

For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him, should not perish, but have everlasting life. For God sent not his Son into the world to condemn the world, but that the world through him might be saved.

—John iii. 16, 17.

# TEMPLE SONGS:

COMPRISING THE

HYMNS AND MUSIC

OF

“Temple Themes, etc”

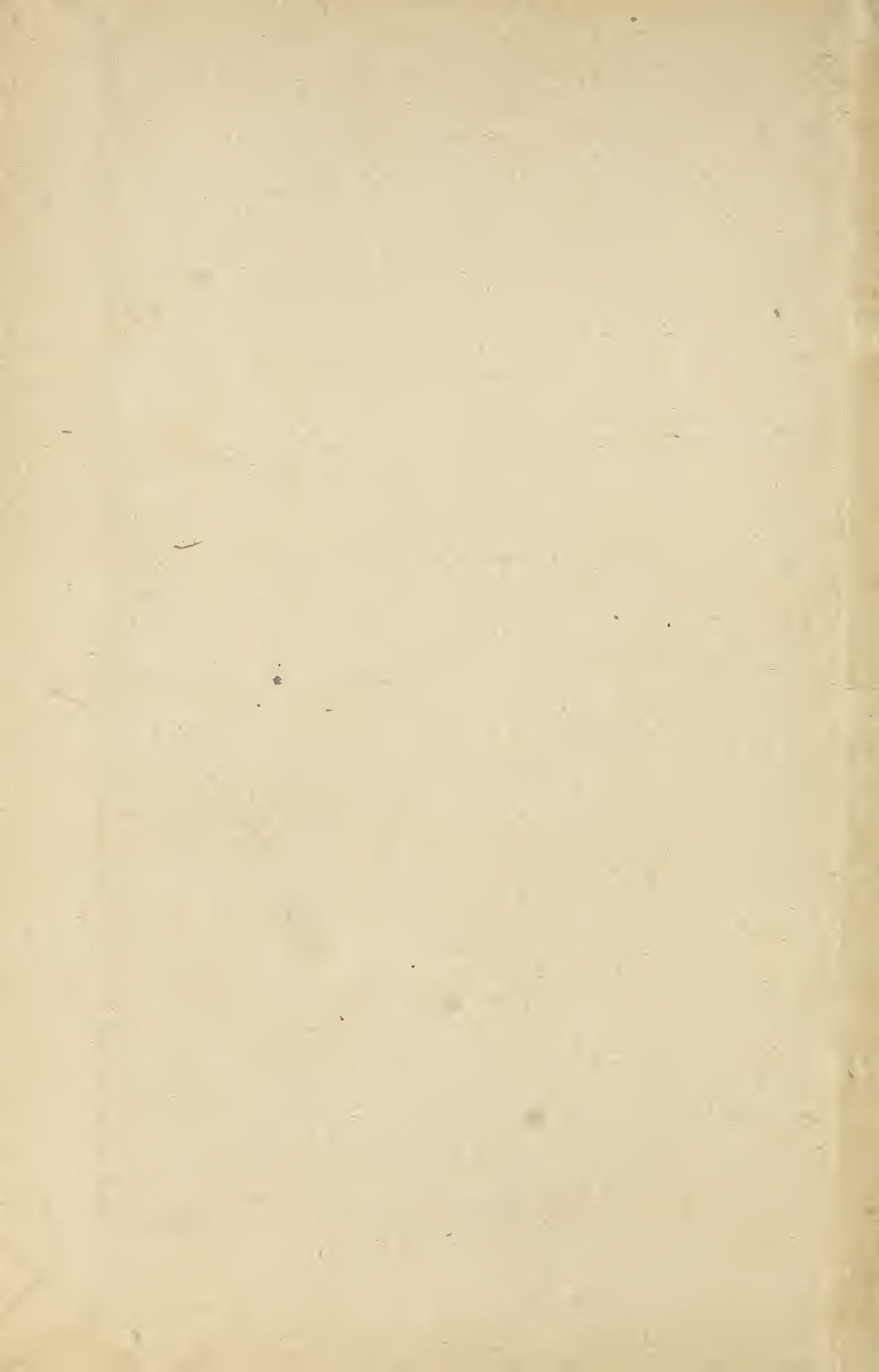
BY


CHARLES H. YATMAN.

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# TEMPLE SONGS

SELECTED BY

CHARLES H. YATMAN.

MUSICAL EDITORS :

JNO. R. SWENEY AND WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

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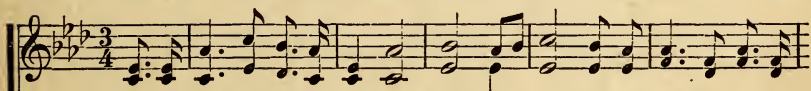


# TEMPLE · SONGS

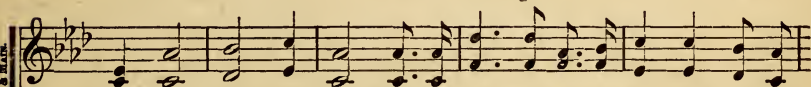
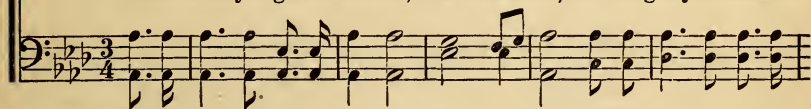
## Hide Thou Me.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

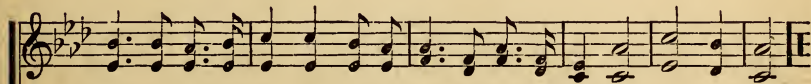
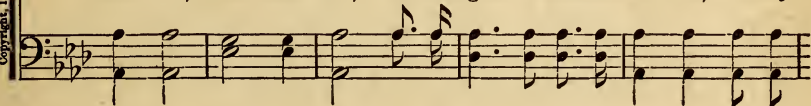
"Thou art my hiding place."—Ps. xxxii. 7. ROBERT LOWRY. By per.



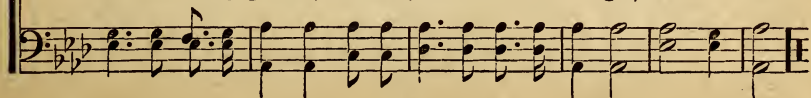
1. In thy cleft, O Rock of a - ges, Hide thou me ; When the fitful tempest
2. From the snare of sinful pleasure, Hide thou me ; Thou, my soul's eternal
3. In the lonely night of sorrow, Hide thou me ; Till in glory dawns the



ra - ges, Hide thou me ; Where no mortal arm can sev - er From my  
trea - sure, Hide thou me ; When the world its power is wielding, And my  
mor - row, Hide thou me ; In the sight of Jordan's bil - low, Let thy



heart thy love forev - er, Hide me, O thou Rock of a - ges, Safe in thee.  
heart is almost yielding, Hide me, O thou Rock of a - ges, Safe in thee.  
bo - som be my pillow ; Hide me, O thou Rock of a - ges, Safe in thee.







# Abiding.

Rev. E. H. STOKES, D.D.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. My soul for light and love had earnest longings, Oh, how it longed for  
2. Oh, how en-riching is this sacred treasure! En-riching to this  
3. Oh, yes, I rest, how blessed is the rest-ing! I rest to-day, I'm

fellowship di-vine! I sought it here and there, I sought it ev'rywhere, At  
soul, this soul of mine; There's nothing any where Can with this love compare, And  
resting all the time; "Come," echoes thro' the air, "Come," and the resting share, And

CHORUS.

last, thro' faith, the holy boon was mine. I'm a-bid-ing, gracious  
I henceforth, for-ev-er, Lord, am thine.  
Je-sus will be yours as he is mine.

Sav-iour, I'm a-bid-ing in thy precious love to-day; I'm a-

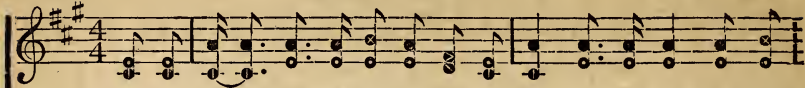
bid-ing, yes, a-bid-ing In thy love, thy precious love, to-day.

## Behold the Bridegroom.

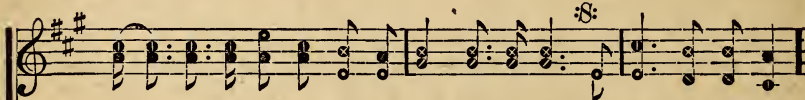
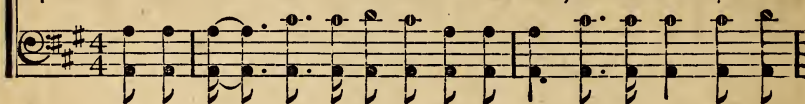
"And at midnight there was a cry made, Behold, the bridegroom cometh: go ye out to meet him."—Matt. xxv. 6.

R. E. H.

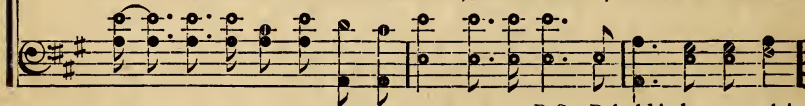
R. E. HUDSON.



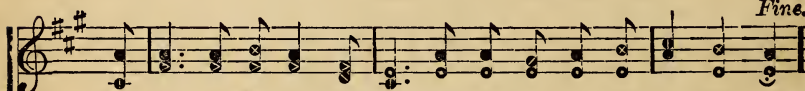
1. Are you ready for the Bridegroom When he comes, when he comes? Are you
2. Have your lamps trimm'd and burning When he comes, when he comes; Have your
3. We will all go out to meet him When he comes, when he comes; We will
4. We will chant al - le - lu - ias When he comes, when he comes; We will



ready for the Bridegroom When he comes, when he comes, Behold! he cometh!  
lamps trimm'd and burning When he comes, when he comes, He quickly cometh!  
all go out to meet him When he comes, when he comes; He surely cometh!  
chant al - le - lu - ias When he comes, when he comes; Lo! now he cometh!

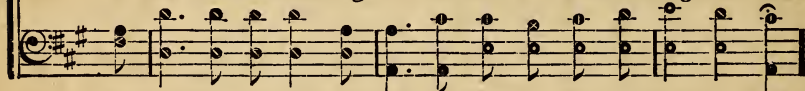


D.S.—Behold! he cometh!



Fine.

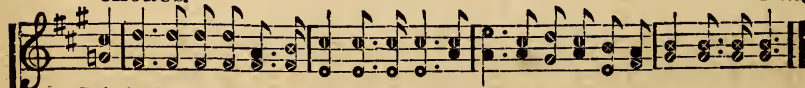
be - hold! he cometh! Be robed and read - y, for the Bridegroom comes.  
he quick - ly cometh, O soul, be read - y when the Bridegroom comes  
he sure - ly cometh! We'll go to meet him when the Bridegroom comes.  
lo! now he cometh! Sing al - le - lu - ia! for the Bridegroom comes.



be - hold! he cometh! Be robed and read - y, for the Bridegroom comes.

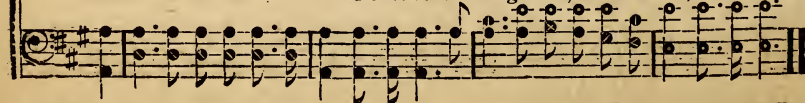
CHORUS.

D.S.



Behold the Bridegroom, for he comes, for he comes!

Behold the Bridegroom, for he comes, for he comes

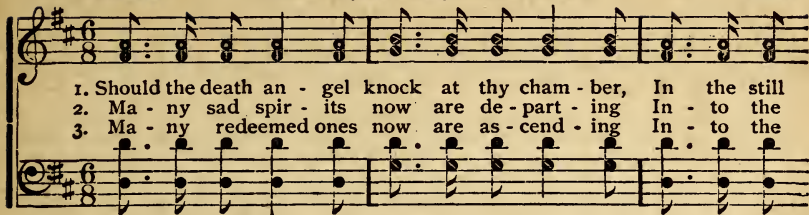


# Say, are You Ready?

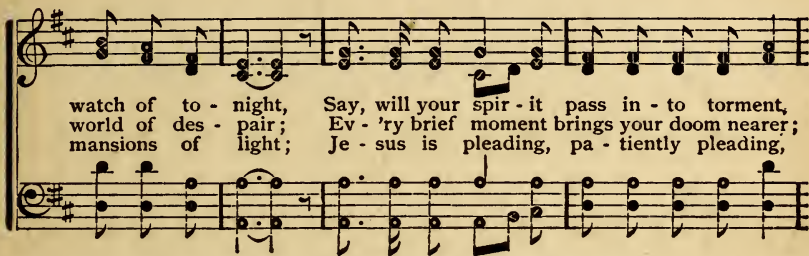
A. S. KIEFFER.

"Therefore be ye also ready."—Matt. xxiv. 44.

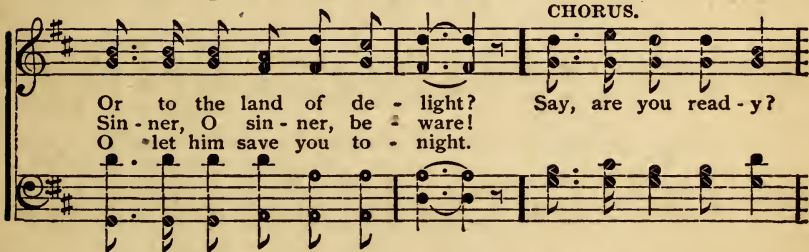
T. C. O'KANE.



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

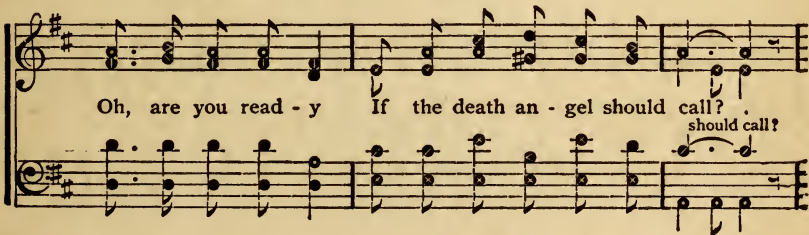


watch of to - night, Say, will your spir - it pass in - to torment,  
world of des - pair; Ev - 'ry brief moment brings your doom nearer;  
mansions of light; Je - sus is pleading, pa - tiently pleading,

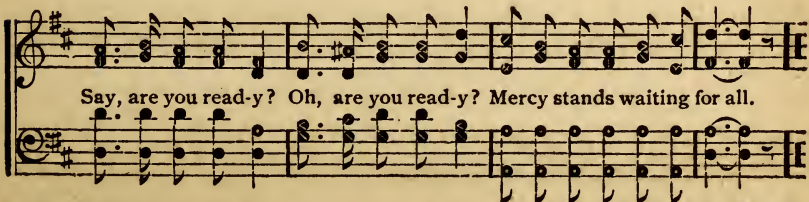


CHORUS.

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



Oh, are you read - y If the death an - gel should call?  
should call?



Say, are you read - y? Oh, are you read - y? Mercy stands waiting for all.

# Always Abounding.

"Always abounding in the work of the Lord."—1 Cor. xv. 58.

E. A. BARNES.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Be earnest, my brothers, in word and in deed, Be active in reaping and  
 2. Be ready, my brothers, his call to o-bey, In seeking the erring and  
 3. Be zealous, my brothers, the light to extend, And unto all nations the

sow- ing the seed; And thus in the vineyard, with Je- sus to lead, Be  
 show- ing the way; And thus as his servants, remem- ber, we pray, Be  
 gos- pel to send; And thus, till the harvest in glo- ry shall end, Be

## REFRAIN.

always abounding in the work of the Lord. Be always abounding in the

work of the Lord, Be always abounding in the work of the Lord; Be earnest, be

active, re-lying on his word, Be always abounding in the work of the Lord.

# One more Day.

FRANK GOULD.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. One more day its twilight brings, One more day its shadow  
 2. One more day of conflict passed, One more vic - t'ry gained at  
 3. One more day of reaping o'er, One more sheaf to crown our  
 4. Saviour, when as now we rest, Leaning, trust - ing on thy

flings; One sweet hour of grate-ful prayer, Calling to  
 last; One sweet hour in praise to spend, While at a  
 store; One sweet hour to bathe the soul Here in the  
 breast, We shall cross the nar - row sea Still may we

CHORUS.

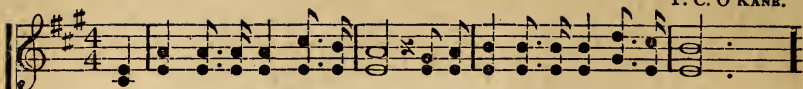
rest . . . from toil and care. One day near - - er the land of  
 throne . . . of grace we bend.  
 streams . . . of joy that roll.  
 sing, . . . inspired by thee:—

song, One day near - er the white-robed throng; There at the

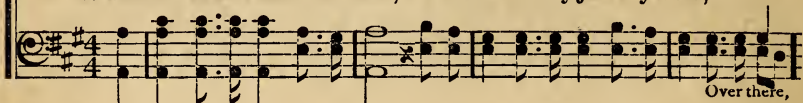
gate they watch and wait For a meeting that shall last forever.  
 they watch and wait,

## Over There.

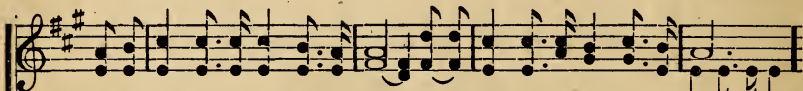
T. C. O'KANE.



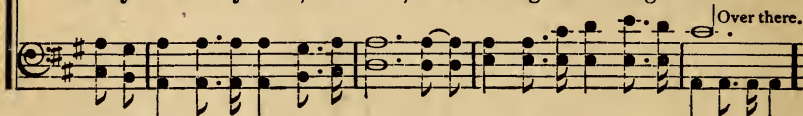
1. O, think of a home over there, By the side of the river of light,
2. O, think of the friends over there, Who before us the journey have trod,
3. My Saviour is now over there, There my kindred and friends are at rest;
4. I'll soon be at home over there, For the end of my journey I see;



Over there,



Where the saints all immortal and fair, Are robed in their garments of white.  
 Of the songs that they breathe on the air, In their home in the palace of God.  
 Then away from my sorrow and care, Let me fly to the land of the blest.  
 Many dear to my heart, over there, Are watching and waiting for me.



Over there.

## REFRAIN.

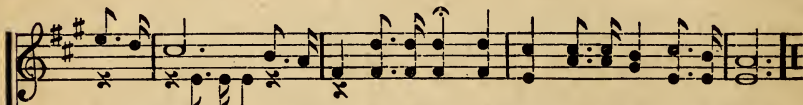
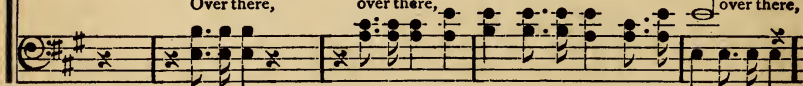


O- ver there,	o- ver there,	O, think of a home over there,
O- ver there,	o- ver there,	O, think of the friends over there,
O- ver there,	o- ver there,	My Saviour is now o- ver there,
O- ver there,	o- ver there,	I'll soon be at home over there,

Over there,

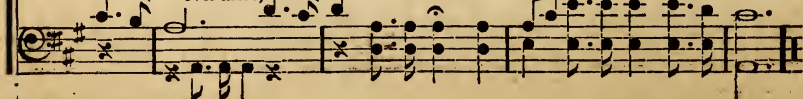
over there,

over there,



O- ver there,	over there, over there,	O, think of a home over there.
O- ver there,	over there, over there,	O, think of the friends over there.
O- ver there,	over there, over there,	My Saviour is now over there.
O- ver there,	over there, over there,	I'll soon be at home over there.

over there,

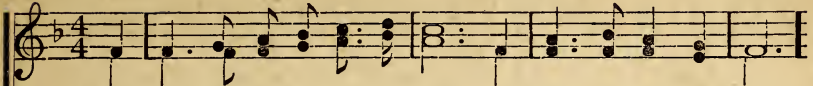


# The Half was Never Told.

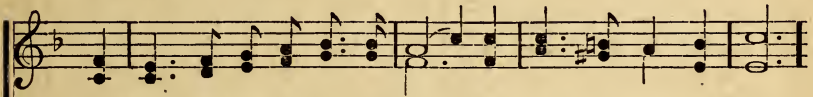
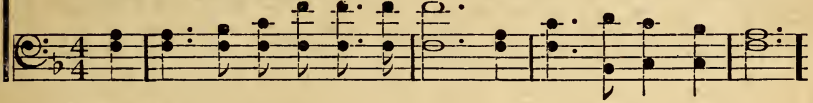
P. P. B.

"Behold, the half was not told."—Kings x. 7.

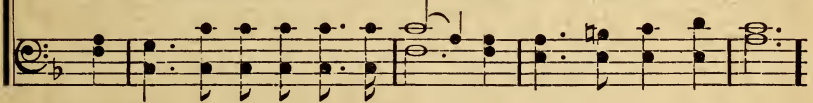
P. P. BLISS.



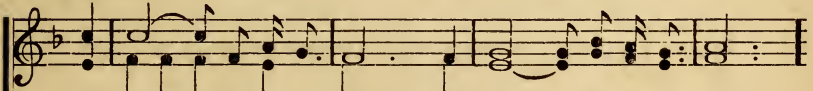
1. Re - peat the sto - ry o'er and o'er, Of grace so full and free;
2. Of peace I on - ly knew the name, Nor found my soul its rest
3. My high - est place is ly - ing low At my Redeem - er's feet;
4. And oh, what rapture will it be With all the host a - bove,



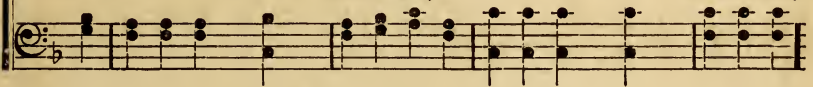
I love to hear it more and more, Since grace has res - cued me.  
Un - til the sweet - voiced angel came To sooth my wea - ry breast.  
No re - al joy in life I know, But in his ser - vice sweet.  
To sing through all e - ter - ni - ty The won - ders of his love!



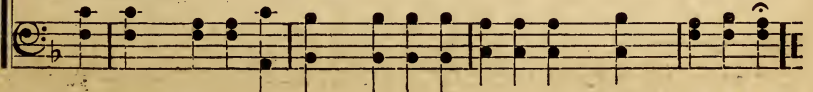
## CHORUS.



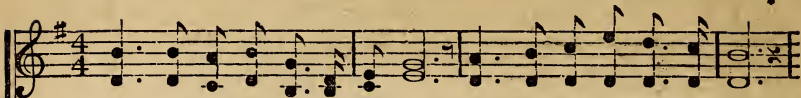
The half was never told, The half was never told,  
nev - er told, nev - er told,



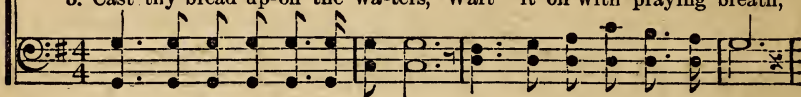
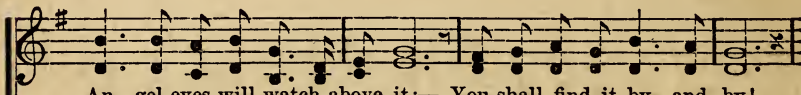
1. Of grace divine, so wonder - ful, The half was never told.
  2. Of peace, etc.
  3. Of joy, etc.
  4. Of love, etc.
- nev - er told.




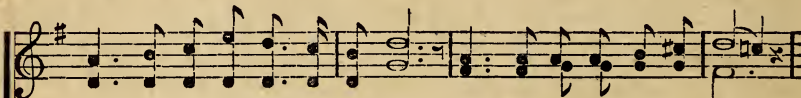
## Cast thy Bread upon the Waters.



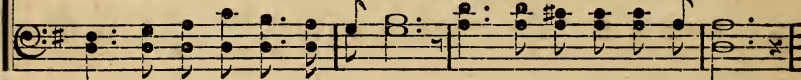
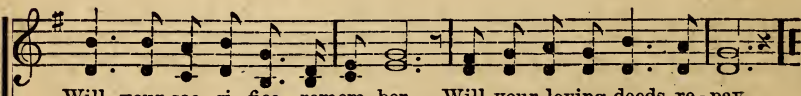
1. Cast thy bread up-on the wa-ters, Ye who have but scant supply,  
 2. Cast thy bread up-on the wa-ters, Poor and weary, worn with care,—  
 3. Cast thy bread up-on the wa-ters, Ye who have a-bundant store;  
 4. Cast thy bread up-on the wa-ters, Far and wide your treasures strew,  
 5. Cast thy bread up-on the wa-ters, Waft it on with praying breath,

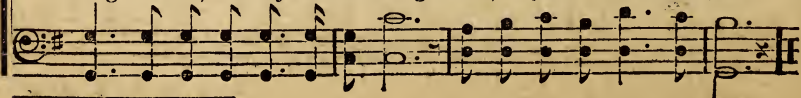
An - gel eyes will watch above it;— You shall find it by and by!  
 Oft - en sitting in the shadow, Have you not a crumb to spare?  
 It may float on man-y-a bil-low, It may strand on many-a shore;  
 Scat - ter it with willing fin-gers, Shout for joy to see it go!  
 In some distant, doubtful moment It may save a soul from death;

He who in his righteous balance Doth each human ac-tion weigh  
 Can you not to those around you Sing some lit-tle song of hope,  
 You may think it lost for-ev-er, But, as sure as God is true,  
 For if you do close-ly keep it, It will on-ly drag you down;  
 When you sleep in solemn silence, 'Neath the morn and evening dew,

Will your sac-ri-fice remem-ber, Will your loving deeds re-pay.  
 As you look with longing vision Thro' faith's mighty tel-e-scope?  
 In this life or in the oth-er, It will yet return to you.  
 If you love it more than Je-sus, It will keep you from your crown.  
 Stranger hands, which you have strengthened, May strew lilies over you.



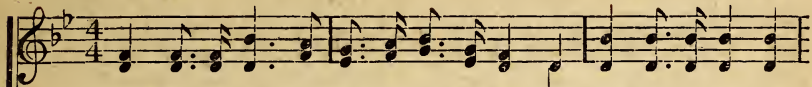


# Praise ye the Lord.

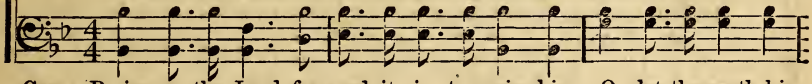
13

FANNY J. CROSEY.

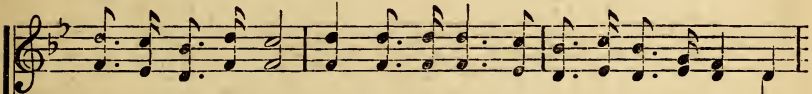
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



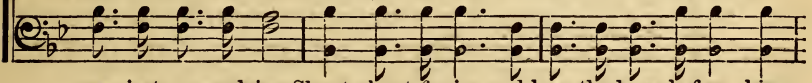
1. Praise ye the Lord, the hope of our sal-va-tion; Praise ye the Lord, our  
2 Praise ye the Lord, whose throne is everlasting; Praise ye the Lord, whose



CHO.—Praise ye the Lord, for good it is to praise him; O let the earth his



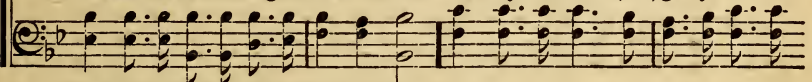
soul's a-bid-ing trust; Great are his works and wonderful his counsels;  
gifts are ev-er new; Praise ye the Lord, whose tender mercy falleth



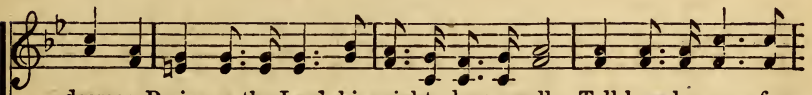
ma-jest-y proclaim; Shout, shout for joy and bow the knee before him;

*Fine.*

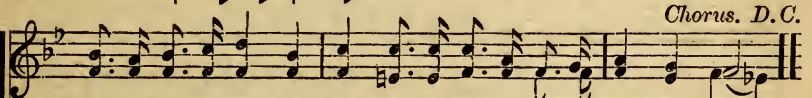
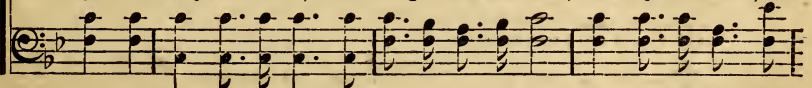
Praise ye the Lord, the only wise and just. Praise ye the Lord, our strength and our Re-  
Pure as the rain and gentle as the dew. Praise ye the Lord, oh, glory! hal-le-



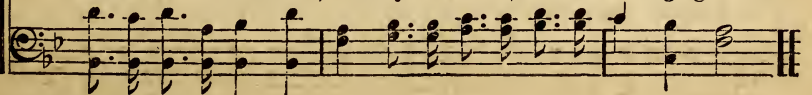
Sing to the harp and magnify his name.



deemer, Praise ye the Lord, his mighty love recall,—Tell how he came from  
lujah! Praise ye the Lord, whose kingdom has no end; Praise ye the Lord, who

*Chorus. D. C.*

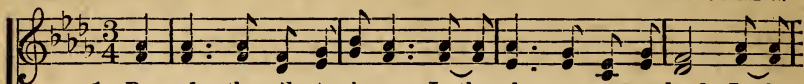
bondage to de-liv-er, Tell how he came to purchase life for all.  
watcheth o'er the faithful, Praise ye the Lord, our never changing Friend.



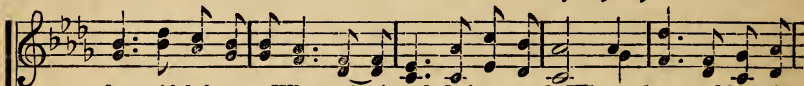
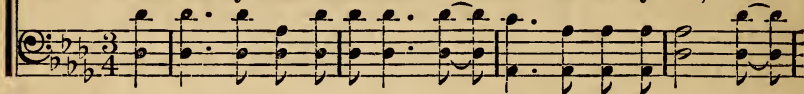
## Oh, the Joy that Awaits Me.

GEO. R. CLARKE.

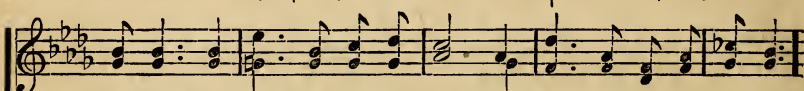
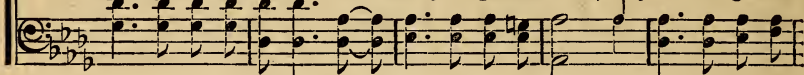
E. F. MILLER.



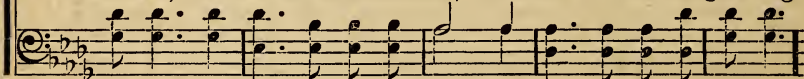
1. Beyond the silent river, In the glo - ry summer lands, In the
2. And when I cross that river, The first I will a - dore; The
3. The next one who will greet me, In the mansions fair and bright, Will
4. Then cur - ly headed brother And lit - tle ba - by dear, And



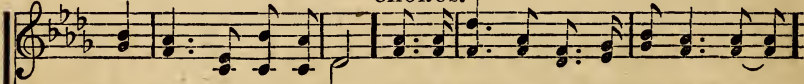
beautiful forever, Where the jeweled city stands, Where the ever blooming  
first to bid me welcome, Up - on that golden shore, Will be my loving  
be my sainted mother Arrayed in garments white, And then that gray-haired  
bright eyed little sister, With merry laugh and cheer, They all will gather



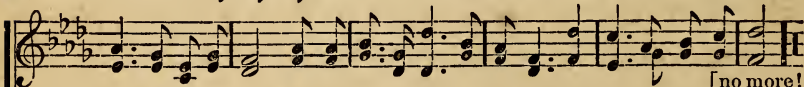
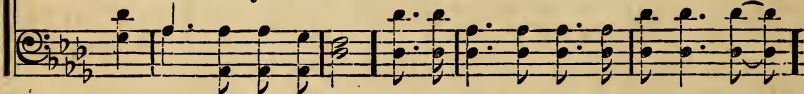
flowers Send forth their sweet perfume, My heart's most loved and cherished  
Saviour, The one who died for me, That in that long for - ev - er,  
father, Close pressing by her side, Will grasp my hand with fervor  
round me, To bid me welcome home, And watch with me the gath'ring



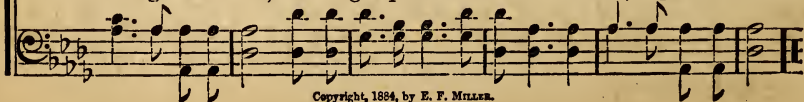
## CHORUS.



In heavenly beauty bloom. Oh, the joy that there awaits me, When I  
From sin I might be free.  
Just o'er the swelling tide.  
Of loved ones yet to come.



[no more!  
reach that golden shore, When I grasp the hands of loved ones, To part with them

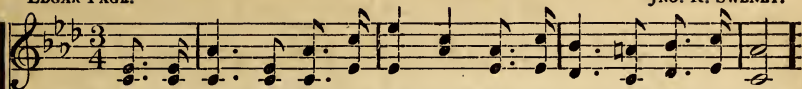


# At the Golden Landing.

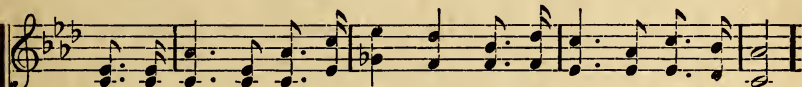
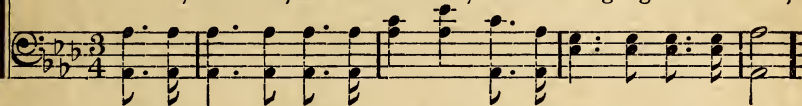
15

EDGAR PAGE.

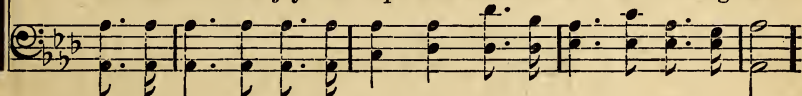
JNO. R. SWENEY.



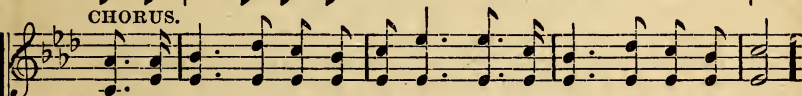
1. Friends of yore have flown to heaven, Springing from the house of clay ;
2. Oft - en at the shades of evening, When I sit me down to rest,
3. And I seem to see their fac - es, Beaming with ce - les - tial love,
4. And I think I hear them speaking, As they oft - en spake to me,
5. Broth - er, sis - ter, faithful sol - dier, If our mingling here so sweet,



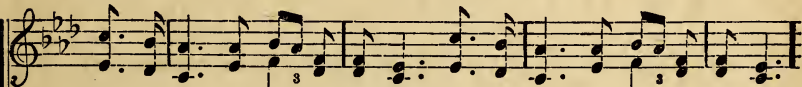
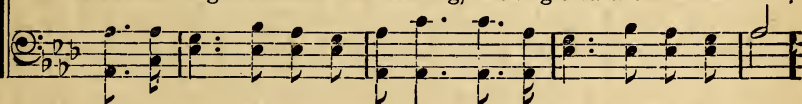
Glad to gain their joy - ful free - dom, Borne by an - gel bands a - way.  
One by one I count them o - ver, They who are in glo - ry blest.  
Shin - ing as their blessed Mas - ter, White - robed, with the saints above.  
While I seem to hear them say - ing, "Pil - grim, heaven is waiting thee."  
What shall be our joy - ous rap - ture When we at the landing meet!



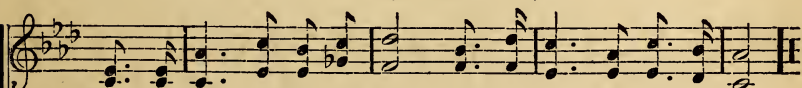
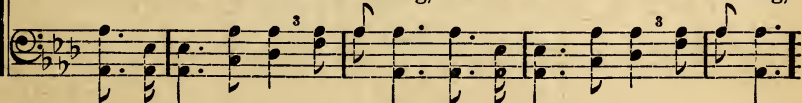
## CHORUS.



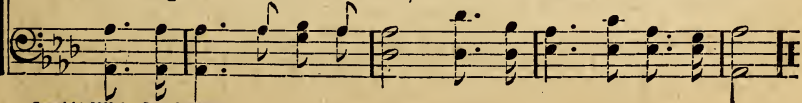
While on Pisgah's mount I'm standing, Looking t'ward the vernal shore,



There I seem to see them banding, Just beside the Golden Landing,



Wait - ing to receive me o'er, Precious ones who went before!



LIZZIE EDWARDS.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. We are pilgrims looking home, Sad and weary oft we roam, But we  
 2. O these tender broken ties, How they dim our aching eyes, But like  
 3. When our fettered souls are free, Far beyond the narrow sea, And we  
 4. Thro' our pilgrim journey here, Tho' the night is sometimes drear, Let us

know'twill all be well in the morning; When, our anchor firmly cast, Ev'ry  
 jewels they will shine in the morning; When our victor palms we bear, And our  
 hear the Saviour's voice in the morning; When our golden sheaves we bring To  
 the watch and persevere till the morning; Then our highest tribute raise For the

storm-y wave is past, And we gather safe at last in the morn-ing.  
 robes immor-tal wear, We shall know each other there, in the morn-ing.  
 feet of Christ our King, What a chorus we shall sing in the morn-ing.  
 love that crowns our days, And to Jesus give the praise in the morn-ing.

*Fine.*

D. S.—sun - ny region bright, When we hail the blessed light of the morn - ing.

CHORUS.

When we all meet a - gain in the morn - ing, On the sweet blooming

hills in the morn - ing; Nev - er more to say good night In that

*D. S.*

# Cast thy Burden on the Lord.

17

W. J. K.

"Casting all your care upon him, for he careth for you."

1 Peter v. 7.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Wea-ry pil - grim on life's pathway, Struggling on beneath thy load,  
2. Are thy tir - ed feet unstead - y? Does thy lamp no light af - ford?  
3. Are the ties of friendship severed? Hushed the voices fond - ly heard?

Hear these words of con - so - la - tion,—"Cast thy bur - den on the Lord."  
Is thy cross too great and hea - vy? Cast thy bur - den on the Lord.  
Breaks thy heart with weight of anguish, Cast thy bur - den on the Lord.

## CHORUS.

*f* Cast thy bur - den on the Lord, *p* Cast thy bur - den on the Lord, *cres.* And he will

*p* strengthen thee, sustain and comfort thee; *ad lib.* Cast thy bur - den on the Lord.

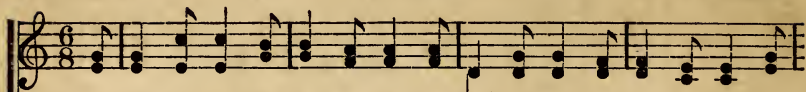
- 4 Does thy heart with faintness falter? | 5 He will hold thee up from falling,  
Does thy mind forget his word? | He will guide thy steps aright;  
Does thy strength succumb to weak- | He will strengthen each endeavor;  
Cast thy burden on the Lord. [ness? | He will keep thee by his might.

# Wonderful Love of Jesus.

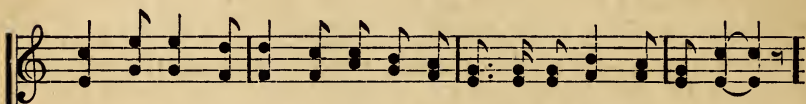
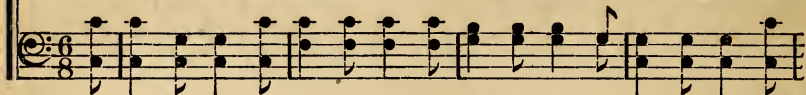
E. D. MUND.

"The love of Christ, which passeth knowledge."  
Eph. iii. 19.

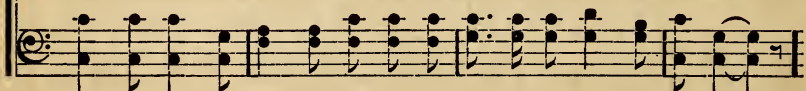
E. S. LORENZ.



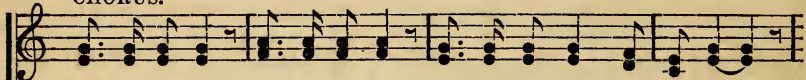
1. In vain in high and ho-ly lays My soul her grateful voice would raise; For
2. A joy by day, a peace by night, In storms a calm, in darkness light; In
3. My hope for pardon when I call, My trust for lift-ing when I fall; In



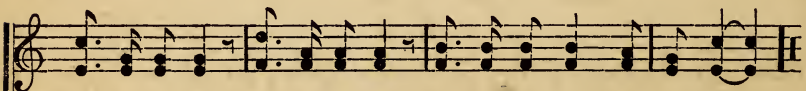
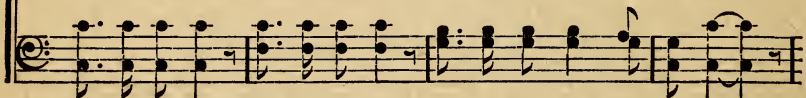
who can sing the worthy praise Of the won-derful love of Je - sus?  
 pain a balm, in weakness might, Is the won-derful love of Je - sus.  
 life, in death, my all in all, Is the won-derful love of Je - sus.



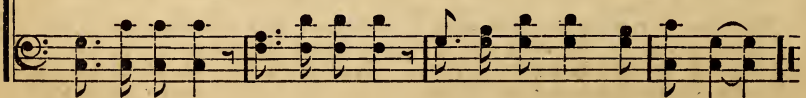
## CHORUS.



Won-derful love! won-derful love! Won-der-ful love of Je - sus!



Wonder-ful love! won-derful love! Wonder - ful love of Je - sus!

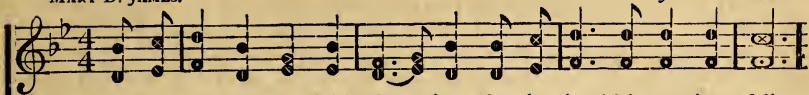


# Are You Ready?

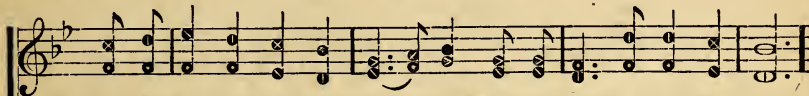
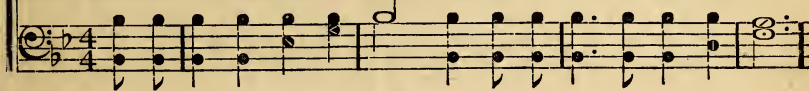
19

MARY D. JAMES.

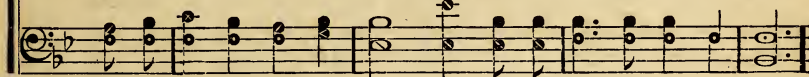
JNO. R. SWENEY.



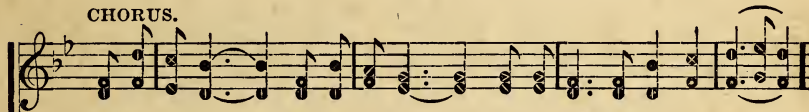
1. Should the summons, quickly fly - ing, On the slumb'ring nations fall,—
2. What if now the startling man - date Should the sleeping virgins hear,—
3. Is there oil in all your ves - sels? Are your garments pure and white?
4. Rise! ye vir - gins,—sleep no long - er,—Lest the call your souls surprise!



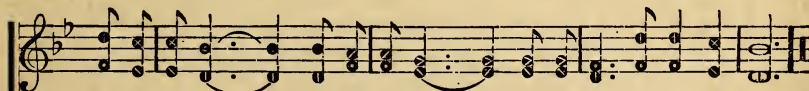
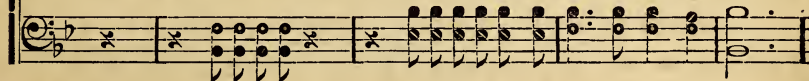
Lo! the heavenly Bridegroom com - eth, Would the sound your souls appal?  
 Are your lamps all trimm'd and burning? Should the Bridegroom now appear?  
 Are they wash'd in-the cleansing fountain, Fit to stand in Je - sus' sight?  
 Lest ye fail to meet the Bridegroom, When he cometh from the skies.



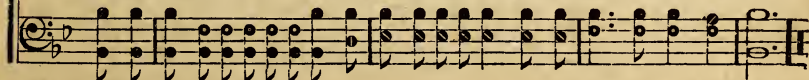
## CHORUS.



Are you read - y? Are you read - y? Should you hear the midnight call?  
 Are you read - y? Are you read - y? Now to see your Lord ap - pear!  
 Are you read - y? Are you read - y? Are your lamps all clear and bright?  
 Oh, be read - y! Oh, be read - y! When he cometh from the skies;



Are you read - y? Are you read - y? Should you hear the midnight call?  
 Are you ready? Are you ready? Should you hear the midnight call? Should you hear the midnight call?  
 Are you read - y? Are you read - y? Now to see your Lord appear?  
 Are you ready? Are you ready? Now to see your Lord appear? Now to see your Lord ap - pear?  
 Are you read - y? Are you read - y? Are your lamps all clear and bright?  
 Are you ready? Are you ready? Are your lamps all clear and bright? Are your lamps all clear and bright?  
 Oh, be read - y! Oh, be read - y! Hasten, from your slumbers rise!  
 Oh, be ready! Oh, be ready! Hasten, from your slumbers rise! Hasten, from your slumbers rise!



# I Want to be a Worker.

I. B.

"The laborers are few."—Matt. ix. 27.

I. BALTZELL.

1. I want to be a worker for the Lord, I want to love and trust his holy  
 2. I want to be a worker ev-'ry day, I want to lead the erring in the  
 3. I want to be a worker strong and brave, I want to trust in Jesus' pow'r to  
 4. I want to be a worker; help me, Lord, To lead the lost and erring to thy

word; I want to sing and pray, and be bu-sy ev-'ry day In the  
 way That leads to heav'n above, where all is peace and love In the  
 save; All who will tru-ly come, shall find a hap-py home In the  
 word That points to joy on high, where pleasures never die In the

## CHORUS.

1. vineyard of the Lord. I will work, I will pray, In the  
 2, 3, 4. kingdom of the Lord. I will work and pray, I will work and pray,

vineyard, in the vineyard of the Lord; of the Lord; I will work, I will

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

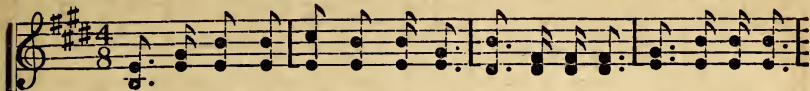


# Help Just a Little.

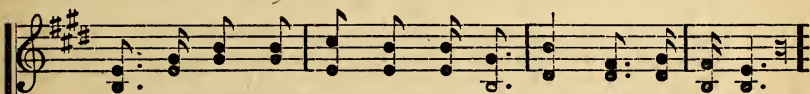
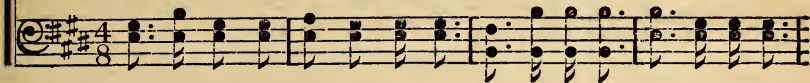
21

Music from "The Wells of Salvation," }  
new words by Rev. W. A. SPENCER. }

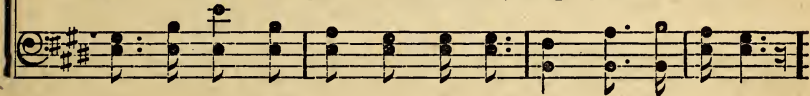
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



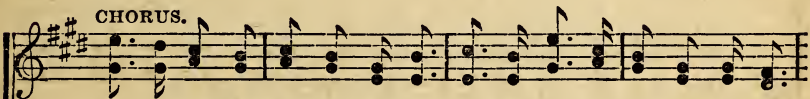
1. Brother for Christ's kingdom sighing, Help a lit-tle, help a lit-tle;
2. Is thy cup made sad by tri-al? Help a lit-tle, help a lit-tle;
3. Though no wealth to thee is giv-en, Help a lit-tle, help a lit-tle;



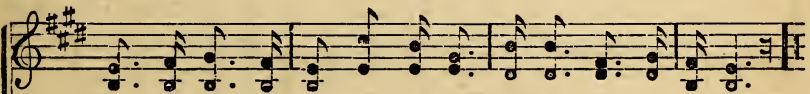
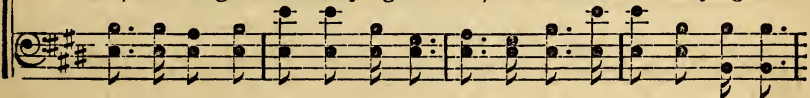
Help to save the mil-lions dy-ing, Help just a lit-tle.  
Sweet-en it with self-de-ni-al, Help just a lit-tle.  
Sac-ri-fice is gold in heav-en, Help just a lit-tle.



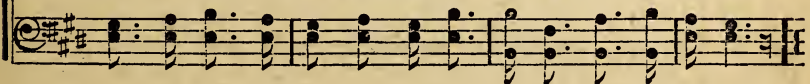
## CHORUS.



Oh, the wrongs that we may righten! Oh, the hearts that we may lighten!



Oh, the skies that we may brighten! Helping just a lit-tle.



4 Let us live for one another,  
Help a little, help a little;  
Help to lift each fallen brother,  
Help just a little.

5 Tho' thy life is pressed with sorrow,  
Help a little, help a little;  
Bravely look t'ward God's to-morrow,  
Help just a little.

# Sound the Battle Cry.

W. F. S.

WM. F. SHERWIN. By per.

*Vigorously, in march time.*

1. Sound the bat - tle cry, See! the foe is nigh; Raise the standard high  
 2. Strong to meet the foe, March-ing on we go, While our cause we know  
 3. Oh! thou God of all, Hear us when we call, Help us, one and all,

For the Lord; Gird your ar - mor on, Stand firm ev - 'ry one,  
 Must pre - vail; Shield and ban - ner bright, Gleam - ing in the light,  
 By thy grace; When the bat - tle's done, And the vic - t'ry won,

## CHORUS.

Rest your cause up - on his ho - ly word. Rouse, then, sol - diers!  
 Bat - tling for the right, we ne'er can fail.  
 May we wear the crown be - fore thy face.

2d CHO.—*Rouse, then, freemen,*

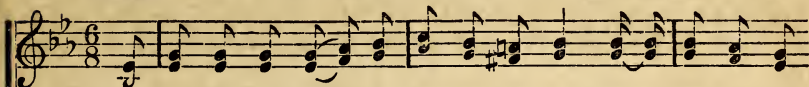
ral - ly round the banner! Ready, stead-y, pass the word a-long; Onward,  
*come from hill and valley; Fathers, brothers, earnest, brave, and strong! Onward,*

forward, shout a-loud, Ho-san-na! Christ is Cap-tain of the migh-ty throng.  
*forward, all u-nit-ed ral-ly, "Death to Alcohol!" your bat-tle song.*

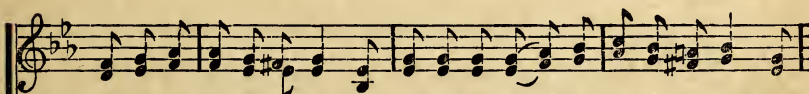
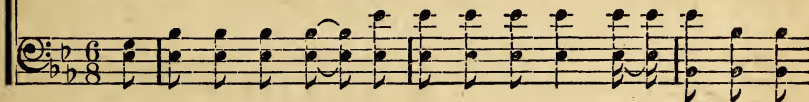
# Ye Must be Born Again.

23

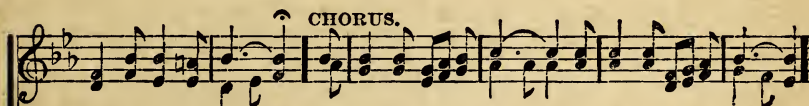
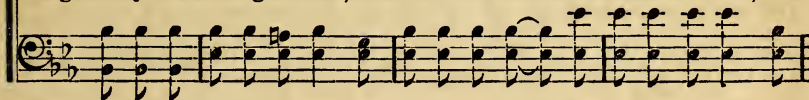
"Verily, verily, I say unto thee, except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God."—John iii. 3. W. T. SLEEPER. GEO. C. STEBBINS. By per.



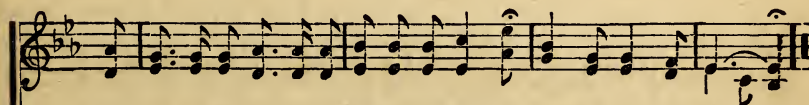
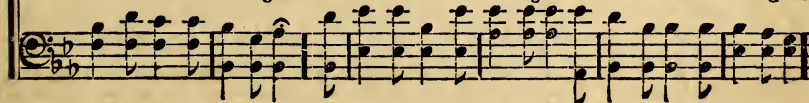
1. A rul - er once came to Jesus by night, To ask him the
2. Ye children of men, at - tend to the word So sol - emn - ly
3. O ye who would enter that glo - ri - ous rest, And sing with the
4. A dear one in heaven thy heart yearns to see, At the beauti - ful



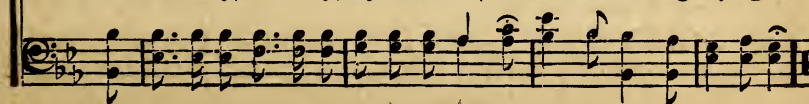
way to salvation and light; The Master made answer in words true and plain, "Ye uttered by Jesus the Lord, And let not this message to you be in vain, "Ye ransomed the song of the blest; The life everlasting if ye would obtain, "Ye gate may be watching for thee; Then list to the note of this solemn refrain, "Ye



must be born again." Ye must be born again, Ye must be born again, again. again. again.



I ver - i - ly, ver - i - ly, say unto thee, Ye must be born again, again.



## The New Song.

FLORA L. BEST.

JNO. R. SWENNY.

*Moderato.*

1. There are songs of joy that I loved to sing, When my heart was as blithe as a  
2. There are strains of home that are dear as life, And I list to them oft 'mid the

bird . . . in spring; But the song I have learned is so full of cheer, That the  
din . . . of strife; But I know of a home that is wondrous fair, And I

CHORUS. *Vivace.*

dawn shines out in the darkness drear. O, the new, new song! O, the  
sing the psalm they are singing there. O, the new, new song!

new, new song, I can sing it now With the  
O, the new, new song, I can sing just now With the

ran - som'd throug: . . . Pow-er and do - min-ion to him that shall  
ransom'd, the ransom'd throug: . . .

reign; Glo - ry and praise to the Lamb that was slain.  
that shall reign;

- |                                                                                                                                                                                                 |                                                                                                                                                                                                        |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>3 Can my lips be mute, or my heart be sad,<br/>When the gracious Master hath made me<br/>glad?<br/>When he points where the many mansions<br/>And sweetly says, 'There is one for thee'?</p> | <p>4 I shall catch the gleam of its jasper wall<br/>When I come to the gloom of the evenfall,<br/>For I know that the shadows, dreary and<br/>dim,<br/>Have a path of light that will lead to him.</p> |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

*From "Gems of Praise," by per.*

## Fill Me Now.

REV. E. H. STOKES, D.D.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Hov-er o'er me, Ho-ly Spir-it; Bathe my trembling heart and brow;  
2. Thou can'st fill me, gracious Spir-it, Tho' I can-not tell thee how;  
3. I am weakness, full of weakness; At thy sa-cred feet I bow;  
4. Cleanse and comfort; bless and save me; Bathe, oh, bathe my heart and brow!

*S:*

*Fine.*

Fill me with thy hal-low'd presence, Come, oh, come and fill me now.  
But I need thee, great-ly need thee, Come, oh, come and fill me now.  
Blest, di-vine, e-ter-nal Spir-it, Fill with power, and fill me now.  
Thou art com-fort-ing and sav-ing, Thou art sweet-ly fill-ing now.

*D.S.* Fill me with thy hal-low'd presence,—Come, oh, come and fill me now.

CHORUS.

*D.S.*

Fill me now, fill me now, Je-sus, come, and fill me now;

## Some Sweet Day.

ARTHUR W. FRENCH.

"The hour is coming."—John v. 28.

D. B. TOWNER. By per.

*Moderato.*

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

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

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

Heav - en's splendors, yet un - told, Some sweet day, some sweet day.  
 Christ was dead, but lives a - gain, Some sweet day, some sweet day.  
 O the bliss of o - ver there! Some sweet day, some sweet day.

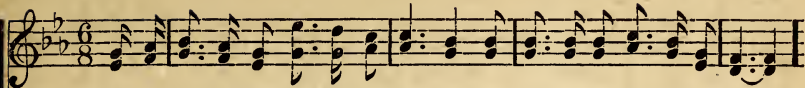
# Wonderful Saviour.

27

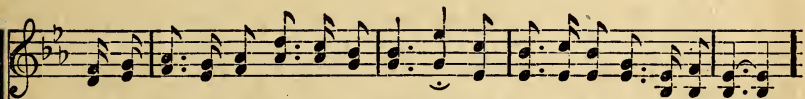
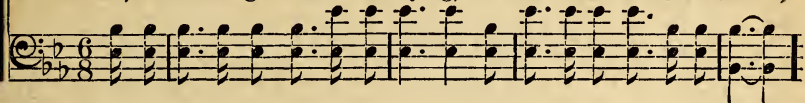
E. F. M.

Isa. ix. 6.

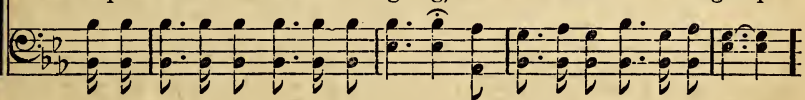
E. F. MILLER.



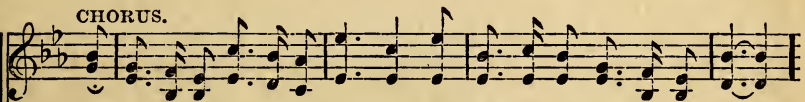
1. I have heard a most wonderful sto - ry, Of Je - sus the Saviour and King,
2. With the poor and the lowly he mingled, Yes, even the vil - est of men,
3. A poor woman was brought to him, helpless, To be stoned for her sins in the past;
4. See him weep at a grave in the hour When tears of anguish are shed;
5. Yes, he came to give life to the dying, To heal all the broken in heart;



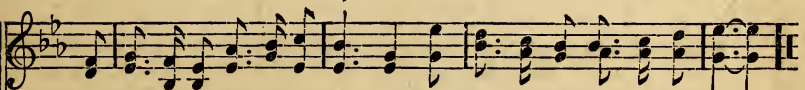
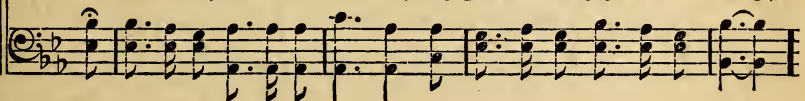
How he came from the bright realms of glory Glad news of salvation to bring.  
Showing mercy and love as they lingered To hear his blest words unto them.  
He re - plied to them, "He that is sinless, By him let the first stone be cast."  
See him bursting the tomb by his power, Saying, "Laz'rus, come forth from the dead!  
And he promised a home where's no sighing, And loved ones shall ne'er again part.



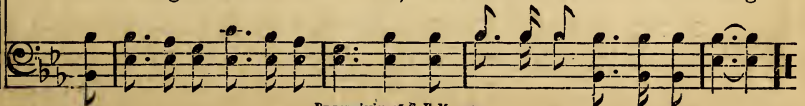
## CHORUS.



O wonderful, wonderful Sav - iour, Thy praises with joy we will sing;



For coming to earth to redeem us, We crown thee forev - er our King.



## Tell it to Jesus.

J. E. RANKIN, D. D.

Matt. xiv. 12.

E. S. LORENE.

1. Are you wea - ry, are you heavy-heart - ed? Tell it to Je - sus,  
 2. Do the tears flow down your cheeks unbidden? Tell it to Je - sus,  
 3. Do you fear the gath'ring clouds of sor - row? Tell it to Je - sus,  
 4. Are you trou - bled at the thought of dy - ing? Tell it to Je - sus,

Tell it to Je - sus; Are you griev - ing o - ver joys de - part - ed?  
 Tell it to Je - sus; Have you sins that to man's eye are hid - den?  
 Tell it to Je - sus; Are you anx - ious what shall be to - mor - row?  
 Tell it to Je - sus; For Christ's coming Kingdom are you sigh - ing?

CHORUS.

Tell it to Je - sus a - lone. Tell it to Je - sus, Tell it to Je - sus,

He is a friend that's well known; You have no oth - er

such a friend or broth - er, Tell it to Je - sus a - lone.



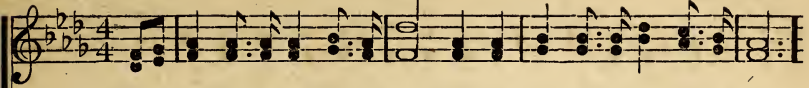
# The Saver.

29

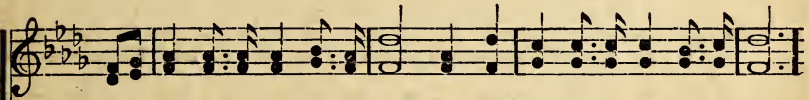
FRANK M. DAVIS.

John iii. 17.

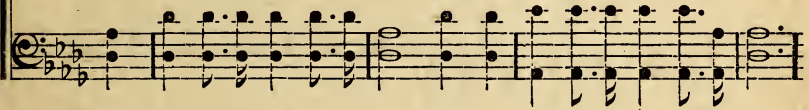
E. C. AVIS.



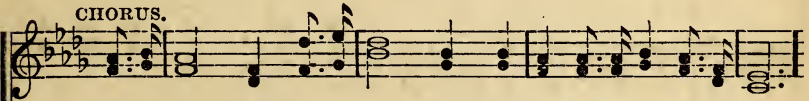
1. Sing glo-ry to God in the highest, For wonderful things he hath done ;
2. Oh ! perfect redemption to sinners, The purchase of Jesus' own blood,
3. Rejoice, then, rejoice, all ye peo- ple, The wondrous transaction is done !



He so loved the world that he gave us His on - ly be - gotten dear Son.  
The vil - est offend - er is pardoned, Is saved thro' the promise of God.  
The life - gate is o - pen, come, ent - er, Thro' Jesus, the Cru - cified One.



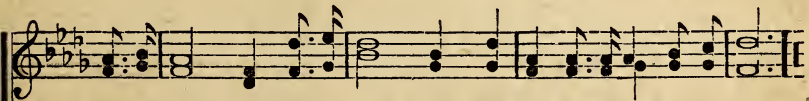
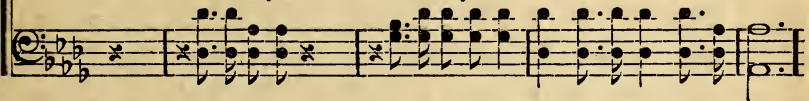
## CHORUS.



Hal - le - lu - jah ! hal - le - lu - jah ! He saves thro' the death of his Son ;

Hal - le - lu - jah !

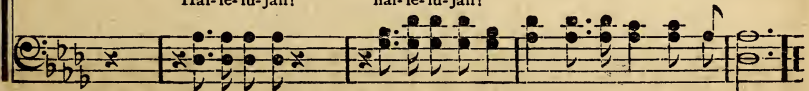
hal - le - lu - jah !



Hal - le - lu - jah ! hal - le - lu - jah ! He saves thro' the Crucified One.

Hal - le - lu - jah !

hal - le - lu - jah !



## Blessed Assurance.

F. J. CROSEY.

"He is faithful that hath promised."—Heb. x. 23.

Mrs. JOS. F. KNAPP.

1. Blessed as - surance, Jesus is mine! Oh, what a foretaste of  
 2. Perfect sub-mis-sion, perfect de - light, Visions of rap - ture  
 3. Perfect sub-mis-sion, all is at rest, I in my Saviour am

glory di - vine! Heir of sal - va - tion, purchase of God, Born of his  
 burst on my sight, Angels descend - ing, bring from a - bove Echoes of  
 happy and blest, Watching and waiting, looking a - bove, Filled with his

## CHORUS.

Spir - it, washed in his blood. This is my sto - ry, this is my  
 mer - cy, whispers of love.  
 goodness, lost in his love.

song, Praising my Sav - iour all the day long; This is my

sto - ry, this is my song, Praising my Saviour all the day long.

# Is not this the Land of Beulah.

31

ANON.

ARRANGED.

1. I am dwell-ing on the mountain, Where the gold-en sunlight gleams  
 2. I can see far down the mountain, Where I wandered wea-ry years,  
 3. I am drink-ing at the fountain, Where I ev-er would a-bide;

O'er a land whose wondrous beauty Far ex-ceds my fondest dreams;  
 Oft-en hin-dered in my jour-ney By the ghosts of doubts and fears,  
 For I've tast-ed life's pure riv-er, And my soul is sat-is-fied;

Where the air is pure, e-the-real, Laden with the breath of flowers,  
 Brok-en vows and dis-ap-pointments Thickly sprinkled all the way,  
 There's no thirst-ing for life's pleasures, Nor a-dorn-ing, rich and gay,

CHO.—Is not this the land of Beu-lah, Blessed, bles-sed land of light,

*D. S. Chorus.*

They are bloom-ing by the fountain, 'Neath the am-a-ranthine bowers.  
 But the Spir-it led, un-er-ring, To the land I hold to-day.  
 For I've found a rich-er treasure, One that fad-eth not a-way.

Where the flow-ers bloom for-ev-er, And the sun is always bright.

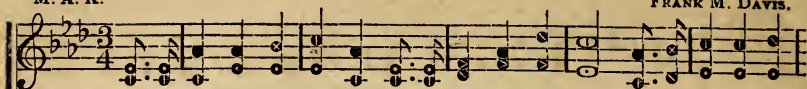
4 Tell me not of heavy crosses,  
 Nor the burdens hard to bear,  
 For I've found this great salvation  
 Makes each burden light appear;  
 And I love to follow Jesus,  
 Gladly counting all but dross,  
 Worldly honors all forsaking  
 For the glory of the Cross.

5 Oh, the Cross has wondrous glory!  
 Oft I've proved this to be true;  
 When I'm in the way so narrow  
 I can see a pathway through;  
 And how sweetly Jesus whispers:  
 Take the Cross, thou need'st not fear,  
 For I've tried this way before thee,  
 And the glory lingers near.

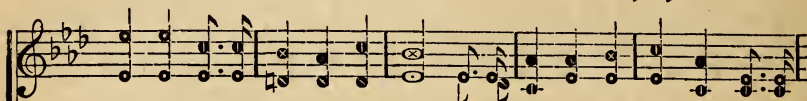
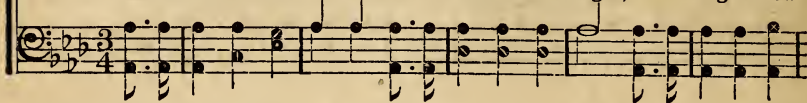
# Is my Name written There?

M. A. K.

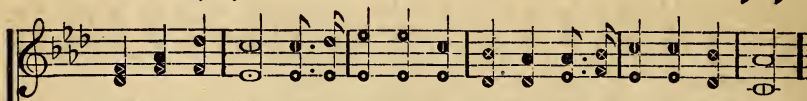
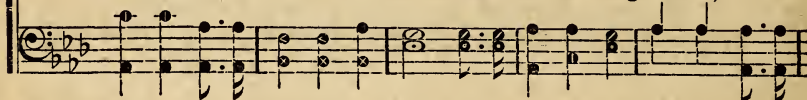
FRANK M. DAVIS.



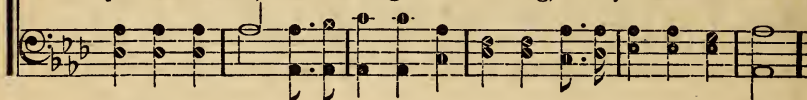
1. Lord, I care not for riches, Neither silver nor gold; I would make sure of
2. Lord, my sins they are many, Like the sands of the sea, But thy blood, O my
3. Oh! that beauti - ful cit - y, With its mansions of light, With its glorified



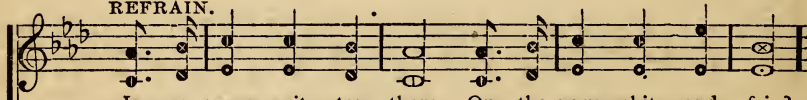
heaven, I would en - ter the fold; In the book of thy kingdom, With its Saviour! is suf - fi - cient for me; For thy promise is written, In bright be - ings, In pure garments of white; Where no evil thing cometh, To de -



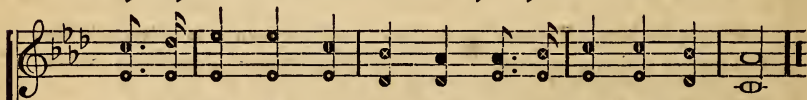
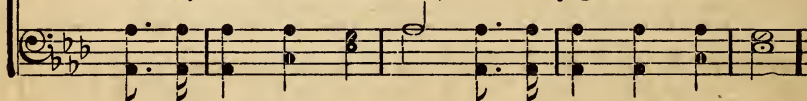
pag - es so fair, Tell me, Jesus, my Saviour, Is my name written there? let - ters that glow, "Tho' your sins be as scarlet, I will make them like snow." spoil what is fair; Where the angels are watching, — Is my name written there?



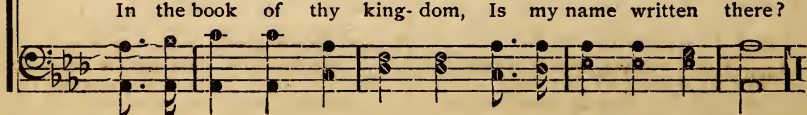
## REFRAIN.



Is my name writ - ten there, On the page white and fair?



In the book of thy king - dom, Is my name written there?



# As Your Lamp Burning.

33

"Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven."—Matt. v. 16.

Mrs. E. M. H. GATES.

C. C. WILLIAMS.

1. Say, is your lamp burning, my brother? I pray you look quickly and see ;  
 2. Upon the dark mountains they stumble, They are bruised on the rocks as they lie  
 3. If once all the lamps that are lighted Should steadily blaze in a line,

For if it were burning, then surely, Some beam would fall brightly on me.  
 With white, pleading faces turned upward, To the clouds and the pitiful sky.  
 Wide o-ver the land and the o-cean, What a girdle of glory would shine !

There are many and many around you, Who follow wherever you go,  
 There is many a lamp that is lighted—We behold them a-near and a-far ;  
 How all the dark places would brighten! How the mists would turn up and away !

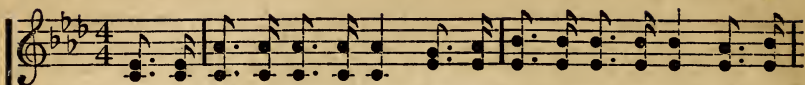
*D.S.* Say, is your lamp burning, my brother? I pray you look quickly and see ;

*D.S. for Chorus.*  
 If you tho't that they walked in the shadow, Your lamp would burn brighter, I know  
 But not many among them, my brother, Shine steadily on like a star.  
 How the earth would laugh out in her gladness, To hail the millennial day !

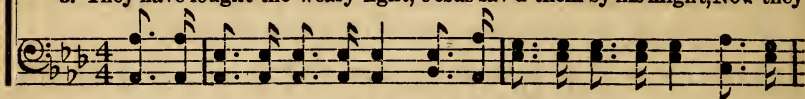
For if it were burning, then surely, Some beam would fall brightly on me !

## The New "Over There."

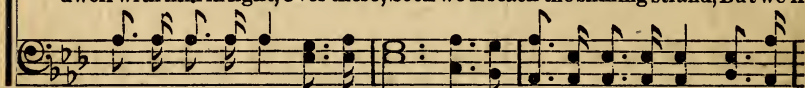
W. A. OGDEN.



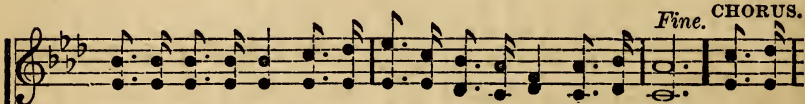
1. They have reach'd the sunny shore, And will never hunger more, All their
2. Now they feel no chilling blast, For their winter time is past, And their
3. They have fought the weary fight, Jesus sav'd them by his might, Now they



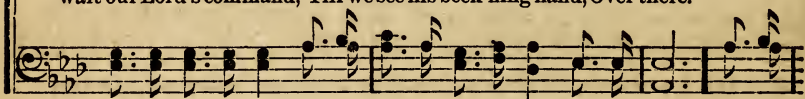
grief and pains are o'er, Over there; And they need no lamp by night, For their  
summers always last, O-ver there; They can never know a fear, For the  
dwell with him in light, Over there; Soon we'll reach the shining strand, But we'll



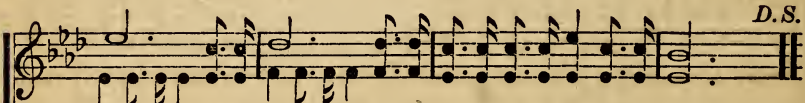
*D. S.*—All their streets are shining gold, And their



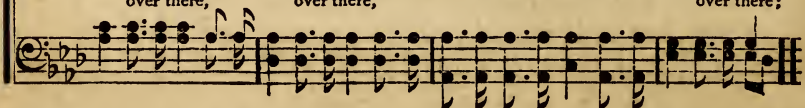
day is always bright, And their Saviour is their light, Over there. O-ver  
Saviour's always near, And with them is endless cheer, Over there.  
wait our Lord's command, 'Till we see his beck'ning hand, Over there.



glo-ry is untold, 'Tis the Saviour's blissful fold, O-ver there.



there, over there, They can never know a fear, Over there;  
over there, over there, over there;



# I Hope to Meet You All in Glory. 35

EMMA PITT.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. I hope to meet you all in glo - ry, When the storms of life are o'er;  
2. I hope to meet you all in glo - ry, By the tree of life so fair;  
3. I hope to meet you all in glo - ry, Round the Saviour's throne above;  
4. I hope to meet you all in glo - ry, When my work on earth is o'er;

I hope to tell the dear old sto - ry, On the bles - sed shin - ing shore.  
I hope to praise our dear Redeem - er For the grace that brought me there.  
I hope to join the ransomed arm - y Singing now redeem - ing love.  
I hope to clasp your hands rejoic - ing On the bright e - ter - nal shore.

## CHORUS.

On the shin - ing shore, On the gold - en strand, In our

Father's home, In the hap - py land: I hope to meet you there, I

hope to meet you there, — A crown of vict'ry wear, — In glo - ry.

## Blessed be the Fountain.

E. R. LATTA.

H. S. PERKINS.

1. Blessed be the fountain of blood, To a world of sinners revealed;  
 2. Thorny was the crown that he wore, And the cross his bod-y o'ercame;  
 3. Father, I have wandered from thee; Of-ten has my heart gone astray;

Bless-ed be the dear Son of God, On-ly by his stripes we are healed;  
 Grievous were the sorrows he bore, But he suffered nct thus in vain;  
 Crimson do my sins seem to me, Wa-ter cannot wash them a-way;

Tho' I've wandered far from his fold, Bringing to my heart pain and woe;  
 May I to that fountain be led, Made to cleanse my sins here below;  
 Je-sus to that fountain of thine, Leaning on thy promise I'll go;

Wash me in the blood of the Lamb, And I shall be whiter than snow.  
 Wash me in the blood that was shed, And I shall be whiter than snow.  
 Cleanse me with thy washing divine, And I shall be whiter than snow.

## CHORUS.

Whit - - - er than snow; Whit - - - er than snow.  
 Whiter than the snow: Whiter than the snow; Whiter than the snow: Whiter than the snow, the snow:



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

## Give me Jesus.

Arr. by W. J. K.

1. When I'm hap - py, hear me sing, When I'm happy, hear me sing, When I'm
2. When in sor - row, hear me pray, When in sorrow, hear me pray, When in
3. When I'm dy - ing, hear me cry, When I'm dying, hear me cry, When I'm
4. When I'm ris - ing, hear me shout, When I'm rising, hear me shout, When I'm
5. When in heav - en, we will sing, When in heav-en, we will sing, When in

### CHORUS.

hap - py, hear me sing, Give me Je - sus, Give me Je - sus, Give me  
sorrow, hear me pray, Give me Je - sus,  
dying, hear me cry, Give me Je - sus,  
rising, hear me shout, Give me Je - sus,  
heaven, we will sing, Blessed Je - sus, Bles - sed Je - sus, Bles - sed

Je - sus; You may have all the world: Give me Je - sus.  
Je - sus, By thy grace we are saved, Bles - sed Je - sus.

# We are More than Conquerors.

Mrs. FLORA B. HARRIS.

"Stand ye still, and see the salvation of the Lord."

2 Chron. xx. 17.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. What shall separate us From the love that bought us? Shall the pangs of anguish  
 2. Things to come or present, Whatso'er betide us,—Life nor death shall ever  
 3. Depths that are beneath us, Heights that are above us, Have no power to sunder,

Which the cross hath wrought us? Doubtings and distresses, Fier-y tri-als  
 From our Lord divide us; Angels, powers, do-min-ions, These shall fall be-  
 Since he stooped to love us. Prince of our Redemp-tion, Sons to glo-ry

prove us; Yet am I per-suad-ed, None of these shall move us.  
 fore us; Clothed in his sal-va-tion, With his banner o'er us.  
 bring-ing, Thou hast made from sin-ners Victors, crowned and singing.

CHORUS.

We are more than conquerors, More, yea, more; We are more than conquerors,  
 More, yea, more, more, yea, more;

More, yea, more; We are more than conquerors, We are more than  
 More, yea, more, more, yea, more;

conquer-ors, We are more than conquerors Thro' him that loved us.

## More Faith in Jesus.

HENRIETTA E. BLAIR.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. While struggling thro' this vale of tears I want more faith in Je-sus; A-
2. To war against the foes with-in I want more faith in Je-sus; To
3. To brave the storms that here I meet I want more faith in Je-sus; To
4. I want a faith that works by love, A constant faith in Je - sus; A

*D. S.*—And

*Fine.* CHORUS.

mid tempta-tions, cares, and fears, I want more faith in Je - sus. I  
 rise a - bove the powers of sin I want more faith in Je - sus.  
 rest con - fid - ing at his feet I want more faith in Je - sus.  
 faith that mountains can remove, A liv - ing faith in Je - sus.

this my cry, as time rolls by, I want more faith in Je - sus.

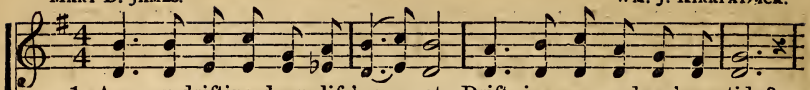
*D. S.*

want more faith, I want more faith, A clearer, brighter, stronger faith in Jesus;

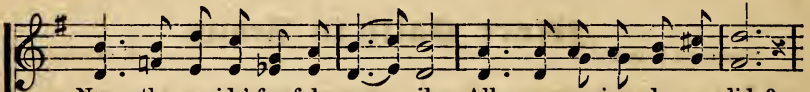
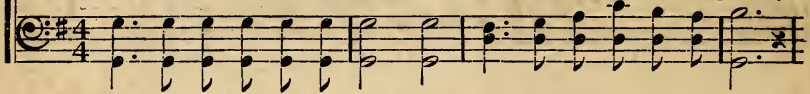
## Are You Drifting?

MARY D. JAMES.

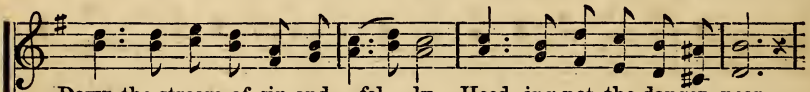
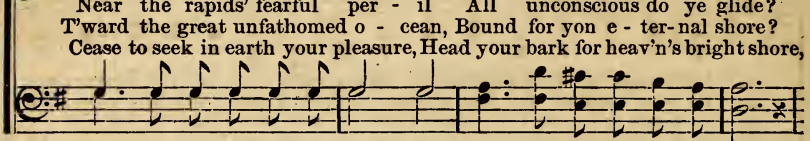
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



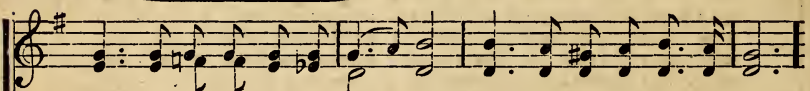
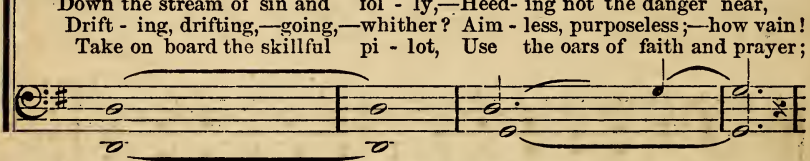
1. Are you drifting down life's current, Drift-ing on a dang'rous tide?
2. Down the stream of worldly pleasure Drift-ing, drifting ev - er - more
3. Heed, oh, heed the kind moni - tion! Give your aimless wand'rings o'er;



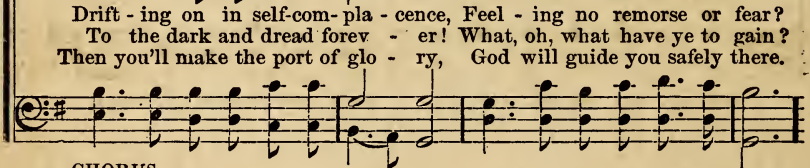
Near the rapids' fearful per - il All unconscious do ye glide?  
T'ward the great unfathomed o - cean, Bound for yon e - ter - nal shore?  
Cease to seek in earth your pleasure, Head your bark for heav'n's bright shore,



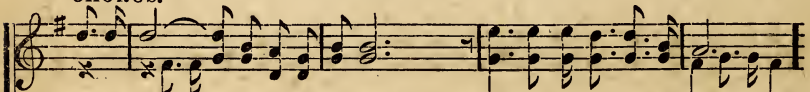
Down the stream of sin and fol - ly,—Heed-ing not the danger near,  
Drift - ing, drifting,—going,—whither? Aim - less, purposeless;—how vain!  
Take on board the skillful pi - lot, Use the oars of faith and prayer;



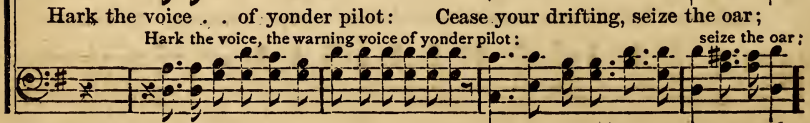
Drift - ing on in self-com-pla - cence, Feel - ing no remorse or fear?  
To the dark and dread forev - er! What, oh, what have ye to gain?  
Then you'll make the port of glo - ry, God will guide you safely there.



## CHORUS.



Hark the voice . . . of yonder pilot: Cease your drifting, seize the oar;  
Hark the voice, the warning voice of yonder pilot: seize the oar;



Make the blest, celestial harbor, Steer your bark for Canaan's shore.  
 Make the blest, celestial harbor, make the harbor,

**Light after Darkness.**

JNO. R. SWENEY.

DUET.

1. Light af - ter dark - ness, Gain af - ter loss, Strength af - ter  
 2. Sheaves af - ter sow - ing, Sun af - ter rain, Sight af - ter  
 3. Near af - ter dis - tant, Gleam af - ter gloom, Love af - ter

weak - ness, Crown af - ter cross, Sweet af - ter bit - ter,  
 mys - tery, Peace af - ter pain, Joy af - ter sor - row,  
 loneliness, Life af - ter tomb; Af - ter long a - go - ny,

Song af - ter fears, Home af - ter wan - der - ing, Praise af - ter tears.  
 Calm af - ter blast, Rest af - ter wea - riness, — Sweet rest at last.  
 Rap - ture of bliss; Right was the path - way Leading to this!

FANNY J. CROSBY.

John iii. 16.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

*Solo ad lib.*

1. God loved the world so tenderly His only Son he gave, That all who on his  
 2. Oh, love that only God can feel, And only he can show! Its height and depth, its  
 3. Why perish, then, ye ransom'd ones? Why slight the gracious call? Why turn from him  
 4. O Saviour, melt these hearts of ours, And teach us to believe That whosoever [ whose

## CHORUS.

name believe Its wondrous pow'r will save. For God so loved the world that he  
 length and breadth Nor heav'n nor earth can know!  
 words proclaim E - ter - nal life to all?  
 comes to thee Shall endless life receive.

gave his on - ly Son, That who - so - ev - er be - lieveth in him

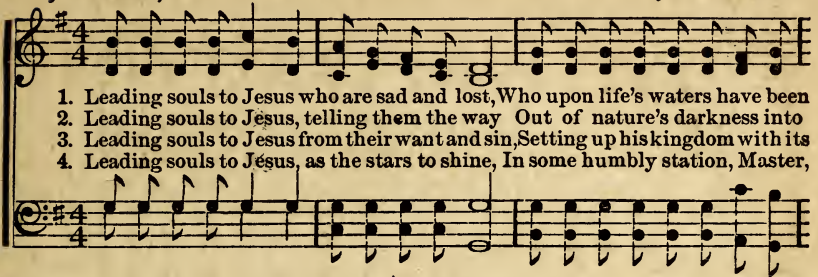
Should not per - ish, should not per - ish; That who - so - ev - er be -

lieveth in him Should not per - ish, but have ev - er - last - ing life.

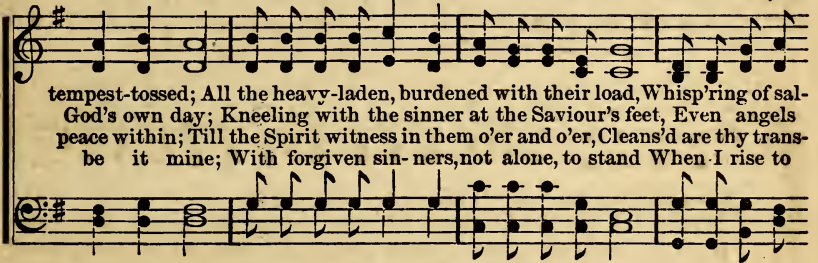
# Leading Souls to Jesus.

J. E. RANKIN, D. D.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

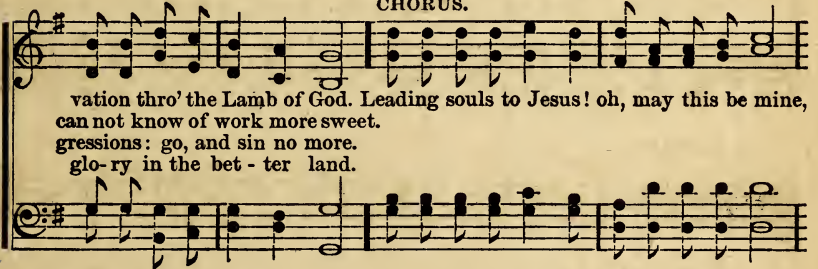


1. Leading souls to Jesus who are sad and lost, Who upon life's waters have been  
2. Leading souls to Jesus, telling them the way Out of nature's darkness into  
3. Leading souls to Jesus from their want and sin, Setting up his kingdom with its  
4. Leading souls to Jesus, as the stars to shine, In some humbly station, Master,

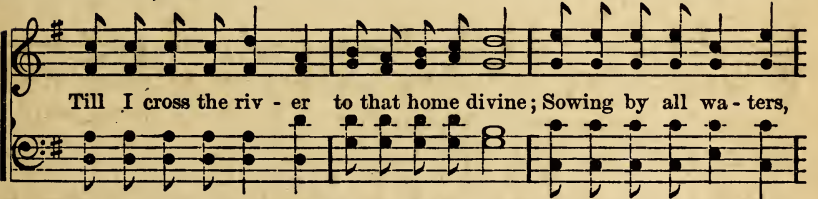


tempest-tossed; All the heavy-laden, burdened with their load, Whisp'ring of sal-  
God's own day; Kneeling with the sinner at the Saviour's feet, Even angels  
peace within; Till the Spirit witness in them o'er and o'er, Cleans'd are thy trans-  
be it mine; With forgiven sin-ners, not alone, to stand When I rise to

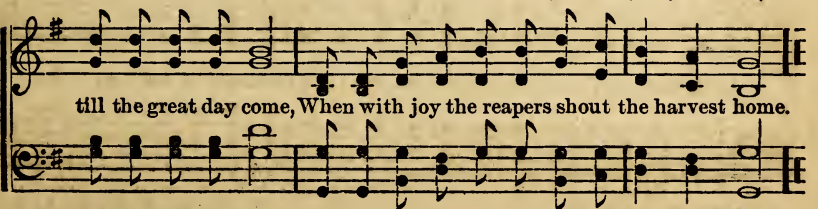
## CHORUS.



vation thro' the Lamb of God. Leading souls to Jesus! oh, may this be mine,  
can not know of work more sweet.  
gressions: go, and sin no more.  
glo-ry in the bet - ter land.



Till I cross the riv - er to that home divine; Sowing by all wa - ters,



till the great day come, When with joy the reapers shout the harvest home.

# ♩ Prodigal, Don't Stay Away.

J. E. RANKIN, D. D. "I will arise and go unto my Father."—Luke xv. 18. J. W. BISCHOFF.

1. O prod-i-gal, don't stay away! The Fa-ther is wait-ing to-day; There's  
 2. O prodigal brother, come home! Why longer in wretchedness roam? You're  
 3. O prodigal, what will you do? Love's ta-ble is wait-ing for you; For-  
 4. O prod-i-gal brother, a - rise! For pardon, look up to the skies; No

room and to spare, There is raiment to wear, O prod-igal, don't stay a-way.  
 lone-ly and lost, You are driven and toss'd, O prod-igal brother, come home.  
 givenness so sweet, Sure, your coming will greet, O prodigal, what will you do?  
 longer then stray From thy Father away, O prod-i-gal brother, a - rise.

## CHORUS.

Will you come? Will you come? Will you come, come home to-day? There is  
 Will you come? Will you come? Will you come?

welcome for you, There's a kiss, kind and true, Then, O prodigal, don't stay away.



# Marching On.

45

JENNIE GARNETT.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. With our col-ors waving bright in the blaze of gos-pel light We are  
2. Oft the tempter we shall meet, but we will not fear de-feat, Though his  
3. We have gird-ed on the sword and the ar-mor of the Lord, We have  
4. Soon we'll reach the pearly gate, where the blessed army wait, Soon their

marshall'd on the world's great field; great field; We are ready for the strife and the  
arrows at our ranks may fly; may fly; Thro'a Saviour's mighty love more than  
ta-ken up the cross he bore; he bore; Oh, the trophies we shall win, oh, the  
welcome, welcome song may ring; may ring; When we lay our armor down and re-

bat-tle work of life, Ev-er trusting in the Lord our shield.  
conquerors we shall prove, Shouting, Glo-ry be to God on high.  
vic-tory o-ver sin, When the bat-tle and the strife are o'er!  
ceive a star-ry crown, Shouting, Glo-ry be to God our King.

## CHORUS.

Glo-ry to God! we are marching, marching on, Marching to a home above;

Glo-ry to God! we are marching, marching on, Happy in a Saviour's love.

# Glory to Jesus, He Saves.

P. B.

P. BILHORN.

1. Glo - ry to Je - sus who died on the tree, Paid the great price that my  
 2. Once in my heart there was sin and despair, Now the dear Saviour him-  
 3. Come, then, ye wea - ry, who long to be free, Come to the Saviour, he

soul might be free; Now I can sing hal - le - lu - jah to God,  
 self dwelleth there, And from his pres - ence comes peace to my soul,  
 wait - eth for thee; Then with the ransomed this song you can sing,

**CHORUS.**

Glo - ry! he saves, he saves. Glo - ry! he saves, glo - ry! he saves,

Saves a poor sin - ner like me; Glo - ry! he saves,

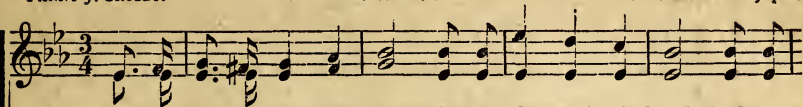
glo - ry! he saves, Saves a poor sin - ner like me. like me.

# 'Tis the Blessed Hour of Prayer. 47

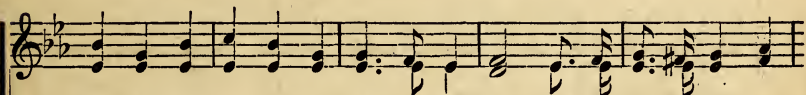
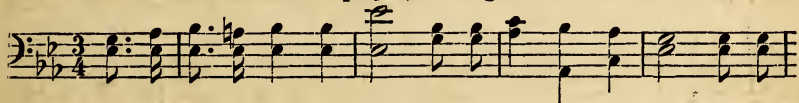
FANNY J. CROSBY.

"— went into the temple at the hour of prayer."  
Acts iii. 1

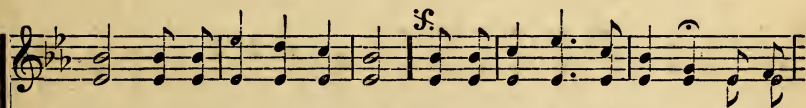
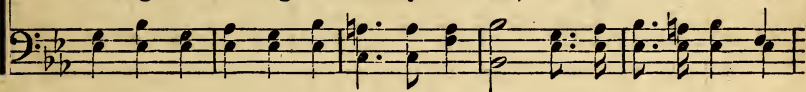
W. H. DOANE. By per.



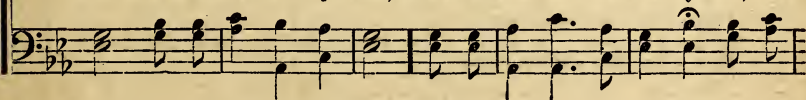
1. 'Tis the bless-ed hour of prayer, when our hearts lowly bend, And we
2. 'Tis the bless-ed hour of prayer, when the Saviour draws near, With a
3. 'Tis the bless-ed hour of prayer, when the tempted and tried To the
4. At the bless-ed hour of prayer, trusting him we be-lieve That the



gath-er to Je-sus, our Sav-iour and Friend; If we come to him in  
ten-der com-pas-sion his chil-dren to hear; When he tells us we may  
Saviour who loves them their sorrow con-fide; With a sym-pathiz-ing  
blessing we're needing we'll sure-ly re-ceive, In the ful-ness of this

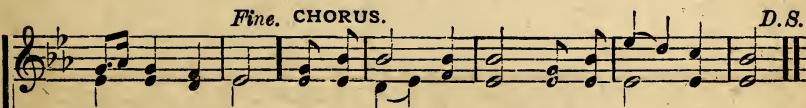


faith, his protec-tion to share, What a balm for the wea-ry! oh, how  
cast at his feet ev-'ry care, What a balm for the wea-ry! oh, how  
heart he removes ev-'ry care; What a balm for the wea-ry! oh, how  
trust we shall lose ev-'ry care; What a balm for the wea-ry! oh, how

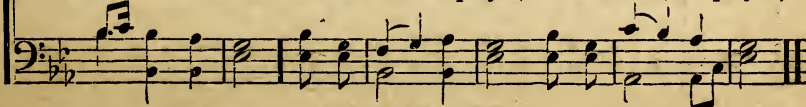


*Fine.* CHORUS.

*D. S.*



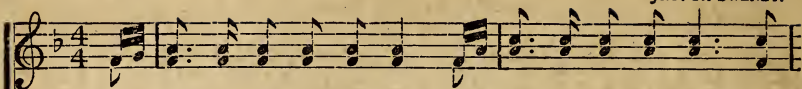
sweet to be there! Blessed hour of prayer, Blessed hour of prayer;



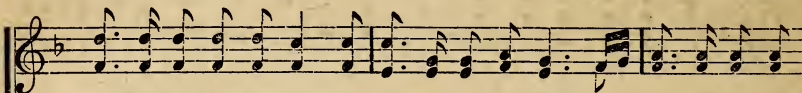
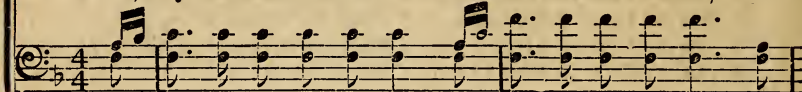
## The Promises.

L. E. HEWITT.

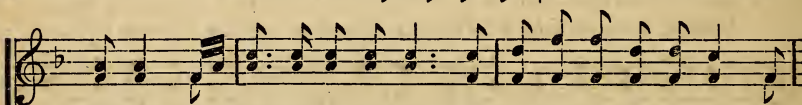
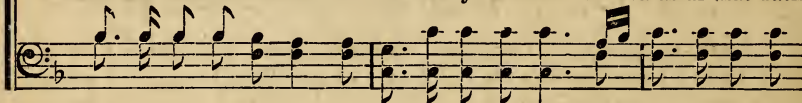
JNO. R. SWENEY.



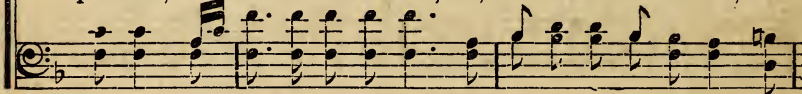
1. The prom - is - es, how precious! The words of God's own book! They
2. They fall up - on waste plac - es Like gen - tle drops of rain, Re -
3. Yes, they shall stand forev - er! God's word shall still endure, A -



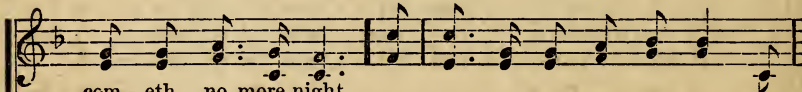
shine amid our darkness Like stars on some lone brook; Or, like the joy - ous  
fresh - ing and uplifting The soul that's faint with pain. They speak a Father's  
mid time's devas - tations E - ter - nal - ly secure. He's faithful that hath



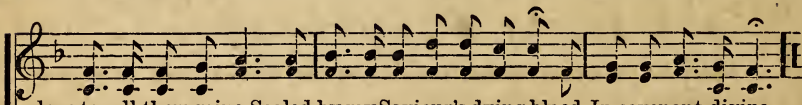
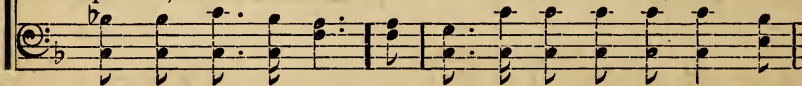
sunshine, They fill our path with light, The fore - gleams of that glory Where  
blessing, They breathe a Saviour's love; Our comfort in life's sorrows, Our  
promised, I trust his words divine; Oh, show me all their fulness, Blest



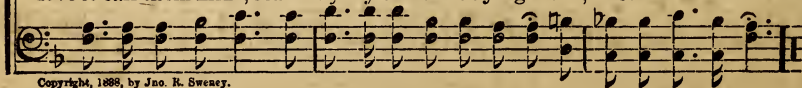
## CHORUS.



com - eth no more night.  
pledge of joys a - bove. The prom - is - es, how pre - cious! I  
Spir - it, make them mine.



love to call them mine, Sealed by my Saviour's dying blood, In covenant divine.



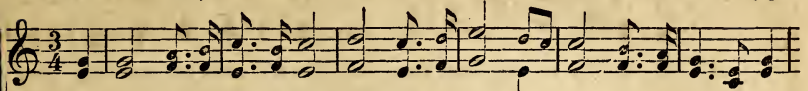
# Oh, Sing of His Mighty Love.

49

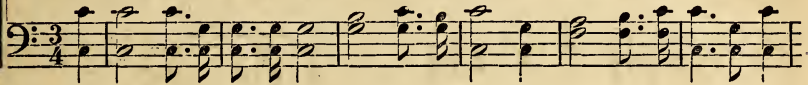
Rev. FRANK BOTTOME, D. D

"Mighty to save."—Isa. xliii. 1.

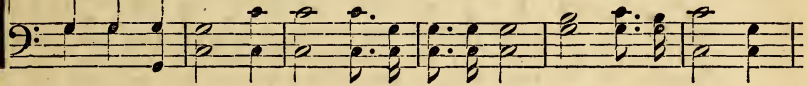
WM. B. BRADBURY. By per.



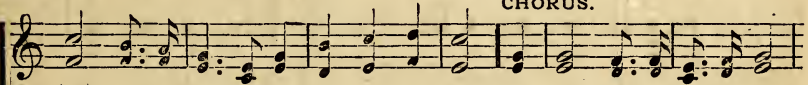
1. Oh, bliss of the pu-ri-fied, bliss of the free, I plunge in the crimson tide
2. Oh, bliss of the pu-ri-fied, Je - sus is mine, No long - er in dread condem
3. Oh, bliss of the purified, bliss of the pure! No wound hath the soul that his
4. O Je - sus the crucified! thee will I sing, My blessed Redeemer, my



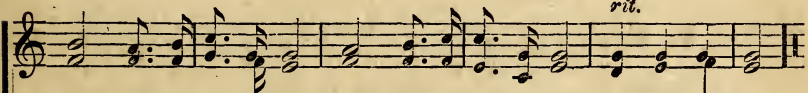
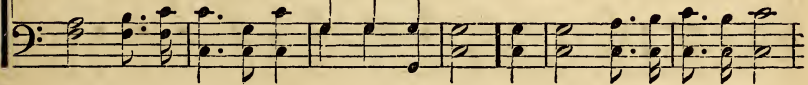
opened for me; O'er sin and uncleanness ex - ult - ing I stand, And na - tion I pine; In con - scious sal - vation I sing of his grace, Who blood cannot cure, No sor - row bowed head but may sweetly find rest, No God and my King; My soul, filled with rapture, shall shout o'er the grave, And



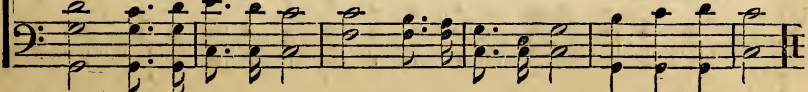
## CHORUS.



point to the print of the nails in his hand. Oh, sing of his mighty love, lift - eth up - on me the light of his face. tears but may dry them on Jesus' breast. triumph in death in the "Mighty to save."



Sing of his mighty love, sing of his mighty love, Mighty to save.



Miss JENNIE STOUT.

A. A. ARMEN.

1. Oh, I oft - en sit and pon - der, When the sun is sink - ing low,  
 2. Shall I be at work for Je - sus, Whilst he leads me by the hand,  
 3. But perhaps my work for Je - sus Soon in fu - ture may be done,

Where shall yonder fu - ture find me: Does but God in heav - en know?  
 And to those a - round be say - ing, Come and join his hap - py band?  
 All my earthly tri - als end - ed, And my crown in heav - en won;

Shall I be a - mong the liv - ing? Shall I min - gle with the free?  
 Come, for all things now are rea - dy, Come, his faithful foll - 'wer be;  
 Then for - ev - er with the ran - somed Thro' e - ter - ni - ty I'd be

Where - so - e'er my path be lead - ing, Saviour, keep my heart with thee.  
 Oh, where'er my path be lead - ing, Saviour, keep my heart with thee.  
 Chanting hymns to him who bought me With his blood shed on the tree.

## CHORUS.

Oh, the fu - - - - ture lies be - fore me, And I  
 Oh, the fu - ture lies be - fore me, And I know not where I'll be, Oh, the

know . . . not where I'll be, But where'er - - my path be  
 future lies before me, And I know not where I'll be, But where'er my path be leading, Saviour,  
 lead - - ing, Saviour, keep . . . my heart with thee.  
 keep my heart with thee, But where'er my path be leading, Saviour, keep my heart with thee.

**I'll Live for Him.**

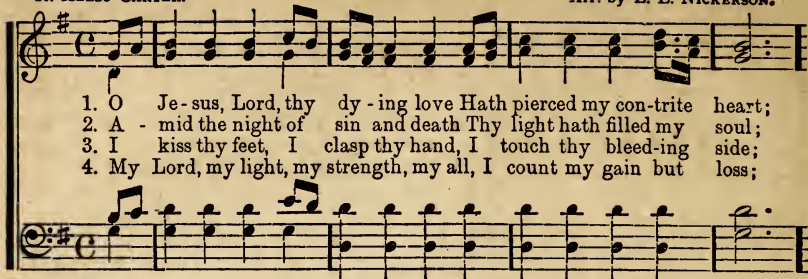
C. R. DUNBAR.

1. My life, my love I give to thee, Thou Lamb of God, who died for me;  
 2. I now believe thou dost receive, For thou hast died that I might live;  
 3. Oh, thou who died on Cal - va - ry, To save my soul and make me free,

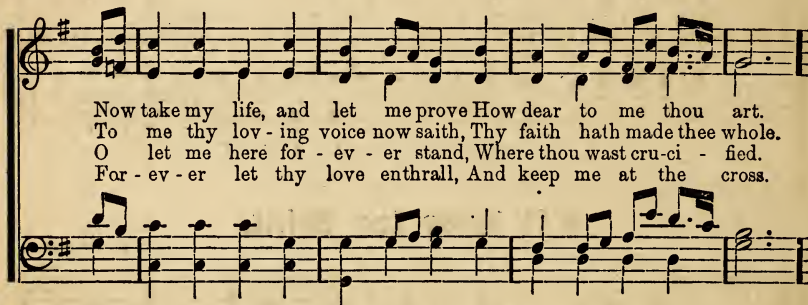
CHO.—I'll live for him who died for me, How happy then my life shall be!

Oh, may I ev - er faith - ful be, My Saviour and my God!  
 And now henceforth I'll trust in thee, My Saviour and my God!  
 I con - se - crate my life to thee, My Saviour and my God!

I'll live for him who died for me, My Saviour and my God!

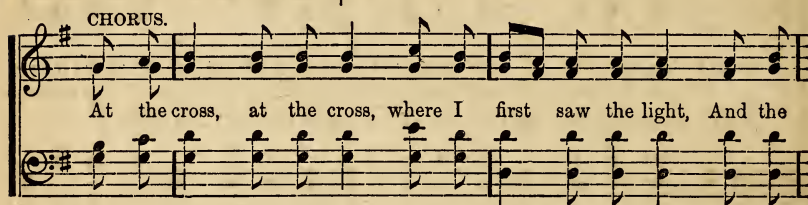


1. O Je - sus, Lord, thy dy - ing love Hath pierced my con - trite heart;  
 2. A - mid the night of sin and death Thy light hath filled my soul;  
 3. I kiss thy feet, I clasp thy hand, I touch thy bleed - ing side;  
 4. My Lord, my light, my strength, my all, I count my gain but loss;

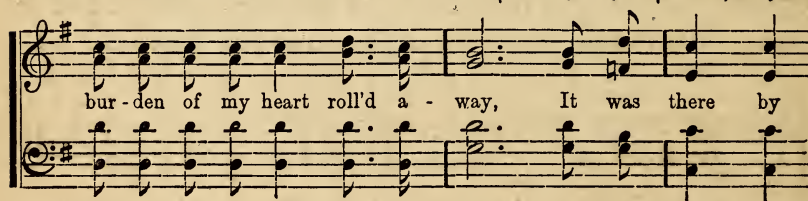


Now take my life, and let me prove How dear to me thou art.  
 To me thy lov - ing voice now saith, Thy faith hath made thee whole.  
 O let me here for - ev - er stand, Where thou wast cru - ci - fied.  
 For - ev - er let thy love enthrall, And keep me at the cross.

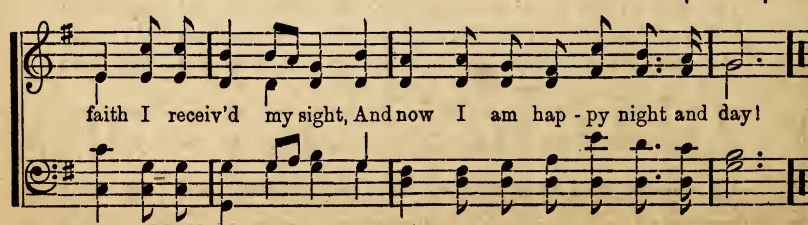
CHORUS.



At the cross, at the cross, where I first saw the light, And the



bur - den of my heart roll'd a - way, It was there by



faith I receiv'd my sight, And now I am hap - py night and day!

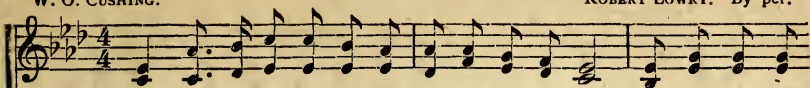


# Follow On!

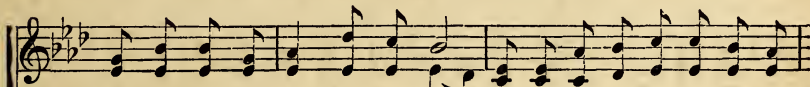
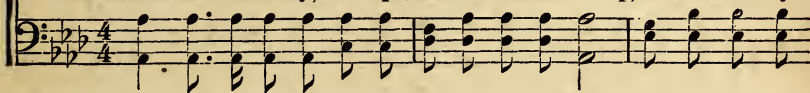
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W. O. CUSHING.

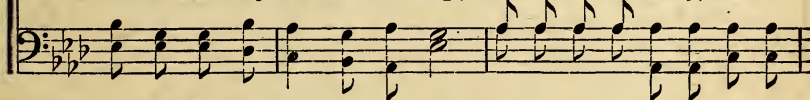
ROBERT LOWRY. By per.



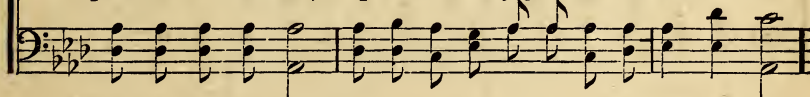
1. Down in the valley with my Saviour I would go, Where the flowers are
2. Down in the valley with my Saviour I would go, Where the storms are
3. Down in the valley, or up - on the mountain steep, Close beside my



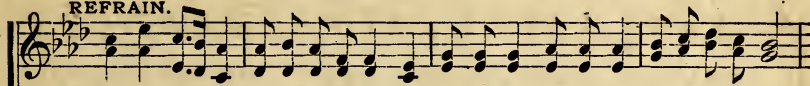
blooming and the sweet wa-ters flow ; Ev'rywhere he leads me I would  
sweeping and the dark wa-ters flow ; With his hand to lead me I will  
Saviour would my soul ev - er keep ; He will lead me safely, in the



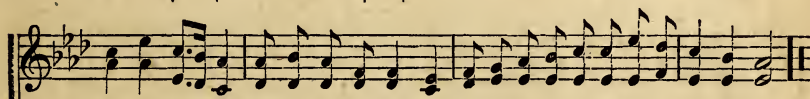
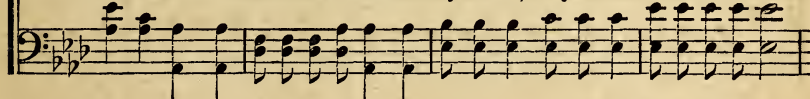
fol-low, fol-low on, Walking in his footsteps till the crown be won.  
nev - er, nev - er fear, Dangers cannot fright me if my Lord is near.  
path that he has trod, Up to where they gather on the hills of God.



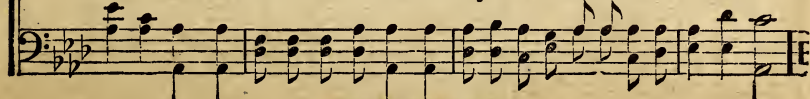
## REFRAIN.



Follow! follow! I would follow Jesus! Anywhere, ev'rywhere, I would follow on!



Follow! follow! I would follow Jesus! Ev'rywhere he leads me I will follow on!



# In the Shadow of His Wings.

Rev. J. B. ATCHINSON.

E. O. EXCELL.

1. In the shadow of his wings There is rest, sweet rest; There is rest from care and  
 2. In the shadow of his wings There is peace, sweet peace, Peace that passeth under-  
 3. In the shadow of his wings There is joy, glad joy, There is joy to tell the

la - bor, There is rest for friend and neighbor, In the shadow of his wings,  
 standing, Peace, sweet peace that knows no ending, In the shadow of his wings,  
 sto - ry, Joy ex - ceeding, full of glo - ry; In the shadow of his wings,

There is rest, sweet rest, In the shadow of his wings There is rest, sweet rest,  
 There is peace, sweet peace, In the shadow of his wings There is peace, sweet peace,  
 There is joy, glad joy, In the shadow of his wings, There is joy, glad joy,

## CHORUS.

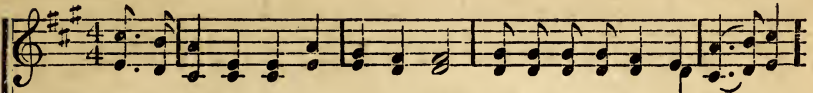
There is rest, There is peace, There is joy In the shadow of his wings;  
 sweet rest, sweet peace, glad joy,

There is rest, there is peace, There is joy In the shadow of his wings.  
 sweet rest, sweet peace, glad joy,

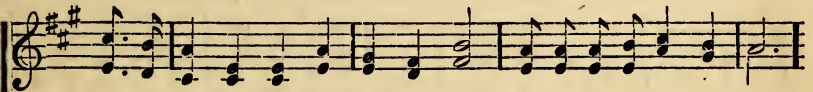
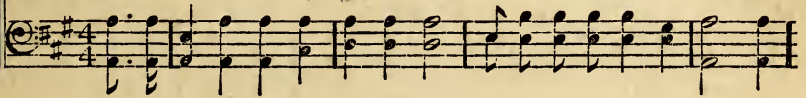
# Drinking at the Living Fountain. 55

The "Lanan."

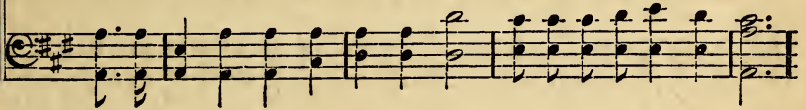
P. BILHORN.



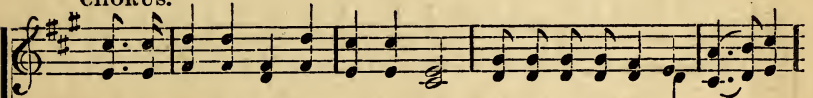
1. I have found a balm for all my woe, Jesus is the living fountain;
2. When I came to Je - sus in my sin, Bending at the living fountain;
3. As I heard his voice so kind and sweet, Sounding at the living fountain;
4. To the fountain come, O come to-day, Flowing is the living fountain;



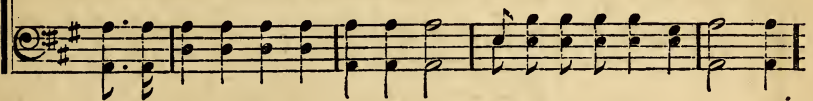
I am full of joy, as Christ I know, Drinking at the fount of life.  
Then he heard my prayer and made me clean, Cleansed me at the fount of life.  
Then I wept and sang low at his feet, Drinking at the fount of life.  
If you come he'll wash your sins a - way, Je - sus is the fount of life.



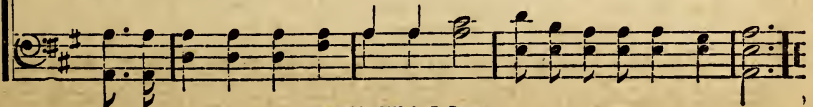
## CHORUS.



O the fount is Christ, in him believe, Drinking at the living fountain;

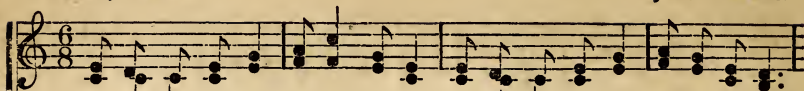


All who come to him, the life received, Jesus is the fount of life.

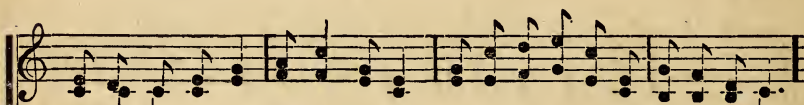


FANNY J. CROSBY.

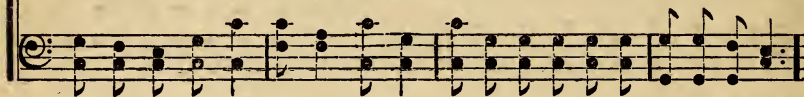
JNO. R. SWENEY.



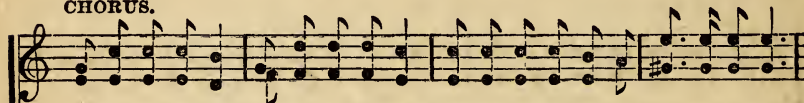
1. Out on the des-ert, looking, looking, Sinner, 'tis Je-sus looking for thee;
2. Still he is waiting, waiting, waiting, O, what compassion beams in his eye,
3. Lovingly pleading, pleading, pleading, Mercy, tho'slighted, bears with thee yet;
4. Spirits in glory, watching, watching, Long to behold thee safe in the fold;



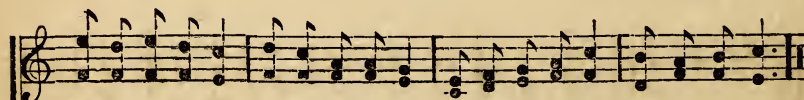
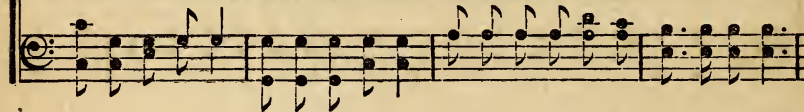
Tender - ly calling, calling, calling, Hither, thou lost one, O, come unto me.  
 Hear him repeat-ing gent-ly, gently, Come to thy Saviour, O, why wilt thou die.  
 Thou canst be happy, hap-py, hap-py, Come, ere thy life-star forever shall set.  
 Angels are waiting, waiting, waiting, When shall thy story with rapture be told?



## CHORUS.



Jesus is looking, Jesus is calling, Why dost thou linger, why tarry away?



Run to him quickly, say to him gladly, Lord, I am coming, coming to-day.

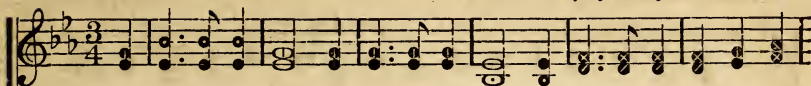


# The Child of a King.

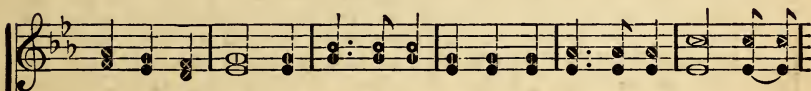
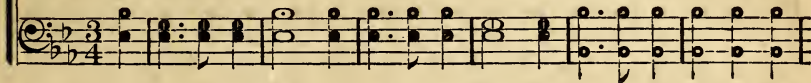
57

HATTIE E. BUELL.

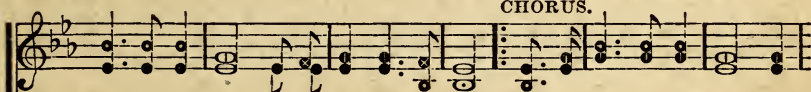
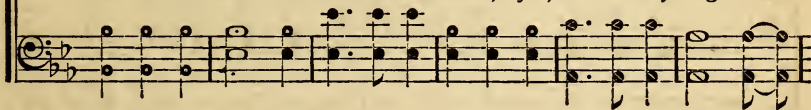
Art. from Melody by Rev. JOHN B. SUMNER.



1. My Fa-ther is rich in houses and lands, He holdeth the wealth of the
2. My Father's own Son, the Saviour of men, Once wander'd o'er earth as the
3. I once was an out - cast stranger on earth, A sin - ner by choice, an
4. A tent or a cot-tage, why should I care? They're building a palace for

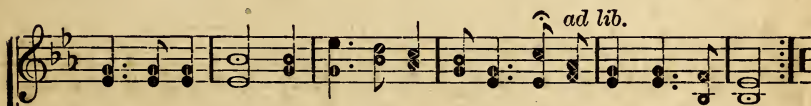
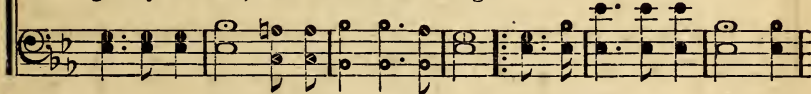


world in his hands! Of ru - bies and diamonds, of silver and gold His poorest of men, But now he is reigning for - ev - er on high, And will al - ien by birth! But I've been a - dopt - ed, my name's written down, — An me o - ver there! Tho' exiled from home, yet, still I may sing: All

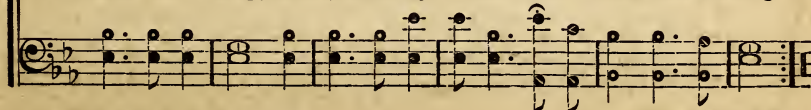


## CHORUS.

cof - ers are full, — he has riches un - told. I'm the child of a King, The give me a home in heaven by and by. heir to a man - sion, a robe, and a crown. glo - ry to God, I'm the child of a King.



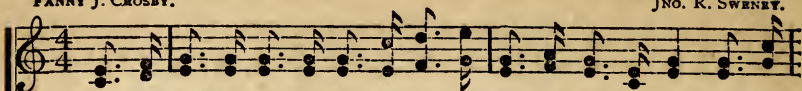
child of a King; With Je - sus my Saviour I'm the child of a King.



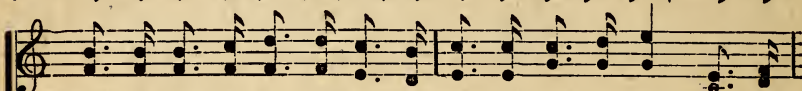
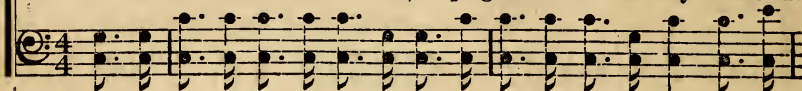
## By the Grace of God we'll Meet.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

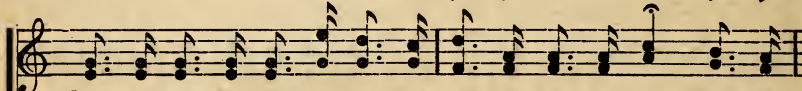
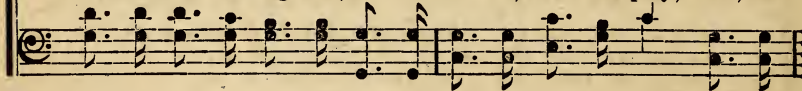
JNO. R. SWENEY.



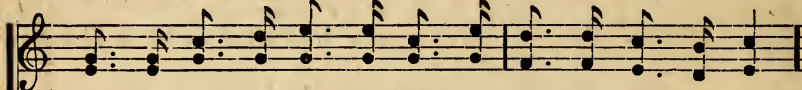
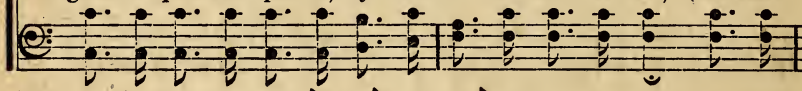
1. Thro' the gates of pearl and jasper To the ci - ty paved with gold, When the
2. When the harvest work is ended, And the summer days are past, When the
3. Let us fol - low on with firmness, keeping ev - er in the way Where our



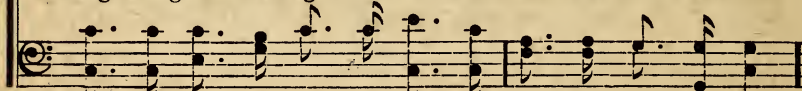
ransomed host shall en - ter, And their gracious Lord be - hold, When they  
reap - ers go re - joic - ing To their bright re - ward at last; When the  
bles - sed Lord has taught us, To be faith - ful, watch and pray; Then, in



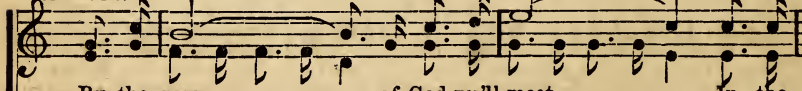
meet in bliss - ful triumph By the tree of life so fair Shall we  
white - robed an - gel leads them to the gates of joy so fair, Shall we  
garments pure and spotless, By the tree of life so fair, We shall



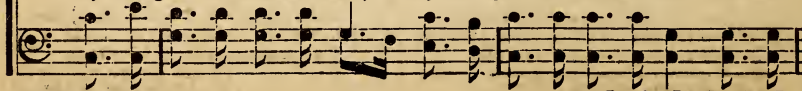
join the no - ble arm - y, And re - ceive a wel - come there?  
join their hap - py num - ber? Will they bid us wel - come there?  
sing through endless ag - es With the count - less mil - lions there.



## CHORUS.



By the grace . . . . . of God we'll meet . . . . . In the  
By the grace of God we'll meet, By the grace of God we'll meet In the



ci - - ty's golden street, Shouting, glo - - - ry! hal-le-  
ci - ty's gold - en street, golden street, Shouting, glo-ry! hal-le-lu - jah! Shouting,

lu - - - jah! At the dear - - - - Redeem-er's feet.  
glo-ry! hal - le - lu - jah! At our dear Re-deem-er's feet, Re-deem - er's feet.

C. J. B.

### A Sinner like Me.

CHAS. J. BUTLER.

1. I-was once far away from the Saviour, And as vile as a sinner could be,

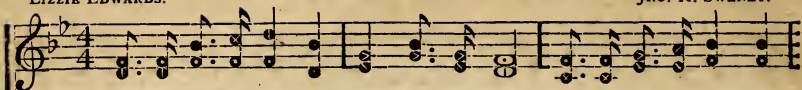
I wondered if Christ the Redeemer, Could save a poor sinner like me.

2 I wandered on in the darkness,  
Not a ray of light could I see, [ness,  
And the thought filled my heart with sad-  
There's no hope for a sinner like me.

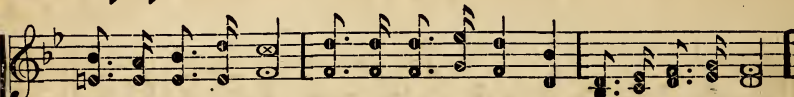
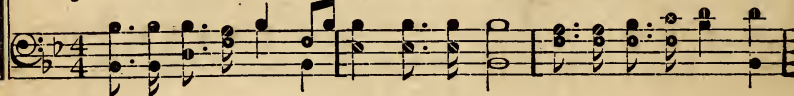
3 I then fully trusted in Jesus,  
And oh, what a joy came to me;  
My heart was filled with his praises,  
For saving a sinner like me.

4 No longer in darkness I'm walking,  
For the light is now shining on me,  
And now unto others I'm telling,  
How he saved a poor sinner like me.

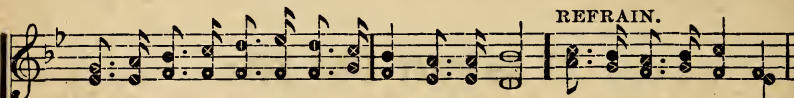
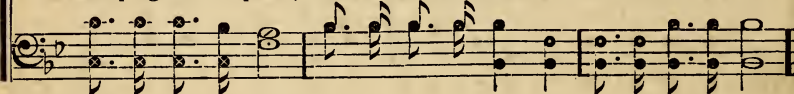
5 And when life's journey is over,  
And I the dear Saviour shall see,  
I'll praise him forever and ever,  
For saving a sinner like me.



1. Tidings, happy tidings, Hark! hark! the sound! Hear the joyful e - cho
2. Tidings, happy tidings, Hark! hark! they say, Do not slight the warning,
3. Tidings, happy tidings, Hark! hark! a - gain! Rushing o'er the mountain,

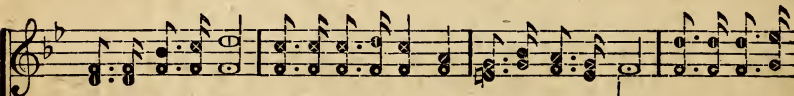
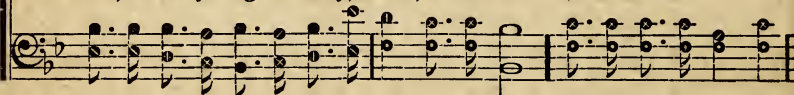


Thro' the world resound; Christ the Lord proclaims them, Hear and heed the call,  
Come, oh, come to-day; Christ, our lov - ing Sav - iour, Still repeats the call,  
Sweeping o'er the plain; Onward goes the message, 'Tis the Saviour's call,

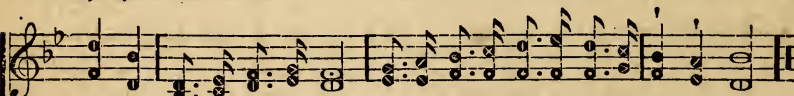
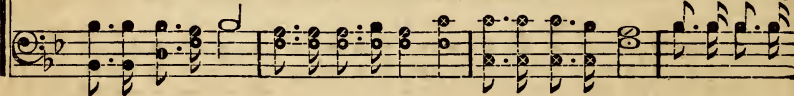


## REFRAIN.

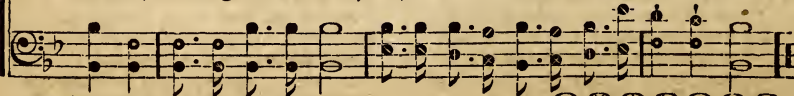
Come, ye starving ones that perish, Room, room for all. Whoso - ev - er ask - eth,  
Come, ye weary, hea - vy - laden, Room, room for all.  
Come, for ev'rything is ready, Room, room for all.



Jesus will receive; Whosoever thirsteth, Jesus will relieve; See the living



waters, Flowing full and free; Oh, the blessed whosoever! That means me.





# Jesus of Nazareth Passeth By.

61

Miss ETTA CAMPBELL.

Mark x. 47.

THEO. E. PERKINS. By per.

1. What means this eager, anxious throng, Which moves with busy haste along—  
 2. Who is this Jesus? Why should he The ci - ty move so might - i - ly?  
 3. Je - sus! 'tis he who once be - low Man's pathway trod, 'mid pain and woe;  
 4. Again he comes! From place to place His ho - ly footprints we can trace.

These wondrous gath'ring's day by day? What means this strange commotion pray?  
 A pass - ing stranger, has he skill To move the mul - ti - tude at will?  
 And burdened ones, where'er he came, Brought out their sick, and deaf, and lame.  
 He paus - eth at our threshold—nay, He en - ters—con - descends to stay.

In accents hushed the throng reply: "Je - sus of Naz - areth passeth by,"  
 A - gain the stirring notes re - ply: "Je - sus of Naz - areth passeth by,"  
 The blind rejoiced to hear the cry: "Je - sus of Naz - areth passeth by,"  
 Shall we not glad - ly raise the cry—"Je - sus of Naz - areth passeth by,"

In accents hushed the throng reply: "Je - sus of Naz - areth pass - eth by."  
 A - gain the stirring notes re - ply: "Je - sus of Naz - areth pass - eth by."  
 The blind rejoiced to hear the cry: "Je - sus of Naz - areth pass - eth by."  
 Shall we not gladly raise the cry—"Je - sus of Naz - areth pass - eth by."

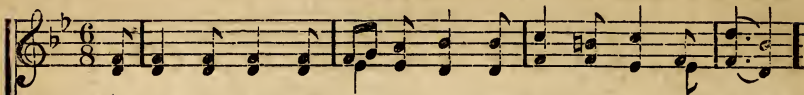
5 Ho! all ye heavy-laden, come!  
 Here's pardon, comfort, rest, and home.  
 Ye wanderers from a Father's face,  
 Return, accept his proffered grace.  
 Ye tempted ones, there's refuge nigh:  
 "Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

6 But if you still this call refuse,  
 And all his wondrous love abuse,  
 Soon will he sadly from you turn,  
 Your bitter prayer for pardon spurn.  
 "Too late! too late!" will be the cry—  
 "Jesus of Nazareth *has passed by.*"

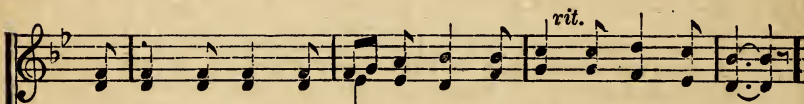
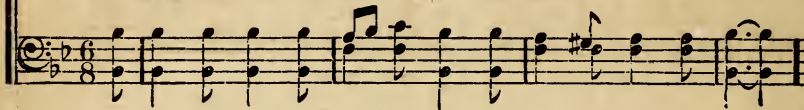
# The Saviour is My All in All.

P. B.

"Wherefore he is able to save them to the uttermost."—Heb. vii. 25. P. BILHORN.



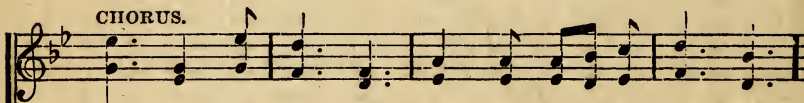
1. The Saviour is my all in all, He is my constant theme!
2. His Spir-it gives sweet peace within, And bids all care de-part!
3. And whatso-ev-er I may ask, To glo-ri-fy his name,
4. Oh, praise the Lord, my soul, rejoice, Give thanks unto thy God!



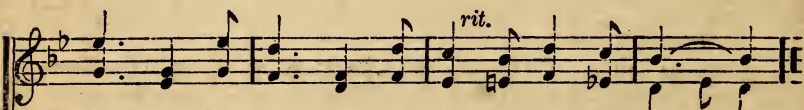
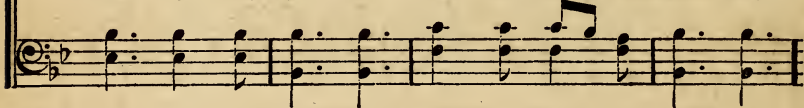
By sim-ply trust-ing in his word He keeps me pure and clean.  
 He fills my soul with righteousness, And pu-ri-fies the heart.  
 The Fa-ther free-ly gives to me, Since Christ the Saviour came.  
 Who took thee in thy sin-ful-ness, And cleansed thee by his blood!



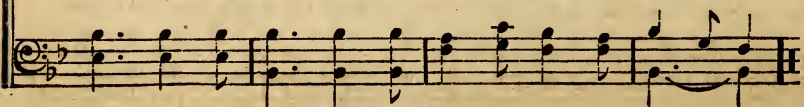
## CHORUS.



Glo-ry! oh, glo-ry! Je-sus hath redeemed me;



Glo-ry! oh, glo-ry! He washed my sins a-way, a-way!

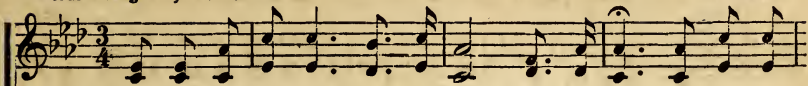


# What's the News.

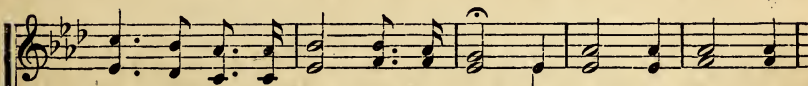
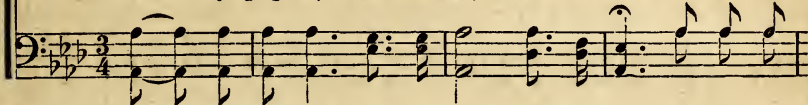
63

Words arranged by W. H. G.

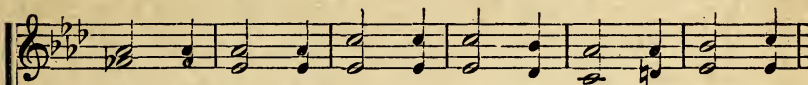
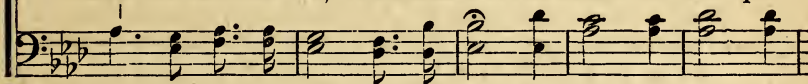
Rev. W. H. GEISTWEIT.



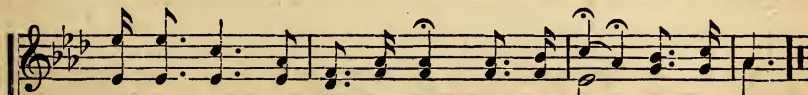
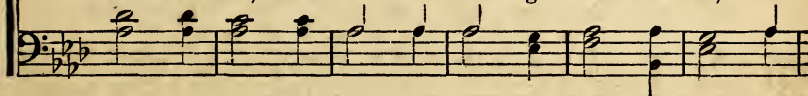
1. Whene'er we meet we always say, "What's the news? Pray what's the
2. God has pardoned all my sin, That's the news! I feel the
3. And now if a - ny one should say, What's the news? O tell him
4. Wea - ry pilgrim, hear the call, Bless - ed news! Christ Je - sus



or - der of the day, What's the news?" His work's re - viv - ing  
wit - ness deep with - in, That's the news! And since he took 'my  
you've be - gun to pray, That's the news! That you have joined the  
came to save us all, That's the news! He died to set poor



all a - round, And sin - ners hear the gos - pel sound, Re -  
sins a - way, And taught me how to watch and pray, I'm  
conqu'ring band, And now with joy at God's command, You're  
sin - ners free, That we from death might ran - somed be, And



joic - ing in a Saviour found, That's the news! That's the news!  
hap - py now from day to day, That's the news! That's the news!  
marching to the bet - ter land, That's the news! That's the news!  
with him reign e - ter - nal - ly, That's the news! That's the news!



# God be with You.

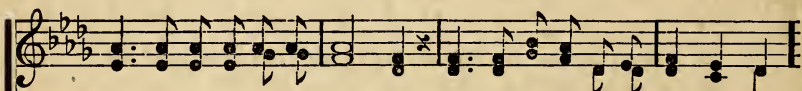
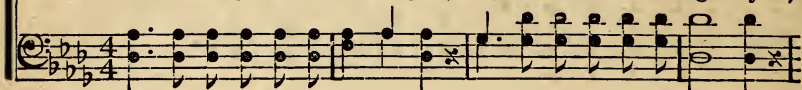
J. E. RANKIN, D. D.

"The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you."  
Rom. xvi. 20.

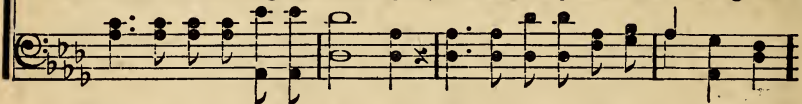
W. G. TOMER.



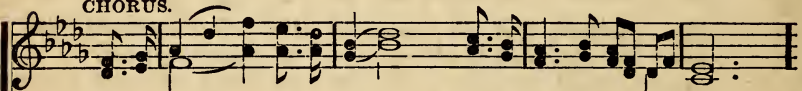
1. God be with you till we meet again, By his counsels guide, uphold you,
2. God be with you till we meet again, 'Neath his wings securely hide you;
3. God be with you till we meet again, When life's perils thick confound you;
4. God be with you till we meet again, Keep love's banner floating o'er you;



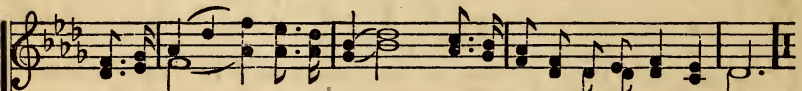
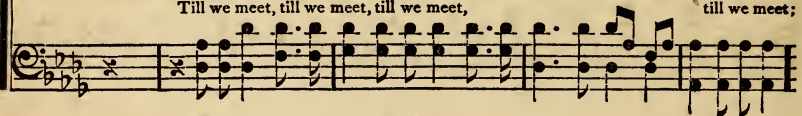
With his sheep securely fold you, God be with you till we meet again.  
 Dai - ly manna still provide you, God be with you till we meet again.  
 Put his arms unfailing round you, God be with you till we meet again.  
 Smite death's threat'ning wave before you, God be with you till we meet again.



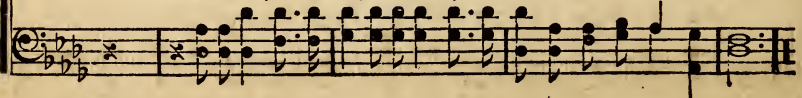
## CHORUS.



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



Till we meet, till we meet, God be with you till we meet again.  
 Till we meet, till we meet, till we meet,



# Oh, Bless Me, Saviour.

PETER STRYKER, D. D.

WM. H. GEISTWEIT.

1. Oh, bless me, Saviour, bless me! I come to thee for grace; Life's  
 2. Oh, bless me, Saviour, bless me! I come to thee for rest; My  
 3. Oh, bless me, Saviour, bless me! I come to thee for joy; Not

bat - tle fiercely ra - ges, Help me my foes to chase. Like Gideon's band of  
 wea - ry head I'd pil - low Up - on thy lov - ing breast. By day, by night I'll  
 on - ly peace, but gladness, and bliss without alloy. I may not have this

he - roes, My onward way shall tend; And faint, yet still pursu - ing, I'll  
 trust thee, Awake, or when I sleep; Assured that thou wilt ev - er Thy  
 bless - ing In all its ful - ness here; 'Tis kept for me in heav - en, Where

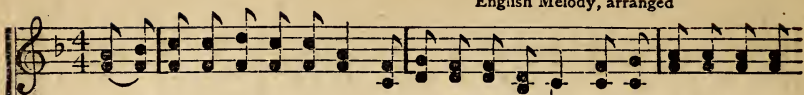
## CHORUS.

triumph in the end. Bless me now, Bless me now, Pre - cious Re -  
 vig - il o'er me keep. *Faster.*  
 nev - er falls a tear.

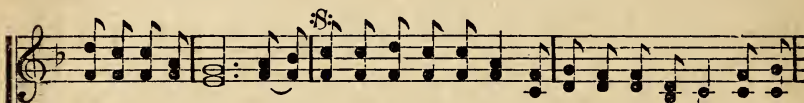
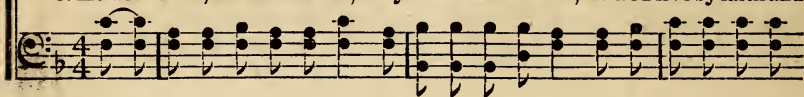
*rit.* *Repeat pp*  
 deem - er, Come and bless me now.  
 4 Bless me, I know thou't bless me  
 In all my pilgrim way,  
 And bring me where the shadows  
 Will never gloom the day.  
 My joy is now to journey  
 Close to thy loving side,  
 And hope with thee in glory  
 Forever to abide.

# The Lily of the Valley.

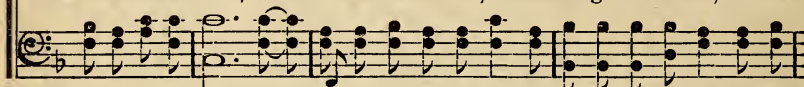
English Melody, arranged



1. I have found a friend in Jesus, he's ev'rything to me, He's the fairest of ten
2. He all my griefs has taken, and all my sorrows borne; In temptation he's my
3. He will never, never leave me, nor yet forsake me here, While I live by faith and



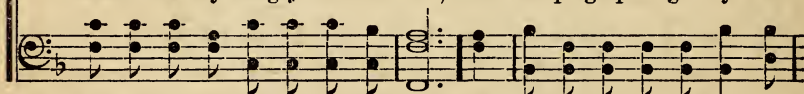
thousand to my soul; The Li-ly of the Valley, in him alone I see All I strong and mighty tower; I have all for him forsaken, and all my idols torn From my do his blessed will; A wall of fire about me, I've nothing now to fear; With his



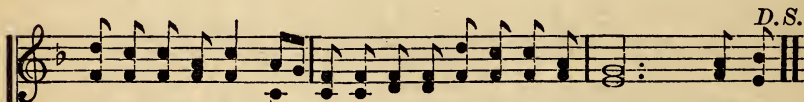
*D. S.*—Lily of the Valley, the bright and Morning Star, He's the



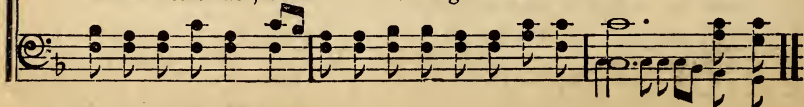
need to cleanse and make me fully whole; In sorrow he's my comfort, in heart, and now he keeps me by his power; Tho' all the world forsake me, and manna he my hungry soul shall fill; Then sweeping up to glo-ry to



fair-est of ten thousand to my soul. CHO.—In sorrow, etc. (*after each verse.*)



trouble he's my stay, He tells me ev'ry care on him to roll.	He's the
Satan tempts me sore, Thro' Jesus I shall safely reach the goal.	He's the
see his blessed face, Where rivers of delight shall ever roll.	He's the



# Rise Up and Hasten.

67

"Rise up, my love, my fair one, and come away."

J. DENHAM SMITH. Arr.

Song of Sol. ii. 10.

Arr. by JAMES McGRANAHAN.

1. Rise up, and hast - en! my soul, haste along! And speed on thy  
2. Why should we linger when heaven lies before! While earth's fast re -  
3. Loved ones in Je - sus they've passed on before, Now rest - ing in  
4. No condem - nation! how blessed is the word, And no sep - a -

jour - ney with hope and with song; Home, home is near - ing, 'tis  
ced - ing, and soon will be no more; Pleasures and treasures which  
glo - ry, they weary are no more; Toils all are end - ed, and  
ra - tion! for - ev - er with the Lord; He will be with us who

coming in - to view, A little more of toiling and then to earth adieu.  
once here we knew, No more can they charm us with such a goal in view.  
nothing now but joy, And prais - es ascending, their ev - er glad employ.  
loved us long before, And Je - sus, our Je - sus is ours for ev - ermore.

## CHORUS.

*1st.*  
{ Come then, come, and raise the joyful song! Ye children of the wilderness, our  
Home, home, home, oh, why should we delay? The

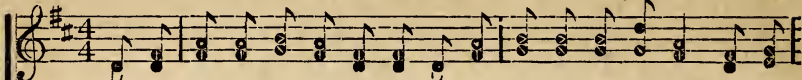
*2d.*  
time cannot be long. morn of heaven is dawning, we're near the break of day.

# What a Gath'ring that will be.

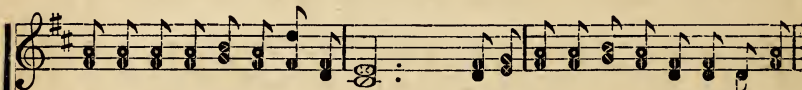
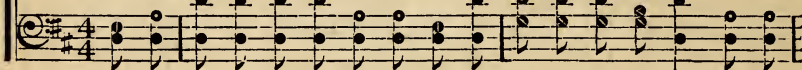
J. H. K.

"Gather my saints together unto me."—Ps. l. 5.

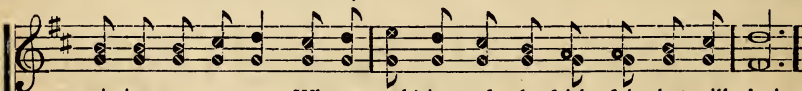
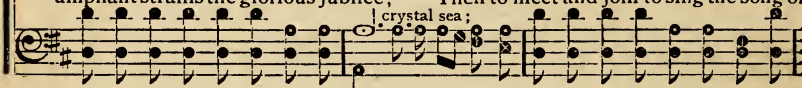
J. H. KURZENKNABE.



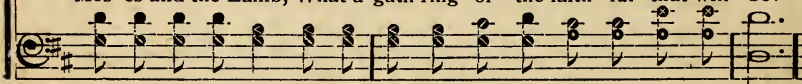
1. At the sounding of the trumpet, when the saints are gather'd home, We will
2. When the angel of the Lord proclaims that time shall be no more, We shall
3. At the great and final judgement, when the hidden comes to light, When the
4. When the golden harps are sounding, and the angel bands proclaim, In tri-



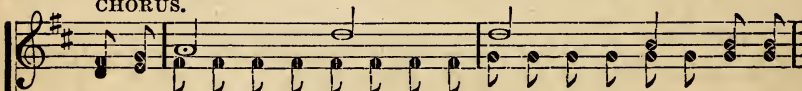
greet each other by the crystal sea, With the friends and all the lov'd ones there a-gather, and the saved and ransom'd see, Then to meet again to-gether, on the Lord in all his glo-ry we shall see; At the bidding of our Saviour, "Come, ye umphant strains the glorious jubilee; Then to meet and join to sing the song of



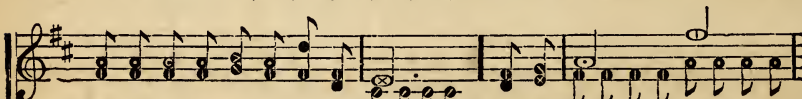
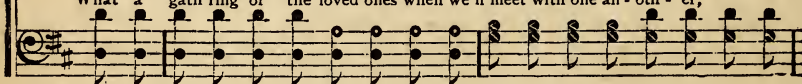
wait-ing us to come, What a gath'ring of the faith-ful that will be!  
 bright ce-les-tial shore, What a gath'ring of the faith-ful that will be!  
 bless-ed, to my right, What a gath'ring of the faith-ful that will be!  
 Mos-es and the Lamb, What a gath'ring of the faith-ful that will be!



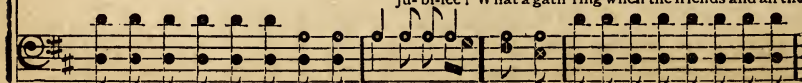
## CHORUS.



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,



sounding of the glorious ju-bi-lee! What a gath - - 'ring,  
 ju-bi-lee! What a gath'ring when the friends and all the





gath - - - 'ring, What a gath'ring of the faith-ful that will be!  
 dear ones meet each oth - er,

Oh! 'tis Glory in My Soul.

FLORA L. BEST.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. To thy cross, dear Christ I'm clinging, All my re - fuge and my plea;  
 2. Long my heart hath heard thee calling, But I thrust a - side thy grace;  
 3. Love e - ter - nal, light e - ter - nal, Close me safe - ly, sweetly in;

Matchless is thy lov - ing kindness, Else it had not stoop'd to me.  
 Yet, O boundless con - de - scension, Love is shin - ing from thy face.  
 Sav - iour, let thy balm of healing, Ev - er keep me free from sin.

CHORUS.

Oh, 'tis glo - ry! oh, 'tis glo - ry! Oh, 'tis glo - ry in my soul,

For I've touch'd the hem of his garment, And his pow'r doth make me whole.

## Calvary.

Rev. W. M'K. DARWOOD.

Luke xxiii. 33.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. On Calv'ry's brow                      my Saviour died,                      'Twas there my  
2. 'Mid rending rocks                      and dark'ning skies,                      My Saviour  
3. O Je-sus, Lord,                      how can it be,                      That thou shouldst

Lord                      was cruci - fied:                      'Twas on the cross                      he bled for  
bows                      his head and dies;                      The opening veil                      reveals the  
give                      thy life for me,                      To bear the cross                      and ag-o-

me,                      And purchased there                      my par-don free.  
way                      To heaven's joys                      and endless day.  
ny,—                      In that dread hour                      on Cal - va - ry!—

*mf* CHORUS.                      *p*                      *m*                      *p*                      *pp*  
O Cal - va - ry! dark Calva - ry! Where Jesus shed his blood for me, for me;

*mf*                      *ff*                      *mf*                      *rit. p*  
O Cal - va - ry! blest Cal - va - ry! 'Twas there my Saviour died for me.

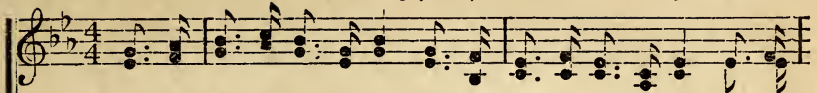
# Over Jordan.

71

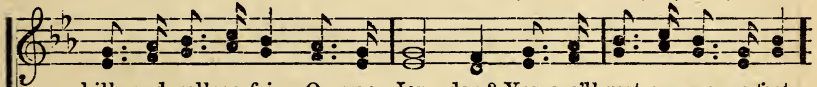
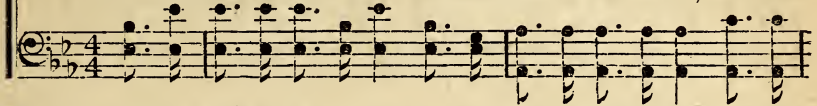
Mrs. M. B. C. SLADE.

Deut. xi. 31; viii 7, 8.

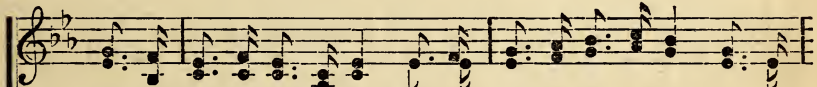
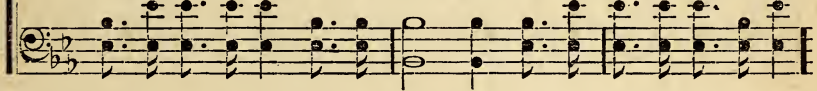
J. R. MURRAY.



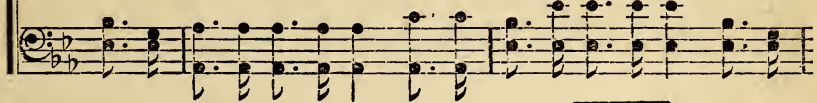
1. With his dear and loving care Will the Saviour lead us on, To the
2. Through the rocky wilderness Will the Saviour lead us on, To the
3. With his strong and mighty hand Will the Saviour lead us on, To that
4. In the Promised Land to be Will the Saviour lead us on, Till fair



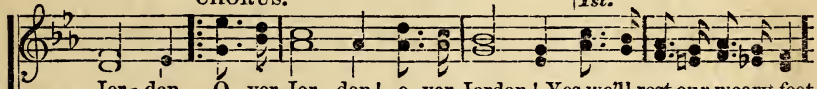
hills and valleys fair, O - ver Jor - dan? Yes, we'll rest our weary feet  
land we shall possess, O - ver Jor - dan? Yes, by night the wondrous ray,  
good and pleasant land, O - ver Jor - dan? Yes, where vine and olive grow,  
Canaan's shore we see, O - ver Jor - dan? Yes, to dwell with thee at last,



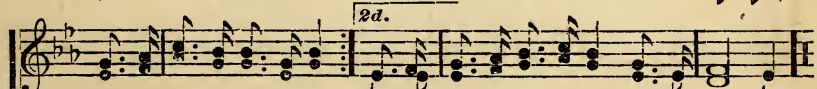
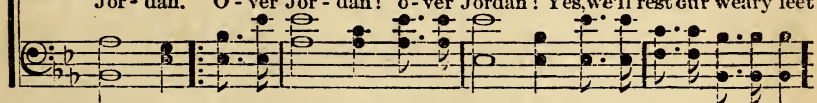
By the crystal waters sweet, When the peaceful shore we greet, O - ver  
Cloudy pil - lar by the day, They shall guide us on our way, O - ver  
And the brooks and fountains flow, Thirst nor hunger shall we know, O - ver  
Guide and lead us, as thou hast, Till the parted wave be passed, O - ver



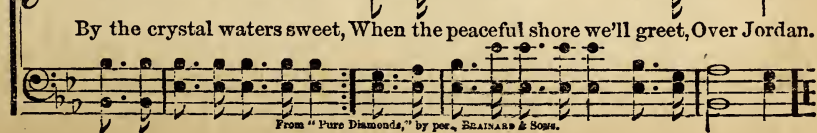
## CHORUS.



Jor - dan. O - ver Jor - dan! o - ver Jordan! Yes, we'll rest our weary feet.



By the crystal waters sweet, When the peaceful shore we'll greet, Over Jordan.



## Wilt thou be made whole?

W. J. K.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Hear the foot-steps of Je-sus, He is now passing by, Bearing balm for the  
 2. 'Tis the voice of that Saviour, Whose mer-ci-ful call Freely off-ers sal-  
 3. Are you halting and struggling, O'erpowered by your sin, While the waters are  
 4. Bless-ed Saviour, as-sist us To rest on thy word; Let the soul-healing

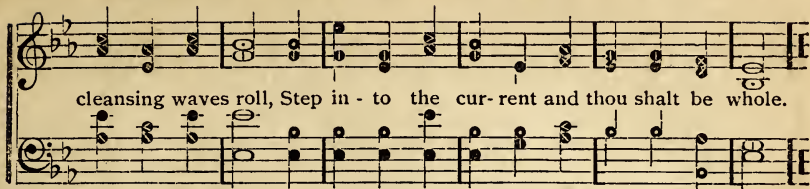
wounded, Healing all who ap-ply; As he spake to the suff'rer Who  
 va-tion To one and to all; He is now beck'ning to him Each  
 troubled Can you not en-ter in? Lo, the Saviour stands waiting To  
 pow-er On us now be out-poured: Wash away ev-'ry sin-spot, Take

lay at the pool, He is say-ing this moment, "Wilt thou be made whole?"  
 sin tainted soul, And lov-ing-ly asking, "Wilt thou be made whole?"  
 strengthen your soul, He is earnest-ly pleading, "Wilt thou be made whole?"  
 per-fect con-trol, Say to each trusting spirit, "Thy faith makes thee whole."

## REFRAIN.

Wilt thou be made whole? Wilt thou be made whole? O come, wea-ry

suff'rer, O come, sin-sick soul; See, the life-stream is flow-ing, See, the

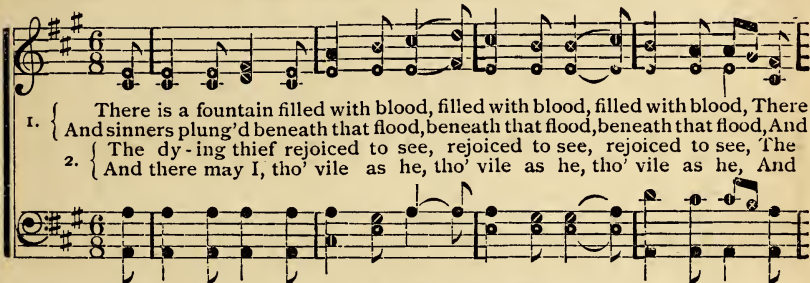


cleansing waves roll, Step in - to the cur - rent and thou shalt be whole.

COWPER.

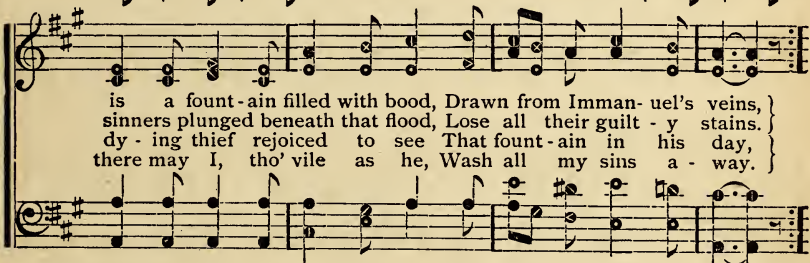
## Glorious Fountain.

T. C. O'KANE.




1. { There is a fountain filled with blood, filled with blood, filled with blood, There  
And sinners plung'd beneath that flood, beneath that flood, beneath that flood, And

2. { The dy - ing thief rejoiced to see, rejoiced to see, rejoiced to see, The  
And there may I, tho' vile as he, tho' vile as he, tho' vile as he, And

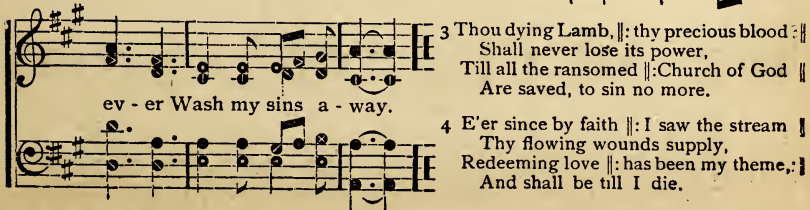


is a fount - ain filled with bood, Drawn from Imman - uel's veins, }  
sinners plunged beneath that flood, Lose all their guilt - y stains. }  
dy - ing thief rejoiced to see That fount - ain in his day, }  
there may I, tho' vile as he, Wash all my sins a - way. }

### CHORUS.



Oh, glo - ri - ous fount - ain! Here will I stay, And in thee



ev - er Wash my sins a - way.

3 Thou dying Lamb, ||: thy precious blood :||  
Shall never lose its power,  
Till all the ransomed ||: Church of God ||  
Are saved, to sin no more.

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

# 74 Nothing but the Blood of Jesus.

R. LOWRY.

R. LOWRY.

1. What can wash a - way my stain? Nothing but the blood of Je - sus;  
 2. For my cleansing this I see— Nothing but the blood of Je - sus;  
 3. Noth - ing can for sin a - tone— Nothing but the blood of Je - sus;  
 4. This is all my hope and peace— Nothing but the blood of Je - sus;

What can make me whole a - gain? Nothing but the blood of Je - sus.  
 For my par - don this my plea— Nothing but the blood of Je - sus.  
 Naught of good that I have done— Nothing but the blood of Je - sus.  
 This is all my righteous - ness— Nothing but the blood of Je - sus.

## REFRAIN.

Oh, pre - cious is the flow That makes me white as snow;

No oth - er fount I know, Nothing but the blood of Je - sus.

5 Now by this I'll overcome—  
 Nothing but the blood of Jesus;  
 Now by this I'll reach my home—  
 Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

6 Glory! glory! thus I sing—  
 Nothing but the blood of Jesus;  
 All my praise for this I bring—  
 Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

# Memories of Galilee.

75

ROBERT MORRIS, LL. D. "Jesus walked in Galilee."—John vii. 1.

H. R. PALMER.

1. Each coo-ing dove  
2. Each flowery glen  
3. And when I read

and sighing bough,  
and mossy dell,  
the thrilling lore

That makes the  
Where hap-py  
Of him who

eye  
birds  
walked

so blest to me,  
in song a-gree,  
up-on the sea,

Has something far  
Thro' sunny morn  
I long, oh, how

divin-er  
the praises  
I long once

now,  
tell  
more

It bears me back  
Of sights and sounds  
To follow him

to Gal-i-lee.  
in Gal-i-lee.  
in Gal-i-lee.

## CHORUS.

O Gal-i-lee! sweet Gal-i-lee! Where Jesus loved so much to be; O

Gal-i-lee! blue Gal-i-lee! Come, sing thy song again to me!

# Until Ye Find.

Rev. E. H. STOKES, D. D.

Luke xv.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

*Andante con cspress.*

1. A - las! a - las! a wayward sheep Had wandered from the fold, Far  
 2. He sought with many-a footstep sore, From early morn till night; Thro'  
 3. How long, O Lord, must I still go? How long search for the sheep? They've

o'er the mountains rough and steep, Where howling tempests rolled; The  
 rock - y wastes, where torrents roar, —All pathways but the right; Then  
 wandered far a - way, I know, —Discouraged, lo, I weep: How

Shepherd, with a burdened mind, Went forth the missing one to find, The  
 cried, with sad and burdened mind, The missing I have failed to find, The  
 long thus go, with burdened mind? "Go," Jesus saith, "until ye find;" The

miss - ing one, far, far a - way, The miss - ing one to find.  
 miss - ing one, far, far a - way, A - las! I've failed to find.  
 miss - ing one must not be lost, —Go, seek un - til ye find!

## CHORUS.

Go, seek un - til ye find; Go, seek un - til ye find; The  
*Chorus to last verse:—*  
 Joy! joy! the lost is found; Joy! joy! the lost is found; The



miss - ing one must not be lost,—Go, seek un - til ye find.  
miss - ing one, no long - er lost, The miss - ing one is found.

<p>4 I've sought my friends for many-a day, Have prayed for many-a year; Yet, still they wander far away, O'er mountains dark and drear; How long thus seek with burdened mind? "Seek," Jesus saith, "until ye find;" The missing one must not be lost,— "Go, seek until ye find!"</p>	<p>5 Lord, at thy word I go again, Believing I shall find: I listened, and a low refrain Came to me on the wind; Led by the sadly joyful sound I rushed, and, lo, the lost was found! Joy! joy! O blessed joy divine! The lost one I have found.</p>
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### Trustingly.

H. BONAR.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

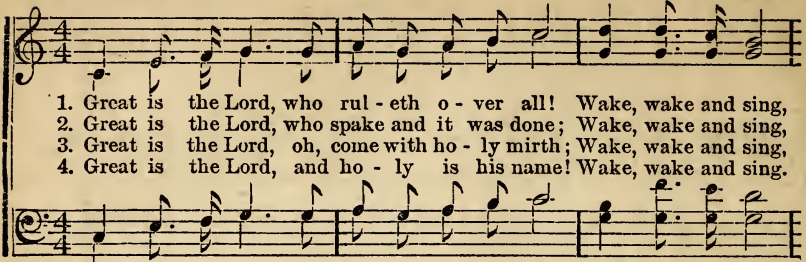
1. Trust - ing - ly, trust - ing - ly, Je - sus, to thee Come I; Lord,  
2. Peace - ful - ly, peace - ful - ly Walk I with thee; Je - sus, my  
3. Hap - pi - ly, hap - pi - ly Pass I a - long, Ea - ger to

lov - ing - ly, Come thou to me! Then shall I lov - ing - ly,  
Lord, thou art All, all to me; Peace thou hast left to us,  
work for thee, Ear - nest and strong; Life is for ser - vice true,

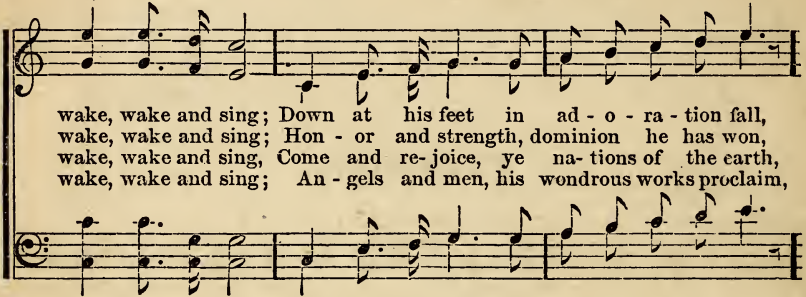
*rit.*  
Then shall I joy - ful - ly walk here with thee, Walk here with thee.  
Thy peace hast giv - en us; So let it be, So let it be.  
Life is for bat - tle, too, Life is for song, Life is for song.

LIZZIE EDWARDS.

JNO. R. SWENEY.



1. Great is the Lord, who rul - eth o - ver all! Wake, wake and sing,  
 2. Great is the Lord, who spake and it was done; Wake, wake and sing,  
 3. Great is the Lord, oh, come with ho - ly mirth; Wake, wake and sing,  
 4. Great is the Lord, and ho - ly is his name! Wake, wake and sing.

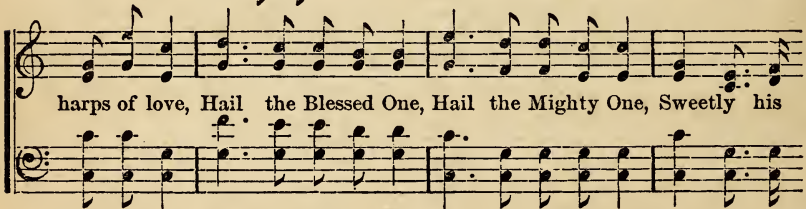


wake, wake and sing; Down at his feet in ad - o - ra - tion fall,  
 wake, wake and sing; Hon - or and strength, dominion he has won,  
 wake, wake and sing, Come and re - joice, ye na - tions of the earth,  
 wake, wake and sing; An - gels and men, his wondrous works proclaim,

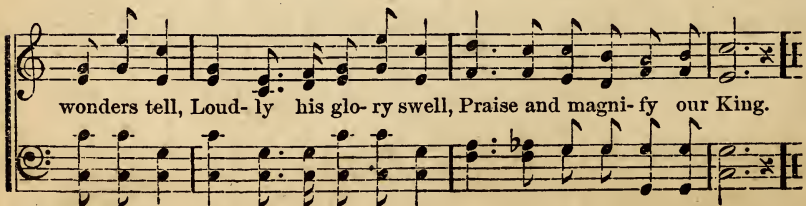
CHORUS.



Praise and mag - ni - fy our King. O ye redeemed above, Strike, strike your



harps of love, Hail the Blessed One, Hail the Mighty One, Sweetly his



wonders tell, Loud - ly his glo - ry swell, Praise and magni - fy our King.

# Take me as I am.

79

ANON.

Rev. J. H. STOCKTON.

1. Je-sus, my Lord, to thee I cry, Unless thou help me I must die;  
 2. Helpless I am, and full of guilt, But yet for me thy blood was spilt,  
 3. I thirst, I long to know thy love, Thy full sal-va-tion I would prove;  
 4. If thou hast work for me to do, Inspire my will, my heart renew,  
 5. And when at last the work is done, The bat-tle o'er, the vic-t'ry won,

:8: Fine.

Oh, bring thy free sal-va-tion nigh, And take me as I am!  
 And thou can'st make me what thou wilt, But take me as I am!  
 But since to thee I can-not move, Oh, take me as I am!  
 And work both in and by me, too, But take me as I am!  
 Still, still my cry shall be a-lone, Oh, take me as I am!

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

REFRAIN. *D. S.*

Take me as I am, Take me as I am; Oh,  
 Take me, take me as I am, Take me, take me as I am;

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DO RE MI FA SO LA SI

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.

JUST AS I AM.

Tune and Chorus above.

- |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 JUST as I am, without one plea,<br/>             But that thy blood was shed for me,<br/>             And that thou bid'st me come to thee,<br/>             O Lamb of God, I come!</p> <p>2 Just as I am, and waiting not<br/>             To rid my soul of one dark blot,<br/>             To thee whose blood can cleanse each<br/>             O Lamb of God, I come! [spot,</p> <p>3 Just as I am, though tossed about<br/>             With many a conflict, many a doubt,<br/>             Fightings within, and fears without,<br/>             O Lamb of God, I come!</p> | <p>4 Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind;<br/>             Sight, riches, healing of the mind,<br/>             Yea, all I need, in thee to find,<br/>             O Lamb of God, I come!</p> <p>5 Just as I am—thou wilt receive,<br/>             Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;<br/>             Because thy promise I believe,<br/>             O Lamb of God, I come!</p> <p>6 Just as I am—thy love unknown<br/>             Hath broken every barrier down,<br/>             Now, to be thine, yea, thine alone,<br/>             O Lamb of God, I come!</p> |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

# Hiding in Thee.

"My strong rock, for a house of defense."

Rev. WILLIAM O. CUSHING

Ps. xxxi. 2.

IRA. D. SANKEY. By per.

1. O safe to the Rock that is high-er than I, My soul in its  
 2. In the calm of the noontide, in sorrow's lone hour, In times when temp-  
 3. How oft in the conflict, when pressed by the foe, I have fled to my

conflicts and sor-rows would fly; So sin-ful, so wea-ry, thine,  
 ta-tion casts o'er me its power; In the tempests of life, on its  
 Re-fuge and breathed out my woe; How oft-en, when tri-als like

thine would I be; Thou blest "Rock of A-ges," I'm hid-ing in thee.  
 wide, heaving sea, Thou blest "Rock of A-ges," I'm hid-ing in thee.  
 sea-billows roll, Have I hid-den in thee, O thou Rock of my soul.

## REFRAIN.

Hiding in thee, Hiding in thee, Thou blest "Rock of Ages," I'm hiding in thee.

# Sweet Peace, the Gift of God's Love. 81

P. H. ROBLIN.

P. BILHORN.

1. There comes to my heart one sweet strain, A glad and a joyous re - frain,  
sweet strain, refrain,  
 2. By Christ on the cross peace was made, My debt by his death was all paid,  
was made, all paid,  
 3. When Jesus as Lord I had crowned, My heart with this peace did abound,  
had crowned, abound,  
 4. In Jesus for peace I a - bide, abide, And as I keep close to his side, his side,

I sing it a - gain and a - gain, Sweet peace, the gift of God's love.  
 No oth - er founda - tion is laid For peace, the gift of God's love.  
 In him the rich blessing I found, Sweet peace, the gift of God's love.  
 There's nothing but peace doth betide, Sweet peace, the gift of God's love.

## CHORUS.

Peace, peace, sweet peace! Won - der - ful gift from a - bove! a - bove! Oh,

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

# The Great Physician.

REV. WM. H. HUNTER, D. D.

Arranged by J. H. STOCKTON.

1. The Great Phy - si - cian now is here, The sym - pa - thiz - ing Je - sus : }  
He speaks the drooping heart to cheer, Oh, hear the voice of Je - sus. }

## CHORUS.

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

Sweet - est car - ol ev - er sung, *pp* Je - sus, bless - ed Je - sus.

- |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>2 Your many sins are all forgiven,<br/>Oh, hear the voice of Jesus;<br/>Go on your way in peace to heaven,<br/>And wear a crown with Jesus.</p> <p>3 All glory to the dying Lamb!<br/>I now believe in Jesus;<br/>I love the blessed Saviour's name,<br/>I love the name of Jesus.</p> <p>4 The children too, both great and small,<br/>Who love the name of Jesus,<br/>May now accept his gracious call<br/>To work and live for Jesus.</p> | <p>5 Come, brethren, help me sing his praise,<br/>Oh, praise the name of Jesus;<br/>Come, sisters, all your voices raise,<br/>Oh, bless the name of Jesus.</p> <p>6 His name dispels my guilt and fear,<br/>No other name but Jesus;<br/>Oh, how my soul delights to hear<br/>The precious name of Jesus.</p> <p>7 And when to that bright world above,<br/>We rise to see our Jesus,<br/>We'll sing around the throne of love<br/>His name, the name of Jesus.</p> |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

## MY SOUL, BE ON THY GUARD.—Laban, key D.

- |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 My soul, be on thy guard,<br/>Ten thousand foes arise;<br/>The hosts of sin are pressing hard<br/>To draw thee from the skies.</p> <p>2 Oh, watch, and fight, and pray;<br/>The battle ne'er give o'er;<br/>Renew it boldly every day,<br/>And help divine implore.</p> | <p>3 Ne'er think the vict'ry won,<br/>Nor lay thine armor down;<br/>The work of faith will not be done<br/>Till thou obtain the crown.</p> <p>4 Then persevere till death<br/>Shall bring thee to thy God;<br/>He'll take thee, at thy parting breath,<br/>To his divine abode.</p> |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

E. E. HEWITT.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

Matt. xi. 28. 1. Come unto me, the Saviour said, Come unto me, the Saviour said ;  
 John xiv 6. 2. I am the way, the truth, the life, I am the way, the truth, the life ;  
 Mark x. 21. 3. Take up the cross, and follow me, Take up the cross, and follow me ;  
 Matt. vii. 7. 4. Ask and it shall be given you, Ask and it shall be given you ;

Come unto me, the Saviour said, And I will give you rest.  
 I am the way, the truth, the life, I am the light of the world. John viii. 12.  
 Take up the cross, and fol - low me, And thou shalt have treasure in heaven.  
 Ask and it shall be giv - en you, Seek and ye shall find.

CHORUS.

Oh, the blessed words of Je - sus! Precious words! hallowed words!

Oh, the blessed words of Je - sus! Words of life to me.

John iii. 36.  
 5 He that believeth | on the Son, :||  
 Hath everlasting | life.

Is. xlv. 22.  
 6 Look unto me, and | be ye saved, :||  
 All the ends of the | earth.

Matt. v. 8.  
 7 Blessed are the | pure in heart, :||  
 For | they shall see | God.

Matt v. 12.  
 8 Re- | joice and be ex- | ceeding glad, :||  
 For | great is your reward in | heaven.

John xiv. 18.  
 9 I | will not leave you | comfortless, ||  
 I will come unto | you.

John vii. 37.  
 10 If | any man thirst let him | come unto  
 And drink of the water of | life. [me, :||  
 Mark. x. 14.

11 Suffer little children to | come unto  
 me, :|| [heaven.  
 For of | such is the kingdom of |

John xiv. 2.  
 12 I | go to prepare a | place for you, ||  
 In my Fathers' house.

# Take hold, hold on.

Advice of an aged colored man to young converts, "Take hold, hold on, hold fast and never let go!"

PRISCILLA J. OWENS.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. O, turn not back in the Christian race Till the prize is won we know ;  
 2. O, turn not back on life's battle-field, Tho' the world's a mighty foe,  
 3. Truth's anchor firm - ly, sure - ly clasp, As the billows near thee flow,  
 4. Though danger threatens or death alarms, In each ris - ing flood of woe,

Reach up to Christ for abounding grace, Take hold and nev - er let go!  
 God's arms are round thee as a shield, Take hold and nev - er let go!  
 God's hand will close o'er thy feeble grasp, Take hold and nev - er let go!  
 Still cling to God's ev - er - last - ing arms, Take hold and nev - er let go!

## CHORUS.

Take hold, hold on, Hold fast and nev - er let go! No  
 Take hold, hold on, hold on!

matter how the wind in the tempest may blow, Take hold and never let go!

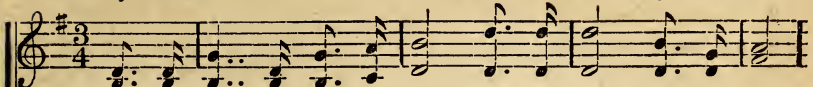


# Jesus Saves.

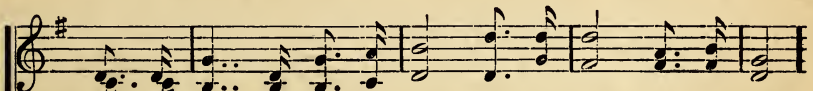
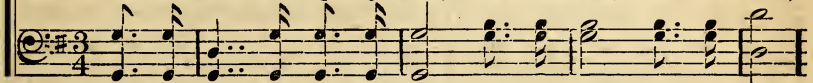
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PRISCILLA J. OWENS.

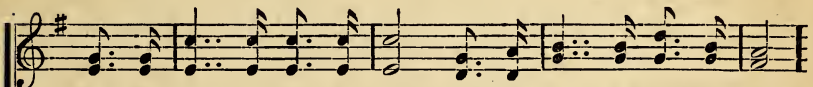
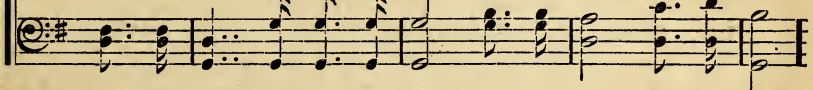
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



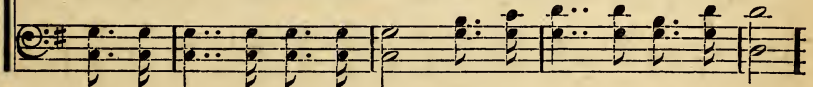
1. We have heard a joy - ful sound, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;  
2. Waft it on the roll - ing tide, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;  
3. Sing a - bove the bat - tle's strife, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;  
4. Give the winds a might - y voice, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;



Spread the glad - ness all a - round, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;  
Tell to sin - ners, far - and wide, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;  
By his death and end - less life, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;  
Let the na - tions now re - joice, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;



Bear the news to ev' - ry land, Climb the steeps and cross the waves,  
Sing, ye is - lands of the sea, E - cho back, ye o - cean caves,  
Sing it soft - ly thro' the gloom, When the heart for mer - cy craves,  
Shout sal - va - tion full and free, High - est hills and deepest caves,



Onward, 'tis our Lord's command, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves.  
Earth shall keep her ju - bi - lee, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves.  
Sing in tri - umph o'er the tomb, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves.  
This our song of vic - to - ry, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves.



# When my Saviour I shall See.

"I shall be satisfied when I awake with thy likeness"

Arr. by P. H. ROBLIN.

P. BILHORN.

1. When my Sav-iour I shall see, In his glo-rious likeness be,  
 2. When I'm whol-ly freed from sin, Spot-less, clean, and pure within,  
 3. When my feet shall press the shore Trod by an-gels' feet be-fore,  
 4. Oh, till then be this my care, More his im-age blest to wear;

Clad in robes by love supplied, Then shall I be sat-is-fied.  
 Meet to stand by Je-sus' side, Then shall I be sat-is-fied.  
 Near to liv-ing streams that glide, Then shall I be sat-is-fied.  
 More to con-quer self and pride, So shall I be sat-is-fied.

## CHORUS.

Sat-is-fied with love divine, Sat-is-fied since Christ is mine,

Ev-'ry need in him supplied, Then shall I be sat-is-fied.

# Seeking to Save.

87

"For the Son of Man is come to seek and to save that which was lost."

Luke xix. 10.

P. P. B.

P. P. BILLS.

1. Ten-der-ly the Shepherd, O'er the mountains cold, Goes to bring his  
2. Patient-ly the own - er Seeks with earnest care, In the dust and  
3. Lov-ing-ly the Fa - ther Sends the news a-round: "He once dead now

## CHORUS.

lost one Back to the fold. Seek-ing to save, Seek-ing to save,  
darkness Her treasure rare.  
liv-eth—Once lost is found."

Lost one, 'tis Je - sus Seek-ing to save: Seek - ing to save,

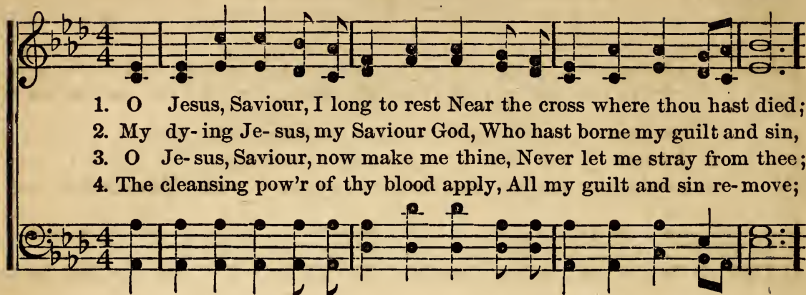
Seek - ing to save, Lost one, 'tis Je - sus Seek-ing to save.

## At the Cross I'll Abide.

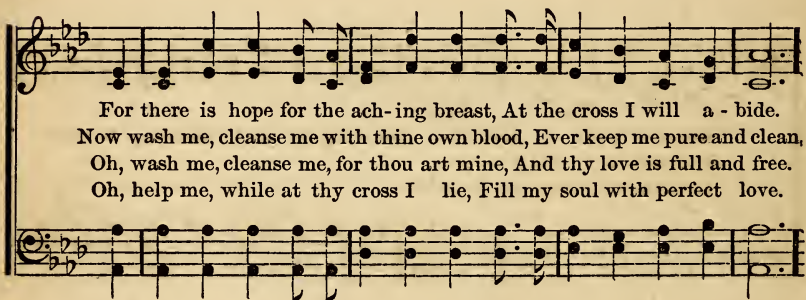
I. B.

"And many women were there."—Matt. xxvii. 55.

I. BALTZELL.

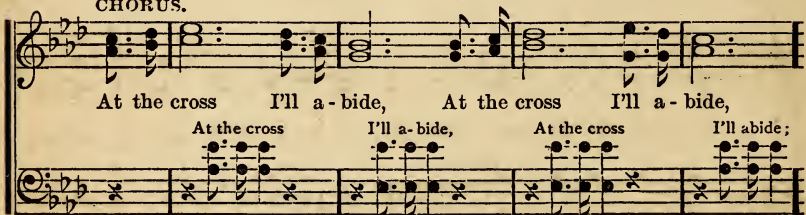


1. O Jesus, Saviour, I long to rest Near the cross where thou hast died;  
 2. My dy-ing Je-sus, my Saviour God, Who hast borne my guilt and sin,  
 3. O Je-sus, Saviour, now make me thine, Never let me stray from thee;  
 4. The cleansing pow'r of thy blood apply, All my guilt and sin re-move;

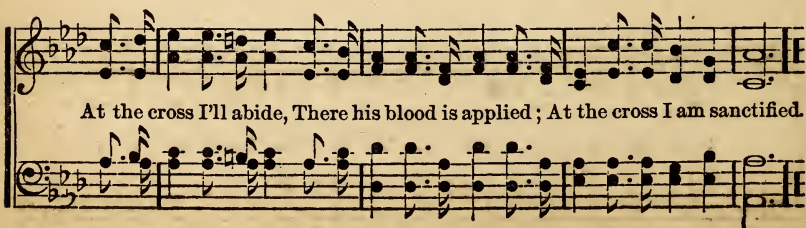


For there is hope for the ach-ing breast, At the cross I will a-bide.  
 Now wash me, cleanse me with thine own blood, Ever keep me pure and clean,  
 Oh, wash me, cleanse me, for thou art mine, And thy love is full and free.  
 Oh, help me, while at thy cross I lie, Fill my soul with perfect love.

## CHORUS.



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



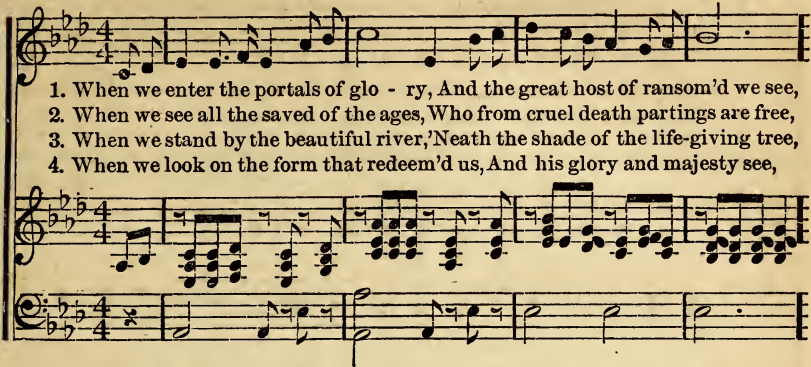
At the cross I'll abide, There his blood is applied; At the cross I am sanctified.

# The Numberless Host.

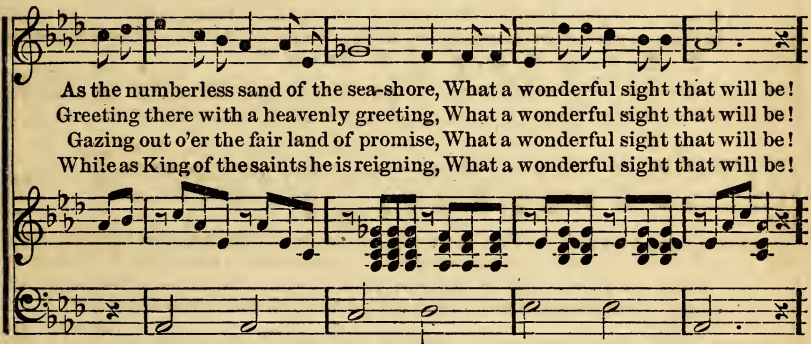
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F. A. B.

F. A. BLACKMER.

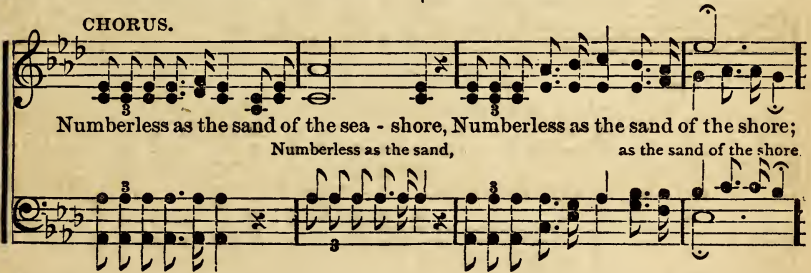


1. When we enter the portals of glo - ry, And the great host of ransom'd we see,  
2. When we see all the saved of the ages, Who from cruel death partings are free,  
3. When we stand by the beautiful river, 'Neath the shade of the life-giving tree,  
4. When we look on the form that redeem'd us, And his glory and majesty see,

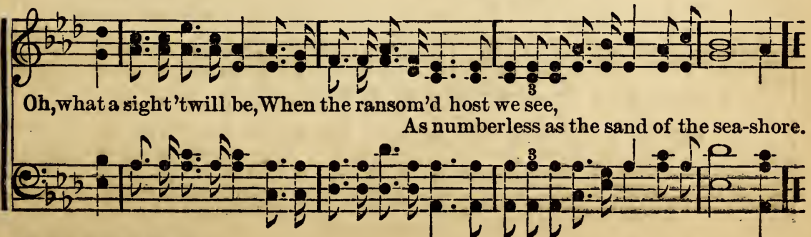


As the numberless sand of the sea-shore, What a wonderful sight that will be!  
Greeting there with a heavenly greeting, What a wonderful sight that will be!  
Gazing out o'er the fair land of promise, What a wonderful sight that will be!  
While as King of the saints he is reigning, What a wonderful sight that will be!

CHORUS.



Numberless as the sand of the sea - shore, Numberless as the sand of the shore;  
Numberless as the sand, as the sand of the shore.

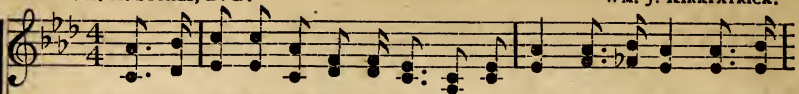


Oh, what a sight 'twill be, When the ransom'd host we see,  
As numberless as the sand of the sea-shore.

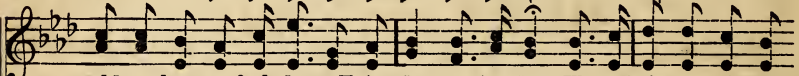
## Every Day.

Rev. E. H. STOKES, D. D.

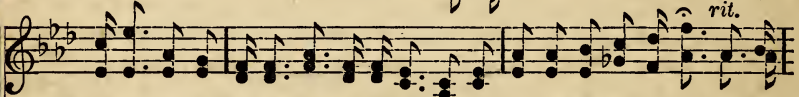
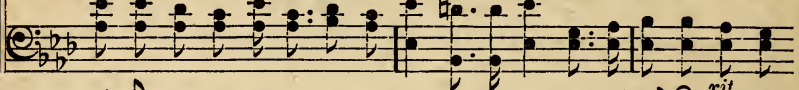
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



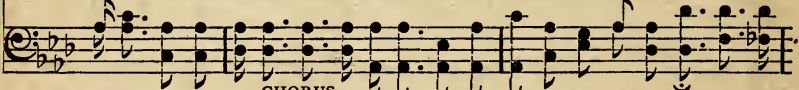
1. Though there may be shades of sadness Ev'ry day, ev -'ry day; There are
2. You may have your little crosses Ev -'ry day, ev -'ry day; You may
3. Seek to lighten some one's sorrow Ev -'ry day, ev -'ry day; This will
4. Life may have its ho - ly pleasures Ev -'ry day, ev -'ry day; And the



golden gleams of gladness Ev'ry day, ev -'ry day; There is joy a - mid the  
meet with little loss - es Ev -'ry day, ev'ry day; Never mind! each cross will  
bring a sweeter morrow Ev -'ry day, ev -'ry day; Faint, it may be, yet pur -  
heart find richest treasures Ev'ry day, ev -'ry day; See, the skies are growing



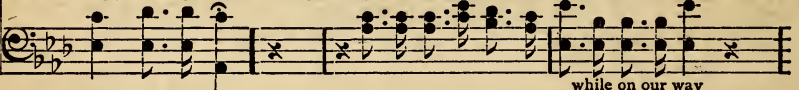
sighing, Laughter ringing thro' the crying, Love to love with smiles replying, Ev'ry  
lighten, Grief in all your losses brighten, If your hold on God shall tighten Ev'ry  
suing, All the christly graces wooing, And some little good be doing, Ev'ry  
clearer, Dear ones all becoming dearer, And our home is so much nearer, Ev'ry



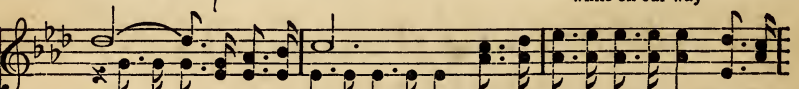
## CHORUS.



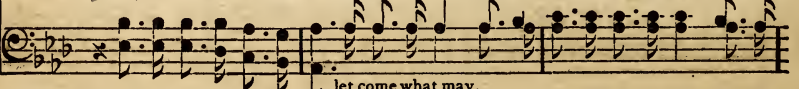
day, ev -'ry day. Ev -'ry day, . . . while on our way Thro' the



while on our way



world, . . . let come what may, Going forth with strong desire, To the



let come what may,

greatest good aspire, From the high, still rising higher, Ev'ry day, ev'ry day.

*rit.*

Jesus, I come to Thee.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Je - sus, I come to thee, Long-ing for rest; Fold thou thy  
 2. Je - sus, I come to thee, Hear thou my cry; Save, or I  
 3. Now let the rolling waves Bend to thy will, Say to the  
 4. Swift-ly the part-ing clouds Fade from my sight; Yon - der thy

CHORUS.

wea - ry child Safe to thy breast. Rocked on a storm - y sea,  
 per - ish, Lord, Save or I die.  
 troubled deep, Peace, peace be still.  
 how ap - pears, Love - ly and bright.

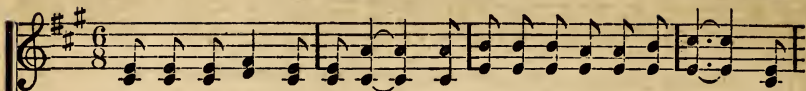
Oh, be not far from me, Lord, let me cling to thee, On - ly to thee.

# Why do You Wait?

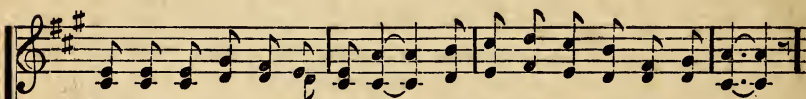
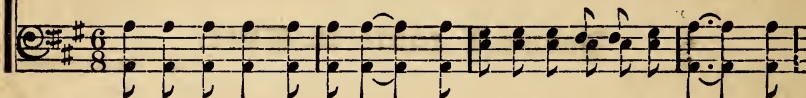
G. F. R.

"Arise, he calleth thee."—Mark x. 49.

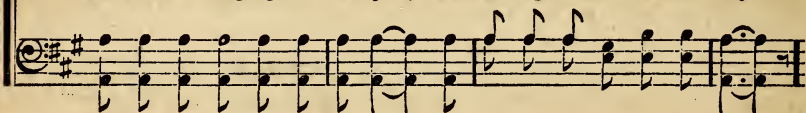
GEO. F. ROOF.



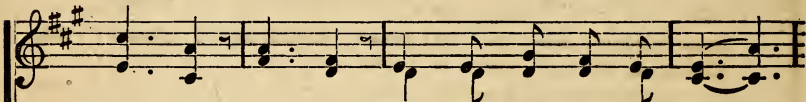
1. Why do you wait, dear brother, Oh, why do you tarry so long? Your
2. What do you hope, dear brother, To gain by a further de-lay? There's
3. Do you not feel, dear brother, His Spirit now striving within? Oh,
4. Why do you wait, dear brother, The harvest is passing a-way, Your



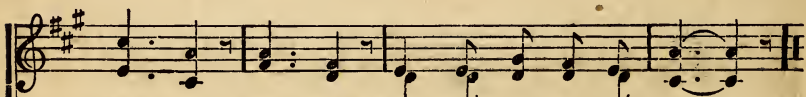
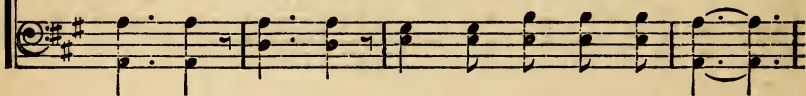
Saviour is waiting to give you A place in his sanc-ti-fied throng.  
no one to save you but Je-sus, There's no other way but his way.  
why not accept his sal-va-tion, And throw off thy burden of sin?  
Saviour is longing to bless you, There's danger and death in delay?



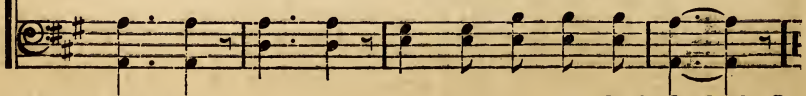
## CHORUS.



Why not? why not? Why not come to him now?



Why not? why not? Why not come to him now?





1. Jesus, my Saviour, to Bethlehem came, Born in a manger to sorrow and shame;  
 2. Jesus, my Saviour, on Calvary's tree, Paid the great debt, and my soul he set free;  
 3. Jesus, my Saviour, the same as of old, While I did wander afar from the fold,  
 4. Jesus, my Saviour, shall come from on high, Sweet is the promise as weary years fly;

Oh, it was wonder-ful, blest be his name, Seeking for me, for me.  
 Oh, it was wonder-ful, how could it be? Dy-ing for me, for me.  
 Gent-ly and long he hath pled with my soul, Calling for me, for me.  
 Oh, I shall see him descending the sky, Coming for me, for me.

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

Seeking for me, seeking for me, Seeking for me, seeking for me  
 Dy-ing for me, dying for me, Dy-ing for me, dying for me;  
 Call-ing for me, calling for me, Call-ing for me, calling for me;  
 Com-ing for me, coming for me, Com-ing for me, coming for me;

Oh, it was wonderful, blest be his name, Seeking for me, for me.  
 Oh, it was wonderful, how could it be? Dy-ing for me, for me.  
 Gent-ly and long he hath pled with my soul, Calling for me, for me.  
 Oh, I shall see him descending the sky, Coming for me, for me.

## Is there Any One Here.

MARTHA J. LANKTON.

Wm. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Is there an - y one here that is will - ing to - day On Je - sus the  
 2. Is there an - y one here that is try - ing to - day The fet - ters of  
 3. Is there an - y one here that is wea - ry to - day, Or la - den, or  
 4. Hear the Saviour's sweet voice while he calls thee again, O come, and be-

Lord to be - lieve? Is there an - y poor soul that is long - ing to - day The  
 e - vil to break? An - y read - y to fol - low the Saviour to - day, And  
 sor - row oppressed? Is there any sad heart that is praying to - day To  
 lieve and o - bey, He is waiting to bless, he will comfort thee now! He

## CHORUS.

gift of his grace to re - ceive. Come un - to me,  
 take up the cross for his sake.  
 find in the Sav - iour a rest.  
 nev - er turned an - y a - way. Come un - to me, come un - to me,

Come un - to me; Je - sus is call - ing,  
 Come un - to me, come un - to me;

*ad lib.*  
 call - ing now to thee, Come, oh, come un - to me. un - to me.

# Keep Step Ever.

95

C. R. BLACKALL.

H. R. PALMER.

1. Would you gain the best in life? Win the prize 'mid all the strife? Hold your  
2. Life is more than i - dle play; It will quickly pass away; Use a -  
3. Look beyond the present hour; Nev - er yield to Satan's power; Tho' a -

place thro' troubles rife? With the right keep step! Know the world is watching you;  
right each golden day; With the good keep step! There are earnest pressing needs,  
bove the clouds may lower, With the truth keep step! Onward press! nor, on the way,

Be sincere in all you do; With the good, the pure, and true, Ever firm keep step!  
Filled alone by purest deeds; Happy he the call who heeds - With the true keep step!  
Loiter once or wastethe day: God and truth and right all say, Strong in faith, keep step!

## CHORUS.

Keep step, keep step ev - er, Keep step, keep step ev - er,

Keep step, keep step, Keep step, keep step ev - er.

# Into His Image.

E. R. LATTA.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. In - to his im - age to grow Ev - er my purpose shall be,  
 2. In - to his im - age to grow, Ev - er resembling him more,  
 3. In - to his im - age to grow, Out of the likeness of sin;

Who from the courts of the sky Came as a ran - som for me:  
 As in his footsteps I tread, Seeking the heav - en - ly shore:  
 Trusting, thro' mer - its of his, Glo - ry e - ter - nal to win:

Like as a servant he came, Bear - ing my guilt and my shame;  
 Yea, I will ear - nest - ly plead, Plead to be like him in - deed,  
 Per - fect in faith and in love, Meet for his kingdom a - bove:

Bear - ing my bur - den of woe; Lov - ing and suf - fer - ing so!  
 Who, up - on Cal - va - ry's tree, Purchased sal - va - tion for me.  
 This the dear wish of my soul, Now to be per - fect - ly whole.

## REFRAIN.

Lov - - ing and suf - fer - ing so, Lov - - ing and suf - fer - ing so!  
 Loving, yes, lov - ing Loving, yes, lov - ing  
 Pur - chased salvation for me, Pur - chased salvation for me,  
 Purchased salvation, Purchased salvation,  
 Per - - fect in faith and in love, Meet . . . for his kingdom above:  
 Perfect, yea, perfect Meet for his kingdom,

Bearing my burden of woe, . . . Loving and suf-fering so.  
 Bear . . . ing my bur-den of woe, suf-fering so.  
 Who, upon Calva-ry's tree, . . . Purchased sal-vation for me. . . .  
 Who, . . . up-on Cal-va-ry's tree, sal-va-tion for me.  
 This the dear wish of my soul, . . . Now to be perfect-ly whole. . . .  
 This . . . the dear wish of my soul, perfect-ly whole.

## Whosoever.

JAMES NICHOLSON.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. I praise the Lord that one like me For mercy may to Je - sus flee,  
 2. I was to sin a wretched slave, But Jesus died my soul to save;  
 3. I look by faith and see this word, Stamp'd with the blood of Christ my Lord,  
 4. I now believe he saves my soul, His precious blood hath made me whole;

He says that whoso - ev - er will May seek and find salva - tion still.  
 He says that whoso - ev - er will May seek and find salva - tion still.  
 He says that whoso - ev - er will May seek and find salva - tion still.  
 He says that whoso - ev - er will May seek and find salva - tion still.

CHORUS.

My Saviour's promise faileth never; He counts ME in the Whoso-ev-er.

# Christ Arose!

R. L. By per.

"He is not here, but is risen."—Luke xxiv. 6.

Rev. ROBERT LOWRY.

*Slow.*

1. Low in the grave he lay—Je-sus, my Sav-iour! Waiting the coming day—  
 2. Vainly they watch his bed—Jesus, my Sav-iour! Vainly they seal the dead—  
 3. Death cannot keep his prey—Jesus, my Sav-iour! He tore the bars away—

CHORUS. *faster.*

Je - sus, my Lord! Up from the grave he a-rose, he a-rose, With a

might-y triumph o'er his foes; he a-rose! He a-rose a Victor from the

dark do-main, And he lives for - ev - er with his saints to reign: He a-

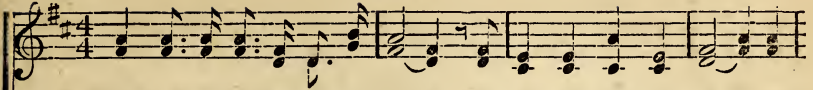
rose! he a-rose! Hal-le-lu-jah! Christ a-rose!  
 He a-rose! he a-rose!

# Walk in the Light.

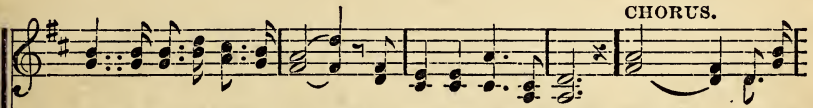
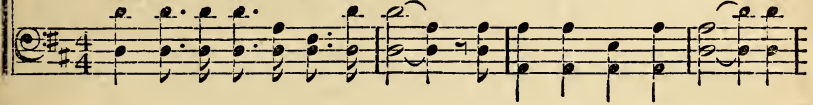
ASA HULL.

Isaiah ii. 5.

GEO. C. HUGG.

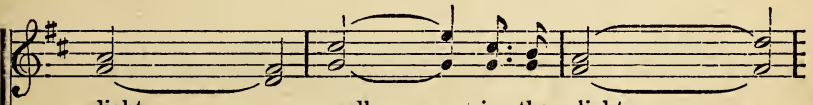
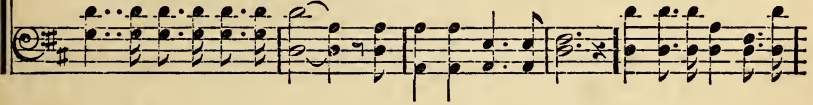


1. Walk in the light the Lord hath given, To guide thy steps a - right; His
2. Walk in the light of gospel truth, That shines from God's own word; A
3. Walk in the light! tho' shadows dark, Like spectres cross thy way; Dark-
4. Walk in the light! and thou shalt know The love of God to thee; The

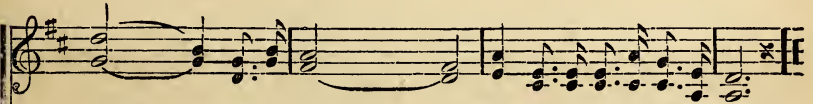
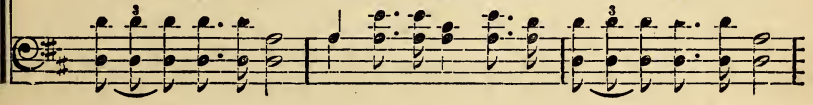


## CHORUS.

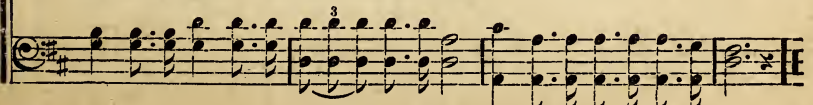
Holy Spirit sent from heaven, Can cheer the darkest night. Walk in the  
light to guide in early youth The faithful of the Lord.  
ness will flee before the light Of God's e - ter - nal day.  
fellowship, so sweet below, In heaven will sweeter be. Walk in the light, in the



light, . . . . . walk . . . in the light, . . . . .  
beauti - ful light of God, Walk in the light, in the beauti - ful light of God,



Walk . . in the light, . . . . . Walk in the light, the light of God.  
Walk in the light, in the beautiful light of God;



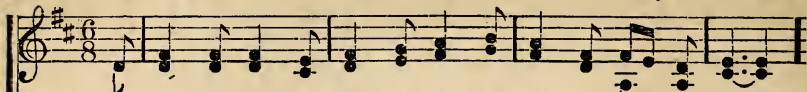
# The Healing Touch.

"When she heard of Jesus, came in the press behind, and touched his garment."

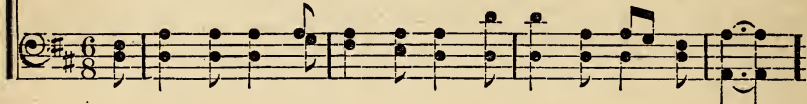
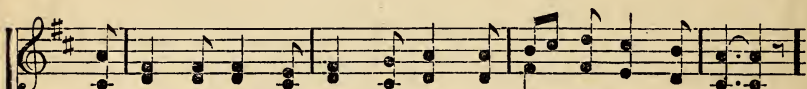
Mrs. E. C. ELLSWORTH.

Mark v. 27.

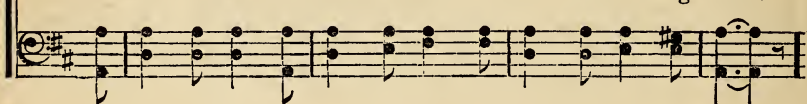
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



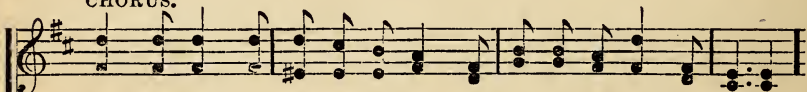
1. An ea - ger, restless crowd drew near, And round the Saviour pressed ;  
 2. The mul - ti - tude, with curious eyes, Just gazed up - on his face ;  
 3. Oh, near to Christ the man - y came, In that most fa - vored hour !  
 4. Of all who throng his courts to - day Who shall re - ceive his word ?

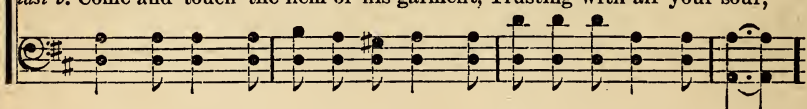
But one, with warm and lov - ing faith, His heal - ing power confessed.  
 But she glanced up with hope and love, To feel his sav - ing grace.  
 But one stretched out the hand of faith, And touched his healing power.  
 Who shall reach forth with faith sincere To touch the heal - ing Lord ?



## CHORUS.



She had touched the hem of his garment, Trusting with all her soul ;  
*last v.* Come and touch the hem of his garment, Trusting with all your soul ;




For ev - 'ry touch of the lov - ing Je - sus Can make the wounded whole.





# Come to the Arms of Jesus.

101

Rev. M. L. HOFFORD.

"To-day if ye will hear his voice."—Ps. xciv. 7.

T. M. MILLER.

1. Come to the arms of Je - sus, O come without de - lay,  
 2. Come to the arms of Je - sus, Re - cline on his dear breast,  
 3. Come to the arms of Je - sus, And when the shades of night

Come while the voice of mer - cy Is call - ing you to - day.  
 Come, for the heav - y la - den Can find no sweet - er rest.  
 Have wrapped the world in darkness, In him you shall have light.

## DUET.

The gold - en gates are o - pen, To your ce - les - tial home,  
 His lov - ing voice is call - ing. En - treat - ing you to come,  
 Come while the Spir - it bids you, In sweet - est tones to come;

## CHORUS.

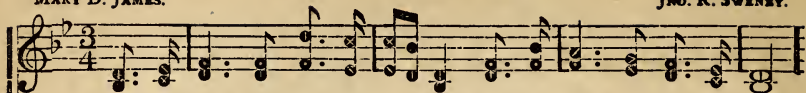
The shin - ing ones are wait - ing To hear you say, "I come."  
 His gen - tle arms are wait - ing To give you welcome home,  
 The gold - en gates are o - pen To your ce - les - tial home,

The shin - ing ones are wait - ing To hear you say, "I come."  
 His gen - tle arms are wait - ing To give you wel - come home.  
 The gold - en gates are o - pen To your ce - les - tial home.

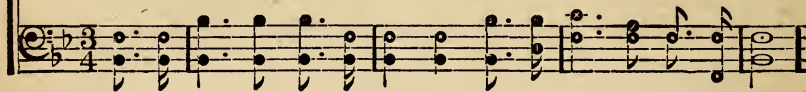
## It Reaches Me.

MARY D. JAMES.

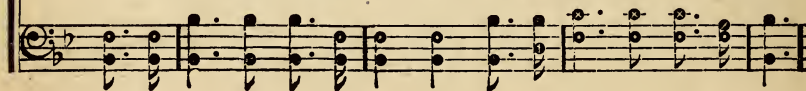
JMO. R. SWENNY.



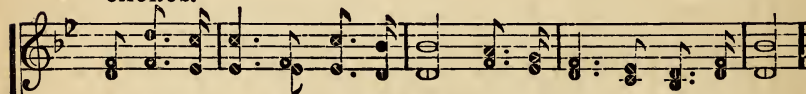
1. Oh, this ut - ter-most sal - va - tion! 'Tis a fountain full and free,
2. How a - maz - ing God's compassion, That so vile a worm should prove
3. Je - sus, Saviour, I a - dore thee! Now thy love I will proclaim,



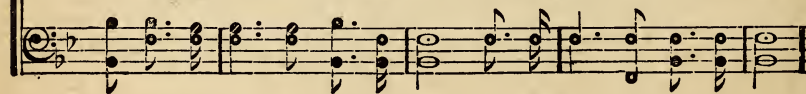
Pure, ex-haustless, ev - er flow - ing, Wondrous grace! it reaches me!  
 This stupend - ous bliss of Heav - en, This un - measured wealth of love!  
 I will tell the blessed sto - ry, I will mag - ni - fy thy name!



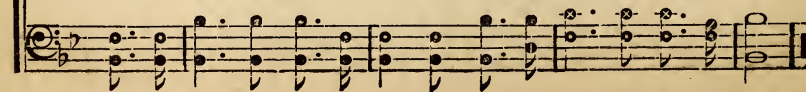
## CHORUS.



It reaches me! it reaches me! Wondrous grace! it reaches me!



Pure, ex-haustless, ev - er flow - ing, Wondrous grace! it reaches me!



# The Land Just Across the River. 103

T. C. O'KANE. By per.

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

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

CHORUS.

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

Sing the song of Moses and the Lamb, by and by, And dwell with Jesus evermore.

# Bringing in the Sheaves.

Words from "Songs of Glory."

GEO. A. MINOR.

1. Sowing in the morning, sowing seeds of kindness, Sowing in the noon-tide,  
 2. Sowing in the sunshine, sowing in the shadows, Fearing neither clouds nor  
 3. Go, then, ev-er weeping, sowing for the Master, Tho' the loss sustained our

and the dew-y eyes; Waiting for the har-vest, and the time of reap-ing,  
 winter's chilling breeze; By and by the har-vest, and the la-bor end-ed,  
 spir-it oft-en grieves; When our weeping's over, he will bid us welcome,

CHORUS.

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

bringing in the sheaves, bringing in the sheaves,  
 We shall come rejoicing, Bringing in the sheaves,

bringing in the sheaves, We shall come rejoic-ing, bringing in the sheaves,

# Saviour, Blessed Saviour.

105

GODFREY THWING.

HAYDN.

1. Saviour, blessed Sav - iour, List - en whilst we sing, Hearts and voices  
 2. Near - er, ev - er near - er, Christ, we draw to thee, Deep in ad - o -  
 3. Great and ev - er great - er Are thy mercies here; True and ev - er -

rais - ing Prais - es to our King, All we have we of - fer:  
 ra - tion Bending low the knee: Thou for our re - demp - tion  
 last - ing Are thy glo - ries there, Where no pain, or sor - row,

All we hope to be, Bod - y, soul, and spir - it,  
 Cam'st on earth to die; Thou, that we might fol - low,  
 Toil, or care is known, Where the an - gel - le - gions

## CHORUS.

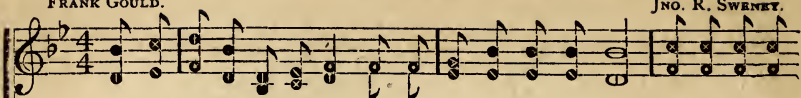
All we yield to thee. Saviour, bless - ed Sav - iour,  
 Hast gone up on high.  
 Cir - cle round thy throne.

Listen whilst we sing, Hearts and voices rais - ing Praises to our King.

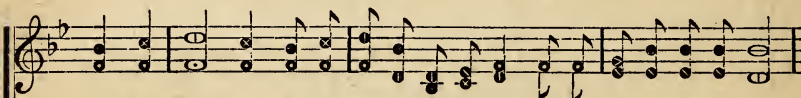
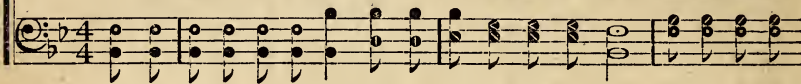
# Clinging to the Cross.

FRANK GOULD.

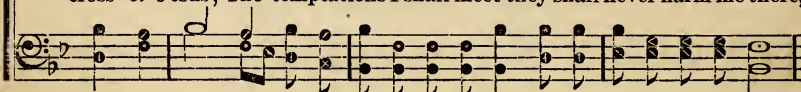
JNO. R. SWENEY.



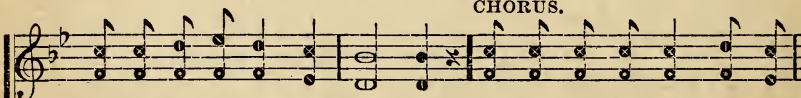
1. O, my heart is full of joy, for my sins are wash'd away, Clinging to the
2. I have laid my burden down, I have cast it on the Lord, Clinging to the
3. I have found the hallow'd peace which the world can never give, Clinging to the
4. I am happy in his love, I am safe beneath his care, Clinging to the



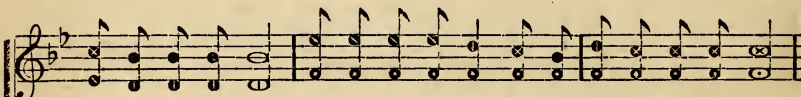
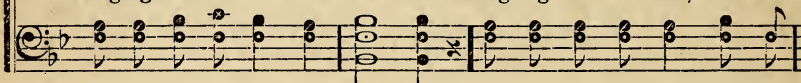
cross of Je - sus; I am trusting more and more in his mercy ev'ry day,  
 cross of Je - sus; I can now believe and claim ev'ry promise in his word,  
 cross of Jesus; I have promised by his grace while he spares me I will live  
 cross of Jesus; Tho' temptations I shall meet they shall never harm me there,



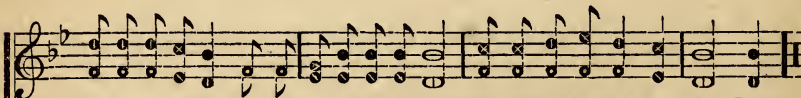
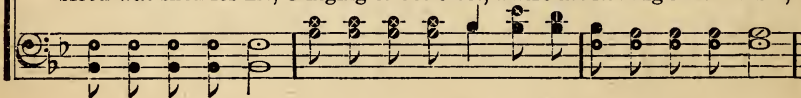
## CHORUS.



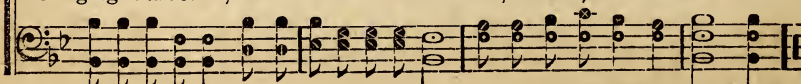
Clinging to the cross of Je - sus. Cling-ing to the cross, where his



blood was shed for me, Clinging to the cross, where the flowing stream I see,



Clinging to the cross, where I come on bended knee; Blessed, blessed cross of Jesus!



# Tell Me the Story of Jesus.

107

FANNY J. CROSBY.

JNO. R SWENNY.

1. Tell me the sto - ry of Je - sus, Write on my heart ev-'ry word,  
 2. Fast-ing, a-lone in the des - ert, Tell of the days that he passed,  
 3. Tell of the cross where they nailed him, Writhing in anguish and pain,

*Chorus.*—Tell me the sto - ry of Je - sus, Write on my heart ev-'ry word,

*Fine.*  
 Tell me the sto - ry most pre - cious, Sweetest that ev - er was heard;  
 How for our sins he was tempt - ed, Yet was triumphant at last;  
 Tell of the grave where they laid him, Tell how he liv - eth a - gain;

Tell me the sto - ry most pre - cious, Sweetest that ev - er was heard.

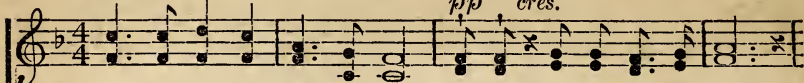
Tell how the an - gels, in cho - rus, Sang as they welcomed his birth,—  
 Tell of the years of his la - bor, Tell of the sorrows he bore,  
 Love in that sto - ry, so ten - der, Clear-er than ev - er I see;

*D. C.*  
 Glo - ry to God in the high - est! Peace and good tidings to earth.  
 He was despised and af - flict - ed, Homeless, re - ject - ed and poor.  
 Stay, let me weep while you whisper, Love paid the ransom for me.

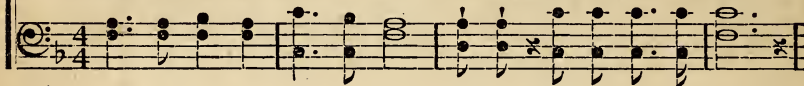
## Rise, and Let Me In.

W. A. O.

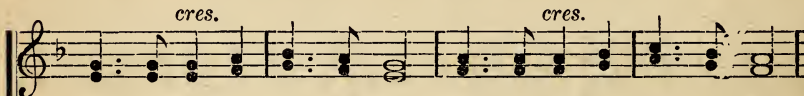
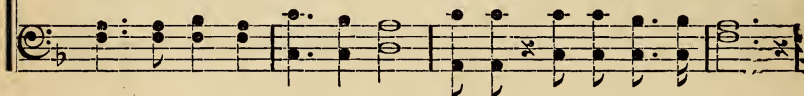
"Behold, I stand at the door and knock."—Rev. iii: 20. N. E. TOWNSEND.

*Andante.**pp* *cres.*

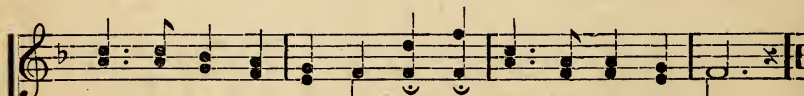
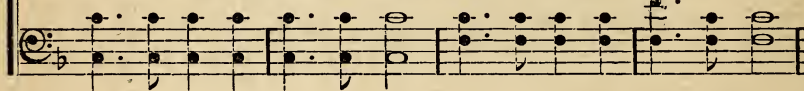
1. Lo! a stranger standing there, Knocking, knocking at the door,
2. 'Tis thy Sav-iour wait-ing there, Knocking, knocking at the door,
3. Hear the Sav-iour call to - day, Knocking, knocking at the door,
4. Shall thy Saviour plead in vain, Knocking, knocking at the door?



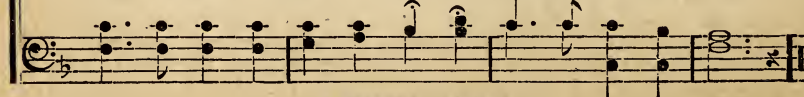
Love - ly stranger! wond'rous fair! Knocking, knocking at the door;  
 Call - ing thee, O wan - der - er, Knocking, knocking at the door;  
 Do not grieve thy Lord a - way, Knocking, knocking at the door.  
 Will you slight his call a - gain, Knocking, knocking at the door?



Wait-ing, oh, so pa - tient-ly! Call - ing, oh, so ten - der - ly!  
 Pleading, oh, so earn - est - ly! Striv-ing, oh, so faith - ful - ly!  
 Wea - ry, worn, and troub-led breast, 'Tempt-ed one, with care op - prest,  
 Will you heed his earn - est plea? "Heav - y la - den, com- to me."



Op - en now thy heart to me; Oh, rise, and let me in.  
 'Tis thy Sav - iour calls to thee; Oh, rise, and let me in.  
 I will give thy spir - it rest; Oh, rise, and let me in.  
 Rest and peace I give to thee; Oh, rise, and let me in.





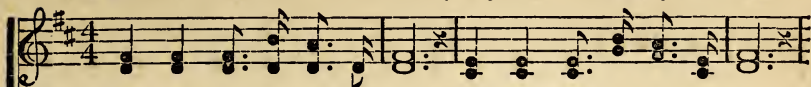
# Entire Consecration.

109

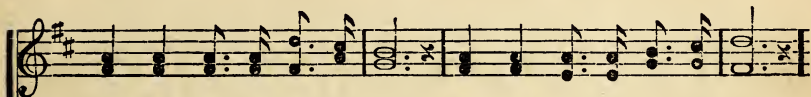
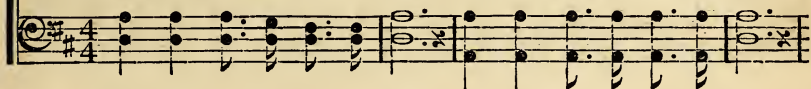
FRANCIS RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

Chorus by W. J. K.

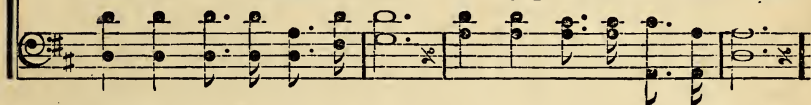
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



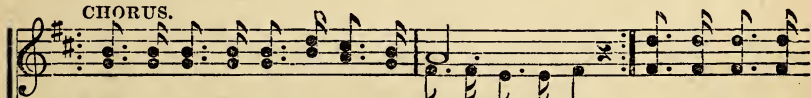
1. Take my life, and let it be Con - se - crat - ed, Lord, to thee;
2. Take my feet, and let them be Swift and beau - ti - ful for thee;
3. Take my lips, and let them be Filled with mes - sag - es for thee;
4. Take my moments and my days, Let them flow in endless praise;



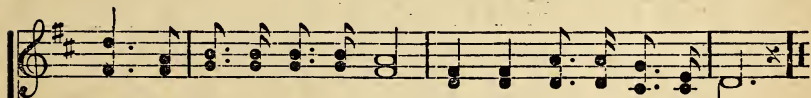
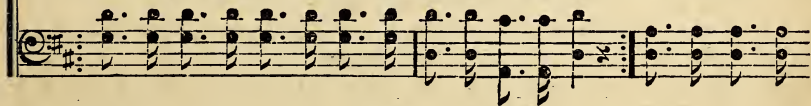
Take my hands and let them move At the impulse of thy love.  
 Take my voice and let me sing Al - ways, on - ly, for my King.  
 Take my sil - ver and my gold, — Not a mite would I withhold.  
 Take my in - tel - lect, and use Ev - 'ry power as thou shalt choose.



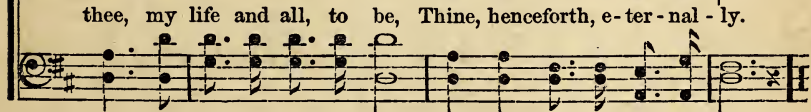
## CHORUS.



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



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

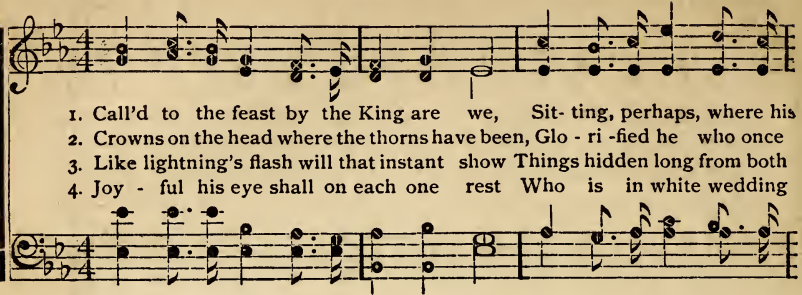


- |                                                                                                                                                                                         |                                                                                                                                                                                |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>5 Take my will, and make it thine;<br/>             It shall be no longer mine;<br/>             Take my heart,—it is thine own,—<br/>             It shall be thy royal throne.</p> | <p>6 Take my love,—my Lord, I pour<br/>             At thy feet its treasure-store!<br/>             Take myself, and I will be<br/>             Ever, only, all for thee!</p> |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

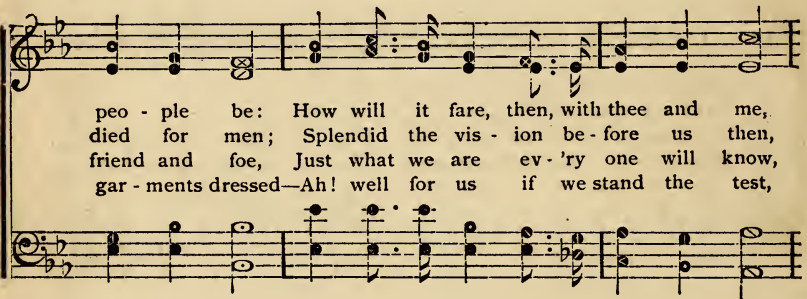
## When the King comes in.

J. E. LANDOR.

Rev. E. S. LORENZ.

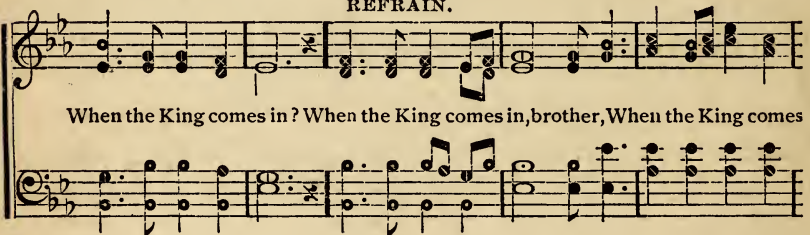


1. Call'd to the feast by the King are we, Sit-ting, perhaps, where his  
 2. Crowns on the head where the thorns have been, Glo - ri - fied he who once  
 3. Like lightning's flash will that instant show Things hidden long from both  
 4. Joy - ful his eye shall on each one rest Who is in white wedding

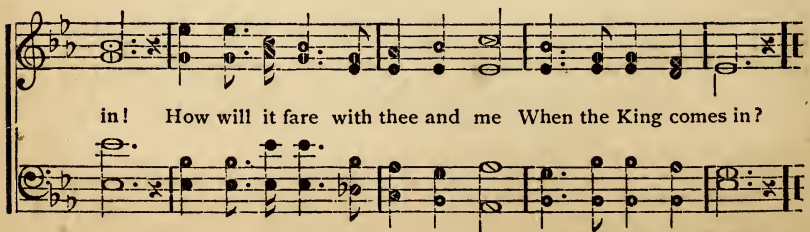


peo - ple be: How will it fare, then, with thee and me,  
 died for men; Splendid the vis - ion be - fore us then,  
 friend and foe, Just what we are ev - 'ry one will know,  
 gar - ments dressed—Ah! well for us if we stand the test,

## REFRAIN.



When the King comes in? When the King comes in, brother, When the King comes

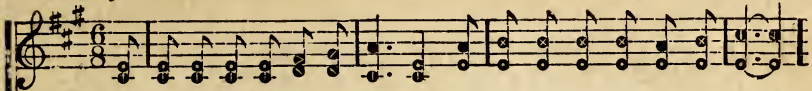


in! How will it fare with thee and me When the King comes in?

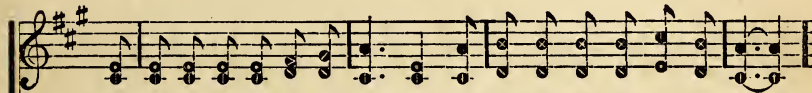
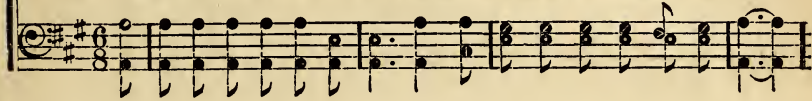
# Redeemed.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



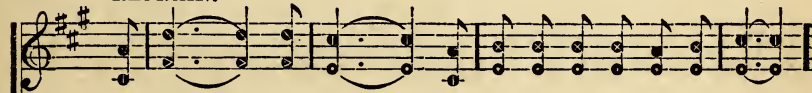
1. Redeemed, how I love to proclaim it, Redeemed by the blood of the Lamb;
2. Redeemed, and so happy in Je - sus, No language my rapture can tell,
3. I think of my blessed Redeemer, I think of him all the day long,
4. I know I shall see in his beauty The King in whose law I de - light,
5. I know there's a crown that is waiting In yonder bright mansion for me,



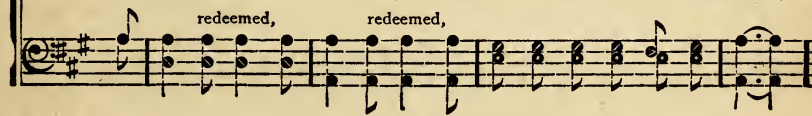
Redeemed thro' his infi - nite mer - cy, His child and forev - er I am.  
 I know that the light of his presence With me doth continual - ly dwell.  
 I sing, for I cannot be si - lent, His love is the theme of my song.  
 Who loving - ly guardeth my footsteps, And giveth me songs in the night,  
 And soon, with the spirits made perfect, At home with the Lord I shall be.



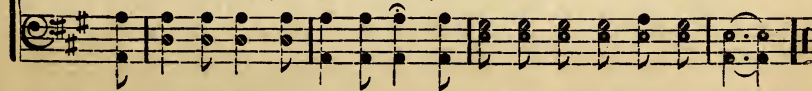
REFRAIN.



Re - deemed, re - deemed, redeemed by the blood of the Lamb,  
 redeemed, redeemed,



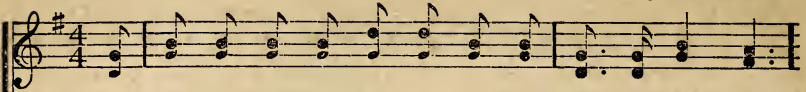
Re - deemed, re - deemed, His child and forev - er I am.  
 redeemed, redeemed,



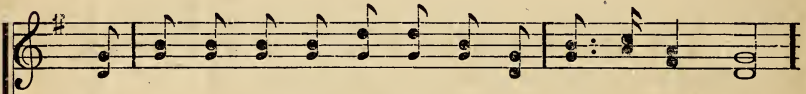
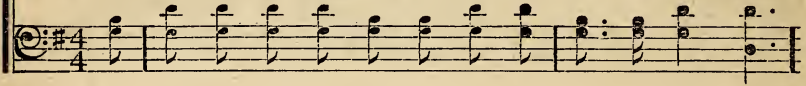
# He Came to Save Me.

HENRIETTA E. BLAIR.

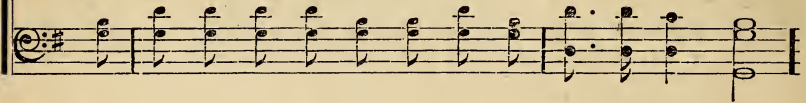
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



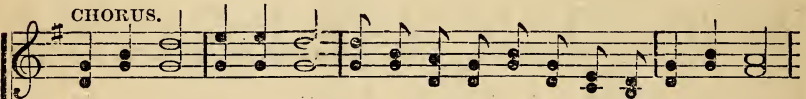
1. When Je - sus laid his crown a - side, He came to save me;
2. In my poor heart he deigns to dwell, He came to save me;
3. With gen - tle hand he leads me still, He came to save me;
4. To him my faith with rap - ture clings, He came to save me;



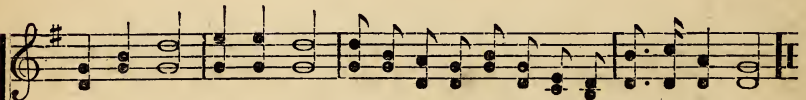
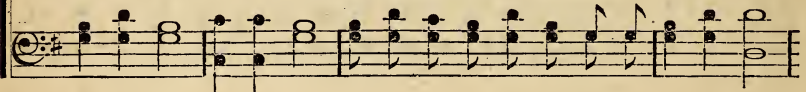
When on the cross he bled and died, He came to save me.  
 O, praise his name, I know it well, He came to save me.  
 And trust - ing him I fear no ill, He came to save me.  
 To him my heart looks up and sings, He came to save me.



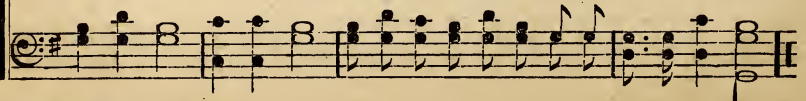
## CHORUS.



I'm so glad, I'm so glad, I'm so glad that Jesus came, And grace is free,



I'm so glad, I'm so glad, I'm so glad that Jesus came, He came to save me.

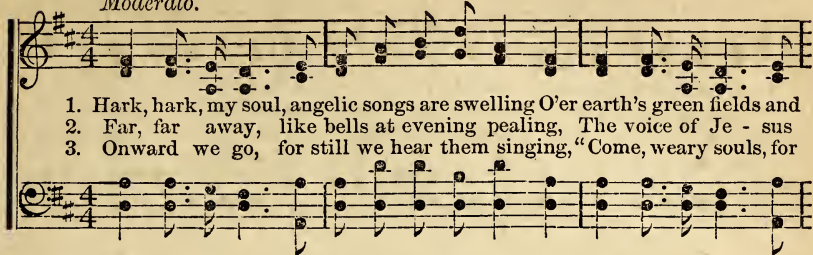


# Hark, Hark, My Soul.

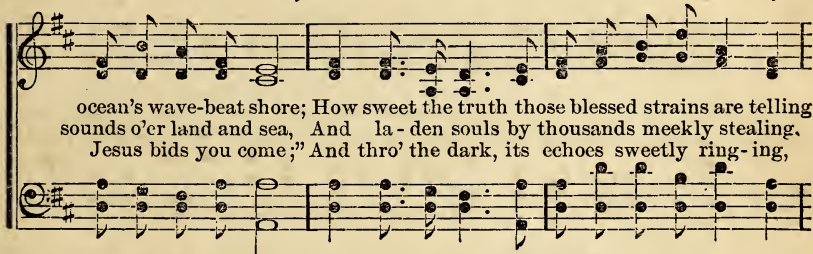
113

Rev. F. W. FABER.

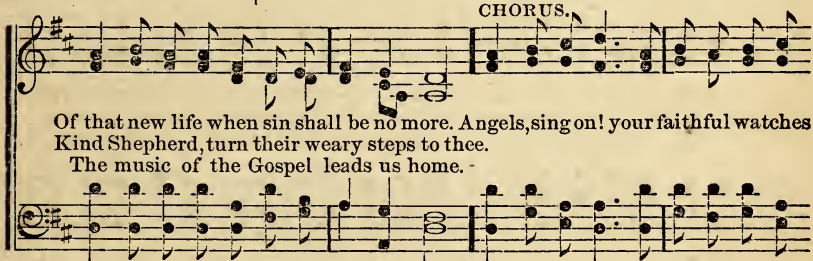
Arr. from C. C. CONVERSE by IRA D. SANKEY.

*Moderato.*

1. Hark, hark, my soul, angelic songs are swelling O'er earth's green fields and  
2. Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing, The voice of Je - sus  
3. Onward we go, for still we hear them singing, "Come, weary souls, for

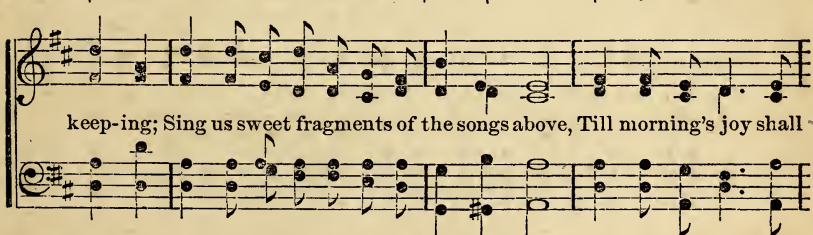


ocean's wave-beat shore; How sweet the truth those blessed strains are telling  
sounds o'er land and sea, And la - den souls by thousands meekly stealing.  
Jesus bids you come;" And thro' the dark, its echoes sweetly ring - ing,

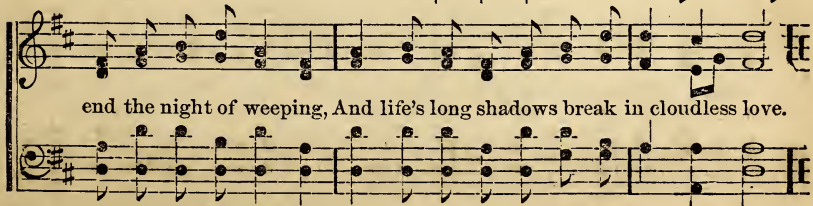


CHORUS.

Of that new life when sin shall be no more. Angels, sing on! your faithful watches  
Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to thee.  
The music of the Gospel leads us home.



keep - ing; Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above, Till morning's joy shall



end the night of weeping, And life's long shadows break in cloudless love.

1. Look up! behold, the fields are white, The harvest time is near; The summons of the  
 2. Look up! behold, the fields are white, The laborers are few, The gath'ring of the  
 3. Look up! behold, the fields are white, The Master soon will come, And carry with re-

Mas-ter falls Up-on the reaper's ear: Go forth in-to the gold-en grain And  
 har-vest must By grace depend on you: Go forth throughout the busy world, The  
 joicing heart His gathered trophies home; And can you stand with empty arms, While

bind the precious sheaves, And garner for the Lord of Hosts The harvest which he gives.  
 world of want and sin, And gather for the Lord of Hosts Its dying millions in.  
 glad-ly he receives From others in the harvest field A load of precious sheaves.

## CHORUS.

Look up! look up! behold, the fields are white, The harvest time is  
 Look up! look up! be-hold! be-hold! the fields are white, The har - vest

near, The har-vest time is near: Look up! look up! be-  
 time is near, the har - - vest time is near: Look up! look up!

# Behold, the Fields are White.—CONCLUDED. 115

hold, the fields are white, Look up! behold, the fields are white, The harvest time is near.

## I will Trust in Thee.

In answer to question of leader at Ocean Grove "Who will trust?"  
 W. H. G. many rose, saying, "I will." W. H. GEISTWEIT.

1. Blessed Saviour, my sal - vation, I will trust in thee; I am saved from  
 2. Sanctify and cleanse me, Saviour, I will trust in thee; Let me know thy  
 3. Here I stand and thee confessing, I will trust in thee; Pour up-on my

CHORUS.

condemn - a - tion, I will trust in thee. Yes, I will, yes, I will,  
 lov - ing fa - vor, I will trust in thee.  
 heart thy blessing, I will trust in thee.

I will trust in thee; Thou, my Strength and Song forever, I will trust in thee.

## Meet in the Morning.

H. E. BLAIR.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. We are marching onward to the heavenly land, To meet each other in the morning;  
 2. We are trav'ling onward from a world of care, To meet each other in the morning;  
 3. We are trav'ling onward, and the way grows bright, We'll meet each other in, etc.,

We are pressing forward to the golden strand, Where joy will crown us in the morning.  
 Oh, the time is coming, we shall soon be there, And joy will crown us in the morning.  
 Where our friends are waiting, at the gate of life, And joy will crown us in the, etc.,

CHORUS.

In the morning, in the morning, We will gather with the faithful in the morning;

Where the night of sorrow shall be rolled away, And joy will crown us in the morning.

- |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   |                                                                                                                                                                                                                         |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>4 Where the hills are blooming on the other shore,<br/>         We'll meet each other in the morning!<br/>         Where the heart's deep longing will be felt no more,<br/>         And joy will crown us in the morning.</p> | <p>5 In the boundless rapture of a Saviour's love<br/>         We'll meet each other in the morning;<br/>         Then we'll sing his glory in the realms above,<br/>         And joy will crown us in the morning.</p> |
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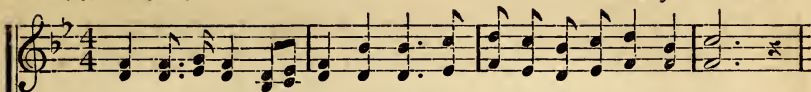


# Jesus the Rock.

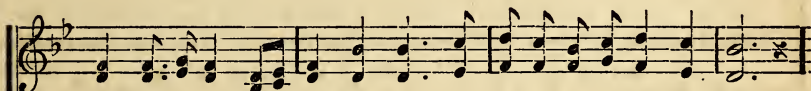
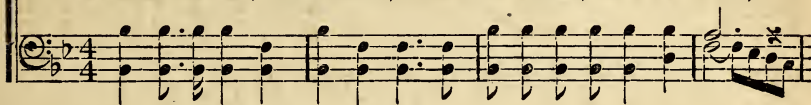
117

Mrs. C. N. PICKOP.

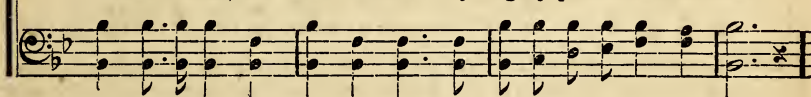
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



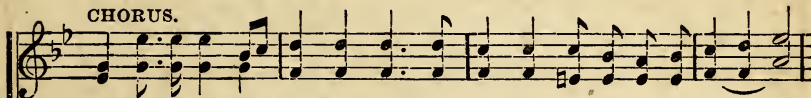
1. Jesus, the rock on which my feet May safely and securely stand,
2. Jesus, the rock on which I build, The sure foundation, true and tried ;
3. Jesus the rock stands firm, secure, Unyielding, tho' the storms may beat ;
4. Jesus the rock, blest Saviour, thou Art all I want, and all I crave ;



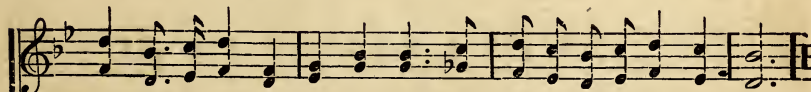
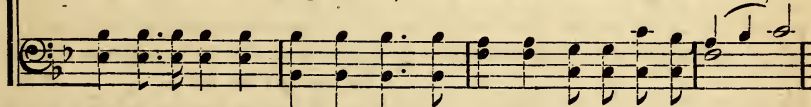
While all around me sinks and falls, And scatters like the crumbling sand.  
Bright star of hope for ruined man, Is Jesus Christ, the cruci - fied !  
In this sure trust I anchor fast, And find a blessed safe re - treat.  
I trust in thee, for well I know Thy mighty power alone can save.



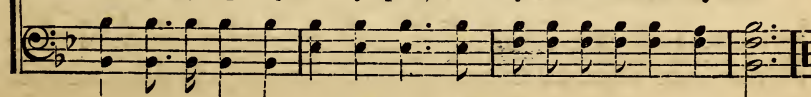
## CHORUS.



Jesus the rock, I cling to thee, Tho' waves and billows 'round me roll ;



Jesus my hope, my on - ly plea, The stay and comfort of my soul.



## He Comes.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Awake! awake! O Zion, lift thy voice! In the Lord thy God forevermore re-  
 2. He comes! he comes! the faithful watchmen cry; To the hills look up and wave the [banner

joice; A - rise! arise! behold, the night is past, And the day has come at last;  
 high! He comes! he comes! with trumpet tongue proclaim Our redemption thro' his [name.

*Fine.*

Let thy harp resound as once it rang In the grand old time of thy strength and prime,  
 Oh, the songs, glad songs that now we raise In the dear retreat where we love to meet,

When thy soul within thee sweetly sang, Trusting in the promise of the Lord.  
 In the house of prayer and joyous praise, Singing with the happy ones above.

Hark! O Zi-on, hear the joy-bells ring! Lo, he cometh, thy Redeemer-King!  
 Crown, oh, crown him, our Deliv'rer-King! Hail, oh, hail him, while our gifts we bring!

*rit.* Use first four lines as Cho.

*D. C.*

He shall reign all glorious, He shall reign victorious O'er the world from shore to shore.  
All shall hear his story, All shall see his glory; He shall reign from shore to shore.

**We Know Not Why.**

SALLIE MARTIN.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. We know not why our path at times Is one of thorns and sad-ness,
2. We know not why our warning words Seem lost or dis - re - gard - ed,
3. We know not why our brightest hopes Like autumn leaves must perish,

*Fine.*

While oth - ers walk a - mid the smile Of con - stant joy and gladness.  
While oth - ers reap, from day to day, The fruit of toil reward - ed.  
Or why the hand of death removes The friends that most we cherish.

*D. S.*—Though heaven and earth should pass away, His truth shall stand forever!

CHORUS.

*D. S.*

But this we know, the Lord is just, His promise fail - eth nev - er;

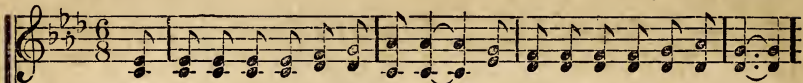
4 We know not what our joy will be  
When, in the realms of glory,  
We at the Saviour's feet shall tell  
Redemption's wondrous story.

5 O then, content, we'll walk by faith,  
Our hearts his love possessing;  
We'll praise him for his mercies past,  
And trust for every blessing.

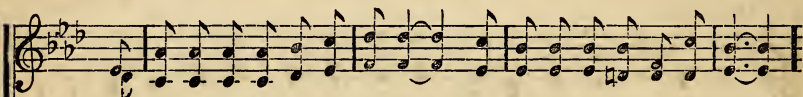
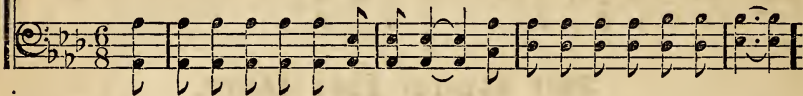
# Do Something To-Day.

LANTA WILSON SMITH.

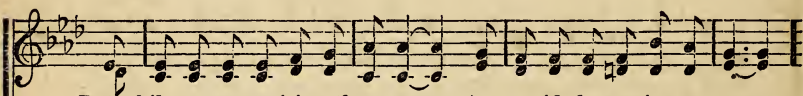
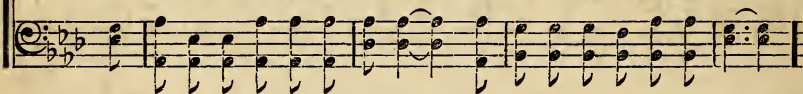
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



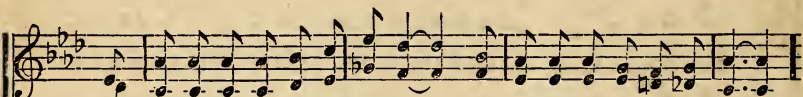
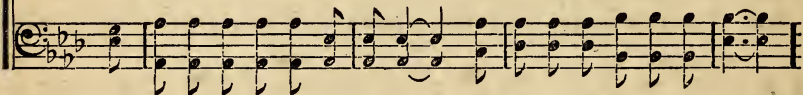
1. You're longing to work for the Master, Yet waiting for something to do ;
2. Go rescue that wandering brother Who sinks 'neath his burden of woe,
3. Gosing happy songs of rejoicing With those who no sorrows have known ;
4. O never, my brother, stand waiting, Be willing to do what you can ;



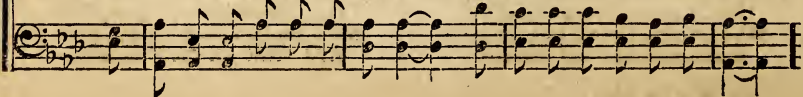
You fancy the future is holding Some wonderful mission for you ;  
 A single kind action may save him, If love and compassion you show ;  
 Go weep with the heart-broken mourner, Go comfort the sad and the lone ;  
 The humblest service is need-ed, To fill out the Father's great plan ;



But while you are waiting the moments Are rapid-ly passing a - way ;  
 Don't shrink from the vilest about you, If you can but lead them from sin ;  
 From pitfalls and snares of the tempter Go rescue the thoughtless and wild :  
 Be earning your stars of rejoic - ing While earth-life is passing a - way ;



O brother, awake from your dreaming, Do something for Jesus to - day.  
 For this is the grandest of missions,— Lost souls for the Master to win.  
 Go win from pale lips a 'God bless you,' Go brighten the life of a child.  
 Win some one to meet you in glo - ry,— Do something for Jesus to - day.



CHORUS.

Do something, do something, Do something for Jesus to - day ;  
Do something, do something,

O brother, the moments are passing, Do something for Jesus to - day.

Jesus will Meet You There.

W. L. K.

W. LEWIS KANE.

1. { Come to Calv'ry's mount to - day, Je - sus will meet you there ; }  
{ Look and live without de - lay, Je - sus will meet you there. }

CHORUS.

Come to Jesus, Don't stay away, my friend ; Come to Jesus, He calls to-day.

- 2 Rest beneath the hallowed cross,  
Jesus will meet you there ;  
Saving mercy gained for loss,  
Jesus will meet you there.
- 3 Come and join his faithful band,  
Jesus will meet you there ;  
Take his mighty, helping hand,  
Jesus will meet you there.

- 4 At the blessed mercy seat,  
Jesus will meet you there ;  
Come with this assurance sweet,  
Jesus will meet you there.
- 5 You'll find rest in heaven at last,  
Jesus will meet you there ;  
And be happy with the blest,  
Jesus will meet you there.

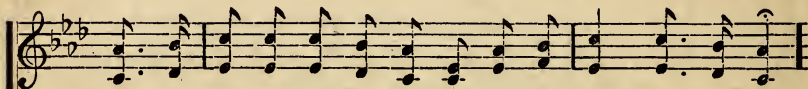
# On the Road, Going Home. :

P. J. OWENS.

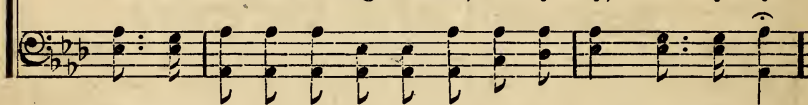
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



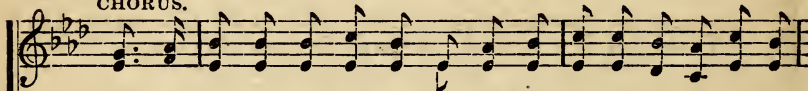
1. We are go - ing home to glo - ry, Bright a - bode, bright a - bode!
2. We will call to those faint hearted, "Be of cheer, be of cheer;"
3. We will call to souls in blindness, "Come this way, come this way;"



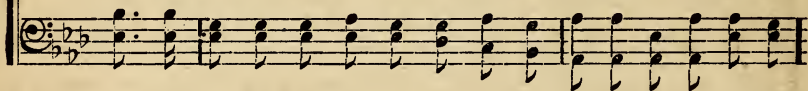
And will gladly work for Je - sus, On the road, on the road.  
 And to pilgrims who have started, "Never fear, nev - er fear."  
 We will tell Christ's loving kindness, Ev - 'ry day, ev - 'ry day.



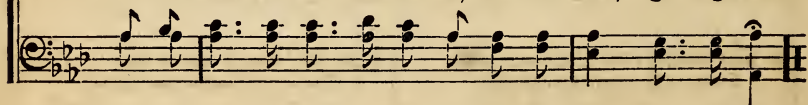
## CHORUS.



For his mercy sought and found us, And his blood to service bound us;



So we'll work for all around us, On the road, go - ing home.



- |                                                                                                                                                                            |                                                                                                                                                                        |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>4 May our souls with love be yearning<br/>         As we sing, as we sing;<br/>         May our lamps be brightly burning,<br/>         For the King, for the King.</p> | <p>5 We are waiting till his message<br/>         Bids us come, bids us come;<br/>         But we'll live and work for Jesus,<br/>         Going home, going home.</p> |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

# Showers of Blessing.

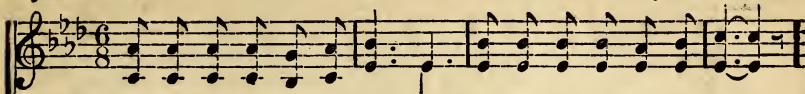
123

"And I will cause the shower to come down in his season."

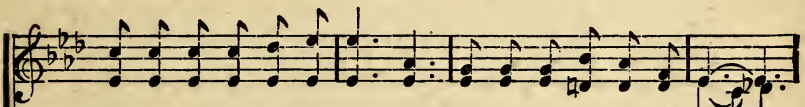
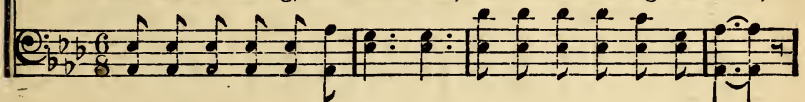
Ezekiel xxxiv. 26.

JENNIE GARNETT.

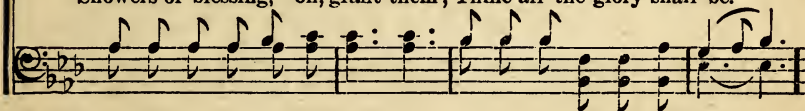
JNO. R. SWENEY.



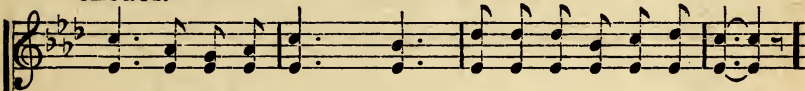
1. Here in thy name we are gathered, Come and revive us, O Lord;
2. O that the showers of blessing Now on our souls may descend,
3. There shall be showers of blessing,—Promise that never can fail;
4. Showers of blessing,—we need them, Showers of blessing from thee;



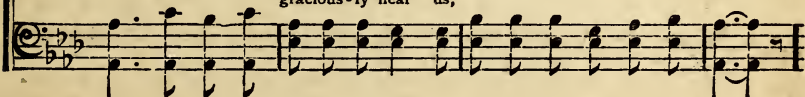
"There shall be showers of blessing" Thou hast declared in thy word.  
 While at the footstool of mercy Pleading thy promise we bend!  
 Thou wilt regard our petition; Surely our faith will prevail.  
 Showers of blessing,—oh, grant them; Thine all the glory shall be.



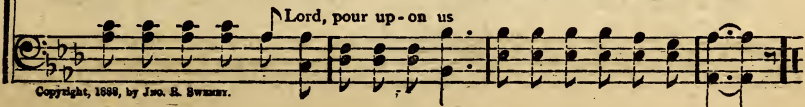
## CHORUS.



Oh, graciously hear us, Graciously hear us, we pray:  
 graciously hear us,



Pour from thy windows upon us Showers of blessing to-day.



Lord, pour up-on us

## Triumph By and By.

Dr. C. R. BLACKALL.

H. R. PALMER. By per.

1. The prize is set before us, To win his words implore us, The  
 2. We'll follow where he leadeth, We'll pasture where he feedeth, We'll  
 3. Our home is bright above us, No tri-als dark to move us, But

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

While sin is dark, appalling; 'Tis Jesus gently calling, He is nigh, he is nigh.  
 Our hope shall brighten ever, And faith shall fail us never, He is nigh, he is nigh.  
 And praise his name forever; His precious ones can never, Never die, never die.

## CHORUS.

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

Jesus reign in glory, By and by, by and by; Jesus reign in glory, By and by.



# Are You Washed in the Blood? 125

E. A. H.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN. By per.

1. Have you been to Jesus for the cleansing power? Are you washed in the  
 2. Are you walking dai - ly by the Saviour's side? Are you washed in the  
 3. When the Bridegroom cometh will your robes be white, Pure and whive in the  
 4. Lay a - side the garments that are stained with sin, And be washed in the

blood of the Lamb? Are you ful - ly trusting in his grace this hour? Are you  
 blood of the Lamb? Do you rest each moment in the Cru - ci - fied? Are you  
 blood of the Lamb? Will your soul be ready for the mansions bright, And be  
 blood of the Lamb? There's a fountain flowing for the soul unclean, O be

CHORUS.

washed in the blood of the Lamb? Are you washed in the  
 Are you washed

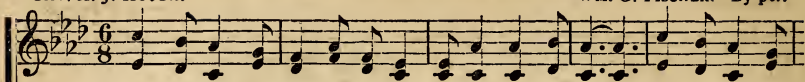
blood, In the soul-cleansing blood of the Lamb? Are your  
 in the blood, of the Lamb?

garments spotless? are they white as snow? Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?

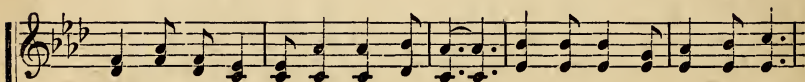
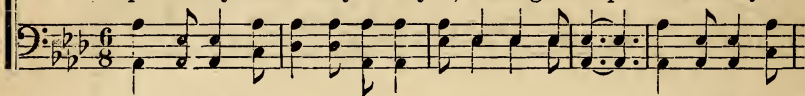
## Waiting at the Pool.

Rev. A. J. HOUGH.

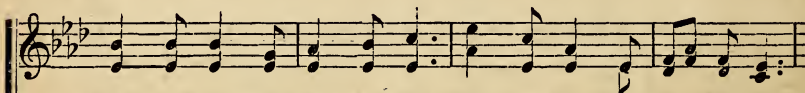
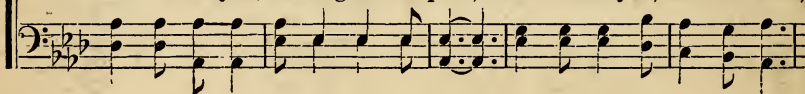
WM. G. FISCHER. By per.



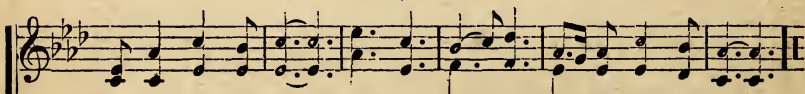
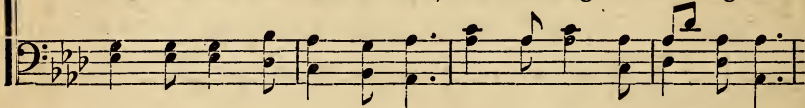
1. Thousands stand to-day in sorrow, Waiting at the pool; Saying they will
2. Souls your filthy garments wearing, Waiting at the pool; Hearts your heavy
3. Thousands once were standing near you, Waiting at the pool; Come their voices
4. Mother leaves the son, the daughter, Waiting at the pool; Calls to them a-
5. Step in boldly—death may smite you, Waiting at the pool: Jesus may no



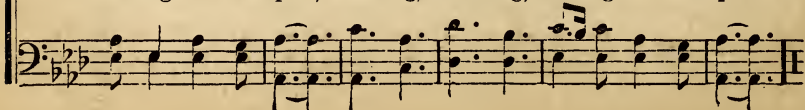
wash to-morrow, Waiting at the pool; Oth-ers step in left and right,  
bur- den bearing, Waiting at the pool; Can it be you nev-er heard,  
back to cheer you, Waiting at the pool; Back from Canaan's happy shore,  
cross the water, Waiting at the pool; You can nev-er more embrace  
more invite you, Waiting at the pool; Faith is near you, take her hand,



Wash their stained garments white, Leav- ing you in sorrow's night,  
Jesus long a - go hath stirred-The wa - ters with his might- y word,  
Sor - rows past and la - bor o'er, Where they stand in tears no more,  
Moth - er or be - hold her face, If you keep the lep - er's place.  
Seek with her the bet - ter land, And no long - er doubting stand



Waiting at the pool, Waiting, wait- ing, waiting at the pool.

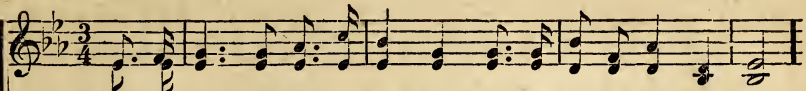


# In the Shadow of the Cross.

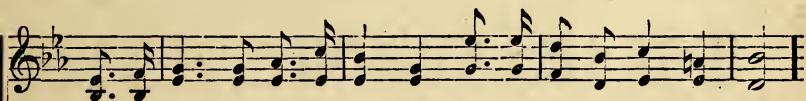
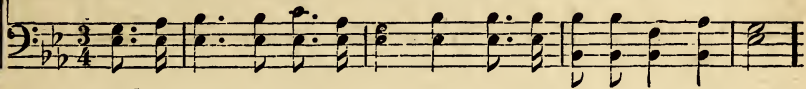
127

FRANK GOULD.

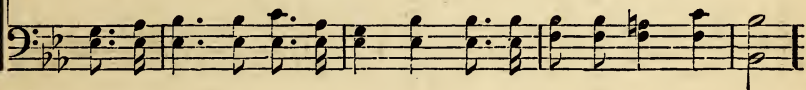
JNO R. SWENEY.



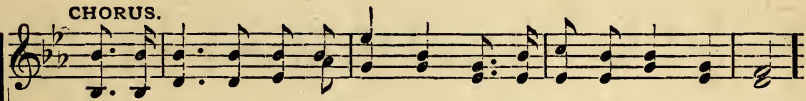
1. At the cross I found my Saviour, And my boasting there shall be,
2. At the cross I cried for mer-cy; Jesus heard my humble prayer;
3. At the cross he gave me com-fort, In my darkest hour he came,
4. When among the just made perfect My Redeem-er I shall see,



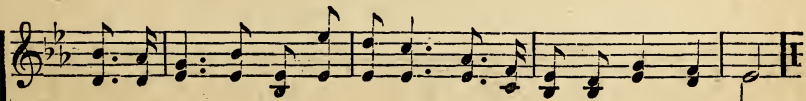
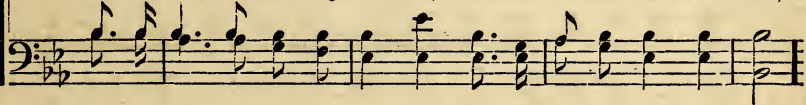
For my man - y sins are pardoned Through the blood he shed for me.  
I was wretched, weak, and helpless, Till on him I cast my care.  
And my faith looked up and saw him, Hal-le-lu-jah to his name!  
I will tell, through endless a-ges, What his love has done for me!



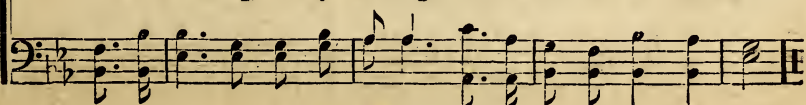
## CHORUS.



O my soul in him rejoic - es, And the world I count but dross,—



I am walk-ing, dai-ly walking In the shadow of the cross.



# 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  
 2. We are lost a-mid the rapture of redcem-ing love; Glo-ry to  
 3. We are go-ing to a palace that is built of gold; Glo-ry to  
 4. There we'll shout redeeming mercy in a glad, new song; Glo-ry to

God, hal-le-lu-jah! We can sing it loud as ever, with our faith more strong:  
 God, hal-le-lu-jah! We are rising on its pinions to the hills a-bove:  
 God, hal-le-lujah! Where the King in all his splendor we shall soon behold:  
 God, hallelujah! There we'll sing the praise of Jesus with the blood-wash'd throng:

*Fine.* CHORUS.

Glo-ry to God, hal-le-lu-jah! O, the children of the Lord have a

right to shout and sing, For the way is grow-ing bright, and our

*D. S.*

souls are on the wing; We are going by and by to the palace of a King!

# Make Room for Jesus.

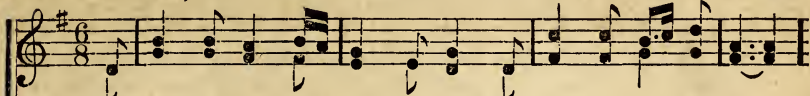
129

"There was no room for them at the inn."

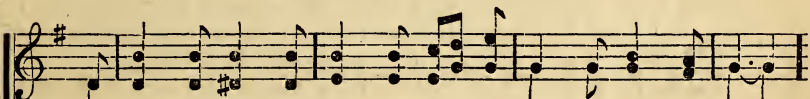
Rev. ALEX. CLARK, D D

Luke ii. 7.

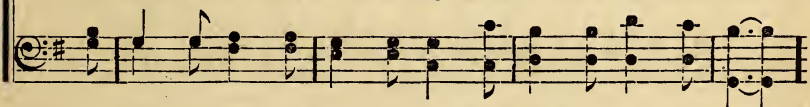
WM. G FISCHER.



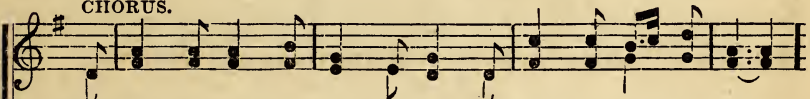
1. Make room for Je - sus! room! sad heart, Beguiled and sick of sin;  
2. Make room for Je - sus! room! make room! His hand is at the door;  
3. Make room for Je - sus! soul of mine, He waits re - sponse to - day;  
4. Make room for Je - sus! by and by, 'Midst saint and ser - a - phim,




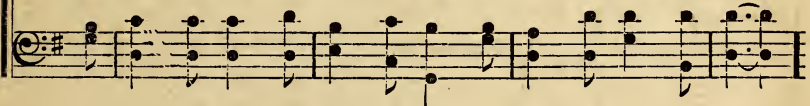
Bid ev - 'ry a - lien guest de - part, And rise and let him in.  
He comes to ban - ish guilt and gloom, And bless thee more and more.  
His smile is peace, his grace, di - vine, Oh, turn him not a - way.  
He'll welcome to his throne on high The soul that welcomed him.




## CHORUS.



Make room, sad heart, make room, make room! Bid a - lien guests de - part,



Oh, let the Mas - ter in, sad heart; A - rise, make room, make room!



## Meet me There.

HENRIETTA E. BLAIR.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. On the happy, golden shore, Where the faithful part no more, When the  
 2. Here our fondest hopes are vain, Dearest links are rent in twain; But in  
 3. Where the harps of angels ring, And the blest for-ev - er sing, In the

storms of life are o'er, Meet me there; Where the night dissolves away Into  
 heav'n no throb of pain, Meet me there; By the river sparkling bright, In the  
 palace of the King, Meet me there; Where in sweet communion blend Heart with

*Fine.*  
 pure and perfect day, I am going home to stay, Meet me there.  
 ci - ty of delight, Where our faith is lost in sight, Meet me there.  
 heart, and friend with friend, In a world that ne'er shall end, Meet me there.

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

CHORUS.

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

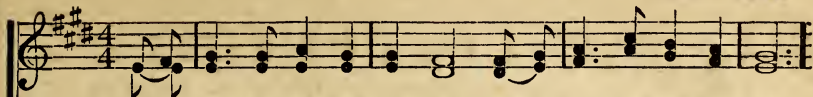
*D.S.*

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

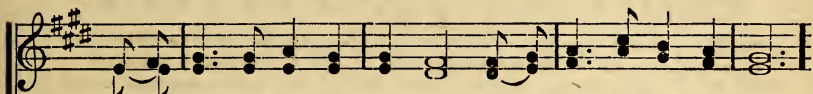
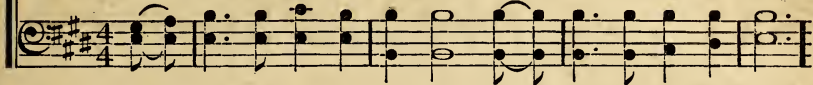
# A little Talk with Jesus.

131

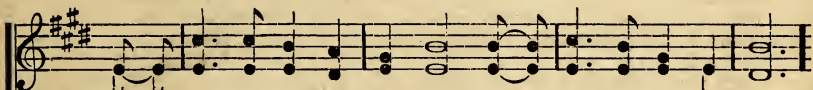
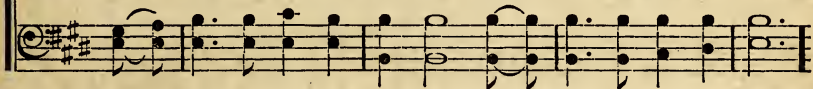
WM. G. FISCHER.



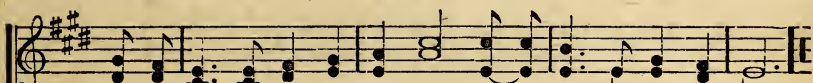
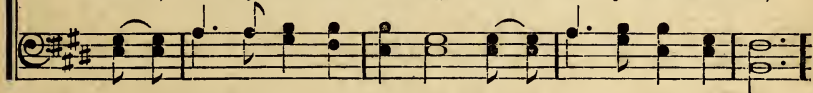
1. A lit - tle talk with Je - sus, How it smooths the rugged road!  
2. Ah, this is what I'm wanting, His love - ly face to see;  
3. I can - not live without him, Nor would I if I could;  
4. So I'll wait a lit - tle long - er, Till his appoint - ed time,



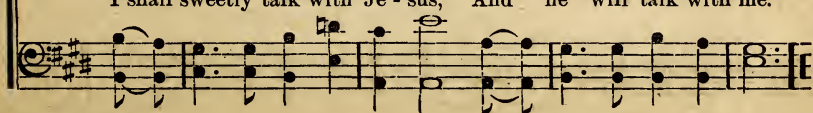
How it seems to help me on - ward, When I faint beneath my load;  
And I'm not a - afraid to say it, I know he's wanting me.  
He is my dai - ly por - tion, My med - i - cine and food.  
And a - long the upward path - way My pil - grim feet shall climb.



When my heart is crushed with sorrow, And my eyes with tears are dim,  
He gave his life a ran - som, To make me all his own,  
He is al - to - geth - er love - ly; None can with him com - pare;  
There, in my Father's dwell - ing, Where man - y mansions be,



There is naught can yield me comfort Like a lit - tle talk with him.  
And he'll ne'er forget his prom - ise To me, his purchased one.  
Chief - est among ten thousand, And fair - est of the fair.  
I shall sweetly talk with Je - sus, And he will talk with me.



## On let us go.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. On let us go where the val-ley of Ed - en fair Blooms on the  
 2. On let us go where the beauti-ful realms above Ring with the  
 3. On let us go where the weary and toil-oppressed Soon shall for-  
 4. On let us go where the loving and loved shall meet, Meet on the

bank of the riv - er; On where the fields, in the beautiful robe they wear,  
 time-honored sto - ry: Saved thro' the might of a blessed Redeemer's love,  
 get ev -'ry sor - row; On where the soul to a happy and golden rest  
 bank of the riv - er; There shall they sing at the blssed Redeemer's feet

CHORUS.  
 Wave in the sunlight for-ev - er. On let us go,  
 His be the praise and the glo-ry.  
 Wakes in e - ter - ni - ty's mor-row. On, march on, to the beau - ful land we go,  
 Songs that shall echo for-ev - er.

On march on, let us go, On march on, let us  
 On, march on, to the beau - ti - ful land we go, On, march on, where the

go,  
 riv - ers of pleasure flow, On where the hap - py ones are call - ing.

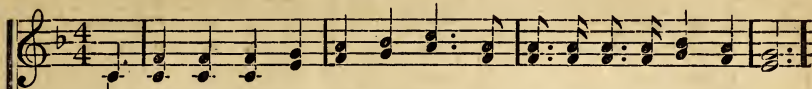


# A Shelter in the Time of Storm. 133

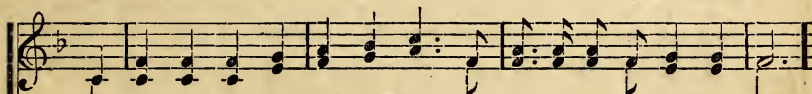
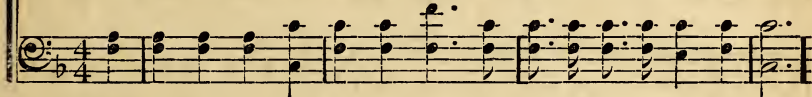
Words arranged.

"My God is the Rock of my refuge."—Ps. xciv : 22.

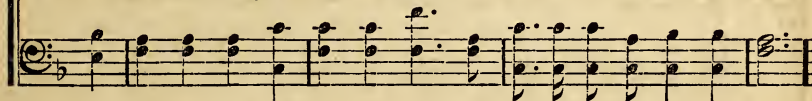
IRA D. SANKEY.



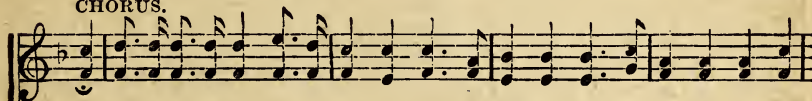
1. The Lord's our Rock, in him we hide, A shelter in the time of storm ;
2. A shade by day defence by night, A shelter in the time of storm ;
3. The raging storms may round us beat, A shelter in the time of storm ;
4. O Rock divine, O Refuge dear, A shelter in the time of storm ;



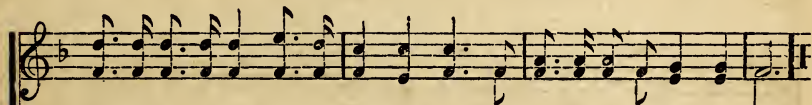
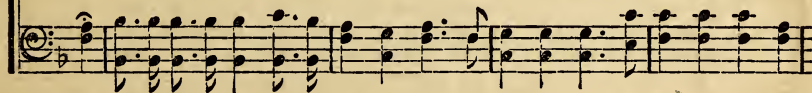
Secure whatever ill be-tide, A shelter in the time of storm.  
No fears alarm, no foes af-fright, A shelter in the time of storm.  
We'll nev-er leave our safe retreat, A shelter in the time of storm.  
Be thou our helper ev-er near, A shelter in the time of storm.



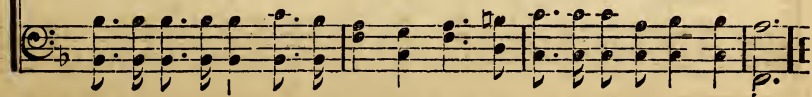
## CHORUS.



Oh, Jesus is a Rock in a weary land, A weary land, a weary land ; Oh,



Jesus is a Rock in a weary land, A shelter in the time of storm.



## Only a Beam of Sunshine.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

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

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

On - ly a beam of sun - shine That fell from the arch a - bove, And  
On - ly a beam of sun - shine That smiled thro' her falling tears, And  
Go, like the faith - ful sun - beam, Your mission of joy - ful - fil; Re -

ten - der - ly, soft - ly whispered A mes - sage of peace and love.  
showed her the bow of prom - ise, For - got - ten perhaps for - years.  
mem - ber the Saviour's prom - ise, That he will be with you still.

## CHORUS.

On - ly a word for Je - sus, On - ly a whispered prayer

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

## The New Name.

J. E. H.

J. E. HALL.

1. We shall have a new name in that land, In that land, that sunny, sunny land,
2. We'll receive it in a pure white stone, And no one will know the name therein;
3. Don't you wonder what that name will be, Sweeter far than aught on earth can be,

*Cho.*—We shall have a new name in that land, In that land, that sunny, sunny land,

*Fine.*

When we meet the bright angelic band, In that sunny land. A new name, a  
 Only unto him who hath 'tis known, When we're free from sin. A white stone, a  
 We will be quite satisfied when we Shall that new name know. I won- der, I

When we meet the bright angelic band, In that sunny land.

*D. C.*

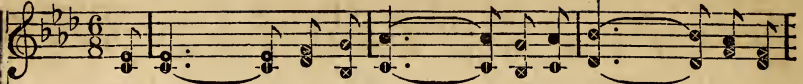
new name We'll receive up there; A new name, a new name, All who enter there.  
 white stone We'll receive up there; A white stone, a white stone, All who enter there.  
 won- der What that name will be, I wonder, I wonder, What he'll give to me.

# My Shepherd.

Rev. JOSEPH H. MARTIN.

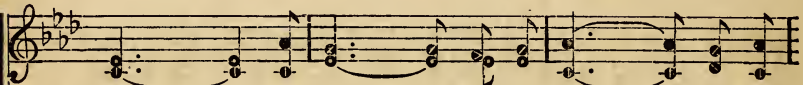
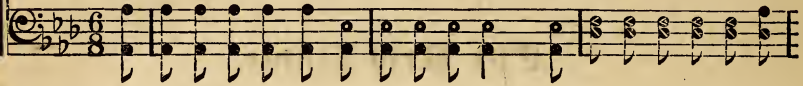
Ps. xxxiii.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

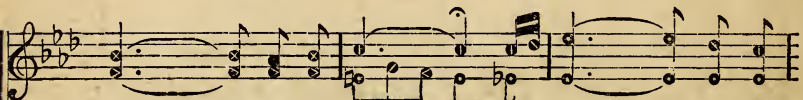
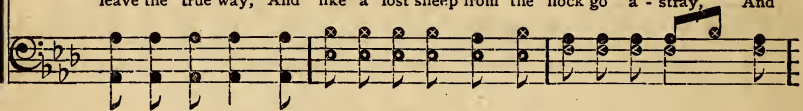


1. The Lord . . . is my shep - - - herd, my keep - - er and  
2. Whenev - - - er I wan - - - der, and leave . . the true

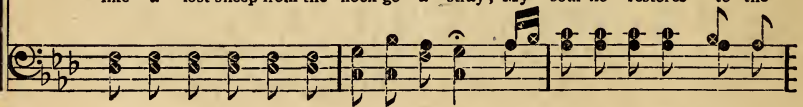
1. The Lord is my shepherd, my keeper and guide, The Lord is my shepherd, my  
2. Whenev - er I wan - der, and leave the true way, When - ev - er I wan - der, and



guide, . . . My wants . . . he'll sup - ply, . . . and for  
way, . . . . And like . . . a lost sheep . . . from the  
keep - er and guide, My wants he'll supply, and for me he'll provide, My  
leave the true way, And like a lost sheep from the flock go a - stray, And



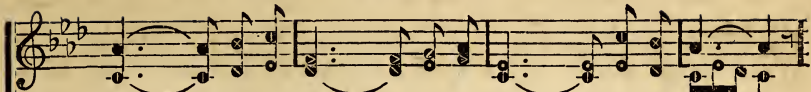
me . . . . he'll pro - vide; . . . In midst . . . of green  
flock . . . go a - stray; . . . My soul . . . he re -  
wants he'll sup - ply, and for me he'll provide; In midst of green pastures he  
like a lost sheep from the flock go a - stray; My soul he restores to the



pas - - - - tures he makes - - me to lie, . . . Be -  
stores . . . to the path . . . that is right, . . . He  
makes me to lie, In midst of green pastures he makes me to lie, Be -  
path that is right, My soul he restores to the path that is right, He

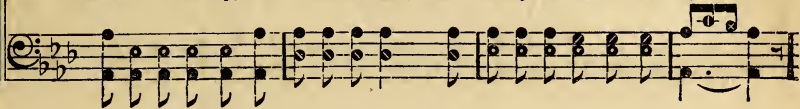


# My Shepherd.—CONCLUDED.



side . . . the still wa - - ters that gen - - tly pass by. . .  
leads . . . me in safe - - ty, I walk - - in his light. . .

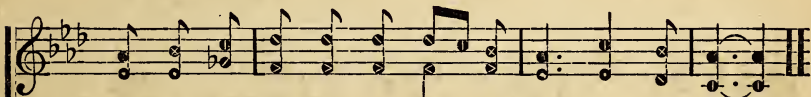
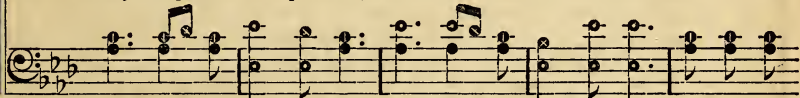
side the still waters that gently pass by, That gently, that gently pass by.  
leads me in safe-ty, I walk in his light, In safety I walk in his light.



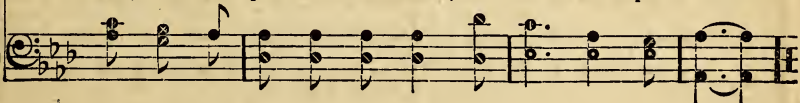
## CHORUS.



My Shepherd will provide, what - ev - er may be-tide; I am se-



cure, For his promise is sure, The Lord will pro - vide.



- 3 When called to surrender my faltering breath,  
And pass through the vale of the shadow of death,  
The presence of Jesus will brighten the tomb,  
With hope and with gladness dispelling its gloom.  
With gladness dispelling its gloom.

- 4 For me his free bounty a table has spread;  
And blessings unmeasured he pours on my head;  
My cup with abundance and joy overflows;  
He dries all my tears, and he heals all my woes.  
He heals all my woes, all my woes.

- 5 His goodness and mercy shall crown all my days,  
My mouth shall be filled with thanksgiving and praise;  
I'll dwell in his temple of glory above,  
And sing evermore of his grace and his love.  
And sing of his grace and his love.

## Little Ones Like Me.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Je- sus, when he left the sky, And for sinners came to die, In his  
 2. Mothers then the Saviour sought In the places where he taught, And to  
 3. Did the Saviour say them nay? No, he kindly bade them stay, Suffered  
 4. 'Twas for them his life he gave, To redeem them from the grave, Jesus

## CHORUS.

mer- cy passed not by Little ones like me. Little ones, little ones,  
 him the children brought, Little ones like me.  
 none to turn a - way Little ones like me.  
 now will gladly save Little ones like me.

"Suffer them to come," said he; Jesus loves the little ones, Little ones like me.

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## Touch and Cleanse Me.

MARY F. MARSH.

Matt. viii. 3.

WARREN W. BENTLEY

1. Touch and cleanse me, blessed Sav- iour, I am wea - ry of my sin;  
 2. Touch and cleanse me, blessed Sav- iour, Humbly now my guilt I own;  
 3. Touch and cleanse me, blessed Sav- iour, I am poor, and weak, and blind;  
 4. Thou dost cleanse me, blessed Sav- iour, Light is streaming from a- bove;

# Touch and Cleanse Me.—CONCLUDED.

*Fine.*

I am long - ing for thy fa - vor, Longing to be pure within.  
 Oh, be - stow thy pard'ning fa - vor! Thou canst save me, thou alone.  
 Grant me now thy lov - ing fa - vor, Let me now sal - vation find.  
 Now I feel thy pard'ning fa - vor, Oh, my soul is full of love.

*D.S.*—Touch and cleanse me, touch and cleanse me, Jesus, save me or I die.

*D.S.*—Thou dost cleanse me, thou dost cleanse me, Glory be to God on high.

REFRAIN.

*D.S.*

Touch and cleanse me, touch and cleanse me, Listen to my fee - ble cry,  
*4th v.* Thou dost cleanse me, thou dost cleanse me, Thou hast heard my feeble cry,

139

## The Morning Light.

SAMUEL F. SMITH.

Tune, WEBB. 7. 6.

*Fine.*

*D.S.* 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!"

Rev. W. F. CRAFTS.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Wea-ry with walking a - lone, Long heav-y - laden with sin;  
2. Fearing to stand for my Lord, Trembling for weakness in prayer;

Toil-ing all night with-out Christ,—Rest for my soul shall I win,  
Yet on the bo - som di - vine Los - ing each sor-row and fear,

## CHORUS.

Lean - ing on Je - sus, I walk - at his side; . . .  
Leaning on Je-sus, in him I a - bide, Leaning on Je - sus, I walk at his side;

Lean - - ing on Je - - sus, I trust him, my Shepherd and Guide.  
Leaning on Je-sus, what-ev-er be-tide,

- 3 Anxious no longer for self,  
Shrinking no longer from pain;  
Leaning on Jesus alone,  
He all my care will sustain.  
Leaning on Jesus, etc.
- 4 Leaning, I walk in "The Way,"  
Leaning, "The Truth" I shall know;  
Leaning on heart-throbs of Christ,  
Safe into "Life" I may go.  
Leaning on Jesus, etc.

*From "Leaflet Gems, No. 2," by 1897.*

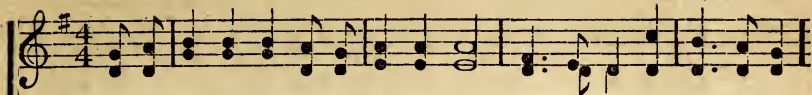


# Come and See.

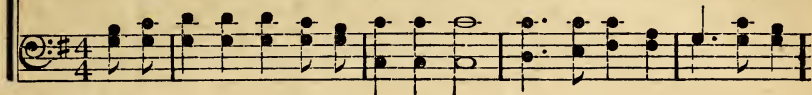
141

CHARLES H. ELLIOTT.

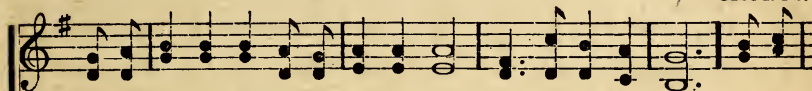
JNO. R. SWENEY,



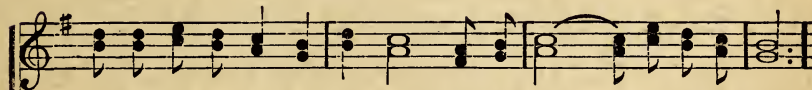
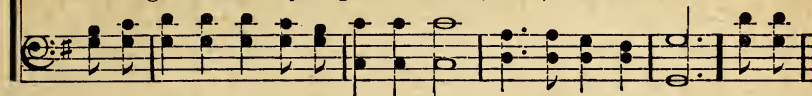
1. There is pardon sweet, at the Master's feet, Come and see, O come and see;
2. There's an easy yoke that you all may bear, Come and see, O come and see;
3. There's a healing balm for the weary breast, Come and see, O come and see;
4. There's a life beyond, 'tis a life di - vine, Come and see, O come and see;



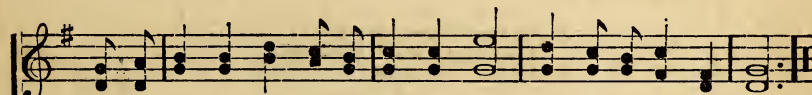
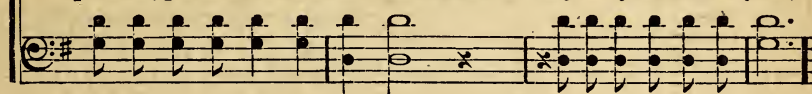
## CHORUS.



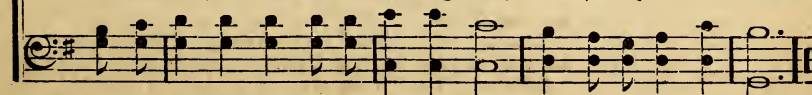
There's a song of peace that shall never cease, Come, O come and see. In the  
 There's a ho-ly joy that you all may share, Come, O come and see.  
 There's a tranquil peace and a sa-cred rest, Come, O come and see.  
 And the light of faith on your path will shine, Come, O come and see.



precious, precious blood of Je - sus Washed a - way your sins may be;



You may plunge just now in its cleansing flood,—Come, will you come and see.



# Wont You Love My Jesus?

SALLIE SMITH.

JNO. R. SWENBY.

1. I have found a friend di - vine, Wont you love him too?  
 2. Oh, how dear his name to me, Wont you love him too?  
 3. Heav - y - lad - en, care - oppressed, Wont you love him too?  
 4. Cast your bur - den at his feet, Wont you love him too?

I am his and he is mine, Wont you love him too?  
 None can save your soul but he, Wont you love him too?  
 How he longs to give you rest, Wont you love him too?  
 There is par - don pure and sweet, Wont you love him too?

## CHORUS.

Wont you love my Je - sus, My pre - cious, precious Je - sus?

Wont you love my Je - sus? He is waiting now for you.

# Holy, Holy, Holy!

143

"They rest not day and night, saying, Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty."—Rev. iv. 8.

REGINALD HEBER.

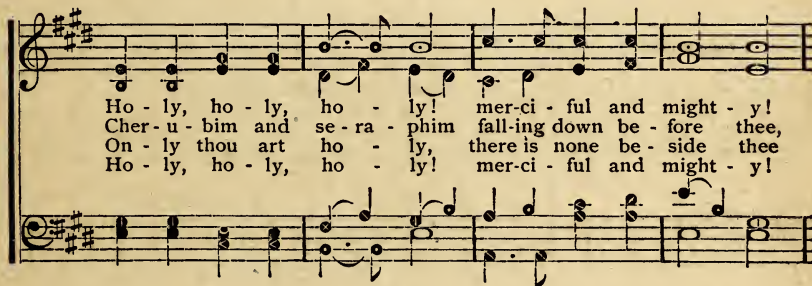
JOHN B. DYKES.



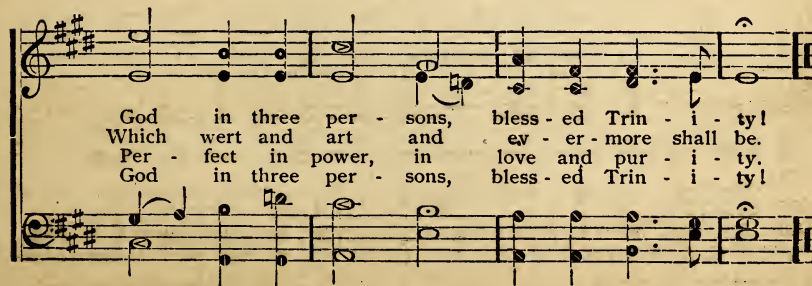
1. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! Lord God Al - might - y!  
2. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! all the saints a - dore thee,  
3. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! though the darkness hide thee,  
4. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! Lord God Al - migh - ty!



Grate - ful - ly a - dor - ing our song shall rise to thee;  
Cast - ing down their golden crowns a - round the glass - y sea;  
Though the eyes of sin - ful man thy glo - ry may not see,  
All thy works shall praise thy name in earth, and sky, and sea;



Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! mer - ci - ful and might - y!  
Cher - u - bim and se - ra - phim fall - ing down be - fore thee,  
On - ly thou art ho - ly, there is none be - side thee  
Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! mer - ci - ful and might - y!



God in three per - sons, bless - ed Trin - i - ty!  
Which wert and art and ev - er - more shall be.  
Per - fect in power, in love and pur - i - ty.  
God in three per - sons, bless - ed Trin - i - ty!

## The Firm Foundation.

GEORGE KEITH.

Tune, PORTUGUESE HYMN.

1. How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your  
 2. "Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dismayed, For I am thy  
 3. "When thro' the deep waters I call thee to go, The riv-ers of  
 4. "When thro' fie-ry tri-als thy path-way shall lie, My grace all suf-

faith in his ex-cel-lent word! What more can he say, than to  
 God, I will still give thee aid; I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and  
 sor-row shall not o-ver-flow; For I will be with thee thy  
 fi-cient, shall be thy sup-ply, The flame shall not hurt thee; I

you he hath said, To you, who for re-fuge to Je-sus have  
 cause thee to stand, Up-held by my gracious, om-ni-po-tent  
 tri-als to bless, And sanc-ti-fy to thee thy deepest dis-  
 on-ly de-sign Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to re-

fled? To you, who for re-fuge to Je-sus have fled?  
 hand, Up-held by my gracious, om-ni-po-tent hand.  
 tress, And sanc-ti-fy to thee thy deep-est dis-tress.  
 fine, Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to re-fine.

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

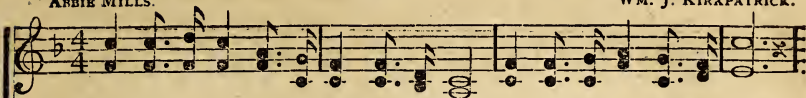
6 "The soul that on Jesus hath leaned  
 for repose,  
 I will not, I will not desert to his foes;  
 That soul, though all hell should en-  
 deavor to shake,  
 I'll never, no never, no never forsake!"

# Redeemed, Praise the Lord.

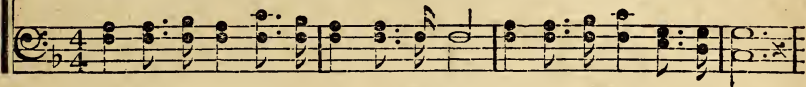
145

ARBIE MILLS.

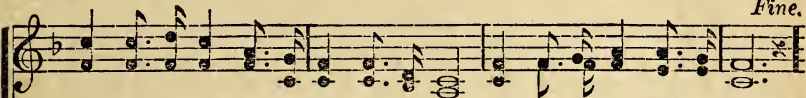
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



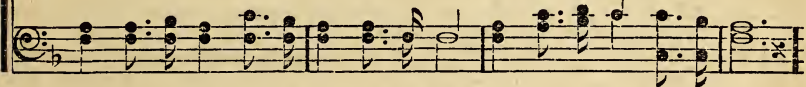
1. O happy day! what a Sav-i-our is mine! I am redeemed, praise the Lord!
2. O clap your hands, all ye people of God, I am redeemed, praise the Lord!
3. Thanks be to God for the great vict'ry given, I am redeemed, praise the Lord!
4. Glory to God, I would shout ev - ermore, I am redeemed, praise the Lord!



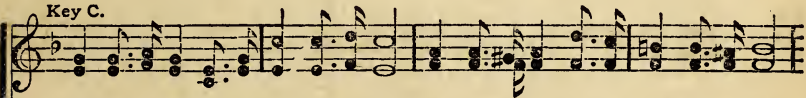
*Fine.*



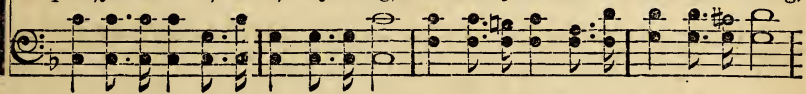
All to his pleasure I glad - ly re - sign, I am redeemed, praise the Lord!  
 Let ev'ry tongue speak his mercy abroad, I am redeemed, praise the Lord!  
 Now I am free; ev'ry chain has been riven,—I am redeemed, praise the Lord!  
 O for a voice that could reach ev'ry shore, I am redeemed, praise the Lord!



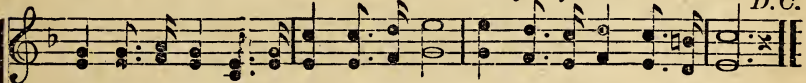
Key C.



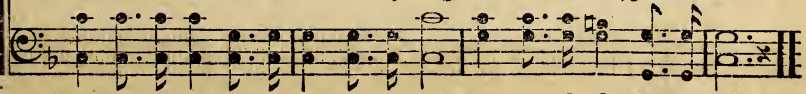
Jesus has taken my bur - den away; Jesus has turned all my night into day;  
 His lov - ing - kind - ness is bet - ter than gold; He doth bestow more than my cup can hold;  
 Out of the pit, and the mire, and the clay, Jesus has borne me in triumph away;  
 Help me, ye ransom'd, a - wa - i - te, ev'ry string, Let earth re - joice and the whole heav - ens ring,



*Use first four lines as Chorus. D. U.*



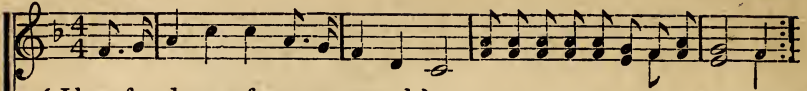
Jesus has come to my heart,—come to stay,—I am redeemed, praise the Lord!  
 Wondrous Salvation, that ne'er can be told,—I am redeemed, praise the Lord!  
 Safe on the rock I am standing to - day,—I am redeemed, praise the Lord!  
 While we the chorus u - ni - ted - ly sing, I am redeemed, praise the Lord!



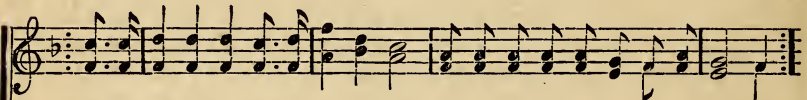
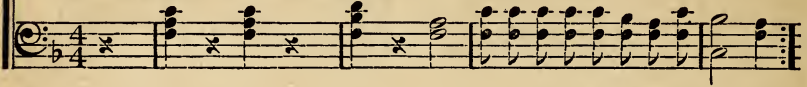
# Trusting in the Promise.

Rev. H. B. HARTZLER.

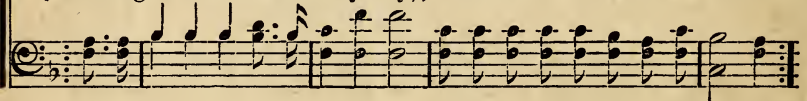
E. S. LORENZ.



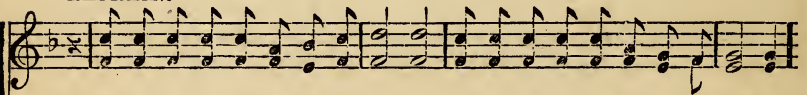
1. { I have found repose for my weary soul, } Trusting in the promise of the Saviour;  
 { And a harbor safe when the billows roll, }  
 2. { I will sing my song as the days go by, } Trusting in the promise of the Saviour;  
 { And rejoice in hope, while I live or die, }  
 3. { O the peace and joy of the life I live, } Trusting in the promise of the Saviour;  
 { O the strength and love only God can give, }



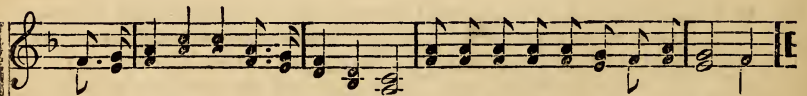
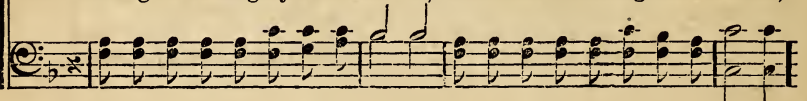
- { I will fear no foe in the deadly strife, } Trusting in the promise of the Saviour;  
 { I will bear my lot in the toil of life, }  
 { I can smile at grief, and abide in pain, } Trusting in the promise of the Saviour;  
 { And the loss of all shall be highest gain, }  
 { Whosoever will may be saved to-day, } Trusting in the promise of the Saviour;  
 { And begin to walk in the holy way, }



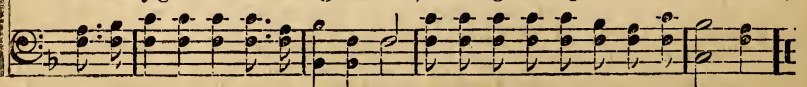
## REFRAIN.



Resting on his mighty arm fore - er, Never from his loving heart to sever,



I will rest by grace in his strong embrace, Trusting in the promise of the Saviour;



# Come to Jesus.

147

J. H. S.

Rev. J. H. STOCKTON.

1. Come, ev - 'ry soul by sin oppresed, There's mercy with the Lord;  
 2. For Je - sus shed his pre - cious blood Rich blessings to be - stow;  
 3. Yes, Je - sus is the Truth, the Way, That leads you in - to rest;

*S:* *Fine.*

And he will sure - ly give you rest, By trusting in his word.  
 Plunge now in - to the crim - son flood That washes white as snow.  
 Be - lieve in him, with - out de - lay, And you are ful - ly blest.

*D. S.*—He will save you, he will save you, He will save you now.

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

Come to Je - sus, come to Je - sus, Come to Je - sus now!  
*Second Chorus.*  
 On - ly trust him, on - ly trust him, On - ly trust him now;

4 O Jesus, blessed Jesus, dear,  
 I'm coming now to thee;  
 Since thou hast made the way so clear,  
 And full salvation free.

5 Come, then, and join this holy band,  
 And on to glory go;  
 To dwell in that celestial land  
 Where joys immortal flow.

By permission.

## Come, Humble Sinner.

Tune above.

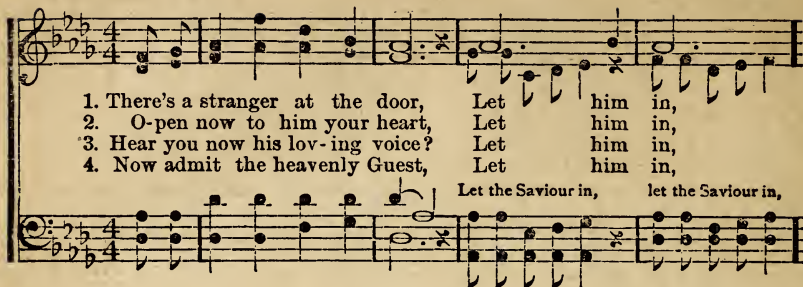
1 COME, humble sinner, in whose breast  
 A thousand thoughts revolve,  
 Come, with your guilt and fear opprest,  
 And make this last resolve:—  
 2 I'll go to Jesus, though my sin  
 Like mountains round me close;  
 I know his courts, I'll enter in,  
 Whatever may oppose.  
 3 Prostrate I'll lie before his throne,  
 And there my guilt confess;

I'll tell him I'm a wretch undone,  
 Without his sovereign grace.  
 4 Perhaps he will admit my plea,  
 Perhaps will hear my prayer;  
 But, if I perish, I will pray,  
 And perish only there.  
 5 I can but perish, if I go;  
 I am resolved to try:  
 For if I stay away I know  
 I must forever die. --EDMUND JONES.

## Let Him In.

Rev. J. B. ATCHINSON.

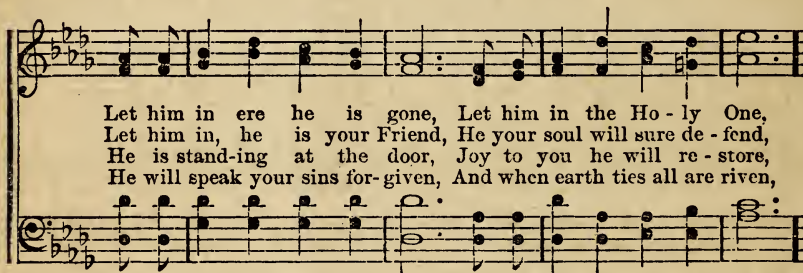
E. O. EXCELL.



1. There's a stranger at the door, Let him in,  
 2. O-pen now to him your heart, Let him in,  
 3. Hear you now his lov-ing voice? Let him in,  
 4. Now admit the heavenly Guest, Let him in,  
 Let the Saviour in, let the Saviour in,



He has been there oft be-fore, Let him in;  
 If you wait he will de-part, Let him in;  
 Now, oh, now make him your choice, Let him in,  
 He will make for you a feast, Let him in,  
 Let the Saviour in, let the Saviour in,



Let him in ere he is gone, Let him in the Ho-ly One,  
 Let him in, he is your Friend, He your soul will sure de-fend,  
 He is stand-ing at the door, Joy to you he will re-store,  
 He will speak your sins for-given, And when earth ties all are riven,



Je-sus Christ, the Father's Son, Let him in.  
 He will keep you to the end, Let him in.  
 And his name you will a-dore, Let him in.  
 He will take you home to heaven, Let him in.  
 Let the Saviour in. let the Saviour in.



# My Jesus, I Love Thee.

149

"London Hymn Book."

"Mine are thine and thine are mine."  
John xvii. 10.

A. J. GORDON. By per.

1. My Je - sus, I love thee, I know thou art mine,  
2. I love thee be - cause thou have first lov - ed me,  
3. I will love thee in life, I'll love thee in death,  
4. In man - sions of glo - ry and end - less delight,

For thee all the fol - lies of sin I re - sign;  
And pur - chased my par - don on Cal - va - ry's tree;  
And praise thee as long as thou lend - est me breath;  
I'll ev - er a - dore thee in heav - en so bright;

My gra - cious Re - deem - er, my Sav - iour art thou,  
I love thee for wear - ing the thorns on thy brow;  
And say, when the death - dew lies cold on my brow,  
I'll sing with the glit - ter - ing crown on my brow,

If ev - er I loved thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.

## Whiter than Snow.

JAMES NICHOLSON.

"Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow."

Psalm li. 7.

WM. G. FETCHER. 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 humbly en - treat; I wait, blessed  
 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  
 make a com - plete sac - ri - fice; I give up my - self, and what -  
 Lord, at thy cru - ci - fied feet, By faith, for my cleansing, I  
 in me a new heart cre - ate; To those who have sought thee, thou

out ev - 'ry foe; Now wash me, and I shall be whit - er than snow.  
 ev - er I know—Now wash me, and I shall be whit - er than snow.  
 see thy blood flow—Now wash me, and I shall be whit - er than snow.  
 nev - er said'st No—Now wash me, and I shall be whit - er than snow.

CHORUS.

Whiter than snow, yes, whiter than snow;  
 Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

## I am Coming to the Cross.

Rev. Wm. McDONALD.

John vi. 37.

Wm. G. FISCHER. By per.

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

CHO.— I am trust - ing, Lord, in thee, Blest Lamb of Cal - va - ry; D. C.

I am count - ing all but dross, I shall full sal - va - tion find.  
 Je - sus sweet - ly speaks to me, — “I will cleanse you from all sin.”  
 Soul and bo - dy thine to be, — Whol - ly thine for ev - er - more.

Humbly at thy cross I bow, Save me, Je - sus, save me now.

4 In thy promises I trust,  
 Now I feel the blood applied:  
 I am prostrate in the dust,  
 I with Christ am crucified.

5 Jesus comes! he fills my soul!  
 Perfected in him I am;  
 I am every whit made whole:  
 Glory, glory to the Lamb.

## Rest for the Weary.

Rev. S. G. HARMER.

Rev. Wm. McDONALD.

1. In the Christian's home in glo - ry There re - mains a land of rest;  
 2. Pain or sickness ne'er shall en - ter, Grief nor woe my lot shall share;  
 3. Death itself shall then be vanquished, And his sting shall be withdrawn;  
 4. Sing, oh, sing, ye heirs of glo - ry; Shout your triumph as you go;

There my Saviour's gone be - fore me, To ful - fil my soul's request.  
 But in that ce - les - tial cen - tre, I a crown of life shall wear.  
 Shout for gladness, O ye ransomed! Hail with joy the ris - ing morn.  
 Zi - on's gates will o - pen for you, You shall find an entrance through.

CHORUS.

{ There is rest for the wea - ry, There is rest for the  
 { On the oth - er side of Jor - dan, In the sweet fields of

wea - ry, There is rest for the wea - ry, There is rest for you—  
 E - den, Where the tree of life is blooming, There is rest for you. }

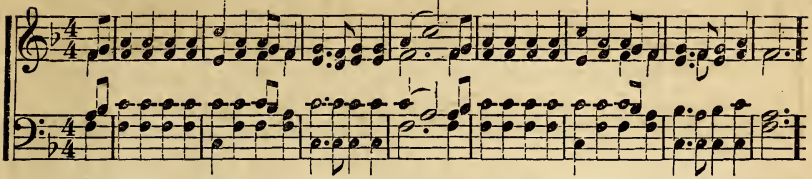
1. Come, ye discourate, where'er ye languish; Come to the mercy-seat, fervently kneel;

Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your anguish;  
Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot heal.

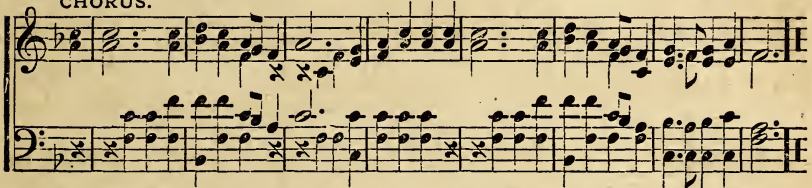
- 2 Joy of the desolate, light of the stray-  
ing,  
Hope of the penitent, fadeless and pure,  
Here speaks the Comforter, tenderly say-  
ing,  
"Earth has no sorrow that heaven can-  
not cure."
- 3 Here see the bread of life; see waters  
flowing  
Forth from the throne of God, pure  
from above; [knowing  
Come to the feast of love; come, ever  
Earth has no sorrow but heaven can  
[remove.

## CHORUS.

- 1 Of him who did salvation bring,  
I'm at the fountain drinking,  
I could forever think and sing,  
I'm on my journey home.  
CHO—Glory to God,  
I'm at the fountain drinking,  
Glory to God,  
I'm on my journey home.
- 2 Ask but his grace and lo! 'tis given,  
I'm at the fountain drinking,  
Ask and he turns your hell to heaven,  
I'm on my journey home.
- 3 Tho' sin and sorrow wound my soul,  
I'm at the fountain drinking,
- Jesus, thy balm will make me whole,  
I'm on my journey home.
- 4 Where'er I am, where'er I move,  
I'm at the fountain drinking,  
I meet the object of my love,  
I'm on my journey home.
- 5 Insatiate to this spring I fly,  
I'm at the fountain drinking,  
I drink and yet am ever dry,  
I'm on my journey home.  
CHO.—Glory to God,  
I'm at the fountain drinking,  
Glory to God,  
My soul is satisfied.



## CHORUS.



1 O land of rest for thee I sigh,  
When will the moment come,  
When I shall lay my armor by  
And dwell in peace at home?

CHO.—We'll work till Jesus comes,  
We'll work till Jesus comes,  
We'll work till Jesus comes,  
And we'll be gather'd home.

2 No tranquil joys on earth I know,  
No peaceful sheltering dome,

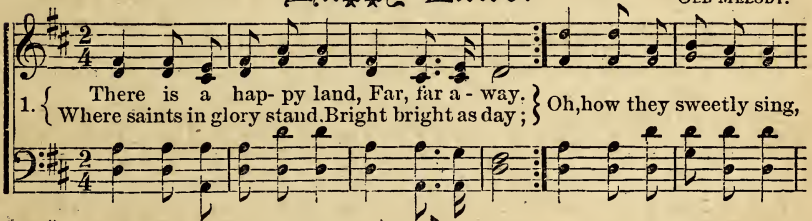
This world's a wilderness of woe,  
This world is not my home.

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

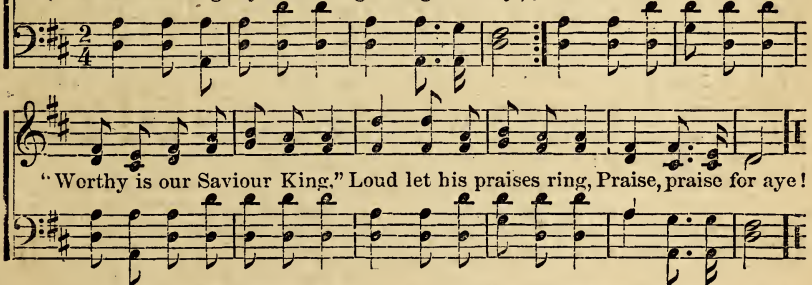
4 I sought at once my Saviour's side,  
No more my steps shall roam;  
With him I'll brave death's chilling  
And reach my heavenly home. [tide,

## Happy Land.

OLD MELODY.



1. { There is a hap- py land, Far, far a- way. } Oh, how they sweetly sing,  
{ Where saints in glory stand. Bright bright as day; }



"Worthy is our Saviour King." Loud let his praises ring, Praise, praise for aye!

2 Bright, in that happy land,  
Beams every eye;  
Kept by a Father's hand,  
Love cannot die.  
On, then, to glory run;  
Be a crown and kingdom won;  
And bright, above the sun,  
Reign evermore.

3 Come to that happy land,  
Come, come away;  
Why will you doubting stand?  
Why still delay?  
Oh, we shall happy be  
When from sin and sorrow free;  
Lord, we shall dwell with thee,  
Blest evermore.

# Will You Go?

*Fine.*

Musical notation for the first system of 'Will You Go?' in 4/4 time, featuring a treble and bass staff with chords and a melodic line.

*D. C.*

Musical notation for the second system of 'Will You Go?' in 4/4 time, featuring a treble and bass staff with chords and a melodic line.

1 We're trav'ling home to heaven above,  
Will you go?  
To sing the Saviour's dying love;  
Will you go?  
Millions have reached that blest abode,  
Anointed kings and priests to God;  
And millions more are on the road;  
Will you go?

2 We're going to walk the plains of light,  
Will you go?  
Far, far from curse and death and night;  
Will you go?  
The crown of life we then shall wear,  
The conqueror's palm we then shall bear,  
And all the joys of heaven we'll share;  
Will you go?  
3 The way to heaven is straight and  
Will you go? [plain;  
Repent, believe, be born again;  
Will you go?  
The Saviour cries aloud to thee,  
"Take up your cross and follow me,  
And thou shalt my salvation see."  
Will you go?

# 158 While Jesus Whispers to You.

WILL. E. WITTER.

H. R. PALMER.

Musical notation for the first system of 'While Jesus Whispers to You.' in 6/8 time, featuring a treble and bass staff with chords and a melodic line. It includes first and second endings.

1. { While Je-sus whispers to you, Come, sinner, come!  
While we are praying for you, Come, . . . sin-ner, come!

Musical notation for the second system of 'While Jesus Whispers to You.' in 6/8 time, featuring a treble and bass staff with chords and a melodic line. It includes first and second endings.

{ Now is the time to own him, Come, sinner, come!  
{ Now is the time to know him, Come, . . . sin-ner, come!

2 Are you too heavy laden?  
Come, sinner, come!  
Jesus will bear your burden,  
Come, sinner, come!  
Jesus will not deceive you,  
Come, sinner, come!  
Jesus can now redeem you,  
Come, sinner, come!

3 Oh, hear his tender pleading,  
Come, sinner, come!  
Come and receive the blessing,  
Come, sinner, come!  
While Jesus whispers to you,  
Come, sinner, come!  
While we are praying for you,  
Come, sinner, come!

## Crown Him.

Rev. THOS. KELLY.

"Thou hast crowned him with glory and honor."

Psalm viii. 5.

Arr. by GEO. G. STEBBINS. By per

*Fine.*

1. { Look, ye saints, the sight is glorious, See the "Man of sorrows" now, }  
 { From the fight re- turn vic- to- rious, Ev - 'ry knee to him shall bow. }  
 2. { Crown the Sav- iour! an- gels crown him, Rich the trophies Jesus brings, }  
 { In the seat of power enthrone him, While the vault of heaven rings. }

D. C.—Crown him! crown him, angels crown him! Crown the Saviour King of kings.

## REFRAIN.

Crown him! crown him, angels crown him! Crown the Saviour King of kings;

3 Sinners in derision crowned him,  
 Mocking thus the Saviour's claim,  
 Saints and angels crowd around him,  
 Own his title, praise his name.

4 Hark! the bursts of acclamation!  
 Hark! these loud, triumphant chords,  
 Jesus takes the highest station,  
 Oh, what joy the sight affords!

## 160

## My Faith Looks Up to Thee.

RAY PALMER.

L. MASON.

1 My faith looks up to thee,  
 Thou Lamb of Calvary,  
 Saviour divine!  
 Now hear me while I pray;  
 Take all my guilt away;  
 Oh, let me from this day  
 Be wholly thine!

2 May thy rich grace impart  
 Strength to my fainting heart,  
 My zeal inspire!

As thou hast died for me,  
 Oh, may my love to thee  
 Pure, warm, and changeless be—  
 A living fire!

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

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

# He is Calling.

Arr. by S. J. VANL.

1. { There's a wideness in God's mercy, Like the wideness of the sea: }  
 { There's a kindness in his justice Which is more than } li-ber-ty.

## CHORUS.

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

- 2 There is welcome for the sinner,  
 And more graces for the good;  
 There is mercy with the Saviour;  
 There is healing in his blood.
- 3 For the love of God is broader  
 Than the measure of man's mind;

- And the heart of the Eternal  
 Is most wonderful and kind.
- 4 If our love were but more simple,  
 We should take him at his word;  
 And our lives would be all sunshine  
 In the sweetness of our Lord.

# The Golden Key.

"Prayer is the key to unlock the door, and the bolt to shut in the night." J. R. S.

1. Prayer is the key For the bending knee To open the morn's first hours;  
 2. Not a soul so sad, Nor a heart so glad, When cometh the shades of night,  
 3. Take the golden key In your hand and see, As the night tide drifts away,

See the incense rise To the star-ry skies, Like per-fume from the flow'rs.  
 But the daybreak song Will the joy prolong, And some darkness turn to light.  
 How its blessed hold Is a crown of gold, Thro' the weary hours of day.

- 4 When the shadows fall,  
 And the vesper call  
 Is sobbing its low refrain,  
 'Tis a garland sweet  
 To the toil dent feet,  
 And an antidote for pain.

- 5 Soon the year's dark door  
 Shall be shut no more:  
 Life's tears shall be wiped away  
 As the pearl gates swing,  
 And the gold harps ring,  
 And the sun unshate for aye.



## Cleansing Wave.

Mrs. J. F. KNAPP.

CHORUS.

1 OH, now I see the cleansing wave!  
The fountain deed and wide;  
Jesus, my Lord, mighty to save,  
Points to his wounded side.

2 I rise to walk in heaven's own light,  
Above the world of sin, [white,  
With heart made pure and garments  
And Christ enthroned within.

Cho.—The cleansing stream, I see, I see!  
I plunge, and oh, it cleanseth me!  
Oh, praise the Lord! it cleanseth me;  
It cleanseth me—yes, cleanseth me.

3 Amazing grace! 'tis heaven below  
To feel the blood applied;  
And Jesus, only Jesus, know,  
My Jesus crucified.

## Doxology.

Words arr. by B. M. A.

Melody by J. R. S.

Harmony by W. J. K.

*Slow, with dignity.*

Glo - ry be to the FA - THER, Glo - ry be to the SON,

Glo - ry be to the HO - LY GHOST; As it was in the be - ginning,

Is now, and ev - er shall be, World without end. A - men, a - men.

## Stepping-stones to Jesus.

E. E. HEWITT.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

*Moderato.*

1. Stepping-stones to Je-sus All our joys may be, Used with glad thanksgiving  
 2. Stepping-stones to Je-sus, Leading to his feet, Are the lit-tle tri - als,  
 3. Stepping-stones to Je-sus, All the pure delight In his works of beauty,  
 4. Stepping-stones to Jesus, Blessed means of grace; Prayer and sweet communion

For his love so free. Many, many blessings In our pathway fall, Stepping-stones to  
 Which we daily meet; Ev'ry need that presses, Ev'ry vexing care, Ev'ry dis-  
 All things fair and bright. Ev'ry sweet affection, Tender human love, Brought in conse-  
 In the sacred place; Ev'ry self - denial For the Master's cause, Each renewed o-

## CHORUS.

Jesus We may find them all. Looking for the stepping-stones  
 pointment, Ev'ry cross we bear. Placed along life's way;  
 cration To the Friend above.  
 beying Of his ho - ly laws.

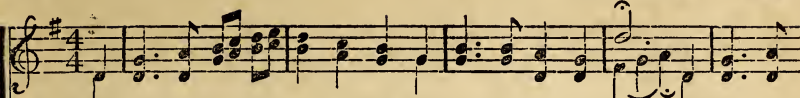
Looking for the stepping-stones, We find them ev'ry day; Stepping-stones to J - sus,

*p* Stepping-stones to Jesus, Looking for the stepping-stones, We find them ev'ry day.  
*poco rit.* *ad lib.*

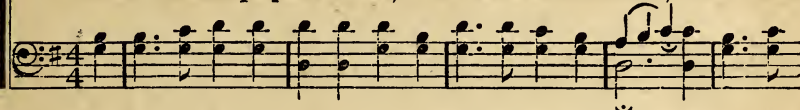
# Since I Have Been Redeemed.

E. O. E.

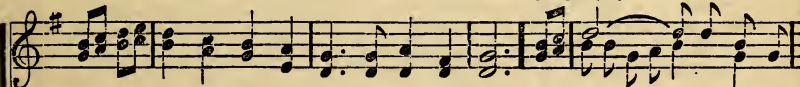
E. O. EXCELL. By per.



1. I have a song I love to sing, Since I have been redeemed, Of my Re-
2. I have a Christ that satis- fies, Since I have been redeemed, To do his
3. I have a Witness bright and clear, Since I have been redeemed, Dispelling
4. I have a joy I can't express, Since I have been redeemed, All thro' his
5. I have a home prepared for me, Since I have been redeemed, Where I shall



## CHORUS.

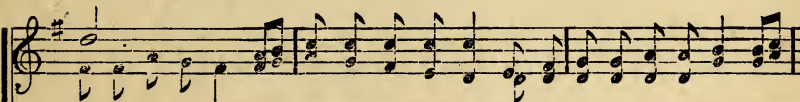
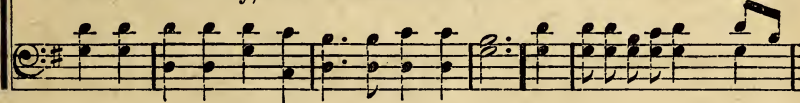


deemer, Saviour King, Since I have been redeemed. Since I . . . have been re-  
will my highest prize, Since I have been redeemed.

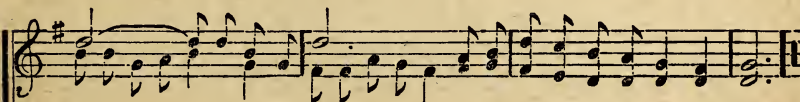
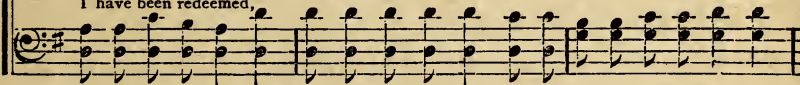
every doubt and fear, Since I have been redeemed.

blood and rightousness, Since I have been redeemed.

dwell e - ter - nal - ly, Since I have been redeemed. Since I have been redeemed, since

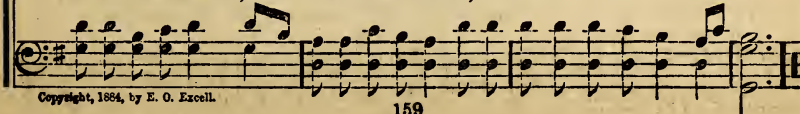


deemed, Since I have been redeemed, I will glory in his name, Since  
I have been redeemed,



I . . . have been redeemed, I will glory in the Saviour's name.

I have been redeemed, since I have been redeemed,



## Redeemed.

HARRIET JONES.

"Let the redeemed of the Lord say so."

Ps. cvii. 2.

D. B. TOWNER. By per.

1. Oh, glad "whoso-ev-er," the deed is done, My sins are pardoned thro'  
 2. I came to my Saviour, his word believed, When he the sin-ner at  
 3. Oh, glad "whoso-ev-er," the crimson tide Is free and o-pen, is

Christ the Son. Of love so precious I never had dreamed, Oh, sweet is the  
 once received, And now his praises I joy-ful-ly sing, And dwell in the  
 deep and wide; Oh, come, my brother, and bathe in the stream, And you shall be

## CHORUS.

peace of the soul redeemed. Oh, glo - - - ry to Je - - - sus, re-  
 love of my Lord and King.  
 filled with a joy supreme. Oh, glo-ry to Je-sus, my soul is redeemed! my

deemed! re - deemed! Of love so precious I never had dreamed, Oh,  
 soul is redeemed! my soul is redeemed!

rap - - turous sto - - ry, re - deemed! re - deemed! Oh,  
 rap-turous sto-ry, my soul is redeemed! my soul is redeemed! my soul is redeemed! Oh,

# Redeemed.—CONCLUDED.

glo - - - ry! oh, glo - - ry, re - deemed! re - deemed!  
 glo - ry, oh, glo - ry, my soul is redeemed, my soul is redeemed, my soul is redeemed.

*rit.*

168

## His Yoke is Easy.

Ps. xxiii.

R. E. HUDSON.

1. The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want, He maketh me down to  
 2. My soul crieth out: "restore me again, And give me the strength to  
 3. Yea, tho' I should walk in the valley of death, Yet why should I fear from

lie In pastures green, He leadeth me The qui - et wa - ters by.  
 take The narrow path of righteousness, E'en for his own name's sake."  
 ill? For thou art with me, and thy rod And staff me comfort still.

### CHORUS.

His yoke is eas - y, His burden is light, I've found it so, I've found it so;

He lead - eth me, by day and by night, Where living waters flow.

1. The seed I have scattered in spring-time with weeping, And watered with  
 2. An-oth-er may reap what in spring-time I've planted, An-oth-er re-  
 3. The thorns will have choked, and the summer sun blasted The most of the

tears and with dews from on high; An-oth-er may shout when the  
 joice in the fruit of my pain,—Not know-ing my tears when in  
 seed which in spring-time I've sown; But the Lord who has watched while my

har-vesters reaping Shall gather my grain in the "sweet by and by."  
 summer I faint-ed While toiling sad-heart-ed in sunshine and rain.  
 wea-ry toil last-ed Will give me a har-vest for what I have done.

## CHORUS.

O-ver and o-ver, yes, deep-er and deep-er My heart is pierced

through with life's sor-row-ing cry, But the tears of the sow-er and

# Harvest Time.—CONCLUDED.

*Fine.*

songs of the reap-er shall min-gle to - geth-er in joy by and by.

*D. S.*

By and by, by and by, By and by, by and by, Yes, the

170

## Saviour, Pilot Me.

J. E. GOULD.

*Fine.*

*D. C.*

1 Jesus, Saviour, pilot me  
Over life's tempestuous sea;  
Unknow waves before me roll,  
Hiding rock and treacherous shoal;  
Chart and compass came from thee:  
Jesus, Saviour, pilot me.

2 When the Apostles' fragile bark  
Struggled with the billows dark,  
On the stormy Galilee,  
Thou did'st walk across the sea;  
And when they beheld thy form,  
Safe they glided through the storm.

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

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

## Gathering Home.

Miss MARIANA B. SLADE.

R. N. M'INTOSH. By per.

1. Up to the bounti-ful Giv-er of life,—Gathering home! gathering home.  
 2. Up to the city where falleth no night,—Gathering home! gathering home!  
 3. Up to the beautiful mansions above,—Gathering home! gathering home!

Up to the dwelling where cometh no strife, The dear ones are gathering home.  
 Up where the Saviour's own face is the light, The dear ones are gathering home.  
 Safe in the arms of his in-finite love, The dear ones are gathering home.

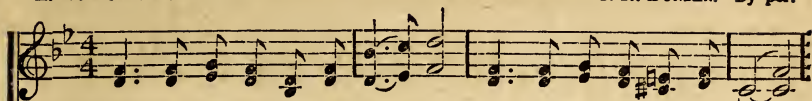
CHORUS.

Gath-er-ing home! . . . . . gath-er-ing home! . . . . .  
 Gath-er-ing home! gath-er-ing home!

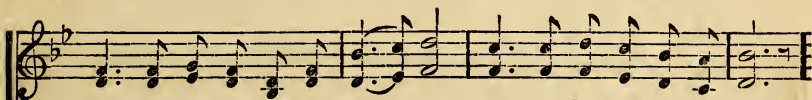
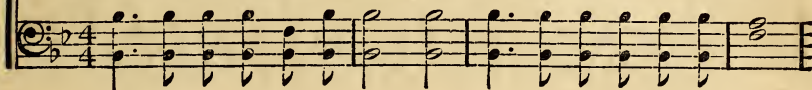
Nev-er to sorrow more, never to roam; Gathering home! . . . . .  
 Gath-er-ing home!

gath-er-ing home! . . . . . God's children are gather-ing home.  
 gath-er-ing home!

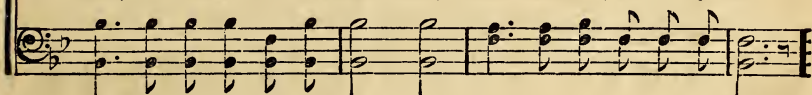




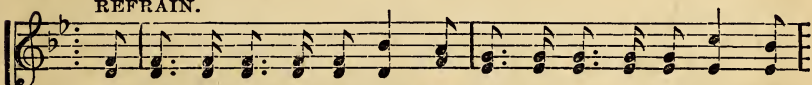
1. O ye wand'ers, come to Je - sus, He is call-ing you to - day;
2. You are need-y, lost, and wea - ry; You are sick and wounded sore;
3. Do not think your works have merit, Cast your deadly goodness down'
4. Do not wait until you're bet - ter, For you sure-ly will be lost;



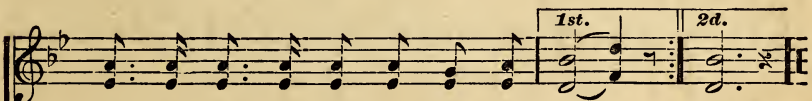
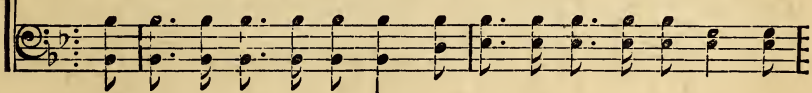
By his sovereign grace he frees us: Come, be saved while now you may.  
 Long have trod the way most dreary; Can you ev-er need him more?  
 Not by these can you in - her - it Life e - ternal—heaven's crown.  
 Come, he'll break sin's ev'ry fet - ter; Come, at once, at an - y cost.



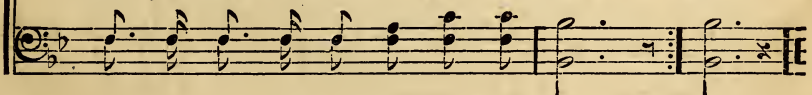
## REFRAIN.



Why don't you come to Je - sus? He's wait-ing to receive you, Why



don't you come to Je - sus and be saved? saved?

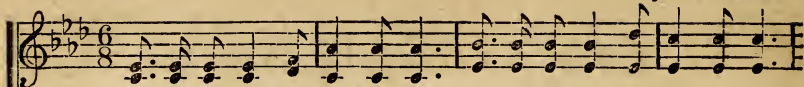


5 He from heaven came to save you,  
 Hung upon th'-accursed tree,  
 'Rose from death to justify you,  
 Waits to intercede for thee.

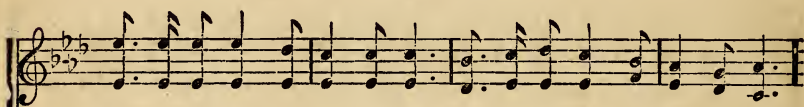
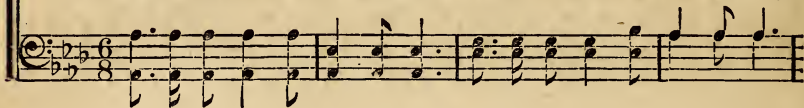
6 Yield just now, in glad submission,  
 In repentance, faith, and love;  
 He will grant you full remission,  
 Take you to his home above.

E. E. HEWITT.

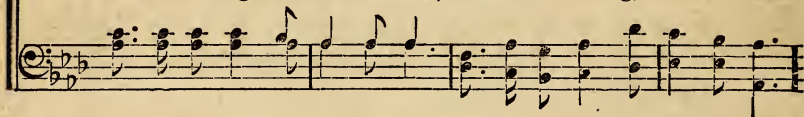
JNO. R. SWENEY.



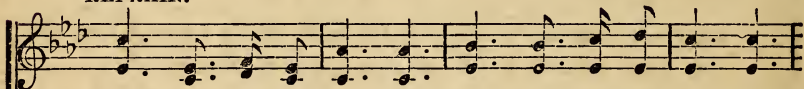
1. More about Je-sus would I know, More of his grace to oth-ers show ;
2. More about Je-sus let me learn, More of his ho - ly will discern ;
3. More about Je-sus ; in his word, Holding communion with my Lord ;
4. More about Je-sus ; on his throne, Riches in glo - ry all his own ;



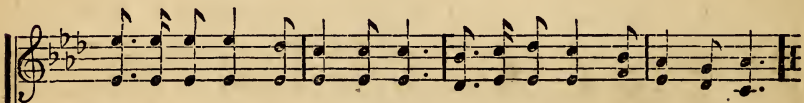
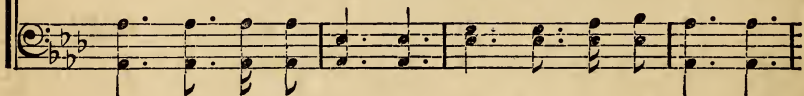
More of his sav - ing ful - ness see, More of his love who died for me.  
 Spir - it of God, my teacher be, Showing the things of Christ to me.  
 Hearing his voice in ev - 'ry line, Making each faithful say - ing mine.  
 More of his kingdom's sure increase ; More of his coming, Prince of Peace.



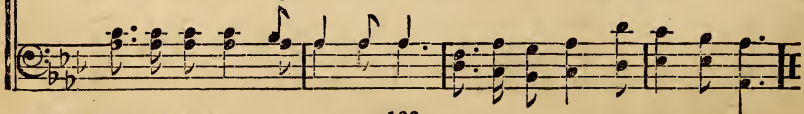
## REFRAIN.



More, more a - bout Je - sus, More, more a - bout Je - sus ;



More of his sav - ing ful - ness see, More of his love who died for me.

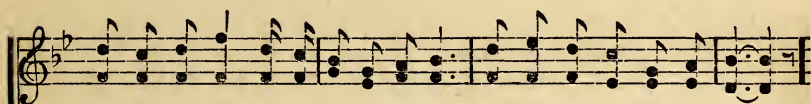
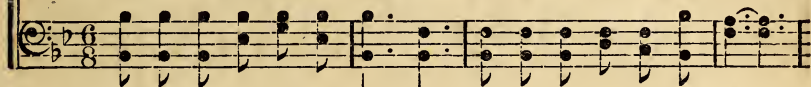


# Jesus is Strong to Deliver.

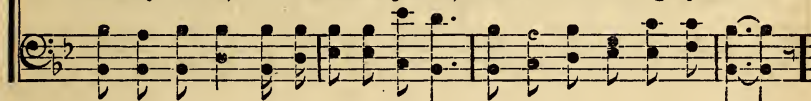
J. P. W.



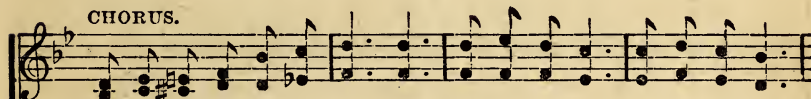
1. When in the tempest he'll hide us, When in the storm he'll be near;
2. When in my sorrow he found me, Found me, and bade me be whole,
3. Why are you doubting and fearing, Why are you still under sin?
4. You say, "I-am weak, I am helpless, I've tried again and again;" Well,



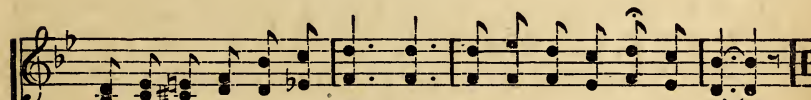
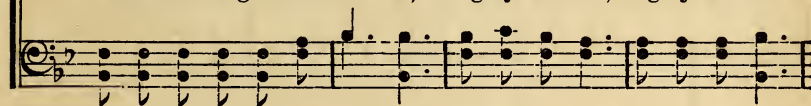
All the way 'long he will carry us on,—Now we have nothing to fear.  
Turn'd all my night into heavenly light, And from me my burden did roll.  
Have you not found that his grace doth abound, He's mighty to save, let him in!  
this may be true, but it's not what *you* do, 'Tis *he* who's the "mighty to save."



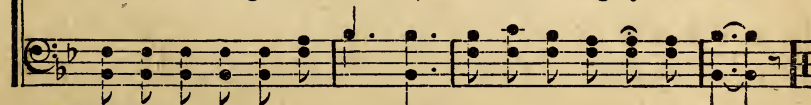
## CHORUS.



Je - sus is strong to de - liv - er, Mighty to save, mighty to save!

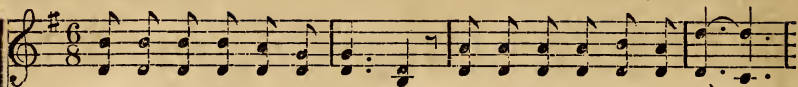


Je - sus is strong to de - liv - er, Je - sus is mighty to save!

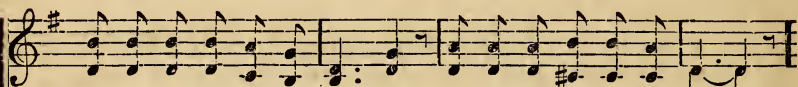
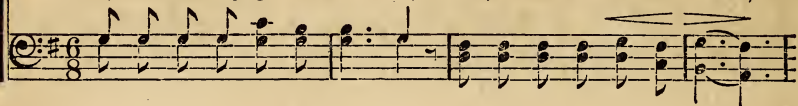


FRANCIS A. SIMKINS.

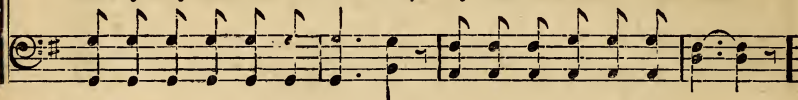
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



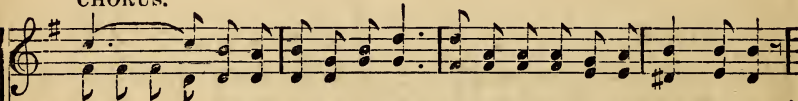
1. Dark are the waters be - fore me,—Loud is the voice of the gale;
2. Onward I move o'er the wa - ters, Lu - rid the lightning's fierce glare,
3. Per - il is in the dark wa - ters,— Safety beyond the deep wave;
4. Ah, when the voyage is ov - er, There, on that beauti - ful shore,



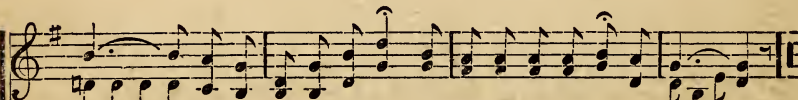
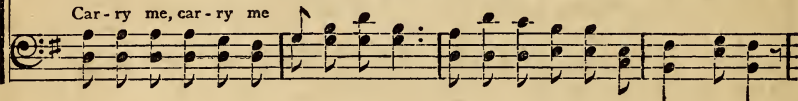
Storm-cloud and tempest are o'er me, Boatman! oh, list to my hail.  
 An - gry the surges beneath me,—Boatman! lo, dan - ger is there.  
 Father! oh, let me not per - ish—Thou who art mighty to save.  
 Safe - ly beyond the dark wa - ters, Joy shall be mine ev - er - more.



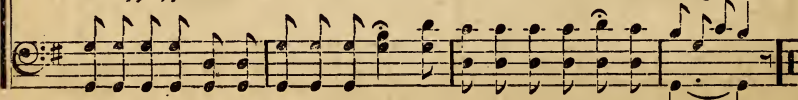
## CHORUS.



Car - - - ry me over the tide, Dark are the waters, and deep and wide;  
 Car - ry me, car - ry me



Yon - - - der, just over the sea, My mansion is waiting for me.  
 Yonder, yes, yonder is waiting for me.



# He will Gather the Wheat.

HARRIET B. M'KEEVER.

JNC. R. SWENEY.

1. When Je - sus shall gather the na - tions Be - fore him at last to ap - pear,  
 2. Shall we hear, from the lips of the Saviour, The words, ' Faithful servant, well done;'  
 3. He will smile when he looks on his children, And sees on the ransomed his seal;

Then how shall we stand in the judgment, When summoned our sentence to hear?  
 Or, trembling with fear and with anguish, Be banished away from his throne.  
 He will clothe them in heavenly beau - ty, As low at his footstool they kneel.

## CHORUS.

He will gather the wheat in his gar - ner, But the chaff will he scatter a - way;

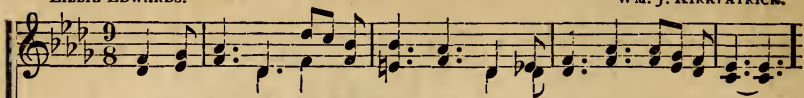
Then how shall we stand in the judgment, Oh, how shall it be in that day?

- 4 Then let us be watching and waiting, —  
 Our lamps burning steady and bright, —  
 When the Bridegroom shall call to the wed-  
 Our spirits made ready for flight. [ding]
- 5 Thus living with hearts fixed on Jesus,  
 In patience we wait for the time,  
 When, the days of our pilgrimage ended,  
 We'll bask in his presence divine

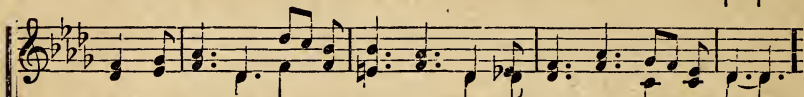
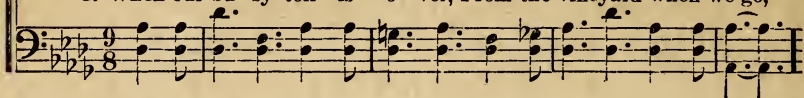
# 177 It was Spoken for the Master.

LIZZIE EDWARDS.

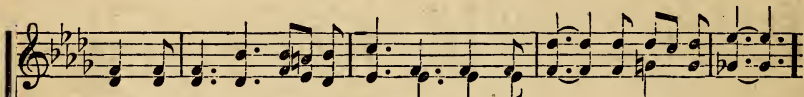
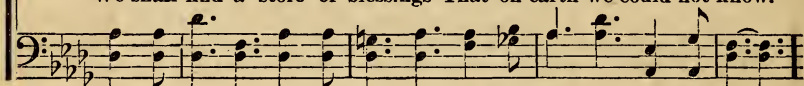
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



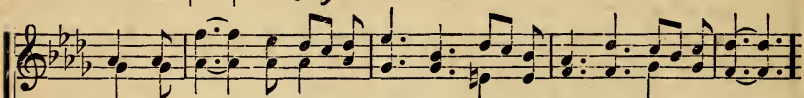
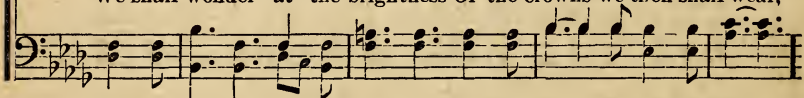
1. It was spok-en for the Mas-ter, Oh, how loving-ly it fell!
2. Oh, we know not when we scatter, Where the precious seed will fall,
3. When our bu-sy toil is o-ver, From the vineyard when we go,



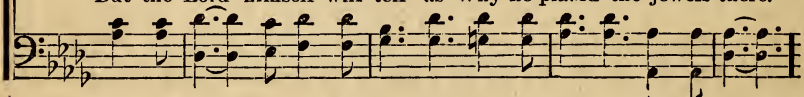
It was uttered in a whis-per, Who had breathed it none could tell.  
But we work and trust in Je-sus, For he watcheth o-ver all.  
We shall find a store of blessings That on earth we could not know.



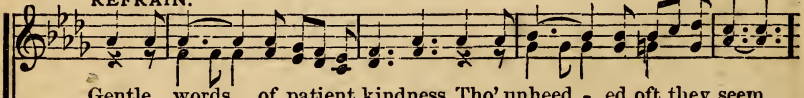
It was spok-en for the Mas-ter, On-ly just a lit-tle word,  
We may sow be-side the wa-ters Of af-lic-tion, it may be,  
We shall wonder at the bright-ness Of the crowns we then shall wear,



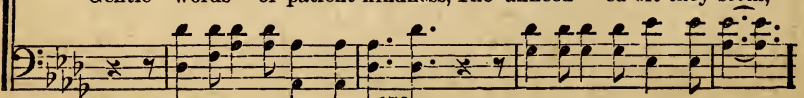
But the chords that long had slumbered, In a grief-worn heart were stirred.  
But the fruits of earnest la-bor At the reap-ing we shall see.  
But the Lord himself will tell us Why he placed the jewels there.



## REFRAIN.



Gentle words of patient kindness, Tho' unheed-ed oft they seem,



# It was Spoken, etc.—CONCLUDED.

*ad lib.*

To the fold of grace may gather Souls of which we little dream.

178

## Friends, Not Servants.

F. G. BURROUGHS.

John xv. 15.

JOHN J. HOOD.

1. Oh, how bless-ed is the ser - vice We may ren - der to the Lord  
 2. Oh, how bless ed to be trust - ed With the se - cret of the Lord,  
 3. Oh, how bless-ed to be a - ble All his prom - is - es to claim,  
 4. Oh, how bless-ed to be grant - ed Fellowship with him we love,  
 5. Oh, how bless-ed to be grow - ing Dai - ly in his grace di - vine,

*Fine.*

When all du - ty glows with pleasure, And our wills with his ac - cord.  
 As the Ho - ly Spir - it guides us Through the pathways of his Word.  
 And to bear the roy - al like - ness 'Mid our ser - vice In His Name.  
 Now to share his night of sor - row,— Then to reign with him a - bove.  
 Sitting at the King's own ta - ble; Nourished by his bread and wine.

*D.S.*—I'm an heir of life e - ter - nal,— I'm the friend of Christ my King!

CHORUS.

*D.S.*

I'm a child, and not a ser - vant, Of the God whose grace I sing!

## I've Anchored My Soul.

Mrs E. H. GATES.

G. D. MOORE.

1. I will sing you a song of that beau-ti-ful land, The

CHORUS.—I've an-chored my soul in the hav-en of rest, I'll

far a-way home of the soul, Where no storms ever beat on the

sail the wild seas no more; The tempest may sweep o'er the

*D. C.*

glit-ter-ing strand, While the years of e-ter-ni-ty roll.

dark, storm-y deep, In Je-sus I'm safe ev-er-more.

- 2 Oh, that home of the soul! in my visions and dreams  
Its bright, jasper walls I can see;  
Till I fancy but thinly the veil intervenes  
Between the fair city and me.
- 3 That unchangeable home is for you and for me,  
Where Jesus of Nazareth stands;  
The King of all kingdoms forever, is he,  
And he holdeth our crowns in his hands.
- 4 Oh, how sweet it will be in that beautiful land,  
So free from all sorrow and pain;  
With songs on our lips and with harps in our hands  
To meet one another again.



180

C. M. M. E. H. 183.

- Joy to the world! the Lord is come;  
Let earth receive her King;  
Let every heart prepare him room,  
And heaven and nature sing.
- 2 Joy to the world! the Saviour reigns;  
Let men their songs employ;  
While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and  
Repeat the sounding joy. [plains,
- 3 No more let sin and sorrow grow,  
Nor thorns infest the ground;  
He comes to make his blessings flow  
Far as the curse is found.
- 4 He rules the world with truth and  
And makes nations prove [grace,  
The glories of his righteousness,  
And wonders of his love.

181

C. M. M. E. H. 125.

- O God, thy power is wonderful,  
Thy glory passing bright;  
Thy wisdom, with its deep on deep,  
A rapture to the sight.
- 2 I see thee in the eternal years  
In glory all alone,  
Ere round thine uncreated fires  
Created light had shone.
- 3 I see thee walk in Eden's shade,  
I see thee all through time;  
Thy patience and compassion seem  
New attributes sublime.
- 4 I see thee when the doom is o'er,  
And outworn time is done,  
Still, still incomprehensible,  
O God, yet not alone.
- 5 Angelic spirits, countless souls,  
Of thee have drunk their fill;  
And to eternity will drink  
Thy joy and glory still.
- 6 O little heart of mine! shall pain  
Or sorrow make thee moan,  
When all this God is all for thee,  
A Father all thine own?
- 182 L. M. M. E. H. 168.
- God is our refuge and defense;  
In trouble our unailing aid:  
Secure in his omn'potence,  
What foe can make our souls afraid?
- 2 Yea, tho' the earth's foundations rock,  
And mountains down the gulf be  
hurled,  
His people smile amid the shock:  
They look beyond this transient  
world.

3 There is a river pure and bright,  
Whose streams make glad the heaven-  
Where, in eternity of light; [ly plains;  
The city of our God remains.

4 Built by the word of his command,  
With his unclouded presence blest,  
Firm as his throne the bulwarks stand;  
There is our home, our hope, our rest.

183

8, 7, 4. M. E. H. 174.

- GUIDE me, O thou great Jehovah,  
Pilgrim through this barren land:  
I am weak, but thou art mighty;  
Hold me with thy powerful hand:  
Bread of heaven,  
Feed me till I want no more.
- 2 Open now the crystal fountain,  
Whence the healing waters flow;  
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar,  
Lead me all my journey through:  
Strong Deliverer,  
Be thou still my strength and shield.
- 3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,  
Bid my anxious fears subside;  
Bear me through the swelling current;  
Land me safe on Canaan's side:  
Songs of praises  
I will ever give to thee.

184

C. M. M. E. H. 161.

- GOD moves in a mysterious way  
His wonders to perform;  
He plants his footsteps in the sea,  
And rides upon the storm.
- 2 Deep in unfathomable mines  
Of never-failing skill,  
He treasures up his bright designs,  
And works his sovereign will.
- 3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take:  
The clouds ye so much dread  
Are big with mercy, and shall break  
In blessings on your head.
- 4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,  
But trust him for his grace;  
Behind a frowning providence  
He hides a smiling face.
- 5 His purposes will ripen fast,  
Unfolding every hour:  
The bud may have a bitter taste,  
But sweet will be the flower.
- 6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,  
And scan his work in vain:  
God is his own interpreter,  
And he will make it plain.

185

S. M.

M. E. H. 797.

- Blest be the tie that binds  
Our hearts in Christian love ;  
The fellowship of kindred minds  
Is like to that above.
- 2 Before our Father's throne,  
We pour our ardent prayers ;  
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,  
Our comforts and our cares.
- 3 We share our mutual woes,  
Our mutual burdens bear ;  
And often for each other flows  
The sympathizing tear.
- 4 When we asunder part,  
It gives us inward pain ;  
But we shall still be joined in heart,  
And hope to meet again.
- 5 This glorious hope revives  
Our courage by the way ;  
While each in expectation lives,  
And longs to see the day
- 6 From sorrow, toil, and pain,  
And sin we shall be free ;  
And perfect love and friendship reign  
Through all eternity.

186

8s.

M. E. H. 747.

- How tedious and tasteless the hours  
When Jesus no longer I see ! [flowers,  
Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet  
Have all lost their sweetness to me ;  
The midsummer sun shines but dim,  
The fields strive in vain to look gay ;  
But when I am happy in him,  
December's as pleasant as May.
- 2 His name yields the richest perfume,  
And sweeter than music his voice ;  
His presence dispenses my gloom,  
And makes all within me rejoice ;  
I should, were he always thus nigh,  
Have nothing to wish or to fear ;  
No mortal so happy as I,  
My summer would last all the year.
- 3 Content with beholding his face,  
My all to his pleasure resigned,  
No changes of season or place  
Would make any change in my mind :  
While blest with a sense of his love,  
A palace a toy would appear ;  
And prisons would places prove,  
If Jesus would dwell with me there.
- 4 My Lord, if indeed I am thine,  
If thou art my sun and my song,  
Say, why do I languish and pine ?  
And why are my winters so long ?

O drive these dark clouds from my sky,  
Thy soul-cheering presence restore ;  
Or take me to thee up on high,  
Where winter and clouds are no more.

187

C. P. M.

M. E. H. 657.

- COME on, my partners in distress,  
My comrades through the wilderness,  
Who still your bodics feel ;  
Awhile forget your griefs and fears,  
And look beyond this vale of tears,  
To that celestial hill.
- 2 Beyond the bounds of time and space,  
Look forward to that heavenly place,  
The saints' secure abode ;  
On faith's strong eagle pinions rise,  
And force your passage to the skies,  
And scale the mount of God.
- 3 Who suffer with our Master here,  
We shall before his face appear  
And by his side sit down ;  
To patient faith the prize is sure,  
And all that to the end endure  
The cross, shall wear the crown.
- 4 Thrice blessed, bliss-inspiring hope !  
It lifts the fainting spirits up,  
It brings to life the dead :  
Our conflicts here shall soon be past,  
And you and I ascend at last,  
Triumphant with our Head.
- 5 That great mysterious Deity  
We soon with open face shall see ;  
The beatific sight [praise,  
Shall fill the heavenly courts with  
And wide diffuse the golden blaze  
Of everlasting light.

188

L. M.

M. E. H. 919.

- JESUS shall reign where'er the sun  
Does his successive journeys run ;  
His kingdom spread from shore to  
shore, [more.  
Till moons shall wax and wane no
- 2 From north to south the princes meet,  
To pay their homage at his feet ;  
While western empires own their Lord,  
And savage tribes attend his word.
- 3 To him shall endless prayer be made,  
And endless praises crown his head ;  
His name like sweet perfume shall rise  
With every morning sacrifice.
- 4 People and realms of every tongue  
Dwell on his love with sweetest song,  
And infant voices shall proclaim  
Their early blessings on his name.

189

8.7.

M. E. H. 204.

IN the cross of Christ I glory,  
 Towering o'er the wrecks of time;  
 All the light of sacred story  
 Gathers round its head sublime.

2 When the woes of life o'ertake me,  
 Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,  
 Never shall the cross forsake me;  
 Lo! it glows with peace and joy.

3 When the sun of bliss is beaming  
 Light and love upon my way,  
 From the cross the radiance streaming  
 Adds more luster to the day.

4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,  
 By the cross are sanctified;  
 Peace is there that knows no measure,  
 Joys that through all time abide.

5 In the cross of Christ I glory,  
 Towering o'er the wrecks of time;  
 All the light of sacred story  
 Gathers round its head sublime.

190

7s.

M. E. H. 205.

NEVER further than thy cross:  
 Never higher than thy feet:  
 Here earth's precious things seem dross:  
 Here earth's bitter things grow sweet.

2 Gazing thus our sin we see,  
 Learn thy love while gazing thus;  
 Sin, which laid the cross on thee,  
 Love, which bore the cross for us.

3 Here we learn to serve and give,  
 And, rejoicing, self deny;  
 Here we gather love to live,  
 Here we gather faith to die.

4 Pressing onward as we can,  
 Still to this our hearts must tend;  
 Where our earliest hopes began,  
 There our last aspirings end;

5 Till amid the hosts of light,  
 We in thee redeemed, complete,  
 Through thy cross made pure and white,  
 Cast our crowns before thy feet.

191

L. M.

M. E. H. 234.

HE dies! the Friend of sinners dies!  
 Lo! Salem's daughters weep around;  
 A solemn darkness veils the skies,  
 A sudden trembling shakes the  
 ground.

2 Come, saints, and drop a tear or two  
 For him who groaned beneath your  
 load;  
 Hushed a thousand drops for you,—  
 A thousand drops of richer blood.

3 Here's love and grief beyond degree,  
 The Lord of glory dies for man!  
 But lo! what sudden joys we see,  
 Jesus, the dead, revives again!

4 The rising God forsakes the tomb;  
 In vain the tomb forbids his rise,  
 Cherubic legions guard him home,  
 And shout him welcome to the skies.

5 Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell  
 How high your great Deliverer reigns;  
 Sing how he spoiled the hosts of hell,  
 And lead the monster Death in chains:

6 Say, "Live forever, wondrous King!  
 Born to redeem, and strong to save;"  
 Then ask the monster, "Where's thy  
 sting?"  
 And, "Where's thy victory, boasting  
 Grave?"

192

7s.

M. E. H. 262.

GRACIOUS Spirit, Love divine,  
 Let thy light within me shine!  
 All my guilty fears remove;  
 Fill me with thy heavenly love.

2 Speak thy pardoning grace to me;  
 Set the burdened sinner free;  
 Lead me to the Lamb of God;  
 Wash me in his precious blood.

3 Life and peace to me impart;  
 Seal salvation on my heart;  
 Breathe thyself into my breast,  
 Earnest of immortal rest.

5 Let me never from thee stray;  
 Keep me in the narrow way;  
 Fill my soul with joy divine;  
 Keep me, Lord, forever thine.

193

L. M.

M. E. H. 307.

JESUS, a word, a look from thee,  
 Can turn my heart and make it clean;  
 Purge out the inbred leprosy,  
 And save me from my bosom sin.

2 Lord, if thou wilt, I do believe,  
 Thou canst the saving grace impart;  
 Thou canst this instant now forgive,  
 And stamp thine image on my heart.

3 My heart, which now to thee I raise,  
 I know thou canst this moment  
 cleanse;  
 The deepest stains of sin efface,  
 And drive the evil spirit hence.

4 Be it according to thy word;  
 Accomplish now thy work in me;  
 And let my soul, to health restored,  
 Devote its deathless powers to thee.

194 C. M. M. E. H. 254.

- WITH joy we meditate the grace  
Of our High Priest above;  
His heart is made of tenderness,  
His bowels melt with love.
- 2 Touched with a sympathy within,  
He knows our feeble frame;  
He knows what sore temptations mean,  
For he hath felt the same.
- 3 He, in the days of feeble flesh,  
Poured out strong cries and tears,  
And in his measure feels afresh  
What every member bears.
- 4 He'll never quench the smoking flax,  
But raise it to a flame;  
The bruised reed he never breaks,  
Nor scorns the meanest name.
- 5 Then let our humble faith address  
His mercy and his power;  
We shall obtain delivering grace  
In every trying hour.

195 C. M. M. E. H. 277.

- COME, Holy Spirit heavenly Dove,  
With all thy quickening powers;  
Kindle a flame of sacred love  
In these cold hearts of ours.
- 2 Look how we grovel here below,  
Fond of these earthly toys;  
Our souls, how heavily they go,  
To reach eternal joys.
- 3 In vain we tune our formal songs,  
In vain we strive to rise;  
Hosannas languish on our tongues,  
And our devotion dies.
- 4 Father, and shall we ever live  
At this poor, dying rate,  
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,  
And thine to us so great?
- 5 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,  
With all thy quickening powers;  
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,  
And that shall kindle ours.

196 C. M. M. E. H. 316.

- How sweet the name of Jesus sounds  
In a believer's ear!  
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,  
And drives away his fear.
- 2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,  
And calms the troubled breast;  
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,  
And to the weary, rest.

3 Dear name! the rock on which I build,  
My shield and hiding-place;  
My never-failing treasure filled  
With boundless stores of grace!

4 Jesus, my Shepherd, Saviour, Friend,  
My Prophet, Priest, and King,  
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,  
Accept the praise I bring!

5 I would thy boundless love proclaim  
With every fleeting breath;  
So shall the music of thy name  
Refresh my soul in death.

197 C. M. M. E. H. 323.

O WHAT amazing words of grace  
Are in the Gospel found!  
Suited to every sinner's case,  
Who knows the joyful sound.

2 Poor, sinful, thirsty, fainting souls  
Are freely welcome here;  
Salvation like a river rolls,  
Abundant, free, and clear.

3 Come, then, with all your wants and  
Your every burden bring: [wounds,  
Here love, unchanging love, abounds,  
A deep, celestial spring.

4 Whoever will — O gracious word!  
May of this stream partake;  
Come, thirsty souls, and bless the Lord,  
And drink, for Jesus' sake.

5 Millions of sinners, vile as you,  
Have here found life and peace;  
Come, then, and prove its virtues too,  
And drink, adore, and bless.

198 7s. 6l. M. E. H. 415.

Rock of ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in thee;  
Let the water and the blood,  
From thy wounded side which flowed,  
Be of sin the double cure,  
Save from wrath and make me pure.

2 Could my tears forever flow,  
Could my zeal no languor know,  
These for sin could not atone;  
Thou must save, and thou alone:  
In my hand no price I bring;  
Simply to thy cross I cling.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,  
When my eyes shall close in death,  
When I rise to worlds unknown,  
And behold thee on thy throne,  
Rock of ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in thee.

199

H. M.

M. E. H. 331.

Blow ye the trumpet, blow,  
The gladly-solemn sound !  
Let all the nations know,  
To earth's remotest bound,  
The year of jubilee is come !  
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

2 Jesus, our great High Priest,  
Hath full atonement made :  
Ye weary spirits, rest ;  
Ye mournful souls, be glad .

The year of jubilee is come !  
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

3 Extol the Lamb of God,  
The all-atoning Lamb ;  
Redemption in his blood  
Throughout the world proclaim :  
The year of jubilee is come !  
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

4 Ye slaves of sin and hell,  
Your liberty receive,  
And safe in Jesus dwell,  
And blest in Jesus live :  
The year of jubilee is come !  
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

5 Ye who have sold for naught  
Your heritage above,  
Shall have it back unbought,  
The gift of Jesus' love :  
The year of jubilee is come !  
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

6 The gospel trumpet hear,  
The news of heavenly grace :  
And, saved from earth, appear  
Before your Saviour's face :  
The year of jubilee is come !  
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

200

L. M.

M. E. H. 364.

Come, sinners, to the gospel feast ;  
Let every soul be Jesus' guest :  
Ye need not one be left behind,  
For God hath bidden all mankind.

2 Sent by my Lord, on you I call ;  
The invitation is to all :  
Come, all the world ! come, sinner, thou !  
All things in Christ are ready now.

3 Come, all ye souls by sin oppressed,  
Ye restless wanderer after rest ;  
Ye poor, and maimed, and halt, and blind,  
In Christ a hearty welcome find.

4 My message as from God receive ;  
Ye all may come to Christ and live :  
O let his love your hearts constrain,  
Nor suffer him to die in vain.

5 See him set forth before your eyes,  
That precious, bleeding sacrifice :  
His offered benefits embrace,  
And freely now be saved by grace.

201

L. M.

M. E. H. 390.

STAY, thou insulted Spirit, stay,  
Though I have done thee such despite ;  
Nor cast the sinner quite away,  
Nor take thine everlasting flight.

2 Though I have steeled my stubborn  
heart,

And shaken off my guilty fears ;  
And vexed, and urged thee to depart,  
For many long, rebellious years :

3 Though I have most unfaithful been,  
Of all who e'er thy grace received ;  
Ten thousand times thy goodness seen ;  
Ten thousand times thy goodness  
grieved :

4 Yet, O, the chief of sinners spare,  
In honor of my great High Priest ;  
Nor in thy righteous anger swear  
To exclude me from thy people's rest.

202

IIS.

M. E. H. 336.

DELAY not, delay not, O sinner, draw  
near, [thee ;

The waters of life are now flowing for  
No price is demanded, the Saviour is  
here, [free.

Redemption is purchased, salvation is

2 Delay not, delay not, why longer abuse  
The love and compassion of Jesus, thy  
God? [fuse

A fountain is open, how canst thou re-  
To wash and be cleansed in his par-  
doning blood?

3 Delay not, delay not, O sinner, to come,  
For Mercy still lingers and calls thee  
to-day : [tomb ;

Her voice is not heard in the vale of the  
Her message, unheeded, will soon pass  
away.

4 Delay not, delay not, the Spirit of grace,  
Long grieved and resisted, may take  
his sad flight, [race,

And leave thee in darkness to finish thy  
To sink in the gloom of eternity's night.

5 Delay not, delay not, the hour is at  
hand, [heavens shall fade,

The earth shall dissolve, and the  
The dead, small and great, in the judg-  
ment shall stand ;

What power then, O sinner, will lend  
thee its aid ?

203

S. M.

M. E. H. 402.

Al! whither should I go,  
 Burdened, and sick, and faint;  
 To whom should I my trouble show,  
 And pour out my complaint?  
 2 My Saviour bids me come;  
 Ah! why do I delay?  
 He calls the weary sinner home,  
 And yet from him I stay.  
 3 What is it keeps me back,  
 From which I cannot part,  
 Which will not let the Saviour take  
 Possession of my heart?  
 4 Searcher of hearts, in mine  
 Thy trying power display;  
 Into its darkest corners shine,  
 And take the veil away.

204

L. M.

M. E. H. 396.

O FOR a glance of heavenly day,  
 To take this stubborn heart away,  
 And thaw, with beams of love divine,  
 This heart, this frozen heart of mine!  
 2 The rocks can rend; the earth can  
 quake;  
 The seas can roar; the mountains shake,  
 Of feeling, all things show some sign,  
 But this unfeeling heart of mine.  
 3 To hear the sorrows thou hast felt,  
 O Lord, an adamant would melt:  
 But I can read each moving line,  
 And nothing moves this heart of mine.  
 4 Thy judgments, too, which devils  
 fear—  
 Amazing thought!—unmoved I hear;  
 Goodness and wrath in vain combine  
 To stir this stupid heart of mine.  
 5 But power divine can do the deed;  
 And, Lord, that power I greatly need;  
 Thy Spirit can from dross refine,  
 And melt and change this heart of mine.

205

L. M.

M. E. H. 352.

God calling yet! shall I not hear?  
 Earth's pleasure shall I still hold dear?  
 Shall life's swift passing years all fly,  
 And still my soul in slumber lie?  
 2 God calling yet! shall I not rise?  
 Can I his loving voice despise,  
 And basely his kind care repay?  
 He calls me still; can I delay?  
 3 God calling yet! and shall he knock,  
 And I my heart the closer lock?  
 He still is waiting to receive,  
 And shall I dare his Spirit grieve?

4 God calling yet! and shall I give  
 No heed, but still in bondage live?  
 I wait, but he does not forsake;  
 He calls me still; my heart, awake!  
 5 God calling yet! I cannot stay;  
 My heart I yield without delay:  
 Vain world, farewell, from thee I part;  
 The voice of God hath reached my heart.

206

8, 5.

M. E. H. 376.

In the silent midnight watches,  
 List, — thy bosom door!  
 How it knocketh, knocketh, knocketh,  
 Knocketh evermore!  
 Say not 'tis thy pulse is beating:  
 'Tis thy heart of sin;  
 'Tis thy Saviour knocks, and crieth,  
 Rise, and let me in!  
 2 Death comes down with reckless foot-  
 To the hall and hut: [step,  
 Think you death will stand a-knocking  
 Where the door is shut?  
 Jesus waiteth, waiteth, waiteth;  
 But thy door is fast!  
 Grieved, away thy Saviour goeth:  
 Death breaks in at last.  
 3 Then 'tis thine to stand entreating,  
 Christ to let thee in;  
 At the gate of heaven beating,  
 Wailing for thy sin.  
 Nay, alas! thou foolish virgin,  
 Hast thou then forgot?  
 Jesus waited long to know thee,  
 But he knows thee not.

207

S. M.

M. E. H. 502.

O COME, and dwell in me,  
 Spirit of power within,  
 And bring the glorious liberty  
 From sorrow, fear, and sin!  
 2 The seed of sin's disease  
 Spirit of health, remove  
 Spirit of finished holiness,  
 Spirit of perfect love.  
 3 Hasten the joyful day  
 Which shall my sins consume;  
 When old things shall be done away  
 And all things new become.  
 4 I want the witness, Lord,  
 That all I do is right,  
 According to thy will and word,  
 Well pleasing in thy sight.  
 5 I ask no higher state;  
 Indulge me but in this,  
 And soon or later then translate  
 To my eternal bliss

208

C. M.

M. E. H. 513.

**LORD, I believe a rest remains**  
 To all thy people known;  
 A rest where pure enjoyment reigns,  
 And thou art loved alone:  
**2 A rest where all our soul's desire**  
 Is fixed on things above;  
 Where fear, and sin, and grief, expire,  
 Cast out by perfect love.  
**3 O that I now the rest might know,**  
 Believe, and enter in!  
 Now, Saviour, now the power bestow,  
 And let me cease from sin.  
**4 Remove this hardness from my heart;**  
 This unbelief remove:  
 To me the rest of faith impart,  
 The Sabbath of thy love.

209

10, 11.

M. E. H. 453.

**O WHAT shall I do my Saviour to praise,**  
 So faithful and true, so plenteous in  
 grace,  
 So strong to deliver, so good to redeem  
 The weakest believer that hangs upon  
 him!  
**2 How happy the man whose heart is**  
 set free,  
 The people that can be joyful in thee!  
 Their joy is to walk in the light of thy  
 face, [grace;  
 And still they are talking of Jesus'  
**3 For thou art their boast, their glory.**  
 and power,  
 And I also trust to see the glad hour,  
 My soul's new creation, a life from the  
 dead, [head.  
 The day of salvation that lifts up my  
**4 For Jesus, my Lord, is now my de-**  
 fense; [from thence;  
 I trust in his word; none plucks me  
 Since I have found favor, he all things  
 will do; [anew.  
 My King and my Saviour shall make me  
**5 Yes, Lord, I shall see the bliss of**  
 thine own; [known;  
 Thy secret to me shall soon be made  
 For sorrow and sadness I joy shall re-  
 ceive, [lieve.  
 And share in the gladness of all that be-

210

L. M.

M. E. H. 450.

**JESUS, my all, to heaven is gone,**  
 He whom I fix my hopes upon;  
 His track I see, and I'll pursue  
 The narrow way, till him I view.

**2 The way the holy prophets went,**  
 The road that leads from banishment,  
 The King's highway of holiness,  
 I'll go, for all his paths are peace.

**3 This is the way I long have sought,**  
 And mourned because I found it not;  
 My grief a burden long has been,  
 Because I was not saved from sin.

**4 The more I strove against its power,**  
 I felt its weight and guilt the more;  
 Till late I heard my Saviour say,  
 "Come hither, soul, I am the way."

**5 Lo! glad I come; and thou, blest Lamb,**  
 Shalt take me to thee, as I am;  
 Nothing but sin have I to give;  
 Nothing but love shall I receive.

**6 Then will I tell to sinners round,**  
 What a dear Saviour I have found;  
 I'll point to thy redeeming blood,  
 And say, "behold the way to God."

211

8, 7. d.

M. E. H. 495

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

**2 Breathe, O breathe thy loving Spirit**  
 Into every troubled breast!  
 Let us all in thee inherit,  
 Let us find that second rest.  
 Take away our bent to sinning;  
 Alpha and Omega be;  
 End of faith, as its beginning,  
 Set our hearts at liberty.

**3 Come, almighty to deliver,**  
 Let us all thy life receive;  
 Suddenly return, and never,  
 Nevermore thy temples leave:  
 Thee we would be always blessing,  
 Serve thee as thy hosts above,  
 Pray, and praise thee without ceasing  
 Glory in thy perfect love.

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

212

7, 6, 8.

M. E. H. 456.

VAIN, delusive world, adieu,  
With all of creature good!  
Only Jesus I pursue.  
Who bought me with his blood:  
All thy pleasures I forego;  
I trample on thy wealth and pride;  
Only Jesus will I know,  
And Jesus crucified.

2 Other knowledge I disdain;  
'Tis all but vanity:  
Christ, the Lamb of God, was slain,  
He tasted death for me.  
Me to save from endless woe  
The sin-atonng Victim died:  
Only Jesus will I know,  
And Jesus crucified.

3 Here will I set up my rest;  
My fluctuating heart  
From the haven of his breast  
Shall never more depart:  
Whither should a sinner go?  
His wounds for me stand open wide;  
Only Jesus will I know,  
And Jesus crucified.

4 Him to know is life and peace,  
And pleasure without end;  
This is all my happiness,  
On Jesus to depend;  
Daily in his grace to grow,  
And ever in his faith abide;  
Only Jesus will I know,  
And Jesus crucified.

213

8, 7, 4.

M. E. H. 340.

COME, ye sinners, poor and needy,  
Weak and wounded, sick and sore;  
Jesus ready stands to save you,  
Full of pity, love, and power:  
He is able,  
He is willing: doubt no more.

2 Now, ye needy, come and welcome;  
God's free bounty glorify;  
True belief and true repentance,  
Every grace that brings you nigh,  
Without money,  
Come to Jesus Christ and buy.

3 Let not conscience make you linger,  
Nor of fitness fondly dream;  
All the fitness he requireth  
Is to feel your need of him:  
This he gives you:  
'Tis the Spirit's glimmering beam.

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;  
Not the righteous,—  
Sinners Jesus came to call.

5 Agonizing in the garden,  
Your Redeemer prostrate lies;  
On the bloody tree behold him!  
Hear him cry, before he dies,  
"It is finished!"  
Sinners, will not this suffice?

214

C. M.

M. E. H. 666.

MUST Jesus bear the cross alone,  
And all the world go free?  
No, there's a cross for every one,  
And there's a cross for me.

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

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

215

H. M.

M. E. H. 438.

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.

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.

3 Five bleeding wounds he bears,  
Received on Calvary;  
They pour effectual prayers.  
They strongly plead for me:  
"Forgive him, O forgive," they cry,  
"Nor let that ransomed sinner die."

4 The Father hears him pray,  
His dear anointed One:  
He cannot turn away  
The presence of his Son:  
His Spirit answers to the blood,  
And tells me I am born of God.

5 My God is reconciled;  
His pardon'ng 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.



216

L. M. M. E. H. 1072.

My heavenly home is bright and fair :  
Nor pain, nor death can enter there ;  
Its glittering towers the sun outshine ;  
That heavenly mansion shall be mine.

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

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

3 While here, a stranger far from home,  
Affliction's waves may round me foam ;  
Although, like Lazarus, sick and poor,  
My heavenly mansion is secure.

4 Let others seek a home below,  
Which flames devour, or waves o'erflow,  
Be mine the happier lot to own  
A heavenly mansion near the throne.

5 Then fall the earth, let stars decline,  
And sun and moon refuse to shine,  
All nature sink and cease to be,  
That heavenly mansion stands for me.

217

7s. d. M. E. H. 936.

SEE how great a flame aspires,  
Kindled by a spark of grace !  
Jesus' love the nations fires,  
Sets the kingdoms on a blaze.

To bring fire on earth he came ;  
Kindled in some hearts it is :  
O that all might catch the flame,  
All partake the glorious bliss !

2 When he first the work begun,  
Small and feeble was his day :  
Now the word doth swiftly run ;  
Now it wins its widening way :  
More and more it spreads and grows,  
Ever mighty to prevail ;  
Sin's strongholds it now o'erthrows,  
Shakes the trembling gates of hell.

3 Sons of God, your Saviour praise !  
He the door hath opened wide ;  
He hath given the word of grace ;  
Jesus' word is glorified,  
Jesus, mighty to redeem,  
He alone the work hath wrought ;  
Worthy is the work of him, [naught.  
Him who spake a word from

4 Saw ye not the cloud arise,  
Little as a human hand ?  
Now it spreads along the skies,  
Hangs o'er all the thirsty land ;

Lo ! the promise of a shower  
Drops already from above ;  
But the Lord will shortly pour  
All the Spirit of his love.

218

C. M. M. E. H. 1030.

How happy every child of grace,  
Who knows his sins forgiven !  
"This earth," he cries, "is not my  
I seek my place in heaven,— [place,  
A country far from mortal sight ;  
Yet O, by faith I see  
The land of rest, the saints' delight,  
The heaven prepared for me."

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

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

219

C. M. M. E. H. 248.

1 All hail the power of Jesus' name !  
Let angels prostrate fall ;  
Bring forth the royal diadem,  
And crown him Lord of all.

2 Crown him, ye morning stars of light,  
Who fixed this earthly ball ;  
Now hail the strength of Israel's might,  
And crown him Lord of all.

3 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,  
Ye ransomed from the fall,  
Hail him who saves you by his grace,  
And crown him Lord of all.

4 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget  
The wormwood and the gall,  
Go, spread your trophies at his feet,  
And crown him Lord of all.

5 Let every kindred, every tribe,  
On this terrestrial ball,  
To him all majesty ascribe,  
And crown him Lord of all.

6 O that with yonder sacred throng  
We at his feet may fall !  
We'll join the everlasting song,  
And crown him Lord of all.

220 S. M. M. E. H. 770.

I LOVE thy kingdom, Lord,  
The house of thine abode,  
The Church our blest Redeemer saved  
With his own precious blood.

2 I love thy Church, O God !  
Her walls before thee stand,  
Dear as the apple of thine eye,  
And graven on thy hand.

3 For her my tears shall fall,  
For her my prayers ascend ;  
To her my cares and toils be given,  
Till toils and cares shall end.

4 Beyond my highest joy  
I prize her heavenly ways,  
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,  
Her hymns of love and praise.

5 Sure as thy truth shall last,  
To Zion shall be given  
The brightest glories earth can yield,  
And brighter bliss of heaven.

221 C. M. M. E. H. 784.

TRY us, O God, and search the ground  
Of every sinful heart ;  
Whate'er of sin in us is found,  
O bid it all depart.

2 If to the right or left we stray,  
Leave us not comfortless ;  
But guide our feet into the way  
Of everlasting peace.

3 Help us to help each other, Lord,  
Each other's cross to bear ;  
Let each his friendly aid afford,  
And feel his brother's care.

4 Help us to build each other up,  
Our little stock improve ;  
Increase our faith, confirm our hope,  
And perfect us in love.

5 Up into thee, our living Head,  
Let us in all things grow,  
Till thou hast made us free indeed,  
And spotless here below.

6 Then, when the mighty work is  
Receive thy ready bride : [ wrought,  
Give us in heaven a happy lot  
With all the sanctified.

222 8, 7, 4, or 8, 7, d. M. E. H. 733.

O THOU God of my salvation,  
My Redeemer from all sin ;  
Moved by thy divine compassion,  
Who hast died my heart to win,  
I will praise thee ;  
Where shall I thy praise begin ?

2 Though unseen, I love the Saviour ;  
He hath brought salvation near ;  
Manifests his pardoning favor ;  
And when Jesus doth appear,  
Soul and body  
Shall his glorious image bear.

3 While the angel choirs are crying,  
"Glory to the great I AM,"  
I with them will still be vying—  
Glory! glory to the Lamb !  
O how precious  
Is the sound of Jesus' name !

4 Angels now are hovering round us,  
Unperceived amid the throng ;  
Wondering at the love that crowned  
Glad to join the holy song : [ us,  
Hallelujah,  
Love and praise to Christ belong !

223 6, 4, 6. M. E. H. 724.

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 !

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 !

3 There let the way appear,  
Steps unto heaven ;  
All that thou sendest me,  
In mercy given ;  
Angels to beckon me  
Nearer, my God, to thee,  
Nearer to thee !

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 !

5 Or if, on joyful wing  
Cleaving the sky,  
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,  
Upward I fly,  
Still all my song shall be,  
Nearer, my God, to thee,  
Nearer to thee !

224

7s. d.

M. E. H. 935.

WATCHMAN, tell us of the night,  
What its signs of promise are.  
Traveler, o'er yon mountain's height  
See that glory-beaming star!  
Watchman, does its beauteous ray  
Aught of hope or joy foretell?  
Traveler, yes; it brings the day,  
Promised day of Israel.

2 Watchman, tell us of the night;  
Higher yet that star ascends.  
Traveler, blessedness and light,  
Peace and truth, its course portends!  
Watchman, will its beams alone  
Gild the spot that gave them birth?  
Traveler, ages are its own,  
See, it bursts o'er all the earth!

3 Watchman, tell us of the night,  
For the morning seems to dawn.  
Traveler, darkness takes its flight;  
Doubt and terror are withdrawn.  
Watchman, let thy wandering cease;  
Hie thee to thy quiet home!  
Traveler, lo! the Prince of Peace,  
Lo! the Son of God is come!

225

7. 6.

M. E. H. 930.

FROM Greenland's icy mountains,  
From India's coral strand;  
Where Afric's sunny fountains  
Roll down their golden sand;  
From many an ancient river,  
From many a palmy plain,  
They call us to deliver  
Their land from error's chain.

2 What though the spicy breezes  
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle;  
Though every prospect pleases,  
And only man is vile?  
In vain with lavish kindness  
The gifts of God are strewn;  
The heathen in his blindness  
Bows down to wood and stone.

3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted  
With wisdom from on high,  
Shall we to men benighted  
The lamp of life deny?  
Salvation! O salvation!  
The joyful sound proclaim,  
Till earth's remotest nation  
Has learned Messiah's name.

4 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,  
And you, ye waters, roll,  
Till, like a sea of glory,  
It spreads from pole to pole:

Till o'er our ransomed nature  
The Lamb for sinners slain,  
Redeemer, King, Creator,  
In bliss returns to reign.

226

11, or 13, 11, 12.

M. E. H. 998.

I WOULD not live away; I ask not to  
stay [the way:  
Where storm after storm rises dark o'er  
The few lucid mornings that dawn on  
us here [for its cheer.  
Are enough for life's woes, full enough  
2 I would not live away; no, welcome  
the tomb! [its gloom;  
Since Jesus hath lain there, I dread not  
There sweet be my rest till he bids me  
arise, [skies.  
To hail him in triumph descending the

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

4 Where the saints of all ages in har-  
mony meet, [to greet;  
Their Saviour and brethren transported  
While the anthems of rapture unceas-  
ingly roll, [of the soul.  
And the smile of the Lord is the feast

227

8, 7. d.

M. E. H. 776.

GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken,  
Zion, city of our God;  
He, whose word cannot be broken,  
Formed thee for his own abode;  
On the Rock of ages founded,  
What can shake thy sure repose?  
With salvation's walls surrounded,  
Thou mayst smile at all thy foes.

2 See the streams of living waters,  
Springing from eternal love,  
Still supply thy sons and daughters,  
And all fear of want remove:  
Who can faint while such a river  
Ever flows our thirst to assuage?  
Grace, which, like the Lord, the giver,  
Never fails from age to age.

3 Round each habitation hovering,  
See the cloud and fire appear,  
For a glory and a covering,  
Showing that the Lord is near!  
He who gives us daily manna,  
He who listens when we cry,  
Let him hear the loud hosanna  
Rising to his throne on high.

228

C. M.

M. E. H. I.

- O FOR a thousand tongues, to sing  
 My great Redeemer's praise;  
 The glories of my God and King,  
 The triumphs of his grace!
- 2 My gracious Master and my God,  
 Assist me to proclaim,  
 To spread through all the earth abroad,  
 The honors of thy name.
- 3 Jesus! the name that charms our  
 That bids our sorrows cease; [fears,  
 'Tis music in the sinners ears,  
 'Tis life, and health, and peace.
- 4 He breaks the power of canceled sin,  
 He sets the prisoner free;  
 His blood can make the foulest clean;  
 His blood availed for me.
- 5 He speaks, and, listening to his voice,  
 New life the dead receive;  
 The mournful broken hearts rejoice;  
 The humble poor believe.
- 6 Hear him, ye deaf; his praise, ye dumb,  
 Your loosened tongues employ;  
 Ye blind, behold your Saviour come;  
 And leap, ye lame, for joy.

229

C. P. M.

M. E. H. 18.

- THOU God of power, thou God of love,  
 Whose glory fills the realms above,  
 Whose praise archangels sing,  
 And veil their faces while they cry,  
 "Thrice holy," to their God most high,  
 "Thrice holy," to their King;
- 2 Thee as our God we too would claim,  
 And bless the Saviour's precious name,  
 Through whom this grace is given;  
 He bore the curse to sinners due,  
 He forms their ruined souls anew,  
 And makes them heirs of heaven.
- 3 The veil that hides thy glory rend,  
 And here in saving power descend,  
 And fix thy blest abode;  
 Here to our hearts thyself reveal,  
 And let each waiting spirit feel  
 The presence of our God.

230

L. M.

M. E. H. 12.

- JESUS, thou everlasting King,  
 Accept the tribute which we bring;  
 Accept thy well-deserved renown,  
 And wear our praises as thy crown.
- 2 Let every act of worship be  
 Like our espousals, Lord, to thee;  
 Like the blest hour when from above  
 We first received the pledge of love.

- 3 The gladness of that happy day,  
 O may it ever, ever stay!  
 Nor let our faith forsake its hold,  
 Nor hope decline, nor love grow cold.
- 4 Let every moment as it flies,  
 Increase thy praise, improve our joys,  
 Till we are raised to sing thy name  
 At the great supper of the Lamb.

231

6, 4.

M. E. H. 6.

- COME, thou almighty King,  
 Help us thy name to sing,  
 Help us to praise:  
 Father all-glorious,  
 O'er all victorious,  
 Come, and reign over us,  
 Ancient of days!
- 2 Come, thou incarnate Word,  
 Gird on thy mighty sword,  
 Our prayer attend;  
 Come, and thy people bless,  
 And give thy word success:  
 Spirit of holiness,  
 On us descend!
- 3 Come, holy Comforter,  
 Thy sacred witness bear  
 In this glad hour:  
 Thou who almighty art,  
 Now rule in every heart,  
 And ne'er from us depart,  
 Spirit of power!
- 4 To thee, great One and Three,  
 Eternal praises be  
 Hence, evermore:  
 Thy sovereign majesty  
 May we in glory see,  
 And to eternity  
 Love and adore!

232

C. M.

M. E. H. 2.

- COME, let us join our cheerful songs  
 With angels round the throne;  
 Ten thousand thousand are their  
 But all their joys are one. [tongues,
- 2 "Worthy the Lamb that died," they  
 "To be exalted thus!" [cry,  
 "Worthy the Lamb!" our hearts reply,  
 "For he was slain for us."
- 3 Jesus is worthy to receive  
 Honor and power divine;  
 And blessings more than we can give,  
 Be, Lord, forever thine.
- 4 The whole creation join in one,  
 To bless the sacred name  
 Of him that sits upon the throne,  
 And to adore the Lamb.

233

C. M.

M. E. H. 822.

- JESUS ! the name high over all,  
 In hell, or earth, or sky ;  
 Angels and men before it fall,  
 And devils fear and fly.
- 2 Jesus ! the name to sinners dear,  
 The name to sinners given ;  
 It scatters all their guilty fear ;  
 It turns their hell to heaven.
- 3 Jesus the prisoner's fetters breaks,  
 And bruises Satan's head ;  
 Power into strengthless souls he  
 And life into the dead. [speaks,
- 4 O that the world might taste and see  
 The riches of his grace !  
 The arms of love that compass me  
 Would all mankind embrace.
- 5 His only righteousness I show,  
 His saving truth proclaim :  
 'Tis all my business here below,  
 To cry, "Behold the Lamb !"
- 6 Happy, if with my latest breath  
 I may but gasp his name ;  
 Preach him to all, and cry in death,  
 "Behold, behold the Lamb !"

234

7, 6.

M. E. H. 754.

- I LAY my sins on Jesus,  
 The spotless Lamb of God ;  
 He bears them all, and frees us  
 from the accursed load :
- I bring my guilt to Jesus,  
 To wash my crimson stains  
 White in his blood most precious,  
 Till not a stain remains.
- 2 I lay my wants on Jesus ;  
 All fullness dwells in him ;  
 He healeth my diseases,  
 He doth my soul redeem :
- I lay my griefs on Jesus,  
 My burdens and my cares ;  
 He from them all releases,  
 He all my sorrows shares.
- 3 I rest my soul on Jesus,  
 This weary soul of mine ;  
 His right hand me embraces,  
 I on his breast recline ;
- I love the name of Jesus,  
 Immanuel, Christ, the Lord ;  
 Like fragrance on the breezes,  
 His name abroad is poured.
- 4 I long to be like Jesus,  
 Meek, loving, lowly, mild ;  
 I long to be like Jesus,  
 The Father's holy child :

I long to be with Jesus  
 Amid the heavenly throng,  
 To sing with saints his praises,  
 And learn the angels' song.

235

C. P. M.

M. E. H. 743.

- O COULD I speak the matchless worth,  
 O could I sound the glories forth,  
 Which in my Saviour shine,  
 I'd soar and touch the heavenly strings,  
 And vie with Gabriel while he sings  
 In notes almost divine.
- 2 I'd sing the precious blood he spilt,  
 My ransom from the dreadful guilt  
 Of sin, and wrath divine ;  
 I'd sing his glorious righteousness,  
 In which all-perfect, heavenly dress  
 My soul shall ever shine.
- 3 I'd sing the characters he bears,  
 And all the forms of love he wears,  
 Exalted on his throne ;  
 In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,  
 I would to everlasting days  
 Make all his glories known.
- 4 Well, the delightful day will come  
 When my dear Lord will bring me home,  
 And I shall see his face ;  
 Then with my Saviour, Brother, Friend,  
 A blest eternity I'll spend,  
 Triumphant in his grace.

236

8, 7. d.

M. E. H. 726.

- 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 thy redeeming love !
- 2 Here I'll raise mine 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 O to grace how great a debtor  
 Daily I'm constrained to be !  
 Let thy goodness, 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, O take and seal it ;  
 Seal it for thy courts above.

237.

L. M.

M. E. H. 239.

JESUS, my Advocate above,  
My Friend before the throne of love,  
If now for me prevails thy prayer,  
If now I find thee pleading there,—  
2 If thou the secret wish convey,  
And sweetly prompt my heart to pray,—  
Hear, and my weak petitions join,  
Almighty Advocate, to thine.  
3 Jesus, my heart's desire obtain;  
My earnest suit present, and gain:  
My fullness of corruption show;  
The knowledge of myself bestow.  
4 O sovereign Love, to thee I cry,  
Give me thyself, or else I die!  
Save me from death, from hell set free;  
Death, hell, are but the want of thee.

238

L. M.

M. E. H. 242.

I KNOW that my Redeemer lives;  
What joy the blest assurance gives!  
He lives, he lives, who once was dead;  
He lives, my everlasting Head!  
2 He lives to bless me with his love;  
He lives, to plead for me above;  
He lives, my hungry soul to feed;  
He lives, to help in time of need.  
3 He lives, and grants me daily breath;  
He lives, and I shall conquer death;  
He lives, my mansion to prepare;  
He lives, to bring me safely there.  
4 He lives, all glory to his name;  
He lives, my Saviour, still the same;  
What joy the blest assurance gives,  
I know that my Redeemer lives!

239

8. 7. d.

M. E. H. 246.

HAIL, thou once despised Jesus!  
Hail, thou Galilean King!  
Thou didst suffer to release us;  
Thou didst free salvat'on bring.  
Hail, thou agonizing Saviour,  
Bearer of our sin and shame!  
By thy merits we find favor;  
Life is given through thy name.  
2 Paschal Lamb, by God appointed,  
All our sins on thee were laid:  
By almighty love anointed,  
Thou hast full atonement made.  
All thy people are forgiven,  
Through the virtue of thy blood;  
Opened is the gate of heaven;  
Peace is made 'twixt man and God.  
3 Jesus, hail! enthroned in glory,  
There forever to abide;

All the heavenly hosts adore thee,  
Seated at thy Father's side;  
There for sinners thou art pleading;  
There thou dost our place prepare:  
Ever for us interceding,  
Till in glory we appear.

4 Worship, honor, power, and blessing,  
Thou art worthy to receive;  
Loudest praises, without ceasing,  
Meet it is for us to give.  
Help, ye bright angelic spirits;  
Bring your sweetest, noblest lays;  
Help to sing our Saviour's merits;  
Help to chant Immanuel's praise!

240

L. M.

M. E. H. 211.

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.  
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.  
3 See, from his head, his hands, his feet,  
Sorrow and love flow mingled down:  
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,  
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?  
4 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.

241

C. M.

M. E. H. 214.

ALAS! and did my Saviour bleed?  
And did my sovereign die?  
Would he devote that sacred head  
For such a worm as I?  
2 Was it for crimes that I have done,  
He groaned upon the tree?  
Amazing pity! grace unknown!  
And love beyond degree!  
3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,  
And shut his glories in,  
When Christ, the mighty Maker, died,  
For man, the creature, 's sin.  
4 Thus might I hide my blushing face  
While his dear cross appears;  
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,  
And melt mine eyes to tears.  
5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay  
The debt of love I owe:  
Here, Lord, I give myself away,—  
'Tis all that I can do.

242

C.P.M.

M. E. H. 540.

O LOVE divine, how sweet thou art!  
When shall I find my willing heart  
All taken up by thee?

I thirst, I faint, I die to prove  
The greatness of redeeming love,  
The love of Christ to me.

2 Stronger his love than death or hell;  
Its riches are unsearchable;  
The first-born sons of light  
Desire in vain its depths to see;  
They cannot reach the mystery,  
The length, the breadth, the height.

3 God only knows the love of God;  
O that it now were shed abroad  
In this poor, stony heart!

For love I sigh, for love I pine;  
This only portion, Lord, be mine;  
Be mine this better part.

4 O that I could forever sit  
With Mary at the Master's feet!  
Be this my happy choice;  
My only care, delight, and bliss,  
My joy, my heaven on earth, be this,  
To hear the Bridegroom's voice.

5 O that I could, with favored John,  
Recline my weary head upon  
The dear Redeemer's breast!  
From care and sin and sorrow free,  
Give me, O Lord, to find in thee  
My everlasting rest.

243

S. M.

M. E. H. 574.

A CHARGE to keep I have,  
A God to glorify;  
A never-dying soul to save,  
And fit it for the sky.  
To serve the present age,  
My calling to fulfill, —  
O may it all my powers engage,  
To do my Master's will.

2 Arm me with jealous care,  
As in thy sight to live;  
And oh, thy servant, Lord, prepare,  
A strict account to give.  
Help me to watch and pray,  
And on thyself rely,  
Assured, if I my trust betray,  
I shall forever die.

244

C. M.

M. E. H. 594.

AWAKE, my soul, stretch every nerve,  
And press with vigor on;  
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,  
And an immortal crown.

2 A cloud of witnesses around  
Hold thee in full survey;  
Forget the steps already trod,  
And onward urge thy way.

3 'Tis God's all-animating voice  
That calls thee from on high;  
'Tis his own hand presents the prize  
To thine aspiring eye:—

4 That prize, with peerless glories  
Which shall newluster boast, [bright,  
When victors' wreaths and monarchs'  
Shall blend in common dust. [gems

5 Blest Saviour, introduced by thee,  
Have I my race begun;  
And, crowned with victory, at thy feet  
I'll lay my honors down.

245

C.P.M.

M. E. H. 571.

BE it my only wisdom here,  
To serve the Lord with filial fear,  
With loving gratitude:  
Superior sense may I display,  
By shunning every evil way,  
And walking in the good.

2 O may I still from sin depart;  
A wise and understanding heart,  
Jesus, to me be given:  
And let me through thy Spirit know  
To glorify my God below,  
And find my way to heaven.

246

7, 6, 5.

M. E. H. 565.

WORK, for the night is coming,  
Work through the morning hours;  
Work while the dew is sparkling,  
Work 'mid springing flowers;  
Work when the day grows brighter,  
Work in the glowing sun;  
Work, for the night is coming,  
When man's work is done.

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

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

# INDEX.

First lines in roman letters; titles in small capitals

	HYMN.		HYMN.
ABIDING, . . . . .	5	Come, every soul by sin oppressed	147
A charge to keep I have, . . . . .	243	Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove . . . . .	195
Ah! whither should I go, . . . . .	203	Come, humble sinner, in whose . . . . .	147
Alas! alas! a wayward sheep, . . . . .	76	Come, let us join our cheerful . . . . .	232
Alas! and did my Saviour bleed? . . . . .	241	Come on, my partners in distress, . . . . .	187
All hail the power of Jesus' name . . . . .	219	Come, sinners, to the gospel feast . . . . .	200
A little talk with Jesus, . . . . .	131	Come, thou almighty King, . . . . .	231
ALWAYS ABOUNDING, . . . . .	8	Come, thou Fount of every bless-. . . . .	236
Am I a soldier of the cross, . . . . .	102	Come to Calv'ry's mount to-day, . . . . .	121
An eager, restless crowd drew near . . . . .	100	COME TO JESUS, . . . . .	147
Are you drifting down life's cur- . . . . .	40	Come to the arms of Jesus, . . . . .	101
ARE YOU READY, . . . . .	19	Come unto me, the Saviour said, . . . . .	83
Are you ready for the Bridegroom, . . . . .	6	Come, ye disconsolate, . . . . .	153
ARE YOU WASHED IN THE BLOOD, . . . . .	125	COMING TO-DAY, . . . . .	56
Are you weary, are you heavy- . . . . .	28	CLEANSING WAVE, . . . . .	163
Arise, my soul, arise, . . . . .	215	CLINGING TO THE CROSS, . . . . .	106
A ruler once came to Jesus by night . . . . .	23	CROWN HIM, . . . . .	159
A SHELTER IN THE TIME OF STORM . . . . .	133	Dark are the waters before me, . . . . .	175
A SINNER LIKE ME, . . . . .	59	Delay not, delay not, O sinner . . . . .	202
AT THE CROSS, . . . . .	52	DO SOMETHING, . . . . .	120
At the cross I found my Saviour, . . . . .	127	Down in the valley with my Sav- . . . . .	53
AT THE CROSS I'LL ABIDE, . . . . .	88	DRINKING AT THE LIVING FOUNT- . . . . .	55
AT THE FOUNTAIN, . . . . .	154	Each cooing dove and sighing . . . . .	75
AT THE GOLDEN LANDING, . . . . .	15	ENTIRE CONSECRATION, . . . . .	109
At the sounding of the trumpet, . . . . .	68	EVERY DAY, . . . . .	90
Awake, awake, O Zion, lift thy . . . . .	118	FILL ME NOW, . . . . .	25
Awake, my soul, stretch every . . . . .	244	FOLLOW ON, . . . . .	53
Be earnest, my brothers, in word . . . . .	8	FRIENDS, NOT SERVANTS, . . . . .	178
BEHOLD THE BRIDEGROOM, . . . . .	6	Friends of yore have flown to heav- . . . . .	15
BEHOLD, THE FIELDS ARE WHITE . . . . .	114	From Greenland's icy mountains . . . . .	225
Be it my only wisdom here, . . . . .	245	GATHERING HOME, . . . . .	171
Blessed assurance, Jesus is mine, . . . . .	30	GIVE ME JESUS, . . . . .	37
Blest be the tie that binds . . . . .	185	Glorious things of thee are spoken . . . . .	227
Blow ye the trumpet, blow, . . . . .	199	Glory be to the Father, . . . . .	164
Beyond the silent river, . . . . .	14	GLORY TO GOD, HALLELUJAH. . . . .	128
Blessed be the fountain of blood, . . . . .	36	Glory to Jesus who died on the tree . . . . .	46
Blessed Saviour, my salvation, . . . . .	115	God be with you till we meet a- . . . . .	64
BRINGING IN THE SHEAVES, . . . . .	104	God calling yet! shall I not hear . . . . .	205
Brother for Christ's kingdom sigh- . . . . .	21	God is our refuge and defence . . . . .	182
BY THE GRACE OF GOD WE'LL . . . . .	58	God moves in a mysterious way . . . . .	184
Called to the feast by the King . . . . .	110	God loved the world so tenderly, . . . . .	42
CALVARY, . . . . .	70	Great is the Lord, who ruleth over . . . . .	78
Cast thy bread upon the waters, . . . . .	12	Gracious Spirit, love divine, . . . . .	192
CAST THY BURDEN ON THE LORD, . . . . .	17	Guide me, O thou great Jehovah, . . . . .	183
CHRIST AROSE, . . . . .	98	Hail, thou once despised Jesus, . . . . .	239
COME AND SEE, . . . . .	141		



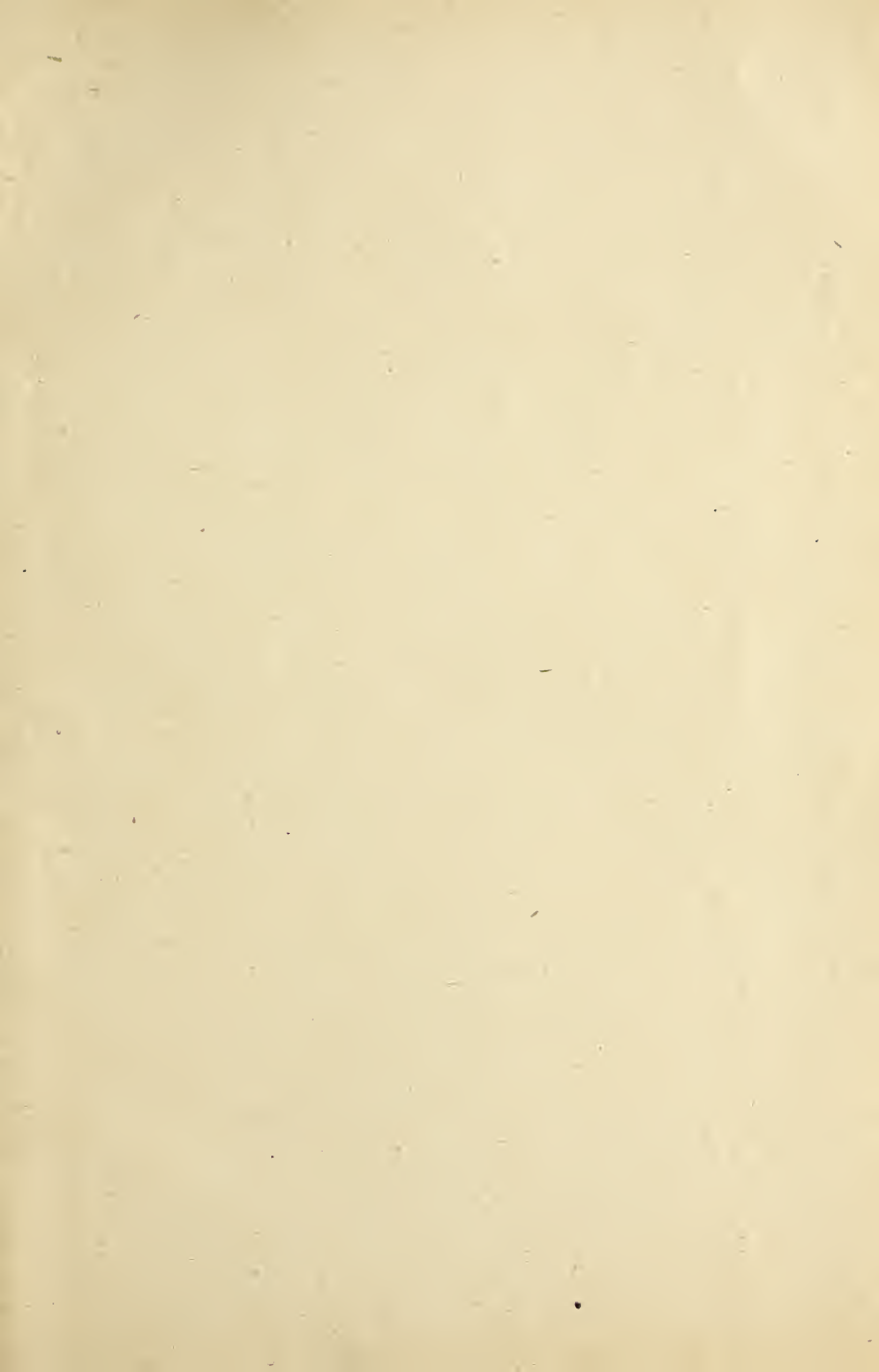
HAPPY LAND, . . . . .	156	Jesus, I come to thee, . . . . .	91
HAPPY TIDINGS, . . . . .	60	JESUS IS GOOD TO ME, . . . . .	4
Hark, hark, my soul, angelic songs	113	JESUS IS STRONG TO DELIVER, . . . . .	174
HARVEST TIME, . . . . .	169	Jesus, my advocate above, . . . . .	237
Have you been to Jesus for the . . . . .	125	Jesus, my all, to heaven is gone, . . . . .	210
Hear the foot-steps of Jesus, . . . . .	72	Jesus, my Lord, to thee I cry, . . . . .	79
HE CAME TO SAVE ME, . . . . .	112	Jesus my Saviour to Bethlehem . . . . .	93
HE COMES, . . . . .	118	JESUS OF NAZARETH PASSETH BY, . . . . .	61
He dies ! the friend of sinners . . . . .	191	JESUS SAVES, . . . . .	85
HE IS CALLING, . . . . .	161	Jesus, Saviour, pilot me, . . . . .	170
HELP JUST A LITTLE, . . . . .	21	Jesus shall reign where'er the sun	188
HE SAVES, . . . . .	29	Jesus ! the name high over all, . . . . .	233
HE WILL GATHER THE WHEAT, . . . . .	176	Jesus, the rock on which my feet, . . . . .	117
HIDE THOU ME, . . . . .	1	Jesus, thou everlasting King, . . . . .	230
HIDING IN THEE, . . . . .	80	Jesus when he left the sky, . . . . .	137
HIS YOKE IS EASY, . . . . .	168	JESUS WILL MEET YOU THERE, . . . . .	121
Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Al-	143	Joy to the world ! the Lord is . . . . .	180
Hover o'er me, Holy Spirit, . . . . .	25	Just as I am, without one plea, . . . . .	79
How firm a foundation, ye saints	144	KEEP STEP EVER, . . . . .	95
How happy every child of grace, . . . . .	218	Leading souls to Jesus who are . . . . .	43
How sweet the name of Jesus . . . . .	196	LEANING ON JESUS, . . . . .	140
How tedious and tasteless the . . . . .	186	LET HIM IN, . . . . .	148
I am coming to the cross, . . . . .	151	Light after darkness, . . . . .	41
I am dwelling on the mountain, . . . . .	31	LITTLE ONES LIKE ME, . . . . .	137
I have a song I love to sing, . . . . .	166	Lo ! a stranger standing there, . . . . .	108
I have found a balm for all my . . . . .	55	Look up ! behold, the fields are . . . . .	114
I have found a friend divine, . . . . .	142	Look, ye saints, the sight is glori-	159
I have found a friend in Jesus, . . . . .	66	Lord, I believe a rest remains . . . . .	208
I have found repose for my weary	146	Lord, I care not for riches, . . . . .	33
I have heard a most wonderful . . . . .	27	Lord Jesus, I long to be perfectly	150
I hope to meet you all in glory, . . . . .	35	Love divine, all love excelling, . . . . .	211
I know that my Redeemer lives . . . . .	238	Low in the grave he lay, . . . . .	98
I lay my sins on Jesus, . . . . .	234	Make room for Jesus, . . . . .	129
I'LL LIVE FOR HIM, . . . . .	51	MARCHING ON, . . . . .	45
I love my Saviour, his heart is . . . . .	4	MEET IN THE MORNING, . . . . .	116
I love thy kingdom, Lord, . . . . .	220	MEET ME THERE, . . . . .	130
In the Christian's home in glory, . . . . .	152	MEMORIES OF GALILEE, . . . . .	75
In the cross of Christ I glory, . . . . .	189	More about Jesus would I know, . . . . .	173
IN THE MORNING, . . . . .	16	MORE FAITH IN JESUS, . . . . .	39
In the shadow of his wings, . . . . .	54	Must Jesus bear the cross alone, . . . . .	214
IN THE SHADOW OF THE CROSS, . . . . .	127	My faith looks up to thee, . . . . .	160
In the silent midnight watches, . . . . .	206	My Father is rich in houses and . . . . .	57
In thy cleft, O Rock of Ages, . . . . .	1	My heavenly home is bright and . . . . .	216
Into his image to grow, . . . . .	96	My Jesus, I love thee, . . . . .	149
In vain in high and holy lays, . . . . .	18	My life, my love I give to thee, . . . . .	51
I praise the Lord that one like me . . . . .	97	MY SHEPHERD, . . . . .	136
IS MY NAME WRITTEN THERE ? . . . . .	32	My soul, be on thy guard, . . . . .	82
IS NOT THIS THE LAND OF BEULAH . . . . .	31	My soul for light and love had . . . . .	5
Is there any one here that is will-	94	Nearer, my God, to thee ! . . . . .	223
IS YOUR LAMP BURNING ? . . . . .	33	Never further than thy cross : . . . . .	190
IT REACHES ME, . . . . .	102	NOTHING BUT THE BLOOD OF JE-	74
It was spoken for the Master, . . . . .	177	O come and dwell in me . . . . .	207
I want to be a worker for the . . . . .	20	O could I speak the matchless . . . . .	235
I was once far away from the Sav-	59	Of him who did salvation bring, . . . . .	154
I WILL TRUST IN THEE, . . . . .	115	O for a closer walk with God, . . . . .	49
I would not live away ; I ask not	226	O for a glance of heavenly day, . . . . .	204
Jesus, a word, a look from thee, . . . . .	193		

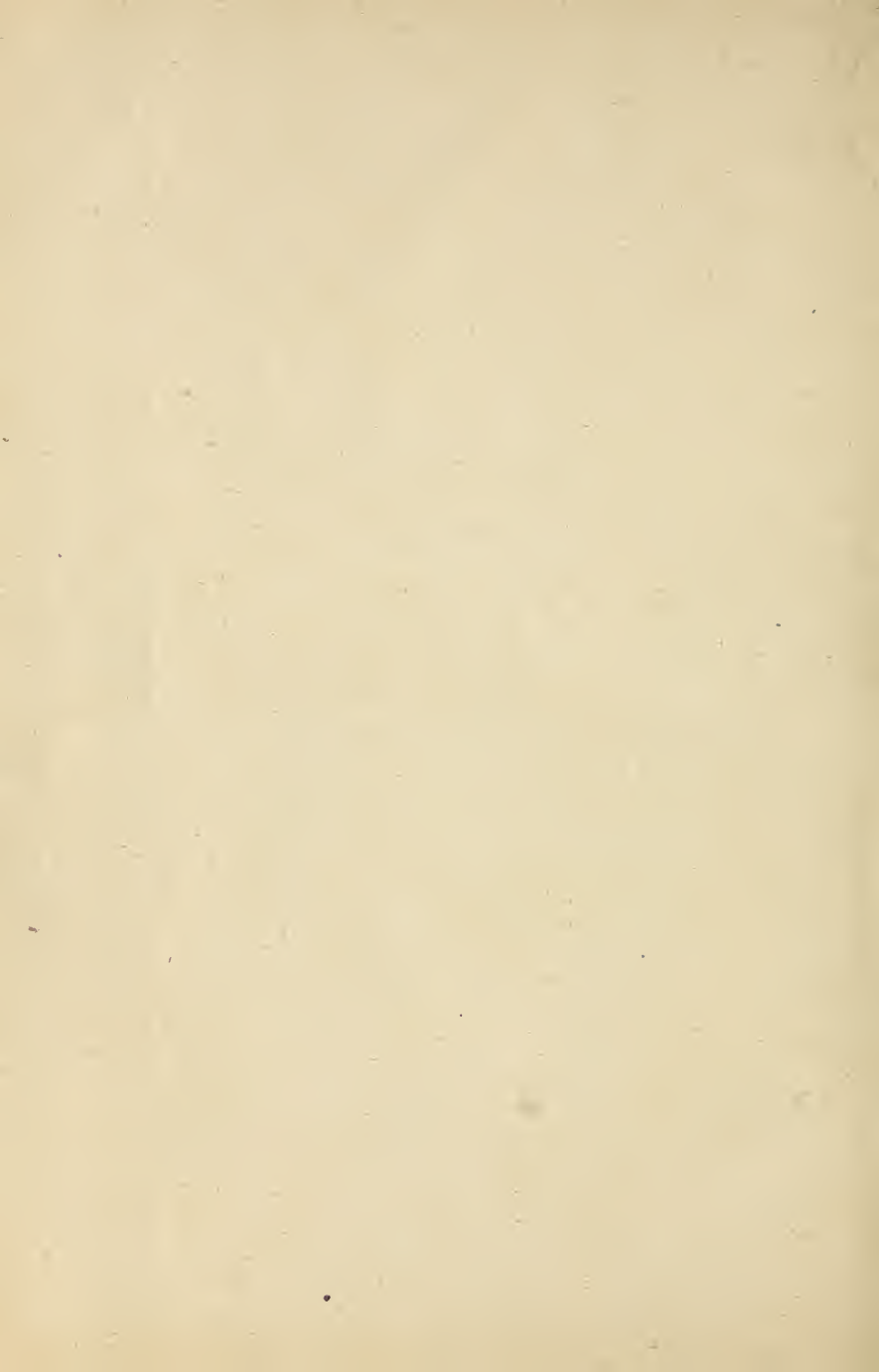
O for a thousand tongues, . . .	228	SEEKING FOR ME, . . . . .	93
O God, thy power is wonderful . . .	181	SEEKING TO SAVE, . . . . .	87
O happy day! what a Saviour is . . .	145	Should the death angel knock, . . .	7
Oh, bless me, Saviour, bless me, . . .	65	Should the summons, quickly fly- . .	19
Oh, bliss of the purified! . . . . .	49	SHOWERS OF BLESSING, . . . . .	123
Oh, glad "whosoever," the deed . . .	167	SINCE I HAVE BEEN REDEEMED, . . .	166
Oh, how blessed is the service . . . .	178	Sing glory to God in the highest, . .	29
Oh, I often sit and ponder, . . . . .	50	SOME SWEET DAY, . . . . .	26
Oh, now I see the cleansing wave, . .	163	Sound the battle-cry, . . . . .	22
OH, SING OF HIS MIGHTY LOVE, . . . .	49	Sowing in the morning, sowing . . . .	104
OH, THE JOY THAT AWAITS ME, . . . .	14	Stay, thou insulted Spirit, stay, . .	201
Oh, this uttermost salvation, . . . . .	102	Stepping-stones to Jesus, . . . . .	165
OH! 'TIS GLORY IN MY SOUL, . . . . .	69	SWEET PEACE, THE GIFT OF GOD'S . . .	81
O Jesus, Lord, thy dying love, . . . .	52	TAKE HOLD, HOLD ON, . . . . .	84
O Jesus, Saviour, I long to rest, . . .	88	TAKE ME AS I AM, . . . . .	79
O land of rest, for thee I sigh, . . . .	155	Take my life and let it be, . . . . .	109
O love divine, how sweet thou art . . .	242	TELL IT TO JESUS, . . . . .	28
O, my heart is full of joy, . . . . .	106	Tell me the story of Jesus, . . . . .	107
On Calvary's brow my Saviour . . . . .	70	Tenderly the Shepherd, . . . . .	87
One more day its twilight brings, . . .	9	THE CHILD OF A KING, . . . . .	57
On Jordan's stormy banks I stand, . .	103	THE FIRM FOUNDATION, . . . . .	144
On let us go where the valley of . . .	132	THE FUTURE, . . . . .	59
Only a beam of sunshine, . . . . .	134	THE GOLDEN KEY, . . . . .	162
ONLY TRUST HIM, . . . . .	147	The Great Physician, now is here, . .	82
On the happy, golden shore, . . . . .	130	THE HALF WAS NEVER TOLD, . . . . .	11
ON THE ROAD GOING HOME, . . . . .	122	THE HEALING TOUCH, . . . . .	100
O prodigal, don't stay away, . . . . .	44	THE LAND JUST ACROSS THE RIVER . . .	103
O safe to the Rock that is higher . . .	80	THE LILY OF THE VALLEY, . . . . .	66
O, think of a home over there, . . . .	10	The Lord is my Shepherd, . . . . .	136, 168
O thou God of my salvation, . . . . .	222	The Lord's our Rock, in him we, . . .	133
O turn not back in the christian . . . .	84	The morning light is breaking, . . . .	139
Out on the desert, looking, . . . . .	56	THE NEW NAME, . . . . .	135
OVER JORDAN, . . . . .	71	THE NEW "OVER THERE," . . . . .	34
OVER THERE, . . . . .	10	THE NEW SONG, . . . . .	24
OVER THE TIDE, . . . . .	175	THE NUMBERLESS HOST, . . . . .	89
O what amazing words of grace . . . . .	197	The promises, how precious! . . . . .	48
O what shall I do my Saviour to . . . .	209	The prize is set before us, . . . . .	124
O WONDERFUL SAVIOUR, . . . . .	27	There are songs of joy that I . . . . .	24
O ye wand'ers, come to Jesus, . . . . .	172	There comes to my heart one . . . . .	81
PRAISE AND MAGNIFY OUR KING, . . . . .	78	There is a fountain filled with . . . . .	73
Praise ye the Lord, the hope of . . . .	13	There is a happy land, . . . . .	156
Prayer is the key for the bending . . . .	162	There is pardon sweet at the Mas- . . .	141
REDEEMED, . . . . .	167	There's a stranger at the door, . . . . .	148
Redeemed, how I love to proclaim . . . .	111	There's a wideness in God's mercy . . .	161
REDEEMED, PRAISE THE LORD, . . . . .	145	There shall be showers of blessing . . .	123
Repeat the story o'er and o'er, . . . . .	11	The Saviour is my all in all, . . . . .	62
RISE, AND LET ME IN, . . . . .	108	The seed I have scattered in . . . . .	169
Rise up, and hasten! my soul, . . . . .	67	They have reached the sunny . . . . .	34
REST FOR THE WEARY, . . . . .	152	Though there may be shades of . . . . .	90
Rock of Ages, cleft for me, . . . . .	198	Thou God of power, thou God of . . . .	229
Saviour, blessed Saviour, . . . . .	105	Thousands stand to-day in sorrow . . .	126
SAVIOUR, PILOT ME, . . . . .	170	Through the gates of pearl and . . . . .	58
SAY, ARE YOU READY! . . . . .	7	Tidings, happy tidings, . . . . .	60
Say, is your lamp burning, my . . . . .	33	'Tis the blessed hour of prayer, . . . . .	47
See how great a flame aspires, . . . . .	217	To thy cross, dear Christ, I'm . . . . .	69
		Touch and cleanse me, blessed . . . . .	138
		TRIUMPH BY AND BY, . . . . .	124

TEMPLE SONGS

TRUSTING IN THE PROMISES, . . . . .	146	WHAT'S THE NEWS, . . . . .	63
Trustingly, trustingly, Jesus, to . . .	77	Whene'er we meet we always say, . .	93
Try us, O God, and search the . . . .	221	When I'm happy hear me sing, . . .	37
UNTIL YE FIND, . . . . .	76	When in the tempest he'll hide us . .	174
Up to the bountiful Giver of life, . .	171	When I survey the wondrous cross . . .	240
Vain, delusive world, adieu, . . . . .	212	When Jesus laid his crown aside, . . .	112
WAITING AT THE POOL, . . . . .	126	When Jesus shall gather the na- . . .	176
Walk in the light! so shalt thou. . . .	213	When my Saviour I shall see, . . . .	86
Walk in the light the Lord hath . . . .	99	WHEN THE KING COMES IN, . . . . .	110
Watchman, tell us of the night, . . . .	224	When we enter the portals of glory . .	89
We are going home to glory, . . . . .	122	While Jesus whispers to you, . . . . .	158
We are marching onward to the . . . . .	116	While struggling through this . . . . .	39
WE ARE MORE THAN CONQUERORS, . . . .	38	WHITER THAN SNOW, . . . . .	150
We are never, never weary of the . . . .	128	WHOSOEVER, . . . . .	97
We are pilgrims looking home, . . . . .	16	WHY DON'T YOU COME? . . . . .	172
Weary pilgrim on life's pathway, . . . .	17	Why do you wait, dear brother, . . . .	92
Weary with walking alone, . . . . .	140	WILL YOU GO, . . . . .	157
We have heard a joyful sound, . . . . .	85	WILT THOU BE MADE WHOLE, . . . . .	72
We know not why our path at . . . . .	119	With his dear and loving care, . . . .	71
WE'LL WORK TILL JESUS COMES, . . . . .	155	With joy we meditate the grace . . . .	194
We're traveling home to heaven . . . . .	157	With our colors waving bright in . . . .	45
We shall have a new name in that . . . .	135	WONDERFUL LOVE OF JESUS, . . . . .	18
We shall reach the river side, . . . . .	26	WON'T YOU LOVE MY JESUS, . . . . .	142
WHAT A GATHERING THAT WILL BE . . . .	68	WORDS OF JESUS, . . . . .	83
What can wash away my stain, . . . . .	74	Work, for the night is coming, . . . . .	246
What means this eager, anxious . . . . .	61	Would you gain the best in life, . . . .	95
What shall separate us, . . . . .	38	YE MUST BE BORN AGAIN, . . . . .	32
		You're longing to work for the . . . .	120









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