

SHAPED NOTES.



GOSPEL SONGS.

AND HYMNS No. I.



FOR THE SUNDAY SCHOOL,
PRAYER MEETING,
SOCIAL MEETING,
GENERAL SONG SERVICE




By GEO. B. HOLSINGER.

Thirty-second Thousand.

ELGIN, ILL.,
BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE,
1899.

Price, 35 Cents per Copy; 5 Copies, \$1.50; 100 Copies, \$30.00; and:



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PREFACE.

THE best compositions, new and old, from more than one hundred of the most popular composers of music and hymn writers have been secured for this work. All the old tunes have been chosen, because they are favorites the world over, and the new pieces have been carefully selected with the utmost care, so that there is scarcely a piece in the book but that will give the best of satisfaction, and many of them will surely become popular.

Do not therefore select a few pieces and sing these only, but try every piece, and you will find that many of the shorter ones are among the best.

The singing of hymns is intended to promote spirituality in worship, holiness in life and activity in world-wide evangelization. It is one of the mightiest influences for good and makes possible a deeper experience of truth, a more real fellowship with God and a holy union of devout souls of all ages in their highest ideas of duty.

It is suggested that you do not sing too loud, for noise is not music. Singing is praising God. "Sing with the spirit and with the understanding also." Real music comes from the heart and not simply from the lips. Do not sing the words but sing their meaning, with all your soul. In many cases it may be well to sing two stanzas before singing the Refrain, as in No. 130. Teach the children to sing.

We send forth GOSPEL SONGS AND HYMNS, No. 1, praying God's blessings to rest thereon, and hopeful that much good may be accomplished.

THE AUTHOR AND PUBLISHERS.

GOSPEL SONGS AND HYMNS

No. 1.

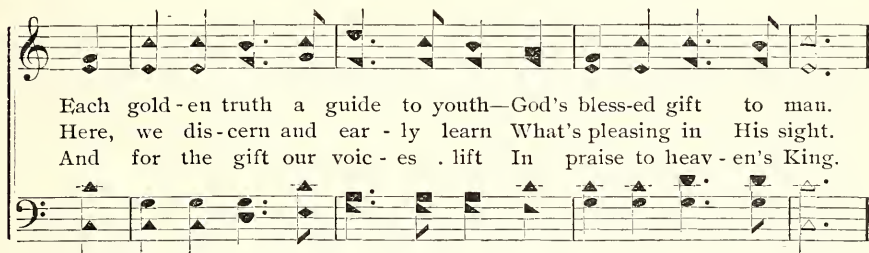
No. 1. WE LOVE THE HOLY BIBLE.

HARRIET F. JONES.

B. C. UNSELD.

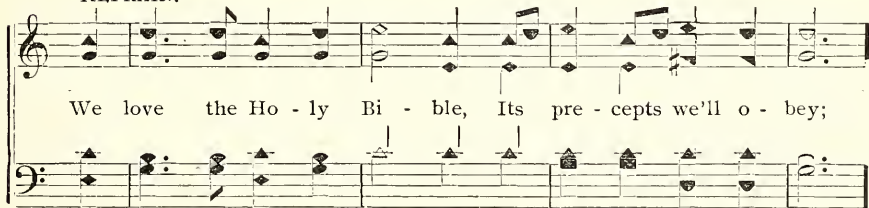


1. We love the Ho - ly Bi - ble, Its pa - ges love to scan,
2. We love the Ho - ly Bi - ble, The lamp our path to light;
3. We love the Ho - ly Bi - ble, Un - to its truths we'll cling,



Each gold - en truth a guide to youth—God's bless - ed gift to man.
Here, we dis - cern and ear - ly learn What's pleasing in His sight.
And for the gift our voic - es . lift In praise to heav - en's King.

REFRAIN.



We love the Ho - ly Bi - ble, Its pre - cepts we'll o - bey;

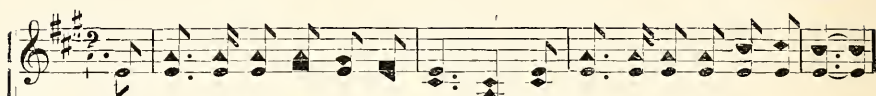


In His dear name we'll spread its fame From morn till twi - light gray.

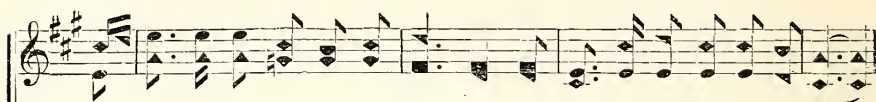
No. 2. KEEP MY SOUL TRUSTING IN THEE.

Mrs. FRANK A. BRECK.

H. B. GROENGILS.



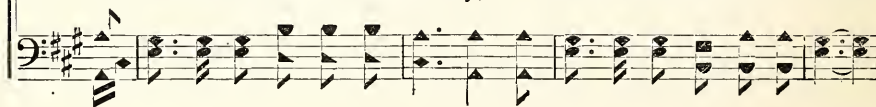
1. There's no one like Thee, O my Sav - ior, Whose love is so patient and strong.
2. Oh, Lord, if my heart should be broken—Tho' bit-ter the cup I must drink,—
3. If ev - 'ry dear hope I have cherished, Should ut - ter-ly van-ish a - way—



So will-ing to help me in tri - al, And bear with my fail-ings so long,
If on - ly Thy com-fort be spo-ken, I nev - er will fal-ter nor shrink,
If ev - 'ry earth blessing were perished, Still Thou art my rock and my stay;



No oth - er such love ev - er gave me—To Thee, blessed Sav - ior, I flee—
O ten - der and pit - i - ful Sav - ior, So full of com-pas-sion for me—
I can - not be friend-less or lone - ly, I nev - er can des - o - late be —




Thou wilt to "the ut-ter-most" save me, And keep my soul trusting in Thee.
In sor-row be near to up - hold me, And keep my soul trusting in Thee.
For O! I may lean on Thy bo - som, And keep my soul trusting in Thee.



KEEP MY SOUL TRUSTING IN THEE.

REFRAIN.



O keep my soul trust-ing in Thee Thou
 O keep my soul trust - ing, my Sav - ior, in Thee, Thou

bear - er of bur-dens for me. Come close to me, Lord, in all
 bear - er of bur-dens, of bur-dens for me, Come close to me, Lord, in all

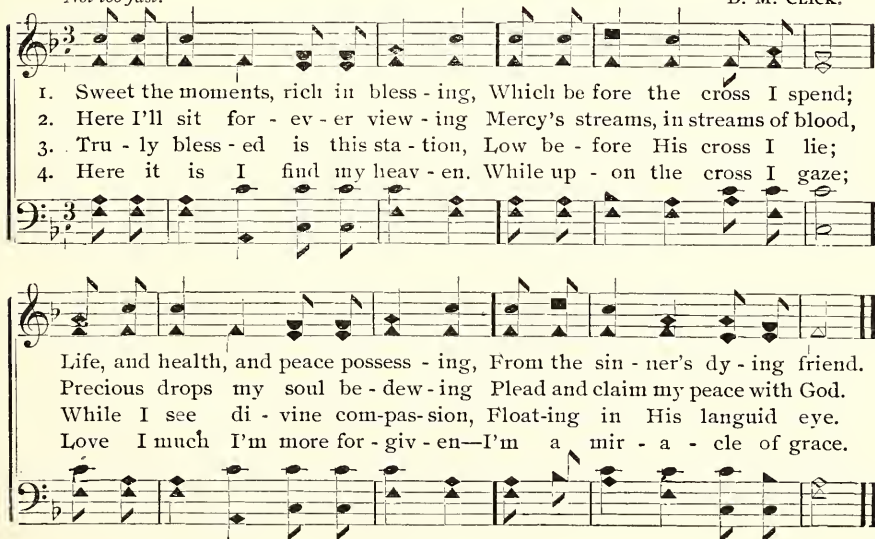
sor - row—And keep my soul trust-ing in Thee.
 sor - row, come close, And keep my soul trust-ing in Thee, in Thee.

No. 3.

EFFIE. 8s & 7s. (194.)

Not too fast.

D. M. CLICK.



1. Sweet the moments, rich in bless - ing, Which be fore the cross I spend;
 2. Here I'll sit for - ev - er view - ing Mercy's streams, in streams of blood,
 3. Tru - ly bless - ed is this sta - tion, Low be - fore His cross I lie;
 4. Here it is I find my heav - en. While up - on the cross I gaze;

Life, and health, and peace possess - ing, From the sin - ner's dy - ing friend.
 Precious drops my soul be - dew - ing Plead and claim my peace with God.
 While I see di - vine com - pas - sion, Float - ing in His languid eye.
 Love I much I'm more for - giv - en—I'm a mir - a - cle of grace.

No. 4.

WELCOME PRAISE.

Rev. A. WHEATON.

W. H. LAMB.

1. Our prais-es we of-fer to Je-sus to-day, For mer-cies and
 2. We lean on His prom-is-es ma-n-y and sure, Lay hold on His
 3. In spir-it He leads us and gives a new song, Up-lifts our whole
 4. Then join hearts and voices to pub-lish His praise, Ex-hort-ing each

blessings enriching our way, And we welcome His children who join in ac-
 teachings so faithful and pure, And we pray with as-sur-ance that Je-sus will
 life, makes us happy and strong, By His pow-er He shields us from danger, and
 oth-er to walk in His ways, We'll ex-ult in His triumphs and praise His great

REFRAIN.

cord, To en-deav-or to serve Him, our glo-ri-ous Lord. We will sing . . .
 hear, And de-liv-er be-liev-ers from bondage and fear.
 care. By His love He impels us love's burdens to bear.
 might. Till we shout hal-le-lu-jahs in mansions of light. We will sing

the love of Je-sus, Join with angel songs a-bove, Chant His
 the love of Je-sus, precious love, Join with an-gel songs a-bove, songs a-bove,

praise-es, Tell His bless-ing, Spread abroad His wondrous love.
 Chant His praises, tell His wondrous blessing, Spread abroad His wondrous love, His wondrous love.

No. 5.

IN JUST A LITTLE WHILE.

Rev. W. C. MARTIN.

H. B. GROENGILS.



1. The ills of earth with God's great love I can - not rec - on - cile,
2. The storms will soon a - bate and through The clouds the sun will shine;
3. Dis - cour - aged I would oft - en be— My heart re - mains so vile:
4. Let men de - spise me if they will, For - sake me or re - vile,



But I shall un - der - stand it all In just a lit - tle while.
 My God shall wipe my tears a - way In just a lit - tle while.
 But that I know I'll be like Him In just a lit - tle while.
 Thank God, with Je - sus I shall reign In just a lit - tle while.



REFRAIN.



In just a lit - tle while, Yes, just a lit - tle while,
 A lit - tle while, a lit - tle while, Yes, just a lit - tle, lit - tle while,



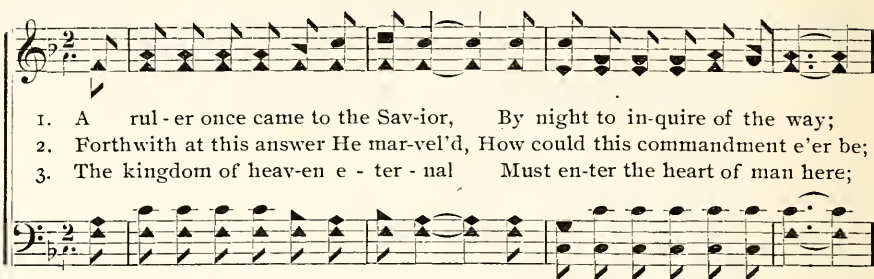
I shall be free from grief and guile, In just a lit - tle while.



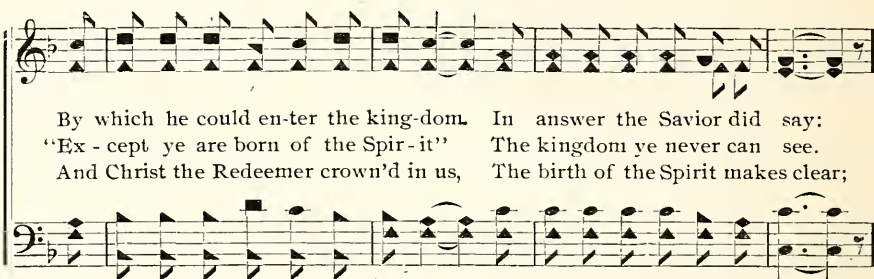
No. 6. YE MUST BE BORN AGAIN.

NELLIE EDWARDS.

RAN. C. STORY.

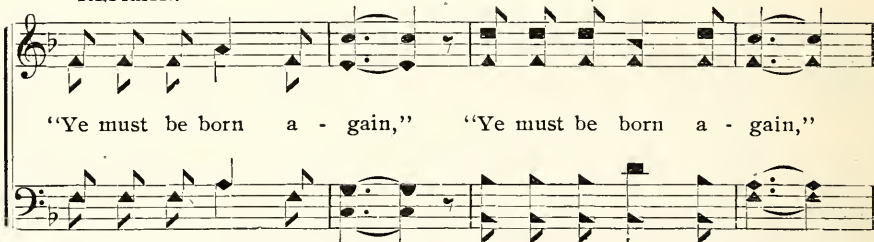


1. A rul-er once came to the Sav-ior, By night to in-quire of the way;
 2. Forthwith at this answer He mar-vel'd, How could this commandment e'er be;
 3. The kingdom of heav-en e - ter - nal Must en-ter the heart of man here;

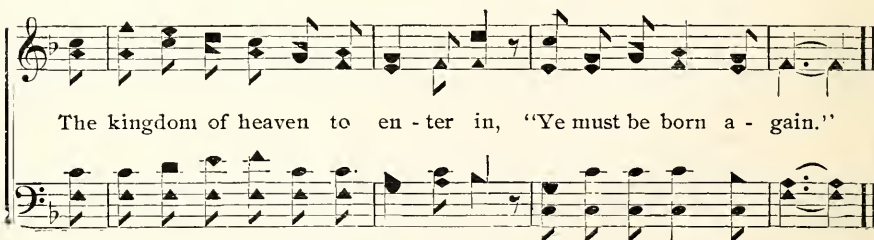


By which he could en-ter the king-dom. In answer the Savior did say:
 "Ex - cept ye are born of the Spir - it" The kingdom ye never can see.
 And Christ the Redeemer crown'd in us, The birth of the Spirit makes clear;

REFRAIN.



"Ye must be born a - gain," "Ye must be born a - gain,"

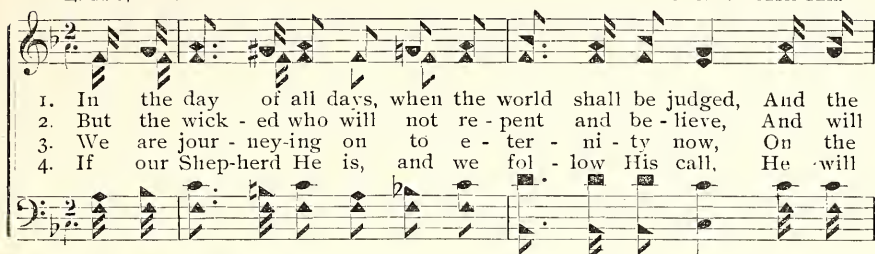


The kingdom of heaven to en - ter in, "Ye must be born a - gain."


No. 7. AT THE SAVIOR'S RIGHT HAND.

E. R. LATTI.

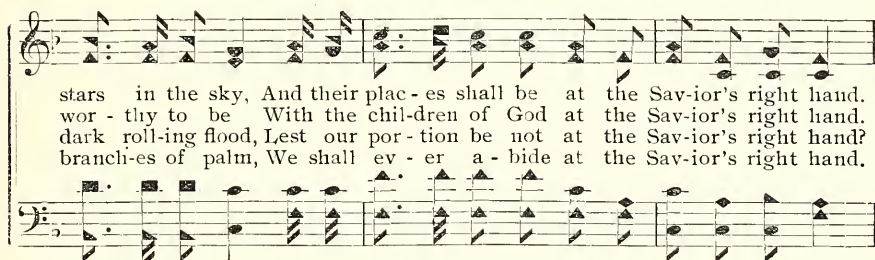
GEO. B. HOLSINGER.



1. In the day of all days, when the world shall be judged, And the
 2. But the wick - ed who will not re - pent and be - lieve, And will
 3. We are jour - ney-ing on to e - ter - ni - ty now, On the
 4. If our Shep-herd He is, and we fol - low His call, He will



chaff from the wheat shall be thoroughly fanned, Then the righteous shall shine as the
 nev - er live up to the Master's command, Shall be placed on the left, as un-
 bank of death's Jordan we some-time shall stand! Shall we fear to pass o - ver the
 lead us safe home to that beau-ti - ful land; And, with crowns on our brows, and with



stars in the sky, And their plac - es shall be at the Sav-ior's right hand.
 wor - thy to be With the chil-dren of God at the Sav-ior's right hand.
 dark roll-ing flood, Lest our por - tion be not at the Sav-ior's right hand?
 branch-es of palm, We shall ev - er a - bide at the Sav-ior's right hand.

REFRAIN.



Let me find a place . . . with that . . . hap-py band, . .
 Let me find a place with that hap-py band, Let me find a place with that happy band,



Who shall ev - - - er a - bide, . . . A-bide at the Savior's right hand.
 Who shall ev - er a-bide at the Sav-ior's right hand, right hand

MARGARET MOODY.

W. A. OGDEN.

1. When a sin-ner comes, as a sinner may, There is joy, . . . there is joy; . . .

2. When a soul is born in the kingdom bright, There is joy, . . . there is joy; . . .

3. When a pilgrim comes to the river wide, There is joy, . . . there is joy; . . .

There is joy, there is joy;

When he turns to God in the gospel way, There is joy, . . . there is joy.

When he walks by faith in the gospel light, There is joy, . . . there is joy.

When he dwells secure on the oth-er side, There is joy, . . . there is joy.

There is joy,

CHORUS.

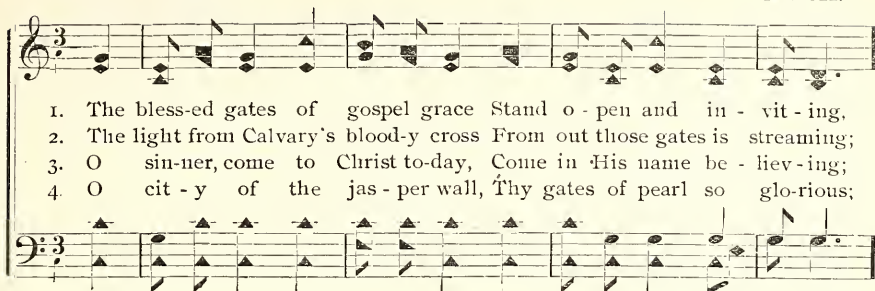
There is joy a-mong the an - gels, And their harps with music ring;

mu - sic, mu - sic ring;

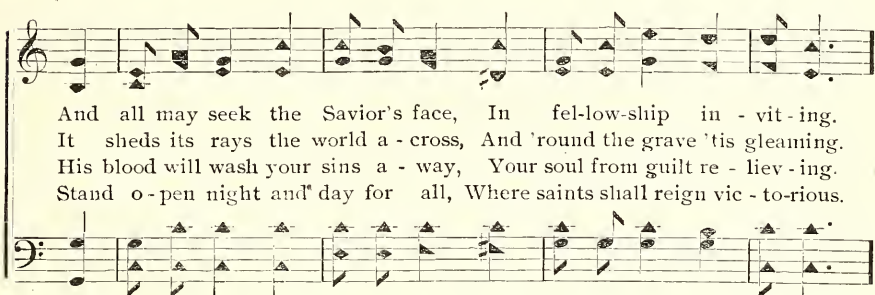
When a sin-ner comes re - pent-ing, Bend-ing low be - fore our King.

WILLIAM BENNETT.

ASA HULL.

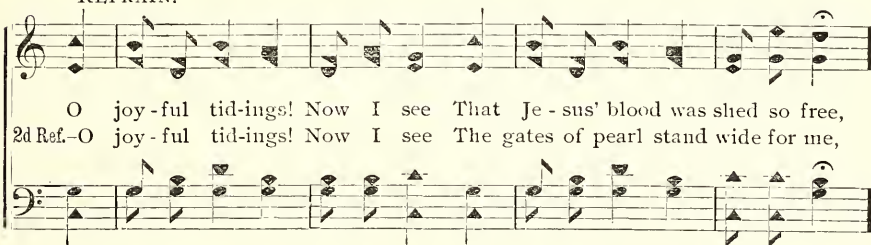


1. The bless-ed gates of gospel grace Stand o - pen and in - vit - ing,
 2. The light from Calvary's blood-y cross From out those gates is streaming;
 3. O sin-ner, come to Christ to-day, Come in His name be - liev - ing;
 4. O cit - y of the jas - per wall, Thy gates of pearl so glo - rious;

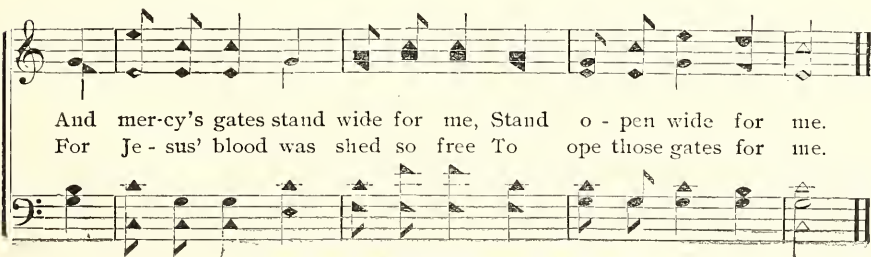


And all may seek the Savior's face, In fel-low-ship in - vit - ing.
 It sheds its rays the world a - cross, And 'round the grave 'tis gleaming.
 His blood will wash your sins a - way, Your soul from guilt re - liev - ing.
 Stand o - pen night and day for all, Where saints shall reign vic - to - rious.

REFRAIN.



O joy - ful tid-ings! Now I see That Je - sus' blood was shed so free,
 2d Ref.-O joy - ful tid-ings! Now I see The gates of pearl stand wide for me,

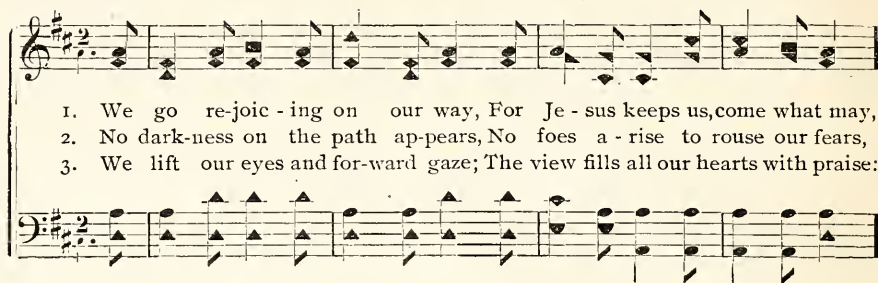


And mer-cy's gates stand wide for me, Stand o - pen wide for me.
 For Je - sus' blood was shed so free To ope those gates for me.

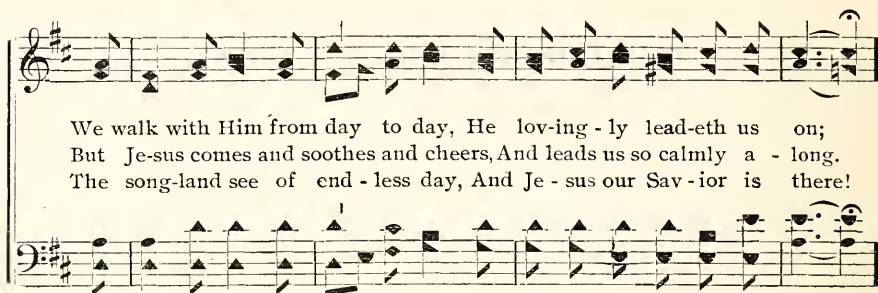
No. 10. WE GO REJOICING ON OUR WAY.

J. E. H.

J. E. HALL.

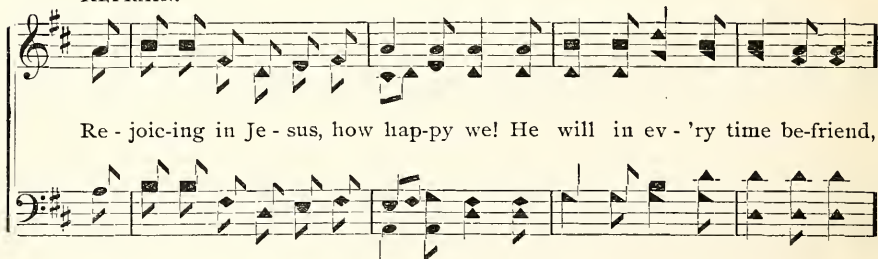


1. We go re-joic - ing on our way, For Je - sus keeps us, come what may,
 2. No dark-ness on the path ap-pears, No foes a - rise to rouse our fears,
 3. We lift our eyes and for-ward gaze; The view fills all our hearts with praise:

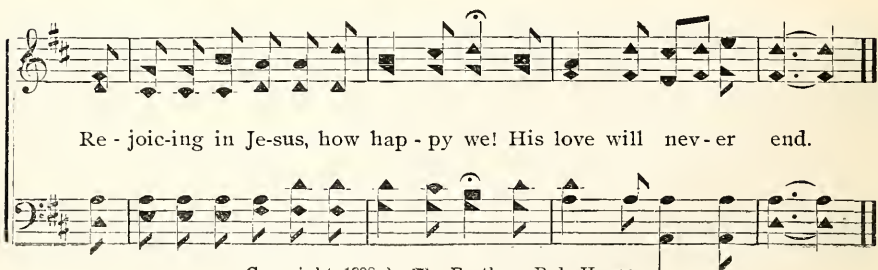


We walk with Him from day to day, He lov-ing - ly lead-eth us on;
 But Je-sus comes and soothes and cheers, And leads us so calmly a - long.
 The song-land see of end - less day, And Je - sus our Sav - ior is there!

REFRAIN.



Re - joic-ing in Je - sus, how hap-py we! He will in ev - 'ry time be-friend,




Re - joic-ing in Je-sus, how hap - py we! His love will nev - er end.

No. 11.

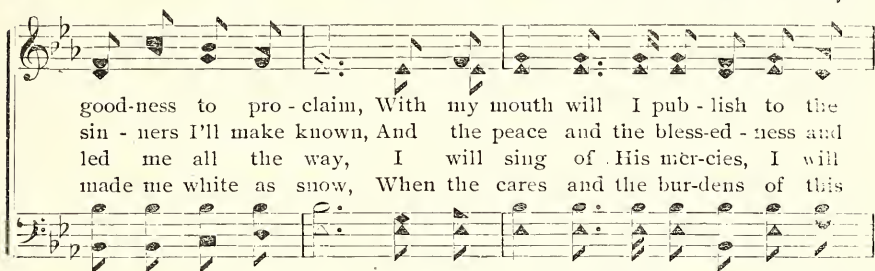
I WILL SING.

FRED. E. RICKS.

FRED. E. FILLMORE, by per.

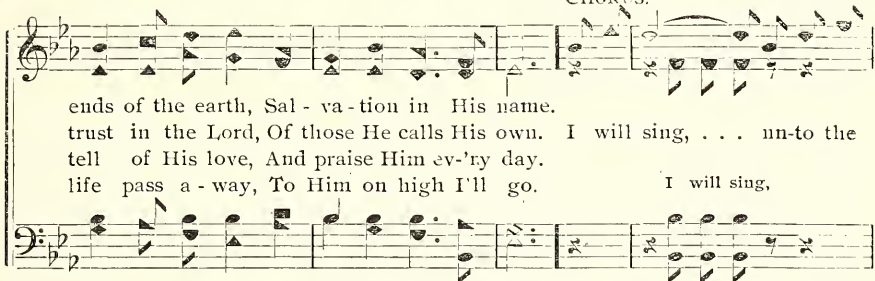


1. I will sing of the mer-cies of the Lord, I will try all His
 2. I will sing of the mer-cies of the Lord, His com-pas-sion to
 3. I will sing of the mer-cies of the Lord, By His hand hath He
 4. I will sing of the mer-cies of the Lord, He has washed me, and

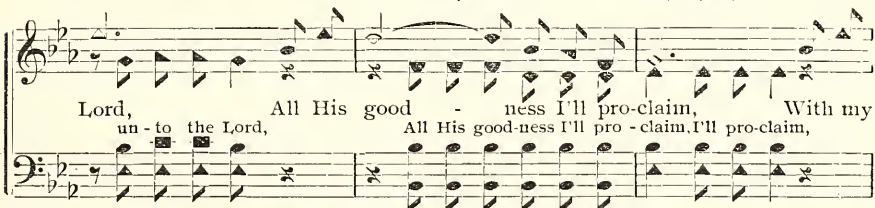


good-ness to pro-claim, With my mouth will I pub-lish to the
 sin-ners I'll make known, And the peace and the bless-ed-ness and
 led me all the way, I will sing of His mer-cies, I will
 made me white as snow, When the cares and the bur-dens of this

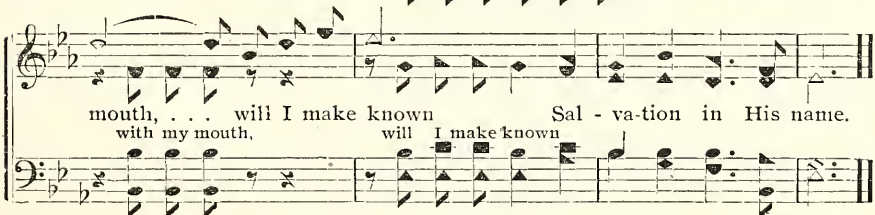
CHORUS.



ends of the earth, Sal-va-tion in His name.
 trust in the Lord, Of those He calls His own. I will sing, . . . un-to the
 tell of His love, And praise Him ev'-ry day.
 life pass a-way, To Him on high I'll go. I will sing,



Lord, All His good-ness I'll pro-claim, With my
 un-to the Lord, All His good-ness I'll pro-claim, I'll pro-claim,

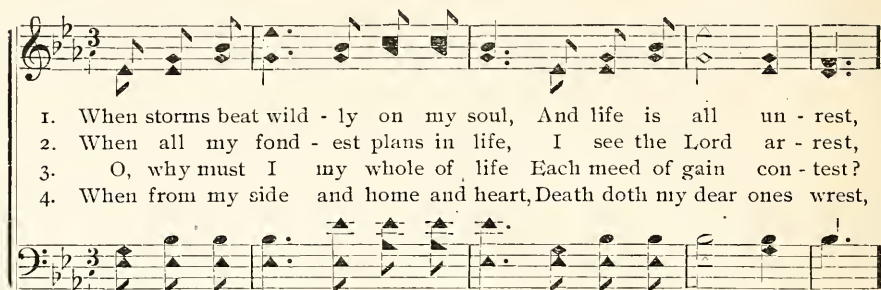


mouth, . . . will I make known Sal-va-tion in His name.
 with my mouth, will I make known

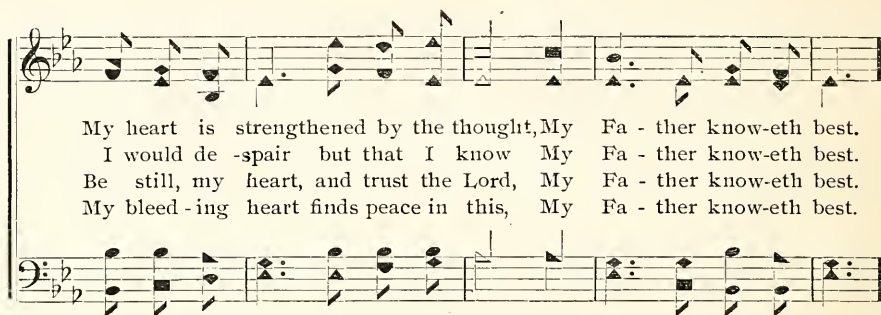
No. 12. MY FATHER KNOWETH BEST.

Rev. W. C. MARTIN.*

GEO. B. HOLSINGER.



1. When storms beat wild - ly on my soul, And life is all un - rest,
 2. When all my fond - est plans in life, I see the Lord ar - rest,
 3. O, why must I my whole of life Each meed of gain con - test?
 4. When from my side and home and heart, Death doth my dear ones wrest,

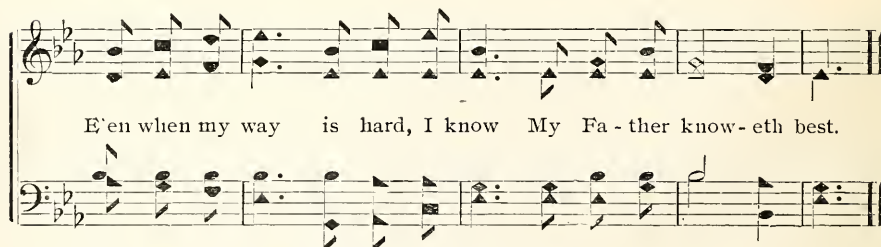


My heart is strengthened by the thought, My Fa - ther know-eth best.
 I would de - spair but that I know My Fa - ther know-eth best.
 Be still, my heart, and trust the Lord, My Fa - ther know-eth best.
 My bleed - ing heart finds peace in this, My Fa - ther know-eth best.

REFRAIN.



My Fa - ther know - eth best, My Fa - ther know - eth best,
 My Fa - ther know-eth, yes, He know-eth best, My Fa - ther know-eth, know-eth best,



E'en when my way is hard, I know My Fa - ther know-eth best.

* Words used by permission Hall-Mack Co., Phil. Pa.

Copyright, 1898, by Geo. B. Holsinger.

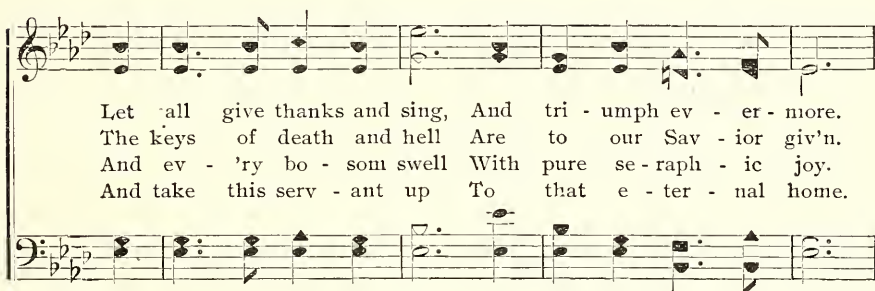
No. 13. REJOICE! THE LORD IS KING!

CHARLES WESLEY.

JNO. R. BRYANT.



1. Re - joyce! the Lord is King! Your God and King a - dore;
 2. This king - dom can - not' fail, He rules o'er earth and heav'n;
 3. He all His foes shall quell, Shall all our sins de - stroy;
 4. Re - joyce in glo - rious hope; For soon the Lord shall come,

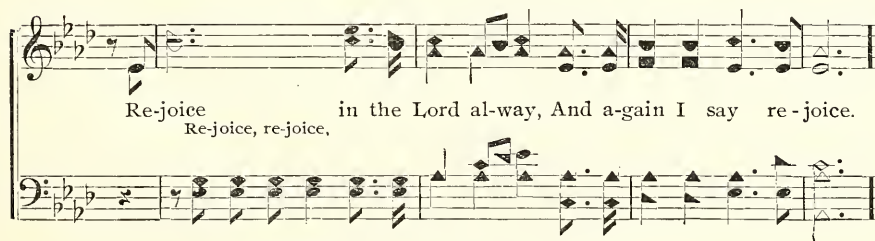


Let all give thanks and sing, And tri - umph ev - er - more.
 The keys of death and hell Are to our Sav - ior giv'n.
 And ev - 'ry bo - som swell With pure se - raph - ic joy.
 And take this serv - ant up To that e - ter - nal home.

REFRAIN.



Re-joyce in the Lord al-way, And a-gain I say re-joyce,
 Rejoice, rejoice, re - joyce.



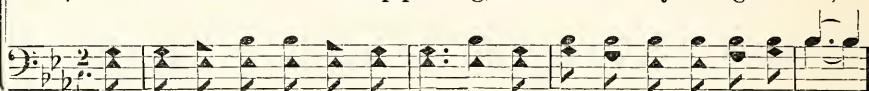
Re-joyce in the Lord al-way, And a-gain I say re-joyce.
 Re-joyce, rejoice,

J. O. BARNHART.

J. O. BARNHART,



1. At mid-night I hear the cry ring-ing, The Bride-groom is com-ing this way;
2. Our Fath - er the feast is pre-par-ing, The guests are all gath-er-ing near;
3. Oh, brother, arouse from your dreaming, Your lamp-light is burn-ing so low,
4. For all those who love His ap-pear-ing, A crown of re-joic-ing shall be,



And joy to the watch-er is bring-ing, For Him are you read - y to - day?
 If you that great feast would be shar-ing, Be read - y the sum-mons to hear.
 His light o'er the path-way is stream-ing, A - rise and be read - y to go.
 Each day the bright pros-pect is near-ing, He soon will be call - ing for thee.



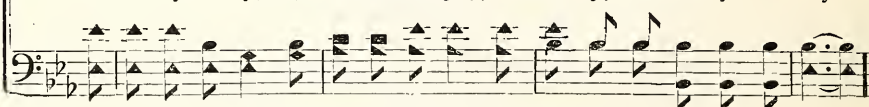
CHORUS.



Be read - y to - day, He's com-ing this way, Be read - y, be read - y to - day,



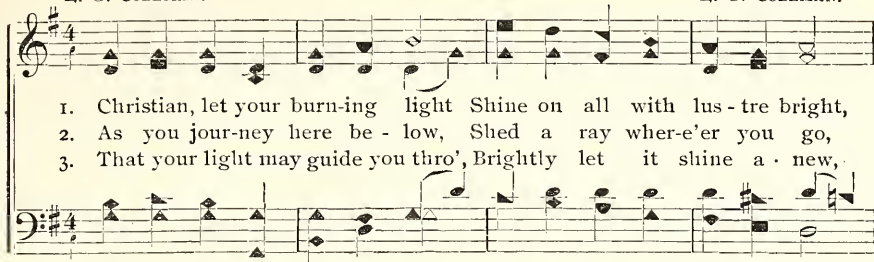
Be read-y to day, oh, work, watch and pray, Be read - y, be read - y to - day.



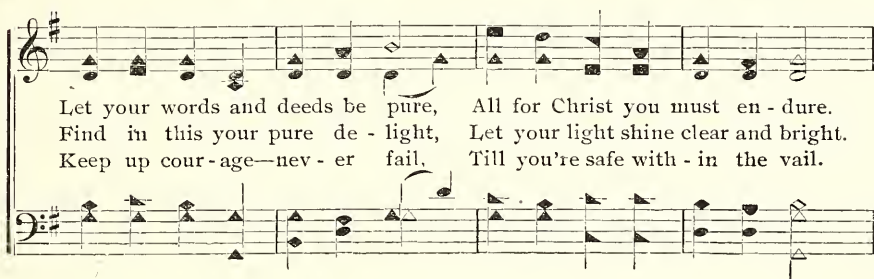
No. 15. CHRISTIAN, LET YOUR LIGHT SHINE.

E. G. COLEMAN.

E. G. COLEMAN.



1. Christian, let your burn-ing light Shine on all with lus-tre bright,
 2. As you jour-ney here be-low, Shed a ray wher-e'er you go,
 3. That your light may guide you thro', Brightly let it shine a-new,



Let your words and deeds be pure, All for Christ you must en-dure.
 Find in this your pure de-light, Let your light shine clear and bright.
 Keep up cour-age—nev-er fail, Till you're safe with-in the vail.

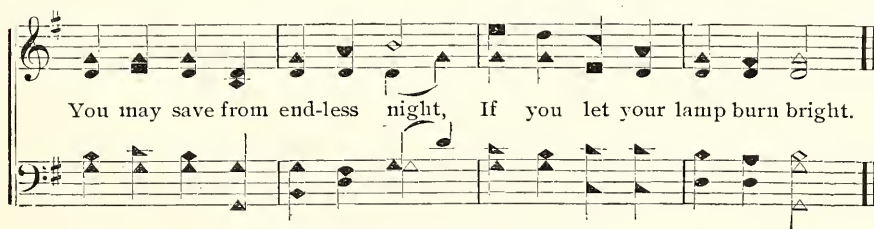
REFRAIN.



Chris-tian, let your light shine, All a-long your way,



You may guide a wan-d'rer To e-ter-nal day,



You may save from end-less night, If you let your lamp burn bright.

Anon.

GEO. B. HOLSINGER.

1. Be - hold the o - pen door, Be - hold, O heart of sin,
 2. Why will ye still de - lay, And waste God's precious light,
 3. Look at His bleed - ing feet, And list - en to His voice,
 4. For sor - rows nev - er come In that e - ter - nal home,

There Je - sus stands with lov - ing voice And calls you to come in.
 Be - hold, the har - vest draw - eth near, And dark will be the night.
 For though thy bur - dens heav - y be, He makes thee to re - joice.
 If we but trust in Him we'll rest, And nev - er - more shall roam.

REFRAIN.

p *eres.*
 There is a peace - ful rest. Pre - pared in Je - sus' love,

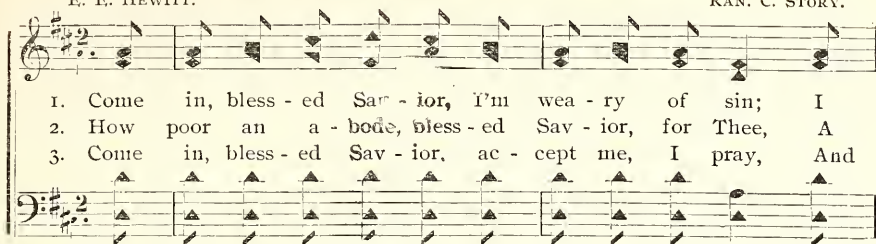
f *p*
 And if we suf - fer here be - low, We'll find that rest a - bove.

No. 17.

BLESSED SAVIOR, COME IN.

E. E. HEWITT.

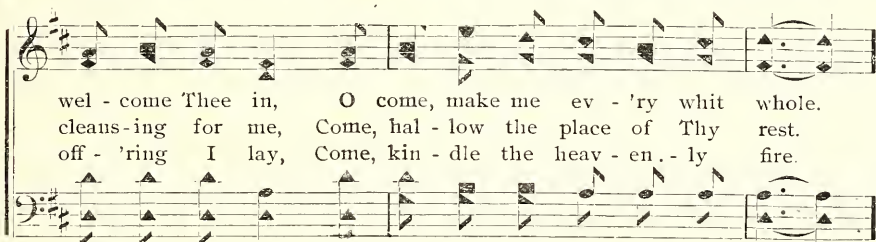
RAN. C. STORY.



1. Come in, bless - ed Sav - ior, I'm wea - ry of sin; I
 2. How poor an a - bode, bless - ed Sav - ior, for Thee, A
 3. Come in, bless - ed Sav - ior, ac - cept me, I pray, And

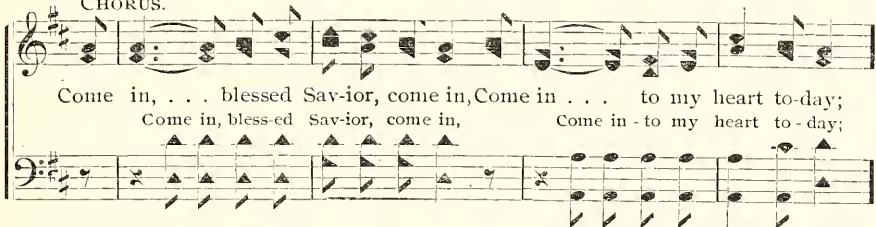


yield to Thy gra - cious con - trôl, I'll o - pen the door and will
 home in my sin - la - den breast! But Cal - va - ry's foun - tain hath
 pu - ri - fy ev - 'ry de - sire; And when on the al - tar my

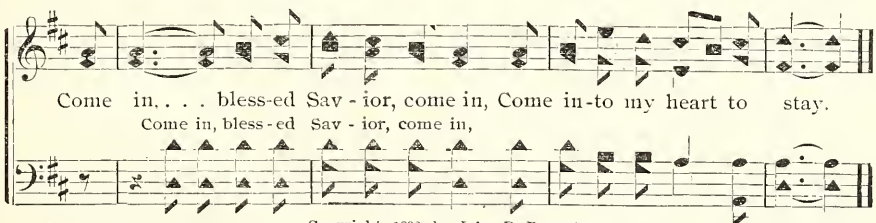


wel - come Thee in, O come, make me ev - 'ry whit whole.
 cleaus - ing for me, Come, hal - low the place of Thy rest.
 off - 'ring I lay, Come, kin - dle the heav - en - ly fire.

CHORUS.



Come in . . . blessed Sav - ior, come in, Come in . . . to my heart to - day;
 Come in, bless - ed Sav - ior, come in, Come in - to my heart to - day;




Come in . . . bless - ed Sav - ior, come in, Come in - to my heart to stay.
 Come in, bless - ed Sav - ior, come in,


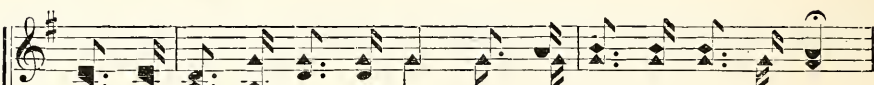
No. 18. WHAT SHALL OUR ANSWERS BE?

E. R. LATTÄ.



D. E. DORTCH, by per





1. When we in the judg-ment stand, In that might-y com-pan-y,
 2. When the Lord has gath-ered there, From the land and from the sea,
 3. Lord, it is a sol-emn tho't, That we must account to Thee,


And the Judge shall ques-tion us, Oh, what shall our an-swers be?
 All the fam-i-lies of men, Oh, what shall our an-swers be?
 In that great and aw-ful day, What shall our poor an-swers be?

What for ev-'ry tri-ling tho't, And each i-dle word we say?
 What for all our want of faith, What for all our lack of love?
 Oh, pre-pare us, Lord, we pray, In Thy pres-ence there to stand!

What for ev-'ry sin-ful act We may do from day to day?
 Can we hope a crown to gain, And a man-sion bright a-bove?
 Purge us from each sin-ful blot, Place us, Lord, on Thy right hand!

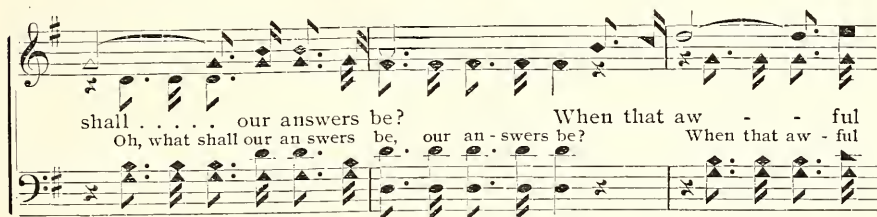


WHAT SHALL OUR ANSWERS BE?

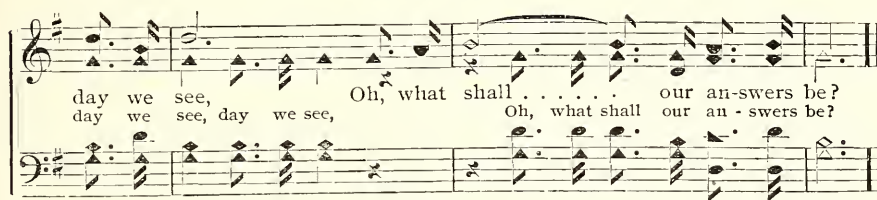
REFRAIN.



When that aw - - ful day we see, Oh, what
When that aw - ful day we see, day we see,



shall our answers be? When that aw - - ful
Oh, what shall our an swers be, our an - swers be? When that aw - ful

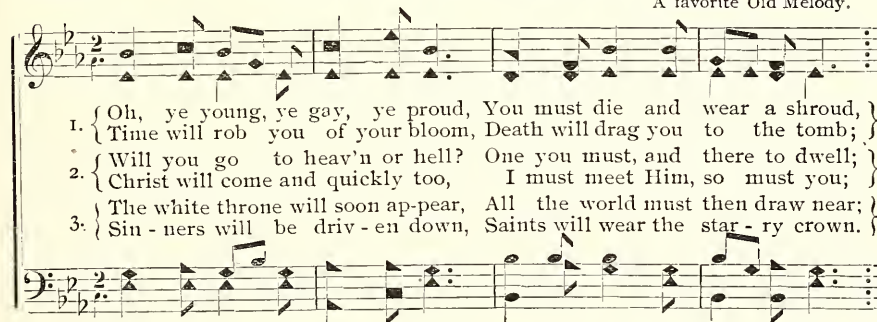


day we see, Oh, what shall our an - swers be?
day we see, day we see, Oh, what shall our an - swers be?

No. 19.

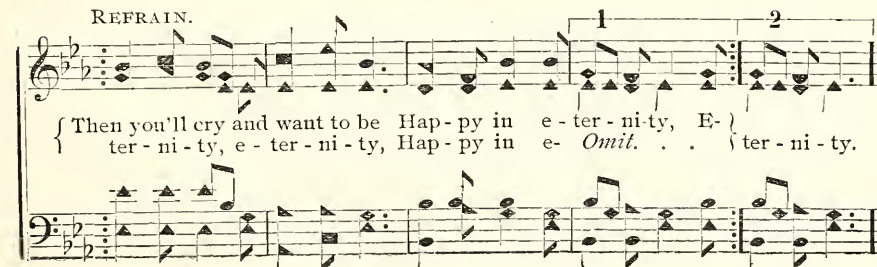
HAPPY IN ETERNITY.

A favorite Old Melody.



1. { Oh, ye young, ye gay, ye proud, You must die and wear a shroud, }
Time will rob you of your bloom, Death will drag you to the tomb; }
2. { Will you go to heav'n or hell? One you must, and there to dwell; }
Christ will come and quickly too, I must meet Him, so must you; }
3. { The white throne will soon ap-pear, All the world must then draw near; }
Sin - ners will be driv - en down, Saints will wear the star - ry crown. }

REFRAIN.

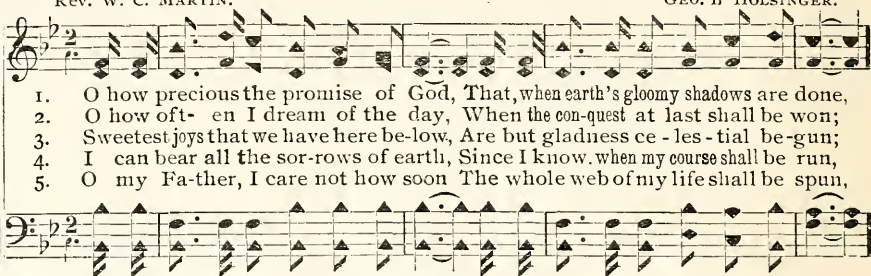


{ Then you'll cry and want to be Hap - py in e - ter - ni - ty, E - }
ter - ni - ty, e - ter - ni - ty, Hap - py in e - *Omit. . .* } ter - ni - ty.

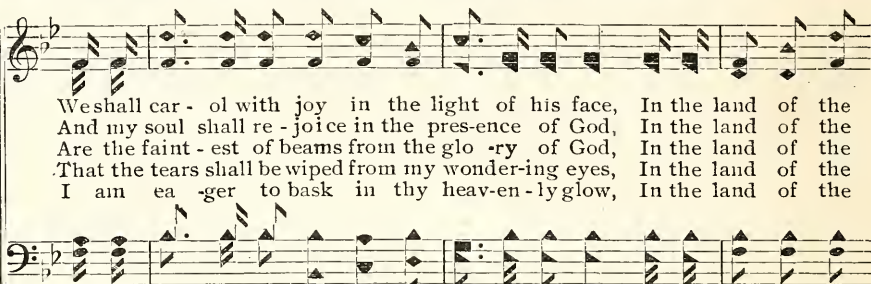
No. 20. LAND OF THE UNSETTING SUN.

Rev. W. C. MARTIN.

GEO. B. HOLSINGER.

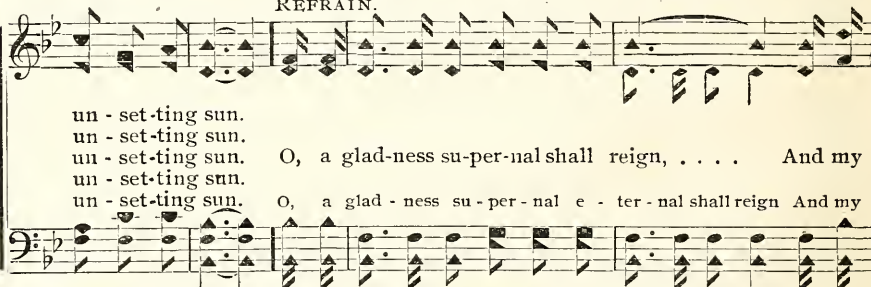


1. O how precious the promise of God, That, when earth's gloomy shadows are done,
 2. O how oft- en I dream of the day, When the con-quest at last shall be won;
 3. Sweetest joys that we have here be-low, Are but glad-ness ce-les-tial be-gun;
 4. I can bear all the sor-rows of earth, Since I know, when my course shall be run,
 5. O my Fa-ther, I care not how soon The whole web of my life shall be spun,

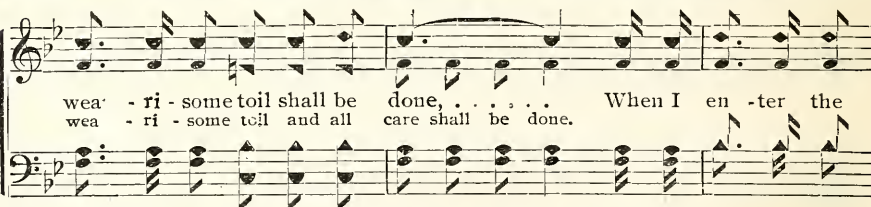


We shall car-ol with joy in the light of his face, In the land of the
 And my soul shall re-joice in the pres-ence of God, In the land of the
 Are the faint-est of beams from the glo-ry of God, In the land of the
 That the tears shall be wiped from my won-der-ing eyes, In the land of the
 I am ea-ger to bask in thy heav-en-ly glow, In the land of the

REFRAIN.



un - set-ting sun.
 un - set-ting sun.
 un - set-ting sun. O, a glad-ness su-per-nal shall reign, And my
 un - set-ting sun.
 un - set-ting sun. O, a glad-ness su-per-nal e-ter-nal shall reign And my



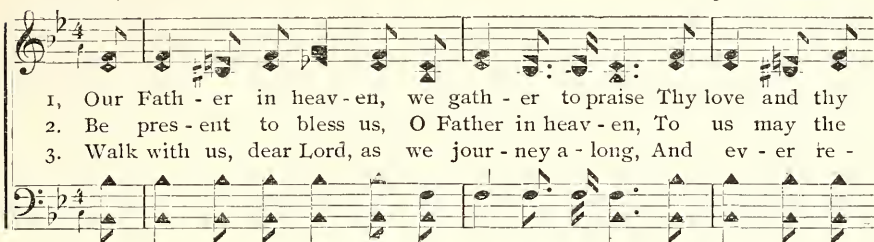
wea-ri-some toil shall be done, When I en-ter the
 wea-ri-some toil and all care shall be done.



gates of the cit-y of light In the land of the un-set-ting sun.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.


J. H. TENNEY.



1. Our Fath - er in heav - en, we gath - er to praise Thy love and thy
 2. Be pres - ent to bless us, O Father in heav - en, To us may the
 3. Walk with us, dear Lord, as we jour - ney a - long, And ev - er re -

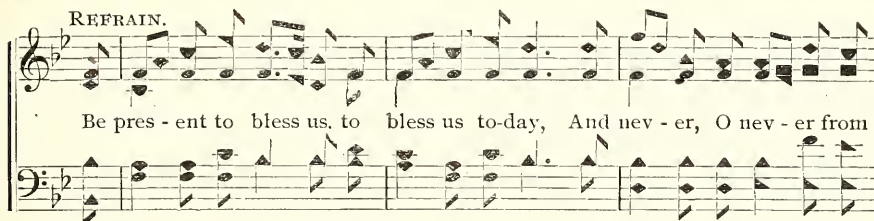


mer - cy in ju - bi - lant lays, To laud and a - dore Thee for
 help of the Spirit be giv - en; In - spire us to love and to
 strain us from do - ing the wrong; O shield us from dan - ger and

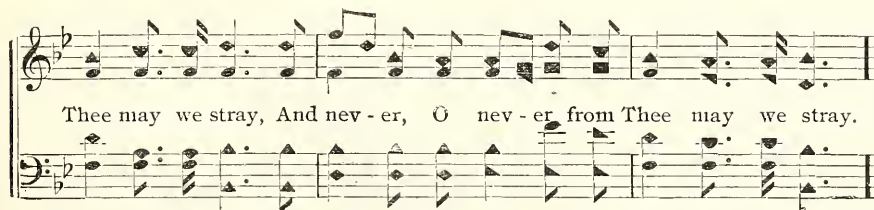


what thou hast done To save and re - deem us Thro' Je - sus Thy Son.
 serve Thee al - way; And nev - er, O nev - er from Thee may we stray.
 keep us from sin, Un - til the bright crown in thy king - dom we win!

REFRAIN.



Be pres - ent to bless us, to bless us to - day, And nev - er, O nev - er from

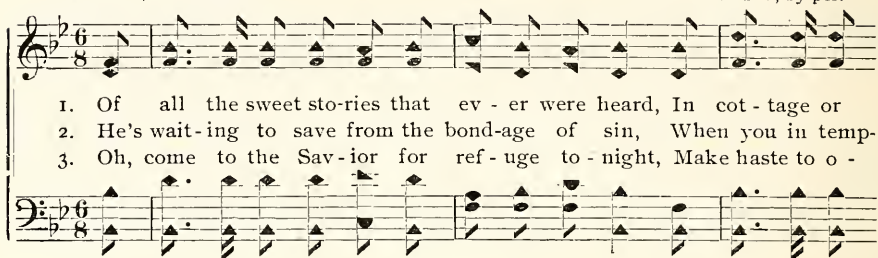


Thee may we stray, And nev - er, O nev - er from Thee may we stray.

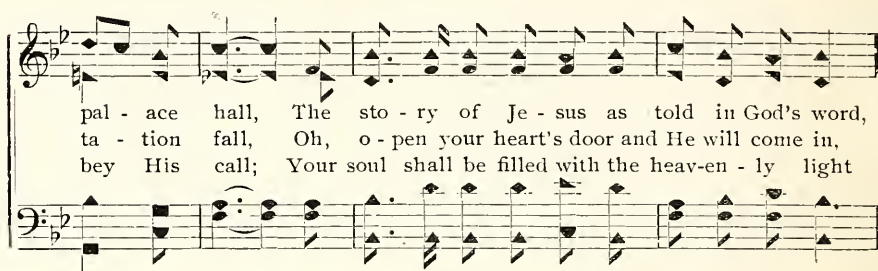
No. 22. THE BEST STORY OF ALL.

Miss A. EDITH MEYER.

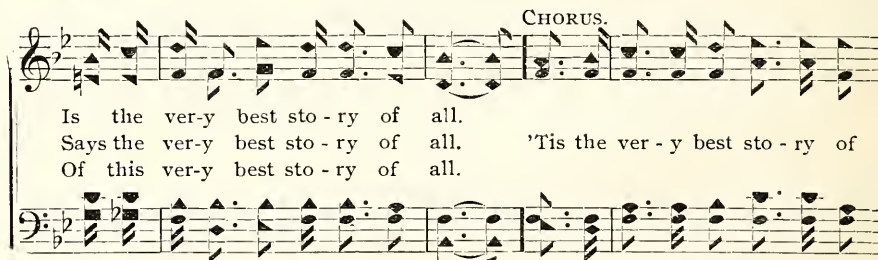
Rev. A. B. BOWSER, by per.



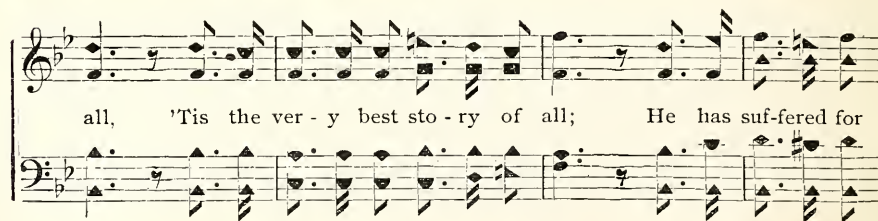
1. Of all the sweet sto-ries that ev - er were heard, In cot - tage or
 2. He's wait - ing to save from the bond - age of sin, When you in temp -
 3. Oh, come to the Sav - ior for ref - uge to - night, Make haste to o -



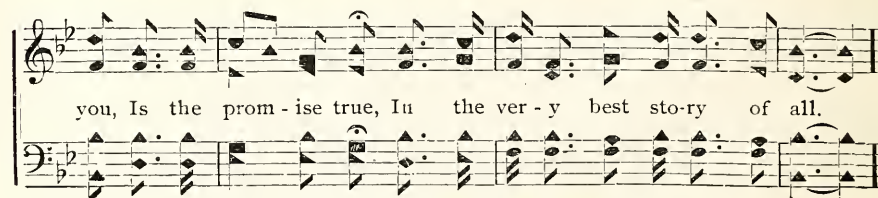
pal - ace hall, The sto - ry of Je - sus as told in God's word,
 ta - tion fall, Oh, o - pen your heart's door and He will come in,
 bey His call; Your soul shall be filled with the heav - en - ly light



CHORUS.
 Is the ver - y best sto - ry of all.
 Says the ver - y best sto - ry of all. 'Tis the ver - y best sto - ry of
 Of this ver - y best sto - ry of all.



all, 'Tis the ver - y best sto - ry of all; He has suf - fer - ed for



you, Is the prom - ise true, In the ver - y best sto - ry of all.

No. 23.

SHIELD ME, FATHER.

Rev. W. C. MARTIN.

GEO. B. HOLSINGER.

1. Shield me from the world's temptations, Un - der-neath Thy mighty wing,
 2. Shield me when the cloud of sor - row Writhes and groans in angry skies,
 3. Shield me when the tempest's bil - lows Mad - ly break up-on my breast,
 4. Shield me in the gloomy val - ley, Where for-bid-den wa-ters roll,

When the prince of tempters lures me, Close to Thee, my God, I cling.
 Then my storm-swept spir-it, Fa-ther, Trust-ing - ly on Thee re-lies.
 Sick of heart and worn of bod - y, In Thy bo-som let me rest.
 To Thy-self, my lov-ing Fa-ther, O re-ceive my trust-ing soul

REFRAIN.

Shield me, O my Father, shield me, From all perils, dark and wild;
 Shield me, O my Father, shield Thou me, From all per - ils, perils dark and wild;

Sweet-ly, gently to Thy bo - som Fold thy weak but trusting child.
 Sweet-ly, gen - tly, to Thy bo-som Fold thy weak but trusting child, Thy trusting child.

No. 24.

SONG OF GREETING.

W. S. MARTIN.

J. H. TENNEY.

1. We of - fer our song of greet - ing, With hearts full of love and cheer,
 2. We of - fer our song of greet - ing, For Je - sus the Lord is near;
 3. We of - fer our song of greet - ing, Come join us, dear friend, and know,

The shadows have all de - part - ed, The day with its life is here,
 With fullness of life and pow - er, To drive a - way all our fear,
 The bless - ings of God's sal - va - tion, His pow'r to make white as snow,

No long - er we dwell in dark - ness, No long - er we hide in the gloom
 He brings in the day of glad - ness, His presence, His peace and joy;
 For - give - ness is free - ly of - fer - ed For all who on Christ be - lieve;

The spir - it of life and of bless - ing With glor - y at last has come.
 To sing to His praise and His hon - or Shall ev - er be our em - ploy.
 Then come while the life - lamp is burn - ing, The gift of his grace re - ceive.

REFRAIN.

Our hap - py song of greet - ing, With glad - ness now we bring,

THE SONG OF GREETING.

Musical score for 'The Song of Greeting'. The score is written for a single melodic line on a treble clef staff. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is common time (C). The melody consists of eighth and quarter notes, ending with a double bar line. Below the staff, the lyrics are written in a simple, sans-serif font.

To Christ, our dear Re - deem - er, Who reigns e - ter - nal King.

No. 25.

SOME SWEET DAY.

S. H. C.

S. H. CHORD.

First system of the musical score for 'Some Sweet Day'. The score is written for a single melodic line on a treble clef staff. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The melody consists of quarter and eighth notes, ending with a double bar line. Below the staff, the lyrics are written in a simple, sans-serif font.

1. Some sweet day when life is o'er, We shall meet a - gain;
2. Tri - als here be - low we meet, Sor - row, pain and care;
3. Bright the dawn - ing of that morn, Night re - turned to day;

Second system of the musical score for 'Some Sweet Day'. The score is written for a single melodic line on a treble clef staff. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The melody consists of quarter and eighth notes, ending with a double bar line. Below the staff, the lyrics are written in a simple, sans-serif font.

We shall greet those gone be - fore, In that home of love,
In that hap - py home so sweet, Joy and peace we'll share,
Part - ed friends no fare - wells know, Tears be wiped a - way,

REFRAIN.

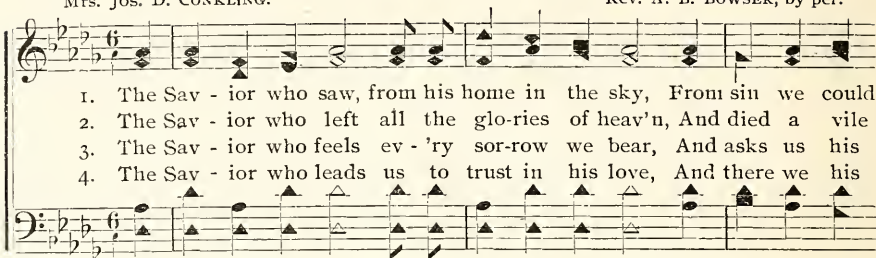
Refrain of the musical score for 'Some Sweet Day'. The score is written for a single melodic line on a treble clef staff. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The melody consists of quarter and eighth notes, ending with a double bar line. Below the staff, the lyrics are written in a simple, sans-serif font.

Some sweet day, some sweet day, Oh! that hap-py time will be, some sweet day.

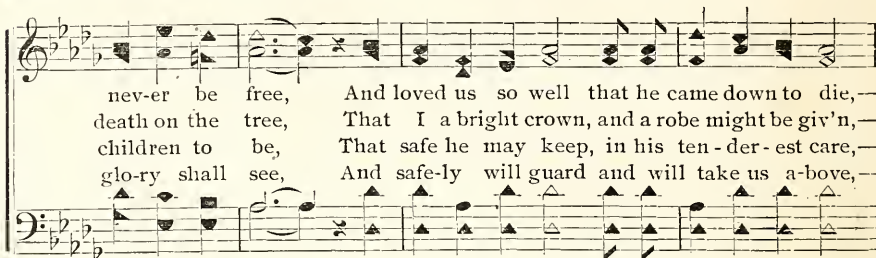
No. 26. THIS IS THE SAVIOR FOR ME.

Mrs. JOS. D. CONKLING.

Rev. A. B. BOWSER, by per.



1. The Sav - ior who saw, from his home in the sky, From sin we could
 2. The Sav - ior who left all the glo-ries of heav'n, And died a vile
 3. The Sav - ior who feels ev - 'ry sor-row we bear, And asks us his
 4. The Sav - ior who leads us to trust in his love, And there we his

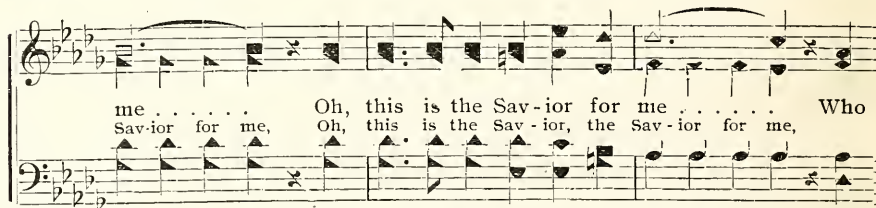


nev-er be free, And loved us so well that he came down to die,—
 death on the tree, That I a bright crown, and a robe might be giv'n,—
 children to be, That safe he may keep, in his ten-der-est care,—
 glo-ry shall see, And safe-ly will guard and will take us a-bove,—

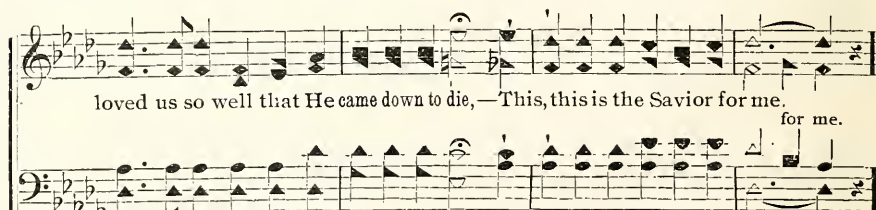
CHORUS.



This, this is the Savior for me.
 This, this is the Savior for me. Oh, this is the Sav - ior for
 This, this is the Savior for me. Oh, this is the Sav - ior, the
 This, this is the Savior for me.



me Oh, this is the Sav - ior for me Who
 Sav - ior for me, Oh, this is the Sav - ior, the Sav - ior for me,

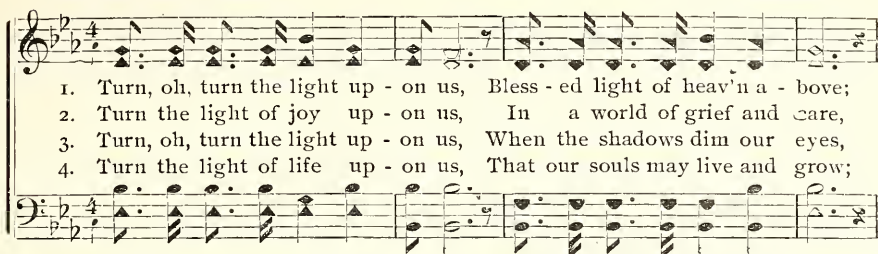


loved us so well that He came down to die,—This, this is the Savior for me.
 for me.

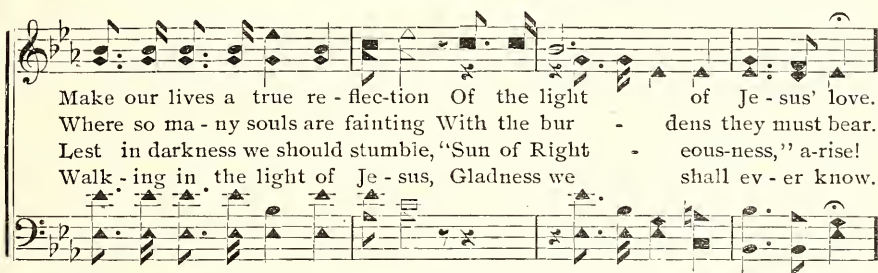
No. 27. TURN THE LIGHT UPON US.

Mrs. FRANK A. BRECK.

H. B. GEONGILS.



1. Turn, oh, turn the light up - on us, Bless - ed light of heav'n a - bove;
 2. Turn the light of joy up - on us, In a world of grief and care,
 3. Turn, oh, turn the light up - on us, When the shadows dim our eyes,
 4. Turn the light of life up - on us, That our souls may live and grow;



Make our lives a true re - flection Of the light of Je - sus' love.
 Where so ma - ny souls are fainting With the bur - dens they must bear.
 Lest in darkness we should stumble, "Sun of Right - eous-ness," a-rise!
 Walk - ing in the light of Je - sus, Gladness we shall ev - er know.

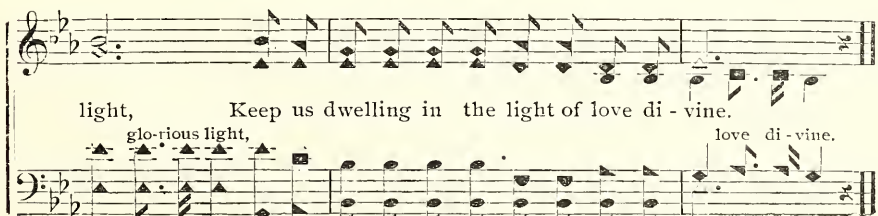
CHORUS.



Turn the light . . . of love up-on us, Turn the light up-on us
 Turn the light of love up - on us, turn the light,



ev - er - more to shine, Turn the light, the glo - rious
 Turn the light, Turn the light,

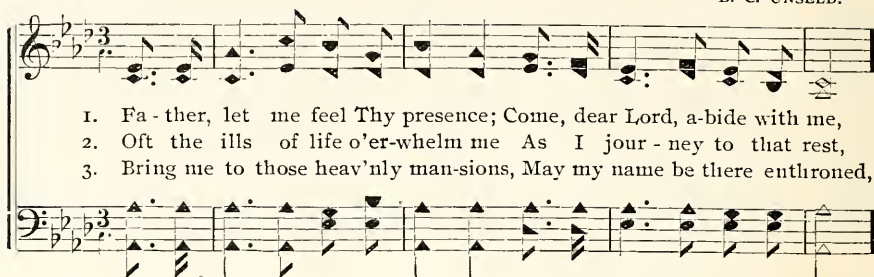


light, Keep us dwelling in the light of love di - vine.
 glo - rious light, love di - vine.

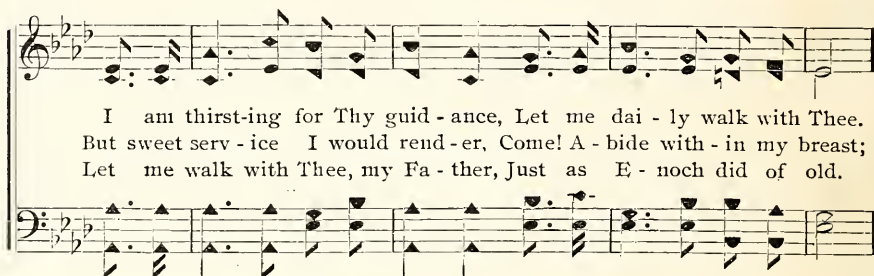
No. 28. LET ME WALK WITH THEE.

Mrs. ALICE A. HARPER.

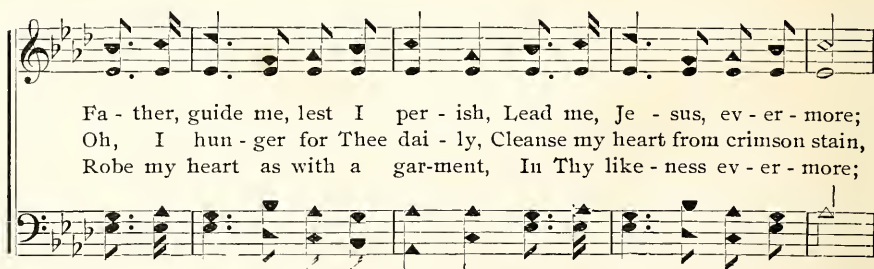
B. C. UNSELD.



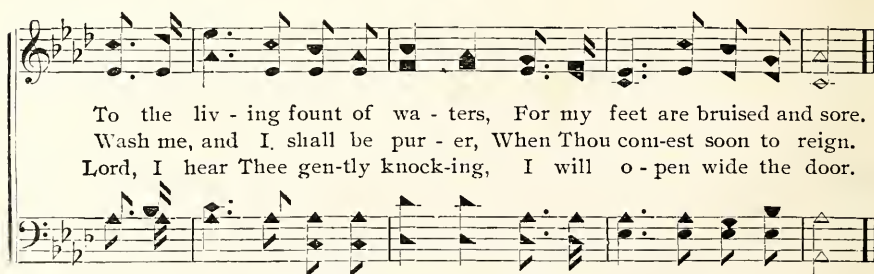
1. Fa - ther, let me feel Thy presence; Come, dear Lord, a-bide with me,
 2. Oft the ills of life o'er-whelm me As I jour - ney to that rest,
 3. Bring me to those heav'nly man-sions, May my name be there enthroned,



I am thirst-ing for Thy guid - ance, Let me dai - ly walk with Thee.
 But sweet serv - ice I would rend - er, Come! A - bide with - in my breast;
 Let me walk with Thee, my Fa - ther, Just as E - noch did of old.



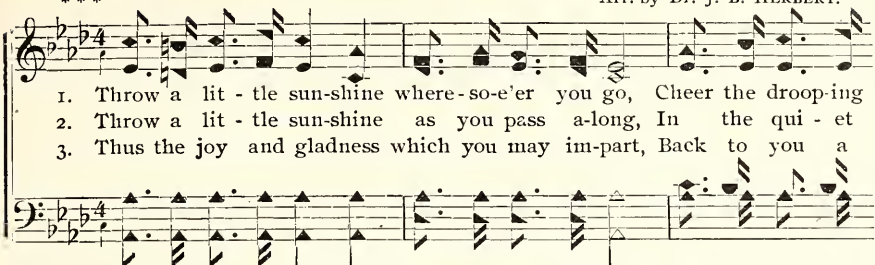
Fa - ther, guide me, lest I per - ish, Lead me, Je - sus, ev - er - more;
 Oh, I hun - ger for Thee dai - ly, Cleanse my heart from crimson stain,
 Robe my heart as with a gar - ment, In Thy like - ness ev - er - more;



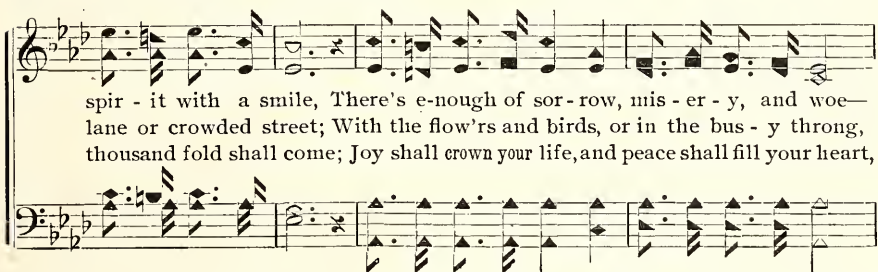
To the liv - ing fount of wa - ters, For my feet are bruised and sore.
 Wash me, and I shall be pur - er, When Thou com - est soon to reign.
 Lord, I hear Thee gen - tly knock - ing, I will o - pen wide the door.

No. 29. THROW A LITTLE SUNSHINE.

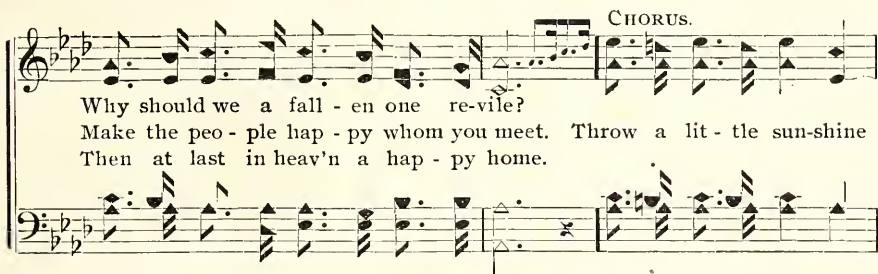
Arr. by Dr. J. B. HERBERT.



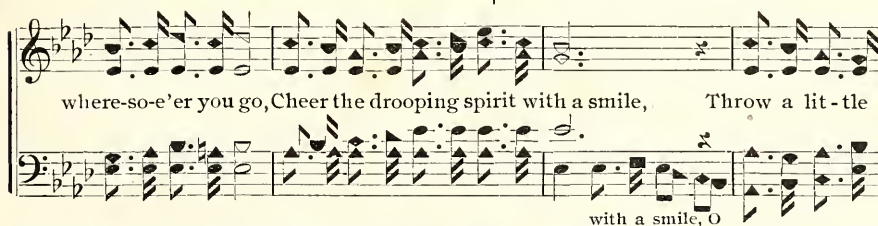
1. Throw a lit - tle sun-shine where-so-e'er you go, Cheer the drooping
 2. Throw a lit - tle sun-shine as you pass a-long, In the qui - et
 3. Thus the joy and gladness which you may im-part, Back to you a



spir - it with a smile, There's e-nough of sor-row, mis - er - y, and woe—
 lane or crowded street; With the flow'rs and birds, or in the bus - y throng,
 thousand fold shall come; Joy shall crown your life, and peace shall fill your heart,



CHORUS.
 Why should we a fall - en one re-vile?
 Make the peo - ple hap - py whom you meet. Throw a lit - tle sun-shine
 Then at last in heav'n a hap - py home.



where-so-e'er you go, Cheer the drooping spirit with a smile, Throw a lit - tle
 with a smile, O




sun-shine, Throw a lit-tle sun-shine, Cheer the drooping spirit with a smile.

No. 30.



GO NOT AWAY UNSAVED.

E. R. LATTI.


GEO. B. HOLSINGER.




1. Oh, go not a - way to-night unsaved, Unsaved from the blight of sin!
 2. Oh, go not a - way to-night unsaved, In bond-age to still re - main!
 3. Oh, go not a - way to-night unsaved, Un - fit - ted the cross to bear!
 4. Oh, go not a - way to-night unsaved, Do not for a 'mo-ment wait!


The Sav - ior has died to ran - som you, And yours is a crown to win.
 Oh, why will you risk your blood-bought soul, Un - heed - ing of end - less pain?
 The Sav - ior in - vites, and why not come His mer - cy and love to share?
 The Mas - ter may cease with you to plead, And then it will be too late.



REFRAIN.



To-night, to-night is the time to yield, To yield to the Lord your soul!




Re-pent, be-lieve in His prom - is - es! To-night He will make you whole!



No. 31.

NOT ASHAMED OF JESUS.

JOSEPH GRIGG.

1. Je - sus, and shall it ev - er be, A mor - tal man a-shamed of Thee,
 2. A-shamed of Je - sus! soon - er far, Let eve - ning blush to own a star!
 3. A-shamed of Je - sus! That dear Friend, On whom my hopes of heav'n de-pend,
 4. A-shamed of Je - sus! Yes, I may, When I've no guilt to wash a - way,

A-shamed of Thee whom an-gels praise, Whose glor-y shines thro' end-less days?
 He sheds the beam of life di-vine O'er this be-nighted soul of mine.
 No! when I blush, be this my shame, That I no more re - vere His name.
 No tear to wipe, no good to crave, No fears to quell, no soul to save.

CHORUS.

No, I will not de - ny my Lord 'Tis He who
 No, I will not de - ny my Lord.

died that I might live, I meek-ly bow at his dear
 'Tis He who died that I might live, I meek-ly bow


feet, at His dear feet, And to Him my ser - vice give.

No. 32.



TROUBLE THE WATERS.

ADALINE H. BEERY.


WM. BEERY.




1. O, an - gel with mis - sion of heal - ing, Come trouble the wa - ters to - night;
 2. O, health-giving fountain, we praise Thee, All per - fect and joy - ful thy cure;
 3. O, source of the sweet, healing wa - ters, Our Lord who illu - mines the wave;


A - round the still pool there are wait - ing Souls wast - ing with sin's deadly blight.
 Tho' hearts may be blackened with evil, Thy flow makes them snow - white and pure.
 With hol - y de - vo - tion bap - tize us, With mercy thy sup - pli - ants save.



REFRAIN.



Trouble the wa - ters, wa - ters of cleans - ing! That all may be washed of their sin;
 Troub - le the wa - ters, the waters of cleans - ing!




O, spir - it of life and sal - va - tion, Let pen - i - tents free - ly step in!



No. 33.

I COME TO THEE.

PHERE A. HOLDER.

GEO. B. HOLSINGER.

1. I come to Thee, . . O Lord of love, . . And fervently . . . my heart doth
 2. While I am still . . up-on the earth, . . Give me thro' faith, . . a vis-ion
 3. O let me seek . . most earn-est-ly, . . The best of gifts, . . the highest

I come to Thee O Lord of love, And fervently

pray, . . . For thy name's sake . . O take my hand, . . And guide me
 bright, . . . A con-fi-dence . . That naught can shake, . . In Thy e-
 prize, . . . That I my love . . may prove to Thee, . . By serv-ice

My heart doth pray for Thy name's sake, O take my hand,

in life's tan-gled way, So weak I am I need thy
 ter nal world of light. Some token of Thy presence
 sweet, by sac-ri-fice. Still lead me through dark wa-ters

And guide me in life's tan-gled way, So weak I am

strength . . . To hold me in the tri-al hour, That faith fail
 give, That I may know the Lord is nigh, And feel Thee
 deep, Thou who didst come from death to save, That I may

I need Thy strength to hold me in the tri-al hour,

not, . . that Thou wouldst keep My soul by Thy all-loving power.
 near, . . and know Thy love, When dark and drear the days go by.
 look . . in faith to Thee, Who bro't us vic-t'ry o'er the grave.

Thai faith fail not, That Thou wouldst keep my soul by Thy all-lov-ing pow'r.

Rev. W. C. MARTIN.

J. H. ROSECRANS.

1. It is on - ly a day to the beau - ti - ful land, With its beau - ties no
 2. It is on - ly a day till the voy - age shall end, And the storm - beaten
 3. It is on - ly a day till the fi - nal sweet rest, When for me all the

mortal hath seen, There the joys of the soul nev - er cease to ex - pand, 'Neath the
 sailor shall stand Where no billows with men's weary souls shall contend, On the
 storms shall be o'er, And my soul shall recline on the Master's own breast, I shall

REFRAIN.

az - ure for - ev - er se - rene.
 beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful strand. It is on - ly a day to the beau - ti - ful
 rest, I shall rest ev - er - more.

land, to the land of per - pet - u - al spring; In a mo - ment my

soul clad in whiteness shall stand In the pres - ence of Je - sus my King.

ADALINE H. BEERY.

WM. BEERY.

1. O, the dear love of a Sav-ior and King, Tell it a-broad,
 2. O, the sweet mercy that pardons our sin, Tell it, O tell it a-broad,
 2. O, the deep rest and the comfort of God, Tell it, O tell it a-broad,

Tell it a-broad, Up to the skies let our glad cho-rus ring,
 Tell it a-broad, O, how He longs our glad serv-ice to win,
 Tell it a-broad, O-ver the thorn-road His own feet have trod,

Tell it, O tell it, tell it a-broad.

Tell it, O tell it a-broad, tell it a-broad. Tell ev'-ry soul that the
 Tell it O tell it a-broad, O tell it a-broad.

Sav-ior doth call; Tell how He saves when the wear-y ones fall, Tell of the

home he hath built for us all, Tell it the wide world o'er.
 Tell it, O tell it, O tell it the wide world o'er.

J. W. WAYLAND, JR.

Composed for this work by Dr. L. O. EMERSON.



1. The world knows not the burdens I bear, My sor-row of soul and my woe;
2. The saints know not how hard I have fought, To con-quer this nature of sin;
3. My friend knows not how oft-en in vain, I've labored to ban-ish his woe;
4. My life knows not the length of a day, Nor whith-er my journey shall go;



But Je-sus re-membreth my ut-ter-most care, For Je-sus my Sav-ior doth know.
 But Je-sus doth know that his help I have sought The crown of a vic-tor to win.
 But Je-sus bears witness that failure was pain, And Je-sus, yes, Je-sus doth know.
 But Je-sus my Sav-ior appointeth the way, And Je-sus my Sav-ior doth know.



REFRAIN.



O blessed assurance that brightens each day, He leadeth me whither I go:



For Je-sus my Sav-ior has journeyed this way, And Je-sus my Sav-ior doth know.



*The time for the singing of this song is about 55 seconds. Refrain should be sung earnestly but not hurried in the least.

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No. 37.

WALKING WITH JESUS.

MRS. GEO. B. HOLSINGER.

GEO. B. HOLSINGER.

1. Walk-ing with Je-sus, by day and by night, Nev - er a mo-ment I'm
 2. Toil-ing for Je-sus in peace or in strife, Liv-ing for Je - sus, I'm
 3. Fight-ing for Je-sus, for truth and for right, Fight-ing for Je - sus a -
 4. Dy-ing for Je-sus, Oh, why should I fear, Since He so precious is
 5. Come, walk with Jesus, Oh, sin - ner so dear, See! He is stand-ing so

out of His sight, Safe thro' the jour - ney what - ev - er be - tide,
 hid in His life, Out in the vine - yard in ser - vice al - way,
 lone in His might, Clad in His ar - mor, led on by His hand,
 con - stant - ly near, Trust - ing in Je - sus, my hope and my light,
 lov - ing - ly near, Know thou so sure - ly He'll save you to - day,

REFRAIN.

Je - sus my Sav - ior will faith - ful - ly guide.
 Gath - er - ing sheaves for the Mas - ter each day.
 I will be faith - ful to His blest com - mand. Walk - ing with Je - sus, His
 Dy - ing for Je - sus, I'll rise in His might.
 Make the de - cis - ion His will to o - bey.

hand hold - ing mine, Trust - ing in Je - sus, Oh, peace most di - vine, Liv - ing for

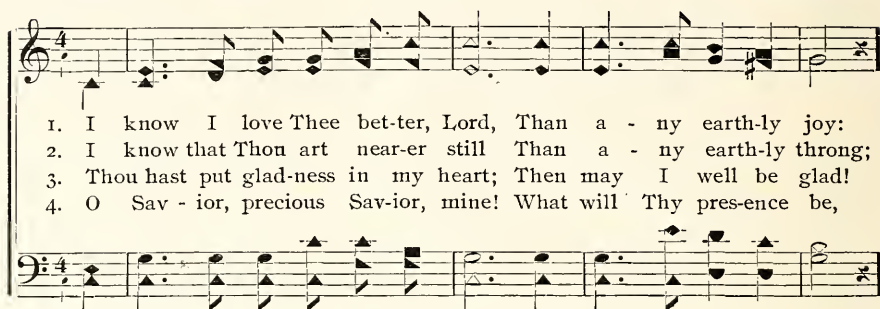
Je - sus, His will all my own, Wait - ing for Je - sus to guide me safe home.

No. 38. I KNOW I LOVE THEE BETTER, LORD.

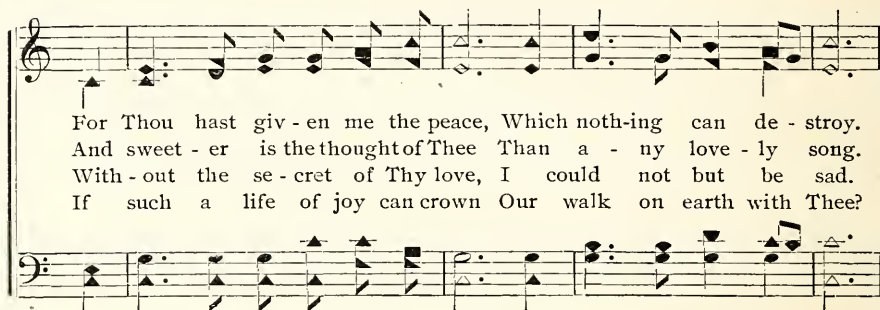
"Behold, the half was not told."—I KINGS 10: 7.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

R. E. HUDSON.

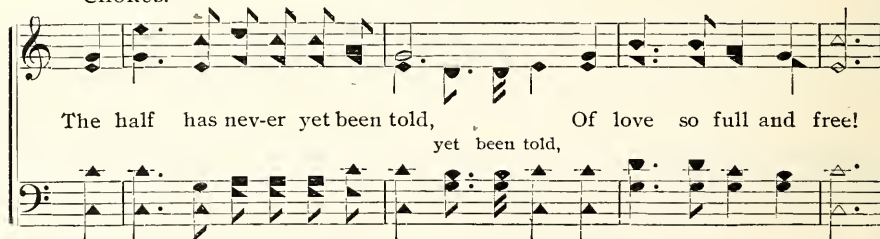


1. I know I love Thee bet-ter, Lord, Than a - ny earth-ly joy:
 2. I know that Thon art near-er still Than a - ny earth-ly throng;
 3. Thou hast put glad-ness in my heart; Then may I well be glad!
 4. O Sav - ior, precious Sav-ior, mine! What will Thy pres-ence be,



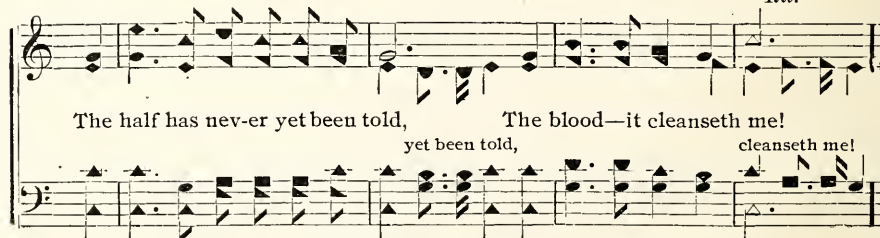
For Thou hast giv - en me the peace, Which noth - ing can de - stroy.
 And sweet - er is the thought of Thee Than a - ny love - ly song.
 With - out the se - cret of Thy love, I could not but be sad.
 If such a life of joy can crown Our walk on earth with Thee?

CHORUS.



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

Rit.

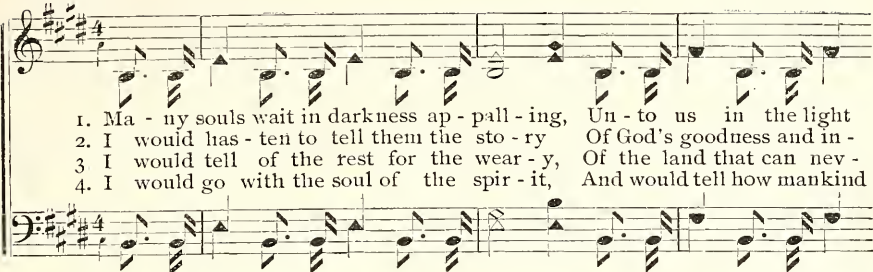


The half has nev-er yet been told, The blood—it cleanseth me!
 yet been told, cleanseth me!

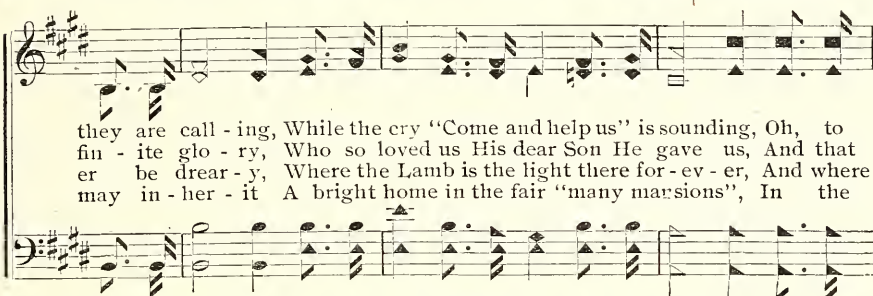
No. 39.

"HERE AM I, SEND ME".

LAURA E. NEWELL.



1. Ma - ny souls wait in darkness ap - pall - ing, Un - to us in the light
 2. I would has - ten to tell them the sto - ry Of God's goodness and in -
 3. I would tell of the rest for the wear - y, Of the land that can nev -
 4. I would go with the soul of the spir - it, And would tell how mankind




they are call - ing, While the cry "Come and help us" is sounding, Oh, to
 fin - ite glo - ry, Who so loved us His dear Son He gave us, And that
 er be drear - y, Where the Lamb is the light there for - ev - er, And where
 may in - her - it A bright home in the fair "many mansions", In the

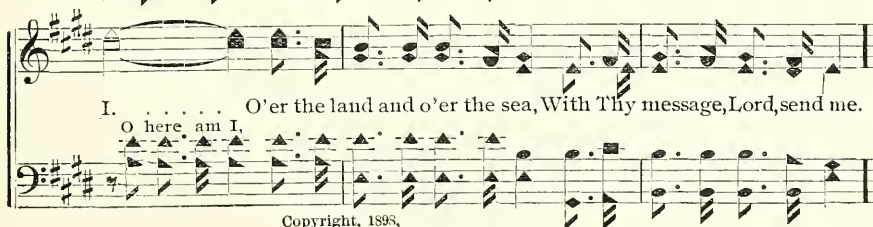
REFRAIN.



tell them God's grace is abounding. Here am I, . . . Here am I, . . . With Thy
 Christ died in anguish to save us.
 tears and where sorrows come never.
 cit - y's e - ter - nal ex - pan - sions.



word, Thy precious word, I would go, my blessed Lord, Here am I, O here am
 Here am I,



I. O here am I, O'er the land and o'er the sea, With Thy message, Lord, send me.

No. 40.

MEET ME THERE.

Eld. J. S. MOHLER.

H. B. GROENGILS.

1. There's a home for saints prepared, Far from pain and sor-row here, High in
 2. There's the pure, the crystal stream, Mor-tal eyes have nev - er seen, Roll-ing
 3. There's the tree of end - less life, Far a - way from mor-tal strife, In the
 4. There in youth-ful beauty bloom, In that clime of sacred morn, Ne'er to

heav - en bright and fair, Meet me there, Saints will dwell forever there, Free from
 on in heaven's beam, Meet me there, "Glorious beauty" then our theme, There on
 midst of Par-a-dise, Meet me there, Healing leaves destroying death, Sweet per-
 roam in mid-night gloom, Meet me there, Death to saints no more will come, Ev - er

toil and sin and care, Pure e - ter - nal joys to share, Meet me there.
 shores of liv-ing green, All a - long the em-rald sheen, Meet me there.
 fume with ev-ry breath, Fruits of joy, e - ter - nal bliss, Meet me there.
 there to dwell at home, Sing-ing glad re-demp-tion's song, Meet me there.

REFRAIN.

Meet me there Meet me there Where the rose of Sharon's
 Meet me there, Meet me there, Where the rose of Sharon's

bloom-ing, Meet me there, When the toils of life are o'er, We shall
 bloom-ing, Meet me there, Meet me there,

MEET ME THERE.

rest for ev - er-more, On that calm and peaceful shore, Meet me there. Meet me there.

No. 41.

WHITER THAN SNOW.

JAMES NICHOLSON.

Wm. G. FISCHER.

1. Lord Je-sus, I long to be per-fect-ly whole; I want Thee for-ev-er to
 2. Lord Je-sus, look down from Thy throne in the skies, And help me to make a com-
 3. Lord Je-sus, for this I most humbly en-treat, I wait, blessed Lord, at Thy
 4. Lord Je-sus. Thou seest I patient-ly wait; Come now, and within me a

live in my-soul; Break down ev-ry i - dol, cast out ev -'ry foe; Now
 plete sac - ri - fice; I give up my-self, and what-ev - er I know; O
 cru - ci-fied feet, By faith, for my cleans-ing, I see Thy blood flow; O
 new heart cre-ate; To those who have sought Thee, Thou never saidst "No," O

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

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

E. G. COLEMAN.

E. G. COLEMAN.

1. Hear the Sav - ior sweet - ly call - ing, Sin - ner, come to - day,
 2. All in dark - ness thou art roam - ing, Stray - ing from the fold,
 3. Hear the gen - tle Shepherd plead - ing, Lov - ing, kind and true.
 4. Hear Him pleading—still He's call ing, Why wilt thou re - main?
 5. He will keep thy soul for - ev - er, On - ly hear His voice;

List - en to the ac - cents fall - ing— Come with - out de - lay.
 Ech - o back the words, "I'm com - ing," He will save thy soul.
 While the lit - tle Lambs He's feed - ing, Let Him feed you too.
 Still in ac - cents sweet - ly fall - ing, List!— He calls a - gain.
 And for - sake thee nev - er, nev - er; Thou shalt yet re - joice.

CHORUS.

Hear Him call, Hear Him call,
 Hear Him call - ing, call - ing you, Hear Him call - ing, call - ing you;

Why wilt thou in dark - ness long - er roam? Hear Him call,
 Hear Him call - ing, call - ing you,

Hear Him call, Hear the Sav - ior sweet - ly call, come home.
 Hear Him call - ing, call - ing you,

No. 43. SINGING WITH THE ANGELS.

E. A. HOFFMAN,

A. S. KIEFFER, by per.



1. I have dreamed sweet dreams of a better home, Of a bet-ter home than this;
2. I have dreamed sweet dreams of a better life, Of a bet-ter life than this;
3. I have dreamed sweet dreams of a better land, Of a bet-ter land than this;



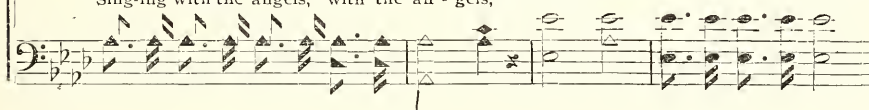
Of a home where sor-rows nev-er come, Where all is per-fect bliss.
Where there is no con-flict and no strife, Where all is per-fect peace.
Where the ran-somed tread the golden strand, Where joy shall nev-er cease.



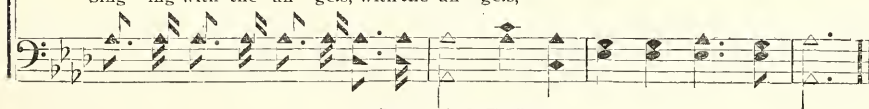
REFRAIN.



Sing - - ing with the an - gels, There, there, o - ver, o - ver there;
Sing-ing with the angels, with the an - gels,



Sing - - ing with the an - gels, In that sweet home so fair.
Sing - ing with the an - gels, with the an - gels,



By per. A. S. Kieffer.

No. 44.

IN HIS PRAISE.

HELEN RAYBURN.

W. T. GIFFE, by per.



1. The heav'n's de-clare his glorious pow'r, Earth ech-oes back His praise,
2. And flow'rs from dain-ty chal - i - ces Send clouds of in - cense up,
3. Then, oh, what words can tell the joy Of an im - mor - tal soul?



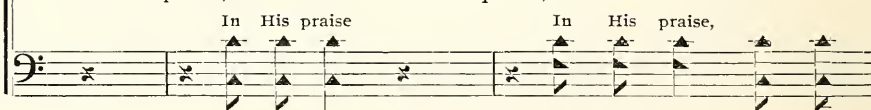
As count-less birds from hour to hour Pour forth their joy-ous praise.
That rise like voice-less hymns of praise, From ev - 'ry fra - grant cup.
From glow-ing hearts and grate-ful lips Should cease-less an-thems roll.



REFRAIN.



In His praise, In His praise, In the



praise of the mer - ci - ful Cre - a - tor; In his praise, In His praise,



In His praise, In His praise. In the praise of Christ our King.



HARRIET E. JONES.

GEO. B. HOLSINGER.

1. I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, My weapons I
 2. I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, Preached Je-sus a -
 3. I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, The time to de-

soon shall lay down; There wait-eth for me in the home o'er the sea. The
 far and a - near; When He bids me come to His glo-ri-fied home, Most
 part is at hand; While a - ges shall roll, in the home of the soul, With

REFRAIN.

victor's bright palm, and my crown.
 wel-come the sweet words of cheer. I have fought a good fight, I have
 all of His faith-ful I'll stand.

finished my course, My faith has been strong in the Lord; For me there a -

waits, just be-yond the pearl-gates, A sure and e - ter - nal re - ward.

Rev. D. E. MILLARD.

C. V. STRICKLAND.

1. I am will-ing, Lord, I'm will - ing, To be led thro' life by Thee,
 2. When temptations gath - er round me, To en-trap my world-ly heart,
 3. And when called to bear some bur - den, For my own or oth-ers' weal,
 4. I am wil-ling, yes, I'm wil - ling, To be led, O Lord, by Thee,

Ev - ry need-ful task ful - fill - ing, I Thy ser-vant, Lord, would be.
 Thou hast prom-ised, if I asked Thee, Grace and strength to say "depart."
 Be my Sav - ior, Guide and War - den, So shall noth-ing quench my zeal.
 Help me now, in mind and feel - ing, Ev - er - more Thy child to be.

REFRAIN.

I am will- ing, I am will- ing To be led thro' life by Thee,

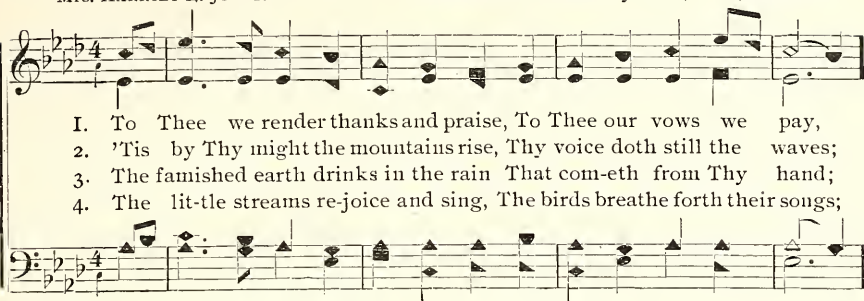
I am will- ing, I am will- ing Thy ser- vant, Lord, to be.

From "White Wings" by per.

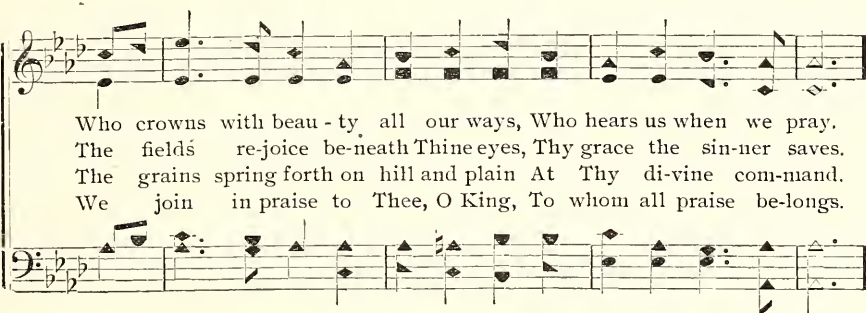
No. 47. ALL PRAISE TO THEE, O KING.

Mrs. HARRIET E. JONES.

Written for this work by Dr. L. O. EMERSON.



1. To Thee we render thanks and praise, To Thee our vows we pay,
 2. 'Tis by Thy might the mountains rise, Thy voice doth still the waves;
 3. The famished earth drinks in the rain That com-eth from Thy hand;
 4. The lit-tle streams re-joyce and sing, The birds breathe forth their songs;

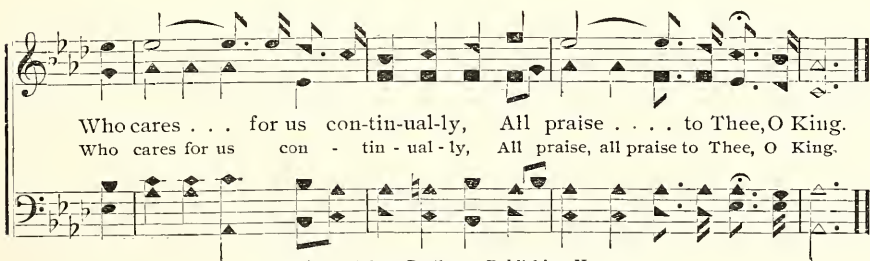


Who crowns with beau-ty all our ways, Who hears us when we pray.
 The fields re-joyce be-neath Thine eyes, Thy grace the sin-ner saves.
 The grains spring forth on hill and plain At Thy di-vine com-mand.
 We join in praise to Thee, O King, To whom all praise be-longs.

REFRAIN.



We thank, . . . and love, and wor-ship Thee, From whom all bless-ings spring,
 We thank, and love, and wor-ship Thee, From whom all bless-ings spring,



Who cares . . . for us con-tin-u-al-ly, All praise . . . to Thee, O King.
 Who cares for us con - tin - ual - ly, All praise, all praise to Thee, O King.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.

W. T. GIFFE, by per.



1. O, wondrously sweet is the stor - y, That Je-sus came down from a-bove.
2. O, wondrously sweet is His mer - cy, And wondrously free is His grace,
3. O, beau-ti-ful sto - ry of Je - sus, The sweet-est that ev - er was told,



To make an a-tone-ment for sin - ners, And bless this poor world with His love.
 And wondrously rich His com-pas-sion, For did He not die in our place?
 The ho - li - est, pur-est, most pre-cious, That God could to mor-tals un - fold!



REFRAIN.



The sto - ry grows sweet-er and sweet-er, And cheers me a-long the way;



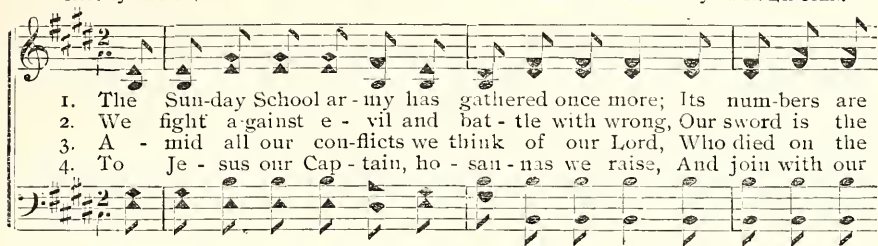
The Sav-ior grows sweet-er and dear-er; His love is more precious each day.



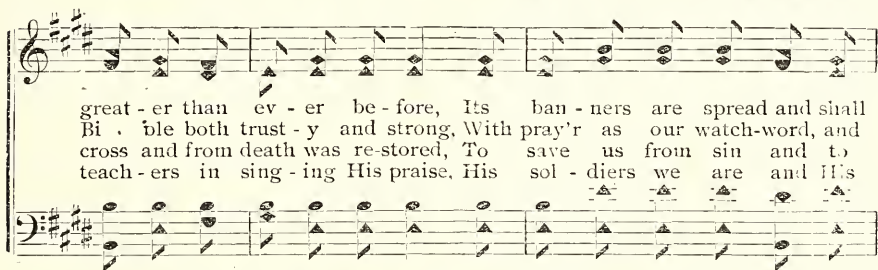
No. 49. THE SUNDAY SCHOOL ARMY.

Arr. by H. N. L.

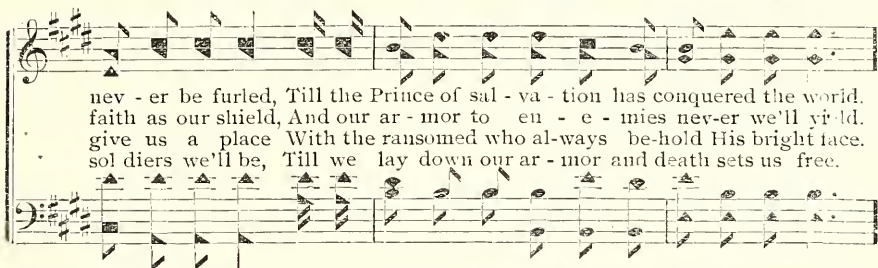
Music and Refrain by H. N. LINCOLN.



1. The Sun-day School ar-my has gathered once more; Its num-bers are
 2. We fight a-gainst e-vil and bat-tle with wrong, Our sword is the
 3. A-mid all our con-flicts we think of our Lord, Who died on the
 4. To Je-sus our Cap-tain, ho-san-nas we raise, And join with our



great-er than ev-er be-fore, Its ban-ners are spread and shall
 Bi-ble both trust-y and strong, With pray'r as our watch-word, and
 cross and from death was re-stored, To save us from sin and to
 teach-ers in sing-ing His praise, His sol-diers we are and His




nev-er be furled, Till the Prince of sal-va-tion has conquered the world.
 faith as our shield, And our ar-mor to en-e-mies nev-er we'll yield.
 give us a place With the ransomed who al-ways be-hold His bright face.
 sol-diers we'll be, Till we lay down our ar-mor and death sets us free.

REFRAIN.

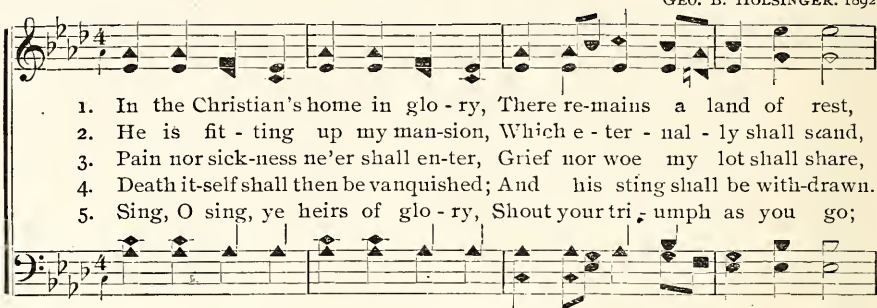


Sing and re-joyce, . . . Our ar-my is on its bright way, . . .
 Sing and re-joyce with heart, soul and voice. bright way,

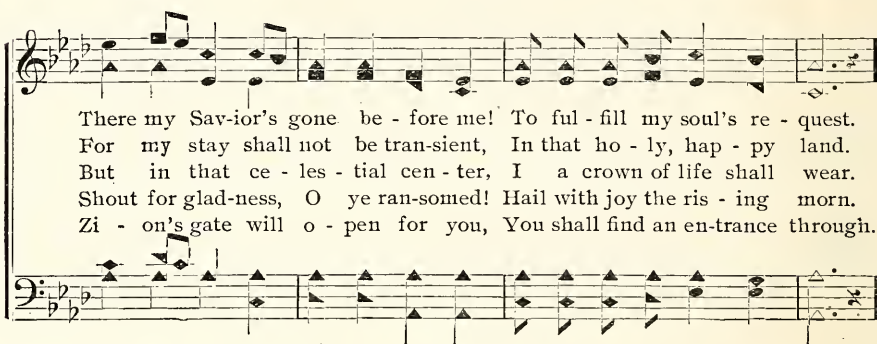


March-ing a-long . . . To the beau-ti-ful mansions of day.
 March-ing a-long with banner and song,

GEO. B. HOLSINGER. 1892

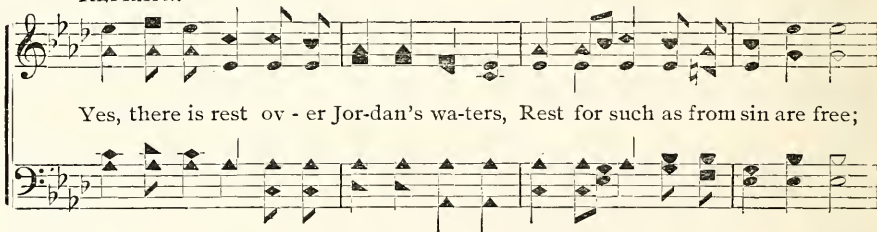


1. In the Christian's home in glo - ry, There re-mains a land of rest,
 2. He is fit - ting up my man-sion, Which e - ter - nal - ly shall stand,
 3. Pain nor sick-ness ne'er shall en-ter, Grief nor woe my lot shall share,
 4. Death it-self shall then be vanquished; And his sting shall be with-drawn.
 5. Sing, O sing, ye heirs of glo - ry, Shout your tri - umph as you go;



There my Sav-ior's gone be - fore me! To ful - fill my soul's re - quest.
 For my stay shall not be tran-sient, In that ho - ly, hap - py land.
 But in that ce - les - tial cen - ter, I a crown of life shall wear.
 Shout for glad-ness, O ye ran-somed! Hail with joy the ris - ing morn.
 Zi - on's gate will o - pen for you, You shall find an en-trance through.

REFRAIN.



Yes, there is rest ov - er Jor-dan's wa-ters, Rest for such as from sin are free;



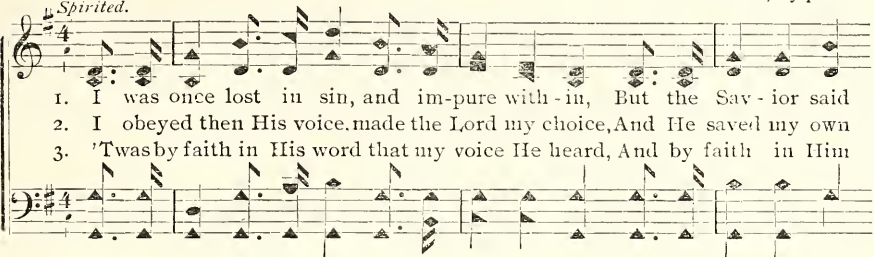
Rest for all who come to Je - sus, Rest for you and me.

No. 51. SAVED THROUGH THE BLOOD.

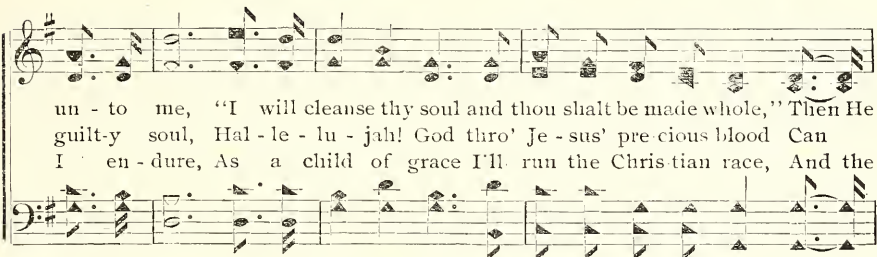
"And the blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin."—I John 1:7.

A. F. M.
Spirited.

A. F. MYERS, by per.

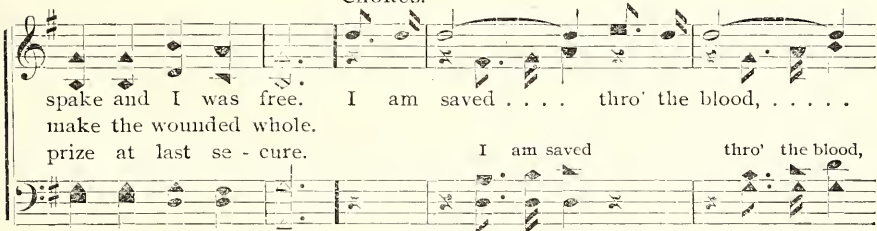


1. I was once lost in sin, and im-pure with-in, But the Sav-ior said
2. I obeyed then His voice, made the Lord my choice, And He saved my own
3. 'Twas by faith in His word that my voice He heard, And by faith in Him

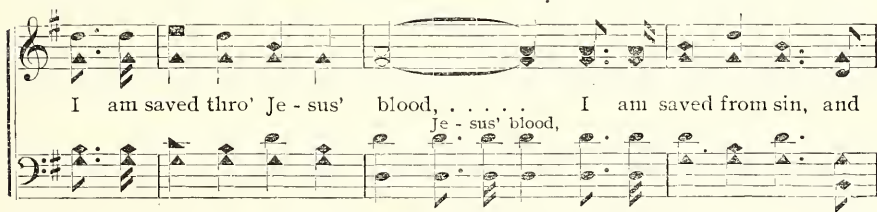


un-to me, "I will cleanse thy soul and thou shalt be made whole," Then He
guilt-y soul, Hal-le-lu-jah! God thro' Je-sus' pre-cious blood Can
I en-dure, As a child of grace I'll run the Christian race, And the

CHORUS.



spake and I was free. I am saved . . . thro' the blood, . . .
make the wounded whole. I am saved thro' the blood,
prize at last se-cure.



I am saved thro' Je-sus' blood, . . . I am saved from sin, and
Je-sus' blood,

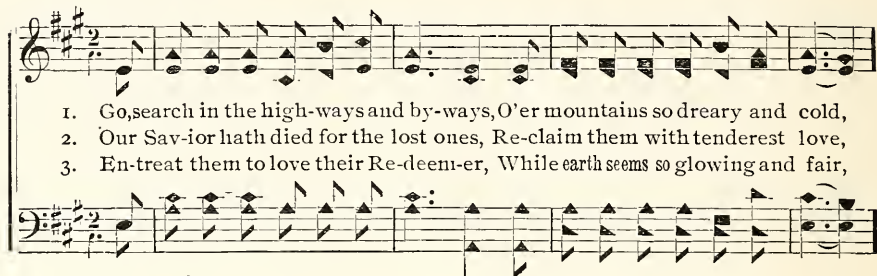


wretchedness within, Hal-le-lu-jah! I am saved thro' the blood, . . .
the blood.

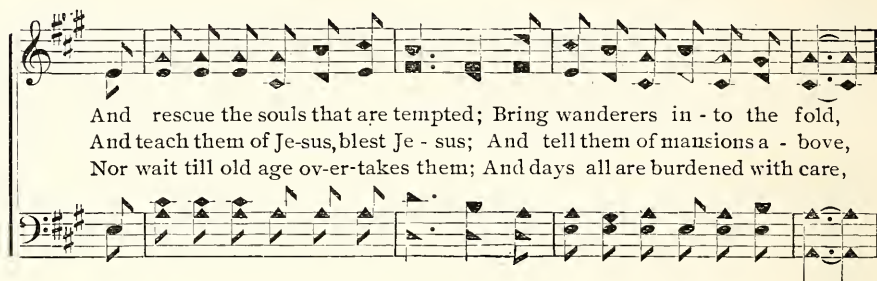
No. 52. BRING THEM INTO THE FOLD.

LAURA E. NEWELL.

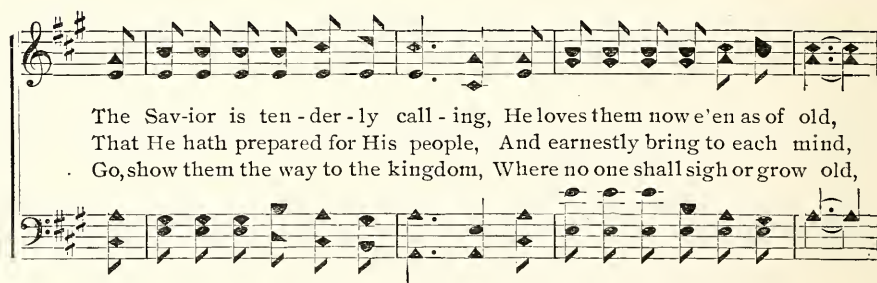
W. T. GIFFE.



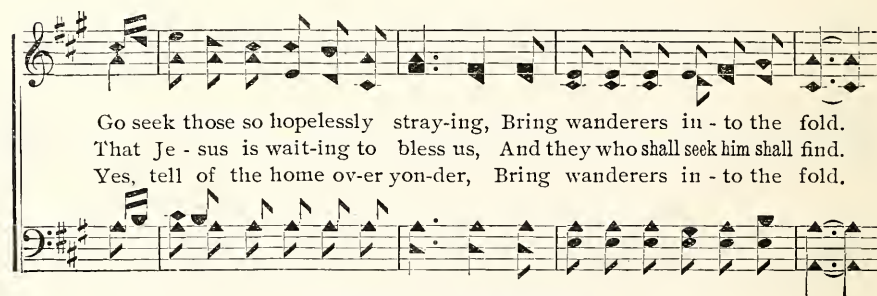
1. Go, search in the high-ways and by-ways, O'er mountains so dreary and cold,
 2. Our Sav-ior hath died for the lost ones, Re-claim them with tenderest love,
 3. En-treat them to love their Re-deem-er, While earth seems so glowing and fair,



And rescue the souls that are tempted; Bring wanderers in - to the fold,
 And teach them of Je-sus, blest Je - sus; And tell them of mansions a - bove,
 Nor wait till old age over-takes them; And days all are burdened with care,



The Sav-ior is ten-der-ly call-ing, He loves them now e'en as of old,
 That He hath prepared for His people, And earnestly bring to each mind,
 Go, show them the way to the kingdom, Where no one shall sigh or grow old,



Go seek those so hopelessly stray-ing, Bring wanderers in - to the fold.
 That Je - sus is wait-ing to bless us, And they who shall seek him shall find.
 Yes, tell of the home over-yon-der, Bring wanderers in - to the fold.

BRING THEM INTO THE FOLD.

CHORUS.

Go rescue the lambs that are stray-ing, His jewels more precious than gold,

He'll gather them in-to his bo-som; Bring wanderers in-to the fold.

No. 53. SITTING AT THE FEET OF JESUS.

Arr.

I. { Sit-ting at the feet of Je - sus, Oh, what words I hear him say!
Hap-py place, so near, so precious! May it find me there each (Omit.) } day.

{ Sit - ting at the feet of Je - sus, I would look up-on the past;
For his love has been so gracious, It has won my heart at (Omit.) } last.

2 Sitting at the feet of Jesus,
Where can mortal be more blest?
There I lay my sins and sorrows,
And, when weary, find sweet rest;
Sitting at the feet of Jesus,
There I love to weep and pray,
While I from His fullness gather
Grace and comfort every day.

3 Bless me, O my Savior, bless me,
As I sit low at Thy feet,
Oh, look down in love upon me,
Let me see Thy face so sweet;
Give me, Lord, the mind of Jesus,
Make me holy as He is:
May I prove I've been with Jesus,
Who is all my righteousness.

No. 54.

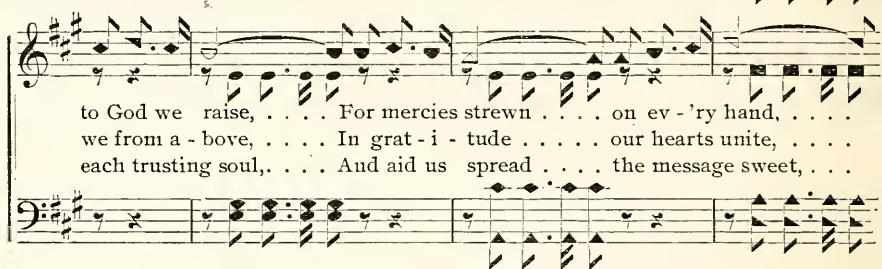
OUR CHRISTIAN LAND.

J. M. C.

J. M. COWGILL.



1. With words of cheer, . . . and songs of praise, . . . Our thankful hearts . . .
 2. We wor-ship here . . . the God we love, . . . A bless-ing seek . . .
 3. O God of love, . . . our hearts control, . . . Direct and keep . . .



to God we raise, . . . For mercies strewn . . . on ev-'ry hand, . . .
 we from a - bove, . . . In grat-i - tude . . . our hearts unite, . . .
 each trusting soul, . . . And aid us spread . . . the message sweet, . . .

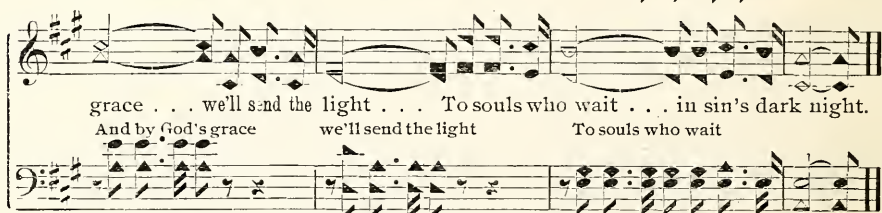


REFRAIN.

In this our cher - ished Christian land. Our Christian land, . . . home of the
 To stand for Je - sus and the right.
 Till all man-kind . . . bow at Thy feet. Our Christian land,



free, . . . Our Christian land, . . . we hon-or thee, . . . And by God's
 home of the free, Our Christian land, we hon-or thee,

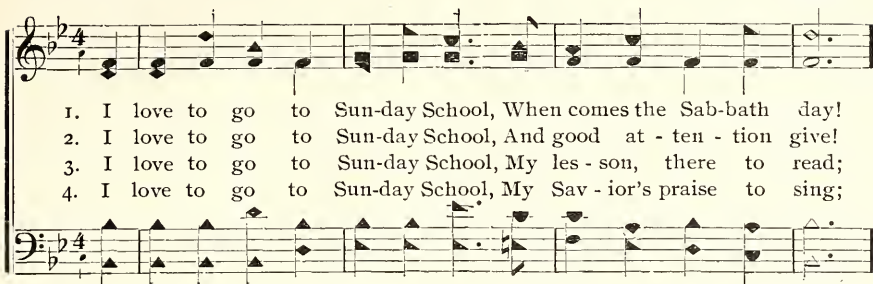


grace . . . we'll send the light . . . To souls who wait . . . in sin's dark night.
 And by God's grace we'll send the light To souls who wait

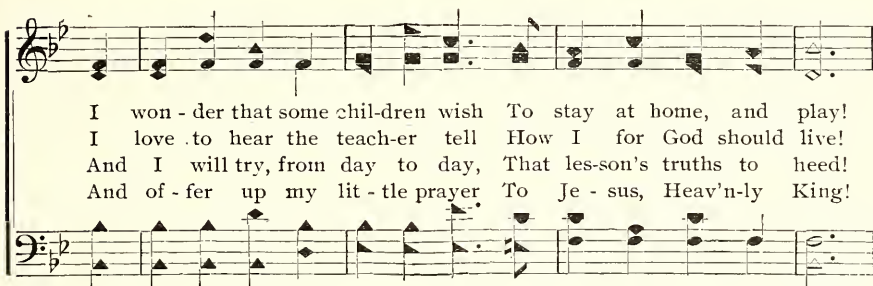
No. 55. I LOVE TO GO TO SUNDAY SCHOOL.

E. R. LATTI.

GEO. B. HOLSINGER.



1. I love to go to Sun-day School, When comes the Sab-bath day!
2. I love to go to Sun-day School, And good at - ten - tion give!
3. I love to go to Sun-day School, My les - son, there to read;
4. I love to go to Sun-day School, My Sav - ior's praise to sing;

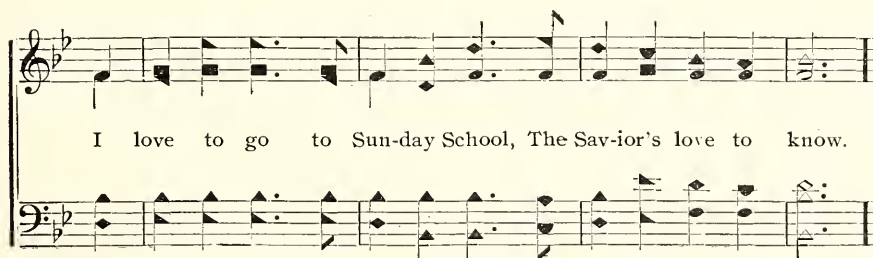


I won - der that some chil-dren wish To stay at home, and play!
I love to hear the teach-er tell How I for God should live!
And I will try, from day to day, That les-son's truths to heed!
And of - fer up my lit - tle prayer To Je - sus, Heav'n-ly King!

REFRAIN.



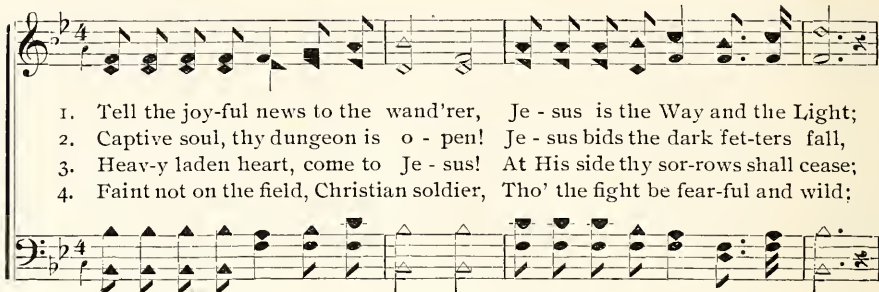
I love, I love to go to Sun-day School, And O, that all the chil-dren loved to go,



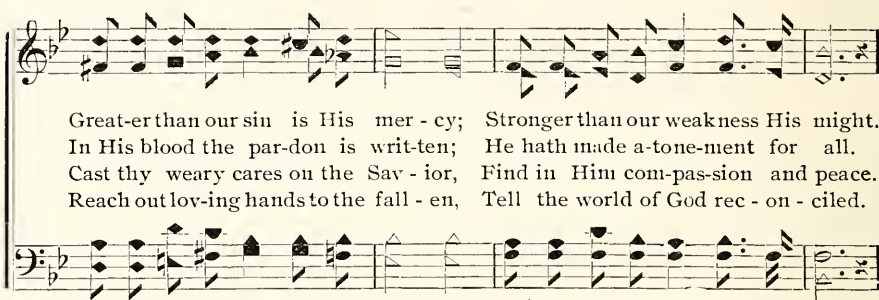
I love to go to Sun-day School, The Sav-ior's love to know.

Arr. by A. A. P.

D. B. TOWNER.




1. Tell the joy-ful news to the wand'rer, Je - sus is the Way and the Light;
 2. Captive soul, thy dungeon is o - pen! Je - sus bids the dark fet-ters fall,
 3. Heav-y laden heart, come to Je - sus! At His side thy sor-rows shall cease;
 4. Faint not on the field, Christian soldier, Tho' the fight be fear-ful and wild;




Great-er than our sin is His mer - cy; Stronger than our weakness His might.
 In His blood the par-don is writ-ten; He hath made a-tone-ment for all.
 Cast thy weary cares on the Sav - ior, Find in Him com-pas-sion and peace.
 Reach out lov-ing hands to the fall - en, Tell the world of God rec - on - ciled.

REFRAIN.



Tell it! Tell it! Tell the world salvation is free!
 Tell the joyful news! Tell the joyful news! Tell the world sal-va-tion is free, is full and free!

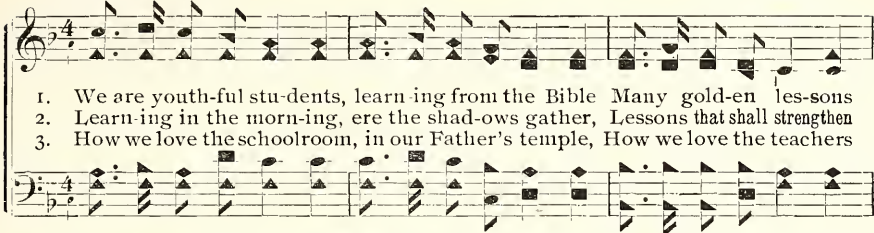


Je - - sus! Je - - sus Of-fers it to you and to me.
 Jesus, Lamb of God, Jesus, Lamb of God, Of-fers it to you and to me, to you and me.

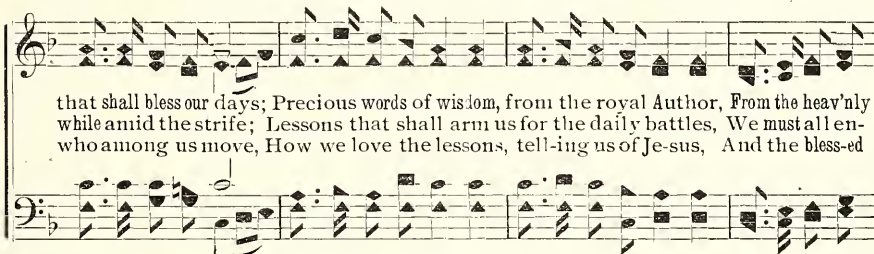
To my son Austin T. Lincoln, and his Sunday School class.

MRS. HARRIET JONES.

H. N. LINCOLN.

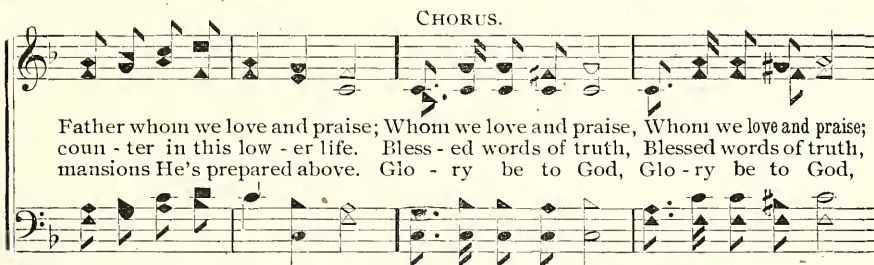


1. We are youth-ful stu-dents, learn-ing from the Bible Many gold-en les-sons
2. Learn-ing in the morn-ing, ere the shad-ows gather, Lessons that shall strengthen
3. How we love the schoolroom, in our Father's temple, How we love the teachers

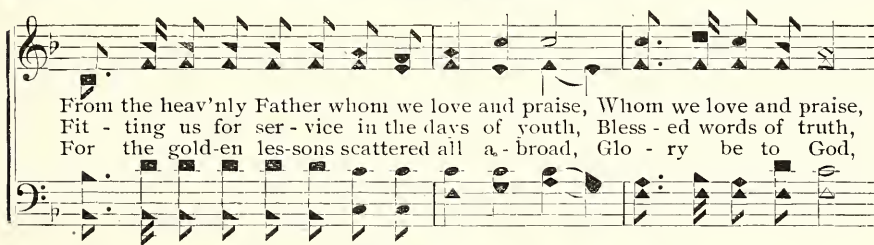


that shall bless our days; Precious words of wisdom, from the royal Author, From the heav'nly while amid the strife; Lessons that shall arm us for the daily battles, We must all en-who among us move, How we love the lessons, tell-ing us of Je-sus, And the bless-ed

CHORUS.



Father whom we love and praise; Whom we love and praise, Whom we love and praise; coun-ter in this low-er life. Bless-ed words of truth, Blessed words of truth, mansions He's prepared above. Glo-ry be to God, Glo-ry be to God,



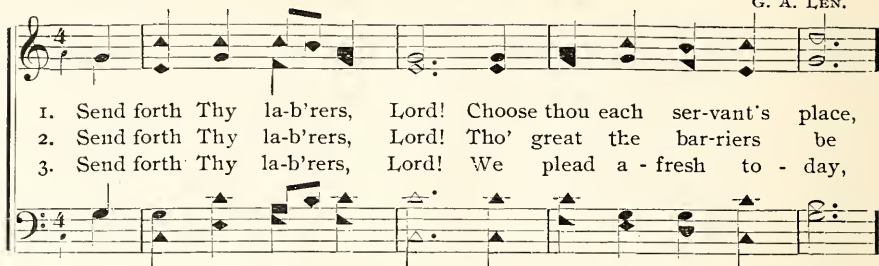
From the heav'nly Father whom we love and praise, Whom we love and praise, Fit-ting us for ser-vice in the days of youth, Bless-ed words of truth, For the gold-en les-sons scattered all a-broad, Glo-ry be to God,



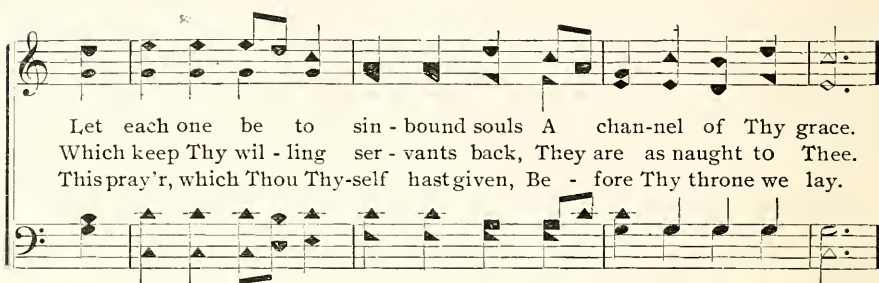
Whom we love and praise, From the heav'nly Father whom we love and praise. Bless-ed words of truth, Fit-ting us for ser-vice in the days of youth. Glo-ry be to God, For the gold-en les-sons scattered all a-broad.

No. 58. SEND FORTH THY LABORERS, LORD.

G. A. LEN.



1. Send forth Thy la-b'rrers, Lord! Choose thou each ser-vant's place,
 2. Send forth Thy la-b'rrers, Lord! Tho' great the bar-riers be
 3. Send forth Thy la-b'rrers, Lord! We plead a - fresh to - day,

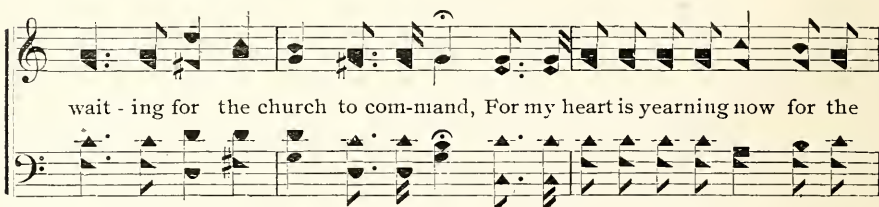


Let each one be to sin - bound souls A chan-nel of Thy grace.
 Which keep Thy wil - ling ser - vants back, They are as naught to Thee.
 This pray'r, which Thou Thy-self hast given, Be - fore Thy throne we lay.

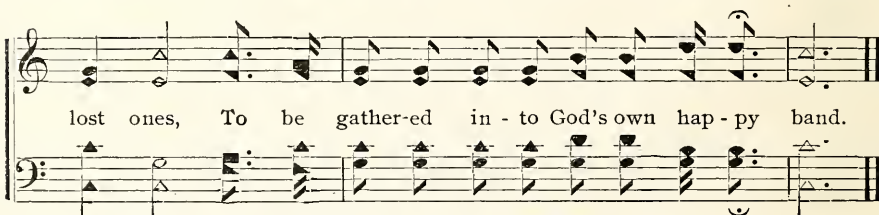
REERAIN.



I would go in - to the rip - en'd harv - est field, I am



wait - ing for the church to com-mand, For my heart is yearning now for the

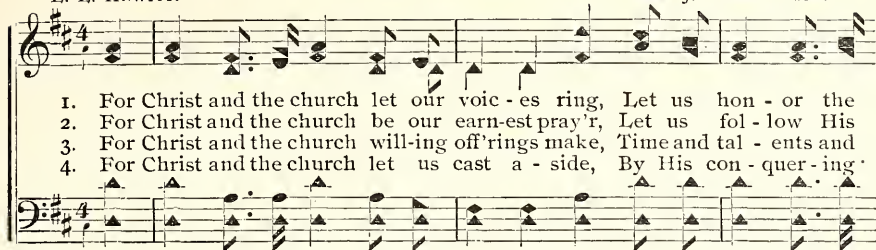


lost ones, To be gather-ed in - to God's own hap - py band.

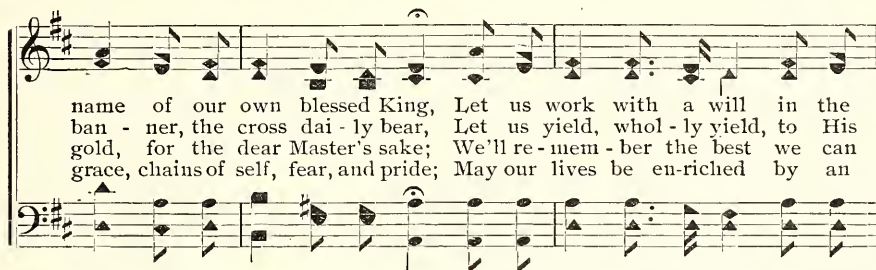
No. 59. FOR CHRIST AND THE CHURCH.

E. E. HEWITT.


WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. For Christ and the church let our voices ring, Let us honor the
 2. For Christ and the church be our earnest pray'r, Let us follow His
 3. For Christ and the church willing offerings make, Time and talents and
 4. For Christ and the church let us cast aside, By His conquering



name of our own blessed King, Let us work with a will in the
 banner, the cross daily bear, Let us yield, wholly yield, to His
 gold, for the dear Master's sake; We'll remember the best we can
 grace, chains of self, fear, and pride; May our lives be enriched by an

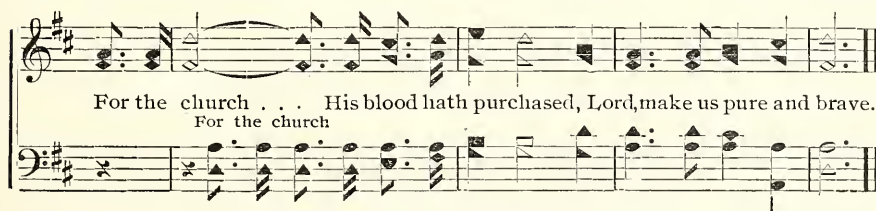


strength of youth, And loyally stand for the Kingdom of truth.
 Spirit's power, And faithfully serve Him in life's brightest hour.
 bring to Him, The heart's wealth of love, that will never grow dim.
 aim so grand, Then happy the call to the Savior's right hand.

CHORUS.



For Christ our dear Redeemer, For Christ who died to save,
 For Christ For Christ



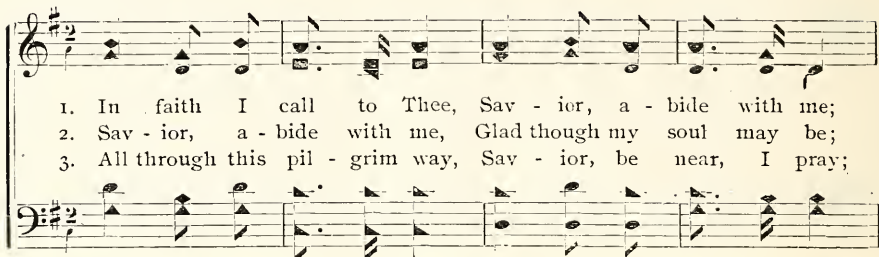
For the church . . . His blood hath purchased, Lord, make us pure and brave.
 For the church

No. 60.

SAVIOR, ABIDE WITH ME.

J. W. WAYLAND, Jr.

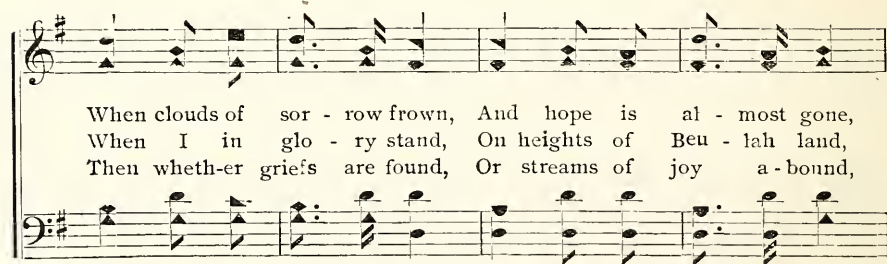
H. B. GROENGILS.



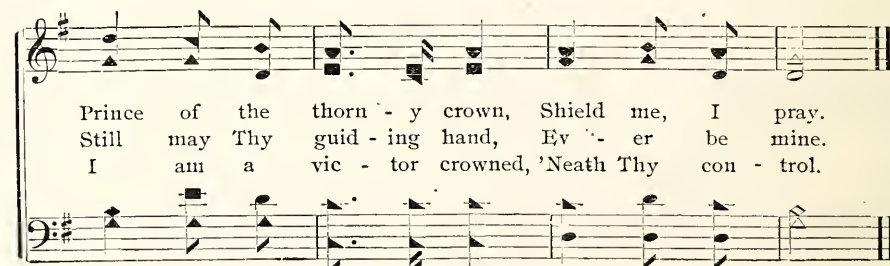
1. In faith I call to Thee, Sav - ior, a - bide with me;
 2. Sav - ior, a - bide with me, Glad though my soul may be;
 3. All through this pil - grim way, Sav - ior, be near, I pray;



Let me Thy glo - ry see, Bright o'er the way.
 Still draw my heart to Thee, In joy di - vine.
 Give me from day to day, Peace in my soul.



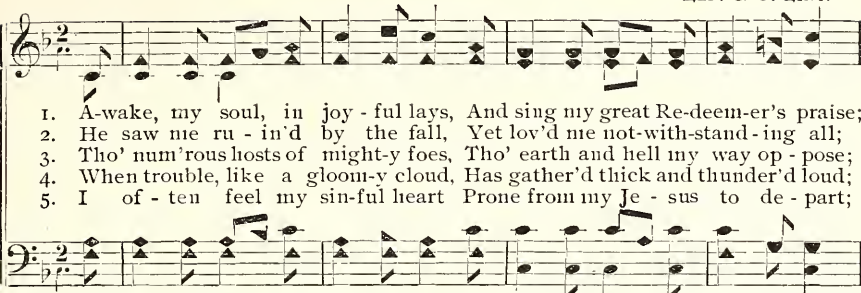
When clouds of sor - row frown, And hope is al - most gone,
 When I in glo - ry stand, On heights of Beau - lah land,
 Then wheth - er griefs are found, Or streams of joy a - bound,



Prince of the thorn - y crown, Shield me, I pray.
 Still may Thy guid - ing hand, Ev - er be mine.
 I am a vic - tor crowned, 'Neath Thy con - trol.

No. 61. HIS LOVING KINDNESS. L. M. (73)

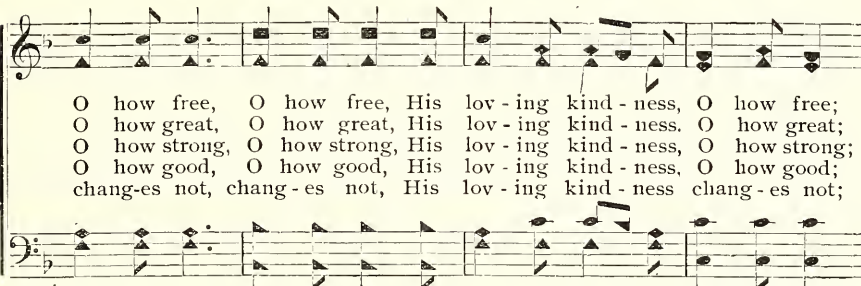
ELD. C. G. LINT.



1. A-wake, my soul, in joy - ful lays, And sing my great Re-deem-er's praise;
 2. He saw me ru - in'd by the fall, Yet lov'd me not-with-stand - ing all;
 3. Tho' num'rous hosts of might-y foes, Tho' earth and hell my way op - pose;
 4. When trouble, like a gloom-y cloud, Has gather'd thick and thunder'd loud;
 5. I of - ten feel my sin-ful heart Prone from my Je - sus to de - part;



He just - ly claims a song from thee, His lov - ing kind - ness, O how free!
 He sav'd me from my lost es - tate, His lov - ing kind - ness, O how great!
 He safe - ly leads my soul a - long, His lov - ing kind - ness, O how strong!
 He near my soul has al-ways stood, His lov - ing kind - ness, O how good!
 But tho' I have Him oft for-got, His lov - ing kind - ness changes not!



O how free, O how free, His lov - ing kind - ness, O how free;
 O how great, O how great, His lov - ing kind - ness, O how great;
 O how strong, O how strong, His lov - ing kind - ness, O how strong;
 O how good, O how good, His lov - ing kind - ness, O how good;
 chang-es not, chang-es not, His lov - ing kind - ness chang-es not;



He just - ly claims a song from thee, His lov - ing kind - ness, O how free!
 He sav'd me from my lost es - tate, His lov - ing kind - ness, O how great!
 He safe - ly leads my soul a - long, His lov - ing kind - ness, O how strong!
 He near my soul has al-ways stood, His lov - ing kind - ness, O how good!
 But tho' I have Him oft for - got, His lov - ing kind - ness changes not!

No. 62.

THAT DEAR LAND.*

E. U. E.

ELIZABETH U. EMERSON.

1. There is a land so fair and sweet, And on its
 2. In that dear land with man-sions fair, We'll ev-'ry
 3. All full of peace our lives shall be, And clear-

shores our loved ones meet, . . . To sing its songs and praises
 thought . . . with Je-sus share, . . . And in his name be all com-
 truth each one shall see. . . . The per-fect Guide doth lead us

o'er, And tell its love for ev-er-more, (for ev-er-more.)
 plete, While singing prais esglad and sweet, (so glad and sweet.)
 on, Our Friend and Teach er all in one, (all, all in one.)

REFRAIN. *With animation.*

We shall wake, we shall wake in that morning When the beauty of Christ shall be known.
 known, shall be known,

cres. *poco rit.*
 We shall sing, we shall sing in that morning Songs of glory and love and home.

* May be used as a unison Soprano, Tenor, duet, or as a quartette and full chorus.

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From C. at W.

(A good Thanksgiving Hymn.)

B. K. BURN.



1. Great God! this day a na - tion lifts To Thee her grate-ful praise,
2. Seed-time and har-vest cold and heat, The prom - ise of Thy word,
3. May we who share in Heav-n's best gifts Re - mem - ber those who bear



For bless-ings count-less as the sands, And love that crowns our days.
 Thou hast ful-fill'd in its due time, For this we praise thee, Lord!
 The weight of heav - y bur-den'd hearts, Of pov - er - ty and care.



On bend-ed knee with con-trite heart, Our sins we now con - fess,
 For peace and plent - y o'er the land, For fire-side, homes and friends;
 And so in mak-ing glad - some heart, Af - flict - ed, poor or lone,

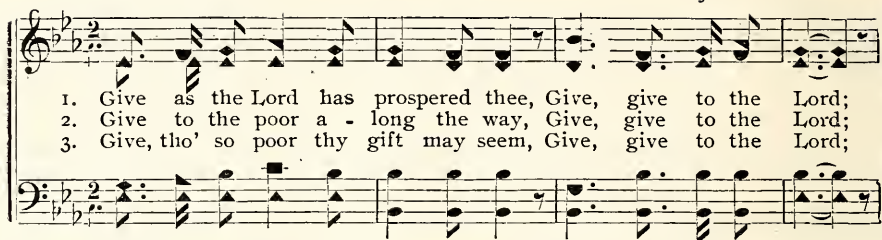


And though of fol - lies we may mourn, Yet shall we praise Thee less?
 Ac - cept the thanks we of - fer now For all Thy good-ness lends.
 We bright-en oth - er lives, and bring The bless - ing on our home.

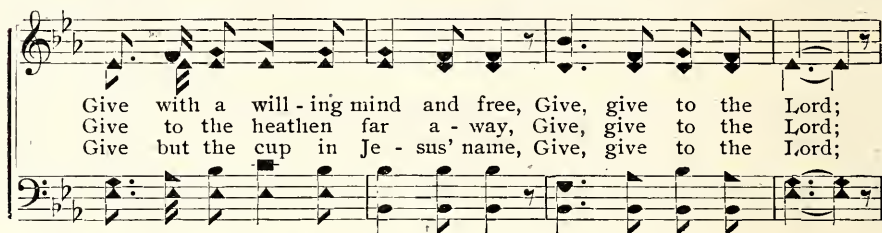


PALMER HARTSOUGH.

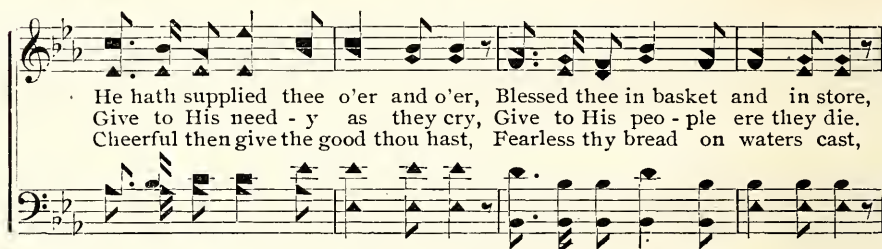
J. H. FILLMORE.



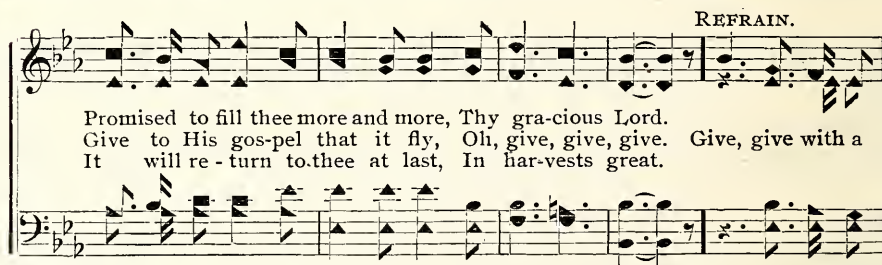
1. Give as the Lord has prospered thee, Give, give to the Lord;
 2. Give to the poor a - long the way, Give, give to the Lord;
 3. Give, tho' so poor thy gift may seem, Give, give to the Lord;



Give with a will - ing mind and free, Give, give to the Lord;
 Give to the heathen far a - way, Give, give to the Lord;
 Give but the cup in Je - sus' name, Give, give to the Lord;

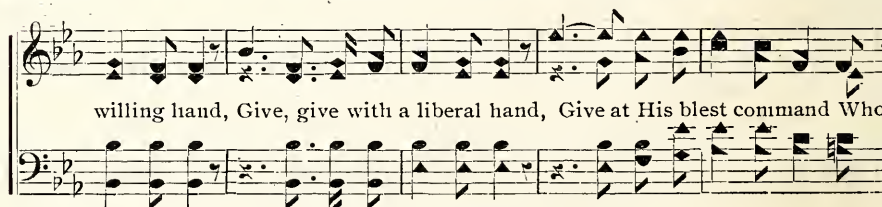


He hath supplied thee o'er and o'er, Blessed thee in basket and in store,
 Give to His need - y as they cry, Give to His peo - ple ere they die.
 Cheerful then give the good thou hast, Fearless thy bread on waters cast,



REFRAIN.

Promised to fill thee more and more, Thy gra-cious Lord.
 Give to His gos-pel that it fly, Oh, give, give, give. Give, give with a
 It will re - turn to thee at last, In har-vests great.



willing hand, Give, give with a liberal hand, Give at His blest command Who

CHEERFUL GIVING.

prospered thee, Give, at His blest com-mand Who prospered thee.

This musical score is for the hymn 'Cheerful Giving'. It features a treble and bass staff in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The melody is in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a simple harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

No. 65. MORE AND BETTER WORK FOR JESUS.

JESSIE BROWN POUNDS.

J. H. FILMORE.

1. "More and bet-ter work for Je - sus!" Is the cry we make to - day;
 2. "More and bet-ter work for Je - sus!" Tho' the past was much and good,
 3. "More and bet-ter work for Je - sus!" More and better, year by year,

This musical score is for the hymn 'More and Better Work for Jesus'. It features a treble and bass staff in D major (two sharps) and 4/4 time. The melody is in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a simple harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

While the earth in sin is ly - ing, We can neither shrink nor stay.
 Yet we know we have not served Him Half so brave - ly as we should.
 Till a darkened world is res - cued And a fade-less dawn is here.

This musical score continues the hymn 'More and Better Work for Jesus'. It features a treble and bass staff in D major (two sharps) and 4/4 time. The melody is in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a simple harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

CHORUS.

"More and bet-ter work for Je - sus!" Is the mot - to we would wear;

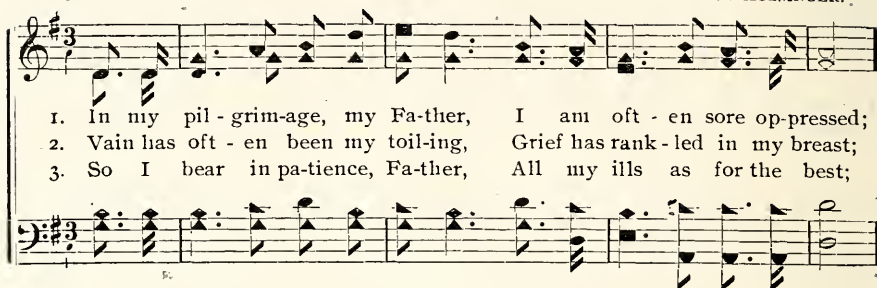
This musical score is for the first line of the chorus of 'More and Better Work for Jesus'. It features a treble and bass staff in D major (two sharps) and 4/4 time. The melody is in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a simple harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

"More and bet-ter work for Je - sus!" Is our earn-est plea and prayer.


This musical score is for the second line of the chorus of 'More and Better Work for Jesus'. It features a treble and bass staff in D major (two sharps) and 4/4 time. The melody is in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a simple harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

Rev. W. C. MARTIN.

GEO. B. HOLSINGER.

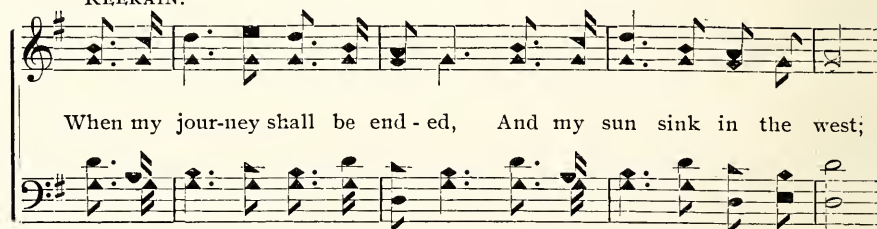


1. In my pil - grim-age, my Fa-ther, I am oft - en sore op-pressed;
 2. Vain has oft - en been my toil-ing, Grief has rank - led in my breast;
 3. So I bear in pa-tience, Fa-ther, All my ills as for the best;



And I long to end the journey, And to reach my home and rest.
 And I yearn, dear Lord, for heaven, With its end - less Sab - bath rest.
 All will be made right in heaven, With its sweet e - ter - nal rest.

REFRAIN.



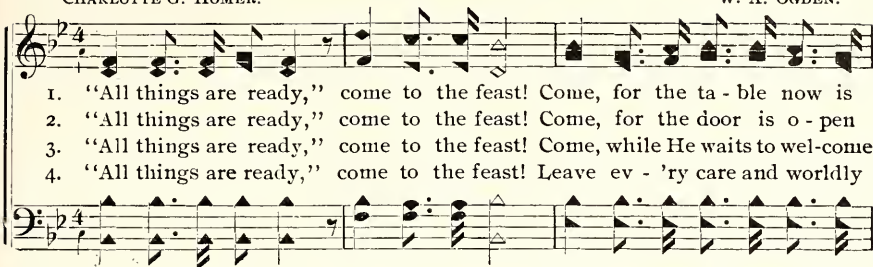
When my jour-ney shall be end - ed, And my sun sink in the west;



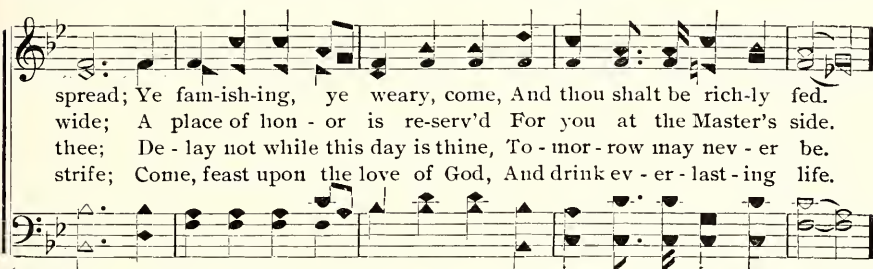
In Thy bo - som, then, my Fa-ther, I shall have my per-fect rest.

CHARLOTTE G. HOMER.

W. A. OGDEN.



1. "All things are ready," come to the feast! Come, for the ta - ble now is
 2. "All things are ready," come to the feast! Come, for the door is o - pen
 3. "All things are ready," come to the feast! Come, while He waits to wel - come
 4. "All things are ready," come to the feast! Leave ev - 'ry care and worldly



spread; Ye fam-ish-ing, ye weary, come, And thou shalt be rich-ly fed.
 wide; A place of hon - or is re-serv'd For you at the Master's side.
 thee; De - lay not while this day is thine, To - mor - row may nev - er be.
 strife; Come, feast upon the love of God, And drink ev - er - last - ing life.

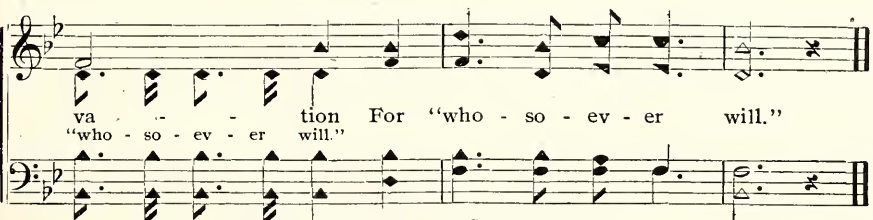
CHORUS.



Hear the in - vi - ta - tion, Come, "who - so ev - er
 Hear the in - vi - ta - tion, "Who-so-ev - er will," Hear the in - vi - ta - tion,



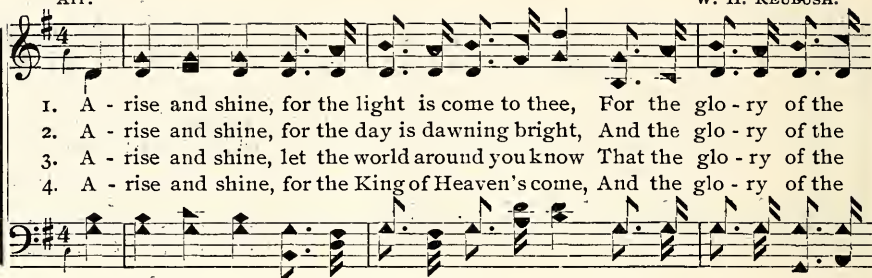
will," Praise God for full sal -
 "Who - so - ev - er will," Praise God for full sal - va - - - tion For



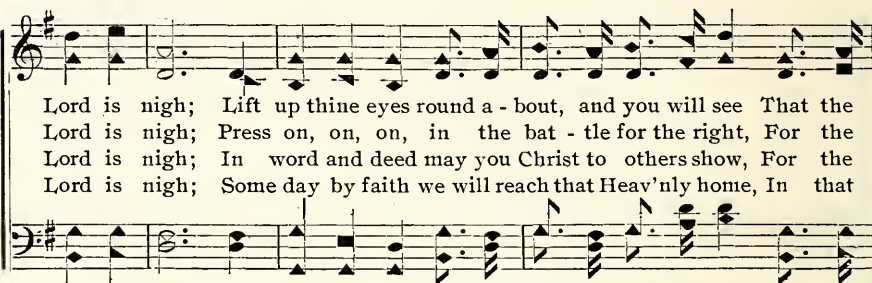
va - - - - - tion For "who - so - ev - er will."
 "who - so - ev - er will."

Arr.

W. H. REUBUSH.

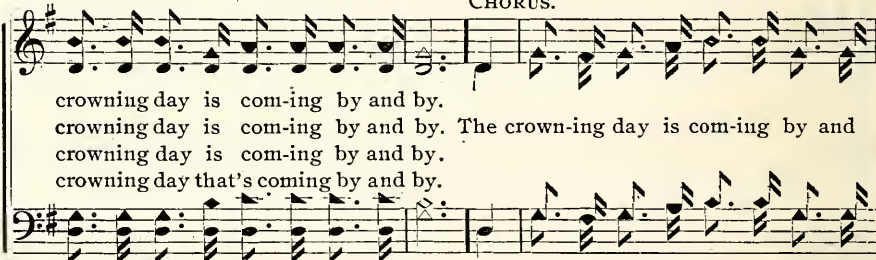


1. A - rise and shine, for the light is come to thee, For the glo - ry of the
 2. A - rise and shine, for the day is dawning bright, And the glo - ry of the
 3. A - rise and shine, let the world around you know That the glo - ry of the
 4. A - rise and shine, for the King of Heaven's come, And the glo - ry of the




Lord is nigh; Lift up thine eyes round a - bout, and you will see That the
 Lord is nigh; Press on, on, on, in the bat - tle for the right, For the
 Lord is nigh; In word and deed may you Christ to others show, For the
 Lord is nigh; Some day by faith we will reach that Heav'nly home, In that

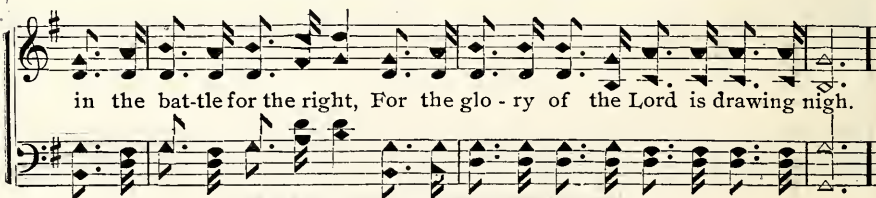
CHORUS.



crowning day is com-ing by and by.
 crowning day is com-ing by and by. The crown-ing day is com-ing by and
 crowning day is com-ing by and by.
 crowning day that's coming by and by.



by, When the Lord will come in glo-ry from on high; Then fight, fight, fight



in the bat-tle for the right, For the glo - ry of the Lord is drawing nigh.

J. R. H.

JNO. R. HOLT.

1. O, soul in the shad - ows, to Sa - tan a slave, Ac -
 2. Oh, think of His good-ness, and in - fi - nite love, He
 3. Soul, why will you ling - er, and need - less - ly wait, Time

cept the dear Sav - ior, He's migh - ty to save, Then why not be - lieve
 came from the por - tals of glo - ry a - bove, To res - cue and save
 swift - ly is pass - ing, the hour grow-eth late, The day of sal - va -

Him? He's passing this way, Ac-cept Him re-joic-ing, He'll save you to-day.
 you, then hear-ken and hear The voice of His pleading, While Je - sus is near.
 tion hath dawned upon you, Then come to the Sav-ior, So lov - ing and true.

REFRAIN.

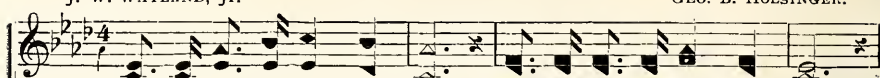
{ 'Tis Je - sus your Sav - ior that's pass - ing this way, Oh,
 { 'Tis Je - sus your Sav - ior that's pass - ing this way, Oh,

list to His plead-ing, ac - cept Him to - day; }
 list to His plead-ing, ac - (Omit.) - - - } cept Him to - day.

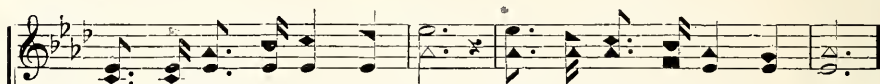
No. 70. CHRISTIAN HERALD, ARE YOU TRUE?

J. W. WAYLAND, JR.

GEO. B. HOLSINGER.

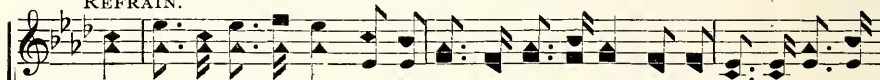


1. Chris-tian herald, are you true? What has Je - sus done for you?
 2. Chris-tian herald, are you true? Christ has taught you much to do;
 3. Chris-tian herald, are you true? God would win the world with you;
 4. Chris-tian herald, are you true? Christ has done so much for you:



Sav'd and ransomed from the fall, Are you read and known of all?
 Deeds of mer - cy, words of love, Speak of boundless grace a - bove.
 Are you as a shin - ing light, Fill - ing souls with vis - ions bright?
 He has suf - fered, bled and died; Will you now his good-ness hide?

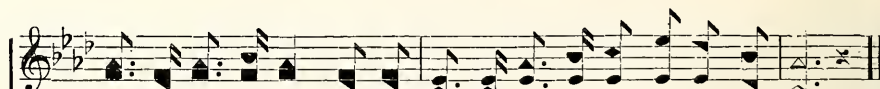
REFRAIN.



Let ev-'ry Christian show it, So all the world may know it, That Je-sus is the



poor - est sin-ner's friend; Let ev - 'ry Christian show it, So
 sin-ner's friend;



all the world may know it, That to His own God's love shall nev - er end

The last poem and tune written for this book.

Copyright, 1898, by Geo. B. Holsinger, Bridgewater, Va.

T. W. DENNINGTON.

J. B. VAUGHAN, by per.



1. Who will la - bor for the Mas - ter? Who will hear His call to - day?
2. La - bor on, and fal - ter nev - er, Strive some oth - er souls to win;
3. Help some stumbling, fainting brother, Who has heav - y griefs to bear;



- Who will glad - ly reap the har - vest? Who will now the call o - bey?
 Lead them gen - tly to the Sav - ior, From the des - ert paths of sin.
 There's a glo - rious har - vest wait - ing For the faith - ful ones to share.



CHORUS.



Come, come, work to-day for Je - sus, White the harvest, look around, about thee;
 Come, come, come, come,



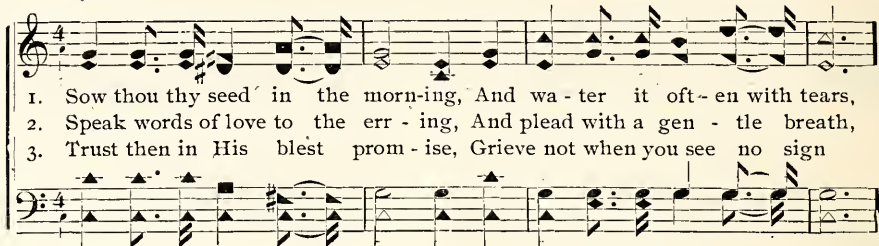
Come, come, work to-day for Je - sus, Precious souls thy hire shall be.
 Come, come, come, come,



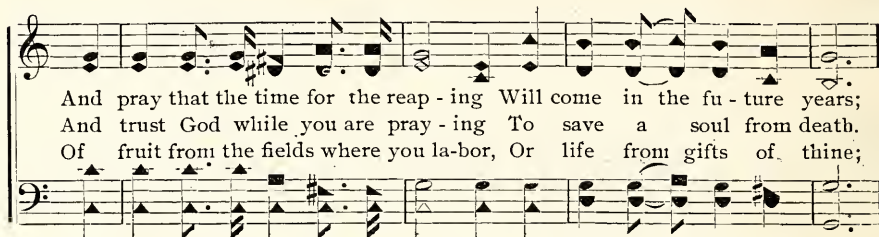
No. 72. THE FRUITAGE COMETH FROM GOD.

Anon.

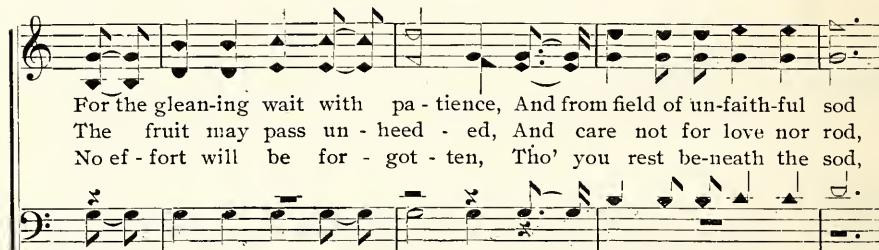
GEO. B. HOLSINGER.



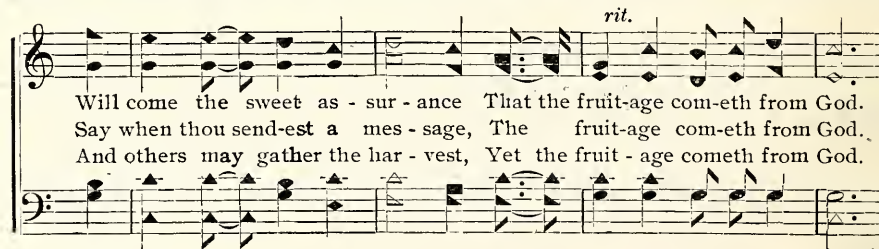
1. Sow thou thy seed in the morn-ing, And wa - ter it oft - en with tears,
2. Speak words of love to the err - ing, And plead with a gen - tle breath,
3. Trust then in His blest prom - ise, Grieve not when you see no sign



And pray that the time for the reap - ing Will come in the fu - ture years;
And trust God while you are pray - ing To save a soul from death.
Of fruit from the fields where you la - bor, Or life from gifts of thine;

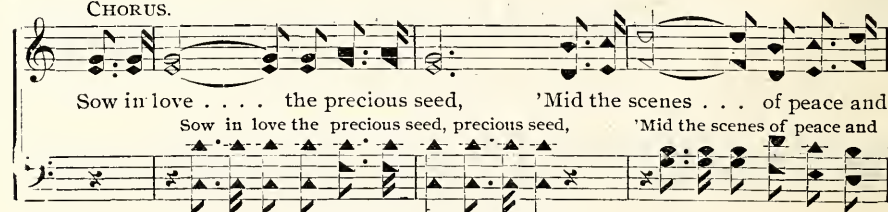


For the glean-ing wait with pa - tience, And from field of un-faith-ful sod
The fruit may pass un - heed - ed, And care not for love nor rod,
No ef - fort will be for - got - ten, Tho' you rest be-neath the sod,



rit.
Will come the sweet as - sur - ance That the fruit-age com-eth from God.
Say when thou send-est a mes - sage, The fruit-age com-eth from God.
And others may gather the har - vest, Yet the fruit - age cometh from God.

CHORUS.



Sow in love . . . the precious seed, 'Mid the scenes . . . of peace and
Sow in love the precious seed, precious seed, 'Mid the scenes of peace and

THE FRUITAGE COMETH FROM GOD.

strife, Scatter wide . . . the seed so precious, In the morning of thy life.
 strife, peace and strife, Scat-ter wide the seed so precious, In the morn-ing of thy life.

No. 73.

NEARER MY HOME.

PHOEBE CARY. Alt.

Rev. L. L. PICKETT.

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

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

CHORUS.

Near-er my home, Near-er my home,
 Near-er my home, my beau-ti-ful home, Near-er my home, my beau-ti-ful home,

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

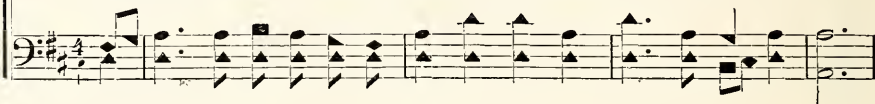
No. 74. THE LORD KEEP WATCH BETWEEN US.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.

A. J. SHOWALTER.



1. The Lord keep watch be-tween us while we part, His love be o'er us still;
2. The Lord keep watch be-tween us while we part, That we may loy - al be
3. The Lord keep watch be-tween us while we part, Shield us from ev-'ry harm,



His grace sup-port us while in faith we strive To do His ho - ly will.
To ev - 'ry vow our loving hearts have pledged, And serve Him faith-ful - ly.
Pro - tect us from the fierce as-saults of sin, Un - til we meet a - gain.



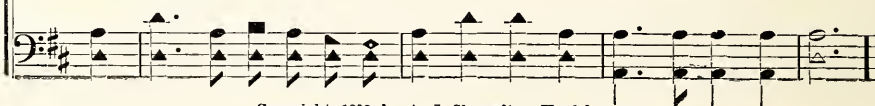
REFRAIN.



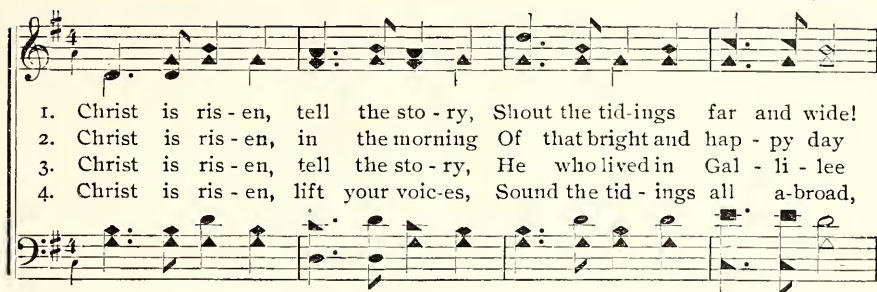
The Lord keep watch between us while we part, That faith-ful we may re - main,



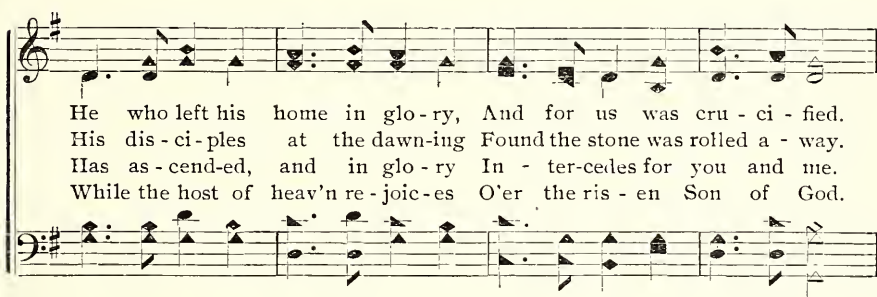
All keep our hearts in per-fect peace and love, Un - til we meet a - gain.



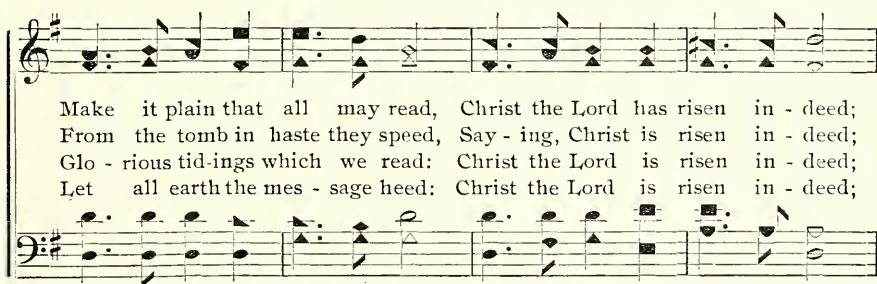
G. A. LEN.



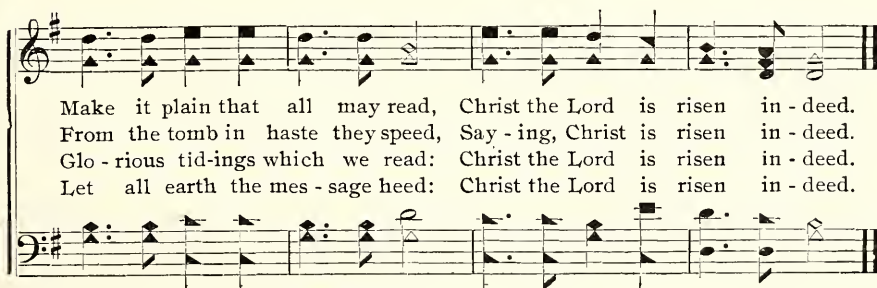
1. Christ is ris-en, tell the sto-ry, Shout the tid-ings far and wide!
 2. Christ is ris-en, in the morning Of that bright and hap-py day
 3. Christ is ris-en, tell the sto-ry, He who lived in Gal-li-lee
 4. Christ is ris-en, lift your voic-es, Sound the tid-ings all a-broad,



He who left his home in glo-ry, And for us was cru-ci-fied.
 His dis-ci-ples at the dawn-ing Found the stone was rolled a-way.
 Has as-cend-ed, and in glo-ry In-ter-cedes for you and me.
 While the host of heav'n re-joic-es O'er the ris-en Son of God.



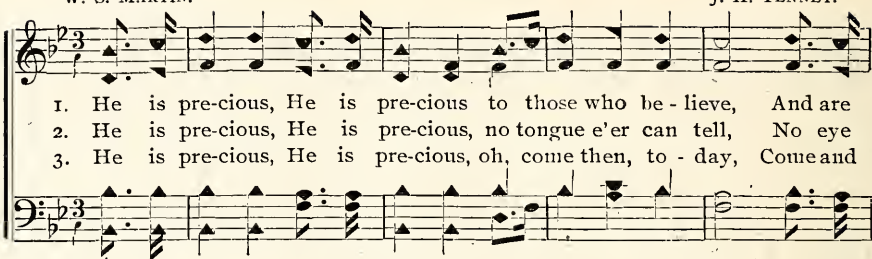
Make it plain that all may read, Christ the Lord has risen in-deed;
 From the tomb in haste they speed, Say-ing, Christ is risen in-deed;
 Glo-rious tid-ings which we read: Christ the Lord is risen in-deed;
 Let all earth the mes-sage heed: Christ the Lord is risen in-deed;



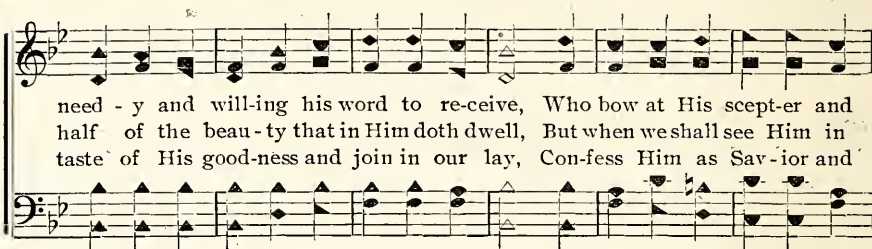
Make it plain that all may read, Christ the Lord is risen in-deed.
 From the tomb in haste they speed, Say-ing, Christ is risen in-deed.
 Glo-rious tid-ings which we read: Christ the Lord is risen in-deed.
 Let all earth the mes-sage heed: Christ the Lord is risen in-deed.

W. S. MARTIN.

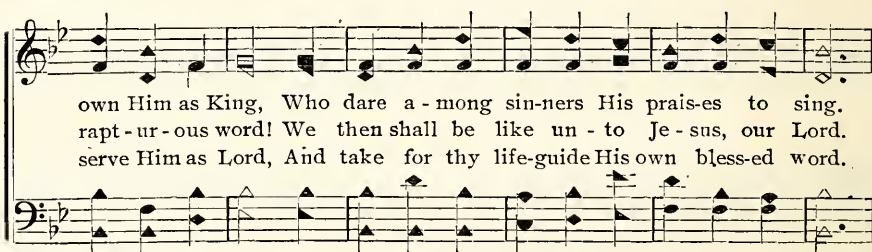
J. H. TENNEY.



1. He is pre-cious, He is pre-cious to those who be-lieve, And are
 2. He is pre-cious, He is pre-cious, no tongue e'er can tell, No eye
 3. He is pre-cious, He is pre-cious, oh, come then, to-day, Come and

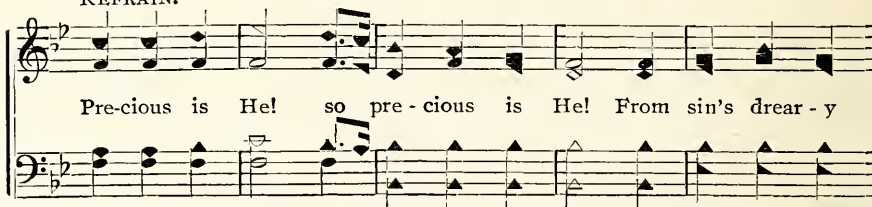


need-y and will-ing his word to re-ceive, Who bow at His scept-er and
 half of the beau-ty that in Him doth dwell, But when we shall see Him in
 taste of His good-ness and join in our lay, Con-fess Him as Sav-ior and

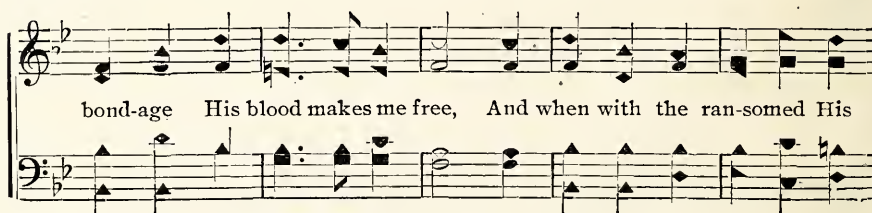


own Him as King, Who dare a-mong sin-ners His prais-es to sing.
 rapt-ur-ous word! We then shall be like un-to Je-sus, our Lord.
 serve Him as Lord, And take for thy life-guide His own bless-ed word.

REFRAIN.



Pre-cious is He! so pre-cious is He! From sin's drear-y



bond-age His blood makes me free, And when with the ran-somed His

HE IS PRECIOUS.

face I shall see. This song I shall sing, "He is pre-cious to me!"

No. 77.

BEAUTIFUL HOME.

Anon.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1. There is a land a - bove, All beau - ti - ful and bright;
 2. There sin is known no more, Nor tears, nor want, nor care;
 3. There in that hap - py land, All pain and sor - row o'er,
 4. Come to that hap - py land, Come, chil - dren, come a - way;

And those who love and serve the Lord, Rise to that world of light.
 There good and hap - py be - ings dwell, And all are ho - ly there.
 We'll sing and praise our Sav - ior's name, With saints who're gone be - fore.
 And dwell with Je - sus ev - er - more, In realms of end - less day.

REFRAIN.

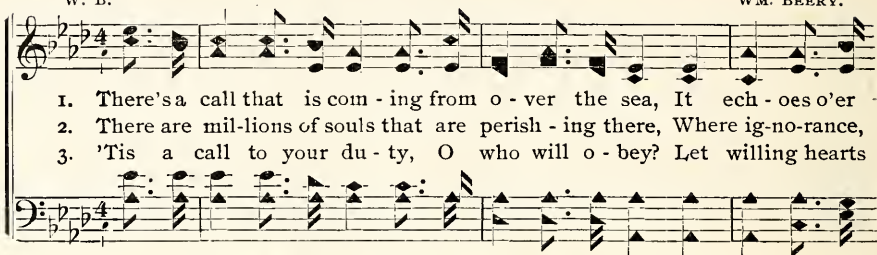
Home, beau - ti - ful home . . . Bright, beau - ti - ful home, . . .
 Beau - ti - ful home, Beau - ti - ful home,

Home, home of the ran - somed, Bright, beau - ti - ful home.
 Home, home of the ran - somed, Beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful home.

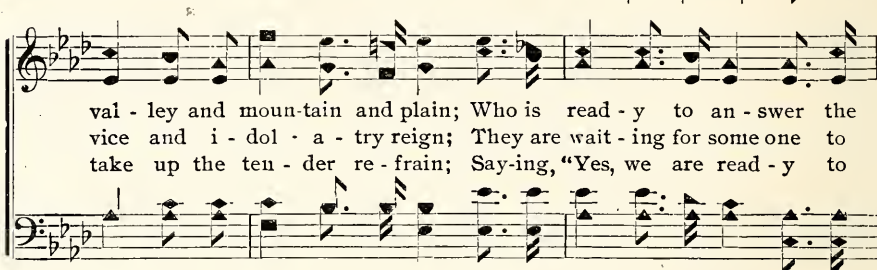
No. 78. WHO WILL ANSWER THE CALL?

W. B.

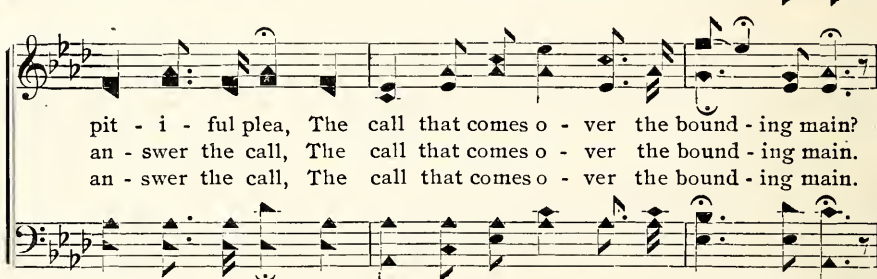
WM. BEERY.



1. There's a call that is com - ing from o - ver the sea, It ech - oes o'er
 2. There are mil-lions of souls that are perish - ing there, Where ig-no-rance,
 3. 'Tis a call to your du - ty, O who will o - bey? Let willing hearts

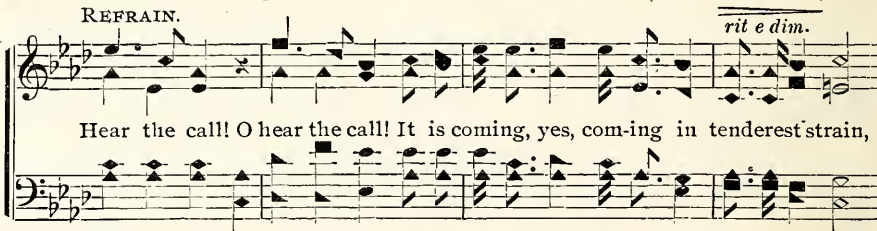


val - ley and moun-tain and plain; Who is read - y to an - swer the
 vice and i - dol - a - try reign; They are wait - ing for some one to
 take up the ten - der re - frain; Say-ing, "Yes, we are read - y to

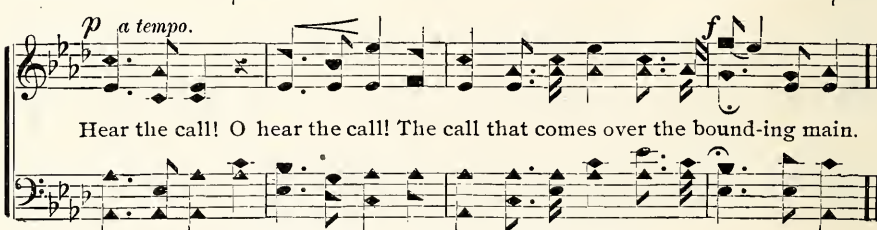


pit - i - ful plea, The call that comes o - ver the bound - ing main?
 an - swer the call, The call that comes o - ver the bound - ing main.
 an - swer the call, The call that comes o - ver the bound - ing main.

REFRAIN.



Hear the call! O hear the call! It is coming, yes, com-ing in tenderest strain,



Hear the call! O hear the call! The call that comes over the bound-ing main.

GERTRUDE A. FLORY.

GEO. B. HOLSINGER, by per.



1. Love not the world! Its daz-zling show Con-ceals a snare of death;
2. Love not the world! Its wealth, renown, The blood-bought soul en-slaves;
3. Love not the world! Its sin and strife Ex-ceed the good and true;
4. Love not the world! Pure joys a-bove All earth-ly things tran-scend;
5. Love not the world! O Chris-tian, hear, In shin-ing words im-pearled,



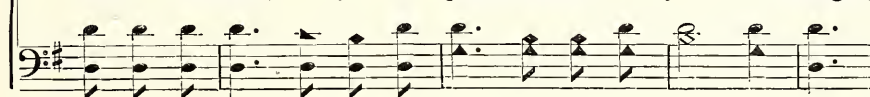
The sweet-est joy earth can be-stow Dies as a wast-ed breath.
 O, strive to win a heav'n-ly crown, Which plumes of glo-ry waves!
 O con-se-crate to Christ your life! He drained death's cup for you.
 In Je-sus lose each i-dol love, And ev-er up-ward tend.
 Shall on your ho-ly brow ap-pear, "He did not love the world."



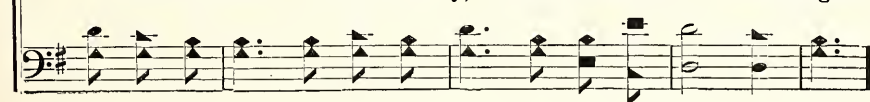
REFRAIN.



Love not the world, is Je-sus' plea, Sweet life to you he brought;



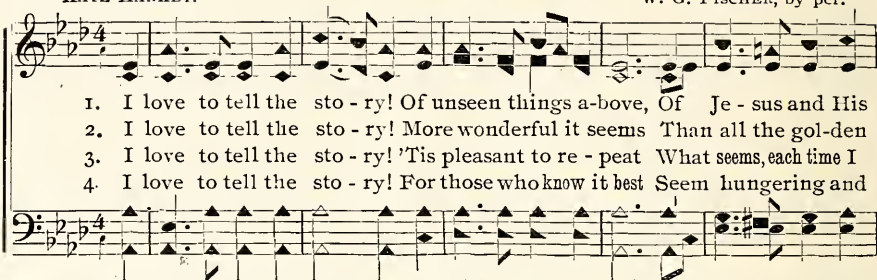
A-lone with death on Cal-va-ry, Your sin-lost soul He sought.




No. 80. I LOVE TO TELL THE STORY.

KATE HANKEY.

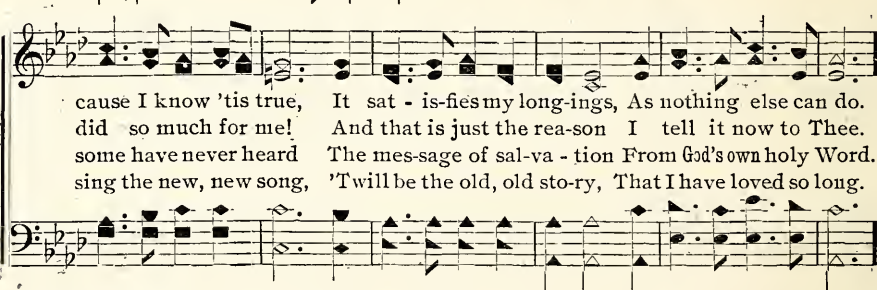
W. G. FISCHER, by per.



1. I love to tell the sto - ry! Of unseen things a - bove, Of Je - sus and His
 2. I love to tell the sto - ry! More wonderful it seems Than all the gol - den
 3. I love to tell the sto - ry! 'Tis pleasant to re - peat What seems, each time I
 4. I love to tell the sto - ry! For those who know it best Seem hungering and



glo - ry, Of Je - sus and His love! I love to tell the sto - ry! Be -
 fancies Of all our golden dreams. I love to tell the sto - ry! It
 tell it, More wonder - ful - ly sweet. I love to tell the sto - ry! For
 thirsting To hear it like the rest, And when, in scenes of glo - ry, I



cause I know 'tis true, It sat - is - fies my long - ings, As nothing else can do.
 did so much for me! And that is just the rea - son I tell it now to Thee.
 some have never heard The mes - sage of sal - va - tion From God's own holy Word.
 sing the new, new song, 'Twill be the old, old sto - ry, That I have loved so long.

CHORUS.



I love to tell the sto - ry, 'Twill be my theme in glo - ry,



To tell the old, old sto - ry, Of Je - sus and His love.

Mrs. W. J. KENNEDY.

JNO. R. BRYANT.

1. Poor soul, hast thou thoughts of thy end, Soon thy life will be o'er,
 2. Poor soul, hast thou thoughts of thy state? Thou art lost and un - done,
 3. Poor soul, un - to Je - sus now go, There's for-give-ness for thee,
 4. Poor soul, it is foll - y to wait, Soon will close mer-cy's door;

Where wilt thou e - ter - ni - ty spend, End-less years roll - ing on?
 Ex - cept you re-pent and be - lieve In the cru - ci - fied one.
 He ran-somed thy soul with His blood, And can now set thee free.
 Thy Sav - ior is call - ing to - day, Soon he'll call nev - er - more.

REFRAIN.

Poor soul, then why de - lay, . . . O why de - lay?

To Christ for mer - cy go . . . He will save you to - day.

No. 82.

WHY DO YOU WAIT?

G. F. R.

"Arise, He calleth thee,"—MARK 10:49.

GEO. F. ROOT.

1. Why do you wait, dear brother, Oh, why do you tar - ry so long? Your
 2. What do you hope, dear brother, To gain by a fur - ther de - lay? There's
 3. Do you not feel, dear brother, His Spir - it now striv - ing with - in? Oh,
 4. Why do you wait, dear brother? The har - vest is pass - ing a - way, Your

Sav - ior is wait - ing to give you A place in His sanc - ti - fied throng.
 no one to save you but Je - sus, There's no oth - er way but His way.
 why not ac - cept His sal - va - tion, And throw off thy bur - den of sin?
 Sav - ior is long - ing to bless you, There's danger and death in de - lay.

CHORUS.

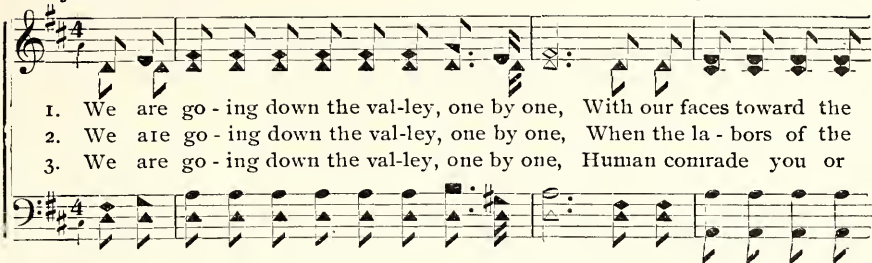
Why not? why not? Why not come to Him now?

Why not? why not? Why not come to Him now?

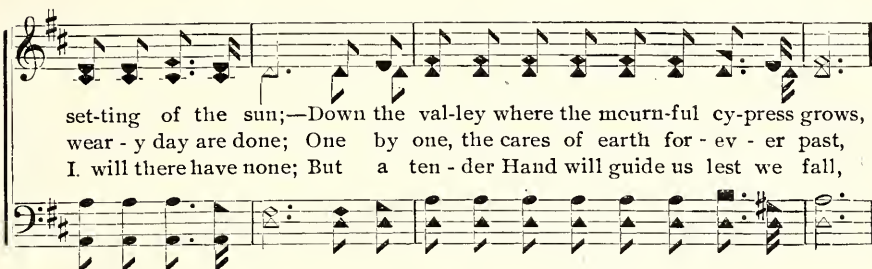
No. 83. WE ARE GOING DOWN THE VALLEY.

JESSIE H. BROWN.

J. H. FILLMORE.

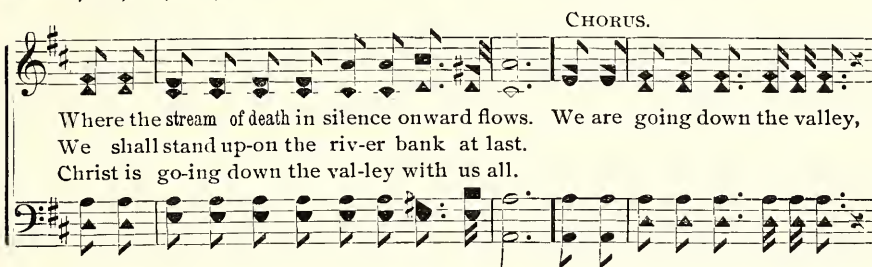


1. We are go - ing down the val - ley, one by one, With our faces toward the
 2. We are go - ing down the val - ley, one by one, When the la - bors of the
 3. We are go - ing down the val - ley, one by one, Human comrade you or

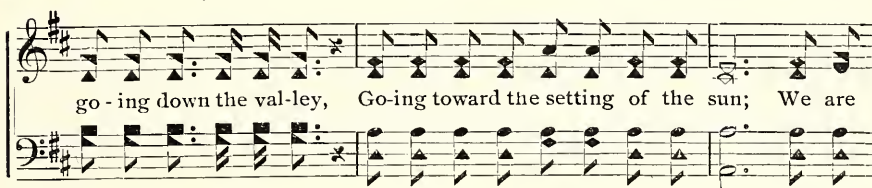


set - ting of the sun;—Down the val - ley where the mourn - ful cy - press grows,
 wear - y day are done; One by one, the cares of earth for - ev - er past,
 I will there have none; But a ten - der Hand will guide us lest we fall,

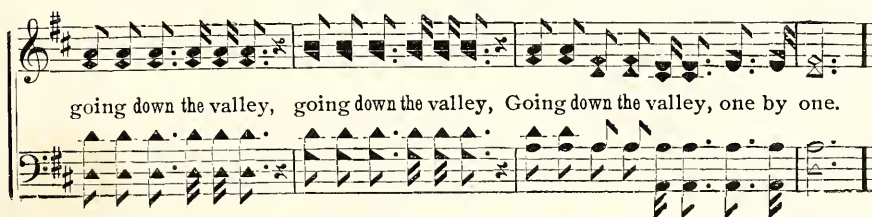
CHORUS.



Where the stream of death in silence onward flows. We are going down the valley,
 We shall stand up-on the riv - er bank at last.
 Christ is go - ing down the val - ley with us all.



go - ing down the val - ley, Go - ing toward the setting of the sun; We are



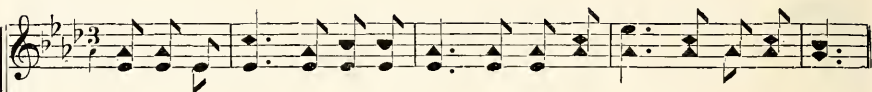
going down the valley, going down the valley, Going down the valley, one by one.

No. 84.

MY SAVIOR LEADS ME.

Rev. W. C. MARTIN.

GEO. B. HOLSINGER.



1. My Sav-ior leads me, O what joy! No dan-ger shall my heart dis-may,
2. Ah, much I need a faithful friend To comfort me and keep my feet
3. No snare nor pit-falls deep en-trap, Nor go I in the gloom a-stray;



No tempter shall my soul de - coy, For Je - sus leads me in the way.
With-in the way un - to the end; Un - til I walk the gol-den streets.
His lov-ing arms my soul en-wrap, He leads me, keeps me all the way.



REFRAIN.

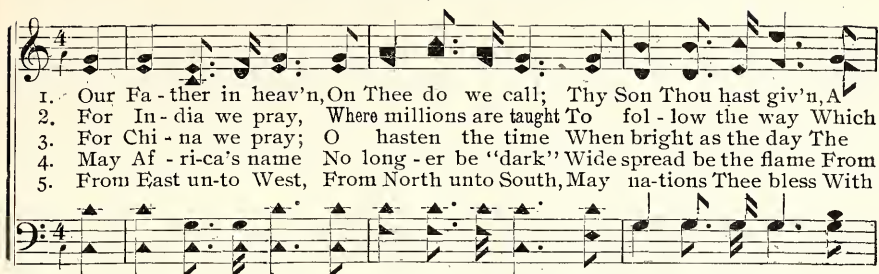


O Je-sus leads me in the way, By Him I shall be safe - ly led;

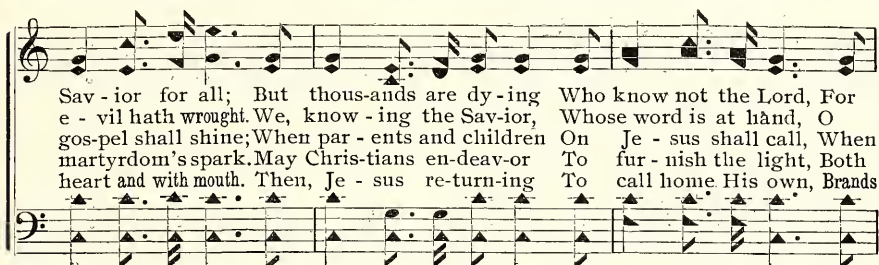


In storm or sun-shine, day by day, Un - til the gold - en streets we tread.

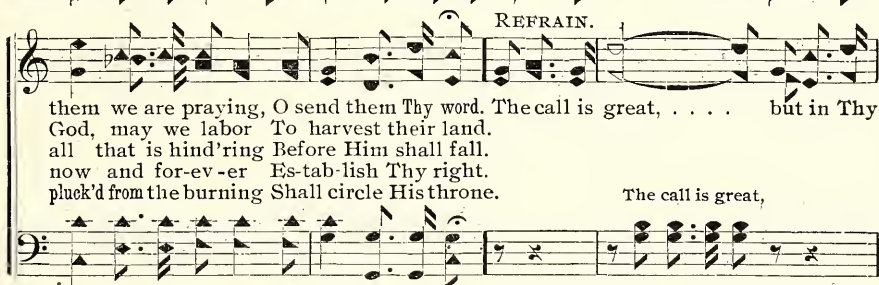




1. Our Fa-ther in heav'n, On Thee do we call; Thy Son Thou hast giv'n, A
 2. For In-dia we pray, Where millions are taught To fol-low the way Which
 3. For Chi-na we pray; O hasten the time When bright as the day The
 4. May Af-ri-ca's name No long-er be "dark" Wide spread be the flame From
 5. From East un-to West, From North unto South, May na-tions Thee bless With



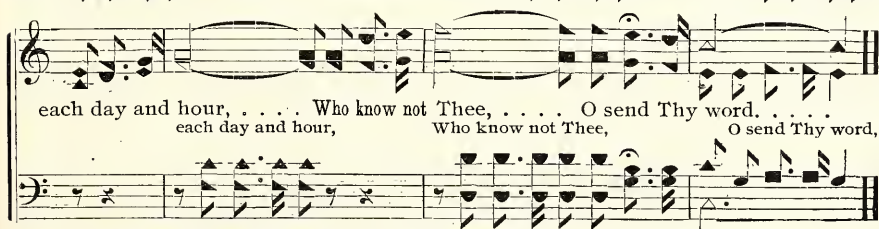
Sav-ior for all; But thou-sands are dy-ing Who know not the Lord, For
 e-vil hath wrought. We, know-ing the Sav-ior, Whose word is at hand, O
 gos-pel shall shine; When par-ents and children On Je-sus shall call, When
 martyrdom's spark, May Chris-tians en-deav-or To fur-nish the light, Both
 heart and with mouth. Then, Je-sus re-turn-ing To call home His own, Brands



REFRAIN.
 them we are praying, O send them Thy word. The call is great, . . . but in Thy
 God, may we labor To harvest their land.
 all that is hind'ring Before Him shall fall.
 now and for-ev-er Es-tab-lish Thy right.
 pluck'd from the burning Shall circle His throne. The call is great,



strength We hasten forth, most gracious Lord, . . . For thousands die . . .
 but in Thy strength, We hasten forth, most gracious Lord, For thousands die



each day and hour, . . . Who know not Thee, . . . O send Thy word, . . .
 each day and hour, Who know not Thee, O send Thy word,

* May be used as Sop. and Alto duet and full Chorus.
 Copyright, 1898,

Rev. WM. APPEL.

A. BEIRLY.

1. There's a long-ing in my soul To be made completely whole, And to
 2. On the Al-tar all I lay, Sanc-ti-fy the gift to-day; Send the
 3. Lord, to Thee my all in-cine, Let my will be whol-ly Thine; May it

glo-ri-fy the Lord in all I do; At Thy feet I humbly bow,
 fire, the Ho-ly Spir-it, from a-bove; Shed a-broad Thy light di-vine,
 be my joy to do Thy blessed will; Hid-den depths to me re-veal,

To ful-fill my ev-'ry vow, And to con-se-crate my-self to Thee a-new.
 That my life may brightly shine; Fill my soul with all consuming, perfect love.
 Crown my heart with burning zeal, And the long-ing of my soul to-day ful-fill.

REFRAIN.

Con-se-crate me to Thy ser-vice, Ful-fill the longing of my soul;
 my wait-ing soul;

Con-se-crate me to Thy ser-vice, And make me completely whole.

No. 87. WHEN ALL THE SINGERS GET HOME.

J. B. V.

J. B. VAUGHN, by per.

1. My broth-er, a-wake, and sing the sweet sto-ry, Soon the day of re-
 2. No mor-tal hath e'er con-ceived of the beau-ty, That a-waits the re-
 3. Keep work-ing and sing, press on-ward, my broth-er, Till the Sav-ior shall

un-ion will come; Then, oh, what a won-der-ful sing-ing in glo-ry,
 deemed ones at home; Be sure, my dear brother, you live up to du-ty,
 bid you to come; How sweet it will be then to meet with each oth-er,

REFRAIN.

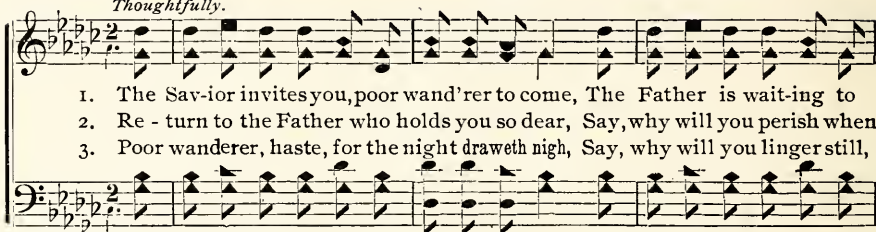
When all re-deemed sing-ers get home.
 For soon our Re-deem-er will come. Then, oh, what a won-der-ful,
 When all re-deemed sing-ers get home.

won-der-ful singing, When all re-deemed singers get home; Re-un-ion, re-

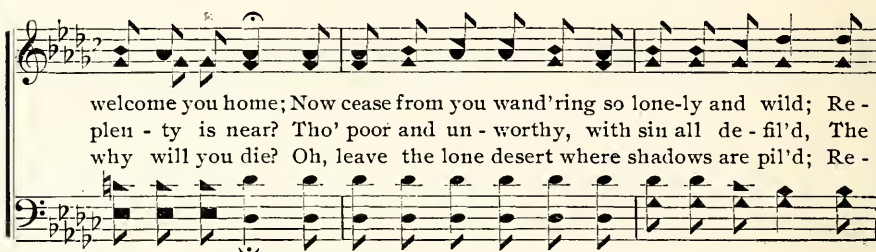
un-ion, thro' a-ges still ring-ing, When all re-deemed sing-ers get home.

W. F. COSNER.

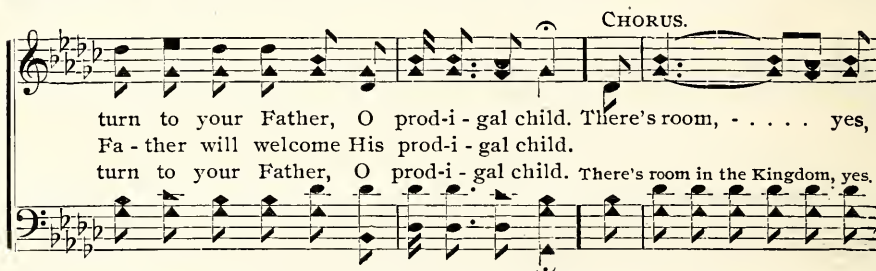
Music and Chorus by S. J. PERRY, by per.

Thoughtfully.


1. The Sav-ior invites you, poor wand' rer to come, The Father is wait- ing to
2. Re - turn to the Father who holds you so dear, Say, why will you perish when
3. Poor wanderer, haste, for the night draweth nigh, Say, why will you linger still,

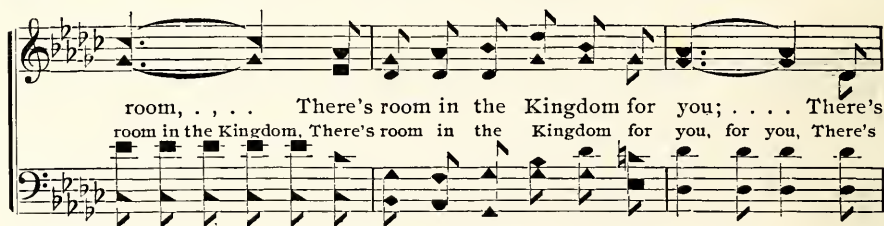


welcome you home; Now cease from you wand' ring so lone- ly and wild; Re -
plen - ty is near? Tho' poor and un - worthy, with sin all de - fil'd, The
why will you die? Oh, leave the lone desert where shadows are pil'd; Re -



CHORUS.

turn to your Father, O prod-i - gal child. There's room, - yes,
Fa - ther will welcome His prod-i - gal child.
turn to your Father, O prod-i - gal child. There's room in the Kingdom, yes.



room, There's room in the Kingdom for you; There's
room in the Kingdom, There's room in the Kingdom for you, for you, There's



room, yes, room, There's room in the Kingdom for you.
room in the Kingdom, yes, room in the kingdom, There's room in the Kingdom for you.

E. E. HEWITT.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. There's sun-shine in my soul to-day, More glo-ri-ous and bright
 2. There's mu-sic in my soul to-day, A car-ol to my King,
 3. There's spring-time in my soul to-day, For when the Lord is near
 4. There's glad-ness in my soul to-day, And hope, and praise, and love,

Than glows in a-ny earth-ly sky, For Je-sus is my light.
 And Je-sus, list-en-ing, can hear The songs I can-not sing.
 The dove of peace sings in my heart, The flow'rs of grace ap-pear.
 For bless-ings which He gives me now, For joys "laid up" a-bove.

REFRAIN.

Oh, there's sun-shine in the shine, Bless-ed sun-shine in the shine,
 sun-shine in the soul, sun-shine in the soul.


While the peace-ful hap-py mo-ments roll; When
 hap-py mo-ments roll;

Je-sus shows His smil-ing face, There is sun-shine in the soul.

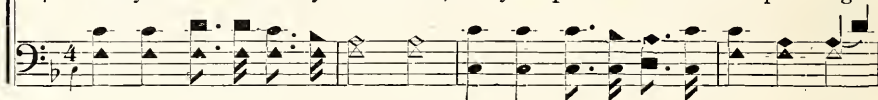
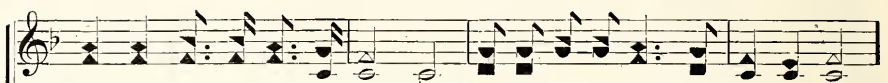
No. 90. ARE YOU LAYING UP YOUR TREASURE?

JULIA H. JOHNSON.

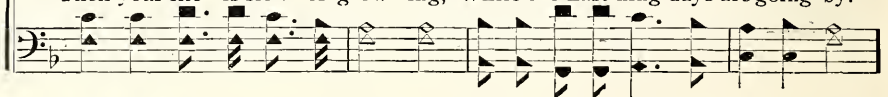
D. B. TOWNER.




1. Are you lay-ing up your treasure, Where no moth nor rust can ev - er spoil?
 2. Here on earth are scattered jewels, Jew - els that may shine for - ev - er - more;
 3. Precious souls may be your treasure, Gifts of love, and deeds of mer - cy shown,
 4. With your treasure will your heart be, Are your precious stores laid up on high?


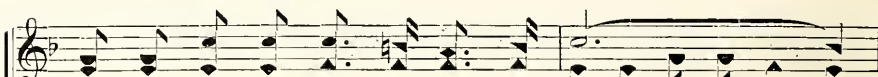
What shall be the fi - nal meas - ure, What shall be the gain of earth - ly toil?
 In the Savior's crown for glo - ry, Will you gather these for yon bright shore?
 These may go be - fore to meet you, When the Lord of life calls home His own.
 Then your life is rich - er grow - ing, While the hast'ning days are going by.





CHORUS.




Lay - ing up your treas - ure, heap - ing up the meas - ure,

In the safe and se - cret place a - bove
 se - cret place a - bove.

Glad - ly, glad - ly shall we find it, In the realms of light and joy a - bove.



Rev. A. B. BOWSER.

GEO. B. HOLSINGER.

1. Nev-er a-lone, no, nev-er a - lone, Je-sus is with me—Je-sus my own;
 2. Nev-er a-lone, when dan-ger is near, Walking with Jesus, why should I fear?
 3. Nev-er a-lone, when tempted and tried, Safely He keeps me close to His side;
 4. Nev-er a-lone, when death shadows creep O'er weary eye-lids closing in sleep;

Cheered by His presence, led by His hand, Joyous I march thro' this desert land.
 Trusting in Him when pressed by the foe, I find a ref - uge from all my woe.
 Lean-ing on Je - sus—Sav-ior di - vine, Claiming His promise, vict'ry is mine.
 Sweet-ly with Je-sus, when night is o'er, I shall a-wake, on yonder bright shore.

REFRAIN.

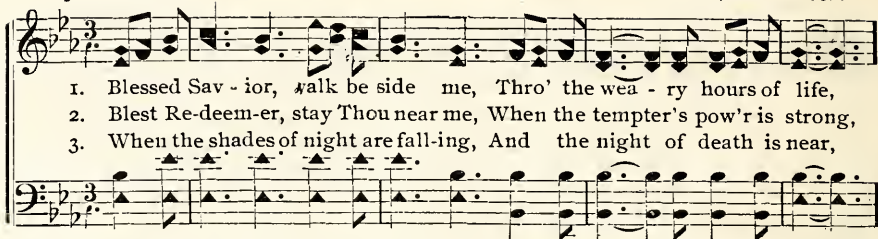
Nev - er a - lone, no, nev-er a - lone, Je - sus is
 Nev - er a - lone, no, nev - er a - lone,

with me, Je - sus my own; Oh, what a com - fort
 Je - sus is with me, Je - sus, yes, Je - sus my own; Oh, what a com - fort

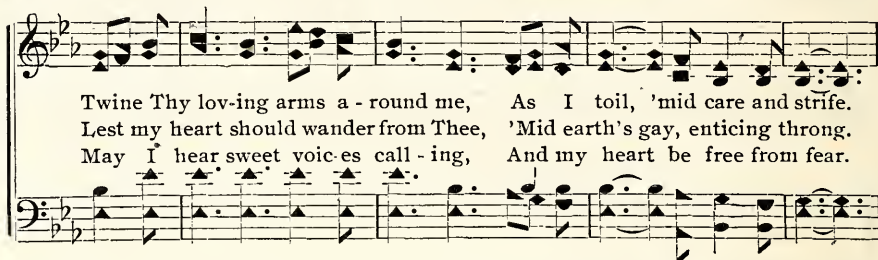
dai-ly I know, Je-sus is with me where'er I go.
 dai - ly I know, Je - sus is with me where'er I go.

J. M. COWGILL.

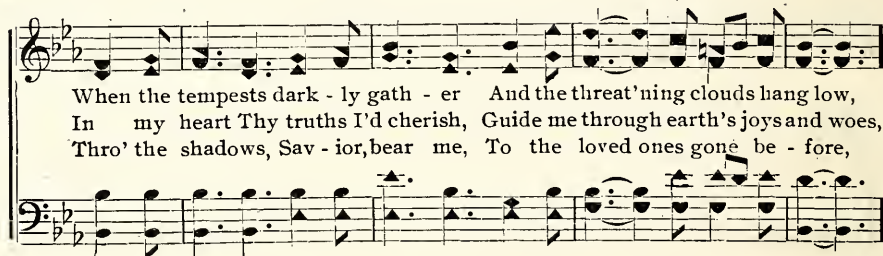
CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



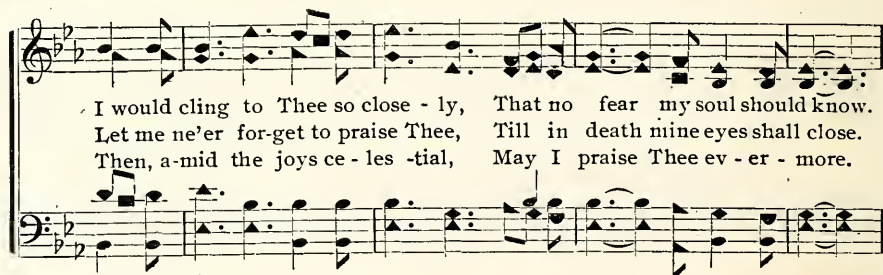
1. Blessed Sav - ior, walk be side me, Thro' the wea - ry hours of life,
 2. Blest Re-deem-er, stay Thou near me, When the tempter's pow'r is strong,
 3. When the shades of night are fall-ing, And the night of death is near,



Twine Thy lov-ing arms a - round me, As I toil, 'mid care and strife.
 Lest my heart should wander from Thee, 'Mid earth's gay, enticing throng.
 May I hear sweet voic-es call-ing, And my heart be free from fear.



When the tempests dark - ly gath - er And the threat'ning clouds hang low,
 In my heart Thy truths I'd cherish, Guide me through earth's joys and woes,
 Thro' the shadows, Sav - ior, bear me, To the loved ones gone be - fore,



I would cling to Thee so close - ly, That no fear my soul should know.
 Let me ne'er for-get to praise Thee, Till in death mine eyes shall close.
 Then, a-mid the joys ce - les - tial, May I praise Thee ev - er - more.

REFRAIN.



Sav - ior, guide me on my jour - ney, Till the
 Sav - ior, guide me on my jour - ney,

SAVIOR GUIDE ME.

bounds of life are past, Then with all my la - bors
Till the bounds of life are past, Then with all my

ritard.

end - ed, ed, Bear me safe - ly home at last.
la - bors end - ed,

No. 93.

PURER IN HEART.

Mrs. A. L. DAVIDSON.

GEO. B. HOLSINGER.

1. Pur - er in heart, O God, Help me to be, May I de -
2. Pur - er in heart, O God, Help me to be, Teach me to
3. Pur - er in heart, O God, Help me to be, That I Thy

vote my life whol - ly to Thee; Watch Thou my way-ward feet,
do Thy will most lov - ing - ly; Be Thou my friend and guide,
ho - ly face one day may see; Keep me from se - cret sin,

Guide me with counsels sweet; Pur - er in heart, O God, Help me to be.
Let me with Thee a - bide; Pur - er in heart, O God, Help me to be.
Reign Thou my soul with-in; Pur - er in heart, O God, Help me to be.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

A. BEIRLY.

1. Who is on the Lord's side? Who will serve the King? Who will be His helpers,
 2. Not for weight of glo-ry, Not for crown and palm, En-ter we the ar-my,
 3. Jesus, Thou hast bought us, Not with gold or gem, But with Thine own life-blood,
 4. Fierce may be the conflict, Strong may be the foe, But the King's own army,

Oth - er lives to bring? Who will leave the world's side? Who will face the foe?
 Raise the warrior-psalm, But for love that claim-eth Lives for Him who died,
 For Thy di - a - dem; With Thy bless ing fill - ing, All who come to Thee,
 None can o-ver-throw; Round His standard rang-ing, Vic - t'ry is se-cure.

CHORUS.

Who is on the Lord's side? Who for Him will go? Who is on the
 He whom Je-sus nameth, Must be on His side.
 Thou hast made us willing, Thou hast made us free.
 For His truth unchanging Makes the triumph sure. Who is on His side,

Lord's side? Who will serve the King?
 who is on His side? Who will serve the King, Who will serve the King?

We are on the Lord's side, Other precious lives to bring!
 We are on His side, we are on His side,

"THY KINGDOM COME."

Anon.

1. O God, send down re - vi - val fire, Thy Spir - it send a - broad,
 2. All praise be Thine for wonders wrought In ev - 'ry heathen land;
 2. For Gos - pel truth, and grace, and light, For help the Na-tions sigh;

And breathe the burn-ing strong de-sire, "The world for Christ the Lord!"
 To Christ con-vert-ed thou-sands brought, Where pa-gan tem - ples stand!
 We hear from shores of er - ror's night, The Mac - e - do - nian cry.

And let Thy gos-pel ev - 'ry-where, In christian church and home,
 Vast em - pires ope their i - ron gates, And court, and school, and home,
 O may the an-swes mul - ti - ply From christian church and home!

In - spire the long-ing wish and prayer, O Lord, "Thy king-dom come."
 And ev - 'ry is - land for Thee waits; O Lord, "Thy king-dom come."
 The "light of life" we will sup - ply; O Lord, "Thy king-dom come."

GERTRUDE A. FLORY.

GEO. B. HOLSINGER.

1. Go seek the lost ones, bring them gently in; Out of the tangled maze and
 2. Go tell the sto - ry of re-deem-ing blood; That flowed on Cal - va - ry in
 3. Lay on faith's sacred shrine a fer - vent prayer, Then in its pow'r go faith e -
 4. Go in His strength and battle for the right; Soon will the darken'd wilder -

waste of sin, Go with thy heart a-flame with sav-ing love, Lit by the
 crim - son flood; And how the cru - ci - fied for hu - man needs, In match-less
 quipped for care; He who ordained and call'd thee to the field Will crown thy
 ness grow bright; Soon will be - nighted wan - der - ers re - turn, With thine own

REFRAIN.

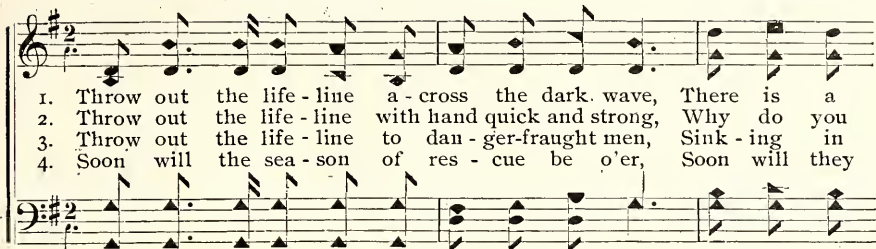
fire on al - tar-thrones a - bove.
 love and pit - y in - ter - cedes! Go! "Tarry not," 'tis Je - sus bids you go!
 la - bors with the harvest yield.
 zeal bound, in their hearts to burn.

O, see the millions languishing in woe! Gird on the ar - mor burnished

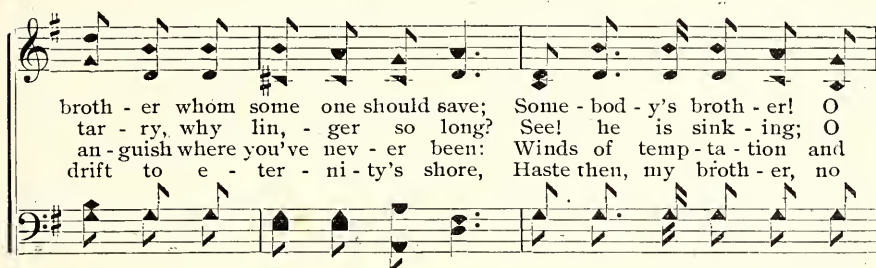
with the Sav - ior's zeal! And set up-on the na - tions' brow, life's seal.

No. 97. THROW OUT THE LIFE LINE.

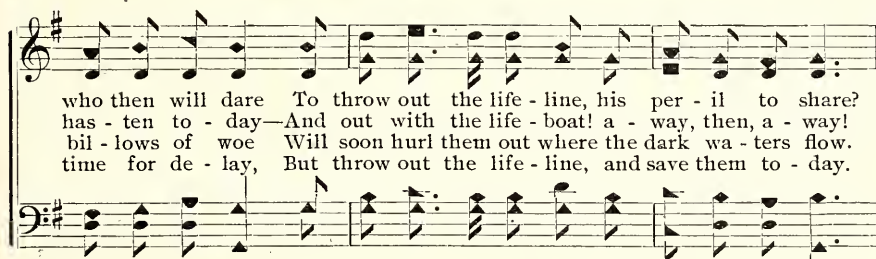
Rev. E. S. UFFORD. (May be Sung as a solo and chorus.) E. S. U. Arr. by GEO. C. STEBBINS.



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

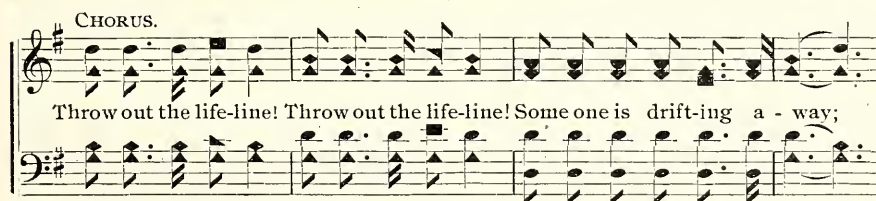


broth - er whom some one should save; Some - bod - y's broth - er! O
 tar - ry, why lin - ger so long? See! he is sink - ing; O
 an - guish where you've nev - er been: Winds of temp - ta - tion and
 drift to e - ter - ni - ty's shore, Haste then, my broth - er, no

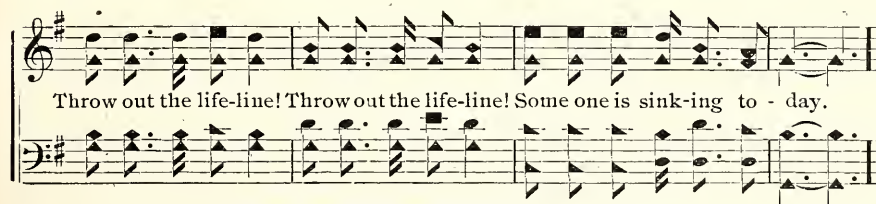


who then will dare To throw out the life - line, his per - il to share?
 has - ten to - day—And out with the life - boat! a - way, then, a - way!
 bil - lows of woe Will soon hurl them out where the dark wa - ters flow.
 time for de - lay, But throw out the life - line, and save them to - day.

CHORUS.



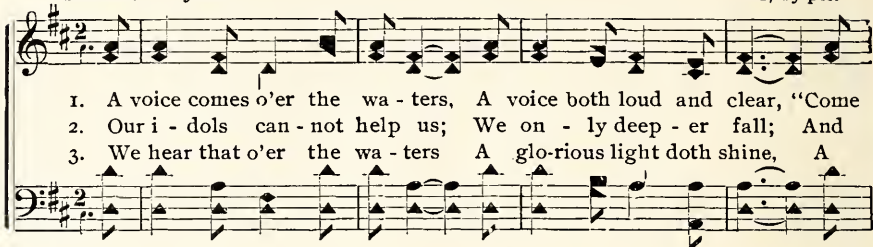
Throw out the life-line! Throw out the life-line! Some one is drift-ing a - way;



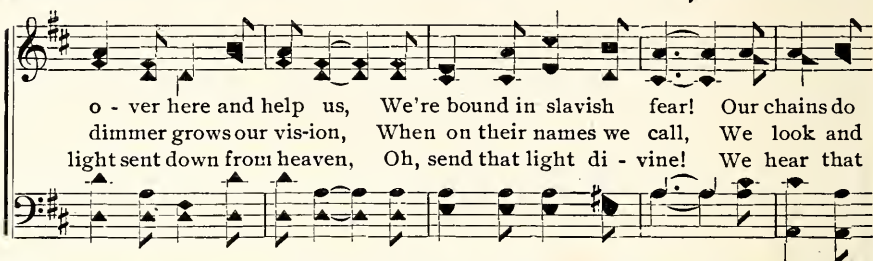
Throw out the life-line! Throw out the life-line! Some one is sink-ing to - day.

Selected. *Allegretto.*

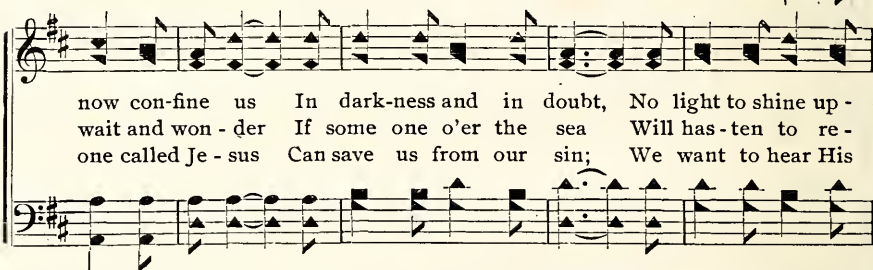
A. F. MYERS, by per.



1. A voice comes o'er the wa - ters, A voice both loud and clear, "Come
 2. Our i - dols can - not help us; We on - ly deep - er fall; And
 3. We hear that o'er the wa - ters A glo - rious light doth shine, A

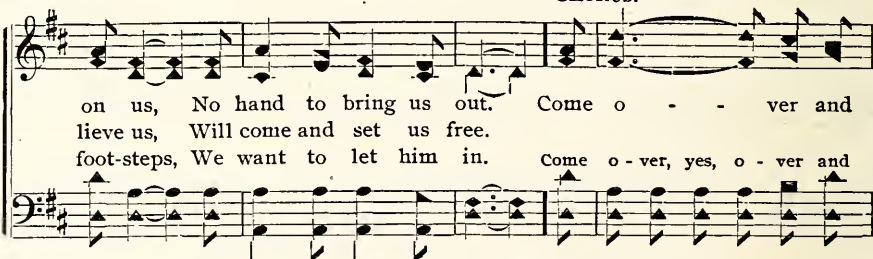


o - ver here and help us, We're bound in slavish fear! Our chains do
 dimmer grows our vision, When on their names we call, We look and
 light sent down from heaven, Oh, send that light di - vine! We hear that



now con - fine us In dark - ness and in doubt, No light to shine up -
 wait and won - der If some one o'er the sea Will has - ten to re -
 one called Je - sus Can save us from our sin; We want to hear His

CHORUS.



on us, No hand to bring us out. Come o - - - ver and
 lieve us, Will come and set us free.
 foot-steps, We want to let him in. Come o - ver, yes, o - ver and



help us! Come o - - - ver and help us! Come
 help us! Come o - ver and help us! Come o - ver and help us! Come

COME OVER AND HELP US.

o - - ver and help us! Come o - ver and help us to - day."
o - ver and help us! Come help us, Come o - ver and help us to - day.

No. 99.

I AM REDEEMED.

J. O. B.

J. O. BARNHART.

1. I saw the Son of right-eous-ness A - rise with heal-ing in His wings,
2. All weak and wounded, sick and sore, From sin and pain I sought re - lease,
3. No star of hope was in the sky, And dark the path be-fore me lay,
4. Oh, wondrous love! Oh, wondrous theme! Ye an-gels, tune your harps and sing!
5. Ye un - re-deemed, no long-er wait, Let Christ His glorious works be-gin;

And He re-lieved my soul's dis-tress, And now, for joy, my spir - it sings.
Till Je - sus said, "Go sin no more," And now, my heart is filled with peace.
Un - til the sun shone out on high, And drove the gathering clouds a - way.
And let your songs, Oh! ye re-deemed, Far o'er earth's hills and val-leys ring.
Lift up your heads, ye stubborn gates, And let the King of glo - ry in.

REFRAIN.

{ Sing, Oh! ye hills! ye mountains, shout! For all my sins are blotted out, }
{ Yes, thro' the clouds, the glory streamed; I am redeemed, I am re- (Omit.) } deemed.

1. A - las! and did my Sav - ior bleed? And did my Sov - 'reign die?
 2. Was it for crimes that I have done He groaned up - on the tree?
 3. Well might the sun in dark-ness hide, And shut His glo - ries in;
 4. Thus might I hide my blush - ing face, While His dear cross ap - pears,
 5. But drops of grief can ne'er re - pay The debt of love I owe;

Would He de - vote that sa - cred head For such a worm as I?
 A - maz - ing pit - y! grace un-known, And love be - yond de - gree!
 When God's own Son was cru - ci - fied, For man the creat-ure's sin.
 Dis - solve my heart in thank - ful - ness, And melt mine eyes to tears.
 Here, Lord, I give my - self a - way; 'Tis all that I can do.

CHORUS.

He loves me, He loves me, He loves me this I know,
 I know.

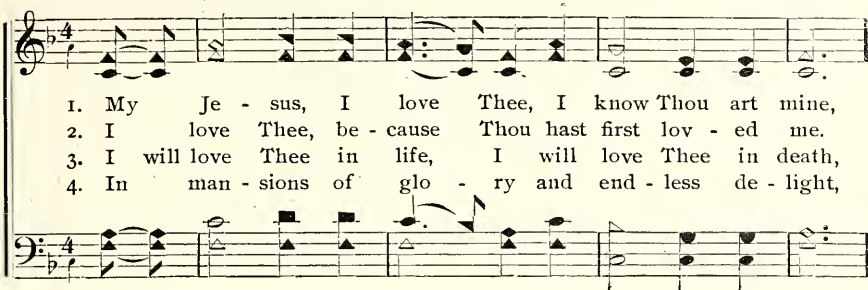
He gave Him-self to die for me, Be-cause He loves me so.

No. 101.

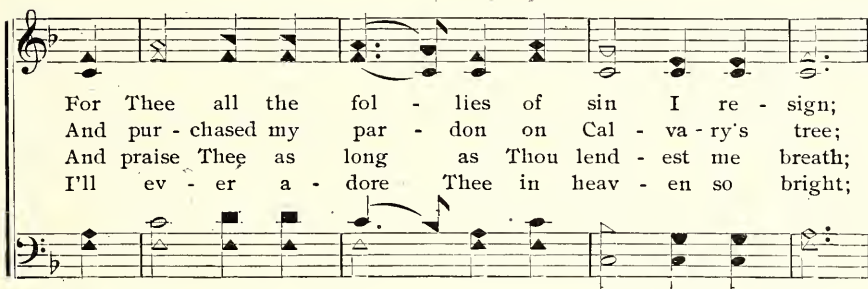
MY JESUS, I LOVE THEE.

London Hymn Book.

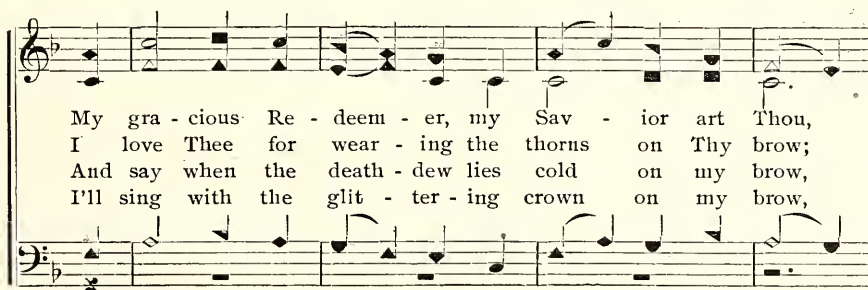
A. J. GORDON, by per.



1. My Je - sus, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine,
2. I love Thee, be - cause Thou hast first lov - ed me.
3. I will love Thee in life, I will love Thee in death,
4. In man - sions of glo - ry and end - less de - light,



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



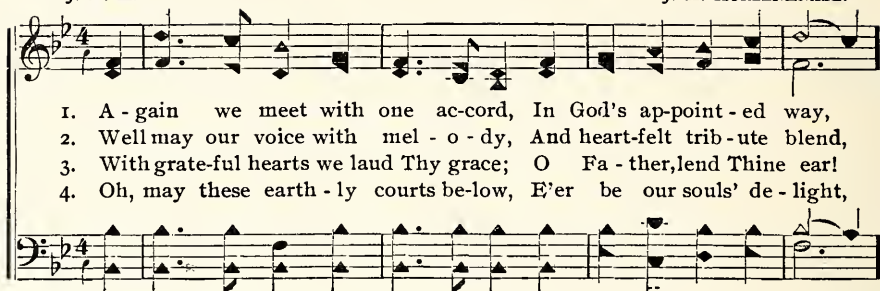
My gra - cious Re - deem - er, my Sav - ior art Thou,
I love Thee for wear - ing the thorns on Thy brow;
And say when the death - dew lies cold on my brow,
I'll sing with the glit - ter - ing crown on my brow,



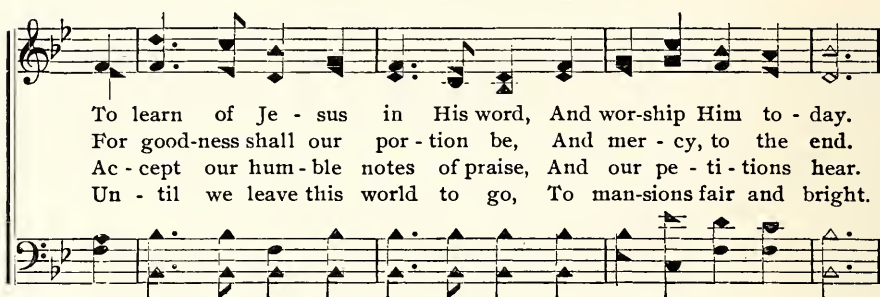
If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.

J. H. K.

J. H. KURZENKNABE.

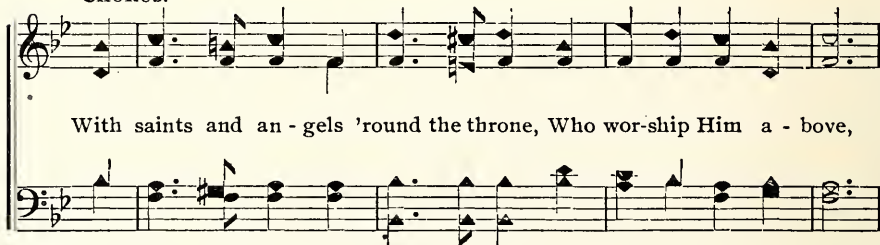


1. A - gain we meet with one ac-cord, In God's ap-point - ed way,
 2. Well may our voice with mel - o - dy, And heart-felt trib-ute blend,
 3. With grate-ful hearts we laud Thy grace; O Fa - ther, lend Thine ear!
 4. Oh, may these earth - ly courts be-low, E'er be our souls' de - light,

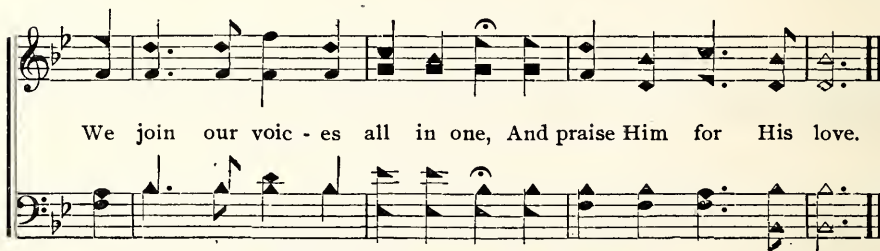


To learn of Je - sus in His word, And wor-ship Him to - day.
 For good-ness shall our por - tion be, And mer - cy, to the end.
 Ac - cept our hum - ble notes of praise, And our pe - ti - tions hear.
 Un - til we leave this world to go, To man-sions fair and bright.

CHORUS.



With saints and an - gels 'round the throne, Who wor-ship Him a - bove,



We join our voic - es all in one, And praise Him for His love.

Mrs. GEO. B. HOLSINGER.

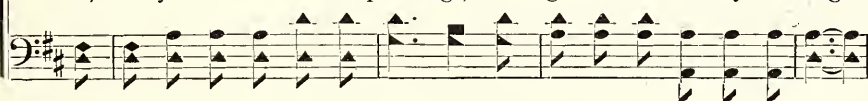
GEO. B. HOLSINGER.



1. "Not far from the kingdom of heav-en," Its glories gleam faint on thy sight;
2. The pow'r of the tempter grows stronger, God's pleading you soon may not hear,
3. O broth-er, no long-er stand wait-ing, But come to the blest mer-cy-seat;
4. Thy Sav-ior is earn-est-ly call-ing, In ac-cents so ten-der and strong,



Thou'rt just on the bor-ders of Ca-naan, But oh, there is dan-ger to-night.
 The way to the kingdom grows long-er, While thus you stand doubting in fear.
 Oh, hast-en, the storm now is rag-ing, The borders may sink 'neath thy feet.
 Oh, can you re-sist all His pleadings, Or slight offered mer-cy too long?



REFRAIN.



Flee the dan-ger, the dan-ger, Oh, en-ter the ha-ven of rest;
 Flee the danger, O sinner, God's love do not spurn, Oh, en-ter the ha-ven of rest, sweet rest;



Flee the dan-ger, to Je-sus re-turn, Oh, come, and for-ev-er be blest.
 Flee the danger, O sinner, to Je-sus re-turn,



LAURA E. NEWELL.

J. F. KING.

1. Beau - ti - ful day when the Savior was mine, Beau - ti - ful day, Beau - ti - ful day,
2. Beau - ti - ful prom - ise to all who believe, They shall be saved, They shall be saved,
3. There in His mansions a - wait - eth a home, Beau - ti - ful home, Heav - en - ly home,

When He had grant - ed me par - don di - vine, Beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful day.
 All who God's Spir - it sin - cere - ly be - lieve, Ver - i - ly they shall be saved.
 Sweet is the rest when the la - bors are done, There in that glo - ri - ous home.

Oh! how my glad soul with ecstasy thrilled, When with His love all my being was filled,
 Come to the Savior, He's waiting to bless, Gently He'll lead you thro' life's wilderness,
 Come to the Savior, oh, come while you may, Hear His dear voice, and His precepts obey,

Oh! the sweet peace that His presence instilled, Bright was the beau - ti - ful day.
 Cling to the cross and Christ Je - sus confess, Ver - i - ly ye shall be saved.
 Glad - ly He'd welcome you, how can you stray, When He in - vites you to come?

Beau - ti - ful day, Beau - ti - ful day,
 Beau - ti - ful day when the Savior was mine, Beau - ti - ful day when the Sav - ior was mine,

BEAUTIFUL DAY.

When He had granted me pardon di - vine, Beau-ti-ful, beau ti-ful day.

The musical score for 'Beautiful Day' is written in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It features a melody in the treble clef and a bass line in the bass clef. The melody begins with a mezzo-forte (*m*) dynamic and a crescendo leading to a forte (*f*) dynamic. The lyrics are: 'When He had granted me pardon di - vine, Beau-ti-ful, beau ti-ful day.'

No. 105.

BERNE.

WM. BEERY.

1. My God, the spring of all my joys, The life of my de - lights;
2. The open-ing heav'n's a - round me shine With beams of sa - cred bliss;

The musical score for 'Berne' is written in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It features a melody in the treble clef and a bass line in the bass clef. The melody is marked with a mezzo-forte (*m*) dynamic. The lyrics are: '1. My God, the spring of all my joys, The life of my de - lights; 2. The open-ing heav'n's a - round me shine With beams of sa - cred bliss;'

The glo - ry of my bright-est days, The com-fort of my nights
While Je - sus shows His mer - cy mine, And whis-pers I am His.

The musical score for 'Berne' continues in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It features a melody in the treble clef and a bass line in the bass clef. The melody is marked with a mezzo-forte (*m*) dynamic. The lyrics are: 'The glo - ry of my bright-est days, The com-fort of my nights While Je - sus shows His mer - cy mine, And whis-pers I am His.'

In dark - est shades if Thou ap - pear, My dawn-ing is be - gun;
My soul would leave this heav - y clay, At that trans-port-ing word,

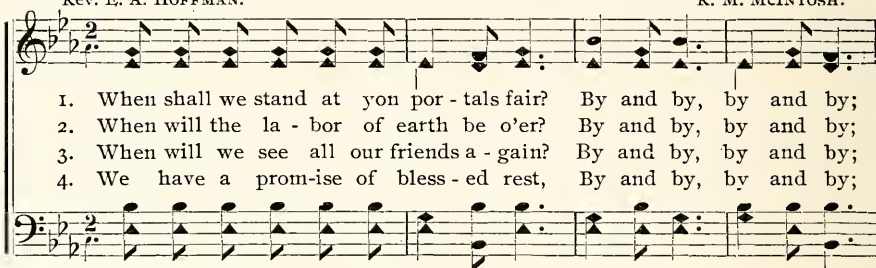
The musical score for 'Berne' continues in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It features a melody in the treble clef and a bass line in the bass clef. The melody is marked with a mezzo-forte (*m*) dynamic. The lyrics are: 'In dark - est shades if Thou ap - pear, My dawn-ing is be - gun; My soul would leave this heav - y clay, At that trans-port-ing word,'

Thou art my soul's bright morn-ing star, And Thou my ris - ing sun.
And run with joy the shin - ing way, To meet my dear-est Lord.

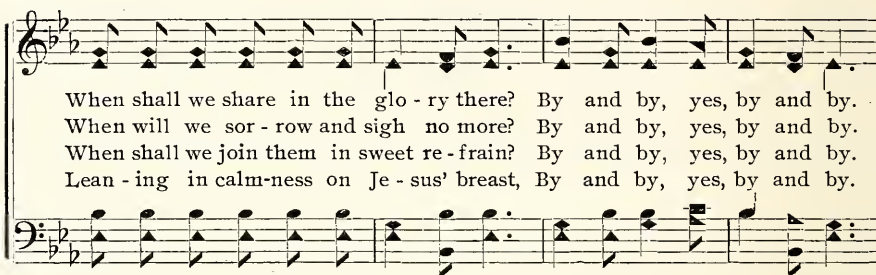
The musical score for 'Berne' concludes in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It features a melody in the treble clef and a bass line in the bass clef. The melody is marked with a mezzo-forte (*m*) dynamic. The lyrics are: 'Thou art my soul's bright morn-ing star, And Thou my ris - ing sun. And run with joy the shin - ing way, To meet my dear-est Lord.'

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.

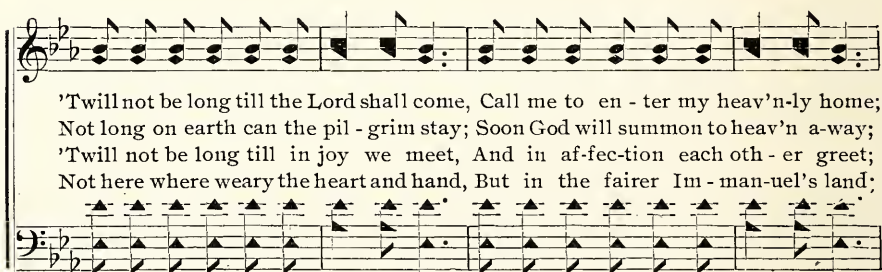
R. M. McINTOSH.



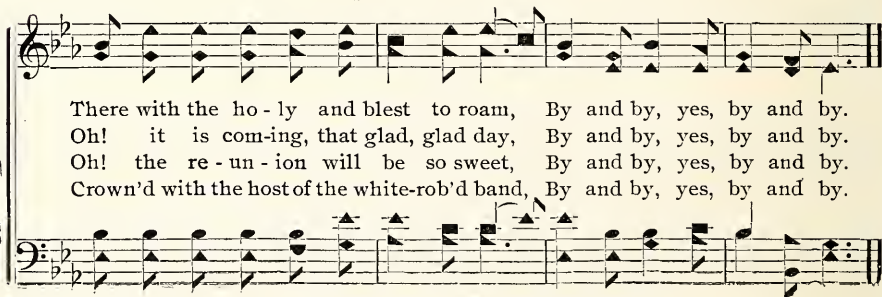
1. When shall we stand at yon por - tals fair? By and by, by and by;
 2. When will the la - bor of earth be o'er? By and by, by and by;
 3. When will we see all our friends a - gain? By and by, by and by;
 4. We have a prom - ise of bless - ed rest, By and by, by and by;



When shall we share in the glo - ry there? By and by, yes, by and by.
 When will we sor - row and sigh no more? By and by, yes, by and by.
 When shall we join them in sweet re - frain? By and by, yes, by and by.
 Lean - ing in calm - ness on Je - sus' breast, By and by, yes, by and by.



'Twill not be long till the Lord shall come, Call me to en - ter my heav'n-ly home;
 Not long on earth can the pil - grim stay; Soon God will summon to heav'n a-way;
 'Twill not be long till in joy we meet, And in af - fec - tion each oth - er greet;
 Not here where weary the heart and hand, But in the fairer Im - man - uel's land;



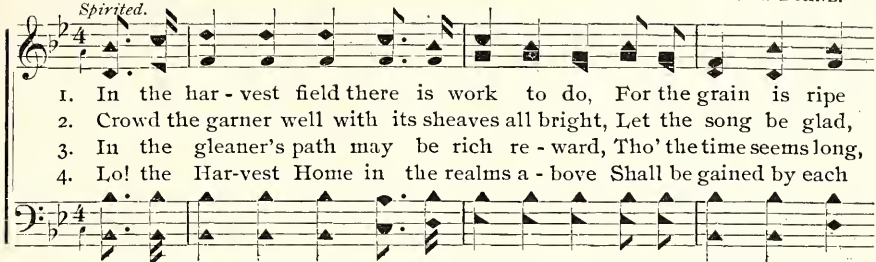
There with the ho - ly and blest to roam, By and by, yes, by and by.
 Oh! it is com - ing, that glad, glad day, By and by, yes, by and by.
 Oh! the re - un - ion will be so sweet, By and by, yes, by and by.
 Crown'd with the host of the white-rob'd band, By and by, yes, by and by.

"The harvest truly is plenteous; but the laborers are few."—MATT. 9: 37.

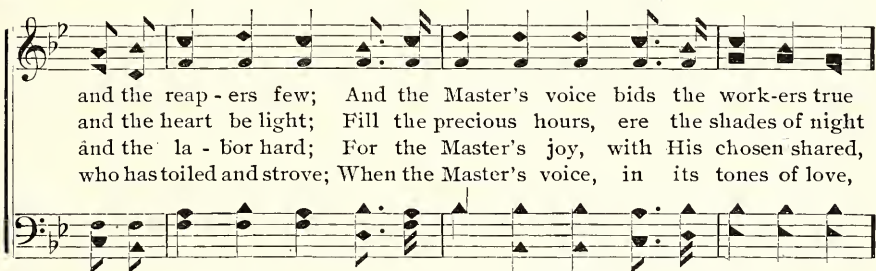
C. R. BLACKALL.

W. H. DOANE.

Spirited.

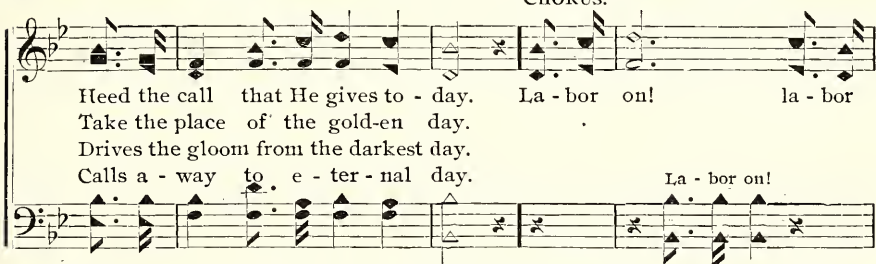


1. In the har - vest field there is work to do, For the grain is ripe
 2. Crowd the garner well with its sheaves all bright, Let the song be glad,
 3. In the gleaner's path may be rich re - ward, Tho' the time seems long,
 4. Lo! the Har-vest Home in the realms a - bove Shall be gained by each

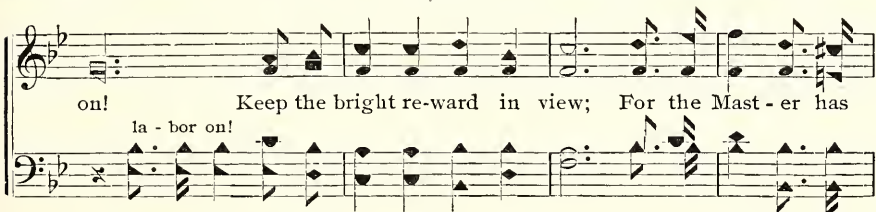


and the reap - ers few; And the Master's voice bids the work-ers true
 and the heart be light; Fill the precious hours, ere the shades of night
 and the la - bor hard; For the Master's joy, with His chosen shared,
 who has toiled and strove; When the Master's voice, in its tones of love,

CHORUS.



Heed the call that He gives to - day. La - bor on! la - bor
 Take the place of the gold-en day.
 Drives the gloom from the darkest day.
 Calls a - way to e - ter - nal day. La - bor on!



on! Keep the bright re - ward in view; For the Mast - er has
 la - bor on!

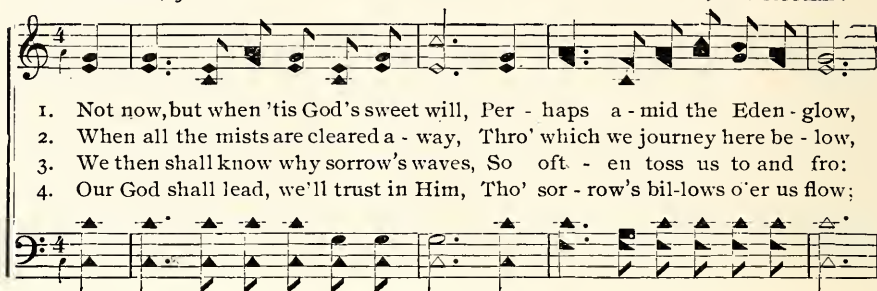


said He will strength re-new; La - bor on till the close of day!

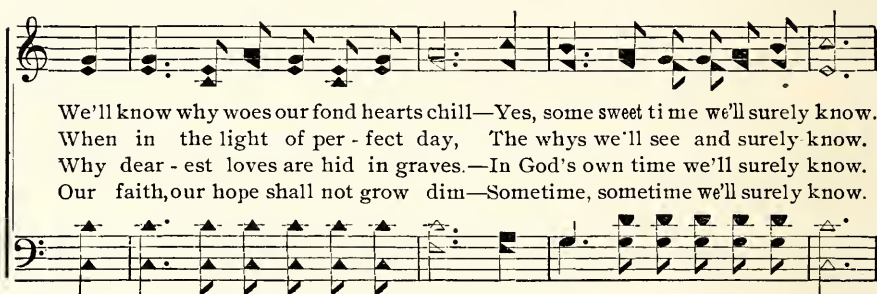
No. 108. SOMETIME WE'LL SURELY KNOW.

HARRIET E. JONES.

A. B. COFFMAN.

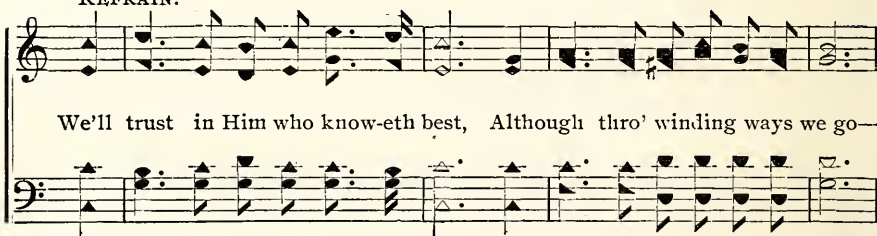


1. Not now, but when 'tis God's sweet will, Per - haps a - mid the Eden - glow,
 2. When all the mists are cleared a - way, Thro' which we journey here be - low,
 3. We then shall know why sorrow's waves, So oft - en toss us to and fro:
 4. Our God shall lead, we'll trust in Him, Tho' sor - row's bil - lows o'er us flow;

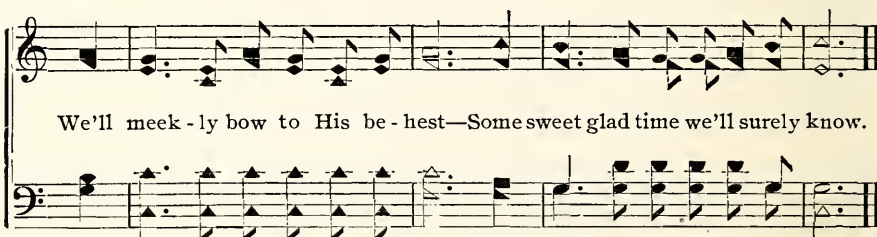


We'll know why woes our fond hearts chill—Yes, some sweet ti me we'll surely know.
 When in the light of per - fect day, The whys we'll see and surely know.
 Why dear - est loves are hid in graves.—In God's own time we'll surely know.
 Our faith, our hope shall not grow dim—Sometime, sometime we'll surely know.

REFRAIN.



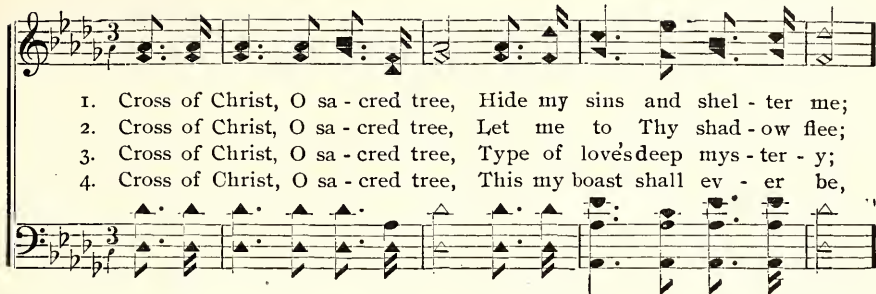
We'll trust in Him who know-eth best, Although thro' winding ways we go—



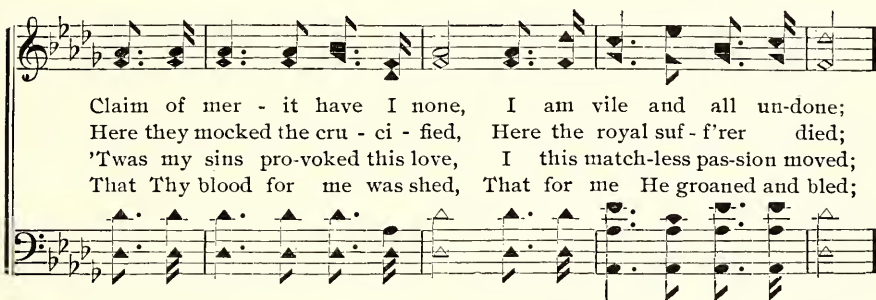
We'll meek - ly bow to His be - hest—Some sweet glad time we'll surely know.

D. T. TAYLOR.

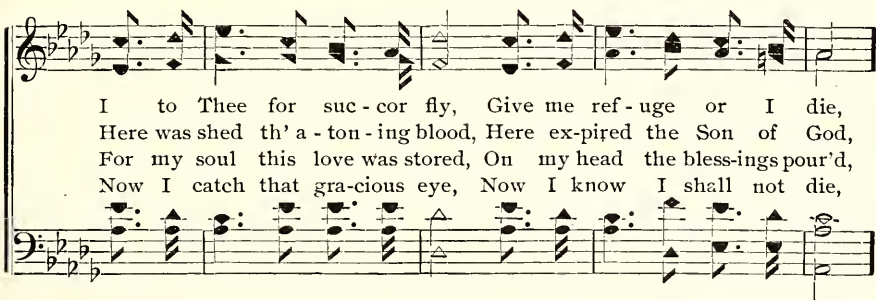
H. B. GREONGILS.



1. Cross of Christ, O sa - cred tree, Hide my sins and shel - ter me;
 2. Cross of Christ, O sa - cred tree, Let me to Thy shad - ow flee;
 3. Cross of Christ, O sa - cred tree, Type of love's deep mys - ter - y;
 4. Cross of Christ, O sa - cred tree, This my boast shall ev - er be,



Claim of mer - it have I none, I am vile and all un-done;
 Here they mocked the cru - ci - fied, Here the royal suf - f'rer died;
 'Twas my sins pro - voked this love, I this match-less pas-sion moved;
 That Thy blood for me was shed, That for me He groaned and bled;



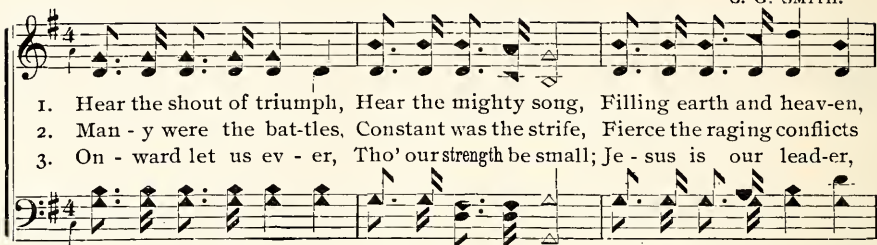
I to Thee for suc - cor fly, Give me ref - uge or I die,
 Here was shed th' a - ton - ing blood, Here ex - pired the Son of God,
 For my soul this love was stored, On my head the bless - ings pour'd,
 Now I catch that gra - cious eye, Now I know I shall not die,



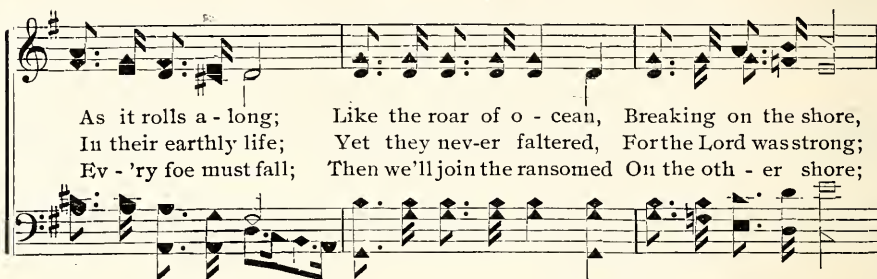
Cross of Christ, O sa - cred tree, All my hopes are hung on Thee.
 Cross of Christ, O sa - cred tree, Can the guilt - y trust in Thee?
 Cross of Christ, O sa - cred tree, Now I solve love's mys - ter - y.
 Cross of Christ, O sa - cred tree, All my guilt is lost in Thee.

No. 110. HEAR THE SHOUT OF TRIUMPH.

S. G. SMITH.

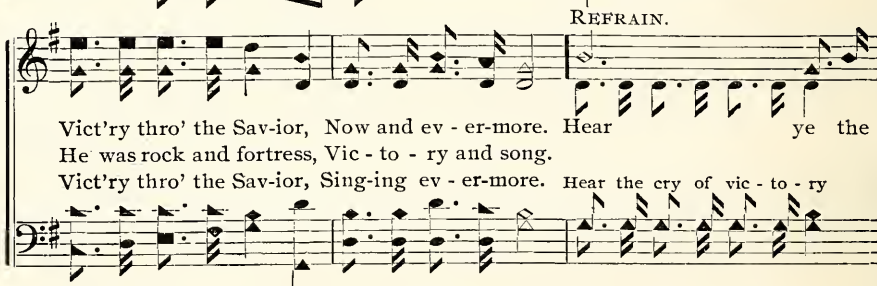


1. Hear the shout of triumph, Hear the mighty song, Filling earth and heav-en,
 2. Man - y were the bat-tles, Constant was the strife, Fierce the raging conflicts
 3. On - ward let us ev - er, Tho' our strength be small; Je - sus is our lead-er,

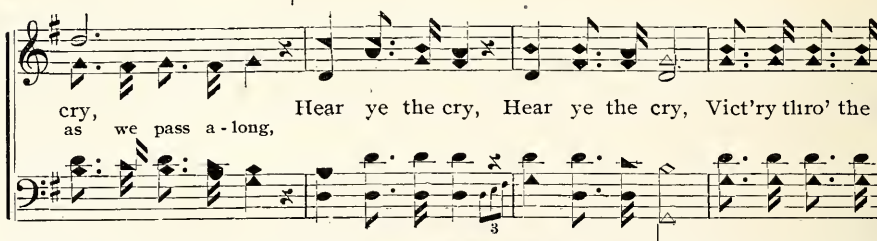


As it rolls a - long; Like the roar of o - cean, Breaking on the shore,
 In their earthly life; Yet they nev-er faltered, For the Lord was strong;
 Ev - 'ry foe must fall; Then we'll join the ransomed On the oth - er shore;

REFRAIN.



Vict'ry thro' the Sav-ior, Now and ev - er-more. Hear ye the
 He was rock and fortress, Vic - to - ry and song.
 Vict'ry thro' the Sav-ior, Sing-ing ev - er-more. Hear the cry of vic - to - ry



cry,
 as we pass a - long, Hear ye the cry, Hear ye the cry, Vict'ry thro' the



Sav-ior, pass the word a-long; Vict'ry thro' the Sav-ior, Vic - to - ry and song.

GRANT FORGIVENESS.

"There is forgiveness with Thee."—Ps. 130: 4.

NELLIE MONTGOMERY.

W. H. DOANE.

1. With my sin I come to Thy Throne of Grace, I need Thy help, for
 2. Tho' with trembling lips I my cause must plead, A bro - ken heart I
 3. 'Neath Thy healing wings let me rest a - while, Un - til new life and

sin is strong; Sav - ior, wilt Thou not from Thy dwell - ing place, Speak
 bring to Thee; Sav - ior, help me now in my hour of need, And
 strength are mine; Sav - ior, grant me now one for - giv - ing smile That

CHORUS.

now the word for which I long? Grant for - give - ness, Blessed
 Thou my In - ter - ces - sor be.
 I may know that I am Thine. Grant for - give - ness now, Blessed

Sav - ior, Thou a - lone hast the pow'r To for - give at this hour; From my
 Sav - ior, now,

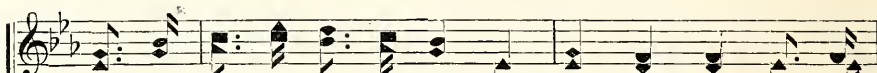
sin set free, Make me thine to be, And put my lov - ing trust in Thee.

Mrs. HARRIET E. JONES.


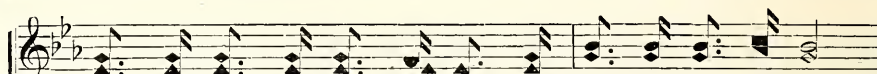
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



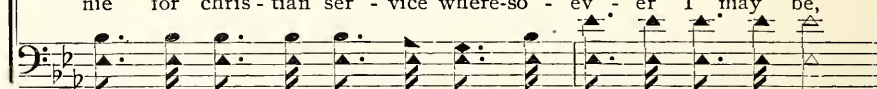

1. Bless - ed Lord and dear Re-deem - er, I am long - ing to be whole,
 2. Bless - ed Lord and dear Re-deem - er, draw me close - ly to Thy side,
 3. Bless - ed Lord and dear Re-deem - er, an - swer now my fer - vent plea,

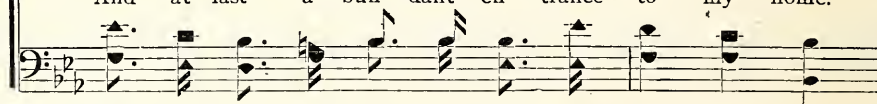
Held from sin as in the hol - low of Thy hand, With the
 O a - noint me with the ho - ly balm of love, That I
 For a heart en - tire - ly clean to Thee I come, Fill - ing


bless - ed Ho - ly Spir - it ev - er burn - ing in my soul,
 wor - ship, love and serve Thee, what - so - ev - er may be - tide—
 me for chris - tian ser - vice where - so - ev - er I may be,

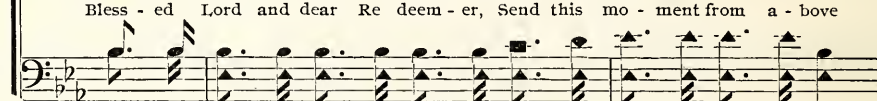
That a - mid the world's al - lure - ments I may stand.
 That I win some pre - cious souls to shine a - bove.
 And at last a - bun - dant en - trance to my home.



REFRAIN.



Bless - ed Lord and dear Re-deem - er,
 Bless - ed Lord and dear Re-deem - er, Send this mo - ment from a - bove



MY EARNEST PLEA.

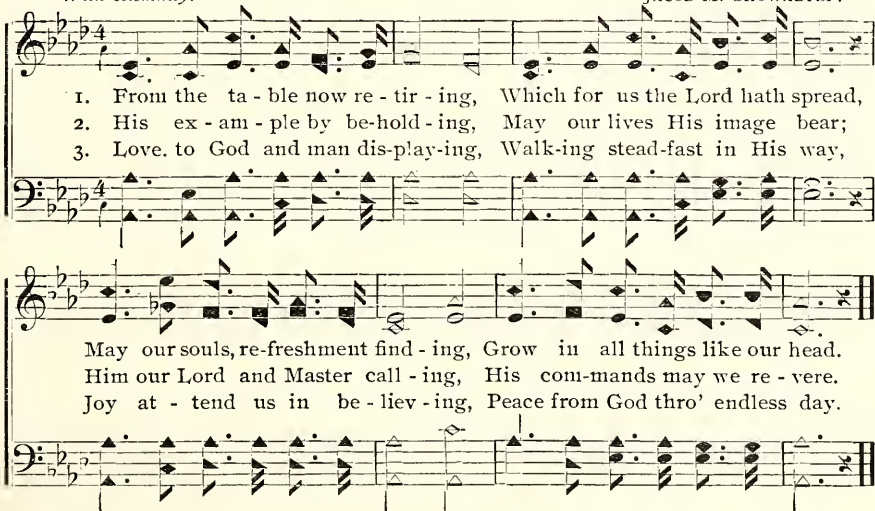


Send a - noint - ing of Thy love,
 Fresh bap - tisms, sweet a - noint - ings of Thy love, of Thy love,
 That I win some precious jew - el,
 That I win some pre - cious jew - el for the home - land of the soul,
 Ho - ly Spir - it, hold con - trol.
 Ho - ly Spir - it, come, to 'ev - er hold con - trol.

No. 113. DEVOTION. 8s & 7s. (312)

With solemnity.

JACOB M. SHOWALTER.



1. From the ta - ble now re - tir - ing, Which for us the Lord hath spread,
 2. His ex - am - ple by be - hold - ing, May our lives His image bear;
 3. Love to God and man dis - play - ing, Walk - ing stead - fast in His way,
 May our souls, re - refreshment find - ing, Grow in all things like our head.
 Him our Lord and Master call - ing, His com - mands may we re - vere.
 Joy at - tend us in be - liev - ing, Peace from God thro' endless day.

A. S. KIEFFER.

JACOB M. SHOWALTER.



1. Far be-yond life's gloomy port-als, Far be-yond earth's clouds and night;
2. To that land my feet are wending, Thro' the dark and drea-ry day;
3. Pa-tient be, O heart so low-ly, Pa-tient be, O soul so sad!
4. For the hand of Christ is lead-ing Thee thro' all this bord-er land;



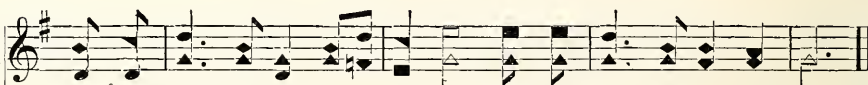
Lies the land of brightim-mor-tals, Bath'd in liv-ing, shin-ing light.
 But my soul oft-times is blend-ing With a song that cheers the way.
 In the end thou shalt find on-ly Joy, peace, love to make thee glad.
 And thy feet, tho' bruised and bleeding, Soon will touch the shin-ing strand.



REFRAIN.



For-ward, then, with brave en-deav-or, For-ward, it can not be long,

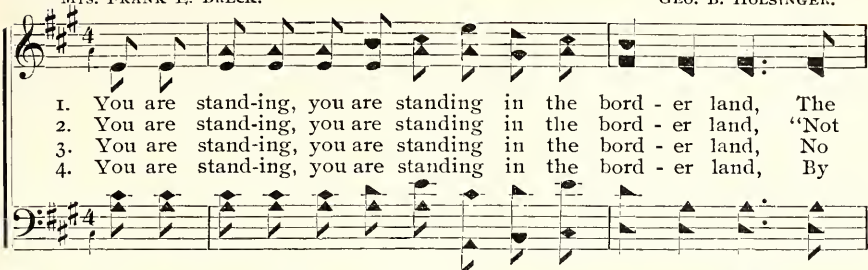


Till the soul shall rest for-ev-er In the land of love and song.

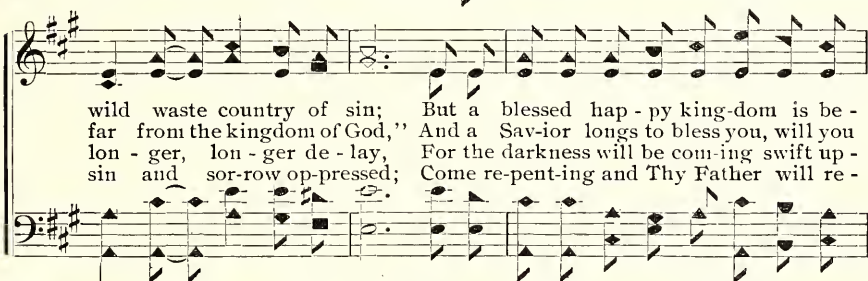


MRS. FRANK E. BRECK.

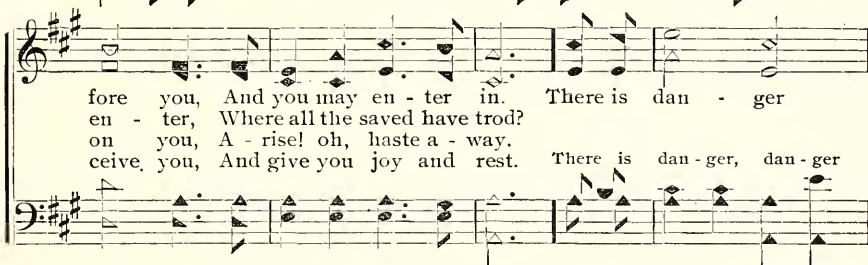
GEO. B. HOLSINGER.



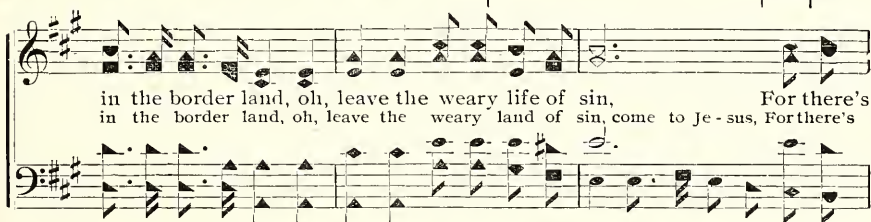
1. You are stand-ing, you are standing in the bord - er land, The
 2. You are stand-ing, you are standing in the bord - er land, "Not
 3. You are stand-ing, you are standing in the bord - er land, No
 4. You are stand-ing, you are standing in the bord - er land, By



wild waste country of sin; But a blessed hap - py king-dom is be -
 far from the kingdom of God," And a Sav-ior longs to bless you, will you
 lon - ger, lon - ger de - lay, For the darkness will be com-ing swift up -
 sin and sor-row op-pressed; Come re-pent-ing and Thy Father will re -



fore you, And you may en - ter in. There is dan - ger
 en - ter, Where all the saved have trod?
 on you, A - rise! oh, haste a - way.
 ceive you, And give you joy and rest. There is dan - ger, dan - ger



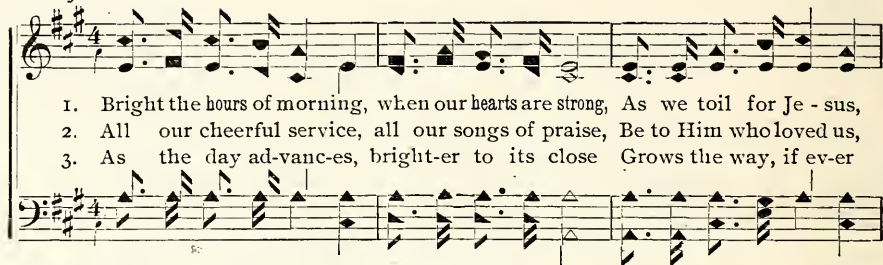
in the border land, oh, leave the weary life of sin, For there's
 in the border land, oh, leave the weary land of sin, come to Je - sus, Forthere's



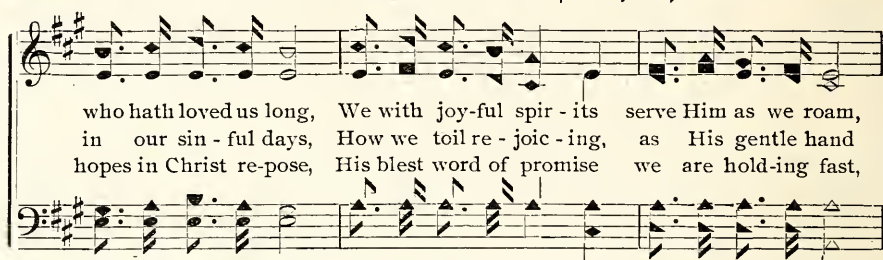
dan - ger in the border land, Come, a bet - ter life be - gin.
 dan - ger, dan - ger

J. C. MYERS.

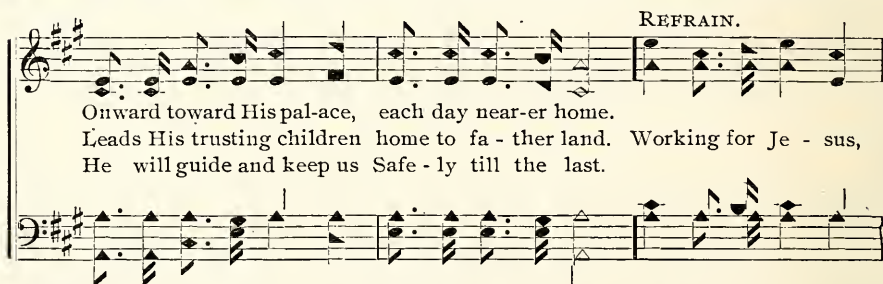
C. Wm. ROLLER.



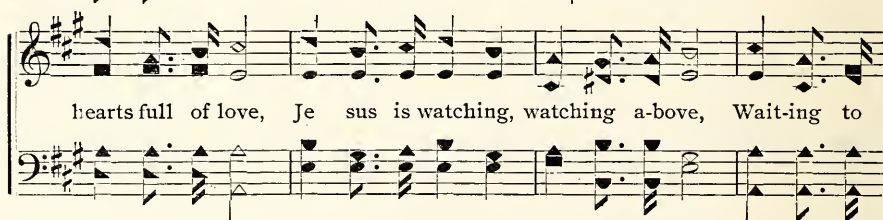
1. Bright the hours of morning, when our hearts are strong, As we toil for Je - sus,
 2. All our cheerful service, all our songs of praise, Be to Him who loved us,
 3. As the day ad-vanc-es, bright-er to its close Grows the way, if ev-er



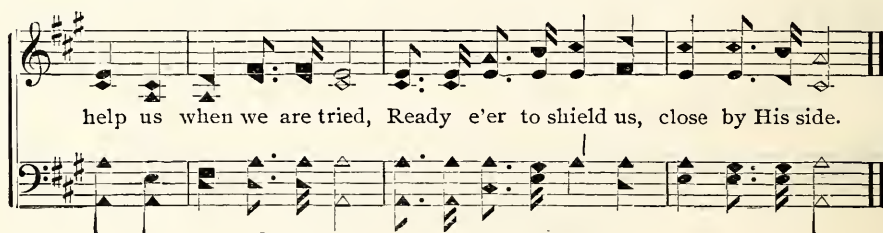
who hath loved us long, We with joy-ful spir - its serve Him as we roam,
 in our sin - ful days, How we toil re - joic - ing, as His gentle hand,
 hopes in Christ re-pose, His blest word of promise we are hold-ing fast,



REFRAIN.
 Onward toward His pal-ace, each day near-er home.
 Leads His trusting children home to fa - ther land. Working for Je - sus,
 He will guide and keep us Safe - ly till the last.



hearts full of love, Je sus is watching, watching a-bove, Wait-ing to



help us when we are tried, Ready e'er to shield us, close by His side.

No. 117. MERCY IS BOUNDLESS AND FREE.

HENRIETTA E. BLAIR.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. Thanks be to Je - sus, His mer - cy is free, Mer-cy is free, mercy is free;
2. Why on the mountain of sin wilt thou roam? Mer-cy is free, mercy is free;
3. Think of His goodness, His patience, and love, Mer-cy is free, mercy is free;
4. Yes, there is par - don for all who be-lieve, Mer-cy is free, mercy is free;



CHO.—Je - sus the Sav-ior is look-ing for Thee, Look-ing for Thee, Looking for Thee.

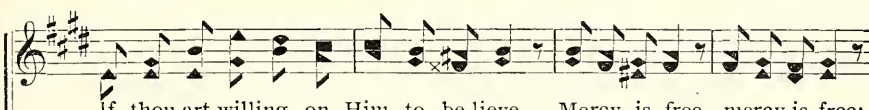


FINE.

Sin-ner, that mer-cy is flow-ing for Thee, Mer-cy is boundless and free.
 Gen-tly the Spirit is call-ing, "Come home," Mer-cy is boundless and free.
 Plead-ing thy cause with his Father a-bove, Mer-cy is boundless and free.
 Come and this moment a bless-ing re-ceive, Mer-cy is boundless and free.



Lov-ing-ly, ten-der-ly call-ing for Thee, Calling and looking for Thee.

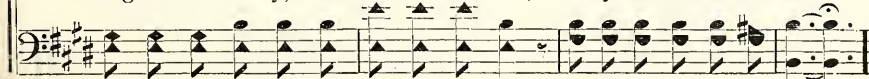


If thou art willing on Him to be-lieve, Mercy is free, mercy is free;
 Thou art in darkness, O come to the light, Mercy is free, mercy is free;
 Come and re-pent-ing, O give Him your heart, Mercy is free, mercy is free;
 Je - sus is wait-ing. O hear Him pro-claim, Mercy is free, mercy is free;



Chorus D. C.

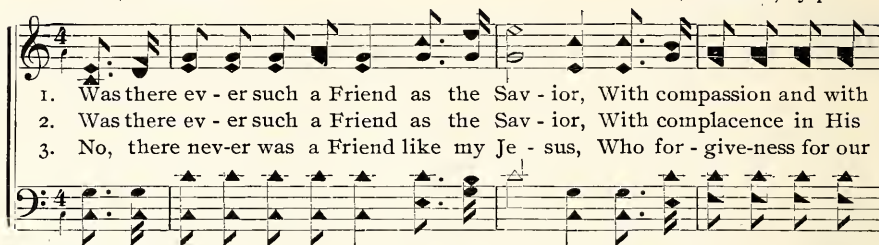
Life ev-er - last-ing thy soul may receive, Mercy is boundless and free.
 Je - sus is wait-ing, He'll save you to-night, Mercy is boundless and free.
 Grieve Him no longer, but come as thou art, Mercy is boundless and free.
 Cling to His Mercy, be - lieve on His name, Mercy is boundless and free.



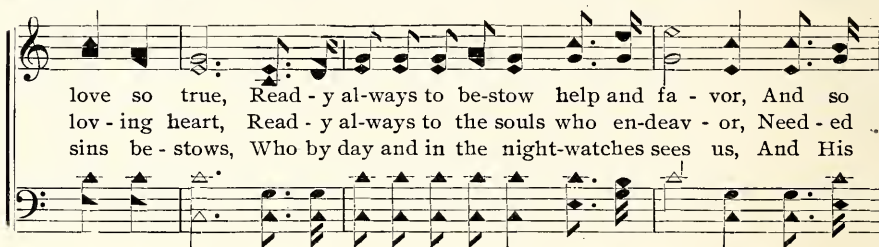
No. 118. WAS THERE EVER SUCH A FRIEND?

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.

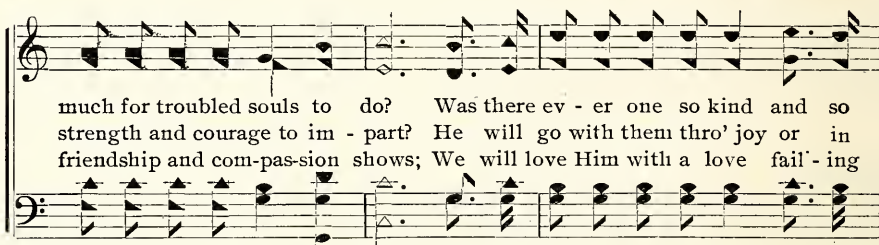
S. L. HOWARD, by per.



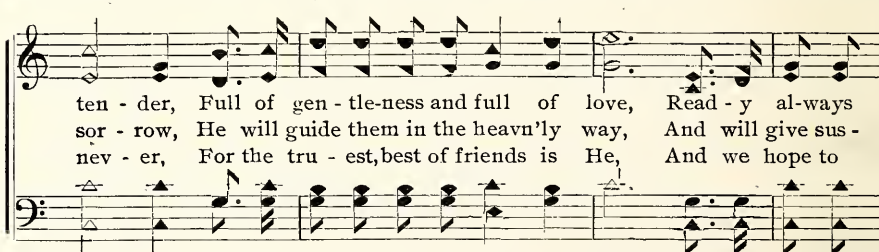
1. Was there ev - er such a Friend as the Sav - ior, With compassion and with
 2. Was there ev - er such a Friend as the Sav - ior, With complacence in His
 3. No, there nev - er was a Friend like my Je - sus, Who for - give-ness for our



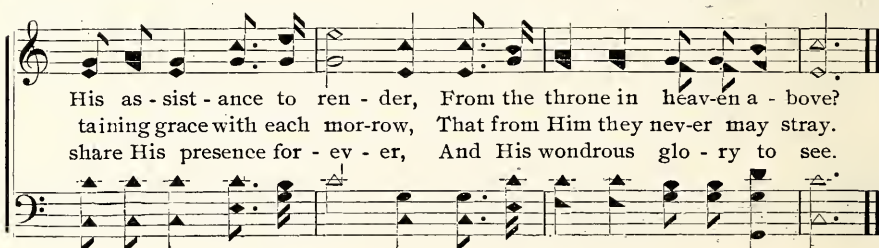
love so true, Read - y al-ways to be-stow help and fa - vor, And so
 lov - ing heart, Read - y al-ways to the souls who en-deav - or, Need - ed
 sins be - stows, Who by day and in the night-watches sees us, And His



much for troubled souls to do? Was there ev - er one so kind and so
 strength and courage to im - part? He will go with them thro' joy or in
 friendship and com-pas-sion shows; We will love Him with a love fail - ing



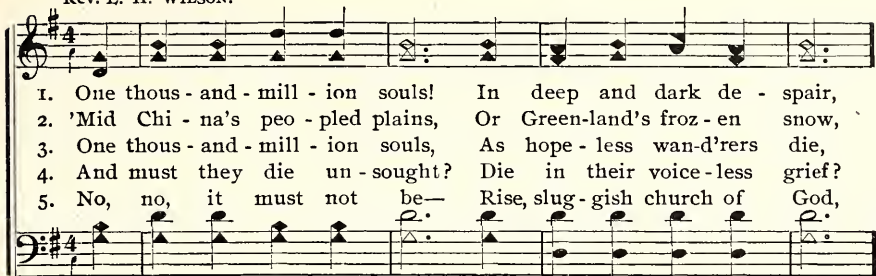
ten - der, Full of gen - tle-ness and full of love, Read - y al-ways
 sor - row, He will guide them in the heavn'ly way, And will give sus -
 nev - er, For the tru - est, best of friends is He, And we hope to



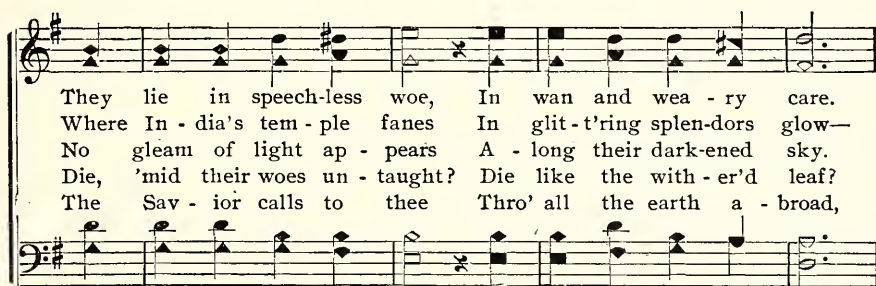
His as - sist - ance to ren - der, From the throne in heav-en a - bove?
 taining grace with each mor-row, That from Him they nev - er may stray.
 share His presence for - ev - er, And His wondrous glo - ry to see.

No. 119. ONE THOUSAND-MILLION SOULS.

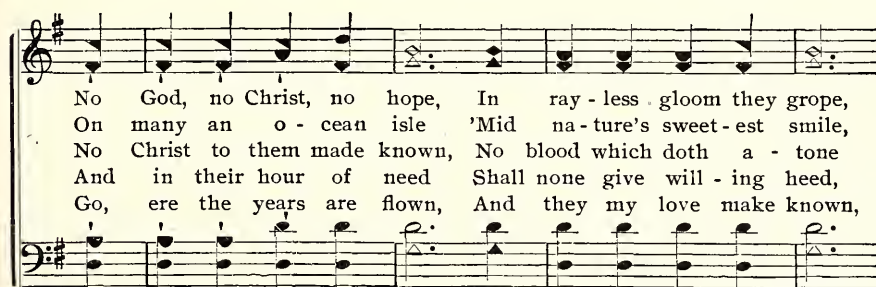
Rev. L. H. WILSON.



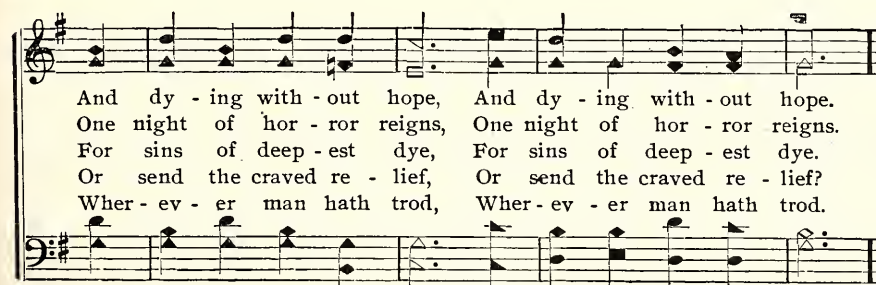
1. One thous - and - mill - ion souls! In deep and dark de - spair,
 2. 'Mid Chi - na's peo - pled plains, Or Green-land's froz - en snow,
 3. One thous - and - mill - ion souls, As hope - less wan-d'rers die,
 4. And must they die un - sought? Die in their voice - less grief?
 5. No, no, it must not be— Rise, slug - gish church of God,



They lie in speech - less woe, In wan and wea - ry care.
 Where In - dia's tem - ple fanes In glit - t'ring splen - dors glow—
 No gleam of light ap - pears A - long their dark - ened sky.
 Die, 'mid their woes un - taught? Die like the with - er'd leaf?
 The Sav - ior calls to thee Thro' all the earth a - broad,



No God, no Christ, no hope, In ray - less gloom they grope,
 On many an o - cean isle 'Mid na - ture's sweet - est smile,
 No Christ to them made known, No blood which doth a - tone
 And in their hour of need Shall none give will - ing heed,
 Go, ere the years are flown, And they my love make known,

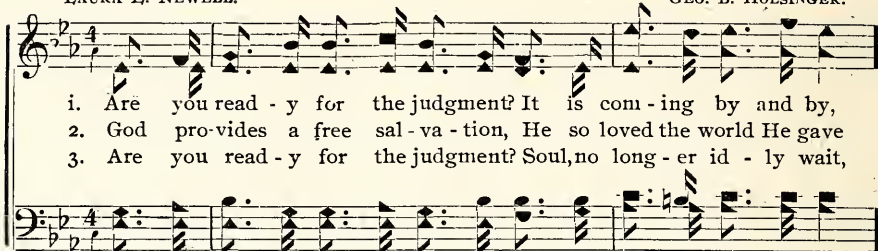


And dy - ing with - out hope, And dy - ing with - out hope.
 One night of hor - ror reigns, One night of hor - ror reigns.
 For sins of deep - est dye, For sins of deep - est dye.
 Or send the craved re - lief, Or send the craved re - lief?
 Wher - ev - er man hath trod, Wher - ev - er man hath trod.

No. 120. ARE YOU READY FOR THE JUDGMENT?

LAURA E. NEWELL.

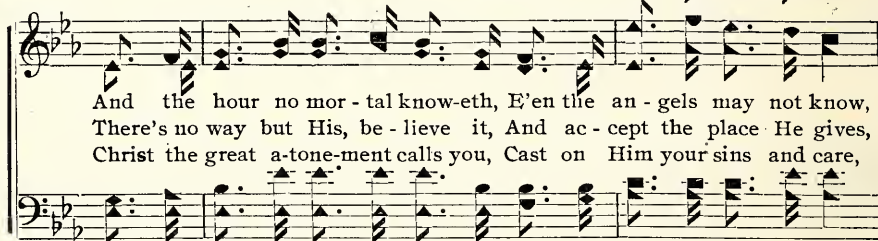
GEO. B. HOLSINGER.



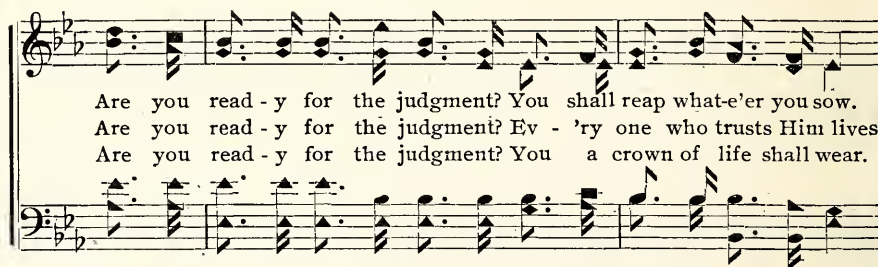
1. Are you read - y for the judgment? It is com - ing by and by,
2. God pro - vides a free sal - va - tion, He so loved the world He gave
3. Are you read - y for the judgment? Soul, no long - er id - ly wait,



When the trumpet sound shall call you To the bar of God on high,
Christ His on - ly Son Be - lov - ed, Those a stray and lost to save,
When to - day is time ac - cept - ed, Has - ten ere you be too late—



And the hour no mor - tal know - eth, E'en the an - gels may not know,
There's no way but His, be - lieve it, And ac - cept the place He gives,
Christ the great a - tone - ment calls you, Cast on Him your sins and care,



Are you read - y for the judgment? You shall reap what - e'er you sow.
Are you read - y for the judgment? Ev - 'ry one who trusts Him lives.
Are you read - y for the judgment? You a crown of life shall wear.

REFRAIN.



He is com - ing, Christ is com - ing, With the
He is com - ing, Christ is com - ing from on high,

ARE YOU READY FOR THE JUDGMENT?

an - gels in the air, Are you read - y
With the an - gels, with the an - gels in the air, Are you read - y

for the judg - ment, Will it fill you with de-spair?
for the judg-ment of the Lord, Will it fill you with de-spair?

No. 121.

PALMER. L. M. (43)

D. M. CLICK.

1. Dear Lord, how wondrous is Thy love, To such un-worth - y worms as we!
2. We that were doomed to woe and pain, Exposed to death of ev - 'ry kind,
3. Shall we for-get our Sav-ior's grace, Who died to save our guilt - y souls!
4. For-bid, O Lord, each wand'ring thought, May Christ be all in our es - teem;

Thou hast sent down the heav'nly dove, To set our souls at lib - er - ty.
Thro' Je-sus Christ the Lamb once slain, Do life, and peace, and par - don find.
And bring us to His Father's face, Where endless peace, and pleasure rolls?
Let earth-ly things be all for - got, And counted loss compared with Him.

Mrs. FRANK A. BRECK.

J. M. BOWMAN.

1. I am trust-ing in Je-sus to save me—No oth-er my Savior can be—
 2. I am trust-ing in Je-sus to hold me, In dan-ger and sorrow and night,
 3. I am trust-ing in Je-sus to take me, With Him to the mansions a-bove,

The love He so will-ing-ly gave me, Is all that can sat-is-fy me.
 I know that His arms will en-fold me, I know He will guide me a-right
 I know He will nev-er for-sake me, I know I am safe in His love.

REFRAIN.

I am trust - - ing I am trust - - ing, Trusting in the
 I am trust-ing in His name, I am trust-ing in His name, I am trust-ing in the

name of the Lord, I am trust - - ing,
 name of the Lord, I am trust-ing I am trust-ing in His name, I am

trust - - ing I am trust-ing in the name of the Lord.
 trusting in His name, I am trust-ing in the name of the Lord.

No. 123. ALL THE WORLD IS PRAISING HIM.

E. D. MUND.

E. S. LORENZ.



1. Like the sound of ma - ny wa-ters, Or the roar-ing of the sea,
2. Lands once dumb have found their voices, And the chorus rings more clear,
3. Grand-er, full - er swells the cho-rus, New-born na - tions raise the cry,
4. Moun-tains high or surg - ing o - cean Can-not stem the tune - ful tide;



Voic - es of earth's sons and daughters Swell the song of Ju - bi - lee.
In His course the sun re - joic - es, Voic - es new each day to hear.
Gol - den days are just be - fore us, Praise to Him who rules on high.
Death takes up the sweet de - vo - tion, Joins the song the oth - er side.



CHORUS.



Hark the song! All the world is praising Him! the world is praising Him, the world is



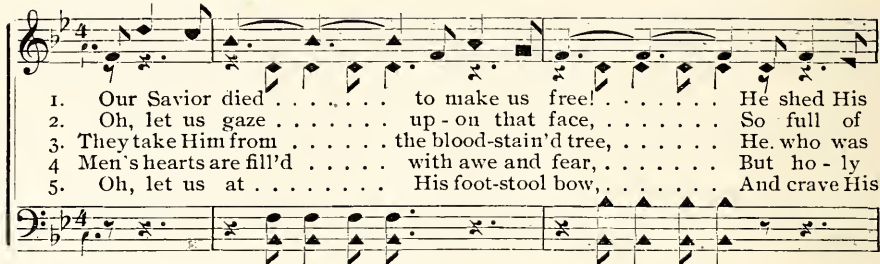
praising Him! O, praise the Lord all the world is raising Him an anthem grand and free.



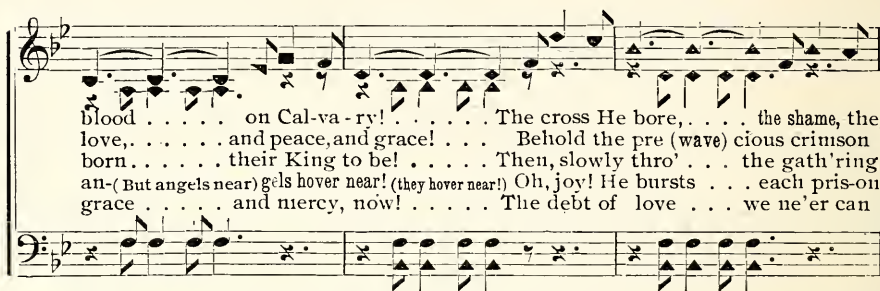
No. 124. THE DEATH ON THE CROSS.

MRS. GEO. B. HOLSINGER.

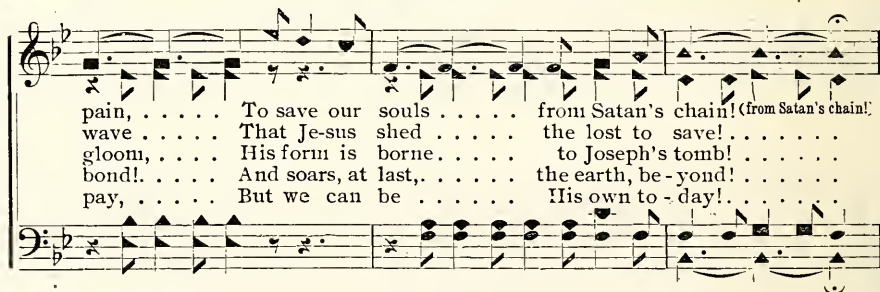
GEO. B. HOLSINGER.



1. Our Savior died to make us free! He shed His
 2. Oh, let us gaze up - on that face, So full of
 3. They take Him from the blood-stain'd tree, He, who was
 4. Men's hearts are fill'd with awe and fear, But ho - ly
 5. Oh, let us at His foot-stool bow, And crave His

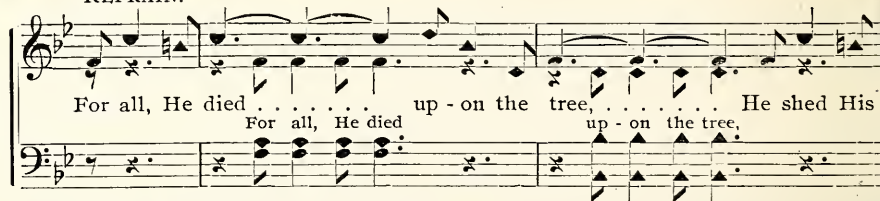


blood on Cal - va - ry! The cross He bore, the shame, the
 love, and peace, and grace! Behold the pre (wave) cious crimson
 born, their King to be! Then, slowly thro' the gath'ring
 an- (But angels near) gels hover near! (they hover near!) Oh, joy! He bursts each pris-on
 grace and mercy, now! The debt of love we ne'er can



pain, To save our souls from Satan's chain! (from Satan's chain!)
 wave That Je-sus shed the lost to save!
 gloom, His form is borne to Joseph's tomb!
 bond!, And soars, at last, the earth, be - yond!
 pay, But we can be His own to - day!

REFRAIN.



For all, He died up - on the tree, He shed His
 For all, He died up - on the tree,



blood for you and me! On Calv'ry's brow, at ev-en-
 He shed His blood for you and me! On Calv'ry's brow,

THE DEATH ON THE CROSS.

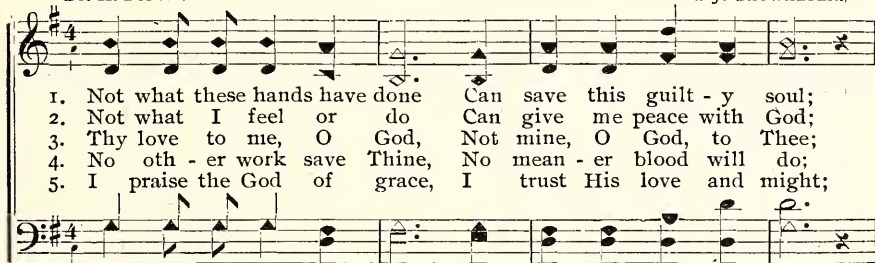


tide, For you, for me, For all He died!
 At ev-en-tide, For you, for me, For all He died!

No. 125. NOT WHAT THESE HANDS HAVE DONE.

Dr. H. BONAR.

A. J. SHOWALTER.




1. Not what these hands have done Can save this guilt - y soul;
 2. Not what I feel or do Can give me peace with God;
 3. Thy love to me, O God, Not mine, O God, to Thee;
 4. No oth - er work save Thine, No mean - er blood will do;
 5. I praise the God of grace, I trust His love and might;



Not what this toil - ing flesh has borne Can make my spir - it whole.
 Not all my pray'rs and sighs, and tears, Can ease my aw - ful load.
 Can rid me of this dark un - rest, And set my spir - it free.
 No strength, save that which is di - vine, Can bear me safe - ly through.
 He calls me His, I call Him mine; My God, my joy, my light.

REFRAIN.



Thy work a - lone, my Sav - ior, Can ease this weight of sin;



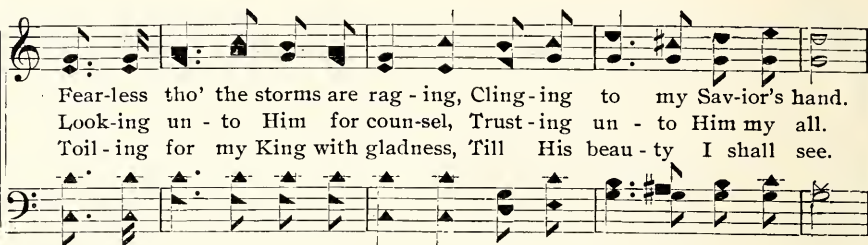
Thy blood a - lone, O Lamb of God, Can give me peace with - in.

LAURA E. NEWELL.

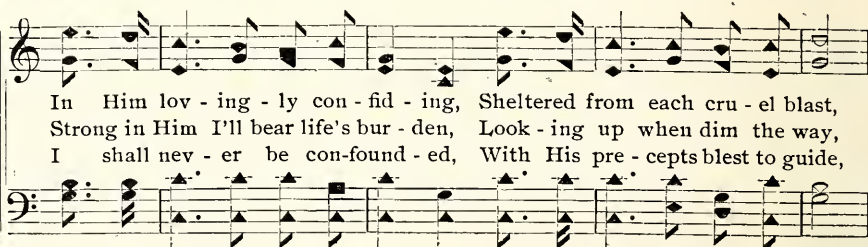
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



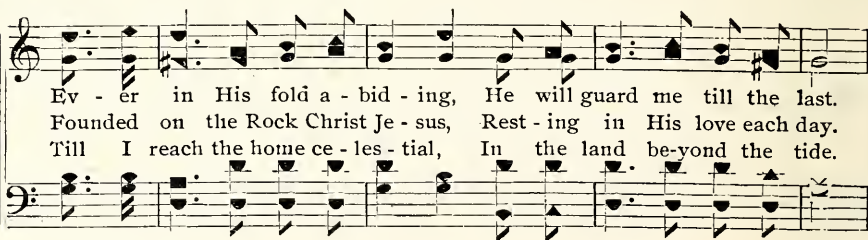
1. Founded on the Rock Christ Je - sus, Firm-ly I will ev - er stand,
 2. Founded on the Rock Christ Je - sus, Nothing shall my soul ap - pall,
 3. Founded on the Rock Christ Je - sus, I His serv - ant still would be,



Fear-less tho' the storms are rag - ing, Cling-ing to my Sav-ior's hand.
 Look-ing un - to Him for coun-sel, Trust-ing un - to Him my all.
 Toil-ing for my King with gladness, Till His beau - ty I shall see.

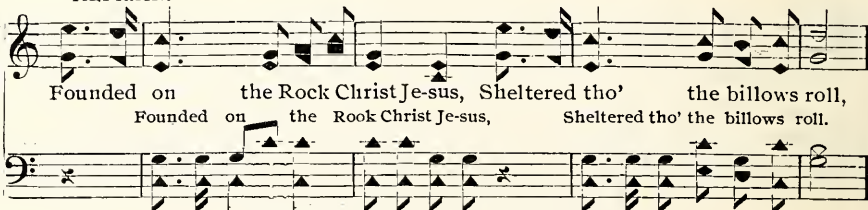


In Him lov - ing - ly con - fid - ing, Sheltered from each cru - el blast,
 Strong in Him I'll bear life's bur - den, Look - ing up when dim the way,
 I shall nev - er be con-found - ed, With His pre - cepts blest to guide,



Ev - er in His fold a - bid - ing, He will guard me till the last.
 Founded on the Rock Christ Je - sus, Rest - ing in His love each day.
 Till I reach the home ce - les - tial, In the land be - yond the tide.

REFRAIN.



Founded on the Rock Christ Je - sus, Sheltered tho' the billows roll,
 Founded on the Rock Christ Je - sus, Sheltered tho' the billows roll.

FOUNDED ON A ROCK.

Je - sus is my rest, my ref - uge, Je - sus lov - er of my soul.
 Je - sus is my rest, my ref-uge, Je - sus lov - er of my soul.

No. 127. REMEMBER THE SABBATH DAY.

E. A. BARNES.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. The Sabbath comes with ho - ly light, And its rest we glad - ly greet;
 2. It calls for peace in heart and home, And for rest from toil and care;
 3. It calls for joy and sin - ple faith, As we meet to praise and pray;
 4. It calls for zeal in do - ing well, And for lov - ing deed and word;

And un - to all, on its peace-ful wings, There is borne this message sweet.
 It calls for thanks, that are sweet to lift, For the bless-ings that we share.
 It calls for thought that will sweet-ly flow, With the teach-ings of the day.
 It calls in truth for a day well spent, In the ser-vice of the Lord.

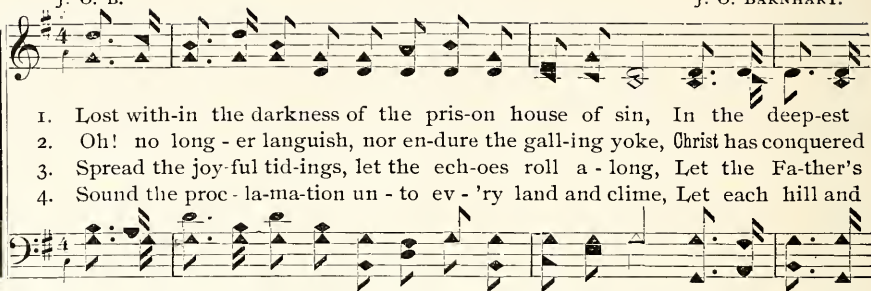
CHORUS.

Re - mem-ber, re - mem-ber, Re - mem-ber the Sab-bath day.

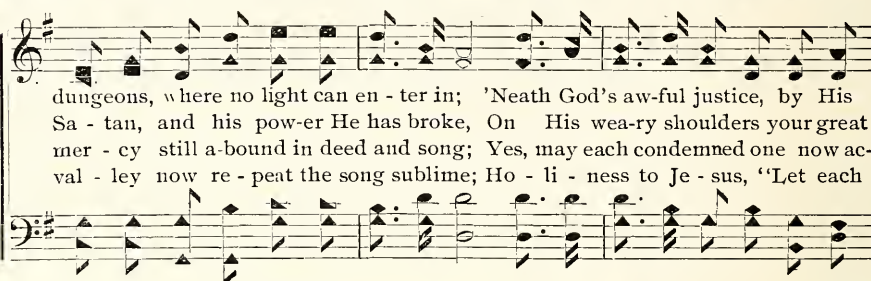
And keep it ho - ly, ho - ly to the Lord, Re - mem-ber the Sab-bath day.

J. O. B.

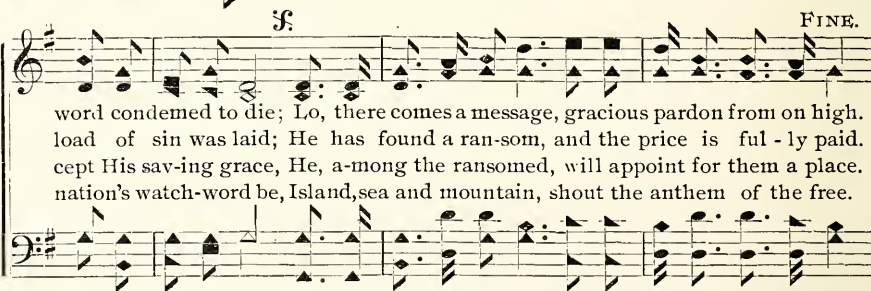
J. O. BARNHART.



1. Lost with-in the dark-ness of the pris-on house of sin, In the deep-est
 2. Oh! no long - er languish, nor en-dure the gall-ing yoke, Christ has conquered
 3. Spread the joy-ful tid-ings, let the ech-oes roll a - long, Let the Fa-ther's
 4. Sound the proc - la-ma-tion un - to ev - 'ry land and clime, Let each hill and



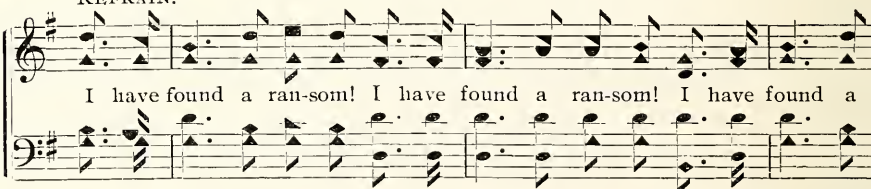
dungeons, where no light can en - ter in; 'Neath God's aw-ful justice, by His
 Sa - tan, and his pow-er He has broke, On His wea-ry shoulders your great
 mer - cy still a-bound in deed and song; Yes, may each condemned one now ac-
 val - ley now re - peat the song sublime; Ho - li - ness to Je - sus, "Let each



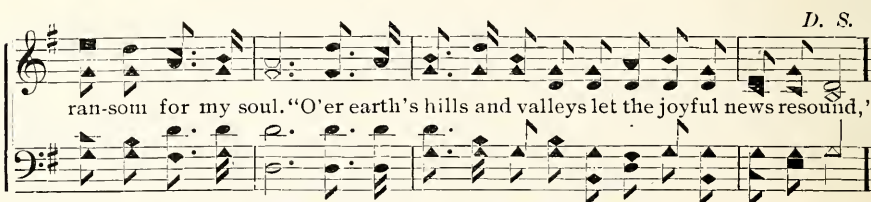
word condemned to die; Lo, there comes a message, gracious pardon from on high.
 load of sin was laid; He has found a ran-som, and the price is ful - ly paid.
 cept His sav-ing grace, He, a-mong the ransomed, will appoint for them a place.
 nation's watch-word be, Island, sea and mountain, shout the anthem of the free.

D. S.—*"For the soul in pris-on, a great ran-som I have found."*

REFRAIN.



I have found a ran-som! I have found a ran-som! I have found a



ran-som for my soul. "O'er earth's hills and valleys let the joyful news resound,"

No. 129. HAVE YOU CHOSEN THAT GOOD PART?

Mrs. F. A. BRECK.

Luke 10:45.

J. H. RUEBUSH.

1. Have you chos-en the things of the Lord? The treas-ures that nev - er de-
 2. Have you chos-en for - give-ness in-deed—Re - pent-ing in truth of all
 3. Have you chos-en to live ev - er - more? Is heav-en or earth now your

cay? The path that will lead to a bless - ed re - ward? The
 sin? Oh, grieve not the Friend who will meet all your need And
 choice? Some-time will you sing on the fair gold - en shore, Where

REFRAIN.

peace no one tak - eth a - way?
 help you His glo - ry to win. Have you chos - en sal - va - tion—That
 all shall for - ev - er re-joice?

“good—good part” That never shall be tak - en a - way? Have you chos-en the

Sav - ior to rule in your hearts? If not will you choose Him to-day?

No. 130.

FIGHT FOR THE KINGDOM.

Mrs. FRANK A. BRECK.

GEO. B. HOLSINGER.

1. Go forth, for the Cap-tain is call-ing, With gladness o - bey His com-mand;
 2. Fight on with the "Sword of the Spir-it," Sal'-va-tion and faith are thy shield;
 3. Fight on tho' thy foes shall out-number! With God ye shall ev - er be strong;
 4. Fight on where the bat-tle is strongest, And hot is the with-er-ing breath;
 5. Fight on with a spir - it un-daunt-ed, With heart that is stranger to fear;
 6. Oh, soon shall the bat-tle be end-ed, And vic - to - ry's song ye shall sing;

Thy comrades are fight-ing and fall-ing, Oh, will you for righteousness stand!
 Je - ho - vah shall be thy de-fend - er, The co-horts of Sa - tan must yield.
 Fight on, let thy zeal nev-er slum-ber, Till right shall have conquered the wrong.
 Fight on where the bat-tle is long - est, Fight on with the cour-age of death.
 The day of thy triumph is dawn-ing, Fight on, for re-demp-tion is near.
 Tri-umph-ant for - ev - er and ev - er, With Je - sus, thy Sav-ior and King.

REFRAIN.

Fight on, fight on, Fight on for the kingdom of God;
 Fight on for the king-dom, fight on for the kingdom,

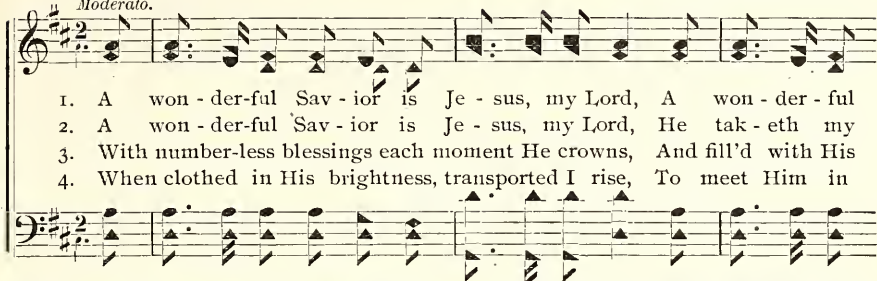
The foe may be mighty, but soon shall he fall, Fight on for the kingdom of God.

No. 131.

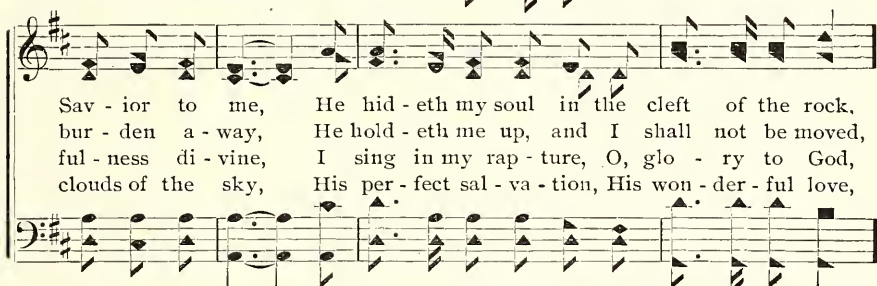
HE HIDETH MY SOUL.

FANNY J. CROSBY.
Moderato.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

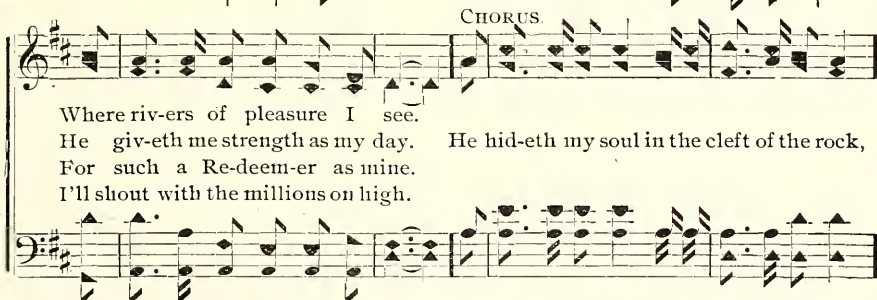


1. A won - der - ful Sav - ior is Je - sus, my Lord, A won - der - ful
 2. A won - der - ful Sav - ior is Je - sus, my Lord, He tak - eth my
 3. With number-less blessings each moment He crowns, And fill'd with His
 4. When clothed in His brightness, transported I rise, To meet Him in



Sav - ior to me, He hid - eth my soul in the cleft of the rock,
 bur - den a - way, He hold - eth me up, and I shall not be moved,
 ful - ness di - vine, I sing in my rap - ture, O, glo - ry to God,
 clouds of the sky, His per - fect sal - va - tion, His won - der - ful love,

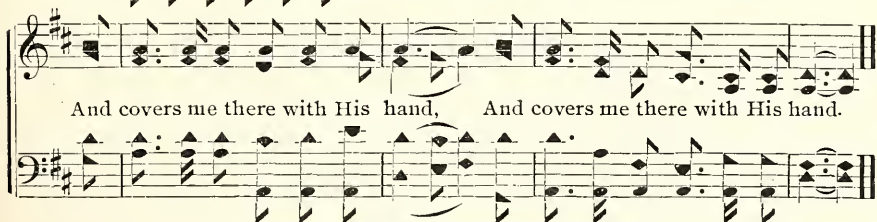
CHORUS.



Where riv - ers of pleasure I see.
 He giv - eth me strength as my day. He hid - eth my soul in the cleft of the rock,
 For such a Re - deem - er as mine.
 I'll shout with the millions on high.



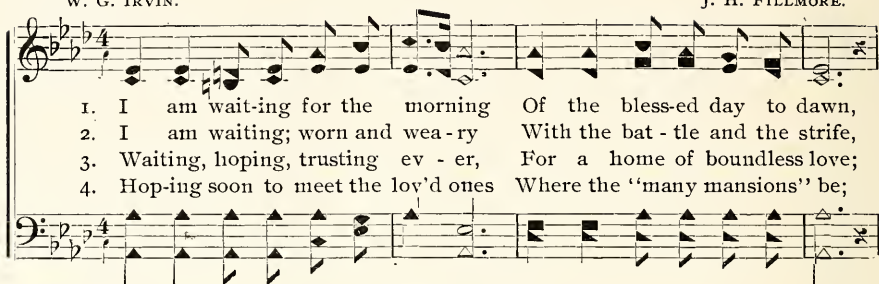
That shadows a dry, thirsty land; He hideth my life in the depths of His love,



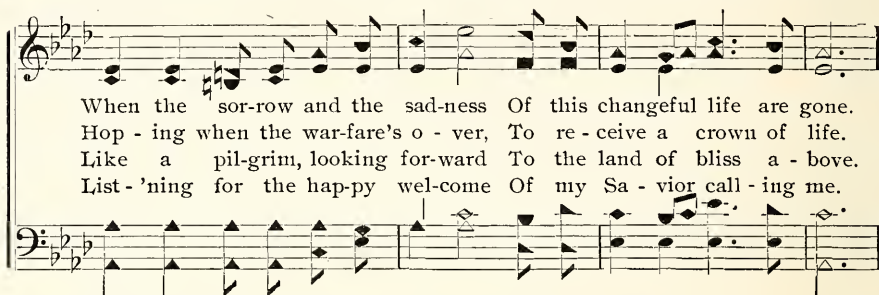
And covers me there with His hand, And covers me there with His hand.

W. G. IRVIN.

J. H. FILLMORE.

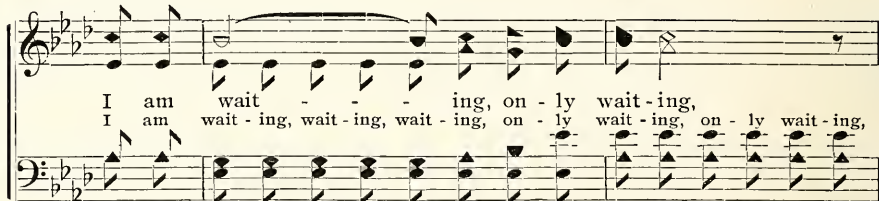


1. I am wait-ing for the mor-ning Of the bless-ed day to dawn,
 2. I am waiting; worn and wea-ry With the bat-tle and the strife,
 3. Waiting, hoping, trusting ev - er, For a home of boundless love;
 4. Hop-ing soon to meet the lov'd ones Where the "many mansions" be;

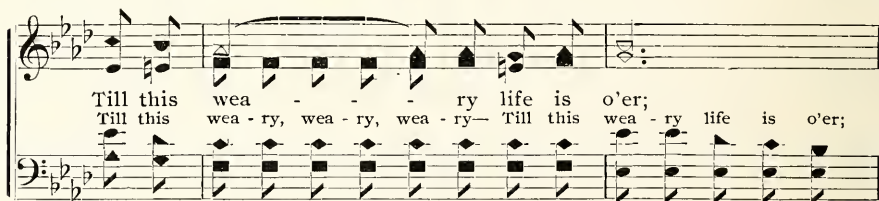


When the sor-row and the sad-ness Of this changeful life are gone.
 Hop - ing when the war-fare's o - ver, To re - ceive a crown of life.
 Like a pil-grim, looking for-ward To the land of bliss a - bove.
 List - 'ning for the hap-py wel-come Of my Sa - vior call - ing me.

CHORUS.



I am wait - - - ing, on - ly wait - ing,
 I am wait - ing, wait - ing, wait - ing, on - ly wait - ing, on - ly wait - ing,



Till this wea - - - ry life is o'er;
 Till this wea - ry, wea - ry, wea - ry—Till this wea - ry life is o'er;



On - ly wait - - - ing for my wel-come,
 On - ly wait - ing, wait - ing, wait - ing for my wel - come, for my wel-come,

ONLY WAITING.

From my Sav - ior on the oth - er shore.

No. 133.

MORNING HYMN.

A. C. WIEAND.

(A Good Opening Hymn.)

GEO. B. HOLSINGER.

1. On the ra-diant thresh-old Of this dawn - - ing day,
 2. Lo! the Fa-ther bids us Come to seek his aid;
 3. Keep us from temp - ta - tion, Bless in ev - - 'ry need;
 Of this dawn - ing day,

In the sa - cred still - ness, We will pause and pray.
 Prof - fers help and guid - ance, To the even - - ing's shade.
 Lead us, gen - tle Shep - herd, Where Thy flocks do feed.
 We will pause and pray.

REFRAIN.

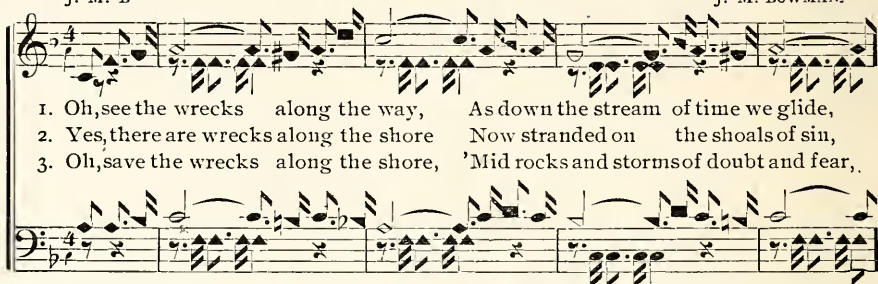
In the morn - ing, noon and even - ing, We would seek Thy side:
 In the morn-ing, noon and even-ing, We would seek Thy side;

O do Thou, dear Lord, be - friend us, O be Thou our guide.
 O do Thou, dear Lord, be - friend us, O be Thou our guide.

No. 134. THE WRECKS ALONG THE WAY.

J. M. B

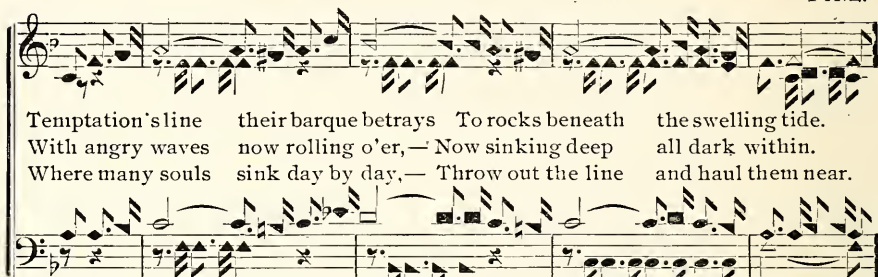
J. M. BOWMAN.



1. Oh, see the wrecks along the way, As down the stream of time we glide,
 2. Yes, there are wrecks along the shore Now stranded on the shoals of sin,
 3. Oh, save the wrecks along the shore, 'Mid rocks and storms of doubt and fear,

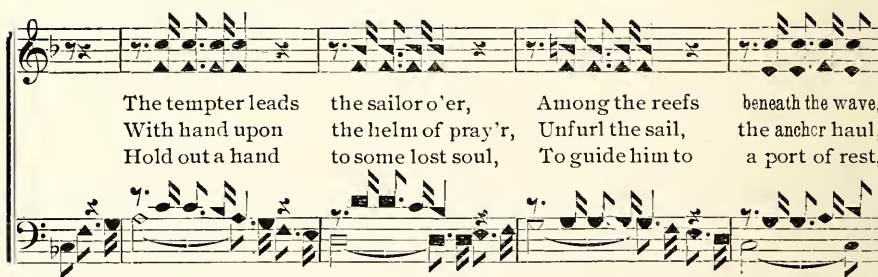
D. C.—*The spirit line* throw out to save, With mighty arm of faith reclaim

FINE.



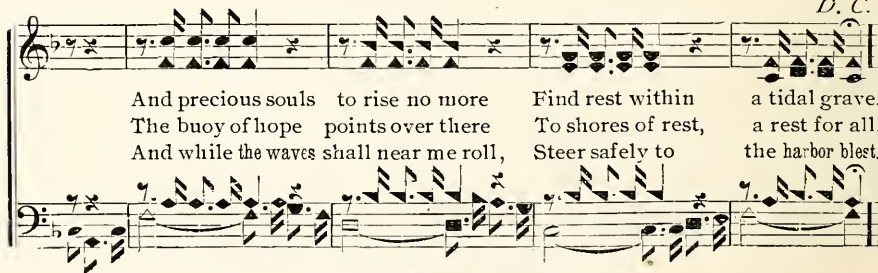
Temptation's line their barque betrays To rocks beneath the swelling tide.
 With angry waves now rolling o'er, — Now sinking deep all dark within.
 Where many souls sink day by day, — Throw out the line and haul them near.

The lost up-on the angry wave, Bring in the pow'r of Jesus' name.



The tempter leads the sailor o'er, Among the reefs beneath the wave,
 With hand upon the helm of pray'r, Unfurl the sail, the anchor haul,
 Hold out a hand to some lost soul, To guide him to a port of rest,


D. C.





And precious souls to rise no more Find rest within a tidal grave.
 The buoy of hope points over there To shores of rest, a rest for all.
 And while the waves shall near me roll, Steer safely to the harbor blest.

Mrs. V. A. BELDEN.



H. B. GROENGILS.





1. How sweet 'twill be at ev - 'ning, When all our work is done,
 2. How sweet 'twill be in Zi - on, With no more to en - dure—
 3. How sweet 'twill be in heav - en, Where end-less morn ap - pears,


To view the roll - ing splen - dor Of life's de-scend-ing sun.
 To know that all our tri - als But served to make us pure.
 To meet our friends and know them—The lost of oth - er years.

And think that in the morn - ing, Which soon shall greet our eyes,
 Just as the gold and sil - ver, Their val - ue to dis - play,
 And with them and the an - gels, Whose songs e - ter - nal rise,

No storm-clouds of af - flic - tion, Or sor - row e'er shall rise.
 Must first go thro' the fur - nace, To melt the dross a - way.
 Sit at the mar-riage sup - per— The ban - quet of the skies.



ADALINE H. BEERY.

J. D. SHAVER.

1. I've read of man-sions in the skies, Whose towers in heavenly radiance rise;
 2. How frail I am my Master knows; I can - not earn that sweet re - pose;
 3. My grateful ser - vice let me bring; My hope and strength, to Thee I cling,

For Je-sus' friends those dwellings stand, Adorned by His own lov-ing hand.
 Its walls He built with love un - paid, Beneath the tree of life's cool shade.
 O, keep for me a dwelling place, Where I may see Thy kind-ly face.

REFRAIN.

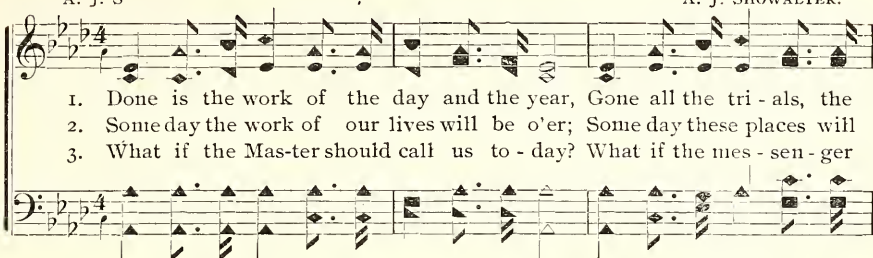
O mansions by the jas-per sea; The Sav-ior purchased one for me,

A home, a rest, a place of cheer; O Sav-ior, is my ti - tle clear?

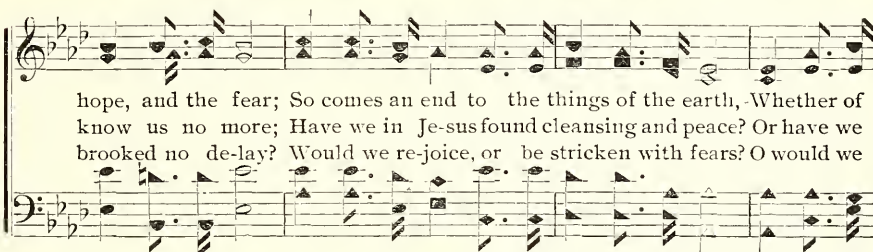
No. 137. A SONG FOR THE END OF THE YEAR.

A. J. S

A. J. SHOWALTER.

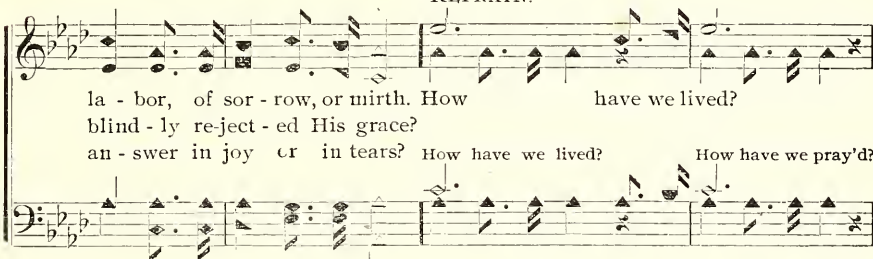


1. Done is the work of the day and the year, Gone all the tri - als, the
 2. Some day the work of our lives will be o'er; Some day these places will
 3. What if the Mas-ter should call us to - day? What if the mes - sen - ger

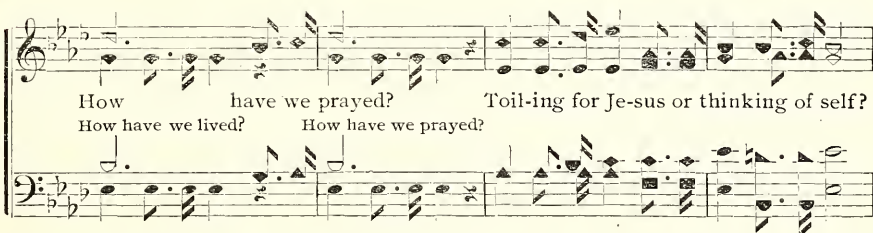


hope, and the fear; So comes an end to the things of the earth, Whether of
 know us no more; Have we in Je-sus found cleansing and peace? Or have we
 brooked no de-lay? Would we re-joice, or be stricken with fears? O would we

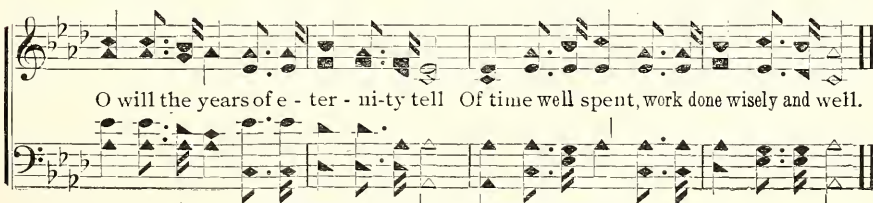
REFRAIN.



la - bor, of sor - row, or mirth. How have we lived?
 blind - ly re-ject - ed His grace?
 an - swer in joy or in tears? How have we lived? How have we pray'd?



How have we prayed? Toil-ing for Je-sus or thinking of self?
 How have we lived? How have we prayed?



O will the years of e - ter - ni - ty tell Of time well spent, work done wisely and well.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

"The Lord is my light and my salvation."—PS. 27: 1.

W. A. DOANE.

1. Bright is our path-way, homeward to Thee, Bright is our path-way,
 2. Bright is our path-way, homeward to Thee, Prints of Thy foot-steps
 3. Bright is our path-way, joy - ful we go, Up where the life-streams

D. C.—*Bright is our path-way, home-ward to Thee, Bright is our path-way,*

joy - ful are we; Bless - ed Re - deem - er, kind - ly Thy voice
 ev - er we see; O how they cheer us, point - ing the soul
 ten - der - ly flow; Home where the dear ones wait by the shore,

joy - ful are we; Bless - ed Re - deem - er, kind - ly Thy voice,

FINE.

Bids us to - day re - joice, re - joice, Un - der Thy shad - ow,
 Up where e - ter - nal a - ges roll, Lord, keep us faith - ful,
 Home where the lone heart weeps no more. There may we gath - er,

Bids us to - day re - joice, re - joice.

hap - py and blest, Un - der Thy shad - ow sweet - ly we rest,
 firm to the end, Thou our Pre - serv - er, Shepherd and Friend;
 there may we sing, Praise to our Sav - ior, praise to our King;

D. C.

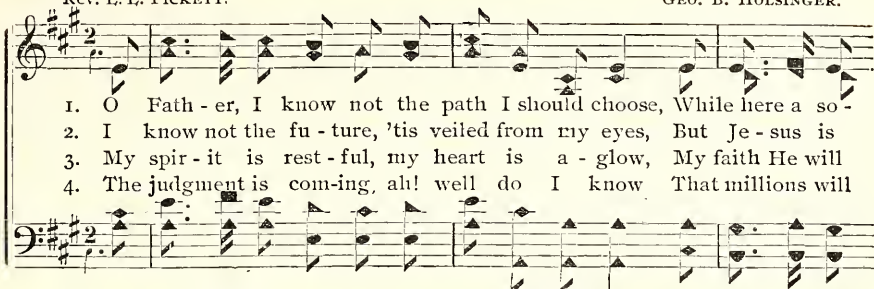
Un - der Thy shadow may we a - bide, Close to Thy bleed - ing side.
 Nev - er, O nev - er leave us to stray, Far from Thine arms a - way.
 There may we gather, brought by Thy Love, Safe to the realms a - bove.

No. 139.

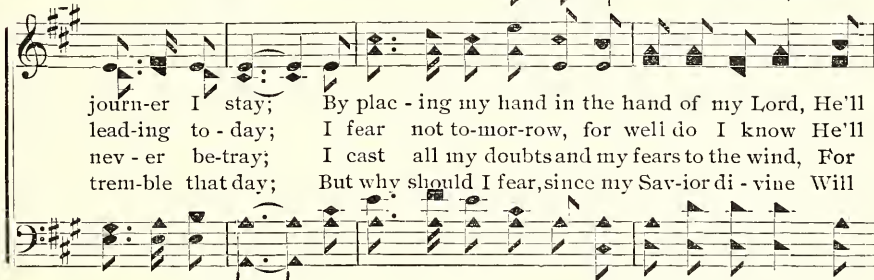
HE'LL GUIDE ME.

Rev. L. L. PICKETT.

GEO. B. HOLSINGER.

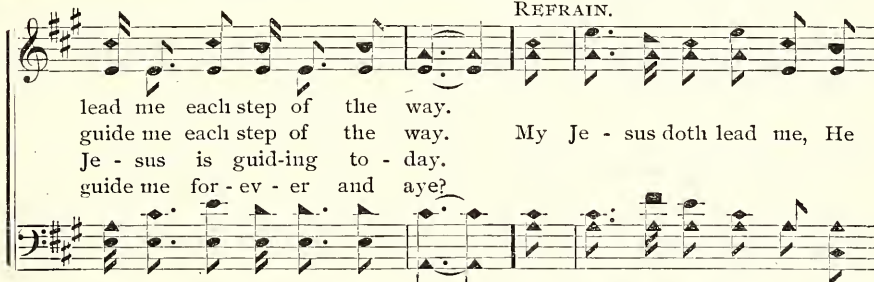


1. O Fath - er, I know not the path I should choose, While here a so -
 2. I know not the fu - ture, 'tis veiled from my eyes, But Je - sus is
 3. My spir - it is rest - ful, my heart is a - glow, My faith He will
 4. The judgment is com - ing, ah! well do I know That millions will

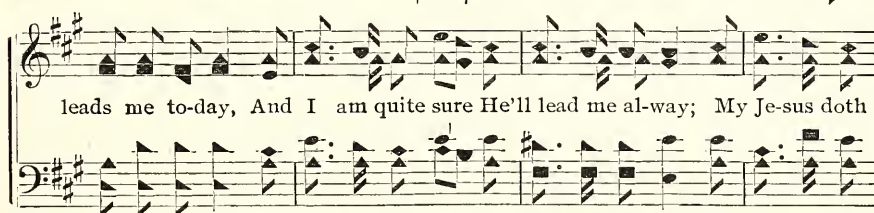


journ - er I stay; By plac - ing my hand in the hand of my Lord, He'll
 lead - ing to - day; I fear not to - mor - row, for well do I know He'll
 nev - er be - tray; I cast all my doubts and my fears to the wind, For
 trem - ble that day; But why should I fear, since my Sav - ior di - vine Will

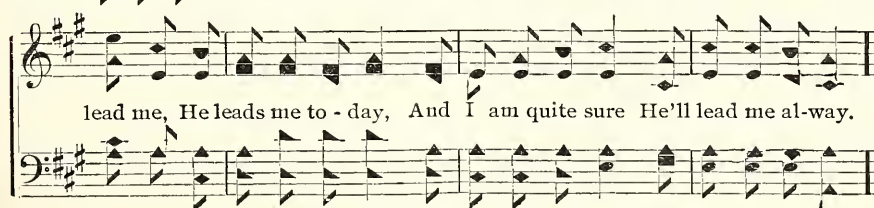
REFRAIN.



lead me each step of the way.
 guide me each step of the way. My Je - sus doth lead me, He
 Je - sus is guid - ing to - day.
 guide me for - ev - er and aye?



leads me to - day, And I am quite sure He'll lead me al - way; My Je - sus doth

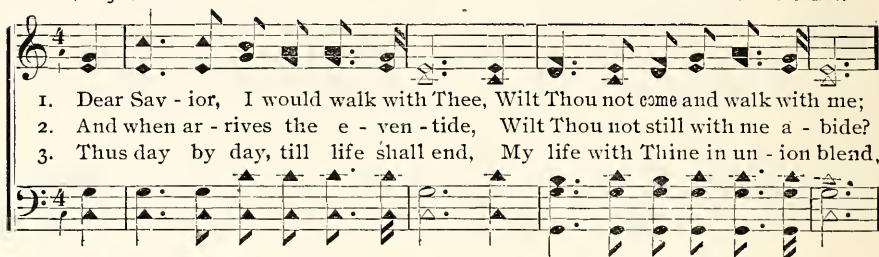


lead me, He leads me to - day, And I am quite sure He'll lead me al - way.

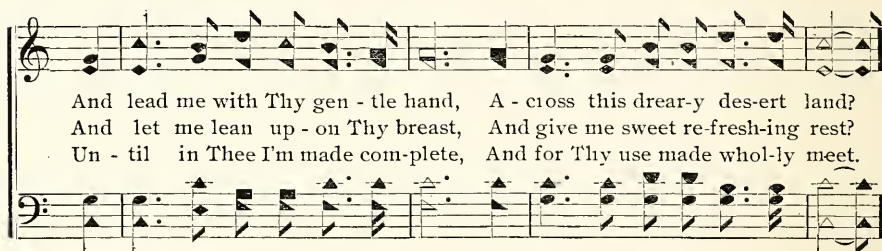
No. 140. I WOULD WALK WITH THEE.

Eld. J. S. MOHLER.

S. G. CLINE.



1. Dear Sav - ior, I would walk with Thee, Wilt Thou not come and walk with me;
 2. And when ar - rives the e - ven - tide, Wilt Thou not still with me a - bide?
 3. Thus day by day, till life shall end, My life with Thine in un - ion blend,



And lead me with Thy gen - tle hand, A - cross this drear-y des-ert land?
 And let me lean up - on Thy breast, And give me sweet re-fresh-ing rest?
 Un - til in Thee I'm made com-plete, And for Thy use made whol-ly meet.


REFRAIN.



With man-na feed my hun-gry soul, Thy-self to
 With man - na feed my hun - gry soul,



me still more un-fold, And talk with me,
 Thy - self to me still more un-fold, And talk with me



a - long the way till burns my heart with Thee to stay.
 a - long the way till burns my heart with Thee to stay.

ADALINE H. BEERY.

J. D. BRUNK.



1. Je - sus, roy - al, heav'nly Friend, On Thy kind - ness we de - pend;
2. None so poor or pressed with care, But their bur - dens He doth share;
3. But the kind - est deed of all Was our ran - som from the fall;



Rich and poor and great and small, Thou hast grac - ious words for all.
 Tho' our friends take oth - er ways, His dear pres - ence with us stays.
 God-like friend - ship! Free - ly He Died for nat - ions, died for me.



REFRAIN.



Great of heart such Friend to be, Best of all a Friend to me!



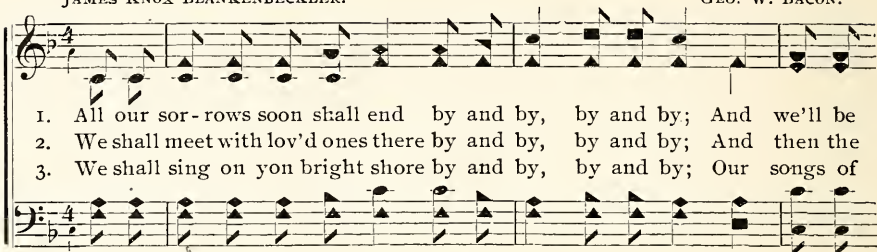
Let my life Thy praise ex - tend, Je - sus, ev - 'ry - bod - y's Friend.



No. 142. AND WITH GLORY CROWN THE DAY.

JAMES KNOX BLANKENBECKLER.

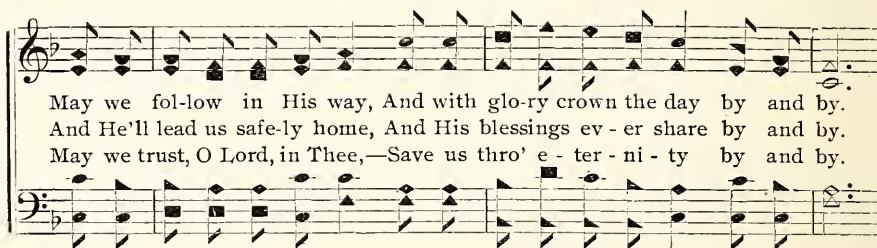
GEO. W. BACON.



1. All our sor-rows soon shall end by and by, by and by; And we'll be
 2. We shall meet with lov'd ones there by and by, by and by; And then the
 3. We shall sing on you bright shore by and by, by and by; Our songs of

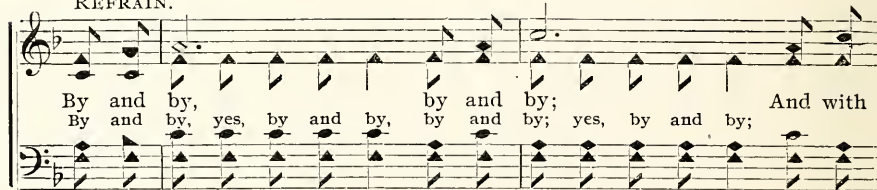


sav'd from all our sin by and by; From youth un-til old age,
 bliss of heav-en share by and by; Our Re-deem-er bids us come,
 praise for-ev-er-more by and by; From sin to set us free,

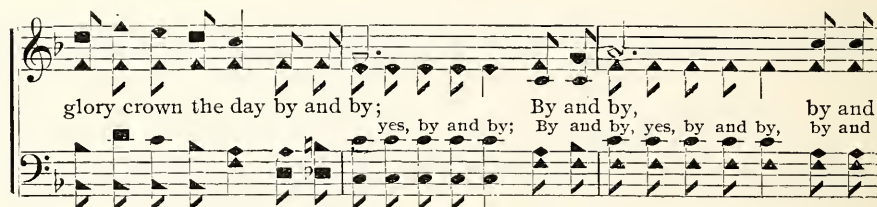


May we fol-low in His way, And with glo-ry crown the day by and by.
 And He'll lead us safe-ly home, And His blessings ev-er share by and by.
 May we trust, O Lord, in Thee,—Save us thro' e-ter-ni-ty by and by.

REFRAIN.



By and by, by and by, by and by; yes, by and by; And with
 By and by, yes, by and by, by and by; yes, by and by;



glory crown the day by and by; By and by, by and
 yes, by and by; By and by, yes, by and by, by and

AND WITH GLORY CROWN THE DAY.

by, by, yes, by and by, And with glo - ry crown the day by and by.

No. 143.

TRUSTING IN JESUS.

Mrs. GEO. B. HOLSINGER.

GEO. B. HOLSINGER, by per.

1. I am trust-ing, sim - ply trust-ing, And I know I am not lost!
 2. While I'm trusting, He is with me, Gen-ly lead - ing me a - long;
 3. He has promised to be with me, And that I shall know Him too!

Weak am I, and great my debt is, But my Sav - ior paid the cost!
 And I know it is my Sav - ior, By the peace so deep and strong!
 Oh, I'll nev - er drive Him from me, By His grace I'll e'er be true!

REFRAIN.

Trust-ing Je - sus, Bless-ed Je - sus! Trusting Him who died for me!
 I am trust-ing Je - sus, Oh, my bless-ed Je - sus,

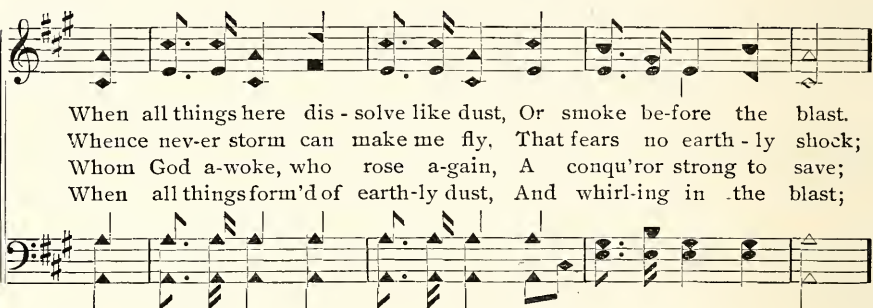
He be-held, with eye of pit - y, Paid the debt and made me free.

ALT.

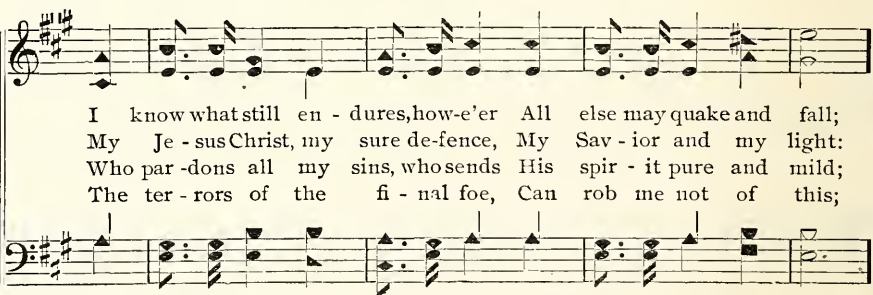
G. B. H.



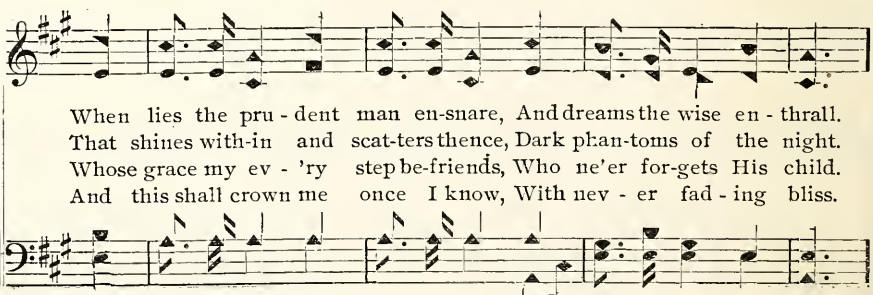
1. I know in whom I put my trust, I know what stand-eth fast,
 2. It is the day-spring from on high, The ad - a - man - tine rock,
 3. Who once was borne, be-trayed and slain, At ev - 'ning to the grave,
 4. There-fore I know in whom I trust, I know what stand-eth fast,



When all things here dis - solve like dust, Or smoke be-fore the blast.
 Whence nev-er storm can make me fly, That fears no earth - ly shock;
 Whom God a-woke, who rose a-gain, A conqu'ror strong to save;
 When all things form'd of earth-ly dust, And whirl-ing in the blast;



I know what still en - dures, how-e'er All else may quake and fall;
 My Je - sus Christ, my sure de-fence, My Sav - ior and my light:
 Who par-dons all my sins, who sends His spir - it pure and mild;
 The ter - rors of the fi - nal foe, Can rob me not of this;



When lies the pru - dent man en-snare, And dreams the wise en - thrall.
 That shines with-in and scat-ters thence, Dark phan-toms of the night.
 Whose grace my ev - 'ry step be-friends, Who ne'er for-gets His child.
 And this shall crown me once I know, With nev - er fad - ing bliss.

IN CHRIST I TRUST.

I know in whom I put my trust, 'Tis Je-sus Christ my stay,
I know in whom I put my trust, 'Tis Jesus Christ my stay, my stay,

Tho' all things here dis-solve a - way, In Je - sus still I'll trust.
Tho' all things here dis-solve a-way, In Je - sus still I'll trust.

No. 145. MORE LOVE TO THEE.

S. S. MYERS, by per.

Earnestly. p FINE.

D.C. 1. More love to Thee, O Christ! More love to Thee! Hear Thou the pray'r I make
2. Once earth-ly joy I craved, Sought peace and rest; Now Thee a-lone I seek,
3. Then shall my latest breath Whis-per Thy praise; This be the part-ing cry

ff D. C.

On bend-ed knee; This is my earn-est plea, More love, O Christ, to Thee.
Give what is best; This all my prayer shall be, More love, O Christ, to Thee.
My heart shall raise; This still my heart shall be, More love, O Christ, to Thee.

No. 146.

TO THY ARMS I FLY.

GERTRUDE A. FLORY.

S. E. DUNCAN.



1. Sav - ior dear, I come to Thee, Earth - ly things are van - i - ty;
2. Bid its fame and transient joys Van - ish with its fleet - ing toys;
3. Ly - ing close to Thy great heart, I dis - cern Love's matchless art;
4. Fold me clos - er, day by day, In Thy lov - ing arms, I pray;



From the world's il - lu - sive charms, Lord, I has - ten to Thy arms.
 Warm my cold, my way - ward heart, Thy own Spir - it, Lord, im - part!
 Won by His sweet charms, I live, My own heart's best love to give.
 Let me cling to Thee a - lone, Till I reach my Father's throne.



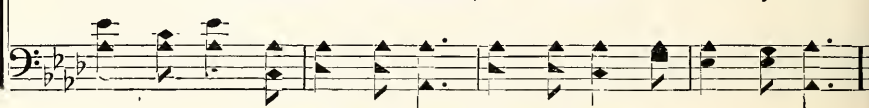
REFRAIN.



To Thy o - pen arms I fly, There the tempt - er I de - fy!



O the world must lose its charms, In the shelt - er of Thy arms.



No. 147.

GATHERED HOME.

Words Arranged.

GEO. B. HOLSINGER, 1882.

1. Shall we all meet at home in the morn - ing, On the shores of the bright
 2. Shall we all meet at home in the morn - ing, And from sor-row for-ev-
 3. Shall we all meet at home in the morn - ing, Our bless-ed Re-deem-

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

REFRAIN.

meet - ing in-deed there will be. Gath-er'd home gath-er'd
 meet - ing in-deed there will be
 meet - ing in-deed there will be. Gath - er'd home,

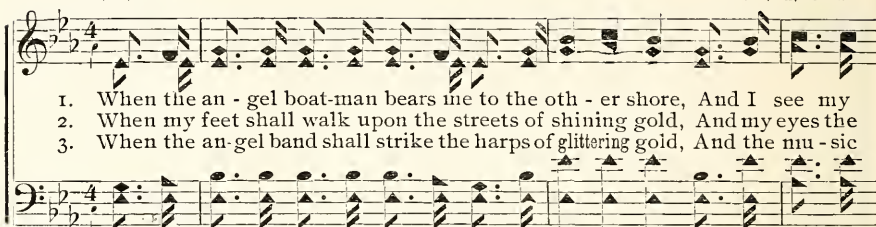
home, gath - er'd home On the shores of the bright crystal sea, Gather'd
 crys - tal sea,

home, gath-er'd home, With our loved ones for-ev-er to be.
 Gather'd home, gather'd home.

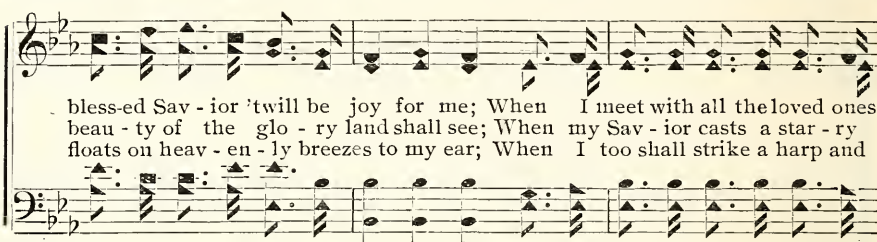
No. 148. THERE WILL BE A HAPPY MEETING.

H. E. ENGLE.

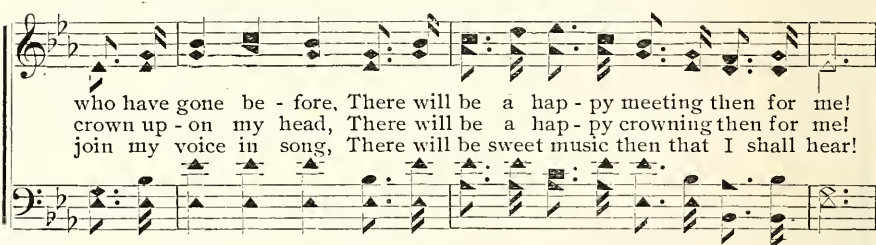
H. E. ENGLE.



1. When the an - gel boat-man bears me to the oth - er shore, And I see my
2. When my feet shall walk upon the streets of shining gold, And my eyes the
3. When the an - gel band shall strike the harps of glittering gold, And the mu - sic

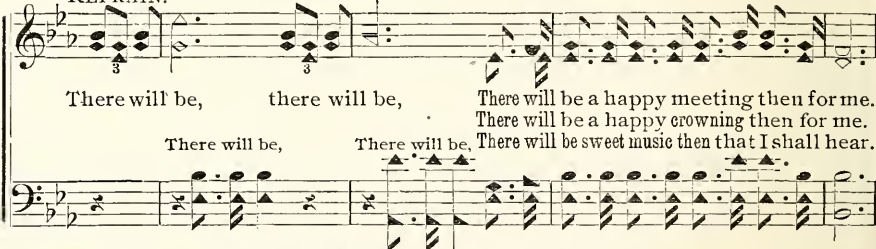


bless-ed Sav - ior 'twill be joy for me; When I meet with all the loved ones
beau - ty of the glo - ry land shall see; When my Sav - ior casts a star - ry
floats on heav - en - ly breezes to my ear; When I too shall strike a harp and

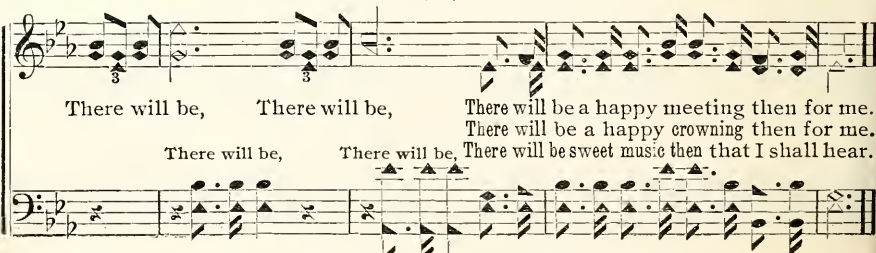


who have gone be - fore, There will be a hap - py meeting then for me!
crown up - on my head, There will be a hap - py crowning then for me!
join my voice in song, There will be sweet music then that I shall hear!

REFRAIN.



There will be, there will be, There will be a happy meeting then for me.
There will be a happy crowning then for me.
There will be, There will be, There will be sweet music then that I shall hear.



There will be, There will be, There will be a happy meeting then for me.
There will be a happy crowning then for me.
There will be, There will be, There will be sweet music then that I shall hear.

No. 149.

NEARER TO THEE.

Mrs. A. P. JERVIS.

(FOR MALE VOICES.)

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1. "Nearer, my God, to Thee," This is my prayer; Nearer Thy bleeding side, Kept by Thy care;
 2. "Nearer, my God, to Thee," Thro' out each day; Teach how to keep Thy laws, Teach how to pray,
 3. Fill this poor heart with love, This tongue with praise; So I may tell Thy pow'r, Thro' all my days,
 4. Then, when heav'n's glories burst All on my sight, When I behold the Lamb Who is the light,

Nearer, my God, to Thee, What e'er betide; Nearer the saving cross, Where Jesus died.
 Jesus, dear risen Lord, This is my plea; Draw me, by love divine, Nearer to Thee.
 Daily my will and choice, I would resign Till all my life is lost, Savior in Thine.
 Then from my raptured heart Will burst my plea, "Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer to Thee."

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No. 150.

BURLINGTON. 7s. (544)

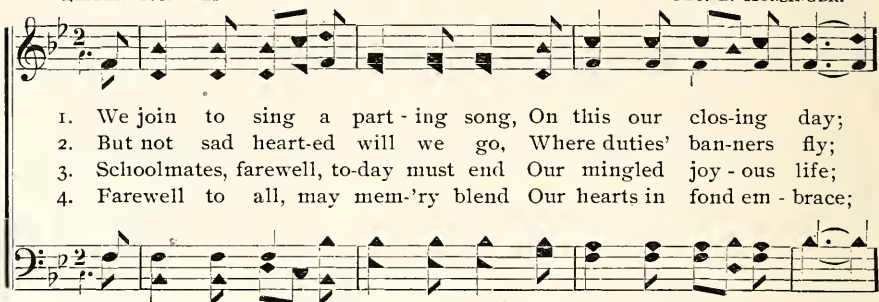
J. A. CLICK.

1. Come, my soul, thy suit pre-pare, Je-sus loves to an-swer prayer;
 2. Thou art com-ing to a king, Large pe-ti-tions with thee bring;
 3. With my bur-den I be-gin, Lord, re-move this load of sin;
 4. Lord, I come to Thee for rest, Take pos-ses-sion of my breast;
 5. While I am a pil-grim here, Let Thy love my spir-it cheer;

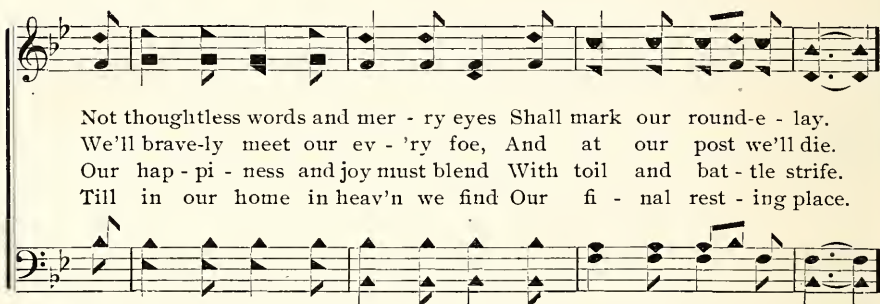
He Him-self has bid thee pray, Therefore will not say thee nay.
 For His grace and power are such, None can ev-er ask too much.
 Let Thy blood, for sin-ners spilt, Set my conscience free from guilt.
 There Thy blood-bought right maintain, And with-out a ri-val reign.
 As my Guide, my Guard, my Friend, Lead me to my jour-ney's end.

LILLIAN HUDDLESTIN.

GEO. B. HOISINGER.

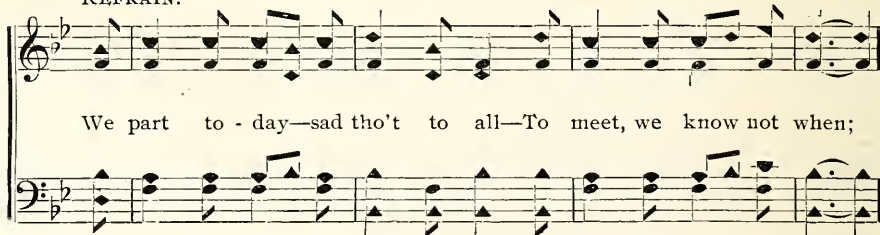


1. We join to sing a part - ing song, On this our clos - ing day;
 2. But not sad heart - ed will we go, Where duties' ban - ners fly;
 3. Schoolmates, farewell, to - day must end Our mingled joy - ous life;
 4. Farewell to all, may mem - ry blend Our hearts in fond em - brace;

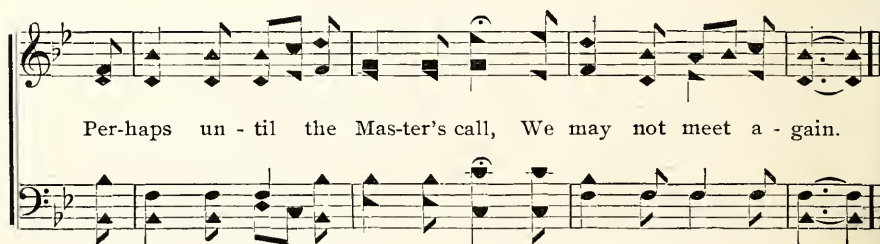


Not thoughtless words and mer - ry eyes Shall mark our round - e - lay.
 We'll brave - ly meet our ev - 'ry foe, And at our post we'll die.
 Our hap - pi - ness and joy must blend With toil and bat - tle strife.
 Till in our home in heav'n we find Our fi - nal rest - ing place.

REFRAIN.



We part to - day—sad tho't to all—To meet, we know not when;



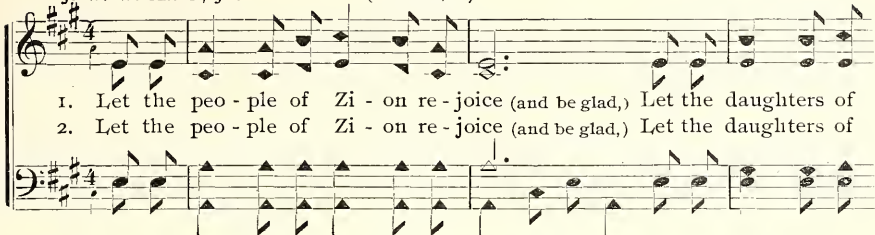
Per - haps un - til the Mas - ter's call, We may not meet a - gain.

No. 152. LET THE PEOPLE OF ZION REJOICE.

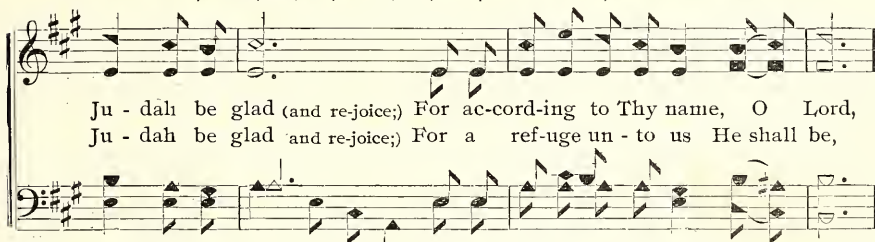
J. W. WAYLAND, JR.

(ANTHEM.)

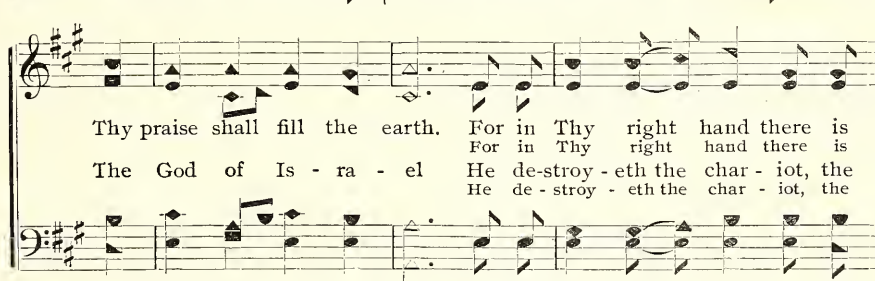
GEO. B. HOLSINGER.



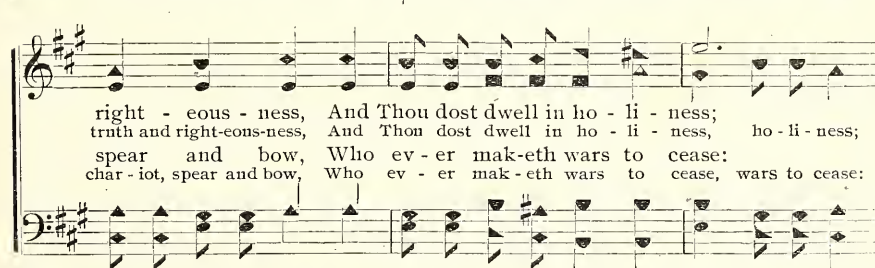
1. Let the peo - ple of Zi - on re - joice (and be glad,) Let the daughters of
2. Let the peo - ple of Zi - on re - joice (and be glad,) Let the daughters of



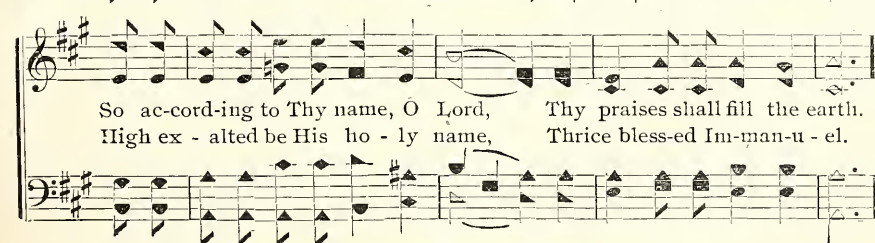
Ju - dah be glad (and re-joice;) For ac-cord-ing to Thy name, O Lord,
Ju - dah be glad (and re-joice;) For a ref-u-ge un - to us He shall be,



Thy praise shall fill the earth. For in Thy right hand there is
The God of Is - ra - el He de-destroy - eth the char - iot, the
He de - destroy - eth the char - iot, the



right - eous - ness, And Thou dost dwell in ho - li - ness;
truth and right-eous-ness, And Thou dost dwell in ho - li - ness, ho - li - ness;
spear and bow, Who ev - er mak-eth wars to cease:
char - iot, spear and bow, Who ev - er mak-eth wars to cease, wars to cease:



So ac-cord-ing to Thy name, O Lord, Thy praises shall fill the earth.
High ex - alted be His ho - ly name, Thrice bless-ed Im-man-u - el.

No. 153. HARK! THE HERALD ANGELS SING.

GEO. B. HOLSINGER.

Hark! the herald angels sing, Glory to the new-born King, Glory be to God in the highest,

may end here.

Glory be to God most high, Glo-ry be unto the heavenly King, Glory be to God the

Swell and rit.

angels sing, Hear the hosts of heav'n their King a-dor-ing, Hear them sing,
Hear, oh, hear them, hear them singing.

DUET.

* Glo - ry, Glo - ry, Glo - ry in the high-est, glo - ry!
A little faster.

1. Christ is born and heav'n re-joic-es, Ju - dah's plain is bathed in light.
2. Christ is born, the Lord's a-noint-ed Leaves the heav'nly world a - while,

* Use the Duet, in Repeat, and in D. C. using verse 2.

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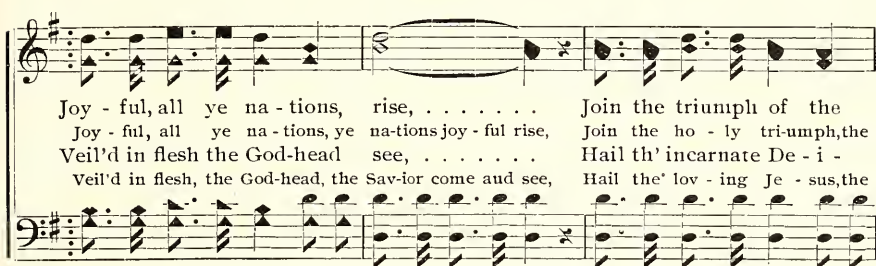
HARK! THE HERALD ANGELS RING.

FINE.

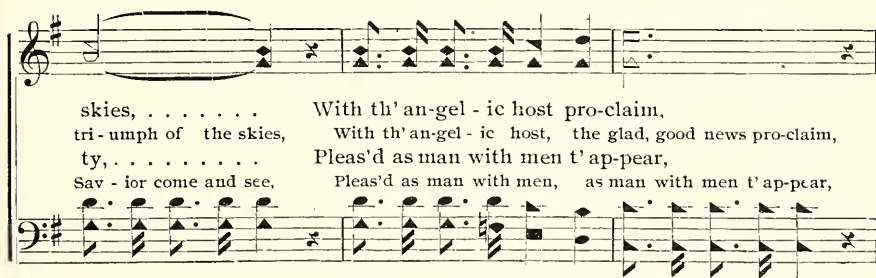


Glo - ry, Glo - ry, Glo - ry be to God most high.

Thousand, thousand harps and voices, Break the si - lence of the night.
En - ters in the work ap - point - ed, God and man to rec - on - cile.



Joy - ful, all ye na - tions, rise, Join the triumph of the
Joy - ful, all ye na - tions, ye na - tions joy - ful rise, Join the ho - ly tri - umph, the
Veil'd in flesh the God - head see, Hail th' incarnate De - i -
Veil'd in flesh, the God - head, the Sav - ior come and see, Hail the lov - ing Je - sus, the



skies, With th' an - gel - ic host pro - claim,
tri - umph of the skies, With th' an - gel - ic host, the glad, good news pro - claim,
ty, Pleas'd as man with men t' ap - pear,
Sav - ior come and see, Pleas'd as man with men, as man with men t' ap - pear,

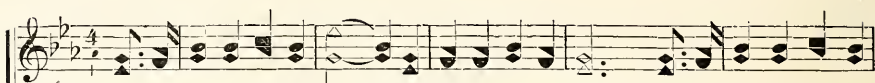


rit. *D. C. al Fine.*

"Christ is born in Beth - le - hem," "Christ is born in Beth - le - hem."
"Christ this day is born, is born in Beth - le - hem," "Christ is born in Beth - le - hem."
Je - sus, our Im - man - u - el, Je - sus, our Im - man - u - el.
Je - sus our Im - man - uel, our Im - man - uel here, Je - sus our Im - mau - uel here.

J. W. WAYLAND, JR.

GEO. B. HOLSINGER.



I. Thro' the gates of light a - jar, From great Jehovah's throne, Ringing o'er the earth a-

Organ.



far, A sweet, seraphic tone; Ten thousand thousand voices clear, Thro' heaven's



pearly portals roll, Oh, swell the anthem far and near, The triumphs of a sinless soul;



Sal - va - tion to our God, And glo - ry to the Lamb;



Sal - va - tion to the Lord our God, And glo - ry to the spotless Lamb;



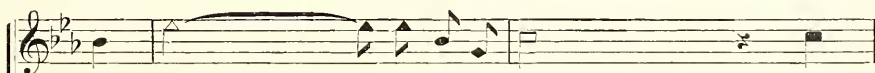
ECHOES FROM THE THRONE.



For worth - y is His name Of hon - or and of praise,



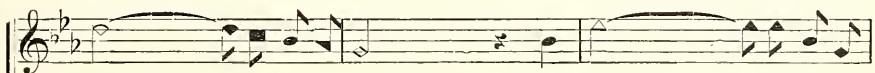
. For worthy is His ho - ly name Of hon - or and of endless praise.



Then join, ye ransomed throng, The



Then join, ye ransomed throng, With voic - es clear and strong, The



heav'n - born, hap-py song; Let earth a tribute



heav'n-born, happy song, The anthems loud and long; Let earth a tribute bring To

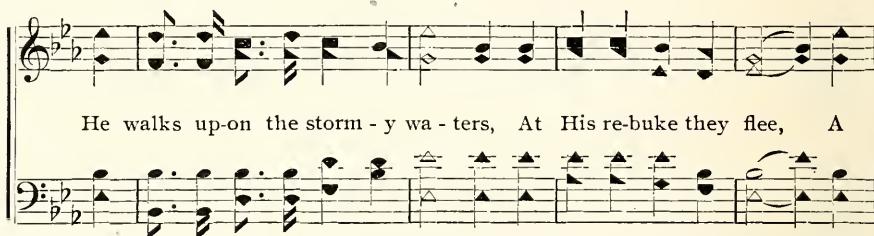


ECHOES FROM THE THRONE.

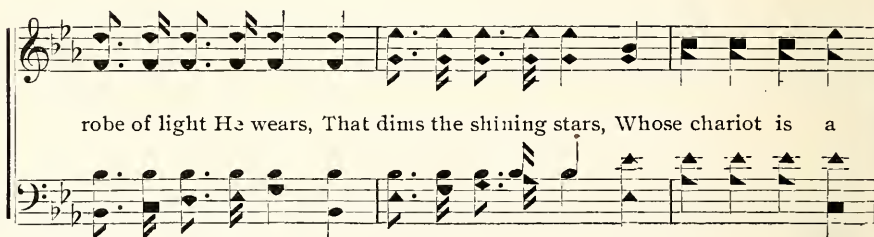


bring, God's end - less prais-es sing.

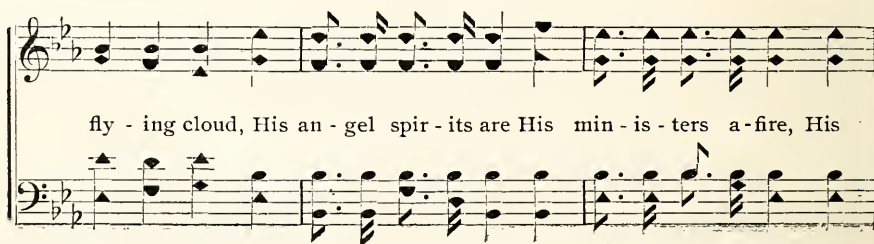
heav'n's e-ter - nal King, God's endless praises sing, His end-less prais-es sing.



He walks up-on the storm - y wa - ters, At His re-buke they flee, A



robe of light He wears, That dims the shining stars, Whose chariot is a



fly - ing cloud, His an - gel spir - its are His min - is - ters a-fire, His

ECHOES FROM THE THRONE.

ORGAN. *f* *Allegro.*

min - is - ters a - fire. Bless - ing, hon - or, glo - ry, praise,

Saints up-on the earth join saints around the throne, Blessings, hon - or,

glo - ry, praise, Saints up-on the earth join saints a-round the throne.

ff

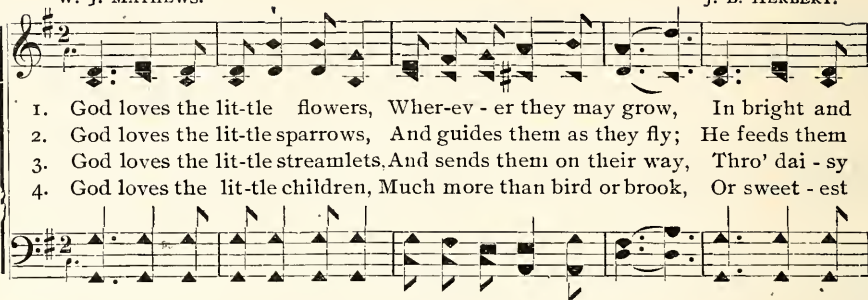
Hal - le - lu - jah, for ev - er, ev - er - more.

ff

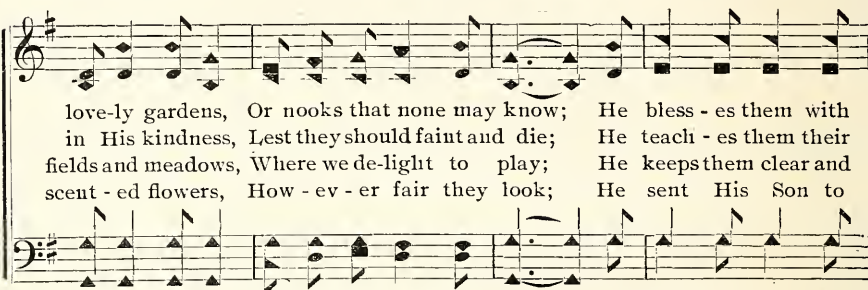
Hal - le - lu - jah, for ev - er - more.

W. J. MATHEWS.

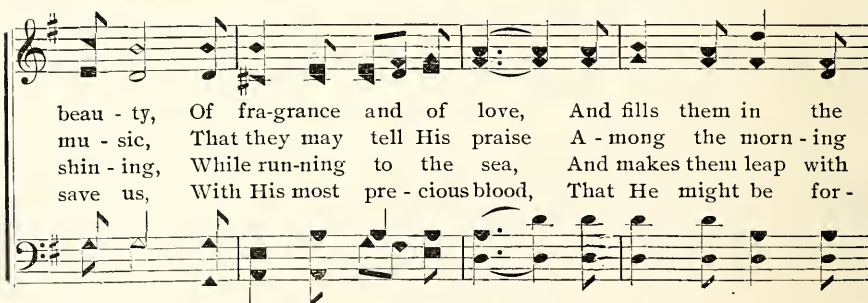
J. B. HERBERT.



1. God loves the lit-tle flowers, Wher-ev - er they may grow, In bright and
 2. God loves the lit-tle sparrows, And guides them as they fly; He feeds them
 3. God loves the lit-tle streamlets, And sends them on their way, Thro' dai - sy
 4. God loves the lit-tle children, Much more than bird or brook, Or sweet - est



love-ly gardens, Or nooks that none may know; He bless - es them with
 in His kindness, Lest they should faint and die; He teach - es them their
 fields and meadows, Where we de-light to play; He keeps them clear and
 scent - ed flowers, How - ev - er fair they look; He sent His Son to



beau - ty, Of fra-grance and of love, And fills them in the
 mu - sic, That they may tell His praise A - mong the morn - ing
 shin - ing, While run - ning to the sea, And makes them leap with
 save us, With His most pre - cious blood, That He might be for -

REFRAIN.



morn-ing, With His re-fresh - ing dew. God loves the lit - tle flowers,
 branches, In sum-mer's gold - en days. God loves the lit - tle sparrows,
 glad-ness, And sing right mer - ri - ly. God loves the lit - tle streamlets,
 ev - er The best loved works of God. God loves the lit - tle children,

GOD LOVES THEM.

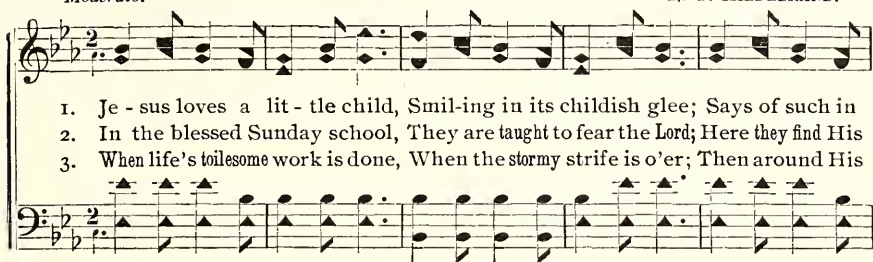


Lit-tle, lit-tle flow - ers, God loves the lit-tle flowers, God loves them.
 Lit-tle, lit-tle spar-rows, God loves the lit-tle sparrows, God loves them.
 Lit-tle, lit-tle streamlets, God loves the lit-tle streamlets, God loves them.
 Lit-tle, lit-tle chil - dren, God loves the lit-tle chil-dren, God loves them.

No. 156. LET THEM COME TO ME.

Moderato.

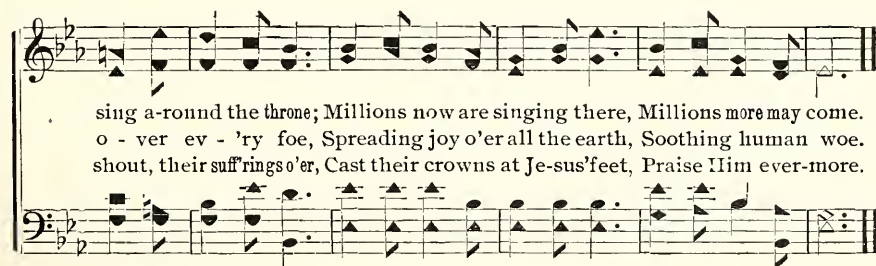
E. T. HILDEBRAND.



1. Je - sus loves a lit - tle child, Smil-ing in its childish glee; Says of such in
2. In the blessed Sunday school, They are taught to fear the Lord; Here they find His
3. When life's toilsome work is done, When the stormy strife is o'er; Then around His



ac-cents mild, "Let them come to me," Let them come, forbid them not, They will
 ho - ly way, Learn to love His word, Armed with this they may go forth, Tri-umph
 shining throne, On the bliss-ful shore, Shall His happy children meet, Sing and




sing a-round the throne; Millions now are singing there, Millions more may come.
 o - ver ev - 'ry foe, Spreading joy o'er all the earth, Soothing human woe.
 shout, their sufferings o'er, Cast their crowns at Je-sus' feet, Praise Him ever-more.

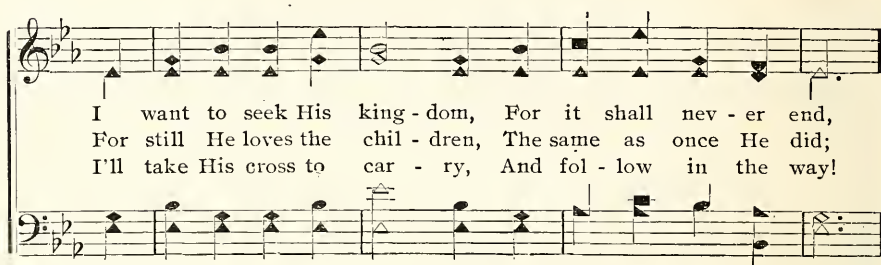
No. 157, I WANT TO LIVE FOR JESUS.

E. R. LATTA.

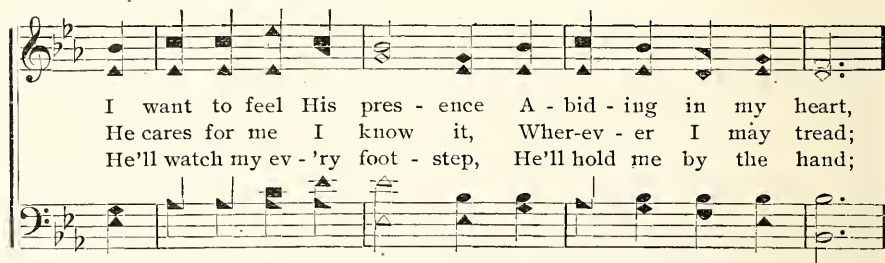
GEO. B. HOLSINGER.



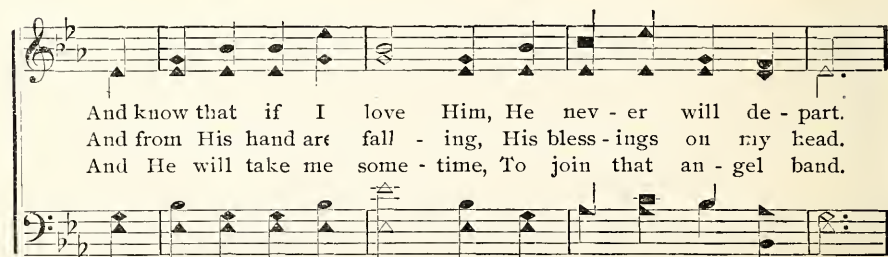
1. I want to live for Je - sus, The chil-dren's tru - est friend!
 2. I want to live for Je - sus, And He will not for - bid;
 3. I want to live for Je - sus, And nev - er go a - stray!



I want to seek His king - dom, For it shall nev - er end,
 For still He loves the chil - dren, The same as once He did;
 I'll take His cross to car - ry, And fol - low in the way!



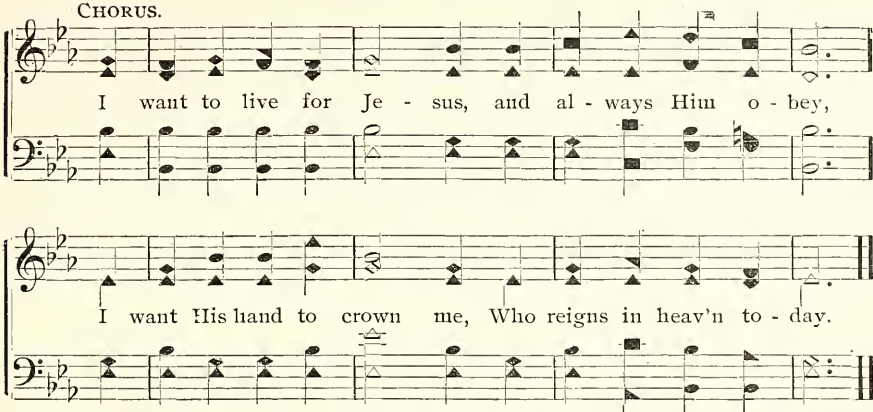
I want to feel His pres - ence A - bid - ing in my heart,
 He cares for me I know it, Wher - ev - er I may tread;
 He'll watch my ev - 'ry foot - step, He'll hold me by the hand;



And know that if I love Him, He nev - er will de - part.
 And from His hand are fall - ing, His bless - ings on my head.
 And He will take me some - time, To join that an - gel band.

I WANT TO LIVE FOR JESUS.

CHORUS.



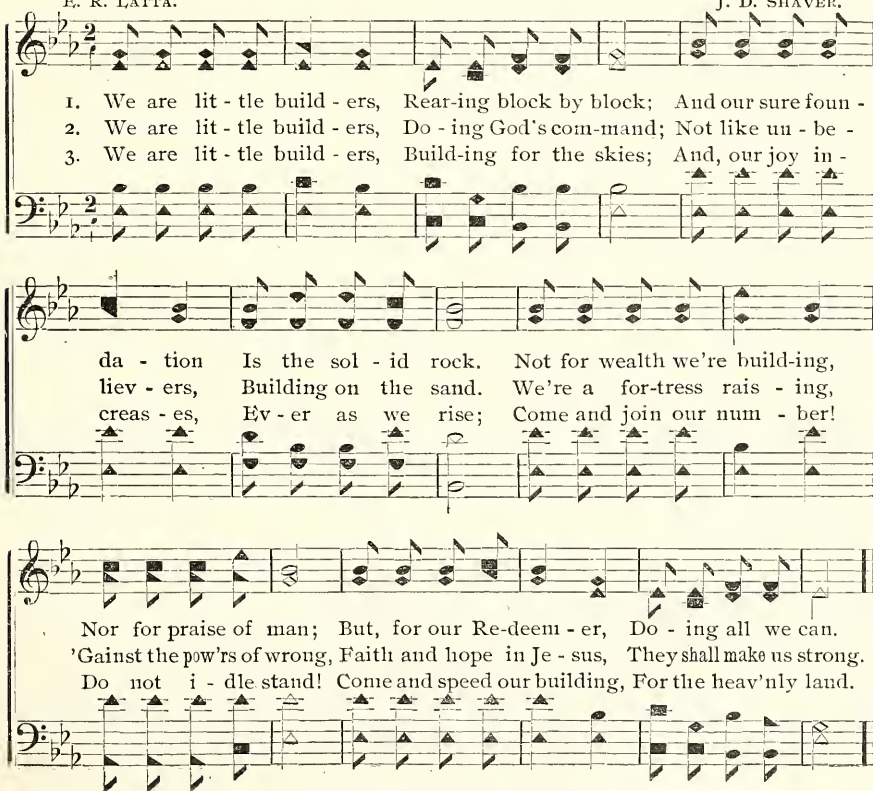
I want to live for Je - sus, and al - ways Him o - bey,
I want His hand to crown me, Who reigns in heav'n to - day.

No. 158.

LITTLE BUILDERS.

E. R. LATTA.

J. D. SHAVER.



1. We are lit - tle build - ers, Rear - ing block by block; And our sure foun -
2. We are lit - tle build - ers, Do - ing God's com - mand; Not like un - be -
3. We are lit - tle build - ers, Build - ing for the skies; And, our joy in -
da - tion Is the sol - id rock. Not for wealth we're build - ing,
liev - ers, Building on the sand. We're a for - tress rais - ing,
creas - es, Ev - er as we rise; Come and join our num - ber!
Nor for praise of man; But, for our Re - deem - er, Do - ing all we can.
'Gainst the pow'rs of wrong, Faith and hope in Je - sus, They shall make us strong.
Do not i - dle stand! Come and speed our building, For the heav'nly land.

No. 159.

LITTLE ONES LIKE ME.

GEO. B. HOLSINGER.

1. Je-sus, when He left the sky, And for sin-ners came to die, In His mercy
 2. Mothers then the Savior sought, In the places where He taught, Unto Him their
 3. Did the Sav-ior say them nay? No, He kindly bade them stay; Suffer'd none to
 4. Children, then, should love Him now, Strive His ho-ly will to do, Pray to Him, and

FINE. REFRAIN:

D. S.

passed not by Lit-tle ones like me.
 chil-dren bro't, Lit-tle ones like me. Little ones like me, Little ones like me;
 turn a - way Lit-tle ones like me.
 praise Him too, Lit-tle ones like me.

No. 160.

I AM A LITTLE SOLDIER.

ABRAM S. HERSHEY,

J. S. SHARPES.

1. I am a lit-tle sol-dier, And but a few years old; I mean to
 2. I love my bless-ed Je - sus, Be-cause He first lov'd me; And if I
 3. I now can do but lit-tle, Yet I'll do all I can; That, when my

fight for Je - sus, And wear a crown of gold. I know He makes me happy, And
 do not fear Him, How wicked I would be. He gives me all the comfort That
 life is end-ed, I may be hap-py then. God help to keep me earnest, In

I AM A LITTLE SOLDIER.

loves me all the day; I'll be His lit - tle sol-dier, The Bi - ble says I may.
 I en-joy this day; I mean to live for Je - sus, In all I do or say.
 all I do or say; I want to work for Je - sus, For He's the Truth, the Way.

No. 161. JESUS' LITTLE LAMB.

Mrs. C. E. BALDWIN.

B. C. UNSELD.

1. I am Je - sus' lit-tle lamb, He'll wash me white as snow, And to the place where
 2. Lead me to the waters still, And thro' the pastures green, But in the way of
 3. Teach me how to patient be, Let love within me stay, That I may help to

REFRAIN.

He has gone, He'll surely let me go.
 vice and sin, O let me ne'er be seen. Keep me, Jesus, while I sleep, And guide me
 bring to Thee The little lambs that stray.

through the day, For while I sleep I can-not sin, But when I wake I may.

No. 162.

CORONATION, C. M. (381)

OLIVER HOLDEN.

1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name! Let - an-gels prostrate fall;
 2. Crown Him, ye mar - tyrs of our God, Who from His al - tar call;
 3. Let ev - 'ry kin - dred, ev - 'ry tribe, On this ter - res - trial ball,
 4. O that with yon - der sa - cred throng, We at His feet may fall!

Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all,
 Ex - tol the stem of Jes - se's rod, And crown Him Lord of all,
 To Him all maj - es - ty as - cribe, And crown Him Lord of all,
 We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song, And crown Him Lord of all,

Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all.
 Ex - tol the stem of Jes - se's rod, And crown Him Lord of all.
 To Him all ma - jes - ty as - cribe, And crown Him Lord of all.
 We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song, And crown Him Lord of all.

No. 163. C. M. (10)

- 1 In all my vast concerns with Thee,
 In vain my soul would try
 To shun Thy presence, Lord, or flee
 The notice of Thine eye.
- 2 Thy all-surrounding sight surveys
 My rising and my rest,
 My public walks, and private ways,
 And secrets of my breast.
- 3 My thoughts lie open to the Lord,
 Before they're formed within;
 And ere my lips pronounce the word,
 He knows the sense I mean.
- 4 O wond'rous knowledge deep and high!
 Where can a creature hide?
 Within Thy circling arms I lie,
 Beset on every side.
- 5 So let Thy grace surround me still,
 And like a bulwark prove,
 To guard my soul from every ill,
 Secur'd by sov'reign love.

No. 164. C. M. (754)

- 1 When brighter suns and milder skies
 Proclaim the opening year,
 What various sounds of joy arise,
 What prospects bright appear!
- 2 Earth and her thousand voices give
 Their thousand notes of praise;
 And all, that by His mercy live,
 To God their offering raise.
- 3 The streams, all beautiful and bright,
 Reflect the morning sky;
 And there, with music in his flight,
 The wild bird soars on high.
- 4 Thus, like the morning, calm and clear,
 That saw the Savior rise,
 The spring of heaven's eternal year
 Shall dawn on earth and skies.
- 5 No winter there, no shades of night,
 Obscure those mansions blest,
 Where, in the happy fields of light,
 The weary are at rest.

No. 165.

SILOAM. C. M. (174)

I. B. WOODBURY.

1. Thou art the Way; to Thee a - lone, From sin and death we flee;
 2. Thou art the Truth; Thy word a - lone, True wis - dom can im - part;
 3. Thou art the Life; the rend - ing tomb Pro - claims Thy conquering arm;
 4. Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life; Grant us to know that way,

And he who would the Fa - ther seek, Must seek Him, Lord, thro' Thee.
 Thou on - ly caust in - struct the mind, And pu - ri - fy the heart.
 And those who put their trust in Thee, Nor death nor hell shall harm.
 That truth to keep, that life to win, Which lead to end - less day.

No. 166.

CROSS AND CROWN. C. M.

THOMAS SHEPHERD.

GEO. N. ALLEN.

1. Must Je - sus bear the cross a - lone, And all the world go free?
 2. The con - se - cra - ted cross I'll bear, Till death shall set me free;
 3. O pre - cious cross! O glorious crown! O res - ur - rec - tion day!

No, there's a cross for ev - 'ry one, And there's a cross for me.
 And then go home my crown to wear, For there's a crown for me.
 Ye an - gels, from the stars come down, And bear my soul a - way.

No. 167.

SOLITUDE. C. M. (528)

L. C. EVERETT.

1. Prayer is the soul's sin - cere de - sire, Un - ut - tered or ex - pressed;
 2. Prayer is the bur - den of a sigh, The fall - ing of a tear;
 3. Prayer is the simplest form of speech That in - fant lips can try;
 4. Prayer is the con - trite sin - ner's voice Re - turn - ing from his ways,
 5. Prayer is the Christian's vi - tal breath, The Christian's na - tive air,

The mo - tion of a hid - den fire That trembles in the breast.
 The up - ward glancing of an eye When none but God is near.
 Prayer the sub - lim - est strains that reach The Maj - es - ty on high.
 While an - gels in their songs re - joice, And say, "Be - hold, he prays."
 His watch - word at the gate of death; He en - ters heav'n with prayer.

By permission.

No. 168.

NEWCASTLE. C. M. (640)

1. Thee we a - dore, e - ter - nal name, And hum - bly own to Thee,
 2. Our wast - ing lives grow short - er still, As months and days in - crease,
 3. The year rolls round and steals a - way The breath that first it gave;
 4. Wak - en, O Lord, our drow - sy sense To walk this dangerous road;

How fee - ble is our mor - tal frame, What dy - ing worms are we!
 And ev - 'ry beat - ing pulse we tell, Leaves but the num - ber less.
 What - e'er we do, what - e'er we be, We're trav'ling to the grave.
 And if our souls are hur - ried hence, May they be found with God.

By permission.

No. 169.

DUNDEE. C. M. (67)

GUIL. FRANCE, 1545.

1. There is a name I love to hear; I love to sing its worth;
 2. It tells me of a Sav-ior's love, Who died to set me free;
 3. It tells of one whose lov-ing heart Can feel the small-est woe;
 4. Je - sus, the name I love so well, The name I love to hear!

It sounds like mu-sic in mine ear, The sweet-est name on earth.
 It tells me of His pre-cious blood, The sin-ner's per-fect plea.
 Who in each sor-row bears a part, That none can bear be-low.
 No saint on earth its worth can tell, No heart con-ceive how dear.

No 170.

IDA. S. M. (104)

ELD. C. G. LINT.

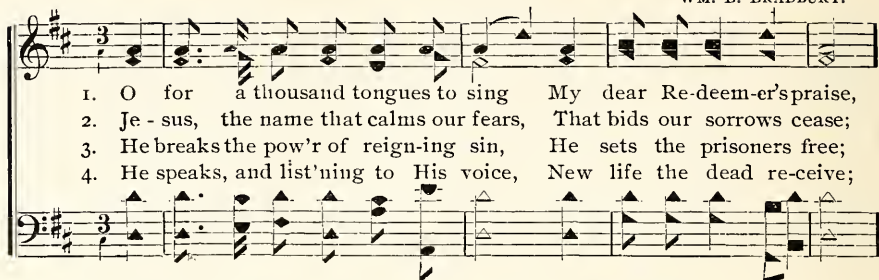
1. Lord, at this clos-ing hour, Es-tab-lish ev-'ry heart;
 2. Peace to our breth-ren give; Fill all our hearts with love;
 3. Thro' changes bright and drear, We should Thy will pur-sue;
 4. To God the on-ly Wise, In ev-'ry age a-dored,

Up-on Thy word of truth and pow'r, To keep us when we part.
 In faith and pa-tience may we live, And seek our rest a-bove.
 And toil to spread Thy kingdom here, Till we its glo-ry view.
 Let glo-ry from the church a-rise, Thro' Je-sus Christ our Lord.

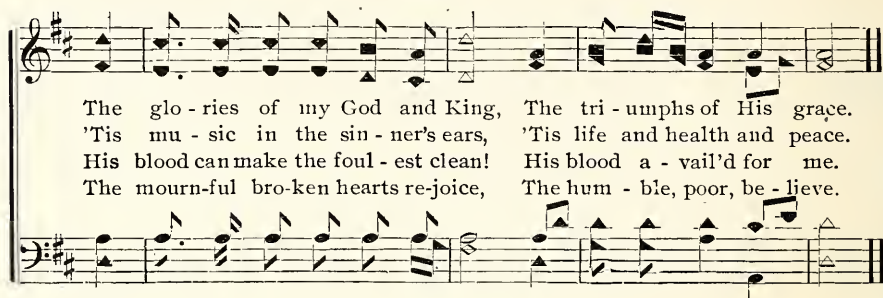
No. 171,

MASON'S CHANT, (70)

WM. B. BRADBURY.



1. O for a thousand tongues to sing My dear Re-deem-er's praise,
 2. Je - sus, the name that calms our fears, That bids our sorrows cease;
 3. He breaks the pow'r of reign-ing sin, He sets the prisoners free;
 4. He speaks, and list'ning to His voice, New life the dead re-ceive;



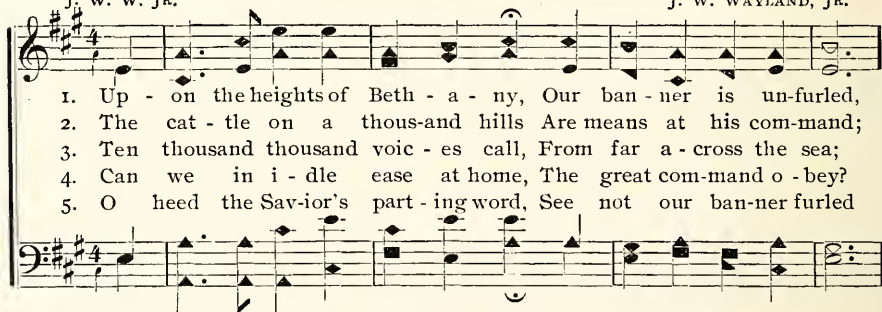
The glo - ries of my God and King, The tri - umphs of His grace.
 'Tis mu - sic in the sin - ner's ears, 'Tis life and health and peace.
 His blood can make the foul - est clean! His blood a - vail'd for me.
 The mourn-ful bro-ken hearts re-joice, The hum - ble, poor, be - lieve.

No. 172,

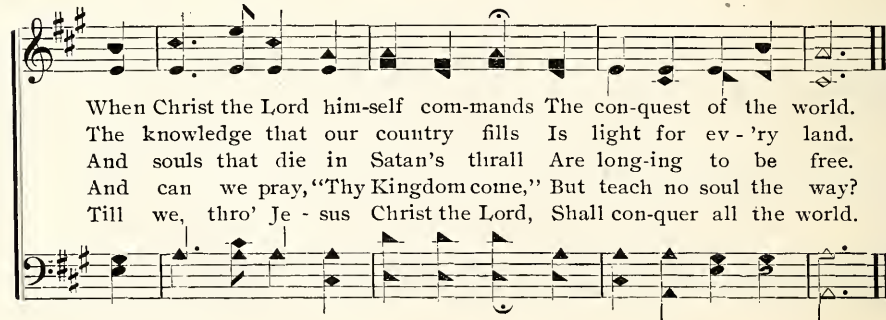
STOVER.

J. W. W. JR.

J. W. WAYLAND, JR.



1. Up - on the heights of Beth - a - ny, Our ban - ner is un-furled,
 2. The cat - tle on a thous-and hills Are means at his com-mand;
 3. Ten thousand thousand voic - es call, From far a - cross the sea;
 4. Can we in i - dle ease at home, The great com-mand o - bey?
 5. O heed the Sav-ior's part - ing word, See not our ban-ner furled



When Christ the Lord him-self com-mands The con-quest of the world.
 The knowledge that our country fills Is light for ev - 'ry land.
 And souls that die in Satan's thrall Are long-ing to be free.
 And can we pray, "Thy Kingdom come," But teach no soul the way?
 Till we, thro' Je - sus Christ the Lord, Shall con-quer all the world.

No. 173.

ARLINGTON. C. M. (561)

ISAAC WATTS.

Dr. T. A. ARNE. 1710-78.

1. Am I a sol - dier of the cross, A fol-low'r of the Lamb,
 2. Must I be car - ried to the skies On flow'ry beds of ease,
 3. Are there no foes for me to face? Must I not stem the flood?
 4. Sure I must fight, if I would reign; In - crease my cour-age, Lord,

And shall I fear to own His cause, Or blush to speak His name?
 While oth - ers fought to win the prize, And sailed thro' blood - y seas?
 Is this dark world a friend to grace, To help me on to God?
 I'll bear the toil, en - dure the pain, Sup - port - ed by Thy word.

No. 174.

REDFORD. C. M.

CHARLES WESLEY.

R. M. MCINTOSH.

1. Hail, ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly Lord! Whom one in three we know:
 2. One un - di - vid - ed Trin - i - ty, With tri-umph we pro - claim:
 3. Thee, ho - ly Fa - ther, we con-fess: Thee, ho - ly Son, a - dore:
 4. Hail, ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly Lord, (Our heav - 'nly song shall be,)

By all Thy heav'nly host a - dored, By all Thy Church be - low.
 Thy u - ni - verse is full of Thee, And speaks Thy glorious name.
 Spir - it of truth and ho - li - ness, We praise Thee ev - er - more.
 Su-preme, es - sen - tial One, a - dored In co - e - ter - nal Three!

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No. 175.

MARLOW. C. M. (397)

English Tune.

1. Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, heav'nly Dove, With all Thy quick'ning pow'rs;
 2. Look, how we grov - el here be - low, Fond of these trif - ling toys;
 3. In vain we tune our for-mal songs; In vain we strive to rise,
 4. Dear Lord, and shall we ev - er live At this poor, dy - ing rate—
 5. Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, heav'nly Dove, With all Thy quick'ning pow'rs;

Come, shed a-broad a Sav-ior's love In these cold hearts of ours.
 Our souls can nei - ther fly nor go To reach e - ter - nal joys.
 Ho - san - nas lan-guish on our tongues, And our de - vo - tion dies
 Our love so faint, so cold to Thee, And Thine to us, so great.
 Come, shed a-broad a Sav-ior's love, And that shall kin - dle ours.

No. 176.

ORTONVILLE. C. M. (167)

JOHN NEWTON. 1779.

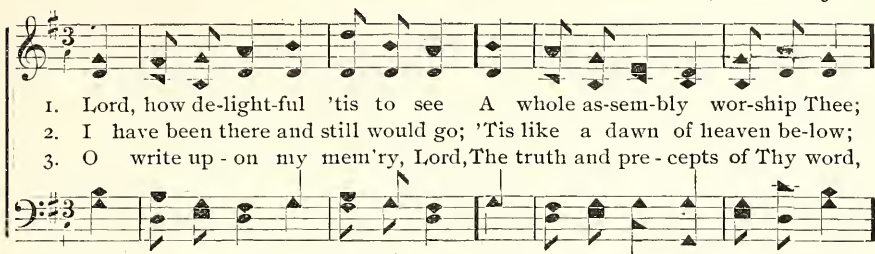
Dr. THOS. HASTINGS. 1837.

1. How sweet the name of Je - sus sounds In a be - liev - er's ear; It soothes his
 2. It makes the wounded spir - it whole, And calms the troubled breast; 'Tis manna
 3. Weak is the ef - fort of my heart, And cold my warmest tho't; But when I
 4. Till then I would Thy love proclaim, With ev'ry fleeting breath; And may the

sorrows, heals his wounds, And drives away his fear, And drives away his fear.
 to the hungry soul, And to the wea - ry, rest, And to the wea - ry, rest.
 see Thee as Thou art, I'll praise Thee as I ought, I'll praise Thee as I ought,
 mu - sic of Thy name Re - fresh my soul in death, Re - fresh my soul in death.

No. 177. ROCKINGHAM. L. M. (80)

Dr. L. MASON. 1830.



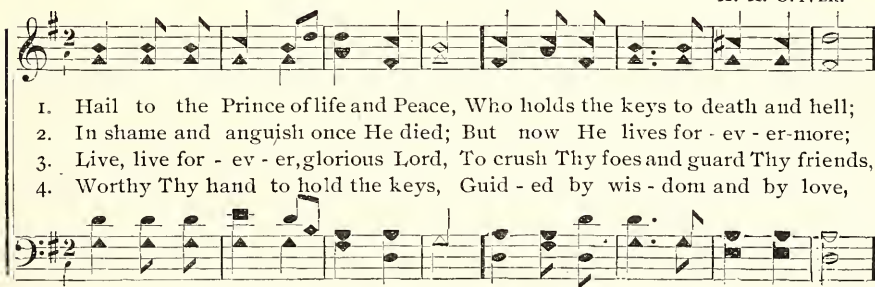
1. Lord, how de-light-ful 'tis to see A whole as-sem-bly wor-ship Thee;
 2. I have been there and still would go; 'Tis like a dawn of heav'n be-low;
 3. O write up - on my mem'ry, Lord, The truth and pre - cepts of Thy word,



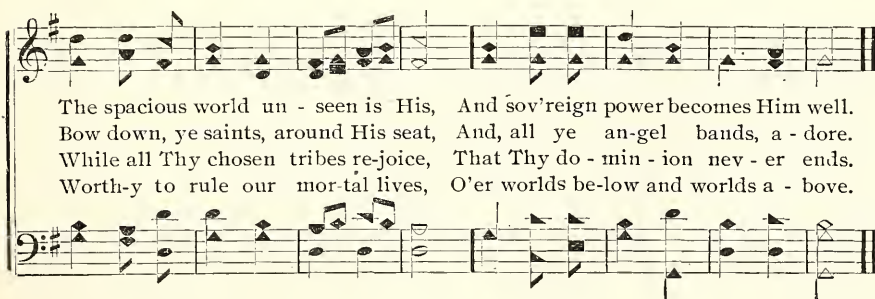
At once they sing, at once they pray; They hear of heav'n and learn the way.
 Not all that care-less sin - ners say Shall tempt me to for - get this day.
 That I may break Thy laws no more, But love Thee bet-ter than be - fore.

No. 178. FEDERAL STREET. L. M. (66)

H. K. OLIVER.



1. Hail to the Prince of life and Peace, Who holds the keys to death and hell;
 2. In shame and anguish once He died; But now He lives for - ev - er - more;
 3. Live, live for - ev - er, glorious Lord, To crush Thy foes and guard Thy friends,
 4. Worthy Thy hand to hold the keys, Guid - ed by wis - dom and by love,

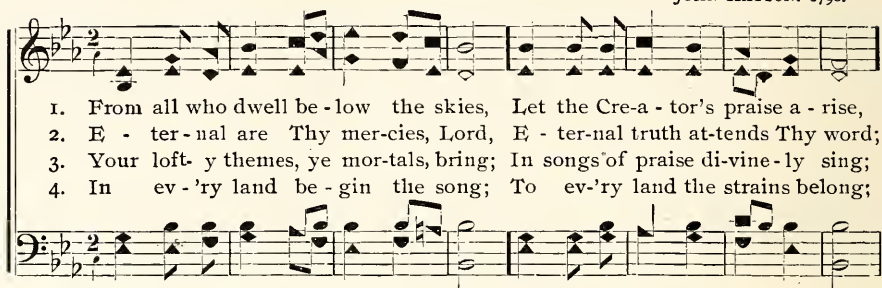


The spacious world un - seen is His, And sov'reign power becomes Him well.
 Bow down, ye saints, around His seat, And, all ye an-gel bands, a - dore.
 While all Thy chosen tribes re-joice, That Thy do - min - ion nev - er ends.
 Worth-y to rule our mor-tal lives, O'er worlds be-low and worlds a - bove.

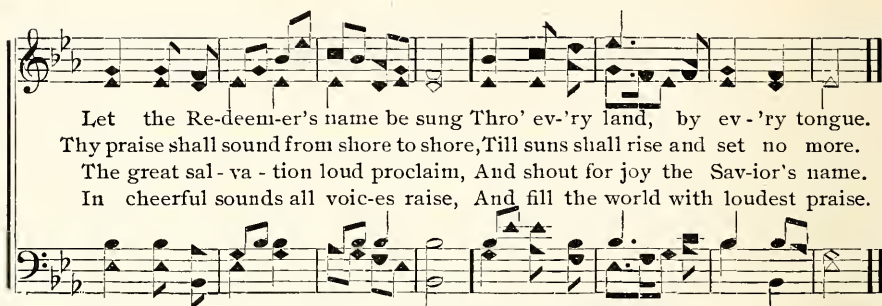
No 179.

DUKE STREET. L. M. (48)

JOHN HATTON. 1790.



1. From all who dwell be-low the skies, Let the Cre-a-tor's praise a-rise,
 2. E-ter-nal are Thy mer-cies, Lord, E-ter-nal truth at-tends Thy word;
 3. Your loft-y themes, ye mor-tals, bring; In songs of praise di-vine-ly sing;
 4. In ev-'ry land be-gin the song; To ev-'ry land the strains belong;

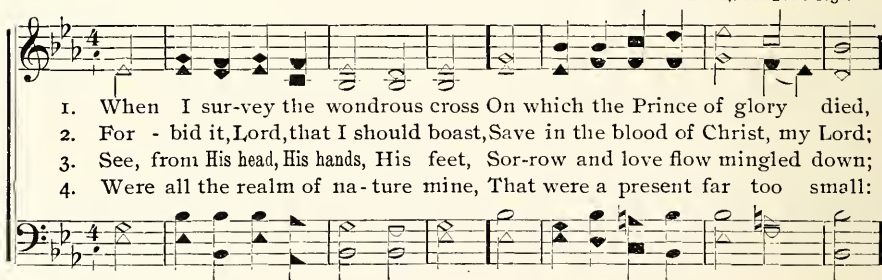


Let the Re-deem-er's name be sung Thro' ev-'ry land, by ev-'ry tongue.
 Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore, Till suns shall rise and set no more.
 The great sal-va-tion loud proclaim, And shout for joy the Sav-ior's name.
 In cheerful sounds all voic-es raise, And fill the world with loudest praise.

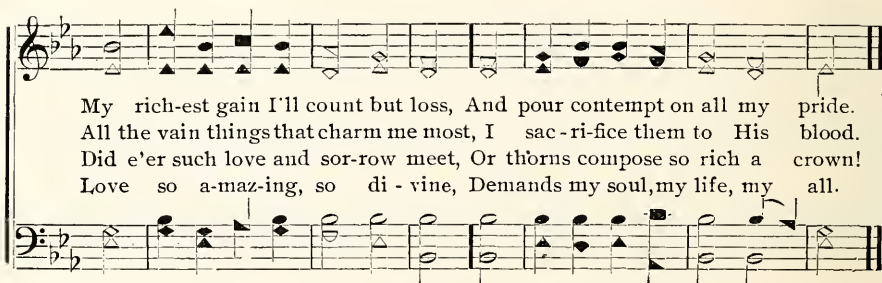
No. 180.

UXBRIDGE. L. M. (315)

Dr. L. MASON. 1830.



1. When I sur-vey the wondrous cross On which the Prince of glory died,
 2. For-bid it, Lord, that I should boast, Save in the blood of Christ, my Lord;
 3. See, from His head, His hands, His feet, Sor-row and love flow mingled down;
 4. Were all the realm of na-ture mine, That were a present far too small:



My rich-est gain I'll count but loss, And pour contempt on all my pride.
 All the vain things that charm me most, I sac-ri-fice them to His blood.
 Did e'er such love and sor-row meet, Or thorns compose so rich a crown!
 Love so a-maz-ing, so di-vine, Demands my soul, my life, my all.

No. 181.

OLD HUNDRED. L. M. (40)

(The Doxology is to be used only when requested.) GUTH. FRANCE. 1543.

1. Great God, in - dulse my humble claim; Thou art my hope, my joy, my rest;
 2. Thou great and good, Thou just and wise, Thou art my Fa - ther and my God!
 3. With read - y feet I love t' ap - pear A - mong Thy saints, and seek Thy face,
 4. I'll lift my hands, I'll raise my voice, While I have breath to pray and praise.

Doxology—Praise God from whom all blessings flow; Praise Him all creatures here below;

The glo - ries that compose Thy name Stand all en - gaged to make me blest.
 And I am Thine by sa - cred ties, Thy son, Thy ser - vant, bought with blood.
 Oft have I seen Thy glo - ry there, And felt the pow'r of sov' reign grace.
 This work shall make my heart re - joice, Thro' - out the rem - nant of my days.

Praise Him a - bove, ye heav'n - ly hosts; Praise Father, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost.

No. 182.

SESSIONS. L. M. (330)

L. O. EMERSON.

1. Come, sinners, to the gos - pel feast, Ye need not one be left be - hind,
 2. Since our dear Lord to you doth call, Come, all the world, come, sinner, thou,
 3. Come, all ye souls, by sin op - pressed, Ye poor and maimed, and halt and blind,
 4. The message from the Lord re - ceive, O let His love your hearts constrain,

Doxology—Praise God from whom all blessings flow; Praise Him all creatures here below;

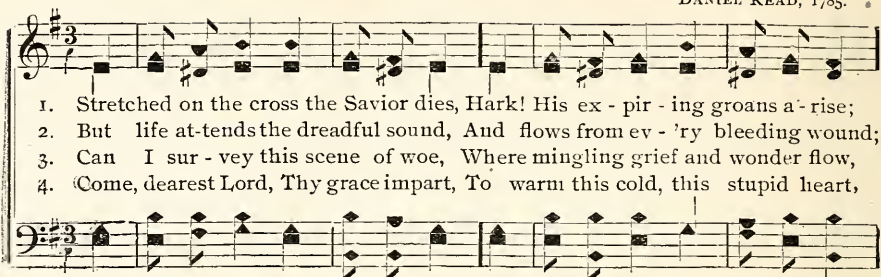
Let ev - 'ry soul be Je - sus' guest, For God has bid - den all man - kind.
 The in - vi - ta - tion is to all; All things in Christ are read - y now.
 Ye rest - less wand'ers af - ter rest! In Christ a heart - y welcome find.
 Ye all may come to Christ and live, Nor suf - fer Him to die in vain.

Praise Him a - bove, ye heav'n - ly hosts; Praise Father, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost.

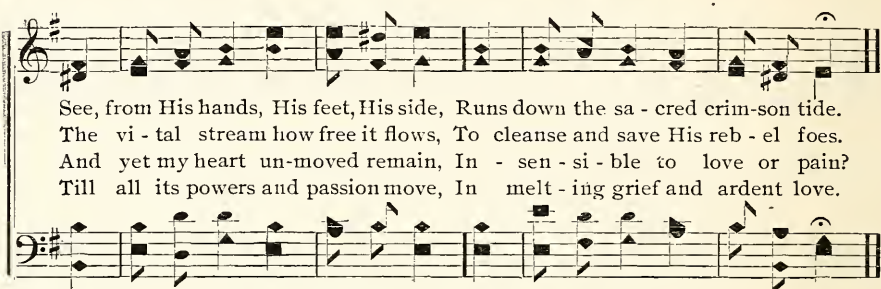
No. 183.

WINDHAM. L. M. (197)

DANIEL READ, 1785.



1. Stretched on the cross the Savior dies, Hark! His ex - pir - ing groans a - rise;
 2. But life at-tends the dreadful sound, And flows from ev - 'ry bleeding wound;
 3. Can I sur - vey this scene of woe, Where mingling grief and wonder flow,
 4. Come, dearest Lord, Thy grace impart, To warm this cold, this stupid heart,

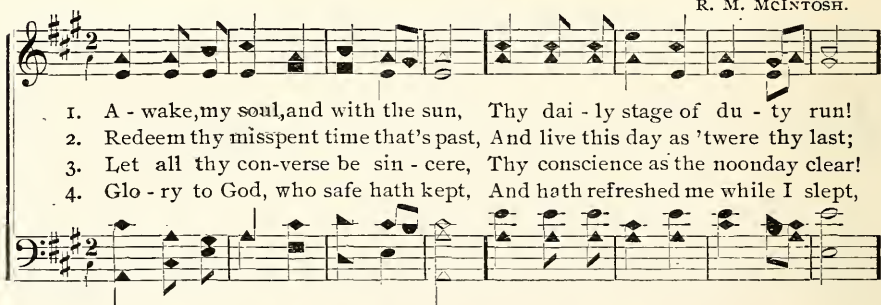


See, from His hands, His feet, His side, Runs down the sa - cred crim-son tide.
 The vi - tal stream how free it flows, To cleanse and save His reb - el foes.
 And yet my heart un-moved remain, In - sen - si - ble to love or pain?
 Till all its powers and passion move, In melt - ing grief and ardent love.

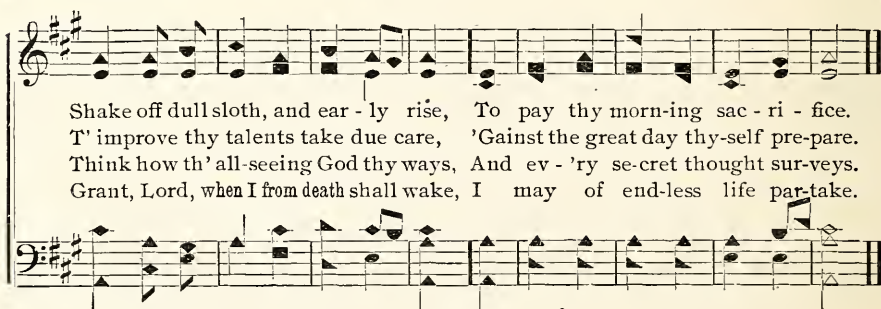
No. 184.

NAUWETA. L. M. (696)

R. M. McINTOSH.



1. A - wake, my soul, and with the sun, Thy dai - ly stage of du - ty run!
 2. Redeem thy misspent time that's past, And live this day as 'twere thy last;
 3. Let all thy con-verse be sin - cere, Thy conscience as the noonday clear!
 4. Glo - ry to God, who safe hath kept, And hath refreshed me while I slept,



Shake off dull sloth, and ear - ly rise, To pay thy morn-ing sac - ri - fice.
 T' improve thy talents take due care, 'Gainst the great day thy-self pre-pare.
 Think how th' all-seeing God thy ways, And ev - 'ry se-cret thought sur-veys.
 Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake, I may of end-less life par-take.

No. 185.

HEBRON. L.M. (336)

TIMOTHY DWIGHT, D. D.

Dr. L. MASON.

1. While life prolongs its precious light, Mer - cy is found, and peace is giv'n;
 2. While God invites, how blest the day! How sweet the gospel's charming sound!
 3. Soon, borne on time's most rapid wing, Shall death command you to the grave,
 4. In that lone land of deep de-spair, No Sabbath's heavenly light shall rise,
 5. Now God invites; how blest the day! How sweet the gospel's charming sound!

But soon, ah soon, approaching night Shall blot out ev - 'ry hope of heav'n.
 Come, sin-ners, haste, O haste-a - way, While yet a pard'ning God is found.
 Be - fore His bar your spir-its bring, And none be found to hear or save.
 No God re-gard your bit-ter pray'r, No Sav-ior call you to the skies.
 Come, sin-ners, haste, O haste a - way, While yet a pard'ning God is found.

No. 186.

REST. L. M. (598)

Mrs. MARGARET MCKAY, 1832.

W. B. BRADBURY, 1844.

1. A-sleep in Je - sus! blessed sleep! From which none ever wakes to weep!
 2. A-sleep in Je - sus! Oh! how sweet, To be for such a slumb-er meet;
 3. A-sleep in Je - sus! peace-ful rest! Whose waking is su-preme - ly blest;
 4. A-sleep in Je - sus! Oh! for me, May such a bliss - ful ref - uge be;

A calm and un-dis-turbed re - pose, Un-bro - ken by the last of foes!
 With ho - ly con - fi-dence to sing That death hath lost its venom'd sting!
 No fear, no woe, shall dim that hour, That man - i - fests the Savior's pow'r.
 Se-cure - ly shall my ash - es lie, Wait-ing the sum-mons from on high.

No. 187.

RETREAT. L. M. (530)

HUGH STOWELL. 1832.

Dr. THOS. HASTINGS. 1784-1872.

1. From ev - 'ry stormy wind that blows, From ev - 'ry swell-ing tide of woes,
 2. There is a place where Je-sus sheds The oil of good-ness on our heads;
 3. There is a scene where spirits blend, Where friend holds fellowship with friend;
 4. There, there on ea - gle wings we soar, And sin and sense molest no more,

There is a calm, a sure re-treat, 'Tis found be-neath the mer-cy seat.
 A place of all on earth most sweet, It is the blood-bought mer-cy seat.
 Tho' sundered far, by faith they meet A-round one com-mon mer-cy seat.
 And heav'n comes down our souls to greet, And glo - ry crowns the mer-cy seat.

No. 188.

BEAUFORT. L. M. D. (198)

L. C. EVERETT.

FINE.

1. { He dies, the friend of sinners dies! Lo! Salem's daughters weep a-round! }
 { A solemn darkness veils the skies, A sudden trembling shakes the ground. }
 D. C. He nob - ly fought, but ah! He fell! Break heart of flint! The Lamb is slain.

A con-flict with the pow'r's of hell, Your Sav-ior did for you sus-tain.

By permission.

2 Here's love and grief beyond degree:
 The Lord of glory died for men!
 But lo!—what sudden joys we see!
 Jesus, the dead, revives again.
 The rising God forsakes the tomb:
 In vain the tomb forbids His rise;
 Cherubic legions guard Him home,
 And shout Him welcome to the skies.

3 Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell
 How high our great Deliv'rer reigns.
 Sing how He spoiled the hosts of hell,
 And led the monster, Death, in chains
 Say: "Live forever, wondrous King!
 Born to redeem, and strong to save!"
 Then ask the monster: "Where's thy sting?
 And where's thy vict'ry, boasting grave?"

No. 189.

SAYLOR. S. M. (793)

ALICE CARY.

Eld. C. G. LINT.

1. One sweet - ly sol - emn thought Comes to me o'er and o'er,
 2. Near - er my Fa - ther's house, Where ma - ny man - sions be.
 3. Near - er the bound of life, Where falls my bur - den down;
 4. Sav - ior, con - firm my trust, Com - plete my faith in Thee;
 5. Feel as if now my feet Were slip - ping o'er the brink;

To - day I'm near - er to my home Than e'er I've been be - fore.
 And near - er to the great white throne, Near - er the crys - tal sea.
 Near - er to where I leave my cross, And where I gain my crown.
 And let me feel as if I stood Close to e - ter - ni - ty.
 For I may now be near - er home, Much near - er than I think.

No. 190.

ST. JOSEPH. S. M. (115)

Author Unknown. A favorite tune of my father, G. B. H.

1. Once more be - fore we part, We'll bless the Sav - ior's name;
 2. Hoard up His sa - cred word, And feed there-on and grow;
 3. And if we meet no more On Zi - on's earth - ly ground,

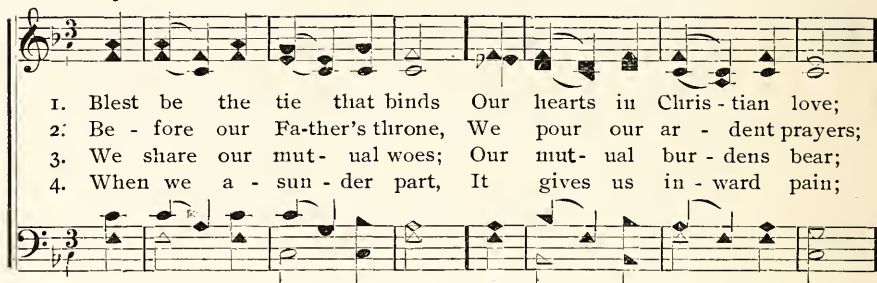
rit.
 Re - cord His mer - cies, ev - 'ry heart, Sing ev - 'ry tongue the same.
 Go on and seek to know the Lord, And practice what you know.
 Oh, may we reach that bliss - ful state Where all Thy saints are bound.

No. 191.

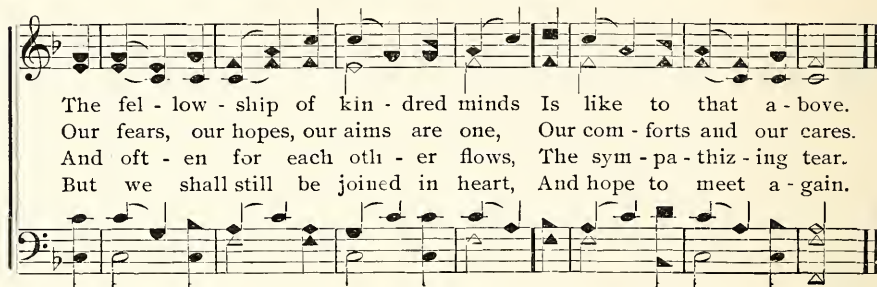
DENNIS. S. M.

Rev. JOHN FAWCETT.

From H. G. NAGELI.



1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Chris-tian love;
 2. Be-fore our Fa-ther's throne, We pour our ar-dent prayers;
 3. We share our mut-ual woes; Our mut-ual bur-dens bear;
 4. When we a-sun-der part, It gives us in-ward pain;

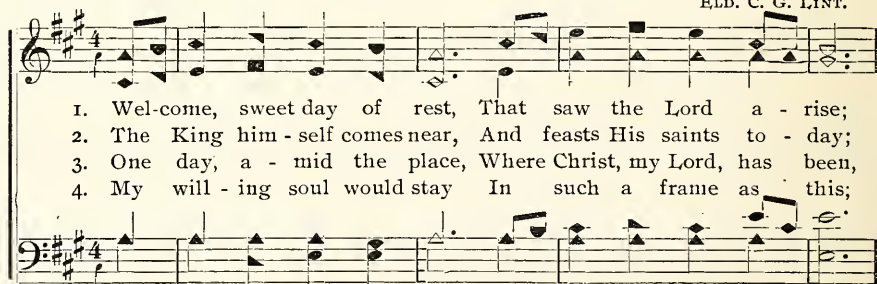


The fel-low-ship of kin-dred minds Is like to that a-bove.
 Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one, Our com-forts and our cares.
 And oft-en for each oth-er flows, The sym-pa-thiz-ing tear.
 But we shall still be joined in heart, And hope to meet a-gain.

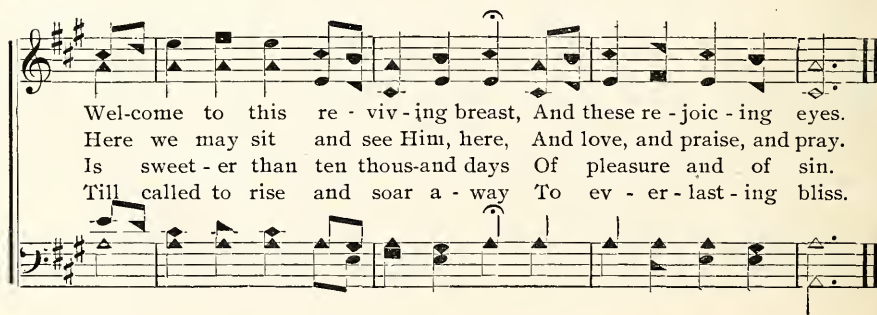
No. 192.

ANNIE. S. M. (137)

ELD. C. G. LINT.



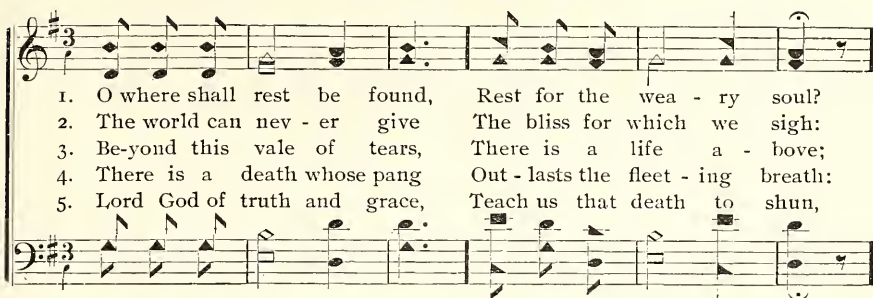
1. Wel-come, sweet day of rest, That saw the Lord a-rise;
 2. The King him-self comes near, And feasts His saints to-day;
 3. One day, a-mid the place, Where Christ, my Lord, has been,
 4. My will-ing soul would stay In such a frame as this;



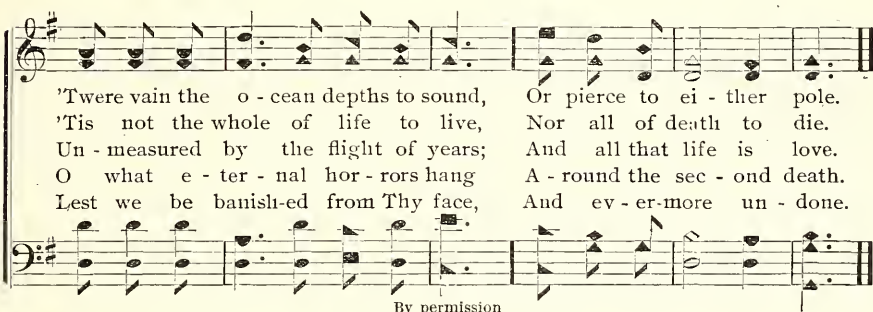
Wel-come to this re-viv-ing breast, And these re-joic-ing eyes.
 Here we may sit and see Him, here, And love, and praise, and pray.
 Is sweet-er than ten thous-and days Of pleasure and of sin.
 Till called to rise and soar a-way To ev-er-last-ing bliss.

No. 193.

DEE. S. M. (344)



1. O where shall rest be found, Rest for the wea - ry soul?
 2. The world can nev - er give The bliss for which we sigh:
 3. Be-yond this vale of tears, There is a life a - bove;
 4. There is a death whose pang Out - lasts the fleet - ing breath:
 5. Lord God of truth and grace, Teach us that death to shun,

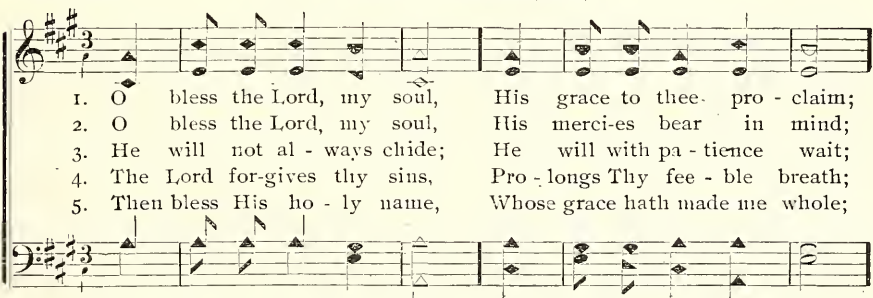


'Twere vain the o - cean depths to sound, Or pierce to ei - ther pole.
 'Tis not the whole of life to live, Nor all of death to die.
 Un - measured by the flight of years; And all that life is love.
 O what e - ter - nal hor - rors hang A - round the sec - ond death.
 Lest we be banish-ed from Thy face, And ev - er-more un - done.

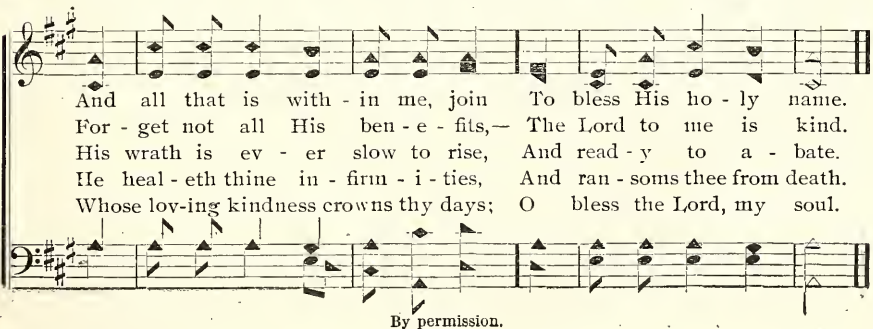
By permission.

No. 194.

CAR. S. M. (50)



1. O bless the Lord, my soul, His grace to thee pro - claim;
 2. O bless the Lord, my soul, His merci-es bear in mind;
 3. He will not al - ways chide; He will with pa - tience wait;
 4. The Lord for-gives thy sins, Pro - longs Thy fee - ble breath;
 5. Then bless His ho - ly name, Whose grace hath made me whole;



And all that is with - in me, join To bless His ho - ly name.
 For - get not all His ben - e - fits, — The Lord to me is kind.
 His wrath is ev - er slow to rise, And read - y to a - bate.
 He heal - eth thine in - firm - i - ties, And ran - soms thee from death.
 Whose lov - ing kindness crowns thy days; O bless the Lord, my soul.

By permission.

No. 195.

BOYLSTON. S. M. (500)

CHARLES WESLEY.

Dr. L. MASON. 1832.

1. A charge to keep I have, A God to glo - ri - fy;
 2. To serve the pre - sent age, My call - ing to ful - fill;
 3. Arm me with jeal - ous care, As in Thy sight to live,
 4. Help me to watch and pray, And on Thy - self re - ly,

A nev - er dy - ing soul to save, And fit it for the sky.
 O may it all my pow'rs en - gage, To do my Mas - ter's will.
 And O, Thy ser - vant, Lord, pre - pare A strict ac - count to give.
 As - sured if I my trust be - tray, I shall for - ev - er die.

No. 196.

LABAN. S. M. (563)

GEORGE HEATH. 1781.

Dr. L. MASON. 1831.

1. My soul, be on thy guard, Ten thous - and foes a - rise;
 2. O, watch, and fight, and pray, The bat - tle ne'er give o'er;
 3. Ne'er think the vict - 'ry won, Nor lay thine ar - mor down;
 4. Fight on, my soul, till death Shall bring thee to Thy God;

The hosts of sin are press - ing hard, To draw Thee from the skies.
 Re - new it bold - ly ev - 'ry day, And help di - vine im - plore.
 Thy ar - duous work will not be done, Till thou ob - tain the crown.
 He'll take thee, at thy part - ing breath, - Up to His blest a - bode.

No. 197.

WELCOME. 7s, Double. (72)

G. W. LINTON.
FINE.

1. { Chil-dren of the heav'n-ly King, As ye jour-ney, sweet-ly sing; }
 { Sing your Sav-ior's wor- thy praise, Glorious in His works and ways. }

D. C.—*They are hap - py now, and ye Soon their hap-pi-ness shall see.*

D. C.

Ye are travel-ing home to God, In the way the fa-thers trod.

2 Shout, ye little flock, and blest;
 You on Jesus' throne shall rest:
 There your seat is now prepared —
 There your kingdom and re-ward.

3 Fear not, brethern, joyful stand
 On the borders of your land;
 Jesus Christ, your Fathers's Son,
 Bids you undismayed go on.

4 O ye mourning souls, be glad,
 Christ our Advocate is made;
 Us to save, our flesh assumes,
 Brother to our soul becomes.

5 Lord, obediently we'll go,
 Gladly leaving all below;
 Only Thou our leader be,
 And we still will follow Thee.

No. 198.

PRAYER. 7s. (91)

ASAHEL ABBOT.

1. Lord, we come be - fore Thee now, At Thy feet we hum - bly bow;
 2. In Thine own ap-point - ed way, Now we seek Thee, here we stay;
 3. Send some mes-sage from Thy word, That may joy and peace af - ford;
 4. Grant that all may seek and find Thee a gra - cious God and kind;

O! do not our suit dis-dain! Shall we seek Thee, Lord, in vain?
 Lord, we know not how to go, Till a bless-ing Thou be-stow.
 Let Thy Spir - it now im-part Full sal - va - tion to each heart.
 Heal the sick, the cap-tive free, Let us all re-joice in Thee.

No. 199. HOLY SPIRIT, FAITHFUL GUIDE. 7s, D.

M. M. W.

M. M. WELLS.
FINE.

1. { Ho - ly Spir - it, faith - ful Guide, Ev - er near the Christian's side; }
 { Gen - tly lead us by the hand, Pil - grims in a des - ert land. }
 2. { Ev - er pres - ent, tru - est Friend, Ev - er near Thine aid to lend; }
 { Leave us not to doubt and fear, Grop - ing on in dark - ness near; }
 3. { When our days of toil shall cease, Wait - ing still for sweet, re - lease, }
 { Noth - ing left but heav'n and pray'r, Wonder - ing if our names are there; }

D. C. — *Whisp'ring soft-ly, "Wand'rer come! Fol - low me, I'll guide thee home."*

D. C.

Wea - ry souls for - e'er re - joice, While they hear that sweet-est voice,
 When the storms are rag - ing sore, Hearts grow faint, and hopes give o'er,
 Wad - ing deep the dis - mal Flood, Plead - ing naught but Je - sus' blood.

No. 200. JESUS, LOVER OF MY SOUL.

CHARLES WESLEY.

SIMEON BUTLER MARSH.
FINE.

1. { Je - sus, lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly, }
 { While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the tempest still is high. }

D. C. — *Safe in - to the ha - ven guide; Oh, re - ceive my soul at last.*

D. C.

Hide me, oh, my Sav - ior, hide, Till the storm of life is past;

2 Other refuge have I none;
 Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
 Leave, O leave me not alone,
 Still support and comfort me.
 All my trust on Thee is stayed,
 All my help from Thee I bring;
 Cover my defenseless head
 With the shadow of Thy wing.

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

FINE.

Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my-self in Thee;
 D. C.—Be of sin the doub - le cure; Cleanse me from its guilt and pow'r.

D. C.

Let the wa - ter and the blood From Thy riv - en side which flow'd,

2 Not the labor of my hands
 Can fulfill the law's demands;
 Could my zeal no respite know,
 Could my tears for ever flow,
 All for sin could not atone;
 Thou must save, and Thou alone.

Helpless, look to Thee for grace;
 Foul, I to the fountain fly,
 Wash me, Savior, or I die.

3 Nothing in my hand I bring,
 Simply to Thy cross I cling;
 Naked, come to Thee for dress,

4 While I draw this fleeting breath,
 When my heart-strings break in death,
 When I soar to worlds unknown,
 See Thee on Thy judgment throne,
 Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
 Let me hide myself in Thee.

No. 202. WAYNESVILLE. 8s, 7s, 4s. (20)

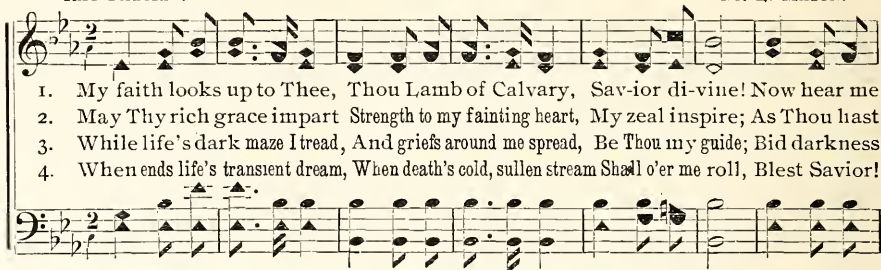
1. { Guide me, O Thou great Je - ho - vah! Pilgrim thro' this bar - ren land; }
 { I am weak, but Thou art mighty; Hold me with Thy power-ful hand; }
 2. { O - pen, Lord, the crys-tal fountain, Whence the heal-ing wa - ters flow; }
 { Let the fier - y, cloud - y pil - lar, Lead me all my jour-ney thro'; }
 3. { When I tread the verge of Jor-dan, Bid my anx - ious fear sub-side; }
 { Death of death, and hell's destruction! Land me safe on Ca-naan's side; }

Bread of heav - en! Feed me till I want no more.
 Strong de - liv - 'rer! Be Thou still my strength and shield.
 Songs of prais - es! I will ev - er give to Thee.

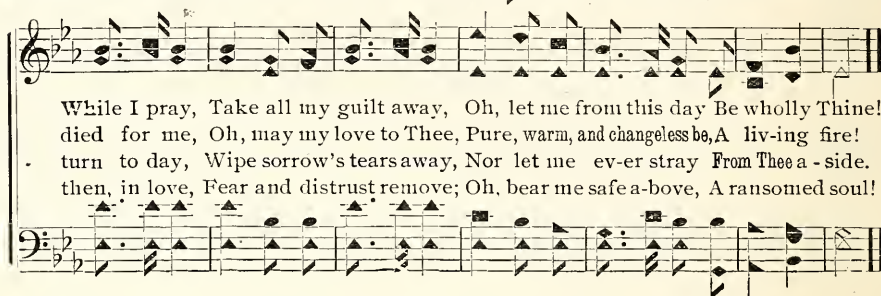
No. 203. MY FAITH LOOKS UP TO THEE.

RAY PALMER.

DR. L. MASON.



1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Calvary, Sav-ior di-vine! Now hear me
2. May Thy rich grace impart Strength to my fainting heart, My zeal inspire; As Thou hast
3. While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs around me spread, Be Thou my guide; Bid darkness
4. When ends life's transient dream, When death's cold, sullen stream Shall o'er me roll, Blest Savior!

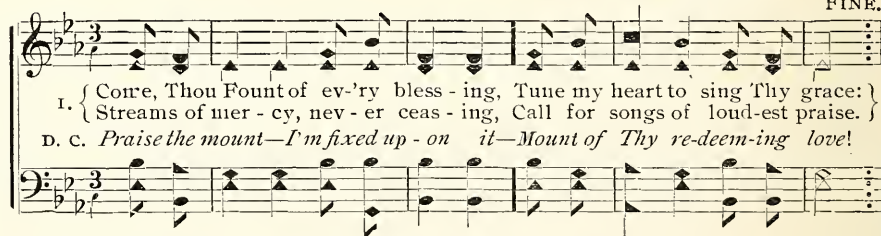


While I pray, Take all my guilt away, Oh, let me from this day Be wholly Thine!
died for me, Oh, may my love to Thee, Pure, warm, and changeless be, A liv-ing fire!
turn to day, Wipe sorrow's tears away, Nor let me ev-er stray From Thee a - side.
then, in love, Fear and distrust remove; Oh, bear me safe a-bove, A ransomed soul!

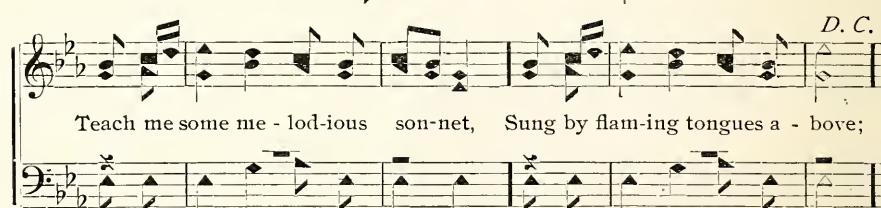
No. 204. NETTLETON. 8s & 7s, (49)

ASAHEL NETTLETON, 1825.

FINE.



1. { Come, Thou Fount of ev-'ry bless - ing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace: }
{ Streams of mer - cy, nev - er ceas - ing, Call for songs of loud-est praise. }
D. C. Praise the mount—I'm fixed up - on it—Mount of Thy re-deem-ing love!



Teach me some me - lod-i-ous son-net, Sung by flam-ing tongues a - bove;

2 Here I raise my Ebenezer,
Hither by Thy help I've come,
And I hope, by Thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed His precious blood.

3 O! to grace, how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be;
Let Thy grace, Lord, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to Thee,
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,
Prone to leave the God I love;
Here's my heart, Lord, take and seal it,
Seal it for Thy courts above.

1. When we pass through yonder riv-er, When we reach the farther shore,
 2. Aft - er war - fare rest is pleasant; O how sweet the prospect is!
 3. When we gain the heavenly regions—When we touch the heavenly shore—
 4. O that hope! how bright, how glorious? 'Tis His peo - ples blest re-ward;

There's an end of war for - ev - er; We shall see our foes no more;
 Tho' we toil and strive at pres-ent, Let us not re-pine at this;
 Blessed thought!—no hos-tile legions Can a - larm or trou - ble more;
 In the Sav-ior's strength victorious, They at length behold their Lord:

All our con - flict then shall cease, Fol-lowed by e - ter - nal peace.
 Toil, and pain, and con - flict past, All en - dear re - pose at last.
 Far be - yond the reach of foes, We shall dwell in sweet re - pose.
 In His King-dom they shall rest, In His love be ful - ly blest.

I. { My heavenly home is bright and fair, No pain nor death can en - ter there; }
 { It's glit'ring tow'rs the sun outshine, That heavenly mansion shall be mine. }
 Ch. { I'm go - ing home, I'm go - ing home, I'm go - ing home to die no more; }
 { To die no more, to die no more, I'm go - ing home to die no more. }

2 My Father's house is built on high,
 Far, far above the starry sky;
 When from this earthly prison free,
 That heavenly mansion mine shall be.
 CHO.—I'm going home, &c.

3 While here a stranger far from home,
 Affliction's waves may round me foam;
 And tho', like Lazarus, sick and poor,
 My heavenly mansion is secure.
 CHO.—I'm going home, &c.

4 Let others seek a home below,
 Which flames devour or waves o'erflow,
 Be mine the happier lot to own
 A heavenly mansion near the throne.
 CHO.—I'm going home, &c.

5 Then fail this earth, let stars decline,
 And sun and moon refuse to shine,
 All nature sink and cease to be—
 This heavenly mansion stands for me.
 CHO.—I'm going home, &c.

No. 207.

WEBB. 7s, 6s.

SAMUEL F. SMITH.

GEO. J. WEBB.

FINE.

I { The morning light is break-ing, The darkness dis-ap-pears, }
 { The sons of earth are wak-ing To pen - i (Omit.) } ten-tial tears;
 D. C. — *Of na-tions in com-mo-tion, Prepared for (Omit.)* Zion's war.

Each breeze that sweeps the o - cean Brings tid-ings from a - far

D. C.

2 See heathen nations bending
 Before the God of love,
 And thousand hearts ascending
 In gratitude above;
 While sinners, now confessing,
 The Gospel's call obey,
 And seek a Savior's blessing,
 A nation in a day.

3 Blest river of salvation,
 Pursue thy onward way:
 Flow thou to every nation,
 Nor in thy richness stay,
 Stay not till all the lowly
 Triumphant reach their home;
 Stay not till all the holy
 Proclaim, "The Lord is come."

No. 208. (180)

- 1 How lost was my condition,
 Till Jesus made me whole?
 There is but one physician
 Can cure a sin-sick soul!—
 Next door to death He found me,
 And snatch'd me from the grave,
 To tell to all around me,
 His wondrous power to save.
- 2 From men great skill professing,
 I thought a cure to gain;
 But this proved more distressing,
 And added to my pain—
 Some said that nothing ail'd me,
 Some gave me up for lost,
 Thus ev'ry refuge fail'd me,
 And all my hopes were cross'd.
- 3 At length this great Physician—
 How matchless is His power—
 Accepted my petition,
 And undertook my cure;
 First gave me sight to view Him,
 For sin my sight had sealed,
 Then bid me look unto Him,
 I looked, and I was healed.

No. 209.

- 1 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
 Ye soldiers of the cross;
 Lift high His royal banner,
 It must not suffer loss:
 From victory unto victory
 His army shall He lead,
 Till every foe is vanquished
 And Christ is Lord indeed.
- 2 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
 The trumpet call obey;
 Forth to the mighty conflict,
 In this His glorious day;
 "Ye that are men, now serve Him,"
 Against unnumbered foes;
 Your courage rise with danger,
 And strength to strength oppose.
- 3 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
 Stand in His strength alone;
 The arm of flesh will fail you;
 Ye dare not trust your own;
 Put on the gospel armor,
 Each piece put on with prayer,
 Where duty calls, or danger,
 Be never wanting there.

GEORGE DUFFIELD, JR.

No. 210.

GOD CALLING YET!

GERHARD TERSTEEGEN. Tr.

ARCHDALE, I. M.

GEO. M. MONROE.

1. God call-ing yet! shall I not hear? Earth's pleasures shall I still hold dear?
 2. God call-ing yet! shall I not rise? Can I His lov-ing voice de-spise,
 3. God call-ing yet! and shall He knock, And I my heart the clos-er lock?
 4. God call-ing yet! and shall I give No heed, but still in bond-age live?
 5. God call-ing yet! I can - not stay, My heart I yield with-out de-lay;

Shall life's swift passing years all fly, And still my soul in slum-ber lie?
 And basely His kind care re-pay? He calls me still—can I de-lay?
 He still is wait-ing to re-ceive; And shall I dare His Spir-it grieve?
 I wait—but He does not for-sake; He calls me still—my heart, a-wake!
 Vain world, farewell! from thee I part; The voice of God has reach'd my heart!

No. 211. NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE.

SARAH F. ADAMS. 1840.

BETHANY. 6, 4, 6.

LOWELL MASON. 1859.

1. Near-er, my God, to Thee, Near-er to Thee; E'en tho' it be a cross
 2. Tho' like a wan-der-er, The sun gone down, Dark-ness be o-ver me,
 3. There let the way ap-pear Steps un-to heav'n; All that Thou send-est me,
 4. Then with my waking tho'ts Bright with Thy praise, Out of my ston-y griefs,
 5. Or if on joy-ful wing, Cleaving the sky, Sun, moon and stars for-got,

D. S.—Near-er, my God, to Thee!

FINE.

D. S.

That rais-eth me, Still all my song shall be—Near-er, my God, to Thee!
 My rest a stone; Yet in my dreams I'd be Near-er, my God, to Thee!
 In mer-cy giv'n; An-gels to beck-on me Near-er, my God, to Thee!
 Beth-el I'll raise: So by my woes to be Near-er, my God, to Thee!
 Up-ward I fly; Still, all my song shall be Near-er, my God, to Thee!

Near-er to Thee!

No. 212.

HAPPY DAY. L. M. (797)

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

E. F. RIMBAULT.
♩ CHORUS.

1. { O happy day, that fixed my choice On Thee, my Savior and my God! { Hap-py day,
Well may this glowing heart re-joice, And tell its raptures all a-broad. { D. S. Happy day,

happy day, When Jesus washed my sins away; { He taught me how to watch and pray,
happy day, When Jesus washed my sins away! { And live re-joic-ing ev'-ry day; }

- 2 O happy bond, that seals my vows
To Him who merits all my love!
Let cheerful anthems fill His house,
While to that sacred shrine I move.
- 3 'Tis done, the great transaction's done;
I am my Lord's and He is mine;

He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice divine.

- 4 Now rest my long-divided heart,
Fixed on this blissful center, rest;
Here have I found a nobler part,
Here heavenly pleasures fill my breast.

No. 213. MISSIONARY HYMN. 7s & 6s. (265)

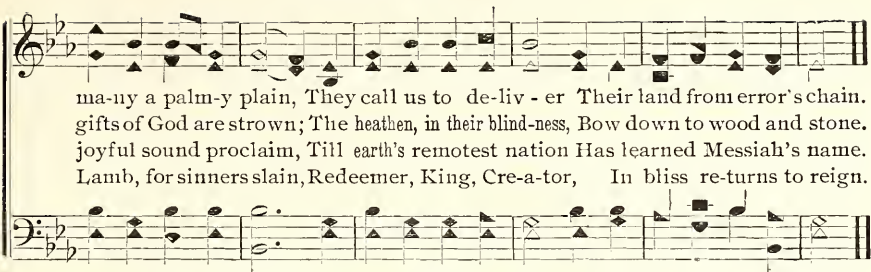
R. HEBER.

LOWELL MASON.

1. From Greenland's icy mountains, From India's coral strand; Where Afric's sunny
2. What tho' the spi-cy breezes Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle, Tho' ev'-ry pro-spect
3. Shall we, whose souls are lighted, By wisdom from on high, Shall we, to man be-
4. Waft, waft, ye winds His story; And you, ye wa-ters, roll, Till like a sea of

fountains Roll down their golden sand; From many an au-cient riv-er, From
pleas-es, And on-ly man is vile! In vain, with lav-ish kind-ness, The
night-ed, The lamp of life de-ny? Sal-va-tion! O sal-va-tion! The
glo-ry, It spreads from pole to pole, Till, o'er our ransomed na-ture, The

MISSIONARY HYMN.



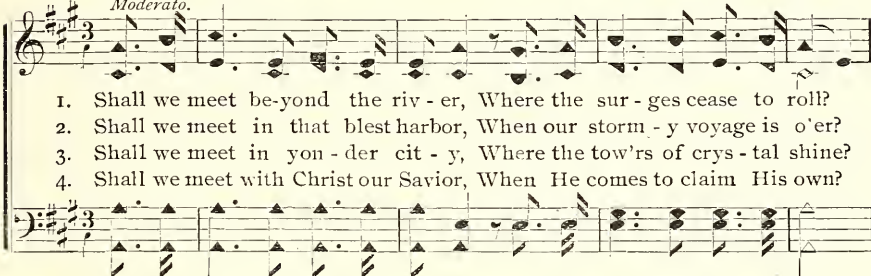
ma-ny a palm-y plain, They call us to de-liv - er Their land from error's chain.
 gifts of God are strown; The heathen, in their blind-ness, Bow down to wood and stone.
 joyful sound proclaim, Till earth's remotest nation Has learned Messiah's name.
 Lamb, for sinners slain, Redeemer, King, Cre-a-tor, In bliss re- turns to reign.

No. 214.

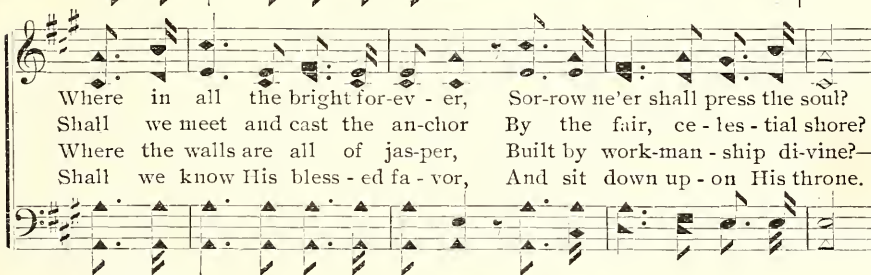
SHALL WE MEET?

HORACE L. HASTINGS.
Moderato.

ELIHU S. RICE, by per.



1. Shall we meet be-yond the riv - er, Where the sur - ges cease to roll?
2. Shall we meet in that blest harbor, When our storm - y voyage is o'er?
3. Shall we meet in yon - der cit - y, Where the tow'rs of crys - tal shine?
4. Shall we meet with Christ our Savior, When He comes to claim His own?

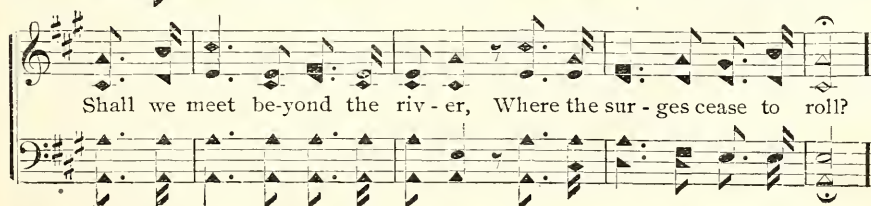


Where in all the bright for-ev - er, Sor-row ne'er shall press the soul?
 Shall we meet and cast the an-chor By the fair, ce - les - tial shore?
 Where the walls are all of jas-per, Built by work-man - ship di-vine?
 Shall we know His bless - ed fa - vor, And sit down up - on His throne.

CHORUS.



Shall we meet, shall we meet, Shall we meet be-yond the riv - er?



Shall we meet be-yond the riv - er, Where the sur - ges cease to roll?

No. 215.

THE GREAT PHYSICIAN.

WILLIAM HUNTER.

Arr. by Rev. J. H. STOCKTON.

FINE.

1. { The great Phy - si - cian now is near, The sym - pa - thiz - ing Je - sus, }
 { He speaks the drooping heart to cheer, O hear the voice of Je - sus, }
 2. { Your ma - ny sins are all for - giv'n, O hear the voice of Je - sus. }
 { Go on your way in peace to heav'n, And wear a crown with Je - sus, }

D. C. — Sweet - est ear - ol ev - er sung, Je - sus, bless - ed Je - sus.

CHORUS.

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

3 His name dispels my guilt and fear,
 No other name but Jesus;
 How my soul delights to hear
 The charming name of Jesus.

4 The children too, both great and small,
 Who love the name of Jesus,
 May now accept the gracious call
 To work and live for Jesus.

No. 216.

JUST AS I AM.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.

WM. BRADBURY.

1 Just as I am, with - out one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me,
 2 Just as I am, and wait - ing not To rid my soul of one dark blot,
 3 Just as I am, tho' toss'd a - bout With many a conflict, many a doubt,
 4 Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind, Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
 5 Just as I am, Thou wilt re - ceive, Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
 6 Just as I am, Thy love unknown Hath bro - ken ev' - ry bar - rier down;

And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God, I come, I come!
 To Thee whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come, I come!
 Fight - ings with - in, and fears with - out, O Lamb of God, I come, I come!
 Yea, all I need, in Thee to find, O Lamb of God, I come, I come!
 Be - cause Thy promise I be - lieve, O Lamb of God, I come, I come!
 Now, to be Thine, yea, Thine a - lone, O Lamb of God, I come, I come!

No. 217.

LENOX, H. M. (334)

CHARLES WESLEY.

J. EDSON.

1. Blow ye the trumpet, blow The glad-ly solemn sound, Let all the nations
 2. Ex - alt the Son of God, The sin - a-ton-ing Lamb; Re-demp-tion in His
 3. Ye who have sold for nought Your her - i - tage a-bove; Come, take it back un -
 4. The gospel trumpet sounds, Let all the nations hear; And earth's re-mot-est

know, To earth's re-mot-est bound; The year of Ju - bi - lee is come, The
 blood To all the world pro-claim; The year of Ju - bi - lee is come; The
 bought The gift of Je - sus' love; The year of Ju - bi - lee is come; The
 bounds Be - fore the throne ap-pear; The year of Ju - bi - lee is come; The

year of Ju - bi - lee is come, Re-turn, ye ransomed sin - ners, home.

No. 218. (190)

- 1 Arise, my soul, arise,
 Shake off thy guilty fears,
 The bleeding Sacrifice
 In my behalf appears;
 Before the throne my Surety stands,
 My name is written on His hands.
- 2 He ever lives above,
 For me to intercede;
 His all-redeeming love,
 His precious blood to plead;
 His blood aton'd for all our race,
 And sprinkles now the throne of grace.
- 3 Five bleeding wounds He bears,
 Received on Calvary:
 They pour effectual prayers,
 They strongly speak for me;
 Forgive him, O forgive, they cry,
 Nor let that ransom'd sinner die.
- 4 The Father hears him pray,
 His dear anointed One;
 He can not turn away
 The Presence of His Son;
 His Spirit answers to the blood,
 And tells me I am born of God.

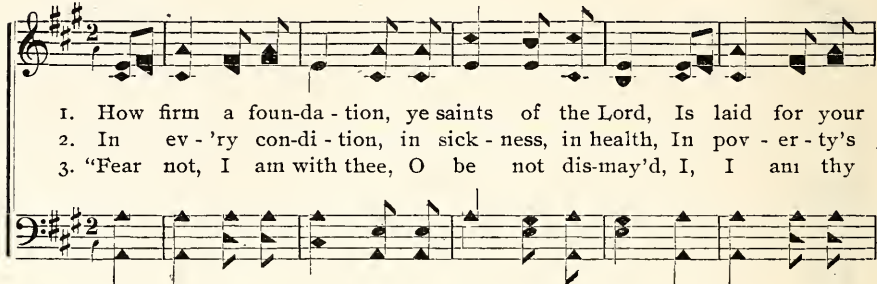
No. 219.

- 1 Come, my Redeemer, come,
 And deign to dwell with me;
 Come and Thy right assume,
 And bid Thy rivals flee:
 Come, my Redeemer, quickly come.
 And make my heart Thy lasting home.
- 2 Exert Thy mighty power,
 And banish all my sin;
 In this auspicious hour,
 Bring all Thy graces in:
 Come, my Redeemer, quickly come,
 And make my heart Thy lasting home.
- 3 Rule Thou in every thought
 And passion of my soul,
 Till all my powers are brought
 Beneath Thy full control;
 Come, my Redeemer, quickly come,
 And make my heart Thy lasting home.
4. Then must my days be Thine,
 And all my heart be love,
 And joy and peace be mine,
 Such as are known above:
 Come, my Redeemer, quickly come,
 And make my heart Thy lasting home.

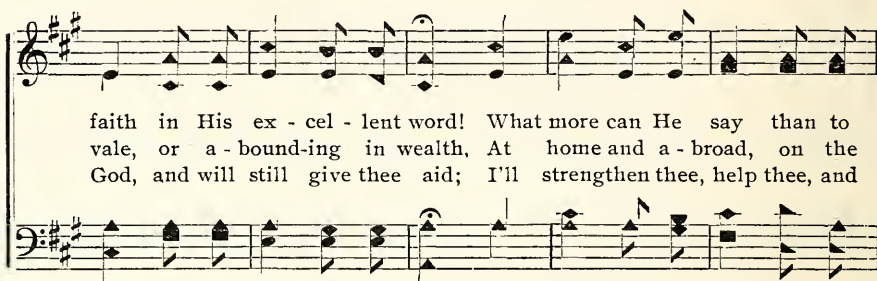
No. 220. HOW FIRM A FOUNDATION. (391)

GEO. KEITH.

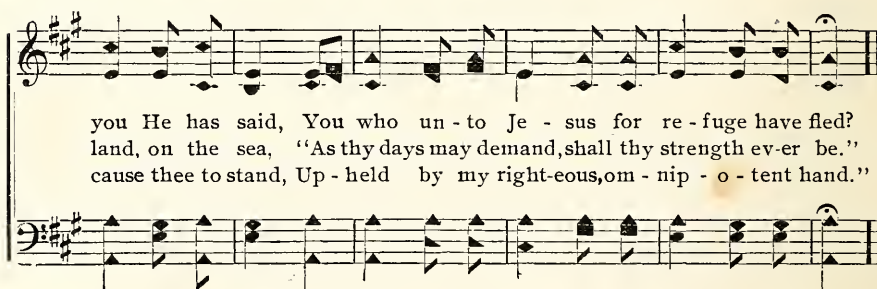
ANNIE STEELE.



1. How firm a foun-da - tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your
 2. In ev - 'ry con-di - tion, in sick - ness, in health, In pov - er - ty's
 3. "Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dis-may'd, I, I am thy



faith in His ex - cel - lent word! What more can He say than to
 vale, or a - bound-ing in wealth, At home and a - broad, on the
 God, and will still give thee aid; I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and

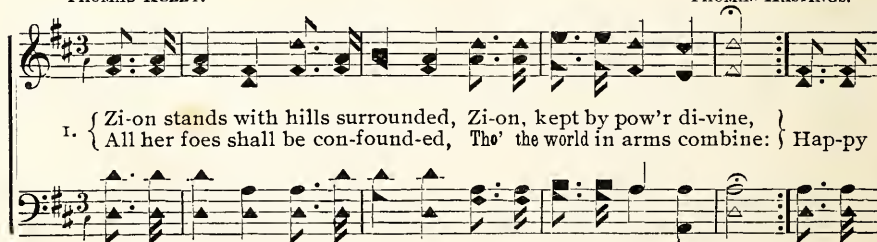


you He has said, You who un - to Je - sus for re - fuge have fled?
 land, on the sea, "As thy days may demand, shall thy strength ev - er be."
 cause thee to stand, Up - held by my right-eous, om - nip - o - tent hand."

No. 221. ZION, 8s, 7, 4. (230)

THOMAS KELLY.

THOMAS HASTINGS.



1. { Zi-on stands with hills surrounded, Zi-on, kept by pow'r di-vine, }
 { All her foes shall be con-found-ed, Tho' the world in arms combine: } Hap-py

ZION.



2 Every human tie may perish,
Friend to friend unfaithful prove,
Mothers cease their own to cherish,
Heaven and earth at last remove,
But no changes
Can attend Jehovah's love.

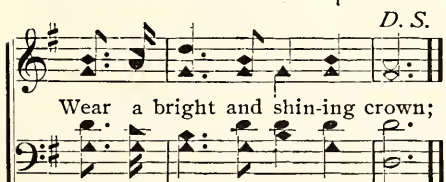
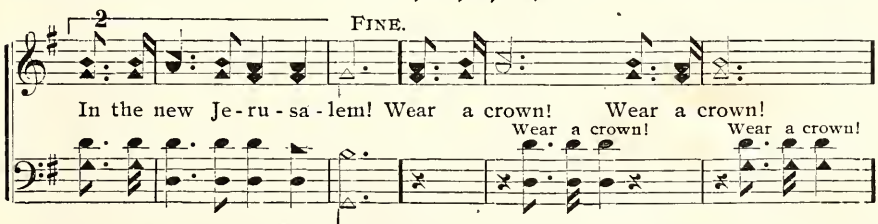
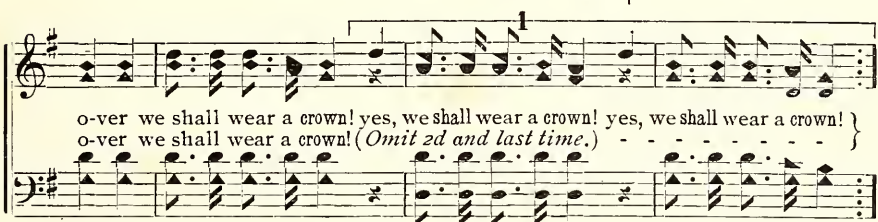
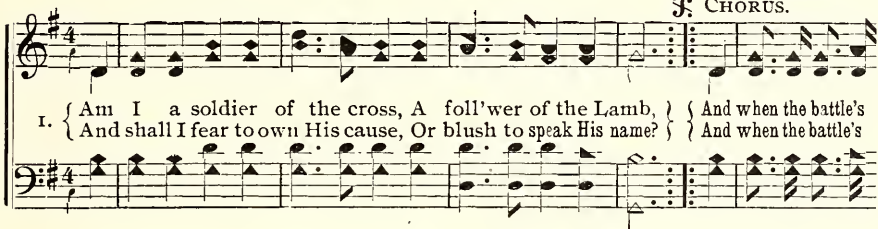
3 In the furnace God may prove thee,
Thence to bring thee forth more bright,
But can never cease to love thee—
Thou art precious in His sight;
God is with thee,
God, thine everlasting light.

No. 222.

BATTLE HYMN. (561)

English.

CHORUS.



2 Must I be carried to the skies,
On flow'ry beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize
And sailed through bloody seas?

3 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace
To help me on to God?

Third verse by L. L. PICKETT.

G. R. STREET.

1. Child of sor-row, child of care, Wouldst thou learn thy griefs to bear, And es-
 2. Painful days, and months, and years, Gloom-y doubts, dis-tract-ing fears, In this
 3. Christ our Lord will give re-lief, In the hour of pain and grief, If you

cape from ev'ry snare? Trust in God, Human strength is weak and vain, Let not
 darksome vale of tears, We may see, But the Lord will lead us on, He will
 learn to trust His grace, All the way, While we live and when we die, He can

sin its power re-gain, Humb - ly ask and help ob - tain, From thy God.
 nev - er leave His own, Till we reach His shin-ing throne, Safe - ly there.
 ful - ly sanc-ti - fy, Then we'll reign with Him on high, Safe at home.

CHORUS.

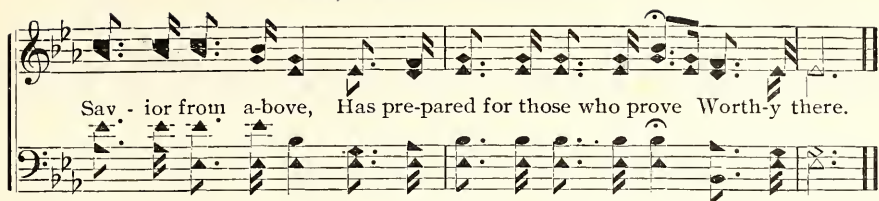
We'll be there, we'll be there, When the Lord of glo-ry
 We'll be there, we'll be there,

calls us, We'll be there, To en - joy that feast of love, That the
 we'll be there,

* Or use "Meet me there, etc." for chorus.

By permission. A. S. Kieffer.

THE FEAST OF LOVE.



Sav - ior from a - bove, Has pre - pared for those who prove Worth - y there.

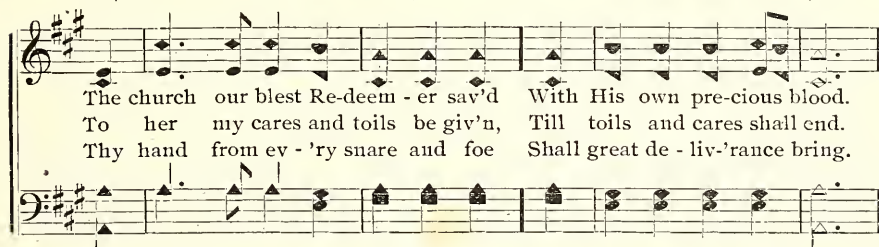
No. 224. BEALOTH. S. M. D. (253)

TIMOTHY DWIGHT. 1800.

Author Unknown.



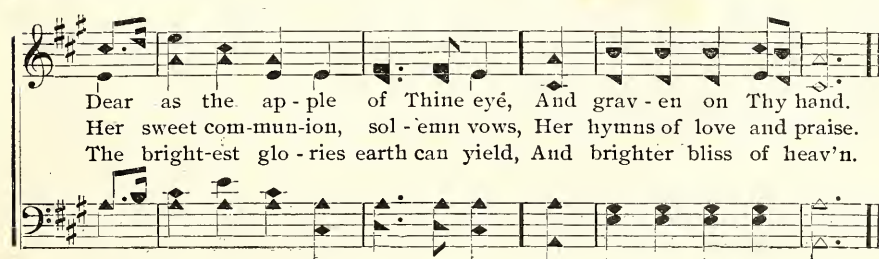
1. I love Thy kingdom, Lord, The house of Thine a - bo - de,
 2. For her my tears shall fall; For her my pray'rs as - cend;
 3. Je - sus, Thou Friend di - vine, Our Sav - ior and our King,



The church our blest Re - deem - er sav'd With His own pre - cious blood.
 To her my cares and toils be giv'n, Till toils and cares shall end.
 Thy hand from ev - 'ry snare and foe Shall great de - liv - rance bring.



I love Thy church, O God, Her walls be - fore Thee stand,
 Be - yond my high - est joy I prize her heav'nly ways,
 Sure as Thy truth shall last, To Zi - on shall be giv'n



Dear as the ap - ple of Thine eye, And grav - en on Thy hand.
 Her sweet com - mun - ion, sol - emn vows, Her hymns of love and praise.
 The bright - est glo - ries earth can yield, And brighter bliss of heav'n.

No. 225.

HOW I LOVE JESUS.

FREDERICK WHITFIELD.

Arranged.

1. { There is a name I love to hear, I love to sing its worth; It }
sounds like music in mine ear, The (Omit.) - - - } sweetest name on

earth, { Oh, how I love Je-sus, Oh, how I love Je-sus, }
{ Oh, how I love Je-sus, Be- (Omit.) - - - } cause He first loved me.

- 2 It tells me of a Savior's love,
Who died to set me free;
It tells me of His precious blood,
The sinner's perfect plea.
- 3 It tells me what my Father hath
In store for every day,

- And, tho' I tread a darksome path,
Yields sunshine all the way.
- 5 It tells of One whose loving heart
Can feel my deepest woe,
Who in each sorrow bears a part,
That none can bear below.

No. 226.

SUN OF MY SOUL.

JOHN KEPLER.

HENRY MONK.

1. Sun of my soul, Thou Sav-ior dear, It is not night if Thou be near;
2. When the soft dews of kind-ly sleep My wearied eye-lids gen-tly steep,
3. A-bide with me from morn till eve, For without Thee I can-not live;
4. If some poor wand'ring child of Thine Hath spurned to-day the voice di-vine,

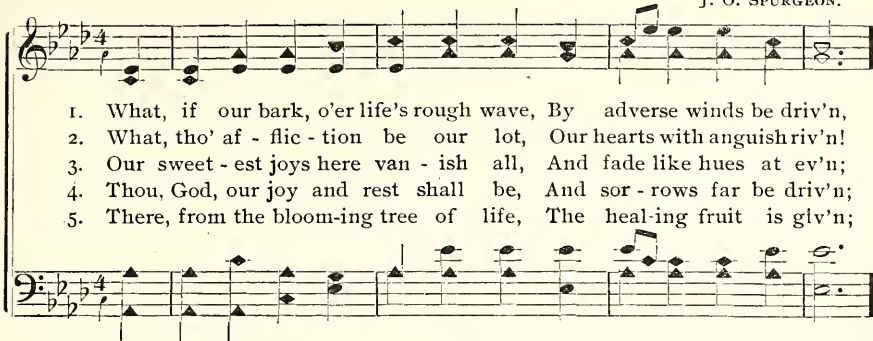
O may no earth-born cloud a-rise To hide Thee from Thy ser-vant's eyes.
Be my last tho't, how sweet to rest For-ev-er on my Sav-ior's breast.
A-bide with me when night is nigh, For without Thee I dare not die.
Now, Lord, the gracious work be-gin, Let him no more lie down to sin.

- 5 Watch by the sick, enrich the poor
With blessings from Thy boundless store.
Be every mourner's sleep to-night,
Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.

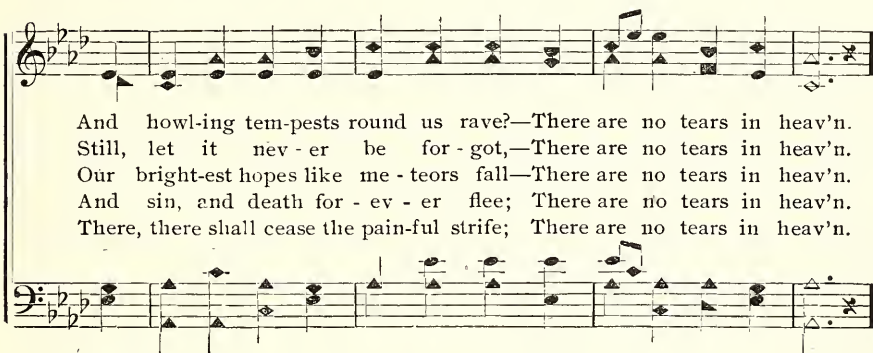
- 6 Come near and bless us when we wake.
Ere thro' the world our way we take,
Till in the ocean of Thy love,
We lose ourselves in heav'n above.

No. 227. MY BEAUTIFUL HOME, C. M. (660)

J. O. SPURGEON.

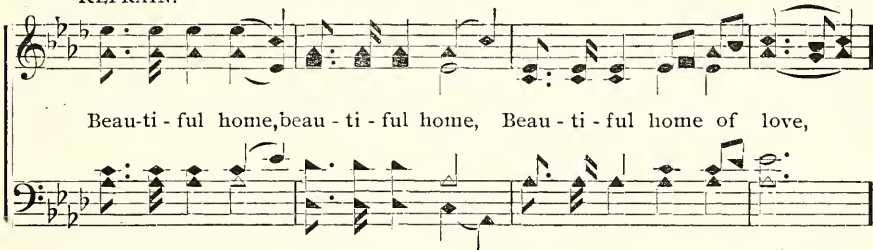


1. What, if our bark, o'er life's rough wave, By adverse winds be driv'n,
 2. What, tho' af - flic - tion be our lot, Our hearts with anguish riv'n!
 3. Our sweet - est joys here van - ish all, And fade like hues at ev'n;
 4. Thou, God, our joy and rest shall be, And sor - rows far be driv'n;
 5. There, from the bloom-ing tree of life, The heal-ing fruit is giv'n;

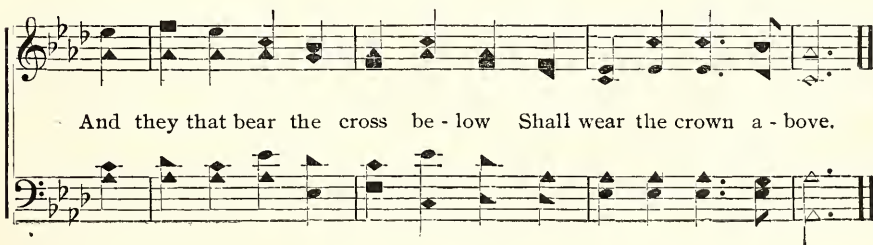


And howl-ing tem-pests round us rave?—There are no tears in heav'n.
 Still, let it nev - er be for - got,—There are no tears in heav'n.
 Our bright-est hopes like me - teors fall—There are no tears in heav'n.
 And sin, and death for - ev - er flee; There are no tears in heav'n.
 There, there shall cease the pain-ful strife; There are no tears in heav'n.

REFRAIN.



Beau-ti - ful home, beau - ti - ful home, Beau - ti - ful home of love,



And they that bear the cross be - low Shall wear the crown a - bove.

F. J. CROSBY.

Mrs. Jos. F. KNAPP.

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

glo - ry di - vine! Heir of sal - va - tion, purchased of God, Born of His
 burst on my sight, An - gels de - scend - ing bring from a - bove Ech - oes of
 hap - py and blest, Watch - ing and wait - ing, look - ing a - bove, Fill'd with His

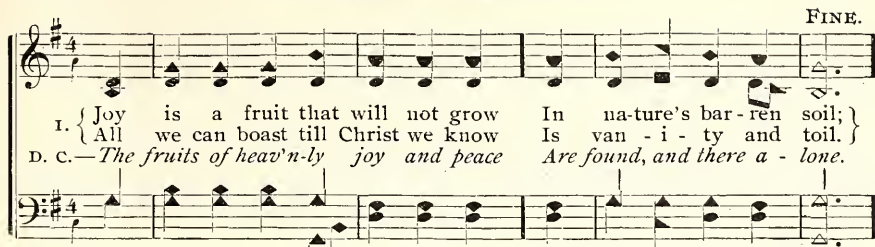
CHORUS.

Spir - it, washed in His blood.
 mer - cy, whis - pers of love. This is my sto - ry, this is my
 good - ness, lost in His love.

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

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

FINE.



I. { Joy is a fruit that will not grow In na-ture's bar-ren soil; }
 { All we can boast till Christ we know Is van-i-ty and toil. }
 D. C.—The fruits of heav'n-ly joy and peace Are found, and there a-lone.



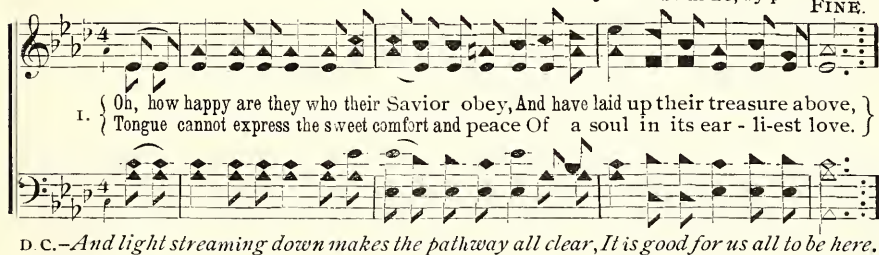
But where the Lord has plant-ed grace, And made His glo-ries known,

2 A bleeding Savior, seen by faith,
 A sense of pard'ning love,
 A hope that triumphs over death,
 Give joys like those above,
 To take a glimpse within the veil,
 To know that God is mine,
 Are springs of joy that never fail,
 Unspeakable, divine.

3 These are the joys that satisfy,
 And sanctify the mind;
 Which make the spirit mount on high,
 And leave the world behind.
 No more, believers, mourn your lot;
 But if you are the Lord's,
 Resign to them that know Him not
 Such joys as earth affords.

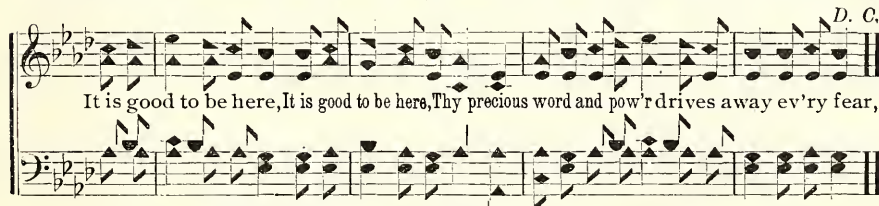
No. 230. IT IS GOOD TO BE HERE. (488)

JNO. R. SWENEY, by per. FINE.



I. { Oh, how happy are they who their Savior obey, And have laid up their treasure above, }
 { Tongue cannot express the sweet comfort and peace Of a soul in its ear-li-est love. }
 D. C.—And light streaming down makes the pathway all clear, It is good for us all to be here.

D. C.



It is good to be here, It is good to be here, Thy precious word and pow'r drives away ev'ry fear,

Copyright, 1879, by Jno. R. Sweeney.

2 This sweet comfort is mine since the fa-
 vor divine
 I have found in the blood of the Lamb!
 Since the truth I believed, what a joy I re-
 ceived.
 What a heaven in Jesus' blest name.

3 'Tis a heaven below my Redeemer to
 know,
 And the angels can do nothing more
 Than to fall at His feet, and the story re-
 peat,
 And the lover of sinners adore!

No. 231.

FAIR HAVEN.

Scotch Air.

Slow.

1. Hail! sweet-est, dear-est tie that binds Our glow-ing hearts in one;
 2. No ling'ring hope, no part-ing sigh, Our fu-ture meet-ing knows;

FINE.

Hail! sa-cred hope, that tunes our minds To har-mo-ny di-vine:
 The friend-ship beams from ev-'ry eye, And hope im-mor-tal grows:

D. S.—The hope, when days and years have pass'd, We all shall meet in heav'n.

D. S.

It is the hope, the bliss-ful hope Which Je-sus' grace has giv'n;
 Oh, sa-cred hope, oh, bliss-ful hope, Which Je-sus' grace has giv'n;

No. 232.

LETTING JESUS LOVE US.

Mrs. F. A. BRECK.

(FOR THE INFANT CLASS.)

G. E. ORGE.

1. Let-ting Jesus love us we o-bey—Letting Je-sus teach us how to pray—
 2. Let-ting Jesus love us we will sing—And our thank-ful hearts to Him we bring—
 3. Let-ting Jesus love us here be-low—He will guide our feet where they should go,

Letting Jesus show us dai-ly how to be Gen-tle and for-giv-ing such as He.
 Letting Jesus love us, we will fear no harm, For He puts around us His strong arm.
 Letting Jesus lead us unto heaven's door—Surely He will love us ev-er-more.

No. 233.

THERE IS A HAPPY LAND.

1. There is a hap - py land, Far, far a - way, Where saints in
 2. Come to that hap - py land, Come, come a - way, Why will ye
 3. Bright in that hap - py land Beams ev - 'ry eye, Kept by a

glo - ry stand, Bright, bright as day; Oh, how they sweet - ly sing, Worth - y
 doubting stand, Why still de - lay? Oh, we shall hap - py be, When from
 Fa - ther's hand, Love can - not die; Oh, then, to glo - ry run, Be a

is our Sav - ior, King, Loud let His prais - es ring, Praise, praise for aye.
 sin and sor - row free, Lord, we shall live with Thee, Blest, blest for aye.
 crown and kingdom won, And bright a - bove the sun We reign for aye.

No. 234. WHAT A FRIEND.

Key of F.

- 1 What a friend we have in Jesus,
 All our sins and griefs to bear,
 What a privilege to carry
 Everything to God in prayer.
 Oh, what peace we often forfeit,
 Oh, what needless pain we bear—
 All because we do not carry
 Everything to God in prayer.
- 2 Have we trials and temptations?
 Is there trouble anywhere?
 We should never be discouraged,
 Take it to the Lord in prayer.
 Can we find a friend so faithful,
 Who will all our sorrows share?
 Jesus knows our every weakness,
 Take it to the Lord in prayer.
- 3 Are we weak and heavy laden,
 Cumbered with a load of care?
 Precious Savior, still our refuge,
 Take it to the Lord in prayer.
 Do thy friends despise, forsake Thee?
 Take it to the Lord in prayer:
 In His arms he'll take and shield thee,
 Thou wilt find a solace there.

No. 235. GOD BE WITH YOU.

Key of D Flat.

- 1 God be with you till we meet again,
 By His counsels guide, uphold you,
 With His sheep securely fold you,
 God be with you till we meet again.
- CHORUS.
- Till we meet, till we meet,
 Till we meet at Jesus' feet;
 Till we meet, till we meet,
 God be with you till we meet again.
- 2 God be with you till we meet again,
 'Neath His wings securely hide you;
 Daily manna still divide you,
 God be with you till we meet again.
 - 3 God be with you till we meet again,
 When life's perils thick confound you,
 Put His arms unfailing round you,
 God be with you till we meet again.
 - 4 God be with you till we meet again,
 Keep love's banner floating o'er you;
 Smite death's threatening wave before you,
 God be with you till we meet again.

No. 236.

REVIVE US AGAIN.

WM. P. MACKAY.

J. J. HUSBAND.

1. We praise Thee, O God! for the Son of Thy love,
 2. We praise Thee, O God! for Thy Spir - it of light,
 3. All glo - ry and praise to the Lamb that was slain,
 4. All glo - ry and praise to the God of all grace,

For Je - sus who died and is now gone a - bove,
 Who has shown us our Sav - ior and scat - tered our night.
 Who has borne all our sins and has cleansed ev - 'ry stain.
 Who has bought us, and sought us, and guid - ed our ways,

REFRAIN.

Hal-le-lu-jah! Thine the glory; Hal-le-lu-jah! A - men! Re - vive us a - gain.

No. 237.

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

1. Our Father who art in heaven, hallowed be Thy name,
 2. Give us this day our dai - ly bread,
 3. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil,

Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven.
 And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass a - gainst us.
 For Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for - ever, A - men.

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