



"AND THE RANSONED OF THE LORD SHALL RETURN,  
AND COME TO ZION WITH SONGS  
AND EVERLASTING JOY UPON THEIR HEADS."

# SONGS OF ZION.

A NEW SONG BOOK

By

SMBROWN,

JMHUNT,

HNLINCOLN.

WORD AND WAY PUBLISHING CO.  
KANSAS CITY, MO.

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Tenney

29 April 1965

# SONGS OF ZION

A COLLECTION OF

## OLD AND NEW SONGS

FOR

Sunday-Schools, Prayer Meetings, Revivals and  
all other Religious Worship,

BY

S. M. BROWN, J. M. HUNT and H. N. LINCOLN

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KANSAS CITY, MO.

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## PREFACE

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The enthusiastic reception accorded our abridged edition of SONGS OF ZION assures us that the public is waiting for the appearance of our Completed Book.

We have inserted many of the old hymns and tunes, and in order that the aged children of God may not be disappointed, we have allowed many harmonical and grammatical errors to appear, for the sake of presenting these compositions as nearly in their original form as possible.

To cheer and increase the number on the way, we give to the public, SONGS OF ZION Complete.

S. M. BROWN,  
J. M. HUNT and  
H. N. LINCOLN.

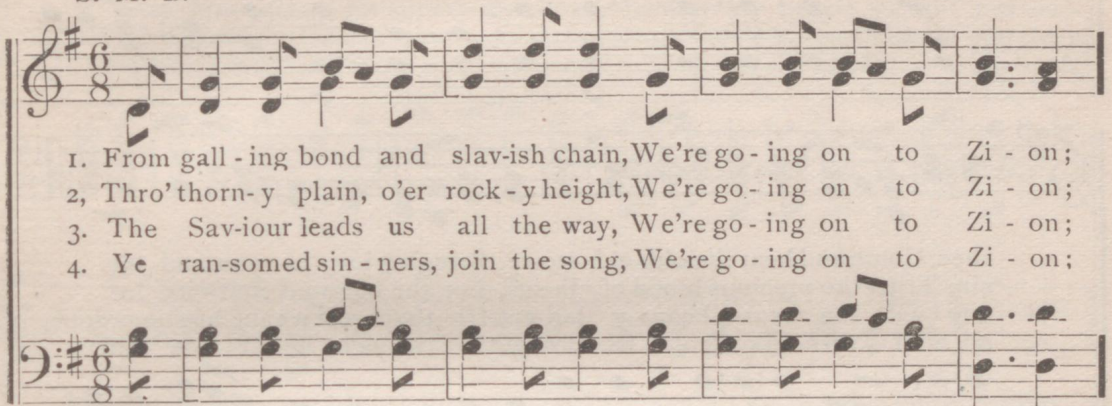
# SONGS OF ZION.

"And the ransomed of the Lord shall return, and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads." — Isa. 35: 10.

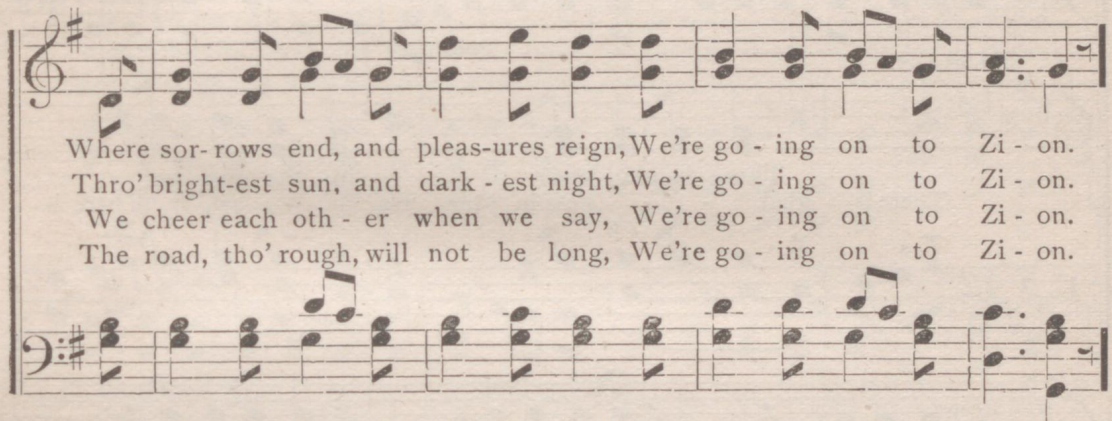
## No. 1. GOING ON TO ZION.

S. M. B.

S. M. BROWN.

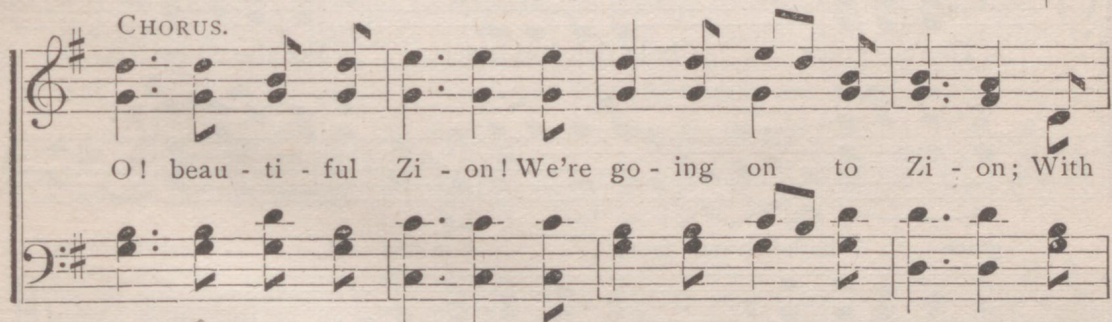


1. From gall - ing bond and slav-ish chain, We're go - ing on to Zi - on;  
2. Thro' thorn-y plain, o'er rock-y height, We're go - ing on to Zi - on;  
3. The Sav-iour leads us all the way, We're go - ing on to Zi - on;  
4. Ye ran-somed sin - ners, join the song, We're go - ing on to Zi - on;

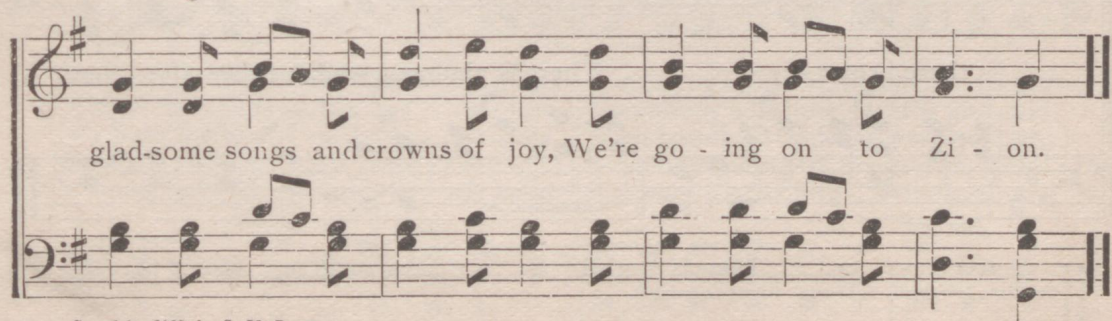


Where sor-rows end, and pleas-ures reign, We're go - ing on to Zi - on.  
Thro' bright-est sun, and dark - est night, We're go - ing on to Zi - on.  
We cheer each oth - er when we say, We're go - ing on to Zi - on.  
The road, tho' rough, will not be long, We're go - ing on to Zi - on.

CHORUS.



O! beau - ti - ful Zi - on! We're go - ing on to Zi - on; With



glad-some songs and crowns of joy, We're go - ing on to Zi - on.

# No. 2. THERE IS GLADNESS.

Mrs. W. J. KENNEDY.

H. N. LINCOLN.

1. There is glad-ness in the gos - pel, There is mer - cy, soul, for  
 2. There is glad-ness in the gos - pel, There is cleans-ing from thy  
 3. There is glad-ness in the gos - pel, There is rest for ev - 'ry  
 4. There is glad-ness in the gos - pel, There's sal - va - tion for us

thee; Come and hear the old, old sto-ry, Bringing joy to you and me.  
 sin; Trust the precious blood of Je-sus, Let the bless-ed Spir - it in.  
 one Of the weary, heav - y lad-en, If they trust what Christ has done.  
 all, If we hearken to its tidings, If we yield un - to its call.

REFRAIN.

There is glad - - ness in the gos - - pel, There is  
 There is glad-ness in the gos - pel, There is

There is grace both rich and free; For the vil-est

grace . . . both rich and free; . . . For the vil - - est there is

there is mer - cy, There is gladness, soul, for thee. (for thee).

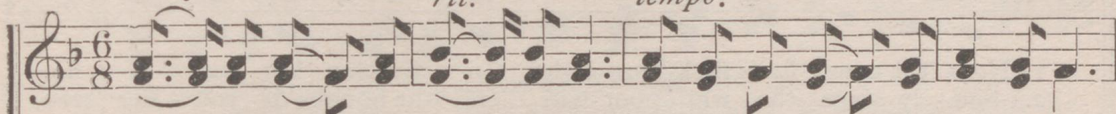
mer - cy, There is glad - - ness, soul, for thee. . . .

# No. 3. SOMEBODY'S DARLING.

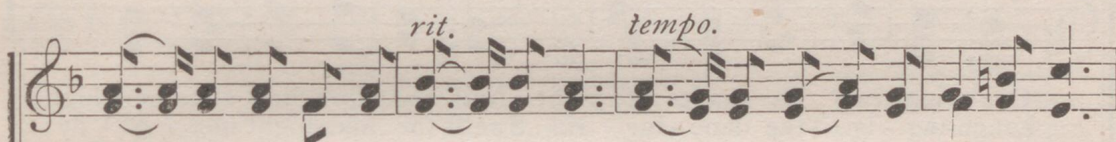
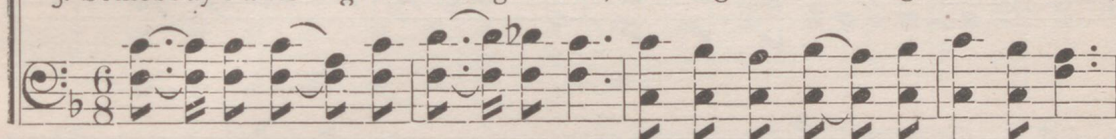
LACOSTA.

J. M. HUNT.

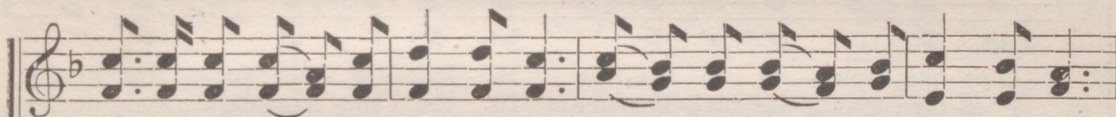
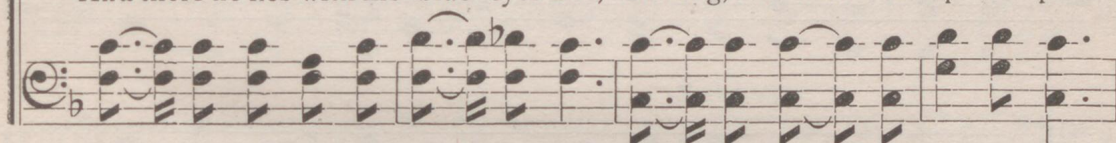
*Gently and slowly.* *rit.* *tempo.*



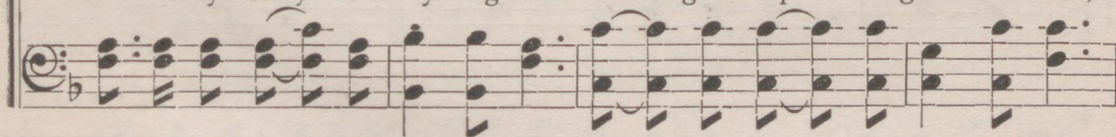
1. In - to a ward of the white-wash'd hall, There where the dead and dy-ing lay,
2. Matted and damp are the curls of gold Kissing the snow of that fair young brow;
3. Kiss him once for somebody's sake, Murmur a pray'r so soft and low—
4. God knows best! He has somebody's love; Somebody's heart enshrin'd him there;
5. Somebody's watching and waiting for him, Yearning to hold him again to her heart;



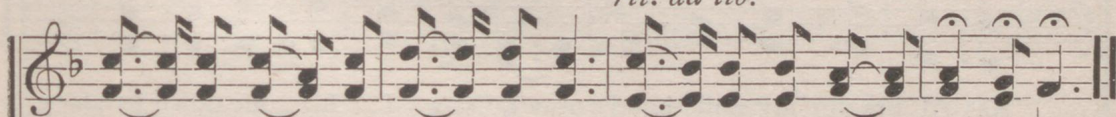
Wounded by bay - o - nets, shells, and balls, Somebody's darling was borne one day,  
Pale are the lips of so del-i-cate mold, Somebody's darling is dy - ing now.  
One bright curl from its fair mates take—They were somebody's pride you know;  
Somebody waft-ed his name a - bove, Night and morn on the wings of pray'r.  
And there he lies with his blue eyes dim, Smiling, with child-like lips a - part.



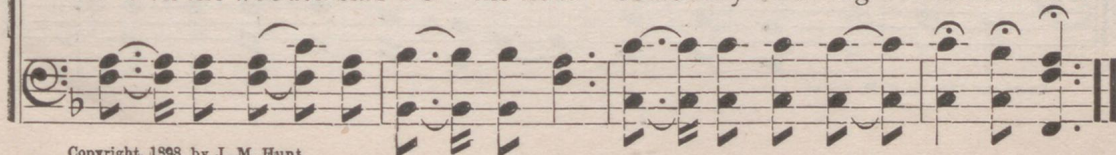
Somebod-y's darling so young and brave! Wear-ing yet on his sweet, pale face—  
Back from his beautiful blue-veined brow, Brush his wan-der-ing waves of gold;  
Somebod-y's hand hath rest - ed there; Was it a moth - er's soft and white?  
Somebody wept when he marched away, Looking so handsome, so brave and grand!  
Ten - derly bur-y the fair young dead—Pausing to drop on his grave a tear;



*rit. ad lib.*



Soon to be hid in the dust of the grave—Lingering lights of his'boyhood's grace.  
Cross his hands on his bos - om now—Somebody's darling is still and cold.  
Or have the lips of a sis - ter fair Been bap-tized in their waves of light?  
Somebody's kiss on his fore - head lay; Somebody clung to his part-ing hand.  
Carve on the wooden slab o'er his head "Somebody's dar-ling slumbers here."

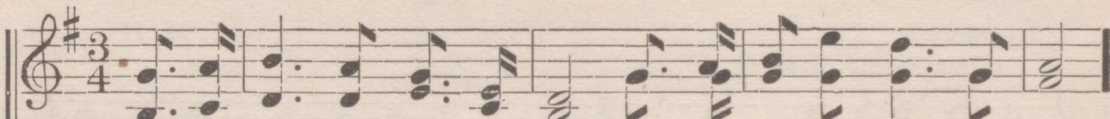




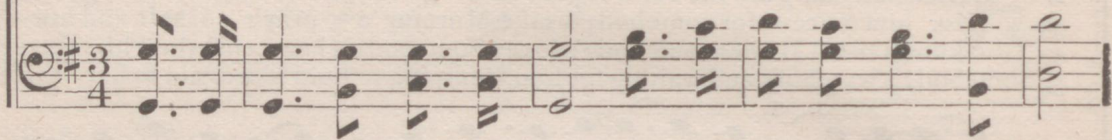
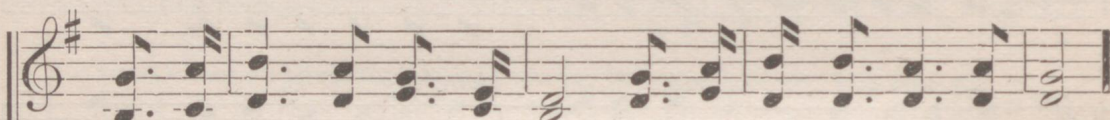
## No. 4.

## RETIRING IN CAMP.

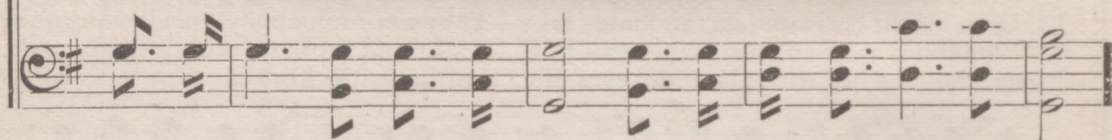
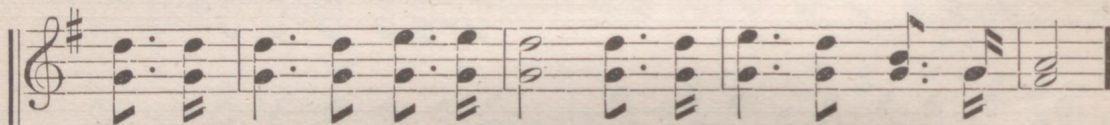
S. M. BROWN.





1. Near the camp-fire's flick-'ring light, In my blan-ket bed I lie,  
 2. Sad-ly sings the whip-poor-will In the boughs of yon-der tree,  
 3. 'Mid the stars one face I see—One whose sins were washed a-way—  
 4. Faint-er grows the flick-'ring light, As each em-ber slow-ly dies;


Gaz-ing thro' the shades of night And the twink-ling stars on high;  
 Laugh-ing-ly the danc-ing rill Swells the mid-night mel-o-dy;  
 Moth-er, who in in-fan-cy Taught my ba-by lips to pray;  
 Plain-tive-ly the birds of night Fill the air with sad-'ning cries.

O'er me, spir-its in the air Si-lent vig-ils seem to keep,  
 Foe-men may be lurk-ing near In the can-yon dark and deep—  
 Her sweet spir-it hov-ers near, In this lone-ly moun-tain brake—  
 O-ver me they seem to cry, "You may nev-er more a-wake."

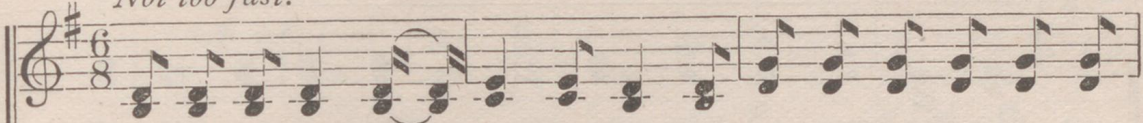
As I breathe my child-hood's pray'r, "Now I lay me down to sleep."  
 Low I breathe in Je-sus' ear, "I pray the Lord my soul to keep."  
 Take me to her, Sav-iour, dear, "If I should die be-fore I wake."  
 Low I lisp, "If I should die, I pray the Lord my soul to take."



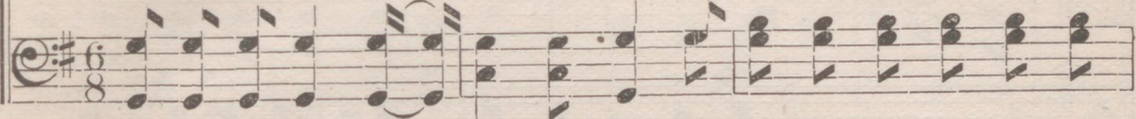
# No. 5. TURNED AWAY FROM THE BEAUTIFUL GATE.

D. E. DORTCH.  
*Not too fast.*

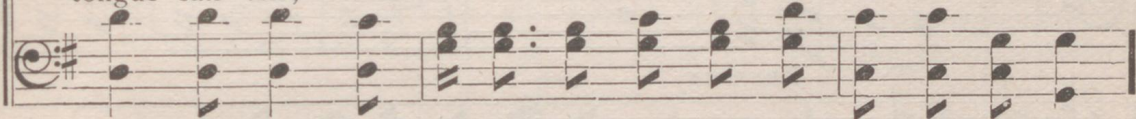
D. E. DORTCH, by per.



1. Some one will knock at the saints' bright home, And hear the Lord saying, "You
2. Some one will hear the an - gel's song, And wish he could join with the
3. Some one will stand with an ach - ing heart, While Je - sus pro - noun - ces the
4. Some one will lin - ger with tear - ful eyes, While Christ and His peo - ple as -
5. Some one will go in - to dark - ness drear, Far off from the Sav - iour and
6. Some one will en - ter the door of hell, And hear the sad wailings no



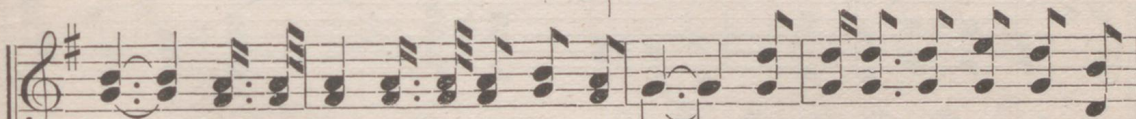
can - not come;" With sad - ness he'll mourn o'er his sor - row - ful state,  
hap - py throug With sigh - ing he'll mourn o'er his sor - row - ful state,  
word, "de - part;" With groanings he'll mourn o'er his sor - row - ful state,  
cend the skies; With weeping he'll mourn o'er his sor - row - ful state,  
all that's dear; With an - guish he'll mourn o'er his sor - row - ful state,  
tongue can tell; With hor - ror he'll mourn o'er his sor - row - ful state,



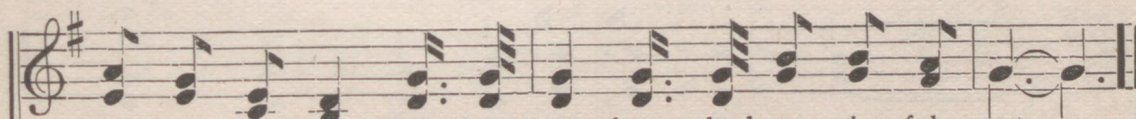
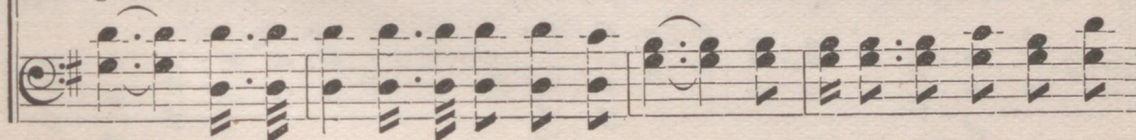
## REFRAIN.



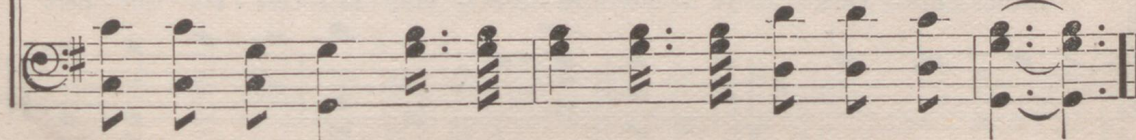
Turned a - way from the beau - ti - ful gate. Turned a - way from the beau - ti - ful



gate, Turned a - way from the beau - ti - ful gate; With sadness he'll mourn o'er his



sor - row - ful state, Turned a - way from the beau - ti - ful gate.



# No. 6. JESUS RECEIVETH SINNERS.

E. R. LATTA.

H. N. LINCOLN.

1. Pass the news a - long the line, Je - sus re - ceiv - eth  
 2. For our sins He doth a - tone, Je - sus re - ceiv - eth  
 3. We will love and serve Him here, Je - sus re - ceiv - eth  
 4. Come and join us while we sing, Je - sus re - ceiv - eth

sin - ners; Bless - ed say - ing, truth di - vine, Je - sus re - ceiv - eth  
 sin - ners; There is hope in Him a - lone, Je - sus re - ceiv - eth  
 sin - ners; Cast on Him our ev - 'ry care, Je - sus re - ceiv - eth  
 sin - ners; Glo - ry to our heav'n - ly King, Je - sus re - ceiv - eth  
 ceiv - eth sin - ners;

## REFRAIN.

sin - ners. Pass the joy - ful news a - long the line,  
 ceiv - eth sin - ners. Pass the news . . . . a - long the line, . . .

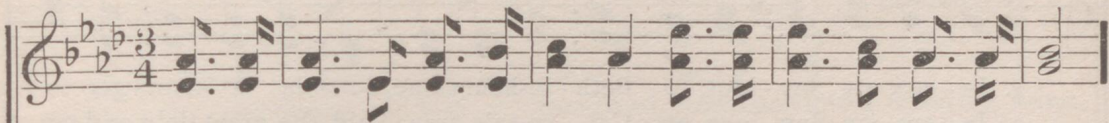
Je - sus re - ceiv - eth sin - ners; Bless - ed say - ing, truth di -  
 Je - sus re - ceiv - eth, re - ceiv - eth sin - ners; Bless - ed gos - pel say - ing,

vine, Je - sus re - ceiv - eth sin - ners.  
 truth di - vine, Je - sus re - ceiv - eth, re - ceiv - eth sin - ners.

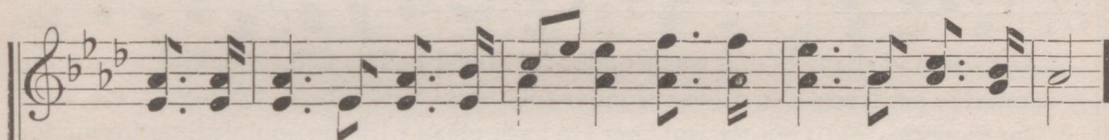
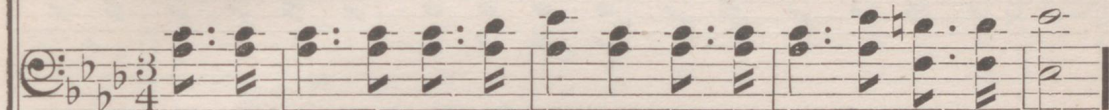
# No. 7. HALLELUJAH! JOYFUL STORY.

CHAS. WESLEY.

Harmonized by J. M. HUNT.



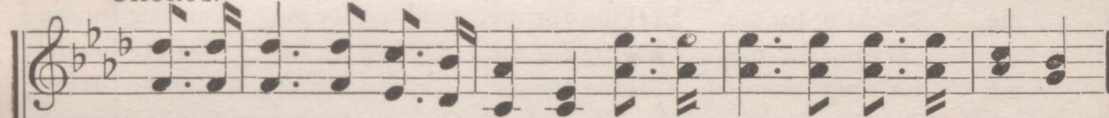
1. Come, Thou long ex - pect - ed Je - sus, Born to set Thy peo - ple free ;
2. Isra - el's Strength and Conso - la - tion, Hope of all the earth Thou art, —
3. Born Thy peo - ple to de - liv - er ; Born a child, and yet a King ;
4. By Thine own E - ter - nal Spir - it, Rule in all our hearts a - lone ;



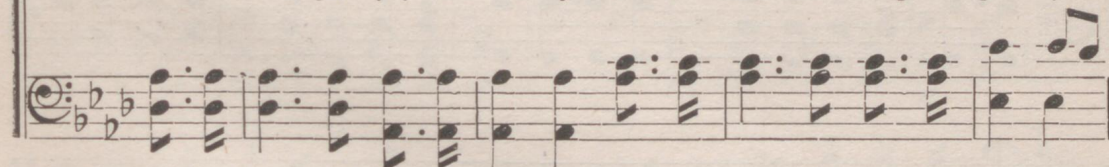
From our fears and sins re - lease us, Let us find our rest in Thee.  
Dear De - sire of ev - 'ry na - tion, Joy of ev - 'ry long - ing heart.  
Born to reign in us for - ev - er, Now Thy gra - cious kingdom bring.  
By Thine all - suf - fi - cient mer - it, Raise us to Thy glo - rious throne.



## CHORUS.



Hal - le - lu - jah! joy - ful sto - ry; Je - sus comes, the King of glo - ry!



Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! Je - sus comes, comes to save.



No. 8.

SEEKING FOR ME.

E. E. H.

E. E. HASTY.

1. Je - sus, my Sav - iour, to Beth - le - hem came, Born in a man - ger to  
 2. Je - sus, my Sav - iour, on Cal - va - ry's tree Paid the great debt, and my  
 3. Je - sus, my Sav - iour, the same as of old; While I did wan - der a -  
 4. Je - sus, my Sav - iour, shall come from on high, Sweet is the prom - ise as

sor - row and shame; Oh, it was won - der - ful! blest be His name! Seeking for me, for  
 soul He set free; Oh, it was won - der - ful! how could it be? Dy - ing for me, for  
 far from the fold, Gen - tly and long He hath plead with my soul, Call - ing for me, for  
 wea - ry years fly; Oh, I shall see Him de - scend - ing the sky, Com - ing for me, for

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

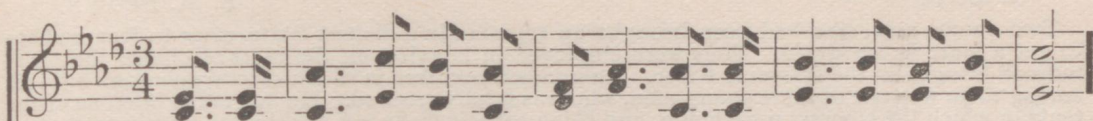
me,	Seeking for me,	Seeking for me,	Seeking for me,	Seeking for me;
me,	Dy - ing for me,	Dy - ing for me,	Dy - ing for me,	Dy - ing for me;
me,	Call - ing for me,	Call - ing for me,	Call - ing for me,	Call - ing for me;
me,	Com - ing for me,	Com - ing for me,	Com - ing for me,	Com - ing for me;

Oh, it was won - der - ful! blest be His name! Seeking for me, for me.  
 Oh, it was won - der - ful! how could it be? Dy - ing for me, for me.  
 Gen - tly and long He hath plead with my soul, Call - ing for me, for me.  
 Oh, I shall see Him de - scend - ing the sky, Com - ing for me, for me.

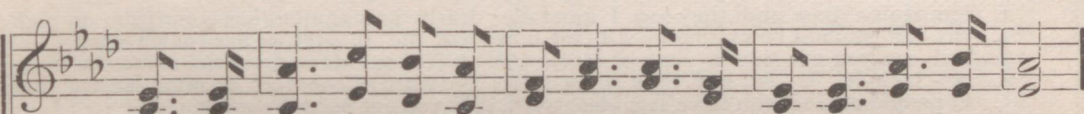
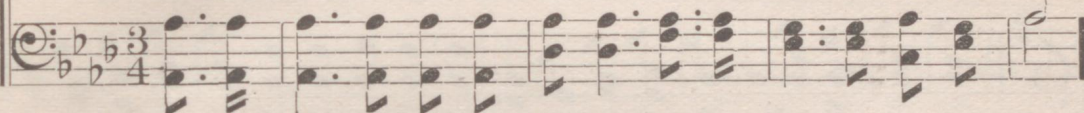
# No. 9. SHADOWS ON OUR LIVES.

THOS. DUNN ENGLISH.

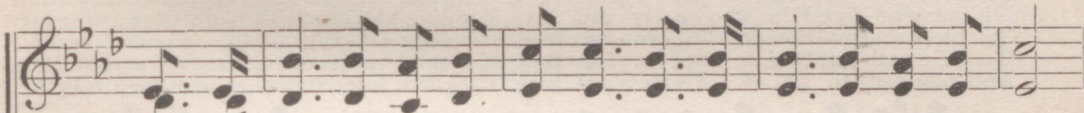
S. M. BROWN.



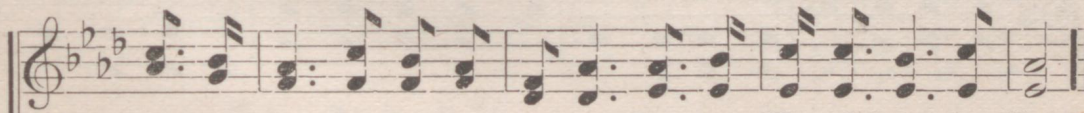
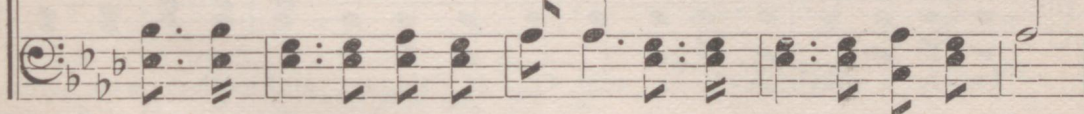
1. In the dense and leaf-y woodland, From each loft-y tree-top down,
2. When our life is young and buoyant, When our hopes are high and strong,
3. Words, in care-less moments ut-tered, And by us for-got-ten soon,
4. Some ne-glect of bound-en du-ty, But a tri-fle at the time,
5. When, our life's day near-ly end-ed, Comes the set-ting of the sun;
6. When our sun-set fades to twilight, And the fi-nal hour is here;



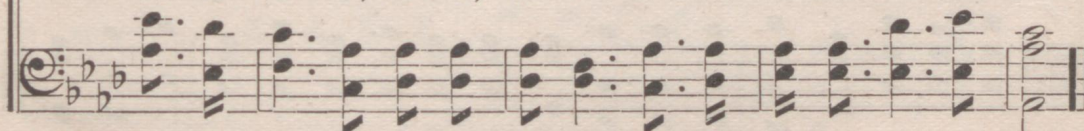
Flecked with dash-es of the sun-light, Falls the shad-ow cool and brown.  
Then be-ware of thoughtless er-rors That are something less than wrong;  
Grow with those whose hearts are wounded, As the fresh-ets swell in June.  
Mere-ly dis-cord in the mu-sic, Mere-ly er-ror in the rhyme—  
Though the crim-son, gold, and pur-ple Of a sun-set sky be won;  
When the world a-round is pass-ing, And the world to come is near;



But how dif-f'rent is the shad-ow Which our soul of light de-priv-es;  
For, tho' each may be a tri-fle, As a shad-ow it sur-ives;  
More than bur-thens they may crush us, They may gall us more than gyves;  
Worse than whips some day may lash us, Or may wound us worse than knives,  
Though we close the day in hon-or, He-ros e-ven to our wives,  
Then our mem-'ries thron-g a-round us, And the flesh with spir-it strives,



Dif-f'rent far from ma-ny shad-ows Nev-er lift-ed from our lives.  
And we nev-er thro'en-deav-or Lift that shad-ow from our lives.  
Strive we e'er so much we nev-er Lift the shadows from our lives.  
And our deep re-morse shall nev-er Lift the shad-ow from our lives.  
Yet this glow ex-pir-ing nev-er Lifts the shad-ow from our lives.  
And we nev-er, nev-er, nev-er Lift the shadows from our lives.



# No. 10. DYING FROM HOME, AND LOST.

S. M. B.

S. M. BROWN.

Two young men, who had been brought up together in a distant State, came to Kansas City to get a start in the world. They were employed in laboring on the piers of one of the great railroad bridges on the Missouri River. An accident occurred in which several men were injured, among them was one of these young men, who was fatally crushed. He was taken into one of the tents in which the laborers were living, and being conscious, he was told by the physician that he could live only a few hours. He requested his companion to pray with him and stated that he was not prepared to die. His friend assured him that he did not pray for himself and was not fit to pray for a dying man. Then he asked that a song might be sung, but was again assured by his friend that he knew no song appropriate to an occasion like that. Finally, he begged that a Bible might be brought and a few verses read to him before he died. The tents and cabins were searched, and there was not a copy of the word of God to be found, and so, among his last words the dying man exclaimed: "And is it possible that away from home and without a prayer, a song, or a verse of Scripture, I am to be ushered into the presence of God unprepared?"

1. Companion, draw nigh, they say I must die; Early the summons has come from on high;  
 2. Ah! can you not bow and pray with me now? Sad the re-gret, we have never learned how  
 3. And can you not sing a song of His love, How He came down from the mansions above,  
 4. A - las! it is so; but thus it must be; No word of com-fort or prom-ise for me;  
 5. O people of God, who have His blest word, Will you not heed the command of your Lord,

The way is so dark, and yet I must go; Oh, that such sorrow you nev-er may know!  
 To come be-fore Him, who on - ly can save, Leading in triumph thro' death and the grave.  
 To bleed and to die on Cal - va - ry's tree, Bring-ing sal - va-tion to sinners like me?  
 To die with-out God or hope in His Son, Cov-ered in darkness, bereaved and undone.  
 And pub-lish to all of Ad-am's lost race Par-don, for-giveness, sal - vation thro' grace?

CHORUS.

On - ly a pray'r, on - ly a tear, O if sis - ter and moth-er were here:

On - ly a song, 'twill comfort and cheer, On - ly a word from that Book so dear.

# No. 11. THERE'S A GREAT DAY COMING.

W. L. T.

W. L. THOMPSON.

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

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

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

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

*m* *pp* *m*  
 judgment day? Are you read - y, are you read - y, For the judgment day?



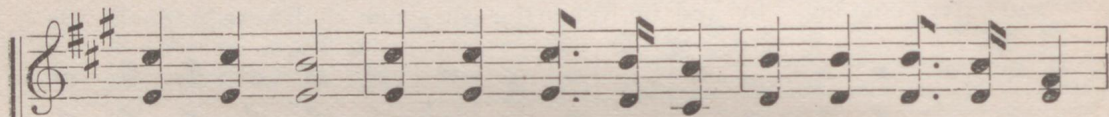
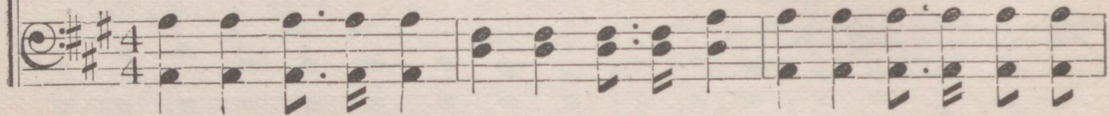
# No. 12. LEANING ON THE EVERLASTING ARMS!

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.

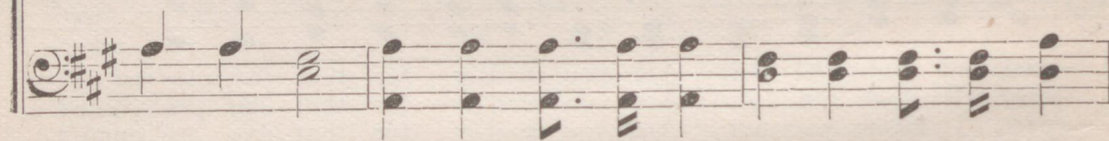
A. J. SHOWALTER, by per.



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



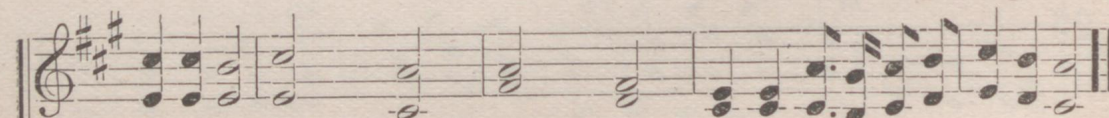
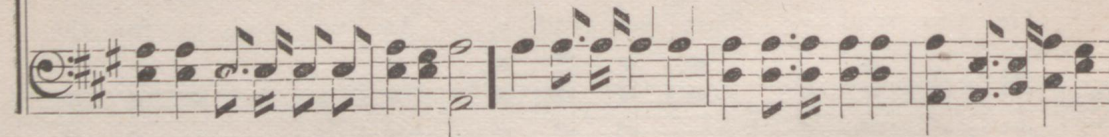
last - ing Arms! What a bless - ed - ness, what a peace is mine,  
 last - ing Arms! Oh, how bright the path grows from day to day,  
 last - ing Arms! I have peace com-plete with my Lord so near,



## REFRAIN.



Lean-ing on the Everlasting Arms! Lean - ing, lean - ing, Safe and secure from  
 Leaning on Je-sus, Leaning on Jesus,



all alarms; Lean - ing, lean - ing, Leaning on the Everlasting Arms.  
 Leaning on Je - sus, Leaning on Je-sus,



# No. 13. MY HEART IS FULL OF LOVE FOR THE SAVIOUR.

S. M. B.

S. M. BROWN.

1. I was wand'ring far a - way From the strait and nar - row way; My  
 2. Since He saved and took me in From my wretched shame and sin, My  
 3. In my sor - row and my need I can look to Him to lead; My  
 4. He was stand - ing at the door, And was knock - ing ev - er - more; My

heart is full of love for the Sav - iour, He convinced me of my sin,  
 heart is full of love for the Sav - iour, And He will not let me stray  
 heart is full of love for the Sav - iour, And al - tho' the bil - lows roar,  
 heart is full of love for the Sav - iour, I have let my Sav - iour in,

And he wash'd and made me clean; My heart is full of love for the Sav - iour.  
 From the strait and nar - row way; My heart is full of love for the Sav - iour.  
 He can guide me to the shore; My heart is full of love for the Sav - iour.  
 He with me and I with Him; My heart is full of love for the Sav - iour.

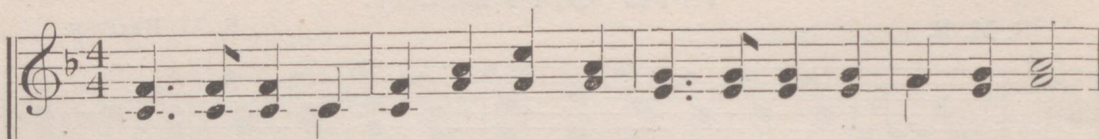
CHORUS.

My heart is full of love for the Sav - iour, My heart is full of love for the Saviour.

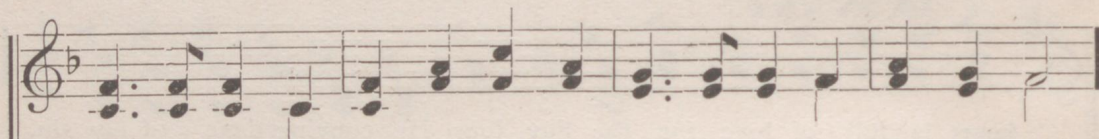
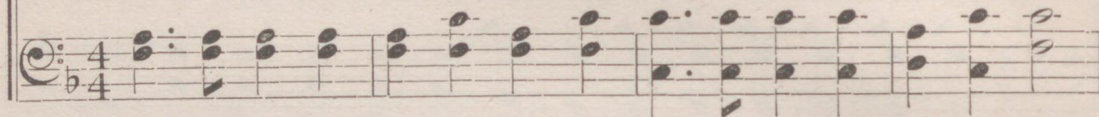
As I'm walking in the way, To the blessed land of day, My heart is full of love for the Saviour.

# No. 14. YONDER, OVER THE ROLLING RIVER.

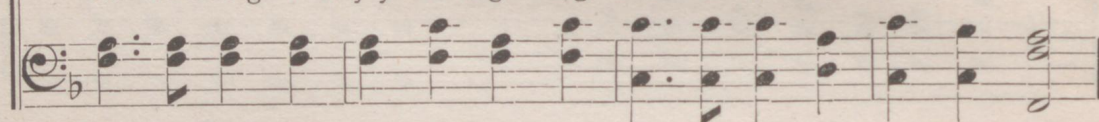
Harmonized by J. M. HUNT.



1. Here we are but stray - ing pil - grims, Here our path is oft - en dim;
2. Here our feet are oft - en wea - ry On the hills that throng our way;
3. Here our souls are oft - en fear - ful Of the pil - grim's lurk - ing foe;
4. Here our shad - ow'd homes are transient, And we meet the stran - ger's frown;



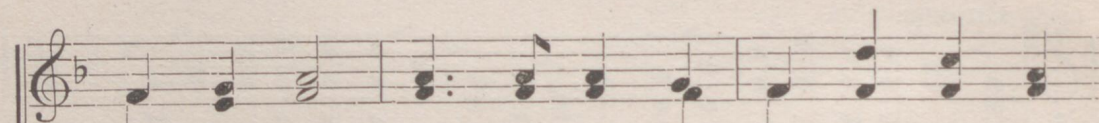
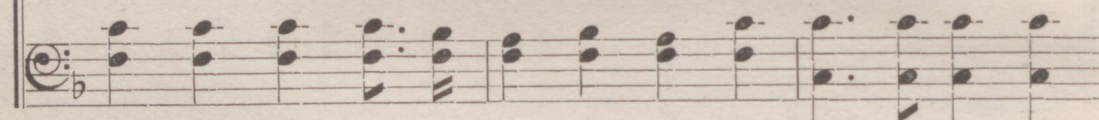
But to cheer us on our jour - ney, Still we sing this way - side hymn.  
Here the tem - pest dark - ly gath - ers, But our hearts with - in us say:  
But the Lord is our de - fend - er, And He tells us we may know:  
So we'll sing with joy while go - ing, E'en to death's dark bil - low down :



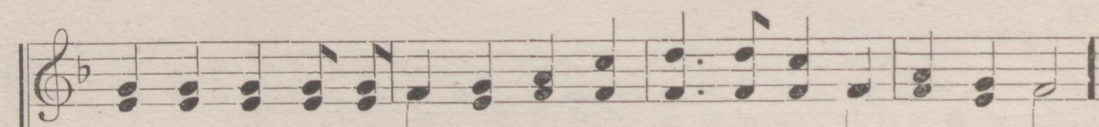
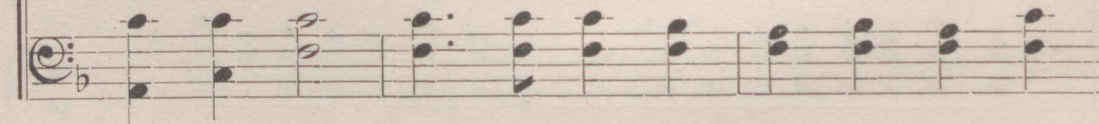
## CHORUS.



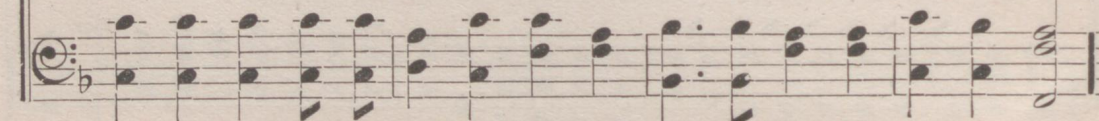
Yon - der, o - ver the roll - ing riv - er, Where the shin - ing



man - sions rise, Soon will be our home for - ev - er,



And the smile of the bless - ed Giv - er Glad - den all our long - ing eyes.



No. 15.

JESUS IS WITH ME.

S. M. B.

S. M. BROWN.

1. Tem-pests dark may gath-er and thunders loud may roar; Fierc-est winds may  
 2. Trust-ed friends may leave me to bat-tle all a-lone; Kin-dred dear for-  
 3. Pov-er-ty may feed me up-on a crust of bread; Cru-el-ty de-  
 4. On my way to heav-en I'll suf-fer many a fall, But the Lord has  
 5. Thro' the lone-ly val-ley and in the cru-el grave, Je-sus walk'd in

drive me from off the peace-ful shore; Walking on the bil-lows, we  
 sake me and drive me far from home; Far a-way from heav-en my  
 ny me a place to lay my head; Thus it was with Je-sus, the  
 prom-ised us grace and strength for all. In temp-tation's des-ert, and  
 tri-umph, and might-y pow'r to save; At the aw-ful judg-ment He'll

read that Je-sus came; Je-sus is with me, is with me just the same.  
 Sav-iours suf-fer'd shame; Je-sus is with me, is with me just the same.  
 Son of God, who came; Je-sus is with me, is with me just the same.  
 thro' the cru-el flame; Je-sus is with me, is with me just the same.  
 own my worth-less name; Je-sus is with me, is with me just the same.

CHORUS.

Jesus is with me, oh, blessed be His name! Jesus is with me, is with me just the same;

Jesus is with me, oh, blessed be His name! Jesus is with me, is with me just the same.

# No. 16. THE SHELTERING ROCK.

W. E. P.

Isaiah 32: 2; 12: 3; 65: 10; Col. 1: 20.

W. E. PENN.

*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 pil - grims as they pass To seek a shade in the  
 treat - ing strain, "Ho, ev'ry thirsting sin - sick soul, Come free - ly 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 sin - ful men, And free to all who will

## REFRAIN.

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

*slower.*

When the shel - t'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. 17. THE PENITENT'S PLEA.

R. K. MAIDEN.

P. J. TREBOR.

1. Hear, oh Lord, my heart is plead-ing; God of grace, oh hear my pray'r.  
 2. Hear, oh Lord, I plead for mer-cy, Guilt-y, lost, un-done am I;  
 3. In Thy great and ten-der mer-cy, Wash the stains of sin a-way;  
 4. Hide Thy face from my transgresssions, Gracious God, cast not a-way;  
 5. Here am I, a help-less sin-ner, This is all my hope and plea:

I am weak, but Thou art mighty, Let Thy grace a sin-ner spare.  
 All is dark, and I am sink-ing, Save me, Lord, or I must die.  
 Blot out all of my transgressions, Lord, for-give and save, I pray.  
 Give the joy of Thy sal-va-tion: In Thy pres-ence bid me stay.  
 Je-sus died that He might save me, To His arms for life I flee.

## CHORUS.

Hear, oh God, Thou God of mer-cy; I am guilt-y and un-done;  
 Hear, oh God, I am guilt-y

Hear and save me, I am trust-ing In the blood . . . of Thy dear Son.  
 save me, trust-ing, In the blood

# No. 18. WONDERFUL LOVE.

ANNE STEELE.

J. H. ROSECRANS.

1. Je - sus,—and didst Thou leave the sky, To bear our griefs and woes?  
 2. Well might the heav'ns with won-der view A love so strange as Thine!  
 3. Is there a heart that will not bend To Thy di-vine con-trol;  
 4. Oh, may our will-ing hearts con-fess Thy sweet,Thy gen-tle sway;

And didst Thou bleed, and groan and die, For Thy re-bel-lious foes?  
 No thought of an-gels ev-er knew Com-pas-sion so di-vine!  
 De-scend, O sov-ereign love, de-scend, And melt that stub-born soul.  
 Glad cap-tives of Thy match-less grace, Thy right-eous rule o-bey.

CHORUS.

O 'twas won - - - der-ful, wonder-ful love,  
 won-der-ful, won-der-ful love, wonder-ful, won-der-ful love,

That brought . . . . Him from heaven a-bove;  
 brought Him from heaven a-bove, beau-ti-ful heav-en a-bove;

As a ran - - - som to die on the tree,  
 ran-som to die on the tree, suf-fer and die on the tree,

WONDERFUL LOVE.

To save . . . . . a poor sin-ner like me.  
 save a poor sin-ner like me, like me, a sin-ner like me.

No. 19. THE ROCK.

P. HARTSOUGH.

J. H. FILLMORE.

1. When the sky o'erspreads with blackness, And the storm comes sweeping by,  
 2. When the sun its heat is pour-ing On a dry and thirst-y land,  
 3. Should an host en-camp a-gainst me, And all earth-ly help-ers flee,

Then we hast-en, oh, so glad-ly To the Rock of shel-ter nigh.  
 Then how sweet the cool-ing shad-ow Of the Rock so close at hand.  
 By the riv-en Rock, de-fend-ed, I am safe, O Lord, with Thee.

CHORUS.

Oh, Thou Rock, . . . Thou Rock of A-ges, Ev-er sure . . . and ev-er  
 Oh, Thou Rock, Ev-er sure

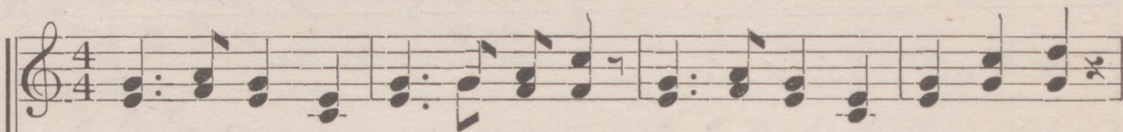
nigh, When the fear-ful tempest rag-es, Un-to Thee, my soul would fly.  
 nigh, ev-er nigh,



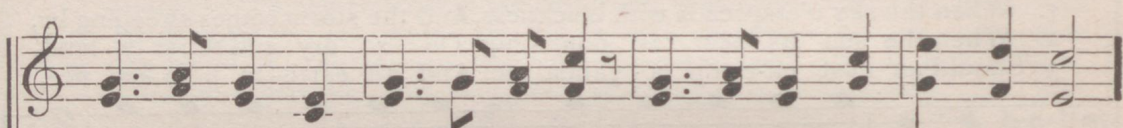
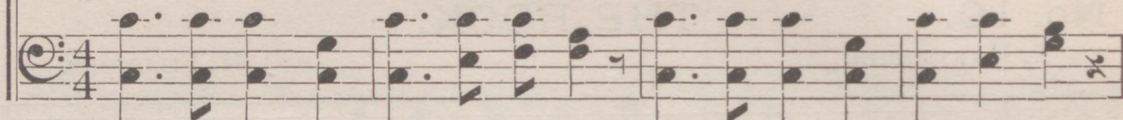
# No. 20. COMING IN JUDGMENT.

S. M. B.

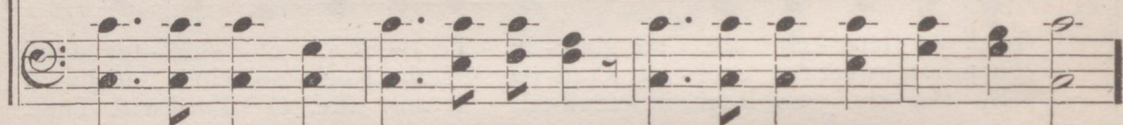
S. M. BROWN.



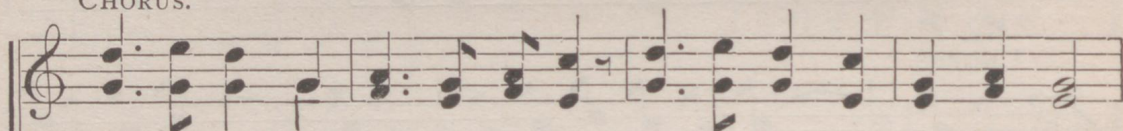
1. When the toils of life are end-ed, And the fi - nal hour has come,
2. When the heav'ns are rolled to-geth-er As one great and might-y scroll,
3. When the el - e - ments are melt-ing, And the moon is turn'd to blood,
4. Je - sus, for that dread-ful hour, Do Thy ser-vants now pre - pare ;



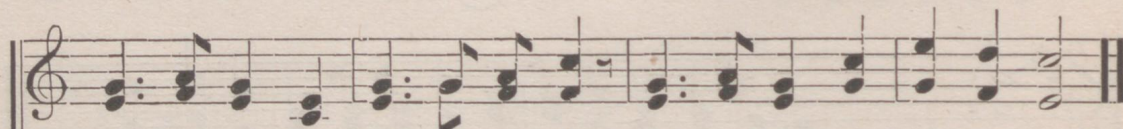
Will the glo - rious gold and pur - ple Of a sun - set sky be won?  
 When the sol - id rocks are rend-ing At the judg-ment of the soul,  
 When the na - tions all are crowd-ing Round the judg-ment seat of God,  
 May we, when the trump is sound-ing, Rise to meet Thee in the air.



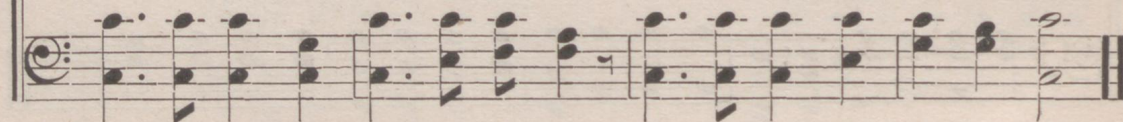
## CHORUS.



When our Lord shall come in pow - er, And in glo - ry on His throne,



'Mid the judg-ment's aw - ful si - lence! Shall we hear Him say, "Well done?"



# No. 21. THE GOSPEL INVITATION.

H. N. LINCOLN.

W. H. WHITWORTH.

SOPRANO AND TENOR *ad lib.*

1. We are told of the feast and the wedding, Which the King had prepar'd in His  
 2. Christ, today spreads a banquet of mer - cy, And His ser - vants in - vite to His  
 3. Slight no lon - ger the kind in - vi - ta - tion, And the mes - sage of mer - cy we  
 4. Still the Spir - it so ten - der - ly woos you, And the Bride, full of love, ech - oes,  
 5. In the day of the grand Coro - na - tion, On the throne of the great I

home, When the few that were bidden had spurn'd it, Many more were invited to come.  
 home; Sin - ner, all now is read - y and waiting, On the highways of sin cease to roam.  
 bring; O, ac - cept *now* the bounty of Je - sus, And sit down at the feet of thy King.  
 "come;" Him that heareth and will whosoev - er, Let him come to the heavenly home.  
 Am, We'll be rob'd in the King's wedding garments, At the dear marriage feast of the Lamb.

CHORUS.

Out on the highways, in - to the byways, Over the  
 Out on the high - ways, in - to the by - - ways, O - ver the moun -

mountain, o - ver the sea, Car - ry the mes - sage,  
 tain, o - ver the sea, . . . . . Car - ry the mes - - sage, tell of sal -

tell of sal - vation, Ring out the tidings, "Mercy is free."  
 va - - tion, Ring out the tid - - ings, "Mercy is free." . . . . .

# No. 22. IF THE SAVIOUR JOURNEY WITH ME.

"I will trust in thee."—Ps. 56: 3.

D. B. PURINTON.

DUET WITH CHORUS.

W. H. DOANE.

*Gently.*

1. If the Sav-iour jour-ney with me, If He be my constant stay, If His  
 2. If the Sav-iour jour-ney w.th me, If He be my faith-ful friend, If He  
 3. If the Sav-iour jour-ney with me, If He keep me at His side, If He

pres-ence guide and keep me Thro' the dark as thro' the day; I will  
 nev - er cease to love me, Love and keep me to the end; I will  
 shield me from the dan - gers That a - long my path may hide; I will

fear no harm, dread no fierce alarm; He for me the path of peace is seek-ing,  
 seek His face, I will plead His grace, Trust my life to Him who ev - er liv - eth,  
 nev - er stray from the per - fect way, Till at last I stand with-in the por - tal

And the voice of love is speaking, While He safely guards me all the way.  
 Give my all to Him who giv - eth Love divine, that naught can e'er transcend.  
 Of the dwelling-place im - mor - tal, Where the blest of God shall e'er a - bide.

CHORUS.

If the Sav - iour journey with me, If His guid-ing hand He give me,

IF THE SAVIOUR JOURNEY WITH ME.

*rit.*

If His lov - ing heart re - ceive me, I will love and trust Him all the way.

No. 23. OPEN WIDE THE DOOR.

Words arr.

J. M. HUNT.

1. Je - sus knocks; He calls to thee, "Wea - ry one, O come to Me;"  
 2. Je - sus knocks, and He will save; 'Twas for thee His life He gave;  
 3. Je - sus knocks, is knock - ing still; Ask - ing thee to do His will;  
 4. Je - sus knocks; the moments fly; While sal - va - tion yet is nigh,

**FINE.**

He can save, and on - ly He; O - pen, o - pen wide the door.  
 He hath ris - en from the grave; O - pen, o - pen wide the door.  
 And with joy thy heart He'll fill; O - pen, o - pen wide the door.  
 Ere the Sav - iour pass - eth by, O - pen, o - pen wide the door.

*D.S.* He can save, and on - ly He; O - pen, o - pen wide the door.

**CHORUS.** *D.S.*

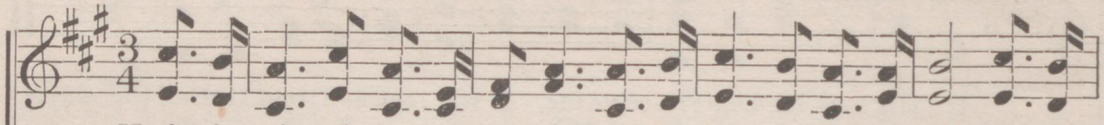
O - pen wide the door, O - pen wide open wide the door.

O - pen, o - pen wide, open wide the door, O - pen, open wide the door.

# No. 24. HERE AM I, SEND ME.

Rev. DANIEL MARCH.

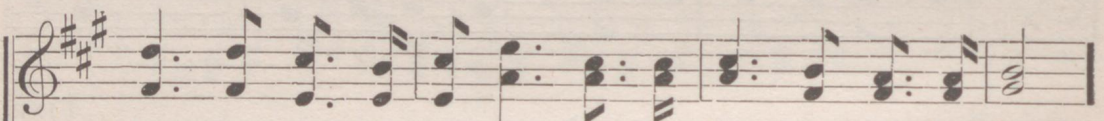
S. M. BROWN.



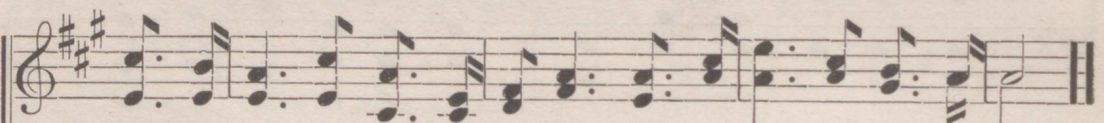
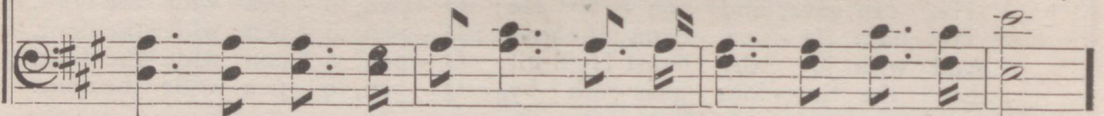
1. Hark! the voice of Je - sus cry-ing, "Who will go and work to - day? Fields are
2. If you can - not cross the o - cean, And the hea - then lands explore, You can
3. If you can - not speak like angels, If you cannot preach like Paul, You can
4. If you can - not be the watchman, Standing high on Zi - on's wall, Pointing



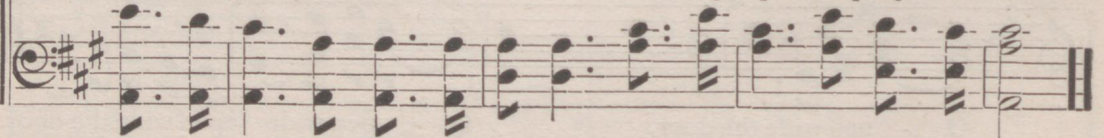
white and har - vest wait - ing, Who will bear the sheaves a - way?" Loud and  
 find the hea - then near - er, You can help them at your door. If you  
 tell the love of Je - sus, You can say He died for all. If you  
 out the path to heav - en, Of - fring life and peace to all; With your



strong the Mas - ter call - eth, Rich re - ward He of - fers thee:  
 can - not give your thou - sands, You can give the wid - ow's mite,  
 can - not rouse the wick - ed With the judg - ment's dread a - larms,  
 prayers and with your boun - ties You can do what heav'n de - mands;



Who will an - swer, glad - ly say - ing, "Here am I; send me, send me?"  
 And the least you do for Je - sus, Will be pre - cious in His sight.  
 You can lead the lit - tle chil - dren To the Saviour's wait - ing arms.  
 You can be like faith - ful Aar - on, Hold - ing up the proph - et's hands.



5 If among the older people,  
 You may not be apt to teach; [herd,  
 "Feed my lambs," said Christ, our Shep -  
 "Place the food within their reach."  
 And it may be that the children  
 You have led with trembling hand  
 Will be found among your jewels,  
 When you reach the better land.

6 Let none hear you idly saying,  
 "There is nothing I can do,"  
 While the souls of men are dying,  
 And the Master calls for you.  
 Take the task He gives you gladly,  
 Let His work your pleasure be;  
 Answer quickly when He calleth,  
 "Here am I; send me, send me!"

## No. 25. THE GLAD DAY COMING.

Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

CHAS. K. LANGLEY.

1. When this life is o'er, And we reach the shore Of the sun-bright land a-bove,  
 2. There are sor-rows here, And the clouds appear, Shadows oft-times dim the day;  
 3. Soon will dawn the day, 'Tis not far a-way, When we all shall joy-ful come,  
 4. Oh! these sad farewells! Oh! these long farewells! How they fill our hearts with pain!

We shall meet a-gain on the E-den plain, All the dear ones of our love.  
 In our home up there, In the land so fair, God will wipe all tears a-way.  
 To the gold-en gate, Where our lov'd ones wait, With a hap-py wel-come home.  
 Bnt, in heav'n, at last, They will all be past, And we ne'er shall part a-gain.

### REFRAIN.

There's a glad, glad day; 'Tis not far a-way, When we all shall meet a-gain;  
 shall meet a-gain;

When we all shall meet, and each oth-er greet, On the hap-py E-den plain.

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## No. 26.

1. Salvation! O the joyful sound!  
 'Tis pleasure to our ears,  
 A sovereign balm for every wound,  
 A cordial for our fears.
2. Buried in sorrow and in sin,  
 At hell's dark door we lay;

But we arise, by grace divine,  
 To see a heavenly day.

3. Salvation! let the echo fly  
 The spacious earth around,  
 While all the armies of the sky  
 Conspire to raise the sound.

ISAAC WATTS.

# No. 27. BRINGING IN THE SHEAVES.

"The harvest is the end of the world."—Matt. 13: 39.

K. SHAW.

GEO. A. MINOR. By per.

1. Sow - ing in the morn - ing, sow - ing seeds of kind - ness,  
 2. Sow - ing in the sun - shine, sow - ing in the shad - ows,  
 3. Go, then, ev - er weep - ing, sow - ing for the Mas - ter,

Sow - ing in the noon - tide, and the dew - y eyes; Waiting for the har - vest,  
 Fear - ing neith - er clouds nor win - ter's chill - ing breeze; By and by the har - vest,  
 Tho' the loss sus - tained our spir - it oft - en grieves; When our weep - ing's o - ver,

and the time of reap - ing, We shall come re - joic - ing,  
 and the la - bor end - ed, We shall come re - joic - ing,  
 He will bid us wel - come, We shall come re - joic - ing,

## CHORUS.

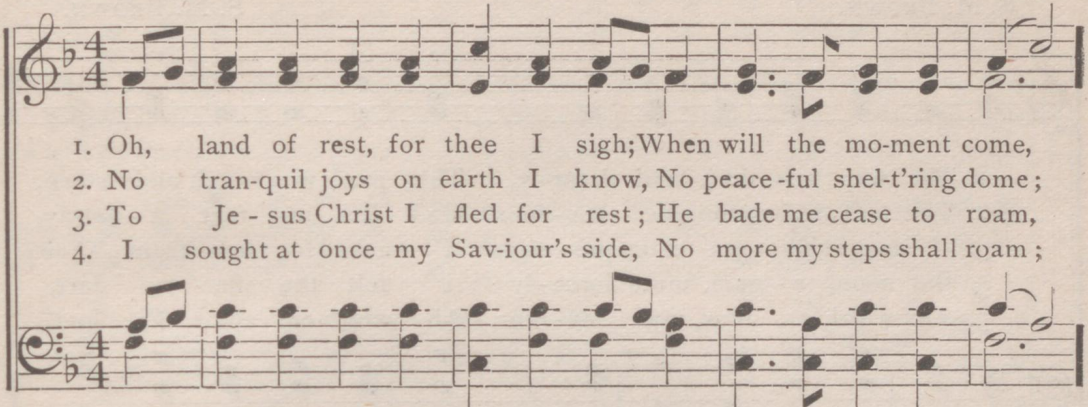
bring - ing in the sheaves. Bring - ing in the sheaves, bring - ing in the sheaves,

We shall come re - joic - ing, bring - ing in the sheaves, - ing, bring - ing in the sheaves.

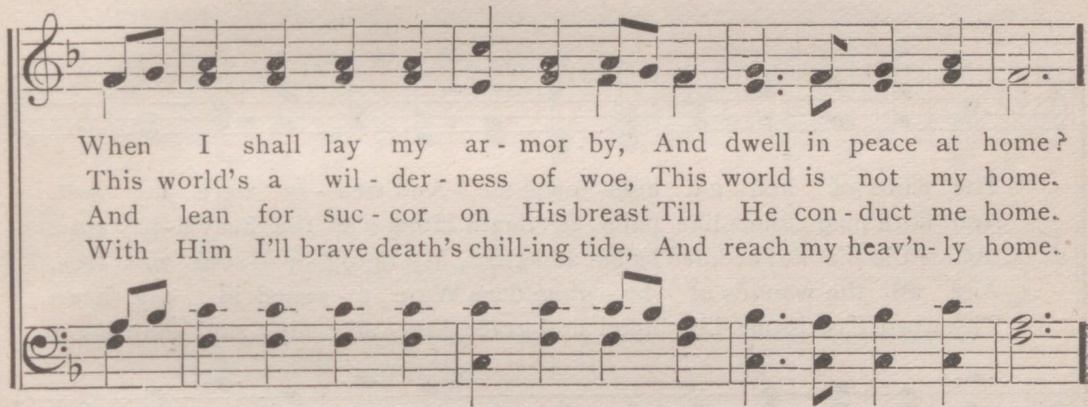
# No. 28. WE'LL WORK TILL JESUS COMES.

Mrs. ELIZABETH MILLS.

Harmonized by J. M. HUNT.

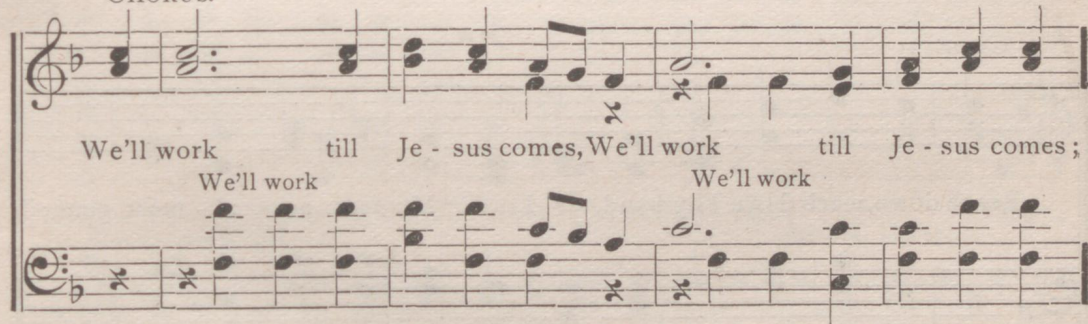


1. Oh, land of rest, for thee I sigh; When will the mo-ment come,  
2. No tran-quil joys on earth I know, No peace-ful shel-t'ring dome;  
3. To Je - sus Christ I fled for rest; He bade me cease to roam,  
4. I sought at once my Sav-iour's side, No more my steps shall roam;

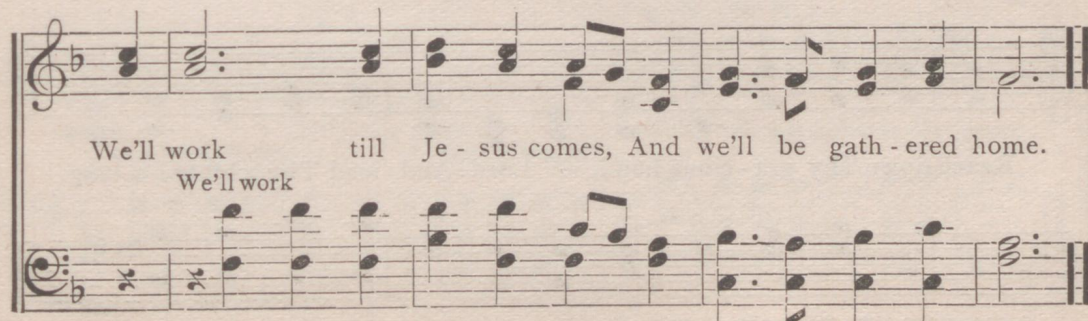


When I shall lay my ar - mor by, And dwell in peace at home?  
This world's a wil - der - ness of woe, This world is not my home.  
And lean for suc - cor on His breast Till He con - duct me home.  
With Him I'll brave death's chill - ing tide, And reach my heav'n - ly home.

## CHORUS.



We'll work till Je - sus comes, We'll work till Je - sus comes;  
We'll work We'll work



We'll work till Je - sus comes, And we'll be gath - ered home.  
We'll work



# No. 29. REACH DOWN THY HAND.

S. M. BROWN.

S. M. BROWN.

1. The way was dark and drear-y,    The road was rough and steep,  
 2. The temp-ter's strong de - lus - ions    Had led my feet a - stray;  
 3. I sought Thy gra - cious pre - cepts,    I asked for help from Thee;  
 4. But soon, a - gain, more fierce - ly    I felt the fie - ry dart,  
 5. Ah! whith-er, now, my Sav - iour,    Ah! whith-er shall I go?

“The pains of hell gat hold on me” And wea - ry were my feet.  
 And dark'ning clouds, like palls of death, Hung o'er the heav'n - ly way.  
 A - while the way seemed bright and clear, My guilt - y soul was free.  
 And all the wounds of by - gone days Were o - pened in my heart.  
 Thy word, Thy throne, Thy blood and grace, Are all my soul doth know.

CHORUS.

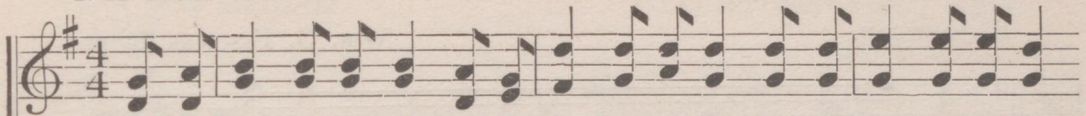
Reach down, reach down Thy hand, O Lord! “My feet are al - most gone;”

Reach down Thy gra - cious hand, O Lord! And lead Thy child a - long.

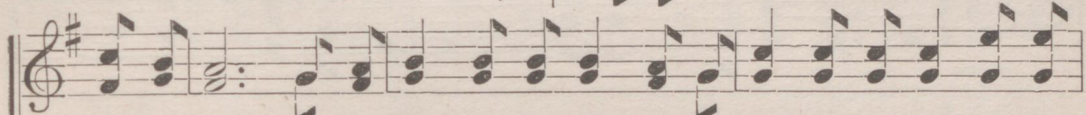
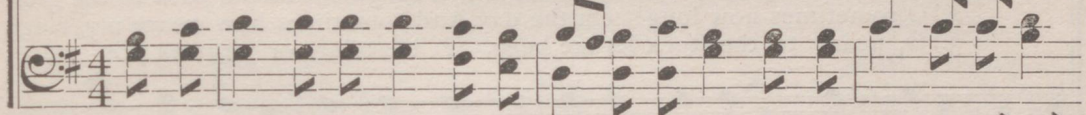
# No. 30. OUR HOME, BEAUTIFUL HOME.

I. H. McL.

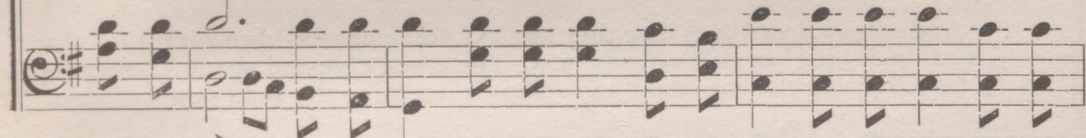
ISAAC H. McLAIN.



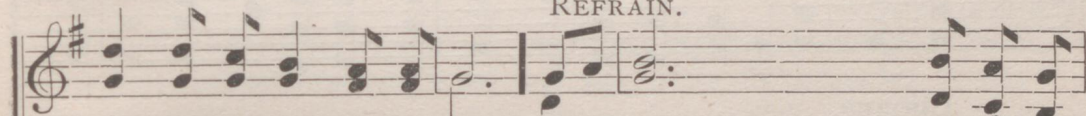
1. There's a bright happy home, in a fair radiant clime, Where there comes no more sor-  
 2. In that beautiful home I would meet all my friends, Those bright mansions togeth-  
 3. When we reach that blest place we shall dwell with our Lord, In the home He has gone



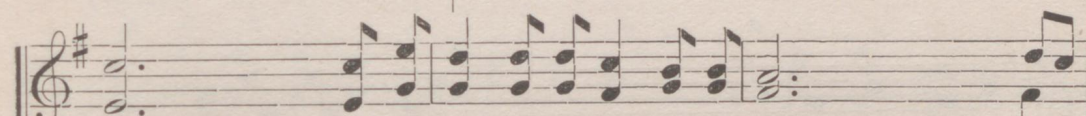
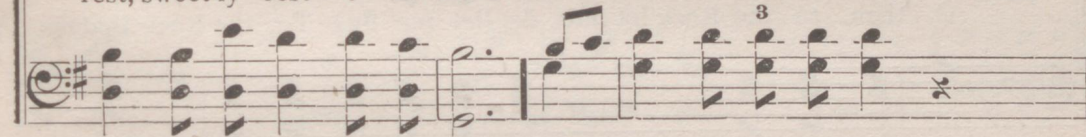
row nor care; In that home we shall dwell in the sweet par-a-dise, And we'll  
 er to share; There the pur-est of wa-ters and balm-i-est breeze, Will en-  
 to pre-pare; While the a-ges on a-ges un-end-ing shall roll, We shall



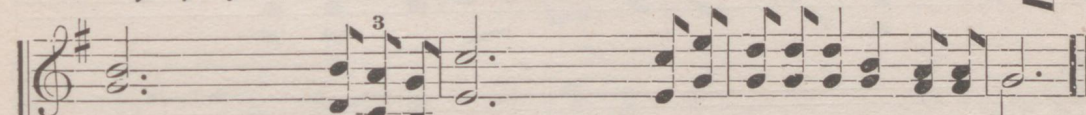
## REFRAIN.



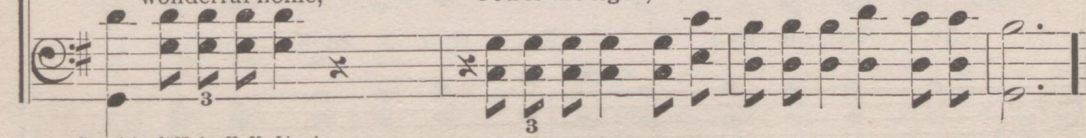
meet all the saved o-ver there. Our home, beau-ti-ful home, love-ly and  
 rap-ture each soul o-ver there.  
 rest, sweet-ly rest o-ver there.



bright, Where we'll bask in the light of God's face; Our  
 love-ly and bright, glo-ri-ous face;



home, wonderful home, God is the light, And His holiness lightens that place.  
 God is the light,



# No. 31. THE ROCK THAT IS HIGHER THAN I

E. JOHNSON.

WM. G. FISCHER, by per.

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

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

## CHORUS.

O, then, to the Rock let me fly, (let me fly,) To the Rock that is

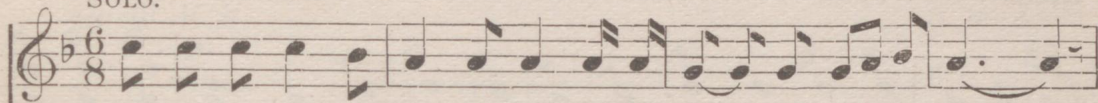
high - er than I ; O, then, to the Rock let me  
is high - er than I ;

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

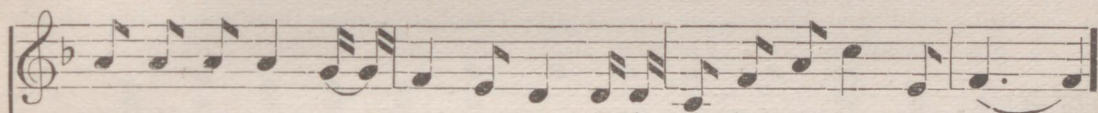
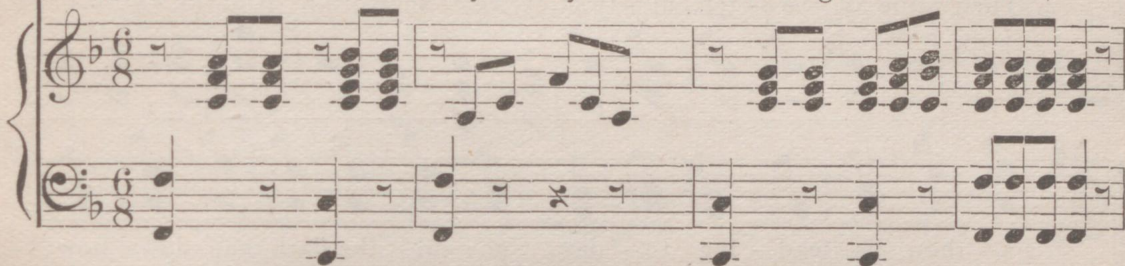
# No. 32. PRAY FOR YOUR BOY TONIGHT.

Mrs. T. M. GRIFFIN.  
SOLO.

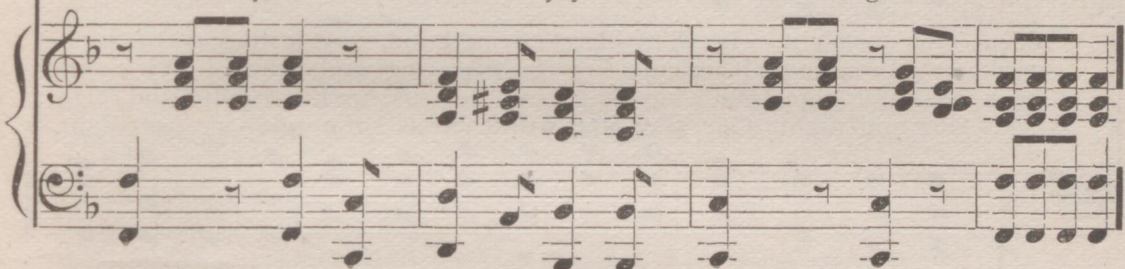
GEO. ROBERT CAIRNS, by per.



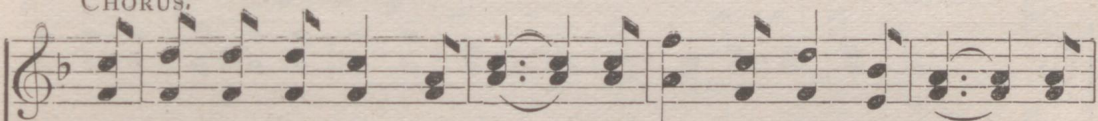
1. Once I was pure as dews that fall From the morn - ing clouds a - bove;
2. Wea - ry the world, and dark and wild, And with many a fa - tal snare,
3. Moth - er, my heart is hard and cold, And is blighted with grief and care;
4. Tho' in the toils of sin your boy Yet is wander - ing far from home,



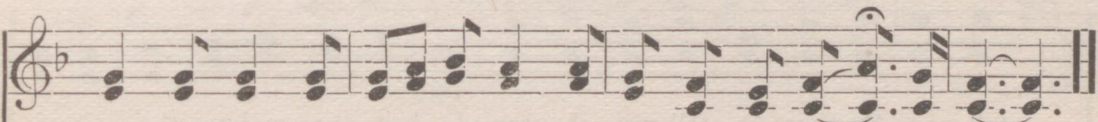
Now I am held in the world's dark thrall, A - way from the Fa - ther's love.  
As onward sweeps the surg - ing tide, A - way from God and prayer.  
Pray for your boy as oft of old, When a child be - side your chair.  
Of - ten he yearns for the old - en joy, Be - fore he be - gan to roam.



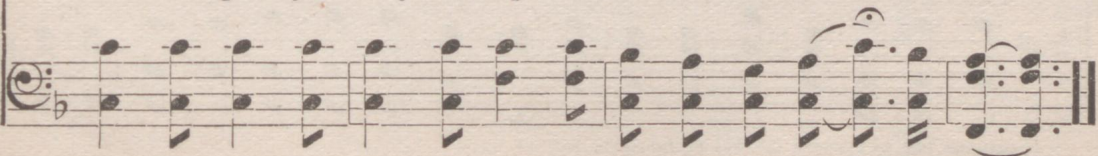
## CHORUS.



Then pray for your boy to - night! To - night, oh, pray for me! Pray



God to give your boy the light, To lead him to heaven and thee.



# No. 33. IS HEAVEN ABOVE THE CLOUDS?

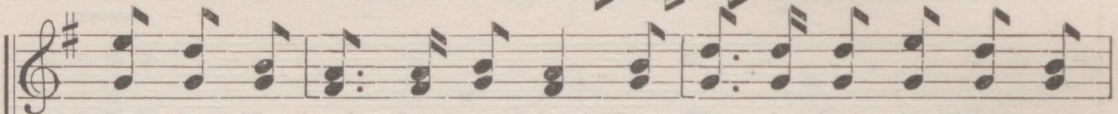
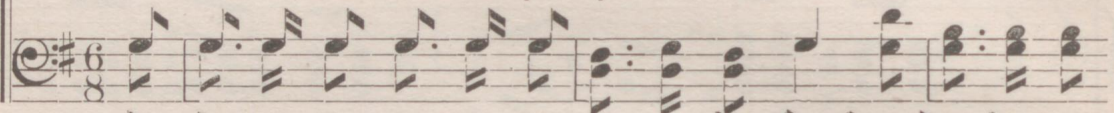
My dear little boy — six years old — shares with me an awful dread of cyclones. — We stood together, watching a rising storm, when he said to me, in sweet anticipation of the security of our Heavenly Father's care, "Papa, is Heaven above the clouds?" — S. M. B.

S. M. B.

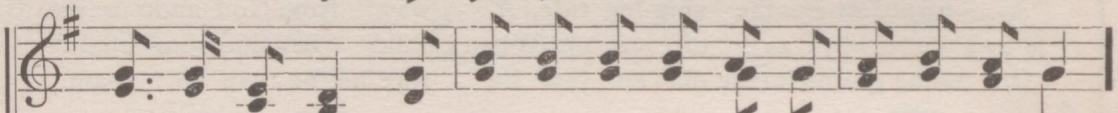
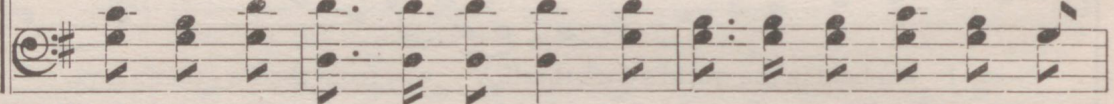
S. M. BROWN.



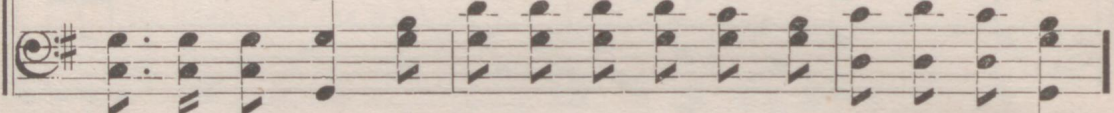
1. How dark are the clouds that hang o - ver the way O, can it be,
2. How is it that sick-ness is lead - ing to health? And how is it
3. Yes, when the dark clouds and the sha - dow and night Are all made of -
4. Then while all e - ter - ni - ty's cy - cles shall roll, And bil - lows of



Fa - ther, 'tis lead - ing to - day? Can all the dark sha-dows now  
pov - er - ty leads us to wealth? Can part - ing be meet - ing, and  
ful - gent by heav - en - ly light; Thro' sick - ness, thro' part - ing, thro'  
glo - ry sweep o - ver the soul; By all the deep dark - ness and



deep - ning to night, Be Thy bless - ed meth - od of lead - ing to light?  
weak - ness be strength? Can curs - ing be bless - ing and brev - i - ty length?  
weak - ness and pain, Made bless - ing by Je - sus, we'll tri - umph and reign.  
sha - dow and night, Our Sav - iour will teach us the glo - ry of light.



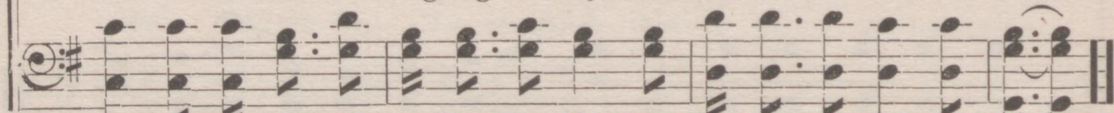
## CHORUS.



Is hea - ven a - bove the clouds? Is hea - ven a - bove the clouds? O!  
CHO. 3 & 4 v. Yes, hea - ven's a - bove the clouds; Yes, hea - ven's a - bove the clouds; O!



tell me, Fa - ther, O, tell me, I pray, Is hea - ven a - bove the clouds?  
bless - ed Fa - ther, I'm sing - ing to - day, For hea - ven's a - bove the clouds.



# No. 34. THINKING OF MOTHER.

R. K. MAIDEN.

P. J. TREBOR.

*rit.*

1. I've been thinking today of my moth - er, And the scenes of the long gone years,  
 2. She was go-ing a-way, my dear moth - er, And she kiss'd me a fond farewell,  
 3. She was weary and worn with afflic - tion, But her tri-als were almost o'er,  
 4. I've been lonely today as I pon - dered O'er the gifts of the sainted dead,  
 5. I shall see her a-gain in the morn - ing, In the light of that cloudless day,

*rit.*

And my heart has been troubl'd and tender, My eyes have been moisten'd with tears.  
 And she took from her fin-ger a to - ken, Then went with the angels to dwell.  
 She was read - y and pa-tient - ly wait - ing The call from the bright, golden shore.  
 And I've pray'd the dear Saviour to guide me, The way my dear mother has lead.  
 Help me, Lord, to be lov - ing and faith - ful, While yet in this lone, dreary way.

## CHORUS.

Oh! I'm thinking today of my moth - er, My spir-it is ten-der and lone;

*slowly. rit.*

I am hop-ing and pray-ing to meet her, Where parting and tears are unknown.

*rit.*

No. 35.

GOLDEN HARPS.

P. HARTSOUGH.

J. H. FILLMORE.

*May be used as a Soprano and Tenor Duet.*

1. O'er the dark and si-lent stream, Comes to us a cheer-ing gleam, Of the  
 2. We must hear the solemn knell, We must say the sad fare-well, While with-  
 3. Soon the evening shades will fall, Soon will sound the boatman's call, And our

light and beau-ty of the far - ther shore, And our loved ones wait, we know,  
 in this land of part-ings we a - bide, And our hearts would sink with grief,  
 frag - ile bark must launch in-to the night, But the Hand that led us here,

While we shrink and fear to go, To that sun - ny land to dwell for ev - er -  
 Had we not the sweet re - lief Of a Friend that standeth ev - er at our  
 Will not fail us in our fear, It will bear us safe - ly to the shores of

CHORUS.

more. Gold - en harps . . . are loud - ly ring - ing, o - ver there, An - gel  
 side.  
 light. Gold - en harps are loud - ly ring - ing, o - ver there,

choirs . . . are sweetly sing - ing, o - ver there, And our lov'd ones wait, we know,  
 An - gel choirs are sweet - ly sing - ing, o - ver there,

GOLDEN HARPS.

While we shrink and fear to go, To that sun-ny land to dwell for - ev - er - more.

No. 36. HAPPY DAY. L. M.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

E. F. RIMBAULT.

1. { O, hap - py day, that fixed my choice On Thee, my Sav - iour and my God! }  
 { Well may this glow - ing heart re - joice, And tell its rap - tures all a - broad. }  
 2. { O, hap - py bond that seals my vows To Him that mer - its all my love! }  
 { Let cheerful an - thems fill His house, While to that sa - cred shrine I move. }

CHORUS.

Hap - py day, hap - py day, When Je - sus washed my sins a - way!

*D.S.* Hap - py day, hap - py day, When Je - sus washed my sins a - way!

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

3. 'Tis done, the great transaction's done, 4. Now rest, my long-divided heart,  
 I am my Lord's and He is mine; Fixed on this blissful center, rest;  
 He drew me, and I followed on, Here have I found a nobler part,  
 Charmed to confess the voice divine. Here heavenly pleasures fill my breast.



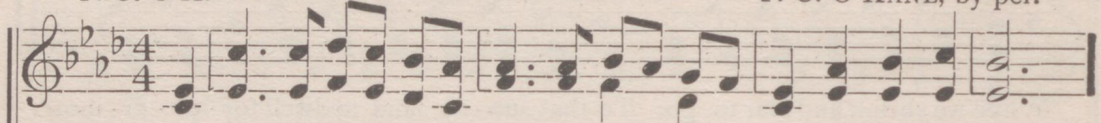
No. 37.

REDEEMED.

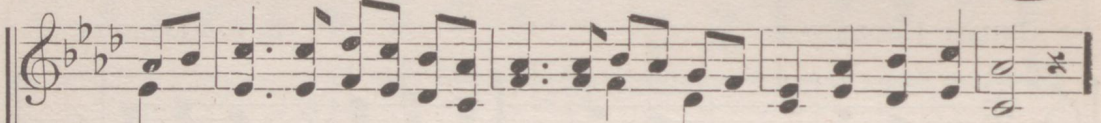
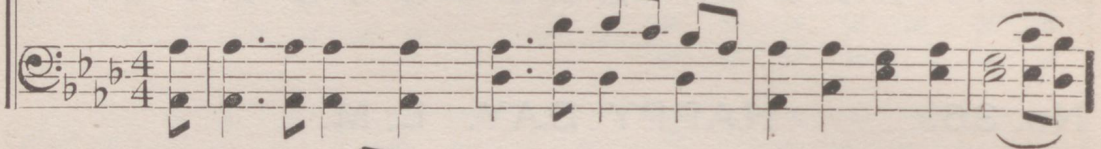
T. C. O'K.

"Behold the Lamb of God."

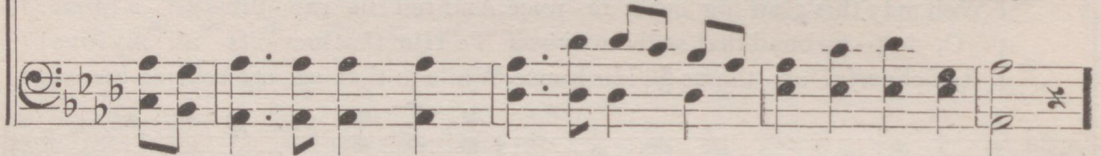
T. C. O'KANE, by per.



1. Oh, sing of Je - sus, "Lamb of God," Who died on Cal - va - ry,
2. Oh, wondrous power of love di - vine, So pure, so full, so free!
3. All glo - ry now to Christ the Lord, And ev - er - more shall be;



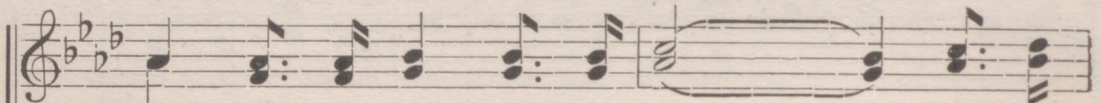
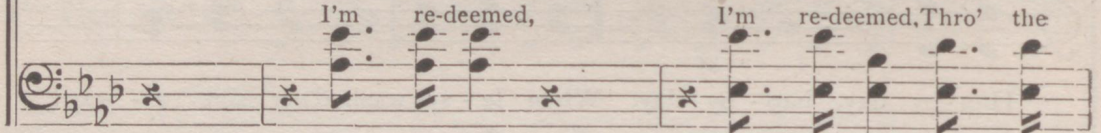
And for a ran - som shed His blood For you and e - ven me.  
It reach - es out to all man - kind, Em - bra - ces e - ven me.  
He hath re - deem - ed a world from sin, And ran - som - ed e - ven me.



REFRAIN.



I'm re - deem - ed, . . . I'm re - deem - ed, . . . Thro' the  
I'm re - deem - ed, I'm re - deem - ed, Thro' the



blood of the Lamb that was slain; . . . I'm re -  
blood of the Lamb, of the Lamb that was slain;



deem - ed, . . . I'm re - deem - ed, . . . Hal - le - lu - jah un - to His name.  
I'm re - deem - ed, I'm re - deem - ed,



# No. 38. TRIUMPH BY AND BY.

Dr. C. R. BLACKALL.

H. R. PALMER.

1. The prize is set be - fore us, To win His words implore us, The  
 2. We'll fol - low where He lead - eth, We'll pas - ture where He feed - eth, We'll  
 3. Our home is bright a - bove us, No tri - als dark to move us, But

eye of God is o'er us, From on high, (from on high;) His lov - ing tones are calling,  
 yield to Him who pleadeth, From on high, (from on high;) Then naught from Him shall sever,  
 Jesus dear to love us, There on high, (there on high;) We'll give Him best endeavor,

While sin is dark, appalling, 'Tis Je - sus gen - tly call - ing, He is nigh, (He is nigh.)  
 Our hope shall brighten ever, And faith shall fail us nev - er, He is nigh, (He is nigh.)  
 And praise His name forever; His precious words can never, never die, (never die.)

## CHORUS.

By and by we shall meet Him, By and by we shall greet Him, And with

Je - sus reign in glory, by and by, (by and by;) Je - sus reign in glo - ry by and by.

# No. 39. OH, TO BE SOMETHING.

Rev. GEO. W. CROFTS.

ARTHUR J. SMITH.

1. Oh, to be some-thing, dear Sav-iour, I pray, Some-thing of  
 2. Something, where spir - its are bur-den'd with sin, Some-thing, those  
 3. Something to o - pen the eyes of the blind, Some-thing to  
 4. Something to sol - ace e - ter - ni - ty's fears, Some-thing to

use to the world in my day; Some-thing, dear Sav - iour, what -  
 spir - its for hea - ven to win; Some-thing, to woo them to  
 light - en the sin dark-en'd mind; Some-thing, to lead them to  
 cheer when e - ter - ni - ty nears; Some-thing, to ban - ish death's

*D.S. Some-thing, dear Sav - iour, what -*

ev - er it be, Something, yes, some-thing of hon - or to Thee.  
 Cal - va - ry's cross, Something, to give them pure gold for their dross.  
 foun-tains of love, Something, to point them to man-sions a - bove.  
 ven - om - ous sting, Something, to help them life's triumphs to sing.

*ev - er it be, Something, yes, some-thing of hon - or to Thee.*

FINE.

CHORUS. *D.S.*

Oh, to be something, my Saviour, do Thou Make of me something, yes, something just now;

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# No. 40. WE'RE MARCHING TO ZION.

"We are journeying unto the place of which the Lord said,  
 Rev. I. WATTS. I will give it you."— Num. 10: 29. Rev. R. LOWRY.

*Spirited.*

1. Come, we that love the Lord, And let our joys be known, Join  
 2. Let those re - fuse to sing Who nev - er knew our God; But  
 3. The hill of Zi - on yields A thou - sand sa - cred sweets, Be -  
 4. Then let our songs a - bound, And ev - 'ry tear be dry; We're

in a song with sweet ac - cord, Join in a song with sweet ac - cord, And  
 chil - dren of the heav'n - ly King, But chil - dren of the heav'n - ly King, May  
 fore we reach the heav'n - ly fields, Be - fore we reach the heav'n - ly fields, Or  
 march - ing thro' Im - man - uel's ground, We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground, To

thus sur - round the throne, And thus sur - round the throne.  
 speak their joys a - broad, May speak their joys a - broad.  
 walk the gold - en streets, Or walk the gold - en streets.  
 fair - er worlds on high, To fair - er worlds on high.  
 thus sur - round the throne, And thus sur - round the throne.  
 speak their joys a - broad, May speak their joys a - broad.  
 walk the gold - en streets, Or walk the gold - en streets.  
 fair - er worlds on high, To fair - er worlds on high.

CHORUS.

We're march - ing to Zi - on, Beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful Zi - on; We're  
 We're march - ing on to Zi - on,

march - ing up - ward to Zi - on, The beau - ti - ful cit - y of God.  
 Zi - on, Zi - on,

# No. 41. GOLDEN HARVEST BY AND BY.

H. N. LINCOLN.

W. W. CAVES.

1. In the morn-ing sow the seeds of the gos - pel truth; See the  
 2. At the noon-tide toil - ing on for the Mas - ter's cause, Tho' with  
 3. In the balm - y eve - ning time be not i - dle found; Au - tumn  
 4. O the reap - ing, crown - ing time that is com - ing soon; Here your

va - cant fields that waiting lie. In the springtime, full of hope, la - bor  
 pain and wea - ri - ness you sigh, Glad - ly thro' the summer's heat for - ward  
 days will pass so swift - ly by. Af - ter gloom of drear - y night and of  
 days and sea - sons quick - ly fly. You shall come with precious sheaves and re -

for the Lord; You shall reap a gold - en har - vest by and by.  
 brave - ly go; You shall reap a gold - en har - vest by and by.  
 win - ter cold; You shall reap a gold - en har - vest by and by.  
 joic - ing sweet, You shall reap a gold - en har - vest by and by.

REFRAIN.

Scat - ter - ing seed for the won - der - ful har - vest,  
 Scat - ter - ing seed . . . . . for the won - der - ful har - vest, For the  
 For the reaping by and by, by and by; Sowing the seed of the glorious  
 reap - - ing by and by; . . . Sow - ing the seed . . . . . of the glo - ri - ous

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GOLDEN HARVEST BY AND BY.

gos - pel, For the har-vest in the sky, in the sky. Sow-ing  
 gos - pel, For the har - - - vest in the sky. . . . .  
 far . . . and wide the gos-pel, For the reap - ing by and by, . . . In the  
 Sowing far and wide the gospel, For the reaping by and by, by and by,  
 joy - ful golden har - vest, Waiting for . . . the saints on high.  
 In the joy-ful gold-en har - vest, Waiting for the saints on high, on high.

No. 42. OLD HUNDRED. L. M.

THOS. KEN. 1697.

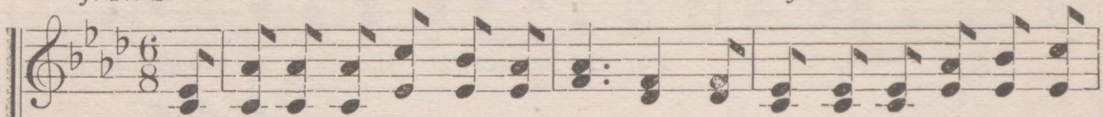
G. FRANC. 1545.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow ; Praise Him, all creatures here be - low ;  
 Praise Him a - bove, ye heaven-ly host ; Praise Father, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost.

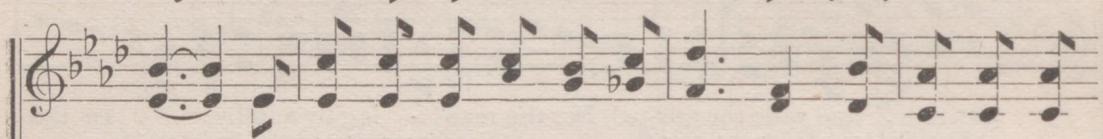
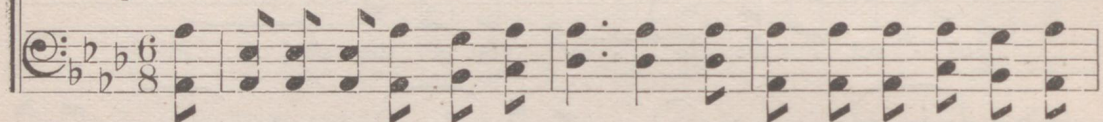
# No. 43. 'TIS NEVER TOO LATE TO BE WORKING.

J. N. S.

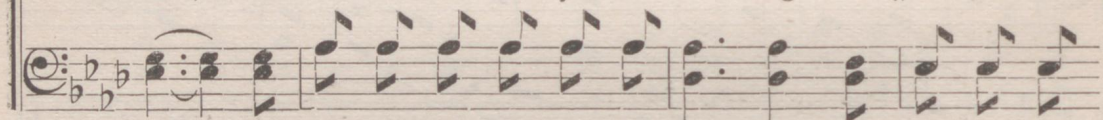
JASPER N. SEWELL.



1. 'Tis nev-er too late to be work-ing, The fields are all shin-ing so
2. 'Tis nev-er too late to be work-ing, While calls for the lab-'ers we
3. 'Tis nev-er too late to be work-ing, For Je - sus who sav'd us from



bright; Go work in them now with all pleas - ure, And bring in the  
hear; The call is to all that are i - dle, O list - to the  
sin; Then ev - er be read - y and will - ing To gath - er the



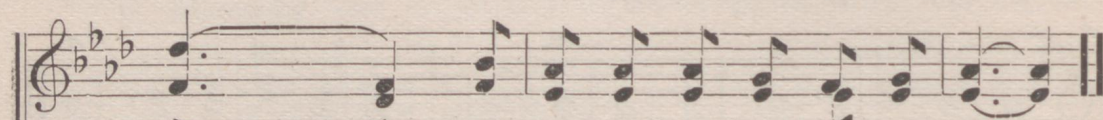
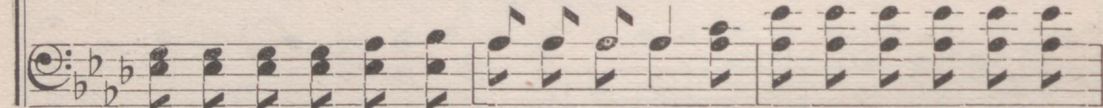
## REFRAIN.



sheaves with de - light. "Go la - - - bor to - day," . . . The  
sum - mons so dear.  
wan - der - ers in. Then work in my vine - yard, go la - bor to - day, The



sum - mons o - bey; . . . The fields . . . are so  
Mas - ter is call - ing, the sum - mons o - bey; The beau - ti - ful fields are all



bright, . . . Go gath - er the sheaves while you may.  
shin - ing so bright,



# No. 44. JESUS IS PLEADING FOR THEE.

B. E. W.

B. E. WARREN.

1. Hear the gen - tle Spir - it's call, Je - sus is pleading for thee;  
 2. Sin - ner, will you come to - day? Je - sus is pleading for thee;  
 3. Oh! He drank that bit - ter cup, Je - sus is pleading for thee;  
 4. He will wash your gar - ments white, Je - sus is pleading for thee;  
 5. He will sweep your guilt a - way, Je - sus is pleading for thee;  
 6. He will give you joy and peace, Je - sus is pleading for thee;

There is par - don free for all, Je - sus is plead - ing for thee.  
 Leave that dark and drear - y way, Je - sus is plead - ing for thee.  
 And this world you must give up, Je - sus is plead - ing for thee.  
 Turn your dark - ness in - to light, Je - sus is plead - ing for thee.  
 Make thy soul as clear as day, Je - sus is plead - ing for thee.  
 Glo - ry that will nev - er cease, Je - sus is plead - ing for thee.

## CHORUS.

Wash in the blood, . . . Wash in the blood of Je - sus;  
 Wash in the blood of the cleans - ing tide,

Wash in the blood, Wash in the blood of the Lamb. . . .  
 Wash in the blood of the cleansing tide, of the Lamb.



# No. 45. I HAVE NO MOTHER NOW.

Words arr.

J. M. HUNT.

*Slowly and tenderly.*

1. I hear the soft wind sigh-ing Thro' ev - 'ry bush and tree ; Where  
 2. I see the pale moon shin-ing On mother's white gravestone, The  
 3. My heart is ev - er lone - ly, My spir - it ev - er sad, 'Twas

moth - er dear is ly - ing A - way from love and me. Tears from mine eyes are  
 rose-bush round it twin-ing, Like me is sad and lone, And too, like me, 'tis  
 her dear presence on - ly That kept my spir - it glad ; From morning un - til

start-ing, And sorrow shades my brow, Ah ! wea - ry was our part-ing, I  
 weeping, The dewdrops on the bongh ; Long time has she been sleeping, I  
 evening, Care rests up - on my brow, She's gone from earth to heaven, I

## CHORUS.

have no moth - er now. I have no moth - er now ; I have no moth - er  
 have no moth - er now. I have no moth - er now ; I have no moth - er  
 have no moth - er now. I have no moth - er now ; I have no moth - er

I HAVE NO MOTHER NOW.

now; Ah! wea-ry was our part-ing; I have no moth-er now.  
 now; Long time has she been sleep-ing; I have no moth-er now.  
 now; She's gone from earth to heav-en; I have no moth-er now.

No. 46. HEAR OUR PRAYER.

J. M. H.

J. M. HUNT.

1. Bless-ed Jesus, wilt Thou hear us As we try to humbly pray? Wilt Thou guide our  
 2. Help us, Lord, to ever love Thee, Thou hast led us all the day; Wilt Thou watch us  
 3. When we die, dear Saviour, take us To Thy home in heav'n above, There to ever

REFRAIN.

lit - tle footsteps, In the true and heav'nly way? Hear us now, hear us now,  
 ev - 'ry mo - ment, That we may not go a - stray?  
 be with Je - sus, And to ev - er sing His love.

Hear us while we pray; Hear us now, hear us now, Take our sins a - way.

# No. 47. GLORIOUS FOUNTAIN.

COWPER.

T. C. O'KANE, by per.

1. { There is a foun - tain filled with blood, filled with blood, filled with blood,  
And sinners, plung'd beneath that flood, beneath that flood, beneath that flood,  
2. { The dy - ing thief re-joiced to see, re-joiced to see, re-joiced to see,  
And there may I, tho' vile as he, tho' vile as he, tho' vile as he,

There is a foun - tain filled with blood, Drawn from Immanuel's veins, }  
And sin - ners, plung'd beneath that flood, Lose all their guilt - y stains. }  
The dy - ing thief re-joiced to see That foun - tain in his day, }  
And there may I, tho' vile as he, Wash all my sins a - way. }

CHORUS.

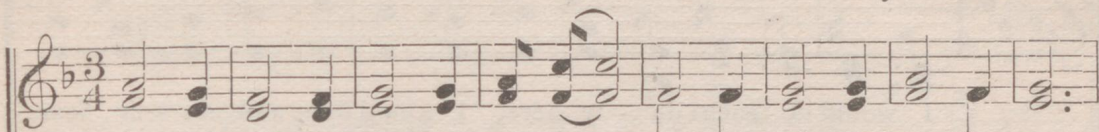
Oh, glo - ri - ous foun - tain! Here will I stay,

And in thee ev - er Wash my sins a - way.

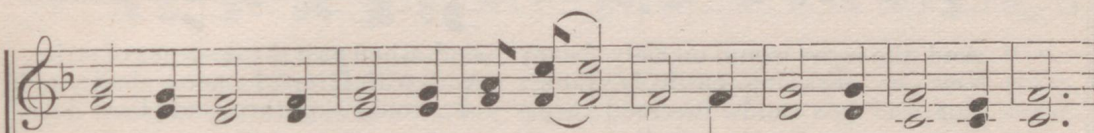
- |  |   |
|--|---|
| 3. Thou dying Lamb,   : Thy precious blood:   <br>Shall never lose its power,<br>Till all the ransomed   : Church of God:   <br>Are saved, to sin no more. | 4. E'er since by faith   : I saw the stream:   <br>Thy flowing wounds supply,<br>Redeeming love   : has been my theme:   <br>And shall be till I die. |
|--|---|

No. 48. LORD, THY MERCY NOW  
ENTREATING.

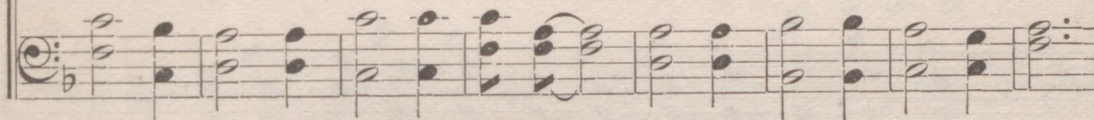
J. M. HUNT.



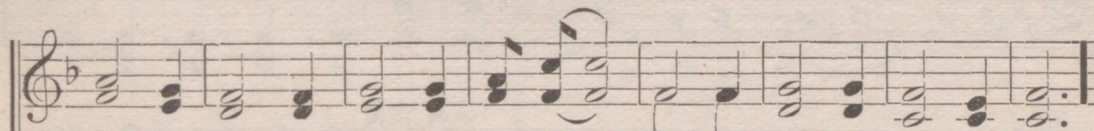
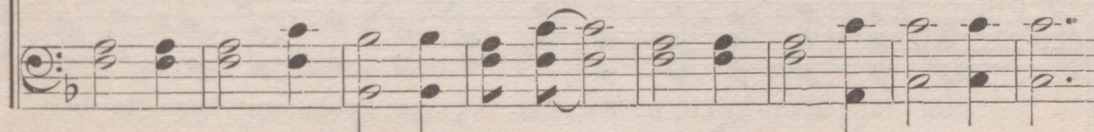
1. Lord, Thy mer - cy now en - treat - ing, Low be - fore Thy throne we fall ;
2. Hearts that far from Thee were stray - ing, While in pray'r we bowed the knee ;
3. Heav'n - ly Fa - ther, bless Thy chil - dren ; Heark - en from Thy throne on high ;



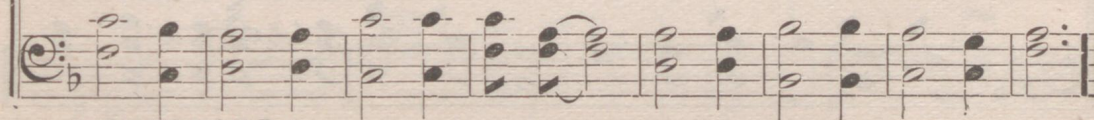
Our mis - deeds to Thee con - fess - ing, On Thy name we hum - bly call.  
Lips that, while Thy prais - es sound - ing, Lift - ed not the voice to Thee.  
Lov - ing Sav - iour, Ho - ly Spir - it, Hear and heed our hum - ble cry.



Sin - ful tho'ts, and words un - lov - ing, Rise a - gainst us one by one ;  
Lord, Thy mer - cy still en - treat - ing, We with shame our sins would own ;  
Hear, in mer - cy, while we're plead - ing ; Grant us, Lord, Thy face to see ;



Acts un - worth - y, deeds un - think - ing, Good that we have left un - done.  
From henceforth, the time re - deem - ing, May we live to Thee a - lone.  
Bask - ing in Thy smil - ing fa - vor May we spend e - ter - ni - ty.



# No. 49. CROWN, HARP, AND SONG.

F. A. BLACKMER.

H. N. LINCOLN.

*Moderato.*

1. I would do each du - ty here, I would fight and nev - er fear,  
2. I would fol - low Je - sus now, At His feet would hum - bly bow,  
3. To the Fa - ther and the Son, Who such won - drous things have done,

And the cross would meek - ly bear; And when past these scenes of strife,  
Nev - er seek - ing earth - ly fame; And with Him I soon shall stand,  
For a lost and ru - ined race; I would sing thro' end - less days,

I shall then a *crown* of life, With the ransomed ev - er wear.  
With a *harp* with - in my hand, Harp - ing prais - es to His name.  
*Songs* of ev - er - last - ing praise, For the gift of sav - ing grace.

## CHORUS.

O, a star - ry crown to wear. O, a gold - en harp to bear,

When be - fore the great I Am, All the might - y ran - so'nd throng,

CROWN, HARP, AND SONG.

Swell the glad, tri - umphant song, Song of Mo - ses and the Lamb.

No. 50. GATHER AT THE RIVER.

R. L.

ROBERT LOWRY, by per.

1. Shall we gath - er at the riv - er, Where bright angel feet have trod,
2. On the mar - gin of the riv - er, Dash - ing up its sil - ver spray,
3. Ere we reach the shin - ing riv - er, Lay we ev - 'ry bur - den down;
4. Soon we'll reach that sil - ver riv - er, Soon our pil - grimage shall cease;

With its crys - tal tide for - ev - er Flow - ing by the throne of God?  
 We will walk and wor - ship ev - er, All the hap - py, gold - en day.  
 Grace our spir - its will de - liv - er, And pro - vide a robe and crown.  
 Soon our hap - py hearts will quiv - er With the mel - o - dy of peace.

CHORUS.

Yes, we'll gath - er at the riv - er, The beau - ti - ful, the beau - ti - ful riv - er—

Gath - er with the saints at the riv - er That flows by the throne of God.

# No. 51. AS DOVES TO THEIR WINDOWS.

W. E. PENN

H. N. LINCOLN, by per.

Quartet legato.

1. As doves to their windows, when darkness draws nigh My soul in its longings to
2. The win-dows of heaven stand open and wide, Where earth's weary pilgrims may
3. The storm clouds are gath'ring, the tempest is high, The day is far spent and the
4. Then come, trembling sin-ner, no long-er de-lay, As doves to their windows fly

Je-sus would fly; When dark waves of sor-row would o-ver me roll, In ev-er a-bide; Why then do we tar-ry in dark-ness and sin, When dark night is nigh; Why then stand we i-dle 'mid dan-gers so great? We quick-ly a-way; A-way from the sins that will sink thy poor soul, Where

REFRAIN. *cres.*

Jesus, my Saviour, there's rest for my soul. As doves . . . to their win-dows, when Je-sus is waiting to welcome us in? know that this moment may close mercy's gate, dark waves of death must eternally roll.

As doves to their windows, as doves to their windows, when

dark-ness is nigh, . . . As doves . . . to their win-dows, when darkness is nigh, when darkness is nigh, As doves to their windows, as doves to their windows, when

tem-pests are high . . . There's ref-uge in Je-sus for tem-pests are high, when tempests are high

AS DOVES TO THEIR WINDOWS.

*m* *con express ad lib.*

thy wea - ry soul When dark waves of sorrow would o-ver thee roll. . .  
o-ver thee roll.

The musical score consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 3/4. The music features a melody in the upper staff with lyrics underneath, and a harmonic accompaniment in the lower staff. The tempo and dynamics are marked as 'm' (moderato) and 'con express ad lib.' (con espressione ad libitum).

No. 52. MILDRED. 6s, 4s.

F. C. VAN ALSTYNE.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1. Lord, at Thy mer - cy-seat, Hum-bly I fall; Plead-ing Thy  
2. Hark! how the words of love Ten-der - ly fall, Ere to the  
3. Still at Thy mer - cy-seat—Humbly I fall; Plead-ing Thy

The first system of music for 'MILDRED.' consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 3/4. The music features a melody in the upper staff with lyrics underneath, and a harmonic accompaniment in the lower staff.

prom - ise sweet, Lord, hear my call. Now let Thy work be - gin,  
realms a - bove, Heard is my call. Now ev - 'ry doubt has flown,  
prom - ise sweet, Heard is my call. Faith wings my soul to Thee;

The second system of music for 'MILDRED.' consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 3/4. The music features a melody in the upper staff with lyrics underneath, and a harmonic accompaniment in the lower staff.

Oh, make me pure within, Cleanse me from ev - 'ry sin, Je - sus, my all.  
Bro - ken my heart of stone, Lord, I am Thine a - lone, Je - sus, my all.  
This all my hope shall be, Je - sus has died for me, Je - sus, my all.

The third system of music for 'MILDRED.' consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 3/4. The music features a melody in the upper staff with lyrics underneath, and a harmonic accompaniment in the lower staff.



# No. 53. THROW OUT THE LIFE-LINE.

Rev. E. S. U.

Rev. E. S. UFFORD, by per.

1. Throw out the Life-Line a - cross the dark wave, There is a  
 2. Throw out the Life-Line with hand quick and strong, Why do you  
 3. Throw out the Life-Line to dan - ger-fraught men, Sink - ing in  
 4. Soon will this sea - son of res - cue be o'er, Soon we shall

broth-er whom some one should save; Somebody's brother, O, who then will dare  
 tar - ry, my broth-er, so long? See, he is sink-ing, O, has - ten to - day,  
 an-guish where we've never been; Winds of temp-tation and bil - lows of woe,  
 go to the fair E - den shore; Then in the dark hour of death may it be,

CHORUS.

To throw out the Life-Line, his per - il to share? Throw out the Life-Line!  
 And out with the life-boat, a - way, then, a - way.  
 Will soon hurl them out where the dark wa-ters flow.  
 That Je - sus will throw out the Life-Line to thee!

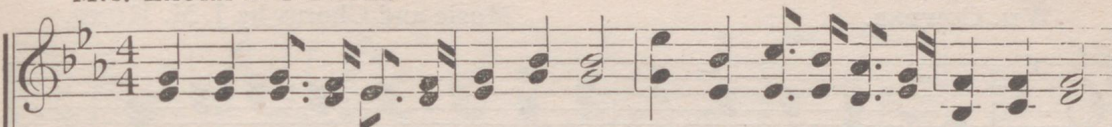
throw out the Life-Line! Some one is drift-ing a - way; Throw out the

Life-Line! throw out the Life-Line! Some one is sink-ing to - day.

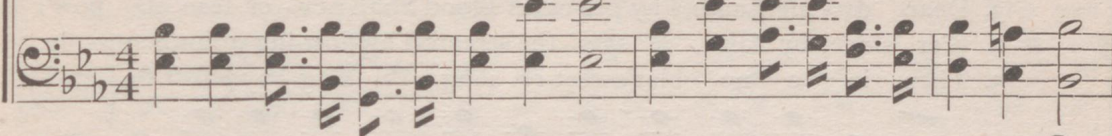
# No. 54. ONWARD MARCH TO VICTORY.

Mrs. LAURA E. NEWELL.

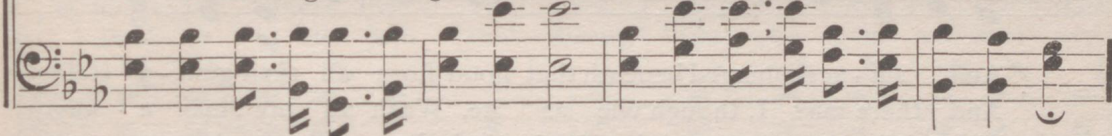
H. N. LINCOLN.



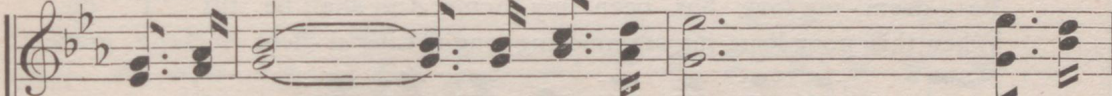
1. Chris-tian soldiers, on life's rugged road, Onward marching to the King's abode,
- 2 On-ward, soldiers, there are foes to face, Sins to conquer ere we win the race ;
3. Christ our Captain leads us all the way, Onward, soldiers ! to the gates of day.
4. Still ad-vanc-ing, there is nought to fear, Je-sus loves us, He is ev - er near ;



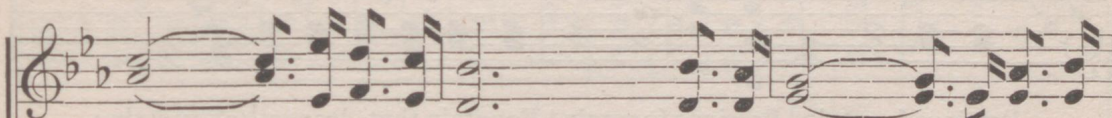
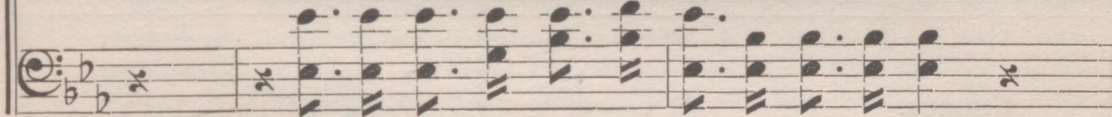
Nev - er fal - ter tho' the way be long, 'Neath His banner lift your voice in song.  
Just beyond us lies the promised land, Don your armor, heed the King's command.  
Storms and battles soon will aye be past ; We may wear the victor's crown at last.  
Ev - er striv-ing souls to gar-ner in For the Mas-ter, we a crown shall win.



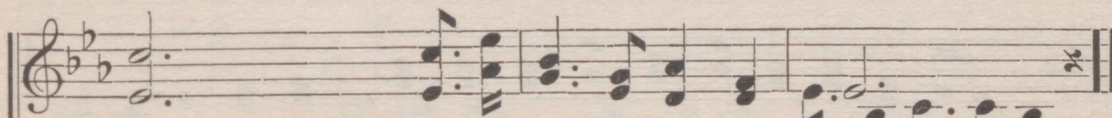
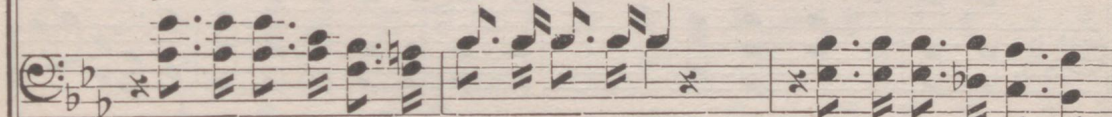
## REFRAIN.



On - ward march . . . to vic - to - ry! Je - sus  
On - ward march to vic - to - ry, to vic - to - ry,



died . . . to set us free; Trust His love . . . what'er be -  
Je - sus died to set us free, to set us free; Trust His love what'er be -



tide, He our steps will safe - ly guide.  
tide, what'er be-tide, will safe - ly guide.



No. 55.

PRECIOUS FOUNTAIN.

WM. COWPER.

Music and Chorus by J. M. HUNT.

1. There is a foun-tain filled with blood Drawn from Immanuel's veins,  
 2. The dy - ing thief re - joiced to see That foun-tain in his day;  
 3. Dear dy - ing Lamb, Thy pre-cious blood Shall nev - er lose its pow'r  
 4. E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream Thy flow-ing wounds sup-ply,  
 5. Then, in a no - bler sweet-er song, I'll sing Thy pow'r to save.

And sin - ners plunged beneath that flood Lose all their guilt - y stains.  
 And there may I, though vile as he, Wash all my sins a - way.  
 Till all the ran-somed church of God Be saved, to sin no more.  
 Re - deem - ing love has been my theme, And shall be till I die.  
 When this poor lisp - ing stammering tongue Lies si - lent in the grave.

CHORUS.


Precious fountain! Precious fountain! Fountain that cleanseth ev'ry stain;  
 ev'ry stain;

Up - on the tree His blood was shed, That we a crown might gain.  
 a crown might gain.

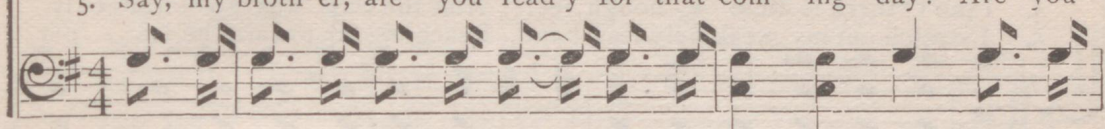
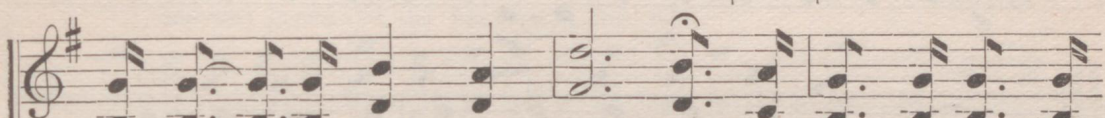
# No. 56. THE BEAUTIFUL LAND OF LOVE.

S. M. B.

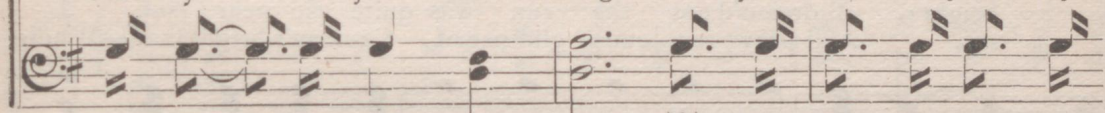
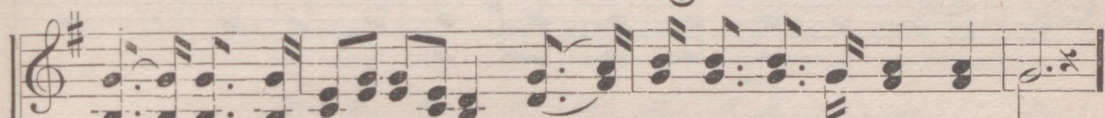
S. M. BROWN.



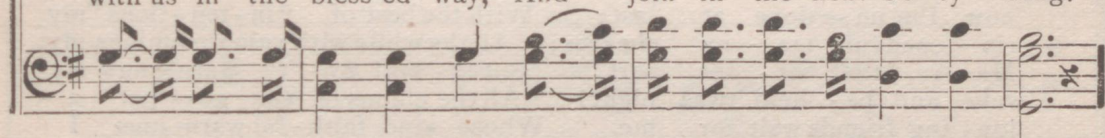
1. I am think - ing of a home where there is no sin, Nei - ther  
 2. They are com - ing now to - geth - er from the north and south, From the  
 3. Thro' the val - ley of the shad - ows and the hills of song, They have  
 4. They were part - ed in the val - ley of the death - cold stream, Now they're  
 5. Say, my broth - er, are you read - y for that com - ing day? Are you

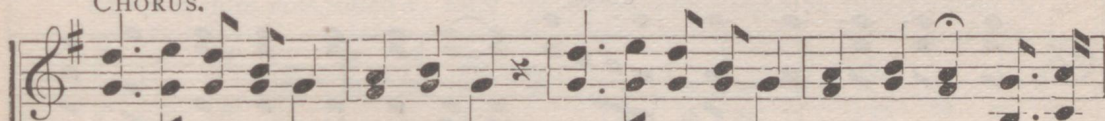
sor - row nor death nor tears; Of the dawn - ing of a  
 ris - ing to the set - ting sun; They are sol - diers in an  
 pa - tient - ly press'd their way; They are join - ing in the  
 meet - ing, there, face to face; They are heav - en pur - chased  
 read - y to join that throng? Wont you come and jour - ney

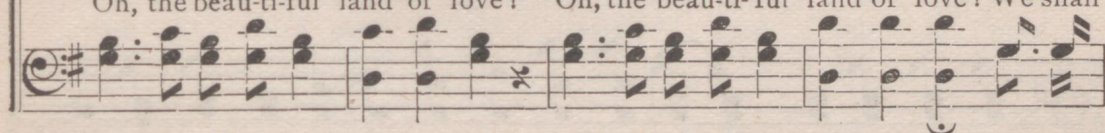

light where there falls no night, Thro' the cy - cles of the end - less years.  
 ar - my of a mor - tal strife, But the crowning day is now be - gun.  
 chor - us of the blood - wash'd throng, In the cit - y of e - ter - nal day.  
 trophies of re - deem - ing love; They were sinners, but were sav'd by grace.  
 with us in the bless - ed way, And join in the heav - en - ly song?



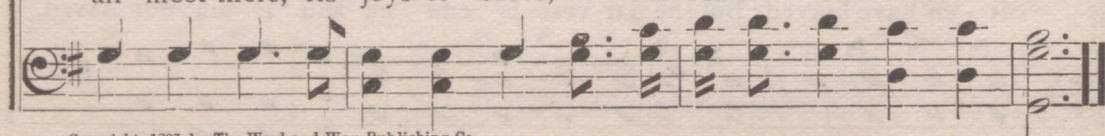
## CHORUS.



Oh, the beau - ti - ful land of love! Oh, the beau - ti - ful land of love! We shall

all meet there, its joys to share, In the beau - ti - ful land of love.



# No. 57. THE LOST SOUL'S LAMENT.

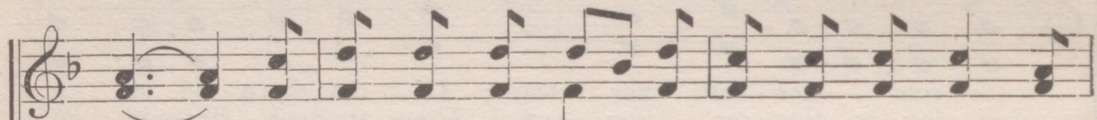
Jeremiah 8: 20.

Mrs. LOU. S. BEDFORD.

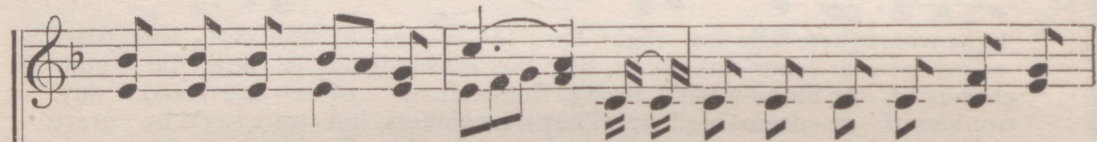
H. N. LINCOLN.



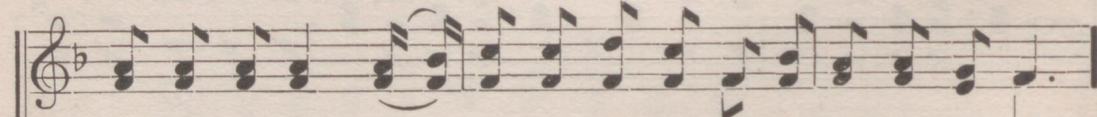
1. The sum-mer is end-ed, oh God! And the har-vest for-ev-er
2. The dews of God's grace have come down, Thro' the spring and the sum-mer
3. Full of-ten His "still" gen-tle voice Has en-couraged my way-ward
4. I tho't "there is time e-nough yet!" And the way was so strange-ly
5. I stretch out my weak, help-less hand, Reach-ing far toward the jas-per



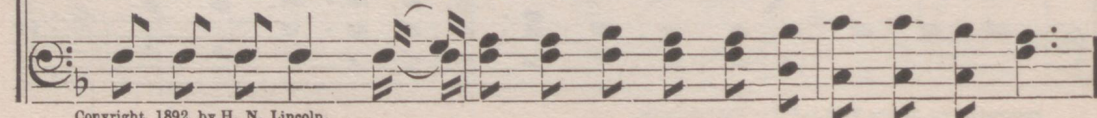
past, While heed-less life's ear-nest path I have trod, And  
 eyes The beau-ti-ful rays of Au-tumn's bright sun Have  
 heart To choose, in the place of life's fleet-ing joys, Like  
 bright; I dream'd not the sun was quite so near set, I  
 sea, And pray for one glimpse of Ca-naan's bright land—Where



now I'm un-done at last; With the best of "in-ten-tions" my  
 rip-ened full ma-ny sheaves; All the while with vain dreamings my  
 Ma-ry, "that bet-ter part," But a-las! ev-'ry warn-ing my  
 woke, and be-held 'twas night! All the claims of the gos-pel a-  
 lov-ing friends wait for me, Whose kind faith-ful warn-ings I



path I have paved, But the har-vest is passed and my soul is not saved.  
 way I have paved, Till the sum-mer is end-ed and I am not saved.  
 proud heart has brav'd, The sum-mer is end-ed and I am not saved.  
 las! I had waived Till the sheaves were all garner'd and I am not saved.  
 oft-en have brav'd; But the har-vest is end-ed and I am not saved.



THE LOST SOUL'S LAMENT.

CHORUS.

I . . . . am not saved, . . . I . . . . am not saved; . . .  
 I am not saved, I am not saved, I am not saved, I am not saved;

The har - vest is end - ed, and I am not saved.  
 har-vest is end-ed, the har-vest is end-ed,

No. 58. CHRISTMAS BELLS.

LONGFELLOW.

J. M. HUNT.

1. I heard the bells on Christ-mas day, Their old fa - mil - iar  
 2. And thought how, as the day had come, The bel - fies of all  
 3. Till ring - ing, sing - ing on the way, The world re - volved from

And wild and sweet their words re -  
 Has rolled a - long th' un - bro - ken  
 A voice, a chime, a chant sub -

car - ols play; And wild and sweet their words re -peat, And wild and sweet their  
 Christen-dom Has rolled a - long th' un-bro-ken song, Has rolled a-long th' un-  
 night to day; A voice, a chime, a chant sub-lime, A voice, a chime, a

peat, Of peace on earth, good - will to men.  
 song, Of peace on earth, good - will to men.  
 lime, Of peace on earth, good - will to men.

words re - peat, Of peace on earth, good-will to men, good-will to men.  
 bro - ken song, Of peace on earth, good-will to men, good-will to men.  
 chant sub-lime, Of peace on earth, good-will to men, good-will to men.

# No. 59. I AM GOING TO TELL THE STORY.

S. M. B.

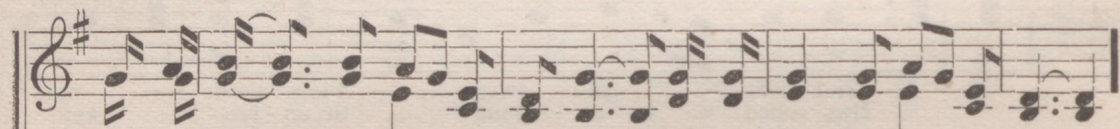
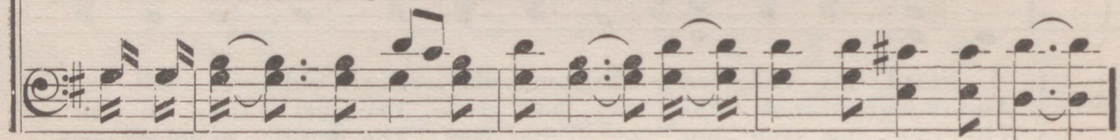
S. M. BROWN.



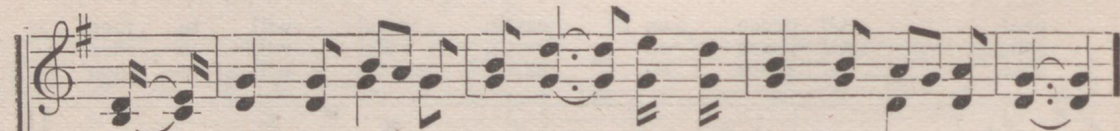
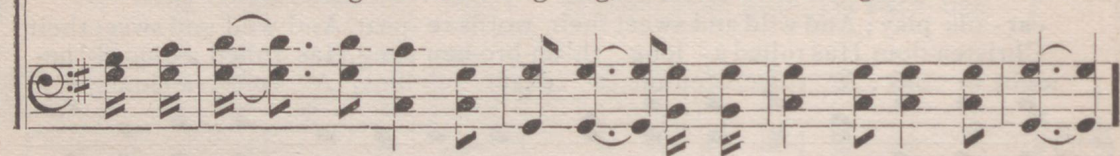
1. I am go - ing to join the ar - my, The ar - my of the Lord;
2. I have strug - gled, all sin - gle - hand - ed, I've bat - tled all a - lone;
3. I have fol - lowed the Prince of Dark - ness To sor - row, shame and woe;
4. I was charmed with sin - ful pleas - ure, 'Twas al - ways mingled with pain;



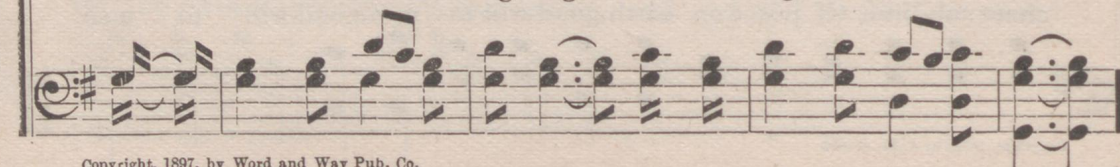
I am go - ing to bear the mes - sage Of the Mas - ter's bless - ed word.  
Have re - belled a - gainst my Cap - tain And de - filed His aw - ful throne.  
There are oth - ers now leaving his ser - vice, And I am re - solved to go.  
But I've found the price - less treas - ure, In join - ing the heav'nly train.



I am go - ing to tell the sto - ry Of the Saviour's matchless love;  
I have plunged my soul in sor - row, And have filled my heart with shame;  
I will join in the bloodless war - fare, And will reach the camp a - bove,  
I am march - ing on with sing - ing, To the soul's bright home a - bove;



How He left the scenes of glo - ry, And the Fa - ther's home a - bove.  
Have be - trayed the bless - ed Sav - iour, And dis - graced His ho - ly name.  
And all a - long the jour - ney I will tell my Cap - tain's love.  
Where the arch of heav'n is ring - ing With the songs of boundless love.



I AM GOING TO TELL THE STORY.

CHORUS.

I am go-ing to tell the sto-ry Of the Sav-iour's matchless love,  
 And join the throng in glo-ry, In the Fa-ther's home a-bove.

No. 60. GLORY TO HIS NAME.

"I will glorify thy name forevermore."

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.

Rev. J. H. STOCKTON, by per.

1. Down at the cross where my Sav-iour died, Down where for cleansing from  
 2. I am so won-drous-ly saved from sin, Je-sus so sweet-ly a-  
 3. Oh, pre-cious foun-tain, that saves from sin! I am so glad I have  
 4. Come to this fonn-tain, so rich and sweet; Cast thy poor soul at the

sin I cried; There to my heart was the blood ap-plied; Glo-ry to His  
 bides with-in; There at the cross where He took me in; Glo-ry to His  
 en-tered in; There Je-sus saves me and keeps me clean; Glo-ry to His  
 Sav-iour's feet; Plunge in to-day, and be made complete; Glo-ry to His

*D.S. There to my heart was the blood applied; Glo-ry to His*

FINE. CHORUS.

*D.S.*

name. Glo-ry to His name, Glo-ry to His name;

name.



# No. 61. O HOME, SWEET HOME!

JENNIE WILSON.

H. N. LINCOLN.

1. O home, sweet home! My tho'ts fondly turn to thee, 'Mid
2. Up - on the strand, Dear home, I shall know thy rest, Where
3. Thy tones, blest song, O home of the glo - ri - fied; As
4. O home of peace, How precious Thy joys will be! When

1. O home, sweet home, o'er the o - cean's foam, 'Mid
2. Up - on the strand of that death-less land, Where
3. Thy tones, blest song, I shall hear ere long, As
4. O home of peace where all sor - rows cease, When

storms, 'Mid storms so dark, so dark, Thy brightness by faith I see.  
 sin, Where sin and strife, and strife, Will nev - er a - gain mo - lest.  
 borne, As borne a - far, a - far, They float o - ver time's deep tide.  
 safe, When safe at last, at last, Thy por - tals un - close for me.

storms so dark gath'ring round my barque,  
 sin and strife of this mor - tal life,  
 borne a - far thro' the gates a - jar,  
 safe at last with all tri - als past,

## REFRAIN.

O home, O home, sweet home, sweet home, Tho' bil - lows between us roll; Thy  
 O home, sweet home, un - to thee I come,

light shall shine,

light shall shine, bless - ed home di - vine, For - ev - er up - on my soul.  
 thy light shall shine

No. 62.

CALLING TO THEE.

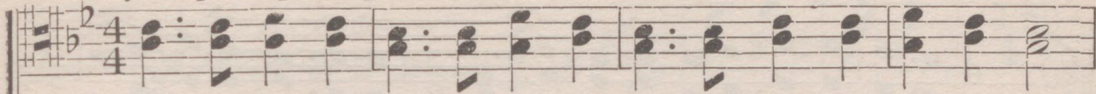
F. W. FABER.

MALE QUARTET.

P. J. TREBOR.

1ST AND 2D TENOR.

*Slowly. p mp p mp cres. dim.*

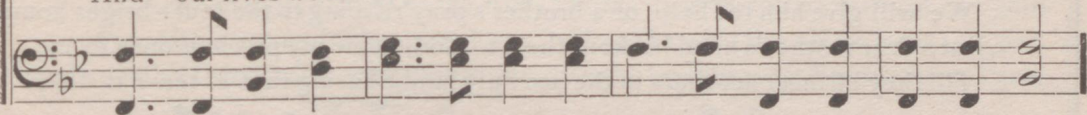


1. There's a wide-ness in God's mer-cy Like the wide-ness of the sea:
2. There is wel-come for the sin-ner, And more grac-es for the good;
3. For the love of God is broad-er Than the meas-ure of man's mind;
4. If our love were but more sim-ple, We should take Him at His word;

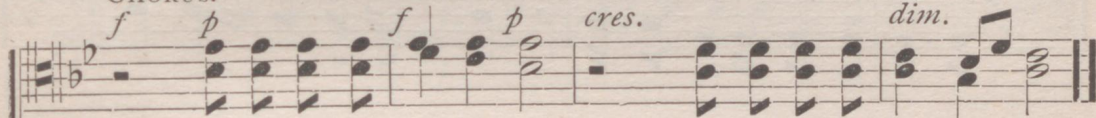
1ST AND 2D BASS.



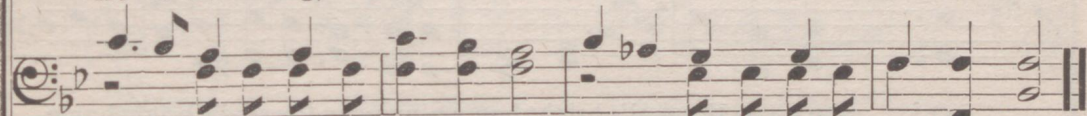
- There's a kind-ness in His jus-tice Which is more than lib-er-ty.  
 There is mer-cy with the Sav-iour, There is heal-ing in His blood.  
 And the heart of the e-ter-nal Is most won-der-ful-ly kind,  
 And our lives would be all sun-shine In the sweet-ness of our Lord.



CHORUS.



- He is call-ing, "Come to Me!" Lord, I glad-ly haste to Thee.  
 He is call-ing, "Come to Me!" Lord, I glad-ly haste to Thee.



He is call-ing, Lord, I glad-ly

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No. 63.

KEY OF E FLAT.

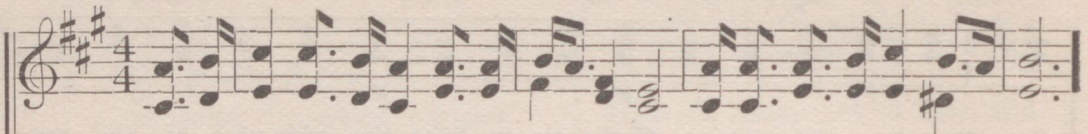
1. Just as I am, without one plea,  
 But that Thy blood was shed for me;  
 And that Thou bidd'st me come to  
 Thee,  
 O Lamb of God, I come!
2. Just as I am, and waiting not  
 To rid my soul of one dark blot;  
 To Thee, whose blood can cleanse  
 each spot,  
 O Lamb of God, I come!
3. Just as I am, though tossed about  
 With many a conflict, many a doubt;  
 Fightings within, and fears without,  
 O Lamb of God, I come!
4. Just as I am,—poor, wretched,  
 blind;  
 Sight, riches, healing of the mind,  
 Yea, all I need, in Thee to find,  
 O Lamb of God, I come!
5. Just as I am,—Thou wilt receive,  
 Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, re-  
 lieve;  
 Because Thy promise I believe,  
 O Lamb of God, I come!
6. Just as I am,—Thy love unknown  
 Has broken every barrier down;  
 Now to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,  
 O Lamb of God, I come!

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.

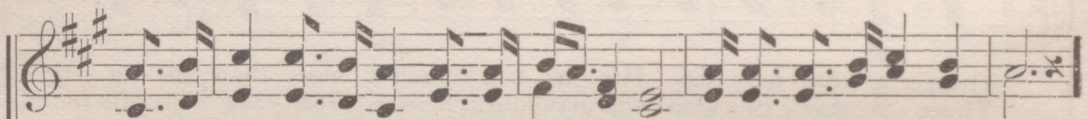
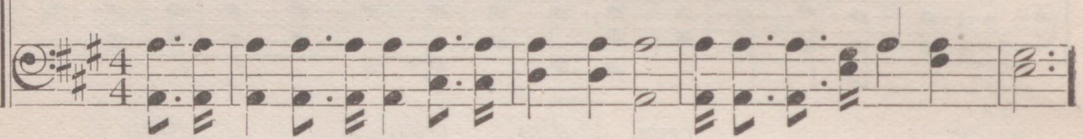
# No. 64. SINGING IN THE SOUL'S BRIGHT HOME.

S. M. B.

S. M. BROWN.



1. She has pass'd to the land of the mansions fair, Singing in the soul's bright home;
2. Lit-tle children are left to a father's care, Wending to the soul's bright home;
3. Lit-tle feet oft will tire in the rug-ged road, Sad and lonely they will be;
4. Blessed Father of love, may Thy gracious hand Lead them in the blessed way;



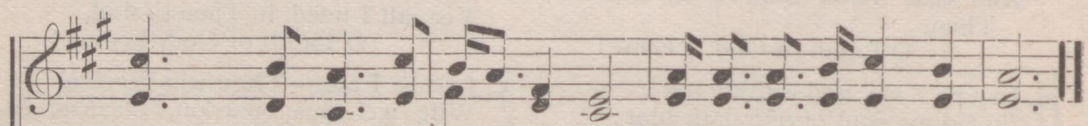
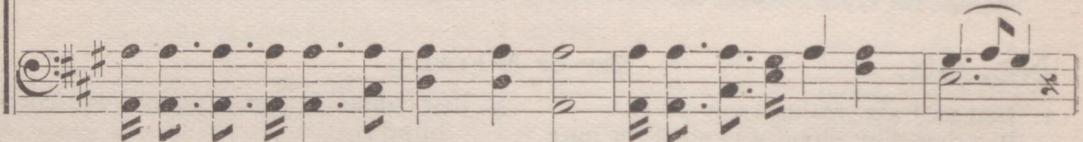
She will pa-tiently wait till they all meet there, Singing in the soul's bright home.  
 We will give him the help of a brother's pray'r, Going to the soul's bright home.  
 But a dear mother's hand beckons them to God, Come, my precious ones, to me.  
 Till they all meet her there in the heav'nly land, Sharing that e-ter-nal day.



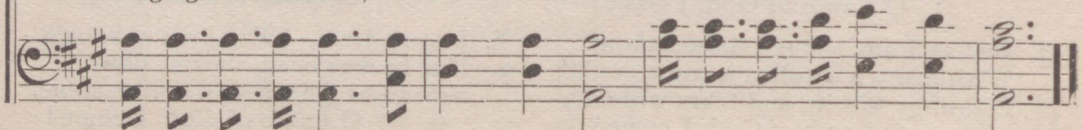
## CHORUS.



O the home, the soul's bright home, Singing in the soul's bright home.  
 Singing in the home,



O the home, the soul's bright home, Singing in the soul's bright home.  
 Singing in the home,

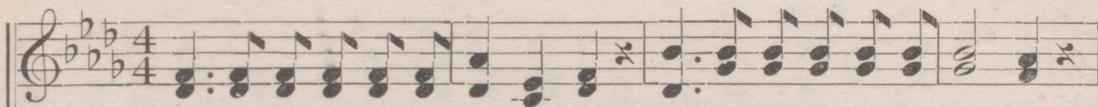


# No. 65. GOD BE WITH YOU.

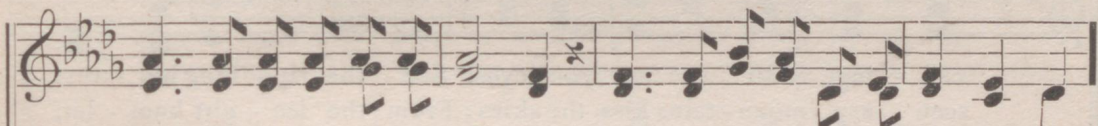
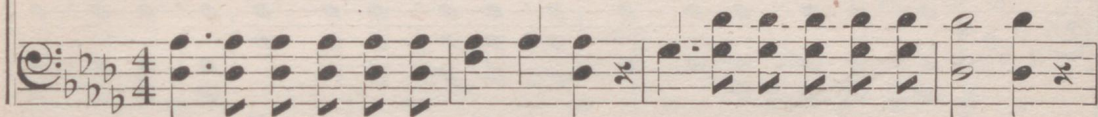
"The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you."—Rom. 16: 20.

J. E. RANKIN, D.D.

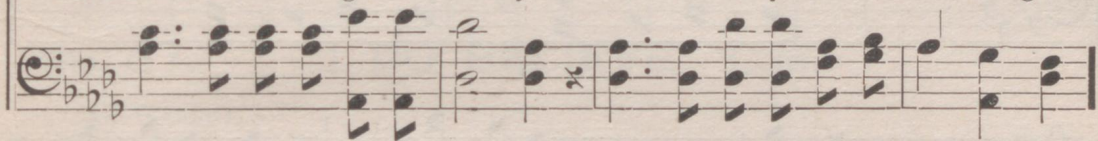
W. G. TOMER.



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 protecting 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,



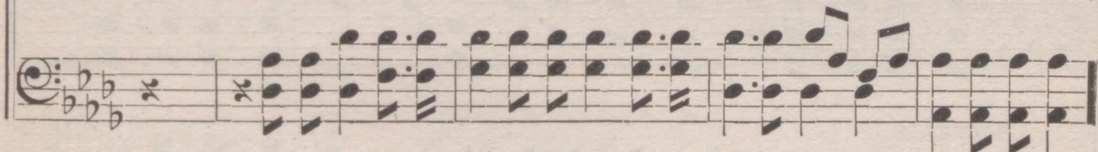
With His sheep se - cure - ly fold you, God be with you till we meet a - gain.  
 Dai - ly man - na still di - vide you, God be with you till we meet a - gain.  
 Put His arms un - fail - ing round you, God be with you till we meet a - gain.  
 Smite death's threat'ning wave before you, God be with you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



## REFRAIN.



Till we meet, till we meet, Till we meet at Jesus' feet ;  
 Till we meet, till we meet, till we meet, Till we meet at Jesus' feet ; Till we meet,



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



# No. 66. BRING YE IN THE TITHES.

Mal. 3 : 10.

Rev. DWIGHT SPENCER.

S. M. BROWN, by per.

1. Ho, ye faith-ful watchman on the walls of Zi - on, Je - sus now is  
 2. Amer - i - ca is plead-ing, hear the cry of brothers, Where 'mid western  
 3. Hear the cry from A - sia, hear her dy - ing mil-lions, Call - ing for the  
 4. O the glo-rious morning, when the part - ing heavens Show the Lord ap-

call - ing, "Lift ye up your eyes, See the rip - 'ning har - vest,  
 scen - ery moun - tains kiss the skies; From the ice - girt ham - let,  
 gos - pel, hear their plaintive cries; Af - ric's sons and daughters  
 pear - ing, to our wond'ring eyes! We may "haste un - to" it,

hear the call for lab'ers, Sound the proc-la-ma - tion, bring ye in the tithes."  
 to the southern border, Hear the cry for work-ers, bring ye in the tithes.  
 join the earnest pleading, "Hasten o'er and help us," bring ye in the tithes.  
 we may haste the dawning, If we come with gladness bring-ing in the tithes.

## REFRAIN.

Bring ye in the tithes, bring ye in the tithes, Sound the procla - ma - tion,  
 Bring ye in the tithes, bring ye in the tithes, Hear the cry for work-ers,  
 Bring ye in the tithes, bring ye in the tithes, Has - ten o'er and help us,  
 Bring-ing in the tithes, bringing in the tithes, If we come with gladness,

BRING YE IN THE TITHES.

bring ye in the tithes; See the ripening har - vest, hear the call for  
bring ye in the tithes; From the ice - girt ham - let to the southern  
bring ye in the tithes; Af-ric's sons and daugh-ters join the ear - nest  
bring-ing in the tithes; We may "haste unto" it, we may haste the

la - b'rrers, Sound the proc - la - ma - tion, bring ye in the tithes.  
bor - der, Hear the cry for work - ers, bring ye in the tithes.  
plead - ing, "Has - ten o'er and help us," bring ye in the tithes.  
dawn - ing, If we come with glad - ness, bring-ing in the tithes.

No. 67. I DO BELIEVE. C.M.

C. WESLEY.

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;

CHO. — I do be - lieve, I now be - lieve That Je - sus died for me;

If Thou withdraw 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, may I now re - ceive that gift; My soul, with - out it, dies.

And thro' His blood, His pre - cious blood, I shall from sin be free.

# No. 68. OUR COUNTRY FOR JESUS.\*

S. M. B.

S. M. BROWN.

1. Our coun-try for Je - sus, of this will I sing, To Thee, my be -  
 2. Ye men of our coun-try, this God - fav - ored land, Oh, why in the  
 3. Our coun-try for Je - sus, come, join the re - frain, Ye sons of re -  
 4. Our coun-try for Je - sus, how shall we re - frain? We're marching to

lov - ed, this tri - bute I bring. O home of my child - hood, how  
 con - flict do you i - dle stand, While sin and de - struc - tion and  
 demp - tion, His gos - pel pro - claim, In pray'r and in ser - vice, in  
 con - quest in His bless - ed name. The des - ert shall blos - som, the

pre - cious to me, The God of all na - tions will let me love thee.  
 ru - in and blight Are wrap - ping your sons in the man - tle of night?  
 gift and in song, While all your dear chil - dren the cho - rus pro - long.  
 moun - tains shall sing, And hea - ven's high arch with the cho - rus shall ring.

## CHORUS.

Our coun-try for Je - sus, O grant it, dear Lord, Hail, all ye good

peo - ple, be this your re - ward, And when the dear Mas - ter shall

\* Originally written as "Missouri for Jesus."

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OUR COUNTRY FOR JESUS.

bid us all come, May you and your chil-dren be safe gathered home.

No. 69.

ANTIOCH. C. M.

ISAAC WATTS.

Arr. from HANDEL.

1. Joy to the world, the Lord has come! Let earth receive her King;
2. Joy to the earth, the Saviour reigns! Let men their songs employ;
3. No more let sins and sorrows grow, Nor thorns infest the ground;
4. He rules the world with truth and grace, And makes the nations prove

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

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



# No. 70. DYING FOR THE KNOWLEDGE OF JESUS.

"And this is life eternal, that they may know thee . . . and Jesus Christ, whom thou hast sent." — John 17: 3.

S. M. B.

S. M. BROWN, by per.

1. Broth-er, hear the cry from the dark do-main, Where they have no
2. Dy-ing all un-conscious of the dead-ly ill; Fren-zied by the
3. Sad-ly they are cry-ing, tho' no voice we hear; Sink-ing to per-
4. Chris-tian, you have feasted on the Sav-iour's love, Hast'ning to the

knowledge of the Sav-iour's name; See the dark'ning night, hear the  
fe-ver of the fa-tal chill; Blind-ed by de-cep-tion of the  
di-tion, yet they feel no fear; Si-lent-ly they're pleading by their  
joys of the world a-bove; Will you with in-diff'rence hear your

plain-tive cry, "Send us now the gos-pel or our souls must die."  
world's dread foe, Stand-ing on the mar-gin of e-ter-nal woe.  
sin and shame, Cry-ing for the know-ledge of the Sav-iour's name.  
broth-ers' cry, "Send us now the gos-pel or our souls must die"?

## CHORUS.

Broth-er, they are cry-ing, cry-ing un-to you, "Save us from e-

ter-nal shame"; Trem-bling on the brink of the world of woe,

DYING FOR THE KNOWLEDGE OF JESUS.

Dy - ing for the knowl - edge of the Sav - iour's name.

No. 71. THE HARVEST IS WHITE.

W. E. PENN.

John 4: 35.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1. Lift up your eyes, be-hold and see, The fields are white as white can be;  
 2. For want of men to preach the truth, In ev - 'ry land to age and youth;  
 3. For want of men and wo-men too, To do what-e'er they find to do,  
 4. For want of men both young and old, Who love their Sav-iour more than gold,

And much we're loosing ev - 'ry day, For want of men to work and pray.  
 For Je - sus'sake to give up all, And hum-bly at His feet to fall.  
 For - sake the fol - lies of the day, And toil and la - bor, watch and pray.  
 For want of lib - 'ral heart-ed men, The gos - pel thro' the earth to send.

CHORUS.

The har-vest fields, O broth-er, see, Are just as white as white can be;

And much we're loosing ev - 'ry day, For want of men to work and pray.

No. 72.

THE WIDOW'S MITE.

Mark 12 : 42.

S. M. B.

S. M. BROWN, by per.

1. O - ver a - gainst the treas - ry of the Lord, See the Mas - ter  
 2. One there is among them un - no - ticed by the throng, As in pomp and  
 3. But a sin - gle farthing is all she has to give, Yet the Mas - ter

sit - ting a - mid the surg - ing crowd ; Lo ! the throng is com - ing to  
 splendor the great ones pass a - long ; But the heart of Je - sus is  
 knows it's her on - ly means to live ; Hear the words of Je - sus as

bring their treasures rare ; From a - bundant rich - es they their love de - clare.  
 kindled to a flame, As she makes her off - ring for the hon - or of His name.  
 from His lips they fall, "Out of her deep poverty she's given more than all."

CHORUS.

Sit - ting there in si - lence, He's watching yet to - day, Weighing what they

of - fer as they come and go a - way ; Shall it be, to Je - sus, the

THE WIDOW'S MITE.

widow's blessed mite, Small, but yet a sac-ri - fice and precious in His sight.

No. 73.

PEACE.

"In me ye have peace."— John 16 : 33.

JOHN.

J. G. F.

1. Great peace have they who love Thy law, Whose mind is stayed on Thee.  
 2. 'Twas peace on earth the an - gels sang, To wea - ry ones there's rest,  
 3. No peace have they in wick - ed ways, They're like the trou - bled sea,  
 4. "Fear not, lit - tle flock," our Sav - iour said, It is your Fa - ther's will,  
 5. If fire - y tri - als fill our way, Like Je - sus tempt - ed sore,

My peace I give, My peace I leave, Sweet peace ye have in Me.  
 Sweet peace was made thro' Je - sus' blood, Which can - not be ex - pressed.  
 Peace, peace, they say, when they have none; From sin they do not flee.  
 A glo - rious king - dom to be - stow; His word He will ful - fill.  
 O "It is I, be not a - fraid;" Said Je - sus o'er and o'er.

CHORUS.

O, Thou wilt keep him in per - fect peace, Yes, Thou wilt keep him in

per - fect peace, Whose mind is stayed on Thee, Whose mind is stayed on Thee.

This Hymn is free to be used to the glory of God.

# No. 74. GOING THE LOST ONES TO BRING.

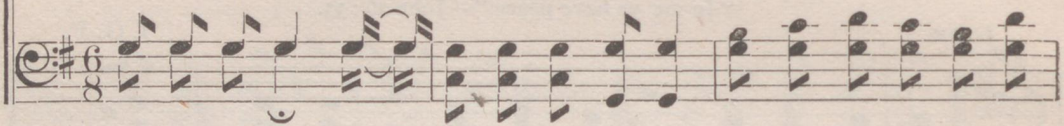
"Other sheep I have which are not of this fold."—John 10: 16.

S. M. B.

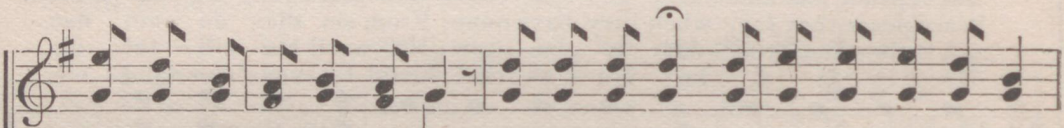
S. M. BROWN, by per.



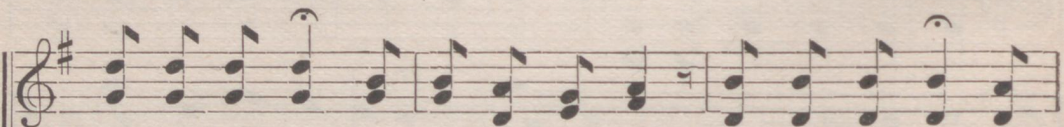
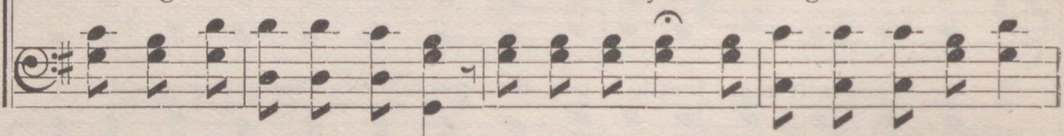
1. Go - ing a - way from the home of their childhood, Go - ing, the mes-sen-gers
2. Go - ing to be as eyes to the blinded, Of-f'ring their ser-vice as
3. Go - ing and weep-ing, com-ing re - joic-ing, Lead-ing the hosts of the
4. Yes, we will join, as did Hur and Aa-ron, Stay-ing the hands of the



of the great K'ing, Go - ing a - way to the re-gions of darkness, Go-ing, the feet to the lame; Go - ing to teach the tongue of the speechless Lessons of Lamb that was slain Out from the night of sin's deepest darkness Up to the Prophets of God, As they go forth to the re-gions of darkness, Bearing the



lost ones of Je - sus to bring; Go - ing to make the des - ert to blossom, prais - es to Christ's blessed name; Going to sound the trump of sal - va - tion, sun-light of heaven's bright plain. Can we not join their la - bors of mer - cy, mes-sage of God's blessed word. Then we will join the song of de - liv'rance,



Go - ing to teach the moun-tains to sing, Go - ing to break the From the dread doom and se-quence of sin; Go - ing to tell the Striv-ing to save the na-tions from sin? May we not join in When in the heav'n - ly Ca - naan they sing; When with their harps of



GOING THE LOST ONES TO BRING.

bonds of the cap - tive, Go - ing the lost ones of Je - sus to bring.  
 na - tions of hea - ven, Go - ing the lost ones of Je - sus to bring.  
 pray'r and in ser - vice, Seek - ing the lost ones of Je - sus to bring?  
 gold they are prais - ing Je - sus who suf - fered his lost ones to bring.

No. 75. HEAR US WHILE WE PRAY.

J. M. HUNT.

1. Fa - ther, ho - ly Fa - ther, Now the sun has come, Bringing light and glo - ry  
 2. Hear us, ho - ly Fa - ther, As to Thee we pray, Ask - ing Thee to keep us

From Thy heav'nly home. We, Thy lit - tle chil - dren, To Thy throne a - bove,  
 Safe from harm to - day. So, when night re - turn - eth, Ho - lier may we be,

CHORUS.

We would hymn Thy prais - es, We would sing Thy love. Hear us now, hear us now,  
 Kept from sin and sor - row, All the nearer Thee.

Hear us while we pray; Hear us now, hear us now, Take our sins a - way.

No. 76.

I'LL KNOW.

"What I do thou knowest not now; but thou shalt know hereafter" :— John 13: 7.

R. K. M.

R. K. MAIDEN.

1. Some day, somewhere, I'll un-der-stand; Earth's darkning clouds will pass away;  
 2. Some day, somewhere, 'twill all be plain, These shadows dark that cross my way;  
 3. Some day, somewhere, there'll be no night, No pain, no tears, nor sad good-byes;  
 4. Some day, somewhere, my eyes shall see The shadows lift, the clouds break way;  
 5. Some day, somewhere, when mists have flown, I'll see what now is hid from sight;  
 6. Some day, somewhere, beyond, a-bove, I'll un-der-stand my tri- als here;

And then I'll see God's lov- ing hand, In all that seems so strange to- day.  
 I'll see that loss has brought me gain, 'Twill all be plain, somewhere, some day.  
 There'll be no clouds to dim the light, No breaking hearts, no weep- ing eyes.  
 And all life's pain- ful mys- ter- y Dissolve and pass for- e'er a- way.  
 I'll know, as ev- en I am known, Oh, blessed tho't! oh, pure de- light!  
 I'll know that they were sent in love To fit me for a home up there.

CHORUS.

I'll know, I'll know, some day I'll know, When clouds have roll'd a- way;

I'll know, I'll know, oh, yes, I'll know, When comes that bright, sweet day.

# No. 77. OH, THE PEACE THAT FILLS THE SOUL.

R. K. MAIDEN.

P. J. TREBOR.

1. The eye hath not seen the beau-ti-ful things, The ear hath not  
 2. The eye hath not seen that won-der-ful world, All ra-diant with  
 3. The ear hath not heard the mu-sic di-vine Which charms the tired  
 4. The heart hath not known the full-ness of joy Which God has pre-

heard the sweet tone, The heart hath not felt the rapt-ur-ous joy Which  
 heav-en-ly light, But God hath un-veiled its glo-ry to those Who  
 spir-it to rest, But God hath re-vealed the mys-ter-y sweet To  
 pared for the good, But God hath re-vealed His treasures so rare To

CHORUS.

{ Oh, the peace . . . that fills the  
 { Oh, the soul . . . with rap-ture

God hath prepared for His own. Oh, the peace that  
 see it with spir-it-ual sight. Ch, the soul with  
 those with His spir-it pos-sessed.  
 all who are washed in His blood.

heart, Oh, the joy . . . that fills the soul,  
 sings, And the tongue . . . His good-ness tells,  
 fills the heart, Oh, the joy that fills the soul, When the  
 rap-ture sings, And the tongue His good-ness tells, When the

rich-es of His grace we be-hold. love God un-folds, (un-folds.)  
 full-ness of His



# No. 78. THAT BLESSED HOPE.

"Looking for that blessed hope."— Titus 2: 13.

R. K. MAIDEN.

P. J. TREBOR.

1. } In God's own time, we know not when, Our Lord shall come to earth a - gain ;  
 He'll come in glo - ry and in power, God (*Omit* . . . . . )  
 2. } He'll bring with Him our friends who sleep, And wipe the tears from eyes that weep.  
 The dead in Christ, shall all a - wake, The (*Omit* . . . . . )  
 3. } Our Lord we'll see, oh, wondrous sight ! When He shall come in glo - ry bright.  
 When we shall with our lov'd ones fair, Mount (*Omit* . . . . . )

2 DUET.

on - ly knows that day and hour, With trump of God He will de - scend, And bonds of death His pow'r shall break. We who re - main till that great day, We up to meet Him in the air. A - bove the grave we'll rise and sing, Oh,

an - gels shall His course at - tend. Oh, light of hope, shine on, shine bright, And look and wait, and watch and pray, Our Lord will change, like Him we'll be, Oh, death, where is thy venomed sting? We'll shout with soul and bod - y free, Oh,

CHORUS.

cheer us thro' the shades of night. Oh, bless - ed hope, . . . . . oh, bless - ed grant us, Lord, that day to see. grave, where is thy vic - to - ry? Oh, bless - ed hope!

hope! . . . . . When Je - sus comes a - gain. He'll come in Oh, bless - ed hope! When Je - sus comes a - gain.

THAT BLESSED HOPE.

glo - ry and in power, . . . and o'er the na - - tions reign.  
 In glo - ry come, He'll come in power, And o'er the nations reign.

No. 79. SAVIOUR, MORE LIKE THEE.

L. E. JONES.

J. M. HUGHES.

1. May I be each com - ing day, Sav - iour, more like Thee ;  
 2. May my life be pure with - in, Sav - iour, more like Thee ;  
 3. May I grow in peace and love, Sav - iour, more like Thee ;  
 Sav - iour, more like Thee ;

Walk - ing in Thy per - fect way, More and more like Thee.  
 Wash'd from ev - 'ry trace of sin, More and more like Thee.  
 Till I reach my home a - bove, More and more like Thee.  
 More and more like Thee

REFRAIN.

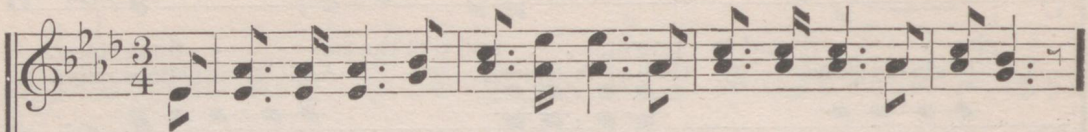
More and more, yes, more and more, Sav - iour, more like Thee ;  
 More and more, more and more, Sav - iour, more like Thee ;

As I pray, take guilt a - way, Make me more like Thee.  
 Make me more like Thee.

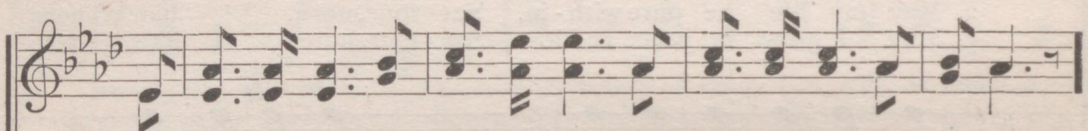
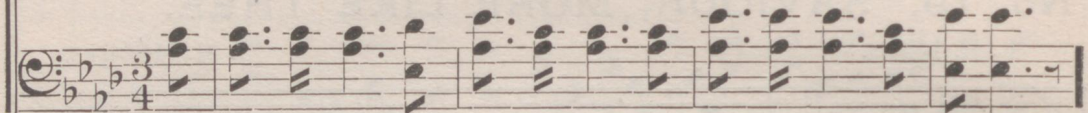
# No. 80. THE BLESSED NAME OF JESUS.

S. M. B.

S. M. BROWN.



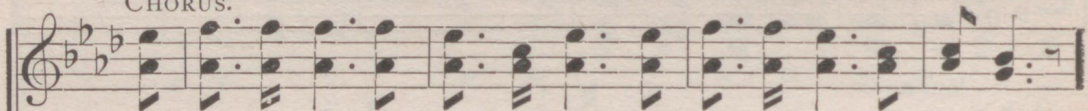
1. It is a most de - light-ful theme, The bless-ed name of Je - sus ;
2. The sin-ner's hope, the Christian's stay, The bless-ed name of Je - sus ;
3. Our work be - low is for and in The bless-ed name of Je - sus ;
4. 'Tis for His name we leave our sin, The bless-ed name of Je - sus ;



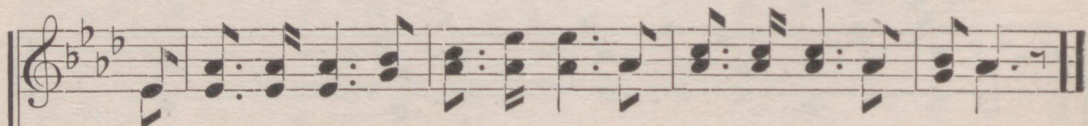
We love and serve, a - dore and sing, The bless-ed name of Je - sus.  
The light, the life, the truth, the way, The bless-ed name of Je - sus.  
We, thro' this name, the vic - t'ry win, The bless-ed name of Je - sus.  
At heav-en's gate we're welcomed in The bless-ed name of Je - sus.



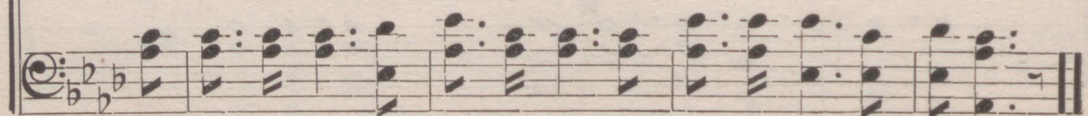
## CHORUS.



It is the theme a - round the throne, The bless-ed name of Je - sus ;



For God's redeem'd de - light to own The bless-ed name of Je - sus.



# No. 81. LET US STAND UP FOR JESUS.

Words arr.

J. M. HUNT.

1. Let us stand up for Je - sus, Let us stand in His might; Let us gird on the  
 2. Let us stand up for Je - sus, Let us hon - or His word, Let us watch and be  
 3. Let us stand up for Je - sus, Till the conflict is past, And at home with the

ar - mor, And be first in the fight; Let us trust in His promise, Let His  
 faith - ful To our King and our Lord; Let us tell the glad sto - ry, Of His  
 ransom'd We are gathered at last; Let us fol - low His ban - ner Till our

strength make us strong, And the dear name of Je - sus Be our watchword and song.  
 mer - cy and love, As we march ev - er on - ward To the ci - ty a - bove.  
 tro - phies we bring To the feet of our Sav - iour, Our Re - deem - er and King.

## CHORUS.

Let us stand, firm - ly stand, With a heart true and  
 Let us firm - ly stand, firm - ly stand,

brave, Let us stand up for Je - sus, Who is might - y to save.

# No. 82. WALKING IN THE KING'S HIGHWAY.

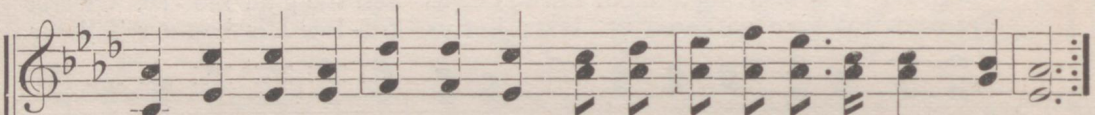
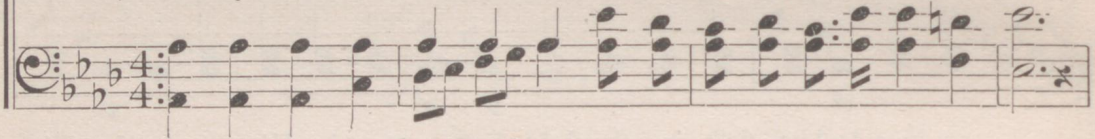
"And an highway shall be there, . . . and it shall be called the way of holiness."—Isa. 35: 8.

JOHN CENNICK.

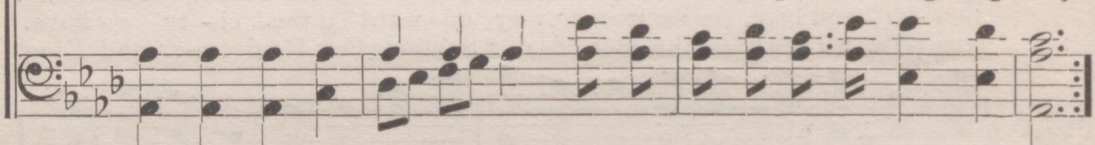
Music and chorus by J. M. HUNT.



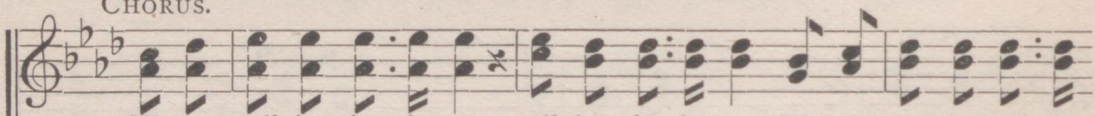
1. { Children of the heav'n-ly King, We are walk-ing in the King's highway.  
Sing your Sav-iour's wor -thy praise, We are walk-ing in the King's highway.
2. { Ye are trav-ling home to God, We are walk-ing in the King's highway.  
They are hap - py now, and ye We are walk-ing in the King's highway.
3. { Shout, ye lit - tle flock, and blest; We are walk-ing in the King's highway.  
There your seat is now pre-pared, We are walk-ing in the King's highway.
4. { Lord, sub-mis - sive make us go, We are walk-ing in the King's highway.  
On - ly Thou our Lead - er be, We are walk-ing in the King's highway.



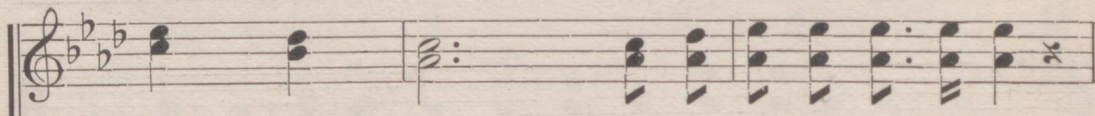
As ye jour-ney, sweet-ly sing, We are walk-ing in the King's high-way.  
Glo-rious in His works and ways, We are walk-ing in the King's high-way.  
In the way our fa - thers trod, We are walk-ing in the King's high-way.  
Soon their hap - pi - ness shall see, We are walk-ing in the King's high-way.  
You on Je - sus' throne shall rest, We are walk-ing in the King's high-way.  
There your kingdom and re - ward, We are walk-ing in the King's high-way.  
Glad - ly leav - ing all be - low; We are walk-ing in the King's high-way.  
And we still will fol - low Thee, We are walk-ing in the King's high-way.



## CHORUS.



We are walk-ing in the way, walk-ing in the way; We are walk-ing in the walk-ing, we are



King's high - way; We are walk-ing in the way,  
walk - ing in the King's high - way;



WALKING IN THE KING'S HIGHWAY.

walk-ing in the way, We are walk-ing in the King's high-way.

No. 83.

HAPPY HOME.

J. M. HUNT.

1. In that world of an-cient sto - ry Where no storms can ev - er come,
2. There with - in the heav'nly man-sions, Where life's riv - er flows so clear,
3. There with ho - ly an - gels dwell-ing, Where the ransomed wander free,
4. There a - mid the shin-ing num-bers, All our toils and la - bors o'er,

Where the Sav-iour dwells in glo - ry, There re-mains for us a home.  
 We shall see our bless-ed Sav - iour, If we love and serve Him here.  
 Je - sus' prais-es ev - er tell - ing, Sing we thro' e - ter - ni - ty.  
 Where the Guar-dian nev - er slum - bers, We shall dwell for ev - er - more.

CHORUS.

Hap-py home, hap - py home, Je - sus bids His fol-lowers come  
 Hap - py home, hap - py home,

To that land of bliss and glo - ry, To our hap - py, hap - py home.

# No. 84. WHAT MUST IT BE TO BE THERE?

Mrs. ELIZABETH MILLS.

J. M. HUNT.

1. We speak of the land of the blest, (the blest,) A  
 2. We speak of its path - ways of gold, (of gold,) Its  
 3. We speak of its peace and its love, (its love,) The  
 4. We speak of its free - dom from sin, (from sin,) From  
 5. Do Thou, Lord, midst pleas - ure or woe, (or woe,) For

coun - try so bright and so fair, And oft are its glo - ries con -  
 walls deck'd with jew - els so rare, Its won - ders and pleas - ures un -  
 robes which the glo - ri - fied wear, The songs of the bless - ed a -  
 sor - row, temp - ta - tion and care, From tri - als with - out and with -  
 hea - ven our spir - its pre - pare, Then short - ly we al - so shall

fessed, (con - fessed,) But what must it be to be there? (to be there.)  
 told, (un - told,) But what must it be to be there? (to be there.)  
 bove, (a - bove,) But what must it be to be there? (to be there.)  
 in, (with - in,) But what must it be to be there? (to be there.)  
 know, (shall know,) And feel what it is to be there! (to be there.)

CHORUS.

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

To be there, to be there, But what must it be to be there?  
 To be there, to be there, to be there, to be there.

No. 85.

GUIDE.

M. M. W.

M. M. WELLS.

FINE.

D.C. *Whis-p'ring soft-ly, wan-d'r'er come! Fol-low me, I'll guide thee home.*  
*Whis-per soft-ly, wan-d'r'er come! Fol-low me, I'll guide thee home.*  
*Whis-per soft-ly, wan-d'r'er come! Fol-low me, I'll guide thee home.*

D.C.

No. 86.

BETHANY.

SARAH F. ADAMS.

Dr. LOWELL MASON.

D.S. *Near-er, my God, to Thee,*

FINE.

D.S.

*Near-er to Thee,*



# No. 87. AWAKE AND SING THE SONG.

"And they sing the song of Moses, the servant of God, and the song of the Lamb." — Rev. 15: 3.

HAMMOND.

J. M. HUNT.

1 A - wake and sing the song Of Mos - es and the Lamb; Wake  
2. Sing on your heav'n-ly way, Ye ran-somed sin - ners, sing; Sing  
3. There shall our rap-tured tongue His end - less praise pro - claim; And

ev - 'ry heart and ev - 'ry tongue, To praise the Sav-iour's name. Sing  
on, re - joic - ing ev - 'ry day, In Christ, th'e - ter - nal King. Soon  
sweet - er voi - ces tune the song, Of Mos - es and the Lamb. Thro'

of His dy - ing love; Sing of His ris - ing pow'r; Sing how He in - ter -  
shall we hear Him say, "Ye bless - ed chil - dren, come;" Soon will He call us  
all e - ter - ni - ty The blood - wash'd throng shall sing, And mag - ni - fy the

For those,	for those	whose sins	He bore.
To our,	to our	e - ter - nal	home.
Of Him,	of Him	our Sav - iour,	King.

cedes a - bove For those, for those whose sins He bore, For those whose sins He bore.  
hence a - way, To our, to our e - ter - nal home, To our e - ter - nal home.  
ho - ly name Of Him, of Him our Sav - iour, King, Of Him our Sav - iour, King.

No. 88.

O! CARRY ME BACK.

Words arr.

J. M. HUNT.

1. The day was gone, and the night was dark, And the howl - ing  
 2. 'Twas a youth who had left his moun-tain home; He had wan - dered  
 3. "I have left the halls of the tempt-er's power, And the rev - els  
 4. "Like the wea - ry bird that hath wan-dered long, I will seek my

winds went by, And the blind - ing sleet fell thick and fast,  
 far and long; He had drained the gob - let's fier - y tide,  
 wild and high; They cared not in their reck - less mirth,  
 moun - tain nest, And lay my ach - ing head once more

From a stern and storm - y sky; When a mourn - ful wail,  
 At the fes - tal mid - night throng; But a dream of home  
 If I wandered a - lone to die. Doth the fire still burn  
 On my gen - tle moth - er's breast. Once more will I seek

thro' the rush - ing gale, Was heard at the cot - tage door.  
 came o'er his heart, As he crept to the cot - tage door.  
 on the house - hold hearth? Doth the old elm tree shade its door?  
 the house - hold hearth, And once more will I en - ter its door."

CHORUS. *rit.*

"O! car - ry me back, O! car - ry me back to my mother's home once more."

# No. 89. ALAS! AND DID MY SAVIOUR BLEED?

ISAAC WATTS.

Harmonized by J. M. HUNT.

1. A - las! and did my Sav-iour bleed? And did my Sov'-reign die? Would  
 2. Well might the sun in dark-ness hide, And shut his glo - ries in, When  
 3. But drops of grief can ne'er re - pay The debt of love I owe: Here,

He de-vote that sa - cred head For such a worm as I? Was  
 Christ, the might-y Ma - ker, died For man the crea-ture's sin. Thus  
 Lord, I give my - self a - way; 'Tis all that I can do. But

it for crimes that I had done He groaned up-on the tree? A -  
 might I hide my blush-ing face While His dear cross ap - pears, Dis -  
 drops of grief can ne'er re - pay The debt of love I owe: Here,

maz - ing pit - y! grace un-known! And love be - yond de - gree!  
 solve my heart in thank - ful - ness, And melt mine eyes to tears.  
 Lord, I give my - self a - way, 'Tis all that I can do.

## No. 90.

KEY OF E-FLAT.

1. Saviour, like a shepherd lead us;  
 Much we need Thy tenderest care;  
 In Thy pleasant pastures feed us;  
 For our use Thy folds prepare:  
 Blessed Jesus,  
 Thou hast bought us, Thine we are.
2. Thou hast promised to receive us,  
 Poor and sinful though we be;  
 Thou hast mercy to relieve us,

Grace to cleanse, and power to free:  
 Blessed Jesus,  
 We will early turn to Thee,

3. Early let us seek Thy favor;  
 Early let us do Thy will;  
 Blessed Lord, and only Saviour,  
 With Thy love our bosom fill:  
 Blessed Jesus,  
 Thou hast loved us, love us still.

DOROTHY ANN THRUPP.

# No. 91. MARCHING ON TO GLORY.

CLYDE E. HUNT.

J. M. HUNT.

1. We are chil - dren with a hap - py song, Hearts of glad - ness  
 2. Sin is with us all the toil - some day, Je - sus died to  
 3. We are sol - diers march - ing brave - ly on ; Christ, our Cap - tain,

all the way a - long ; Cheer for lone ones, and a lov - ing word,  
 cleanse it all a - way ; How we love Him for His ten - der care,  
 God's own precious Son ; Come and join us, as we glad - ly sing,

CHORUS.

In the name of Je - sus and our Sav - iour, Lord. Marching on to glo - ry,  
 May we all be His a - lone, is our true pray'r.  
 We shall march vic - to - ri - ous, thro' Christ, our King.

comrades brave ; First our sins to conquer, strong to save ; Marching on to vict'ry

in His blessed name, We will try to save the world, our Christ proclaim.

# No. 92. O CHILD, LOOK UP AGAIN.

CLYDE E. HUNT.

J. M. HUNT.

1. I found my-self a sin-ner vile, A wan-d'rer far from home;  
 2. I looked, and lo! most glo-rious sight, I saw my Sav-iour there;  
 3. E'en now, since I have seen my Lord, I dai-ly bow in shame;

My heart was sad, my feet were lame, And life was drear and lone.  
 Tho' suf-f'ring all the pangs of sin, My soul looked up in pray'r.  
 But in my weak-ness and my sin, I'll look and call His name.

I wondered whence my help would come, And who would comfort give;  
 I love my Sav-iour, love Him dear, But then I oft for-get;  
 My soul in prais-es to that name Will join in glad re-frain;

FINE.

A whis-per came which gen-tly said: "O child, look up and live."  
 For sin en-slaves and leads me on, But Je-sus watch-es yet.  
 I'll flee to Je-sus for my rest, I'll look and look a-gain.

*D.S. For Je - sus beck - ons from a - bove; O child, look up a - gain.*

CHORUS.

Look up, . . . . look up; . . . .

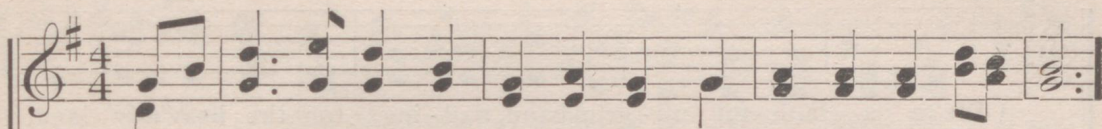
Look up, look up; O child, look up a - gain,

*D.S.*

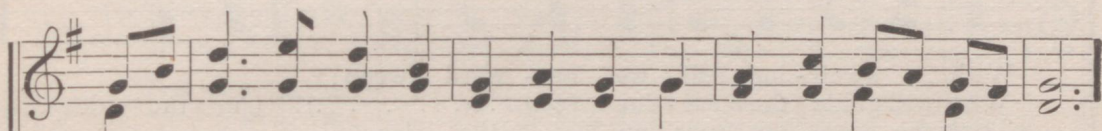
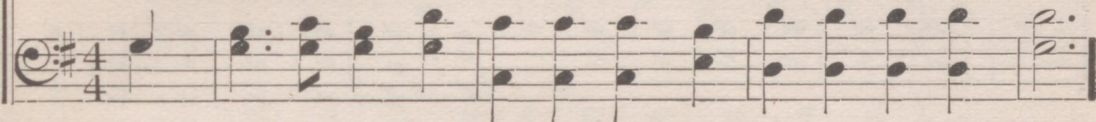
# No. 93. ON JORDAN'S STORMY BANKS.

S. STENNETT.

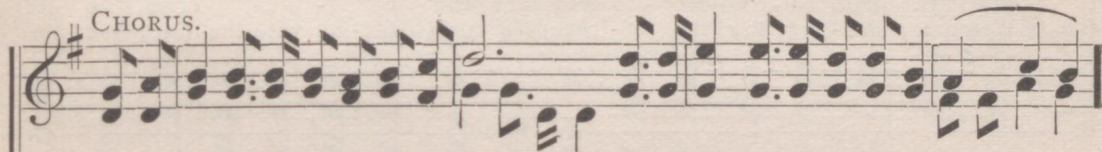
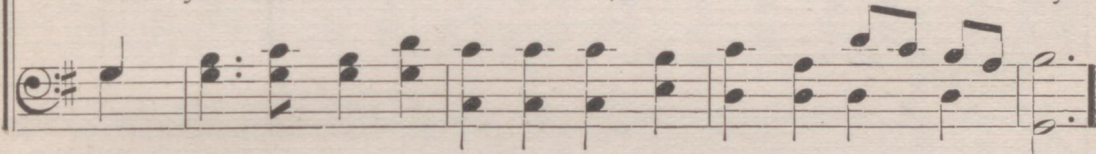
T. C. O'KANE, by per.



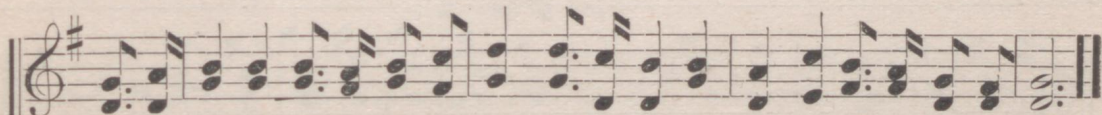
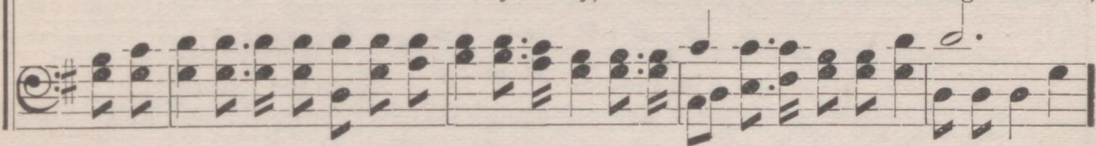
1. On Jor-dan's storm-y banks I stand, And cast a wish-ful eye
2. O'er all these wide ex-tend-ed plains Shines one e-ter-nal day;
3. When shall I reach that hap-py place, And be for-ev-er blest?
4. Filled with de-light, my rap-tured soul Would here no long-er stay;



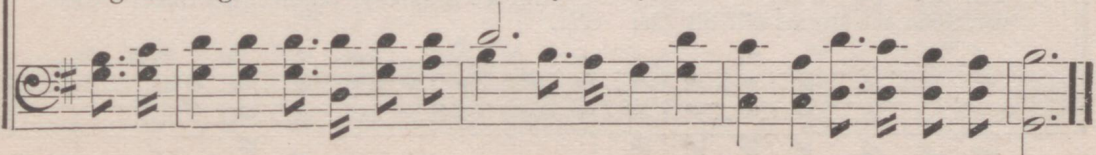
To Ca-naan's fair and hap-py land, Where my pos-ses-sions lie.  
 There God, the Son, for-ev-er reigns, And scat-ters night a-way.  
 When shall I see my Fa-ther's face, And in His bo-som rest?  
 Tho' Jor-dan's waves a-round me roll, Fear-less I'd launch a-way.



We will rest in the fair and happy land, Just across on the evergreen shore; . . .  
 by and by, evergreen shore;



Sing the song of Mo-ses and the Lamb, by and by, And dwell with Jesus ev-er-more.



# No. 94. WE'RE A FAITHFUL PILGRIM BAND.

J. M. HUNT.

1. { We're a faith-ful pil-grim band, Sail-ing to the heav'n-ly land,  
 Tho' the tem-pest rag-es long, There is one a-mong the throng,  
 2. { Tho' the roll-ing bil-lows swell, Yet se-cure-ly we may dwell,  
 'Mid the storm by day or night, If we trust our Cap-tain's might,  
 3. { Tho' for ma-ny a-ges past She has long with-stood the blast,  
 Yet a-mid the rocks and shoals, She has land-ed ma-ny souls,

With a swell-ing sail we on-ward sweep;  
 Who will guide the sai-lor (Omit . . . . .) o'er the deep.  
 Tho' the break-ers roar up-on the lea,  
 He will guide us safe-ly (Omit . . . . .) o'er the sea.  
 And in safe-ty crossed the bil-lows o'er;  
 On fair Ca-naan's bright and (Omit . . . . .) peace-ful shore.

## CHORUS.

We are sail - - - ing o'er the o - - - cean, We are  
 We are sail-ing o'er the o - cean, We are drift-ing with the tide; We are

drift - - - ing with the tide; Soon the storms . . . . .  
 sail-ing o'er the o - cean, We are drift-ing with the tide, Soon the storms will all be o -

will all be o'er, And we'll safe-ly reach the oth-er side.  
 ver, Soon the storms will all be o'er.

# No. 95. YIELD NOT TO TEMPTATION.

H. R. P.

H. R. PALMER.

1. Yield' not to temp-ta-tion, For yield-ing is sin; Each vic-t'ry will  
 2. Shun e-vil com-pan-ions, Bad language dis-dain, God's name hold in  
 3. To him that o'er-com-eth God giv-eth a crown; Thro' faith we will

help you Some oth-er to win. Fight man-ful-ly on-ward,  
 rev-'rence, Nor take it in vain; Be thoughtful and earn-est,  
 con-quer, Tho' of-ten cast down; He who is our Sav-iour,

Dark passions sub-due; Look ev-er to Je-sus, He'll car-ry you through.  
 Kind-hearted and true; Look ev-er to Je-sus, He'll car-ry you through.  
 Our strength will re-new; Look ev-er to Je-sus, He'll car-ry you through.

## CHORUS.

Ask the Sav-iour to help you, Com-fort, strengthen, and keep you;

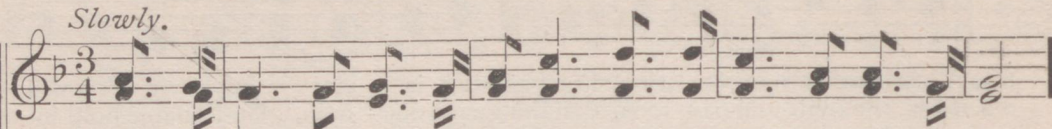
He is will-ing to aid you, He will car-ry you through.



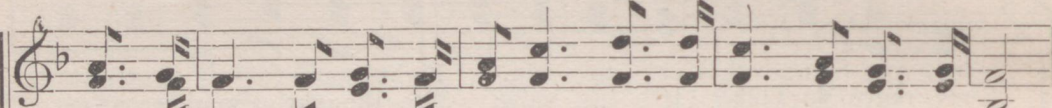
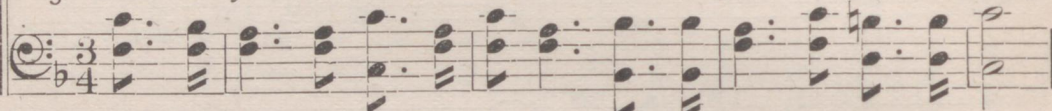
# No. 96. WE SHALL KNOW EACH OTHER THERE.

J. M. HUNT.

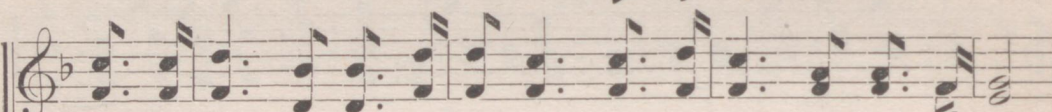
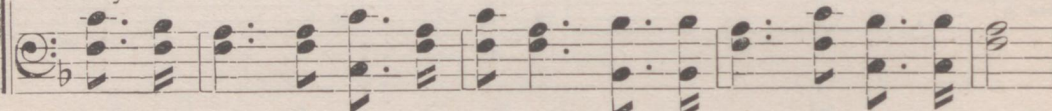
*Slowly.*



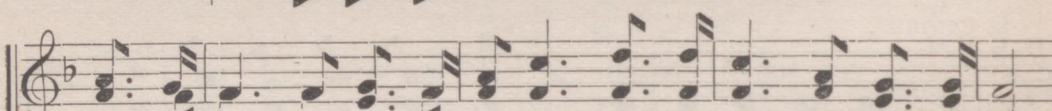
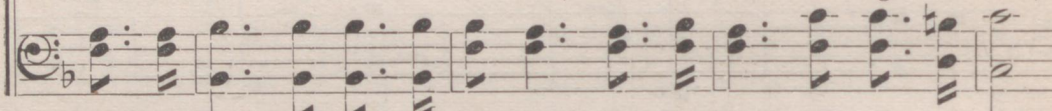
1. When the eve - ning sha-dows gath-er, And the long day's work is done;
2. Cherished forms who walk'd be-side us, Down the aisles of by-gone years,
3. But if Je - sus bids us en - ter Thro' the pearl - y por - tals wide,



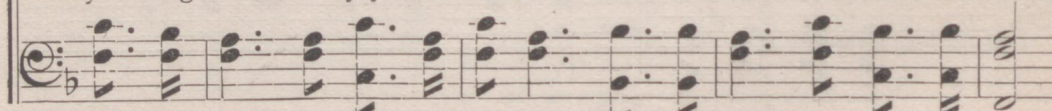
When we reach the un-known country Out be-yond the set - ing sun;  
How we watch them fade and van - ish, Thro' a mist of fall - ing tears;  
They will be the first to meet us, O - ver on the oth - er side;



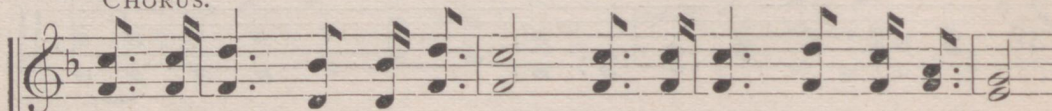
Af - ter all the wea - ry wait - ing, In their peace - ful rest to share;  
Lov - ing voi - ces hush'd in si - lence, Join - ing now the an - gel band;  
Safe with - in our Fa - ther's man - sion, Clad in robes so bright and fair;



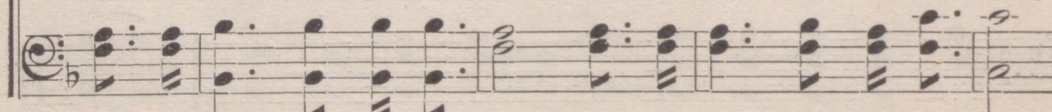
No more need of an - guish parting, We shall know each oth - er there.  
Sing - ing glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah, O - ver in the Beu - lah land.  
Hymn - ing out a joy - ous welcome, We shall know each oth - er there.



CHORUS.



We shall know each oth - er there, We shall know each oth - er there;



WE SHALL KNOW EACH OTHER THERE.

Af - ter all the wea - ry wait - ing, We shall know each oth - er there.

No. 97. JESUS OF NAZARETH.

Miss EMMA CAMPBELL.

T. E. PERKINS, by per.

1. { What means this eag - er, anxious throng, Which moves with busy haste a - long ;  
These wondrous gath'ring's day by day? What means this strange (*Omit . . .*)  
Who is this Je - sus? Why should He The ci - ty move so migh - ti - ly?  
2. { A pass - ing stran - ger, has He skill To move the mult - ti - (*Omit . . .*)  
Je - sus! 'tis He who once be - low Man's pathway trod 'mid pain and woe ;  
3. { And bur - dened ones, where'er He came, Bro't out their sick, and (*Omit . . .*)

2. commotion, pray? In accents hush'd, the throng reply, "Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."  
tude at will? A-gain the stirring tones reply, "Je - sus of Naz - areth passeth by."  
deaf, and lame; The blind rejoice to hear the cry: "Je - sus of Naza - reth passeth by."

In ac - cents hush'd, the throng re - ply, "Je - sus of Na - za - reth pass - eth by."  
A - gain the stir - ring tones re - ply, "Je - sus of Na - za - reth pass - eth by."  
The blind re - joyce to hear the cry: "Je - sus of Na - za - reth pass - eth by."

4. Ho! all ye heavy laden, come ;  
Here's pardon, comfort, rest, and home.  
Ye wand'ers from a Father's face,  
Return, accept His proffered grace.  
|| : Ye tempted ones, there's refuge nigh :  
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by." :||

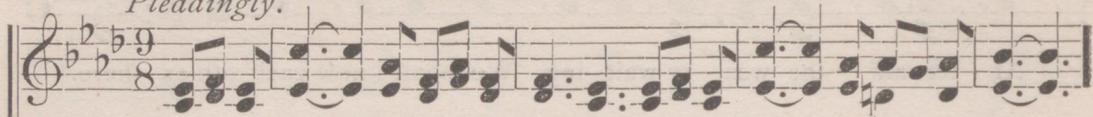
5. But if you still this call refuse,  
And all His wondrous love abuse,  
Soon will He sadly from you turn,  
Your bitter prayer for pardon spurn.  
|| : "Too late! too late!" will be the cry :  
"Jesus of Nazareth has passed by." :||

# No. 98. THE HEART'S PRAYER.

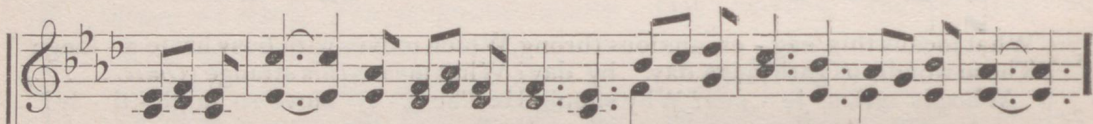
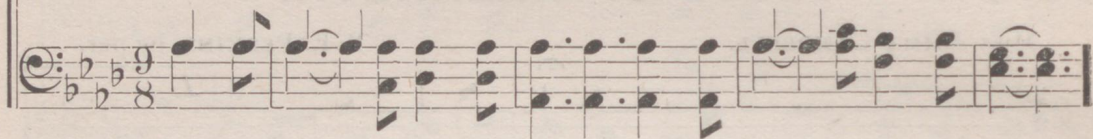
R. K. MAIDEN.

J. M. HUNT.

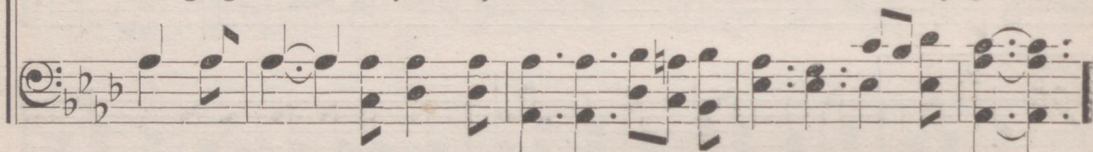
*Pleadingly.*



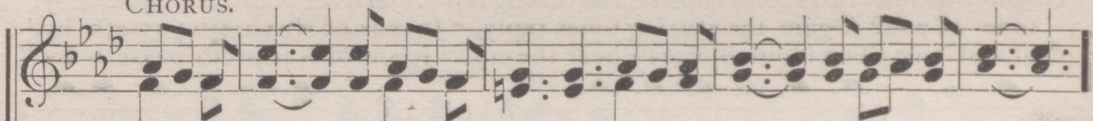
1. Hear my pray'r, O, heav'nly Fa-ther, From Thy throne, oh, hear me cry ;
2. In the name of Christ, my Saviour, Emp-ty hands I stretch to Thee ;
3. Oft the way is dark and drear-y, Oft my feet have gone a - stray,
4. To Thy home of ma - ny mansions, Pray'rful-ly I set my face,



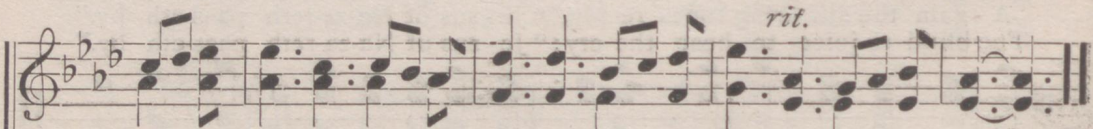
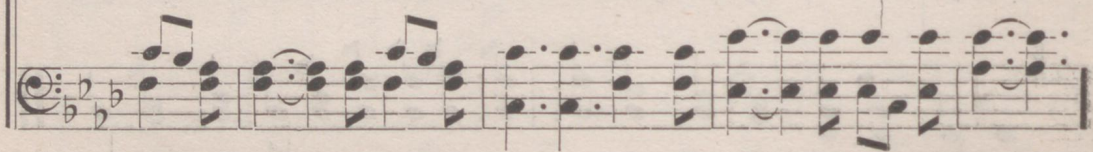
I am poor and weak and sin - ful, Hear and help, or I must die.  
 For His sake, oh, be Thou gracious To a way-ward child like me.  
 Oft, in doubt, I shrink and fal - ter, Oft my heart for-gets to pray.  
 Singing as I jour-ney on-ward, I'm a sin - ner saved by grace!



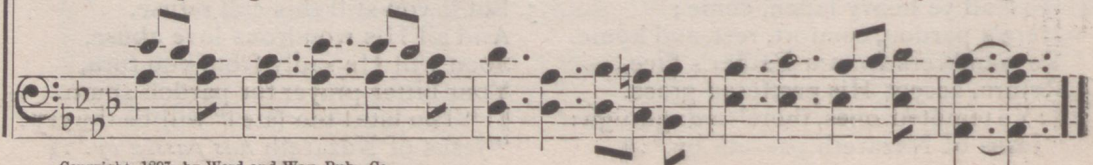
CHORUS.



Hear my pray'r, O, heav'nly Fa - ther, Self and all to Thee I bring ;



Keep and guide me, Fa-ther, hide me Neath the shadow of Thy wing.



GATHERED HOME.

J. M. HUNT.

1. Shall we all meet at home in the morning On the shores of the bright crystal  
 2. Shall we all meet at home in the morning And from sorrow for-ev - er be  
 3. Shall we all meet at home in the morning, Our bless-ed Re-deemer to

sea? With the loved ones who long have been wait - ing? What a  
 free? Shall we join in the songs of the ran-somed? What a  
 see? Shall we know, and be known by our loved ones? What a

CHORUS.

meet - ing in - deed it will be. Gathered home, gath-ered  
 gath-ered home,

home, On the shores of the bright crys-tal sea;  
 gath-ered home, crys - tal sea;

Gathered home, gathered home, With our loved ones for-ever to be.  
 gathered home, gathered home,

# No. 100. HIDING IN THE ROCK.

"Be thou my strong habitation . . . for thou art my rock and my fortress." — Psa. 71: 3.

J. M. H.

J. M. HUNT.

1. Tho' temp - ta - tions do al - lure, I am rest - ing all se - cure,  
 2. In my sor - row and my grief, I am find - ing sweet re - lief,  
 3. When I'm vexed with doubts and fears, He will wipe a - way my tears,

For I'm hid - ing in the Rock, Hid - ing in the Rock; And the  
 For I'm hid - ing in the Rock, Hid - ing in the Rock; And my  
 For I'm hid - ing in the Rock, Hid - ing in the Rock; On the

tem - pest, in its might, Can - not put my soul to flight, For I'm  
 Sav - iour's bless - ed smile, I'm en - joy - ing all the while, For I'm  
 cross He bore my shame, And I'm trust - ing in His name, For I'm

CHORUS.

hid - ing in the bless - ed Rock of A - ges. I am

hid - - ing, safe - ly hid - - ing, safe - ly hid - ing in the  
 Hid - ing in the Rock, hid - ing in the Rock,

### HIDING IN THE ROCK.

Rock, Hid-ing in the Rock, I am hid - - ing, safe - ly  
Hid - ing in the Rock, safe - ly

hid - - - ing: I am hid - ing in the bless-ed Rock of A-ges.  
hid - ing in the Rock,

### No. 101. NEARER MY HOME TODAY.

PHOEBE CARY.  
SOPRANO AND ALTO DUET.

J. M. HUNT.

1. One sweet-ly sol - emn thought Comes to me o'er and o'er;  
2. Near - er my Fa - ther's house, Where ma - ny man-sions be;  
3. Near - er the bound of life, Where bur - dens are laid down;  
4. Be near me when my feet Are slip - ping o'er the brink;

I'm near - er home to - day, to - day, Than I have been be - fore.  
Near - er the great white throne to - day, Near - er the crys - tal sea.  
Near - er to leave the cross to - day, And near - er to the crown.  
For I am near - er home to - day, Per - haps, than now I think.

CHORUS.

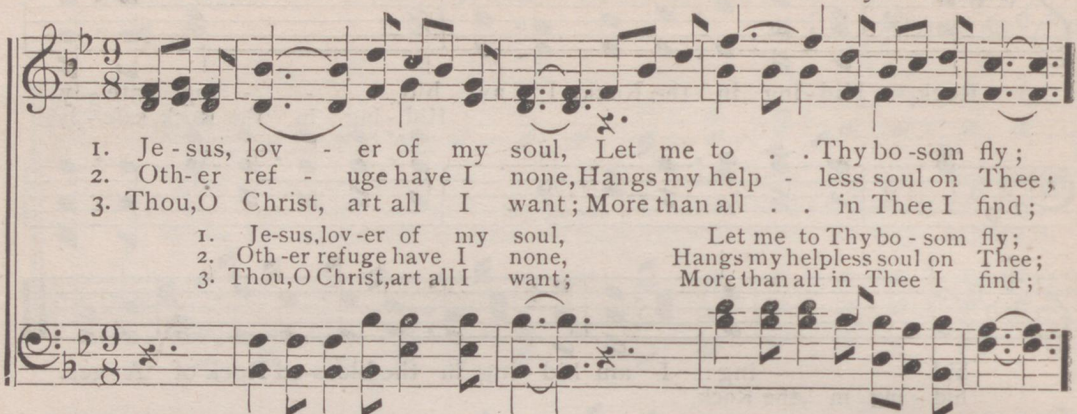
Near - er my home, near - er my home, Near - er my home to - day, to - day;

I'm near - er my home to - day, to - day, Than I have been be - fore.

# No. 102. JESUS, LOVER OF MY SOUL.

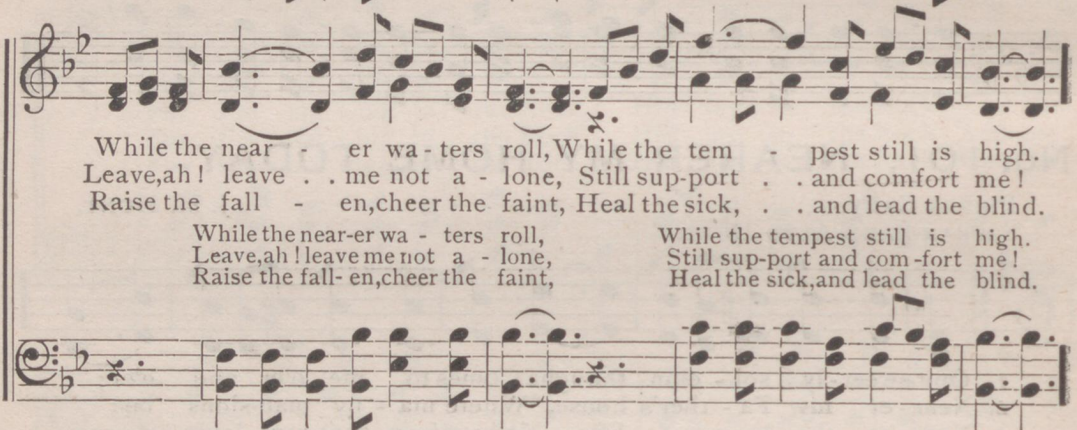
CHAS. WESLEY.

J. M. HUNT.



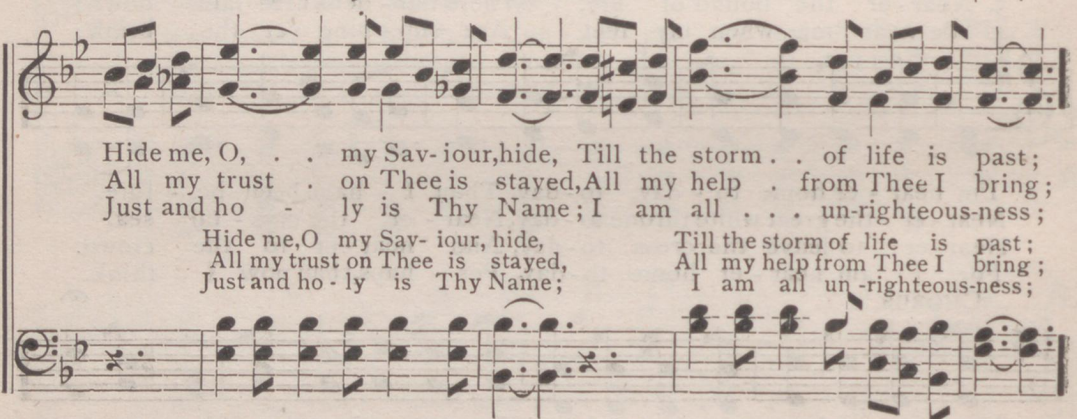
1. Je - sus, lov - er of my soul, Let me to . . . Thy bo - som fly ;  
 2. Oth - er ref - uge have I none, Hangs my help - less soul on Thee ;  
 3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want ; More than all . . . in Thee I find ;

1. Je - sus, lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly ;  
 2. Oth - er refuge have I none, Hangs my helpless soul on Thee ;  
 3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want ; More than all in Thee I find ;



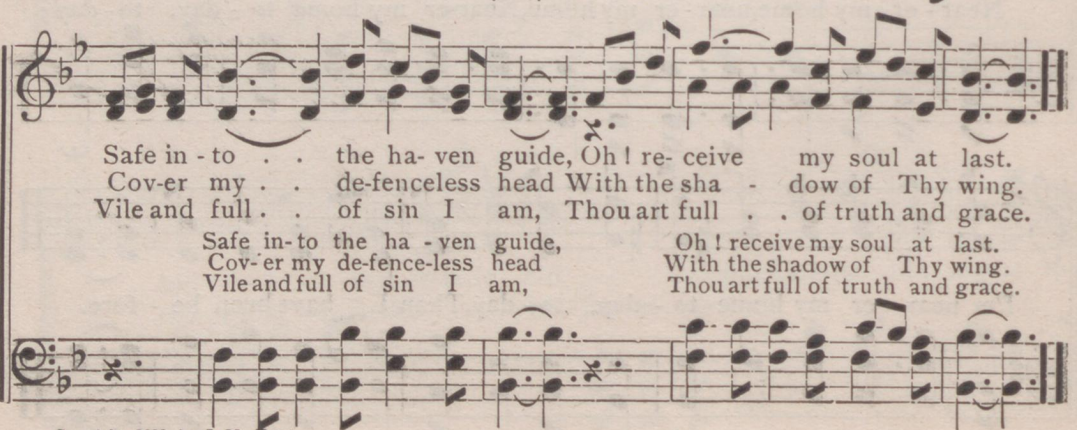
While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the tem - pest still is high.  
 Leave, ah ! leave . . . me not a - lone, Still sup - port . . . and com - fort me !  
 Raise the fall - en, cheer the faint, Heal the sick, . . . and lead the blind.

While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the tempest still is high.  
 Leave, ah ! leave me not a - lone, Still sup - port and com - fort me !  
 Raise the fall - en, cheer the faint, Heal the sick, and lead the blind.



Hide me, O, . . . my Sav - iour, hide, Till the storm . . . of life is past ;  
 All my trust . . . on Thee is stayed, All my help . . . from Thee I bring ;  
 Just and ho - ly is Thy Name ; I am all . . . un - righteous - ness ;

Hide me, O my Sav - iour, hide, Till the storm of life is past ;  
 All my trust on Thee is stayed, All my help from Thee I bring ;  
 Just and ho - ly is Thy Name ; I am all un - righteous - ness ;



Safe in - to . . . the ha - ven guide, Oh ! re - ceive my soul at last.  
 Cov - er my . . . de - fence - less head With the sha - dow of Thy wing.  
 Vile and full . . . of sin I am, Thou art full . . . of truth and grace.

Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, Oh ! receive my soul at last.  
 Cov - er my de - fence - less head With the shadow of Thy wing.  
 Vile and full of sin I am, Thou art full of truth and grace.

No. 103.

FOLLOW ME.

(Written for "Songs of Zion.")

G. W. EVEREST.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1. "Take up thy cross," the Saviour said, "If thou would'st My dis - ci - ple be ;  
 2. Take up thy cross, let not its weight Fill thy weak spir - it with a - larm ;  
 3. Take up the cross in Je - sus' strength, And calmly ev - ry dan - ger brave ;

De - ny thy - self, the world for - sake, And hum - bly fol - low af - ter Me."  
 His strength shall bear thy spir - it up, And brace thy heart, and nerve thine arm.  
 The Lord will lead thee safe - ly home, And give thee vic - t'ry o'er the grave.

CHORUS.

Fol - low Me, fol - low Me, If thou would'st My dis - ci - ple be ;  
 Fol - low Me, fol - low Me,

Fol - low Me, fol - low Me, Take up thy cross and fol - low Me.  
 Fol - low Me, fol - low Me,

Copyright, 1899, by J. M. Hunt.

No. 104.

KEY OF A-FLAT.

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| 1. Take the name of Jesus with you,<br>Child of sorrow and of woe ;<br>It will joy and comfort give you,<br>Take it then where'er you go. | If temptations round you gather,<br>Breathe that holy name in prayer.  |
| 2. Take the name of Jesus ever,<br>As a shield from every snare ;   | 3. Oh ! the precious name of Jesus ;<br>How it thrills our souls with joy ;<br>When His loving arms receive us,<br>And His songs our tongues employ. |
| CHO.—  :Precious name, oh, how sweet,<br>Hope of earth and joy of heaven.:  | 4. At the name of Jesus bowing,<br>Falling prostrate at His feet,<br>King of kings in heaven we'll crown Him<br>When our journey is complete.        |

LYDIA BAXTER.



No. 105.

NEARER HOME.

Rev. B. H. HUNT.

J. M. HUNT.

1. O'er the hills the sun is set - ting, And the eve is draw - ing on;  
 2. One day near - er, sings the sail - or, As he glides the wa - ters o'er,  
 3. Worn and wea - ry, oft the pil - grim Hails the set - ting of the sun;  
 4. Near - er home, yes, one day near - er To our Fa - ther's home on high,

Slow - ly droops the gen - tle twi - light, For an - oth - er day is gone;  
 While the light is soft - ly dy - ing On His dis - tant na - tive shore.  
 For the goal is one day near - er, And his jour - ney near - ly done.  
 To the green fields and the foun - tains Of the land be - yond the sky.

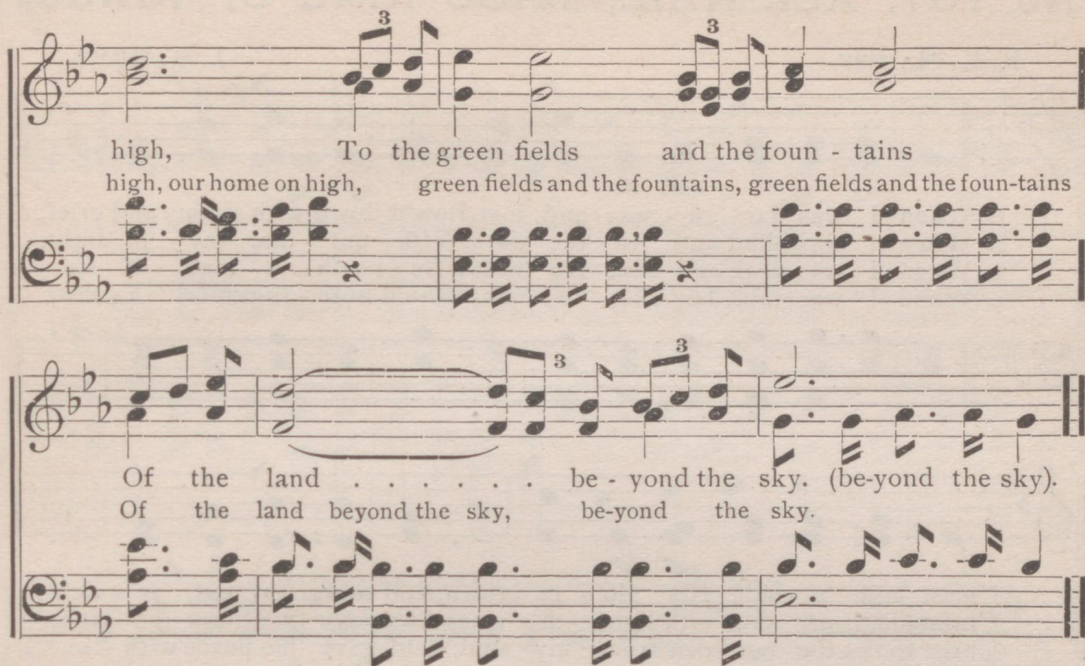
Gone for aye, its race is o - ver, Soon the dark er shades will come,  
 Thus the Christian, on life's o - cean, As his light boat cuts the foam,  
 Thus we feel, when o'er life's des - ert, Heart and san - dal worn, we roam,  
 For the heav'n's grow brighter o'er us, And the lamps hang in the dome,

Still 'tis sweet to know at e - ven, We are one day near - er home.  
 In the eve - ning cries with rap - ture, "I am one day near - er home."  
 As the twi - light gath - ers o'er - us, We are one day near - er home.  
 And our tents are pitched still clos - er, For we're one day near - er home.

CHORUS.

Near - er home, near - er home, Nearer to . . . our home on  
 Beau - ti - ful home, beau - ti - ful home, Nearer to our home on

NEARER HOME.



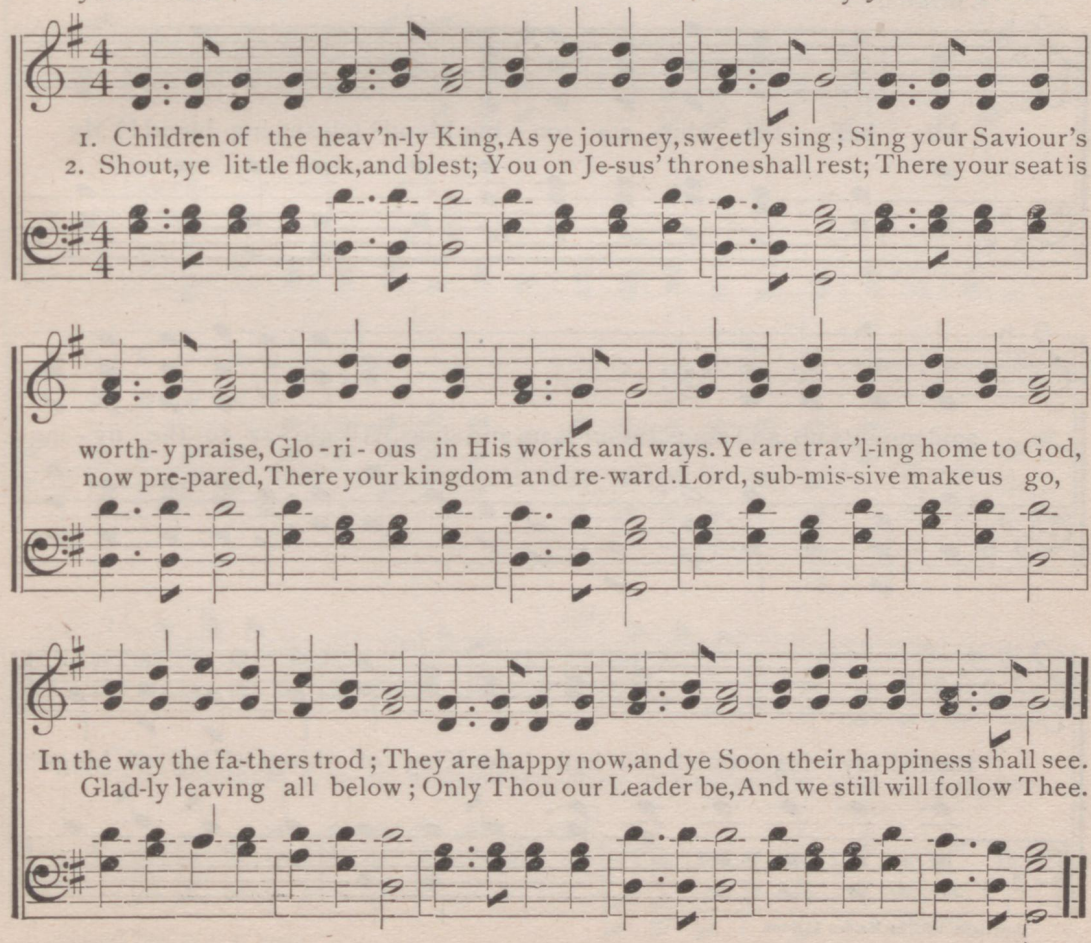
high, To the green fields and the foun - tains  
 high, our home on high, green fields and the fountains, green fields and the foun-tains

Of the land . . . . . be - yond the sky. (be-yond the sky).  
 Of the land beyond the sky, be-yond the sky.

No. 106. CHILDREN OF THE HEAVENLY KING.

JOHN CENNICK.

Harmonized by J. M. HUNT.



1. Children of the heav'n-ly King, As ye journey, sweetly sing; Sing your Saviour's  
 2. Shout, ye lit-tle flock, and blest; You on Je-sus' throne shall rest; There your seat is

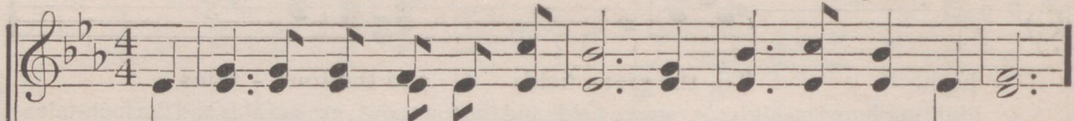
worth-y praise, Glo - ri - ous in His works and ways. Ye are trav'ling home to God,  
 now pre-pared, There your kingdom and re-ward. Lord, sub-mis-sive make us go,

In the way the fa-thers trod; They are happy now, and ye Soon their happiness shall see.  
 Glad-ly leaving all below; Only Thou our Leader be, And we still will follow Thee.

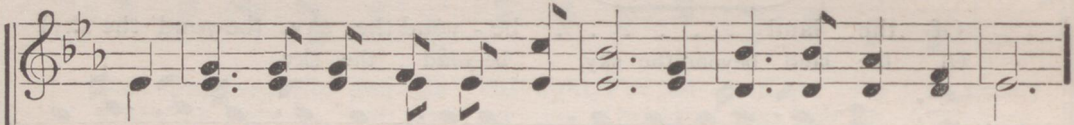
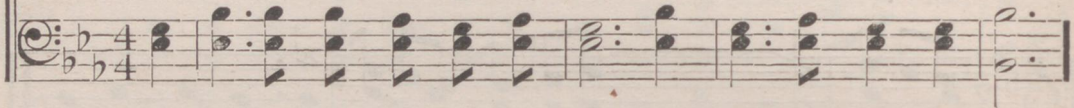
# No. 107. ALL HAIL, THOU KING OF KINGS!

R. K. MAIDEN.

J. M. HUNT.



1. When I was far a - way and lost, Bow'd down with shame and grief,
2. When I was blind and in the dark, With - out one ray of light,
3. When I was weak and sink - ing down, Be - neath a load of sin,
4. When I was stained by blot of sin, Which noth - ing could e - rase,



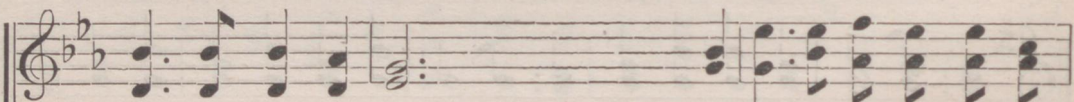
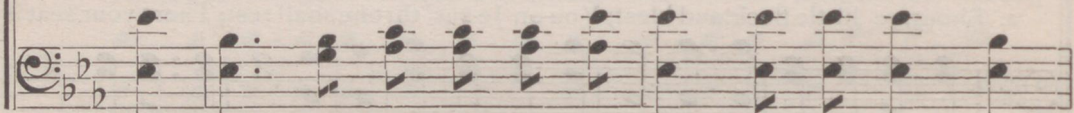
Christ laid a - side His glo - ry crown, And came to my re - lief.  
Christ filled my soul with light di - vine, And gave me bless - ed sight.  
Christ took the bur - den from my soul, And gave me peace with - in.  
Christ shed His blood to make me clean, Oh, what a - maz - ing grace!



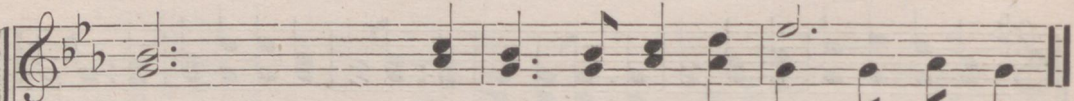
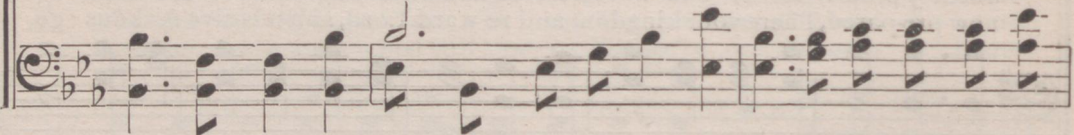
## CHORUS.



All hail the sin - a - ton - ing blood! (cleans - ing blood!) My



soul mounts up and sings, (mounts up and sings,) All glo - ry to the dy - ing



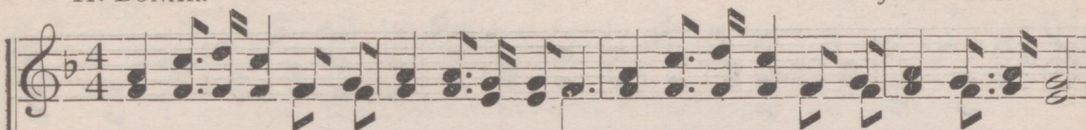
Lamb! (dy - ing Lamb!) All hail the King of kings! (King of kings!)



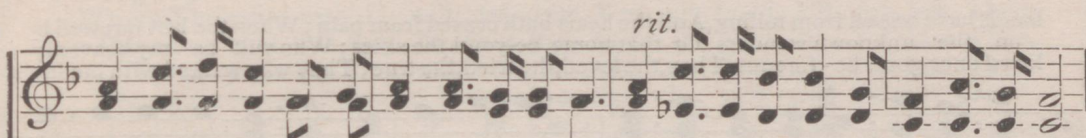
# No. 108. ONLY REMEMBERED.

H. BONAR.

J. M. HUNT.



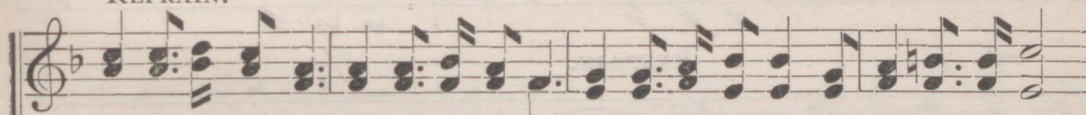
1. Fad-ing a-way like the stars of the morning, Los-ing their light in the glo-ri-ous sun;
2. Pass-ing a-way like the dew of the morning, Soaring from earth to its home in the sun;
3. On-ly the truth that in life I have spoken, On-ly the seed that on earth I have sown;
4. Fad-ing a-way like the stars of the morning, So, let my name be un-hon-or'd, unsung;
5. O! when the Saviour shall make up His jewels, When the bright crowns of rejoicing are won;



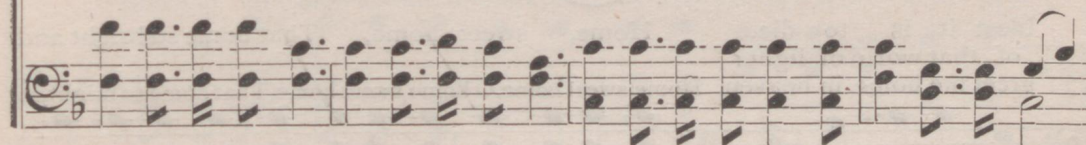
Steal-ing a-way, let me thus end my journey, On-ly remember'd by what I have done.  
 Thus would I pass from the earth and its toil-ing, On-ly remember'd by what I have done.  
 These shall pass onward when I am for-got-ten, Fruits of the harvest and what I have done.  
 Here, or up yon-der, I must be re-mem-ber'd, On-ly remember'd by what I have done.  
 Then will His faith-ful and wea-ry dis-ci-ples All be remember'd by what they have done.



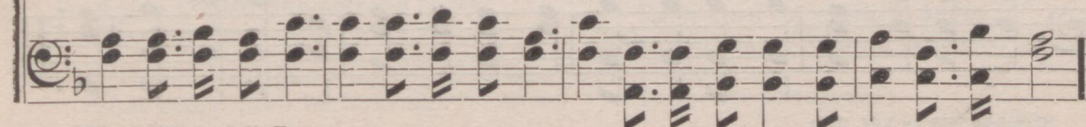
## REFRAIN.



On-ly re-mem-ber'd, on-ly re-mem-ber'd, On-ly re-mem-ber'd by what I have done;



On-ly re-mem-ber'd, on-ly re-mem-ber'd, On-ly re-mem-ber'd by what I have done.



# No. 109. WHO WILL GREET ME FIRST IN HEAVEN?

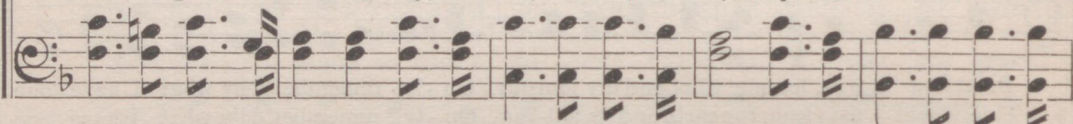
J. M. HUNT.



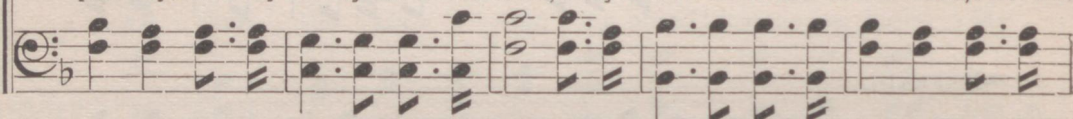
1. Who will greet me first in heav-en, When that blissful realm I gain? When the  
2. Who will greet me first in glo-ry? Oft the earn-est tho't will rise, Mus-ing  
3. No, not these, for they have nev-er Gladdened here my mortal view, But the



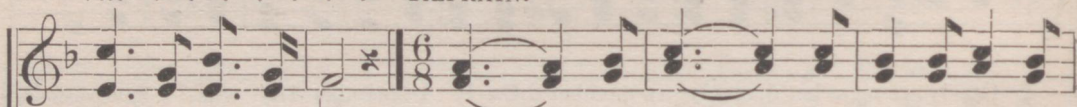
hands have ceased from toiling, And the heart hath ceased from pain; When the last farewell is  
on the unknown wonders Of that home be-yond the skies; Who will be my heavenly  
loved ones gone be-fore me, They, the loved, the tried, the true; They who walked with me life's



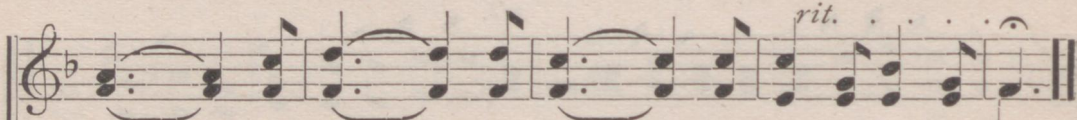
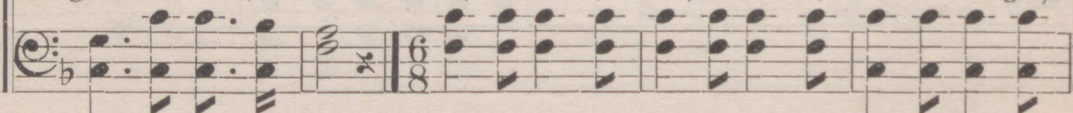
spok-en, Sev-ered the last ten-der tie, And I know how sweet, how solemn, And how  
men-tor? Will it be some seraph bright? Or an an-gel from the countless Myriads  
pathway, From my soul by death were riven, They who loved me best in this world, First will



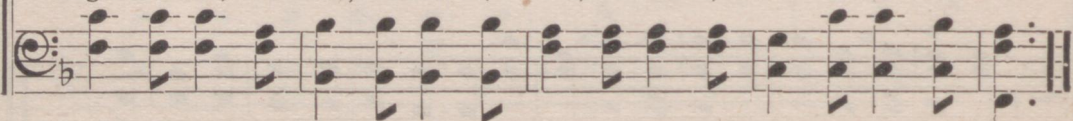
*rit.* . . . . . REFRAIN.



blest it is to die. Home, sweet home, That home so bright and  
of that world of light?  
greet me home, in heaven. Home, sweet home, O home, sweet home, That home so bright, so



fair; . . . O home, . sweet home, . O who will greet me there?  
bright and fair; O home, sweet home, O home, sweet home,



# No. 110. I WILL FOLLOW THEE. 8s & 7s.

J. L. E.

J. L. ELGINBURG.

1. I will fol - low Thee, my Sav - iour, Where - so - e'er my lot may be;  
 2. Tho' the road be rough and thorn - y, Track - less as the foam - ing sea,  
 3. Tho' I meet with trib - u - la - tions, Sore - ly tempt - ed tho' I be,  
 4. Tho' to Jor - dan's roll - ing bill - ows, Cold and deep, Thou leadest me,

Where Thou go - est I will fol - low, Yes, my Lord, I'll fol - low Thee.  
 Thou hast trod this way be - fore me, And I glad - ly fol - low Thee.  
 I re - mem - ber Thou wast tempted, And re - joice to fol - low Thee.  
 Thou hast cross'd its waves be - fore me, And I still will fol - low Thee.

## CHORUS.

I will fol - low Thee, my Sav - iour; Thou didst shed Thy blood for me;

And tho' all men should forsake Thee, By Thy grace I'll fol - low Thee.

# No. 111.

KEY OF G.

1. My days are gliding swiftly by,  
 And I, a pilgrim stranger,  
 Would not detain them as they fly,  
 Those hours of toil and danger.

## REFRAIN.

For, O we stand on Jordan's strand,  
 Our friends are passing over,  
 And just before, the shining shore  
 We may almost discover.

2. Our absent King the watchword gave:  
 "Let every lamp be burning;"

We look afar across the wave,  
 Our distant home discerning.

3. Should coming days be dark and cold,  
 We will not yield to sorrow;  
 For hope will sing, with courage bold,  
 There's glory on the morrow.

4. Let sorrow's rudest tempest blow,  
 Each cord on earth to sever;  
 Our King says "Come," and there's our  
 home.

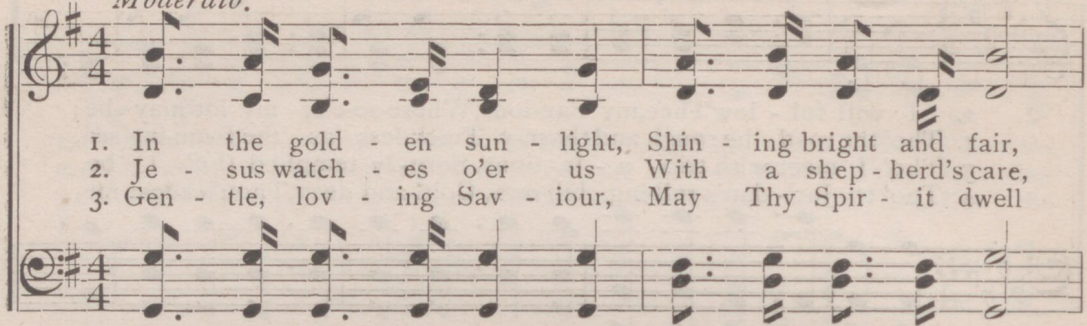
Forever! O forever!

DAVID NELSON.

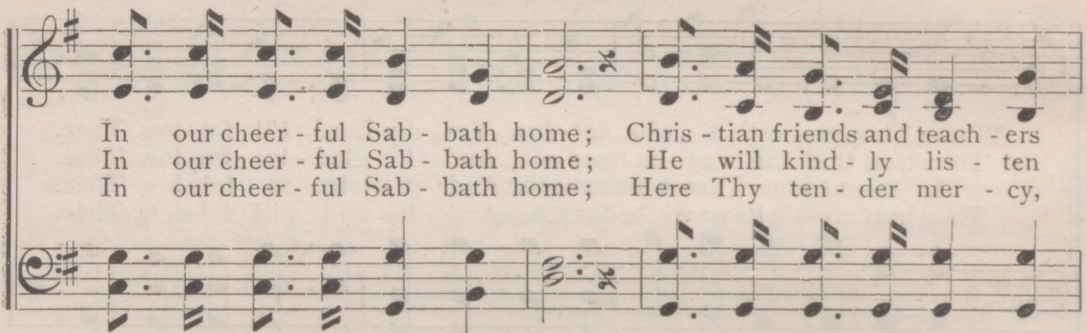
# No. 112. OUR CHEERFUL SABBATH HOME.

J. M. HUNT.

*Moderato.*

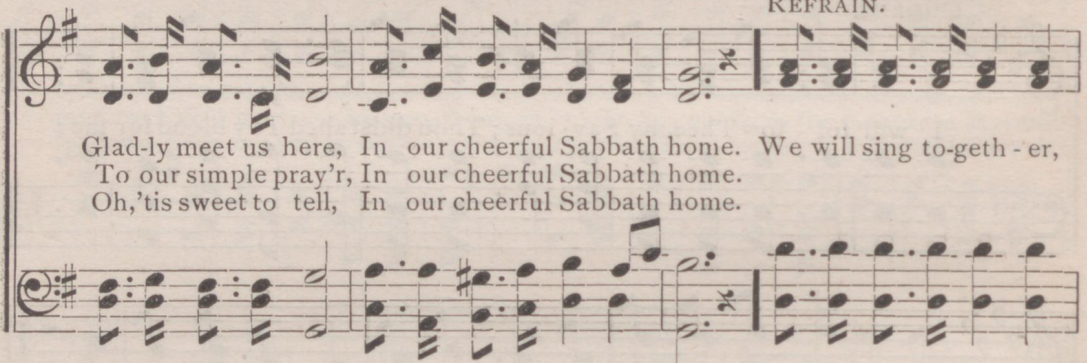


1. In the gold - en sun - light, Shin - ing bright and fair,  
 2. Je - sus watch - es o'er us With a shep - herd's care,  
 3. Gen - tle, lov - ing Sav - iour, May Thy Spir - it dwell

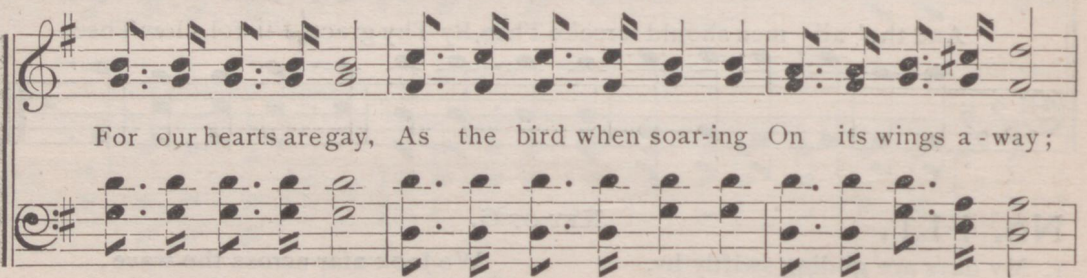


In our cheer - ful Sab - bath home; Chris - tian friends and teach - ers  
 In our cheer - ful Sab - bath home; He will kind - ly lis - ten  
 In our cheer - ful Sab - bath home; Here Thy ten - der mer - cy,

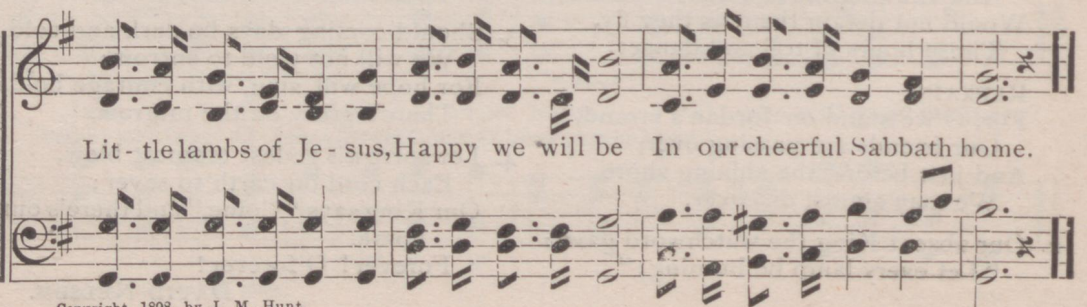
REFRAIN.



Glad - ly meet us here, In our cheerful Sabbath home. We will sing to - geth - er,  
 To our simple pray'r, In our cheerful Sabbath home.  
 Oh, 'tis sweet to tell, In our cheerful Sabbath home.



For our hearts are gay, As the bird when soar - ing On its wings a - way;



Lit - tle lambs of Je - sus, Happy we will be In our cheerful Sabbath home.

No. 113. STILL I AM SINGING.

J. M. HUNT.

1. Still I am sing - ing, Je - sus, of Thee, Bless - ed Re -  
 2. Still I am sing - ing, Je - sus, of Thee; Sim - ple the  
 3. Still may our cho - rus joy - ful - ly be, Bless - ed Re -

deem - er, so pre - cious to me; Toiling in weakness, try - ing to bring  
 tones of the mu - sic may be; Yet may the lan - guage com - fort im - part,  
 deem - er, Ho - san - na to Thee; Grant in Thy king - dom all may u - nite,

REFRAIN.

Souls to Thy standard, Je - sus our King! Tell - ing Thy good - ness, sing - ing Thy  
 Lift - ing the spir - it, cheer - ing the heart.  
 Sing - ing with rap - ture songs of de - light.

love, Plead - ing Thy mer - it, and look - ing a - bove; Thee will I

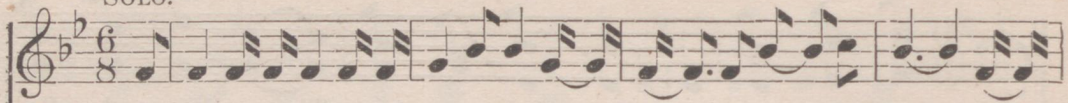
Chief of ten thou - sand,  
 hon - or, Thee will I praise, Chief of ten - thousand, Ancient of days.



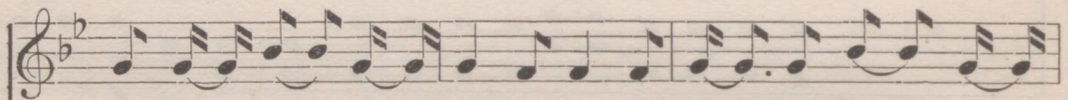
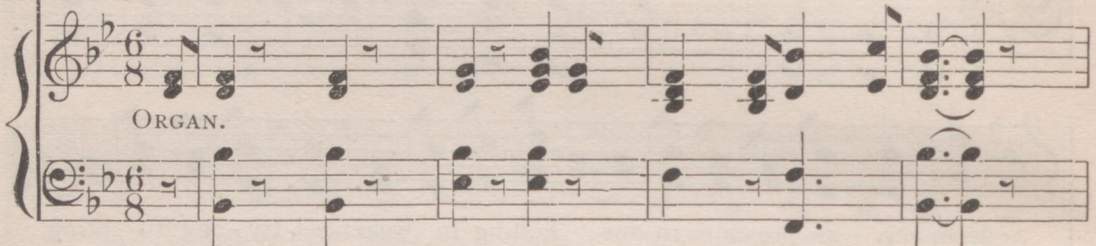
No. 114. IF I WERE A VOICE.

J. M. HUNT, by per.

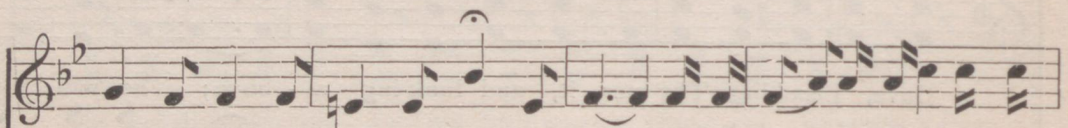
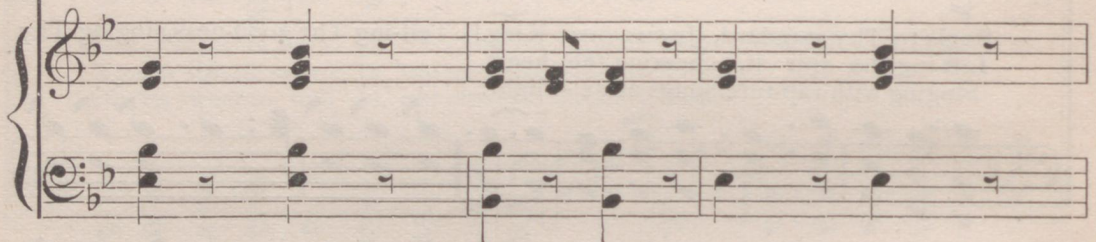
SOLO.



1. If I were a voice, a persuasive voice, That could travel the wide world through, I would
2. If I were a voice, a consoling voice, I'd fly on the wings of the air; The
3. If I were a voice, a convincing voice, I'd trav - el with the wind, And wher-
4. If I were a voice, an im-mortal voice, I would fly the earth a - round, And wher-



fly on the beams of the morn-ing light, And speak to men with a  
homes of sor - row and guilt I'd seek, And calm and truth - ful  
ev - er I saw the na - tions torn, By war - fare, jeal - ous - y,  
ev - er man to his i - dols bowed, I'd pub - lish in notes both



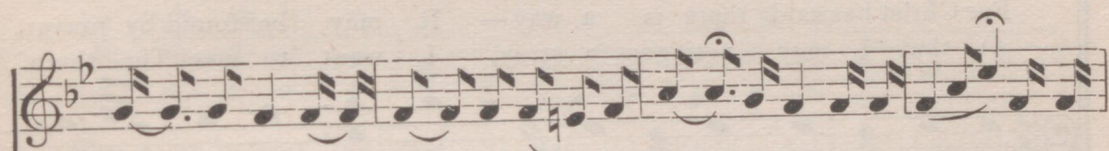
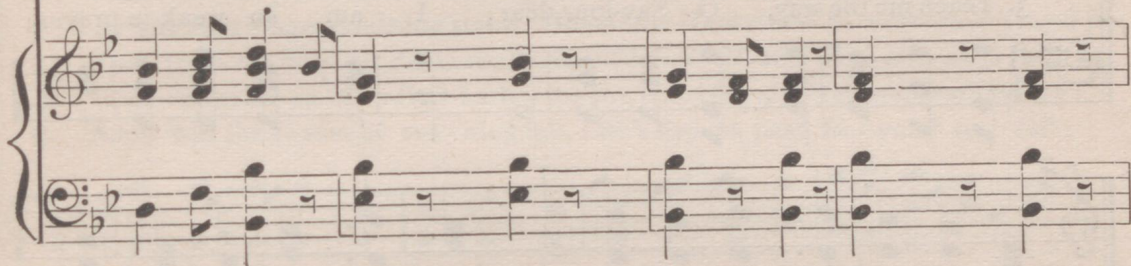
gen - tle might, And tell them to be true. I would fly, I would fly o - ver  
words I'd speak, To save them from de - spair. I would fly, I would fly o'er the  
spite or scorn, Or ha - tred of their kind. I would fly, I would fly on the  
long and loud The gos - pel's joy - ful sound. I would fly, I would fly on the



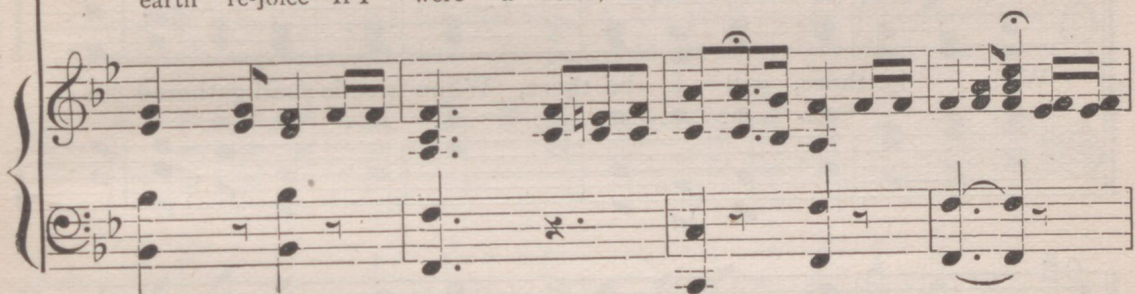
IF I WERE A VOICE.



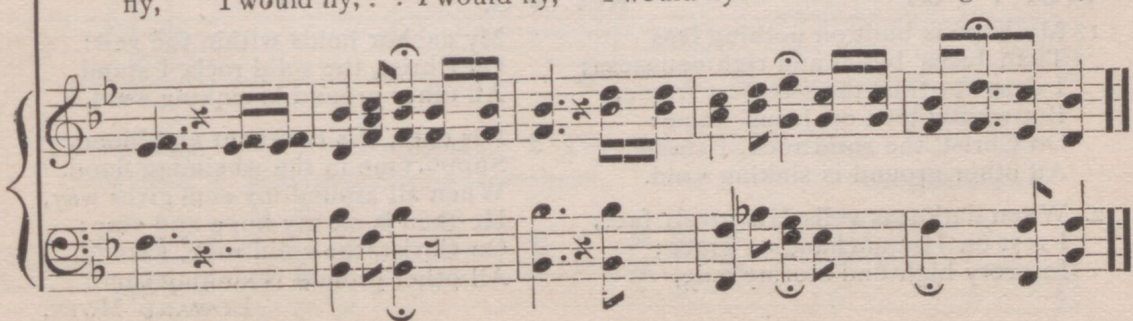
land and sea, Wherev - er a hu - man heart might be, Tell - ing a tale or  
crowded town, And drop, like the happy sun - light, down In - to the hearts of  
thun - der crash, And in - to their blinded bo - soms flash ; Then, with their e - vil  
wings of day, Proclaim - ing peace in my world - wide way, Bidding the saddened



sing - ing a song In the praise of the right— in the blame of the wrong. I would fly, I would  
suf - fer - ing - men, And teach them to look up a - gain. I would fly, . . I would  
thoughts subdued, And teach them Chris - tian broth - er - hood. I would fly, . . I would  
earth re - joice— If I were a voice, an im - mortal voice. I would fly, . . I would



fly, I would fly, . . I would fly, I would fly . . o - ver land and sea.  
fly, I would fly, . . I would fly, I would fly . . o'er the crowd - ed town.  
fly, I would fly, . . I would fly, I would fly . . on the thun - der crash.  
fly, I would fly, . . I would fly, I would fly . . on the wings of day.



# No. 115. WILL I BE THERE?

"And behold, a throne was set in heaven, and one sat on the throne."—Rev. 4:2.

J. M. HUNT. By per.

1. A-round the great white throne some day, Dear friends shall gathered be;  
 2. A-round the great white throne, sweet tho't, I may be kneel-ing there;  
 3. Teach me the way, O Sav-iour, dear; I am so weak in prayer;

A-round the great white throne, O God, Will I be there with Thee?  
 For Christ has said there is a way— It may be found by prayer.  
 O, that I may not go a-stray, I want to meet Thee there.

CHORUS.

Will I be there, will I be there, When friends shall gathered be?

A-round the great white throne a-bove, Will I be there with Thee?

From "Harvest Bells Consolidated," by Rev. W. E. Penn.

# No. 116.

KEY OF G.

1. My hope is built on nothing less  
 Than Jesus' blood and righteousness;  
 I dare not trust the sweetest frame,  
 But wholly lean on Jesus' name:  
 On Christ, the solid rock, I stand,  
 All other ground is sinking sand.
2. When darkness veils His lovely face,  
 I rest on His unchanging grace;  
 In every high and stormy gale,  
 My anchor holds within the veil:  
 On Christ, the solid rock, I stand,  
 All other ground is sinking sand.
3. His oath, His covenant and blood,  
 Support me in the whelming flood.  
 When all around my soul gives way,  
 He then is all my hope and stay:  
 On Christ, the solid rock, I stand,  
 All other ground is sinking sand.

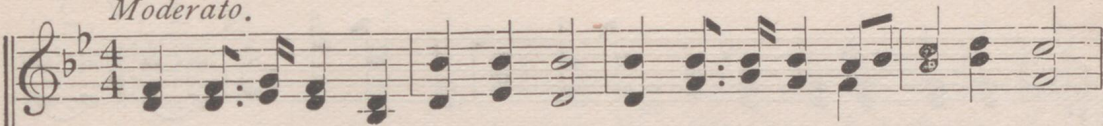
EDWARD MOTE.

# No. 117. THE FATHER'S CALL.

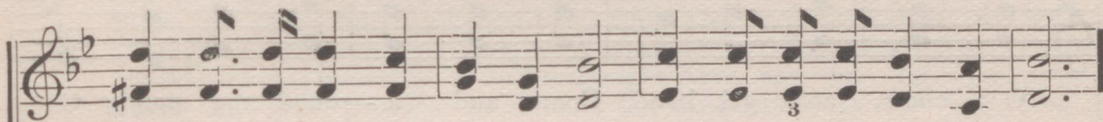
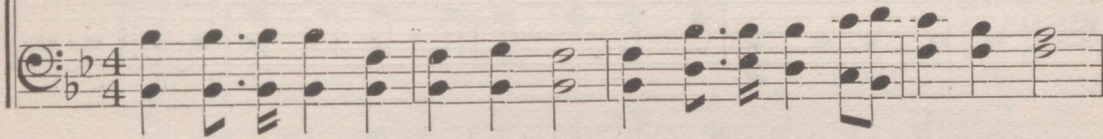
BIRDIE BELL.

H. N. LINCOLN.

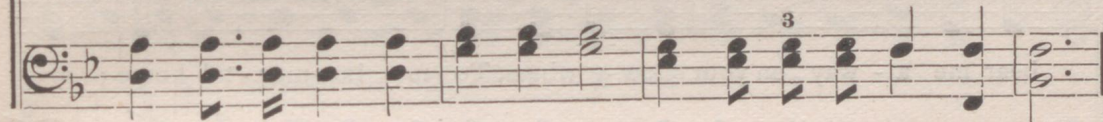
*Moderato.*



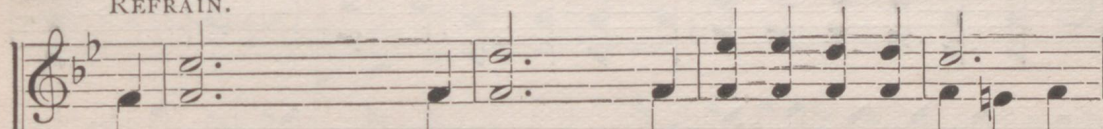
1. Why in thy bondage wilt thou stay, Far from thy home and Fa-ther stray?
2. Think of the years thou hast misspent, Time which the Father kind-ly lent;
3. Why wilt thou longer doubting stand? Haste! for He waits with outstretch'd hand;
4. Turn from the des-ert, drear and wild; God lov-eth still His way-ward child;
5. Won-drous sal-va-tion God hath wrought, Jesus thy sin-ful soul hath bought;
6. Soon will the shades of eve-ning fall, Life's day be past be-yond re-call;



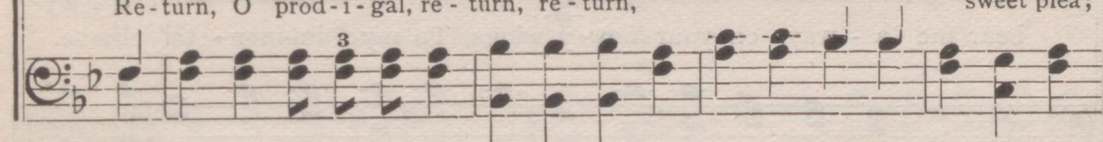
Wel-come is wait-ing thee to-day, O prod-i-gal child, come home!  
 He will for-give if thou re-pent, O prod-i-gal child, come home!  
 Wilt thou not heed that sweet com-mand? O prod-i-gal child, come home!  
 Come, and to-day be rec-on-ciled, O prod-i-gal child, come home!  
 Long in the dark-ness for thee sought, O prod-i-gal child, come home!  
 Death's gloomy night will thee ap-pall, O prod-i-gal child, come home!



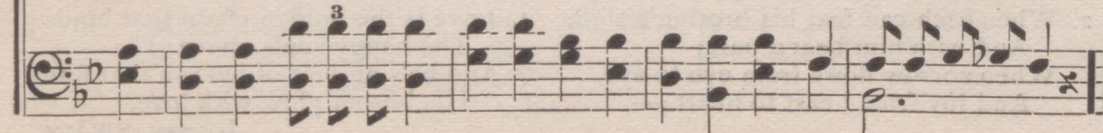
REFRAIN.



Re-turn, re-turn, O heed the ten-der plea;  
 Re-turn, O prod-i-gal, re-turn, re-turn, sweet plea;



Come home, come home, Thy Father calls for thee.  
 Come home, O prod-i-gal, come now, come home, He calls for thee.



# No. 118. O COME, ANGEL BAND.

JEFFERSON HASCALL.

Harmonized by J. M. HUNT.

1. { My lat - est sun is sink - ing fast, My race is near - ly run ;  
 { My strongest tri - als now are past, My tri - umph is be - gun.  
 2. { I know I'm near - ing ho - ly ranks Of friends and kin - dred dear, near.  
 { I brush the dews on Jor - dan's banks, The crossing must be  
 3. { I've al - most gain'd my heav'nly home, My spir - it loud - ly sings ;  
 { The ho - ly ones, be - hold they come ! I hear the noise of wings.

## CHORUS.

O come, an - gel band, Come and a - round me stand ; O

bear me a - way on your snow - y wings, To my im - mor - tal home ; O

bear me a - way on your snow - y wings, To my im - mor - tal home.

Copyright, 1897, by J. M. Hunt.

## 119.

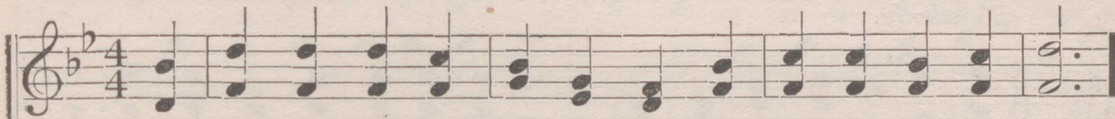
- |   |  |
|---|--|
| 1. How sweet, how heavenly is the sight,<br>When those who love the Lord<br>In one another's peace delight,<br>And thus fulfil His word ;—      | 3. When, free from envy, scorn, and pride,<br>Our wishes all above,<br>Each can his brother's failings hide,<br>And show a brother's love. |
| 2. When each can feel his brother's sigh,<br>And with him bear a part ;<br>When sorrow flows from eye to eye,<br>And joy from heart to heart ;— | 4. Love is the golden chain that binds<br>The happy souls above ;<br>And he's an heir of heaven that finds<br>His bosom glow with love.    |

JOSEPH SWAIN.

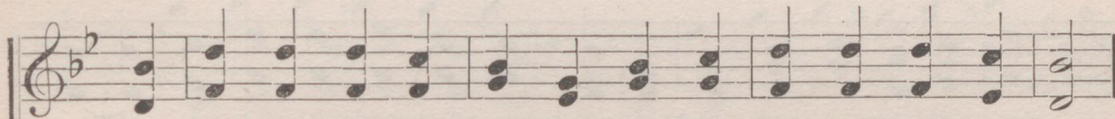
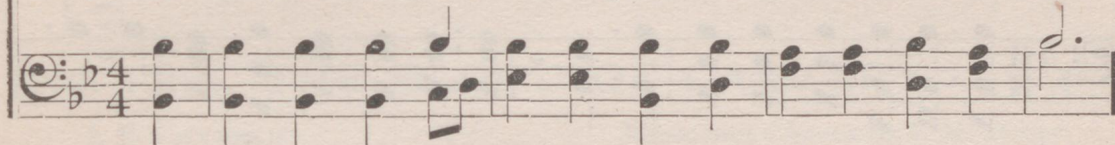
# No. 120. WASHED IN THE BLOOD OF THE LAMB.

Anon.

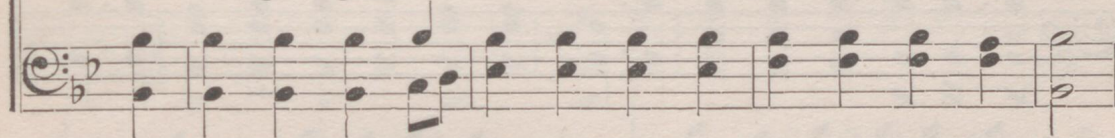
J. M. HUNT.



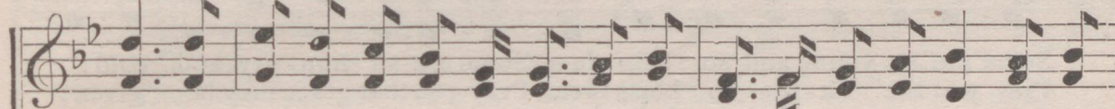
1. Je - ru - sa - lem, my hap - py home, O how I long for thee!
2. Thy walls are all of pre - cious stone, Most glo - rious to be - hold;
3. Thy gar - dens and thy pleas - ant streams My stu - dy long have been;
4. Reach down, reach down thine arms of grace And cause me to as - cend



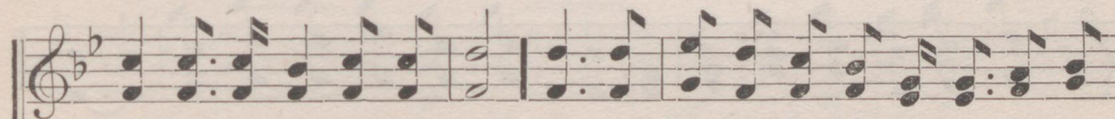
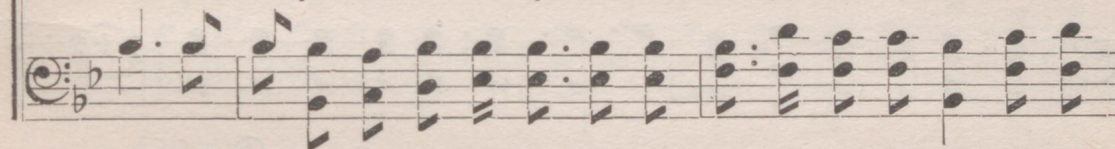
When will my sor - rows have an end? Thy joys when shall I see?  
 Thy gates are rich - ly set with pearl, Thy streets are paved with gold.  
 Such spark - ling gems by hu - man sight Have nev - er yet been seen.  
 Where con - gre - ga - tions ne'er break up, And prais - es nev - er end.



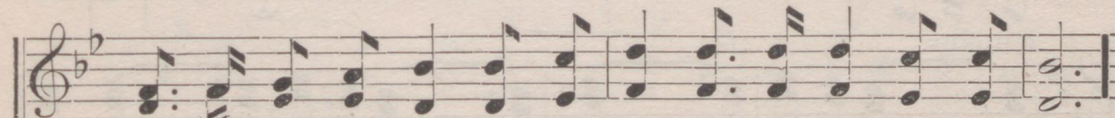
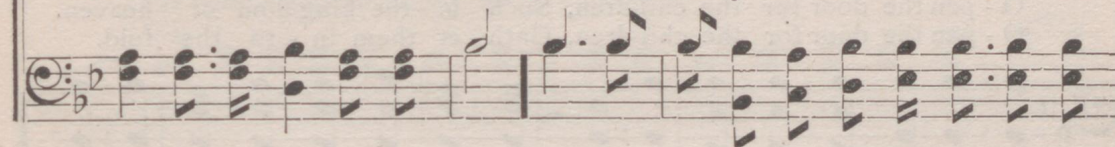
## REFRAIN.



I will meet you in the Ci - ty of the New Je - ru - sa - lem, For I'm



wash'd in the blood of the Lamb; I will meet you in the Ci - ty of the



New Je - ru - sa - lem, For I'm washed in the blood of the Lamb.



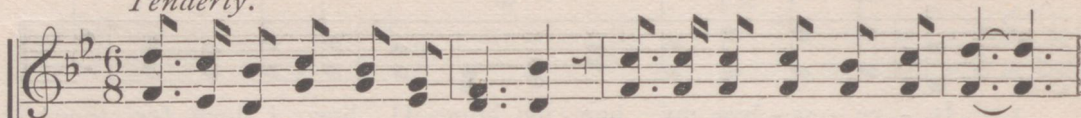
No. 121.

OPEN THE DOOR.

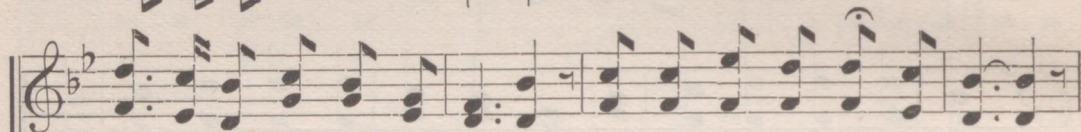
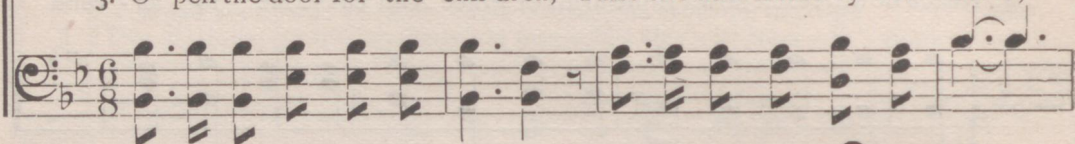
"Suffer little children to come unto me." — Luke 18: 16.

J. M. HUNT, by per.

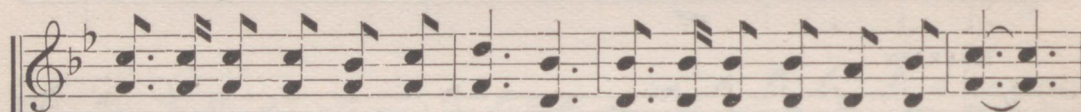
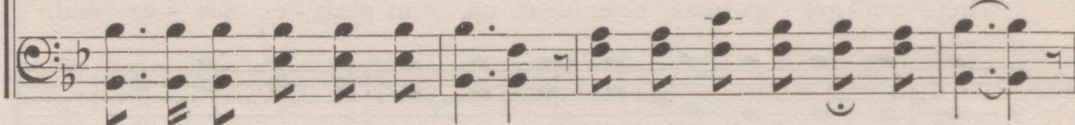
*Tenderly.*



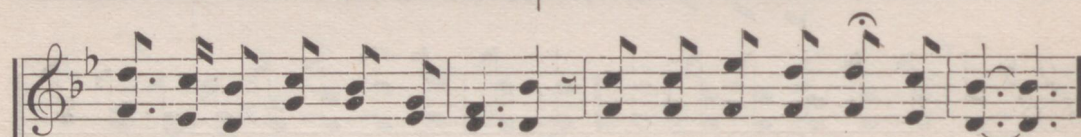
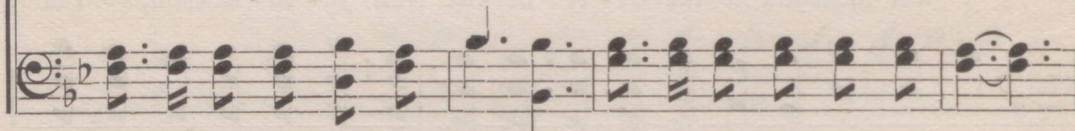
1. O - pen the door for the chil-dren, Ten-der - ly gath - er them in ;  
 2. O - pen the door for the chil-dren, See, they are com - ing in throngs ;  
 3. O - pen the door for the chil-dren, Take the dear lambs by the hand ;



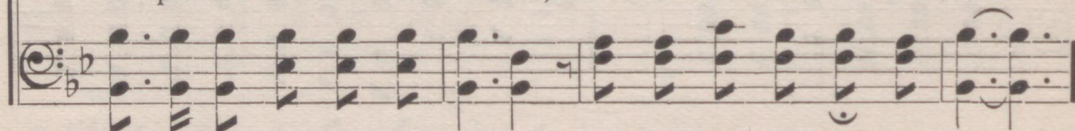
In from the high-ways and hedg-es, In from the plac-es of sin.  
 Bid them sit down at the ban-quet, Teach them your beau-ti - ful songs.  
 Point them to truth and to Je - sus, Point them to heav-en's bright land.



Some are so young and so help - less, Some are so hun - gry and cold ;  
 Pray you the Fa - ther to bless them, Pray you that grace may be given ;  
 Some are so young and so help - less, Some are so hun - gry and cold ;



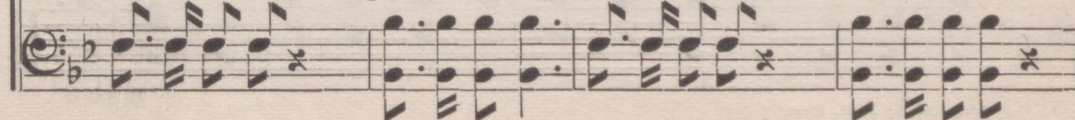
O - pen the door for the chil-dren, Gath - er them in - to the fold.  
 O - pen the door for the chil-dren, Such is the king-dom of heaven.  
 O - pen the door for the chil-dren, Gath - er them in - to the fold.



CHORUS.



Gath - er them in, . . . . in - to the fold, . . . . O  
 Gath - er them in, gath - er them in, in - to the fold, in - to the fold:



OPEN THE DOOR.

gath - er them in, . . . O gath-er the chil-dren in.  
 Gath-er them in, gath-er them in,

No. 122. THE BLOOD OF CALVARY.

J. E. CHAMBLISS.

Music and Chorus by J. M. HUNT.

1. I sing the blood, the pre-cious blood, So free-ly shed for me;  
 2. The sa - cred blood, the sov'reign blood, So rich, so full, so free;  
 3. The cleans-ing blood, re-deem - ing blood, The sin - ner's on - ly plea;

The sac - ri - fi - cial, ran - som blood, The blood of Cal - va - ry.  
 The Lord Je - ho - vah's al - tar blood, The blood of Cal - va - ry.  
 The pur - chas - ing and bind - ing blood, The blood of Cal - va - ry.

CHORUS.

The blood, . . . the blood, . . . The blood of Cal - va - ry;  
 The sin-cleansing blood, the life-giv-ing blood,

The blood, . . . the blood, . . . The blood of Cal - va - ry.  
 My soul it will save, be - neath its dark wave,



No. 123.

WILL YOU GO?

ANON.

J. M. HUNT.

1. A beau-ti-ful land by faith I see, A land of rest from sor-row free ;  
 2. That beau-ti-ful land, the home of light, It ne'er has known the shades of night ;  
 3. In vis-ions I see its streets of gold, Its pearl-y gates I too be-hold ;

The home of the ran-som'd bright and fair, And beau-ti-ful an-gels, too, are there.  
 The glo-ry of God, the light of day, Hath driven the dark-ness far a-way.  
 The riv-er of life, the crys-tal sea, Th' ambro-si-al fruits of life's fair tree.

REFRAIN.

Will you go? Will you go? Go to that beau-ti-ful home with me?

Will you go? Will you go? Go to that beau-ti-ful home with me?

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No. 124.

TUNE No. 209.

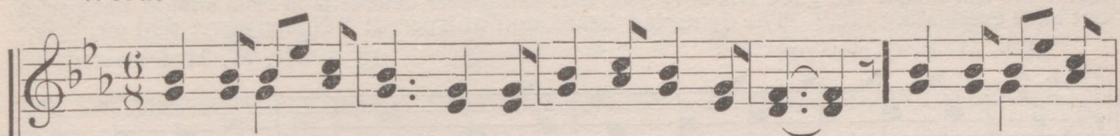
- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <p>1. Hark! the voice of love and mercy<br/>                 Sounds aloud from Calvary;<br/>                 See! it rends the rocks asunder,<br/>                 Shakes the earth, and veils the sky:<br/>                 "It is finished!"<br/>                 Hear the dying Saviour cry.</p> <p>2. "It is finished!" O what pleasure<br/>                 Do these charming words afford!<br/>                 Heavenly blessings, without measure,</p> | <p>Flow to us from Christ, the Lord:<br/>                 "It is finished!"<br/>                 Saints, the dying words record.</p> <p>3. Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs;<br/>                 Join to sing the pleasing theme;<br/>                 All on earth, and all in heaven,<br/>                 Join to praise Immanuel's name:<br/>                 Hallelujah!<br/>                 Glory to the bleeding Lamb!</p> |
|--|---|

JONATHAN EVANS.

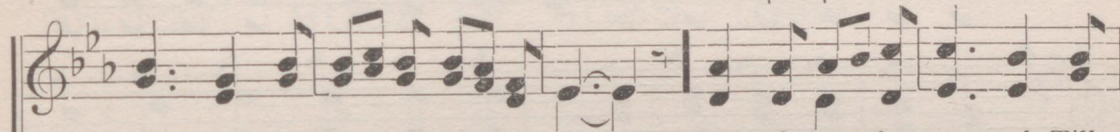
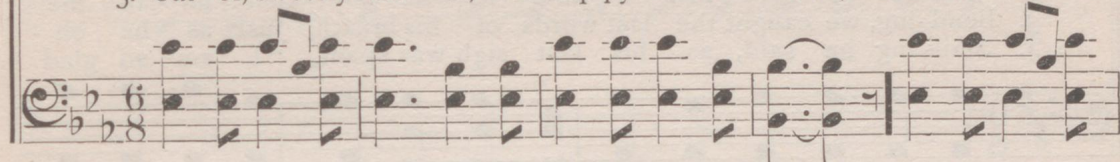
# No. 125. CAROL, SWEETLY CAROL.

Words arr.

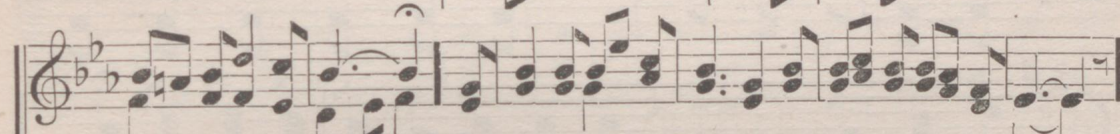
J. M. HUNT.



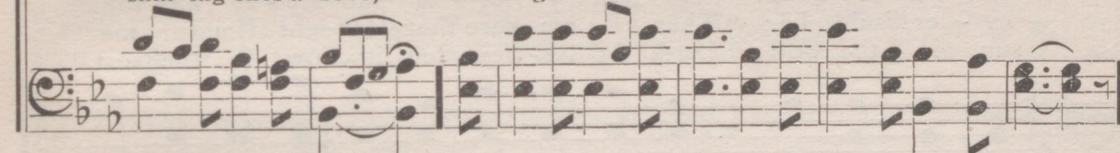
1. Car - ol, sweetly car - ol, A Saviour's born to - day; Bear the joy - ful  
 2. Car - ol, sweetly car - ol, As when the an - gel throng, O'er the vales of  
 3. Car - ol, sweetly car - ol, 'Tis hap - py Christmàs time; Hark! the bells are



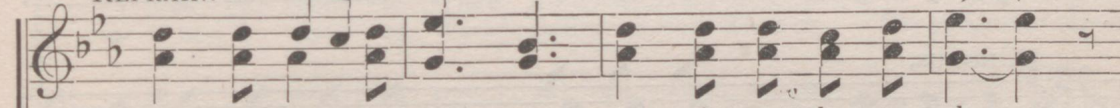
tid - ings, Oh, bear them far a - way. Car - ol, sweetly car - ol, Till  
 Ju - dah, A - woke the heav'nly throng. Car - ol, sweetly car - ol, Good -  
 peal - ing Their mer - ry, mer - ry chime. Car - ol, sweetly car - ol, Ye



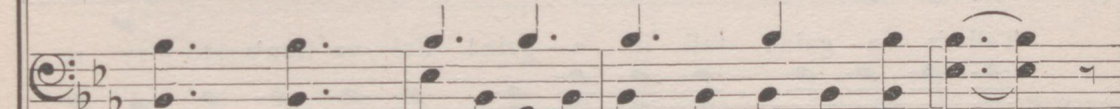
earth's remotest bound Shall hear the mighty cho - rus, And ech - o back the sound.  
 will, and peace, and love; Sing glo - ry in the high - est To God who reigns a - bove.  
 shin - ing ones a - bove, And sing in loudest numbers, O sing redeeming love!



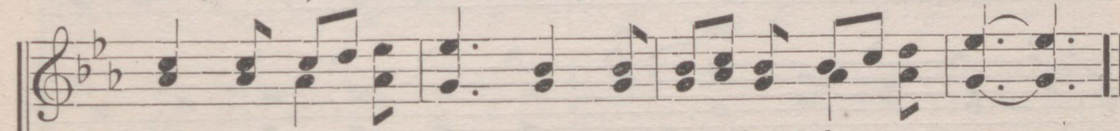
## REFRAIN.



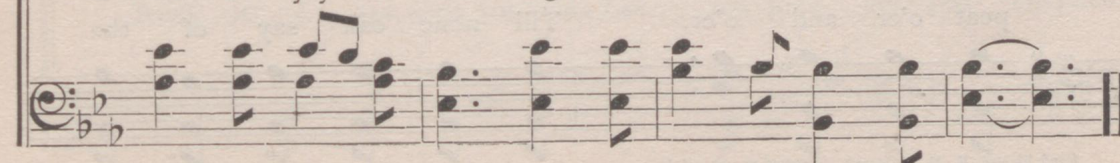
Car - ol, sweet - ly car - ol, car - ol sweet - ly to - day;  
 car - ol to - day:



Car - ol, car - ol sweet - ly, car - ol sweet - ly to - day.



Bear the joy - ful tid - ings, Oh, bear them far a - way.



No. 126.

TELL IT AGAIN.

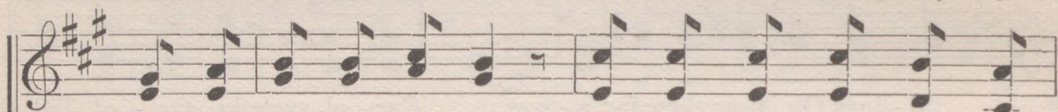
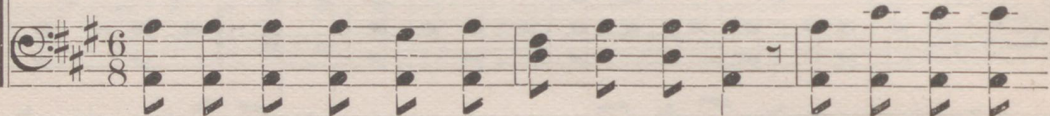
A home missionary visited a dying boy in a gipsy tent. Bending over him he said: "God so loved the world that He gave His only Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." The dying boy heard, and whispered: "Nobody ever told me."

Mrs. M. B. C. SLADE.

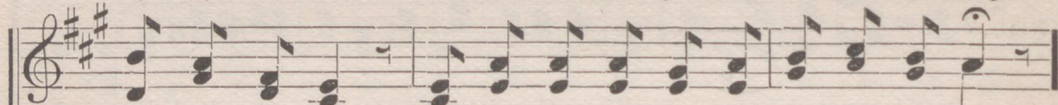
R. M. McINTOSH.



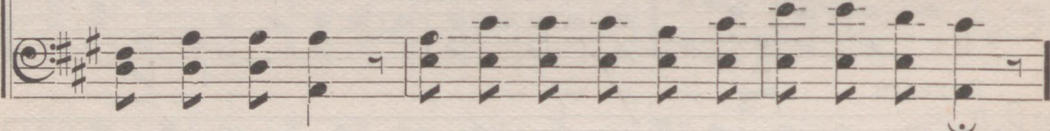
1. In - to the tent where a Gip - sy boy lay, Dy - ing, a - lone,
2. "Did He so love me, a poor lit - tle boy? Send un - to me
3. Bend - ing, we caught the last words of his breath, Just as he en -
4. Smil - ing he said, as his last sigh was spent, "I am so glad



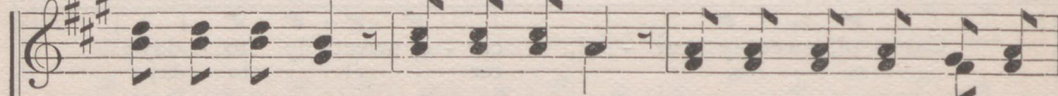
at the close of the day, News of sal - va - tion we  
the good ti - dings of joy? Need I not per - ish?—my  
tered the val - ley of death? "God sent His Son!—who - so -  
that for me He was sent!" Whis - pered while low sank the



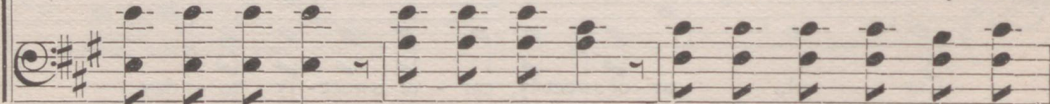
car - ried—said he: "No - bod - y ev - er has told it to me!"  
hand will He hold?—"No - bod - y ev - er the sto - ry has told."  
ev - er!"said he; "Then I am sure that He sent Him for me."  
sun in the west: "Lord, I be - lieve, tell it now to the rest."



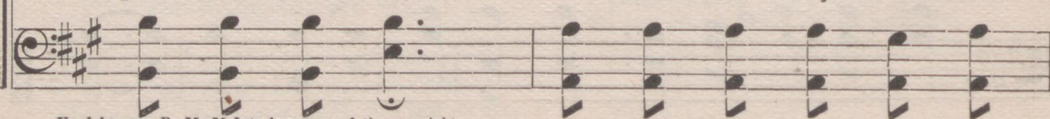
CHORUS.



Tell it a - gain! tell it a - gain! Sal - va - tion's sto - ry re -



peat o'er and o'er. Till none can say of the



TELL IT AGAIN.

chil-dren of men, "No-bod-y ev-er has told me be-fore."

The musical notation consists of a treble and bass staff in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time. The melody is simple and repetitive, with the lyrics written below the treble staff.

No. 127. ROCK OF AGES. (New.)

TOPLADY.

R. J. POWELL.

1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee;  
 2. Not the la - bors of my hands Can ful - fil Thy law's demands;  
 3. Noth - ing in my hand I bring, Sim - ply to Thy cross I cling;  
 4. While I draw this fleet - ing breath, When mine eyelids close in death,

The musical notation is in B-flat major (two flats) and 3/4 time. It features a treble and bass staff with a melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are placed between the two staves.

Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy side, a heal - ing flood,  
 Could my zeal no res - pite know, Could my tears for - ev - er flow,  
 Nak - ed, come to Thee for dress; Help - less, look to Thee for grace;  
 When I rise to worlds unknown, See Thee on Thy judgment throne,

The musical notation continues with a treble and bass staff in B-flat major and 3/4 time. The lyrics are placed between the two staves.

Be of sin the dou - ble cure, Save from wrath and make me pure  
 All for sin could not a - tone; Thou must save and Thou a - lone.  
 Vile, I to the foun - tain fly, Wash me, Sav - iour, or I die  
 Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee.

The musical notation concludes with a treble and bass staff in B-flat major and 3/4 time. The lyrics are placed between the two staves.

# No. 128. COME JOIN THE ARMY.

"Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life." — Rev. 2: 10.

J. M. HUNT.

S. M. BROWN.

*March time.*

1. Come join the ar-my, and fight for the Lord,—Je-sus en-treats you in  
 2. Come join the ar-my, and stand for the right; Strong is our Cap-tain—go  
 3. Come join the ar-my, its hard-ships en-dure: Firm, like a sol-dier, 'midst

His bless-ed word: Come with your buckler, your shield, and your sword; Come  
 forth in His might; Un-furl the ban-ner a-against Sa-tan's blight, With  
 Sa-tan's al-lure; Stand by your col-ors and vic-t'ry se-cure; Send

CHORUS.

share a sol-dier's con-flicts and a saint's re-ward. Come and join the ar-my, the  
 true and loy-al cour-age put the foe to flight.  
 down the line the watchword, "Our reward is sure."

tried and the true; Come and join the army, there's work for you; Come and join the ar-my, we're

bat-tling for the Lord; Come share a sol-dier's con-flicts and a saint's re-ward.

# No. 129. ALAS! AND DID MY SAVIOUR BLEED?

ISAAC WATTS.

J. M. HUNT.

1. { A - las! and did my Sav - iour bleed, And did my Sovereign die? }  
 { Would He de - vote that sa - cred head For such a worm as I? }  
 2. { Well might the sun in dark - ness hide, And shut his glo - ries in, }  
 { When Christ, the might - y Mak - er, died For man, the creature's sin. }  
 3. { But drops of grief can ne'er re - pay The debt of love I owe; }  
 { Here, Lord, I give my - self a - way; 'Tis all that I can do. }

Was it for crimes that I had done He groan'd up - on the tree?  
 Thus might I hide my blush - ing face, While His dear cross ap - pears;  
 But drops of grief can ne'er re - pay The debt of love I owe;

A - maz - ing pit - y! grace un - known! And love be - yond de - gree.  
 Dis - solve my heart in thank - ful - ness, And melt mine eyes to tears.  
 Here, Lord, I give my - self a - way, 'Tis all that I can do.

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## No. 130.

KEY OF C.

1. I gave My life for thee,  
 My precious blood I shed,  
 That thou mightst ransomed be,  
 And quickened from the dead;  
 ||: I gave, I gave My life for thee,  
 What hast thou given for Me?:||
2. My Father's house of light,  
 My glory-circled throne,  
 I left for earthly night,  
 For wanderings sad and lone.  
 ||: I left, I left it all for thee,  
 Hast thou left aught for Me?:||

3. I suffered much for thee,  
 More than thy tongue can tell,  
 Of bitterest agony,  
 To rescue thee from hell;  
 ||: I've borne, I've borne it all for thee,  
 What hast thou borne for Me?:||
4. And I have brought to thee.  
 Down from My home above,  
 Salvation full and free,  
 My pardon and My love;  
 ||: I bring, I bring rich gifts to thee,  
 What hast thou brought to Me?:||

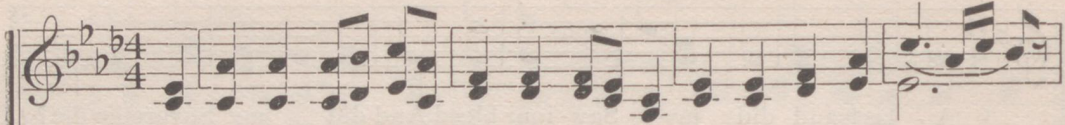
F. R. HAVERGAL.

No. 131.

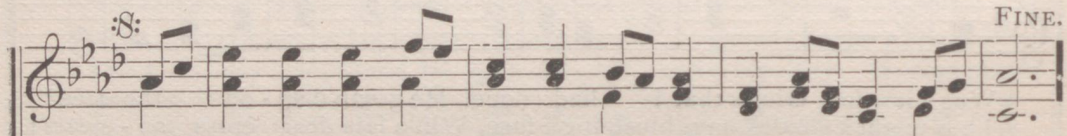
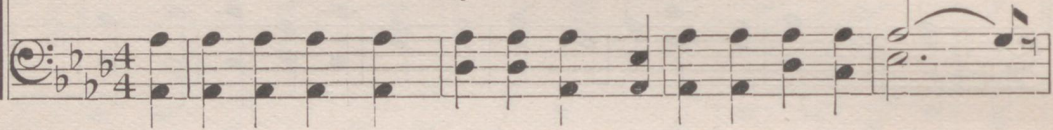
MOUNT PISGAH.

ISAAC WATTS.

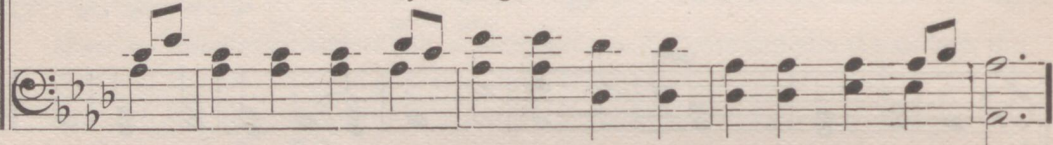
Harmonized by J. M. HUNT.



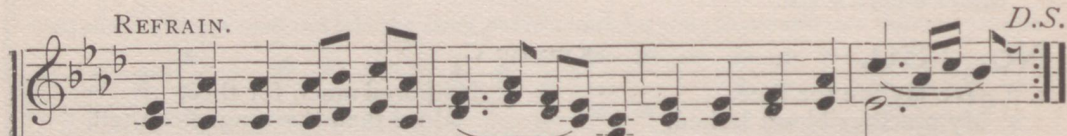
1. Am I a sol - dier of the cross,—A foll-'wer of the Lamb,—
2. Must I be car - ried to the skies On flow -'ry beds of ease, . .
3. Are there no foes for me to face? Must I not stem the flood? . .
4. Sure I must fight if I would reign; Increase my courage, Lord. . .
5. Thy saints.in all this glo - rious war, Shall conquer, tho' they die; . .
6. When that il - lus - trious day shall rise, And all Thy ar - mies shine . .



And shall I fear to own His cause, Or blush to speak His name?  
 While oth - ers fought to win the prize, And sail'd thro' blood - y seas?  
 Is this vile world a friend to grace, To help me on to God?  
 I'll bear the toil, en - dure the pain, Sup - port - ed by Thy word.  
 They see the tri - umph from a - far, By faith they bring it nigh.  
 In robes of vic - t'ry, through the skies, The glo - ry shall be Thine.



*D. S.* And shall I fear to own His cause, Or blush to speak His name?  
 While oth - ers fought to win the prize, And sail'd thro' blood - y seas?  
 Is this vile world a friend to grace, To help me on to God?  
 I'll bear the toil, en - dure the pain, Sup - port - ed by Thy word.  
 They see the tri - umph from a - far, By faith they bring it nigh.  
 In robes of vic - t'ry, through the skies, The glo - ry shall be Thine.



Or blush to speak His name, . . Or blush to speak His name, . .  
 And sail'd thro' bloody seas? . . And sail'd thro' bloody seas? . .  
 To help me on to God? . . To help me on to God? . .  
 Sup - port - ed by Thy word, . . Sup - port - ed by Thy word. . .  
 By faith they bring it nigh, . . By faith they bring it nigh. . .  
 The glo - ry shall be Thine, . . The glo - ry shall be Thine. . .



No. 132.

RING THE BELLS.

"Now is Christ risen from the dead."—1 Cor. 15: 20.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK, by per.

1. Ring, ring the bells, the sweet Gos-pel bells, Ech - o their mu - sic o'er
2. Ring, ring the bells, the sweet Gos-pel bells, Je - sus has ris - en to
3. Ring, ring the bells, the sweet Gos-pel bells, Let hill and val - ley with

land and sea; Je - sus has ris - en the lost to save, Ring to the world the die no more; Earth from her bondage of sin is free, Ring out the news from prais - es ring; Je - sus has brok - en the bars of death, Crown Him, oh, crown Him

CHORUS.

Ring, ring the bells, ring, ring the

vic - to - ry. Ring, ring the bells, Ring, ring the bells, Ring, ring the bells, shore to shore. Saviour, King.

bells,

Ring, ring the bells, Oh, what joy to the world your sweet mu - sic tells!

Je - sus has ris'n the lost to save; Ring, ring the bells, the sweet Gospel bells.



No. 133. ELLESTON. 8s, 7s, D.

HENRY F. LYTE.

J. C. W. G. MOZART.

1. Je - sus, I my cross have tak - en, All to leave, and fol - low Thee;  
 2. Let the world de - spise and leave me, They have left my Sav - iour, too;  
 3. Man may trou - ble and dis - tress me: 'Twill but drive me to Thy breast:  
 4. Go, then, earth - ly fame and treasure! Come, dis - as - ter, scorn, and pain!

FINE.

Na - ked, poor, despised, for - sak - en, Thou from hence my all shalt be.  
 Hu - man hearts and looks deceive me; Thou art not, like man, un - true;  
 Life with tri - als hard may press me; Heaven will bring me sweet - er rest.  
 In Thy ser - vice pain is pleasure; With Thy fav - or, loss is gain.

*D.S.* Yet how rich is my con - di - tion, God and heaven are still my own!  
 Foes may hate, and friends may shun me; Show Thy face and all is bright.  
 O 'twere not in joy to charm me, Were that joy un - mixed with Thee.  
 Storms may howl, and clouds may gather, All must work for good to me.

*D.S.*

Per - ish ev - 'ry fond am - bi - tion, All I've sought, or hoped, or known;  
 And while Thou shalt smile up - on me, God of wis - dom, love, and might,  
 O 'tis not in grief to harm me, While Thy love is left to me;  
 I have called Thee, "Ab - ba, Fa - ther;" I have stayed my heart on Thee:

No. 134.

KEY OF F.

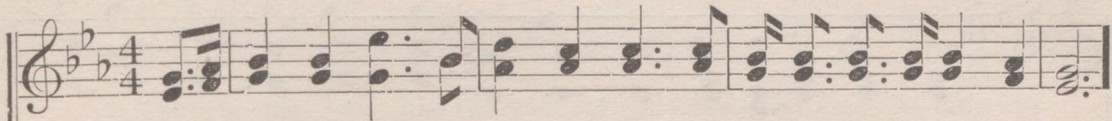
- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <p>1. O! what shall I do to be saved<br/>             From the sorrows that burden my soul?<br/>             Like the waves in the storm<br/>             When the winds are at war,<br/>             Chilling floods of distress o'er me roll.<br/>             What shall I do? what shall I do?<br/>             O! what shall I do to be saved?</p>   | <p>3. O! what shall I do to be saved,<br/>             When sickness my strength shall sub -<br/>             due?<br/>             Or the world in a day,<br/>             Like a cloud roll away,<br/>             And eternity opens to view?<br/>             What shall I do? what shall I do?<br/>             O! what shall I do to be saved?</p>                                |
| <p>2. O! what shall I do to be saved,<br/>             When the pleasures of youth are all<br/>             fled?<br/>             And the friends I have loved,<br/>             From the earth are removed,<br/>             And I weep o'er the graves of the<br/>             dead;<br/>             What shall I do? what shall I do?<br/>             O! what shall I do to be saved?</p> | <p>4. O! Lord, look in mercy on me,<br/>             Come! O come and speak peace to my<br/>             soul;<br/>             Unto whom shall I flee,<br/>             Dearest Lord, but to Thee?<br/>             Thou canst make my poor, broken<br/>             heart whole!<br/>             That will I do! that will I do!<br/>             To Jesus I'll go and be saved.</p> |

J. W. HOLMAN.

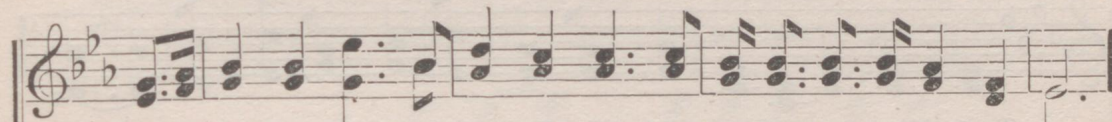
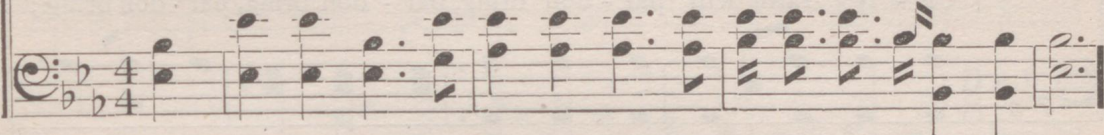
# No. 135. A SHELTER IN THE TIME OF STORM.

Words Arr.

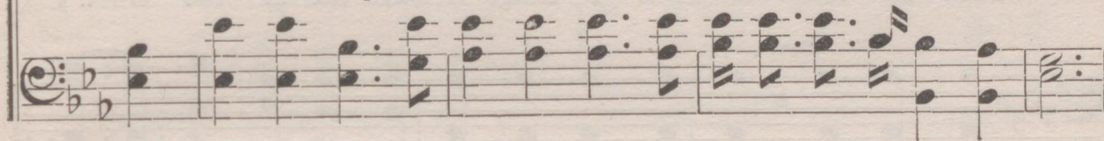
J. M. HUNT.



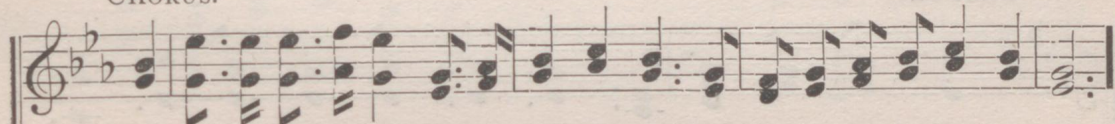
1. The Lord's our Rock, in Him we hide, A shel-ter in the time of storm ;
2. A shade by day, de-fense by night, A shel-ter in the time of storm ;
3. The rag-ing storms may round us beat, A shel-ter in the time of storm ;
4. O Rock di-vine, O Ref-uge dear, A shel-ter in the time of storm ;



Se-cure what-ev - er ill be-tide, A shel-ter in the time of storm.  
No fears a-larm, no foes af-fright, A shel-ter in the time of storm.  
We'll nev-er leave our safe re-treat, A shel-ter in the time of storm.  
Be Thou our help-er ev-er near, A shel-ter in the time of storm.



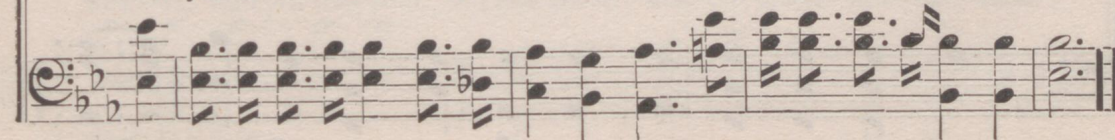
## CHORUS.



O Je-sus is a Rock in a wea-ry land, A shel-ter in the time of storm ;



O Je-sus is a Rock in a wea-ry land, A shel-ter in the time of storm.



# No. 136. SAVE ME AT THE CROSS.

Words arr.

Har. by J. M. HUNT.

1. { Lov - ing Sav - iour, hear my cry! hear my cry, hear my cry;  
 { I have sinn'd, but Thou hast died, Thou hast died, Thou hast died;  
 2. { Tho' I per - ish, I will pray, I will pray, I will pray;  
 { Thou hast said Thy grace is free, grace is free, grace is free;  
 3. { Wash me in Thy cleans - ing blood, cleans - ing blood, cleansing blood;  
 { On - ly faith will par - don bring, par - don bring, par - don bring;

Trem - bling to Thy arms I fly, O save me at the cross. }  
 In Thy mer - cy let me hide, O save me at the cross. }  
 Thou of life the on - ly way, O save me at the cross. }  
 Have com - pas - sion, Lord, on me, O save me at the cross. }  
 Plunge me now be - neath its flood, O save me at the cross. }  
 Then by faith to Thee I cling, O save me at the cross. }

## CHORUS.

Dear Je - sus, re - ceive me, No more would I grieve Thee;

Now, bless - ed Re - deem - er, O save me at the cross.

JESUS' LOVE.

J. M. HUNT.

1. There is no love like the love of Je - sus, Nev - er to fade or  
 2. There is no heart like the heart of Je - sus, Filled with a ten - der  
 3. O, let us hark to the voice of Je - sus; O, may we nev - er

fall, (fade or fall,) Till in - to the fold of the peace of God, He has  
 love; (tender love;) No throb nor thro that our hearts can know, But He  
 roam, (never roam,) Till safe at last on His lov - ing breast, In the

CHORUS.

gath - ered, has gath - ered us all. Je - sus' love, pre - cious  
 feels it, He feels it a - bove.  
 dear, in the dear heav'nly home. Je - sus' love,

love, (precious love,) Boundless, and pure, and free; O turn to that love,

wea - ry, wan - d'ring soul, Je - sus plead - eth, He plead - eth for thee.

No. 138.

IF WE KNEW.

Words arr.

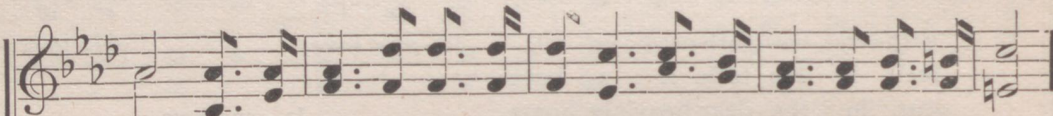
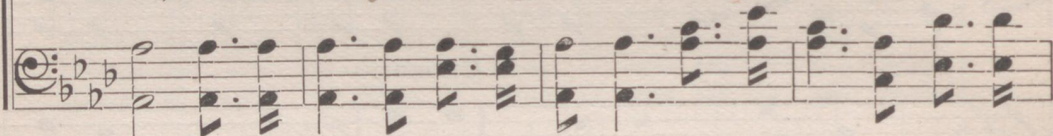
J. M. HUNT.



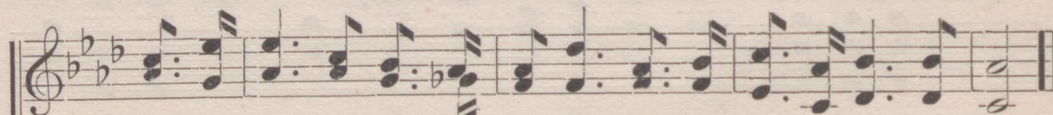
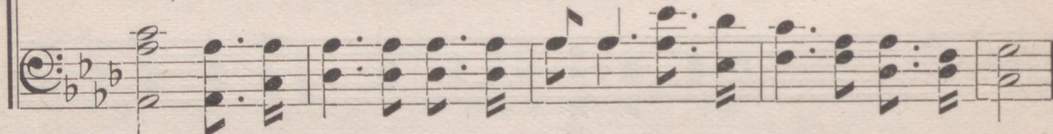
1. If we knew the cares and cross-es Crowd-inground our neigh-bor's
2. If we knew the clouds a - bove us, Held by gen - tle bless-ings
3. If we knew the si - lent sto - ry Quiv - 'ring thro' the heart of
4. Let us reach in - to our bos - om For the key of oth - er's



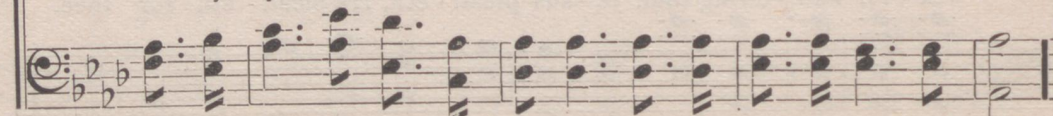
way; If we knew the lit - tle loss - es, Sore - ly griev - ous day by there, Would we turn a - way all trembling, In our blind and weak de - pain, Would we dare to harsh - ly doom them Back to haunts of guilt a - lives, And with love toward err - ing na - ture Cher - ish good that still sur -



day—Would we then so of - ten chide him For the lack of thrift and gain, pair? Would we shrink from lit - tle shad - ows Ly - ing on the dew - y grass, gain? Life hath ma - ny tan - gled crossings, Thorns beset the jour - ney thro', vives; So that when our dis - robed spir - its Soar to realms of life a - gain,



Leav - ing on his heart a shad - ow, Leav - ing on his heart a stain? While 'tis on - ly birds of E - den Just in mer - cy fly - ing past? And the cheeks, tear - wash'd, are whitened; This the bless - ed an - gels knew. We may say, "Dear Fa - ther, judge us, As we've judged our fel - low men."



# No. 139. PRESSING ON TO THE GOAL.

J. M. H.

J. M. HUNT.

1. Press-ing on to the goal, trust-ing in the Lord, We are bat-tling for the right;  
 2. He sus-tains by His grace, and has pow'r to save; E'en the storms His voice will calm;  
 3. We have faith in His word, and with val-iant hearts We will face the ranks of sin;  
 4. We will stand for the church that His blood hath saved; We will work and watch and pray;

In our Cap-tain's name we will charge the foe, Ev-er trust-ing in His might.  
 In His church ev-er-more doth the Spir-it dwell, For he loves the bride of th'Lamb.  
 We will tell to the world how His yearning love, Ev-er seeks the lost to win.  
 We will la-bor and wait till He leads, by grace, To our glo-rious crowning day.

CHORUS.

Press-ing on-ward, press-ing on-ward, We will nev-er fal-t'ring stand;

Press-ing on-ward, ev-er on; 'Tis our Cap-tain's great com-mand.

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# No. 140.

KEY OF A FLAT.

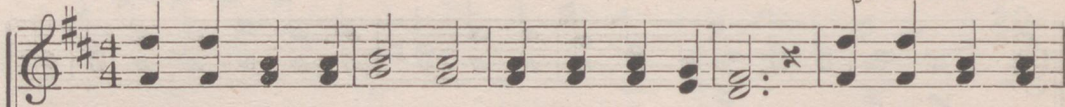
- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>1. Lord, I hear of showers of blessing,<br/>             Thou art scattering full and free;<br/>             Showers, the thirsty land refreshing;<br/>             Let some droppings fall on me.</p> <p>REF. — Even me, even me;<br/>             Let some droppings fall on me.</p> <p>2. Pass me not, O God, our Father!<br/>             Sinful though my heart may be;<br/>             Thou mightst curse me, but the rather<br/>             Let Thy mercy light on me.</p> <p>3. Pass me not, O gracious Saviour,<br/>             Let me live and cling to Thee;</p> | <p>For I'm longing for Thy favor;<br/>             Whilst Thou'rt calling, O call me.</p> <p>4. Pass me not, O mighty Spirit,<br/>             Thou canst make the blind to see;<br/>             Witnesser of Jesus' merit,<br/>             Speak some word of power to me.</p> <p>5. Love of God, so pure and changeless;<br/>             Blood of Christ, so rich, so free;<br/>             Grace of God, so strong and<br/>             boundless;<br/>             Magnify it all in me.</p> |
|---|--|

ELIZABETH CODNER.

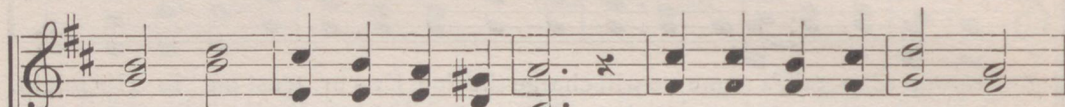
# No. 141. ONWARD, CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS!

S. BARING-GOULD.

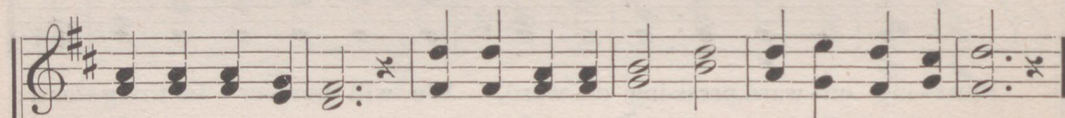
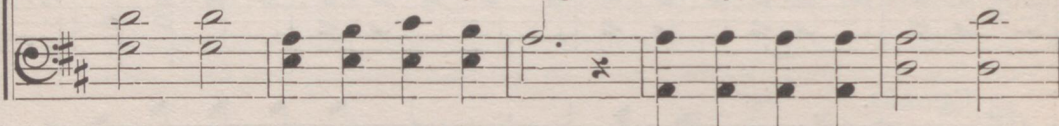
J. M. HUNT.



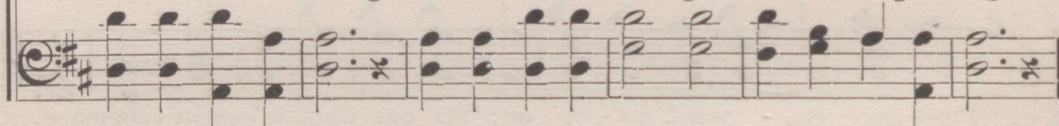
1. On-ward, Christian sol - diers! Marching as to war, With the cross of
2. Like a might-y ar - my Moves the Church of God; Broth-ers, we are
3. Crowns and thrones may perish, Kingdoms rise and wane, But the Church of
4. On-ward, then, ye peo - ple, Join our hap - py throng, Blend with ours your



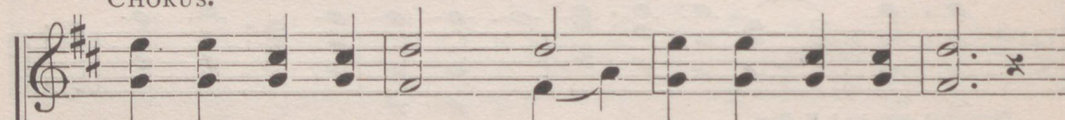
Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore. Christ, the roy - al Mas - ter,  
tread - ing Where the saints have trod; We are not di - vid - ed,  
Je - sus Con - stant will re - main; Gates of hell can nev - er  
voi - ces, In the tri - umph song; Glo - ry, laud, and hon - or,



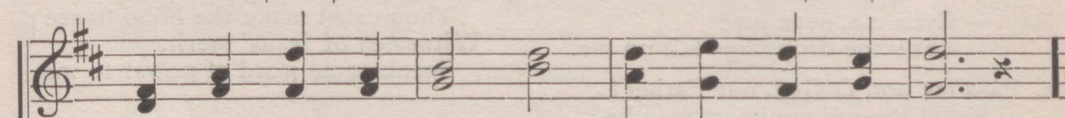
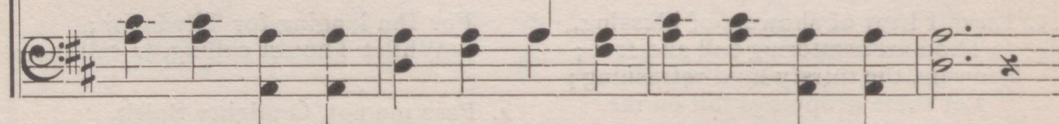
Leads a - gainst the foe; Forward in - to bat - tle, See, His banners go!  
All one bod - y we, One in hope and doctrine, One in char - i - ty.  
'Gainst that Church prevail, We have Christ's own promise, And that cannot fail.  
Un - to Christ the King, This thro' countless a - ges, Men and an - gels sing.



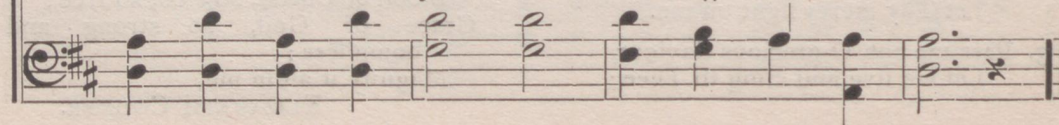
## CHORUS.



On - ward, Chris - tian sol - diers! March - ing as to war,  
Chris - tian sol - diers!



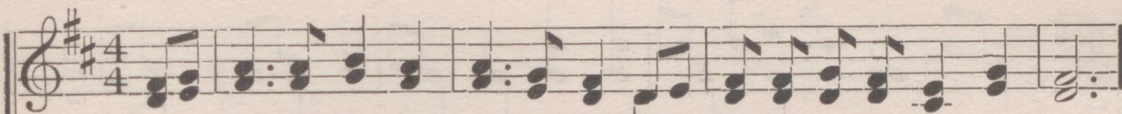
With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore.



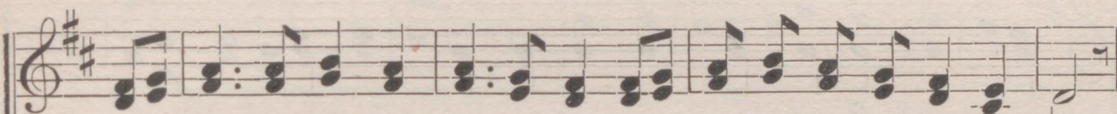
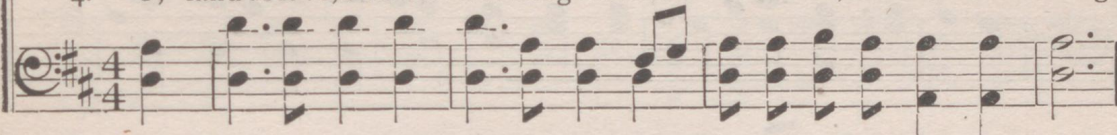
# No. 142. UP THERE IN HEAVEN.

KIT. WILLIAMS, arr.

L. B. SHOOK. Arr. by J. M. H.



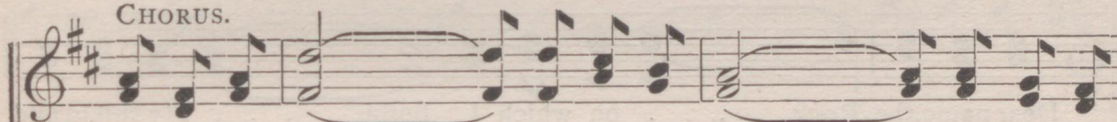
1. When wrap'd in mists and shadows here, The way of life is dark and drear ;
2. When press-ing up the hills I meet, With ach-ing head and wea-ry feet,
3. When, pass-ing sad-ly from my side, Lov'd ones are lost in Jor-dan's tide,
4. O, land of love, sweet land of song ! Home of the sinless, blood-wash'd throng !



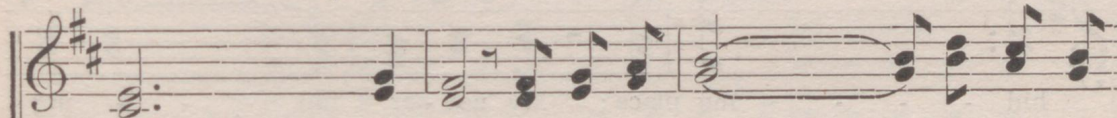
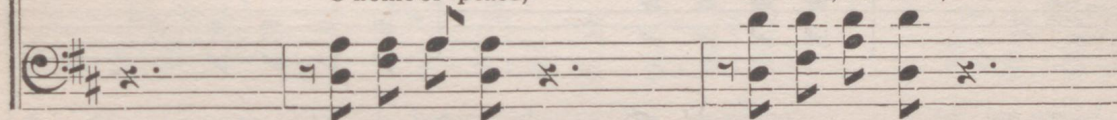
How dear the hope that God has giv'n, Of light and joy, up there in heav'n.  
 What mat-ters it how I have striv'n? Sweet rest is mine up there in heav'n.  
 A - mid my tears, sweet hope is giv'n, We'll meet a - gain up there in heav'n.  
 How rich the grace that God has giv'n, To guide us to that home in heav'n.



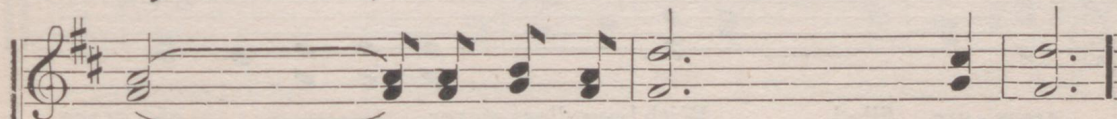
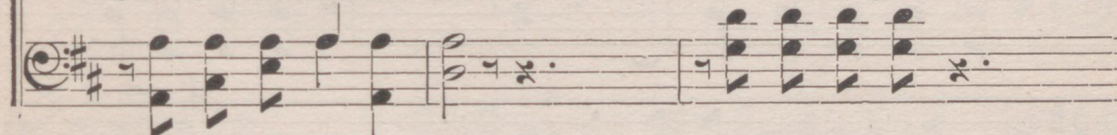
## CHORUS.



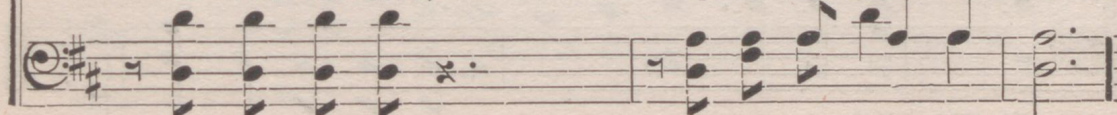
O home of peace, . . . and rest, and love; . . . Sweet home with  
 O home of peace, and rest, and love;



Christ a - bove! No dark-'ning clouds . . . o'er thee are  
 Sweet home with Christ a - bove! No dark-'ning clouds,



driv'n, . . . Up there, up there in heav'n.  
 o'er thee are driv'n, Up there, up there in heav'n.





No. 143.

DEAR NAME.

J. NEWTON.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1. How sweet the name of Je - sus sounds In a be - liev - er's ear ;  
 2. It makes the wound-ed spir - it whole, And calms the trou - bled breast ;  
 3. Weak is the ef - fort of my heart, And cold my warm-est thought ;

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.

CHORUS.

Dear name, the Rock . . . on which I build, . . . My shield and  
 Dear name, the Rock on which I build,

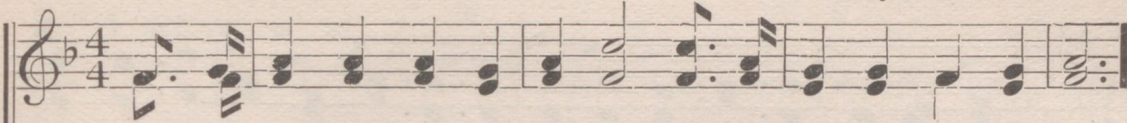
hid - ing place ; My nev - er fail - ing  
 My shield and hid - ing place ; My nev - er fail -

treas - ure, filled . . . With boundless stores of grace.  
 ing treas - ure, filled With bound - less stores of grace.

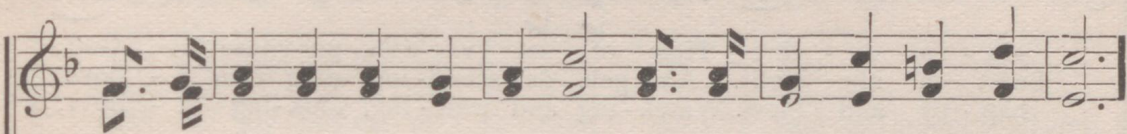
# No. 144. IN THE CROSS BE MY GLORY.

Sir JOHN BOWRING.

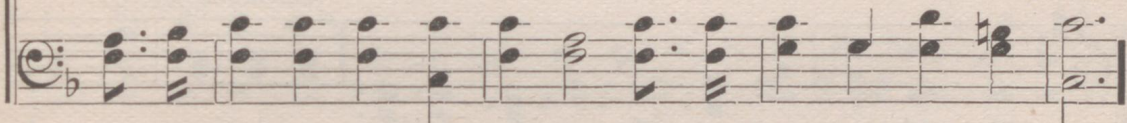
Music and chorus by J. M. HUNT.



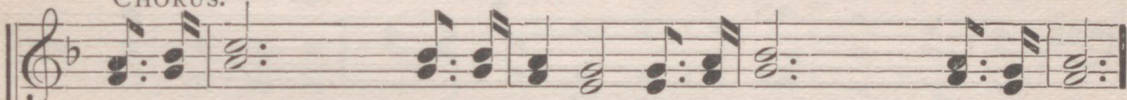
1. In the cross of Christ I glo - ry, Tow'-ring o'er the wrecks of time;
2. When the woes of life o'er-take me, Hopes de-ceive and fears annoy,
3. When the sun of bliss is beam-ing Light and love up - on my way,
4. Bane and bless-ing, pain and pleas-ure, By the cross are sanc - ti - fied;



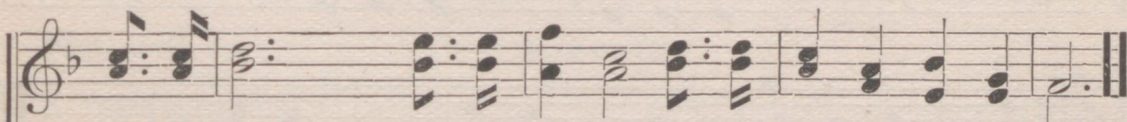
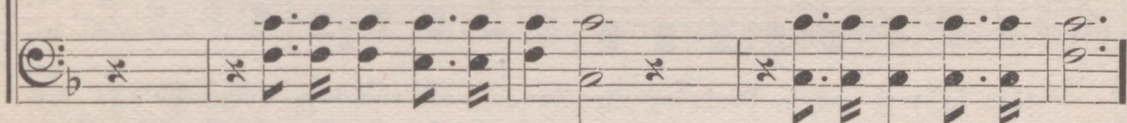
All the light of sa - cred sto - ry Gath - ers 'round its head sub - lime.  
 Nev - er shall the cross for - sake me; Lo! it glows with peace and joy.  
 From the cross the ra - diance streaming, Adds new lus - ter to the day.  
 Peace is there, that knows no meas - ure, Joys that thro' all time a - bide.



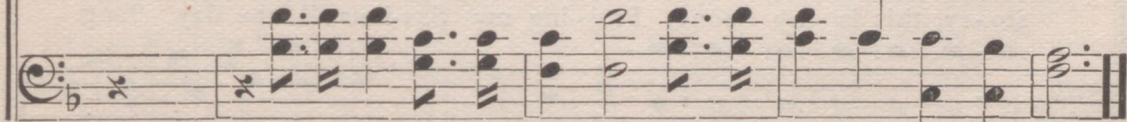
## CHORUS.



In the cross be my glo - ry, In its name let me stand;  
 In the cross In its name



Prec - ious cross, let me bear it, 'Till I reach the heav'n - ly land.  
 Precious cross,



# No. 145. BLESSED ASSURANCE.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

Mrs. JOSEPH F. KNAPP.

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

glo - ry di - vine! Heir of sal - va - tion, pur-chase of God,  
 burst on my sight. An - gels de - scend - ing bring from a - bove  
 hap - py and blest. Watch - ing and wait - ing, look - ing a - bove,

CHORUS.

Born of His Spir - it, wash'd in His blood. This is my sto - ry,  
 Ech - oes of mer - cy, whis-pers of love.  
 Fill'd with His good-ness, lost in His love.

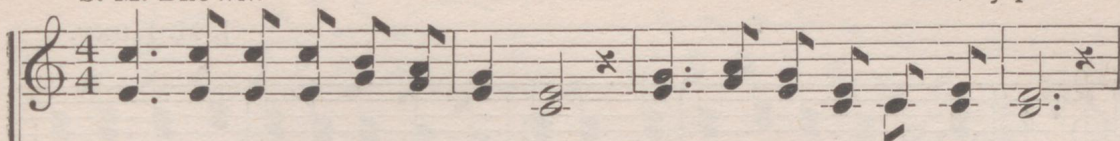
this is my song, Prais-ing my Sav-iour all the day long; This is my

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

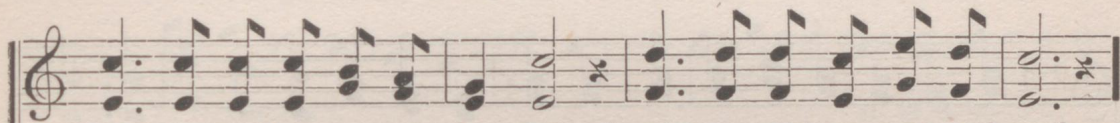
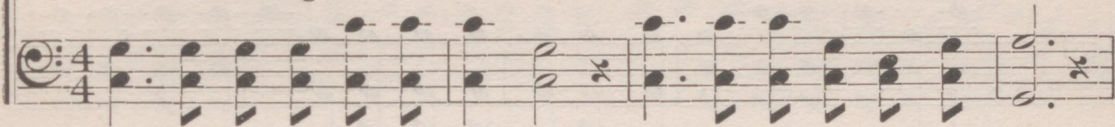
# No. 146. SHOUT THE TIDINGS.

S. M. BROWN.

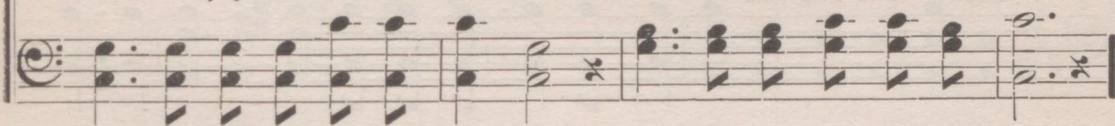
J. M. HUNT, by per.



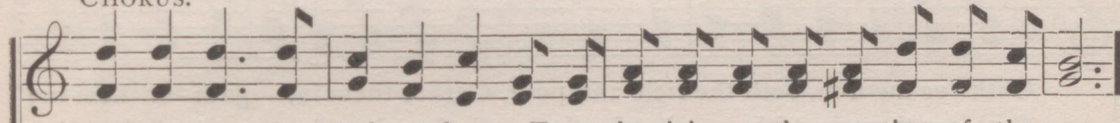
1. Shout the ti-dings of sal - va - tion, Send the gos-pel's joy - ous sound,
2. Shout the ti-dings of sal - va - tion, To the thousands near your home,
3. Shout the ti-dings of sal - va - tion, — See the na-tions press your shore—
4. Shout the ti-dings of sal - va - tion, Till the na-tions own their King;



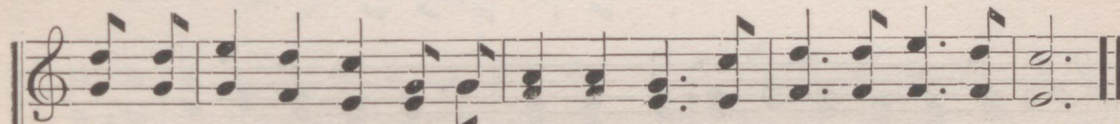
- Till the pre-cious in - vi - ta - tion, Spread to earth's re - mot - est bound.  
 Till your own be - lov - ed na - tion, To the feet of Je - sus come.  
 Sound the gos - pel in - vi - ta - tion, To the hea - then at your door.  
 Till in joy - ous ex - ul - ta - tion, Ev - 'ry vale and mount shall sing.



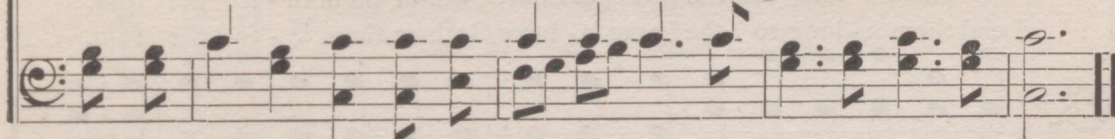
## CHORUS.



Send the news, the glad, good news, From the rising to the set - ting of the sun;



Till the na-tions come and be - fore the throne, The great Re-deem-er own.



# No. 147.

KEY OF G.

1. There is no name so sweet on earth,  
 No name so sweet in heaven,  
 The name before His wondrous birth,  
 To Christ, the Saviour, given.
2. And when He hung upon the tree,  
 They wrote this name above Him,  
 That all might see the reason we  
 For evermore must love Him.

- REF.— We love to sing around our King,  
 And hail Him blessed Jesus;  
 For there's no word ear ever heard  
 So dear, so sweet as Jesus.
3. So now, upon His Father's throne,  
 Almighty to release us  
 From sin and pains, He ever reigns,  
 The Prince and Saviour, Jesus.

GEORGE W. BETHUNE.

# No. 148. GATHER THEM INTO THE FOLD.

Luke 14: 23.

J. M. HUNT.

1. Go to the hedges and broad highway, Gather them in, gath-er them in ;  
2. Gather them in from the lane and street, Gather them in, gath-er them in ;

Has-ten the Saviour's command o - bey, Gath-er them in - to the fold.  
Gath-er them in with your songs so sweet, Gath-er them in - to the fold.

Gath - er them in, both the rich and poor, Gather them in, gath - er them in ;  
Gath - er them in with a glow-ing love, Gather them in, gath - er them in ;

O - pen to all is the gos - pel door, Gath-er them in - to the fold.  
Lead them a - long to the home a - bove, Gath-er them in - to the fold.

## CHORUS.

Gath - er them in, . . . gath - er them in ;  
Gather them, gather them in - to the fold, Gath-er them, gather them in - to the fold ;

GATHER THEM INTO THE FOLD.

Gath - er them in, . . . Gath-er them in-to the fold. . . .  
 Gather them carefully, gather them prayerfully, Gather them, gather them in- to the fold.

No. 149. JESUS FOR YOU IS PLEADING.

Mrs. T. R. GRIFFIN.

H. N. LINCOLN.

1. Je - sus for you is plead-ing, Plead-ing from day to day,  
 2. Pre - cious the hours you squander, Pre-cious the wast - ed days,  
 3. Close by your door He's griev-ing O - ver your heart of sin,

While all His love un - heed - ing, Wand'ring you go a - stray.  
 While in your pride you wan - der Out in the world's sad maze.  
 Ere in His wrath He's leav - ing Has - ten to let Him in.

D.S. How can you be de - lay - ing? Come, while He's ling'ring near.

CHORUS. D.S.

While to your heart He's say - ing Come, while thy Saviour's near,

## No. 150. HALF HAS NEVER YET BEEN TOLD.

HAVERGAL.

J. M. HUNT.

1. I know I love Thee bet-ter, Lord, Than an - y earth - ly joy,  
 2. I know that Thou art near - er still Than an - y earth - ly throng;  
 3. O Sav - iour, pre - cious Sav-iour mine! What will Thy pres - ence be,

For Thou hast giv - en me the peace Which noth - ing can de - stroy.  
 And sweet - er is the tho't of Thee Than an - y love - ly song.  
 If such a life of joy can crown Our walk on earth with Thee?

CHORUS.

The half has nev - er yet been told, (yet been told,) Of love so full and free;

The half has nev - er yet been told, (yet been told,) His blood now cleanseth me.

Copyright, 1899, by J. M. Hunt.

## No. 151. YE NATIONS OF THE EARTH.

(Tune: DUKE STREET, No. 152.)

1. Ye nations round the earth, rejoice  
 Before the Lord, your sov'reign  
 King,  
 Serve Him with cheerful heart and  
 voice,  
 With all your tongues His glory  
 sing.
2. The Lord is God; 'tis He alone  
 Doth life and breath and being give;  
 We are His work, and not our own,  
 The sheep that on His pastures live.
3. Enter His gates with songs of joy,  
 With praises to His courts repair,  
 And make it your divine employ  
 To pay your thanks and honors  
 there.
4. The Lord is good; the Lord is kind;  
 Great is His grace, His mercy sure;  
 And the whole race of man shall  
 find  
 His truth from age to age endure.

ISAAC WATTS.

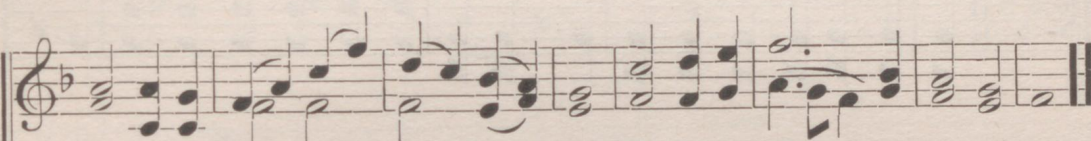
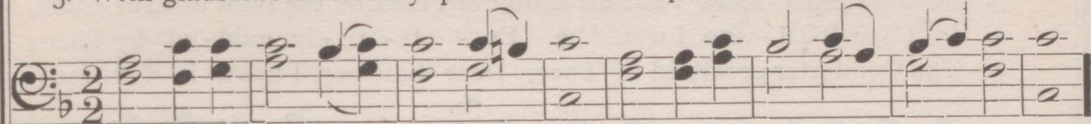
# No. 152. DUKE STREET. L. M.

ISAAC WATTS.

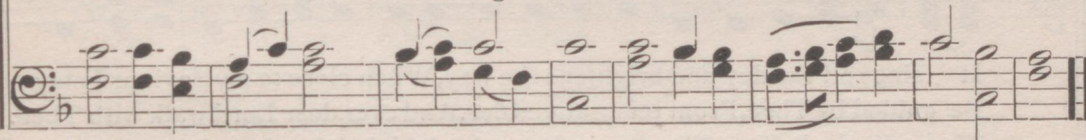
J. HATTON.



1. E - ter - nal Spir - it, 'twas Thy breath The o - ra - cles of truth in - spired;
2. Mov'd by the great al - mighty pow'r, Their lips with heav'nly wisdom flow'd;
3. With gladsome hearts they spread the news Of par - don thro' a Sav - iour's blood;



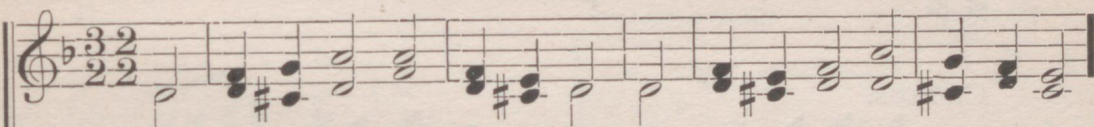
And kings and ho - ly seers of old With strong prophet - ic im - pulse fired.  
Their hands a thou - sand won - ders wrought, Which bore the signa - ture of God.  
And to a num' - rous seek - ing crowd Mark'd out the path to His a - bode.



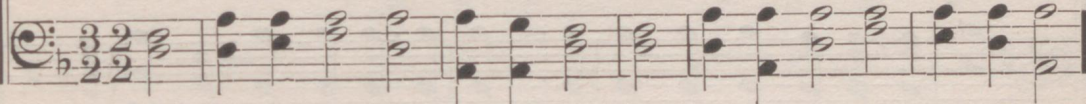
# No. 153. WINDHAM. L. M.

ISAAC WATTS.

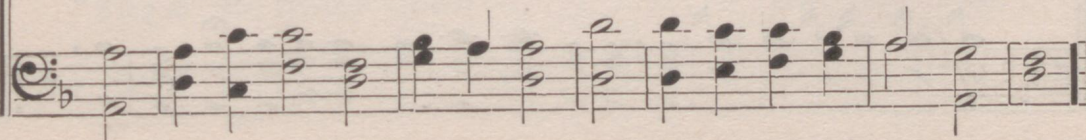
DANIEL READ.



1. Broad is the road that leads to death, And thousands walk to - geth - er there;
2. "De - ny thy - self and take thy cross," Is the Redeemer's great command;
3. The fear - ful soul that tires and faints, And walks the ways of God no more,
4. Lord, let not all my hopes be vain, Cre - ate my heart en - tire - ly new,—



But wisdom shows a nar - row path, With here and there a trav - el - er.  
Na - ture must count her gold but dross, If she would gain this heav'nly land.  
Is but es - teemed al - most a saint, And makes his own de - struc - tion sure.  
Which hyp - o - crites could ne'er at - tain, Which false a - pos - tates nev - er knew.

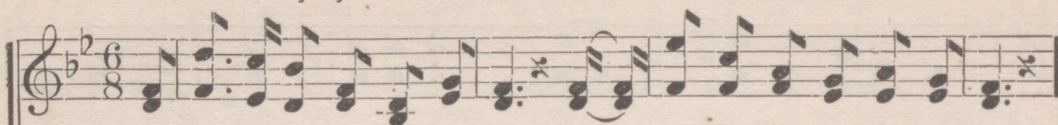




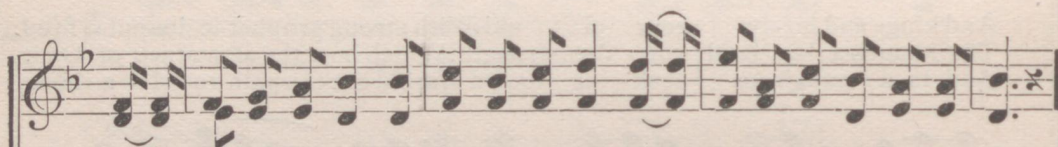
# No. 154. TO THEE HALLELUJAHS BELONG.

Words and Melody by W. F. HENRY.

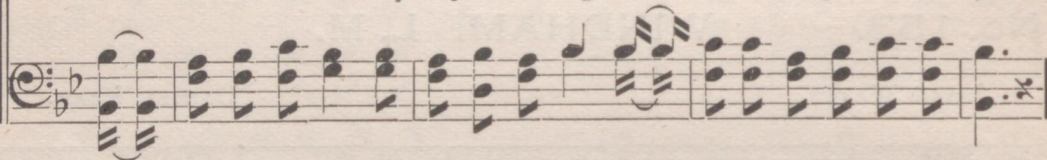
Harmonized by J. M. HUNT.



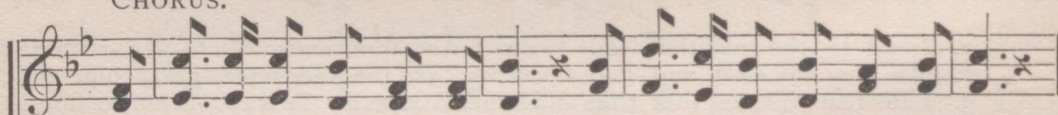
1. I have a new song in my heart, I pray it may nev-er de-part;
2. O Lord, I would in Thee a-bide, And ev-er keep close to Thy side;
3. Dear Saviour, I know Thou art mine, For I read in the blest word of Thine,
4. Blest Spir-it Di-vine, I would be En-ti-re-ly guid-ed by Thee;
5. The Comforter promised by Thee, Dear Sav-iour, I know is for me;



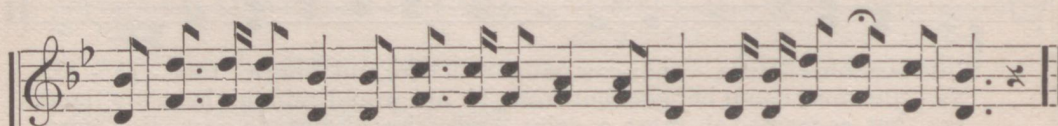
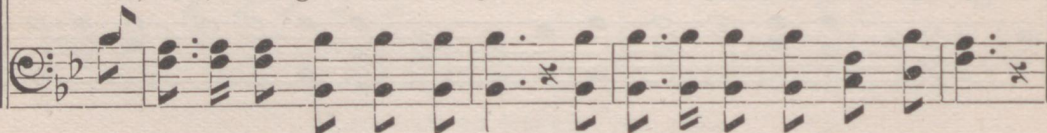
It sings all the day and brightens the way, When close to my Saviour I stay.  
 Be guided by Thee, From temptations flee, And ever, dear Lord, walk with Thee.  
 That all who believe, Thou'lt surely receive, And their burden of sin will relieve.  
 Let Thine be my will, My heart ev-er fill, And may I Thy purpose ful-fil.  
 And that He will a-bide, My steps He will guide, If I will keep close to Thy side.



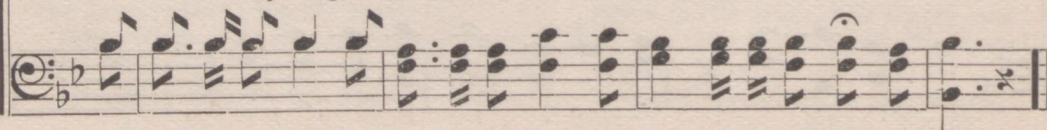
## CHORUS.



Then, Lord, I will give Thee the praise, For blessing me all of my days;



And all the day long, I'll sing the new song, To Thee halle-lu-jahs be-long.



# No. 155. JESUS, I WOULD LOVE THEE.

WILLIBELLE DANIEL.

R. J. POWELL.

1. { Je - sus, I would love Thee more and more ;  
 { Thou dost stoop to lis - ten, more and more,  
 2. { Help me tell the sto - ry, more and more,  
 { Thus Thy good - ness voic - ing, more and more,  
 3. { Let my dai - ly liv - ing, more and more,  
 { Ev - 'ry act re - veal - ing, more and more ;  
 4. { Sin - ners then shall own Thee, more and more ;  
 { An - gels hov - 'ring o'er us, more and more,  
 more and more ;

Keep Thy wings a - bove me, more and more ;  
 To Thy child's pe - ti - tion, (*Omit.* . . . . . )  
 Of Thy matchless glo - ry, more and more ;  
 Oth - ers set ic - joic - ing, (*Omit.* . . . . . )  
 Be one long thanks - giv - ing, more and more.  
 Depths of ear - nest feel - ing, (*Omit.* . . . . . )  
 In their hearts en - throne Thee more and more ;  
 Swell the joy - ful chor - us, (*Omit.* . . . . . )  
 more and more ;

CHORUS.

Praise the Lord, . . . the King of  
 Praise the Lord, . . . the King of  
 more . . . and more. Praise the Lord, the  
 Praise the Lord, the  
 INST. more and more,

glo - ry, wher - e'er you roam ;  
 glo - ry, He'll (*Omit.* . . . . . ) take you home.

King of glo - ry, wher - e'er you roam, wher - e'er you roam ;  
 King of glo - ry, He'll (*Omit.* . . . . . ) take you home.

# No. 156. GIVETH SONGS IN THE NIGHT.

R. K. M.

R. K. MAIDEN.

1. Dark sha-dows hang o - ver my way, I grope and pray for the light ;  
2. O Fa-ther re - mem-ber Thy child, So dark the night and so drear ;  
3. God's goodness is precious to me, His grace my strength and my stay ;  
4. The morning will gladden my heart, And flood my way with its light ;

I lift my heart in trust to Him, Who giv-eth songs in the night.  
O take me by my trem-bling hand, O Fa-ther, Fa-ther be near.  
Be - neath the sha - dow of His wing, I'll hide me all the dark way.  
Then sing my soul, oh, sing to Him, Who giv-eth songs in the night.

CHORUS.

Giv-eth songs in the night, Giveth songs in the night, Our God giveth songs in the night.

Giveth songs in the night, Giveth songs in the night, Our God giveth songs in the night.

# No. 157. DEAR NATIVE LAND.

Rev. DWIGHT SPENCER.

J. M. HUNT, by per.

1. A - mer - i - ca I love, All oth - er lands a - bove;  
 2. A - mer - i - ca, dear name, May they be put to shame  
 3. A - mer - i - ca, thy sires Are like thy bat - tle fires,  
 4. Al - might - y God, for Thee, We chil - dren of the free

Dear Na - tive Land; Peace and good-will thy dower; From moun-tain  
 Who seek thy fall; The mag - ic of the word, More might - y  
 Re - mem-bered yet; Till ev - 'ry pulse is still, Thy mem - o -  
 Will firm - ly stand; O make our land Thy care, May it Thy

peak and tower, Ring forth the glad, glad hour On ev - 'ry  
 than the sword, Than king or ti - tled lord, Shall con - quer  
 ries shall thrill; York - town and Bun - ker Hill We'll ne'er for -  
 bless - ing share; Hear this our ear - nest prayer For Fa - ther -

hand; Ring forth the glad, glad hour On ev - 'ry hand.  
 all; Than king or ti - tled lord, Shall con - quer all.  
 get; York - town and Bun - ker Hill We'll ne'er for - get.  
 land; Hear this our ear - nest prayer For Fa - ther - land.

No. 158.

WE ARE COMING.

J. M. HUNT.

1. We have heard Thy gen - tle voice, O bless - ed Sav - iour! We are  
 2. We will fol - low in Thy foot-steps, bless-ed Mas - ter, From Thy  
 3. We will fol - low, tho' the tem - pest bursts a-round us, Tho' the

com-ing, we are coming at Thy call; Take us in Thy mighty arms and help us  
 paths of love and du - ty nev - er stray; And Thy lov - ing voice shall cheer us as we  
 waves of earthly sor - row o'er us roll; For we know Thy mighty hand will part the

CHORUS.

ev - er, Safe - ly sheltered in Thine arms we fall. We are com - ing, we are  
 jour - ney To the land of beauty far a - way.  
 waters, And Thy peace will still the storm control. Coming, coming, coming,

com - ing, We are coming, blessed Saviour, at Thy call; We are  
 coming, coming, coming, at Thy call;

com - ing, We are com - ing, We are safe when in Thine arms we fall.  
 Coming, coming, coming, coming, coming, coming,

# No. 159. THE DOOMED MAN. C. M.

J. A. ALEXANDER.

J. M. HUNT.

1. There is a time we know not when, A place we know not where,  
 2. To pass that lim - it is to die—To die as if by stealth;  
 3. But on that fore-head God has set In-del - i - bly a mark,  
 4. He knows, he feels that all is well, And ev - 'ry fear is calmed;  
 5. How far may men go on in sin? How long will God for - bear?

That marks the des - ti - ny of men, To glo - ry or de - spair.  
 It does not quench the beam - ing eye, Or pale the glow - ing health.  
 Un - seen by man, for man as yet Is blind, and in the dark.  
 He lives, he dies, he wakes in hell, Not on - ly doomed, but damned.  
 Where does hope end, and where be - gin The con - fines of de - spair?

There is a line, by us un - seen, That cross - es ev - 'ry path,  
 The con - science may be still at ease, The spir - its light and gay,  
 And still the doomed man's path be - low May bloom as E - den bloomed;  
 Oh! where is that mys - te - rious bourne, By which our path is crossed,  
 An an - swer from the skies is sent, "Ye that from God de - part,

The hid - den bound - a - ry be - tween God's patience and His wrath.  
 That which is pleas - ing still may please, And care be thrust a - way.  
 He did not, does not, will not know, Or feel that he is doomed.  
 Be - yond which, God Himself hath sworn, That he who goes is lost?  
 While it is called to - day, re - pent, And hard - en not your heart."

# No. 160. IN THE SHADOW OF THE ROCK.

Dr. H. BONAR.

H. N. LINCOLN.

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

When I feel the tem-pest's shock thrill my breast; (thrill my breast;)  
With the scorch-ing noon-tide ray o'er my head, (o'er my head,)  
That the skies a - gain are fair o - ver me, (o - ver me,)

All in vain the storm shall sweep while I hide, (while I hide,)  
Let me find a wel - come shade, cool and still, (cool and still,)  
That the burn - ing heats are past, and the day (and the day)

And my tran - quil vir - gil keep by Thy side. (by Thy side.)  
And my wea - ry steps be stay'd by Thy will. (by Thy will.)  
Bids the trav - el - er at last go his way. (go his way.)

IN THE SHADOW OF THE ROCK.

CHORUS.

In the shadow of the rock let me rest, In the shadow of the rock let me rest,

When I feel the tempest's shock thrill my breast, In the shadow of the rock let me rest.

No. 161.

AZMON. C. M.

ISAAC WATTS.

C. G. GLASER.

1. Am I a sol-dier of the cross, A fol-'wer of the Lamb?
2. Must I be car-ried to the skies On flow-'ry beds of ease,
3. Are there no foes for me to face? Must I not stem the flood?
4. Sure I must fight, if I would reign; In-crease my cour-age, Lord;
5. Thy saints in all this glo-rious war Shall con-quer, tho' they die;
6. When that il-lus-trious day shall rise, And all Thy ar-mies shine,

And shall I fear to own His cause Or blush to speak His name?  
 While oth-ers fought to win the prize, And sail'd thro' blood-y seas?  
 Is this vile world a friend to grace, To help me on to God?  
 I'll bear the toil, en-dure the pain, Sup-ported by Thy word.  
 They see the tri-umph from a-far, And seize it with their eye.  
 In robes of vic-t'ry thro' the skies, The glo-ry shall be Thine.



# No. 162. CHRIST IS COMING BY AND BY.

Mrs. LAURA E. NEWELL.

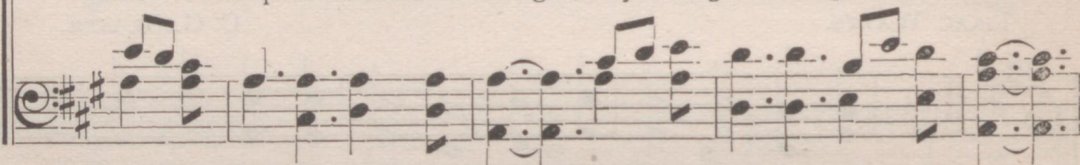
H. N. LINCOLN.



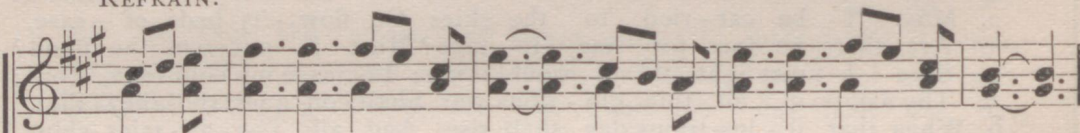
1. Christ is com-ing by and by, Lo! the hour is draw-ing nigh,
2. "Quickly I will come" saith He; Christ, the Lamb of Cal-va-ry,
3. Tho' we may not know the hour, He shall come in might and power;
4. When we think not He is near, Christ, our Sav-iour, will ap-pear;



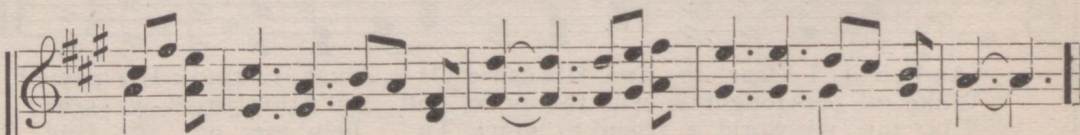
When His voice the saints shall hear; Shall it be with joy or fear?  
Saith "Be read-y 'gainst that day Heaven and earth shall pass a-way."  
He the faith-ful will re-ceive; Do you on the Lord be-lieve?  
With our lamps all trimmed and bright, May we greet the glo-rious sight.



## REFRAIN.



Borne on wings of ra-diant light, In His ma-jes-ty and might;



He is com-ing from on high, Lo! the hour is draw-ing nigh.



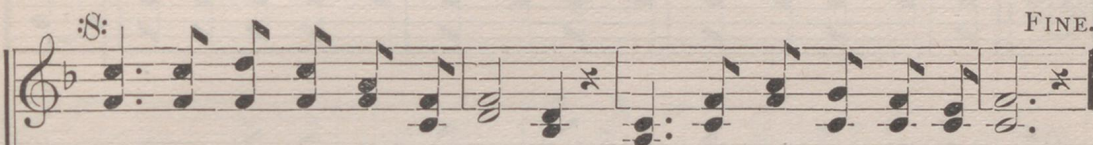
No. 163. WHAT A FRIEND. 8s, 7s. D.

JOSEPH SCRIVEN.

C. C. CONVERSE, by per.

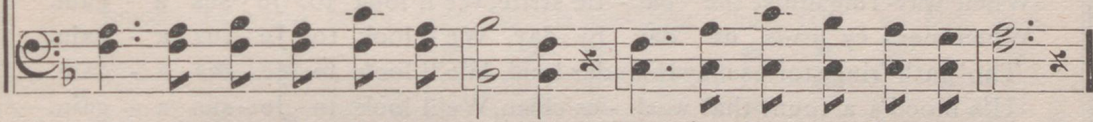


1. What a Friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to bear!
2. Have we tri - als and temp - ta - tions? Is there trouble a - ny - where?
3. Are we weak and heav - y la - den, Cum - bered with a load of care?

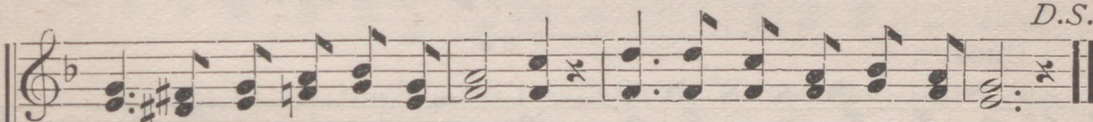


FINE.

- 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.

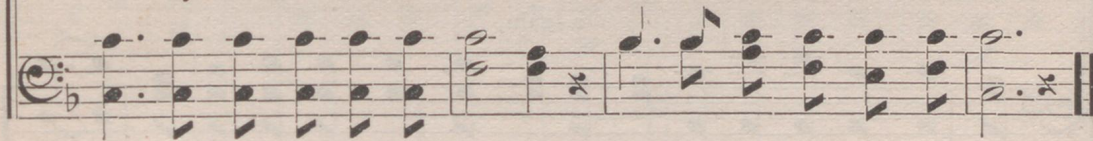


- D.S.* All be - cause we do not - car - ry Ev - 'ry - thing to God in prayer!  
 Je - sus knows our ev - 'ry weak - ness, Take it to the Lord in prayer.  
 In His arms He'll take and shield thee; Thou wilt find a sol - ace there.



*D.S.*

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



No. 164.

KEY OF C.

1. My soul, be on thy guard;  
 Ten thousand foes arise;  
 The hosts of sin are pressing hard  
 To draw thee from the skies.
2. O watch and wait and pray;  
 The battle ne'er give o'er;  
 Renew it boldly every day,  
 And help divine implore.
3. Ne'er think the victory won,  
 Nor lay thine armour down;  
 Thy arduous work will not be done  
 'Till thou obtain thy crown.
4. Fight on, my soul, till death  
 Shall bring thee to thy God;  
 He'll take thee, at thy parting breath,  
 To His divine abode.

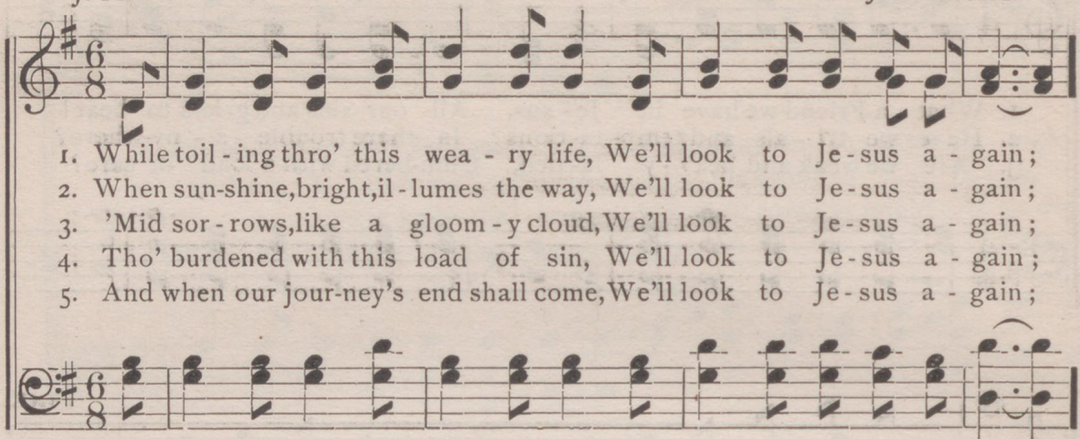
GEO. HEATH.

# No. 165. WE'LL LOOK TO JESUS AGAIN.

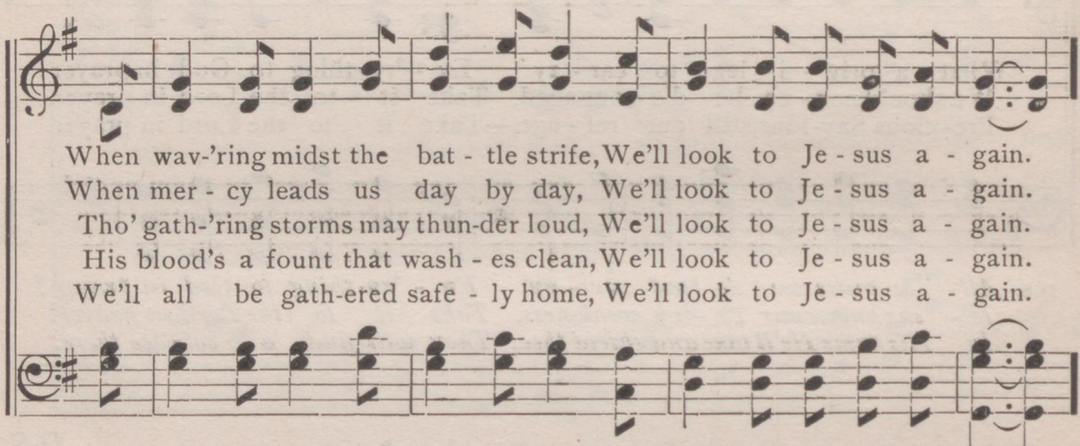
"Look unto me and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth." — Isa. 45: 22.  
"Yet I will look again toward Thy holy temple." — Jonah 2: 4.

J. M. H.

J. M. HUNT.

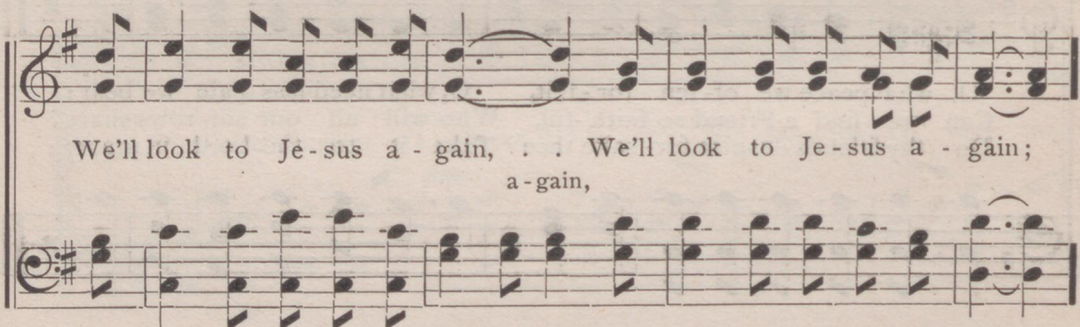


1. While toil - ing thro' this wea - ry life, We'll look to Je - sus a - gain;  
2. When sun - shine, bright, il - lumes the way, We'll look to Je - sus a - gain;  
3. 'Mid sor - rows, like a gloom - y cloud, We'll look to Je - sus a - gain;  
4. Tho' burdened with this load of sin, We'll look to Je - sus a - gain;  
5. And when our jour - ney's end shall come, We'll look to Je - sus a - gain;

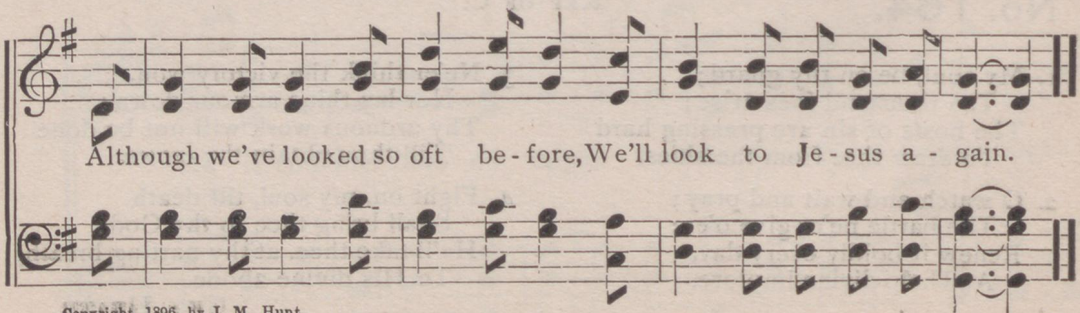


When wav - 'ring midst the bat - tle strife, We'll look to Je - sus a - gain.  
When mer - cy leads us day by day, We'll look to Je - sus a - gain.  
Tho' gath - 'ring storms may thun - der loud, We'll look to Je - sus a - gain.  
His blood's a fount that wash - es clean, We'll look to Je - sus a - gain.  
We'll all be gath - ered safe - ly home, We'll look to Je - sus a - gain.

## CHORUS.



We'll look to Je - sus a - gain, . . . We'll look to Je - sus a - gain;  
a - gain,



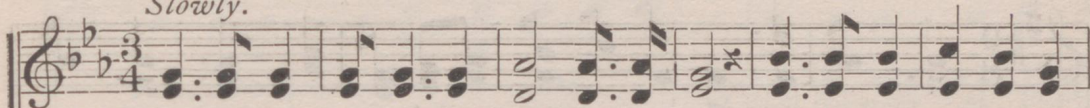
Although we've looked so oft be - fore, We'll look to Je - sus a - gain.

# No. 166. THERE'S CRAPE ON THE DOOR.

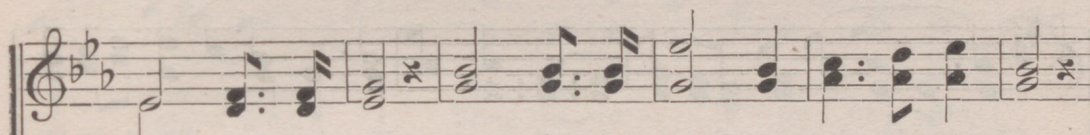
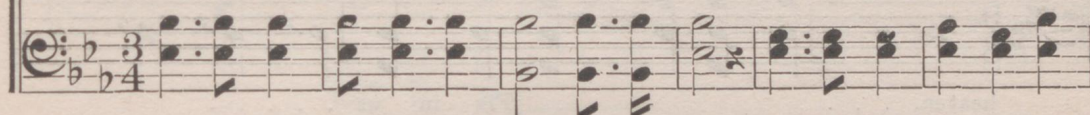
*Affectionately dedicated to the memory of our departed brother and faithful servant of the Master, Rev. W. E. Penn.*

Words and music by J. M. HUNT.

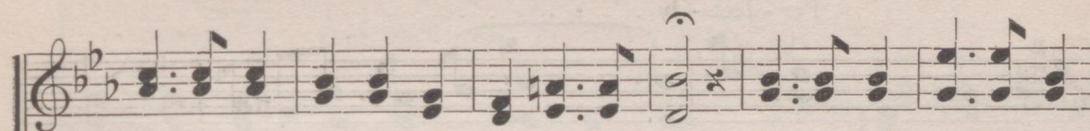
*Slowly.*



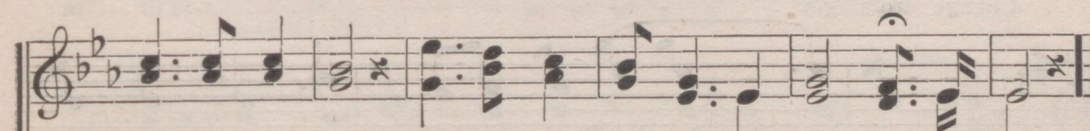
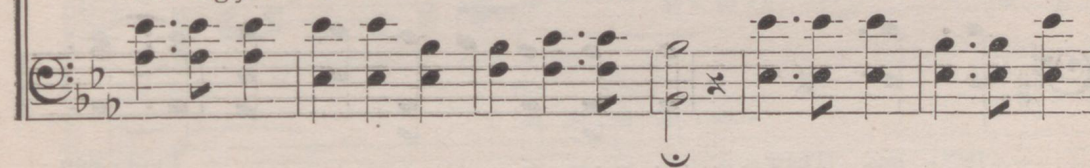
1. Ring the bells soft - ly, there's crape on the door ; One now is sleeping, whose
2. Si - lent - ly, now, sleeps the beau - ti - ful dead ; Crown with sweet roses the
3. Safe to the tomb let the lov'd one be borne; Stilled be the hearts that are



sor - rows are o'er; White fold - ed hands and calm si - lent breast,  
low pil - lowed head; Loved ones are gathered, to watch o'er its sleep,  
bleed - ing and torn; God in His wis - dom has tak - en His own,



Peace - ful - ly, lov - ing - ly, now take their rest; Wait - ing the judgment day,  
Gath - ered in sor - row, to wait and to weep; Mourning a loved one who  
Leav - ing your fire - side so dis - mal and lonẽ. Soon will we meet up - on



pass - ing be - fore; Ring the bells soft - ly, there's crape on the door.  
speaks nev - er more; Ring the bells soft - ly, there's crape on the door,  
heav - en's bright shore, Where there will nev - er be crape on the door.



# No. 167. FATHER, WE'LL REST IN THY LOVE.

C. WESLEY.

R. J. POWELL.

1. Love di - vine, . . . . .
2. Breathe, O breathe . . . . .
3. Car - ry on . . . . .

Joy of  
In - to  
Pure and

1. Love di - vine, all love ex - cell - ing,  
2. Breathe, O breathe Thy Ho - ly Spir - it  
3. Car - ry on Thy new cre - a - tion;

heaven, . . . .  
ev - - -  
ho - - -

Fix in us . . . . .  
Let us all . . . . .  
Let us see . . . . .

Joy of heav'n, to earth come down!  
In - to ev - 'ry trou - bled breast;  
Pure and ho - ly may we be;

Fix in us Thy hum - ble  
Let us all Thy grace in -  
Let us see our whole sal -

All Thy faith - - - -  
Let us find . . . . .  
Per - fect - ly . . . . .

dwell - ing;  
her - it;  
va - tion

All Thy faith - ful mer - cies crown.  
Let us find Thy prom - ised rest;  
Per - fect - ly se - cured by Thee;

Je - sus, Thou . . . . .  
Take a - way . . . . .  
Change from glo . . . . .

Pure un -  
Take our  
Till in

Je - sus, Thou art all com - pas - sion,  
Take a - way the love of sin - ning;  
Change from glo - ry in - to glo - ry,

FATHER, WE'LL REST IN THY LOVE.

bound  
load  
heaven

Vis - it us  
End the work  
Till we cast

Pure, un-bound - ed love Thou art;  
Take our load of guilt a - way;  
Till in heav'n we take our place,

Vis - it us with Thy sal -  
End the work of Thy be -  
Till we cast our crowns be -

En - ter ev -  
Bring us to  
Lost in won -

va - tion,  
gin - ning,  
fore Thee,

En - ter ev - 'ry trem - bling heart.  
Bring us to e - ter - nal day.  
Lost in 'won - der, love, and praise.

CHORUS.

Fa - ther, we'll rest in Thy love,  
Fa - ther, we'll rest in Thy

Rest in Thy love, rest in Thy love;  
love, . . . . . rest in Thy love;  
Fa - ther, we'll rest in Thy

love, . . . . . Fa - ther, we'll rest, rest in Thy love.

rest in Thy love Fa - ther, we'll rest . . . . .

# No. 168. RING THE JOYFUL BELLS.

J. M. HUNT.

1. } Ring, ring the bells, the joy - ful bells This mer - ry Christmas morn ;  
 } Their sweet me - lo - dious mu - sic tells The (omit. . . . . )  
 2. } Ring, ring the bells, the Christmas bells, For in their joy - ous chime  
 } Once more on earth the cho - rus swells, Of (omit. . . . . )  
 3. } Ring, ring the bells, the Christmas bells, Pro - phet - ic of the day,  
 } When He of whom their mu - sic tells Shall (omit. . . . . )

day that Christ was born. Sweet - ly they sound o'er vale and glen ; Hark !  
 an - gel song sub - lime. The sweet, old sto - ry, ev - er new, Falls  
 all the na - tions sway ; Shall bless, and fill, and rule each heart, Shall

how their mu - sic swells With "Peace on earth, good - will to men !" O  
 on the heart a - gain, Re - fresh - ing as the ear - ly dew, Or  
 bid all sor - rows cease ; And give His own the bet - ter part Of

## CHORUS.

mer - ry Christ - mas bells ! Ring, ring the bells, the joy - ful bells,  
 the soft sum - mer rain.  
 ev - er - last - ing peace.

Ring the mer - ry, mer - ry Christ - mas bells ; Ring, ring the bells, the

RING THE JOYFUL BELLS.

joy - ful bells; Ring . . . . . the mer - ry Christ - mas bells.  
Ring the mer - ry, mer - ry,

No. 169. MISSIONARY HYMN. 7s, 6s. D.

REGINALD HEBER.

Dr. LOWELL MASON.

1. From Greenland's icy mountains, From India's coral strand, Where Afric's sunny  
2. What though the spicy breezes Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle; Tho' ev'ry prospect  
3. Can we, whose souls are lighted By wisdom from on high, Can we to men be -  
4. Waft, waft, ye winds, His story; And you, ye wa-ters, roll; Till, like a sea of

foun-tains Roll down their gold-en sand; From ma-ny an an-cient riv - er,  
pleas-es, And on - ly man is vile? In vain, with lav-ish kind-ness,  
night-ed The lamp of life de - ny? Sal - va - tion! O sal - va - tion!  
glo - ry, It spreads from pole to pole. Till, o'er our ran-somed na - ture,

From many a palm-y plain, They call us to de-liv-er Their land from error's chain.  
The gifts of God are strown; The heathen in his blindness Bows down to wood and stone.  
The joy-ful sound proclaim, Till earth's remot-est nation Has learned Messiah's name.  
The Lamb, for sinner's slain, Re-deem-er, King, Cre-a-tor, In bliss returns to reign.



# No. 170. OVER THERE. P.M.

D. W. C. HUNTINGTON.

T. C. O'KANE.

1. Oh, think of a home o - ver there, By the side of the riv - er of  
 2. Oh, think of the friends o - ver there, Who be - fore us the jour - ney have  
 3. My Sav - iour is now o - ver there, There my kin - dred and friends are at  
 4. I'll soon be at home o - ver there, For the end of my jour - ney I

light, o - ver there; Where the saints all im - mor - tal and fair, . . . Are  
 trod, o - ver there; Of the songs that they breathe on the air, . . . In their  
 rest, o - ver there; Then a - way from my sor - row and care, Let me  
 see, o - ver there; Ma - ny dear to my heart o - ver there, Are

REFRAIN.

robed in their gar - ments of white. O - ver there. O - ver there, O - ver  
 home in the pal - ace of God. O - ver there.  
 fly to the land of the blest. O - ver there.  
 watch - ing and wait - ing for me. O - ver there.

there, Over there, Oh, think of a home o - ver there; Over there; Over there, Over there,

O - ver there, O - ver there, Oh, think of a home o - ver there.

No. 171.

SAVED BY GRACE.

E. R. LATTA.

H. N. LINCOLN.

ALTO AND TENOR.

QUARTET.

1. I have learn'd a sweet new song, Saved by grace! saved by grace!  
 2. I will strive to keep from sin, Saved by grace! saved by grace!  
 3. Tho' tempta - tion me may try, Saved by grace! saved by grace!  
 4. If my all to Him I give, Saved by grace! saved by grace!

SOPRANO AND BASS.

SEMI-CHORUS.

I to Christ the Lord be - long, Saved by grace! saved by grace!  
 And a fade - less crown to win, Saved by grace! saved by grace!  
 I will on my Lord re - ly, Saved by grace! saved by grace!  
 He will keep me while I live, Saved by grace! saved by grace!

REFRAIN. FULL CHORUS.

Where the saints and an - gels are, And no  
 Where the saints and an - gels are, And no

blight of sin can mar; I shall see Him face to  
 blight, and no blight of sin can mar; I shall see Him, I shall

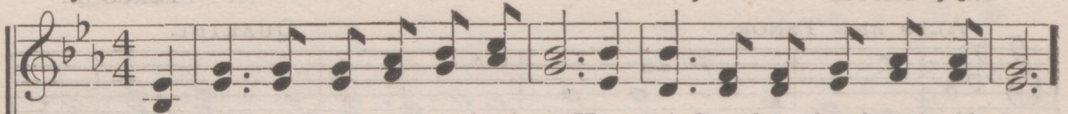
face, Saved by grace! saved by grace!  
 see Him face to face, Saved by grace!

No. 172.

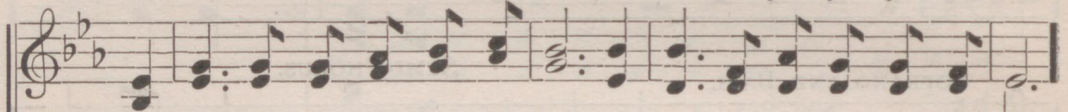
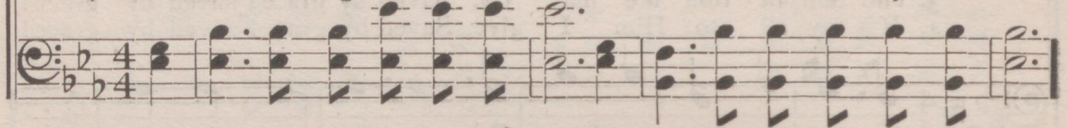
LET HIM IN.

J. GRIGG.

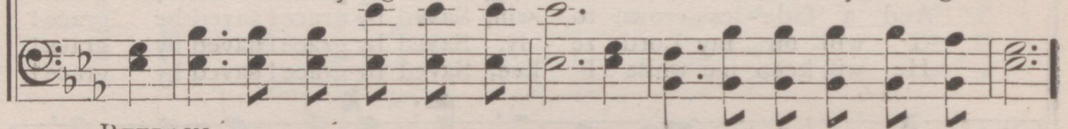
Music and refrain by H. N. LINCOLN, by per.



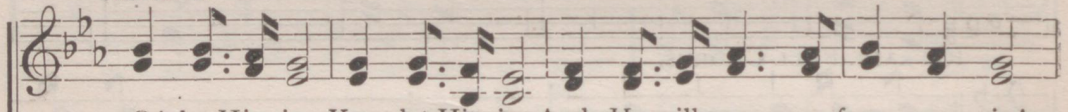
1. Be - hold a Stranger at the door! He gently knocks,—has knocked before ;
2. Oh, love - ly at - ti - tude! He stands With melting heart and load - ed hands ;
3. But will He prove a Friend indeed? He will,—the ver - y Friend you need ;
4. Rise, touched with grat - i - tude di - vine : Turn out His en - e - my and thine,—



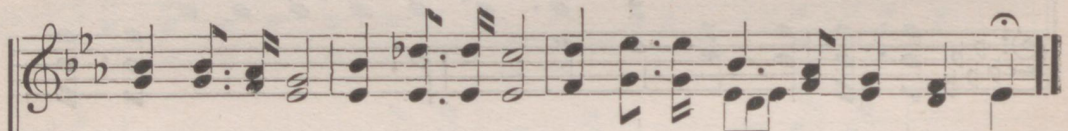
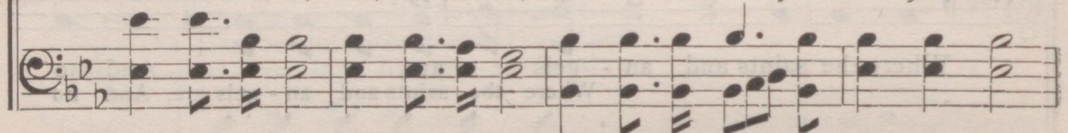
Has wait - ed long, is wait - ing still : You treat no oth - er friend so ill.  
Oh, matchless kindness ! and He shows This matchless kindness to His foes.  
The Friend of sin - ners? Yes, 'tis He, With garments dyed on Cal - va - ry.  
That soul - de - stroy - ing mon - ster, Sin, And let the heav'nly Stranger in.



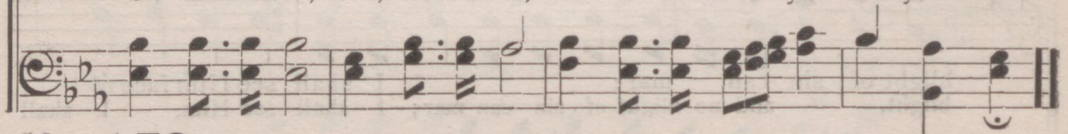
REFRAIN.



O! let Him in, Yes, let Him in, And He will save you from your sin!



O! let Him in, Yes, let Him in, And He will save you from your sin!



No. 173.

1. Come, trembling sinner, in whose breast  
A thousand thoughts revolve ;  
Come, with your guilt and fear oppressed,  
And make this last resolve :—
2. " I'll go to Jesus, though my sin  
Hath like a mountain rose ;  
I know His courts, I'll enter in  
Whatever may oppose.
3. " Prostrate I'll lie before His throne,  
And there my guilt confess ;

I'll tell Him I'm a wretch undone,  
Without His sovereign grace.

4. " Perhaps He will admit my plea,  
Perhaps will hear my prayer ;  
But if I perish, I will pray,  
And perish only there.

5. " I can but perish if I go ;  
I am resolved to try ;  
For if I stay away I know  
I must forever die."

EDMUND JONES.

# No. 174. ARE YOU FOLLOWING THE SAVIOUR DAILY?

E. R. LATTA.

H. N. LINCOLN.

1. Are you fol - low - ing the Sav - iour dai - ly? Are you tread - ing in the  
 2. Are you fol - low - ing the Sav - iour dai - ly? Are you jour - ney - ing to  
 3. Are you fol - low - ing the Sav - iour dai - ly? Do you feel that He your

nar - row way? Are you striv - ing in your ways to please Him?  
 Zi - on's Hill? Are you con - quer - ing each e - vil hab - it?  
 Shep - herd is? Have you cho - sen Him to be your por - tion?

## REFRAIN.

Are you liv - ing for the judg - ment day? We are fol - low - ing the  
 Are you do - ing the Re - deem - er's will?  
 Do you feel that you by faith are His?

Sav - iour dai - ly, And His bless - ings on our way are shed!

We are drink - ing of the liv - ing wa - ters! We are feast - ing on the liv - ing bread!

# No. 175. CROWN HIM LORD OF ALL.

PERRONET.

J. M. HUNT.

1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels pros - trate fall!  
 2. Ye cho - sen seed of Is - rael's race, Ye ran - sored from the fall,  
 3. Let ev - 'ry kin - dred, ev - 'ry tribe On this ter - res - trial ball,  
 4. O, that with yon - der sa - cred throng, We at His feet may fall;

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

CHORUS.

And crown . . . . Him Lord of all;

And crown . . . .

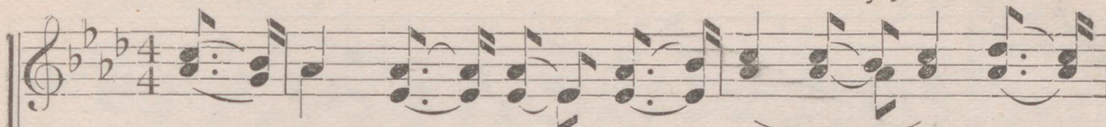
And crown Him Lord of all,  
 And crown Him Lord of all,  
 And crown Him Lord of all,  
 And crown Him Lord of all,  
 crown Him Lord of all; And crown Him Lord, yes, crown  
 crown Him Lord of all; And crown Him Lord, yes, crown  
 crown Him Lord of all; And crown Him Lord, yes, crown  
 crown Him Lord of all; And crown Him Lord, yes, crown

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

# No. 176. O YOU MUST BE A LOVER OF THE LORD.

ISAAC WATTS.

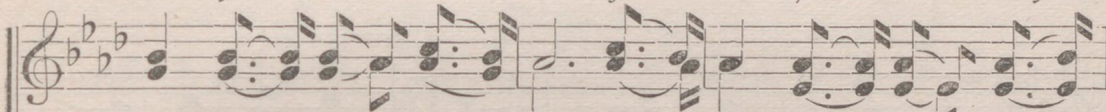
Harmonized by J. M. HUNT.



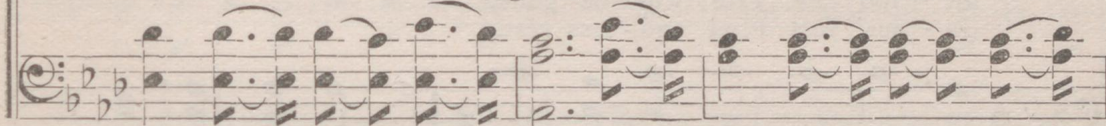
1. How con - de - scend - ing and how kind Was  
 2. He sunk be - neath our hea - vy woes, To  
 3. This was com - pas - sion, like a God, That  
 4. Now, though He reigns ex - alt - ed high, His



D.C. O you must be a lov - er of the Lord, . . . . O you



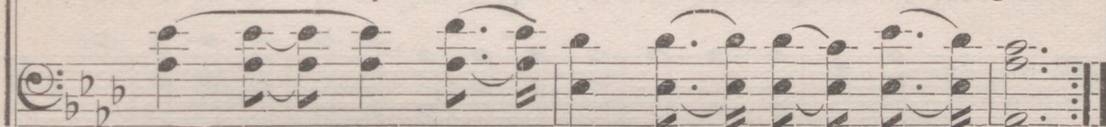
God's e - ter - nal Son! Our mis - ery reached His  
 raise us to His throne; There's ne'er a gift His  
 when the Sav - iour knew The price of par - don  
 love is still as great; Well He re - mem - bers



must be a lov - er of the Lord; O you must be a lov - er of the  
 D.C. for Cho.



heav'n - ly mind, And pi - ty brought Him down.  
 hand be - stows, But cost His heart a groan.  
 was His blood, His pi - ty ne'er with - drew.  
 Cal - va - ry, Nor let His saints for - get.



Lord, . . . . Or you can't go to heaven when you die.

# No. 177. ROCK OF AGES.

TOPLADY.

FINE. THOMAS HASTINGS. D.C.



1. { Rock of A-ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my-self in Thee; Let the wa-ter and the blood  
 From Thy wounded side which flow'd,  
 2. { Could my tears forever flow, Could my zeal no languor know; These for sin could not atone;  
 Thou must save, and Thou alone;  
 3. { While I draw this fleeting When my eyes shall close in death, When I rise to worlds unknown,  
 breath,] And behold Thee on Thy throne,



D.C. 1. Be of sin the double cure, Save from wrath and make me pure.  
 2. In my hand no price I bring, Simply to Thy cross I cling.  
 3. Rock of A-ges, cleft for me, Let me hide myself in Thee.

# No. 178. PRAY FOR THE WANDERER.

Rev. C. M. HOTT.

A. S. KIEFFER.

1. Far in the des - ert wild, Walk - ing a drear - y way; Suf - f'ring and  
 2. Ten - der - ly bid, they come, Back from sin's wil - der - ness; Come to our  
 3. Plead now at mer - cy's gate For each poor wand'ring one; Soon it will  
 4. Pray, and with love en - treat All who by sin are pressed; Bid them at

CHORUS.

sin de - filed, Go - ing a - stray. Pray for the wan - der - er,  
 Fa - ther's home, Saved by His grace.  
 be too late, Life will be gone.  
 Je - sus' feet Find end - less rest.

Pray for the wan - der - er, Pray for the wan - der - er Go - ing a - stray!

From "Sweet Fields of Eden," by permission.

# No. 179.

KEY OF D.

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| 1. He leadeth me! O blessed thought!<br>O words with heavenly comfort<br>fraught!<br>Whate'er I do, where'er I be,<br>Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me. | By waters still, o'er troubled sea,—<br>Still 'tis His hand that leadeth me!   |
| REF.—He leadeth me! He leadeth me!<br>By His own hand He leadeth me!<br>His faithful follower I would be;<br>For by His hand He leadeth me.                  | 3. Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in<br>mine,<br>Nor ever murmur nor repine;<br>Content whatever lot I see,<br>Since 'tis my God that leadeth me.                  |
| 2. Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest<br>gloom,<br>Sometimes where Eden's bowers<br>bloom,   | 4. And when my task on earth is done,<br>When by Thy grace the victory's won,<br>E'en death's cold wave I will not flee,<br>Since God through Jordan leadeth me. |

J. H. GILMORE.

# No. 180. KNEELING AT THE DOOR.

LYDIA C. BAXTER.

J. M. HUNT.

1. I'm kneeling, Lord, at mercy's gate, With trembling, hope, and fear; I've waited long and  
 2. None ev - er empty turned away, Who truly sought Thy face; And I, my Saviour,

still I wait, Thy gracious word to hear. Thy precious word has bid me seek The  
 come to stay, To seek Thy pard'ning grace. Thy precious blood is all my plea, This

joys Thou hast in store; O Lord, in mer-cy speak to me, I'm kneeling at the door.  
 can my soul re-store; O Lord, in mer-cy speak to me, I'm kneeling at the door.

REFRAIN.

I'm kneel - - ing at the door, I'm kneel - - ing  
 Kneel - ing, kneel - ing Kneel - ing, kneel - ing

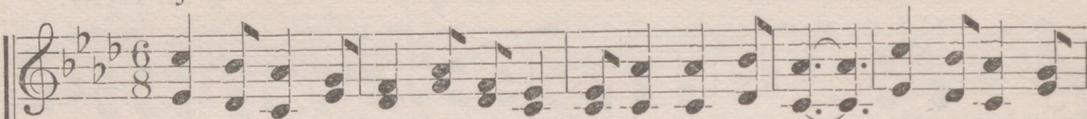
at the door; O Lord, in mer - cy speak to me, I'm kneeling at the door.



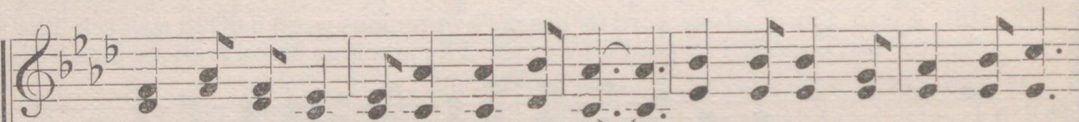
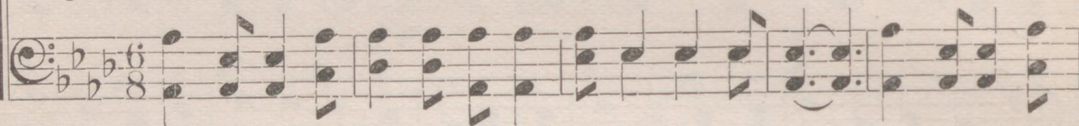
# No. 181. WAITING AT THE POOL.

Rev. A. J. HOUGH.

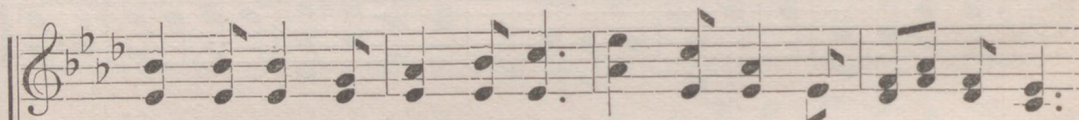
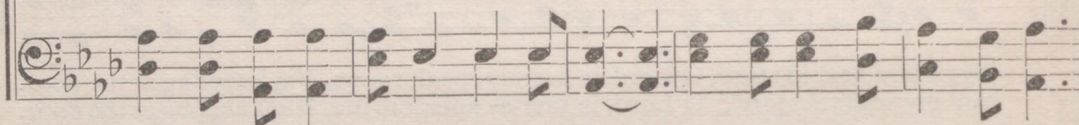
WM. G. FISCHER, by per.



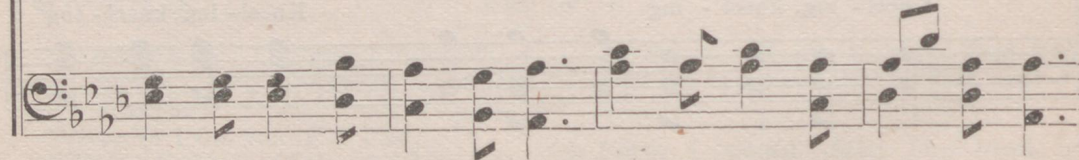
1. Thousands stand today in sor-row, Waiting at the pool; Say-ing they will
2. Souls, your filthy garments wearing, Waiting at the pool; Hearts, your heavy
3. Thousands once were standing near you, Waiting at the pool; Come their voices
4. Mother leaves the son, the daughter, Waiting at the pool; Calls to them a
5. Step in boldly—death may smite you, Waiting at the pool; Je-sus may no



wash to - mor - row, Waiting at the pool; Oth - ers step in left and right,  
bur - den bear - ing, Waiting at the pool; Can it be you nev - er heard,  
back to cheer you, Waiting at the pool; Back from Ca - naan's happy shore,  
cross the wa - ter, Waiting at the pool; You can nev - er more em - brace  
more in - vite you, Waiting at the pool; Faith is near you, take her hand,



Wash their stain - ed gar - ments white, Leav - ing you in sor - row's night,  
Je - sus long a - go bath stirred Th' wa - ters with His might - y word,  
Sor - rows past and la - bor o'er, Where they stand in tears no more,  
Moth - er, or be - hold her face, If you keep the lep - er's place,  
Seek with her the bet - ter land, And no long er doubt - ing stand,



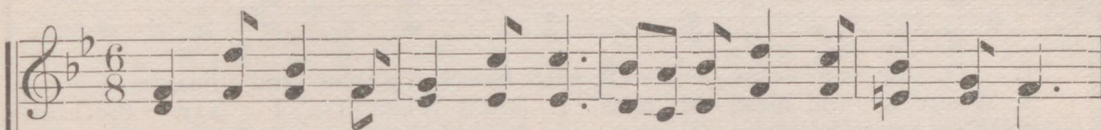
Wait - ing at the pool, Wai - ting, wait - ing, wait - ing at the pool.



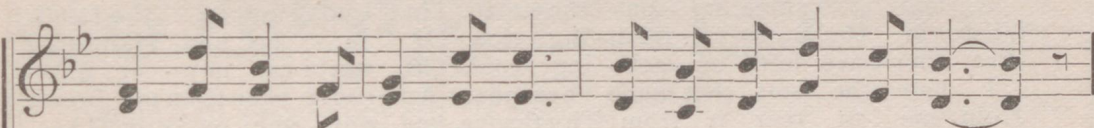
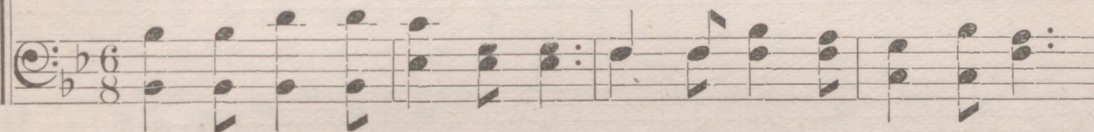
# No. 182. TRUST IN THE SAVIOUR NOW.

H. N. LINCOLN.

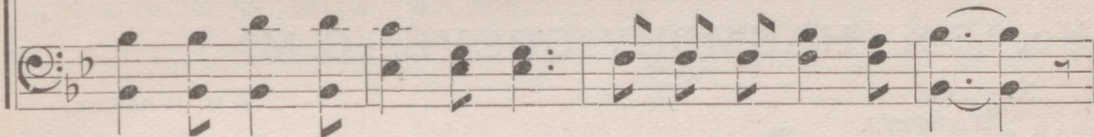
J. R. HINCEY, Arr. by H. N. L.



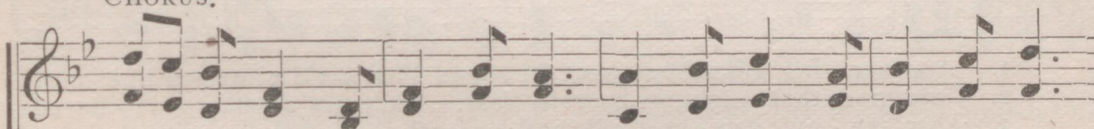
1. Come to Je - sus, come to - day, He in - vites you, why 'de - lay?
2. He has prom - ised to for - give; All who look to Him shall live.
3. Do not still the call re - fuse, Wound His heart, His love a - buse;
4. Come and take the no - ble stand, Come and join our pil - grim band;
5. If you heed the Spir - it's voice, If you make our Lord your choice,



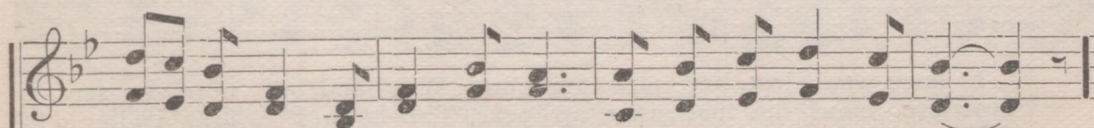
Will you not His call o - bey? Trust in the Sav - iour now.  
 Will you not His grace re - ceive? Trust in the Sav - iour now.  
 Think, O sin - ner, wise - ly choose, Trust in the Sav - iour now.  
 Go with us to Ca - naan's land, Trust in the Sav - iour now.  
 Saints and an - gels will re - joice; Trust in the Sav - iour now.



## CHORUS.



Trust in Je - sus, He's your Friend; On His word you can de - pend;



He will keep you to the end, Trust in the Sav - iour now.



No. 183.

BALERMA. C. M.

COWPER.

R. SIMPSON.

1. O, for a clos - er walk with God, A calm and heav'n - ly frame,  
 2. Where is the bless - ed - ness I knew When first I saw the Lord?  
 3. What peace - ful hours I then en - joyed! How sweet their mem - 'ry still!  
 4. Re - turn, O ho - ly Dove, re - turn, Sweet mes - sen - ger of rest;  
 5. The dear - est i - dol I have known, Whate'er that i - dol be,

A light to shine up - on the road, That leads me to the Lamb!  
 Where is the soul - re - fresh - ing view Of Je - sus and His word?  
 But they have left an ach - ing void, The world can nev - er fill.  
 I hate the sins that made Thee mourn, And drove Thee from my breast.  
 Help me to tear it from Thy throne, And wor - ship on - ly Thee.

No. 184. HARMONY GROVE. C. M.

NEWTON.

WM. WALKER.

*Moderato.*

1. A - maz - ing grace, how sweet the sound That sav'd a wretch like me!  
 2. 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear, And grace my fears re - lieved;  
 3. Thro' ma - ny dan - gers, toils, and snares, I have al - read - y come;

I once was lost, but now am found; Was blind, but now I see.  
 How pre - cious did that grace ap - pear, The hour I first be - lieved!  
 'Tis grace has bro't me safe thus far, And grace will lead me home.

No. 185.

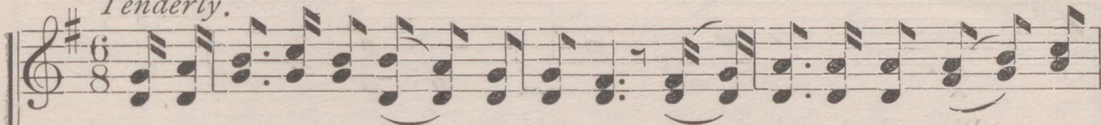
AT THE DOOR.

"Behold, I have set before thee an open door." — Rev. 3: 8.

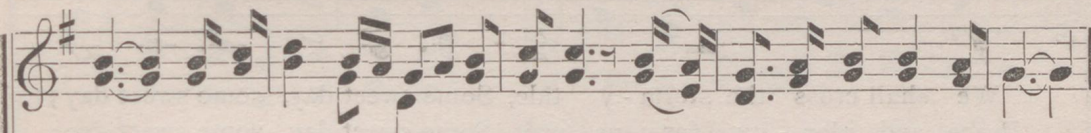
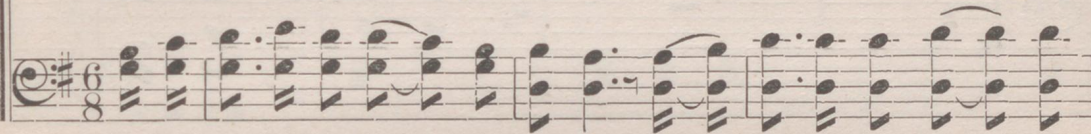
Mrs. URANIA LOCKE BAILEY.

Rev. ROBERT LOWRY.

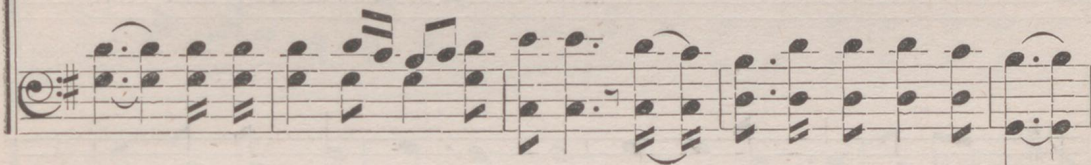
*Tenderly.*



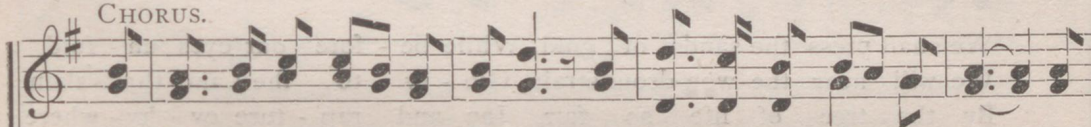
1. The mistakes of my life have been ma-ny The sins of my heart have been
2. I am low-est of those who love Him, I am weak-est of those who
3. My mistakes His free grace will cov-er, My sins He will wash a-
4. The mistakes of my life have been ma-ny, And my spir-it is sick with



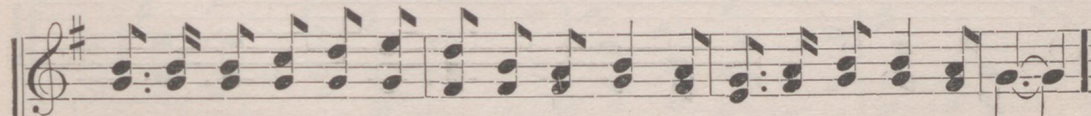
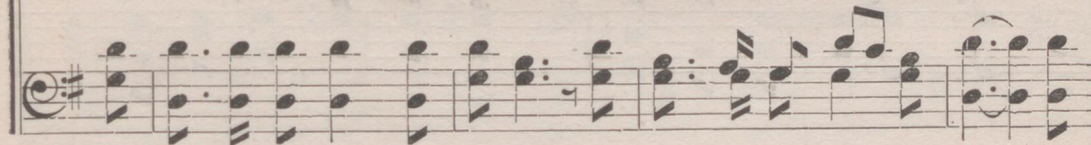
more, And I scarce can see for weeping, But I'll knock at the o-pen door.  
 pray; But I come as He has bidden, And He will not say me nay.  
 way, And the feet that shrink and fal-ter Shall walk thro' the gates of day.  
 sin, And I scarce can see for weeping, But the Sav-iour will let me in.



CHORUS.



I know I am weak and sin-ful, It comes to me more and more; But



when the dear Saviour shall bid me come in, I'll en-ter the o-pen door.



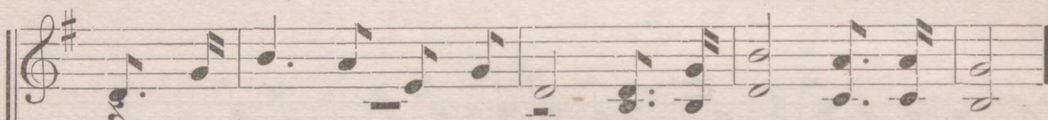
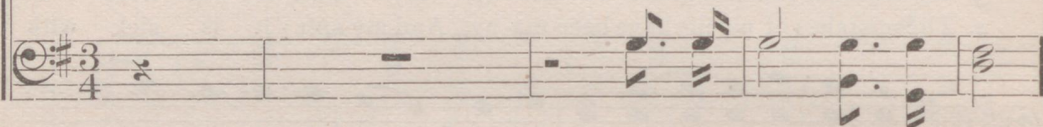
No. 186. SOME SWEET DAY.

ARTHUR W. FRENCH.

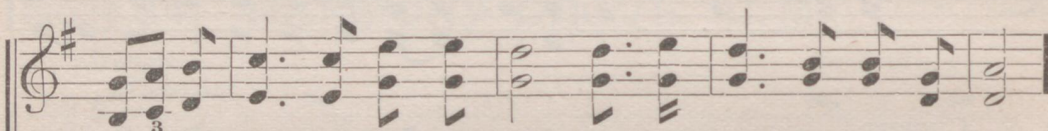
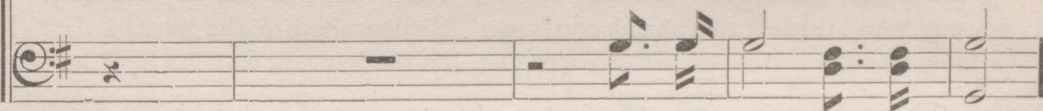
J. F. KINSEY, by per.



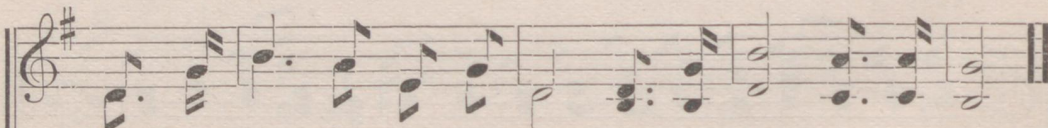
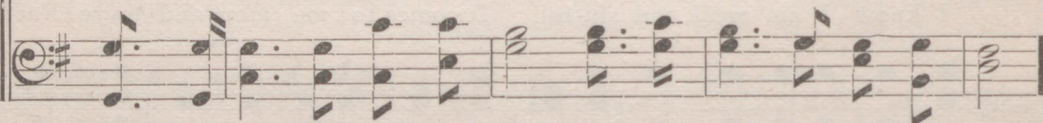
1. We shall reach the riv - er - side, Some sweet day, some sweet day ;  
2. We shall pass in - side the gate, Some sweet day, some sweet day ;  
3. We shall meet our lost and own, Some sweet day, some sweet day ;



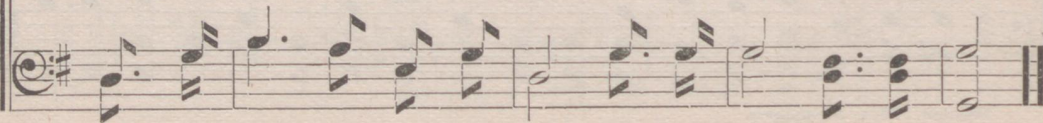
We shall cross the storm - y tide, Some sweet day, some sweet day ;  
Peace and plen - ty for us wait, Some sweet day, some sweet day ;  
Gath - 'ring 'round the great white throne, Some sweet day, some sweet day ;



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



Heav - en's splen - dors, yet un - told, Some sweet day, some sweet day.  
Christ was dead, but lives a - gain, Some sweet day, some sweet day.  
Oh, the bliss of o - ver there, Some sweet day, some sweet day.

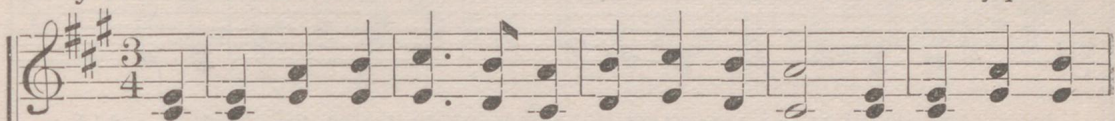


# No. 187. WHITER THAN SNOW.

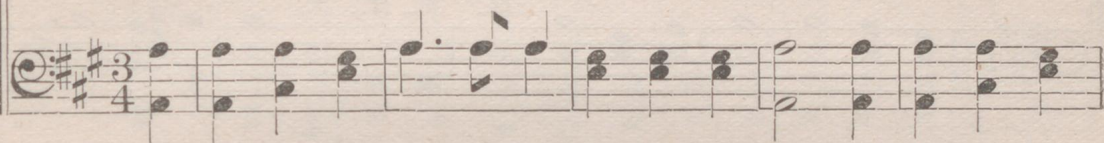
"Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow."

JAMES NICHOLSON.

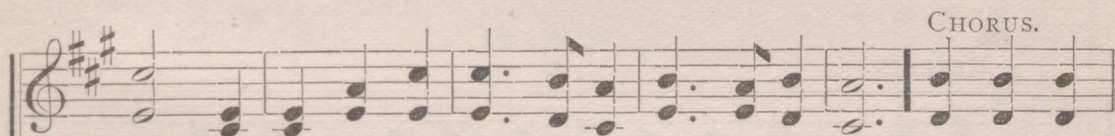
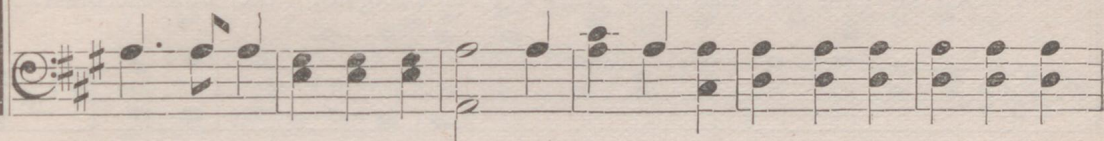
WM. G. FISCHER, by per.



1. Lord Je - sus, I long to be per - fect - ly whole; I want Thee for -
2. Lord Je - sus, look down from Thy throne in the skies, And help me to
3. Lord Je - sus, for this I most hum - bly en - treat; I wait, bless - ed
4. Lord Je - sus, Thou se - est I pa - tient - ly wait; Come now, and with -

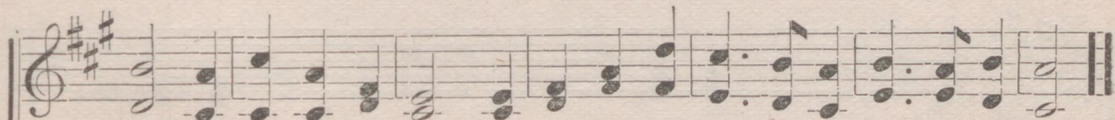
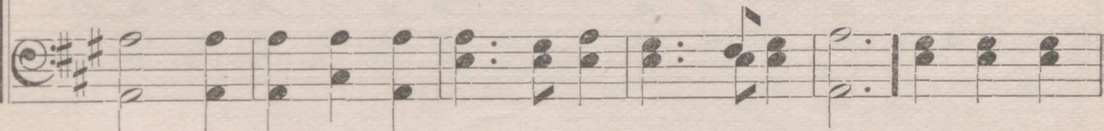


ev - er, to live in my soul; Break down ev - 'ry i - dol, cast out ev - 'ry  
make a complete sac - ri - fice; I give up my - self, and what - ev - er I  
Lord, at Thy cru - ci - fied feet; By faith, for my cleansing, I see Thy blood  
in me a new heart cre - ate; To those who have sought Thee, Thou never said'st



CHORUS.

foe; Now wash me, and I shall be whit - er than snow. Whit - er than  
know — Now wash me, and I shall be whit - er than snow.  
flow — Now wash me, and I shall be whit - er than snow.  
No — Now wash me, and I shall be whit - er than snow.



snow, yes, whit - er than snow; Now wash me, and I shall be whit - er than snow.



No. 188.

SWEETLY RESTING.

MARY D. JAMES.

W. WARREN BENTLEY, by per.

1. In the rift - ed Rock I'm rest - ing, Safe - ly shel - tered I a - bide;  
 2. Long pur - sued by sin and Sa - tan, Wea - ry, sad, I long'd for rest;  
 3. Peace, which passeth un - der - stand - ing, Joy, the world can nev - er give,  
 4. In the rift - ed Rock I'll hide me, Till the storms of life are past,

There no foes nor storms mo - lest me, While with - in the cleft I hide.  
 Then I found this heav'n - ly shel - ter, O - pen'd in my Sav - iour's breast.  
 Now in Je - sus I am find - ing; In His smiles of love I live.  
 All se - cure in this blest Ref - uge, Heeding not the fierc - est blast.

REFRAIN.

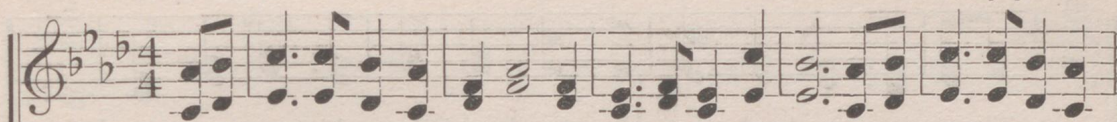
Now I'm rest - ing, sweet - ly rest - ing In the cleft once made for me;

Je - sus, bless - ed Rock of A - ges, I will hide my - self in Thee.

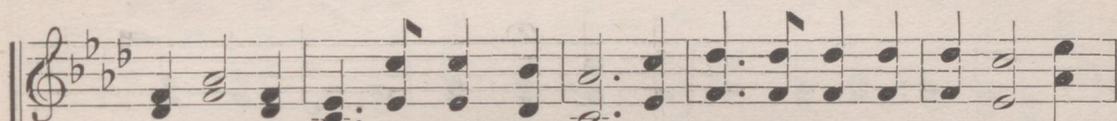
# No. 189. LOOK UP, THE STARS ARE SHINING.

W. F. COSNER.

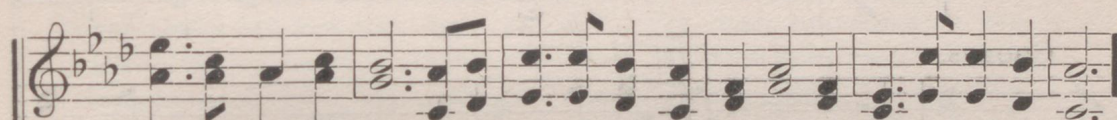
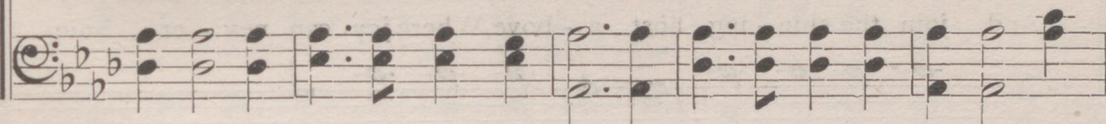
C. E. POLLOCK, by per.



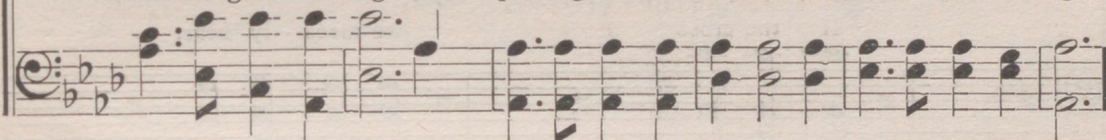
1. Look up, the stars are shining So brightly in the sky; Be not in darkness  
2. Look up, the stars are shining Beyond the misty shroud, While all beneath, re-



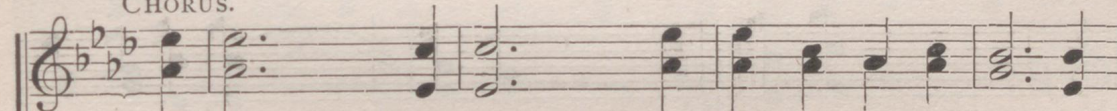
pin-ing, Look up, there's light on high. Tho' in a des-ert drear-y, The  
clin-ing, Is hid-den by the cloud. Yield not to i-dle sor-row; Mourn



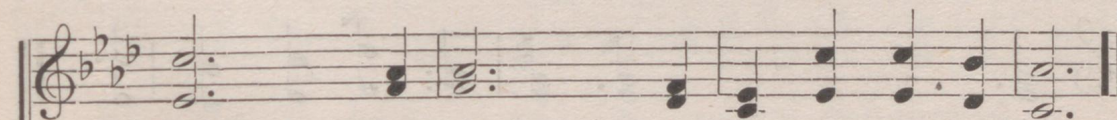
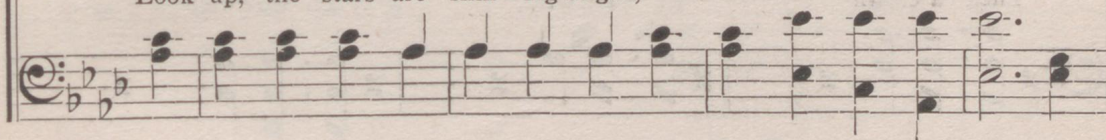
sun gone down at night, Poor wand'rer, faint and weary, Above thee still is light.  
not the gloom of night; Nor pin-ing for the morrow, Look ev-er for the bright.



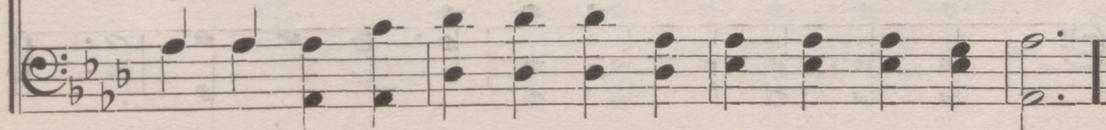
## CHORUS.



Look up, Look up, The stars are shin-ing bright; Look  
Look up, the stars are shin - ing bright,



up, look up, The stars are shin - ing bright.  
up, the stars are shin - ing bright,





# No. 190. BRIGHT FOREVERMORE.

J. M. HUNT, by per.

1. There is a land, a sun - ny land, Whose skies are ev - er bright,  
 2. There is a home, a glo - rious home, A heav'n - ly man - sion fair,  
 3. We soon shall leave these fad - ing scenes, That glide so quick - ly by,

Where ev - 'ning sha - dows nev - er fall, The Sav - iour is its light.  
 And those we loved so fond - ly here, Will bid us wel - come there.  
 And join the shin - ing host a - bove, Where joy can nev - er die.

## CHORUS.

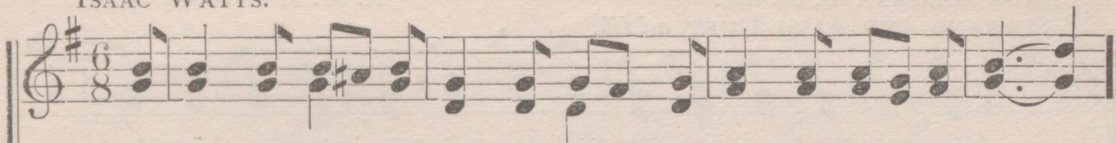
If the cross . . . . we meek - ly bear, Then a  
 If the cross we meek - ly bear,

crown we shall wear, When we dwell . . . a - mong the  
 Then a crown we shall wear, When we dwell

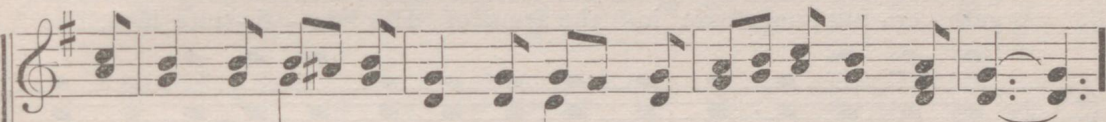
fair, In the bright for - ev - er - more.  
 a - mong the fair,

# No. 191. O, HOW I LOVE JESUS. C. M.

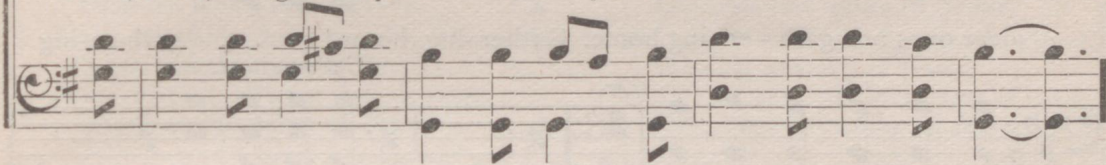
ISAAC WATTS.



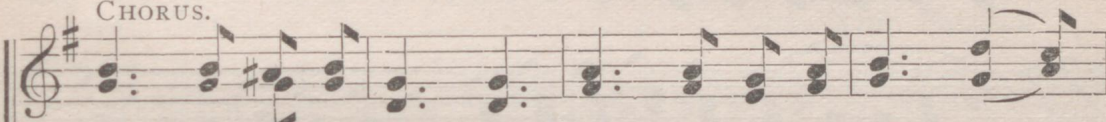
1. A - las! and did my Sav-iour bleed? And did my sovereign die?
2. Was it for crimes that I had done He groaned up-on the tree?
3. Well might the sun in dark-ness hide, And shut his glo - ries in,
4. Thus might I hide my blush-ing face While His dear cross ap - pears,
5. But drops of grief can ne'er re - pay The debt of love I owe:



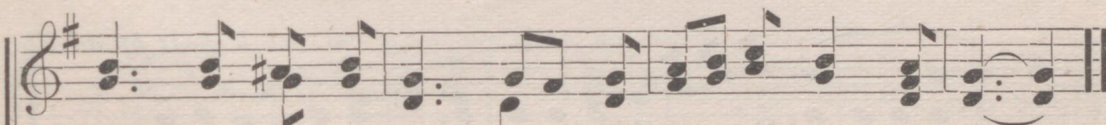
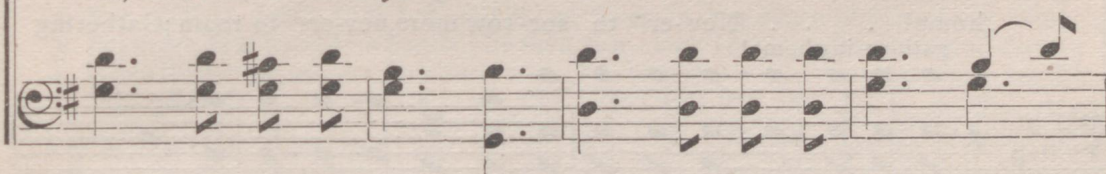
Would He de - vote that sa - cred head For such a worm as I?  
A - maz - ing pit - y! grace un-known! And love be-yond de - gree!  
When God's own Son was cru - ci - fied For man, the creature's sin.  
Dis-solve my heart in thank - ful - ness, And melt mine eyes to tears.  
Here, Lord, I give my - self a - way — 'Tis all that I can do.



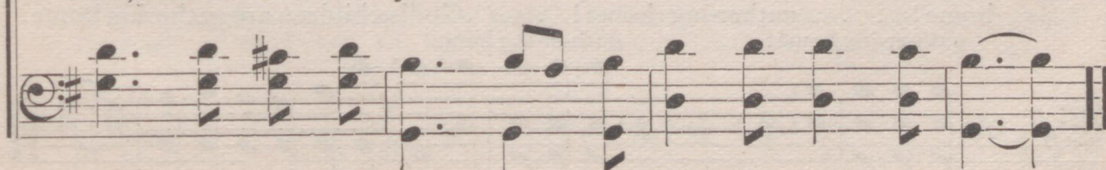
## CHORUS.



Oh, how I love Je - sus, Oh, how I love Je - sus;



Oh, how I love Je - sus, Be - cause He first loved me.



No. 192.

GATHERING HOME.

Miss MARIANA B. SLADE.  
SOPRANO AND ALTO DUET, *ad lib.*

R. M. M'INTOSH, by per.

1. Up to the boun-ti-ful Giv-er of life,—Gath-er-ing home!  
2. Up to the cit-y where fall-eth no night,—Gath-er-ing home!  
3. Up to the beau-ti-ful man-sions a-bove,—Gath-er-ing home!

gath-er-ing home! Up to the dwell-ing where com-eth no strife, The  
gath-er-ing home! Up where the Sav-iour's own face is the light, The  
gath-er-ing home! Safe in the arms of His in-fi-nite love, The

REFRAIN.  
dear ones are gath-er-ing home. Gather-ing home! . . . gath-er-ing  
Gath-er-ing home!

home! . . . Nev-er to sor-row more, nev-er to roam; Gathering  
gath-er-ing home!

Repeat *pp ad lib.*  
home! . . . gath-er-ing home! . . . God's children are gathering home.  
gath-er-ing home! gath-er-ing home!

# No. 193. THE GREAT PHYSICIAN.

WM. HUNTER.

Har. by J. M. HUNT.

FINE.

1. { The great Phy-si-cian now is near, The sym-pa-thiz-ing Je-sus; }  
 He speaks, the drooping heart to cheer, Oh, hear the voice of Je-sus. }  
 2. { Your man-y sins are all for-giv'n, Oh, hear the voice of Je-sus; }  
 Go on your way in peace to heav'n, And wear a crown with Je-sus. }  
 3. { All glo-ry to the dy-ing Lamb, I now be-lieve in Je-sus; }  
 I love the bless-ed Sav-iour's name, I love the name of Je-sus. }

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

Sweetest note in ser-aph song, Sweet-est name on mor-tal tongue,  
 D.C.

4. The children too, both great and small,  
 Who love the name of Jesus,  
 May now accept the gracious call  
 To work and live for Jesus.
5. Come, brethren, help me sing His praise,  
 O, praise the name of Jesus;  
 Come, sisters, all your voices raise,  
 Oh, bless the name of Jesus.
6. His name dispels my guilt and fear,  
 No other name but Jesus;  
 Oh, how my soul delights to hear  
 The precious name of Jesus.
7. And when to that bright world above,  
 We rise to see our Jesus,  
 We'll sing around the throne of love,  
 His name, the name of Jesus.

# No. 194. WONDROUS CROSS. L. M.

ISAAC WATTS.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1. When I sur-vey the won-drous cross, On which the Prince of glo-ry died,  
 2. For-bid it, Lord, that I should boast, Save in the death of Christ my God;  
 3. See, from His head, His hands, His feet, Sor-row and love flow mingled down;  
 4. Were the whole realm of na-ture mine, That were a pres-ent far too small;

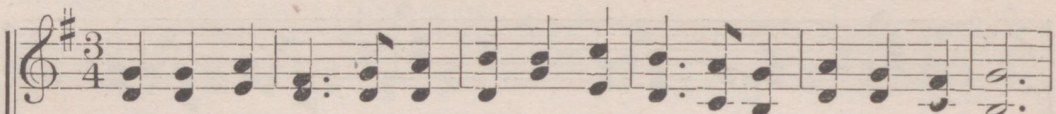
My rich-est gain I count but loss, And pour contempt on all my pride.  
 All the vain things that charm me most, I sac-ri-fice them to His blood.  
 Did e'er such love and sor-row meet, Or thorns compose so rich a crown?  
 Love so a-maz-ing, so di-vine, De-mands my soul, my life, my all.

No. 195.

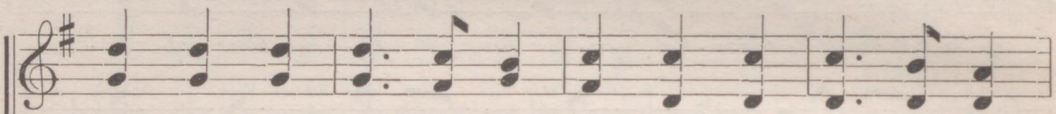
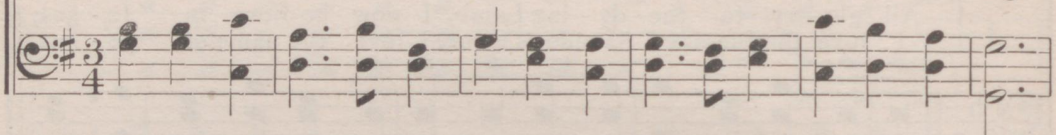
AMERICA.

S. F. SMITH.

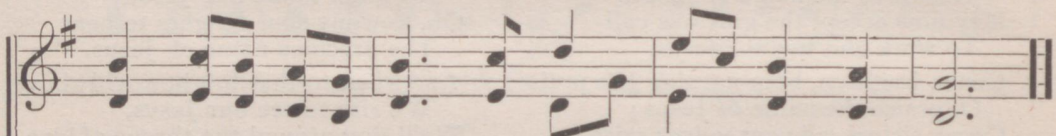
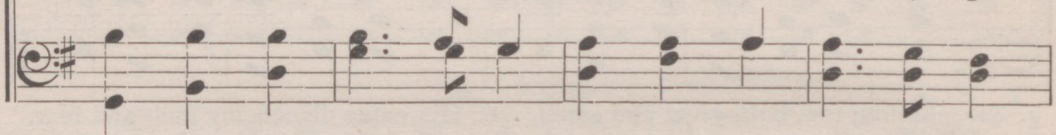
HENRY CARY.



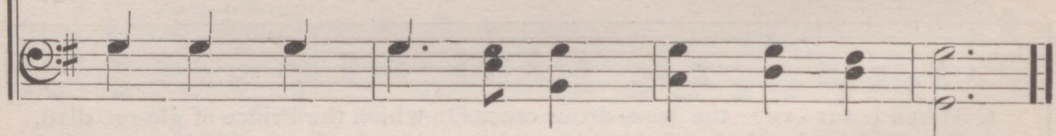
1. My coun-try, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty, Of thee I sing;
2. My na - tive coun - try, thee, Land of the no - ble free, Thy name I love;
3. Our fa - thers' God! to Thee, Au - thor of lib - er - ty, To Thee we sing;



Land where my fa - thers died, Land of the pil - grim's pride,  
I love thy rocks and rills, Thy woods and tem - pled hills;  
Long may our land be bright With free - dom's ho - ly light;



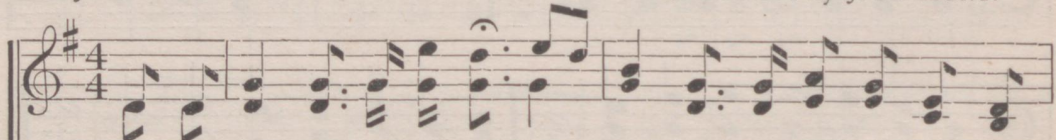
From ev - 'ry moun - tain side Let free - dom ring!  
My heart with rap - ture thrills; Like that a - bove.  
Pro - tect us by Thy might, Great God, our King!



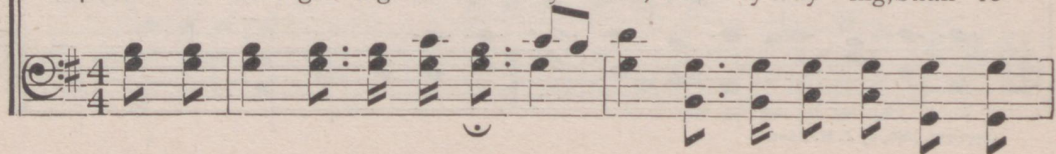
No. 196. JUST FROM THE FOUNTAIN.

J. M. H.

Harmonized by J. M. HUNT.

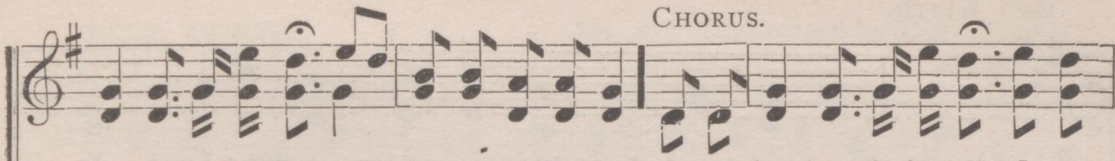


1. O the life - giv - ing fountain; For sin and un - clean - ness! Let me
2. O the sin - cleans - ing fountain! To thee let me has - ten, For my
3. Let this fount be my por - tion, That flows for my cleans - ing, For my
4. O the health - giv - ing fountain! My soul, sad - ly dy - ing, Shall re -

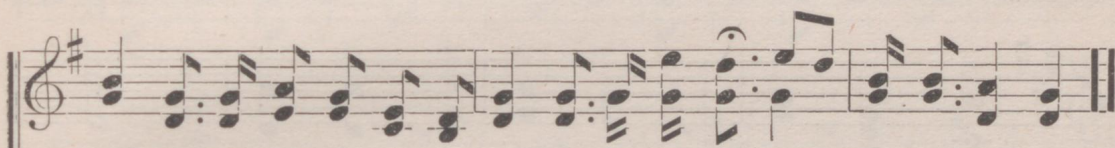


JUST FROM THE FOUNTAIN.

CHORUS.



plunge 'neath its billows ; The fountain of His blood. I am just from the fountain, I am  
sins, tho' as scar-let, Shall be as white as snow.  
soul, vile and helpless, Must feel its sav-ing power.  
joice in its heal-ing, Made whole by Je-sus' blood.



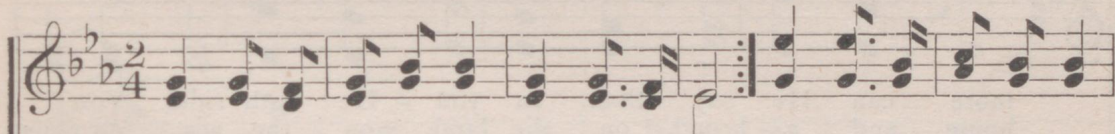
just from the fountain; Lord, I'm just from the fountain That nev - er runs dry.



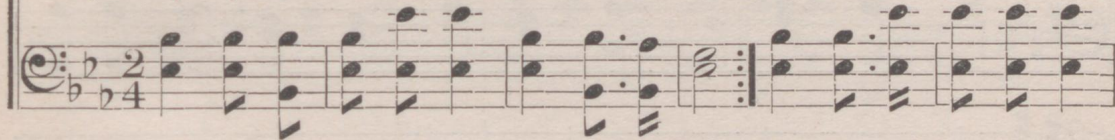
No. 197. THERE IS A HAPPY LAND. 6s. & 4s.

ANDREW YOUNG.

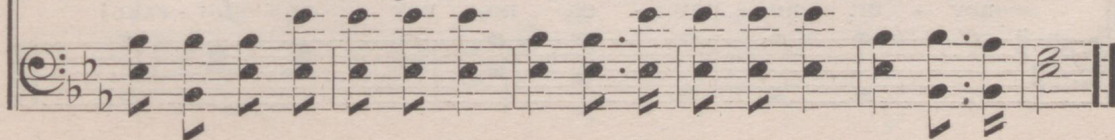
Harmonized by J. M. HUNT.



- |      |  |   |                           |
|------|--|---|---------------------------|
| 1. { | There is a hap - py land, Far, far a - way,          | { | O how they sweetly sing,  |
|      | Where saints in glo-ry stand, Bright, bright as day. | } |                           |
| 2. { | Come to that hap - py land, Come, come a - way,      | { | Oh, we shall hap - py be, |
|      | Why will ye doubting stand, Why still de - lay?      | } |                           |
| 3. { | Bright, in that hap - py land, Beams ev - 'ry eye;   | { | Oh, then to glo - ry run, |
|      | Kept by a Fa - ther's hand, Love cannot die;         | } |                           |

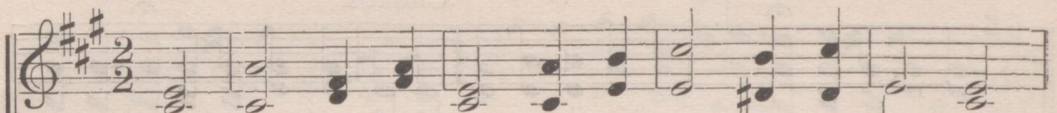


Worth-y is our Sav-iour King, Loud let His praises ring, Praise, praise for aye !  
When, from sin and sor - row free, Lord, we shall live with Thee, Blest, blest for aye !  
Be a crown and kingdom won, And bright above the sun, We reign for aye !

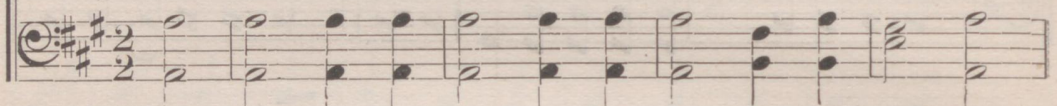
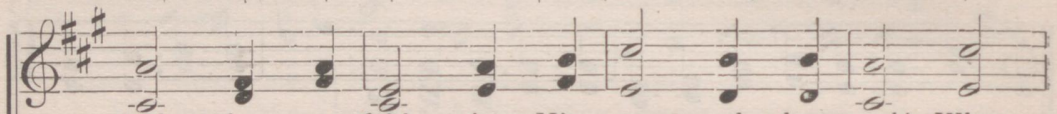


# No. 198. HOW FIRM A FOUNDATION.

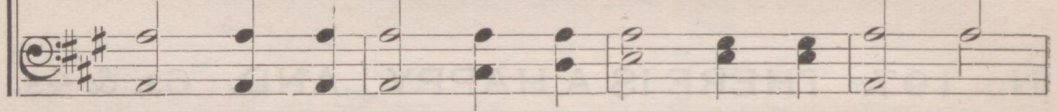
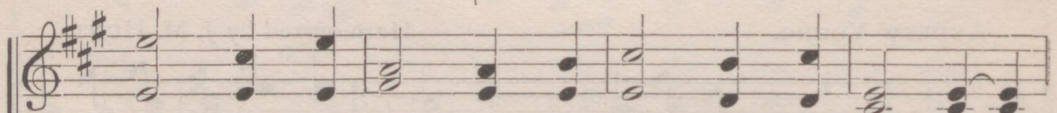
GEO. KEITH.




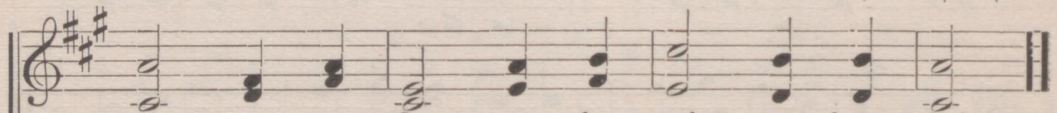
1. How firm a foun - da - tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is  
 2. In ev - 'ry con - di - tion, in sick - ness, in health, In  
 3. "Fear not; I am with thee; O be not dis-may'd; I,  
 4. "When through the deep wa - ters I call thee to go, The  
 5. "When thro' fier - y tri - als thy path - way shall lie, My  
 6. E'en down to old age, all my peo - ple shall prove My  
 7. The soul that on Je - sus hath leaned for re - pose, I

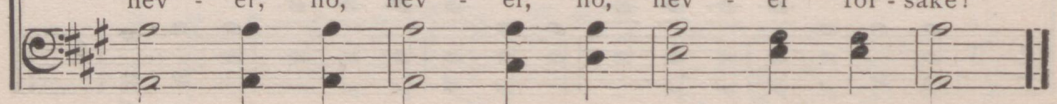
laid for your faith in His ex - cel - lent word! What  
 pov - er - ty's vale, or a - bound - ing in wealth; At  
 I am thy God and will still give thee aid; I'll  
 riv - ers of woe shall not thee o - ver - flow; For  
 grace, all - suf - fi - cient, shall be thy sup - ply; The  
 sov - 'reign, e - ter - nal, un - change - a - ble love; And  
 will not, I will not de - sert to its foes; That

more can He say than to you He hath said, You  
 home and a - broad, on the land, on the sea, As your  
 strength - en thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand, Up -  
 I will be with thee, thy trou - bles to bless, And  
 flame shall not hurt thee;—I on - ly de - sign Thy  
 when hoar - y hairs shall their tem - ples a - dom, Like  
 soul, tho' all hell should en - deav - or to shake, I'll

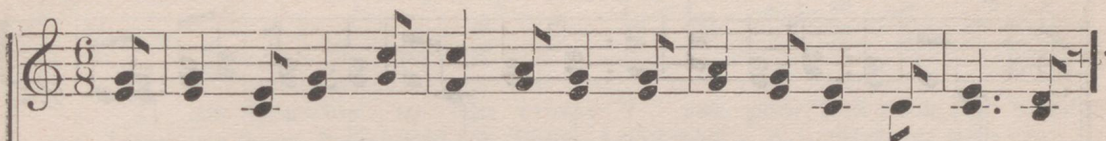
who un - to Je - sus for ref - uge have fled?  
 days may de - mand, shall your strength ev - er be.  
 held by my right - eous, om - ni - po - tent hand.  
 sanc - ti - fy to thee thy deep - est dis - tress.  
 dross to con - sume, and thy gold to re - fine.  
 lambs they shall still in my bo - som be borne.  
 nev - er, no, nev - er, no, nev - er for - sake!



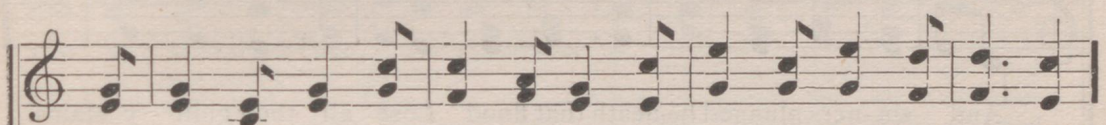
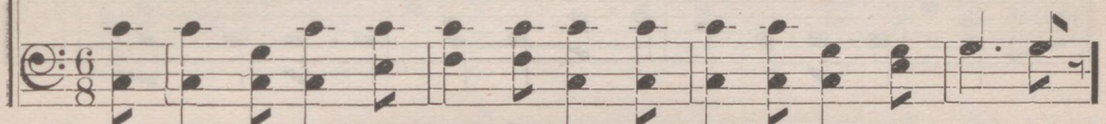
# No. 199. THE GATE AJAR FOR ME.

LYDIA BAXTER.

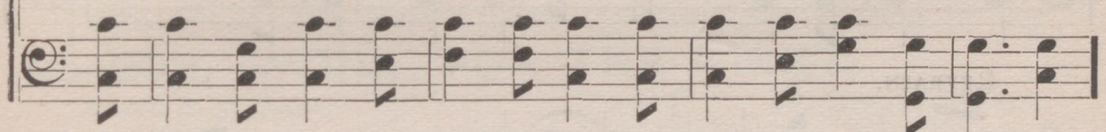
Arr. and Harmonized by J. M. HUNT.



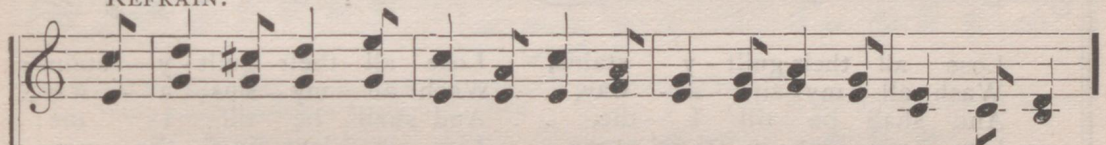
1. There is a gate that stands a - jar, And thro' its por - tals gleam - ing,
2. That gate a - jar stands free to all Who seek thro' it sal - va - tion:
3. Press on - ward, then, tho' foes may frown, While mer - cy's gate is o - pen.
4. Be - yond the riv - er's brink we'll lay The cross that here is giv - en,



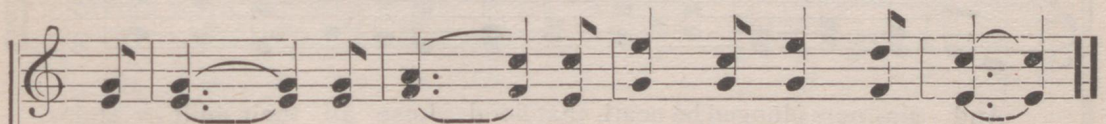
A ra - diance from the cross a - far, The Sav - iour's love re - veal - ing.  
The rich and poor, the great and small, Of ev - 'ry tribe and na - tion.  
Ac - cept the cross, and win the crown, Love's ev - er - last - ing tok - en.  
And bear the crown of life a - way, And love Him more in heav - en.



## REFRAIN.



Oh, depth of mer - cy! can it be, That gate was left a - jar for me?



For me, . . . for me? . . . Was left a - jar for me?  
For me, for me?





# No. 200. THERE IS A FOUNTAIN. C. M.

"A fountain open for sin."—Zech. 13: 1.

WM. COWPER.

LOWELL MASON.

1. There is a foun-tain filled with blood, Drawn from Im - man - uel's veins,  
 2. The dy - ing thief re-joiced to see That foun - tain in his day;  
 3. E'er since by faith I saw the stream Thy flow - ing wounds sup - ply,  
 4. Then in a no - bler, sweet - er song I'll sing Thy pow'r to save,

And sin - ners plunged be - neath that flood Lose all their guilt - y stains.  
 And there may I, tho' vile as he, Wash all my sins a - way.  
 Re - deem - ing love has been my theme And shall be till I die.  
 When this poor, lisp - ing, stamm'ring tongue Lies si - lent in the grave.

## REFRAIN.

Lose all their guilt - y stains, Lose all their guilt - y stains;  
 Wash all my sins a - way, . . Wash all my sins a - way;  
 And shall be till I die, . . And shall be till I die;  
 Lies si - lent in the grave, . . Lies si - lent in the grave;

And sin - ners plunged be - neath that flood Lose all their guilt - y stains.  
 And there may I, tho' vile as he, Wash all my sins a - way.  
 Re - deem - ing love has been my theme And shall be till I die.  
 When this poor, lisp - ing, stam - m'ring tongue Lies si - lent in the grave.

# No. 201. I AM COMING TO THE CROSS.

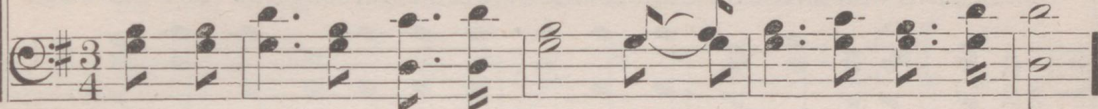
John 6: 37.

Rev. Wm. McDONALD.

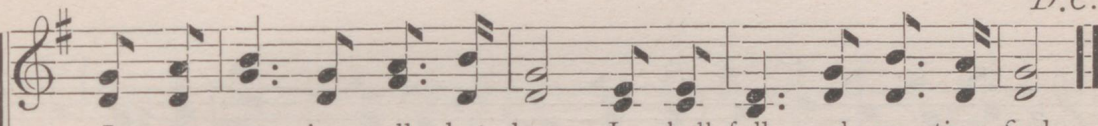
Wm. G. FISCHER, by per.



1. I am com - ing to the cross; I am poor, and weak, and blind;
2. Long my heart has sighed for Thee, Long has e - vil dwelt with - in;
3. Here I give my all to Thee, Friends, and time, and earth - ly store;
4. In Thy prom - is - es I trust, Now I feel the blood ap - plied;
5. Je - sus comes! He fills my soul! Per - fect - ed in Him I am;



CHO. *I am trust - ing, Lord, in Thee, Dear Lamb of Cal - va - ry;*  
D.C.



I am count - ing all but dross, I shall full sal - va - tion find.  
Je - sus sweet - ly speaks to me,—"I will cleanse you from all sin."  
Soul and bod - y Thine to be,—Whol - ly Thine for ev - er - more.  
I am pros - trate in the dust, I with Christ am cru - ci - fied.  
I am ev - 'ry whit made whole; Glo - ry, glo - ry to the Lamb.

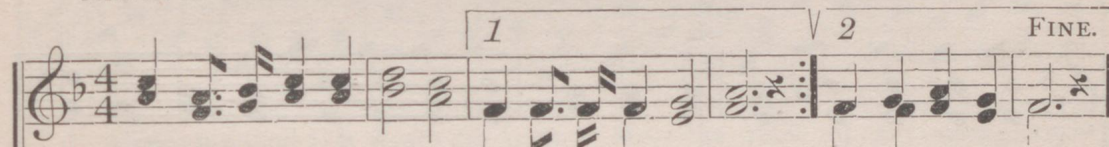


*Hum - bly at Thy cross I bow, Save me, Je - sus, save me now.*

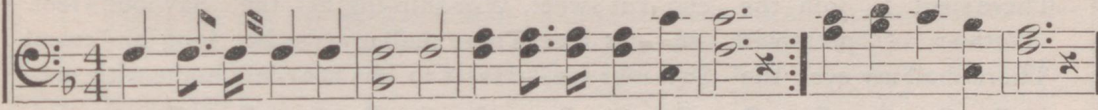
# No. 202. WORK, FOR THE NIGHT.

ANNIE L. WALKER.

Dr. LOWELL MASON.



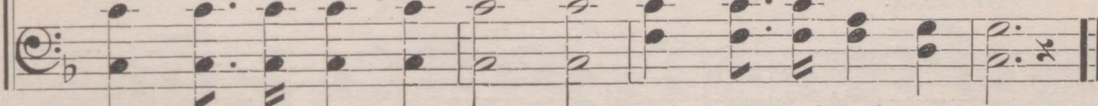
1. { Work, for the night is com - ing, Work thro' the morning hours;  
Work while the dew is spark - ling (Omit . . . . .) Work 'mid springing flowers;



D.S. *Work, for the night is com - ing, (Omit . . . . .) When man's work is done.*  
D.C.



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



2. Work, for the night is coming,  
Work in the sunny noon;  
Fill brightest hours with labor,  
Rest comes sure and soon.  
Give every flying minute  
Something to keep in store:  
Work, for the night is coming,  
When man works no more.
3. Work, for the night is coming,  
Under the sunset skies;  
While their bright tints are glowing,  
Work, for daylight flies.  
Work till the last beam fadeth,  
Fadeth to shine no more;  
Work while the night is darkening,  
When man's work is o'er.

No. 203.

BEAUTIFUL ZION.

Anon.

J. M. HUNT.

1. Beau-ti - ful Zi - on built a - bove, Beau-ti - ful Ci - ty that I love;  
 2. Beau-ti - ful heav'n, where all is bright, Beau-ti - ful an - gels cloth'd in white;  
 3. Beau-ti - ful crowns on ev - 'ry brow, Beau-ti - ful palms the conquerors show;  
 4. Beau-ti - ful throne for Christ our King, Beau-ti - ful songs the an - gels sing;

Beau-ti - ful gates of pearl - y white, Beau-ti - ful tem-ple, God its light;  
 Beau-ti - ful strains, that nev - er tire, Beau-ti-ful harps through all the choir!  
 Beau-ti - ful robes the ran-somed wear, Beau-ti-ful all who en - ter there;  
 Beau-ti - ful rest—all wand'rings cease, Beau-ti-ful home of per - fect peace;

He who was slain on Cal - va - ry O - pens those pearly gates to me.  
 There shall I join the cho - rus sweet, Wor - ship - ing at the Sav - iour's feet.  
 Thith - er I press with ea - ger feet, There shall my rest be long and sweet.  
 There shall my eyes the Sav - iour see,—Haste to His heav - 'nly home with me.

REFRAIN.

Zi - on, Zi - on, love - ly Zi - on, Beau - ti - ful Zi - on, Cit - y of our God.

# No. 204. GOING HOME. L. M.

WM. HUNTER.

WM. MILLER.

1. { My heavenly home is bright and fair; Nor pain, nor death can enter there; }  
 { Its glitt'ring tow'rs the sun outshine; That heav'nly man-sion shall be mine. }  
 2. { My Father's house is built on high, Far, far a - bove the star-ry sky; }  
 { When from this earth-ly pris-on free, That heav'nly man-sion mine shall be. }  
 3. { Let oth-ers seek a home be-low, Which flames devour, or waves o'erflow; }  
 { Be mine a hap - pier lot to own A heav'nly mansion near the throne. }

CHORUS.

{ I'm go - ing home, I'm go - ing home, I'm go - ing home to die no more; }  
 { To die no more, To die no more, I'm go - ing home to die no more. }

# No. 205. DEPTH OF MERCY. 7s.

CHARLES WESLEY.

1. { Depth of mer - cy, can there be Mer - cy still re-served for me? }  
 { Can my God His wrath for-bear, Me, the chief of sin - ners, spare? }  
 2. { I have long withstood His grace; Long pro-voked Him to His face; }  
 { Would not heark-en to His calls; Grieved Him by a thousand falls. }  
 3. { There for me the Saviour stands; Shows His wounds and spreads His hands; }  
 { God is love, I know, I feel; Je - sus weeps and loves me still. }  
 4. { Now in-cline me to re-pent; Let me now my sins la-ment; }  
 { Now my foul re-volt de-plore, Weep, be - lieve, and sin no more. }

CHORUS.

{ God is love, I know, I feel; } Je - sus weeps, He weeps and loves me still.  
 { Jesus weeps and loves me still. }

No. 206.

SHOW PITY, LORD.

ISAAC WATTS.

Har. by J. M. HUNT.

1. Show pit - y, Lord; O Lord, for-give; Let a re-pent-ing reb-el live;  
 2. My crimes, tho' great, can-not sur-pass The pow'r and glo-ry of Thy grace;  
 3. Oh, wash my soul from ev - 'ry sin, And make my guilt-y conscience clean;  
 4. My lips, with shame, my sins con-fess, Against Thy law, against Thy grace;  
 5. Should sud-den vengeance seize my breath, I must pronounce Thee just in death;  
 6. Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord, Whose hope, still hov'ring round Thy word,

Are not Thy mer - cies large and free? May not a sin - ner trust in Thee?  
 Great God, Thy na - ture hath no bound: So let Thy pard'ning love be found.  
 Here, on my heart, the bur - den lies, And past of - fens - es pain mine eyes.  
 Lord, should Thy judgment grow se - vere, I am condemned, but Thou art clear.  
 And if my soul were sent to hell, Thy righteous law ap - proves it well.  
 Would light on some sweet promise there, Some sure sup - port a - gainst de - spair.

No. 207.

ALL FOR JESUS.

MARY D. JAMES.

Arranged.

1. { All for Je - sus! all for Je - sus! All my be-ing's ransom'd pow'rs,  
 All my tho'ts, and words, and doings, All my days, and all my (Omit) hours.  
 2. { Let my hands perform His bidding, Let my feet run in His ways—  
 Let my eyes see Je - sus on - ly, Let my lips speak forth His (Omit) praise.

All for Je - sus! all for Je - sus! All my days, and all my hours; hours.  
 All for Je - sus! all for Je - sus! Let my lips speak forth His praise; praise.

3. Since my eyes were fixed on Jesus,  
 I've lost sight of all besides;  
 So enchained my spirit's vision,  
 Looking at the Crucified.  
 ||: All for Jesus! all for Jesus!  
 Looking at the Crucified :||

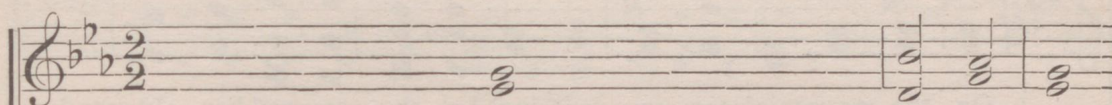
4. Oh, what wonder! how amazing!  
 Jesus, glorious King of kings,  
 Deigns to call me His beloved,  
 Lets me rest beneath His wings.  
 ||: All for Jesus! all for Jesus!  
 Resting now beneath His wings! :||

# No. 208. GUIDE ME, O THOU GREAT JEHOVAH.

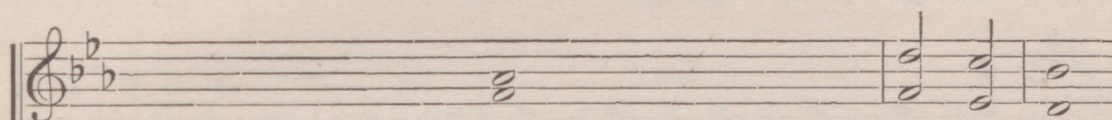
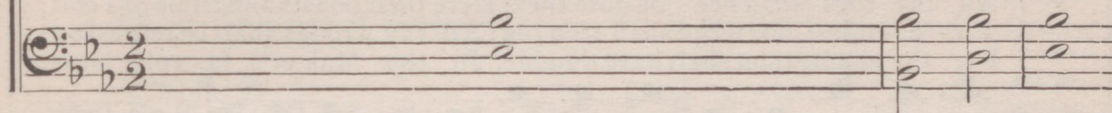
W. WILLIAMS.

CHANT.

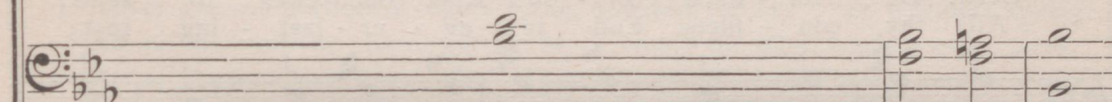
J. M. HUNT.



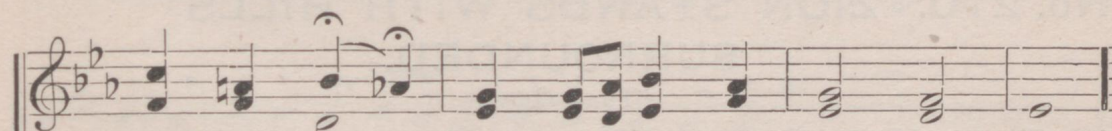
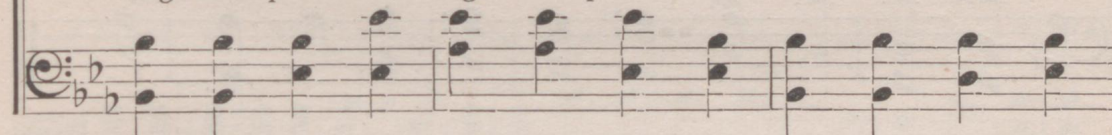
1. Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah, Pilgrim thro' this bar - ren land;
2. Open now the crystal fountain, Whence the healing wa - ters flow;
3. When I tread the verge of Jordan, Bid my anxious fears sub - side;



I am weak, but Thou art mighty, Hold me with Thy power - ful hand.  
 Let the fiery, cloudy pillar Lead me all my jour - ney thro'.  
 Bear me thro' the swelling current; Land me safe on Ca - naan's side.



Bread of heav - en, bread of heav - en, Feed me till I  
 Strong De - liv - erer, strong De - liv - erer, Be Thou still my  
 Songs of prais - es, songs of prais - es, I will ev - er



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



No. 209.

ZION.

THOMAS KELLY.

T. 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 hands; }  
 2. { Has thy night been long and mournful? Have thy friends unfaithful proved? }  
 { Have thy foes been proud and scornful, By the sighs and tears unmoved? }  
 3. { God, thy God will now re - store thee, He Him - self ap - pears thy friend; }  
 { All thy foes shall flee be - fore thee; Here their boasts and triumphs end; }  
 4. { En - e - mies no more shall trou - ble; All thy wrongs shall be redressed; }  
 { For thy shame thou shalt have dou - ble, In thy Mak - er's fa - vor blest; }

Mourn - ing cap - tive, God Him - self shall loose thy bands;  
 Cease thy mourn - ing: Zi - on still is well be - loved;  
 Great De - liver - ance Zi - on's King vouch - safes to send;  
 All thy con - flicts End in ev - er - last - ing rest;

Mourn - ing cap - tive, God Him - self shall loose thy bands.  
 Cease thy mourn - ing: Zi - on still is well be - loved.  
 Great De - liver - ance Zi - on's King vouchsafes to send.  
 All thy con - flicts End in ev - er - last - ing rest.

No. 210. ZION STANDS WITH HILLS  
 SURROUNDED.

(Tune above.)

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>1. Zion stands with hills surrounded,<br/>             Zion, kept by power divine;<br/>             All her foes shall be confounded,<br/>             Tho' the world in arms combine;<br/>             Happy Zion,<br/>             What a favored lot is thine!</p> <p>2. Every human tie may perish;<br/>             Friend to friend unfaithful prove;<br/>             Mothers cease their own to cherish;</p> | <p>Heaven and earth at last remove;<br/>             But no changes<br/>             Can attend Jehovah's love.</p> <p>3. If thy God should show displeasure,<br/>             'Tis to save, and not destroy:<br/>             If He punish, 'tis in measure;<br/>             'Tis to rid thee of alloy.<br/>             Be thou patient,<br/>             Soon thy grief shall turn to joy.</p> |
|---|--|

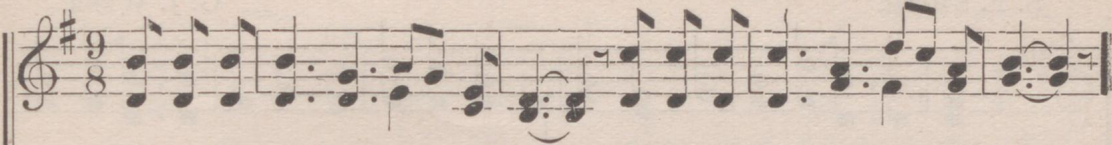
THOMAS KELLY.

No. 211.

AFTER.

I. I. LESLIE.

F. A. BLACKMER.



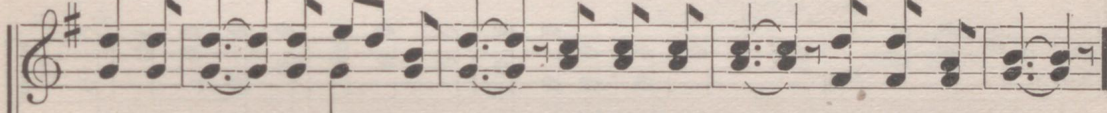
1. Aft-er the storm that sweeps the sea ; Aft-er the drift-ing to the lea ;
2. Aft-er the win - ter long and drear ; Aft-er the snow-clouds disap - pear ;
3. Aft-er the long and toil-some day ; Aft-er the sun's fierce burning ray ;
4. Aft-er the course of life is run ; Aft-er its work has all been done ;
5. Aft-er the march of time shall cease ; Aft-er earth-strife shall end in peace ;



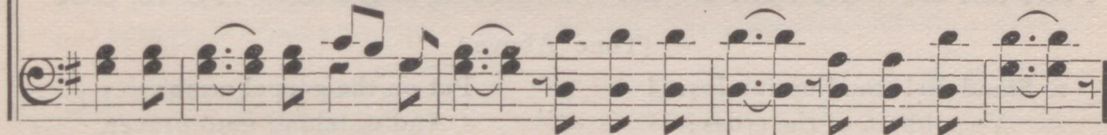
Aft-er the rocks and sands are passed, Cometh the joy of home at last.  
 Aft-er the winds sweet o - dors bring, Cometh the ev - er-welcome spring.  
 Aft-er the toil - er homeward goes, Cometh the night and sweet re - pose.  
 Aft-er the hands are on the breast, Cometh the long and peaceful rest.  
 Aft-er the changeful dis - ap - pears, Cometh the long, e - ter - nal years.



CHORUS.



Aft-er all that here we see, What will there be, what will there be ?



Aft-er all that here we see, Aft-er all, e - ter - ni - ty.



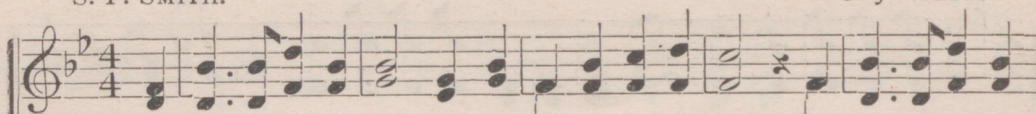


No. 212.

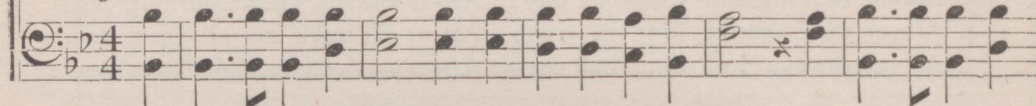
WEBB.

S. F. SMITH.

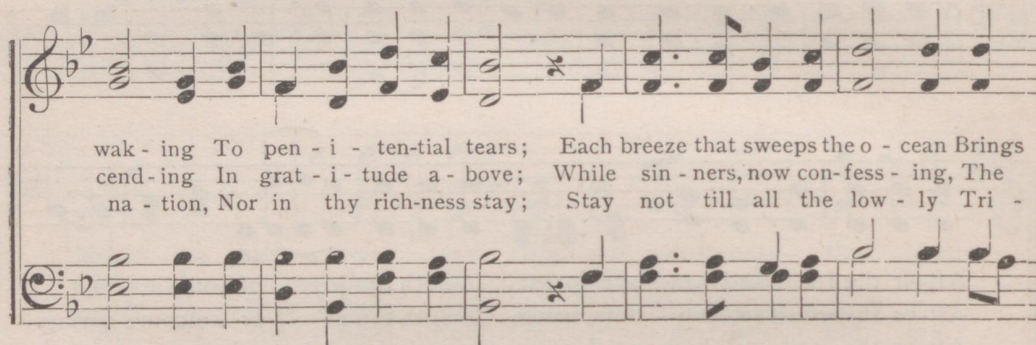
G. J. WEBB.



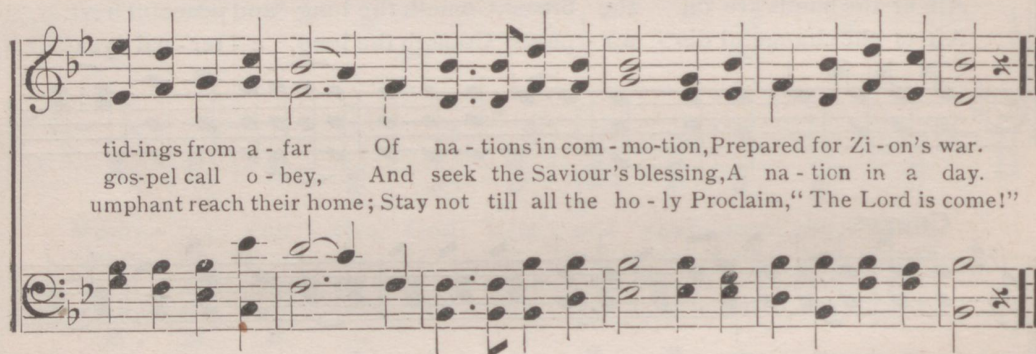
1. The morning light is breaking ; The darkness dis - ap - pears ; The sons of earth are  
 2. See hea - then nations bending Be - fore the God we love, And thousand hearts as -  
 3. Blest riv - er of sal - va - tion, Pur - sue thy on - ward way ; Flow thou to ev - 'ry



wak - ing To pen - i - ten - tial tears ; Each breeze that sweeps the o - cean Brings  
 cend - ing In grat - i - tude a - bove ; While sin - ners, now con - fess - ing, The  
 na - tion, Nor in thy rich - ness stay ; Stay not till all the low - ly Tri -



tid - ings from a - far Of na - tions in com - mo - tion, Prepared for Zi - on's war.  
 gos - pel call o - bey, And seek the Saviour's blessing, A na - tion in a day.  
 umphant reach their home ; Stay not till all the ho - ly Proclaim, " The Lord is come ! "



No. 213. STAND UP FOR JESUS. 7s & 6s.

(Tune Above.)

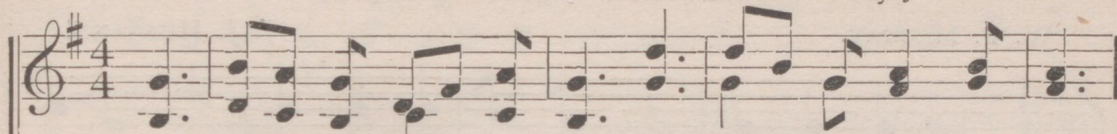
- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <p>1. Stand up ! stand up for Jesus !<br/>                 Ye soldiers of the cross ;<br/>                 Lift high His royal banner,<br/>                 It must not suffer loss.<br/>                 From victory unto victory<br/>                 His army shall be led,<br/>                 Till every foe is vanquished,<br/>                 And Christ is Lord indeed.</p> | <p>Put on the gospel armor,<br/>                 And watching unto prayer,<br/>                 Where duty calls or danger,<br/>                 Be never wanting there.</p>  |
| <p>2. Stand up ! stand up for Jesus !<br/>                 Stand in His strength alone ;<br/>                 The arm of flesh will fail you ;<br/>                 e dare not trust your own.</p>   | <p>3. Stand up ! stand up for Jesus !<br/>                 The strife will not be long ;<br/>                 This day the noise of battle,<br/>                 The next the victor's song.<br/>                 To him that overcometh,<br/>                 A crown of life shall be.<br/>                 He with the King of glory<br/>                 Shall reign eternally.</p> |

GEO. DUFFIELD.

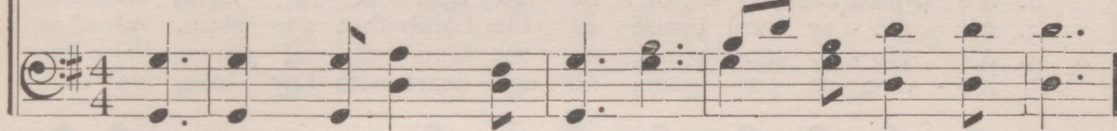
# No. 214. THERE'LL BE NO SORROW THERE.

BEDDOME.

Har. by J. M. HUNT.

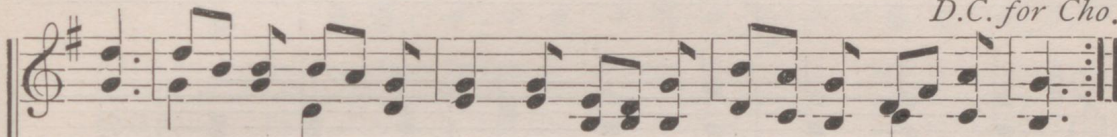


1. Did Christ o'er sin - ners weep, And shall our cheeks be dry?
2. The Son of God in tears The won - d'ring an - gels see;
3. He wept that we might weep; Each sin de - mands a tear.

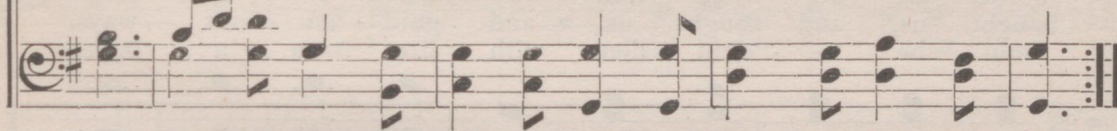


1. CHO. *There'll be no sor - row there, There'll be no sor - row there;*
2. CHO. *I'm glad sal - va - tion's free, I'm glad sal - va - tion's free;*

*D.C. for Cho.*



Let floods of pen - i - ten - tial grief Burst forth from ev - 'ry eye.  
Be thou as - tonished, O my soul, He shed those tears for thee.  
In heaven a - lone no sin is found, And there's no weep - ing there.

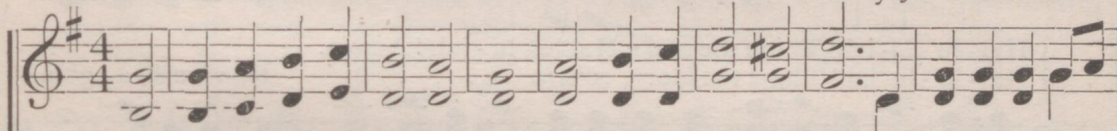


*In heaven a - bove where all is love, There'll be no sor - row there.  
Sal - va - tion's free for you and me, I'm glad sal - va - tion's free.*

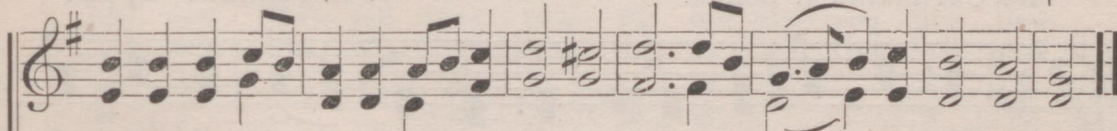
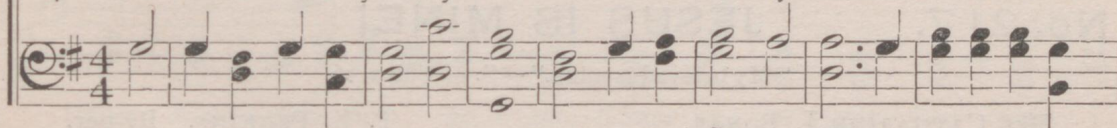
# No. 215. WHEN I CAN READ MY TITLE CLEAR. C.M.

ISAAC WATTS.

Har. by J. M. HUNT.



1. When I can read my ti - tle clear To mansions in the skies, I'll bid farewell to
2. Should earth against my soul engage, And fie - ry darts be hurled, Then I can smile at
3. Let cares, like a wild del - uge come, And storms of sorrow fall! May I but safe - ly
4. There shall I bathe my weary soul In seas of heav'nly rest, And not a wave of



ev - 'ry fear, I'll bid farewell to ev - 'ry fear, And wipe my weeping eyes.  
Sa - tan's rage, Then I can smile at Sa - tan's rage, And face a frowning world.  
reach my home, May I but safe - ly reach my home, My God, my heav'n, my all.  
trou - ble roll, And not a wave of trou - ble roll A - cross my peace - ful breast.



# No. 216. WE PRAISE THEE, O GOD.

"O Lord, revive thy word."—Heb. 3: 2.

W. P. MACKAY.

J. J. HUSBAND.

1. We praise Thee, O God! For the Son of Thy love, For  
 2. We praise Thee, O God! For Thy Spir - it of light, Who has  
 3. All glo - ry and praise to the Lamb that was slain. Who has  
 4. All glo - ry and praise to the God of all grace, Who has  
 5. Re - vive us a - gain; fill each heart with Thy love, May each

Je - sus, who died and is now gone a - bove.  
 shown us our Sav - iour, and scat - ter'd our night.  
 borne all our sins and has cleansed ev - 'ry stain.  
 bought us, and sought us, and guid - ed our ways.  
 soul be re - kin - dled with fire from a - bove.

CHORUS.

{ Hal - le - lu - jah! Thine the glory, Hal - le - lu - jah! A - men.  
 { Hal - le - lu - jah! Thine the glory, (*Omit. . . . .*) Re - vive us a - gain.

# No. 217. JESUS IS MINE!

"My beloved is mine."—S. of Sol. 2. 16.

Mrs. CATHARINE J. BONAR.

T. E. PERKINS. By per.

1. Fade, fade, each earth - ly joy, Je - sus is mine! Break, ev - 'ry  
 2. Tempt not my soul a - way, Je - sus is mine! Here would I  
 3. Fare - well, ye dreams of night, Je - sus is mine! Lost in this  
 4. Fare - well, mor - tal - i - ty, Je - sus is mine! Wel - come, e -

JESUS IS MINE!

ten-der tie, Je - sus is mine! Dark is the wil-der-ness,  
 ev - er stay, Je - sus is mine! Per - ish - ing things of clay,  
 dawn-ing light, Je - sus is mine! All that my soul has tried  
 ter - ni - ty, Je - sus is mine! Wel-come, O loved and blest,

Earth has no rest-ing place, Je - sus a - lone can bless, Je - sus is mine!  
 Born but for one brief day, Pass from my heart a - way, Je - sus is mine!  
 Left but a dis - mal void, Je - sus has sat - is - fied, Je - sus is mine!  
 Wel-come, sweet scenes of rest, Welcome, my Sav-iour's breast, Je - sus is mine!

No. 218. COME TO JESUS JUST NOW.

1. Come to Je - sus, Come to Je - sus, Come to Je - sus just now;  
 2. He will save you, He will save you, He will save you just now;  
 3. Oh, be - lieve Him, Oh, be - lieve Him, Oh, be - lieve Him just now;

Just now come to Je - sus, Come to Je - sus just now.  
 Just now He will save you, He will save you just now.  
 Just now, oh, be - lieve Him, Oh, be - lieve Him just now.

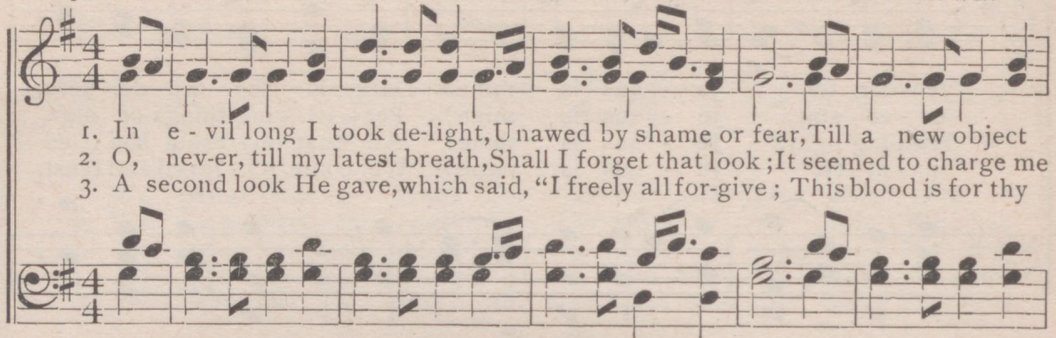
4. He is able.
5. He is willing.
6. He'll receive you.
7. Call upon Him.
8. He will hear you.
9. Look unto Him.

10. He'll forgive you.
11. Only trust Him.
12. Jesus loves you.
13. Don't reject Him.
14. I believe Him.
15. Hallelujah, Amen.

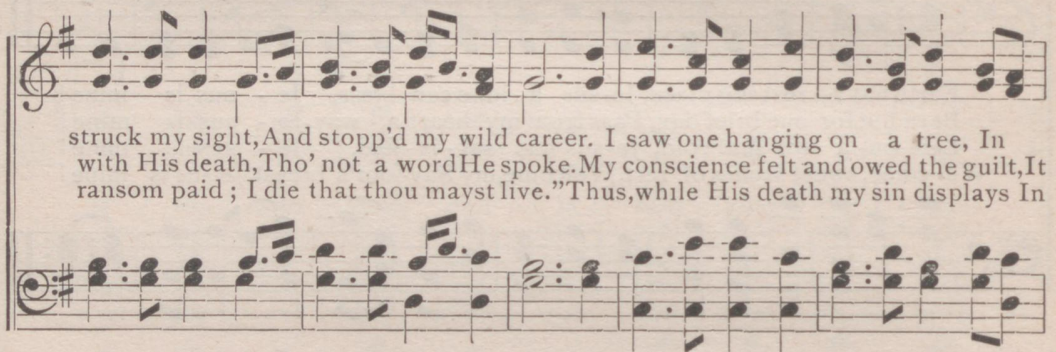
## No. 219. IN EVIL LONG I TOOK DELIGHT.

JOHN NEWTON.

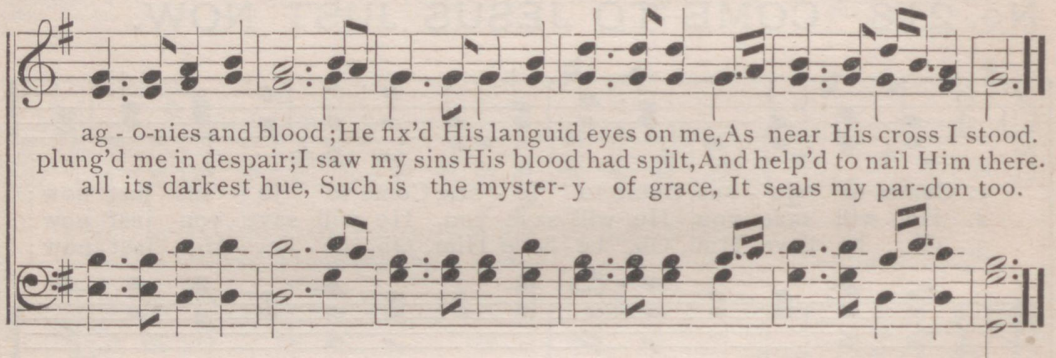
S. M. BROWN.



1. In e - vil long I took de-light, Unawed by shame or fear, Till a new object  
 2. O, nev-er, till my latest breath, Shall I forget that look ; It seemed to charge me  
 3. A second look He gave, which said, "I freely all for-give ; This blood is for thy



struck my sight, And stopp'd my wild career. I saw one hanging on a tree, In  
 with His death, Tho' not a word He spoke. My conscience felt and owed the guilt, It  
 ransom paid ; I die that thou mayst live." Thus, while His death my sin displays In



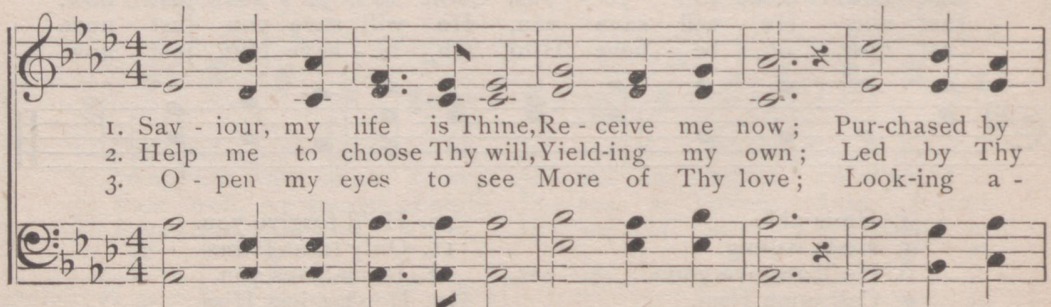
ag - o-nies and blood ; He fix'd His languid eyes on me, As near His cross I stood.  
 plung'd me in despair ; I saw my sins His blood had spilt, And help'd to nail Him there.  
 all its darkest hue, Such is the myster - y of grace, It seals my par-don too.

## No. 220. LIVING FOR THEE.

"For me to live is Christ, and to die is gain."—PHIL. I : 21.

E. E. HEWITT.

W. H. DOANE.



1. Sav - iour, my life is Thine, Re - ceive me now ; Pur - chased by  
 2. Help me to choose Thy will, Yield - ing my own ; Led by Thy  
 3. O - pen my eyes to see More of Thy love ; Look - ing a -

LIVING FOR THEE.

blood di-vine, On Cal - v'ry's brow; Write on my heart Thy name,  
Spir - it still, Thro' paths un - known; Grate - ful when all is bright,  
lone to Thee, Lift me a - bove; Make me Thy ser - vant true,

Light love's un - dy - ing flame, Henceforth my service claim, Living for Thee.  
Trustful when falls the night, Knowing Thy ways are right, Living for Thee.  
Give me Thy work to do, Ev - er my strength renew, Living for Thee.

No. 221. I WILL ARISE AND GO TO JESUS.

ROBINSON.

Har. by J. M. HUNT.

1. Come, Thou Fount of ev - 'ry bless - ing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace ;
2. Teach me some me - lo - dious son - net, Sung by flam - ing tongues a - bove ;
3. Here I raise my Eb - en - e - zer; Hith - er by Thy help I'm come ;
4. Je - sus sought me when a stran - ger, Wand'ring from the fold of God ;
5. Oh, to grace how great a debt - or Dai - ly I'm con - strained to be !
6. Prone to wan - der, Lord, I feel it; Prone to leave the God I love ;

CHO. *I will a-rise and go to Je - sus, He will embrace me in His arms ;*

*D.C. for Chorus.*

Streams of mer - cy nev - er ceas - ing, Call for songs of loud - est praise.  
Praise the mount, oh, fix me on it, Mount of God's un - chang - ing love.  
And I hope by Thy good pleas - ure, Safe - ly to ar - rive at home.  
He, to save my soul from dan - ger, In - ter - posed His pre - cious blood.  
Let that grace, Lord, like a fet - ter, Bind my wan - d'ring heart to Thee.  
Here's my heart; Lord, take and seal it; Seal it from Thy courts a - bove.

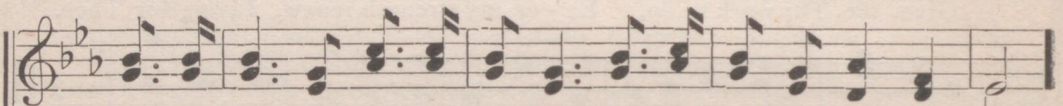
*In the arms of my dear Sav - iour, O there are ten - thousand charms.*

# No. 222. I AM SAFE WITHIN THE VEIL.

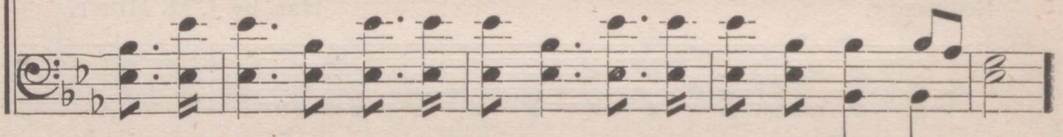
J. M. HUNT.



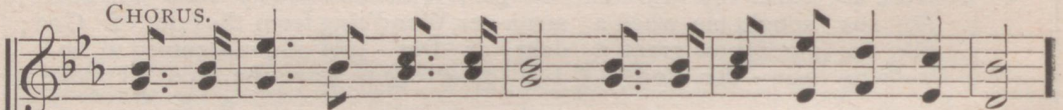
1. Land a-head! its fruits are wav-ing O'er the hills of fade-less green;
2. On-ward, bark! the cape I'm round-ing; See, the bless-ed wave their hands;
3. There let go the an-chor, rid-ing On this calm and sil-v'ry bay;
4. Now we're safe from all temp-ta-tion, All the storms of life are past;



And the liv-ing wa-ters lav-ing Shores where heav'nly forms are seen.  
Hear the harps of God re-sounding From the bright, im-mor-tal bands.  
Sea-ward, fast the tide is glid-ing, Shores in sun-light stretch a-way.  
Praise the Rock of our sal-va-tion, We are safe at home at last.



## CHORUS.



Rocks and storms I'll fear no more, When on that e-ter-nal shore;



Drop the an-chor! furl the sail! I am safe with-in the veil.

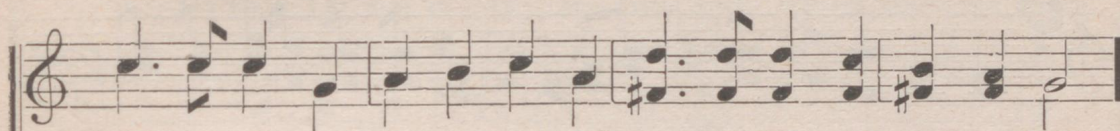
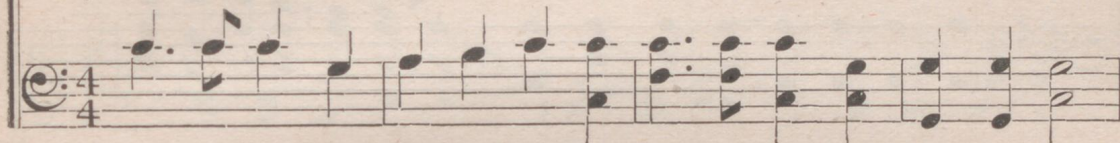


J. M. HUNT.

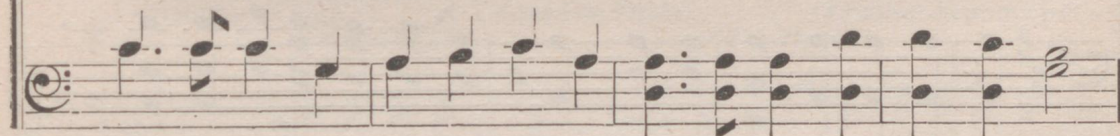
S. M. BROWN.



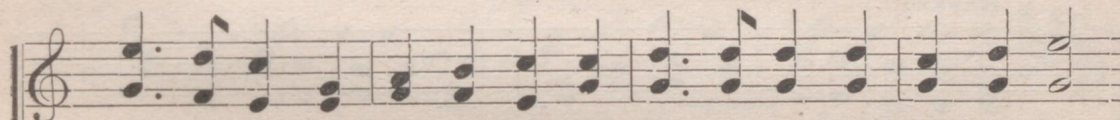
1. Hear the an - gels glad - ly sing - ing, Christ, the Sav - iour, now is born;
2. Loud proclaim the wondrous message, Of a Sav - iour's low - ly birth;
3. Lift your heads, ye faint and wea - ry, See your Lord, Im - man - uel, King;
4. Peace on earth, what glo - rious tid - ings, Peace on earth, good - will to men;



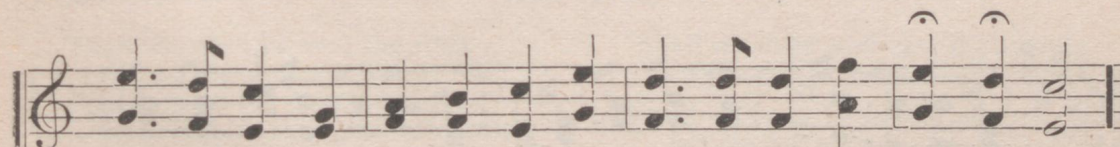
Shout the tid - ings, till all na - tions Heed with joy this na - tal morn.  
 How He rest - ed in the man - ger, He the Son of God on earth.  
 Lend your voi - ces to the cho - rus, Let the shout tri - um - phant ring.  
 Let us haste to crown Im - man - uel With a roy - al di - a - dem.



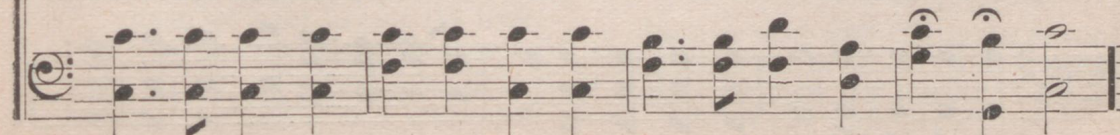
CHORUS.



Glo - ry, glo - ry in the high - est, Hear the an - gels sing a - gain;



Glo - ry, glo - ry in the high - est, Peace on earth, good - will to men.





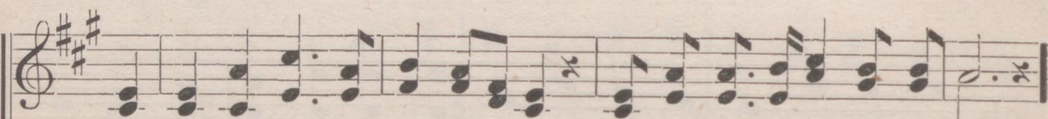
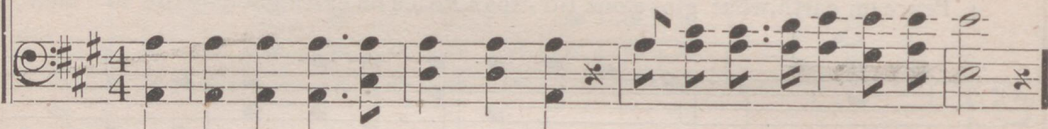
# No. 224. BLESSED BE THE NAME.

C. WESLEY.

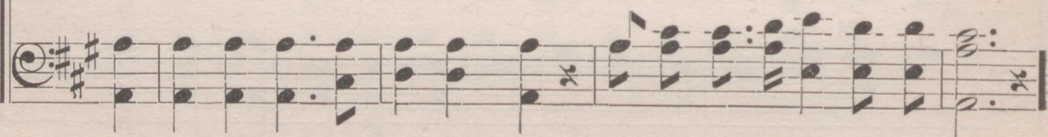
Har. by J. M. HUNT.



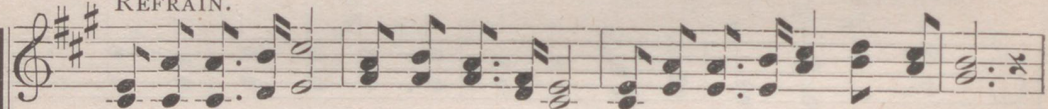
1. O for a thousand tongues to sing: Bless-ed be the name of the Lord!
2. Je - sus, the name that charms our fears, Bless-ed be the name of the Lord!
3. He breaks the pow'r of can - celled sin, Bless-ed be the name of the Lord!
4. I nev - er shall for - get that day, Bless-ed be the name of the Lord!



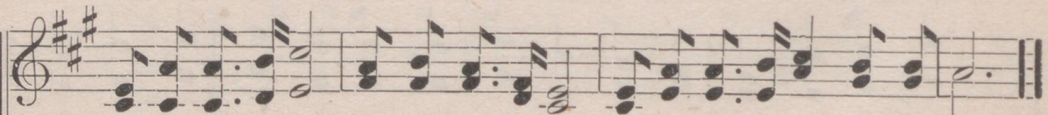
The glo-ries of my God and King! Bless-ed be the name of the Lord!  
'Tis mu-sic in the sin - ner's ears, Bless-ed be the name of the Lord!  
His blood can make the foul - est clean, Bless-ed be the name of the Lord!  
When Je - sus wash'd mysins a - way, Bless-ed be the name of the Lord!



## REFRAIN.



Bless-ed be the name, blessed be the name, Blessed be the name of the Lord!



Bless-ed be the name, blessed be the name, Blessed be the name of the Lord!



# No. 225. I WOULD BE THINE.

ANON.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1. I would be Thine; O take my heart, And fill it with Thy  
 2. I would be Thine; but while I strive To give my - self a -  
 3. I would be Thine; but Lord, I feel That e - vil lurks with -

love; Thy sa - cred im - age, Lord, im - part, And seal it from a - bove.  
 way, I feel re - bell - ion still a - live, And wan - der when I pray.  
 in; Do Thou Thy maj - es - ty re - veal, And o - ver - come my sin.

CHORUS.

I would be Thine, . . . I would be Thine; O Father, hear my prayer,  
 I would be Thine, I would be Thine;

And fill my soul . . . with love di - vine, . . . And drive away all care.  
 And fill my soul with love di - vine,

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# No. 226.

KEY OF G.

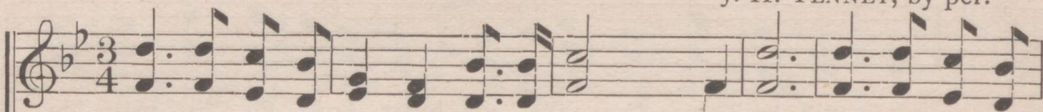
- |  |   |
|--|---|
| 1. Shall we meet beyond the river<br>Where the surges cease to roll?<br>Where in all the bright forever,<br>Sorrow ne'er shall press the soul? | Shall we meet and cast the anchor<br>By the fair celestial shore?   |
| CHO.—Shall we meet, shall we meet,<br>Shall we meet beyond the river?<br>Shall we meet beyond the river,<br>Where the surges cease to roll?    | 3. Shall we meet in yonder city,<br>Where the towers of crystal shine?<br>Where the walls are all of jasper,<br>Built by workmanship divine?      |
| 2. Shall we meet in that blest harbor<br>When our stormy voyage is o'er?   | 4. Shall we meet with Christ our Saviour,<br>When He comes to claim His own?<br>Shall we know His blessed favor,<br>And sit down upon His throne? |

H. L. HASTINGS.

# No. 227. EVER WILL I PRAY.

A. CUMMINGS.

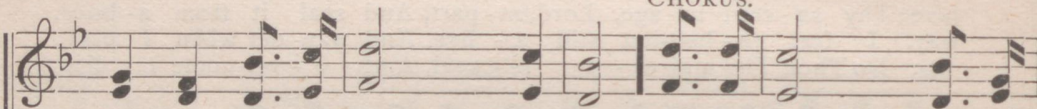
J. H. TENNEY, by per.



- |  |                                 |
|--|---------------------------------|
| 1. Fa - ther, in the morning, Un - to Thee       | I pray: Let Thy lov - ing       |
| 2. At the bu - sy noon - tide, Press'd with work | and care, Then I'll wait with   |
| 3. When the eve - ning shadows Chase a - way     | the light, Fa - ther, then I'll |
| 4. Thus in life's glad morning, In its bright    | noon - day, In its shad - owy   |



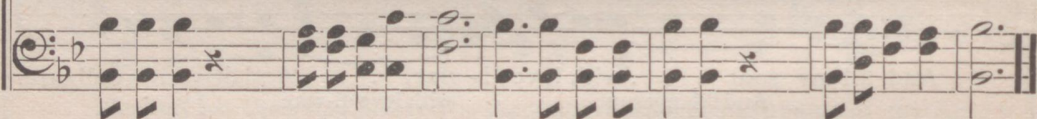
## CHORUS.



kind - ness Keep me through	this day. I will pray,	I will
Je - sus Till He hears	my prayer.	
pray Thee: Bless Thy child	to - night.	
eve - ning, Ev - er will	I pray.	will pray,



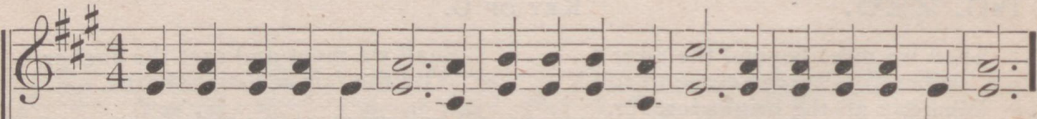
pray, Ev - er will	I pray; Morning, noon, and evening, Unto Thee I'll pray.
I will pray,	Ever will Unto Thee



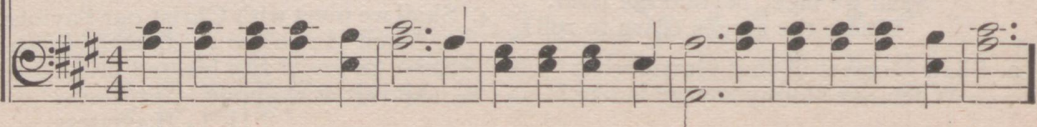
# No. 228. BLOW YE THE TRUMPET.

C. WESLEY.

GEO. F. ROOT.



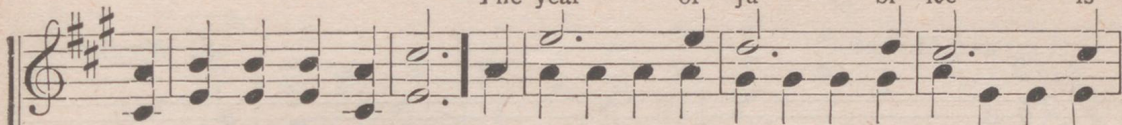
1. Blow ye the trumpet, blow The gladly solemn sound; Let all the nations know,
2. Ye slaves of sin - ful hell, Your lib - er - ty receive; And safe in Je - sus dwell;
3. The gospel trumpet hear, The news of pard'ning grace; Ye happy souls draw near,



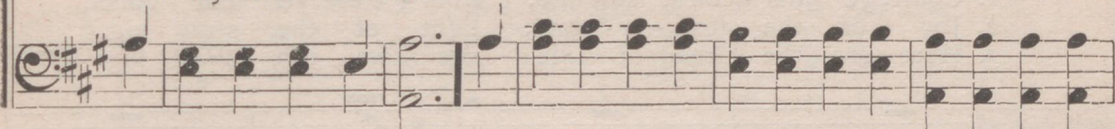
BLOW YE THE TRUMPET.

CHORUS.

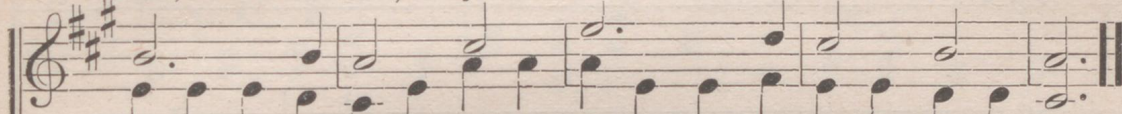
The year of ju - bi - lee is



To earth's re-mot-est bound. The year of ju - bi - lee is come, The year of ju - bi -  
And blest in Je - sus live.  
Behold your Saviour's face.



come; Re - turn, ye ran - somed sin - ners, home.



lee is come; Re - turn, ye ransomed sin - ners, home, ye ransomed sinners, home.



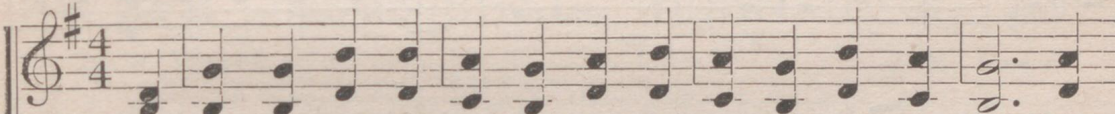
No. 229.

CORONATION.

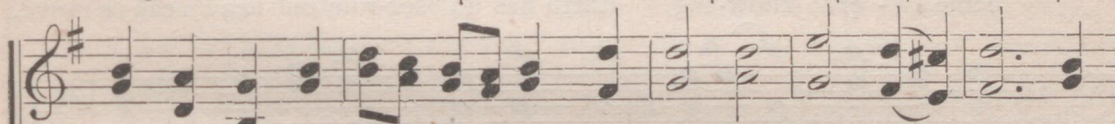
"Exalted above all blessing and praise."

E. PERRONET.

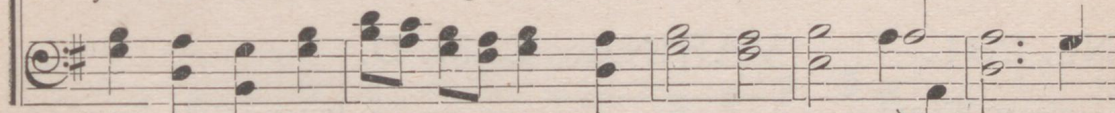
OLIVER HOLDEN,



1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name, Let an - gels pro - strate fall; Bring  
2. Let ev - 'ry kin - dred, ev - 'ry tribe On this ter - res - trial ball, To  
3. Oh, that with yon - der sa - cred throng We at His feet may fall; We'll



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



forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord . . . of all.  
Him all maj - es - ty a - scribe, And crown Him Lord . . . of all.  
join the ev - er - last - ing song, And crown Him Lord . . . of all.



No. 230. COME, YE DISCONSOLATE. 11s, 10s.

THOMAS MOORE.

S. WEBBE.

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

Come to the mer - cy-seat, fer - vently kneel; Here bring your wounded hearts,  
 Hope of the pen - i - tent, fade - less and pure; Here speaks the Comforter,  
 Forth from the throne of God, pure from a - bove; Come to the feast of love;

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

No. 231. VARINA. C. M. D.

ISAAC WATTS.

JOHANN C. H. RINK.

1. { There is a land of pure de - light, Where saints im - mor - tal reign; }  
 { E - ter - nal day ex - cludes the night, And pleasures ban - ish pain. }  
 2. { Sweet fields be - yond the swell - ing flood, Stand dress'd in liv - ing green; }  
 { So to the Jews old Ca - naan stood, While Jor - dan roll'd be - tween. }

VARINA.

There ev - er - last - ing spring a - bides, And nev - er - fad - ing flow'rs;  
 Could we but climb where Mo - ses stood, And view the land - scape o'er,—

Death, like a nar - row sea, di - vides That heav'nly land from ours.  
 Not Jor - dan's stream nor death's cold flood Should fright us from the shore.

No. 232. JESUS SHALL REIGN. L. M.

ISAAC WATTS.

J. M. HUNT.

1. Je - sus shall reign where'er the sun Does His successive jour-neys run ;  
 2. For Him shall endless pray'r be made, And praises throng to crown His head ;  
 3. Peo-ple and realms of ev - 'ry tongue Dwell on His love with sweetest song ;  
 4. Blessings abound where'er He reigns; The prisoner leaps to loose his chains ;  
 5. Let ev - 'ry creature rise and bring Pe - cu - liar hon - ors to our King ;

His kingdom stretch from shore to shore, Till moons shall wax and wane no more.  
 His name like sweet perfume shall rise With ev'ry morn - ing sac - ri - fice.  
 And in - fant voi - ces shall pro - claim Their ear - ly bless - ings on His name.  
 The wea - ry find e - ter - nal rest, And all the sons of want are blest.  
 An - gels de - scend with songs a - gain, And earth re - peat the loud A - men.

## No. 233. I HEAR THE SAVIOUR SAY.

Mrs. ELVINA M. HALL.

JOHN T. GRAPE.

1. I hear the Sav-our say, Thy strength in-deed is small; Child of  
 2. Lord, now in-deed I find Thy pow'r, and Thine a-lone, Can  
 3. For noth-ing good have I Where-by Thy grace to claim—I'll  
 4. When from my dy-ing bed My ran-somed soul shall rise, Then  
 5. And when be-fore the throne I stand in Him com-plete, I'll

### CHORUS.

weakness, watch and pray; Find in me Thine all in all. Je-sus paid it all,  
 change the lep-er's spots, And melt the heart of stone.  
 wash my garments white In the blood of Calvary's Lamb.  
 "Je-sus paid it all," Shall rend the vaulted skies.  
 lay my tro-phies down, All down at Je-sus' feet.

All to Him I owe; Sin had left a crimson stain; He washed it white as snow.

## No. 234. I HEAR THY WELCOME VOICE.

L. HARTSOUGH.

L. H. Har. by J. M. HUNT.

1. I hear Thy wel-come voice, That calls me, Lord, to Thee, For  
 2. Though com-ing weak and vile, Thou dost my strength as-sure; Thou  
 3. 'Tis Je-sus calls me on To per-fect faith and love. To  
 4. All hail! a-ton-ing blood! All hail! re-deem-ing grace! All

I HEAR THY WELCOME VOICE.

REFRAIN.

cleansing in Thy precious blood, That flowed on Calvary. I am com-ing, Lord!  
 dost my vileness ful - ly cleanse, Till spotless all and pure.  
 per - fect hope and peace and trust, For earth and heav'n above.  
 hail! the gift of Christ, our Lord, Our Strength and Righteousness.

Com-ing now to Thee! Wash me, cleanse me in Thy blood That flow'd on Calvary!

No. 235. THE LORD'S PRAYER.

(CHANT.)

J. M. HUNT.

1. Our Father, who art in heaven, hallowed be Thy name,  
 2. Give us this day our dai - ly bread,  
 3. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil;

Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven.  
 And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass a - gainst us.  
 For Thine is the kingdom, and the power,  
 and the glory, for - - - ever and ever. A - MEN.



No. 236. THE LORD'S PRAYER.

P. J. TREBOR.

*Andante. p*

Our Father which art in heav'n, Hallowed be Thy name. Thy kingdom come, Thy

*m*

will be done on earth as it is in heav'n. Give us this day our daily bread,

*pp*

And for-give us our debts as we forgive our debtors. And lead us not in-to temp -

*m* *cres. Faster.*

ta - tion, but de - liv - er us from e - vil, For Thine is the kingdom, and

*pp*

pow - er, and glo-ry for ev - er. A - men, a - men, a - men, a - men.

# No. 237. NOTHING BUT THE BLOOD.

R. L.

R. LOWRY.

1. { What can wash a - way my sin? Nothing but the blood of Je - sus; }  
 1. { What can make me whole a - gain? Nothing but the blood of Je - sus. }  
 2. { For my par - don, this I see— Nothing but the blood of Je - sus; }  
 2. { For my cleans-ing, this my plea— Nothing but the blood of Je - sus. }  
 3. { Noth - ing can for sin a - tone, Nothing but the blood of Je - sus; }  
 3. { Naught of good that I have done, Nothing but the blood of Je - sus. }  
 4. { This is all my hope and peace— Nothing but the blood of Je - sus; }  
 4. { This is all my righteous-ness— Nothing but the blood of Je - sus. }

## REFRAIN.

Oh, pre - cious is the flow That makes me white as snow;  
 No oth - er Fount I know, Nothing but the blood of Je - sus.

Copyright, 1876, by Robert Lowry.

# No. 238. GRACE. 7s.

MARY MASTERS.

*Slowly.*

1. 'Tis re - lig - ion that can give Sweet - est pleas-ures while we live;  
 2. Af - ter death, its joys will be Last - ing as e - ter - ni - ty;

'Tis re - lig - ion must sup - ply Sol - id com-fort when we die.  
 Be the liv - ing God my Friend, Then my bliss shall nev - er end.

No. 239.

ABIDE WITH ME.

H. F. LYTE.

ROBERT J. POWELL.

8:

*Andante.*

1. A - bide with me! fast  
D.S. Hold Thou Thy cross be -

The first system of music features a vocal line in G major, 2/4 time, with a key signature of one flat. The piano accompaniment is in the same key and time, marked *Andante*. The vocal line begins with a whole rest, followed by a quarter rest, and then a series of quarter notes: G4, A4, B4, C5. The piano accompaniment starts with a series of chords in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand. A dynamic marking *p* is present in the piano part.

falls the eventide ; The darkness deep - ens—Lord, with me abide ! When oth - er  
fore my closing eyes ; Shine thro' the gloom, and point me to the skies ; Heav'n's morning

The second system continues the vocal line with quarter notes: D4, C4, B3, A3, G3, F3, E3, D3. The piano accompaniment continues with chords and a bass line. A dynamic marking *p* is present.

FINE.

help - ers fail, and comforts flee, Thou, help of the helpless, Oh, a - bide with me !  
breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee ! In life or in death, Lord, Oh, a - bide with me !

FINE.

The third system concludes the piece. The vocal line ends with a triplet of eighth notes: G4, A4, B4. The piano accompaniment ends with a series of chords. Dynamic markings *f* and *p* are present.

ABIDE WITH ME.

I need Thy pres - ence ev - 'ry passing hour, What like Thy

grace can foil the tempter's pow'r? Who, like Thy - self, my

guide and stay can be? Thro' cloud or in sunshine, Oh, a - bide with me!

*D.S.*

*cres. . . . . f*

## No. 240. SAVIOUR, PILOT ME. 7s, 6s.

E. HOPPER.

J. E. GOULD.

FINE.

1. Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me O - ver life's tem - pes - tuous sea ;  
 D.C. *Chart and com - pass came from Thee: Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me.*

2. When th'A - pos - tles' frag - ile bark Strug - gled with the bil - lows dark,  
 D.C. *Aud when they be - held Thy form, Safe they glid - ed thro' the storm.*

Unknown waves be - fore me roll, Hid - ing rock and treach'rous shoal;  
 On the storm - y Gal - i - lee, Thou did'st walk a - cross the sea;

D.C.

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

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

## No. 241. SHEPHERD. C. M.

I. WATTS.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1. Sal - va - tion!—oh, the joy - ful sound! 'Tis pleas - ure to our ears;  
 2. Bur - ied in sor - row and in sin, At hell's dark door we lay;—  
 3. Sal - va - tion!—let the ech - o fly The spa - cious earth a - round;

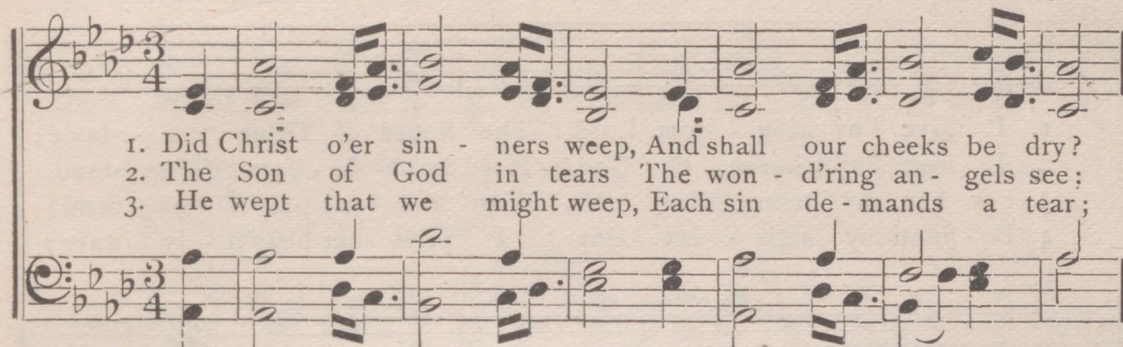
A sov - reign balm for ev - 'ry wound, A cor - dial for our fears.  
 But we a - rise by grace di - vine, To see a heav'n - ly day.  
 While all the ar - mies of the sky Con - spire to raise the sound.

## No. 242.

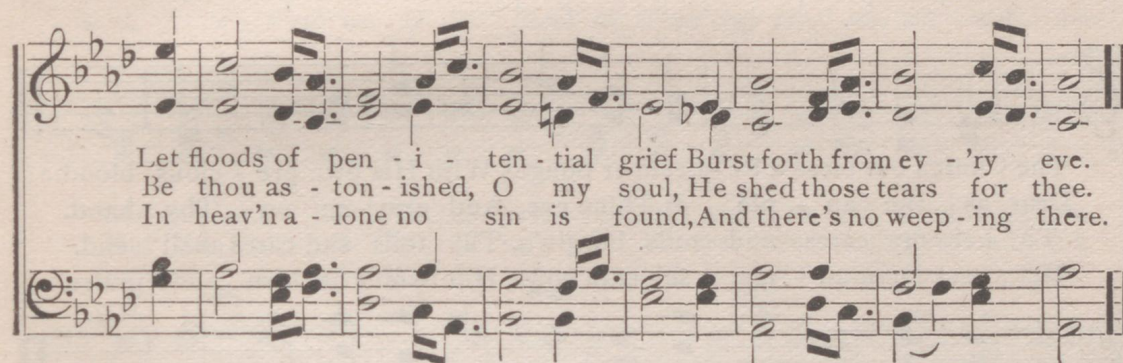
## KENTUCKY. S. M.

BEDDOME.

Old Melody.



1. Did Christ o'er sin - ners weep, And shall our cheeks be dry?  
2. The Son of God in tears The won - d'ring an - gels see;  
3. He wept that we might weep, Each sin de - mands a tear;



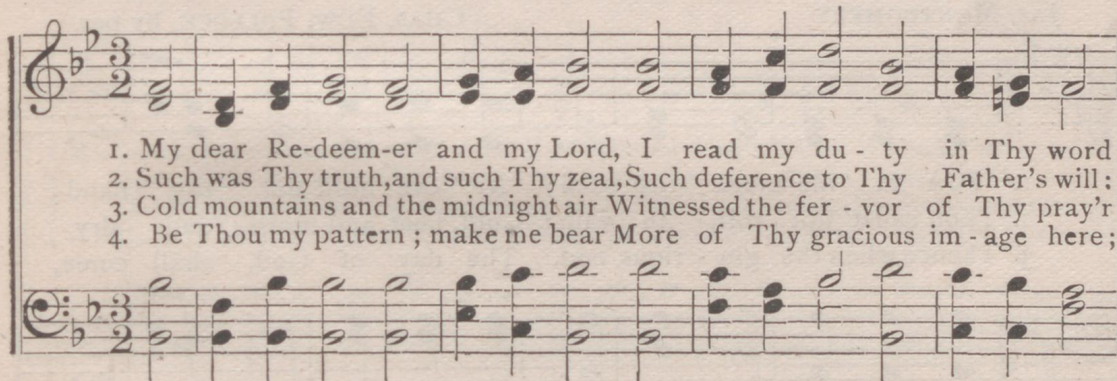
Let floods of pen - i - ten - tial grief Burst forth from ev - 'ry eye.  
Be thou as - ton - ished, O my soul, He shed those tears for thee.  
In heav'n a - lone no sin is found, And there's no weep - ing there.

## No. 243.

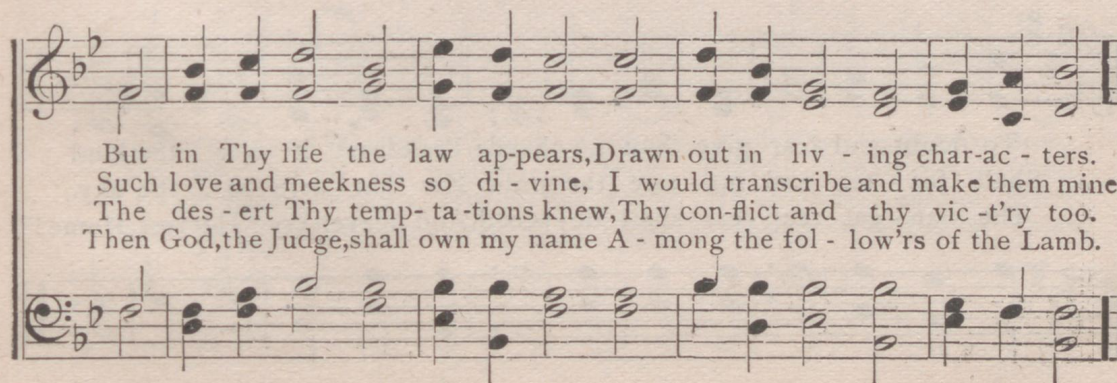
## HEBRON. L. M.

ISAAC WATTS.

L. MASON.



1. My dear Re-deem-er and my Lord, I read my du - ty in Thy word;  
2. Such was Thy truth, and such Thy zeal, Such deference to Thy Father's will;  
3. Cold mountains and the midnight air Witnessed the fer - vor of Thy pray'r;  
4. Be Thou my pattern; make me bear More of Thy gracious im - age here;



But in Thy life the law ap - pears, Drawn out in liv - ing char - ac - ters.  
Such love and meekness so di - vine, I would transcribe and make them mine.  
The des - ert Thy temp - ta - tions knew, Thy con - flict and thy vic - t'ry too.  
Then God, the Judge, shall own my name A - mong the fol - low'rs of the Lamb.

No. 244.

BOYLSTON. S. M.

TIMOTHY DWIGH.

Dr. LOWELL MASON.

1. I love Thy king - dom, Lord, The house of Thine a - bode;  
 2. I love Thy Church, O God! Her walls be - fore Thee stand,  
 3. For her my tears shall fall, For her my pray'rs as - cend;  
 4. Be - yond my high - est joy I prize her heav'n - ly ways;

The Church our bless'd Re - deem-er bought With His own pre - cious blood.  
 Dear as the ap - ple of Thine eye, And grav - en on Thy hand.  
 To her my cares and toils be giv'n, Till toils and cares shall end.  
 Her sweet commun - ion, sol - emn vows, Her hymns of love and praise.

No. 245.

MISSOURI. S. M.

JAS. MONTGOMERY

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK, by per.

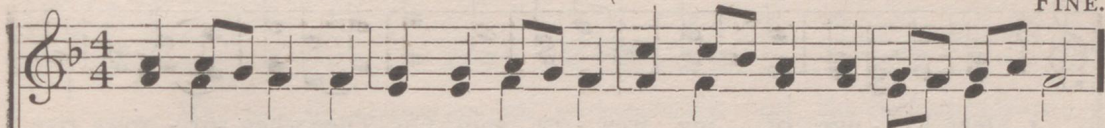
1. Sow in the morn thy seed; At eve hold not thy hand,  
 2. Thou canst not toil in vain; Cold, heat, and moist, and dry  
 3. Thence, when the glo - rious end, The day of God, shall come,

To doubt and fear give thou no heed; Broadcast it o'er the land  
 Shall fos - ter and ma - ture the grain For gar - ners in the sky.  
 The an - gel reap - ers shall de - scend, And heaven cry "Harvest Home!"

# No. 246. GREENVILLE. 8s, 7s, & 4s.

WALTER SHIRLEY.

ROUSSEAU. FINE.

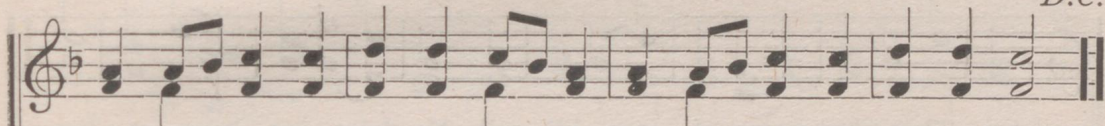


1. Lord, dis - miss us with Thy bless - ing, Fill our hearts with joy and peace ;
2. Thanks we give, and ad - o - ra - tion, For the gos - pel's joy - ful sound ;
3. So, when - e'er the sig - nal's giv - en Us from earth to call a - way,

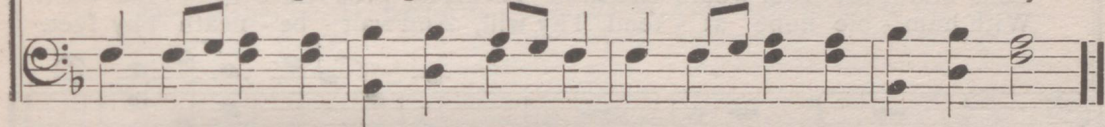


D. C. *O re - fresh us, O re - fresh us, Trav'ling thro' this wil - der - ness.*

D.C.



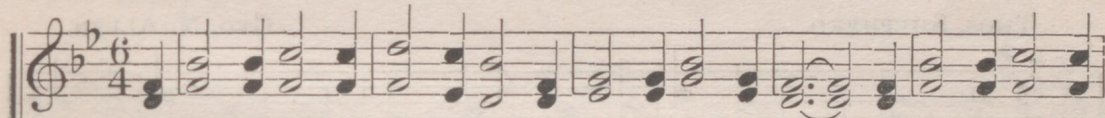
Let us each Thy love pos - sess - ing, Tri - umph in re - deem - ing grace.  
 May the fruits of Thy sal - va - tion In our hearts and lives a - bound.  
 Borne on an - gel's wings to hea - ven, God the sum - mons to o - bey.



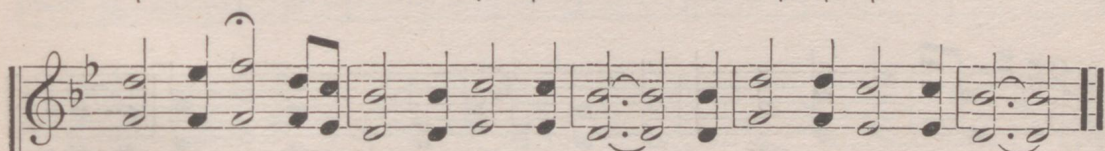
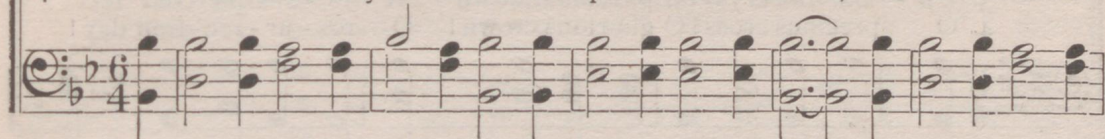
# No. 247. ORTONVILLE. C. M.

SAMUEL STENNETT.

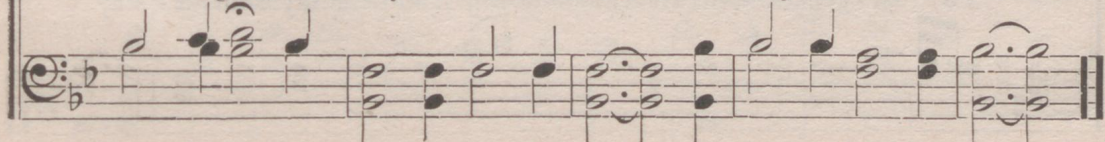
Dr. T. HASTINGS.



1. Ma - jes - tic sweetness sits enthroned Upon the Saviour's brow ; His head with radiant
2. No mortal can with Him compare, Among the sons of men ; Fairer is He than all
3. To Him I owe my life and breath, And all the joys I have ; He makes me triumph
4. Since from His bounty I receive Such proofs of love divine, Had I a thou - sand



glories crowned, His lips with grace o'er - flow, His lips with grace o'er - flow.  
 the fair That fill the hea - ven - ly train, That fill the heavenly train.  
 o - ver death, He saves me from the grave, He saves me from the grave.  
 hearts to give, Lord, they should all be Thine ; Lord, they should all be Thine.





No. 248.

HOPE. C. M.

A. STEELE.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1. Dear Ref - uge of my wea - ry soul, On Thee when sor - rows rise,  
 2. To Thee I tell each ris - ing grief, For Thou a - lone canst heal;  
 3. But oh, when gloom - y doubts pre - vail, I fear to call Thee mine;  
 4. Yet, gra - cious God, where shall I flee? Thou art my on - ly trust;  
 5. Thy mer - cy - seat is o - pen still, Here let my soul re - treat,

On Thee, when waves of trou - ble roll, My faint - ing hope re - lies.  
 Thy word can bring a sweet re - lief For ev - 'ry pain I feel.  
 The springs of com - fort seem to fail, And all my hopes de - cline.  
 And still my soul would cleave to Thee, Tho' pros - trate in the dust.  
 With hum - ble hope at - tend Thy will, And wait be - neath Thy feet.

No. 249. CROSS AND CROWN. C. M.

THOS. SHEPHERD.

GEO. N. ALLEN.

1. Must Je - sus bear the cross a - lone, And all the world go free?  
 2. The con - se - cra - ted cross I'll bear, Till death shall set me free;  
 3. Up - on the crys - tal pavement, down At Je - sus' pierc - ed feet,  
 4. O precious cross! O glo - rious crown! O res - ur - rec - tion day!

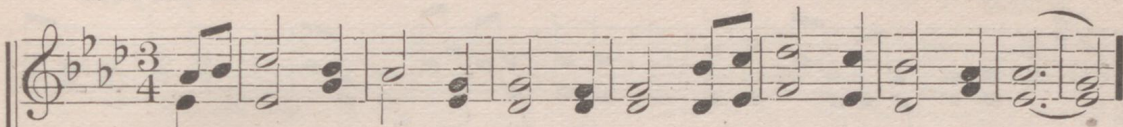
No, there's a cross for ev - 'ry one, And there's a cross for me.  
 And then go home my crown to wear, For there's a crown for me.  
 With joy I'll cast my gold - en crown, And His dear name re - peat.  
 Ye an - gels, from the stars come down, And bear my soul a - way.

No. 250.

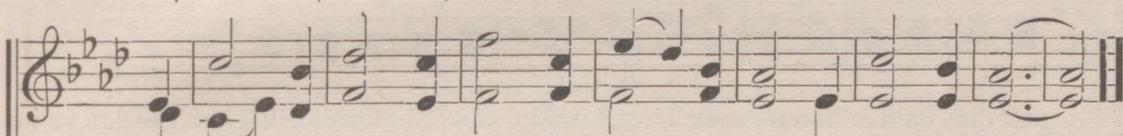
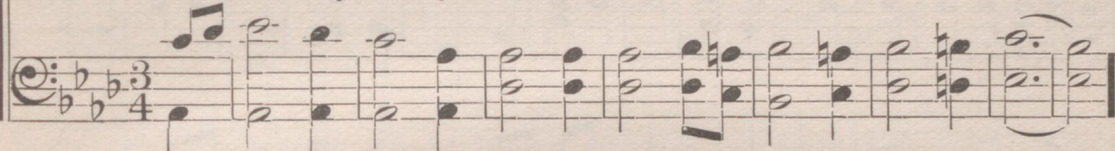
MANOAH. C. M.

S. STENNETT.

HAYDN.



1. Ma - jes - tic sweetness sits enthron'd Up - on the Saviour's brow ;
2. No mor - tal can with Him compare A - mong the sons of men ;
3. He saw me plung'd in deep dis - tress, And flew to my re - lief ;
4. To Him I owe my life and breath, And all the joy I have ;
5. To heav'n, the place of His a - bode, He brings my wea - ry feet ;
6. Since from Thy boun - ty I re - ceive Such proofs of love di - vine,



His head with ra - diant glo - ries crown'd, His lips with grace o'er - flow.  
 Fair - er is He than all the fair Who fill the heav'nly train.  
 For me He bore the shameful cross, And car - ried all my grief.  
 He makes me tri - umph o - ver death, And saves me from the grave.  
 Shows me the glo - ries of my God, And makes my joys com - plete.  
 Had I a thou - sand hearts to give, Lord, they should all be Thine.

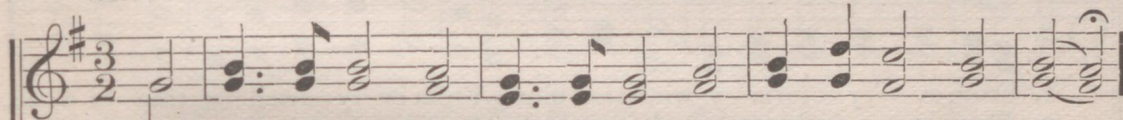


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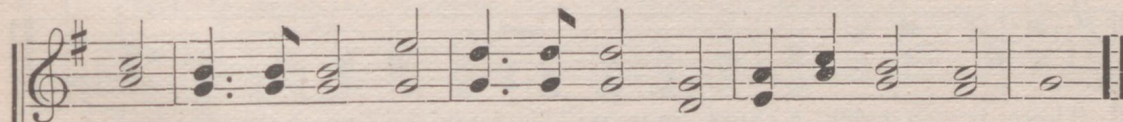
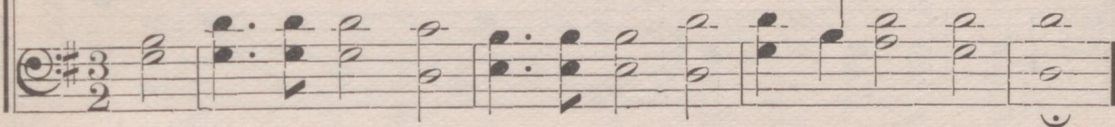
ARLINGTON. C. M.

WATTS.

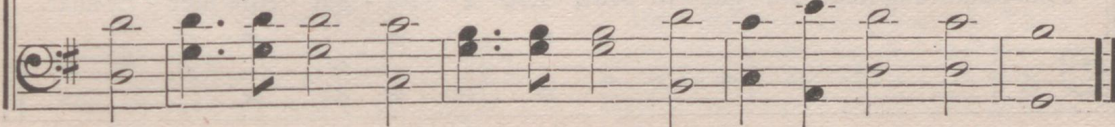
Dr. T. A. ARNE.



1. This is the day the Lord hath made ; He calls the hours His own :
2. To - day He rose, and left the dead, And Sa - tan's em - pire fell ;
3. Ho - san - na, to th'an - oint - ed King, To Da - vid's ho - ly Son :
4. Blest be the Lord, who comes to men With mes - sag - es of grace ;



Let heav'n re - joice, let earth be glad, And praise sur - round the throne.  
 To - day the saints His triumph spread, And all His won - ders tell.  
 Help us, O Lord ! de - scend and bring Sal - va - tion from Thy throne.  
 Who comes, in God His Fa - ther's name, To save our sin - ful race.



No. 252.

HENDON. 7s.

CHARLES WESLEY.

C. H. A. MALAN.

1. Lord, we come be-fore Thee now, At Thy feet we hum-bly bow; O, do not our  
 2. Lord, on Thee our souls depend; In compassion now descend; Fill our hearts with  
 3. In Thine own appointed way Now we seek Thee, here we stay; Lord, we know not  
 4. Send some message from Thy word That may joy and peace afford; Let Thy Spirit

suit dis - dain; Shall we seek Thee, Lord, in vain? Shall we seek Thee, Lord, in vain?  
 Thy rich grace, Tune our lips to sing Thy praise, Tune our lips to sing Thy praise.  
 how to go Till a bless-ing Thou be - stow, Till a blessing Thou bestow.  
 now im - part Full sal - va-tion to each heart, Full sal - va-tion to each heart.

No. 253.

RETREAT. L. M.

H. STOWELL.

THOS. HASTINGS.

1. From ev - 'ry storm - y 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 sense and sin mo - lest no more;  
 5. O let my hand for - get her skill, My tongue be si - lent, cold, and still,

*ritard.*

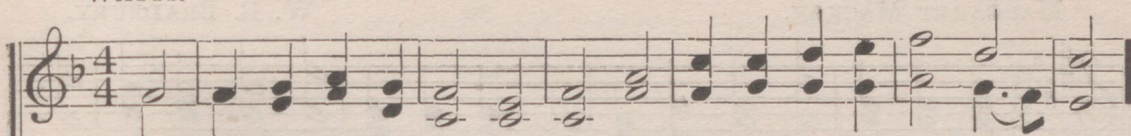
There is a calm, a sure re-treat; 'Tis found be - neath the mer - cy-seat.  
 A place than all be - sides more sweet; It is the blood - bought mer - cy-seat.  
 Tho' sun - dered far, by faith they meet A - round one com - mon mer - cy-seat.  
 And heav'n comes down our souls to greet, And glo - ry crowns the mer - cy-seat.  
 This bound - ing heart for - get to beat, Ere I for - get the mer - cy-seat.

No. 254.

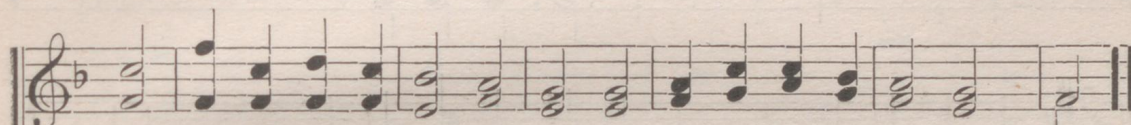
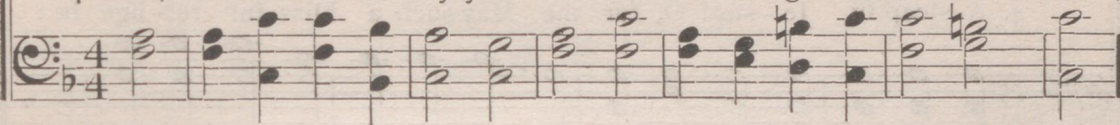
UXBRIDGE. L. M.

WATTS.

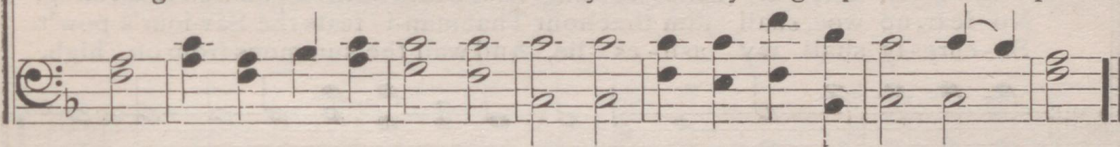
Dr. L. MASON.



1. Give thanks to God; He reigns a - bove; Kind are His tho'ts, His name is love;
2. From age to age ex - alt His name; God and His grace are still the same;
3. He feeds and clothes us all the way, He guides our footsteps lest we stray;
4. Oh, let the saints with joy re - cord The truth and goodness of the Lord;



His mer - cy a - ges past have known, And a - ges long to come shall own.  
 He fills the hun - gry soul with food, And feeds the poor with ev - 'ry good.  
 He guards us with a powerful hand, And brings us to the heav'nly land.  
 How great His works! how kind His ways! Let ev'ry tongue pronounce His praise.



No. 255.

NETTLETON. 8s & 7s.

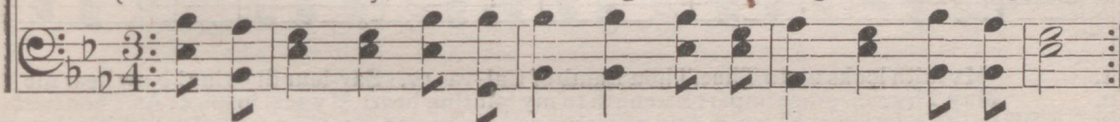
ROBERT ROBINSON.

JOHN WYETH.

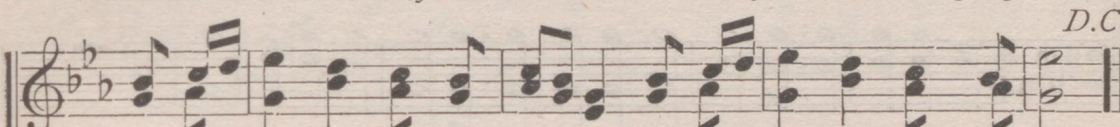
FINE.



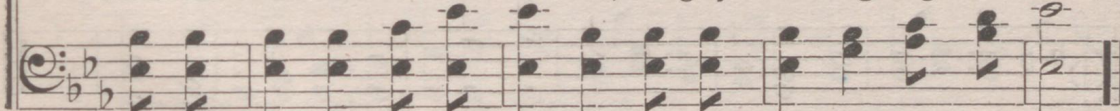
1. { Come, thou Fount of ev - 'ry bless - ing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace; }  
 { Streams of mer - cy, nev - er ceas - ing, Call for songs of loudest praise: }



*D.C. Praise the mount,—O, fix me on it,—Mount of God's un-chang-ing love.*



Teach me some me - lo-dious son-net, Sung by flam - ing tongues a - bove;



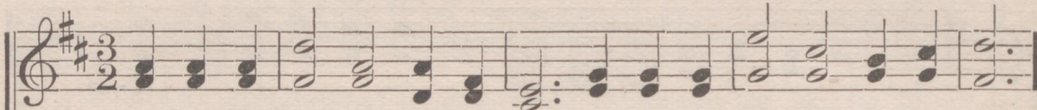
2. Here I raise my Ebenezer;  
 Hither by Thy help I'm come;  
 And I hope, by Thy good pleasure,  
 Safely to arrive at home:  
 Jesus sought me when a stranger,  
 Wandering from the fold of God;  
 He to save my soul from danger,  
 Interposed His precious blood.
3. O, to grace how great a debtor  
 Daily I'm constrained to be!  
 Let that grace, Lord, like a fetter,  
 Bind my wandering heart to Thee.  
 Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it;  
 Prone to leave the God I love;  
 Here's my heart; Lord, take and seal it,  
 Seal it from Thy courts above.

No. 256.

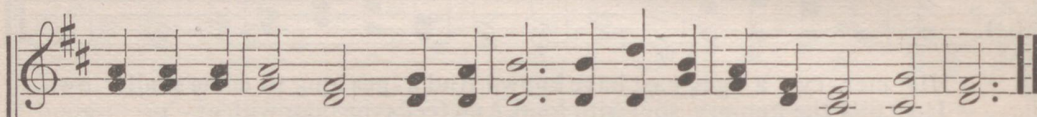
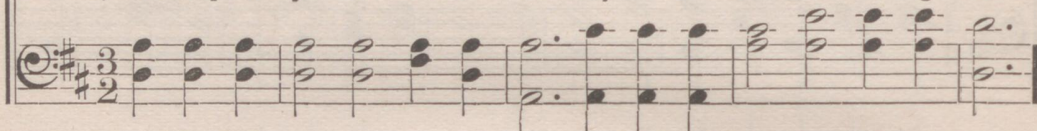
REST. L. M.

MARGARET MACKAY.

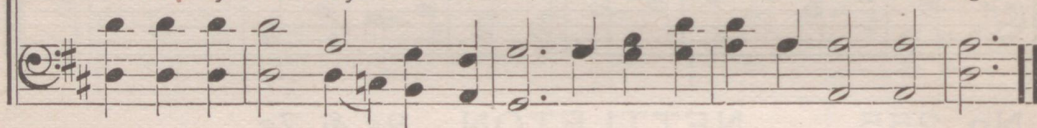
W. B. BRADBURY.



1. A-sleep in Je - sus! bless-ed sleep, From which none ever wake to weep;
2. A-sleep in Je - sus! O, how sweet To be for such a slum-ber meet!
3. A-sleep in Je - sus! peaceful rest, Whose waking is su-preme-ly blest:
4. A-sleep in Je - sus! O, for me May such a bliss-ful ref-uge be:



A calm and un - dis - turbed re - pose, Un - brok - en by the last of foes.  
 With ho - ly con - fi - dence to sing That death hath lost his venom'd sting.  
 No fear, no woe, shall dim that hour That man - i - fests the Sav - iour's pow'r.  
 Se - cure - ly shall my ash - es lie, And wait the summons from on high.

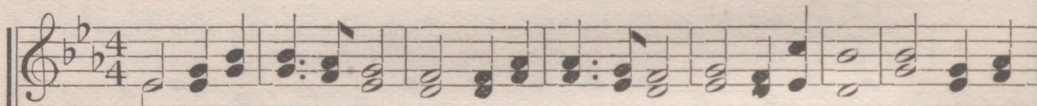


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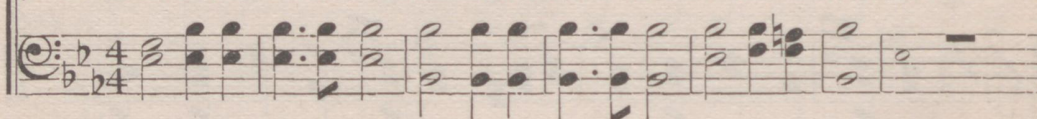
OLIVET. 6s & 4s.

RAY PALMER.

LOWELL MASON.



1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry, Sav - iour di - vine! Now hear me
2. May Thy rich grace impart Strength to my fainting heart, My zeal inspire; As Thou hast
3. While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs around me spread, Be Thou my guide: Bid darkness
4. When ends life's transient dream, When death's scold, sullen stream Shall o'er me roll, Blest Saviour!



while I pray, Take all my guilt a-way, O, let me from this day Be whol - ly Thine!  
 died for me, O may my love to Thee Pure, warm, and changeless be, A liv - ing fire!  
 turn to day, Wipe sorrow's tears away Nor let me ev - er stray From Thee a - side.  
 then, in love, Fear and dis - trust remove; O, bear me safe a - bove, A ransom'd soul!

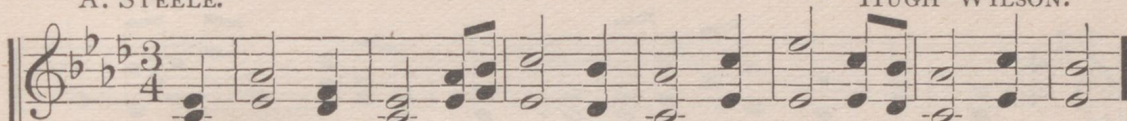


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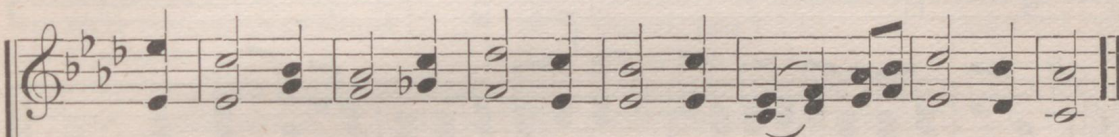
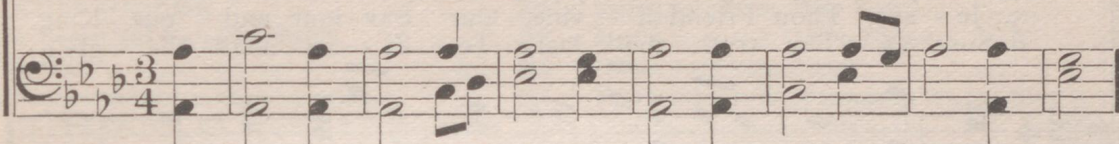
AVON. C. M.

A. STEELE.

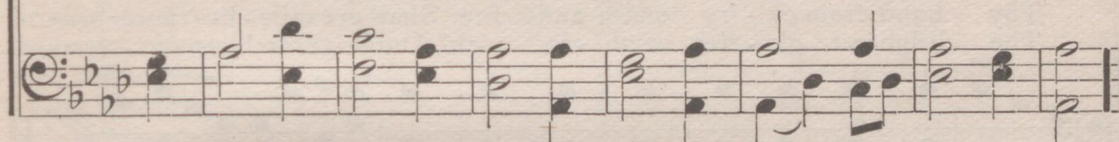
HUGH WILSON.



1. O Thou, whose ten - der mer - cy hears Con - tri - tion's hum - ble sigh;
2. See, Lord, be - fore Thy throne of grace, A wretch - ed wand'rer mourn;
3. And shall my guilt - y fears pre - vail To drive me from Thy feet?
4. Oh, shine on this be - night - ed heart, With beams of mer - cy shine!



Whose hand in - dul - gent wipes the tears From sor - row's weeping eye;—  
Hast Thou not bid me seek Thy face? Hast Thou not said—"Return?"  
Oh, let not this dear ref - uge fail, This on - ly safe re - treat!  
And let Thy heal - ing voice im - part The sense of joy di - vine.

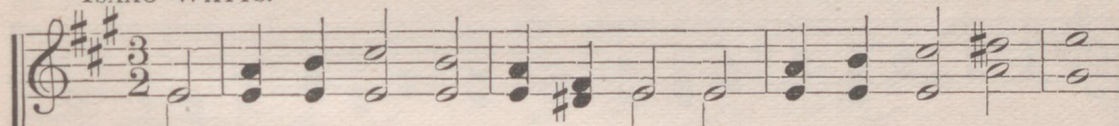


No. 259.

MELODY. C. M.

ISAAC WATTS.

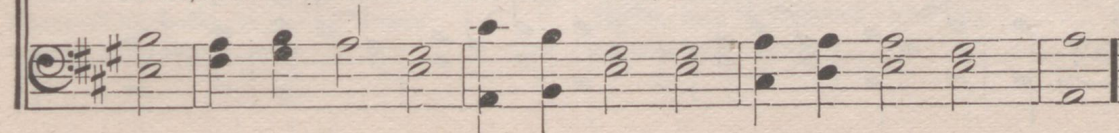
A. CHAPIN.



1. Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, heav'nly Dove, With all Thy quick - ning pow'rs;
2. Look, how we grov - el here be - low, Fond of those trif - ling toys;
3. In vain we tune our for - mal songs, In vain we strive to rise;
4. Dear Lord, and shall we ev - er live At this poor dy - ing rate?
5. Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, heav'nly Dove, With all Thy quick - ning pow'rs;



Kin - dle a flame of sa - cred love In these cold hearts of ours.  
Our souls can neith - er fly nor go To reach e - ter - nal joys.  
Ho - san - nas lan - guish on our tongues, And our de - vo - tion dies.  
Our love so faint, so cold to Thee, And Thine to us so great.  
Come, shed a - broad a Sav - iour's love, And that shall kin - dle ours.

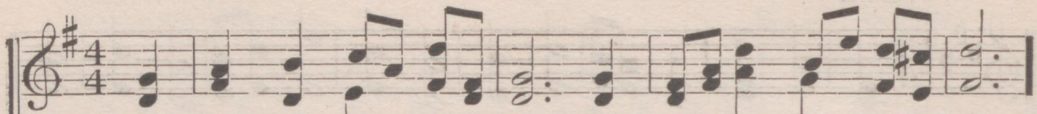


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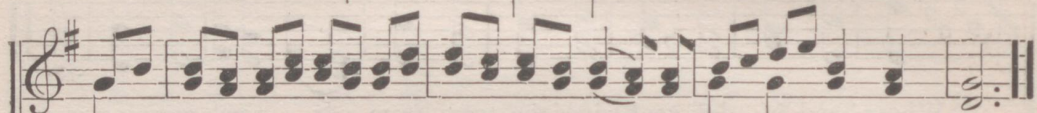
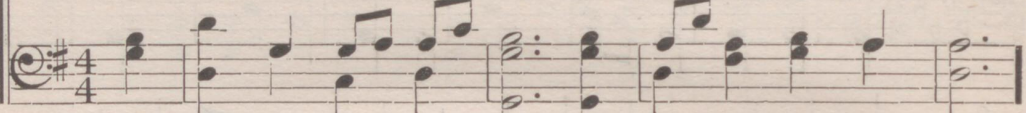
SHIRLAND. S. M.

TIMOTHY DWIGHT.

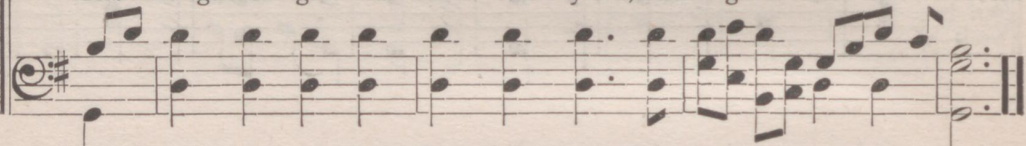
S. STANLEY.



1. I love Thy king - dom, Lord, The house of Thine a - bode,
2. I love Thy church, O God; Her walls be - fore Thee stand,
3. For her my tears shall fall, For her my pray'rs as - cend;
4. Be - yond my high - est joy I prize her heav'n - ly ways;
5. Je - sus, Thou Friend di - vine, Our Sav - iour and our King,
6. Sure as Thy truth shall last, To Zi - on shall be giv'n



The church our blest Re - deem - er saved With His own pre - cious blood.  
 Dear as the ap - ple of Thine eye, And gra - ven on Thy hand.  
 To her my cares and toils be giv'n Till toils and cares shall end.  
 Her sweet com - mun - ion, sol - emn vows, Her hymns of love and praise.  
 Thy hand from ev - 'ry snare and foe Shall great de - liv - rance bring.  
 The brightest glo - ries earth can yield, And brighter bliss of heaven.

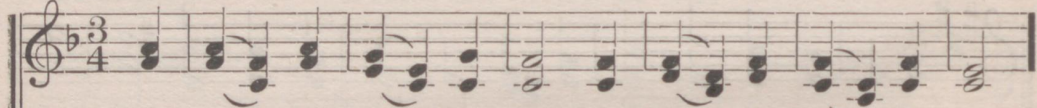


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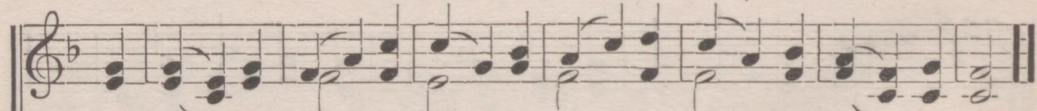
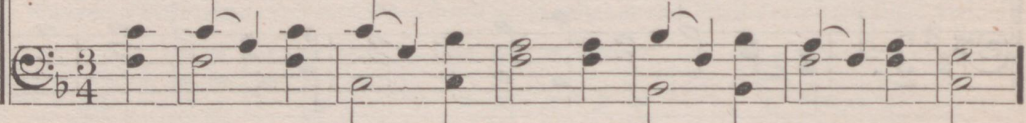
DENNIS. S. M.

JOHN FAWCETT.

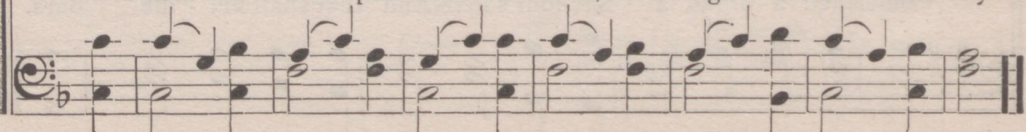
H. G. NAEGELI.



1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Chris - tian love;
2. Be - fore our Fa - ther's throne We pour our ar - dent pray'rs;
3. We share our mu - tual woes, Our mu - tual bur - dens bear;
4. When we a - sun - der part It gives us in - ward pain;
5. This glo - rious hope re - vives Our cour - age by the way;



The fel - low - ship of kin - dred minds Is like to that a - bove.  
 Our fears, our hopes, our aims, are one,—Our com - forts and our cares.  
 And oft - en for each oth - er flows The sym - pa - thiz - ing tear.  
 But we shall still be joined in heart, And hope to meet a - gain.  
 While each in ex - pec - ta - tion lives, And longs to see the day.



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Titles in small caps.

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