

Songs of  
**LOVE AND NO PRAISE**



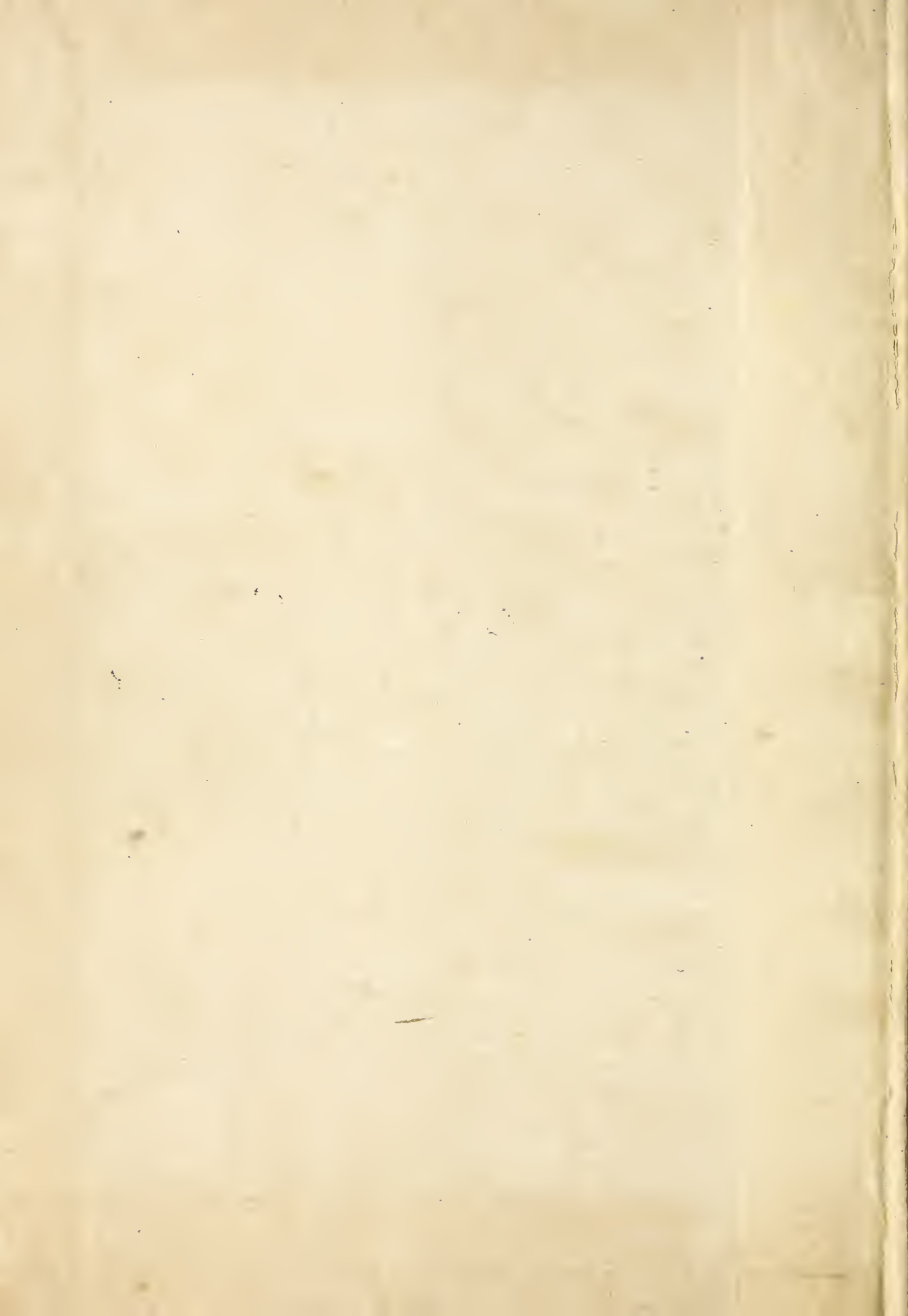
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**MEETINGS** for **CHRISTIAN WORSHIP**  
or **WORK**

EDITORS:  
JOHN R. SWENEY  
Wm. J. KIRKPATRICK  
H. L. GILMOUR

**JOHN J. HOOD**


1024 ARCH ST., PHILADELPHIA ; 940 W. MADISON ST., CHICAGO.

*Price, board covers, 35 cents by mail : \$3.60 per dozen at store.*



Maggie Brown.

Wm. P. Beasant.



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— No. 3. —

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AND H. L. GILMOUR.

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*“Love is the golden chain that binds the happy souls above.”*

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JOHN J. HOOD,

PHILADELPHIA: } CHICAGO:  
1024 Arch St. } 940 W. Madison St.



THE love of God, all human love transcending,  
Fondest and purest, sweetest and the best ;  
Without beginning, it shall have no ending,  
Descending from, and leading to, the blest ;  
Royal—enrobed in all-enduring splendor,  
Grieved by neglect, yet in forgiveness tender.

Bound, ransomed hearts! High joy excludes the sadness,  
All tongues enthused, extol eternal love ;  
Enwreathed with smiles comes tripping sunlit gladness,  
Each blessed note an echo from above •  
While “Songs of Love and Praise,” mingling together,  
Increase the bliss of heaven, always, FOREVER!

Ocean Grove, N. J.

E. H. STOKES

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THE PUBLISHER.

# SONGS OF LOVE AND PRAISE.

## 1 Gloria Patri.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Ho - ly Ghost.  
As it was in the beginning, }  
is now, and } ev - er shall be, world without end. A - men.

## 2 He is All in All to Me.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

Arr. by W. J. K.

1. There is constant joy a - biding In Christ my Lord and King; Of his love that  
2. When my path is veil'd in shadows, And clouds above me roll, I can smile a -  
3. I can see his bow of promise Thro' tears and trials deep; I can hear his  
4. I shall yet behold and praise him, And dwell in per - fect peace In the golden

### CHORUS.

passeth knowledge My heart and tongue shall sing.  
mid the tempest, His glory fills my soul. { He is all in all to me,  
voice like music, That lulls my care to sleep. { And my song of songs shall be, }  
land of beauty, Where cloud and wave shall cease.

he-is all in all to me,  
my song of songs shall be,

Hal - le - lu - jah, O my Saviour, I am trusting on - ly thee.

3

# Unspeakably Precious to Me.

Rev. H. J. ZELLEY.

Last words of Rev. S. A. KREN, D.D.

H. L. GILMOUR.

1. When wearied and burden'd with trial and care, And sorrows I could not foresee;  
 2. And when I have finish'd the duties he gave, The end of my labors I see;  
 3. The Saviour is calling, I'll soon reach my home, And there in his image I'll be;

*Fine.*

I always find comfort with Jesus in pray'r, For he is so precious to me.  
 I'll fear not the power of death or the grave, For he is so precious to me.  
 And thro' all the ages I know he'll become Increasingly precious to me.

*D. S.*—For Jesus is precious, Oh, praise his dear name! Unspeakably precious to me!

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

Oh, glory to God! my soul is aflame, I'm happy, exultant and free!

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4

# They'll Soon be O'er.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

LIZZIE E. SWENEY.

ALTO and TENOR.

1. There is a calm for ev'ry storm We meet from day to day, A hallow'd peace that  
 2. There is a friend, a constant friend, Who slumbers not nor sleeps, But safe within his  
 3. There is a morn when we shall wake At home beyond the tide, And in our Saviour's

**TRIO.** **QUAR.**

dwells within, And smiles the clouds away. The star of hope still brightly shines, Tho'  
 tender care The trusting soul he keeps; His bow of love still spans the sky, And  
 likeness then We shall be satisfied; O hearts that yearn and bleed and break For

Copyright, 1896, by Jno R. Sweney.



# They'll Soon be O'er.—CONCLUDED.

wild the breakers roar, And in its beams the words we trace,  
 points to yonder shore, While on its beams the words we trace, Life's dream will soon be o'er.  
 joys that come no more, Look up and read the blessed words, Life's cares, etc.  
 Life's tears, etc.

5

## O to Abide in Jesus.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. O to abide in Je - sus, O to be his a - lone; Close to the fount of
2. O to abide in Je - sus, Never to faint nor fall; Clinging to him who
3. O to be more like Je - sus, Earnest when'er I pray; In- to his perfect

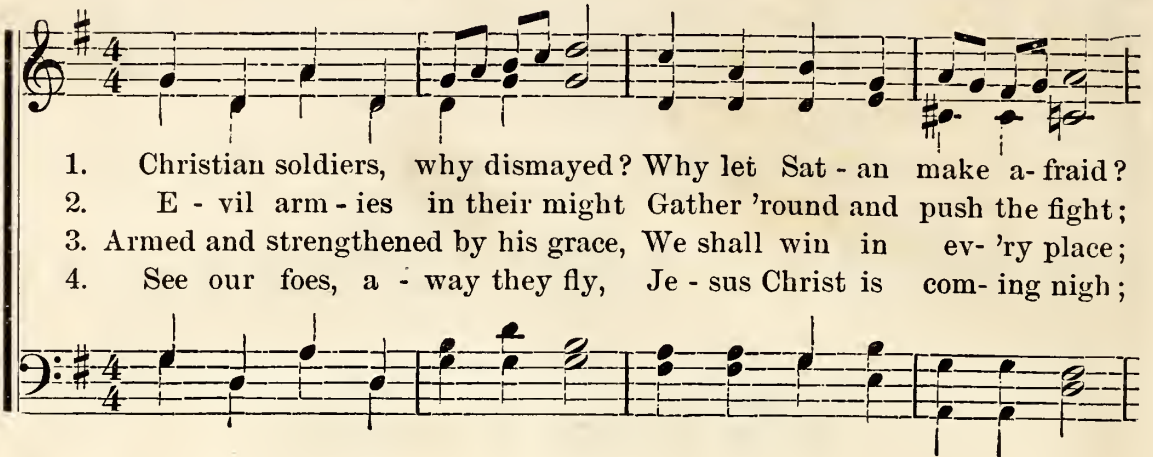
blessing, Close to my Saviour's throne. O for an earnest longing, In- to his  
 loves me, Trusting my all in all. O for a heart to praise him, O for a  
 likeness Growing from day to day. O for a faith to bear me, Ever with

life to grow; O for a deeper yearning, More of its joy to know.  
 tongue to sing Glory to him who saves me, Jesus my Lord and King.  
 tireless wing, Home where the blest are waiting, Home where the angels sing.

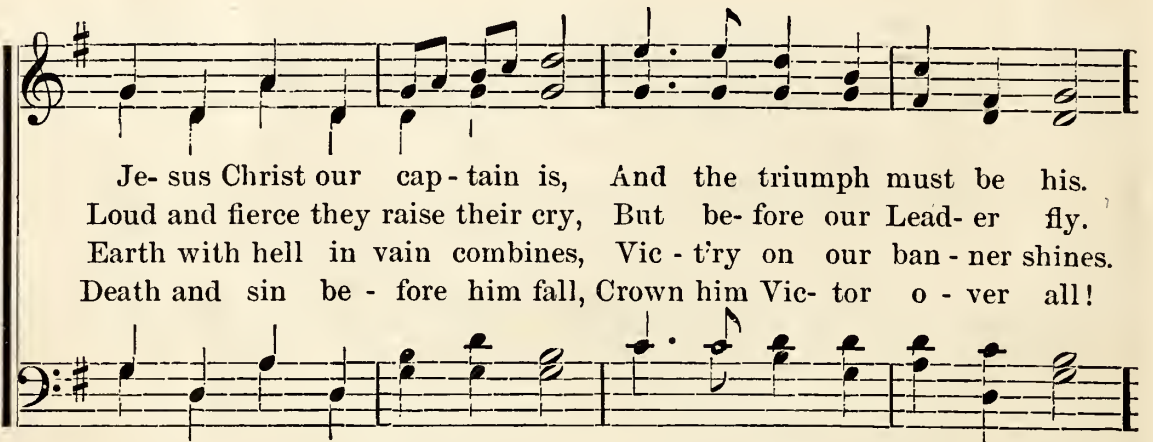
# Victory Everywhere.

Rev. M. M. BRABHAM.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

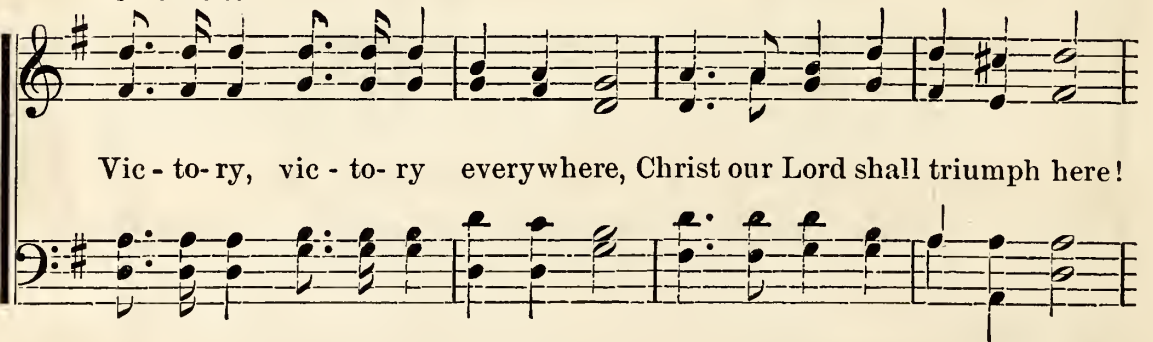


1. Christian soldiers, why dismayed? Why let Sat - an make a - afraid?  
 2. E - vil arm - ies in their might Gather 'round and push the fight;  
 3. Armed and strengthened by his grace, We shall win in ev - 'ry place;  
 4. See our foes, a - way they fly, Je - sus Christ is com - ing nigh;

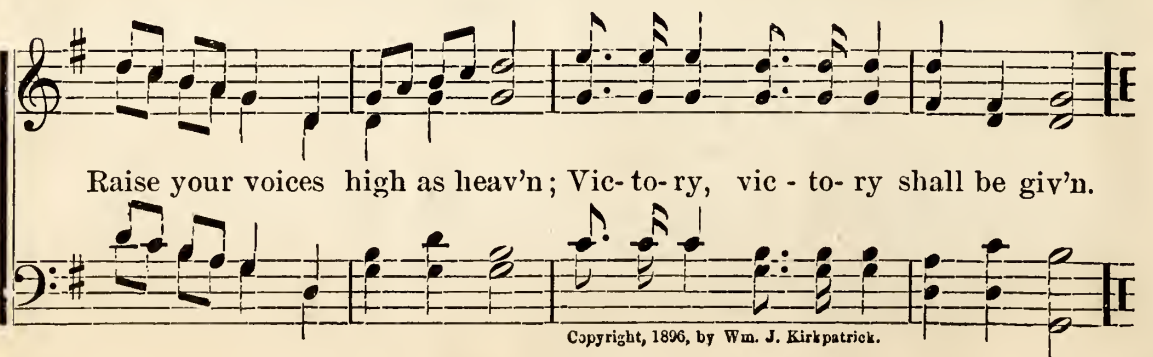


Je - sus Christ our cap - tain is, And the triumph must be his.  
 Loud and fierce they raise their cry, But be - fore our Lead - er fly.  
 Earth with hell in vain combines, Vic - t'ry on our ban - ner shines.  
 Death and sin be - fore him fall, Crown him Vic - tor o - ver all!

## CHORUS.



Vic - to - ry, vic - to - ry everywhere, Christ our Lord shall triumph here!



Raise your voices high as heav'n; Vic - to - ry, vic - to - ry shall be giv'n.

# He is Able to Deliver Thee.

W. A. O.

W. A. OGDEN.

1. 'Tis the grandest theme thro' the ages rung, 'Tis the grandest theme for a  
2. 'Tis the grandest theme in the earth or main, 'Tis the grandest theme for a  
3. 'Tis the grandest theme, let the tidings roll, To the guilty heart, to the

mortal tongue, 'Tis the grandest theme that the world e'er sung, "Our God is mortal strain, 'Tis the grandest theme, tell the world again, "Our God is sin- ful soul, Look to God in faith, he will make thee whole, "Our God is

## CHORUS.

a- ble to de- liv - er thee." He is a - - - - - ble to de- liv - er thee,  
a- ble, he is a - ble,

He is a - - - - - ble to de- liv - er thee; Tho' by sin op - prest,  
a- ble, he is a - ble,

Go to him for rest, Our God is a - ble to de- liv - er thee.

# 8 As Far as the East is From the West.

E. E. HEWITT.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. When to the Saviour's cross we turn, And all our sins confess,  
 2. We praise the Lord with heart and voice, The night has pass'd away;  
 3. We're looking toward the eastern sky, The morning smiles above;  
 4. Then let our hearts be glad and free To do the Master's will;

His full forgiveness there we learn, His tender mercies bless.  
 In his salvation we rejoice, 'Tis everlasting day.  
 His grace will every need supply, He crowneth us with love.  
 A joy will every service be, While we are singing still:

CHORUS.

As far as the east is from the west, As far as the

east is from the west . . . . . Hath he removed, . . . . . hath he re-  
 So far . . . . . hath he removed, So

moved, . . . . . Hath he removed our transgressions from us.  
 far hath he removed,

# 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 righteousness, 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,

## Salvation's River.

R. KELSO CARTER.

S. C. FOSTER.

1. { Down at the cross, on Calvary's mountain, Where mer - cies flow,  
When nothing in the whole cre - a - tion Could purchase peace,

I plunged in the redeem - ing fountain, Washed whiter than the snow. }  
My Saviour brought his free salva - tion, Gave me complete re - lease. }

CHORUS.

Broth - ers, wont you hear the sto - ry? See the fount - ain flow!

Oh, glo - ry in the highest, glo - ry! Je - sus saves me, this I know.

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>2 When lost in sin, my all I squandered,<br/>Far from the fold:<br/>My Saviour sought me where I wandered,<br/>Gave me his wealth untold.<br/>All bonds of sin and Satan rending,<br/>Christ made me whole:<br/>I'll ne'er forget that joy transcending,<br/>When Jesus saved my soul.</p> | <p>3 All round my way the sun is shining,<br/>Darkness has fled:<br/>On Jesus' breast I am reclining,<br/>Daily by him I'm fed.<br/>My Lord has cast his robe around me,<br/>No more I'll roam;<br/>The Shepherd of the sheep has found me,<br/>Jesus has brought me home.</p> |
|---|--|

# Sprinkled with Atoning Blood.

11

Rev. H. J. ZELLEY.

H. L. GILMOUR.



1. My soul to-day is safe and free, I'm sprinkled with atoning blood;
2. No mer - its have I of my own, I'm sprinkled with atoning blood;
3. My song of praise shall never cease, I'm sprinkled with atoning blood;
4. Each hour this blessed truth I know, I'm sprinkled with atoning blood;
5. I do not fear the o - pen tomb, I'm sprinkled with atoning blood;



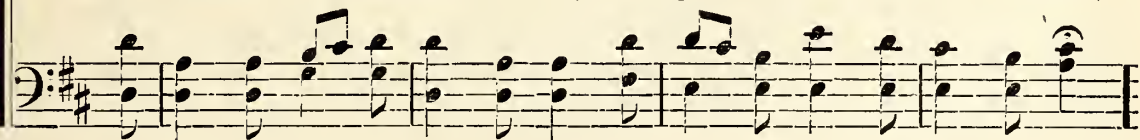
The blood of Christ avails for me, I'm sprinkled with a - toning blood.  
But I am saved by grace a - lone, I'm sprinkled with a - toning blood.  
For I am kept in perfect peace, I'm sprinkled with a - toning blood.  
My soul is whit - er than the snow, I'm sprinkled with a - toning blood.  
For Christ will lead me thro' its gloom, I'm sprinkled with a - toning blood.



## CHORUS.



The precious blood was shed for me, From guilt and sin it makes me free,



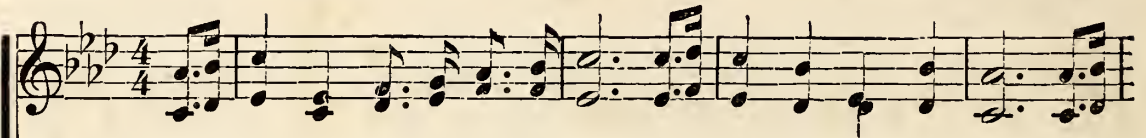
And now my life is all for God, I'm sprinkled with a - toning blood.



## Sunshine in the Soul.

E. E. HEWITT.

JNO. R. SWENEY.



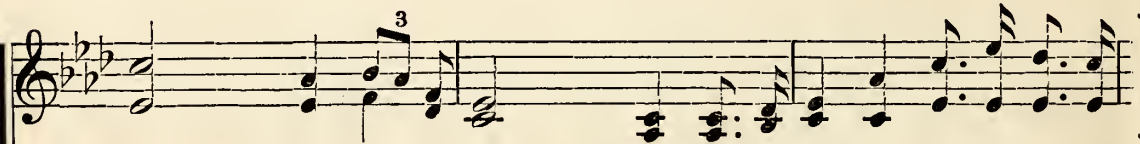
1. There's sunshine in my soul to-day, More glo - ri - ous and bright Than
2. There's mu - sic in my soul to-day, A car - ol to my King, And
3. There's springtime in my soul to-day, For when the Lord is near The
4. There's gladness in my soul to-day, And hope, and praise, and love, For



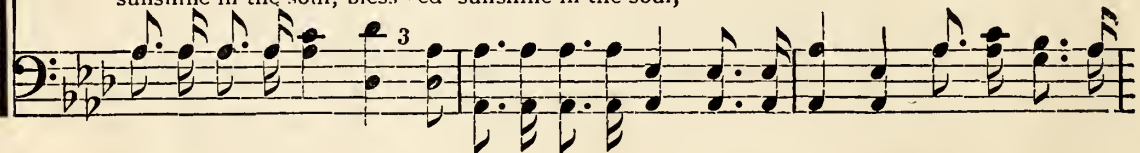
## REFRAIN.



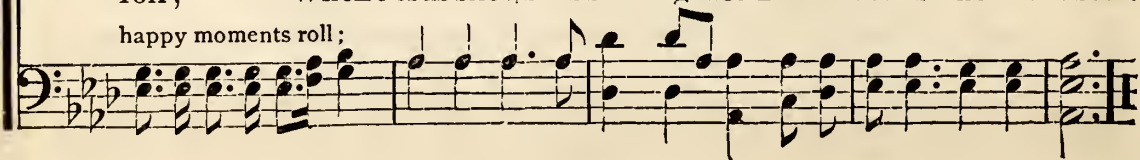
glows in an - y earthly sky, For Je - sus is my light. Oh, there's  
 Je - sus, list - ening, can hear The songs I can - not sing.  
 dove of peace sings in my heart, The flowers of grace ap - pear.  
 blessings which he gives me now, For joys "laid up" a - bove.



sun - - shine, blessed sun - shine, When the peaceful, happy moments  
 sunshine in the soul, bless - ed sunshine in the soul,



roll ; When Jesus shows his smiling face There is sunshine in the soul.  
 happy moments roll ;





# Not One Forgotten.

13

"Not one of them is forgotten before God."—Luke xii : 6.

E. E. HEWITT.

H. L. GILMOUR.

1. There's a word of ten - der beauty In the say - ings of our Lord,  
2. Though I'm least of all his children, So un - wor - thy of his love,  
3. Oh, the wounded hands of Je - sus All the springs of life con - trol,

How it stirs the heart to mu - sic, Waking grat - itude's sweet chord ;  
Yet, for me there's kind remembrance In the Fa - ther - heart a - bove ;  
Is there an - y ill can harm me While his blood is on my soul ?

For it tells me that "Our Father," From his throne of roy - al might,  
He will ev - er save and keep me ; He will guide me on the way,  
Let me, like the lit - tle sparrow, Trust him where I can - not see,

CHO.—In my Father's bless - ed keeping I am hap - py, safe, and free ;

*D.S. Chorus.*  $\text{♩}$

Bends to note a fall - ing sparrow, For 'tis precious in his sight.  
For my Saviour gent - ly whispers, "Are ye not much more than they ?"  
In the sunshine and the shadow, Singing, he will care for me.

While his eye is on the sparrow I will not for - got - ten be.

# Victory Through Jesus.

"Thanks be unto God who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."—1 Cor. xv: 57.

IDA L. REED. Cho. by H. L. G.

H. L. GILMOUR.

1. Vict-'ry shall be ours thro' Je - sus, This our bat - tle cry ;  
 2. Vict-'ry thro' our Lord and Sav - iour, O - ver ev - 'ry foe ;  
 3. Vict-'ry shall be ours thro' Je - sus, O - ver ev - 'ry. wrong ;

We will trust his pow'r so gra - cious, As the days go by.  
 This the promise of his fa - vor, He will strength bestow.  
 Thro' his strength and grace we'll glad - ly Sing the vic - tor's song.

Nothing in ourselves a - vail - eth, But the Saviour's arm nev - er  
 For the conflict he will befriend us, Grace and mercy will e'er at -  
 Onward then, no e - vil we're fear - ing, Strengthened by his presence so

fail - eth, O - ver ev'ry wrong he prevail - eth, Thro' his might we'll win.  
 tend us, Overcoming strength he will send us, Thro' his might we'll win.  
 cheering We will go, his banner still bearing, Thro' his might we'll win.

## CHORUS.

Vic - tory thro' Jesus, vic - to - ry, Thanks be unto God, For thus hath he  
 glad vic - to - ry,

said, "O be not a-fraid, The bat-tle is not yours, but God's."   
 not yours, but

**Eden, Dear Eden.**

FANNY J. CROSBY.

H. S. THOMPSON.

1. There's a land unseen by our mortal eyes, And its joys no tongue can  
 2. Tho' our ties may break and our hearts may grieve, While the cross on earth we  
 3. Let us look above when the clouds are dark, Let us look by faith and  
 4. We shall meet ere long in a world of song, And its fadeless beauty

tell; Where in robes of white, in its vales of light, We shall  
 bear; There is joy at last, when our voyage is past, And our  
 prayer; Then we'll an-chor safe o'er the storm-girt wave, And our  
 share; We shall meet and sing through e-ter-nal spring, And our

*D. S.*—Soon our bark will land on thy gold-en strand, And our

*Fine.* CHORUS. *D. S.*  
 meet, and fore-er dwell. O Eden, dear Eden, Home bright and fair;  
 rest will be glorious there.  
 rest will be glorious there.  
 rest will be glorious there.  
 rest will be glorious there.

# Live Like the Master.

"Let this mind be in you, which was also in Christ Jesus."—Philipp. ii: 5.

E. E. HEWITT.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Live like the blessed Master; Bearing the light of love, Fling over darkened  
 2. Live like the blessed Mas-ter, Speaking a word of cheer, Lifting a heavy  
 3. Live like the blessed Master; Look for his footprints here; Finding our humblest

pathways Sunbeams that shine above. Singing the songs of Z-ion, 'Mid earthly  
 burden, Wiping a fall-ing tear; Sharing a neighbor's sorrow, Glad for an-  
 du-ties Hallowed by love sincere. O, to be more like Je-sus! Be every

toil and care, Planting, in lonely corners, Seeds that will blossom there.  
 oth-er's joy; So will the hours bring blessing, Treasures with no alloy.  
 thought and aim Filled with his gracious Spirit, Burning with heav'nly flame.

CHORUS.

No - bly, lov - ing - ly, cheer - ful - ly live; Live as a Christian should,

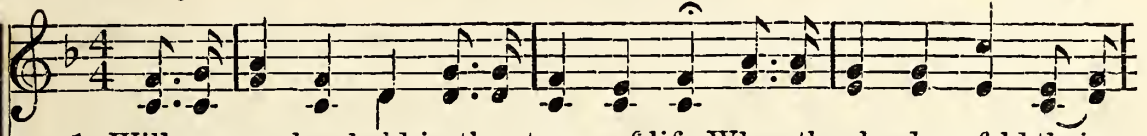
More like the bless - ed Mas - ter, Who "went about, do - ing good."

# We Have an Anchor.

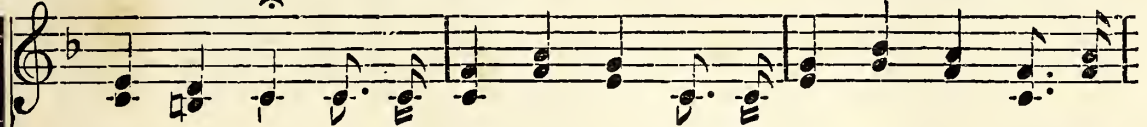
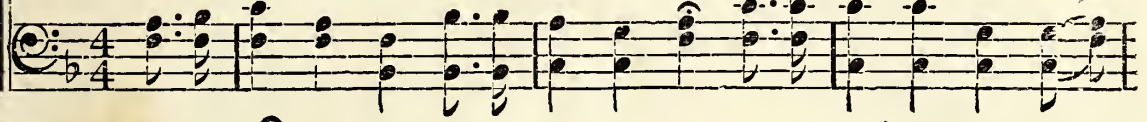
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PRISCILLA J. OWENS.

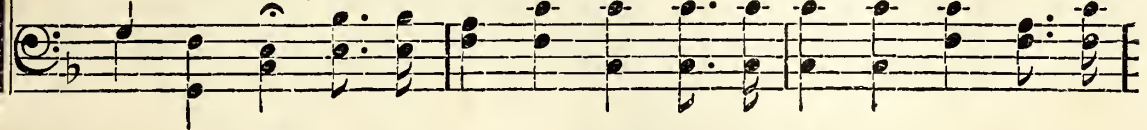
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



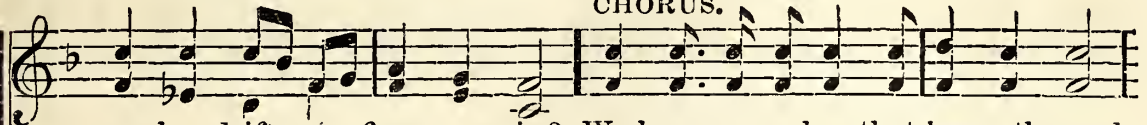
1. Will your anchor hold in the storms of life, When the clouds unfold their
2. It is safely moored, 'twill the storm withstand, For 'tis well secured by the
3. It will firmly hold in the straits of fear, When the breakers have told the
4. It will surely hold in the floods of death, When the waters cold chill our
5. When our eyes behold thro' the gath'ring night The city of gold, our



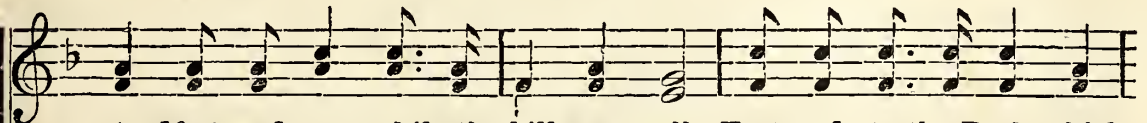
wings of strife? When the strong tides lift, and the cables strain, Will your Saviour's hand; And the cables, passed from his heart to mine, Can de-reef is near, Tho' the tempest rave and the wild winds blow, Not an lat - est breath, On the ris - ing tide it can nev - er fail, While our har - bor bright, We shall anchor fast by the heav'nly shore, with the



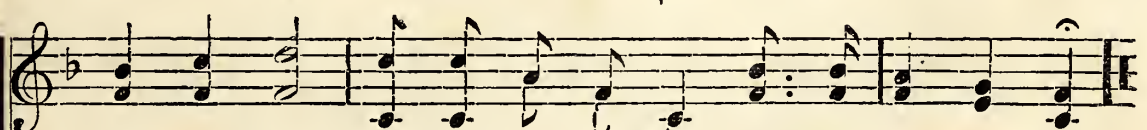
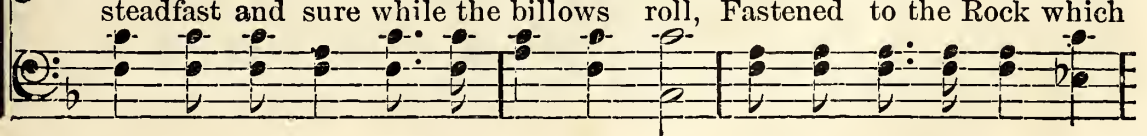
## CHORUS.



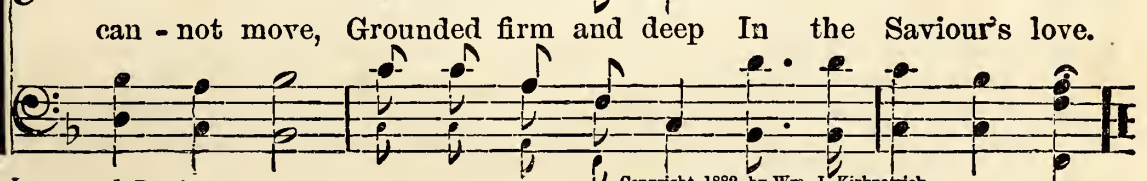
anchor drift, or firm remain? We have an anchor that keeps the soul  
fy the blast, thro' strength divine.  
angry wave shall our bark o'erflow.  
hopes a - bide with - in the veil.  
storms all past for - ev - ermore.



steadfast and sure while the billows roll, Fastened to the Rock which



can - not move, Grounded firm and deep In the Saviour's love.



# Jesus Receiveth Sinners.

"This Man receiveth sinners."—Luke xv: 2.

H. L. GILMOUR.

Tune "Under the Willows." Arr. by H. L. G.

1. The ban-quet hall is rich-ly spread, Je-sus re-ceive-eth sin-ners,  
 2. Now who-so-ev-er will may come, Je-sus re-ceive-eth sin-ners,  
 3. His precious blood is all thy plea, Je-sus re-ceive-eth sin-ners,  
 4. Oh, let his love now reach thy heart, Je-sus re-ceive-eth sin-ners,

Where rich and poor a-like are fed, Je-sus re-ceive-eth sin-ners.  
 There's pardon, rest, and home, sweet home, Je-sus re-ceive-eth sin-ners.  
 On Calvary's cross 'twas shed for thee, Je-sus re-ceive-eth sin-ners.  
 And un-to thee new life impart, Je-sus re-ceive-eth sin-ners.

## CHORUS.

Save, might-y Je-sus save, Save a poor sinner from dy-ing;

Save, might-y Je-sus, save, Now on thy promise re-ly-ing.

5 Your faith may triumph over doubt,  
 Jesus receiveth sinners;  
 Then with the ransom'd you can shout,  
 Jesus receiveth sinners.

6 I now believe the blood's applied,  
 Jesus receiveth sinners;  
 I'm trusting in the crucified,  
 Jesus receiveth sinners.

# Thank God, I See.

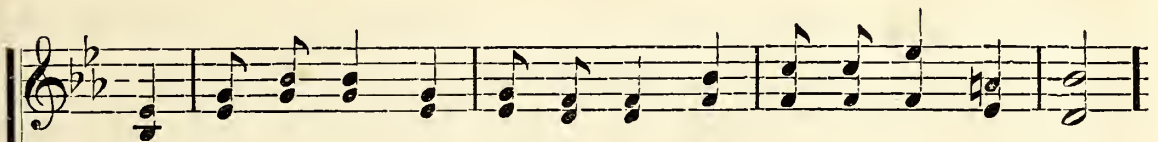
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W. J. K.

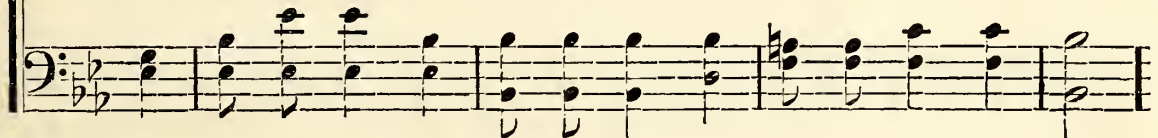
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. I'll sing of Je - sus' wondrous love, And what he's done for me;
2. My way was dark, my soul was bound, No pow'r could set me free
3. I knew 'twas Je - sus, bless his name, He whispered peace to me;
4. When I be-held his smiling face, In beau-ty, from a - bove;
5. And now the cleansing fount I see, By faith, I feel and know



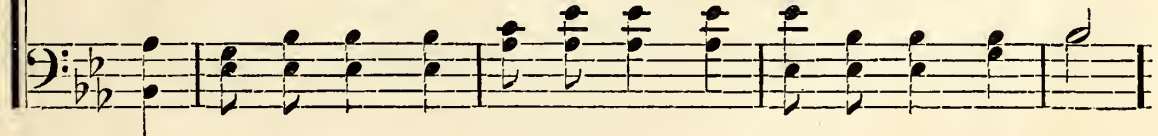
Whereas, I once was blind in sin, Thank God, I now can see.  
Till Jesus came and touched my eyes, And now, thank God, I see.  
He saved my soul, the light flowed in, And now, thank God, I see.  
The oil of gladness on my head He poured in streams of love.  
That Je - sus' blood a - vails for me, And wash-es white as snow.



## CHORUS.



I see, I see, thank God, I see, My blindness now is o'er;



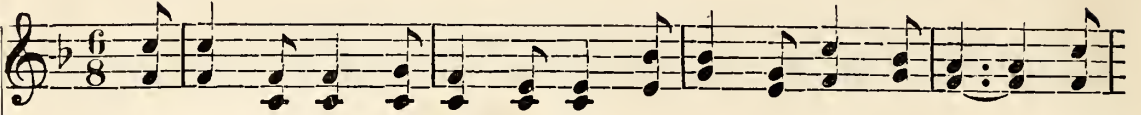
And Je - sus is re - vealed to me, My Saviour ev - er - more.



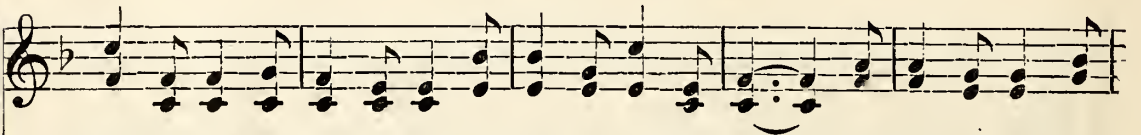
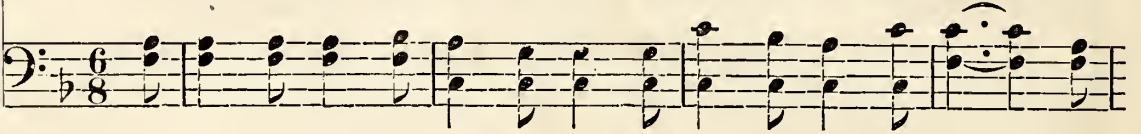
# Faith is the Victory.

JOHN H. YATES.

IRA D. SANKEY.



1. Encamped a-long the hills of light, Ye Christian soldiers, rise, And
2. His ban-ner o-ver us is love, Our sword the word of God; We
3. On ev-'ry hand the foe we find Drawn up in dread ar-ray; Let
4. To him that o-vercomes the foe, White raiment shall be giv'n; Be-



press the battle ere the night Shall veil the glowing skies; Against the foe in  
tread the road the saints above With shouts of triumph trod; By faith they, like a  
tents of ease be left behind, And onward to the fray; Sal-vation's helmet  
fore the angels he shall know His name confessed in heaven; Then onward from the

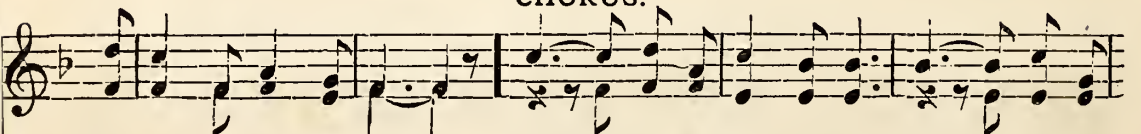


vales below, Let all our strength be hurled; Faith is the vic-to-ry we know,  
whirlwind's breath, Swept on o'er ev'ry field;

The faith by which they conquered death  
on each head, With truth all girt about, The earth shall tremble 'neath our tread,  
hills of light, Our hearts with love aflame; We'll vanquish all the hosts of night,



## CHORUS.



That overcomes the world. Faith is the vic-to-ry! Faith is the  
Is still our shining shield.  
And ech-o with our shout.  
In Jesus' conqu'ring name.





vic - to - ry! Oh, glo - ri - ous vic - to - ry, That overcomes the world.

What a Meeting.

W. J. K.

W. J. KING.

1. What a meeting that will be in heaven, On that great day,  
 2. No more sorrows will a - wait our coming Where all is love;  
 3. Oh, what joy when we behold our mansions, All bright and fair,

When we greet again our friends and lov'd ones, With them to stay.  
 Sin and pain will nev - er more distress us In heav'n a - bove.  
 See the bless - ed face of our Redeem - er In glo - ry there.

CHORUS.

What a meet - - ing, When we raise the new, new song;  
 What a happy meeting, What a happy meeting,

Joining in ten thousand hal - le - lu - jahs With the blood wash'd throng.

# I Never will Cease to Love Him.

C. H. G.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. For all the Lord has done for me, I never will cease to love him ;  
 2. He gives me strength for ev'ry day, I never will cease to love him ;  
 3. Tho' all the world his love re-ject, I never will cease to love him ;  
 4. He saves me ev - 'ry day and hour, I never will cease to love him ;  
 5. While on my journey here be- low, I never will cease to love him ;

And for his grace so rich and free, I never will cease to love him.  
 He leads and guides me all the way, I never will cease to love him.  
 I could not such a friend neglect, I never will cease to love him.  
 Just now I feel his cleansing pow'r, I never will cease to love him.  
 And when to that bright world I go, I never will cease to love him.

## CHORUS.

I never will cease to love him, my Saviour, my Saviour ;  
 He's my Sav-iour, he's my Sav-iour ;

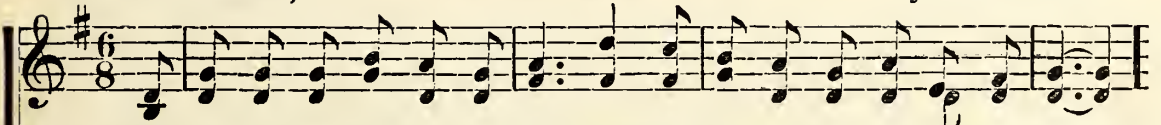
I nev-er will cease to love him, He's done so much for me.  
 For he's done so much for me.

# Christ Within.

23

Rev. B. CARRADINE, D. D.

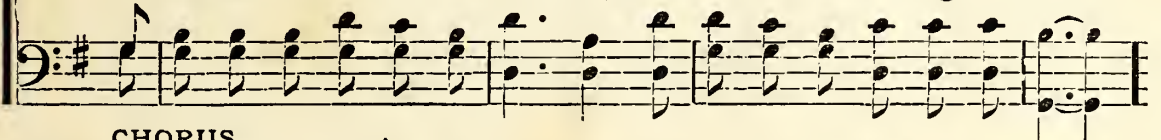
JNO. R. SWENEY.



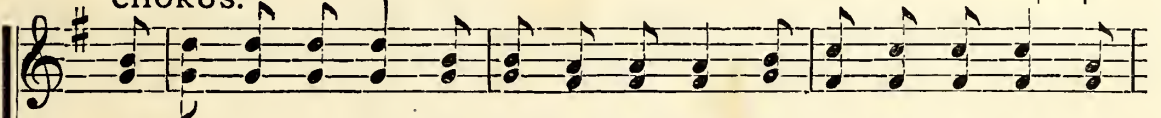
1. My heart was once heavy with sadness And struggling with burdens and sin,
2. Once Jesus would visit his dwelling, 'Then leave thro' my doubt or my sin;
3. The grave was once dark to my vision, A goal that I cared not to win;
4. I oft-en repined un-der crosses, And knew not repining was sin;



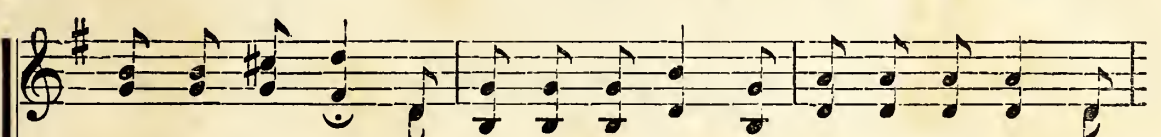
But now it is thrilling with gladness, For Je-sus is dwelling with-in.  
But now I rejoice in the tell-ing, My Saviour a-bideth with-in.  
A gate now to countries e-ly-sian! Since Jesus is dwelling with-in.  
I shout now o'er burdens and losses, For Je-sus is dwelling with-in.



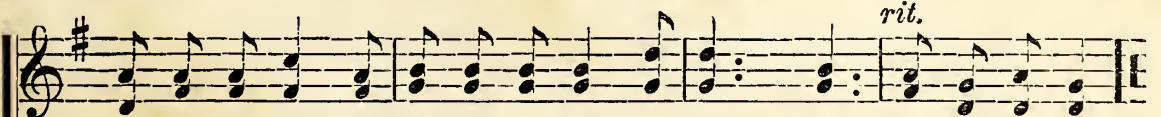
## CHORUS.



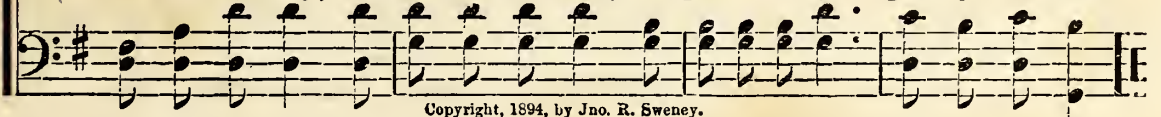
O glo-ry to God! the Saviour has come; He dwells in my heart and



makes it his home: I hear his sweet voice and feel his own blood, And



shout on my way, at home and abroad,—O glo-ry, glo-ry to God!



Copyright, 1894, by Jno. R. Sweney.

5 Gone now is the sighing and sorrow,  
The cares and the fears of the day;  
I ask not what comes with the morrow,  
For Jesus is in me to stay.

6 Let Satan and man now assail me,  
Let death lay me low in the grave;  
The Victor within will not fail me,  
What more can I pray for, or have?

# Overflowing Measures.

"Good measure, pressed down, shaken together, running over."—LUKE vi: 38.

E. E. HEWITT.

ROBERT LOWRY.

1. Press'd and running over—'Tis our Father's way ; O- verflowing measures  
 2. O- verflowing measures Of the peace of God ; Love, like summer sunshine,  
 3. O- verflowing measures, Not for self a- lone ; True and faithful service

Will his grace display ; Riv- ers of sal- vation From the cross outpour ;  
 Sweetly shed a- broad ; Pow'r to use for Je- sus, In our dai- ly task,  
 Will his bounty own ; Ev- 'ry gift is doubled, To ano- th- er lent,

## CHORUS.

Hast thou found a blessing ? Ask for more and more. O - ver - flowing,  
 Freely hath he promised ; Let us free - ly ask.  
 Like the cruse un- failing, Growing as 'tis spent.

Grace abundant - ly ! O - ver - flowing From the cross for thee ; thee.

# Saviour, & Come.

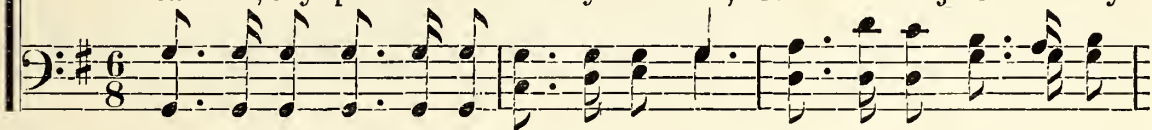
25

CARRIE E. BRECK.

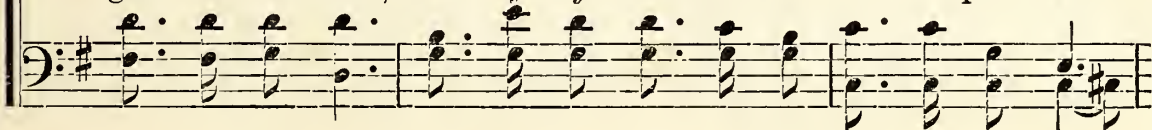
H. L. GILMOUR.



1. Saviour, I come in the deepest distress, Come in my weakness, my
2. Sin - ful I come, with no good of my own, Come un - to thee for the
3. Saviour, I come to thee just as I am, Now I will wash in the
4. Saviour, I come and thy word I believe, I will thy love and thy
5. Saviour, thy promise of mer - cy I claim, Now I re - joice in thy



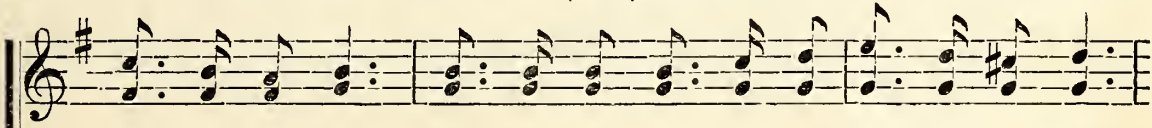
sin to con - fess; Trust - ing the word of thy prom - ise to bless,  
love thou hast shown; Ful - ly I trust thee and trust thee a - lone,  
blood of the Lamb; Thou wilt di - vest me of pride and of shame,  
par - don re - ceive; Now do I come, and I nev - er will leave,  
glo - ri - ous name; Glad - ly thy won - der - ful love I'll pro - claim.



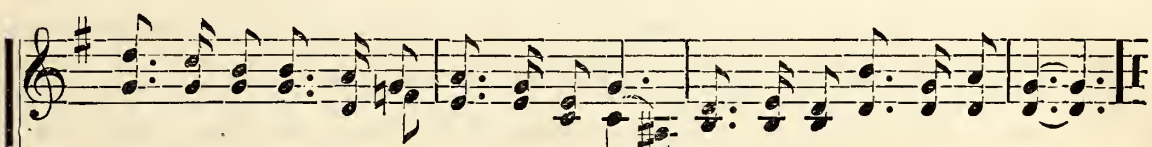
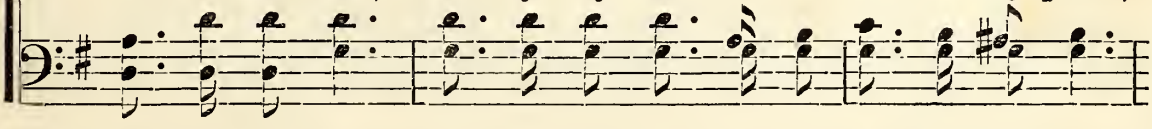
## CHORUS.



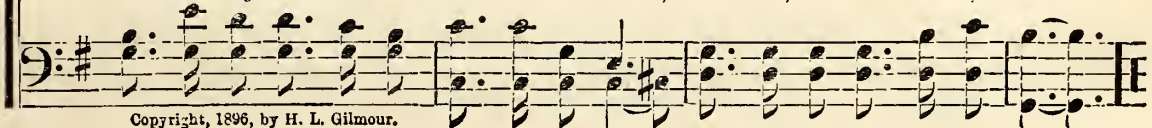
Sav - iour, dear Sav - iour, I come. Just as I am, in my



sor - row and need, On - ly thy love and suf - fi - cien - cy plead;



Thou art my blessed Redeem - er in - deed, Saviour, dear Saviour, I come.



# March, March Away.

MARTHA J. LANKTON.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. March, march away to the world's great field,  
 Sing in our hearts, in our hearts rejoicing;  
 2. Haste, no delay, for the foe is nigh, On, like the true and the brave advancing;  
 3. March to the front with a bold, firm tread, Trust in the Lord our divine commander;

*Fine.*  
 March, march to-day with our sword and shield, Armed for the strife and the toil of life.  
 Strong in the strength of the Lord most high,  
 March, march along with a shout and song.  
 Hold to the truth that his word has said, I will defend till the war shall end.

Far over the deep resounding, Far over the isles rebounding,  
 over the deep, over the isles,  
 See, yonder the light is gleaming, Far over the hills 'tis beaming,  
 yonder the light, over the hills,  
 His banner of love is o'er us, Wake, joyfully wake the chorus,  
 banner of love, joyfully wake,

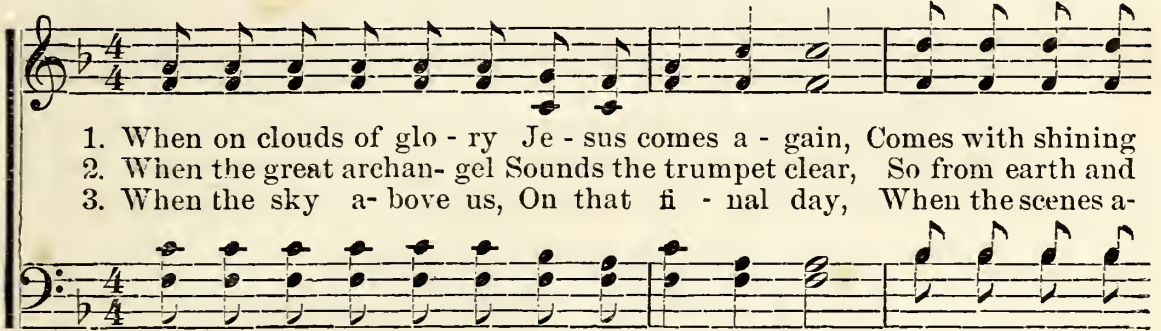
*Use first four lines as Chorus. D. C.*  
 Hear loudly the war cry sounding, March away, away, steadily march away.  
 loudly the cry,  
 Down into the vale 'tis streaming, March away, away, steadily march away.  
 into the vale,  
 He leadeth the way before us, March away, away, steadily march away.  
 leadeth the way,

# When on Clouds of Glory.

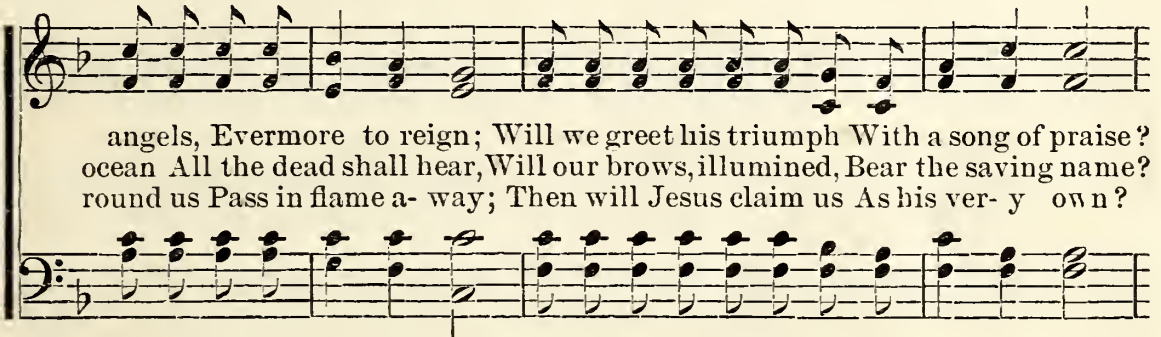
27

E. E. HEWITT.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

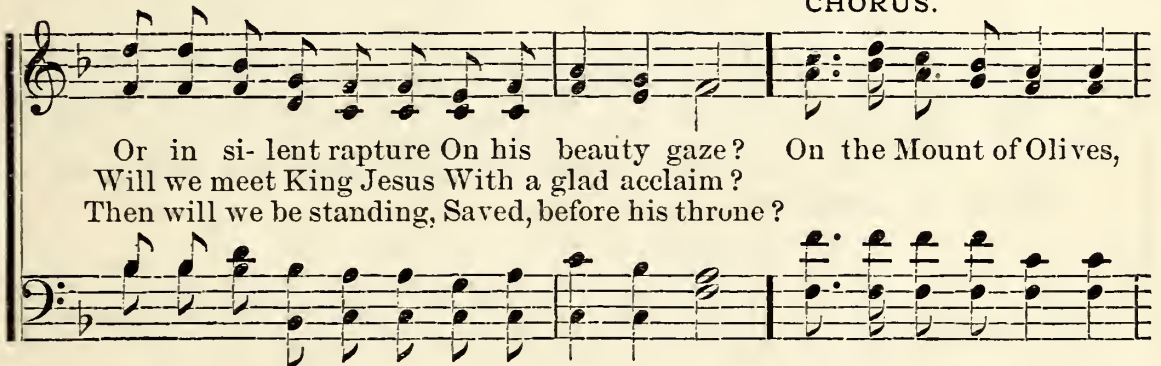


1. When on clouds of glo - ry Je - sus comes a - gain, Comes with shining  
2. When the great archan - gel Sounds the trumpet clear, So from earth and  
3. When the sky a - bove us, On that fi - nal day, When the scenes a -

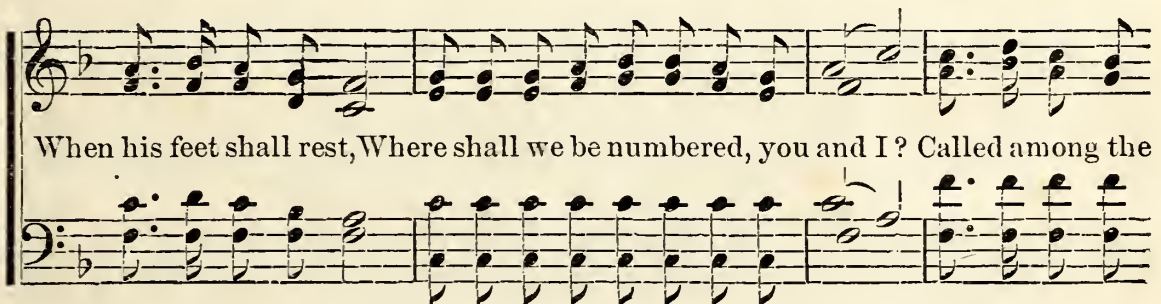


angels, Evermore to reign; Will we greet his triumph With a song of praise?  
ocean All the dead shall hear, Will our brows, illumined, Bear the saving name?  
round us Pass in flame a - way; Then will Jesus claim us As his ver - y own?

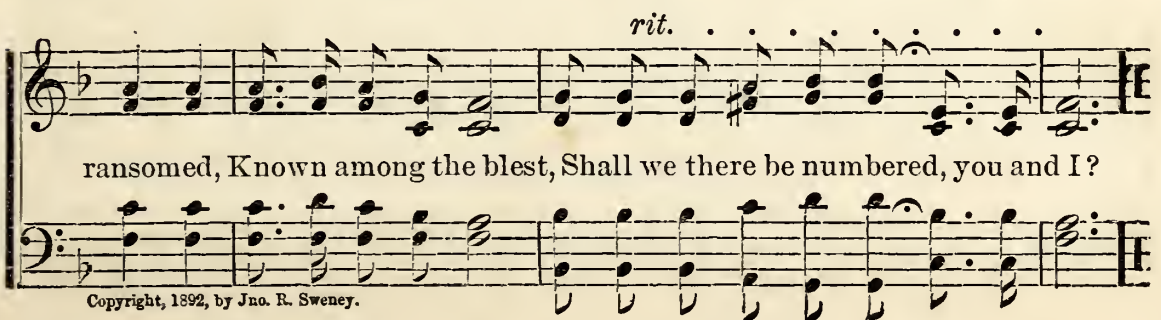
## CHORUS.



Or in si - lent rapture On his beauty gaze? On the Mount of Olives,  
Will we meet King Jesus With a glad acclaim?  
Then will we be standing, Saved, before his throne?



When his feet shall rest, Where shall we be numbered, you and I? Called among the



*rit.*  
ransomed, Known among the blest, Shall we there be numbered, you and I?

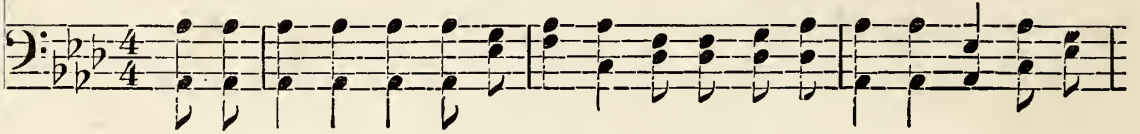
# I will Cling to the Rock of Ages.

JENNIE WILSON.

I. H. MEREDITH.



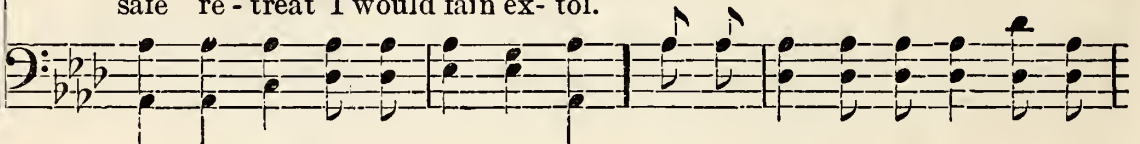
1. When life's billows beat and the tempest rages, There is still one refuge that
2. To the Rock I'll cling when the skies are smiling, And the sunlit waves seek to
3. To the Rock I'll cling till the light eternal In its glory breaks on my



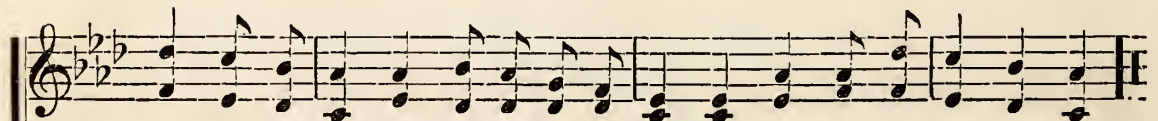
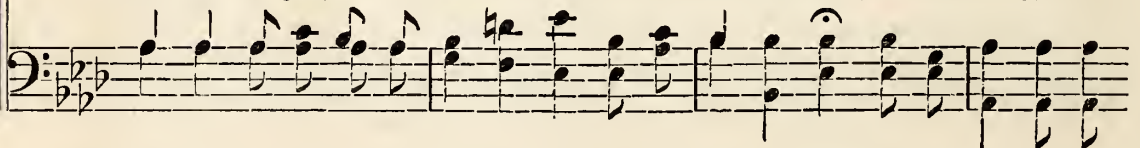
standeth sure; I will close-ly cling to the Rock of A-ges, For I  
lure a-way; When the world's vain joys are my soul beguiling, In that  
wait-ing soul, And with an-gel voi-ces in songs su-pernal Still that



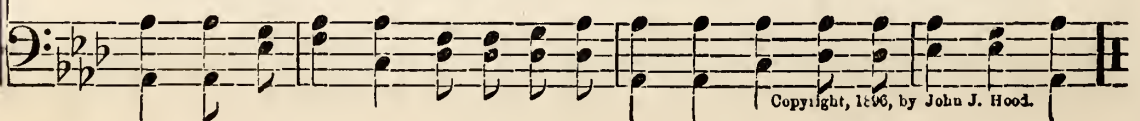
know that there I can rest se-secure. I will cling, closely cling to the  
bless-ed place I will ev-er stay.  
safe re-treat I would fain ex-tol.



Rock of A-ges, In its sacred cleft can no harm betide; I will cling, ever



cling to the Rock of A-ges, And by grace divine I will there a-bide.





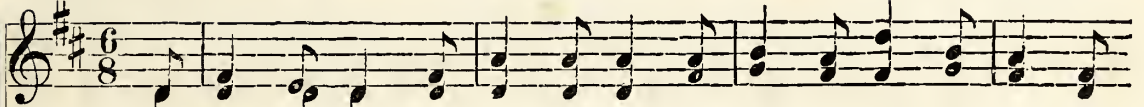
# Christ, Our Passover.

29

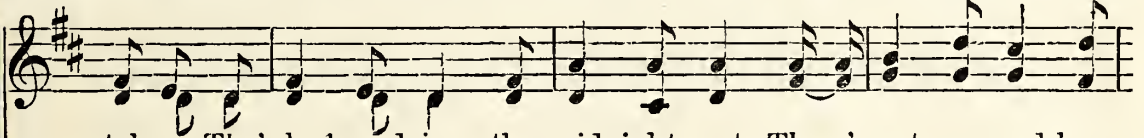
H. L. G.

I Cor. v: 7.

H. L. GILMOUR.



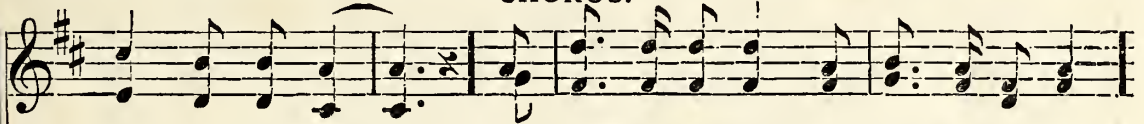
1. Our Lamb is slain, the Paschal Lamb, Of which the old is but a
2. Come, climb to Calv'ry's mournful site, And see the streaming wounds of
3. I'll ne'er for-get when first, by faith, I saw my Saviour, bleeding,
4. There's sweet re- pose beneath the cross, And safe - ty when the blood doth
5. The blood's the bridge that spans the gulf, And brings us near to God, and



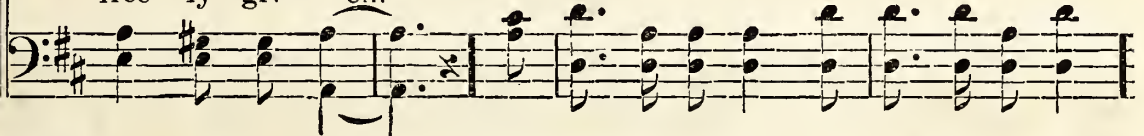
token; Tho' shadowed in the midnight past, There's not a word has  
Jesus; The spot-less vic-tim yields his life, And from the sword of  
dying; And there a-gain, for Per-fect Love, I plunged in-to the  
cov-er; For God has spok-en in his word, "When I see the blood, I  
Heaven; It flows for you, it flows for me, O sin-ner, come, 'tis



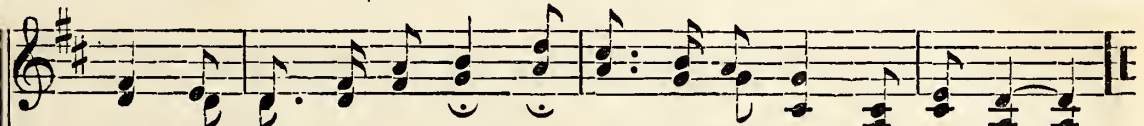
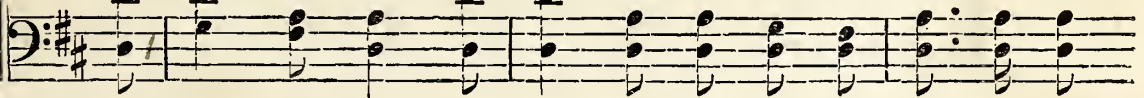
## CHORUS.



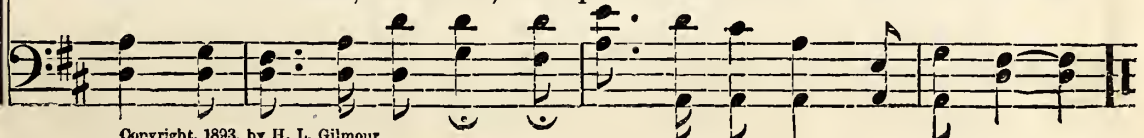
e'er been brok - en. I'm un-der the blood, the pass - o-ver blood,  
jus - tice frees us.  
fountain, cry - ing.  
will pass o - ver."  
free - ly giv - en.



The Lamb was "slain from the foun-da-tion;" It points to the



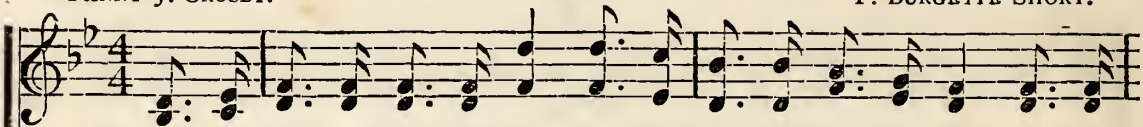
side of Je - sus, who died, And purchased for us sal - va - tion.



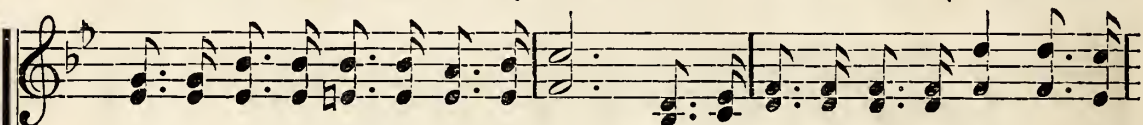
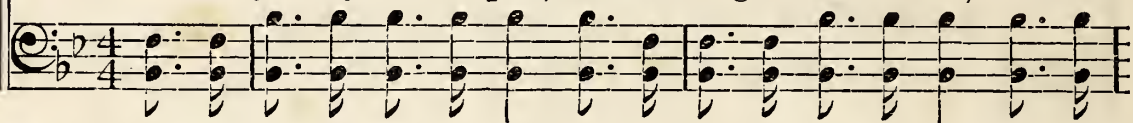
# The Happy Song.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

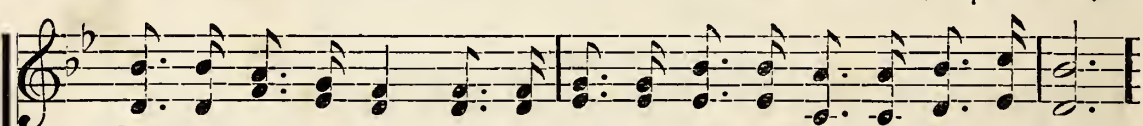
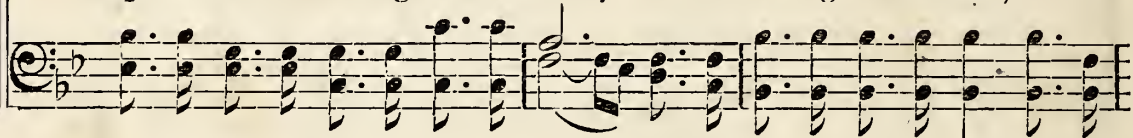
F. BURGETTE SHORT.



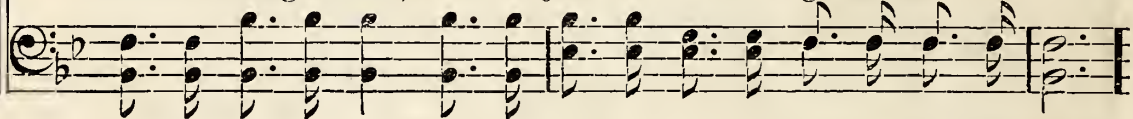
1. Oh, the joy that we may know when u - ni - ted here be - low We are  
 2. Oh, the rap - ture of the soul, tho' the stormy billows roll, If in  
 3. Oh, the tranquil peace and love that he giv - eth from a - bove, And the  
 4. When our journey here is past, and the twilight comes at last, When the



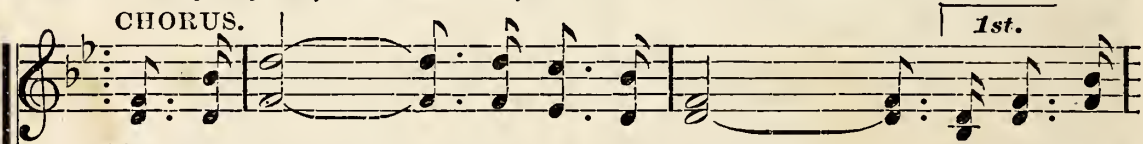
marching to the palace of the King; With our faith serenely bright ev'ry  
 Jesus we are sheltered from a - larms; We can shout aloud his praise, who di -  
 comfort that his sacred presence brings; When he calls his own apart, and com -  
 deeper shades of evening shall descend; What a morning will be ours, in those



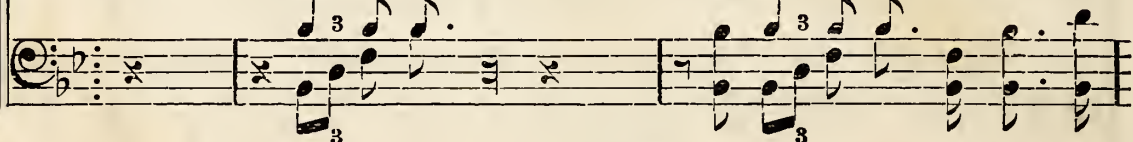
burden will be light, And togeth - er of his mer - cy we shall sing.  
 rect - ed all our ways, For beneath us are his ev - er - last - ing arms.  
 munes with ev'ry heart, While we rest beneath the shadow of his wings.  
 nev - er - fading bowers, When we join the nobler song that ne'er shall end.



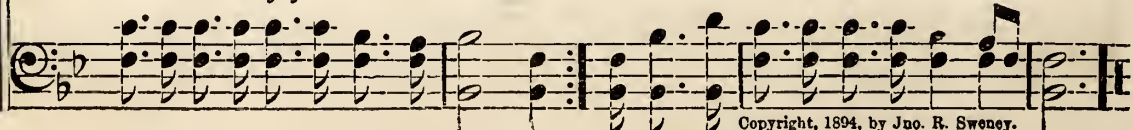
CHORUS.



Sing the song, . . . . . the hap - py song, . . . . . That fills with  
 Sing the song, the hap - py song,



joy . . . . . the realms of glory; And praise his name, his name forevermore.  
 that fills with joy



# It Just Suits Me.

E. E. HEWITT.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. What a wonder - ful salvation! For its length and breadth and height  
 2. Oh, this blessed "who-so - ev - er," Calling ev - 'ry one who will.  
 3. Precious promis - es of Je - sus, Sweeping ev - 'ry human need!  
 4. What a perfect, present Saviour! What a true and loving friend!

Far ex - cel the grandest knowledge Of the ser - a - phim in light;  
 To the sparkling, liv - ing waters, Flowing ful - ly, free - ly still;  
 For the grace of our Redeem - er Must our high - est thought exceed;  
 Can we ev - er praise him rightly? Tell how grace and glo - ry blend?

I can nev - er, nev - er fathom Half its ho - ly mys - ter - y,  
 No, I know not why he loves me, But his blood is all my plea;  
 To the mighty, roy - al storehouse Let me use the gold - en key,  
 Now the Prince of Peace is reigning, O - ver - rul - ing all I see;

CHORUS.

But I know it is for sinners, And it just suits me. It just suits  
 I can trust his "whoso - ev - er," For it just suits me.  
 Find the special, tender promise That will just suit me.  
 So, whatev - er lot he orders, May it just suit me.

me, It just suits me, This wonderful salvation, It just suits me.

# Standing on the Promises.

R. K. C.

R. KELSO CARTER.

1. Standing on the prom-is - es of Christ my King, Thro' e - ter - nal  
 2. Standing on the prom-is - es that can - not fail, When the howling  
 3. Standing on the prom-is - es I now can see Per - fect, present  
 4. Standing on the prom-is - es of Christ the Lord, Bound to him e -  
 5. Standing on the prom-is - es I can - not fall, Listening ev - ery

a - ges let his prais-es ring; Glo - ry in the highest, I will shout and sing,  
 storms of doubt and fear as - sail, By the liv - ing Word of God I shall pre - vail,  
 cleansing in the blood for me; Standing in the liberty where Christ makes free,  
 ter - nally by love's strong cord, O - vercoming dai - ly with the Spir - its' sword,  
 moment to the Spir - its' call, Rest - ing in my Saviour, as my all in all,

CHORUS.

Standing on the promises of God. Stand - ing, stand - ing,  
 Standing on the promises, Standing on the promises,

Standing on the promis - es of God my Saviour; Stand - - ing,  
 Standing on the promis - es,

stand - - ing, I'm standing on the promis - es of God.  
 Standing on the prom - is - es,

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# Make Way for the King.

E. E. HEWITT. "Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make his paths straight." H. L. GILMOUR.

1. Awake, slumb'ring heralds, make way for the King, Rouse, watchmen of  
2. The word of his truth, like a keen, glitt'ring sword, Will cut down the  
3. Oh, hear the glad chime of the sweet gospel bells, As the wheels of his  
4. Then wake, slumb'ring heralds, go forth in his name, Re - move ev - 'ry

Zi - on, to pray'r! Your love and your service a - bundantly bring, Straight  
mountains of sin, And make mighty channels, where blessings outpour'd, Shall in  
chariot draw near; The shout of the ransom'd triumphantly swells, The  
hin - der - ing stone; The King is advanc - ing, soon angels proclaim, He

**CHORUS.**  
paths for the Master prepare. Oh, make way, oh, make way!  
waves of sal - vation roll in.  
light of his day shall appear.  
cometh to gath - er his own. for the King, for the King!

Make way for the King, make way! Spread thro' all . . . . the world his story,  
for the King! spread thro' all

*cres.* *rit.*  
He is com - - ing in his glory, Make way for the King, make way, make  
He is coming [way!

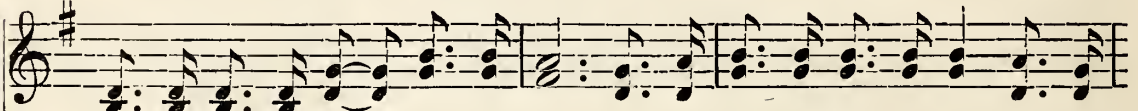
## The Old Fountain.

EMMA M. JOHNSTON.

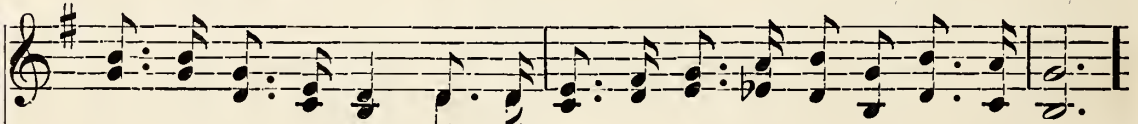
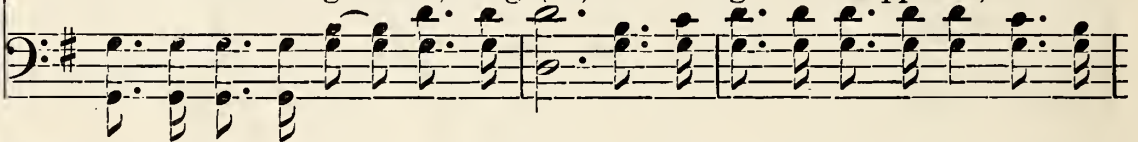
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. By Samaria's way-side well Once a blessed message fell On a  
 2. And a lit - tle captive maid, By a lep - er undismayed, Told to  
 3. And a woman in a crowd, Without word or cry a - loud, Just stoop'd



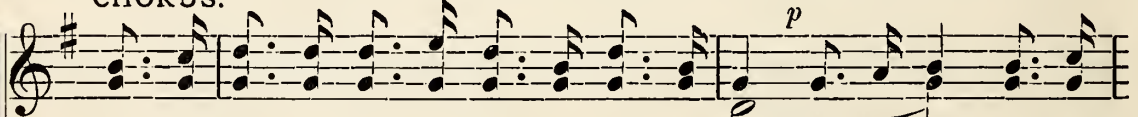
woman's thirsty soul, Long a - go; And to eyes that long were seal'd Was the  
 him a simple story, Long ago; That the stream where he might lave Had a  
 down and touch'd his garment, Long ago; As her urgent soul appeal'd, So her



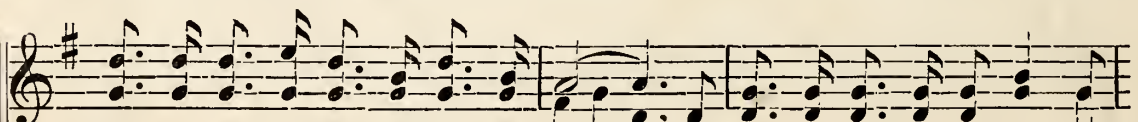
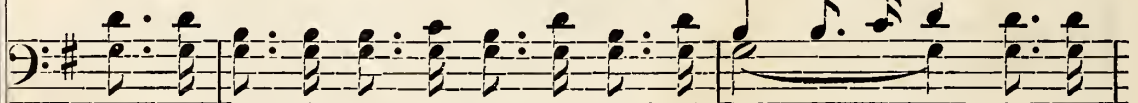
glorious light reveal'd, Thro' a fountain that was open'd Long a - go.  
 lone the pow'r to save, Thro' his trust in that old fountain, Long a - go.  
 sinful soul was heal'd, In that fountain that was open'd Long a - go.



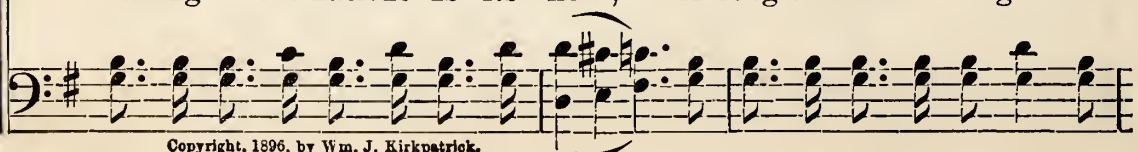
## CHORUS.



There's a fountain that was opened Long a - go, Long a - go, For the



healing of the nations Is its flow; A - long the line of a - ges The



prophets and the sages Caught the singing of its waters, Long a-go. Long ago.

4 As the eunuch tried to read  
Philip taught him of his need,  
And baptized him in the stream,  
Long ago;  
As the outward seal and sign  
Of an inward work divine,  
That was wrought through that old  
Long ago. [fountain,

5 O thou fountain, deep and wide,  
Flowing from the wounded side  
That was pierced for our redemption,  
Long ago;  
In thy ever-cleansing wave  
There is found all pow'r to save,  
'Tis the pow'r that heal'd the nations,  
Long ago.

### Oh, Wondrous Rock!

"I will put thee in a cleft of the rock."—Ex. xxx: 22.

E. G.

EDWIN GARDNER.

1. Oh, wondrous Rock of God, Ho-ly and pure! Thou art my hiding place,  
2. I have been toss'd about On waves of sin; 'To thee a-lone I come,

From harm secure. Strong as eternal hills Thou shalt abide; There, in thy  
Oh, let me in. There is no other place Where I would be So safe for

bosom sweet, Safe let me hide.  
ev-ermore As close to thee.

3 To thee, my blessed Rock,  
My all I bring;  
In thee will I abide,  
And to thee cling.  
Safe where no ill can harm,  
Or dark wave roll,  
Within thy riven side,  
Oh, hide my soul.

# O for a Heart Whiter than Snow.

E. E. HEWITT.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. O for a heart that is whiter than snow! Kept, ever kept, 'neath the  
 2. O for a heart that is whiter than snow! Calm in the peace that he  
 3. O for a heart that is whiter than snow! With the pure flame of the  
 4. O for a heart that is whiter than snow! Then in his grace and his

life - giv - ing flow; Cleansed from all pas - sion, self - seeking, and pride,  
 loves to be - stow; Dai - ly refreshed by the heav - en - ly dews,  
 Spir - it a - glow; Filled with the love that is true and sin - cere,  
 knowledge to grow; Grow - ing like him who my pat - tern shall be,

## CHORUS.

Washed in the fountain of Cal - va - ry's tide. O for a heart  
 Read - y for ser - vice whene'er he shall choose.  
 Love that is a - ble to ban - ish all fear.  
 Till in his beau - ty my King I shall see.

whit - er than snow! Sa - viour di - vine, to whom else can I go?

Thou who didst die, loving me so, Give me a heart that is whiter than snow.



# Wondrously Saved.

37

Rev. H. J. ZELLEY.

H. L. GILMOUR.



1. An offering now of praise I'll bring, I'm wondrously saved to - day ;
2. I'll praise the Lord for grace divine, I'm wondrously saved to - day,
3. I'll praise him for his guiding hand, I'm wondrously saved to - day,
4. I'll praise him for his keeping pow'r, I'm wondrously saved to - day,



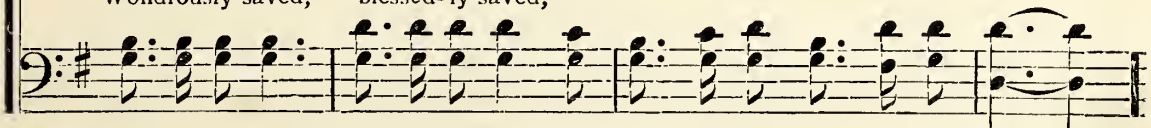
Let ev - 'ry ransomed sin - ner sing, I'm wondrously saved to - day.  
That saved and cleansed this heart of mine, I'm wondrously saved to - day.  
That leads me thro' this hos - tile land, I'm wondrously saved to - day.  
That bore me up in sorrow's hour, I'm wondrously saved to - day.



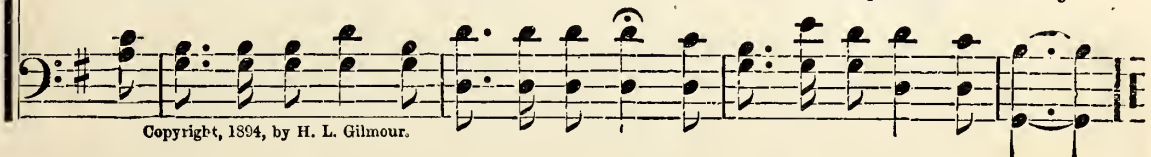
## CHORUS.



Saved, . . . saved, . . . My sins are all tak - en a - way ;  
Wondrously saved, blessed - ly saved,



I'm washed in the blood, all glory to God, I'm wondrously saved to - day.



Copyright, 1894, by H. L. Gilmour.

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| 5 I'll praise him with my dying breath,<br>I'm wondrously saved to-day,<br>Who saved from Satan, sin and death,<br>I'm wondrously saved to-day. | 6 And then I'll praise him up in heav'n,<br>I'm wondrously saved to-day, [giv'n,<br>Where blood-washed robes and harps are<br>I'm wondrously saved to-day. |
|---|--|

1. Rouse, ye Christian workers, be ye up and doing, Shall the Master's kingdom  
 2. Wait no longer for some more convenient season, Souls are dying round you,  
 3. Do your spirits fal-ter at the undertaking, Lest one might repay you  
 4. Ev'ry soul you win shall add a star of beauty To the crown of glory

suf - fer at your hands? There are precious souls just waiting for your  
 let them not be lost; Talk or sing of Je - sus, they will yield to  
 with a cru - el sneer? Do not let them per - ish, stand no long - er  
 Je - sus has for you; Always thus be working, do - ing all your

*D.S.*—seeking to re-

woo - ing, Go ye forth and win them, Christ your Lord commands.  
 rea - son, Tell of their re - demp - tion, what a price it cost.  
 quaking, Win them for the Mas - ter, tell them he is near.  
 du - ty, Winning souls for Je - sus, they will bless you too.

claim them, Oh, be up and winning souls, while 'tis called to - day.

## CHORUS.

Winning souls, winning souls, winning souls for Je - sus, Oh, what joy in

winning souls from the downward way; Out up - on the highways,

*D.S.*

# I Will Go.

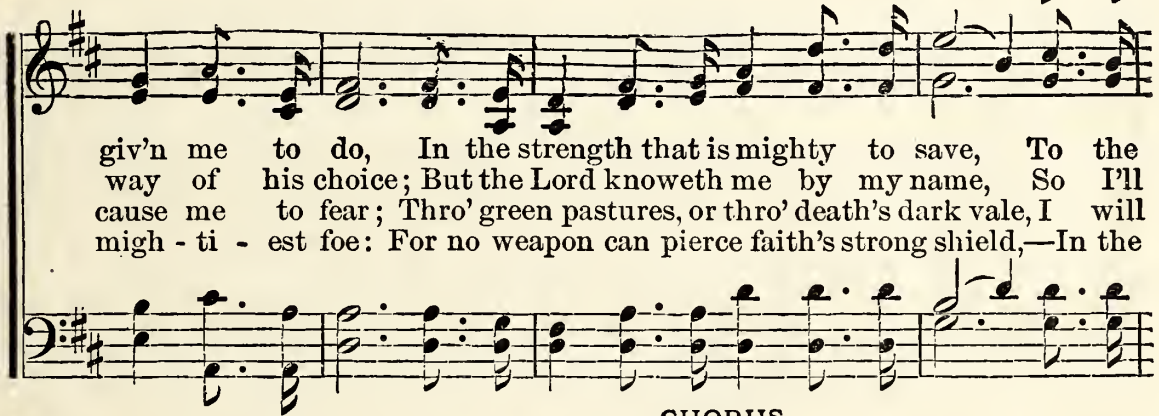
39

F. G. BURROUGHS.

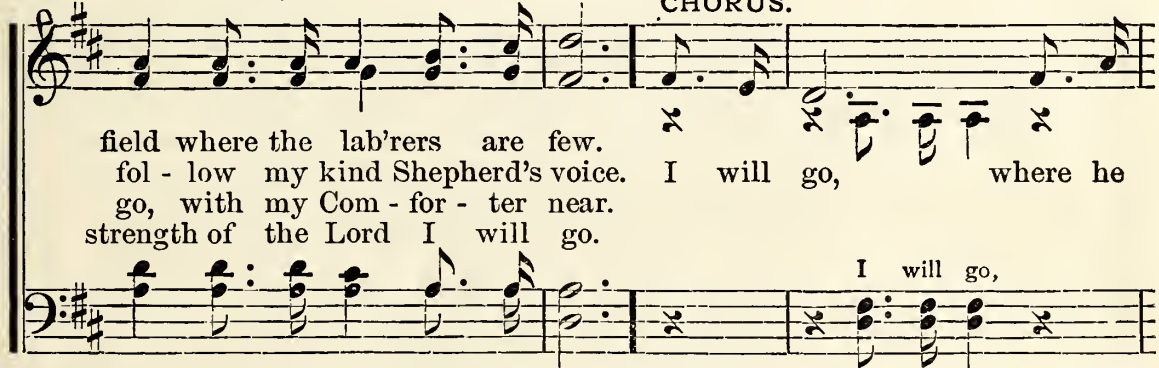
H. L. GILMOUR.



1. I will go in the strength of the Lord, To the work he has  
2. I will go at his gen - tle command, Tho' I know not the  
3. I will go in the strength of the Lord, And no e - vil shall  
4. I will go, in his pan - op - ly clad, And undaunted by



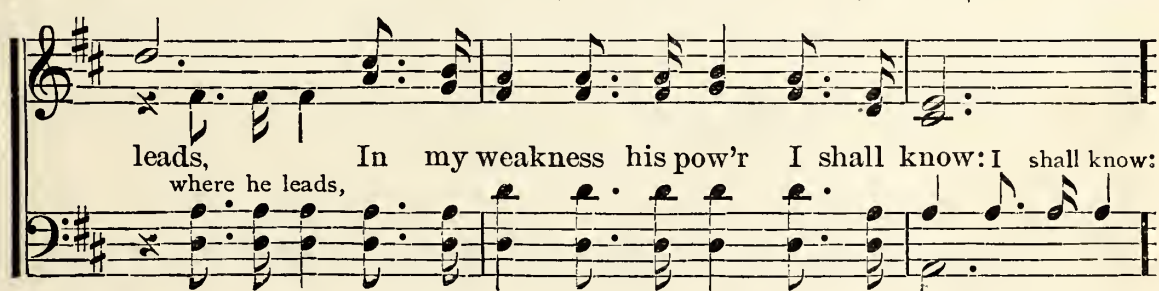
giv'n me to do, In the strength that is mighty to save, To the  
way of his choice; But the Lord knoweth me by my name, So I'll  
cause me to fear; Thro' green pastures, or thro' death's dark vale, I will  
migh - ti - est foe: For no weapon can pierce faith's strong shield,—In the



CHORUS.

field where the lab'ers are few.  
fol - low my kind Shepherd's voice. I will go, where he  
go, with my Com - for - ter near.  
strength of the Lord I will go.

I will go,



leads, In my weakness his pow'r I shall know: I shall know:  
where he leads,



All things, by his grace, I can do,— In the strength of the Lord I will go.  
by his grace, I can do,—

# The Saver Me.

J. W. VAN DE VENTER.

W. S. WEEDEN. By per.

1. The dear loving Saviour has found me, And shatter'd the fetters that bound me,  
 2. He sought me so long ere I knew him, But fi - nal - ly winning me to him,  
 3. I nev - er, no, never will leave him, Grow weary of service and grieve him,

Tho' all was con - fusion a - round me, He came and spoke peace to my soul;  
 I yielded my all to pur - sue him, And asked to be filled with his grace;  
 I'll constantly trust and believe him, Remain in his presence di - vine;

The blessed Redeemer that bought me, In tenderness constantly sought me,  
 Although a vile sin - ner before him, Thro' faith I was led to implore him,  
 A - biding in love ev - er flowing, In knowledge and grace ever growing,

The way of sal - vation he taught me, And made my heart perfectly whole.  
 And now I rejoice and a - dore him, Restored to his lov - ing em - brace.  
 Con - fid - ing im - plicit - ly, knowing That Je - sus the Saviour is mine.

## CHORUS.

He saves me, he saves me, His love fills my soul, hallelu - jah! Oh, glo - ry,

Oh, glo - ry, { His Spir - it a - bideth with - in;  
His blood cleanses (*Omit.*) . . . . . me from all sin.

**Under the Cross.**

WM. McDONALD.

E. O. EXCELL. By per.

1. I am coming to the cross, I am poor, and weak, and blind;  
2. Long my heart has sigh'd for thee, Long has e - vil reign'd with - in;  
3. Here I give my all to thee, Friends, and time, and earthly store;

I am counting all but dross, I shall full sal - va - tion find. . . . .  
Je - sus sweetly speaks to me, "I will cleanse you from all sin." . . . . .  
Soul and bod - y thine to be, Wholly thine for - ev - er - more. . . . .  
Hal - le - lujah!

**CHORUS.**

Un - der the cross I lay my sins, Un - der the cross they lie;

Un - der the cross I lay my sins, Un - der the cross I'll die.

# The Grand Old Ark.

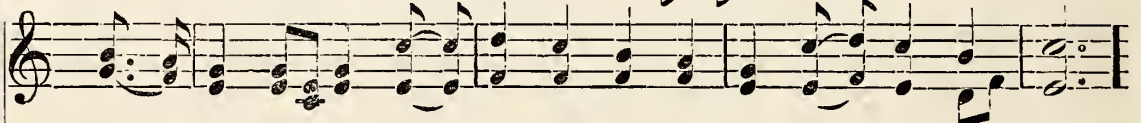
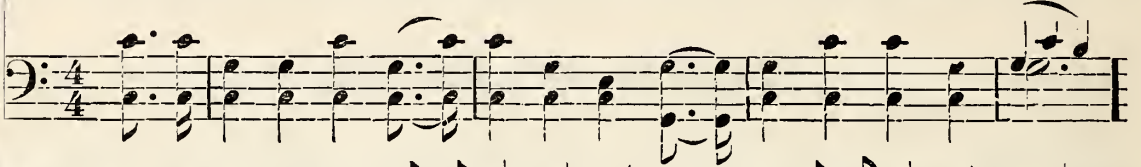
"Come thou and all thy house into the ark."—GEN. vii : 1.

C. H. M.

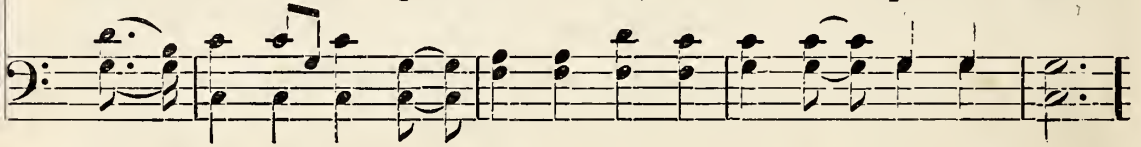
Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.



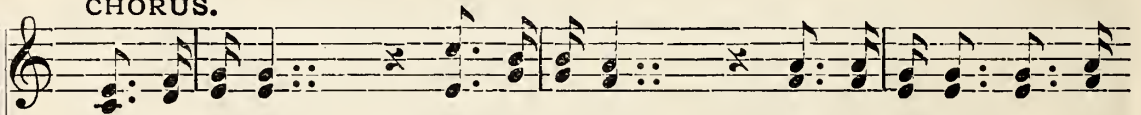
1. See the ark of God, on the waters launch'd, While the waves are tossing high ;
2. Like the wand'ring dove, no rest you'll find In the wild, dark waste of sin ;
3. Many million souls on her decks now stand, And millions coming still ;
4. O, the grand old ark, she will still sail on, Till the storms of life are past ;



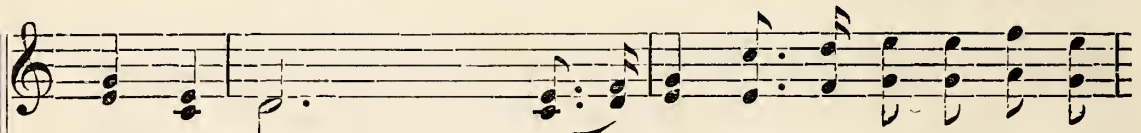
To her broad, firm deck for safe-ty flee, No oth - er ref - uge nigh.  
 And Christ at the window waiting stands, To take the poor wand'ers in.  
 For the Captain's voice o'er the sea resounds, "Come, all, whosoev - er will."  
 Then with Christ our Captain at the helm, She'll en - ter the port at last.



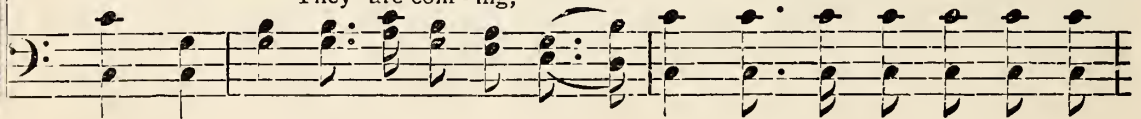
## CHORUS.



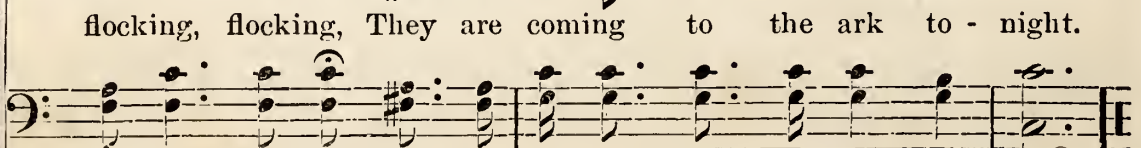
They are coming, yes, they're coming, They are coming to the  
 To the ark, to the ark,



ark to - night ; Like doves to their windows they are  
 They are com - ing,



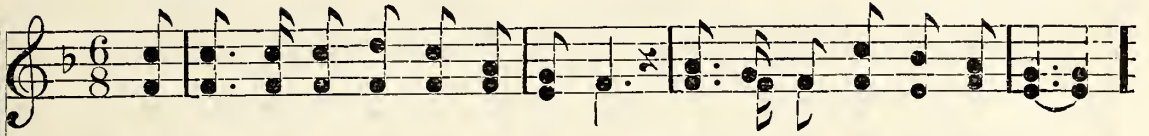
flocking, flocking, They are coming to the ark to - night.



# Jesus will Help You.

WM. STEVENSON.

Rev. R. LOWRY.



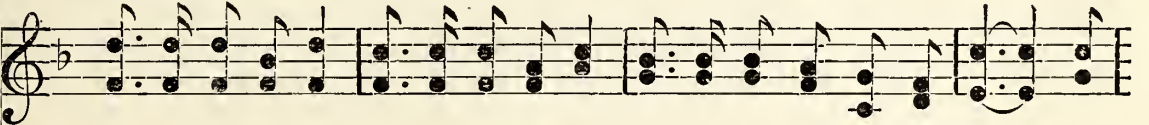
1. The Sav- iour is calling you, sin- ner—Urg- ing you now to draw nigh ;
2. Thro' him there is life in be- liev- ing ; Sin- ner, O why will you die ?
3. There's danger in longer de- lay- ing, Swift- ly the moments pass by ;



He asks you by faith to re- ceive him ; Je- sus will help if you try.  
Ac- cept him by faith as your Saviour ; Je- sus will help if you try.  
If now you will come, there is mercy ; Je- sus will help if you try.



## REFRAIN.



Jesus will help you, Jesus will help you, Help you with grace from on high ; The



weakest and poorest the Saviour is calling ; Jesus will help if you try.



# In the Sunshine.

ANNA B. TROTH.

"He that followeth me shall not walk in darkness."

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. You will find me in the sunshine, Where the path is bright and clear;  
 2. You will find me in the sunshine, And my earthly cares seem light;  
 3. Do you ask how I have found it, Such a path of peace and rest?  
 4. Come and try it! 'tis so precious, While he bears life's load of care;

There are rift-ed clouds a-bove me, But the sunshine fall-eth here;  
 They are here, but Christ is lift-ing Ev-'ry veil that dims my sight.  
 It is just by sim-ply trusting That my Sav-iour knoweth best.  
 Like a lit-tle child, to fol-low, Seeing Christ's dear presence there.

And I walk, at peace and qui-et, With no darkness on my way;  
 As I fol-low where he leadeth, Close within his footprints tread;  
 Singing "thy will, and thine on-ly, Blessed Lord, my God, be done;"  
 Hearing words of love and mer-cy, In this choice commun-ion blest;

If I fol-low close my Master, And can hear what he doth say.  
 And my hap-py soul he feedeth, And there's sunlight o-verhead.  
 Glad-ly walking in the sunshine, As he gent-ly lead-eth on.  
 While he leads to great-er glo-ry, And to ev-er-last-ing rest.

## CHORUS.

In the sunshine, blessed sunshine, Where the way is clear and bright;  
 In the sunshine, Where the way is clear and bright.



In the sunshine, blessed sunshine, I am walking, I am walking in the light.  
In the sunshine,

The Joy of Knowing Jesus.

ABBIE MILLS.

H. L. GILMOUR.

1. Oh, the joy of knowing Je - sus, "Thou art mine," I hear him say ;  
2. Oh, the joy of knowing Je - sus, Now he cap - ti - vates my soul ;  
3. Oh, the joy of knowing Je - sus, Fellowship with heaven's King  
4. Oh, the joy of knowing Je - sus, What new glories 'round me rise

And my hap - py soul's re - sponding, "I am thine, all thine for aye."  
All my be - ing thrills with rapture At the touch that makes me whole.  
Is a priv - i - ledge so precious I would ceaseless prais - es sing.  
As I tread with him the pathway, Onward, upward to the skies.

*D. S.*—Hal - le - lu - jah, he's my Saviour, And the witness doth bestow.

CHORUS.

Oh, the joy of knowing Je - sus, This my boast where'er I go ;  
Oh, the joy This my boast

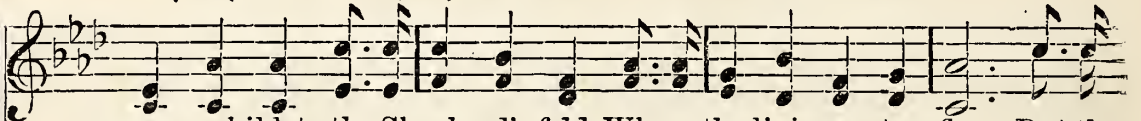
Copyright, 1894, by H. L. Gilmour.

5 Oh, the joy of knowing Jesus,  
Every wondrous promise mine,  
And by these I am partaken,  
Of the strength, and power divine.

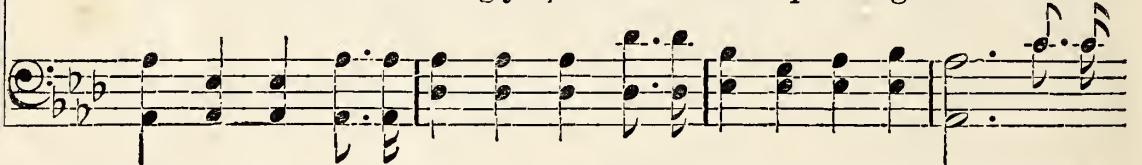
6 Oh, the joy of knowing Jesus,  
When the fires around me glow,  
Then how intimate the glory ;  
Thus, I more of Jesus know.



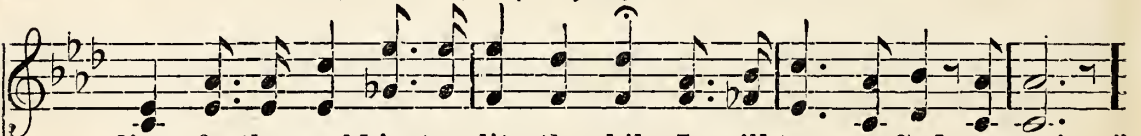
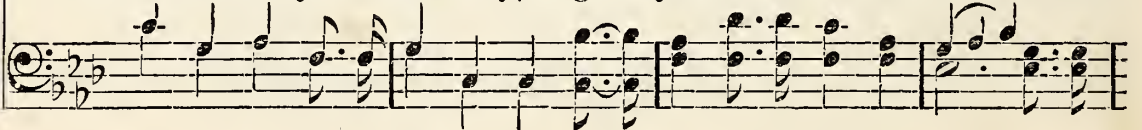
1. A voice is heard in the dewy dawn, And the call is sweet and low ; Come
2. The day is nearing the noontide glow, And the voice is heard again, It
3. The feet are treading the western slope, And the air is growing chill ; O,



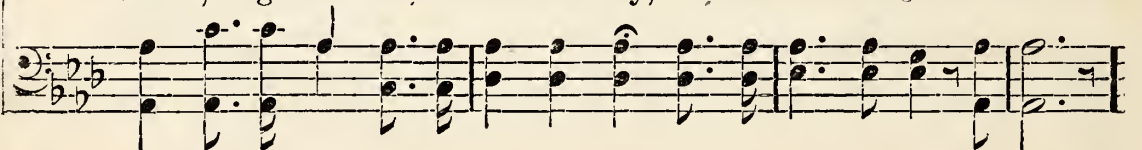
now, my child, to the Shepherd's fold, Where the living waters flow ; But the  
calls the soul to a nobler life, 'Tis a patient, kind refrain ; Enter  
can it be God is waiting yet, That his voice is pleading still ? That he'll



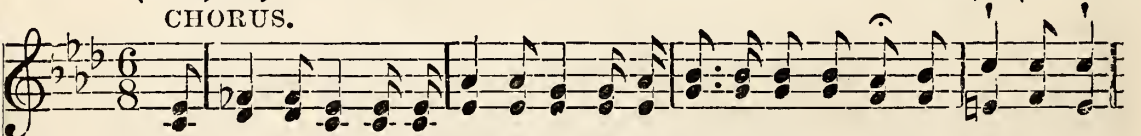
gay heart answers, in careless tones, As light as the morning chime, "Let me  
now the Master's broad harvest field, In the strength of your early prime, Come and  
flood with beauty the sunset sky, Bright rays from the Golden Clime ? But the



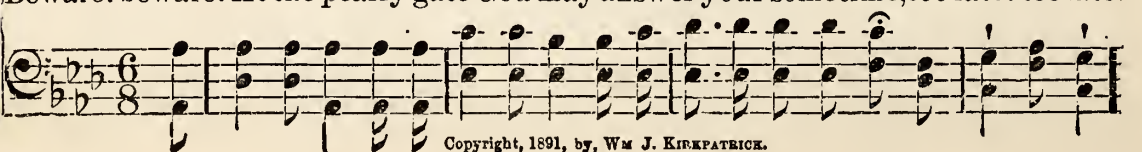
live for the world just a lit - tle while, I will turn to God—sometime."  
bring to his work service good and true, Still the same reply—"sometime."  
sinner, long-hardened, has turned away, With the fatal word—"sometime."



## CHORUS.



Beware! beware! At the pearly gate God may answer your sometime, too late! too late!



*ad lib.*

Beware! beware! At the pearly gate God may answer your sometime, too late! too late!

## Brought Back.

H. L. GILMOUR.

Arr. by J. J. H.

1. { How restless the soul of the wand'rer from Jesus! No spot in the wide world can  
Unconscious he drifts on the waves of his folly, Still farther and farther a-  
2. { His soul in sad exile now longs for the homestead, And deep'ning convictions are  
He hears as in childhood, those sweet words of Jesus, "Come, all ye that labor, and

*D. C.*—And chords of "sweet home," that have long been reposing,  
By fingers unseen are a-  
*D. C.* He ventures in weakness, but strength is imparted, And gladly he's welcomed by

*Fine.*

comfort afford. } Yet still there are moments of fond recollection,  
way from his Lord. } When bright scenes of  
tossing his breast. } He listens! the Spirit repeats the sweet message,  
I'll give you rest. } And turning from  
wakened anew.  
Father at home.

*D. C.* 3 New songs of rejoicing now thrill that old  
homestead, [for his feet;  
The best robe brought forth, ring and shoes  
He's clad in the garments his Father pro-  
vided, [plete.  
Has feasting for famine, and resting com-  
Come, ye that are wand'ring, now haste to  
the Saviour,  
He patiently lingers to lavish his love;  
His arm is outstretched to rescue the needy,  
And bring you to mansions he's promised  
above.

childhood come fresh to his view,  
fol-ly no longer to roam,

# O Blessed Hope.

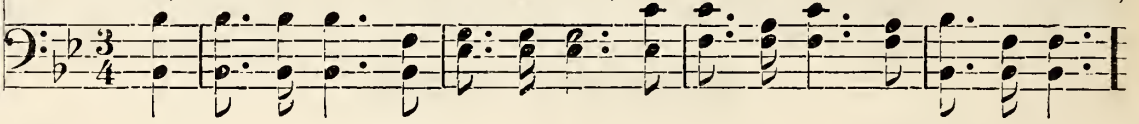
E. E. HEWITT.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

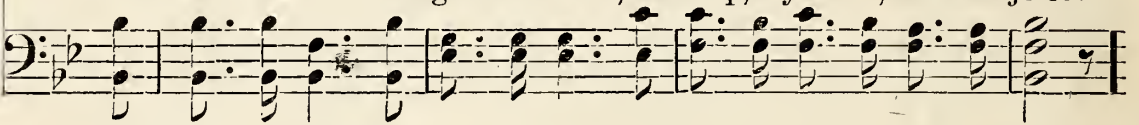
SOLO, DUET or QUARTET.



1. O blessed hope, so dear, so bright, It cheers the watches of the night;
2. When dawns that hour of wondrous grace, No veil will hide my Saviour's face;
3. Sin, pain and death, on that sweet day, Like broken dreams, shall pass away;
4. Soon, soon shall fade the scenes of time, Emmanuel's advent bells shall chime;



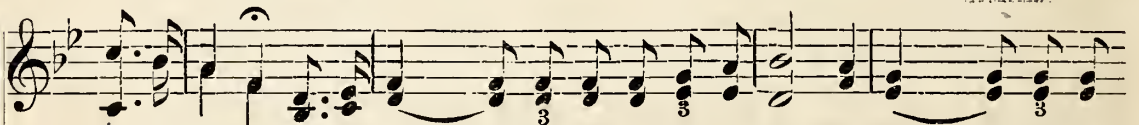
It wakes a song with- in the soul, Till heav'nly hal- le - lujahs roll.  
 He'll own me ev - ermore as his, And I shall see him as he is.  
 His spot- less beau- ty I shall wear, His perfect joy and glo- ry share.  
 The Bride shall hear the Bridegroom's voice; Look up, my heart, in him rejoice!



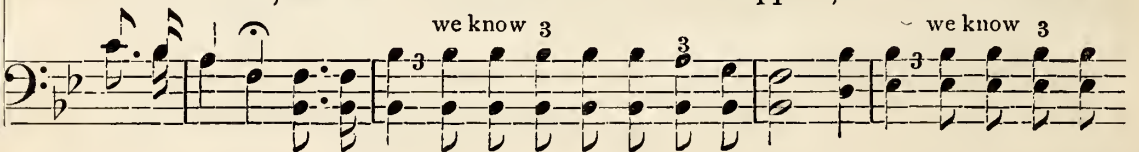
CHORUS. I JOHN iii: 2.



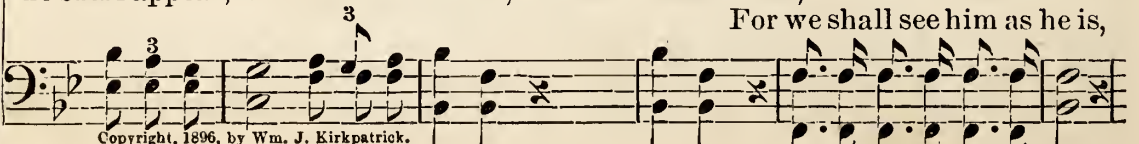
Belov- ed, belov- ed, Now are we the sons of God, And it doth not yet appear



What we shall be; But we know that when he shall appear, We know that when  
 we know 3 we know 3



he shall appear, We shall be like him, We shall be like him;  
 For we shall see him as he is,



*poco ritard.* *a tempo.*

We shall see him as he is; We know that when he shall appear, We know that when he shall appear, We shall be like him, We shall be like him; For we shall see him as he is.

*we know 3* *we know 3*

**Saviour, I Belong to Thee.**

E. E. H.

E. E. HEWITT.

1. Saviour, I belong to thee, Nevermore my own to be; Thou hast  
 2. Keep me lest from thee I swerve, Whose I am and whom I serve; Let thy  
 3. Thine by purchase, thine by choice, In thy service I rejoice; Drawn by  
 4. Grant me, Saviour, I implore, Grace to love thee more and more; Grace to

REFRAIN.

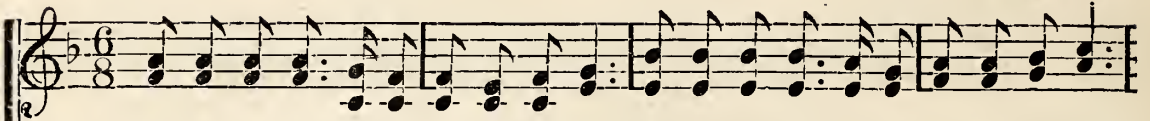
paid the wondrous price, Precious blood the sacrifice. *not my own,*  
 Holy Spirit fill, Guide and govern heart and will. Nevermore my own, . . .  
 everlasting love, Fix my mind on things above.  
 follow in thy ways, Showing forth thy matchless praise.

*not my own:*  
 Thou hast purchas'd me; Nevermore my own, dear Saviour, I belong to thee.

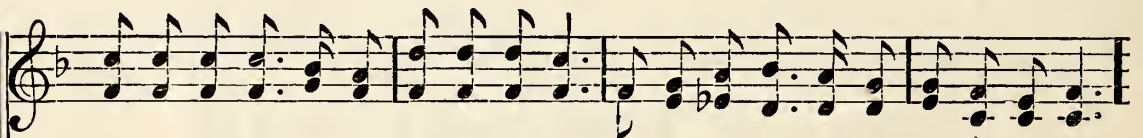
# Saved to the Uttermost.

W. J. K.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



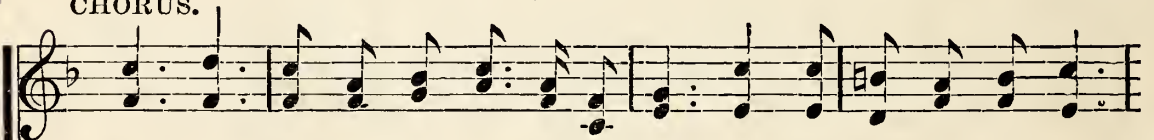
1. Saved to the uttermost: I am the Lord's, Jesus my Saviour salvation affords,
2. Saved to the uttermost: Jesus is near, Keeping me safely, he casteth out fear;
3. Saved to the uttermost: this I can say, "Once all was darkness, but now it is day,"
4. Saved to the uttermost: cheerfully sing Loud hallelujahs to Jesus, my King;



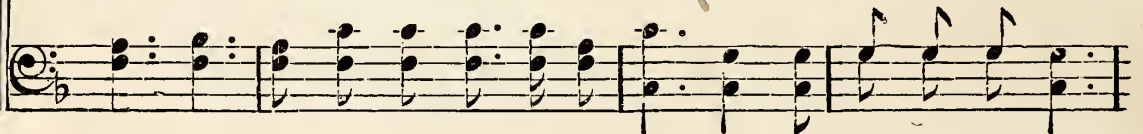
Gives me his Spirit a witness within, Whisp'ring of pardon, and saving from sin.  
 Trusting his promises, how I am blest! Leaning upon him, how sweet is my rest!  
 Beautiful visions of glory I see, Je- sus in brightness revealed unto me.  
 Ransom'd and pardon'd, redeemed by his blood, Cleansed from unrighteousness, glory  
 [to God!]



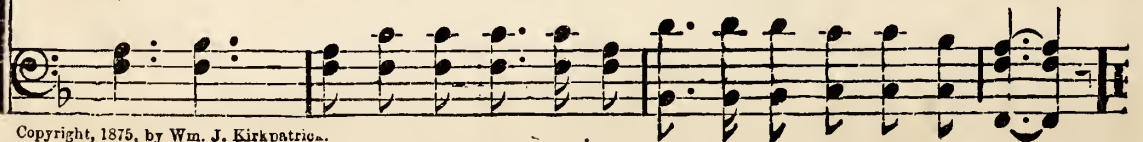
## CHORUS.



Saved, saved, saved to the uttermost, Saved, saved by pow- er di- vine;



Saved, saved, saved to the uttermost, Je- sus the Saviour is mine.



# Joy in Service.

51

S. H. B.

S. H. BOLTON. Arr. by H. L. G.

1. Dear Jesus, I am willing to walk, and tell each day Of all the wondrous  
2. Just now I am enjoying the love of Christ my Lord, And living in the  
3. Dear Je- sus, I am feeding upon the corn and wine, And all the fruits of

beauties, along the King's highway ; I've lived in Egypt's bondage, and  
sunlight, a- bid - ing in his word ; His yoke I find is eas - y, his  
Canaan as promised now are mine ; I'm praying that the kingdom in-

*D. S.*—Our God now calls you onward, in

*Fine.*  
in the wilderness. But now enjoy the freedom of Canaan's perfect rest.  
bur- den al- so light, He gives me joy in service, upholds me by his might.  
to each heart may come, That all may know the fulness of Canaan's perfect home.

perfect love to live, He'll fill you with his Spirit, when all to Christ you give.

## CHORUS.

Yes, you can live in Canaan, sur - ren - der to the Lord ;

*D. S.*  
Come up up - on the highway, trust ful - ly in his word ;

# He Leadeth His Own.

LIZZIE EDWARDS.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

*Tenderly.*

1. He leadeth his own with a gen- tle hand, A wonderful Saviour have  
 2. He leadeth his own with a gen- tle hand, Whenever we faint by the  
 3. He leadeth his own with a gen- tle hand, And when we are sorrow op-  
 4. He leadeth his own with a gen- tle hand, And oh, when our journey is

we; Oh, where is the friend that on earth we can find So full of com-  
 way, How precious the blessings that fall from his throne, Like dew at the  
 pressed, He gathers us under the shade of his love, And there on his  
 o'er, What rapture in E- den to sit at his feet, And praise him when

### CHORUS.

passion as he? Won- - - derful Saviour, won- - - derful  
 close of the day.  
 bosom we rest.  
 time is no more! Wonderful, wonder - ful wonderful, wonder - ful

Saviour, Watching so tender - ly o'er us; Shedding bright sunshine be-

fore us; Glo - ry, glo - ry and praise to his name!  
 Glory and praise, glory and praise, glory and praise to his



# Keep Close to the Rock.

53

"Once more he pressed him tenderly in his arms, saying, Keep close to the Rock, my son, which were his last words." F. G. BURROUGHS. H. L. GILMOUR.

1. This life is like a vapor That soon shall pass away, While dangers seen and  
2. Although the days are evil, For great is Satan's sway, His snares cannot o'er  
3. This Rock shall be our refuge From foes on every hand; This Rock shall be a

unseen Surround our steps each day; But when the death-knell soundeth we  
come us While by this Rock we stay; Hosts may encamp against us, Our  
shad - ow In earth's sad, weary, land; This rock shall be our shel - ter From

will not dread the shock, If we are ever keeping Close to the Living-Rock.  
hearts shall feel no fear If to the Rock, Christ Jesus, We're ever keeping near.  
every stormy blast: This Rock shall lead us onward Till all life's ills are past.

## CHORUS.

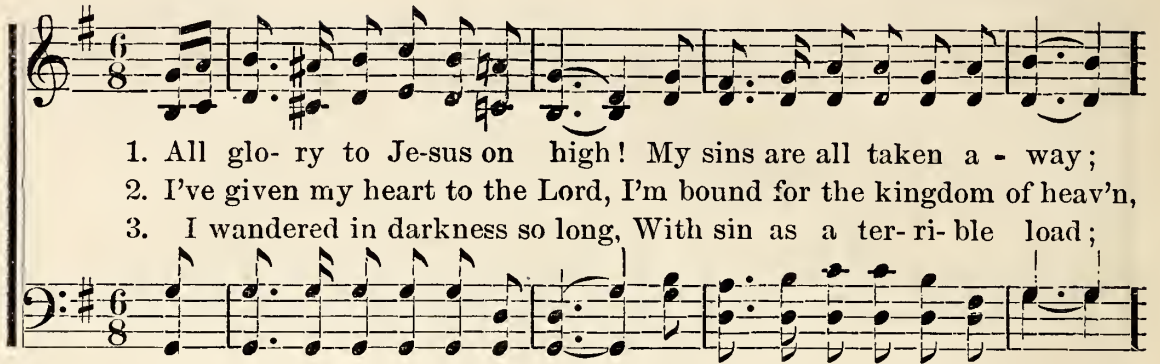
Keep close, close, close to Christ the Rock, For a - ges it has sheltered and  
Keep close, keep close, keep

borne eve - ry shock, No harm shall e'er befall thee, When close to the Rock.

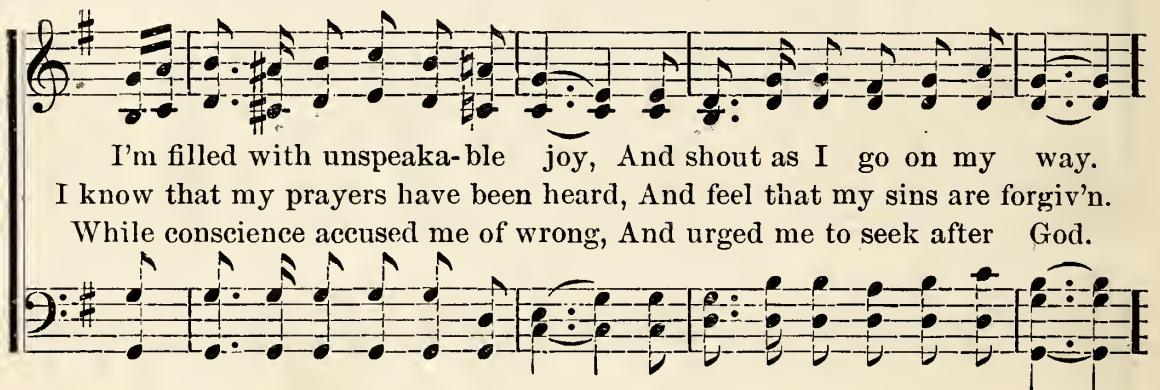
# Unspeakable Joy.

H. B. BEEGLE.

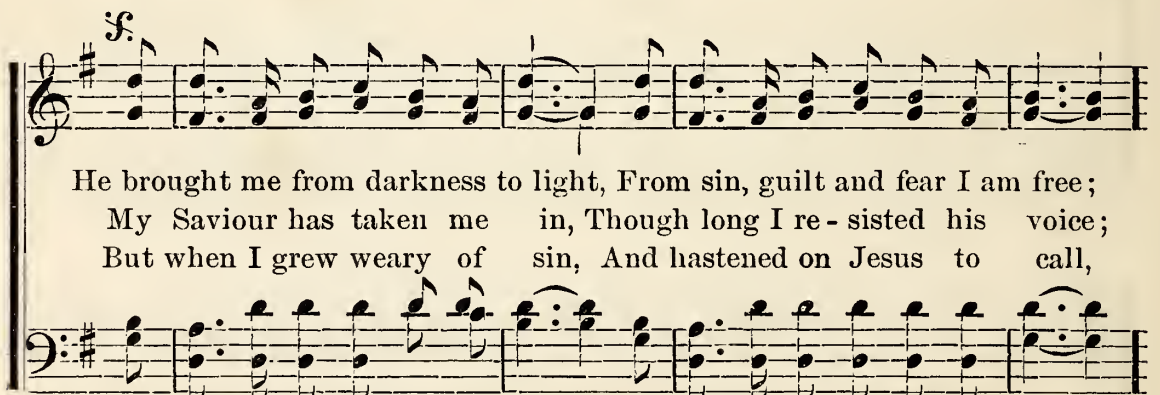
JNO. R. SWENEY.



1. All glo- ry to Je- sus on high! My sins are all taken a - way ;  
 2. I've given my heart to the Lord, I'm bound for the kingdom of heav'n,  
 3. I wandered in darkness so long, With sin as a ter- ri- ble load ;

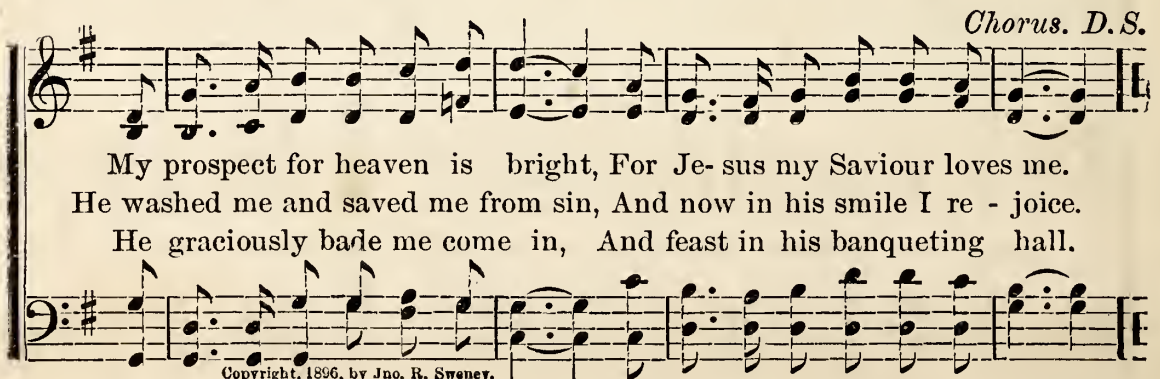


I'm filled with unspeakable joy, And shout as I go on my way.  
 I know that my prayers have been heard, And feel that my sins are forgiv'n.  
 While conscience accused me of wrong, And urged me to seek after God.



He brought me from darkness to light, From sin, guilt and fear I am free ;  
 My Saviour has taken me in, Though long I re - sisted his voice ;  
 But when I grew weary of sin, And hastened on Jesus to call,

*Cho.*—All glo- ry to Je- sus on high! My sins are all tak-en a - way ;



*Chorus. D. S.*

My prospect for heaven is bright, For Je- sus my Saviour loves me.  
 He washed me and saved me from sin, And now in his smile I re - joice.  
 He graciously bade me come in, And feast in his banqueting hall.

Copyright, 1896, by Jno. R. Sweeney.

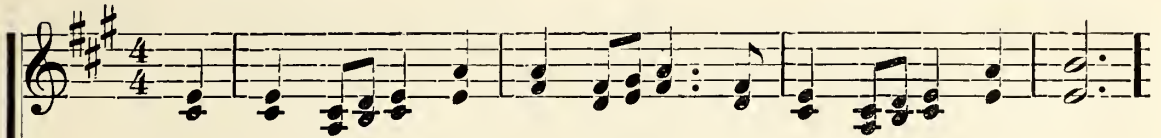
I'm filled with unspeakable joy, And shout as I go on my way.

# O for a Soul-Refreshing Hour!

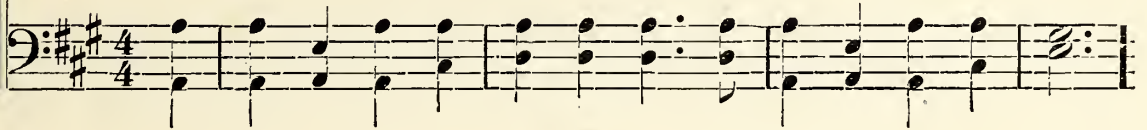
55

FANNY J. CROSBY.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. Now, gracious Lord, thy - self reveal, And make thy glo-ry known;
2. We meet as they who gathered then Around thy throne of grace,
3. Now let our hearts, with love inspired, Be kin-dled to a flame,
4. We look to thee in sim-ple faith For ev - 'ry gift we share;



Now let the cloud descend and break In blessings from thy throne.  
When like a mighty, rushing wind Thy Spir - it filled the place.  
And ev - 'ry tongue with ho - ly joy Ring out thy sa - cred name.  
Come, Lord, in us thy work revive, And grant our earnest prayer.



## CHORUS.



O for a soul - re - fresh - ing hour! O for the Spir - it's



quick'ning pow'r! O for a Pen - te - costal show'r! Lord, send it now.



# Bright, Beautiful Story.

E. E. HEWITT.

ADAM GEIBEL.



1. Wonderful love that saves my soul, Wonderful love of Je - sus;
2. Wonderful blessing now is mine, Wonderful gift of Je - sus;
3. Wonderful Book that guides my way, Wonderful word of Je - sus;
4. Wonderful land beyond the sky, Wonderful home of Je - sus;



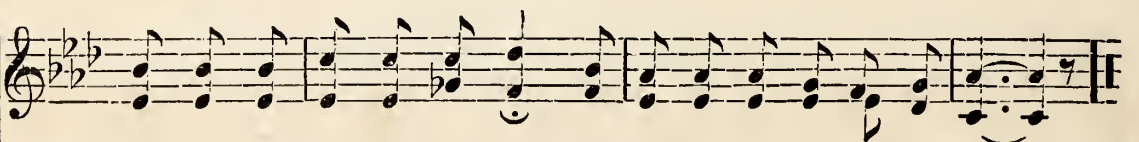
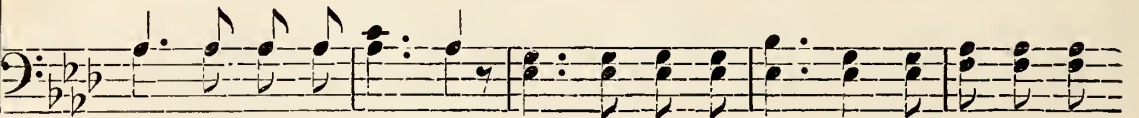
Wonderful touch that made me whole, Where living waters roll.  
 Oh, may its beams a-round me shine, Witness of joy di - vine.  
 Keeping its counsels day by day, Oh, may I nev-er stray!  
 There shall I dwell with him on high, While endless years go by.



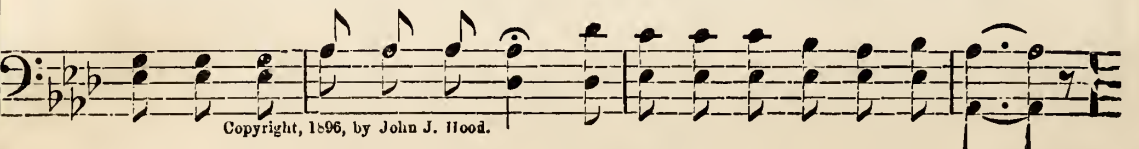
## CHORUS.



Bright, beautiful sto - ry! Tell, tell to his glo - ry The wonderful,



wonder-ful sto-ry of love, We'll sing it in rapture a - bove.

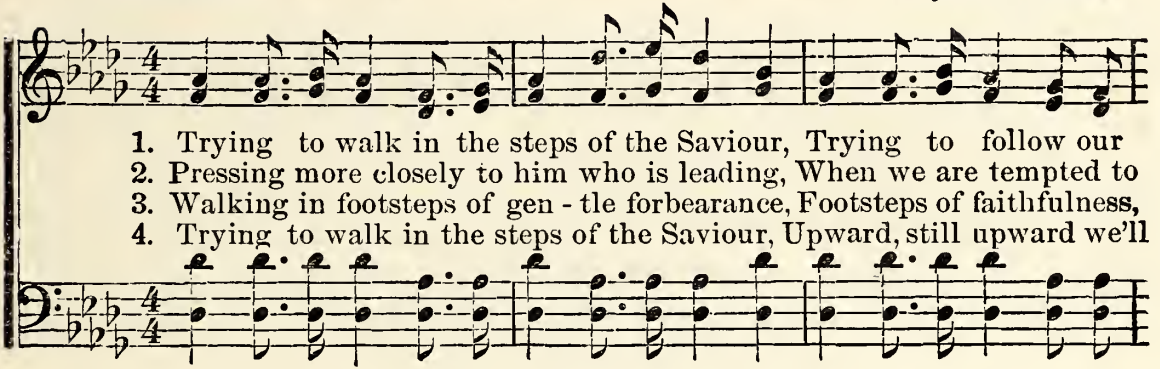


# Stepping in the Light.

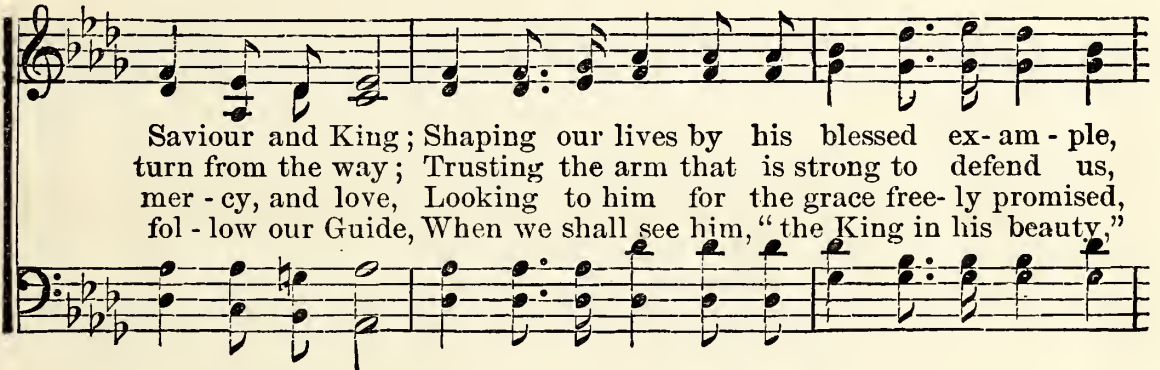
57

L. H. EDMUNDS.

W. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. Trying to walk in the steps of the Saviour, Trying to follow our  
2. Pressing more closely to him who is leading, When we are tempted to  
3. Walking in footsteps of gen - tle forbearance, Footsteps of faithfulness,  
4. Trying to walk in the steps of the Saviour, Upward, still upward we'll

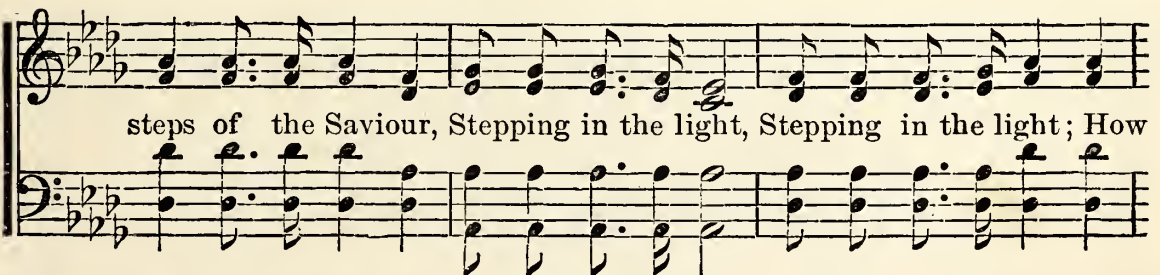


Saviour and King ; Shaping our lives by his blessed ex - am - ple,  
turn from the way ; Trusting the arm that is strong to defend us,  
mer - cy, and love, Looking to him for the grace free - ly promised,  
fol - low our Guide, When we shall see him, "the King in his beauty,"

CHORUS.



Happy, how happy, the songs that we bring. How beautiful to walk in the  
Happy, how happy, our praises each day.  
Happy, how happy, our journey above.  
Happy, how happy, our place at his side.



steps of the Saviour, Stepping in the light, Stepping in the light ; How



beautiful to walk in the steps of the Saviour, Led in paths of light.

## We Shall See Him.

W. J. K.

WM. J. KING.

1. When the people of all nations have been told of Jesus' birth, And the  
 2. When on Greenland's icy mountains, and far India's coral strand, Ev-'ry  
 3. All the world shall hear the gospel, ev-'ry knee before him bend, Ev-'ry  
 4. Hark, we hear the trumpet sounding, see the heavens like a scroll Rolling

sto-ry of his dying love is known; When the tidings of salvation have been  
 ear shall hear of Jesus Christ the Son;  
 How they mock'd him, how they scourg'd him, how they  
 tongue confess that he is Lord of all; Then the grave shall burst asunder, and the  
 back, while angels rally at his call; Then delay no longer, sinner, and your

preach'd o'er all the earth, He will come and claim his lov'd ones for his own.  
 nail'd his lov-ing hand, How he died on Calv'ry's cross for ev-'ry one.  
 ransom'd shall descend, And the sea shall yield its treasures at his call.  
 name for Christ enroll; E-ven so, Lord Je-sus, come and take us all.

## CHORUS.

We shall see him, we shall see him, We shall see him in his  
 We shall see him, we shall see him,

beauty when the shadows flee a-way; We shall see him, we shall  
 we shall see him,

see him, We shall see him rob'd in beauty on that day. . . . .  
 we shall see him, we shall see him on that day.

The True Riches.

WILLIAM HUNTER.

EDWIN GARDNER.

1. Oh, give me the rich - es that nev - er de - cay, The treasures in  
 2. Vain man, in the bloom of his health and his joys, Clings fond - ly to  
 3. Go, buy thee new lands and enlarge thy es - tate, And write thy proud  
 4. Go, enter the mart where the merchant men meet, Get rich and re -

heav - en that pass not a - way; All sil - ver shall cank - er, its  
 earth and its per - ish - ing toys; For - get - ting that beau - ty will  
 name with the wealth - y and great; But if thou shalt fail of a  
 tire to some ru - ral re - treat; Ere hap - piness comes, comes the

lus - tre will die, And our riches make wings and a - way from us fly.  
 swiftly de - cay, And that riches make wings and fly quickly a - way.  
 treasure in heav'n, All thy wealth to the winds shall be rapid - ly given.  
 sea - son to die, Quickly then will thy rich - es all van - ish and fly.

Copyright, 1896, by John J. Hood.

<p>5 Go, sit with the mighty in purple and gold,                  Thy mansions be stately, thy treasures                  But soon thou shalt dwell in the damp                  house of clay,                  While thy riches make wings to them-</p>	<p>6 Oh, give me the riches that fade not                  nor fly,                  A treasure up yonder, a home in the sky;                  Where beautiful things in their beauty                  still stay,                  And where riches ne'er fly from the bless-</p>
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## Lift Your Heart to Jesus.

IDA L. REED.

H. L. GILMOUR.

1. Lift your heart to Jesus when the shadows gather, Tell him all your trials,  
 2. Lift your heart to Jesus when your footsteps falter, Ask and he will guide when  
 3. Lift your heart to Jesus when sin's pow'rs assail you, When your strength is waning,  
 4. Lift your heart to Jesus when joy's springs are flowing, Praise his holy name for

he will surely hear; Tender is his pit- y, like un - to a fa - ther,  
 you can't walk a - lone; He will not forsake you, he'll go with you ev - er,  
 and your faith is small; When you're tired and tempted he will never fail you,  
 blessings full and free; Praise him for his mercy, ev - er glo - ri - fy him,

## CHORUS.

He will help and comfort, and your spirit cheer. Lift your heart, lift your heart,  
 Friend more strong and faithful man has never known.  
 He will hear and answer ev - 'ry faintest call.  
 For the loving kindness he hath shown to thee.

lift your heart to Jesus, In the darkest hour he will be your light; When your  
 [strength is

failing tenderly he'll call you, Up from the dark valley, to the shining height.

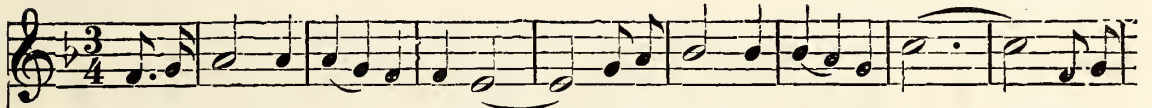


# There's a Hand Held Out.

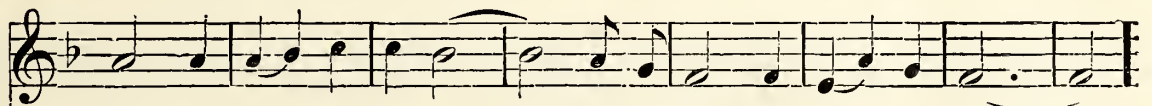
61

M. W. MORSE.

JNO. R SWENEY.



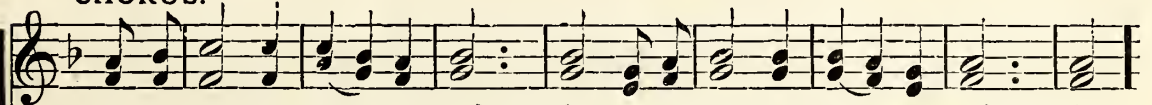
1. There's a hand held out in pi - ty, There's a hand held out in love; It will
2. Oh, how gently will it lead us! Oh, how tender is its touch! 'Tis the
3. Yes, 'tis love to me, a sin - ner, Prompts this hand to reach so low, Striving
4. Shall I, to this hand extended, Pay no heed as it in - vites? Shall my



pi - lot to the ci - ty, Where our Father dwells a - bove.  
 bless - ed hand of Je - sus; We all need it, oh, so much!  
 thus to be the win - ner, Ere I reap what I shall sow.  
 Sav - iour be of - fend - ed, Give I not to him his rights?



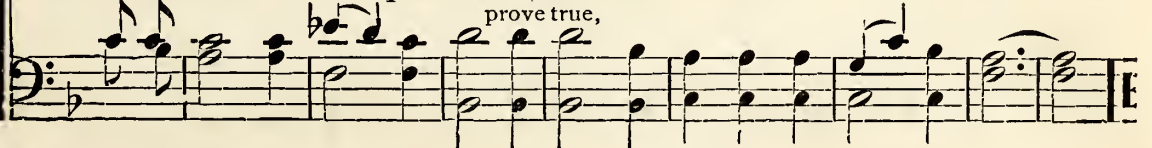
## CHORUS.



There's a hand held out to you, to you, There's a hand held out to me, to me,



There's a hand that will prove true, Whatev - er our lot shall be.



- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <ol style="list-style-type: none"> <li>5 Nay, I would this proffered hand take,<br/>Knowing that it leads aright;<br/>Yes, I would this loving choice make;<br/>Trusting in his love and might.</li> </ol> | <ol style="list-style-type: none"> <li>6 Then, as hand in hand together<br/>With my Saviour, with my Friend,<br/>With my Christ, my Elder Brother,<br/>Let him lead till life shall end.</li> </ol> |
|--|---|

# In the Hollow of His Hand.

DELOSS EVERETT.

WM. CASSELL.

1. I am saved in Christ my Saviour, And my sins are all forgiven, Now by faith I'm  
 2. I am saved in Christ my Saviour; Tho' the waves about me roll, I am on the  
 3. I am saved in Christ my Saviour! Oh, what joy to me is given! For I'm thinking

trav'ling onward To my home in yonder heav'n; Earthly cares may oft surround me,  
 Rock of Ages, And he saves my trusting soul; And I know, if I am faithful,  
 of the mansion He's prepared for me in heaven; There are many, many mansions

Tri-als come on ev'ry hand,— But my Saviour keeps me safely In the  
 I shall see him in that land, For his promise is he'll keep me In the  
 For them in that happy land, Who will have the Saviour keep them In the

## CHORUS.

hollow of his hand. And I know, if I am faithful, I shall see him in that

land, For his promise is he'll keep me In the hollow of his hand.

# Draw Me Nearer.

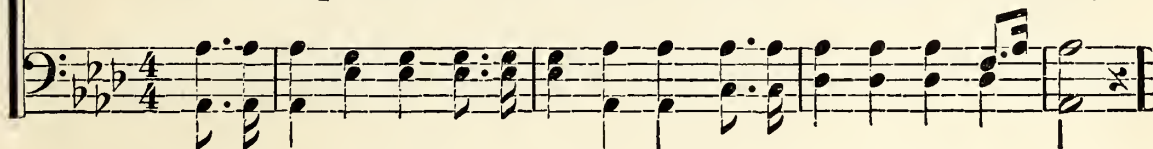
63

FANNY J. CROSBY.

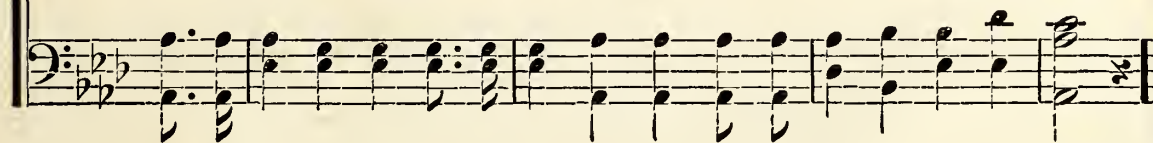
W. H. DOANE.



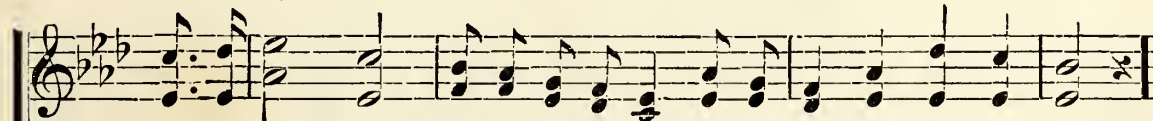
1. I am thine, O Lord, I have heard thy voice, And it told thy love to me ;
2. Consecrate me now to thy service, Lord, By the pow'r of grace divine ;
3. Oh, the pure delight of a single hour That before thy throne I spend,
4. There are depths of love that I cannot know Till I cross the narrow sea,



But I long to rise in the arms of faith, And be closer drawn to thee.  
Let my soul look up with a steadfast hope, And my will be lost in thine.  
When I kneel in pray'r, and with thee, my God, I commune as friend with friend !  
There are heights of joy that I may not reach Till I rest in peace with thee.



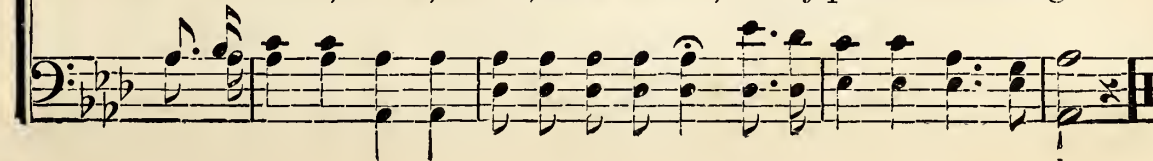
## CHORUS.



Draw me near - er, nearer, blessed Lord, To the cross where thou hast died ;  
near-er, near-er,



Draw me nearer, nearer, nearer, blessed Lord, To thy precious bleeding side.



Copyright, 1875, by Higlow & Main, used by per. of the author.

## There is a Refuge.

IDA, L. REED.

W. T. DASHIELL.

1. There is a ref- - - uge sweet, se - cure,  
 2. When danger threat - - - ens, thou canst fly . . .  
 3. There is a ref- - - uge, peaceful, calm,

For ev'ry bur- - - dened soul, In Jesus' love . . . it standeth sure, .  
 Unto this strong- - hold free; When unto him . . thy soul shall cry, .  
 In Jesus' love . . 'tis found, And there each heart . shall find a balm .

Tho' heavy tem- - pests roll Across the breast, . they can not harm, .  
 He'll help and com- - fort thee. He'll keep thee safe . within his hand, .  
 For ev'ry bleed- - ing wound. For ev'ry bur- - - den, ev'ry pain, . .

If thou to him . . . wilt go, . . Protect-ed by . . .  
 And nev- er let . . . thee go; . . Firm by his grace . . .  
 There waits a sweet . . . re - lease, And thou with him . . .

his mighty arm, . . . . Full safe - ty thou shalt know.  
 thy feet shall stand, . . . Joy-springs for thee shall flow.  
 in heav'n shall reign, . . . In ev - er - last - ing peace.

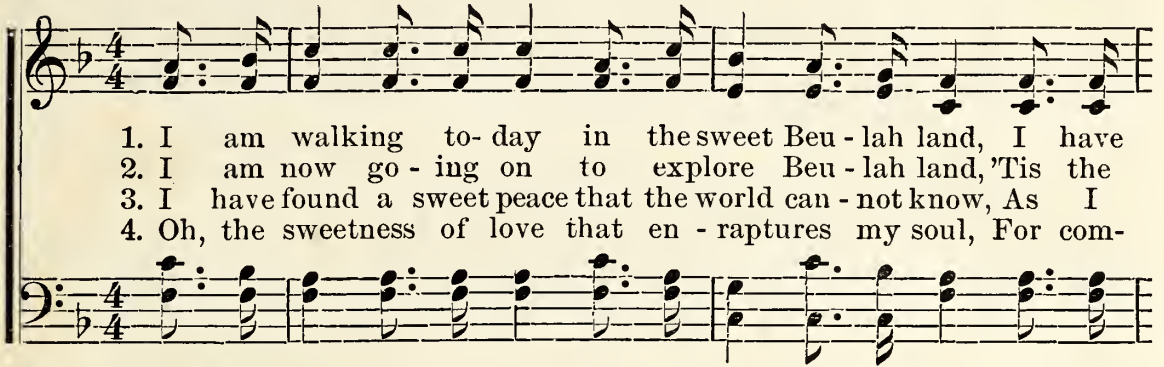
# The Sweet Beulah Land.

65

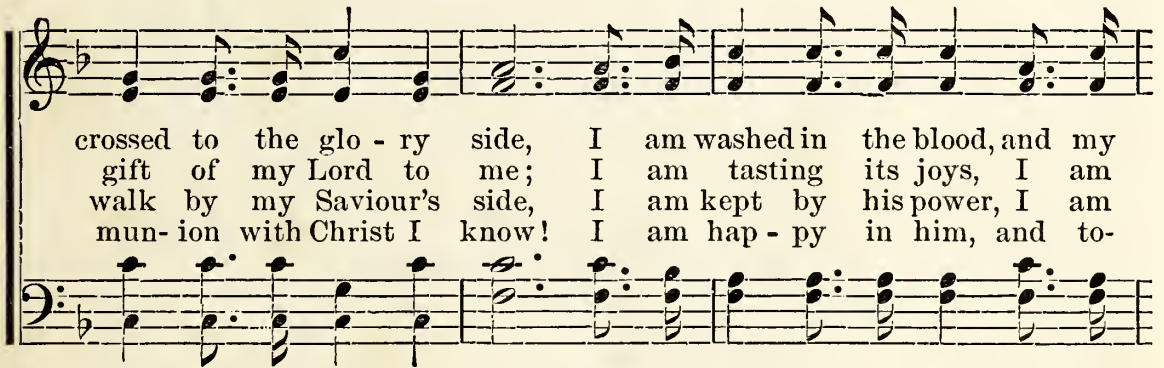
"Let us go up at once and possess it;" Nu. xiii: 30.

Rev. H. J. ZELLEY.

H. L. GILMOUR.

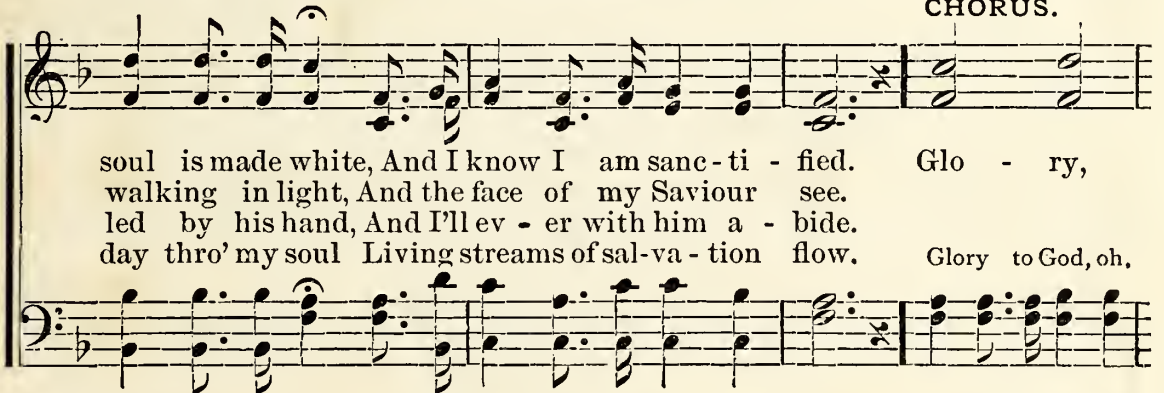


1. I am walking to-day in the sweet Beu-lah land, I have  
2. I am now go-ing on to explore Beu-lah land, 'Tis the  
3. I have found a sweet peace that the world can-not know, As I  
4. Oh, the sweetness of love that en-raptures my soul, For com-

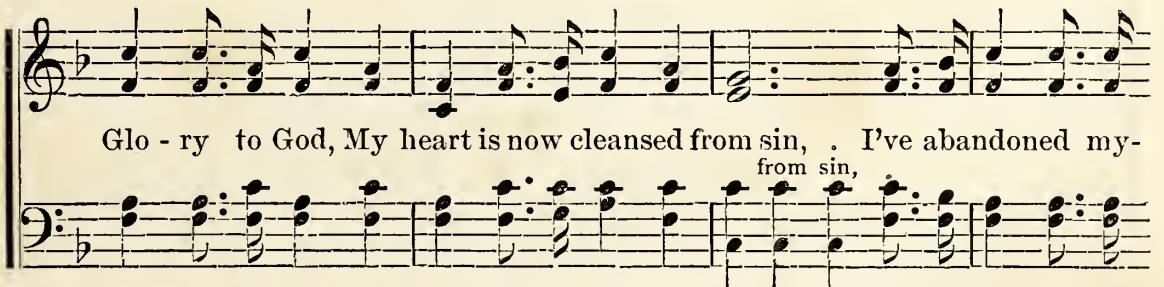


crossed to the glo-ry side, I am washed in the blood, and my  
gift of my Lord to me; I am tasting its joys, I am  
walk by my Saviour's side, I am kept by his power, I am  
mun-ion with Christ I know! I am hap-py in him, and to-

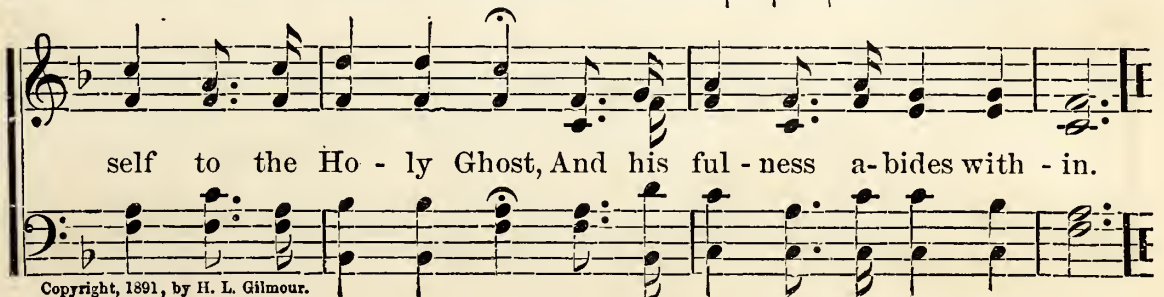
## CHORUS.



soul is made white, And I know I am sanc-ti-fied. Glo-ry,  
walking in light, And the face of my Saviour see.  
led by his hand, And I'll ev-er with him a-bide.  
day thro' my soul Living streams of sal-va-tion flow. Glory to God, oh,



Glo-ry to God, My heart is now cleansed from sin, I've abandoned my-  
self to the Ho-ly Ghost, And his ful-ness a-bides with-in.

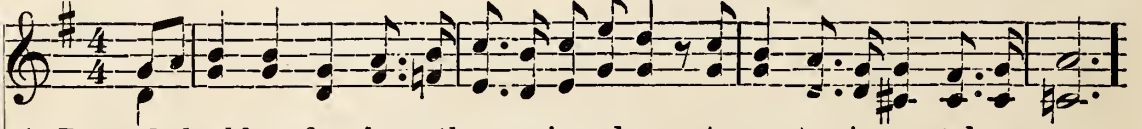


self to the Ho-ly Ghost, And his ful-ness a-bides with-in.

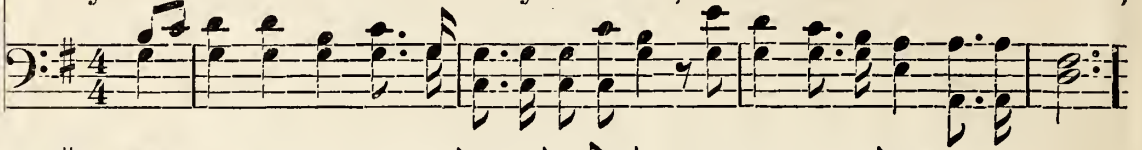
# Beyond the Blue.

E. E. HEWITT.

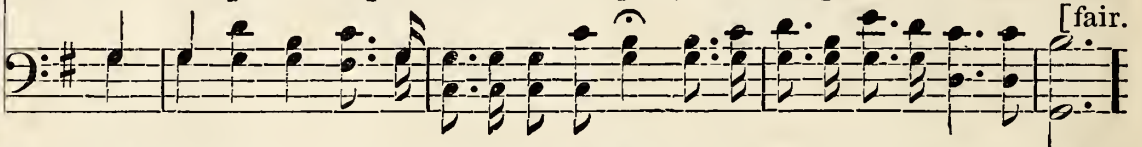
STEPHEN C. FOSTER. Har. by H. L. G.



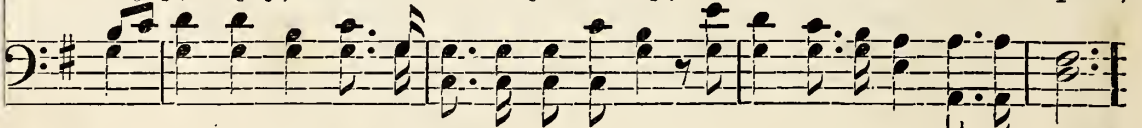
1. Beyond the blue, far above the passing gloom, A country immortal appears,  
 2. The day will break when the storms of life shall cease,  
 3. Beyond the blue there's a home for you and me, For Jesus will welcome us there;



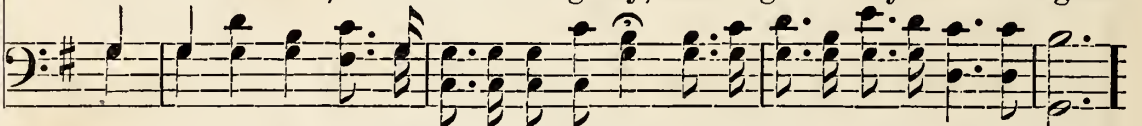
Where roses blush and the sweetest lilies bloom, And our Father wipes away all tears.  
 We'll find sweet rest in that land of perfect peace, In the mansions on the fadeless shore.  
 His cross our hope and his precious blood our plea, And his righteousness our robe so



In that fair land, full of beauty, joy and light, Will gather a numberless throng,  
 Our lov'd ones there for our coming fondly wait, While joyfully serving the King;  
 Then joy, all joy, let us faint not by the way, Our trials and sorrows soon pass;



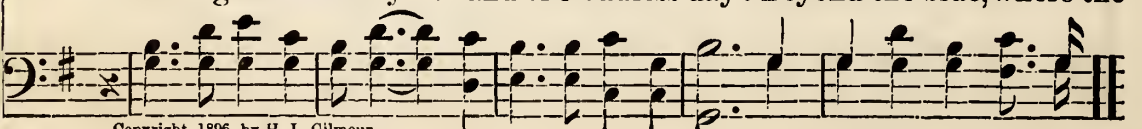
Now pressing on, thro' the shadows of the night,  
 Till they hear the Saviour's call, come home.  
 Some day we'll meet by the shining pearly gate, And together happy praises sing.  
 We'll mount above, to the everlasting day, Praising Jesus by the sea of glass.



*D. S.*—sweetest lilies bloom, And the angels whisper, come away.



Land of golden beauty! O land of cloudless day! Beyond the blue, where the



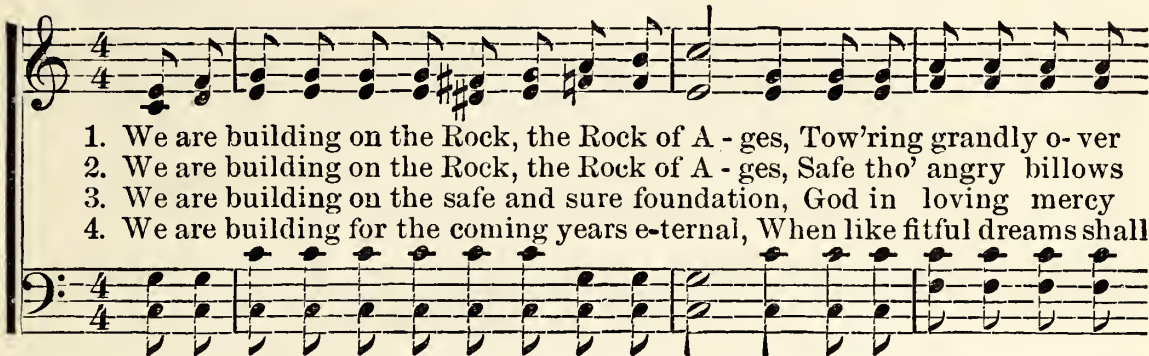
# We are Building on the Rock.

67

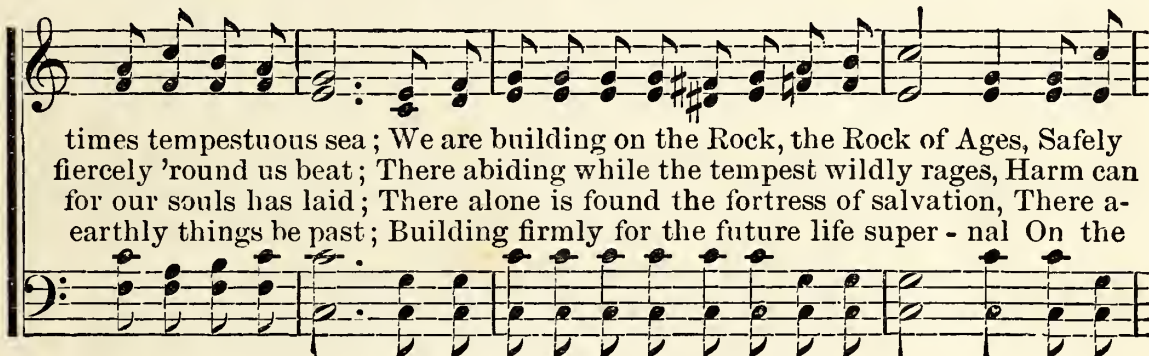
JENNIE WILSON.

Luke vi: 48.

I. H. MEREDITH.

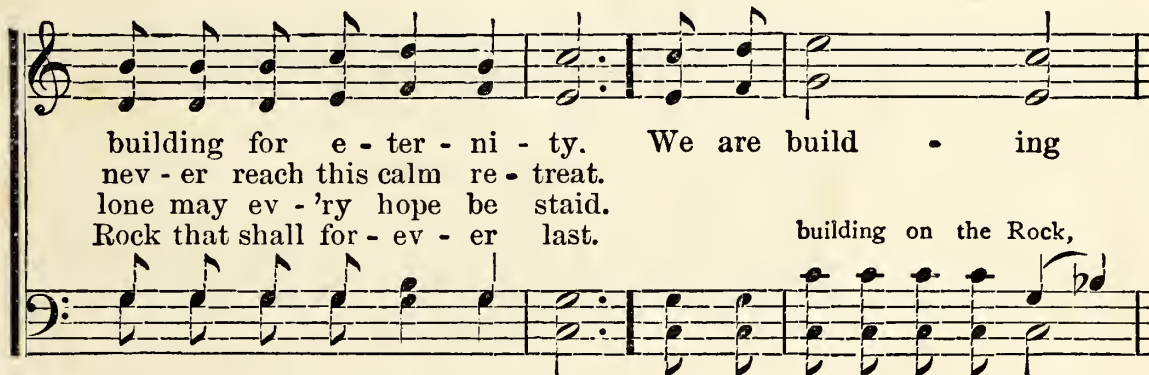


1. We are building on the Rock, the Rock of A - ges, Tow'ring grandly o - ver  
2. We are building on the Rock, the Rock of A - ges, Safe tho' angry billows  
3. We are building on the safe and sure foundation, God in loving mercy  
4. We are building for the coming years e - ternal, When like fitful dreams shall

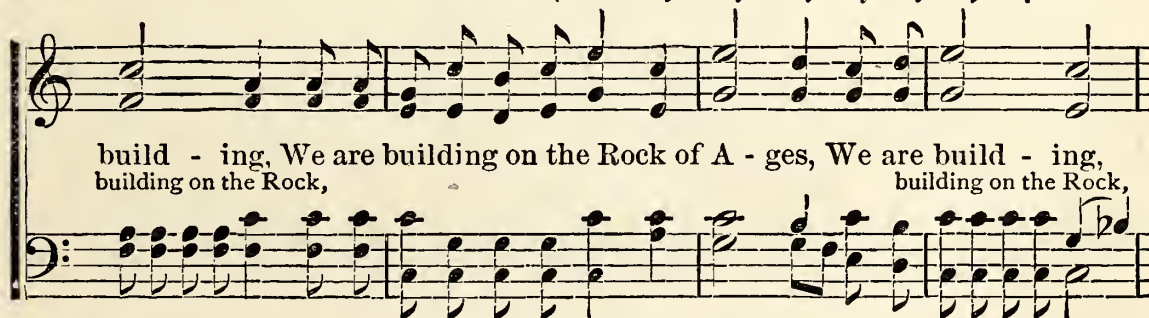


times tempestuous sea ; We are building on the Rock, the Rock of Ages, Safely  
fiercely 'round us beat ; There abiding while the tempest wildly rages, Harm can  
for our souls has laid ; There alone is found the fortress of salvation, There a -  
earthly things be past ; Building firmly for the future life super - nal On the

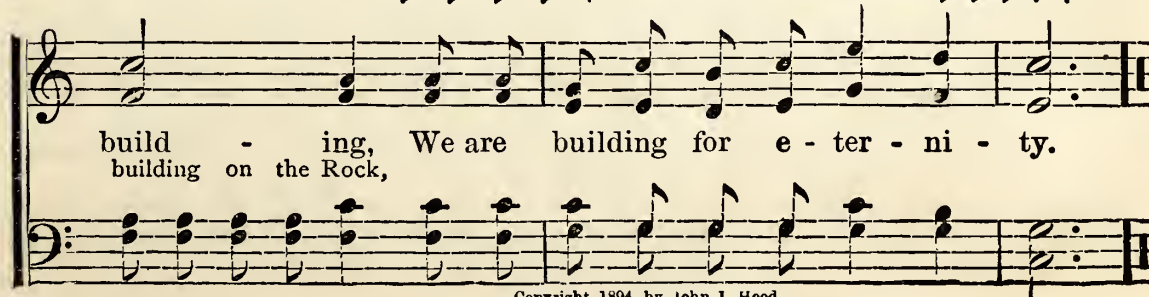
## REFRAIN.



building for e - ter - ni - ty. We are build - ing  
nev - er reach this calm re - treat.  
none may ev - 'ry hope be staid.  
Rock that shall for - ev - er last. building on the Rock,



build - ing, We are building on the Rock of A - ges, We are build - ing,  
building on the Rock, building on the Rock,



build - ing, We are building for e - ter - ni - ty.  
building on the Rock,

## Blessed Way.

F. G. BURROUGHS.

F. E. BELDEN.

*Joyfully.*

1. O 'tis blessed to belong to the household of our King, It is  
 2. It is blessed to be found in the pathway of his choice, To be  
 3. It is blessed to abide 'neath the shadow of his wings, And to

blessed to be working for the Lord, To be showing day by day How de-  
 walking with the blood washed ones in white; Always kept in perfect peace While our  
 rest securely there where all is calm; Having not one anxious fear, Tho' the

lightful is his way, And how eas - y to o - bey his precious word.  
 joys each day increase, With the shining more and more of wisdom's light.  
 en - e - my be near, For no weapon of the foe can do us harm.

## CHORUS.

Blessed way, blessed way, Waking, singing every day;

Blessed way, blessed way, We are trav'ling in the safe and blessed way.



# Kept in Perfect Peace.

L. H. EDMUNDS.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

*Moderato.*

1. A-biding in the shadow of the everlasting wings, In the secret habi-  
2. O, there's the happy shelter where the weary ones may hide,  
And true comfort for our  
3. Beneath his shadow resting, always safe within his care, Surely Jesus can de-  
4. A-biding in the shadow of the everlasting wings, I will sing the love that

tation of the mighty King of kings, There's a joy serene and blessed, and the  
sorrow, when in Jesus we abide, "Peace that passeth understanding" fills the  
liver from the fowler's lurking snare, From the poisoned arrows flying, sin and  
saves me, for redeeming grace he brings, Till I see thy glory shining, let me

*D.S.*—When a-biding in the shadow of the

*Fine.* CHORUS.  
trusting spirit sings, Sweetly kept "in perfect peace." Sweetly kept . . . in perfect  
soul for whom he died, Sweetly kept "in perfect peace."  
danger everywhere, Sweetly kept "in perfect peace."  
be, O King of kings, Sweetly kept "in perfect peace." Sweetly kept in perfect

everlasting wings, We are kept in perfect peace.

*D.S.*  
peace, Sweetly kept . . . . in per-fect peace;  
peace, in per-fect peace, Sweetly kept in per-fect peace, in perfect peace.

# In the Highways.

E. E. HEWITT.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Go ye out in the highways, With the life-giving word; With the joy of the  
 2. Go ye out in the highways; Tell the lowest and least, That the Master in-  
 3. Go ye out in the highways, In the spirit of love; Like the dear Elder

message Let your own heart be stirred: Tell the sto-ry of Je-sus To the  
 vites them To his won- derful feast: He will welcome them fully All his  
 Brother, Who is watching above: Let us walk in his footsteps, Bearing

sin-ful and sad; Let the tid-ings of mercy Make the way-far-er glad.  
 boun-ty to share, And the robe of sal-va-tion He will give them to wear.  
 comfort and cheer; When we seek for the straying He will always be near.

## CHORUS.

Go ye out in the highways and hedges, Is the word of the Master to-day;

Bring the wand'ers in, He will save them from sin;  
 Bring them in, bring the wand'ers in.

# The Very Same Jesus.

L. H. EDMUNDS.

"This same Jesus."—Acts i: 11.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Come, sinners, to the Liv- ing One, He's just the same Je- sus  
2. Come, feast up- on the "living bread," He's just the same Je- sus  
3. Come, tell him all your griefs and fears, He's just the same Je- sus  
4. Come un - to him for clear- er light, He's just the same Je- sus

As when he raised the wid- ow's son, The ver - y same Je - sus.  
As when the mul - ti - tudes he fed, The ver - y same Je - sus.  
As when he shed those lov - ing tears, The ver - y same Je - sus.  
As when he gave the blind their sight, The ver - y same Je - sus.

## CHORUS.

The ver - y same Je - sus, The won- der work- ing Je - sus;

Oh, praise his name, he's just the same, The ver - y same Je - sus.

Copyright, 1891, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| 5 Calm 'midst the waves of trouble be,<br>He's just the same Jesus<br>As when he hushed the raging sea,<br>The very same Jesus. | 6 Some day our raptured eyes shall see<br>He's just the same Jesus;<br>Oh, blessed day for you and me!<br>The very same Jesus. |
|---|--|

## Gladly We will Go.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

CLARISSA H. SPENCER.

1. The Lord is our shepherd, precious friend and guide, We'll trust him ever,  
 2. Thro' sunshine or tempest, o - ver land or sea, Whate'er befalls us,  
 3. The Lord is our keep - er, watching ev - er near, In him confid - ing,

trust him ev - er, walking by his side; Be this our en - dea - vor faithful -  
 where he calls us, quickly we would be; The toils that a - wait us tho' we  
 firm abiding, wherefore should we fear? We'll cling to the promise left us

ly to show, Where Jesus leads our willing feet beside him still shall go.  
 cannot know, At his command with heart and hand beside him we will go.  
 here be - low, And wheresoe'er he leadeth us beside him we will go.

## CHORUS.

We'll go, we'll go, we'll glad - ly, glad - ly go, Tho' skies are  
 We'll go, we'll go, Tho' skies

dark and chill - y winds may blow; The lost to find, or  
 are dark The lost to find,

bravely meet the foe, Wherever Jesus calls us we'll gladly, gladly go.

**Prevailing Prayer.**

“For as a prince hast thou power with God, and with men, and hast prevailed.”

Mrs. E. E. WILLIAMS.

H. L. GILMOUR.

1. Come, Holy Ghost, thy temple claim, And now therein set up thy throne;
2. The carnal mind within me slay, From inbred sin, oh, set me free;
3. Thy nature, Lord, to me impart, Thy boundless grace and mercy prove;

*Fine.*

With fires of love my soul inflame, And make and seal me all thine own.  
 Hear thou my cry, turn not away, But come and live thy life in me.  
 Make me this moment pure in heart, And fill me with thy perfect love.

*D.S.*—The blood! the blood! the precious blood! It cleanseth me, it cleanseth me.

**CHORUS.**

*D.S.*

I can believe! I do believe! My pray'r prevails! my soul is free!

Copyright, 1896, by H. L. Gilmour.

<p>4 'Tis done! the gracious work divine!                  My fervent prayer prevail with God;                  Pardon and purity are mine,                  Thro' faith in Christ's atoning blood.</p>	<p>5 Now, O my soul, his praises sing,                  And to the world his love proclaim;                  Your trophies to his footstool bring,                  And shout hosanna to his name.</p>
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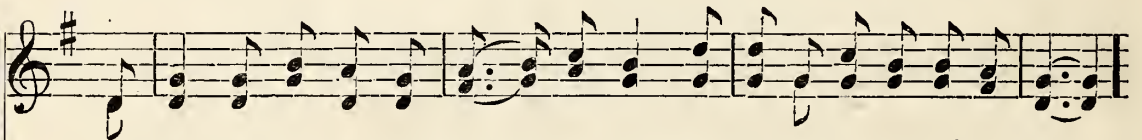
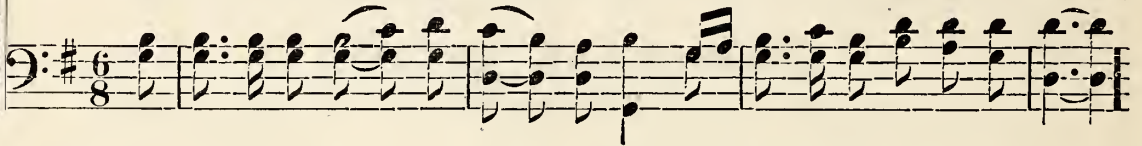
## I've Heard of a Saviour.

From "Special Songs."

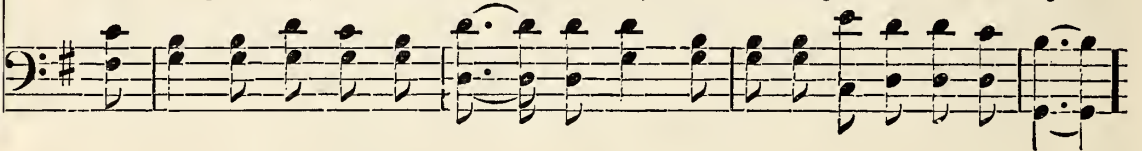
JNO. R. SWENEY.



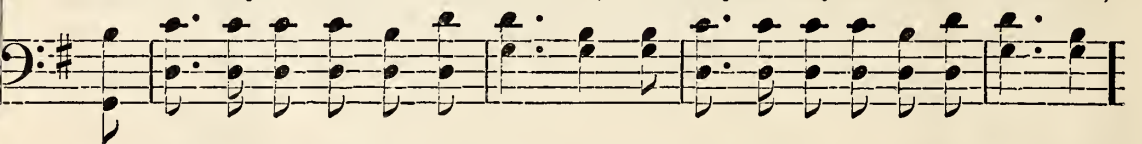
1. I've heard of a Saviour whose love was so strong, He loved a poor sinner like me ;
2. This wonderful Saviour took such a low place, To save a poor sinner like me ;
3. This Jesus had nowhere to lay his head, To save a poor sinner like me ;
4. This God of all grace is waiting here now, To save a poor sinner like you ;



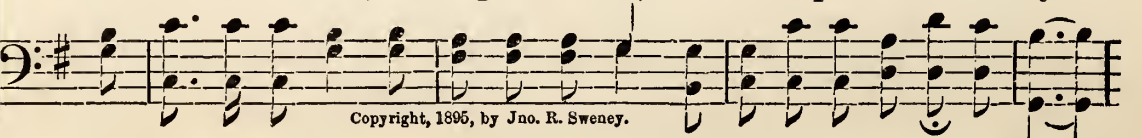
He turned his back on the glo-rified throng, To save a poor sinner like me.  
 His heart overflowing with wondrous grace, To save a poor sinner like me.  
 He was a Lamb to the slaugh-ter led, To save a poor sinner like me.  
 Come as you are, at the mercy-seat bow, He'll save a poor sinner like you.



The angels they sang him from glo-ry, I'm glad that they told me the story ;  
 Was born in a sta-ble and man-ger, In his own world was a stranger,  
 'Midst darkness my Saviour is dy-ing, "Tis finished !" I hear Jesus crying,  
 Your life may be all re-bel-lion, Still you may have this sal-vation ;



He came from on high to suf-fer and die, To save a poor sinner like me.  
 With all things did part to win my hard heart, And save a poor sinner like me.  
 My soul may go free, he died on the tree, To save a poor sinner like me.  
 Back-slid-er as well, I'm so glad to tell, He'll save a poor sinner like you.



CHORUS.

My sins rose as high as a mountain, They all disappeared in the Fountain;

He put my name down for a palace and crown, O bless his dear name, I am free.

**The Heaven-bound Mariner.**

Words arranged.

Arr by Wm. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. What ves - sel are you sailing in? Pray tell to me its name. Our  
 2. And what's the port your sailing to? Declare to me straight way. The  
 3. Our compass is the Sacred Word, Our anchor, blooming Hope, The  
 4. And are you not afraid some storm Your bark will o-verwhelm? We

Cho. { Then hoist your sail to catch the gale, Each sail- or ply his oar, The  
 We soon shall reach the shore, We soon shall reach the shore, The

*D. C. Chorus.*

ves - sel is the Ark of God, And Christ our Captain's name.  
 new Je - ru - salem's the Port, In realms of end - less day.  
 love of God the main top - sail, And faith our ca - ble rope.  
 do not fear, the Lord is here, Our Fath - er's at the helm.

From "Songs of Joy and Gladness."

night be-gins to wear a - way, We soon shall reach the shore.

5 Heave out your boat, I too will go,  
 If you can find me room.  
 There's room for you, and all who will,  
 Make no delay to come. [storm

6 We've looked astern, through many a  
 The Lord has brought us through;  
 We're looking now ahead, and lo!  
 The land appears in view.

7 The sun is up, the clouds are gone,  
 The heavens above are clear,  
 A city bright appears in sight,  
 We soon shall round the pier.

8 And when we all are landed safe,  
 On that celestial plain,  
 Our song shall be "Worthy the Lamb  
 That was for sinners slain."

# Jesus Lives!

Rev. JOHN R. COLGAN.

A. F. MYERS. By per.

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

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

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

## CHORUS.

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

sing for Je - sus, ev - 'rywhere you go, Lift your joyful voices high,  
 sing,  
 Je - - sus,



*Repeat chorus pp.*

*f rit.*

Ringing clear thro' earth and sky, Let the blessed tidings fly, Je- sus lives!

## In that City.

C. J. B.

CHAS. J. BUTLER.

1. O'er death's sea, in yon blest city, There's a home for ev-'ry one;
2. Here we've no a-bid-ing city, Mansions here will soon de-cay;
3. I have loved ones in that city, Those who left me years a-go;
4. T'ward that pure and ho-ly city Oft my long-ing eyes I cast;

Purchas'd with a price most costly, 'Twas the blood of God's dear Son.  
 But that cit-y God's built firmly, It can nev-er pass a-way.  
 They with joy are wait-ing for me, Where no farewell tears e'er flow.  
 Je-sus whispers sweet-ly to me, Heav'n is yours when earth is past.

### CHORUS.

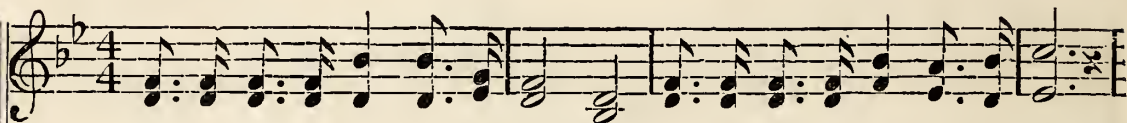
In that cit-y—bright cit-y, Soon with loved ones I shall be;

And with Jesus live for-ev-er, In that cit-y beyond death's sea.

## Gathering out of Tears.

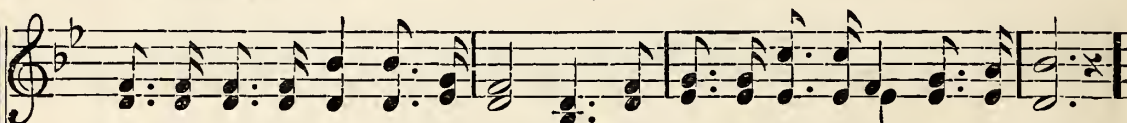
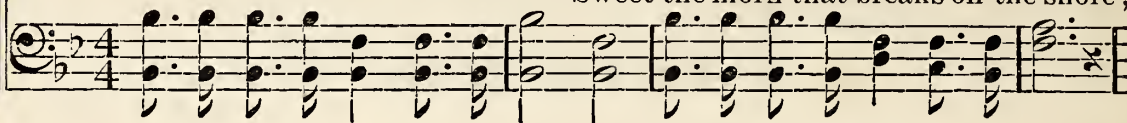
FANNY J. CROSBY.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. Steer our bark away to the homeland, Spread the sails of hope o'er the sea;
2. Steer our bark away to the homeland, On without a fear let us go;
3. Bright and fair the hills of the homeland, Clad in all the bloom of the spring;
4. Soft the winds that blow from the homeland,

Sweet the morn that breaks on the shore;

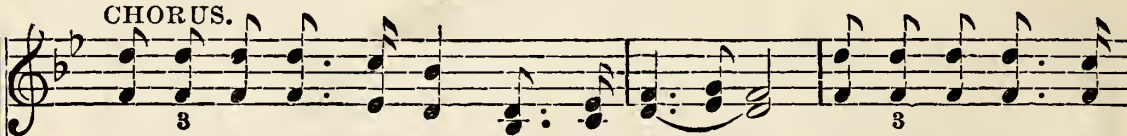


Think of all the friends that await us, When anchored safely there we shall be.  
 When the port of peace we are nearing, The blessed harbor lights we shall know.  
 There to him wholoved and redeemed us, Our joyful, joyful praise we will sing.  
 Soon we'll meet again our beloved ones,

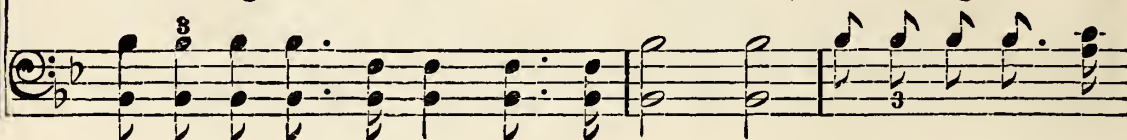
Where sorrow's plaintive moan comes no more.



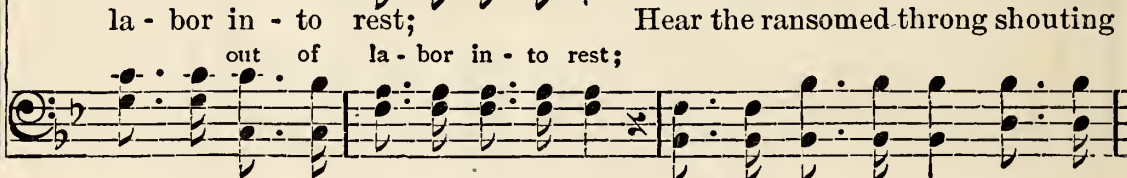
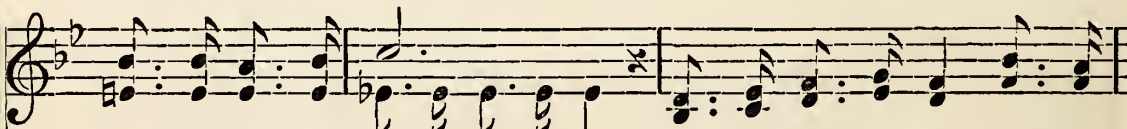
## CHORUS.



Gather- ing out of tears in - to sun - shine, Gather- ing out of

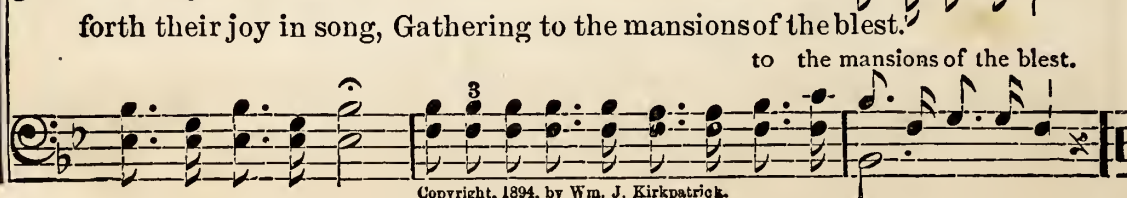


la - bor in - to rest; Hear the ransomed throng shouting  
 out of la - bor in - to rest;



forth their joy in song, Gathering to the mansions of the blest.

to the mansions of the blest.

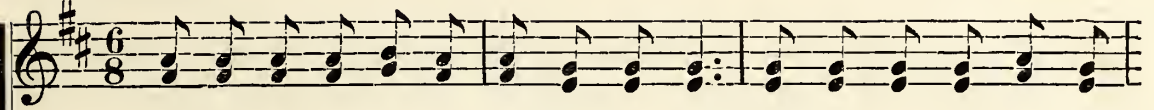


# Calling You Home.

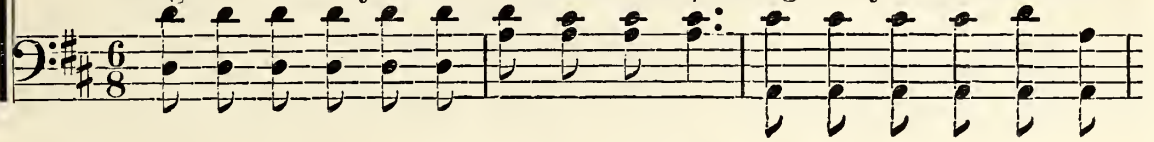
79

J. B. MACKAY.

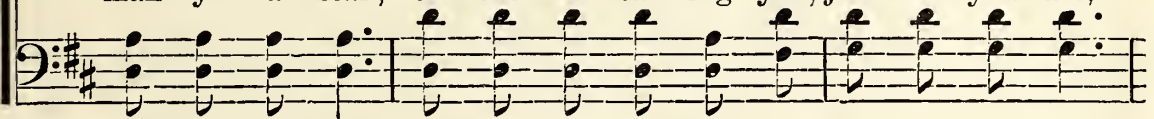
JNO. R. SWENEY.



1. Sinner, O why do you heedless-ly stray, Farther and farther from
2. Out in the desert so lonely and drear, While you've been wand'ring for
3. Though you have always been wayward and wild, Your loving Father still
4. 'Though in- to sin you have wandered afar, Though on your heart there is



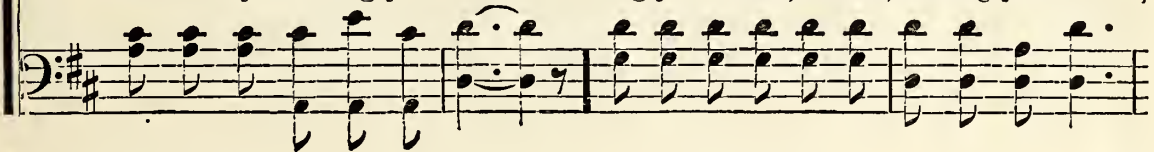
heav-en a-way? O hear the voice of the Sav-iour to-day,  
man-y a year, Je-sus has ev-er been lov-ing-ly near,  
calls you his child; Now is the Sav-iour, in tones sweet and mild,  
man-y a scar; Je-sus is call-ing you, just as you are,



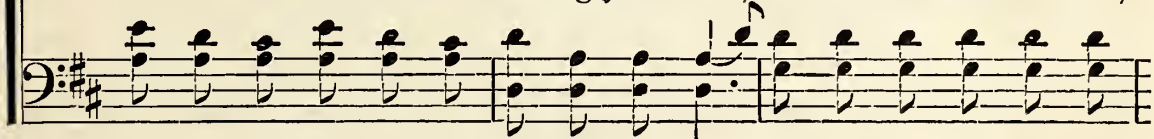
## CHORUS.



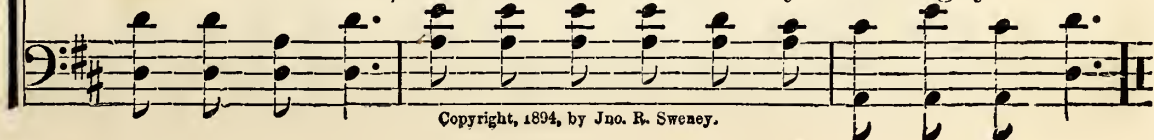
Tender-ly calling you home. Calling you home, sinner, calling you home;



Je-sus the Saviour is call-ing you home; Come and abide with him,



nev-er to roam, Je-sus is ten-der-ly call-ing you home.



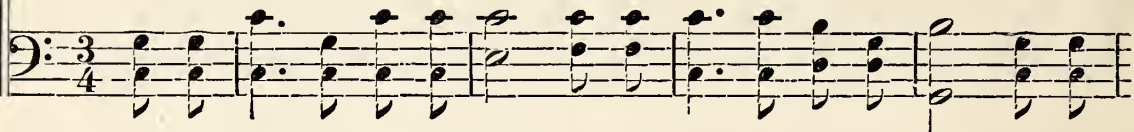
# 80 When for Me the Sunlight Gleams.

JESSE P. TOMPKINS.

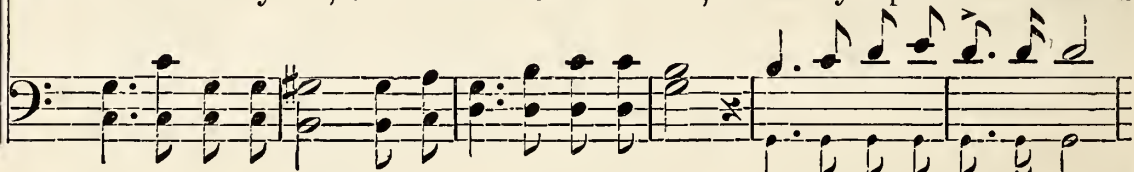
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



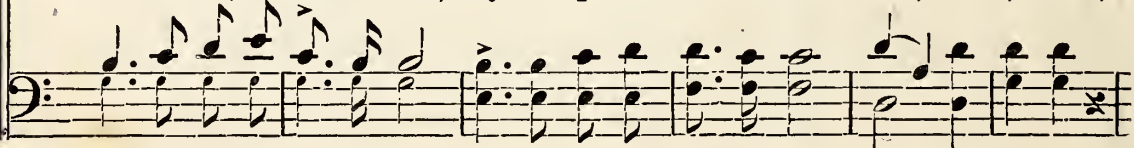
1. When for me the sunlight gleams, And life's fairest flowers bloom, Joy in-
2. When the fondest hopes shall die, And like ros-es scattered lie, When my
3. When for me the end shall come, And from earthly scenes I glide, When my



[and fair, to my bosom streams, Driving out the mists and gloom ; When the skies are bright heart bowed down with grief, Sadly sighs for some relief ; To his tender, loving heart bark drifts slowly out, O'er the river's sullen tide ; When my raptured vision falls



And sweet music fills the air, Then I'll praise his name so dear, Jesus, Jesus, Would I then my grief impart ; Then I rest, sweet rest shall find, Jesus, Jesus, On the fair, celestial walls, Joy and peace shall then be mine, Jesus, Jesus,



Light of life to me, Je - sus, Je - sus, Love so full and free.  
 Light of life to me, Je - sus, Je - sus, Love so full and free.  
 I shall ev-er see, Je - sus, Je - sus, Thro' e-ter - ni - ty.



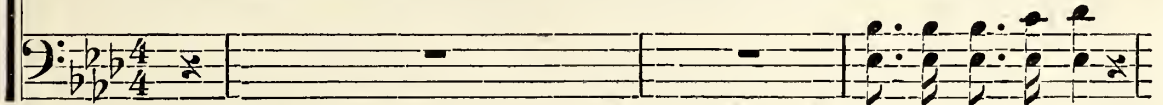
# The Heavenly Pilot.

H. L. G.

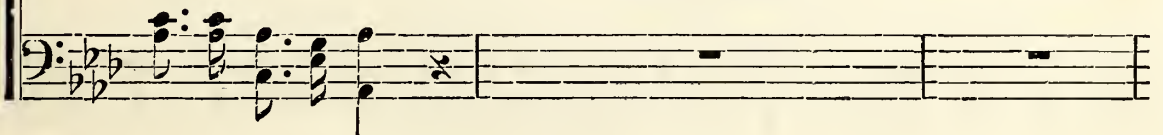
H. L. GILMOUR.



1. With Jesus in the vessel, we can laugh at storm, Take the Pilot in,
2. This Jesus walks the billows with a conq'ring tread, Take the Pilot in,
3. He'll guide amid the breakers of a friendless world, Take the Pilot in,
4. And when we reach the haven, on the glassy sea, Take the Pi-lot in,



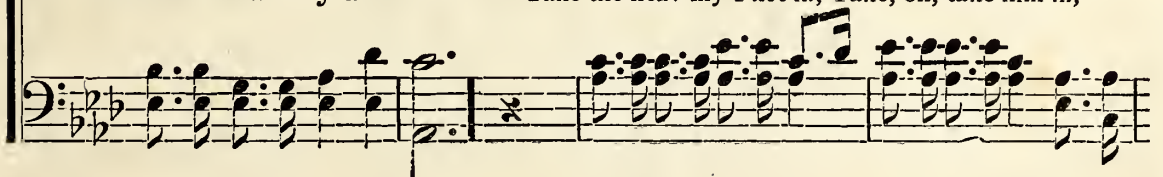
take the Pilot in; Tho' sleeping on a pillow, yet he saves from harm,  
take the Pilot in; Inspiring songs of trust, tho' clouds are over-head,  
take the Pilot in; And help us anchor safely, with our sails all furled,  
take the Pilot in; We'll sing our happy rescue thro' e - ter - ni - ty,



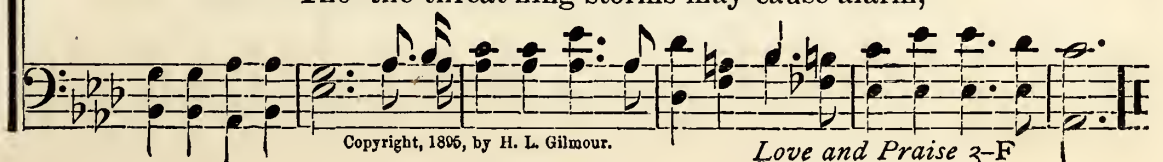
## CHORUS.



Take the heav'nly Pilot in. Take the Pi - lot, take the Pi - lot, For the  
Take the heav'nly Pilot in.  
Take the heav'nly Pilot in.  
With the heav'nly Pilot in. Take the heav'nly Pilot in, Take, oh, take him in,



reefs are close at hand, He'll bring us safe to land.  
Tho' the threat'ning storms may cause alarm,



# His Anger is Turned Away.

F. G. BURROUGHS.

Psalm 30. 5.

H. L. GILMOUR.

1. O Lord, I will praise thee, For though thou wast angry, Thine anger is  
 2. O Lord, I will praise thee, Because thou hast saved me, And welcomed thy  
 3. O Lord, I will praise thee, For great is thy mercy, To par-don trans-  
 4. O Lord, I will praise thee, For though thou wast angry, Thine anger is

turned away! By grace now is pardoned This heart that was hardened; From  
 prodigal home; Thy great love abiding Hath healed my back sliding; From  
 gressions like mine: Tho' summer had ended, Thine angels defend-ed, And  
 turned a - way! Thy comforts now cheer me, Thy presence is near me, Thou

## CHORUS.

sin I am ransomed to - day. Ho - san - na! ho - san - na! The  
 thee I will nev - er more roam.  
 kept this late tro - phy of thine.  
 lov - est me free - ly to - day!

Lord is my banner, His an - ger is turned a - way! My chains have been

riv - en, My sins all for - given; O Lord, I will praise thee to - day.

# Homeward.

83

"And the ransomed of the Lord shall return."—

TOM CARDER, Jr.

HERBERT C. ROWELL.

1. So tired of the life we were liv- ing, By sin and its  
2. The tri - als of bondage for- getting, In free - dom we  
3. The price of our pardon was heav- y, But Je - sus has

burdens oppressed, Our world- wea- ry spirits come thronging To  
joyous- ly sing; In thy blest assurance be - lieving, With  
paid the full sum; His free "who- so- ev- er" ac- cepting, By

## CHORUS.

en - ter the haven of rest. We come from the highways and  
faith to thy promise we cling. thousands we joyful - ly come. we come

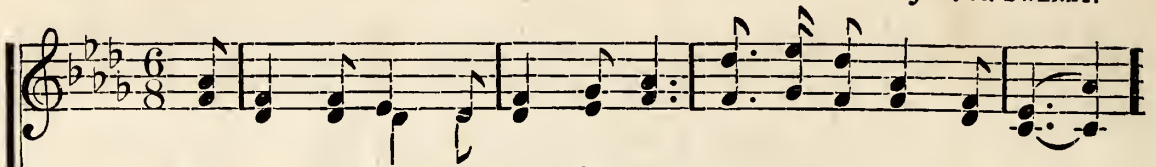
byways, O'er paths which our Saviour has trod, To be with the  
o'er paths to be

ransomed for - ev - er, At home with our Father and God.  
at home

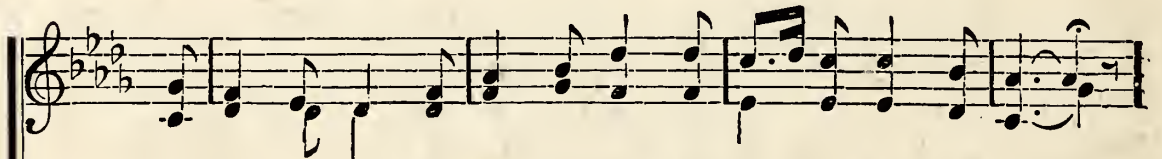
# Jesus is Passing By.

E. E. HEWITT.

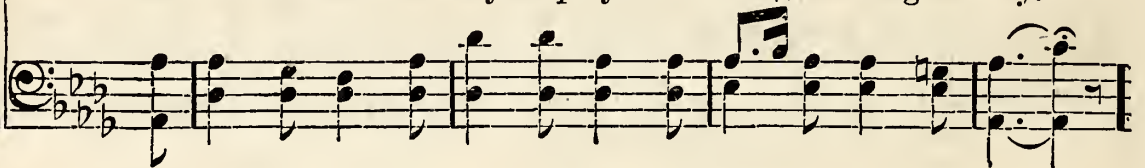
JNO. R. SWENEY.



1. Come, contrite one, and seek his grace, Je - sus is passing by;
2. Come, hungry one, and tell your need, Je - sus is passing by;
3. Come, wea-ry one, and find sweet rest, Je - sus is passing by;
4. Come, burdened one, bring all your care, Je - sus is passing by;



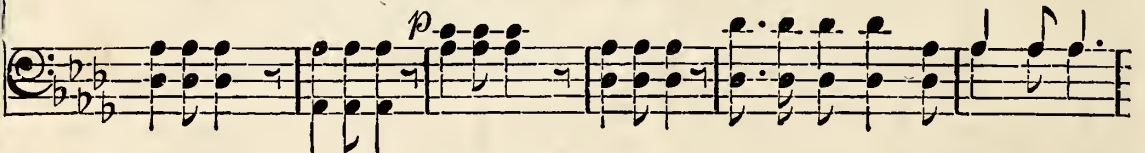
See in his rec - on - cil - ed face The sunshine of the sky.  
 The Bread of Life your soul will feed, And ful - ly sat - is - fy.  
 Come where the longing heart is blessed, And on his bos - om lie.  
 The love that list - ens to your prayer Will "no good thing" de - ny.



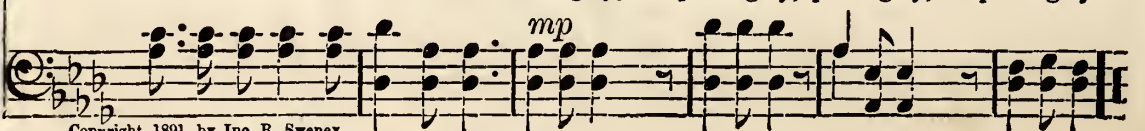
## CHORUS.



Pass - ing by, . . pass - ing by, . . Hasten to meet him on the way,  
 Passing by, passing by, passing by, passing by,



Jesus is passing by to-day, Pass - ing by, . . pass - ing by.  
 Passing by, passing by, passing by, passing by.



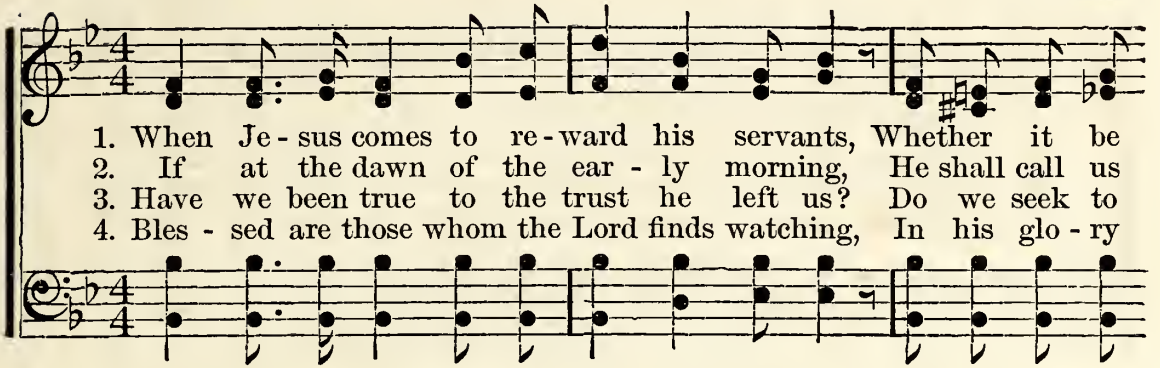


# Will Jesus Find us Watching?

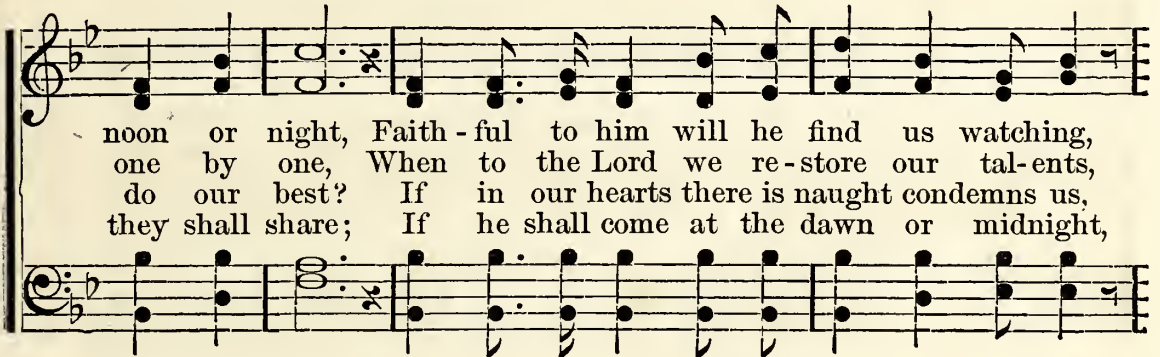
85

FANNY J. CROSBY.

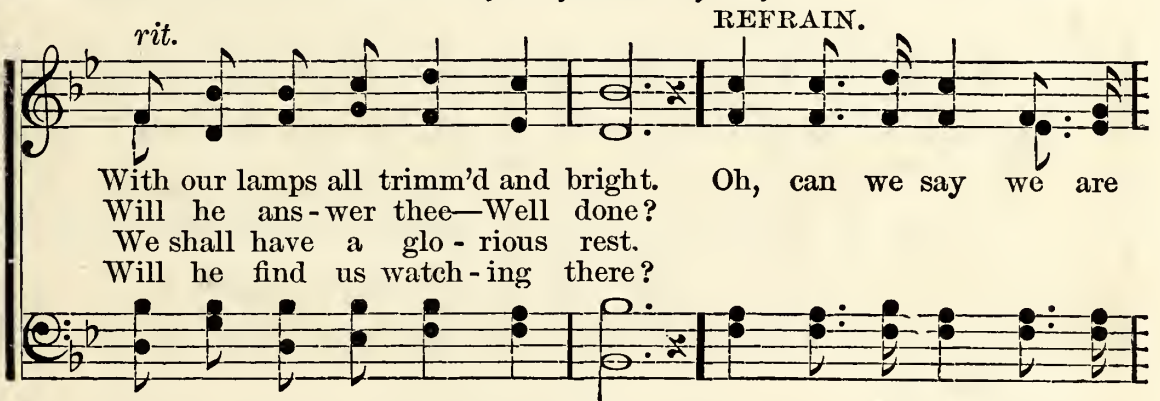
W. H. DOANE.



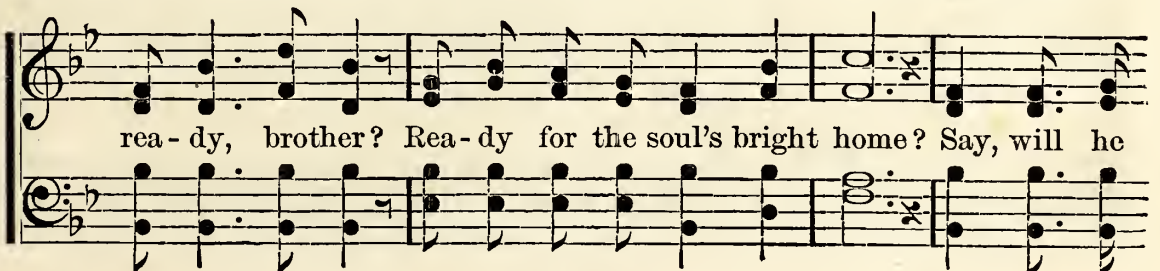
1. When Je - sus comes to re - ward his servants, Whether it be  
2. If at the dawn of the ear - ly morning, He shall call us  
3. Have we been true to the trust he left us? Do we seek to  
4. Bles - sed are those whom the Lord finds watching, In his glo - ry



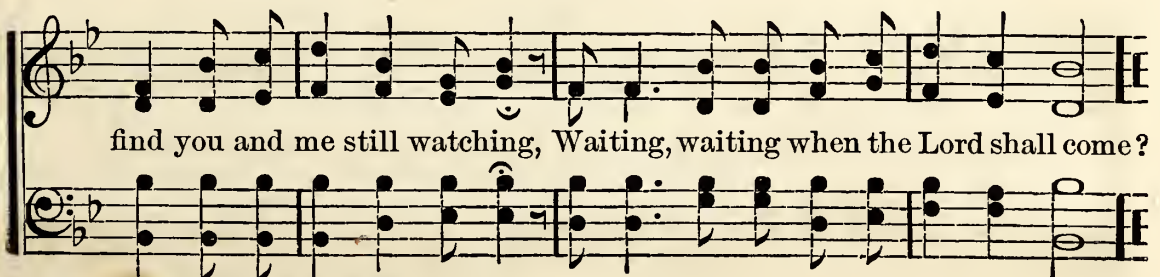
noon or night, Faith - ful to him will he find us watching,  
one by one, When to the Lord we re - store our tal - ents,  
do our best? If in our hearts there is naught condemns us,  
they shall share; If he shall come at the dawn or midnight,



*rit.* REFRAIN.  
With our lamps all trimm'd and bright. Oh, can we say we are  
Will he ans - wer thee—Well done?  
We shall have a glo - rious rest.  
Will he find us watch - ing there?



rea - dy, brother? Rea - dy for the soul's bright home? Say, will he

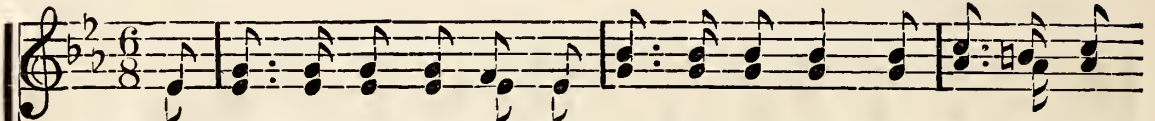


find you and me still watching, Waiting, waiting when the Lord shall come?

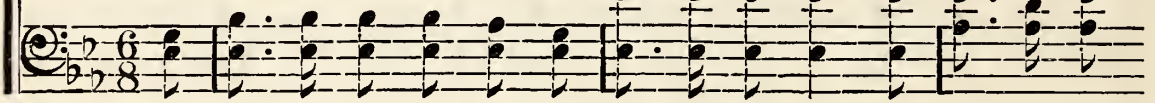
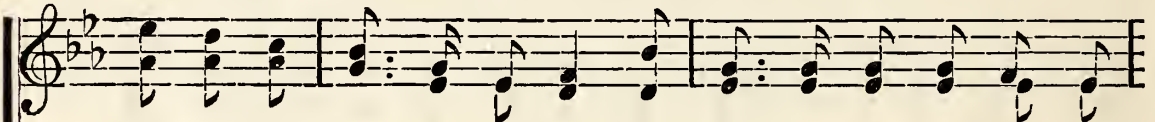
# Just Lean upon Jesus.

E. E. HEWITT.


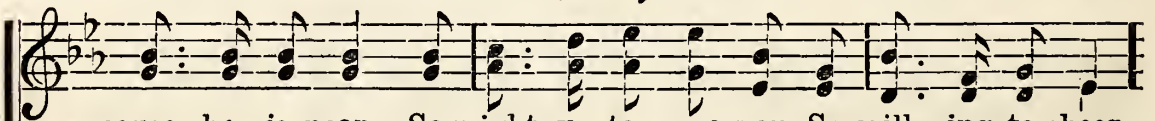
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



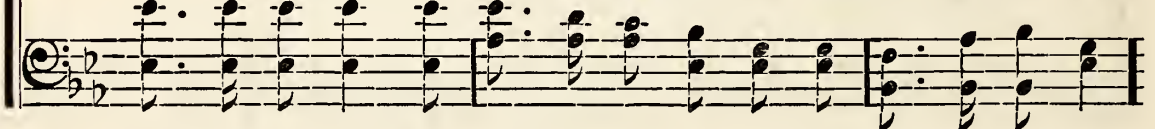
1. Just lean up-on Je-sus; He'll help you a-long, And brighten your  
 2. Just lean up-on Je-sus; In service perplexed, And ask him to  
 3. Just lean up-on Je-sus, And bring ev-'ry care, Tho' tri-ling or  
 4. Just lean up-on Je-sus, When troubles dismay; He counts ev-'ry


pathway With ma - ny a song. Glad songs of re - joic-ing, Be-  
 show you The work that comes "next;" Then sim- ply o - bey-ing, Re-  
 heav- y, To him who hears prayer. He tells you so kind - ly In  
 footstep That leads up to Day. So near "the Be - lov - ed" No

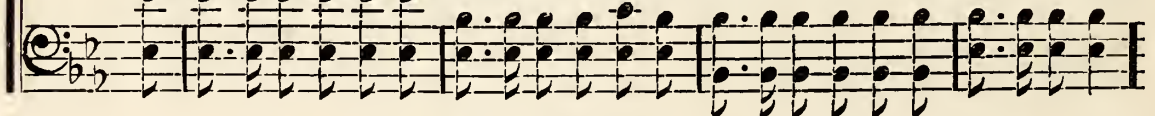

cause he is near, So might-y to save you, So will - ing to cheer.  
 sults leave with him; His arm is un - fail - ing, His eye nev - er dim.  
 him to con - fide, Oh, trust him most ful - ly, There's joy at his side.  
 ill need af - fright; The val - ley of shadow His presence makes bright.



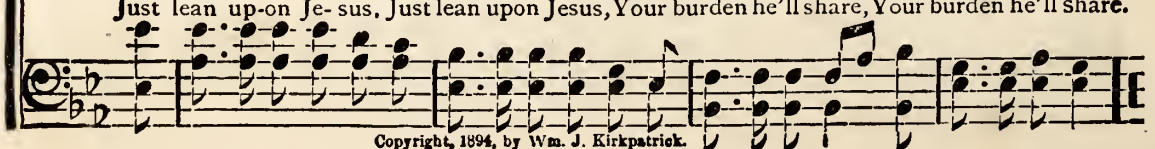
## CHORUS.



Just lean . . . up-on Je - - sus, Dear child . . . of his care; . . . .  
 Just lean up-on Je-sus, Just lean upon Je-sus, Just lean upon Jesus, Dear child of his care;

Just lean . . . up-on Je - - sus, Your bur - den he'll share. . . .  
 Just lean up-on Je-sus, Just lean upon Jesus, Your burden he'll share, Your burden he'll share.



# Send out the Sunlight.

ELLEN DARE.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Send out the sunlight, the sunlight of cheer, Shine on earth's sadness till it disappears—Souls are in waiting this message to hear, Send out the sunlight of love.  
 2. Send out the sunlight in letter and word; Speak it and think it till hearts are all stirred—Hearts that are hungry for prayers still unheard, Send out the sunlight of love.  
 3. Send out the sunlight each hour and day, Crown all the years with its luminous ray, Nourish the seeds that are sown on the way, Send out the sunlight of love.  
 4. Send out the sunlight that speaks in a smile, Often it shortens the long, weary mile, Often the burdens seem light for awhile, Send out the sunlight of love.

### CHORUS.

Send out the sunlight of love, . . . . Send out the sunlight of love, . . . .  
 the sunlight of love, the sunlight of love,

Send out the sunlight, Send out the sunlight, Send out the sunlight of love.  
 the sunlight of love.

Copyright, 1892, by Jno. R. Sweney.

<p>5 Send out the sunlight, as free as the air!          Blessings will follow with none to compare,          Blessings of peace, that will rise from despair,          Send out the sunlight of love.</p>	<p>6 Send out the sunlight, you have it in you!          Clouds may obscure it just now from your view;          Pray for its presence! your prayer will come true,          Send out the sunlight of love.</p>
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## Come in, O Blessed One.

FANNY. J. CROSBY.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Come in, come in, O blessed One; My heart is all thine own;  
 2. Come in, come in, O blessed One; Thou King of kings di- vine,  
 3. Come in, come in, O blessed One, Whose name the angels praise,  
 4. Come in, O Sun of Righteousness, And source of endless day,

Here make thy constant dwelling place, Thy tem- ple and thy throne.  
 My life, my will, my ev-'ry pow'r, Without reserve are thine.  
 While mortal tongues in humbler strains There grateful tribute raise.  
 Thou Lamb of God, whose cleansing blood Has washed my sins away.

## CHORUS.

Hal - le-lu-jah, hal - le-lu-jah, For the grace that makes me free;  
 Glory, halle - lu-jah, glory, halle - lu-jah,

Hal - le-lu-jah, hal - le-lu-jah, Hal - le-lu-jah, Lord, to thee.  
 Glory, halle - lu-jah, glory, halle - lu-jah,

# Make Me a Blessing To-day.

“Lord bless me, and make me a blessing.”—Rev. D. B. Updegraff.

Rev. H. J. ZELLEY.

H. L. GILMOUR.

1. I do not ask to choose my path, Lord, lead me in thy way ;  
2. Around me, Lord, are sin - ful men, Who scorn and dis - o - bey ;  
3. To those who once thy love have known, But now are far a - stray ;  
4. Some saints of thine are in distress, And for thy ful - ness pray ;  
5. If thou hast an - y errand, Lord, Send me, and I'll o - bey ;

Inspire each thought and prompt each word, And make me a blessing to-day.  
Use me to win them from their sins, And make me a blessing to-day.  
Help me to lead them back to thee, And make me a blessing to-day.  
Oh, let me go and help them Lord, And make me a blessing to-day.  
Use me in an - y way thou wilt, And make me a blessing to - day.

## CHORUS.

Bless me, Lord, and make me a blessing, I'll gladly thy message convey ;

Use me to help some poor, needy soul, And make me a blessing to - day.

## 'Tis Everything to Me.

(In answer to the hymn, "Is it Nothing to You?")

E. E. HEWITT.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. The love of God to sinners, his "ev-er-lasting love," 'Tis everything to  
 2. The grace that never fails me, "sufficient" every day, 'Tis everything to  
 3. To know that I may serve him, his fellow-worker here, 'Tis everything to  
 4. To know I have a mansion prepared for me on high, 'Tis everything to

me, yes, everything to me; It brought the Lord my Saviour from radiant realms a-  
 me, yes, everything to me; A song in nights of sorrow, a star to guide my  
 me, yes, everything to me; To go up-on his errands, to tell his words of  
 me, yes, everything to me; That there I'll be with Jesus, beyond the sunset

*D. S.*—round this blessed Saviour my best affections

*Fine.* CHORUS.

bove, 'Tis everything to me, yes, everything to me. 'Tis joy, 'tis joy to  
 way, 'Tis everything to me, yes, everything to me.  
 cheer, 'Tis everything to me, yes, everything to me.  
 sky, 'Tis everything to me, yes, everything to me.

twine, He's everything to me, yes, everything to me.

know that he is mine, *D. S.*  
 That rays of heav'nly glory on my earthly path will shine; Since

# Is it Nothing to You?

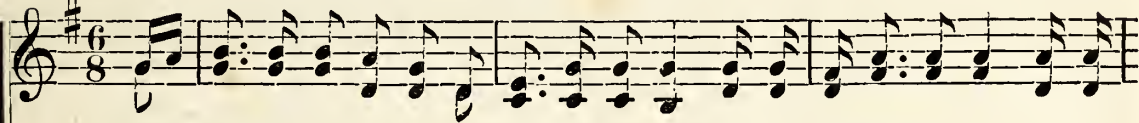
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Suggested on hearing the sermon by Rev. B. Fay Mills, from the text, "Is it nothing to you?"

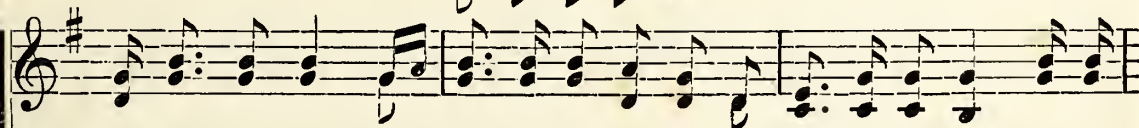
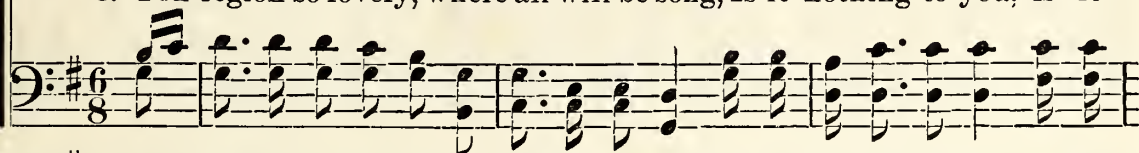
La. i: 12, preached at the Ocean Grove Auditorium, Aug. 24, 1894.

MYRON W. MORSE, and FANNY J. CROSBY.

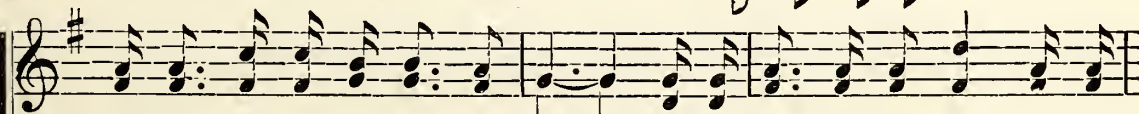
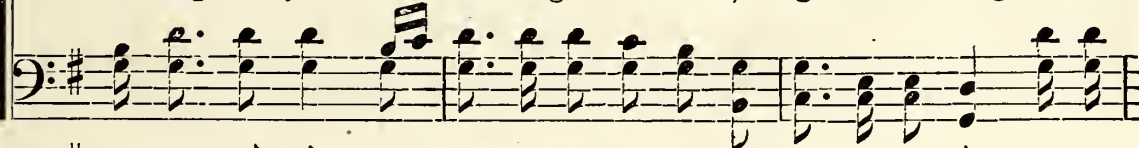
JNO. R. SWENEY.



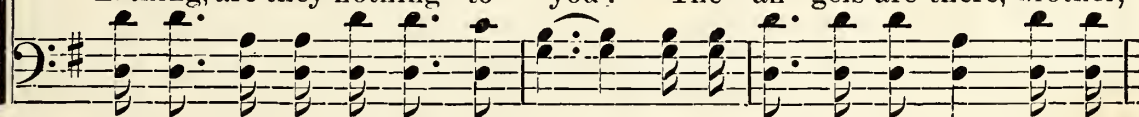
1. Our blessed Redeemer is passing this way, Is it nothing to you, is it
2. The Master is calling, oh, list to his voice, Is it nothing to you, is it
3. Yon region so lovely, where all will be song, Is it nothing to you, is it



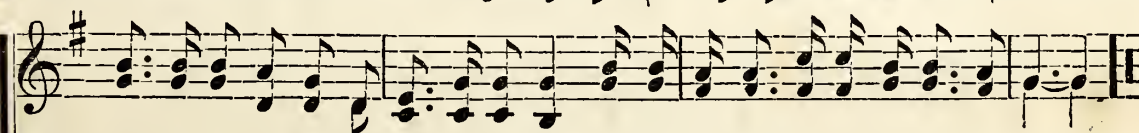
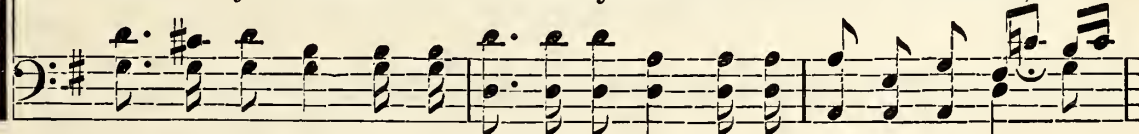
nothing to you? Oh, hear him this moment so ten-der-ly say, Is it  
nothing to you? Awake from your slumber, believe and rejoice, Is it  
nothing to you? The Saviour's glad welcome, the glorified throng, Are they



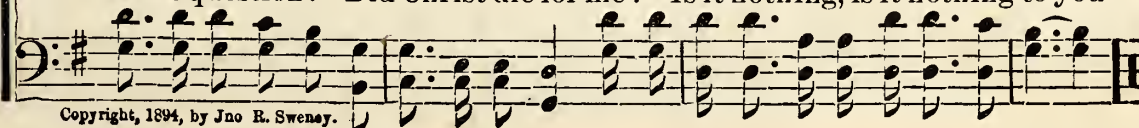
nothing, is it nothing to you? There is life for a look at the  
nothing, is it nothing to you? The sands of your life are fast  
nothing, are they nothing to you? The an- gels are there, brother,



crucified One, There is life for a look at the Father's own Son; Oh,  
passing away, Oh, haste, quickly haste, ere the close of the day, Re-  
where will you be?— 'Tis time that you halted on life's restless sea, And



hasten just now, to the dear Saviour come, Is it nothing, is it nothing to you?  
pent and receive him, oh, do not delay, Make it something, make it something to you.  
settled this question: "Did Christ die for me?" Is it nothing, is it nothing to you?



## The Latch of Father's Door.

Mrs. W. G. MOYER.

H. L. GILMOUR.

1. On-ly a fond old fath-er, Facing the window pane; Peering with  
 2. On-ly a fath-er weep-ing, Weeping as o'er the dead, Seeing no  
 3. On-ly a rest-ful homestead Waits the returning one; On-ly a

anxious long-ing In-to the dark and rain: On-ly the weary wand'r-er,  
 form approaching, Hearing no manly tread; Only a trembling wand'r-er,  
 heav'nly Fath-er Welcomes a long lost son; On-ly a wea-ry sin-ner,

Home from a foreign shore, Waiting outside, and fears to lift The latch of his  
 Longing for home once more, Weary and worn, too faint to lift The latch of his  
 Broken in heart, and sore, Almost per-ua-ded now to lift The latch of his

## CHORUS.

father's door. Lift now the latch, my boy, my boy, And wait outside no more;

There's love and rest for thee, my boy, With-in thy fath-er's door.



# Look and Live.

W. A. O.

W. A. OGDEN.

1. I've a mes - sage from the Lord, Hal - le - lu - jah! The  
2. I've a mes - sage full of love, Hal - le - lu - jah! A  
3. Life is of - fered un - to thee, Hal - le - lu - jah! E -  
4. I will tell you how I came, Hal - le - lu - jah! To

mes - sage un - to you I'll give, 'Tis re - cord - ed in his word,  
mes - sage, oh! my friend, for you, 'Tis a mes - sage from a - bove,  
ter - nal life thy soul shall have, If you'll on - ly look to him,  
Je - sus, when he made me whole; 'Twas be - liev - ing on his name,

*D.S.*—'Tis re - cord - ed in his word,

*Fine.*  
Hal - le - lu - jah! It is on - ly that you "look and live."  
Hal - le - lu - jah! Je - sus said it, and I know 'tis true.  
Hal - le - lu - jah! Look to Je - sus who a - lone can save.  
Hal - le - lu - jah! I trust - ed and he saved my soul.

Hal - le - lu - jah! It is on - ly that you "look and live."

CHORUS.

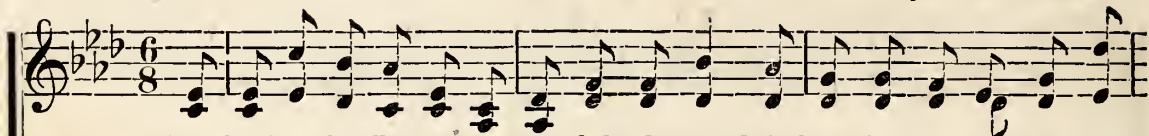
*D.S.*  
Look and live, . . . my brother, live, Look to Je - sus now and live;  
look and live, look and live,

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## A Song in the Heart.

E. E. HEWITT.

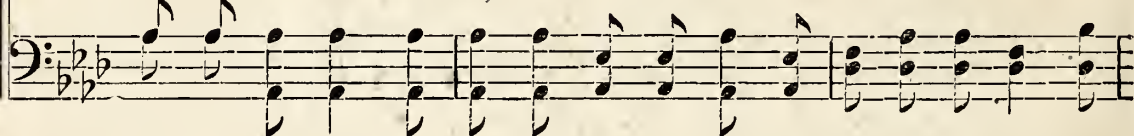
JNO. R. SWENEY.



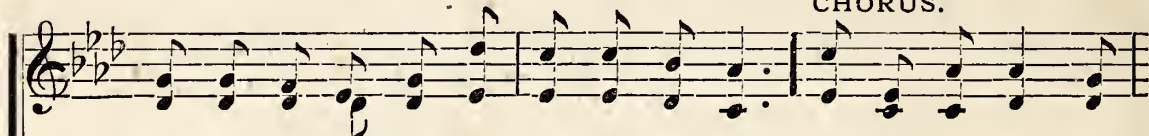
1. I'm singing for Jesus, a song of the heart; His love is the sunshine that
2. I'm singing for Jesus, tho' shadows may fall, 'The starlight of promise shines
3. I'm singing for Jesus, that others may hear How precious my Saviour, his
4. Then singing for Jesus and working as well, Our praise and rejoicing to



ne'er will de- part, So pure and unchanging by night and by day, It  
 brightly thro' all; His comforting presence so richly made known, There's  
 Spir- it how near: He wants oth-er voic- es to learn the glad key, And  
 heaven shall swell, Earth's toil soon exchanging for service a-bove, Be-



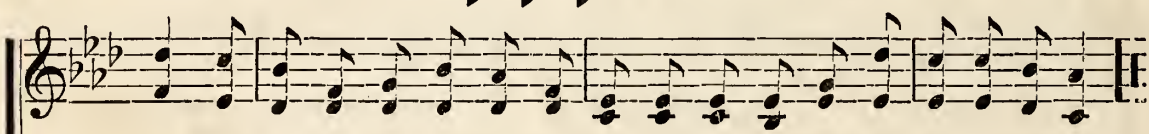
## CHORUS.



fills me with blessing, and brightens my way. Singing for Je - sus,  
 nev - er a moment he leaves me a - lone.  
 sing to his glo - ry, "sal - va - tion for me."  
 holding the face of the Mas - ter we love.



singing for Je- sus, Singing a love that will never depart; Singing for



Je- sus, singing for Jesus, His name is sweet music, a song in the heart.



# Hallelujah to Jesus.

95

FANNY J. CROSBY.

J. N. CLEMMER.

1. Ho-ly, great, and glorious, Jesus reigns vic- torious; At his throne with  
2. Now with hearts and voices, While the world rejoic-es, With the an-gel  
3. Life to all he giv - eth, Life, because he liv-eth; We shall dwell with

rev'ence fall, Hail him Lord of all. With the cross before us, With its banner  
host proclaim, Blessed be his name. He has brought salvation, Free to every  
him above, Happy in his love. Love that changeth never, Love no power can

o'er us; Swell the mighty cho-rus, Hail him, rul- er o - ver all.  
na - tion; Let the wide cre - a - tion Bless and praise his ho - ly name.  
sev - er, Love that shall for- ev - er Fill the glorious realms a - bove.

## CHORUS.

Hal - le - lu - jah, he has conquered, He who reigns vic- torious, King;

Hal - le - lu - jah to Je - sus, Heav'n and earth his triumph sing.

## I've Yielded All for Jesus.

WINFIELD S. DAVIS.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. I've yielded all for Je - sus, that struggle now is past, I  
 2. I've yielded all for Je - sus, tho' mean the offering brought, With  
 3. I've yielded all for Je - sus, my gain and not my loss! He  
 4. I've yielded all for Je - sus, who else has proffered peace? From

vain-ly tried re - sist-ing, he's conquered me at last; He knows the heavy bitter tears all sprinkled and condemnation fraught; A life misspent, whose left a throne in glo - ry and hung upon a cross To purchase my resin's destructive bondage, none else can give re-lease; The world's delusive

burden I've borne, yet would not own, But now I am de - termined my fruitage from seeds of sin has grown, But now I am de - termined my demption,—his blood can save a - lone; And now I am de - termined my pleasures in paths to death are strewn, And now I am de - termined my

## CHORUS.

heart shall be his throne. All . . . . for Je - sus, All . . . . for  
 All for Jesus, for Je - sus, All for Jesus, for

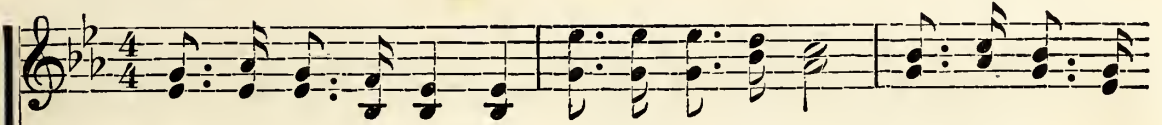
Je - sus; I've yielded all for Je - sus, He's conquered me at last.

# Living by the Moment.

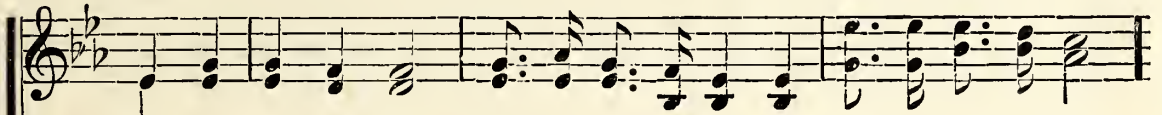
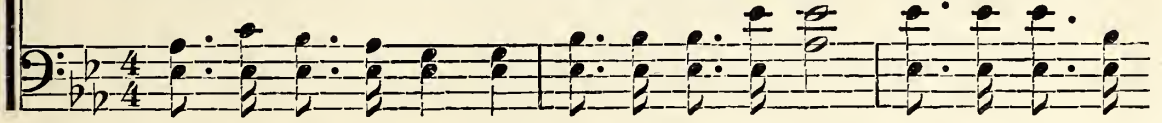
97

E. E. HEWITT.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



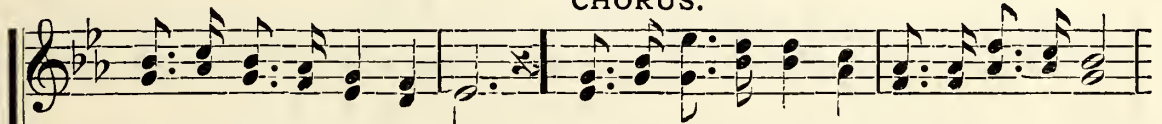
1. Liv - ing by the moment, trusting ev - 'ry hour, Strengthen'd by my
2. Liv - ing by the moment 'neath the mighty flow, Making stains of
3. Liv - ing by the moment, cast - ing care a - way, Je - sus bears my



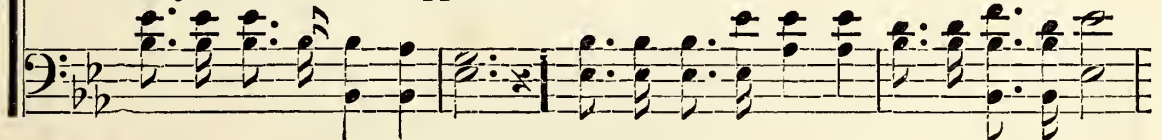
Saviour's keeping pow'r; Guided by his Spir - it toward the home above,  
crimson like the snow; Walking in the sunlight shining more and more,  
burdens, day by day; From the streams of blessing, mercy's boundless tide,



## CHORUS.



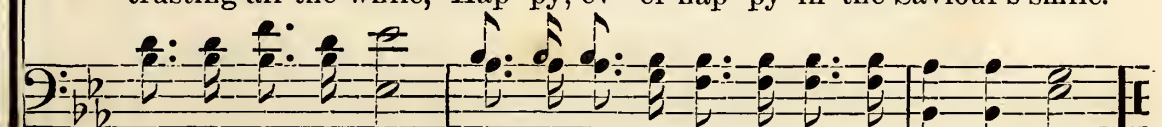
Praise his ever - lasting love. Living by the moment, trusting all the while,  
From the blessed golden shore.  
Ev'ry need shall be supplied.



Hap - py, ev - er hap - py in my Saviour's smile; Liv - ing by the moment,



trusting all the while, Hap - py, ev - er hap - py in the Saviour's smile.



# Letters from Heaven.

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr. Alt.

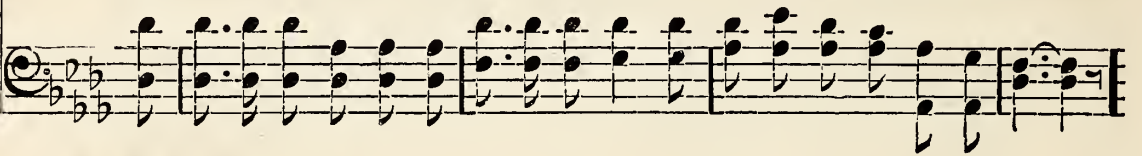
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. Oh, I have some letters from heaven, Their message I gladly re - ceive ;
2. He writes that he loveth my soul With love that is changeless and deep,
3. He writes that I never must yield When lured by the tempter to stray,
4. He writes that my service he claims, That I for his glo - ry must live,
5. He writes that my cross I must take, And follow the path he has trod,



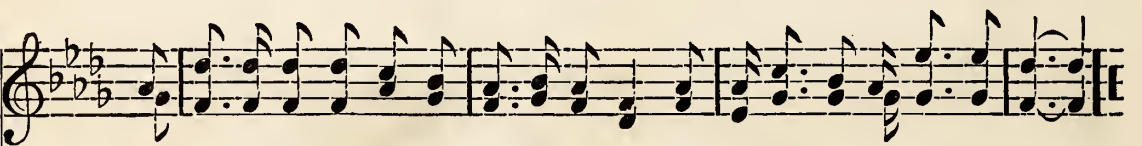
They come from the best and the dearest of friends, In whom tho' unseen I believe.  
 And if I would prove my devotion to him His blessed commands I must keep.  
 But carefully walk in the light of his grace Who taught me to watch and to pray.  
 And then to my heart like a river will flow Sweet peace that he only can give.  
 If I would inherit the mansions above, And dwell in the city of God.



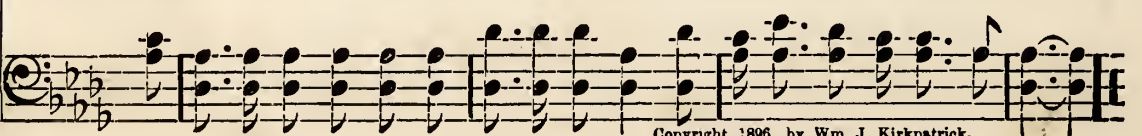
## CHORUS.



Beau - ti - ful, beauti - ful letters from heaven, Letters of love to me ;



They come from the best and the dearest of friends, And treasured forever they'll be.



# We Left the Ninety and Nine.

99

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN. Op. 99.

H. L. GILMOUR.



1. The sheep were sleeping within the fold, The Shepherd counted the line, The
2. Securely sheltered within the fold Remained the ninety and nine, En-
3. But at last went up a joyful cry, I've found this lost one of mine; He'll



night was dark, and the wind was cold, He counted ninety and nine; But  
joying the Shepherd's wealth untold, Those happy ninety and nine; They  
live with me in a home on high, Safe with the ninety and nine. Then



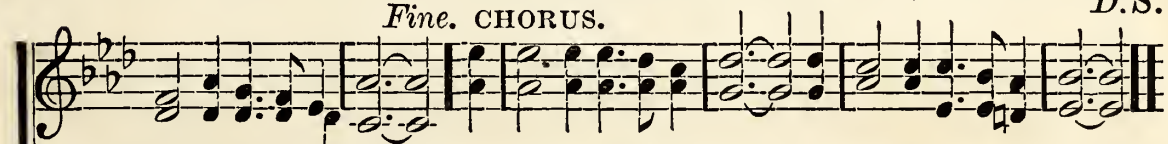
one was lost on the mountain track, The Shepherd started to bring him back, And  
little knew of their Shepherd's pain, Who suffering thus one sheep to gain, Had  
heaven and earth took up the cry, "To save one sheep that was doomed to die, Christ



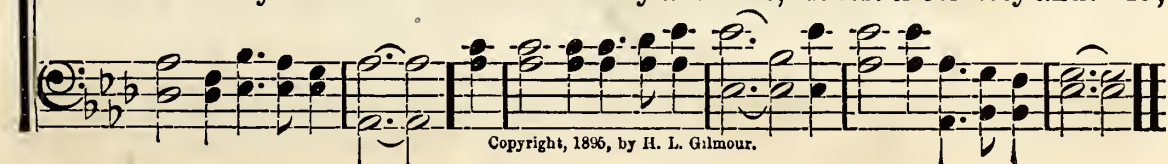
*D. S.*—How great was the cost, for the one that was lost, He

*Fine.* CHORUS.

*D. S.*



left the ninety and nine. He left the ninety and nine, He left the ninety and nine;



## Tell it Out with Gladness.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

*Moderato.*

1. Are you hap-py in the Lord, Tell it out with gladness; Are you  
 2. Are you walking in the light, Tell it out with gladness; Is your  
 3. Do you love the place of prayer, Tell it out with gladness; Do you

trusting in his word, Tell it out with gladness; If a Saviour's love you feel,  
 hope of glory bright, Tell it out with gladness; Have you perfect peace within,  
 find a blessing there, Tell it out with gladness; While your thoughts on Jesus dwell,

Can your soul its power conceal? To the world your joy reveal, Tell it  
 Are you try-ing still to win Constant victory o-ver sin, Tell it  
 Does your soul with rapture swell? Can you say that all is well? Tell it

## CHORUS.

out with gladness. Tell it out, tell it out, tell it out with gladness, Tell it

out, tell it out, tell it out with gladness, Tell the world . . . the joy you  
 world the joy you feel, tell the



feel, Tell it out, tell it out with glad - ness.  
world the joy you feel,

## Lord, I'm Coming Home.

W. J. K.

*With great feeling.*

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

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

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

*D.S.*—O - pen wide thine arms of love, Lord, I'm coming home.

CHORUS.

*D.S.*  
Coming home, coming home, Nev - er more to roam;

Copyright, 1892, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

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

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

# Building Day by Day.

HENRIETTA E. BLAIR.

HERBERT D. LOTHROP.

1. We are building in sorrow, and building in joy, A temple the world cannot
2. Ev'ry deed forms a part in this building of ours, That is done in the name of the
3. Then be watchful and wise, let the temple we rear Be one that no tempest can

INST.

see; But we know it will stand if we found it on a rock, Thro' the  
 Lord; For the love that we show and the kindness we bestow, He has  
 shock; For the Master has said, and he taught us in his word, We must

CHORUS.

a- ges of e- ter - ni - ty. We are building day by day, as the  
 promised us a bright re- ward.  
 build upon the sol - id rock.

moments glide away, Our temple, which the world may not see ;  
 which the world may not see ;

Ev - 'ry vic - t'ry won by grace Will be sure to find its place

*ad lib.*

In our building for e - ter - ni - ty, e - ter - ni - ty.  
for e - ter - ni - ty.

## Wash Me, O Lamb of God.

H. B. BEEGLE.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

May be used as a Duett.

1. Wash me, O Lamb of God, Wash me from sin ; By thine a - toning blood,
2. Wash me, O Lamb of God, Wash me from sin ; I long to be like thee,
3. Wash me, O Lamb of God, Wash me from sin ; I will not, cannot rest
4. Wash me, O Lamb of God, Wash me from sin ; By faith thy cleansing blood

Oh, make me clean ; Purge me from every stain, Let me thine image gain,  
All pure within ; Now let the crimson tide Shed from thy wounded side  
Till pure within ; All human skill is vain, But thou canst cleanse each stain,  
Now makes me clean. So near thou art to me, So sweet my rest in thee,

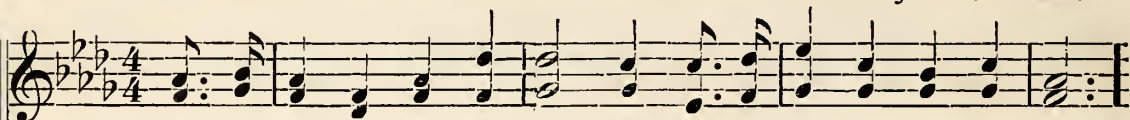
- 5 Wash me, O Lamb of God,  
Wash me from sin ;  
Thou, while I trust in thee,  
Wilt keep me clean ;  
Each day to thee I bring  
Heart, life, yea, everything ;  
Saved while to thee I cling,  
Saved from all sin.

In love and mercy reign O'er all within.  
Be to my heart applied, And make me clean.  
Till not a spot remain, Made wholly clean.  
Oh, blessed purity ! Saved, saved from sin.

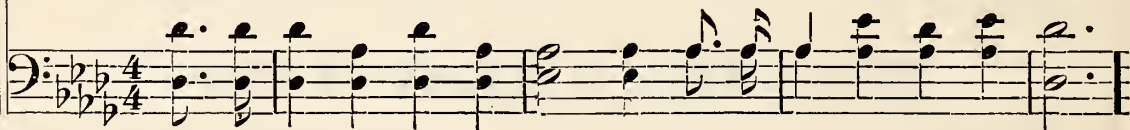
## Tell the Whole Wide World.

E. E. HEWITT.

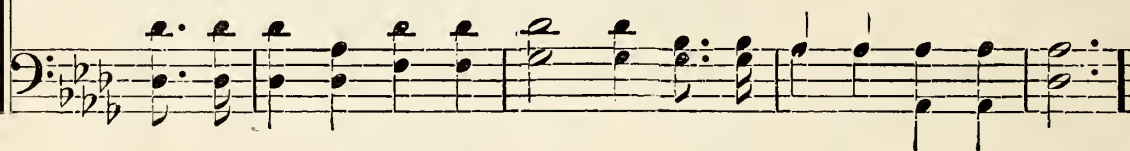
JNO. R. SWENEY.



1. Tell the whole wide world of Jesus, Bear the news from shore to shore;
2. Send abroad the gos-pel heralds, Let them take the blessed light;
3. Yes, we'll send the joy-ful message, O-ver mountain, o-ver wave;
4. While we pray for oth-er nations, Send them help with willing hand,



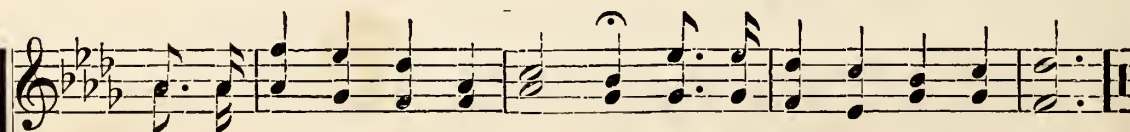
Tell-ing sinners of the Saviour, Let the light spread more and more.  
 In-to ev-'ry land of darkness, Piercing thro' the shades of night.  
 Tell-ing ev-'rywhere of Je-sus, And his mighty pow'r to save.  
 Let us not for-get the home-fields, Je-sus for our na-tive land!



## CHORUS.



Tell the world, the whole wide world, Bear the news from shore to shore;  
 Tell the world, Bear the news



Tell the whole wide world of Je-sus, Praise his name forev-er-more!



# Withhold Not Thy Hand.

E. E. HEWITT.

Eccl. xi : 6.

ADAM GEIBEL.

1. Withhold not thy hand from the work of the Lord, Go forth at his bidding, o-  
2. Withhold not thy hand from the work lying near, But do the "next thing" with a  
3. Withhold not thy hand from the service a-far, To show souls in darkness our  
4. Withhold not thy hand from the work of the Lord, It surely will prosper, we

being his word ; The strength and the wisdom are his to be - stow, And  
purpose sincere ; The sad heart to comfort, the lost to re - claim, The  
bright "Morning star," But help by thy sym-pathy, off'rings and pray'r, Till  
know from his word ; At morning, at eve-ning, the precious seed sow, And

CHORUS.

both will be giv- en, when "forward" we go. Withhold not thy heart, with-  
"cup of cold wa - ter" to give "in his name."  
Je - sus is preached in the world, everywhere.  
then, by his blessing, the harvest will grow.

hold not thy hand, For Jesus withholdeth nothing from thee ; Oh, may his love

thrill us, His Spir-it now fill us, His servants and helpers ev - er to be.

# There's a Hill Lone and Gray.

REV. B. CARRADINE, D. D.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. There's a hill lone and gray In a land far a - way, In a country be-  
 2. Oh, so faint on the road, 'Neath a world's heavy load, Comes a thorn-crowned  
 3. Hark! I hear the dull blow Of the hammer swung low; They are nailing my  
 4. How they mock him in death, To his last lab'ring breath, While his friends sadly

yond the blue sea, Where beneath that fair sky Went a man forth to die, For the  
 man o'er the way! With a cross he is bowed, But still on thro' the crowd He's as-  
 Lord to the tree! And the cross they upraise While the multitude gaze On the  
 weep o'er the way! But tho' lonely and faint, Still no word of complaint Fell from

D. S.—suffered and died, To re-

*Fine.* REFRAIN.

world, and for you, and for me. Oh, it bows down my heart,  
 cending that hill lone and gray. And the tear-drops will  
 blest Lamb of dark Calva - ry!  
 him on the billock of gray.

deem a sinner like me.

*D.S.*

start, When in mem'ry that gray hill I see; For 'twas there, on its side, Jesus  
 I see;

Copyright, 1896, by Jno R. Sweney.

5 Then the darkness came down,  
 And the rocks rent around,  
 And a cry pierced the sad-laden air!  
 'Twas the voice of our King,  
 Who received death's dark sting,  
 All to save us from endless despair!

6 Let the sun hide its face,  
 Let the earth reel apace,  
 Over men who their Saviour have slain!  
 But, behold! from the sod,  
 Comes the blest Lamb of God,  
 Who was slain, but is risen again!

# The Hideth my Soul.

FANNY J. CROSBY.  
*Allegretto.*

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. A wonderful Saviour is Je- sus my Lord, A wonderful Saviour to
2. A wonderful Saviour is Je- sus my Lord, He taketh my burden a -
3. With numberless blessings each moment he crowns, And fill'd with his fulness di-
4. When clothed in his brightness transported I rise To meet him in clouds of the

me, He hideth my soul in the cleft of the rock, Where rivers of  
 way, He holdeth me up, and I shall not be moved, He giveth me  
 vine, I sing in my rapture, oh, glo - ry to God For such a Re -  
 sky, His perfect salvation, his wonderful love, I'll shout with the

CHORUS.

pleasure I see. He hideth my soul in the cleft of the rock, That  
 strength as my day.  
 deemer as mine!  
 millions on high.

shadows a dry, thirsty land; He hid- eth my life in the depths of his

love, And covers me there with his hand, And covers me there with his hand.

## Let the Sunshine In.

ADA BLENKHORN.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL. By per.

1. Do you fear the foe will in the con-flict win? Is it dark with-  
 2. Does your faith grow fainter in the cause you love? Are your pray'rs un-  
 3. Would you go rejoic-ing on the up-ward way, Knowing naught of

out you, dark-er still with-in? Clear the darkened windows,  
 answered by your God a-bove? Clear the darkened windows,  
 darkness, dwelling in the day? Clear the darkened windows,

o - pen wide the door, Let a lit - tle sun-shine in.

## CHORUS.

Let the blessed sunshine in, . . . . Let the blessed sunshine in; . . . .  
 the sunshine in, the sunshine in;

Clear the darken'd windows, open wide the door, Let a little sunshine in.

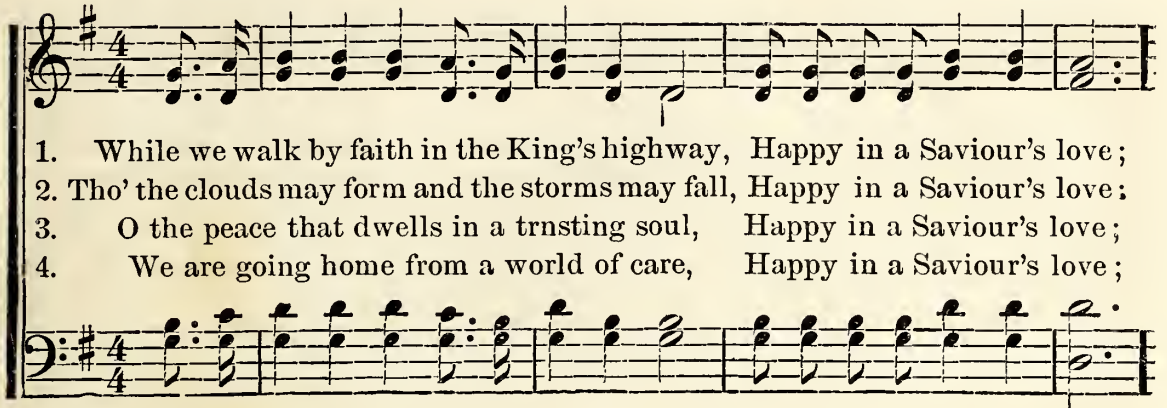


# Happy in a Saviour's Love.

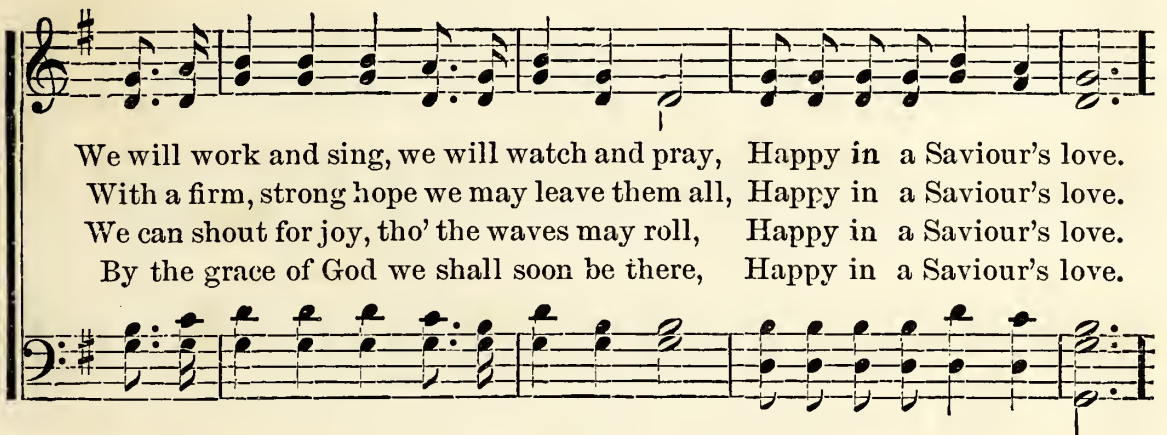
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HENRIETTA E. BLAIR.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

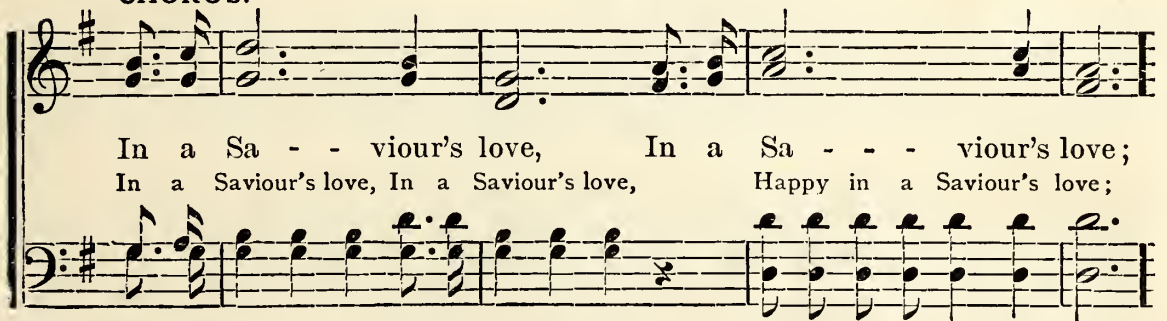


1. While we walk by faith in the King's highway, Happy in a Saviour's love ;  
2. Tho' the clouds may form and the storms may fall, Happy in a Saviour's love ;  
3. O the peace that dwells in a trusting soul, Happy in a Saviour's love ;  
4. We are going home from a world of care, Happy in a Saviour's love ;

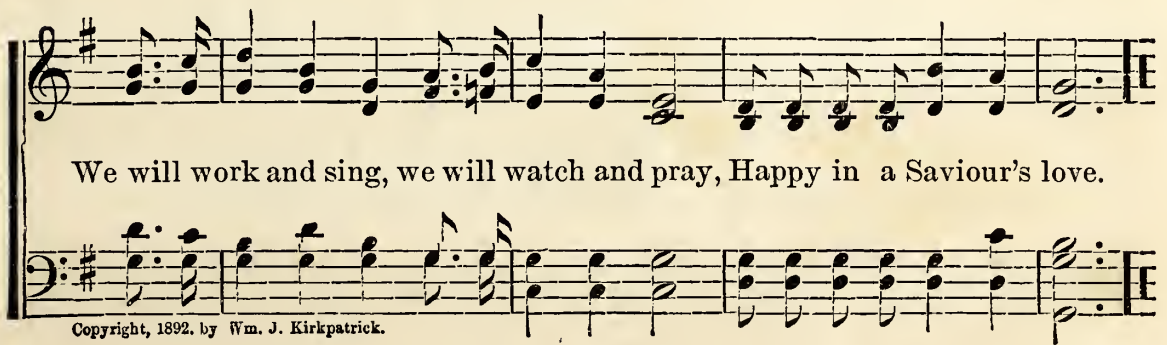


We will work and sing, we will watch and pray, Happy in a Saviour's love.  
With a firm, strong hope we may leave them all, Happy in a Saviour's love.  
We can shout for joy, tho' the waves may roll, Happy in a Saviour's love.  
By the grace of God we shall soon be there, Happy in a Saviour's love.

## CHORUS.



In a Sa - - viour's love, In a Sa - - - viour's love ;  
In a Saviour's love, In a Saviour's love, Happy in a Saviour's love ;



We will work and sing, we will watch and pray, Happy in a Saviour's love.

# A Light at the River.

D. K. W.

(TUNE.—I'll Sing my Dear Redeemer's Praise.) WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. There's a deep, si - lent riv - er flow - ing just be - fore, And its  
 2. O'er its dark, foam - ing waters from the un - seen shore, An - gel  
 3. Ma - ny dear ones now gather'd safe be - fore the throne, Dipp'd their  
 4. To the deep, si - lent riv - er we must one day come, And

wa - ters are dark and wide; But faith sees a light, yes, a bea - con light,  
 bands in their beauty glide; And they bear us a - way to the realms of day,  
 wings in the mystic tide, Passed o - ver the deep, where they do not weep,  
 pass o'er its waters wide; But hap - py we'll be if by faith we see

CHORUS.

Just down at the riv - er side. There's a light at the riv - er, a  
 To the light on the oth - er side.  
 In - to life on the oth - er side.  
 A light at the riv - er side.

light at the riv - er, A light at the riv - er I can see; My

Lord will stand and hold in his hand A light at the riv - er for me.

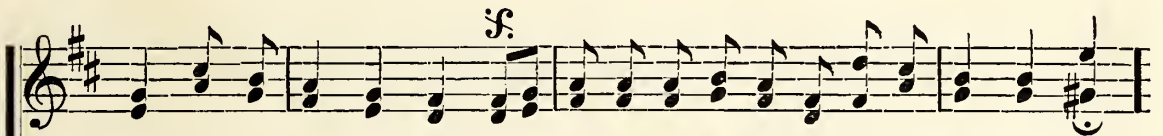
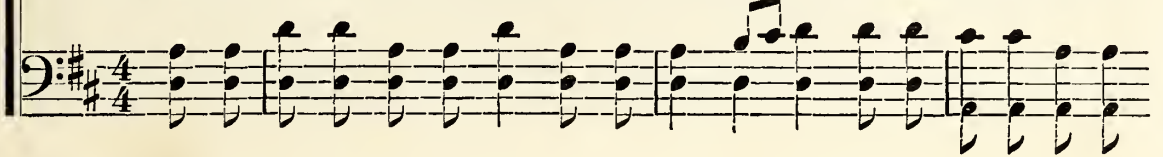
# I am Going up Yonder.

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr.

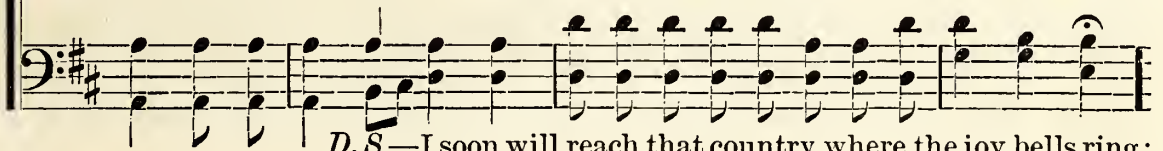
JNO. R. SWENEY.



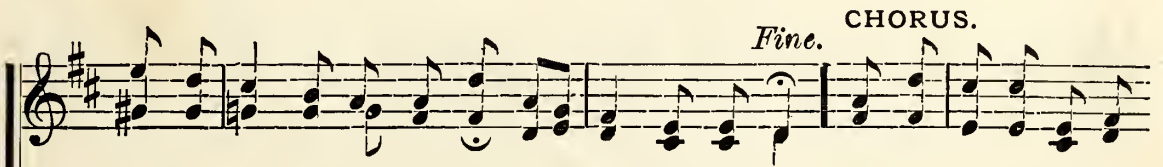
1. I'm as happy as can be, for I'm go-ing home, Shortly over land and
2. With these eyes my blessed King I shall soon behold, With this voice I soon shall
3. Oh, how joyful it will be when I reach that land, Dear old comrades I shall
4. So, tho' pleasure with her smiles would entreat me stay, And tho' deep and heavy



sea I will no more roam ; My house is now all ready where the joy bells ring,  
sing on the streets of gold ; My soul is pressing onward like a bird on wing,  
see in that blood washed band ; I soon will be among them and forever sing,  
trials would impede my way, I'll count them all as nothing, but will onward spring ;



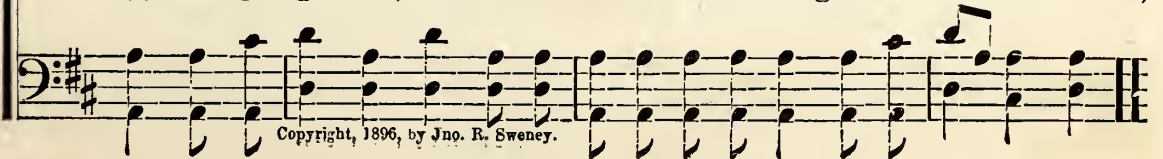
*D.S.*—I soon will reach that country where the joy bells ring ;



I am go-ing up yonder to live with the King. Then vain world good-  
[by, good-



by, I am going home, From that blessed land on high I will no more roam,



# The Comforter has Come.

"I will pray the Father, and he shall give you another Comforter, that he may abide with you for ever."—John xiv : 16.

REV. F. BOTTOME, D. D.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Oh, spread the tid-ings 'round, wher- ev - er man is found, Wher-  
 2. The long, long night is past, the morn- ing breaks at last; And  
 3. Lo, the great King of kings, with heal - ing in his wings, To  
 4. Oh, boundless love di - vine! how shall this tongue of mine To  
 5. Sing, till the ech- oes fly a - bove the vaulted sky, And

ev - er human hearts and hu- man woes abound; Let ev - 'ry Christian  
 hushed the dreadful wail and fu - ry of the blast, As o'er the golden  
 ev - 'ry captive soul a full deliv'rance brings; And thro' the vacant  
 wond'ring mortals tell the matchless grace divine—That I, a child of  
 all the saints a- bove to all be- low re - ply, In strains of endless

*D. S.*—Holy Ghost from heav'n, The Father's promise giv'n; Oh, spread the tidings

tongue proclaim the joy - ful sound: The Com - fort - er has come!  
 hills the day ad - vances fast! The Com - fort - er has come!  
 cells the song of triumph rings: The Com - fort - er has come!  
 hell, should in his im- age shine! The Com - fort - er has come!  
 love, the song that ne'er will die: The Com - fort - er has come!

round, Wher- ev - er man is found—The Com - fort - er has come!

**CHORUS.** *D. S.*  
 The Com - fort - er has come, The Com - fort - er has come! The

# Longing for the Fulness.

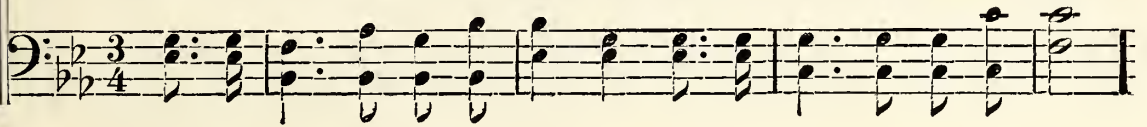
113

L. N. M.

Mrs. L. N. MORRIS.



1. There are heights and depths of mercy That I nev - er yet have known ;
2. Blessed Saviour, in thy mer - cy Thou hast cleansed my heart from sin,
3. Love, all hu - man love ex - cell - ing, Love as boundless as the sea ;
4. When I reach the courts of glo - ry, And be - hold the Cru - ci - fied ;



Plains of glo - ry, wide out - stretching, Where my soul hath nev - er gone.  
But that sacred place, most ho - ly, I have nev - er entered in.  
Lord, un - fold the gates of glo - ry, And re - veal this love to me.  
I shall see him and be like him, I shall then be sat - is - fied.



## CHORUS.



I am longing for the fulness, For the ful - ness of thy love ;



Now descend and rest up - on me, Ho - ly Spir - it, heavenly dove.



# He is Mine, & am His.

GRACE ELIZABETH COBB.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Blessed Lil - y of the Val - ley, oh, how fair is he! He is  
 2. Let me sing of all his mercies, of his kindness true, He is  
 3. Tho' he lead me thro' the val - ley of the shade of death, He is

mine, I am his; Sweeter than the angel's music is his  
 mine, I am his; Fresh at morn, and in the evening, comes a  
 mine, I am his; Should I fear, when oh, so tender - ly he

*D. S.*—Sweeter than the angel's music is his

voice to me, He is mine, I am his. Where the lilies fair are  
 bless - ing new, He is mine, I am his! With the deep'ning shadows  
 whis - per - eth, He is mine, I am his! For the sunshine of his

*Fine.*

voice to me, He is mine, I am his.

blooming by the waters calm, There he leads me, and upholds me by his  
 comes a whisper, "safe - ly rest! Sleep in peace, for I am near thee, naught shall  
 presence doth illumine the night, And he leads me thro' the valley to the

strong right arm; All the air is love around me, I can feel no harm,  
 thee mo - lest; I will linger till the morning, keeper, friend and guest,"  
 mountain height; Out of bondage in - to freedom, in - to cloudless light.

CHORUS.

He is mine, I am his. Lil - y of the valley,  
 He is mine, Blessed Lil - y of the val - ley,

He is mine! Lil - y of the val - ley, I am his!  
 Hal - le - lu - jah, he is mine! Blessed Lil - y of the val - ley,

**My only Intercessor.**

F. G. BURROUGHS.

Isa. lix : 16.

H. L. GILMOUR.

1. Though numbered with the sin-defiled, I am my Father's long-sought child ;
2. In naught but filthy rags I come, Yet, weary of these paths I roam,
3. No more, among the husks and swine, With want and hunger I repine ;
4. Though coming empty to thy feet, My soul with joy is made replete ;

And now my soul is reconciled, O Lamb of God, through thee!  
 I seek at last my Father's home, O Lamb of God, through thee!  
 The ring, the robe, the kiss are mine, O Lamb of God, through thee!  
 Mine is the Father's pardon sweet, O Lamb of God, through thee!

*D.S.*—my behalf points to his side, My on - ly In - ter - - cessor.

CHORUS. *D.S.*  
 The Lamb of God, who for me died, And on the cross was crucified, In

# Wait, and Murmur Not.

W. H. BELLAMY.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. The home where changes never come, Nor pain nor sorrow, toil nor care ; Yes !  
 2. Yet when bow'd down beneath the load By heav'n allow'd, thine earthly lot Thou  
 3. If in thy path some thorns are found, O, think who bore them on his brow ; If  
 4. Toil on, nor deem, tho' sore it be, One sigh unheard, one prayer forgot ; The

'tis a bright and blessed home ; Who would not fain be resting there ?  
 yearnst to reach that blest a - bode, Wait, meekly wait, and murmur not.  
 grief thy sorrowing heart has found, It reached a ho - li - er than thou.  
 day of rest will dawn for thee ; Wait, meekly wait, and murmur not.

## CHORUS.

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

wait, meek - ly wait, meekly wait, and murmur not, O, wait, meek - ly wait,

O, wait, meekly wait, O, wait, and mur - mur not. O, murmur not.



# In that Happy Land.

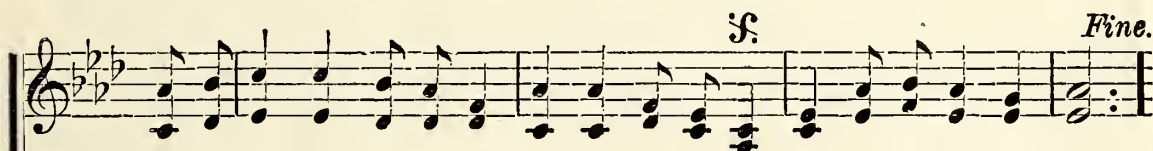
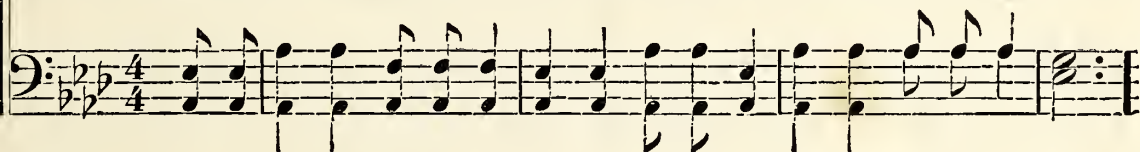
117

FANNY J. CROSBY.

JNO. R. SWENEY.



1. When our march is dreary, and hearts are weary, O blessed promise di-vine,
2. In the bright to-morrow, where care and sorrow Like shadows vanish away,
3. When we see the morning the hills adorning In splendor, peaceful and bright,
4. Where the trees are blooming, the air perfuming With odor balmy and sweet,



With the meek and lowly, the pure and holy, Like stars by and by we'll shine.  
From our toil and tri- al and self- de - ni- al, We'll rest in e- ternal day.  
Our Redeemer praising, our full hearts raising, Our faith will be lost in sight.  
By the clear, cool river, no more to sever, Our friends we again shall meet.

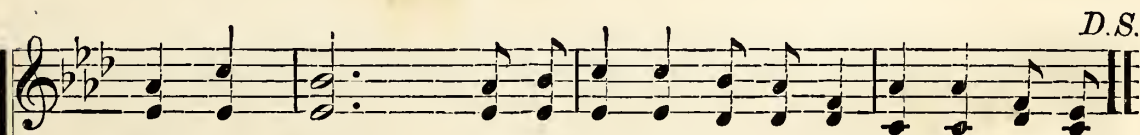


*D. S.*—In that happy land a - bove.

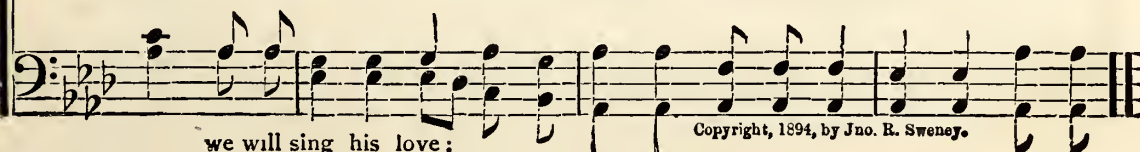
## CHORUS.



We will shout, we will sing at the feet of our King, We will shout, we will



sing his love; We will tell the sto- ry of grace and glo- ry,



we will sing his love;

## Over the River.

L. H. EDMUNDS.

Spanish Melody, arr.

1. O - ver the riv - er Hangs a cloud so dark and drear, Till Je - sus  
 2. O - ver the riv - er Loved ones pass from day to day; To realms im-  
 3. O - ver the riv - er Blissful chords of mu - sic float, O - ver the

comforts, Till his voice we hear; Then his smile, il - lum - ing,  
 mor - tal, Bear our hearts a - way; O the sweet re - un - ions,  
 riv - er Sounds the harp's glad note; There, at home with Je - sus,

Floods the waves with gold - en light, Then a path of glo - ry  
 Just be - yond the si - lent tide! O the songs of welcome,  
 End - less a - ges of de - light; There the shin - ing mansions,

*Slower.* CHORUS.

O - pens to the sight. O - ver the riv - er, Saviour, close be -  
 On the oth - er side.  
 Robes of radiant white.

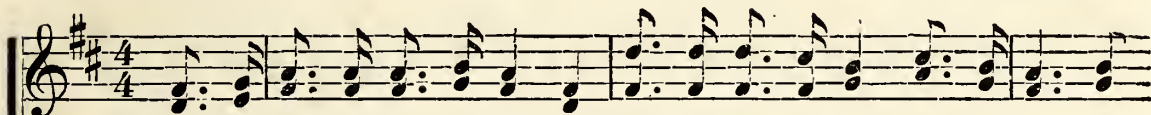
*ritard.*

side us stand; O - ver the riv - er, To the heavenly land.

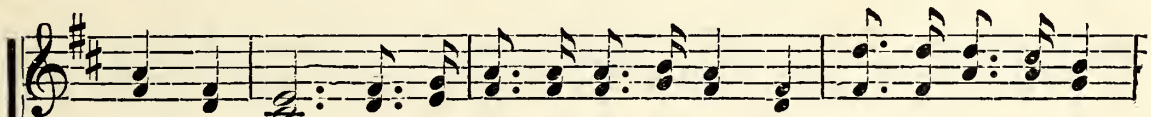
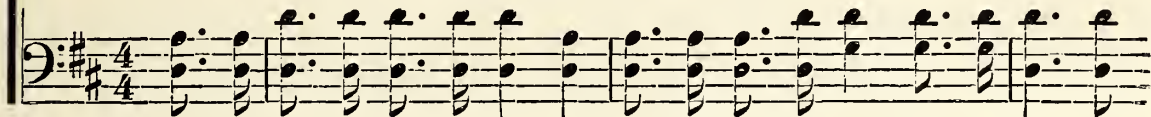
# Send a Cheer Across the Wave. 119

E. E. HEWITT.

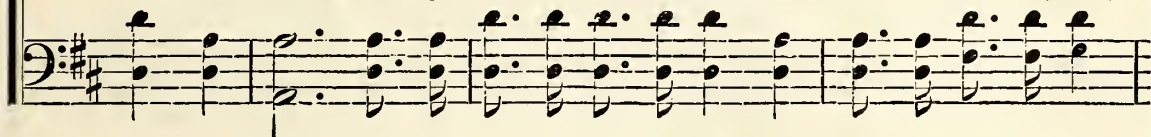
H. L. GILMOUR.



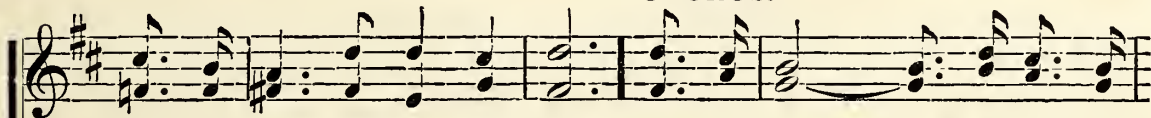
1. They are pushing out the life-boat, throwing out the line; Will you help a
2. Think how Jesus, mighty Saviour, came to save the lost, For his blood he
3. By your sympathy unflinching you can strength bestow, You can aid the



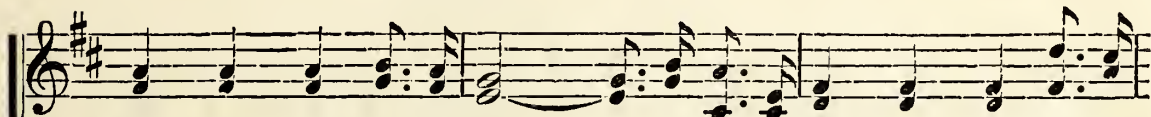
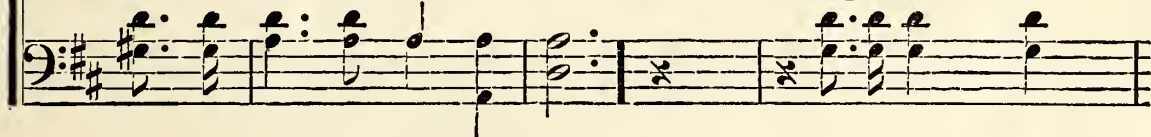
soul to save? Let the blessed light of res - cue o'er the billows shine,  
free - ly gave; Let his Spirit move within you toward the tempest-tossed,  
toil - ers brave; While your prayers arise to heaven, from a heart aglow,



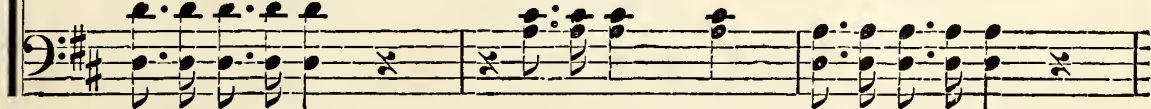
## CHORUS.



Send a cheer a - cross the wave. Ring it out . . . . . with voic - es  
Ring it out with



loud and clear, Ring it out, . . . . . a word of heart - y cheer; If you  
voices loud and clear, Ring it out, a word of hearty cheer;



can - - - not go a soul to save, Send a cheer . . across the wave. . . .  
If you can - not go a soul to save, Send a cheer, a cheer across the wave.



# Forget Not.

E. E. HEWITT.

F. E. BELDEN.

1. Forget not the numberless mercies That sparkle in love's dia- dem, For  
 2. Remember the way he hath led us, Thro' pastures all sunny and fair, Or,  
 3. Remember the burdens he lifted, The prayers that he turned into song, The

REFRAIN.

even the night's sable mantle Is shining with many a gem. Forget not,  
 if thro' the desert of sorrow, The wellsprings of comfort were there.  
 blossoms that grew by the wayside, The heaven he'll give us ere long.

*accel. cres.*.....

O my soul! Forget not, O my soul! O let us give thanks to the Lord, O

*f* *dim.* *p*

let us give thanks to the Lord, Threading his  
 While threading his blessings like jewels,

*cres.*

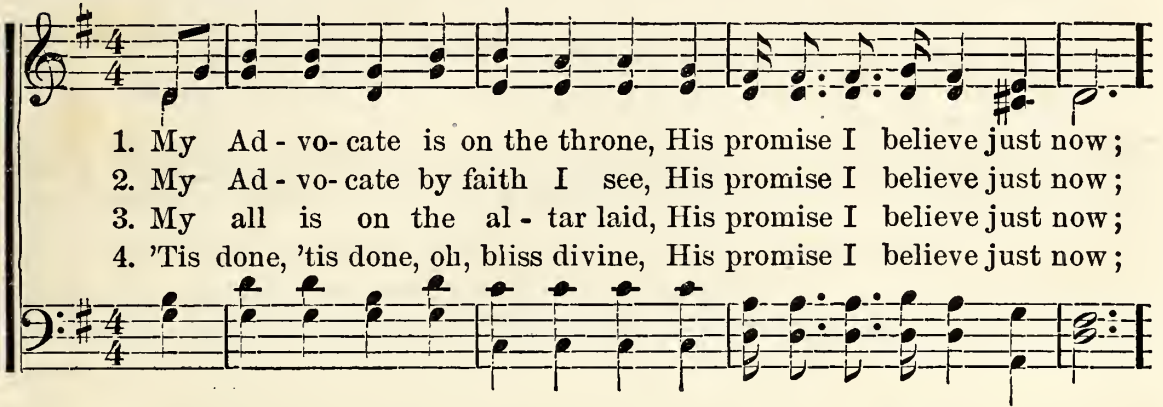
blessings like jewels, Threading his blessings like jewels On memry's golden cord.

# His Promise I Believe.

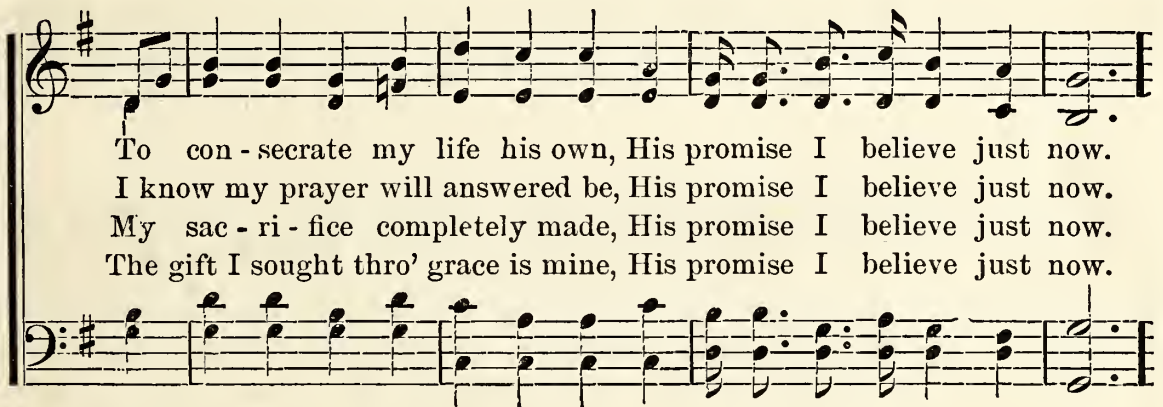
121

FANNY J. CROSBY.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

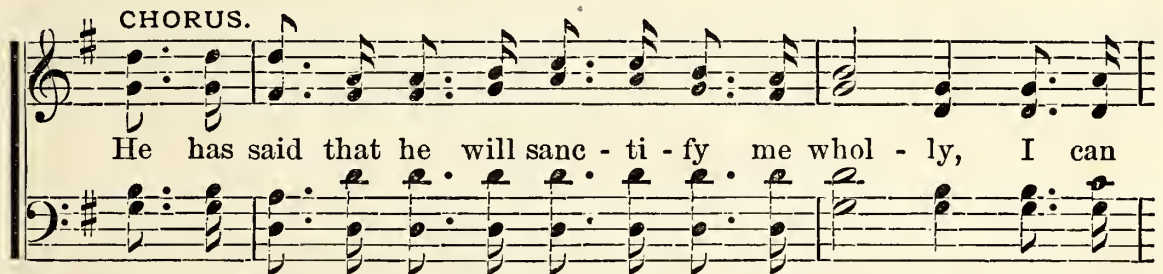


1. My Ad - vo - cate is on the throne, His promise I believe just now ;  
2. My Ad - vo - cate by faith I see, His promise I believe just now ;  
3. My all is on the al - tar laid, His promise I believe just now ;  
4. 'Tis done, 'tis done, oh, bliss divine, His promise I believe just now ;

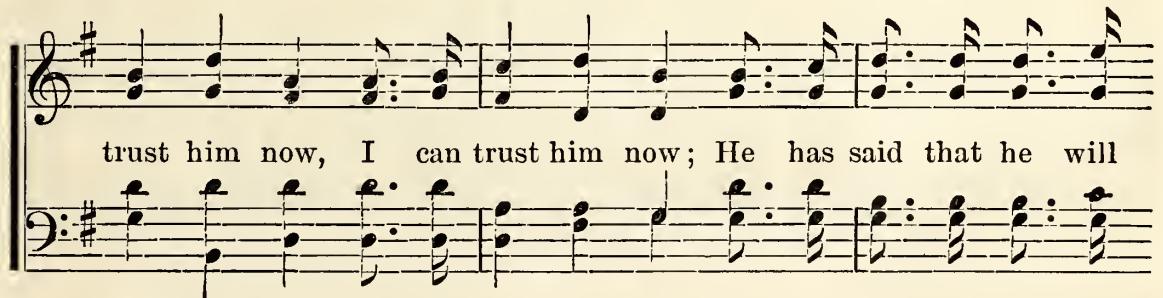


To con - se - crate my life his own, His promise I believe just now.  
I know my prayer will answered be, His promise I believe just now.  
My sac - ri - fice completely made, His promise I believe just now.  
The gift I sought thro' grace is mine, His promise I believe just now.

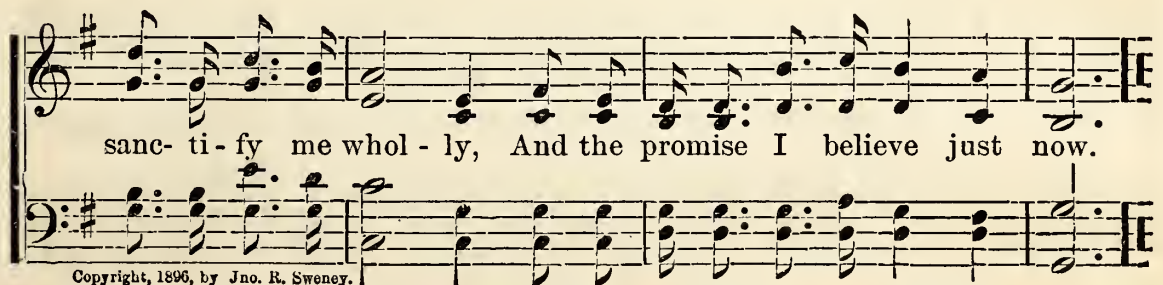
CHORUS.



He has said that he will sanc - ti - fy me whol - ly, I can



trust him now, I can trust him now ; He has said that he will



sanc - ti - fy me whol - ly, And the promise I believe just now.

# Over the Dead-Line.

When urging an exceedingly wicked man to flee from the wrath to come, I was met by this statement: "I was brought up to honor God, and I have ended by hating him; I have blasphemed his name, and resisted his Spirit until I can no longer repent or believe, if there is a dead-line to God's grace I have drifted over it, and am lost."—W. G. M.

VIRGINIA W. MOYER.

H. L. GILMOUR.

1. O sinner, the Saviour is calling for thee, Long, long has he called thee in vain ;  
 2. O sinner, thine ears have been deaf to his voice, Thine eyes to his glory been dim ;  
 3. O sinner, the Spirit is striving with thee ; What if he should strive never more,  
 4. O sinner, God's patience may weary some day, And leave thy sad soul in the blast ;

He called thee when joy lent its crown to thy days, He called thee in sorrow and pain.  
 The calls of thy Saviour have so wearied thee, Oh, what if they should weary him ?  
 But leave thee alone, in thy darkness to dwell, In sight of the heavenly shore ?  
 By willful resistance you've drifted away, O- ver the dead-line at last.

## CHORUS.

O turn, while the Saviour in mercy is waiting, And steer for the harbor light ;

*ritard.* For how do you know but your soul may be drifting Over the dead-line to-night ?

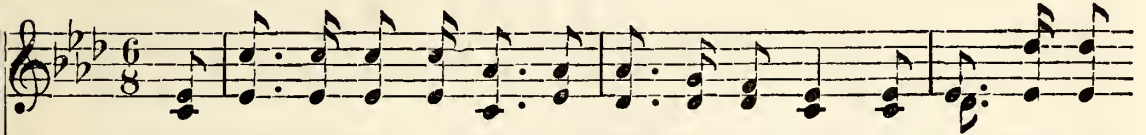
# Tell the Glad Story Abroad.

123

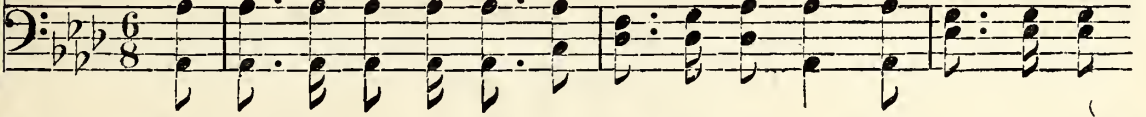
Rev. H. J. ZELLEY.

Psalm xlviii : 13.

H. L. GILMOUR.



1. Have you, my dear brother, been rescued from sin? Is Christ the Re-
2. Are you, my dear brother, washed whiter than snow? And now does the
3. Does Christ, my dear brother, within you now reign? And sin - ful en-
4. Is Christ, my dear brother, now walking with you? And does he di-



deemer a - biding within? Would you help some others salvation to win?  
cleansing blood over you flow? And would you have others the same joy to know?  
joyments do you now disdain? Oh, would you help others a heaven to gain?  
rect in all things that you do? Oh, would you have others enjoy Jesus too?



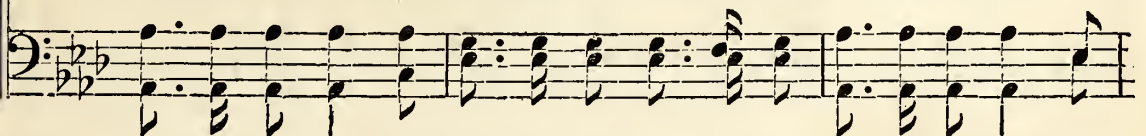
## CHORUS.



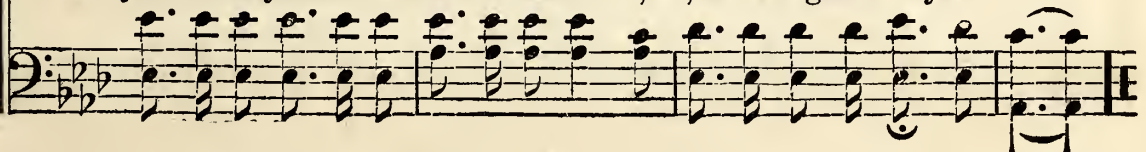
Then tell the glad sto- ry a - broad. Oh, tell the glad sto- ry, oh,



tell what you know, That sinners find cleansing in Cal- vary's flow, And



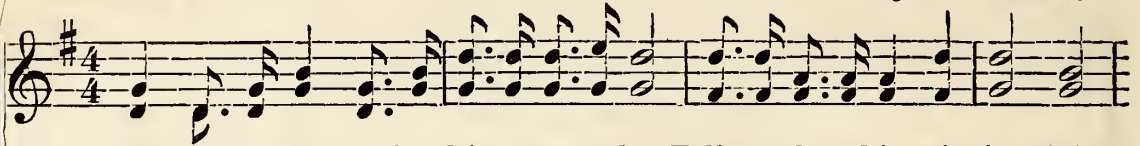
ev'ry heart may be made whiter than snow, Oh, tell the glad story a - broad.



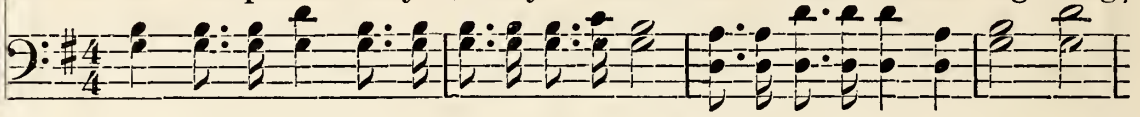
# Where His Voice is Guiding.

E. E. HEWITT.

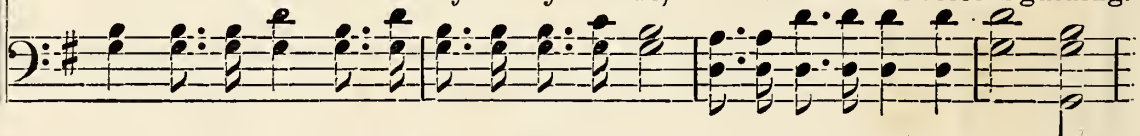
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



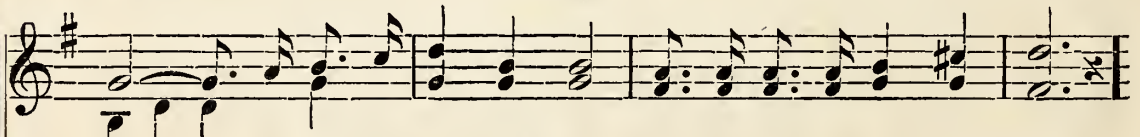
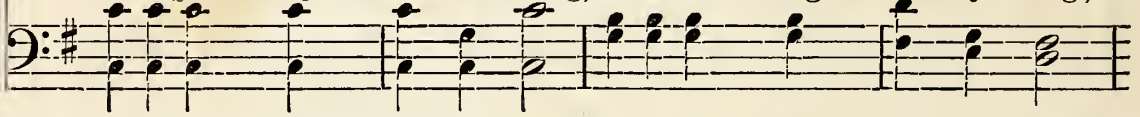
1. Hark, 'tis the Master! he's calling you to-day, Follow where his voice is guiding;  
 2. New fields of blessing will open to your view, Follow where his voice is guiding;  
 3. What tho' temptations may beckon you aside? Follow where his voice is guiding;



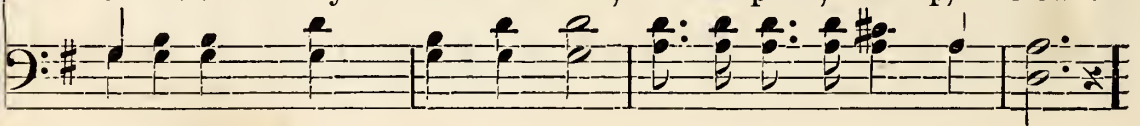
Look for his footprints along the heav'nward way, Follow where his voice is guiding.  
 Seeking his Spirit, your daily strength renew, Follow where his voice is guiding.  
 Un-der his banner in loy-al-ty abide, Follow where his voice is guiding.



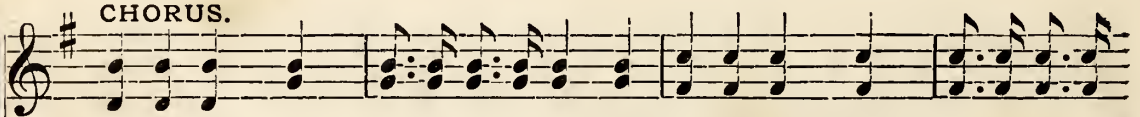
He . . who lives forev - er - more, Trod . this earthly path be - fore,  
 Press - - ing onward, glad and free, Sweet - - er will his service be,  
 Though the way seem hard and long, Faith will sing her cheer-y song;



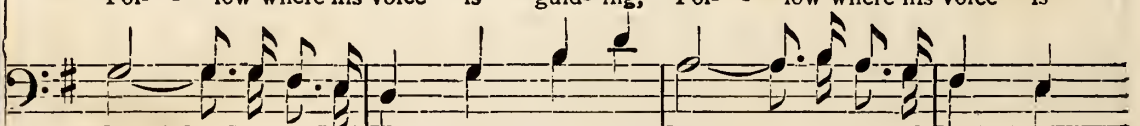
Knows . its dangers, knows its grief, He will send your soul re - lief.  
 Rich - - er his rewards of love, Foretastes of the feast a - bove.  
 Soon . . we'll lay the burdens down, Then the palm, the harp, the crown.



## CHORUS.



Follow, fol - low, where his voice is guiding, Follow, follow, where his voice is  
 Fol - - low where his voice is guid - ing, Fol - - low where his voice is





guiding, Fol- low where his voice is guiding, Follow, follow, follow on.  
 Follow where his

## Be Strong.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Be strong, O Christian soldiers, Lay not our armor down ; Hold fast our faith un-
2. Rejoice, O Christian soldiers, Our watchword pass along ; Till rank by rank, with
3. March on, O Christian soldiers, Our great Commander, near, Now waves aloft a
4. Look up, O Christian soldiers, Our time is waning fast ; The cares our hearts op-

CHORUS.

daunted, Let no one take our crown. A few more foes to conquer, A few more  
 vigor, Takes up and swells the song.  
 signal That tells us not to fear.  
 pressing Will not forev-er last. A few more foes to conquer,

storms to meet ; And then, with him who loves us, Our resting will besweet.  
 A few more storms to meet ;

## His Loving Call.

T. O. CHISHOLM.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. "Come un- to me," oh, tender words of Je - sus! "Come un- to me," he  
 2. "Come un- to me," tho' oth- er comforts fail you, Tho' dearest friends may  
 3. "Come un- to me," he calls for you, O wand' rer, Tho' far a- way in

bids who loves you best; "All ye that la - bor and are heavy - la - den,  
 all unfaithful prove; Still there is One who nev- er will forsake you,  
 alien lands you roam; Oh, hear his voice, so tender - ly entreat - ing,

Come unto me, and I will give you rest. Come, weary souls, accept the in- vi -  
 Still there is rest, a- biding in his love. "Come unto me," tho' earthly hopes be  
 Rise and return unto your Father's home. "Come unto me," in sweetest tones he's

tation, Lay down your burdens at the Saviour's feet; Je - sus will sat- is -  
 blighted, And dark the clouds that hover 'round your way; Jesus will give "the  
 pleading, His pierced hands he reaches out to all; Come, burden'd hearts, he's

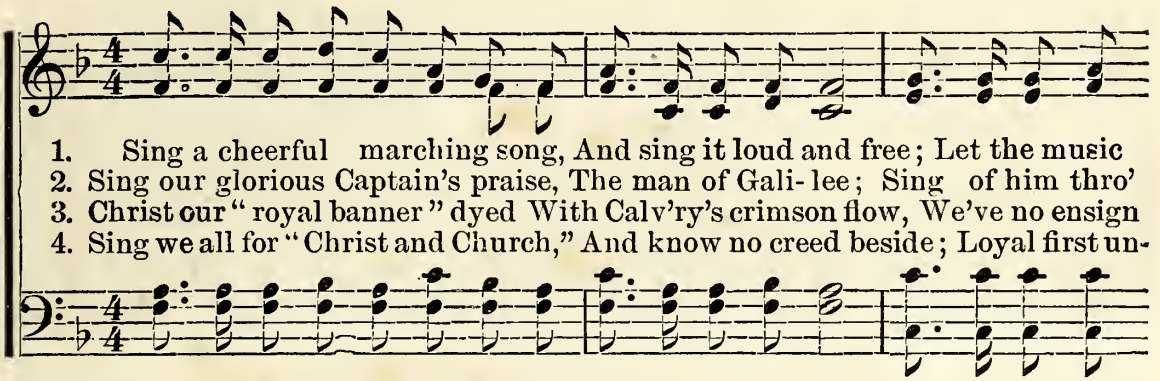
fy your ev-'ry long- ing, Come to him now, and find a welcome sweet.  
 oil of joy for mourning," Turn blackest night in - to the fair- est day.  
 waiting to receive you, Oh, that the world would heed his loving call.

# We are Soldiers of Jesus.

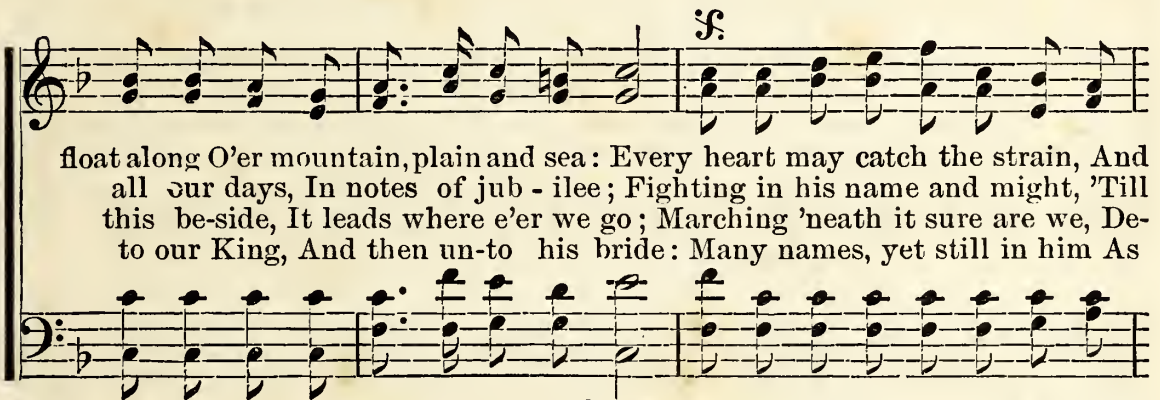
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JOHN R. CLEMENTS.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

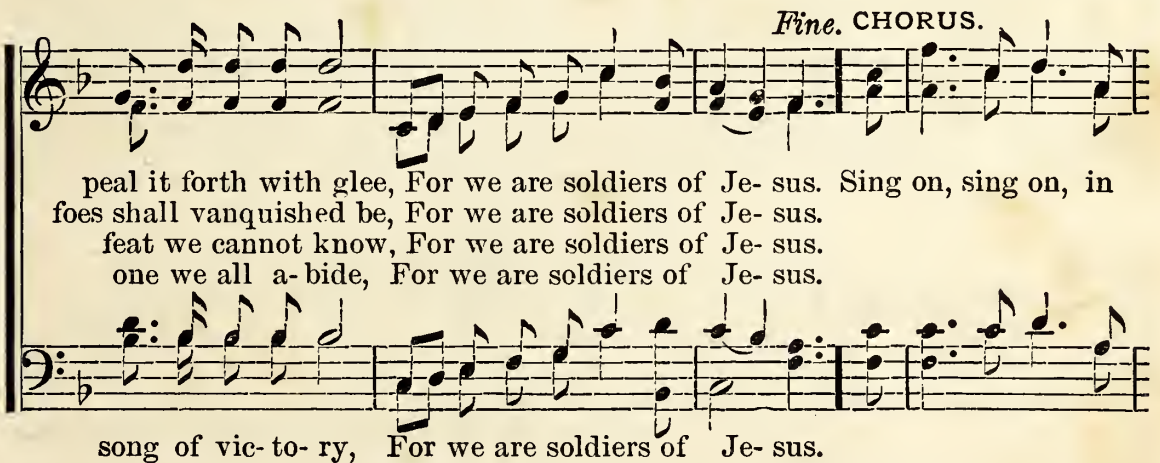


1. Sing a cheerful marching song, And sing it loud and free; Let the music  
2. Sing our glorious Captain's praise, The man of Gali-lee; Sing of him thro'  
3. Christ our "royal banner" dyed With Calv'ry's crimson flow, We've no ensign  
4. Sing we all for "Christ and Church," And know no creed beside; Loyal first un-



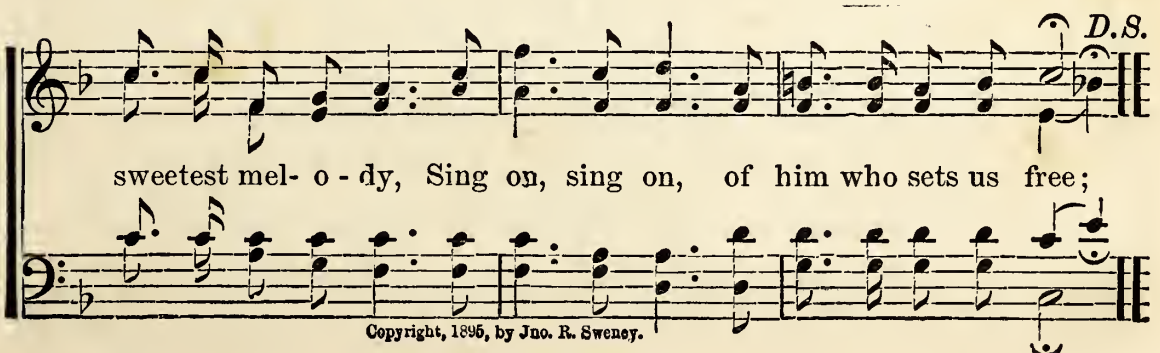
float along O'er mountain, plain and sea: Every heart may catch the strain, And  
all our days, In notes of jub - ilee; Fighting in his name and might, 'Till  
this be-side, It leads where e'er we go; Marching 'neath it sure are we, De-  
to our King, And then un-to his bride: Many names, yet still in him As

*D.S.*—Sing at every step we take, The



*Fine.* CHORUS.  
peal it forth with glee, For we are soldiers of Je- sus. Sing on, sing on, in  
foes shall vanquished be, For we are soldiers of Je- sus.  
feat we cannot know, For we are soldiers of Je- sus.  
one we all a-bide, For we are soldiers of Je- sus.

song of vic- to- ry, For we are soldiers of Je- sus.



sweetest mel- o - dy, Sing on, sing on, of him who sets us free;

## The Great White Throne.

E. G C

ELI G. CHRISTY.

1. I love the blessed Jesus, My Saviour and my friend ; Help me to sing his  
 2 I love the blessed Jesus, For me he bled and died ; And in his precious  
 3. Oh, let me live for Jesus, And bear his cross below ; And if the Saviour  
 4. Then let me die in Jesus, His presence I shall have While crossing over

[and  
 praises, Till earthly life shall end; And then in garments pure and white, With crowns  
 merit I'll evermore confide. I'll worship him who rose again, Triumphant  
 calls me To suffer pain and woe I want to be like Jesus still, And always  
 Jordan, To calm the troubled wave; And when, triumphant over death, I gain the

harps of gold, We'll meet this friend on the plains of light, His glory to behold.  
 o'er the grave, And when we meet as a ransom'd throng, We'll sing his pow'r to save.  
 watch and pray, That I may rest in the happy home, In realms of endless day.  
 blissful shore, I'll reign with him in the world above, When time shall be no more.

## CHORUS.

When we gather round the great white throne,  
 When we gather round the great white throne;

We will sing his praise thro' endless days, When we gather round the great white  
 [throne.]

# Oh, What Wilt Thou Do?

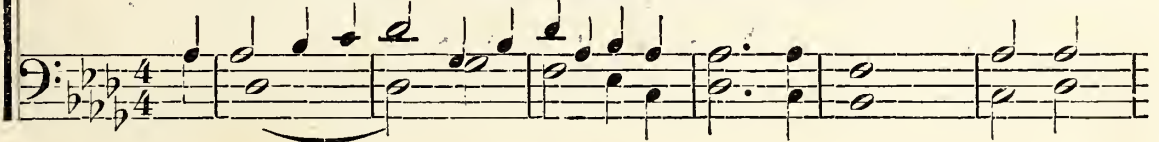
129

LOTTIE A. NEWMAN.

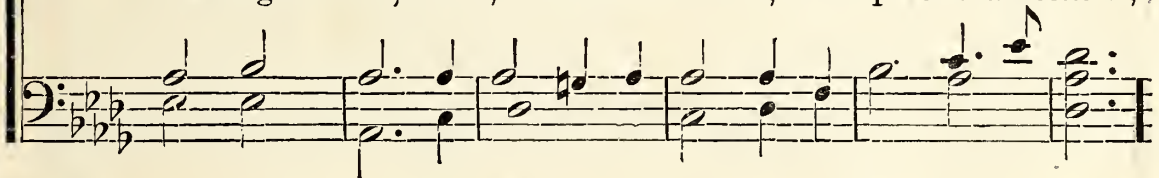
HARRY C. JONES.



1. Oh, what wilt thou do when the night cometh on, When daylight is fading and
2. Oh, what wilt thou do when the tide riseth high, When life is departing and
3. Oh, what wilt thou do in the great judgment day,  
When heaven and earth shall have
4. Oh, fly to the refuge, while still there is time, While God offers pardon and



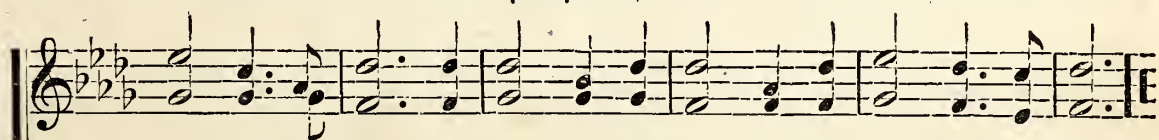
hope nearly gone; When fears shall oppress thee, and dark billows roll,  
death draweth nigh; The vain things of earth have no pow'r to console;  
all passed away; When thy doom is sealed and the death knell shall toll,  
heal - ing divine; There, safe in that shelter, sweet peace shall control,



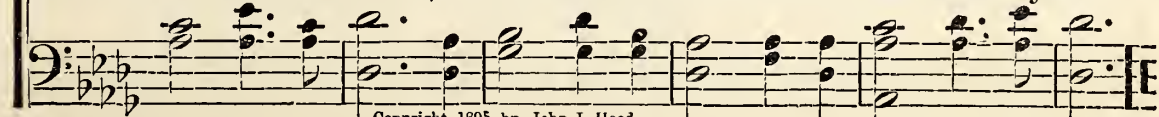
## CHORUS.



Oh, tell me, what then wilt thou do with thy soul? }  
Oh, tell me, what then wilt thou do with thy soul? } What wilt thou do?  
Oh, tell me, what then wilt thou do with thy soul? }  
For then evermore 'twill be well with thy soul. Haste while there's time,



What wilt thou do? Oh, tell me, what then wilt thou do with thy soul?  
Haste while there's time, For then ev-er-more 'twill be well with thy soul.



# Gather the Sheaves.

L. E. J.

L. E. JONES.

1. See the fields of waving grain, o - ver ev - 'ry hill and plain, They are  
 2. Je - sus gave his life to win precious souls from ways of sin, Will you  
 3. Go with willing heart and true, faithful - ly the task pursue, That the

read - y for the harvester to - day ; Haste to bind the sheaves of gold, for their  
 not go forth and tell them of his love ? They have wandered in the night, take to  
 Master hath appointed to your hand ; With a sickle keen and bright, glean till

worth can ne'er be told, And the Mas - ter soon is coming on this way.  
 them the gos - pel light, Point them to the precious Lamb of God a - bove.  
 fall the shades of night, Gath'ring up the sheaves of good from ev'ry land.

## CHORUS.

Gather the sheaves, gather the sheaves, Harvest will soon pass by, Quickly the  
 Gather the sheaves, gather the sheaves,

moments fly ; Gather the sheaves, gather the sheaves, Je - sus is  
 Gather the sheaves, gather the sheaves,

calling still, Onward with right good will, Gather the sheaves, gather the sheaves.  
Gather the sheaves, gather the sheaves.

Jesus Guides Me All the Way.

W. J. S.

Rev. W. J. STUART, A. M.

1. Out of shadow in - to light, Out of blindness in - to sight; Out of  
2. Out of sorrow in - to joy, Praise his name! 'tis sweet employ Ev - er  
3. Out of sinning in - to grace, At his feet I find my place; Ev - er  
4. Ev - er with him I'll a-bide, Sin-less, by his riv - en side; Here I'll  
5. Out of life in - to the tomb, By his side there is no gloom; From the

CHORUS.

darkness in- to day, Jesus guides me all the way. Jesus, Jesus guides me,  
to my Lord to pray; Jesus guides me all the way.  
with my Lord to stay, Jesus guides me all the way.  
live, I'll never stray, Jesus guides me all the way.  
throne there comes a ray, Jesus guides me all the way.

Guides me all the way; Out of darkness into day, Jesus guides me all the way.

Copyright, 1896, by Jno. R. Sweeney.

6 Out of death to endless life,  
Up from all the sin and strife;  
Clothed upon with white array,  
Jesus guides me all the way.

7 Up before the throne of gold,  
I shall know a joy untold;  
With the blood-washed I will say,  
Jesus guided all the way.

## Go and Tell It to Jesus.

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Would you lose your load of sin? Go and tell it to Je - sus; Would you  
 2. Have you storms within your breast? Go and tell it to Je - sus; Does your  
 3. Would you be a soldier true? Go and tell it to Je - sus; He will

be made pure within? Go and tell it to Je - sus. Mercy's door is  
 troubled soul need rest? Go and tell it to Je - sus. Have you found that  
 show you what to do, Go and tell it to Je - sus. Ev'ry thought of

o - pen wide, Jesus Christ was cru - ci - fied, Would you in his love a - bide?  
 riches fly? Do your friends but pass you by? Still there's hope for you on high,  
 joy or fear, Ev - 'ry trouble, far and near, Whisper in the Saviour's ear,

## CHORUS.

Go and tell it to Je - sus. Go and tell it to Je - sus, Go and tell it to

Je - sus; In that friend you may confide, Go and tell it to Je - sus.



1. Speak to me, Je - sus, I'm far from thy fold; Far from kind friends, that so  
 2. Speak to me, Je - sus, in tones that so oft, in sickness and sorrow, so  
 3. Speak to me, Je - sus, oh, tell of thy power, Mighty to save, when my  
 4. Speak to me, Je - sus, thy Spir - it im - part, To strengthen, to comfort, and

oft - en have told That sto - ry so simple, so kind and so free, Oh,  
 ten - der and soft, Did gently ad - monish in Beth - a - ny's home, Oh,  
 wand'rings are o'er; I seek now for pardon, in pen - i - tence wait, Oh,  
 cheer my weak heart; Thy voice I have heard, and thy blood is applied; Oh,

*D. S.*—get not thy blood, that from sin makes so free; Oh,

*Fine.*

### CHORUS.

6 8  
 speak to me, Je - sus, I'll lis - ten to thee. Speak . . to me  
 speak to me, Je - sus, to thee I will come.  
 speak to me, Je - sus, be - fore 'tis too late.  
 help me, dear Saviour to live at thy side. Speak to me, speak to me,

speak to me, Je - sus, I will come to thee.  
 (3d verse.)—I now come to thee.  
 (4th verse.)—I have come to thee.

Je - sus, speak . . from a - bove, Tell of thy hands, of thy  
 speak to me, speak from a - bove Tell of thy hands,

*D. S.*

4 4  
 hands, of thy side, . . . and thy love; . . . For -  
 tell of thy side, tell of thy hands, of thy side, and thy love;

# All Over the World.

E. E. HEWITT.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Bear the good tid - ings all o - ver the world, Let the bright  
 2. Plant in the wil - der - ness Sharon's sweet rose, Bless - ing will  
 3. Think of the millions who nev - er have heard One precious  
 4. Oh, what a song shall in heav - en be sung! By ev - 'ry

ban - ner of love be unfurled Wher - ev - er sor - row and  
 fol - low wher - ev - er it goes; Led, on - ward led by the  
 promise from God's ho - ly word; Think of the lives marred and  
 na - tion and kin - dred and tongue; Some may be there thro' our

sin shall be found, There let the news of sal - va - tion resound.  
 Lord's guiding hand, O - pen "fresh springs" in the dry, thirsty land.  
 darkened by sin, Tell them the sto - ry that brings light within.  
 ef - forts and pray'r, Joy ev - er - last - ing to - geth - er we'll share.

CHORUS.

All o - ver the world, . . . All o - ver the world; . . .  
 O - ver the world, O - ver the world, Bear the good tid - ings all o - ver the world;

Let the bright banner of love be unfurled, All o - ver the world. . . .  
 o - ver the world, o - ver the world.

# Blessed Reaping, By and By.

E. E. H.

E. E. HEWITT.

1. Who will la - bor for the Master? Who will sow the precious seed?  
2. Not alone he sends his servants, Close beside us he will stay;  
3. O, this world hath need of workers, Sin and sor - row everywhere!

Toiling on, in shade or sunshine, As his guiding hand shall lead.  
Mighty grace is free - ly promised, Strength according to our day.  
Lov - ing hands can scat - ter blessings, Growing to the harvest fair.

On - ly pure and faithful service Will be pleasing to his eye;  
He can give us peace unmeasured, When he hears the wea - ry sigh;  
When the Lord shall bring his an - gels, Thronging down the radiant sky,

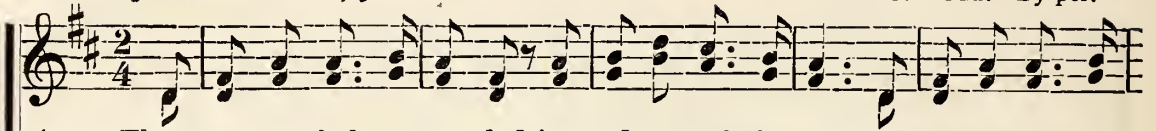
*F.* *Fine.*  
*D.S.* { Who will sow be - side all waters, For the reaping, by and by?  
Who will sow be - side all waters, For the reaping, by and by?  
Shall we join the hal - le - lu - jahs Of that reaping, by and by?

**REFRAIN.** *D.S.*  
By and by, by and by, Blessed reap - ing, by and by;

## The Same Old Way.

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr.

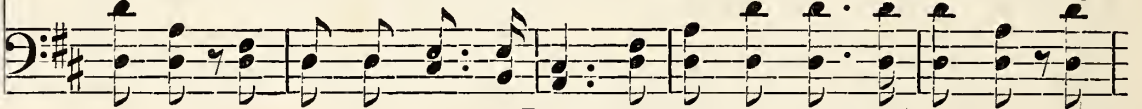
GEO. C. HUGG. By per.



1. The way our fathers traveled is good enough for me, They followed in the
2. The world may sneer and tell me I'll never reach the goal, That good works are suf-
3. When bowers of sin entice me to rest my weary feet, I find in Christ my
4. Millions are now in glory, in shining white arrayed, Who travel'd this same



footsteps that led from Cal - va - ry; It led them up to glo - ry, that  
ficient to save a hu - man soul; But while the world is talking, I  
Saviour, a safe, a sure re - treat; He tells me to press onward, and  
pathway, and oft - en were dismayed; But happy now in glo - ry they



*D.S.*—My Saviour goes before me, I



land of endless day, I expect to get to heaven by the same old way.  
still will watch and pray, I expect to get to heaven by the same old way.  
not look back, nor stay, I expect to get to heaven by the same old way.  
sing both night and day, I expect to get to heaven by the same old way.



follow him each day, I expect to get to heaven by the same old way.

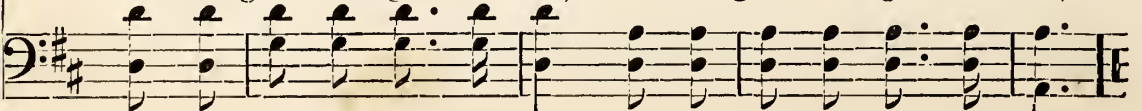
## CHORUS.



O this bless - ed old way, it is good enough for me,



It is good enough for me, it is good enough for me;



# I Must Tell Jesus.

137

E. A. H.

Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

1. I must tell Je - sus all of my - tri - als; I cannot bear these  
2. I must tell Je - sus all of my troubles; He is a kind, com -  
3. Tempted and tried, I need a great Saviour, One who can help my  
4. O how the world to e - vil al - lures me! O how my heart is

burdens a - lone; In my distress he kindly will help me; He ev - er  
passion - ate Friend; If I but ask him, he will de - liv - er, Make of my  
burdens to bear; I must tell Je - sus, I must tell Je - sus; He all my  
tempted to sin! I must tell Je - sus and he will help me O - ver the

## CHORUS.

loves and cares for his own. I must tell Je - sus, I must tell  
troubles quickly an end.  
cares and sorrows will share.  
world the vict'ry to win.

Je - sus, I can - not bear my burdens a - lone; I must tell

*rit.*  
Je - sus, I must tell Je - sus; Je - sus can help me, Je - sus a - lone.

# My Saviour First of All.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

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

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

reach the oth-er side, And his smile will be the first to welcome me.  
 mercy, love, and grace, That prepares for me a mansion in the sky.  
 sing my welcome home; But I long to meet my Saviour first of all.  
 mingle with delight; But I long to meet my Saviour first of all.

## CHORUS.

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

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

# I Love Him Far Better.

139

E. G. C.

ELI G. CHRISTY.

1. It pays to serve Je - sus, I speak from my heart; He'll al - ways be  
 2. And oft when I'm tempted to turn from the track, I think of my  
 3. There's a place that remembrance still brings back to me, 'Twas there I found  
 4. How rich is the blessing the world cannot give, I'm sat - is - fied

with us, if we do our part; There's naught in this wide world can  
 Saviour,—my mind wanders back To the place where they nailed him on  
 pardon,—'twas heav - en to me; There Je - sus spoke sweetly to  
 ful - ly for Je - sus to live, Tho' friends may forsake me and

*Fine.*  
 pleasure af - ford, There's peace and contentment in serv - ing the Lord.  
 Cal - va - ry's tree— I hear a voice saying,— I suffered for thee!  
 my wea - ry soul, My sins are for - giv - en, he made my heart whole.  
 tri - als a - rise, I am trusting in Je - sus—his love nev - er dies.

*D. S.*—ev - er the cost, I'll be a true soldier,—I'll die at my post.

**CHORUS.** *D. S.*  
 { I love him far better than in days of yore, } I'll do as he bids me what -  
 { I'll serve him more truly than ever be - fore, }

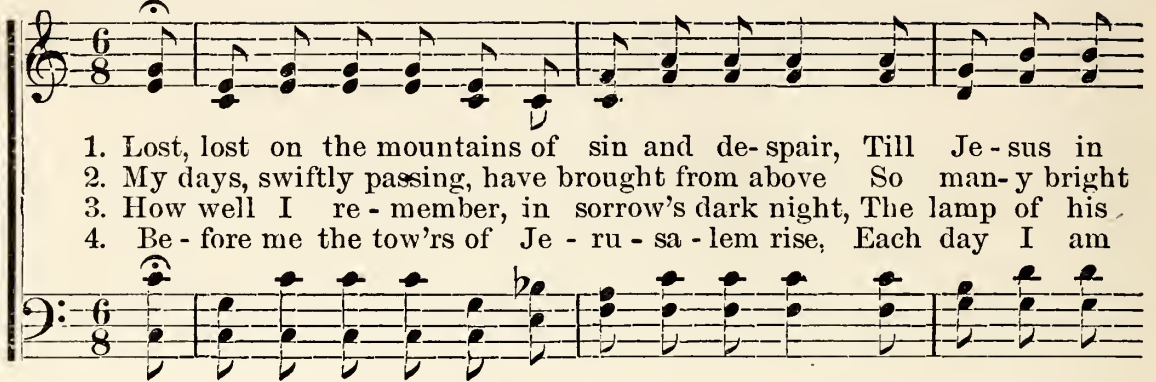
Copyright, 1894, by Jno R. Sweney.

<p>5 Will you have this blessing that Jesus bestows,                  A free, full salvation—as ev'ry one knows?                  Oh, sinner, poor sinner, to Calvary flee,                  The blood of my Saviour was shed there for thee.</p>	<p>6 There is no one like Jesus, can cheer me to-day, [away,                  His love and his kindness can ne'er fade                  In winter, in summer, in sunshine and rain, [same.                  His love and affection are always the</p>
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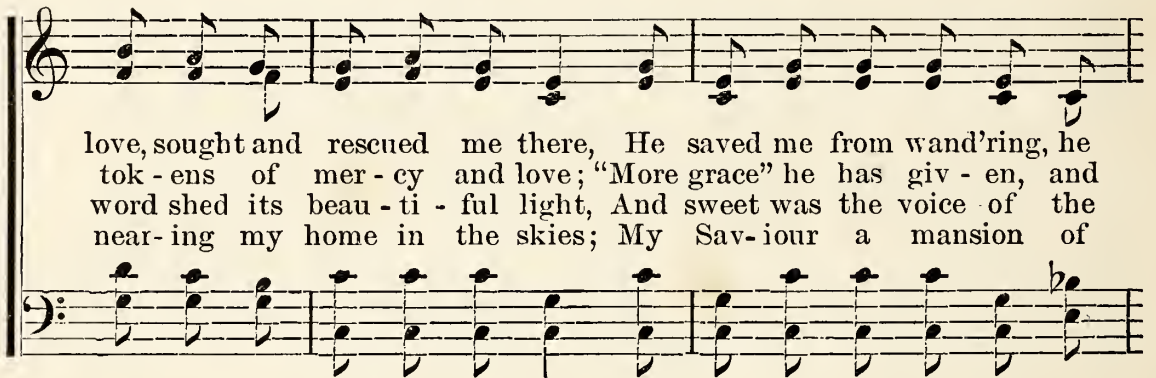
# Shall I Turn Back?

E. E. HEWITT.

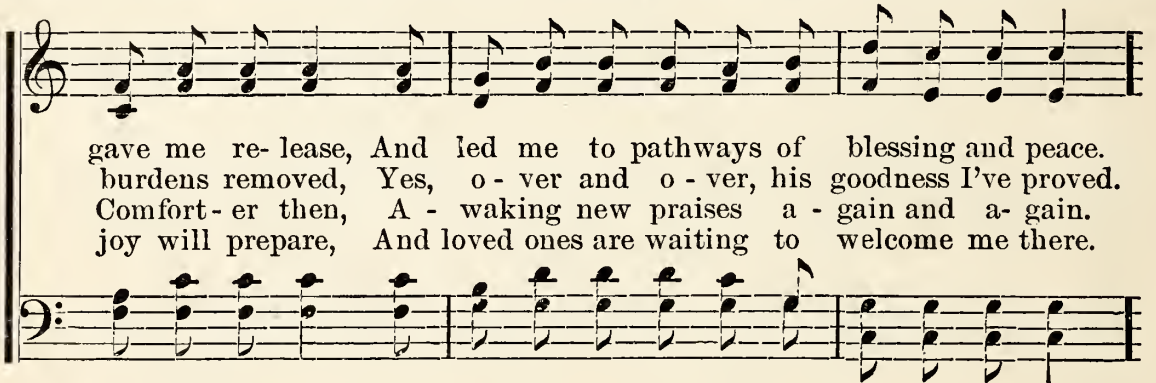
Arr. by J. J. H.



1. Lost, lost on the mountains of sin and de-spair, Till Je-sus in  
 2. My days, swiftly passing, have brought from above So man-y bright  
 3. How well I re-mem-ber, in sorrow's dark night, The lamp of his  
 4. Be-fore me the tow'rs of Je-ru-sa-lem rise, Each day I am

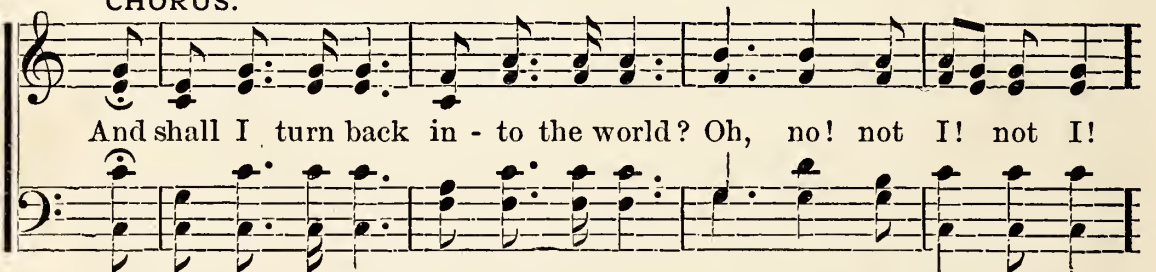


love, sought and rescued me there, He saved me from wand'ring, he  
 tok-ens of mer-cy and love; "More grace" he has giv-en, and  
 word shed its beau-ti-ful light, And sweet was the voice of the  
 near-ing my home in the skies; My Sav-iour a mansion of

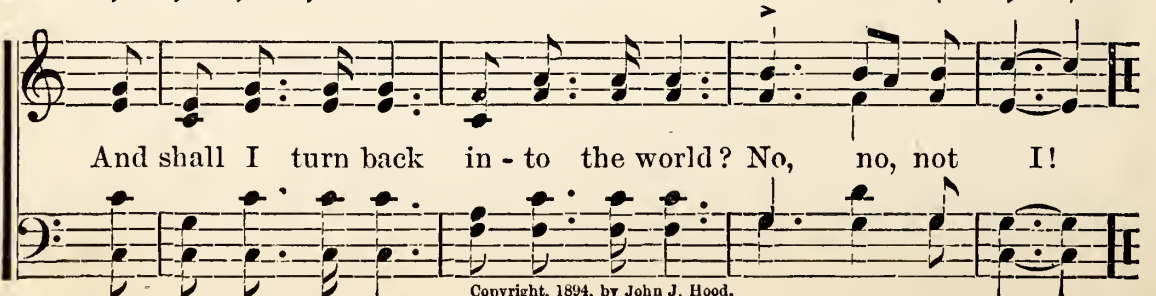


gave me re-lease, And led me to pathways of blessing and peace.  
 burdens removed, Yes, o-ver and o-ver, his goodness I've proved.  
 Comfort-er then, A-waking new praises a-gain and a-gain.  
 joy will prepare, And loved ones are waiting to welcome me there.

## CHORUS.



And shall I turn back in - to the world? Oh, no! not I! not I!



And shall I turn back in - to the world? No, no, not I!



# Just a Little Music.

141

E. E. HEWITT.

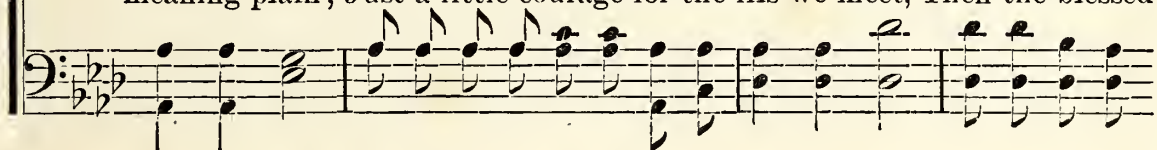
JNO. R. SWENEY.



1. Just a little music in the key of praise Helps the pilgrim marching over
2. Just a sweeter trusting when the shadows fall, Looking ever upward ; Jesus
3. Just a little patience with the tangled skein, Till the finished weaving makes the

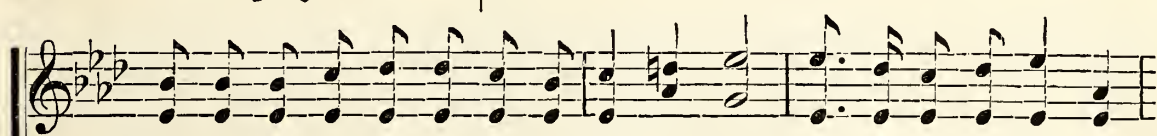
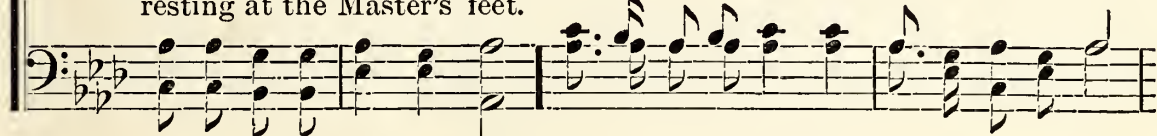


ston - y ways ; Just a little kindness, just a lit- tle love, Golden rays of knows it all ; Just a closer clinging to the hand divine, Then the joy-bells meaning plain ; Just a little courage for the ills we meet, Then the blessed

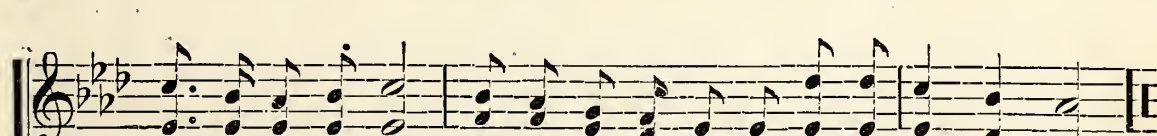
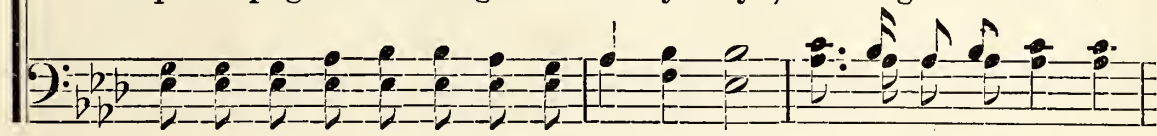


## CHORUS.

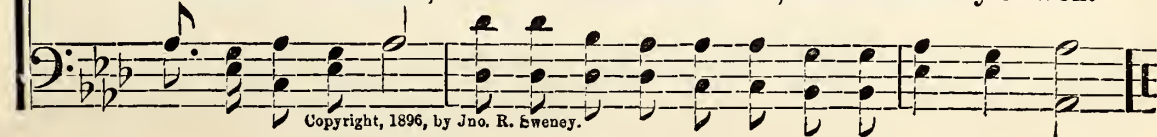
sunshine from the land a- bove. Just a little music in the key of praise chiming in your heart and mine. resting at the Master's feet.



Helps the pilgrim marching o- ver ston- y ways ; Cheering one ano- th - er



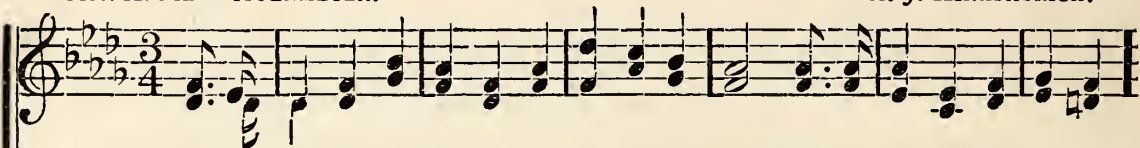
till the work is done, Just to follow Je- sus, till the vict'ry's won.



# When the Curtains are Lifted.

Mrs. ANNIE WITTENMEYER.

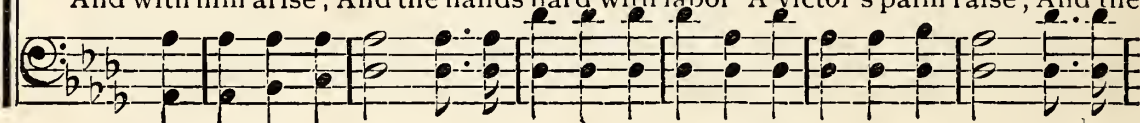
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



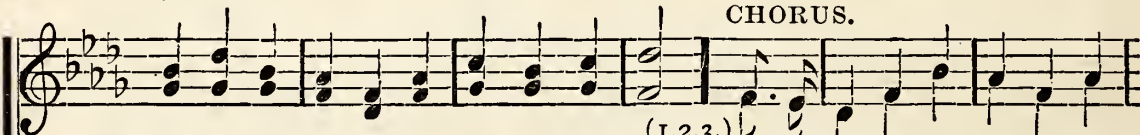
1. When the curtains are lifted, Oh, what shall I see? Will my Lord with his angels
2. Will the heaven-ly city Burst full on my sight; And the throne of his glory,
3. Now the future is hidden, I see but a pace, Yet it may be I'm nearing
4. When his glorified presence Shall gladden mine eyes, I'll be chang'd and be like him,



Be waiting for me? Will he welcome my coming, And crown me his own, With the  
That giveth it light? Will the feet torn and weary Reach pavements of gold, And the  
The end of the race; It will matter but little What changes may come, If my  
And with him arise; And the hands hard with labor A victor's palm raise; And the

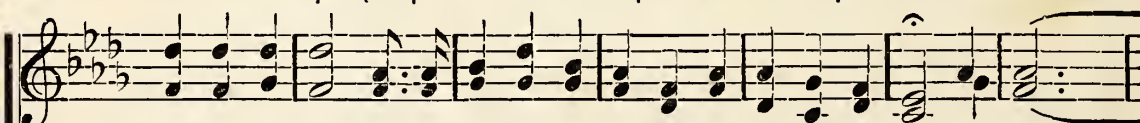
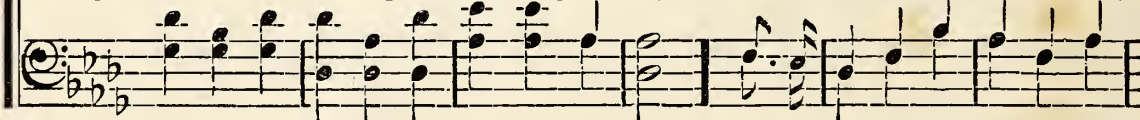


CHORUS.



(1, 2, 3.)

saints of all a- ges, That cir- cle his throne. When the curtains are lifted, Oh,  
eyes red with weeping, The Saviour behold?  
Lord with his angels Shall welcome me home.  
lips tuned to sorrow Sing anthems of praise. (4.) When the curtains are lifted, Oh,

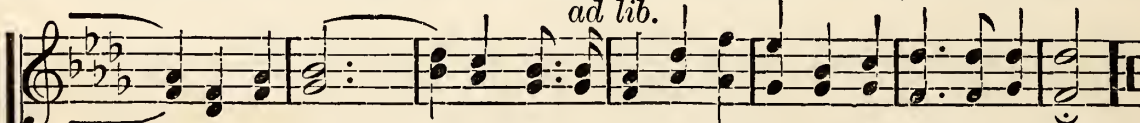


what shall I see? Will my Lord and his angels be waiting for me, Be wait - -  
this shall I see, That my Lord and his angels are waiting for me, Are wait - -

Be waiting for  
Are waiting for

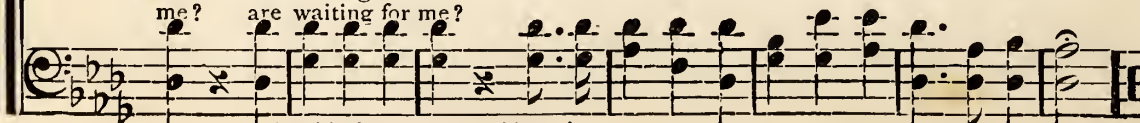


*ad lib.*



- - - ing, be wait - - ing, Will my Lord and his angels be waiting for me?  
- - - ing, are wait - - ing, That my Lord and his angels are waiting for me?

me? be waiting for me?  
me? are waiting for me?



# Shall We All Meet Again?

143

LIZZIE EDWARDS.

CHRISTY and SWENEY.

*Con espress.*

1. "Shall we all meet again?" 'twas the voice of a mother, Whose soul was de-  
2. "I am going," she said, "and the shadows grow deeper, I see not your  
3. "Shall we all meet again?" how the words of that mother Came back, as he  
4. "Shall we all meet again?" 'tis a heart-searching question, O lost one, the

parting to mansions above, While she turn'd to her boy, who beside her was  
form, but I cling to you still; Oh, say, will you promise to meet me in  
wander'd in sorrow and pain; Though now he is faithful and true to his  
Spir- it is calling you still; Then come to the Saviour, who waits to be

*D.S.*—this be our greeting, Come, blest of my

*Fine.* CHORUS.

weeping, And earnestly pleaded in accents of love. When the last trump  
glory? Thank God you have answer'd, thro' Jesus I will." [shall sound,  
promise, In dreams she is with him, and pleading as then.  
gracious, God help you this moment to answer, I will.

Father, In- her - it the kingdom that never shall end.

*D.S.*

on the great judgment morning, When he, our Redeemer, in clouds shall descend, May

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# We are Almost Home.

JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Just o - ver the ocean is our home on high, Where we all wil.  
 2. Our house is all ready in the promised land, It was built and  
 3. The road has been weary, and the way been long, But our hearts are  
 4. Our dear ones are watching as we near the shore, How we long to

gath - er and rest by and by; We've a mansion far above the  
 modeled by the Lord's own hand; He will lead us o - ver when this  
 cheer - y with the Lord's own song; See, the lights are gleaming o'er the  
 join them, to part never more; Thro' the golden cit - y with them

vaulted dome, We shall soon be o - ver, we are al - most home.  
 life is o'er, Where beneath its portals we will rest ev - ermore.  
 o - cean foam, And our joy is beaming, we are al - most home.  
 we will roam, Don't you hear the singing? we are al - most home.

## CHORUS.

We are al - most home, we are al - most home,  
 almost home, almost home, we are al - most home,

Just a few more tri - als, just a few more tears, Just a few more

troubles, just a few more fears, Then we'll cast the anchor, never more to roam ;

We will soon be over, we are almost home, we are al - most home.  
almost, almost home.

**I Shall be Satisfied.**

BONAR.

*Moderato.*

Rev. T. C. NEAL

1. When I shall wake in that fair morn of morns, Af - ter whose dawning  
2. When I shall see thy glo - ry face to face, When in thine arms thou  
3. When I shall meet with those that I have loved, Clasp in my eag - er  
4. When I shall gaze up - on the face of him Who for me died, with

never night returns, And with whose glory day eternal burns, I shall be satis- fied.  
wilt thy child embrace, When thou shalt open all thy stores of grace, I shall be satisfied.  
arms the long removed, And find how faithful thou to me hast proved, I shall be satisfied.  
eye no longer dim, And praise him with the everlasting hymn, I shall be satisfied.

CHORUS.

I shall be satisfied, I shall be satisfied, I shall be sat-is-fied, By and by.

## All the Day Long.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Walking with Je - sus our Saviour, Praising him all the day long;  
 2. Walking with Je - sus our Saviour, Clasping his hand in our own;  
 3. Walking with Je - sus our Saviour, Rising our tri - als a - bove;  
 4. Walking with Je - sus our Saviour, Soon will our journey be o'er;

Walking in blessed com - munion, Filled with the rapture of song.  
 Faithful - ly trusting his promise, Drawing still nearer his throne.  
 Feasting our souls at his banquet, Lost in his in - fi - nite love.  
 Then shall we en - ter his kingdom, Sweetly to rest ev - er - more.

## CHORUS.

All the day long, all the day long, Praising him all the day long;

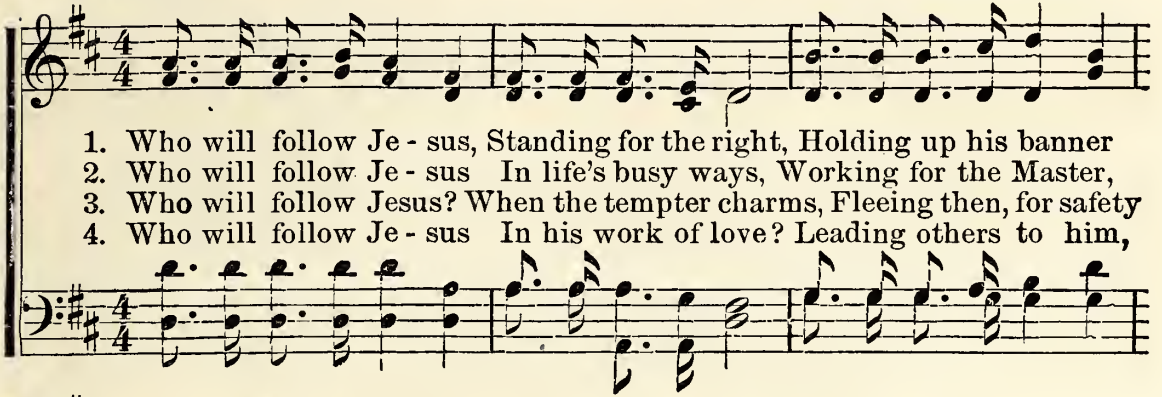
Onward we go, joy - ful - ly go, Filled with the rapture of song.

# Who will Follow Jesus?

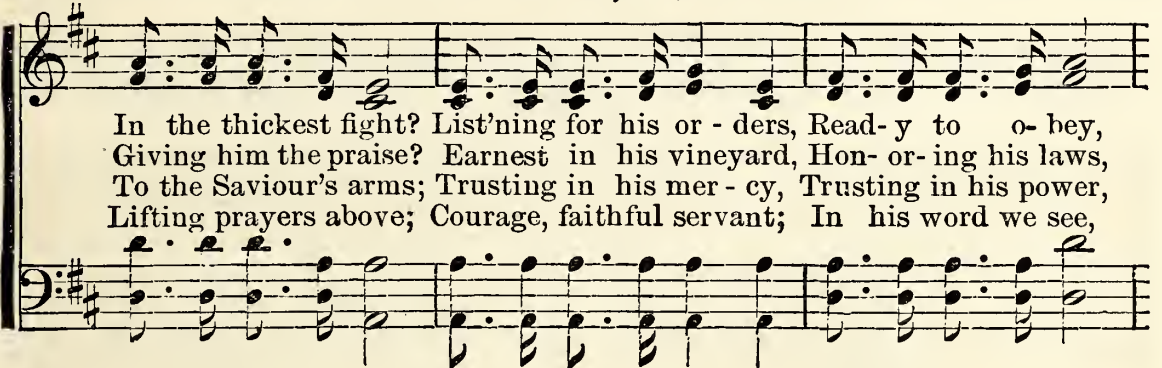
147

E. E. HEWITT.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

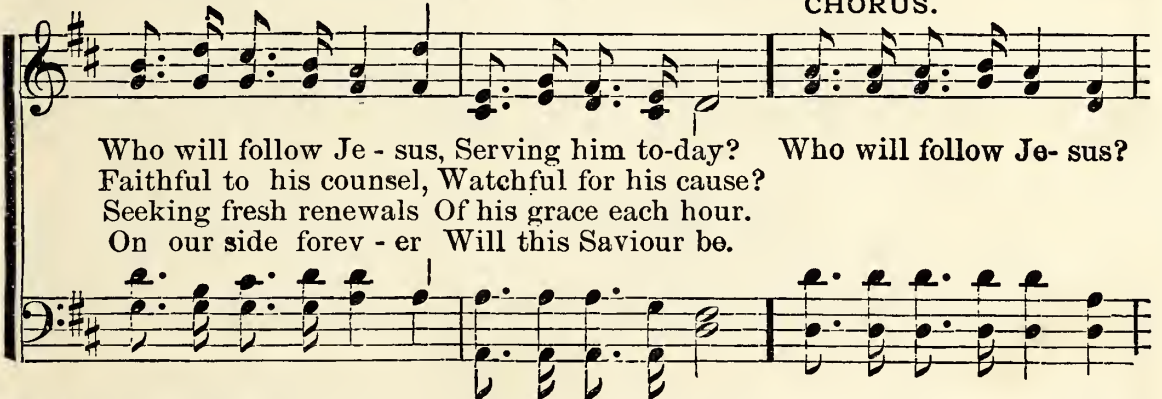


1. Who will follow Je - sus, Standing for the right, Holding up his banner  
2. Who will follow Je - sus In life's busy ways, Working for the Master,  
3. Who will follow Jesus? When the tempter charms, Fleeing then, for safety  
4. Who will follow Je - sus In his work of love? Leading others to him,



In the thickest fight? List'ning for his or - ders, Read - y to o - bey,  
Giving him the praise? Earnest in his vineyard, Hon - or - ing his laws,  
To the Saviour's arms; Trusting in his mer - cy, Trusting in his power,  
Lifting prayers above; Courage, faithful servant; In his word we see,

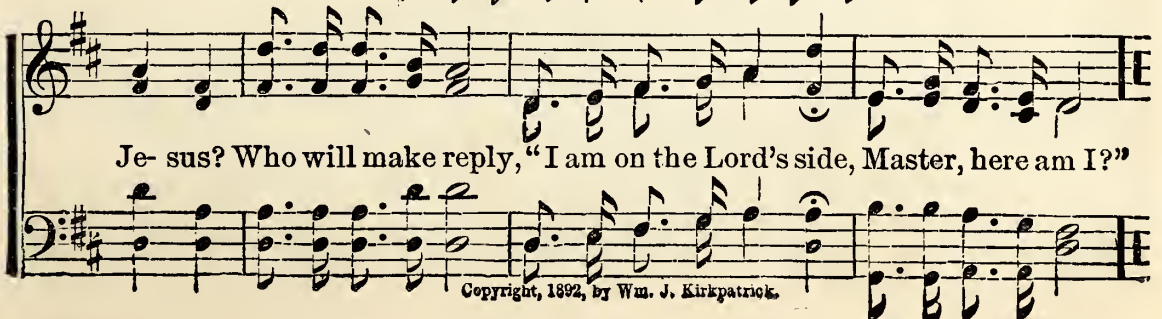
## CHORUS.



Who will follow Je - sus, Serving him to - day? Who will follow Je - sus?  
Faithful to his counsel, Watchful for his cause?  
Seeking fresh renewals Of his grace each hour.  
On our side forev - er Will this Saviour be.



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



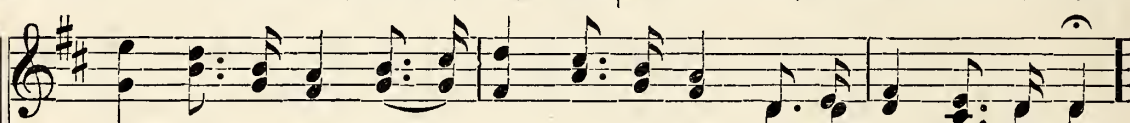
Je - sus? Who will make reply, "I am on the Lord's side, Master, here am I?"



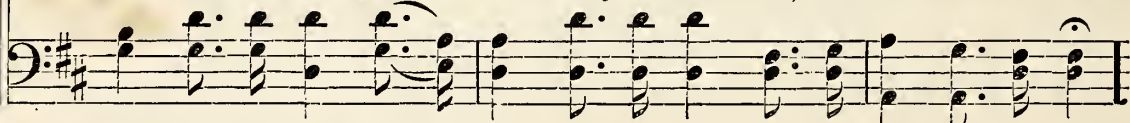
1. 'Mid the toil and the bat - tle I think of my home, Where the
2. By the bank of life's riv - er our loved we shall greet, With
3. There cher - ubs ef - ful - gent and ser - aphs that blaze May
4. As year af - ter year shall fly swift - ly a - way, And
5. Pre - pare, then, ye faith - ful, to en - ter your land, The



sound of life's conflict can nevermore come, Where the angel of peace spreads his  
 them shall rejoice in a rapture complete, Shall join in the song that the  
 join in our anthem of rapturous praise; And the Son that was given the  
 yet but begun is e - ter - nity's day, While springs of new pleasure de -  
 mansion prepared by the Saviour's own hand, 'Tis read - y, now waiting, so



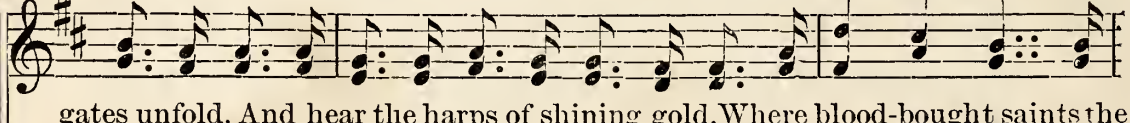
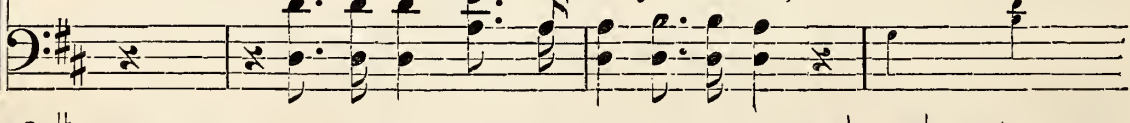
wings o'er the scene, And e - ter - ni - ty's sea is all calm and se - re -  
 glo - ri - fied sing, While the arches of heav - en shall tremble and ring.  
 world to redeem, Shall be of our joy - ing and praising the theme.  
 light - eth the soul, While on - ward, yet on - ward, the ag - es shall roll.  
 beauteous and fair! Then bind on your san - dals, we soon shall be there.



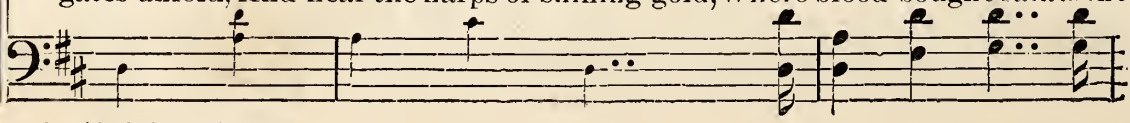
## CHORUS.



Just a - head, just a - head, just a - head, I see the pearl - y



gates unfold, And hear the harps of shining gold, Where blood - bought saints the





new song sing. To him who redeemed us, our bless - ed King.

**Hallelujah, I'm Saved.**

HENRIETTA E. BLAIR.

Adapted and arr. by WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. How oft in holy converse With Christ, my Lord, alone, I seem to hear the
2. They pass'd thro' toils and trials, And tho' the strife was long, They share the victor's
3. My soul takes up the chorus, And pressing on my way, Communing still with
4. Thro' grace I soon shall conquer, And reach my home on high; And thro' eter- nal

CHORUS.

millions That sing around his throne:— Hal - le - lu - jah, I'm sav'd. Halle- conquest, And sing the victor's song.  
Je - sus, I sing from day to day:  
a - ges I'll shout beyond the sky:

*poco rit.*  
lu - jah, I'm sav'd. Hal - le - lu - jah, I'm sav'd. I'm sav'd, I'm sav'd.

## Ashamed of Jesus.

JOSEPH GRIGGS.

E. O. EXCELL.

DUET.\*

1. Je - sus, and shall it ev - er be, A mor - tal man ashamed of thee?  
 2. Ashamed of Je - sus! sooner far Let evening blush to own a star;  
 3. Ashamed of Je - sus! just as soon Let midnight be ashamed of noon;  
 4. Ashamed of Jesus! that dear friend, On whom my hopes of heav'n depend;  
 5. Ashamed of Je - sus! yes, I may, When I've no guilt to wash a-way,

Ashamed of thee, whom angels praise, Whose glories shine thro' endless days?  
 He sheds the beams of light divine O'er this benight - ed soul of mine.  
 'Tis midnight with my soul till he, Bright Morning Star, bids darkness flee.  
 No! when I blush be this my shame, That I no more revere his name.  
 No tear to wipe, no good to crave, No fears to quell, no soul to save.

CHORUS.

Ashamed . . . of Je - sus, I never, I never will be; . . .  
 Ashamed of Jesus, ashamed of Jesus, I never will be;

For Je - - - sus, my Sav - - iour, is not ashamed of me.  
 For Je - sus, my Saviour, for Je - sus, my Saviour,

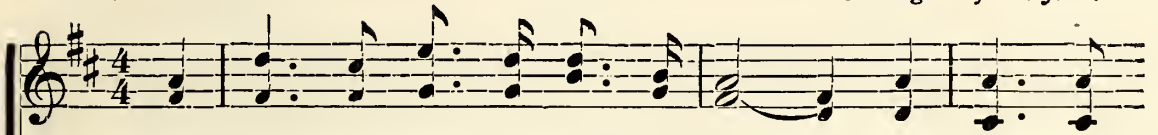
Copyright, 1887, by E. O. Excell. By per.

\*Ten. and Bass sing upper large notes; the Sop. and Alto the lower. Small notes with the large ones for organist.

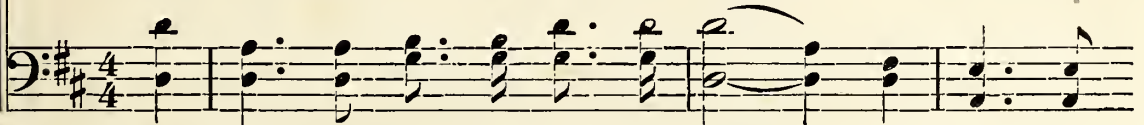
# I Know that My Redeemer Lives. 151

Rev. H. A. MERRILL.

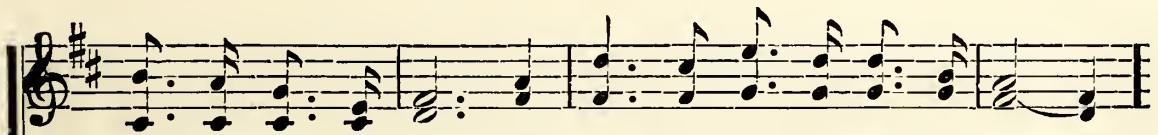
Arranged by W. J. K.



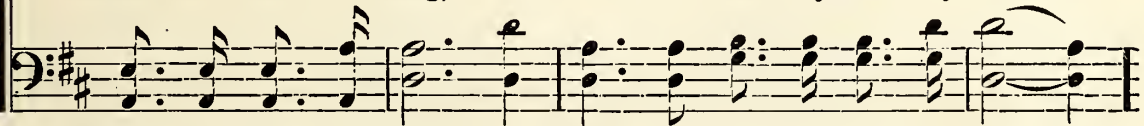
1. I know that my Redeem - er lives, And has pre-  
2. I'm trust - ing Je - sus Christ for all, I know his  
3. I'm now en - raptured at the thought, I stand and  
4. I know that Je - sus soon will come, I know the



*D. C.*—For I am on - ly wait - ing, now, To hear the

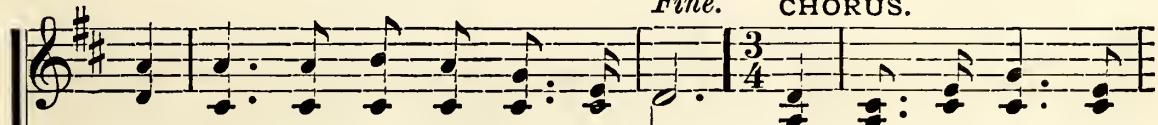


pared a place for me; That crowns of vic - to - ry he gives  
blood now speaks for me; I'm list - 'ning for a welcome voice,  
won - der at his love, That he from heav'n to earth was brought  
time will not be long, Till I shall reach my heav'nly home,



summons, "child, come home," For I am on - ly waiting, now,

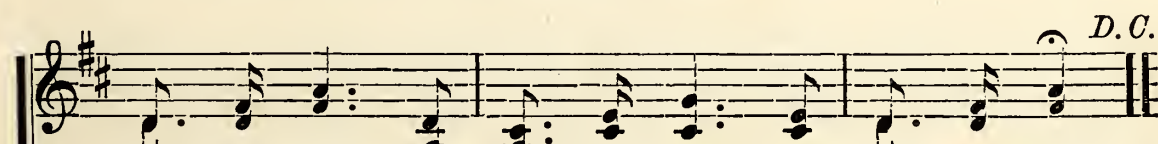
*Fine.* CHORUS.



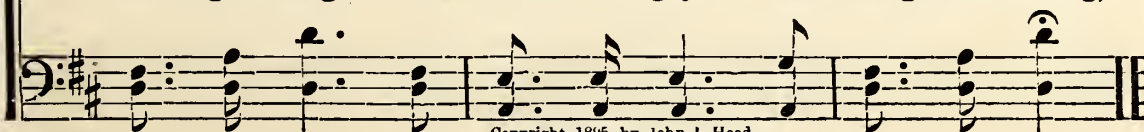
To those who would his children be. Then ask me not to  
To say, "The Master waiteth thee!"  
To die, that I may live a - bove.  
To sing with joy the heav'nly song.



To hear the summons, "child, come home."



lin - ger long A - mid the gay and thoughtless throng,

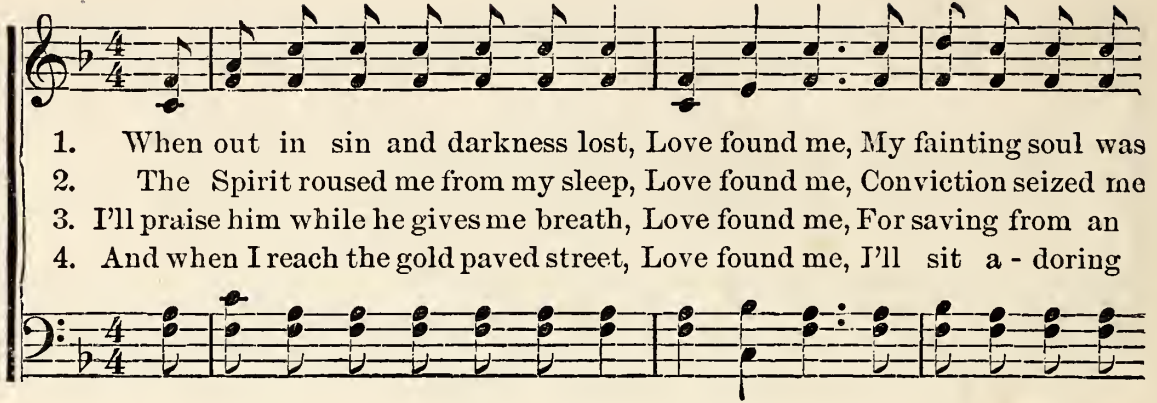


# Love Found Me.

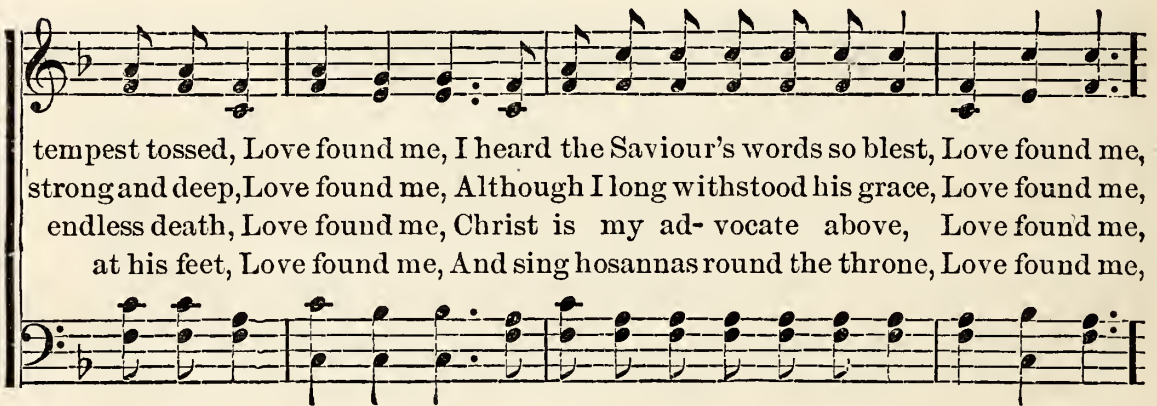
H. L. GILMOUR.

John iii: 16.

Arr. by H. L. G.



1. When out in sin and darkness lost, Love found me, My fainting soul was  
 2. The Spirit roused me from my sleep, Love found me, Conviction seized me  
 3. I'll praise him while he gives me breath, Love found me, For saving from an  
 4. And when I reach the gold paved street, Love found me, I'll sit a - doring



tempest tossed, Love found me, I heard the Saviour's words so blest, Love found me,  
 strong and deep, Love found me, Although I long withstood his grace, Love found me,  
 endless death, Love found me, Christ is my ad- vocate above, Love found me,  
 at his feet, Love found me, And sing hosannas round the throne, Love found me,

## CHORUS.



Come, weary, heavy laden, rest, Love found me. Oh, 'twas love, love,  
 He wooed me to his kind embrace, Love found me.  
 I'm yoked to him in perfect love, Love found me.  
 Where I shall know as I am known, Love found me. Oh, 'twas love, 'twas wondrous love,



Love that moved the mighty God, Love, love, 'twas love found me.

# Saviour, I am Coming.

L. H. EDMUNDS.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. The liv- ing fount is flowing now, Lord, help me en - ter in ;  
2. Thy kind, in - vit - ing voice I heard, Thy Spir - it drew me near ;  
3. Sweet Mercy meets me at the cross, And breathes of love di - vine ;  
4. Dear Saviour, keep me ev - 'ry hour, When tides of blessing pour ;

The stream from Calv'ry's sacred brow Shall take a - way my sin.  
Now may thy re - as - sur - ing word Speak comfort, peace, and cheer.  
Lord, free my heart from sin - ful dross, And make me wholly thine.  
And safe beneath the fountain's pow'r, I'll praise thee more and more.

## CHORUS.

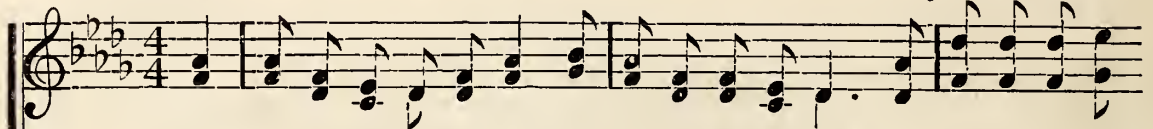
Saviour, I am coming to the cleansing blood, Coming where the healing waters flow ;

Wash me in the crimson flood, And I shall be whiter than the snow. . . .  
Shall be whiter than the snow.

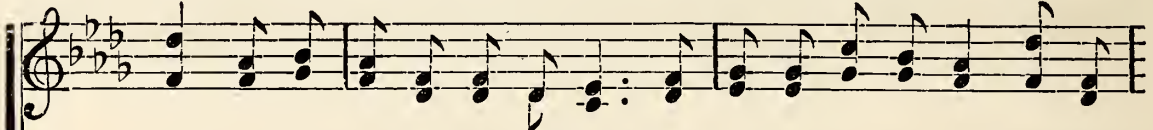
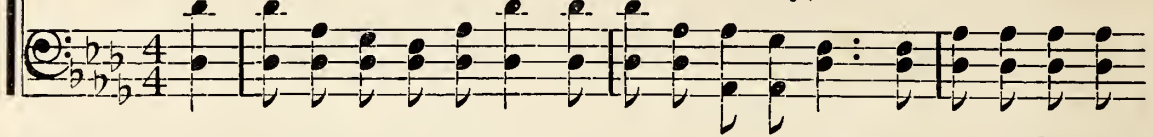
# 154 I will Shout His Praise in Glory.

P. H. DINGMAN.

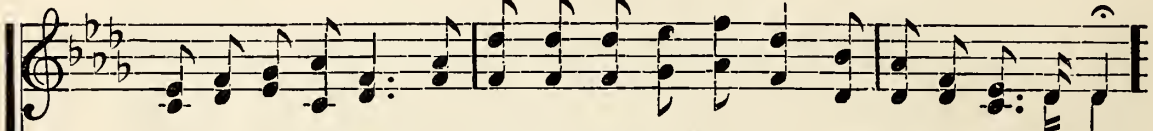
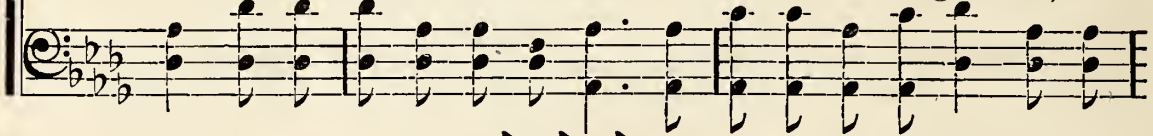
JNO R. SWENEY.



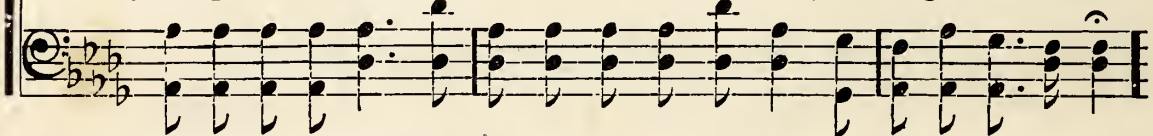
1. You ask what makes me happy, my heart so free from care, It is because my
2. I was a friendless wand'rer till Jesus took me in, My life was full of
3. I wish that ev'ry sinner before his throne would bow; He waits to bid them
4. I mean to live for Jesus while here on earth I stay, And when his voice shall



Sav - iour in mercy heard my prayer; He brought me out of darkness and sor - row, my heart was full of sin; But when the blood so precious spoke welcome, he longs to bless them now; If they but knew the rapture that call me to realms of endless day, As one by one we gath - er, re-



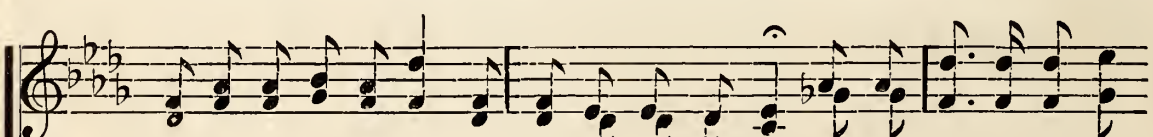
now the light I see; O blessed, loving Saviour! to him the praise shall be. pardon to my soul; Oh, blissful, blissful moment! 'twas joy beyond control. in his love I see, They'd come and shout salvation, and sing his praise with me. joining on the shore, We'll shout his praise in glory, and sing forev - ermore.



## CHORUS.



I will shout his praise in glo - ry, So will I, so will I, And we'll



all sing halle - lu - jah in heav - en by and by; I will shout his praise in



glo - ry, . . . . And we'll all sing hallelujah in heaven by and by.  
So will I, so will I,

**Hear and Answer Prayer.**

FANNY J. CROSBY.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. I am pray - ing, bless - ed Sav - iour, To be more and more like thee ;
2. I am pray - ing, bless - ed Sav - iour, For a faith so clear and bright
3. I am pray - ing to be hum - bled By the power of grace di - vine,
4. I am pray - ing, bless - ed Sav - iour, And my constant prayer shall be

I am pray - ing that thy Spir - it Like a dove may rest on me.  
That its eye will see thy glo - ry Thro' the deep - est, dark - est night.  
To be clothed up - on with meekness, And to have no will but thine.  
For a per - fect con - se - cra - tion, That shall make me more like thee.

CHORUS.

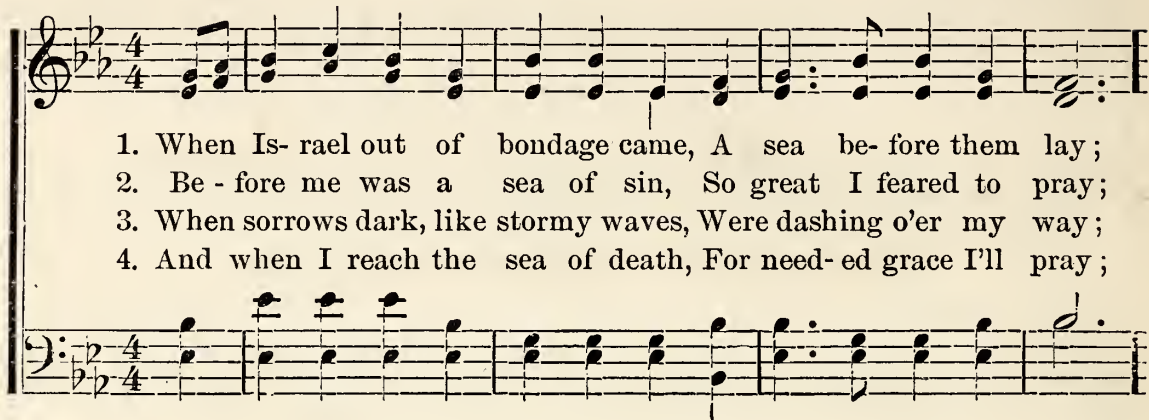
Thou who know - est all my weak - ness, Thou who knowest all my care,

While I plead each precious promise, Hear, oh, hear and answer prayer.

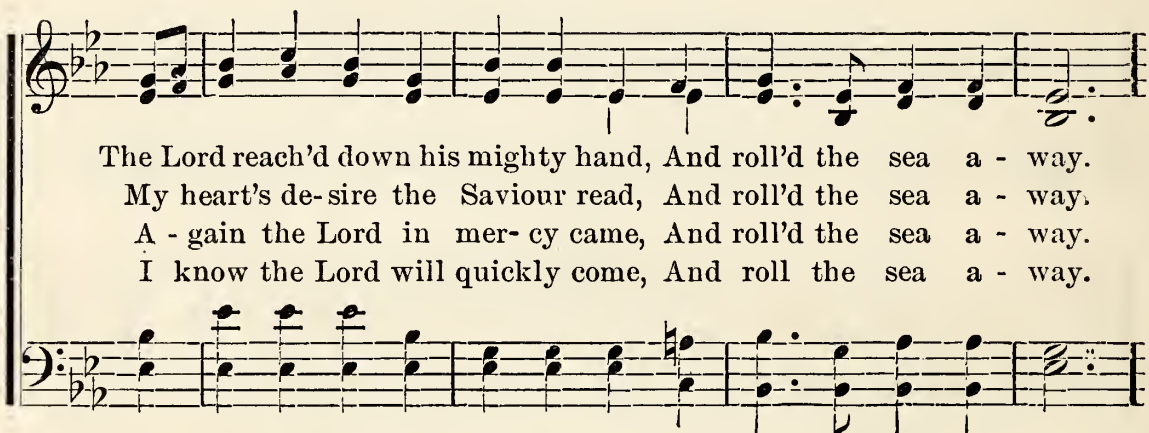
# The Roll'd the Sea Away.

Rev. H. J. ZELLEY.

H. L. GILMOUR.

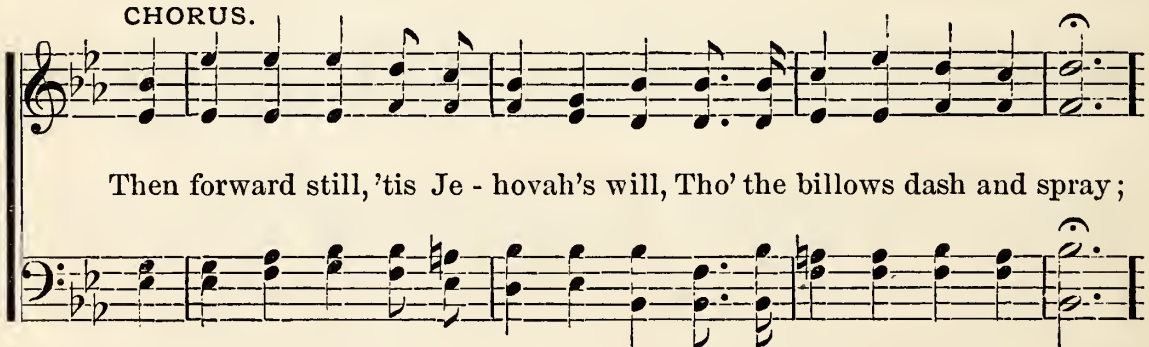


1. When Is-rael out of bondage came, A sea be-fore them lay ;  
 2. Be - fore me was a sea of sin, So great I feared to pray ;  
 3. When sorrows dark, like stormy waves, Were dashing o'er my way ;  
 4. And when I reach the sea of death, For need-ed grace I'll pray ;

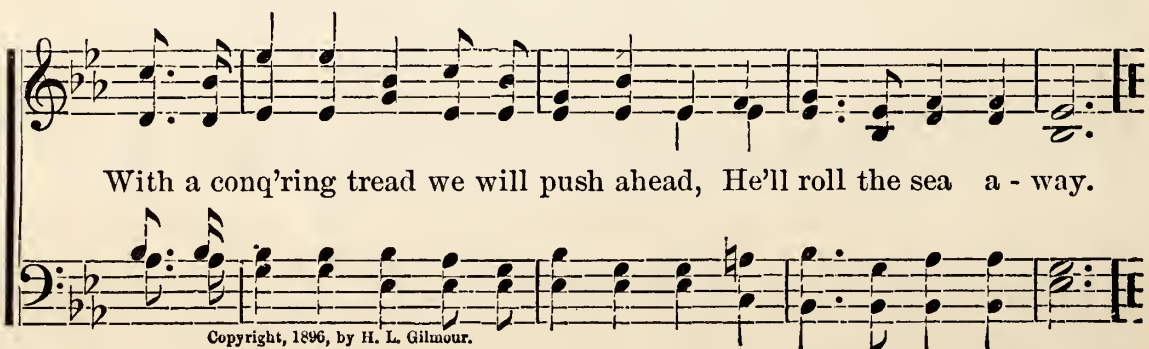


The Lord reach'd down his mighty hand, And roll'd the sea a - way.  
 My heart's de-sire the Saviour read, And roll'd the sea a - way.  
 A - gain the Lord in mer-cy came, And roll'd the sea a - way.  
 I know the Lord will quickly come, And roll the sea a - way.

## CHORUS.



Then forward still, 'tis Je - hovah's will, Tho' the billows dash and spray ;



With a conq'ring tread we will push ahead, He'll roll the sea a - way.

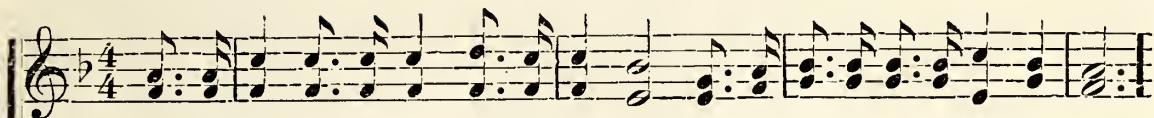


# Freely Mine.

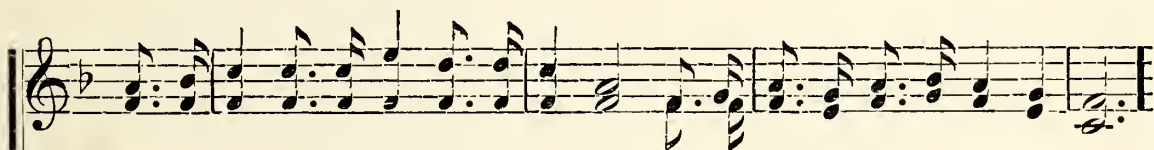
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L. H. EDMUNDS.

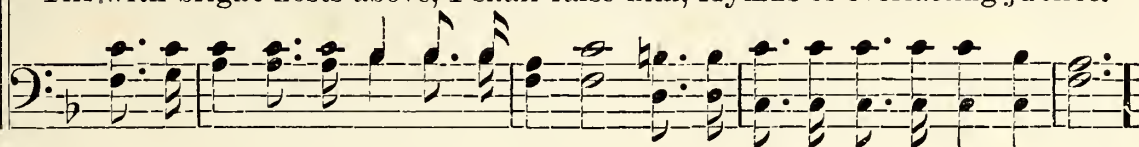
FRANCES BURGETTE SHORT.



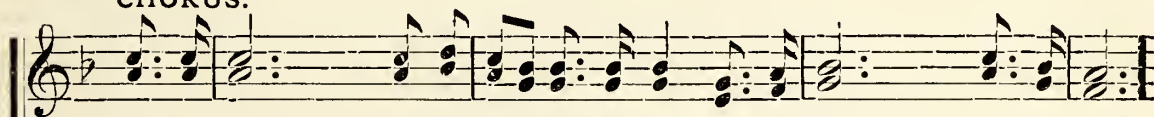
1. I will lift up mine eyes unto heaven, To the hills of Zion bright and fair;
2. I will bear to the throne every sorrow, And on him my burdens I will roll;
3. I will ask for the power of his Spirit, 'Tis the wondrous overcoming power;
4. Now with songs, happy songs, let me praise him, For his tender mercies unto me;



Jesus says all I need shall be given, When I seek his face in humble prayer.  
He'll be with me on each coming morrow, And his blessed peace will fill my soul.  
O, what riches his children inher - it, O what gifts are offered every hour!  
Till with bright hosts above, I shall raise him, Hymns of everlasting jubilee.



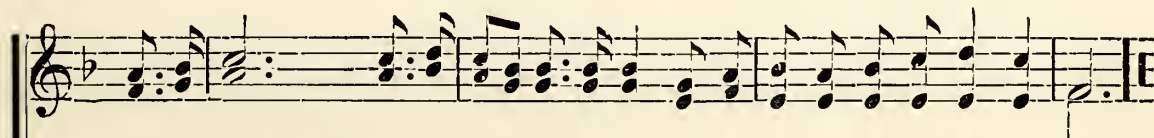
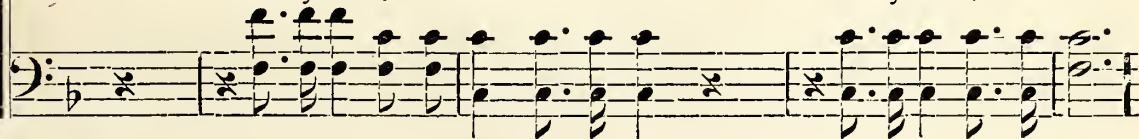
## CHORUS.



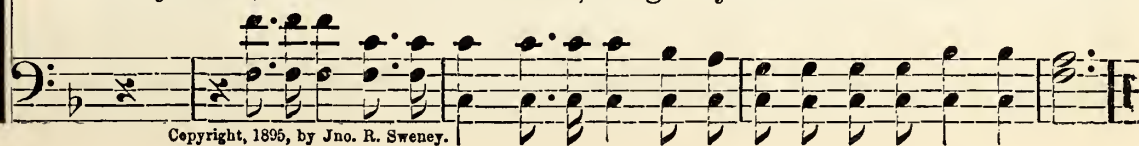
Freely mine! When my heart I resign; Freely mine! Joy divine!

Freely mine!

Freely mine!



Freely mine, Precious tokens of love, Bought by him who died and lives above.



## The Haven of Rest.

H. L. GILMOUR.

GEO. D. MOORE.

1. My soul in sad ex - ile was out on life's sea, So  
 2. I yield - ed my - self to his ten - der embrace, And  
 3. The song of my soul, since the Lord made me whole, Has  
 4. How pre - cious the thought that we all may re - cline, Like  
 5. Oh, come to the Sav - iour, he pa - tient - ly waits To

burdened with sin, and dis - trest, Till I heard a sweet voice saying,  
 faith taking hold of the word, My fetters fell off, and I  
 been the OLD STORY so blest Of Jesus, who'll save who-so-  
 John the be - lov - ed and blest, On Jesus' strong arm, where no  
 save by his power di - vine; Come, anchor your soul in the

*D. S.*—The tempest may sweep o'er the

make me your choice; And I entered the "Ha - ven of Rest!"  
 anchored my soul; The ha - ven of rest is my Lord.  
 ev - er will have A home in the "Ha - ven of Rest!"  
 tem - pest cau harm,— Se - cure in the "Ha - ven of Rest!"  
 ha - ven of rest, And say, "my Be - lov - ed is mine."  
 wild, stormy deep, In Je - sus I'm safe ev - er - more.

CHORUS.

*D. S.*

I've anchored my soul in the haven of rest, I'll sail the wide seas no more;

# ○ Sinner, Wont You Come? 159

C. C. S.

Dr. C. CARROLL SMITH.

1. O sin-ner, wont you come to the Sav - iour to-night? He's  
2. 'Tis sim-ple just to trust in the Sav - iour to-night, Just  
3. Oh, pause and hear the call of the Sav - iour to-night; Come

anx-ious-ly wait-ing to bring you to the light; He of-fers you and  
trust now in Je - sus to save you by his might; He wants you for his  
out from the old way, and walk the path of right; Oh, hear his pleading

me his pardon, full and free, O sinner, come to Je - sus now.  
own, he calls to you, come home, O sinner, come to Je - sus now.  
voice, make Jesus now your choice, O sinner, come to Je - sus now.

## CHORUS.

Oh, hear his loving voice, 'tis Jesus calling you, Believe him and thy soul shall live;

His pardon, full and free, oh, can it ever be? Yes, sinner, 'tis for you and me.

## Well I Remember.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

NELSON KNEAS. Arr. by W. J. K.

SOLO.

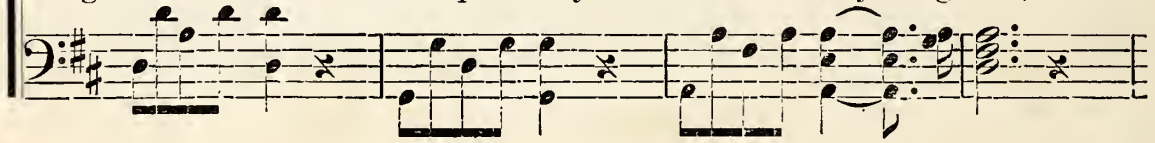


1. Well I remember the village bell That sweetly in clear, silver tone Rang
2. Well I remember the village choir That sang in the old fashion'd way, And the
3. Years with their changes have come and gone, And, oh, in amazement I stand, For the

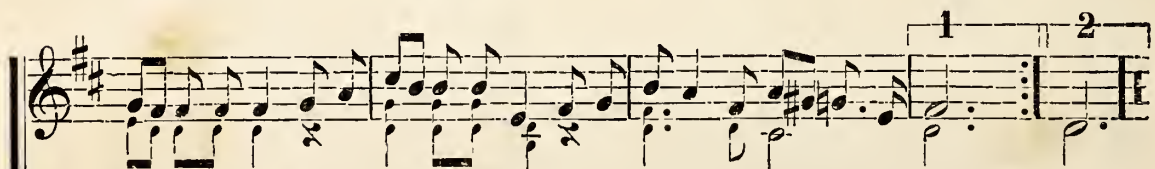
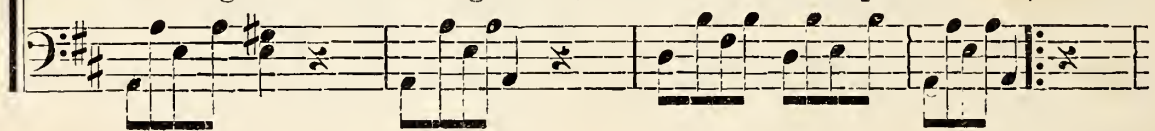
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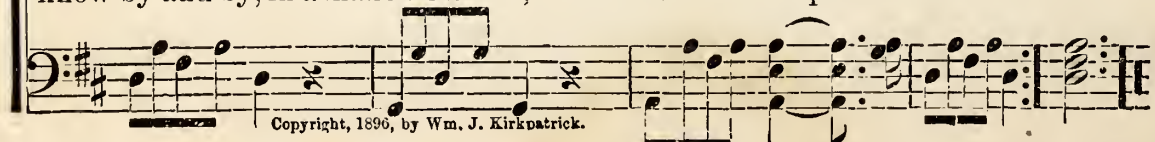
out o'er the fields and the meadows so fair,  
That with lilies and daisies were strown ; I re-  
pastor who knelt with his soul in his eyes, As he rev'rently said, let us pray ; And I  
old gothic church I am told is replaced By another more stately and grand ; Tho' the



member the bell and the sacred place Where we worshipp'd in years long ago, 'Twas an  
think of a time in my early youth, And the moment I love to recall, When re-  
dear ones are gone from the village choir, And the work of the pastor is o'er, Yet I



old gothic church on the brow of a hill, And a valley lay sleeping below. low.  
nouncing the world, at the foot of the cross I surrender'd to Jesus my all. all.  
know by and by, in a mansion above, I shall meet them to part nevermore. more.

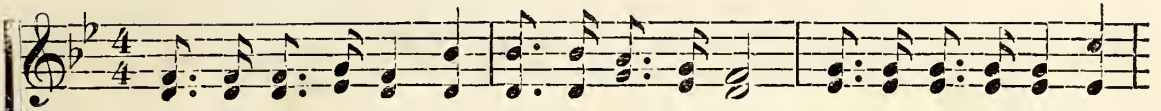


# Saved to Serve.

161

E. E. H.

E. E. HEWITT.



1. Saved to serve the Master, Saved to speak his praise; Saved to help a neighbor
2. Saved to sound the rescue, Counting not the cost; Lifting thro' the breakers
3. Saved to let his Spir- it Freely work thro' me; Like the blessed Master



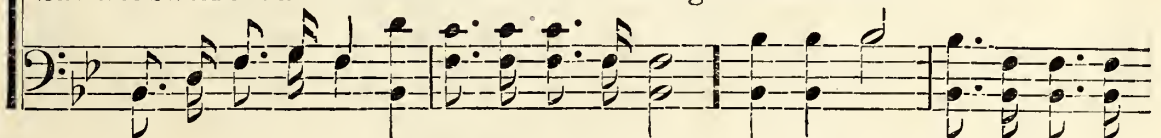
O - ver thorny ways. Saved to bear the water From life's healing tide  
Souls so nearly lost. Saved to scat- ter ros- es 'Mid the thorns of care,  
Must his servant be. Saved to win bright jewels For my Lord and King;



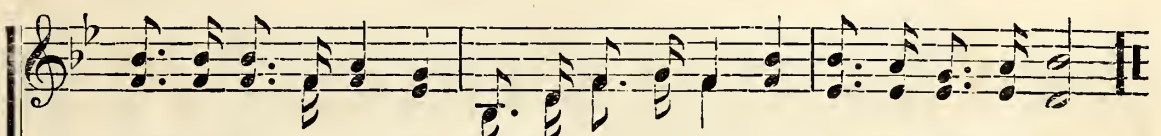
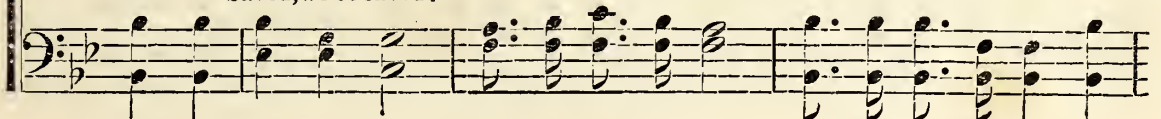
## CHORUS.



To a weary comrade Fainting at my side. Saved! saved! Saved to serve the  
Spreading joy and sunshine Freely ev'rywhere.  
Sav'd to swell the anthems That thro' heaven ring. Saved, we're saved!



Master; Saved! saved! Saved to tell his love; Saved to sing his sto- ry,  
Saved, we're saved!



Saved to shout his glory, Saved to live for Je- sus, Blessed friend above.



# A Shout of Victory.

L. H. EDMUNDS.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. March on, march on, follow the mighty Commander ; March on, march on ;  
 2. March on, march on ; joyful - ly singing, hosanna ; March on, march on ;  
 3. March on, march on ; still by his might overcoming ; March on, march on ;

Jesus our Captain and Lord ; March on, march on ; see that your steps never  
 fighting the bat - tle of faith ; March on, march on ; manfully bearing his  
 singing his glory and grace ; March on, march on ; till in the heaven - ly

CHORUS.

fal - ter, March on, march on, heeding his ev - 'ry word. There's a  
 ban - ner, March on, march on, faithful e'en un - to death.  
 pal - ace, March on, march on, we shall behold his face.

song, . . . that blends with prayer, . . . There's a shout . . . up -  
 There's a song, that blends with prayer, There's a shout

on the air ; . . . 'Tis a song . . . of grace so  
 up - on the air, 'Tis a song

free, . . . 'Tis a shout . . . of vic - to - ry. vic - to - ry.  
of grace so free, 'Tis the shout, the shout of vic - to - ry.

## Wonderful Peace.

L. H. E.

“My peace I give unto you.”—John xiv : 27.

L. H. EDMUNDS.

1. Je - sus gives his peace to me, Wonderful peace, wonderful peace;  
2. Surface feel - ings ebb and flow, Wonderful peace, wonderful peace;  
3. Not my charge his gift to hold, Wonderful peace, wonderful peace;  
4. This my part—to trust in him, Wonderful peace, wonderful peace;  
5. Praying, watching, serving still, Wonderful peace, wonderful peace;

*Fine.*  
Like his love, a boundless sea, Won - der - ful, won - der - ful peace.  
Sweet, a - bid - ing calm be - low, Won - der - ful, won - der - ful peace.  
Je - sus keeps it—grace untold—Won - der - ful, won - der - ful peace.  
Whether skies be bright or dim, Won - der - ful, won - der - ful peace.  
Let me learn, and do his will, Won - der - ful, won - der - ful peace.

*D. S.*—Je - sus gives his peace to me, Won - der - ful, won - der - ful peace.

REFRAIN.

*D. S.*

Peace, peace, won - der - ful peace, Peace, peace, won - der - ful peace;

# My Cup Runneth Over.

Rev. H. J. ZELLEY.

Psalm xxiii : 5.

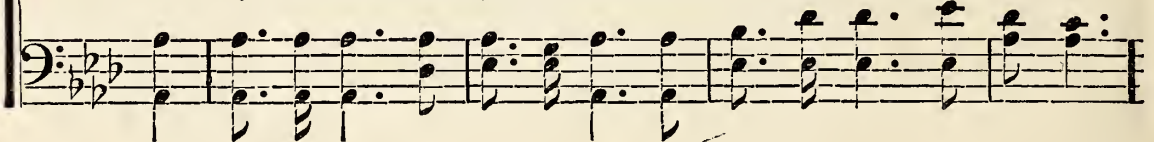
H. L. GILMOUR.



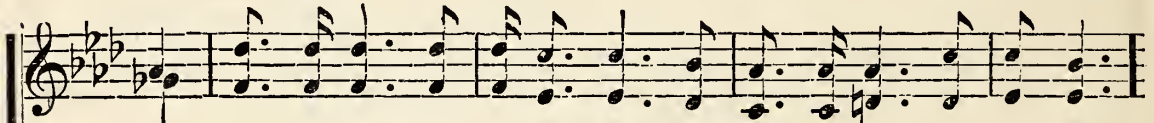
1. He gives me life, and home, and friends, My cup it runneth o - ver ;
2. New goodness and new mercies rare, My cup it runneth o - ver ;
3. His word reveals the way of life, My cup it runneth o - ver ;



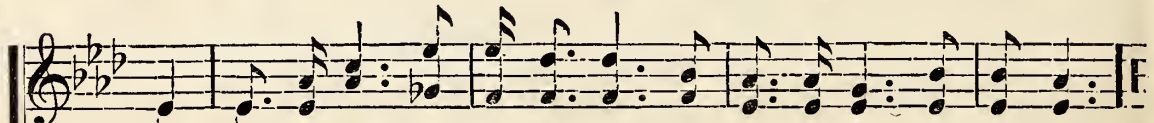
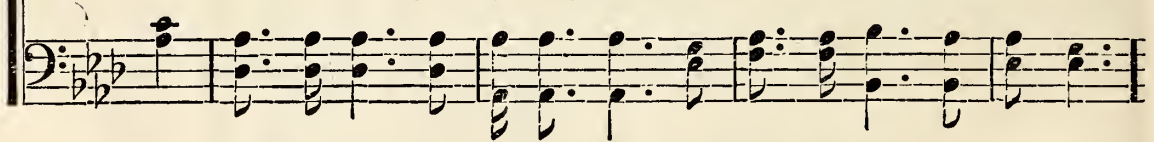
And mercies new each hour he sends, My cup it runneth o - ver.  
 So constant is his loving care, My cup it runneth o - ver.  
 And by his side I'm kept from strife, My cup it runneth o - ver.



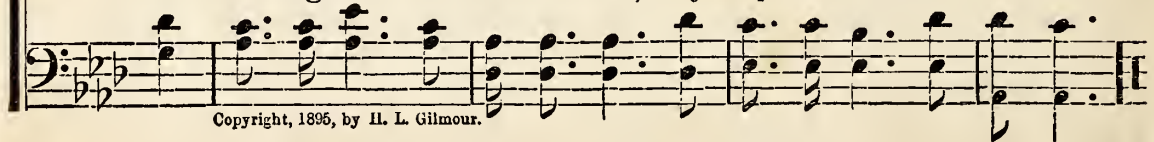
## CHORUS.



O bless - ed be my Shepherd, Friend, New pastures I dis - cov - er ;



His lov - ing care will nev - er end, My cup it runneth o - ver.



Copyright, 1895, by H. L. Gilmour.

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <p>4 He guides my feet along the way,<br/>         My cup it runneth over ;<br/>         And helps me onward day by day,<br/>         My cup it runneth over.</p> <p>5 In pastures green my steps he leads,<br/>         My cup it runneth over ;<br/>         With bread of life my spirit feeds,<br/>         My cup it runneth over.</p> | <p>6 He gives me drink from living streams,<br/>         My cup it runneth over ;<br/>         His love exceeds my wildest dreams,<br/>         My cup it runneth over.</p> <p>7 He calls me now his own, his bride,<br/>         My cup it runneth over ;<br/>         And draws me closer to his side,<br/>         My cup it runneth over.</p> |
|---|---|





## 'Tis Burning in My Soul.

DELIA T. WHITE.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. God sent his might-y power To this poor, sin - ful heart, To  
 2. Be - fore the cross I bow, Up - on the al - tar lay A  
 3. No good that I have done, His promise I embrace; Ac-

keep me ev - 'ry hour, And needful grace impart; And since his Spirit came,  
 will-ing off'ring now, My all from day to day. My Saviour paid the price,  
 cept-ed in the Son, He saves me by his grace. All glo - ry be to God!

To take supreme control, The love-enkindled flame Is burning in my soul.  
 My name he sweetly calls; Up - on the sac - ri - fice The fire from heaven falls.  
 Let hal - le - lujahs roll; His love is shed abroad, The fire is in my soul.

## CHORUS.

'Tis burning in my soul, 'Tis burning in my soul; The fire of heav'nly

love is burning in my soul. The Ho - ly Spir - it came, All  
 burning in my soul.

glo - ry to his name! The fire of heav'nly love is burning in my soul.  
burning in my soul.

## Day by Day.

E. E. HEWITT.

ADAM GEIBEL.

SOLO. *Andante.*

1. What praises shall I render, Day by day, For mercies, new and tender, Day by
2. My heart is fill'd with singing, Day by day; The bells of gladness ringing, Day by
2. May I, for others caring, Day by day, My Father's bounty sharing, Day by

day? Sweet flow'rs of peace are growing By fountains freely flowing, A-  
day; For Jesus walks beside me, To comfort, keep, and guide me, His  
day, Bring cheer to those repining, Point out the "silver lining," Show

long the path I'm going, Day by day, Along the path I'm going, Day by day.  
grace is ne'er denied me, Day by day, His grace is ne'er denied me, Day by day.  
heav'nly sunbeams shining, Day by day,  
Show heav'nly sunbeams shining, Day by day.

## Blessed Assurance.

F. J. CROSBY.

"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

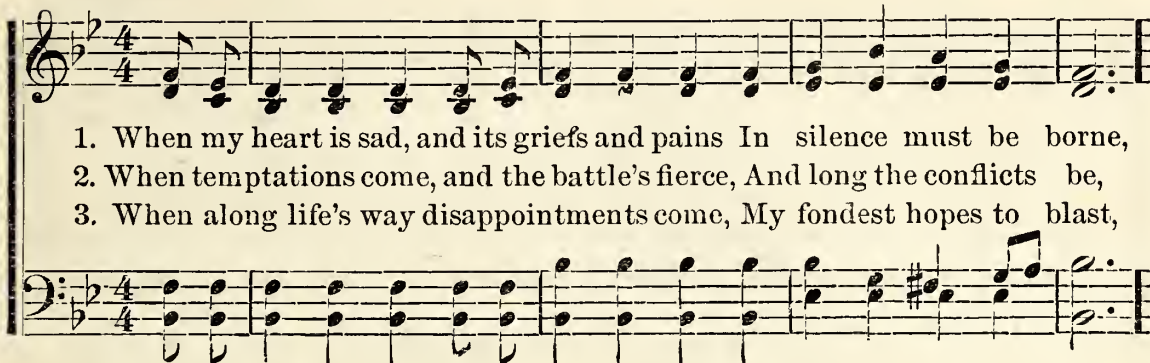
sto - ry, this is my song, Praising my Saviour all the day long.

# Sweet Heaven.

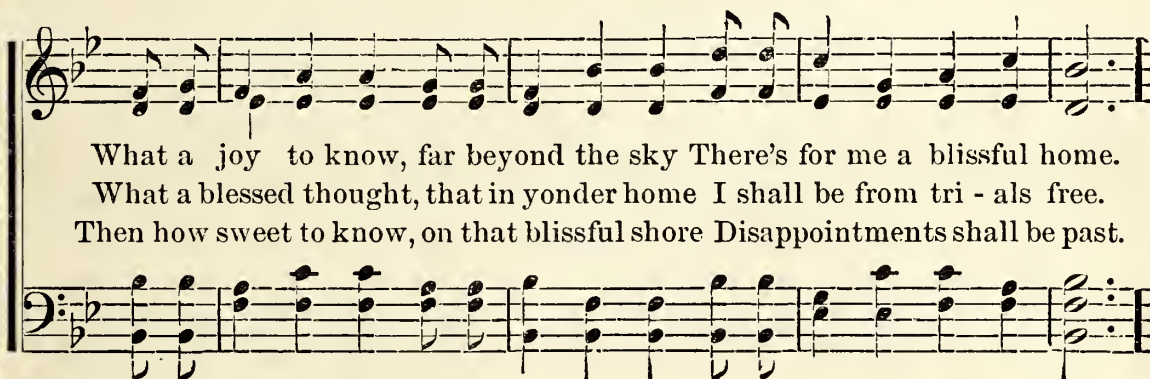
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REV. M. M. BRABHAM.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

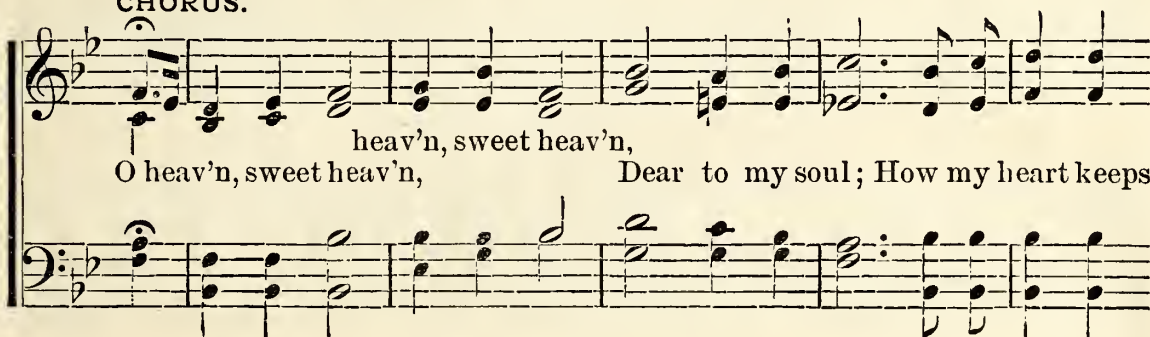


1. When my heart is sad, and its griefs and pains In silence must be borne,  
2. When temptations come, and the battle's fierce, And long the conflicts be,  
3. When along life's way disappointments come, My fondest hopes to blast,



What a joy to know, far beyond the sky There's for me a blissful home.  
What a blessed thought, that in yonder home I shall be from trials free.  
Then how sweet to know, on that blissful shore Disappointments shall be past.

## CHORUS.



heav'n, sweet heav'n,  
O heav'n, sweet heav'n, Dear to my soul; How my heart keeps



sighing for the happy, sweet rest I shall find in my beautiful home.

Copyright, 1896, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

4 Tho' my friends forsake and I'm left a- | 5 And when death shall come, and I lay  
Tho' age and want may come, [lone, Beneath the silent tomb, [me down  
I shall not forget that my Saviour's gone | I shall bid adieu to all pain and care,  
To prepare for me a home. | When I reach my happy home.

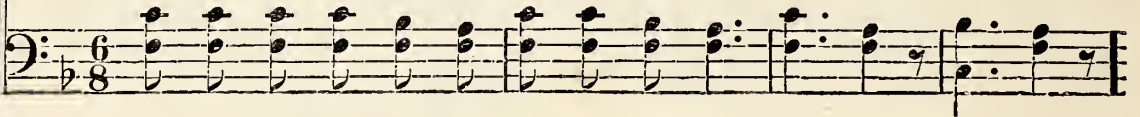
## Save One.

E. E. HEWITT.

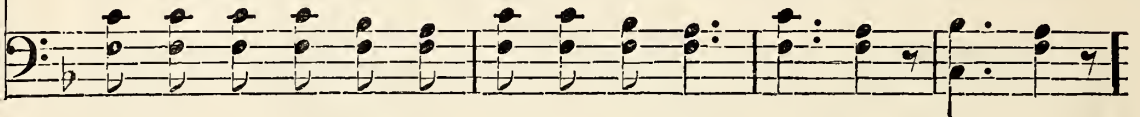
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. Out in the breakers are per- ish- ing souls, Save one, save one;
2. Out in the darkness of sin's aw- ful night, Save one, save one;
3. Out on the mountain so sad - ly a - stray, Save one, save one;
4. Loved ones or strangers, whoe'er they may be, Save one, save one;



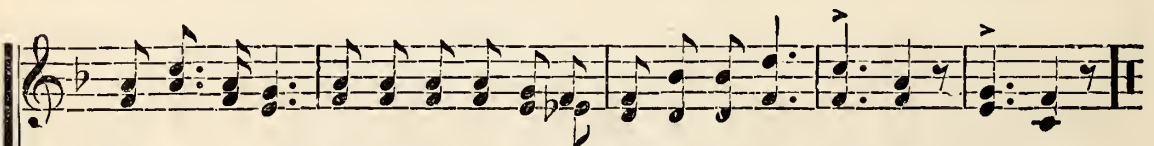
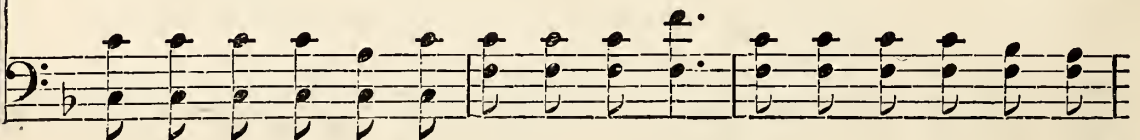
Out where the current of sin mad- ly rolls, Save one, save one.  
 Tell them of Je - sus, and lead to the light, Save one, save one.  
 From the sweet home land so far, far a - way, Save one, save one.  
 Go in his Spir - it who saves you and me, Save one, save one.



## CHORUS.



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



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



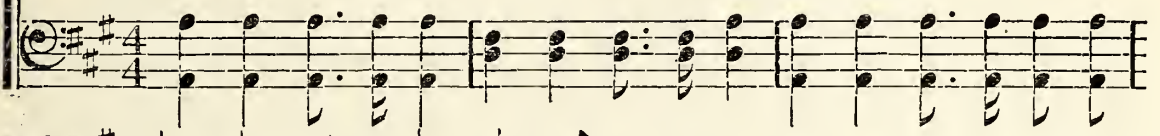
# Leaning on the Everlasting Arms. 171

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.

A. J. SHOWALTER.



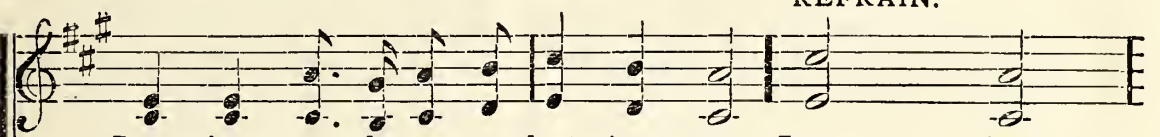
1. What a fel- lowship, what a joy divine, Leaning on the ev - er -  
2. Oh, how sweet to walk in this pilgrim way, Leaning on the ev - er -  
3. What have I to dread, what have I to fear, Leaning on the ev - er -



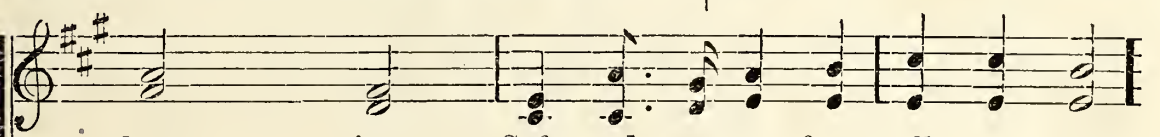
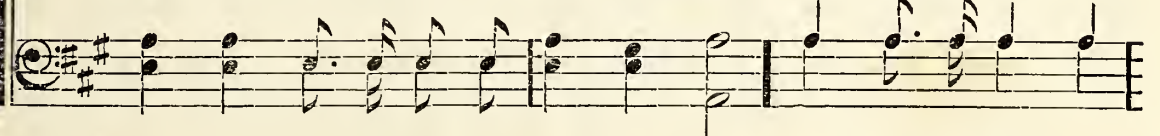
last - ing arms; What a bless - ed - ness, What a peace is mine,  
last - ing arms; Oh, how bright the path grows from day to day,  
last - ing arms? I have bless - ed peace with my Lord so near,



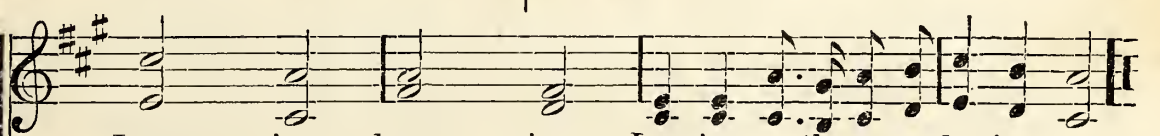
## REFRAIN.



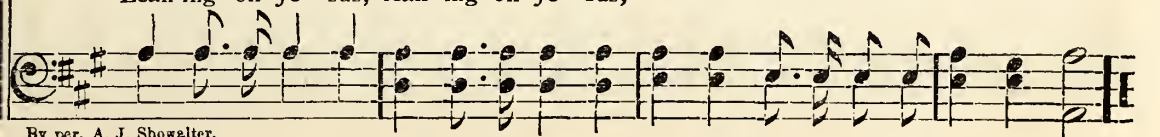
Lean - ing on the ev - er - last - ing arms. Lean - ing,  
Lean - ing on the ev - er - last - ing arms.  
Lean - ing on the ev - er - last - ing arms. Lean - ing on Je - sus,



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



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



## That Old, Old Story is True.

D. B. WATKINS.

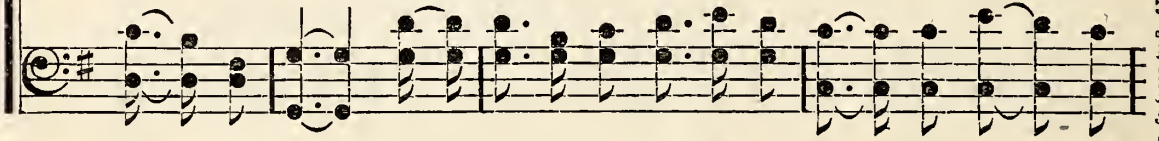
E. O. EXCELL.



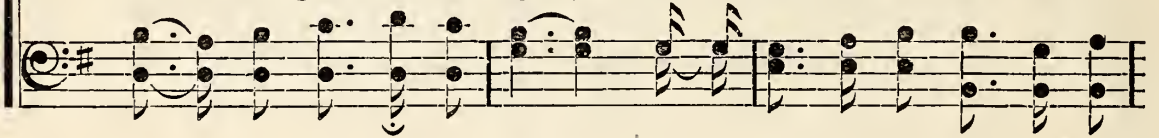
1. There's a wonder - ful sto - ry I've heard long a - go, 'Tis called "The sweet
2. They told of a Be - ing so love - ly and pure, That came to the
3. He a - rose and as - cend - ed to heav - en, we're told, Triumphant o'er
4. Oh, that wonder - ful sto - ry I have to re - peat, Of peace and good



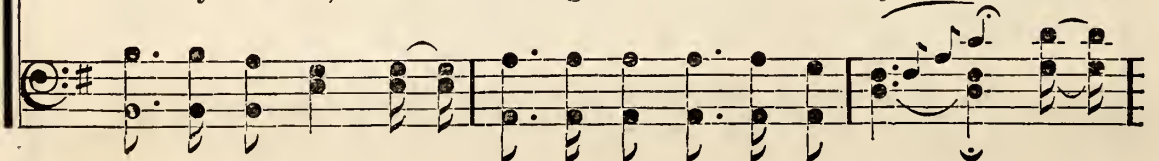
sto - ry of old;" I hear it so oft - en, where ever I go That  
earth to dwell, To seek for his lost ones, and make them secure From  
death and hell; He's prepar - ing a place in that ci - ty of gold, Where  
will to men; There's no story to me that is half so sweet, As I



same old sto - ry is told; And I've thought it was strange that so  
death and the power of hell; That he was despised, and with  
loved ones for - ev - er may dwell, Where our kindred we'll meet, and we'll  
hear it a - gain and a - gain, He invites you to come—He will




oft - en they'd tell That sto - ry, as if it were new; But I've  
thorns he was crowned, On the cross was extended to veiw, But  
nev - ermore part, And oh, while I tell it to you, It is  
free - ly receive, And this message he send - eth to you, "There's a







# That Old, Old Story is True.—CONCLUDED. 173



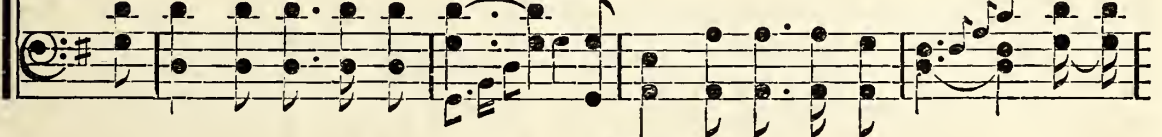
found out the reason they love it so well, That old, old sto - ry is true.  
oh, what sweet peace in my heart since I found That old, old sto - ry is true.  
peace to my soul, it is joy to my heart That old, old sto - ry is true.  
mansion in glo - ry for all who beleave" That old, old sto - ry is true.



## REFRAIN.



That old, old sto - ry is true, That old, old sto - ry is true; But I've  
That old, old sto - ry is true, That old, old sto - ry is true; But  
That old, old sto - ry is true, That old, old sto - ry is true; It is  
That old, old sto - ry is true, That old, old sto - ry is true; "There's a  
it is true, it is true,




found out the reason they love it so well, That old, old sto - ry is true.  
oh, what sweet peace in my hearts since I've found That old, old story is true.  
peace to my soul, it is joy to my heart, That old, old sto - ry is true.  
mansion in glo - ry for all who believe" That old, old sto - ry is true.



## I Love to Tell the Story.

1 I LOVE to tell the Story  
Of unseen things above,  
Of Jesus and his glory,  
Of Jesus and his love!  
I love to tell the story!  
Because I know it's true;  
It satisfies my longings  
As nothing else can do.

**CHO.**—I love to tell the story!  
'Twill be my theme in glory,  
To tell the Old, Old Story  
Of Jesus and his love.

2 I love to tell the Story!  
More wonderful it seems

Than all the golden fancies  
Of all our golden dreams;  
I love to tell the Story!  
It did so much for me!  
And that is just the reason  
'I tell it now to thee.

3 I love to tell the Story!  
For those who know it best  
Seem hungering and thirsting  
To hear it like the rest.  
And when, in scenes of glory,  
I sing the New, New Song,  
'Twill be—the Old, Old Story  
That I have loved so long.

# I'll be with Thee.

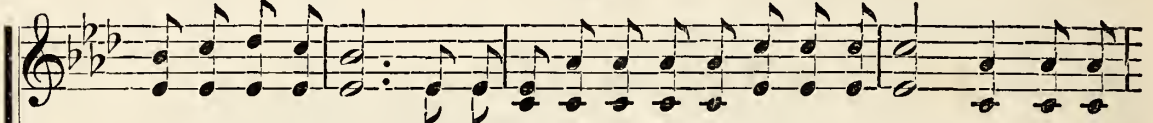
E. E. HEWITT.

Isa. xliii: 2.

H. L. GILMOUR.



1. I've a passport on my pilgrimage to heav- en, That will bear me safely
2. Oh, how sweet to trust my Father's sure protection, Resting calmly on his
3. Let me gladly follow on as he shall bid me, Singing praises to my



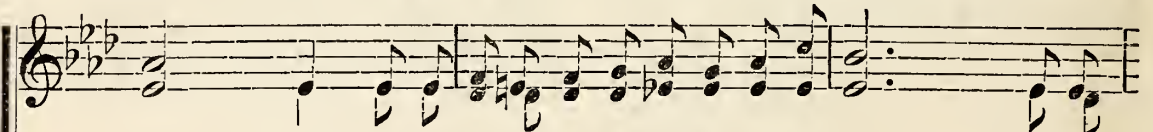
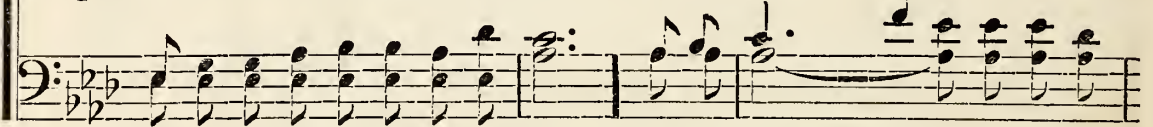
on thro' flood and flame; 'Tis the precious promise God hath kindly given, He will everlasting arm; All the winds and waves are under his direction, And his Saviour all the way; In the hollow of his hand the Lord hath hid me, And in



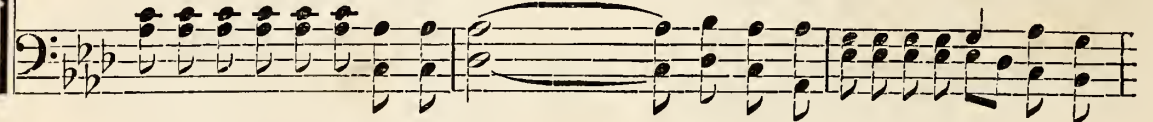
CHORUS.



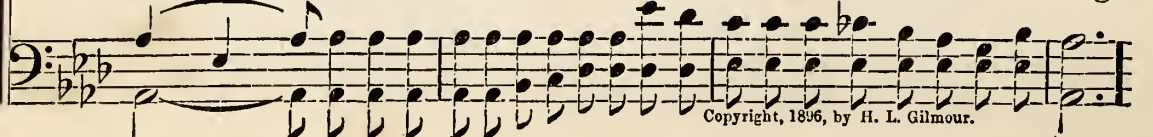
save me, he will keep me, bless his name! When thou passest thro' the waters I'll be love can work his trusting child no harm. When thou pass - - - est thro' the golden words of truth I hear him say:



with thee, And the rivers, they shall never overflow; When thou waters I'll be with thee, And the riv - - - ers, they shall never overflow, When thou



walkest thro' the fire it shall not burn thee, I'll be with thee walk - - - est thro' the fire it shall not burn thee, [wheresoever thou shalt go.



*Repeat ad lib.*

Halle - lu - jah, halle - lu - jah, Halle - lu - jah, praise the Lord!  
 Hallelujah, praise him! Hallelujah, praise him! Hallelujah,  
 Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah,

## There's Power in Jesus' Blood.

HOPE TRYAWAY.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. My happy soul re - joic - es, The sky is bright above; I'll join the
2. I heard the blessed sto - ry Of him who died to save; The love of
3. His gracious words of pardon Were mu - sic to my heart; He took a -
4. I plunge beneath this fountain, That cleauseth white as snow; It pours from
5. Oh, crown him King forever! My Saviour and my friend; By Zi - on's

### CHORUS.

heav'nly voices, And sing redeeming love. For there's pow'r in Jesus' blood,  
 Christ swept o'er me, My all to him I gave.  
 way my burden, And bade my fears depart.  
 Calv'ry's mountain, With blessing in it's flow.  
 crystal riv - er His praise shall never end.

Pow'r in Jesus's blood; There's pow'r in Jesus' blood To wash me white as snow.

# The Best Friend is Jesus.

P. B.

P. BILHORN.

1. Oh, the best friend to have is Je - sus, When the cares of life up-  
 2. What a friend I have found in Je - sus! Peace and comfort to my  
 3. Tho' I pass thro' the night of sor - row, And the chilly waves of  
 4. When at last to our home we gath - er, With the loved ones who have

on you roll;  
 soul he brings;  
 Jor - dan roll,  
 gone be - fore,  
 He will heal the wounded heart, He will  
 Leaning on his mighty arm, I will  
 Nev - er need I shrink or fear, For my  
 We will sing up-on the shore, Praising

strength and grace impart; Oh, the best friend to have is Je - sus.  
 fear no ill or harm; Oh, the best friend to have is Je - sus.  
 Sav - iour is so near; Oh, the best friend to have is Je - sus.  
 him for ev - ermore; Oh, the best friend to have is Je - sus.

**CHORUS. Spirited.**

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

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Je - sus, He will help you when you fall, He will  
Je - sus all the way;

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

### Consecration.

Mrs. MARY D. JAMES.

Mrs. JOS. F. KNAPP.

1. My bo - dy, soul, and spirit, Jesus, I give to thee, A con - se - crat - ed  
2. O Jesus, mighty Saviour, I trust in thy great name, I look for thy sai -  
3. Oh, let the fire, descending Just now upon my soul, Consume my humble  
4. I'm thine, O blessed Jesus, Wash'd by thy precious blood, Now seal me by thy

#### REFRAIN.

offering, Thine ev - er - more to be. My all is on the al - tar, I'm  
va - tion, Thy promise now I claim.  
offering, And cleanse and make me whole.  
Spir - it, A sac - rifice to God.

*rit.*  
waiting for the fire; Waiting, waiting, waiting, I'm waiting for the fire.

# Hallelujah, I'll be There.

Rev. B. F. CAMPBELL. Alt.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. On that morning bright and fair, When we reach that heavenly shore,  
 2. What a joy - ful time 'twill be When we meet in sweet ac - cord,  
 3. O the bless - ed, bless - ed thought, Sin shall nev - er en - ter there;  
 4. Let us still re - ech - o "come," Send the word to near and far;

We shall see our Sav - iour there, We shall praise him ev - er - more.  
 Our en - raptured souls set free In the ser - vice of the Lord.  
 By his precious blood we're bought, Crowns of glo - ry we shall wear.  
 Je - sus waits to lead you home, He will be your guid - ing star.

### CHORUS.

Hal - le - lu - - - - jah, I'll be there, In the  
 Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, I'll be there, I'll be there, In the

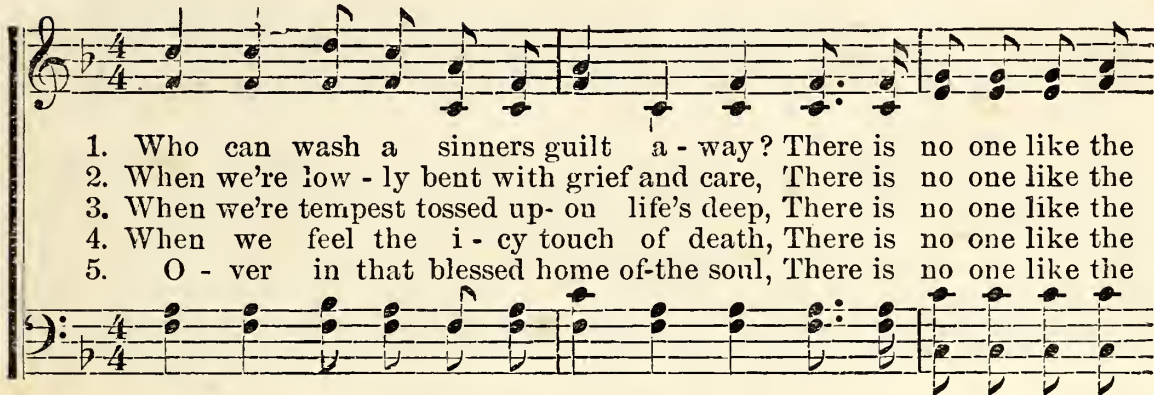
land . . . . where all is fair; Where our voices we shall raise In e -  
 land where all is fair, In the land where all is fair;

ternal songs of praise, Halle - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, I'll be there. . . .

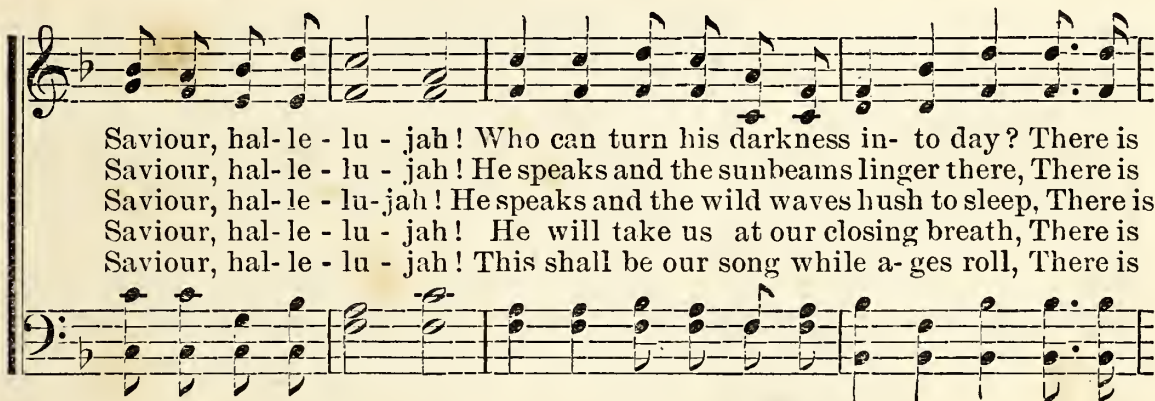
# There is No One Like the Saviour. 179

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr.

JNO. R. SWENEY.



1. Who can wash a sinners guilt a - way? There is no one like the  
2. When we're low - ly bent with grief and care, There is no one like the  
3. When we're tempest tossed up - on life's deep, There is no one like the  
4. When we feel the i - cy touch of death, There is no one like the  
5. O - ver in that blessed home of-the soul, There is no one like the

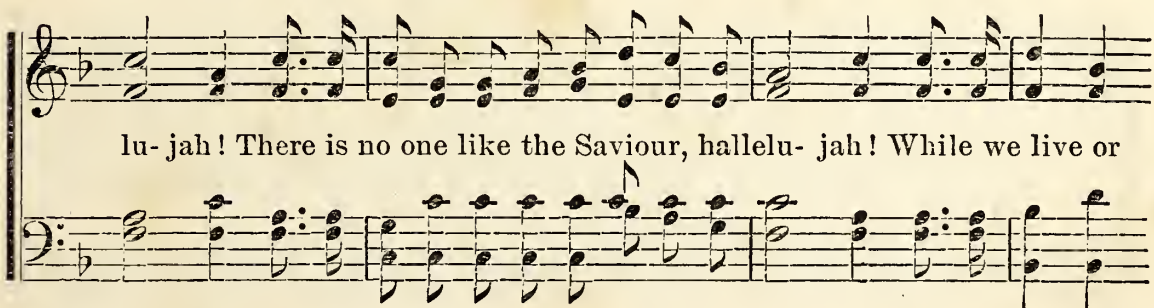


Saviour, hal - le - lu - jah! Who can turn his darkness in - to day? There is  
Saviour, hal - le - lu - jah! He speaks and the sunbeams linger there, There is  
Saviour, hal - le - lu - jah! He speaks and the wild waves hush to sleep, There is  
Saviour, hal - le - lu - jah! He will take us at our closing breath, There is  
Saviour, hal - le - lu - jah! This shall be our song while a - ges roll, There is

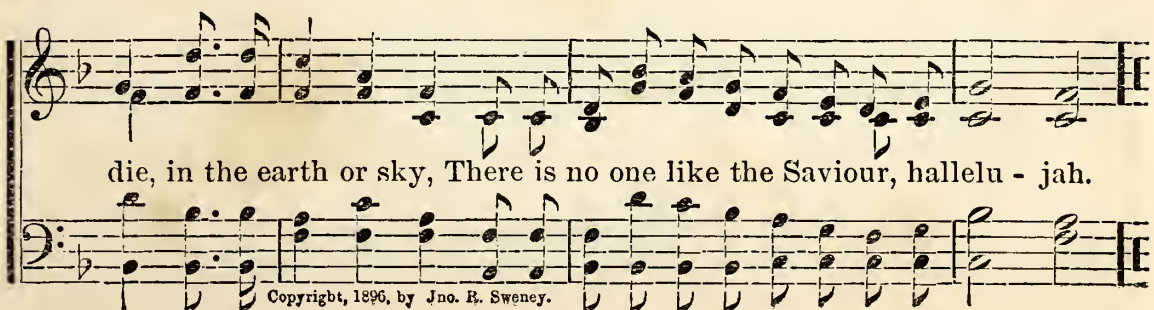
CHORUS.



no one like the Saviour, halle - lu - jah! O glo - ry, glo - ry, hal - le -

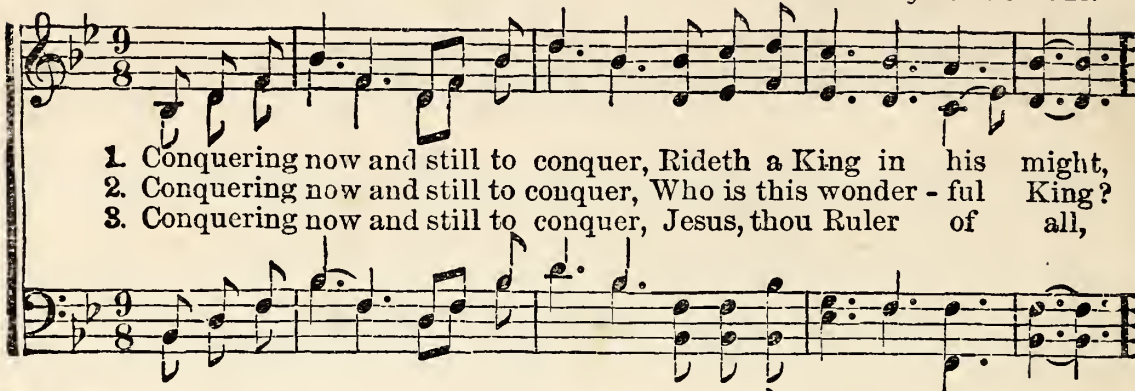


lu - jah! There is no one like the Saviour, hallelu - jah! While we live or

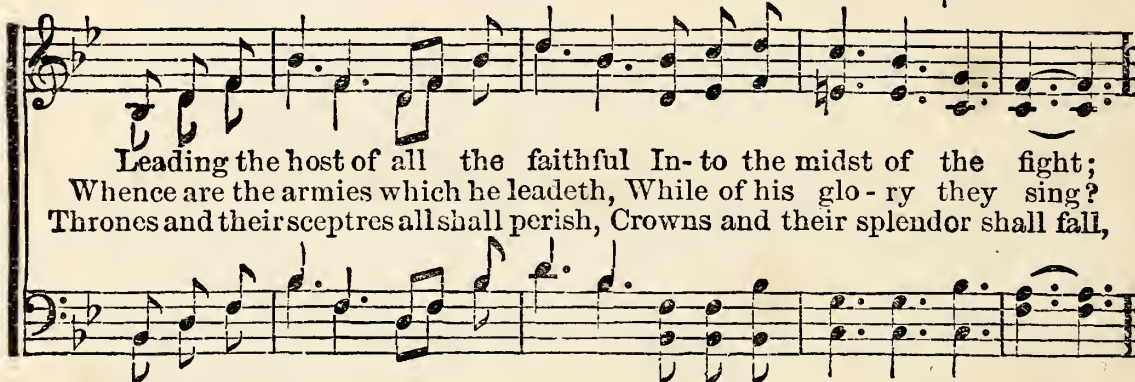


die, in the earth or sky, There is no one like the Saviour, hallelu - jah.

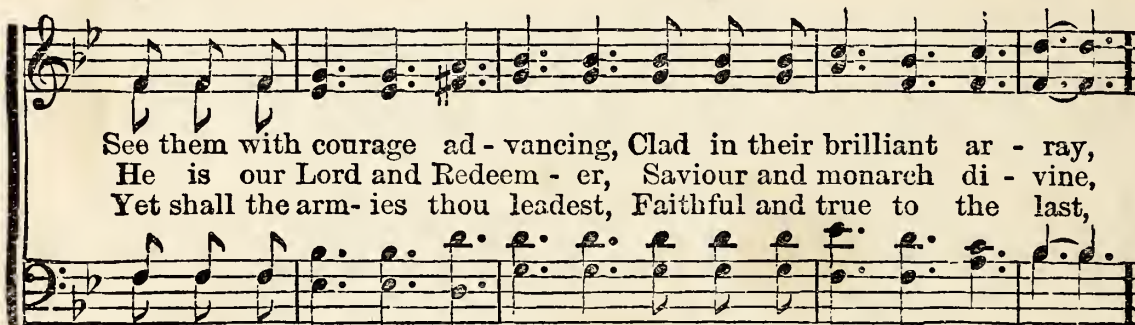
Copyright, 1896, by Jno. R. Sweeney.



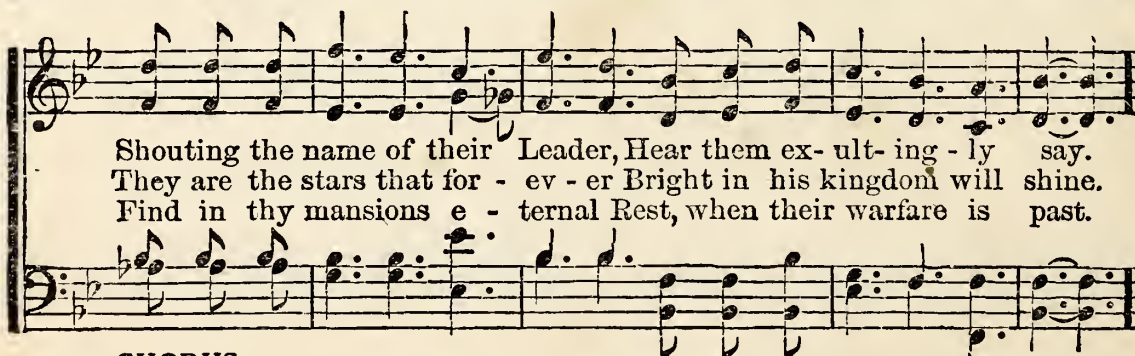
1. Conquering now and still to conquer, Rideth a King in his might,  
 2. Conquering now and still to conquer, Who is this wonder - ful King?  
 3. Conquering now and still to conquer, Jesus, thou Ruler of all,



Leading the host of all the faithful In-to the midst of the fight;  
 Whence are the armies which he leadeth, While of his glo - ry they sing?  
 Thrones and their sceptres all shall perish, Crowns and their splendor shall fall,

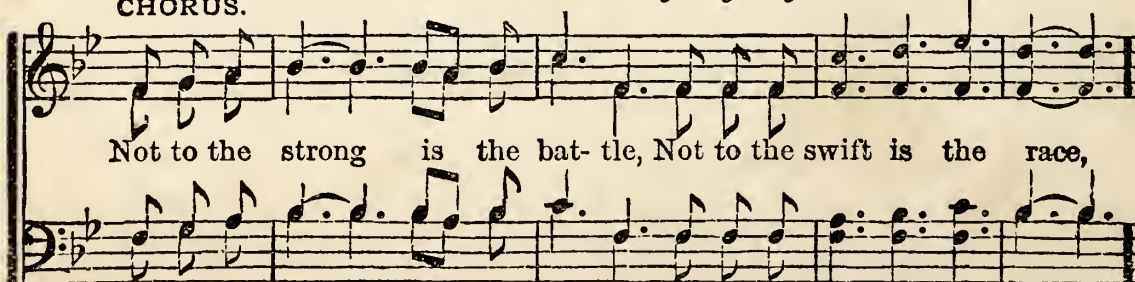


See them with courage ad - vancing, Clad in their brilliant ar - ray,  
 He is our Lord and Redeem - er, Saviour and monarch di - vine,  
 Yet shall the arm - ies thou ledest, Faithful and true to the last,



Shouting the name of their Leader, Hear them ex - ult - ing - ly say.  
 They are the stars that for - ev - er Bright in his kingdom will shine.  
 Find in thy mansions e - ternal Rest, when their warfare is past.

## CHORUS.



Not to the strong is the bat - tle, Not to the swift is the race,



Yet to the true and the faithful Vict'ry is promised through grace.

### Taste and See.

Psalm xxxiv : 8.

E. E. HEWITT.

H. L. GILMOUR.

1. Hear the bless- ed in - vi - ta - tion Of the mighty King of kings!  
 2. He is wait- ing to be gra- cious, Try his word and find it true ;  
 3. Peace beyond all mor - tal measure, Light that nev - er will grow dim ;  
 4. Taste, but nev - er stop at tasting, Fill your hungry heart with love ;

Of - fer of a full sal- va - tion, Ev - 'ry word with blessing rings.  
 Oth - ers say that he is precious, Don't you want to know it too?  
 Mer - cy's ev - er - last - ing treasure, Come and find them all in him.  
 You will nev - er tire of feasting In the ban- quet spread a - bove.

CHORUS.

{ Taste and see that the Lord is good, Taste and see, O taste and see ;  
 { Feast your soul on the heav'nly food, . . . . . Taste, O taste and see.

# 182 **Though Your Sins be as Scarlet.**

"Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow."—Isaiah i. 18.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE. By per.

DUET. *Gently.*

1st.

2nd.

1. "Tho' your sins be as scarlet, They shall be as white as snow ; as snow ;  
 2. Hear the voice that entreats you, Oh, return ye unto God ! to God !  
 3. He'll forgive your transgressions, And remember them no more ; no more ;

QUARTET.

Tho' they be red . . . like crimson, They shall be as wool ;"  
 He is of great . . . compassion, And of wondrous love ;  
 "Look un- to me, . . . ye people," Saith the Lord your God ;

Tho' they be red

DUET. *p*

QUARTET. *f*

"Tho' your sins be as scarlet, Tho' your sins be as scarlet,  
 Hear the voice that entreats you, Hear the voice that entreats you,  
 He'll forgive your transgressions, He'll forgive your transgressions,

*p ritard.*

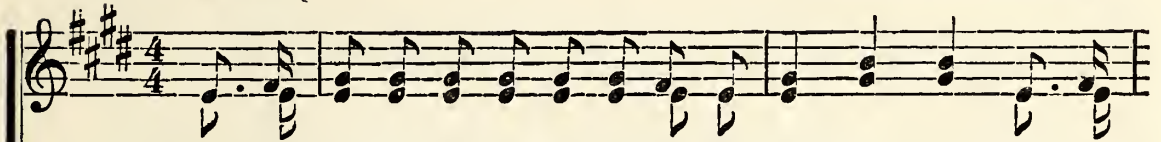
They shall be as white as snow, They shall be as white as snow."  
 Oh, return ye un - to God ! Oh, return ye un - to God !  
 And remem - ber them no more, And remem - ber them no more.

# When the Bridegroom Comes.

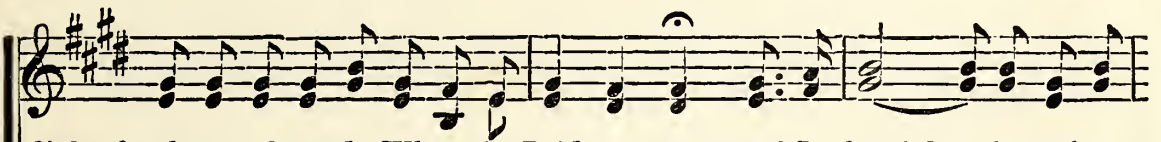
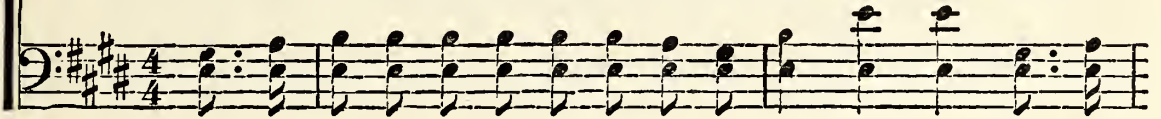
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E. R. LATT. Alt.

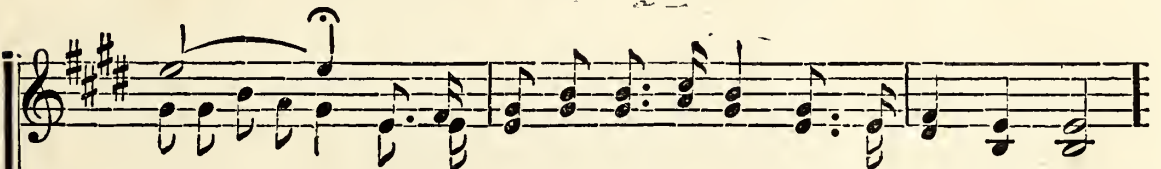
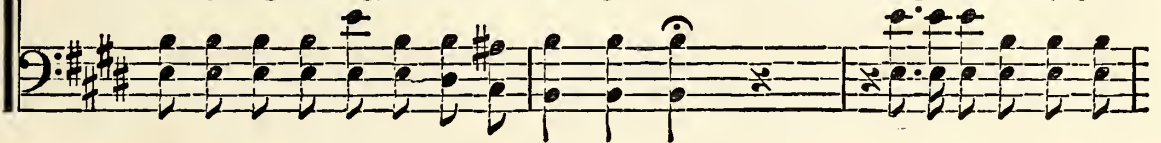
Wm. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. Will our lamps be filled and ready, When the Bridegroom comes? And our
2. Shall we hear a welcome sounding, When the Bridegroom comes? And a
3. Don't de- lay our prepar - ation Till the Bridegroom comes; Lest there
4. It may be a time of sorrow, When the Bridegroom comes; If our
5. Oh, there'll be a glorious meeting, When the Bridegroom comes; And a



lights be clear and steady, When the Bridegroom comes? In the night, that solemn shout of joy resounding, When the Bridegroom comes? In the night, that solemn be a separation, When the Bridegroom comes. In the night, that solemn oil we hope to borrow, When the Bridegroom comes. In the night, that solemn hallelujah greeting, When the Bridegroom comes. In the night, that joyful



night, that solemn night, Will our lamps be burning bright, When the Bridegroom comes?  
night, that solemn night, Will our lamps be burning bright, When the Bridegroom comes?  
night, that solemn night, Will our lamps be burning bright, When the Bridegroom comes?  
night, that solemn night, Will our lamps be burning bright, When the Bridegroom comes?  
night, that joyful night, With our lamps all burning bright, When the Bridegroom comes.



## CHORUS.

*May repeat pp.*

O be ready! O be ready! O be ready when the Bridegroom comes!



## Washed White as Snow.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Tho' my sins were once like crimson red, To the healing stream my feet were led,  
 2. At the door of faith I entered in, And to him confessed my guilt and sin,  
 3. Tho' my heart was all I had to give, Yet he smiled and bade me look and live;  
 4. I will sing his pow'r from death to save, I will sing his triumph o'er the grave,

In the precious blood my Saviour shed He washed me white as snow.  
 With his own dear hand he washed me clean, He washed me white as snow.  
 What a calm, sweet peace did I receive!—He washed me white as snow.  
 I will sing, while crossing Jordan's wave, He washed me white as snow.

Copyright, 1882, by John J. Hood.

CHORUS.

O, my joy - ful song henceforth shall be, 'Tis the blood of Je - sus

cleanseth me, Cleanseth, cleans-eth, Oh, yes, it cleanseth me.

# Drink of the Water of Life.

185

Mrs. FRANK A. BRECK.

ISA. lv : 1.

FRANCIS BURGETTE SHORT

1. Come ye to the fountain, for Je - sus doth call, Come, drink of the  
2. Come ye to the fountain, oh, stay not a - way, The wa - ter of  
3. Come ye to the fount, with no mon - ey to buy, God's wonder - ful

wa - ters di - vine; The fountain of mer - cy that floweth for all,  
life will suf - fice; Come ye to the fount of sal - va - tion to - day,  
love ye may plead; Ye sure - ly shall find an a - bundant supply,

## CHORUS.

Where pardon and peace may be thine. O come to the fountain, the  
Yea, come without money or price.  
Enough for thy ut - termost need.

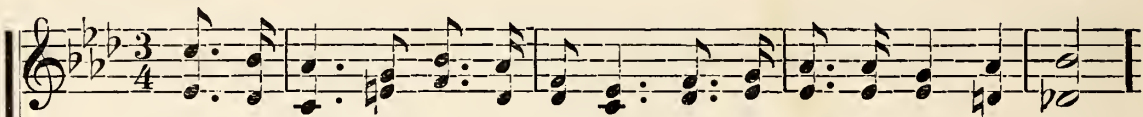
fountain of love, That floweth so freely for men; . . . Come, drink of the  
so free - ly for men;

wa - ter of life from a - bove, And nev - er be thirsty a - gain.

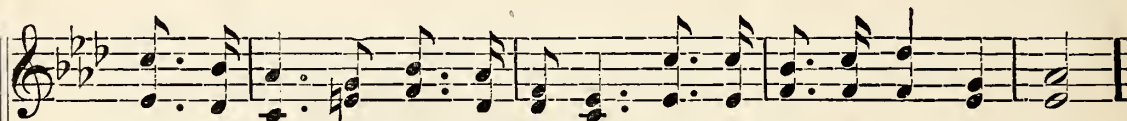
## At Mother's Grave.

CARRIE ELLIS BRECK.

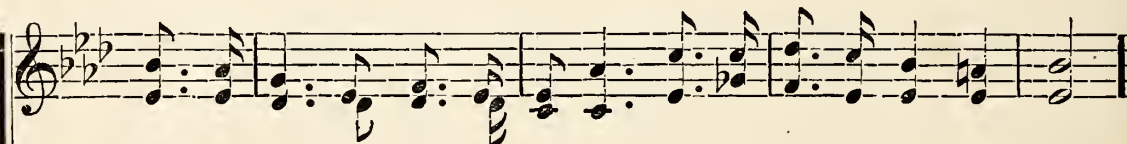
H. L. GILMOUR.



1. Far a-way from home and mother, Far a-way from peace and God;
2. When they told me she was dy-ing, Not till then would I re-lent;
3. Would that I once more could see her, Or could make her soul a-ware
4. Now my mother's in that cit-y, 'Mid the splendors of the throne,



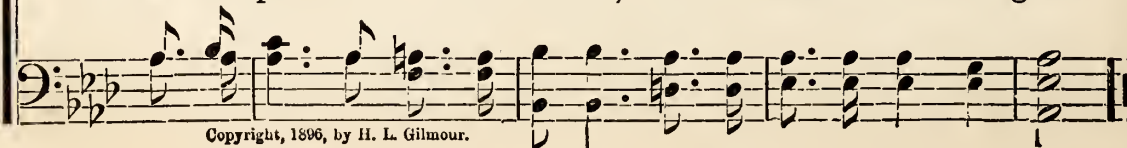
Far from love and pray'r and blessing, In the path of sin I trod.  
 With my heart all bruis'd and bleeding, Bit-ter-ly did I la-ment.  
 That at last I came, re-pent-ing, To the Lord that answers prayer.  
 O-verjoyed when an-gels tell her Je-sus sav'd her wayward son.



Oh, how oft I thought of mother, And her pray'rs that God would save,  
 Vain was all im-passioned weeping, Vain my pray'rs her life to save;  
 Oh, what love, what great compassion! He my ma-n-y sins for-gave,  
 Oh, what bursts of hal-le-lujahs, When we meet the Lord who gave



But my sin-ful heart was burden'd, Till I knelt at mother's grave.  
 In the churchyard she was sleeping, And I knelt at mother's grave.  
 For the sake of Christ my Saviour, When I knelt at mother's grave.  
 Peace and par-don to a wand'rer, When he knelt at mother's grave.



# My Mother's Bible.

M. B. WILLIAMS.

C. D. TILLMAN.

DUET.

1. There's a dear and precious book, Tho' it's worn and faded now, Which re-  
2. There she read of Je- sus' love, As he blest the children dear, How he  
3. Well, those days are past and gone, But the mem'ry lingers still, And the

calls the happy days of long a - go; When I stood at mother's knee,  
suffered, bled and died upon the tree; Of his heavy load of care,  
dear old book each day has been my guide; And I seek to do His will,

With her hand upon my brow, And I heard her voice in gentle tones and low.  
Then she dried my flowing tear With her kisses as she said it was for me.  
As my mother taught me then, And ev- er in my heart His words a- bide.

*D.S.*—As I walk the narrow way That leads at last to that bright home above.

CHORUS.

Blessed book, . . . . . precious book, . . . . . On thy dear old tear-stain'd  
Blessed book, precious book,

leaves I love to look; . . . . . Thou art sweeter day by day,  
love to look;

## Joy and Light.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

J. BARNBY.

1. Joy and light, joy and light, O- ver the crys- tal sea ; Come, come,  
 2. Love and rest, love and rest, Car- ol in sil - ver tone ; Glad songs,  
 3. Voice di- vine, voice di- vine, Speak and our souls shall hear ; Sweet, sweet

*sf* *p* *mf*  
 soft and bright, O- ver the crys- tal sea. Come on your snow - y  
 pure and blest, Car- ol in sil - ver tone. Come from the fade- less  
 words are thine, Speak and our souls shall hear. Tell of a cloudless

*pp* *f*  
 pin- ions white, Come in the si - lent calm of night, Watch when the  
 flow'rs that grow, Come from the sparkling streams that flow, Come in the  
 re - gion fair, Tell of the ma - ny mansions there, Speak to the

*p* *rall. e dim.* *pp*  
 pale stars keep, Bring the troubled one, bring the weary one sleep. . . .  
 midnight deep, Bring the troubled one, bring the weary one sleep. . . .  
 hearts that weep, Bring the troubled one, bring the weary one sleep. . . .



# The Story of Wonderful Love.

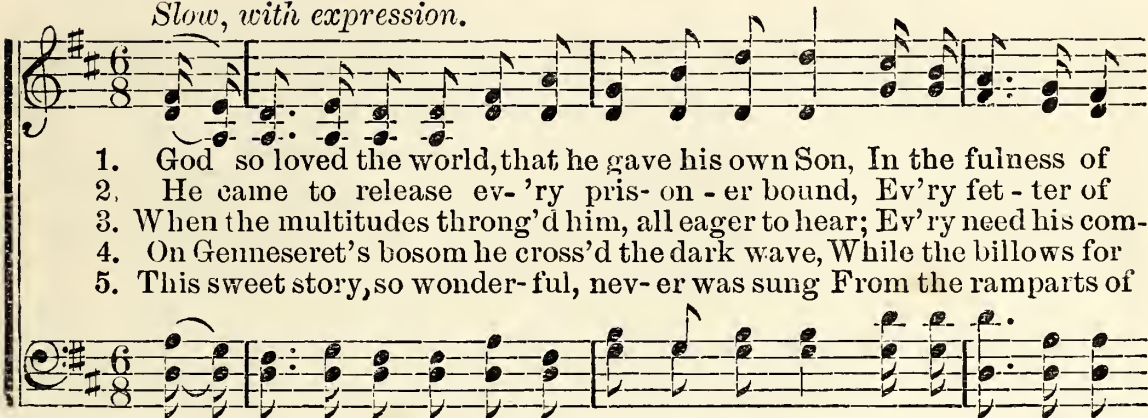
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H. L. GILMOUR.

John 3: 16.

Arr. by H. L. G.

*Slow, with expression.*



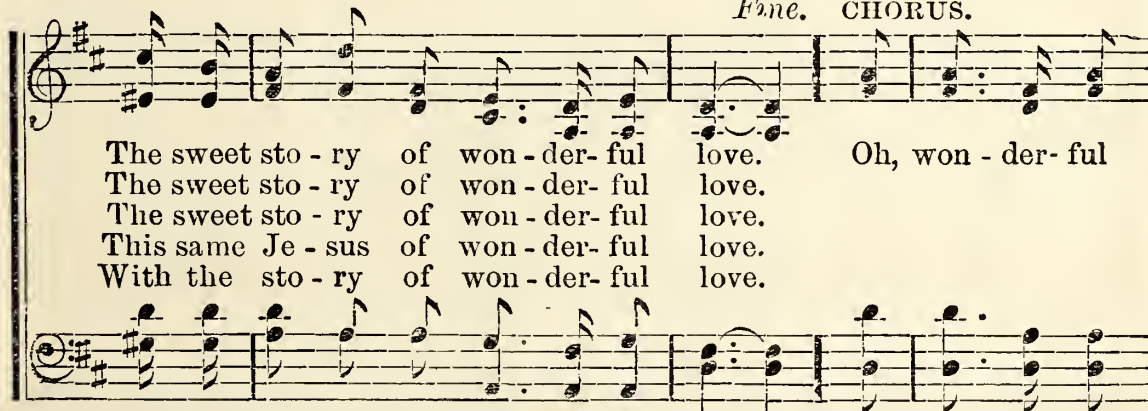
1. God so loved the world, that he gave his own Son, In the fulness of  
2. He came to release ev-'ry pris- on - er bound, Ev'ry fet - ter of  
3. When the multitudes throng'd him, all eager to hear; Ev'ry need his com-  
4. On Gemmeseret's bosom he cross'd the dark wave, While the billows for  
5. This sweet story, so wonder-ful, nev-er was sung From the ramparts of



time, thus to prove That he came to redeem, and to her-ald the theme,  
sin to re - move; To make the lame leap, and the sealed lips to speak  
passion would move; And tho' a - ges have rolled this same story is told,  
mas - ter - y strove; To his friends he drew near, quickly banished their fear,  
glo - ry a - bove Till the angels of light thrill'd the list - en - ing night,

*D.S.*—Blessed be his dear name, for lost sinners he came,

*Fine.* CHORUS.



The sweet sto - ry of won - der - ful love. Oh, won - der - ful  
The sweet sto - ry of won - der - ful love.  
The sweet sto - ry of won - der - ful love.  
This same Je - sus of won - der - ful love.  
With the sto - ry of won - der - ful love.

With the sto - ry of won - der - ful love.



love! such won - der - ful love! Far surpassing our thoughts to conceive;

# He Wipes the Tear.

Mrs. MACKINLEY.

REV. XXI: 4.

ALEX. LEE.

1. When sore af-lic-tions crush the soul, And riven is ev-'ry earthly  
 2. A few short years and all is o'er, Your sor-row, pain will soon pass

tie, The heart must cling to God a-lone, He wipes the tear from ev'ry  
 by; Then lean in faith on God's dear Son, He'll wipe the tear from ev'ry

eye. Thro' wakeful nights, when rack'd with pain, On bed of languishing you  
 eye. Oh, never be your soul cast down, Nor let your heart desponding

lie, Remember still your God is near, To wipe the tear from ev-'ry eye.  
 sigh, Assur'd that God, whose name is love, Will wipe the tear from ev-'ry eye.

# What a Wonderful Saviour!

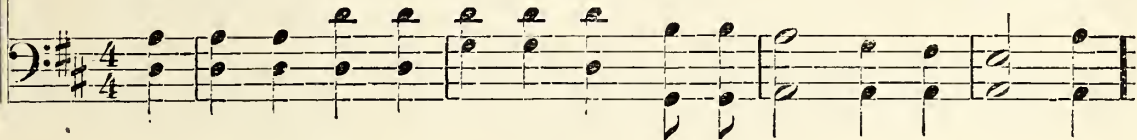
"And his name shall be called Wonderful."—ISA. ix: 6.

E. A. H.

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.



1. Christ has for sin atonement made, What a won - der - ful Sav - iour!
2. I praise him for the cleansing blood, What a won - der - ful Sav - iour!
3. He cleansed my heart from all its sin, What a won - der - ful Sav - iour!
4. He walks be - side me in the way, What a won - der - ful Sav - iour!



We are redeemed, the price is paid, What a won - der - ful Sav - iour!  
That rec - on - ciled my soul to God; What a won - der - ful Sav - iour!  
And now he reigns and rules there - in; What a won - der - ful Sav - iour!  
And keeps the faithful day by day; What a won - der - ful Sav - iour!



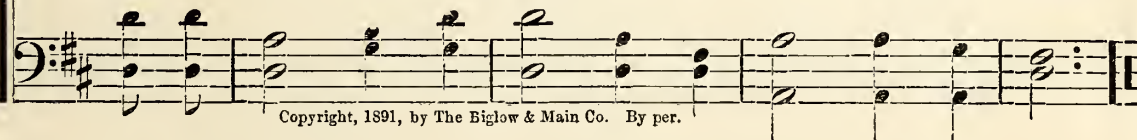
## CHORUS.



What a won - der - ful Sav - iour is Je - sus, my Je - sus!



What a won - der - ful Sav - iour is Je - sus, my Lord!



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5 He gives me overcoming power,  
What a wonderful Saviour!  
And triumph in each trying hour;  
What a wonderful Saviour!

6 To him I've given all my heart,  
What a wonderful Saviour!  
The world shall never share a part;  
What a wonderful Saviour!

# Jesus Leads.

"And when he putteth forth his own sheep, he goeth before them, and the sheep follow him: for they know his voice."—John x: 4.

JOHN R. CLEMENTS.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

*Andante.*

1. Like a shepherd, tender, true, Je-sus leads, . . . Je-sus leads, . . .  
 2. All a-long life's rugged road Je-sus leads, . . . Je-sus leads, . . .  
 3. Thro' the sun-lit ways of life Je-sus leads, . . . Je-sus leads, . . .  
 Je-sus leads, Je-sus leads,

Dai-ly finds us pastures new, Je-sus leads, . . . Je-sus leads; . . .  
 Till we reach yon blest a-bode, Je-sus leads, . . . Je-sus leads; . . .  
 Thro' the war-ings and the strife Je-sus leads, . . . Je-sus leads; . . .  
 Je-sus leads, Je-sus leads;

If thick mists . are o'er the way, . . . Or the flock . 'mid danger feeds, . . .  
 All the way, . before, he's trod, . And he now . . the flock precedes, . . .  
 When we reach . the Jordan's tide, Where life's bound-'ry-line re-cedes, . . .  
 If thick mists are o'er the way, Or the flock 'mid danger feeds,

*rit.*  
 He will watch them lest they stray, Je-sus leads, . . . Je-sus leads.  
 Safe in-to the fold of God Je-sus leads, . . . Je-sus leads.  
 He will spread the waves a-side, Je-sus leads, . . . Je-sus leads.  
 Je-sus leads,

# Will You Come to Jesus.

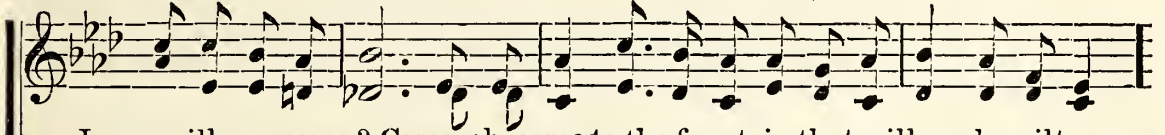
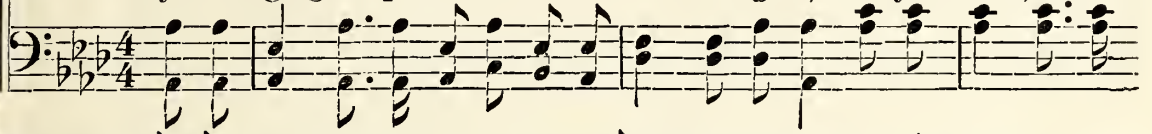
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Mrs. FRANK A. BRECK.

H. L. GILMOUR.



1. Will you come to the Saviour? he invites you to-day, Will you come, come to
2. You are sad, you are weary with the wrong, bitter past, Will you come, come to
3. Take his blest yoke upon you, it will ease the oppressed, Will you come, come to
4. Are you longing for pardon? Jesus waits to forgive, Will you come, come to



Jesus, will you come? Come, oh, come to the fountain that will wash guilt away,  
Jesus, will you come? On his heart of compassion you shall know peace at last,  
Jesus, will you come? Will you learn of the lowly One who giveth you rest?  
Jesus, will you come? To the cross of redemption will you look, will you live?



*Fine.* CHORUS.

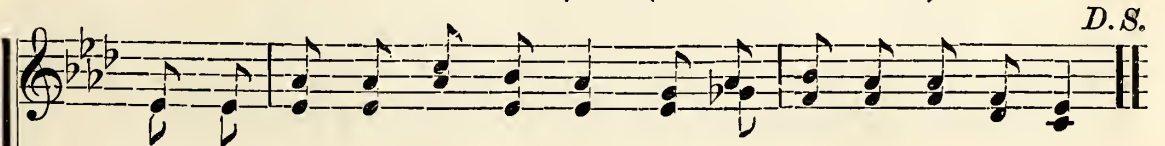
Will you come, come to Jesus, will you come? Will you come to Jesus? will you



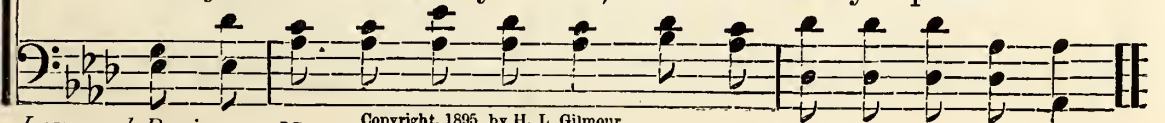
*D. S.*—Will you come, will you come to Jesus now?



come to Je- sus? Lowly at his bleeding feet to bow?



Will you let him take your sin, Let him make you pure within?



## Christ's Invitation.

Mrs. E. E. WILLIAMS.

Matt. xi: 28.

H. L. GILMOUR.

1. Hear the voice of the Saviour, oh, ye who are weary, Who faint 'neath your  
 2. Your sins, that like mountains now tower before you, Shall all in his  
 3. Oh, blessed assurance! oh, sweet invitation To all who are  
 4. Then come, with whatever may tend to distress you, With sin heavy

burdens on life's dusty road; Your night has been dark, and your way has been  
 blood, be washed quickly away; [dreary,  
 The black cloud of guilt that is now hanging o'er you  
 held in the bondage of sin! He offers you freedom, and rest, and salvation;  
 laden, with sorrow oppressed, He died to redeem you, he's waiting to bless you,

CHORUS.

Oh, come and find rest in the bosom of God. Come un - to me, all ye that  
 Shall melt in the light of his glorious day.  
 'Tis Jesus who calls;—will you not enter in?  
 Oh, come, weary ones, to the Saviour and rest.

labour And are heavy laden, and I will give you rest; Take my yoke up-

on you and learn of me, And ye shall find rest, Sweet rest, unto your souls.

# More about Jesus.

195

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 ;



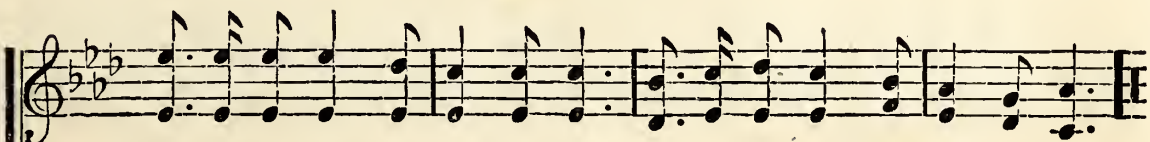
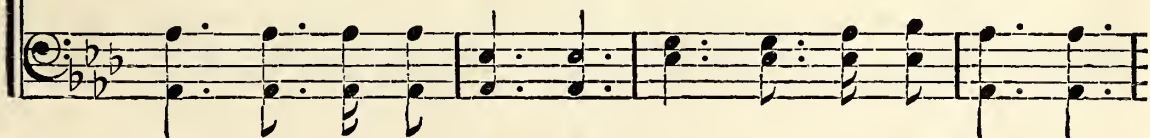
More of his sav - ing ful - ness see, More of his love who died for me.  
Spir - it of God, my teacher be, Showing the things of Christ to me.  
Hearing his voice in ev - 'ry line, Making each faithful say - ing mine.  
More of his kingdom's sure increase ; More of his coming, Prince of Peace.



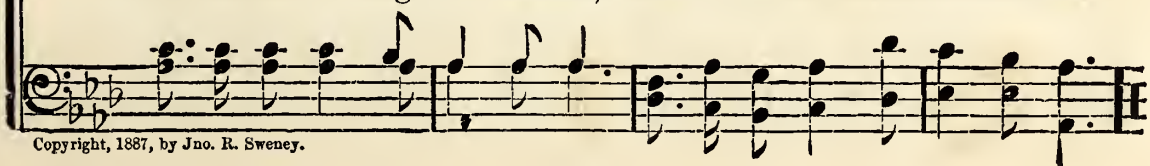
## REFRAIN.



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.



# We'll Never Say Good By.

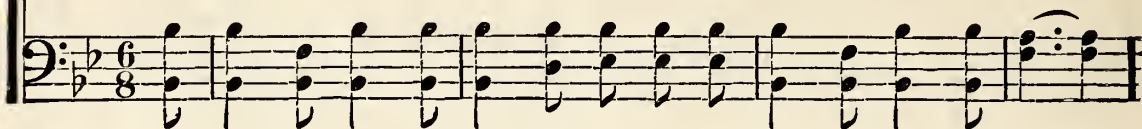
"We shall never say 'good by' in heaven."—The words of a dying Christian woman.

Mrs. E. W. CHAPMAN.

J. H. TENNER.



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



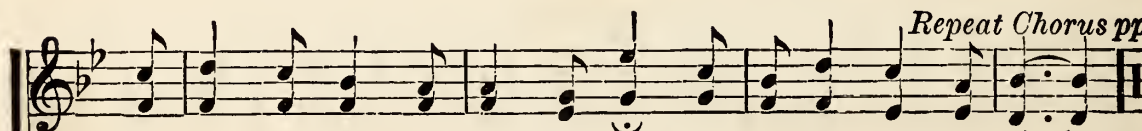
Yet ev - er comes the thought of sadness That we must say good by.  
That when our la - bors here are end - ed, With them we'll ev - er be.  
But songs of joy, and peace, and gladness, Shall ev - ermore be ours.



## CHORUS.



We'll nev - er say good by in heaven, We'll never say good by, . . .



For in that land of joy and song We'll never say good by.





# Onward, Christian Soldiers!

197

SABINE BARING-GOULD.

Tune, ONWARD. 6, 5.

1. Onward, Christian soldiers! Marching as to war, With the cross of Jesus  
2. At the sign of triumph Satan's host doth flee; On, then, Christian soldiers,  
3. Like a mighty army Moves the Church of God; Brothers, we are treading

Go - ing on be - fore. Christ, the royal Mas - ter, Leads against the foe;  
On to vic - to - ry! Hell's foundations qiv - er At the shout of praise;  
Where the saints have trod; We are not di - vid - ed, All one bo - dy we,

CHORUS.

Forward into bat - tle, See, his banners go!  
Brothers, lift your voices, Loud your anthems raise. Onward, Christian soldiers!  
One in hope and doctrine, One in chari - ty.

Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Going on be - fore.

4 Crowns and thrones may perish,  
Kingdoms rise and wane,  
But the Church of Jesus  
Constant will remain;  
Gates of hell can never  
'Gainst that Church prevail;  
We have Christ's own promise,  
And that cannot fail.

5 Onward, then, ye people!  
Join our happy throng,  
Blend with ours your voices  
In the triumph-song;  
Glory, laud, and honor  
Unto Christ the King,  
This through countless ages  
Men and angels sing.

# In the Lord is our Hope.

MARTHA J. LANKTON.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. In the Lord is our hope, On his word we are stayed, With its truth our de-  
 2. In the Lord is our trust, And his name we a-dore, For his kingdom shall  
 3. In the Lord is our strength, And we dread not our foes; We shall conquer thro'  
 4. In the Lord is our rest; Oh, the joy we shall see When his welcome we

CHORUS.

fense We shall not be dismayed. Hal-le-lu-jah! hal-le-lu-jah! Oh, ex  
 stand When the world is no more.  
 grace, Though a host may oppose.  
 hear, And from toil we are free.

alt him a - gain! Hal-le-lu-jah in the highest, Halle-lu-jah, a - men.

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# Choose the Saviour.

H. L. G.

"Choose you this day whom ye will serve."—Josh. xxiv : 17.

H. L. GILMOUR.

1. Come to Je - sus, wand'rer, come, Still he waits to welcome home;  
 2. Come to Je - sus as you are, Break from Satan's ev - 'ry snare,  
 3. Come to Je - sus, why decline Love's fond pleadings, heart of thine?  
 4. Come to Je - sus, now re-lent, Come, be - liev - ing - ly re - pent;  
 \* 5. Hal - le - lu - jah, Je - sus saves! Sing it loud, ye ransomed slaves;

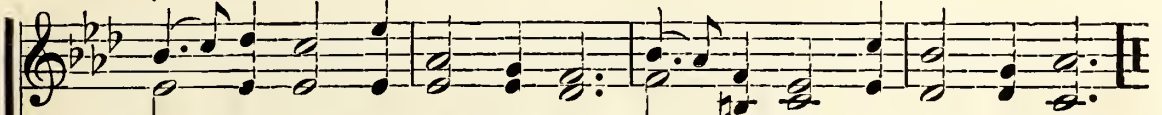
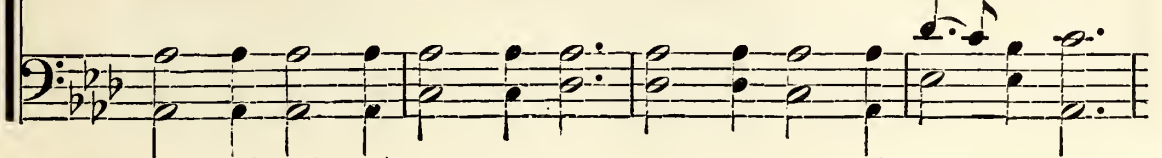
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\* If sung as a Solo the 5th verse to be sung by Choir and Congregation.

# Choose the Saviour.—CONCLUDED.



From your life of sin and loss, Weep your way be-neath the cross;  
 He en-lists, but to en-slave; Je-sus woos, and woos to save:  
 Calv'ry, tinged with sacred blood, Now in-vides to heaven and God;  
 Come, submis-sive to his sway, Come, our Cap-tain wins to-day;  
 Calv'ry's vic-tim ev-er wins, Death and hell in mal-ice grins,



Choose the Saviour, hear his voice, Come, repent, believe, re-joice.  
 Fly in-to his pierced embrace; Be a sin-ner saved by grace.  
 Hear the in-vi-tation sweet, Come, sur-ren-der at his feet.  
 Sin a cap-tive has been led, Christ has bruised the serpent's head.  
 For a brand is snatched away From sin's night to end-less day.



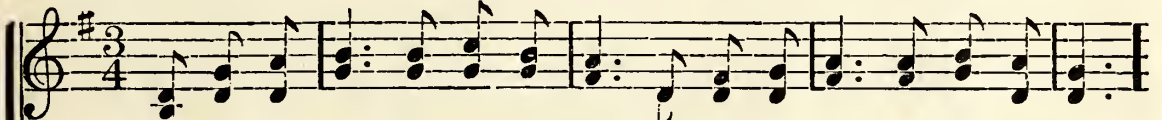
200

## Whate'er it Be.

ELTA M. LEWIS.

"Thy will be done."

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

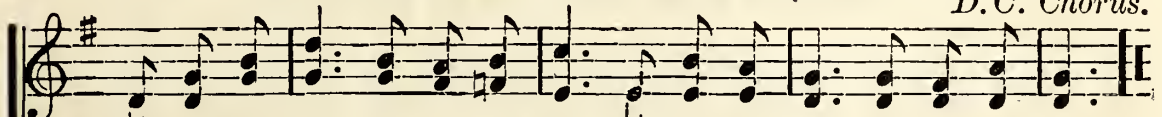


1. I take my portion from thy hand, And do not seek to understand;
2. When darkness doth thy face obscure, And many sorrows I endure,
3. When tender joys to me are known, I render thanks to thee a-lone;
4. Thus calmly do I face my lot, Accept it, Lord, and doubt thee not;

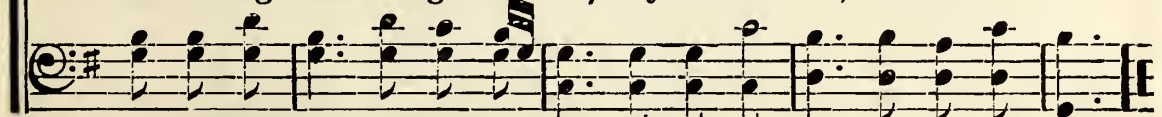


CHO.—Whate'er it be! whate'er it be! I do not fear, whate'er it be;

*D. C. Chorus.*



For I am blind, while thou dost see, Thy will is mine, whate'er it be.  
 I think of Christ's Gethsema- ne; Thy will is mine, whate'er it be.  
 I know my cup is filled by thee; Thy will is mine, whate'er it be.  
 Lo! all things work for good to me; Thy will is mine, whate'er it be.



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Thy love divine sustaineth me, Thy will is mine, whate'er it be.

## Singing as I go.

Rev. H. J. ZELLEY.

H. L. GILMOUR.

1. In the house of ma - ny mansions Will be one prepared for me ;  
 2. Soon my la - bor will be end - ed, For the time is go - ing fast ;  
 3. Soon I'll leave the mist - y valleys, And on sun - crown'd mountains stand ;  
 4. Do you won - der that I'm hap - py, Singing praises all the day ;

*Fine.*  
 Read - y now it waits my coming, Soon its glo - ry I shall see.  
 And I know if true to Je - sus, I shall reach my home at last.  
 Soon I'll join my ransom'd loved ones, O - ver in Im - manuel's land.  
 When my pathway still is shining Brighter, brighter all the way ?

*D.S.*—I am pressing toward the cit - y, And I'm singing as I go.

**CHORUS.** *D.S.*  
 There are shadows in the val - ley, But the peaks are all a - glow ;

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## Search Thou my Heart.

WM. L. JOHNSON.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Lord, with thy piercing eye Search thou my heart ; Bid ev - 'ry  
 2. Saviour, how weak I am, Yet thou art strong ; Tune thou my  
 3. Source of e - ter - nal love, Dwell thou with - in ; Cleanse me from  
 4. Then when my work is done, My journey past, Safe to my

Copyright, 1896, by Jno. R. Sweney.

# Search Thou my Heart.—CONCLUDED.

CHORUS.

vain de- sire Henceforth de- part. Help me to watch and pray,  
 faith to praise, My voice to song.  
 secret faults, Keep me from sin.  
 Father's home Bring me at last.

Cast all my doubts away; Draw nearer, day by day, My soul to thee.

203

## Christ is Coming.

Rev. DENIS WORTMAN, D.D.

THEODORE E. PERKINS.

1. Father, when shall all the weary earth Cease from sighing and ring out its mirth?
2. Saviour, when shall my poor sinful soul On thee all its sins and sorrow roll?
3. Enter upon thy glorious reign! Come and raise to life what sin hath slain!

*Fine.*

Triumph in its grand, immor- tal birth, In- to wondrous life with God.  
 Know thy full sal- vation and be whole? When, my Jesus, wilt thou come?  
 O'er my heart and o'er the world regain Thy do- minion! Je- sus, come!

*D. S.*—Hark! the whole earth with the welcome rings, Hallelujah, praise his name!

CHORUS. *D. S.*

Christ is coming as the King of kings; Shout, ye ransomed, o'er the grace he brings;

## The Golden Now.

E. E. HEWITT.

2 COR. VI: 2.

H. L. GILMOUR.

1. There is an hour when God invites The sin-ner to his feet;  
 2. There is an hour when Jesus pleads, In ten-der tones and low,  
 3. There is an hour with blessing fraught, When heav'n itself draws near;  
 4. Lose not, lose not this golden now, But ere it pass a - way  
 5. Make this the glad, ac - cepted time, When songs of joy shall roll,

*Fine.*

Redeem - ing love the pathway lights, And truth and mer - cy meet.  
 And of - fers grace for all your needs, Where Calv'ry's wa-ters flow.  
 Sweet strains from angel-mu - sic caught Fall on the list'ning ear.  
 Be - fore the Saviour meek - ly bow, And life is yours to - day.  
 And all the bells of glo - ry chime For your re - turn - ing soul.

*D.S.*—O - bey the Ho - ly Spir - it's call, In this the gold - en now.

CHORUS.

*D.S.*

Come, who - so - ev - er will may come; To Je - sus humbly bow,

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## Deeper Yet.

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. In the blood from the cross I have been wash'd from sin; But to be  
 2. Day by day, hour by hour Blessings are sent to me; But for more  
 3. Near to Christ I would live, Following him each day; What I ask  
 4. Now I have peace, sweet peace, While in this world of sin; But to pray

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# Deeper Yet.—CONCLUDED.

CHORUS.



free from dross Still I would en-ter in. Deeper yet, deep-er yet,  
of his pow'r Ever my pray'r shall be.  
he will give, So then with faith I pray.  
I'll not cease Till I am pure with - in.



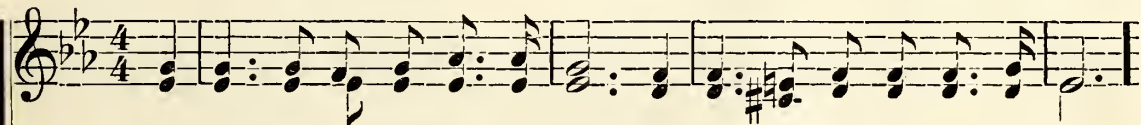
Into the crimson flood ; Deeper yet, deeper yet, Under the precious blood.



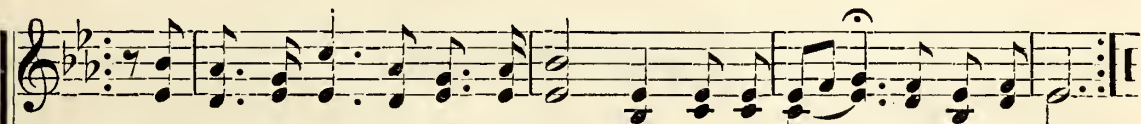
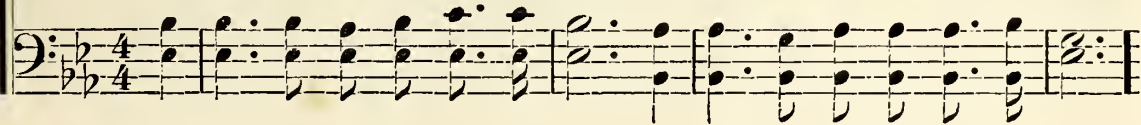
## 206 Old Jordan's Waves I do not Fear.

C. J. B.

CHAS. J. BUTLER.



1. Some day, I know not when 'twill be, The an- gel death will come to me ;
2. My sins he long a - go forgave, And still I feel his pow'r to save ;
3. O'er me has sorrow's storm oft swept, Safe from the danger me he's kept ;
4. My lov'd ones they have cross'd the tide, But safely cross'd with Christ their guide ;
5. So when at death's cold brink I stand, My hand clasp'd in the Saviour's hand ;



But this I know, if Christ be near, Old Jordan's waves I will not fear.  
And if I keep the witness clear, Old Jordan's waves I will not fear.  
If still I trust this friend so dear, Old Jordan's waves I will not fear.  
They sweetly whisper'd in my ear, Old Jordan's waves I do not fear.  
I too shall shout in tones so clear, Old Jordan's waves I do not fear.



# My Beloved and Friend.

"This is my Beloved, and this is my Friend."—Canticles v: 16.

VIRGINIA W. MOYER.

H. L. GILMOUR.

1. The world may sing its siren song, May lure where love and laughter blend ;  
 2. Though I may suffer loss and death, No human arm its strength may lend ;  
 3. The judgment has no fears for me, I safe shall be when mountains rend ;

*Fine.*

It has no charm to win my soul, For Christ my Lover is, and Friend.  
 The bruised reed he will not break, For Christ my Lover is, and Friend.  
 My Lord is my suf - fi - ciency, And he my Lov - er is, and Friend.

*D.S.*—fairest to my inward gaze, My soul's enraptured with the sight.

CHORUS. *D.S.*

Oh, Christ is my Beloved and Friend ; I lean on him with such delight, The

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# Love Divine.

CHARLES WESLEY.

Tune, LOVE DIVINE. 8, 7, d.

1. Love di-vine, all love ex - cel-ling, Joy of heaven, to earth come down!



# Love Divine.—CONCLUDED.

*Fine.*

Fix in us thy hum-ble dwelling! All thy faith-ful mer-cies crown.  
*D.S.*—Vis - it us with thy sal - va - tion; En - ter ev - 'ry trembling heart.

*D.S.*

Je - sus, thou art all com - pas - sion, Pure, unbounded love thou art;

- 2 Breathe, oh, 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,  
 Never more 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.

209

# I'm Going Home.

WM. HUNTER, D. D.

Arr. by Rev. W. McDONALD.

1. { My heav'nly home is bright and fair; Nor pain, nor death can enter there: }  
 { Its glitt'ring tow'rs the sun outshine; That heav'nly mansion shall be mine. }

CHO. { I'm go - ing home, I'm going home, I'm go - ing home to die no more! }  
 { To die no more, to die no more, I'm go - ing home to die no more! }

- 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'er-  
 Be mine a happier lot to own [flow;  
 A heavenly mansion near the throne.
- 5 Then fall this earth, let stars decline,  
 And sun and moon refuse to shine,  
 All nature sink and cease to be,  
 That heavenly mansion stands for me.

# O Lamb of God.

Rev. JOHN BELL.

JOHN i: 29.

H. L. GILMOUR.

1. O Lamb of God most precious, I fain would walk with thee, The fragrance of thy  
 2. In thy beloved presence What beauties I behold, The sea is fleck'd with  
 3. Dear Lamb of God most precious, Oh, still abide with me, Until thy face in

presence Is heav'n itself to me; With thee in sacred un - ion My  
 silver, The clouds are fring'd with gold; The mountains in their grandeur To  
 glo - ry My raptur'd soul shall see; When freed from ev'ry dan - ger And

*ritard.*

rapture is complete, To know that thou art making My soul for glory meet.  
 my a - doring eyes Look like a golden stairway, That leadeth to the skies.  
 ev' - ry guilty stain, O Lamb of God most precious, Shall be my glad refrain.

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# He Knows!

Melody by HERBECK,  
arr. and har. by J. J. H.

1. { He knows the bitter, weary way, The endless striving day by day,  
 { The souls that weep, the souls that pray, He knows, he knows, he . . . knows!  
 2. { He knows when faint and worn we sink, How deep the pain, how near the brink  
 { Of dark despair we pause and shrink, He knows, he knows, he . . . . knows!

Copyright, 1896, by John J. Hood.

- 3 He knows! oh, tho't so full of bliss!      4 He knows! oh, heart, take up thy cross,  
 For though on earth our joy we miss,      And know earth's treasures are but dross,  
 We still can bear if feeling this,      And all will prove as gain or loss!  
 He knows, he knows, he knows!      He knows, he knows, he knows!

# 212 While Jesus Whispers to You.

WILL. E. WITTER.

H. R. PALMER.

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

{ 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!

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# 213

# Tell it to Jesus.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE.

1. Broken in spirit And laden with care, Sweet is thy refuge, Find it in pray'r.  
 2. Art thou neglected And sighing to know Joys that in friendship Tenderly flow?  
 3. Art thou recalling The years that have fled, Weeping in sorrow, Mourning the dead?  
 4. Bear thy affliction, Whatever it be, Jesus, thy Saviour, Bore it for thee.

## CHORUS.

Tell it to Je-sus, Tell it to Jesus, Tell it to Jesus, He'll give relief.

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# Happy Day.

1. { Ohappy day, that fixed my choice On thee, my Saviour and my God! } Happy  
 { Well may this glowing heart rejoice, And tell its raptures all abroad. }

*Fine.* *D.S.*  
 day, happy day,  
 When Jesus washed my sins away! { He taught me how to watch and pray,  
 And live rejoicing ev'ry day.

- 2 O happy bond, that seals my vows  
 To him who merits all my love!  
 Let cheerful anthems fill his house,  
 While to that sacred shrine I move.
- 3 'Tis done! the great transaction's done!  
 I am my Lord's, and he is mine:  
 He drew me, and I followed on,  
 Charmed to confess that voice divine.

- 4 Now rest, my long-divided heart;  
 Fixed on this blissful center, rest;  
 Nor ever from thy Lord depart;  
 With him of every good possessed.
- 5 High heav'n that heard the solemn vow,  
 'That vow renewed shall daily hear,  
 Till in life's latest hour I bow,  
 And bless in death a bond so dear.

# He Came to Save Me.

1. { When Jesus laid his crown aside, He came to save me;  
 When on the cross he bled and died, He came to save me.

2. { In my poor heart he deigns to dwell, He came to save me;  
 Oh, praise his name, I know it well, He came to save me.

REFRAIN.  
 I'm so glad, I'm so glad, I'm so glad that Jesus came, And grace is free,  
 He came to save me.

- 3 With gentle hand he leads me still,  
 He came to save me;  
 And trusting him I fear no ill,  
 He came to save me.

- 4 To him my faith with rapture clings,  
 He came to save me;  
 To him my heart looks up and sings,  
 He came to save me.

**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 Sav - iour and my God!  
 And now henceforth I'll trust in thee, My Sav - iour and my God!  
 I con - se - crate my life to thee, My Sav - iour and my God!

I'll live for him who died for me, My Sav - iour and my God!

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**He is Calling.**

Arr. by S. J. VAIL.

1. { There's a wideness in God's mercy, Like the wideness of the sea : }  
 { There's a kindness in his justice Which is more than } li - berty.

**CHORUS.**

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

# Moment by Moment.

E. E. HEWITT.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Moment by moment, as the sands fall, Moment by moment, life comes to all;  
 2. Moment by moment, led by thy hand, Truly o-beying each wise command,  
 3. Moment by moment, hid in thy tow'r, Filled with thy Spirit, saved by thy pow'r,  
 4. Moment by moment, growing in grace, Growing in knowledge, till face to face,

So let thy life flow, Lord, into mine, Cleansing, transforming, keeping me thine;  
 Seeking thy precepts, learning thy will, By thine indwelling, pleasing thee still;  
 Sharing the pleasure, bearing the pain, Using the "talent," finding the gain,  
 In thy blest likeness, faultless and fair, Praising the mercy bringing me there.

*rit.*

Moment by moment, show me the way, Guide and uphold me; save me, I pray.  
 Moment by moment, till life shall cease, Teach me thy truth, Lord; grant me thy peace.  
 Do-ing the du-ty, taking the rest, Thou wilt direct me, thou knowest best.  
 Joy o-ver-flowing then shall be mine. Glory and blessing evermore thine.

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# Where will You Stand?

L. E. J.

(For Male Voices.)

L. E. JONES.

1. Where will you stand in the judgment day, When the roll is called above?  
 2. Where will you stand in the judgment day? Will the awful verdict be,  
 3. Where will you stand in the judgment day? O repent, on Christ believe;

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# Where will You Stand? — CONCLUDED.

Will you be robbed at the Saviour's right? Will his words be those of love?  
 You did it not to the least of these, So you did it not to me?  
 Look up in faith, and a gift of love, Life e-ter-nal then re-ceive.

## CHORUS.

Where will you stand, where will you stand,  
 Where will you stand in the judgment day?

At left or right, in the gloom or light, Where will you stand?  
 Where, my brother, will you stand?

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# Leave Not My Soul to Die.

JAMES L. BLACK.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. O Saviour, tarry yet, Hear me, I pray; Though I have slighted thee,
2. O Saviour, tarry yet, Still would I call; Thou art my on-ly hope,
3. I was a slave to sin, Now I be-lieve; Glad-ly thy offered grace
4. Take thou my broken heart, Heal and forgive; Speak but one little word,

*D. S.*—Once more thy pleading eye

## *Fine.* CHORUS.

*D. S.*

Go not a-way. This my re-pen-tant cry, Leave not my soul to die;  
 Thou art my all.  
 I will receive.  
 So shall I live.

Turn, Lord, on me.

# 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!"

222

GEO. DUFFIELD, JR.

Stand up, stand up for Jesus.

Tune above.

1 STAND up, stand up for Jesus,  
Ye soldiers of the cross;  
Lift high his royal banner,  
It must not suffer loss;  
From victory unto victory  
His army shall he lead  
Till every foe is vanquished  
And Christ is Lord indeed.

2 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,  
The trumpet call obey;  
Forth to the mighty conflict,  
In this his glorious day:  
"Ye that are men, now serve him,"  
Against unnumbered foes:  
Your courage rise with danger,  
And strength to strength oppose.

3 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,  
Stand in his strength alone;  
The arm of flesh will fail you;  
Ye dare not trust your own:  
Put on the gospel armor,  
Each piece put on with prayer;  
Where duty calls, or danger,  
Be never wanting there.

4 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,  
The strife will not be long;  
This day the noise of battle,  
The next the victor's song:  
To him that overcometh,  
A crown of life shall be;  
He with the King of glory  
Shall reign eternally.

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Work, for the Night is Coming.

WORK, for the night is coming,  
Work through the morning hours;  
Work, while the dew is sparkling,  
Work 'mid springing flowers;  
Work, when the days grow 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 fadeth,  
Fadeth to shine no more;  
Work while the night is darkening,  
When man's work is o'er,



## Jesus, the Light.

Arr. by H. L. G.

1. { Let my gaze be fixed on thee, Jesus, the light of the world ;  
As I look, new beauties see, Jesus, the light . . . of the world.

*D. C.*—Falling around us by day and by night,—Jesus, the light . . . of the world.

## CHORUS.

Walk in the light, beautiful light, Come where the dew-drops of mercy are bright,

Copyright, 1893, by H. L. Gilmour.

2 Let my hands be strong for thee,  
Jesus, the light of the world ;  
And my feet be swift and free,  
Jesus, the light of the world.

3 When the tempter would alarm,  
Jesus, the light of the world ;  
Bare, oh, bare thy mighty arm,  
Jesus, the light of the world.

4 Walk the waves, across life's sea,  
Jesus, the light of the world ;  
Nearer come, O Lord, to me,  
Jesus, the light of the world.

5 Be a shelter in the storm,  
Jesus, the light of the world ;  
Keep, oh, keep thy child from harm,  
Jesus, the light of the world.

## A Song of Praise.

Arr. by W. J. K.

1. My heart uplifts a happy song, While tender rec-ollections throng ;  
2. Have sparkling sunbeams cheered the day, And roses bloomed along the way ?  
3. Or have the clouds o'erspread the sky, While at my feet the roses die ?  
4. Bright angels, sweep your harps of gold, But half his praise hath not been told ;

And above the rest this note shall swell, This note shall swell, this note shall swell,

As sweet as bells that ring above, The strains that breathe my Saviour's love.  
Let mem'ry each fair scene recall, And bless the Lord who sent them all.  
Since Je-sus bore the cross for me, I'll trust him tho' I cannot see.  
Come, all who my Redeem-er know, Still let the joy-ful mu-sic flow.

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And above the rest this note shall swell, My Jesus hath done all things well.

# On the Way.

LIZZIE EDWARDS.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. O, bless the Lord, what joy is mine! What perfect peace thro' grace divine!  
 2. O, bless the Lord, he dwells with me, The voice I hear, the hand I see  
 3. O, bless the Lord for what I know Of heavenly bliss while here below!  
 4. O, bless the Lord 'twill not be long Till I shall join the ho-ly throng,

And now to realms of end-less day, O, bless the Lord, I'm on the way.  
 Renew my strength from day to day While home to him I'm on the way.  
 My trusting heart thro' faith can say, To mansions bright I'm on the way.  
 And shout and sing thro' endless day, Where every tear is wiped a-way.

*D.S.*—crown to wear in end-less day, O, bless the Lord, I'm on the way.

CHORUS. *D.S.*

I'm on the way, I'm on the way, In vain the world would bid me stay: A

Copyright, 1890, by Jno. R. Sweney.

# Follow All the Way.

GEO. W. COLLINS.

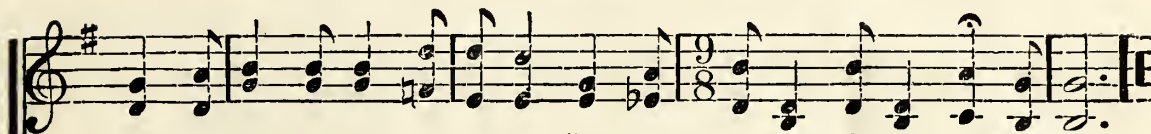
Arranged by WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. I have heard my Saviour calling, I have heard my Saviour calling,  
 2. Tho' he leads me thro' the valley, Tho' he leads me thro' the valley,  
 3. Tho' he leads me thro' the garden, Tho' he leads me thro' the garden,

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CHO.—Where he leads me I will follow. Where he leads me I will follow,

# Follow All the Way. —CONCLUDED.



I have heard my Saviour calling, "Take thy cross and follow, follow me."  
 Tho' he leads me thro' the valley, I'll go with him, with him all the way.  
 Tho' he leads me thro' the garden, I'll go with him, with him all the way.



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Where he leads me I will follow, I'll go with him, with him all the way.

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <p>4   : Tho' the path be dark and dreary, :  <br/>                 I'll go with him, with him all the way.</p> <p>5   : Tho' he leads me to the conflict, :  <br/>                 I'll go with him, with him all the way.</p> <p>6   : Tho' he leads through fiery trials, :  <br/>                 I'll go with him, with him all the way.</p> | <p>7   : I will follow on to know him, :  <br/>                 He's my Saviour, Saviour, Brother,<br/>                 Friend.</p> <p>8   : He will give me grace and glory, :  <br/>                 He will keep me, keep me all the way.</p> <p>9   : O 'tis sweet to follow Jesus, :  <br/>                 And be with him, with him all the way.</p> |
|---|---|

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## The Golden Key.

"Prayer is the key to unlock the door, and the bolt to shut in the night."

D. K. W.

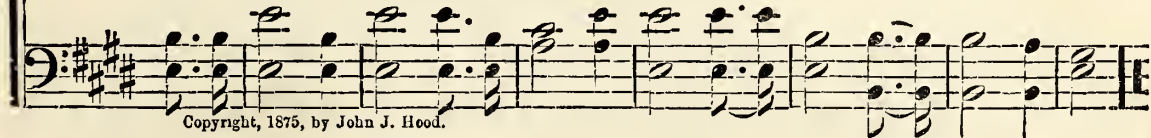
JNO. R. SWENEY.



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 starry skies, Like perfume 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.



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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 unsheathes for aye.

# The Gospel Feast.

CHARLES WESLEY.  
Cho. by H. L. G.

"Come, for all things are ready."  
Luke xiv; 16.

H. L. GILMOUR. By per.

1. Come, sinners, to the gos- pel feast; It is for you, it is for me;  
2. Ye need not one be left behind, It is for you, it is for me;

*Fine.*  
Let ev-'ry soul be Je- sus' guest; It is for you, it is for me.  
For God hath bidden all mankind, It is for you, it is for me.

*D.S.*—O wea- ry wand'rer, come and see, It is for you, it is for me.

CHORUS.

*D.S.*

Sal- vation full, sal - vation free, The price was paid on Cal- va- ry;

Copyright, 1889, by H. L. Gilmaour.

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| 3 Sent by my Lord, on you I call;<br>The invitation is to all;                    | 7 My message as from God receive;<br>Ye all may come to Christ and live;    |
| 4 Come, all the world! come, sinner, thou!<br>All things in Christ are ready now. | 8 O let this love your hearts constrain,<br>Nor suffer him to die in vain.  |
| 5 Come, all ye souls by sin oppressed,<br>Ye restless wanderers after rest;       | 9 See him set forth before your eyes,<br>That precious, bleeding sacrifice: |
| 6 Ye poor, and maimed, and halt, and blind<br>In Christ a hearty welcome find.    | 10 His offered benefits embrace,<br>And freely now be saved by grace.       |

# Awake, My Soul.

MEDLEY.

Tune, LOVING-KINDNESS. L. M.

1. Awake, my soul to joyful lays, And sing thy great Redeemer's praise;  
2. He saw me ru-ined in the fall, Yet loved me not- withstanding all;

## Awake, My Soul.—CONCLUDED.

He just-ly claims a song from me, His lov-ing-kind-ness, oh, how free!  
He saved me from my lost e-state, His lov-ing-kind-ness, oh, how great!

Lov-ing-kindness, lov-ing-kindness, His lov-ing-kind-ness, oh, how free!  
Lov-ing-kindness, lov-ing-kindness, His lov-ing-kind-ness, oh, how great!

<p>3 Though num'rous hosts of mighty foes, Though earth and hell my way oppose, He safely leads my soul along, His loving-kindness, oh, how strong!</p>	<p>4 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud, Has gathered thick, and thundered loud, He near my soul has always stood, His loving-kindness, oh, how good!</p>
---	--

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## 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!

# Step Out on the Promise.

MAGGIE POTTER. Arr. by E. F. M.

E. F. MILLER.

1. O mourner in Zi - on, how blessed art thou, For Je - sus is  
 2. O ye that are hun - gry and thirsty, re - joice! For ye shall be  
 3. Who sighs for a heart from in - i - qui - ty free? O poor, troubled  
 4. Step out on the promise, and Christ you shall win, "The blood of his

wait - ing to com - fort thee now, Fear not to re - ly on the  
 filled; do you hear that sweet voice In - vit - ing you now to the  
 soul! there's a promise for thee, There's rest, weary one, in the  
 Son cleanse us from all sin," It cleanseth me now, hal - le -

word of thy God; Step out on the promise,—get under the blood.  
 ban - quet of God? Step out on the promise,—get under the blood.  
 bos - om of God; Step out on the promise,—get under the blood.  
 lu - jah to God! I rest on his promise,—I'm under the blood.

From "The Shout of Victory," by poe

# Bless the Lord, my Soul.

E. A. BARNES.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Oh, bless the Lord, my soul, As the friend who died for thee; And bless him  
 2. Oh, bless the Lord, my soul, As the rock in which we hide; And bless him  
 3. Oh, bless the Lord, my soul, As the hope so sure and sweet; And bless him  
 4. Oh, bless the Lord, my soul, As the guide in days to come; And bless him

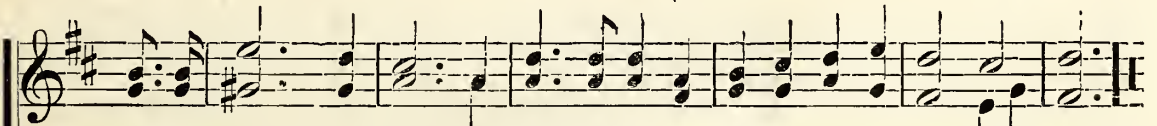
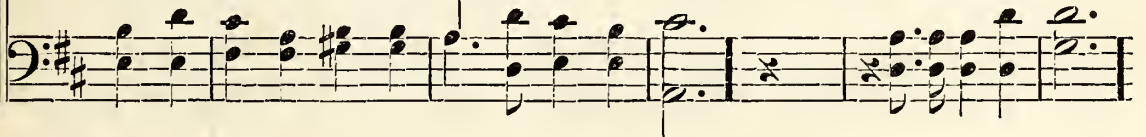
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# Bless the Lord, my Soul.—CONCLUDED.

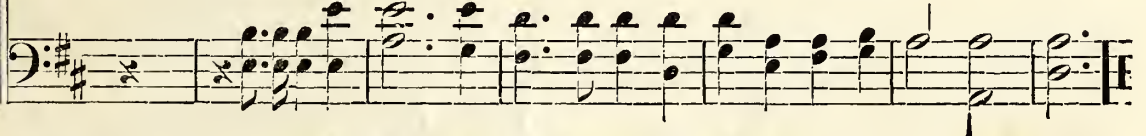
CHORUS.



for the saving grace, That is so full and free. Bless the Lord, my soul,  
for the sense of peace, Amid the surging tide.  
for the lov - ing call To worship at his feet.  
for the crown of life In thy e - ternal home. Bless the Lord,



Bless the Lord, my soul; And all that is within me, Bless his ho - ly name.  
Bless the Lord,

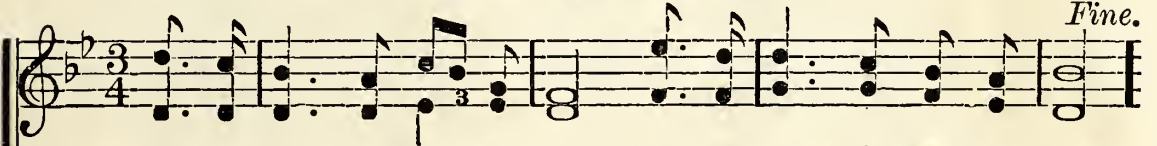


234 E. HOPPER.

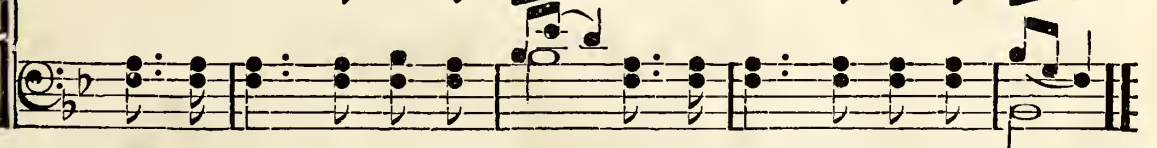
## Saviour, Pilot Me.

J. E. GOULD.

*Fine.*



*D. C.*



1 Jesus, Saviour, pilot me  
Over life's tempestuous sea;  
Unknown waves before me roll,  
Hiding rock and treacherous shoal;  
Chart and compass came from thee:  
Jesus, Saviour, pilot me.

2 When the Apostles' fragilc 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  
'Twi'xt me and the peaceful rest,  
Then, while leaning on thy breast,  
May I hear thee say to me,  
"Fear not, I will pilot thee."

## Antioch. C. M.



### 235 O for a thousand tongues.

- 1 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 fears,  
That bids our sorrows cease;  
'Tis music in the sinner's 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.

### 236 Joy to the world!

- 1 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 grace,  
And makes the nations prove  
The glories of his righteousness,  
And wonders of his love.

### 237

## The Lord's Prayer.

*Reverently.*



1. Our Father who art in heaven, hallowed | be thy | name, || Thy kingdom come,  
thy will be done in | earth, as-it | is in | heaven.
2. Give us this day our | daily | bread, || And forgive us our trespasses, as we for-  
give | them that | trespass a- | gainst us.
3. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver | us from | evil; || For thine is the  
kingdom, and the power and the | glory for- | ever and | ever. || A - men.



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