

DECEMNIAL
SONGS

A. J. SHOWALTER & EDWARD ROBERTS

PUBLISHED BY
THE A. J. SHOWALTER & EDWARD ROBERTS

W. H. MORRIS
NEW YORK

1873

Curg Canons book

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PERENNIAL SONGS:

A NEW COLLECTION

OF

HYMNS, TUNES, AND GOSPEL SONGS,

FOR

*SUNDAY SCHOOLS, CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR SOCIETIES,
EPWORTH LEAGUES, PRAYER AND GOSPEL
MEETINGS, AND ALL OTHER
OCCASIONS*

OF

CHRISTIAN WORK AND WORSHIP.

BY

A. J. SHOWALTER

AND

EDWARD ROBERTS.

PUBLISHED BY

THE A. J. SHOWALTER CO., DALTON, GA.

W. H. MORRIS,
APPLETON CITY, MO.

WM. BEERY,
HUNTINGDON, PA.

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P R E F A C E :

HAVING been personally connected with, and engaged in the work of Sunday Schools, Christian Endeavor Societies, Gospel Meetings, etc., we have long felt the need of just such a book as we have tried to make in compiling PERENNIAL SONGS.

This being the dispensation of the Holy Spirit we have sought to honor Him by giving more prominence to His gracious work than is to be found in other books of like character. In this respect, as well as in the general arrangement and complete supply of subjects, we think PERENNIAL SONGS superior to all other Sunday School and Gospel Song-books; and if it shall have as much of the Lord's blessing upon it as its preparation has had of our best thought and earnest prayers, it will not fail to accomplish the good whereunto it is sent.

In this connection we wish to record our thanks to Rev. Geo. F. Robertson, and Prof. C. H. Humphreys for valuable assistance rendered in the preparation of this work, and also to all others whose excellent compositions help to make it what it is. With this acknowledgement, and with a prayer for the Father's blessing upon these songs and all who sing them, we send forth PERENNIAL SONGS, firm in the belief that this, our latest effort in the cause of sacred song, will be crowned with success, and that it will be the means, under God, of doing much for the advancement of the Master's kingdom.

DALTON, GA., *October 20, 1891.*

A. J. SHOWALTER.
EDWARD ROBERTS.

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PERENNIAL SONGS.

No. 1. TO THEE, O COMFORTER DIVINE.

Miss F. R. HAVERGAL.

E. ROBERTS.

1. To Thee, O Com-fort - er Di - vine, For all Thy grace and
 2. To Thee, whose faith-ful love had place In God's great cov - e -
 3. To Thee, whose faith-ful voice doth win The wan - d'ring from the
 4. To Thee, whose faith-ful pow'r doth heal, En - light - en, sanc - ti -

power be - nign, Sing we Al - le - lu - ia, Glo - ry,
 nant of grace, Sing we Al - le - lu - ia, Glo - ry,
 ways of sin, Sing we Al - le - lu - ia, Glo - ry,
 fy and seal, Sing we Al - le - lu - ia, Glo - ry,

praise and hon - or; Guide, oh, guide us ev - er, A - men.

5 To Thee, our Teacher and our Friend,
 Our faithful Leader to the end,
 Sing we Alleluia, etc.

6 To Thee, by Jesus Christ sent down,
 Of all His gifts the sum and crown,
 Sing we Alleluia, etc.

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HOLY SPIRIT.

No. 2. OH, THOU THAT HEAREST PRAYER.

BURTON. Arr.

A. J. SHOWALTER, by per.

1. Oh, Thou that hearest prayer! Attend our humble cry; And let Thy servants
2. If earth - ly parents hear Their children when they cry; If they with love sin -
3. Our heavenly Fa - ther Thou, We children of Thy grace, Oh, let Thy presence
4. Oh, send Thy Spir - it down On all the nations, Lord, With great success to

REFRAIN.

share Thy bless - ing from on high. We plead Thy prom - ise
cere, Their children's wants sup - ply;
now De - scend and fill the place.
crown The teach - ing of Thy word.

now, O Lord, The promise of Thy word; De - scend ap -
now, O Lord, Thy promise, Lord, De - scend

on us from a - bove, And fill us with Thy love.
up - on us from Thy heav'nly courts a - bove,

No. 3.

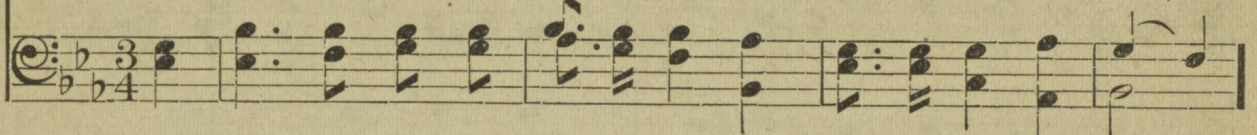
COME, BLESS US NOW.

WELMAN.
Ref. by E. R.

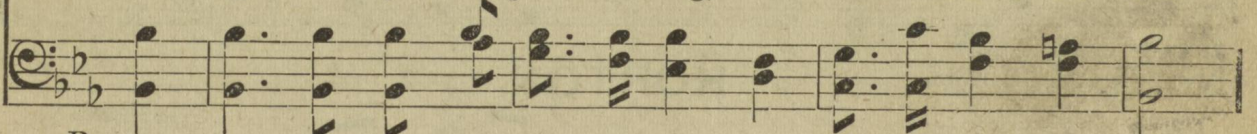
E. ROBERTS.



1. O Ho - ly Ghost, thy peo - ple bless Who long to feel Thy might,
2. To Thee we bring, who art the Lord, Our-selves to be Thy throne;
3. Life - giv - ing Spir - it, o'er us move, As on the form-less deep;
4. Great gift of our as - cend-ed King, His sav - ing truth re - veal;

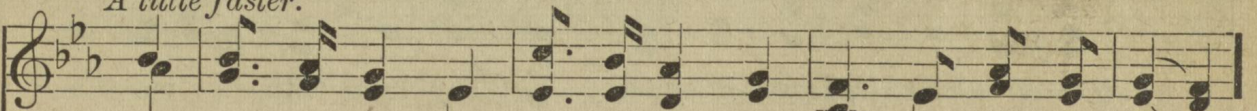


And fain would grow in ho - li - ness, As chil-dren of the light.
Let ev - 'ry thought and deed and word Thy pure do - min - ion own.
Give life and or - der, light and love, Where now is death or sleep.
Our tongues in - spire His praise to sing, Our hearts His love to feel.



REFRAIN.

A little faster.



Come, bless us now, Oh, bless us now, Thy pres - ence bid us feel;



In hum - ble - ness our souls would bow; Do Thou our spir - its heal.



5 True Wind of heaven, from south or
For joy or chastening blow; [north;
The garden-spices shall spring forth
If Thou wilt bid them flow.

6 O Holy Ghost of sevenfold might,
All graces come from Thee;
Grant us to know and serve aright,
One God in Persons Three.

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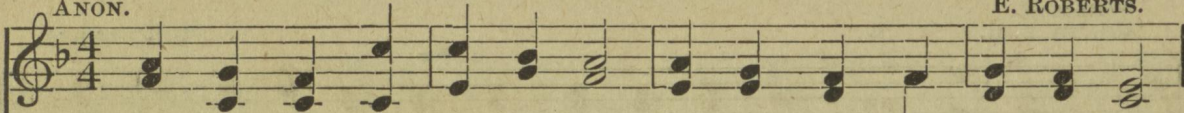
HOLY SPIRIT.

No. 4.

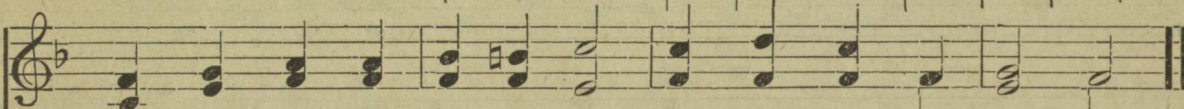
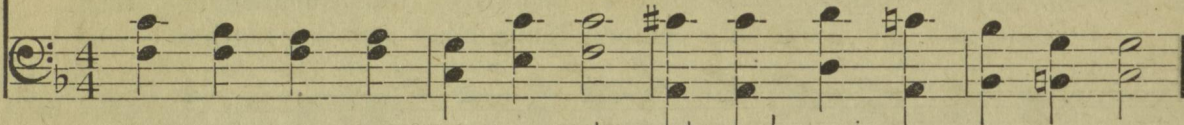
FIRE OF LOVE.

E. ROBERTS.

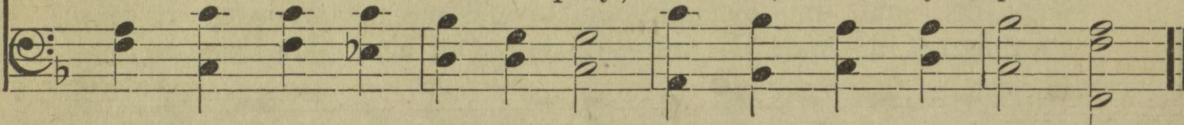
ANON.



- 1. Ho - ly Spir - it, Heav'n - ly Dove, Dew de - scend - ing from a - bove,
- 2. Come to raise us when we fall, And when snares our souls en - thral,
- 3. Come to strengthen all the weak, Give Thy cour - age to the meek,
- 4. Keep us in the nar - row way, Warn us when we go a - stray,



Breath of life, and fire of love, Hear us, Ho - ly Spir - it.
 Lead us back with gen - tle call; Hear us, Ho - ly Spir - it.
 Teach our faltering tongues to speak; Hear us, Ho - ly Spir - it.
 Plead with - in us when we pray; Hear us, Ho - ly Spir - it.

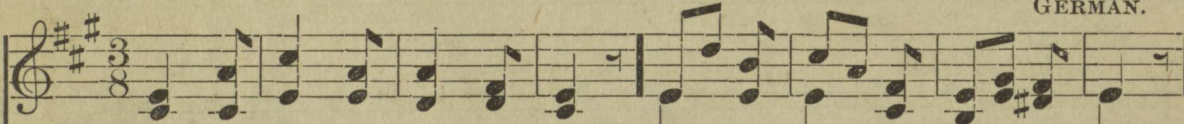


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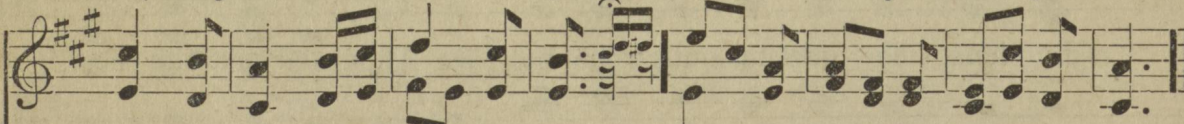
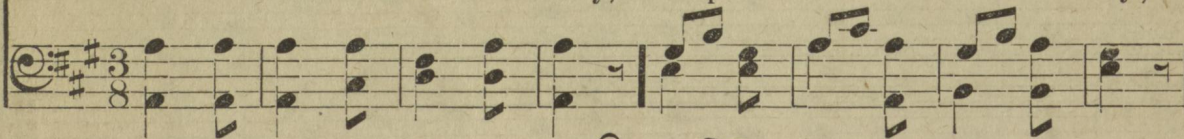
No. 5.

HORTON.

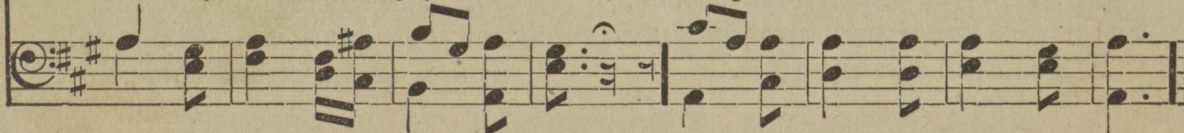
GERMAN.



- 1. Gra-cious Spir - it, Love di - vine! Let Thy light with - in me shine;
- 2. Speak Thy pard'ning grace to me, Set the bur - den'd sin - ner free;
- 3. Life and peace to me im - part, Seal sal - va - tion on my heart;
- 4. Let me nev - er from Thee stray, Keep me in the nar - row way;



All my guilt - y fears re - move, Fill me with Thy heav'nly love.
 Lead me to the Lamb of God; Wash me in His pre-cious blood.
 Breathe Thyself in - to my breast, — Ear - nest of im - mor - tal rest.
 Fill my soul with joy di - vine, Keep me, Lord! for - ev - er Thine.

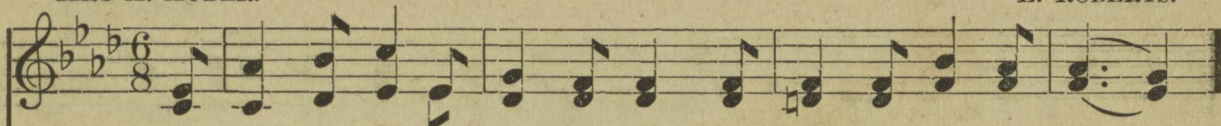


No. 6.

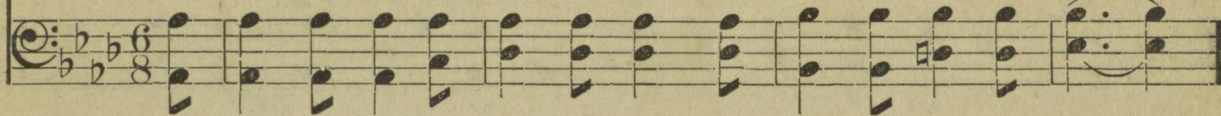
THE COMFORTER.

Miss A. AUBER.

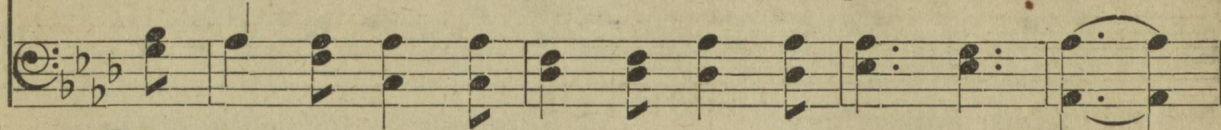
E. ROBERTS.



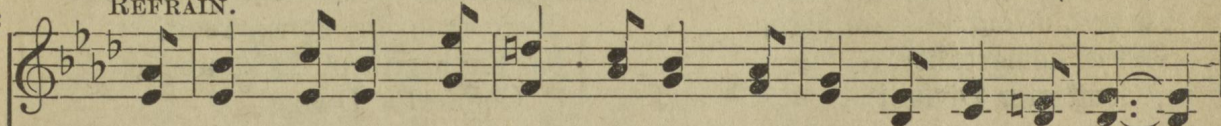
1. Our blest Re-deemer, ere He breathed His ten-der, last fare - well,
 2. He came in semblance of a dove With shel - ter-ing wings outspread,
 3. He came sweet influence to im - part, A gra-cious, will-ing guest,
 4. And His that gen-tle voice we hear, Soft as the breath of even,



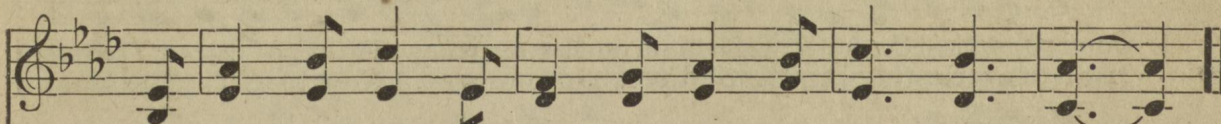
A guide, a com - fort - er bequeathed with us to dwell.
 The ho - ly balm of peace and love On earth to shed.
 While He can find one hum - ble heart Wherein to rest.
 That checks each tho't, that calms each fear, And speaks of heaven.



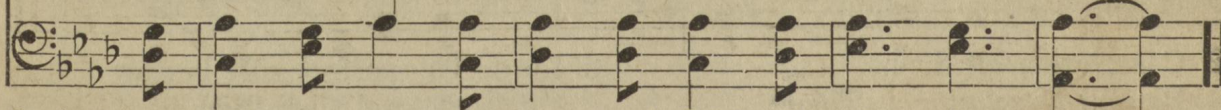
REFRAIN.



O Com - fort - er, sweet Com - fort - er, Come, dwell with - in my heart,



Di - rect, con - trol, Re - new the whole, But ne'er de - part.



5 And every virtue we possess,
 And every victory won,
 And every thought of holiness
 Are His alone.

6 Spirit of purity and grace,
 Our weakness, pitying, see;
 O make our hearts Thy dwelling-place,
 And meet for Thee.

HOLY SPIRIT.

No. 7.

WOODFORD.

ANON.

E. ROBERTS.

1. Ho - ly Ghost, the In - fi - nite, Shine up - on our na - ture's
 2. We are sin - ful, cleanse us, Lord; We are faint, Thy strength af -
 3. Like the dew, Thy peace dis - till; Guide, sub-due our way - ward
 4. In us, for us, in - ter - cede, And with voice-less groan - ing

night With Thy bless-ed in - ward light, Com - fort - er di - vine!
 ford; Lost, un - til by Thee re - stored, Com - fort - er di - vine!
 will, Things of Christ un - fold - ing still, Com - fort - er di - vine!
 plead Our un - ut - ter - a - ble need, Com - fort - er di - vine!

5 In us "Abba, Father," cry, 6 Search for us the depths of God;
 Earnest of our bliss on high, Bear us up the starry road,
 Seal of immortality, To the height of Thine abode,
 Comforter Divine! Comforter Divine!

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No. 8.

SPANISH HYMN.

Rev. A. T. RUSSELL.

SPANISH MELODY.

FINE.

D.C.

1. Come, O promised Comforter; Light upon our darkness pour; { Father of the poor Thou art; }
 D.C.—Light of everlasting Day! Lord, direct us on our way. { Now to us Thy gifts impart. }

2 Consolation all divine,
 Blessed Comforter, is Thine;
 Be our strength in weariness;
 Thou the weeping heart dost bless;
 Sweet repose in every toil,
 Thou dost all our griefs beguile.

3 Lord, Thy perfect gifts bestow
 On the fold of Christ below;
 Crown our days with heavenly grace,
 Help us when we close our race;
 Help us when we look to Thee;
 Grant us endless joy to see.

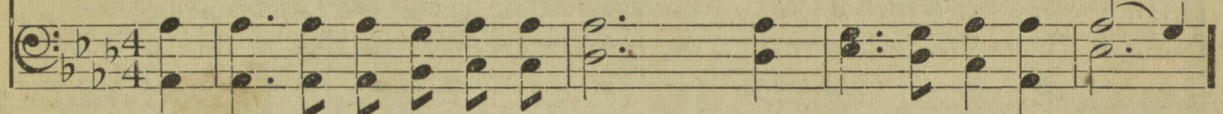
No. 9. DRAW ME CLOSE TO THEE.

WM. COOPER.
Ref. added.

H. K. ZELLONGER.



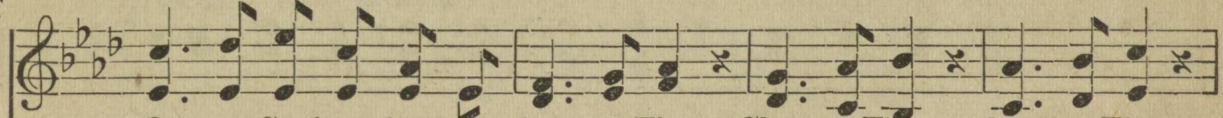
1. O for a clos-er walk with God, A calm and heav'nly frame,
2. Where is the blessedness I knew When first I saw the Lord?
3. What peaceful hours I once en-joyed, How sweet their memory still!
4. Re-t-urn, O Ho-ly Dove, re-t-urn! Sweet mes-sen-ger of rest;



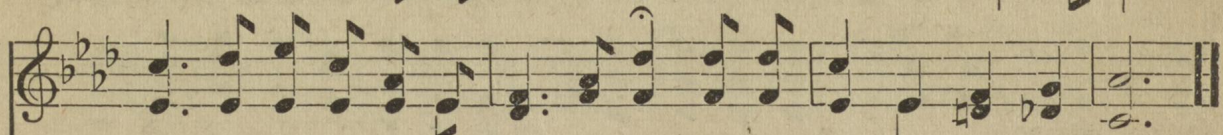
A light to shine up-on the road That leads me to the Lamb!
Where is the soul-refresh-ing view, Of Je-sus and His word?
But they have left an aching void, The world can nev-er fill.
I hate the sins that made Thee mourn, And drove Thee from my breast.



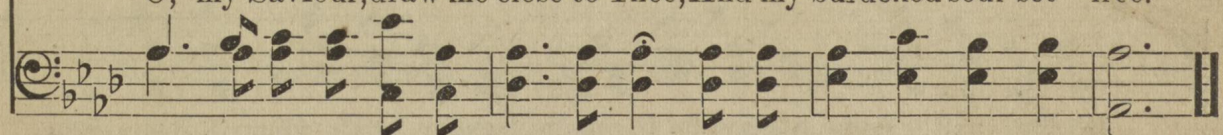
REFRAIN.



O, my Saviour, draw me close to Thee, Close to Thee, close to Thee,



O, my Saviour, draw me close to Thee, And my burdened soul set free.



5 The dearest idol I have known,
What e're that idol be,
Help me to tear it from Thy throne,
And worship only Thee.

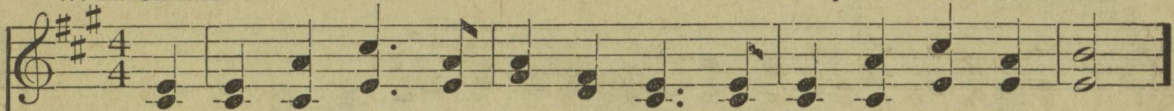
6 So shall my walk be close to God
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Land.

PRAISE.

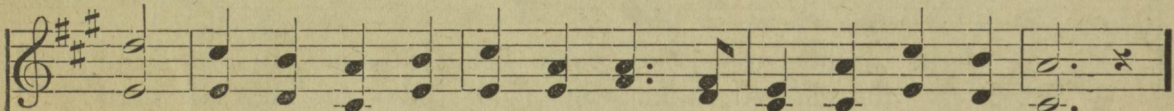
No. 10. BLESSED BE THE NAME.

W. H. CLARK.

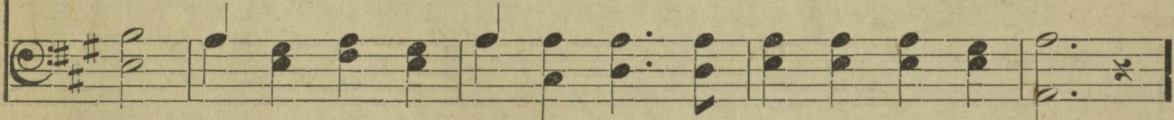
Arr. by WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. All praise to Him who reigns a - bove, In ma - jes - ty su - preme;
2. His name a - bove all names shall stand, Ex - alt - ed more and more,
3. Re - deem - er, Sav - iour, Friend of man; Once ruin - ed by the fall,
4. His name shall be the Coun - sel - lor, The might - y Prince of Peace,
5. The ran - somed hosts to Thee shall bring Their praise and homage meet;
6. Then shall we know as we are known, And in that world a - bove



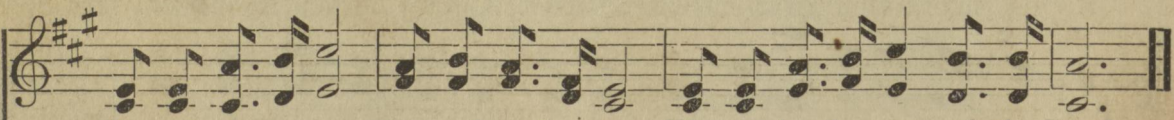
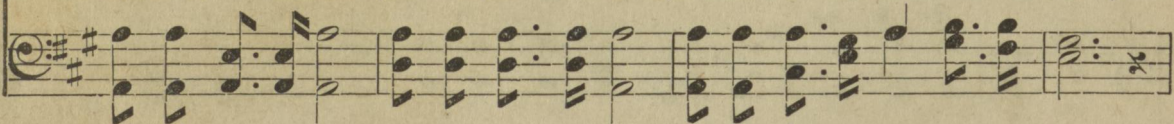
Who gave His Son for man to die, That He might man re - deem.
 At God the Fa - ther's own right hand, Where an - gel hosts a - dore.
 Thou hast de - vised sal - va - tion's plan, For Thou hast died for all.
 Of all earth's kingdom, Conquer - or, Whose reign shall nev - er cease.
 With rapturous awe a - dore their King, And worship at His feet.
 For - ev - er sing a - round the throne His ev - er - last - ing love.



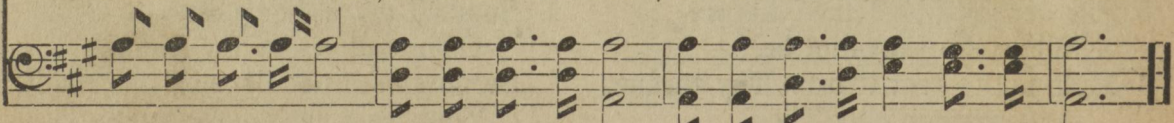
REFRAIN.



Blessed be the name, blessed be the name, Blessed be the name of the Lord;



Blessed be the name, blessed be the name, Blessed be the name of the Lord.



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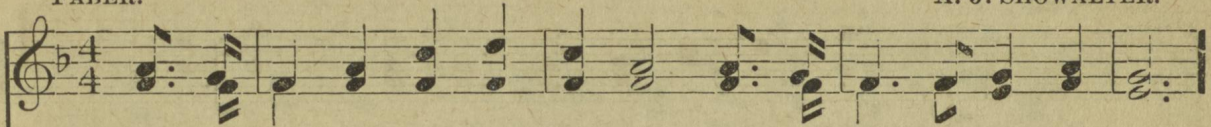
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No. 11.

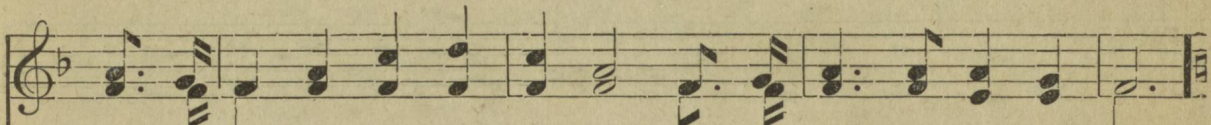
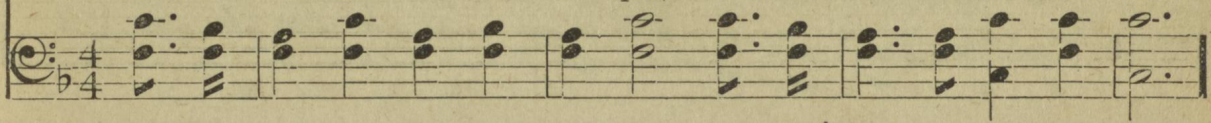
LOVE OF GOD.

FABER.

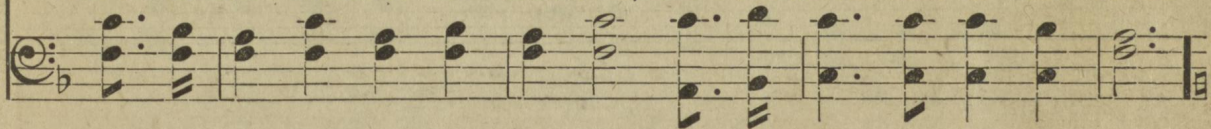
A. J. SHOWALTER.



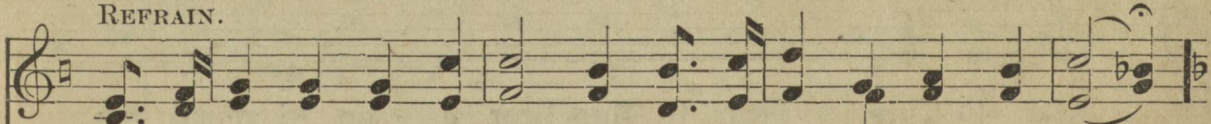
1. There's a wide-ness in God's mer-cy, Like the wide-ness of the sea;
2. There is wel-come for the sin-ner, And more gra-ces for the good;
3. There is no place where earth's sorrows, Are more felt than up in heav'n;
4. There is plen-ti-ful re-demption, In the blood that has been shed;
5. If our faith were but more sim-ple, We should take Him at His word,



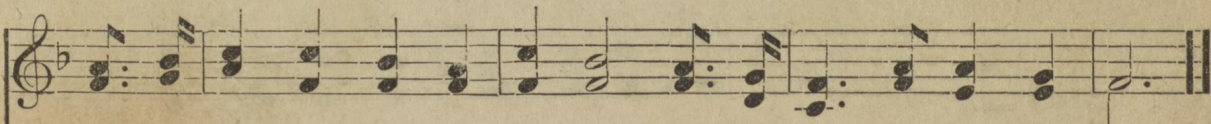
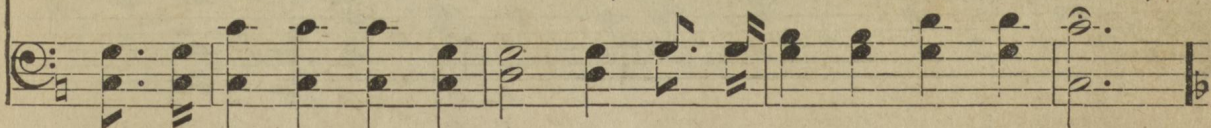
There's a kind-ness in His jus-tice, Which is more than lib-er-ty.
 There is mer-cy with the Sav-iour, There is heal-ing in His blood.
 There is no place where earth's failings, Have such kind-ly judg-ment giv'n.
 There is joy for all the mem-bers, In the sor-rows of the Head.
 And our lives would be all sun-shine, In the sweet-ness of our Lord.



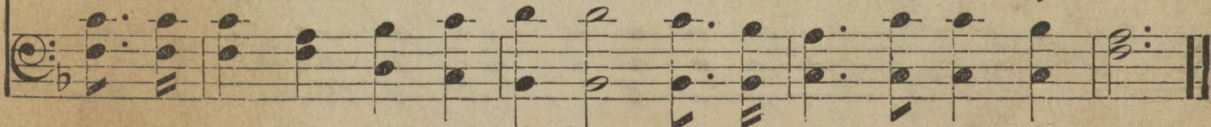
REFRAIN.



For the love of God is broad-er, Than the meas-ure of man's mind;



And the heart of the E-ter-nal Is most won-der-ful-ly kind.



HE CARES FOR ME.

No. 12.

NEAR TO THEE.

Rev. F. W. FABER, alt.
Ref. added.

E. ROBERTS.



1. Dear Je - sus, ev - er at my side, How lov - ing must Thou be,
2. I can - not feel Thee touch my hand, With pres - sure light and mild,
3. But I have felt Thee in my thoughts, Re - buk - ing sin for me;
4. And when, dear Sav - iour I kneel down, Morn - ing and night to prayer,



To leave Thy home in heav'n to guard A fee - ble one like me.
To check me as my moth - er did, When I was but a child.
And, when my heart loves God, I know The sweet - ness is from Thee.
Some - thing there is with - in my heart, Which tells me Thou art there.



REFRAIN.



Near to Thee, Near to Thee, Dear Je - sus, I would be;



The hosts of sin shall from me flee When I am near to Thee.



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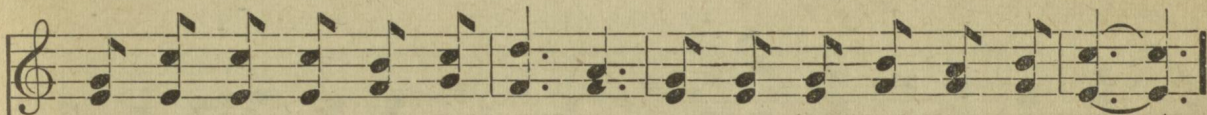
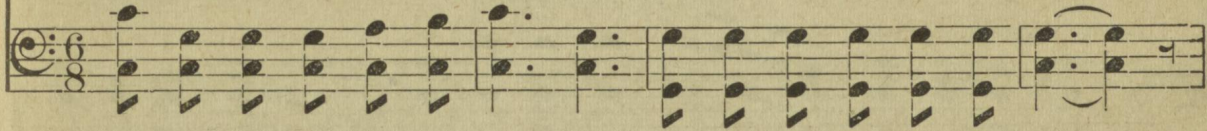
No. 13. PRAISE WE THE FATHER.

Mrs. ADALINE H. BEERY.

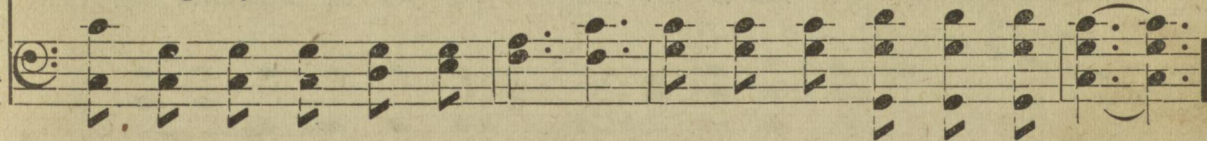
J. L. HEATH.



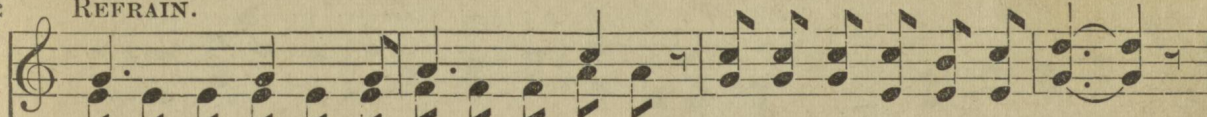
1. Boun-ti - ful Giv - er of good - ness, Fa-ther in heav-en a - bove,
 2. King of all na-tions and peo - ple, Free-ly we trust in Thy might;
 3. Mer - ci - ful Sav-iour of sin - ners, When in - to darkness we stray,



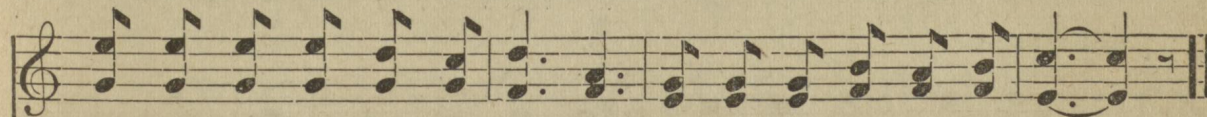
Ev - er en - dur - eth Thy mer - cy, Wide as the world is Thy love.
 Thou wilt de - fend us and keep us, Faith - ful - ly serv - ing the right.
 Lov - ing - ly Thou dost re - store us, Lead - ing us back to the day.



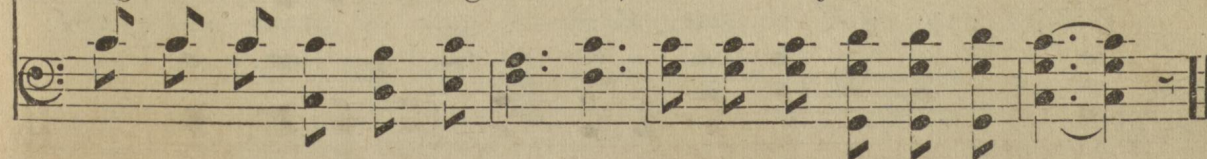
REFRAIN.



Praise we the Fa - ther, Laud and a-dore His blest name;
 Praise we the Father, yes, praise we the Father,



Sing of His sweet lov - ing-kind-ness, Ev - er re-joice in the same.

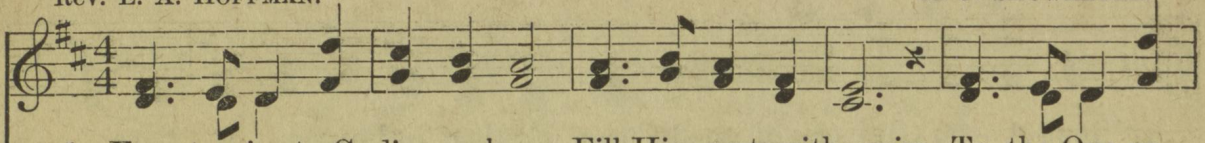


PRAISE AND PRAYER.

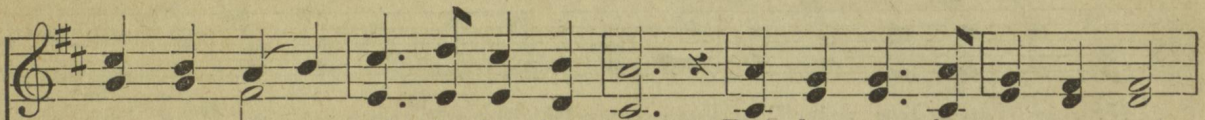
No. 14. GATE OF PRAISE AND PRAYER.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.

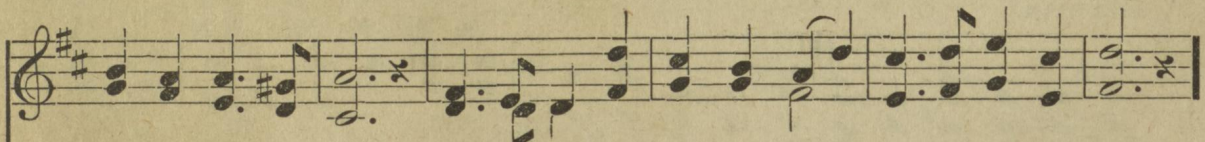
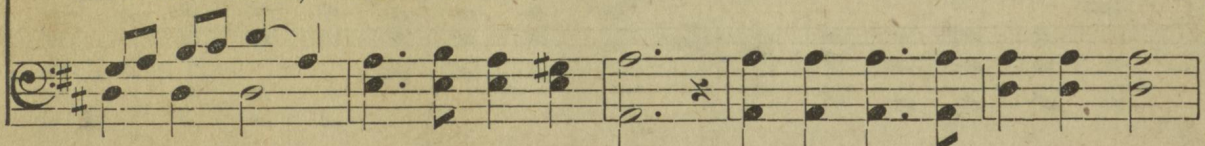
A. J. SHOWALTER.



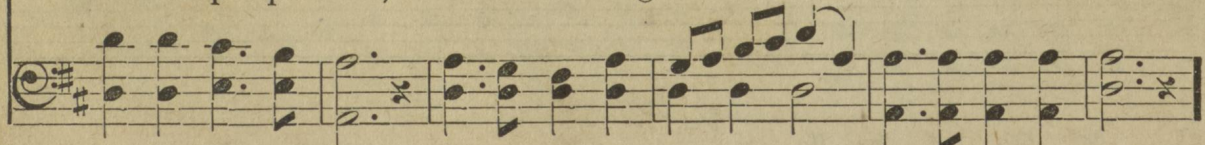
1. En - ter in - to God's own house, Fill His courts with praise; To the One up -
2. Here His peo-ple He will meet, Here He will be - stow Grace to help them
3. Oh! this place is like to heav'n, Such a peace is here! Hearts with fer-vent



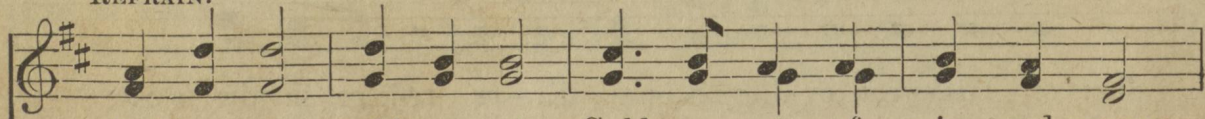
on the throne Al - le - lu - ias raise; Dai - ly at the mer - cy - seat,
in the toil Of their life be - low; This is God's own dwelling-place,
love are filled, Je - sus is so near! En - ter in with love and trust,



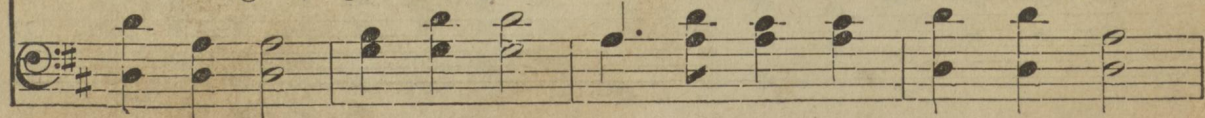
Praying, trusting, wait, Till His blessing He be - stow At the Golden Gate.
Here His children wait, Till His blessing He be - stow At the Golden Gate.
With His peo-ple wait, Till His blessing He be - stow At the Golden Gate.



REFRAIN.



Golden gate, gold - en gate, Gold - en gate of praise and prayer.



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EVENTIDE

GATE OF PRAISE AND PRAYER.

En - ter in, en - ter in, For the Lord will meet His peo - ple there.

No. 15.

EVENTIDE.

WILLIAM HENRY MONK.

1. A - bide with me; fast falls the ev - en - tide; The darkness
 2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day; Earth's joys grow
 3. I need Thy pres - ence ev - 'ry pass - ing hour; What but Thy
 4. I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless; Ills have no
 5. Hold Thou Thy cross be - fore my clos - ing eyes; Shine thro' the

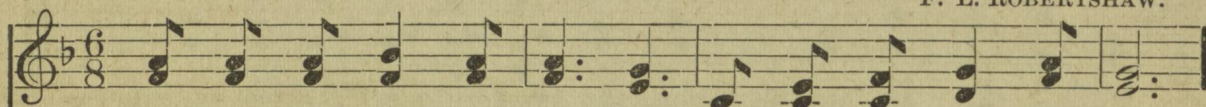
deep - ens; Lord, with me a - bide; When oth - er help - ers
 dim, its glo - ries pass a - way; Change and de - cay in
 grace can foil the tempter's power? Who like Thy - self my
 weight, and tears no bit - ter - ness; Where is death's sting? where,
 gloom and point me to the skies; Heaven's morn - ing breaks, and

fail, and com - forts flee, Help of the help - less, O a - bide with me.
 all a - round I see; O Thou who changest not, a - bide with me.
 guide and strength can be? Through cloud and sunshine, O a - bide with me.
 grave, thy vic - to - ry? I triumph still, if Thou a - bide with me.
 earth's vain shadows flee; In life, in death, O Lord, a - bide with me.

CHILDREN'S PRAISE.

No. 16. GOD, WHO HATH MADE THE DAISIES.

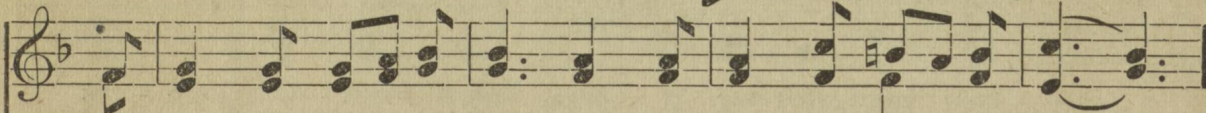
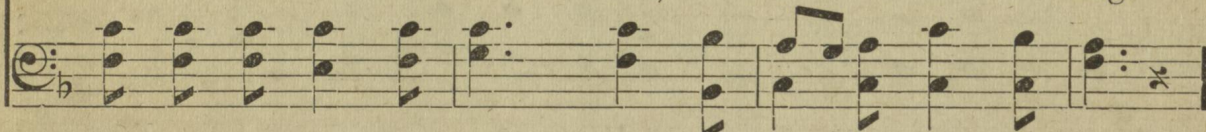
F. L. ROBERTSHAW.



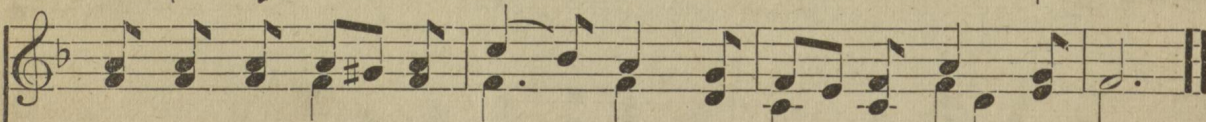
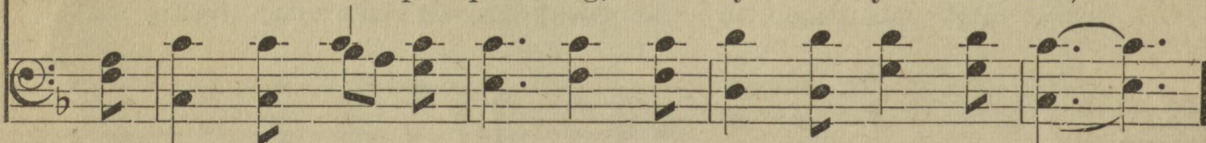
1. God, who hath made the dais - ies, And ev - 'ry love - ly thing,
 2. Tho' we are young and sim - ple, In praise we may be bold;
 3. Therefore we will come near Him, And sol - emn - ly we'll sing,



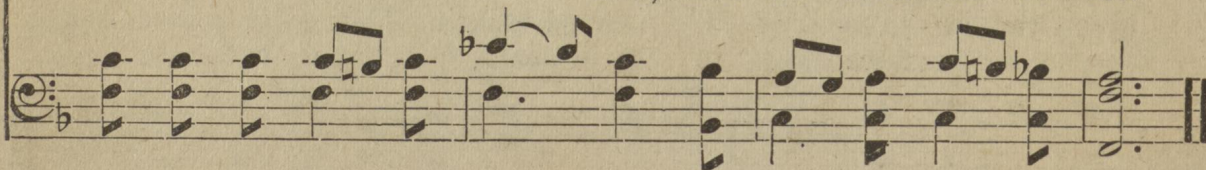
He will ac - cept our prais - es And heark-en while we sing;
 The chil - dren in the tem - ple, He heard in days of old.
 No cause to shrink or fear Him, We'll make our voi - ces ring.



He says, tho' we are sim - ple, Tho' ig - no - rant we be,
 And may our hearts be hum - ble; He says to you and me,
 For in our tem - ple speak - ing, He says to you and me,



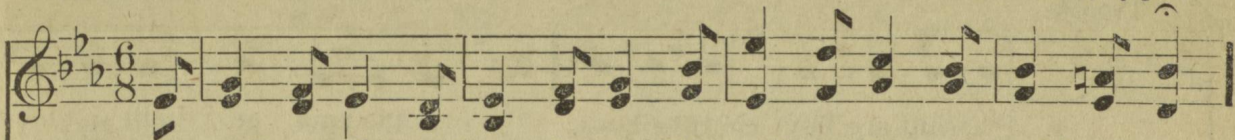
Suf - fer the lit - tle chil - dren, And let them come to me.
 Suf - fer the lit - tle chil - dren, And let them come to me.
 Suf - fer the lit - tle chil - dren, And let them come to me.



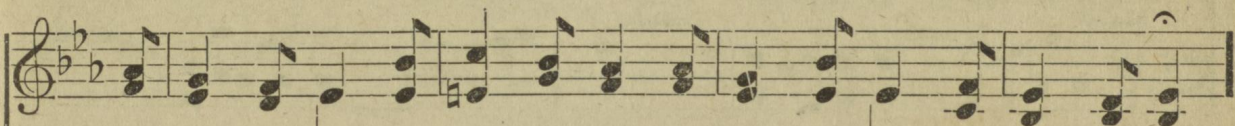
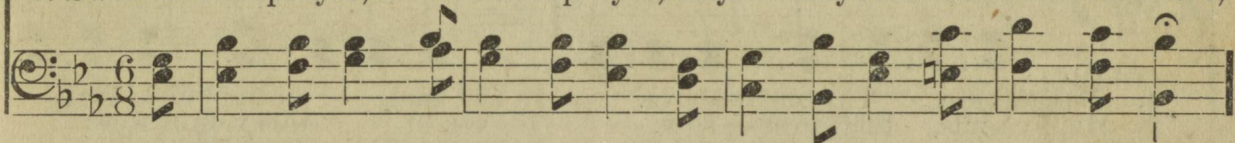
No. 17. SWEET HOUR OF PRAYER.

Rev. W. W. WALFORD.

E. ROBERTS, by per.



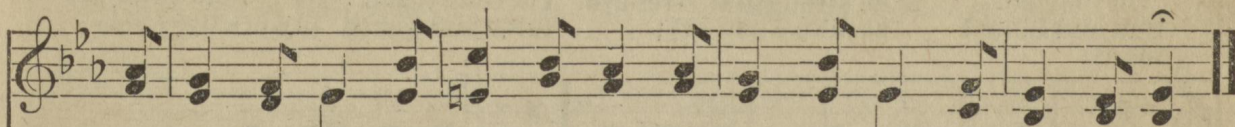
1. Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer, That calls me from a world of care,
2. Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer, Thy wings shall my pe - ti - tion bear,
3. Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer, May I Thy con - so - la - tion share,



And bids me at my Father's throne, Make all my wants and wish - es known.
To Him whose truth and faithful-ness, En-gage the wait - ing soul to bless.
Till from Mount Pisgah's loft - y height, I view my home and take my flight.



In sea - sons of dis - tress and grief, My soul has oft - en found re - lief;
And since He bids me seek His face, Be - lieve His word and trust His grace,
This robe of flesh I'll drop and rise, To seize the ev - er - last - ing prize,



And oft es - caped the tempter's snare, By thy re - turn, sweet hour of prayer.
I'll cast on Him my ev - 'ry care, And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.
And shout, while passing thro' the air, Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of prayer.



COURTS OF ZION.

No. 18. PLEASANT ARE THY COURTS.

Rev. H. F. LYTE.
TENOR.

CHARLES H. GABRIEL, by per.

1. Pleasant are Thy courts a-bove, In the land of light and love;
2. Hap-py souls, their prais-es flow, E-ven in this vale of woe;
3. Lord, be mine this prize to win; Guide me thro' a world of sin;

SOPRANO.

1. Pleasant are Thy courts above, In the land of light and love;
2. Happy souls, their praises flow, E-ven in this vale of woe;
3. Lord, be mine this prize to win; Guide me thro' a world of sin;

BASS.

Pleasant are Thy courts below, In this land of sin and woe;
Wa-ters in the des-ert rise, Man-na feeds them from the skies;
Keep me by Thy sav-ing grace: Give me at Thy side a place;

Pleasant are Thy courts below, In this land of sin and woe;
Waters in the des-ert rise, Manna feeds them from the skies;
Keep me by Thy sav-ing grace; Give me at Thy side a place;

SOPRANO.

Oh, my spir - it longs and faints For the con - verse of Thy saints,
On they go from strength to strength, Till they reach Thy throne at length;
Sun and Shield a - like Thou art; Guide and guard my err-ing heart;

ALTO.

Oh, my spir - it longs and faints For the con - verse of Thy saints,
On they go from strength to strength, Till they reach Thy throne at length;
Sun and Shield a - like Thou art; Guide and guard my err-ing heart;

TENOR.

BASS.

PLEASANT ARE THY COURTS.

rit.

For the bright - ness of Thy face, King of glo - ry, God of grace.
At Thy feet a - dor - ing fall, Who hast led them safe thro' all.
Grace and glo - ry flow from Thee, Show'r oh, show'r them, Lord, on me.

For the brightness of Thy face, King of glo - ry, God of grace.
At Thy feet a - dor - ing fall, Who hast led them safe thro' all.
Grace and glo - ry flow from Thee, Show'r oh, show'r them, Lord, on me.

No. 19.

WOODSTOCK.

DEODATUS DUTTON, Jr.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>1 I love to steal awhile away
From every cumb'ring care,
And spend the hours of setting day
In humble, grateful prayer.</p> <p>2 I love, in solitude, to shed
The penitential tear;
And all His promises to plead
Where none but God can hear.</p> <p>3 I love to think on mercies past,
And future good implore;</p> | <p>And all my cares and sorrows cast
On Him whom I adore.</p> <p>4 I love by faith, to take a view
Of brighter scenes in heaven;
The prospect doth my strength renew,
While here by tempests driven.</p> <p>5 Thus, when life's toilsome day is o'er,
May its departing ray
Be calm as this impressive hour,
And lead to endless day.</p> |
|--|---|

No. 20.

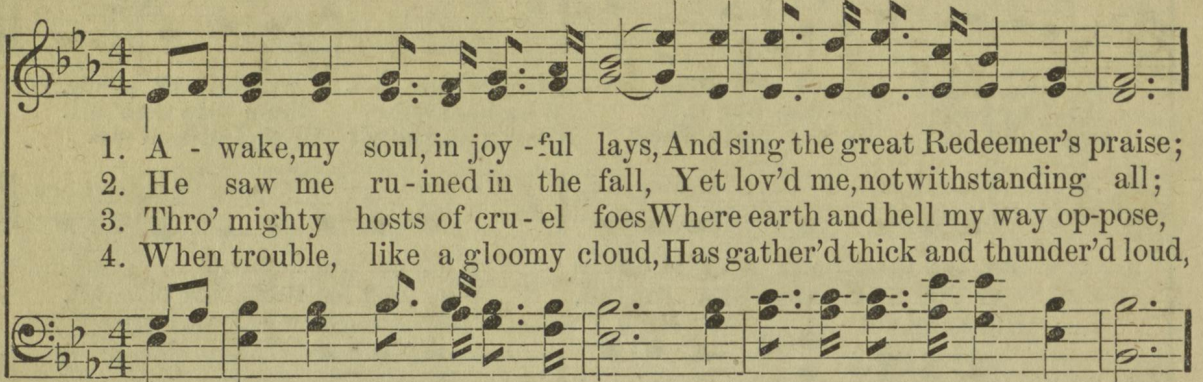
- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>1 How sweet and heavenly is the sight,
When those that fear the Lord,
In mutual love and peace unite,
And thus fulfill His word.</p> <p>2 When each can feel his brother's sigh,
And with him bear a part;
When sorrow flows from eye to eye,
And joy from heart to heart.</p> | <p>3 When love in one delightful stream
Through every bosom flows,
And union sweet, with fond esteem,
In every action glows.</p> <p>4 Love is the golden chain that binds
The happy souls above;
And he's an heir of heaven that finds
His bosom filled with love.</p> |
|---|--|

PRAISE.

No. 21.

JOYFUL LAYS.

E. ROBERTS, by per.

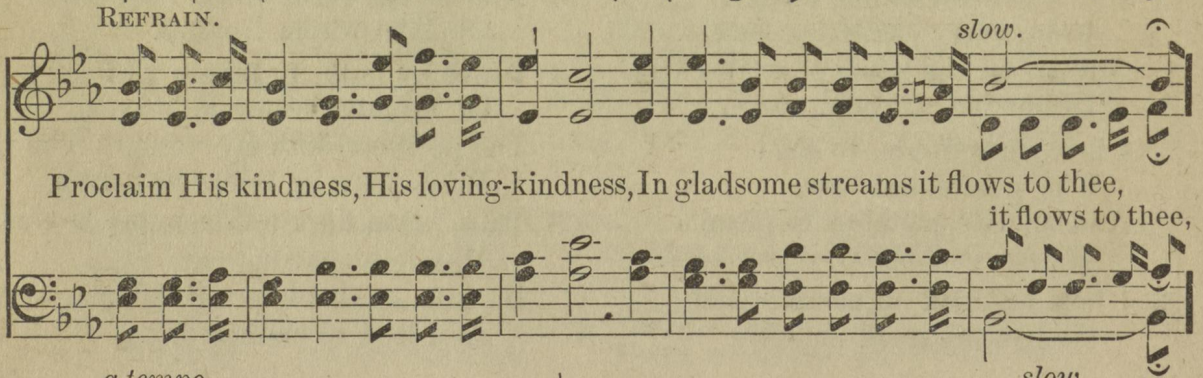


1. A - wake, my soul, in joy - ful lays, And sing the great Redeemer's praise;
2. He saw me ru - ined in the fall, Yet lov'd me, notwithstanding all;
3. Thro' mighty hosts of cru - el foes Where earth and hell my way op - pose,
4. When trouble, like a gloomy cloud, Has gather'd thick and thunder'd loud,



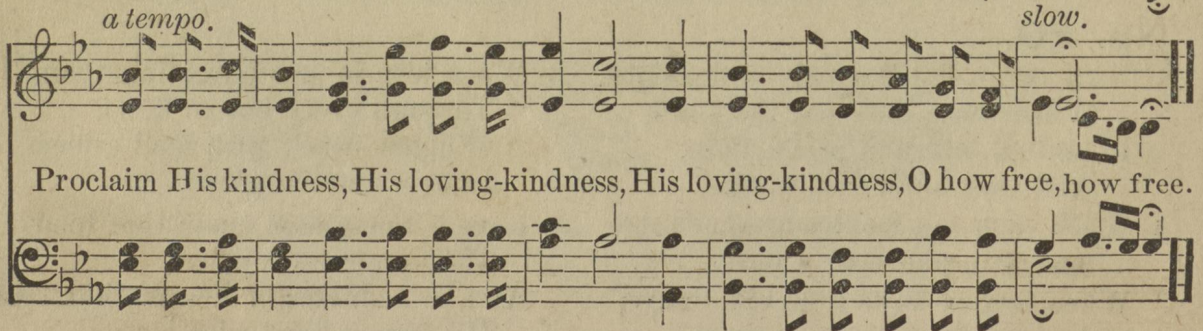
He just - ly claims a song from me, His lov - ing - kind - ness is so free.
He saved me from my lost es - tate, His lov - ing - kind - ness is so great.
He safe - ly leads my soul a - long, His lov - ing - kind - ness is so strong.
He, near my soul, has al - ways stood, His lov - ing - kind - ness is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

REFRAIN.



Proclaim His kindness, His loving-kindness, In gladsome streams it flows to thee,
it flows to thee,

a tempo.



Proclaim His kindness, His loving-kindness, His loving-kindness, O how free, how free.

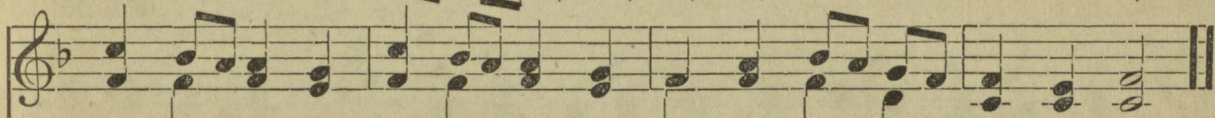
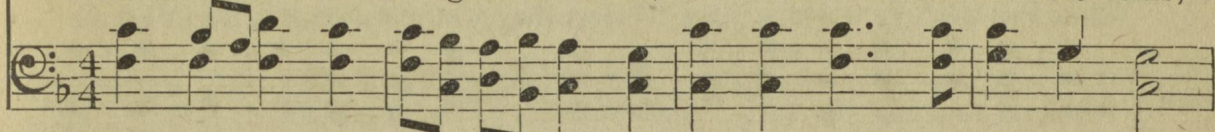
No. 22.

EVENING PRAYER.

E. ROBERTS, by per.



1. Sav - iour, breathe an even - ing bless - ing, Ere re - pose our spir - its seal;
2. Tho' de - struction walk a - round us, Tho' the ar - row past us fly,
3. Tho' the night be dark and drear - y, Dark - ness can - not hide from Thee;
4. Should swift death this night o'ertake us, And our couch be - come our tomb,



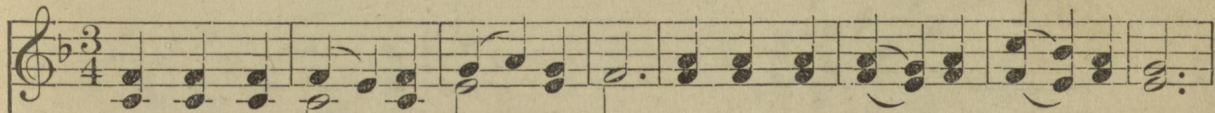
Sin and want we come confess - ing, Thou canst save and Thou canst heal.
 An - gel - guards from Thee surround us, We are safe, if Thou art nigh.
 Thou art He, who nev - er wea - ry, Watchest where Thy peo - ple be.
 May the morn in heav'n a - wake us, Clad in light and death - less bloom.



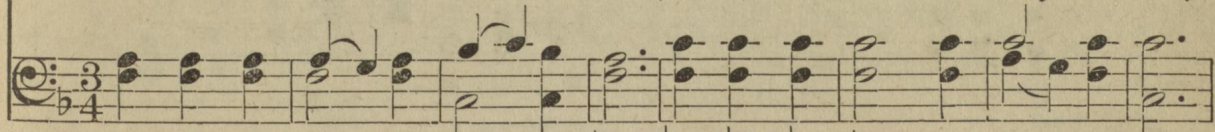
No. 23.

HURSLEY.

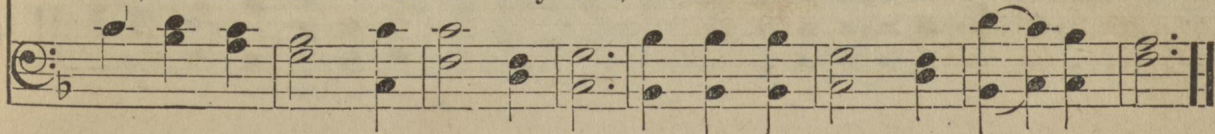
ARR. by MONK.



1. Sun of my soul, Thou Sav - iour dear, It is not night if Thou be near;
2. When the soft dews of kind - ly sleep My wearied eye - lids gen - tly steep,
3. A - bide with me from morn till eve, For without Thee I can - not live;
4. Come near and bless us when we wake, Ere thro' the world our way we take,



Oh, may no earth - born cloud a - rise To hide Thee from Thy ser - vant's eyes.
 Be my last thought, how sweet to rest For - ev - er on my Sav - iour's breast.
 A - bide with me when night is nigh, For without Thee I dare not die.
 Till, in the o - cean of Thy love, We lose our - selves in heav'n a - bove.



GREETING.

No. 24.

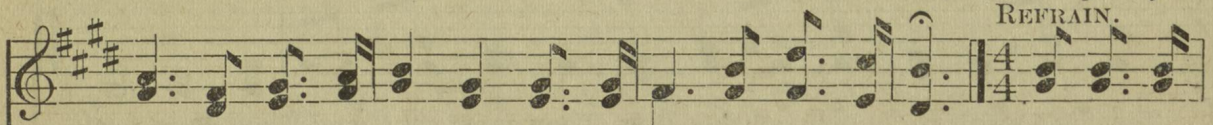
WE MEET AGAIN.

ANON.

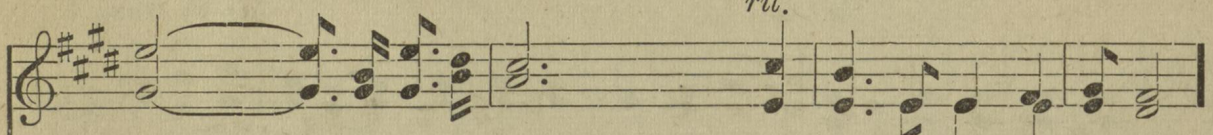
E. ROBERTS.



1. Joyful words — we meet a-gain! Love's own language comfort bringing; Tho' we
2. While we walk this vale of tears, Compassed round with care and sorrow, Gloom to-
3. Far in ex - ile, when we roam, O'er our lost endearments weeping, Lonely,
4. When this wea - ry world is past, Happy they, whose spirits, soaring, Vast e -



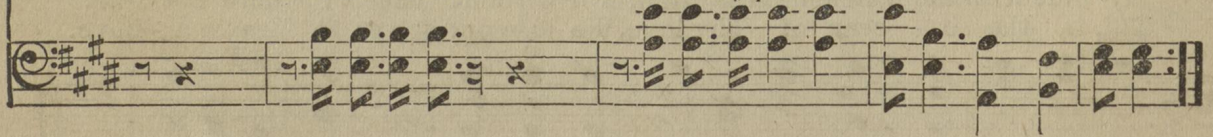
part, our hearts keep singing, We but part to meet a - gain. We meet a -
 day and storm to-mor-row, "Meet again!" our bos - om cheers.
 si - lent vig - ils keep - ing, "Meet again!" transports us home.
 ter - ni - ty ex - plor - ing, "Meet again!" in heav'n at last.



gain! we meet a-gain! And yet how soon to sev - er!
 We meet again! We meet again!



But when we reach the heav'nly plain, There shall be parting never.
 But when we reach the heav'nly plain,



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By per. of J. E. Rankin.

No. 25.

GOD BE WITH YOU.

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

J. E. RANKIN, D. D.

W. G. TOMER.

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

With His sheep se - cure-ly fold you; God be with you till we meet a-gain!
 Dai - ly man-na still pro-vide you; God be with you till we meet a-gain!
 Put His lov-ing arms around 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!

By per. of J. E. Rankin.

REFRAIN.

Till we meet! Till we meet! Till we meet at Je - sus' feet;
 Till we meet! Till we meet again! Till we meet!

Till we meet! Till we meet! God be with you till we meet again!
 Till we meet! Till we meet again!

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ADVENT.

No. 26.

RING THE CHRISTMAS BELLS.

ANON.

E. P. AMBROSE.

1. Ring the bells, the Christmas bells, Chime out the wondrous story ; First in song on
2. Wise men hastened from the East To bring their richest treasures, Gold and myrrh and
3. Earthly crowns were not for Him ; He came God's love revealing ; On the cross He

an - gel tongues It came from realms of glory ; Peace on earth, good-will to men, An-
frank-in-cense, And jew-els without measure ; Him they sought al-tho' a King, They
died for us, His blood forgiveness sealing ; 'T is the Saviour promised long, Ring

gel - ic voic - es ring - ing, Christ the Lord to earth has come His glorious mes-sage
found in birth-place low-ly, There within a man-ger lay, The babe so pure and
out your loudest prais-es ; Ev - 'ry heart this happy day, Its grate-ful an - them

REFRAIN.

bring-ing. Ring the mer-ry, mer-ry Christmas bells, Chime out the wondrous story ;
ho - ly.
rais - es.

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RING THE CHRISTMAS BELLS.

JOY.

Repeat Ref. pp.

Glo - ry be to God, to God on high, For ev - er - more be glo - ry.

No. 27.

ANTIOCH.

Rev. ISAAC WATTS.

Arr. by LOWELL MASON.

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

heart pre - pare Him room, And heav'n and na - ture sing, And
 floods, rocks, hills and plains Re - peat the sound - ing joy.
 make His bless - ings flow Far as the curse is found.
 of His righteous - ness, And won - ders of His love.

And heav'n and na - ture

heav'n and na - ture sing, and heav'n, And heav'n and na - ture sing.
 sing, And heav'n and na - ture sing,

ADVENT.

No. 28. SHINE ON, BEAUTIFUL STAR.

Mrs. H. E. JONES.

J. H. TENNEY, by per.

1. How the bright angels sing since the Christ came to earth! How the bells gladly ring
2. Let us join in the song of the an - gels so bright, Our sweet anthem prolong
3. Shine, O star of the night, while the glad angels sing; For the earth there is light,

o'er the won - der - ful birth! See the wise from a - far find the low cra - dle-bed
for the gift of the night; The Redeem - er is nigh, sound His praise near and far;
For the na - tions a King! For the sin - ner a Friend, sound the news near and far;

CHORUS.
By the light of the star shin - ing bright o - ver - head! Shine on, shine
"There's a star in the sky," yes, a won - der - ful star!
As our prais - es as - cend, shine, oh, shine, wondrous star! Shine on,

on, beau - ti - ful star, beau - ti - ful star of the night! Shine
shine on, beau - ti - ful star,

SHINE ON, BEAUTIFUL STAR.

on, shine on, fill the earth with thy light, Shine on, beau-ti-ful star!
 shine on, shine on,

shine on.
 Shine on, shine on, beau-ti-ful star, shine on, beau-ti-ful star, shine on.
 beau-ti-ful star, shine on,
 shine on.

No. 29. BETHLEHEM'S SONG.

E. ROBERTS.

1. Bless-ed night when Bethlehem's plain Echoed with the joy-ful strain,
2. Hap-py shep-herds, on whose ear, Fell the ti-dings glad and clear,
3. Thus re-vealed to shep-herds' eyes, Hid-den from the great and wise,
4. Ent'-ring by the nar-row door, Laid up-on the rock-y floor,

Peace has come to earth a-gain, Al-le-lu-ia, A-men.
 God to man is draw-ing near, Al-le-lu-ia, A-men.
 Ent'ring earth in low-ly guise, Al-le-lu-ia, A-men.
 Placed in yon-der man-ger poor, Al-le-lu-ia, A-men.

- 5 We adore Thee as our King,
 And to Thee our songs we sing,
 Our best off'rings to Thee bring;
 Alleluia, Amen.
- 6 Mighty King of righteousness,
 King of glory, King of peace,
 Never shall Thy kingdom cease!
 Alleluia, Amen.

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ADVENT.

No. 30.

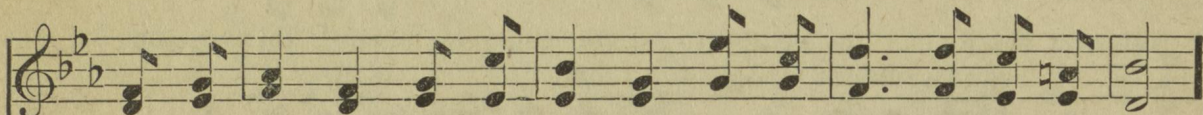
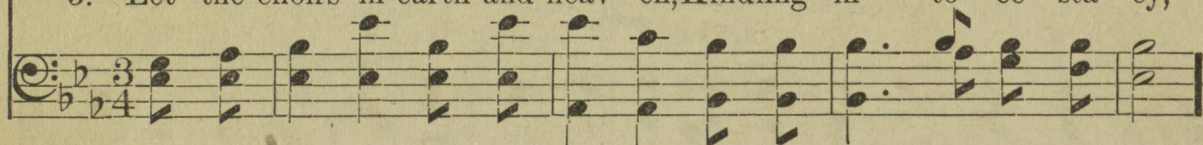
GLORY BE TO THEE.

Rev. A. R. THOMPSON, D. D.

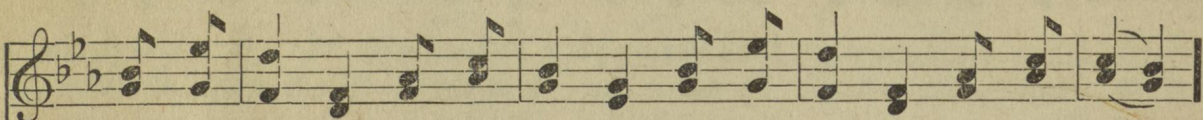
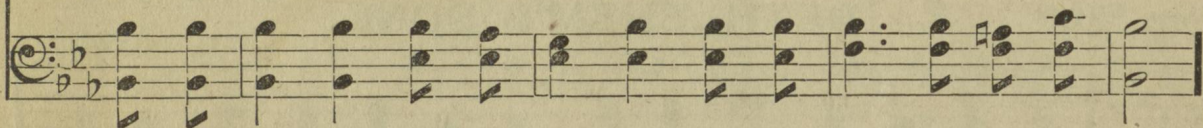
J. H. TENNEY.



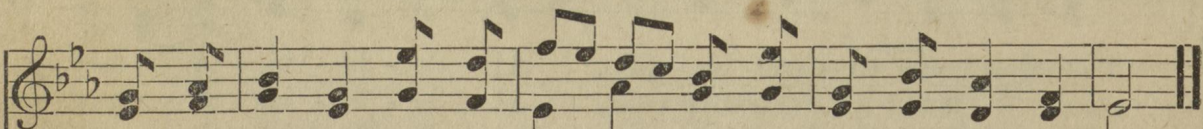
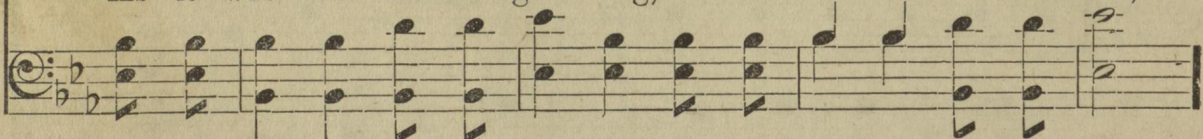
1. When from out the shin - ing gate - way, Of the heav'n of heav'ns a - bove,
2. Men that heard that hymn of heav - en Steal their rav - ished sens - es o'er,
3. Let the choirs in earth and heav - en, Kindling in - to ec - sta - cy,



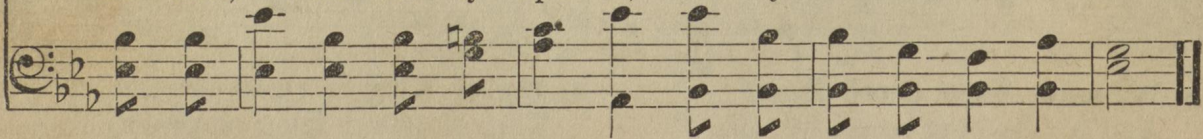
Put - ting on our na - ture mor - tal, Came the Son of God in love;
Heard such mu - sic as had nev - er Thrill'd on mor - tal ear be - fore;
Sing as sung the ho - ly an - gels, At the blest Na - tiv - i - ty;



An - gels fol - low'd, who can won - der? Up and down the heavenly way;
But in all that host an - gel - ic Who could ev - er sing as we,
As it was in the be - gin - ning, Now and ev - er - more shall be,



Came they, went they, thronging, sing - ing, Ov - er where Im - man - uel lay.
Un - to whom the King e - ter - nal, Kinsman, Sav - iour came to be.
Fa - ther, Son and Ho - ly Spir - it, Glo - ry ev - er be to Thee!




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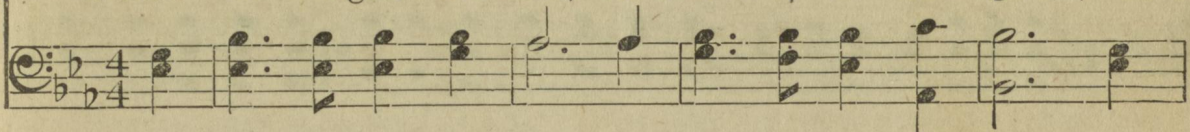
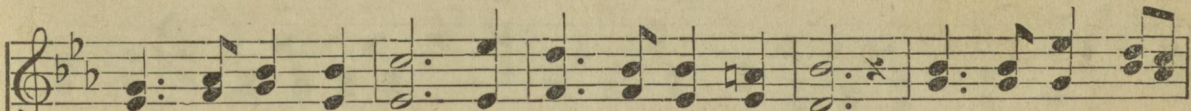
No. 31.

MAGDALA.

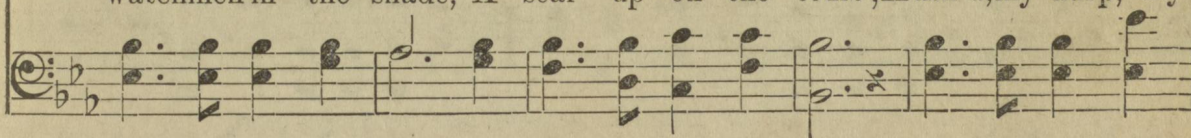

E. R., by per.



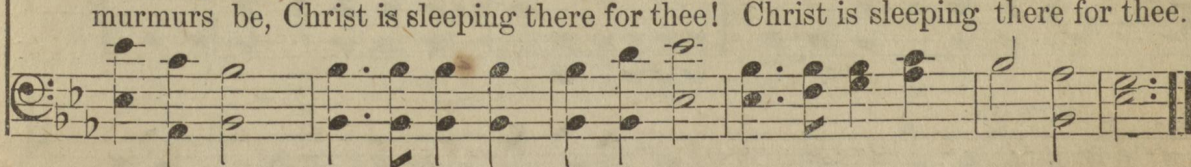
1. Love, Love on earth ap - pears! The wretch-ed throng His way; He
 2. He saw me as He passed, In hope - less sor - row lie, Con-
 3. "I die for Thee," He said; Be - hold the cross a - rise! And
 4. Now in the grave He's laid, In death's fu - ne - real gloom; Stern

bear - eth all their griefs, And wipes their tears a - way; Soft and sweet the
 demn'd and doom'd to death, And no sal - va - tion nigh; Long and loud the
 lo! He bows His head, — He bows His head and dies! Soft, my harp, thy
 watchmen in the shade, A seal up - on the tomb; Hush'd, my harp, thy

strain should be, Saviour, when I sing of Thee, Saviour, when I sing of Thee.
 strain should be, When I sing His love to me, When I sing His love to me.
 breathings be, Let me weep on Cal - va - ry, Let me weep on Cal - va - ry.
 murmurs be, Christ is sleeping there for thee! Christ is sleeping there for thee.



5 The angels come at dawn,
 The stone is rolled away!
 The living Dead is gone,
 And bursts eternal day:
 Long and loud the strain should be,
 Jesus conquers death for me.

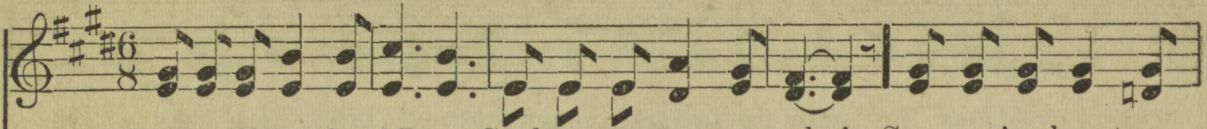
6 He lives! again He lives!
 I hear the voice of Love;—
 He comes to soothe my fears,
 And draw my soul above:
 Joyful now the strain should be,
 When I sing of Calvary.

No. 32.

WONDERFUL WORDS.

E. R. LATTA.

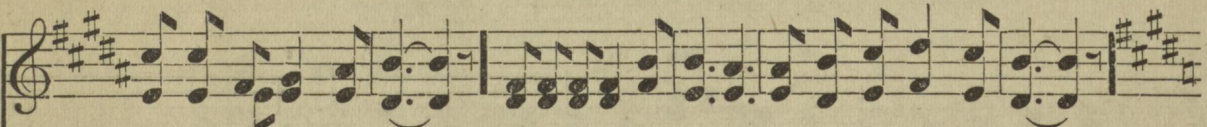
E. ROBERTS.



- 1. Wonderful words of Jesus, Such as man nev-er spake! Sor-row-ing hearts to
- 2. Wonderful words of Jesus, Causing the deaf to hear! Eas-ing the bur-den'd
- 3. Wonderful words of Jesus, Con-quer-ing all dis-ease! Or on the torn Ti-



- com - fort, Fet-ters of sin to break! Wonderful words of Je - sus,
- spir - it, Drying the mourner's tear! Wonderful words of Je - sus,
- ber - ias, Causing the storm to cease! Wonderful words of Je - sus,



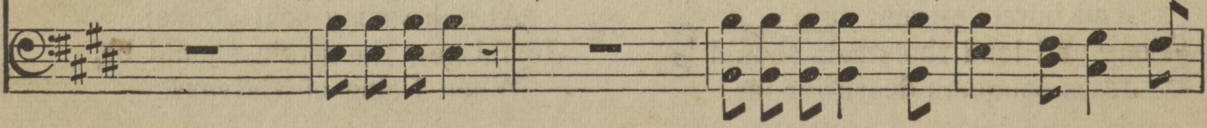
- Causing the dumb to talk, Wonderful words of Jesus, Causing the lame to walk!
- Opening the sightless eyes, Wonderful words of Jesus, Causing the dead to rise!
- Making the lepers whole, Wonderful words of Jesus, Saving the sinful soul!



REFRAIN.



- Won - der-ful words, Won - der-ful words, That could the lost re-
- Wonderful words, Wonderful words,



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WONDERFUL WORDS.

store! Won - der - ful words, . . . Won - der - ful words, . . .
 Wonderful words, Wonderful words,

Won - der - ful words of Je - sus! Nev - er such words be - fore.

The musical score consists of two systems of staves. The first system has a treble and bass staff with lyrics: 'store! Won - der - ful words, . . . Won - der - ful words, . . . Wonderful words, Wonderful words,'. The second system also has a treble and bass staff with lyrics: 'Won - der - ful words of Je - sus! Nev - er such words be - fore.'

No. 33.

MANOAH.

ROSSINI.

1. Be - hold, where, in the Friend of man, Ap - pears each grace di - vine;
 2. To spread the rays of heav'n - ly light, To give the mourn - er joy,
 3. In the last hour of deep dis - tress, Be - fore His Fa - ther's throne,
 4. Be Christ our pat - tern and our guide, His im - age may we bear;

The vir - tues, all in Je - sus met, With mild - est ra - diance shine.
 To preach glad tid - ings to the poor, Was His di - vine em - ploy.
 With soul re - sign'd, He bow'd, and said, "Thy will, not mine, be done."
 Oh, may we tread His ho - ly steps, His joy and glo - ry share.

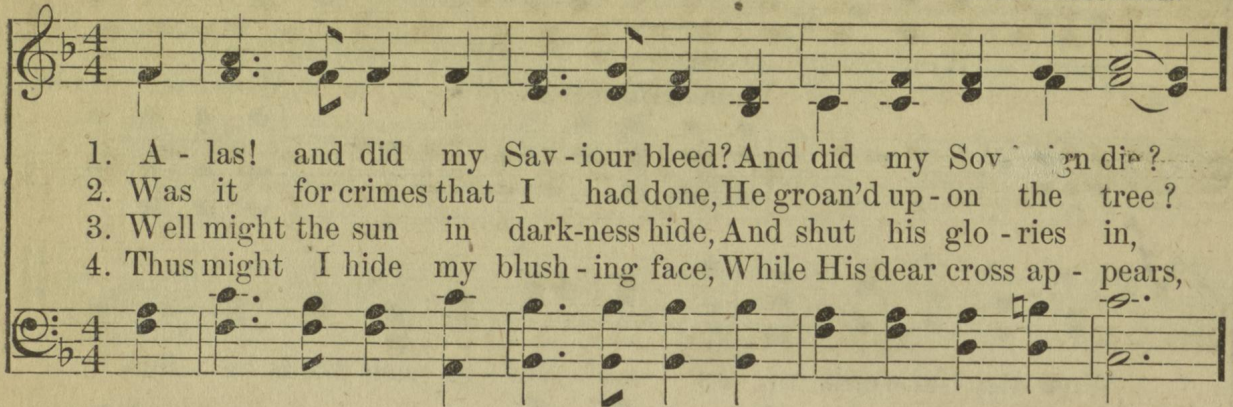
The musical score for 'Manoah' is in 3/4 time and G major. It features a treble and bass staff with lyrics. The lyrics are arranged in four numbered lines and a concluding stanza. The music includes various note values and rests, with some notes beamed together.

CHRIST'S DEATH.

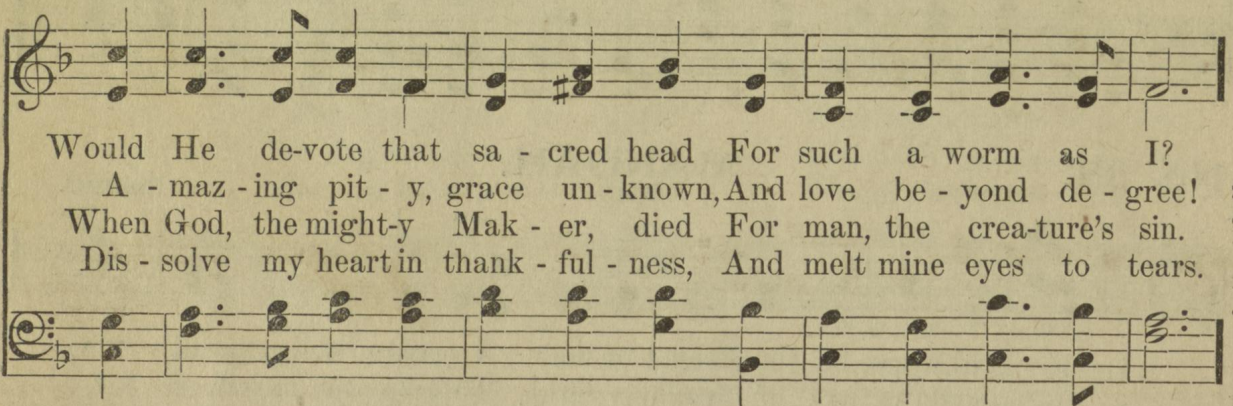
No. 34. ALAS! AND DID MY SAVIOUR BLEED?

WATTS.
Ref. by E. R.

H. K. ZELLONZER.

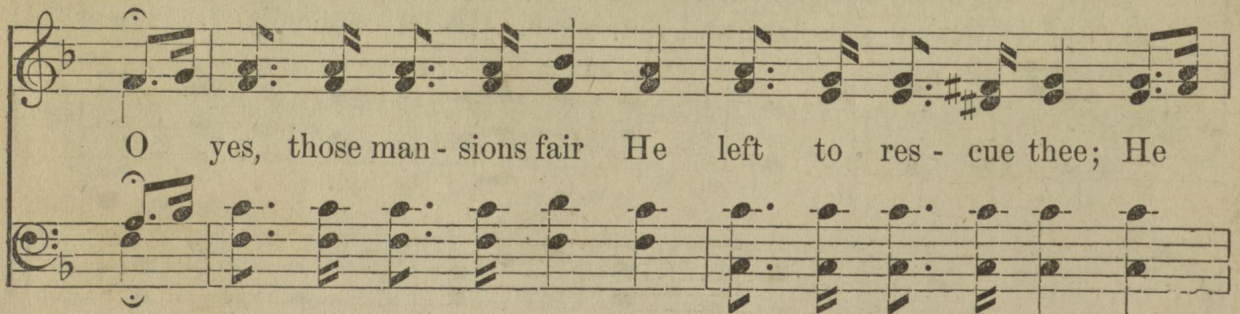


1. A - las! and did my Sav - iour bleed? And did my Sov - eign die?
2. Was it for crimes that I had done, He groan'd up - on the tree?
3. Well might the sun in dark-ness hide, And shut his glo - ries in,
4. Thus might I hide my blush - ing face, While His dear cross ap - pears,

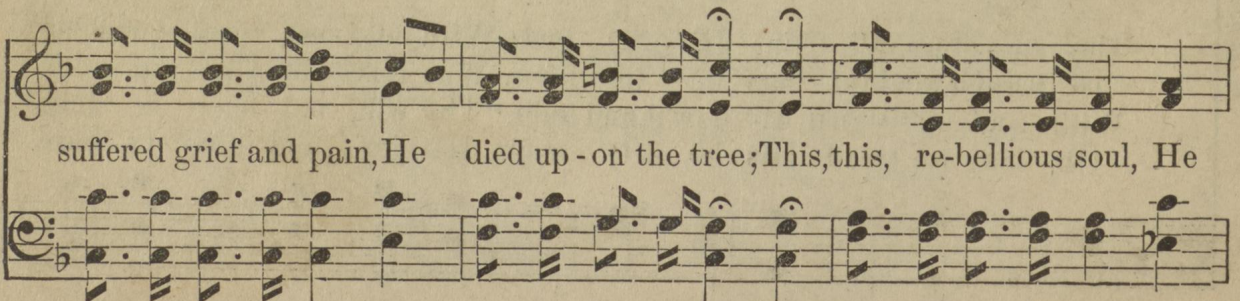


Would He de - vote that sa - cred head For such a worm as I?
A - maz - ing pit - y, grace un - known, And love be - yond de - gree!
When God, the might - y Mak - er, died For man, the crea - ture's sin.
Dis - solve my heart in thank - ful - ness, And melt mine eyes to tears.

REFRAIN.



O yes, those man - sions fair He left to res - cue thee; He



suffered grief and pain, He died up - on the tree; This, this, re - bellious soul, He

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ALAS! AND DID MY SAVIOUR BLEED.

rit.

did to set thee free, And now, in ten-der mer-cy, He cries, "come un - to Me."

No. 35. OH, HOW HE LOVES!

Mrs MARRIAUNE NUNN.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. One there is a-bove all oth-ers, Oh, how He loves! His is love beyond a brother's,
2. 'T is eternal life to know Him, Oh, how He loves! Think, oh, think how much we owe Him,
3. In His name we are for-given, Oh, how He loves! Backward shall our foes be driven,

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Oh, how He loves! Earth - ly friends may fail or leave us, One day soothe, the
 Oh, how He loves! With His pre-cious blood He bought us. In the wil - der-
 Oh, how He loves! Best of bless-ings He'll pro-vide us, Naught but good shall

next day grieve us, But this Friend will ne'er de-ceive us, Oh, how He loves!
 ness He sought us, To His fold He safe - ly brought us. Oh, how He loves!
 e'er be - tide us, Safe to glo - ry He will guide us. Oh, how He loves!

CHRIST'S LIFE AND DEATH.

No. 36.

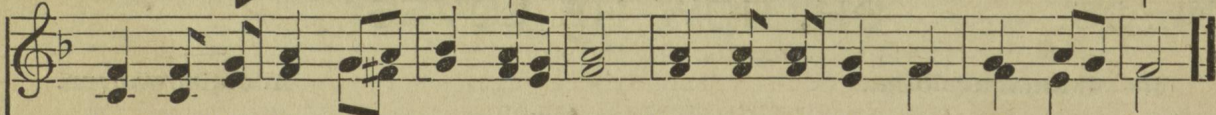
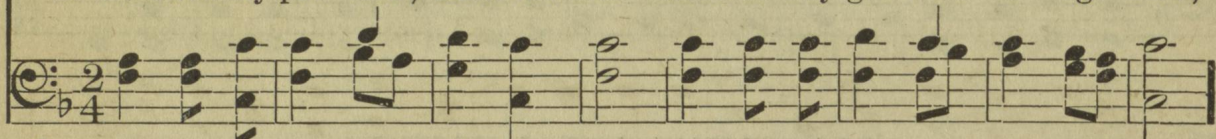
HAMBURG.

WATTS.

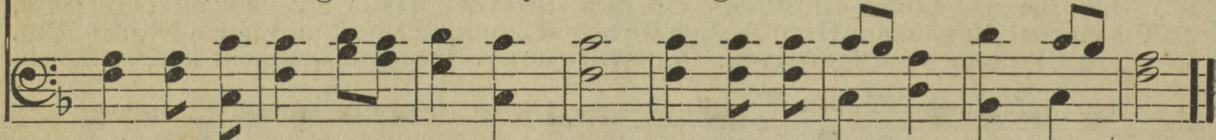
Arr. by LOWELL MASON.



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 Fa - ther's will,
3. Cold mountains and the mid-night air Witnessed the fer - vor of Thy pray'r;
4. Be Thou my pat - tern; make me bear More of Thy gra - cious 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, Amongst the followers of the Lamb.



No. 37.

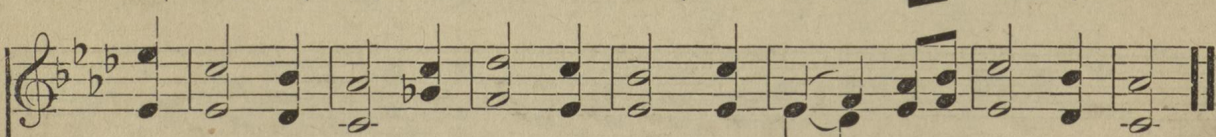
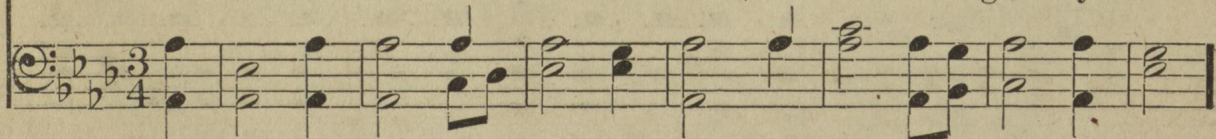
AVON.

Rev. S. WESLEY.

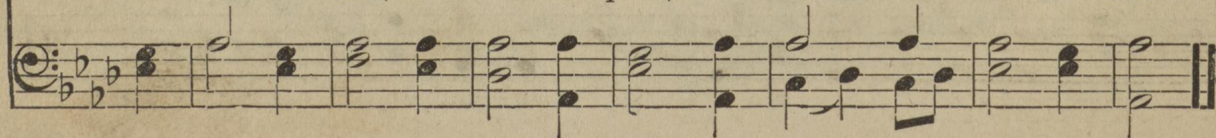
HUGH WILSON.



1. Be - hold the Sav - iour of man - kind Nail'd to the shame - ful tree:
2. Hark, how He groans while na - ture shakes, And earth's strong pillars bend:
3. 'Tis done, the prec - ious ram - som's paid, "Re - ceive my soul," He cries:
4. But soon He'll break death's envious chain, And in full glo - ry shine:



How vast the love that Him in - clined To bleed and die for thee!
The tem - ple's veil in sun - der breaks The sol - id mar - bles rend.
See where He bows His sa - cred head; He bows His head and dies.
O Lamb of God, was ev - er pain, Was ev - er love like Thine?



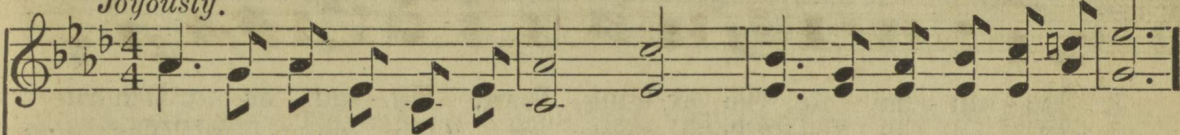
HIS RESURRECTION.

No. 38. CHRIST, THE LORD, IS RISEN TO-DAY.

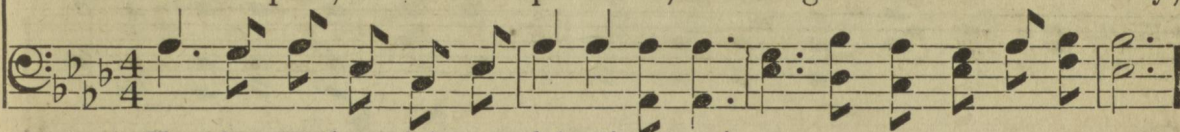
Mrs. LAURA E. NEWELL.

C. K. LANGLEY, by per.

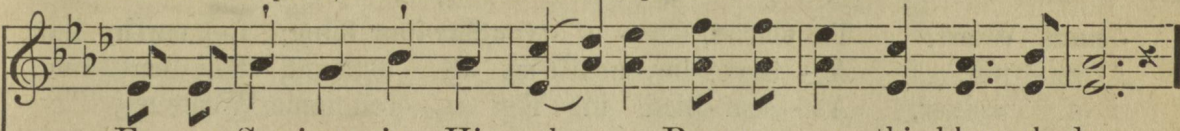
Joyously.



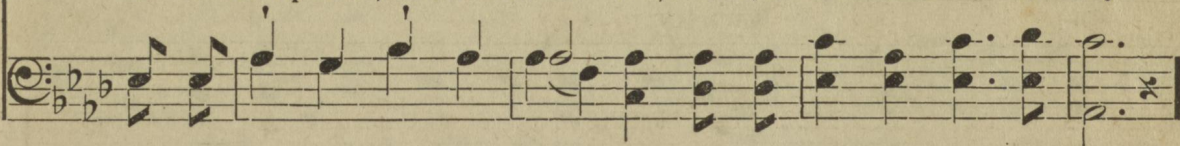
1. He is ris'n! proclaim the sto - ry! Death no long-er holdeth sway,
 2. See His mother sad - ly weep - ing, As up-on the cross He bleeds;
 3. But 'tis past; He burst the pris - on, Angels rolled the stone away;



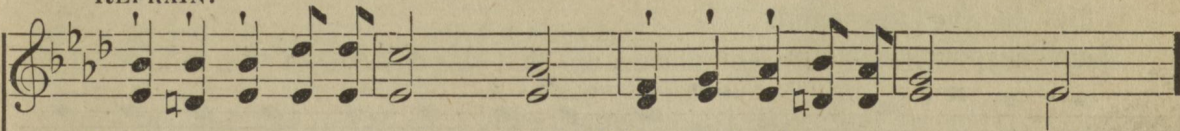
1. He is ris'n! proclaim, proclaim the story!
 2. See His mother, sad - ly, sad - ly weeping,
 3. But 'tis past; He burst, He burst the prison,



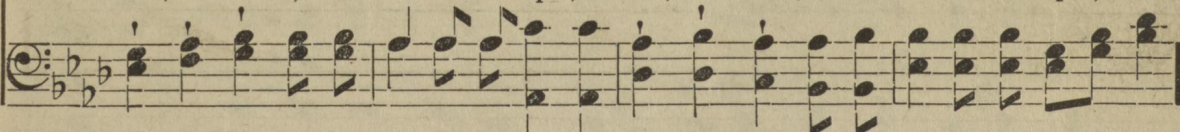
For our Sav-iour in His glo - ry, Rose up - on this bless-ed day.
 Hear His pitying words, "for - give them," As for foes He in - ter-cedes.
 He has conquered, crown Him vic - tor; Christ, the Lord, is ris'n to - day!



REFRAIN.



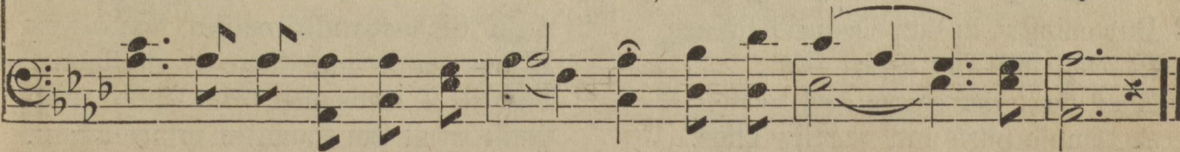
Christ, the Lord, rose in tri - umph, Christ, the Lord, rose in tri - umph;



Christ, the Lord, Christ, the Lord, rose in triumph, Christ, the Lord, Christ, the Lord, rose in triumph;



Lo! the bonds of death are bro - ken, He hath ris'n to - day.



CHRIST'S GLORY.

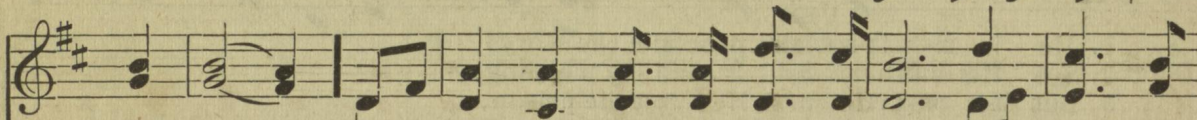
No. 39. HOSANNA TO THE LIVING LORD.

BISHOP HEBER.

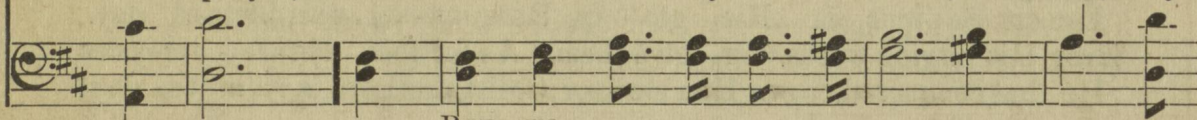
E. ROBERTS.



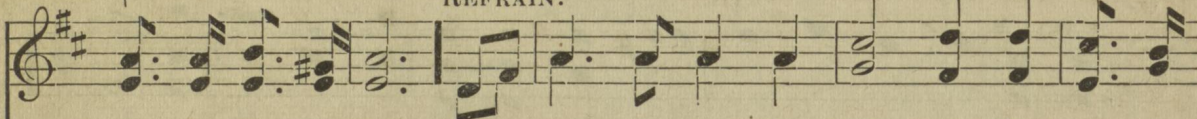
1. Ho - san - na to the liv - ing Lord, Ho - san - na to th'in-car-
2. "Ho - san - na Lord!" Thine angels cry, "Ho - san-na Lord!" Thy saints
3. O Sav - iour, with pro-lect - ing care, A - bide in this Thy house



nate Word; To Christ, Cre - a - tor, Sav-iour, King, Let earth, let
re - ply; A - bove, be - neath us, all a-round, The dead and
of prayer, As - sem - bled in Thy sa - cred name, Where we, Thy



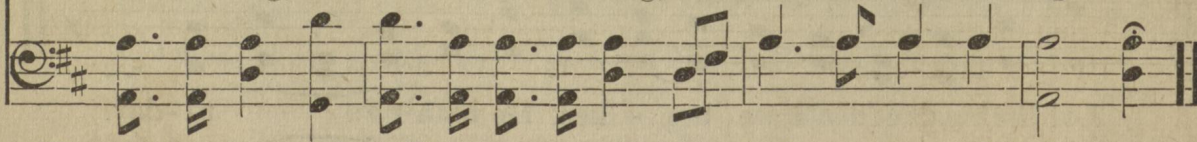
REFRAIN.



heav'n ho-san - na sing. Ho - san - na in the high - est, Ho - san - na
liv - ing swell the sound.
part - ing prom-ise, claim.



we will sing, Ho - san - na to our King, Ho - san - na in the high - est.



4 But chiefest in our cleanséd breast
Eternal bid Thy Spirit rest;
And make our secret soul to be,
A temple pure and worthy Thee.

5 So in the last and dreadful day, [away,
When earth and heaven shall melt
Thy flock, redeemed from sinful stain,
Shall swell the sound of praise again.

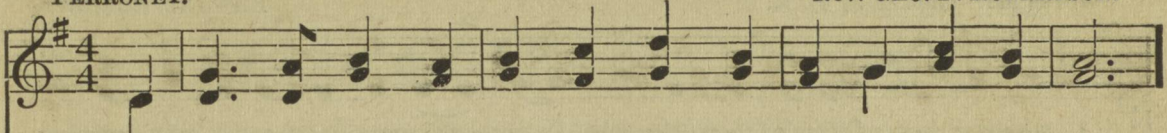
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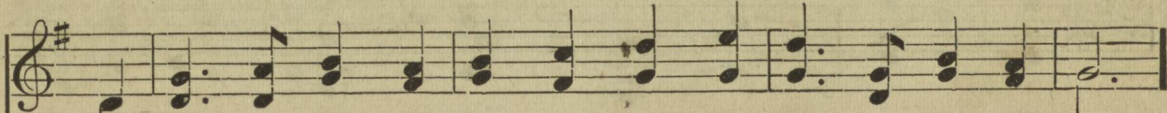
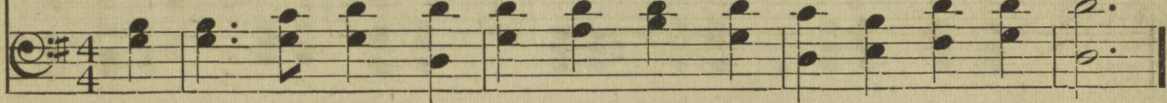
No. 40.
PERRONET.

CROWN HIM LORD OF ALL.

Rev. GEO. F. ROBERTSON.



1. All hail the power of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels pros - trate fall;
2. Ye chos - en seed of Is - rael's race, Ye ransomed from the fall,
3. Let ev - 'ry kin - dred, ev - 'ry tribe On this ter - res - trial ball,
4. Oh, that with you - der sa - cred throng, We at His feet may fall;

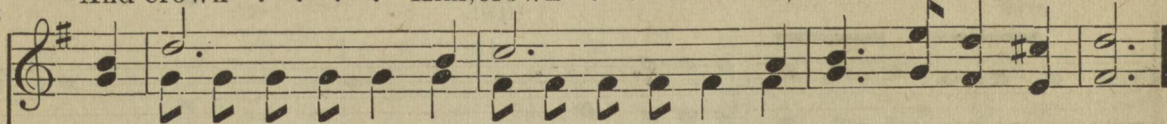


Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all.
Hail Him who saves you by His grace, And crown Him Lord of all.
To Him all maj - es - ty as - cribe, And crown Him Lord of all.
We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song, And crown Him Lord of all.

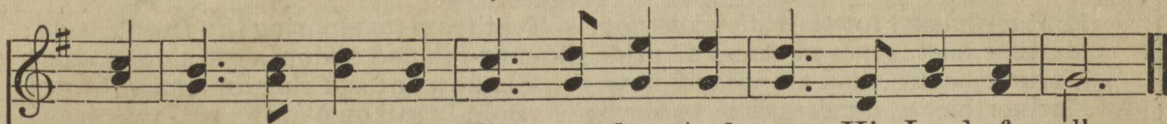


REFRAIN.

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



And crown Him Lord of all, And crown Him Lord of all, And crown Him Lord of all,



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



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WARNING.

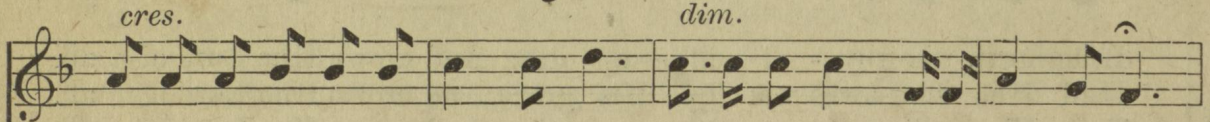
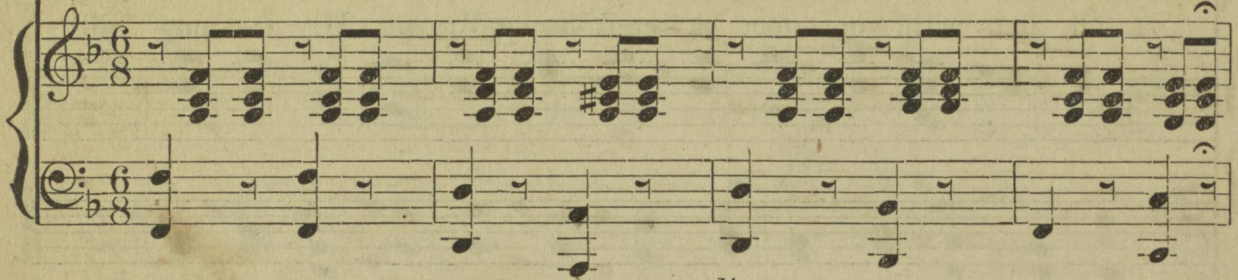
No. 41. THE THREAT'NING GALE.

Words arr. Chorus by E. R.

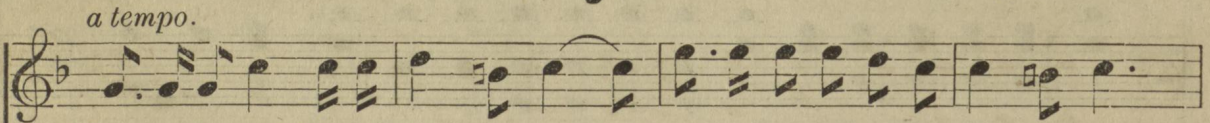
EDWARD ROBERTS.



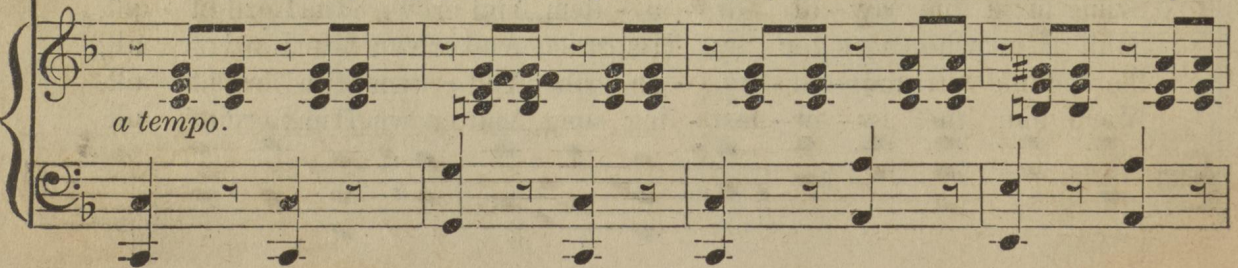
1. Mariner, haste! there's a threat'ning gale, In the darkness, list, there's a faint, sad wail;
2. Mariner, haste! for a witching song Now greets thine ear from the giddy throng;
3. Mariner, haste! from the love of gain, Its vo-ta-ries' wreath, and its golden chain;
4. Seekest thou peace, where the storms come not? A home where sorrows are all for-got?



Keep out the life-boat till day is o'er; An-chor thy bark on the oth - er shore.
Fame leaves a sting when her song is o'er; An-chor thy bark on the oth - er shore.
All earth is mad with its shin - ing ore; An-chor thy bark on the oth - er shore.
Friend that will love thee and change no more? An-chor thy bark on the oth - er shore.



Mariner, haste! for the tide waits not; Tear from its mooring thy fragile bark;
Mariner, haste! from the shades of pride; Go-mor-rah and Sodom sleep side by side!
Mariner, haste! thou art wear-y now, Shadows of suff'ring are on thy brow;
Mariner, haste! there's no time to sleep; Bold-ly sail on o'er the wa - ters deep;



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THE THREAT'NING GALE.

ad lib.

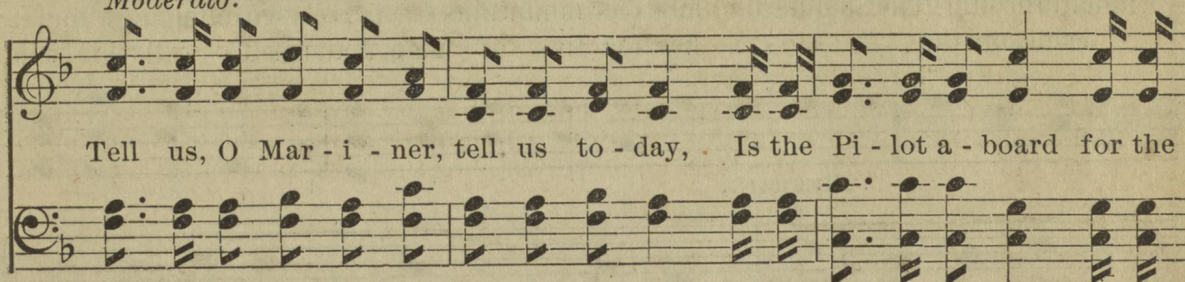


Hoist ev - 'ry sail for the break - ers roar; Anchor thy bark on the oth - er shore.
 Time's fleeting moment will soon be o'er; Anchor thy bark on the oth - er shore.
 Faint not, thy Ca - n'an lies just be - fore; Anchor thy bark on the oth - er shore.
 Watch un - to pray'r when the breakers roar; Anchor thy bark on the oth - er shore.

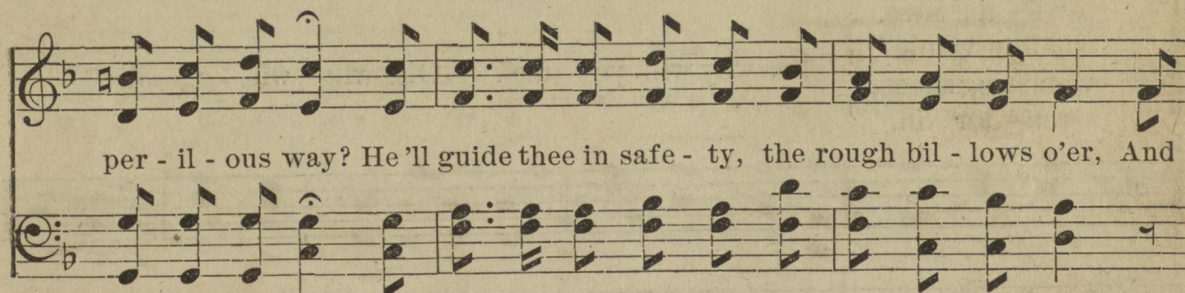


ad lib.

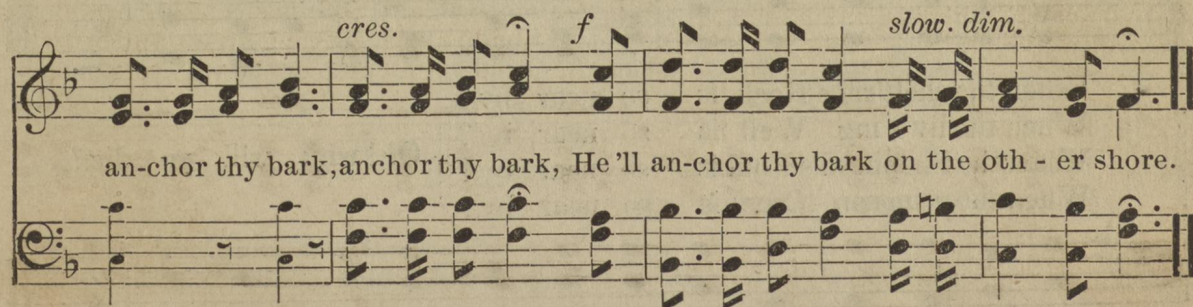
CHORUS.
Moderato.



Tell us, O Mar - i - ner, tell us to - day, Is the Pi - lot a - board for the



per - il - ous way? He'll guide thee in safe - ty, the rough bil - lows o'er, And



an - chor thy bark, anchor thy bark, He'll an - chor thy bark on the oth - er shore.

ORGAN.

REFUGE.

No. 42.

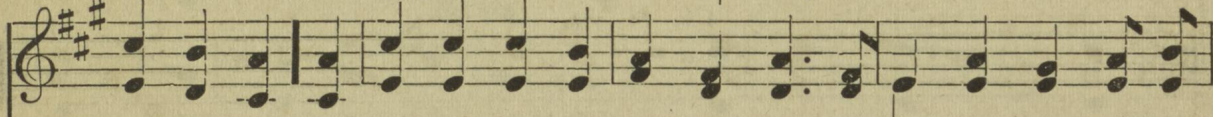
W. E. PENN.

THE SHELTERING ROCK.

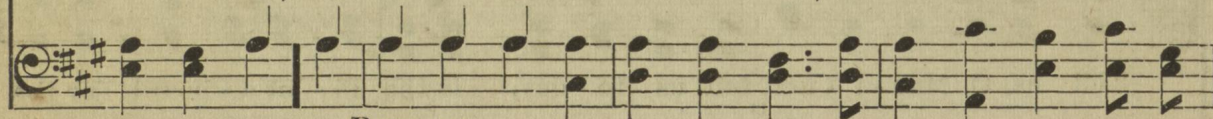
Rev. W. E. PENN.



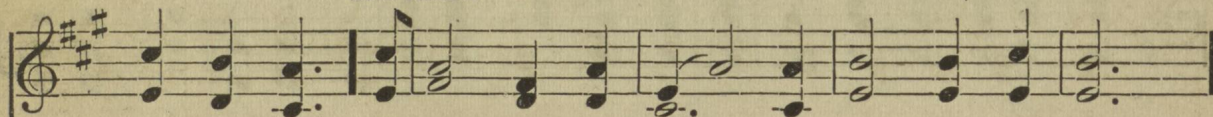
- 1. There is a Rock in a wea-ry land, Its shad-ow falls on the
- 2. There is a Well in a des-ert plain, Its wa-ters call with en-
- 3. A great Fold stands with its por-tals wide, The sheep a-stray on the
- 4. There is a Cross where the Saviour died; His blood flow'd out in a



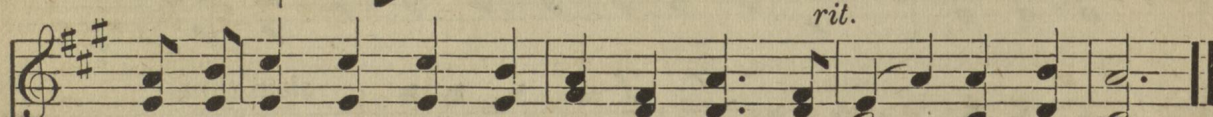
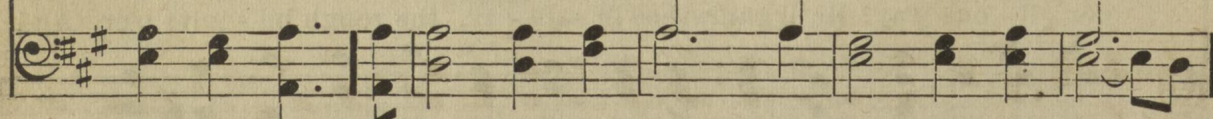
burn-ing sand, In - vit - ing pilgrims, as they pass, To seek a shade in the
 treat - ing strain. "Ho ev - ry thirst - ing, sin - sick soul, Come, free - ly drink, and thou
 mountain side; The Shepherd climbs o'er mountains steep, He's searching now for His
 crim - son tide, A sac - ri - fice for sins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



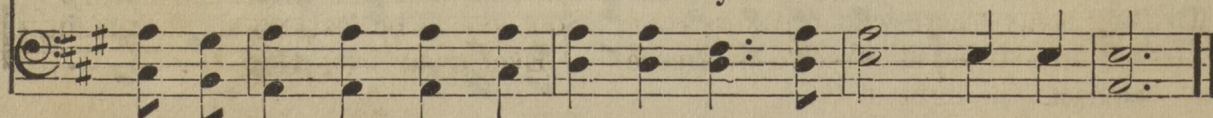
REFRAIN.



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



When the shelt'ring Rock is so near by?
 When the liv - ing Well is so near by?
 When the Shepherd's Fold is so near by?
 When the crim - son Cross is so near by? } Oh! why will ye die?



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No. 43. DRIFTING AWAY FROM GOD.

Mrs. J. A. GRIFFITH.

P. BILHORN.

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

ff

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

CHORUS.

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

f *ff* *rit.*

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

4 Drifting away from hope's blessed shore,
 Drifting away where wild breakers roar;
 Drifted and stranded, wreck'd evermore,
 Far from the light of God.

5 Why will you drift on billows of shame,
 Spurning His grace again and again?
 Soon you'll be lost! in sin to remain,
 Ever away from God.

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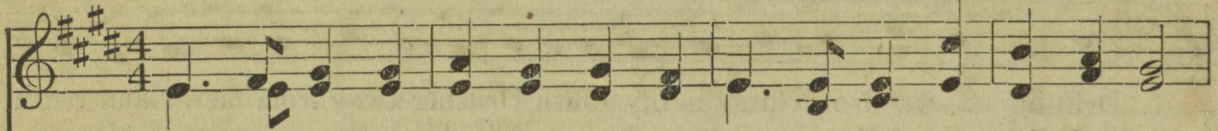
WARNING.

No. 44.

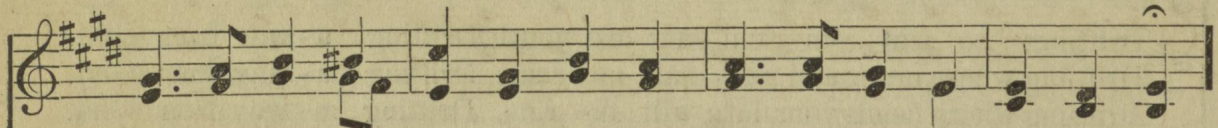
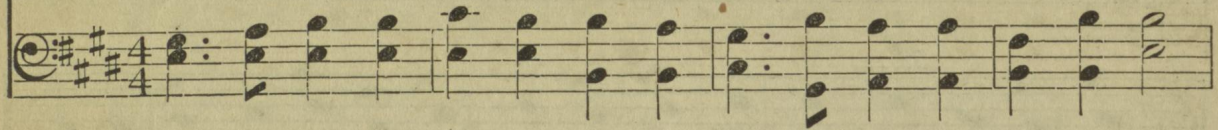
WE'RE PASSING AWAY.

Rev. E. CASWELL. Ref. by E. R.

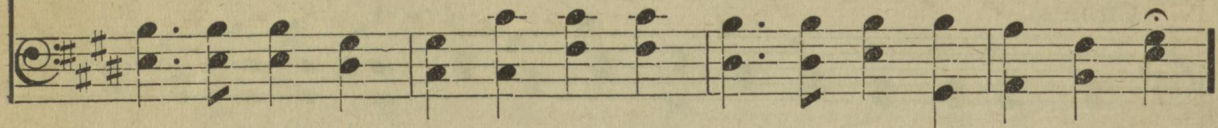
E. P. AMBROSE.



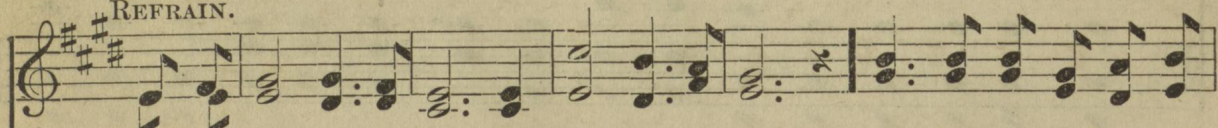
1. Days and moments quickly fly - ing, Blend the liv - ing with the dead;
2. Soon our souls to God who gave them, Will have sped their rap - id flight;
3. Je - sus, in - fi - nite Re - deem - er, Ma - ker of this might - y frame,
4. Here we are, but whith - er wend - ing? Soon we must thro' dark - ness go,



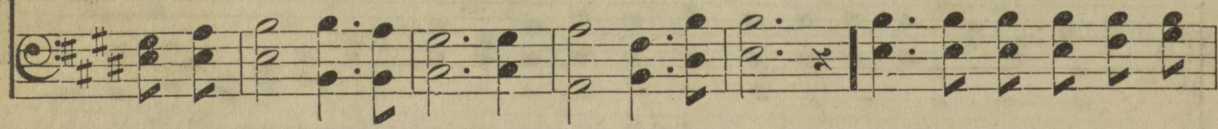
Soon will you and I be ly - ing, Each with - in His nar - row bed.
A - ble now by grace to save them, Oh, that while we can we might.
Teach, oh, teach us to re - mem - ber, What we are and whence we came.
To in - her - it bliss un - end - ing, Or un - ut - ter - a - ble woe.



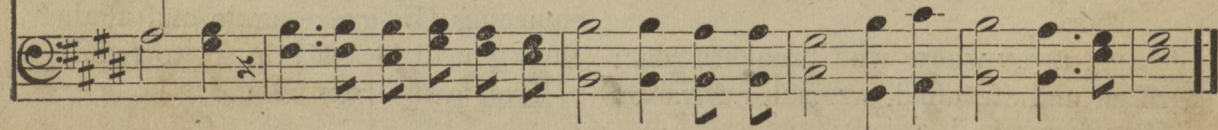
REFRAIN.



For we're passing away, We're pass - ing a - way; Meet - ing a re - ject - ed



Sav - iour, Sinner, what will be your answer? You are passing, yes, passing away.



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No. 45. ARE YOU WASHED IN THE BLOOD?

E. A. H.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN, by per.

1. Have you been to Je - sus for the clean - sing pow'r? Are you
 2. Are you walk - ing dai - ly by the Sav - iour's side? Are you
 3. When the Bride-groom com - eth will your robes be white, Pure and
 4. Lay a - side the gar - ments that are stained with sin; Are you

washed in the blood of the Lamb? Are you ful - ly trust - ing in His
 washed in the blood of the Lamb? Do you rest each mo - ment in the
 white in the blood of the Lamb? Will your soul be rea - dy for the
 washed in the blood of the Lamb? There's a fount - ain flow - ing for the

d.s. gar - ments spotless? Are they

FINE. REFRAIN.

grace this hour? Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb? Are you washed in the
 Cru - ci - fied? Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?
 mansions bright, And be washed in the blood of the Lamb?
 soul un - clean; Oh, be washed in the blood of the Lamb! Are you washed

white as snow? Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?

D.S.

blood, In the soul - cleans - ing blood of the Lamb? Are your
 In the blood, of the Lamb?

WARNING.

No. 46. 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 great day
2. There's a bright day com-ing, A bright day com-ing, There's a bright day
3. There's a sad day com-ing, A sad day com-ing, There's a sad day

com-ing by and by, When the saints and the sin - ners shall be
com-ing by and by, But its bright-ness shall on - ly come to
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?
them that 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?

REFRAIN.

Are you read - y? Are you read - y? Are you read - y for the

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THERE'S A GREAT DAY COMING.

Judg-ment day? Are you ready? Are you ready? For the Judgment day?

No. 47.

IS IT TRUE?

H. REED.

E. ROBERTS.

1. Is it true that I must lie In the graveyard by and by, And with
 2. Is it true, as ma-ny say, Life is but a pass-ing day, And that
 3. Is it true that on the cross Je - sus bled and died for us, And, while
 4. Is it true that all death's slain, Will a - rise and live a - gain, And to

REFRAIN.

oth - ers gone be - fore, Sleep till time shall be no more? Is it
 heav'n is lost or won, Ere this fleet - ing day is flown?
 hang - ing on the tree, Up - ward sent a prayer for me?
 fi - nal judgment go, Some for bliss and some for woe?

true? Is it true? Oh, is it true?
 yes, 'tis true, ver-y true, 'T is true, oh, yes, 'tis true.

WARNING.

No. 48.

BE IN TIME.

S. R. Arr.

E. ROBERTS.

1. The voice of wisdom hear, Be in time, be in time, The
 2. Ye a - ged sinners hear, Be in time, be in time, Ye
 3. Ye who are young in years, Be in time, be in time, Ye
 4. Backslid - er, do you hear, Be in time, be in time, Back -
 be in time, be in time,

voice of wisdom hear, Be in time; To give up ev-'ry sin, In
 a - ged sinners hear, Be in time; Your sands are running fast, Your
 who are young in years, Be in time; Tho' in your ear-ly bloom, You're
 slid - er, do you hear, Be in time; Your sin - ful course forsake, Your -

ear - nest now be - gin, For the night will soon set in, Be in
 die will soon be cast, And this day may be your last, Be in
 trav - 'ling to the tomb; That dread day will sure - ly come, Be in
 self to prayer be - take, Your un - dy - ing soul's at stake, Be in

REFRAIN.

time, Be in time. Be in time, be in time, Oh,
 be in time, be in time,

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BE IN TIME.

slow.

sin - ner be in time. The fleeting moments now are thine, Be in time.

The musical score consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#) and a 2/4 time signature. It begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic and a tempo marking of *slow.* The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The lyrics are written below the upper staff.

No. 49.

EXPOSTULATION.

1. Oh, turn ye, oh, turn ye, for why will ye die, When God in great
 2. How vain the de - lu - sion, that while you de - lay Your hearts may grow
 3. And now Christ is read - y your souls to re - ceive; Oh, how can you
 4. Come, give us your hand, and the Sav - iour your heart, And trust - ing in

The musical score for the first system consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of two sharps and a 2/2 time signature. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The lyrics are written below the upper staff.

mer - cy is com - ing so nigh? Now Je - sus in - vites you, the
 bet - ter by stay - ing a - way! Come wretched, come starv - ing, come
 ques - tion if you will be - lieve? If sin is your bur - den, why
 Heav - en, we nev - er shall part; Oh, how can we leave you? why

The musical score for the second system consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of two sharps and a 2/2 time signature. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The lyrics are written below the upper staff.

Spir - it says, "come," And an - gels are wait - ing to wel - come you home.
 just as you be, While streams of sal - va - tion are flow - ing so free.
 will you not come? 'T is you He bids wel - come; He bids you come home.
 will you not come? We'll journey to - geth - er, and soon be at home.

The musical score for the third system consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of two sharps and a 2/2 time signature. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The lyrics are written below the upper staff.

WARNING.

No. 50. TURNED AWAY FROM THE BEAUTIFUL GATE.

D. E. D.

Rev. D. E. DORTCH.

Not too fast.

1. Some one will knock at the saints' bright home, And hear the Lord saying, "You
 2. Some one will hear the an - gels' song, And wish he could join with the
 3. Some one will stand with an ach - ing heart, While Je - sus pro-nounc-es the
 4. Some one will lin - ger with tear - ful eyes, While Christ and His people as -

can not come;" With sadness he'll mourn o'er his sor-row-ful state; Turn'd a-
 hap - py throng; With sighings he'll mourn o'er his sor-row-ful state; Turn'd a-
 word, "depart;" With groanings he'll mourn o'er his sor-row-ful state; Turn'd a-
 cend the skies; With weep-ing he'll mourn o'er his sor-row-ful state; Turn'd a-

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FINE. REFRAIN.

way from the beau-ti - ful gate. Turn'd a - way from the beau-ti - ful

D.S.

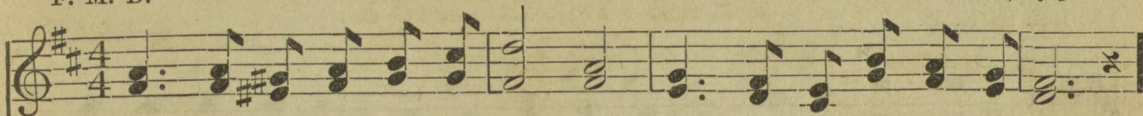
gate, Turn'd a - way from the beau - ti - ful gate; With

No. 51.

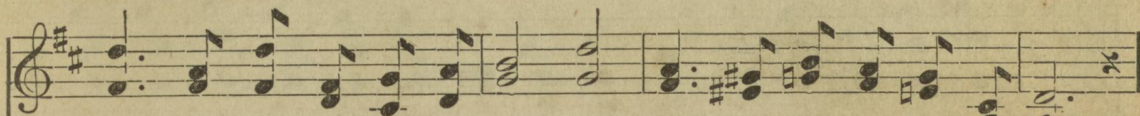
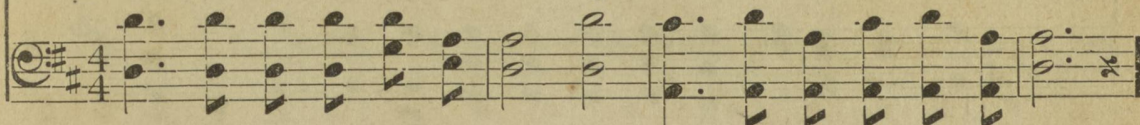
MERCY'S GATE IS OPEN.

F. M. D.

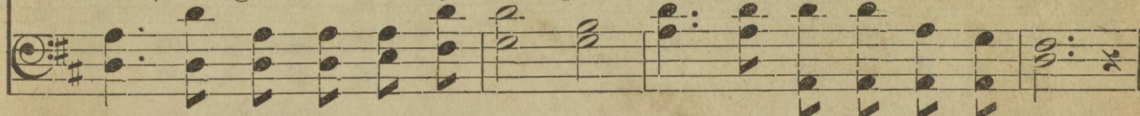
FRANK M. DAVIS, by per.



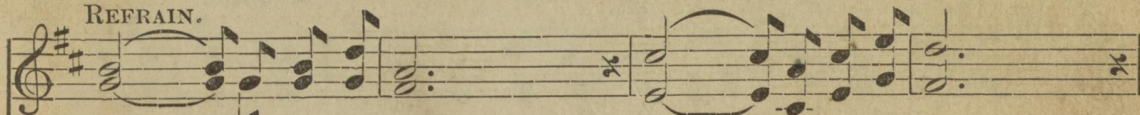
1. Ye, who long in sin have wandered, From the Saviour's fold a - way,
2. Ye, who think yourselves un-worth-y, Oft - en doubt-ing by the way,
3. Far a - way in realms of glo - ry, An - gel voic - es chant the strain,
4. On the ear the tones are fall - ing Like sweet mu - sic from a - bove,



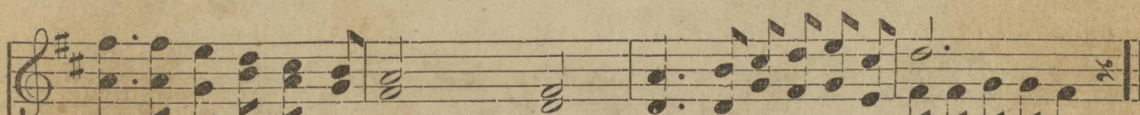
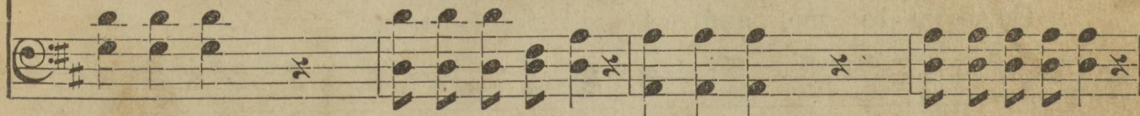
Come, the gate of mer-cy's o - pen, O - pen wide for you to - day.
 Come, the gate of mer-cy's o - pen, Come and en - ter while you may.
 Come, the gate of mer-cy's o - pen, Earth re - peats the glad re - frain.
 Come, the gate of mer-cy's o - pen, And ac - cept a Father's love.



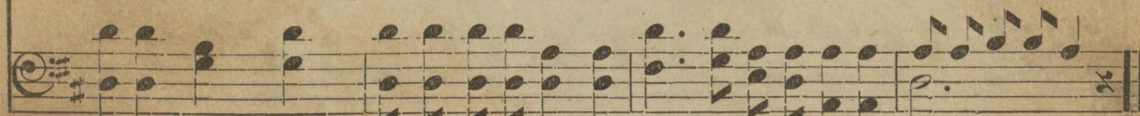
REFRAIN.



Come, oh, come to-day, Come, oh, come to-day;
 Come, oh, come, sinner, come to-day, Come, oh, come, sinner, come to-day;



Come, the gate of mercy's o - pen, O - pen wide for you to - day.
 Come, oh, come, the gate of mercy's open, Open wide for you to - day, for you to - day.



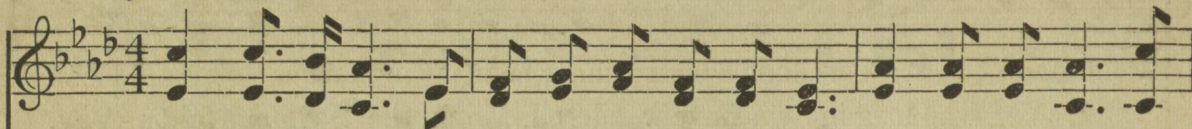
INVITATION.

No. 52.

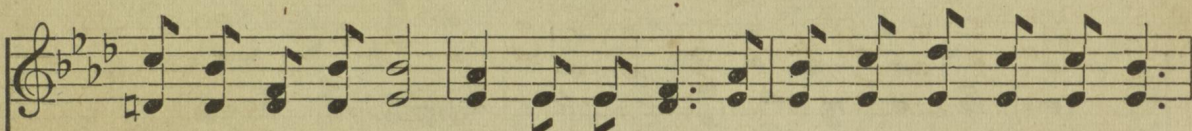
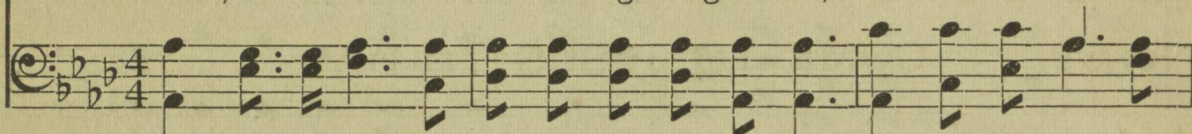
COME, AND BE BLEST.

UNKNOWN.
Ref. by E. R.

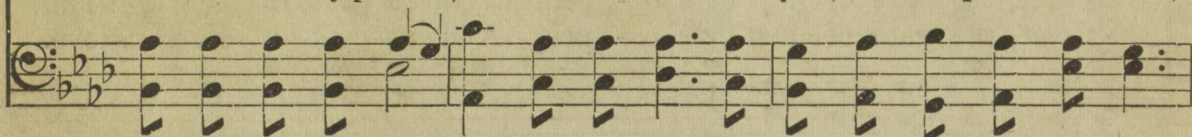
E. ROBERTS.



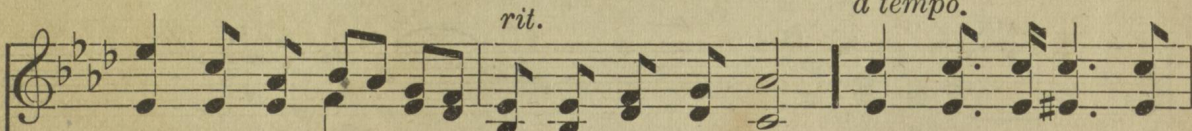
1. Come un - to me, when shadows dark-ly gath-er, When the sad heart is
2. Large are the mansions in my Father's dwelling, Glad are the homes that
3. There, like an E - den blos-som-ing in gladness, Bloom the fair flow'rs the



wea - ry and distrest, Seek - ing for com-fort from your heav'nly Fa-ther,
sor-rows nev - er dim; Sweet are the harps in ho - ly mu - sic swell-ing,
earth too rude-ly press'd; Come un-to me all ye who droop in sad-ness,



REFRAIN.
a tempo.



Come un - to me, and I will give you rest. Come un - to me, and
Soft are the tones which raise the heav'nly hymn.
Come un - to me, and I will give you rest.



I will give you rest; Sin - ner, hear the in - vi - ta-tion, Come and be blest,



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COME AND BE BLEST.

Come and be blest, Come and be blest; Sinner, hear the invitation, Come and be blest.

Musical notation for the first piece, featuring a treble and bass staff in a key with two flats and a common time signature. The melody is simple and repetitive, with a final double bar line.

No. 53. COME TO JESUS TO-DAY.

W. H. MORRIS, by per.

1. Haste, O sinner! to be wise, Stay not for the morrow's sun; Wisdom warns thee
 2. Haste, and mercy now implore; Stay not for the morrow's sun; Thy proba - tion
 3. Haste, O sinner! now return; Stay not for the morrow's sun; Lest thy lamp should
 4. Haste, while yet thou canst be blest; Stay not for the morrow's sun, Death may thy poor

Musical notation for the second piece, featuring a treble and bass staff in a key with two flats and a 3/4 time signature. The melody is more complex than the first piece, with a final double bar line.

REFRAIN.

from the skies, All the paths of death to shun. Come to Jesus, come to-day, Sinner,
 may be o'er Ere this evening's work is done.
 cease to burn Ere salvation's work is done.
 soul ar-rest, Ere the mor-row is be-gun.

Musical notation for the refrain, featuring a treble and bass staff in a key with two flats and a 3/4 time signature. The melody is simple and repetitive, with a final double bar line.

how can you de-lay? How can you from Jesus stay? Sinner, come, oh, come to-day.

Musical notation for the final part of the second piece, featuring a treble and bass staff in a key with two flats and a 3/4 time signature. The melody is simple and repetitive, with a final double bar line.

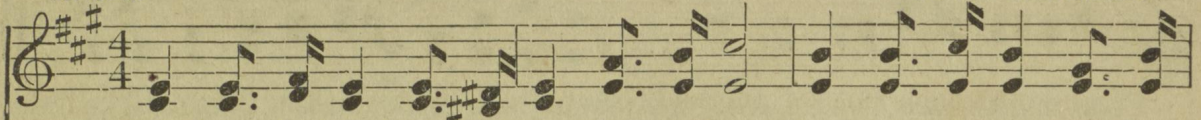
INVITATION.

No. 54.

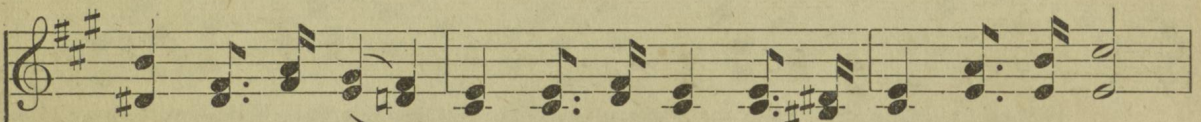
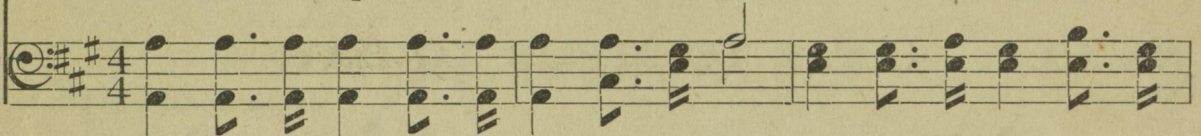
COME IN TO-DAY.

A. J. S.

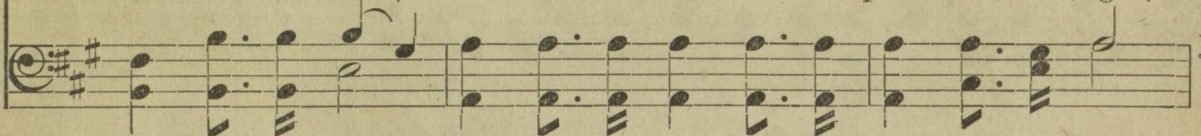
A. J. SHOWALTER.



1. Come from thy bond-age tho' cap - tive so long, Come from the sor - rows that
2. Come from the depths of a ru - in un - told, Come from the shame of thy
3. Come from the woe and the heart - ache of strife, Come from the an - guish of
4. Come from the hopes that are born but to blight, Come from the ranks of the



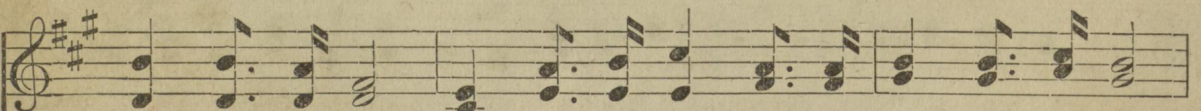
bur - den thy heart, In - to the free - dom of glad - ness and song,
 fail - ure and loss, In - to the peace of a shel - ter - ing fold,
 want and of pain, In - to the bless - ed re - ward — end - less life,
 fa - ther of lies, In - to the land of the pur - est de - light,



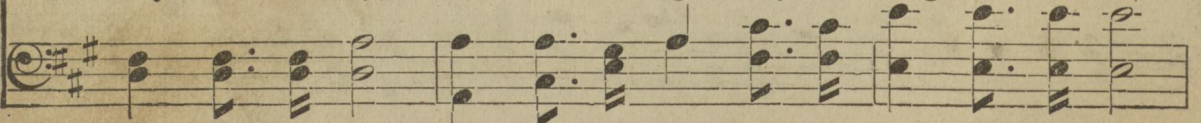
REFRAIN.



In - to the joy that will nev - er de - part Come, come to - day,
 In - to the glo - ry and gain of the cross.
 In - to the bliss which the right - eous ob - tain.
 In - to the life and the love of the skies.



stay not a - way, Come from the high - ways and hedg - es of sin,



Copyright, 1891, by A. J. Showalter.

COME IN TO-DAY.

In - to the fold, out of the cold, Oh, heed the message of love and come in.

The musical score consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The melody is simple and hymn-like, with lyrics written below the notes.

No. 55.

ONLY TRUST HIM.

J. H. S.

J. H. STOCKTON, by per.

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

The musical score for the first part of the hymn is in 4/4 time and one sharp key signature. It features a simple melody with lyrics written below the notes.

REFRAIN.

give you rest, By trust - ing in His word. On - ly trust Him, on - ly trust Him,
 crimson flood That washes white as snow. out de-lay, And you are ful - ly blest.
 les-tial land, Where joys im-mor-tal flow.

The musical notation for the first part of the refrain is in 4/4 time and one sharp key signature. It includes a double bar line with repeat dots at the end of the first line.

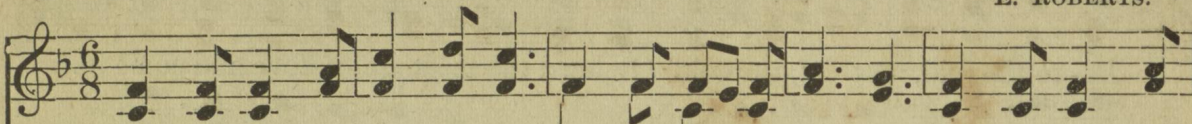
On - ly trust Him now ; He will save you, He will save you, He will save you now.

The musical notation for the second part of the refrain is in 4/4 time and one sharp key signature. It includes a double bar line with repeat dots at the end of the first line.

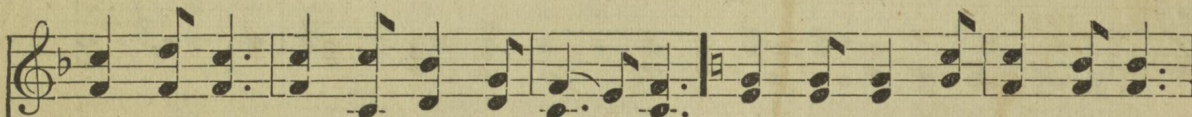
INVITATION.

No. 56. DROOPING SOULS NO LONGER MOURN.

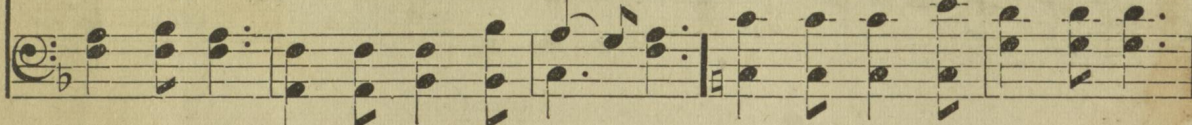
E. ROBERTS.



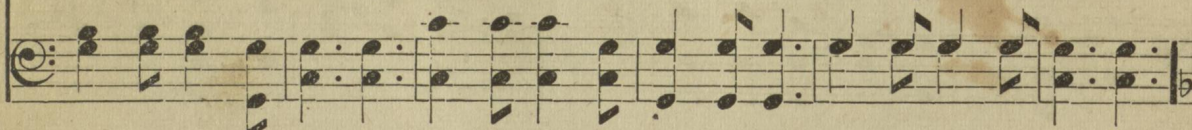
1. Drooping souls no long - er mourn, Je - sus still is pre - cious; If to Him you
2. He has par - dons full and free, Drooping souls to gladden; Still He cries, "come
3. Pre - cious is the Saviour's name, Dear to all that love Him; He to save the



now return, Heav'n will be pro - pi - tious. Je - sus now is pass - ing by,
un - to me, Wea - ry, heav - y la - den;" Tho' your sins, like mountains high,
dy - ing came; Go to Him and prove Him. Wand'ring sin - ners, now re - turn,



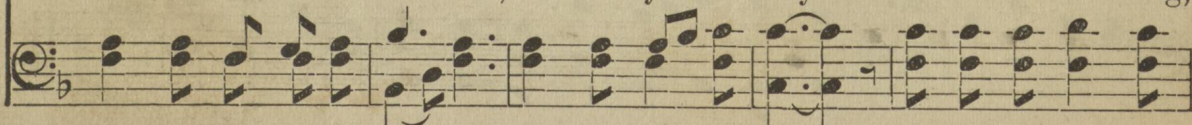
Calling wand'ers near Him; Drooping souls you need not die, Go to Him and hear Him.
Rise and reach to heaven, Soon as you on Him re - ly, All shall be for - giv - en.
Contrite souls believe Him, Jesus calls you, cease to mourn, Worship Him, receive Him.



REFRAIN.



Turn, O turn to the Sav - iour; How can you de - lay? Je - sus is call - ing,



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DROOPING SOULS NO LONGER MOURN.

ten - der - ly call - ing, Why not, O why not, Why not come to - day?

No. 57. COME TO JESUS.

G. F. R.

Rev. GEO. F. ROBERTSON.

1. Come to Je - sus, chil - dren, come, He will bring you safe - ly home;
 2. "Come," said Je - sus, "come to me, From your sins I'll set you free,
 3. Je - sus, now I hear Thy voice Call - ing me to make my choice;

O be - lieve Him, O re - ceive Him, He will take you and will make you
 And for - ev - er I will nev - er Fail to love you; and a - bove you
 I be - lieve Thee, I re - ceive Thee, Come and bless me, I con - fess Thee

Like Himself in righteous - ness, Cloth - ing you in heav'n - ly dress.
 Shall your guardian an - gels fly, — Faith - ful guides to mansions high."
 As the Sav - iour of a child, Gen - tle Je - sus, meek and mild.

INVITATION.

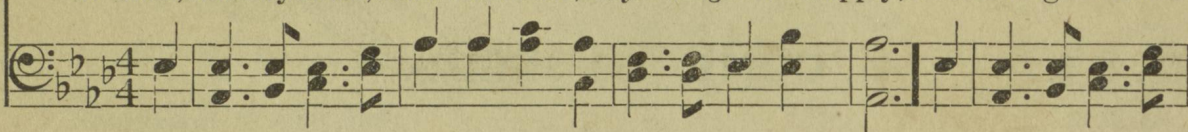
No. 58. SINNER, COME TO JESUS NOW.

Refrain by A. J. S.

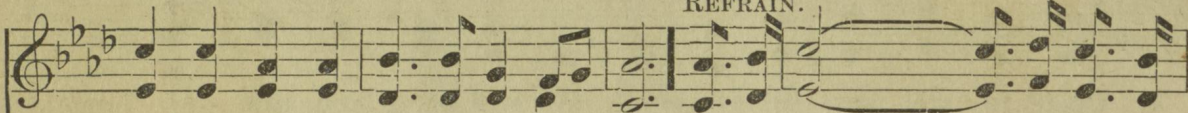
A. J. SHOWALTER.



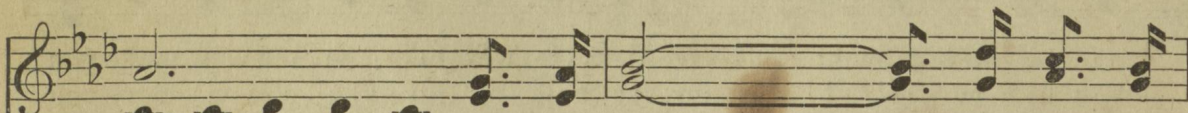
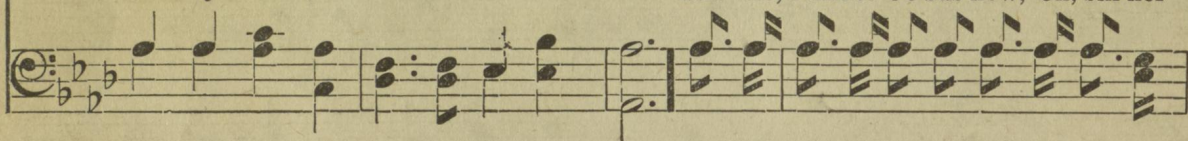
1. There is a fountain filled with blood, Drawn from Immanuel's veins ; And sinners plunged be-
2. The dy-ing thief rejoiced to see That fountain in his day ; And there may I, tho'
3. Dear dy-ing Lamb, Thy precious blood Shall never lose its power, Till all the ransomed
4. E'er, since by faith, I saw the stream, Thy flowing wounds supply, Redeeming love has



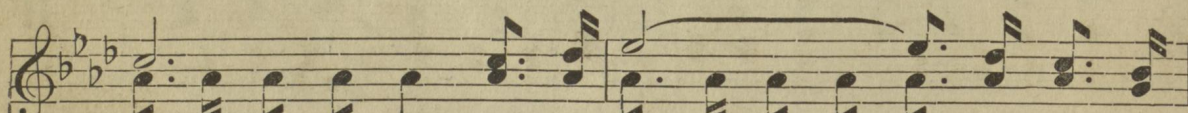
REFRAIN.



neath that flood, Lose all their guilty stains. Sin-ner, come . . . to Je-sus
 vile as he, Wash all my sins a - way.
 Church of God, Be saved to sin no more.
 been my theme, And shall be till I die. Sin-ner, come to Je-sus now, Oh, sin-ner



now (oh, come just now), Plunge be - neath the heal - ing
 come to Je - sus now, Plunge be - neath the heal - ing wave, Yes, plunge be -



wave (the heal - ing wave) ; At His feet oh, come and
 neath the heal - ing wave ; At His feet, oh, come and bow, Yes, at His



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SINNER, COME TO JESUS NOW.

bow, For He died your soul to save.
 feet, oh, come and bow, For He died, yes, He died your soul to save.

No. 59.

THE GRACIOUS CALL.

G. F. R.

Rev. GEO. F. ROBERTSON

1. The Spir-it and the Bride say "come," Let sinners hear the call ; The pleading voice of
2. Let him that heareth also say To ev'ry lost one "come," Come from the deserts
3. For ev'-ry thirsting sin-sick soul, This fountain 's flowing free, 'T will cleanse the heart from
4. And who-so-ev-er will may come, Of all the ruined race, And of this fountain

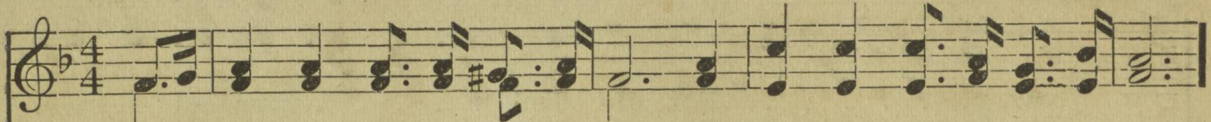
REFRAIN.

grace so sweet On will-ing ears should fall. O, come then, to the fountain come, Tho'
 wild and bare, Back to the Fa-ther's home.
 ev'-ry sin, It will a - vail for thee.
 drink and live, This fount of heav'nly grace.

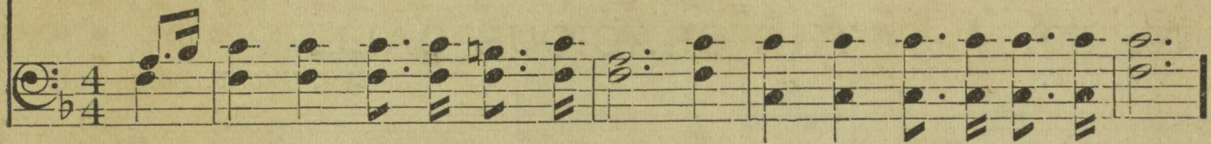
ru-ined by the fall ; Let none refuse, let none de-lay, Wide as the world the call.

OH, WHY NOT TO-NIGHT?

J. CALVIN BUSHEY, by per.



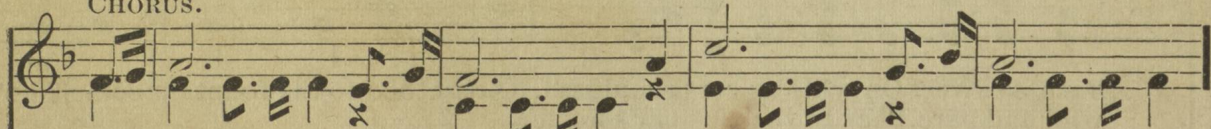
1. Oh, do not let the word de-part, And close thine eyes against the light;
2. To - mor-row's sun may nev - er rise To bless Thy long de-lud - ed sight;
3. Our Lord, in pit - y, lin-gers still, And wilt Thou thus His love requite?
4. Our bless - ed Lord re - fus - ed none Who would to Him their souls unite;



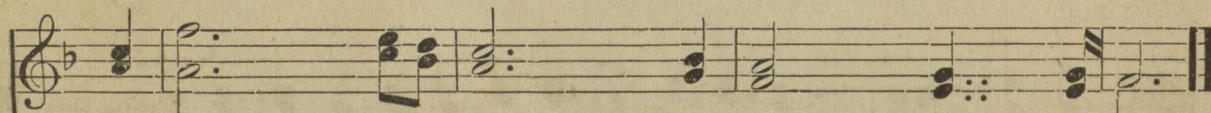
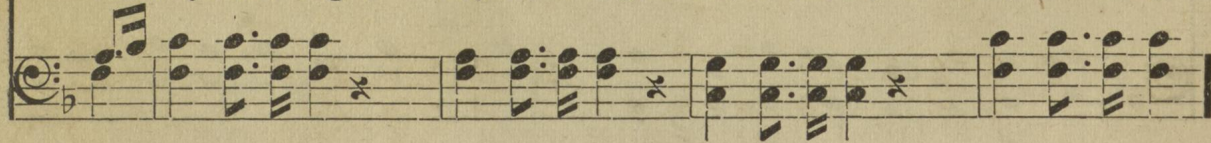
Poor sin - ner, hard - en not your heart, Be saved, oh, to - night.
 This is the time, oh, then be wise, Be saved, oh, to - night.
 Re - nounce at once thy stub-born will, Be saved, oh, to - night.
 Be - lieve, o - bey, the work is done, Be saved, oh, to - night.



CHORUS.



Oh, why not to - night? Oh, why not to - night?
 Oh, why not to - night? why not to - night? why not to - night? why not to - night?



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



No. 61.

KNOCKING TO-DAY.

F. M. DAVIS.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. Some one is knocking at thy heart's door, Knocking to-day, knock-ing to-day;
 2. Long He has waited to set you free, Free from your sin, free from your sin;
 3. Shall He still knock and entreat in vain, At your heart's door, at your heart's door?

Plead-ing, entreat-ing thee o'er and o'er; Will you still turn Him a - way?
 Hear Him still pleading so ten - der - ly, Let your Deliv - er - er in.
 He may soon leave to come ne'er a - gain, Rise and re-sist Him no more.

REFRAIN.

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

Knocking to-day, knock-ing to-day, Je - sus is knocking and pleading to-day.

INVITATION.

No. 62. ABUNDANTLY ABLE TO SAVE.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.

P. P. BLISS.

1. Who-ev-er re - ceiv - eth the Cru-ci - fied One, Who-ev-er be - liev - eth
 2. Who-ev-er re - ceiv - eth the message of God, And trusts in the pow'r of
 3. Who-ev-er re - pents and forsakes ev-'ry sin, And o-pens his heart for

on God's on - ly Son, A free and a per - fect sal - vation shall have,
 the soul-cleansing blood, A full and e - ter - nal sal - vation shall have,
 the Lord to come in, A pres - ent and per - fect sal - vation shall have,

REFRAIN.

For He is a - bun - dant - ly a - ble to save. My brother, the Mas -
 For He is both a - ble and will - ing to save.
 For Je - sus is read - y this moment to save. Brother, the Mas -

ter is call - ing for thee; His grace and His mer -
 ter is come, and is call - ing for thee; Brother, His grace

From : Spiritual Songs, " by per.

HEALING FOUNTAIN.

ABUNDANTLY ABLE TO SAVE.

cy are wondrously free; His blood as a ran - som for sinners He
and His mercy are wondrously free; Brother, His blood as a ransom for

gave, And He is a - bun - dant - ly a - ble to save.
sin - ners He gave, And He is a - bundant - ly a - ble to save.

No. 63.

KINSMAN.

E. ROBERTS, by per.

1. { Come to Cal - v'ry's ho - ly moun - tain, Sin - ners, ru - ined by the fall; }
{ Here a pure and heal - ing foun - tain Flows to you, to me, to all. }

In a full, per - pet - ual tide, O - pened when our Sav - iour died.

2 Come in sorrow and contrition,
Wounded, impotent and blind;
Here the guilty, free remission,
Here the troubled, peace may find;
Health this fountain will restore,
He that drinks shall thirst no more.

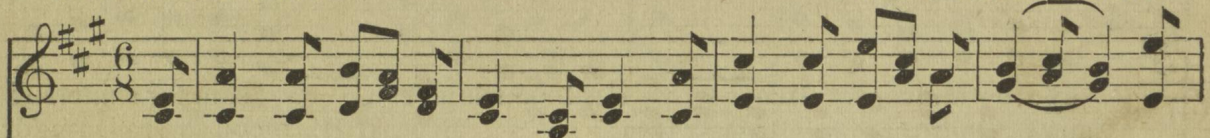
3 He that drinks shall live forever,
'Tis a soul-renewing flood;
God is faithful,— God will never
Break His covenant in blood,
Sign'd when our Redeemer died,
Seal'd when He was glorified,

INVITATION.

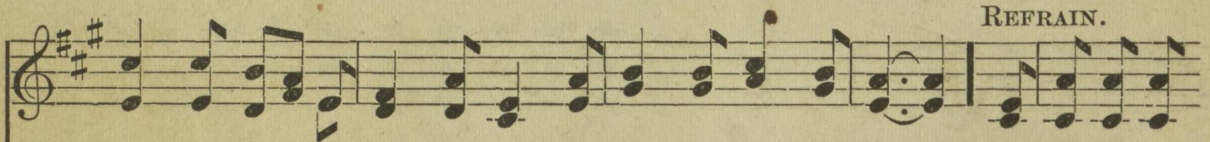
No. 64. GO, WASH IN THAT FOUNTAIN TO-DAY.

COWPER. Ref. added.

Rev. WILL M. WALLER.

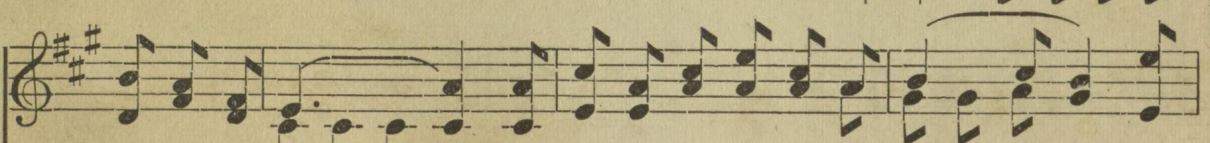
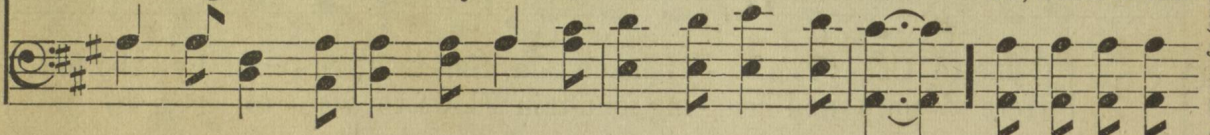


- 1. There is a fountain filled with blood, Drawn from Immanuel's veins; And
- 2. The dy - ing thief re - joic'd to see That foun-tain in his day; And
- 3. Thou dy - ing Lamb, Thy precious blood, Shall never lose its pow'r, Till
- 4. E'er since by faith I saw the stream, Thy flowing wounds sup-ply, Re-

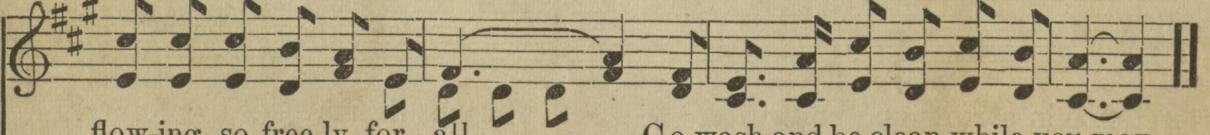
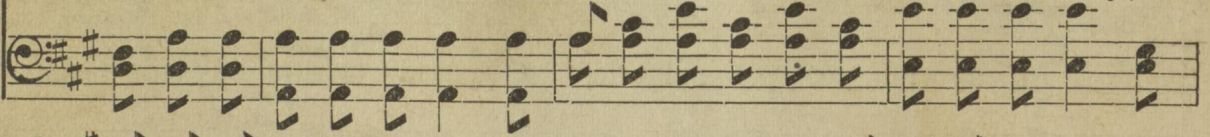


REFRAIN.

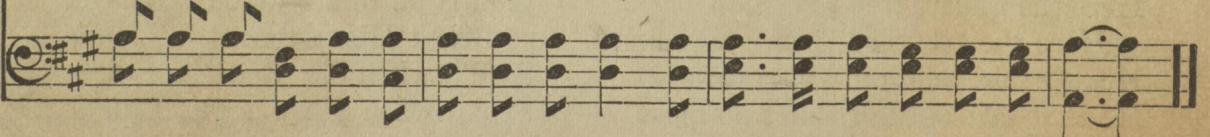
sinner's plung'd beneath that flood, Lose all their guilty stains. Go, wash in that
 there may I tho' vile as he, Wash all my sins a - way.
 all the ransom'd Church of God, Are sav'd to sin no more.
 deem-ing love has been my theme, And shall be till I die. Go, wash in that



fountain of life, Go, wash in that fountain to-day; 'T is
 fountain, that fountain of life, Go, wash in that fountain, that fountain to-day; 'T is



flow-ing so free-ly for all Go, wash and be clean while you may.
 flow-ing so free-ly, so free-ly for all;

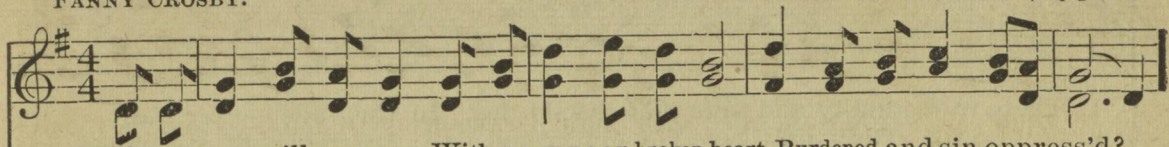


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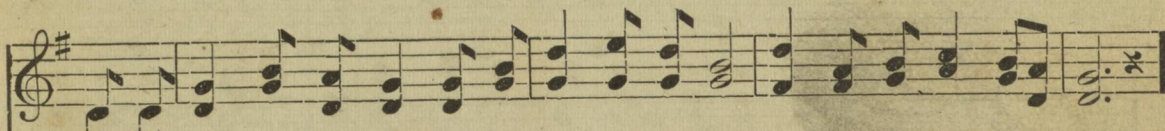
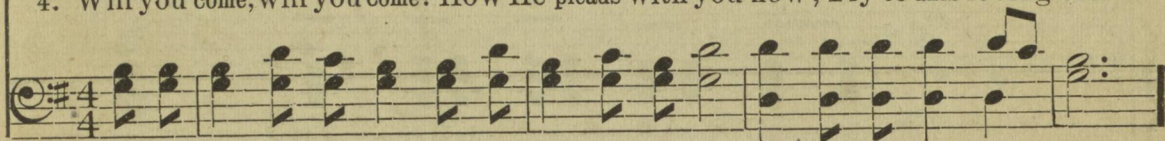
No. 65. JESUS WILL GIVE YOU REST.

FANNY CROSBY.

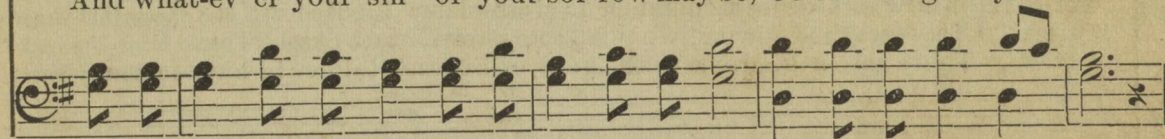
J. R. SWENEY, by per.



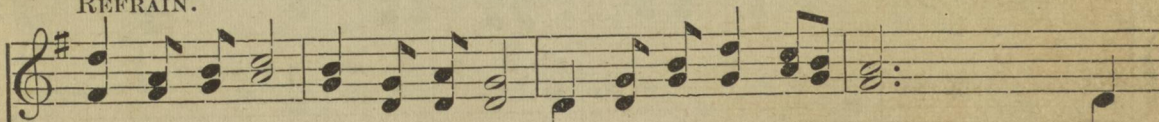
- 1. Will you come, will you come, With your poor broken heart, Burdened and sin oppress'd?
- 2. Will you come, will you come? There is mer-cy for you, Balm for your ach-ing breast;
- 3. Will you come, will you come? You have nothing to pay; Je-sus who loves you best,
- 4. Will you come, will you come? How He pleads with you now; Fly to His loving breast



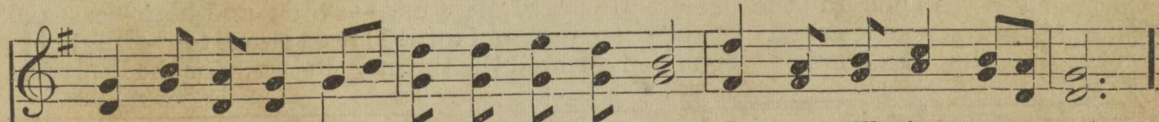
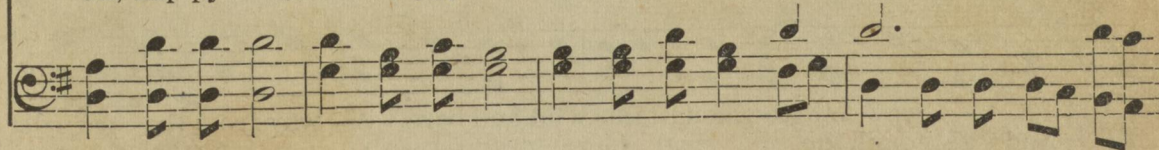
Lay it down at the feet of your Saviour and Lord, Je-sus will give you rest.
 On-ly come, as you are, and be-lieve on His name, Je-sus will give you rest.
 By His death on the cross purchas'd life for your soul, Je-sus will give you rest.
 And what-ev er your sin or your sor-row may be, Je-sus will give you rest.



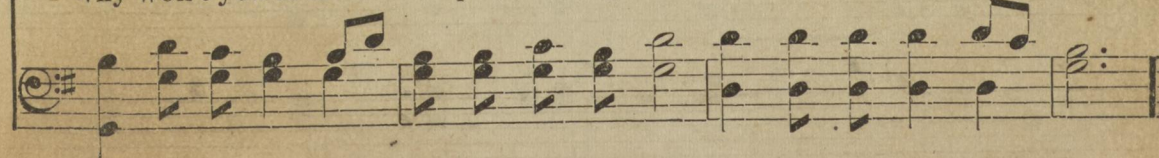
REFRAIN.



Oh, hap-py rest, sweet, happy rest, Je - sus will give you rest, (hap-py rest,) Oh,



why won't you come in sim-ple, trust-ing faith? Je - sus will give you rest.

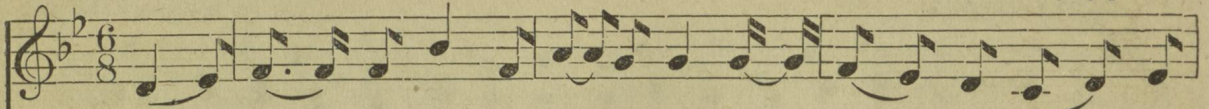


INVITATION.

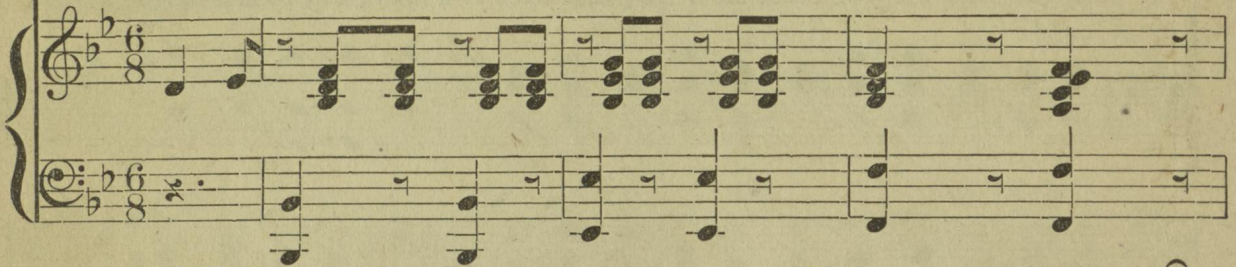
No. 66.

THE NINETY AND NINE.

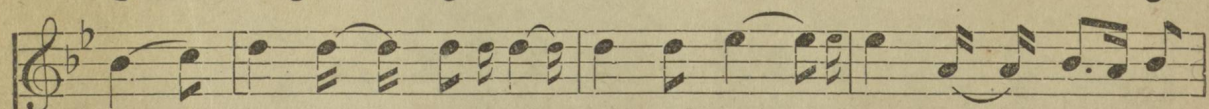
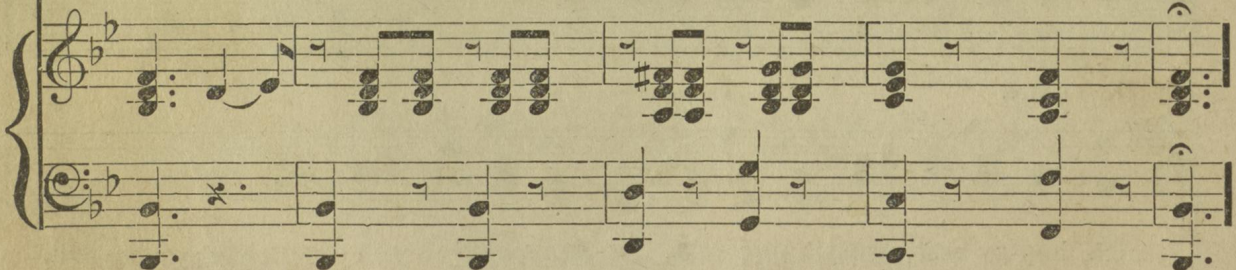
E. ROBERTS, by per.



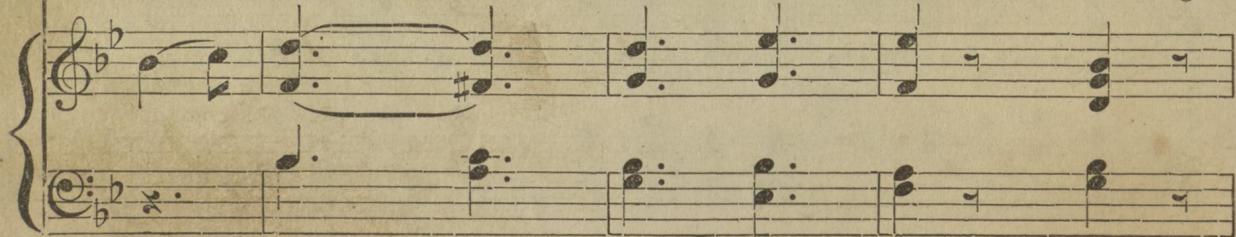
1. There were nine-ty and nine that safe-ly lay In the shel - ter of the
2. " Lord, Thou hast here Thy ninety and nine; Are they not e - nough for
3. But none of the ransomed ev - er knew How deep were the wa - ters
4. " Lord, whence are those blood-drops all the way That mark out the moun-tain's
5. But all thro' the mountains, thunder-riven, And up from the rock - y



fold, But one was out on the hills a-way, Far off from the gates of gold,—
Thee?" But the Shepherd made answer :—"T is of mine Has wandered away from me;
crossed; Nor how dark was the night that the Lord passed thro' Ere He found His sheep that was lost.
track?" "They were shed for one who had gone astray, Ere the Shepherd could bring him back."
step, There rose a glad cry to the gate of heaven, "Rejoice! I have found my sheep!"



A - way on the moun-tains wild and bare, A - way from the ten - der
And al-though the road be rough and steep I go to the desert to
Out in the des-ert He heard its cry,— Sick and help - less and
" Lord, whence are Thy hands so rent and torn? They are pierced to - night by
And the an - gels ech - oed a-round the throne, "Rejoice, for the Lord brings



COME TO-DAY.

THE NINETY AND NINE.

rit.

Shepherd's care, A-way from the ten - der Shep - herd's care.
 find my sheep, I go to the des-ert to find . . . my sheep."
 read-y to die, Sick and help-less and read - y to die.
 ma-ny a thorn, They are pierced to - night by ma - ny a thorn."
 back His own, Re-joice for the Lord brings back . . . His own.

rit.

CHORUS.

O hear! the kind Shepherd is call - ing for thee, Wand-'rer, come home,

rit.

Wand-'rer come home; Pardon He of-fers thee full and free, Wand'er come home

No. 67.

TO-DAY.

LOWELL MASON.

1. To-day the Saviour calls : Ye wanderers, come; O ye benighted souls, Why longer roam?
2. To-day the Saviour calls : Oh, hear Him now; Within these sacred walls To Je-sus bow.
3. To-day the Saviour calls : For refuge fly; The storm of justice falls. And death is nigh.
4. The Spir-it calls to-day : Yield to His power; Oh, grieve Him not away, 'T is mer-cy's hour.

INVITATION.

No. 68. THERE IS A FOUNTAIN OPENED WIDE.

A. J. SHOWALTER.
Refrain by T. J. S.

Rev. T. J. SWANZEY.

1. There is a foun-tain o-pened wide, To wash a-way all sin;
2. That pre-cious blood was shed for all, Up-on th'ac-curs-éd tree,
3. Tho' red as crim-son now the stain Of sin up-on thy heart,
4. For-get thy-self and view the cross, 'T was there the Sav-iour died;

This gra-cious stream from Je-sus' side, Will make us pure with-in.
That sin-ners, ru-ined by the fall, Might from their guilt be free.
That blood can make it white and clean, And life and peace im-part.
If still unsaved, thine own the loss, For God is sat-is-fied.

REFRAIN.

Sin-ner, plunge beneath this wave, Let its pow'r to heal and save Flow up-
on thy sin-sick soul to-day; While the tide is flow-ing by, Filled with

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THE CROSS.

THERE IS A FOUNTAIN OPENED WIDE.

cleansing from on high, Sin - ner, plunge beneath it now while you may.

No. 69.

ON THE CROSS.

Arranged.

1. { Be - hold! be-hold! the Lamb of God On the cross, on the cross;
 For you He shed His pre - cious blood On the cross, on the cross;
 2. { Be - hold, His arms ex - tend - ed wide On the cross, on the cross;
 Be - hold, His bleeding hands and side On the cross, on the cross;

Oh! hear His ag - o - nizing cry, } Draw near and see your Saviour die,
 "E - loi la - ma sabachthani." }
 The sun withholds his rays of light, } While Je - sus doth with devils fight,
 The heav'ns are closed in shades of night. }

On the cross, on the cross!

3 Come, sinner, see Him lifted up
 On the cross, on the cross!
 He drinks for you the bitter cup,
 On the cross, on the cross;
 To heav'n He turns His languid eyes,
 "Tis finished!" now the conqu'ror
 cries,
 Then bows His sacred head and dies,
 On the cross, on the cross.

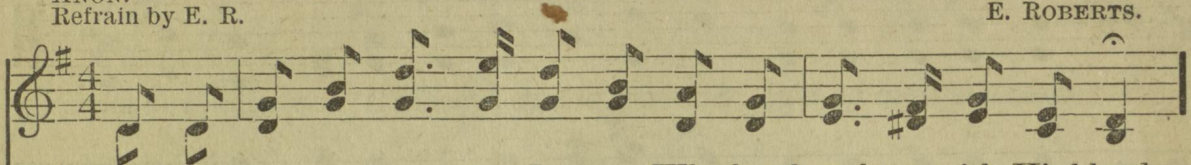
INVITATION.

No. 70.

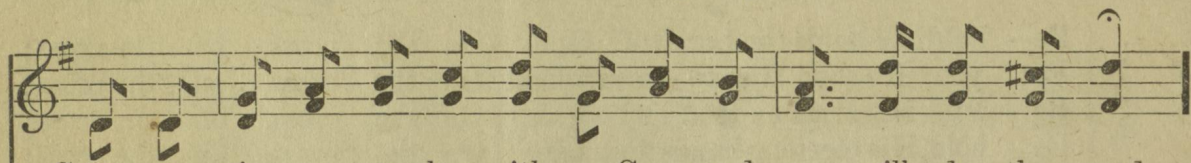
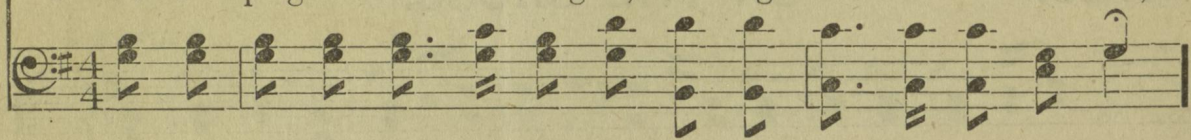
COME AND SEE.

ANON.
Refrain by E. R.

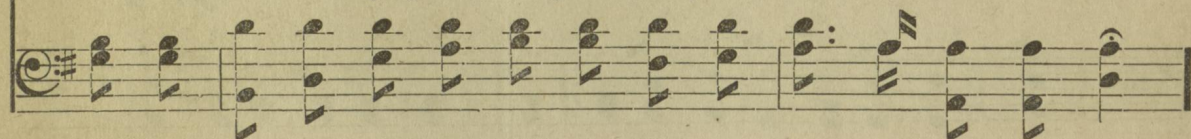
E. ROBERTS.



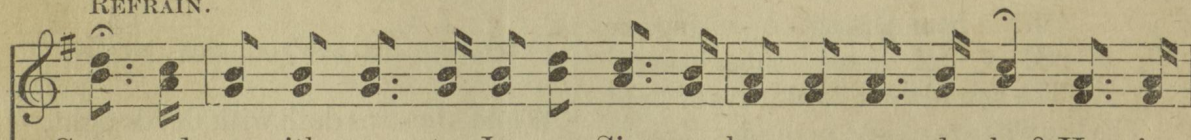
1. We are go - ing home to Je - sus, Who has bought us with His blood;
2. We have found the true Mes - si - ah; Come, poor sin - ner, come and see.
3. Come, ye wea - ry, heav - y la - den—"Come, and I will give you rest;"
4. We are pil - grims here and strangers, Trav - ling to the bet - ter land;



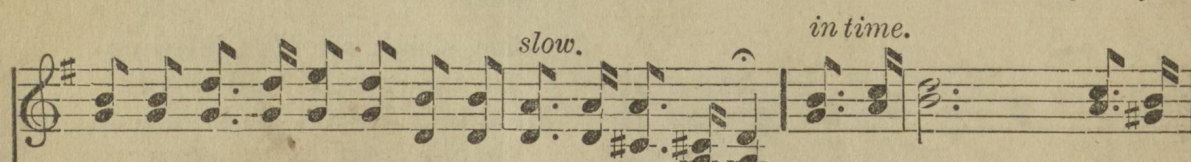
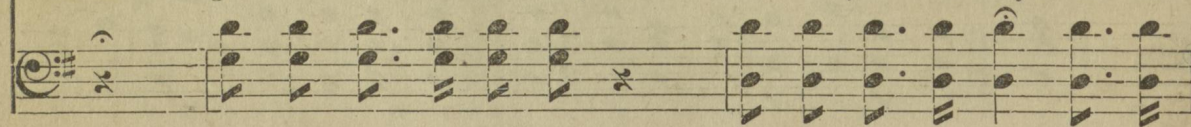
Come, poor sin - ner, go thou with us, Come and we will do thee good.
Hark! He calls you, He in - vites you, "Come," He says, "come un - to me."
To the mar - riage you are bid - den, Come, and be for - ev - er blest.
Tho' sur - round - ed by great dan - gers, We press on at Christ's command.



REFRAIN.



Come and go with us to Je - sus; Sin - ner, how can you de - lay? He in -



vites you, He entreats you; Tarry not, but come away. Come a - way, Come a -
come a - way,



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HEED THE CALL.

COME AND SEE.

slow.

way, He in-vites you, He entreats you, Come, poor sinner, come away.
come a-way,

5 We are going to that country;
Come and join our pilgrim band;
You shall never thirst nor hunger,
In that bright and happy land.

6 In that bright and happy country,
We will praise Immanuel's name;
And we'll ever be exclaiming,
Glory be to God, Amen.

No. 71. O PRODIGAL, COME HOME.

A. J. S.

A. J. SHOWALTER, by per.

1. Thy Fa-ther hath pre-pared a feast, O prod-i-gal, come home,
2. The Sav-iour stands with out-stretched arms, O prod-i-gal, come home,
3. The Ho-ly Spir-it woos thy heart, O prod-i-gal, come home,
4. Why tar-ry lon-ger on the way, O prod-i-gal, come home,
5. Why wilt thou lon-ger risk thine all, O prod-i-gal, come home,

REFRAIN.

And thou mayst be a welcome guest, O prodigal, come home. Come home, come
Thou need not fear the world's alarms, O prodigal, come home.
Then bid Him not from thee de-part, O prodigal, come home.
Thy Fa-ther bids thee come to-day, O prodigal, come home.
For this may be thy fi-nal call, O prodigal, come home.

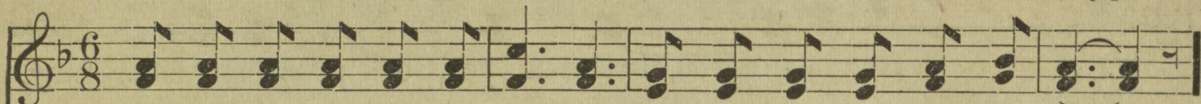
home, O prod-i-gal, come home, prod-i-gal come home.

INVITATION.

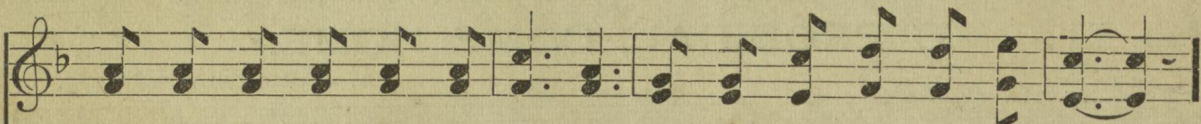
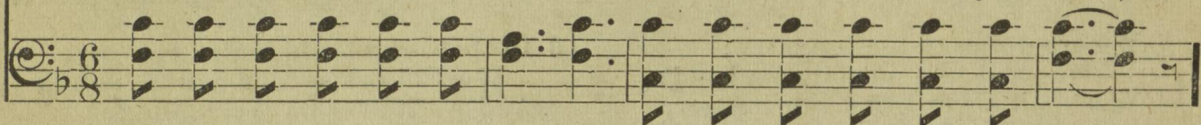
No. 72. JESUS IS PASSING THIS WAY.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.

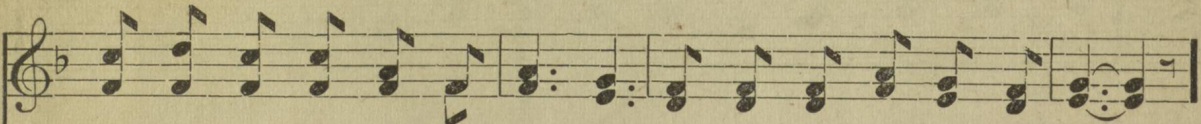
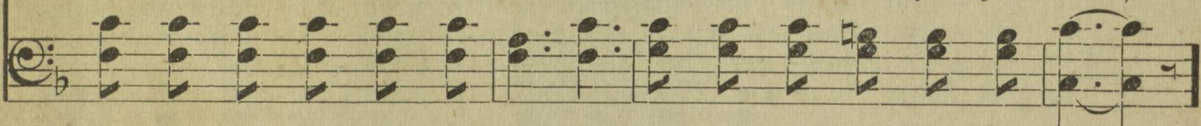
J. H. TENNEY, by per.



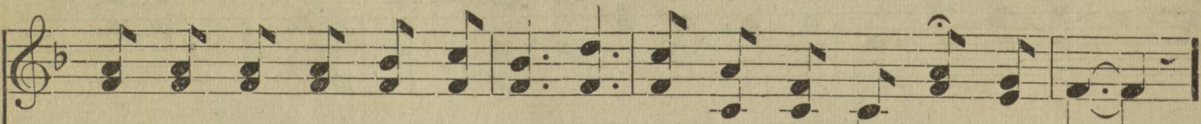
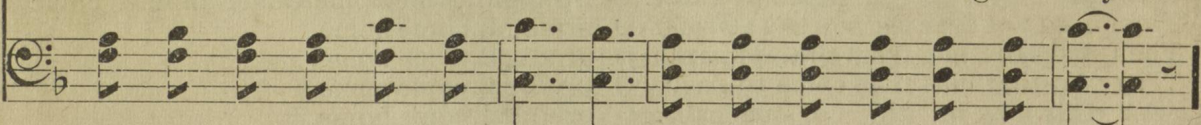
1. Is there a sin - ner a - wait - ing Mer - cy and par - don to - day?
2. Brother, the Mas - ter is wait - ing, Wait - ing to free - ly for - give;
3. Yes, He is com - ing to bless you While in con - tri - tion you bow;



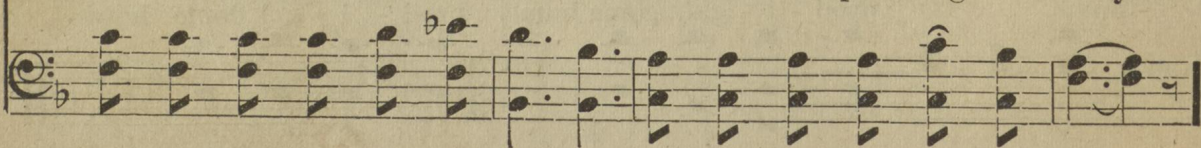
Welcome the news that we bring him: "Je - sus is pass - ing this way!"
Why not this mo - ment ac - cept Him, Trust in His mer - cy and live?
Com - ing from sin to re - deem you, Read - y to save you just now;



Com - ing in love and in mer - cy, Par - don and peace to be - stow,
He is so ten - der and pre - cious! He is so near you to - day!
Can you re - fuse the sal - va - tion Je - sus is of - f'ring to - day?

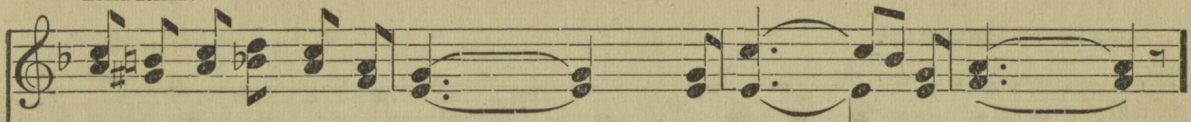


Com - ing to save the poor sin - ner, Save him from an - guish and woe.
O - pen your heart to re - ceive Him, While He is pass - ing this way.
O - pen your heart to ad - mit Him, While He is pass - ing this way.

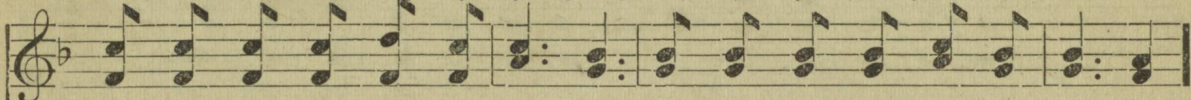


JESUS IS PASSING THIS WAY.

REFRAIN.



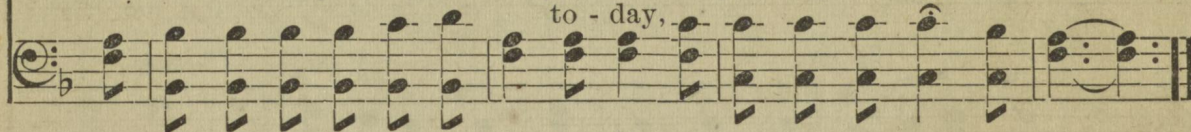
Je - sus is pass - ing this way to - day, to - day!
 Je - sus is pass - ing this way to - day, is passing to - day!



While He is near, O be - lieve Him, O - pen your hearts to re - ceive Him,



For Je - sus is pass - ing this way, Is pass - ing this way to - day.
 to - day,



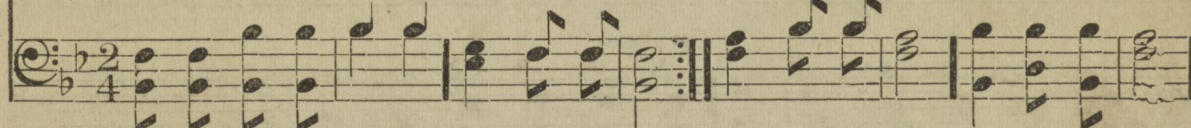
No. 73.

AVA.

Dr. THOMAS HASTINGS.
 D. C.



1. { Child of sin and sorrow, Filled with dismay, } Heav'n bids thee come, While yet there's room.
 { Wait not for to-morrow, Yield thee to-day; }



D. C. — Child of sin and sor-row, Hear and o - bey.

2 Child of sin and sorrow,
 Why wilt thou die?
 Come while thou canst borrow
 Help from on high:
 Grieve not that love
 Which from above,
 Child of sin and sorrow,
 Would bring thee nigh.

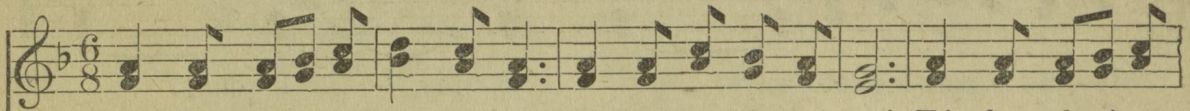
3 Child of sin and sorrow,
 Thy moments glide,
 Like the flitting arrow,
 Or the rushing tide;
 Ere time is o'er,
 Heav'n's grace implore;
 Child of sin and sorrow,
 In Christ confide.

INVITATION.

No. 74. ABLE AND WILLING TO SAVE.

Mrs. E. W. CHAPMAN.

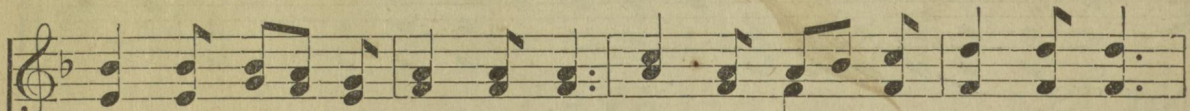
J. H. TENNEY, by per.



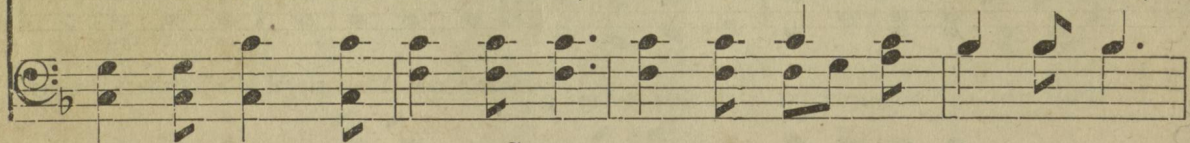
1. Sing the praise of Christ the Lord, He is a - ble to save! 'Tis the glo - rious
2. Sin - ners, now His word be - lieve, He is a - ble to save! In your hearts the
3. In temp - ta - tion fierce and strong, He is a - ble to save! Tell it to the



writ - ten word, He is a - ble to save! Do not doubt His love and grace;
Lord re - ceive, He is a - ble to save! Poor and need - y, weak and blind,
world in song, He is a - ble to save! Shout the tid - ings far and wide,



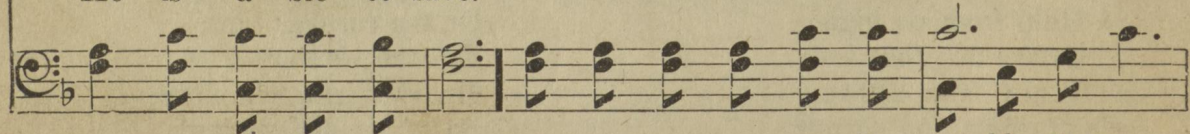
See, oh see His smil - ing face; Come and find a rest - ing place,
You may per - fect heal - ing find, He is pit - i - ful and kind,
Je - sus Christ the cru - ci - fied, On the cross for us hath died,



CHORUS.



He is a - ble to save. A - ble and will - ing to save,
He is will - ing to save.
He is a - ble to save.



yes, a - ble to save,

COME TO JESUS.

ABLE AND WILLING TO SAVE.

Musical score for 'ABLE AND WILLING TO SAVE' in G major, 4/4 time. It consists of two systems of treble and bass staves. The lyrics are: 'a - ble and will - ing to save. To the earth's re - mot - est bound, Let the cho - rus loud re - sound, yes, will - ing to save. He is a - ble to save, and will - ing to save, A - ble and will - ing to save.'

No. 75.

COME, YE SINNERS.

FINE.

Musical score for 'COME, YE SINNERS' in G major, 2/4 time. It consists of two systems of treble and bass staves. The lyrics are: '1. { Come, ye sin - ners, poor and need - y, Weak and wounded, sick and sore; } { Je - sus read - y stands to save you, Full of pit - y love, and power. }

d.c. Glo - ry, hon - or, and sal - va - tion, Christ the Lord is come to reign.

D.C.

Musical score for the continuation of 'COME, YE SINNERS' in G major, 2/4 time. It consists of two systems of treble and bass staves. The lyrics are: 'Turn to the Lord, and seek sal - va - tion, Sound the praise of His dear name;

- 2 Now, ye needy, come and welcome,
God's free bounty glorify;
True belief and true repentance,
Every grace that brings you nigh. REF.
- 3 Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness He requireth,
Is to feel your need of Him. REF.

- 4 Come ye weary, heavy-laden,
Bruised and mangled by the fall,
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all. REF.
- 5 Agonizing in the garden,
Lo! your Maker prostrate lies!
On the bloody tree behold Him—
Hear Him cry before He dies. REF.

INVITATION.

No. 76.

CALLING TO-DAY.

C. H. H.

C. H. HUMPHREYS.

1. Sin-ner, hear the voice of Je - sus, He is call - ing you to - day;
 2. 'Tis for you He's in - ter - ced - ing, At the Father's throne a - bove;
 3. From His love though you have wandered, Ne'er have sought His peace to know,
 4. Come, for all things now are read - y, And His mer - cies cease to spurn;

Lov - ing words of ten - der mer - cy Bid you come with - out de - lay.
 Heed, oh, heed His ear - nest plead - ing, Plead - ing for your heart and love.
 'Though your sins be red as scar - let, He will wash you white as snow.
 An - gels wait to bear the tid - ings Of the wan - der - er's re - turn.

Copyright 1881, by C. H. Humphreys.

REFRAIN.

Hear His sweet voice, . . . no long - er de - lay; . . . Ten - der and
 Hear His sweet voice, no long - er de - lay;

kind, . . . He's call - ing to - day; . . . Call - ing you
 Ten - der and kind, He's call - ing to - day, yes, call - ing to - day;

CALLING TO-DAY.

now in ac-cents of love, Bid-ding you
 Call-ing you now in ac-cents of love,

seek to en - ter the home a - bove.
 Bid - ding you seek

No. 77.

SAFETY.

E. P. AMBROSE, by per.

1. Come, thou wea - ry, Je - sus calls thee To His wound-ed side;
 2. Seek - ing Je - sus? Je - sus seeks thee—Wants thee as thou art;
 3. If thou let Him, He will save thee—Make thee all His own;

“Come to me,” saith He, “and com - ing Safe a - bid.”
 He is knock - ing, ev - er knock - ing At thy heart.
 Guide thee, keep thee, take thee dy - ing, To His throne.

4 Wilt thou still refuse His offer?
 Wilt thou say Him nay?
 Wilt thou let Him, grieved, rejected,
 Go away?

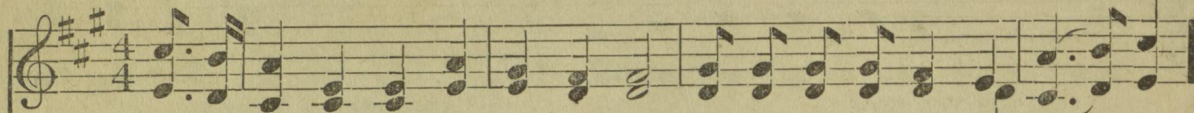
5 Dost thou feel thy life is weary?
 Is thy soul distressed?
 Take His offer, wait no longer,
 Be at rest!

INVITATION.

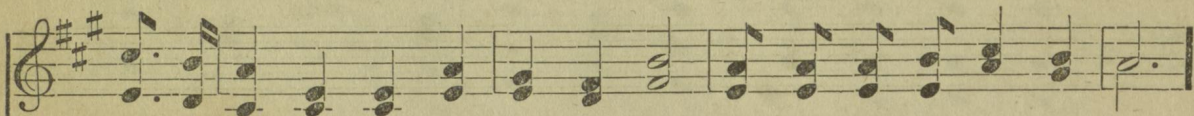
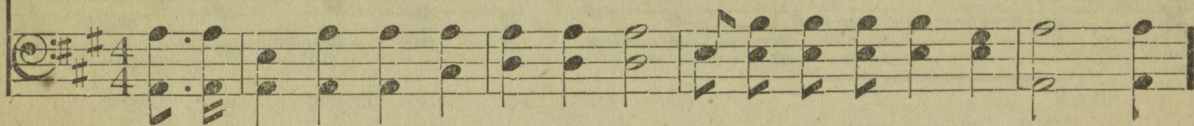
No. 78. DRINKING AT THE FOUNTAIN.

P. H. ROBLIN.

P. BILHORN.



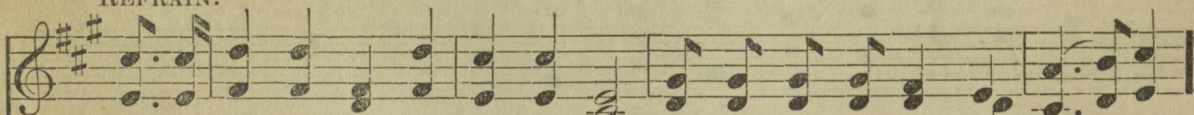
1. I have found a balm for all my woe, Je - sus is the liv - ing foun - tain;
2. When I came to Je - sus in my sin, Bend - ing at the liv - ing foun - tain;
3. As I heard His voice so kind and sweet, Sounding at the liv - ing foun - tain;
4. To the fountain come, O come to - day; Flowing is the liv - ing foun - tain;



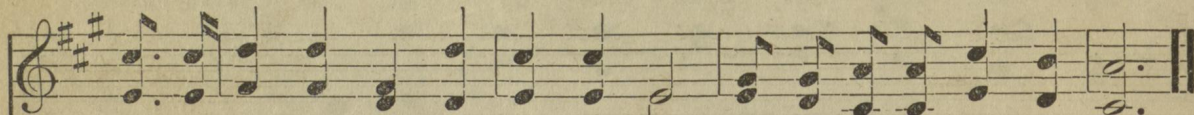
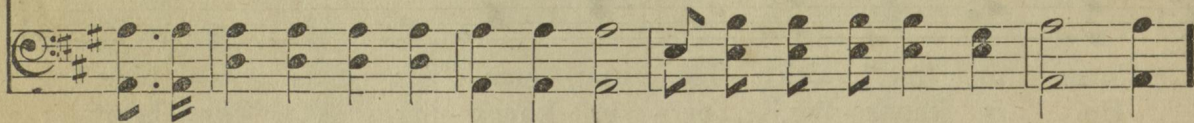
I am full of joy as Christ I know, Drink - ing at the fount of life.
Then He heard my pray'r and made me clean, Wash'd me at the fount of life.
Then I wept and sank low at His feet, Drink - ing at the fount of life.
Come and He will wash your sins a - way, Je - sus is the fount of life.



REFRAIN.



O the fount is Christ, in Him be - lieve, Drink - ing at the liv - ing foun - tain;



All who come to Him the life re - ceive, Je - sus is the fount of life.



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No. 79. REPENTANCE AT THE CROSS.

Translation.
Andante.

REV. GEO. F. ROBERTSON.

1. Heart of stone! re-lent, re-lent, Break, by Je-sus' cross subdued; See His bod - y,
 2. Yes, thy sins have done the deed, Driv'n the nails that fixed Him there, Crown'd with thorns His
 3. Wilt thou let Him bleed in vain,—Still to death thy Lord pursue, O - pen all His

mangled, rent, Stain'd and cover'd with His blood! Sinful soul! what hast thou done?
 sa-cred head, Plung'd into His side the spear, Made His soul a sac - ri - fice,
 wounds a - gain, And the shameful cross re-new? No,—with all my sins I'll part,

REFRAIN.
Earnestly.

Cru - ci - fied th' e - ter - nal Son. Re - pent ye, re - pent ye, O sin - ner and be -
 While for sin - ful man He dies.
 Sav - iour, take my broken heart!

lieve; Ac - cept the plan of sal - va - tion, Repent, be - lieve and live.
 believe and live.

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INVITATION.

No. 80.

COME, HE IS CALLING.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

A. J. SHOWALTER.



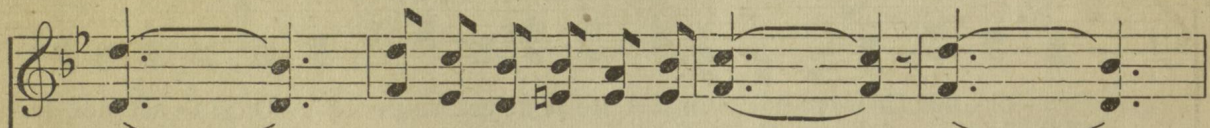
- 1. Je - sus is wait - ing so near, Come, He is call - ing to - day;
- 2. Hear the sweet message of love, Glad - ly the summons o - bey;
- 3. Cast on the Sav - iour thy care, Hear His glad word and o - bey;



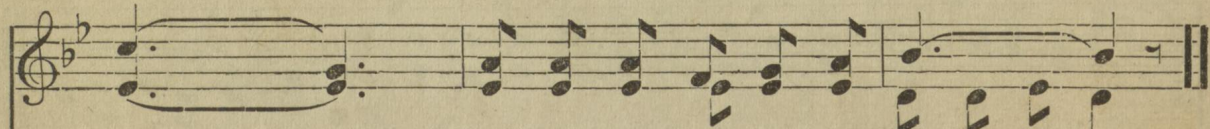
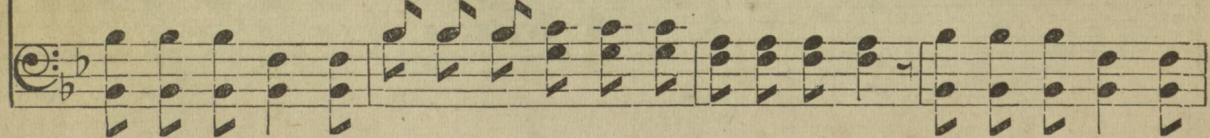
REFRAIN.



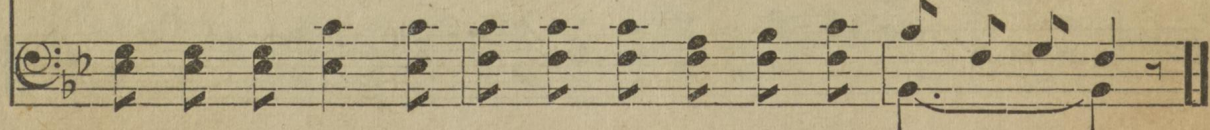
Banish your doubting and fear, Linger no long - er a - way. Come, . . .
 Seek ye the kingdom a - bove, Lin - ger no long - er a - way.
 Trust Him your burdens to bear, He is the life and the way. Come, He is calling,



come, . . . Je - sus is call - ing to - day; . . . Come, . . .
 Come, He is call - ing, Je - sus is call - ing, is call - ing to - day; Come, He is call - ing,



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

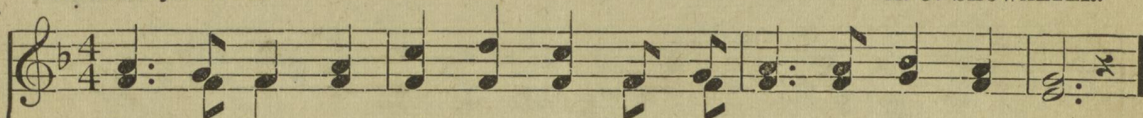


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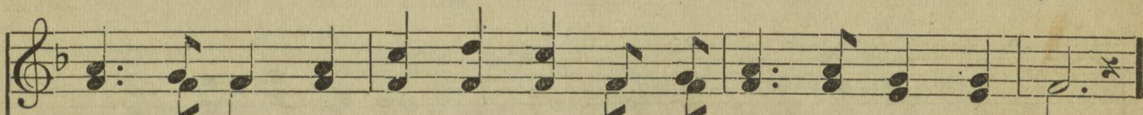
No. 81. DOWN AT THE CROSS.

Refrain by A. J. S.

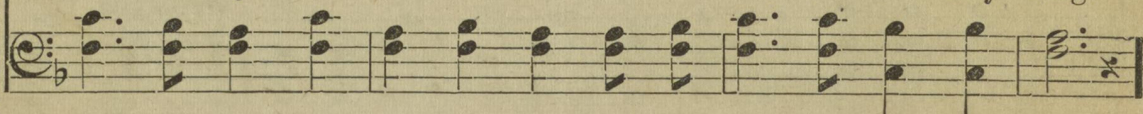
A. J. SHOWALTER.



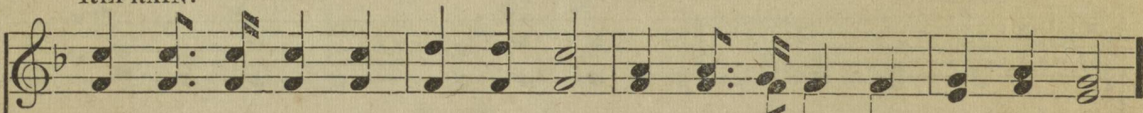
1. Je - sus, lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly,
 2. Hide me, O my Sav - iour hide, Till the storm of life is past;
 3. Oth - er ref - uge have I none; Hangs my help - less soul on Thee;
 4. All my trust on Thee is staid, All my help from Thee I bring;



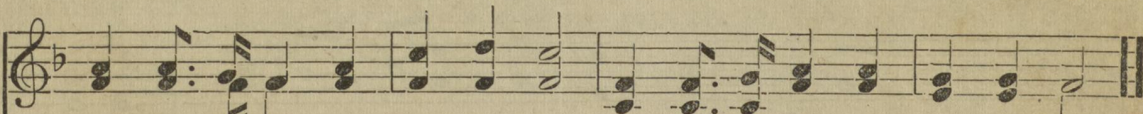
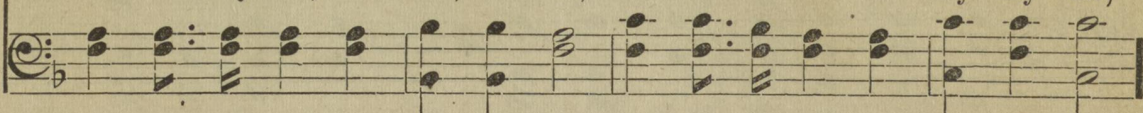
While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the tem - pest still is high;
 Safe in - to the ha - ven guide; Oh, re - ceive my soul at last.
 Leave, oh, leave me not a - lone, Still sup - port and com - fort me.
 Cov - er my de - fense - less head With the shad - ow of Thy wing.



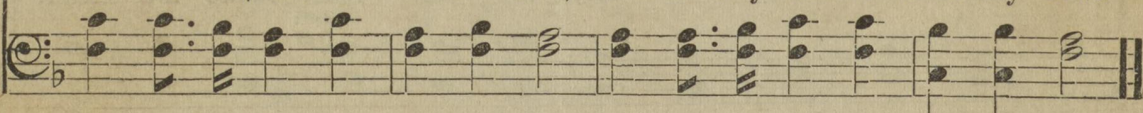
REFRAIN.



Down at Thy feet, O Lord, I fall, Down at the cross I lay my all;



O Je - sus, hear and bless me now, While at Thy throne I hum - bly bow.



- 5 Plenteous grace with Thee is found, 6 Thou of life the fountain art;
 Grace to cover all my sin; Freely let me take of Thee;
 Let the healing streams abound, Spring Thou up within my heart,
 Make and keep me pure within. Rise to all eternity.

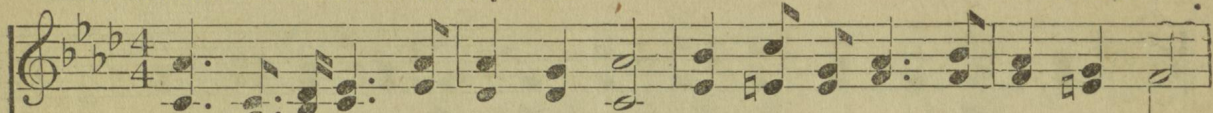
SURRENDER.

No. 82.

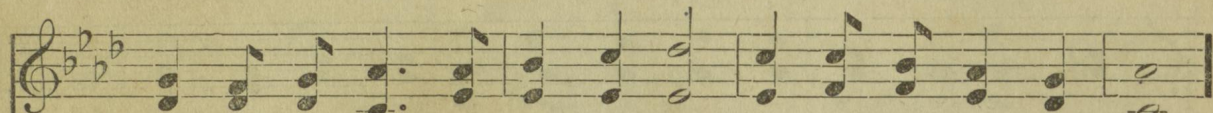
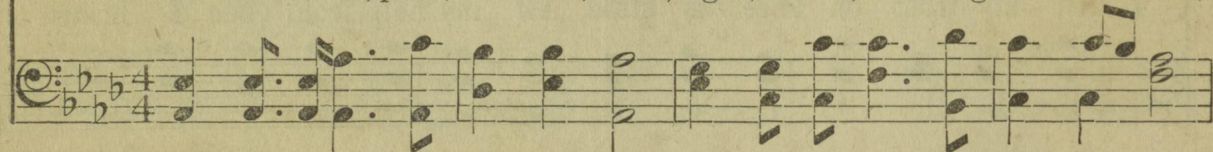
WASH ME, MY SAVIOUR.

Miss CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT. Ref. by E. R.

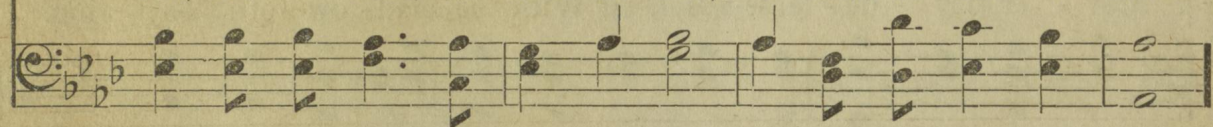
E. ROBERTS.



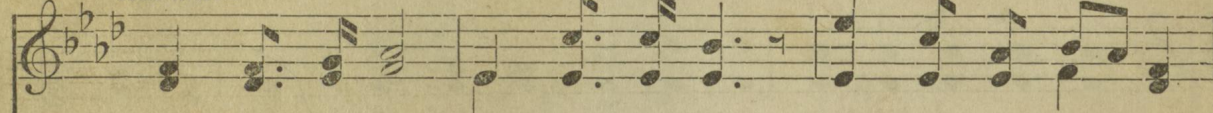
1. Just as I am, with-out one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me,
 2. Just as I am, and wait-ing not, To rid my soul of one dark blot,
 3. Just as I am, tho' toss'd a - bout With many a con - flict, many a doubt,
 4. Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind; Sight, rich-es, heal - ing of the mind,



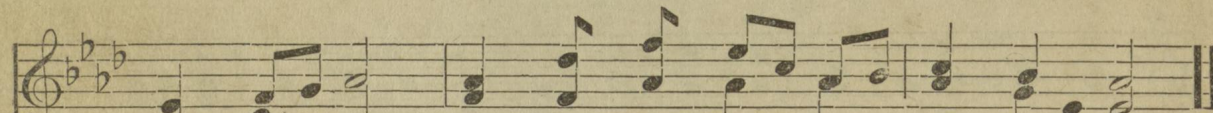
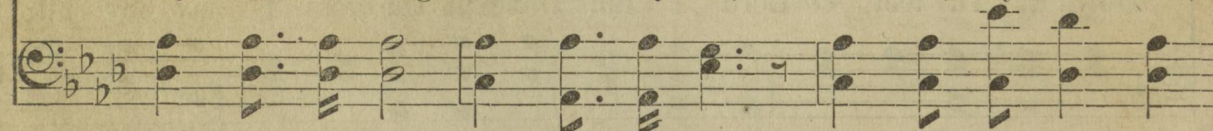
And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God I come.
 To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God I come.
 Fightings and fears with - in, with - out, O Lamb of God I come.
 Yea, all I need, in Thee to find, O Lamb of God I come.



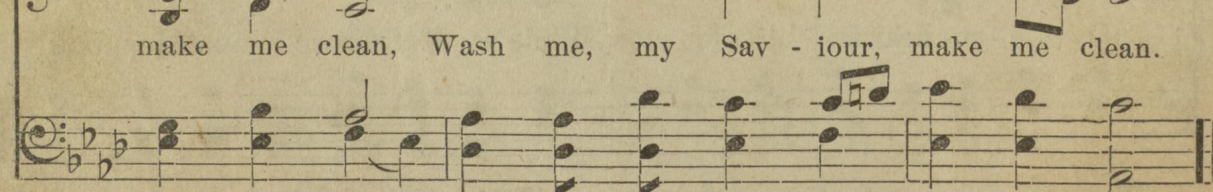
REFRAIN.



My heart I bring, all stained by sin; Wash me, my Sav - iour,



make me clean, Wash me, my Sav - iour, make me clean.



5 Just as I am, Thou wilt receive,
 Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
 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.

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No. 83.

EVEN ME.

Mrs. ELIZABETH CODNER.

J. H. TENNEY, by per.

1. Lord, I hear of show'rs of bless - ing Thou art scat - t'ring full and free,—
 2. Pass me not, O God, my Fa - ther, Sin - ful tho' my heart may be,
 3. Pass me not, O gra - cious Sav - iour! Let me live and cling to Thee;

Show'rs the thirs - ty land re - fresh - ing, Let some drop - pings fall on me.
 Nev - er leave me, but the rath - er, Let Thy mer - cy light on me.
 I am long - ing for Thy fa - vor, When Thou com - est, call for me.

REFRAIN.

E - ven me, E - ven me, { Let some droppings fall on me. }
 E - ven me, E - ven me. { Let Thy mer - cy light on me. }
 { When Thou comest, call for me. }

E - ven me, E - ven me, { Let some droppings fall on me. }
 E - ven me, E - ven me, { Let Thy mer - cy light on me. }
 { When Thou comest, call for me. }

4 Pass me not, O mighty Spirit!
 Thou canst make the blind to see;
 Witnesser of Jesus' merit,
 Speak the word of pow'r to me.

5 Love of God, so pure and changeless;
 Blood of Christ—so rich, so free;
 Grace of God—so strong and bound-
 Magnify them all in me. [less,

REPENTANCE.

No. 84.

JESUS, SAVE ME NOW.

E. A. H.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.

1. Lord, my heart is bruised and bleeding With the wounds of sin;
 2. I am bowed in grief and sor-row, Bur-dened and op-prest!
 3. Let the bonds of sin be bro-ken, Free-ly all for-give!

For Thy mer-cy I am plead-ing, Come and make me clean.
 Come, ere dawns an-oth-er mor-row, Bring me peace and rest.
 Let the word of pow'r be spo-ken, That shall bid me live.

REFRAIN.

All my guilt and sin con-fess-ing, At Thy feet I bow;

I am wait-ing for Thy bless-ing, Je-sus, save me now.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>4 Come, dear Saviour, come and bless
 With Thy matchless grace; [me
 Turn to me Thy heart of mercy,
 And Thy smiling face.</p> | <p>5 Why not now, dear Lord, forgive me
 Thro' Thy grace divine!
 Why not now, dear Lord, receive me
 As a child of Thine!</p> |
|---|--|

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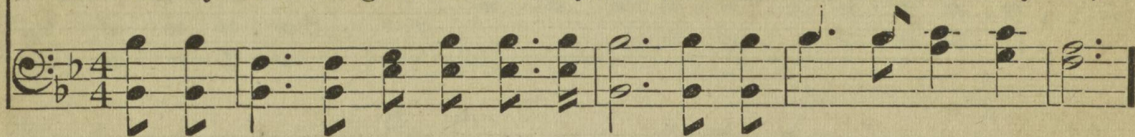
No. 85. WAITING AT THE CROSS.

C. H. H.

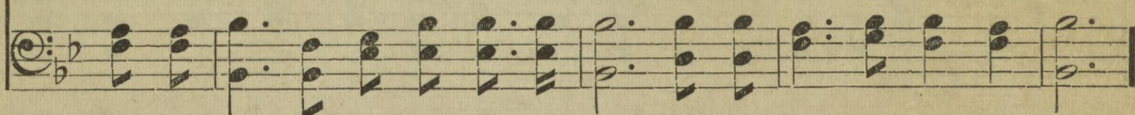
C. H. HUMPHREYS.



1. Sav-iour, I am wait-ing at the cross, Waiting for the cleansing pow'r;
 2. Long I've wander'd from Thy ten-der love, Long has e - vil reign'd within;
 3. All my life I give in - to Thy hand, Full of sin tho' it may be,



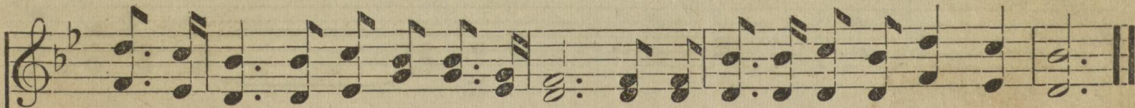
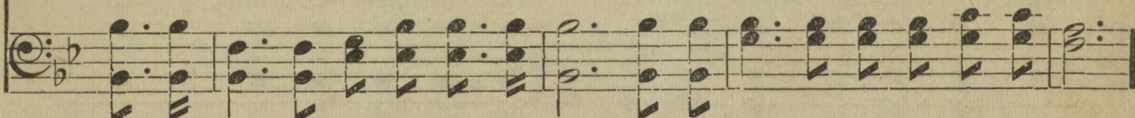
I am long - ing, by Thy precious blood, To be saved this ver - y hour.
 Hum-bly I con-fess my guilt and shame, Je - sus, save me from my sin.
 For I know that Thou wilt surely save, If I on - ly trust in Thee.



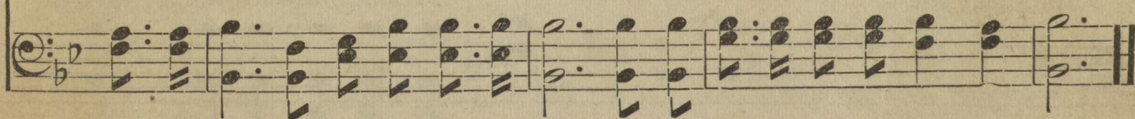
REFRAIN.



Sav-iour, I am waiting at the cross, Humbly at the mer-cy-seat I bow,



Wait-ing for the cleansing by Thy blood, Waiting for relief to come just now.



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SEEKING CHRIST.

No. 86.

FLOWING FREE.

W. A. O.

W. A. OGDEN.

1. Bless-ed be the foun-tain of life to - day! Flowing free, flow-ing
 2. Ma-ny have been cleansed in that fount for sin, Flowing free, flow-ing
 3. In the blood of Christ there is hope for all, Flowing free, flow-ing
 Flow-ing free,

free; . . . There I'll go and wash all my sins a - way, In that
 free; . . . Ma - ny yet will come and will wash there - in, For that
 free; - . . . Hear His warn-ing voice, hear His lov - ing call, To His
 free, so free;

REFRAIN.

fount that was o - pened for me. Oh! the bless - ed
 foun - tain was o - pened for thee.
 arms now for life quick - ly flee. Oh! the bless - ed fount, the

foun - tain Of life, free - ly flow - ing, To that bless - ed
 bless - ed fount To that blessed fount, I'll

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FLOWING FREE.

foun - tain, I'll go and I'll wash and be clean.
 go and wash, be clean.

No. 87.

JESUS HATH DIED.

Dr. H. BONAR.

Rev. GEO. F. ROBERTSON.

1. No, not de-spair-ing - ly Come I to Thee; No, not dis-trust-ing -
 2. Lord! I con-fess to Thee Sad - ly my sin; All I am tell I
 3. Faith-ful and just art Thou, For - giv - ing all; Lov - ing and kind art

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ly Bend I the knee; Sin hath gone o - ver me, Yet is this still my
 Thee, All I have been; Purge Thou my sin a - way, Wash Thou my soul this
 Thou When poor ones call; Lord! let the cleansing blood, Blood of the Lamb of

plea, Yet is' this still my plea, Je - sus hath died, Je - sus hath died.
 day, Wash Thou my soul this day; Lord! make me clean, Lord! make me clean.
 God, Blood of the Lamb of God, Pass o'er my soul! Pass o'er my soul!

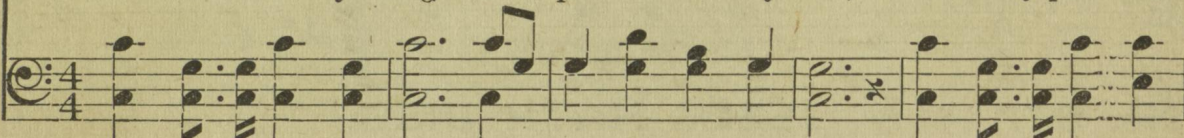
SEEKING CHRIST.

No. 88. WHITER THAN THE SNOW.

GEORGE D. BUCHANAN.

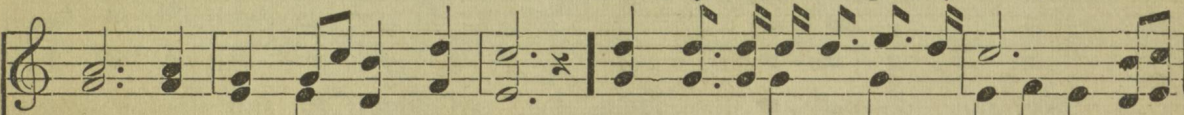


1. Come, my Redeem-er, come, And deign to dwell with me; Come, and Thy right as-
2. Ex-ert Thy mighty pow'r And ban-ish all my sin; In this auspi-cious
3. Rule Thou in ev-'ry thought And pas-sion of my soul, 'Till all my pow'rs are



REFRAIN.

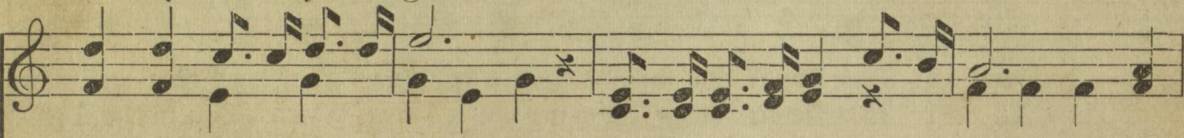
Come, my Redeemer, quickly come,



sume, And bid Thy ri - vals flee — Come, my Redeem - er, quickly come, And
hour, Bring all Thy gra - ces in —
brought Beneath Thy full con - trol — Come, my Redeem - er, come,



make my heart Thy lasting home,



make my heart Thy last-ing home, Wash me in the blood of the Lamb, And
make my heart Thy home, Wash me in the blood of the Lamb, And



I shall be whiter than snow, I shall be whiter than the snow,
I shall be whiter than the snow, I shall be whiter, whiter than the snow,



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WHITER THAN THE SNOW.

I shall be whiter than the snow, Wash me in the blood of the
 I shall be whiter, than the snow, yes Wash me in the blood, in the

Lamb, And I shall be whiter than snow.
 blood of the Lamb, And I shall be whiter, whiter than the snow.

No. 89. JESUS, SAVIOUR, LOOK ON ME.

Rev. J. R. MACDUFF.

A. J. SHOWALTER, by per.

1. Je - sus, my Sav-iour, look on me, For I am wea - ry and op-press;
 2. Look down on me, for I am weak, I feel the toil-some journey's length;
 3. I am be-wildered on my way, Dark and tempes-tuous is the night;

I come to cast my - self on Thee: Thou art my rest, Thou art my rest.
 Thine aid om - nip - o - tent I seek: Thou art my strength, Thou art my strength.
 O send Thou forth some cheer-ing ray: Thou art my light, Thou art my light.

4 When Satan flings his fiery darts,
 I look on Thee: my terrors cease;
 Thy cross a hiding place imparts:
 Thou art my peace.

5 Standing alone on Jordan's brink,
 In that tremendous latest strife,
 Thou wilt not suffer me to sink:
 Thou art my life.

CONSECRATION.

No. 90.

ALL TO THEE.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

S. J. PERRY.

1. Saviour, may we give our hearts to Thee, All to Thee, all to Thee;
 2. Thou did'st give Thyself that we might be, All to Thee, all to Thee;
 3. When we've cross'd death's dark and stormy sea, All to Thee, all to Thee;
 all to Thee, all to Thee;

All we are and all we hope to be, All to Thee, . . . yes, all to Thee.
 And by grace di - vine our love shall be, All to Thee, . . . yes, all to Thee.
 May our song of tri-umph ev - er be, All to Thee, . . . yes, all to Thee.
 All to Thee, yes, all to Thee.

REFRAIN.

All to Thee, all to Thee, Blessed Lord, 't is all to Thee;
 all to Thee, yes, all to Thee, Blessed Lord, 't is all to Thee, yes all to Thee,

All to Thee, all to Thee, Bless-ed Lord, 't is all to Thee.
 all to Thee, yes, all to Thee,

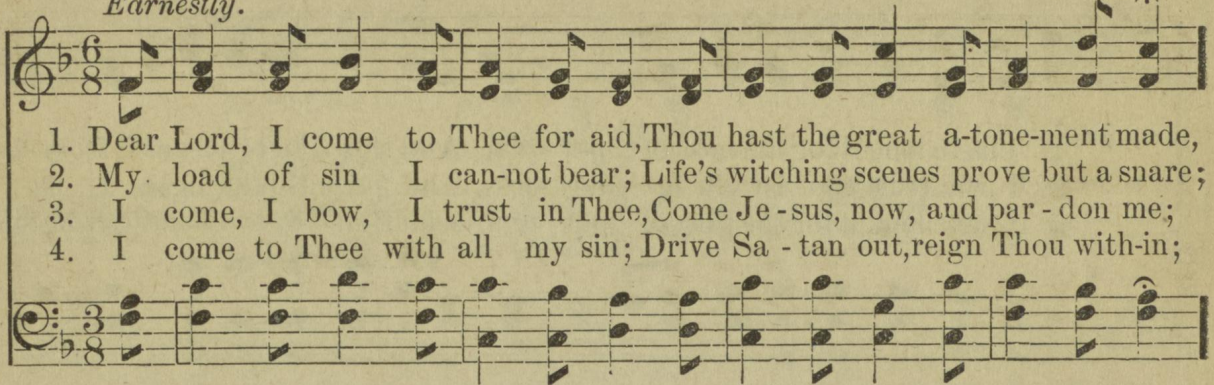
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No. 91.

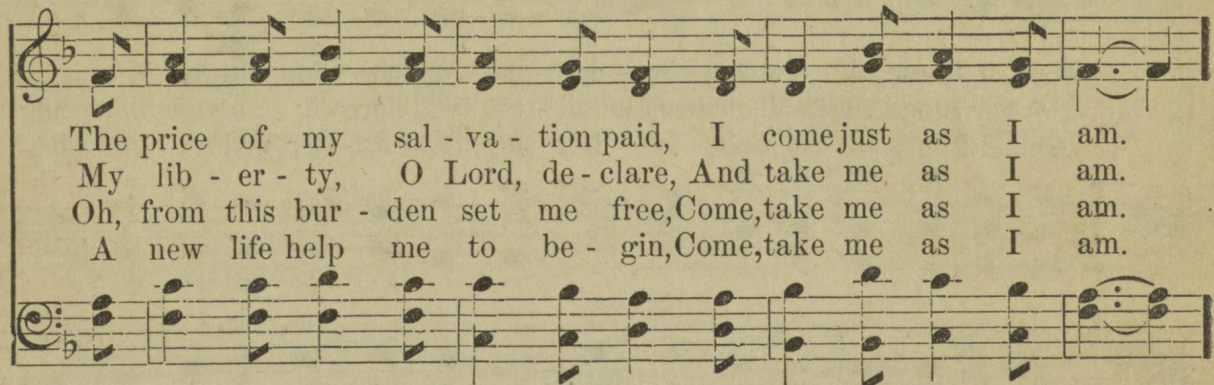
AS I AM.

W. H. M. Alt.
Earnestly.

W. H. MORRIS.

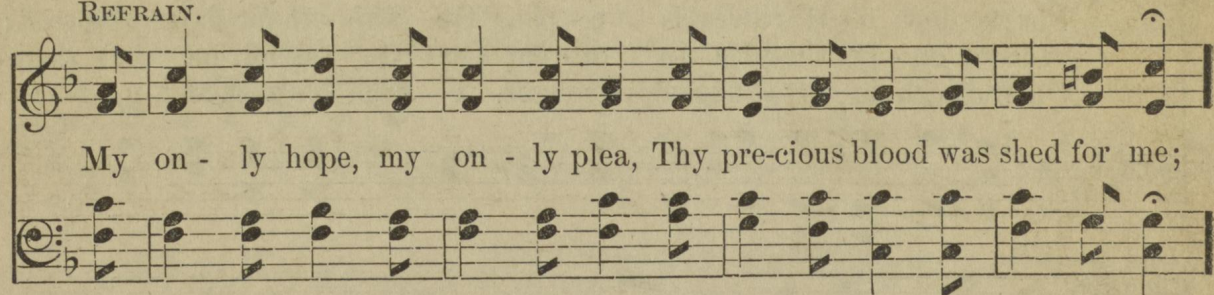


1. Dear Lord, I come to Thee for aid, Thou hast the great a-tone-ment made,
 2. My load of sin I can-not bear; Life's witching scenes prove but a snare;
 3. I come, I bow, I trust in Thee, Come Je-sus, now, and par-don me;
 4. I come to Thee with all my sin; Drive Sa-tan out, reign Thou with-in;

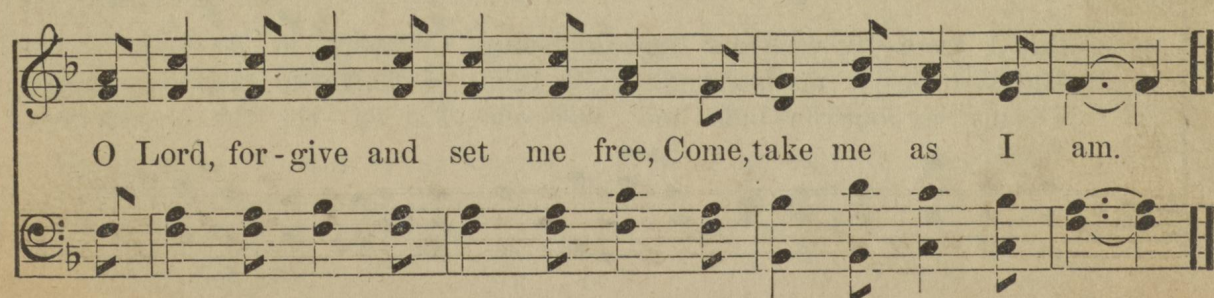


The price of my sal-va-tion paid, I come just as I am.
 My lib-er-ty, O Lord, de-clare, And take me as I am.
 Oh, from this bur-den set me free, Come, take me as I am.
 A new life help me to be-gin, Come, take me as I am.

REFRAIN.



My on-ly hope, my on-ly plea, Thy pre-cious blood was shed for me;

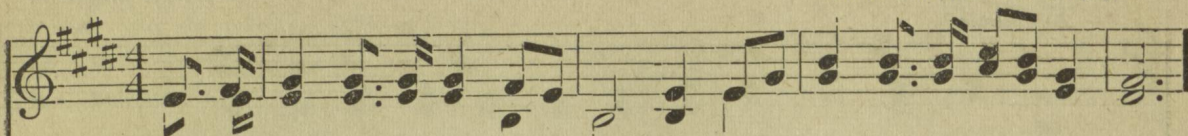


O Lord, for-give and set me free, Come, take me as I am.

SEEKING CHRIST.

No. 92. I'LL ENTER THE OPEN DOOR.

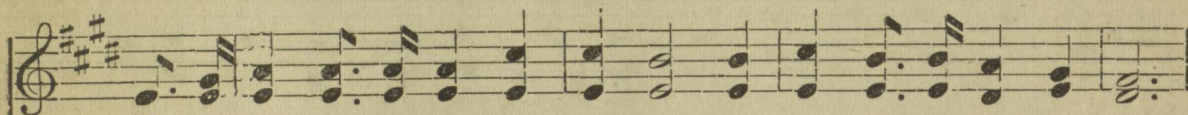
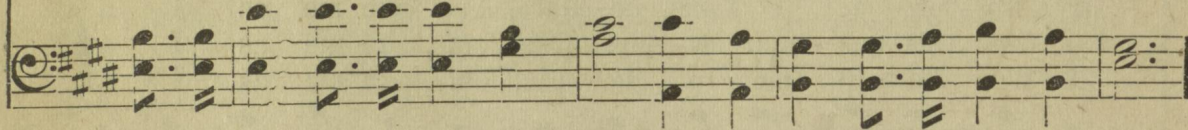
A. J. SHOWALTER, by per.



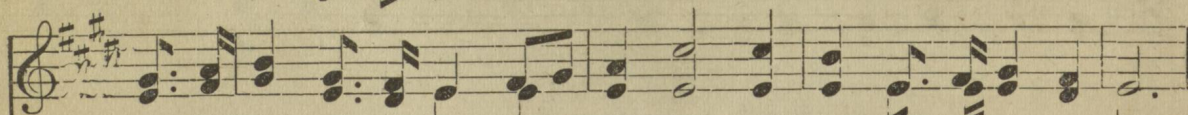
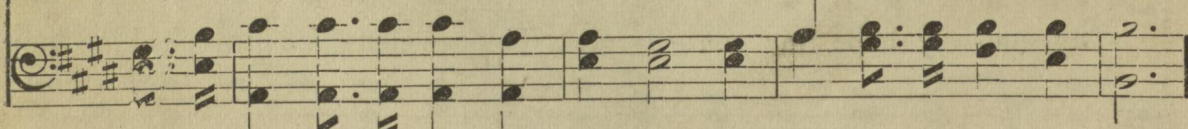
1. I have long'd for the bliss of par - don, And sigh'd to be cleans'd from sin;
2. I will trust tho' I walk in dark-ness, And pray till the light I see;
3. I have long'd for the bliss of par - don, And sigh'd to be cleans'd from sin,



And I know if I come be - liev - ing, My Sav - iour will let me in;
For the blood that will cleanse the vil - est, Will sure - ly a - vail for me;
And I knock at the door be - liev - ing, That Je - sus will let me in;



For the door of His love is o - pen, He wait - eth for those who seek;
I have on - ly the plea to of - fer, That Je - sus for me has died,
Oh, the faith in my soul grows stronger, I trem - ble with fear no more;



But I trem - ble with fear and doubt - ing, Oh, why is my faith so weak?
And with on - ly my heart to give Him, I haste to His bless - ed side.
'Tis my Sav - iour that bids me wel - come, I'll en - ter the o - pen door.



ALL IN ALL

I'LL ENTER THE OPEN DOOR.

CHORUS.

I'll en - ter the o - pen door, I'll en - ter the o - pen door;
wide open door, wide open door;

'Tis Je - sus in - vites, I'll en - ter in, I'll en - ter the o - pen door.

No. 93.

ALL IN ALL.

JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

E. ROBERTS, by per.
REFRAIN.

1. { Lord, my heart is ver - y weak, Ver - y weak indeed! } Thou wilt hear a sinner call,
{ Thou, who knowest all my tho'ts, Knowest all my need; }

Sav-iour! Sav-iour! Be my all in all, Sav-iour! Sav-iour! Be my all in all.

2 Be my strength, and be my shield;
Feed me every day;
In the fountain of Thy blood,
Wash me clean, I pray. REF.

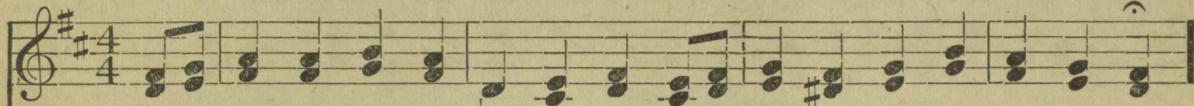
3 I am nothing in myself;
May I daily see
All my weakness, while I find
All my strength in Thee? REF.

EARLY SEEKING.

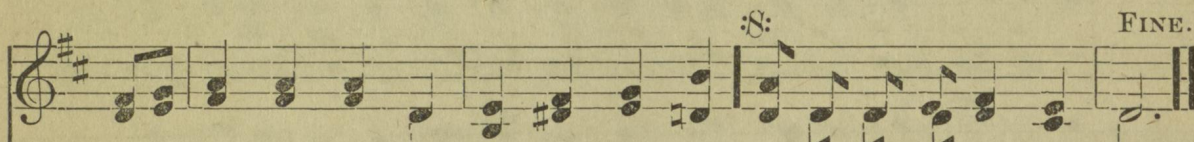
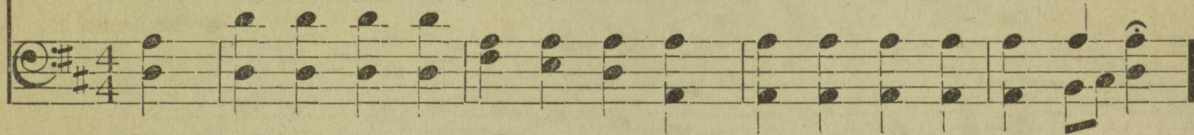
No. 94. WE COME IN LIFE'S FAIR MORNING.

LAURA E. NEWELL.

A. J. SHOWALTER.



1. In youth's bright days we come, we come; Ac-cept us, Lord, to be Thine own:
2. While all a-round is blithe and gay, The moments swiftly glide a-way,
3. Oh, help us bear Thy cross in youth, And ear-ly learn to love Thy truth,
4. Be with us to our journey's end In time of trou-ble to de-fend,



While all the earth is glad and fair, We bring Thee life's first blossoms rare.
And ere the shad-ows o'er us fall, Dear Lord, up-on Thy name we call.
And grant to us Thy sav-ing grace, Un-til we see Thee face to face.
And, e'en if griev-ous sor-row come, To dry our tears and lead us home.

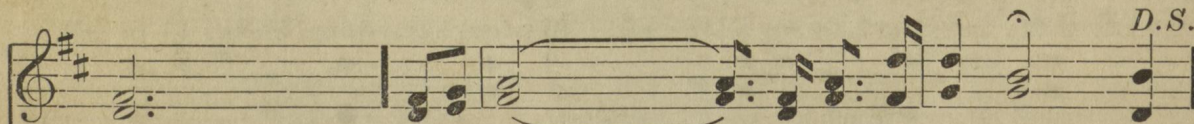
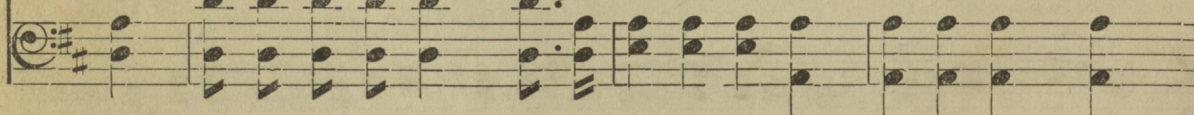
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D.S. — *children we would ev-er be.*

REFRAIN.



We come . . . in life's fair morning, Our lives . . . we bring to
We come in life's fair morn-ing, we come, we come; Our lives we bring, our



Thee; Ac-cept . . . us bless-ed Je-sus, Thy
lives we bring to Thee; Ac-cept us, blessed Je-sus, ac-cept us now, Thy



No. 95.

FERVENT PRAYER.

E. ROBERTS.

ANON.

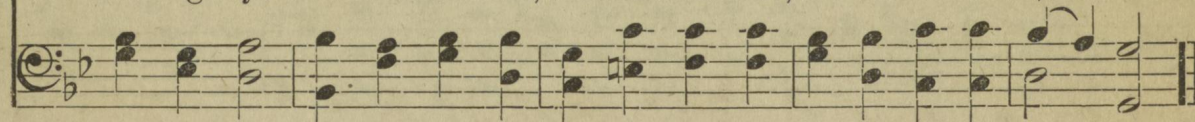
All may sing the melody.



1. Father, hear Thy children's call: Humbly at Thy feet we fall, Prodi-gals, con-
2. Christ, beneath Thy cross we blame All our life of sin and shame, Pen-i-tent, we
3. Ho-ly Spir-it, griev'd and tried, Oft for-got-ten and defied, Now we mourn our
4. Love that caus'd us first to be, Love that bled upon the tree, Love that draws us



fess-ing all: We beseech Thee, We beseech Thee, We beseech Thee, hear us.
 breathe Thy name: We beseech Thee, We beseech Thee, We beseech Thee, hear us.
 stubborn pride: We beseech Thee, We beseech Thee, We beseech Thee, hear us.
 lov-ing - ly: We beseech Thee, We beseech Thee, We beseech Thee, hear us.



- 5 We, Thy call have disobeyed,
 Into paths of sin have strayed,
 And repentance have delayed:
 We beseech Thee, etc.
- 6 Sick, we come to Thee for cure,
 Guilty, seek Thy mercy sure,
 Evil, long to be made pure:
 We beseech Thee, etc.
- 7 Blind, we pray that we may see,
 Bound, we pray to be made free,
 Stained, we pray for sanctity:
 We beseech Thee, etc.
- 8 Thou, who hear'st each contrite sigh,
 Bidding sinful souls draw nigh,
 Willing not that one should die:
 We beseech Thee, etc.

No. 96.

DRESDEN.

E. ROBERTS, by per.

FANNY CROSBY.



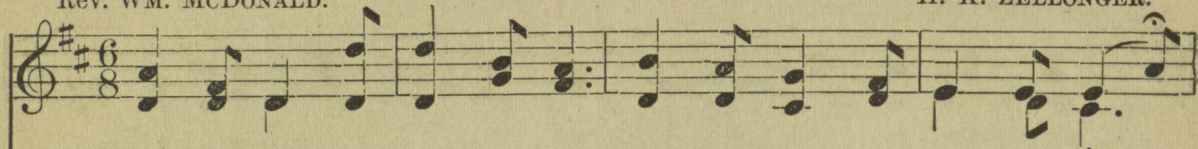
- 1 Lord, to Thee in deep contrition,
 Would I lift my streaming eyes;
 Thou hast said a broken spirit,
 Father, Thou wilt not despise.
- REFRAIN.
 All my hope, all my plea,
 Jesus, Thou hast died for me.
- 2 Thou art good, and pure, and holy;
 I am full of guilt and sin;
- 3 Let Thy healing beams of mercy,
 Drop, for me, one cheering ray;
 Father, from Thy gracious presence,
 Cast, oh, cast me not away. RFF.
- 4 Lord, forgive me, own and bless me;
 I am weak, but Thou art strong;
 In the path of heavenly wisdom,
 Gently lead my soul along. REF.
- Wash me in Thy sacred fountain;
 Cleanse and make me pure within. REF.

CONSECRATION.

No. 97. COMING TO THE CROSS.

Rev. Wm. McDONALD.

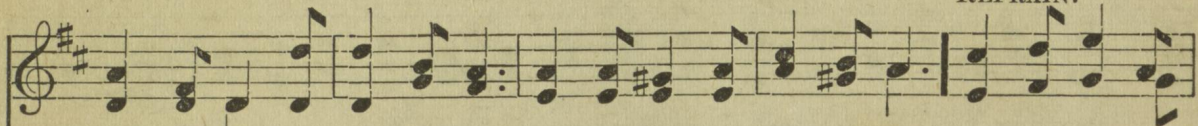
H. K. ZELLONGER.



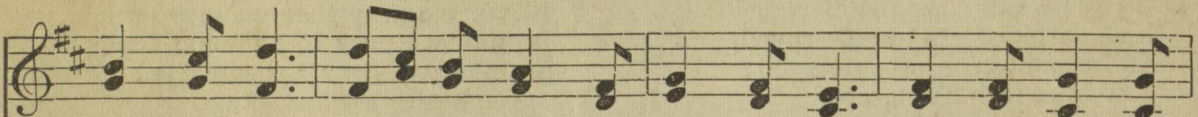
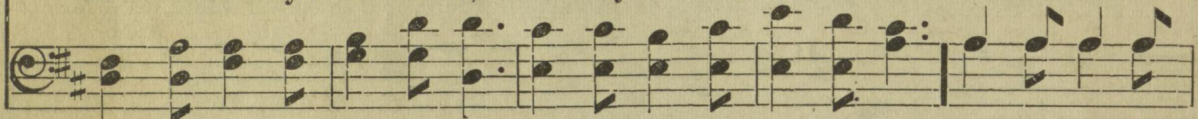
1. I am com - ing to the cross, I am poor, and weak, and blind;
2. Long my heart has sighed for Thee; Long has e - vil reigned with - in;
3. Here I give my all to Thee, Friends and time and earth - ly store,



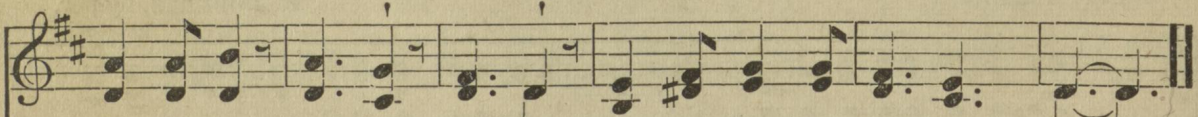
REFRAIN.



I am counting all but dross, I shall full sal - va - tion find. I am trusting
Je - sus sweetly speaks to me, "I will cleanse thee from all sin."
Soul and bod - y Thine to be, — Whol - ly Thine for - ev - er - more.



Lord in Thee, Bless - ed Lamb of Cal - va - ry, Hum - bly at Thy



cross I bow; Save me, save me, Save me Je - sus, save me now.



4 In the promises I trust;
Now I feel the blood applied;
I am prostrate in the dust;
I with Christ am crucified. REF.

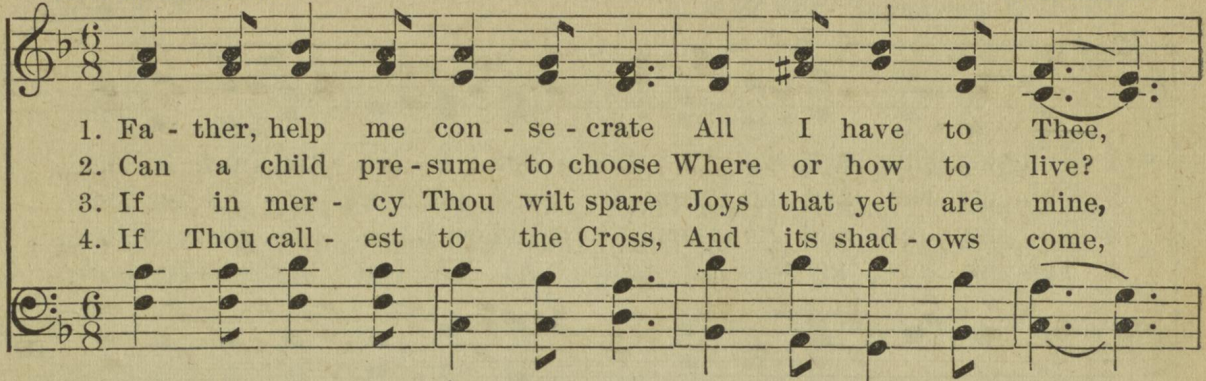
5 Jesus comes, He fills my soul;
Perfected in love I am;
I am every whit made whole;
Glory, glory to the Lamb. REF.

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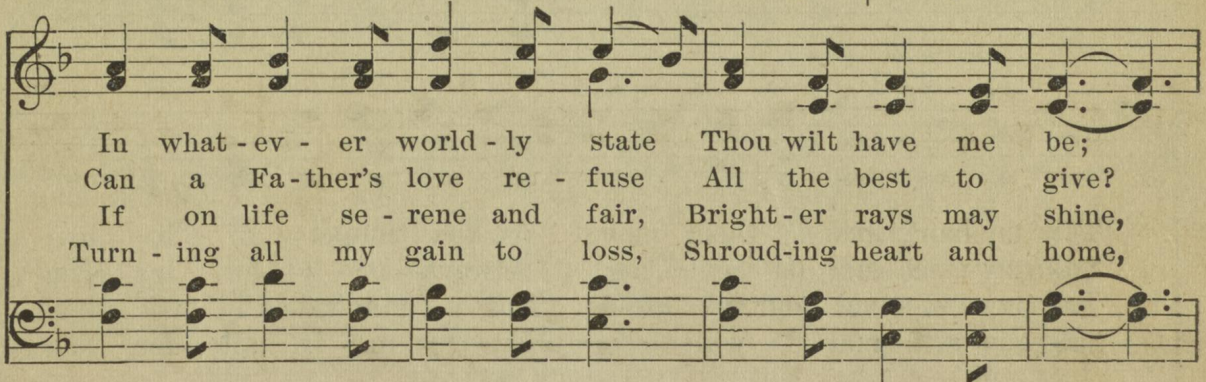
No. 98. FATHER, HELP ME CONSECRATE.

Rev. L. TUTTIETT.

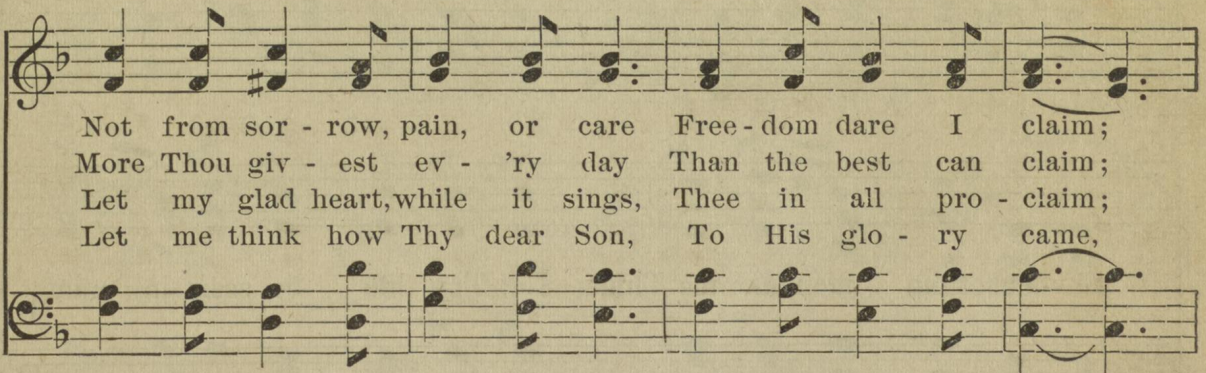
E. ROBERTS.



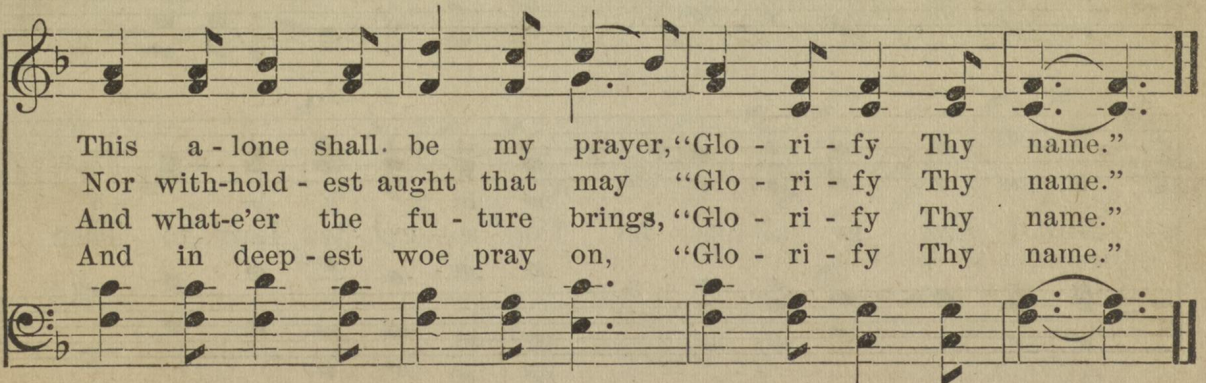
1. Fa - ther, help me con - se - crate All I have to Thee,
 2. Can a child pre - sume to choose Where or how to live?
 3. If in mer - cy Thou wilt spare Joys that yet are mine,
 4. If Thou call - est to the Cross, And its shad - ows come,



In what - ev - er world - ly state Thou wilt have me be;
 Can a Fa - ther's love re - fuse All the best to give?
 If on life se - rene and fair, Bright - er rays may shine,
 Turn - ing all my gain to loss, Shroud - ing heart and home,



Not from sor - row, pain, or care Free - dom dare I claim;
 More Thou giv - est ev - 'ry day Than the best can claim;
 Let my glad heart, while it sings, Thee in all pro - claim;
 Let me think how Thy dear Son, To His glo - ry came,



This a - lone shall be my prayer, "Glo - ri - fy Thy name."
 Nor with - hold - est aught that may "Glo - ri - fy Thy name."
 And what - e'er the fu - ture brings, "Glo - ri - fy Thy name."
 And in deep - est woe pray on, "Glo - ri - fy Thy name."

CONSECRATION.

No. 99.

MY ALL TO THEE.

Miss F. R. HAVERGAL. Ref. by E. R.

E. ROBERTS.

1. Take my life and let it be Con - se - cra - ted, Lord, to Thee;
 2. Take my feet and let them be Swift and beau - ti - ful for Thee;
 3. Take my lips and let them be Fill'd with mes - sa - ges from Thee;
 4. Take my love, my God, I pour At Thy feet its treas - ure store;

Take my hands and let them move At the im - pulse of Thy love.
 Take my voice and let me sing Always - on - ly - for my King.
 Take my sil - ver and my gold, Not a mite would I with - hold.
 Take my - self, and I will be Ev - er, on - ly, all for Thee.

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REFRAIN.

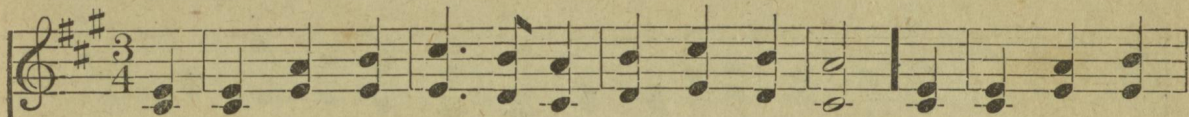
Sav - iour, take me, make me Thine, Let Thy life be seen in mine;

Now I give my all to be Con - se - cra - ted, Lord, to Thee.

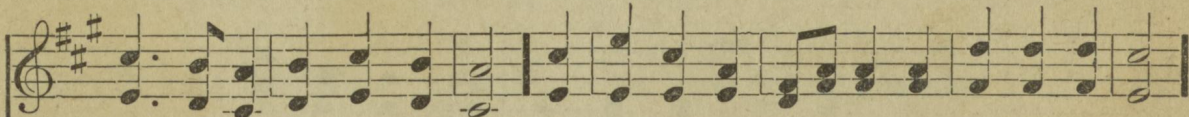
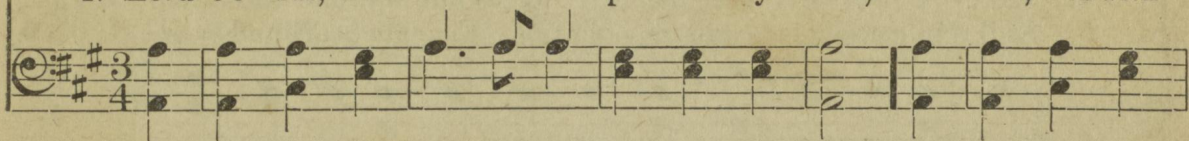
No. 100. WHITER THAN SNOW.

J. NICHOLSON.

W. G. FISCHER, by per.



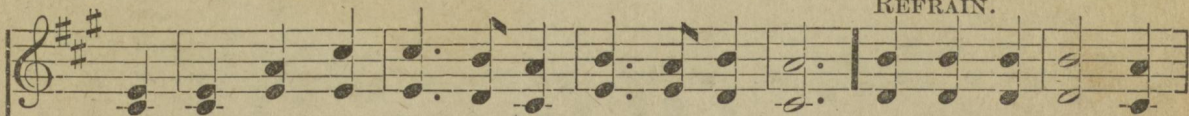
1. Lord Je - sus, I long to be per - fect - ly whole; I want Thee for -
2. Lord Je - sus, look down from Thy throne in the skies, And help me to
3. Lord Je - sus, for this I most hum - bly en - treat; I wait, bless - ed
4. Lord Je - sus, Thou se - est I pa - tient - ly wait; Come now, and with -



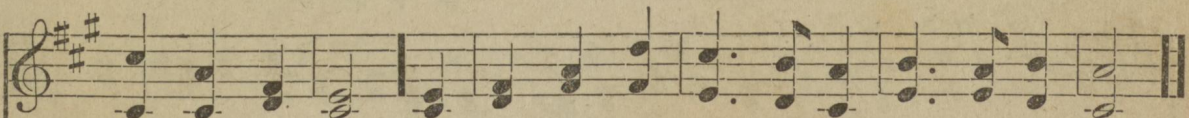
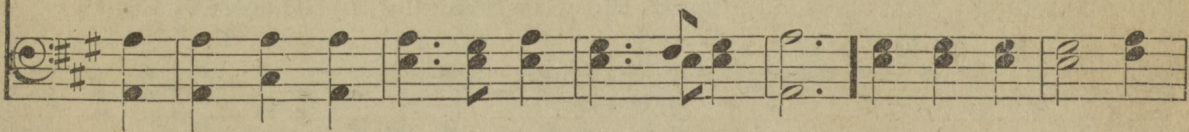
ev - er to live in my soul; Break down ev'ry i - dol, cast out ev - 'ry foe;
 make a complete sac - ri - fice; I give up my - self, and what - ev - er I know;
 Lord, at Thy cru - ci - fied feet; By faith, for my cleansing I see Thy blood flow;
 in me a new heart create; To those who have sought Thee, Thou never said'st No;



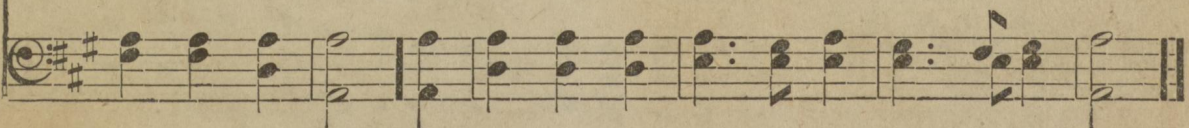
REFRAIN.



Now wash me, and I shall be whit - er than snow. Whit - er than snow, yes,



whit - er than snow; Now wash me, and I shall be whit - er than snow.



No. 101. STANDING BY THE CROSS.

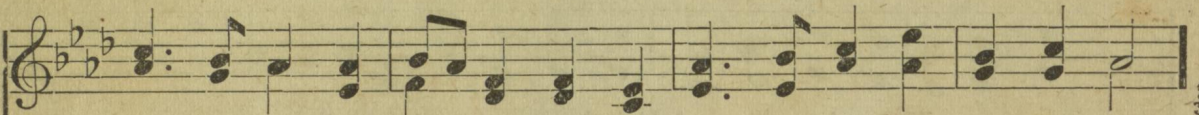
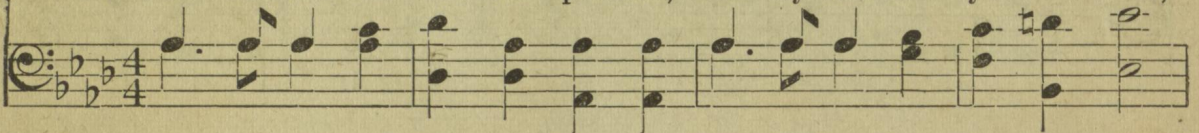
ALLEN-SHIRLEY.

REF. by A. J. S.

A. J. SHOWALTER.



1. Sweet the moments, rich in bless-ing, Which be-fore the cross I spend,
2. Here I'll rest for - ev - er view-ing, Mer-cy poured in streams of blood;
3. Tru - ly bless-ed is this sta - tion, Low be-fore His cross to lie,
4. Here I feel my sins for - giv - en, While up - on the Lamb I gaze,
5. Still in cease-less con-tem - pla-tion, Fix my heart and eyes on Thee,



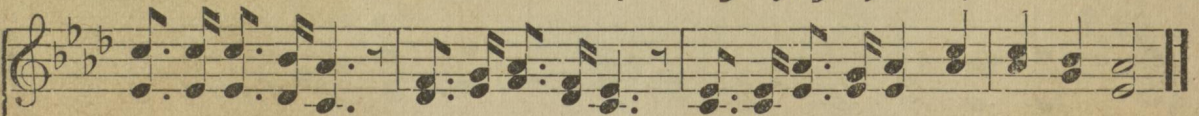
Life, and health and peace pos-sess - ing, From the sin - ner's dy - ing Friend.
Pre-cious drops my soul be - dew-ing, Plead and claim my peace with God.
While I see di - vine com-pas-sion, Beam - ing in His gra-cious eye.
And my thoughts are all of heav - en, And my lips o'er - flow with praise.
Till I taste Thy full sal - va - tion, And, unvailed, Thy glo - ries see.



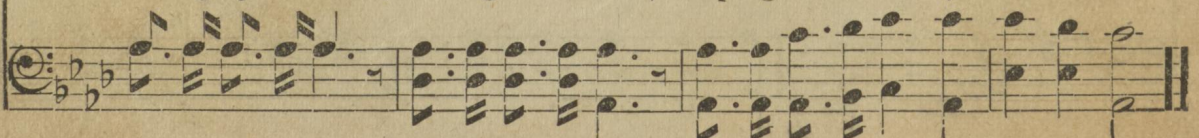
REFRAIN.



Standing by the cross, standing by the cross, Standing by the cross of Cal - va - ry;



Looking up to Christ, trusting in His love, Hoping in His mercy full and free.



No. 102. HE PARDONED A REBEL LIKE ME.

Arranged.

1. I heard of a Saviour, whose love was so great, That He laid down His
 2. They tell me He wept o - ver sin - ners one day, Say - ing "Oh, that they
 3. Oh, that love so a - maz - ing, it broke my hard heart, And brought me, dear

life on a tree; The thorns, they were pierc'd in His beau - ti - ful brow, To
 knew what I do; How oft would I gath - er you un - der my wing, And
 Je - sus, to Thee; And I knew when I came, He would not cast me out, But

thorns they were pierc'd in His beau - ti - ful brow, To
 FINE. REFRAIN.

par - don a reb - el like me. He par - don'd a reb - el like
 par - don poor reb - els like you."
 par - don a reb - el like me. a

par - don a reb - el like me.

D.S.

me, . . . He par - don'd a reb - el like me, . . . The
 reb - el like me, a reb - el like me,

4 Oh, 't is true! for poor sinners of all
 kinds He saves,
 And you He will not cast away;
 He waits in His mercy sweet peace to
 bestow,
 So come to the fountain to-day.

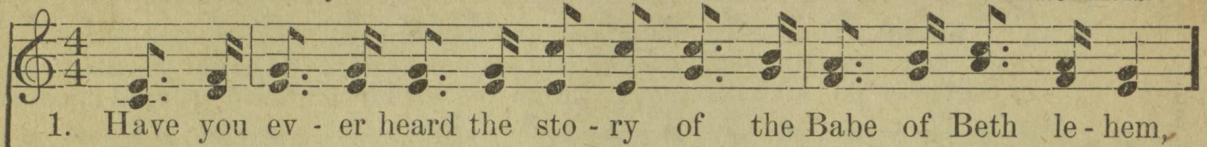
5 He'll pardon a rebel like you, yes, like
 you,
 He'll pardon a rebel like you;
 The thorns they were pierced in His
 beautiful brow
 To pardon a rebel like you.

No. 103. HE IS JUST THE SAME TO-DAY.

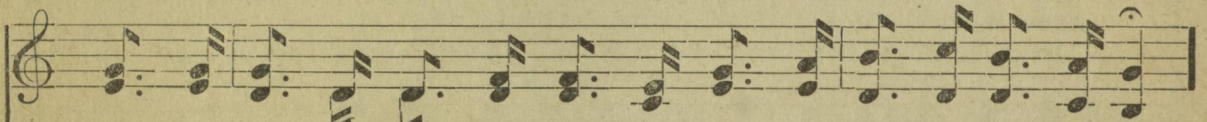
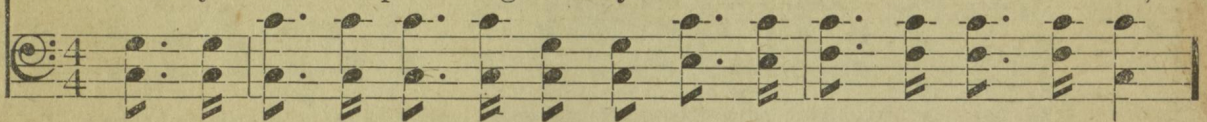
Mrs. S. Z. KAUFMAN.

4th verse and chorus by E. R.

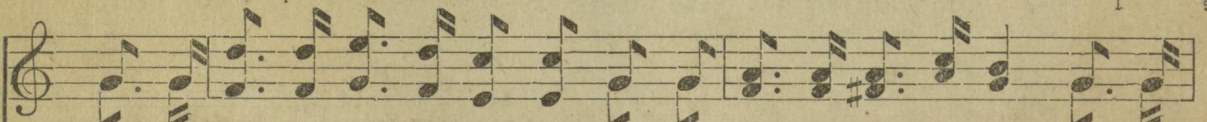
E. ROBERTS.



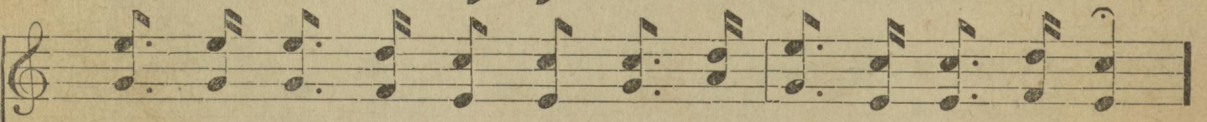
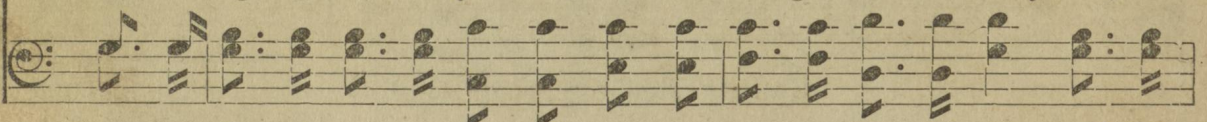
1. Have you ev - er heard the sto - ry of the Babe of Beth le - hem,
2. Have you ev - er heard how Je - sus walked up - on the roll - ing sea,
3. Once while rest - ing on a pil - low in the ves - sel fast a - sleep,
4. Have you read the pleas - ing sto - ry of the mul - ti - tude He fed,



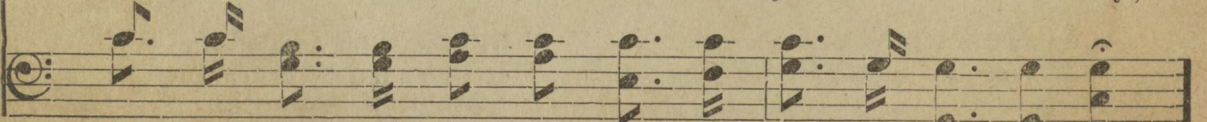
Who was worshipped by the an - gels, and by wise and ho - ly men,
As He went to His dis - ci - ples, tossed on waves of Gal - i - lee,
There a - rose a might - y tem - pest, on the wild and rag - ing deep ;
Aft - er free - ly break - ing for them great sup - plies of heav'ny bread ?



How He taught the learned doc - tors in the tem - ple far a - way ? Oh, I
How He res - cued sink - ing Pe - ter from his dan - ger and dis - may ? Oh, I
"Peace, be still!" the Lord commanded, ev - ery an - gry wave did stay. Oh, I
None who sought Him were reject - ed, none with hun - ger turned a - way. Oh, I



am so glad to tell you He is just the same to - day ;



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HE IS JUST THE SAME TO-DAY.

REFRAIN.

He is just the same to-day, He is just the same to-day, The

sin-ner He re-ceive-eth, The burden'd He re-liev-eth, And peace to all He

giv-eth, So He's just the same to-day. He is just the same, just the same,

just the same, just the same, Glo-ry be to God, He is just the same to-day.

No. 104.

Tune, DENNIS.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>1 Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love;
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.</p> | <p>3 Weshare our mutual woes;
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.</p> |
| <p>2 Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.</p> | <p>4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.</p> |

JOY IN CHRIST.

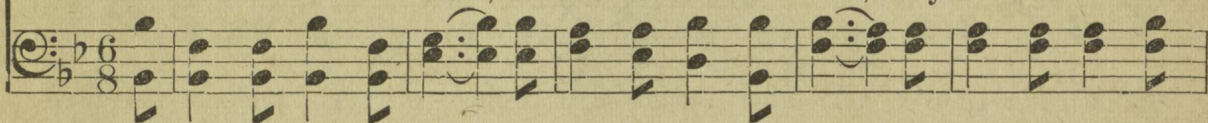
No. 105. MAY JESUS CHRIST BE PRAISED.

EDWARD CASWELL.

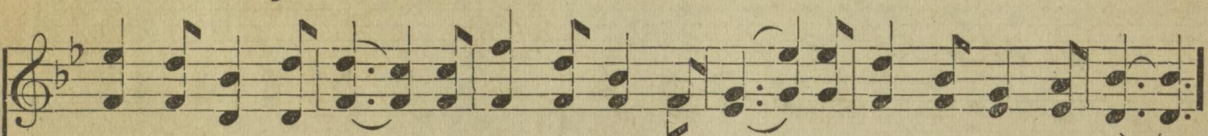
E. ROBERTS.



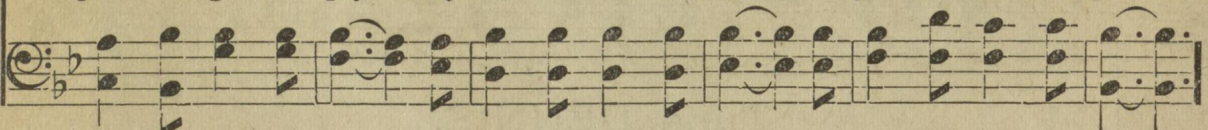
1. When morning gilds the skies, My heart a-wak-ing cries, May Je - sus Christ be
2. My tongue shall never tire Of chanting with the choir, May Je - sus Christ be
3. Does sad-ness fill my mind? A sol-ace here I find, May Je - sus Christ be
4. The night becomes as day, When from the heart we say, May Je - sus Christ be
5. In heaven's eter-nal bliss, The lov-liest strain is this, May Je - sus Christ be



praised, May Je - sus Christ be praised; A - like at work and prayer, To
 praised, May Je - sus Christ be praised; This song of sa - cred joy, Will
 praised, May Je - sus Christ be praised; Or fades my earth-ly bliss? My
 praised, May Je - sus Christ be praised; The powers of darkness fear, When
 praised, May Je - sus Christ be praised; Let earth and sea and sky, From



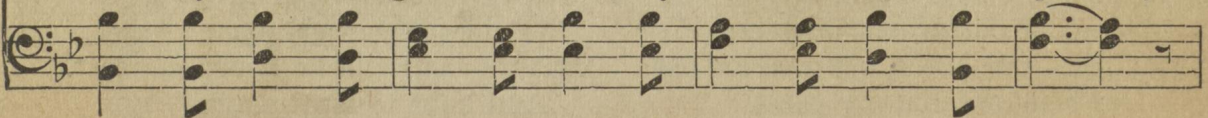
Je - sus I re - pair; May Je - sus Christ be praised, May Jesus Christ be praised.
 nev - er, nev - er cloy, May Je - sus Christ be praised, May Jesus Christ be praised.
 com - fort still is this, May Je - sus Christ be praised, May Jesus Christ be praised.
 this sweet song they hear, May Je - sus Christ be praised, May Jesus Christ be praised.
 depth to height re - ply, May Je - sus Christ be praised, May Jesus Christ be praised.



REFRAIN.



Praised, praised,
 Praised by all, both great and small, May Je - sus Christ be praised;



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FOR SALVATION.

LET JESUS CHRIST BE PRAISED.

Praised, . . . praised, . . . May Je - sus Christ be praised.
Praised by all both great and small,

The musical score consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a common time signature. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The melody is simple and hymn-like, with lyrics written below the notes.

No. 106. GLORY TO HIS NAME.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.

Rev. J. H. STOCKTON, by per.

1. Down at the cross where my Saviour died, Down where for cleansing from sin I cried;
2. I am so wondrously sav'd from sin, Je - sus so sweetly a-bides with-in;
3. Oh, precious fountain, that saves from sin, I am so glad I have en-ter'd in;
4. Come to this fountain, so rich and sweet; Cast thy poor soul at the Saviour's feet;

The musical score for the first part of the hymn consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a 4/4 time signature. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The melody is simple and hymn-like, with lyrics written below the notes.

REFRAIN.

There to my heart was the blood applied; Glo-ry to His name. Glo-ry to His name,
There at the cross where He took me in; Glo-ry to His name.
There Jesus saves me and keeps me clean; Glo-ry to His name.
Plunge in to-day, and be made complete; Glo-ry to His name.

The musical score for the refrain consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a 4/4 time signature. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The melody is simple and hymn-like, with lyrics written below the notes.

Glo - ry to His name; There to my heart was the blood applied; Glory to His name.

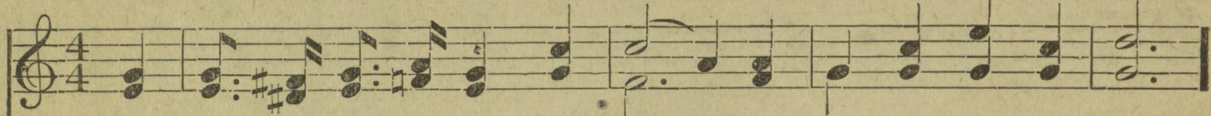
The musical score for the final line of the hymn consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a 4/4 time signature. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The melody is simple and hymn-like, with lyrics written below the notes.

ABOUNDING GRACE.

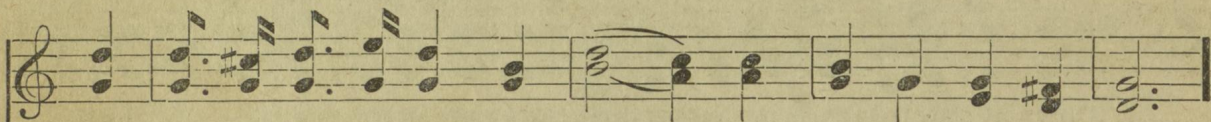
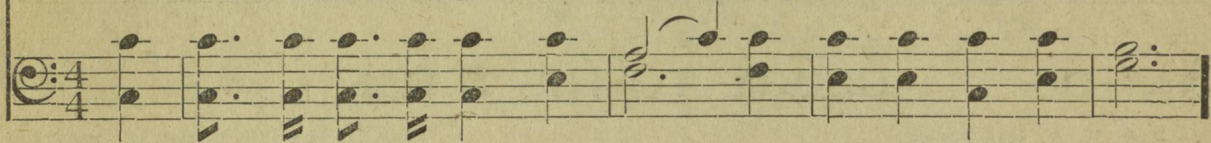
No. 107. HE CAME TO RESCUE ME.

Rev. J. NEWTON. Ref. by E. R.

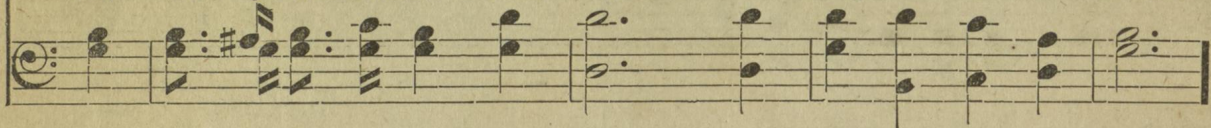
E. ROBERTS.



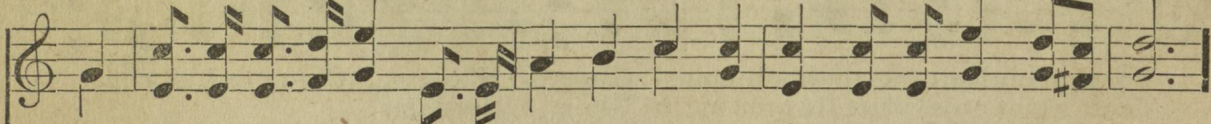
1. A - maz - ing grace, how sweet the sound That saves a wretch like me!
2. 'T was grace that taught my heart to fear, And grace my fears re - lieved;
3. Thro' ma - ny dan - gers, toils, and snares, I have al - read - y come;
4. The Lord has promised good to me, His word my hope se - cures;



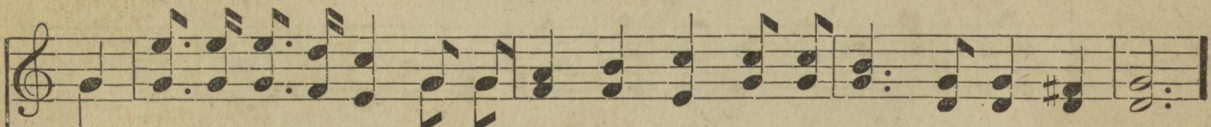
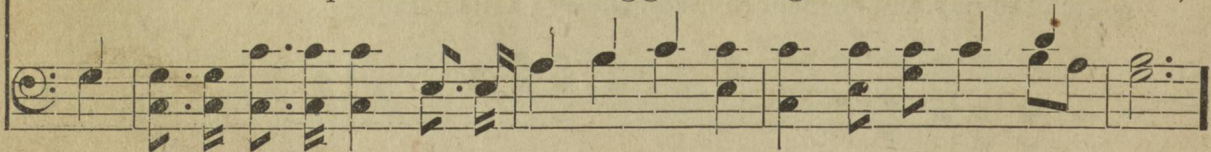
I once was lost, but now am found, Was blind, but now I see.
How pre-cious did that grace ap - pear The hour I first be - lieved!
'T is grace has bro't me safe thus far, And grace will bring me home.
He will my Shield and Por-tion be, As long as life en - dures.



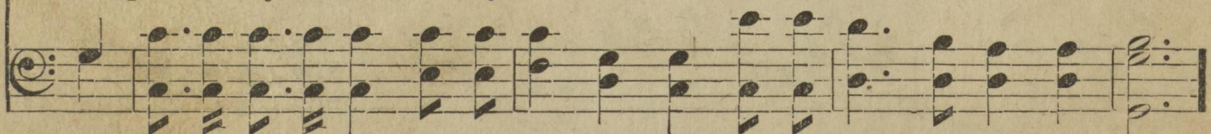
REFRAIN.



For ev - er I will praise God's abounding grace, The grace that from sin sets free;



Re-splendently it shines, in my Sav-iour's face, For He came to res - cue me;



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HE CAME TO RESCUE ME.

He came, He came, He came to res - cue me.
 Yes, He came, Sure - ly came,

Resplendently it shines in my Saviour's face, For He came to res - cue me.

No. 108.

HENDON.

ABRAHAM MALAN.

1. Ask ye what great thing I know That delights and stirs me so? What the high re-
 2. What is faith's foun-dation strong? What awakes my lips to song? He who bore my
 3. Who de-feats my fiercest foes? Who consoles my saddest woes? Who revives my

ward I win? Whose the name I glo - ry in? Je-sus Christ, the Cru - ci - fied.
 sin-ful load, Purchas'd for me peace with God, Je-sus Christ, the Cru - ci - fied.
 fainting heart, Heal-ing all its hid - den smart? Je-sus Christ, the Cru - ci - fied.

4 Who is Life in life to me?
 Who the Death of death will be?
 Who will place me on His right
 With the countless hosts of light?
 Jesus Christ, the Crucified.

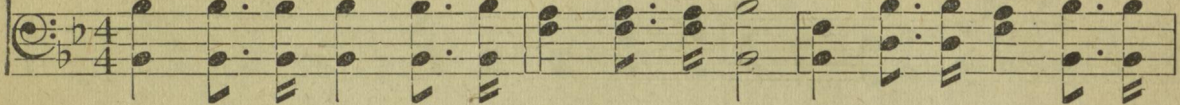
5 This is that great thing I know;
 This delights and stirs me so:
 Faith in Him who died to save,
 Him who triumphed o'er the grave,
 Jesus Christ, the Crucified.

ANON. Arranged.

E. ROBERTS.



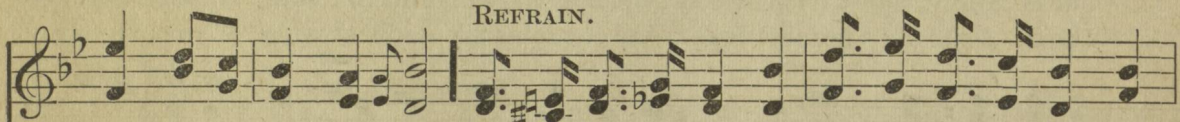
1. Glad is the hour and pro-pi-tious the sky, Haste! for the mo-ment of
2. Bright shines the day-star of hope from a-bove; Swift from the quicksands of
3. Sweet are the joys of the years we have passed, Sweeter the rest we are
4. Hark! now the mu-sic of ser-aphs we hear; Soon we must part from the
5. Whirl-wind and tem-pest may howl thro' the skies; Sun, moon and stars be con-



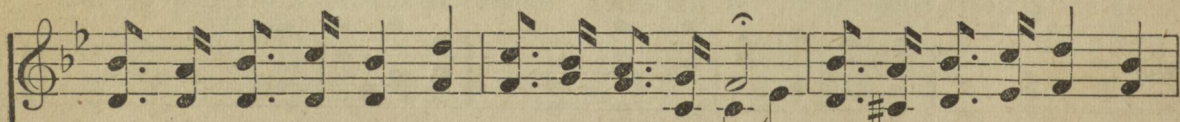
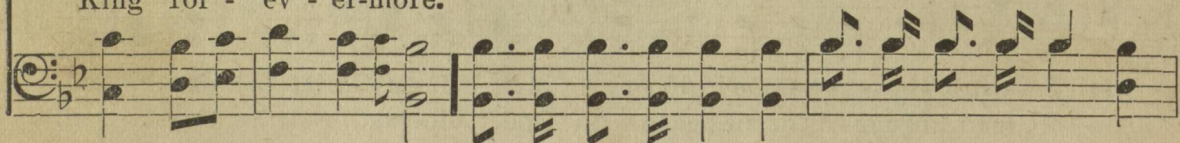
sail-ing is nigh; Run up the ban-ner as loud-ly we cry, "Je-sus is our sor-row we move; O! how we sail o'er the o-cean of love, Bounding o'er the near-ing so fast; Loud will we sing while du-ration shall last, "Je-sus is our friends we hold dear; See, where the shores of the bless-ed ap-pear, Oh, 't is sweet to cealed from our eyes; Still shall the cho-rus of tri-umph a-rise "Je-sus is our



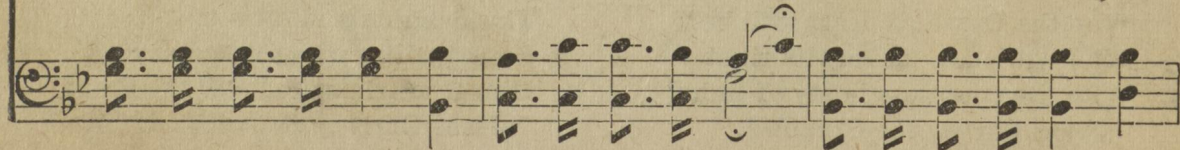
REFRAIN.



King for-ev-er-more." Glo-ry, Hal-le-lu-jah, Glo-ry, Hal-le-lu-jah, bil-lows on we move.
 King for-ev-er-more."
 know we soon will be there.
 King for-ev-er-more."



Je-sus is our King, our King for-ev-er-more, Glo-ry, Hal-le-lu-jah,



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JESUS IS OUR KING.

Glo - ry, Hal - le - lu - jah, Je - sus is our King for ev - er - more.

No. 110. HE CAME TO SAVE ME.

HENRIETTA E. BLAIR.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. When Je - sus laid His crown a - side, He came to save me; When
 2. In my poor heart He deigns to dwell, He came to save me; Oh,
 3. With gen - tle hand He leads me still, He came to save me; And
 4. To Him my faith with rap - ture clings, He came to save me; To

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CHORUS.

on the cross He bled and died, He came to save me. I'm so glad, I'm so glad,
 praise His name, I know it well, He came to save me.
 trust-ing Him I fear no ill, He came to save me.
 Him my heart looks up and sings, He came to save me.

I'm so glad that Je - sus came, And grace is free,
 I'm so glad that Je - sus came, He (*Omit.* . .) came to save me.

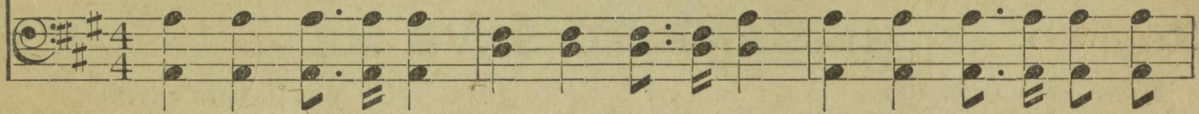
No. 111. LEANING ON THE EVERLASTING ARMS!

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.

A. J. SHOWALTER.



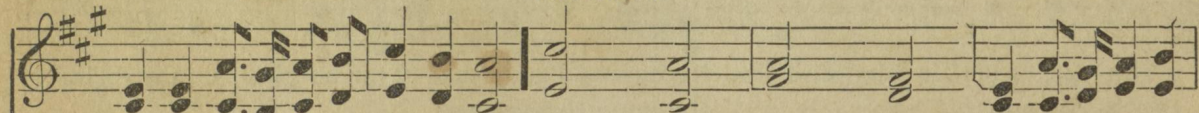
- 1. What a fel-lowship, what a joy di-vine, Lean-ing on the Ev - er -
- 2. Oh, how sweet to walk in this pil-grim way, Lean-ing on the Ev - er -
- 3. What have I to dread, what have I to fear, Lean-ing on the Ev - er -



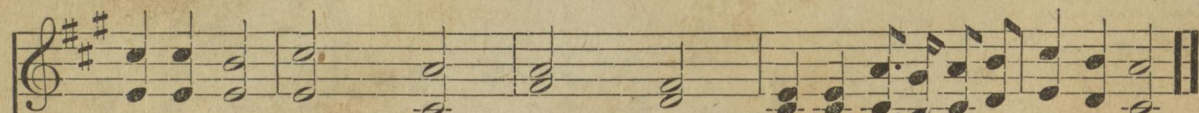
last - ing Arms! What a bless - ed-ness, what a peace is mine,
 last - ing Arms! Oh, how bright the path grows from day to day,
 last - ing Arms! I have peace complete with my Lord so near,



REFRAIN.



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



all a-larms; Lean - ing, lean - ing, Leaning on the Everlasting Arms.
 Leaning on Jesus, Leaning on Jesus,



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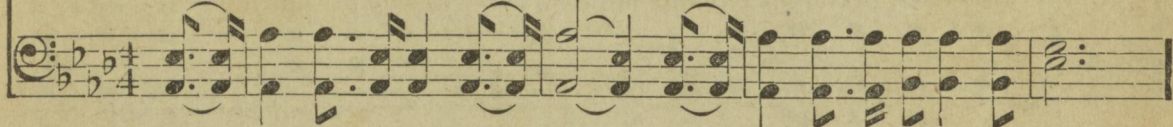
No. 112. HE SAVES TO THE UTTERMOST.

CHAS. I. BUTLER.

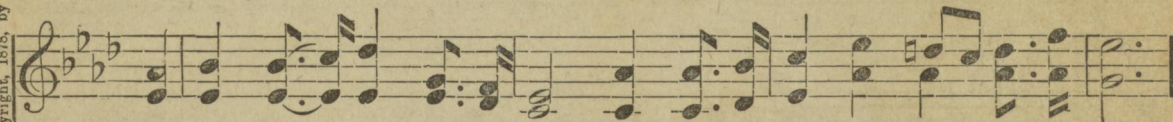
JNO. R. SWENEY.



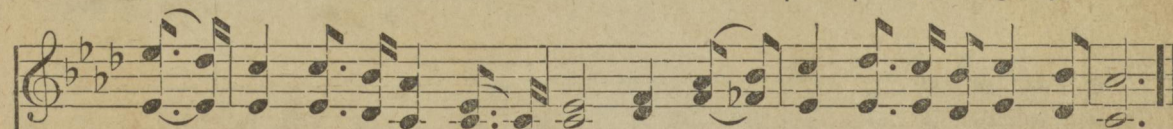
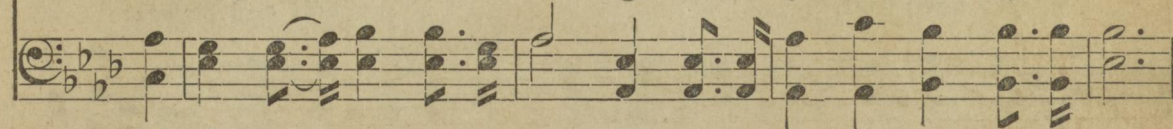
1. I was once far away from the Saviour, And as vile as a sinner could be; . .
2. But there, in that lone-ly hour, A voice sweetly whisper'd to me, . .
3. Fully then trusted I in Je-sus, And oh, what a joy came to me! . .



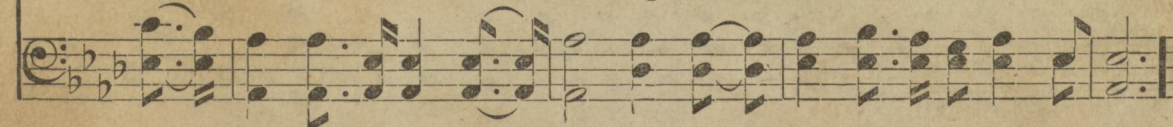
I won-der'd if Christ, the Redeemer, Would save a poor sinner like me.
Saying, "Christ, the Redeemer, hath power To save a poor sinner like me."
My heart was fill'd with prais-es, For He sav'd a poor sinner like me.



I wan-der'd on in the dark-ness, Not a ray of light could I see;
I listen'd and lo!'t was the Sav-iour That was speaking so kind to me;
No long-er in darkness I'm walking, For the light is shin-ing on me;



And the tho't fill'd my heart with sadness, There's no hope for a sin-ner like me.
I cried, "I'm the chief of sin-ners, Thou can't save a poor sinner like me."
And now un-to oth-ers I'm tell-ing How He sav'd a poor sinner like me.



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CHRISTIAN LIFE

No. 113. THE HALF HAS NEVER BEEN TOLD.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

J. L. HEATH.

1. I know I love Thee bet-ter, Lord, Than a - ny earth-ly joy; For Thou hast
2. I know that Thou art near-er still Than a - ny earth-ly throng; And sweeter
3. Thou hast put glad-ness in my heart, Then well may I be glad; With-out the
4. O Sav-iour, pre-cious Saviour mine! What will Thy pres-ence be If such a

REFRAIN.

giv - en me the peace Which nothing can de - stroy. The half has nev - er yet been
is the tho't of Thee Than a - ny love - ly song.
se - cret of Thy love I could not but be sad.
life of joy can crown Our walk on earth with Thee?

told, yet been told, Of love so full and free; full and free; The

half has nev - er yet been told, The blood, it cleanseth me.
yet been told, cleanseth me.

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No. 114. WONDERSFUL LOVE.

Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

E. ROBERTS.



1. I can - not conceive how the Lord Could love a poor sin - ner like me,
 2. I nev - er believed there could be Such won-d'rous revealings of love,
 3. I know not what oth-ers may do, To rec - ompense love so di - vine;



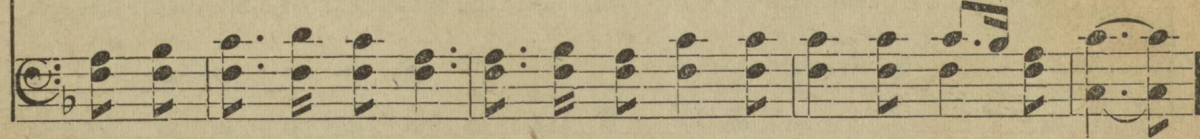
And pour out His blood to re - deem And make me e - ter - nal - ly free.
 As Christ has be-stowed up - on me, In mer - cy from heav-en a - bove.
 But, Je - sus, the whole of my heart And all of my life shall be Thine.



REFRAIN.



For that won - der - ful love, won - der - ful love, My heart shall ren - der praise,



And ex - alt my dear Re-deem - er In ju - bi - lant lays.
 In ju - bi - lant, ju - bi - lant lays.



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CHRISTIAN LIFE.

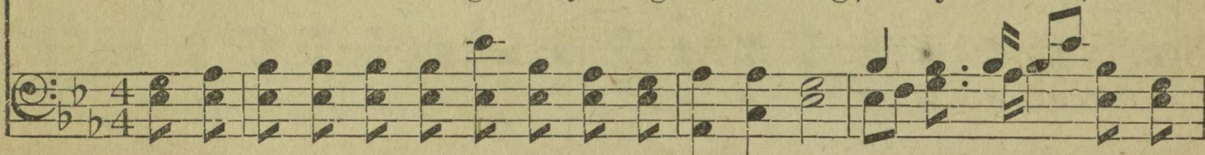
No. 115. GLORY TO GOD, HALLELUJAH!

FANNY J. CROSBY.

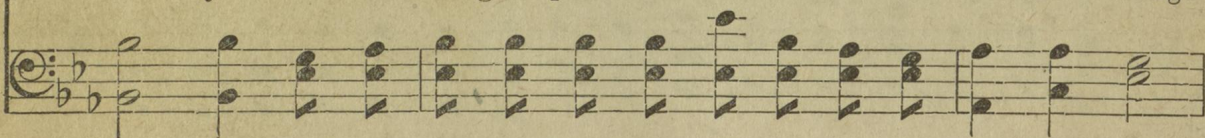
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



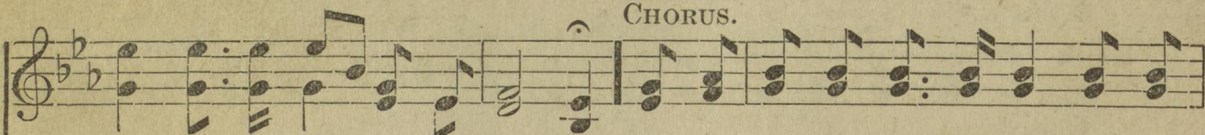
1. We are nev - er, nev - er wea - ry of the grand old song ; Glo - ry to God, hal - le -
2. We are lost a - mid the rapture of re - deem - ing love ; Glo - ry to God, hal - le -
3. We are go - ing to a pal - ace that is built of gold ; Glo - ry to God, hal - le -
4. There we 'll shout re - deem - ing mer - cy in a glad, new song ; Glo - ry to God, hal - le -



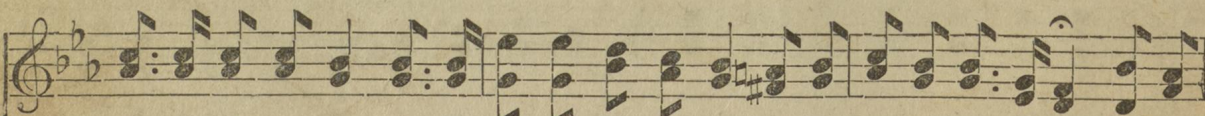
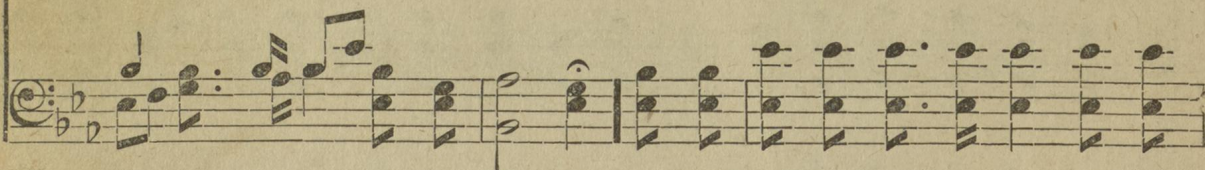
lu - jah! We can sing it loud as ev - er, with our faith more strong :
lu - jah! We are ris - ing on its pin - ions to the hills a - bove :
lu - jah! Where the King in all His splendor we shall soon be - hold :
lu - jah! There we 'll sing the praise of Je - sus with the blood - wash 'd throng :



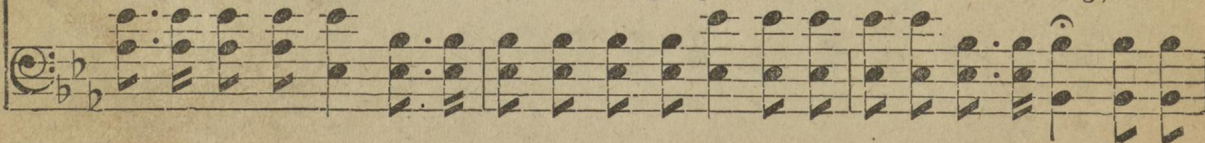
CHORUS.



Glo - ry to God, hal - le - lu - jah! Oh, the chil - dren of the Lord have a



right to shout and sing, For the way is growing bright and our souls are on the wing ; We are



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GLORY TO GOD, HALLELUJAH!

go-ing by and by to the pal-ace of the King! Glo-ry to God, hal-le - lu-jah!

No. 116. LET IT MAKE THEE WHOLE.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. Oh, the precious blood of Je-sus, Shed on Cal - va - ry, Shed for reb-els,
 2. Precious blood that hath redeem'd us, All the price is paid, Per-fect pardon
 3. Tho' my sins are red like crimson, Deep in scar-let glow, Je-sus' precious
 4. Precious, precious blood of Je-sus, Ev - er flow-ing free, Oh, be-lieve it,

REFRAIN.

shed for sin-ners, Shed for you and me. Oh! the precious blood,
 now is of-fer'd, Per-fect peace is made.
 blood can make them Whiter than the snow.
 oh, re-ceive it, Sin-ner, 't is for thee. precious blood,

Let it make thee whole; Let it flow in mighty cleansing, O'er thy guilty soul.
 make thee whole;

ASPIRATIONS.

No. 117.

AS PANTS THE HART.

Rev. H. F. LYTE.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. As pants the hart for cooling streams, When heated in the chase, So pants my soul, O
 2. For Thee, my God, the living God, My thirsty soul doth pine; Oh, when shall I be -
 3. I sigh to think of happier days, When Thou, O Lord, wast nigh, When ev'ry heart was
 4. Why restless, why cast down, my soul? Trust God, and thou shalt sing His praise again, and

REFRAIN.

Lord for Thee, And Thy re-freshing grace. As pants the hart . . . for cooling
 hold Thy face, Thou Ma-jes - ty Di - vine?
 tuned to praise, And none more blest than I.
 find Him still Thy health's e-ter-nal spring.

As pants the hart

streams, . . . So pants my soul, . . . O Lord, for Thee; . . . As pants the
 for cooling streams, So pants my soul, O Lord, for Thee;

hart . . . for cooling streams, . . . So pants my soul, O Lord, for Thee.
 As pants the hart for cooling streams,

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No. 118. HE MEETS ME THERE.

Rev. J. J. EXCELL.

E. P. AMBROSE.

1. Oft - en I've ob-tained a bless - ing, When I've bow'd the suppliant knee;
 2. At the gate I've been ad-mit - ted, Gate of God's a-bound-ing grace;
 3. Praise the Lord for such a bless - ing And His wondrous love to me;

Je - sus brought a sweet re-fresh-ing, And in showers it fell on me.
 All my sins have been re - mit - ted, And I've viewed His smil - ing face.
 Peace and joy I'm now pos-sess - ing, Je - sus hath my soul set free.

REFRAIN.

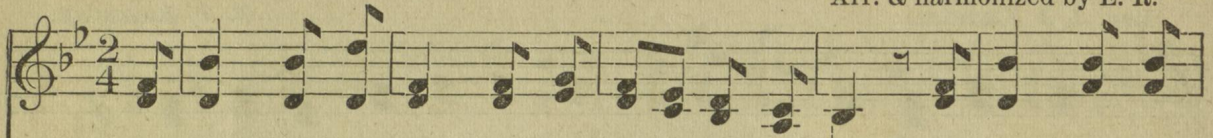
Oh, 't is sweet to meet my Sav - iour, At the gate of cov-'nant prayer;

slow and soft.
 He will man - i - fest His fa - vor, For He al-ways meets me there.

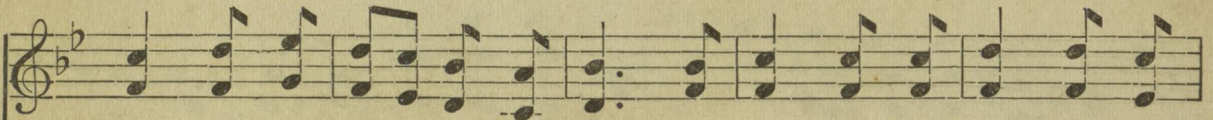
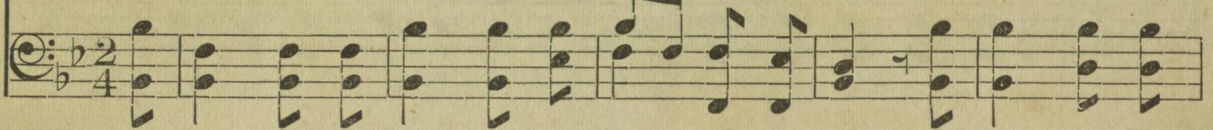
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No. 119. MY JESUS, I LOVE THEE.

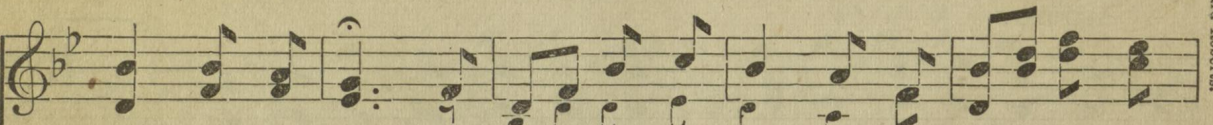
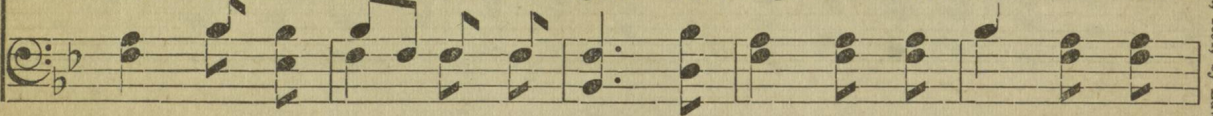
Welsh Melody.
Arr. & harmonized by E. R.



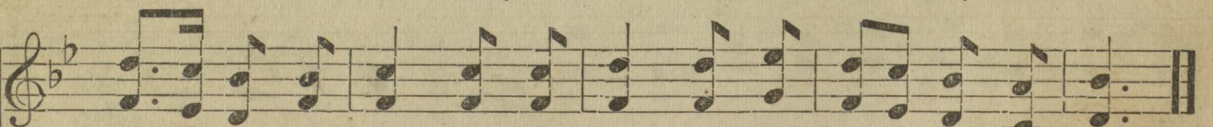
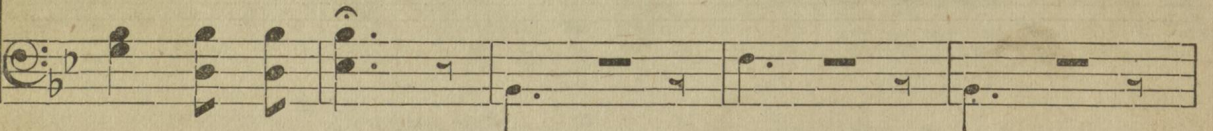
1. My Je - sus, I love Thee! I know Thou art mine, For Thee all the
2. I love Thee be - cause Thou hast first lov - ed me, And pur - chas'd my
3. I'll love Thee in life, and I'll love Thee in death, And praise Thee as
4. In man - sions of glo - ry, those re - gions of light, I'll ev - er a -



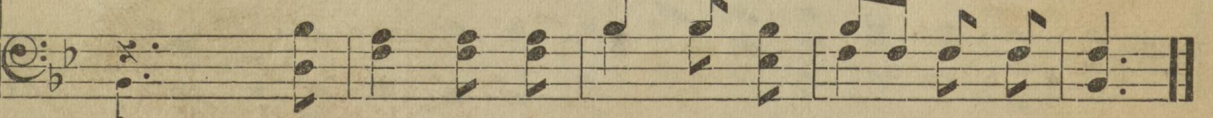
pleas - ures of sin I re - sign; My gra - cious Re - deem - er, my
par - don when nailed to the tree; I love Thee for wear - ing the
long as Thou lend - est me breath; And sing this sweet song as 't was
dore Thee, with sweet - est de - light, And sing, as with rap - ture be -



Sav - iour art Thou, If ev - er I loved Thee, If ev - er I
thorns on Thy brow, If ev - er I loved Thee, If ev - er I
sung here be - low, If ev - er I loved Thee, If ev - er I
fore Thee I bow, If ev - er I loved Thee, If ev - er I



loved Thee, If ev - er I loved Thee, My Je - sus, 't is now.



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No. 120.

AT THE CROSS.

Dr. BONAR.

R. E. HUDSON.

1. Oppressed with noon-day's scorching heat, To yonder cross I flee; Beneath its shelter
 2. Beneath that cross clear waters burst—A fountain sparkling free; And there I quench my
 3. A stranger here, I pitch my tent Beneath this spreading tree; Here shall my pilgrim
 4. For burden'd ones a resting-place, Beside that cross I see; I here cast off my

REFRAIN.

take my seat: No shade like this for me! At the cross, at the cross, where I
 des - ert thirst: No spring like this for me!
 life be spent: No home like this for me!
 wea - ri - ness: No rest like this for me!

first saw the light, And the burden of my heart roll'd a-way— It was
 roll'd a-way,

there by faith I receiv'd my sight, And now I am hap-py all the day.

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CONSECRATION.

No. 121. ALL WE YIELD TO THEE.

G. THRING.

E. P. AMBROSE.

1. Saviour, blessed Sav-iour, Listen while we sing; Hearts and voices rais-ing
2. Clearer still and clear-er Dawns the light from heaven, In our sadness bringing
3. Onward, ev-er onward, Treading o'er the road Worn by saints before us,

Prais-es to our King! All we have we of - fer, All we hope to be,
News of sins for-given; Life has lost its shadows; Pure the light within;
Mov-ing on to God; Leav-ing all be-hind us, May we has-ten on,

REFRAIN.

Bod-y, soul and spir-it, All we yield to Thee. Then lead, lead Thou on, Nor
Thou hast shed Thy radiance On a world of sin.
Backward never look-ing Till the prize is won.

let us ev-er roam, Lead, O bless-ed Sav-iour, To Thine e-ter-nal home.

No. 122.

CLOSER TO THEE.

The "Lanan."

P. BILHORN.

1. O Je - sus my Lord and my Sav - iour, A rock and a ref - uge to me,
 2. Let peace from Thy presence possess me, A peace that a - bid - ing shall be;
 3. When close by Thy side I am keep - ing, My path - way is mark'd out by Thee;
 4. And when my life's journey is end - ing, The waves of the riv - er I see,

I long to be drawn by Thy fa - vor, Still clos - er and clos - er to Thee.
 And when my tempta - tions dis - tress me, Oh, draw me still clos - er to Thee.
 And rich are the fields for my reap - ing, While clos - er and clos - er to Thee.
 Let an - gels from glo - ry de - scend - ing, My spir - it bear clos - er to Thee.

REFRAIN. *m*

Clos - er to Thee, clos - er to Thee, Clos - er my Lord and my Sav - iour,

p Clos - er to Thee, *pp* clos - er to Thee, *f* Draw me still clos - er to Thee.

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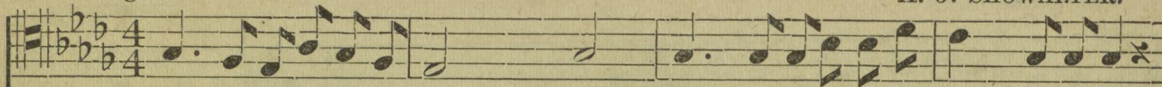
ASPIRATION.

No. 123.

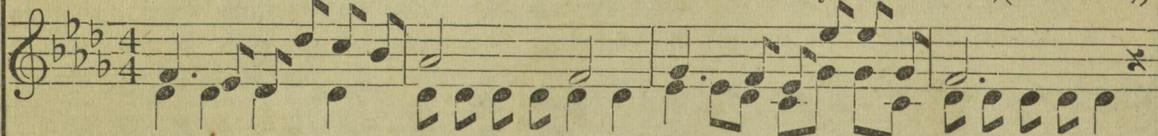
LEAD ME ON.

Arranged.

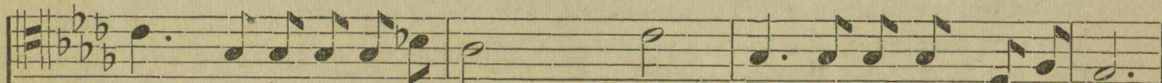
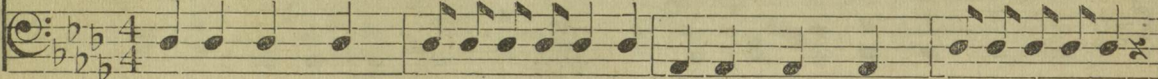
A. J. SHOWALTER.



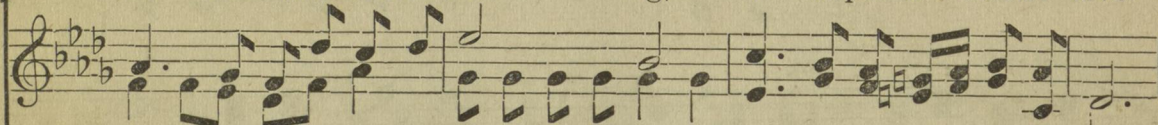
1. Lead me forth, O blessed Je - sus! Out of darkness, out of night, (gloomy night,)
2. Lead me forth, O blessed Je - sus! Leaving all my doubts and fears, (doubts and fears,)
3. Lead me forth, O blessed Je - sus! In - to ful-ler, clearer light, (clearer light,)
4. Lead me forth, O blessed Je - sus! With a clear eye fix'd a-b-ove, (fix'd above,)



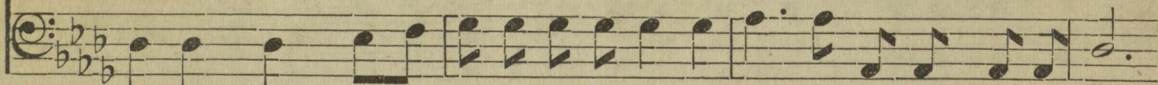
1. Lead me forth, oh, lead me, blessed Jesus! Out of darkness, out of gloomy night,
2. Lead me forth, oh, lead me, blessed Jesus! Leaving all my gloomy doubts and fears,
3. Lead me forth, oh, lead me, blessed Jesus! In - to ful - ler, fuller, clearer light,
4. Lead me forth, oh, lead me, blessed Jesus! With a clear eye, clear eye, fix'd above,



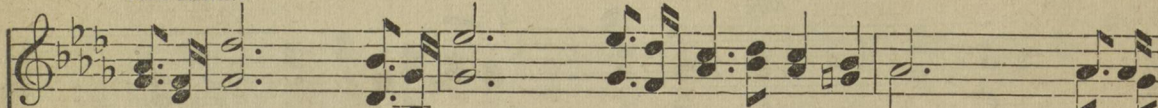
In - to life and love e - ter - nal, In - to joy and in - to light.
 Leav - ing all my sins and sor - rows, Leav - ing all my griefs and tears.
 Where the sunshine of Thy pres - ence Falls up - on my in - ner sight.
 On the crown that now is wait - ing, In the par - a - dise of love.



In - to life and in - to love e - ter - nal, In - to joy and in - to light.
 Leav - ing all my sins, my sins and sorrows, Leaving all my griefs and tears.
 Where the sun - shine, sunshine of Thy presence Falls up - on my in - ner sight.
 On the crown, the crown that now is waiting In the par - a - dise of love.



REFRAIN.



Lead me on, Lead me on, Draw me nearer, Lord, to Thee; Lead me
 Lead me on, Lead me on, Draw me nearer, Lord, to Thee; (nearer Thee) : Lead me



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ASPIRATION.

LEAD ME ON.

high - er still and high - er, Let me
high - er still and high - er, Lead me high - er still and high - er, Let me

now Thy glo-ry see, Let me now Thy glory see.
now Thy glo-ry see, Thy glory see, Let me now Thy glory see, Thy glory see.

No. 124.

AZMON.

Rev. CHAS. WESLEY.

1. Oh, for a heart to praise my God, A heart from sin set free,
2. A heart re-signed, sub - mis-sive, meek, My dear Re-deem-er's throne,
3. A hum-ble, low - ly, con-trite heart, Be - liev - ing, true, and clean,

A heart that al - ways feels Thy blood So free - ly spilt for me.
Where on - ly Christ is heard to speak, Where Je - sus reigns a - lone.
Which nei - ther life nor death can part From Him that dwells with - in.

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

5 Thy nature, dearest Lord, impart;
Come quickly from above;
Write Thy new Name upon my heart,
Thy new, best Name of Love.

ASPIRATION.

No. 125. THEN SHALL I BE SATISFIED.

Arranged.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. When my Sav-iour I shall see, In His glo-rious like-ness
 2. When I'm whol-ly freed from sin, Spot-less, clean and pure with-
 3. Oh, till then be this my care, More His im-age blest to

1. When my Sav - iour, Sav-iour I shall see, In His glo - rious,
 2. When I'm whol - ly, whol-ly freed from sin, Spot-less, clean, yes,
 3. Oh, till then, till then be this my care, More His im - age,

be, Clad in robes by Him sup - plied,
 in, Meet to stand at Je - sus' side,
 wear, More to con - quer self and pride,

glo-rious likeness be, Clad in robes, in robes by Him sup-plied,
 clean and pure with-in, Meet to stand, to stand at Je - sus' side,
 im - age blest to wear, More to con - quer, con-quer self and pride,

REFRAIN.

Then shall I be sat - is - fied, (yes, sat - is - fied.) Sat - is -
 Then shall I be sat - is - fied, (yes, sat - is - fied.)
 So shall I be sat - is - fied, (yes, sat - is - fied.)

fied with love di - vine, Sat - is -
 yes, sat - is - fied, with love di - vine,

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THEN SHALL I BE SATISFIED.

fed, since Christ is mine, Ev-'ry need in Him sup-
 Christ is mine, Ev-'ry need in Him sup-plied, Ev-'ry
 plied, Then shall I be sat - is - fied.
 need in Him sup-plied, Then shall I be sat - is - fied, yes, sat - is - fied.

No. 126. SAVE US, HOLY JESUS.

EDWARD ROBERTS.

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1. Je - sus, Sav-iour, draw Thou near, While to Thee we lift our prayer;
 2. From all pride and vain con - ceit, From all spite and an - gry heat,
 3. From all sloth and i - dle - ness, From not car - ing for dis - tress,
 Our pe - ti - tion deign to hear, Save us, Ho - ly Je - sus.
 From all ly - ing and de - ceit, Save us, Ho - ly Je - sus.
 From all lust and greed - i - ness, Save us, Ho - ly Je - sus.

4 From refusing to obey,
 From the love of our own way,
 From forgetfulness to pray,
 Save us, Holy Jesus.

5 By Thine own unconquered might,
 By Thy glory in the height,
 By Thy mercies infinite,
 Save us, Holy Jesus.

CHRISTIAN CONFLICT.

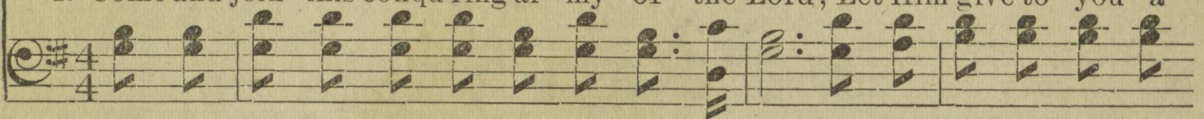
No. 127. CONQUER THROUGH HIS WORD.

Miss J. H. JOHNSTON.

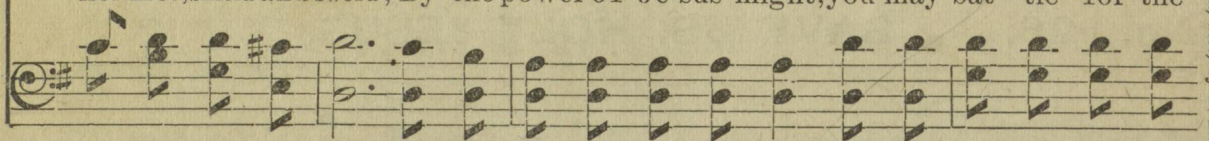
P. BILHORN.



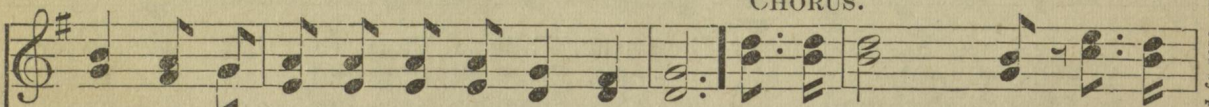
1. I've en - list - ed in the ar - my of the Lord, He has armed me with a
2. 'Tis an ar - my that is ev - er sure to win; 'T is the Lord who leads a -
3. There are foes on ev - 'ry hand, who seek to harm; But with us there is an
4. Come and join this conqu'ring ar - my of the Lord, Let Him give to you a



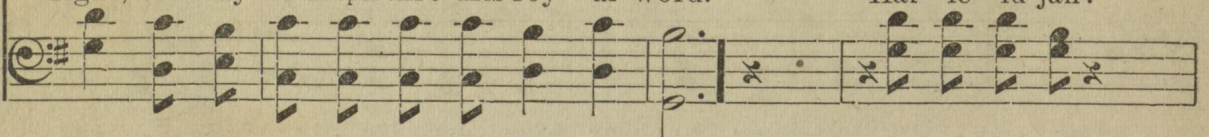
hel - met, shield and sword; Now to bat - tle for the right, by the power of Je - sus' gainst the host of sin; Thro' the word that giveth light, we shall con - quer in the ev - er - last - ing arm; With our Cap - tain in command, we are strong in heart and hel - met, shield and sword; By the power of Je - sus' might, you may bat - tle for the



CHORUS.



might, By His grace I'll conquer thro' His word. Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - fight, Tho' the en - e - my be strong with - in. hand, And se - cure a - gainst all false a - larm. right, You may tri - umph thro' His roy - al word. Hal - le - lu - jah!



lu - jah! Prais - es to His ev - er - last - ing name we'll sing, Hal - le - Hal - le - lu - jah!



CONQUER THROUGH HIS WORD.

lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! We shall conquer thro' our Lord and King.
Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah!

No. 128.

I HAVE CALLED THEE.

Mrs. E. W. CHAPMAN.

A. J. SHOWALTER, by per.

1. I have called thee to the fountain, Where the crimson waves o'erflow; Plung'd beneath its cleansing
2. I have called thee to the vineyard, Where the rip-ened harvest waves; Patient toil in ear - ly
3. I have called thee to the banquet, Love di - vine hath free-ly given; Wrought for thee a wedding

REFRAIN.

wa-ters, Pure thy soul as sparkling snow. I have called thee, yes, I've called thee, Called thee
morning, Thou at eve shalt bring the sheaves.
garment, For the marriage feast in heaven.

from thy sin and woe; I have called thee, yes, I've called thee, Come, I'll wash thee white as snow.

THE FRIEND.

No. 129. JESUS IS A FRIEND INDEED.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.

Arr. by A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. { Je - sus is a friend in - deed, Friend in - deed, friend in - deed,
He knows ev - 'ry sigh and tear, And each fear, and each fear,
2. { Wea - ri - some the path may be, Path may be, path may be,
For He hears the faint - est cry, And each sigh, and each sigh,

Je - sus is a friend in - deed, And a help - er in the time of need.
He knows ev - 'ry sigh and tear, He 's a Comfort - er for - ev - er near.
And great sorrows bur - den me, But He knows it all and pit - ies me.
And to my re - lief will fly, To His children He is ev - er nigh.

REFRAIN.

O Je - sus is a Rock in a wea - ry land, A

wea - ry land, a wea - ry land, Je - sus is a Rock in a

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JESUS IS A FRIEND INDEED.

wea - ry land, And a Shel - ter in the time of storm.

3 When to His dear arms I flee,
Trustingly, trustingly,
When to His dear arms I flee,
He's a shelter and defence to me.

Winds may blow, and storms may beat,
At my feet, at my feet,
I have this assurance sweet,
My Redeemer is a safe retreat.

No. 130. CLING TO THE MIGHTY ONE.

HENRY BENNETT.

E. ROBERTS.

1. Cling to the Might - y One, Cling in thy grief; Cling to the
2. Cling to the Liv - ing One, Cling in thy woe; Cling to the
3. Cling to the Pierc - éd One, Cling to His side; Cling to the

Ho - ly One, He gives re - lief; Cling to the Gra - cious One,
Lov - ing One, Through all be - low; Cling to the Par - d'ning One,
Ris - en One, In Him a - bide; Cling to the Com - ing One,

rit.
Cling in thy pain; Cling to the Faith - ful One, He will sus - tain.
He speak - eth peace; Cling to the Heal - ing One, An - guish shall cease.
Hope shall a - rise; Cling to the Reigning One, Joy lights thine eyes.

CHRISTIAN TRIALS.

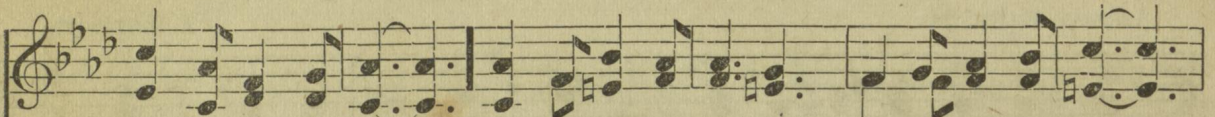
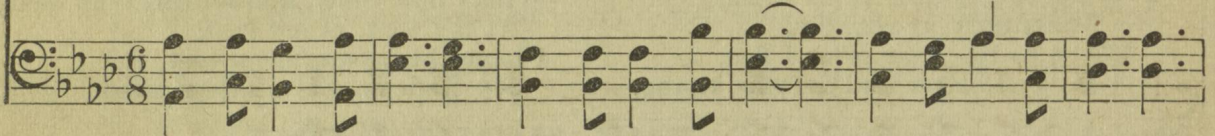
No. 131. PREVAILING PRAYER.

JAS. MONTGOMERY. Ref. by ?

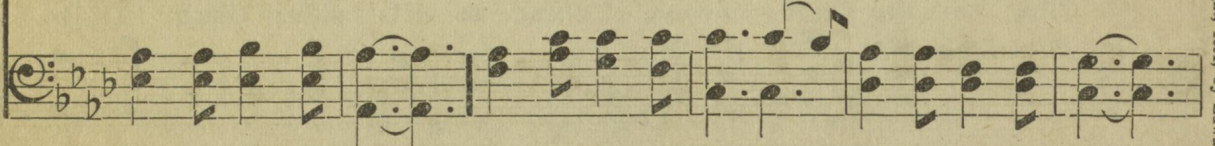
E. ROBERTS.



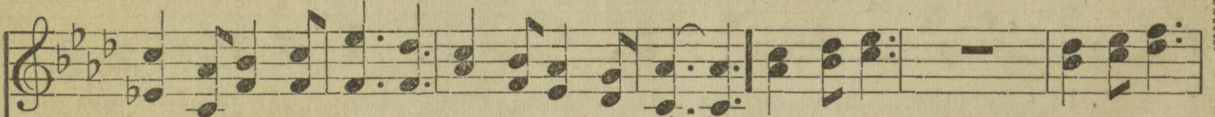
1. In the hour of tri - al, Je - sus, pray for me; Lest by base de - ni - al,
 2. With its witching pleasure, Would this vain world charm; Or its sor - did treasures
 3. If with sore af - flic - tion Thou in love chastise, Pour Thy ben - e - diction
 4. When in dust and ash - es To the grave I sink, While heav'n's glory flashes



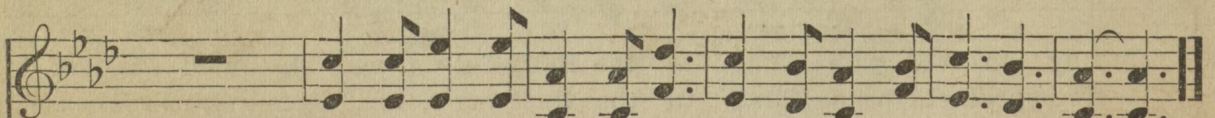
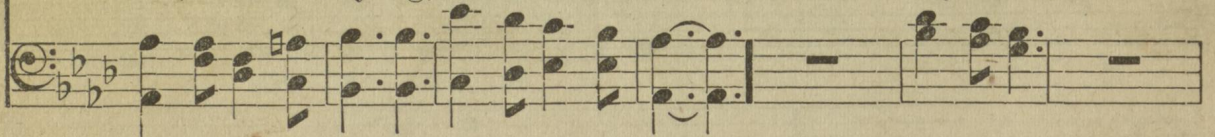
I depart from Thee; When Thou seest me waver, With a look re - call,
 Spread to work me harm; Bring to my re - membrance, Sad Gethsem - a - ne,
 On the sac - ri - fice; Then upon Thine al - tar Free - ly offered up,
 O'er the sheiving brink; On Thy truth re - ly - ing, Thro' that mortal strife,



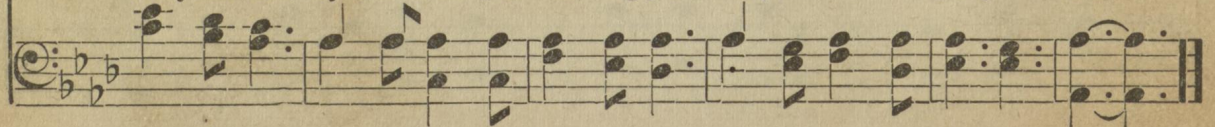
REFRAIN.



Nor for fear or fa - vor, Suf - fer me to fall. Pray for me, Pray for me,
 Or, in darker semblance, Cross - crown'd Calvary.
 Tho' the flesh may fal - ter, Faith shall drain the cup.
 Lord, receive me dy - ing, To e - ter - nal life. Pray for me,



Pray for me, By Thine all - pre - vail - ing plea, Pray, dear Jesus, pray for me.

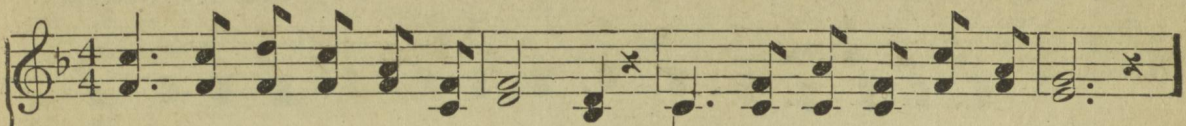


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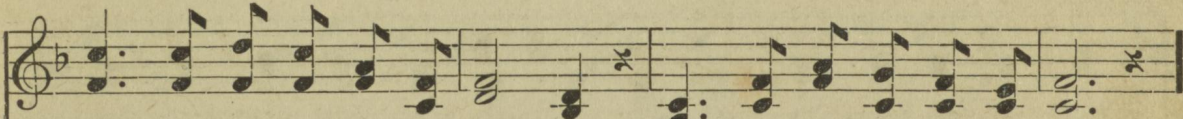
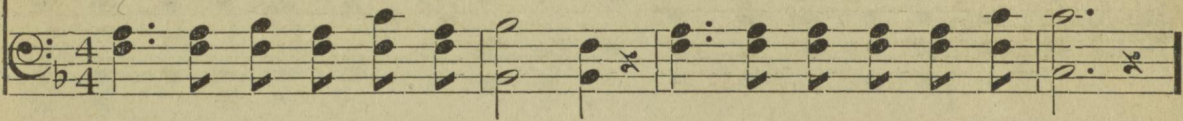
No. 132. WHAT A FRIEND WE HAVE IN JESUS.

Rev. H. BONAR.

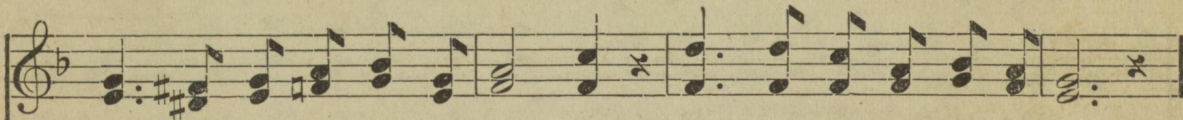
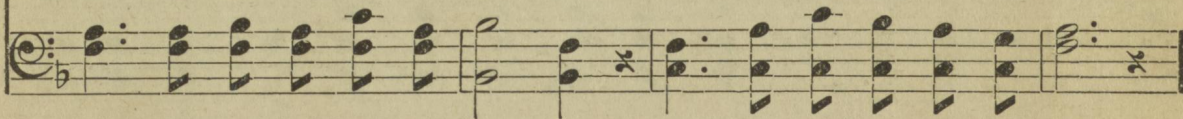
CHARLES C. CONVERSE, by per.



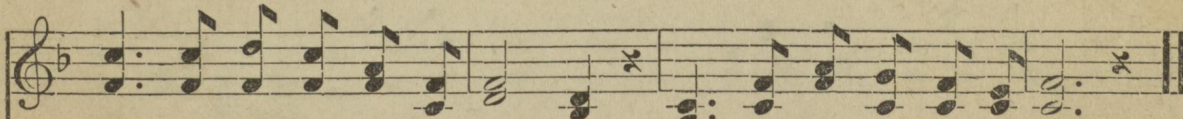
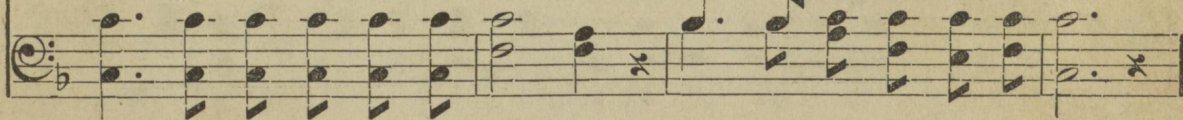
1. What a friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to bear;
2. Have we tri - als and temp - ta - tions? Is there trou - ble a - ny - where?
3. Are we weak and heav - y la - den, Cumbered with a load of care?



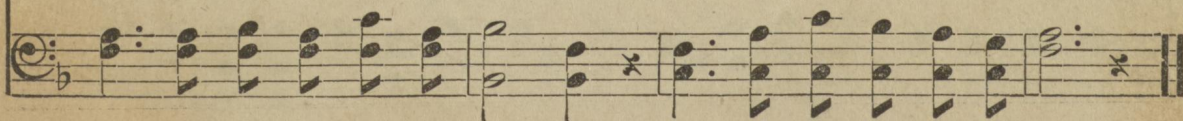
What a priv - i - lege to car - ry Ev - 'ry thing to God in pray'r.
 We should nev - er be dis - cour - aged— Take it to the Lord in pray'r.
 Pre - cious Sav - iour, still our ref - uge— Take it to the Lord in pray'r.



Oh, what peace we oft - en for - feit, Oh, what needless pain we bear,
 Can we find a friend so faith - ful, Who will all our sorrows share?
 Do thy friends despise, forsake thee? Take it to the Lord in pray'r;



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

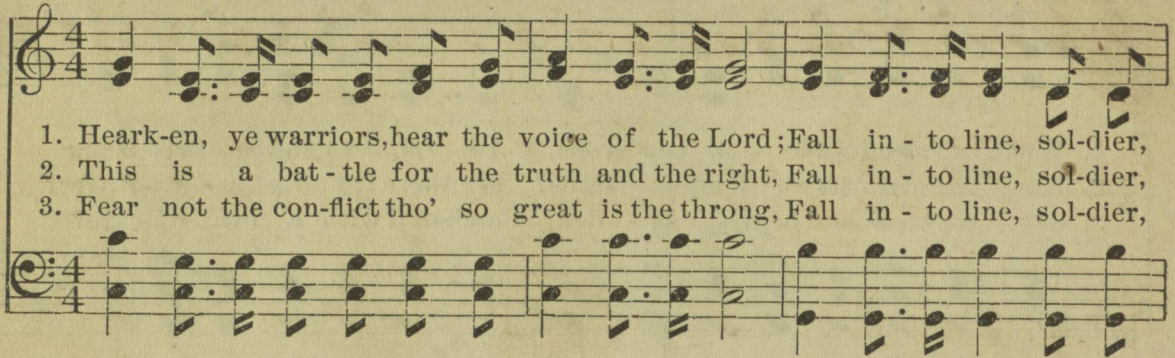


CHRISTIAN CONFLICTS.

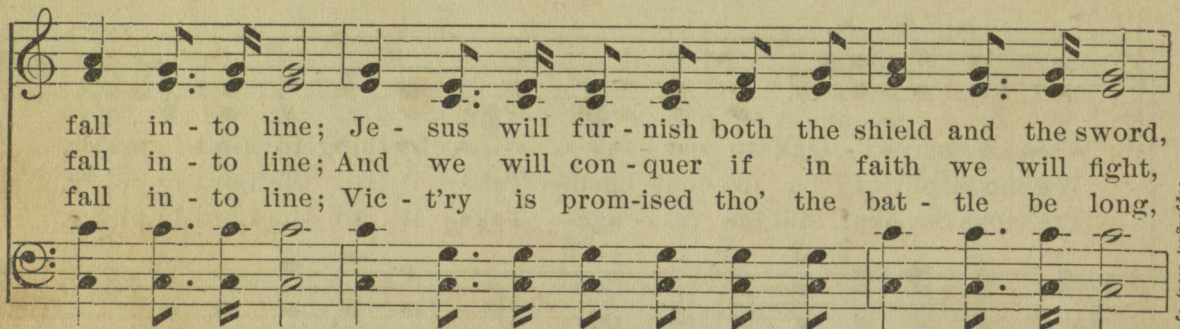
No. 133. SOLDIER, FALL INTO LINE.

T. J. S.

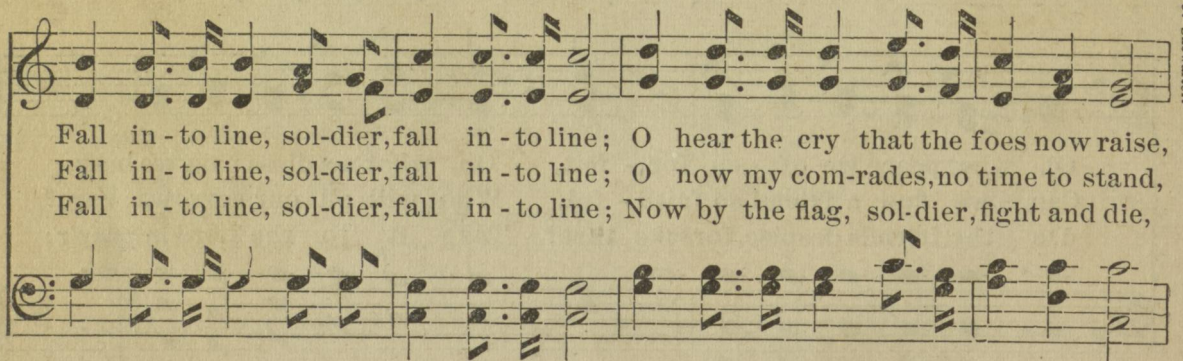
Rev. T. J. SWANZEY.



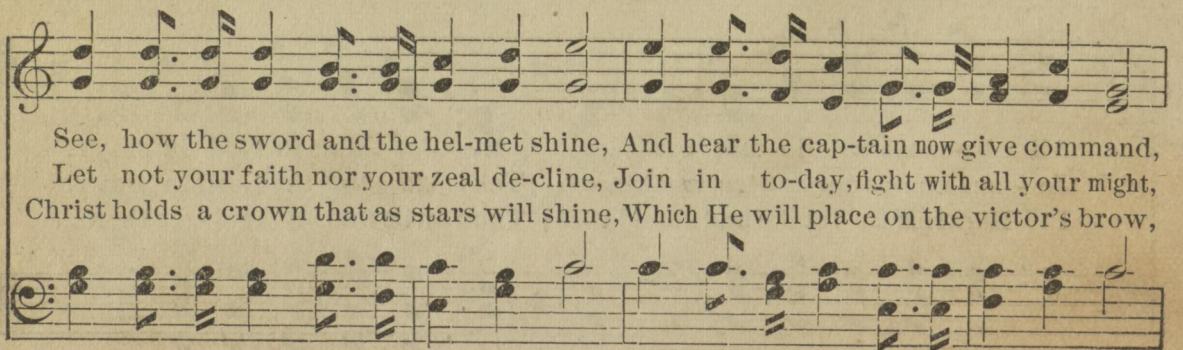
1. Hark-en, ye warriors, hear the voice of the Lord; Fall in - to line, sol-dier,
2. This is a bat-tle for the truth and the right, Fall in - to line, sol-dier,
3. Fear not the con-flict tho' so great is the throng, Fall in - to line, sol-dier,



fall in - to line; Je - sus will fur - nish both the shield and the sword,
fall in - to line; And we will con - quer if in faith we will fight,
fall in - to line; Vic - t'ry is prom-ised tho' the bat - tle be long,



Fall in - to line, sol-dier, fall in - to line; O hear the cry that the foes now raise,
Fall in - to line, sol-dier, fall in - to line; O now my com-rades, no time to stand,
Fall in - to line, sol-dier, fall in - to line; Now by the flag, sol-dier, fight and die,



See, how the sword and the hel-met shine, And hear the cap-tain now give command,
Let not your faith nor your zeal de-cline, Join in to-day, fight with all your might,
Christ holds a crown that as stars will shine, Which He will place on the victor's brow,

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SOLDIER, FALL INTO LINE.

REFRAIN.

Fall into line, soldier, fall into line. Keep, keep, keep within the line; Step, step, March, march, march with steady pace, Ask Christ, nev - er get be - hind, Christ gives command and will lead you through; He will give you grace, Vict'ry will come to the (Omit) . . . brave and the true.

No. 134. TRAV'LING TO THE BETTER LAND.

BROSTER DEWARD.

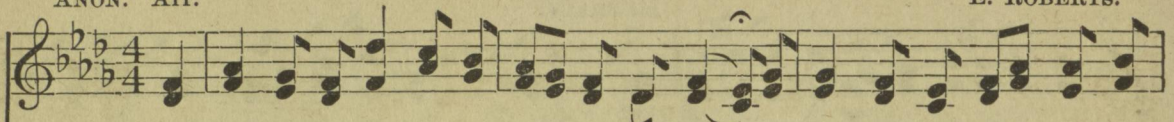
1. Trav - 'ling to the bet - ter land, O'er the des - ert's foun - tain greet, Make the bit - ter wa - ter sweet, Lead me on.
 2. When at Ma - rah, parched with heat, In the spark - ling palm - grove near, And her wells, as crys - tal clear, Lead me on.
 3. When the wil - der - ness is drear, Show me E - lim's land of light, Then, trans - port - ed with the sight, Lead me on.
 4. Bid me stand on Ne - bo's height, Gaze up - on the scorch - ing sand, Fa - ther, let me grasp Thy hand, Lead me on.
 5. When I stand on Jordan's brink, Never let me fear or shrink; Hold me, Father, lest I sink: Lead me on.
 6. When the race is fully run, When the victory is won, And eternal life begun, Lead me on.

CHRISTIAN TRIALS.

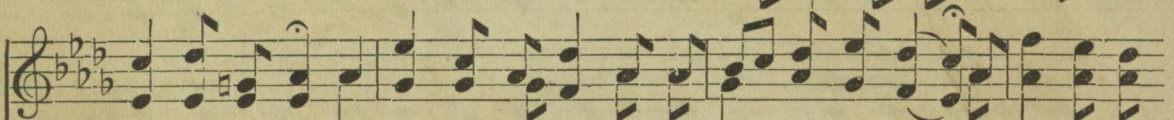
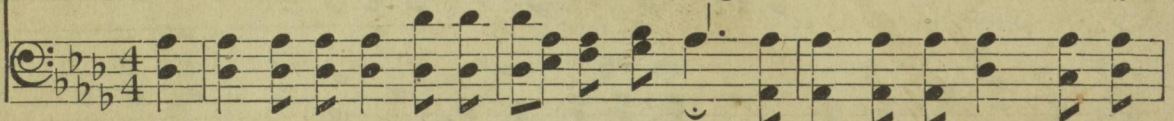
No. 135. LEAD ME TO THE ROCK.

ANON. ARR.

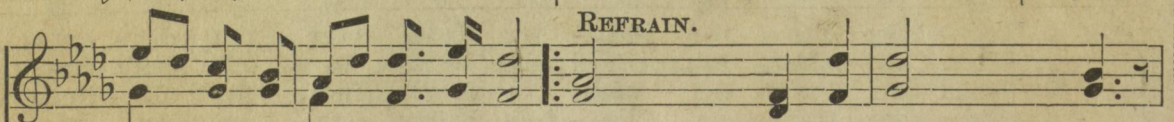
E. ROBERTS.



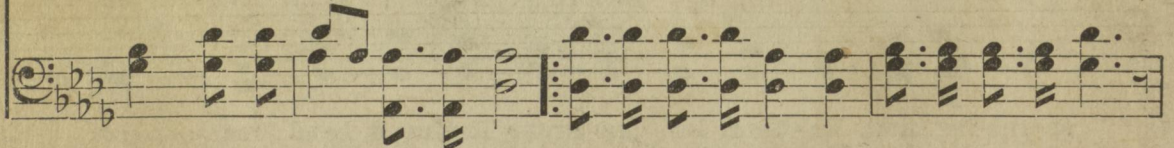
1. O Sav-iour of sinners, when faint and depressed, With man - i - fold tri - als and
2. When tempted by Satan the Spir - it to grieve, The service of Christ, my Re -
3. When judgments, O Lord, are a - bout in the land, And mer - i - ted ven - geance de -
4. When summon'd at last before God to ap - pear, By free grace sup - port - ed I'll
5. At home with the ransom'd and Je - sus I long To dwell and e - ter - nal - ly



sorrows oppress'd, I'll bow at Thy feet and with con - fi - dence cry, "Lead me to the deem - er to leave, I'll claim my re - la - tion, to Je - sus I'll fly, The Rock of sal - scends from Thy hand, O'erwhelmed with the sight, for pro - tec - tion I'll fly, And hide in the stand without fear, The mandate o - bey - ing, th' or - de - al I'll try, Up - held by the join in the song Of praising and blessing while a - ges roll by, My Saviour the



Rock that is high - er than I." Lead me, Oh, lead me, va - tion that's high - er than I. Rock that is high - er than I. Rock that is high - er than I. Rock that is high - er than I. Lead me to the Rock, Oh, lead me to the Rock,



Lead me to the Rock that is high - er than I, Lead me, Oh, Lead me to the Rock, Oh,



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LEAD ME TO THE ROCK.

Repeat pp.

lead me, Lead me to the Rock that is high - er than I.
lead me to the Rock,

No. 136.

SAVIOUR, COMFORT ME!

G. RAWSON.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. In the dark and cloud - y day, When earth's rich-es flee a - way, And the
2. When the se - cret i - dol's gone That my poor heart yearned up-on, Des - o -
3. Thou who wast so sore - ly tried, In the dark-ness cru - ci - fied, Bid me

REFRAIN.

last hope will not stay, Sav-iour, com - fort me! Comfort me, com-fort
late, be - reft, a - lone, Sav-iour, com - fort me!
in Thy love con - fide, Sav-iour, com - fort me!

me, Yes, com-fort me! Bless-ed Sav-iour, then in love, com-fort me!

4 Comfort me; I am cast down,
'Tis my heavenly Father's frown;
I deserve it all, I own;
Saviour, comfort me!

5 So it shall be good for me,
Much afflicted now to be,
If Thou wilt but tenderly,
Saviour, comfort me!

CHRISTIAN TRIALS.

No. 137. LONGING FOR HOME.

C. H. H.

C. H. HUMPHREYS.

1. As o'er the dark wa - ters we glide, My heart has grown wea-ry and
2. How ma - ny more tri - als a - wait? How ma - ny more tears to be
3. How sweet it will be to be there, With loved ones for - ev - er to

lone; I'm long - ing with Thee to a - bide, Dear Sav - iour, I'm
sown Be - fore I shall en - ter the gate? Dear Sav - iour, I'm
roam; Some - times to my heart they seem near, And then I am

REFRAIN.

long - ing for home. Long - ing for home, . . . long - ing for
Long - ing, yes, long - ing for home, long - ing, yes,

home, . . . My heart is long - ing for home.
long - ing for home, long - ing for home.

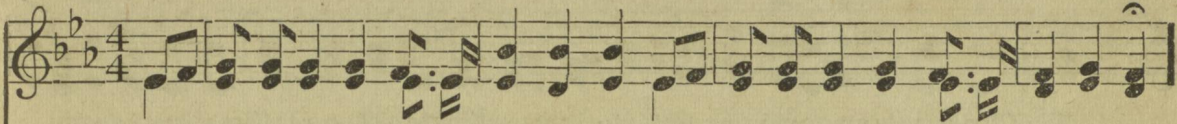
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No. 138. A LITTLE WHILE LONGER.

A. J. S.

A. J. SHOWALTER.



1. A lit-tle while longer to hope and fear; A lit-tle while longer a stranger here;
2. A lit-tle while longer to watch and pray; A lit-tle while longer from heav'n to stay;
3. A lit-tle while longer in time to sow; A lit-tle while longer life's ills to know;
4. A lit-tle while longer to work and wait; A lit-tle while longer this low estate;



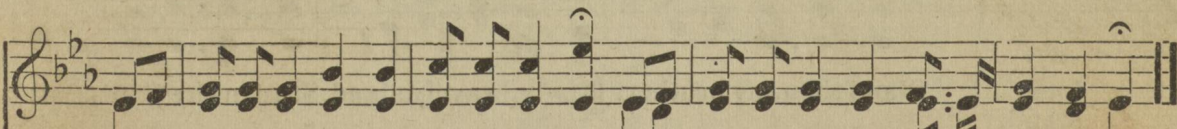
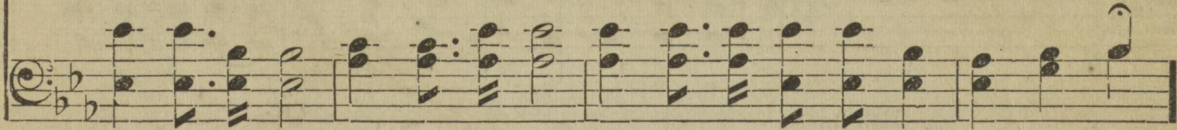
And then to that happy land we'll go, Where nevermore sorrow nor sin we'll know.
 And then the pale messenger will come, And call us from earth to our final home.
 And then the reward for all we'll reap, For Jesus His promise to us will keep.
 And then the dear Lord Himself will come, And take us to heav'n, our e - ter - nal home.



REFRAIN.



Oh, hap-py time! Oh, welcome day! When all our sorrows have passed a - way;



With never a heart-ache, never a sigh; But ev - er with Je - sus to reign on high.

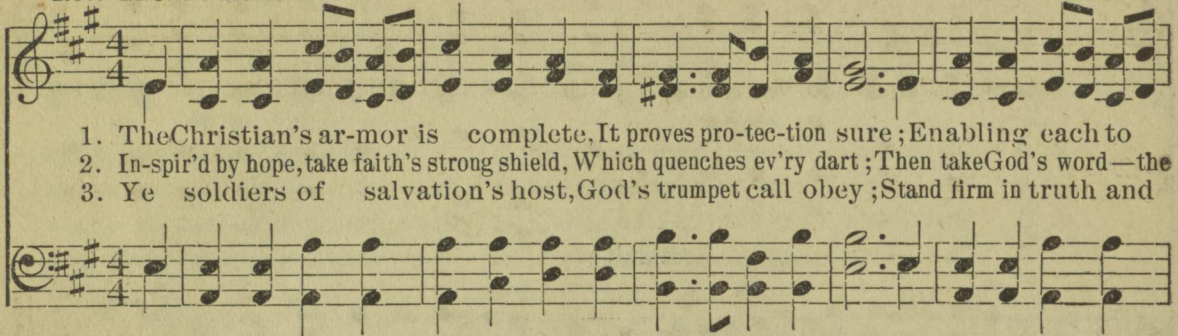


ENCOURAGEMENTS.

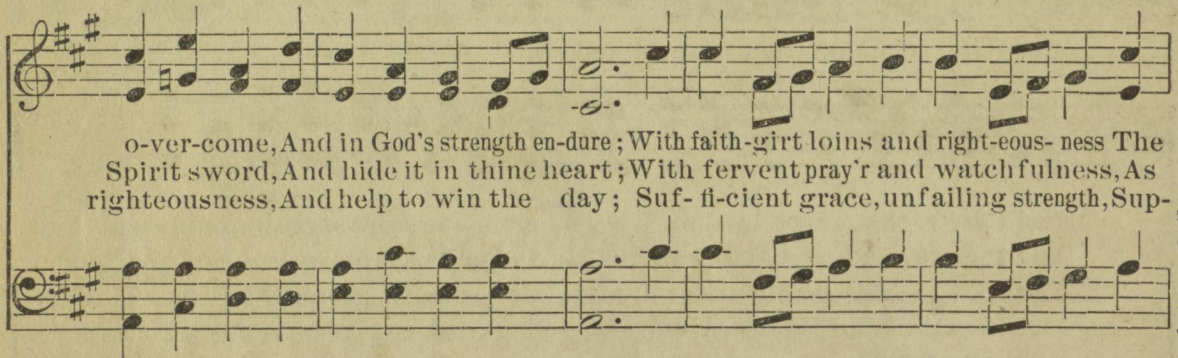
No. 139. STAND AT YOUR POST.

Rev. GEO. F. ROBERTSON.

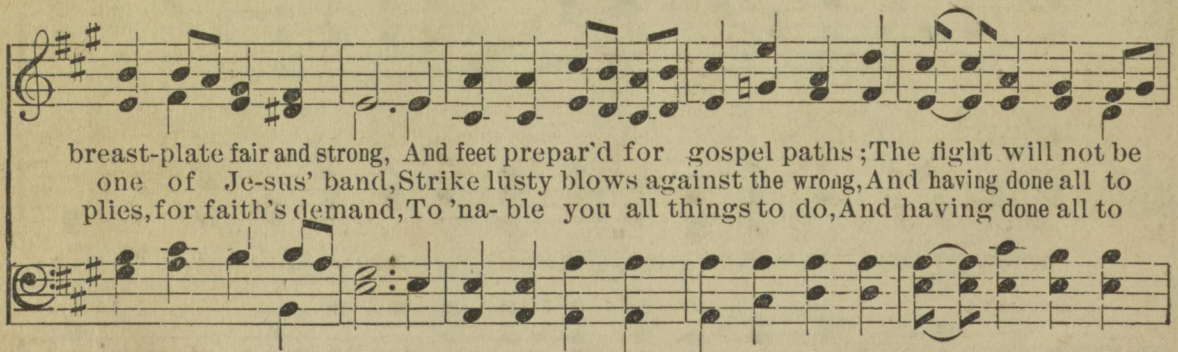
E. ROBERTS.



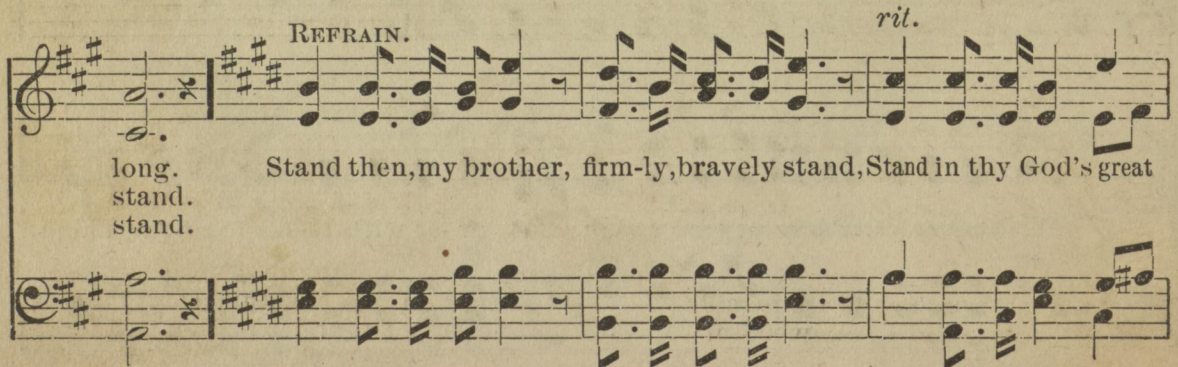
1. The Christian's armor is complete, It proves protection sure; Enabling each to
2. In-spir'd by hope, take faith's strong shield, Which quenches ev'ry dart; Then take God's word—the
3. Ye soldiers of salvation's host, God's trumpet call obey; Stand firm in truth and



o-ver-come, And in God's strength en-dure; With faith-girt loins and right-eous-ness The
Spirit sword, And hide it in thine heart; With fervent pray'r and watchfulness, As
righteousness, And help to win the day; Suf-ficient grace, un-failing strength, Sup-



breast-plate fair and strong, And feet prepar'd for gospel paths; The fight will not be
one of Je-sus' band, Strike lusty blows against the wrong, And having done all to
plies, for faith's demand, To 'na-ble you all things to do, And having done all to



REFRAIN. *rit.*
long. stand. stand. Stand then, my brother, firm-ly, bravely stand, Stand in thy God's great

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STAND AT YOUR POST.

tempo. *rit.*

might; Stand at your post, faith-ful to trust, Stand as in Je - sus'

tempo.

sight; Oh, stand at your post, faithful to trust, Stand as in Je - sus' sight.

No. 140.

OH, HAPPY DAY.

E. F. RIMBAULT.

1. { Oh, 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. { Oh, hap - py bond, that seals my vows To Him who mer - its all my love! }
 { Let cheer - ful an - thems fill His house, While to that sa - cred shrine I move. }

REFRAIN. FINE. D.S.

Happy day, happy day, When Jesus wash'd my sins away! { He taught me how to watch and pray, }
 { And live re-joicing ev'ry day; }

- 3 'T is done, the great transaction 's done; I am my Lord's, and He is mine;
 He drew me, and I followed on,
 Charmed to confess the voice divine.
- 4 Now rest, my long-divided heart!
 Fixed on this blissful center, rest;
 Here, have I found a nobler part,
 Here, heav'nly pleasures fill my breast.

ENCOURAGEMENTS.

No. 141. WHEN THE SUN GOES DOWN.

C. H. HUMPHREYS.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. The work of the day will be o - ver, When the sun goes down,
 2. Our steps toward home we are wending, Ere the sun goes down,
 3. At home those we love will be gather'd, When the sun goes down,
 4. Then pa-tient - ly let us be working, Till the sun goes down,
 when the sun goes down,

And sweet will be rest aft - er la - bor, When the sun goes down.
 Our voic - es in songs sweetly blending, Ere the sun goes down.
 Ne'er from us a - gain to be sev - er - ed, When the sun goes down.
 At eve comes the time of re - ward - ing, When the sun goes down.
 When the sun goes down.

Toil on tho' the heat may be beaming, And sweat from thy brow may be streaming,
 Pause not as the end we are nearing, With patience thy burden keep bearing,
 And there we shall see no more weeping; But Je - sus for - ev - er be praising,
 As homeward our tho'ts now are turning, With hope, blessed hope, we are sing - ing,

We'll cease, by and by, from our gleaning, When the sun goes down.
 For soon welcome sweet we'll be hearing, When the sun goes down.
 And bask - ing in heav'nly re - joic - ing, When the sun goes down.
 Our lov'd ones with Christ wait our coming, When the sun goes down.
 when the sun goes down.

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WHEN THE SUN GOES DOWN.

REFRAIN.

When the sun goes down, When the sun goes down;
When the sun goes down, When the sun goes down;

We'll rest, sweetly rest in the evening, When the sun goes down.
We'll lov- ing- ly meet in the evening, When the sun goes down.
We'll joy- ful- ly sing in the evening, When the sun goes down.
We'll all gather home in the evening, When the sun goes down.
When the sun, when the sun goes down, goes down.

No. 142.

TENDER SHEPHERD.

A. J. S. - ?

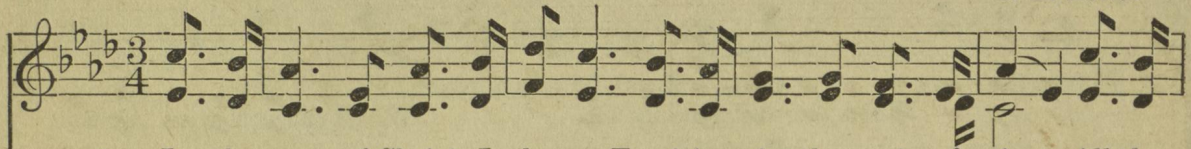
1. Je - sus, ten - der Shepherd, hear me; Bless Thy lit - tle lamb to - night;
2. All this day Thy hand has led me; And I thank Thee for Thy care;
3. Let my sins be all for - giv - en; Bless the friends I love so well;

Thro' the dark-ness be Thou near me; Keep me safe till morn-ing light.
Thou hast warmed me, cloth'd and fed me, Lis - ten to my ev-'ning prayer.
Take us all at last to heav-en, Hap - py there with Thee to dwell.

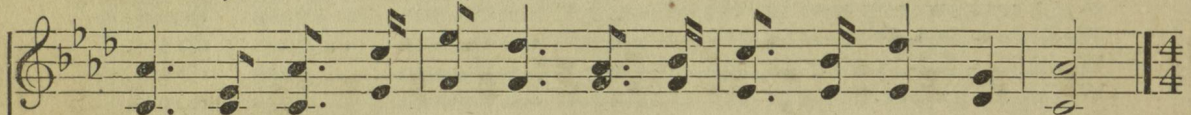
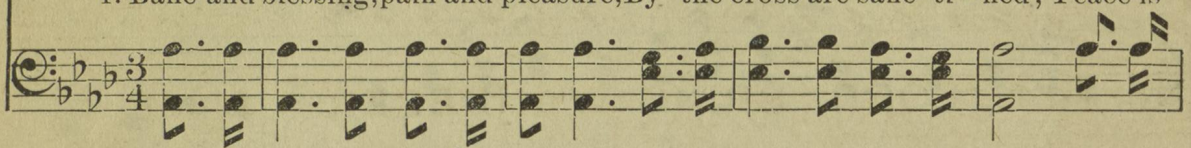
ENCOURAGEMENTS.

No. 143. GLORY IN THE CROSS.

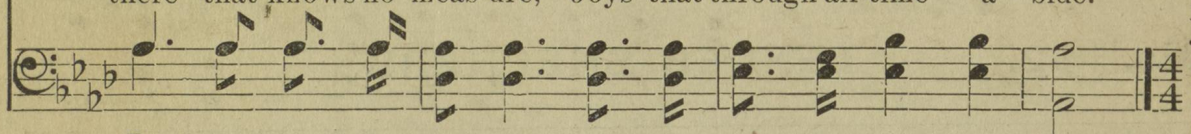
C. E. LONG.



1. In the cross of Christ I glo - ry, Tow'ring o'er the wrecks of time; All the
2. When the woes of life o'er-take me, Hopes deceive, and fears annoy, Nev - er
3. When the sun of bliss is beaming Light and love up-on my way, From the
4. Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure, By the cross are sanc - ti - fied; Peace is



light of sa - cred sto - ry Gath - ers round its head sub - lime.
shall the cross for - sake me; Lo! it glows with peace and joy.
cross the ra - diance streaming, Adds more lus - tre to the day.
there that knows no meas - ure, Joys that through all time a - bide.



REFRAIN.

In the cross . . . of Christ I glo - ry, Tow'ring o'er . . .



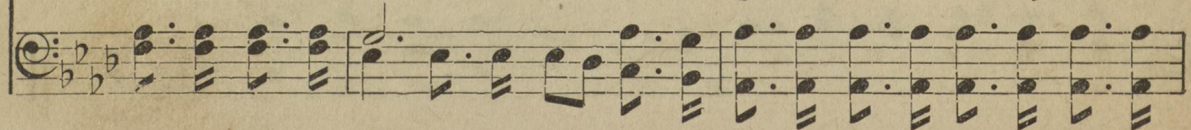
In the cross, in the cross of Christ I glo - ry, Tow - ring



. . . the wrecks of time; All the light of sa - cred



o'er the wrecks of time, wrecks of time; All the light of sa - cred sto - ry, all the



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GLORY IN THE CROSS.

sto-ry Gath-ers round . . . its head sub-lime.

light of sa-cred sto-ry Gathers round, gathers round its head sublime, its head sublime,

Musical notation for the first system, including treble and bass staves with lyrics.

No. 144. LORD, BRING WANDERERS HOME.

B. M. R.

B. MANSELL RAMSEY.

Slowly, with feeling.

1. Lord, bring some wand'ers home to-night, Some who have gone a - stray,
 2. May none Thy mer - cy spurn to-night, The Ho - ly Spir - it grieve,
 3. Let none un - blest de - part to-night, Un - saved and un - for - giv'n,

Musical notation for the second system, including treble and bass staves with lyrics.

REFRAIN.
Faster.

O give them grace to come to-night, Let them no more de-lay. To-night, Lord, to-night, Lord,
 May prod-i-gals re - turn to-night, May sinners now be-lieve.
 O-ver some yielding heart to-night, Let there be joy in heav'n.

Musical notation for the refrain, including treble and bass staves with lyrics.

1 *Vrit. 2*
 Bring wand'ers home to - night, Bring wan-d'ers home to - night.

Musical notation for the final system, including treble and bass staves with lyrics.

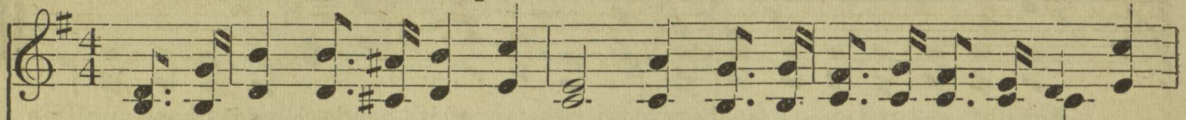
ENCOURAGEMENTS.

No. 145. THE BEST FRIEND IS JESUS.

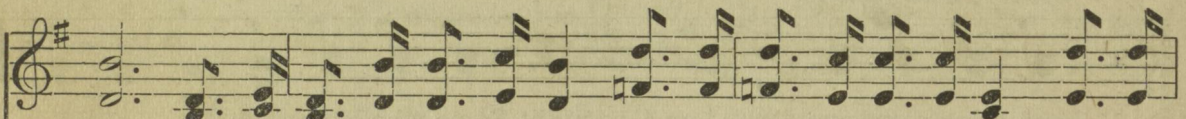
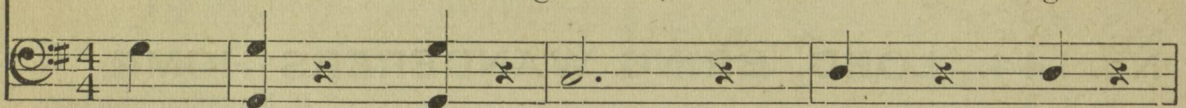
P. B.

P. BILHORN.

DUET, SOPRANO [OR TENOR] AND ALTO.



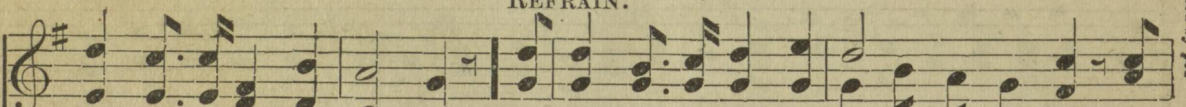
1. Oh, the best friend to have is Je - sus, When the cares of life up-on you
2. What a friend I have found in Je - sus! Peace and comfort to my soul He
3. Tho' I pass thro' the night of sor - row, Tho' the chil-ly wave of Jor - dan
4. When at last to our home we gath - er, With the lov'd ones who have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



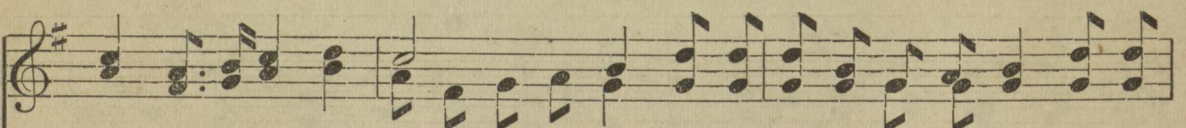
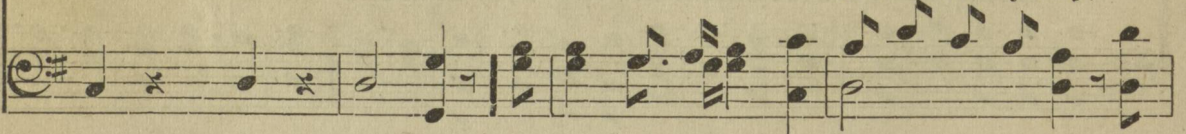
roll; He will heal the wounded heart, He will strength and grace impart; Oh, the
brings; Lean-ing on His might-y arm, I will fear no ill or harm; Oh, the
roll, Nev - er need I shrink nor fear, For my Sav-iour is so near; Oh, the
fore, We will sing up-on the shore, Prais-ing Him for-ev - er-more; Oh,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



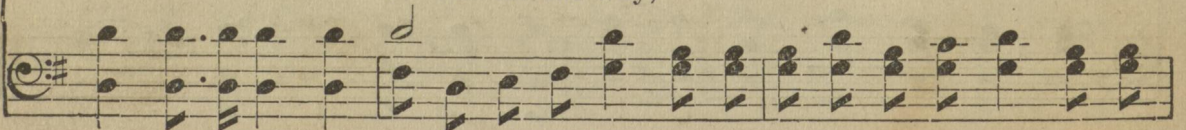
REFRAIN.



best friend to have is Je - sus. The best friend to have is Je - sus, The
Je - sus ev - 'ry day,



best friend to have is Je - sus, He will help you when you fall, He will
Je - sus all the way,



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THE BEST FRIEND IS JESUS.

hear you when you call; Oh, the best friend to have is Je - sus.

The musical score consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The melody is simple and hymn-like, with lyrics written below the notes.

No. 146. I AM WITH YOU ALWAYS.

MARIA STRAUB.

WM. BEERY, by per.

1. I nev-er may be lone-ly, Tho' seeming all a-lone, My Saviour dear is
 2. When walk-ing 'neath the shadow, No friendly light in view, I know there's one to
 3. When earth-ly friends forsake me, And other ills be-tide, There's ev-er one to

The musical score consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (Bb) and a 6/8 time signature. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The melody is simple and hymn-like, with lyrics written below the notes.

REFRAIN.

with me, His prom-ise I must own. I will be your friend,
 guide me, His prom-is-es are true.
 love me, And He is by my side. I will be your friend,

The musical score consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (Bb) and a 6/8 time signature. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The melody is simple and hymn-like, with lyrics written below the notes.

Ev-en to the end, Lo! I'm with you al-way, Ev-en to the end.
 Lo! I'm with you al-way,

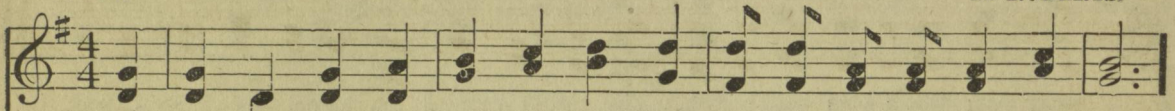
The musical score consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (Bb) and a 6/8 time signature. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The melody is simple and hymn-like, with lyrics written below the notes.

ENCOURAGEMENTS.

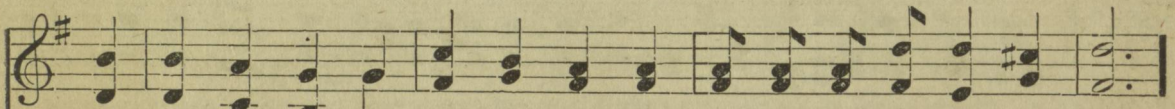
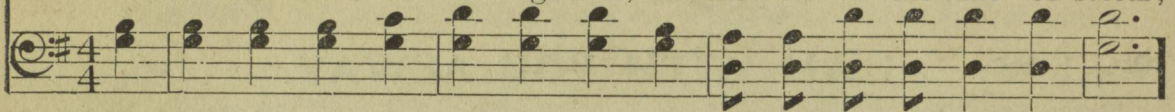
No. 147. THE LORD, OUR ROCK.

ANON.

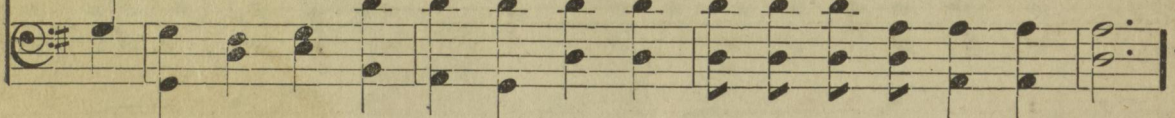
E. ROBERTS.



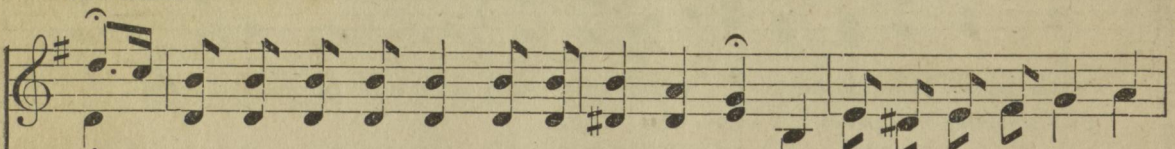
1. The Lord, our Rock, in Him we hide, A shel-ter in the time of storm;
2. A shade by day, de-fence by night, A shel-ter in the time of storm;
3. The rag - ing storms may round us beat, A shel-ter in the time of storm;
4. O Rock di - vine, O Ref - uge dear, A shel-ter in the time of storm;



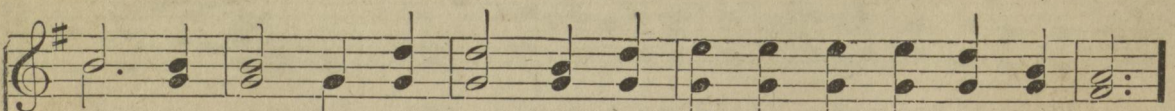
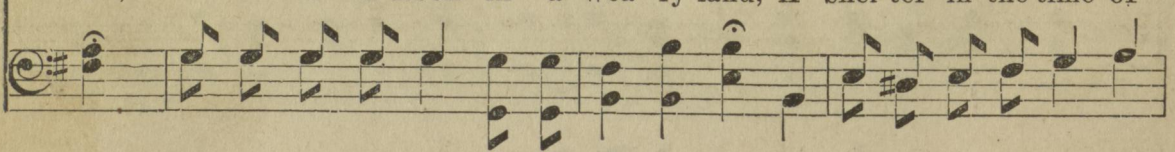
Se - cure what - ev - er ill be - tide, A shel-ter in the time of storm.
No fears a - larm, no foes af - fright, A shel-ter in the time of storm.
Se - cure we rest in this re - treat, A shel-ter in the time of storm.
Be Thou our help - er ev - er near, A shel-ter in the time of storm.



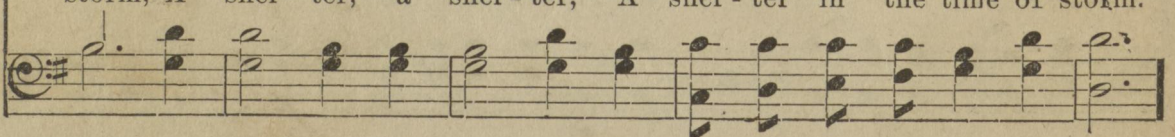
REFRAIN.



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



storm, A shel - ter, a shel - ter, A shel - ter in the time of storm.



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EARNEST PLEA.

THE LORD, OUR ROCK.

slower.

O Je-sus is a rock in a wea-ryland, A shel-ter in the time of storm.

No. 148.

OAK.

LOWELL MASON.

1. More love to Thee, O Christ, More love to Thee! Hear Thou the
2. Once earth-ly joy I craved, Sought peace and rest; Now Thee a -
prayer I make, On bend-ed knee; This is my ear-nest plea,
lone I seek, Give what is best; This all my prayer shall be,
More love, O Christ, to Thee, More love, O Christ, to Thee, More love to Thee!

3 Let sorrow do its work,
Send grief and pain;
Sweet are Thy messengers,
Sweet their refrain,
When they can sing with me,
More love, O Christ, to Thee,
More love to Thee!

4 Then shall my latest breath
Whisper Thy praise;
This be the parting cry
My heart shall raise,
This still its prayer shall be,
More love, O Christ, to Thee,
More love to Thee!

ENCOURAGEMENTS.

No. 149. CHRISTIAN SOLDIER.

Rev. ISAAC WATTS.
Ref. by E. R.

E. ROBERTS.

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. Sure I must fight if I would reign; In-crease my cour-age, Lord;

And shall I fear to own His cause, Or blush to speak His name?
While oth-ers fought to win the prize, And sailed thro' blood-y seas?
I'll bear the toil, en-dure the pain, Sup-port-ed by Thy word.

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REFRAIN.

Thy true and valiant sol-dier, My Sav-iour, I would be, Fighting the pow'rs of sin;

Oh, grant that by Thy might, My foes be put to flight, Foes with-out and foes within.

Oh, grant that by Thy might, My foes be put to flight, Foes with-out and foes within.

No. 150. RALLY FOR THE RIGHT.

E. A. H.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Sol-diers re-cruit-ing in the ranks of the Lord, Fall in - to line! Fall in - to line!
 2. There is a bat-tle to be fought for the Right, Fall in - to line! Fall in - to line!
 3. Ear-nest the conflict, needing brave men and strong, Fall in - to line! Fall in - to line!

Gird on the armor, both the shield and the sword, Fall in - to line! Fall in - to line!
 And we can win it if we strike in our might, Fall in - to line! Fall in - to line!
 We will not fal-ter tho' the strug-gle be long, Fall in - to line! Fall in - to line!

REFRAIN.

Ral - ly then! ral - ly then! Ral - ly for the right! God needs the brave and

true;
 Rally then! rally then! Rally in your might! God is calling you!
 God needs the true, then

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ENCOURAGEMENTS.

No. 151. EARTH OUR TENTING GROUND.

E. R. LATTA.

E. ROBERTS.

1. We're on-ly pilgrims here below, To fair-er region bound; The Saviour is our
2. We're on-ly pilgrims here below, Where countless ills a-bound; The Father's love our
3. We're on-ly pilgrims here below, With dangers all a-round; The stream of death our

Josh - u - a, And earth our tenting ground; Our home is far be-yond the reach Of
man - na is, And earth our tenting ground; Our home is where no parting comes, And
Jor - dan is, And earth our tenting ground; Our home is more than Canaan was, 'T is

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trouble and of care; We here have no a - bid-ing place, Our home is o - ver there.
skies are ev - er fair; We here have no a - bid-ing place, Our home is o - ver there.
bright beyond compare; We here have no a - bid-ing place, Our home is o - ver there.

REFRAIN.

O - ver there, O - ver there, Where per - fect bliss is found!
O - ver there, O - ver there,

REST AND PARDON

EARTH OUR TENTING GROUND.

O - ver there, O - ver there, Be - yond earth's tent - ing ground.
O - ver there, O - ver there, O - ver there,

No. 152. BLESSED WORDS.

Mrs. R. A. EVILSIZER.

L. M. EVILSIZER.

1. I was weak in sin and a wan - der - er, When Je - sus whisper'd to me, —
2. Tho' my sins were great and my heart oppress'd, My bur - den heav - y to bear,
3. Then I bro't my care and my grief to Him, And laid them down at His feet;

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FINE.

“Come, ye wea - ry one, with your sin oppress'd, There 's rest and pardon for thee.”
Yet He bade me “Come” and in Him find rest, And droop no longer with care.
Je - sus took my bur - den up - on Him - self, And made my bless - ing complete.

D.S.—How my heart re-joiced when the Sav- iour said Those words of comfort to me.

REFRAIN. D.S.

Oh, bless - ed words, “There is rest and par - don for thee;”
what blest, sweet words,

COURAGE.

No. 153.

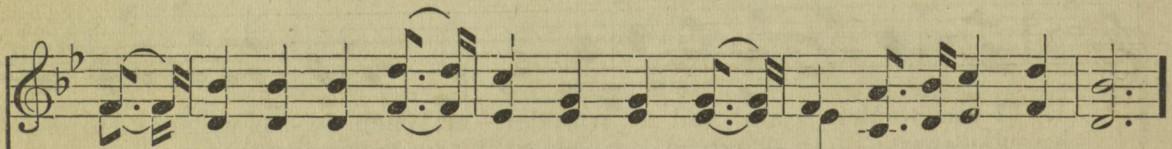
DARE AND DO.

E. E. REXFORD.

G. W. LYON, by per.



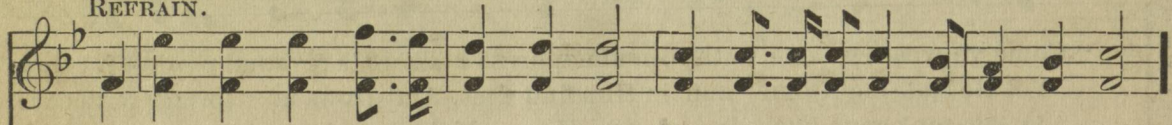
1. Let's dare and do for the pure and true; Let's ev - er be brave and bold;
2. Let's work and toil now in life's tur-moil, Steadfast and strong for the right;
3. Let's sow good seed as the day may need, And wait till the har-vest come;



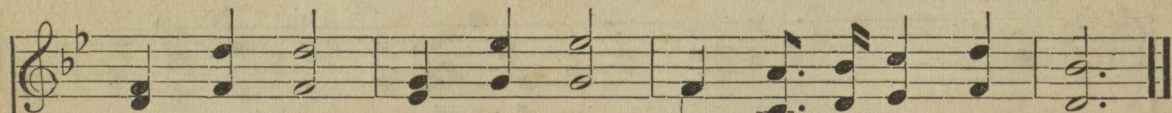
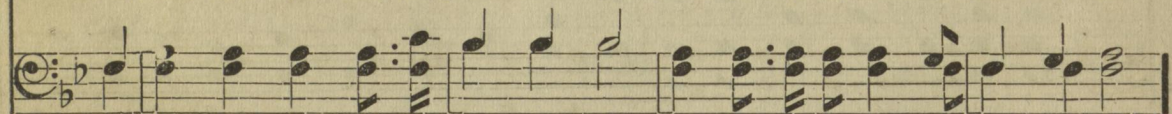
In the fight with sin let us strive to win Some soul from the tempter's hold.
Let's bat - tle on the whole day long, And rest not un-til the night.
The sheaves are bound on the Master's ground, In the time of the har-vest home.



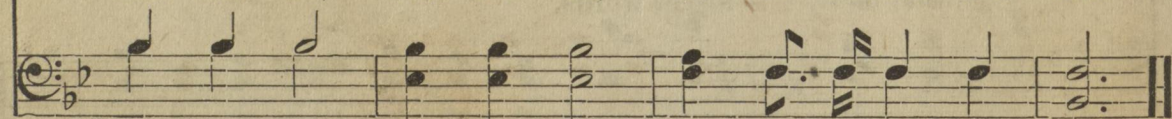
REFRAIN.



Oh, dare and do for the pure and true; That is the mission we have to do;



Dare and do, Dare and do, Ev - er be brave and true.



No. 154.

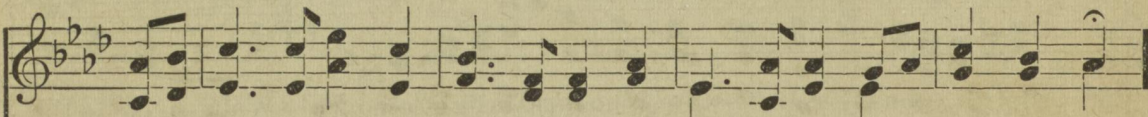
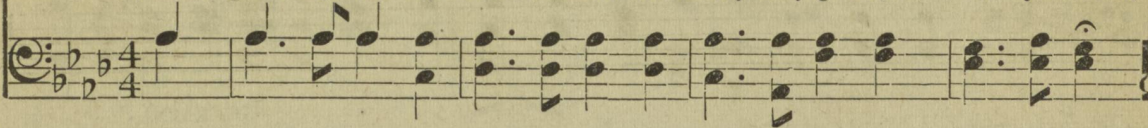
HE LEADETH ME.

Rev. J. H. GILMORE.

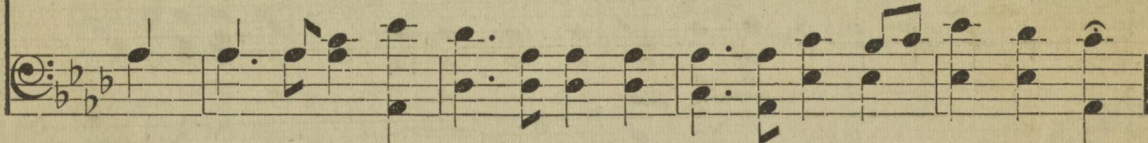
A. J. SHOWALTER, by per.



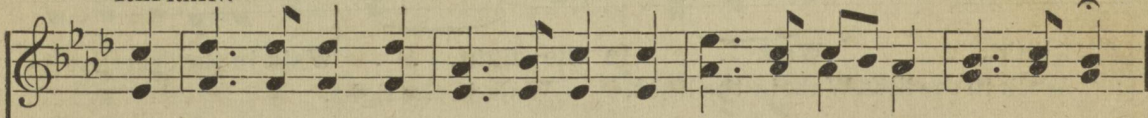
1. He lead-eth me! oh, bless-ed tho't, Oh, words with heav'nly comfort fraught!
2. Some-times 'mid scenes of deepest gloom, Some-times where E-den's' bowers bloom,
3. Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine, Nor ev-er mur-mur or re-pine;
4. And when my task on earth is done, When by Thy grace the vic-ry's won,



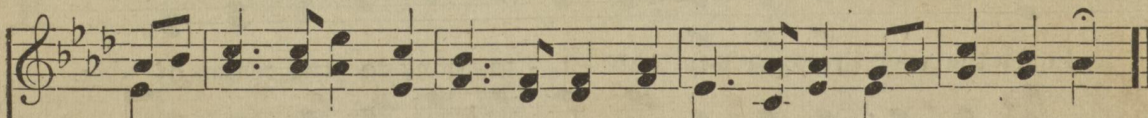
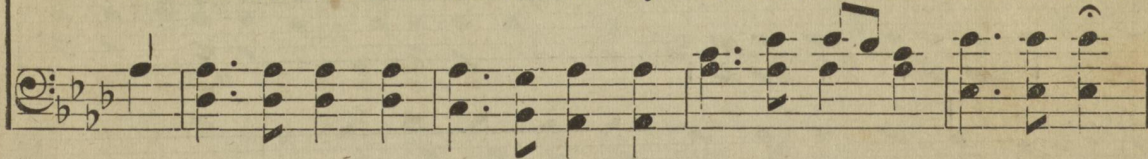
What-e'er I do, where'er I be, Still 't is God's hand that lead-eth me.
 By wa-ters still, o'er troubled sea, Still 't is His hand that lead-eth me.
 Con-tent what ev-er lot I see, Since 't is my God that lead-eth me.
 E'en death's cold wave I will not flee, Since God thro' Jor-dan lead-eth me.



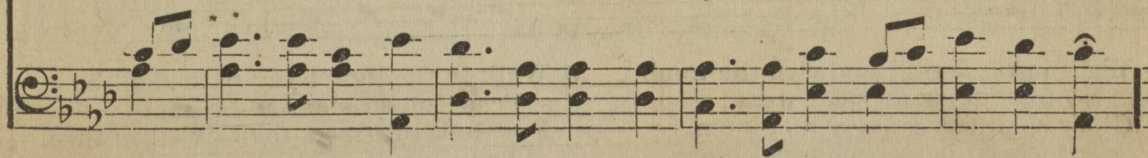
REFRAIN.



He lead-eth me! He lead-eth me! By His own hand He lead-eth me!



His faith-ful foll'wer I would be, For by His hand He lead-eth me.



CHRISTIAN PRIVILEGES.

No. 155. WALK IN THE LIGHT.

B. BARTON. Ref. by E. R.

EDWARD ROBERTS.

1. Walk in the light! so shalt thou know That fel - low-ship of love His
2. Walk in the light! and thou shalt find Thy heart made tru - ly His, Who
3. Walk in the light! and thou shalt own Thy darkness passed a - way, Be -

REFRAIN.

Spir-it on-ly can be-stow, Who reigns in light a-bove. Walk . . in the
dwells in cloudless light en-shrined, In whom no darkness is.
cause that light hath on thee shone, In which is per-fect day. Walk in the light,

light, Walk . . in the light, . . Walk in the light that il -
Walk in the light, Walk in the light, Walk in the light,

lumes the way From earth-ly hab - i - ta - tions to the realms of day.

4 Walk in the light! and e'en the tomb
No fearful shade shall wear;
Glory shall chase away its gloom,
For Christ hath conquered there.

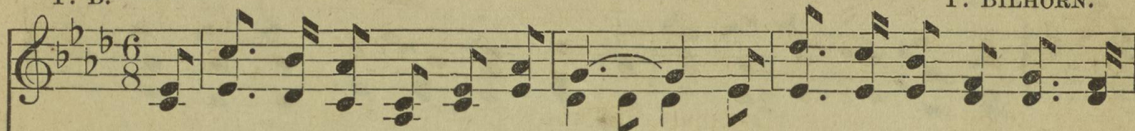
5 Walk in the light! thy path shall be
Peaceful, serene, and bright;
For God, by grace, shall dwell in thee,
And God, Himself, is light.

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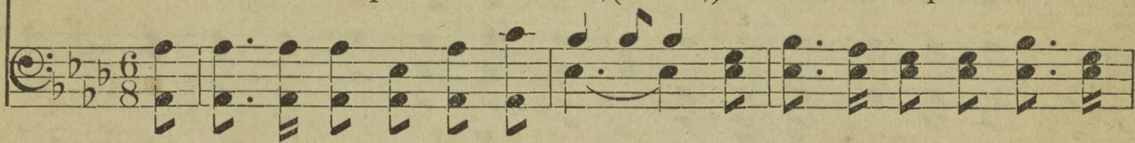
No. 156. SWEET PEACE THE GIFT OF GOD'S LOVE.

P. B.

P. BILHORN.



1. There comes to my heart one sweet strain, (sweet strain,) A glad and a joy-ous re -
2. By Christ on the cross, peace was made, (was made,) My debt by His death was all
3. When Je - sus as Lord I had crowned, (had crowned,) My heart with His peace did a -
4. In Je-sus' sweet peace I a -bide, (a-bide,) And as I keep close to His



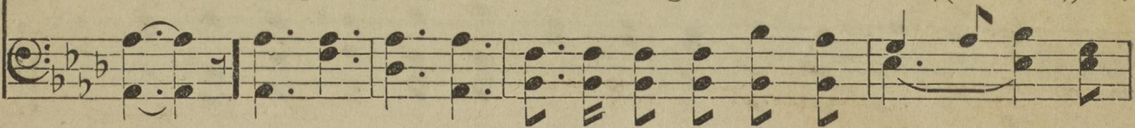
frain, (re-frain,) I sing it a - gain and a - gain, Sweet peace, the gift of God's
paid; (all paid;) No oth-er foun-da - tion is laid For peace, the gift of God's
bound; (a-bound;) In Him the rich blessing I found, Sweet peace, the gift of God's
side, (His side,) There's nothing but peace doth be - tide, Sweet peace, the gift of God's



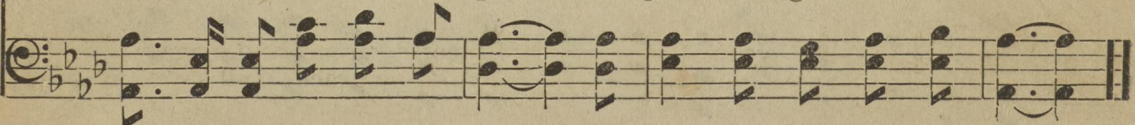
REFRAIN.



love. Peace, peace, sweet peace, Won - der - ful gift from a - bove; (a - bove;) Oh,



won - der - ful, won - der - ful peace, Sweet peace, the gift of God's love.



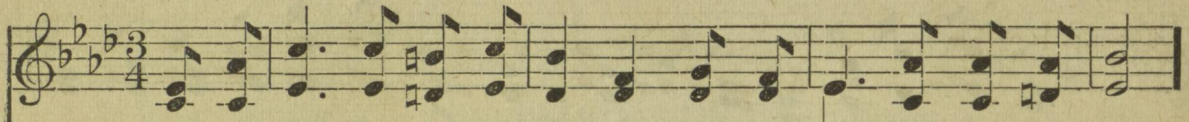
CHRISTIAN PRIVILEGES.

No. 157.

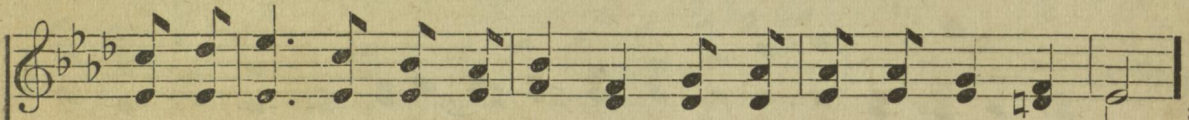
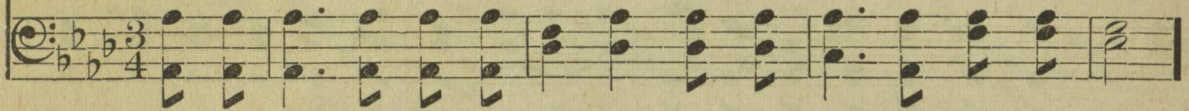
REMEMBER ME.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.
Ref. by E. R.

E. ROBERTS.



1. I am weak and ver - y sin - ful, Help-less through in - firm - i - ty,
2. And my heart that should be ten - der, Ah, how hard it seems to be!
3. As you seek the throne of mer - cy, And with im - por - tu - ni - ty
4. While be - fore the throne you lin - ger, And pre - sent a fer - vent plea

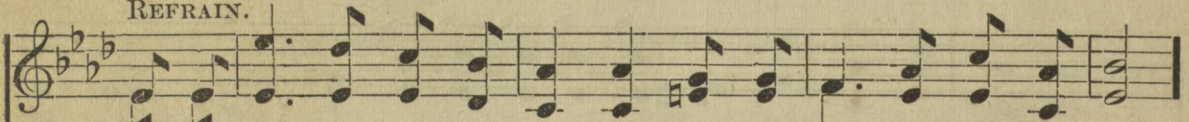


Need - ing much the help of Je - sus, — Broth - er, will you pray for me?
When you in - ter - cede with Je - sus, Broth - er, will you pray for me?
Plead for those whose love is fee - ble, Broth - er, will you pray for me?
For God's help and bless - ing broth - er, Will you kind - ly pray for me?

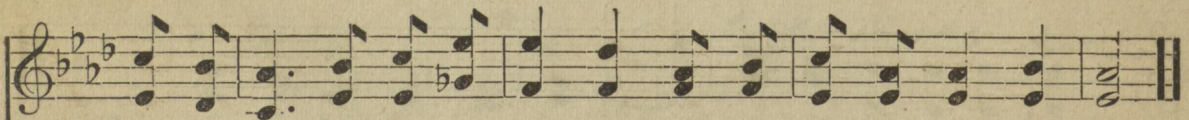


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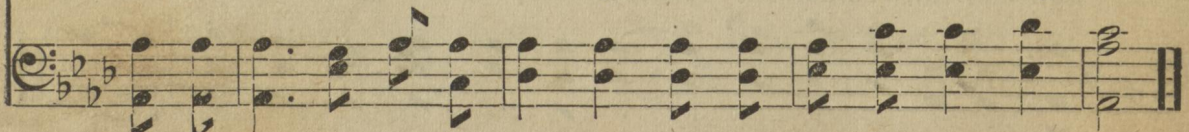
REFRAIN.



O my broth - er, me re - mem - ber, Kneel - ing at the throne of grace;



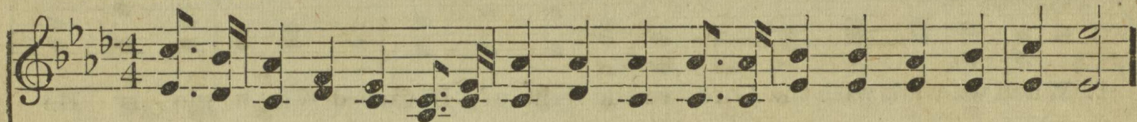
Sa - tan's ar - rows wound me sore - ly, Yet to heav'n I turn my face.



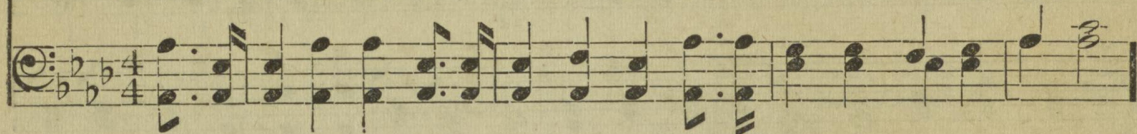
No. 158. SAFE IN THE GLORY LAND.

JAMES L. BLOCK.

JNO. R. SWENEY.



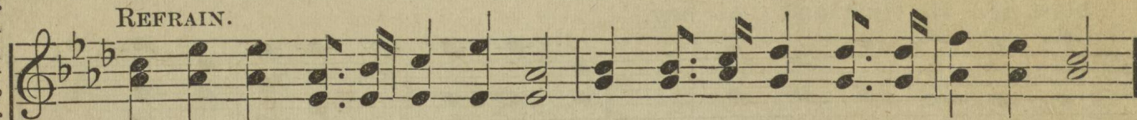
1. In the good old way where the saints have gone, And the King leads on be-fore us,
2. In the good old way like the ransomed throng, Un - to Zi - on now re-tur-n-ing,
3. In the good old way with a steadfast faith In the bonds of love and un-ion,
4. Tho' our feet must stand on the cold, cold brink Of the Jor-dan's stormy riv - er,



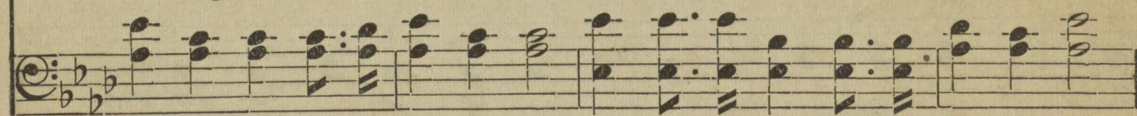
We are traveling home to the heavenly hills, With the day-star shining o'er us.
 We are traveling home at the King's command, And our lamps are trimmed and burning.
 What a joy is ours for the King we see, And with Him we hold commun-ion.
 With the King we'll cross to the other side, And we'll sing His praise forev-er.



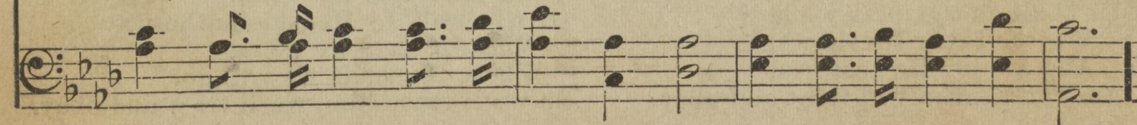
REFRAIN.



Traveling home to the mansions fair, Crowns of re-joic-ing and life to wear;



Oh, what a shout when we all get there, Safe in the glo - ry land.



Copyright, 1885, by Jno. R. Sweney. From "Joy and Gladness," by per.

CHRISTIAN PRIVILEGES.

No. 159. TRUST AND OBEY.

Rev. J. H. SAMMIS.

D. B. TOWNER.

1. When we walk with the Lord, In the light of His word, What a glo - ry He
2. Not a shad - ow can rise, Not a cloud in the skies, But His smile quick - ly
3. Not a bur - den we bear, Not a sor - row we share, But in some way He'll

sheds on our way! While we do His good will, He a - bides with us still, And with
drives it a - way; Not a doubt nor a fear, Not a sigh nor a tear, Can a -
rich - ly re - pay; Not a grief nor a loss, Not a frown nor a cross, But is

REFRAIN.

all who will trust and o - bey. Trust and o - bey, For there's no oth - er
bide while we trust and o - bey.
blest if we trust and o - bey.

way To be hap - py in Je - sus, But to trust and o - bey.

4 But we never can prove
The delights of His love
Until all on the altar we lay;
For the favor He shows,
And the joy He bestows,
Are for all who will trust and obey:

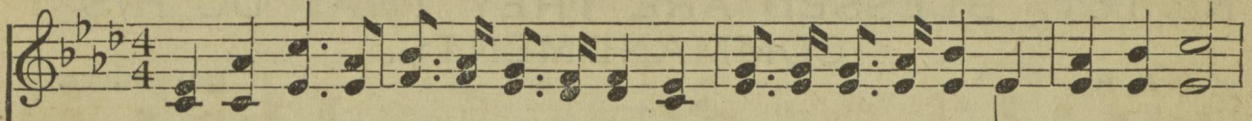
5 Then in fellowship sweet
We will sit at His feet,
Or will walk by His side in the way;
What He says we will do,
Where He sends we will go,
So we'll trust Him, we'll trust and obey.

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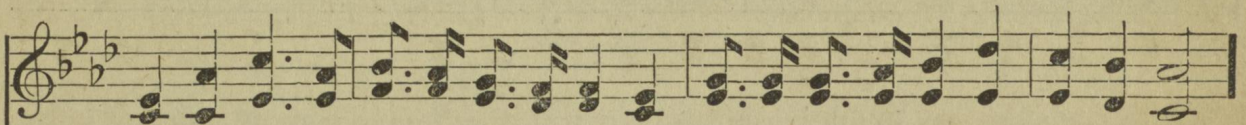
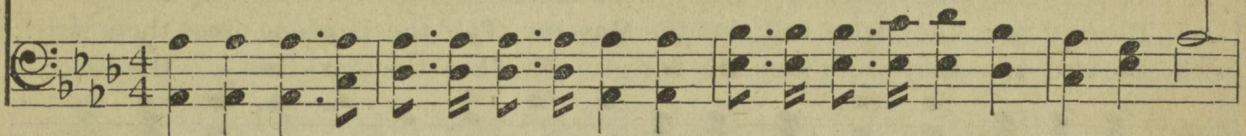
No. 160 SOLDIERS OF THE CROSS.

F. M. DAVIS.

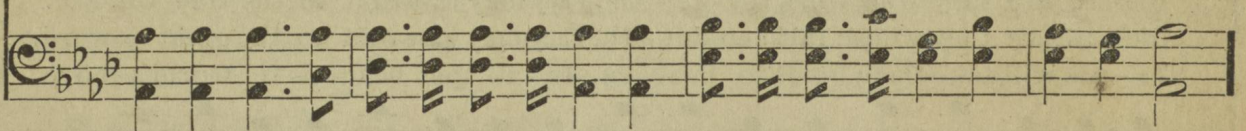
EDWIN MOORE.



1. 'Neath the banner of the Cross we're marching, Valiant soldiers of a might-y King;
2. Tho' the foe in numbers may be greater,—Like the sands upon the sea-girt shore;
3. 'Neath the banner of the Cross we're marching, Ransomed soldiers of the Lord are we;



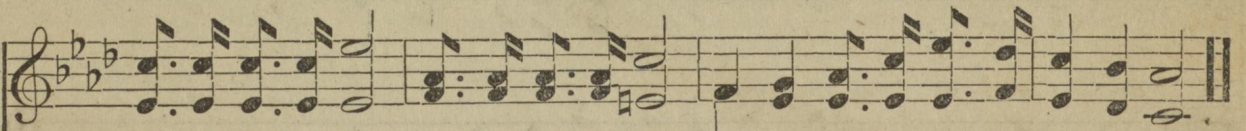
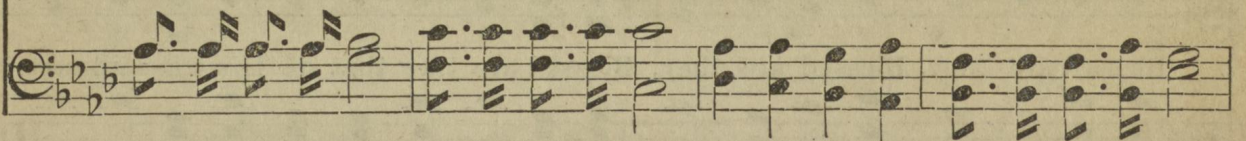
Lift-ing high to-day the roy-al en-sign, While our of-fer-ings of praise we bring.
They shall dis-ap-pear be-fore our Cap-tain, Who triumphant shall be ev-er-more.
Where He leadeth we will ev-er fol-low, Marching 'neath the banner of the free.



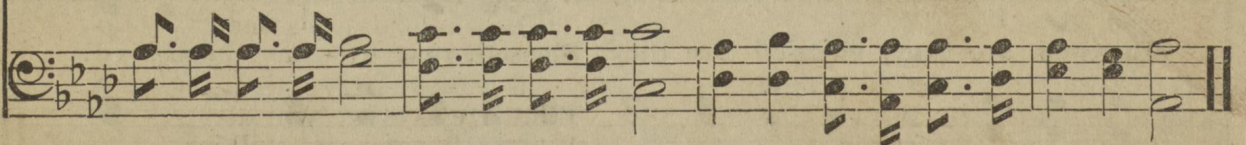
REFRAIN.



Marching, marching on, Marching, marching on, 'Neath the ban-ner of a mighty King;



O-ver sea and land, At our Lord's command, We will follow and His praises sing.

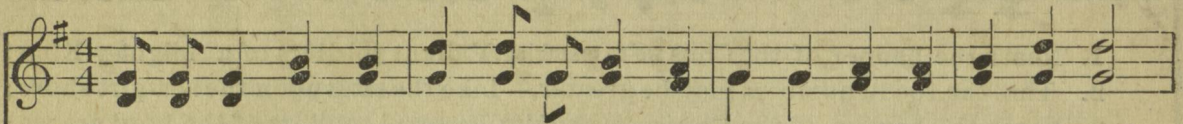


CHRISTIAN WORK.

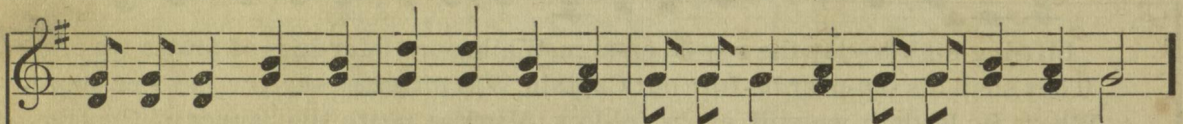
No. 161. BLESSED ARE THEY THAT DO HIS
COMMANDMENTS.

C. H. H.

C. H. HUMPHREYS.



1. Blessed are they that do His com-mandments, In this world of sin and strife;
2. Blessed are they who toil for the Mas-ter, Tho' the burdens press them hard;
3. Blessed are they whose sins are for-giv - en, Thro' the mer - its of His love;

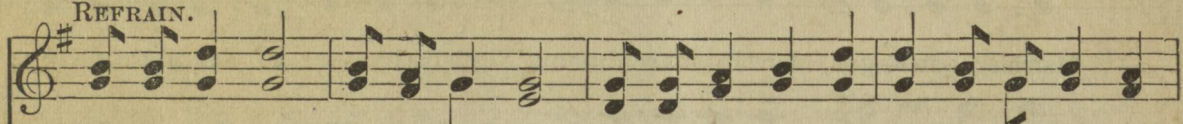


Blessed are they who work for Je - sus, They may have right to the tree of life.
Blessed are they whose faith en-dur-eth, They may have right to the great re-ward.
Je - sus will take them home to heav-en, In - to that beau-ti-ful world a-bove.

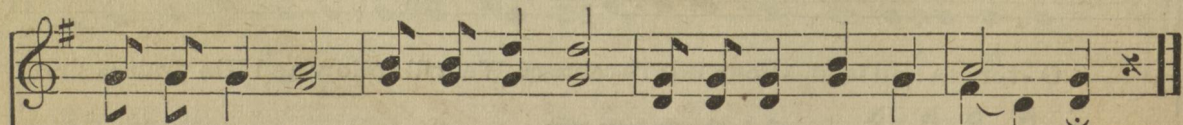
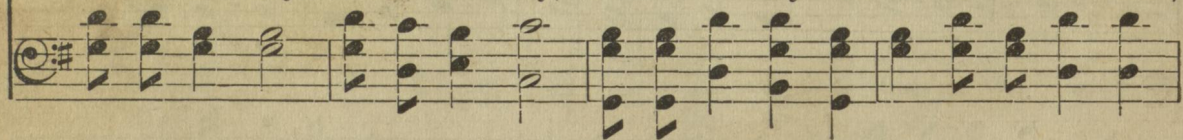


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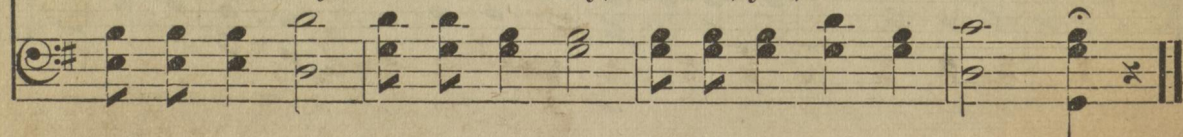
REFRAIN.



Blessed are they, Blessed are they, Blessed are they that do His com-mand-ments;



Bless-ed are they, bless-ed are they, Blessed, yea, ev - er bless - ed.



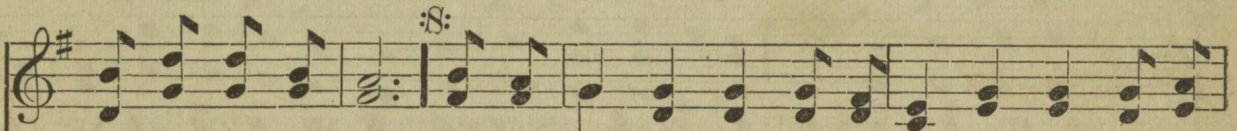
No. 162. WE SHALL REST AT THE FOUNTAIN.

D. E. D.

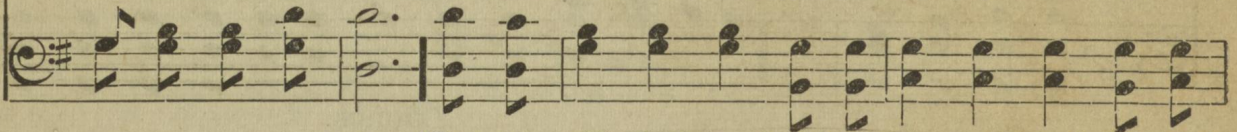
Rev. D. E. DORTCH.



1. There's a foun - tain free flow - ing 'neath life's tree, We shall rest at the
2. There's a foun - tain bright in that land of light, We shall rest at the
3. There's a foun - tain sweet where we all shall meet, We shall rest at the
4. There's a foun - tain free, sin - ner, 't is for thee, We shall rest at the



foun-tain by and by; There the hap - py soul nev - er shall grow old, We shall
 foun-tain by and by; On its banks are flow'rs growing 'mid heav'n's bow'rs, We shall
 foun-tain by and by; Songs of joy we'll raise to our Saviour's praise, We shall
 foun-tain by and by; Will you meet me there and its blessings share? We shall



D.S.—There we all shall stand with the an - gel band, We shall

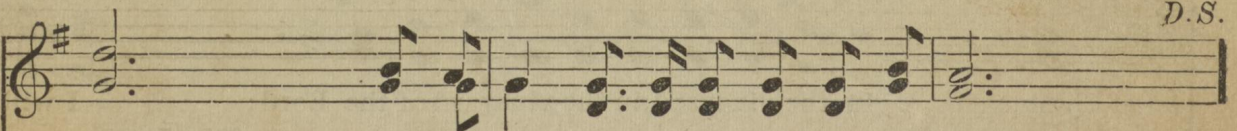
FINE. REFRAIN.



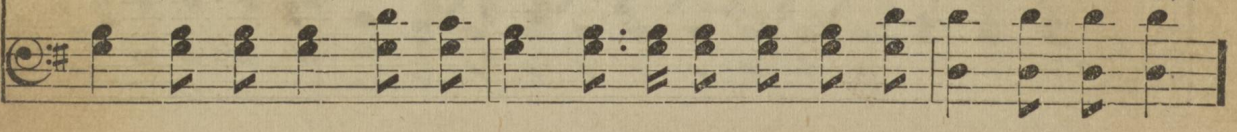
rest at the fountain by and by. We shall rest at the fountain by and



rest at the fountain by and by.



by, (by and by), We shall rest at the fountain by and by, (by and by);



D.S.

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CHRISTIAN WORK.

No. 163. I WANT TO BE A WORKER.

I. B.

Rev. I. BALTZELL, by per.

1. I want to be a work-er for the Lord; I want to love and
2. I want to be a work-er ev-'ry day; I want to lead the
3. I want to be a work-er strong and brave; I want to trust in
4. I want to be a work-er; help me, Lord, To lead the lost and

trust His ho-ly word; I want to sing and pray and be toil-ing ev-'ry
err-ing in the way That leads to heav'n a-bove, where all is peace and
Je-sus' pow'r to save; All who will tru-ly come, shall find a hap-py
err-ing to Thy word That points to joy on high, where pleasures nev-er

CHORUS.

day In the vine-yard of the Lord. I will work, I will
love, In the king-dom of the Lord.
home In the king-dom of the Lord.
die In the king-dom of the Lord. I will work and pray, I will

pray, In the vineyard, in the vineyard of the Lord; I will
work and pray, of the Lord;

WAY TO THE CROWN.

I WANT TO BE A WORKER.

work, I will pray, I will la-bor ev-'ry day In the vine-yard of the Lord.

No. 164. THE WAY TO THE CROWN.

E. R. LATTA.

J. L. HEATH.

1. Do-ing the will of the Mas-ter, Heed-less of laugh-ter or frown, Think-ing
2. Bearing the cross of the Sav-iour, Cast-ing our sin - ful-ness down, Lov-ing
3. Fol-low-ing ev - er the pathway, Where the redeemed ones have gone, Striv-ing
4. Striving the lost ones to res-cue, Tell-ing what Je - sus hath done, Pi - lot -

a-lone of our du - ty, That is the way to the crown, That is the way to the
and trusting Him ful - ly, That is the way to the crown, That is the way to the
like them to be faith-ful, That is the way to the crown, That is the way to the
ing them to the cit - y, That is the way to the crown, That is the way to the

crown; Thinking a-lone of our du - ty, That is the way to the crown.
crown; Lov-ing and trust-ing Him ful - ly, That is the way to the crown.
crown; Striving like them to be faith-ful, That is the way to the crown.
crown; Pi - lot - ing them to the cit - y, That is the way to the crown.

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CHRISTIAN PRIVILEGES.

No. 165. WHEN JESUS CALLS US HOME.

E. R. LATTA.

R. W. J. STEWART.

1. We are pil - grims here, and strangers, But we no more shall roam,
2. We have sea - sons here of trou - ble, And doubt, and fear, and gloom;
3. Death and sick - ness here be - set us, But they shall find no room
4. Oh, that we may all be read - y, When He shall bid us come!

When our jour - ney here is end - ed— When Je - sus calls us home!
But they nev - er - more can reach us, When Je - sus calls us home!
In the house of ma - ny man - sions, When Je - sus calls us home!
Oh, that we may all be wait - ing, When Je - sus calls us home!

REFRAIN.

Calls us home! calls us home! When Je - sus calls us home!
Calls us home! calls us home!

Calls us home! calls us home! When Je - sus calls us home!
Calls us home! calls us home!

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No. 166.

SUNSHINE.

ADALINE HOHF BEERY.

A. J. SHOWALTER. by per.

1. Let your face be like the day-break When you pass your neighbors by;
 2. Let your tho'ts be kind and ten - der T'ward the weak and err - ing one;
 3. Let your soul with truth be shin - ing, Talk with Je - sus ev - 'ry day;

Let your heart brim o'er with mu - sic, Like the song - sters of the sky.
 Shun the faint - est breath of e - vil, Leave no deed of love un - done.
 Gath - er lambs in - to His king - dom, And He'll bless you all the way.

REFRAIN.

Be a mer - ry beam of sun - shine, Be a lil - y pure and fair;

Be a jew - el bright and pre - cious, Be a bless - ing ev - 'ry - where.

CHRISTIAN PRIVILEGES.

No. 167. THE LORD WILL PROVIDE.

Mrs. M. A. W. COOKE. Ref. added.

E. ROBERTS.

1. In some way or oth - er The Lord will pro - vide; It
2. At some time or oth - er The Lord will pro - vide; It
3. De - spond then no long - er; The Lord will pro - vide; And
4. March on, then, right bold - ly; The sea shall di - vide; The

may not be my way, It may not be thy way, And yet, in His
may not be my time, It may not be thy time, And yet, in His
this be the to - ken— No word He hath spoken Was ev - er yet
path-way made glorious, With shoutings vic - to - rious, We'll join in the

REFRAIN.

own way, "The Lord will pro - vide." Then doubt not, O Christian, But
own time, "The Lord will pro - vide."
broken,—"The Lord will pro - vide."
cho - rus, "The Lord will pro - vide."

ev - er a - bide In this blest as - sur - ance, "The Lord will pro - vide."

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No. 168. I AM RESTING IN THE SAVIOUR'S LOVE.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.

Rev. D. E. DORTCH.

1. Oh! my heart is thrill'd with wond'rous joy to - day, I am rest-ing in the
 2. At the foun-tain o-pen'd for the soul un-clean, I am rest-ing in the
 3. All my doubts are vanished, all my fears are gone, I am rest-ing in the

Saviour's love; Christ, the Lord, has ta - ken all my sins a - way, I am
 Saviour's love; Trust-ing in His grace I ventured free - ly in, I am
 Saviour's love; When I trust - ed Je - sus, lo! the work was done, I am

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REFRAIN.

rest-ing in the Saviour's love. I am rest-ing, sweet - ly rest-ing, I am
 I am rest-ing, resting, sweetly resting, I am

rest - ing in the Saviour's love; rest - ing in the Sav-iour's love.

4 Oh, the bliss and rapture! oh, the wond'rous peace!
 I am resting in the Saviour's love;
 I have never known so pure a joy as this,
 I am resting in the Saviour's love.

5 So I live rejoicing in His love each day,
 I am resting in the Saviour's love;
 I am walking with Him in the narrow way,
 I am resting in the Saviour's love.

MISSIONS.

No. 169.

TELL IT OUT.

FRANCIS R. HAVERGAL.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. Tell it out a-mong the peo - ple that the Lord is King! Tell it
 2. Tell it out a-mong the peo - ple that the Sav - iour reigns! Tell it
 3. Tell it out a-mong the peo - ple, Je - sus reigns a - bove; Tell it

out! Tell it out! Tell it out a-mong the na-tions, bid them
 out! Tell it out! Tell it out a-mong the hea-then, bid them
 out! Tell it out! Tell it out! Tell it out a-mong the hea-then that His
 Tell it out! Tell it out!

shout and sing! Tell it out! Tell it out! Tell it out with ad - o -
 break their chains! Tell it out! Tell it out! Tell it out a-mong the
 reign is love! Tell it out! Tell it out! Tell it out a-mong the
 Tell it out!

ra-tion that He shall increase, Tell it out! Tell it out! That the
 weeping ones that Je-sus lives; Tell it out! Tell it out! Tell it
 highways and the lanes at home; Tell it out! Tell it out! Let it
 Tell it out! Tell it out!

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TELL IT OUT.

might - y King of glo - ry is the King of peace; Tell it
out a - mong the wea - ry ones the rest He gives; Tell it
ring a - cross the moun - tains and the o - cean's foam, Tell it

out! Tell it out! Tell it out with ju - bi -
out! Tell it out! Tell it out a - mong the
out! Tell it out! That the wea - ry, hea - vy -
Tell it out! Tell it out!

la - tion, let the song in - crease. Tell it out! Tell it out!
sin - ners that He came to save. Tell it out! Tell it out!
la - den need no long - er roam. Tell it out! Tell it out!
Tell it out!

No. 170.

Tune, DUKE STREET.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>1 Jesus shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.</p> | <p>3 People and realms of ev'ry tongue,
Dwell on His love, with sweetest song;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on His name.</p> |
| <p>2 To Him shall endless pray'r be made,
And endless praises crown His head;
His name, like sweet perfume, shall rise
With ev'ry morning sacrifice.</p> | <p>4 Let ev'ry creature rise and bring
Peculiar honors to our King;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud amen.</p> |

MISSIONS.

No. 171. SEEKING THE LOST.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

E. ROBERTS.

1. Lord, speak to me, that I may speak In lov - ing ech - oes
2. Oh, strength-en me, that while I stand Firm on the Rock and
3. Oh, teach me, Lord, that I may teach The pre - cious things Thou

of Thy tone; As Thou hast sought, so let me seek Thy err - ing chil - dren
strong in Thee, I may stretch out a lov - ing hand to wrestlers with the
dost im - part; And wing my words that they may reach The hid - den depths of

REFRAIN.

lost and lone. Seek - ing the lost, seek - ing the lost, Seek - ing the lost,
trou - bled sea.
many a heart.

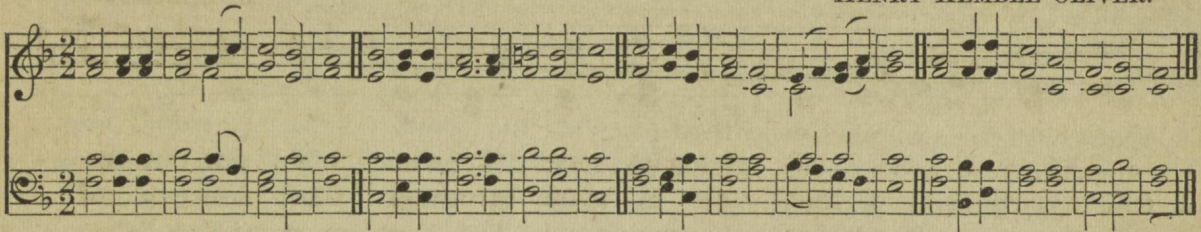
seek - ing the lost; I'll go, my Lord, seek - ing the lost.

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No. 172.

FEDERAL STREET.

HENRY KEMBLE OLIVER.

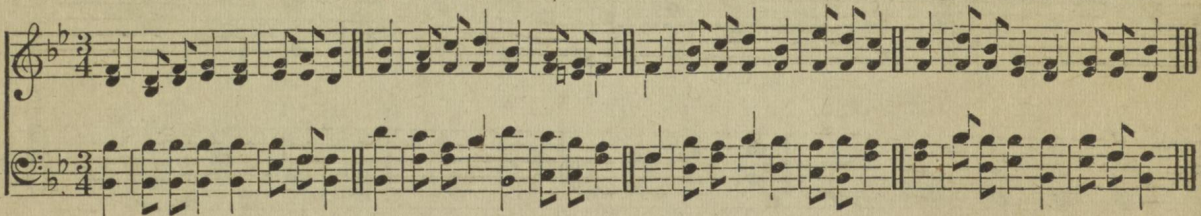


- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>1 When I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of Glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.</p> <p>2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my God;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to His blood.</p> <p>3 See, from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down;</p> | <p>Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?</p> <p>4 His dying crimson, like a robe,
Spreads o'er His body on the tree;
Then am I dead to all the globe,
And all the globe is dead to me.</p> <p>5 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.</p> |
|---|--|

No. 173.

HEBRON.

Dr. LOWELL MASON.



- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>1 Jesus, Thou Joy of loving hearts,
Thou Fount of life, Thou Light of men,
From the best bliss that earth in parts,
We turn unfilled to Thee again.</p> <p>2 Thy truth unchanged hath ever stood;
Thou savest those that on Thee call;
To them that seek Thee, Thou art good,
To them that find Thee, All in all.</p> <p>3 We taste Thee, O Thou living Bread,
And long to feast upon Thee still;</p> | <p>We drink of Thee, the Fountain Head,
And thirst, our souls from Thee to fill.</p> <p>4 Our restless spirits yearn for Thee,
Where'er our changeful lot is cast;
Glad, when Thy gracious smile we see,
Blest, when our faith can hold Thee fast.</p> <p>5 O Jesus, ever with us stay; [bright;
Make all our moments calm and
Chase the dark night of sin away;
Shed o'er the world Thy holy light.</p> |
|--|--|

No. 174.

WONDERS OF THE CROSS.

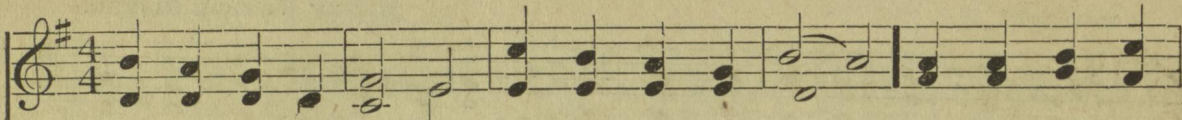
- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>1 Oh, the sweet wonders of that cross
Where my Redeemer loved and died;
Her noblest life my spirit draws [side.
From His dear wounds, and bleeding</p> | <p>2 I would forever speak His name
In sounds to mortal ears unknown;
With angels join to praise the Lamb,
And worship at His Father's throne.</p> |
|---|--|

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

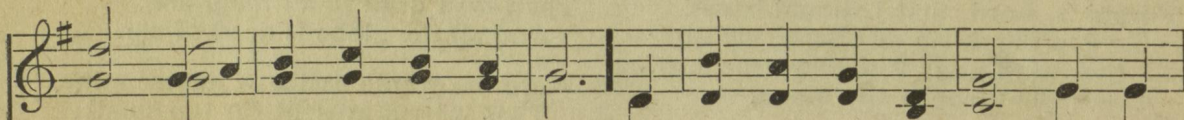
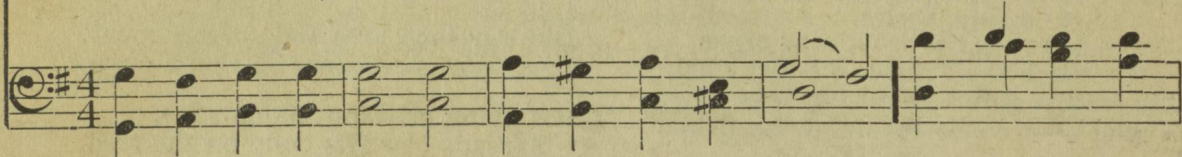
No. 175.

COOK.

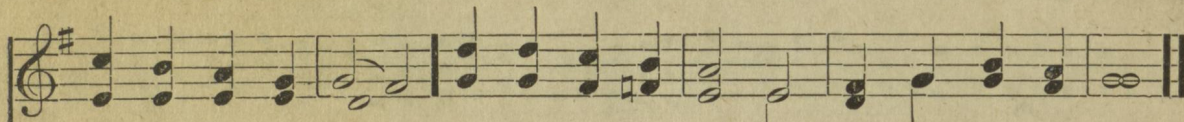
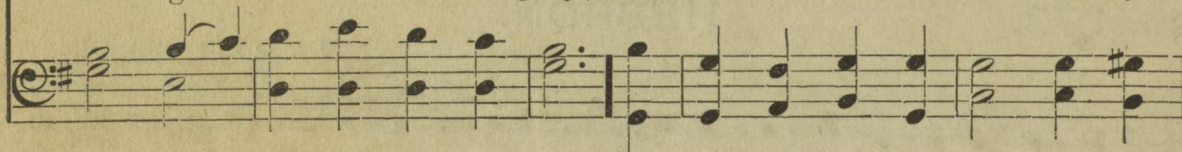
F. L. ROBERTSHAW.



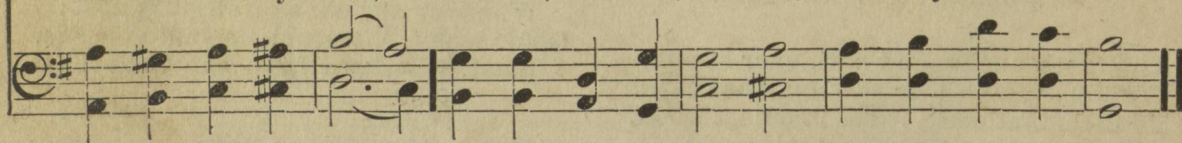
1. Night with eb - on pin-ions Brood-ed o'er the vale, All a-round was
 2. Smit-ten for of - fen-ces Which were not His own, He, for our trans -
 3. "Ab - ba, Fa-ther, Fa-ther, If in - deed it may, Let this cup of



si - lent, Save the night-wind's wail, When Christ the man of sor - rows, In
 gres - sions, Had to weep a - lone; No friend with words to com - fort Nor
 an - guish Pass from me I pray; Yet if it must be suf-fered, By



tears and sweat and blood, Prostrate in the gar - den Raised His voice to God.
 hand to help was there, When the meek and low - ly, Hum-bly bowed in pray'r.
 me the on - ly Son, Ab - ba, Fa-ther, Fa-ther, Let Thy will be done."



No. 176. Tune, SEYMOUR, or PLEYEL'S HYMN.

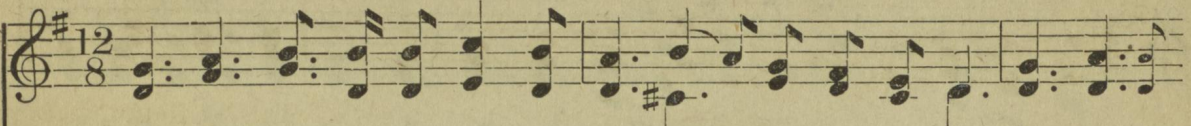
1 Jesus, grant me this, I pray,
 Ever in Thy heart to stay;
 Let me evermore abide
 Hidden in Thy wounded side.
 2 If the evil one prepare,
 Or the world, a tempting snare,
 I am safe, when I abide
 In Thy heart and wounded side.

3 If the flesh, more dangerous still,
 Tempt my soul to deeds of ill,
 Naught I fear, when I abide
 In Thy heart and wounded side.
 4 Death will come one day to me;
 Jesus, cast me not from Thee;
 Dying, let me still abide
 In Thy heart and wounded side.

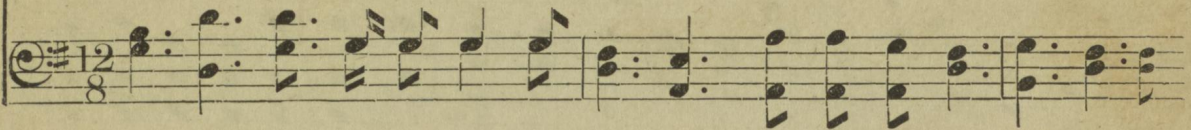
No. 177. JESUS IS COMING IN GLORY.

Words Arr.

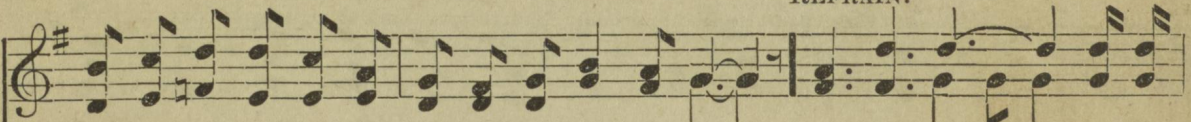
E. ROBERTS.



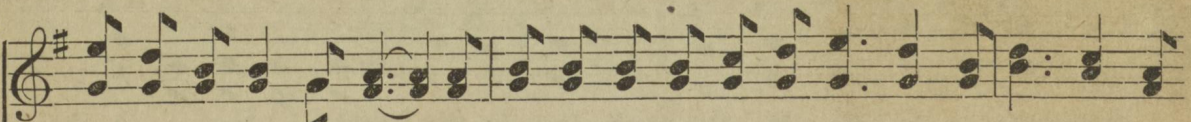
1. Hark! hark! hear the blest tidings, Soon! soon! Je - sus will come Robed,robed in
2. Joy! joy! sound it more loud-ly, Sing, sing glo - ry to God, Soon,soon
3. Bright,bright seraphs at - tend-ing; Shouts,shouts fill-ing the air; Down,down
4. Now, now thro' the glass dark-ly; Shine, shine vi-sions to come; There,there



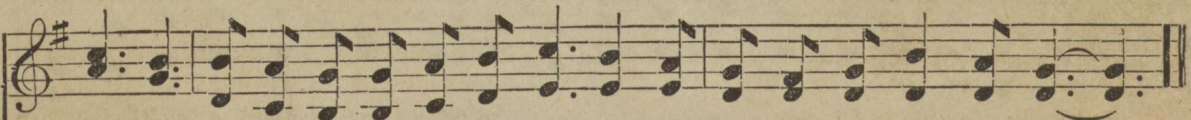
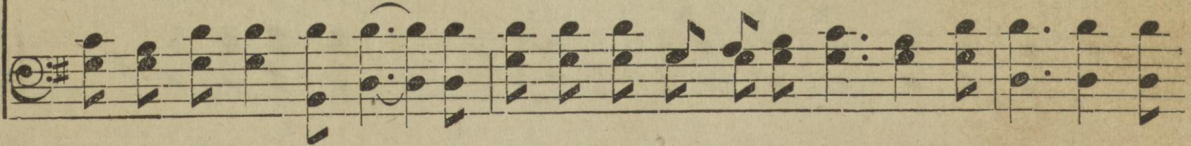
REFRAIN.



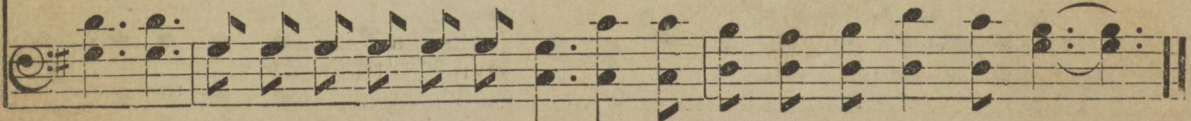
hon-or and glo - ry, To gath-er His ransomed home. Yes, oh, yes, . . the be -
 Je-sus is com-ing; Oh,publish the news a - broad.
 swift-ly from heaven Will Je-sus our Lord ap -pear.
 we shall behold them All bright in their heav'nly home. yes,'t will come,



liev-er's glad day will come; For Je - sus is com-ing in glo - ry, in glo - ry, in



glo - ry, Je-sus is com-ing in glo - ry To gath-er the ran-somed home.

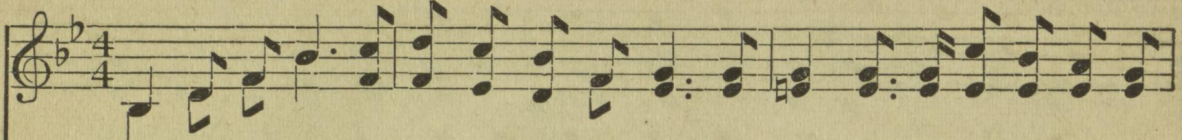


SECOND COMING.

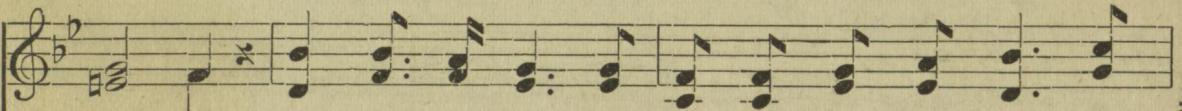
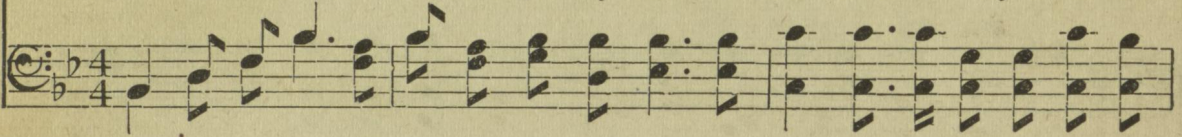
No. 178. WE'LL SHOUT HALLELUJAH.

ANON.

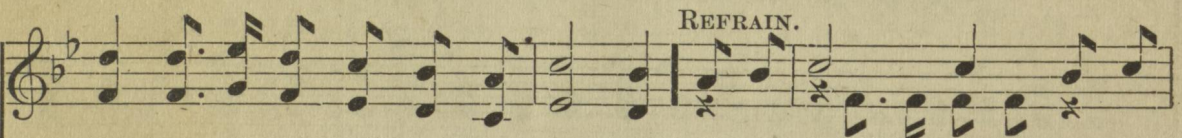
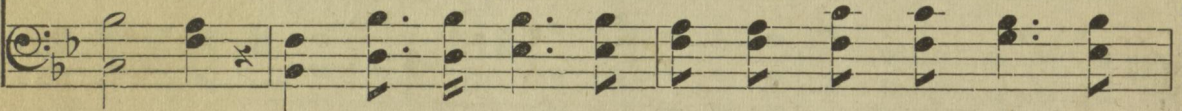
E. ROBERTS.



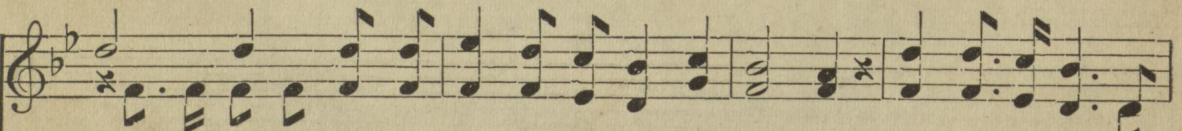
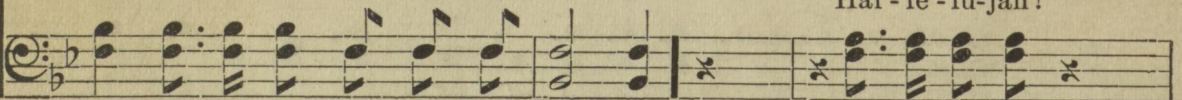
1. Glo - ry to God! the night is al-most o'er, We'll shout hal - le - lu - jah in the
2. Je - sus will come! He soon will rend the sky! We'll shout hal - le - lu - jah in the
3. Soon we shall dwell where liv - ing wa - ters flow, We'll shout hal - le - lu - jah in the
4. Come, blessed Lord and Saviour, quickly come, We'll shout hal - le - lu - jah in the



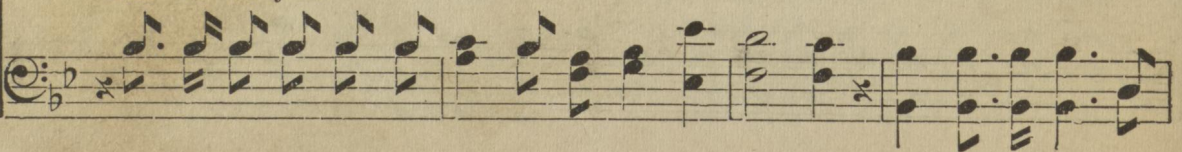
morn - ing; Soon shall we meet on E - den's bliss - ful shore, We'll
morn - ing; Lift up your heads, re - demp - tion draw - eth nigh, We'll
morn - ing; Sick - ness and death we nev - er - more shall know, We'll
morn - ing, Take us, we pray, to Thine own bless - ed home, We'll



shout hal - le - lu - jah in the morn - ing. In the morn - ing, in the
Hal - le - lu - jah!



morn - ing, In the grand res - ur - rec - tion morn - ing, Sweet - ly we'll sing the
Hal - le - lu - jah!



Copyright, 1891, by Edward Roberts.

SECOND COMING.

WE 'LL SHOUT HALLELUJAH!

prais - es of our King, And shout hal - le - lu - jah in the morn - ing.

The musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a 2/4 time signature. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The melody is simple and rhythmic, with lyrics printed below the notes.

No. 179.

JESUS WILL COME.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. How bright that bless - ed hope! Je - sus will come! Let us our
 2. Him ev - 'ry eye shall see, Je - sus will come! Bright will the
 3. Raised un - to glo - ry we, Je - sus will come! Shall shout the
 4. Full of this bless - ed hope, Je - sus will come! Let us the

The musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 2/2 time signature. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The melody is simple and rhythmic, with lyrics printed below the notes.

heads lift up, Je - sus will come! Morn - ing so bright and clear, Man - sions of
 glo - ry be, Je - sus will come! Soon shall the trum - pet speak, Each sleeping
 ju - bi - lee, Je - sus will come! Gath - ered, the might - y throng, Shall sing the
 cross take up, Je - sus will come! Hap - py, re - proach to bear, Shame, for His

The musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 2/2 time signature. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The melody is simple and rhythmic, with lyrics printed below the notes.

God ap - pear, Sin shall not en - ter there, Je - sus will come!
 saint a - wake, And the glad morn - ing break, Je - sus will come!
 new - made song: "All praise to Him be - long, Je - sus will come!"
 sake, to share, Since we our crown shall wear, Je - sus will come!

The musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 2/2 time signature. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The melody is simple and rhythmic, with lyrics printed below the notes.

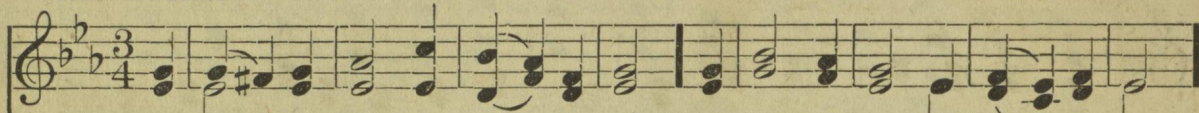
DEATH.

No. 180.

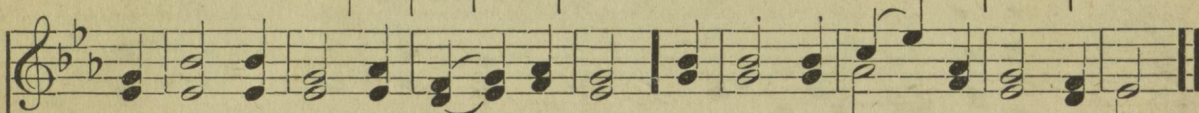
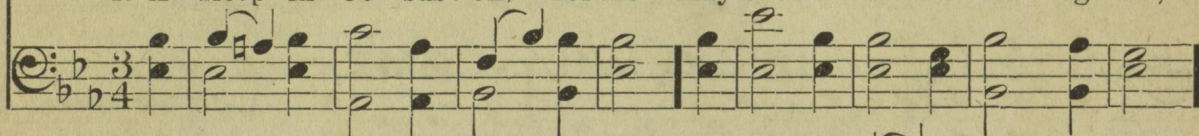
Mrs. MACKAY.

ASLEEP IN JESUS.

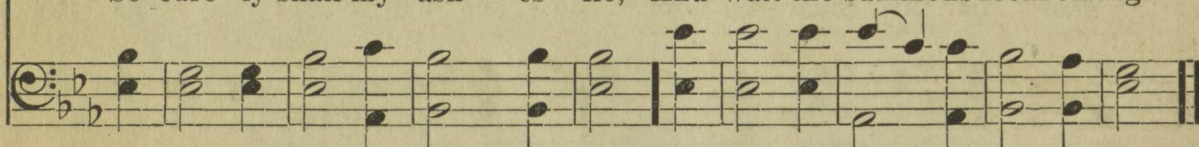
Rev. GEO. F. ROBERTSON.



1. A - sleep in Je - sus! bless-ed sleep! From which none ev - er wake to weep;
2. A - sleep in Je - sus! oh, how sweet To be for such a slum-ber meet!
3. A - sleep in Je - sus! peaceful rest! Whose waking is su - premely blest;
4. A - sleep in Je - sus! oh, 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 its venom'd sting.
 No fear, no woe, shall dim the hour That man - i - fests the Saviour's pow'r.
 Se - cure - ly shall my ash - es lie, And wait the summons from on high.



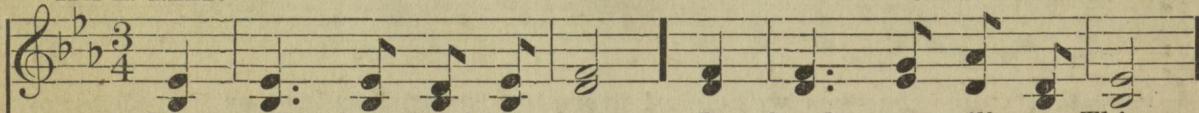
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No. 181.

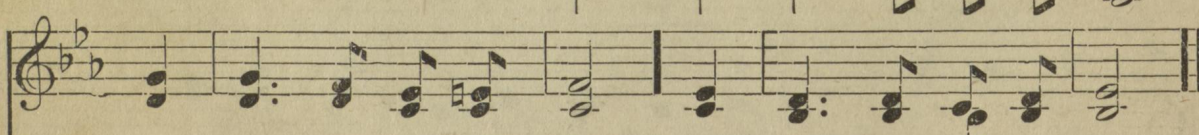
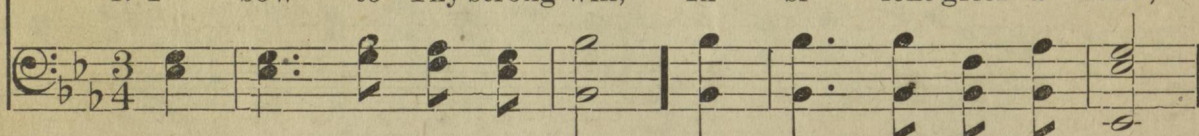
IDA L. REED.

THY WILL BE DONE.

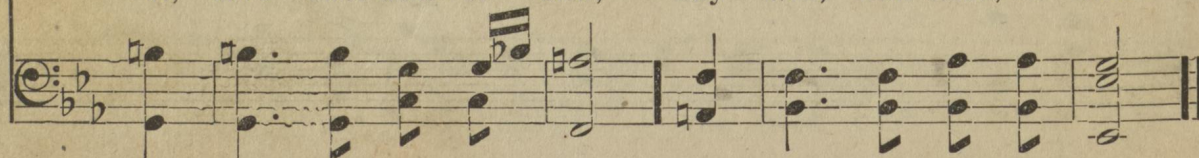
CHAS. K. LANGLEY.



1. Thy will, dear Lord, be done. I bend my will to Thine;
2. Dear Lord, Thou know-est best, 'Tis for my good a - lone;
3. All chang - es are from Thee Of sor - row, care and joy,
4. I bow to Thy strong will, In si - lent grief a - lone;



Now at Thy ho - ly word, My hopes I here re - sign.
 This prom - ise brings me rest; Thy ho - ly will be done.
 And love so full and free; That noth - ing can de - stroy.
 Yet, love Thee dear - er still, Thy will, dear Lord, be done.

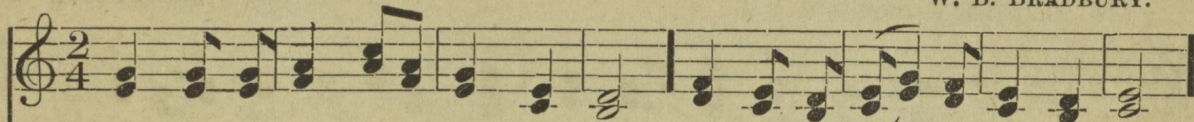


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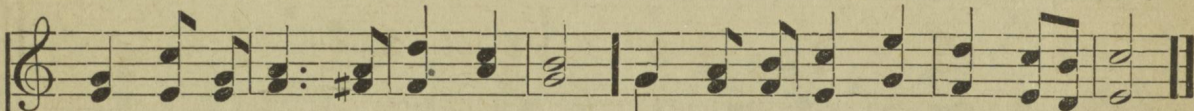
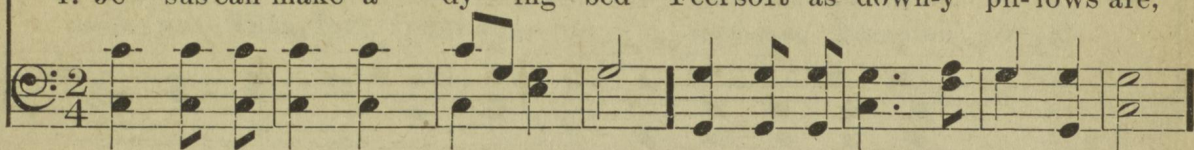
No. 182.

ZEPHYR.

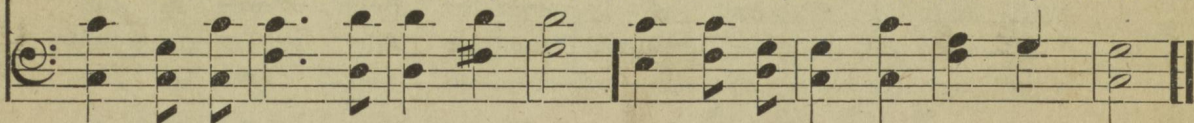
W. B. BRADBURY.



1. Why should we start, and fear to die? What tim'rous worms we mortals are!
2. The pains, the groans, and dy - ing strife Fright our ap-proaching souls a - way;
3. Oh, if my Lord would come and meet, My soul should stretch her wings in haste,
4. Je - sus can make a dy - ing bed Feel soft as down-y pil-lows are,



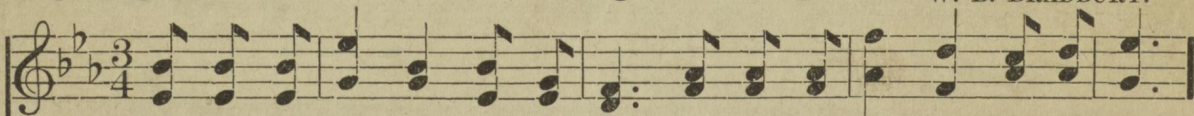
Death is the gate of end-less joy, And yet we dread to en - ter there.
 We still shrink back a-gain to life, Fond of our pris-on and our clay.
 Fly fearless thro' death's i - ron gate, Nor feel the ter-rors as she passed!
 While on His breast I lean my head, And breathe my life out sweet-ly there!



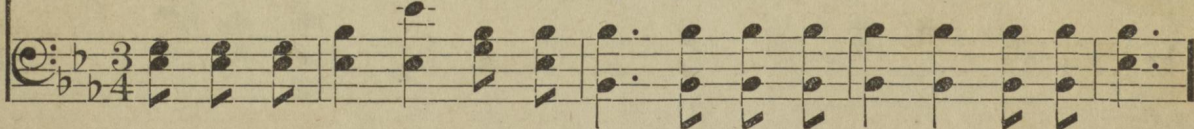
No. 183.

REST.

W. B. BRADBURY.



1. How blest the righteous, when he dies, When sinks a wea - ry soul to rest;
2. So fades a sum-mer cloud a-way; So sinks the gale, when storms are o'er;
3. A ho - ly qui - et reigns a-round, A calm which life nor death destroys;
4. Life's la - bor done, as sinks the clay, Light from its load the spir-it flies;



How mild-ly beam the clos-ing eyes, How gently heaves th' ex-pir-ing breast.
 So gen-tly shuts the eye of day; So dies a wave a-long the shore.
 And naught disturbs that peace profound, Which his un-fetter'd soul en - joys.
 While heav'n and earth com - bine to say, "How blest the righteous when he dies!"



HEAVEN.

No. 184.

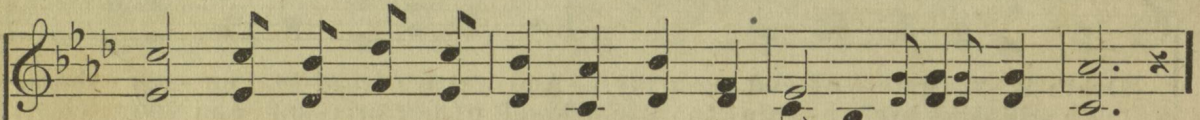
HOW LONG?

Arr. and partly written by A. J. S.

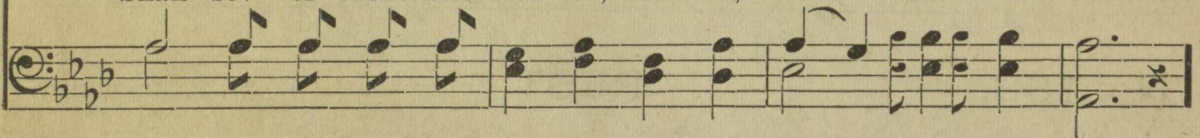
A. J. SHOWALTER.



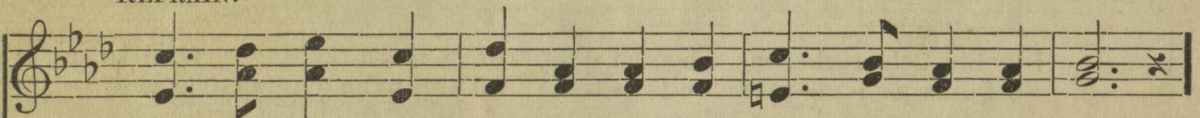
1. No gloom-y shad-ows o - ver yon - der! All light and song;
2. No bit - ter weep-ing o - ver yon - der! All fled a - way;
3. No lov'd ones want-ing o - ver yon - der, Bought by the Lamb!
4. No more sad part-ings o - ver yon - der! Nor time nor space



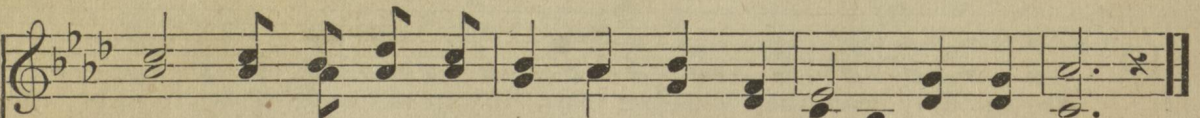
Each day I wait and watch and won-der, And say, "how long?"
While here I sigh and sad - ly wan-der Each wea - ry day.
All safe at home and gath-ered un - der The ev - er-green palm.
Shall sev - er those who dear - er, fond-er, See face to face.



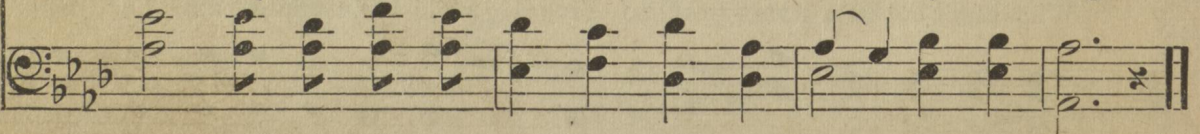
REFRAIN.



Oh, how long shall time me sun - der From that dear, dear throng?



Each day I wait and watch and won - der, And say, "how long?"



No. 185. WHEN ALL THE SAINTS GET HOME.

Mrs. HARRIET JONES.

D. B. TOWNER.

1. Oh, what a meet - ing that will be, In that sweet time to come,
 2. Oh, what a shout will fill the air When we the King be - hold,
 3. Oh, how the up - per courts will ring When we our lov'd ones greet,

When we shall gain the vic - to - ry, And all the saints get home.
 Who waits to bid us wel - come there, With - in His bless - ed fold.
 In that bright home where an - gels sing, And all the ransomed meet.

REFRAIN.

Home, home, . . . The saints' e - ter - nal home, . . .
 Home, sweet home, bless - ed home, sweet home, home, sweet home,

Oh, what a meet - ing that will be, When all the saints get home.
 Oh, what a hap - py meet - ing that will be,

4 When close to Jesus, the Divine,
 We stand among the throng,
 Oh, what ecstatic bliss, to join
 In the redemption song.

5 The battle o'er, the cross laid down,
 And safe across the flood,
 With spotless robes, and shining crowns, —
 All, through the precious blood.

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HEAVEN.

No. 186. WHAT A GATHERING THAT WILL BE.

J. H. K.

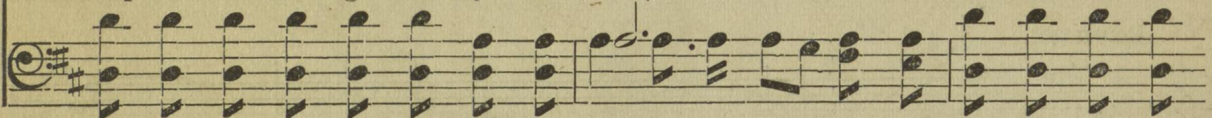
J. H. KURZENKNABE.



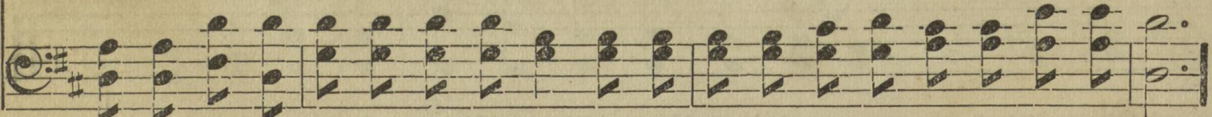
1. At the sound-ing of the trum-pet, when the saints are gathered home, We will
2. When the an - gel of the Lord proclaims that time shall be no more, We shall
3. At the great and fi - nal judgment, when the hidden comes to light, When the
4. When the gold - en harps are sounding and the an-gel bands proclaim, In tri -



greet each oth - er by the crys-tal sea, (crystal sea,) With the friends and all the
 gath - er and the sav'd and ransom'd see; (gladly see;) There we 'll meet no more to
 Lord in all His glo - ry we shall see, (we shall see,) At the bid-ding of our
 umphant strains, the glorious ju - bi - lee, (ju - bi - lee,) Then to meet and join to

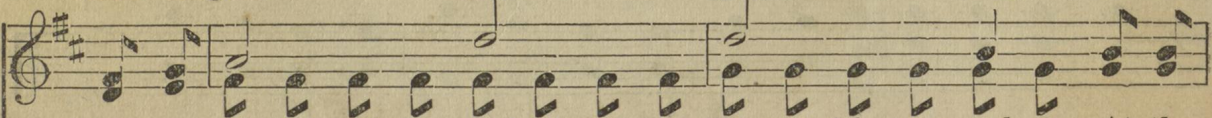


loved ones there a-wait-ing us to come : What a gath'ring of the faithful that will be !
 sev - er on the bright ce-lestial shore : What a gath'ring of the faithful that will be !
 Saviour, "Come, ye blessed, to my right," What a gath'ring of the faithful that will be !
 sing the song of Mo-ses and the Lamb, What a gath'ring of the faithful that will be !

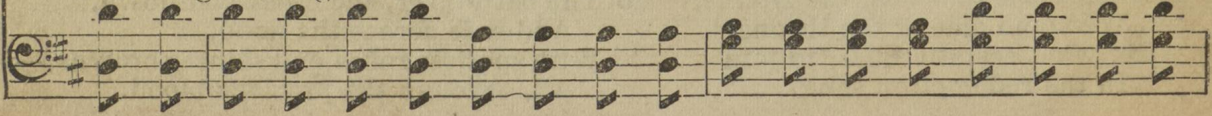


REFRAIN.

What a gath - 'ring, gath - 'ring, At the



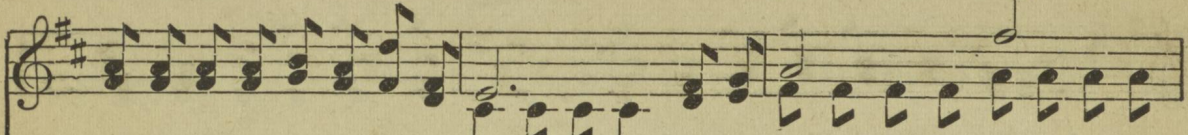
What a gath'ring of the loved ones, when we 'll meet with one an-oth-er, At the



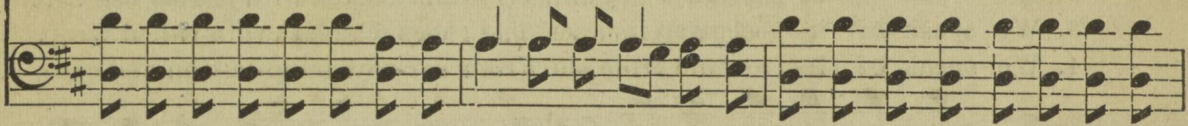
From "Songs Treasury," by pot.

WHAT A GATHERING THAT WILL BE.

What a gath - 'ring,



sounding of the glorious ju-bi - lee! (jubilee!) What a gath'ring when the friends and all the



gath - 'ring,



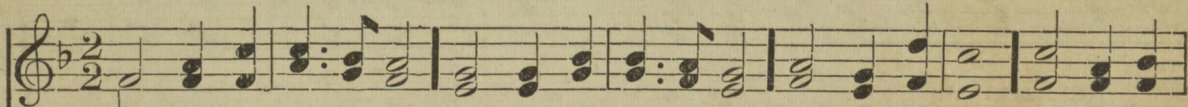
dear ones meet each oth-er, What a gath'ring of the faith-ful that will be.



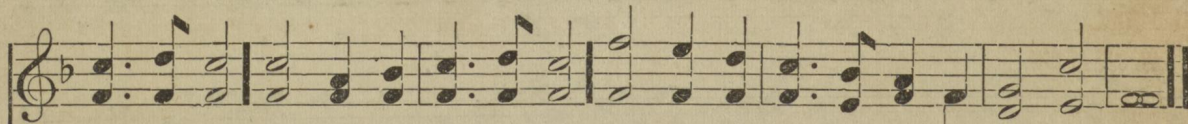
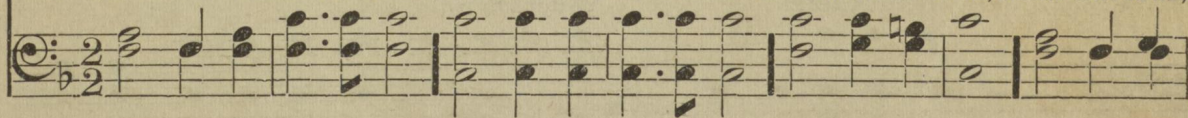
No. 187.

OLIVET.

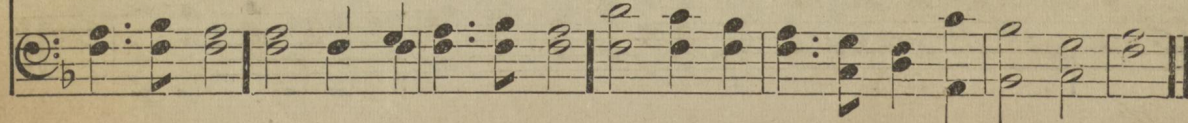
DR. LOWELL MASON.



1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Calva-ry, Saviour divine! 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 cold sullen stream Shall o'er me roll, Blest Saviour,



while I pray, Take all my guilt a-way: Oh, let me from this day, Be wholly Thine.
 died for me, Oh, may my love to Thee Pure, warm, and changeless be—A liv-ing fire.
 turn to-day, Wipe sorrow's tear a-way, Nor let me ev - er stray From Thee a-side.
 then in love, Fear and dis-tress remove; Oh, bear me safe above—A ransomed soul.

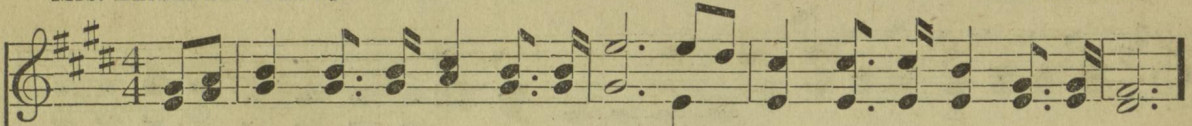


HEAVEN.

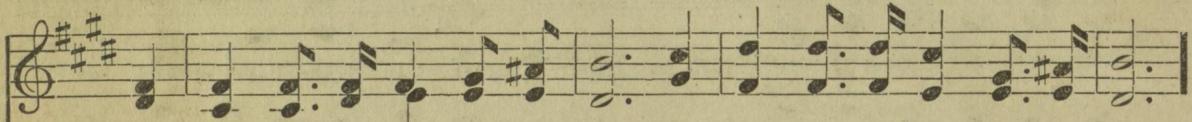
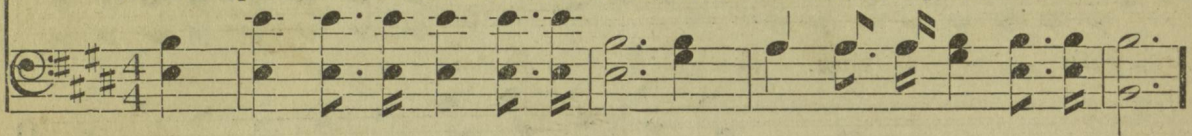
No. 188. LAND OF THE BLEST.

Mrs. ELIZABETH MILLS.

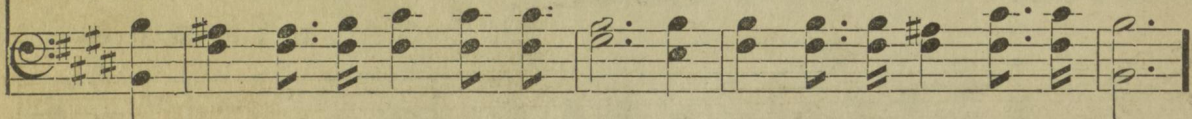
E. ROBERTS.



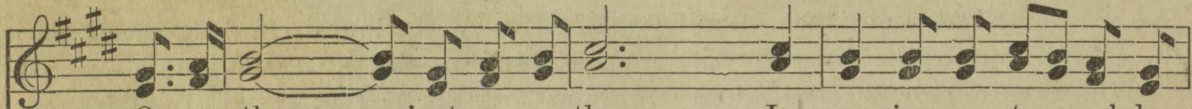
1. We speak of the realms of the blest, That coun-try so bright and so fair,
2. We speak of its pathways of gold, Its walls decked with jewels most rare,
3. We speak of its peace and its love, The robes which the glo-ri-fied wear,
4. We speak of its freedom from sin, From sor-row, temp-tation, and care,



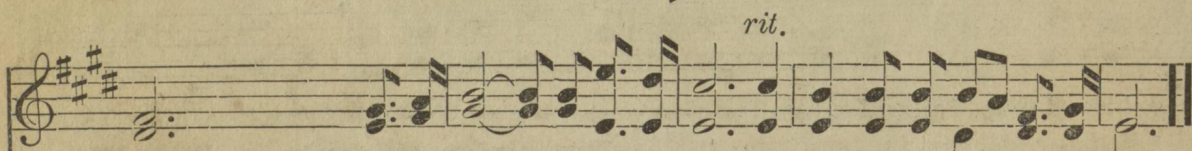
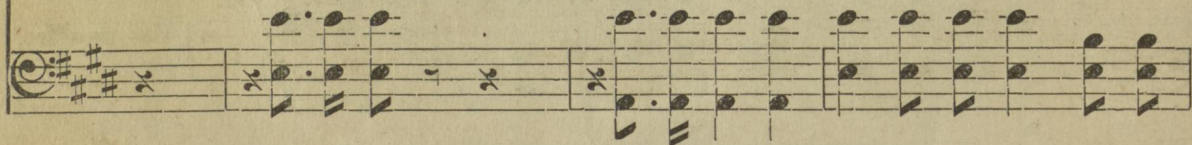
And oft are its glo-ries confessed, "But what must it be to be there!"
Its won-ders and pleasures un - told, "But what must it be to be there!"
The song of the bless-ed a - bove, "But what must it be to be there!"
From tri - als with-out and with - in, "But what must it be to be there!"



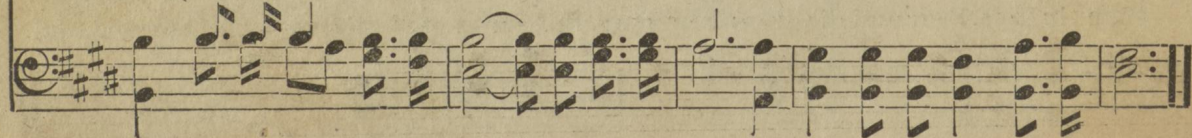
REFRAIN.



O-ver there, . . just o-ver there, In man-sions e - ter - nal-ly
o-ver there, o-ver there,



fair, (O-ver there,) O-ver there, just o-ver there, Oh, what must it be to be there.

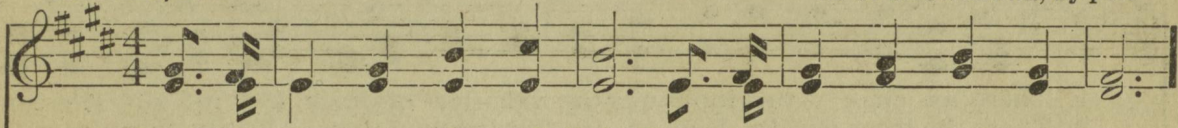


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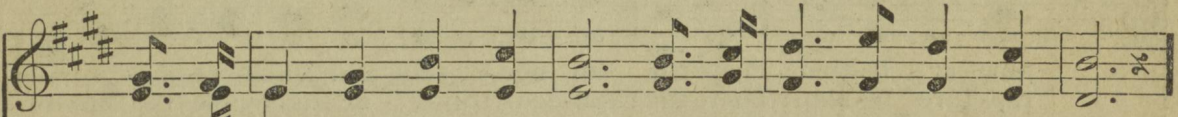
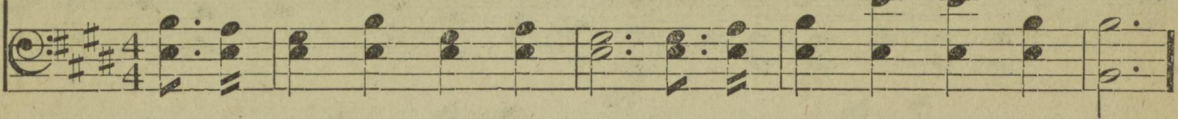
No. 189. HAPPY IN IMMANUEL'S LOVE.

RAFFLES, ARR.

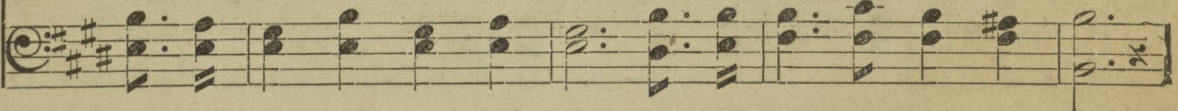
A. J. SHOWALTER, by per.



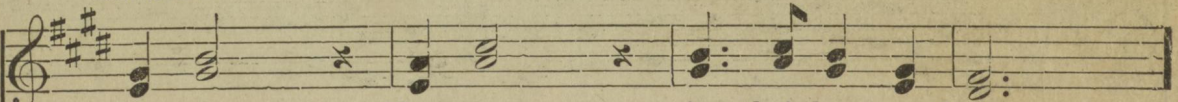
1. High in yon - der realms of light, Dwell the rap - tured saints a - bove,
2. Days of sor - row all are o'er, Passed, this scene of toil and pain;
3. All is tran - quil and se - rene, Calm their un - dis - turbed re - pose;
4. 'Mid the cho - rus of the skies, 'Mid th' an - gel - ic choirs a - bove;



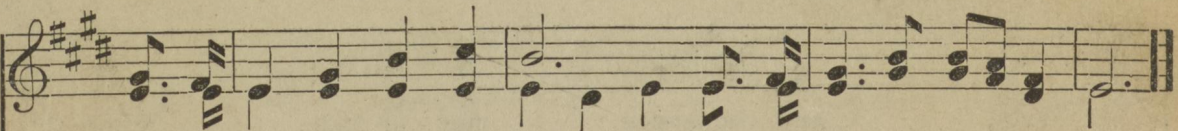
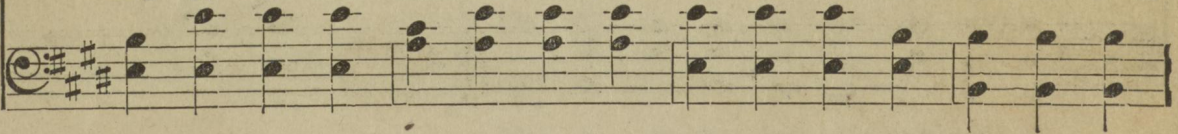
Far be - yond our fee - ble sight, Hap - py in Im - man - uel's love.
 They shall feel dis - tress no more, Nev - er, nev - er weep a - gain.
 There, no cloud can in - ter - vene, There, no an - gry temp - est blows,
 Hark! their songs me - lo - dious rise, Songs of praise to Je - sus' love.



REFRAIN.



Hap - py, Hap - py in their home a - bove;
 Hap - py in Im - man - uel's love, yes, Hap - py in their home a - bove;



Far be - yond our fee - ble sight, Hap - py in Im - man - uel's love.
 Far be - yond our poor and fee - ble sight, Hap - py in Im - man - uel's love.



HEAVEN.

No. 190.

Unknown.

THE CITY OF GOLD.

Harmonized by E. R.

1. There's a cit - y that looks o'er the val - ley of death, And its glo - ries can
2. There the King, our Re-deem-er, the Lord whom we love, All the faith-ful with
3. In that cit - y of light where the sun nev - er sets, The in - hab - i - tants
4. Go and teach ye all na - tions the Sav - iour commands, Who - so - ev - er will
5. Go - ing forth in His name all our needs are supplied, In this life we re -

nev - er be told; There the sun nev - er sets, and the leaves nev - er fade,
 rap - ture be - hold; There the right - eous for - ev - er shall shine like the stars,
 nev - er grow old, There, no sor - row, no sick - ness, no death ev - er comes,
 may come we're told, And be sav'd by His grace, share with us in His love,
 ceive hundred fold, With re - joic - ing we'll come, bring - ing sheaves for the Lord,

D.S.—eyes of the faith-ful their Sav - iour be - hold,

FINE. REFRAIN.

In that beau - ti - ful cit - y of gold. Where the sun nev - er
 Where the sun

In that beau - ti - ful cit - y of gold.

sets, and the leaves nev - er fade, Where the
 nev - er sets, and the leaves nev - er fade,

D.S.

No. 191.

EDEN OF PROMISE.

E. P. AMBROSE.

1. Oh, had I, my Sav-iour, the wings of a dove, How soon would I
 2. I flut - ter, I strug-ple, I pant to get free; I feel me a
 3. Soon, soon may this E - den of prom-ise be mine; Rise, bright Son of

soar to Thy mansions a-bove; How soon would I flee where the weary have
 cap-tive while banish'd from Thee; A pil-grim and stranger, the des-ert I
 glo-ry, no more to de-cline; Thy light yet un-ris-en, the wil-der-ness

REFRAIN.

rest, And hide all my cares in Thy shel-ter-ing breast. Then rest, rest from
 roam, And look on to heav-en, and long to be home. *3rd verse.*
 cheers; Oh, what will it be when the full-ness ap-pears, To rest, rest from

con-flict and care, Oh, the rest, sweet, e - ter - nal, With Je - sus to share.
 con-flict and care?

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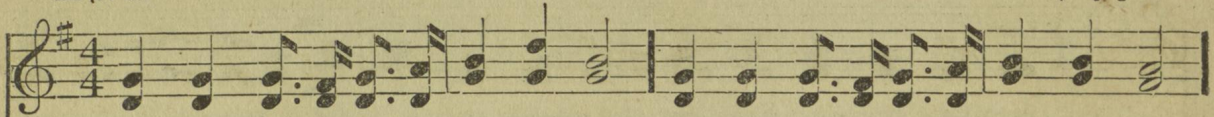
HEAVEN.

No. 192.

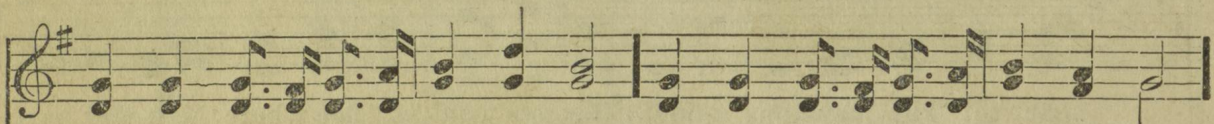
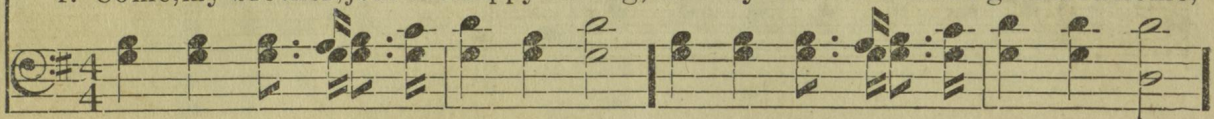
GATHERED HOME.

A. J. S.

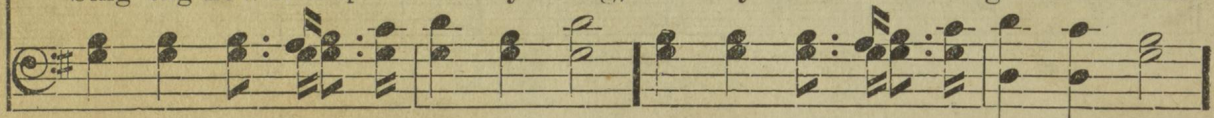
A. J. SHOWALTER, by per.



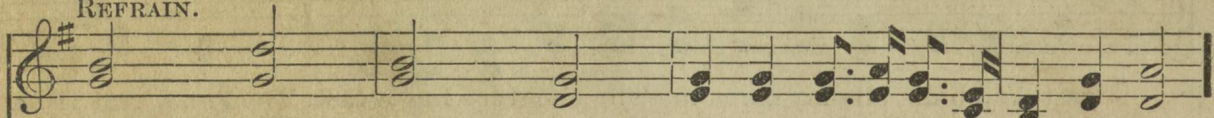
1. We are trav'ling to a bet - ter land, One by one we'll all be gathered home,
2. We are drawing nearer ev - 'ry day, One by one we'll all be gathered home,
3. There we'll meet our lov'd ones gone be - fore, One by one we'll all be gathered home,
4. Come, my brother, join the happy throng, One by one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



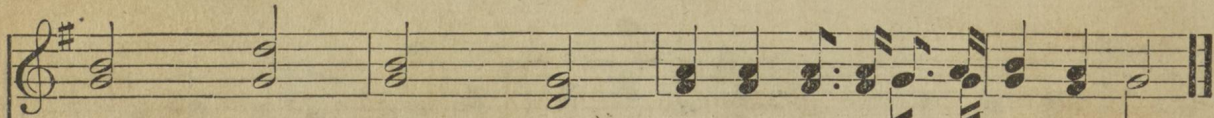
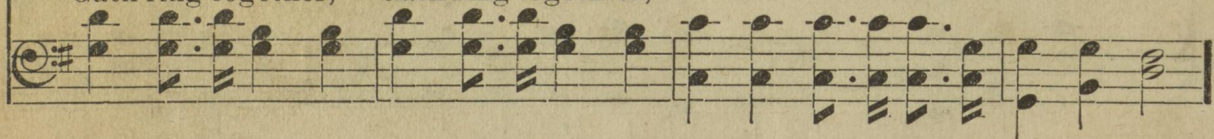
And we'll trust the Saviour's guid - ing hand, One by one we'll all be gathered home.
To that joy that fadeth not a - way, One by one we'll all be gathered home.
And we'll dwell with Je - sus ev - er - more, One by one we'll all be gathered home.
Sing - ing now Redem - tion's ho - ly song, One by one we'll all be gathered home.



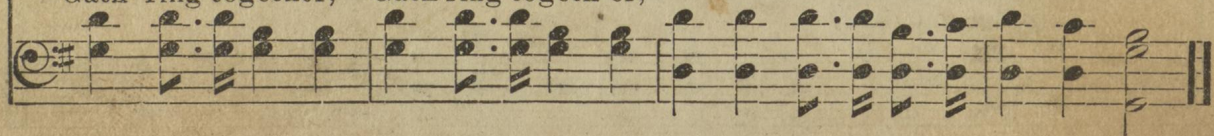
REFRAIN.



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



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



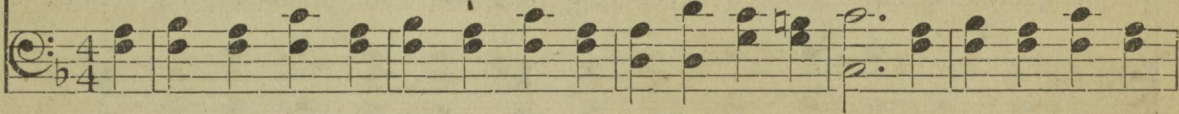
No. 193. MY HOME IN THE SWEET BY AND BY.

Ref. by J. F. B.

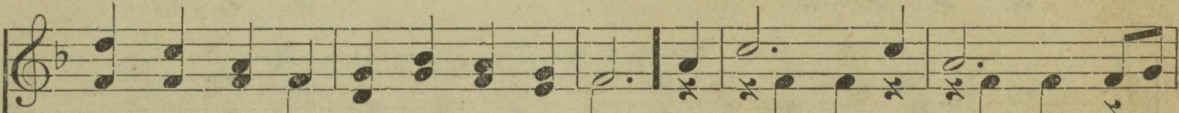
JOSEPH F. BLAND.



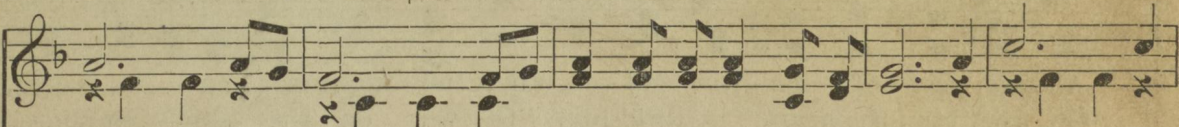
1. On Jordan's stormy banks I stand, And cast a wish-ful eye, To Canaan's fair and
2. Oh, the transporting, rapturous scene, That ris-es to my sight; Sweet fields arrayed in
3. O'er all those wide ex-tended plains, Shines one e-ter-nal day; There God, the Son, for-
4. When shall I reach that happy place, And be for-ev-er blest? When shall I see my



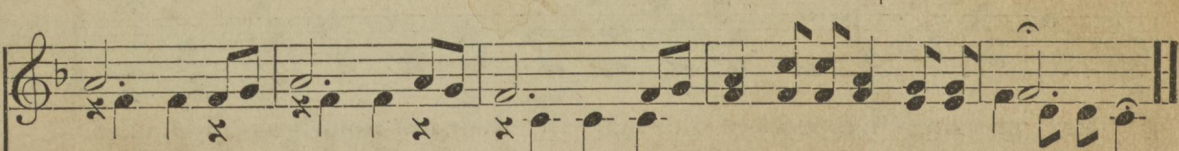
REFRAIN.



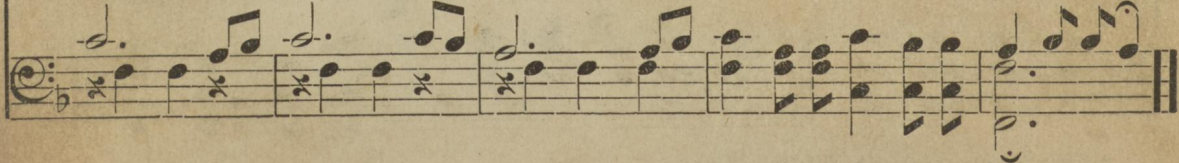
hap-py land, Where my pos-sessions lie. O home! dear home! O
 liv-ing green, And riv-ers of de-light.
 ev-er reigns, And scatters night a-way.
 Fa-ther's face, And in His bos-om rest? O home! dear home!



home! dear home! My home in the sweet by and by; O home! dear
 O home! dear home! O home!



home! O home! dear home! My beau-tiful home in the sky,
 dear home! O home! dear home! in the sky.



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HEAVEN.

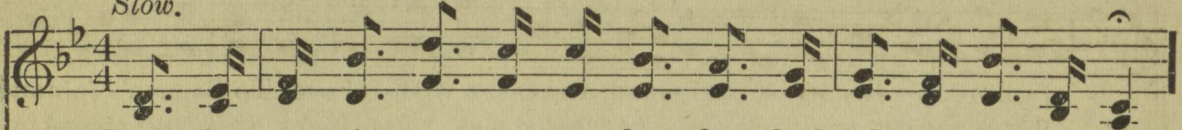
No. 194. THERE IS MUSIC OVER YONDER.

Rev. W. F. COSNER.
Ref. Added.

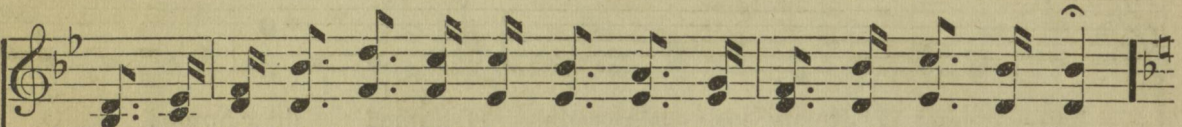
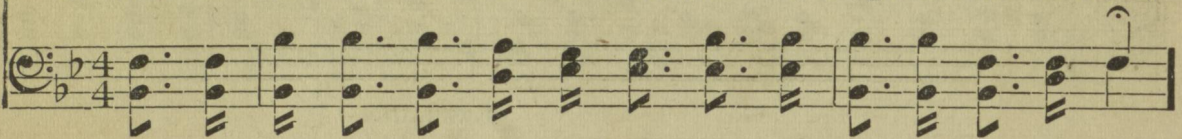
In memory of my dear departed ones.

E. ROBERTS.

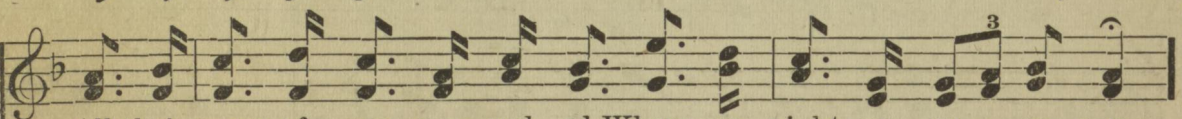
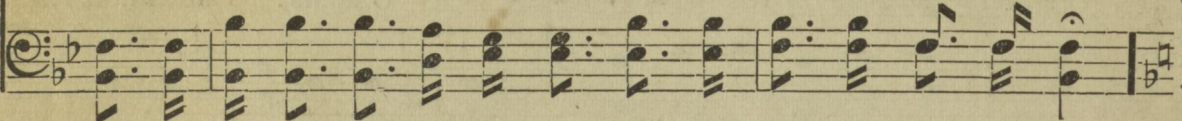
Slow.



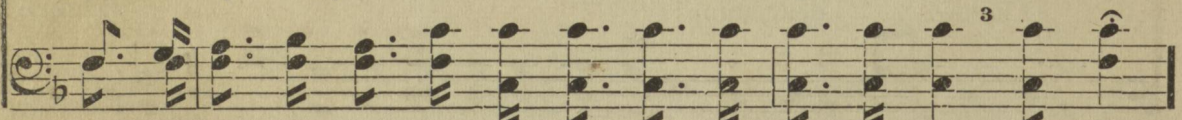
- * 1. There is mu - sic o - ver yon - der, On the bright e - ter - nal shore,
- 2. There is mu - sic o - ver yon - der, Where the crys - tal wa - ters glide,
- 3. There is mu - sic o - ver yon - der, And the song shall nev - er cease,



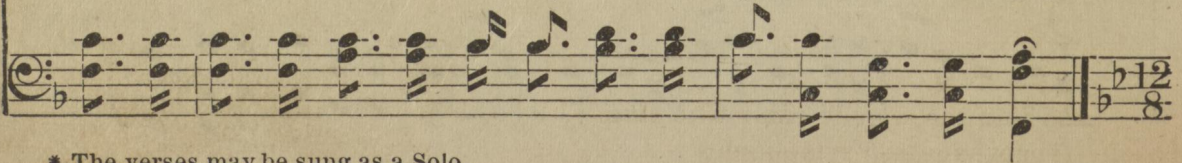
Where the saints shall dwell with Je - sus, All the bright for - ev - er - more;
For the tree of life is ev - er Bloom - ing by the sil - ver tide.
For the saints shall dwell for - ev - er With the Lord in per - fect peace.



All their years of sor - row end - ed, Where no night can ev - er come,
Oh, what joy the heart is thrill - ing, O - ver on the shin - ing shore,
Soon we hope to join the cho - rus On the bright e - ter - nal shore,



They are sing - ing, sweet - ly sing - ing, In their glo - rious heav - 'nly home.
Where they sing the song of Mo - ses, And the Lamb for - ev - er - more.
Where the saints shall be with Je - sus, All the bright for - ev - er - more.



* The verses may be sung as a Solo.

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THERE IS MUSIC OVER YONDER.

REFRAIN.
Faster.

Beau-ti-ful songs, . . . ev-er they raise, . . . Chant-ing a -
Beau-ti-ful songs, ev-er they raise,

loud . . . the Saviour's praise, . . . Beau-ti-ful songs, . . .
Chanting a-loud Chanting His praise, Beau-ti-ful songs,

ev-er they raise, . . . Chanting a - loud the Sav - iour's praise.
ev-er they raise, Chanting the Saviour's praise.

No. 195.

Tune, SHIRLAND.

1 Our glorious home above,
The city of our God,
The resting-place of peace and love,
The pilgrim's sweet abode.

2 Oh, for an angel's wing
To soar above the skies,
And join the angelic choir who sing
Their hallowed symphonies.

3 Pure mansions of the blest,
Prepared by Jesus' hand,
That all His own may sweetly rest
Safe in Emmanuel's land.

4 May each we love be there,
From death and darkness free;
Our joy unspeakable to share
Throughout eternity.

HEAVEN.

No. 196.

MEET ME THERE.

H. E. BLAIR.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

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

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

D.S. storms of life are o'er, On the

FINE.

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

hap - py gold - en shore, Where the faith - ful part no more, Meet me there.

CHORUS.
 Meet me there, Meet me there, Meet me there, Where the
 Meet me there, Meet me there, Meet me there,

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HEAVENLY HOME.

MEET ME THERE.

D.S.

Tree of Life is bloom-ing, Meet me there, When the
Meet me there,

No. 197.

OVER THE RIVER.

C. H. H.

C. H. HUMPHREYS.

1. O-ver the riv - er the lov'd ones have gone; O - ver the riv - er they're waiting for me;
2. O-ver the riv - er are streets of pure gold; O - ver the riv - er, God's dwelling of love!
3. O-ver the riv - er I'll sor-row no more; O - ver the riv - er my Saviour I'll see;

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O - ver the riv - er is heav-en my home; O - ver the riv - er I soon shall be.
O - ver the riv - er are won-ders un-told; O - ver the riv - er's my home a - bove.
O - ver the riv - er all strife will be o'er; O - ver the riv - er I long to be.

REFRAIN.

Wait-ing for me, wait-ing for me, Over the river they're waiting for me;
Wait-ing for me, wait-ing for me, O-ver the riv - er I soon shall be.

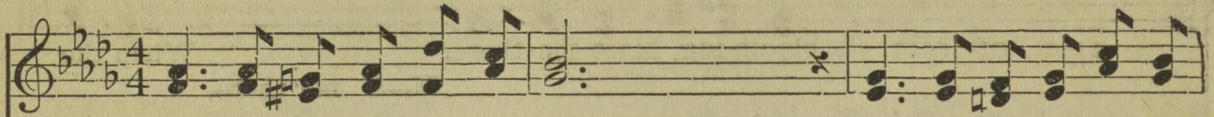
HEAVEN.

No. 198.

BY AND BY.

Arr. by A. J. S.

A. J. SHOWALTER, by per.



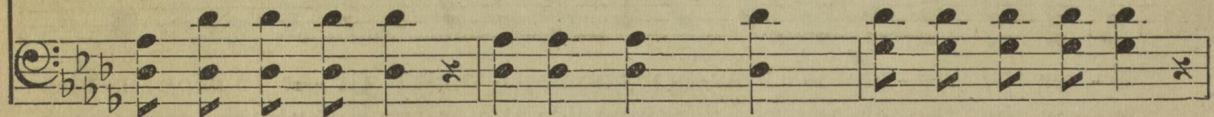
1. When this toilsome life is o'er,	When we reach that shining
2. When our bat-tles here are won,	Then we'll shine forth as the
3. There our ev-'ry hope we'll find,	In a Saviour, true and



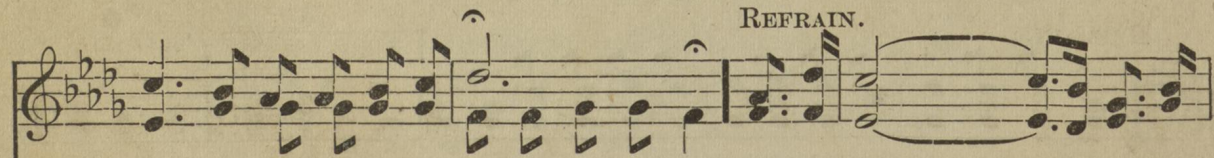
1. When this life,	this	toilsome life is o'er,	When we reach,	we
2. When our bat - tles,	bat-tles here are won,	Then we'll shine,	we'll	
3. There our hope,	our	ev-'ry hope we'll find,	In a Sav - iour,	



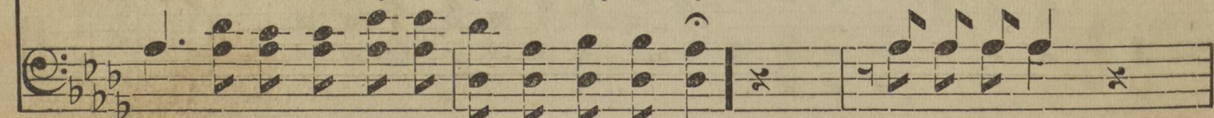
shore,	There we'll find a sol-ace true,
sun,	And we'll praise our God on high,
kind,	One on whom we can re - ly,



reach that gold-en shore,	There we'll find,	we'll	find a sol - ace true,
shine forth as the sun,	And we'll praise,	we'll	praise our God on high,
Sav-iour true and kind,	One on whom,	on	whom we can re - ly,



In that by and by we view, that we shall view. By and by, by and
For the blessed by and by, sweet by and by.
When we reach that by and by, sweet by and by. Sweet by and by,



BY AND BY.

by, There will be a by and by, By and
Sweet by and by, by and by, There will

by, by and by, Yes, there'll be a by and by,
be a by and by, There will be a by and by, sweet by and by.

No. 199.

I'M A PILGRIM.

Mrs. MARY S. B. DANA.

German Melody.

FINE.

1. I'm a pil-grim, and I'm a stranger, I can tar-ry, I can tar-ry but a night;
2. There, the glo-ry is ev-er shin-ing; Oh, my longing heart, my longing heart is there;
3. There's the cit-y to which I jour-ney; My Re-deem-er, my Re-deemer is its light;

Do not de-tain me, for I am go-ing To where the foun-tains are ev-er flow-ing.
Here in this coun-try so dark and drear-y, I long have wandered for-lorn and wea-ry.
There is no sor-row, nor a-ny sigh-ing, Nor a-ny tears there, nor a-ny dy-ing.

D. C.

HEAVEN.

No. 200.

MY HEAVENLY HOME.

ANON.

A. J. SHOWALTER, by per.

1. My home is in the heavenly land, Where an - gels bright and fair, Be - fore the throne of
2. And while I la - bor to se - cure A bliss - ful home a - bove, I have a treas - ure
3. Oft while I jour - ney here be - low, A - mid the bus - y throng, I hear a voice and

REFRAIN.

glo - ry stand, And crowns of vict'ry wear. O home, sweet home, . . . so bright and
rich and sure, 'Tis found in Je - sus' love.
seem to know The sing - er and the song. O home, sweet home,

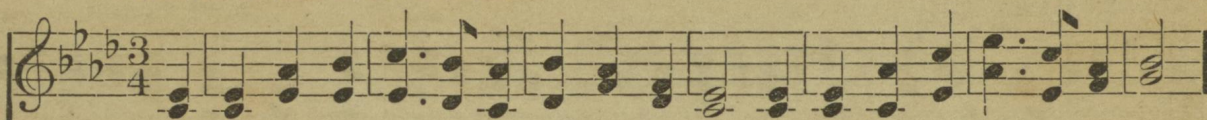
fair. . . . I long to see . . . my lov'd ones there; . . . With them my
so bright and fair, I long to see my lov'd ones there;

joy . . . shall be com - plete, . . . While rest - ing at the Sav - iour's feet.
With them my joy shall be complete,

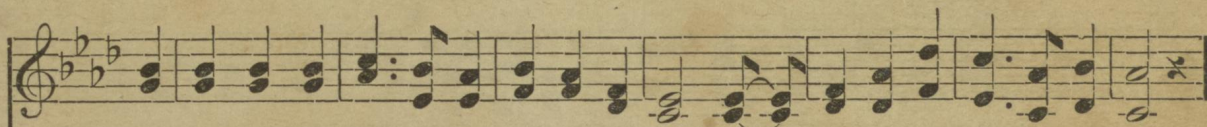
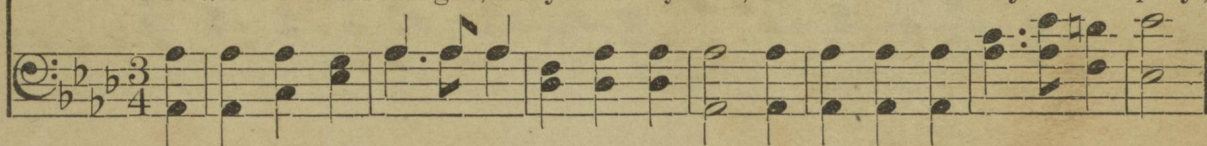
No. 201. HOME OF THE BLEST.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

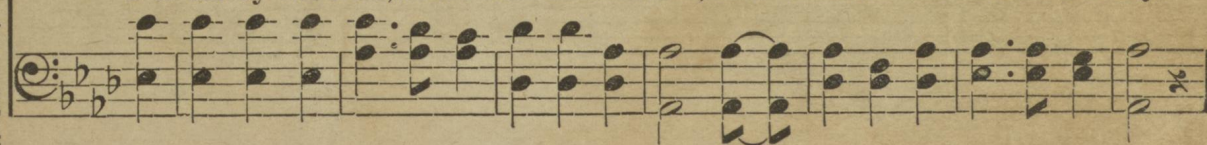
Best as a Solo and Chorus.



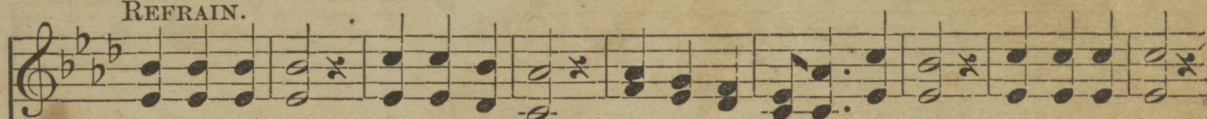
1. Oh, when shall I dwell in a mansion all bright, And Jesus, my Saviour, be-hold?
2. No pearl from the ocean or gold from the mine, Can par-don or pur-i - ty buy;
3. Tho' light are the sorrows that burden the child, And gen-tle the tempest of woe;
4. But while I'm a stranger, away from my home, I'll toil in the vineyard and pray;



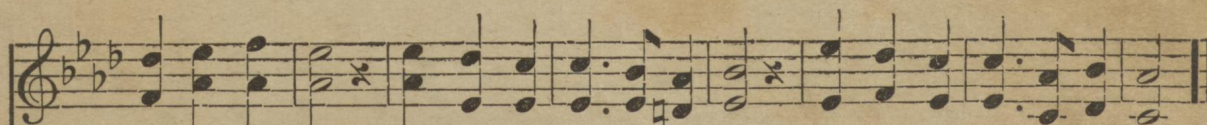
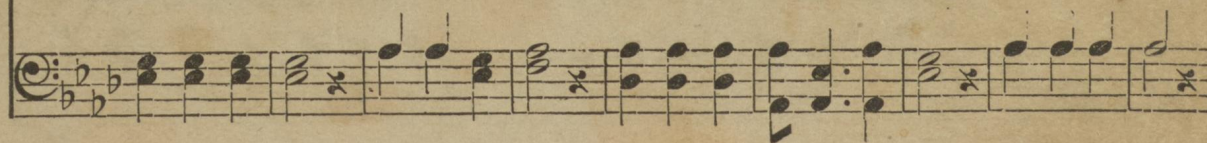
Or walk by His side, like an an-gel of light, In a cit - y all garnished with gold?
 I'll trust in the blood of a Saviour di-vine, And cling to the cross till I die.
 I long for the land which was never de-filed, To the home of the blest would I go.
 I'll car-ry the cross, while I think of the crown, And watch for the break of the day.



REFRAIN.



Home of the blest! Land of sweet rest! When wilt thou ev-er be mine? Home of the blest!



Land of sweet rest! Soon shalt thou ev-er be mine, Soon shalt thou ev-er be mine.



HEAVEN.

No. 202.

THE GLAD FOREVER.

F. M. DAVIS.

N. M. CORDELL.

1. Far be-yond the roll-ing surg-es, On a bright-er, bet-ter shore,
2. There the songs of praise are ring-ing Thro' the blue, e-the-real skies;
3. Far a-way in realms of glo-ry, Where the ma-ny man-sions be,

We shall meet the glad im-mor-tals, Those who've long gone on be-fore.
There the ransomed hosts are chant-ing In the fields of Par-a-dise.
Where the hills are ev-er ver-nal, We shall dwell e-ter-nal-ly.

REFRAIN.

In the glad . . . for-ev-er, We shall meet to part no more;
In the glad for-ev-er, We shall meet to part no more;

Yes, we'll meet no more to sev-er, On that bright e-ter-nal shore.

No. 203.

FATHERLAND.

Arr. by A. J. S.

1. There is a place where my hopes are stayed, My heart and my treasure are there;
 2. There is a place where the an-gels dwell, A pure and a peace-ful a-bode;
 3. There is a place where my friends are gone, Who suf-fered and worshiped with me;
 4. There is a place where I hope to live, When life and its la-bors are o'er;

Where ver-dure and blos-soms nev - er fade, And fields are e - ter - nal - ly fair.
 The joys of that place no tongue can tell, For there is the pal - ace of God.
 Ex - alt - ed with Christ high as His throne, The King in His beau - ty they see.
 A place which the Lord to me will give, And then I shall sor-row no more.

REFRAIN.

That bliss-ful place is my fa-ther-land; By faith its de-lights I ex-plore;

Come, fa - vor my flight, an - gel - ic band, And waft me in peace to the shore.

TEMPERANCE.

No. 204.

W. C. T. U. SONG.

A. J. S.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. Ma - ny are the homes that are dark to-night, Blight-ed by the curse of
 2. Ma - ny are the moth-ers a-wake to-night, Pray-ing for the ab - sent
 3. Ma - ny are the sis-ters a-lone to-night, Dreading lest the news may
 4. Ma - ny are the hus-bands a-way to-night, Drink-ing of the cup of
 5. Ma - ny are the pray'rs that as-cend to-night, Call - ing for the help di -

rum; Ma - ny are the hearts that sad - den at the sight,
 one; Fear - ing that the de - mon with his power to blight,
 come, Tell - ing of the drunk - ard's sad and aw - ful plight,
 death; Ma - ny are the wives that wa - ken with af - fright,
 vine; Ma - ny are the hands that bat - tle for the right,

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REFRAIN.

Long-ing for the end to come. O God of heav'n, make bare Thine arm, And
 Has the aw - ful work be - gun.
 Dy - ing far a - way from home.
 Shrink-ing from the ha - ted breath.
 Plead - ing for your boy and mine.

stop the aw-ful fiend from peopling hell; Give us strength to stay his hand, Drive the

W. C. T. U. SONG.

mon-ster from the land, That we in safe - ty once a - gain may dwell.

No. 205.

PISGAH.

ISAAC WATTS.

J. C. LOWRY. Arr. by A. J. S.

1. When I can read my ti - tle clear, To mansions in the skies, . . .
2. Should earth a-against my soul en - gage, And fi - ery darts be hurled, . . .
3. Let cares like a wild del-uge come, And storms of sorrow fall; . . .
4. Then shall I bathe my wea - ry soul In seas of heav'nly rest; . . .

FINE.

I bid fare-well to ev - 'ry fear, And wipe my weep-ing eyes.
Then I can smile at Sa-tan's rage, And face a frowning world.
May I but safe - ly reach my home, My God, my heav'n, my all.
And not a wave of trou - ble roll A - cross my peace-ful breast.

D.S.

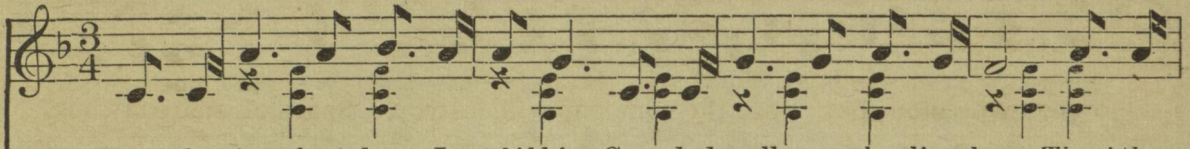
And wipe my weep-ing eyes, . . . And wipe my weep-ing eyes; . . .
And face a frown-ing world, . . . And face a frowning world; . . .
My God, my heav'n, my all, . . . My God, my heav'n, my all; . . .
A - cross my peace-ful breast, . . . A - cross my peace-ful breast; . . .

TEMPERANCE.

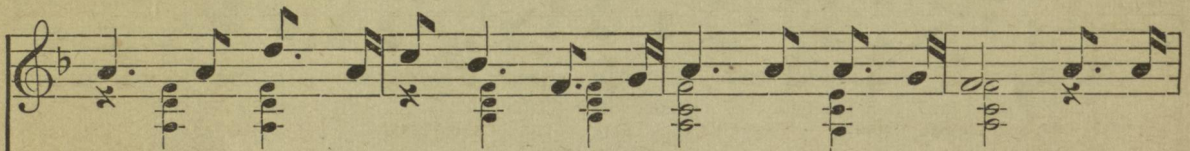
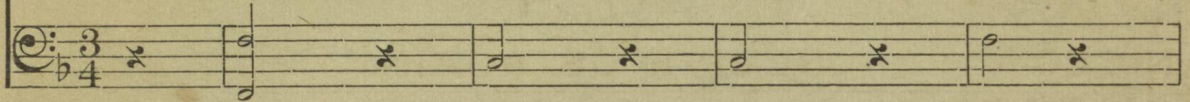
No. 206.

SPARE MY BOY.

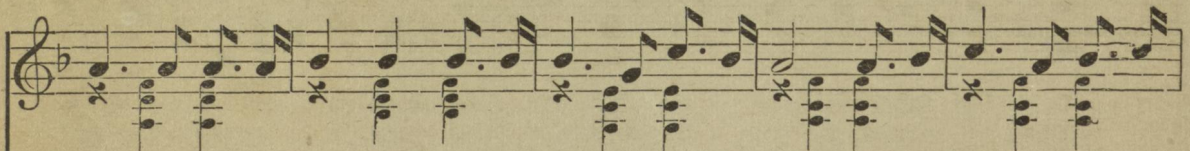
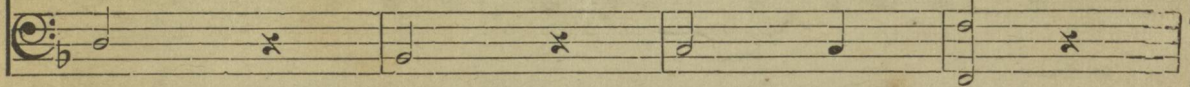
E. ROBERTS.



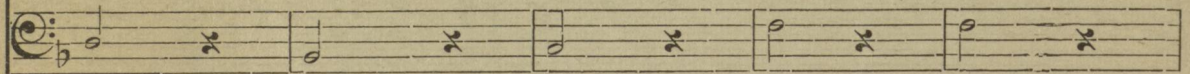
1. Thro' the in - fant days I watch'd him, Guarded well my dar - ling boy ; Thro' the
2. Thro' the childhood years I led him, Guid - ed e'er his lit - tle feet ; Who could
3. Pa - tient - ly I watch d the budding Of the man - hood of my child ; Can I



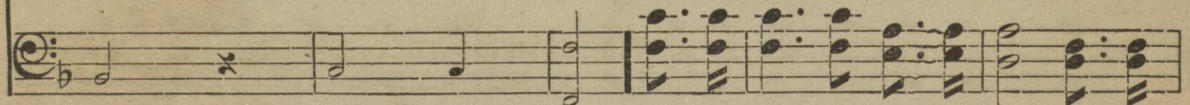
nights I sooth'd and rock'd him, On a bos - om filled with joy ; Now, a -
harm him, who would dare to Taint the lips so ten - der, sweet? Must I
see the no - ble blooming, Blight - ed, ru - ined, or de - filed? Spare my



las ! I may not shield him, Tho' by sin and death beguil'd, I can on - ly pray the
yield my heart's fond treas - ure To the blighting curse of rum ? Rob me of my food and
lov'd one, spare his manhood, Of my life the pride and joy ; Must you take the shining



spoiler, Spare my child, oh, spare my child. Spare my darling, spare my boy, Spare my
shelter, On - ly spare my dar - ling son.
gold? yet Spare my lov'd one, spare my boy.



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SPARE MY BOY.

slow.

own, my precious boy; Sure, the wine-cup will destroy, Spare, oh, spare my boy.

No. 207.

REVIVE US AGAIN.

Dr. W. P. MACKAY.

English Melody.

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

REFRAIN.

Je - sus who died, and is now gone a - bove. Hal - le -
 shown us our Sav - iour, and scat - tered our night.
 borne all our sins, and has cleans'd ev - 'ry stain.

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

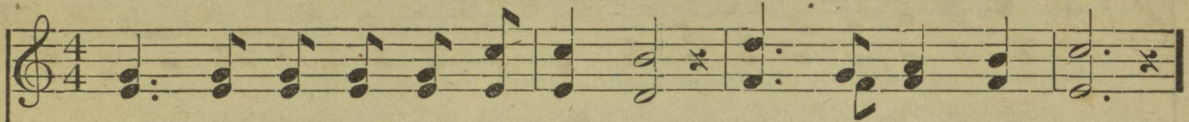
4 All glory and praise to the God of all grace,
 Who has bought us, and sought us, and guided our ways,
 5 Revive us again; fill each heart with Thy love;
 May each soul be rekindled with fire from above.

TEMPERANCE.

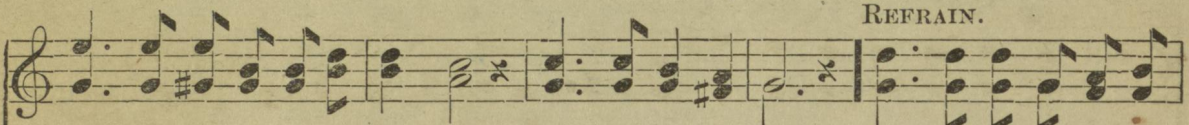
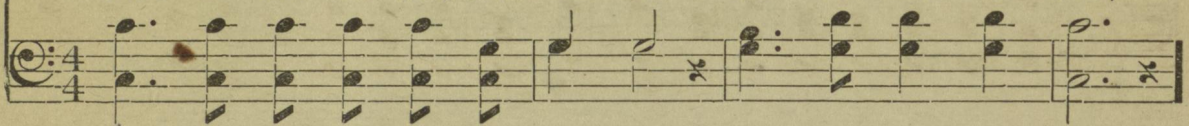
No. 208. HOLD ALOFT THE TEMPERANCE BANNER.

LAURA E. NEWELL.

E. ROBERTS.

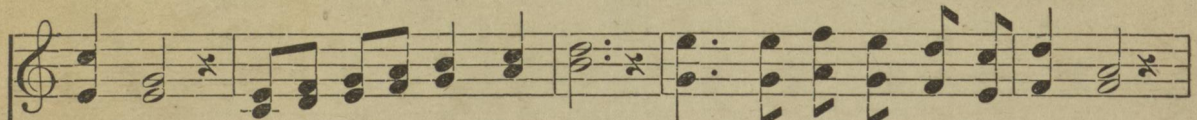
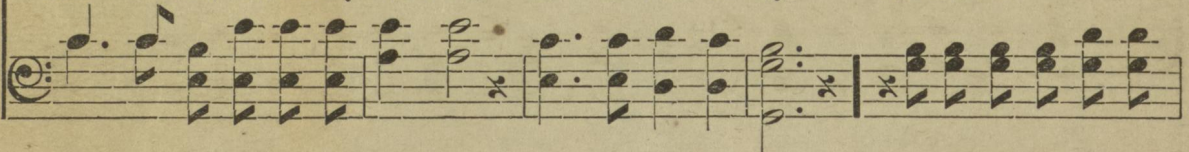


1. Hold a - loft the temp'rance ban - ner; Sound the bat - tle - cry!
2. Free - men, rise, your na - tion trem - bles 'Neath the de - mon's blight;
3. On, O free - men, to the res - cue, Save the friends you love;
4. Hold a - loft the temp'rance ban - ner, Let our land be free;

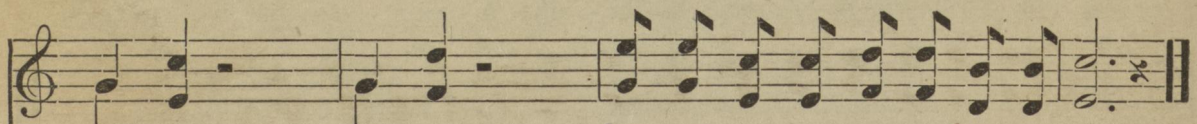
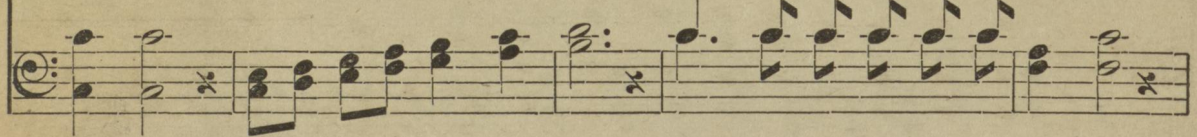


REFRAIN.

Rise! to arms our country res - cue, Stand not mutely by. Hold aloft the temp'rance
Ban-ish now the curse for - ev - er; Fight it with your might.
Shield our youth, bear high the banner, Val-iant soldier prove.
"Trust in God," our country's mot-to, On to vic - to - ry. Hold aloft



ban - ner. Be its folds un - furled; Let the bat - tle - cry of temp'rance,



Ech - o, ech - o, Ech - o, ech - o, Ech - o and re - ech - o thro' the world.

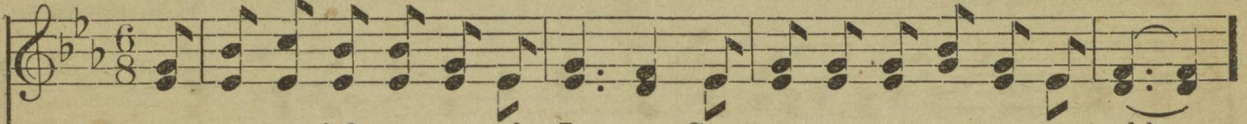


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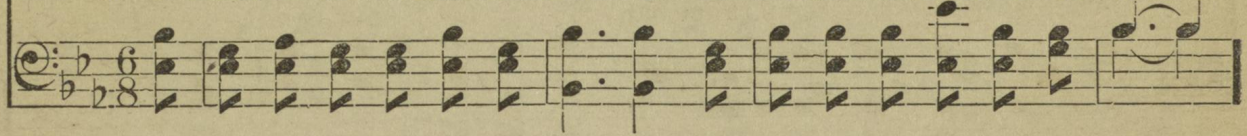
No. 209. THE BEAUTIFUL STORY OF JESUS.

Mrs. LAURA E. NEWELL.

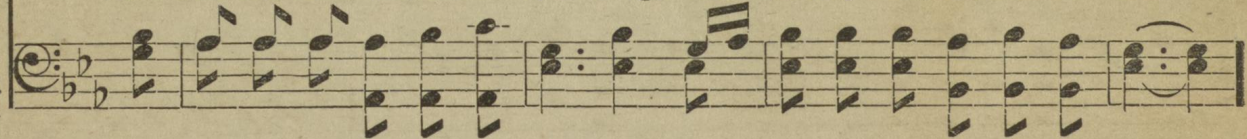
J. M. LOOPER.



1. The beau-ti-ful sto-ry of Je - sus Can nev-er, no nev-er grow old;
2. The beau-ti-ful sto-ry of Je - sus, Of Beth-le-hem, Cal-va - ry too,
3. And then when He waked from His slumber, How loving and meek was our Lord;
4. O child of His love, there is wait-ing A place in His pal-ace for thee!

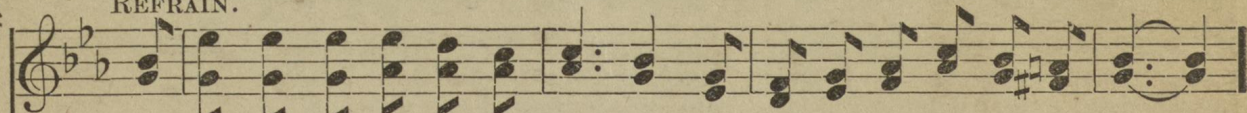


'T is new ev-'ry time that we hear it, And blesses the young and the old.
 His cross, on-ly think of His an-guish, And know He endur'd it for you.
 He lived and He died for His children, And holdeth the fi-nal re-ward.
 Just now hear His sweet accents pleading, "Come, weary one, come un-to Me."

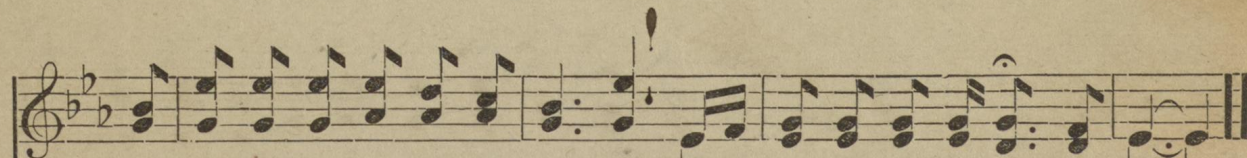
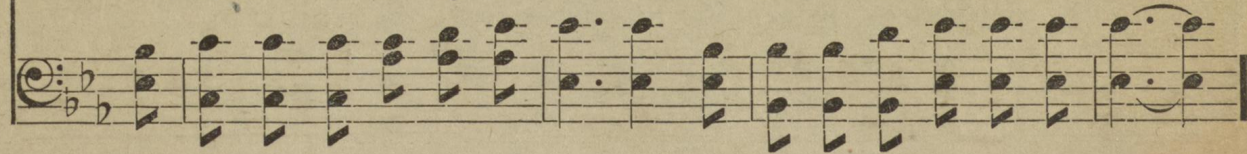


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REFRAIN.



The beau-ti - ful sto-ry of Je - sus, Our Saviour, the sinner's best friend;



He purchas'd salva-tion and par-don, And heav'n when life's jour-ney shall end.



FULLNESS OF CHRIST.

No. 210. CHRIST IS ALL IN ALL.

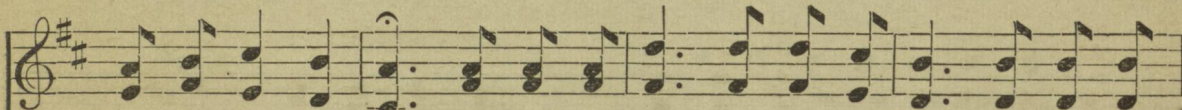
ANON.

Music and Refrain by E. ROBERTS.

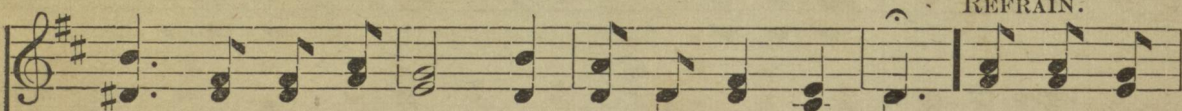
The verses may be sung as a Solo.



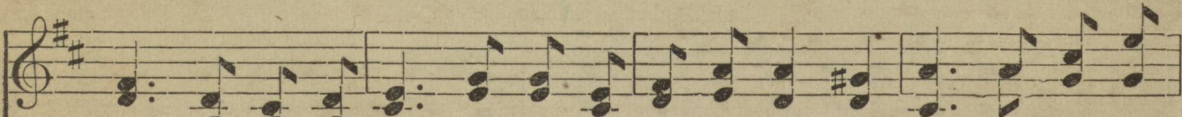
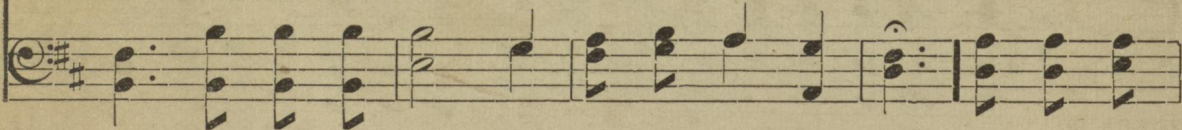
1. I entered once a home of care, For age and pen - u - ry were there, Yet
2. I saw the mar - tyr at the stake, The flame could not his courage shake, Nor
3. I saw the gos - pel her - ald go To Afric's sand and Greenland's snow, To
4. I dream'd that hoar - y time had fled, And earth and sea gave up their dead, And
5. Then come to Christ, oh, come to - day, The Fa - ther, Son, and Spir - it say, The



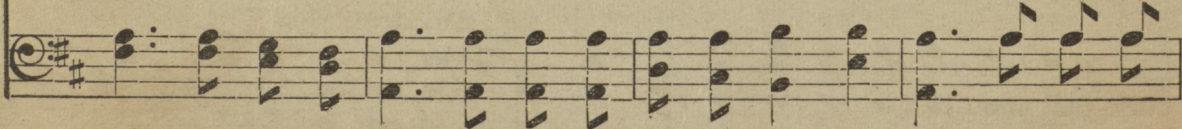
peace and joy with all; I asked the lone - ly moth - er whence Her help - less
death his soul ap - pall; I asked him whence his strength was giv'n, He look'd tri -
save from Sat - an's thrall; Nor home, nor life he count - ed dear, ' Midst wants and
fire dissolv'd this ball; I saw the glorious ransom'd throng, And heard the
Bride re - peats the call; For Christ will cleanse our guilty stains, His love will



wid - ow - hood's de - fence; She told me, "Christ was all." O hearts op -
umph - ant - ly to heaven, And answer'd "Christ is all."
per - ils owned no fear, He knew that Christ was all.
bur - den of their song, 'T was "Christ is all in all."
soothe your wea - ry pains, For "Christ is all in all."



pressed and sore a - fraid, Be not cast down nor yet dismayed; Look up in



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CHRIST IS ALL IN ALL.

faith, what-e'er be - fall, And know that Christ is all in all, All in

all, all in all, Know that Christ is all in all.
All in all, all in all, Know that Christ is all in all.

No. 211. COME TO JESUS JUST NOW.

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

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

- 2 He will save you.
- 3 Oh, believe Him.
- 4 He is able.
- 5 He is willing.
- 6 He'll receive you
- 7 Call upon Him.
- 8 He will hear you.

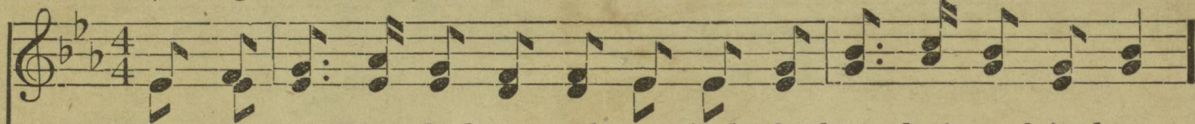
- 9 Look unto Him.
- 10 He'll forgive you.
- 11 Only trust Him.
- 12 Jesus loves you.
- 13 Do n't reject Him.
- 14 I believe Him.
- 15 Hallelujah, Amen.

RECOGNITION.

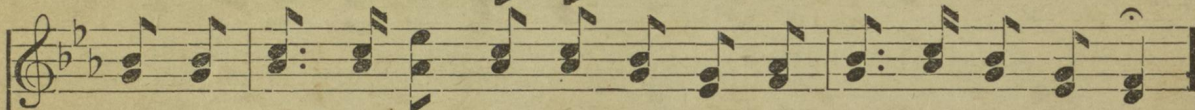
No. 212. WE SHALL KNOW EACH OTHER THERE.

C. E. B., arranged.

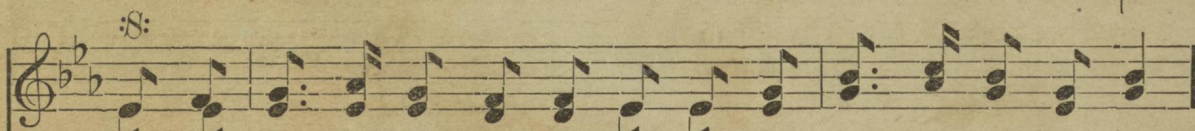
C. H. CRAWFORD.



1. When the ev-'ning shad-ows gath-er, And the long day's work is done;
2. Cher-ished forms who walk'd beside us, Down the aisles of by-gone years,
3. All the way they've walk'd beside us, Ev - er near us, though un-seen,
4. Hush, then, each re - bel-lious mur-mur, For we, too, are go - ing home,



When we reach the un-known country Out be - yond the set-ting sun:
How we watched them fade and van-ish, Thro' a mist of fall-ing tears;
Hid - den from our blind-ed vis-ion By the veil that fell be-tween;
There to find our household treasures, Nev - er - more a - gain to roam:



Af - ter all the wea - ry wait - ing, In their peace - ful rest to share,
Lov - ing voic - es hushed in si - lence, Join - ing now the an - gel band,
But when Je - sus bids us en - ter, Thro' the pearl - y por - tals wide,
Safe with - in our Fa - ther's man - sion, Clad in robes so bright and fair,



D.S. On the res - ur - rec - tion morn - ing, Free from toil and free from care,



No more need of an-guished part-ing—We shall know each oth-er there.
Sing - ing glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah, O - ver in the Beu - lah land.
They will be the first to meet us O - ver on the oth - er side.
Hymn - ing loud our hal - le - lu - jahs, We shall know each oth - er there.



With our tear-dimm'd eyes made per - fect, We shall know each oth - er there.

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WE SHALL KNOW EACH OTHER THERE.

REFRAIN.

We shall know, we shall know, We shall
sure - ly know, sure - ly know, We shall
know each oth - er bet - ter, We shall know each oth - er there;
D.S.

No. 213. Tune, **STANDING BY THE CROSS.**

With chorus No. 101 this book.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>1 Father, for Thy promised blessing,
Still we plead before Thy throne;
For the times of sweet refreshing,
Which can come from Thee alone.</p> | <p>3 Prayer ascendeth to Thee ever,
Answer, Father, answer prayer;
Bless, oh, bless each weak endeavor,
Blood-bought pardon to declare.</p> |
| <p>2 Blessed earnest Thou hast given,
But in these we would not rest;
Blessings still with Thee are hidden,
Pour them forth, and make us blest.</p> | <p>4 Give reviving, give refreshing,
Give the looked-for jubilee;
To Thyself may crowds be pressing,
Bringing glory unto Thee.</p> |

No. 214. Tune, **LENOX.**

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>1 Arise, my soul, arise;
Shake off thy guilty fears;
The bleeding sacrifice
In my behalf appears:
 : Before the throne my surety stands, :
My name is written on His hands.</p> | <p>3 The Father hears Him pray,
His dear anointed One;
He can not turn away
The presence of His Son;
 : His Spirit answers to the blood, :
And tells me I am born of God.</p> |
| <p>2 He ever lives above
For me to intercede,
His all-redeeming love,
His precious blood to plead;
 : His blood atoned for all our race; :
And sprinkles now the throne of grace.</p> | <p>4 My God is reconciled;
His pardoning voice I hear;
He owns me for His child;
I can no longer fear:
 : With confidence I now 'draw nigh, :
And "Father, Abba, Father," cry.</p> |

CHRISTIAN HOPE.

No. 215.

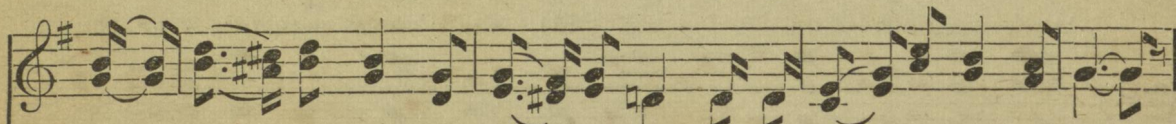
THE OPEN GATE.

Mrs. LIZZIE UNDERWOOD.

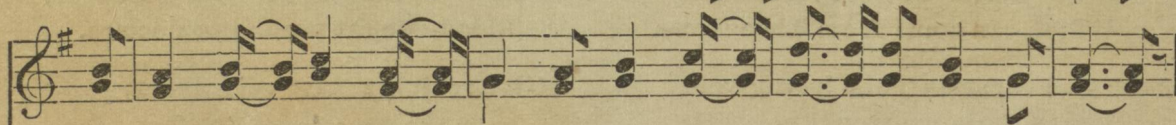
S. C. HANSON.



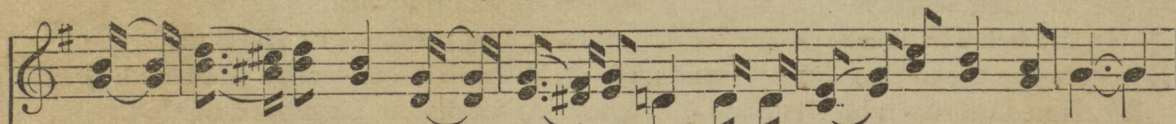
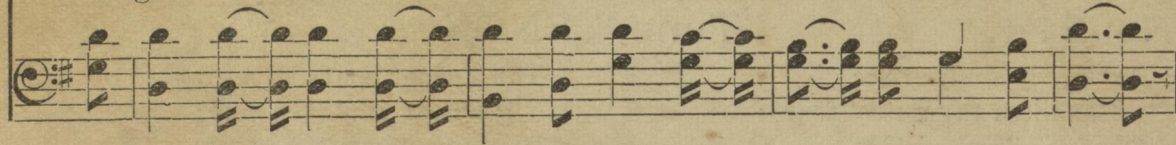
1. I've heard them sing a - gain and a-gain, Of a gate that stands a - jar,
2. A wel - come home at the o - pen gate, From a land of an - gels bright,
3. The sin - ner's Friend, as He reach - es down, With a Sav - iour's wondrous love,



Of a sun - ny clime, and gold - en plain, And a sin - less land a - far.
Do these for the ran - som'd spir - it wait, As it gains the land of light?
Who pre - pares a man - sion, robe, and crown, In His shin - ing courts a - bove,



But when I have past the chil - ly tide, To en - ter my home a - bove,
We may not know of the joy un - told, The bliss of the oth - er side,
Will gath - er His flock in - to the fold, — The fold be - yond the tide,



I be - lieve the gate will o - pen wide, On its gold - en hinge of love.
But when I come to the gate of gold, I be - lieve't will o - pen wide.
As they near the gate, the gate of gold, I be - lieve't will o - pen wide.



From "Living Gems," by permission of S. C. Hanson.

THE OPEN GATE.

It will o - pen wide, yes, o - pen wide, I'll pass thro' its por - tals free,
 And rest in peace on the oth - er side, It will o - pen wide for me.

No. 216.

WILMOT.

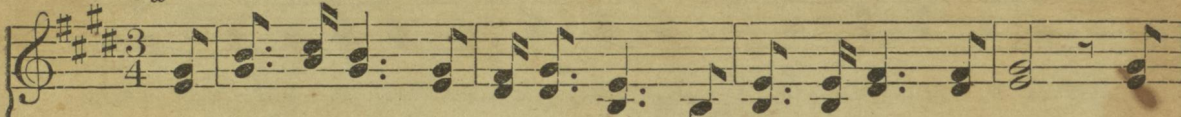
WEBER.

1. I would love Thee, God and Fa - ther! My Re - deem - er, and my King!
 2. I would love Thee; ev - 'ry bless - ing Flows to me from out Thy throne:
 3. I would love Thee; look up - on me, Ev - er guide me with Thine eye:
 I would love Thee; for, with - out Thee, Life is but a bit - ter thing.
 I would love Thee— he who loves Thee Nev - er feels him - self a - lone.
 I would love Thee; if not nour - ished By Thy love, my soul would die.

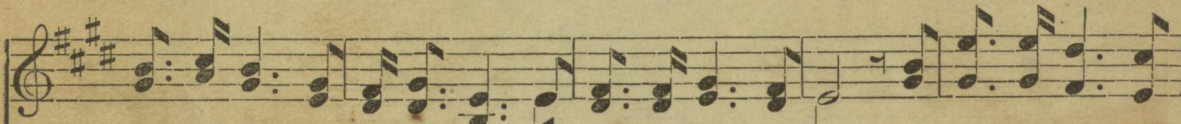
4 I would love Thee; may Thy brightness
 Dazzle my rejoicing eyes!
 I would love Thee; may Thy goodness
 Watch from heaven o'er all I prize.

5 I would love Thee, I have vowed it;
 On Thy love my heart is set:
 While I love Thee, I can never
 My Redeemer's blood forget.

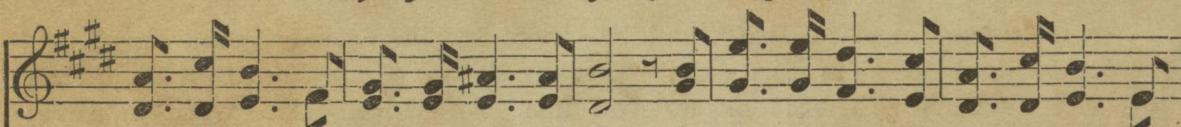
Effective as a Solo.



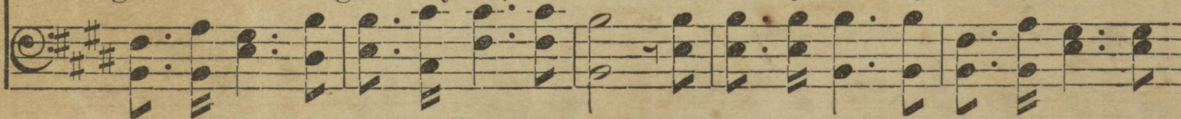
1. I sat a-lone at midnight hour, And watch'd the star-lit sky, And
2. "He's gone tho' now, far, far a - way, Per-haps in des - erts wild; O
3. "I fan - cy now I see his face, As fair as when a child; And
4. A - las ! dear friends, 't was but a dream, My mother 's here no more; She



dreamed I heard my mother say : " I wish my boy was nigh. I know not where he
God, to Thee, I pray to-night To keep my dis-tant child, No fath-er there to
he 's a full-grown man to-day, And true, and brave, but mild. A let - ter here says :
left this world of sin and pain For Canaan's hap-py shore. Lord, send some messen-



is tonight, He cross'd the trou-pled main ; But this I know, if life holds out, He 'll
guide him now, No brother with his cheer, No mother there to soothe his brow, No
'Mother, dear, No long-er I will roam ;' So now I stand and watch the gate, I
ger of love To guide my wayward feet, That I may meet my mother there, Who 's



REFRAIN.



wander back a-gain." "He 's coming home, O joy-ful tho't ! My boy no more will
sis-ter with her tear."
know he's com-ing home." 4th verse.
wait-ing at the gate. I'm going home, 't will not be long Ere I shall cease to



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THE WANDERER SOUGHT.

A DREAM OF HOME.

roam; A let-ter here, says : 'Mother, dear, I'm coming, com - ing home.' "

roam; And then I'll join redemption's song With mother, dear, at home.

No. 218. NOTHING BUT THE BLOOD OF JESUS.

Rev. R. LOWRY.

Rev. R. LOWRY, by per.

1. What can wash a-way my stain? Nothing but the blood of Je - sus; What can make me
2. For my cleansing this I see—Nothing but the blood of Je - sus; For my par-don
3. Noth-ing can for sin a-tone—Nothing but the blood of Je - sus; Naught of good that
4. This is all my hope and peace—Nothing but the blood of Je - sus; This is all my
5. Glo-ry! glo-ry! thus I sing—Nothing but the blood of Je - sus; All my praise for

REFRAIN.

whole a - gain? Nothing but the blood of Je - sus. Oh, precious is the flow
 this my plea—Nothing but the blood of Je - sus.
 I have done—Nothing but the blood of Je - sus.
 righteousness—Nothing but the blood of Je - sus.
 this I bring—Nothing but the blood of Je - sus.

That makes me white as snow; No oth-er fount I know, Nothing but the blood of Je - sus.

HEAVEN.

No. 219.

LITTLE WARRIORS.

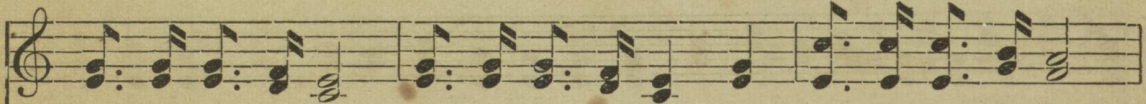
To the children of my class at Spring City, Tenn.

S. J. P.

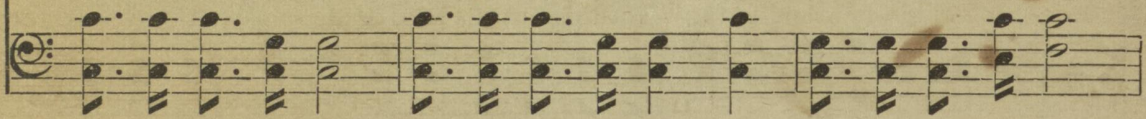
S. J. PERRY.



1. We are lit - tle trav-'lers, marching home to God, Walking in the path- way the
2. We are lit - tle sol-diers, batt'ling in the field, Hav-ing on our helmet and the
3. We are lit - tle sow-ers, sowing ev-'rywhere, Sowing seeds of kind-ness that the



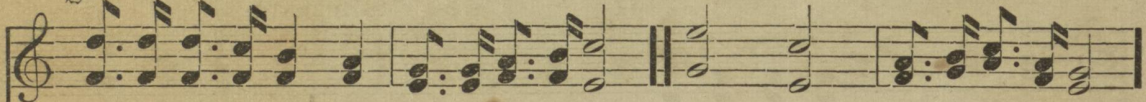
saint-ed father's trod; Watching, working, pray - ing, striv-ing ev - 'ry day,
 gos - pel sword and shield; Upward, onward marching, on for-ev - er-more,
 har-vest we may share; Then when life is end - ed, we may gar - ner in



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♩

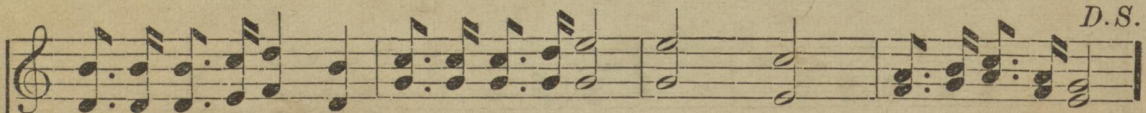
FINE. REFRAIN.



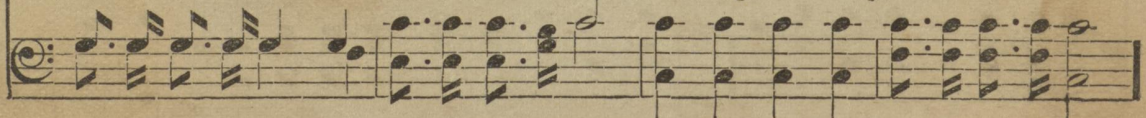
Nev-er to be straying from the narrow way. March - ing onward ev'ry day,
 Fighting for the Mas-ter, who has gone before.
 Sheaves, the fruit of la - bor, from the fields of sin, Marching, marching,



D.S. - In our Captain's name we'll conquer ev'ry foe.



Onward, ev-er on-ward, Onward to the fray; March - ing, fighting as we go;
 Marching, marching,



D.S.

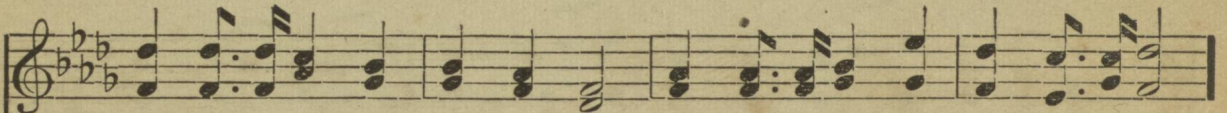
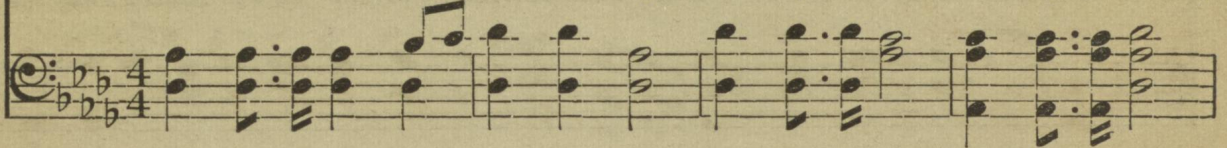
No. 220. TAKE UP THE CROSS.

AMANDA SMILEY.

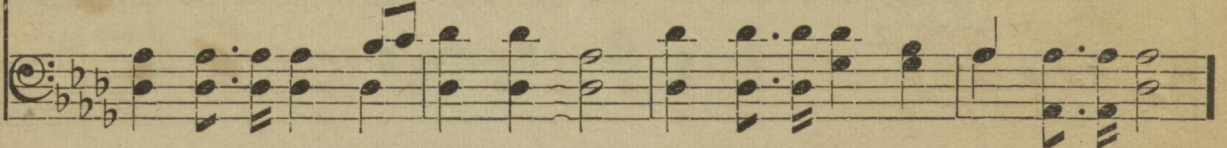
J. F. KING.



1. Hark! do you hear the Saviour's call? Take up the cross, take up the cross;
2. Friend, as you journey thro' this life, Cling to the cross, cling to the cross;
3. Je - sus is kind, why not o - bey? Take up the cross, take up the cross;



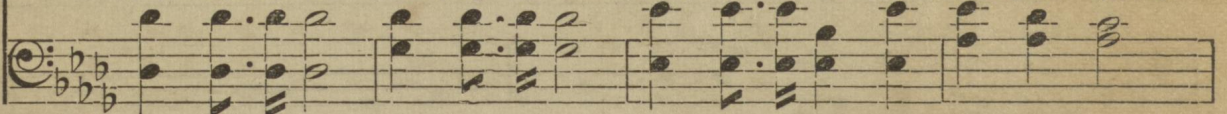
He is the dear-est friend of all, Take up the cross, Oh, take up the cross!
 It will suffice to con-quer strife, Cling to the cross, Oh, cling to the cross!
 Sure-ly He'll welcome you to - day, Take up the cross, Oh, take up the cross!



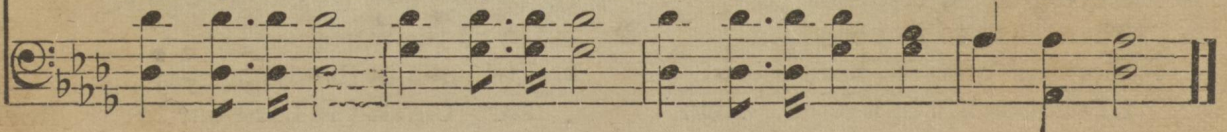
REFRAIN.



Take up the cross, take up the cross, Take up the cross and bear your part;
 Cling to the cross, cling to the cross, Cling to the cross and bear your part;
 Take up the cross, take up the cross, Take up the cross and bear your part;



Take up the cross, take up the cross, Take up the cross with will-ing heart.
 Cling to the cross, cling to the cross, Cling to the cross with trust-ing heart.
 Take up the cross, take up the cross, Take up the cross with will-ing heart.



Copyright, 1891, by A. J. Showalter.

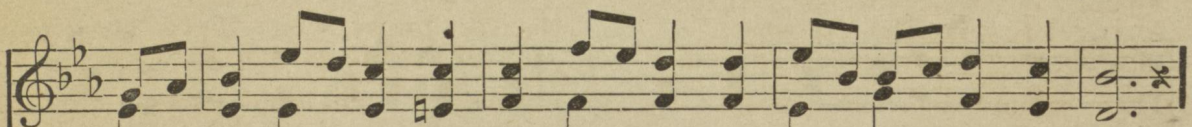
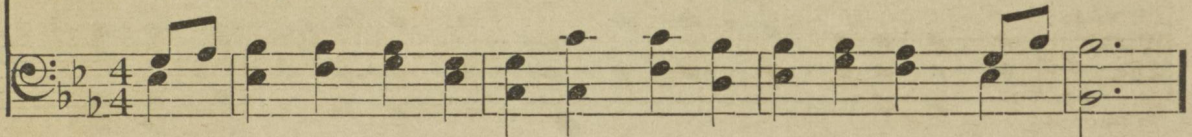
No. 221. REDEMPTION SONG.

MARTHA M. STOCKTON.

H. K. ZELLONGER.



1. God loved the world of sin - ners lost And ru - ined by the fall;
2. E'en now by faith I claim Him mine, The ris - en Son of God;
3. Love brings the glo - rious full - ness in, And to His saints makes known



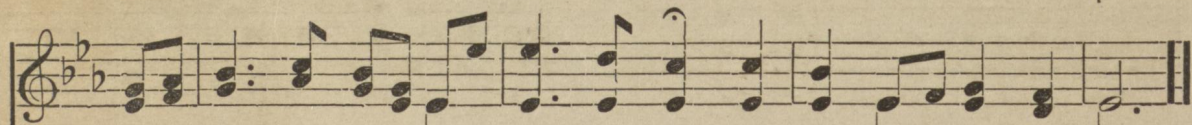
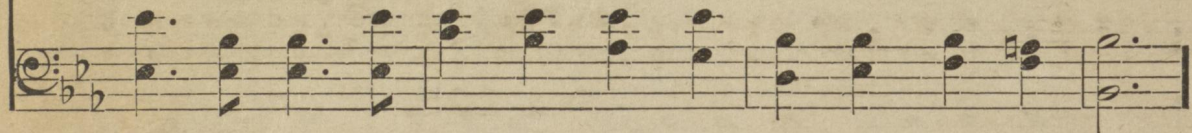
Sal - va - tion full at high - est cost, He of - fers free to all.
Re - demp - tion by His death I find, And cleans - ing thro' the blood.
The bless - ed rest from in - bred sin, Thro' faith in Christ a - lone.



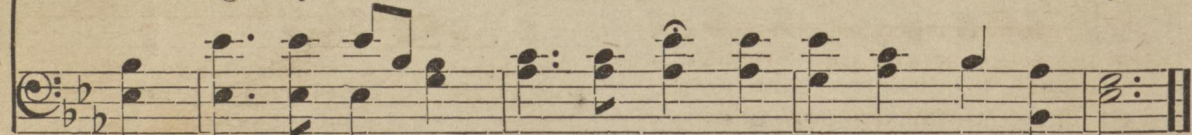
REFRAIN.



Oh, 't was love, 't was won - drous love! The love of God to me;



It brought my Sav - iour from a - bove, To die on Cal - va - ry.



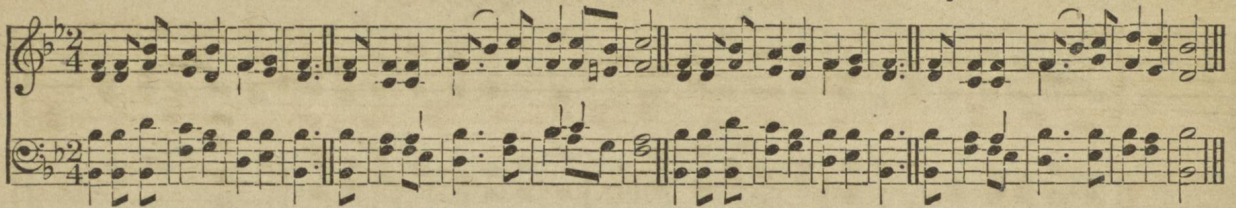
4 Believing souls, rejoicing go;
There shall to you be given
A glorious foretaste, here below,
Of endless life in heaven. REF.

5 Of victory now o'er Satan's power
Let all the ransomed sing,
And triumph in the dying hour
Thro' Christ the Lord our King. REF.

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WARD.

Arr. by LOWELL MASON.



No. 222.

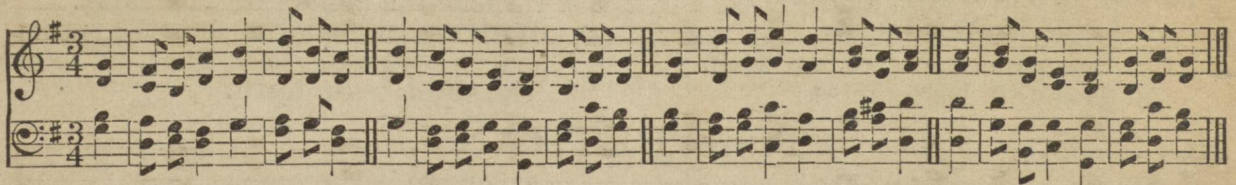
- 1 Lord, I am Thine, entirely Thine,
Purchased and saved by blood divine;
With full consent Thine I would be,
And own Thy sovereign right in me.
- 2 Grant one poor sinner more a place,
Among the children of Thy grace;
A wretched sinner, lost to God,
But ransomed by Immanuel's blood.
- 3 Thine would I live, Thine would I die,
Be Thine through all eternity;
The vow is past beyond repeal;
Now will I set the solemn seal.
- 4 Here, at that cross where flows the
blood
That bought my guilty soul for God,
Thee my new Master now I call,
And consecrate to Thee my all.

No. 223.

- 1 O Thou, my soul, forget no more
The Friend who all thy sorrows bore,
Let every idol be forgot,
But O my soul, forget Him not.
- 2 Renouncethy works and ways with grief,
And fly to this divine relief;
Nor Him forget, who left His throne,
And for thy life gave up His own.
- 3 Eternal truth and beauty shine
In Him, and He Himself is thine:
And canst thou, then, with sin beset,
Such charms, such matchless charms
forget?
- 4 O no: till life itself depart,
His name shall cheer and warm my heart;
And, lispng this, from earth I'll rise,
And join the chorus of the skies.

ROCKINGHAM.

DR. LOWELL MASON.



No. 224.

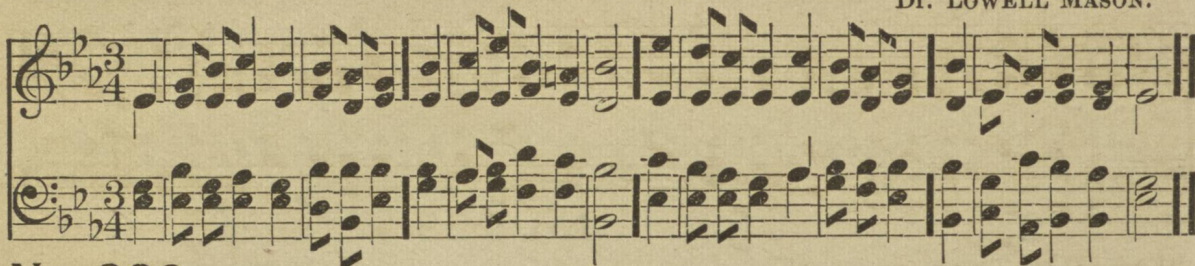
- 1 Come, gracious Lord, descend and dwell,
By faith and love, in every breast;
Then shall we know, and taste, and feel
The joys that cannot be expressed.
- 2 Come, fill our hearts with inward
strength,
Make our enlargéd souls possess,
And learn the height, and breadth, and
length
Of Thine eternal love and grace.
- 3 Now to the God whose power can do
More than our thoughts and wishes
know,
Be everlasting honors done, [Son.
By all the church, through Christ, His

No. 225.

- 1 What equal honors shall we bring
To Thee, O Lord our God, the Lamb,
When all the notes that angels sing
Are far inferior to Thy name?
- 2 Worthy is He who once was slain,
The Prince of Peace, who groaned
and died;
Worthy to rise, and live, and reign
At His almighty Father's side.
- 3 Blessings forever on the Lamb,
Who bore the curse for wretched
men:
Let angels sound His sacred name,
And every creature say, Amen!

DOWNNS.

Dr. LOWELL MASON.



No. 226.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>1 Jesus, the very thought of Thee,
With sweetness fills my breast;
But sweeter far Thy face to see,
And in Thy presence rest.</p> <p>2 Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame,
Nor can the memory find
A sweeter sound than Thy blest name,
O Saviour of mankind!</p> <p>3 O Hope of every contrite heart!
O Joy of all the meek!</p> | <p>To those who fall, how kind Thou art!
How good to those who seek!</p> <p>4 But what to those who find? Ah! this,
Nor tongue nor pen can show,
The love of Jesus, what it is,
None but His loved ones know.</p> <p>5 Jesus, our only joy be Thou,
As Thou our prize wilt be;
Jesus, be Thou our glory now,
And through eternity.</p> |
|---|--|

No. 227.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>1 Jesus! I love Thy charming name,
'Tis music to mine ear;
Fain would I sound it out so loud,
That earth and heaven should hear.</p> <p>2 Yes!—Thou art precious to my soul,
My transport and my trust;
Jewels, to Thee, are gaudy toys,
And gold is sordid dust.</p> <p>3 All my capacious powers can wish,
In Thee doth richly meet;</p> | <p>Not to mine eyes is light so dear,
Nor friendship half so sweet.</p> <p>4 Thy grace still dwells upon my heart,
And sheds its fragrance there;—
The noblest balm of all its wounds,
The cordial of its care.</p> <p>5 I'll speak the honors of Thy name,
With my last laboring breath; [arms,
Then, speechless, clasp Thee in mine
The antidote of death.</p> |
|---|--|

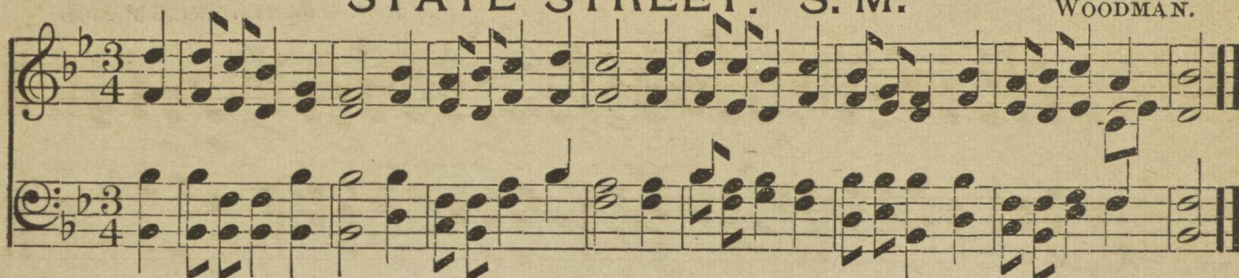
No. 228.

Tune, BETHANY.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>1 Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me;
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer my God to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!</p> <p>2 Though like the wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.</p> <p>3 There let the way appear
Steps unto heaven;
All that Thou send'st to me,
In mercy given;</p> | <p>Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.</p> <p>4 Then with my waking thoughts
Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.</p> <p>5 Or if on joyful wing
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upwards I fly,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee,</p> |
|--|---|

STATE STREET. S. M.

WOODMAN.



No. 229.

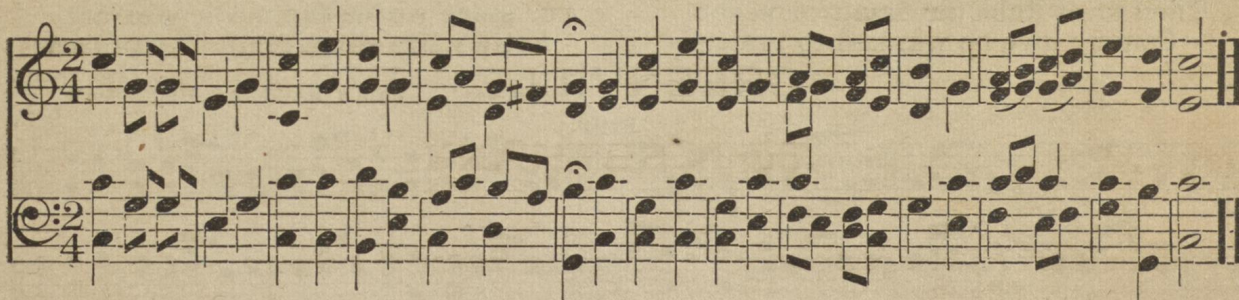
- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>1 Oh, bless the Lord, my soul!
His grace to thee proclaim;
And all that is within me join
To bless His holy name.</p> <p>2 Oh, bless the Lord, my soul!
His mercies bear in mind;
Forget not all His benefits;
The Lord to thee is kind.</p> | <p>3 He will not always chide;
He will with patience wait;
His wrath is ever slow to rise,
And ready to abate.</p> <p>4 He pardons all thy sins,
Prolongs thy feeble breath;
He healeth thy infirmities,
And ransoms thee from death.</p> |
|---|---|

No. 230.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>1 A charge to keep I have,
A God to glorify,
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky.</p> <p>2 To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfill—
Oh, may it all my powers engage
To do my Master's will.</p> | <p>3 Arm me with jealous care,
As in Thy sight to live,
And oh, Thy servant, Lord, prepare
A strict account to give.</p> <p>4 Help me to watch and pray,
And on Thyself rely,
Assured, if I my trust betray
I shall forever die.</p> |
|---|--|

SILVER STREET. S. M.

I. SMITH.



No. 231.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>1 Come, sound His praise abroad,
And hymns of glory sing:
Jehovah is the sovereign God,
The universal King.</p> <p>2 He formed the deeps unknown;
He gave the seas their bound;
The watery worlds are all His own,
And all the solid ground.</p> | <p>3 Come, worship at His throne,
Come, bow before the Lord;
We are His work, and not our own,
He formed us by His word.</p> <p>4 To-day attend His voice,
Nor dare provoke His rod;
Come, like the people of His choice,
And own your gracious God.</p> |
|---|--|

No. 232.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>1 Thy name, almighty Lord,
Shall sound through distant lands;
Great is Thy grace, and sure Thy word,
Thy truth for ever stands.</p> | <p>2 Far be Thine honor spread,
And long Thy praise endure,
Till morning light and evening shade
Shall be exchanged no more.</p> |
|--|--|

NETTLETON.

Rev. ASAHEL NETTLETON. D.C.



No. 233.

- 1 Come, thou Fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing Thy grace;
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise:
Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above;
Praise the mount, I'm fixed upon it,
Mount of God's unchanging love.
- 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 rescue me from danger,
Interposed His precious blood.
- 3 Oh, to grace how great a debtor,
Daily I'm constrained to be:
Let that grace now, 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, oh, take and seal it,
Seal it from Thy courts above.

No. 234.

- 1 Lord, with glowing heart I'd praise Thee
For the bliss Thy love bestows,
For the pardoning grace that saves me,
And the peace that from it flows.
Help, O God, my weak endeavor,
This dull soul to rapture raise;
Thou must light the flame, or never
Can my love be warmed to praise.

- 2 Lord, this bosom's ardent feeling
Vainly would my lips express!
Low before Thy footstool kneeling,
Deign Thy suppliant's prayer to bless.
Let Thy grace, my soul's chief treasure,
Love's pure flame within me raise;
And since words can never measure,
Let my life show forth Thy praise.

GREENVILLE.

JEAN JACQUES ROUSSEAU. D.C.



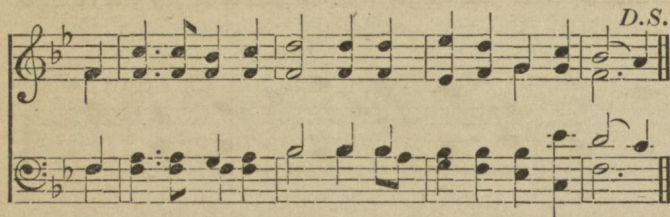
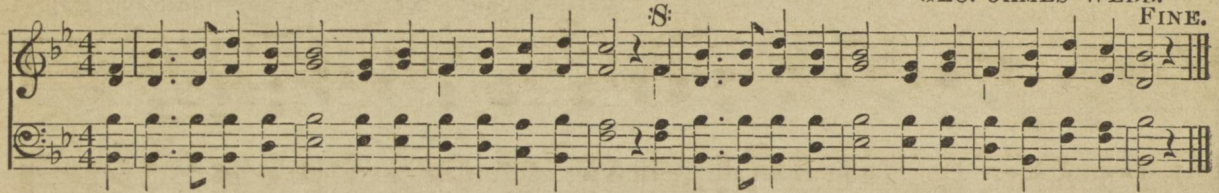
No. 235.

- 1 Saviour, visit Thy plantation!
Grant us, Lord, a gracious rain:
All will come to desolation,
Unless Thou return again.
Keep no longer at a distance,
Shine upon us from on high,
Lest, for want of Thine assistance,
Every plant should droop and die.
- 2 Once, O Lord, Thy garden flourished;
Every part looked gay and green;
Then Thy word our spirits nourished:
Happy seasons we have seen.

- But a drought has since succeeded,
And a sad decline we see:
Lord, Thy help is greatly needed:
Help can only come from Thee.
- 3 Let our mutual love be fervent:
Make us prevalent in prayers;
Let each one esteemed Thy servant
Shun the world's bewitching snares.
Break the tempter's fatal power,
Turn the stony heart to flesh,
And begin from this good hour
To revive Thy work afresh.

WEBB.

GEO. JAMES WEBB.



No. 236.

1 The morning light is breaking,
The darkness disappears;
The sons of earth are waking
To penitential tears:
Each breeze that sweeps the ocean
Brings tidings from afar
Of nations in commotion
Prepared for Zion's war.

2 See heathen nations bending
Before the God we love,
And thousand hearts ascending
In gratitude above;
While sinners, now confessing,
The gospel call obey,
And seek the Saviour's blessing,—
A nation in a day,

3 Blest river of salvation!
Pursue thine onward way;
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy richness stay:
Stay not till all the lowly
Triumphant reach their home:
Stay not till all the holy
Proclaim—"The Lord is come."

No. 237.

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

Put on the gospel armor,
Each piece put on with prayer;
Where duty calls, or danger,
Be never wanting there.

2 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
Stand in His strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you,
Ye dare not trust your own;

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

No. 238.

1 Now be the Gospel banner
In every land unfurled,
And be the shout "Hosanna!"
Reëchoed through the world:
Till every isle and nation,
Till every tribe and tongue,
Receive the great salvation,
And join the happy throng.

Ride on, O Lord, victorious,
Immanuel, Prince of peace;
Thy triumph shall be glorious,
Thine empire still increase.

2 What though th' embattled legions
Of earth and hell combine?
His power, throughout their regions,
Shall soon resplendent shine;

3 Yes, Thou shalt reign for ever,
O Jesus, King of kings:
Thy light, Thy love, Thy favor,
Each ransomed captive sings.
The isles for Thee are waiting,
The deserts learn Thy praise,
The hills and valleys greeting,
The song responsive raise.

MISCELLANEOUS.

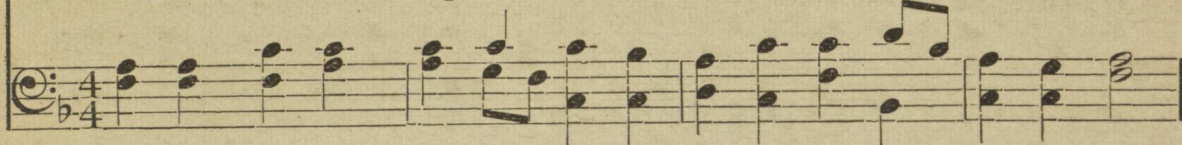
No. 239.

GUIDE.

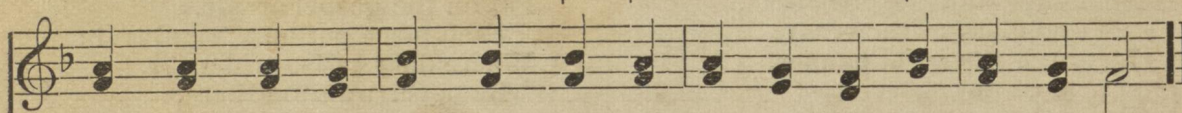
Welsh Melody. Arr. and harmonized by E. R.



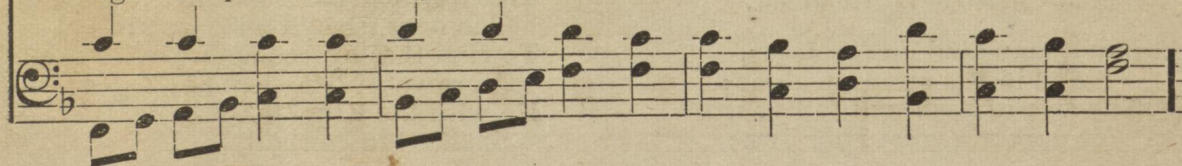
1. Guide me, O Thou great Je - ho-vah, Pil-grim thro' this bar - ren land;
2. O - pen Thou the crys - tal foun-tain, Whence the heal-ing wa-ters flow;
3. When I tread the verge of Jor-dan, Bid the swell-ing stream di-vide;



I am weak but Thou art might-y, Hold me with Thy powerful hand;
 Let the fier - y, cloud - y pil - lar, Lead me all my jour-ney through;
 Death of death, and hell's de - struc-tion, Land me safe on Ca-naan's side;



Bread of heav - en, Bread of heav - en, Feed me till I want no more,
 Strong De - liv - erer, Strong De - liv - erer, Be Thou still my strength and shield.
 Songs of prais - es, Songs of prais - es, I will ev - er give to Thee.



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No. 240.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>1 Saviour, through the desert lead us,
 Without Thee we cannot go;
 Thou from cruel chains hast freed us,
 Thou hast lain the tyrant low:
 Let Thy presence
 Cheer us all our journey through.</p> | <p>3 When we hunger, Thou wilt feed us,
 Manna shall our camp surround;
 Faint and thirsty, Thou wilt feed us;
 Streams shall from the rock abound:
 Happy Israel,
 What a Saviour thou hast found!</p> |
| <p>2 When we halt, no track discovering,
 Fearful lest we go astray,
 O'er our path the pillar hovering,
 Fire by night, and cloud by day,
 Shall direct us:
 Thus we shall not miss our way.</p> | <p>4 When our foes in arms assemble,
 Ready to obstruct our way,
 Suddenly their hearts shall tremble,
 Thou wilt strike them with dismay;
 And Thy people,
 Led by Thee, shall win the day.</p> |

No. 241.

ITALIAN HYMN.

FELIX GIARDINI.

1. Come Thou al - might - y King, Help us Thy name to sing,
 2. Come, Thou in - car - nate word, Gird on Thy might - y sword;
 3. Come, Ho - ly Com - fort - er, Thy sa - cred wit - ness bear,
 4. To the great One in Three, The high - est prais - es be,

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

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

No. 242.

Tune, TOPLADY.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>1 Rock of Ages, cleft for me!
 Let me hide myself in Thee;
 Let the water and the blood,
 From Thy wounded side that flowed,
 Be of sin the double cure;
 Cleanse me from its guilt and power.</p> <p>2 Not the labor of my hands
 Can fulfill the law's demands;
 Could my zeal no respite know,
 Could my tears forever flow,
 This for sin could not atone,
 Thou must save, and Thou alone.</p> | <p>3 Nothing in my hand I bring,
 Simply to Thy cross I cling;
 Naked, come to Thee for dress,
 Helpless, look to Thee for grace,
 Vile, I to the fountain fly,
 Wash me, Saviour, or I die!</p> <p>4 While I draw this fleeting breath,
 When my eyelids close in death,
 When I soar to worlds unknown,
 See Thee on Thy judgment-throne,
 Rock of Ages, cleft for me!
 Let me hide myself in Thee.</p> |
|--|---|

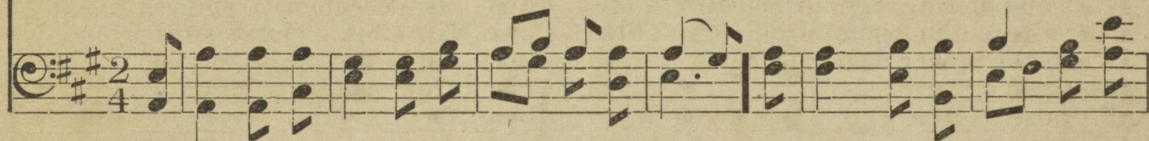
CHRISTIAN ASSURANCE.

No. 243. PORTUGUESE HYMN.

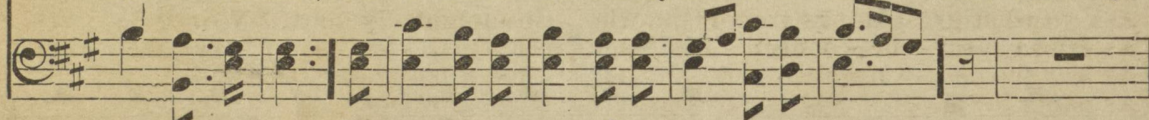
JOHN READING.



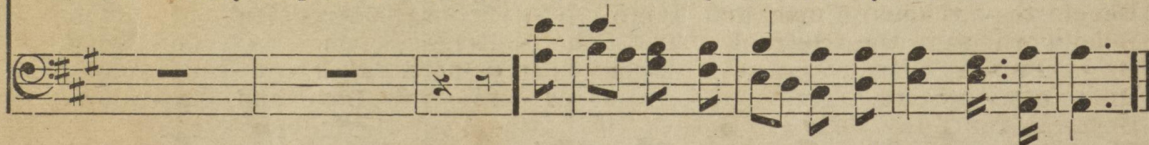
1. How firm a foun - da - tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your faith in His
2. "Fear not, I am with thee, oh, be not dis - mayed, For I am thy God, and will
3. "When thro' the deep wa - ters I call thee to go, The riv - ers of woe shall not



ex - cel - lent word ! What more can He say than to you He hath said, You who un - to
still give thee aid ; I 'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand, Up - held by My
thee o - ver - flow ; For I will be with thee thy trou - ble to bless. And sanc - ti - fy



Je - sus for ref - uge have fled? You who un - to Je - sus for ref - uge have fled?
right - eous, om - nip - o - tent hand, Up - held by My right - eous, om - nip - o - tent hand.
to thee thy deep - est dis - tress, And sanc - ti - fy to thee thy deep - est dis - tress.



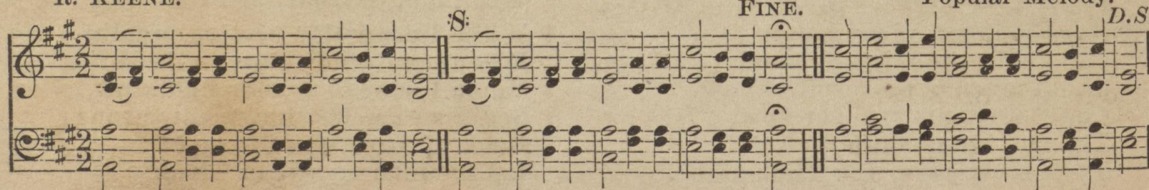
- 4 "When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,
My grace all-sufficient shall be thy supply ;
The flame shall not hurt thee : I only design
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.
- 5 "The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,
I will not — I will not desert to his foes ;
That soul — tho' all hell should endeavor to shake,
I 'll never — no, never — no, never forsake !"

Old Tune.

R. KEENE.

PROTECTION.

Popular Melody.



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