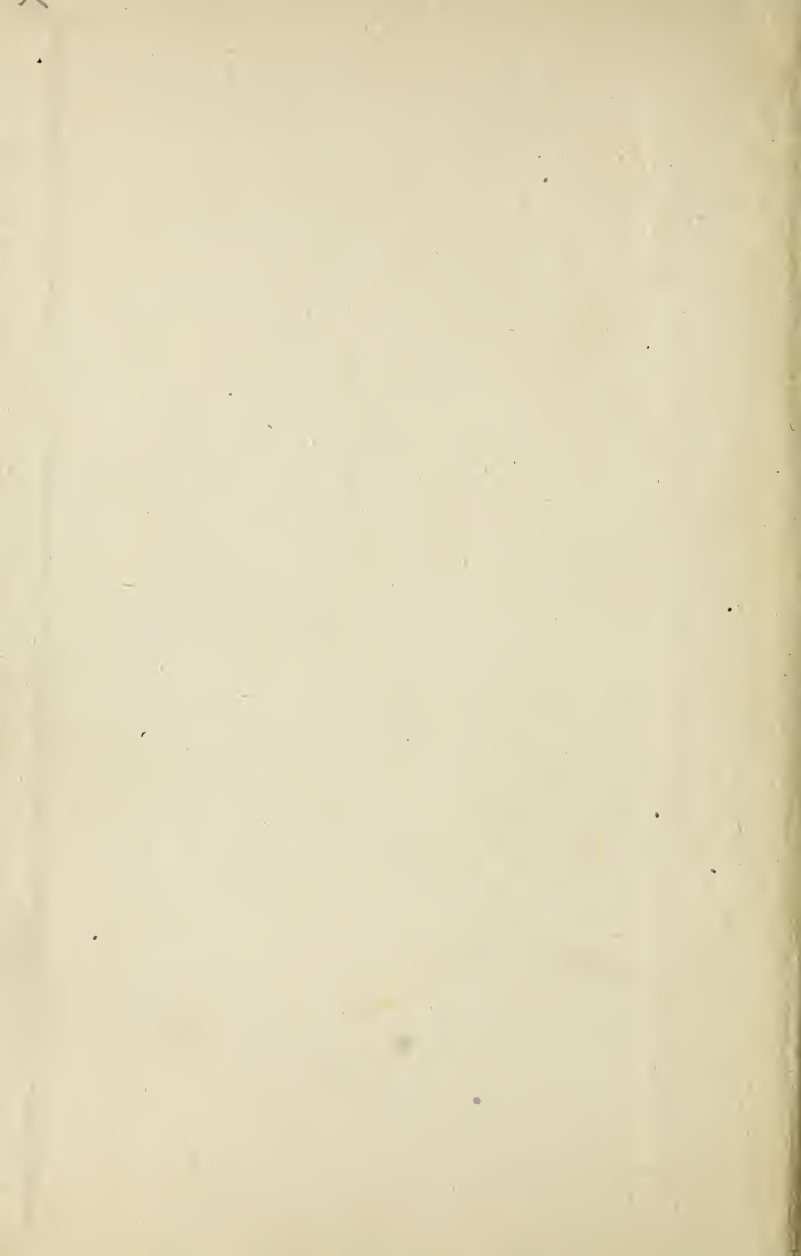


ONE HUNDRED  
GOSPEL HYMNS  
For Male Voices

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*D.B.Towner and E.M.Fuller*



J. Albert Strauser,  
Hegins,  
Pa.



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# ONE HUNDRED GOSPEL HYMNS

FOR

MALE VOICES

*FOR USE WHEREVER THE GOSPEL IS PREACHED*

EDITED BY

D. B. TOWNER,

DIRECTOR, MUSIC COURSE, MOODY BIBLE INSTITUTE, CHICAGO

AND

Rev. E. M. FULLER

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*Price, 35 cents, postpaid*

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NEW AND REVISED EDITION

CHICAGO

THE BIBLE INSTITUTE COLPORTAGE ASSOCIATION

826 LaSalle Avenue

# THE ORGANIZATION AND CONDUCT OF A MALE CHOIR.

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D. B. TOWNER, Mus. Doc.

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An efficient male choir judiciously handled will be of great service, as well as a drawing card for any church or Y. M. C. A., and we believe it is possible for nearly every church to have a choir of at least four male voices, provided they will intelligently organize and utilize the material at hand. The complaint that there are very few high tenors and low basses is well founded and is alarmingly true, and this fact makes it impossible to secure a choir in every instance that can sing much of the music written for male voices. But we believe that in most cases, voices can be found capable of singing the greater part of the music in "One Hundred Hymns." Of course it will require painstaking on the part of the leader, and faithful, conscientious practice by the choir in order that they may sing well, but when this is accomplished there is no doubt but that the result will be gratifying.

A few hints regarding the organization and conduct of such a choir may not be amiss. Let us, for example, presume a difficult case, a church where there are no high tenors, and where there are no low basses. Select two men with high voices. Perhaps neither have really tenor voices, but there will be a difference, one will sing higher than the other, or at least will have more of a tenor quality in his voice. Let this one take the higher part. Pursue the same method in the selection of the basses. Let the one with the quality of voice which most resembles bass sing the lower part. This being done, select some hymn which does not go above the fifth line of the tenor staff nor below the first line of the bass staff,

and begin work. Teach the man who sings the higher part to sing with as nearly a tenor quality as possible, and the man who sings the lower part, or second bass, to use a broad quality, and the inner voices to be careful not to sing too loud for the outside voices. All the voices should sustain a smooth, steady tone. Great care should be taken to keep the melody prominent. It is often in the second tenor or first bass, and sometimes it is distributed between two or more parts, but can easily be traced. Study carefully both words and music, then conscientiously and intelligently express the sentiment of both.

It is the custom of some singers to take much liberty in rendering hymns, especially with the rhythm. But we venture to suggest that the best results will be obtained with the music in "One Hundred Hymns" if the rhythm is studiously observed.

Rehearse frequently and with as much care as though you were before an audience.

It is better in most cases to sing unaccompanied by an instrument.

Each person should be able to get his pitch (mentally) from the key-note when it is sounded by the leader.

Don't ever pass the key along with a "hm."

Don't use the "tremolo" in quartette or choir singing.

Don't sing too loud.

Don't change the rhythm to suit your own fancy.

Don't feel obliged to sing the chorus after each verse.

Don't always repeat the chorus "*pp*" after the last verse.

Dynamic marks have been used very little in this book, as they would more frequently prove detrimental than otherwise, especially when the hymn is composed of several stanzas. Often a hymn is marred, if not altogether spoiled, because it is sung too fast or too slow. Great care should be exercised in this regard and the proper movement observed. The words of the hymn should always govern in this matter. A hymn should never be sung so fast that the sentiment cannot be well expressed, neither should it be sung so slow as to become sluggish. The bright or somber effects desired should be produced by the proper quality of

tone rather than by the rate of speed. In fact a rapid movement may be entirely void of brilliancy, and a slow movement altogether lacking in somber quality.

After all has been said and done it is most important that the singer should maintain a prayerful, praiseful, worshipful spirit, constantly remembering the words of the Apostle Paul:

“I will sing with the spirit and I will sing with the understanding.”

If the above suggestions are carefully observed, we believe the result will be satisfactory, and that it is possible for most churches to have an effective male choir.

### A WORD FROM THE EDITORS

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“One Hundred Hymns,”—their message, variety and harmonic arrangement,—will speak for themselves.

Our only hope is that they may be everywhere effective in proclaiming the blessed Gospel.

D. B. TOWNER  
E. M. FULLER



# One Hundred Gospel Hymns

## FOR MALE VOICES.

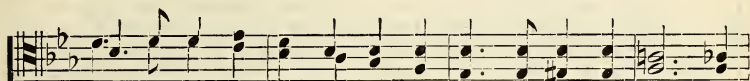
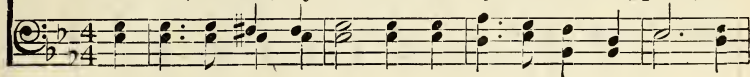
### No. 1. Beneath the Cross of Jesus.

ELIZABETH C. CLEPHANE.  
*Melody in 2d Tenor.*

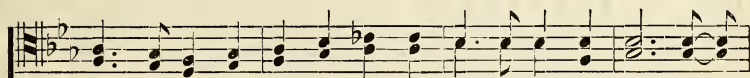
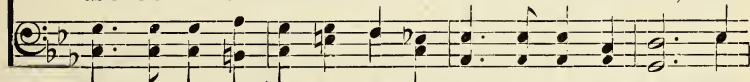
F. C. MAKER.  
Arr. by D. B. T.



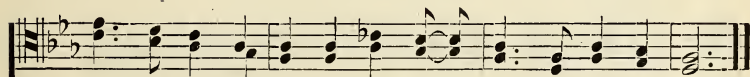
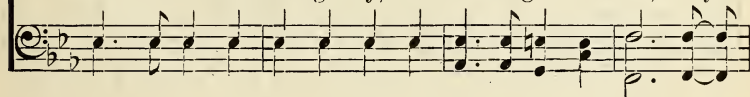
1. Beneath the cross of Je - sus I fain would take my stand, The
2. Up - on that cross of Je - sus Mine eye at times can see The
3. I take, O Cross, thy shad - ow For my a - bid - ing place; I



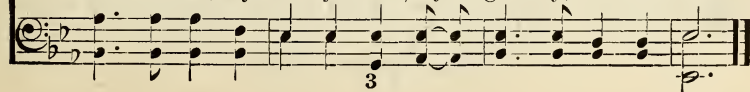
shad - ow of a might - y Rock Within a wea - ry land; A  
ver - y dy - ing form of One Who suf - ered there for me: And  
ask no oth - er sunshine than The sun - shine of His face; Con -



home with - in the wil - der - ness, A rest up - on the way, From the  
from my smitten heart with tears Two wonders I con - fess: The  
tent to let the world go by, To know no gain nor loss; My



burn - ing of the noon - tide heat, And the bur - den of the day.  
won - ders of His glo - rious love, And my own worthlessness.  
sin - ful self, my on - ly shame; My glo - ry, all the Cross.



## No. 2.

## Be Strong in the Lord.

JULIA H. JOHNSTON.

D. B. TOWNER.

1. Be strong in the Lord, all ye who know His name, Je-  
 2. Thy strength is but weak-ness, in the strife with wrong, Be  
 3. Go for-ward, nor fal-ter, why should mortals fear? His  
 4. O wait on the Lord, His sig-nal to o-bey, Thy

ho - vah, Re-deem-er, ev - er - more the same; His might and His  
 val - iant, and faint not, tho' the fight be long; All hail to Je-  
 voice sings in tri - umph, "Be thou of good cheer." Be glad and cour-  
 strength to re-new a - long the nar - row way; The path lead-eth

mer - cy o'er the world proclaim, Be strong in the Lord.  
 ho - vah, both our strength and song,  
 a - geous, for the Lord is near,  
 up - ward to the gates of day, Be strong, be strong in the Lord.

## CHORUS.

By faith ye shall con - quer thro' Je - sus cru - ci - fied, Be

## Be Strong in the Lord.

strong in the Lord; No foe need af-fright thee with  
Be strong, be strong in the Lord;

Je - sus by thy side, Be strong in the Lord.  
be strong

## No. 3.

## Home at Last!

FRED SCOTT.

F. S. SHEPARD.

1. Home at last! Life's voyage o'er, Anchored safe on heav'n's blest shore;  
2. Home at last! Not far to go, Just a span from earth be-low;  
3. Home at last! From bondage free, All heav'n's glo-ries now to see;  
4. Home at last! In - side the gate, Midst the joys su-preme-ly great;

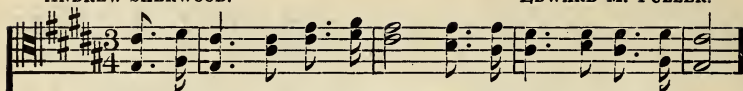
*Rit.*  
With the friends gone on be - fore, Home at last! Home at last!  
Nev - er-more its ills to know, Home at last! Home at last!  
With the Sav' iour e'er to be, Home at last! Home at last!  
There the loved of earth to wait, Home at last! Home at last!

## No. 4.

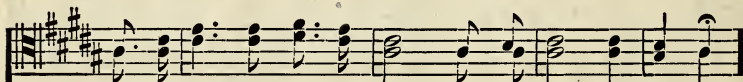
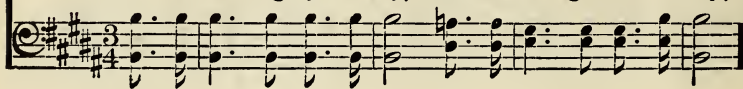
## Jesus Christ, My Saviour.

ANDREW SHERWOOD.

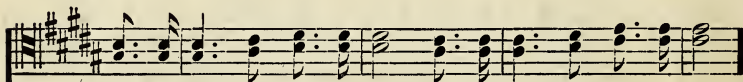
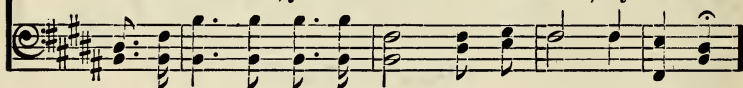
EDWARD M. FULLER.



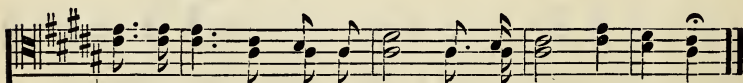
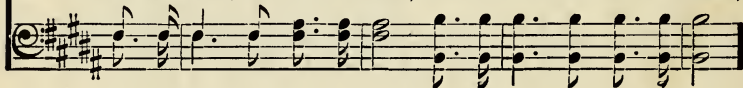
1. On the blest e - ter - nal shore, Where the shadows fall no more,  
 2. He it is my soul doth love All my oth - er friends a - bove;  
 3. He is com - ing by and by, With His an - gels in the sky;



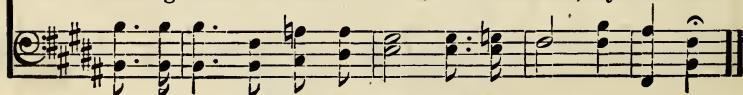
Dwelleth One whom I a - dore:— Je - sus Christ, my Sav - iour.  
 Oh! how faith - ful I would prove:— Je - sus Christ, my Sav - iour.  
 We'll be with Him, you and I:— Je - sus Christ, my Sav - iour.



He's the Light of all that land; He's the King of heaven's band:  
 When my soul was bowed with woe, 'Twas His blood, shed long a - go,  
 As He went, so He will come, Down the blue e - the - real dome,



Oh! the pow - er of His hand!— Je - sus Christ, my Sav - iour.  
 Washed me whit - er than the snow:— Je - sus Christ, my Sav - iour.  
 Tak - ing all His loved ones home:— Je - sus Christ, my Sav - iour.

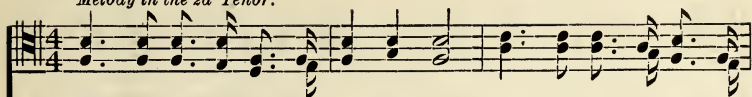


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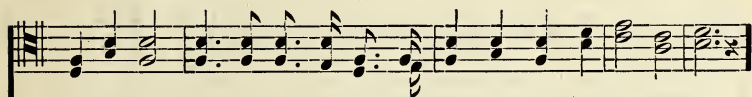
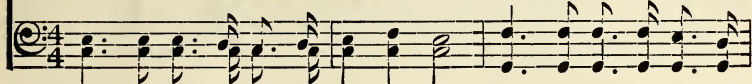
## At Calvary.

WM. R. NEWELL.

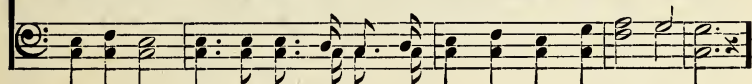
D. B. TOWNER.

*Melody in the 2d Tenor.*

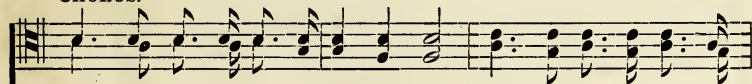
1. Years I spent in van - i - ty and pride, Car - ing not my Lord was
2. By God's Word at last my sin I learned; Then I trembled at the
3. Now I've giv'n to Je - sus ev - 'ry-thing; Now I glad - ly own Him
4. Oh, the love that drew sal - va-tion's plan! Oh, the grace that bro't it



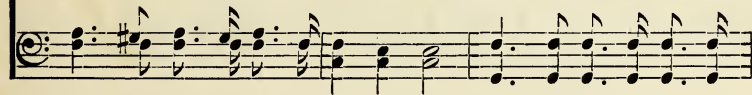
cru-ci - fied, Knowing not it was for me He died 'On Cal - va - ry.  
 law I'd spurned, Till my guilty soul, im - plor - ing, turned To Cal - va - ry.  
 as my King; Now my raptured soul can on - ly sing Of Cal - va - ry.  
 down to man! Oh, the mighty gulf that God did span At Cal - va - ry.



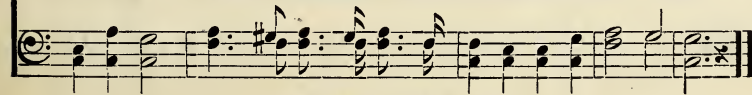
## CHORUS.



Mer - cy there was great, and grace was free; Par - don there was mul - ti -



plied to me; There my burdened soul found lib - er - ty—At Cal - va - ry.

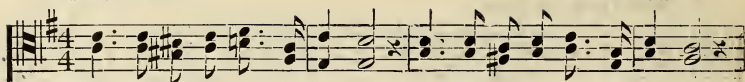


## No. 6.

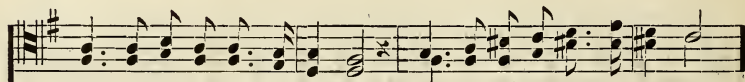
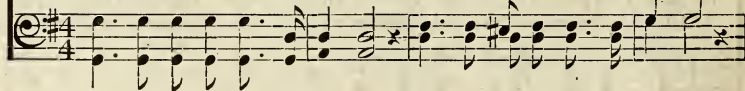
## Tell Him All.

Mrs. F. A. BRECK.

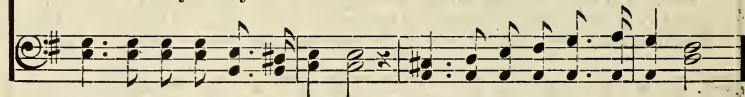
D. B. TOWNER.



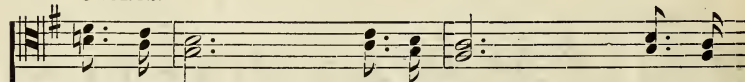
1. Art thou weary or for-sak - en? Is life's dearest treasure ta-ken?
2. Is the pathway darkly clouded? Is thy heart with grief enshrouded?
3. Hast thou met with sore deceiving? Does thy joy seem past retrieving?



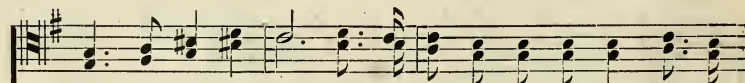
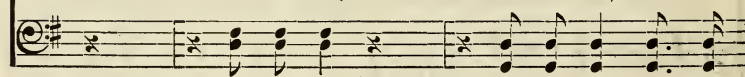
Art thou ill, or sad, or lone-ly? Go to Jesus—Je-sus on - ly—  
 Know that bur-dens shall be lift - ed, Threat'ning clouds will all be rift - ed;  
 Is there mys-ter-y before thee? God knows—and He watches o'er thee—



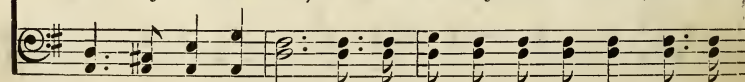
## CHORUS.



Tell Him all, tell Him all; He will  
 Tell Him all, tell Him all;



hear thy ear-nest call; He will make thy sor-row cease, He will



# Tell Him All.

give thee blest release, He will bring thee sweetest peace, — Tell Him all.

## No. 7. The Shadow of the Rock.

F. W. FABER.

EDWARD M. FULLER.

1. The shadow of the Rock! Stay, pilgrim, stay! Night treads upon the
2. The shadow of the Rock! All come a-lone, All, ev - er since the
3. The shadow of the Rock! Al - ways at hand, Un - seen it cools the
4. The shadow of the Rock! Pilgrim, sleep sound; In night's swift hours, with

heels of day; There is no other resting-place this way. The Rock is sun hath shone, Who traveled by this road, have come a-lone. Be of good noon-tide land. And quells the fire that flickers in the sand. Who rest-eth si-lent bound, The Rock will put thee over leagues of ground. Gain-ing more

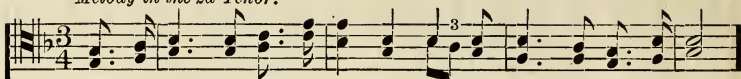
near, The well is clear; Rest in the shadow of the Rock.  
 cheer, A home is near; Rest in the shadow of the Rock.  
 here Wakes with heav'n near; Rest in the shadow of the Rock.  
 way By night than day; Rest in the shadow of the Rock.

## No. 8.

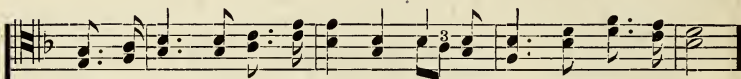
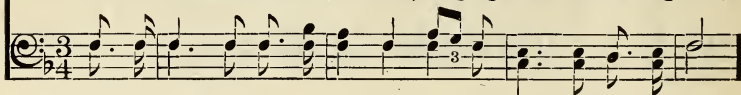
## The Holiest Name.

MARGARET MOODY.

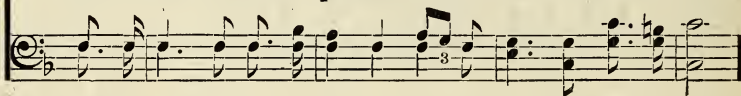
W. A. OGDEN.

*Melody in the 2d Tenor.*

1. Dear-est name in earth or heav-en, Sweetest name my heart hath known,
2. To my heart it brings a blessing, And my lips take up the strain,
3. Oh, my soul would swell the chorus, Singing His re-deem-ing love,



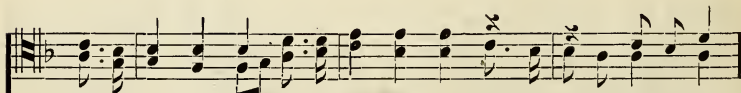
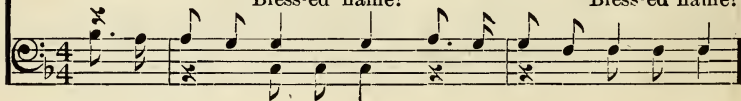
By the Fa - ther it was giv - en To His well - be - lov - ed Son.  
 And, His wondrous name confessing, Tell its sweet-ness o'er a - gain.  
 And ascribe e - ter - nal prais-es To the name all names a - bove.



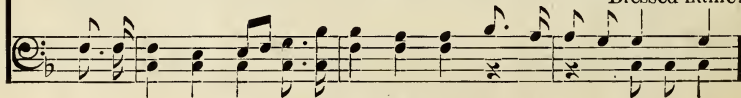
## CHORUS.



'Tis the ho - li - est name, 'Tis the ho - li - est name;  
 Bless-ed name! Bless-ed name!



From the Father's lips to the earth it came, Bro't by an-gels of light,  
 Blessed name!





## The Holiest Name.

In the stillness of night, Was the dear, dear name of Je - sus.  
Bless-ed name!

## No. 9.                      Benediction Hymn.

(IRENE.)

JOHN ELLERTON.

E. J. HOPKINS. Arr. by E. M. F.

1. Sav - iour, a - gain to Thy dear name we raise With one ac-
2. Grant us Thy peace up - on our homeward way; With Thee be-
3. Grant us Thy peace, Lord, thro' the com-ing night; Turn Thou for
4. Grant us Thy peace throughout our earthly life, Our balm in

cord our parting hymn of praise; We stand to bless Thee  
gan, with Thee shall end the day; Guard Thou the lips from  
us its dark-ness in - to light; From harm and dan - ger  
sor - row, and our stay in strife; Then, when Thy voice shall

ere our worship cease, Then, still de-lay - ing, wait Thy word of peace.  
sin, the hearts from shame, That in this house have called upon Thy name.  
keep Thy children free, For dark and light are both a - like to Thee.  
bid our con flict cease, Call us, O Lord, to Thine e - ter-nal peace.

## No. 10.

## Where Shall I Be?

NATHANIEL NORTON.

C. ZOLLNER. Arr.

*Largo.**Vivace.*

1. Where shall I be? When the con - flict and doubt and the  
 2. Where shall I be? When I cross the dark val - ley my  
 3. Where shall I be? My Sav - iour, with Thee, in the

strug - gles are o'er, And the world with its pleas - ures for  
 Lord I shall see, His rod and His staff my  
 home of the blest, With no dan - ger to fear, with no

me are no more, And my soul stands a - lone on e -  
 com - fort shall be, Till I come to that home He has  
 trou - ble oppressed, In the man - sions of light, in the

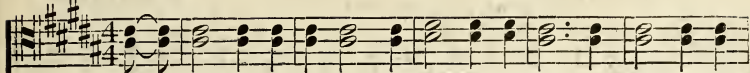
*Coda to last verse.**Largo.*

ter - ni - ty's shore: Where shall I be?  
 cho - sen for me: There shall I be.  
 ha - ven of rest: There shall I be, Yes! there shall I be.

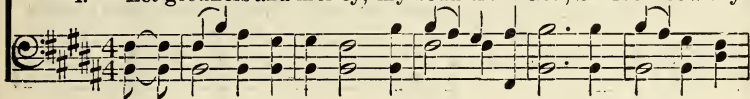
# No. 11. The Lord is My Shepherd.

J. MONTGOMERY.

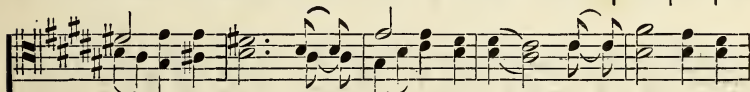
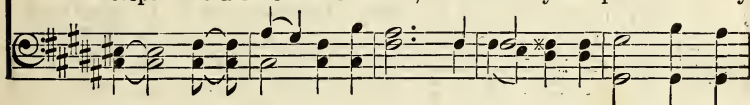
EDWARD M. FULLER.



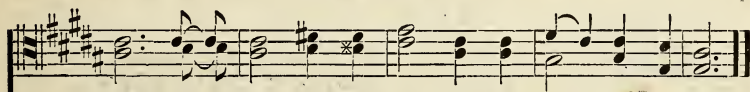
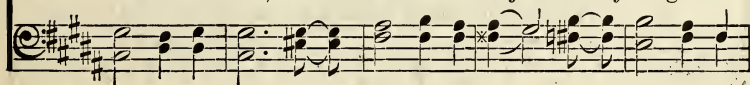
1. The Lord is my Shepherd, no want shall I know; I feed in green
2. Thro' the valley and shadow of death tho' I stray, Since Thou art my
3. In the midst of affliction my table is spread; With blessings un-
4. Let goodness and mercy, my boun-ti-ful God, Still fol-low my



pas-tures, safe - fold - ed I rest; He lead-eth my soul where the  
guardian, no e - vil I fear; Thy rod shall de-fend me, Thy  
measured my cup runneth o'er; With perfume and oil Thou a -  
steps till I meet Thee a bove; I seek—by the path which my



still waters flow, Restores me when wand'ring, re-deems when op-  
staff be my stay; No harm can be-fall, with my Com-fort-er  
nointest my head; O what shall I ask of Thy providence  
fore-fathers trod, Thro' the land of their sojourn—Thy kingdom of



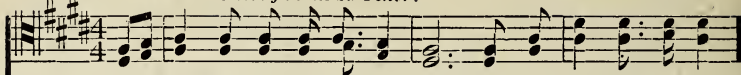
pressed; Re - stores me when wand'ring, redeems when oppressed.  
near; No harm can be - fall, with my Com - fort - er near.  
more? Oh, what shall I ask of Thy prov - i-dence more?  
love; Thro' the land of their so-journ—Thy king - dom of love.



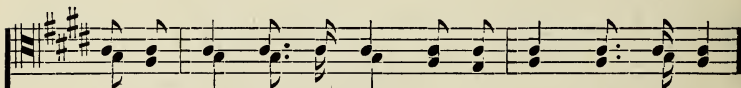
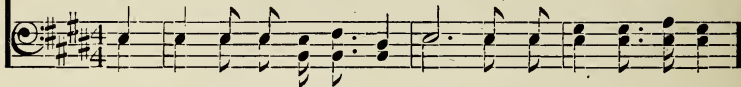
R. MCNAUGHTAN.

*Melody in the 2d Tenor.*

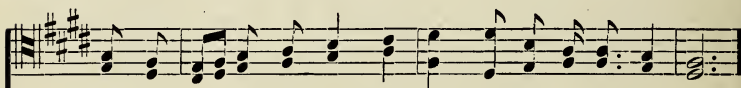
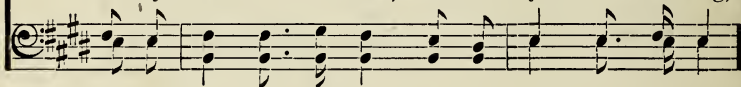
D. B. TOWNER.



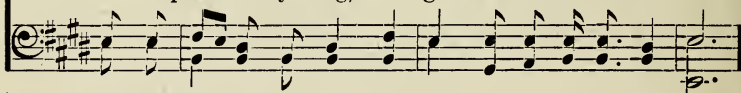
1. His grace was suf - fi - cient for me! When in trembling and fear
2. His grace is suf - fi - cient for me! And what - ev - er my lot,
3. His grace is suf - fi - cient for me! All my need He'll provide,
4. His grace is suf - fi - cient for me! When in man - sions of bliss



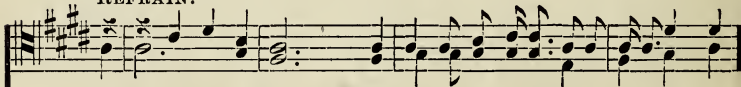
To His side I drew near, And He cleansed me from sin,  
 I can hear His "Fear not!" I am safe in His care,  
 And my steps homeward guide; And in death I shall sing,  
 Still my theme shall be this; And for aye I shall sing,



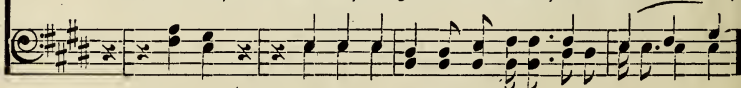
Made my heart pure within, His grace was suf - fi - cient for me.  
 Who can guard from each snare, His grace is suf - fi - cient for me.  
 As I rest 'neath His wing, His grace is suf - fi - cient for me.  
 To the praise of my King, Whose grace is suf - fi - cient for me.



## REFRAIN.



For me, for me, His grace is sufficient for me;.....  
 For me, for me, His grace is sufficient, is sufficient for me;





## No. 14.

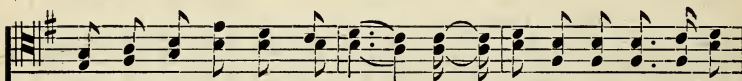
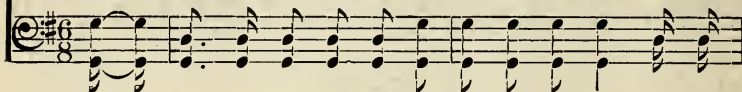
## The Beautiful Land.

L. D. SANTEE, arr.

S. H. FRENCH.



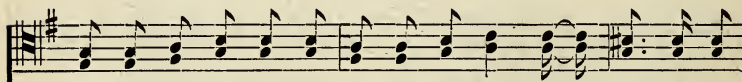
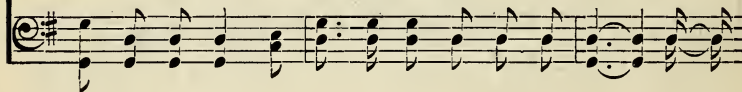
1. There's a beau - ti - ful coun - try that lies far a - way From the  
 2. From the val - leys are lift - ed our sor - row - ful eyes To the  
 3. There all of our sor - rows shall fade as a dream, When we



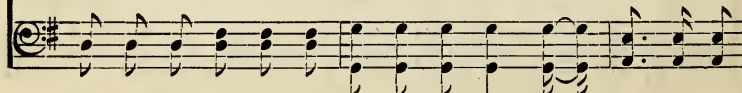
earth with its sor - rows and tears, Where night never en - ters, but  
 hills where the an - gels have trod, And our hearts ev - er yearn for our  
 en - ter the coun - try of rest, While be - fore us in heav - en - ly



shad - ow - less day Shines on thro' e - ter - ni - ty's years; Where the  
 home in the skies, — Our home in the pres - ence of God. And  
 glo - ry shall gleam The mansions prepared for the blest; And



cry of the mourner is heard nev - er - more, And tears nev - er  
 in that glad morning shall night flee a - way, The ransomed of  
 Je - sus, the King of that coun - try, is there, On the mountains of



# The Beautiful Land.

fall for the dead; Life's wa - ters flow soft on that heavenly shore,—  
 Jesus shall stand In the rap - tur - ous glow of the shadowless day:—  
 Zi-on He'll stand, And welcome His loved ones His glo-ry to share

## CHORUS.

The sor-rows of life all are fled. Far a - way?...far a -  
 At home in that beau-ti - ful land.  
 In their home in the beau-ti - ful land. (Oh, no,)

way?... 'Tis here when Je - sus is near; Far a - way?...  
 (oh, no,) (Oh, no,)

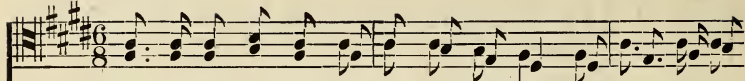
*Rit.*  
 far a - way?... It is here when Je - sus is near.  
 (oh, no,)

## No. 15.

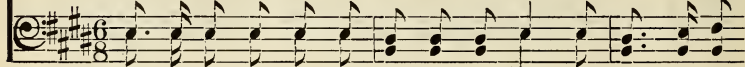
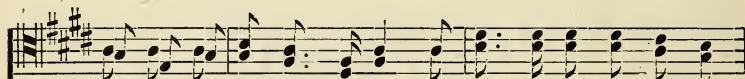
## Saved by the Blood.

S. J. HENDERSON.


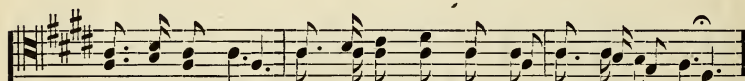
D. B. TOWNER.



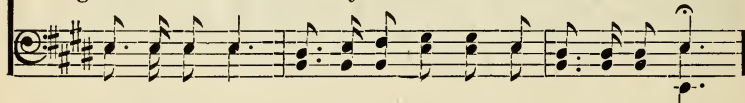
1. Saved by the blood of the Cru - ci - fied One!    Ransomed from  
 2. Saved by the blood of the Cru - ci - fied One!    The an - gels re -  
 3. Saved by the blood of the Cru - ci - fied One!    The Fa - ther, He  
 4. Saved by the blood of the Cru - ci - fied One!    All hail to the

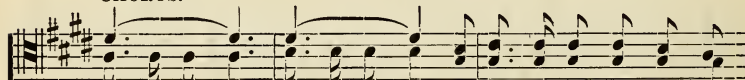
sin, and a new work be-gun; Sing praise to the Fa - ther, and  
 joic - ing be-cause it is done; A child of the Fa - ther, joint  
 spoke, and His will it was done; Great price of my par - don, His  
 Fa - ther, all hail to the Son! All hail to the Spir - it; the

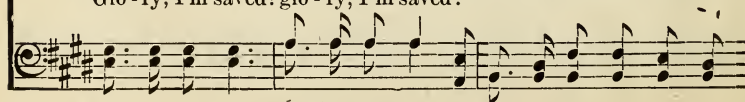
praise to the Son: Saved by the blood of the Cru - ci - fied One!  
 heir with the Son: Saved by the blood of the Cru - ci - fied One!  
 own precious Son: Saved by the blood of the Cru - ci - fied One!  
 great Three in One! Saved by the blood of the Cru - ci - fied One!



## CHORUS.



Saved!..... saved!..... My sins are all pardoned, my  
 Glo - ry, I'm saved! glo - ry, I'm saved!





## Saved by the Blood.

guilt is all gone; Saved!..... saved!.....  
Glo - ry, I'm saved! glo - ry, I'm saved!

I am saved by the blood of the Cru - ci - fied One.

## No. 16. Now the Day is Over.

S. B. GOULD.

J. BARNBY.

1. Now the day is o - ver, Night is drawing nigh,
2. Je - sus, give the wea - ry Calm and sweet re - pose;
3. Thro' the long night watch - es, May Thine an - gels spread
4. When the morning wak - ens, Then may I a - rise,

Shad - ows of the eve - ning Steal a - cross the sky.  
With Thy ten-d'rest bless - ing May our eye-lids close.  
Their white wings a - bove me, Watch - ing round my bed.  
Pure, and fresh, and sin - less, In Thy ho - ly eyes.

Steal a - cross the sky.

## No. 17.

## Hark! Hark! My Soul!

F. W. FABER.

EDWARD M. FULLER.

*Melody in the 2d Tenor.*

1. Hark! hark! my soul! an-gel - ic songs are swelling O'er earth's green  
 2. Far, far a-way, like bells at eve-ning peal-ing, The voice of  
 3. On - ward we go, for still we hear them singing, "Come, wea-ry

fields and ocean's wave-beat shore; How sweet the truth those  
 Je - sus sounds o'er land and sea; And la - den souls by  
 souls, for Je-sus bids you come:" And thro' the dark, its

bless-ed strains are tell - ing Of that new life when sin shall  
 thousands, meekly steal - ing, Kind Shepherd, turn their wea-ry  
 ech - oes sweet-ly ring - ing, The mu - sic of the Gos - pel

## REFRAIN.

be no more. }  
 steps to Thee. } An - gels of Je - sus, an - gels of light,  
 leads us home. }

# Hark! Hark! My Soul!

Sing - ing to - wel - come the pil - grims of the night.

## No. 18. Come, Ye Disconsolate.

THOS. MOORE and THOS. HASTINGS.

SAMUEL WEBBE.

DUET.

1. Come, ye dis-con-so-late, wher-e'er ye lan-guish; Come to the  
 2. Joy of the des-o-late, light of the stray-ing, Hope of the  
 3. Here see the bread of life, see wa-ters flow-ing Forth from the

QUARTET.

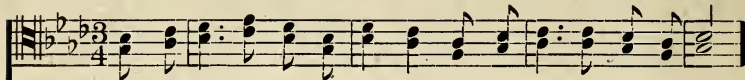
mer-cy-seat, fer-vent-ly kneel: Here bring your wounded hearts,  
 pen-i-tent, fade-less and pure; Here speaks the Com-fort-er,  
 throne of God, pure from a-bove; Come to the feast of love,

here tell your an-guish; Earth has no sorrow that Heav'n cannot heal.  
 ten-der-ly say-ing, "Earth has no sorrow that Heav'n cannot cure."  
 come, ev-er know-ing, Earth has no sorrow but Heav'n can remove.

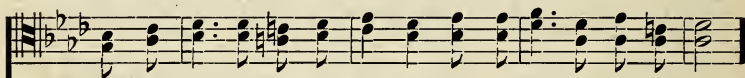
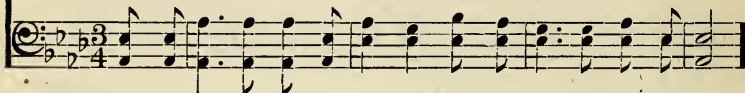
# No. 19. With Me All the Way.

Words furnished by  
L. M. WARD.

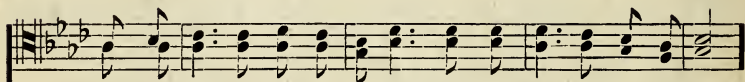
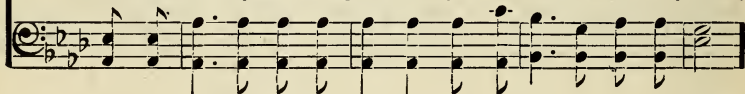
J. B. TROWBRIDGE.



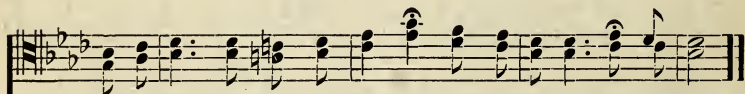
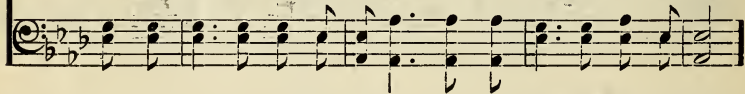
1. There's a veil that hangs before me, And an unknown pathway hides;
2. At the blood-stained Cross He met me, Bade me look to Him and live;
3. In the time of pain and sadness, His sweet promise I will test,



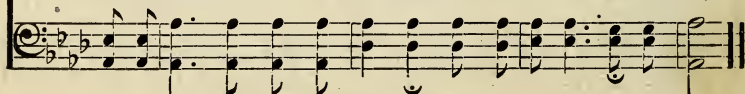
There's an eye that's watching o'er me, An Almighty hand that guides;  
Though temptations shall be - set me. O - ver - coming pow'r He'll give;  
Wel - come sun - ny hours of gladness, By His smiles made doubly blest;



So I need not fear the morrow, Peace is in my heart to-day,  
There's an eye that shines a - bove me With a pure and heav'nly ray,  
Ev - 'ry step that leads to glo - ry Shall His wondrous love dis - play,

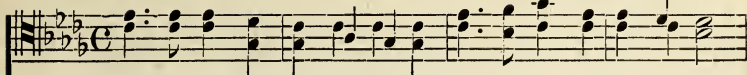


For the bless - ed Sav - iour tells me He'll be with me all the way.

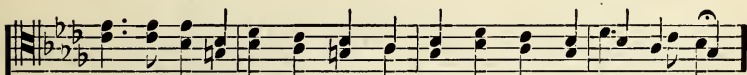
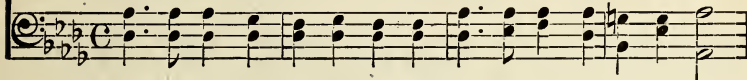


JOHN R. CLEMENTS.

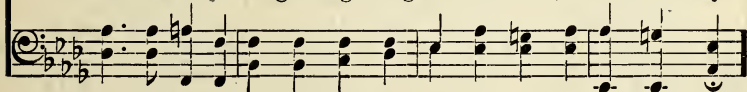
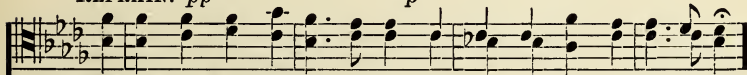
EDWARD M. FULLER.



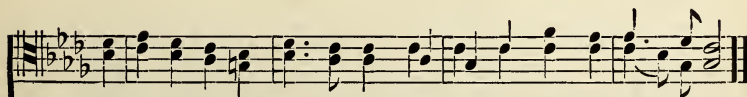
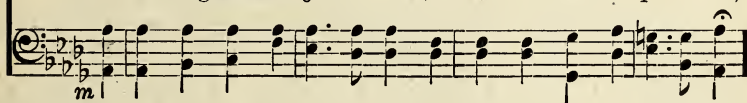
1. Help me spend these quiet moments, Blessed Lord, a-lone with Thee,
2. Help me spend these quiet moments, Sit-ting low - ly at Thy feet,
3. Help me spend these quiet moments, As may strength give to the day;



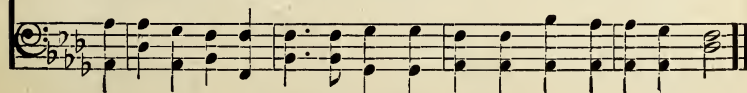
Holding them as be - ing sa - cred, From all worldly think - ing free.  
 Lis - ten - ing as Thou shalt whisper Words of help and comfort sweet.  
 Thro' the Word new graces gaining For each need, be what it may.

REFRAIN. *pp**p*

When morning beams first gild the skies, And all the earth in quiet lies,



My closet then I'd steal within, And there with Thee the day be - gin.

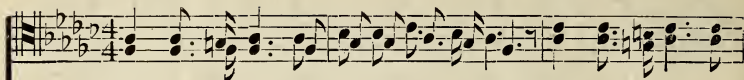


# No. 21.

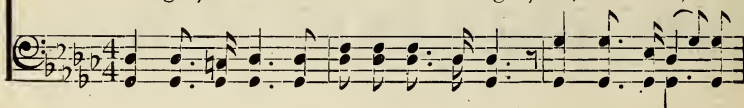
# Too Late!

ALFRED TENNYSON.

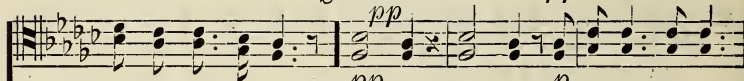
Arr. from Mrs. J. W. LINDSAY,  
by E. M. F.



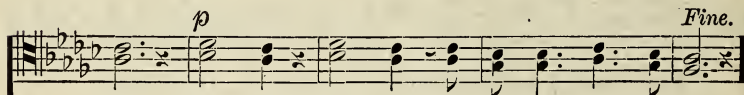
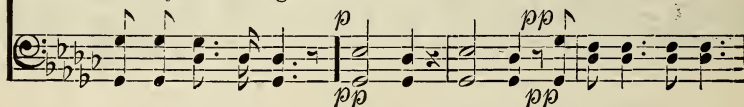
1. Late, late, so late! And dark the night and chill! Late, late, so late! But
2. No light had we, For this we do re-pent; And learning this, The
3. No light, so late! And dark and chill the night; Oh, let us in, That



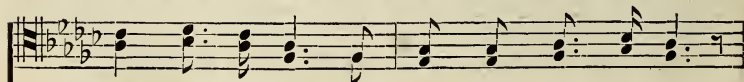
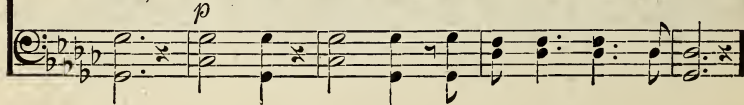
♩: REFRAIN.



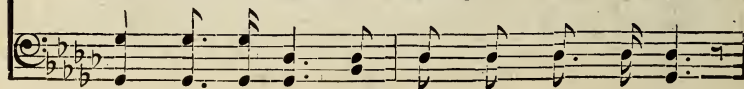
we can en - ter still. Too late! too late! Ye cannot en - ter  
Bridegroom will re-lent. *Last verse.*  
we may find the light. No! no! too late! Ye cannot en - ter



now; Too late! too late! Ye can - not en - ter now.  
now; No! no! too late! Ye can - not en - ter now.



4. Have we not heard the Bride-groom is so sweet?



## Too Late!

Oh, let us in, that we may kiss His feet; Oh, let us in,

*D. S.*

oh, let us in, Oh, let us in, tho' late, to kiss His feet.

Detailed description: This is a musical score for the hymn 'Too Late!'. It consists of two systems of music. Each system has a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment line (bass clef). The key signature has three flats (B-flat, E-flat, A-flat) and the time signature is 4/4. The first system contains the first two lines of the lyrics. The second system contains the final line of the lyrics, with a 'D. S.' (Da Capo) marking above it.

## No. 22. The Reaper and the Flowers.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

D. B. TOWNER.

1. There is a reaper, whose name is Death, And with his sick - le keen,
2. "Shall I have naught that is fair," said he, "Have naught but the beard-ed grain?
3. He gazed at the flowers with tearful eyes, He kissed their drooping leaves;
4. "My Lord has need of these flowerets gay," The reaper said, and smiled,
5. "They shall all bloom in fields of light, Transplanted by my care;
6. And the mother gave, in tears and pain, The flowers she most did love:
7. Oh, not in cruelty, not in wrath, The Reaper came that day;

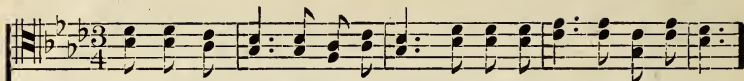
Detailed description: This is a musical score for the hymn 'The Reaper and the Flowers'. It features a single system of music with a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment line (bass clef). The key signature has three flats (B-flat, E-flat, A-flat) and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are printed below the vocal line. The piano accompaniment consists of simple chords and single notes.

# No. 23.

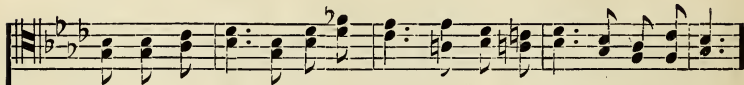
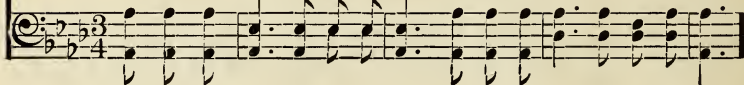
# God's Loving Hand.

FRED SCOTT.

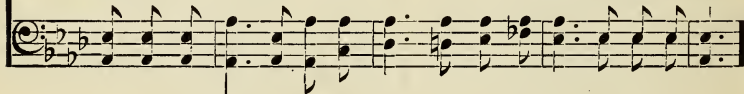
F. S. SHEPARD.



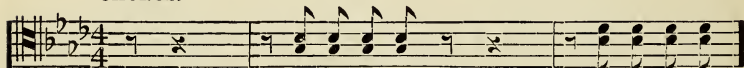
1. A - long the devious ways of life, With ill's beset and dangers rife,
2. The way with clouds may be o'ercast, But soon the darkness will be passed;
3. If sor-row come, and pain and grief, The Lord will bring us blest re-lief;
4. If brief or long the way may be, It mat-ters not to you and me;



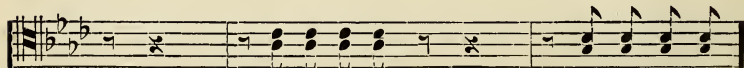
There's safety e'en a-mid the strife, God's loving hand doth safely lead!  
 To brighter paths and scenes at last, God's loving hand doth safely lead!  
 We'll rest our hearts on this be-lief: God's loving hand doth safely lead!  
 By faith we'll journey stead-i-ly— God's loving hand doth safely lead!



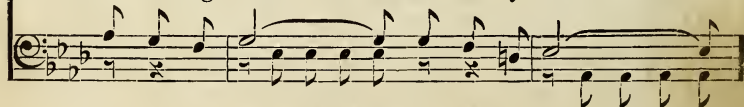
## CHORUS.



God's lov-ing hand ..... doth safe-ly lead!  
 God's lov-ing hand ..... doth safe-ly lead! .....



God's lov-ing hand ..... doth safe-ly lead!  
 God's lov-ing hand ..... doth safe-ly lead! .....





## God's Loving Hand.

In joy or pain, in loss or gain,  
 In joy or pain,..... in loss or gain,.....

*Rit.*

God's loving hand doth safely lead!  
 God's lov - ing hand..... doth safe - ly lead!.....

Detailed description: This is a musical score for a hymn. It features a treble and bass clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a common time signature. The melody is written in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The lyrics are placed between the staves. The piece concludes with a 'Rit.' (Ritardando) marking.

## No. 24. Acquaint Thyself with Him.

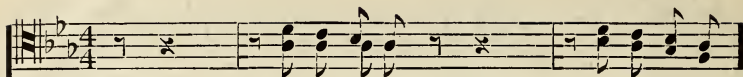
Rev. D. R. HERRICK.

EDWARD M. FULLER.

1. Hark! a voice from heav-en calls, Sounding in these sa-cred walls;
2. Thou hast wandered all thy days In sin's dark, re - bel - ious ways;
3. Swift - ly time is pass - ing by; Like a dream the moments fly;
4. Now, this day, this ver - y hour, Yield thee to the Spir - it's pow'r;

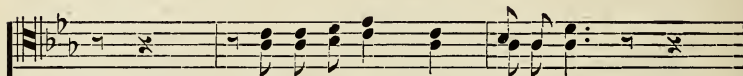
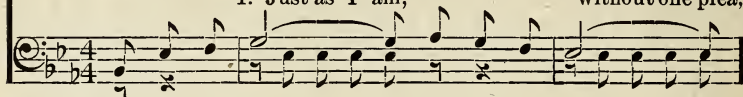
Lo! thy Mak - er pleads with thee: "Now acquaint thy - self with Me."  
 Now the paths of e - vil shun, Turn and seek the Ho - ly One.  
 Ere thy day of grace shall cease, Haste, accept God's proffered peace:  
 Cease thy strife, for - sake thy sin; Welcome Christ and peace with - in.

Detailed description: This is a musical score for a hymn. It features a treble and bass clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 3/4 time signature. The melody is written in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The lyrics are placed between the staves. The piece concludes with a final chord.

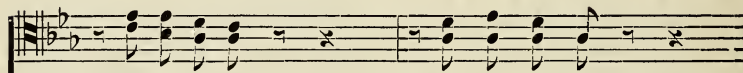
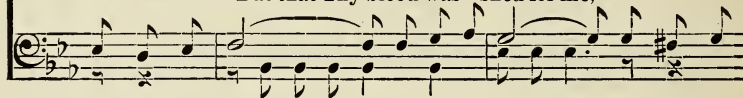


1. Just as I am,..... with-out one plea,.....  
 2. Just as I am,..... and wait-ing not.....  
 3. Just as I am,..... Thy love un - known.....

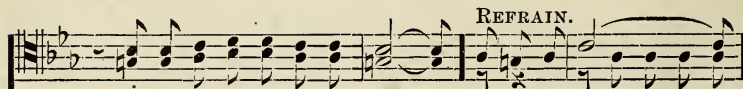
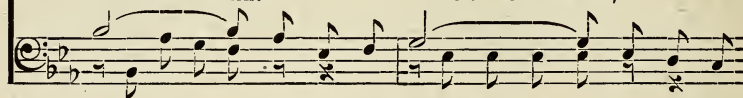
1. Just as I am, without one plea,



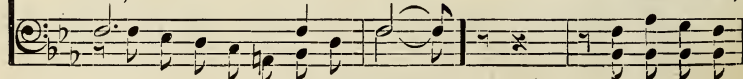
But that Thy blood..... was shed for me,..... And that Thou  
 To rid my soul..... of one dark blot,.... To Thee, whose  
 Has bro ken ev - - 'ry barrier down;... Now to be  
 But that Thy blood was shed for me,



bidst ..... me come to Thee,..... O Lamb of  
 blood..... can cleanse each spot,..... O Lamb of  
 Thine, ..... yea, Thine a - lone,..... O Lamb of  
 And that Thou bidst me come to Thee,



O Lamb of God, I come, I come. Just as I am, .....  
 God, I come. Just as I am,



# Just as I Am.

just as I am, O Lamb of God, I come.  
O Lamb of God, I come.

## No. 26. Home to Their Rest.

Anon.

S. H. FRENCH.

1. Gather the cherished ones Home to their rest, Strew the pale  
2. Weep for the cherished ones, Hal-low with tears Graves which the  
3. Je - sus our cherished ones Welcomes on high, With Him for-

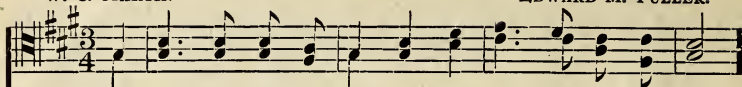
ros - es O - ver the breast; Like them in beau - ty  
love of Lost ones en - dears; Trust to their pil - low  
ev - er, - No more to die: May we, dear Fa - ther,

Flow - ers de - cay, When the heart's earthly joy Pass-eth a - way.  
Gen - tly the dead: An - gels from heav - en will Watch o'er their bed.  
When life is o'er, Meet them in glo - ry, to Part nev - er - more.

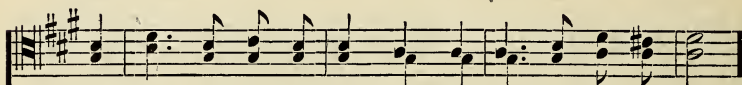
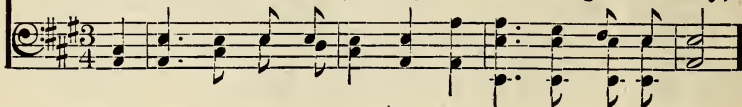
# No. 27. More Sweetly than a Mother.

W. C. MARTIN

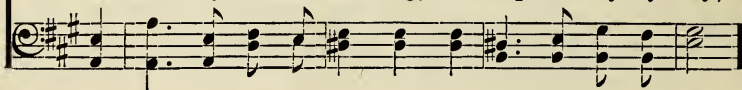
EDWARD M. FULLER.



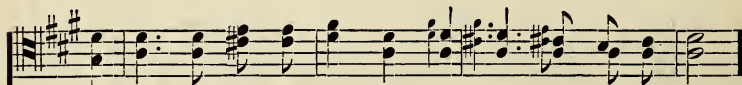
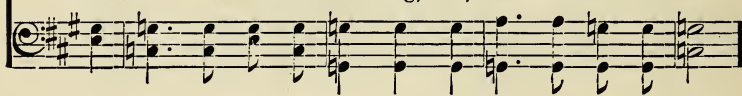
1. More sweet - ly than a moth - er Does Je - sus care for me;
2. When He was scourged and beat - en, I know it was for me;
3. Je - sus is so for - giv - ing When I have gone a - stray;



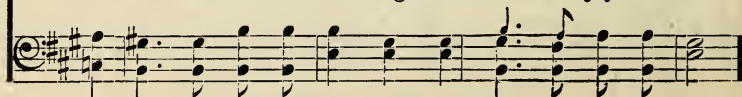
There nev - er was an - oth - er So kind and true as He;  
My gloom - y days to sweet - en, My fet - tered soul to free;  
He makes my life worth liv - ing; He keeps me day by day;



He car - ries all my sor - row, He takes my sin and shame,  
While in the gar - den pray - ing, When on the cru - el Tree,  
And in His shel - ter hid - ing, Oh, how I thrill with love!



Gives hope of joy to - mor - row:—I love His dear, sweet name.  
He was that love dis - play - ing Which fills His heart for me.  
And with a faith a - bid - ing Wait I for joys a - bove.



# More Sweetly than a Mother.

CHORUS.

Oh, how my soul doth love Him Who gives me joy un - told!

No friend can be a - bove Him; He doth my life en - fold.

## No. 28.

## Olive's Brow.

Rev. WM. B. TAPPAN.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. 'Tis midnight! and on Olive's brow The star is dimmed that lately shone;  
2. 'Tis midnight! and from all removed, The Saviour wrestles 'lone with fears;  
3. 'Tis midnight! and for others' guilt The Man of Sorrows weeps in blood;

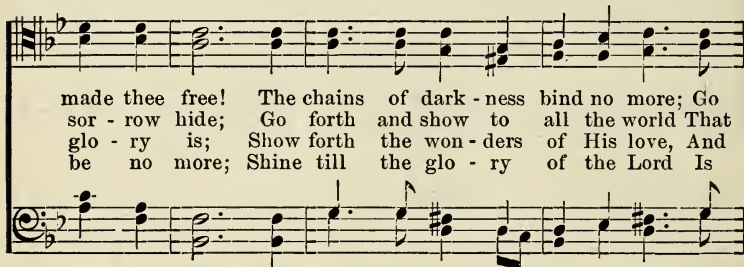
'Tis midnight! in the gar - den now The suffer'g Saviour prays a - lone.  
E'en that dis-ci-ple whom He loved Heeds not his Master's grief and tears.  
Yet He, who hath in anguish knelt, Is not for-sak-en by His God.

CARRIE E. BRECK.

D. B. TOWNER.

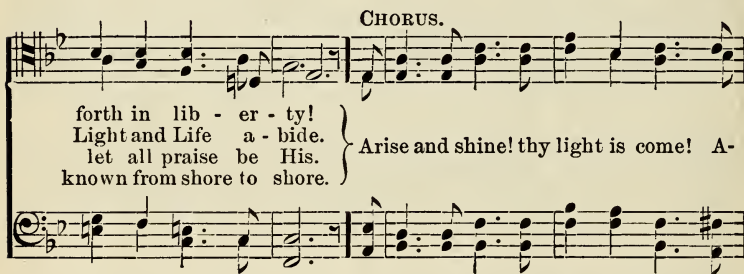


1. A - rise and shine! thy light is come! The Lord hath  
 2. A - rise and shine! thy light is come! Let sin and  
 3. A - rise and shine! thy light is come! Thy God thy  
 4. A - rise and shine! thy light is come! And night shall



made thee free! The chains of dark - ness bind no more; Go  
 sor - row hide; Go forth and show to all the world That  
 glo - ry is; Show forth the won - ders of His love, And  
 be no more; Shine till the glo - ry of the Lord Is

CHORUS.



forth in lib - er - ty!  
 Light and Life a - bide.  
 let all praise be His. } Arise and shine! thy light is come! A-  
 known from shore to shore. }



rise, a - rise and shine! With love's bright a - dorn-ing, Shine

# Arise and Shine!

forth as the morn-ing; A - rise, a - rise and shine!

## No. 30. The Christian War Song.

PALMER HARTSOUGH.

J. H. FILLMORE.

1. War sounds forth his dread a-larms, Brothers, 'tis the call to arms;  
 2. Comes the foe in proud ar - ray, Sinks the soul in dire dis-may,  
 3. Thro' the con - flict dark, of time, Faith be-holds the end sub-lime,

Rally we, Rally we,  
 Fearfully, Fearfully,  
 Glo-ri-ous, Glo-ri-ous,  
 In the ranks of Christ we muster, 'Neath His banner's fade-less lus-ter,  
 As the shouts come bold, de - fy - ing, As his darts come swiftly fly-ing,  
 Sees her Lord enthroned and glo-ri-ous, Sees the saints in robes vic-to-ri-ous,

Ral - ly we, for well we know the sil - ver trumpet's sound;  
 Sinks the soul, for weak is flesh when Sa - tan's hosts as - sail;  
 Sees the triumph, sees the bless - ed peace when war is done;

# The Christian War Song.

Joyfully, Battling, Praising Him, Joyfully, Battling, Praising Him,

At the word, with joy ad-vanc-ing, Ev-'ry eye with hope is glancing,  
Stand we firm, and no sur-ren-der, Christ our Cap-tain and De-fend-er,  
And she hears the heav'nly cho-rus, Praising Him who reigneth o'er us,

Steps are light as march we on-ward thro' Im-  
Fierce the bat-tle, yet with Christ our Cap-tain  
Ev-er say-ing, "Glo-ry, hon-or, and the

man-uel's ground, we're march-ing, On, on, on for  
we pre-vail, pre-vail, with Christ our Cap-tain  
vic-t'ry won, be un-to Fa-ther, Son, and

truth and right, On, on, on in God's own might.  
we pre-vail, Christ our Cap-tain we pre-vail.  
Ho-ly Ghost, Fa-ther, Son, and Ho-ly Ghost."

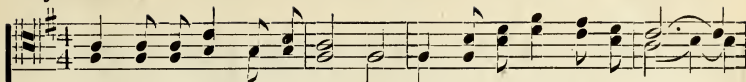


## No. 31.

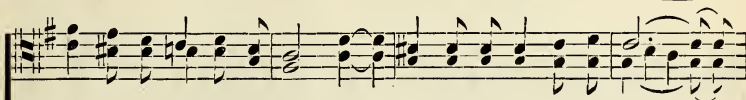
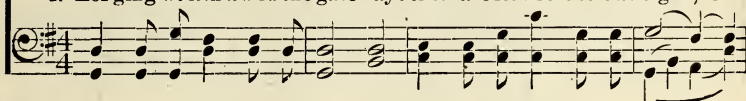
## Only.

J. T. H.

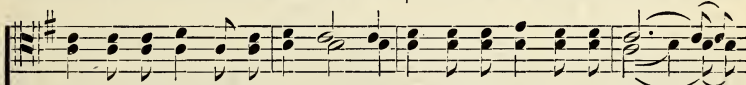
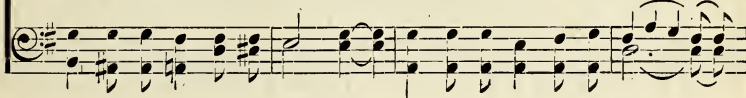
EDWARD M. FULLER.



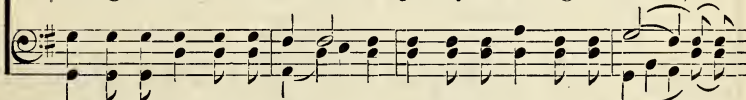
1. On - ly to pass thro' the gateway, Beau-ti-ful gateway of light!
2. On - ly to pass thro' the gateway. Wonderful gateway of peace!
3. On - ly to pass thro' the gateway. — Entrance to bliss that is sure,
4. Longing we look tow'rd the gateway: Closed are its doors to our sight; No



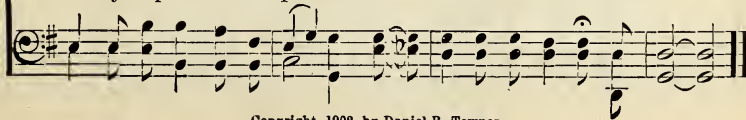
Leaving behind all earth's sor-rows, Leaving the darkness of night. ....  
 Pass from the toiling and struggling To rest that shall nevermore cease;  
 Love that is ev - er un - self - ish, Life that is per-fect and pure. ....  
 strain of the music floats downward, No ray of the glo - ri - ous light; But tho'



On - ly to step on the pavements With ra-di ant lustre that shine;  
 Pass from the falt'ring and fail-ing To strength that no weakness shall blight;  
 Thereon our robe's dazzling whiteness, Nev - er a sin-stain shall rest;  
 frowning and dark on the earth-side That gateway of blessing shall stand, It is



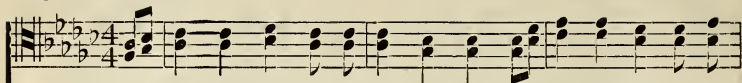
On - ly to walk in the glo - ry Of a day that shall never de - cline.  
 Pass from the doubting and fearing To rapture of knowledge and sight.  
 Nev - er a tear dim the vi-sion, And never a pang cross the breast.  
 on - ly to pass thro' its portals To en - ter the wonderful land.



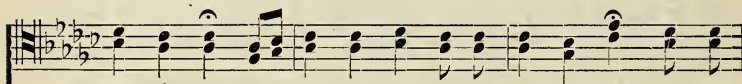
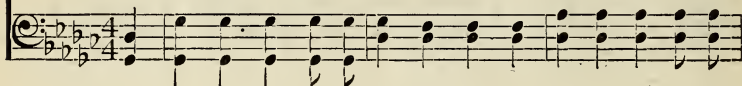
# No. 32. Come Away to Jesus Now.

J. M. WHITE.

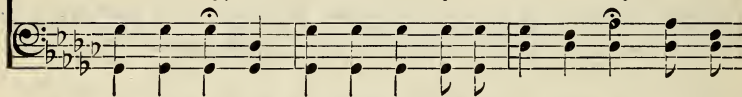
S. H. FRENCH.



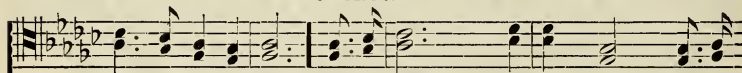
1. Oh, why thus stand with re-luc-tant feet, Just on the verge of this
2. The Spir-it strives, and yet there you stand, In sight of bliss and the
3. Your loved ones gone to the oth - er shore, With unseen hands seem to
4. Then come to Je-sus, oh, come a - way, His pleading voice hasten



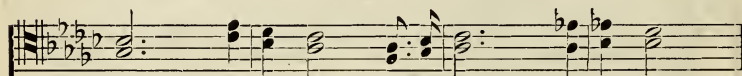
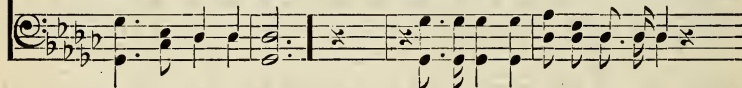
rest so sweet? While God invites, and your steps will greet, Come a-  
glo - ry land; Re - treat is death in the sink - ing sand: - Come a-  
beck-on o'er; Their voices hushed, yet they still implore: "Come a-  
to o - bey, And trust Him ful - ly to save to - day: - Come a-



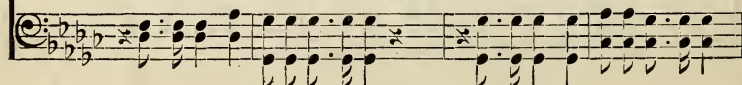
## CHORUS.



way to Je - sus now. Come a - way to Je - sus, Come a -  
way to Je - sus now.  
way to Je - sus now."  
way to Je - sus now. Come away to Jesus, come away,



way to Je - sus, Come a - way to Je - sus,  
Come away to Jesus, come away, Come away to Jesus, come away,



## Come Away to Jesus Now.

*After last verse only.*

*Slower.*

*Rit.*

Come a - way to Je - sus now. Come a - way to Je - sus now.  
just now.

## No. 33. Jesus, Saviour, Pilot Me.

E. HOPPER.

J. E. GOULD.

*Melody in the 2d Tenor.*

1. Je - sus, Saviour, pi - lot me O - ver life's tempestuous sea;
2. As a moth - er stills her child, Thou canst hush the o - cean wild;
3. When at last, I near the shore, And the fear - ful breakers roar

Unknown waves before me roll, Hid - ing rock and treach'rous shoal;  
Boist'rous waves o - bey Thy will When Thou say'st to them, "Be still!"  
'Twixt me and the peaceful rest, Then, while leaning on Thy breast,

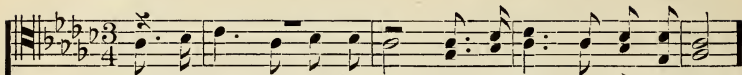
Chart and compass came from Thee; Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me.  
Wondrous Sov'reign of the sea, Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me.  
May I hear Thee say to me, "Fear not, I will pi - lot thee!"

## No. 34.

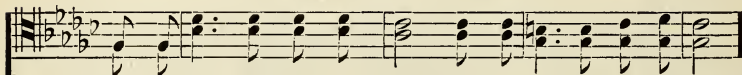
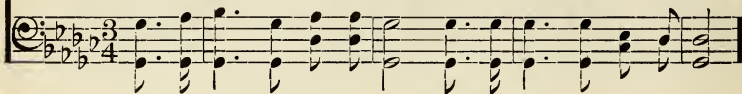
## In a Weary Land.

W. C. MARTIN.

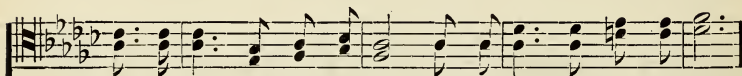
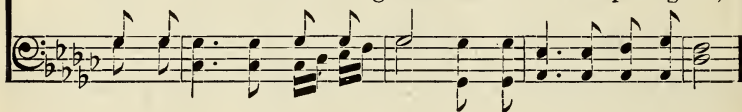
EDWARD M. FULLER.



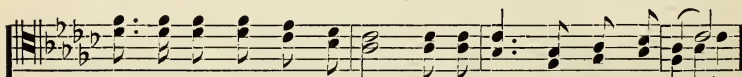
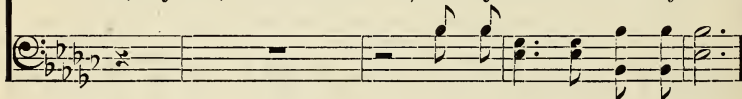
1. Faint and wea - ry from the heat And the bur - den of the day,
2. When the troubles of my life Weak-en mind and crush my heart,-
3. Oft - en sin triumphant seems, Vir - tue yielding in the strife;



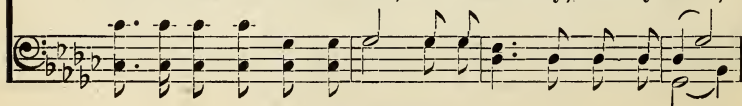
Long-ing for a cool re - treat Where the breezes gently play,-  
Wounded in the mor-tal strife,- Then I, like a stricken hart,  
Seem to fade the last faint gleams Of the truth's ex-pir-ing life;



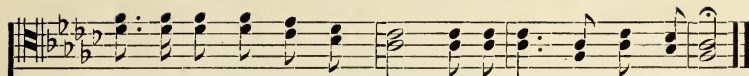
Lo, I find it with the flock Sheltered by the Lord's own hand,  
From the tur - moil and the shock, Seek defence at God's own hand,  
But, my God, when sinners mock, Safe - ly then I take my stand



In the shadow of a Rock, In a wea - ry, wea - ry land;  
Seek the shadow of a Rock, In a wea - ry, wea - ry land;  
In the shadow of a Rock, In a wea - ry, wea - ry land;



## In a Weary Land.



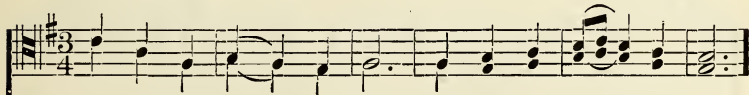
In the shadow of a Rock, In a wea - ry, wea - ry land.  
 Seek the shadow of a Rock, In a wea - ry, wea - ry land.  
 In the shadow of a Rock, In a wea - ry, wea - ry land.



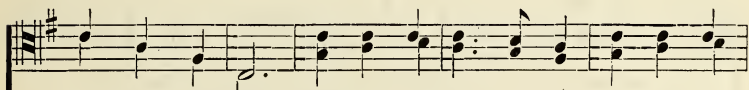
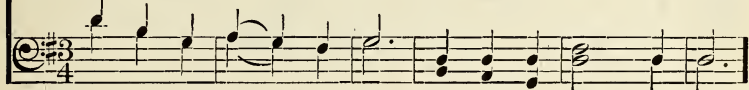
## No. 35. Come, Thou Almighty King.

CHARLES WESLEY.

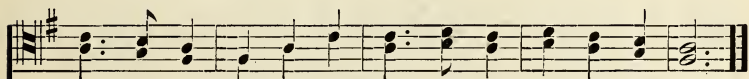
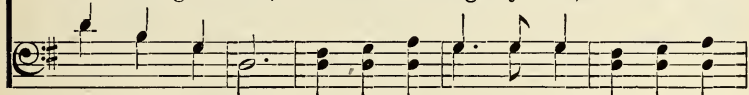
GIARDINI.



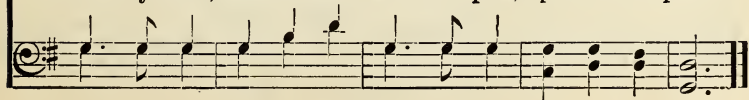
1. Come, Thou Al - might - y King, Help us Thy name to sing,  
 2. Come, Thou in - car - nate Word, Gird on thy might - y sword;  
 3. Come, ho - ly Com - fort - er! Thy sa - cred wit - ness bear,



Help us to praise; Fa - ther, all - glo - ri - ous, O'er all vic -  
 Our prayer at - tend; Come, and Thy peo - ple bless, And give Thy  
 In this glad hour; Thou who al - might - y art, Now rule in



to - ri - ous, Come, and reign o - ver us, An - cient of Days!  
 Word suc - cess, Spir - it of ho - li - ness! On us de - scend.  
 ev - 'ry heart, And ne'er from us de - part, Spir - it of pow'r.



J. R. TAYLOR.

D. B. TOWNER.

1. I'm but a stranger here, Heav'n is my home; Earth is a  
 2. What tho' the tempest rage? Heav'n is my home; Short is my  
 3. There at my Saviour's side, Heav'n is my home; I shall be

des-ert drear, Heav'n is my home. Dan-ger and sor-row stand  
 pil-grim-age, Heav'n is my home. Time's threat'ning wintry blast  
 glo-ri-fied, Heav'n is my home. There are the good and blest,

Round me on ev'-ry hand, Heav'n is my fa-ther-land, Heav'n is my  
 Soon will be o-ver-past, I shall reach home at last, Heav'n is my  
 Those I love most and best, There, too, I soon shall rest, Heav'n is my

*Ad lib.*

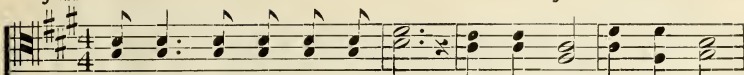
home; Heav'n is my fa-ther-land, Heav'n is my home.  
 home; I shall reach home at last, Heav'n is my home.  
 home; There, too, I soon shall rest, Heav'n is my home.

## No. 37.

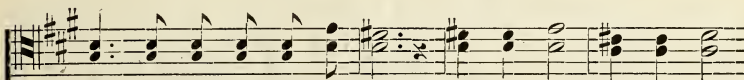
## Speed It On!

JESSIE H. BROWN.

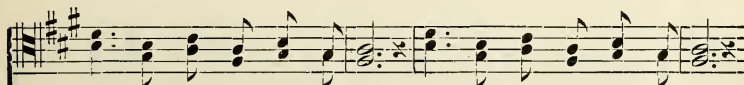
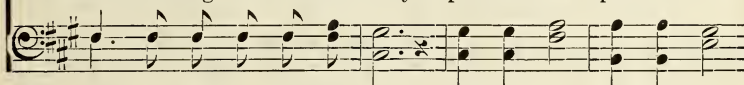
J. H. ROSECRANS.



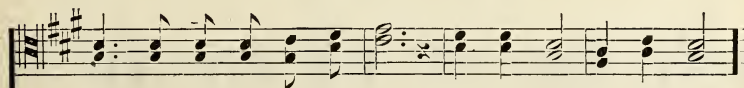
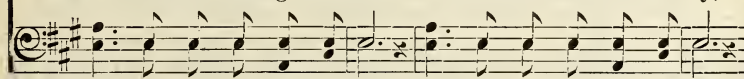
1. Speed it—speed the Gos - pel call! Speed it on! Speed it on!
2. Speed it—speed the precious hope! Speed it on! Speed it on!
3. Speed it—speed the joy - ful day! Speed it on! Speed it on!



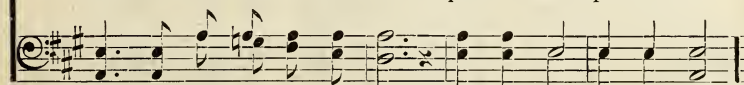
Tell the glad good news to all: Speed it on! Speed it on!  
 To the souls that blindly grope, Speed it on! Speed it on!  
 When our King the world shall sway—Speed it on! Speed it on!



Till the drear - y lives shall be Thrilled with sudden ec - sta - sy,  
 Till the clouds shall lift - ed be, And the tear - dimmed eyes shall see  
 When His cross the sign shall be Of a world - wide vic - to - ry,



And the world keep Ju - bi - lee— Speed it on! Speed it on!  
 Vi - sions of e - ter - ni - ty— Speed it on! Speed it on!  
 And man - kind at last be free— Speed it on! Speed it on!



## No. 38.

## Over the Harbor Bar.

W. C. MARTIN.

EDWARD M. FULLER.

1. Let us sing a song in praise of Christ, our Pi - lot,  
 2. Man - y smil - ing, hap - py fac - es wait to greet us  
 3. We have al - most done with bat - tling storm - y bil - lows;

For we see at last the glow - ing Har - bor Light; Harmless  
 When our bark has safe - ly passed the har - bor bar; We can  
 We have al - most reached the ha - ven of the blest; Like the

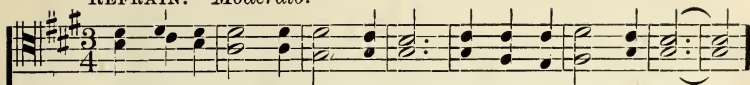
swept the storm - winds o'er us, And we see with joy be - fore us  
 sing with tempests blowing, Since we see be - fore us glow - ing  
 star that her - alds morning, Shines the light with friend - ly warning

*ten.*  
 His fair bea - con gleam - ing out in - to the night.  
 Heav - en's wel - come to our souls a - cross the bar.  
 That the hour is al - most come for fi - nal rest.  
*ten.*

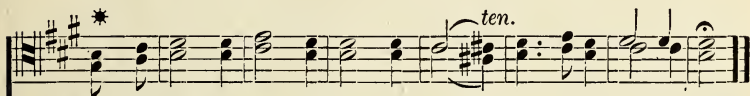


## Over the Harbor Bar.

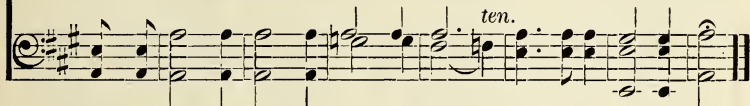
REFRAIN. *Moderato.*



O - ver the har - bor bar with Christ, O-ver the har - bor bar;



There's a welcome sweet, with smiles to greet, O-ver the har-bor bar.



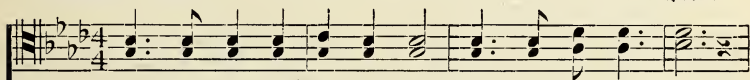
\* Melody in the part marked \*.

## No. 39.

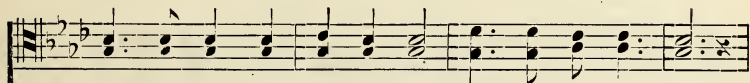
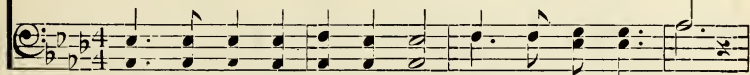
## Coming Home.

PALMER HARTSOUGH.

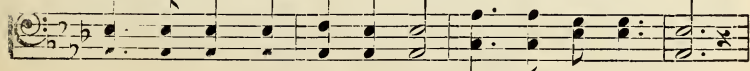
FINLEY LYON.



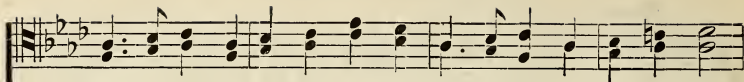
1. Long I've wandered far from God, Now I'm com-ing home;
2. Husks my hun-gry soul have fed, Now I'm com-ing home;
3. All un - fit a son to be, Now I'm com-ing home;



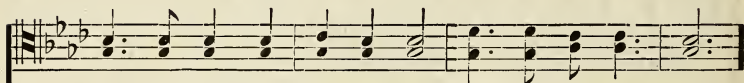
Long the paths of sin I've trod, Now I'm com-ing home.  
 I will seek the liv-ing Bread, Now I'm com-ing home.  
 But a serv-ant's place for me, Now I'm com-ing home.



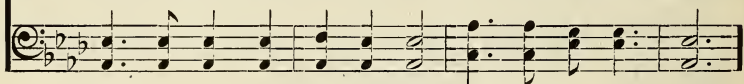
## Coming Home.



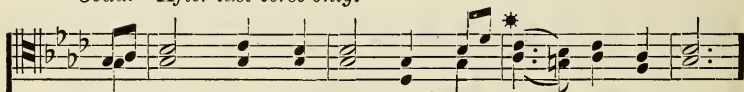
Dark and dreary is the des-ert, Rocks and thorns where'er I roam,  
On the ta - ble of my Fa-ther Plen-ty waits for all who come,  
Lo! the Fa-ther waiting, watching, Sees a - far, and hastes to come,



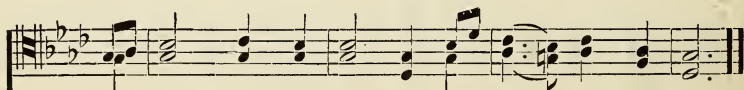
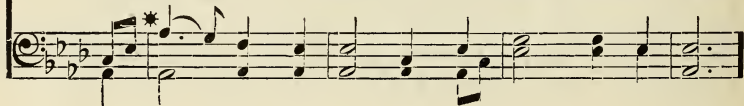
Now the Fa - ther's house I seek, Now I'm com-ing home.  
Why with hun - ger do I die? I am com-ing home.  
Oh, the wel - come, oh, the joy, Now I'm com-ing home.



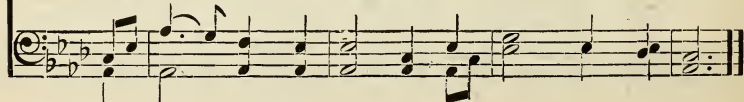
*Coda. After last verse only.*



Why long - er, O wan-d'rer, in sin dost thou roam?



The Fa - ther is wait - ing to wel - come thee home.



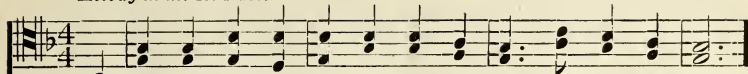
\* Melody in 1st Bass and 1st Tenor.

# No. 40. He Rolls the Sea Away.

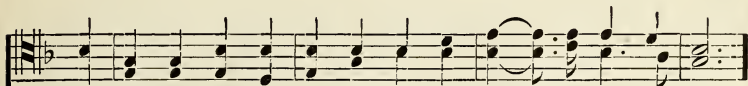
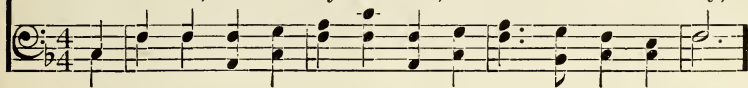
EMMA PITT.

D. B. TOWNER.

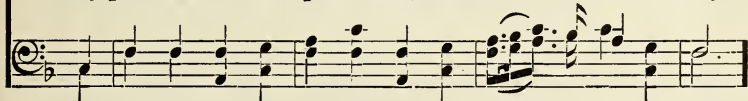
*Melody in the 1st Bass.*



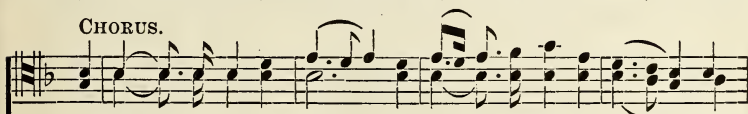
1. In an-cient days when Israel's host In dark - est bond-age lay,
2. The waves of sin swept o'er my soul, Temp-tations held their sway;
3. Tho' doubts and fears ob - scure my path, With Je - sus I will stay,
4. Dear Je - sus, when in my last hour, I face tow'rd realms of day,



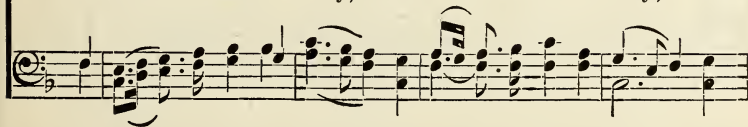
The might-y pow'r of God was shown, He rolled the sea a - way.  
The Lord spoke peace, and par-don gave, He rolled the sea a - way.  
He'll keep me near His lov-ing heart, And roll the sea a - way.  
Thy presence then shall pi - lot me, And roll the sea a - way.



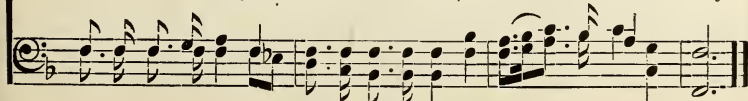
## CHORUS.



He rolled the sea a - way, He rolled the sea a - way; With



Je-sus ev-er near, No foe have I to fear, He rolls the sea a - way.

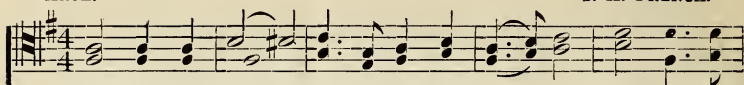


## No. 41.

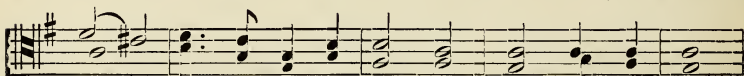
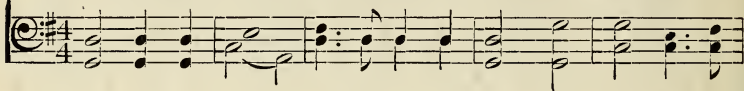
## Sleep Thy Last Sleep.

Anon.

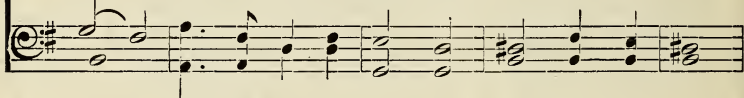
S. H. FRENCH.



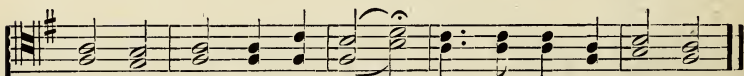
1. Sleep thy last sleep, Free from care and sor - row; Rest where none
2. Life's dream is past, All its sin and sad - ness, Brightly at
3. Tho' we may mourn Those in life the dear - est, They shall re-



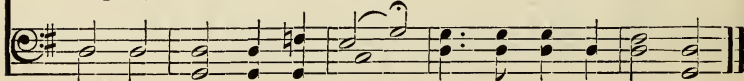
weep Till th'e-ter - nal mor - row; Tho' dark waves roll  
 last Dawns the day of glad - ness; Un - der the sod,  
 turn, Christ, when Thou ap-pear - est; Soon shall Thy voice

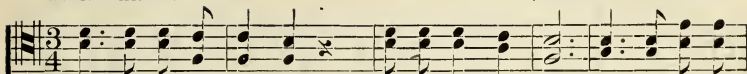


O'er the si - lent riv - er, Thy faint - ing soul Je - sus can de -  
 Earth, receive our treas - ure, To rest with God, Wait - ing all His  
 Comfort those now weeping, Bid - ding re - joice All in Je - sus



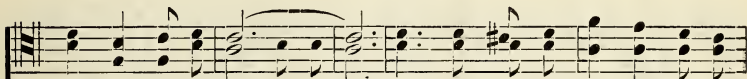
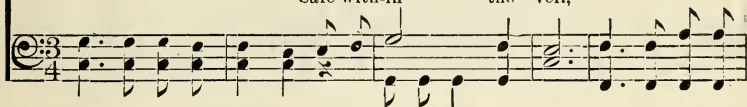
liv - er;— Thy fainting soul Je - sus can de - liv - er.  
 pleas - ure;— To rest with God, Wait - ing all His pleas - ure.  
 sleep - ing, — Bid - ding re - joice All in Je - sus sleep - ing.



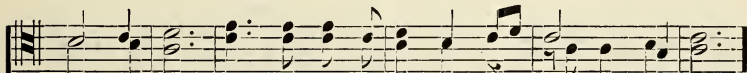
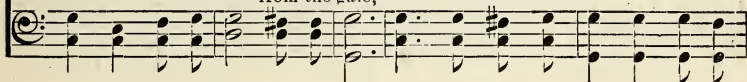


1. Wild-ly sweeps the tempest O'er the an - gry sea, Loud-ly roar the  
 2. Oh, how dark the shadows Lie up-on life's main, And our hearts are  
 3. We will cast the an - chor Safe within the veil, Hid-ing in its

O'er the an - gry sea,  
 Lie up-on life's main,  
 Safe with-in the veil,



break-ers on the lee;..... But God holds the wa - ters safe-ly  
 filled with doubt and pain;..... O our God and Fa-ther,hear us  
 shel - ter from the gale;..... Hear the voice of Je - sus bid the  
 on the lee;  
 doubt and pain;  
 from the gale;



in His hand, He will calm the bil-lows by His command:  
 when we pray, Oh, re-buke the tempest, dear Lord, and say:  
 tem-pest cease; Morn-ing light is breaking in peace, sweet peace:  
 by His com-mand:  
 dear Lord, and say:  
 in peace, sweet peace.



*p* REFRAIN.

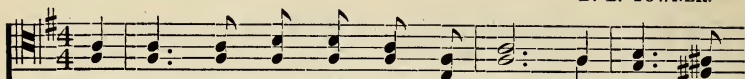


"Peace, be still, Peace, be still, Peace,..... be still."  
 Peace, be still,


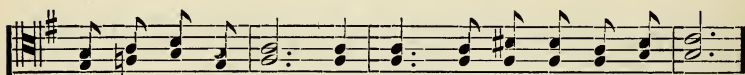


ERNEST G. WESLEY.

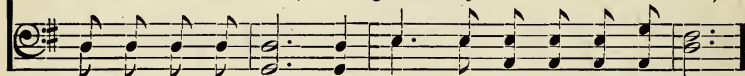
D. B. TOWNER.



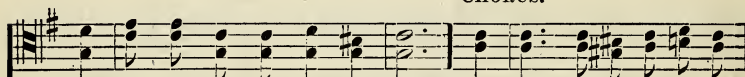
1. Christ died for me when far a - way From life, and  
 2. Christ died for me, en - dured my shame, From glo - ry -  
 3. Christ died for me, His pierc - ed side The gate of  
 4. Christ died for me, O Love Di - vine, "I am my

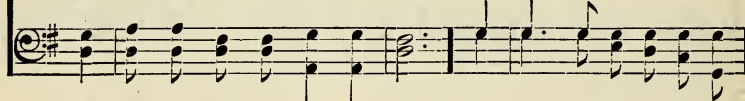

peace, in sin a - stray; How this could be I do not know,  
 throne to earth He came; There bore the Cross, its bit - ter pain;  
 heav - en o - pened wide; He pur - chased me with precious blood;  
 Lord's and He is mine;" He paid my debt and I am free;



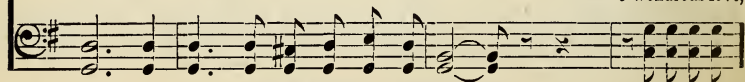
## CHORUS.



Un less be - cause He loved me so.  
 The grief was His, but mine the gain.  
 He thus brought back my heart to God. } 'Twas Christ, the sinless, bore my  
 He loved me so, He died for me. }

shame; 'Twas Christ, the blameless, bore my blame, O wondrous love, . . . .  
 O wondrous love,



# Christ Died for Me.

how could this be?..... He took my place, He died for me.  
how could this be?

## No. 44. We Would See Jesus.

ANNA B. WARNER.

FELIX MENDELSSOHN.

*Melody in the 2d Tenor.*

1. We would see Je - sus—for the shadows lengthen A - cross this
2. We would see Je - sus—the great Rock Foun - da - tion, Where - on our
3. We would see Je - sus—oth - er lights are pal - ing, Which for long
4. We would see Je - sus—this is all we're need - ing, Strength, joy, and

lit - tle landscape of our life; We would see Je - sus—our weak  
feet were set with sov'reign grace; Not life, nor death, with all their  
years we have re-joiced to see; The blessings of our pil-grim-  
will-ing-ness come with the sight; We would see Je - sus, dy - ing,

faith to strengthen, For the last wea - ri-ness—the fi - nal strife.  
ag - i - ta - tion, Can thence re-move us, if we see His face.  
age are fail - ing, We would not mourn them, for we go to Thee.  
ris - en, plead - ing, Then wel - come day, and farewell mor - tal night!

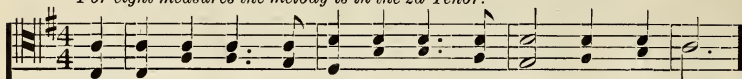
# No. 45.

# Lord, Tarry Not.

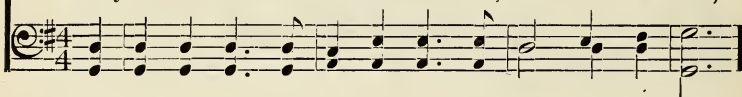
HORATIUS BONAR.

EDWARD M. FULLER.

*For eight measures the melody is in the 2d Tenor.*



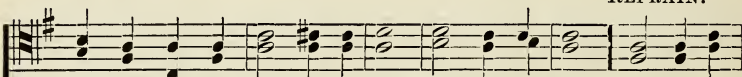
1. Be-yond the smil - ing and the weep - ing, I shall be soon;
2. Be-yond the bloom - ing and the fad - ing, I shall be soon;
3. Be-yond the part - ing and the meet - ing, I shall be soon;
4. Be-yond the frost-chain and the fe - ver, I shall be soon;



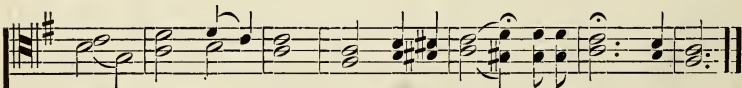
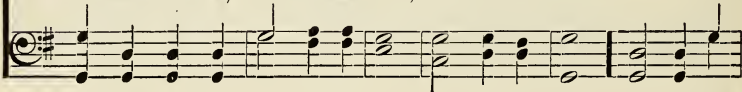
Be - yond the wak - ing and the sleep - ing, Be - yond the sow - ing  
 Be - yond the shin - ing and the shad - ing, Be - yond the hop - ing  
 Be - yond the fare - well and the greet - ing, Be - yond the puls - es  
 Be - yond the rock - waste and the riv - er, Be - yond the ev - er



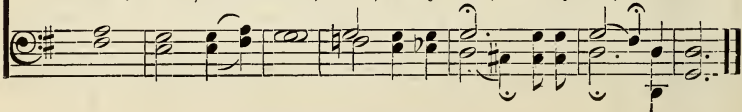
## REFRAIN.



and the reap - ing,	I shall be soon,	I shall be soon.	} Love, rest, and
and the dreading,	I shall be soon,	I shall be soon.	
fe - ver - beat - ing,	I shall be soon,	I shall be soon.	
and the nev - er,	I shall be soon,	I shall be soon.	



home, Sweet, sweet home; Lord, tar-ry not, tar-ry not, but come.

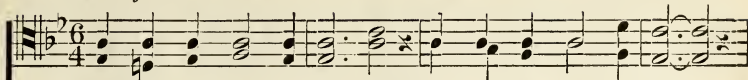




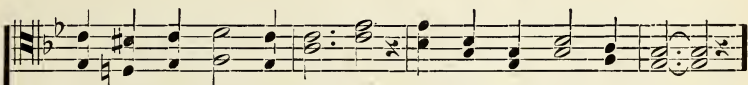
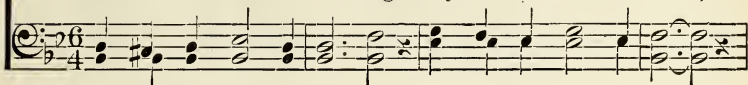
# No. 46. Who Shall Abide?

MARGARET MOODY.  
Melody in 2d Tenor.

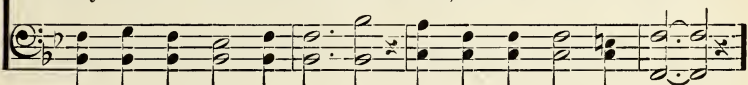
W. A. OGDEN.  
Arr. by D. B. T.



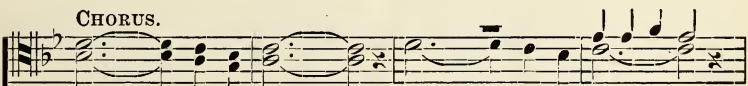
1. Who shall a - bide His com - ing? Who shall His chos - en be?
2. Who shall a - bide His com - ing, When He shall claim His own?
3. Who shall a - bide His com - ing? They who are un - de - filed;



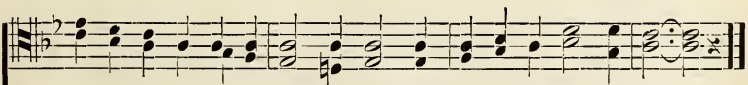
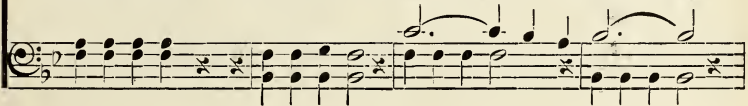
When at the Lord's ap - pear - ing, What shall He say of thee?  
Stand in the day of judgment, Spot - less be - fore His throne?  
They who in faith have followed Christ, as a lit - tle child.



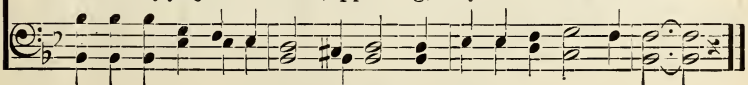
## CHORUS.



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



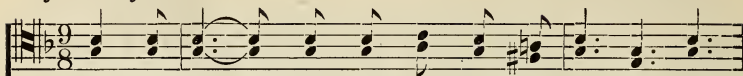
When at Thy judgment, O Christ, appearing, Who shall abide with Thee?  
When at Thy judgment, O Christ, appearing, They shall abide with Thee.



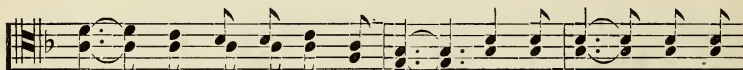
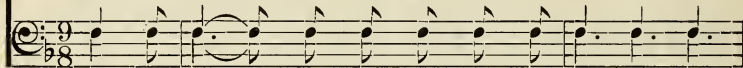
# No. 47. Let Him that Heareth Say, "Come."

JULIA H. JOHNSTON.

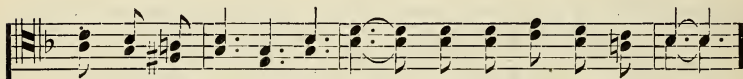
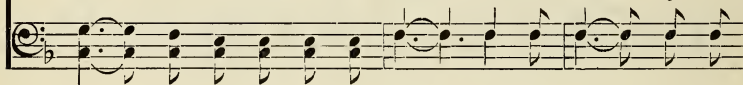
D. B. TOWNER.



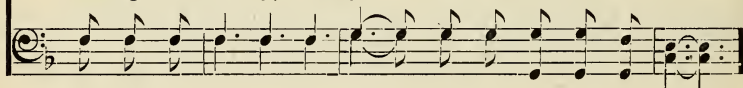
1. Have you heard the good news of re-demp-tion? Let  
2. For this word the dark pla - ces are wait - ing, Let  
3. Un - to men there is born a Re - deem - er, Let  
4. Have you been so for - get - ful and si - lent As



him that hath heard it say, "Come." Have you known of the  
him that hath heard it say, "Come." Oh, the mes - sage is  
him that hath heard it say, "Come." Tell it out that the  
nev - er to bid oth - ers "Come"? Do not tar - ry the



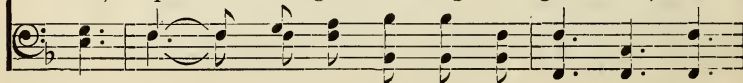
of - fer of mer - cy? Let him that hath heard it say, "Come."  
old as the a - ges, Let him that hath heard it say, "Come."  
wand'ring may hear it, Let him that hath heard it say, "Come."  
mes - sage to car - ry, All ye that hath heard it say, "Come."



## CHORUS.



Oh, spread the good ti - dings of glad - ness, Be



# Let Him that Heareth Say, "Come."

faith - ful, that you may win some. Pass on the divine in - vi-

ta - tion, Let him that hath heard it say, "Come." *Rall.*

## No. 48. Ye Christian Heralds.

BOURNE H. DRAPER.

H. C. ZEUNER.

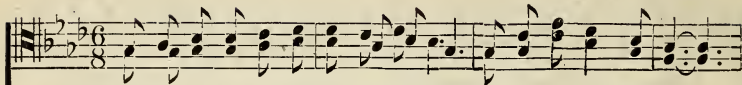
1. Ye Christian heralds, go, proclaim Sal - va - tion thro' Im - man - uel's name;
2. He'll shield you with a wall of fire, With flaming zeal your hearts inspire,
3. And when our la - bors all are o'er, Then we shall meet to part no more—

To distant climes the tidings bear, And plant the rose of Shar - on there.  
 Bid raging winds their fu - ry cease, And hush the tempest in - to peace.  
 Meet with the blood - bought throng to fall, And crown our Jesus Lord of all.

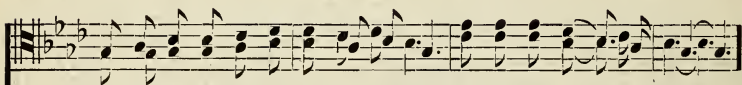
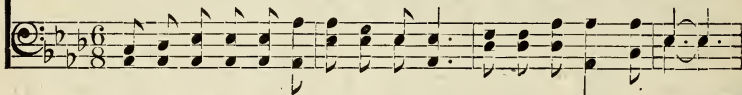
# No. 49. Let the Dear Saviour Come In.

E. M. F.

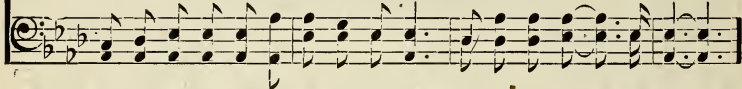
EDWARD M. FULLER.



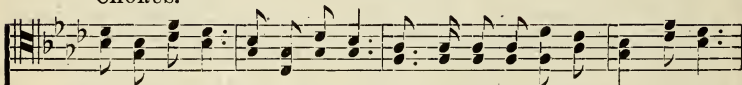
1. Je-sus is standing to-night at your heart:—Freely He died for all;
2. Gently He pleads as so often before, Pleads to be welcomed in;
3. Sinner, now listen, and turn not away Je-sus, thy lov-ing Friend;
4. Say now to Jesus, "I hear Thy blest call; En-ter my o - pen door;



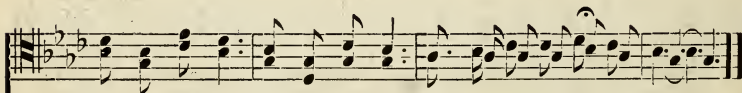
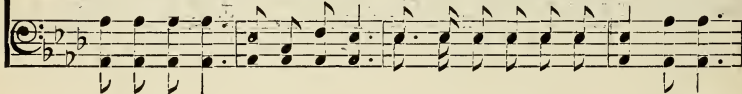
He is not willing from one to depart; Loving and kind is His call.  
Yet how unyielding thy heart's bolted door! Dark is the room with sin.  
Now He is waiting,—He calls thee to-day;—Soon all His pleading must end.  
Thou art my King, and be-fore Thee I fall, I will re-ject Thee no more."



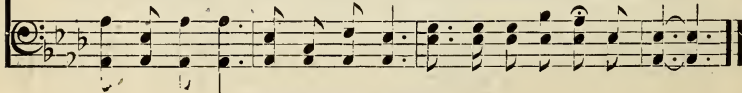
## CHORUS.



Let Him come in, let Him come in; Let the dear Saviour come in, come in.



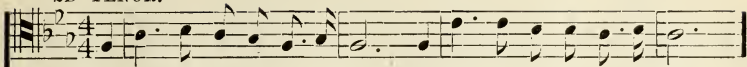
Let Him come in, let Him come in; Let the dear Saviour come in.



G. W. CROFTS.

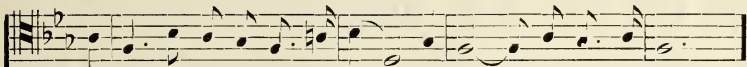
D. B. TOWNER.

2D TENOR.

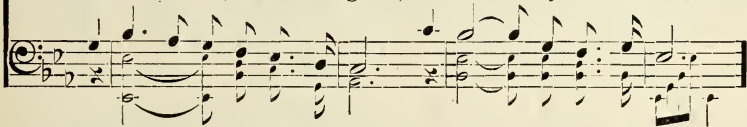


1. How blest the tho't that Jesus knows Each wind that rudely round me blows,
2. The bit-ter cups that I must drain, The tho'ts that rack my weary brain,
3. The cross that I must daily bear, The deep anx-i - e - ty and care,
4. The longings that pervade my breast, To reach my home and be at rest

1ST BASS.



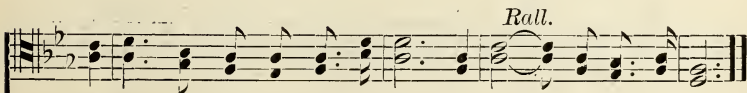
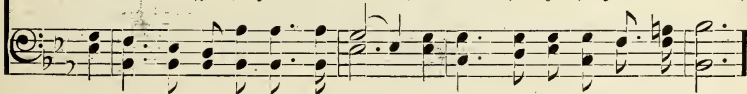
Each tide of grief that o'er me flows, He knows, my Je-sus knows.  
 The efforts that seem all in vain, He knows, my Je-sus knows.  
 The crown of thorns I too must wear, He knows, my Je-sus knows.  
 With Him I love, a welcome guest, He knows, my Je-sus knows.



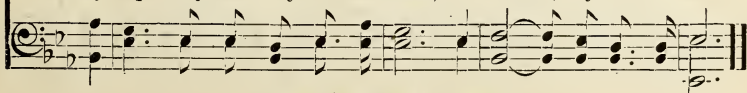
REFRAIN.



He knows, oh, yes, my Jesus knows, He knows, oh, yes, my Jesus knows,

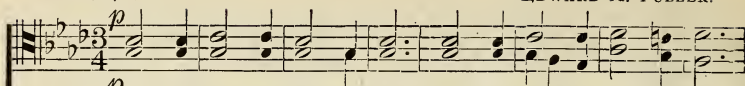


My hopes, my fears, my bit - ter woes, He knows, my Je-sus knows.

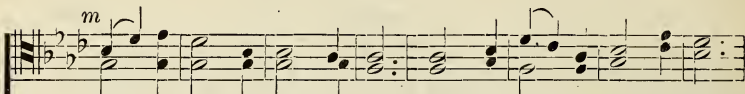
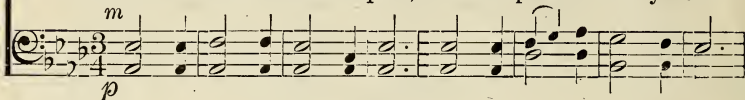


G. W. LYON.

EDWARD M. FULLER.

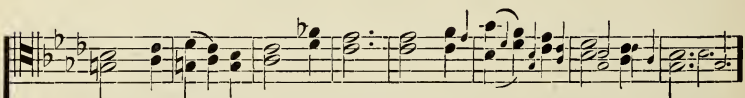
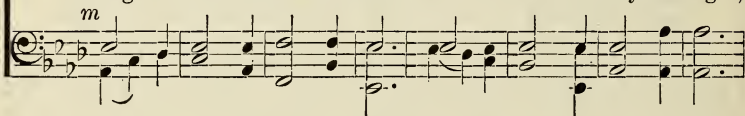


- p*
1. If the way be dark and drear, And thy heart o'ercome with fear,
  2. Should thy hopes all seem to fail, And thy prayers of no a - vail,
  3. In the hour of care and pain, Thou His prom-is-es mayst claim:



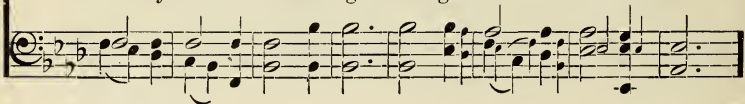
*m*

Cling to Je - sus more and more. When thy burdens seem too great,  
 Cling to Je - sus more and more. He will show thee what is best;  
 Cling to Je - sus more and more. Fol - low Him both day and night,

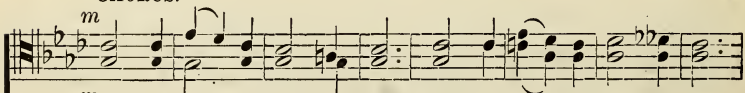


*m*

He will bear their heavy weight:-Cling to Je - sus more and more.  
 Trust in Him; thou shalt be blest:-Cling to Je - sus more and more.  
 Till thy faith is lost in sight:-Cling to Je - sus more and more.

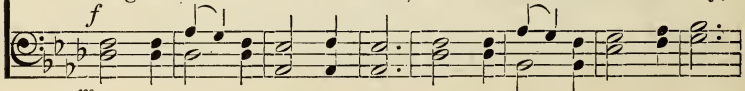


## CHORUS.



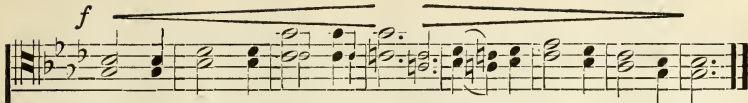
*m*

Cling to Je - sus more and more, Whether dark or fair the day,

*m*

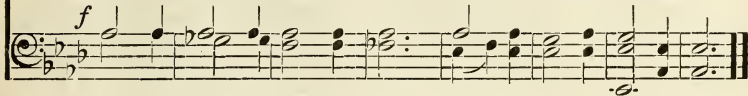
# Cling to Jesus.

*f*



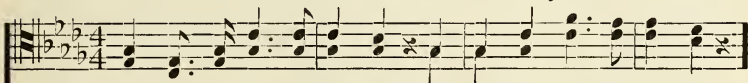
Whether smooth or rough the way, Cling to Je-sus more and more.

*f*



## No. 52. Remember Me, O Mighty One!

JOHANNA KINKEL.



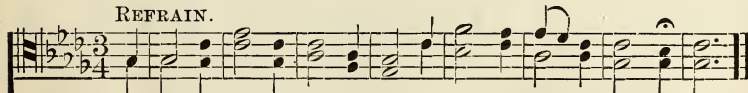
1. When storms around are sweeping, When lone my watch I'm keeping,
2. When walking on life's o - cean, Con - trol its rag - ing mo - tion;
3. When weight of sin op - press - es, When dark de - spair dis - tress - es,



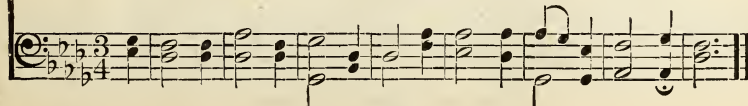
'Mid fires of e - vil fall - ing, 'Mid tempters' voi - ces call - ing,  
When from its dangers shrinking, When in its dread deeps sinking,  
All thro' the life that's mor - tal, And when I pass death's portal,



### REFRAIN.

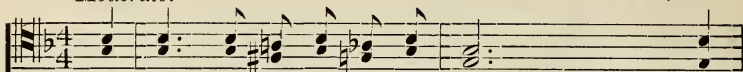


Remember me, O Mighty One! Remember me, O Mighty One!



*Moderato.*

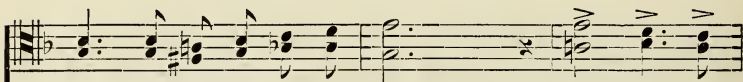
FINLEY LYON.



1. He knows the bit - ter, wea - ry way (the wea - ry way), The  
 2. He knows how hard the fight has been (the fight has been), The  
 3. He knows when faint and worn we sink (when worn we sink), How



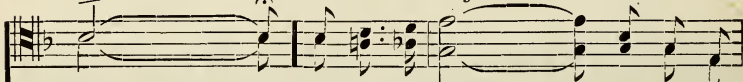
end - less striv - ing day by day, Of  
 clouds that come our lives be - tween, The  
 deep the pain, how near the brink Of  
 end - - less striv - ing day by day,



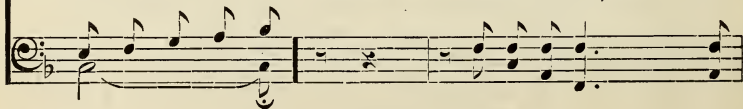
those who weep and those who pray (who pray); He knows it  
 wounds the world has nev - er seen (ne'er seen); He knows it  
 dark de - spair we pause and shrink (and shrink); He knows it



REFRAIN. *Allegro.*



all..... He knows it all..... He knows it  
 He knows it all. He knows it all, He





# He Knows It All.

*Rall.*

*A tempo.*

all, Yes, Je - sus knows it all;... He knows it  
knows it all,

*Cres.*

*Rit.*

*Dim.*

*pp*

all, ..... He knows it all, Yes, Jesus knows it all.  
He knows it all, He knows it all, He knows it all.

## No. 54.

## Light of My Life.

B. W. BURLEIGH.

D. B. TOWNER.

*Melody in the 2d Tenor.*

1. O Thou Light of my soul, bless-ed Sav - iour, Thou hast  
2. O Thou Friend of the poor, bless-ed Sav - iour, Thou hast  
3. O Thou Shep-herd of men, bless-ed Sav - iour, Thou wouldst  
4. O Thou King of my life, bless-ed Sav - iour, From my

brought to this dark world the light; Once the dark-ness of sin  
brought from Thy boun-ti - ful store Man - y treas-ures and rich-  
gath - er Thy poor scattered sheep From the mountains of sin,  
heart I would ev - er-more raise, With the hosts of redeemed

Copyright, 1902, by Daniel B. Towner.

# Light of My Life.

lay up - on me, And I loved noth - ing else but the night.  
 es and blessings, And each day Thou art giv - ing us more.  
 to the pas - ture Where in safe - ty Thy fold Thou canst keep.  
 ones in heav - en, Un - to Thee joy - ous an - thems of praise.

## CHORUS.

O Thou Light of my life, O Thou  
 O Light, Thou Light of my life,

Friend from Gal - i - lee! Like a bright  
 O Friend, Thou Friend from fair Gal - i - lee! Like a bright

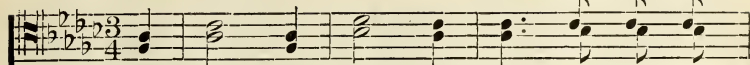
bea - con light, Let me shine in this world for Thee.  
 bea - con light in the night,

## No. 55.

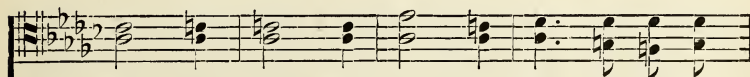
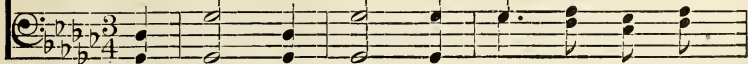
## Come In, My Saviour!

Rev. HANDLEY G. C. MOULE.

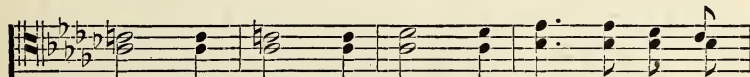
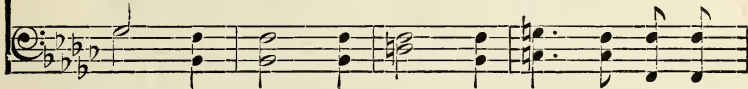
EDWARD M. FULLER.



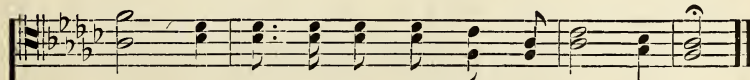
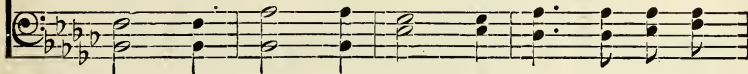
1. Come in, O come, the door stands o - pen  
 2. I seek no more to al - ter things, or  
 3. Come, not to find, but make this troub - led



now; I knew Thy voice, Lord Je - sus, it was  
 mend, Be - fore the com - ing of so great a  
 heart A dwell - ing wor - thy of Thee, as Thou



Thou, The sun has set long since, the storms be -  
 Friend, All were at best un - seem - ly, and 'twere  
 art, To chase the night, the ter - ror, and the



gin; 'Tis time for Thee, my Sav - iour, O come in!  
 ill Be - yond all else to keep Thee wait - ing still.  
 sin, Come all Thy-self, yea, come, Lord Je - sus, in.



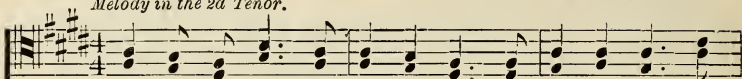
Copyright, 1901, by Edward M. Fuller.

## No. 56.

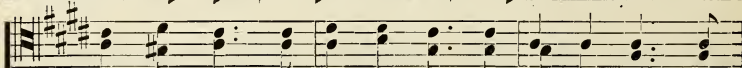
## Life's Heavenly Secret.

DWIGHT MALORY PRATT.

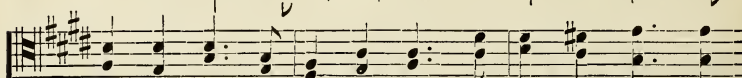
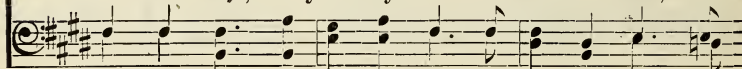
D. B. TOWNER.

*Melody in the 2d Tenor.*

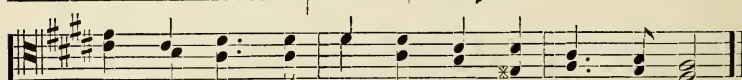
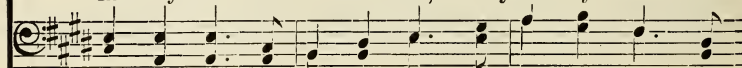
1. Je - sus, my Lord, Thou art my life, My rest in la - bor,
2. Long, long I strug - gled ere I knew My struggling vain, my
3. I prayed and wrestled in my prayer, I wrought, but self was
4. My ef - fort vain, my weakness learned; Weary, from self to
5. Life's heav'nly se - cret is re - vealed; In Christ all rich - es
6. O peace - ful rest! O life di - vine! My ef - fort can - not



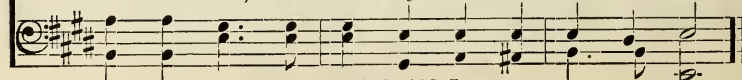
strength in strife; Thy love be - gets my love to Thee; Thy  
 life un - true; I sought by ef - fort of my own What  
 ev - er there; Joy nev - er came, nor rest, nor peace, Nor  
 Christ I turned, Con - tent to let His ful - ness be God's  
 are con - cealed; We try, and fail; we ask, He gives, And  
 make Thee mine; I yield my sin - ful heart to Thee, And



ful - ness that which fill - eth me; Thy love be - gets my  
 is the gift of Christ a - lone; I sought by ef - fort  
 faith, nor hope, nor love's in - crease; Joy nev - er came, nor  
 boundless gift of grace to me; Con - tent to let His  
 in His rest our spir - it lives; We try, and fail; we  
 in Thy love Thou fill - est me; I yield my sin - ful



love to Thee; Thy ful - ness that which fill - eth me.  
 of my own, What is the gift of Christ a - lone.  
 rest, nor peace, Nor faith, nor hope, nor love's in - crease.  
 ful - ness be God's bound - less gift of grace to me.  
 ask, He gives, And in His rest our spir - it lives.  
 heart to Thee, And in Thy love Thou fill - est me.

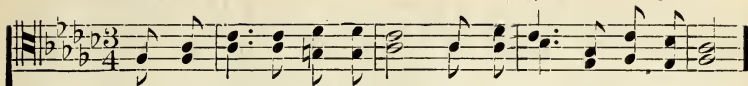


## No. 57.

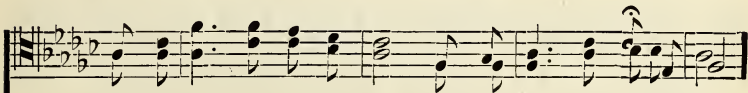
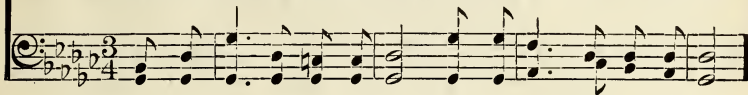
## Saved for Aye!

W. C. MARTIN.

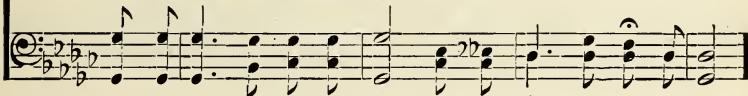
EDWARD M. FULLER.



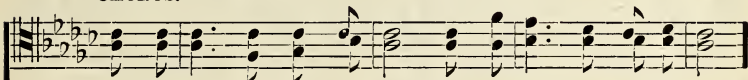
1. Je - sus by His Spir - it calls Ev - 'ry soul whom sin enthral - ls;
2. An - gels sweep their harps and sing, And the courts of heaven ring,
3. Send the joy - ful news abroad: Souls are turn - ing un - to God,



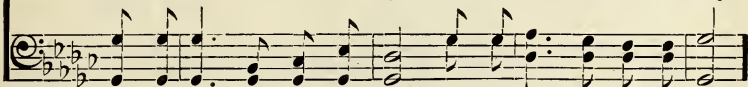
Oh, that none from Him would stray; For He saves for aye, for aye.  
 When a sin - ner kneels to pray To be saved for aye, for aye.  
 To the True and Liv - ing Way, And are saved for aye, for aye.



## CHORUS.



Saved for - ev - er, saved for aye! Nev - er to be cast a - way!



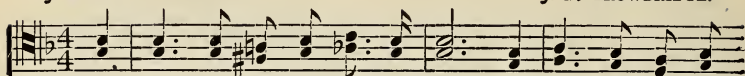
Oh, the joy that is his por - tion Who is saved for aye, for aye.



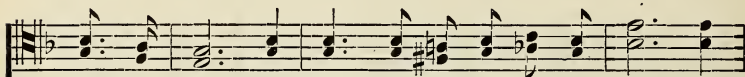
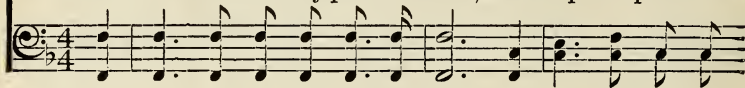
# No. 58. Christ Alone Has Power to Save.

J. B. T.

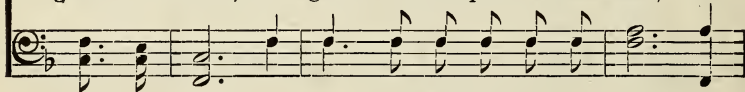
J. B. TROWBRIDGE.



1. When tossed on Gal - i - lee's rough waves, And fear their an - xious
2. When he, who sight had nev - er known, Came to the Lord with
3. When cru - ci - fied on Cal - va - ry, And in the tomb was
4. When tri - als thick my path sur - round, When hope de - parts and



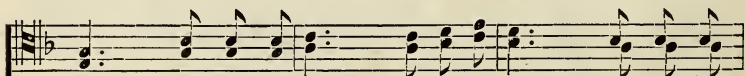
hearts op - pressed, The Mas - ter's voice spoke firm and clear, And  
plead - ing voice, That word and touch made darkness flee, And  
laid a - way, He rose tri - um - phant o'er the grave, And  
gloom de - scends, A gen - tle voice speaks from a - bove, And



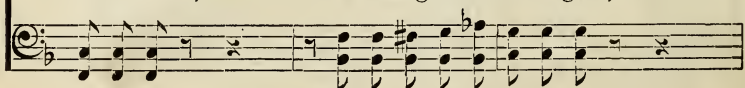
## CHORUS.



calmed the an - gry waves to rest. It was His voice that stilled the  
bade the sor - row - ful re - joice.  
lives, and reigns with boundless sway.  
ev - 'ry dark fore - bod - ing ends. It was His voice that



wave, His heal - ing touch new vision gave; His might has  
stilled the wave, His healing touch new vision gave;



## Christ Alone Has Power to Save.

tri - umphed o'er the grave; Our Christ alone has pow'r to save.  
His might has triumphed o'er the grave;

## No. 59. Take My Life and Let It Be.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

MALAN.

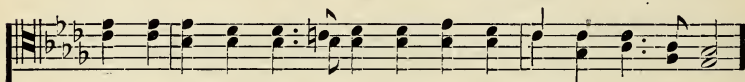
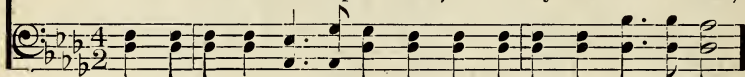
1. Take my life and let it be Con - se - cra - ted, Lord, to
2. Take my feet and let them be Swift and beau - ti - ful for
3. Take my lips and let them be Filled with mes - sag - es for
4. Take my mo - ments and my days, Let them flow in end - less

Thee; Take my hands and let them move At the im - pulse  
Thee; Take my voice and let me sing Al - ways, on - ly,  
Thee; Take my sil - ver and my gold, Not a mite would  
praise; Take my in - tel - lect and use Ev - 'ry pow'r as

of Thy love, At the im - pulse of Thy love.  
for my King, Al - ways, on - ly, for my King.  
I with - hold, Not a mite would I with - hold.  
Thou shalt choose, Ev - 'ry pow'r as Thou shalt choose.



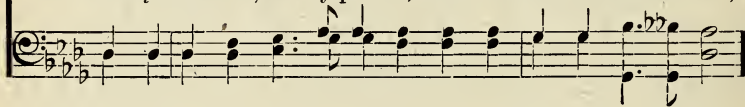
1. When thou wakest in the morning, Ere thou tread the untried way
2. In the calm of sweet communion Let thy dai - ly work be done,
3. Then as hour by hour glides by thee, Thou wilt blessed guidance know;
4. And if wea-ri-ness creep o'er thee, As the day wears to a close,



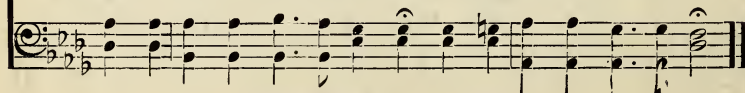
Of the lot that lies be-fore thee Thro' the com-ing bus - y day,  
In the peace of soul out-pouring Care be banished, patience won;  
Thine own burdens be ing lightened, Thou canst bear an - oth-er's woe,  
Or if sud-den fierce temptation Bring thee face to face with foes,



Whether sunbeams promise brightness, Whether dim fore-bod-ings fall,  
And if earth with its en-chant-ments Seeks thy spir - it to en-thrall,  
Thou canst help the weak ones on ward, Thou canst raise up those that fall;  
In thy weakness, in thy per - il, Raise to heav'n a trust-ful call;



Be thy dawning glad or gloomy, Go to Je - sus—tell Him all!  
Ere thou lis - ten, ere thou answer, Go to Je - sus—tell Him all!  
But remember, while thou servest, Still tell Je - sus—tell Him all!  
Strength and calm for ev - 'ry tri - al Come in tell - ing Je - sus all!



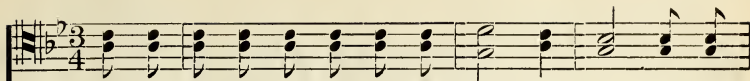


## No. 61.

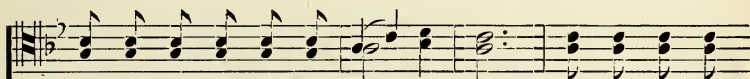
## Trust Him More.

S. D. CARTER.

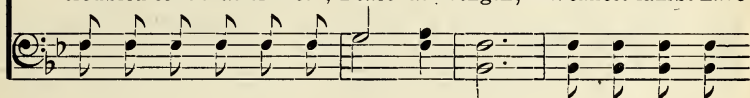
S. H. FRENCH.



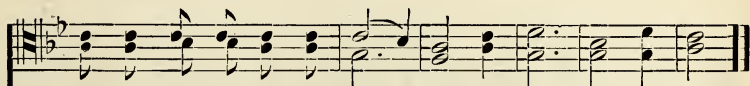
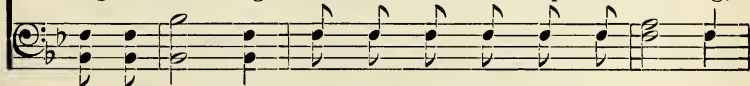
1. Since thy Father's arm sus-tains thee, Peace-ful be; When a
2. With-out mur-mur, un-com-plain-ing, In His hand Leave what-
3. Fear-est sometimes that thy Fa-ther Hath for-got? Tho' the
4. To His own the Sav-iour giv-eth Dai-ly strength; To each



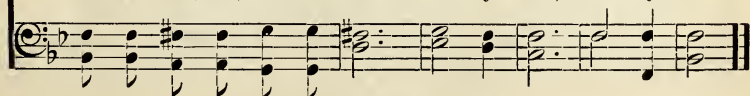
chast'ning hand restrains thee, It is He! Know His love in  
 ev-er things thou canst not Un-der-stand; Tho' the world thy  
 clouds a-round thee gath-er, Doubt Him not; Al-ways hath the  
 troubled soul that liv-eth, Peace at length; Weakest lambs have



full com-plete-ness, Feel the meas-ure of thy weak-ness;  
 fol-ly spurn-eth, From thy faith in pit-y turn-eth,  
 day-light bro-ken, Al-ways hath He com-fort spo-ken,  
 larg-est shar-ing Of the ten-der Shepherd's car-ing;



If He wound thy spir-it sore, Trust Him more, Trust Him more.  
 Peace thy in-most soul shall fill, Ly-ing still, Ly-ing still.  
 Bet-ter hath He been for years Than thy fears, Than thy fears.  
 Ask Him not, then, "when" or "how"— On-ly bow, On-ly bow.



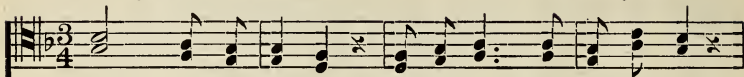
## No. 62.

## Guide Me, O Saviour.

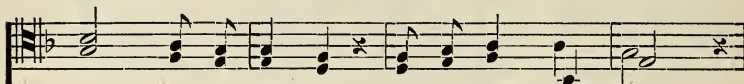
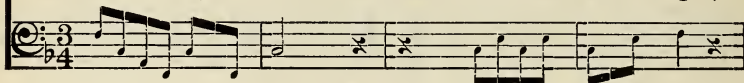
ANNA D. BRADLEY.

By per. of J. H. ROSECRANS.

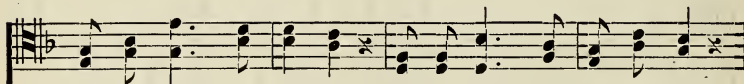
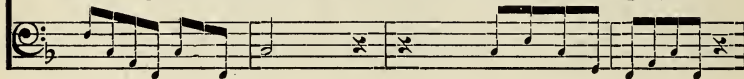
Arr. by D. B. T.



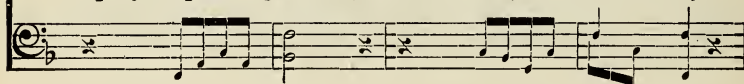
1. Guide me, O Sav-iour, Guide me by Thy gracious word,
2. Guide me, O Sav-iour, Guide me by Thy ten - der hand,
3. Guide me, O Sav-iour, Guide me when 'tis dark-est night;



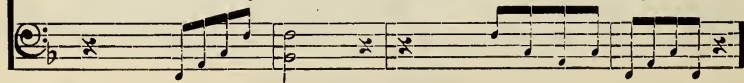
Let me not wan - der; Keep by me, O Lord;  
 Guide me past dan - ger, To the prom - ised land;  
 Still guide me, Sav - iour, When I think 'tis light;



E - vil lurks a - bout me, But I'm safe when near to Thee,  
 I am weak, O Sav-iour, But Thy might - y arm of love  
 Step by step, O guide me, When 'tis dark, or when 'tis day,



Be my shield, O Sav-iour, Stay Thou close by me.  
 Will, if thrown a - bout me, Guide me home a - bove.  
 Be Thou still my Sav-iour, Guide me all the way.



# Guide Me, O Saviour.

## CHORUS.

Guide me, O Sav - iour, Guide me thro' life's stormy way,  
Saviour, guide me, ev - er guide, Guide me thro' life's stormy way,

*Rit.*  
Shield me, O... Sav - iour, Shield me day by day.  
Shield me, Sav - iour, ev - er shield, Shield me day by day.

## No. 63. Only a Little While.

Mrs. M. P. A. CROZIER.

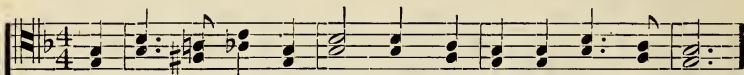
GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. On - ly a lit - tle while Of walking with wea - ry feet,  
2. Suf - fer, if God shall will, And work for Him while we may; From  
3. On - ly a lit - tle while, For toiling a few short days, And

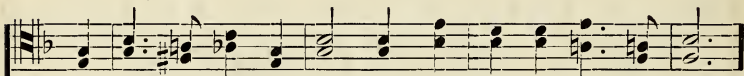
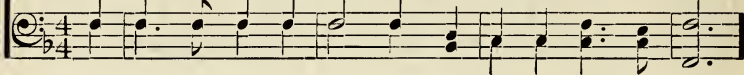
Pat - iently o - ver the thorn - y way That leads to the golden street.  
Calvary's cross to Zi - on's crown Is on - ly a lit - tle way.  
then comes the rest, the qui - et rest, E - ter - ni - ty's end - less praise.

LOUIS M. WATERMAN.

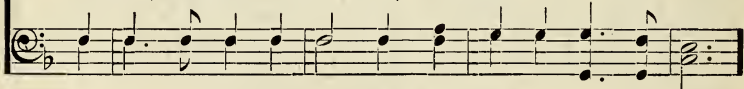
D. B. TOWNER.



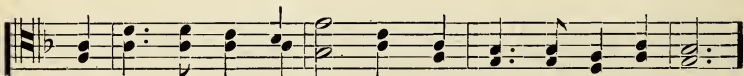
1. Where art Thou, O my Mas - ter? Each hour I search to see,
2. Tho' sweet Thy wondrous sto - ry Of gold-en lands of song,
3. Where Thou Thy presence hid - est Some day my soul shall see;



My heart with hope beats fast - er, Some glimpse to get of Thee!  
 'Tis not for realms of glo - ry, But for Thy-self I long!  
 And there, where Thou a - bid - est, I shall for - ev - er be!



As dai - ly I am tell - ing The glo - ries of Thy grace,  
 To see Thy face. O Mas - ter, As friend sees face of friend,  
 And when I find Thee, Mas - ter, Up - on Thy ho - ly head



My ver - y soul seems swell - ing With hun - ger for Thy face!  
 That thought sweet joy hath vast - er Than worlds without an end!  
 Love's box of al - a - bas - ter Shall all its fragrance shed!



# Show Me Thy Smile.

CHORUS.

I love Thee, O my Mas - ter! Hide not Thy face, I pray;

Un - veil, O King, Thy beau - ty—Show me Thy smile to - day!

## No. 65. From the Recesses of a Lowly Spirit.

Anon.

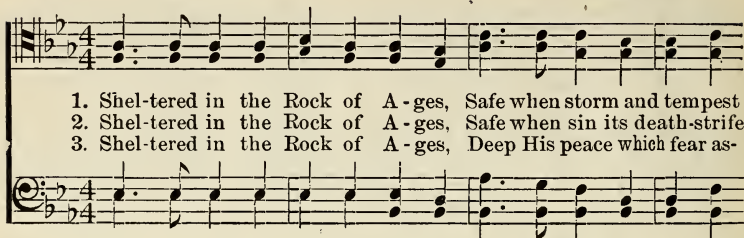
EDWARD M. FULLER.

1. From the recesses of a low - ly spirit My humble prayer ascends, Fa - ther, hear it!
2. I know, I feel, how weak and how un - worthy The lowly sacrifice I pour be - fore Thee;
3. Lord, in Thy sight, who every bos - om viewest, Cold are our warmest vows, and vain our truest;
4. We see Thy hand, it leads us, it sup - ports us; We hear Thy voice, it counsels and it courts us;
5. Who can resist Thy gentle voice, ap - pealing To every generous tho't and grate - ful feeling?

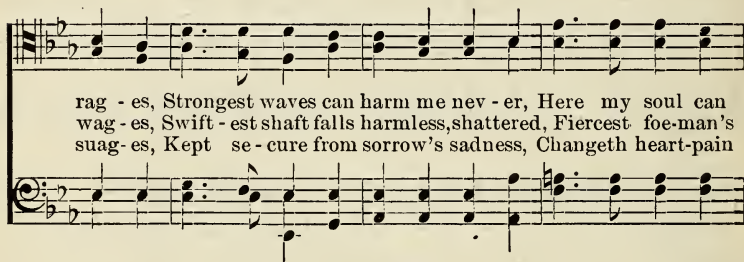
Borne on the trembling wings of fear and meekness: For - give its weakness.  
 What can I offer Thee, O Thou Most Holy! But sin and folly?  
 Tho'ts of a hurrying life,—our lips re - peat them,—Our hearts for - get them.  
 And then we turn away,—and still Thy kindness For - gives our blindness.  
 Oh! who can hear the accents of Thy mercy, And nev - er love Thee? A - men.

ERNEST G. WESLEY.

D. B. TOWNER.

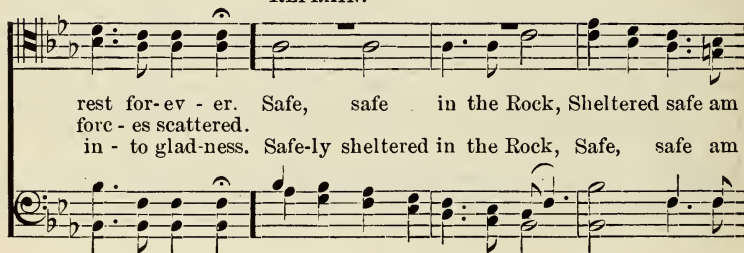


1. Shel-tered in the Rock of A-ges, Safe when storm and tempest  
 2. Shel-tered in the Rock of A-ges, Safe when sin its death-strife  
 3. Shel-tered in the Rock of A-ges, Deep His peace which fear as-

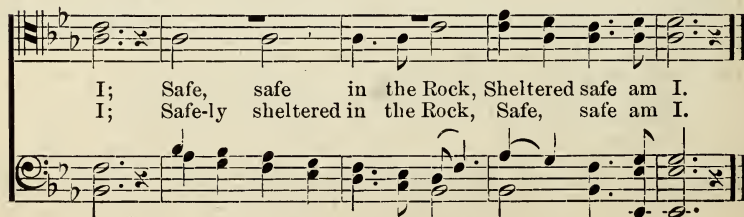


rag-es, Strongest waves can harm me nev-er, Here my soul can  
 wag-es, Swift-est shaft falls harmless, shattered, Fiercest foe-man's  
 suag-es, Kept se-cure from sorrow's sadness, Changeth heart-pain

## REFRAIN.



rest for-ev-er. Safe, safe in the Rock, Sheltered safe am  
 forc-es scattered.  
 in-to glad-ness. Safe-ly sheltered in the Rock, Safe, safe am

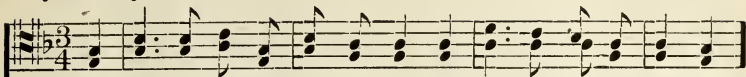


I; Safe, safe in the Rock, Sheltered safe am I.  
 I; Safe-ly sheltered in the Rock, Safe, safe am I.

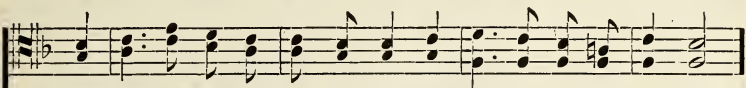
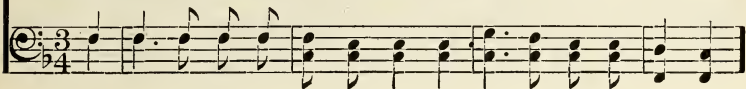
# No. 67. The Outstretched Hands.

JULIA H. JOHNSTON.

J. B. TROWBRIDGE.



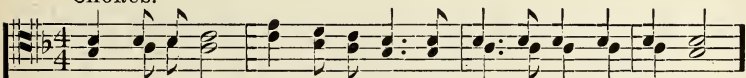
1. Be hold, be-hold, the outstretched hands! The hands once pierced and bleeding,
2. The rolling worlds, the seas and skies, Are His by first cre - a - tion,
3. With gen - tle touch they bind our wounds, Those hands once pierced to save us,
4. Stretch out thy hand in love and trust, To take the hand of Je - sus,



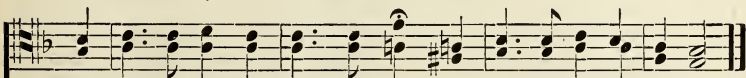
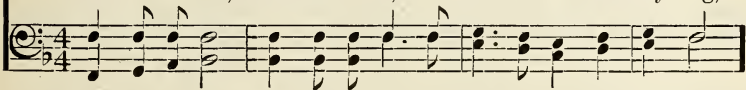
'Tis Je - sus' lov - ing voice in - vites, Oh, lis - ten to its plead - ing.  
Those mighty hands, those tender hands Have wrought out our sal - va - tion.  
And ev - 'ry good and per - fect gift Up - on the Cross they gave us.  
And thou shalt know its mighty pow'r, And how from sin it frees us.



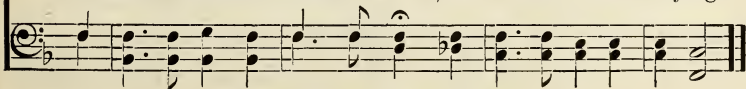
## CHORUS.



"Come un - to Me, come un - to Me," The ten - der voice is say - ing,



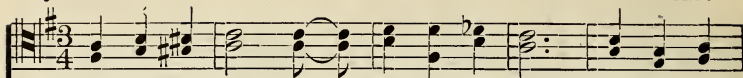
And still the nail - scarred hands out - stretched, Call in the lost and straying.



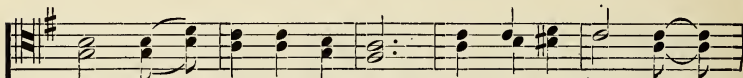
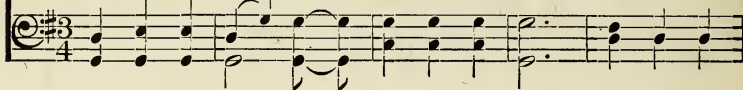
# No. 68. Drifting Away from Jesus.

J. E. RANKIN.

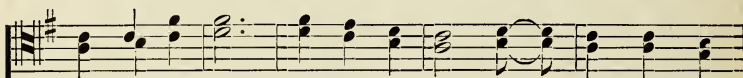
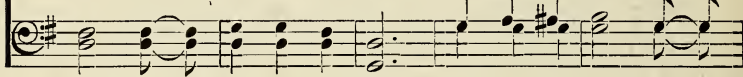
C. S. COLBURN.



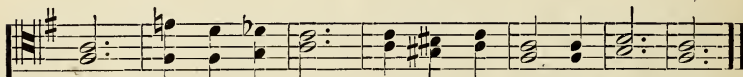
1. Drift-ing a - way from Je - sus thy Lord; Drift-ing a -  
 2. Drift-ing a - way from the paths you once trod; Drift-ing a -  
 3. Drift-ing a - way from the Cross where He died; Drift-ing a -  
 4. When wilt thou turn 'gainst the swift down ward tide? When wilt con-



way from love for His word; Drift-ing a - way from  
 way from the peo - ple of God; Drift-ing a - way from the  
 way from the wound in His side; Drift-ing a - way from a  
 fess this Je - sus de - nied? When, with thy face all a -



thought and from care; Drift-ing a - way from song and from  
 fel - low-ship sweet; Drift-ing a - way from the blest mer - cy-  
 seat on His throne; Drift-ing a - way in - to dark - ness un-  
 light with the day, When wilt thou cease from this drift - ing a -



prayer; Drift-ing a - way, drift-ing a - way from Je - sus.  
 seat; Drift-ing a - way, drift-ing a - way from Je - sus.  
 known; Drift-ing a - way, drift-ing a - way from Je - sus.  
 way? Drift-ing a - way, drift-ing a - way from Je - sus.

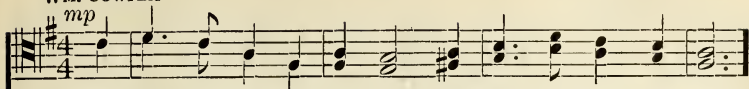




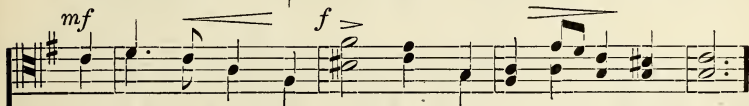
# No. 69. Sometimes a Light Surprises.

WM. COWPER.

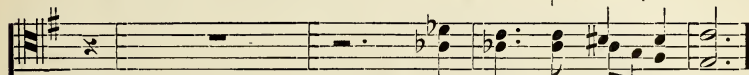
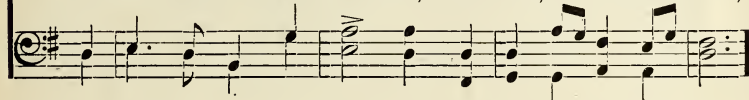
F. E. WHITNEY.



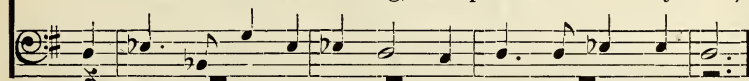
1. Sometimes a light sur - pris - es The Chris - tian while he sings;
2. In ho - ly con - tem - pla - tion We sweet - ly then pur - sue
3. It can bring with it noth - ing But He will bring us thro' ;
4. Tho' vine nor fig - tree nei - ther, Their wont - ed fruit should bear,



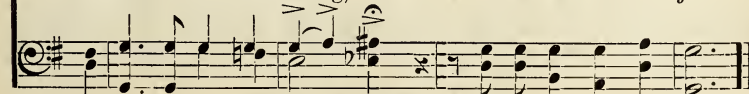
It is the Lord who ris - es With heal - ing in His wings ;  
 The theme of God's sal - va - tion, And find it ev - er new ;  
 Who gives the lil - ies cloth - ing Will clothe His peo - ple too ;  
 Tho' all the fields should with - er, Nor flocks, nor herds be there,



When com - forts are de - clin - ing, He grants the soul a - gain  
 Set free from pres - ent sor - row, We cheer - ful - ly can say,  
 Be - neath the spread - ing heav - ens, No crea - ture but is fed ;  
 Yet God the same a - bid - ing, His praise shall tune my voice,



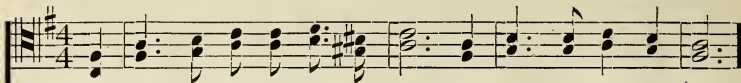
shin - ing, To cheer it aft - er rain.  
 A sea - son of clear shining, To cheer it aft - er rain.  
 "Let the unknown to - mor - row Bring with it what it may."  
 And He who feeds the ravens Will give His children bread.  
 For while in Him con - fid - ing, I can - not but re - joice.



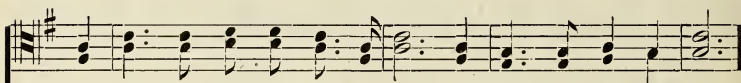
# No. 70. When I Shall See My King.

B. W. BURLEIGH.

D. B. TOWNER.



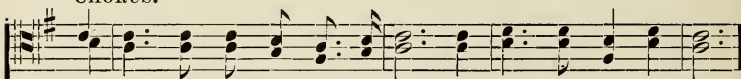
1. I look be-yond the roll-ing years, Be-yond the tears they bring,
2. Tho' bur-den-ed by the weight of woe, I can - not help but sing,
3. Let pleas-ures go, let tri-als come, Let sor - rows to me cling;
4. Then let the bells within my heart Their glad-dest an-thems ring,



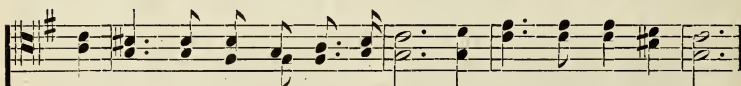
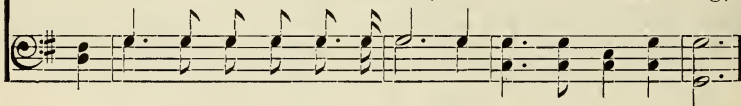
To some sweet day—O joy-ful time! When I shall see my King.  
For swift - ly speeds the bless-ed day When I shall see my King.  
All pains of earth will pass a-way, When I shall see my King.  
For glo - rious will the meet-ing be When I shall see my King.



## CHORUS.



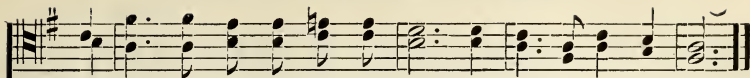
O let me la - bor in the field, O let me serve and sing;



For soon, I know, the time will come When I shall see my King;



# When I Shall See My King.



For soon, I know, the time will come When I shall see my King.



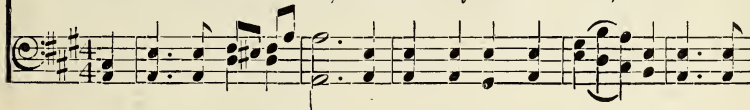
## No. 71. Nearer My Home.

PHEBE CARY.

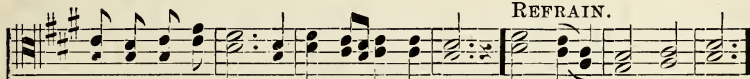
FRED A. FILLMORE.



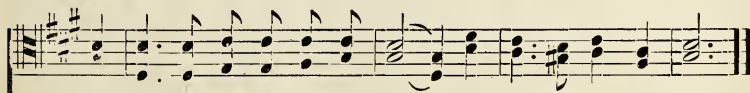
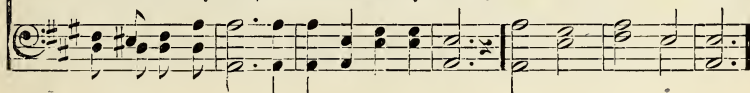
1. One sweet-ly sol - emn tho't Comes to me o'er and o'er, To - day I'm
2. Near - er my Fa - ther's house, Where man - y man - sions be, And near - er
3. Near - er the bound of life, Where falls my bur - den down, Near - er to



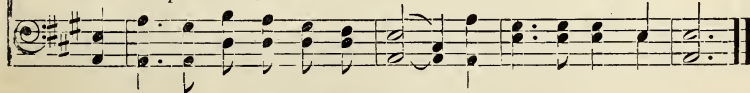
### REFRAIN.



near - er to my home Than e'er I've been be - fore. }  
 to the great white throne; Nearer the crystal sea. } Home, home, sweet, sweet home,  
 where I leave my cross, And where I take my crown. }



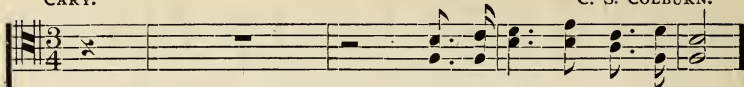
To - day I'm near - er to my home, Than e'er I've been be - fore.  
*First Bass prominent.*



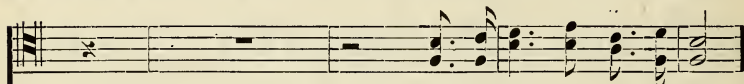
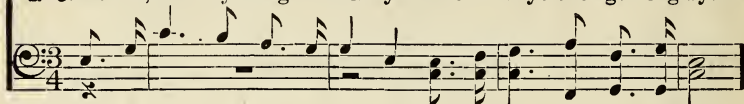
# No. 72. While the Days Are Going By.

CARY.

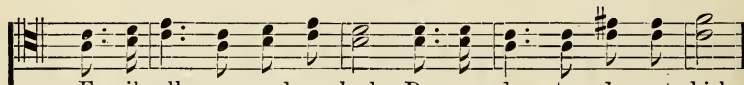
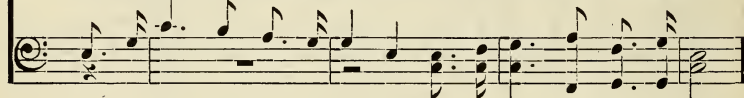
C. S. COLBURN.



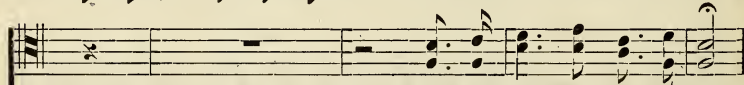
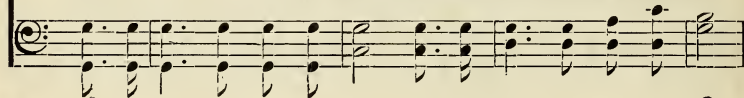
1. Christian, are you up and do-ing, While the days are go - ing by?
2. Christian, souls a-round are dy-ing, While the days are go - ing by;
3. Christian, tell the sweet old sto-ry, While the days are go - ing by;
4. Christian, do thy feet grow wea-ry While the days are go - ing by?



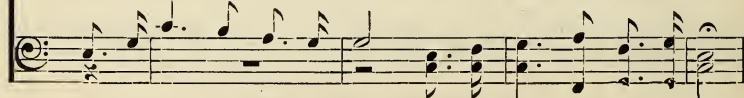
Paths of righteousness pur-su-ing, While the days are go - ing by?  
 Do not waste your time in sighing While the days are go - ing by;  
 Tell it, giv - ing God the glo-ry, While the days are go - ing by;  
 Does thy path seem dark and drear-y, While the days are go - ing by?



E - vils all a-round you lurk, Do your du - ty, do not shirk;  
 Go and bring the lost ones in, From the paths of want and sin;  
 Tell to ev - 'ry one you meet, In your home or on the street,  
 Work for Je - sus with thy might, Help some weak one win the fight,



Now's the time for you to work, While the days are go - ing by.  
 Souls for Je - sus you may win, While the days are go - ing by.  
 Bear the news with will-ing feet, While the days are go - ing by.  
 Then will all thy path be bright, While the days are go - ing by.



# While the Days Are Going By.

## REFRAIN.

They are go - ing, go - ing, go - ing, Nev - er more will they re - turn,  
Go - ing, Go - ing,

And the time for work is short'ning as they fly; Let us then be up and  
Go - ing, go - ing by;

do-ing, Helping souls of Christ to learn, While the days are go - ing by.

## No. 73. In Heavenly Love Abiding.

EDWARD M. FULLER.

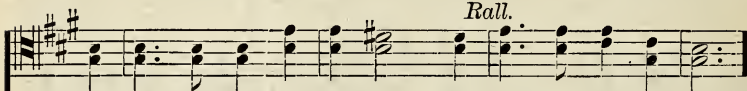
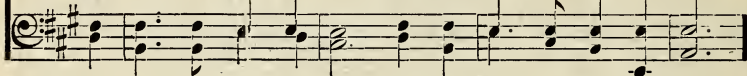
*m*

1. In heav'nly love a - bid - ing, No change my heart shall fear;
2. Wher - ev - er He may lead me, No want shall turn me back;
3. Green pastures are be - fore me Which yet I have not seen;

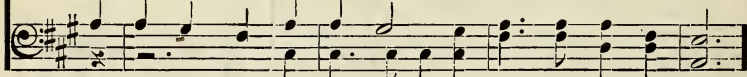
# In Heavenly Love Abiding.



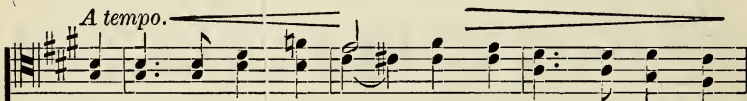
And safe is such con - fid - ing, For noth - ing changes here.  
 My Shep-herd is be - side me, And noth - ing can I lack.  
 Bright skies will soon be o'er me, Where darkest clouds have been.



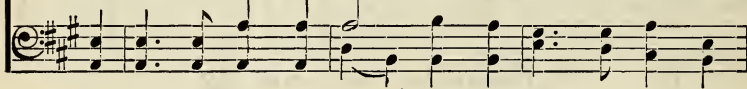
The storm may roar without me, My heart may low be laid,  
 His wis - dom ev - er wak-eth, His sight is nev - er dim,  
 My hope I can - not meas-ure, My path to light is free,



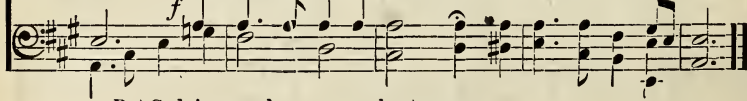
The storm may roar,  
 His wis - dom wakes,  
 My hope is sure,



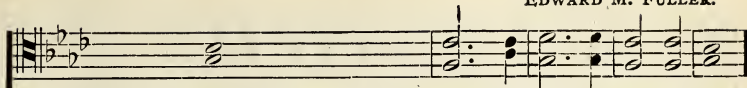
But God is round a - bout me, And can I be dis-  
 He knows the way He tak - eth, And I will walk with  
 My Sav - iour has my treas - ure, And He will walk with



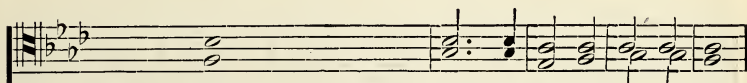
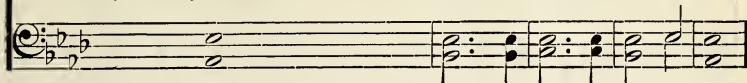
mayed? But God is round a - bout me, And can I be dis-mayed?  
 Him, He knows the way He tak - eth, And I will walk with Him.  
 me; My Sav - iour has my treas - ure, And He will walk with me.



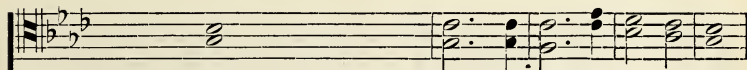
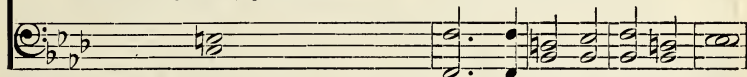
But God is round a - bout me,  
 He knows the way He tak - eth,  
 My Sav - iour has my treas - ure,



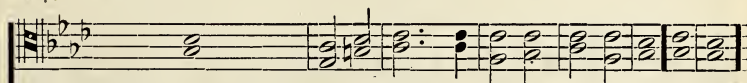
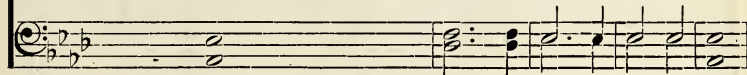
1. Almighty One! I bend in dust be - - fore Thee: Ev'n so veiled cher-ubs bend;
2. Thou Power Sublime! whose throne is firmly seated On stars and glow-ing suns;
3. Eternity! Eternity! how solemn! How ter - ri - ble the sound!



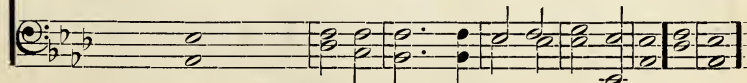
In calm and still devotion I a - - - dore Thee, All-wise, All - pres-ent Friend!  
 O could I praise Thee, could my soul, e - - lated, Waft Thee ser - aph - ic tones;  
 Here, leaning on Thy promises, — a column Of strength, may I be found;



Thou to the earth its emerald robes hast giv'n, Or cur-tained it with snow;  
 Had I the lyres of angels, could I bring Thee An of - fring wor-thy Thee,  
 O let my heart be ever Thine while beating, And when 'twill cease to beat,



And the bright sun, and the soft moon in heav'n, Be - fore Thy pres-ence bow.  
 In what bright notes of glory would I sing Thee Blest songs of ec - sta - sy.  
 Be Thou my portion, till that aw - ful meeting When I my God shall greet! A - men!

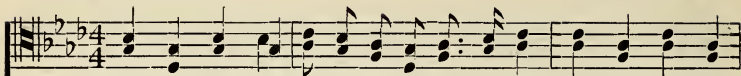


## No. 75.

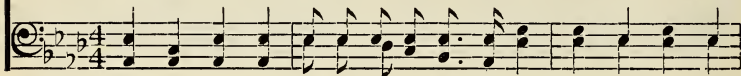
## Victory Cometh.

ERNEST G. WESLEY.

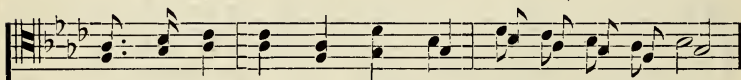
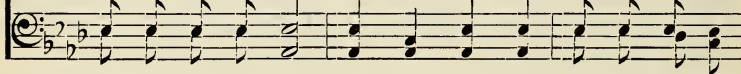
D. B. TOWNER.



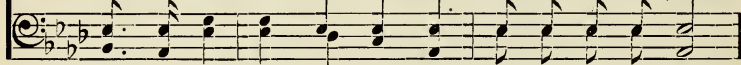
1. Marching, marching, forward to the bat-tle field; On-ward, on-ward,
2. Marching, marching, ev - er on in Christ are we, Foeman's craft shall
3. Marching, marching, strong are we in strength divine, Je - sus calls us,
4. Marching, marching, fac - es ev - er tow'rd the foe, Sweep our le - gions



press we in His name; Hearts u - nit - ed, Nev - er to the  
nev - er break the tie; His we are whose Word doth promise  
bids our hearts be brave; Rings our an - swer, "Mas - ter, we are  
o'er the bat - tle - plain; Sharp the con - flict, but this truth we



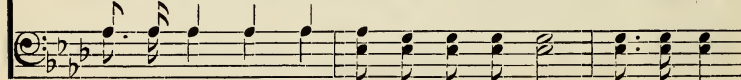
foe we yield, Je - sus leads us; glo - ri - ous His fame.  
vic - to - ry, Crowns of glo - ry wait us in the sky.  
ev - er Thine, Thou art might - y, bless - ed Lord, to save."  
sure - ly know, Fight of faith e - ter - nal life shall gain.



## CHORUS.



Vic - to - ry com - eth, sure - ly this we know; Vic - to - ry





## Victory Cometh.

com - eth, foeman's o - ver-throw; Vic - to - ry com - eth,

foe o'erwhelmed in shame; Vic - to - ry cometh in our Saviour's name.

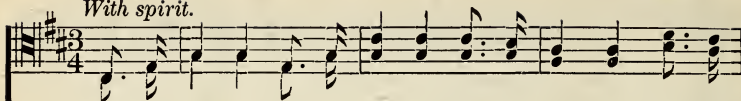
## No. 76. The Resurrection Morn.

S. BARING-GOULD.

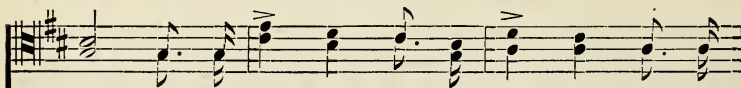
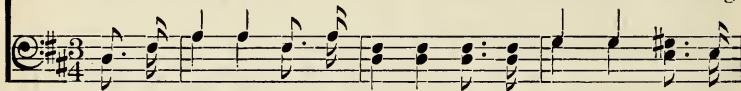
B. T. WORDEN.

1. On the res - ur-rec - tion morning, Soul and bod - y meet a - gain;
2. Here a-while they must be part-ed, And the flesh its Sab-bath keep,
3. For a space the tir - ed bod - y Waits in peace the morning's dawn;
4. On that hap-py East-er morning All the graves the dead re - store,
5. Soul and bod - y re - u - nit - ed, Henceforth nothing shall di- vide,

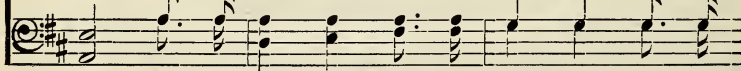
No more sor - row, no more weep-ing, No more pain!  
 Wait - ing in a ho - ly still-ness, Wrapped in sleep.  
 When there breaks the last and brightest East - er morn.  
 Fa - ther, moth-er, sis - ter, broth-er, Meet once more.  
 Wak - ing up in Christ's own like-ness, Sat - is - fied.

*With spirit.*

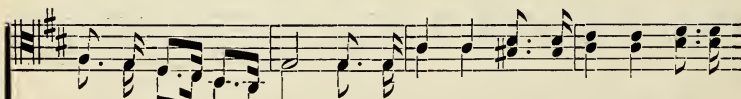
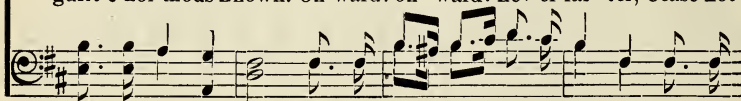
1. Onward! onward! band vic - to - rious! Bear the temp'rance ban - ner
2. Onward! onward! songs of prais - es Bring to heav - en's top - most
3. To the ven - der and dis - till - er Thun - der truth with start - ling



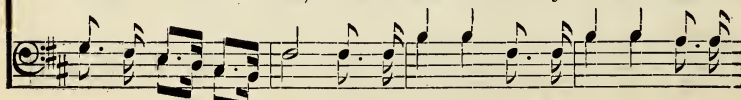
high! Thus far has your cause been glo - rious, Now your  
 arch, When - so - e'er your stand - ard ris - es, And your  
 tone; Swell the ac - cents, loud - er, shrill - er, Make their



day of triumph's nigh. Vice and er - ror flee be - fore you, As the  
 coug - ring legions march. Gird the temp'rance ar - mor on you, Look for  
 guilt e nor - mous known. On - ward! on - ward! nev - er fal - ter, Cease not



dark - ness flies the sun; Onward! vic - t'ry hov - ers o'er you, Soon the  
 guid - ance from a - bove, God and an - gels smile up - on you, Has - ten  
 till the earth is free; Swear on vir - tue's ho - ly al - tar, Death is



## On to Victory.

*f*                      *ff*                      *ff*

bat - tle will be won!      Yes! yes!      yes!      yes!      yes!      yes!  
 then the work of love!      Yes! yes!      yes!      yes!      yes!      yes!  
 yours, or vic - to - ry!      Yes! yes!      yes!      yes!      yes!      yes!

Onward! vic-t'ry hov-ers o'er you, Soon the bat-tle will be won!  
 God and an-gels smile up-on you, Has-ten then the work of love!  
 Swear on vir-tue's ho-ly al-tar, Death is yours, or vic-to-ry!

## No. 78. All My Need Supplied in Jesus.

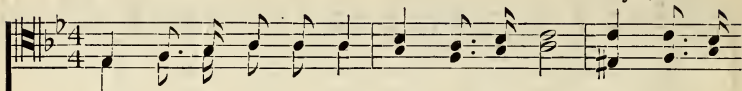
ERNEST G. WESLEY.

R. T. OWEN.

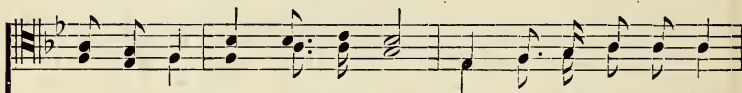
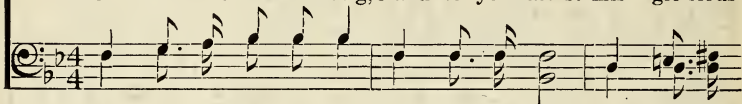
1. All my need supplied in Je - sus, Nev-er cause have I to fear;  
 2. All my need supplied in Je - sus, Nev-er want un - sat - is - fied;  
 3. All my need supplied in Je - sus, Nothing will my Lord withhold;  
 4. All my need supplied in Je - sus, Rich in Him my heart doth sing;  
 5. All my need supplied in Je - sus, Praising, press I on my way;

Rich - es of my God in glo - ry, Holds His promise to me near.  
 Countless stores, each one un - fail - ing, If I in my Lord con - fide.  
 When He died, in love He named me Heir to all His wealth un - told.  
 For I know "His all" He gives me, When to Him my life I bring.  
 Fearing naught His love may send me, Darkness ev - er turns to day.

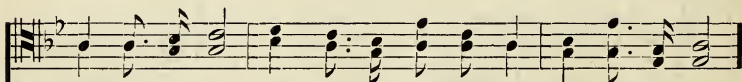
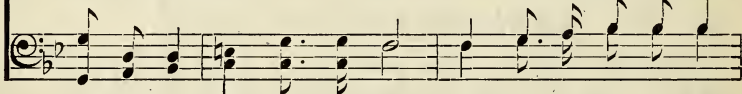
BURTON H. WINSLOW.

C. W. GREENE.  
Arr. by E. M. F.

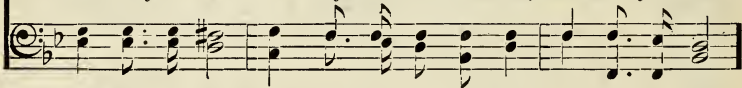
1. Sol - diers of righteousness, Stand to your arms! Foes oft a -
2. Sol - diers of tem - per - ance, Stand to your arms! Tho' tides of
3. Sol - diers of Christ the King, Stand to your arms! His glo - rious



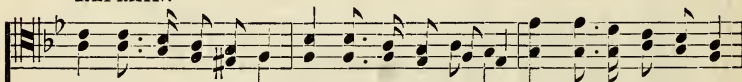
gainst you press; Stand to your arms! Stand for the truth and right;  
sin advance; Stand to your arms! Watch - ful the wi - ly foe;  
con - quest sing; Stand to your arms! Bat - tles will soon be past;



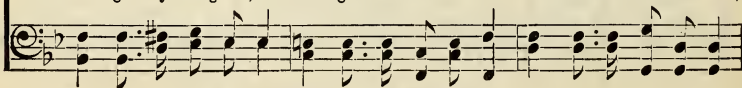
Stand to your arms! Con - quer in Je - sus' might; Stand to your arms!  
Stand to your arms! For Sa - tan's o - ver - throw, Stand to your arms!  
Stand to your arms! Vic - t'ry shall come at last; Stand to your arms!



## REFRAIN.



God's strength to you is giv'n; Sin's strongholds shall be riv'n! God looketh down from heav'n,



## Stand to Your Arms!

With His watch-ful eye; Gird on His ho-ly might! His truth thy

The first system of musical notation for 'Stand to Your Arms!' consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a common time signature. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The lyrics are written below the upper staff.

weap-on bright; He on thy side will fight! Vic-to-ry is nigh!

The second system of musical notation continues the piece. It features two staves in the same key signature and time signature as the first system. The lyrics are written below the upper staff.

## No. 80.

## What Haven?

BURTON H. WINSLOW.

WM. GRANT BROOKS.

*Espressivo.*

1. For what ha-ven are you steering, On life's ocean, deep and wide?  
2. For what ha-ven are you steering? By what chart and compass led?  
3. For what ha-ven are you steering, Bringing oth-ers in your wake?

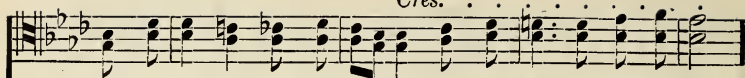
The first system of musical notation for 'What Haven?' consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and a 3/4 time signature. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The lyrics are written below the upper staff.

Wrecks are ev - er dis - ap - pear - ing, Go - ing down on ev - 'ry side.  
Clouds are dark, and winds are veering, Stars are curtained o - ver - head;  
Oth - ers watch the shore you're nearing; Have a care for oth - ers' sake!

The second system of musical notation continues the piece. It features two staves in the same key signature and time signature as the first system. The lyrics are written below the upper staff.

# What Haven?

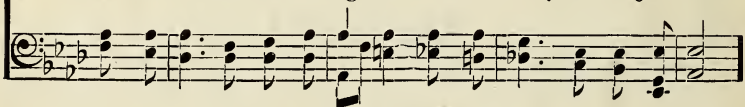
*Cres.*



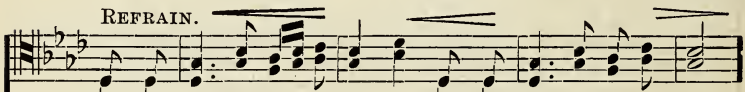
Are you drifting, drifting, drifting, Car-ing not for breakers' roar?  
But the chart by God pro-vid-ed, Marks the way to heaven's shore;  
Not a-lone we fail of heav-en; Not a-lone we reach its strand;



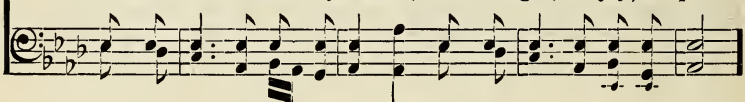
See, O see the bea-con lift-ing! Guiding rays around thee pour!  
By the bless-ed Gos-pel guid-ed, We are safe for-ev-er more.  
Stars in radiant crowns are given For the souls you've brought to land.



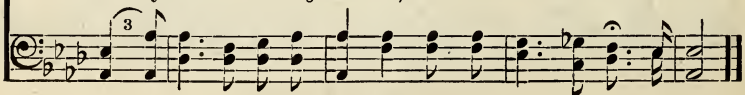
## REFRAIN.



O the bless-ed heav'nly ha-ven, With its light, and joy, and peace!



Steer thy bark for that bright harbor, Where the storms of life shall cease!



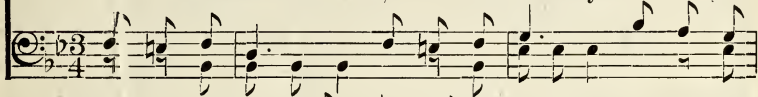
Mrs. H. D. CARMICHAEL.

J. H. TENNEY.

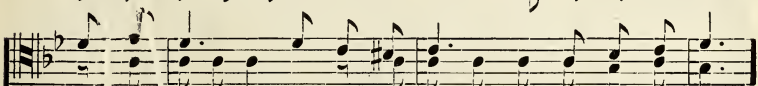
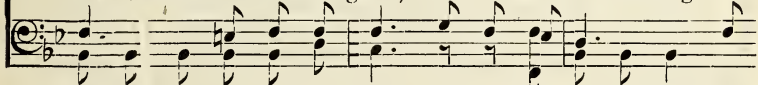
*Slowly, with expression.*



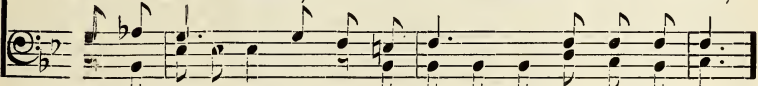
1. When Je - sus knocks, our start - led eyes See cher - ished  
 2. He knocks a - gain, and long - ing eyes Catch a sweet  
 3. When Je - sus knocks, some - times we see But wea - ry  
 4. When Je - sus knocks, O heart of mine, Grieve not the  
 1. When Je - sus knocks, our start - led eyes See



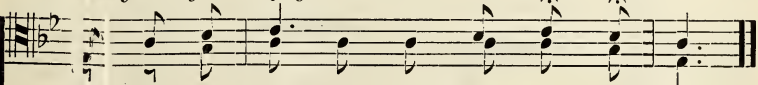
sins in loathsome guise; The e - vil thought we  
 glimpse of Par - a - dise, Of "pastures green," of  
 pil - - grim guest, may be, No food and shel - - - ter  
 Mes - - sen - ger di - vine; Say not to Him, "Some  
 cherished sins in loathsome guise; The e - vil thought



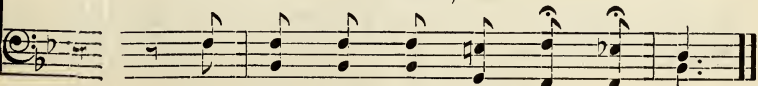
scarce confessed, Crawls out and mocks us with the rest,  
 "wa - ters still," And an - gel pin - - ions fan and thrill,  
 craves he, "Give me thine heart," the on - ly plea,  
 other day," The gra - cious time may pass a - way,  
 we scarce confessed, Crawls out and mocks us with the rest,



*Very slowly and softly.*



When Je - sus knocks, When Je - sus knocks.  
 When Je - sus knocks,

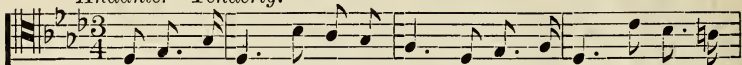


# No. 82. "My Wayward Boy, I Love You Still."

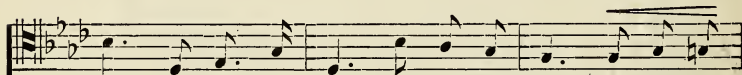
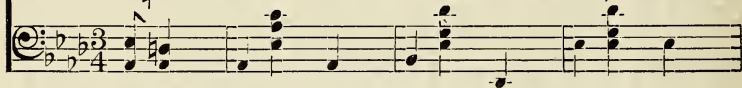
REV. JOHN L. NEWKIRK.

POWELL G. FITHIAN.

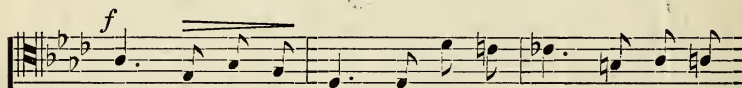
*Andante. Tenderly.*



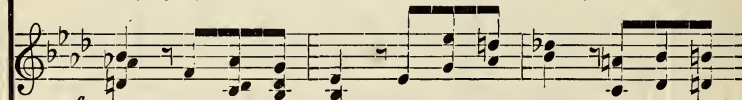
1. How sad the day, when but a youth, Cheerful and gay, I oft did
2. I wandered on, yet farther on, In - to the path of sin and
3. Oh, bless His name, He heard my cry, And at His feet I hum-bly



roam; Then soon my heart by sin was turned From the hearth-  
woe; Oft when the nights were cold and bleak I had no  
bow; His pre-cious blood o'er me does flow, He saves me

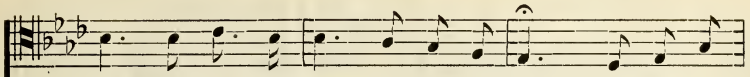


stone and from the home. How mother dear was bowed with  
home, no where to go. Then came to me, on mem'ry's  
now, yes, saves me now. Some day to heav'n, I'll meet her

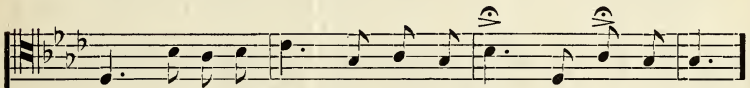
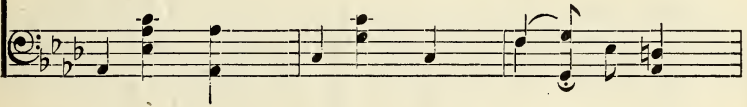
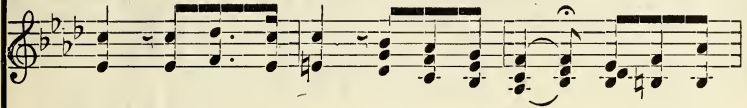




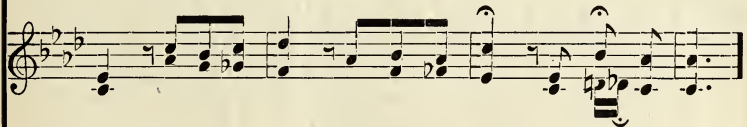
# "My Wayward Boy, I Love You Still."



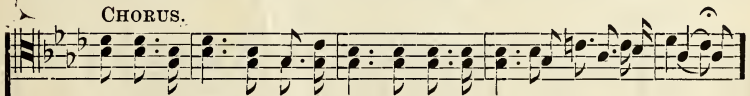
grief, And anx - ious care her soul did fill, "Tho' wand'ring  
 wall, How oft I sat at moth-er's knee; And she would  
 there, And ev - er thro' e - ter - ni - ty Will praise His



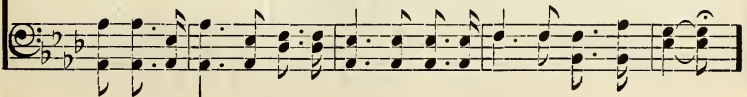
far, my boy," she said, "I'll love you still, yes, love you still."  
 sing of Je-sus' love; But does He care for one like me?  
 name for one who said, "Tho' wand'ring far, I still love thee."



## CHORUS.



Yet oft the home in vision comes, And mother's voice would bring a thrill,



# "My Wayward Boy, I Love You Still."

*With much pathos.*

When sweetly she would seem to say, "My wayward boy, I love you still."

No. 83.

## Near to Thee.

E. A. H.

E. A. HOFFMAN.

*Melody in 2d Tenor.*

1. Keep me ev - er near Thy side, And se - cure - ly shel - ter me,  
 2. Keep me dai - ly in the way, And my friend and help - er be,  
 3. Keep me cling - ing to the Cross; Let me there for ref - uge flee,

*Fine.*

And for - ev - er let me hide, — Rock of A - ges, hide in Thee.  
 Sav - iour, nev - er let me stray From the cho - sen path, and Thee.  
 Ev - er count - ing earth but dross, If I may but fol - low Thee.

*D.S.—This my constant pray'r shall be, That Thou keep me near to Thee.*

CHORUS.

*D. S.*

Near to Thee, near to Thee, Keep me ever, ever near to Thee;  
 Keep me near to Thee, Keep me near to Thee,

# No. 84.

# Help Another.

Rev. D. R. HERRICK.

EDWARD M. FULLER.

1. Are there hearts that you can bless, My broth-er? Can you  
 2. There are man - y faint and sad, My broth-er; You can  
 3. Are there clouds a - bout your way, My broth-er? Would you  
 4. Think how ev - er lives a - bove, My broth-er, One whose

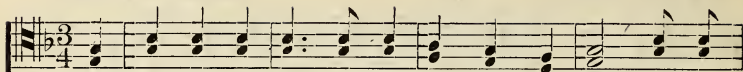
give some hap - pi - ness? Help an - oth - er. Lift a  
 make them strong and glad: Help an - oth - er. Oft a  
 turn your night to day? Help an - oth - er. If you  
 ver - y life is love: Help an - oth - er. Does He

pray'r or sing a song; Cheer the right or fight the wrong; As you  
 smile may stay a tear, Oft a kind word ban-ish fear, Oft a  
 soothe a brother's smart. From your own pain-stricken heart Half the  
 stoop your griefs to bear? Does He feel your ev-'ry care? That sweet

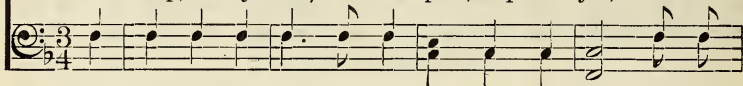
pass life's way a - long, Help an-oth-er, Help an-oth-er.  
 touch bring heaven near, Help an-oth-er, Help an-oth-er.  
 an-guish will de - part: Help an-oth-er, Help an-oth-er.  
 love with oth - ers share: Help an-oth-er, Help an-oth-er.

ERNEST G. WESLEY.

D. B. TOWNER.



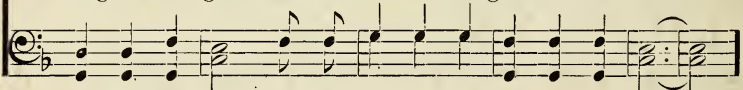
1. Dwell deep, O my soul, in the love-depths di - vine; In the
2. Dwell deep, O my soul: in the depths there is rest, In that
3. Dwell deep, far be - low the wild rage of the gale, Far be -
4. Dwell deep, where no foe - man can ev - er draw nigh, Far re -
5. Dwell deep, O 'my soul; in the depths, deep - er yet, Where with



depths of God's love there is peace. Dwell deep, hour by hour, where God's rest there is free dom from care. Dwell deep, and thy life 'mid all neath the on - rush of the wave. Dwell deep, in the calm, where no moved from all dan - ger and fear; Dwell deep in His love; to thy thee He com - mun - eth a - lone. Dwell deep: all thy pain and thy



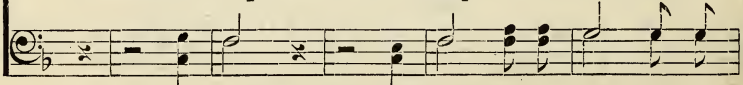
ful - ness is thine; From all care, in the depths, is re - lease. sor - row is blest, For thy Lord all thy bur - den doth share. blast can as - sail, From all strife, in the depths, He doth save. safe ref - uge fly, Where His hand wipes a - way ev - 'ry tear. an - guish for - get— In the love - rest He gives to "His Own."



## REFRAIN.



Dwell deep!..... dwell deep!..... O my soul, deep - er  
Dwell deep! dwell deep!



## Dwell Deep.

yet, hour by hour..... Dwell deep!..... dwell  
Dwell deep!

deep!..... Deep er yet in His ful-ness of pow'r.  
dwell deep!

## No. 86. Give Me a Heart of Calm Repose.

Anon.

*Melody in the 2d Tenor.*

JOHN B. DYKES.

1. Give me a heart of calm re- pose A- mid the world's loud roar;
2. Come, Ho-ly Spir - it, hush my heart With gen- tle-ness di - vine;
3. A-bove these scenes of storm and strife. There spreads a re - gion fair;
4. Come, Ho-ly Spir-it, breathe that peace Which flows from par-doned sin;

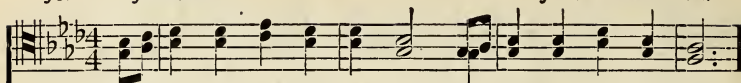
A life that like a riv - er flows A - long a peace-ful shore.  
In-dwell-ing peace Thou canst im-part; Oh, make the blessing mine.  
Give me to live that high - er life, And breathe that heav'nly air.  
Then shall my soul her con - flict cease, And find a heav'n within.

## No. 87.

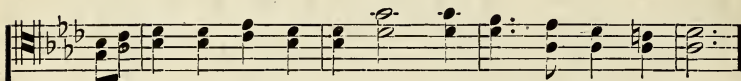
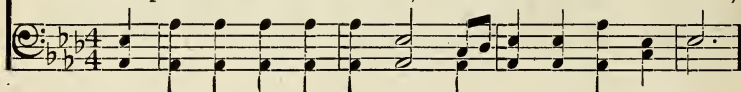
## Come, Join the Ranks.

JULIA H. JOHNSTON.

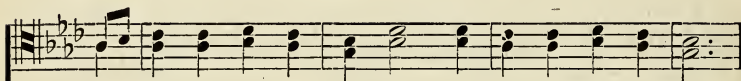
J. B. TROWBRIDGE.



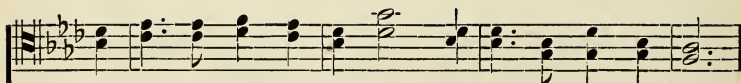
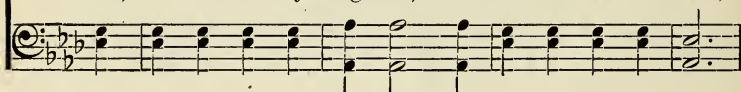
1. Come, join the conqu'ring ar-my,      On its tri-um-phal way;  
 2. The Saviour's ban-ner o'er us      For-ev-er-more is love;  
 3. The prize is set be-fore us,      De-feat shall be un-known;



The Cap-tain of Sal - va - tion      In - vites re-cruits to - day;  
 He ev - er goes be - fore us,      He leads to heights a - bove.  
 The Cap-tain of Sal - va - tion      Will guard and keep His own.



Pro - mot - ed comrades leave us      To join the ranks on high;  
 Then take the heav'nly ar - mor,      Make read-y for the strife;  
 And, in His heav'nly king - dom,      Where sounds of war-fare cease,



Oh, who will fill their pla - ces?      Will you not hear the cry?  
 And, look - ing un - to Je - sus,      En - list, en - list for life.  
 His true and faith - ful sol - diers      Shall serve the Prince of Peace.



## Come, Join the Ranks.

CHORUS.

Come, join the ranks tri - um - phant; Fall in - to line to - day,

And fol - low aft - er Je - sus On His vic - to - rious way.

## No. 88. The Better Land.

GURDON ROBINS. arr.

D. B. TOWNER.

1. There is a land mine eyes have seen In vi - sions of enraptured tho't,  
2. A land up - on whose blissful shore There rests no shadow, falls no stain;  
3. Its skies are not like earthly skies, With varying hues of shade and light;  
4. There sweeps no des - o - lat - ing wind A - cross the calm, se - rene a - bode;

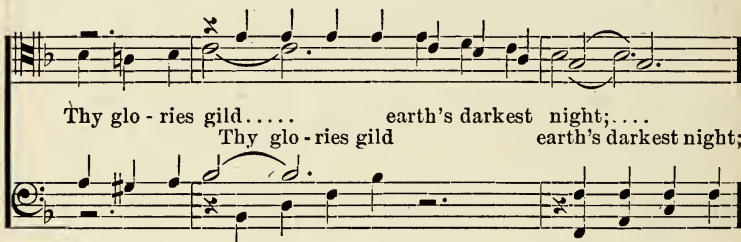
So bright that all which spreads between Is with its radiant glories fraught.  
There those who meet shall part no more, And those long parted meet a - gain.  
It hath no need of suns to rise To dis - si - pate the gloom of night.  
The wand'rer there a home may find Within the Par - a - dise of God.

# The Better Land.

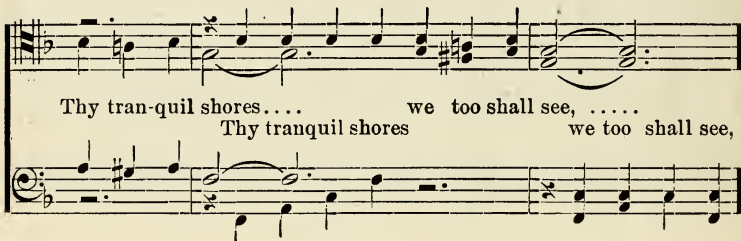
## CHORUS.



Oh, land of love,..... of joy and light,....  
Oh, land of love, of joy and light,

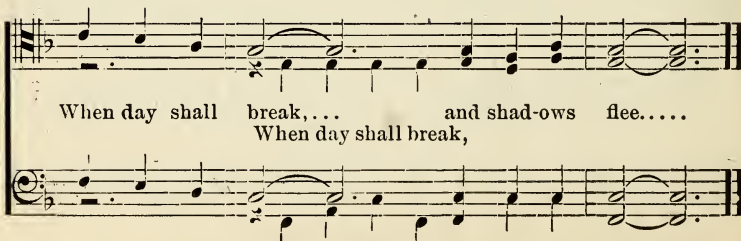


Thy glo - ries gild..... earth's darkest night;...  
Thy glo - ries gild earth's darkest night;



Thy tran-quil shores.... we too shall see, .....

Thy tranquil shores we too shall see,



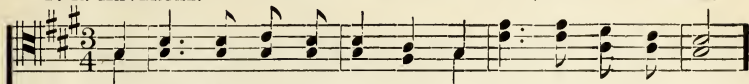
When day shall break,... and shad-ows flee.....  
When day shall break,



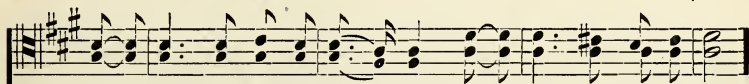
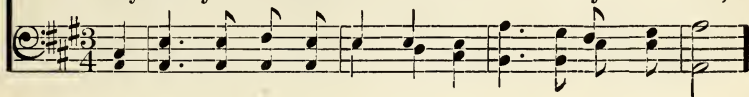
# No. 89. Why Will You Do Without Him?

F. R. HAVERGAL.

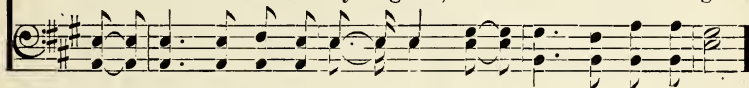
EDWARD M. FULLER.



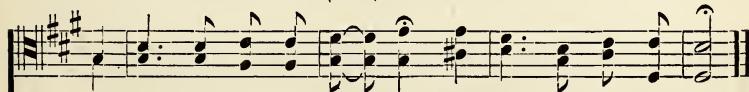
1. I could not do with-out Him! Je - sus is more to me
2. You need not do with-out Him, For He is pass-ing by;
3. Why will you do with-out Him? Is He not kind in - deed?
4. Why should you do with-out Him? It is not yet too late;



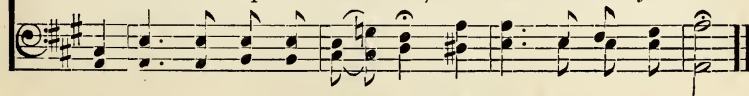
Than all the richest, fair-est gifts Of earth could ev-er be.  
He is wait - ing to be gra - cious, On - ly wait - ing for your cry.  
Did He not die to save you? Is He not all you need?  
He has not closed the day of grace, He has not shut the gate.



But the more I find Him precious, And the more I find Him true.  
He is wait - ing to re - ceive you, To make you all His own!  
Do you not want a Saviour? Do you not want a Friend?  
He calls you—hark! He calls you! He would not have you go



The more I long for you to know What He can do for you.  
Why will you do with - out Him, And wan - der on a - lone?  
One who will love you faithfully, And love you to the end?  
An - oth - er step with - out Him, Be - cause He loves you so.



## No. 90.

## What Is Love?

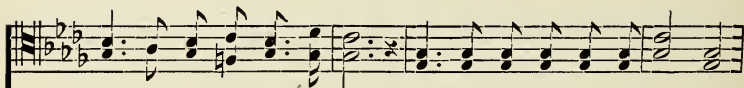
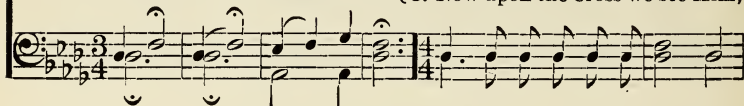
CARY.

C. S. COLBURN.

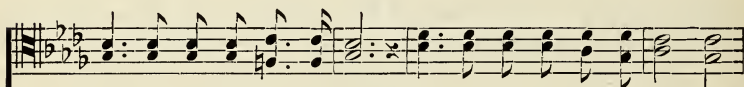
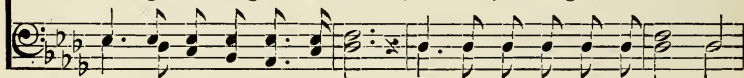
*First verse only.*

Love, love, what is love?

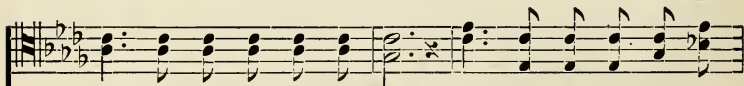
1. Si-lent-ly the shades of eve - ning
2. Once a-gain we see Him standing
3. Now upon the Cross we see Him,



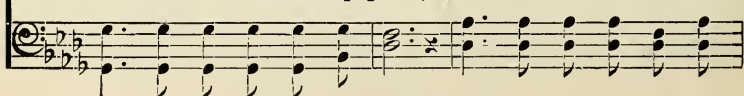
Hov - er o'er Geth-sem-a - ne; As the Saviour prays: O Fa - ther,  
 In the cru-el judgment hall; See, the mob is surging round Him,  
 Bearing thus our guilt and shame; That we, trusting in His mer - it



That this cup might pass from Me! Was it for Himself He suf-fered?  
 Not a friend among them all. He, when on His throne in glo - ry,  
 Life may have thro' His dear name. When a friend for friend hath suffered,



He, the sin-less Lamb of God? No, for us He bore sin's  
 See - ing as with sin we strove, Left that glo - ry for our  
 All the world doth that ap - prove; For His en - e - mies Christ



# What Is Love?

*Ad lib.* Coda for last verse.

bur - den, That, that is love.  
 pris - on; That, that is love.  
 died thus; That, that is love. Love, love, God is love.

# No. 91. Rock of Ages.

A. M. TOPLADY.

THOS. HASTINGS.

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

Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy riv - en side which flowed,  
 Could my zeal no res-pite know, Could my tears for - ev - er flow,  
 Na - ked, come to Thee for dress; Helpless, look to Thee for grace;  
 When I soar to worlds unknown, See Thee on Thy judgment throne;

Be of sin the doub-le cure—Cleanse me from its guilt and pow'r.  
 All for sin could not a-tone—Thou must save, and Thou a - lone.  
 Foul, I to the foun-tain fly, Wash me, Sav - iour, or I die.  
 Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my-self in Thee.

W. C. MARTIN.

EDWARD M. FULLER.

1. There came in the throng one poor wom - an Who yearned in her  
 2. Be - hold, they who came to the Sav - iour For heal - ing, came  
 3. To - day He's the same Friend as ev - er To all who are

heart to be whole; She touched but the gar - ment of Je - sus:—He  
 nev - er in vain; He lift - ed a - way all their bur - den, And  
 burdened and weak; O touch but the hem of His gar - ment, And

REFRAIN.

healed her in bod - y and soul.  
 ban - ished from them ev - 'ry pain. } O come as thou art un - to  
 have all the bless - ing you seek. }

Je - sus, Tho' guilt - y thy life be, and base; And thine shall be

# Touch Jesus.

His great sal - va - tion:—Touch Him, and receive of His grace.

## No. 93.

## Let Him Come!

JAMES M. GRAY.  
*Melody in 2d Tenor.*

D. B. TOWNER.

1. If an - y man thirst, let him come un-to me, Let him come!.....  
 2. If an - y man thirst, let him come un-to me, Let him come! ....  
 3. If an - y man thirst, let him come un-to me, Let him come!.....  
 4. If an - y man thirst, let him come un-to me, Let him come!....  
 Let him come!

Let him come!..... Who - ev - er shall hear, let him  
 Let him come!..... Wher - ev - er he dwell, in a  
 Let him come!..... What - ev - er the need, may it  
 Let him come!..... "When - ev - er he may," is a  
 Let him come!

come without fear, Let him come!..... Let him come!.....  
 pal - ace or cell, Let him come!..... Let him come!.....  
 has - ten his speed, Let him come!..... Let him come!.....  
 call for to - day, Let him come!..... Let him come!.....  
 Let him come! Let him come!

# Let Him Come!

2d TENOR.

Let him take of the wa - ter that I have to give, Let him  
 Let him take of the wa - ter that I have to give, Let the  
 Let him take of the wa - ter that I have to give, Let the  
 Let him take of the wa - ter that I have to give, Let him

1st BASS.

free - ly partake, and a - bund - ant - ly live, Let him come!.....  
 chiefest of sin - ners e - ter - nal - ly live, Let him come!.....  
 care - bur - dened spir - it re - joic - ing - ly live, Let him come!.....  
 drink of it now and im - me - diate - ly live, Let him come!.....  
 Let him come!

Let him come!..... If an - y man thirst, let him come!  
 Let him come!

## No. 94. O Paradise! O Paradise!

F. W. FABER.

*Andante con molto esp.*

GEO. B. NEVIN.

*A tempo.*

1. O Par - a - dise! O Par - a - dise! Who does not crave for rest?  
 2. O Par - a - dise! O Par - a - dise! The world is grow - ing old;  
 3. O Par - a - dise! O Par - a - dise! I great - ly long to see  
 4. Lord Je - sus, King of Par - a - dise! O keep me in Thy love,

# O Paradise! O Paradise!

Who would not seek the hap - py land Where they that loved are blest;  
 Who would not be at rest and free, Where love is nev - er cold;  
 The spe - cial place my dear - est Lord In love pre - pares for me;  
 And guide me to that hap - py land Of per - fect rest a - bove;

*mf* Where loy - al hearts and true Stand ev - er in the light,  
 Where loyal hearts and true *f*

*ff* All rap - ture thro' and thro', In God's most ho - ly sight, All

*ff* rap - ture thro' and thro', In God's most ho - ly sight? A - men. *Rit.*

W. C. MARTIN.

D. B. TOWNER.

1. Though the angry sur ges roll On my tempest driv-en soul,  
 2. Might-y tides a bout me sweep; Per-ils lurk within the deep;  
 3. Troub-les almost 'whelm the soul, Griefs like billows o'er me roll;

I am peaceful, for I know, Wild-ly tho' the winds may blow,  
 Angry clouds o'ershade the sky, And the tem-pest ris-es high;  
 Tempters seek to lure a-stray; Storms obscure the light of day;

I've an an-chor safe and sure, That shall ev-er-more en-dure.  
 Still I stand the tempest's shock, For my an-chor grips the rock.  
 I can face them and be bold; I've an an-chor that shall hold.

## CHORUS.

And it holds, my an-chor holds; Blow your wildest, then, ye  
 And it holds,.... my anchor holds; Blow your wild - - est,



# My Anchor Holds.

gale, On my bark so small and frail; I shall nev - er, nev - er  
then, ye gale,

fail, For my an - chor holds, my an - chor holds.  
For my an-chor holds, it firm - ly holds,

## No. 96. Still, Still with Thee.

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

EDWARD M. FULLER.

*p* *Andante.*

Still, still with Thee, when pur - ple morn-ing break-eth,

*m*

*p*

When the bird wak-eth, and the shad - ows flee; Fair - er than

# Still, Still with Thee.

morn-ing, Lovelier than the day-light, Dawns the sweet consciousness,

*m* I am with Thee. *p* Alone with Thee, amid the mystic

*pp* shad - ows, The sol - emn hush of na - ture new - ly  
*pp*  
The solemn hush

*p* born; A - lone with Thee, in breathless ad - o - ra - tion,

# Still, Still with Thee.

*p* *m* *Lento. p*

In the calm dew and freshness of the morn. When sinks the

*Rall.*

soul, subdued by toil, to slum-ber, Its clos-ing eye looks up to

*m*

Thee in prayer; Sweet the re-pose be-neath Thy wings'o'er-

shad'wing, But sweet-er still to wake and find Thee there.

# Still, Still with Thee.

*m*

So shall it be at last in that bright morn - ing,

*Tempo primo.*

When the soul waketh, and life's shadows flee; Oh! in that hour, and

*Maestoso.* *f*

fair-er than day's dawning, Shall rise the glo-rious tho't, I am with Thee.

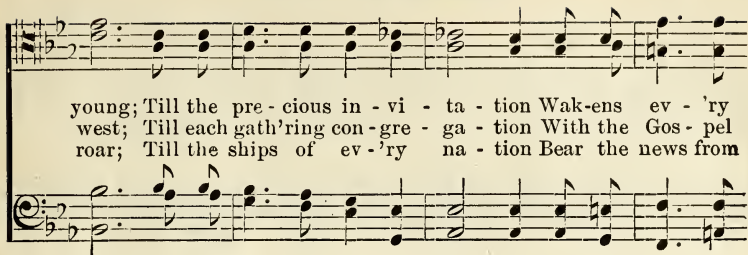
## No. 97. Shout the Tidings.

Unknown.

D. B. TOWNER.

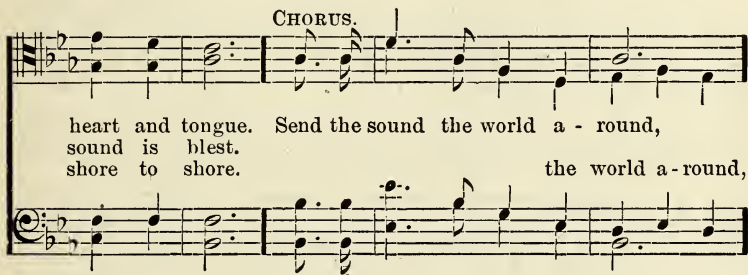
1. Shout the ti-dings of sal - va - tion To the a - ged and the  
2. Shout the ti-dings of sal - va - tion O'er the prai-ries of the  
3. Shout the ti-dings of sal - va - tion, Min-gling with the o - cean's

# Shout the Tidings.

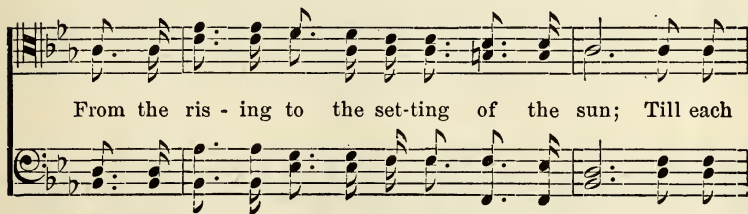


young; Till the pre - cious in - vi - ta - tion Wak - ens ev - 'ry  
west; Till each gath'ring con - gre - ga - tion With the Gos - pel  
roar; Till the ships of ev - 'ry na - tion Bear the news from

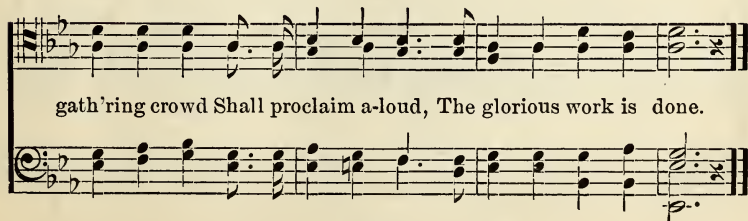
## CHORUS.



heart and tongue. Send the sound the world a - round,  
sound is blest. shore to shore. the world a - round,



From the ris - ing to the set - ting of the sun; Till each



gath'ring crowd Shall proclaim a - loud, The glorious work is done.

SIDNEY WILLIAMS.

T. WILLIAMS.

Arr. by FINLEY LYON.

1. The gate is wide, the way is broad, That leads to mis-er-  
 2. With ten-der love the Sav-iour calls, Oh, come to Him and

y and woe; And sin-ners crowd a-long the path, As  
 He will save; Be-lieve that for your sins He died; That

# The Saviour Calls.

on to death they blind-ly go. But hark! a-mid the  
 you might live, His life He gave. That burden from your

*p* *p e dol.*

sin-stained throng, A voice rings forth from heav'n a - bove; Oh,  
 wea - ry soul, That load of sin He will re-move, And

sweet - er than the sweet - est song, Oh, full of mer - cy and of love.  
 give to you e - ter - nal life, If you will trust Him and His love.

# The Saviour Calls.

Hear, sin - ner, hear, be - lieve and live;

*dol.*

Hear, sin - ner, hear, be - lieve and live;

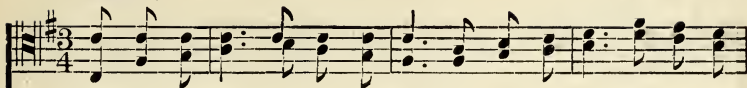
Stay, the Sav - iour calls, stay, the Sav - iour calls.

*f*

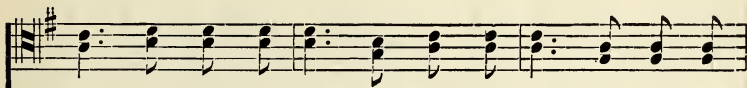
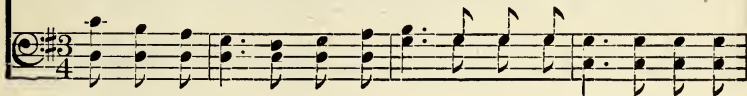


# The Saviour Calls.

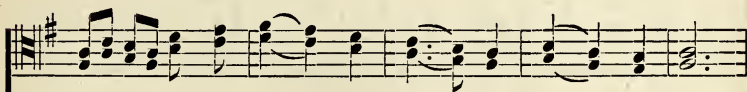
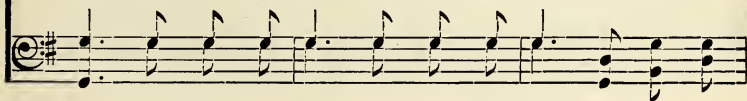
## CHORUS.



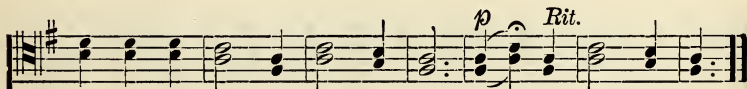
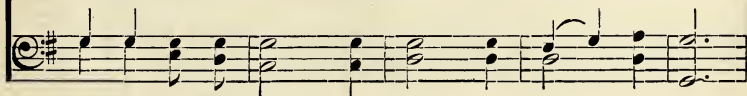
Oh, who will stay and heed the cry Of Him who says, "Why will ye



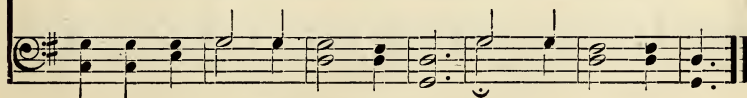
die?" Now is the time, oh, do not wait, To - mor - row

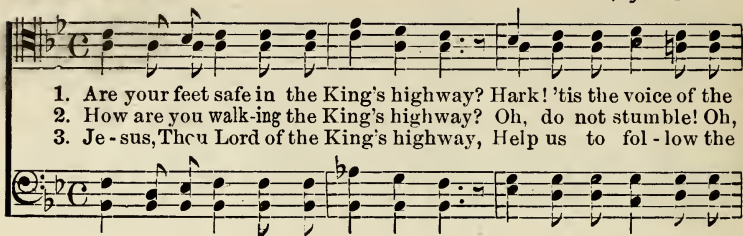


it may be too late; Oh, stay, the Sav - iour calls,

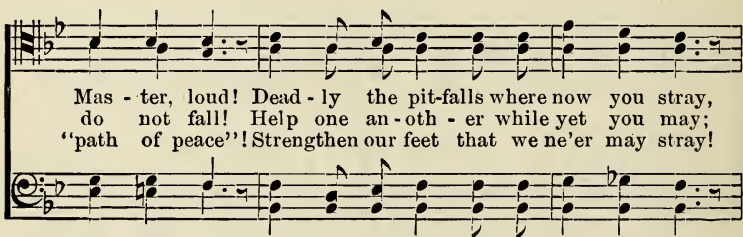


the Sav-iour calls, The Sav - iour calls, stay, the Sav - iour calls.

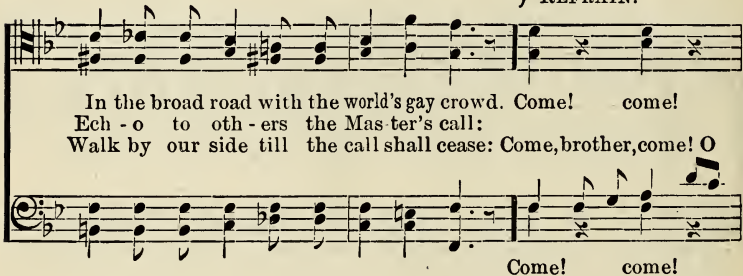




1. Are your feet safe in the King's highway? Hark! 'tis the voice of the  
 2. How are you walk-ing the King's highway? Oh, do not stumble! Oh,  
 3. Je - sus, Thcu Lord of the King's highway, Help us to fol - low the

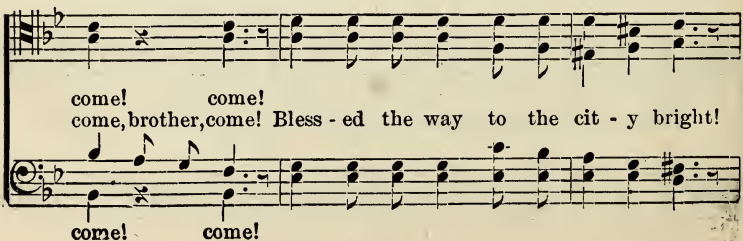


Mas - ter, loud! Dead - ly the pit-falls where now you stray,  
 do not fall! Help one an - oth - er while yet you may;  
 "path of peace"! Strengthen our feet that we ne'er may stray!

*f* REFRAIN.


In the broad road with the world's gay crowd. Come! come!  
 Ech - o to oth - ers the Mas - ter's call:  
 Walk by our side till the call shall cease: Come, brother, come! O

Come! come!

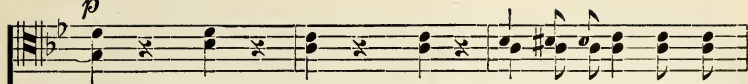


come! come!  
 come, brother, come! Bless - ed the way to the cit - y bright!

come! come!

# The King's Highway.

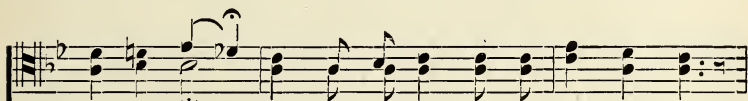
*p*



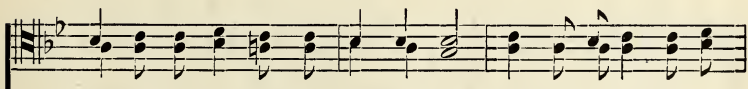
Come! come! come! come!  
Come, brother, come! O come, brother, come! See in the distance the



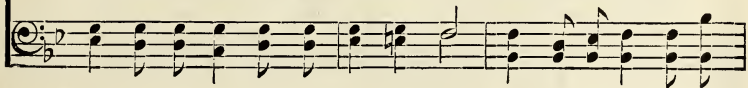
Come! come! come! come!



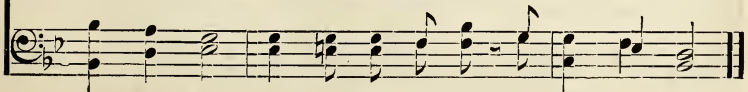
crown of light; Soft - ly we hear from the heights a - bove,



Rap-tur-ous ech-oes, glad songs of love; "He that o'ercometh, a



crown shall wear"—Pon - der, O mor-tal, will you be there?

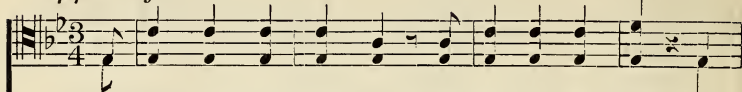


# No. 100. Though Faint, Yet Pursuing.

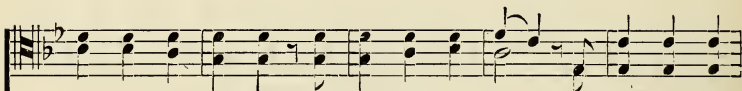
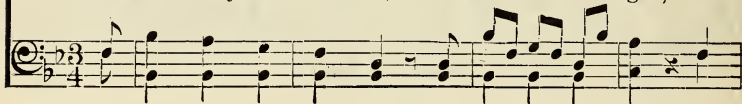
JOHN N. DARBY.

THOS. KOSCHAT.

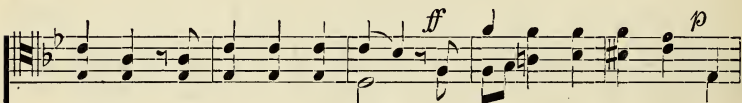
*pp* Allegro.



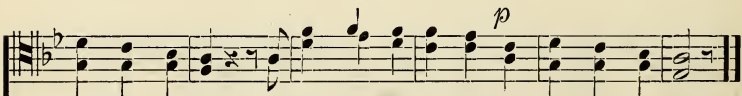
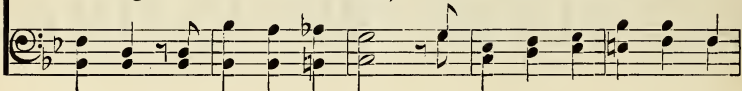
1. Tho' faint, yet pur - su - ing, we go on our way; The  
 2. He rais - eth the fall - en, He cheer-eth the faint; The  
 3. Tho' clouds may sur - round us, our God is our light; Tho'



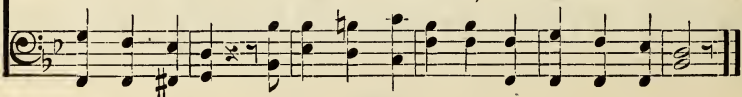
Lord is our lead - er, His Word is our stay; Tho' suff'ring, and  
 weak, and oppressed, He will hear their complaint; The way may be  
 storms rage a - round us, our God is our might; So, faint, yet pur -



sor - row, and tri - al be near, The Lord is our ref - uge, and  
 wea - ry, and thorn - y the road, But how can we fal - ter?—our  
 su - ing, still on - ward we come; The Lord is our lead - er, and



whom can we fear? The Lord is our refuge, and whom can we fear?  
 help is in God! But how can we fal - ter?—our help is in God!  
 heav'n is our home! The Lord is our leader, and heav'n is our home!



# No. 101. God Knows It All.

LIZZIE DE ARMOND.

E. S. LORENZ.

1. When we suf-fer pain and loss,  
 2. When we grieve because of sin,  
 3. Ev-'ry tear that dims our eyes,

When we pa-tient  
 Long-ing to be  
 All the bur-den

Hm!..... God knows it all; Hm!.....

bear our cross,  
 pure within,  
 of our sighs,

When we tread the thorny way,  
 He will wash us white as snow,  
 There's no life so sad and drear,

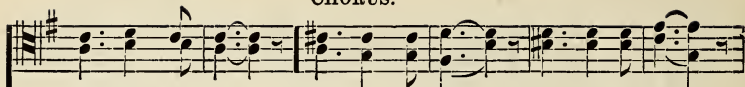
..... God knows it all! Hm!.....

Walk-ing by His side each day,  
 Cleanse us in the crim-son flow,  
 But some joy-bud bloometh near,

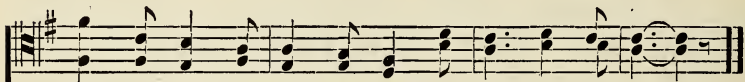
Hm!..... { He will be our guide and stay, Our  
 Till our hearts with rapture glow. Our  
 That doth like God's smile ap-pear, Our

# God Knows It All.

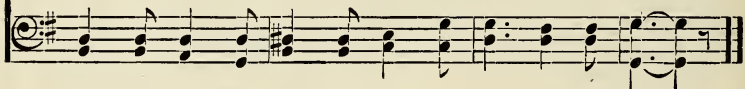
## CHORUS.



God knows it all! God knows it all! God knows it all!



He will be our guide and stay, Our God knows it all!



## No. 102. Would You Believe?

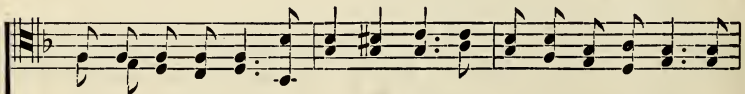
CAROLINE SAWYER.

D. B. TOWNER.

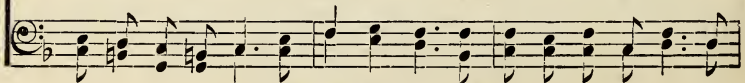
*Melody in 2d Tenor.*



1. If you could see Christ standing here to-night, His thorn-crowned head and
2. If you could see that face, so calm and sweet, Those lips that spake words
3. He whispers to your heart, turn not a-way, For He's be-side you,

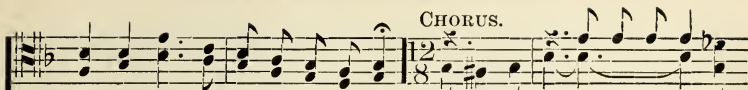


pierced hands could view; Could see those eyes that beam with heav'n's own light; And on-ly pure and true; Could see the nail-prints in His ten-der feet, And in your nar-row pew; If you will lis-ten, You will hear Him say, In



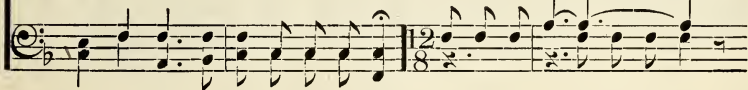
# Would You Believe?

CHORUS.

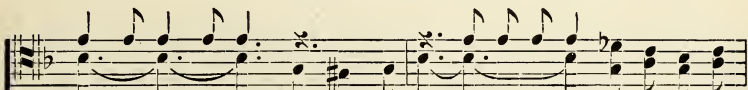


hear Him say, "Be-lov-ed, 'twas for you." Would you be - lieve,..... and  
 hear Him say, "Be-lov-ed, 'twas for you." *Last verse:*  
 lov-ing tones, "Be-lov-ed, 'twas for you." Will you be-lieve,..... and

Would you believe,  
 Will you believe,



Je-sus re - ceive,..... If He were stand - - ing  
 Je-sus re - ceive,..... For He is stand - - ing  
 and Je-sus re-ceive, If He were standing  
 and Je-sus re-ceive, For He is standing



here?..... Would you be - lieve,..... and Je-sus re-  
 here?..... Will you be - lieve,..... and Je-sus re-  
 here, were standing here? Would you believe,  
 here, is standing here? Will you believe,

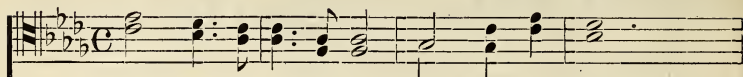


ceive,..... If He were stand - ing..... here?...  
 ceive,..... For He is stand - ing..... here?...  
 and Je-sus receive, stand-ing, If He were standing here?...  
 and Je-sus receive, stand-ing, For He is standing here?...

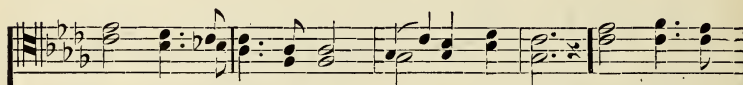
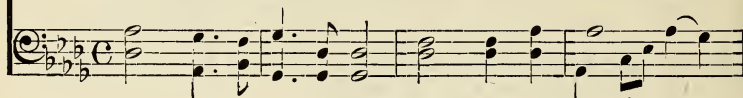


# No. 103. Nearer, My God, to Thee.

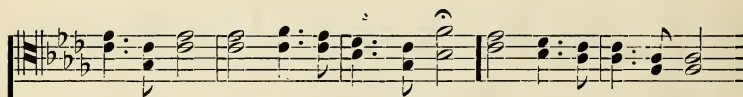
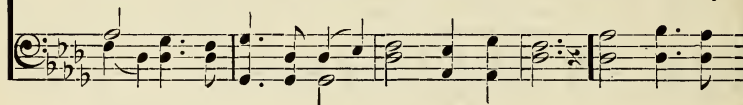
LOWELL MASON.  
Arr. by HERBERT JOHNSON.



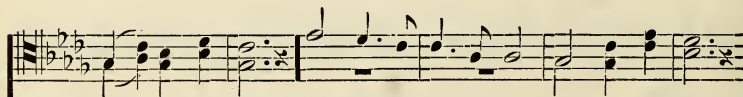
Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee, to Thee;



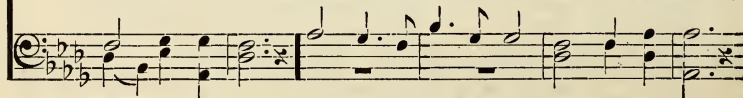
E'en tho' it be a cross That rais-eth me. Still all my



song shall be, Near-er, my God, to Thee, Near-er, my God, to Thee,

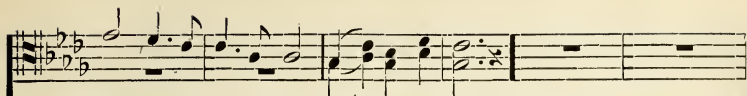


Near-er to Thee. Tho' like the wan-der-er, The sun gone down,

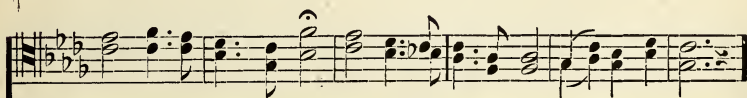
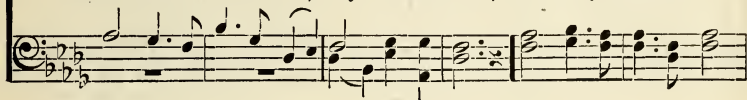




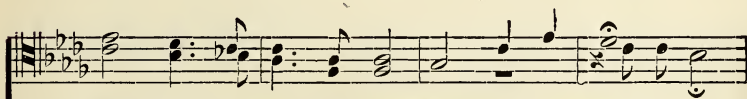
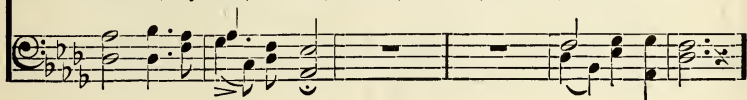
# Nearer, My God, to Thee.



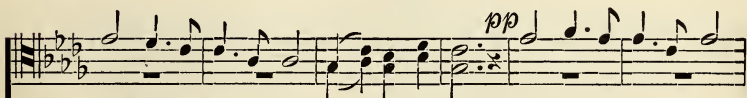
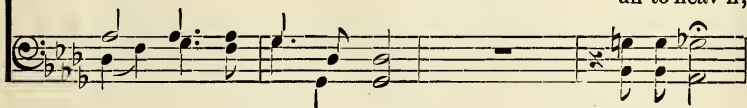
Darkness be o-ver me, My rest a stone; Yet in my dreams I'd be



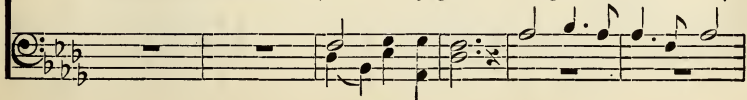
Near-er, my God, to Thee, Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer to Thee.



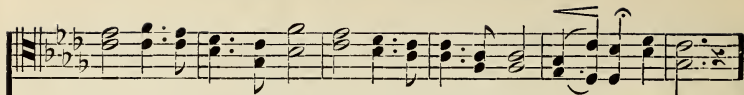
There let the way ap - pear, Steps un - to heav'n;  
un-to heav'n;



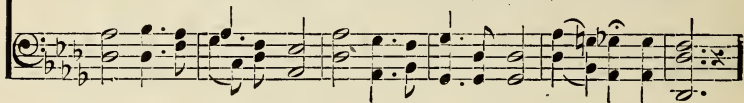
All that Thou sendest me, In mercy giv'n. An-gels to beckon me,



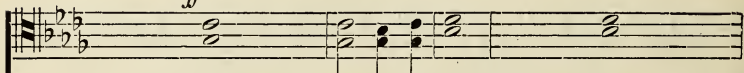
# Nearer, My God, to Thee.



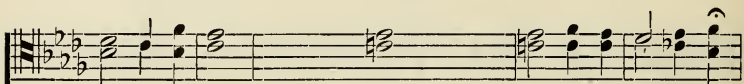
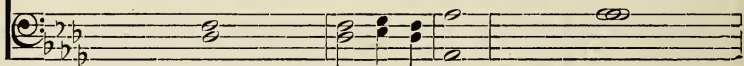
Near-er, my God, to Thee, Nearer, my God, to Thee, Near-er to Thee.



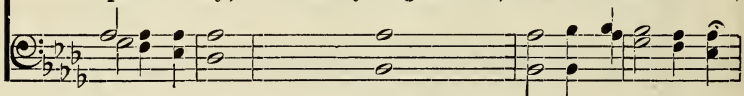
*ff*



Or if on joyful wing, Cleaving the sky, Sun, moon, and stars forgot,



Upward I fly; Still all my song shall be, Nearer to Thee, to Thee,



*Rit.*



Near-er, my God, to Thee, Near-er to Thee. A-men, A - men.



# ALPHABETICAL INDEX

First lines in small type; titles in SMALL CAPITALS

- No.
- 24 ACQUAINT THYSELF WITH HIM
- 78 ALL MY NEED SUPPLIED IN JESUS
- 74 ALMIGHTY ONE
- 23 Along the devious ways of life
- 84 Are there hearts that you can bless
- 99 Are your feet safe in the King's
- 29 ARISE AND SHINE
- 6 Art thou weary or forsaken
- 5 AT CALVARY
- 67 Behold, behold the outstretched
- 1 BENEATH THE CROSS OF JESUS
- 9 BENEDICTION HYMN
- 2 BE STRONG IN THE LORD
- 45 Beyond the smiling and the weeping
- 58 CHRIST ALONE HAS POWER TO SAVE
- 43 CHRIST DIED FOR ME
- 72 Christian, are you up and doing
- 51 CLING TO JESUS
- 32 COME AWAY TO JESUS NOW
- 55 COME IN, MY SAVIOUR
- 55 Come in, O come, the door stands
- 87 COME, JOIN THE RANKS
- 87 Come, join the conquering army
- 35 COME, THOU ALMIGHTY KING
- 18 COME, YE DISCONSOLATE
- 39 COMING HOME
- 8 Dearest name in earth or heaven
- 68 DRIFTING AWAY FROM JESUS
- 85 DWELL DEEP
- 34 Faint and weary from the heat
- 80 For what haven are you steering
- 65 FROM THE RECESSES OF A LOWLY
- 26 Gather the cherished ones home
- 86 GIVE ME A HEART OF CALM REPOSE
- 101 GOD KNOWS IT ALL
- 23 GOD'S LOVING HAND
- 62 GUIDE ME, O SAVIOUR
- 24 Hark! a voice from heaven calls
- 17 HARK! HARK! MY SOUL
- 47 Have you heard the good news of
- 53 HE KNOWS IT ALL
- 53 He knows the bitter, weary way
- 40 HE ROLLS THE SEA AWAY
- 33 HEAVEN IS MY HOME
- 64 HELP ANOTHER
- 20 Help me spend these quiet moments
- No.
- 12 HIS GRACE IS SUFFICIENT
- 3 HOME AT LAST
- 26 HOME TO THEIR REST
- 10 How blest the thought that Jesus
- 82 How sad the day, when but a youth
- 89 I could not do without Him
- 93 If any man thirst, let him come
- 51 If the way be dark and drear
- 102 If you could see Christ standing
- 70 I look beyond the rolling years
- 36 I'm but a stranger here
- 40 In ancient days when Israel's host
- 34 IN A WEARY LAND
- 73 IN HEAVENLY LOVE ABIDING
- 9 IRENE
- 57 Jesus by His spirit calls
- 4 JESUS CHRIST MY SAVIOUR
- 49 Jesus is standing to-night at your
- 56 Jesus, my Lord, Thou art my life
- 33 JESUS, SAVIOUR, PILOT ME
- 25 JUST AS I AM
- 83 Keep me ever near thy side
- 21 Late, late, so late
- 93 LET HIM COME
- 47 LET HIM THAT HEARETH SAY COME
- 49 LET THE DEAR SAVIOUR COME IN
- 38 Let us sing a song in praise of Christ
- 56 LIFE'S HEAVENLY SECRET
- 51 LIGHT OF MY LIFE
- 39 Long I've wandered far from God
- 45 LORD, TARRY NOT
- 90 Love, love, what is love
- 75 Marching, marching, forward to the
- 27 MORE SWEETLY THAN A MOTHER
- 95 MY ANCHOR HOLDS
- 50 MY JESUS KNOWS
- 82 "MY WAYWARD BOY I LOVE YOU"
- 103 NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE
- 71 NEARER MY HOME
- 83 NEAR TO THEE
- 16 NOW THE DAY IS OVER
- 32 Oh, why thus stand with reluctant
- 28 OLIVE'S BROW
- 71 One sweetly solemn tho't
- 31 ONLY
- 63 ONLY A LITTLE WHILE

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| <p>No.<br/> 31 Only to pass through the gateway<br/> 4 On the blest eternal shore<br/> 76 On the resurrection morning<br/> 77 ON TO VICTORY<br/> 77 Onward! onward! band victorious<br/> 94 O PARADISE! O PARADISE<br/> 54 O Thou Light of my soul<br/> 38 OVER THE HARBOR BAR</p> <p>52 REMEMBER ME, O MIGHTY ONE<br/> 91 ROCK OF AGES</p> <p>15 SAVED BY THE BLOOD<br/> 57 SAVED FOR AYE<br/> 9 Saviour, again to Thy dear name we<br/> 66 SHELTERED IN THE ROCK<br/> 97 SHOUT THE TIDINGS<br/> 64 SHOW ME THY SMILE<br/> 61 Since thy Father's arm sustains thee<br/> 41 SLEEP THY LAST SLEEP<br/> 79 Soldiers of righteousness<br/> 69 SOMETIMES A LIGHT SURPRISES<br/> 13 Sometimes along our journey here<br/> 37 SPEED IT ON<br/> 37 Speed it—speed the gospel call<br/> 79 STAND TO YOUR ARMS<br/> 96 STILL, STILL WITH THEE</p> <p>59 TAKE MY LIFE, AND LET IT BE<br/> 6 TELL HIM ALL<br/> 60 TELL JESUS<br/> 14 THE BEAUTIFUL LAND<br/> 88 THE BETTER LAND<br/> 30 THE CHRISTIAN WAR SONG<br/> 98 The gate is wide, the way is broad<br/> 8 THE HOLIEST NAME<br/> 99 THE KING'S HIGHWAY<br/> 11 THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD<br/> 67 THE OUTSTRETCHED HANDS<br/> 20 THE QUIET HOUR</p> | <p>No.<br/> 22 THE REAPER AND THE FLOWERS<br/> 76 THE RESURRECTION MORN<br/> 98 THE SAVIOUR CALLS<br/> 7 THE SHADOW OF THE ROCK<br/> 43 THE TEMPEST<br/> 92 There came in the throng one poor<br/> 88 There is a land mine eyes have seen<br/> 22 There is a reaper, whose name is<br/> 14 There's a beautiful country<br/> 19 There's a veil that hangs before me<br/> 100 THOUGH FAINT, YET PURSUING<br/> 95 Though the angry surges roll<br/> 28 'Tis midnight! and on Olive's brow<br/> 92 TOUCH JESUS<br/> 21 TOO LATE<br/> 13 TRUST<br/> 61 TRUST HIM MORE</p> <p>75 VICTORY COMETH</p> <p>30 War sounds forth his dread alarms<br/> 44 WE WOULD SEE JESUS<br/> 80 WHAT HAVEN<br/> 90 WHAT IS LOVE<br/> 70 WHEN I SHALL SEE MY KING<br/> 81 WHEN JESUS KNOCKS<br/> 52 When storms around are sweeping<br/> 60 When thou wakest in the morning<br/> 58 When tossed on Galilee's rough<br/> 101 When we suffer pain and loss<br/> 64 Where art Thou, O my Master<br/> 10 WHERE SHALL I BE<br/> 72 WHILE THE DAYS ARE GOING BY<br/> 46 WHO SHALL ABIDE<br/> 89 WHY WILL YOU DO WITHOUT HIM<br/> 42 Wildly sweeps the tempest<br/> 19 WITH ME ALL THE WAY<br/> 102 WOULD YOU BELIEVE</p> <p>5 Years I spent in vanity and pride<br/> 48 YE CHRISTIAN HERALDS</p> |
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## CONDENSED TOPICAL INDEX

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|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>Christ—1, 4, 8, 15, 27, 43, 50, 51, 53, 54, 56,<br/> 58, 64, 76, 90.<br/> Confession and Testimony—5, 6, 10, 12,<br/> 39, 54, 82.<br/> Duets and Solos—50, 62, 82, 88, 98.<br/> Funerals—3, 22, 26, 31, 41, 63, 91.<br/> The Gospel—17, 21, 47, 57, 93.<br/> Heaven—14, 31, 36, 38, 45, 70, 71, 80, 88, 94.<br/> Invitation—18, 21, 24, 25, 32, 39, 46, 49, 55,<br/> 56, 67, 68, 80, 81, 89, 92, 93, 98, 99, 102.</p> | <p>Missionary—37, 48, 87, 97.<br/> Peace and Rest—7, 34, 42, 36, 85, 86,<br/> 95.<br/> Praise—11, 12, 19, 23, 35, 40, 44, 58.<br/> Prayer—9, 16, 20, 28, 33, 52, 59, 60, 62, 64, 65,<br/> 74, 83, 96, 103.<br/> Trust—13, 51, 53, 61, 65, 69, 73, 78, 85, 100,<br/> 101.<br/> Work—2, 29, 30, 72, 75, 77, 79, 84, 87,<br/> 97.</p> |
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