready? Mer - cy stands waiting for all.

No. 92.

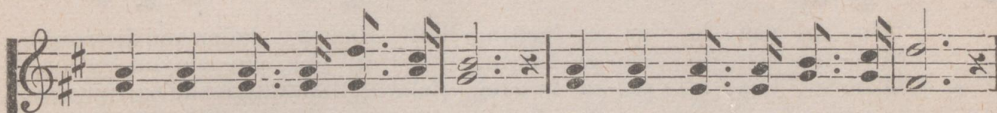
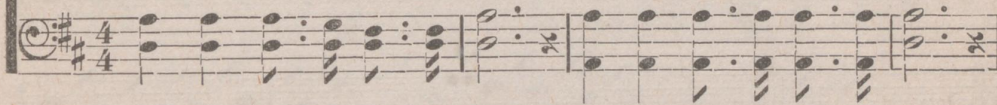
ENTIRE CONSECRATION.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

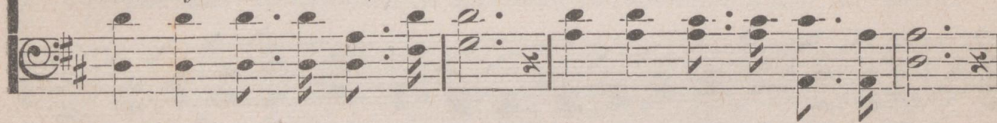
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK, by per.



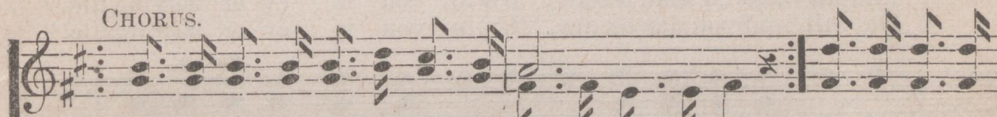
1. Take my life, and let it be Con - se - crat - ed, Lord, to thee;
 2. Take my feet, and let them be Swift and beau - ti - ful for thee;
 3. Take my lips, and let them be Filled with mes - sag - es for thee;
 4. Take my moments and my days, Let them flow in end - less praise ;



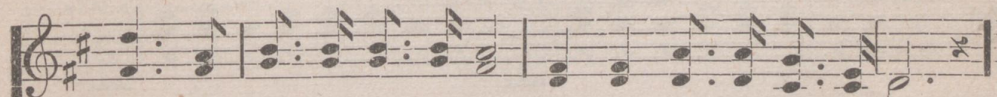
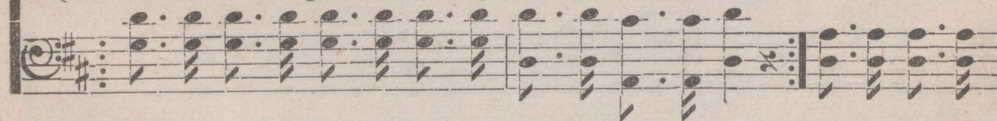
Take my hands and let them move At the im - pulse of thy love.
 Take my voice and let me sing Al - ways, on - ly, for my King.
 Take my sil - ver and my gold, — Not a mite would I withhold.
 Take my in - tel - lect, and use Ev - 'ry power as thou shalt choose.



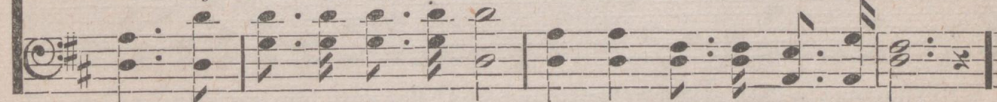
CHORUS.



{ Wash me in the Saviour's precious blood, the precious blood, } Lord, I give to
 { Cleanse me in its pu - ri - fy - ing flood, the heal - ing flood, }



thee my life and all, to be Thine henceforth, e - ter - nal - ly.



5 Take my will, and make it thine;
 It shall be no longer mine ;
 Take my heart, — it is thine own, —
 It shall be thy royal throne.

6 Take my love, — my Lord, I pour
 At thy feet its treasure - store !
 Take myself, and I will be
 Ever, only, all for thee!

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No. 93.

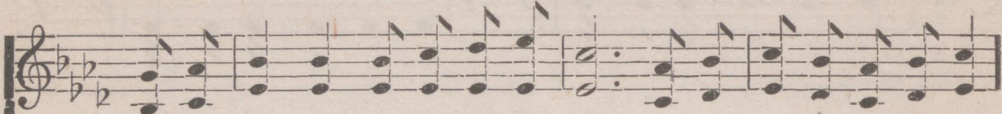
EVERLASTING LIFE.

W. A. O.

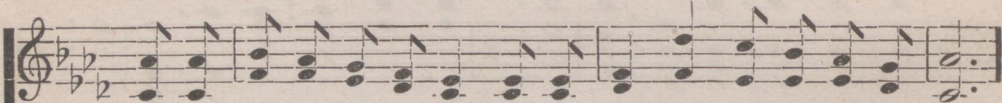
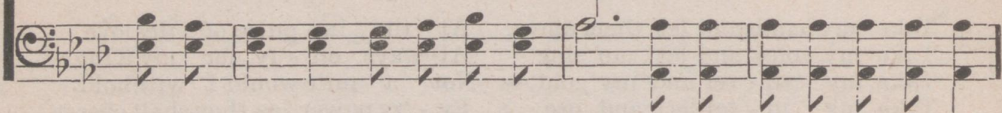
W. A. OGDEN.



1. Hear the prom-ise of the Lord, As re-cord - ed, in his word,
 2. Lit - tle chil-dren on the road To the cit - y of our God,
 3. Cast on him your load of care, Je - sus will your bur - den bear,



“Un - to you is ev - er - last - ing life!” Heav - y - laden and distress'd,
 “Un - to you is ev - er - last - ing life!” If on Je - sus you be - lieve,
 “Un - to you is ev - er - last - ing life!” In the straight and narrow way,



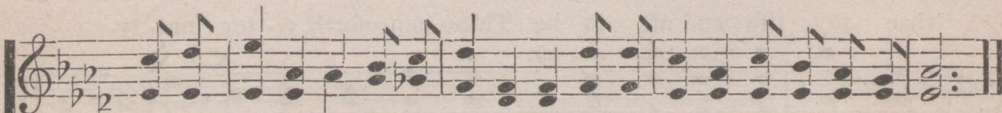
Come and I will give you rest, “Un - to you is ev - er - last - ing life!”
 And his bless - ed word receive, “Un - to you is ev - er - last - ing life!”
 He will lead you day by day, “Un - to you is ev - er - last - ing life!”



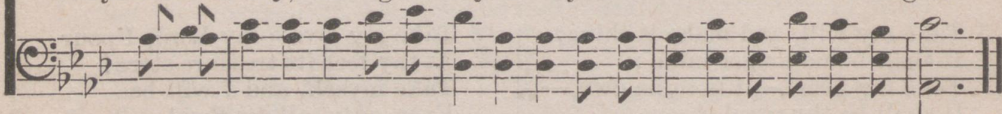
CHORUS.



“Ev - er - last - ing life,” the promise reads, While at God's right hand the Saviour pleads;



Will you come to - day, making Christ your stay? For with him is everlasting life.



By permission.

No. 94.

GATHERING THE HARVEST.

Rev. C. W. RAY.

R. M. McINTOSH.

1. Gath - er - ing in the har - vest, From val - ley and hill and plain;
 2. Gath - er - ing in the har - vest, O'er fields that are rough and wide;
 3. Gath - er - ing in the har - vest, With pa - tient and ten - der care;

And gath - er - ing with the reap - ers The rip - en - ing gold - en grain.
 And gath - er - ing with the glean - ers A - long by the high - way - side.
 The Mas - ter will make us wel - come, The har - vester's joy to share.

REFRAIN.

Gath - er - ing in the har - vest, Precious the sheaves we bring;

Reap - ing for life e - ter - nal, For Je - sus our Sav - iour King.

No. 95.

BELIEVE AND BE SAVED.

Miss ADA BLENKHORN.

P. BILHORN, by per.

1. The voice of thy conscience oft whis - pers, Be - lieve on the
 2. A voice in com - pas - sion is cry - ing, Be - lieve on the
 3. God's voice and his good-ness are call - ing, Be - lieve on the
 4. The voice of the Spir - it is plead - ing, Be - lieve on the

Lord and be saved, And turn from the path of transgress - ors ; Be -
 Lord and be saved, And cease from your sor-row and sigh - ing ; Be -
 Lord and be saved ; The judg-ment of death is ap - pall - ing ; Be -
 Lord and be saved, While loved ones are now in - ter - ced - ing, Be -

CHORUS:

lieve on the Lord and be saved. Be saved, (be saved,) be saved, (be saved,)

Be - lieve on the Lord and be saved, Be saved, (be saved,) be

saved, (be saved,) Be - lieve on the Lord and be saved. (be saved.)

No. 96.

GLAD TIDINGS OF JOY.

W. A. O.

W. A. OGDEN, by per.

1. O Zi - on that bringest good tid - ings Lift up your glad
 2. O Zi - on that bringest good tid - ings, The Bridegroom is
 3. O Zi - on that bringest good tid - ings, The hope of the

voice to the skies, Go pub - lish sal - va - tion thro' Je - sus,
 com - ing this way, Go forth in thy splen - dor to meet him,
 world is in thee, Pro - claim to the sin - ner sal - va - tion,

Bid na - tions from darkness a - rise. Go tell the glad
 A - rise in thy beau - ty to - day.
 And bid him from bond - age go free. Go tell the glad tidings, glad

tid - - ings, The won - - - der - ful tid - - - ings, Glad
 tid - ings of joy, The won - der - ful, wonder - ful tid - ings of joy,

tidings of joy, Glad tidings of joy, Go tell the glad tidings of joy.
 of joy.

No. 97. HE'S JUST THE SAME JESUS.

F. M. D.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. Have you heard of that won - der - ful Je - sus, Who
 2. Have you heard of that won - der - ful Je - sus, Who
 3. Have you heard of that won - der - ful Je - sus, Who

came that the lost and as - tray Might be saved by his love and a -
 walked once the Jer - i - cho way, How he cared for and heal'd the af -
 Gal - i - lee's tem - pest did stay; How the waves at his will ceas'd their

tone - ment? He's just the same Je - sus to - day.
 flict - ed? He's just the same Je - sus to - day.
 mo - tion? He's just the same Je - sus to - day.

CHORUS.

Just the same Je - - sus, Just the
 Just the same to - day, just the same to - day, Just the same to - day,

HE'S JUST THE SAME JESUS. Concluded.

same, I am glad, oh, so glad, Now to
just the same to-day,

tell you, He's just the same Je - sus to - day.

No. 98.

DOGGETT. C. M.

R. M. MCINTOSH, by per.

1 The Lord of Sab - bath let us praise, In con - cert with the blest,
2 Thus, Lord, while we re - mem - ber thee, We blest and pi - ous grow;
3 On this glad day a bright - er scene Of glo - ry was displayed,
4 He ris - es, who man - kind has bought With grief and pain ex - treme :

Who, joy - ful, in har - mo - nious lays Em - ploy an end - less rest.
By hymns of praise we learn to be Tri - umph - ant here be - low.
By God, th'e - ter - nal Word, than when This u - ni - verse was made.
'Twas great to speak the world from naught ; 'Twas greater to re - deem.

No. 99.

ONLY A TOUCH!

Mark 5: 25-34.

Mrs. CYNTHIE H. WILSON.

P. BILHORN, by per.

Not too fast.

1. On - ly a touch of the trem - u - lous hand, As the
 2. On - ly a touch! but the an - swer came swift, And tho'
 3. On - ly a touch of the trem - u - lous soul, As she
 4. On - ly a touch of his gar - ment's hem, With a

cu - ri - ous thron drew nigh; On - ly a touch! but how
 all of her living was spent, On - ly a touch! what a
 pressed is the surg - ing thron; On - ly a touch! yet it
 hope in his heal - ing grace; On - ly a touch! with a

won-drous and grand! The Mas - ter was pass - ing by.
 glo - ri - ous gift! The heal - ing to her was sent.
 made her whole, And virt - ue had made her strong.
 faith in him, He turned and be - held her face.

REFRAIN. *cres.*

On - ly a touch! on - ly a touch! Touch him and you'll know why;

rit.

On - ly a touch of his garment's hem, O touch him ere he pass by!

No. 100.

DO NOT BE AFRAID.

IDA L. REED.

MARIAN E. OGDEN.

Glidingly.

1. "Fear thou not, for I am with thee, Watching o'er thee day by day,
 2. "Fear thou not, for I will keep thee, By my ho - ly right-eous hand,
 3. "Fear thou not, for I will guard thee, Mine thou art, I've ransom'd thee,

I will strengthen, I will cheer thee, "Hear the blessed Sav - iour say:
 And mid those who were a - gainst thee All unharm'd thy soul shall stand."
 I will guide thee, I will hold thee, Thou my constant care shalt be."

CHORUS.

"Fear thou not, fear thou not, Let thy heart be not dismay'd;

Fear thou not, fear thou not, Do not be a - fraid."

No. 101. WHY STAND YE HERE IDLE?

J. L. McDONALD.
DUET. SOPRANO & TENOR.

E. O. EXCELL.

1. Why stand ye here i - dle? there's la - bor for all, The vine-yard needs
 2. Why stand ye here i - dle? a broth-er's in need, His cries as-cend
 3. Why stand ye here i - dle? a soul's be-ing lost, Speak, speak words of
 4. Why stand ye here i - dle? O la - bor each day, To lead men to
 5. Why stand ye here i - dle? a harp and a crown Are wait-ing in

INST.

workmen, the weeds are grown tall, The ripe fruit is wast-ing for
 heav'nward, then pray you, give heed; For food and for rai-ment he
 warn-ing, what - ev - er the cost; The soul you may res-cue from
 Je - sus, the Truth, Life and Way; The Spir - it has promised its
 glo - ry for sons of re-nown Who la - bor and suf - fer for

lack of strong hands, Why stand ye here i - dle? the Mas - ter demands,
 suf - fers to-night, Then ren - der as - sist-ance; O, dare to do right.
 sin and from shame, And give to the Sav-iour to praise his dear name.
 pres-ence to lend, To com - fort and strengthen, till la - bors shall end.
 tru - est and best, Then la - bor and en - ter the ha - ven of rest.

CHORUS.

Oh, why stand ye i - dle Oh,
 Oh, why stand ye i - dle, so i - dle all day? Oh,

WHY STAND YE HERE IDLE? Concluded.

why . . . stand ye i - dle . . . Oh, why . . . stand ye
 why stand ye i - dle, so i - dle all day? Oh, why stand ye i - dle, so

I - dle, . . . i - dle all day? . . . The
 i - dle all day, i - dle all day, i - dle all day? The

har - - - vest is pass - ing, . . . The har - - -
 har - vest is pass - ing, is pass - ing a - way, The har - vest is

- - vest is pass - ing, . . . The har - - - vest is
 pass - ing, is pass - ing a - way, The har - vest is pass - ing, is

pass - ing . . . pass - - - ing a - way . . .
 pass - ing a - way, pass - ing a - way, pass - ing a - way.

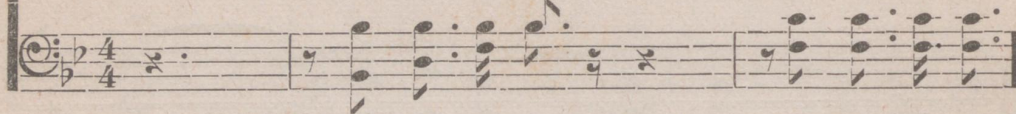
No. 102. HE WEPT IN BLOOD FOR ME.

LOUISA E. LITZINGER.

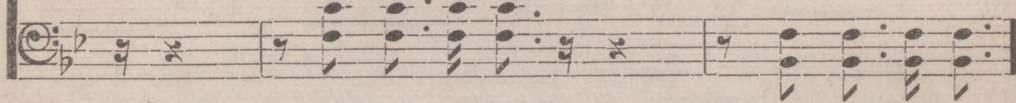
WM. A. MAY.



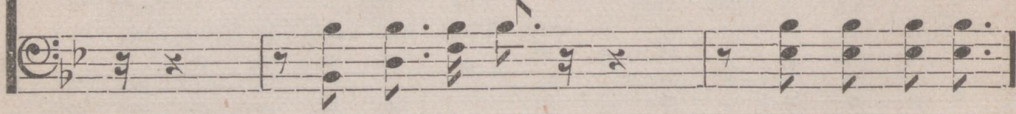
1. When sor-row's cup pours out its woe,
 2. When tri - als hard and cares op - press,
 3. His pit - y brought him to the tree,
 When sor - row's cup pours out its woe,
 When tri - als hard and cares oppress,
 His pit - y brought him to the tree,



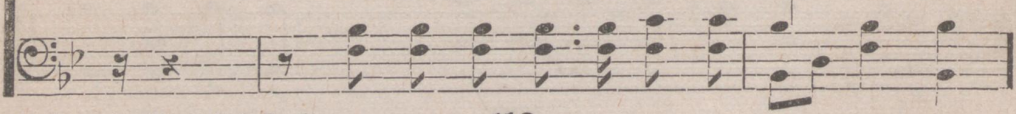
And bit - ter tears un - bid - den flow;
 To sink my soul in deep dis - tress;
 Where-on he shed his blood for me;
 And bit - ter tears un - bid - den flow;
 To sink my soul in deep dis - tress;
 Where-on he shed his blood for me;



My hid - ing place shall ev - er be,
 My rest - ing place my strength is he,
 Thro' him I claim the promise giv'n
 My hid - ing place shall ev - er be,
 My rest - ing place, my strength is he,
 Thro' him I claim the prom - ise giv'n,



In him who wept in blood for me,
 Who bore the great - - - - - er cross for me,
 Thro' him a - lone I en - ter heav'n,
 In him who wept, who wept in blood for me.
 Who bore, who bore the great - er cross for me.
 Thro' him, thro' him a - lone, I en - ter heav'n.



HE WEPT IN BLOOD FOR ME. Concluded.

Slower.

He knows the depth of all my grief,
 He knows its weight, and when I cry,
 He is my ref - - - - - uge and my stay,

He knows the depth of all my grief,
 He knows its weight, and when I cry,
 He is my refuge - and he's my stay,

Con espressione.

And touch'd with pit - - - y, sends re - lief;
 In mer - cy moved, doth grace sup - ply;
 My pres - ent help in life al - way;

And touch'd with pit-y, sends re - lief, re - lief;
 In mer - cy mov'd, doth grace sup - ply, sup - ply;
 My pres - ent help in life al - way, al - way;

> tempo.

He knows the depth of all my grief,
 He knows its weight, and when I cry,
 He is my ref - - - - - uge and my stay,

He knows the depth of all my grief,
 He knows its weight, and when I cry,
 He is my ref-uge - and he's my stay,

rit.

And touch'd with pit - y, sends re - lief. (re - lief.)
 In mer - cy mov'd, doth grace sup - ply. (sup - ply.)
 My pres - ent help in life al - way. (al - way.)

No. 103.

"ENTER IN."

M. E. O.

MARIAN E. OGDEN.

1. Hear ye not the voice of Je - sus, Plead - ing, sin - ner, now with thee?
 2. Why then lon - ger on the high - way Tar - ry, mid thy cares and fears?
 3. There no hope thy heart can en - ter, There a - bid - eth on - ly sin,
 4. Je - sus calls thee, calls so kind - ly; Will you long - er stay a - way?

Ev - er call - ing, thro' the darkness, Call - ing O so pa - tient - ly.
 There no lov - ing heart can shield thee, There no hand can stay thy tears.
 There thy wea - ry feet will fal - ter, There no joys can en - ter in.
 In his arms he will in - fold thee, Wait not till an - oth - er day.

CHORUS.

Go to Je - sus with thy sin, Go, and he will make thee clean;

He is will - ing, he is a - ble, And he pleadeth, "En - ter in."

No. 104.

FATHER OF LOVE.

Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

R. M. McINTOSH.

1. Fa - ther of love, in heav'n a - bove, Re - gard our fer - vent plea;
 2. Draw ver - y near, O Sav - iour dear! And fill this hal - low'd place;
 3. O Spir - it blest! up - on us rest, And sanc - ti - fy each heart;

Our fears re - lieve, our sins forgive, And seal our hearts to thee.
 And on us pour, in bounteous store, The blessings of thy grace.
 A - noint us now, as here we bow, And per - fect peace im - part.

REFRAIN.

O take a - way our guilt and shame, In Je - sus' all - pre - vail - ing name!

O take a - way our guilt and shame, And seal us thine e - ter - nal - ly.

No. 105.

I'LL TELL IT.

Arr. by E. F. M.

E. F. MILLER.

1. Noth- ing to say for Je - sus, When he has done all for me?
 2. Noth- ing to say for Je - sus, When sinners in-quire to know?
 3. Noth- ing to say for Je - sus, Ashamed of my Sav-iour now?

Noth- ing to say for Je - sus, Who suf-fered on Cal - va - ry,
 Noth- ing to say for Je - sus, And tell them what they must do
 Noth- ing to say for Je - sus, Not e - ven his name a - vow?

Re-deem- ing my soul from sor - row, And fit-ting it for the skies?
 To flee from the wrath that's com- ing—Es- cap- ing the judg- ment day —
 And does he not plain- ly tell me, "If thou wilt say naught for me,

O how can I then be si - lent, In view of the sac - ri - fice?
 To taste of his great sal - va - tion? O shall I have this to say?
 In glo - ry, be - fore my Fa - ther, I will not say aught for thee?"

CHORUS.

I'll tell it, I'll tell it, How
 Tell it to all, Tell it to all, How

From "The Shout of Victory," by per.

I'LL TELL IT. Concluded.

pre-cious a ran-som, he gave; I'll tell of his
pre-cious a ran-som, the ran-som he gave; Tell of his love,

love,
Tell of his love, And his won-der - ful pow - er to save.

No. 106.

HELEN. C. M.

R. M. McINTOSH, by per.

1 My God, the spring of all my joys, The life of my de - lights,
2 In dark-est shades if thou ap-pear, My dawn-ing is be - gun;
3 The opening heav'ns a-round me shine With beams of sa - cred bliss,
4 My soul would leave this heav-y clay, At that trans-port - ing word,
5 Fear - less of hell and ghastly death, I'd break thro' ev - 'ry foe;

The glo-ry of my bright-est days, And com-fort of my nights!—
Thou art my soul's bright morning star, And thou my ris - ing sun.
If Je - sus show his mer - cy mine, And whis-per I am his.
Run up with joy the shin - ing way, To see and praise my Lord.
The wings of love and arms of faith Would bear me conqu'ror through.

No. 107. THERE IS A LAND IMMORTAL.

THOMAS MACKELLAR.

R. M. MCINTOSH.

1. There is a land im-mor - tal, The beau - ti - ful of lands;
 2. That glo-rious land in Heav - en, And Death the sen - try grim
 3. Tho' dark and drear the pas - sage That lead - eth to the gate,
 4. Their sighs are lost in sing - ing; They're bless - ed in their tears;

Be - side its an - cient por - tal A sen - try grim - ly stands.
 The Lord there - of has giv - en The open - ing keys to him;
 Yet grace at - tends the mes - sage To souls that watch and wait;
 Their jour - ney heav'dward winging, They leave on earth their fears.

He on - ly can un - do it, And o - pen wide the door;
 And ran - som'd spir - its, sigh - ing And sor - row - ful for sin,
 And at the time ap - point - ed A mes - sen - ger comes down,
 Death like an an - gel seem - ing, "We wel - come thee!" they cry:

And mor - tals who pass thro' it Are mor - tals nev - er - more;
 Pass thro' the gate in dy - ing, And free - ly en - ter in,
 And guides the Lord's a - noint - ed From cross to glo - ry's crown,
 Their face with glo - ry gleam - ing, 'Tis life for them to die,

THERE IS A LAND IMMORTAL. Concluded.

Are mor - tals nev - er - more, Are mor - tals nev - er - more;
 And free - ly en - ter in, And free - ly en - ter in,
 From cross to glo - ry's crown, From cross to glo - ry's crown,
 'Tis life for them to die, 'Tis life for them to die,

And mor - tals who pass thro' it Are mor - tals nev - er - more.
 Pass thro' the gate in dy - ing, And free - ly en - ter in.
 And guides the Lord's a - noint - ed From cross to glo - ry's crown.
 Their face with glo - ry glow - ing, 'Tis life for them to die.

No. 108.

VIRGINIA. C. M.

N. E. EVERETT, by per.

1 When mus - ing sor - row weeps the past, And mourns the pres - ent pain,
 2 'Tis not that murm'ring thoughts arise, And dread a fa - ther's will;
 3 It is that heav'n-born faith sur - veys The path that leads to light,
 4 It is that hope with ar - dor glows, To see him face to face,
 5 O let me wing my hallow'd flight From earth-born woe and care,

'Tis sweet to think of peace at last, And feel that death is gain.
 'Tis not that meek sub - mis - sion flies, And would not suf - fer still:
 And longs her ea - gle plumes to raise, And lose her - self in sight:
 Whose dy - ing love no language knows Suf - fi - cient art to trace.
 And soar a - bove these clouds of night, My Sav - iour's bliss to share!

No. 109. AT THE CROSS I'LL ABIDE.

I. B.

I. BALTZELL.

1. O Je - sus, Sav - iour, I long to rest Near the
 2. My dy - ing Je - sus, my Sav - iour God, Who hast
 3. O Je - sus, Sav - iour, now make me thine, Nev - er
 4. The cleans - ing pow'r of thy blood ap - ply, All my

cross where thou hast died; For there is hope for the ach - ing breast,
 borne my guilt and sin; Now wash me, cleanse me with thine own blood,
 let me stray from thee; O wash and cleanse me, for thou art mine,
 guilt and sin re - move; O help me while at thy cross I lie,

CHORUS.

At the cross I will a - bide. At the cross, I'll a -
 Ev - er keep me pure and clean.
 And thy love is full and free.
 Fill my soul with perfect love. At the cross,

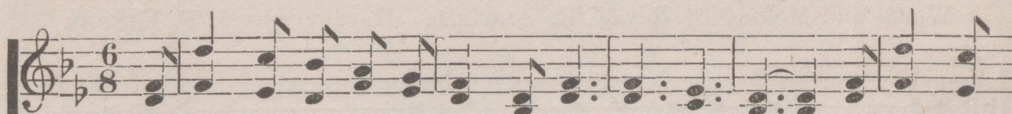
bide, At the cross, I'll a - bide, At the cross I'll a - bide,
 I'll abide, At the cross, I'll abide,

There his blood is applied; At the cross I am sanc - ti - fied.

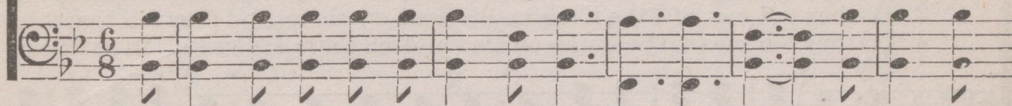
No. 110. WE'LL REACH THE MANSIONS.

E. A. H.

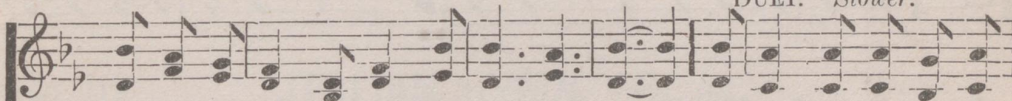
Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.



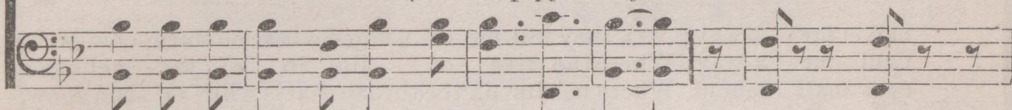
1. We'll reach the mansions of Par - a - dise, Far a - way, The glorious
2. We'll reach the portals of yon - der home, Far a - way, The welcome
3. We'll reach the beau - ti - ful shin - ing shore, Far a - way, To weep and



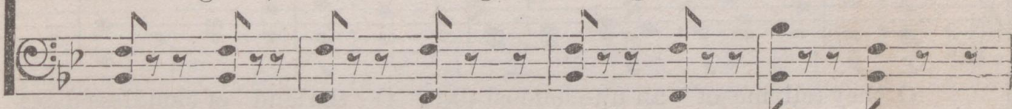
DUET. *Slower.*



mansions of Par - a - dise, some hap - py day; The shinin' splendor we
por - tals of yon - der home, some hap - py day; The crown of glo - ry we
sor - row on earth no more, some hap - py day; We'll cross the riv - er with



shall behold, The throne of glory, the streets of gold, And share the pleasure and
then shall wear, And robes as white as the snow and fair, And breathe the pure and am -
Christ our guide, In no wise fearing the roll - ing tide, And reach in safety the



CHORUS. *a tempo.*



joy un - told, Some hap - py day. }
bro - sial air, Some hap - py day. } Some bright and hap - py day, All
gol - den side, Some hap - py day. }



sor - row pass'd away, We'll reach the mansions of Paradise Far a - way.



No. 111.

THE UNCLOUDED DAY.

(May be sung as a Solo.)

Words and Melody by Rev. J. K. ALWOOD. Harmony by J. F. KINSEY.

1. O they tell me of a home far beyond the skies, O they tell me of a
 2. O they tell me of a home where my friends have gone, O they tell me of that
 3. O they tell me of the King in his beau- ty there, And they tell that mine
 4. O they tell me that he smiles on his children there, And his smile drives their sor-

home far a-way; O they tell me of a home where no storm-clouds rise,
 land far a-way; Where the tree of life in e-ter-nal bloom
 eyes shall behold Where he sits on the throne that is whit-er than snow,
 rows all a-way; And they tell me that no tears ev-er come a-gain,

O they tell me of an un-cloud-ed day; O the land of cloudless day,
 Sheds its fragrance thro' the uncloud-ed day; O the land of cloudless day,
 In the cit-y that is made of gold; O that land mine eyes shall see,
 In that love-ly land of un-cloud-ed day; O that land of love-ly smiles,

O the land of an un-cloud-ed sky; O they tell me of a
 O the land of an un-cloud-ed sky; O they tell me of my
 O that land of an un-cloud-ed sky; O they tell me of the
 O the smiles of his love-beam-ing eye; O the King in his

THE UNCLOUDED DAY. Concluded.

home where no storm-clouds rise, O they tell me of an un-cloud - ed day.
 friends by the tree of life, In the land of the un-cloud - ed day.
 King and his snow-white throne, In the land of the un-cloud - ed day.
 beau - ty in - vites me there, To the land of the un-cloud - ed day.

No. 112. ITALIAN HYMN. 6s, 4s.

1. Come, thou al - might - y King, Help us thy name to sing,
 2. Come, thou in - car - nate Word, Gird on thy might - y sword,
 3. Come, ho - ly Com - fort - er, Thy sa - cred wit - ness bear
 4. To the great One and Three E - ter - nal prais - es be.

Help us to praise! Fa - ther all glo - ri - ous, O'er all vic -
 Our pray'r at - tend: Come, and thy peo - ple bless, And give thy
 In this glad hour: Thou who al - might - y art, Now rule in
 Hence - ev - er - more! His sov - ereign ma - jes - ty May we in

to - ri - ous, Come and reign o - ver us, An - cient of days.
 word suc - cess; Spir - it of ho - li - ness, On us de - scend!
 ev - 'ry heart, And ne'er from us de - part, Spir - it of power!
 glo - ry see, And to e - ter - ni - ty, Love and a - dore.

No. 113.

KNOCKING TO-DAY.

F. M. DAVIS.

A. J. SHOWALTER, by per.

1. Some one is knocking at thy heart's door, Knocking to-day,
 2. Long he has wait-ed to set you free, Free from your sin,
 3. Shall he still knock and en - treat in vain, At your heart's door,

knock - ing to-day; Plead - ing, en-treat-ing thee o'er and o'er;
 free from your sin; Hear him still pleading so ten - der - ly,
 at your heart's door? He may soon leave to come ne'er a - gain,

REFRAIN.

Will you still turn him a - way?
 Let your De - liv - er - er in. } Knocking to-day, knocking to-day,
 Rise and re - sist him no more. }

Je - sus is knocking and pleading to-day; Knocking to-day,

knocking to-day, Je - sus is knocking and plead - ing to-day.

No. 114.

FOR YOU AND FOR ME.

W. L. T.

WILL. L. THOMPSON.

1. Soft - ly and ten - der - ly Je - sus is call - ing, Call - ing for
 2. Why should we tar - ry when Je - sus is plead - ing, Plead - ing for
 3. Time is now fleet - ing, the moments are pass - ing, Pass - ing from
 4. O for the won - der - ful love he has prom - ised, Prom - ised for

you and for me; See on the portals he's waiting and watching,
 you and for me? Why should we linger and heed not his mer - cies,
 you and from me; Shad - ows are gath - er - ing, death beds are coming,
 you and for me, Tho' we have sinned he has mercy and par - don,

CHORUS.

Watch - ing for you and for me. } Come home, come home,
 Mer - cies for you and for me? }
 Com - ing for you and for me. } Come home, come home,
 Par - don for you and for me. }

Ye who are wea - ry, come home. Earn - est - ly, ten - der - ly,

Je - sus is call - ing, Call - ing, O sin - ner, come home.

No. 115. OH! THINK OF HIS WONDERFUL LOVE.

Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

R. M. MCINTOSH.

1. Oh! think of his won - der - ful love, my soul, The
2. Oh! think of his prom - is - es sweet, my soul, His
3. Oh! hear what he ten - der - ly saith, my soul, "My
4. Oh! think of his won - der - ful deeds, my soul, While

bound - less af - fec - tion for thee, That brought him to earth from a
prom - is - es cer - tain and sure, And grate - ful - ly bow at his
grace is suf - fi - cient for thee," And fol - low him ful - ly in
walk - ing and talk - ing with men; This Lord will sup - ply all thy

bove, my soul, To make thee e - ter - nal - ly free.
feet, my soul, Whose love is so warm and so pure.
faith, my soul; His grace is thy hope and thy plea.
needs, my soul; Oh! praise him for - ev - er. A - men!

REFRAIN.

A - dore him with wor - ship and praise, my soul, For

OH! THINK OF HIS WONDERFUL LOVE. Concluded.

all of his good-ness to thee; 'Twas he that redeemed thee and

made thee whole, And set thee e - ter - nal - ly free.

No. 116.

ASHVILLE. C. M.

Dr. A. B. EVERETT, by per.

1 I know that my Re-deem-er lives, And ev-er prays for me:
 2 I find him lift-ing up my head, He brings sal - va - tion near:
 3 He wills that I should ho - ly be: What can withstand his will?
 4 Je - sus, I hang up - on thy word; I stead-fast - ly be - lieve

A to-ken of his love he gives, A pledge of li - ber - ty.
 His pres-ence makes me free in - deed, And he will soon ap - pear.
 The coun-sel of his grace in me He sure-ly shall ful - fill.
 Thou wilt re - turn, and claim me, Lord, And to thy - self re - ceive.

No. 117.

UNTO THEE WILL I PRAY.

E. A. H.

Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

1. When the cares of life op-press me, And my guilt and sin dis-tress me,
 2. In the hour of strong tempta - tion, In the time of trib - u - la - tion,
 3. When the way seems long and drear-y, And my feet are worn and wea-ry,

Thou a - lone canst help and bless me; Un - to thee will I pray.
 To the Lord of my sal - va - tion Will I trust - ing - ly pray.
 Thou canst make the path - way cheer - y; Un - to thee will I pray.

CHORUS.

Un - to thee will I pray, For help and strength each
 Un - to thee I'll pray ev - 'ry day, For help and

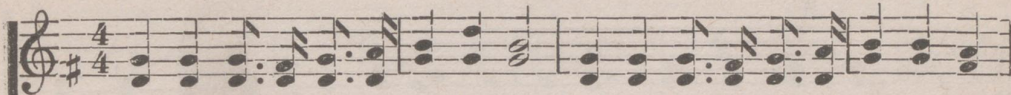
day, To walk in safe - ty the nar - row way.
 strength each day, To walk with Christ secure and safe the nar - row way.

No. 118.

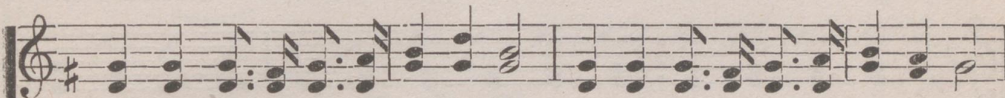
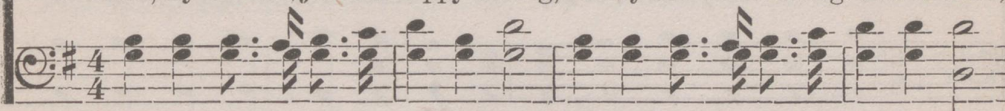
GATHERED HOME.

A. J. S.

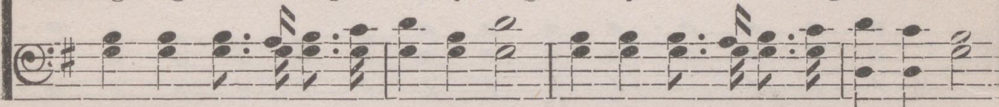
A. J. SHOWALTER, by per.



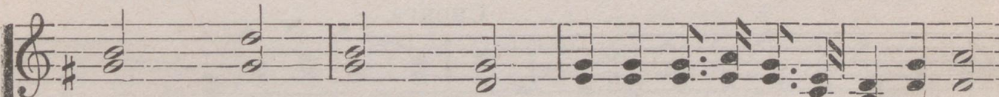
1. We are trav'ling to a bet-ter land, One by one we'll all be gather'd home,
2. We are drawing nearer ev-'ry day, One by one we'll all be gather'd home,
3. There we'll meet our lov'd ones gone before, One by one we'll all be gather'd home,
4. Come, my brother, join the happy throng, One by one we'll all be gather'd home,



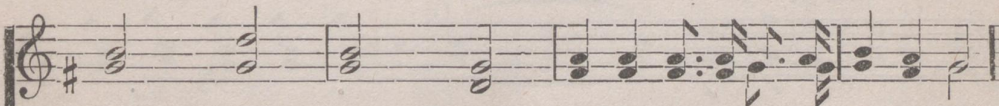
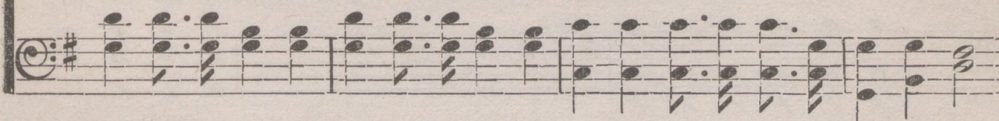
And we'll trust the Saviour's guiding hand, One by one we'll all be gather'd home.
 To that joy that fadeth not a - way, One by one we'll all be gather'd home.
 And we'll dwell with Jesus ev - er - more, One by one we'll all be gather'd home.
 Sing - ing now Redemption's holy song, One by one we'll all be gather'd home.



REFRAIN.



Gath - 'ring, Gath - 'ring, One by one we'll all be gather'd home ;
 "Gath'ring together," "Gath'ring together,"



Gath - 'ring, Gath - 'ring, One by one we'll all be gather'd home.
 "Gath'ring together," "Gath'ring together,"



No. 119.

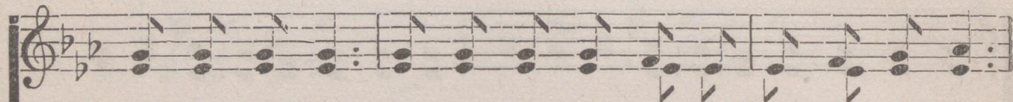
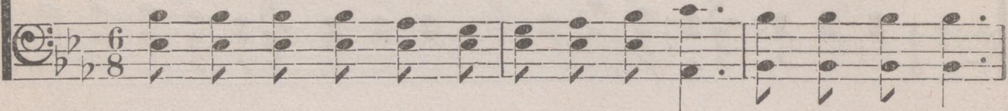
PLEADING WITH THEE.

Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

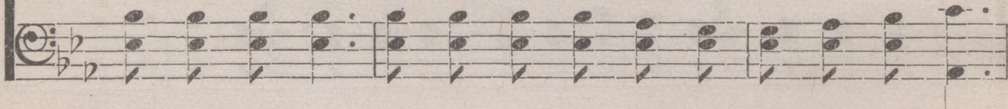
R. M. McINTOSH.



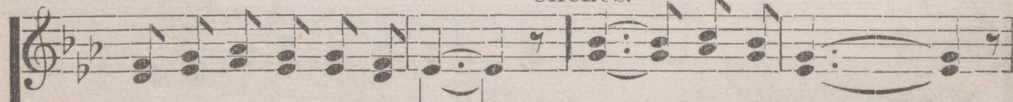
1. There is a voice of the ten-der-est love Plead-ing with thee,
2. Long he has stood at the door of thy heart, Wait-ing on thee,
3. Do you not hear him as gent-ly he pleads, Call-ing to thee,
4. O how he yearns o'er thy sin-burdened heart, Whisp'ring to thee,



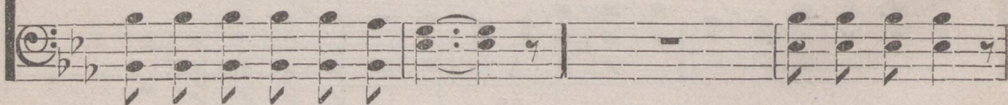
plead-ing with thee; It is the voice of the Lord from a-bove,
wait-ing on thee; Read-y his grace and his peace to im-part,
call-ing to thee? See with what fer-vor the Lord in-tercedes,
whisp'ring to thee; Earn-est-ly longs his sweet love to im-part,



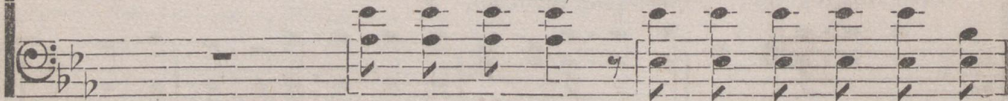
CHORUS.



Say-ing, "O come unto me." "Come un-to me,
Come un-to me,



come un-to me," Je-sus is ten-der-ly
come un-to me,



PLEADING WITH THEE. Concluded.

calling to thee. "Come un-to me, come un-to
Come un-to me,

me," . . . Je - sus is ten - der - ly call - ing to thee.
come un-to me,

No. 120.

KAVANAUGH. L. M.

R. M. McINTOSH, by per.

1 Come, sin-ner, to the gos - pel feast; Let ev-'ry soul be Je - sus' guest;
2 Come, all ye souls by sin oppressed, Ye rest-less wand'ers aft - er rest,
3 See him set forth be-fore your eyes, That precious, bleeding sac - ri - fice!

Ye need not one be left be - hind, For God hath bid - den all mankind.
Ye poor, and maimed, and halt, and blind, In Christ a heart - y wel - come find.
His offered ben - e - fits em - brace, And free - ly now be saved by grace!

No. 121.

I'LL BE THERE.

Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

R. M. McINTOSH.

1. When the roll is call'd in heav'n, And to vic-tors shall be giv'n
 2. I'll be there, re-deem'd and free, In the ho-ly com-pa-ny
 3. I'll be there a-mong the blest, To en-joy the heav'nly rest,

The rewards of faithful ser-vice here, Free from sin and free from blame,
 That shall ga-ther round the Saviour's throne; When re-sponding to his call,
 And to share the glory fair and bright, Fill'd with joy and fill'd with peace,

I shall an-swer to my name, And a-mong the glo-ri-fied ap-pear.
 Low be-fore his feet they fall, And he crowns them ev-er-more his own.
 Where is no un-hap-pi-ness, In the pal-a-ces of gold-en light.

REFRAIN.

I'll be there, yes, I'll be there,
 I'll be there, yes, I'll be there,

I'LL BE THERE. Concluded.

In that land so bright and fair;
In that land so bright and fair;

When all the saved, a hap - py band,
When all the saved, a hap - py band,

Be - fore the throne of Christ shall
Be - fore the throne,

stand. At home in dear Im-manuel's
At home in dear Im-manuel's land,

land, Yes, I'll be there; yes, I'll be there.
Im-manuel's land,

No. 122.

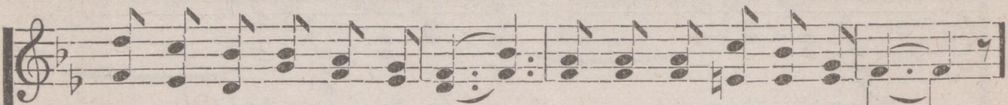
COME, HE IS CALLING.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

A. J. SHOWALTER, by per.



1. Je - sus is wait - ing so near; Come, he is call - ing to - day;
2. Hear the sweet message of love, Glad - ly the summons o - bey;
3. Cast on the Sav - iour thy care, Hear his glad word and o - bey;



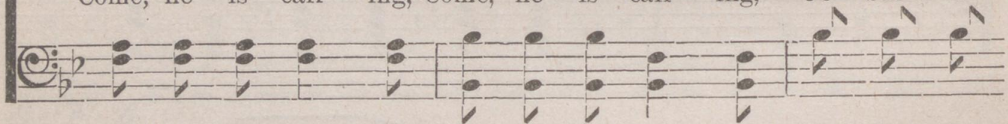
Ban - ish your doubt - ing and fear, Lin - ger no long - er a - way.
 Seek ye the king - dom a - bove, Lin - ger no long - er a - way.
 Trust him your bur - dens to bear, He is the life and the way.



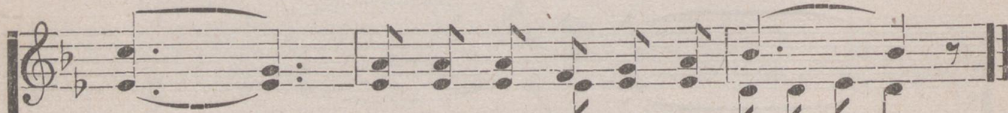
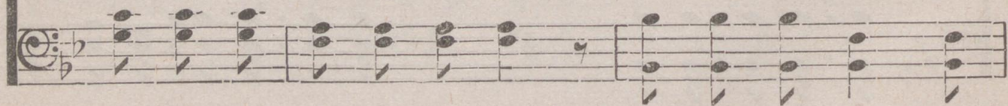
REFRAIN.



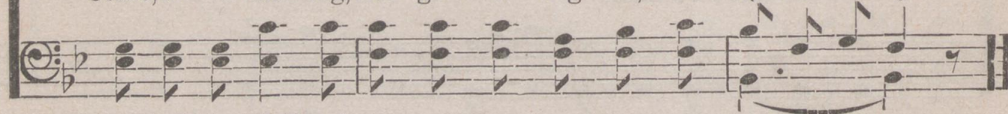
Come, come, Je - sus is
 Come, he is call - ing, Come, he is call - ing, Je - sus is



call - ing to - day; Come,
 call - ing, is call - ing to - day; Come, he is call - ing,



come, Lin - ger no long - er a - way.
 Come, he is call - ing, Lin - ger no long - er, no long - er a - way.



No. 123.

THAT GENTLE WHISPER.

E. E. HEWITT.

ADAM GEIBEL, by per.

1. Do you hear that gen-tle whis-per? Sweet-er ac - cents can-not be;
2. Wait not till the evening shad-ows Close a-round your dark'ning way;
3. Come, and bring your fresh af-fec-tions; Youth's bright flowers of joy and love;
4. Leave these shallow streams un-tast-ed, Nev - er can they sat - is - fy;

'Tis the Sav- iour's in - vi - ta - tion, "Come, my child, oh, come to me."
 Come, while morning dew-drops spar- kle, Come, while ear- ly sunbeams play.
 Come, to find e - ter - nal treasures, Find your tru - est Friend a - bove.
 Come, to drink of liv - ing wa - ters, Free - ly flow - ing from on high.

CHORUS.

Come, oh, come come, oh, come; Sweet-ly
 Come, oh come; come, oh, come;

breathe that gen-tle whis-per, "Come to me, oh, come to-day," Breathes the

Sav - iour's in - vi - ta - tion, Come to me, oh, come to - day.

No. 124.

OVER THE SEA.

E. ALBRIGHT.

FRANK M. DAVIS, by per.

1 On the dis - tant heathen shore, Far be - yond the o - cean's roar,
 2 Bear the glad and joy - ful sound, That a Sav - iour has been found,
 3 Then shall dawn the hap - py day, When the bright mil - len - nial ray

God has o - pened wide a door, O - ver the sea, O - ver the sea;
 To the souls in er - ror bound, O - ver the sea, O - ver the sea;
 Shall the dark - ness drive a - way, O - ver the sea, O - ver the sea;

Go, ye Christians true and brave, Cross the blue and roll - ing wave,
 That the glo - rious gos - pel bright, By its sav - ing pow'r and might,
 When the earth, redeem'd and free, Shall Mes - si - ah's king - dom be,

And those ma - ny mil - lions save, O - ver the sea.
 May dis - pel the shades of night, O - ver the sea.
 And each soul shall bow the knee, O - ver the sea.

OVER THE SEA. Concluded.

CHORUS.

O - ver the sea, O - ver the sea, O - ver the sea,

O - ver the sea, O - ver the sea, O - ver the sea,

This system contains the first two lines of the chorus. The vocal line (treble clef) features a melody with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 3/4 time signature. The piano accompaniment (bass clef) consists of chords and triplets. The lyrics are: "O - ver the sea, O - ver the sea, O - ver the sea," on the first line and "O - ver the sea, O - ver the sea, O - ver the sea," on the second line.

And those ma - ny mil - lions save, O - ver the sea, O - ver the sea,

This system contains the third and fourth lines of the chorus. The vocal line continues the melody. The piano accompaniment includes triplets. The lyrics are: "And those ma - ny mil - lions save, O - ver the sea, O - ver the sea," on the first line.

O - ver the sea, O - ver the sea, O - ver the sea,

O - ver the sea, O - ver the sea, O - ver the sea,

This system contains the fifth and sixth lines of the chorus. The vocal line continues the melody. The piano accompaniment includes triplets. The lyrics are: "O - ver the sea, O - ver the sea, O - ver the sea," on the first line and "O - ver the sea, O - ver the sea, O - ver the sea," on the second line.

And those ma - ny mil - lions save, O - ver the sea, O - ver the sea.

This system contains the seventh and eighth lines of the chorus. The vocal line concludes the melody. The piano accompaniment includes triplets. The lyrics are: "And those ma - ny mil - lions save, O - ver the sea, O - ver the sea." on the first line.

No. 125. WE'LL GATHER THEM IN.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.

R. M. McINTOSH.

1 We'll gath - er the chil - dren of want and sin Out of dark - ness and
 2 We'll gath - er them in to the roy - al feast, Where the bounties of
 3 We'll gath - er the halt, and the sick and blind, From the wear - i - some
 4 We'll gath - er the sad and the wear - y ones To the feet of the

out of gloom; We'll bring them in joy to the Master's home; In his house there is
 grace are spread, Where perishing souls with the bread of life In the ten - der - est
 paths of sin, To Jesus, their Saviour and loving Friend, We will gather these
 bless - ed Lord; He'll pardon their sin and renew their hearts; 'Tis the hope of his

REFRAIN.

am - ple room.
 love are fed.
 lost ones in. } We will gath - er them in to the feast of the King,
 pre - cious Word.

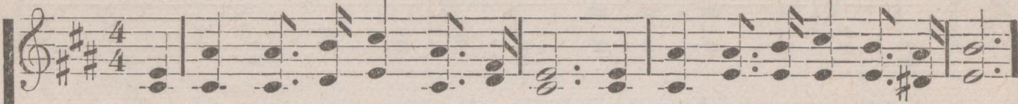
From the highways and by - ways of sin, From the hed - ges and the lanes,

From the mountains and the plains, We will gather wear - y trav'lers in.

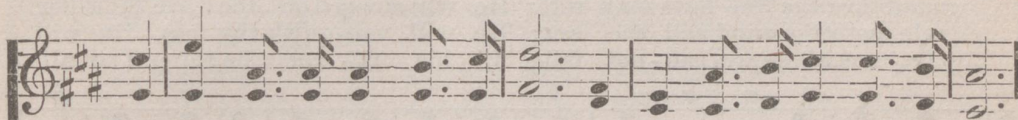
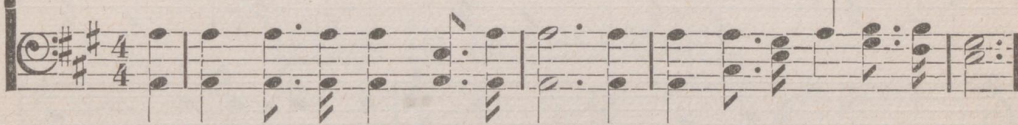
No. 126. THE HALF HE HAS NEVER REVEALED.

Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

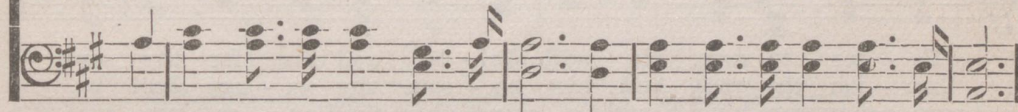
R. M. McINTOSH.



1. The half he has nev - er re-vealed Of all his af-fec-tion for me ;
2. The half he has nev - er re-vealed Of all the compassion and grace,
3. The half he has nev - er re-vealed Of all the rich treasures of peace
4. The half he has nev - er re-vealed Of all the pure rapture and bliss



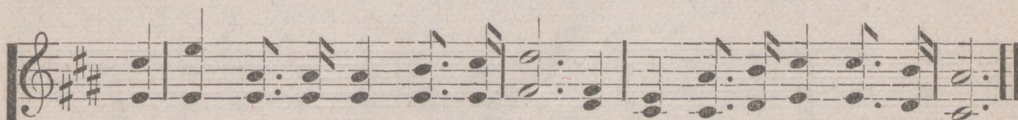
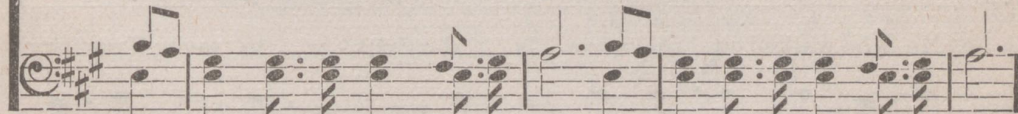
Each day doth more ful - ly un-fold His love, so a-maz-ing and free.
That led him to Cal - va-ry's cross, To die in the poor sinner's place.
He holds in re-serve for my soul, The stores of its wealth to increase.
He waits on my soul to be-stow ; What wondrous redemption is this !



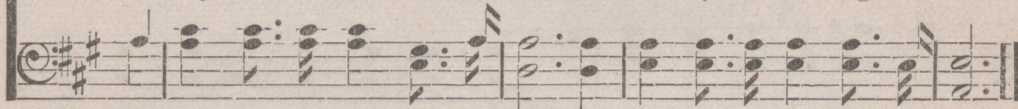
REFRAIN.



And this is his prom-ise so sweet, My per-fect Redeemer to be,



Each day his a - dor - a - ble love More ful - ly reveal-ing in me.



No. 127.

TEMPTED AND TRIED.

Rev. C. W. RAY.

R. M. McINTOSH.

1. Art thou tempt-ed and tried? In thy Sav - iour con-fide, Tho' a-
 2. Art thou tempt-ed and tried? Still in Je - sus a - bide, He shall
 3. Art thou tempt-ed and tried? Then whatev - er be-tide, Trust in

round thee the bil - lows may roll; He who stooped on the wave Sink-ing
 rule both the wind and the sea; He will van- quish thy foes, He will
 Je - sus whose arm can - not fail; If his fa - vor be thine, Tho' all

Pe - ter to save, He will shel - ter and care for thy soul.
 ban - ish thy woes, And his bo - som thy ref - uge shall be.
 worlds may com-bine, Naught a - gainst thee shall ev - er pre - vail.

REFRAIN.

He who walked on the wave Is al - might - y to save; Trust thy

soul to his mer - cy and care; Then in in - fi - nite love He shall

TEMPTED AND TRIED. Concluded.

bring thee a - bove, All the wealth of his glo - ry to share.

No. 128. JESUS IN GETHSEMANE.

H. S.

H. SANDERS.

With great expression.

1. See him in the gar - den lone, Midnight dark - ness o'er him,
2. All his friends for - sake him now, None with him are stay - ing;
3. On him all our sins were laid, Thro' him came sal - va - tion;
4. "Man of sor - rows!" born to grief! For our sins a - ton - ing,

None but God to hear his moan; Naught but death be - fore him.
 Blood - y sweat up - on his brow, To his Fa - ther pray - ing.
 He for us a ran - som paid, Price - less, pure ob - la - tion.
 By whose stripes we find re - lief, Our lost state be - moan - ing.

p *pp* *Rit.* *Dim.*

All a - lone! all a - lone! He the wine - press treads a - lone.
 All a - lone! all a - lone! He the wine - press treads a - lone.
 All a - lone! all a - lone! He the wine - press trod a - lone.
 All a - lone! all a - lone! He the wine - press trod a - lone.

No. 129.

LET ME REST.

Dr. H. BONAR.

H. N. LINCOLN, by per.

1. In the shad - ow of the Rock let me rest, When I
 2. On the parch'd and des - ert way where I tread With the
 3. I in peace will rest me here till I see That the

let me rest,

feel the tem-pest's shock thrill my breast; All in
 scorch-ing noon-tide ray o'er my head, Let me
 skies a - gain are fair o - ver me, That the

thrill my breast,

vain the storm shall sweep while I hide,
 find a wel - come shade cool and still,
 burn - ing heats are past and the day

while I hide,

And my tran-quil vig - il keep by thy side.
 And my wea - ry steps be stayed by thy will.
 Bids the trav - el - er at last go his way.

by thy side.

LET ME REST. Concluded.

CHORUS.

In the shad-ow of the Rock let me rest, In the
 shad-ow of the Rock let me rest; When I feel the tem-pest's
 shock thrill my breast, In the shad-ow of the Rock let me rest.
 thrill my breast,

No. 130.

CRICHLow. L. M.

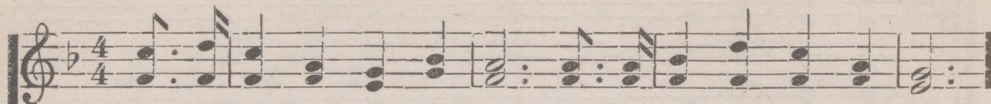
R. M. McINTOSH, by per.

1 Je-sus! and shall it ev-er be, A mor-tal man ashamed of thee?
 2 Ashamed of Je - sus! soon-er far Let evening blush to own a star?
 3 Ashamed of Je - sus! just as soon, Let midnight be ashamed of noon:
 4 Ashamed of Je - sus! that dear Friend On whom my hopes of heav'n depend?

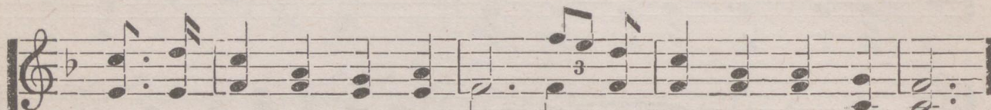
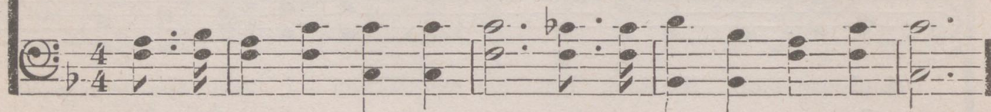
Ashamed of thee, whom angels praise, Whose glories shine thro' endless days?
 He sheds the beams of light di-vine O'er this be-night - ed soul of mine.
 'Tis midnight with my soul, till he, Bright Morning Star, bid darkness flee.
 No: when I blush, be this my shame, That I no more re-vere his name.

No. 131. IS THERE ONE PREPARED FOR ME?

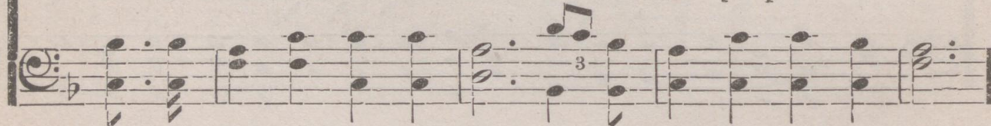
HARRY CLAYTON, by per.



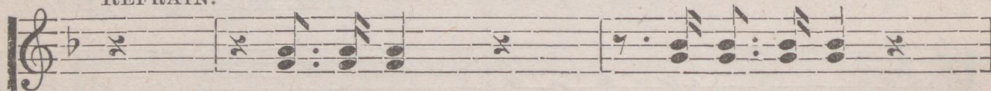
1. Mansions are pre-pared a - bove By the gra-cious God of Love;
2. Crowns that daz-zle hu-man eye Wait for those who reach the sky;
3. Robes of spot-less white are given By the gra-cious King of heaven;
4. Harps of sol-emn sound a - bove Swell loud prais-es to his love;



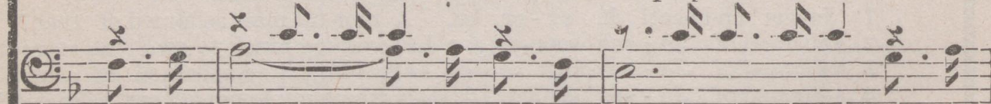
Ma - ny will those mansions see, Is there one pre-pared for me?
 Ma - ny will those bright crowns be, Is there one pre-pared for me?
 All can have them, they are free, Is there one pre-pared for me?
 O how sweet this sound will be! Is there one pre-pared for me?



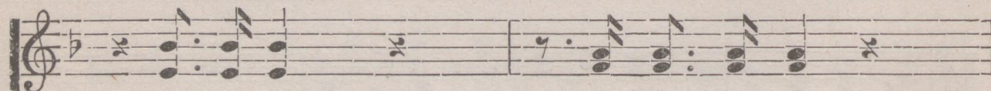
REFRAIN.



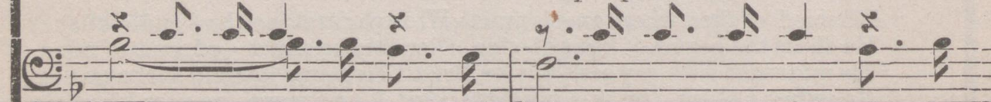
Is there one prepared for me?



Is there one pre-pared for me? Is there



Is there one prepared for me?



one pre-pared for me?

1. Ma - ny
2. Ma - ny
3. All can
4. O how

IS THERE ONE PREPARED? Concluded.

Ma - ny will those mansions see,

The first system of musical notation for the song 'IS THERE ONE PREPARED?' in G major and 3/2 time. It features a treble and bass clef with lyrics: 'Ma - ny will those mansions see,'.

will those man-sions see, Is there
will those bright crowns be,
have them, they are free,
sweet this sound will be!

Is there one pre-pared for me?

The second system of musical notation, marked 'rit.' (ritardando). It features a treble and bass clef with lyrics: 'Is there one pre-pared for me?'.

one pre-pared for me?

No. 132.

PAUL. S. M.

L. C. EVERETT, by per.

1 Je - sus, the Con - qu'ror, reigns, In glo-rious strength ar-rayed,
2 Ye sons of men, re - joice In Je - sus' might - y love:
3 Ex - tol his king - ly pow'r; Kiss the ex - alt - ed Son,
4 Our Ad - vo - cate with God, He un - der - takes our cause,

The first system of musical notation for 'PAUL. S. M.' in G major and 3/2 time. It features a treble and bass clef with four staves of lyrics.

His kingdom o - ver all maintains, And bids the earth be glad!
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice, To him who rules a - bove.
Who died, and lives to die no more, High on his Fa - ther's throne:
And spreads thro' all the earth a - broad The vic-t'ry of his cross.

The second system of musical notation for 'PAUL. S. M.', continuing the lyrics from the first system.

No. 133. Light will Greet Thee By and By.

LATTA C. LORD.

L. B. SHOOK.

1. Is thy trembling heart a-wea-ry? Are thy foot-steps al-most gone?
 2. Is thy spir-it sad with-in thee? Raise thy heart in earn-est prayer,
 3. Has thy spir-it grown a-wea-ry? Do not fal-ter in the strife,

Does life seem a bur-den drear-y? Cour-age, broth-er, strug-gle on;
 Trust a Fa-ther's lov-ing kind-ness, Trust a Fa-ther's ten-der care;
 God has worked for thee, my broth-er, As thou treadst the path of life;

Bear it pa-tient-ly and brave-ly, Do not stop to weep or sigh;
 Call up-on him in thy sor-row, He will hear thy fal-t'ring cry,
 Dark-ness may obscure thy path-way, Clouds may gather in thy sky,

Af-ter night the morning dawn-eth, Light will greet thee by and by.
 Tho' thou seest no sign of dawn-ing, Light will greet thee by and by.
 Storms may rage, but do not fal-ter, Light will greet thee by and by.

CHORUS.

By and by . . . the morning dawn - - eth, By and
 By and by the morn-ing dawns,

By permission.

Light will Greet Thee By and By. Concluded.

by yes, by and by Tho' thou seest . . . no signs of
By and by, yes, by and by, Tho' thou seest,

dawn - - ing, Light will greet . . . thee by and by.
no signs of dawn, Light will greet thee by and by, yes by and by.

No. 134.

PUMROY. 7s.

L. C. EVERETT, by per.

1 Lord, we come be - fore thee now, At thy feet we hum - bly bow ;
2 Lord, on thee our souls de - pend ; In com - pas - sion now de - scend ;
3 In thine own ap - point - ed way, Now we seek thee, here we stay ;
4 Send some mes - sage from thy word, That may joy and peace af - ford :

O do not our suit dis - dain : Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain ?
Fill our hearts with thy rich grace, Tune our lips to sing thy praise.
Lord, we know not how to go Till a bless - ing thou be - stow.
Let thy Spir - it now im - part Full sal - va - tion to each heart.

5 Comfort those who weep and mourn,
Let the time of joy return ;
Those that are cast down lift up,
Make them strong in faith and hope.

6 Grant that all may seek and find
Thee a gracious God, and kind ;
Heal the sick, the captive free ;
Let us all rejoice in thee.

No. 135.

SOME DAY.

EBEN E. REXFORD.
DUET.

FRANK M. DAVIS, by per.

1 I hear a song, a song so sweet, I try all
 2 Some day my jour - ney will be done, Earth will be
 3 Some day I say, con - tent to wait The op' - ning
 4 When comes the time for me to go, The home - ward

cres.
 vain - ly to re - peat; Its mel - o - dy and feel - ing
 lost and heav - en won; And when the long rough way is
 of the jas - per gate; Come soon or late, that day will
 path I may not know, But in God's hand my own I'll

say, I'll sing it if God wills some day.
 trod, I shall be - hold the face of God.
 be The dawn of end - less rest to me.
 lay, And he will lead me home some day.

CHORUS.

Some day, some hap - py day to be, My voice will learn its mel - o -
 Some happy day, a day to be, My voice will learn its

SOME DAY. Concluded.

cres. *ritard.*

- dy, And I shall sing the song so sweet, Of rest and heav'n, at Jesus' feet.
mel-o-dy,

No. 136. DO I NOT NEED THEE?

R. G. STAPLES.

John 15: 5.

H. N. LINCOLN.

1. Do I not need thee, Sav - iour di - vine? To thy dear
2. Do I not need thee, Each hour, each day? Pit - y me,
3. Do I not need thee? What pow'r have I? No arm to
4. Do I not need thee? Wea - ry and faint, Come I un-
5. Yes! I do need thee, Thy love is strong; Give me to

CHORUS.

pre - cepts My heart in - cline.
Sav - iour, Be thou my stay.
lean on, Sav - iour, draw nigh. } How much I need thee,
to thee, Heed my com-plaint.
praise thee, In end - less song. }

I scarce-ly know; Dear, pre-cious Sav - iour, Thy love be - stow.

By permission.

No. 137.

CALLING THE PRODIGAL.

C. H. G.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL, by per.

1. God is call-ing the prod-i-gal, come with-out de-lay,
 2. Pa-tient, lov-ing, and ten-der-ly still the Fa-ther pleads,
 3. Come, there's bread in the house of thy Fa-ther, and to spare,

Hear, oh, hear him call-ing, call-ing now for thee. . . .
 Hear, oh, hear him call-ing, call-ing now for thee. . . .
 Hear, oh, hear him call-ing, call-ing now for thee. . . .
 for thee.

Though you've wandered so far from his pres-ence, come to-day,
 Oh! re-turn while the Spir-it in mer-cy in-ter-cedes;
 Lo! the ta-ble is spread and the feast is wait-ing there;

CHORUS.
 Hear his lov-ing voice calling still. . . . Call-ing now for
 calling still. Calling now for thee,

thee, Oh, wea-ry prod-i-gal, come,
 call-ing now for thee, Wea-ry prod-i-gal, come,

CALLING THE PRODIGAL. Concluded.

come, Call - - - ing now for thee,
 wea-ry prod-i-gal, come, Calling now for thee, calling now for thee,

Oh, wea - - - ry prod-i-gal, come.
 Wea-ry prod-i-gal, come, wea-ry prod-i-gal, come.

No. 138.

BONNELL. C. M.

R. M. McINTOSH, by per.

1 How sweet the name of Je - sussesounds In a be - liev-er's ear!
 2 It makes the wounded spir - it whole, And calms the troubled breast;
 3 Weak is the ef - fort of my heart, And cold my warmest thought;
 4 Till then, I would thy love pro-claim With ev - 'ry fleeting breath;

It soothes his sor-rows, heals his wounds, And drives a - way his fear.
 'Tis man - na to the hun-gry soul, And to the wea-ry, rest.
 But when I see thee as thou art, I'll praise thee as I ought.
 And may the mu - sic of thy name Re-fresh my soul in death.

No. 139. HEAR THE MASTER CALLING.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.

R. M. McINTOSH.

1 Hear the Mas - ter call-ing, for toil - ers call-ing, Oh! so
 2 He has long been call-ing, for work - ers call-ing, Oh! so
 3 Je - sus still is call-ing, for ser-vants call-ing, In his

loud - ly call-ing to you and me! En-ter now in the vine-yard and no
 gen - tly call-ing and ten - derly! And the hours have been speeding, quickly
 love he's call-ing to you and me; Haste! the day is de-clin-ing, and ere

lon - ger i - dle be, But for Je - sus la - bor faith-ful - ly.
 has - ten - ing a - way, And we've wasted all the pre-cious day.
 long it will be gone, And the dark and dreaded night come on!

REFRAIN.

He is call-ing, He is call-ing, Call-ing now for you and me!

He is call-ing, He is call-ing, Call-ing now for you and me!

No. 140. COME TO JESUS RIGHT AWAY.

F. M. D.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

1 Come to Je - sus, youth-ful pilgrims, Come to Je - sus right a - way ;
2 Live for Je - sus, youth-ful pilgrims, Live for Je - sus day by day ;
3 Work for Je - sus, youth-ful pilgrims, Work for Je - sus ev - 'ry day ;

He'll re - ceive you, nev - er leave you ; He will bless you ev - 'ry day.
In your morn-ing hours of childhood, Live for Je - sus, don't de - lay.
La bor with a will - ing spir - it, He will all your toil re - pay.

REFRAIN.

Come to Je - sus, come to Je - sus, Come to Je - sus right a - way ;

He'll re - ceive you, nev - er leave you ; He will bless you ev - 'ry day.

No. 141. WE'LL NEVER SAY GOOD BY.

Mrs. E. W. CHAPMAN.

J. H. TENNEY, by per.

1. Our friends on earth we meet with pleasure, While swift the moments fly,
2. How joy - ful is the thought that lingers, When loved ones cross death's sea,
3. No part - ing words shall e'er be spoken In that bright land of flowers,

Yet ev - er comes the thought of sad - ness That we must say good by.
That when our la - bors here are end - ed, With them we'll ev - er be.
But songs of joy, and peace, and gladness, Shall ev - er - more be ours.

CHORUS.

We'll nev - er say good by in heav'n, We'll nev - er say good by; . . .

Repeat Chorus pp
No, in that land of joy and song We'll never say good by.

No. 142.

I WILL LEAD THEE.

E. A. H.

Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

1. On-ward, dear pil - grim, faint and so wea - ry, Foot - sore from
 2. Thou shalt yet meet with tri - als and troub - les, These shall as -
 3. Doubt - ings and fears should nev - er dis - tress thee, On - ly in
 4. I will at - tend thee, yes I will lead thee, Safe with my

trav - el, burdened, op - prest; Pa - tient be thou a lit - tle while
 sail thy soul in the way; On - ly be thou a faithful dis -
 faith con - fide thou in me; I will not leave thee, neith - er for -
 strong, om - ni - po - tent hand, Up to the fair and beau - ti - ful

long - er, Till thou shalt reach the sweet home of rest.
 ci - ple, Soon will ap - pear the heav - en - ly day.
 sake thee, Help - er and friend and strength I will be.
 por - tals Of the de - light - ful heav - en - ly land.

CHORUS.

I will lead thee, ten - der - ly lead thee, Lead thee in
 Up to the por - tals, beau - ti - ful por - tals Of the Re -

safe - ty, child of my love,
 (Omit.) deem - er's kingdom a - bove.

No. 143.

SEND THE LIGHT.

C. H. G.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL, by per.

1. There's a call comes ringing o'er the rest-less wave, "Send the light,
 2. We have heard the Ma-ce-do-nian call to-day, "Send the light,
 3. Let us pray that grace may ev'rywhere a-bound, "Send the light,
 4. Let us not grow wea-ry in the work of love, "Send the light,

Send the light!" There are souls to res-cue, there are
 Send the light!" And a gol-den off-'ring at the
 Send the light!" And a Christ-like spir-it ev-'ry-
 Send the light!" Let us gath-er jew-els for a

souls to save, Send the light! Send the light!
 cross we lay, Send the light! Send the light!
 where be found, Send the light! Send the light!
 crown a-bove, Send the light! Send the light!

CHORUS. *The first eight measures, (or Bass Solo,) may be omitted.*

We will spread the ev-er-last-ing light,
 We will spread the ev-er-last-ing light With a
 BASS SOLO.

SEND THE LIGHT. Concluded.

With a will - ing, will - ing heart and hand;
 will - ing heart and hand; Giv - ing

Giv - ing God the glo - ry ev - er - more,
 God the glo - ry ev - er - er - more, We will

We will fol - low, fol - low his command. Send the
 fol - low his com - mand,

light, the bless - ed gos - pel light, Let it
 light! and let its ra - - diant beams Light the

shine from shore to shore!
 world for - ev - er more.
 for - ev - er - more.

No. 144.

HOSANNA.

Rev. J. H. MARTIN.

C. C. PRATT.

1 Ho - san - na to Je - sus, our Sav - iour and King, His
 2 For Je - sus is wor - thy all praise to re - ceive, He
 3 For us he was tor - tured, and wound - ed, and slain, For
 4 Ho - san - na, ho - san - na to Je - sus on high, Ex -

cross and his tri - umph we joy - ful - ly sing; With
 came in his mer - cy our woes to re - lieve; He
 us he was sub - ject to an - guish and pain; In
 - alt - ed he reigns far a - bove the bright sky; There

hearts and with voi - ces to - geth - er we'll raise A
 died to re - deem us from sin and from hell, That
 love and com - pas - sion he poured out his blood, And
 el - ders with joy cast their crowns at his feet, And

cho - rus of high - sound - ing notes to his praise.
 we with the an - gels in glo - ry might dwell.
 laid down his life a rich ran - som to God.
 ser - aphs with rap - ture his prais - es re - peat.

By per. R. M. McIntosh.

HOSANNA. Continued.

SOPRANO. *Obligato.*

Yes, mu - - sic, sweet mu - - - sic with
CHORUS.
Yes, mu - sic, sweet mu - sic with glad - ness we'll bring, Yes,

glad - - ness we'll bring, . . . And lay on the
music, sweet music with gladness we'll bring, And lay on the al - tar, and

al - - tar of Je - - - sus our King; We'll
lay on the al - tar of Je - sus, of Je - sus our King; We'll

HOSANNA. Concluded.

laud and ex - tol his a - dor - - a - ble

laud and ex - tol his a - dor - a - ble name, We'll laud and ex - tol his a -

This system contains three staves of music. The top staff is a vocal line in treble clef with lyrics. The middle staff is a piano accompaniment in treble clef. The bottom staff is a piano accompaniment in bass clef. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 3/4.

name, And shout to his

- dor - a - ble name, And shout to his hon - or, and

This system contains three staves of music. The top staff is a vocal line in treble clef with lyrics. The middle staff is a piano accompaniment in treble clef. The bottom staff is a piano accompaniment in bass clef. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 3/4.

hon - or with joy - - ful ac - claim.

shout to his hon - or, With joy - ful, with joy - ful ac - claim.

This system contains three staves of music. The top staff is a vocal line in treble clef with lyrics. The middle staff is a piano accompaniment in treble clef. The bottom staff is a piano accompaniment in bass clef. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 3/4.

No. 145.

ONWARD, UPWARD.

F. M. D.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

1 On - ward, up - ward, ev - er, is our mot - to, Press - ing for - ward
 2 On - ward, up - ward, in the roy - al high - way, Follow - ing foot - steps
 3 On - ward, up - ward, press - ing on with vig - or, Keep - ing in the

to ob - tain the prize; Sing - ing prais - es to the King of glo - ry,
 Je - sus' feet have prest; Ev - 'ry heart with joy is o - ver - flow - ing,
 straight and nar - row way; Nev - er yield - ing to the wi - ly temp - ter,

CHORUS.

While we march to mansions in the skies. } On - ward and up - ward,
 While we jour - ney to the land of rest. }
 Ev - er onward t'ward the land of day. } Onward, upward, onward, upward,

Press - ing for the prize, press - ing for the prize;
 yes,

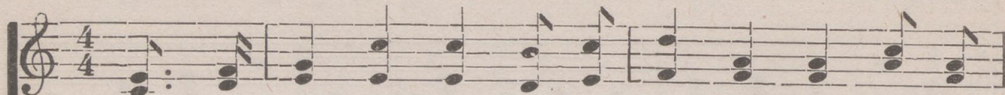
On - ward and up - ward, To the mansions in the skies.
 Onward, upward, onward, upward,

No. 146.

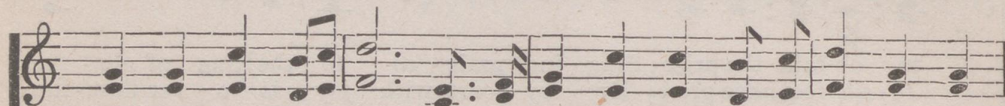
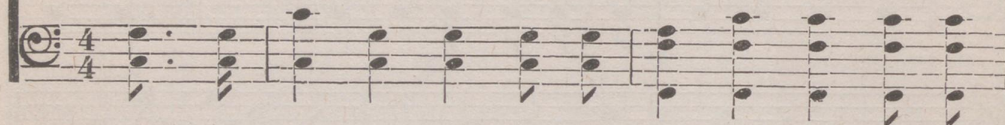
WE SHALL SEE HIM.

Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

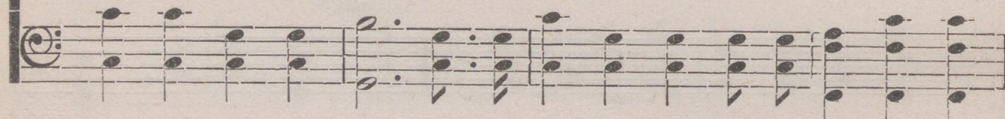
P. BILHORN.



1. We are ab - sent here from the Lord we love, We shall
 2. O the prom - ise sweet, we shall Je - sus meet, And be
 3. At the set of sun, when our work is done, He will
 4. He will meet us there at the por - tals fair Of the
 5. If we love the Lord and o - bey his word, If we

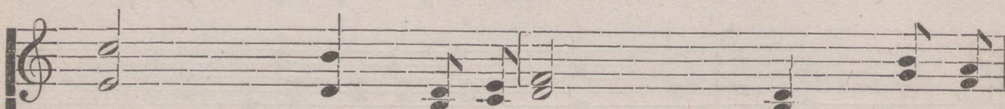
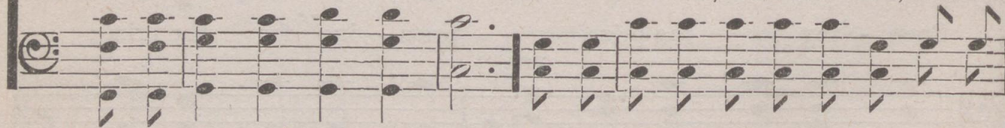


see him by and by; Share his bliss and love in the home a - bove,
 with him where he is; In his like - ness come to our heavenly home,
 stand at heav - en's door, And a wel - come give, and his saints re - ceive,
 new Je - ru - sa - lem; And his loved and own will for - ev - er crown
 walk with Je - sus here, In his beau - ty dressed, with his likeness blest,

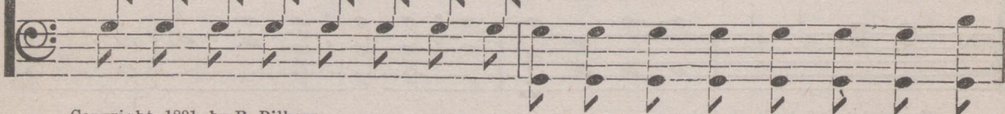


CHORUS.

In the hap - py home on high.) We shall see him, and be
 To the home more fair than this.)
 To be with him ev - er - more.)
 With a king - ly di - a - dem.)
 At his throne we shall ap - pear.) We shall see him, and be like him, We shall



like him, We shall see him, by and
 see him, and be like him, We shall see him, and be like him, by and



WE SHALL SEE HIM. Concluded.

by; We shall see him, and be like
by; by and by, We shall see him, and be like him we shall see him, and be

him, We shall see him in his glo-ry by and by.
like him, by and by.

No. 147.

HEAD. C. M.

M. J. McGLASSON, by per.

1 Let ev - 'ry tongue thy goodness speak, Thou sovereign Lord of all :
2 When sor - rows bow the spir - it down, When virt - ue lies dis - tressed
3 Thou know'st the pains thy ser - vants feel, Thou hear'st thy children's cry ;

Thy strength'ning hands uphold the weak, And raise the poor that fall.
Be - neath the proud oppressor's frown, Thou giv'st the mourner rest.
And their best wish - es to ful - fill, Thy grace is ev - er nigh.

4 Thy mercy never shall remove
From men of heart sincere :
Thou sav'st the souls whose humble
Is joined with holy fear. [love

5 My lips shall dwell upon thy praise,
And spread thy fame abroad :
Let all the sons of Adam raise
The honors of their God.

No. 148.

STEPPING IN THE LIGHT.

L. H. EDMUNDS.

W. J. KIRKPATRICK, by per.

1. Try - ing to walk in the steps of the Sav - iour, Try - ing to
 2. Press - ing more close - ly to him who is lead - ing, When we are
 3. Walk - ing in foot - steps of gen - tle for - bear - ance, Foot - steps of
 4. Try - ing to walk in the steps of the Sav - iour, Up - ward, still

fol - low our Sav - iour and King; Shap - ing our lives by his
 tempt - ed to turn from the way; Trust - ing the arm that is
 faith - ful - ness, mer - cy, and love, Look - ing to him for the
 up - ward we'll fol - low our Guide; When we shall see him, "the

bless - ed ex - am - ple, Hap - py, how hap - py the songs that we bring.
 strong to de - fend us, Hap - py, how hap - py our prais - es each day.
 grace free - ly prom - ised, Hap - py, how hap - py our jour - ney 'a - bove.
 King in his beau - ty," Hap - py, how hap - py our place at his side.

CHORUS.

How beau - ti - ful to walk in the steps of the Sav - iour,

Step - ping in the light, Stepping in the light; How beau - ti - ful to

STEPPING IN THE LIGHT. Concluded.

walk in the steps of the Sav-iour, Led in paths of light.

No. 149. JESUS IS THE LIGHT.

Words arr. by P. B.

P. BILHORN, by per.

1. Hark! the an-gels' voic-es sing, Je-sus is the light of the world;
2. Joy-ful, all ye na-tions, rise, Je-sus is the light of the world;
3. Christ by high-est heav'n a-dored, Je-sus is the light of the world;
4. Hail the heav'n-born Prince of peace, Je-sus is the light of the world;

Glo-ry to the new-born King, Je-sus is the light of the world.
 Join the tri-umphs of the skies, Je-sus is the light of the world.
 Christ, the ev-er-last-ing Lord, Je-sus is the light of the world.
 Hail the Sun of right-eous-ness, Je-sus is the light of the world.

REFRAIN.

Je-sus is the light, Je-sus is the light, Je-sus is the light of the world.

Copyright, 1891, by P. Bilhorn.

No. 150. I WILL FOLLOW JESUS.

As sung by MAUD SCOTT.

E. E. NICKERSON.

1. Down in the val-ley with my Sav-iour I would go, Where the flow'rs are
2. Down in the val-ley with my Sav-iour I would go, Where the storms are
3. Down in the val-ley, or up-on the mountain steep, Close be-side my

blooming, and the sweet wa-ters flow; Ev-'ry-where he leads me, I would
sweeping, and the dark wa-ters flow; With his hand to lead me, I will
Sav-iour would my soul ev-er keep: He will lead me safe-ly in the

fol-low, fol-low on, Walk-ing in his foot-steps till the crown be won.
nev-er, nev-er fear: Dan-ger can-not fright me if my Lord be near.
path that he hath trod, Up to where they gath-er on the hills of God.

REFRAIN.

Fol - low, fol - low, I will fol - low Je - sus; A - ny-where,

I WILL FOLLOW JESUS. Concluded.

ev-'ry-where, I will fol-low on; Fol-low, fol - low, I will fol-low

Je - sus; Ev - 'ry-where he leads me I will fol - low on.

No. 151. GILL. 8s, 7s, & 4s. (8th P. M.)

R. M. McINTOSH, by per.

1 { O thou God of my sal - va - tion, My Re - deem - er from all sin, }
 { Moved by thy di - vine com - pas - sion, Who hast died my heart to win, }

I will praise thee: I will praise thee: Where shall I thy praise be - gin?

- 2 Though unseen, I love the Saviour:
 He hath brought salvation near—
 Manifests his pardoning favor,
 And, when Jesus doth appear,
 Soul and body
 Shall his glorious image bear.
- 3 While the angel choirs are crying,
 Glory to the great I AM!
 I with them will still be vying,

- Glory! glory to the Lamb!
 O how precious
 Is the sound of Jesus' name!
- 4 Angels now are hovering round us,
 Unperceived they mix the throng,
 Wondering at the love that crowned us,
 Glad to join the holy song:
 Halleluiah!
 Love and praise to Christ belong!

No. 152. ONLY A BEAM OF SUNSHINE.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

JOHN R. SWENEY.

1. On - ly a beam of sun - shine, But O it was warm and bright; The
 2. On - ly a beam of sun - shine That in - to a dwell - ing crept, Where,
 3. On - ly a word for Je - sus! O speak it in his dear name; To

heart of a wea - ry trav - 'ler Was cheer'd by its wel - come sight.
 o - ver a fad - ing rose - bud, A moth - er her vig - il kept.
 per - ish - ing souls a - round you The mes - sage of love pro - claim.

On - ly a beam of sun - shine That fell from the arch a - bove, And
 On - ly a beam of sun - shine That smil'd thro' her falling tears, And
 Go, like the faith - ful sun - beam, Your mis - sion of joy ful - fill; Re -

ten - der - ly, soft - ly whis - per'd A mes - sage of peace and love.
 show'd her the bow of prom - ise, For - got - ten perhaps for years.
 mem - ber the Sav - iour's prom - ise, That he will be with you still.

From "Melodious Sonnets," by per. John J. Hood.

ONLY A BEAM OF SUNSHINE. Concluded.

CHORUS.

On - ly a word for Je - sus, On - ly a whis - per'd pray'r

O - ver some grief - worn spir - it May rest like a sun - beam fair.

No. 153. OLIVET. 6s & 4s.

RAY PALMER.

LOWELL 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,

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

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!

3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be thou my guide;
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From thee aside.

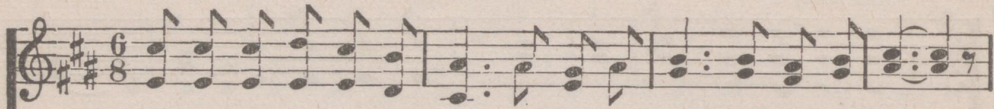
4 When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll,
Blest Saviour! then, in love,
Fear and distrust remove;
Oh, bear me safe above,
A ransomed soul!

No. 154.

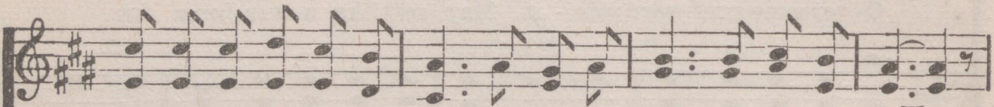
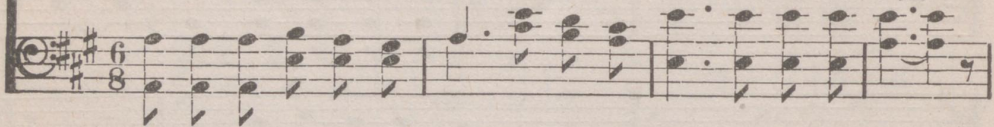
OH, TO BE THERE.

Rev. W. P. RIVERS.

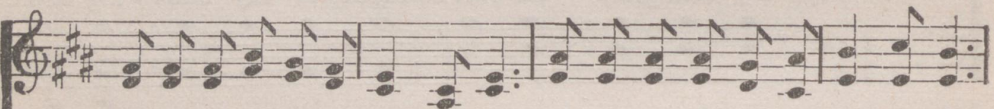
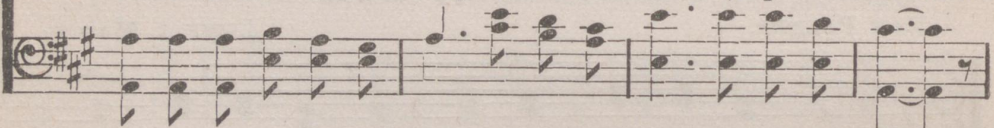
R. M. McINTOSH.



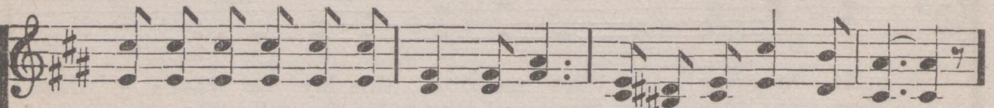
1 Ra - di - ant clime of the pure, Changeless and fair, changeless and fair !
 2 Ha - ven of heav - en - ly rest, O - ver life's sea, o - ver life's sea !
 3 Blessed in - her - i - tance fair, Life ev - er - more, life ev - er - more !



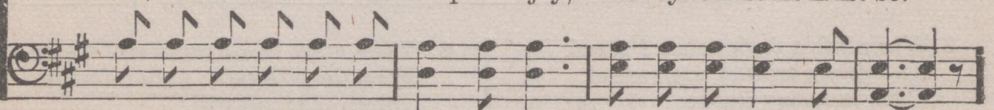
Clime where all treasures endure, Precious and rare, precious and rare!
 Land of re - pose for the blest, Guiltless and free, guiltless and free!
 Rich - es of glo - ry are there, Hope's treasured store, hope's treasured store!



Land that hath never the gloom of night, Never hath need of the sun's sweet light;
 Realm where the King of all kings doth reign! Home where the spirit shall ne'er know pain!
 Joys that are purest and ne'er shall cloy! Raptures and pleasures no foes destroy!

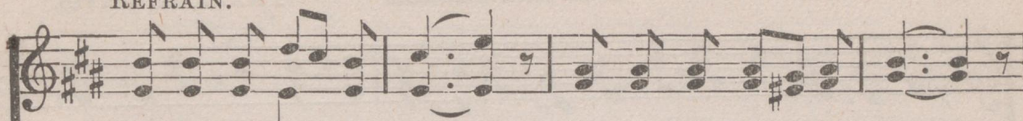


Oh, to dwell there in the mansions bright; Ho - ly our souls must be!
 Oh, if that part of sweet peace we'd gain, Ho - ly our souls must be!
 Oh, if that bliss we would hope t' enjoy, Ho - ly our souls must be!

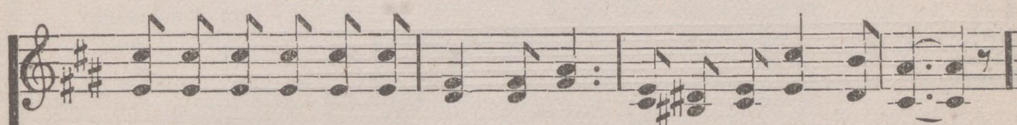
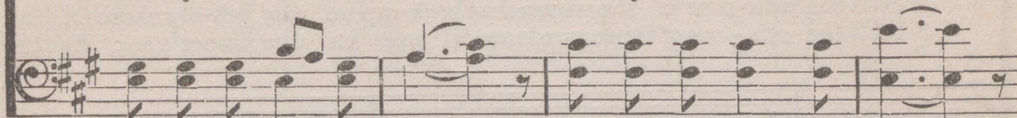


OH, TO BE THERE. Concluded.

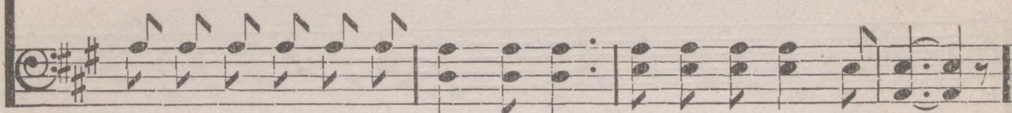
REFRAIN.



Ho-ly our souls must be! Ho-ly our souls must be!



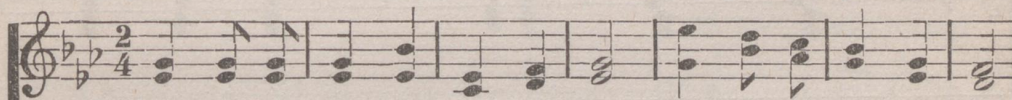
Oh, to dwell there in the mansions bright, Ho-ly our souls must be!



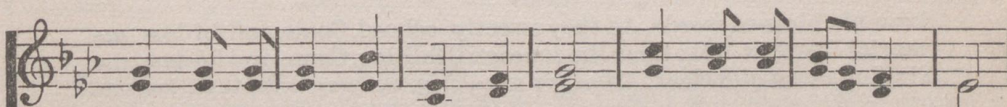
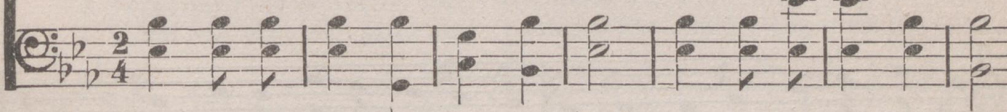
No. 155.

SOLITUDE. C. M.

L. C. EVERETT, by per.



1 Je - sus, to thee I now can fly, On whom my help is laid :
 2 Be - liev-ing on my Lord, I find A sure and pres-ent aid :
 3 Whate'er in me seems wise, or good, Or strong, I here dis-claim :
 4 Je - sus, my strength, my life, my rest, On thee will I de - pend,



Opressed by sins, I lift my eye, And see the sha-dows fade.
 On thee a-lone my con-stant mind Be ev-'ry mo-ment stayed!
 I wash my gar-ments in the blood Of the a-ton-ing Lamb.
 Till summoned to the mar-riage-feast, When faith in sight shall end!



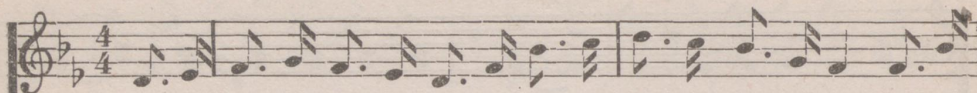
No. 156.

FOLLOW ME.

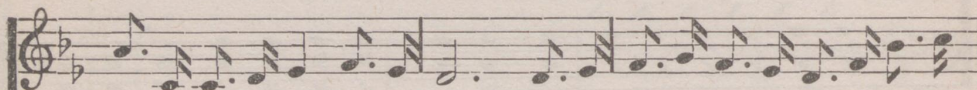
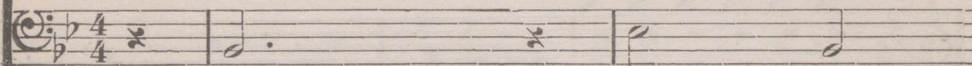
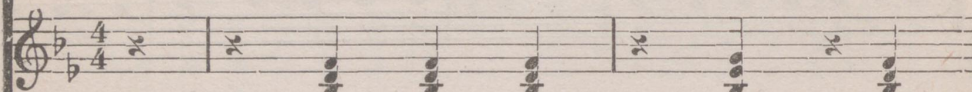
F. M. D.

SOLO AND CHORUS.

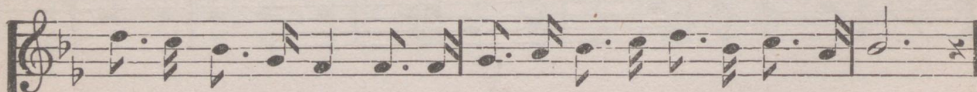
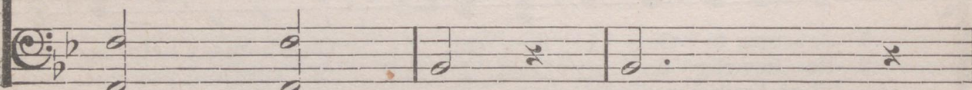
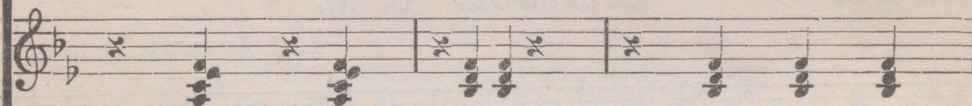
FRANK M. DAVIS.



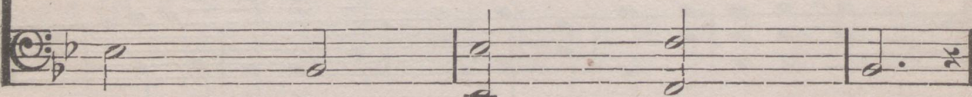
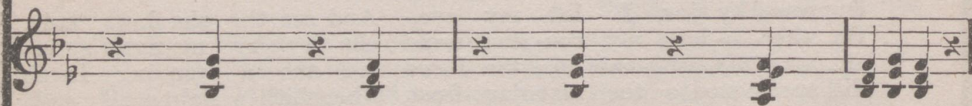
1 Je- sus taught the waiting peo- ple from a boat up- on the shore Of his
2 Soft the mur- mur of the waves that broke up- on the peb- bly shore Of the
3 Still the ech - oes of those words are fall- ing on the sinner's ear, As they



own be- lov- ed blue Gal- i - lee ; Great the multitude that gathered there to
Saviour's dear retreat, Gal - i - lee ; Mingling there with sweeter words than forth from
fell up- on the blue Gal - i - lee ; Floating down the tide of a- ges, hear them



hear his bless- ed words, As they sweetly echoed, Come, and fol- low me.
mortal lips e'er fell ; Hear the tones still fall- ing, Come, and fol- low me.
ringing sweet and clear, Come, ye wand'ring, straying ones, O fol- low me.



FOLLOW ME. Concluded.

CHORUS.

Fol - low, fol - low me,
 Fol - low, fol - low, fol - low me, Fall in ac - cents of the
 sweet - est mel - o - dy; Hear the Sav - iour say - ing, as he
 mel - o - dy;
 stands be - side sweet Gal - i - lee, O come, and fol - low me.

No. 157.

VAUGHAN. C. M.

R. M. McINTOSH, by per.

1 When the worn spir - it wants re - pose, And sighs her God to seek,
 2 How sweet to hail the ear - ly dawn That o - pens on the sight,
 3 Sweet day! thy hours too soon will cease, Yet while they gent - ly roll,
 4 When will my pil - grim - age be done, The world's long week be o'er,

How sweet to hail the even - ing's close That ends the wea - ry week!
 When first the soul re - viv - ing morn Beams its new rays of light!
 Breathe, Ho - ly Spir - it, Source of peace, A Sab - bath o'er my soul.
 That Sabbath dawn which needs no sun, That day which fades no more!

No. 158. OH! THE GOOD WE ALL MAY DO.

Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

R. M. McINTOSH.

1. Oh! the good we all may do As life's jour - ney we pur - sue,
 2. Oh! the good we all may do If to Je - sus we are true!
 3. Oh! the good we all may do, And we pledge to God a - new,

Bring - ing com - fort to the sad, Mak - ing song - less spir - its glad,
 As he min - is - tered to men, We may min - is - ter a - gain;
 That we may more faith - ful prove In de - vo - tion and in love,

Fill - ing hearts with joy and cheer That have known but sor - row here!
 As to serve mankind he came, We may serve in his dear name.
 Do - ing some - thing ev - 'ry day That will bright - en some one's way.

CHORUS.

Oh! the good we all may do
 Oh! the good, we all may do

As the earth we're pass - ing through! If to
 As the earth we're pass - ing through!

OH! THE GOOD WE ALL MAY DO. Concluded.

Je - - sus we are true, Oh! the good we all may do.
If to Je - sus we are true, we are true,

No. 159. ZION. 8s, 7s & 4s.

Dr. THOS. HASTINGS.

1 { On the mountain's top ap-pear-ing, Lo, the sa-cred her-ald stands, }
{ Wel-come news to Zi-on bear-ing, Zi-on long in hos-tile lands: }

VERSE.

Mourn-ing cap - tive, God him - self shall loose thy bands.

CHORUS.

Mourn-ing cap - tive, God him - self shall loose thy bands.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>2 Has thy night been long and mournful,
All thy friends unfaithful proved?
Have thy foes been proud and scornful,
By thy sighs and tears unmoved?
Cease thy mourning,
Zion still is well beloved.</p> | <p>3 God, thy God, will now restore thee!
He himself appears thy friend:
All thy foes shall flee before thee,
Here their boasts and triumphs end:
Great deliverance,
Zion's King vouchsafes to send.</p> |
|--|--|

No. 160.

MARCHING ON.

THOS. H. FERGUSON.

1. We are march-ing on to reach that hap - py land, There we'll
 2. Come, dear pil - grim, come: let none be left be - hind, Come and
 3. It will not be long till we shall reach that shore, There we

rest for - ev - er on the bright gold - en strand. There we all will
 join in with us that the road you may find. For the Sav - iour
 hope to meet with those who've gone on be - fore. There we'll sit and

join the heav'nly blood-wash'd band In sing - ing prais - es to our Lord.
 leads us: he is good and kind, He'll guide us to our hap - py home.
 sing with them for - ev - er - more, Ho - san - nas to our God and King.

CHORUS.

Then come and join us as we're march - ing, march - ing on,
 march - ing on,

march - ing on, Then come and join us as we're
 march - ing on,

From "The Helper," by per. of Frank L. Armstrong.

MARCHING ON. Concluded.

march- ing; We will march and sing Hal - le - lu - iah Praise the Lord!

No. 161.

HAPPY DAY L. M.

1 { O hap - py day, that fixed my choice On thee, my Sav-iour and my God! }
 { Well may this glowing heart re - joice, And tell its rap-tures all abroad. }
 2 { O hap - py bond, that seals my vows To him who mer-its all my love! }
 { Let cheer-ful anthems fill his house, While to that sa-cred shrine I move. }

f CHORUS. FINE.

Hap - py day, hap - py day, When Je - sus washed my sins a - way.

D.S.

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

<p>3 'Tis done: the great transaction's done! I am my Lord's, and he is mine; He drew me, and I followed on, Charmed to confess the voice divine.</p>	<p>4 High Heaven, that heard the solemn vow, That vow renewed shall daily hear, Till in life's latest hour I bow, And bless in death a bond so dear.</p>
--	--

No. 162.

RISE, AND LET ME IN.

W. A. O.
Andante.

N. E. TOWNSEND.

1. Lo! a stran-ger stand - ing there, Knocking, knocking at the door,
 2. 'Tis thy Sav- iour wait - ing there, Knocking, knocking at the door,
 3. Hear thy Sav- iour call to- day, Knocking, knocking at the door;
 4. Shall thy Sav- iour plead in vain, Knocking, knocking at the door?

Love - ly stran - ger won- drous fair, Knocking, knocking at the door;
 Call - ing thee, oh wan - der - er, Knock- ing, knocking at the door;
 Do not grieve thy Lord a- way, Knocking, knocking at the door.
 Will you slight his call a- gain, Knocking, knocking at the door?

Wait - ing oh! so pa - tient - ly, Call - ing oh! so ten - der - ly,
 Plead - ing oh! so ear - nest - ly, Striv - ing oh! so faith - ful - ly,
 Wea - ry, worn, and troub - led breast, Tempted one, with care opprest,
 Will you heed his ear - nest plea? "Hea - vy la - den, come to me."

O - pen now thy heart to me; Oh, rise, and let me in.
 'Tis thy Sav- iour calls to thee; Oh, rise, and let me in.
 I will give thy spir - it rest; Oh, rise, and let me in.
 Rest and peace I give to thee; Oh, rise, and let me in.

No. 163.

HE CALLETH ME HOME.

Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

JOHN M. RICHARDSON.

1. Though far from the fold of the Sav-iour In sin and
 2. In tears I have oft - en la - ment - ed The sins that
 3. Was ev - er a voice so en - dear - ing? Was e'er af -
 4. To - night with my soul he is plead - ing, And kind - ly
 (To - day)

fol-ly I roam, Yet ev - er I hear a sweet whisper That
 led me a - stray; The call of the Lord was so ten - der, I
 fec - tion so true? How can I then long - er re - sist him? O
 bids me to come; A - gain his sweet voice in - ter - ced - ing En -

CHORUS.

ten - der - ly call - eth me home. } Come home, come home, come
 scarce from his pres - ence could stay. }
 what in my woe shall I do? }
 treats me, "O wand'rer, come home!" } Come home, come home,

home, For - ev - er he call - eth me home.
 come home, come home.

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No. 164.

PRAISE, O PRAISE.

H. S.

H. SANDERS.

Allegretto.

1. Praise, O praise our God and King—Hymns of ad - o - ra - tion sing,
 2. Praise him for the stars of light, Shin - ing thro' the si - lent night,
 3. Praise him for the fruit - ful fields Which the bounteous har - vest yields,
 4. Praise him for his won - drous love, Praise him all ye hosts a - bove;

Praise him that he made the sun, Day by day, his course to run.
 Praise him that he gives the rain To ma - ture the swell - ing grain.
 Praise him for the gold - en stores, Fill - ing all our gar - ner floors.
 Praise him for re - deem - ing pow'r, Praise him for his grace this hour.

For his mercies shall en - dure, ev - er faith - ful,
REFRAIN.

For his mercies shall endure,

ev - er sure, *rit.*

Ev - er faith - ful, ev - er sure, Ev - er faith - ful, ev - er sure.

No. 165.

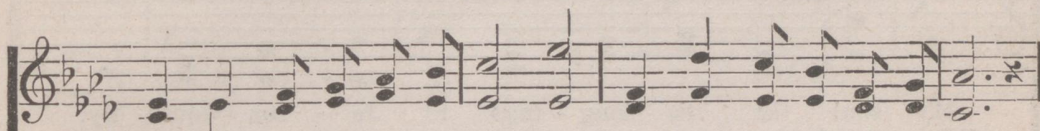
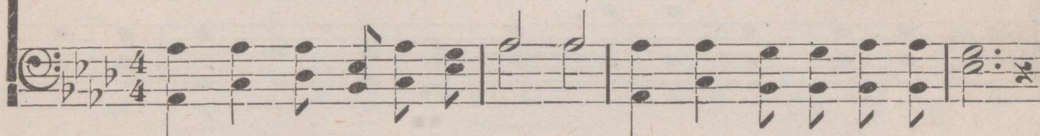
SAVIOUR, GUIDE ME.

R. M. M.

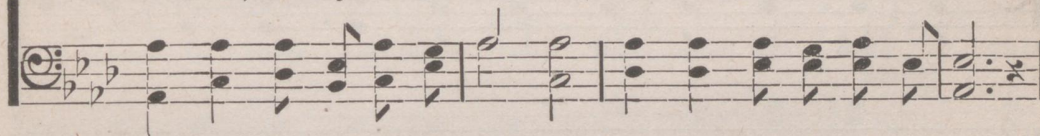
R. M. McINTOSH.



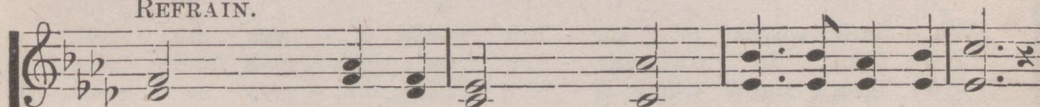
1. Guide me, O my bless-ed Sav-iour, Guide me o'er 'life's troubled sea ;
2. Guard me, O my bless-ed Sav-iour, Guard and guide me ev-'ry day ;
3. Save me, O my bless-ed Sav-iour, Save me from temptation's pow'r ;
4. When the work of life is end-ed, All thou hast on earth for me,



Sor-row's wavesshall not o'erwhelm me" While I put my trust in thee.
 Keep me safe from sin and sor - row ; Guard and guide me all the way.
 When the pains of death are on me, Sav-iour, save me in that hour.
 Take me, O my bless-ed Sav - iour, Take me home to dwell with thee.



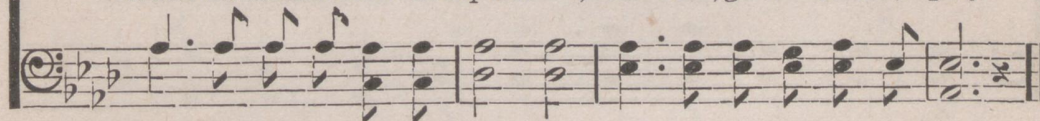
REFRAIN.



Guide me, my Sav - iour, Guide me day by day ;
 Guide me, O my Sav-iour, Guide me, O my Saviour.



When the storms of life sweep o'er me, Sav-iour, guide me then, I pray.



No. 166. AS DOVES TO THEIR WINDOWS.

Rev. W. E. PENN.

R. M. McINTOSH.

1. As doves to their win - dows, when dark - ness draws nigh,
 2. The win - dows of heav - en stand o - pen and wide,
 3. The storm clouds are gath - 'ring, the tem - pest is high;
 4. Then come, trem - bling sin - ner, no long - er de - lay;

My soul in its long - ings to Je - sus would fly.
 Where earth's wea - ry pil - grims may ev - er a - bide.
 The day is far spent and the dark night is nigh;
 As doves to their win - dows, fly quick - ly a - way;

When dark waves of sor - row would o - ver me roll,
 Why then do we tar - ry in dark - ness and sin,
 Why then stand we i - dle mid dan - gers so great,
 A - way from the sins that will sink thy poor soul,

In Je - sus, my Sav - iour, there's rest for my soul.
 When Je - sus is wait - ing to wel - come us in.
 We know that this mo - ment may close mer - cy's gate.
 Where dark waves of death must e - ter - nal - ly roll.

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AS DOVES TO THEIR WINDOWS. Concluded.

REFRAIN.

As doves . . . to their win - - - dows when
As doves to their win - dows when

dark - ness is nigh, As doves to their
darkness is nigh, when dark-ness is nigh, As

win - - - dows when tem - - - pests are
doves to their win - dows when tem - pests are high, when

high, There's ref - uge in Je - sus for each wea - ry
tem - pests are high,

soul, When dark waves of sor - row would o - ver me roll.

No. 167. BREAK FORTH IN ALLELUIAS.

Mrs. E. W. CHAPMAN.

JNO. R. BRYANT.

1. Shout, shout a - long life's jour - ney, Ye ran-somed of the Lord;
 2. Shout, shout, the Conqu'ror com - eth, The King in røy - al state;
 3. Shout, shout with joy and glad - ness, Be - hold the vic - t'ry won;

Lift up your hearts with sing - ing, Re - joice with one ac - cord.
 To him all praise be - long - eth, For him his serv - ants wait.
 He who on Cal - v'ry suf - fered Is God's e - ter - nal Son.

For lo! the Sav - iour, Je - sus, As Zi - on's King doth reign;
 He is the King e - ter - nal, The na - tions to him bow;
 A - dored by shin - ing an - gels, He now is on the throne,

Un - furl the flag of tri - umph, The vic - t'ry he will gain.
 There's none on earth be - side him, And crowns a - dorn his brow.
 The hosts of sin are van-quished, And all his pow'r shall own.

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BREAK FORTH IN ALLELUIAS. Concluded.

CHORUS.

Break forth in Al - le - lu - ias, For Zi - on's King doth reign;

Un - furl the flag of tri - umph, The vic - t'ry he will gain.

No. 168.

LABAN. S. M.

GEO. HEATH.

Dr. L. MASON.

1 My soul, be on thy guard, Ten thou-sand foes a - rise;
 2 O watch, and fight, and pray! The bat - tle ne'er give o'er;
 3 Ne'er think the vic - t'ry won, Nor once at ease sit down;
 4 Fight on, my soul, till death Shall bring thee to thy God!

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

No. 169. I Will Sing the Wondrous Story.

F. H. ROWLEY.

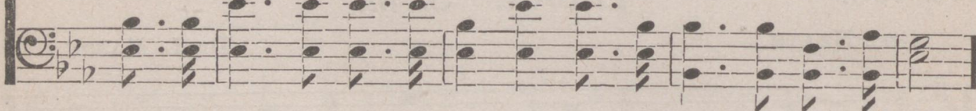
PETER BILHORN.



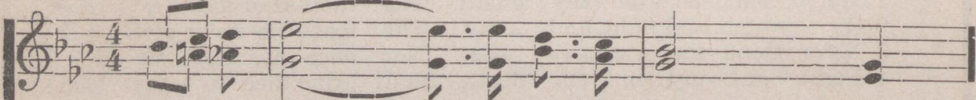
1. I will sing the wondrous sto - ry Of the Christ who died for me,
2. I was lost, but Je - sus found me, Found the sheep that went astray;
3. I was bruis'd, but Je - sus healed me; Faint was I from many a fall,
4. Days of dark-ness still come o'er me, Sor-row's paths I oft - en tread,
5. He will keep me till the riv - er Rolls its wa - ters at my feet;



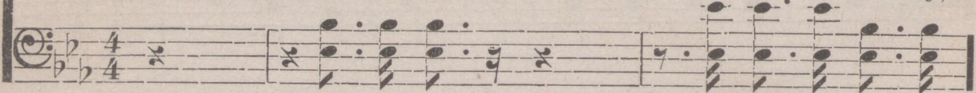
How he left his home in glo - ry For the cross on Cal - va - ry.
 Threw his lov - ing arms a - round me, Drew me back in - to his way.
 Sight was gone and fears possessed me, But he freed me from them all.
 But the Sav - iour still is with me, By his hand I'm safe - ly led.
 Then he'll bear me safe - ly o - ver, Where the loved ones I shall meet.



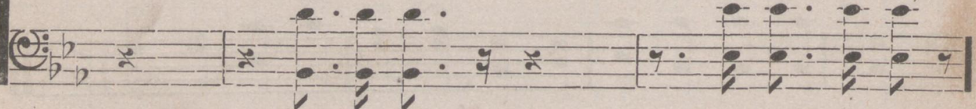
CHORUS. 3



Yes, I'll sing the wondrous sto - - - ry
 Yes, I'll sing the wondrous sto - ry,



Of the Christ who died for me,
 of the Christ who died for me,



I Will Sing the Wondrous Story. Concluded.

Sing it with the saints in glo - - - ry,
Sing it with the saints in glo - ry,

Gath-ered by the crys - tal sea.
Gath - ered by the crys - tal sea.

No. 170.

BOYLSTON. S. M.

Dr. L. MASON.

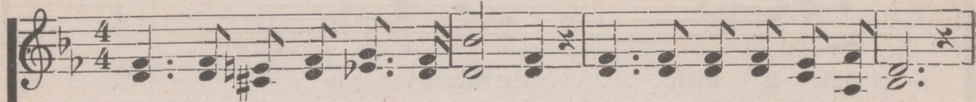
Gently.

1 Did Christ o'er sin - ners weep, And shall our cheeks be dry?
2 The Son of God in tears The wond'ring an - gels see:
3 He wept that we might weep: Each sin de-mands a tear:

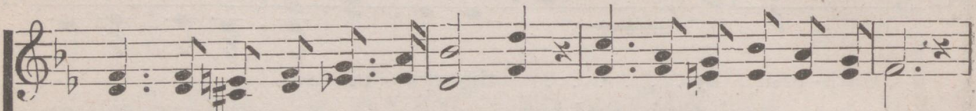
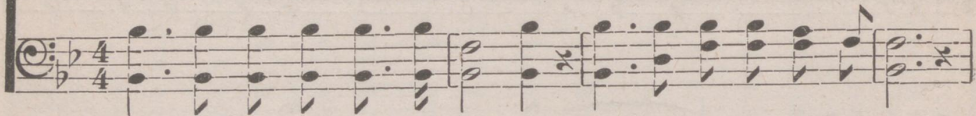
Let floods of pen - i - ten - tial grief Burst forth from ev - 'ry eye.
Be thou as - ton - ished, O my soul: He shed those tears for thee!
In heav'n a - lone no sin is found, And there's no weep - ing there.

No. 171. CAST THY BREAD UPON THE WATERS.

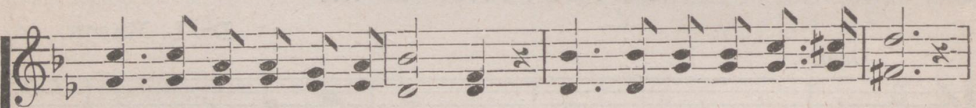
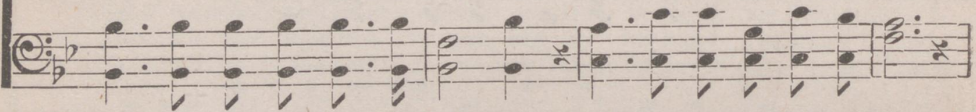
MARIAN E. OGDEN.



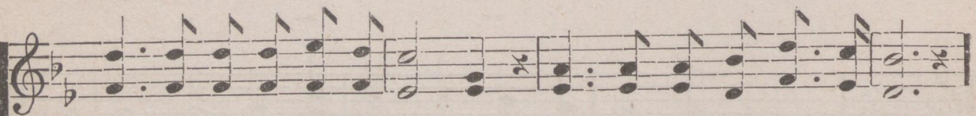
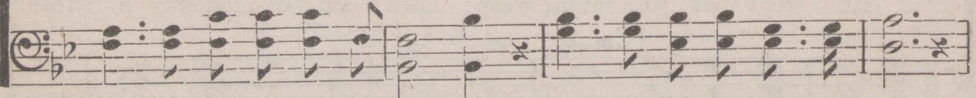
1. Cast thy bread up - on the wa - ters, Ye who have but scant supply ;
2. Cast thy bread up - on the wa - ters, Ye who have a-bundant store ;
3. Cast thy bread up - on the wa - ters, Waft it on with parting breath ;



An - gel eyes will watch a - bove it, Ye shall find it by and by :
It may float on ma - ny bil - lows, It may strand on many a shore :
In some dis - tant, doubtful mo - ment It may save a soul from death :



He who in his righteous bal - ance Does each human ac - tion weigh
You may think it lost for - ev - er, But as sure as God is true,
When you sleep in sol - emn si - lence, 'Neath the morn and evening dew,

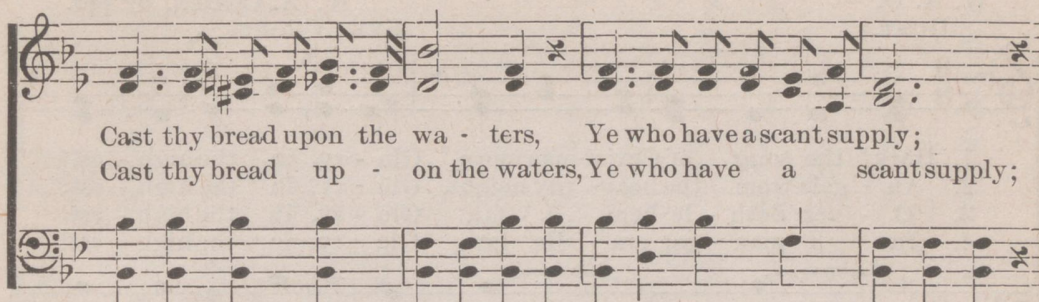


Will your sac - ri - fice re - mem - ber, Will your lov - ing deeds re - pay.
In this life, or in the oth - er, It will yet re - turn to you.
Other hands which you have strengthen'd May strew lil - ies o - ver you.

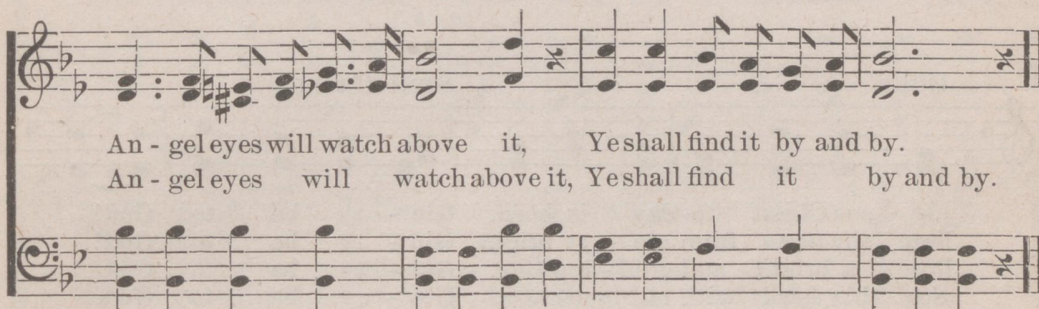


CAST THY BREAD UPON THE WATERS. Concluded.

REFRAIN.

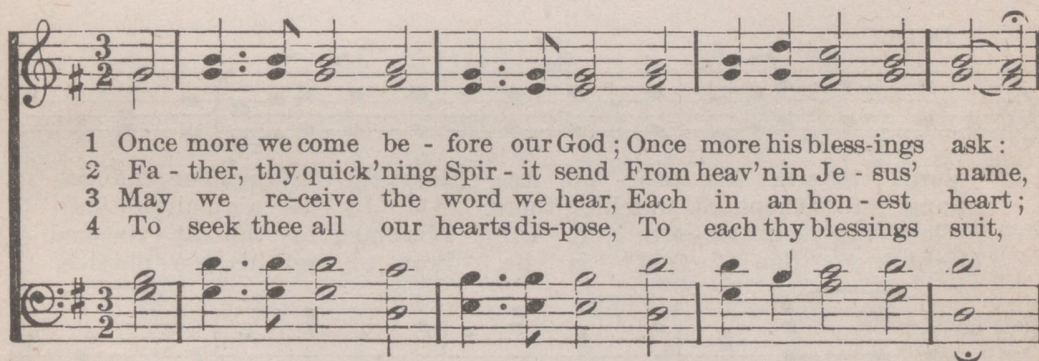


Cast thy bread upon the wa - ters, Ye who have a scant supply;
Cast thy bread up - on the waters, Ye who have a scant supply;

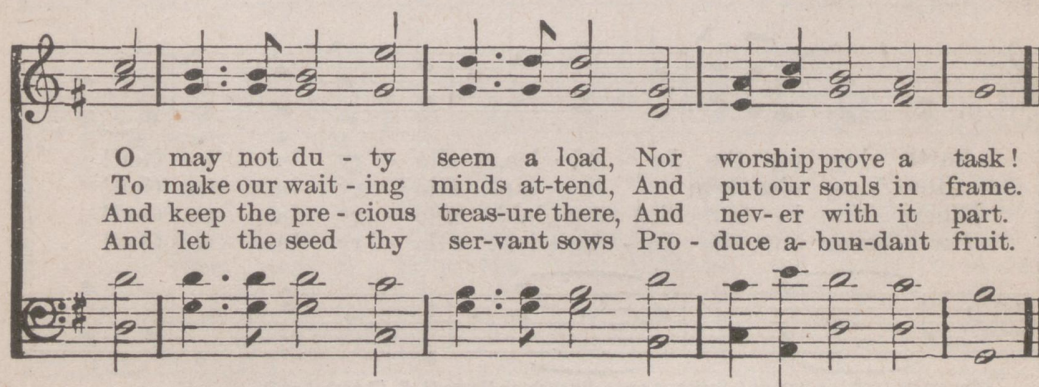


An - geles will watch above it, Ye shall find it by and by.
An - geles will watch above it, Ye shall find it by and by.

No. 172. ARLINGTON. C. M.



1 Once more we come be - fore our God; Once more his bless - ings ask:
2 Fa - ther, thy quick'ning Spir - it send From heav'n in Je - sus' name,
3 May we re - ceive the word we hear, Each in an hon - est heart;
4 To seek thee all our hearts dis - pose, To each thy blessings suit,



O may not du - ty seem a load, Nor worship prove a task!
To make our wait - ing minds at - tend, And put our souls in frame.
And keep the pre - cious treas - ure there, And nev - er with it part.
And let the seed thy ser - vant sows Pro - duce a bun - dant fruit.

No. 173.

HARK! THE SONG.

W. A. O.
DUET.

W. A. OGDEN, by per.
SEMI CHORUS.

1. Hark! the song of Christ-mas morn, Glo - ry, in the high - est!
 2. An - gels from the heav- 'nly height, Glo - ry, in the high - est!
 3. O - ver Beth - le-hem a - far, Glo - ry, in the high - est!
 4. In a man - ger cra - dle low, Glo - ry, in the high - est!

DUET. SEMI CHORUS.

Je - sus Christ to - day is born, Glo - ry be to God!
 Bore the news from glo - ry bright, Glo - ry be to God!
 Rose a bright and guid - ing star, Glo - ry be to God!
 See his head with rad - iance now, Glo - ry be to God!

DEUT.

Born to set his peo - ple free, Shout the tid - ings o'er the sea,
 Sang to shepherds watching there, On Ju - de - a's plains so fair,
 Go - ing on be - fore it led Wise men to the cat - tle shed,
 Might - y Son of God is he, Born to set his peo - ple free,

Earth ring out the Ju - bi - lee, Glo - ry be to God!
 Hov - ring o'er them in the air, Glo - ry be to God!
 Where the in - fant child was laid, Glo - ry be to God!
 Earth rang out the Ju - bi - lee, Glo - ry be to God!

HARK! THE SONG. Concluded.

FULL CHORUS.

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

Peace on earth, good will to men, Sing the joy - ful news a - gain,

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

No. 174.

ST. THOMAS. S. M.

1 My soul, re - peat his praise, Whose mer - cies are so great; Whose
2 God will not al - ways chide; And when his strokes are felt, His
3 High as the heav'ns are raised A - bove the ground we tread, So
4 His pow'r sub-dues our sins; And his for - giv - ing love, Far

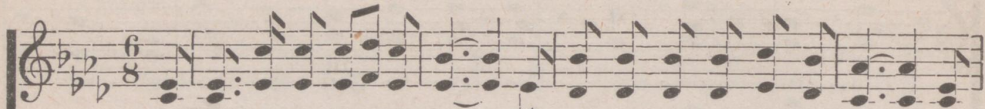
an - ger is so slow to rise, So read - y to a - bate.
strokes are few - er than our crimes, And light - er than our guilt.
far the rich - es of his grace Our high - est thought ex - ceed.
as the east is from the west, Doth all our guilt re - move.

No. 175.

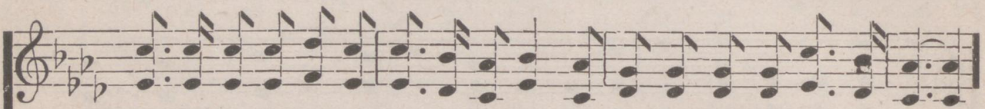
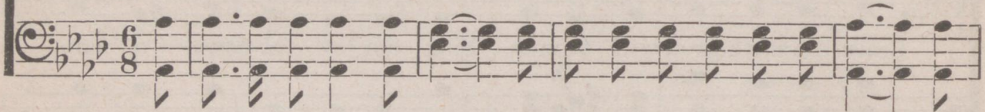
BEAUTIFUL GALILEE.

C. W. R.

Rev. C. W. RAY.



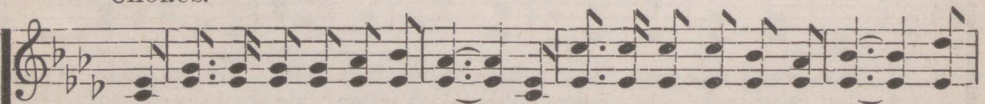
1. O beau-ti - ful Gal - i - lee, Thy sil-ver - y waves I can see; The
2. O beau-ti - ful Gal - i - lee, How fervent the fish-ermen's plea, That
3. O beau-ti - ful Gal - i - lee, How dear must thy name ever be; Thy
4. O beau-ti - ful Gal - i - lee, The stars find their image in thee; O



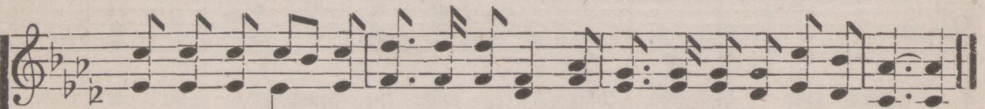
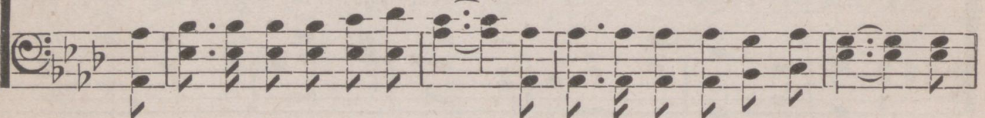
mu - si-cal rills Of thy sen - ti-nel hills, Make melo-dy ev - er for thee.
 Jesus would save From a watery grave, When wild swept the storm o'er the lee.
 billows once trod By thy Maker and God, Seem bending in worship with me.
 that from above The dear Saviour of love May find his blest image in me.



CHORUS.



O beau-ti-ful, beau-ti-ful sea, What memo-ries lin-ger with thee; From



shore un - to shore, Thy waves ever more Seem whisp'ring of Jesus to me.



No. 176. I LOVE TO TELL THE STORY.

KATE HANKEY.

WM. G. FISCHER, by per.

1. I love to tell the sto - ry Of un - seen things a - bove, Of Je - sus
2. I love to tell the sto - ry; More wonder - ful it seems Than all the

and his glo - ry, Of Je - sus and his love. I love to tell the
gold - en fan - cies Of all our gold - en dreams. I love to tell the

sto - ry, Because I know 'tis true: It sat - is - fies my longings As
sto - ry, It did so much for me! And that is just the rea - son I

CHORUS.

nothing else can do. } I love to tell the sto - ry, 'Twill be my theme in
tell it now to thee. }

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

3 I love to tell the story ;
'Tis pleasant to repeat
What seems, each time I tell it,
More wonderfully sweet.
I love to tell the story,
For some have never heard
The message of salvation
From God's own holy word.

4 I love to tell the story ;
For those who know it best
Seem hungering and thirsting
To hear it like the rest.
And when, in scenes of glory,
I sing the new, new song,
'Twill be—the old, old story
That I have loved so long.

No. 177. I LEFT IT ALL WITH JESUS.

J. E. GOULD, by per.

1. I left it all with Je - sus, Long a - go, long a - go, All my
 2. I leave it all with Je - sus, For he knows, for he knows How to
 3. I leave it all with Je - sus, Day by day, day by day; Faith can
 4. O leave it all with Je - sus, Drooping soul, drooping soul; Tell not

guilt and sins I brought him, And my woe, and my woe, When by
 steal the sad, the bit - ter From life's woes, from life's woes; How to
 fair - ly trust my Sav - iour, Come what may, come what may. Hope has
 half, but all the sto - ry; Yes, the whole, yes, the whole. World on

faith I saw him on the tree, Heard his small, still whisper, "'Tis for thee."
 gild the tear-drop with his smile, Make the desert gar - den Bloom awhile.
 dropp'd her an - chor, found her rest In the calm sure hav - en Of his breast;
 worlds are hanging on his hand; Life and death are waiting His command;

From my heart the bur - den Roll'd a - way, Hap - py day, hap - py day.
 When my weakness lean - eth On his might, It seems light, it seems light.
 Love es - teems it heav - en To a - bide At his side, at his side.
 Yet his ten - der bos - om Makes thee room; O come home, oh, come home.

Dr. L. MASON.

1. O love di - vine, how sweet thou art! When shall I
 2. Strong-er his love, than death or hell; Its rich-es
 3. God on - ly knows the love of God: O that it
 4. O that I could for - ev - er sit With Ma-ry

find my will - ing heart All tak - en up by thee? I
 are un - search - a - ble: The first - born sons of light De -
 now were shed a - broad In this poor sto - ny heart! For
 at the Mas - ter's feet! Be this my hap - py choice: My

thirst, I faint, I die to prove The great - ness of re - deem - ing love,
 sire in vain its depths to see; They can - not reach the mys - ter - y,
 love I sigh, for love I pine; This on - ly portion, Lord, be mine!
 on - ly care, de - light, and bliss, My joy, my heav'n on earth be this,

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

No. 179.

REFUGE.

(1st Tune.)
SOLO.

Arr. by R. M. McINTOSH.

1. Je - sus, lov - er of my soul, Let me to thy bo - som fly,

While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the tempest still is high :

DUETT.

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

CHORUS.

Safe in - to the ha - - ven guide, O re -

REFUGE. Concluded.

- ceive my soul at last, O re - ceive my soul at last.

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;
 I am all unrighteousness:
 False, and full of sin, 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. 179.

MARTYN.

(2d Tune.) Fine.

1. { Je-sus, lov-er of my soul, Let me to thy bo-som fly,
 While the nearer wa-ters roll, While the tempest still is high: }

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

D. C.

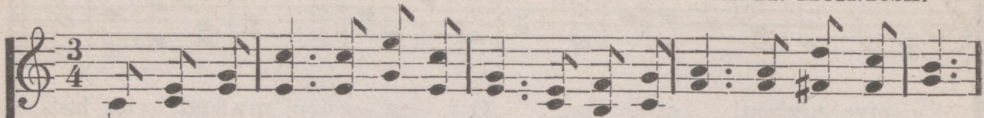
Hide me, O my Sav-iour, hide, Till the storm of life be past;

No. 180.

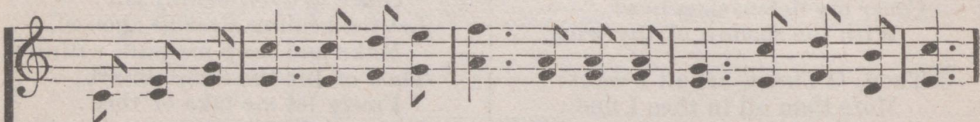
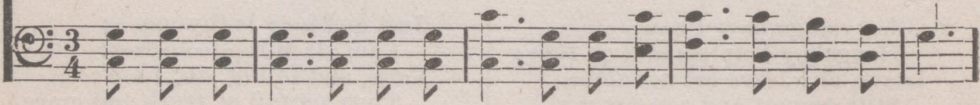
BEHOLD THE LAMB.

Rev. C. W. RAY.

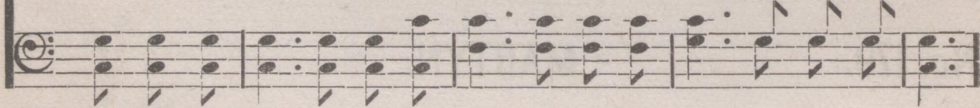
R. M. McINTOSH.



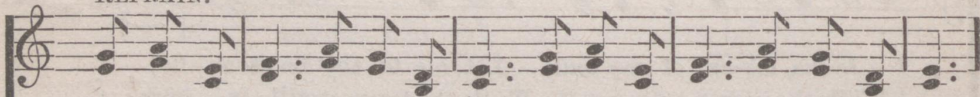
1. Be-hold the Lamb of Cal - va - ry — The bloody cross on which he dies ;
2. Be-hold the Lamb for sin - ners slain ; Betrayed, reviled and cru - ci - fied ;
3. Be-hold the Lamb ! the rough thorn - crown Upon the dear Redeemer's brow ;
4. Be-hold the Lamb ! behold his blood, Who takes our sin and guilt a - way ;



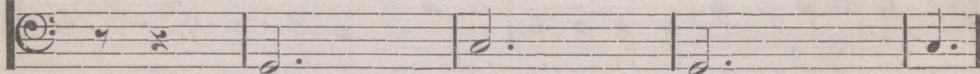
He suf - fers there for you and me, O wondrous, wondrous sac - ri - fice !
 The piercèd hands, the go - ry stain ; The nails, the spear and wounded side.
 While crimson streams are flowing down, Beneath his bleed - ing feet I bow.
 Be - neath its precious cleansing flood My wea - ry, trembling soul I lay.



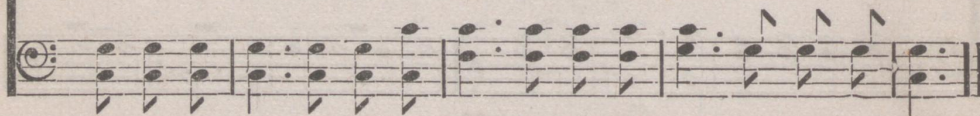
REFRAIN.



O bless - ed sin - a - ton - ing Lamb, Thy dreadful a - go - nies I see !



Thou art my trust and thine I am, For thou hast bled and died for me.



No. 181. THE ROCK THAT IS HIGHER THAN I.

WM. G. FISCHER, by per.

1. O sometimes the shadows are deep, And rough seems the path to the goal;
 2. O sometimes how long seems the day, And sometimes how weary my feet;
 3. O near to the Rock let me keep, If blessings or sor-rows 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 blessèd 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 Rock let me
 is high - er than I;

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

No. 182.

THE OPEN DOOR.

UNA LOCKE.

R. M. McINTOSH.

1. The mis-takes of my life have been ma - ny, But the
 2. I am low - est of those who would love him; I am
 3. My mis-takes his free grace now will cov - er, And my
 4. The mis-takes of my life have been ma - ny, And my

sins of my heart have been more; And I scarce - ly can see
 weak - est of those who would pray; But I come to him as
 sins he will wash all a - way; And the feet that now stum -
 spir - it is wea - ry with sin; Though I scarce - ly can see

for my weep - ing, But I'll knock at the o - pen door.
 he has bid - den, And I know he'll not say me nay.
 ble and fal - ter Soon may en - ter the gate of day.
 for my weep - ing, Yet the Sav - iour will let me in.

REFRAIN.

I know I am sin - ful and un - wor - thy, And now I feel it

more and more, But Je - sus in - vites me to come
 more and more,

THE OPEN DOOR. Concluded.

in, come in; I will en - ter the o - pen door.

No. 183. SAVIOUR, PILOT ME.

J. E. GOULD, by per.

1. Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me O - ver life's tem-pest-u-ous sea;
 2. When th' A-pos - tles' frag - ile bark Struggled with the bil-lows dark;
 3. As a moth - er stills her child Thou canst hush the o - cean wild;
 4. When at last I near the shore, And the fear - ful break - ers roar

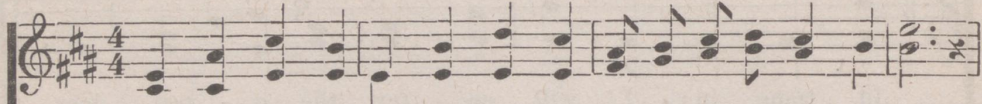
Unknown waves be - fore me roll, Hid - ing rock and treacherous shoal;
 On the storm - y Gal - i - lee, Thou did'st walk a - cross the sea;
 Boist'rous waves o - bey thy will When thou say'st to them "Be still."
 'Twixt me and the peaceful rest, Then, while lean - ing on thy breast,

Chart and com - pass came from thee: Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me.
 And when they be - held thy form, Safe they glid - ed thro' the storm.
 Won - drous Sov' - reign of the sea, Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me.
 May I hear thee say to me, "Fear not, I will pi - lot thee."

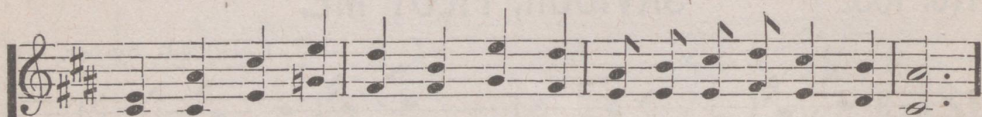
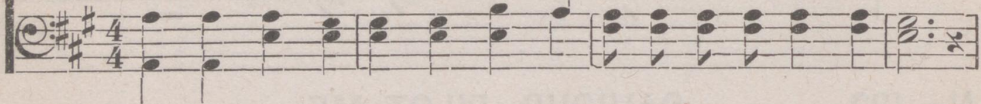
No. 184. Who is This that Comes from Edom?

Words arr. by R. M. M.

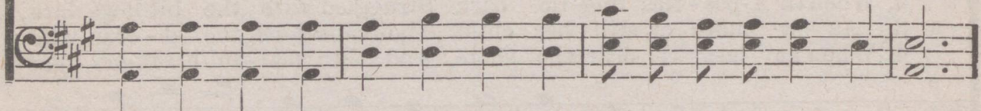
R. M. McINTOSH.



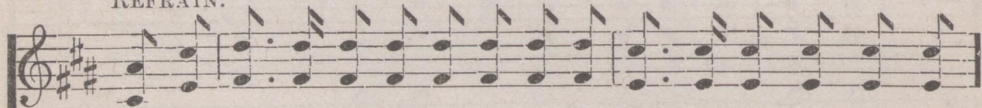
1. Who is this that comes from E-dom, All his raiment stained with blood,
2. Why that blood his rai-ment staining? 'Tis the blood of ma - ny slain;
3. Might-y Vic - tor, reign for - ev - er; Wear the crown so dear-ly won;



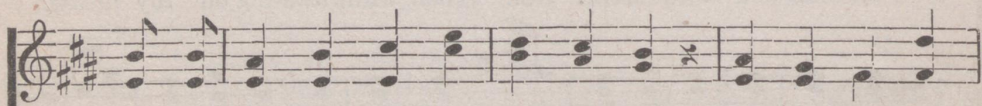
To the cap-tive speak-ing free-dom, Bringing and be-stow-ing good?
Of his foes there's none re-main-ing Now the con-test to main-tain.
Nev - er shall thy peo - ple, nev - er, Cease to sing what thou hast done.



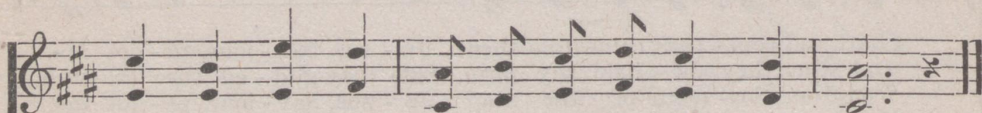
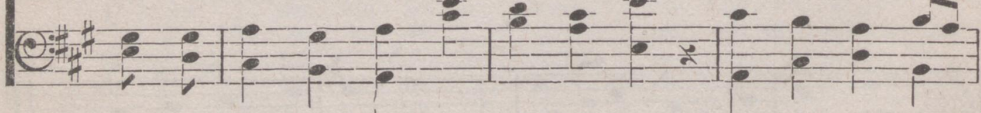
REFRAIN.



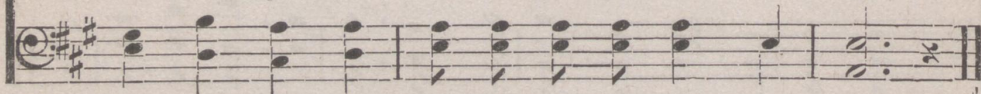
'Tis the Sav-iour, now vic-torious! 'Tis the Sav-iour, now vic - to - rious!



Traveling on - ward, on - ward in his might; 'Tis the Sav - iour;

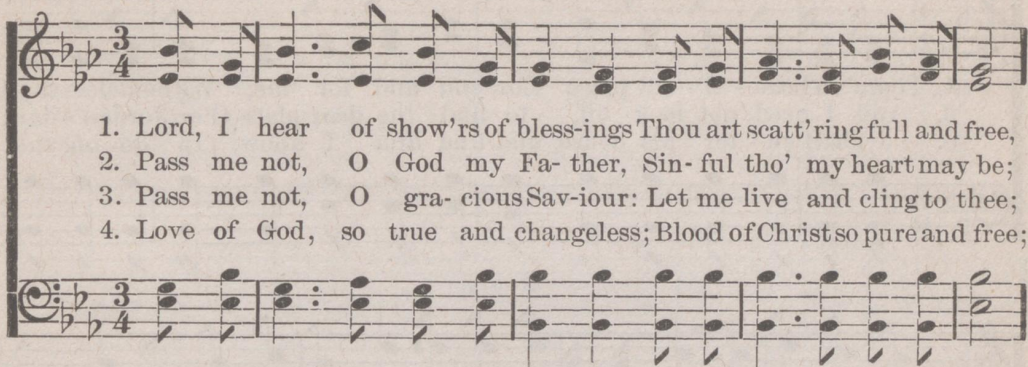


O how glo - ribus, To his peo - ple, is the sight!

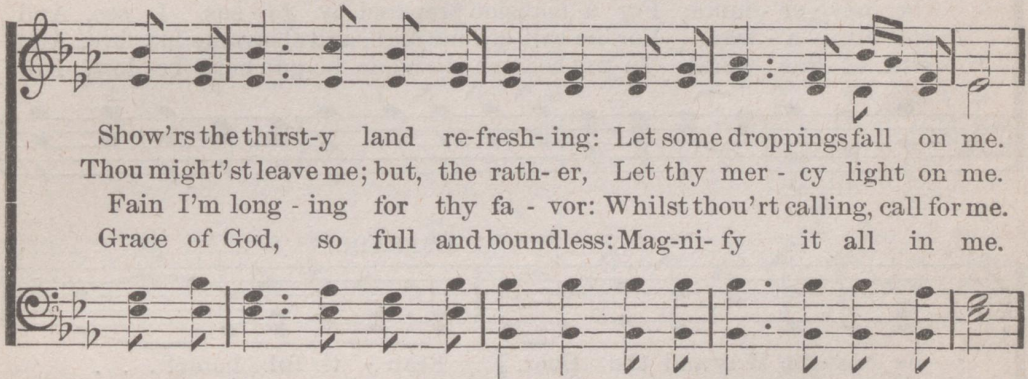


SHOWERS OF BLESSINGS.

R. M. McINTOSH, by per.



1. Lord, I hear of show'rs of bless-ings Thou art scatt'ring full and free,
 2. Pass me not, O God my Fa-ther, Sin-ful tho' my heart may be;
 3. Pass me not, O gra-cious Sav-iour: Let me live and cling to thee;
 4. Love of God, so true and changeless; Blood of Christ so pure and free;



Show'rs the thirst-y land re-fresh-ing: Let some droppings fall on me.
 Thou might'st leave me; but, the rath-er, Let thy mer-cy light on me.
 Fain I'm long-ing for thy fa-vor: Whilst thou'rt calling, call for me.
 Grace of God, so full and boundless: Mag-ni-fy it all in me.

REFRAIN.



E-ven me, e-ven me, Let some droppings fall on me;
 E-ven me, e-ven me,



E-ven me, e-ven me, Let some droppings fall on me.
 E-ven me, e-ven me,

No. 186. THE PLACE PREPARED.

Mrs. M. B. C. SLADE.

R. M. McINTOSH, by per.

1. There's a beau - ti - ful place for you and for me, We homeless shall
 2. And I need not look off, to find the dear place, O'er Jordan's dark
 3. I shall en - ter his house, and find him I know, In do - ing the

be nev - er - more; For a mansion prepared by Je - sus I see, And
 roll - ing a - way; For he call - eth me nigh, and shows me his face, And
 will of his word; In my heav - en - ly home be - gun here be - low, I'll

REFRAIN.

he is the Way and the Door. } Beau - ti - ful home! . . .
 bids me be welcome to - day. }
 dwell ev - er - more with my Lord. } Beau - ti - ful home!

beau - ti - ful home! Sing - ing its sto - ry I tell; O
 beau - ti - ful home!

en - ter, my soul, no lon - ger to roam, For - ev - er with Je - sus to dwell.

No. 187.

McANALLY. C. M. Double.

Arr. by R. M. McINTOSH.

1. Am I a sol-dier of the cross, A foll'wer of the Lamb,
2. Are there no foes for me to face? Must I not stem the flood?
3. Thy saints, in all this glo-rious war, Shall conquer, tho' they die;

And shall I fear to own his cause, Or blush to speak his name?
Is this vile world a friend to grace, To help me on to God?
They see the tri-umph from a - far, By faith they bring it nigh.

Must I be car-ried to the skies On flow-'ry beds of ease,
Sure I must fight if I would reign; Increase my courage, Lord;
When that il - lustrious day shall rise, And all thy ar-mies shine,

While oth - ers fought to win the prize, And sail'd thro' bloody seas?
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain, Sup-port - ed by thy word.
In robes of vict'-ry, thro' the skies, The glo-ry shall be thine.

No. 188.

FREE WATERS.

Mrs. M. B. C. SLADE.

Dr. A. B. EVERETT, by per.

1. There's a fountain free, 'tis for you and me: Let us haste, oh, haste
 2. There's a liv - ing stream, with a crys - tal gleam: From the throne of life
 3. There's a liv - ing well, and its wa - ters swell, And e - ter - nal life
 4. There's a rock that's cleft, and no soul is left That may not its pure

to its brink; 'Tis the fount of love from the source a - bove, And he
 now it flows; While the wa - ters roll let the wea - ry soul Hear the
 they can give; And we joy - ful sing, ev - er spring, oh, spring, As we
 waters share; 'Tis for you and me, and its stream I see: Let us

CHORUS.

bids us all free - ly drink. Will you come to the
 call that forth free - ly goes.
 haste to drink and to live. }
 has - ten joy - ful - ly there. Will you come,

fountain free? Will you come? 'tis for you and me; Thirsty
 Will you come,

soul, hear the wel - come call: 'Tis a fountain o - pen'd for all.
 Thirsty soul,

No. 189. O, HOW I LOVE JESUS! C. M.

Arr. by R. M. McINTOSH.

1. A-las, and did my Sav-iour bleed? And did my Sov'reign die?
 2. Was it for crimes that I have done He groan'd up-on the tree?
 3. Well might the sun in dark-ness hide, And shut his glo-ries in,

Would he de-vote that sa-cred head For such a worm as I?
 A-maz-ing pit-y! grace unknown! And love beyond de-gree!
 When Christ the mighty Mak-er died For man, the creature's sin.

REFRAIN.

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

O how I love Je-sus! Be-cause he first loved me.

4 Thus might I hide my blushing face,
 While his dear cross appears;
 Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
 And melt mine eyes to tears.

5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
 The debt of love I owe:
 Here, Lord, I give myself away:
 'Tis all that I can do.

No. 190. DEATH IS ONLY A DREAM.

Rev. C. W. RAY.
SOLO.

A. J. BUCHANAN, by per.

1. Sad - ly we sing, and with trem - u - lous breath, As we stand by the
 2. Why should we weep when the wea - ry ones rest In the bos - om of
 3. Naught in the riv - er the saintss should appall, 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.

DEATH IS ONLY A DREAM. Concluded.

CHORUS. *

On - ly a dream, on - ly a dream, And glo - ry beyond the dark stream; How
peaceful the slumber, how happy the waking; For death is on - ly a dream.

* Words of Chorus by A. J. Buchanan.

No. 191. HARWELL. 8s, 7s. D.

BENJAMIN FRANCIS.

LOWELL MASON.

FINE.

1. { Praise the Sav-iour, all ye na-tions, Praise him, all ye hosts a - bove; }
 { Shout, with joy - ful ac - cla - ma - tions, His di - vine, vic - torious love; }
 D. C. — Be my all to him de - vot - ed, To my Lord my all I owe.

D. C.
 Be his kingdom now promoted, Let the earth her monarch know;
 Be his king - dom now promoted, Let the earth her monarch know;

2 See how beautiful on the mountains
 Are their feet, whose grand design
 Is to guide us to the fountains
 That o'erflow with bliss divine—
 Who proclaim the joyful tidings
 Of salvation all around—
 Disregard the world's deridings,
 And in works of love abound.

3 With my substance I will honor
 My Redeemer and my Lord;
 Were ten thousand worlds my manor,
 All were nothing to his word;
 While the heralds of salvation
 His abounding grace proclaim,
 Let his friends, of every station,
 Gladly join to spread his fame.

No. 192. WHERE THE LIVING WATERS FLOW.

Words arr.

EDWARD E. NICKERSON by per.

1. Rest to the wea - ry soul And ach - ing breast is giv'n, Down where the
 2. For thee, my soul, for thee These priceless joys were bought, Down where the
 3. Come, with the ransom'd train, The Saviour's prais-es sing, Down where the
 4. And soon, be-fore his face, We'll praise in light a-bove, Down where the

liv-ing waters flow; Grace makes the wounded whole, Love fills our heart with heav'n,
 liv-ing waters flow; Thine is the mer-cy free, That Christ to earth has brought,
 liv-ing waters flow; Re-joice! the Lamb was slain, Adore! he reigns a king,
 liv-ing waters flow; Triumphant thro' his grace, Made perfect by his love,

REFRAIN.

Down where the living waters flow. Down where the living waters flow, . . .
 living waters flow,

Down where the tree of life doth grow, I'm liv - ing in the light, for

Je - sus and the right, Down where the liv-ing wat-ers flow. . . .
 liv-ing waters flow.

No. 193.

HEAR HIM CALLING.

Rev. J. H. MARTIN.

Dr. A. B. EVERETT, by per.

1. Are you stay - ing, safe - ly stay - ing, In the ten - der Shepherd's
 2. Are you hear - ing, glad - ly hear - ing, How he bids his fold - ed
 3. Are you roam - ing, lon - ger roam - ing, In the cold, dark night of

peace - ful fold ? No, I'm stray - ing, sad - ly stray - ing, On the
 flock re - joice ? No, I'm fear - ing, sad - ly fear - ing, I have
 doubt and sin ? No, I'm com - ing, quick - ly com - ing ! O - pen

REFRAIN.

lone - ly mountains, dark and cold.
 fol - lowed far the stranger's voice. } On your ear his lov - ing tones are
 door, make haste to let me in. }

fall - ing, For he seeks you, where - so - e'er you roam. Hear him

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

No. 194.

THE KINGDOM COMING.

Mrs. M. B. C. SLADE.

R. M. McINTOSH, by per.

1. From all the dark pla - ces Of earth's heathen ra - ces, O
 2. The sun - light is glanc - ing O'er ar - mies ad - vanc - ing, To
 3. With shout - ing and sing - ing, And ju - bi - lant ring - ing, Their

see how the thick shad - ows fly! The voice of sal - va - tion A -
 con - quer the king - doms of sin; Our Lord shall pos - sess them, His
 arms of re - bell - ion cast down; At last ev - 'ry na - tion, The

wakes ev - 'ry na - tion; Come o - ver and help us, they cry.
 pres - ence shall bless them, His beau - ty shall en - ter them in.
 Lord of sal - va - tion Their King and Re - deem - er shall crown!

CHORUS.

The king - dom is com - ing, O tell ye the sto - ry God's

ban - ner ex - alt - ed shall be! The earth shall be full of his

THE KINGDOM COMING. Concluded.

know-ledge and glo - ry, As wa - ters that cov - er the sea!

No. 195.

HARP.

Arr. by R. M. McINTOSH.

1 A - maz - ing grace! (how sweet the sound!) That sav'd a wretch like me!

f. I once was lost, but now am found, Was blind, but now I see, FINE.

Close with second strain D. S.

Was blind, but now I see, Was blind, but now I see.

2
'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,
And grace my fears relieved;
How precious did that grace appear,
The hour I first believed!

3
Through many dangers, toils, and snares,
I have already come;
'Tis grace has brought me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home.

4
The Lord has promised good to me;
His word my hope secures:
He will my shield and portion be
As long as life endures.

5
Yea, when this flesh and heart shall fail,
And mortal life shall cease,
I shall possess, within the veil,
A life of joy and peace.

No. 196. IN OUR FATHER'S HOUSE.

Rev. C. W. RAY.

R. M. McINTOSH.

1. In our Fa-ther's house There are mansions bright and fair, And we'll
 2. In our Fa-ther's house All the faith-ful shall be crown'd, While the
 3. In our Fa-ther's house There's a her - i - tage for all, Where the

soon be at home o - ver there; With our Sav - iour King, Who his
 an-thems of wel-come re-sound; We shall then be - hold How the
 shad-ows of night nev - er fall; Where, thro' end - less years, Neith - er

sanc - ti - fied will bring, The de-lights of his king-dom to share.
 wand-'rer from the fold By the Sav - iour was sought and was found.
 cares nor griefs nor fears Shall the ran-somed of Je - sus en - thrall.

REFRAIN.

We shall rest, with the blest, In our
 We shall rest, with the blest,

heav-'nly Fa-ther's house a - bove; We shall rest, for - ev - er -
 We shall rest,

IN OUR FATHER'S HOUSE. Concluded.

more, In the bos-om of our Sav-iour's love.
for - ev - er-more,

No. 197.

RICHMOND.

Dr. A. B. EVERETT, by per.

1 A charge to keep I have, A God to glo - ri - fy;
2 Arm me with jeal - ous care, As in thy sight to live:

S. A nev - er - dy - ing - soul to save, And fit it for the sky;
And O thy ser - vant, Lord, pre - pare A strict ac - count to give! *FINE.*

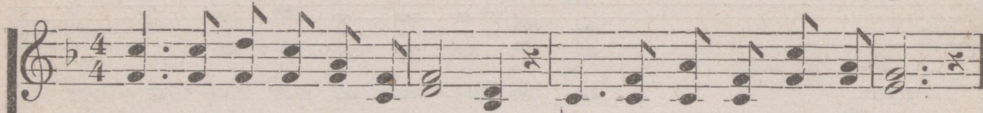
D.S.—O may it all my powers en - gage To do my Mas - ter's will!
As - sured if I my trust be - tray I shall for - ev - er die.

To serve the pres - ent age, My call - ing to ful - fill,
Help me to watch and pray, And on thy - self re - ly, *D.S.*

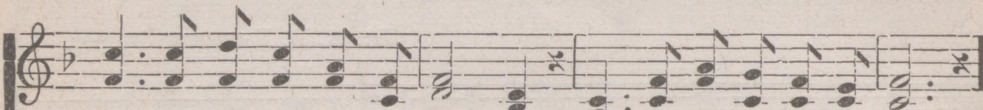
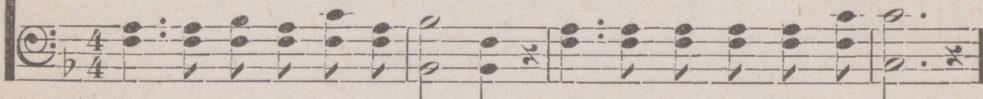
No. 198.

WHAT A FRIEND WE HAVE.

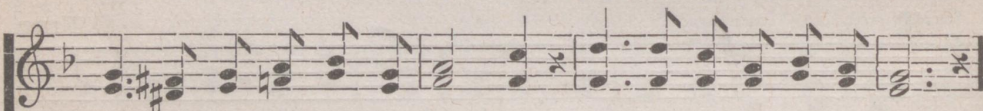
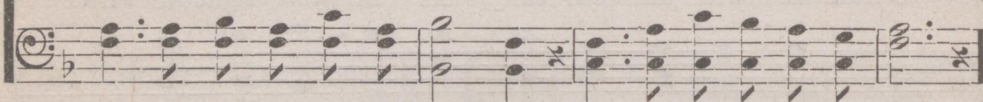
C. C. CONVERSE, by per.



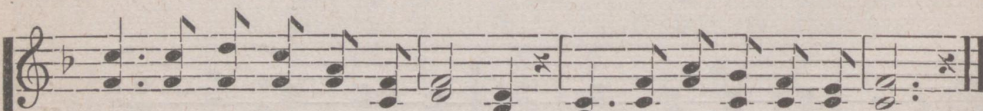
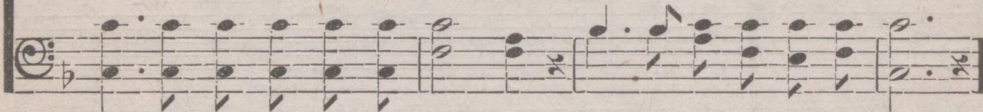
1. What a Friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to bear;
2. Have we tri - als and tempta - tions? Is there trou - ble a - ny - where?
3. Are we weak and heavy la - den, Cumbered with a load of care?



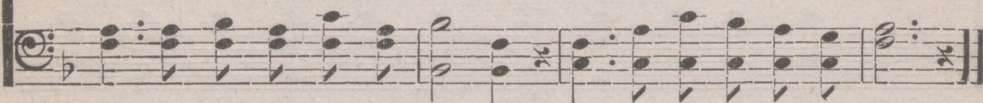
What a priv - i - lege to car - ry Ev - 'ry thing to God in prayer.
We should nev - er be dis - cour - aged, Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Pre - cious Sav - iour, still our ref - uge, — Take it to the Lord in prayer.



O what peace we oft - en for - feit, O what needless pain we bear,
Can we find a friend so faith - ful, Who will all our sor - rows share?
Do thy friends despise, 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 sol - ace there.



No. 199.

IT IS COMING.

H. S.

H. SANDERS.

- 1. It is com-ing, it is com-ing! Speeds the glo-ri-ous day a-long;
- 2. It is com-ing, it is com-ing! See the signs on ev-'ry hand;
- 3. It is com-ing, it is com-ing! See the Day-star shines on high;
- 4. It is com-ing, it is com-ing! Cour-age then—the fight re-new;

It is com-ing, it is com-ing! Right shall triumph o-ver wrong.
 It is com-ing, it is com-ing! Christ shall reign in ev-'ry land.
 It is com-ing, it is com-ing! See the day of triumph's nigh.
 It is com-ing, it is com-ing! Soon 'twill burst up-on your view.

CHORUS.

Prom-ised day, glo-ri-ous day, See the
 Prom-ised day, glo-ri-ous day,

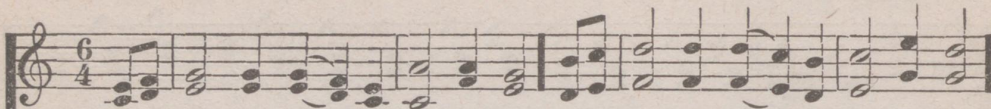
signs on ev-'ry hand; Bless-ed day, hap-py
 See the sign, on ev-'ry hand; Bless-ed day,

day; hap-py day, Christ shall reign in ev-'ry land.

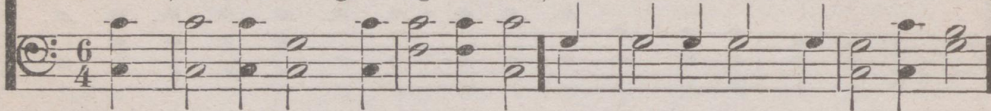
No. 200.

RETREAT.

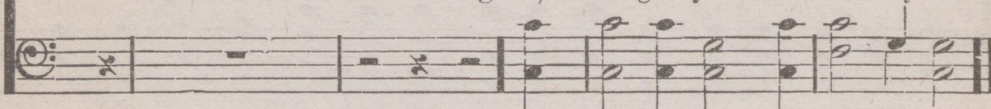
Dr. THOS. HASTINGS.



1 From ev - 'ry stormy wind that blows, From ev - 'ry swell-ing tide of woes,
 2 There is a place where Je-sus sheds The oil of gladness on our heads—
 3 There is a scene where spirits blend, Where friend holds fellowship with friend:
 4 There, there on ea - gle wings we soar, And sin and sense mo - lest no more;



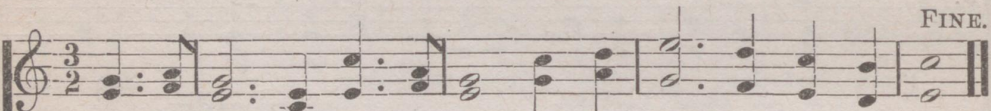
There is a calm, a sure retreat: 'Tis found be - neath the mer - cy - seat.
 A place than all besides more sweet: It is the blood - bought mer - cy - seat.
 Though sunder'd far, by faith they meet A - round one com - mon mer - cy - seat.
 And heav'n comes down our souls to greet, While glo - ry crowns the mer - cy - seat.



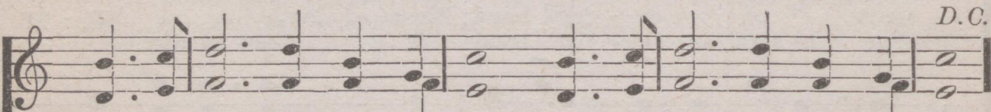
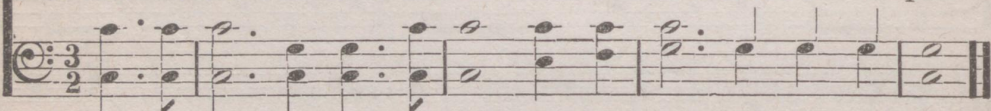
No. 201.

ROCK OF AGES.

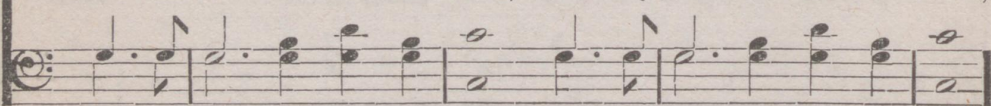
FINE.



1 Rock of a - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in thee:
 D.C.—Be of sin the dou - ble cure, Save from wrath and make me pure.



Let the wa - ter and the blood, From thy wound-ed side which flowed,



2 Could my tears forever flow,
 Could my zeal no languor know,
 These for sin could not atone;
 Thou must save, and thou alone:
 In my hand no price I bring,
 Simply to thy cross I cling.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
 When my eyes shall close in death,
 When I rise to worlds unknown,
 And behold thee on thy throne,
 Rock of ages, cleft for me,
 Let me hide myself in thee.

No. 202.

GOD BE WITH YOU.

J. E. RANKIN, D.D.

W. G. TOMER, by per.

1 God be with you till we meet a-gain, By his counsels guide uphold you,
 2 God be with you till we meet a-gain, 'Neath his wings securely hide you,
 3 God be with you till we meet a-gain, When life's perils thick confound you,
 4 God be with you till we meet a-gain, Keep love's banner 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 pro-vide you, God be with you till we meet a-gain.
 Put his arms un-fail-ing round you, God be with you till we meet a-gain.
 Smite death's threat'ning wave before you, God be with you till we meet a-gain.

REFRAIN.

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

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

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

No. 203. GLORY BE TO THE FATHER.

CHAPPLE.

Glo - ry be to the Fa - ther, Glo - ry be to the

Son, Glo - ry be to the Ho ly Ghost; As it

was in the be - gin - ning, is now,
As it was in the be - gin - ning, is

now, and ev - er shall be, world with - out end, world

with - out end, world with - out end. A - - MEN.

No. 204. GREENVILLE. 8, 7. Double.

FINE.

1 { Sav-iour, breathe an evening blessing Ere re - pose our spir - its seal: }
 { Sin and want we come con - fessing; Thou canst save and thou canst heal. }

D.C.—An - gel guards from thee surround us; We are safe, if thou art nigh.

D.C.

Though de - struction walk a - round us, Though the ar - row near us fly,

<p>2 Though the night be dark and dreary, Darkness cannot hide from thee; Thou art he who, never weary, Watcheth where thy people be.</p>	<p>Should swift death this night o'ertake And our couch become our tomb, [us, May the morn in heaven awake us, Clad in light, and deathless bloom.</p>
--	---

No. 205. 8, 7.

<p>1 Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing, Bid us now depart in peace; Still on heavenly manna feeding, Let our faith and love increase:</p>	<p>Fill each breast with consolation; Up to thee our hearts we raise: When we reach our blissful station, Then we'll give thee nobler praise.</p>
---	--

No. 206. OLD HUNDRED. L. M.

Praise God, from whom all blessing flow; Praise him, all creatures here below;

Praise him above, ye heavenly host; Praise Father, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost.

✓ = not indexed as a tune.

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