Tears and triumphs combined.

L.L. Pickett and others

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Tears & Triumphs Combined.

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REVIVALS,
SUNDAY SCHOOLS
&
THE HOME

REV. L. L. PICKETT.
Jno. R. PEYTON.
Rev. MATHEW N. KNAPP.



THE PICKETT PUBLISHING CO., LOUISVILLE, KY.

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PICKETT PUBLISHING COMPANY,

LOUISVILLE, KY.

Tears and Triumphs Combined

For Revivals, Sunday-Schools and the Home.

.. BY ..

REV. L. L. PICKETT, JNO. R. BRYANT,
REV. MARTIN WELLS KNAPP.

"They that sow in tears shall reap in joy."—Ps. 126 : 5

THE PICKETT PUBLISHING COMPANY,

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PREFACE TO THIS EDITION.

▲▼▲▼▲▼▲▼▲▼▲▼

THERE has been a great demand for the "Tears and Triumphs," their combined sale having already passed 200,000. Recently quite an extensive call has sprung up for the cream of both books to be issued in one. Throwing out duplicates and dropping a few pieces of least merit we here present the singers of Zion a spiritual and musical feast, which we trust will both delight and profit them. Let the singing be accompanied with much prayer and fervent desire to serve the King before whom we must all soon stand.

We would recommend the trial of at least the following Nos. as a sample of the book: 10, 27, 32, 89, 95, 103, 117, 121, 126.

From part II. Nos. 4, 18, 21, 63, 84, 89, 110, 121, 141, 168, 177, 191.

If helped on your way to heaven by these songs kindly aid us in their circulation.

Yours in Titus 2: 13, 14,

L. L. PICKETT,
Wilmore, Ky.

M. W. KNAPP,
Cincinnati, O.

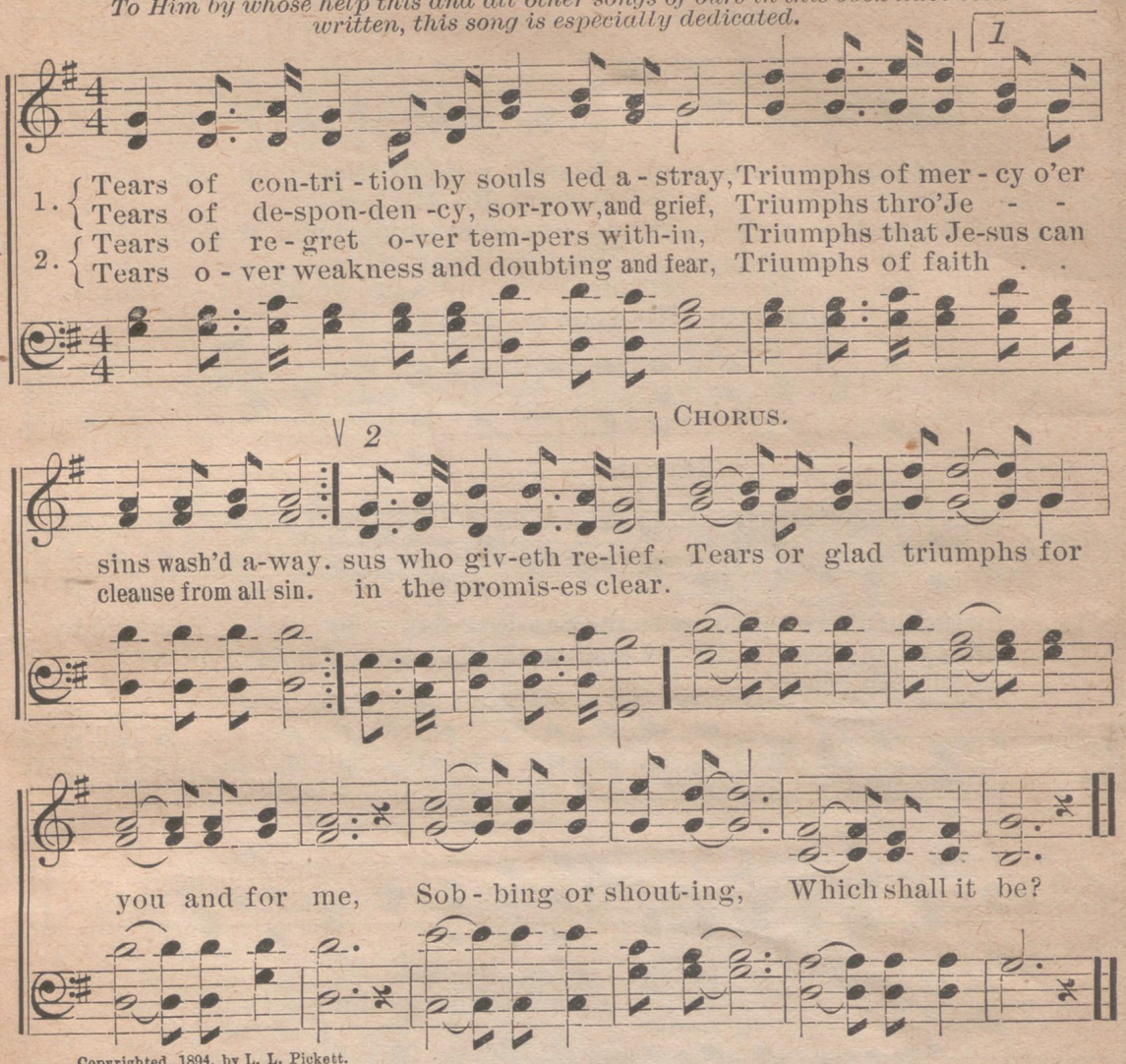
Our friends will note in this edition changes at Nos. 121 in Part I, and 3, 135, 145 and 191 of Part II. My Bro. Charlie Tillman gave me the permission to use these pieces in both the original books, but declared the Combined a new book, and required me to pay him for their continued use or take them out. I preferred taking them out. Hence the changes at this time.

March 10, 1899. L. L. PICKETT.

No. 1. Tears and Triumphs.

M. W. KNAPP. L. L. PICKETT.

To Him by whose help this and all other songs of ours in this book have been written, this song is especially dedicated.



Copyrighted, 1894, by L. L. Pickett.

3 Tears that poor sinners their Saviour should spurn,
Triumphs when penitent, glad they return.
Tears for professors who holiness fight,
Triumphs when conquered they own that it 's right.

4 Tears over sowing and waiting so long,
Triumphs o'er harvest and reaper's glad song.
Tears when stern censures unjustly befall,
Triumphs that Jesus then knoweth it all.

5 Tears of Gethsemane, anguish, and blood,
Triumphs o'er hopes resurrected of God.
Tears at dark Calvary; self there must die,
Triumphs as power comes down from on high.

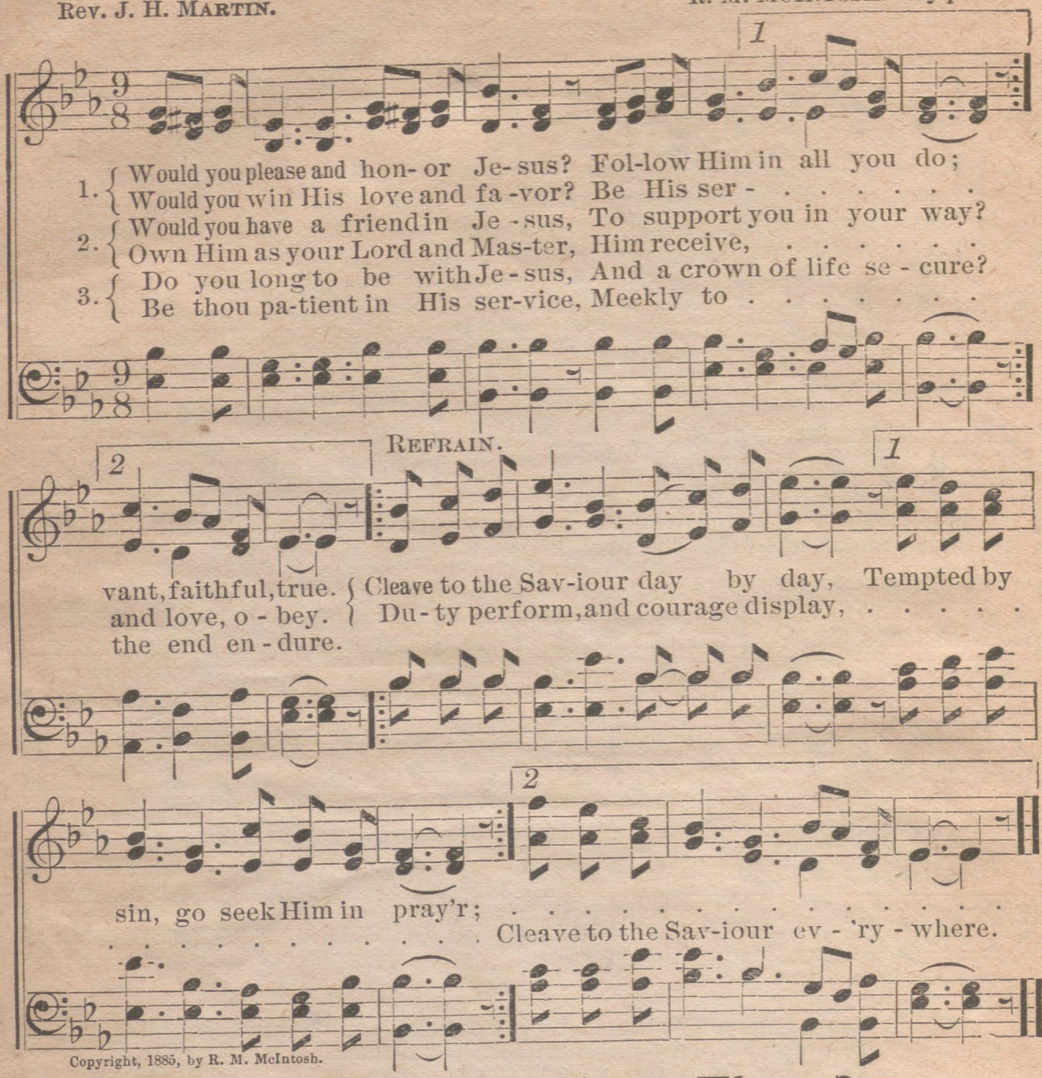
6 Tears over caskets, the dying and dead,
Triumphs through words which our Saviour has said.
Tears over partings, when friends come to die,
Triumphs o'er union, so sweet in the sky.

7 Tears of despair at the great Judgment Day,
Triumphs of saints as the earth fades away.
Tears then forever in anguish and night,
Or triumphs with Jesus in mansions of light.

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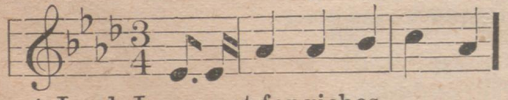
No. 2. Cleave to the Saviour.

Rev. J. H. MARTIN. R. M. McINTOSH. By per.



Copyright, 1885, by R. M. McIntosh.

No. 3. Is my Name Written There?



1 Lord, I care not for riches
Neither silver nor gold;
I would make sure of heaven,
I would enter the fold.
In the book of Thy kingdom,
With its pages so fair,
Tell me, Jesus my Saviour,
Is my name written there?

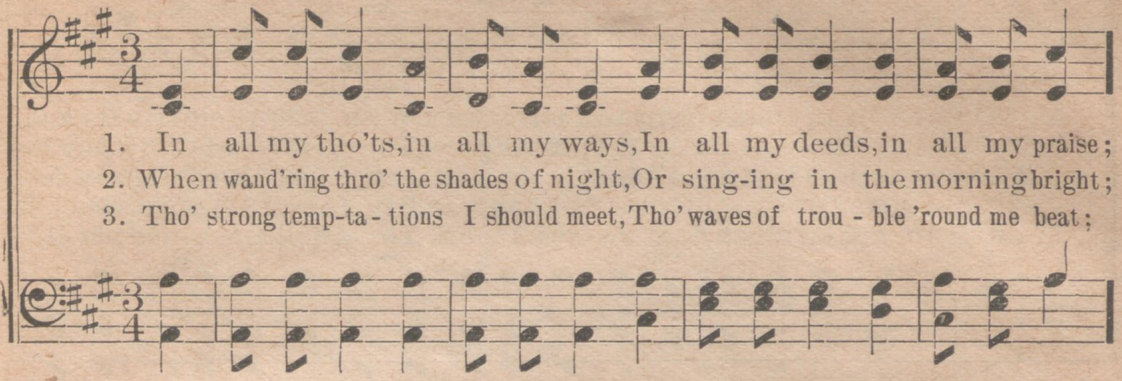
Cho.—Is my name written there,
On the page white and fair?
In the book of Thy kingdom,
Is my name written there?

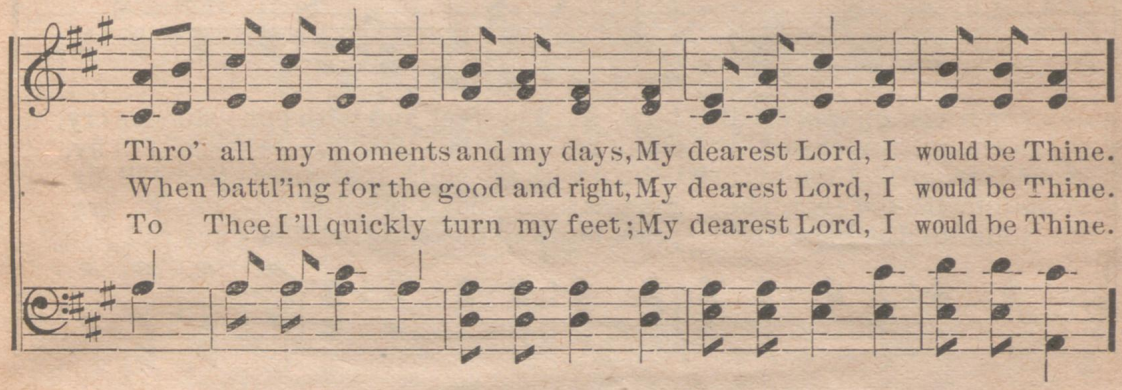
2 Lord, my sins they are many,
Like the sands of the sea,
But Thy blood, O my Saviour,
Is sufficient for me;
For Thy promise is written,
In bright letters that glow,
"Though your sins be as scarlet,
I will make them like snow."

3 Oh! that beautiful city,
With its mansions of light,
With its glorified beings,
In pure garments of white;
Where no evil thing cometh
To despoil what is fair;
Where the angels are watching,—
Is my name written there?

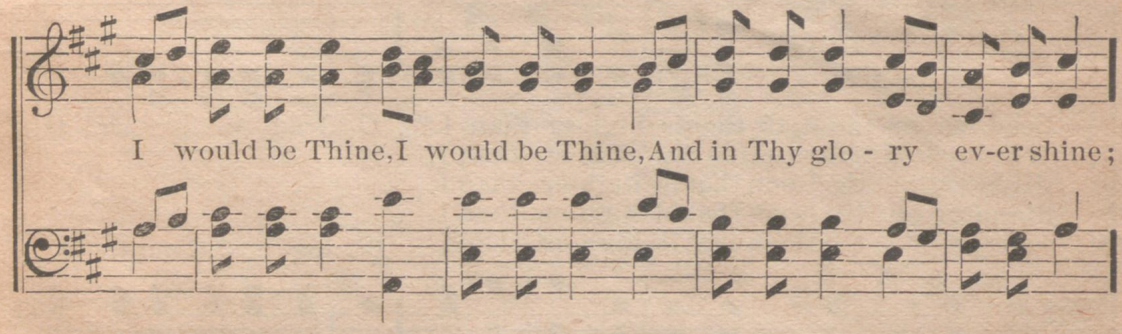
No. 4. I Would be Thine.

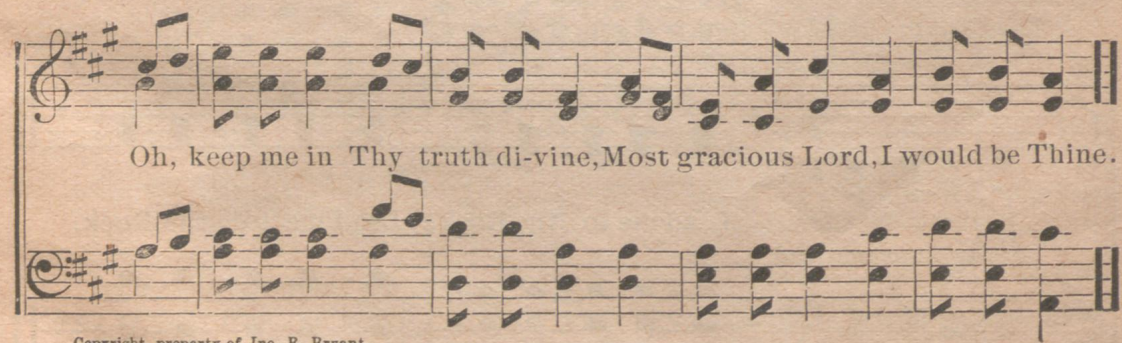
Mrs. ADELINE H. BEERY. JNO. R. BRYANT. By per.





CHORUS.

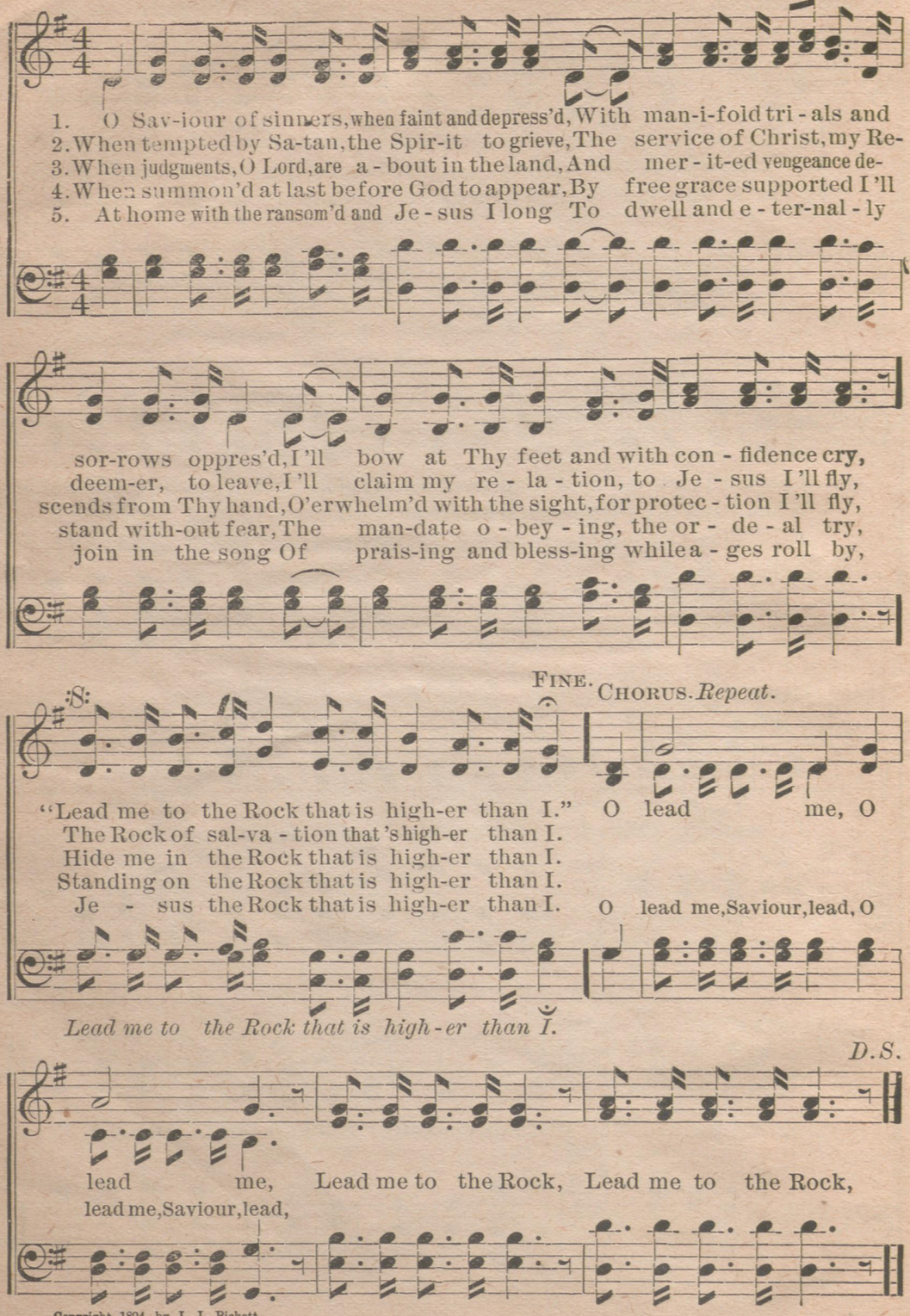




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No. 5. Lead me to the Rock.

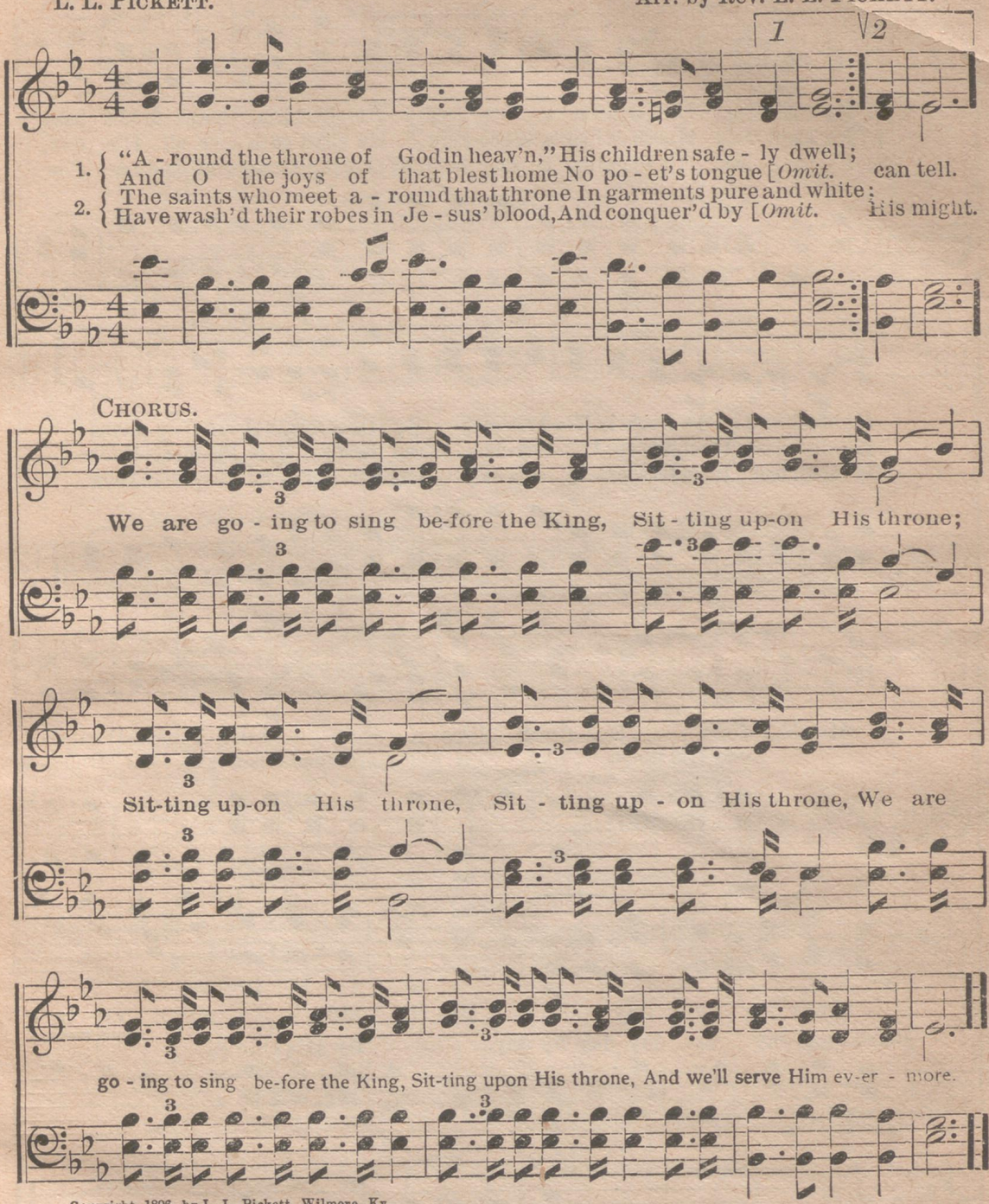
L. L. PICKETT.



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No. 6. Singing Before the King.

L. L. PICKETT. Arr. by Rev. L. L. PICKETT.



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3 All those who worthy prove below
Shall reign with Him above,
Who saves us from our sins and stains
Through His redeeming love.

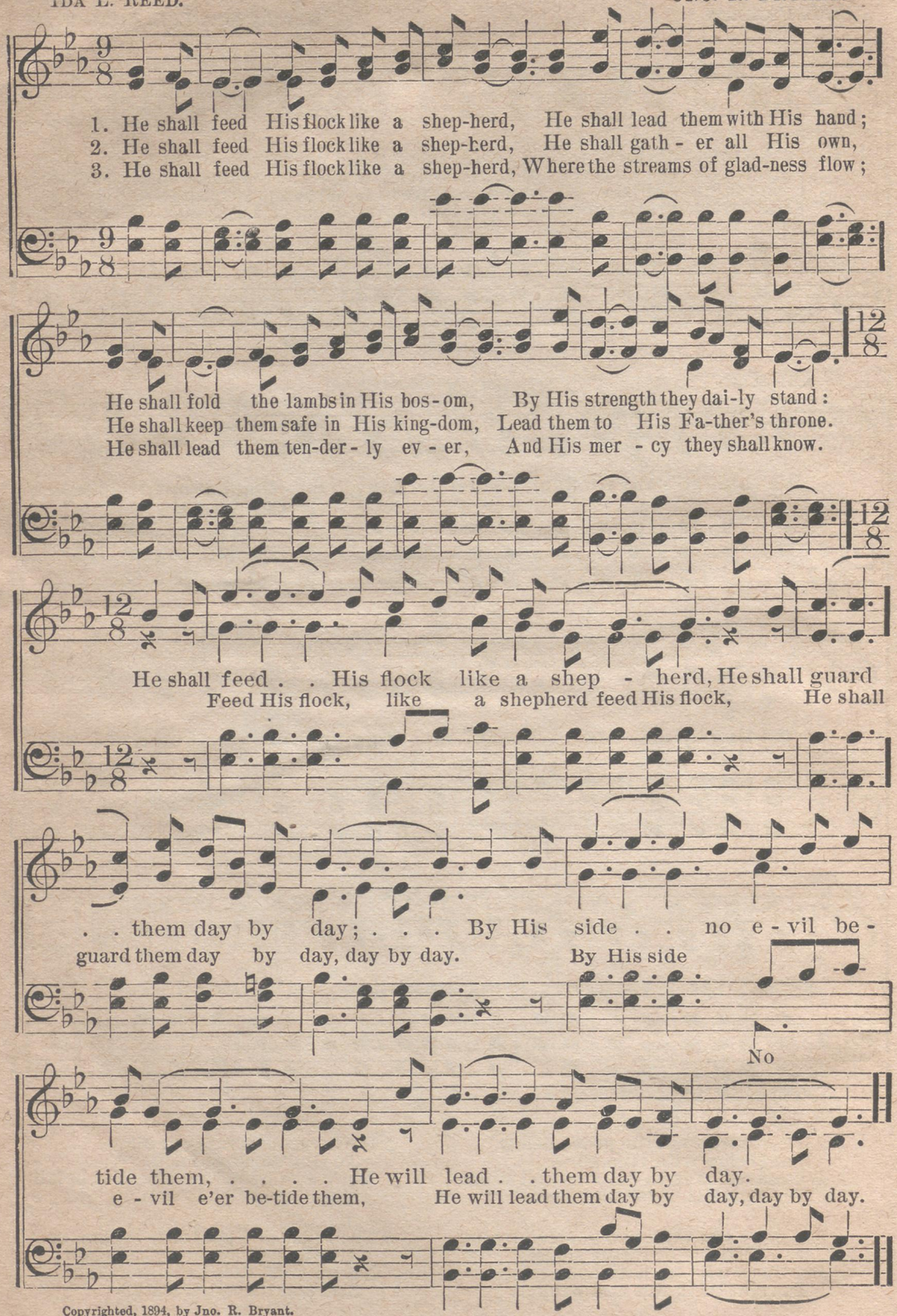
4 But none can walk yon golden streets,
Or sing those heavenly songs,
But those who trust alone in Him
To right their sins and wrongs.

5 O let us consecrate our all
To God's beloved Son,
We 'll live by faith — whate'er befall,
Until the crown is won.

6 The ransomed host now beckon us
To join that sweet-voiced choir;
But we must first be born again,
And feel the Spirit's fire.

No. 7. He Shall Feed His Flock.

IDA L. REED. JNO. R. BRYANT.

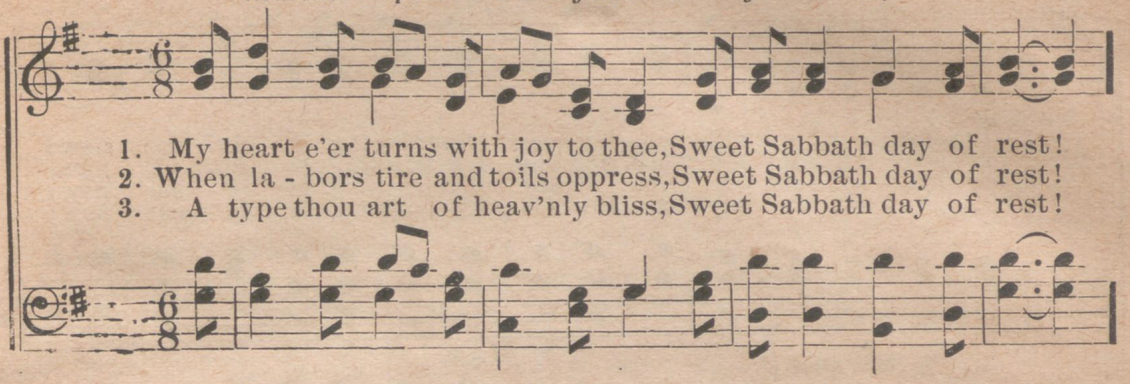


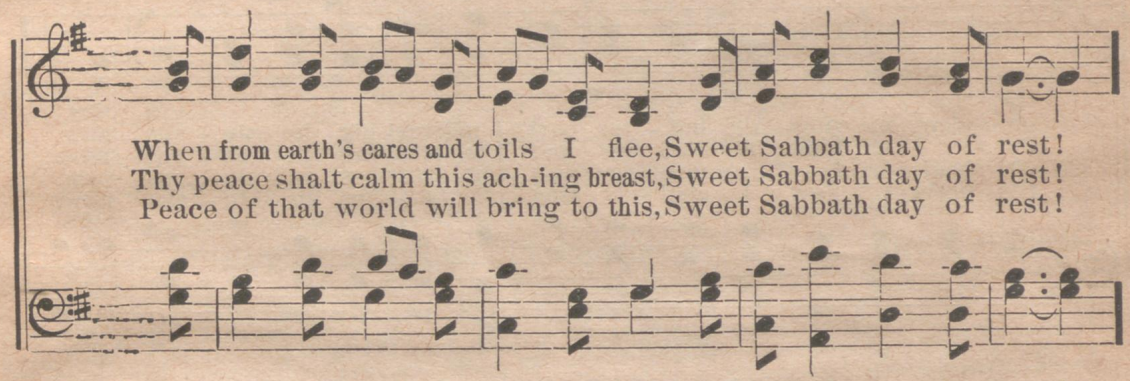
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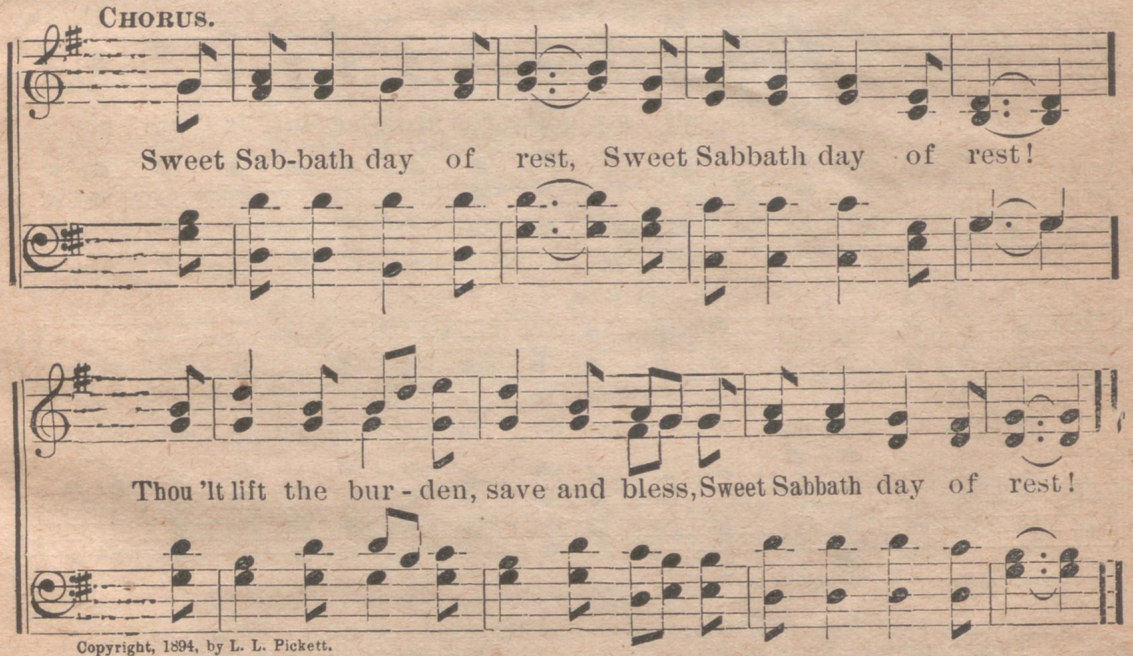
No. 8. Sweet Sabbath Day of Rest.

Words and Music by L. L. PICKETT.

(Dedicated to the Railroad men of the world, who are robbed of their Sabbaths by heartless corporations and godless Sunday travelers.)







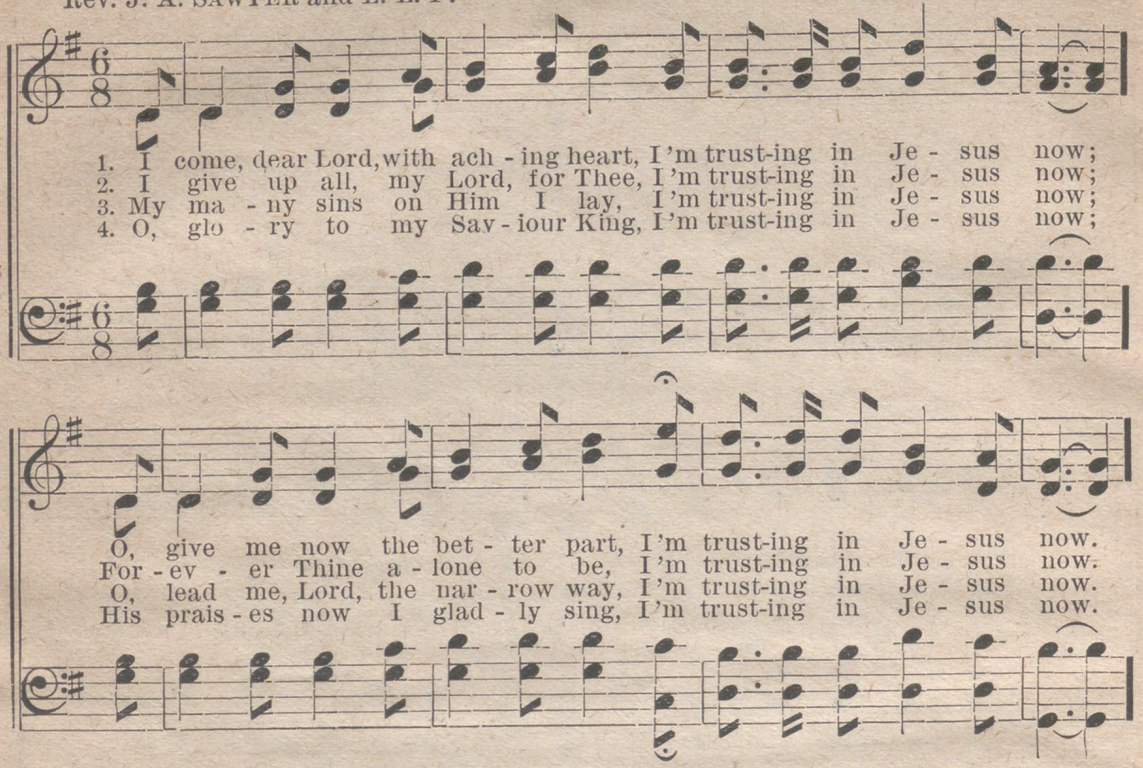
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4 Refreshing to the mind and soul,
Sweet Sabbath day of rest!
A balm which makes the wounded whole,
Sweet Sabbath day of rest!

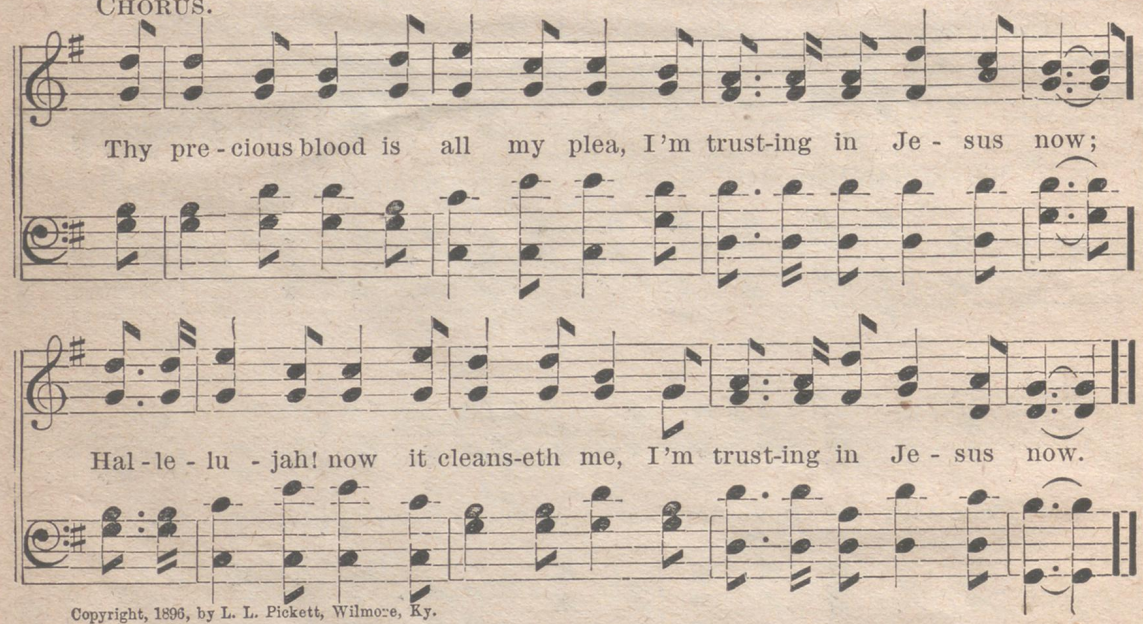
5 And when earth's weary race is o'er,
Sweet Sabbath day of rest!
We 'll share thy joys for evermore,
Sweet Sabbath day of rest!

No. 9. I'm Trusting in Jesus Now.

Rev. J. A. Sawyer and L. L. P. Rev. L. L. Pickett.



Chorus.



Copyright, 1896, by L. L. Pickett, Wilmore, Ky.

5 His glory I will here proclaim,
I'm trusting in Jesus now;
O, bless His great, His holy name,
I'm trusting in Jesus now.

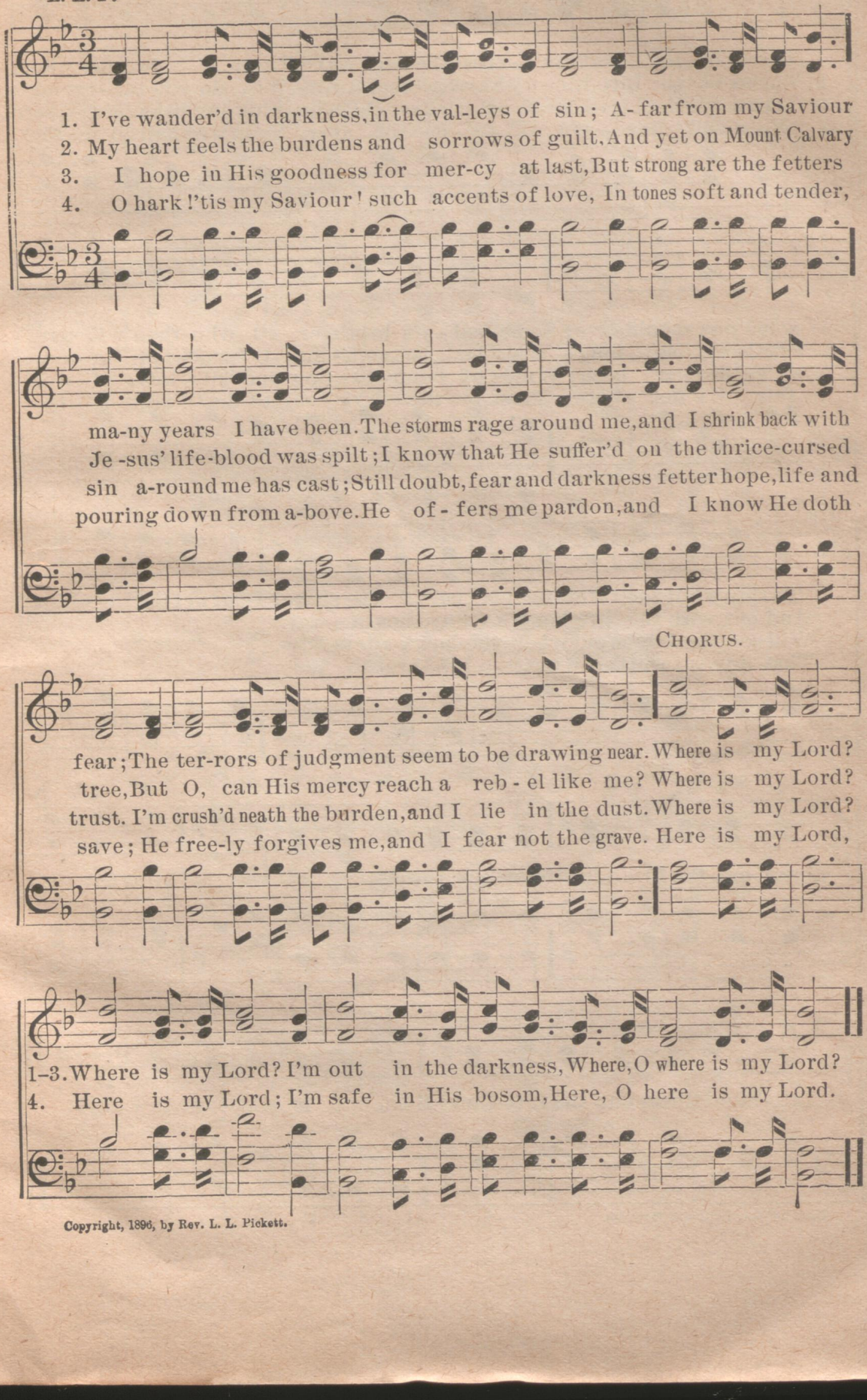
6 O, come, dear friend, accept His love,
I'm trusting in Jesus now;
And soon with Him we'll reign above,
I'm trusting in Jesus now.

7 By grace bestowed I'm born again,
I'm trusting in Jesus now;
Within my soul my Lord doth reign,
I'm trusting in Jesus now.

8 His blood doth every stain remove,
I'm trusting in Jesus now:
O glorious gift of perfect love;
I'm trusting in Jesus now.

No. 10. Where is my Lord?

L. L. P. Rev. L. L. PICKETT.

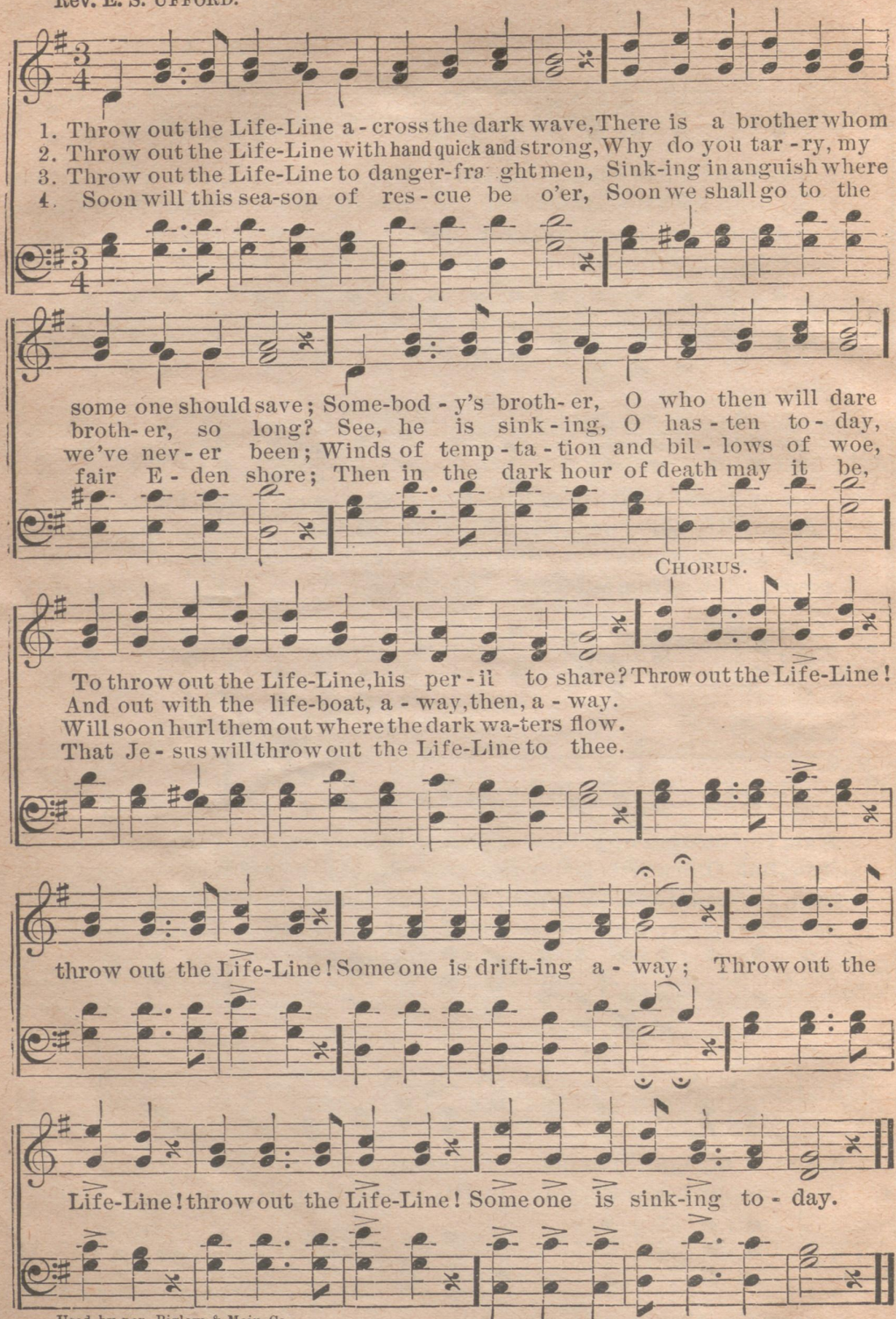


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No. 11. Throw Out the Life-Line.

Rev. E. S. Ufford.

Rev. E. S. Ufford.

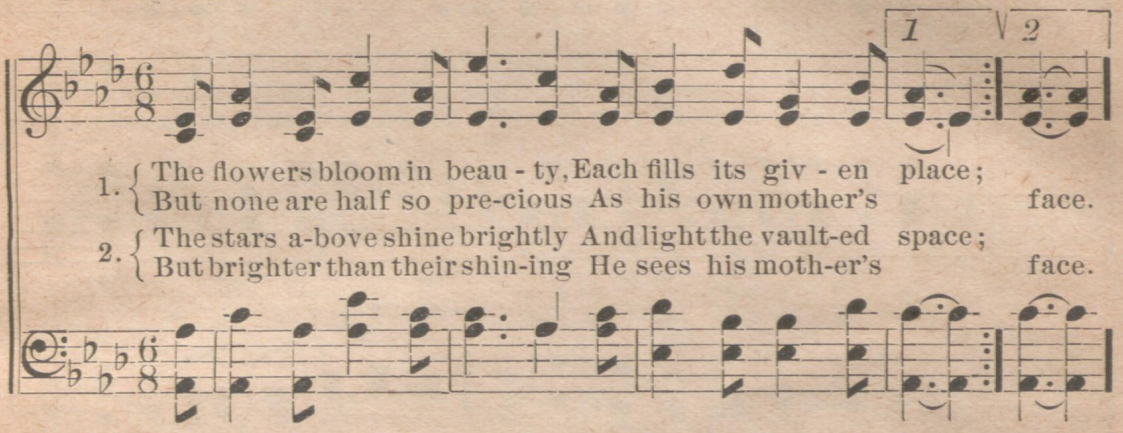


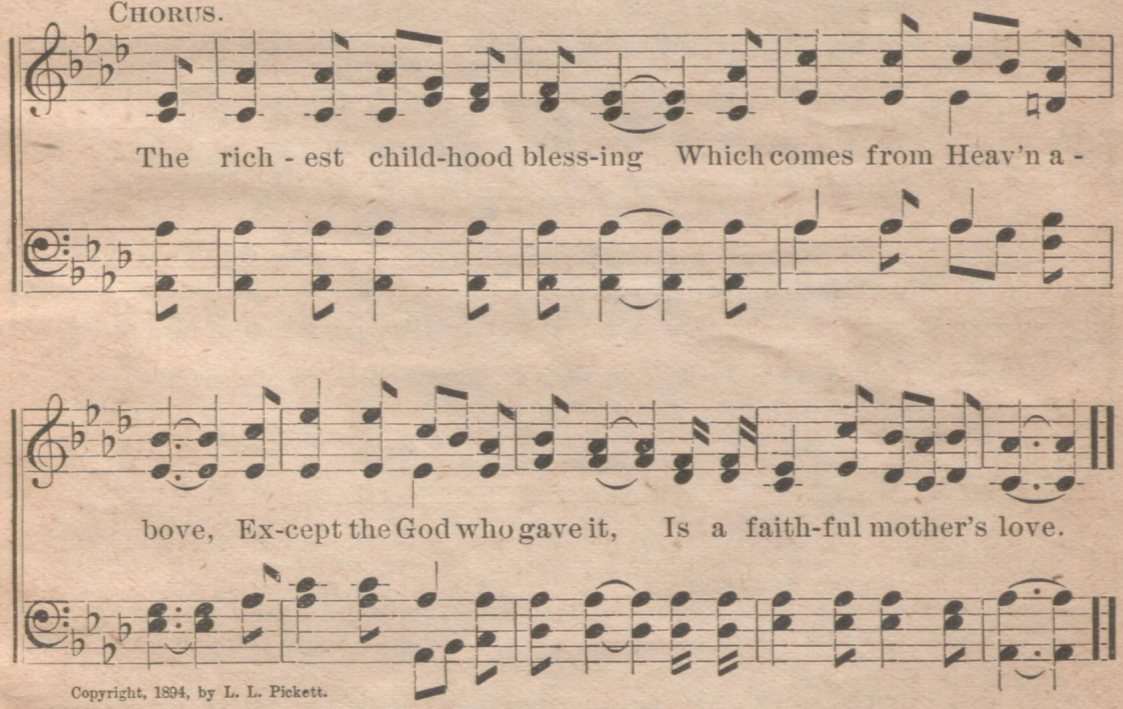
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No. 12. His Mother's Face.

"I think," said one little boy, "that the prettiest thing in the world is a red and white bird." "I," said another, "think it's a pony." The third tenderly said—"I think the prettiest thing in all the world is *just my mother's face.*"

Rev. M. W. KNAPP. Rev. L. L. PICKETT.





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3 The rainbow hues are lovely,
It spans the heaven with grace,
But lovelier light is gleaming
From his own mother's face.

4 Some glow with admiration,
As works of art they trace;
Art triumphs all are shadows,
Beside his mother's face.

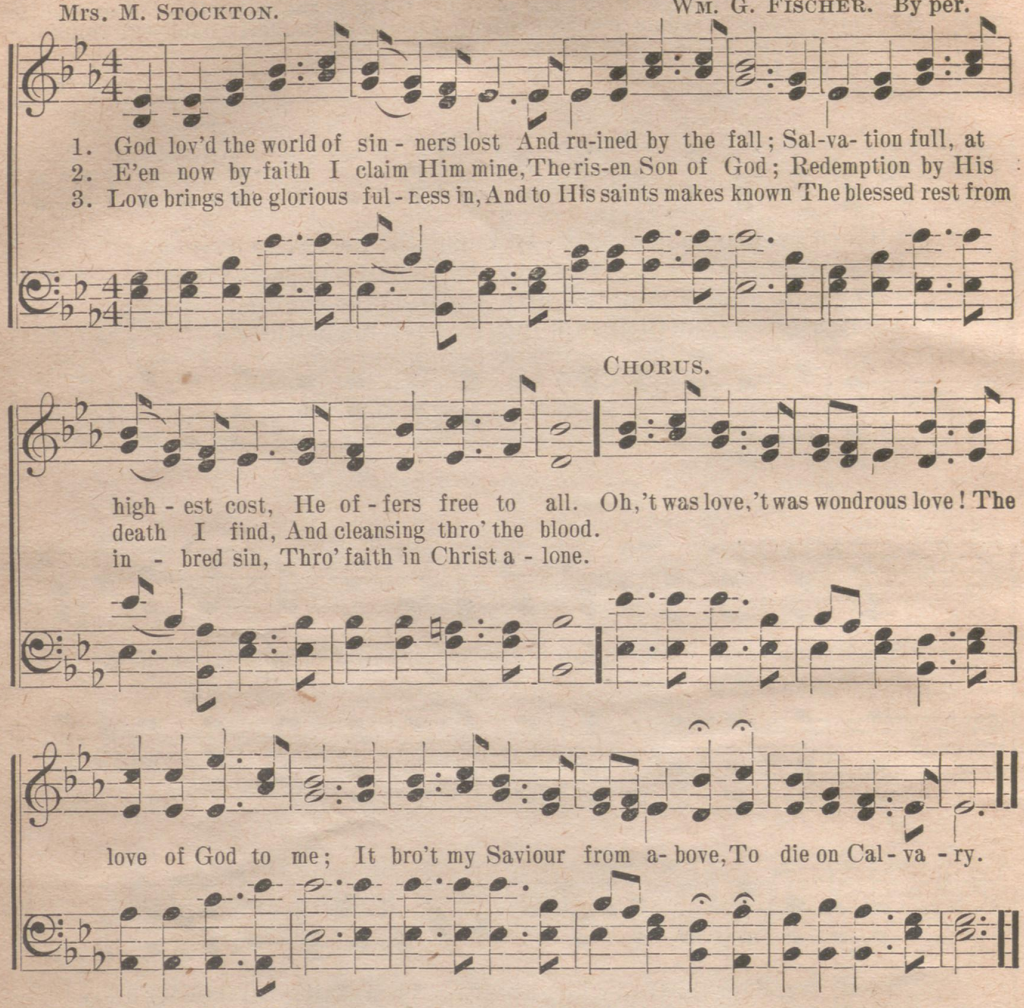
5 God help him her to honor
And never to disgrace
Or bring one tear of sorrow
To his sweet mother's face.

6 And when at last in Heaven
His soul shall find its place,
I think that next to Jesus
He 'll prize his mother's face.

No. 13. Wondrous Love.

"God so loved the world." John iii: 16.

Mrs. M. Stockton. Wm. G. Fischer. By per.



4 Believing souls, rejoicing go;
There shall to you be given
A glorious foretaste, here below,
Of endless life in heaven.

5 Of victory now o'er Satan's power
Let all the ransomed sing,
And triumph in the dying hour
Through Christ the Lord our King.

No. 14. The Half has Never been Told.

Frances R. Havergal.

1 I know I love Thee better, Lord,
Than any earthly joy;
For Thou hast given me the peace
Which nothing can destroy.

Chorus.
The half has never yet been told,
Of love so full and free;
The half has never yet been told,
The blood — it cleanseth me.

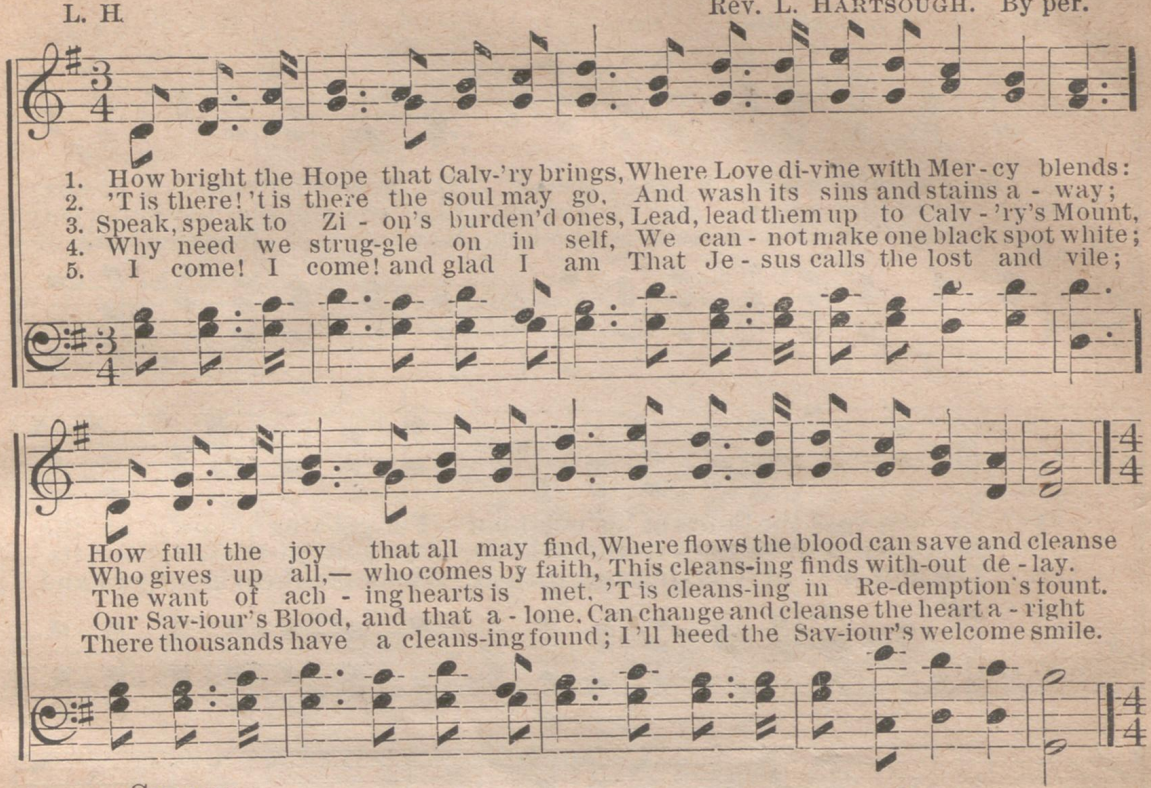
2 I know that Thou art nearer still
Than any earthly throng,
And sweeter is the thought of Thee
Than any lovely song.

3 Thou hast put gladness in my heart;
Then may I well be glad!
Without the secret of Thy love
I could not but be sad.

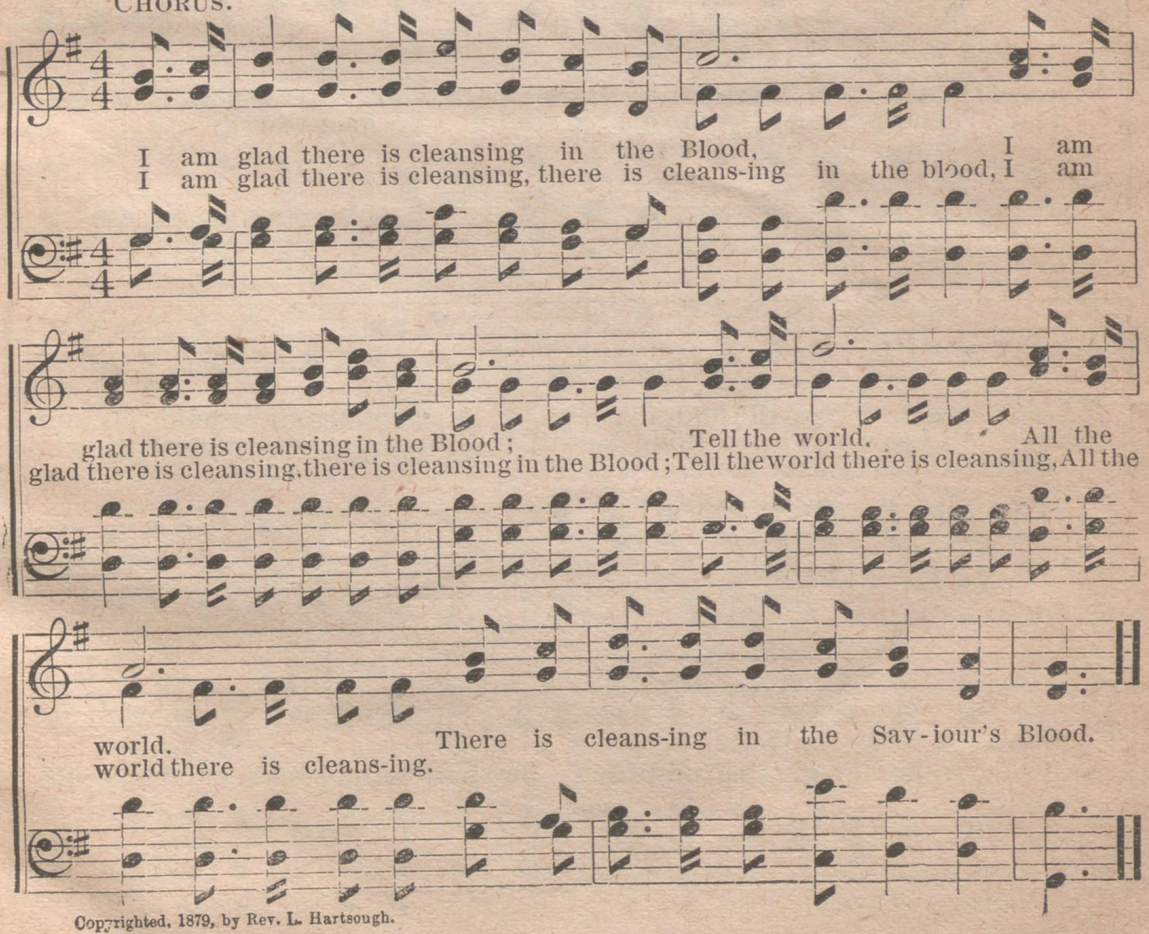
4 O Saviour, precious Saviour, mine!
What will Thy presence be
If such a life of joy can crown
Our walk on earth with Thee?

No. 15. I am Glad there is Cleansing.

L. H. Rev. L. HARTSOUGH. By per.



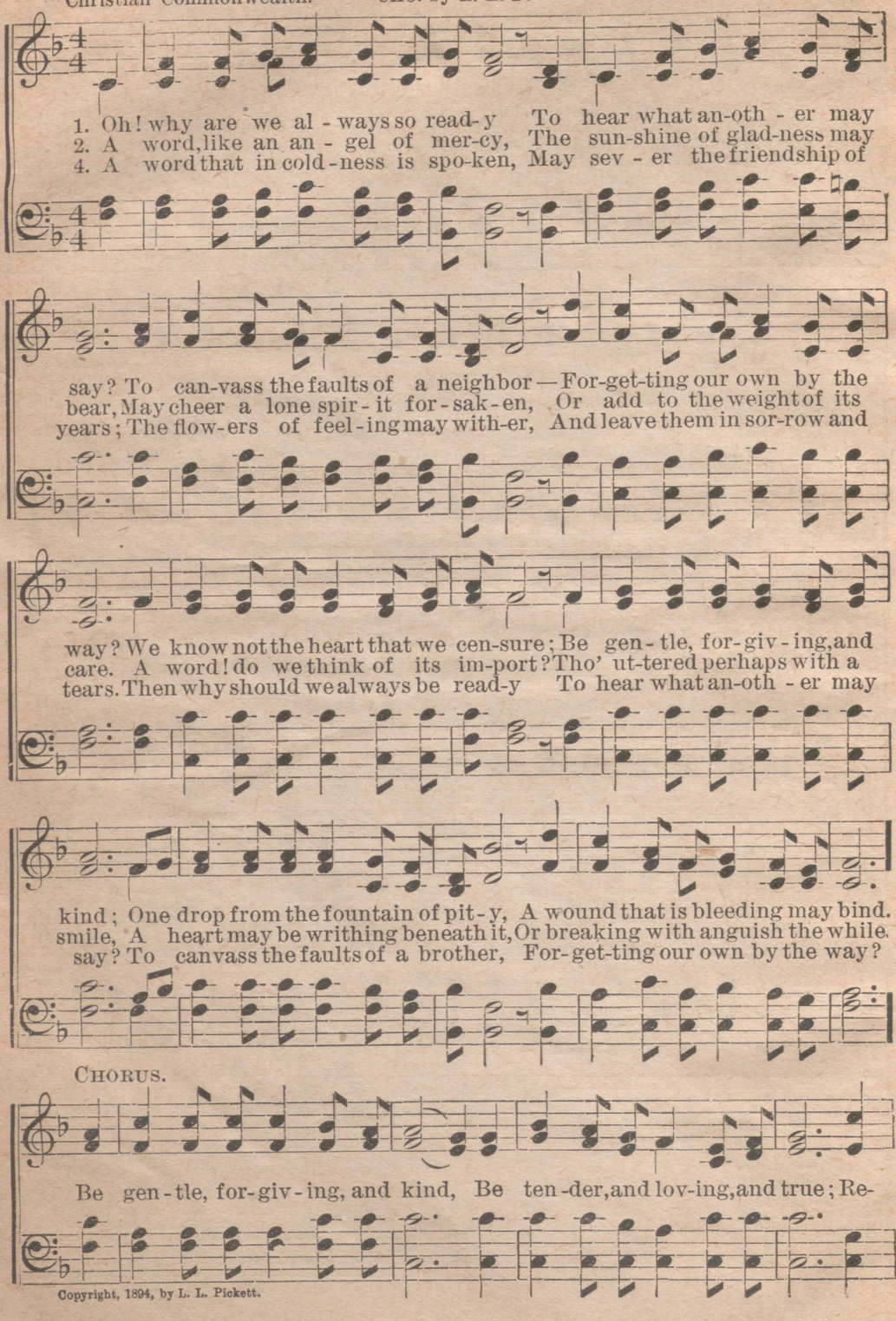
CHORUS.



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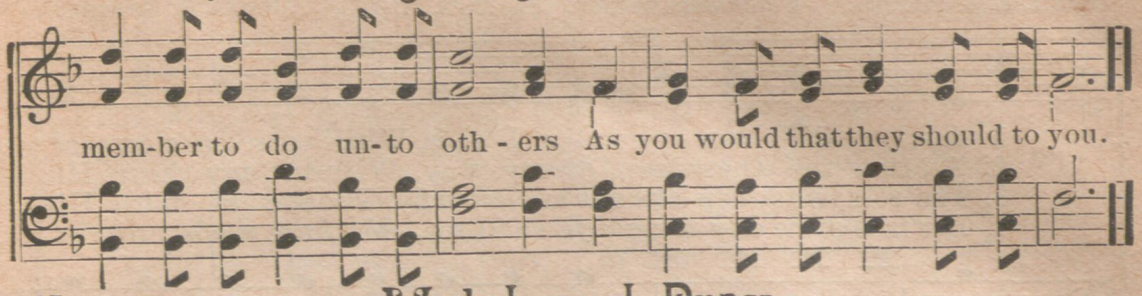
No. 16. Be Gentle, Forgiving, and Kind.

"Christian Commonwealth." CHO. by L. L. P. L. L. PICKETT.



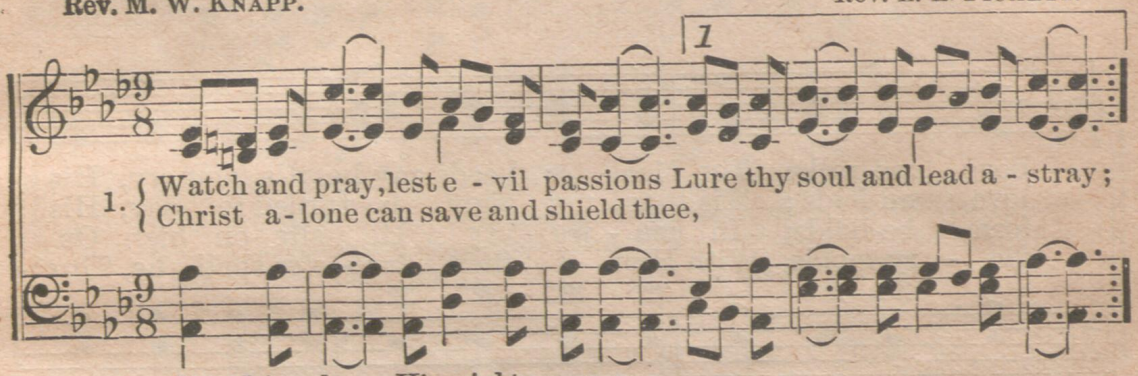
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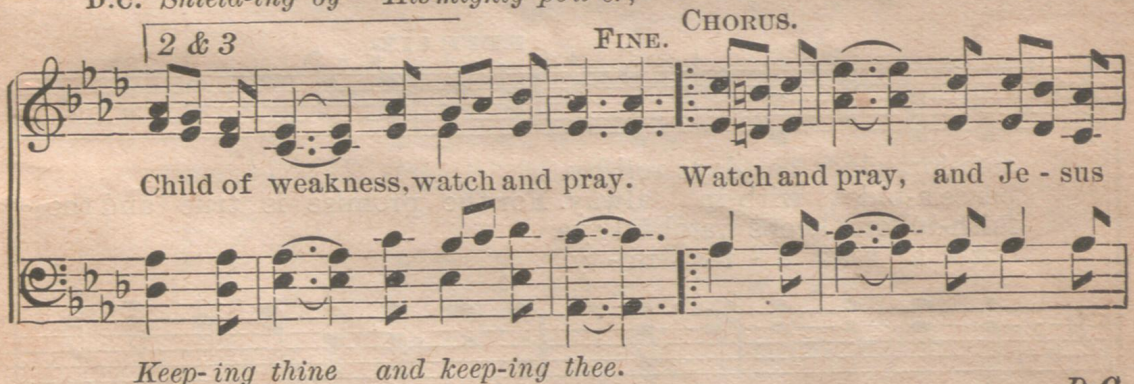
Be Gentle, Forgiving, and Kind. Concluded.

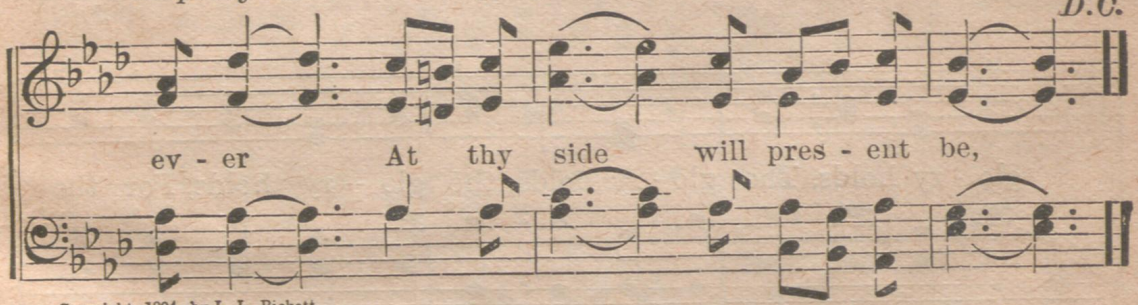


No. 17. Watch and Pray.

Rev. M. W. KNAPP. Rev. L. L. PICKETT.







Copyright, 1894, by L. L. Pickett.

2 Watch and pray, the world so wily
Coyly seeks thy soul to snare;
None can break its magic power
Save by watchfulness and prayer.

3 Watch and pray, the Arch-deceiver
Seeks by many a hidden plan
To entice thy soul to evil,
And will ruin if he can.

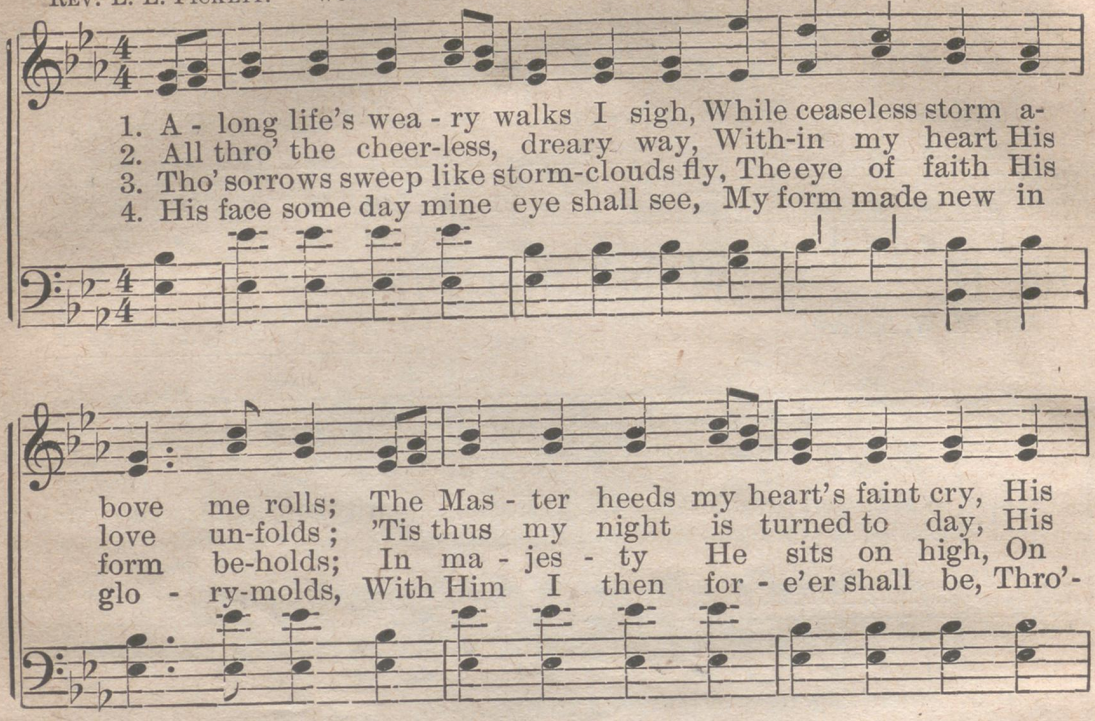
4 Watch and pray, lest thou shouldst slumber,
And the cause of Christ betray;
Rouse ye saints, be always earnest,
Work and fight and watch and pray.

5 Watch and pray, be ever ready,
For your Lord will quickly come,
And receive His faithful children
To their bright eternal home.

No. 18. THE GLORY HOLDS.

Inscribed to the memory of Mrs. Hulda A. Rees, on whose dying testimony the words were written. See Matt. 24: 35.

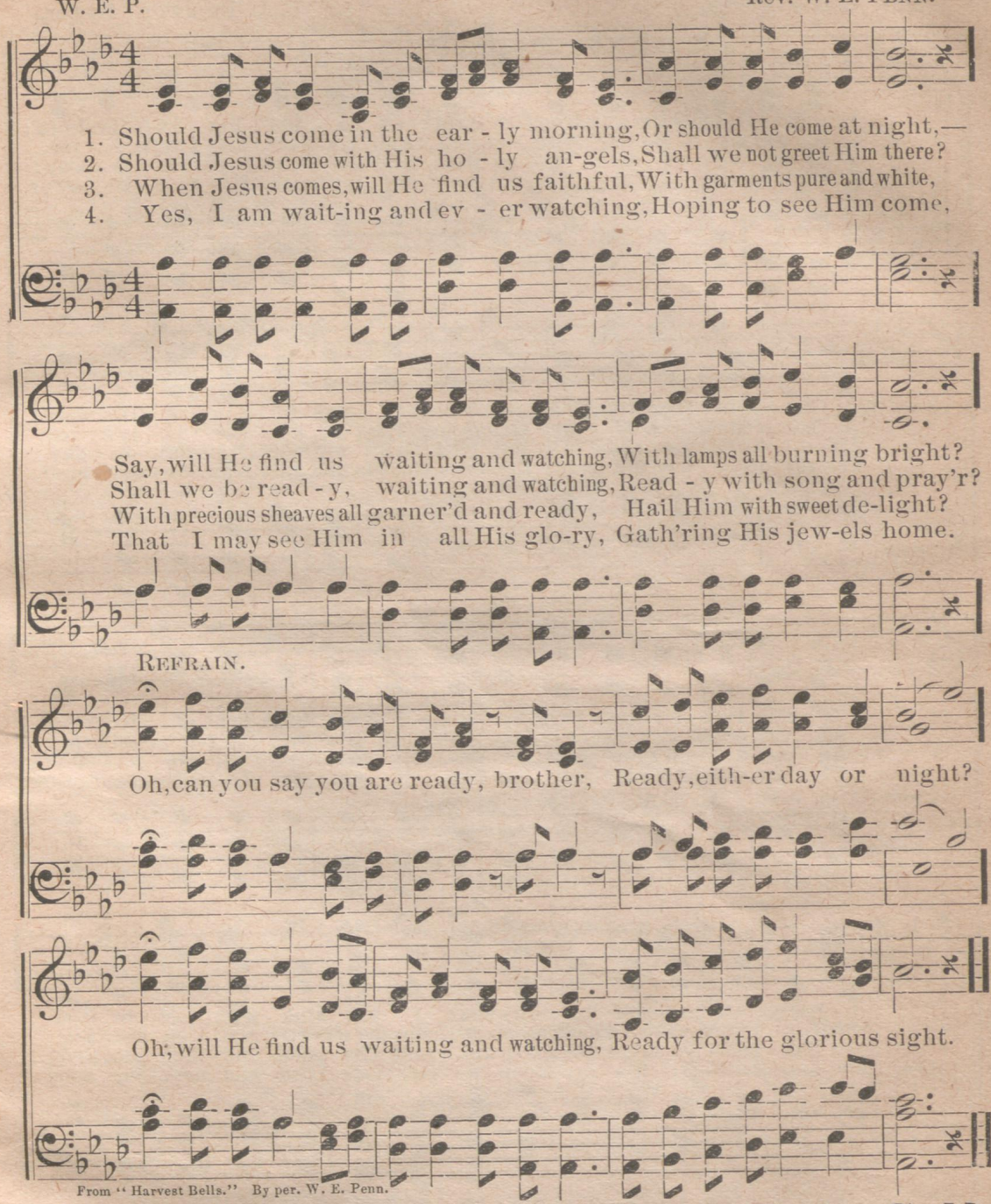
REV. L. L. PICKETT. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



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No. 19. Are you Waiting and Watching?

W. E. P. Rev. W. E. PENN.



From "Harvest Bells." By per. W. E. Penn.

No. 20. O for a Heart to Praise my God. C. M.

CHARLES WESLEY.

1 O for a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free;—
A heart that always feels Thy blood,
So freely shed for me:—

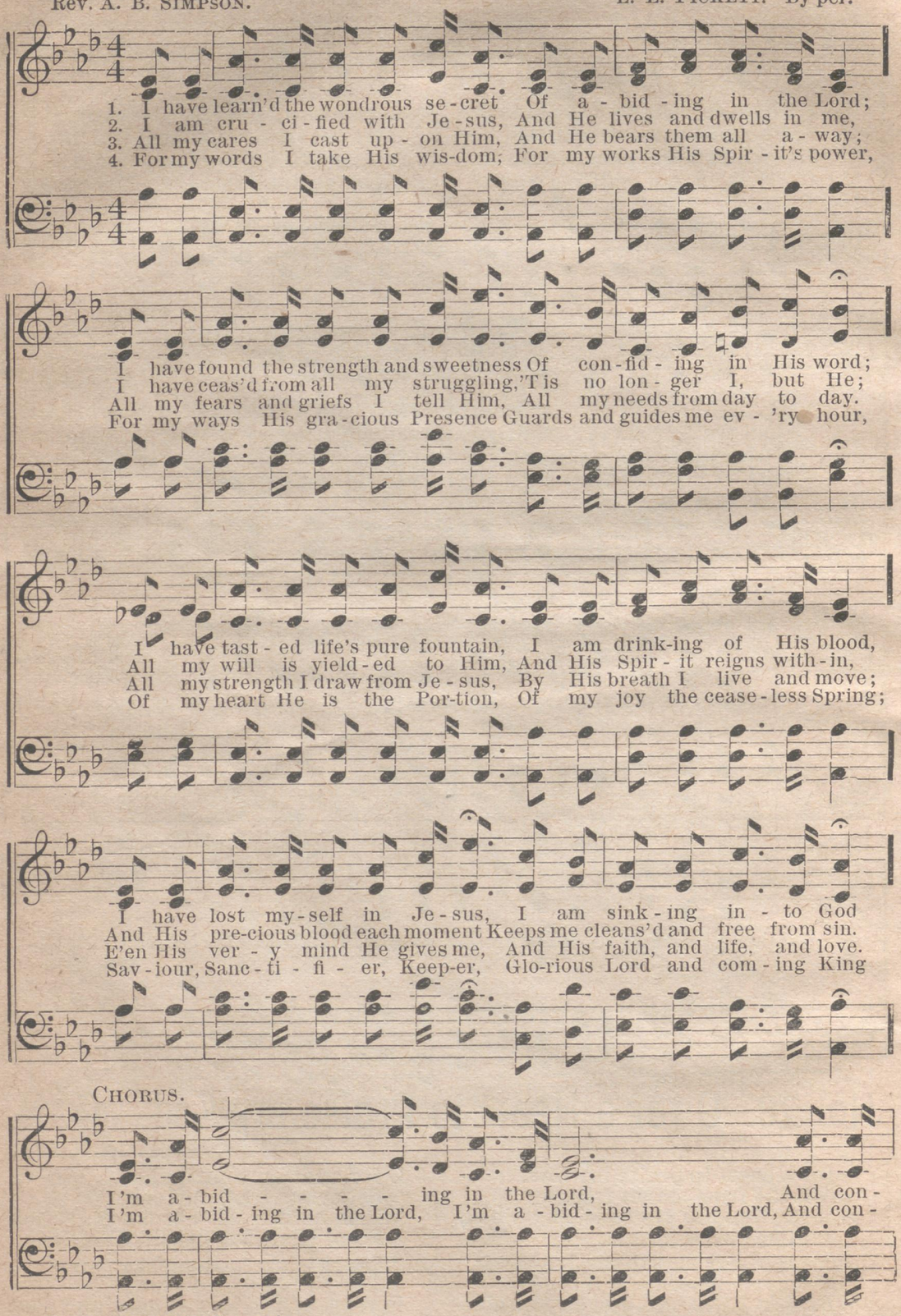
2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
My great Redeemer's throne;
Where only Christ is heard to speak,—
Where Jesus reigns alone.

3 O for a lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean;
Which neither life nor death can part
From Him that dwells within:—

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

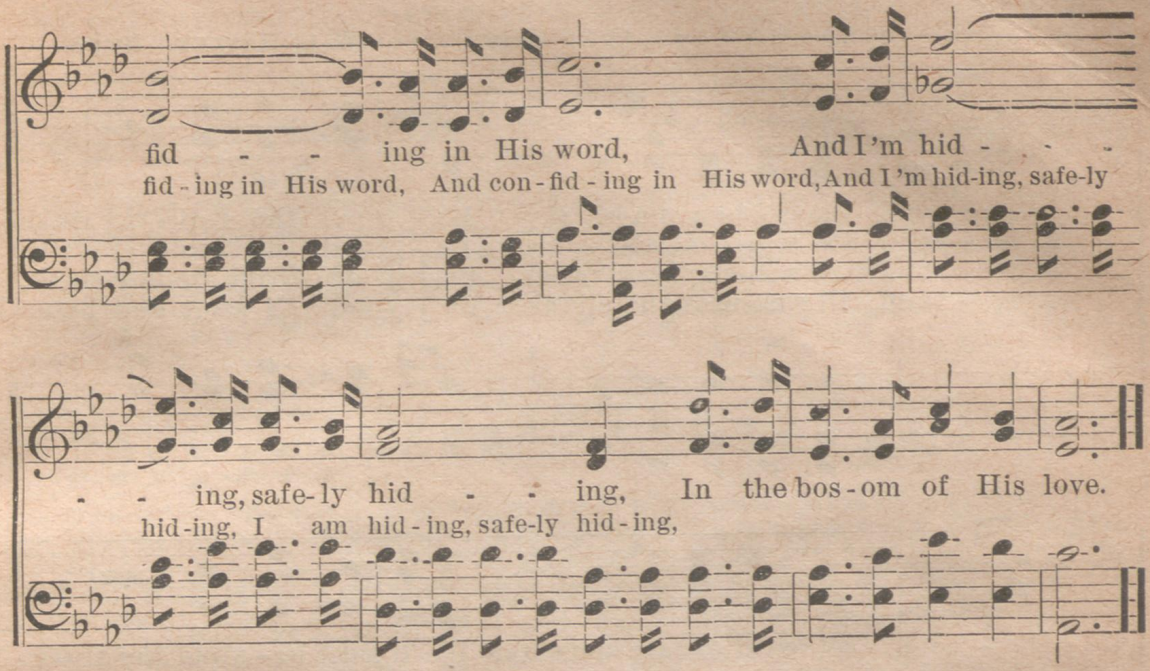
No. 21. Abiding and Confiding.

Rev. A. B. Simpson. L. L. Pickett. By per.



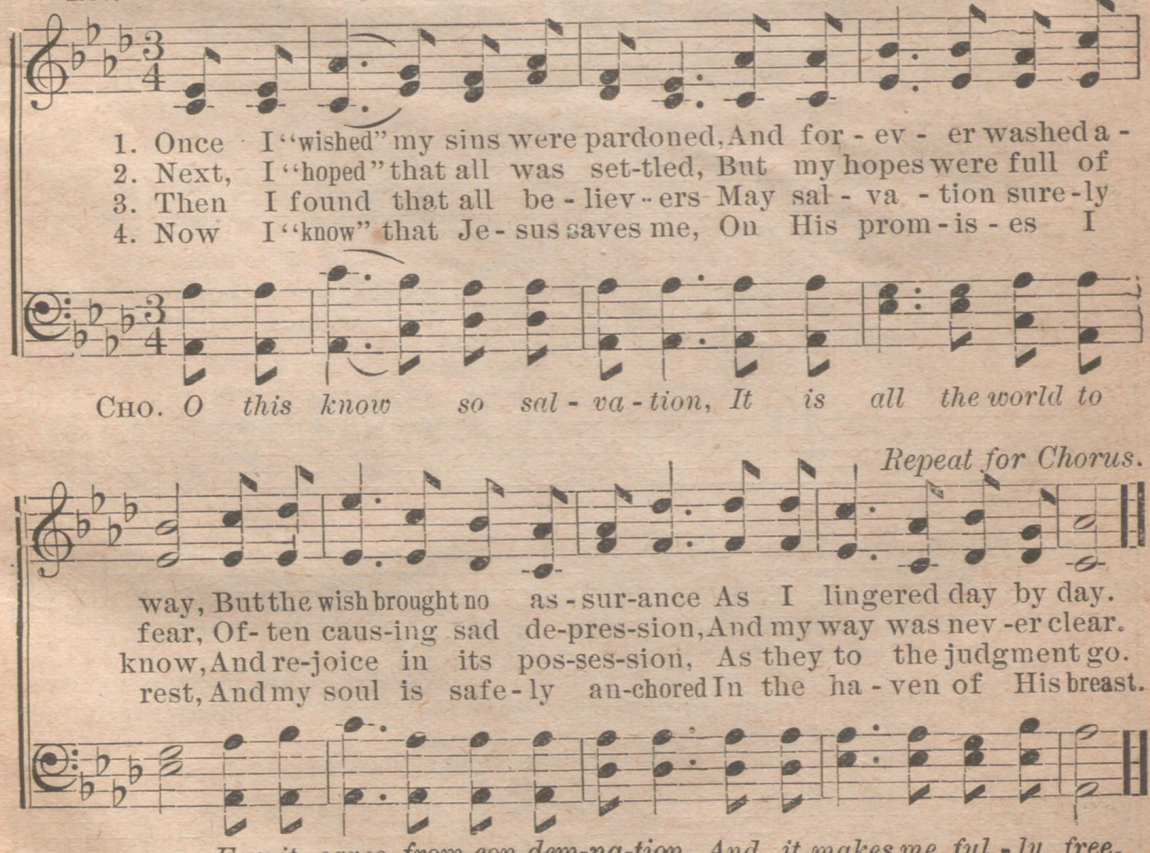
Copyright, 1891, by W. J. Kirkpatrick.

Abiding and Confiding. Concluded.



No. 22. Knowing.

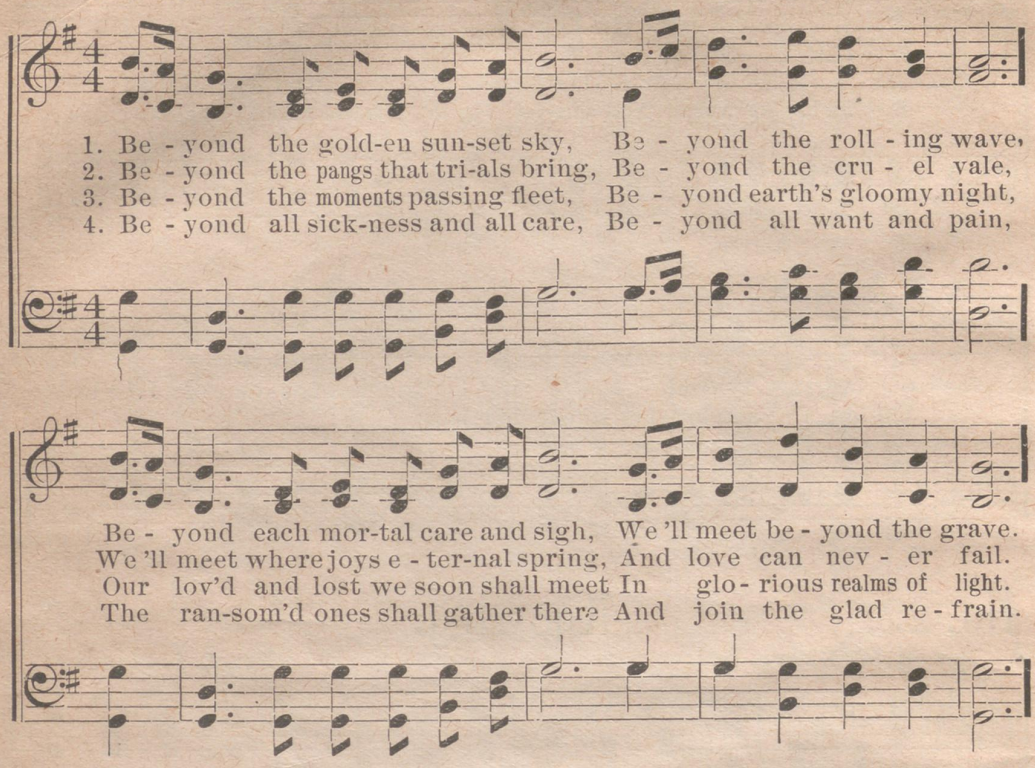
Rev. M. W. KNAPP. Rev. L. L. PICKETT.



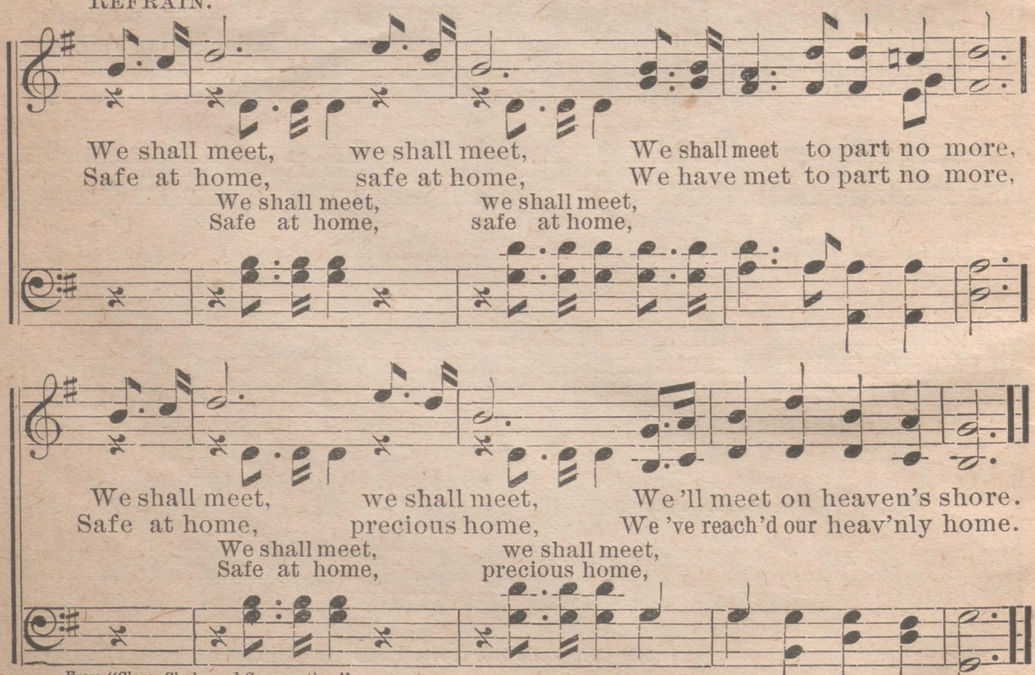
Copyright, 1894, by L. L. Pickett.

No. 23. Beyond the Vale.

W. C. H.
Fourth Verse and Second Ref. by L. L. PICKETT. W. C. HAFLEY. By per.



REFRAIN.

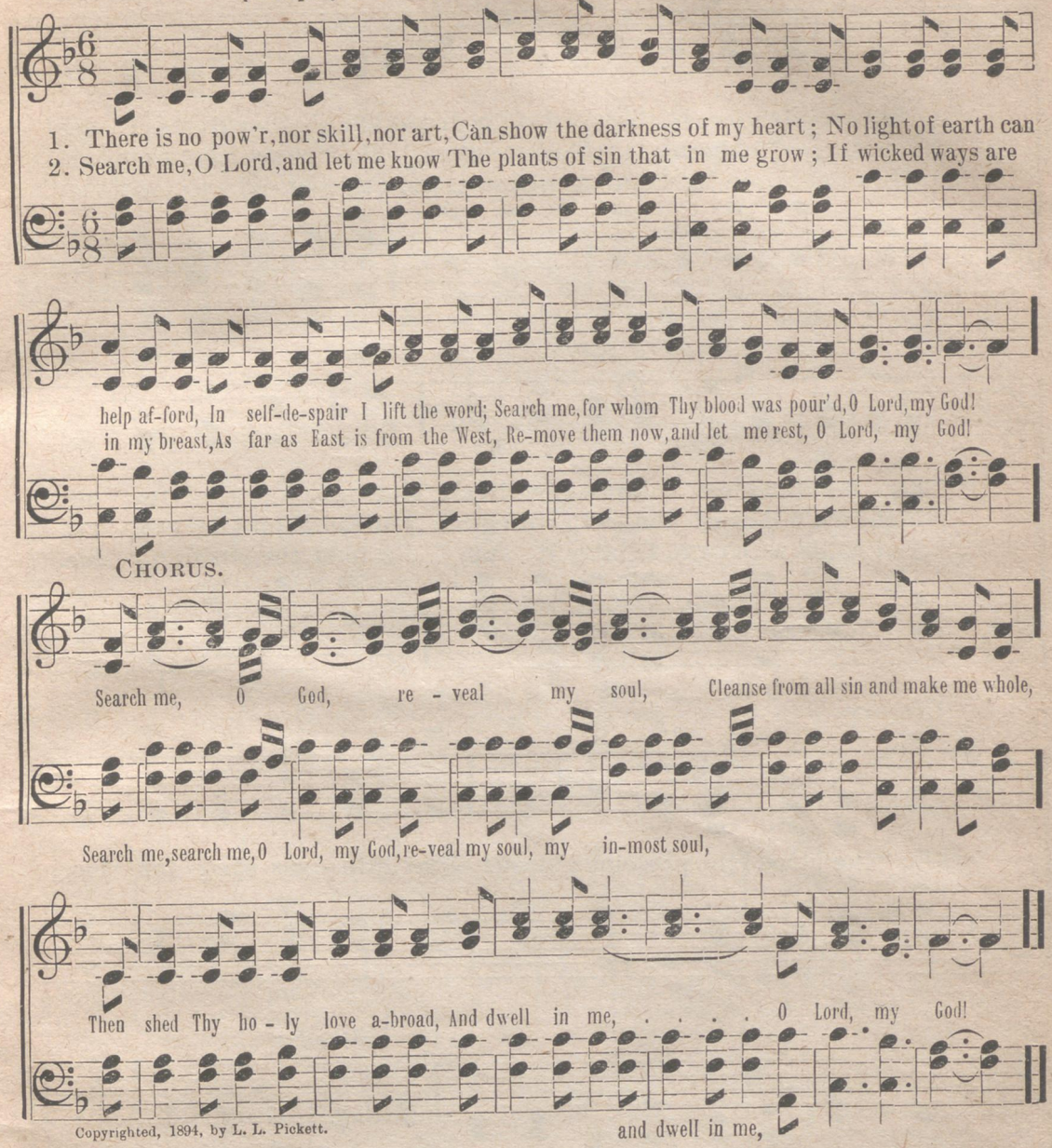


From "Class, Choir, and Congregation."

No. 24. Search me, O God.

Rev. B. CARRADINE. Psalm cxxxix: 23, 24. Rev. L. L. PICKETT.

(The prayer of a regenerated man in regard to inbred sin.)



Copyrighted, 1894, by L. L. Pickett.

3 Search me, O God, and let me see
That inner life beheld by Thee;
O let Thy Word and Spirit's light
Show all to my repentant sight,
And point to regions pure and bright,
O Lord, my God!

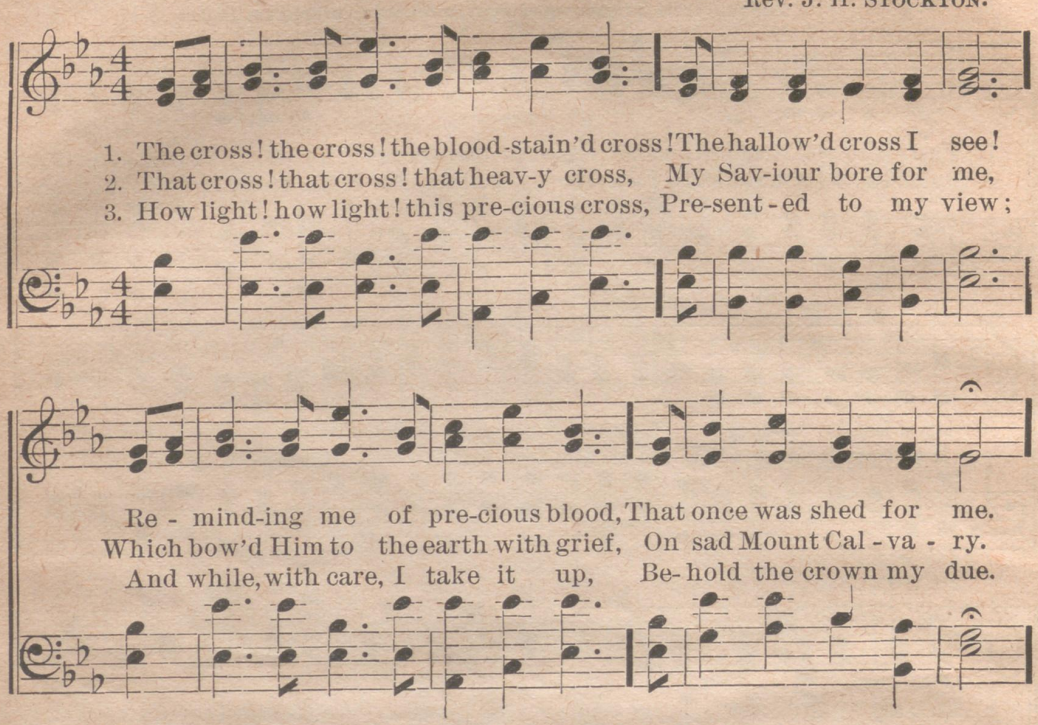
4 Go with me Lord, throughout my heart,
Hold Thou my hand, nor from me part;
Lift high Thy light; let Gospel rays
Illumine Sin's dark winding ways;
Then let me on my Saviour gaze,
O Lord, my God!

5 Try me, O God, my soul inspire,
And make me pure with heav'nly fire;
O let the flame of holy love
The last dark trace of sin remove,
And plant in me the life above,
O Lord, my God!

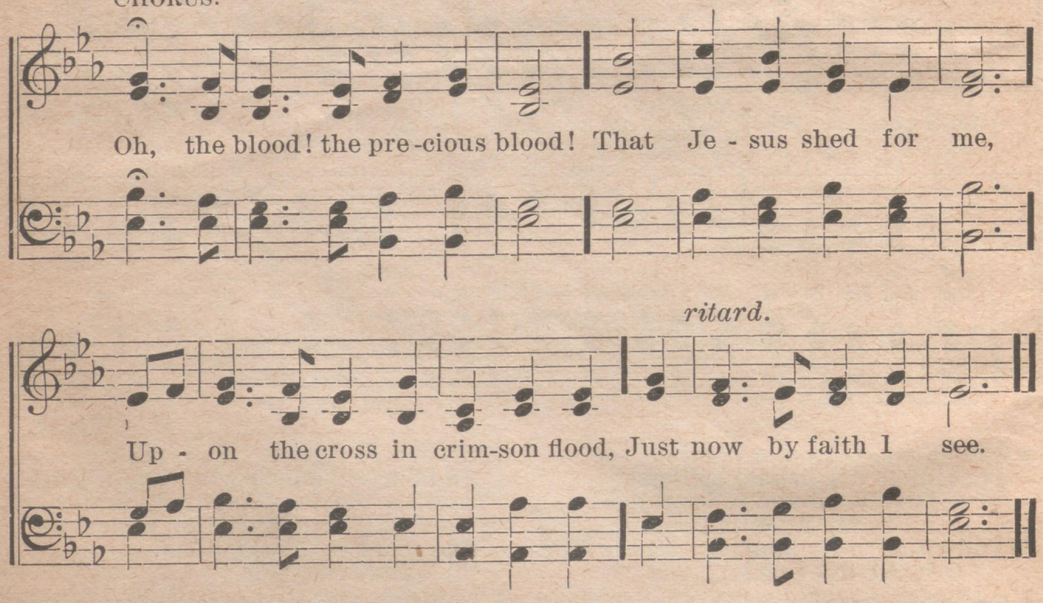
6 Lead me, O God, I cannot stand
Without the strength of Thy right hand;
O let me in Thy presence stay,
And walk with Thee from day to day
Along the everlasting way,
O Lord, my God!

No. 25. The Hallowed Cross.

Rev. J. H. Stockton.



Chorus.



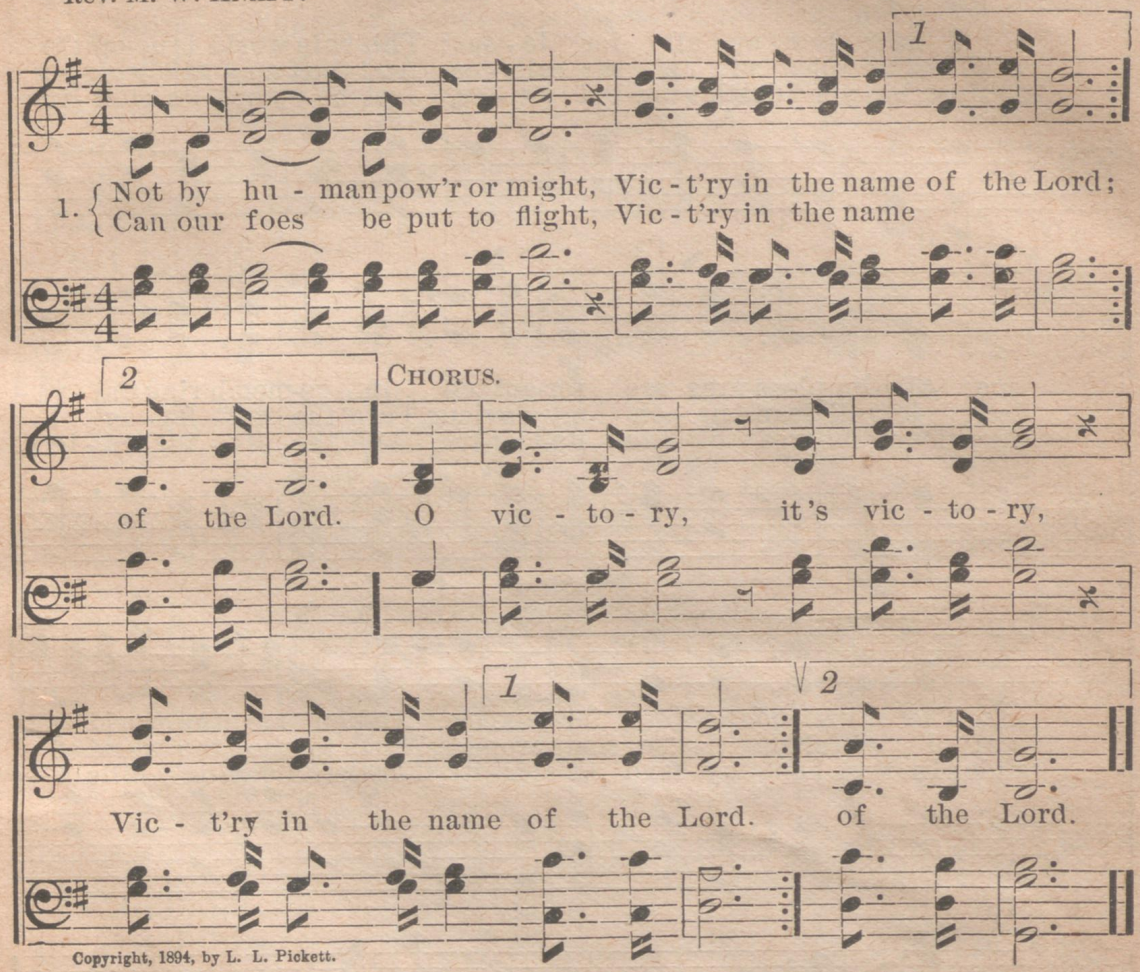
4 The crown! the crown! the glorious crown!
The crown of victory!
The crown of life! it shall be mine,
When I shall Jesus see.
Cho.—Oh, the blood, etc.

5 My tears, unbidden, seem to flow
For love, unbounded love,
Which guides me thro' this world of woe,
And points to joys above.
Cho.—Oh, the blood, etc.

No. 26. Victory in the Name of the Lord.

But thanks be to *God* who giveth us the *victory* through our Lord Jesus Christ. 1 Cor. xv: 57.
Not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord. Zech. iv: 6.

Rev. M. W. KNAPP. Rev. L. L. PICKETT.



Copyright, 1894, by L. L. Pickett.

2 All my sins He has forgiven,
Vict'ry in the name of the Lord;
Taste I now the bliss of Heaven,
Vict'ry in the name of the Lord.

3 All my sin He cleansed away,
Vict'ry in the name of the Lord;
Now with joy I praise and pray,
Vict'ry in the name of the Lord.

4 Self at last is crucified,
Vict'ry in the name of the Lord;
To this world my soul has died,
Vict'ry in the name of the Lord.

5 Filled with pure and perfect love,
Vict'ry in the name of the Lord;
All is fixed on things above,
Vict'ry in the name of the Lord.

6 Pow'r He gives me from on high,
Vict'ry in the name of the Lord;
Tells me I shall never die,
Vict'ry in the name of the Lord.

7 Now with joy I'll tell it out,
Vict'ry in the name of the Lord;
Help me, Lord, Thy praise to shout,
Vict'ry in the name of the Lord.

8 Here my watchword e'er shall be,
Vict'ry in the name of the Lord;
Now and through Eternity,
Vict'ry in the name of the Lord.

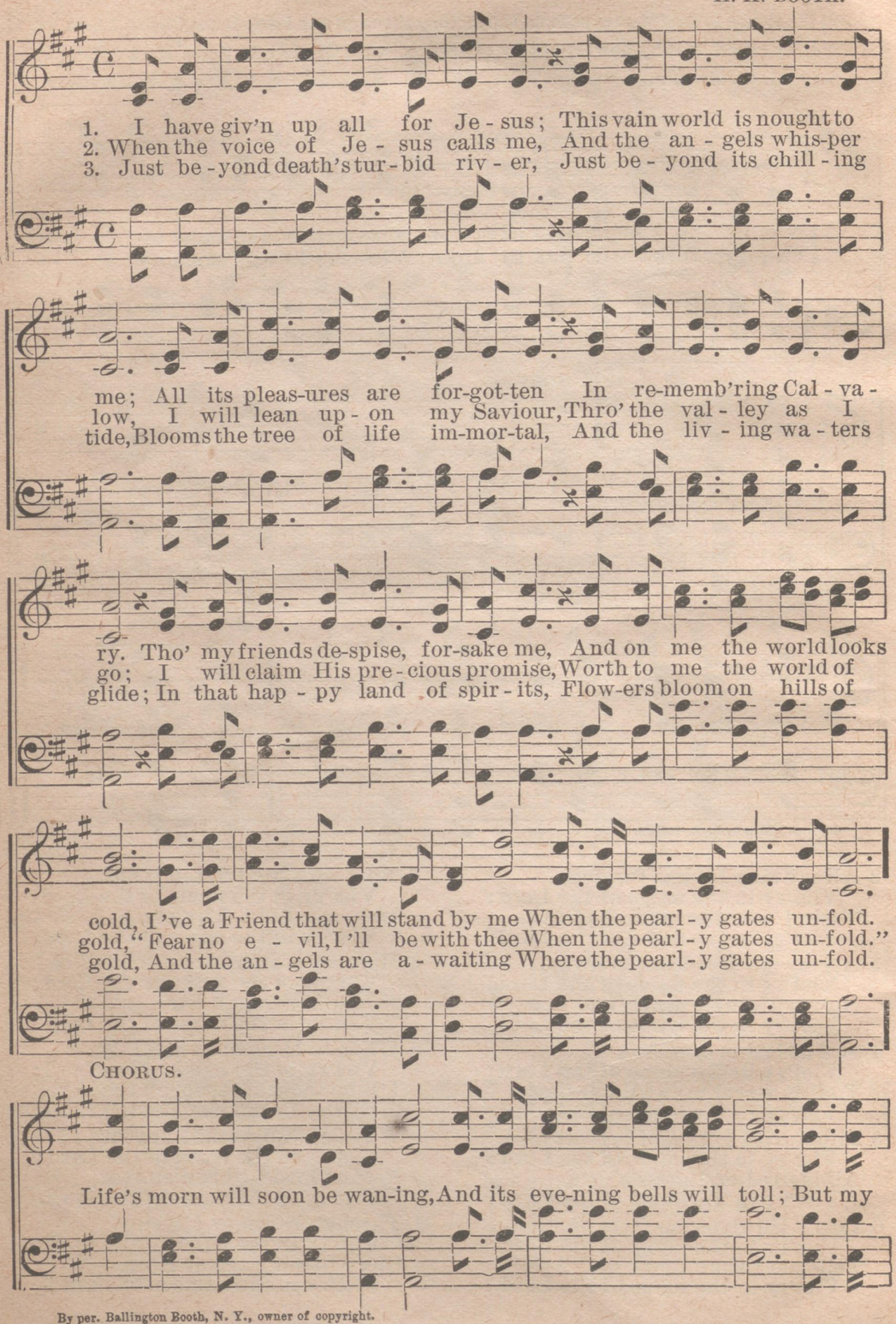
9 When to Heaven at last I fly,
Vict'ry in the name of the Lord;
I'll be shouting through the sky,
Vict'ry in the name of the Lord.

10 When at Judgment I appear,
Vict'ry in the name of the Lord;
Perfect love will banish fear,
Vict'ry in the name of the Lord.

11 Through Eternity I'll sing,
Vict'ry in the name of the Lord;
Glory to our Saviour King,
Vict'ry in the name of the Lord.

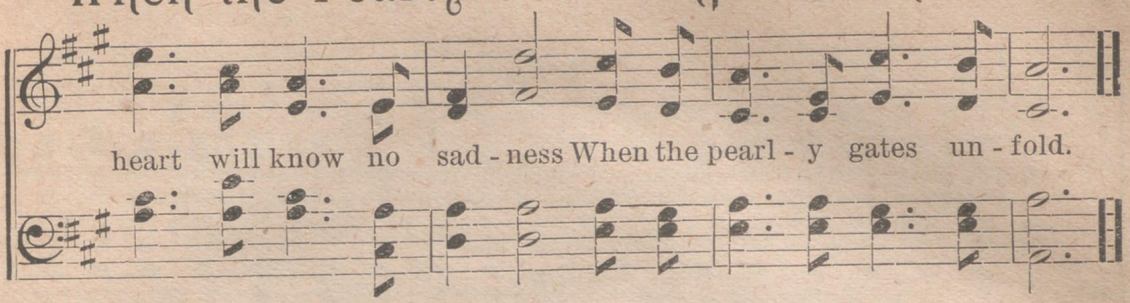
No. 27. When the Pearly Gates Unfold.

H. H. Booth.



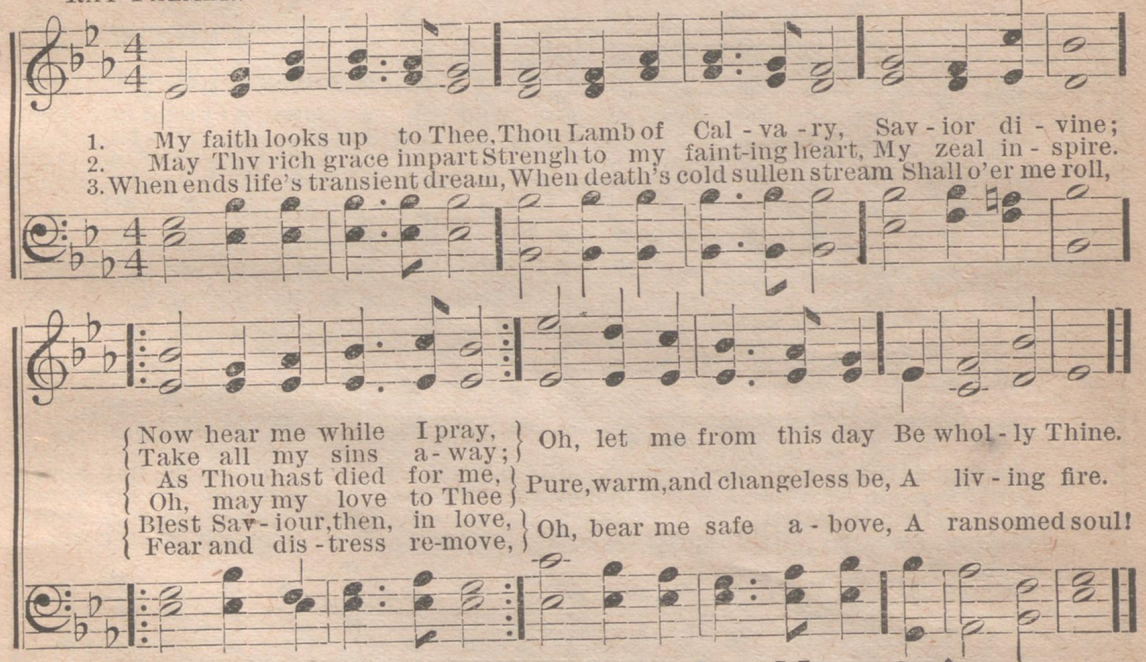
By per. Ballington Booth, N. Y., owner of copyright.

When the Pearly Gates Unfold. Concluded.



No. 28. My Faith Looks up.

RAY PALMER. Tune: OLIVET. 6, 4.



No. 29. I am Dwelling on the Mountain.

1 I am dwelling on the mountain,
Where the golden sunlight gleams
O'er a land whose wondrous beauty
Far exceeds my fondest dreams;
Where the air is pure, ethereal,
Laden with the breath of flowers,
They are blooming by the fountain,
'Neath the amaranthine bowers.

Cho.—Is not this the land of Beulah,
Blessed, blessed land of light,
Where the flowers bloom forever,
And the sun is always bright.

2 I can see far down the mountain,
Where I wandered weary years,
Often hindered in my journey
By the ghosts of doubts and fears,
Broken vows and disappointments
Thickly sprinkled all the way,
But the Spirit led, unerring,
To the land I hold to-day.

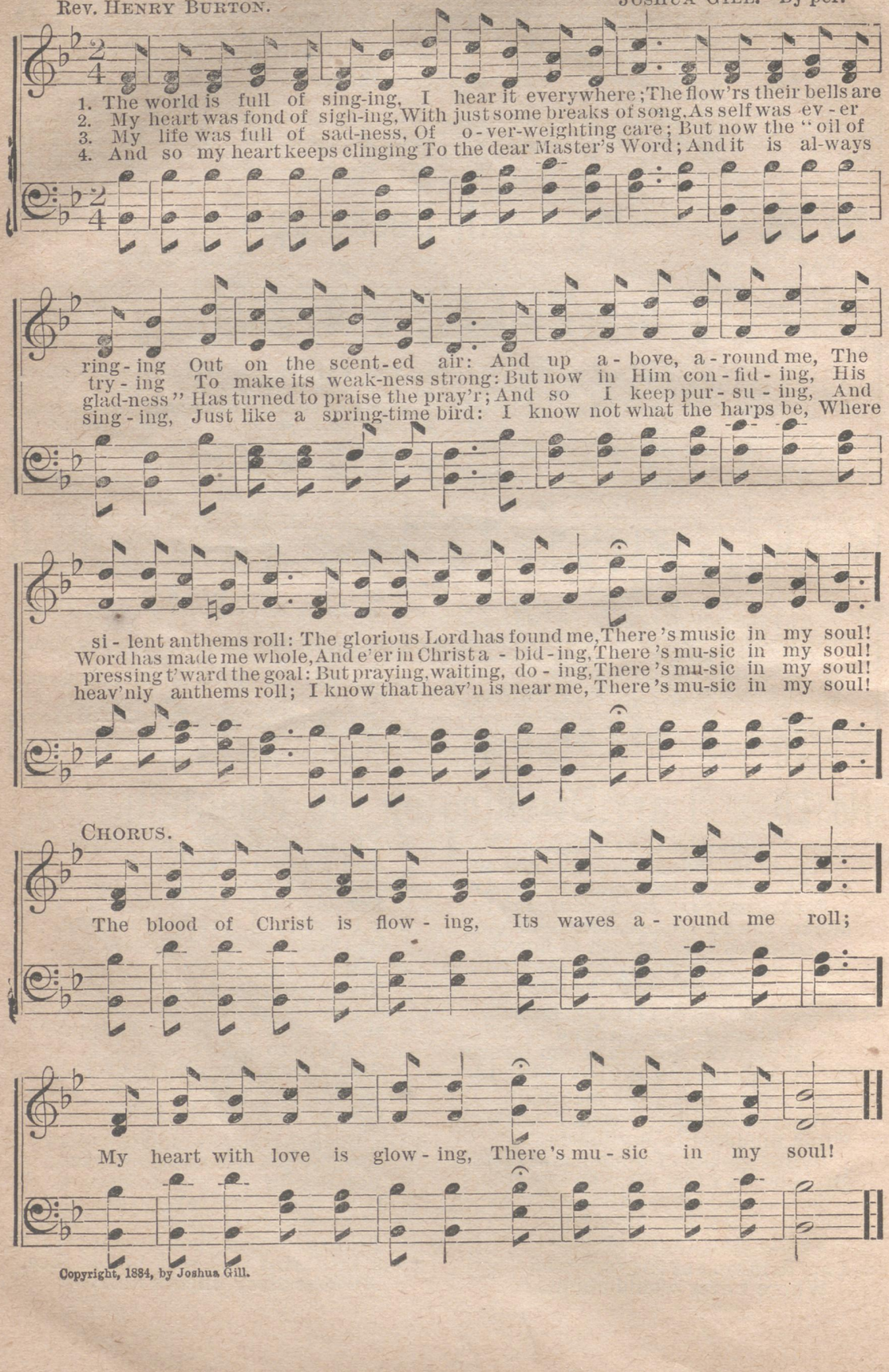
3 I am drinking at the fountain,
Where I ever would abide;
For I've tasted life's pure river,
And my soul is satisfied;
There's no thirsting for life's pleasures,
Nor adorning, rich and gay,
For I've found a richer treasure,
One that fadeth not away.

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

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

No. 30. There's Music in my Soul!

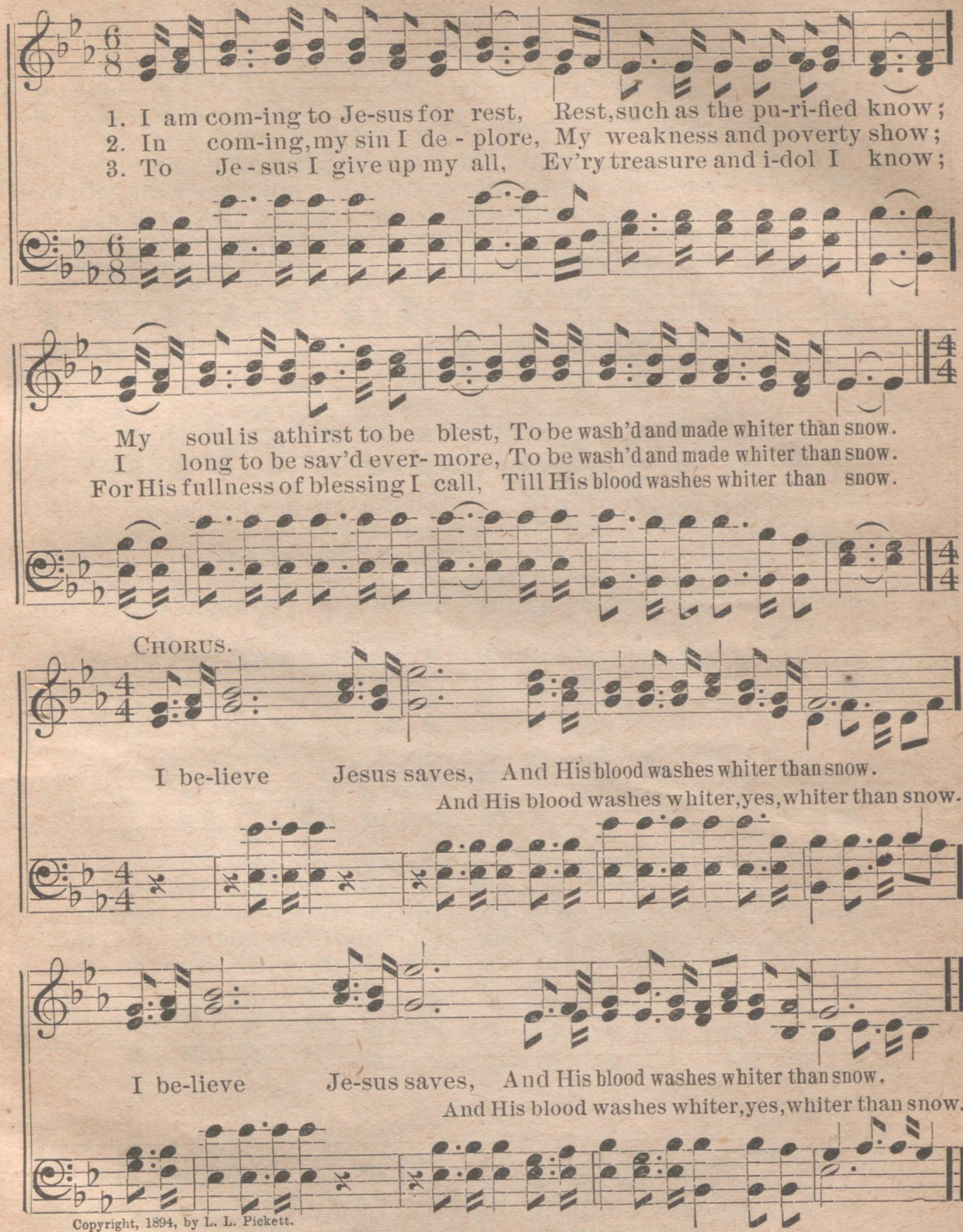
Rev. HENRY BURTON. JOSHUA GILL. By per.



Copyright, 1884, by Joshua Gill.

No. 31. I Believe Jesus Saves.

Rev. Wm. McDonald. Rev. L. L. Pickett.



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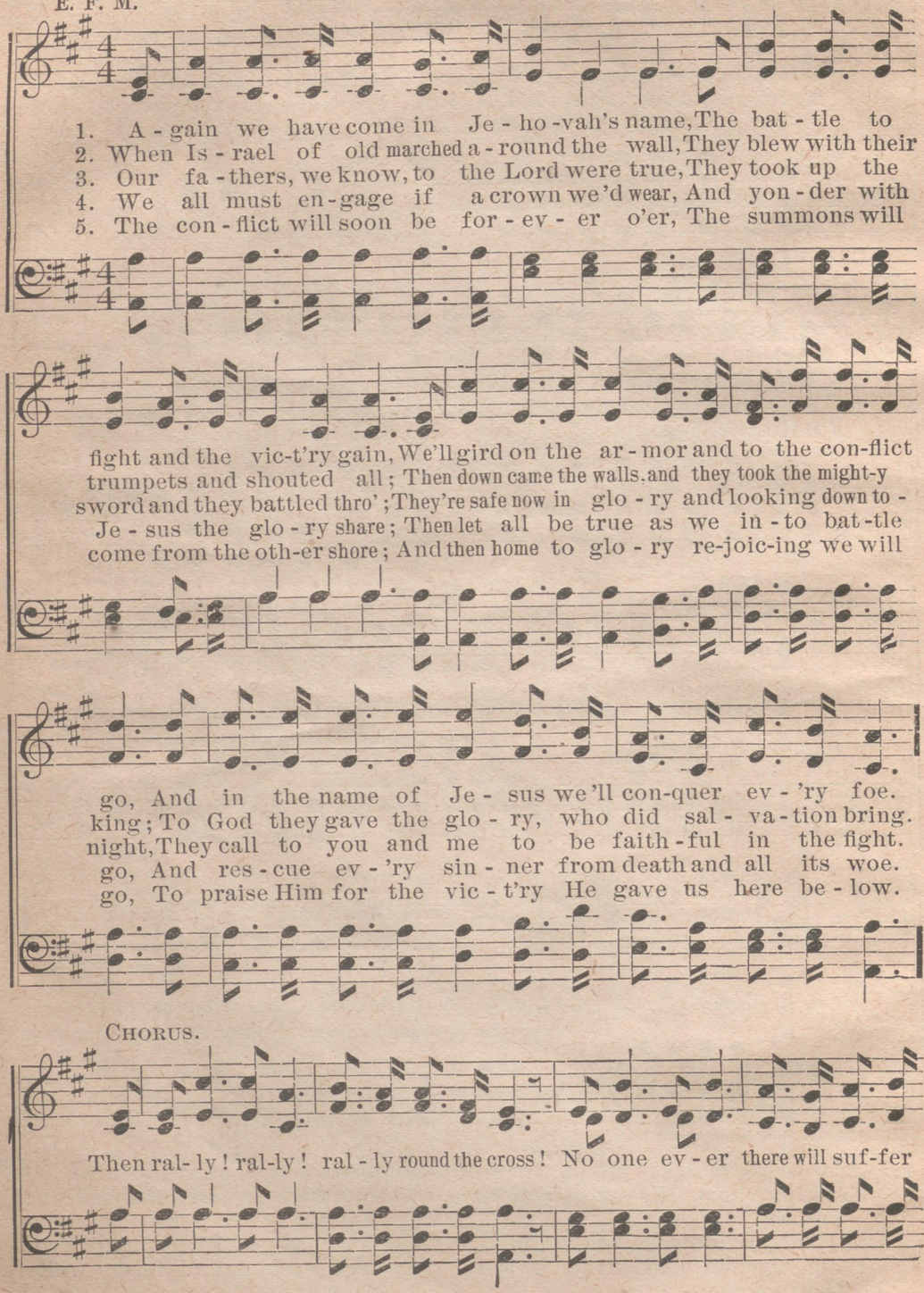
4 I am trusting in Jesus alone,
Trusting now His salvation to know;
And His blood doth so fully atone,
I am washed and made whiter than snow.

5 My heart is in raptures of love,
Love, such as the ransom'd ones know; [above,
I am strengthened with might from
I am washed and made whiter than snow.

No. 32. Rally Round the Cross.

THE BATTLE SONG OF VICTORY.

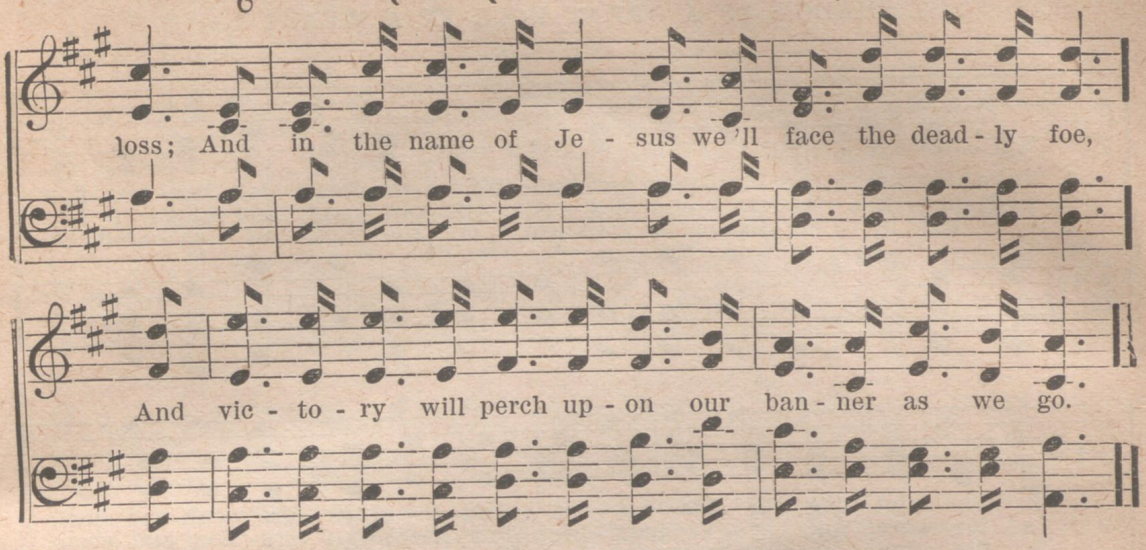
E. F. M. E. F. MILLER.



CHORUS.

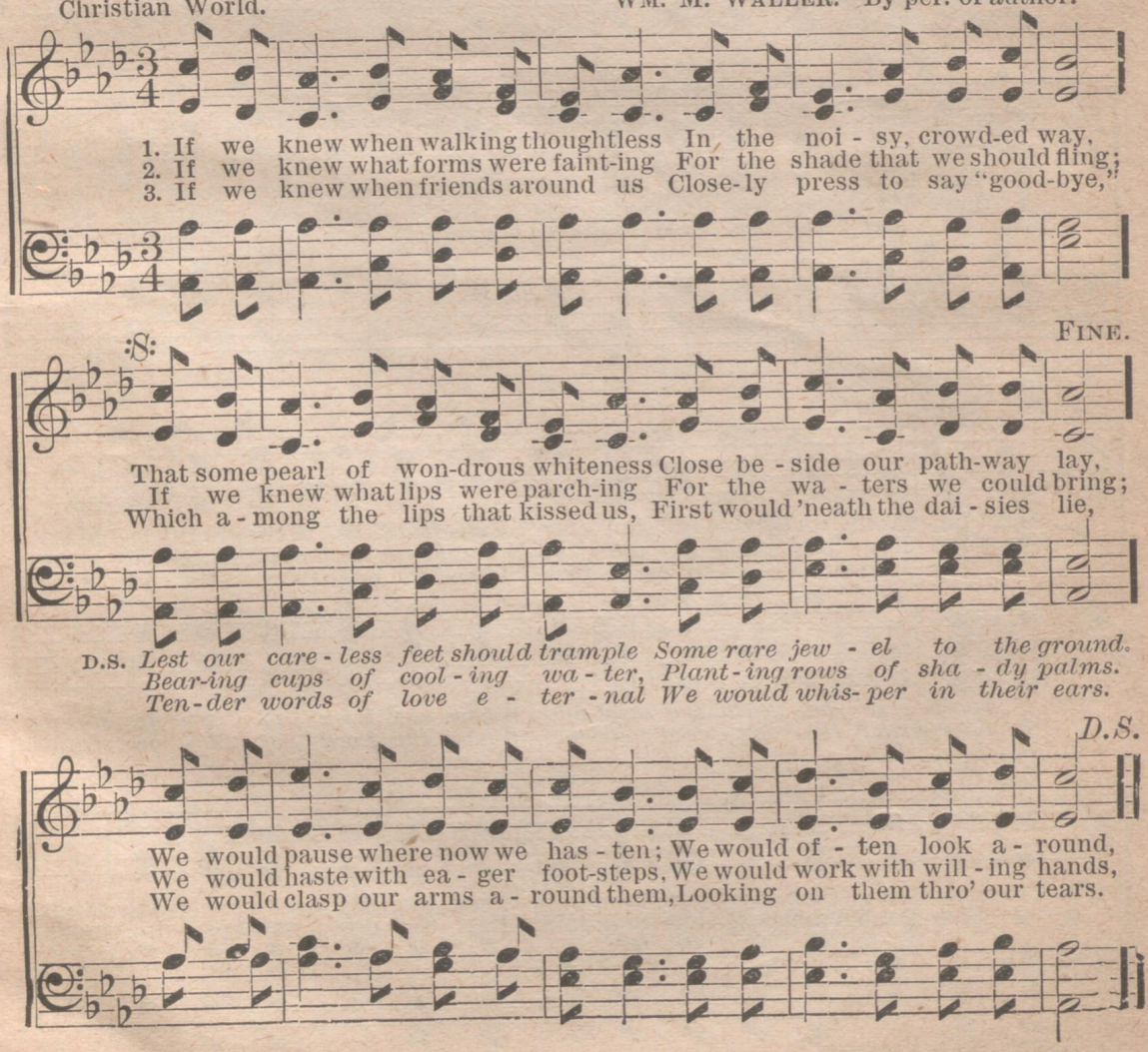
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Rally Round the Cross. Concluded.



No. 33. If We Knew?

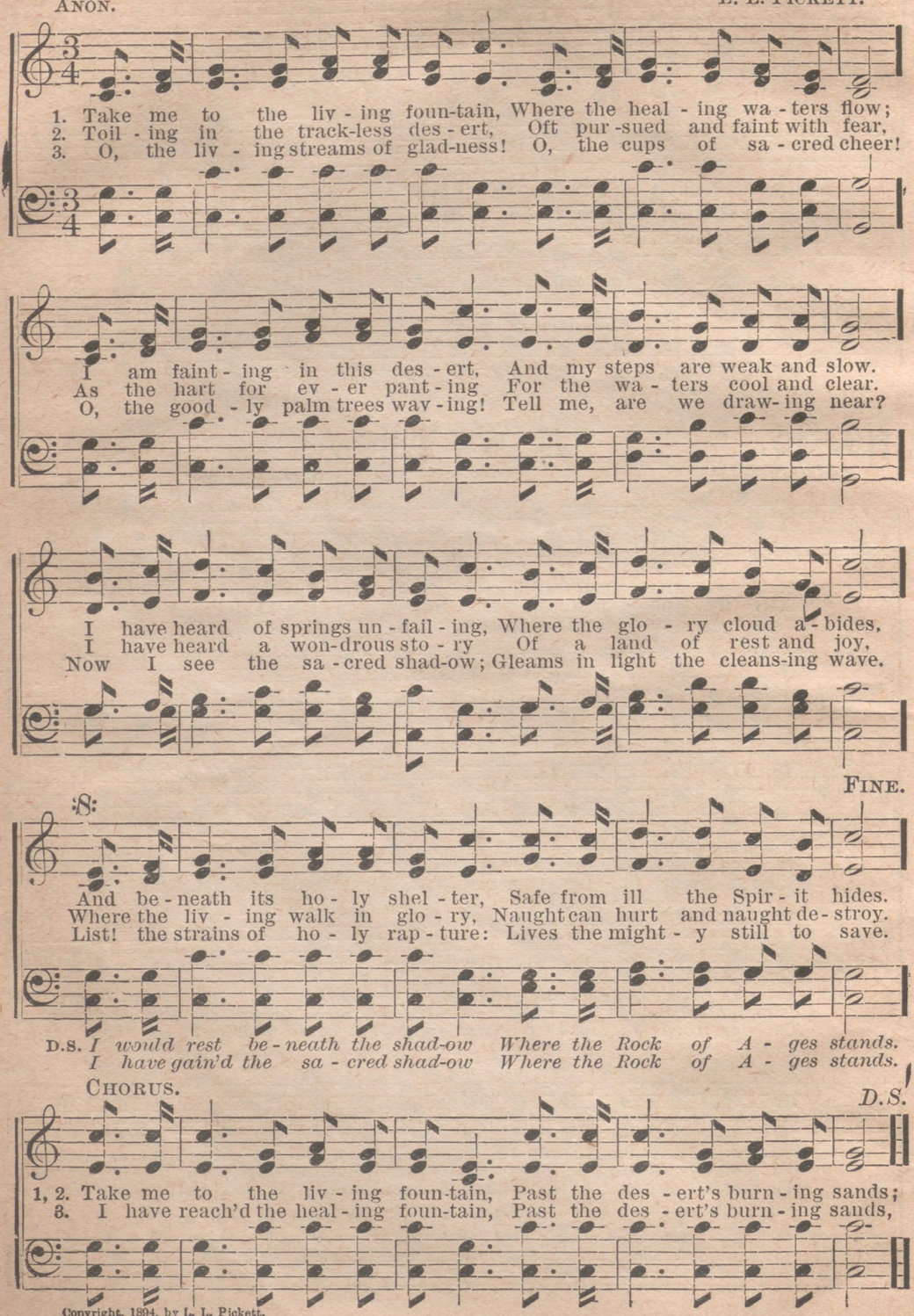
Christian World. WM. M. WALLER. By per. of author.



No. 34. Take me to the Living Fountain.

THE SHADOW OF A GREAT ROCK IN A WEARY LAND.

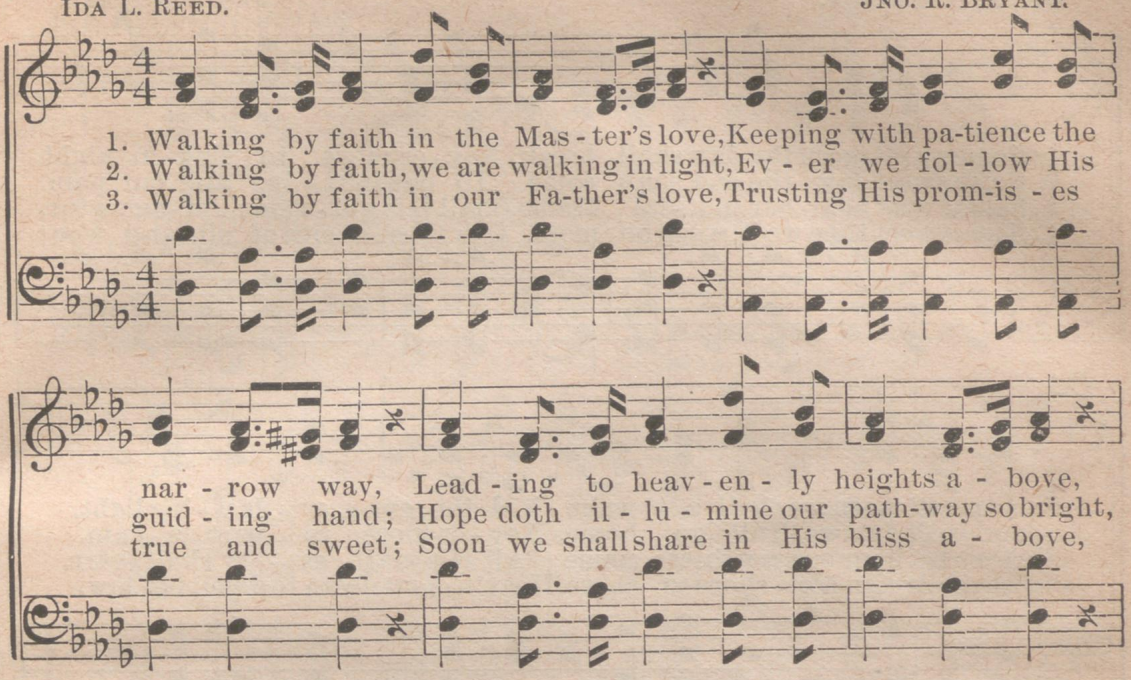
ANON. L. L. PICKETT.



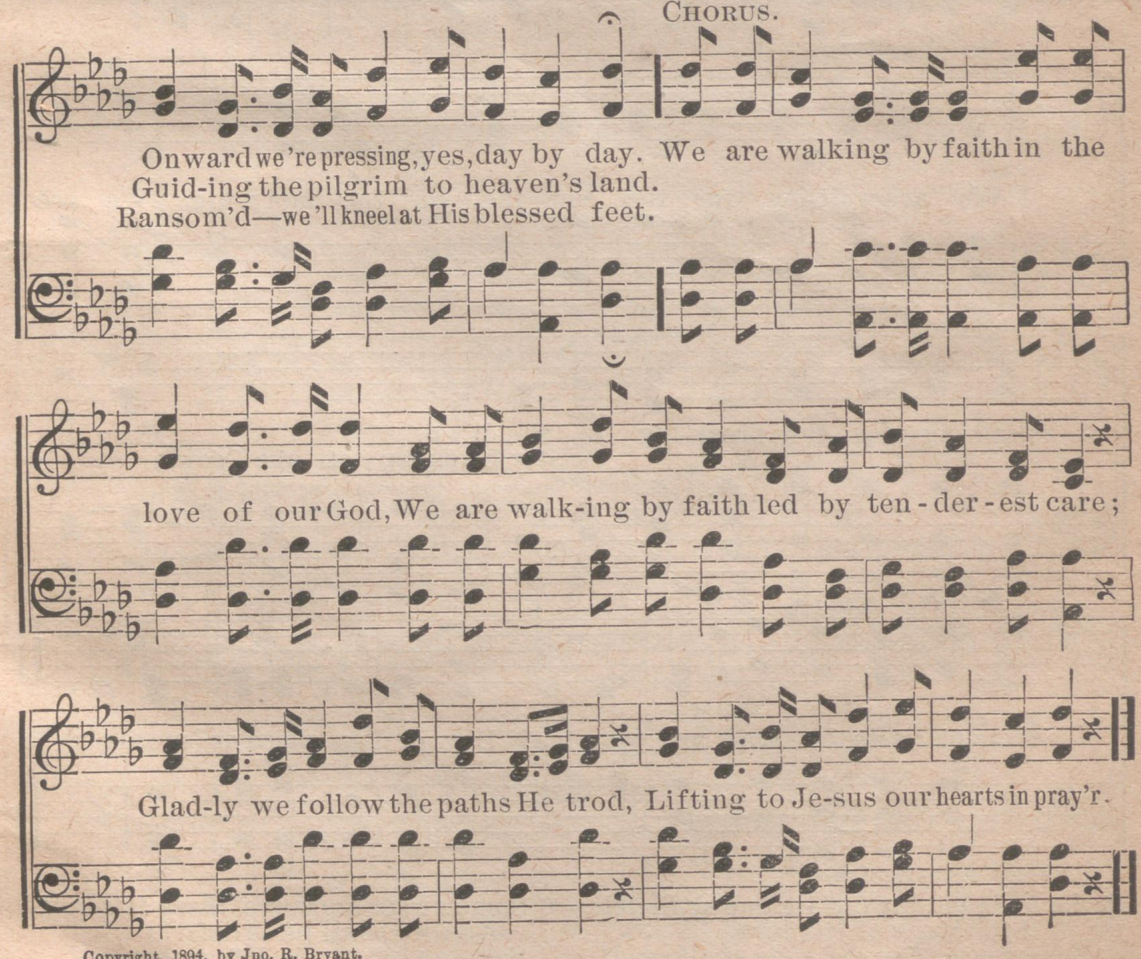
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No. 35. Walking by Faith.

IDA L. REED. JNO. R. BRYANT.



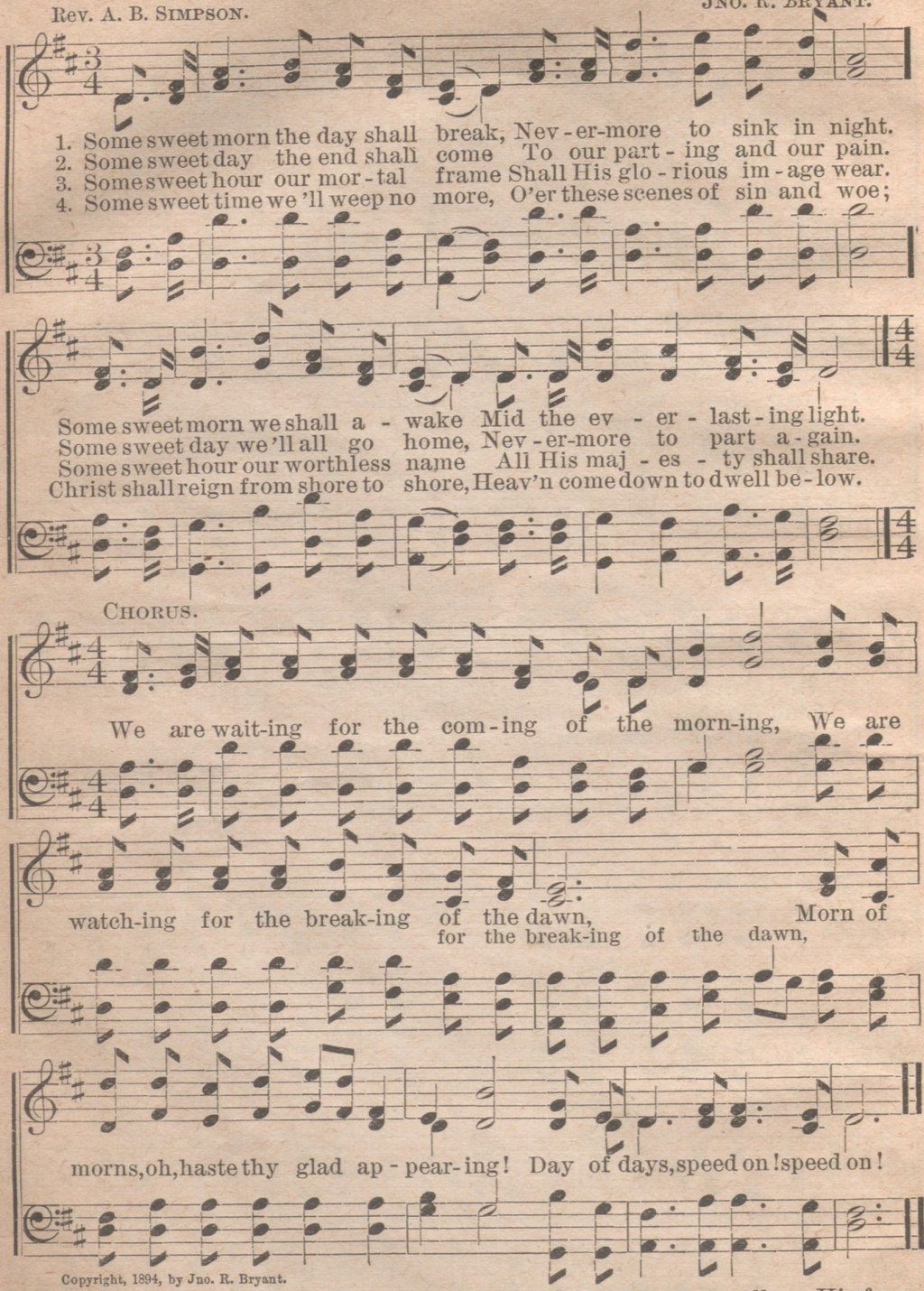
CHORUS.



Copyright, 1894, by Jno. R. Bryant.

No. 36. Some Sweet Morn.

Rev. A. B. Simpson. Jno. R. Bryant.



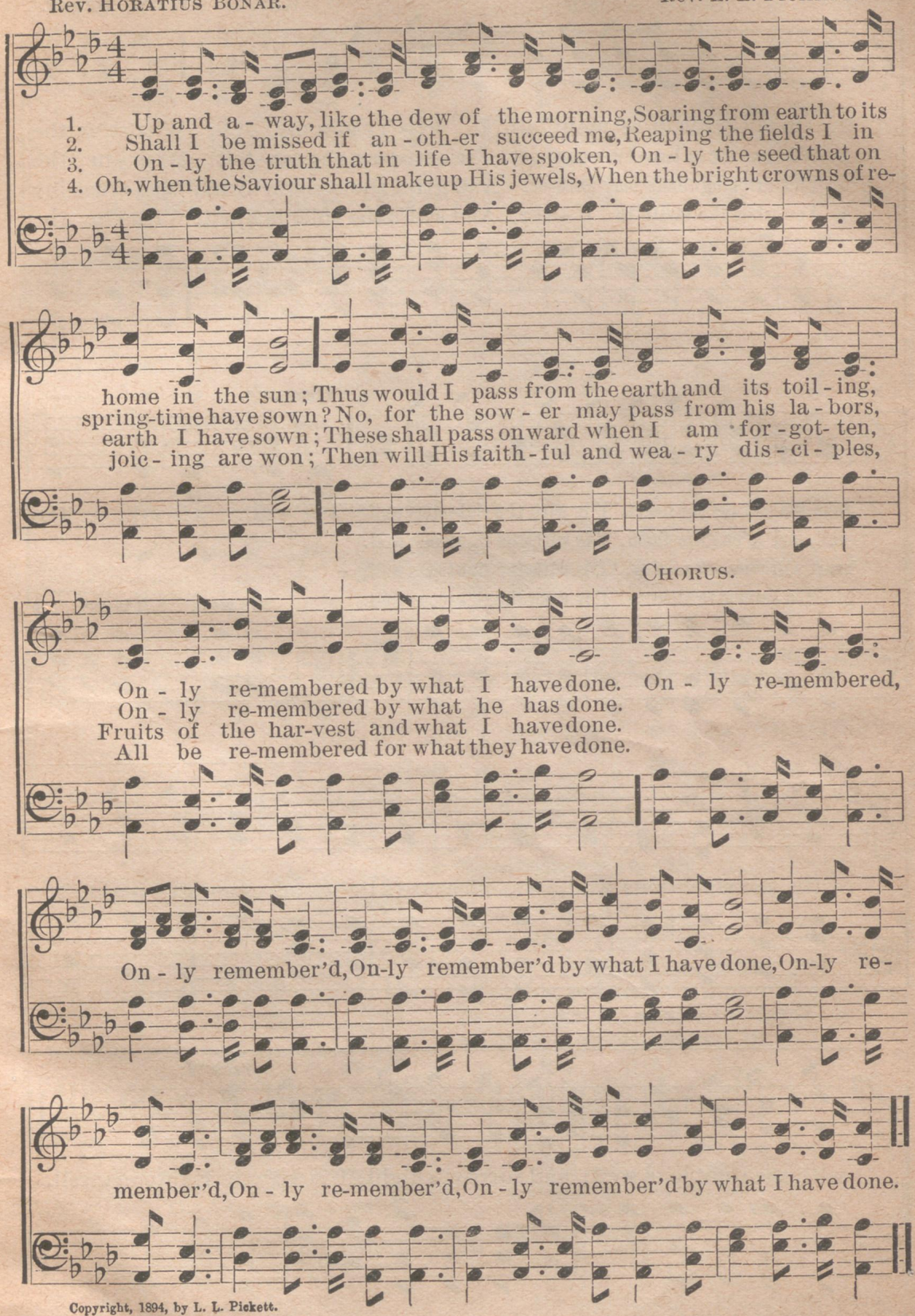
Copyright, 1894, by Jno. R. Bryant.

5 Some sweet day our tongue shall tell,
All the story of His love.
Some sweet day our song shall swell,
Loud and sweet as songs above.

6 Some sweet morn we 'll see His face,
And we shall be satisfied.
Some sweet day in His embrace,
We shall evermore abide.

No. 37. Only Remembered.

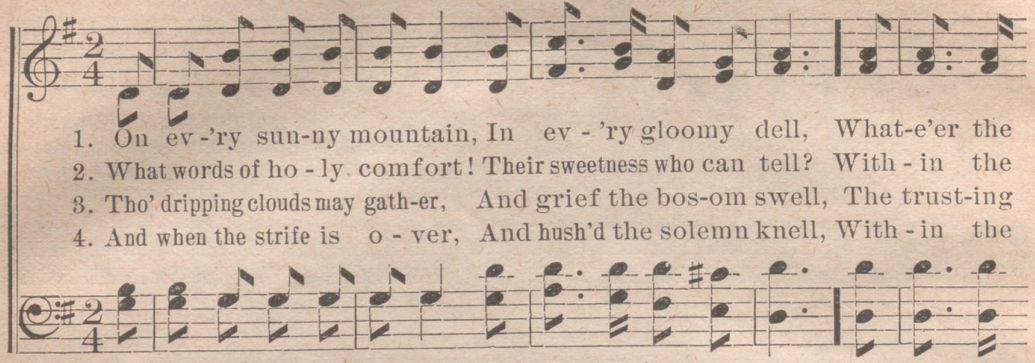
Rev. HORATIUS BONAR. Rev. L. L. PICKETT.



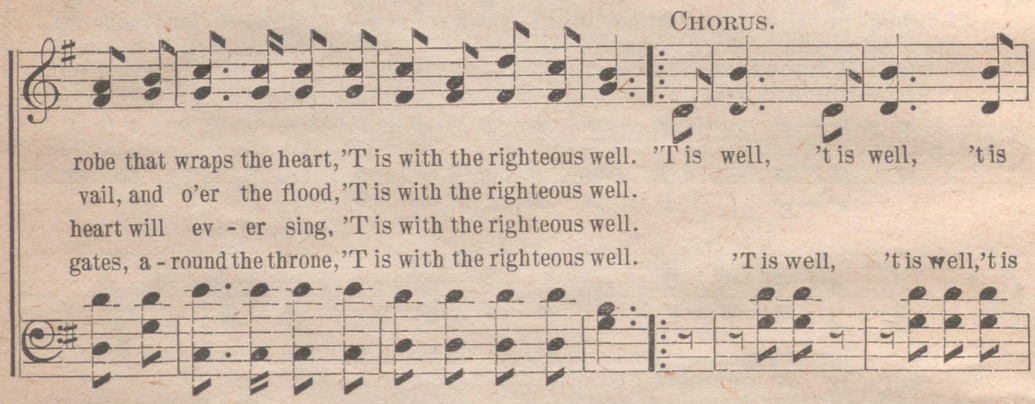
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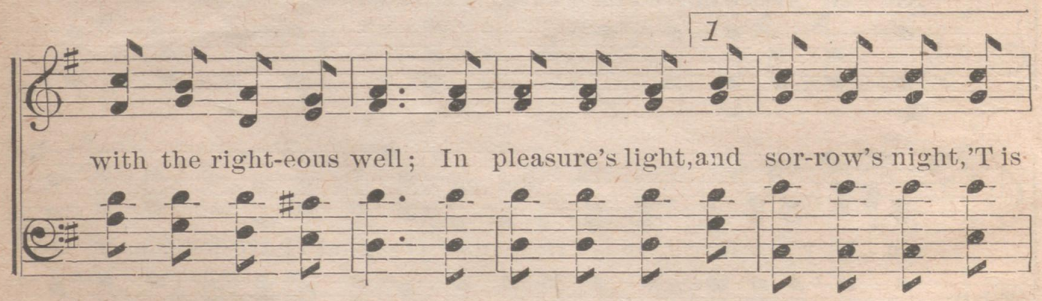
No. 38. 'T is with the Righteous Well.

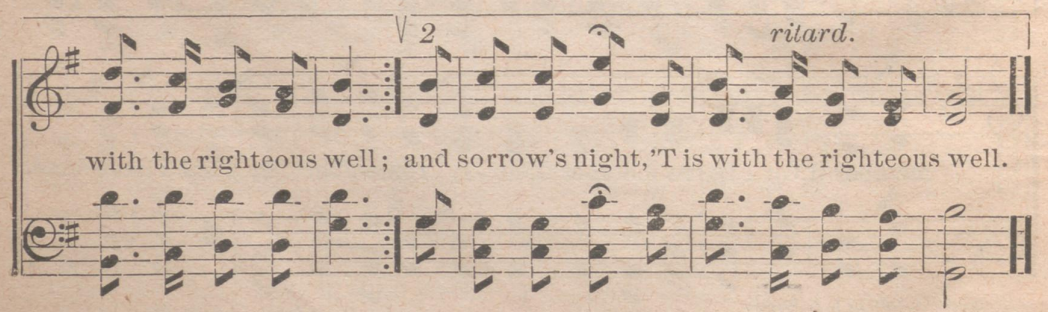
REV. R. LOWRY. By per.



CHORUS.

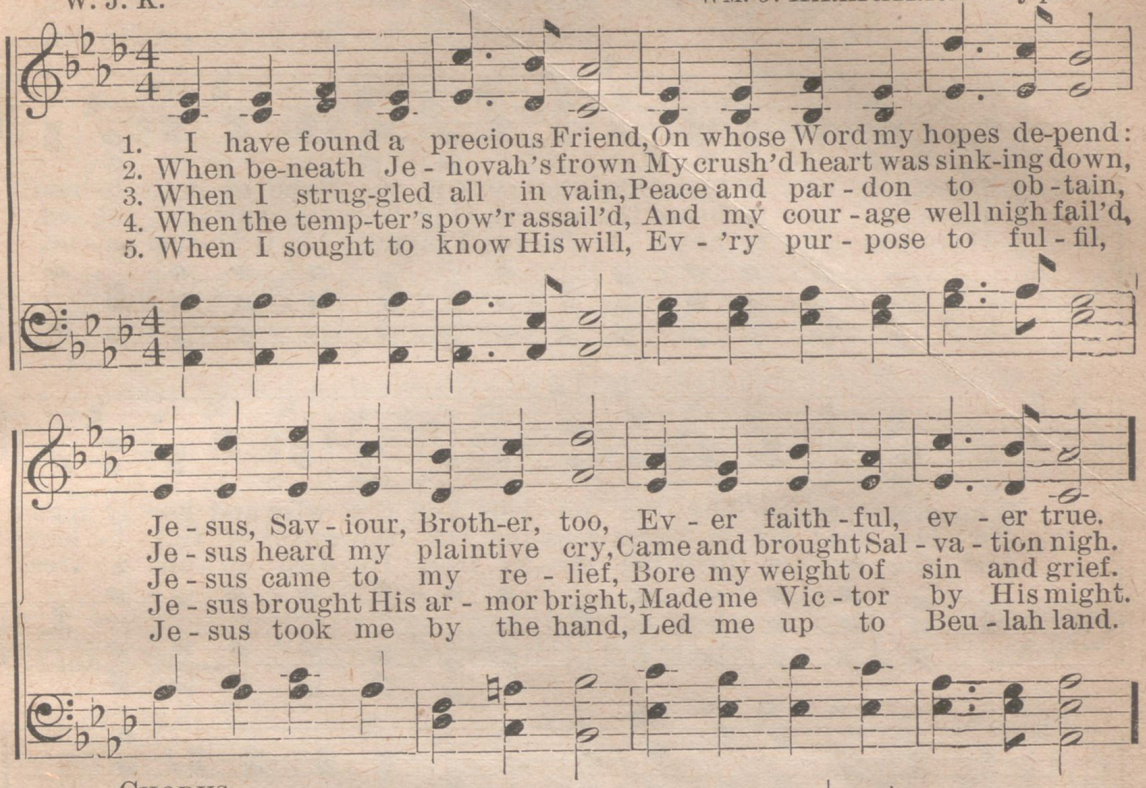


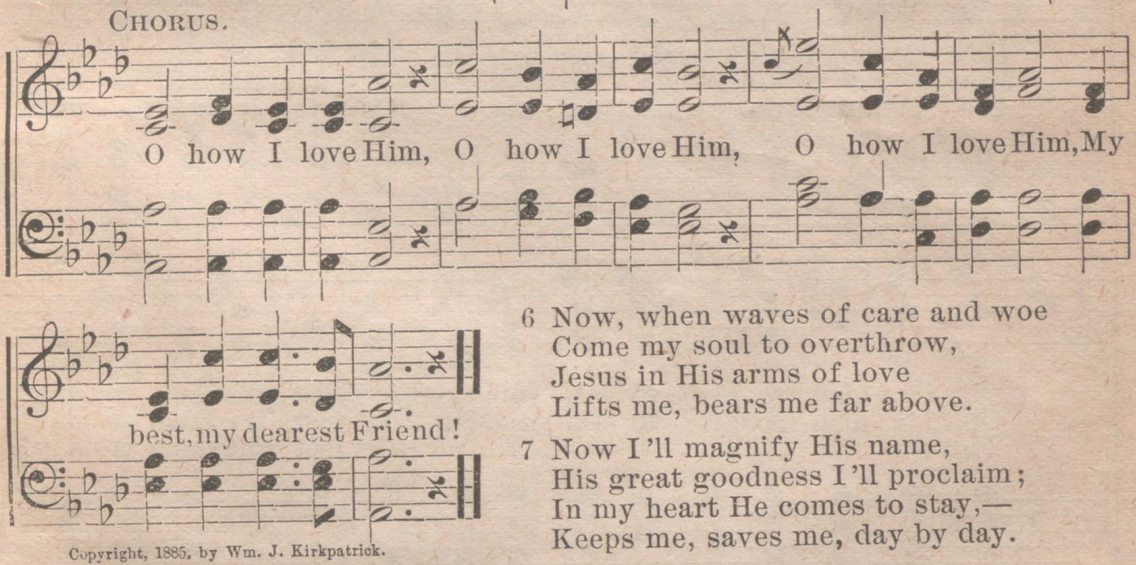




No. 39. O, how I Love Him.

W. J. K. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK. By per.





6 Now, when waves of care and woe
Come my soul to overthrow,
Jesus in His arms of love
Lifts me, bears me far above.

7 Now I'll magnify His name,
His great goodness I'll proclaim;
In my heart He comes to stay,—
Keeps me, saves me, day by day.

Copyright, 1885, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

No. 40. I Love Thy Kingdom, Lord.

1 I love Thy kingdom, Lord,—
The house of Thine abode,—
The church our blest Redeemer saved
With His own precious blood.

2 I love Thy church, O God!
Her walls before Thee stand,
Dear as the apple of Thine eye,
And graven on Thy hand.

3 For her my tears shall fall;
For her my prayers ascend;
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.

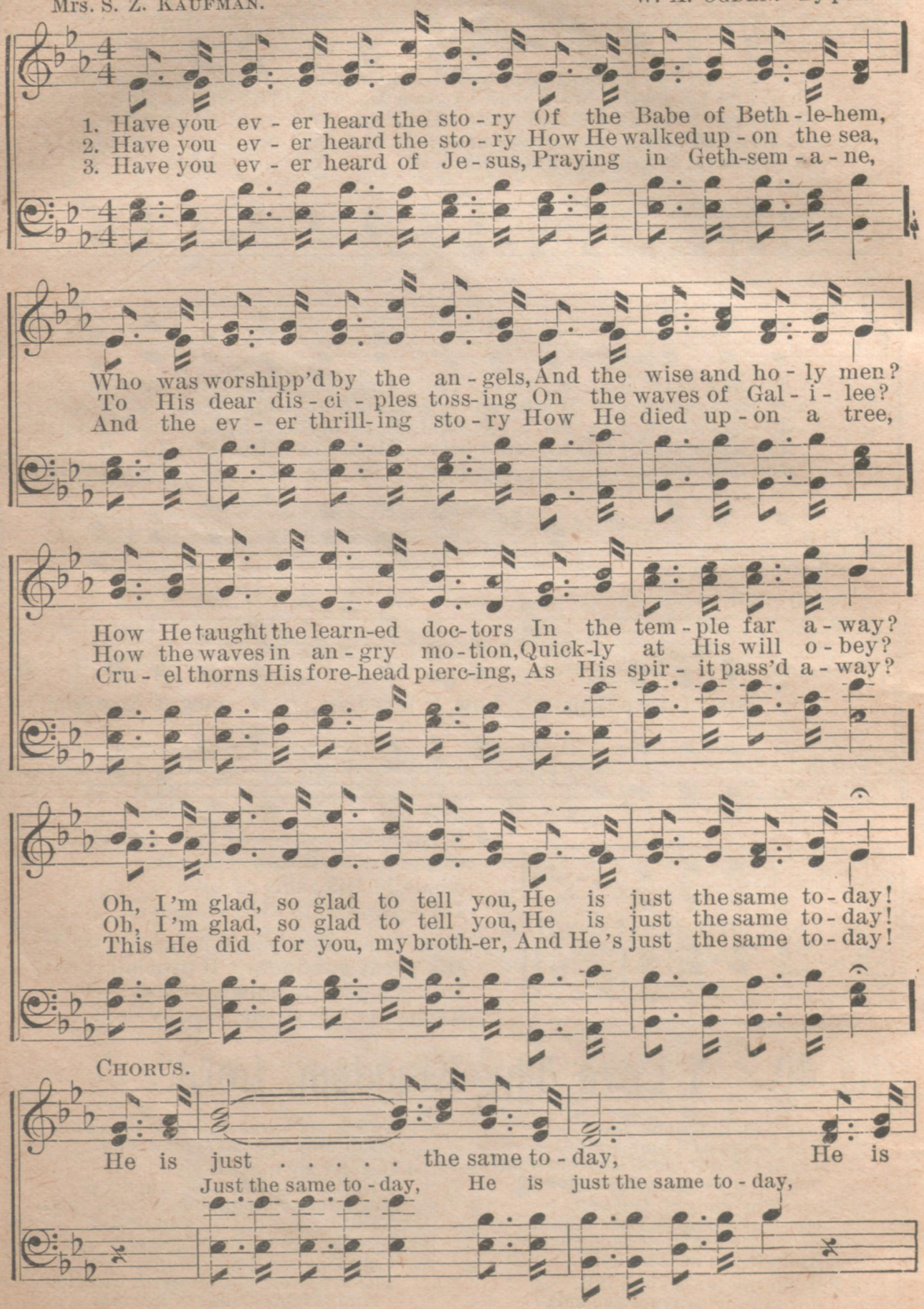
4 Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways;
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

5 Sure as Thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven.

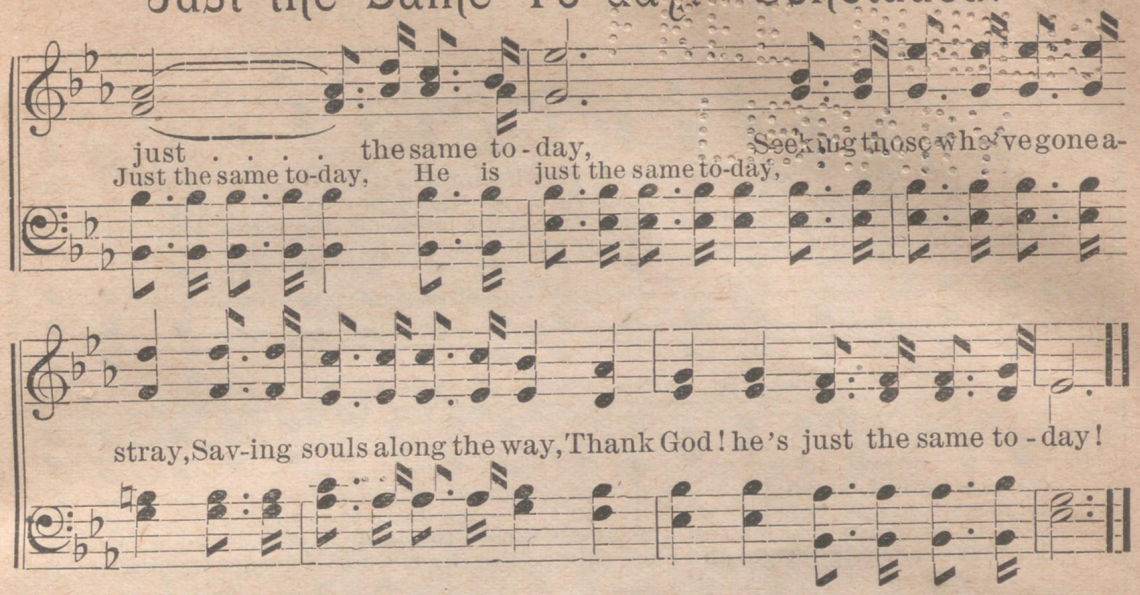
No. 41. Just the Same To-day.

"And Jesus went about . . . . preaching the gospel of the kingdom, and healing all manner of sickness." Matt. iv: 23.

Mrs. S. Z. KAUFMAN. W. A. OGDEN. By per.

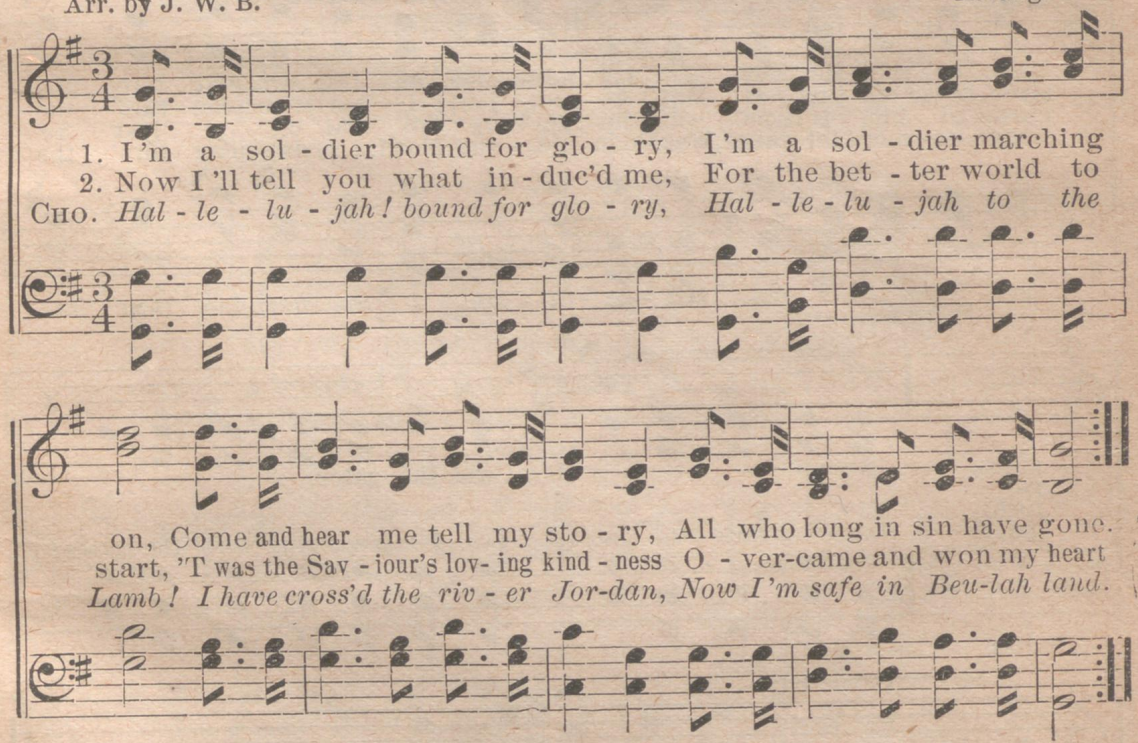


Just the Same To-day. Concluded.



No. 42. Safe in Beulah.

Arr. by J. W. B. Arranged.



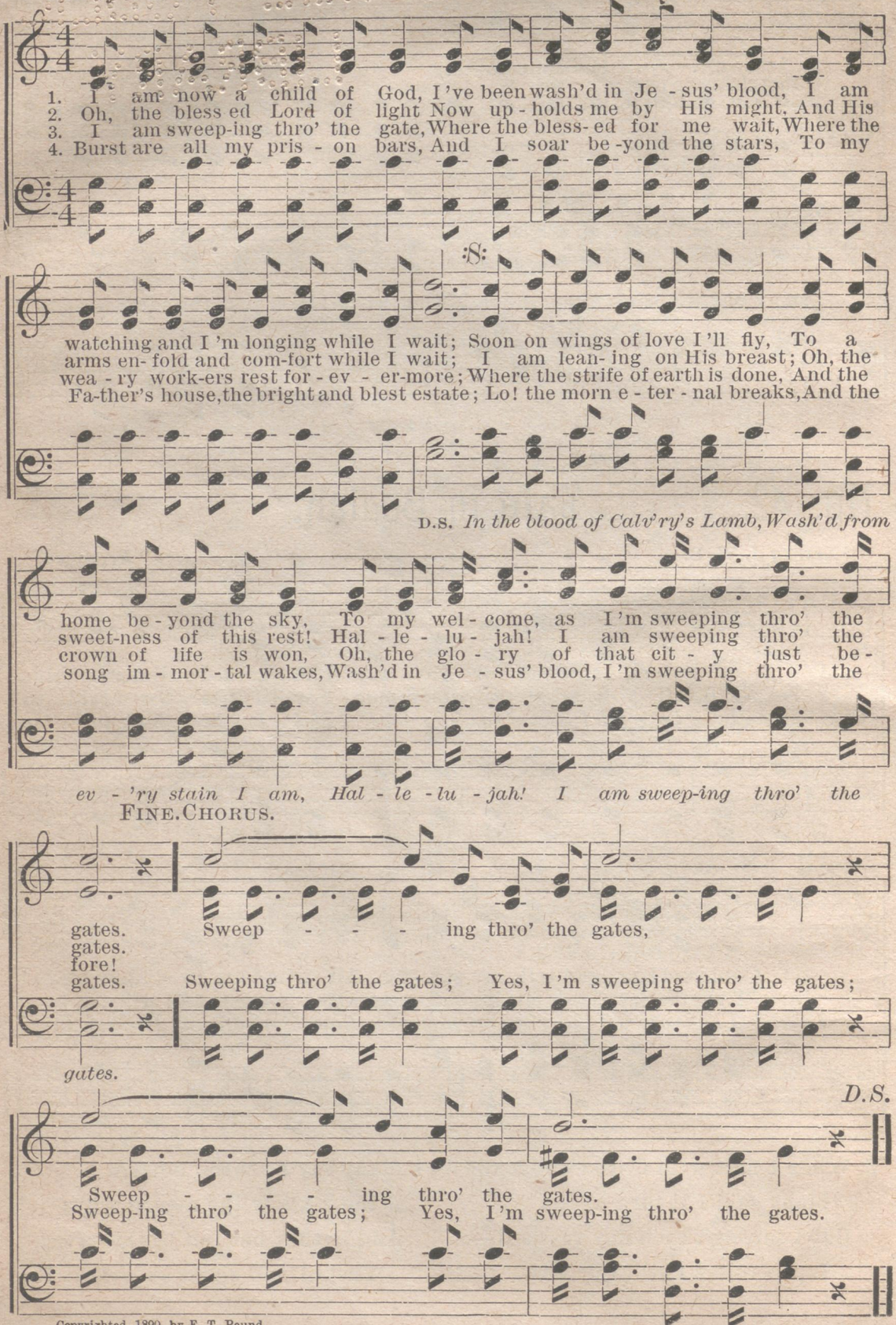
3 When I first with Christ enlisted,
Many said I 'd turn again,
But I through each day resisted —
In the ranks I still remain.

4 Many say I am too noisy,
But I know the reason why;
And if they but felt the glory,
They would shout as well as I.

No. 43. Sweeping through the Gates.

Arr. by J. L. M.

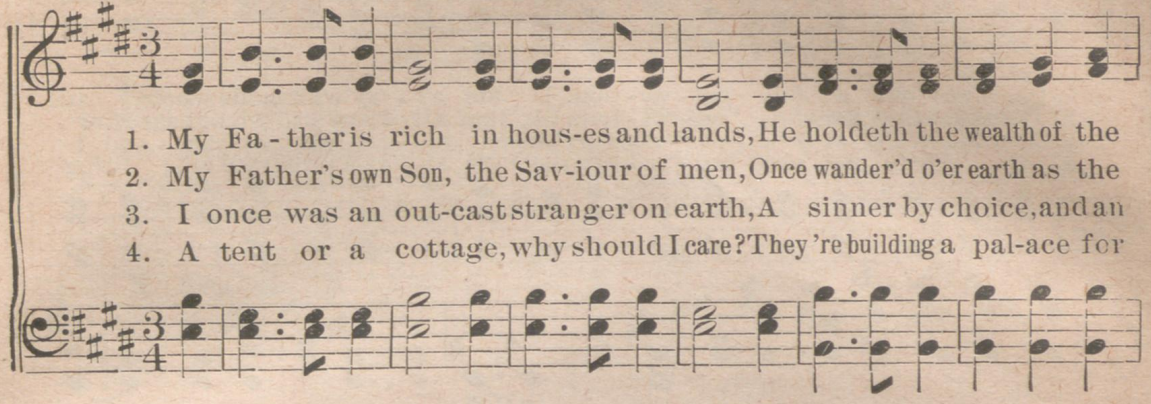
J. L. MOORE. By per.

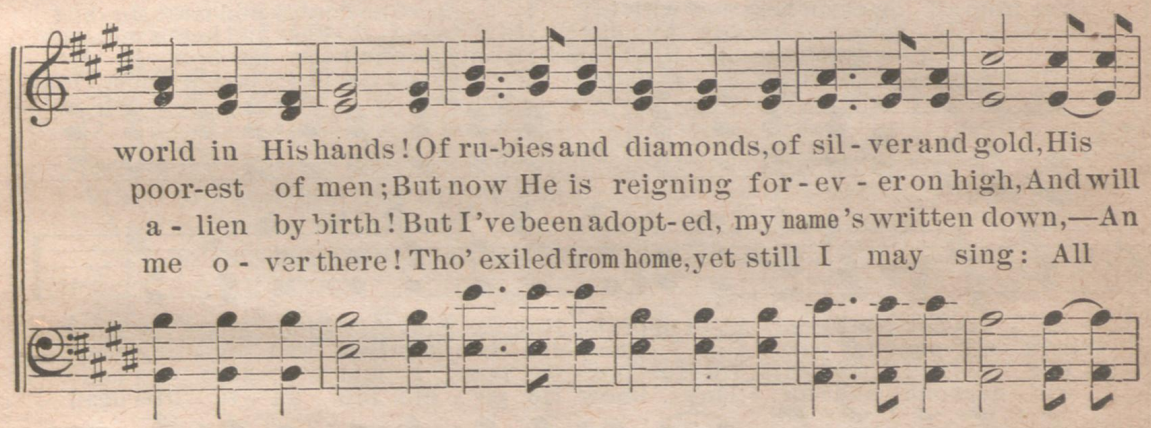


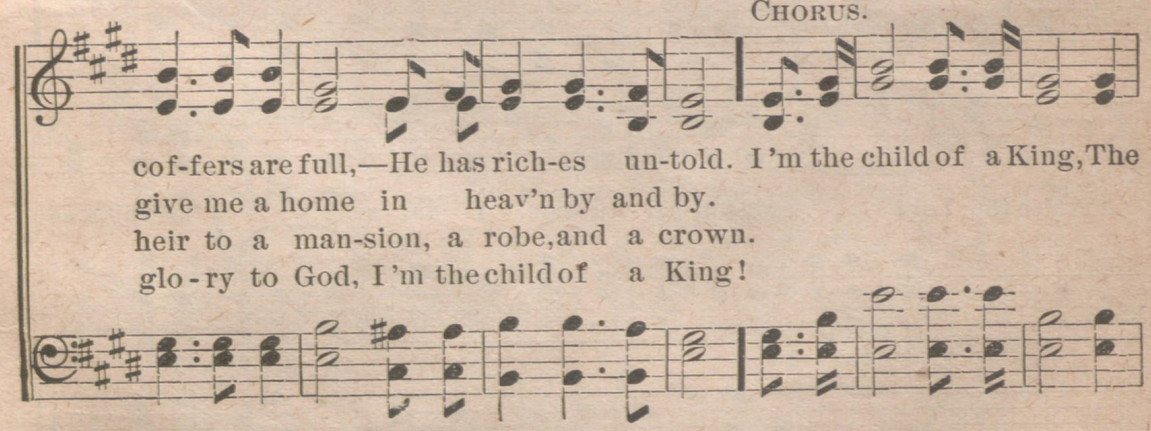
Copyrighted, 1890, by E. T. Pound.

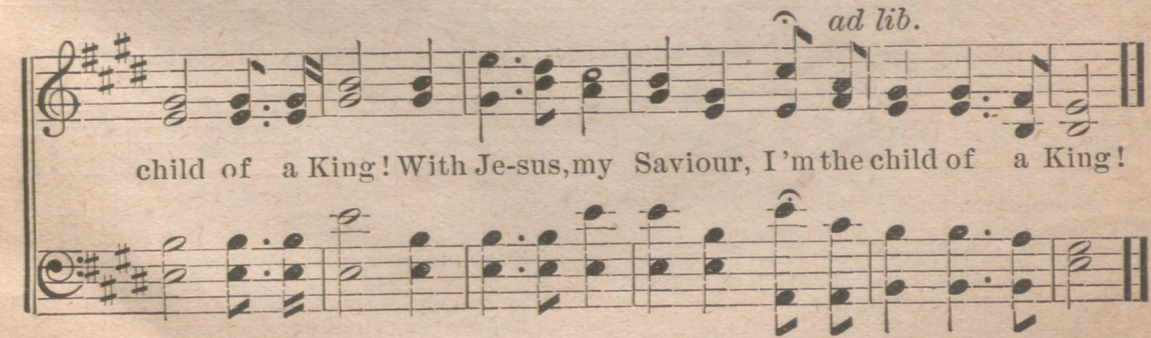
No. 44. The Child of a King.

Words by HATTIE E. BUELL. Arr. from a Melody by Rev. JOHN B. SUMNER.



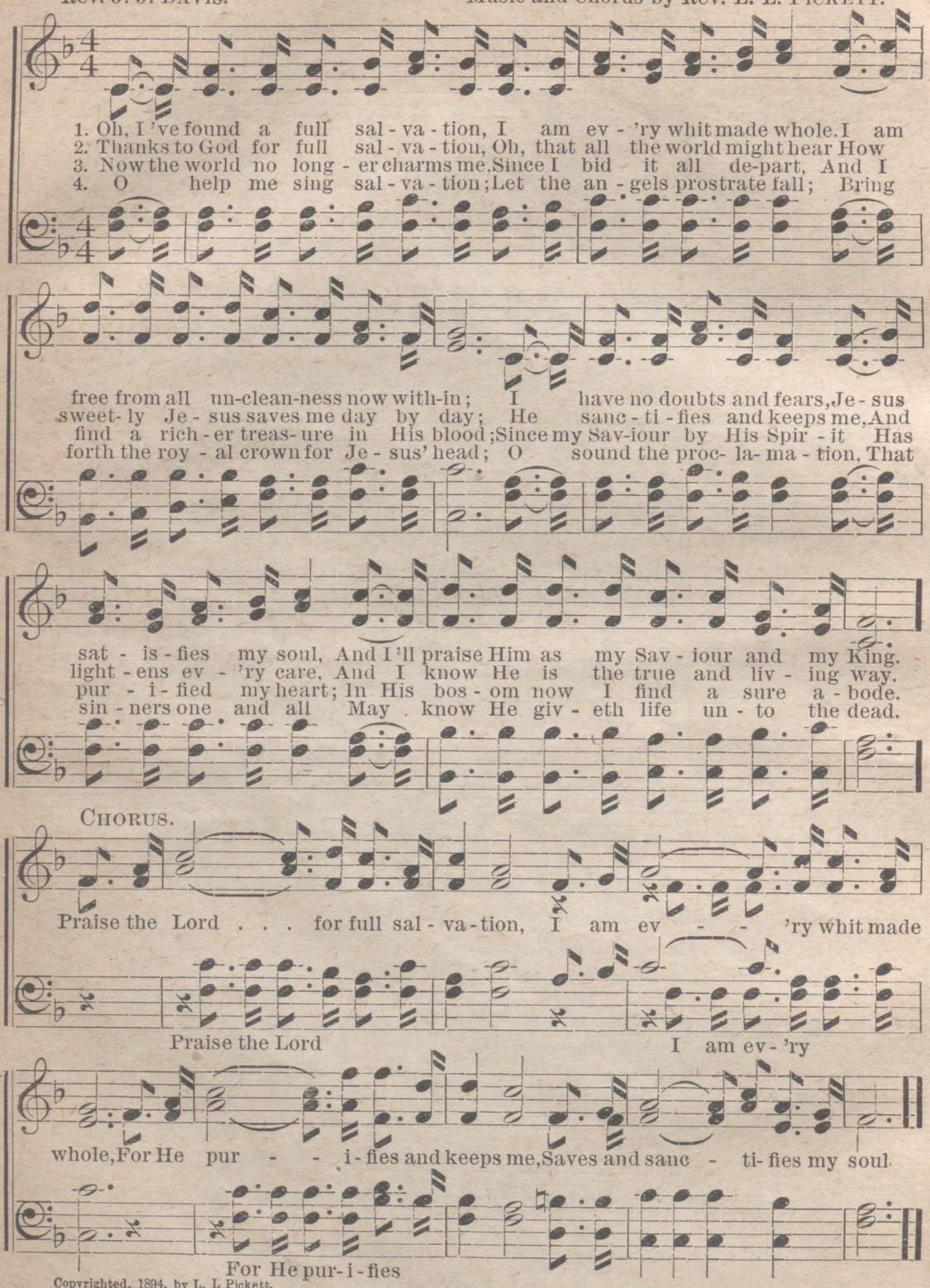






No. 45. Full Salvation.

Rev. J. J. DAVIS. Music and Chorus by Rev. L. L. PICKETT.



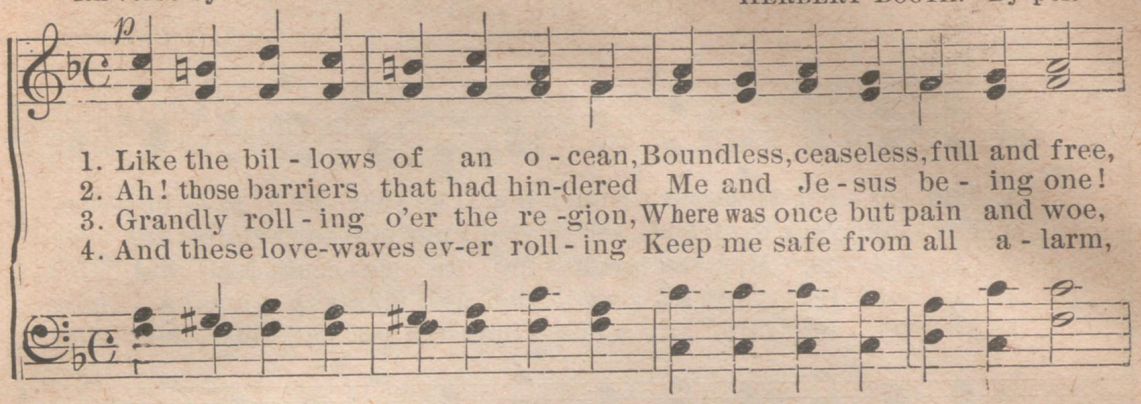
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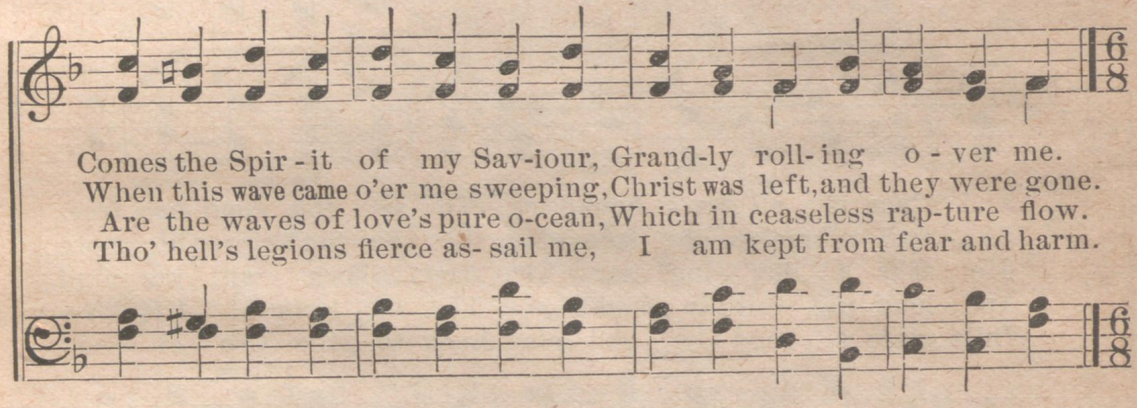
5 Yes, my Saviour reigns within me,
And doth wash my garments white;
There is now no condemnation as before;
My soul is full of raptures,
In His service I delight,
And I'll trust in Him for life forevermore.

6 O Jesus, blessed Jesus,
Keep me ever near Thy side; [within;
May Thy grace and Spirit keep me pure
May the old Adamic nature
Be forever crucified,
And the blood of Jesus keep me ever clean.

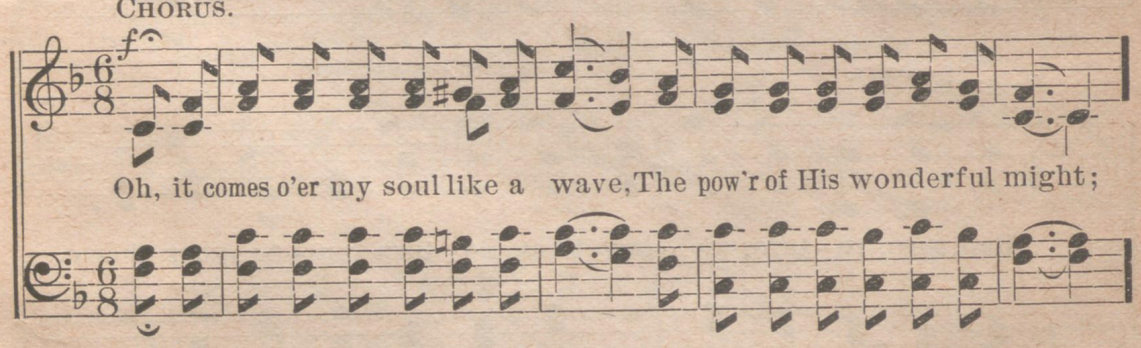
No. 46. It comes o'er my Soul like a Wave.

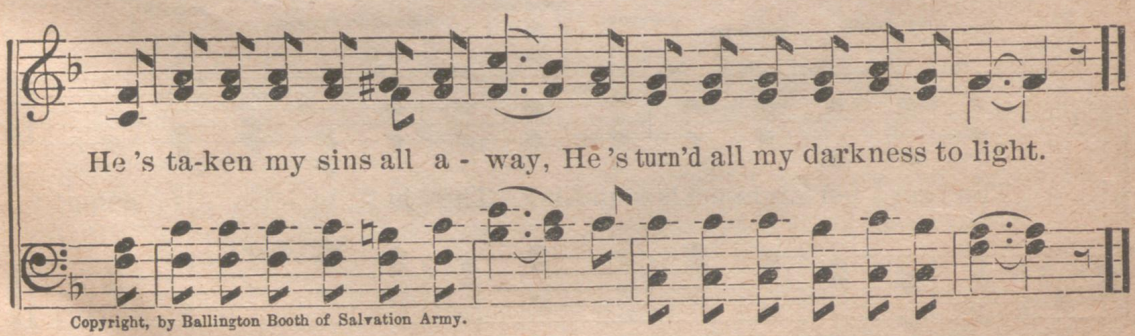
4th verse by L. L. PICKETT. HERBERT BOOTH. By per.





CHORUS.

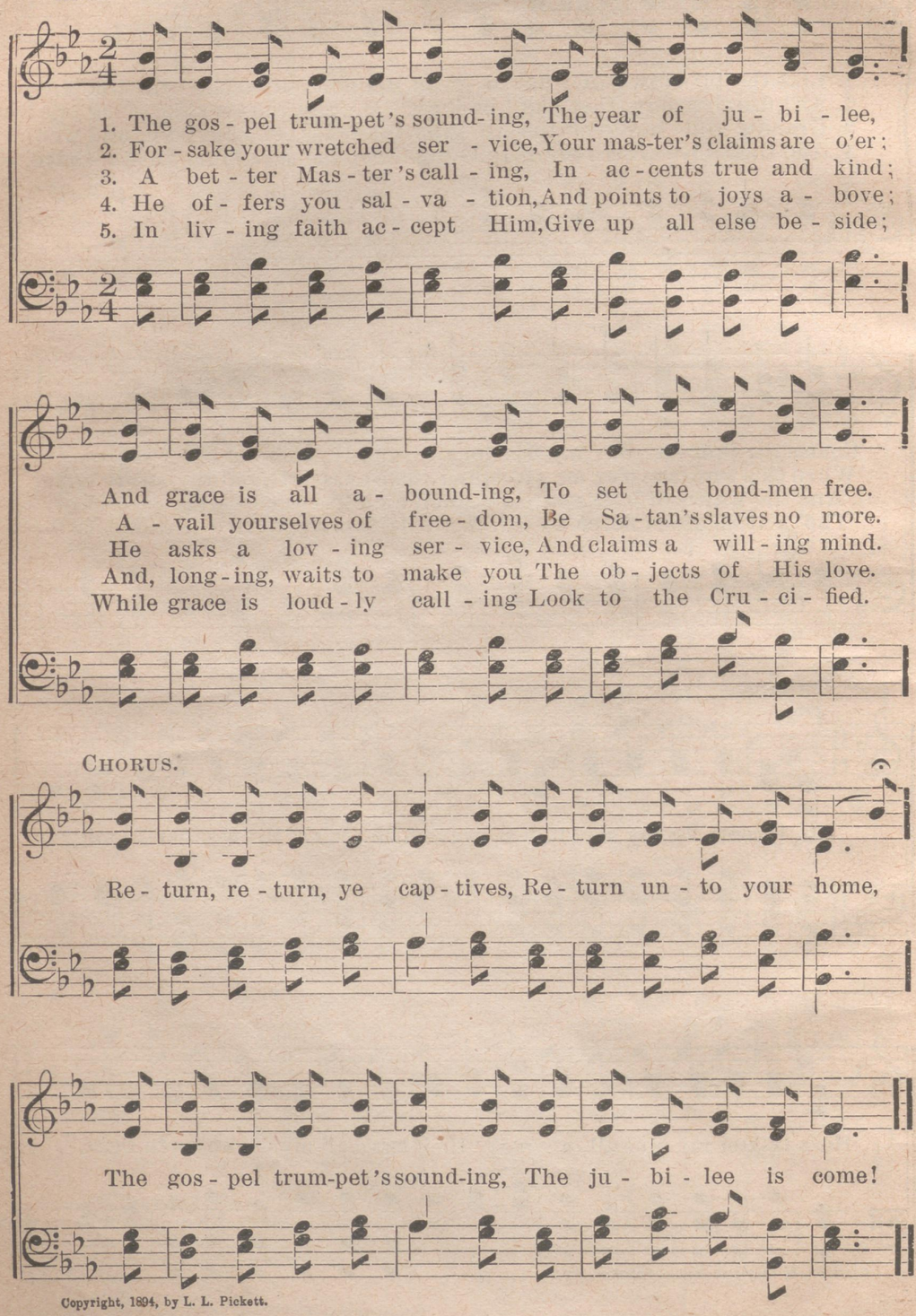




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No. 47. The Gospel Trumpet's Sounding.

ANON. L. L. PICKETT.

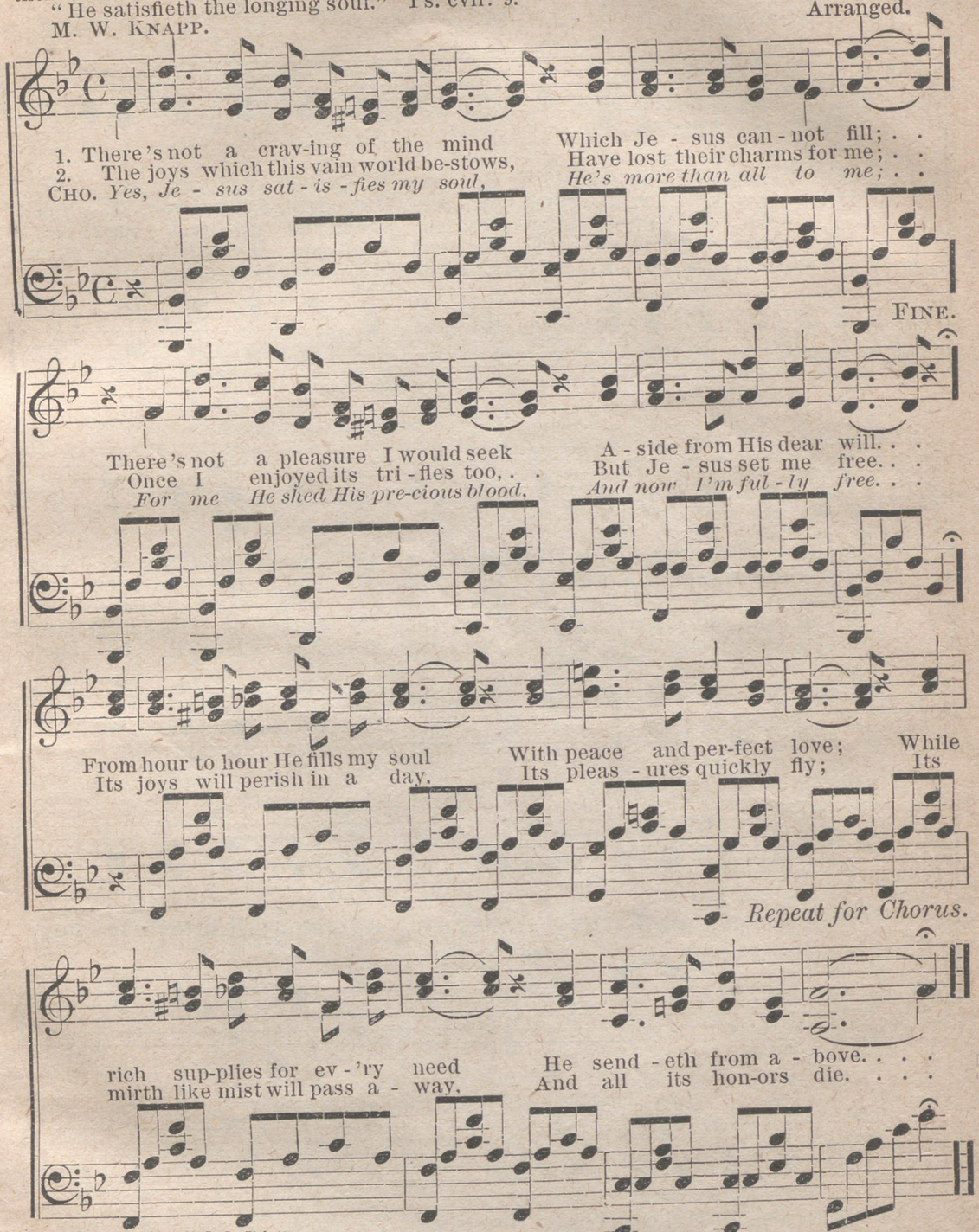


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No. 48. I am Satisfied with Jesus Here.

"They shall be abundantly satisfied with the fatness of thy house, and thou shalt make them drink of the river of thy pleasures." Ps. xxxvi: 8.
"He satisfieth the longing soul." Ps. cvii: 9.

M. W. KNAPP. Arranged.



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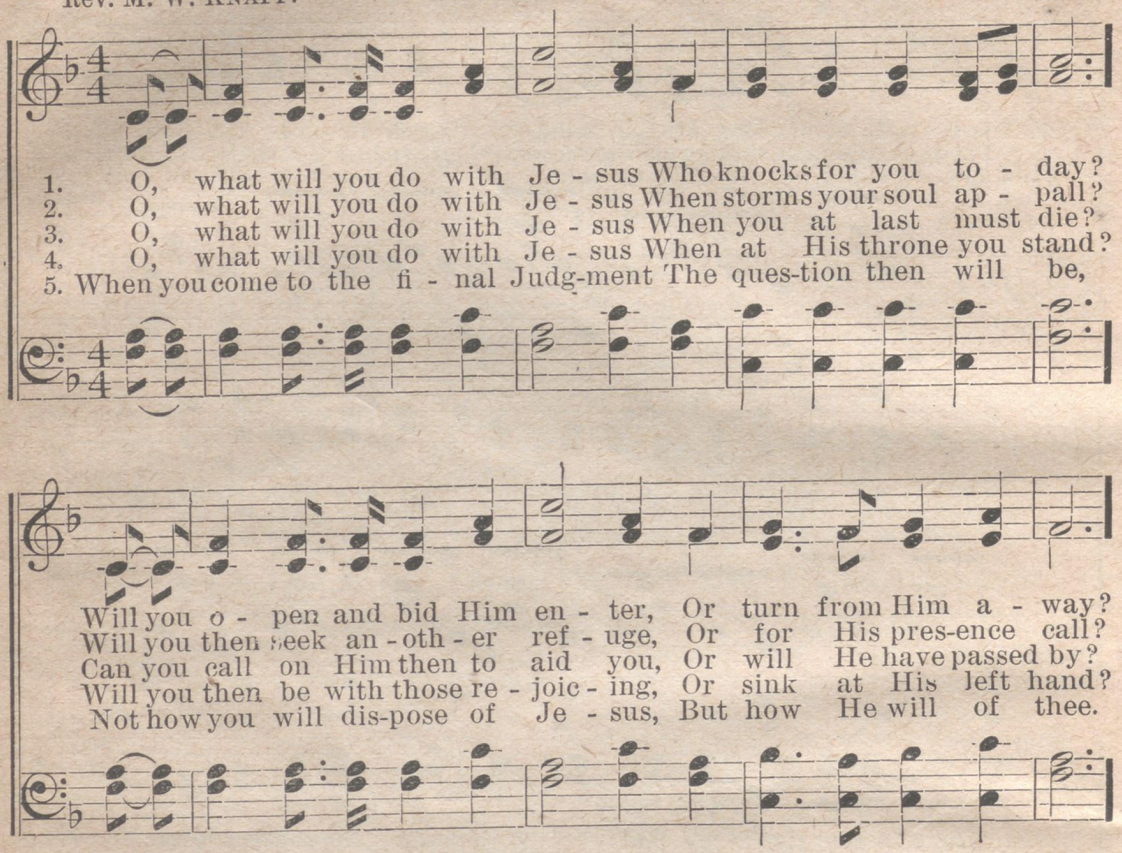
3 But Jesus is my Saviour dear,
My Rock, my Strength, my Song;
My Wisdom and my Refuge Safe,
To Jesus I belong.
He is my Advocate with God,
My Way, my Life, my Light,
My Great Physician and my Friend,
My Guide by day and night.

4 He stilled the angry tempests' power,
Which raged within my heart;
And bade each sinful passion there,
To speedily depart.
Yes, Jesus is my all in all,
He satisfies my soul.
For me He died on Calvary,
And now He makes me whole.

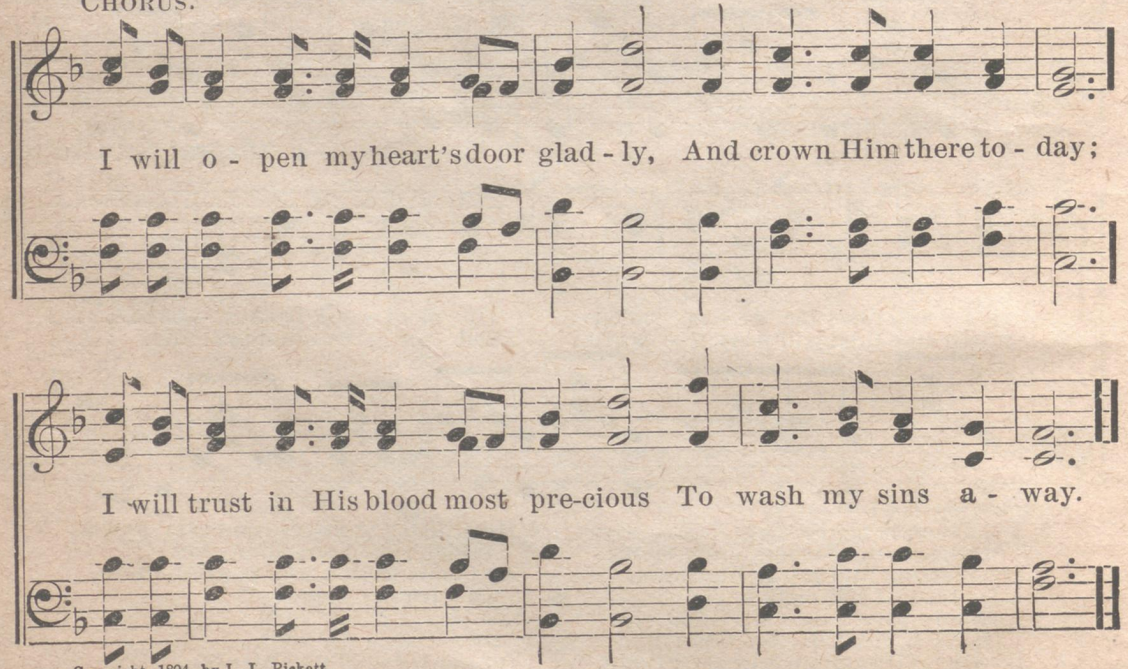
No. 49. What will you do with Jesus?

"Pilate saith unto them, What shall I do with Jesus that is called Christ?" Matt. xxvii: 22.

Rev. M. W. KNAPP. L. L. PICKETT.



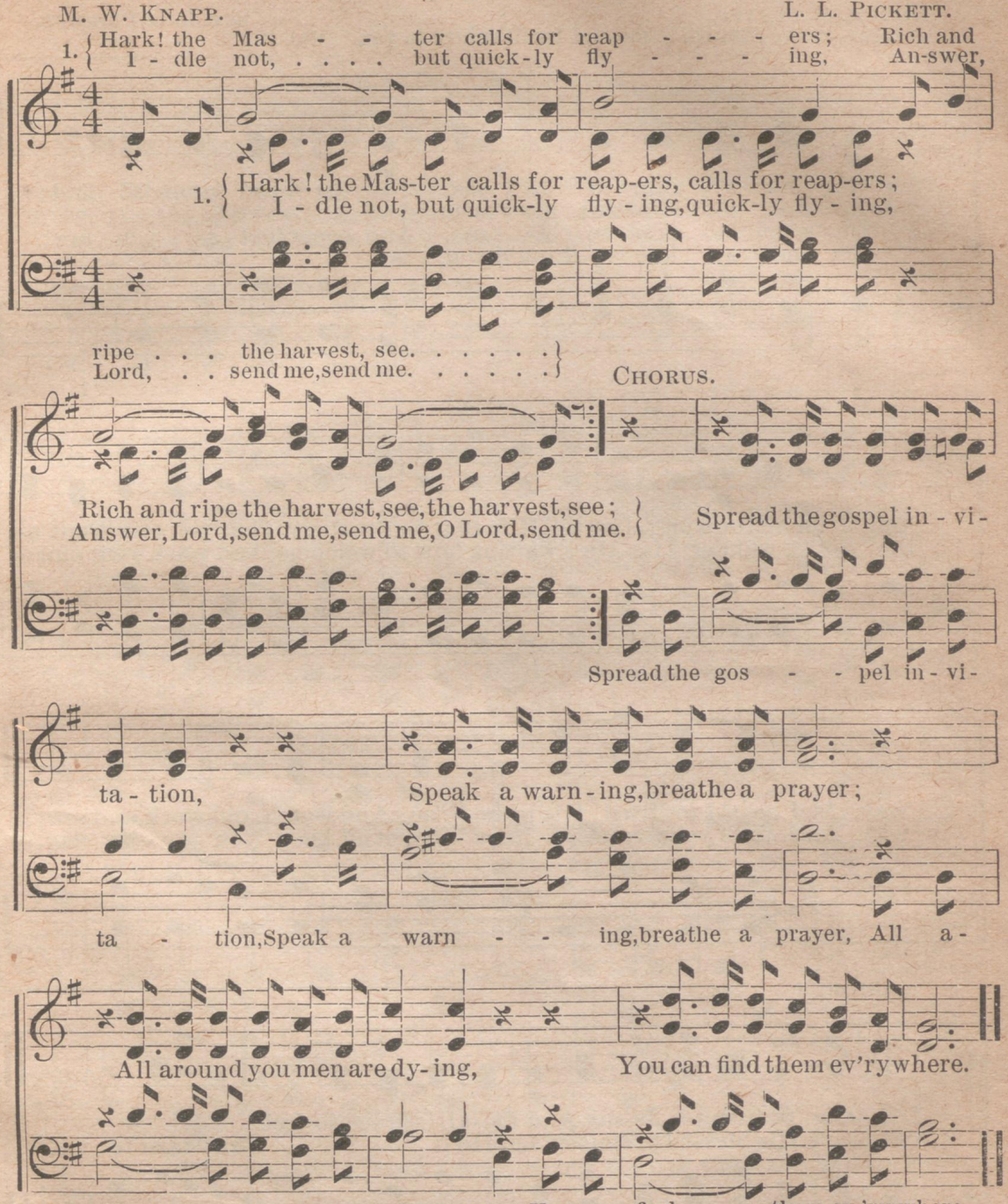
CHORUS.



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No. 50. The Master Calls for Reapers.

M. W. KNAPP. L. L. PICKETT.



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2 Great the harvest, few the toilers,
Work is waiting one and all;
Answer quickly, and rejoicing,
Hear and heed the Master's call.

3 Gather golden sheaves for Jesus,
Ere too late, they ruined be;
Great and precious is the harvest,
And 't is Jesus calleth thee.

4 Rich reward is for thee waiting,
If but faithful thou wilt prove;
Christ will say, "Well done, thou faithful,"
In His kingdom bright above.

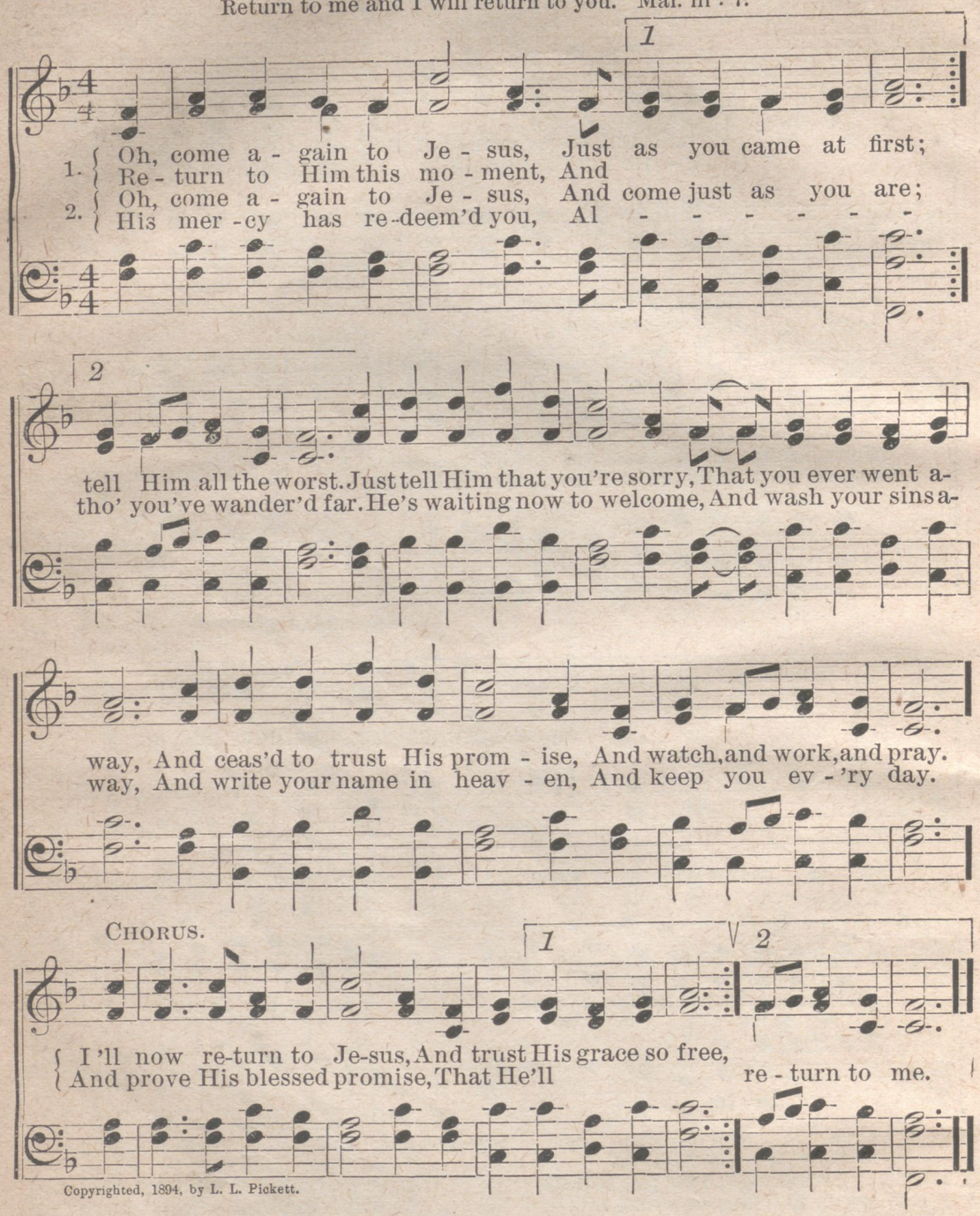
5 But if thou shouldst falsely linger,
Proving thus to Him untrue,
Fearful, then, will be the reckoning
At the Judgment waiting you.

6 Jesus shed His blood so precious,
On the cross for thee didst die;
Therefore heed His call so earnest,
Swiftly to the harvest fly.

No. 51. Return.

Rev. M. W. KNAPP. Rev. L. L. PICKETT.

Return to me and I will return to you. Mal. iii : 7.



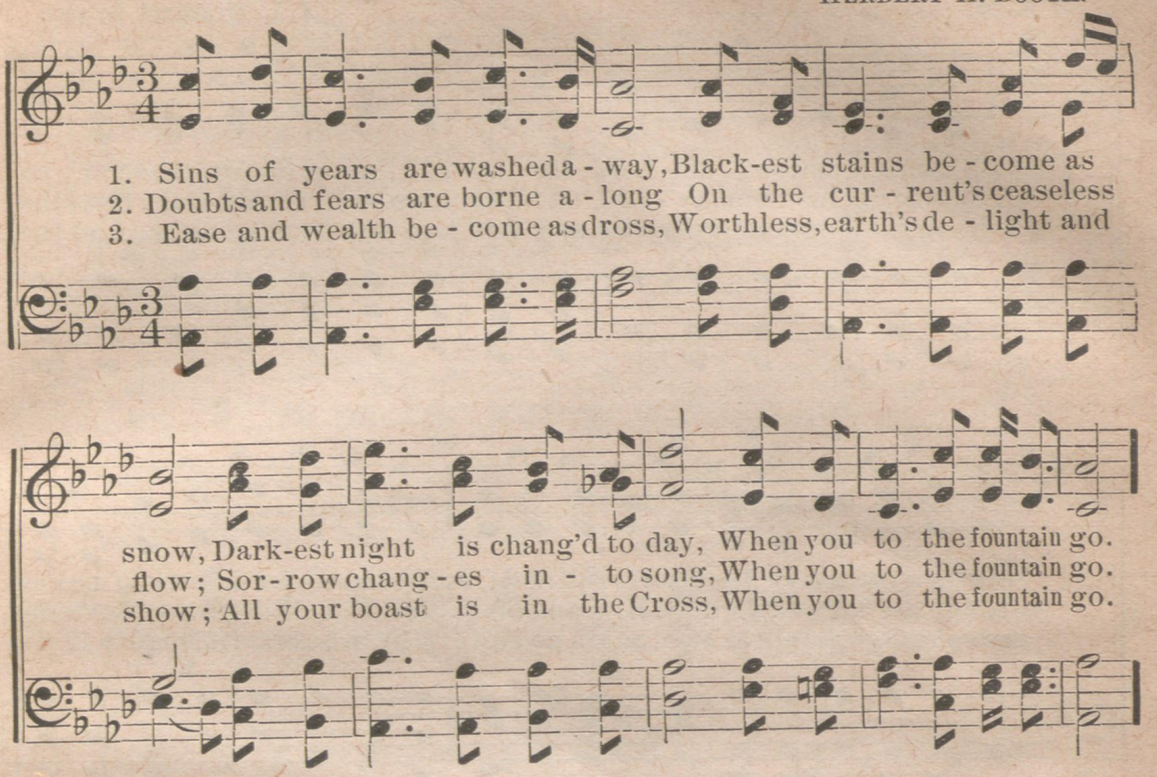
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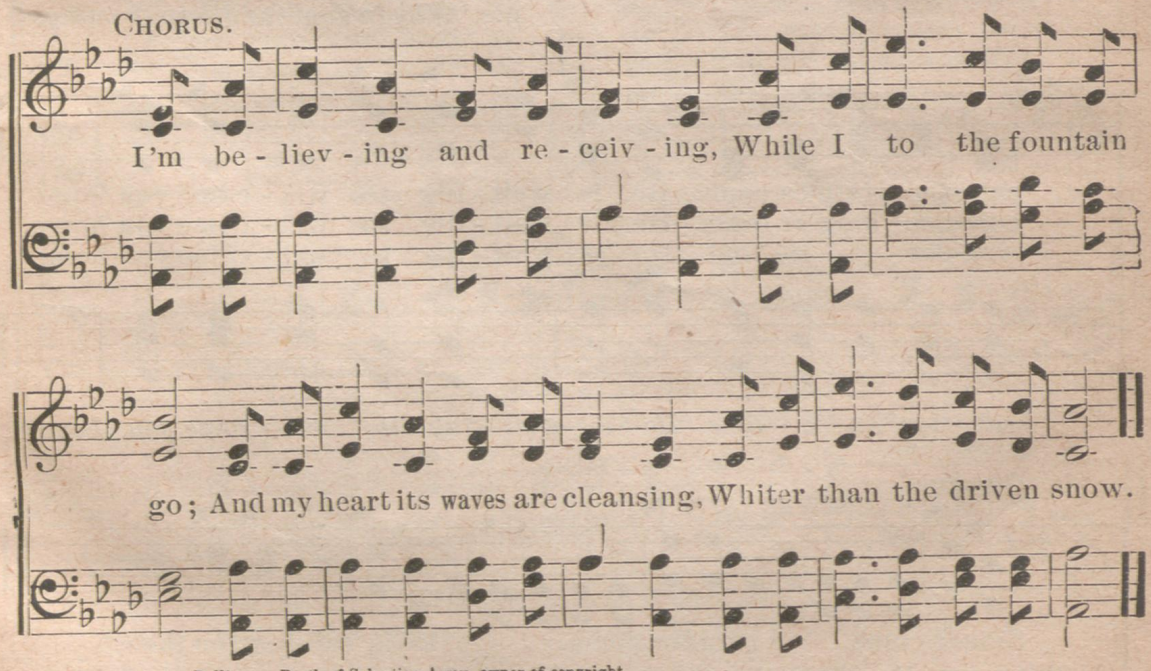
3 Oh, come again to Jesus,
For you His blood was shed,
As on the cross so cruel,
For all the world He bled.
He loves you, yes, He loves you,
Far more than tongue can tell,
And ready stands to save you,
From sinning and from hell.

4 Oh, come again to Jesus,
And yielding all just now;
Low at the seat of mercy
In deep contrition bow.
Now claim His sweet forgiveness,
And trust His promise true;
Return and seek His blessing,
And He 'll return to you.

No. 52. I'm Believing and Receiving.

HERBERT H. BOOTH.





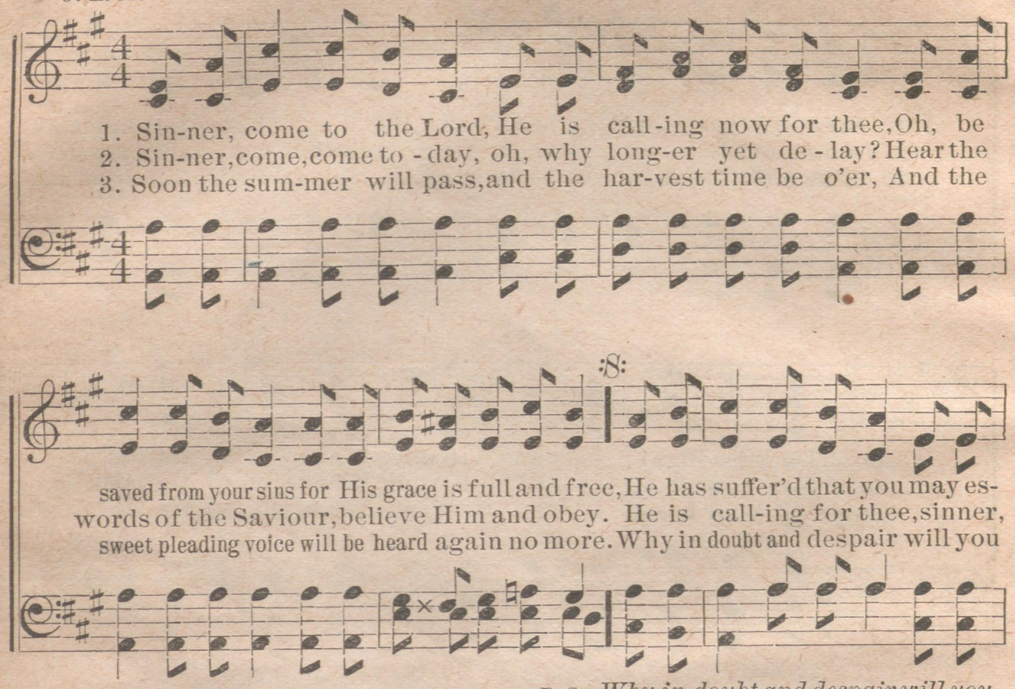
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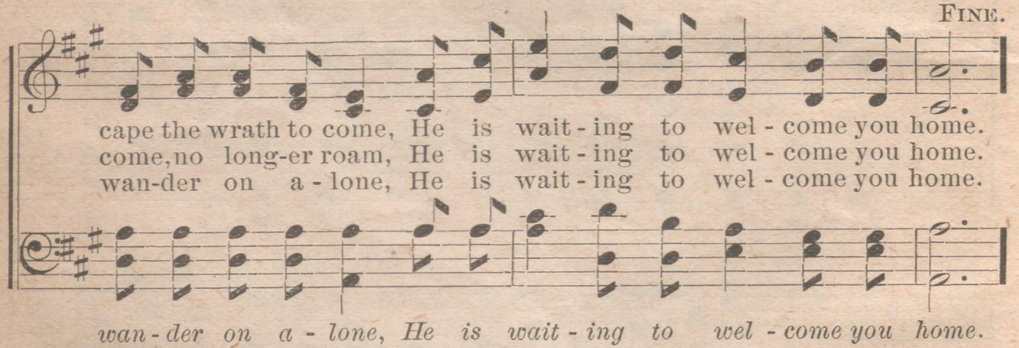
4 Selfishness is lost in love,
Love for Him whose love you know;
All your treasure is above,
When you to the fountain go.

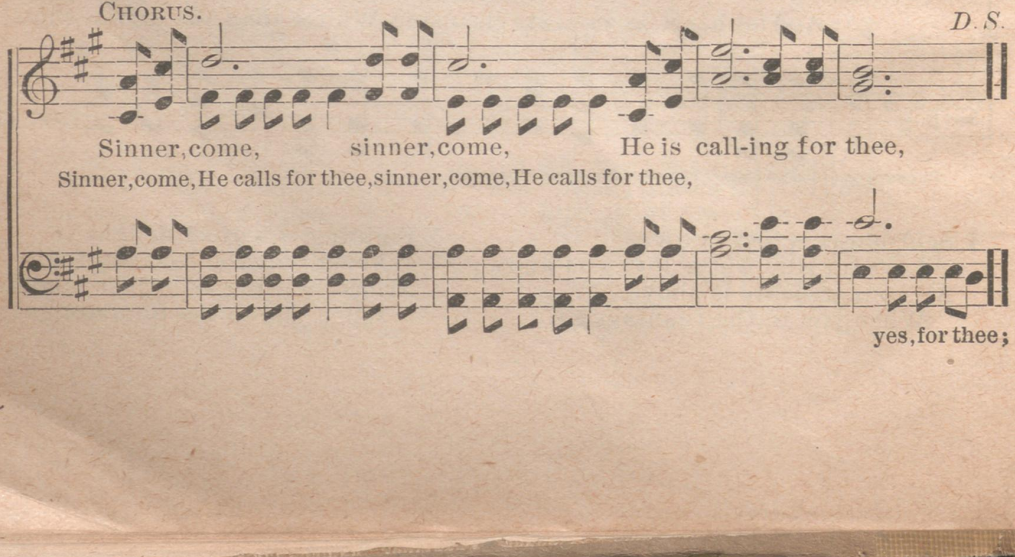
5 Fighting is a great delight,
Never will you fear the foe,
Armed by King Jehovah's might,
When you to the fountain go.

No. 53. Sinner, Come!

J. L. M. J. L. MOORE. By per.

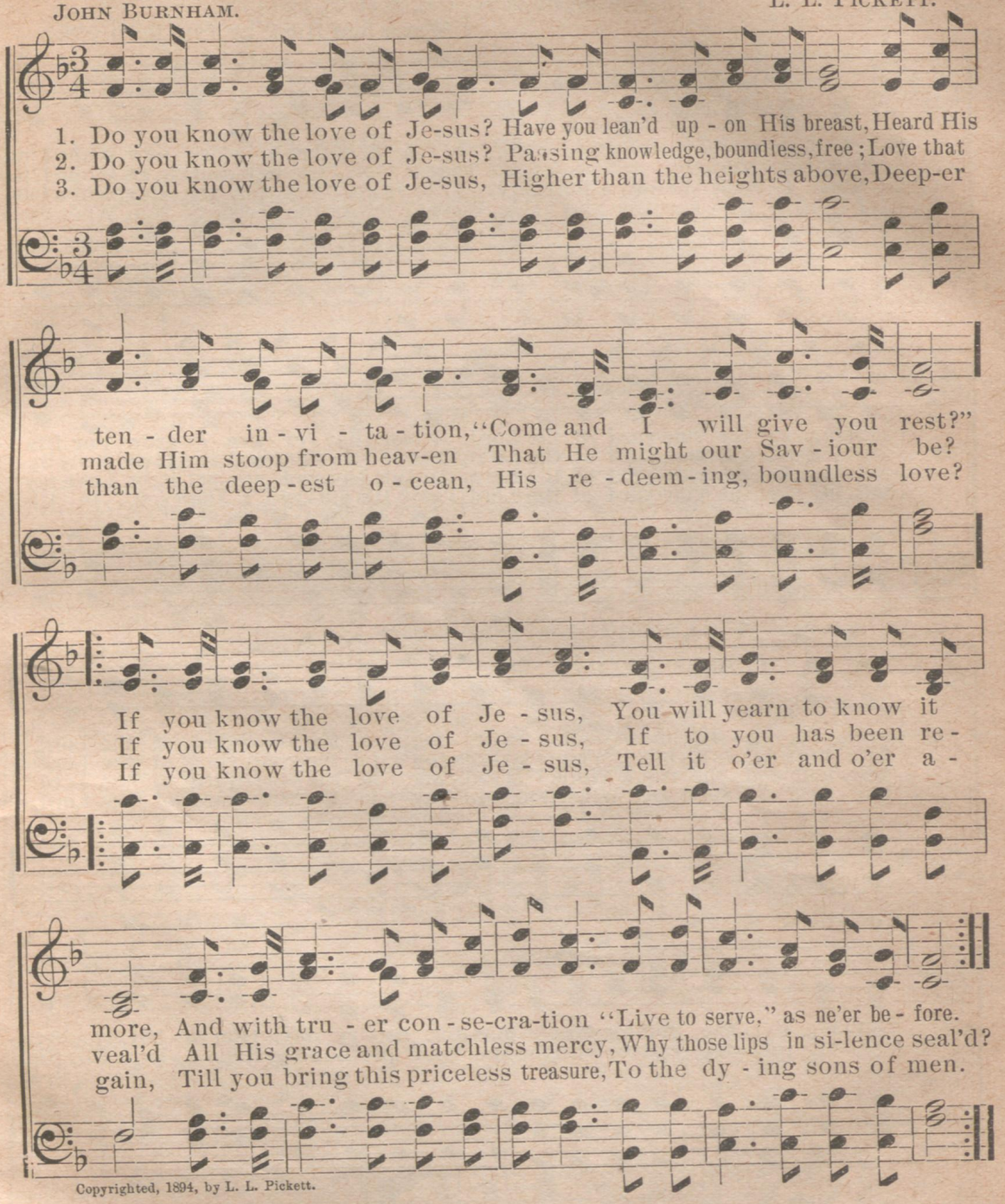






No. 54. Do you Know the Love of Jesus?

JOHN BURNHAM. L. L. PICKETT.



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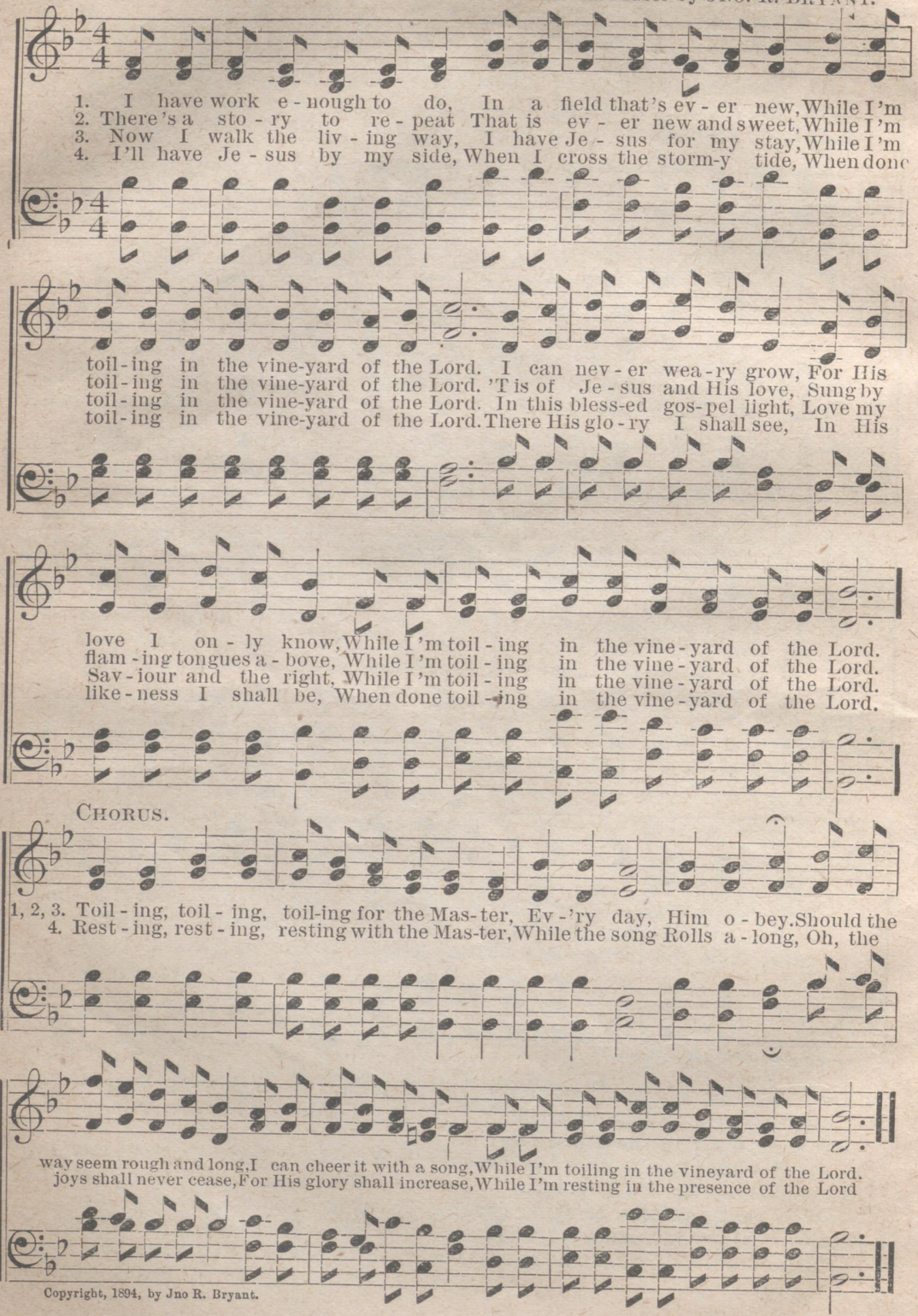
4 Do you know the love of Jesus?
Sweetly rest in His embrace,
Growing daily in the knowledge
Of His changeless love and grace.
‖: If you know the love of Jesus,
Why that anxious, fretting care?
Roll on Him your every burden,
Tell Him all your heart in
prayer. :‖

5 Would you know the love of Jesus?
Would you taste heav'n's sweetest
joy?
Would you learn the songs of glory
Which the angel harps employ?
‖ :Think upon this love of Jesus
Till your heart is all aglow
With a holy, glad surrender,
Thus the love of Jesus know. :‖

No. 55. Toiling Now, Resting Then.

(To my class at Stark, Ga., Sept. 20, 1893.)

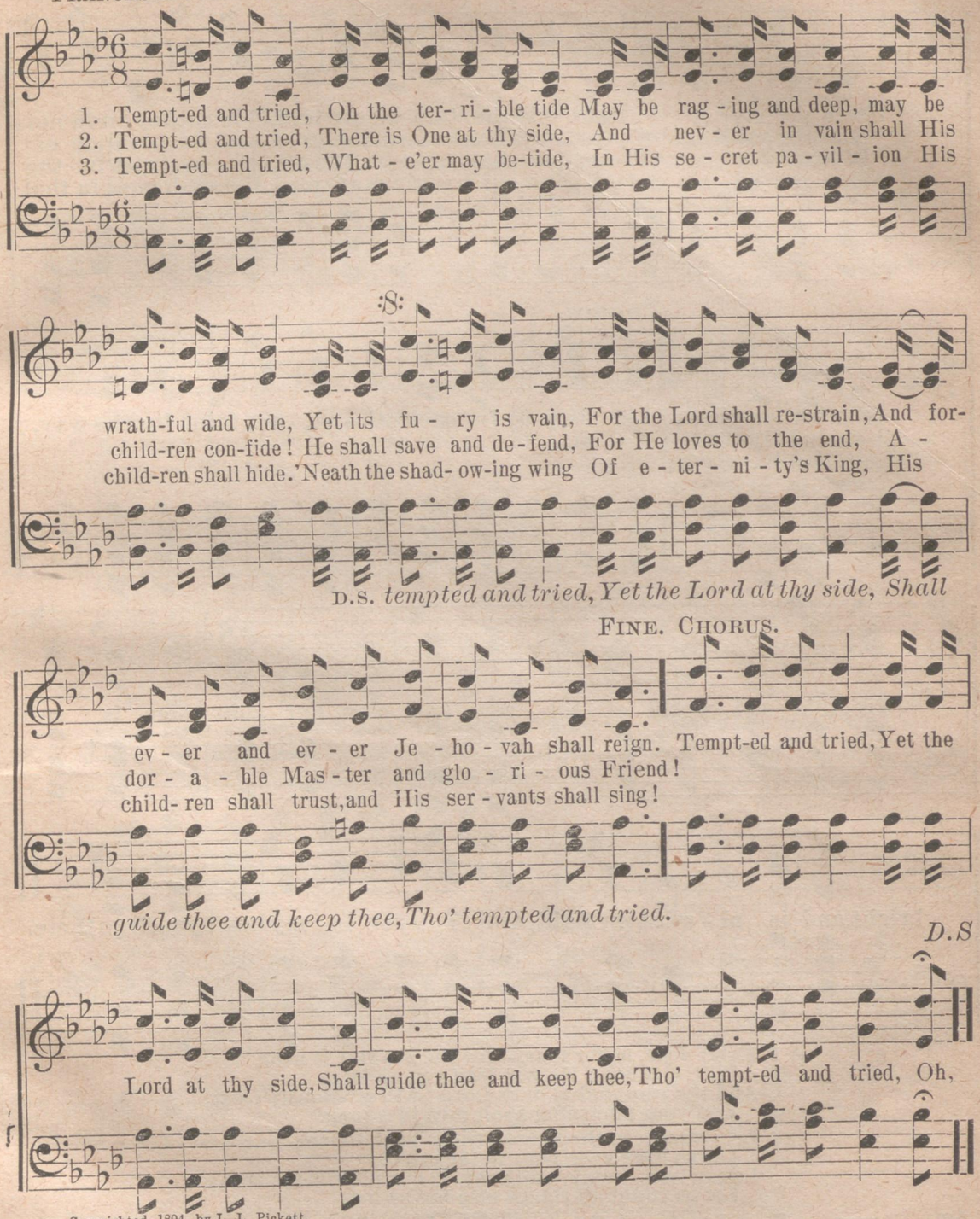
Words and Music by JNO. R. BRYANT.



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No. 56. Tempted and Tried.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL. L. L. PICKETT.



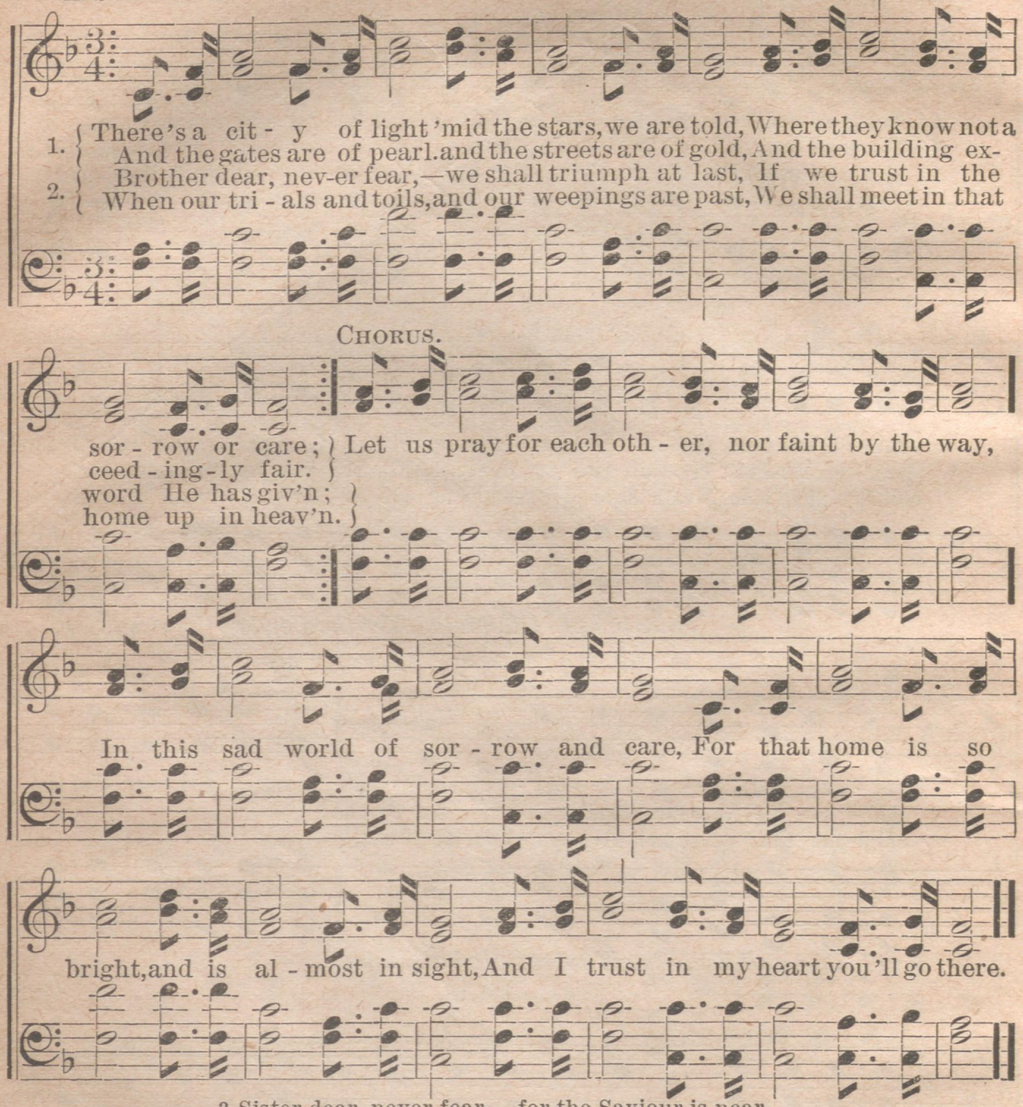
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4 Tempted and tried!
Yet the Lord will abide,
Thy faithful Redeemer, thy keeper and Guide,
Thy Shield and thy Sword,
Thine exceeding Reward,
Then enough for the servant to be as his Lord.

5 Tempted and tried,
The Saviour who died,
Hath called thee to suffer and reign by His side;
His cross thou shalt bear
And His crown thou shalt wear,
And forever and ever His glory shalt share.

No. 57. The City of Light.

A. S. K. A. S. KIEFFER. By per.



3 Sister dear, never fear,— for the Saviour is near,
With His hand He will lead you along;
And the way that is dark Christ will graciously clear,
And your mourning shall turn to a song.

4 Let us walk in the light of the gospel divine;
Let us ever keep near to the cross;
Let us love, watch, and pray, in our pilgrimage here;
Let us count all things else but as loss.

No. 58. And can I yet Delay? S. M.

1 And can I yet delay
My little all to give?
To tear my soul from earth away,
For Jesus to receive?

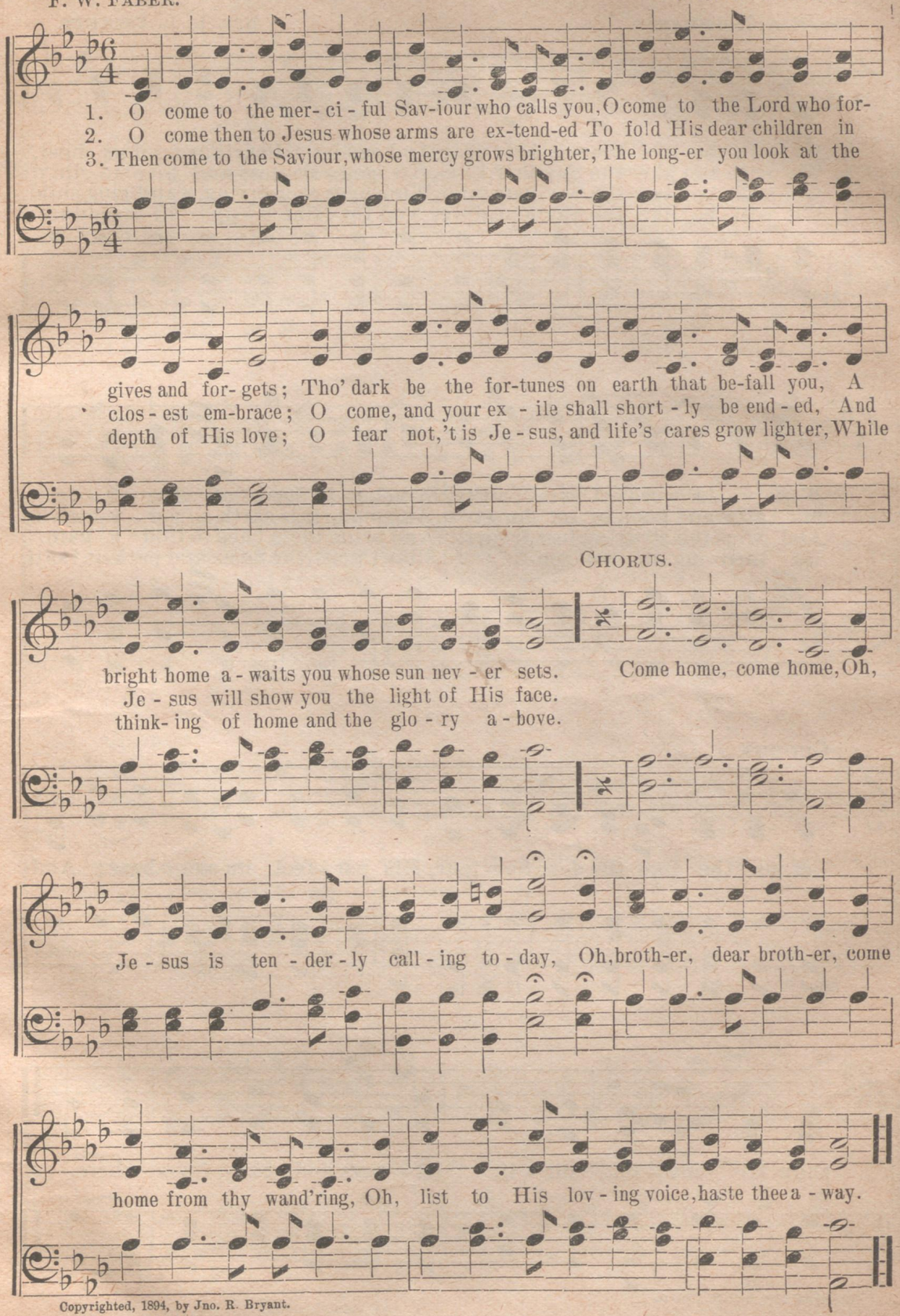
2 Nay, but I yield, I yield!
I can hold out no more:
I sink, by dying love compelled,
And own thee conqueror!

3 Though late, I all forsake,—
My friends, my all, resign:
Gracious Redeemer, take, oh! take
And seal me ever thine.

4 Come, and possess me whole,
Nor hence again remove;
Settle and fix my wavering soul
With all Thy weight of love.

No. 59. Come to the Merciful Saviour.

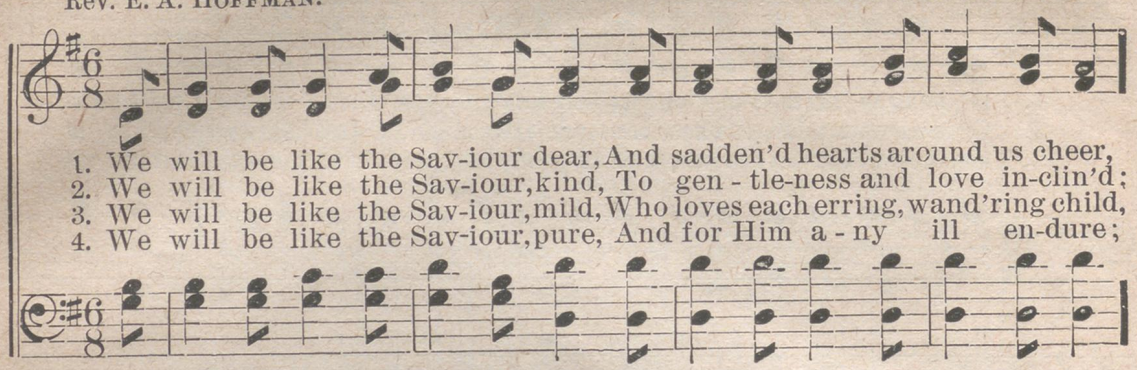
F. W. FABER. JNO. R. BRYANT.

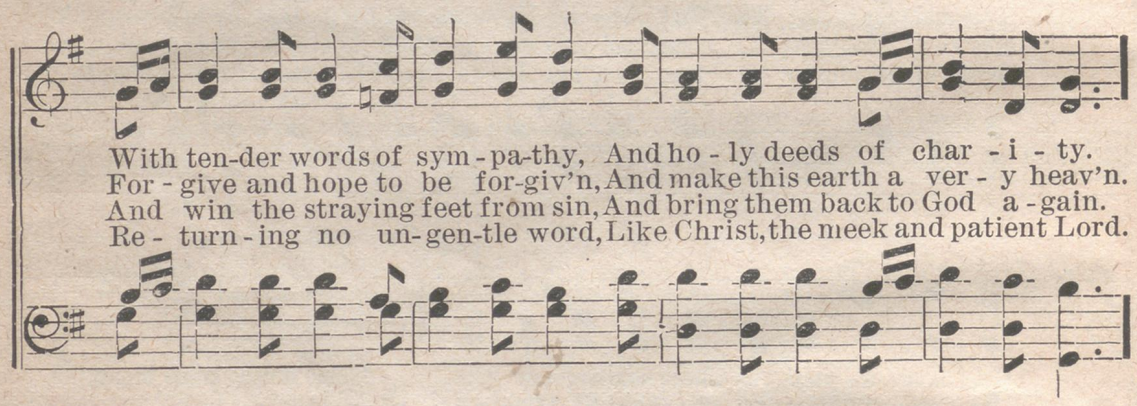


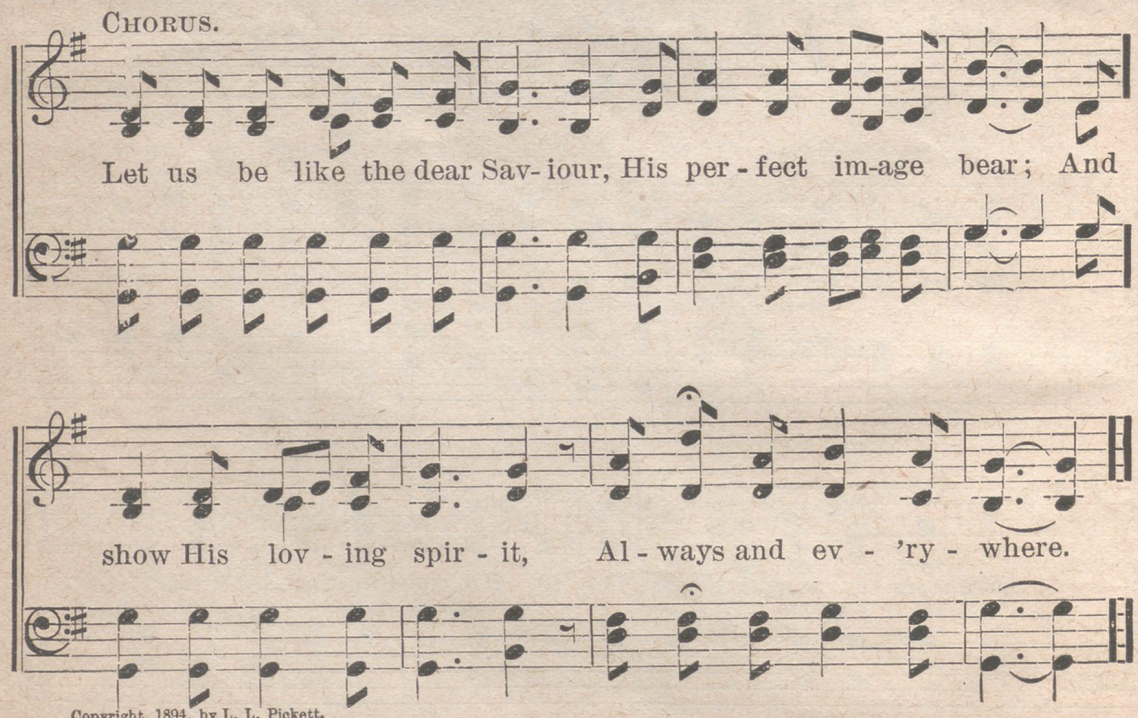
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No. 60. Let us be like the Saviour.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN. Rev. L. L. PICKETT.



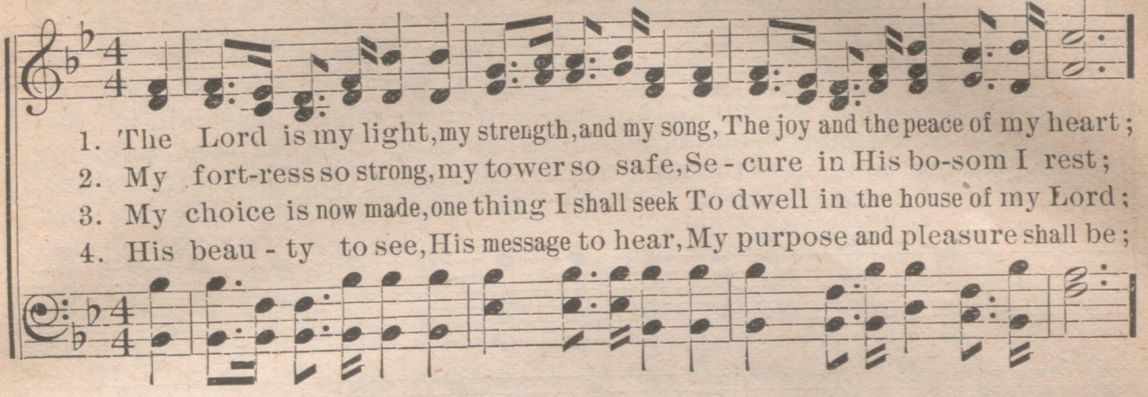


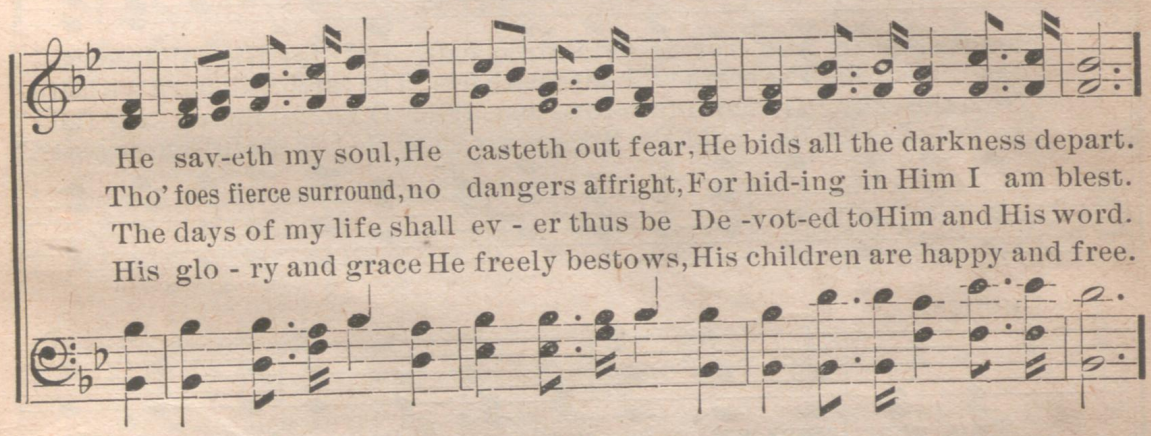


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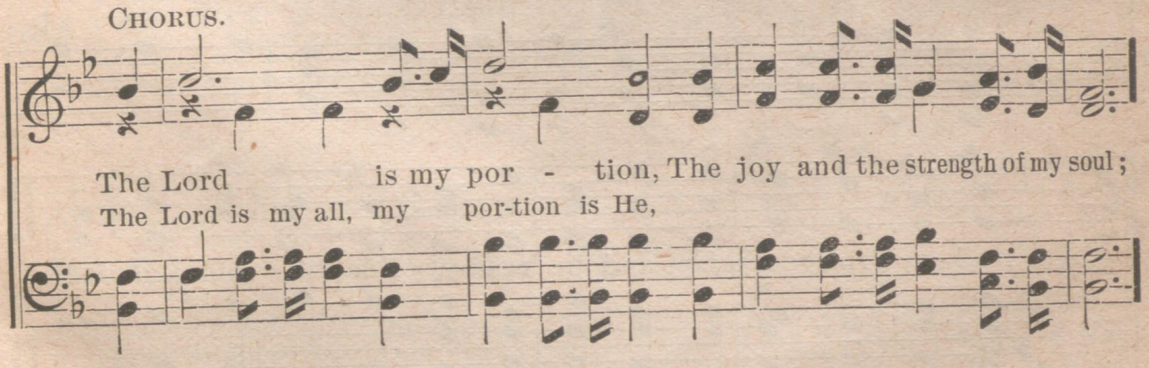
No. 61. The Lord is my Portion.

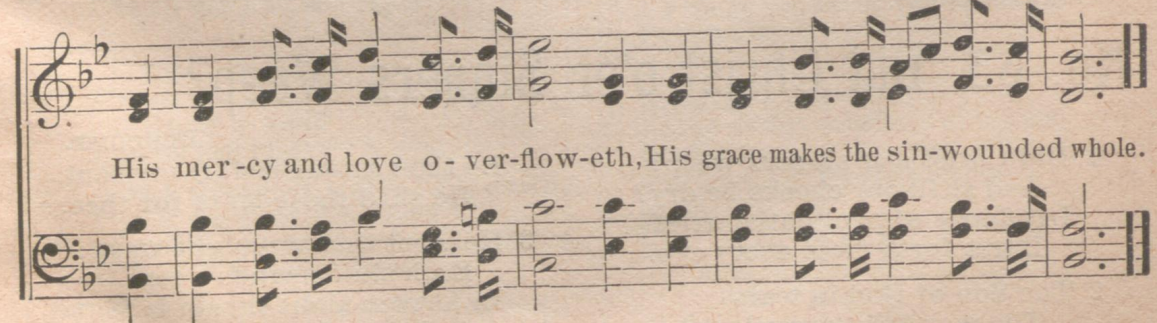
L. L. P. Rev. L. L. PICKETT.





CHORUS.



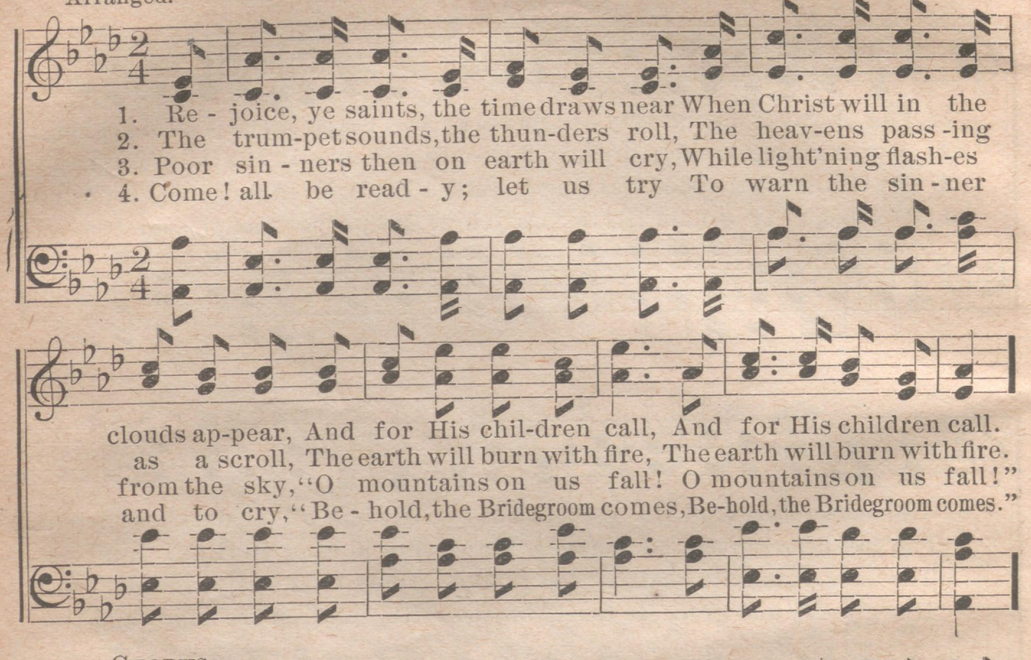


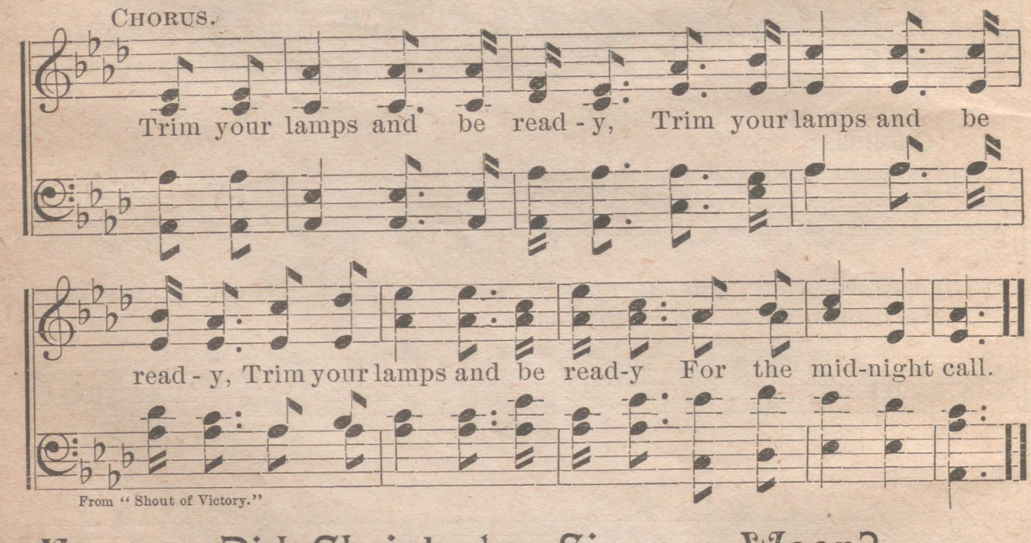
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No. 62. Trim your Lamps and be Ready.

"And at midnight there was a cry made, Behold, the Bridegroom cometh."— Matt. xxv: 6.

Arranged. E. F. MILLER. By per.





From "Shout of Victory."

No. 63. Did Christ o'er Sinners Weep?

BEDDOME.

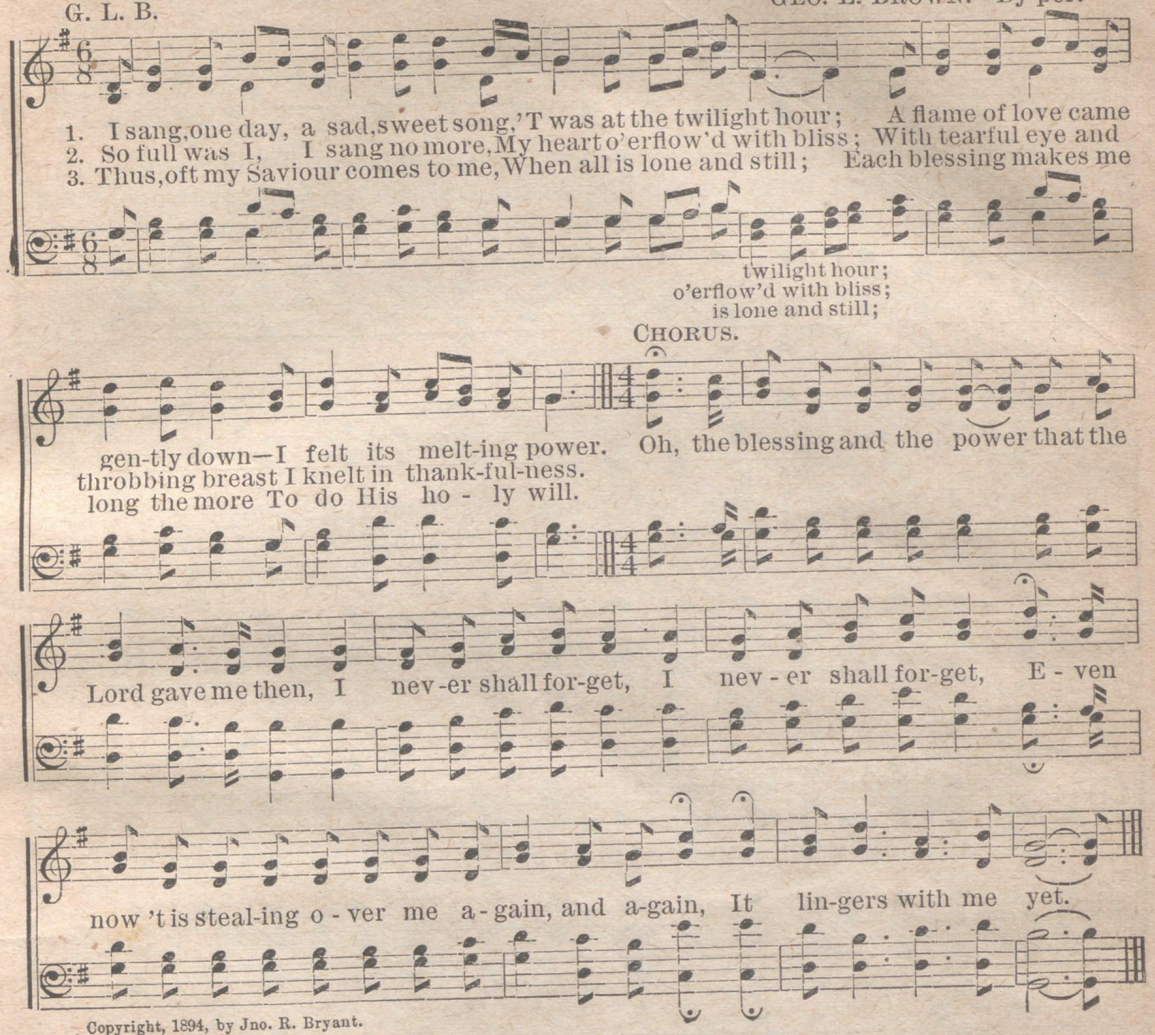
1 Did Christ o'er sinners weep?
And shall our cheeks be dry?
Let floods of penitential grief
Burst forth from every eye.

2 The Son of God in tears
The wondering angels see:
Be thou astonished, O my soul,
He shed those tears for thee.

3 He wept that we might weep;
Each sin demands a tear.
In heaven alone no sin is found,
And there 's no weeping there.

No. 64. Remembered Blessings.

G. L. B. GEO. L. BROWN. By per.



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No. 65. At the Fountain.

1 Of Him who did salvation bring,
I 'm at the fountain drinking,
I could forever think and sing,
I'm on my journey home.

Chorus.—
Glory to God,
I 'm at the fountain drinking;
Glory to God,
I 'm on my journey home.

2 Ask but His grace and lo! 't is given,
I'm at the fountain drinking,
Ask and He turns your hell to heav'n,
I 'm on my journey home.

3 Tho' sin and sorrow wound my soul,
I 'm at the fountain drinking,
Jesus, Thy balm will make me whole,
I'm on my journey home.

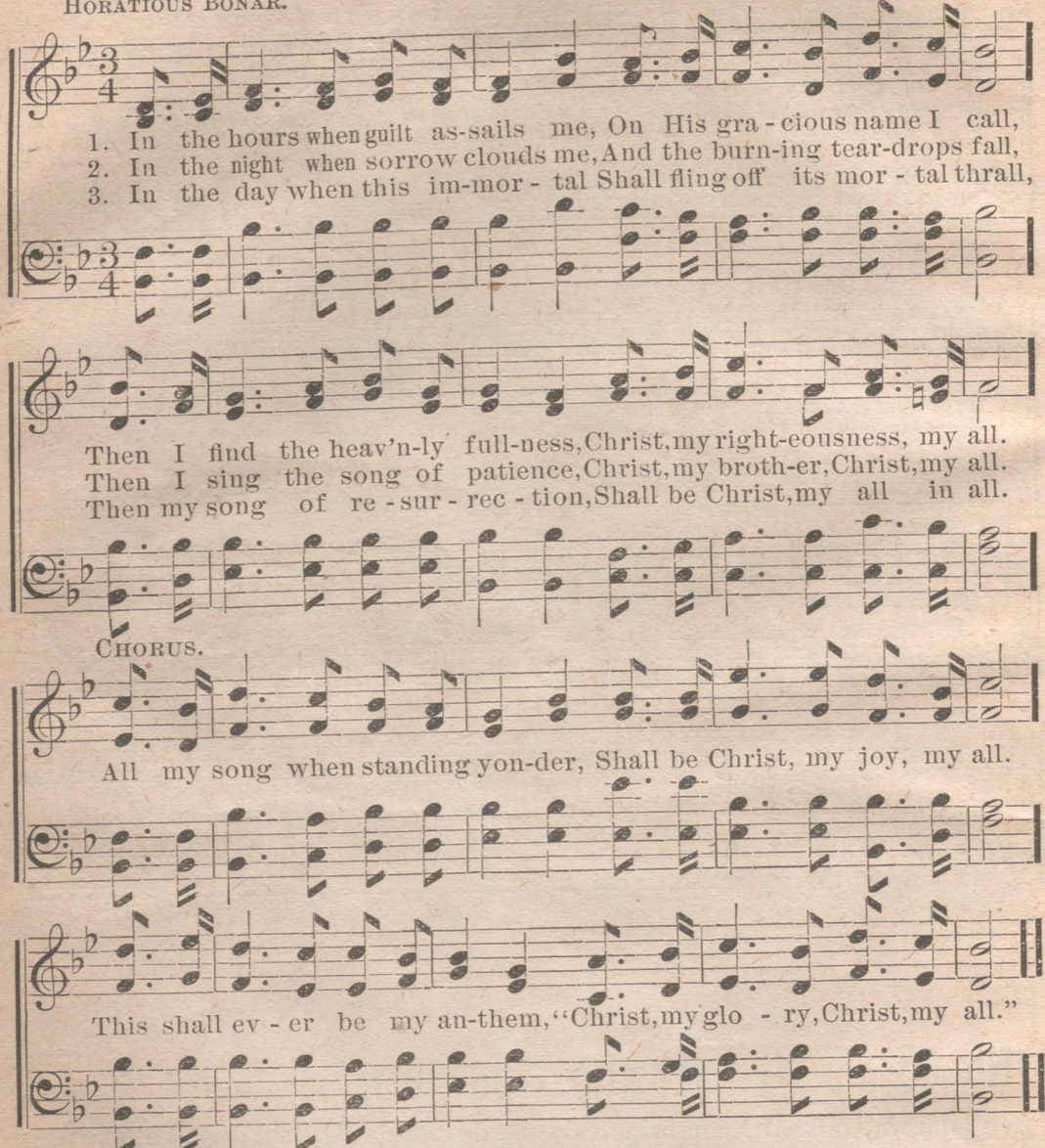
4 Where'er I am, where'er I move,
I 'm at the fountain drinking,
I meet the object of my love,
I 'm on my journey home.

5 Insatiate to this spring I fly,
I 'm at the fountain drinking,
I drink and yet am ever dry,
I'm on my journey home.

Chorus.—
Glory to God,
I 'm at the fountain drinking,
Glory to God,
My soul is satisfied.

No. 66. Christ, my All.

HORATIUS BONAR. JNO. R. BRYANT.



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No. 67. A Charge to Keep I Have.

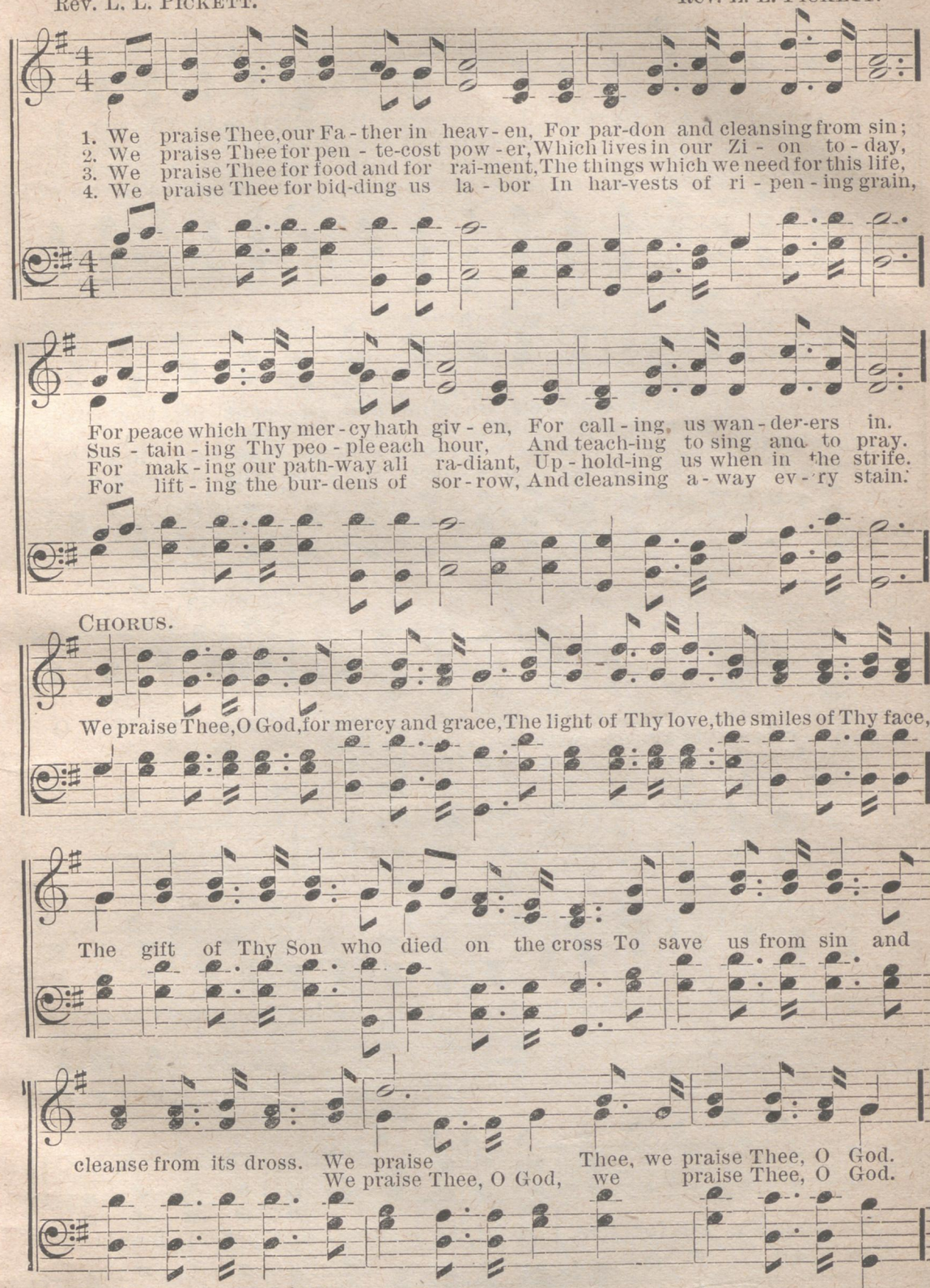
CHARLES WESLEY.

1 A charge to keep I have,
A God to glorify;
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky.
To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfil,—
Oh, may it all my powers engage,
To do my Master's will.

2 Arm me with jealous care,
As in Thy sight to live;
And, oh, Thy servant, Lord, prepare,
A strict account to give.
Help me to watch and pray,
And on Thyself rely,
Assured, if I my trust betray,
I shall forever die.

No. 68. We Praise Thee, O God.

Rev. L. L. PICKETT. Rev. L. L. PICKETT.



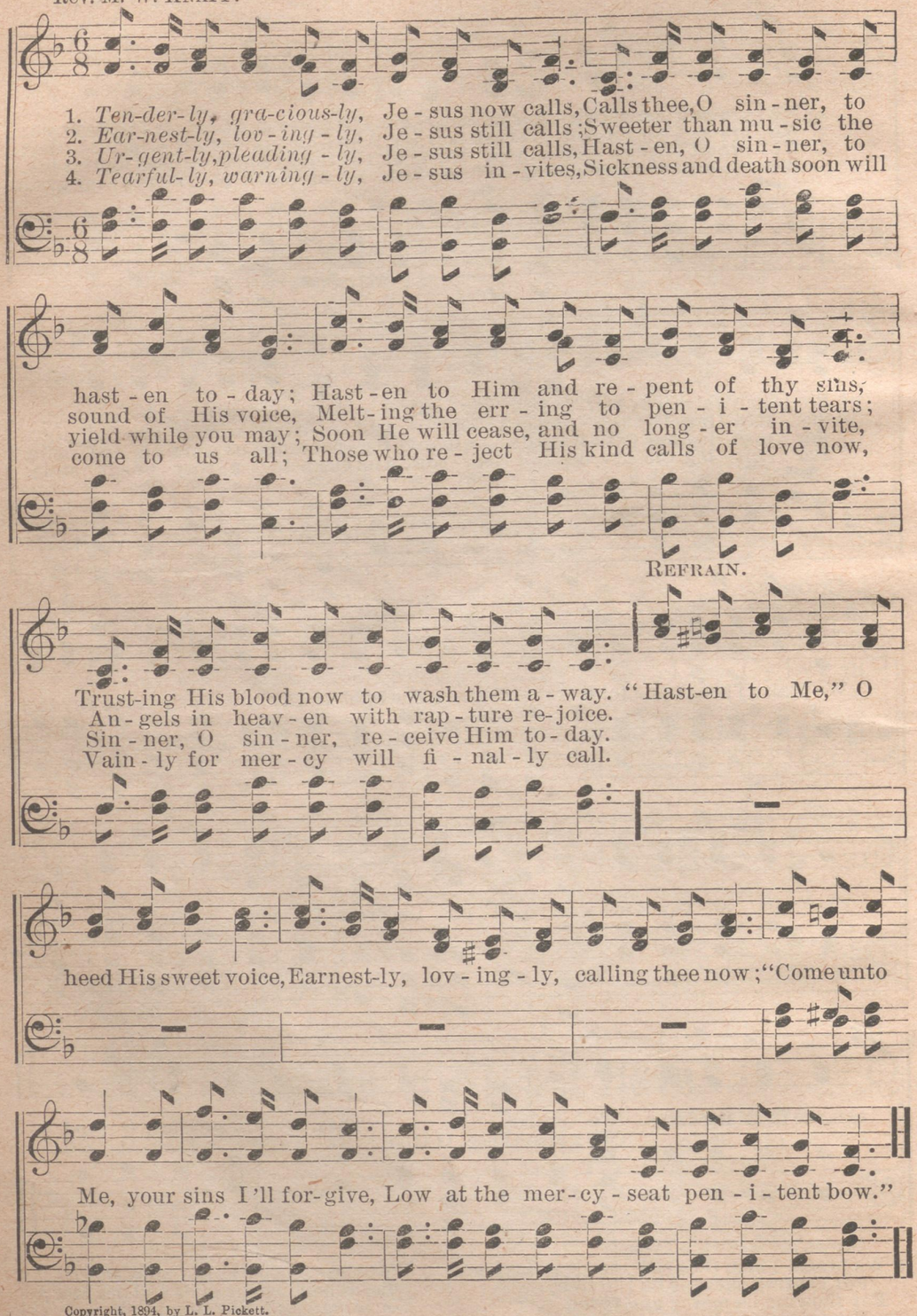
Copyright, 1896, by Rev. L. L. Pickett.

5 We praise Thee, O Christ, our dear Saviour,
For bearing our sins on the tree,
For showing us mercy and favor,
For making us happy and free.

6 We praise Thee, O blest Holy Spirit,
For removing our guilt and our fear;
For bringing us now to inherit
A sanctified portion while here.

No. 69. Jesus is Calling.

Rev. M. W. KNAPP. Rev. L. L. PICKETT.

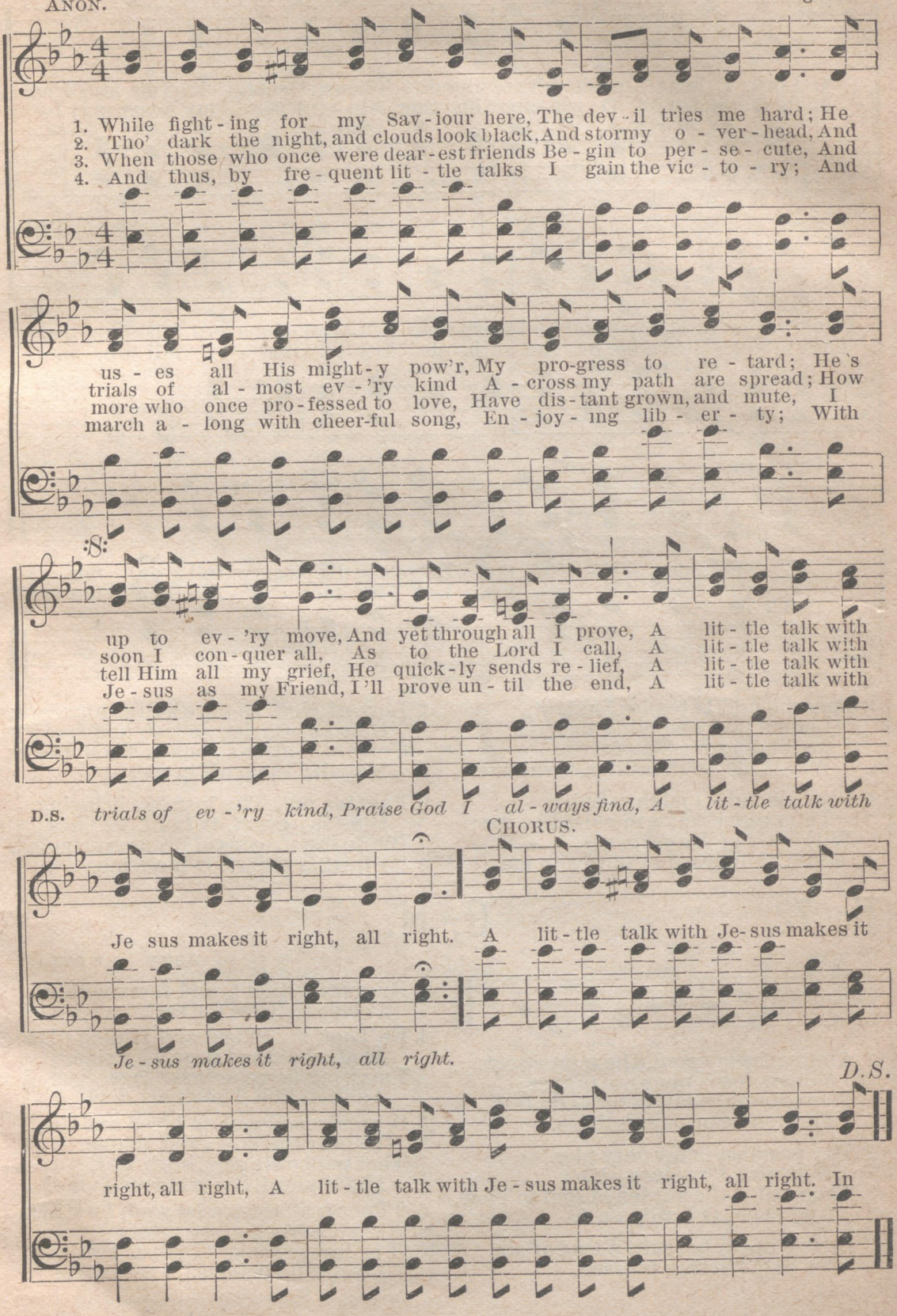


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No. 70. A Little Talk with Jesus.

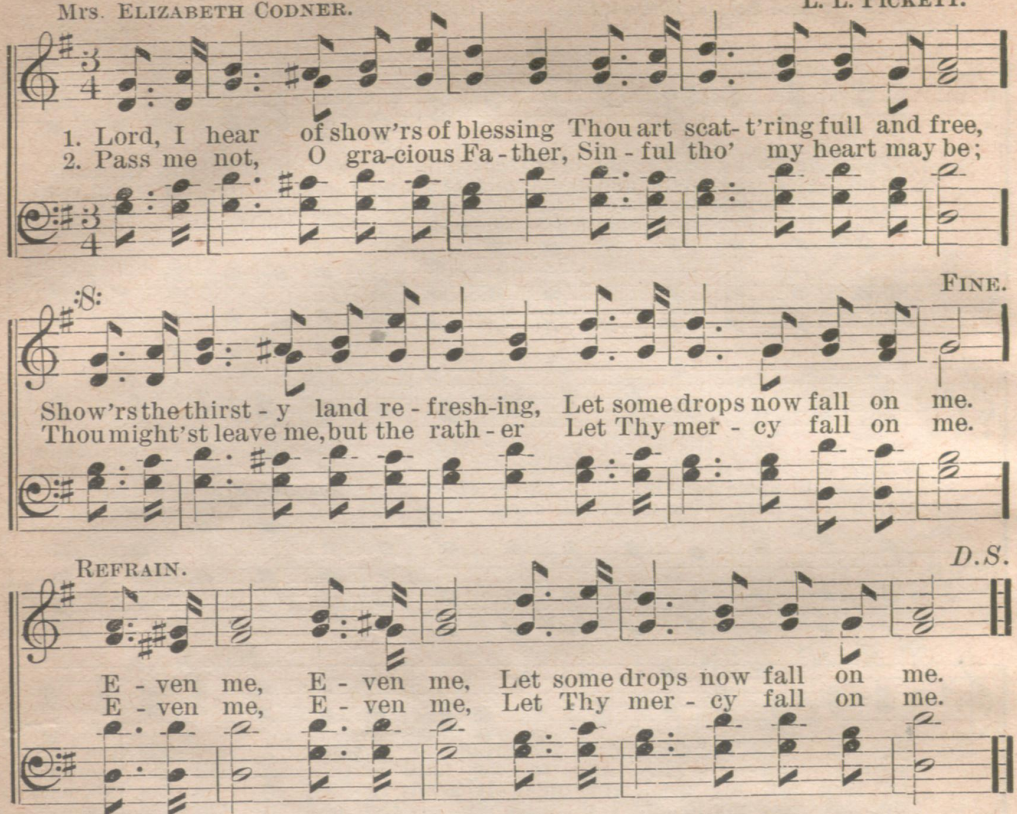
"And behold there talked with Him two men." Luke ix: 30.

ANON. Arranged.



No. 71. Even Me.

Mrs. ELIZABETH CODNER. L. L. PICKETT.



3 Pass me not, O tender Saviour,
Let me love and cling to Thee;
I am longing for Thy favor:
Whilst Thou 'rt calling, O call me.

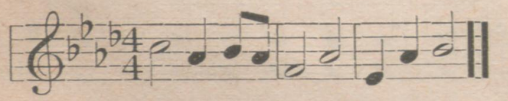
4 Pass me not, O mighty Spirit,
Thou canst make the blind to see;
Witnesser of Jesus' merit,
Speak the word of power to me.

5 Love of God, so pure and changeless;
Blood of Christ, so rich and free;
Grace of God, so strong and boundless;
Magnify them all in me.

6 Pass me not, Thy lost one bringing,
Bind my heart, O Lord, to Thee;
While the streams of life are springing,
Blessing others, O bless me.

No. 72. C. M.

JOHN NEWTON.



1 Approach, my soul, the mercy-seat,
Where Jesus answers prayer;
There humbly fall before His feet,
For none can perish there.

2 Thy promise is my only plea,
With this I venture nigh:
Thou call'st the burdened soul to Thee,
And such, O Lord, am I.

3 Bowed down beneath a load of sin,
By Satan sorely pressed,
By wars without, and fears within,
I come to Thee for rest.

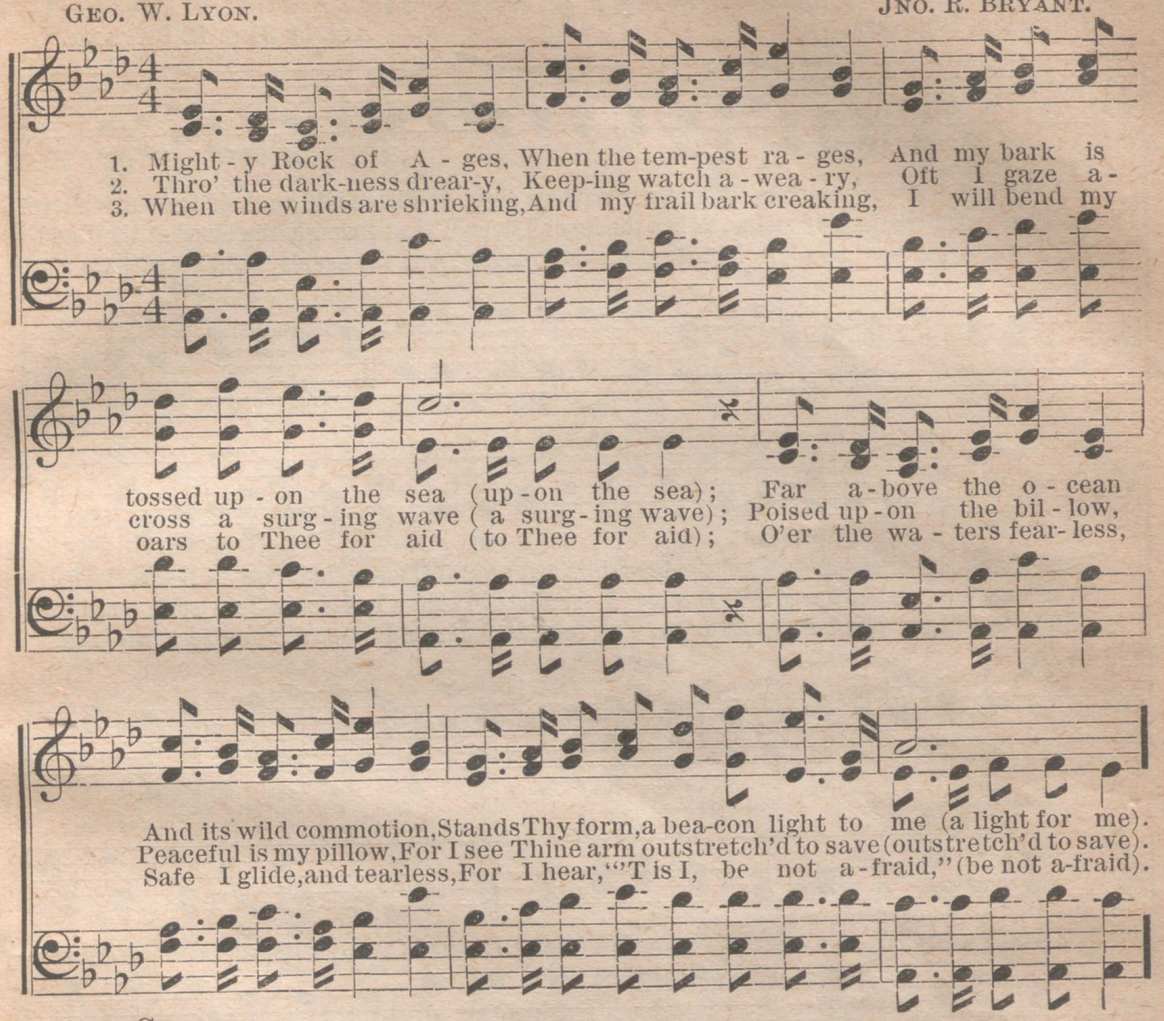
4 Be Thou my Shield and Hiding-place,
That, sheltered near Thy side,
I may my fierce accuser face,
And tell him Thou hast died.

5 O wondrous love! to bleed and die,
To bear the cross and shame,
That guilty sinners, such as I,
Might plead His gracious name!

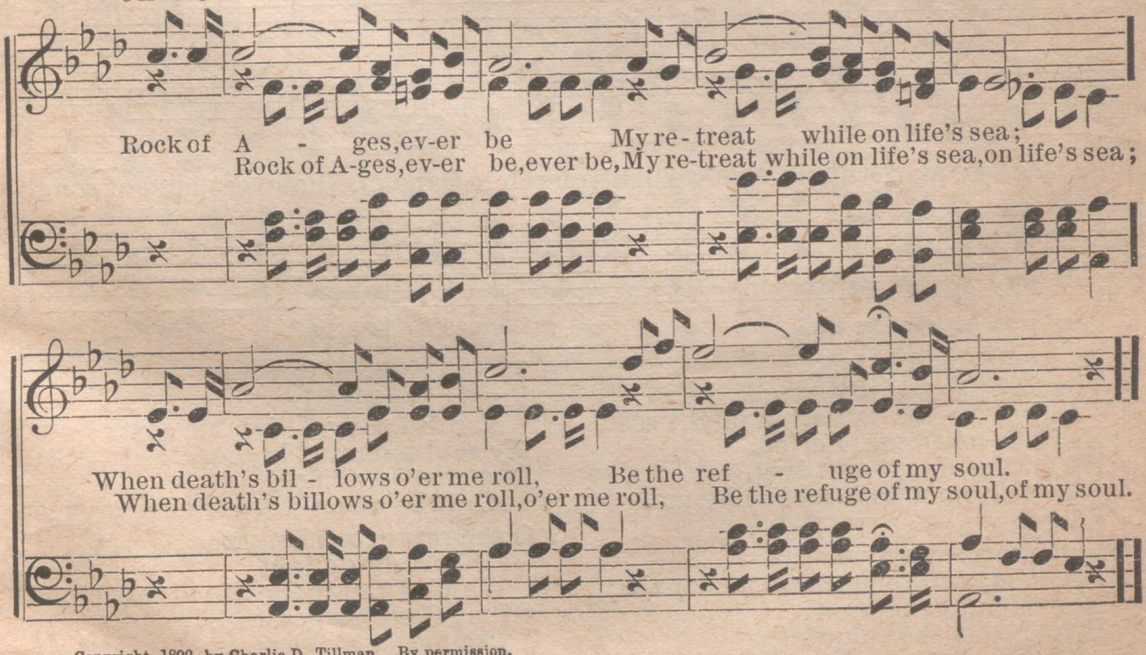
6 "Poor tempest-tossèd soul, be still;
My promised grace receive:"
'T is Jesus speaks—I must, I will,
I can, I do believe.

No. 73. Mighty Rock of Ages.

GEO. W. LYON. JNO. R. BRYANT.



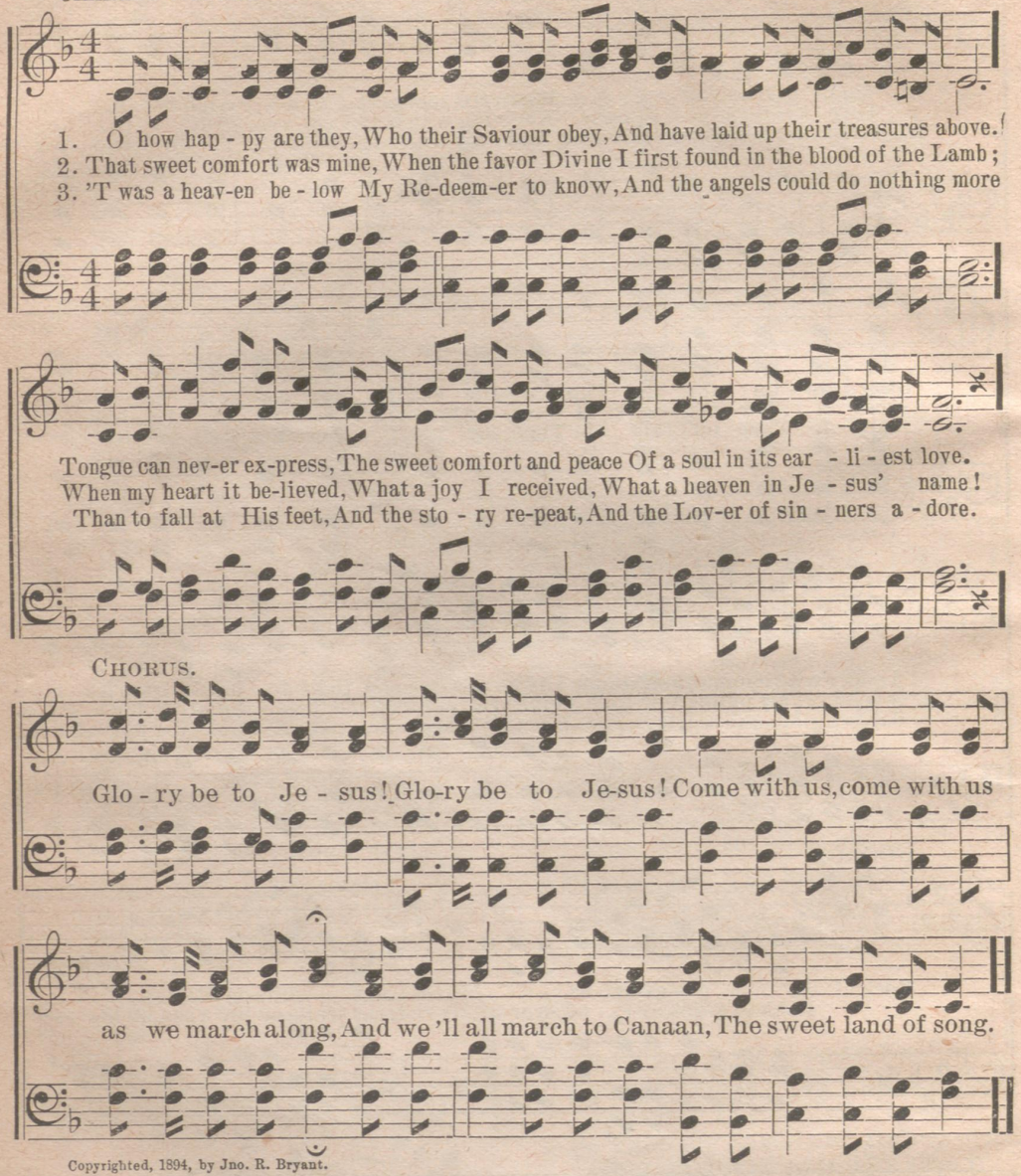
CHORUS.



Copyright, 1892, by Charlie D. Tillman. By permission.

No. 74. How Happy are they.

CHARLES WESLEY. Arr. by JNO. R. BRYANT.



Copyrighted, 1894, by Jno. R. Bryant.

4 Jesus all the day long
Was my joy and my song;
O that all His salvation might see!
He hath loved me, I cried,
He hath suffered and died,
To redeem a poor rebel like me.

5 On the wings of His love
I was carried above
All sin, and temptation, and pain;
I could not believe
That I ever should grieve,
That I ever should suffer again.

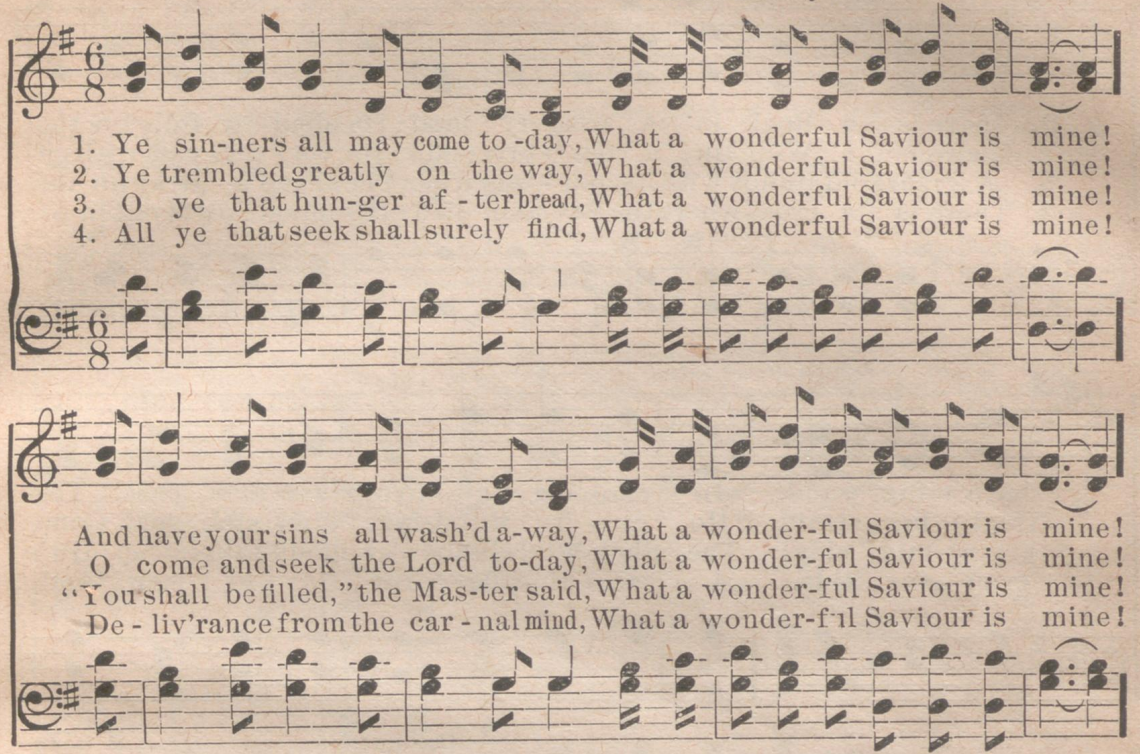
6 Thus I rode on the sky,
Freely justified I,
Nor did envy Elijah his seat:
My soul mounted higher
In a chariot of fire,
And the moon it was under my feet.

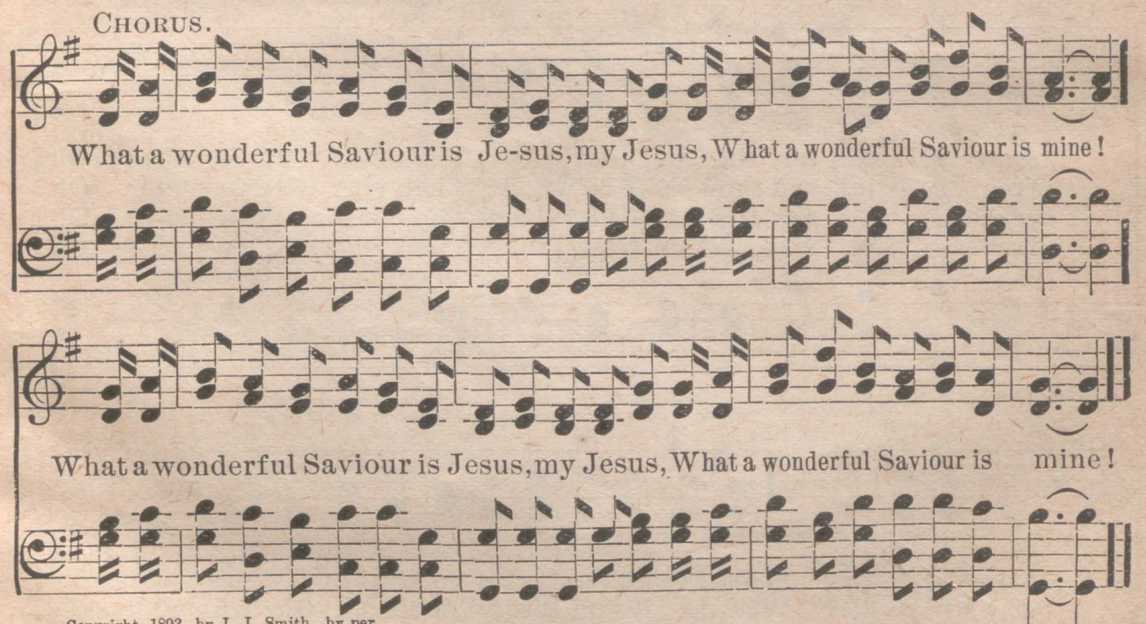
7 O the rapturous height
Of that holy delight
Which I felt in the life-giving blood!
Of my Saviour possessed,
I was perfectly blest,
As if filled with the fullness of God.

No. 75. What a Wonderful Saviour is Mine!

Rev. J. J. SMITH.

Melody by S. H. PRATHER.
Harmonized by JOHN MCPHERSON.





Copyright, 1893, by J. J. Smith, by per.

5 And when I gave my all to Him,
What a wonderful Saviour is mine!
He washed my soul from every sin,
What a wonderful Saviour is mine!

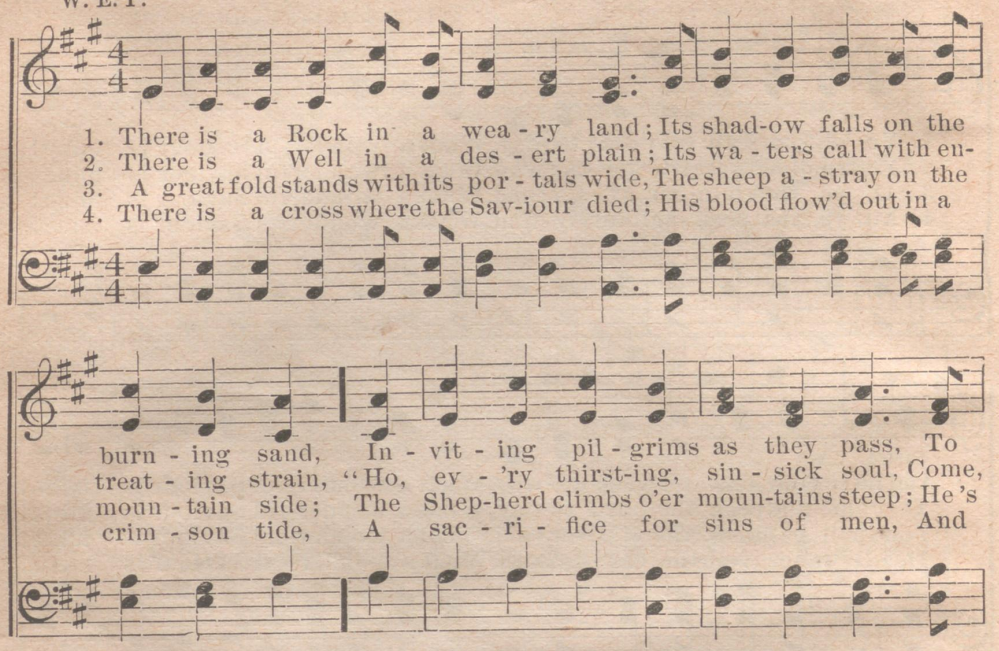
6 And now I walk upon the way,
What a wonderful Saviour is mine!
Of holiness from day to day,
What a wonderful Saviour is mine!

7 And soon we'll reach the golden shore.
What a wonderful Saviour is mine!
And meet with friends who've gone before,
What a wonderful Saviour is mine!

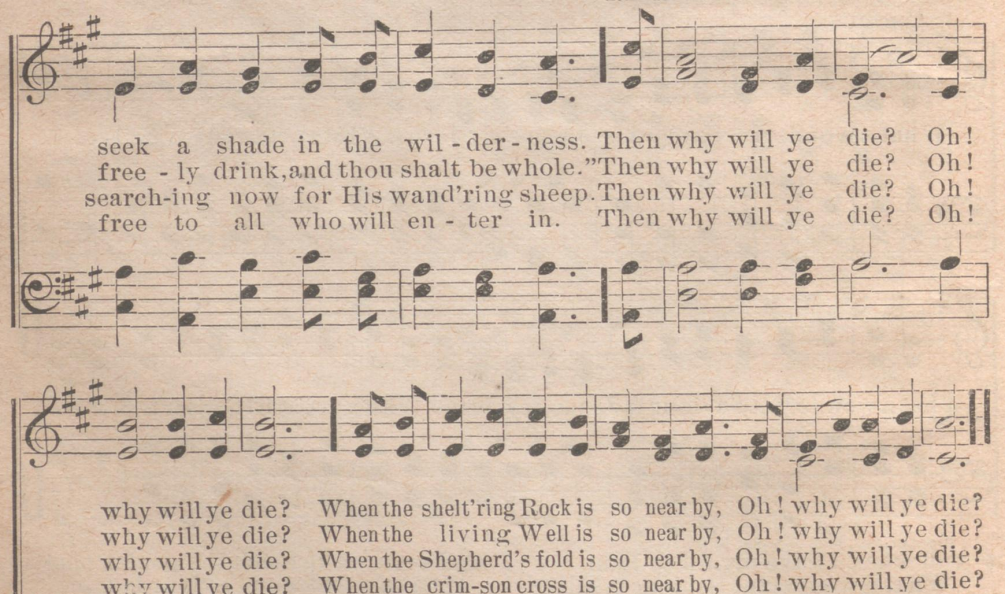
8 And God will wipe all tears away,
What a wonderful Saviour is mine!
We'll reign with Him thro' endless day,
What a wonderful Saviour is mine!

No. 76. The Sheltering Rock.

W. E. P. Rev. W. E. PENN.



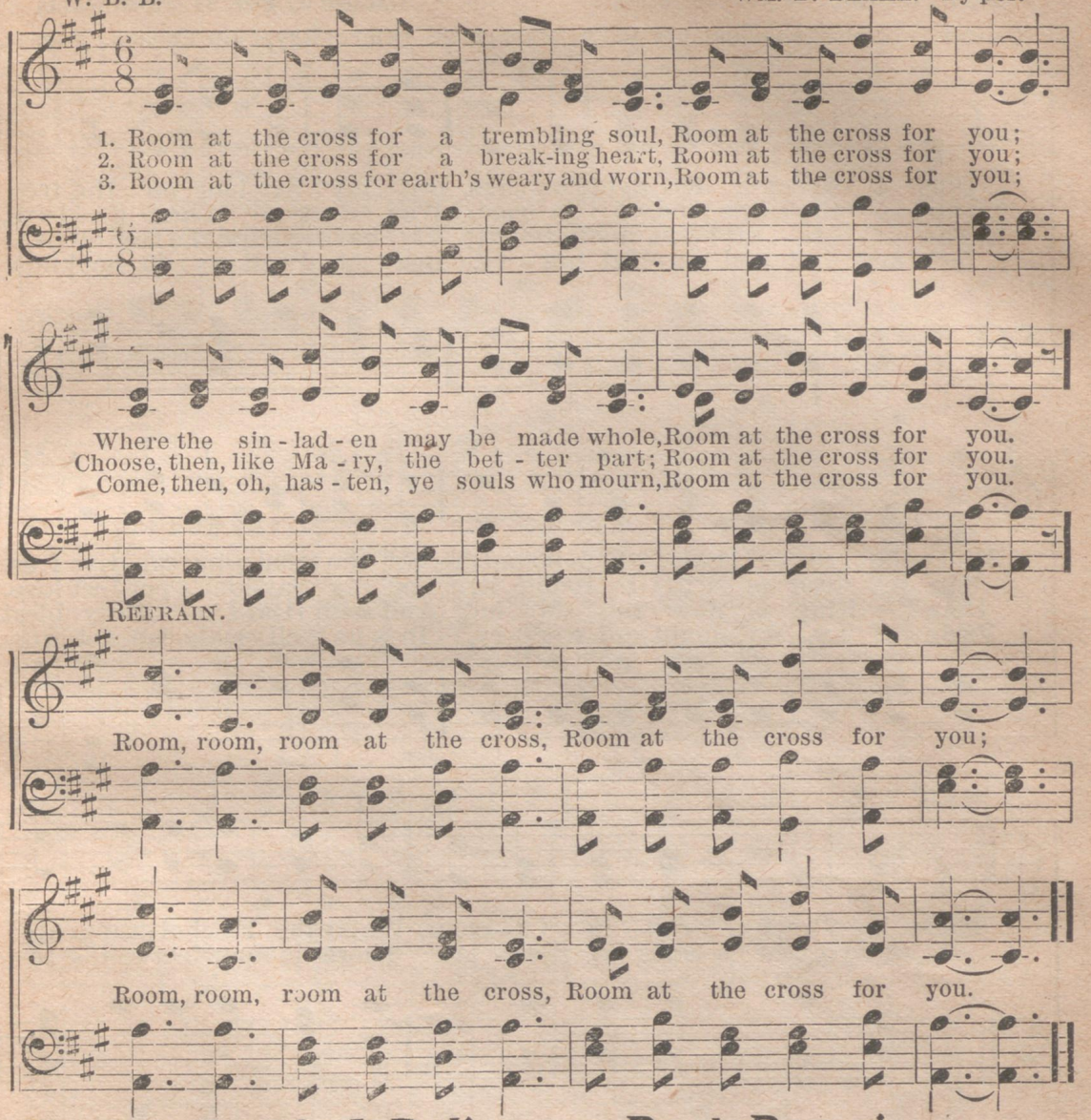
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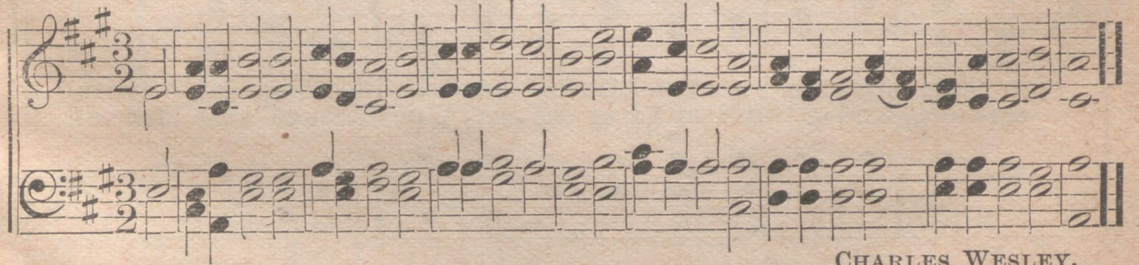
From "Harvest Bells," by per. W. E. Penn.

No. 77. Room at the Cross.

W. B. B. WM. B. BLAKE. By per.



No. 78. Lord, I Believe a Rest Remains.



CHARLES WESLEY.

1 Lord, I believe a rest remains
To all Thy people known;
A rest where pure enjoyment reigns,
And Thou art loved alone:

2 A rest where all our soul's desire
Is fixed on things above:
Where fear, and sin, and grief expire,
Cast out by perfect love.

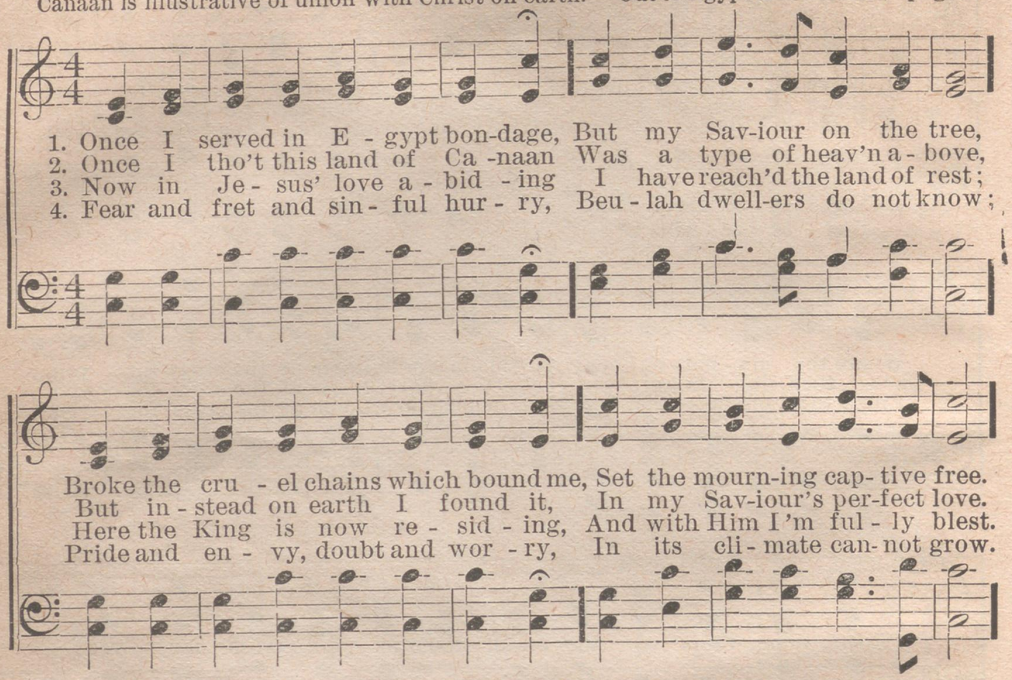
3 O that I now the rest might know,
Believe, and enter in!
Now, Saviour, now the power bestow,
And let me cease from sin.

4 Remove this hardness from my heart;
This unbelief remove:
To me the rest of faith impart,
The Sabbath of Thy love.

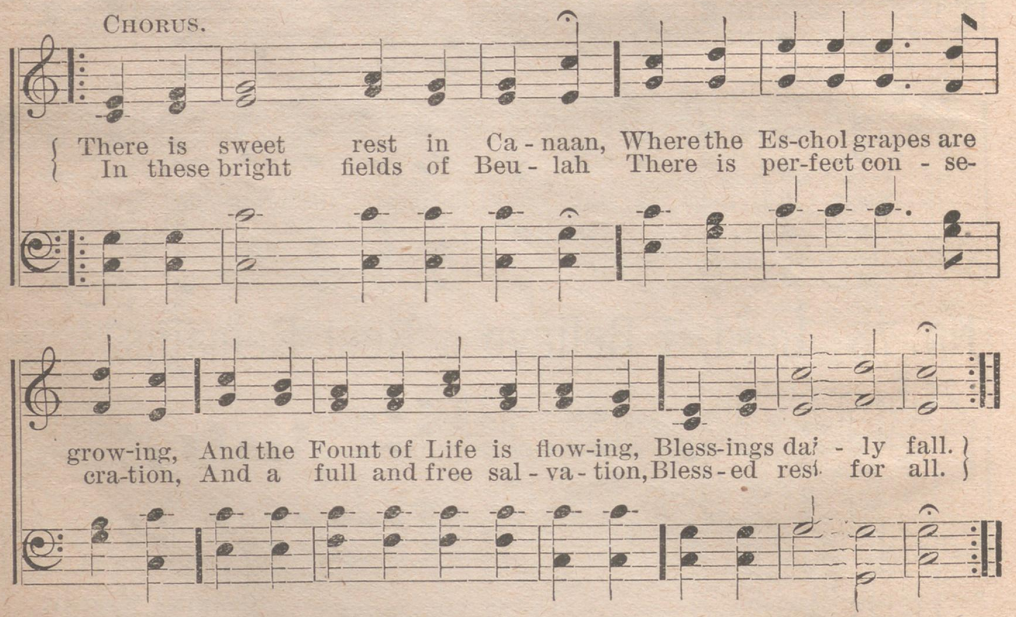
No. 79. Sweet Rest in Canaan.

M. W. KNAPP. Music by Rev. W. McDONALD.

Canaan is illustrative of union with Christ on earth. "Out of Egypt into Canaan," page 14.



CHORUS.

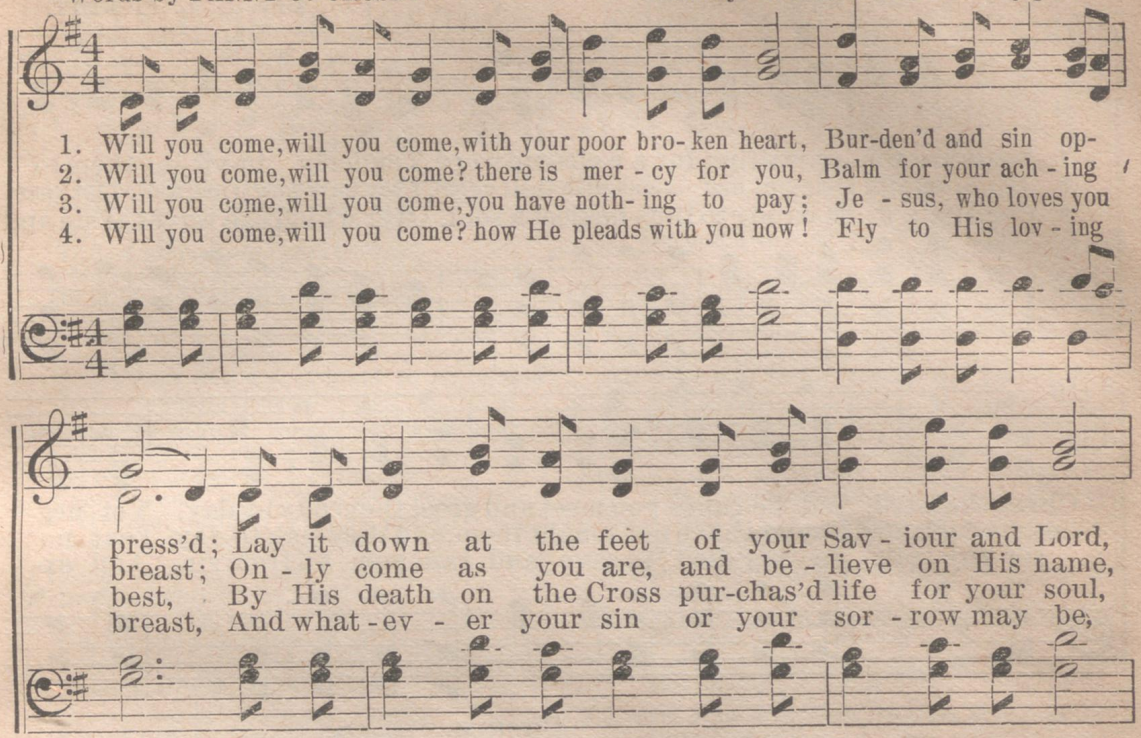


5 All the Spirit's fruit and flowers,
In this lovely Canaan clime,
'Neath its sunshine and its showers,
Grow in beauty all the time.

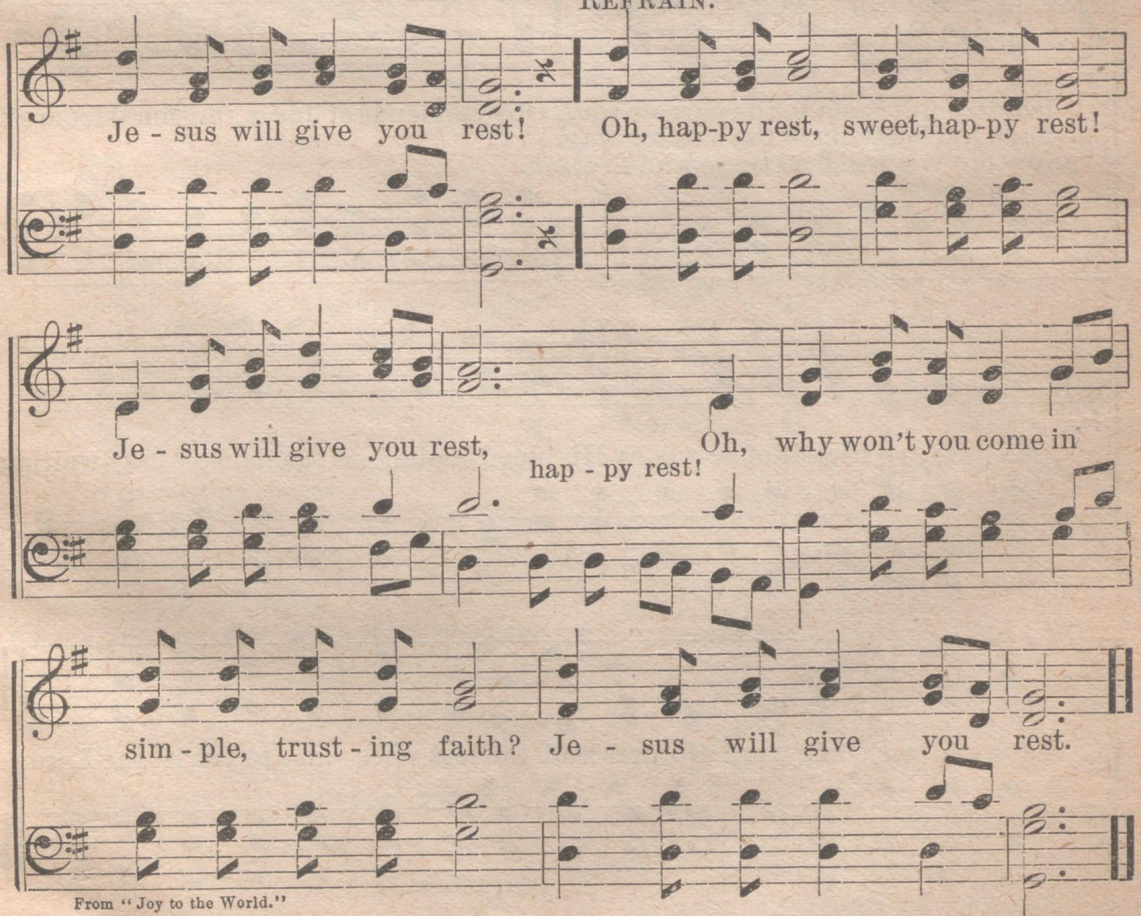
6 Shout your triumphs, heirs of glory,
Tell the tidings as you go.
Publish wide the wondrous story,
You have found a "heaven below."

No. 80. Jesus will give you Rest.

Words by FANNY J. CROSBY. Music by JNO. R. SWENEY. By per.



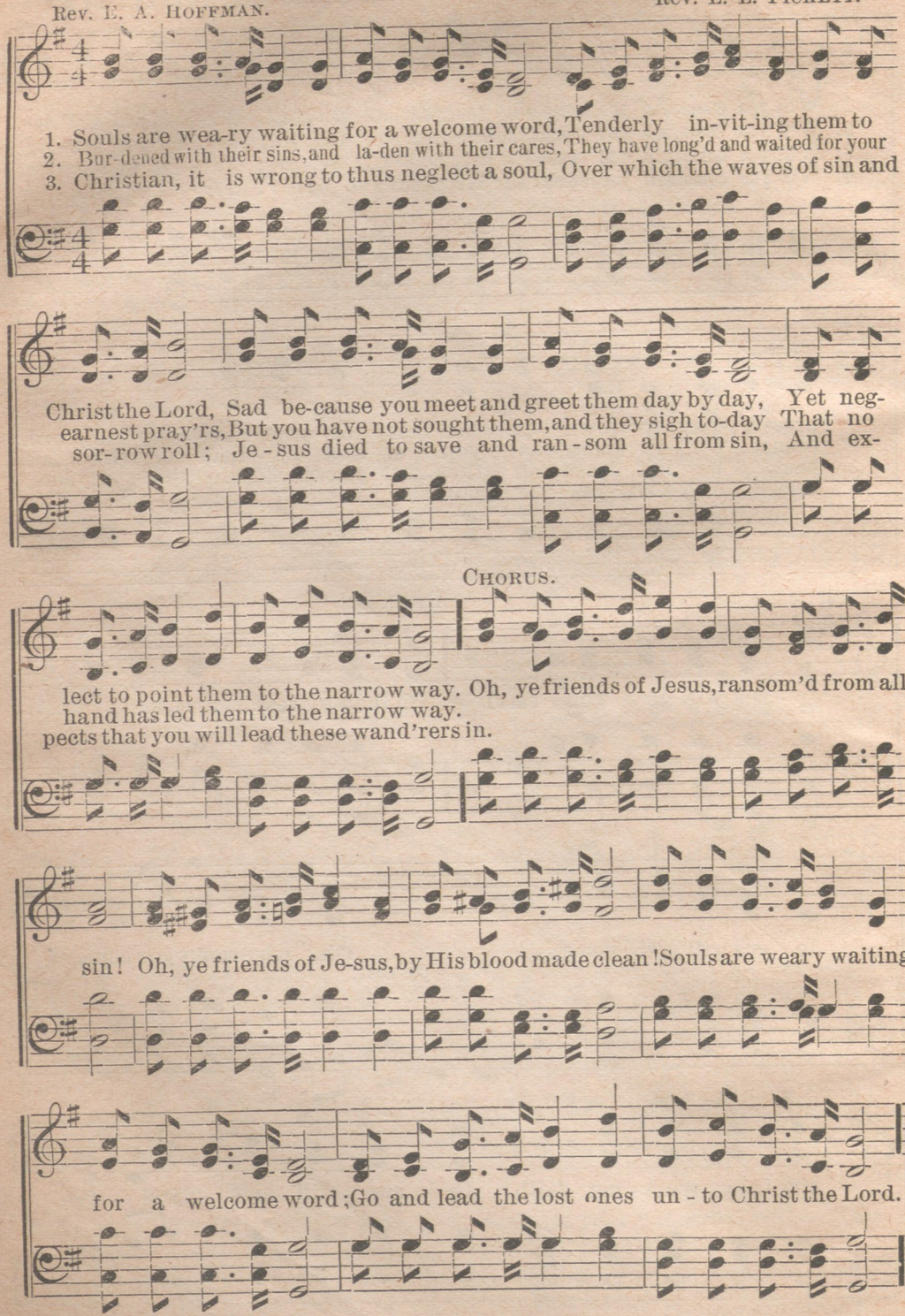
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From "Joy to the World."

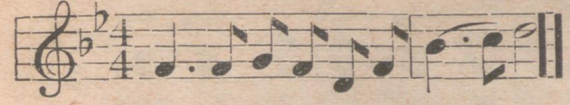
No. 81. Souls are Weary Waiting.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN. Rev. L. L. PICKETT.



Copyright, 1894, by L. L. Pickett.

No. 82. Why Don't you Come to Jesus?



1 Come, ye sinners, poor and needy,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore,
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity, love, and power.
He is able, He is able,
He is willing, doubt no more.

Cho. —‖: Why don't you come to Jesus?
He's waiting to receive you,
Why don't you come to Jesus and
be saved? :‖

2 Come, ye thirsty, come, and welcome;
God's free bounty glorify;
True belief and true repentance,
Every grace that brings us nigh—
Without money, without money,
Come to Jesus Christ and buy.

3 Come, ye weary, heavy laden,
Lost and ruined by the fall;
If you tarry till you're better.
You will never come at all.
Not the righteous, not the righteous,
Sinners, Jesus came to call.

4 Let not Satan make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness Christ requireth
Is to feel your need of Him:
This He gives you, this He gives you,
'T is the Spirit's rising beam.

For music see "Cheerful Songs," 287.

No. 83.

Rev. D. Williams.

1 On the mountain of vision, what a glory we behold,
A hundred years of victory are tinging earth with gold;
And the glorious time is coming which the prophets long foretold,
The truth is marching on.

Cho. —Glory, glory, hallelujah,
Salvation's rolling on.

2 For the glory of the Master, Wesley taught beyond the sea,
And preached the great salvation which delivers you and me;
And a million voices shout it,—"Redemption's full and free,"
Salvation's rolling on.

3 From the cabin on the prairie, from the vaulted city dome,
From the dark and briny ocean, where our sailor brothers roam,
We hear the glad rejoicing, like a happy harvest home.
Salvation's rolling on.

4 A hundred years of marching, and a hundred years of song,
The Conqueror advances, and the time will not be long
When He shall claim the heathen and overthrow the wrong,
Our God is marching on.

5 And when the war is over, with the saints for evermore,
On the blissful heights of Glory we will shout the battle o'er,
And in the Golden City we will join the Conqueror,
Forever marching on.

No. 84. The Burden's Light.

Tune, Palms of Victory, Key of F.

Mary Amon.

1 I saw a blood-washed traveller, in garments white as snow,
While travelling in the highway where heavenly breezes blow;
His path was full of trials, and yet his face was bright.
He shouted as he journeyed, "I'm glad the burden's light!"

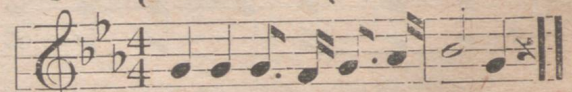
Cho. — Then palms of victory, crowns of glory,
Palms of victory, I shall bear.

2 I saw him in the conflict, when all around was strife;
When wicked men and devils convened to take his life.
I saw him cast in prison — a dungeon dark as night —
And yet I heard him shouting, "I'm glad the burden's light!"

3 I saw him led from prison, and chained unto the stake,
I heard him shout triumphant, "'T is all for Jesus' sake!"
I saw the fires when kindled, the fagots blazing bright,
He said, "The yoke is easy, the burden is so light."

4 I saw the flames surround him, his body racked with pain;
He shouted, "Jesus saves me! I know that death is gain!"
Then casting his eyes upward, before he took his flight,
I heard him faintly whisper, "I'm glad the burden's light."

No. 85. Shall we Gather at the River?



Rev. R. Lowry.

1 Shall we gather at the river,
Where bright angel-feet have trod,
With its crystal tide forever
Flowing by the throne of God?

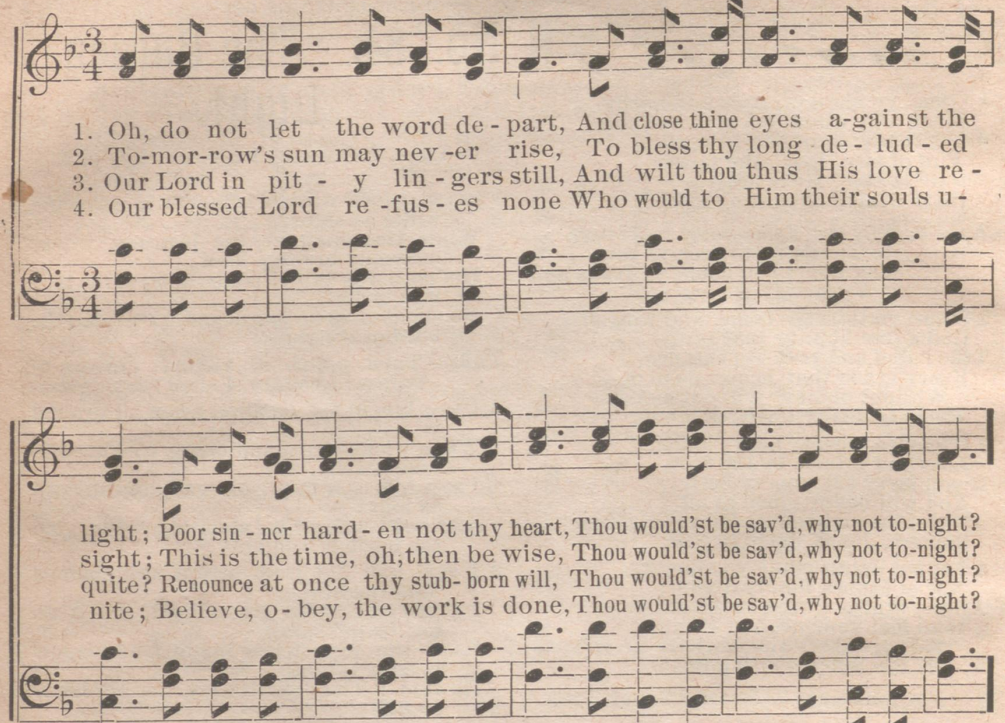
Cho.—Yes, we 'll gather at the river,
The beautiful, the beautiful river,
Gather with the saints at the river
That flows by the throne of God.

2 Ere we reach the shining river
Lay we every burden down,
Grace our spirits will deliver,
And provide a robe and crown.

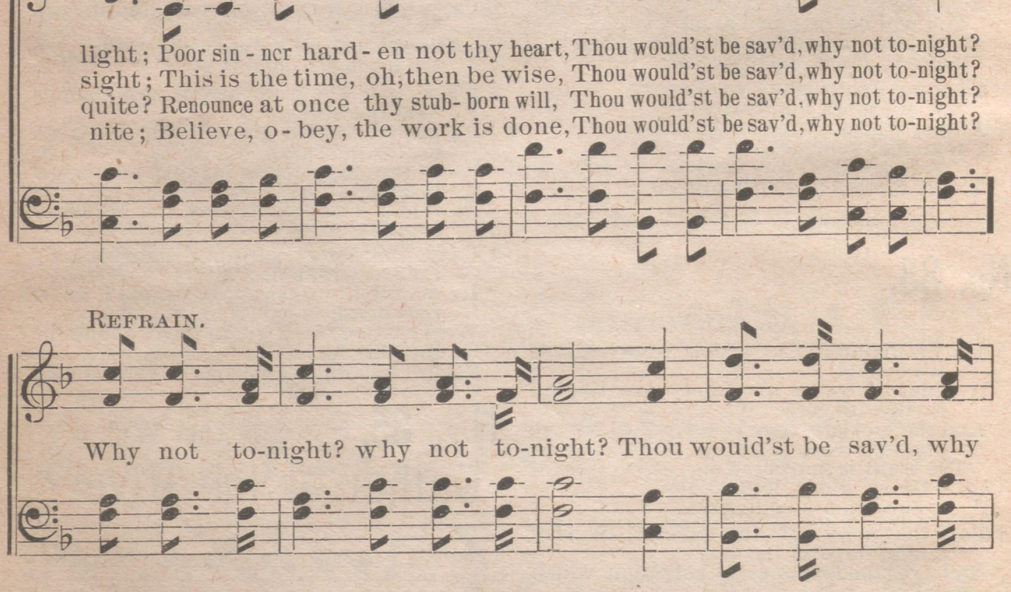
3 Soon we 'll reach the shining river,
Soon our pilgrimage will cease,
Soon our happy hearts will quiver
With the melody of peace.

No. 86. Why not To-night?

ELIZABETH REED. L. L. PICKETT.



REFRAIN.

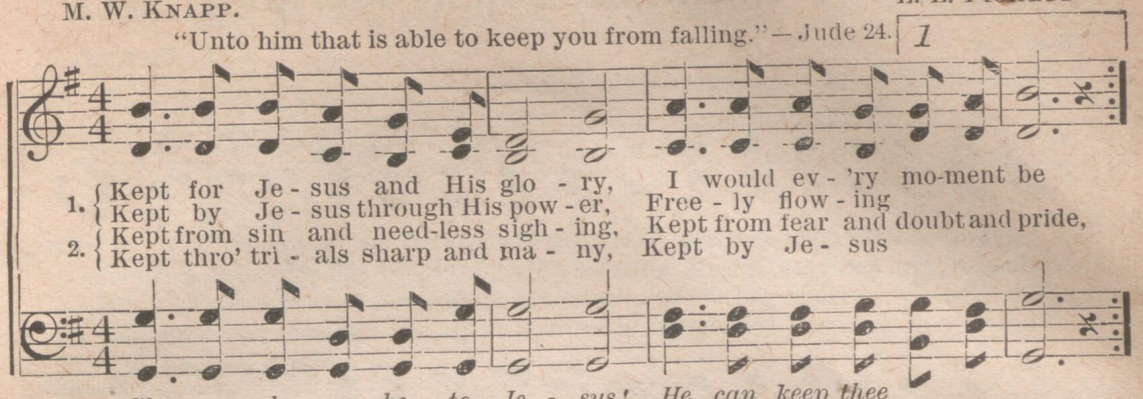


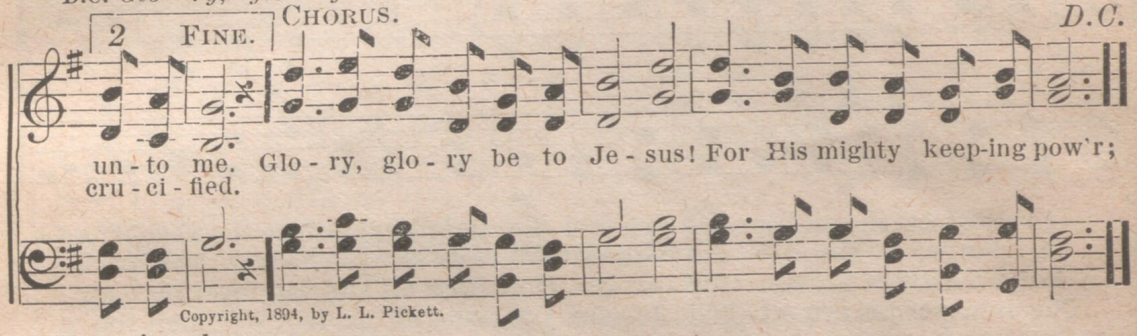
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No. 87. Kept.

M. W. KNAPP. L. L. PICKETT.

"Unto him that is able to keep you from falling."—Jude 24.





Copyright, 1894, by L. L. Pickett.

3 Kept 'mid all the world's allurements,
Kept when passions strongly plead;
Kept 'mid storm and persecution,
Kept in every time of need.

4 Kept when all around seems failing,
Kept when friends unfaithful prove;
Kept, and sweetly kept, by Jesus,
Happy in His perfect love.

5 Kept for Jesus, Jesus only,
Thus I every day would be,
That His will in its completeness
Ever may be done in me.

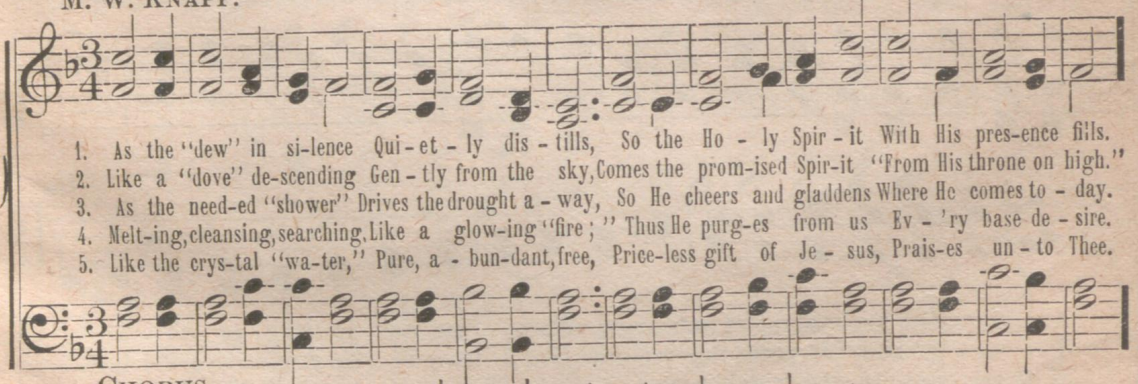
6 Not for self, nor yet for others,
Not my comfort, but His joy,
Not my rest, but His sweet pleasure,
Not my work, but His employ.

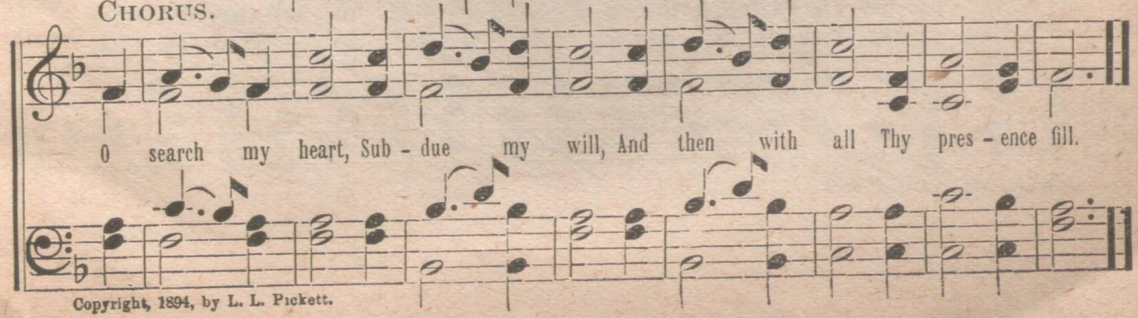
7 Kept for Him, that He may ever
In me show His love and light;
Kept to walk before Him perfect
Not in others', but His sight.

8 Kept for Him to do or suffer,
As His blessed will may be;
Kept for Jesus, Jesus only,
Kept through all eternity.

No. 88. Emblems of the Holy Spirit.

M. W. KNAPP. Rev. L. L. PICKETT.



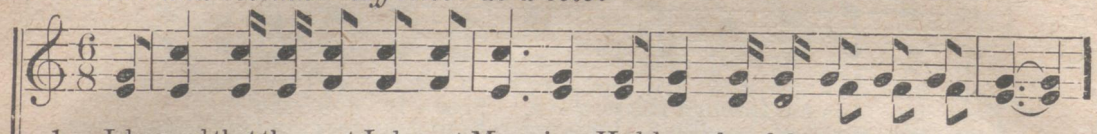


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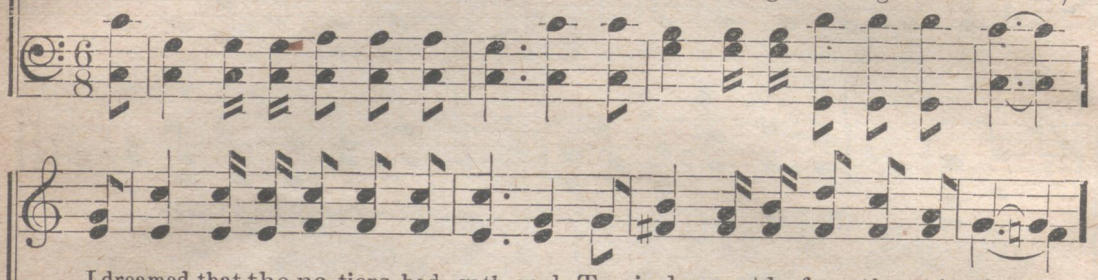
No. 89. The Great Judgment Morning

War Cry. L. L. PICKETT.

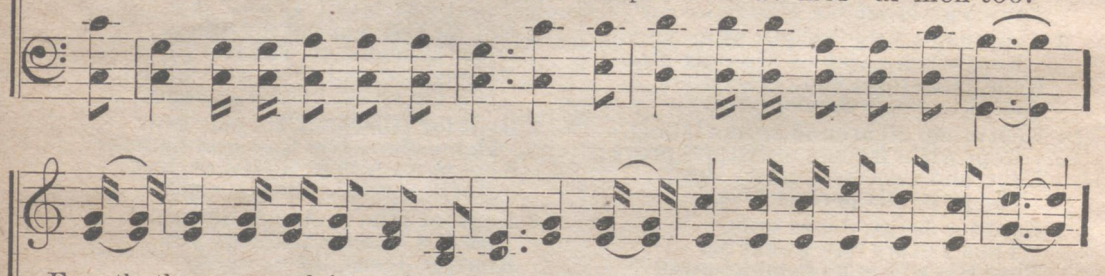
Slow and solemn. Effective as a solo.



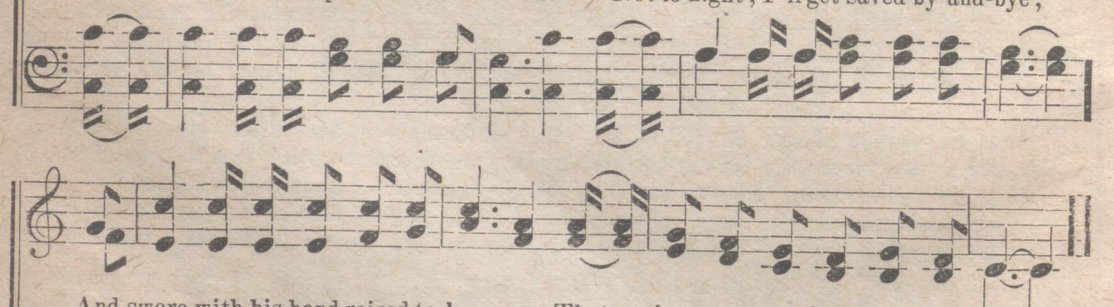
1. I dreamed that the great Judgment Morning Had dawned, and the trumpet had blown;
2. The rich man was there, but his mon - ey Had melt-ed and van-ished a - way;
3. The wid-ow was there and the or-phans, God heard and re-membered their cries;
4. The mor-al man came to the judgment, But his self-righteous rags would not do;



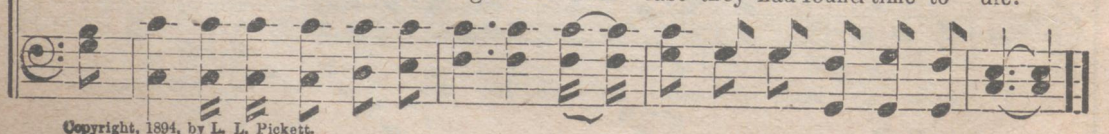
I dreamed that the na-tions had gath-ered To judgment before the white throne.
A pauper he stood in the judgment, His debts were too heav-y to pay.
No sor-row in heaven for - ev - er, God wiped all the tears from their eyes.
The men who had cru -ci - fied Je - sus Had passed off as mor - al men too.



From the throne came a bright shin-ing an - gel And stood on the land and the sea,
The great man was there, but his greatness When death came was left far be - hind;
The gam- bler was there and the drunk-ard, And the man who had sold them the drink,
The souls that had put off sal - va-tion—"Not to night; I 'll get saved by-and-bye;



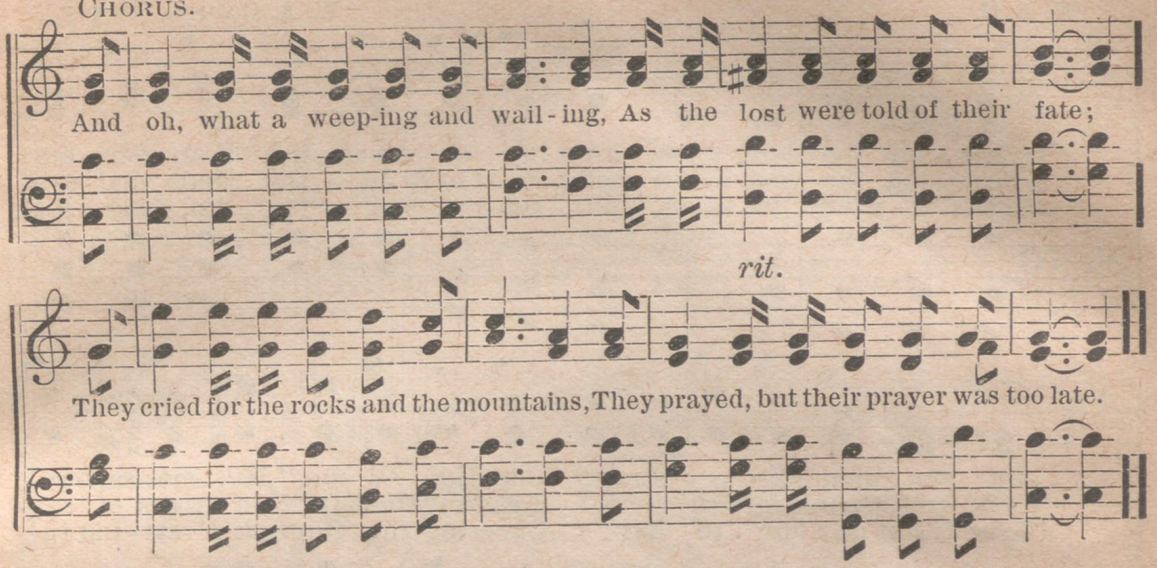
And swore with his hand raised to heav-en, That time was no long - er to be.
The an - gel that o - pened the rec-ords, Not a trace of his great-ness could find.
With the peo-ple who gave him the li-cense—Togeth-er in hell they did sink.
No time now to think of re - lig - ion!" At last they had found time to die.



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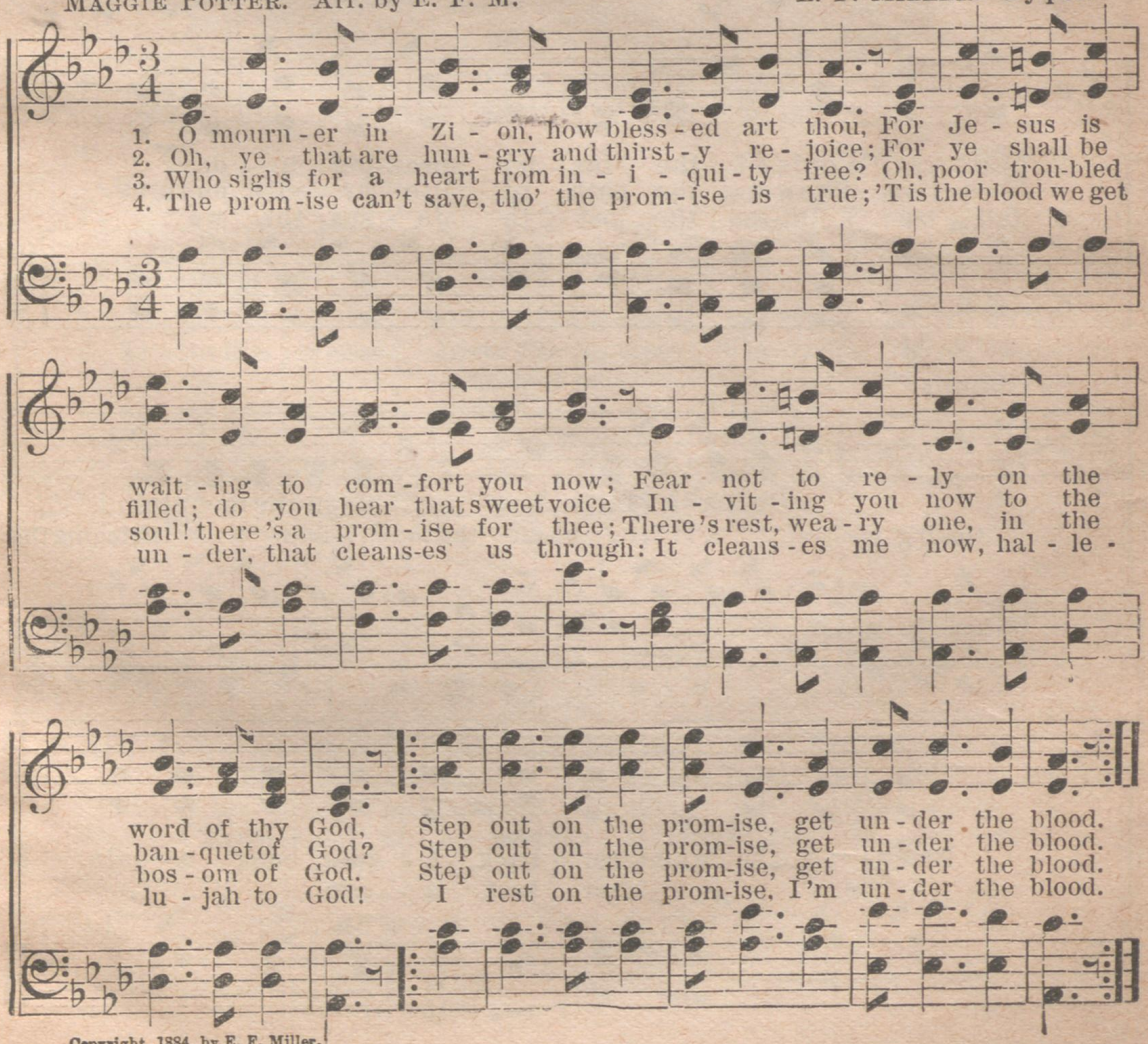
The Great Judgment Morning. Concluded.

CHORUS.



No. 90. Step Out on the Promise.

MAGGIE POTTER. Arr. by E. F. M. E. F. MILLER. By per.



Copyright, 1884, by E. F. Miller.

No. 91. Seeking the Lost.

W. A. O. W. A. OGDEN. By per.

1. Seek - ing the lost, yes, kind - ly en - treat - ing Wan - der - ers
2. Seek - ing the lost, and point - ing to Je - sus Souls that are
3. Thus I would go on mis - sions of mer - cy, Fol - low - ing

on the mountain a - stray; "Come un - to me," His mes-sage re -
weak, and hearts that are sore; Lead-ing them forth in ways of sal -
Christ from day un - to day; Cheering the faint, and rais - ing the

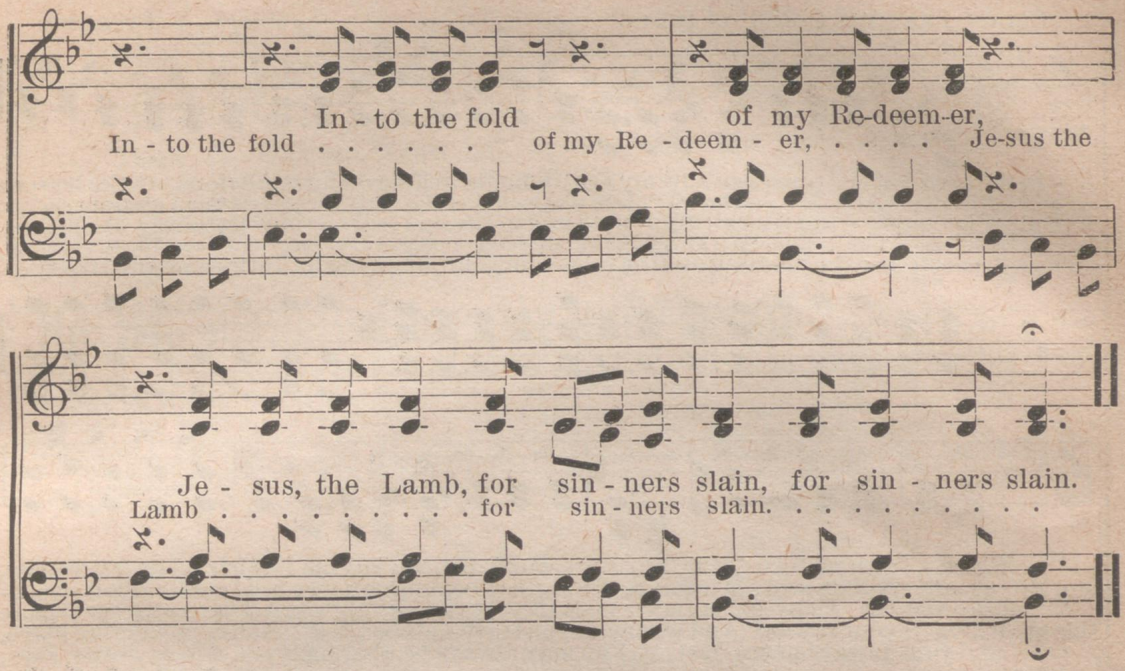
peat - ing, Words of the Mas - ter speak-ing to - day.
va - tion, Show-ing the path to life ev - er - more.
fall - en; Point-ing the lost to Je - sus the way.

CHORUS.

Go-ing a - far up-on the mountain,
Go-ing a - far . . . . . up-on the moun - tain, Bringing the

Bring - ing the wand-'rer back a - gain, back a - gain.
wan - - - - - d'rer back a - gain. . . . . .

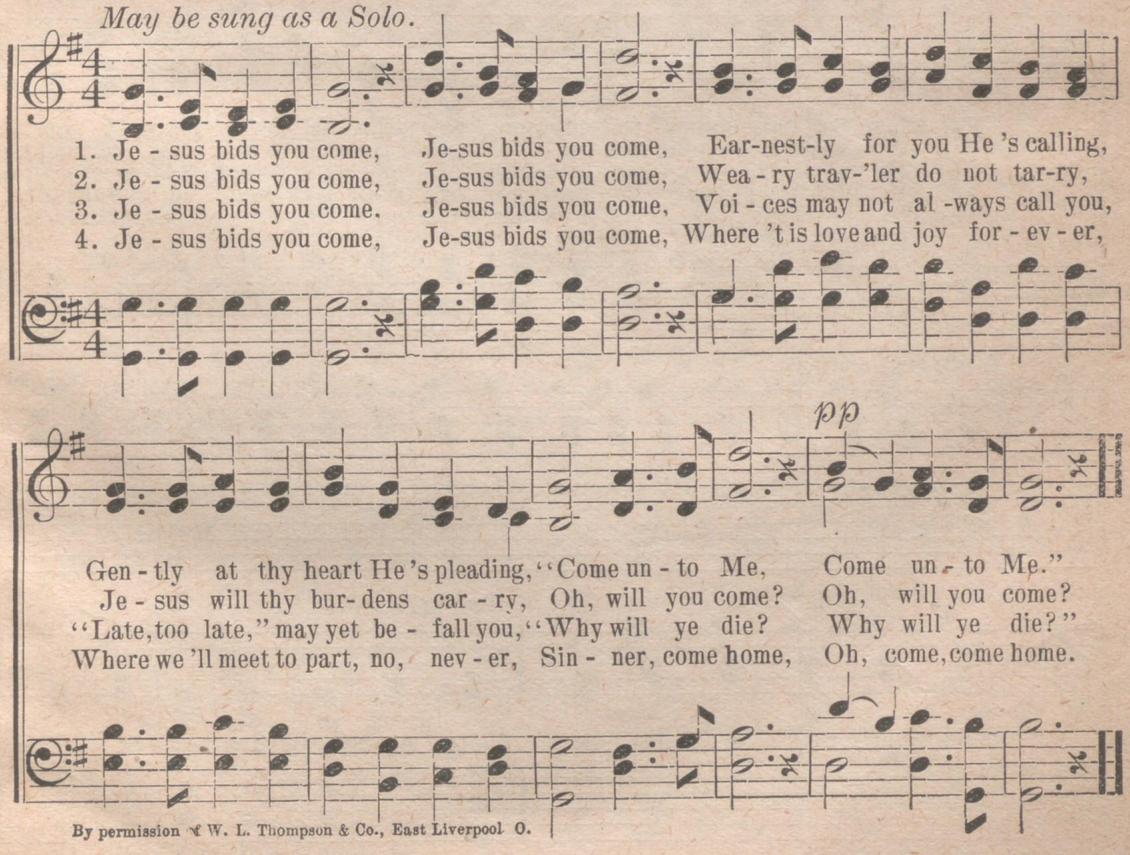
Seeking the Lost. Concluded.



No. 92. Jesus Bids you Come.

W. L. T. WILL. L. THOMPSON.

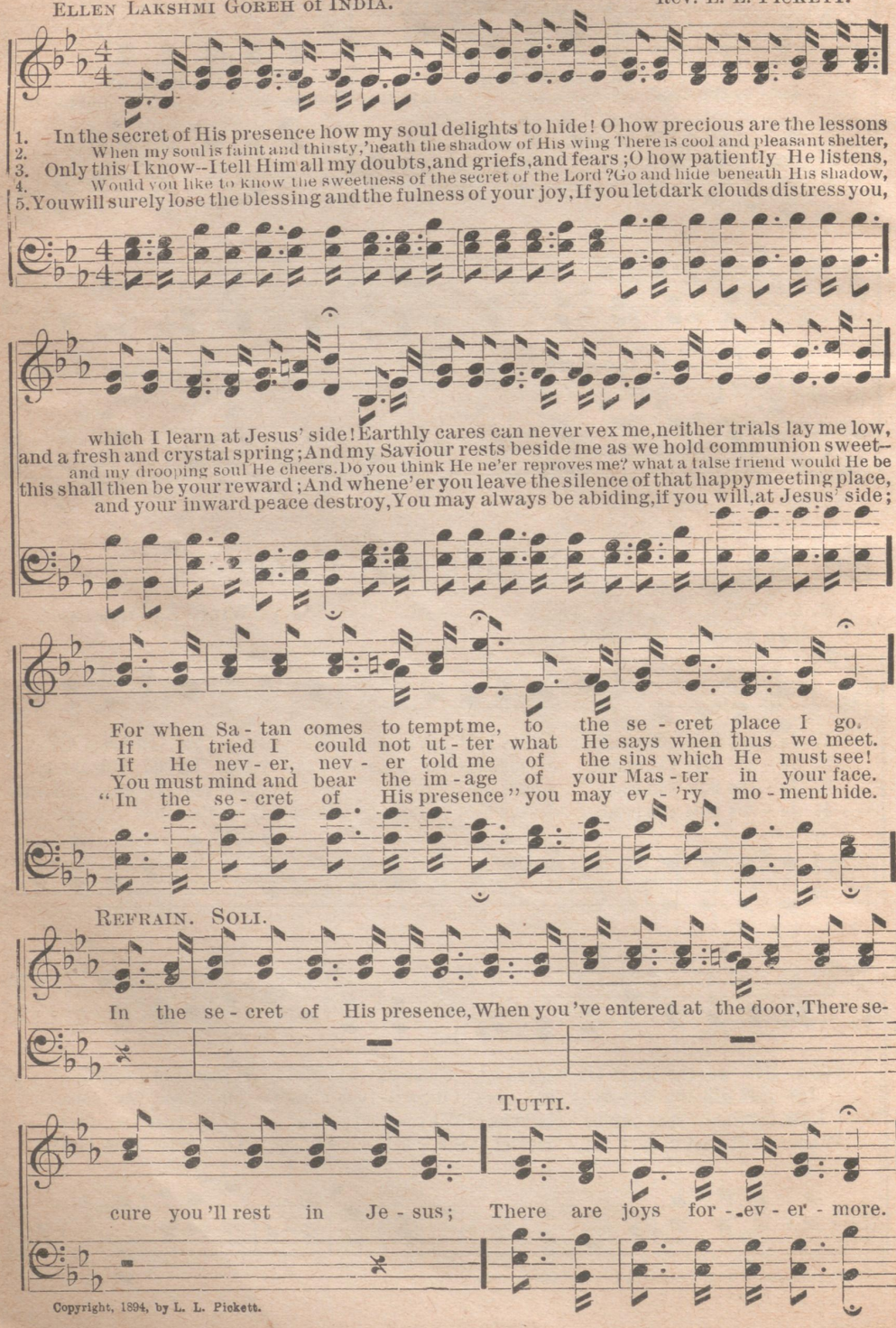
May be sung as a Solo.



By permission of W. L. Thompson & Co., East Liverpool O.

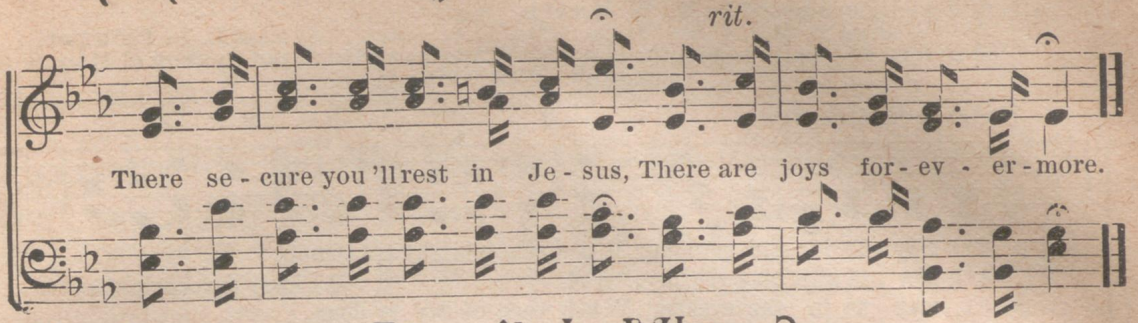
No. 93. In the Secret of His Presence.

ELLEN LAKSHMI GOREH of INDIA. Rev. L. L. PICKETT.



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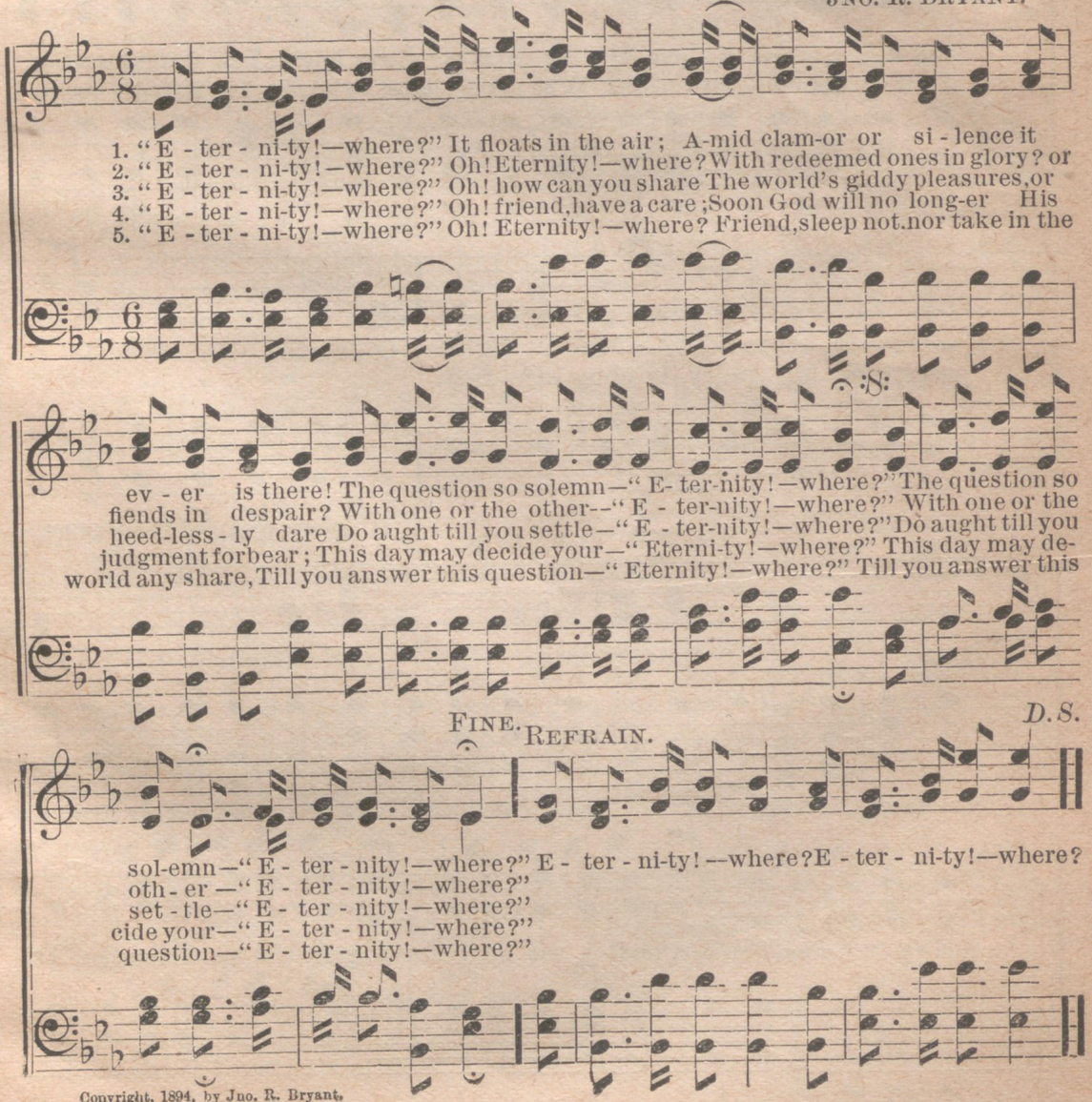
In the Secret of His Presence. Concluded.



No. 94. Eternity!—Where?

A young man was working alone in a large room in which was a big clock, the loud ticking of which seemed to frame itself into the words! "Eternity!—where?" Unable to endure any longer the reflections thus awakened, he arose and stopped the clock; but the question, "Eternity!—where?" still so haunted him, that he threw down his work, and hurrying home, determined that he would not allow anything to engage his thoughts till he could satisfactorily answer that searching question, "Eternity!—where?"

JNO. R. BRYANT.



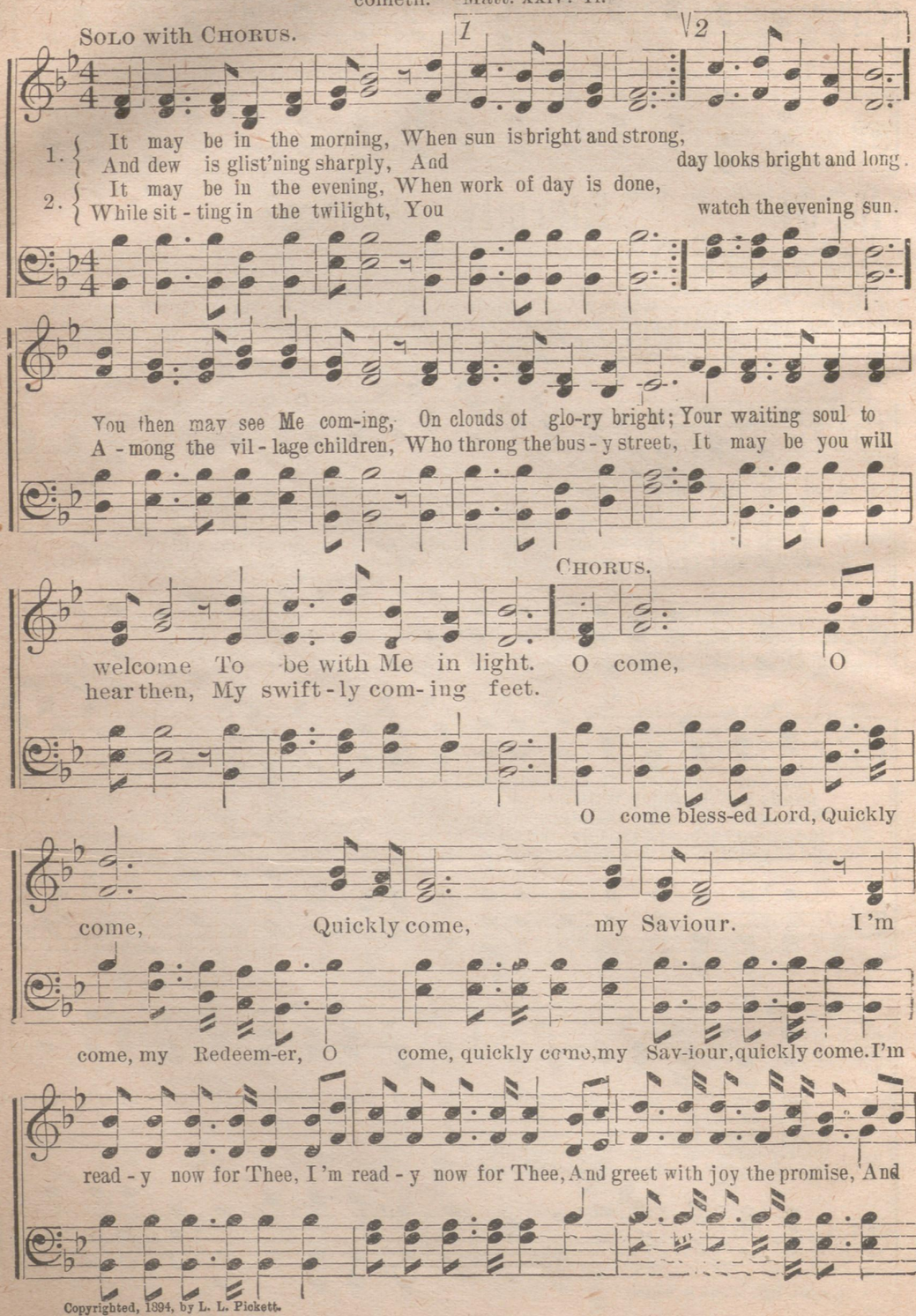
Copyright, 1894, by Jno. R. Bryant.

No. 95. Be Ready.

Arr. and partly composed by M. W. KNAPP from B. M.

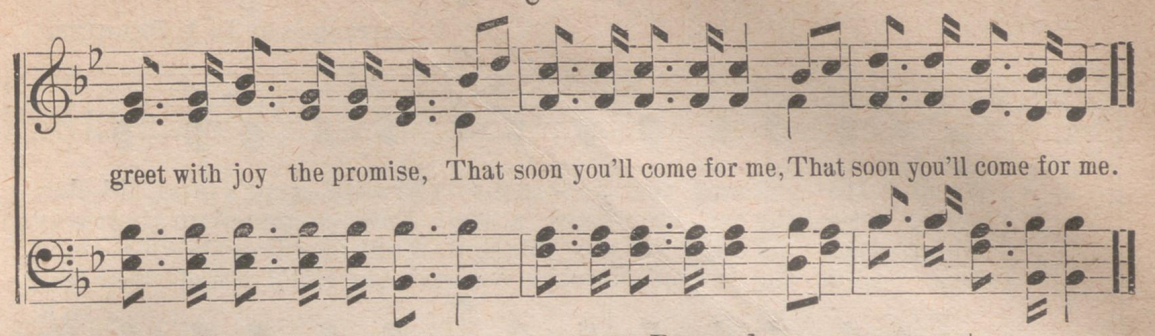
L. L. PICKETT.

"Therefore be ye also ready, for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of Man cometh." Matt. xxiv: 44.



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Be Ready. Concluded.

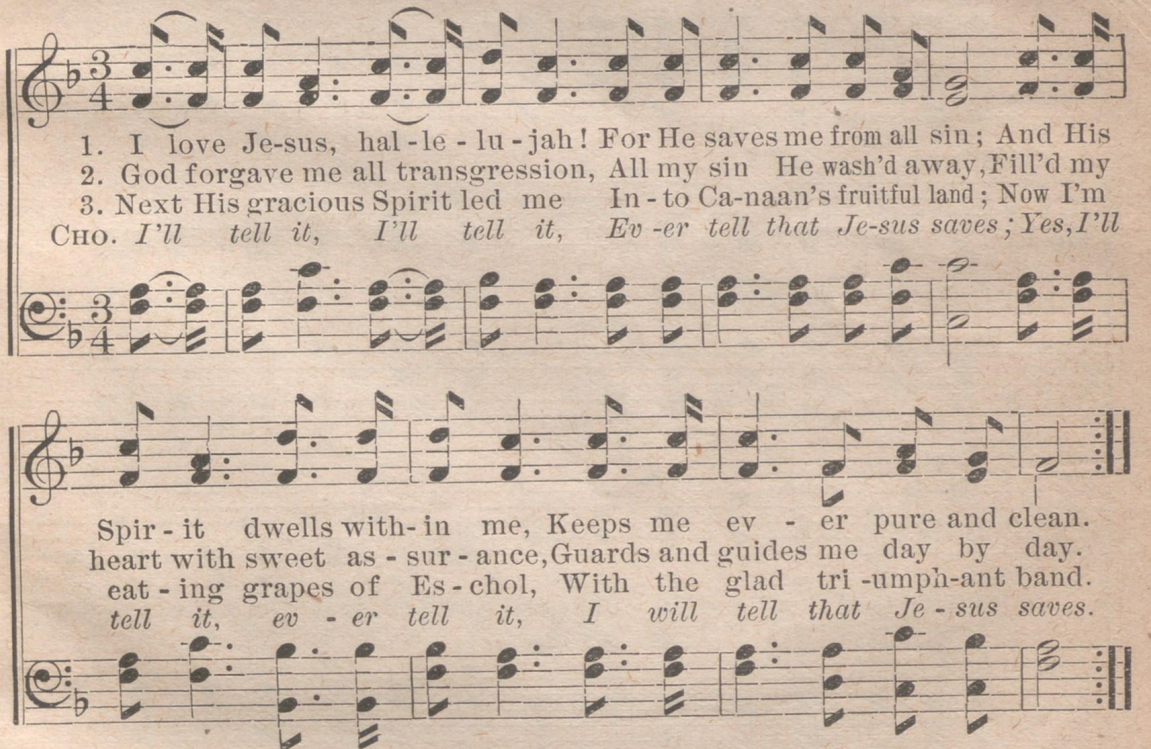


3 It may be when the midnight
Is heavy on the land,
The black waves lying dumbly
Along the dreary sand,
When moonless night draws closer
Above the sleeping sea,
When all are slumbering soundly,
And no one thinks of Me.

4 Be ready every moment,
Be robed and sanctified;
For quickly I will claim you
My own beloved bride.
In sweet and blessed union
We then shall ever be,
And dwell in bliss together
Through all eternity.

No. 96. I'll Tell it.

Words and Music by Rev. L. L. PICKETT.



Copyright, 1894, by L. L. Pickett.

4 From all darkness into sunlight,
Jesus led my fainting soul;
And He 'll guide me, ever guide me,
While eternal ages roll.

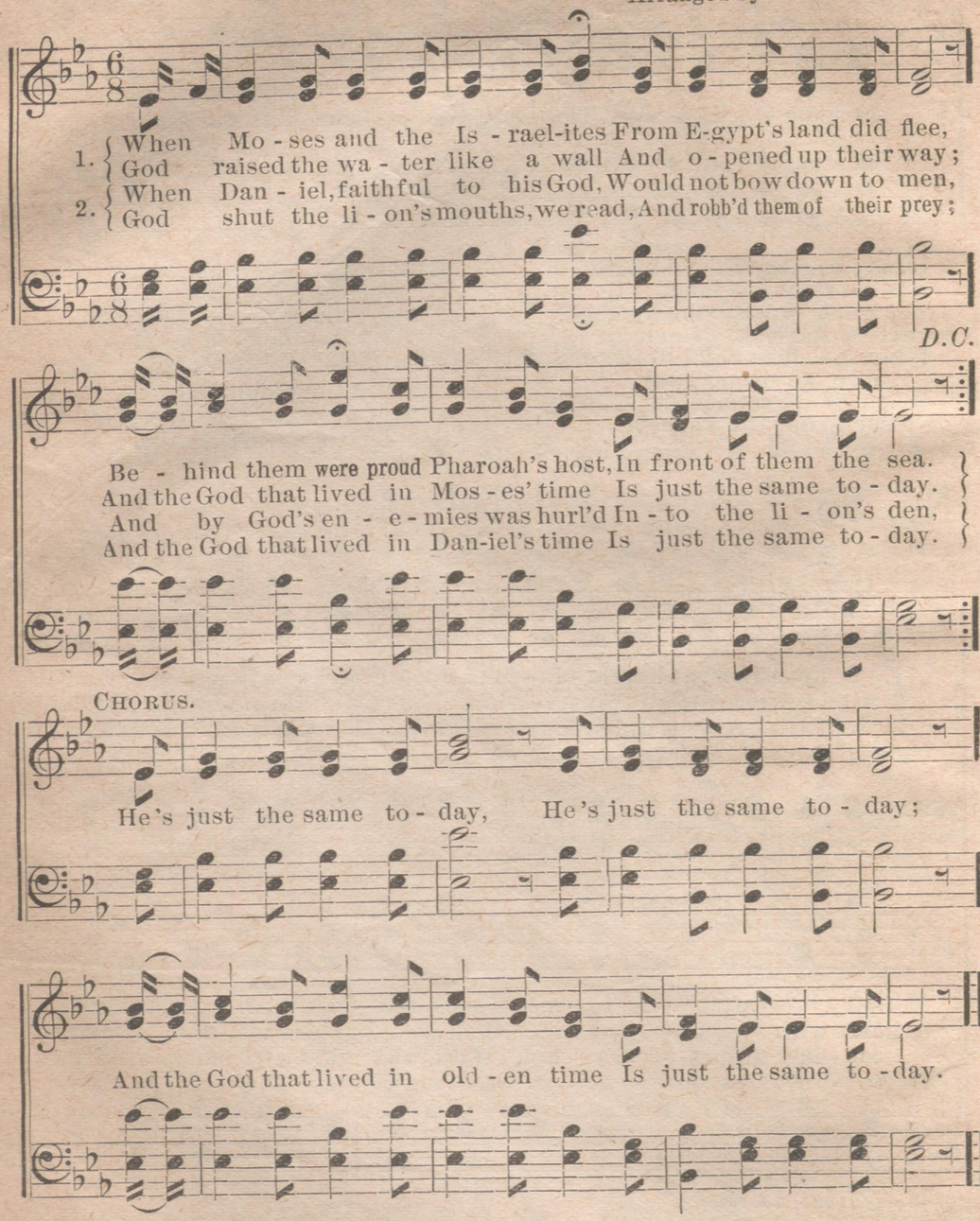
5 Thro' death's valley He will lead me,
To yon Heaven's golden shore;
There I'll sing with ransom'd millions
Saved and kept for evermore.

6 There I 'll see my loving Saviour
Whom the angels all adore;
Through His mercy, grace, and favor,
I will live to die no more.

7 Then I 'll meet with father, mother,
And with brothers, sisters dear;
We will gladly greet each other,
Whom we loved so well while here.

No. 97. He's Just the Same To-day, No. 2.

Arranged by F. A. PERKINS.

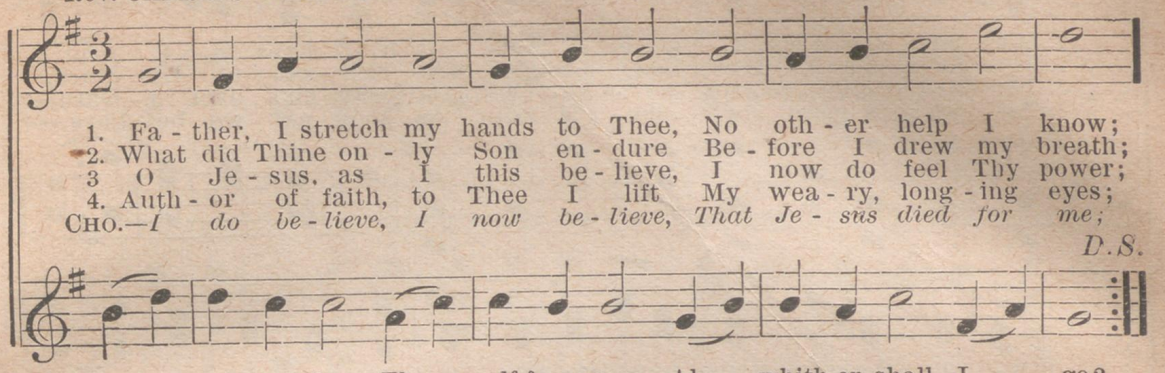


3 When David and Goliah met—
The wrong against the right—
The giant arm with human power,
And David with God's might. [stone
God's power with David's sling and
The giant low did lay;
And the God that lived in David's time
Is just the same to-day.

4 When Pentecost had fully come
And fire from heaven did fall,
As a mighty wind the Holy Ghost
Baptized them one and all.
Three thousand were converted and
Were soldiers right away;
And the God that lived at Pentecost
Is just the same to-day.

No. 98. I do Believe. C. M.

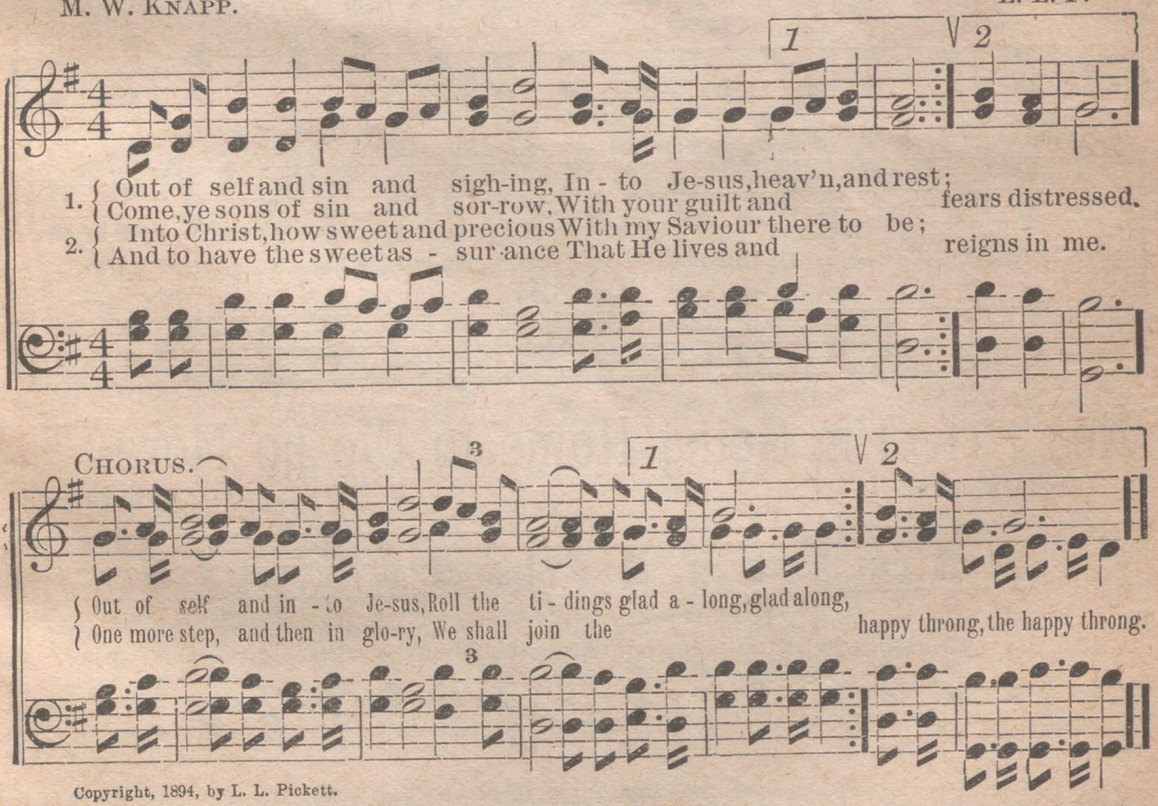
Rev. CHARLES WESLEY. UNKNOWN.



No. 99. Only Three Steps.

A poor woman, derided by an infidel because she was sure she could safely travel the "long, weary road" from earth to heaven, replied, "It's a very short road and easily traveled. Only three steps — out of self, into Christ, and into glory."

M. W. KNAPP. L. L. P.



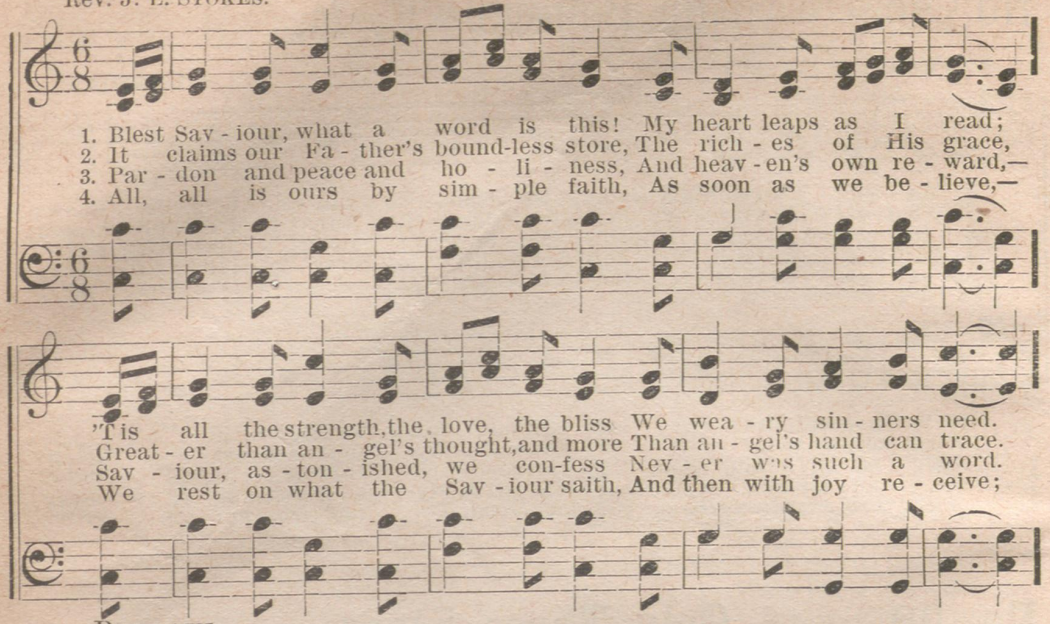
Copyright, 1894, by L. L. Pickett.

3 "Into glory," joy unmeasured!
Oh, what pleasures there await
All who climb this Jacob's ladder,
As they pass the pearly gate.

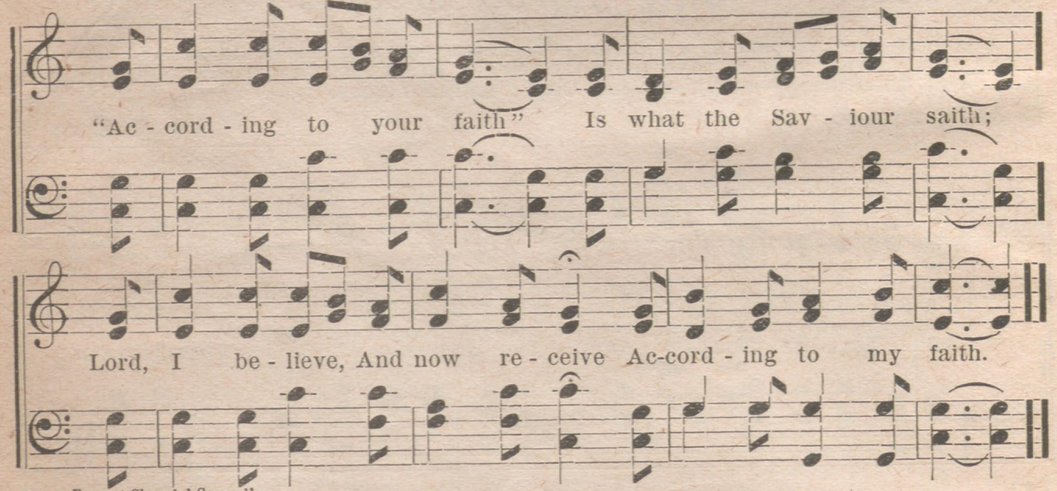
4 Three steps only! Oh, to take them!
Bliss eternal it will be.
"Three steps only!" Oh, to miss them!
Lost — through all Eternity!

No. 100. According to your Faith.

Rev. J. L. Stokes. L. L. Pickett.



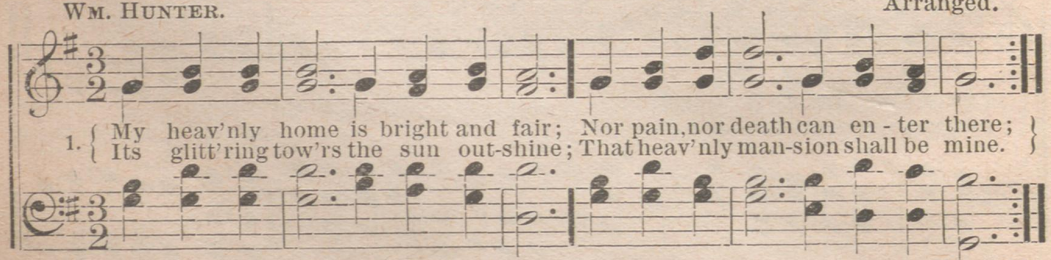
Refrain.



From "Cheerful Songs."

No. 101. I'm Going Home to Die no More.

Wm. Hunter. Arranged.



Cho. { *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.

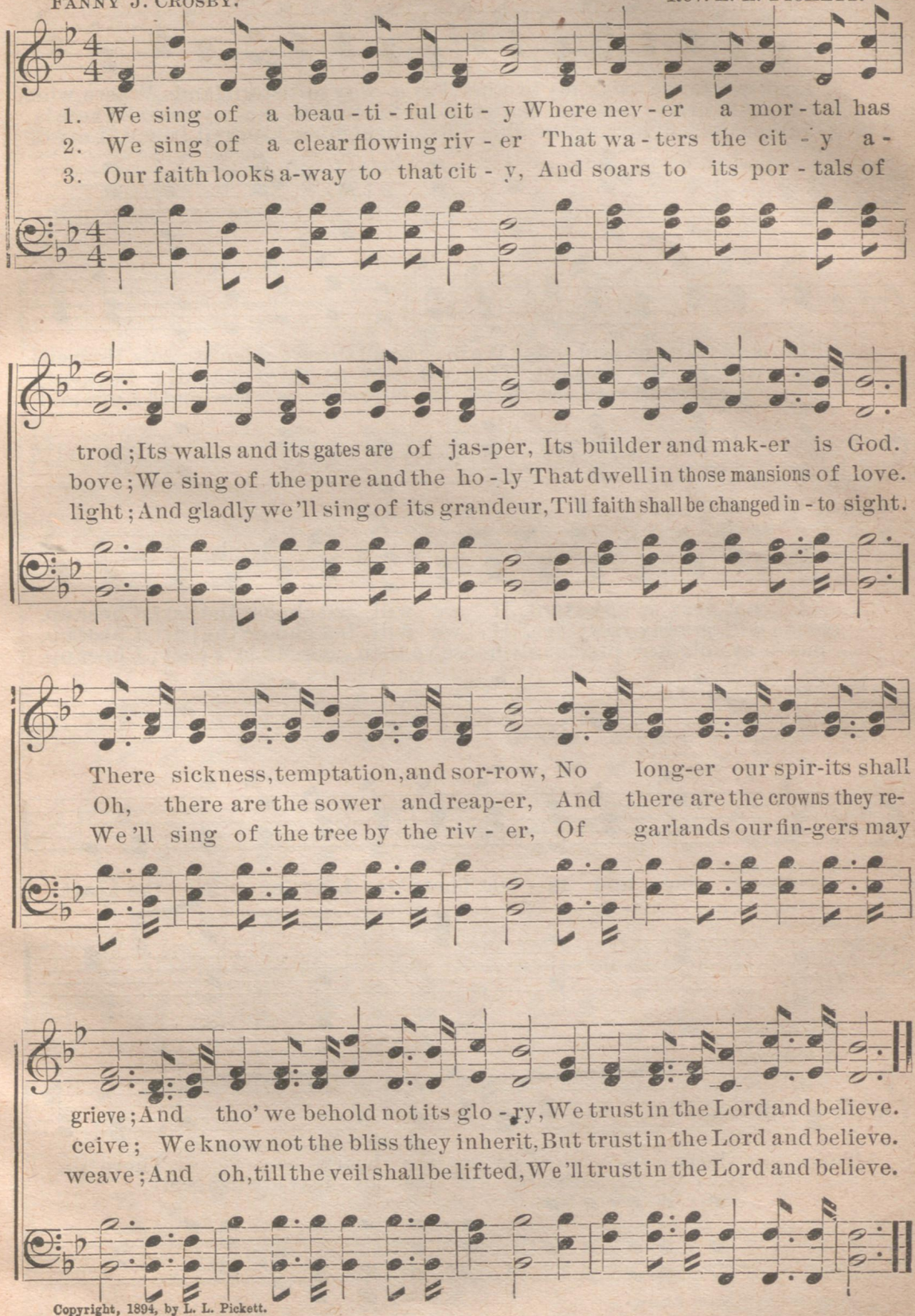
3 While here, a stranger far from home,
Affliction's waves may round me foam;
Although like Lazarus, sick and poor,
My heavenly mansion is secure.

4 Let others seek a home below,
Which flames devour, or waves o'erflow;
Be mine a happier lot to own
A heavenly mansion near the throne.

5 Then fail this earth, let stars decline,
And sun and moon refuse to shine,
All nature sink and cease to be,
That heav'nly mansion stands for me.

No. 102. Trust in the Lord and Believe.

FANNY J. CROSBY. Rev. L. L. PICKETT.

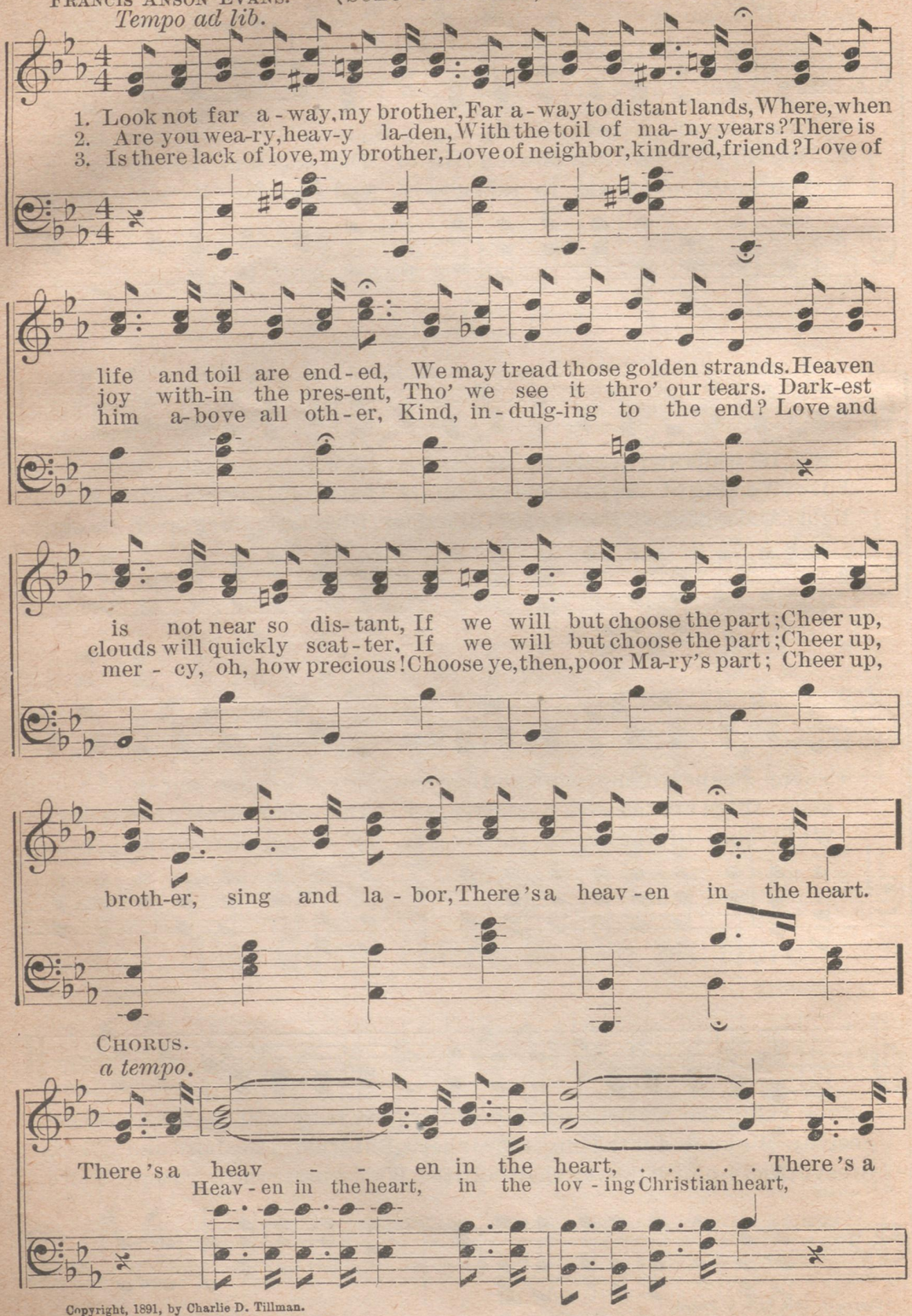


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No. 103.. There's a Heaven in the Heart.

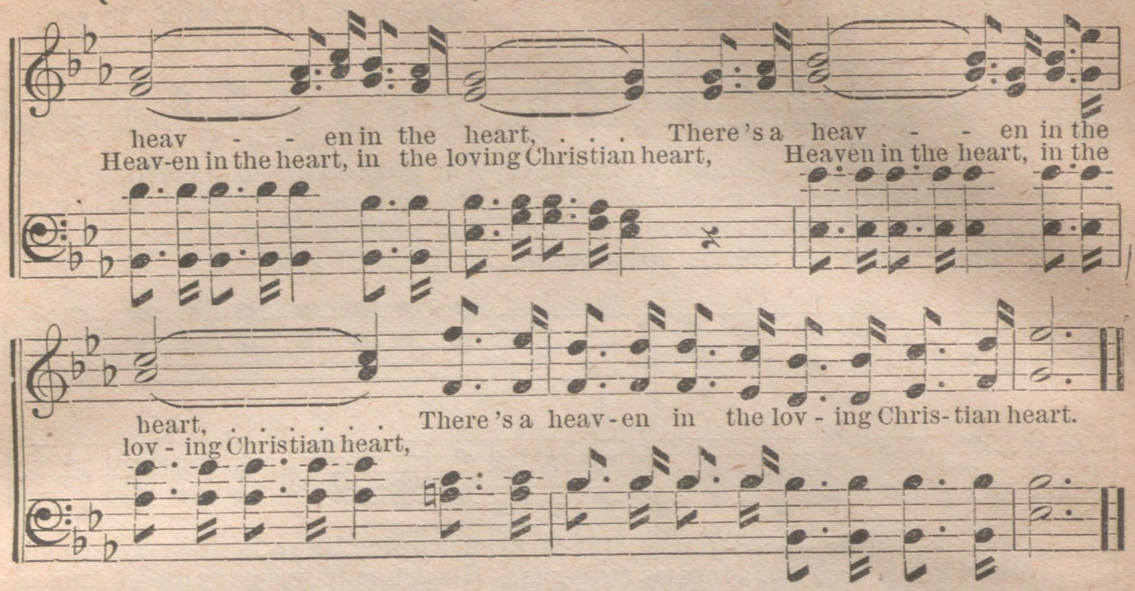
FRANCIS ANSON EVANS. (SOLO OR DUET.) CHARLIE D. TILLMAN. By per.

Tempo ad lib.



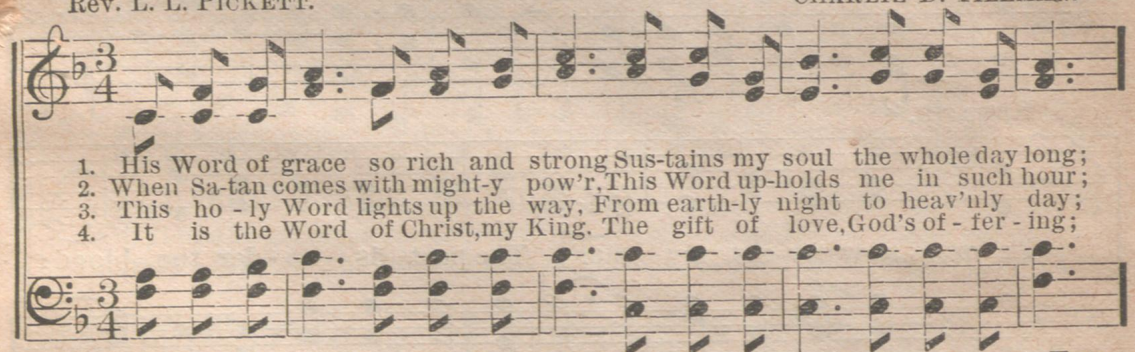
Copyright, 1891, by Charlie D. Tillman.

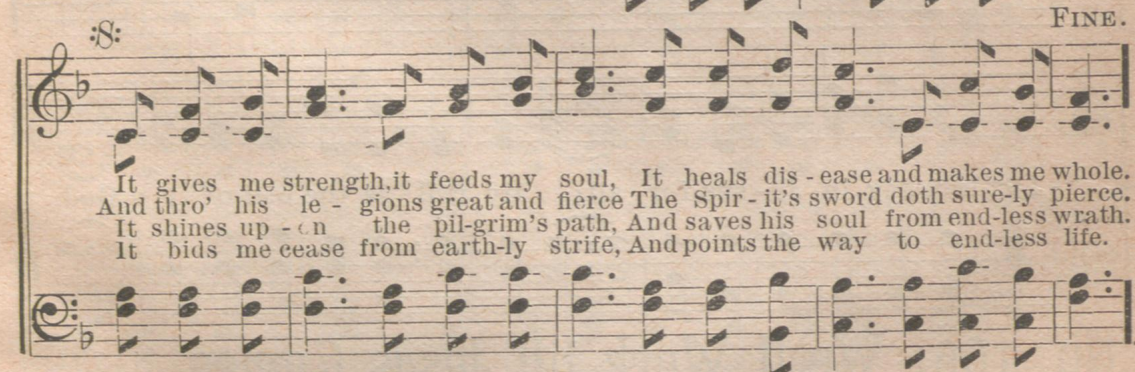
There's a Heaven in the Heart. Concluded.



No. 104. His Word of Grace.

Rev. L. L. PICKETT. CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.

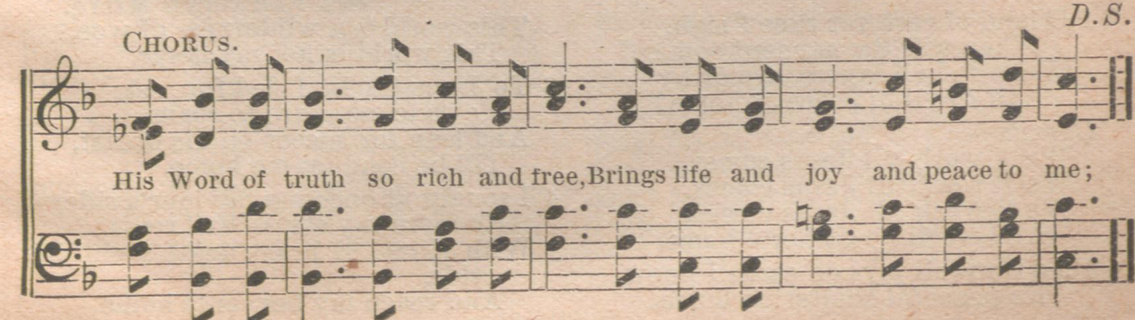




D.S. *It lights up earth, and gilds the grave, And bears us o - ver death's dark wave.*

D.S.

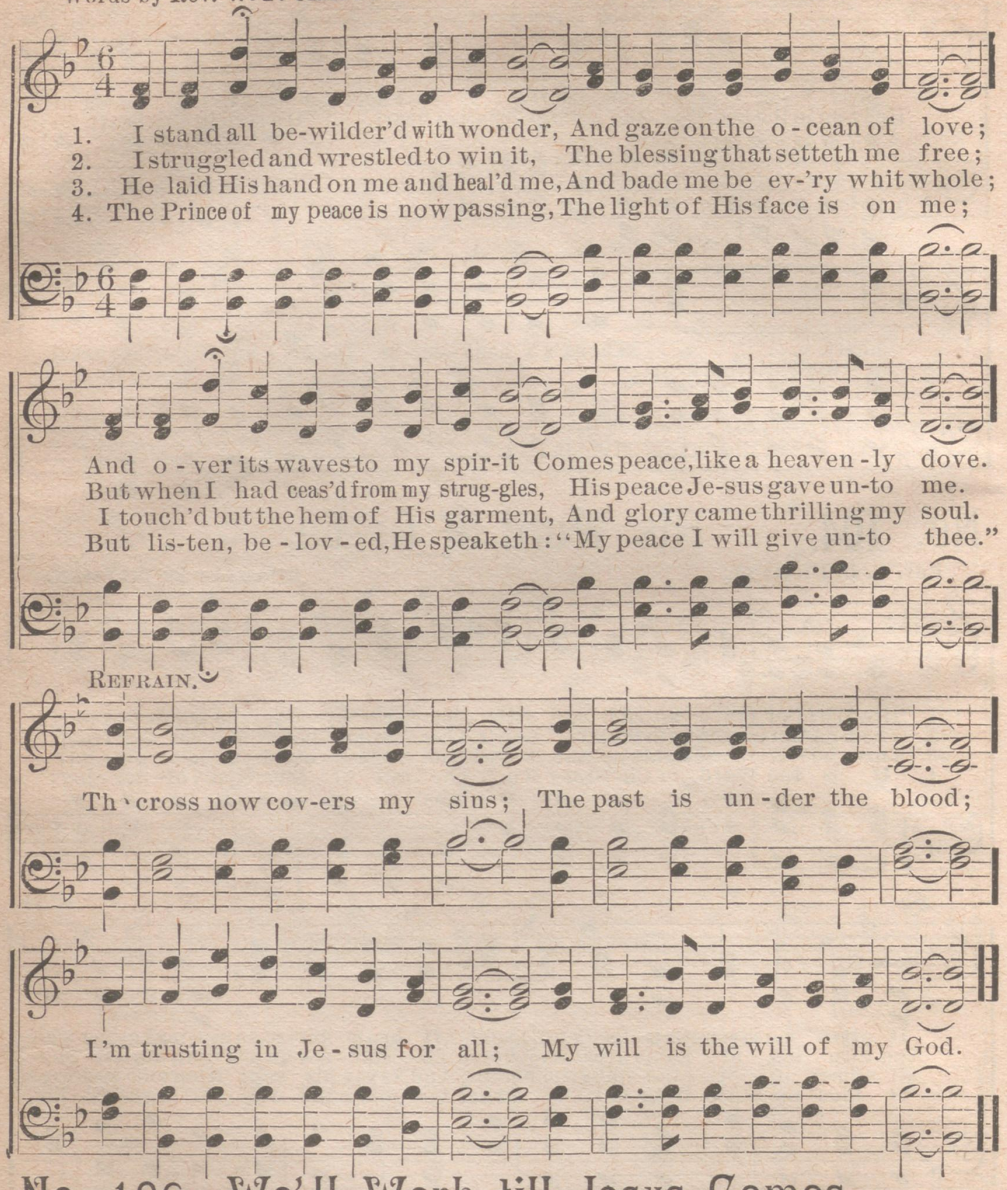
CHORUS.



Copyright, 1896, by L. L. Pickett.

No. 105. The Prince of my Peace.

Words by Rev. W. F. CRAFTS. Music by W. G. FISCHER. By per.



No. 106. We'll Work till Jesus Comes.

Mrs. ELIZABETH MILLS.

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

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

2 No tranquil joys on earth I know,
No peaceful sheltering dome,
This world 's a wilderness of woe,
This world is not my home.

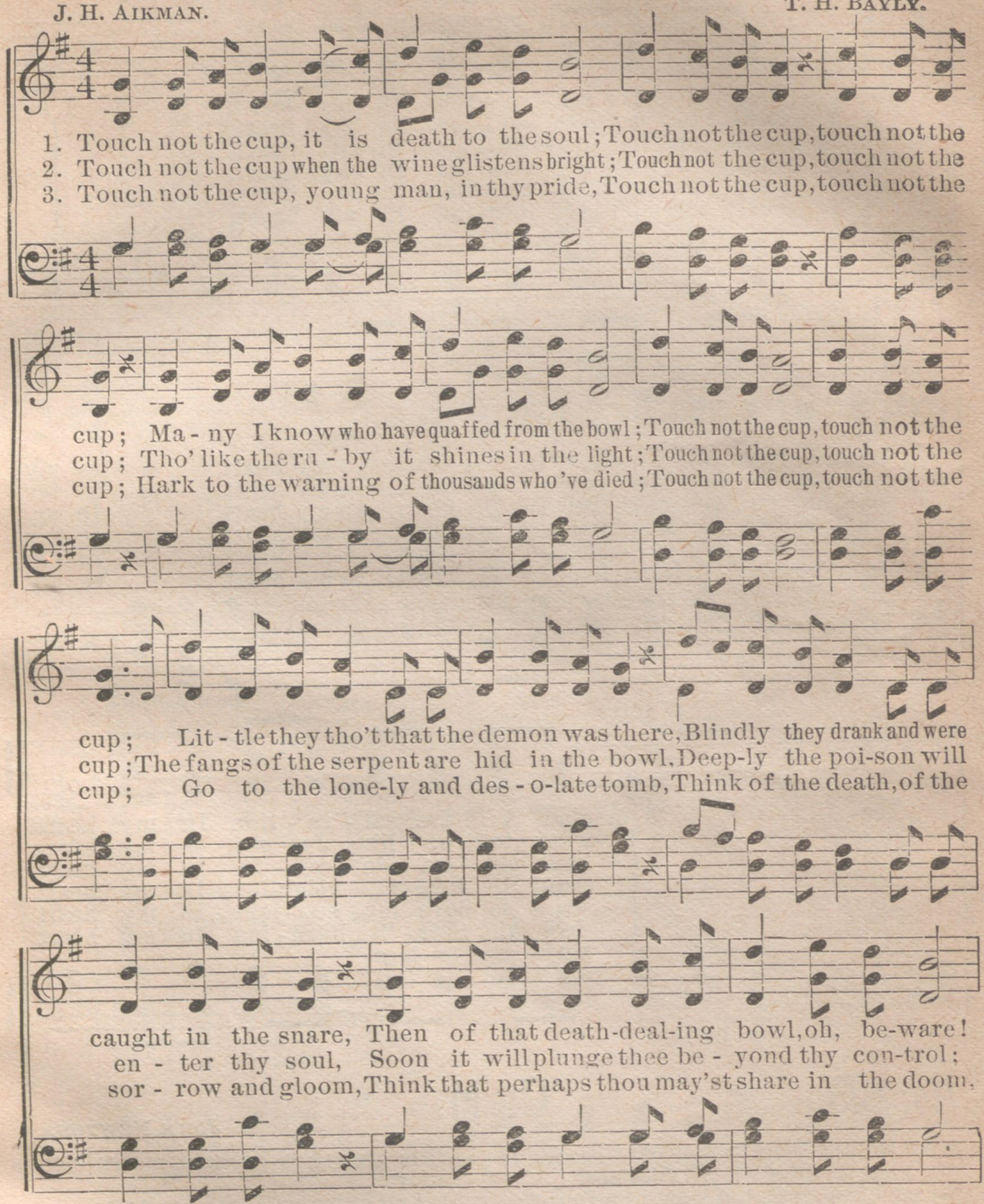
3 To Jesus Christ I fled for rest;
He bade me cease to roam,
And lean for succor on his breast,
Till he conduct me home.

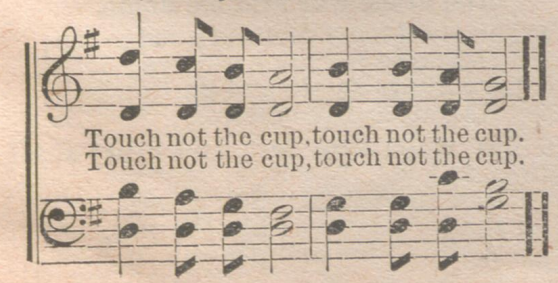
4 I sought at once my Saviour's side,
No more my steps shall roam;
With Him I 'll brave death's chilling tide,
And reach my heavenly home.

No. 107. Touch not the Cup.

Tune: "LONG, LONG AGO."

J. H. AIKMAN. T. H. BAYLY.

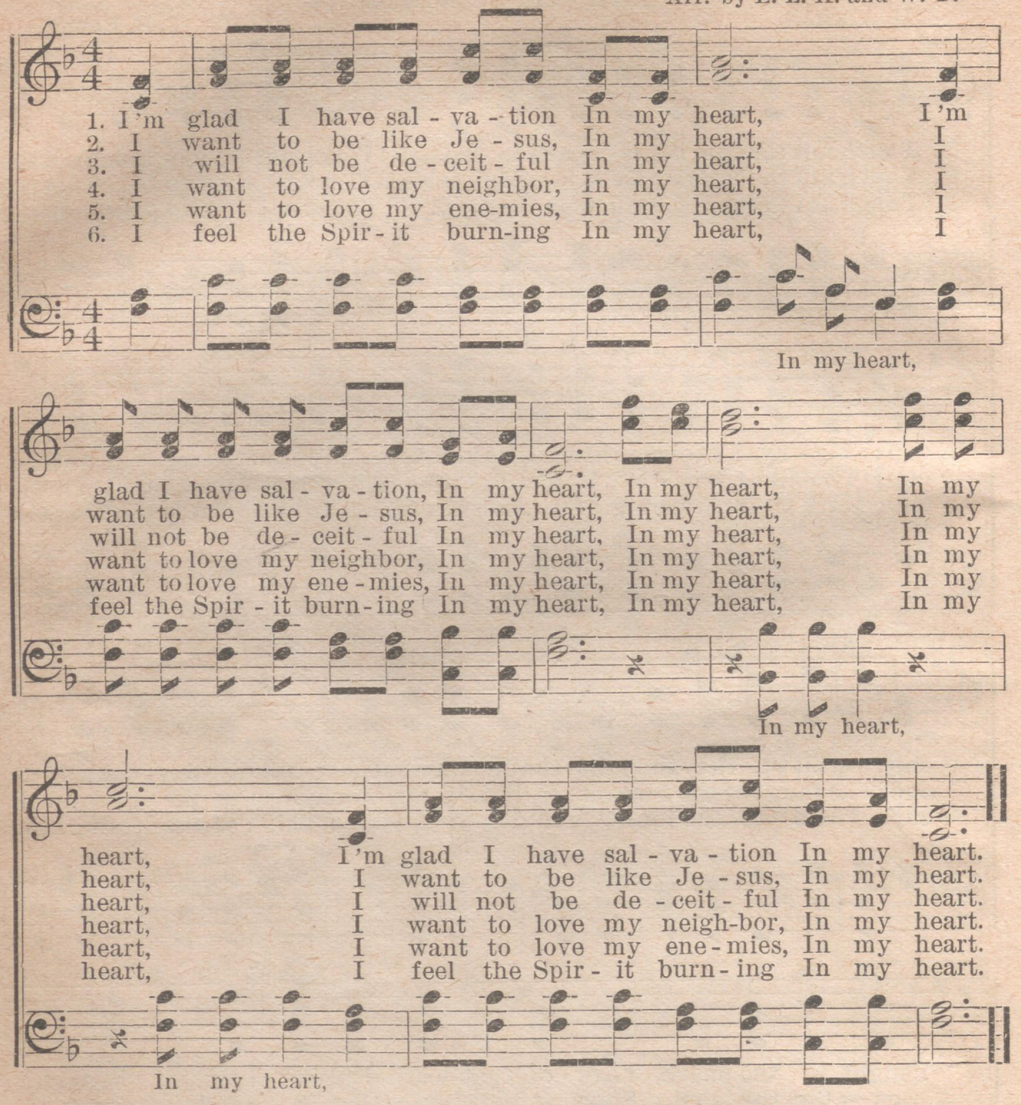




4 Touch not the cup; O drink not a drop;
Touch not the cup, touch not the cup;
They whom thou lovest entreat thee to stop;
Touch not the cup, touch not the cup.
Stop! for thy home that to thee is so near;
Stop! for thy friends that to thee are so dear;
Stop! for thy country! the God that you fear,
Touch not the cup, touch not the cup.

No. 108. Salvation in the Heart.

Arr. by E. L. K. and W. P.



No. 109. C. M.

JOHN NEWTON.

1 Amazing grace! how sweet the sound!
That saved a wretch like me!
I once was lost, but now I 'm found;
Was blind, but now I see.

2 'T was grace that taught my heart to fear,
And grace my fears relieved;
How precious did that grace appear,
The hour I first believed!

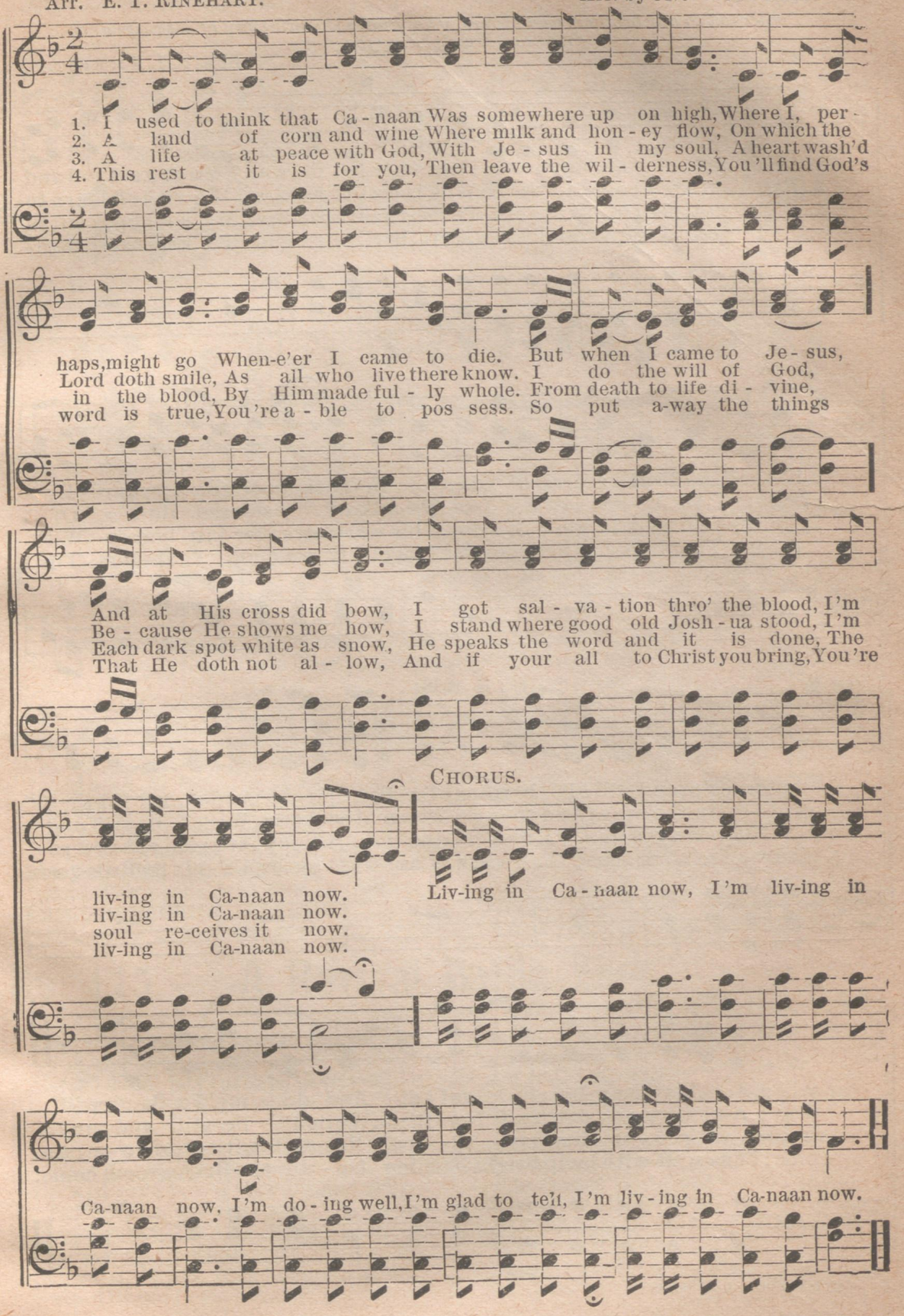
3 Through many dangers, toils, and snares,
I have already come;
'T is grace has brought me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home.

4 The Lord has promised good to me;
His word my hope secures;
He will my shield and portion be
As long as life endures.

5 Yea, when this flesh and heart shall fail,
And mortal life shall cease,
I shall possess, within the veil,
A life of joy and peace.

No. 110. In Canaan Now.

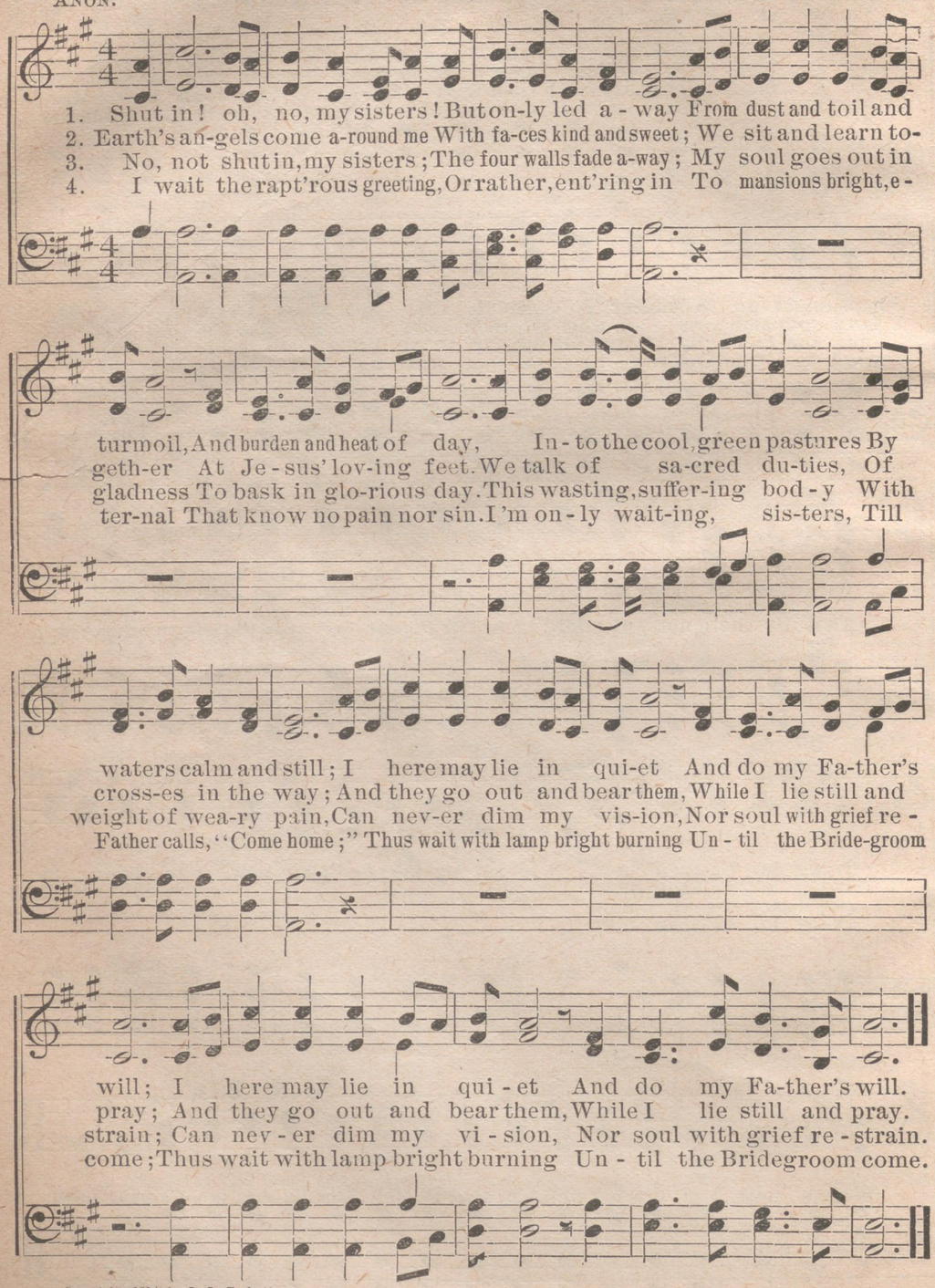
Arr. E. T. RINEHART. Arr. by JNO. MCPHERSON.



No. 111. Shut in.

Dedicated to our brothers and sisters, who, under the ministry of sickness and infirmities, are ripening for glory.

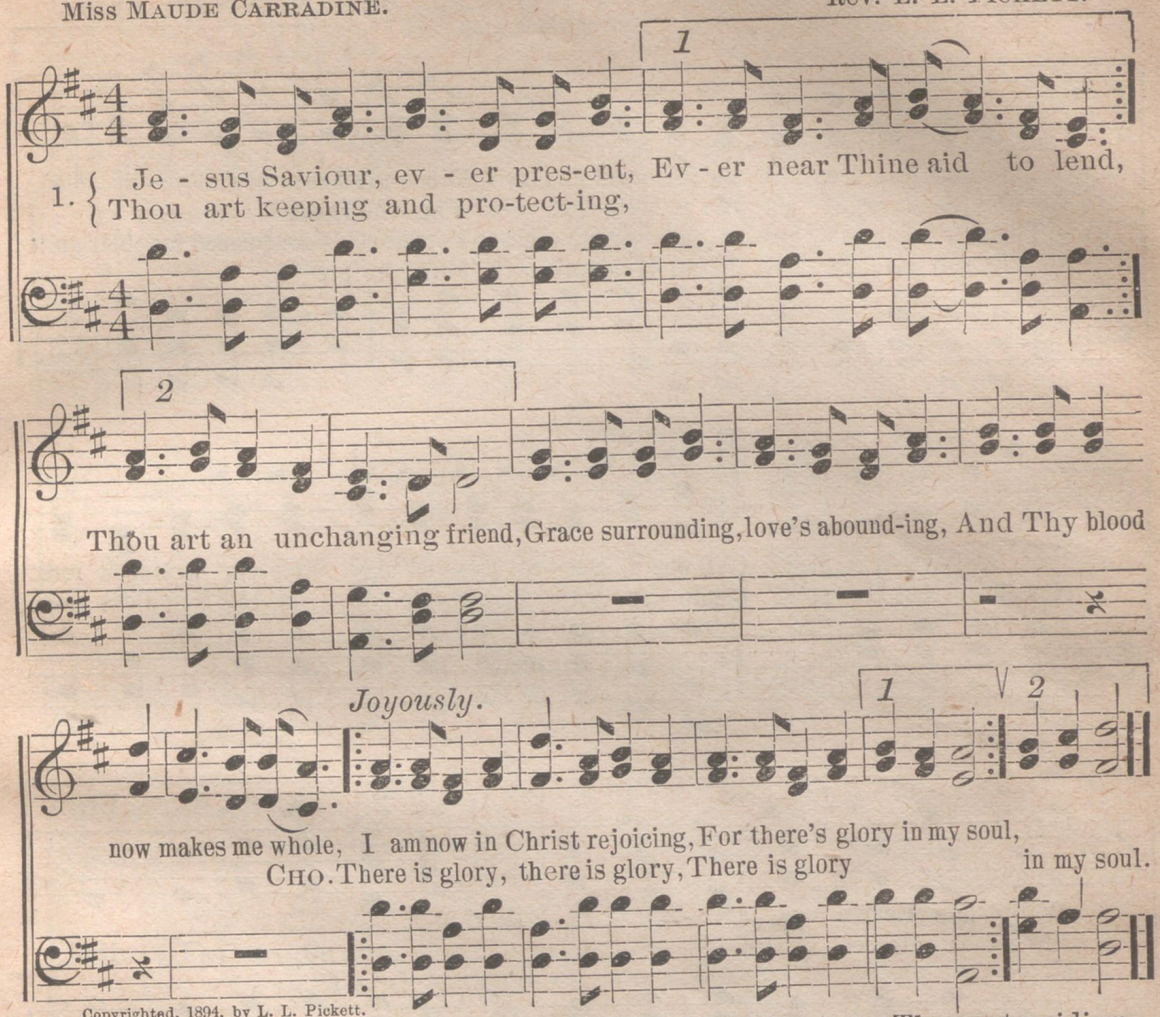
ANON. Rev. L. L. PICKETT.



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No. 112. Glory in my Soul.

Miss MAUDE CARRADINE. Rev. L. L. PICKETT.



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2 Jesus Saviour, Thou dost bless me
Every moment, every hour,
O how sweet to rest securely
In Thy precious, "keeping power."
I'm believing and receiving,
And Thy peace doth o'er me roll;
I am now in Christ abiding,
Oh, there's glory in my soul.

3 Precious Saviour, Thou art guiding
Every step; yes, day by day;
Thy word lights the darkest pathway,
And my feet shall never stray.
Fears are groundless, mercy's bound-less,
All my life Thou dost control;
Oh, my heart is filled with gladness,
And there's glory in my soul,

No. 113. A Revival Battle-Song.

Tune.—"HOLD THE FORT." M. W. KNAPP.

1 Hear and heed the Gospel message
Echoed from the skies,
Jesus Christ has come to save you
For your sins He dies.

Chorus.—
All this world belongs to Jesus,
Now He claims His own;
He will save you if you 'll trust Him,
Save you every one.

2 Rum and whiskey and tobacco,
Never saved a soul;
Christ, the Lord, alone can save you,
He will make you whole.

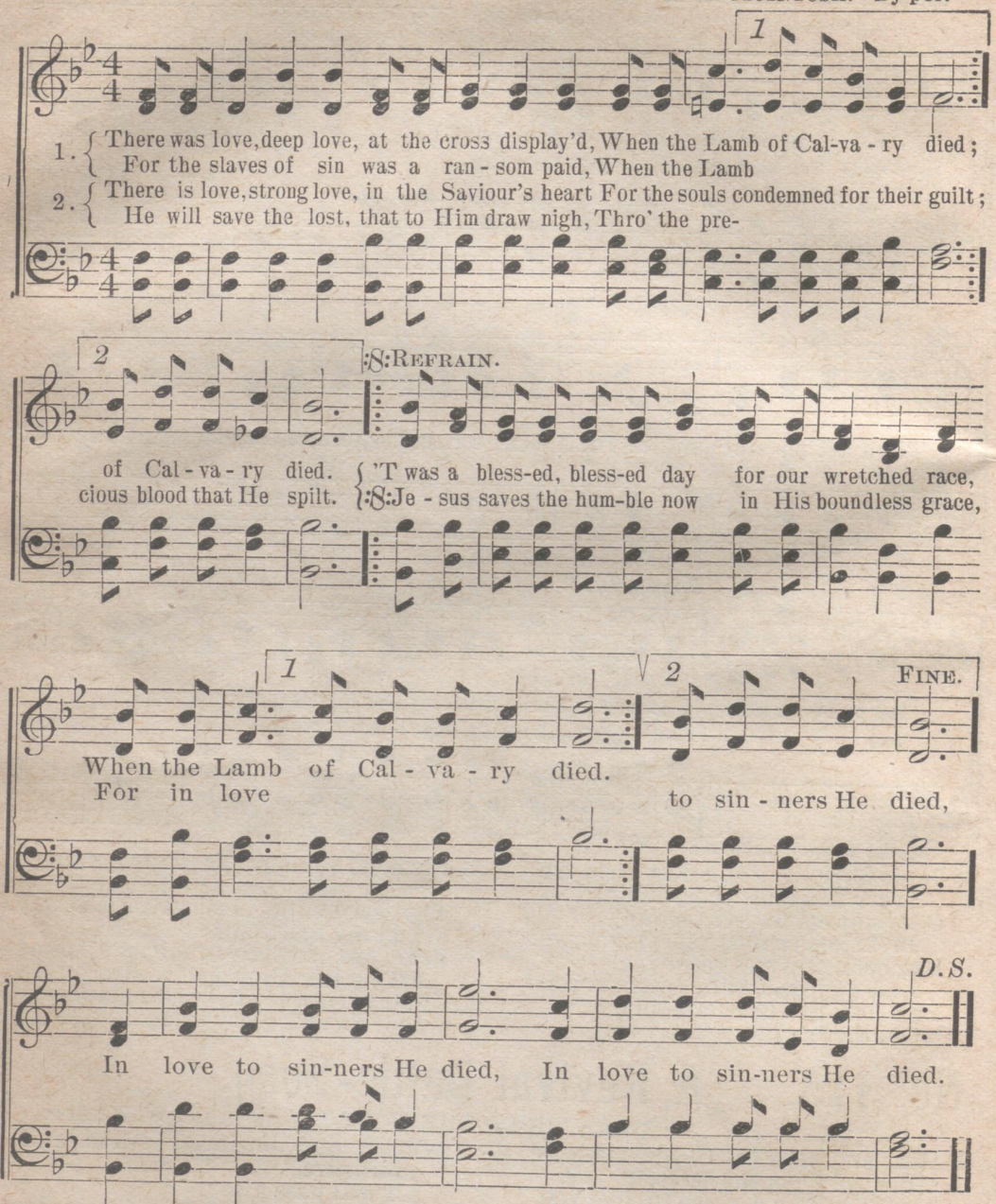
3 Wealth and business, mirth and pleasure,
All will pass away,
But the treasures Christ will give you
Never can decay.

4 Let not frowns nor false professors
Keep from Christ to-day;
Haste to seek Him, haste to serve Him,
Sinner, while you may.

5 Make your choice for hell or heaven,
Where you soon will be;
There to spend the countless ages
Of eternity.

No. 114. The Lamb of Calvary.

Rev. J. H. MARTIN. R. M. McINTOSH. By per.



Copyrighted, 1885, by R. M. McIntosh.

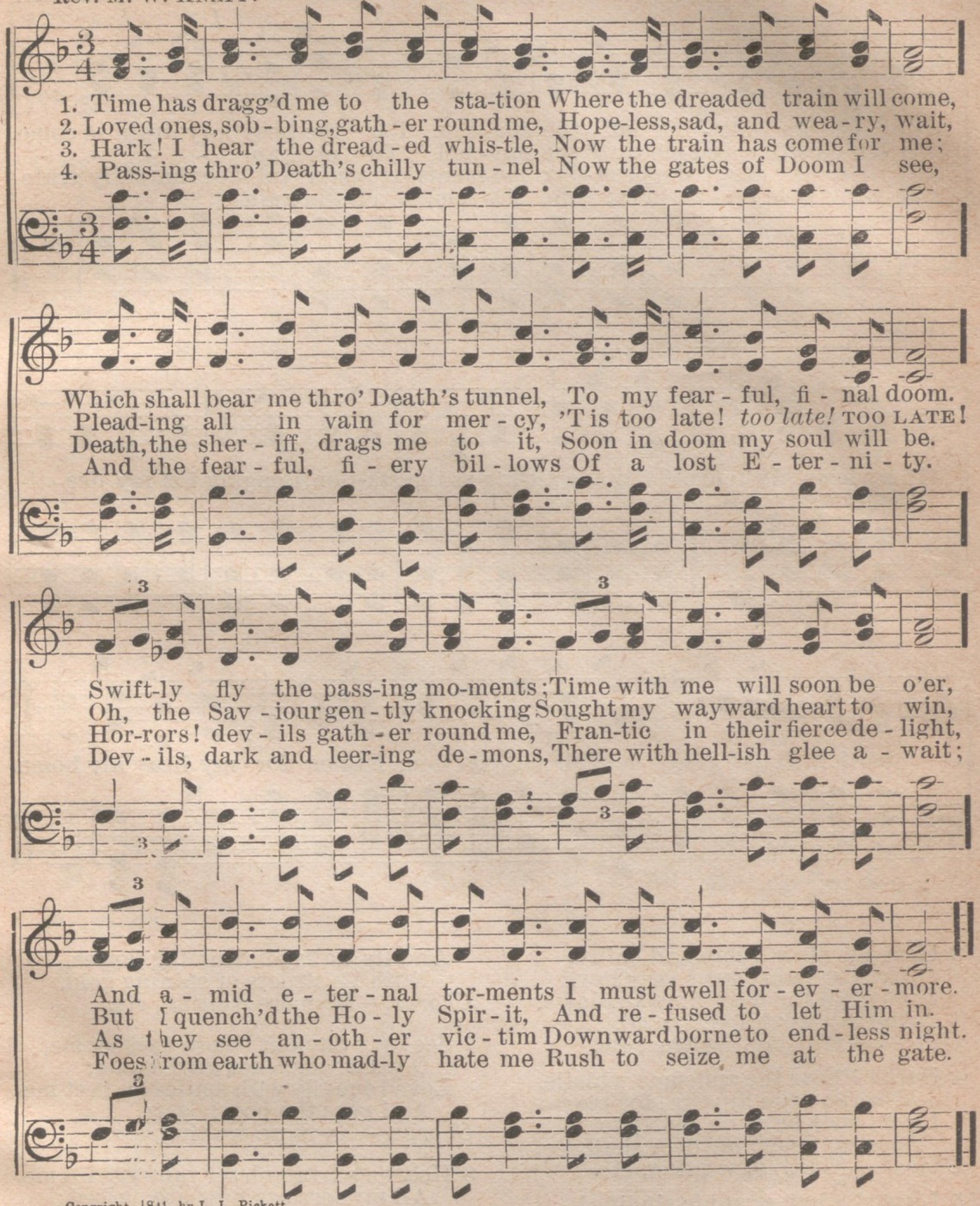
3 There is love, warm love, in the Saviour's heart
For the troubled, wretched, and weak;
In His boundless grace He will peace impart
To the mourner, lowly and meek.

4 Unto Jesus come with your load of grief,
And repose by faith on His breast,
There your burdened spirit shall find relief-
On the Lamb of Calvary rest.

No. 115. The Sinner at the Station.

A dying infidel shrieked—"See! see! do you not see them? They've come for me; I must go to my own place." His last words were "Damned! damned! forever damned!"
Revival Kindlings, page 274.

Rev. M. W. KNAPP. Rev. L. L. PICKETT.



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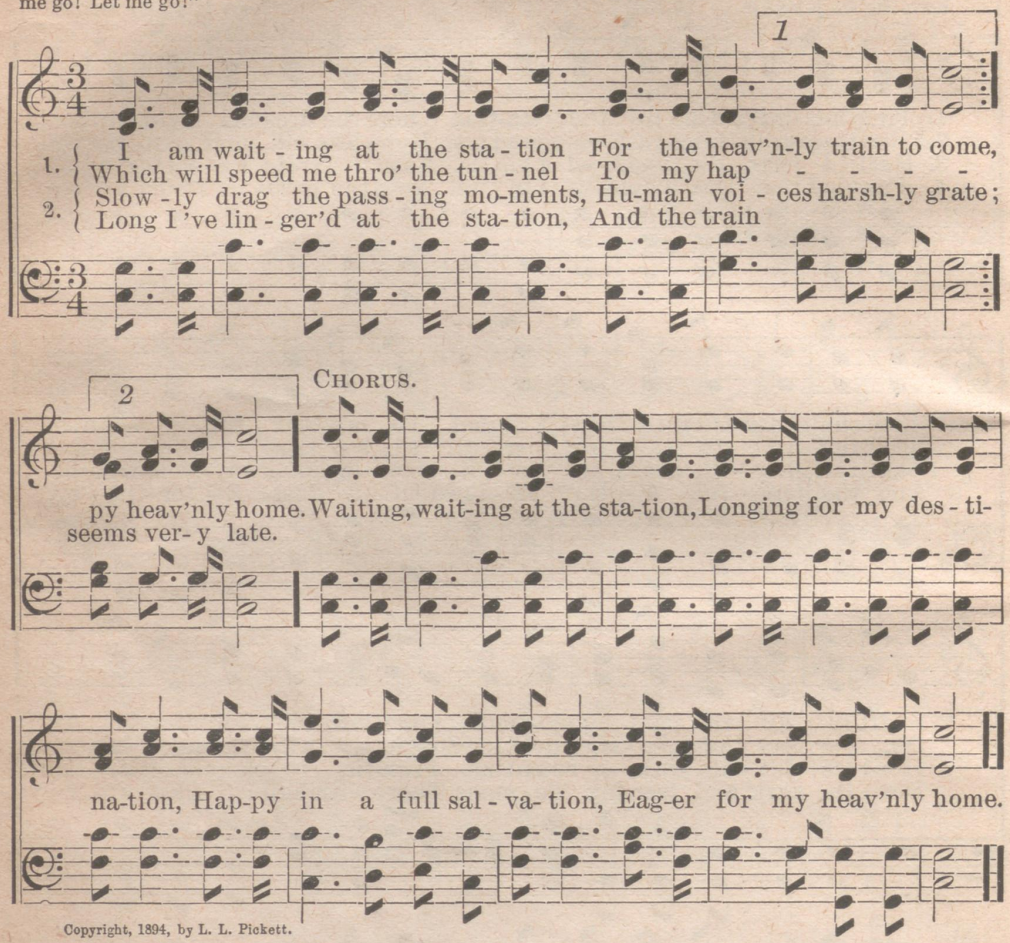
5 See them! see them! drive them from me!
Snatch me from their fury fierce
Or their torments on forever
Will my sinking spirit pierce.
Horrors dark past all expression,
Seize my wretched, sinful soul,
As the waves of dark damnation
O'er my guilty spirit roll.

6 Oh, remember, dying sinners,
What your fearful doom will be,
If you do not turn from evil
And to Jesus quickly flee.
On the cross He died to save you
From your sins and fearful fate;
Oh, accept His proffered mercy
Ere you cry "*Too late!* TOO LATE!"

No. 116. The Christian at the Station.

Rev. M. W. KNAPP. Rev. L. L. PICKETT.

The day before my father died he became very anxious to go and said repeatedly, "Let me go! Let me go! Let me go!"



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3 Here the air is damp and chilly,
And the light burns very low,
Fastly fall the dark'ning shadows,
And my spirit longs to go.
Chorus.— Waiting, waiting, etc.

4 Hark! I hear the welcome whistle,
Now the train appears for me;
Loved ones bear me gently to it,
Soon my home my eyes shall see.
Chorus.— Waiting, waiting, etc.

5 Listen! what seraphic singing!
See! the angels fill the sky!
Heaven with loudest praise is ringing;
Let me go! good-bye! good-bye!
Chorus.— No more waiting, etc.

6 Passing thro' Death's lighted tunnel
Heaven's spires I now behold,
And its walls of gleaming jasper,
With its streets of shining gold.
Chorus.— No more waiting, etc.

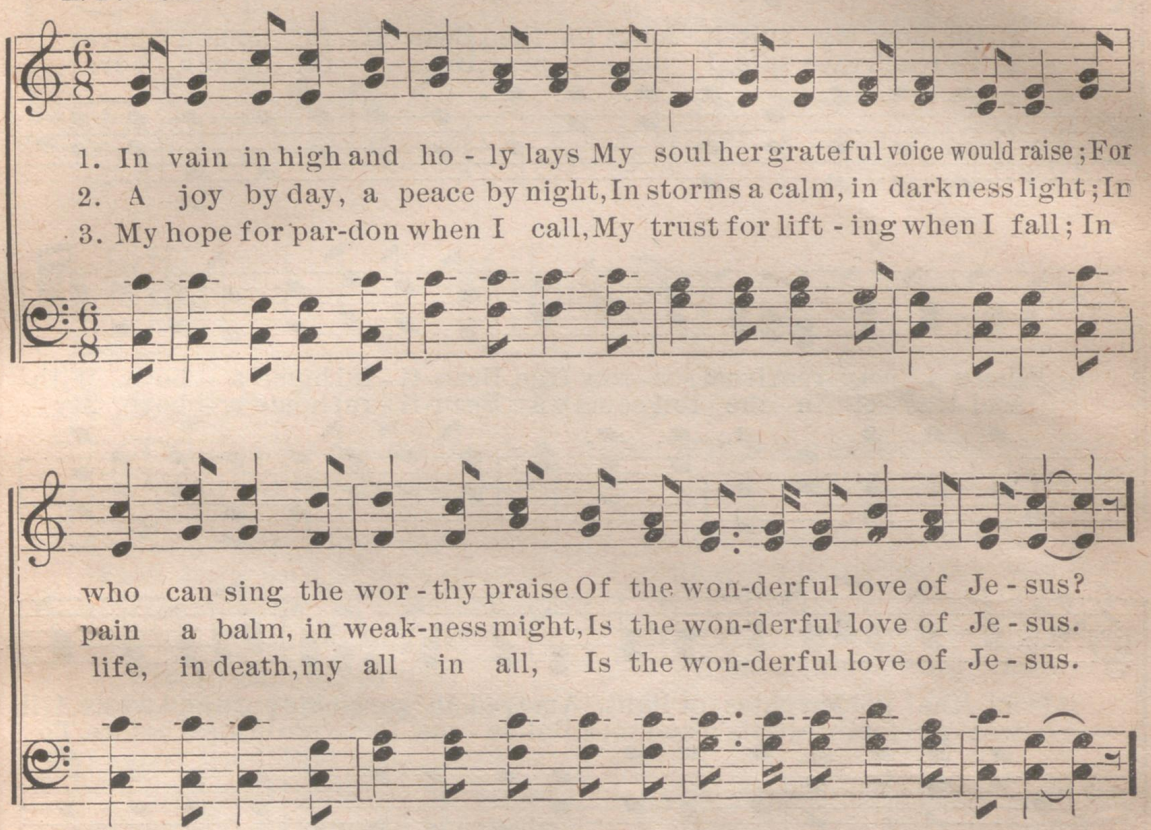
7 See! my Saviour comes to meet me,
O what welcomes glad await;
Loved ones fly with smiles to greet me,
As I pass the pearly gate.
Chorus.— No more waiting, etc.

8 Heaven's triumphant raptures fill me,
All my sorrows now are passed;
Joys immortal sweetly thrill me,
Glory! I am Home at last.
Chorus.—
No more waiting at the station,
Longing for my destination;
Happy in a full salvation,
Glad to reach my Heavenly home.

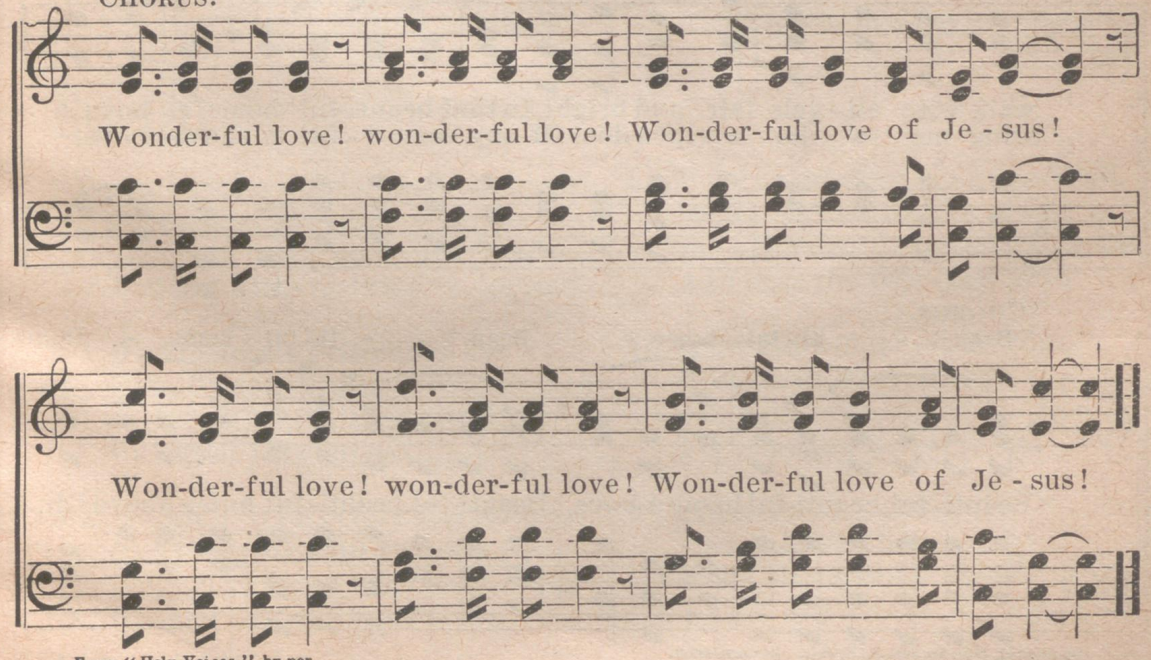
No. 117. Wonderful Love of Jesus.

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

E. D. MUND. E. S. LORENZ.



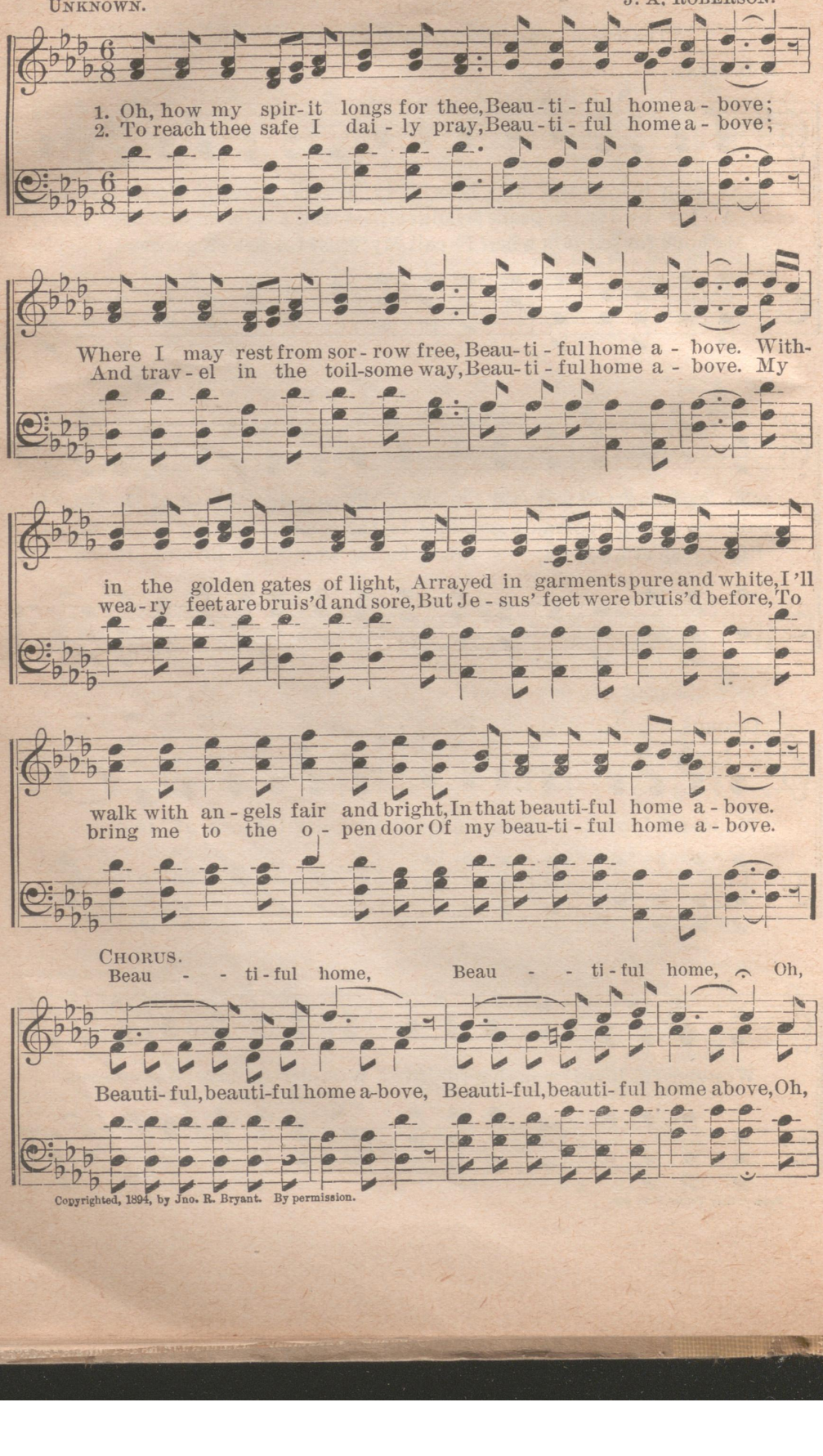
CHORUS.



From "Holy Voices," by per.

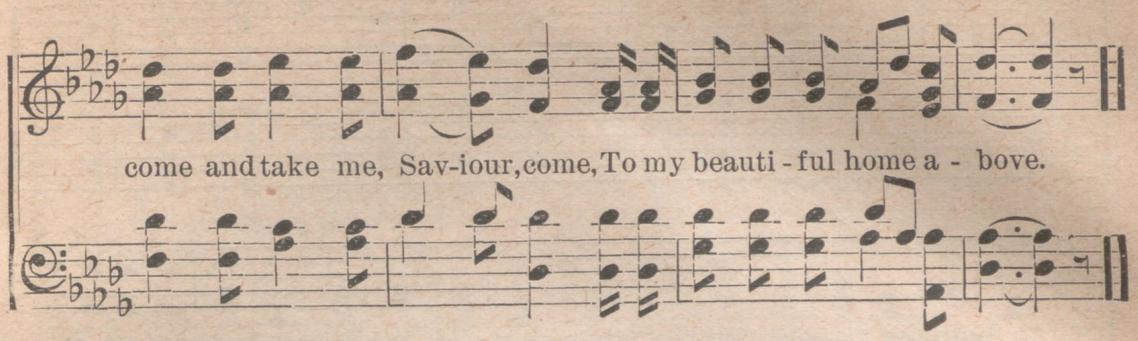
No. 118. Beautiful Home Above.

UNKNOWN. J. A. ROBERSON.

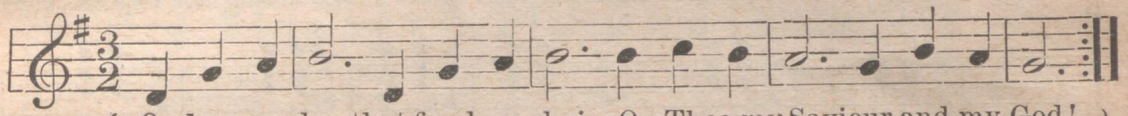


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Beautiful Home Above. Concluded.



No. 119. Happy Day.



1. { O hap-py day, that fixed my choice On Thee, my Saviour and my God!
Well may this glowing heart rejoice, And tell its rap-tures all a-broad. }

Cho.—Happy day, happy day,
When Jesus washed my sins away.
He taught me how to watch and pray,
And live rejoicing every day;
Happy day, happy day,
When Jesus washed my sins away.

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 'T is done, the great transaction 's done;
I am my Lord's, and He is mine:
He drew me, and I followed on,
Charm'd to confess the voice divine.

4 Now rest, my long-divided heart,
Fixed on this blissful center, rest,
Nor ever from thy Lord depart,
With Him of every good possessed.

5 High heav'n, that heard the solemn vow,
That vow renewed shall daily hear,
Till in life's latest hour I bow
And bless in death a bond so dear.

No. 120.

1 Come, humble sinner, in whose breast
A thousand thoughts revolve;
Come, with your guilt and fear oppress'd,
And make this last resolve.

2 I 'll go to Jesus, though my sin
Hath like a mountain rose;
I know His courts, I 'll enter in,
Whatever may oppose.

3 Prostrate I 'll lie before His throne,
And there my guilt confess;
I 'll tell Him I 'm a wretch undone,
Without His sovereign grace.

4 I 'll to the gracious King approach,
Whose scepter pardon gives;
I know He will command my touch,
And then the suppliant lives.

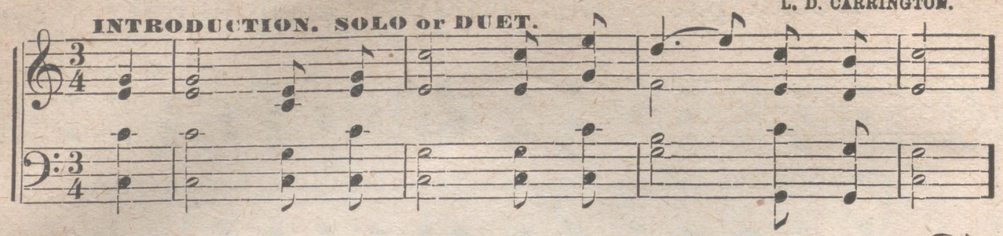
5 I know He will admit my plea,
Will gladly hear my prayer;
I will not perish, if I pray,
For none can perish there.

6 I can not perish if I go,
I am resolved to try;
For if I stay away, I know
I must forever die.

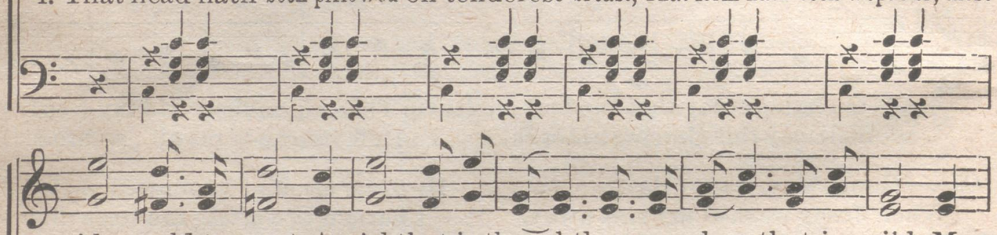
No. 121. SOME MOTHER'S CHILD.

L. D. CARRINGTON.

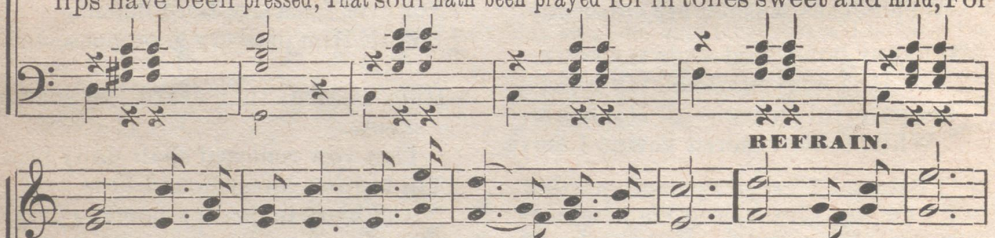
INTRODUCTION. SOLO or DUET.



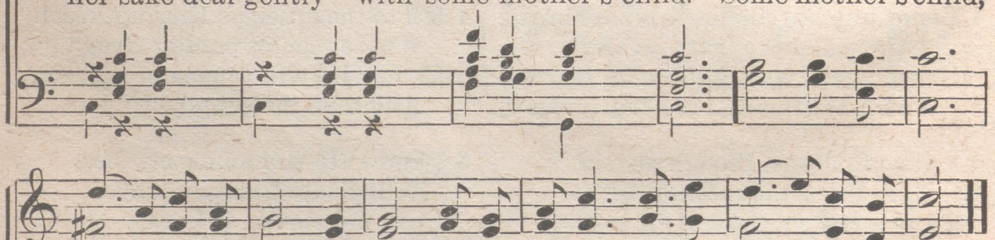
1. At home or a-way, in the alley or street, Wherever I chance in this
2. And when I see those o'er whom long years have rolled,
Whose hearts have grown hardened, whose
3. No matter how deep he is sunken in sin, No matter how much he is
4. That head hath been pillowed on tenderest breast, That form hath been wept o'er, those



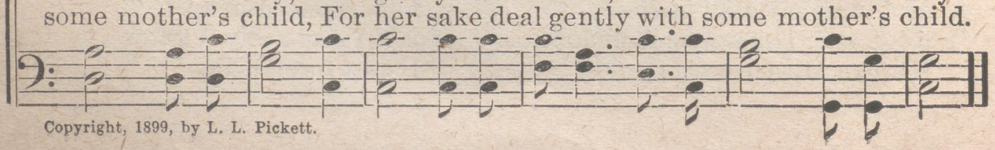
wide world to meet A girl that is thoughtless, or a boy that is wild, My
spir - its are cold, Be it woman all fall-en, or man all de - filed, A
shunned by his kin, No matter how foul is his fount - ain of joy, Tho'
lips have been pressed, That soul hath been prayed for in tones sweet and mild, For



heart ech-oes soft-ly, "It is some mother's child" Some mother's child,
voice whispers sadly, "It is some mother's child." Some mother's child,
guilty and loathsome, he is some mother's boy. Some mother's boy,
her sake deal gently with some mother's child. Some mother's child,



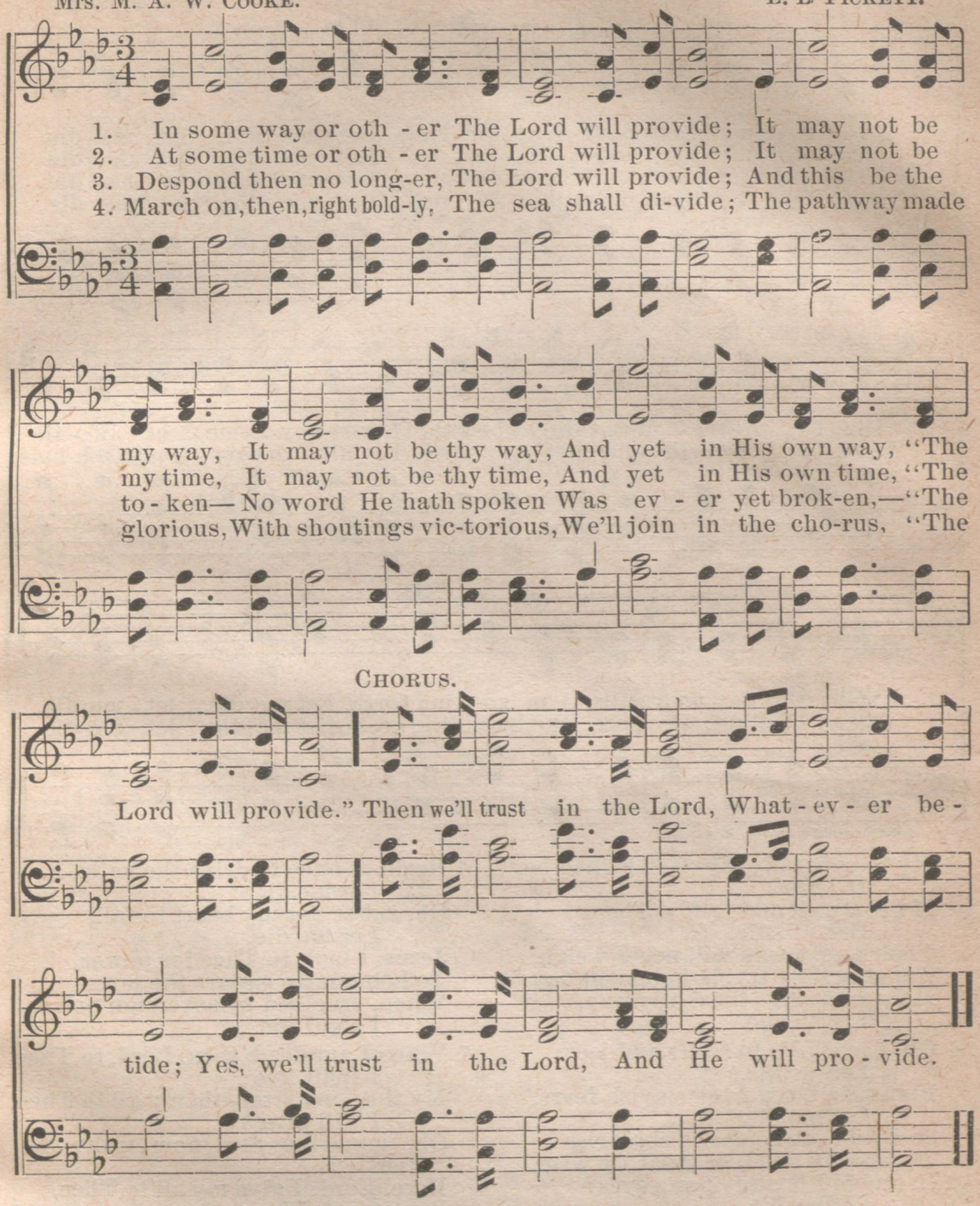
some mother's child, My heart echoes softly, "It is some mother's child."
some mother's child, A voice whispers sadly, "It is some mother's child."
some mother's boy, Tho' guilty and loathsome, he is some mother's boy.
some mother's child, For her sake deal gently with some mother's child.



Copyright, 1899, by L. L. Pickett.

No. 122. The Lord Will Provide.

Mrs. M. A. W. Cooke. L. L. Pickett.



No. 123. Consecration. S. M.

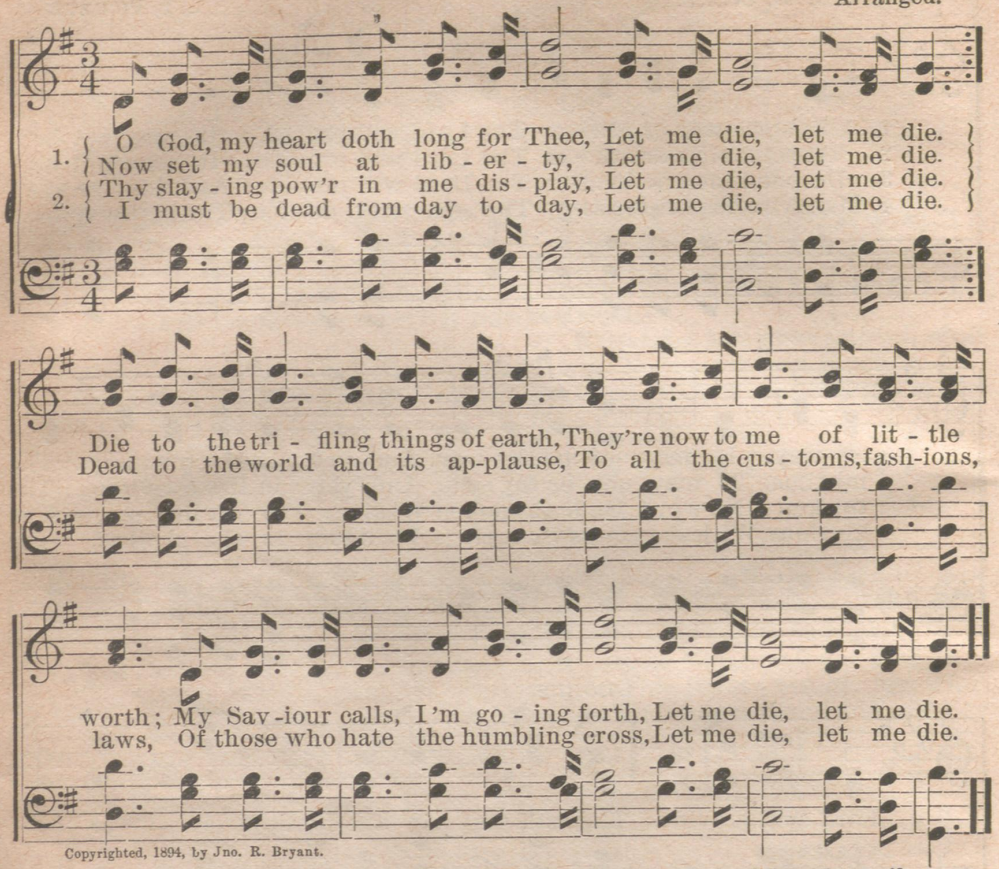
Tune.—"LABAN." Charles Wesley.

1 Lord, in the strength of grace,
With a glad heart and free,
Myself, my residue of days,
I consecrate to Thee.

2 Thy ransomed servant, I,
Restore to Thee Thine own;
And from this moment, live or die,
To serve my God alone.

No. 124. Let me Die.

Arranged.



Copyrighted, 1894, by Jno. R. Bryant.

3 My friends may say "I 'll ruined be,"
If I die.
If I leave all and follow Thee,
But I 'll die.
Their arguments will never weigh,
Nor stand the trying judgment day;
Help me to cast them all away,
Let me die.

4 Oh, I must die to scoffs and jeers,
Let me die.
I must be freed from slavish fears,
Let me die.
So dead that no desire shall rise
To pass for good, or great, or wise,
In any but my Saviour's eyes:
Let me die.

5 If Christ would live and reign in me,
I must die.
Like Him I crucified must be,
I must die.
Lord, drive the nails, nor heed the
groans, [moans,
My flesh may writhe and make its
But in this way, and this alone,
I must die.

6 Begin at once to drive the nails,
Let me die:
Oh, suffer not my heart to fail,
Let me die.
Jesus, I look to Thee for power,
To help me to endure the hour
When, crucified by sovereign power,
I shall die.

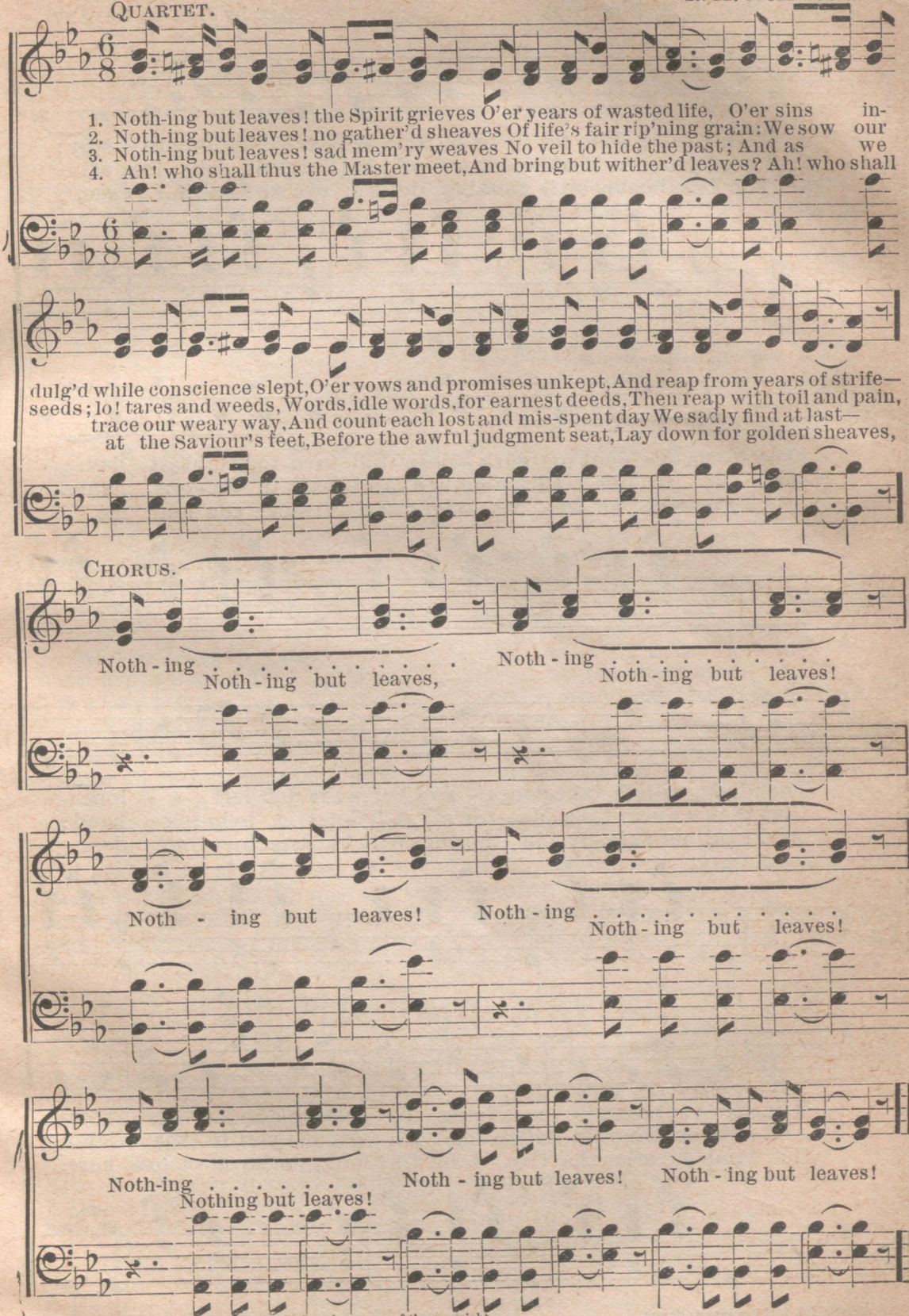
7 When I am dead, then, Lord, to Thee,
I shall live;
My time, my strength, my all to Thee,
I will give.
Oh, may the Son now make me
free!
Here, Lord, I give my all to Thee,
For time and for eternity
I will live.

8 The carnal mind once troubled me,
But it died;
He sanctified and made me free,
So it died.
So dead that no desires arise
To pass for good, or great, or wise,
In any but my Saviour's eyes,
So I live.

No. 125. Wasted Life.

R. M. McINTOSH.

QUARTET.



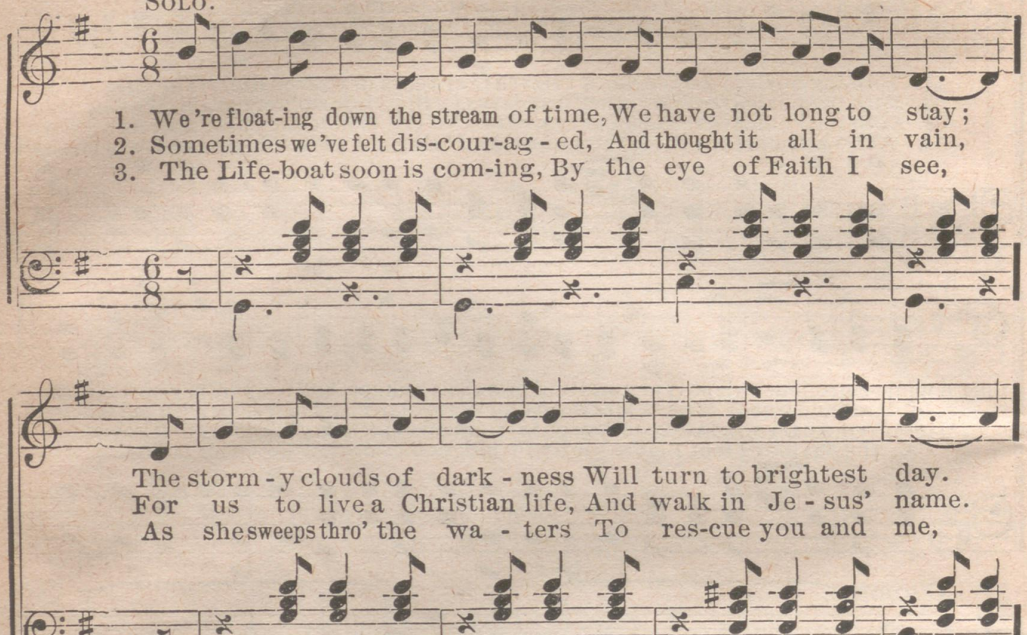
Used by arrangement with R. M. McIntosh, owner of the copyright.

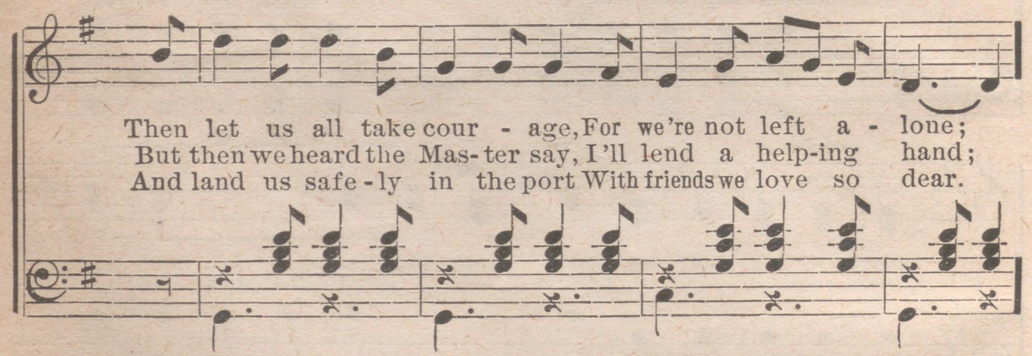
No. 126. The Life-Boat.

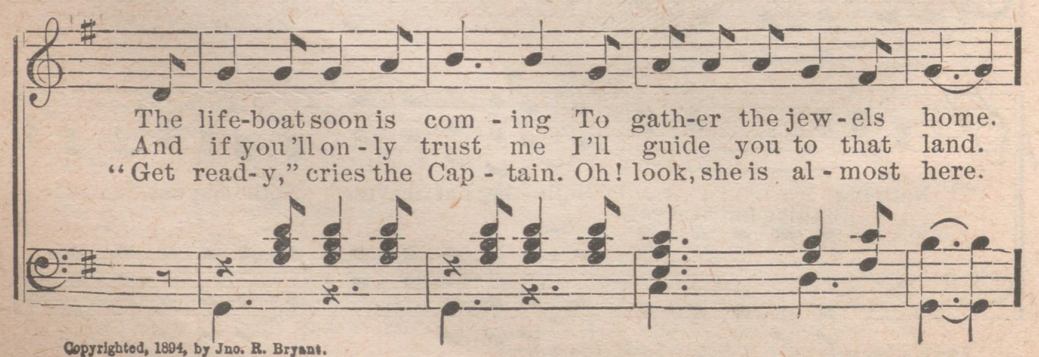
First 3 verses ANON.
Last 4 by Rev. M. M. BRABHAM.

Arr. by JNO. R. BRYANT.

SOLO.



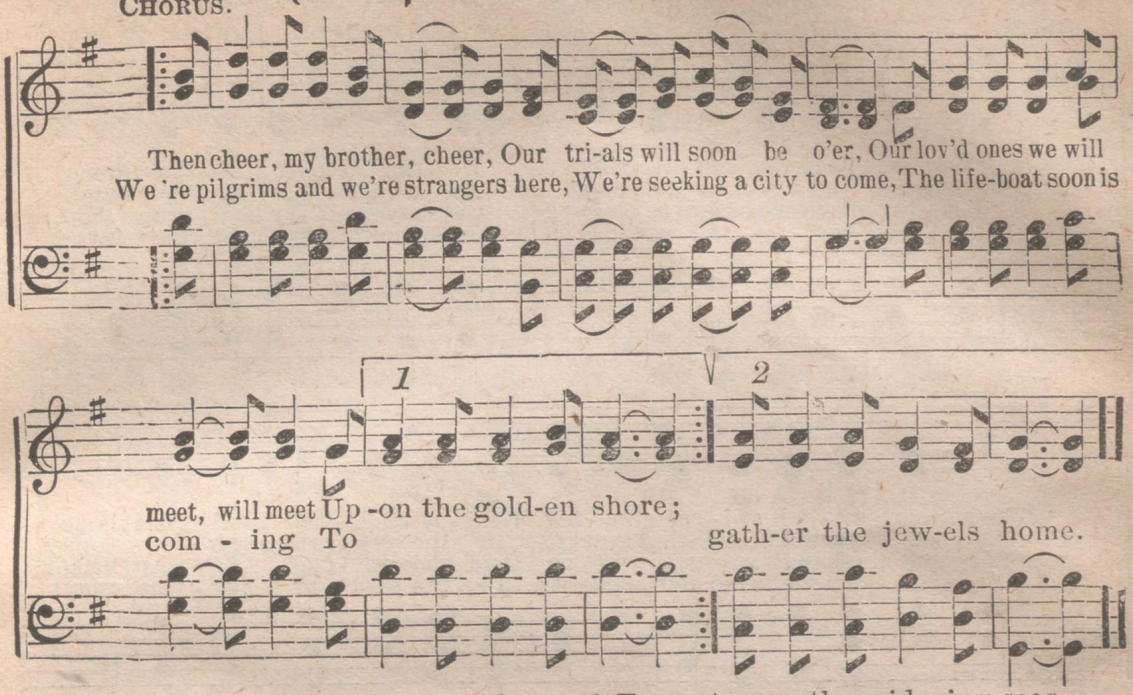




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The Life-Boat. Concluded.

CHORUS.



4 Yes, see her coming o'er the tide
With banners all unfurled;
She comes from heavenly ports afar,
To take us from this world.
"Aboard, aboard," the Captain cries,
Let every pilgrim come,
And once upon the Life-boat,
I'll bear you safely home."

5 Behold all things are ready now,
The bells begin to ring,
The Captain stands upon the prow,
And all the pilgrims sing.
The breezes fill the canvas,
The waters rush and foam,
For we 're upon the Life-boat,
And on our journey home.

6 Far out upon the widening seas
Our Captain steers the way,
And yonder in the eastern skies
We see the gleaming day.
Oh, yes, we see the distant shore,
We hear the ransomed sing,
And every breeze that comes this way
The sweetest odors bring.

7 Oh, wondrous joy we're home at last,
We've reached the golden shore!
And here we'll live, and sing, and praise,
And shout forever more.
We're welcomed by our Saviour here
And friends and loved ones come;
While angel throngs and ransomed saints
All bid us welcome home!

No. 127. Sinners, Turn; why will ye Die?

REV. C. WESLEY, 1745.

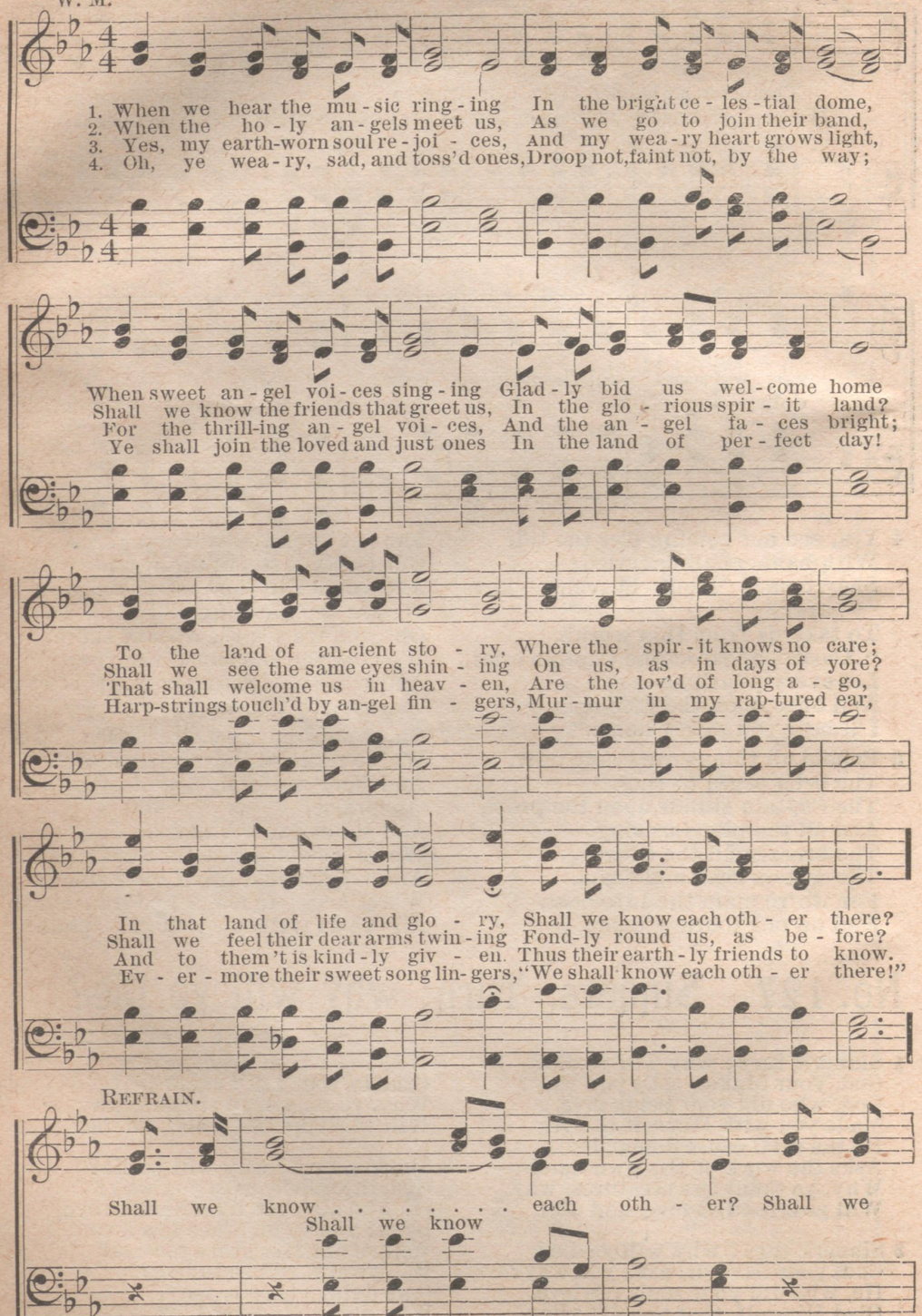
1 Sinners, turn; why will ye die?
God, your Maker, asks you why?
God, who did your being give,
Made you with Himself to live;
He the fatal cause demands:
Asks the work of His own hands,—
Why, ye thankless creatures, why
Will ye cross His love, and die?

2 Sinners, turn; why will ye die?
God, your Saviour, asks you why?
He, who did your souls retrieve,
Died Himself, that ye might live.
Will ye let Him die in vain?
Crucify your Lord again?
Why, ye ransomed sinners, why
Will ye slight His grace and die?

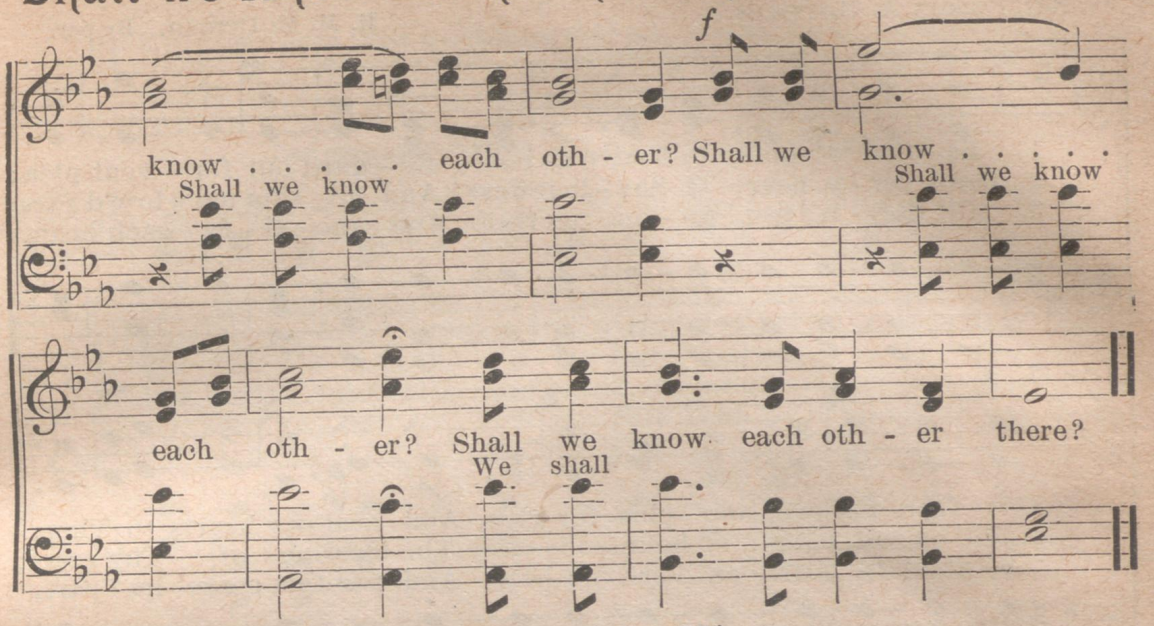
3 Sinners, turn; why will ye die?
God, the Spirit, asks you why?
He who all your lives hath strove,
Urged you to embrace His love.
Will ye not His grace receive?
Will ye still refuse to live?
O ye dying sinners, why,
Why will ye forever die?

No. 128. Shall we Know Each Other There?

W. M. Rev. R. LOWRY. By per.

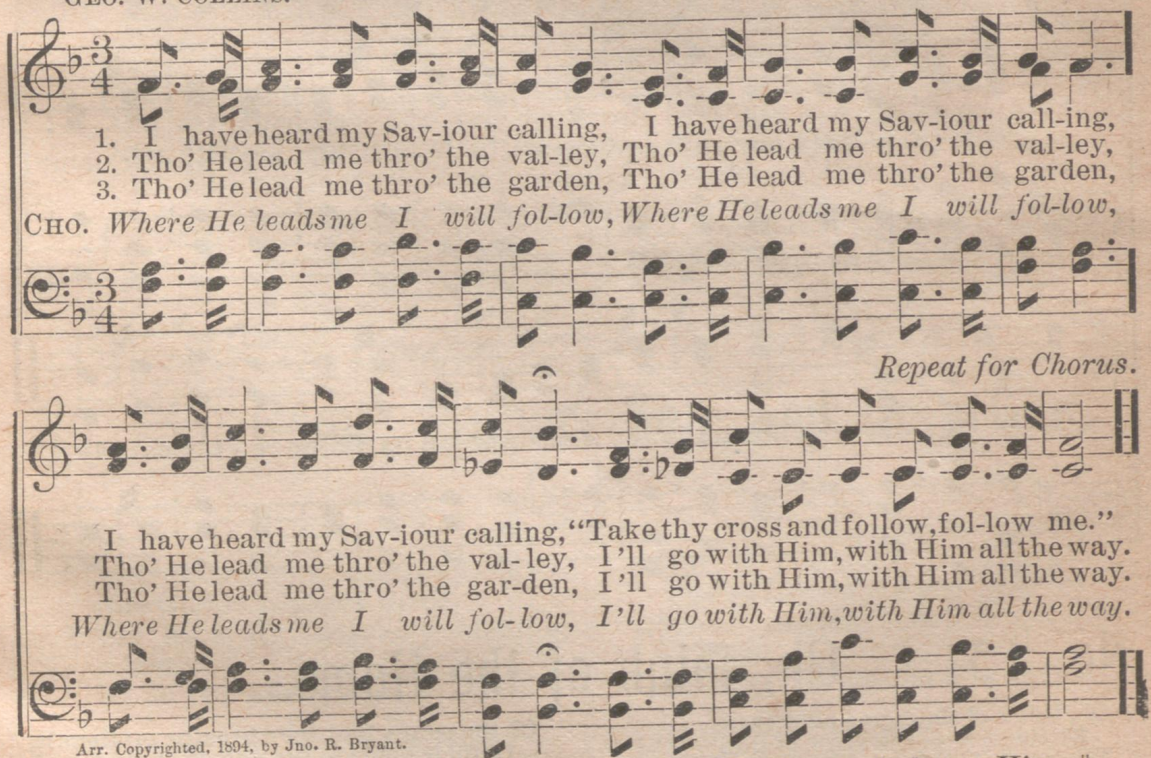


Shall we Know Each Other There? Concluded.



No. 129. I'll go with Him.

GEO. W. COLLINS. Arranged for This Work.



Arr. Copyrighted, 1894, by Jno. R. Bryant.

4 ‖: Tho' the path be dark and dreary, :‖
I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.

5 ‖: Tho' He lead me to the conflict, :‖
I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.

6 ‖: Tho' He lead thro' fiery trials, :‖
I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.

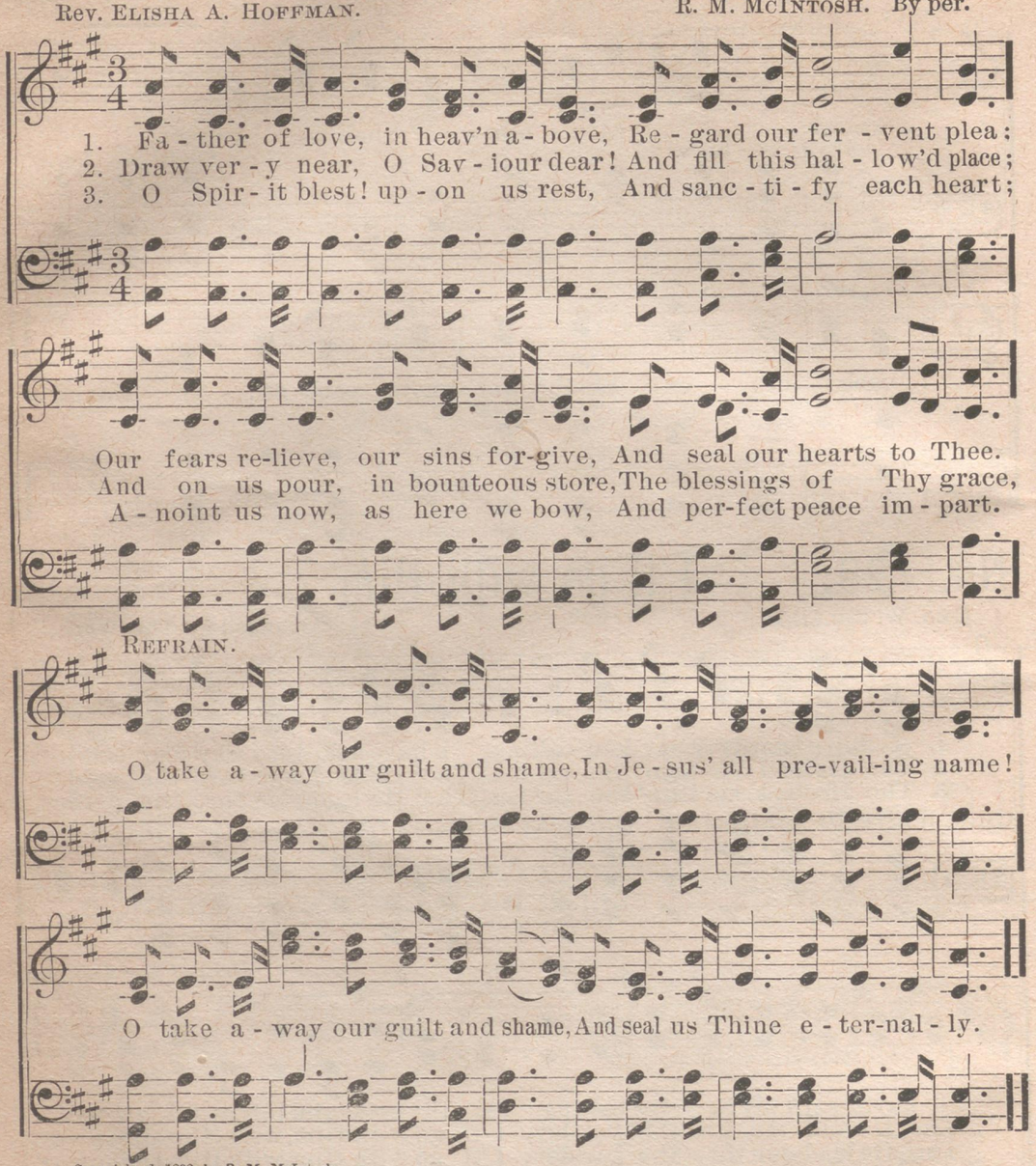
7 ‖: I will follow on to know Him, :‖
He's my Saviour, Saviour, Brother, Friend.

8 ‖: He will give me grace and glory, :‖
He will keep me, keep me all the way.

9 ‖: Oh, 'tis sweet to follow Jesus, :‖
And be with Him, with Him all the way.

No. 130. Father of Love.

Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN. R. M. McINTOSH. By per.



Copyrighted, 1892, by R. M. McIntosh

No. 131. Oh, think of the Home.

1 Oh, think of the home over there,
By the side of the river of life,
Where the saints, all immortal and fair,
Are robed in their garments of white.

Chorus.—
Over there, over there,
Oh, think of a home over there.

2 Oh, think of the friends over there,
Who before us the journey have trod,
Of the songs that they breathe on the air,
In their home in the palace of God.

3 My Saviour is now over there,
There my kindred and friends are at rest;
Then, away from my sorrow and care,
Let me fly to the land of the blest.

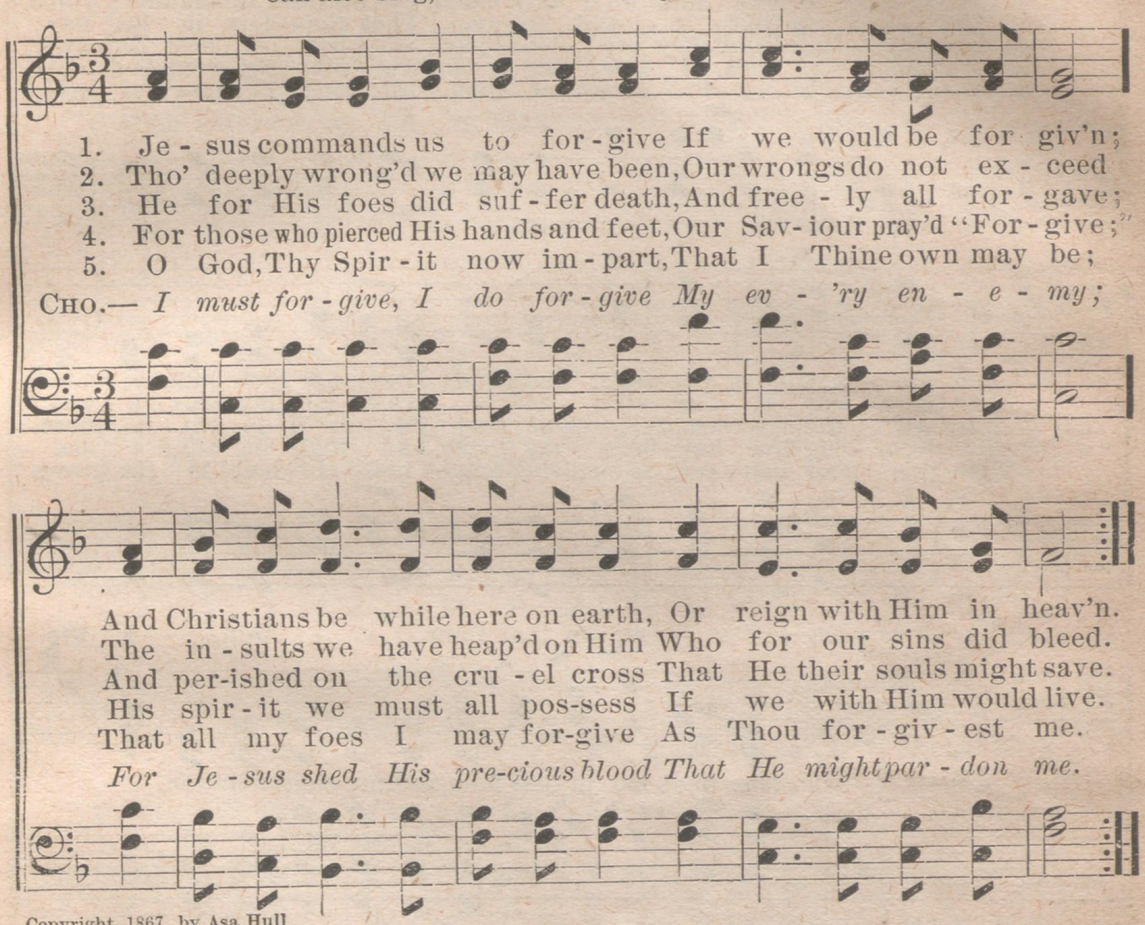
4 I'll soon be at home over there,
For the end of my journey I see;
Many dear to my heart, over there,
Are watching and waiting for me.

No. 132. Forgiveness.

"For if ye forgive men their trespasses, your heavenly Father also will forgive you, but if ye forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your Father forgive your trespasses." Matt. vi: 14, 15.

M. W. KNAPP. ASA HULL. By per.

Can also sing, "Alas! and did my Saviour bleed?"



Copyright, 1867, by Asa Hull.

No. 133. Come, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

C. M.

CHARLES WESLEY.

1 Come, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One God in persons three,
Bring back the heavenly blessing lost,
By all mankind and me.

2 Thy favor and Thy nature too,
To me, to all restore:
Forgive, and after God renew
And keep us evermore.

3 Eternal Sun of righteousness,
Display Thy beams divine,
And cause the glories of Thy face
Upon my heart to shine.

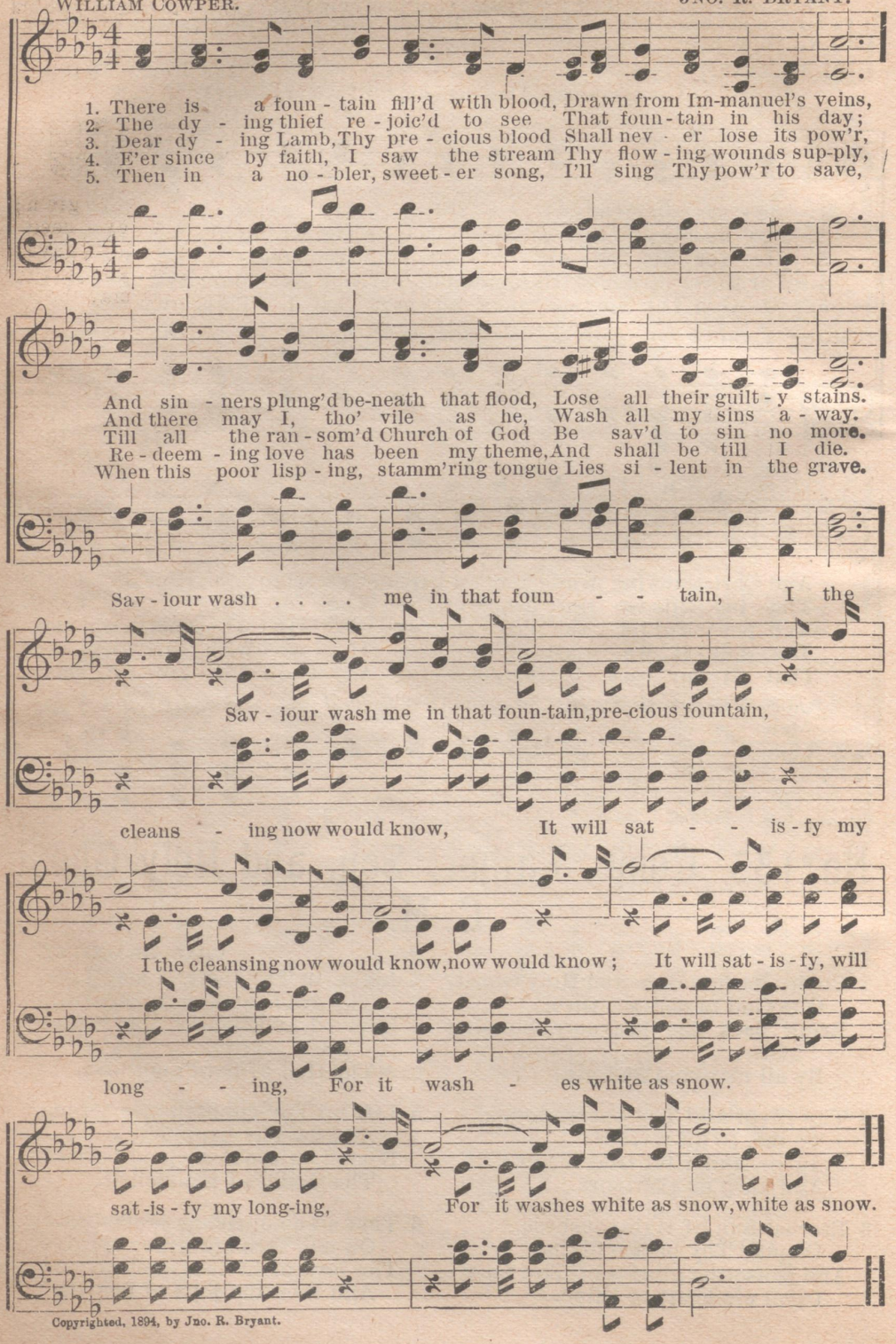
4 Light, in Thy light, O may I see,
Thy grace and mercy prove!
Revived, and cheered, and blessed by Thee,
The God of pard'ning love.

5 Lift up Thy countenance serene,
And let Thy happy child
Behold, without a cloud between,
The Godhead reconciled.

6 That all-comprising peace bestow
On me, through grace forgiven:
The joys of holiness below,
And then the joys of heaven.

No. 134. Wash me in the Fountain.

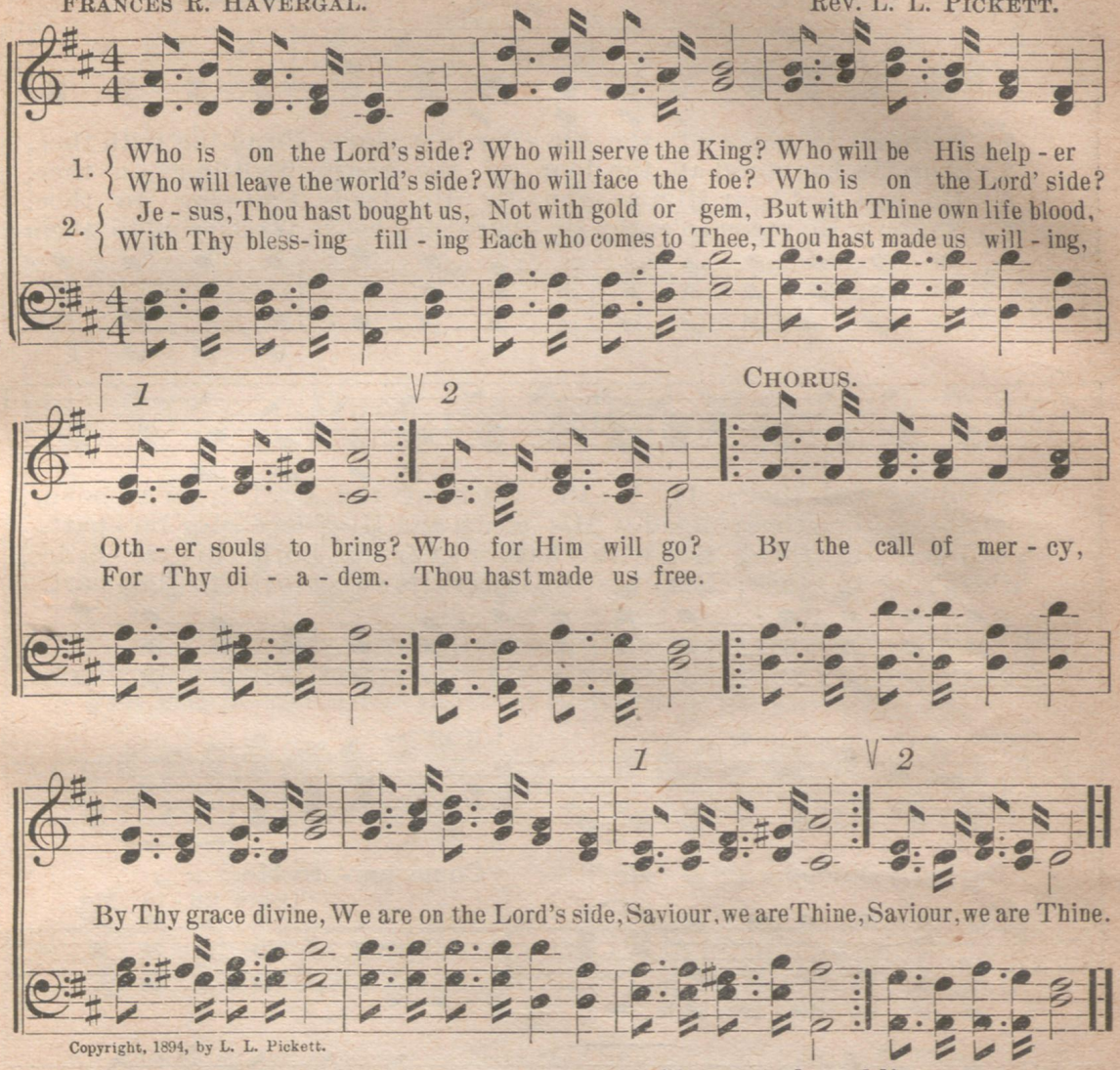
WILLIAM COWPER. JNO. R. BRYANT.



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No. 135. Who is on the Lord's Side?

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. Rev. L. L. PICKETT.



Copyright, 1894, by L. L. Pickett.

3 Fierce may be the conflict,
Strong may be the foe,
But the King's own army,
None can overthrow.
Round the standard singing,
Vict'ry is secure,
For His truth unchanging,
Makes the triumph sure.

4 Chosen to be soldiers
In an alien land;
Chosen, called, and faithful,
For our Captain's band,
In the service royal
Let us not grow cold;
Let us be right loyal,
Noble, true, and bold.

No. 136. How Sweet the Name. C. M.

JOHN NEWTON.

1 How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds
‖: And drives away His fear. :‖

2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'T is manna to the hungry soul,
‖: And to the weary, rest. :‖

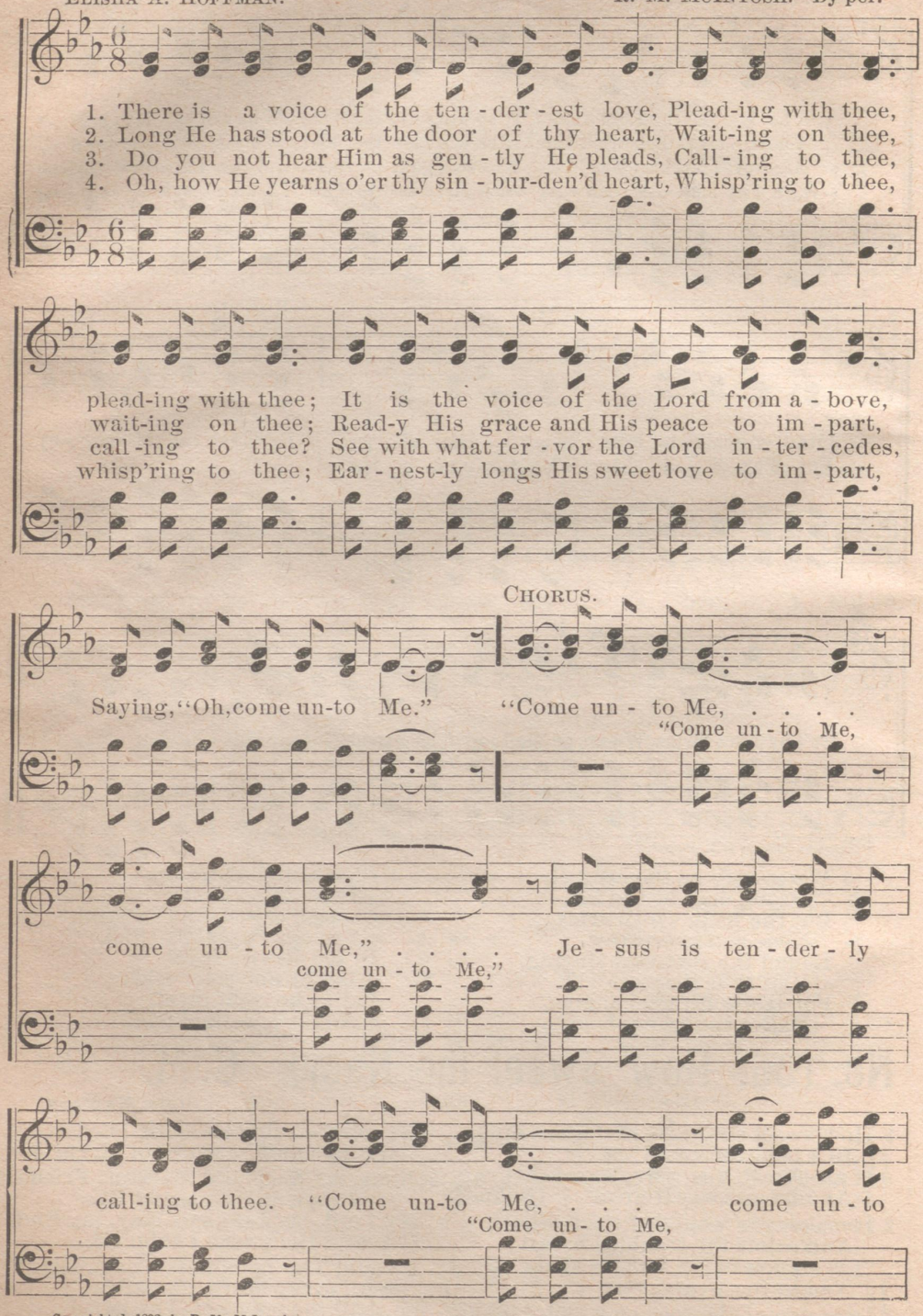
3 Dear name! the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding place,
My never-failing treasure, filled
‖: With boundless stores of grace! :‖

4 Jesus, my Shepherd, Saviour, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King,
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
‖: Accept the praise I bring! :‖

5 I would Thy boundless love proclaim
With every fleeting breath;
So shall the music of Thy name
‖: Refresh my soul in death. :‖

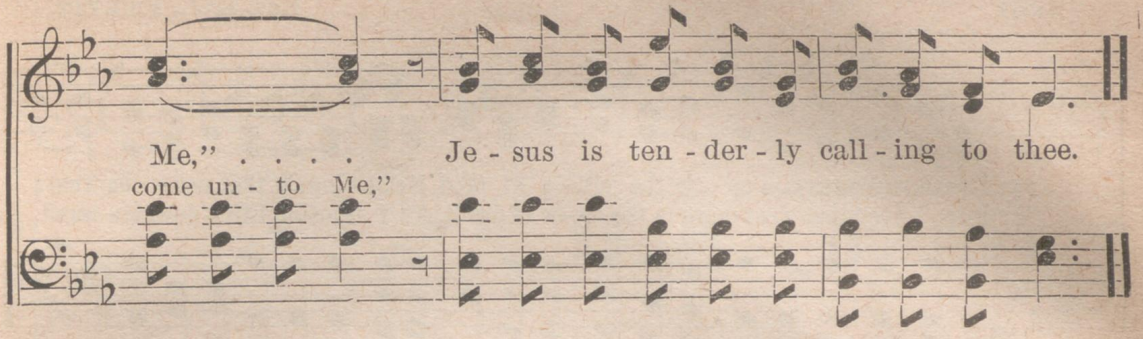
No. 137. Pleading with thee.

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN. R. M. McINTOSH. By per.



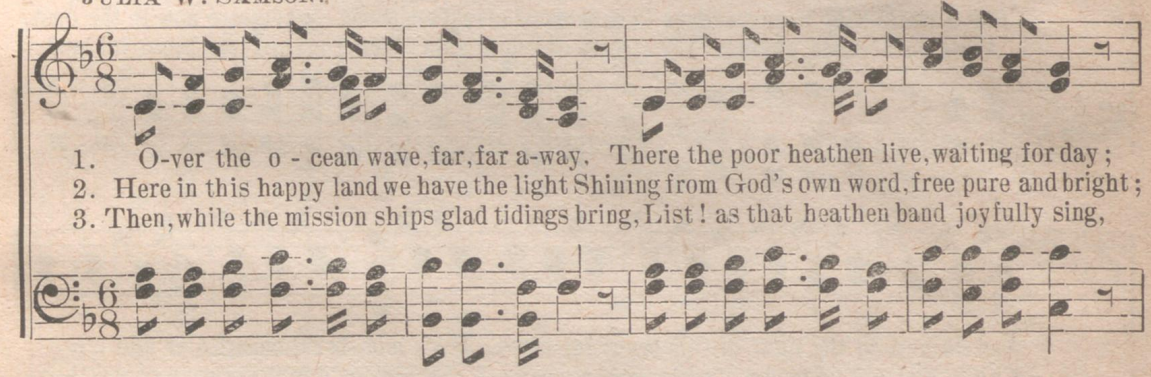
Copyrighted, 1892, by R. M. McIntosh.

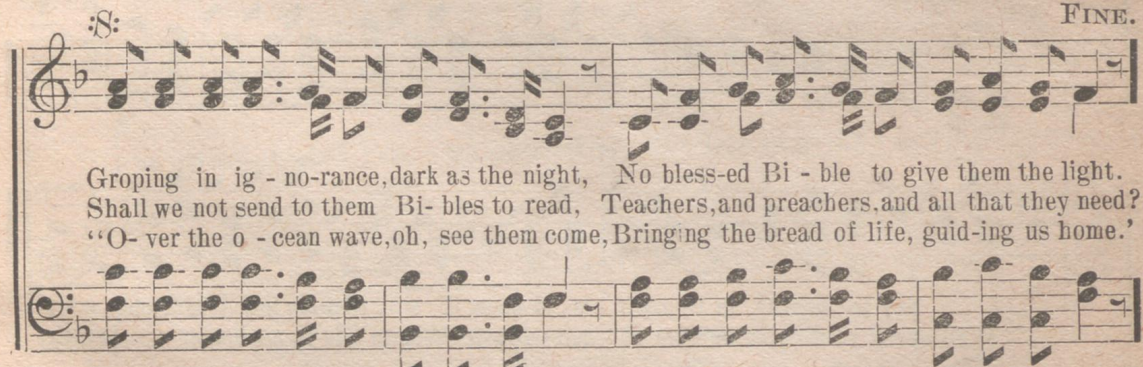
Pleading with thee. Concluded.



No. 138. Over the Ocean Wave.

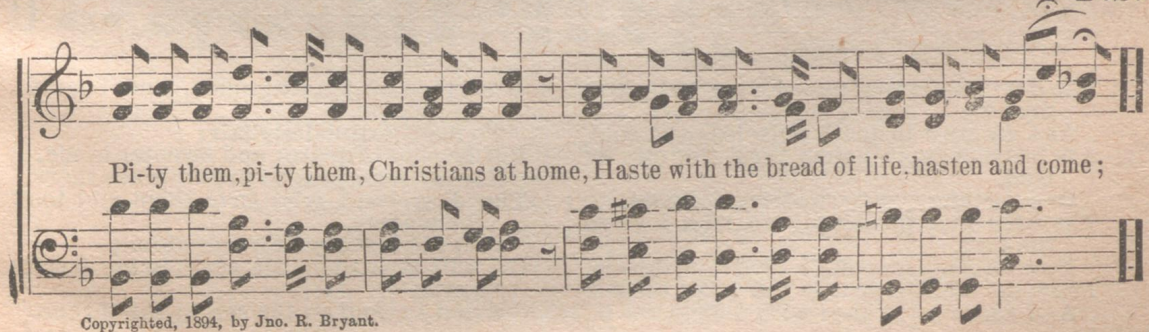
JULIA W. SAMSON.* JNO. R. BRYANT.





CHO. *Shall we not send to them Bibles to read, Teachers, and preachers, and all that they need?*

D.S.



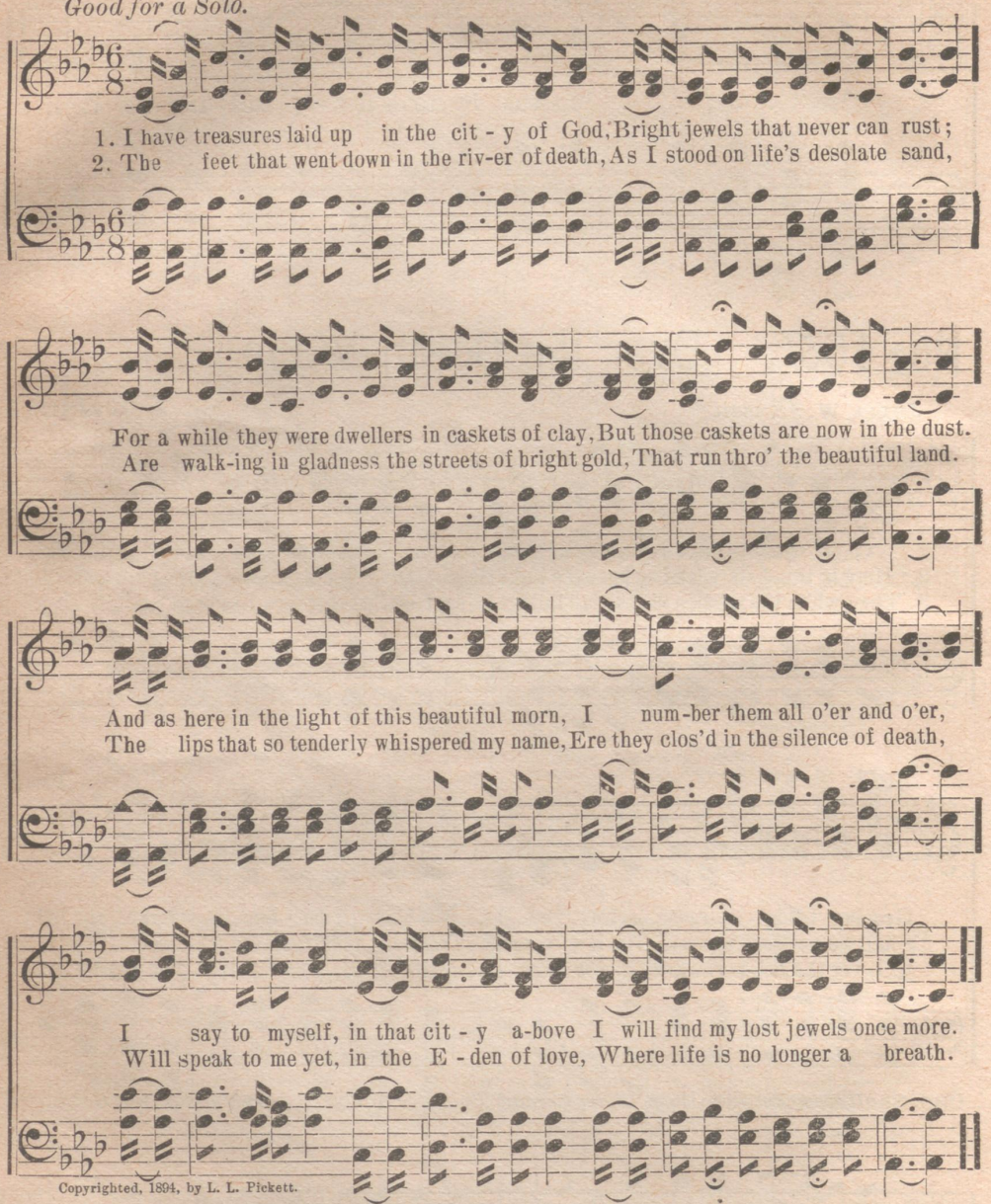
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*By per. Biglow & Main Co.

No. 139. My Treasures.

ANON.
Good for a Solo.

Rev. L. L. PICKETT.



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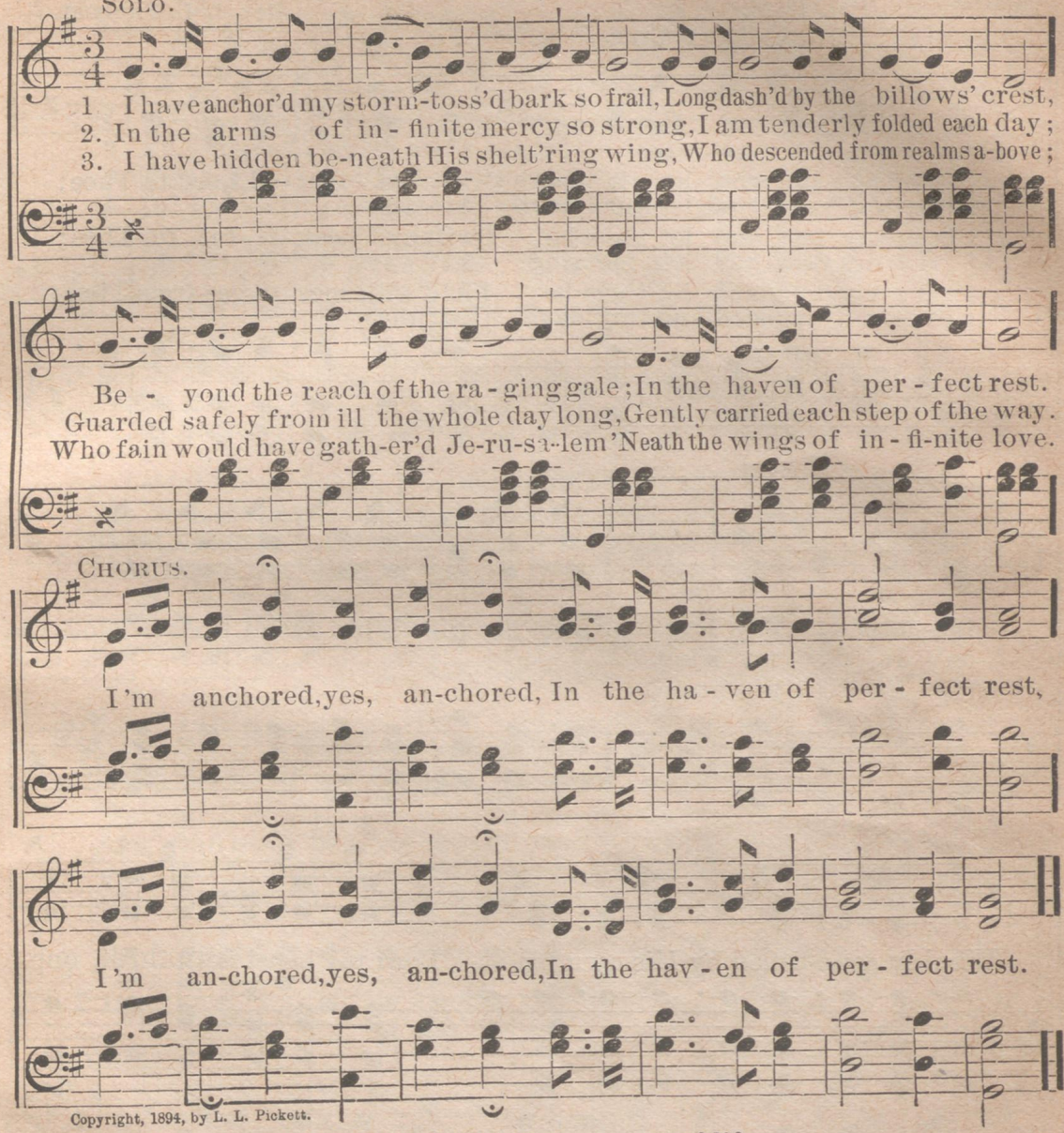
3 The dear hands that once lovingly clung to my own
As they grew in death pulseless and cold,
Are bearing fresh palms thro' the city of God,
Or sweeping o'er harp-strings of gold.
The eyes that turned on me with love to the last,
Now beam in eternity's light; [throne,
They see in His beauty the King on His
And gaze on His face with delight.

4 O earth with its fragrance, and beauty, and bloom,
To me is exquisitely fair;
But heaven is dearer and sweeter to me,
For my treasures so precious are there.
The dear Lord who gave them and took them away,
Will not leave me forever alone;
He will give them all, each, to my bosom again,
When I stand on the sea by the throne.

No. 140. Safe.

MILDRED MERLE. Rev. L. L. PICKETT.

SOLO.



Copyright, 1894, by L. L. Pickett.

4 On the shore of the stormy ocean of life,
In the cleft of the rifted rock,
I am kept afar from the waves of strife—
Secure from the tempest's rude shock.

5 The Light of the World has dawned on my soul,
And scattered the shadows afar;
The powers of darkness no longer control
Where shineth the Bethlehem star.

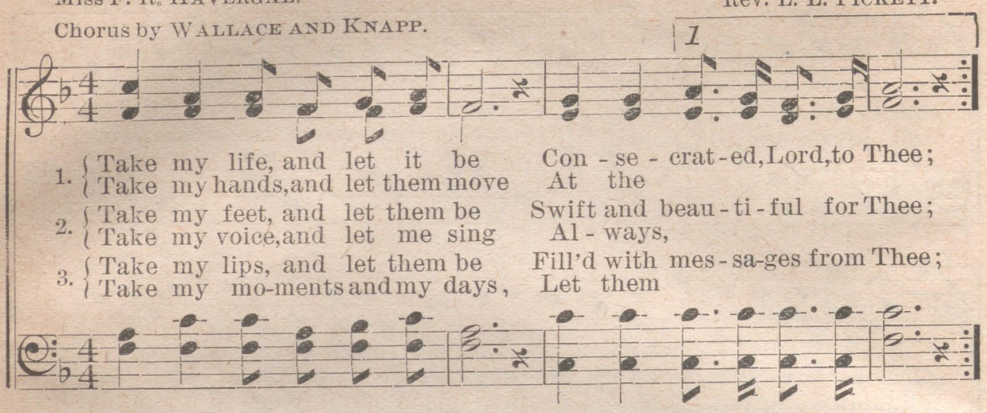
6 I have opened my heart to the heavenly Guest,
And bade Him there ever abide,
In the beautiful robe of His righteousness dressed—
And I sit in sweet peace at His side.

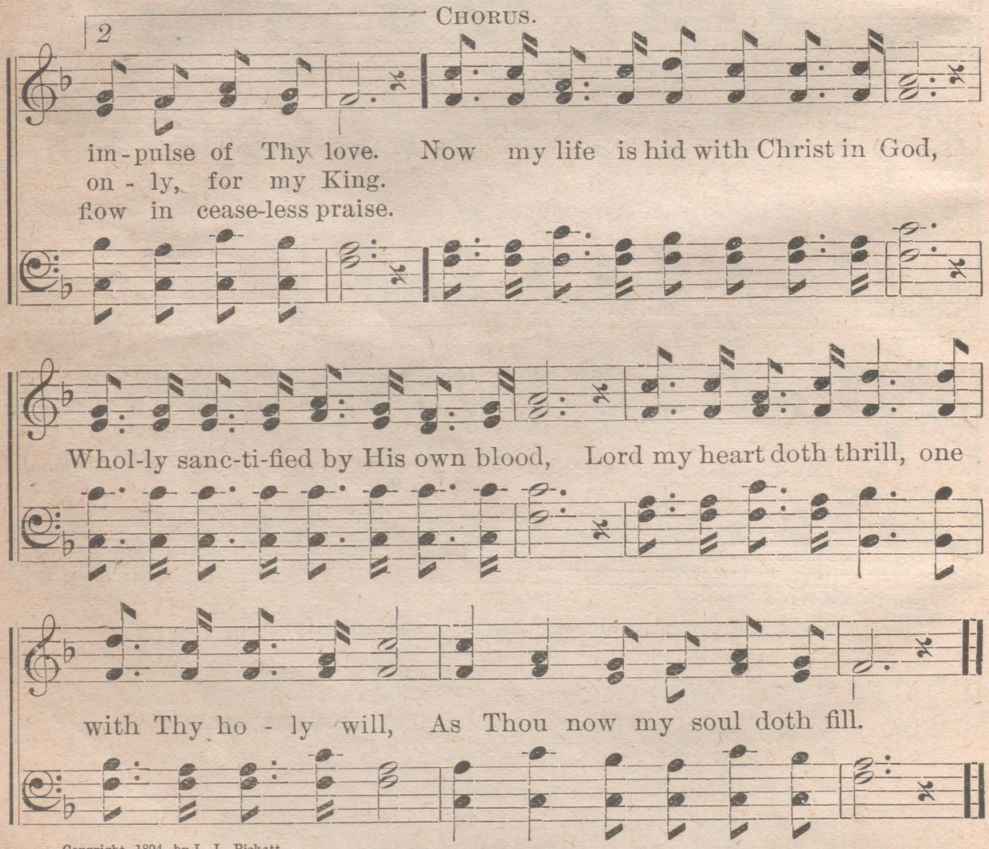
7 I have marched 'neath the folds of the banner so bright,
Of the pure, peerless Prince of Peace,
With "Peace and good will" on its folds of light,
All sinful contentions must cease.

No. 141. Take my Life and Let it be.

Miss F. R. HAVERGAL. Rev. L. L. PICKETT.

Chorus by WALLACE AND KNAPP.





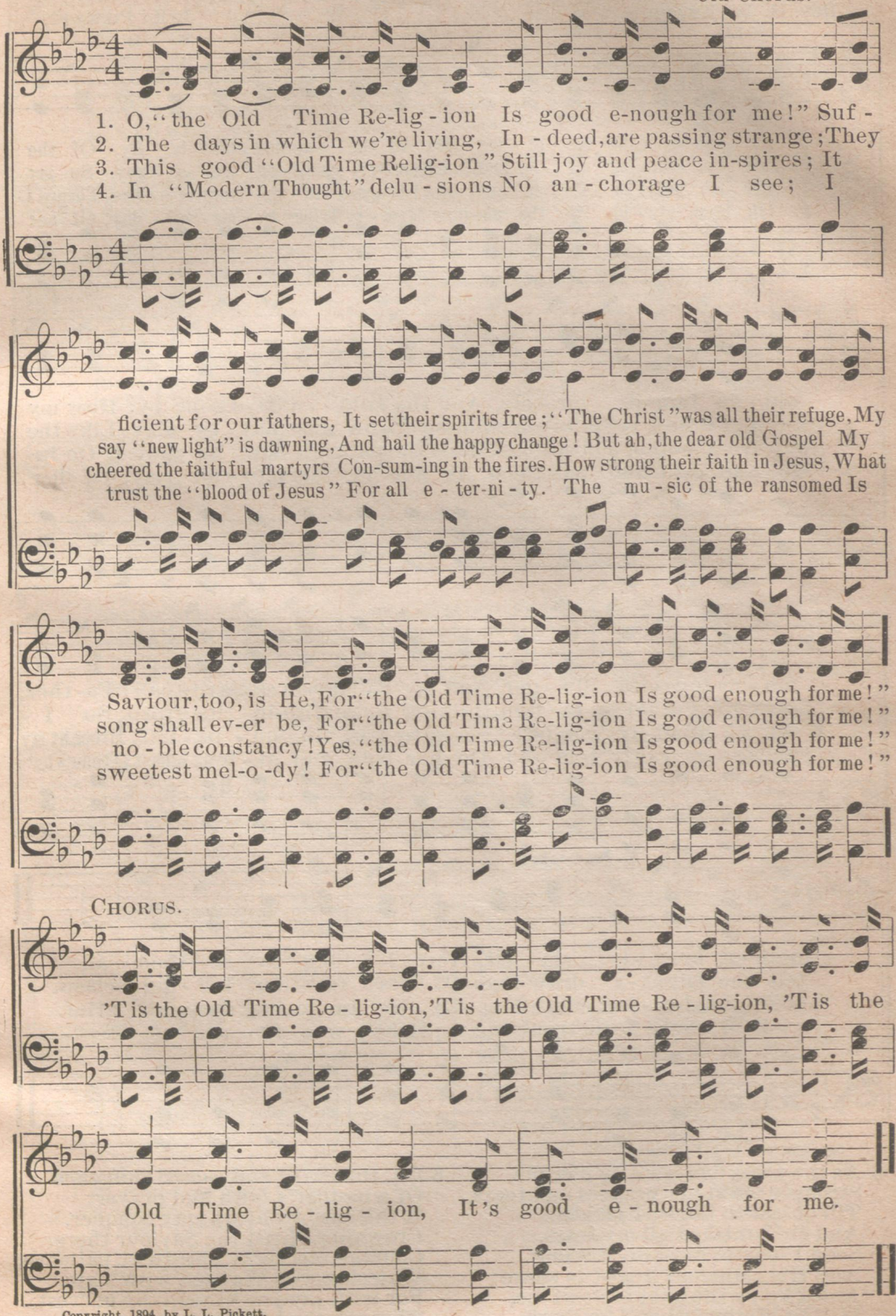
Copyright, 1894, by L. L. Pickett.

4 Take my will, and make it Thine,
It shall be no longer mine;
Take my heart—it is Thine own,
It shall be Thy royal throne.

5 Take my love—my Lord, I pour
At Thy feet its treasure-store;
Take myself, and I will be
Ever, only, all for Thee!

No. 142. Old Time Religion.

JOHN VICKERS. Rev. L. L. PICKETT.
Old Chorus.



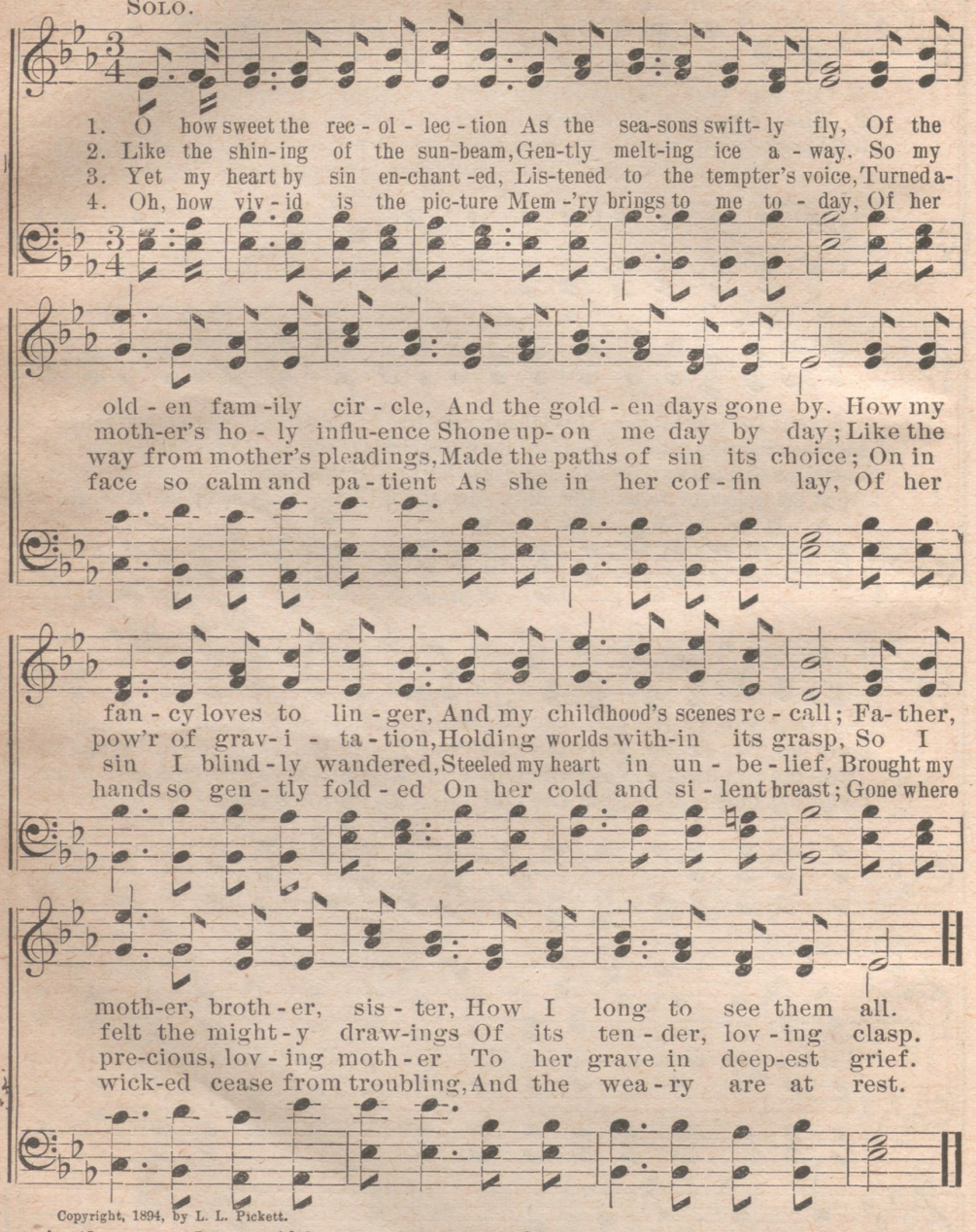
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No. 143. A Mother's Influence.

Suggested by the testimony of a man who in one of Rev. L. L. Pickett's meetings said that he was converted through his mother's influence *fifty years after she had died.*

Rev. M. W. KNAPP. L. L. PICKETT.

SOLO.



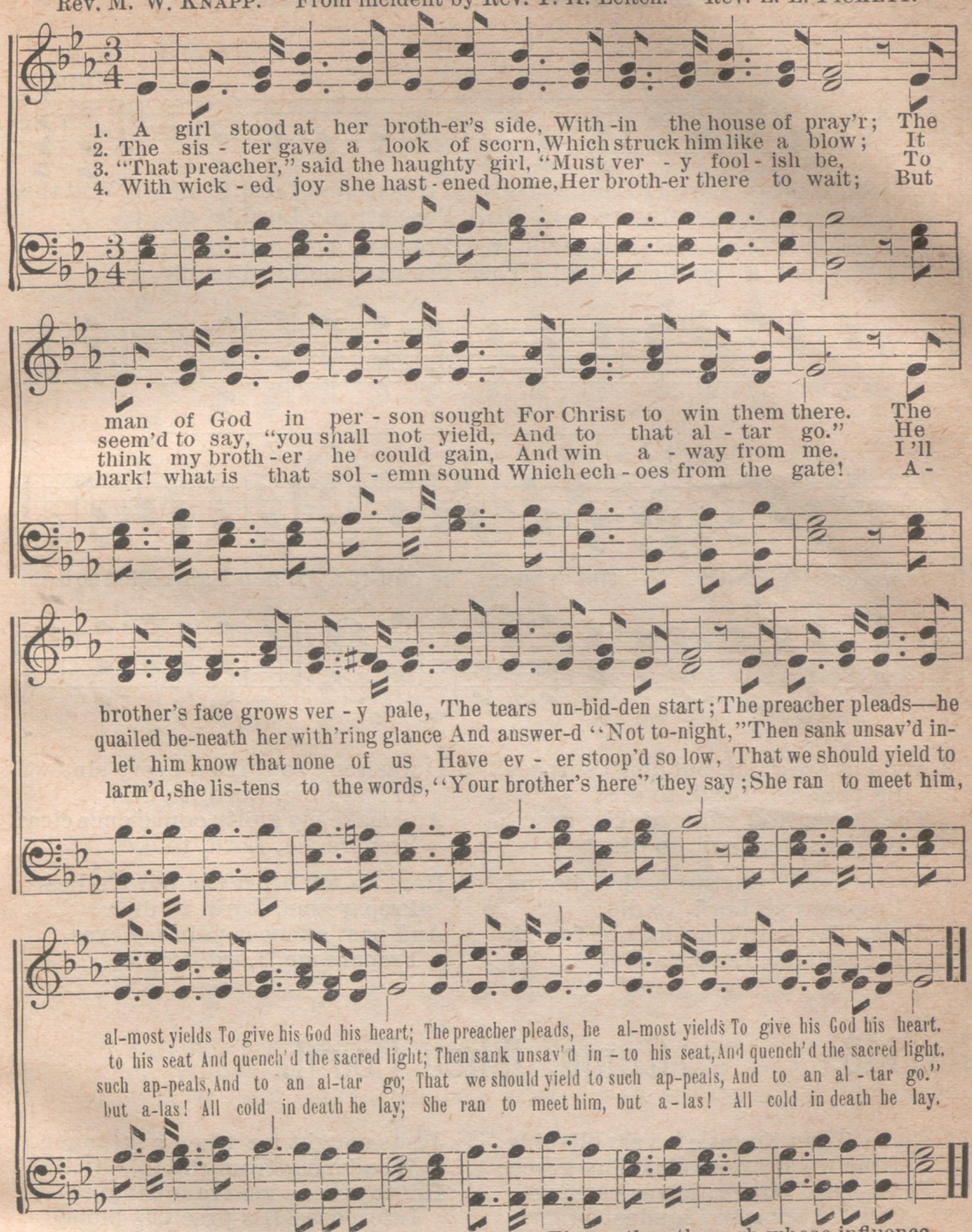
Copyright, 1894, by L. L. Pickett.

5 As the years flew swiftly o'er me,
Stronger plead her prayers and tears,
Till at last to Christ I yielded,
And He banished all my fears.
Soon I look to meet my Saviour,
And His mansions bright to share;
And I know the next to greet me,
Will be Mother when I 'm there.

6 Oh, the sweet and sacred influence
Of a mother's faith and prayer;
It the hardest heart may conquer,
Crowning Christ the Saviour there.
Courage, mothers! plead with patience,
Watering well the seed with tears,
For with joy you 'll reap the harvest,
Through the bright eternal years.

No. 144. Evil Influence of Mother and Sister.

Rev. M. W. KNAPP. From incident by Rev. T. H. Leitch. Rev. L. L. PICKETT.



5 His horse had madly plunged aside
And thrown him to the ground;
And in an instant he had passed
Where mercy is not found.
His body in the cold embrace
Of death was lying there;
‖: His soul had passed the fatal gates
Of deep and dark despair. :‖

6 The sister gave a hopeless shriek,
But it was now too late;
Her look of scorn had fixed his doom,
Forever sealed his fate.
Her brother's blood was on her soul,
And soon she passed away,
‖: To answer for her fearful deed
And meet the judgment day. :‖

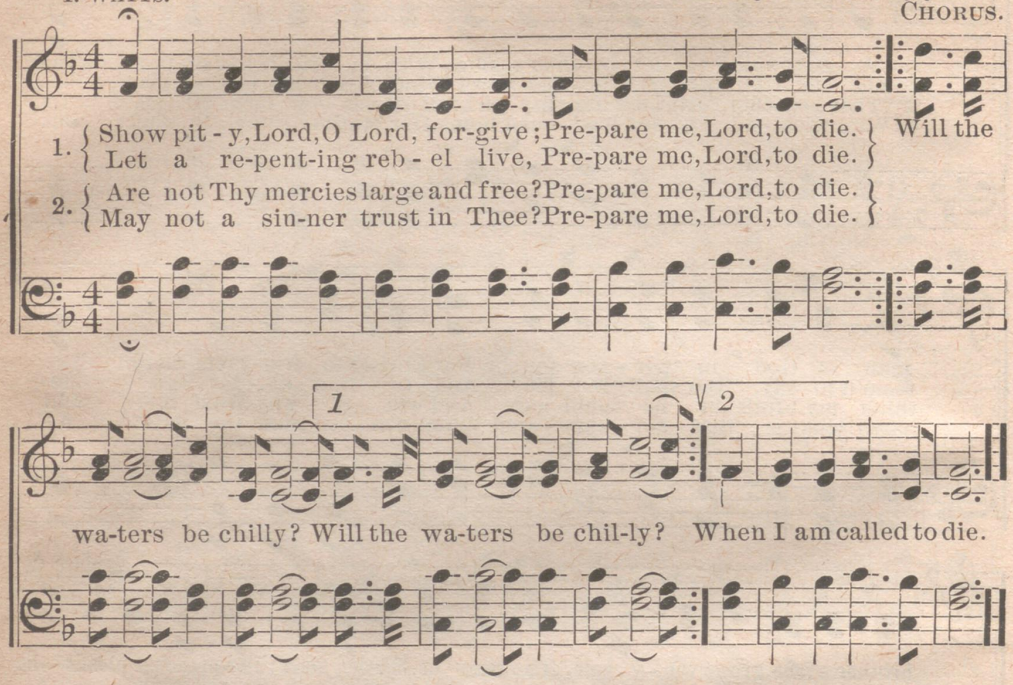
7 The mother through whose influence,
Those children thus were lost,
Too late her fatal folly saw
And paid the fearful cost.
Her reason reeled upon its throne,
And with a burning brain,
‖: She left her sad and ruined home,
A shattered wreck — insane. :‖

8 O sisters, from the fearful fate
Of these two women learn
The awful doom awaiting those
Who souls from Jesus turn.
O yield to God and at the cross
For mercy humbly bow,
‖: And He who is the sinner's friend,
Will hear and save you now. :‖

No. 145. Will the Waters be Chilly?

I. WATTS. Arr. by W. J. K. By per.

CHORUS.



3 My sins are great, but don't surpass,
Prepare me, Lord, to die;
The power and glory of Thy grace;
Prepare me, Lord, to die.

4 Great God, Thy nature hath no bound,
Prepare me, Lord, to die;
So let Thy pard'ning love be found,
Prepare me, Lord, to die.

5 O wash my soul from every sin,
Prepare me, Lord, to die;
And make my guilty conscience clean
Prepare me, Lord, to die.

6 Here on my heart the burden lies,
Prepare me, Lord, to die;
And past offences pain my eyes,
Prepare me, Lord, to die.

No. 146. Come, Thou Fount.

1 Come, Thou Fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing Thy grace;
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise;
Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above;
Praise the mount,—I'm fixed upon it!
Mount of Thy redeeming love.

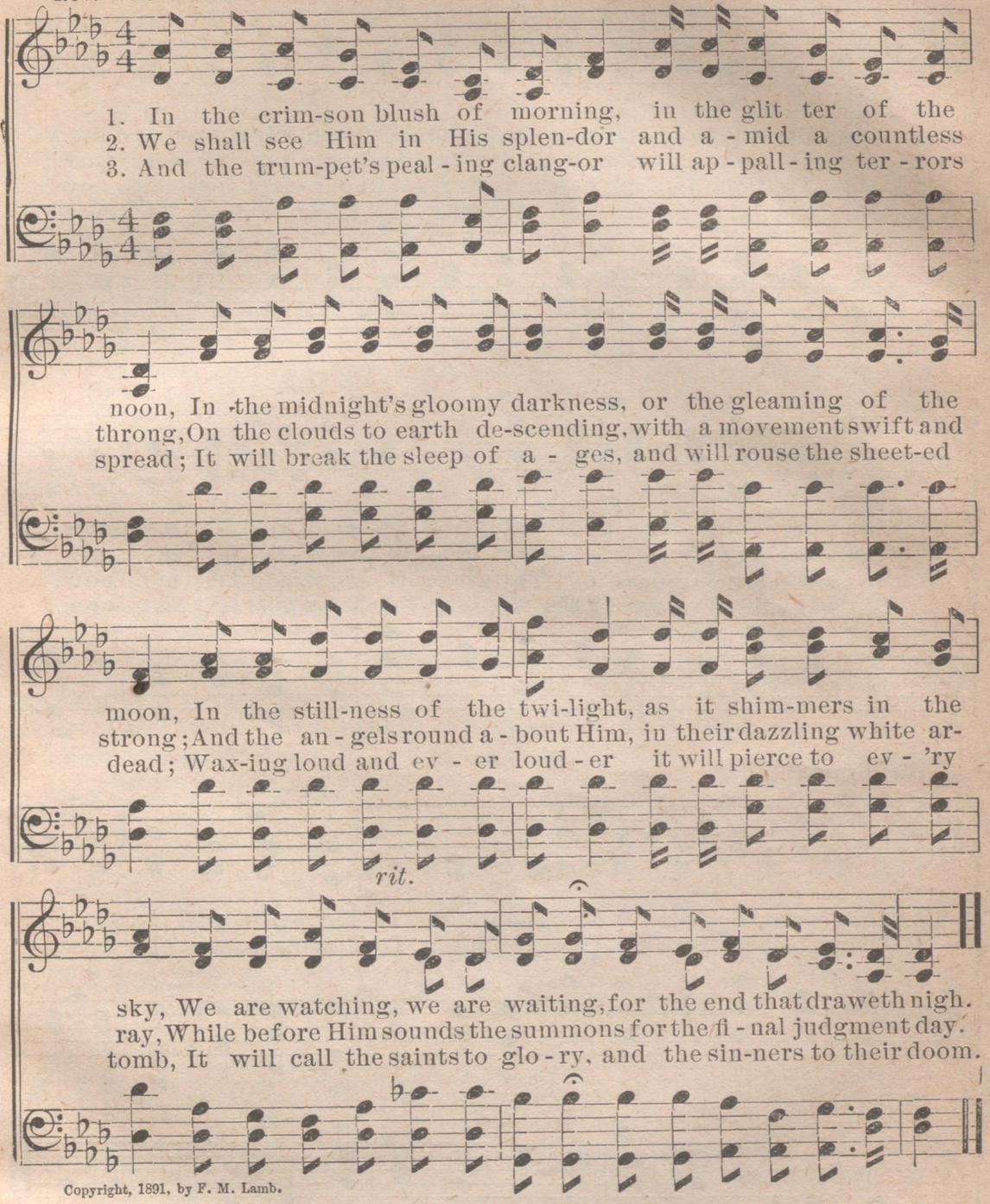
2 Here I'll raise my Ebenezer,
Hither by Thy help I'm come;
And I hope by Thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.
Jesus sought me when a stranger.
Wandering from the fold of God
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed His precious blood.

3 Oh, to grace how great a debtor,
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let Thy goodness as a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to Thee.
Prone to love Thee, Lord, I feel it—
Prone to serve the God I love—
Here's my heart, oh, take and seal it,
Seal it for Thy courts above.

No. 147. Surely I Come Quickly.

Rev. xxii: 20.

Rev. W. S. McKENZIE. Rev. F. M. LAMB. By per.



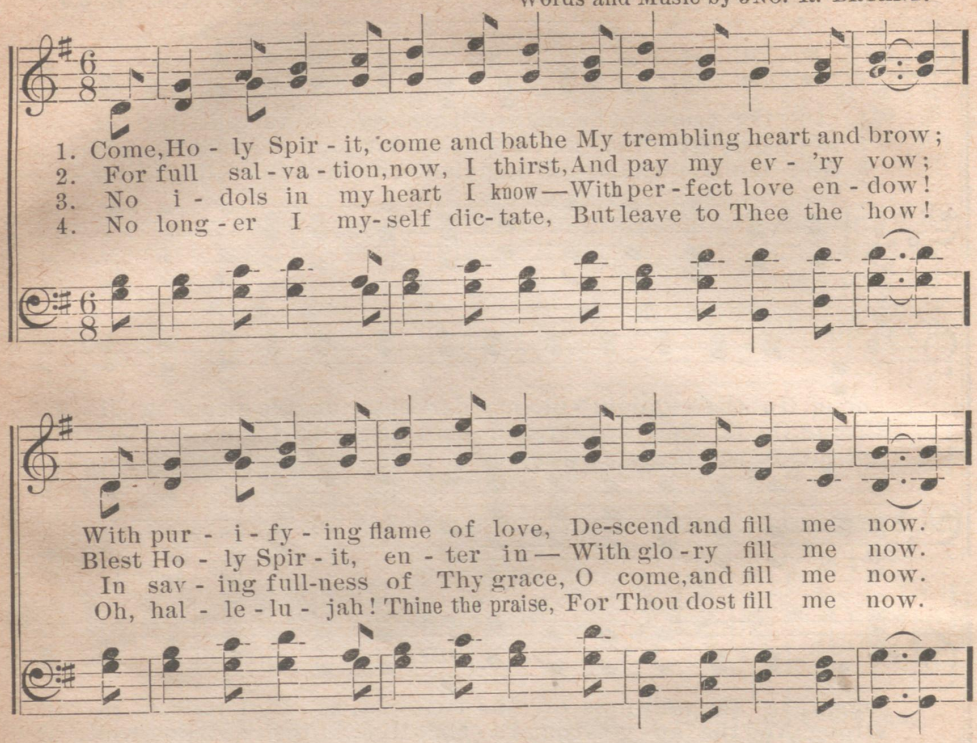
Copyright, 1891, by F. M. Lamb.

4 He will welcome all His people, He will diadem His own;
He will show to them His glory, and will share with them His throne;
And forever in His presence they shall see Him face to face,
While they chant His matchless wisdom, and extol His wondrous grace.

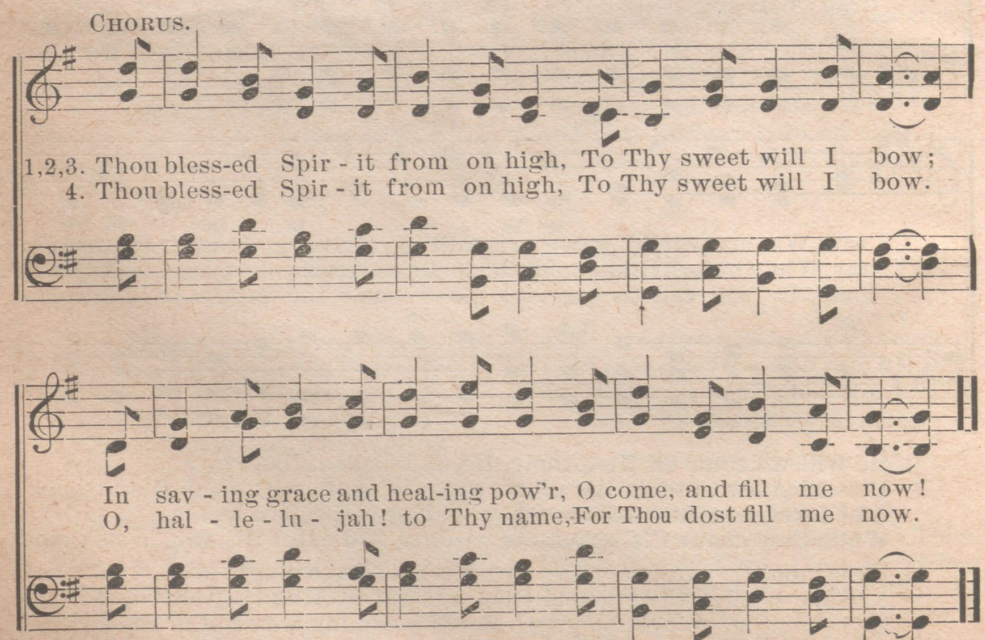
5 He is coming, surely coming, for His promise cannot fail;
And the scoffers shall behold Him, and before Him they shall quail!
He is coming, quickly coming! But His coming we shall greet,
We have waited for His advent, and have listened for His feet.

No. 148. Fill me Now.

Words and Music by JNO. R. BRYANT.



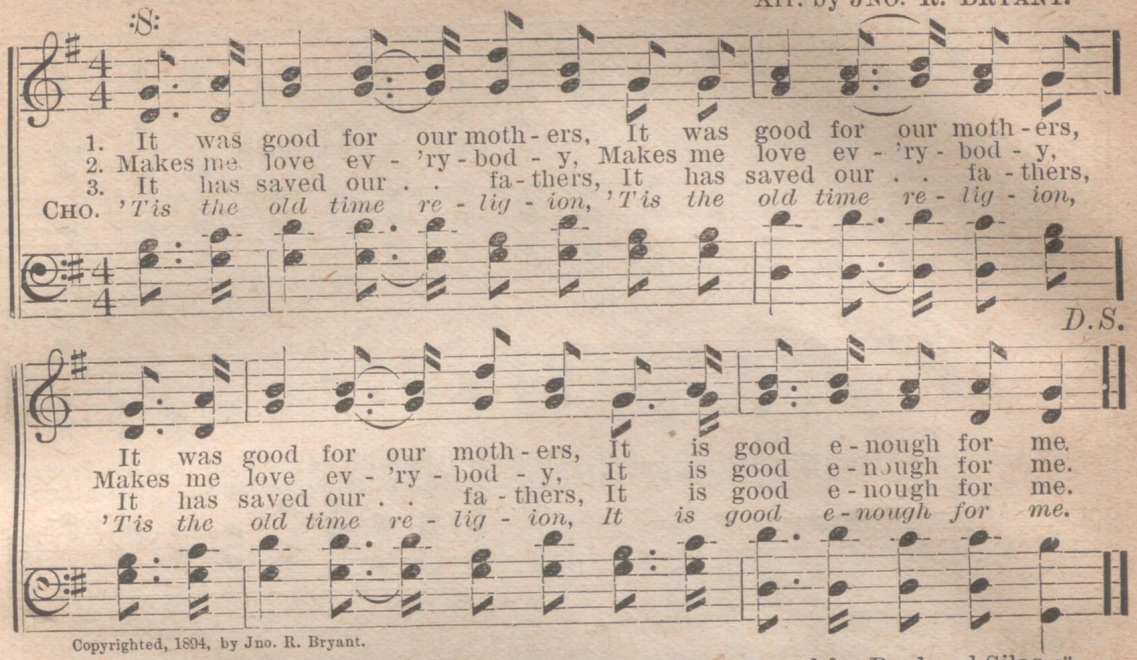
CHORUS.



Copyrighted, 1894, by Jno. R. Bryant.

No. 149. The Old Time Religion.

Arr. by JNO. R. BRYANT.



Copyrighted, 1894, by Jno. R. Bryant.

4 ‖: It was good for the Prophet Daniel, :‖
It is good enough for me.

5 ‖: It was good for the Hebrew Children, :‖
It is good enough for me.

6 ‖: It was tried in the fiery furnace, :‖
It is good enough for me.

7 ‖: It was good for Paul and Silas, :‖
It is good enough for me.

8 ‖: It will do when I am dying, :‖
It is good enough for me.

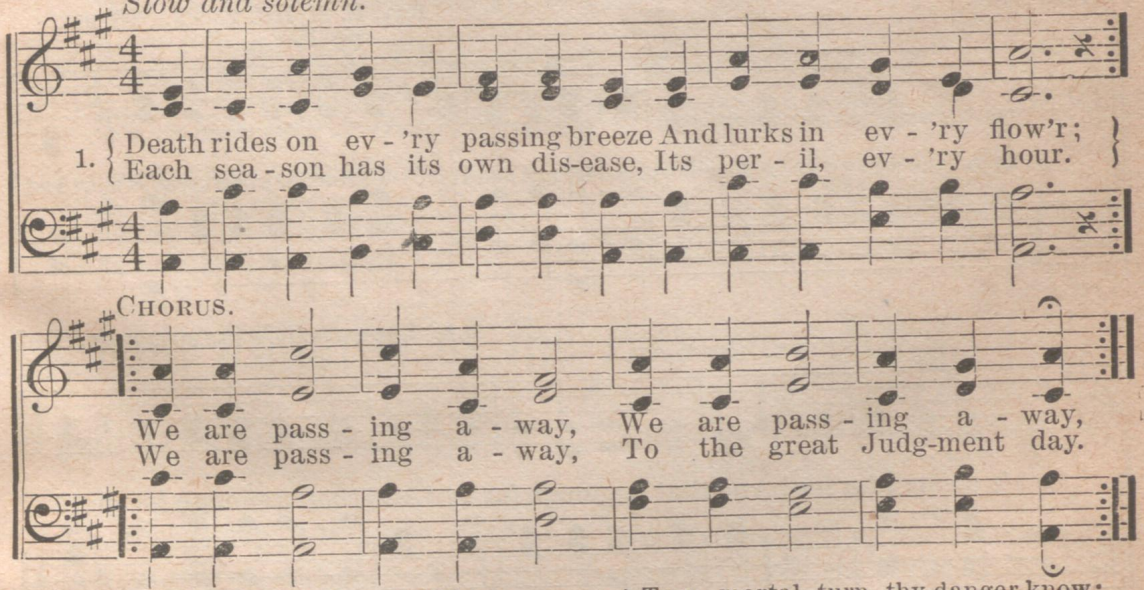
9 ‖: It will take us all to heaven, :‖
It is good enough for me.

No. 150. We are Passing Away.

BISHOP HEBER.

Arranged.

Slow and solemn.



2 Our eyes have seen the rosy light
Of youth's soft cheek decay,
And fate descend in sudden night
On manhood's middle day.

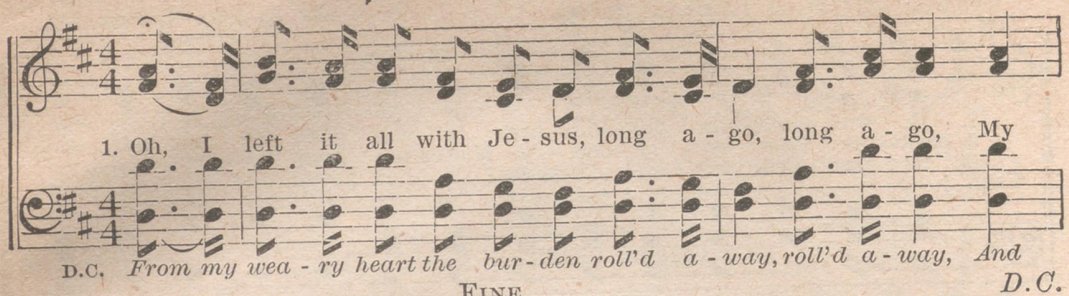
3 Our eyes have seen the steps of age
Halt feebly to the tomb;
And yet shall earth our hearts engage,
And dreams of days to come?

4 Turn, mortal, turn, thy danger know;
Where'er thy foot can tread,
The earth rings hollow from below,
And warns thee of her dead!

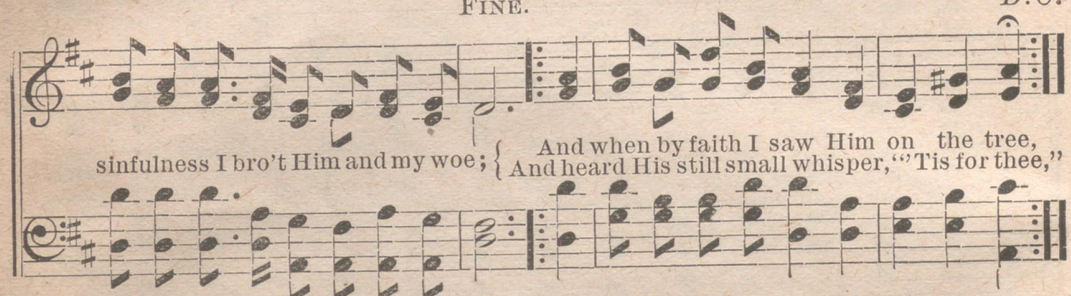
5 Turn, Christian, turn, thy soul apply
To truths divinely given;
The forms which underneath thee lie
Shall live for hell or heaven!

No. 151. I Left it All with Jesus.

L. L. PICKETT.



FINE. D.C.



Copyright, 1894, by L. L. Pickett.

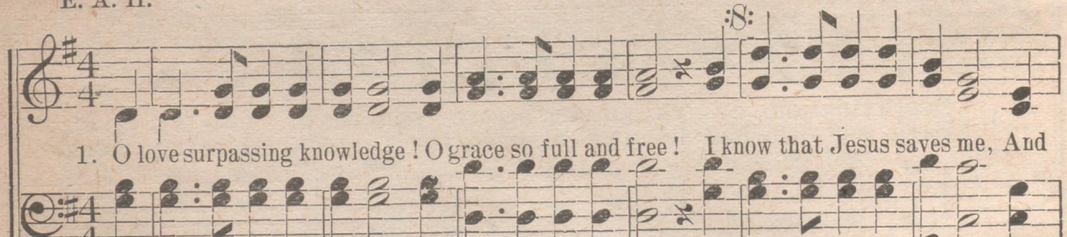
2 Oh, I leave it all with Jesus, for He knows
Just how to take the bitter from life's woes,
And how to gild the tear-drop with His smile,
To make the desert garden bloom awhile;
Then, with all my weakness, leaning on His might,
My soul sings hallelujah, all is light.

3 Oh, I leave it all with Jesus, day by day,
My faith can firmly trust Him, come what may,
For hope has dropp'd her anchor, found her rest.
Within the calm sure haven of His breast:
And oh! 'tis joy of heaven to abide
Close to my dear Redeemer, at His side.

No. 152. Enough for Me.

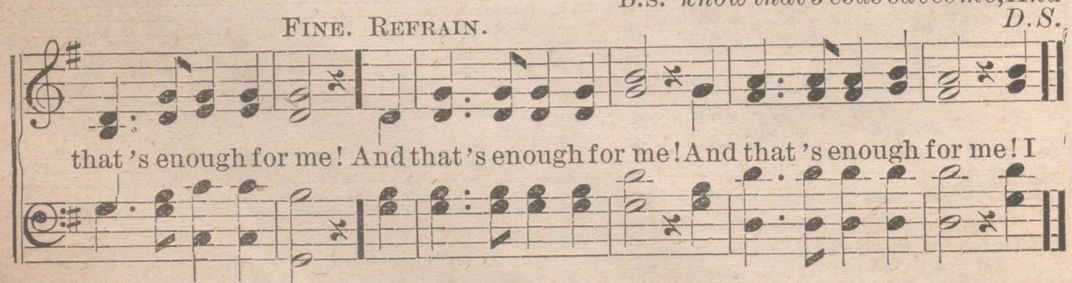
E. A. H.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN. By per.



D.S. know that Jesus saves me, And D.S.

FINE. REFRAIN.



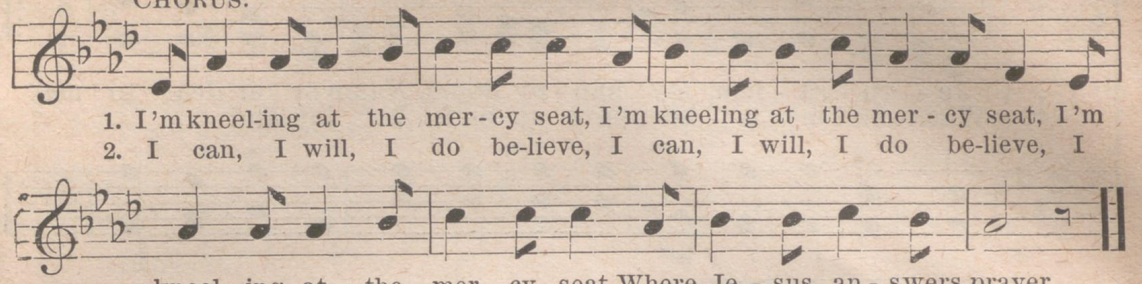
2 O wonderful salvation!
From sin He makes me free!
I feel the sweet assurance,
And that 's enough for me!

3 O blood of Christ so precious,
Poured out on Calvary!
I feel its cleansing power,
And that 's enough for me!

No. 153. I Can, I Will, I do Believe.

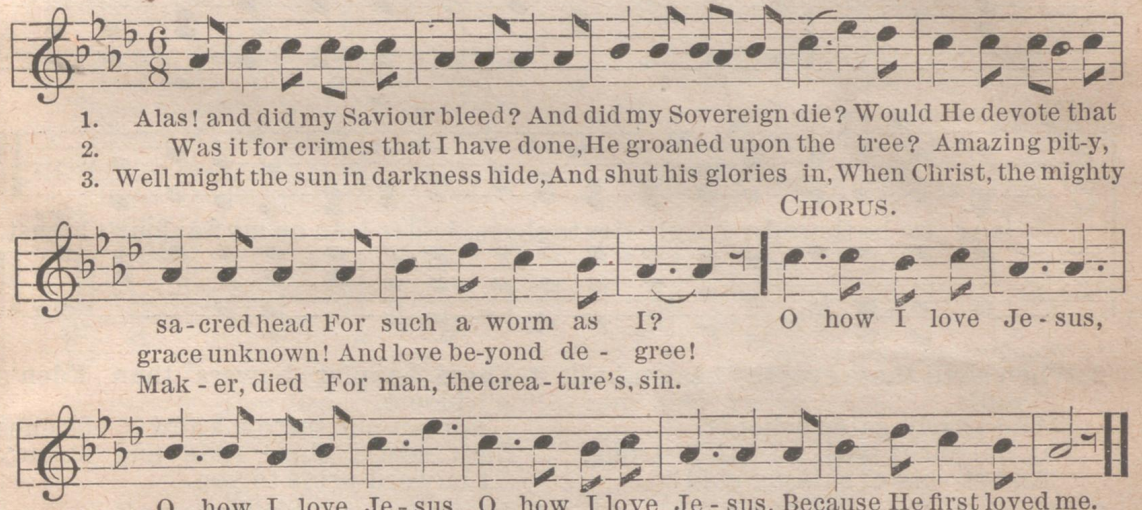
To be sung to "THERE IS A FOUNTAIN FILLED WITH BLOOD," or other C. M. words.

CHORUS.



No. 154. O How I Love Jesus.

I. WATTS.



4 Thus might I hide my blushing face
While His dear cross appears,
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt mine eyes to tears.

5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe;
Here, Lord, I give myself to Thee,
'T is all that I can do.

No. 155. Children of the Heavenly King.

JOHN CENNICK.

1 Children of the heavenly King,
As we journey, let us sing;
Sing our Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in His works and ways.

2 We are traveling home to God,
In the way our fathers trod:
They are happy now, and we
Soon their happiness shall see.

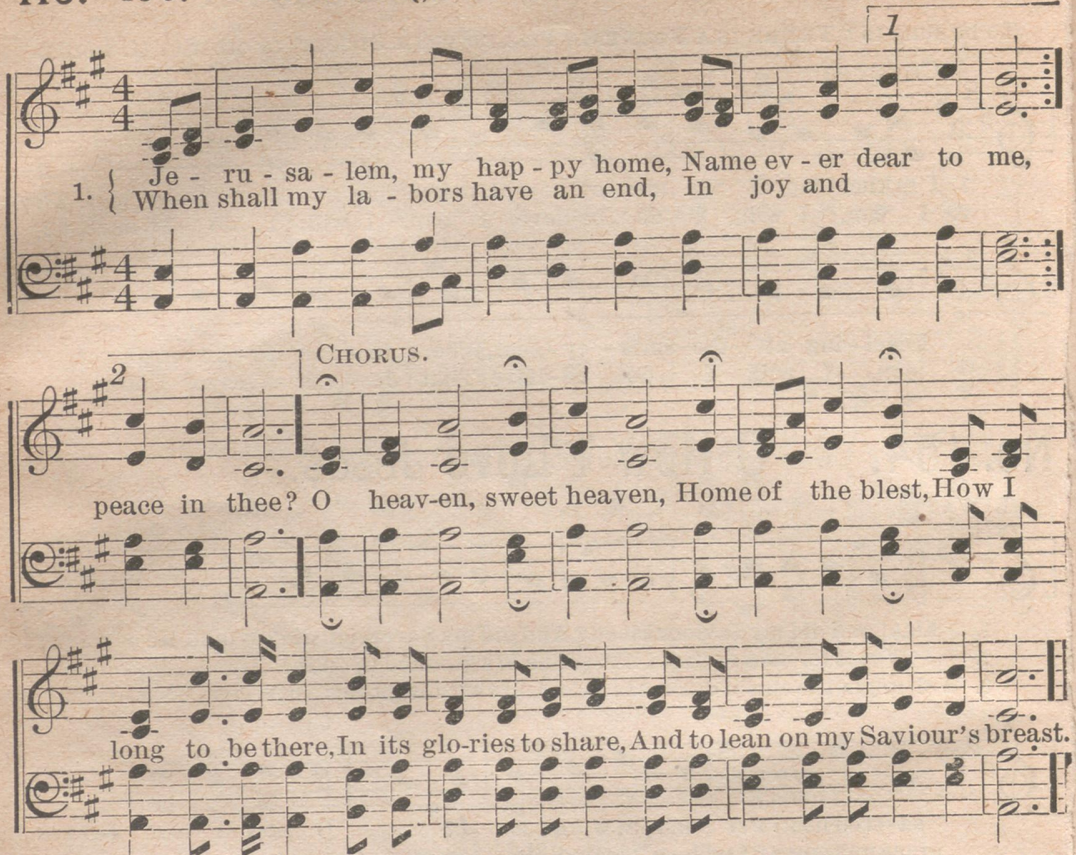
3 O ye banished seed, be glad!
Christ our Advocate is made;
Us to save, our flesh assumes
Brother to our souls becomes.

4 Fear not, brethren, joyful stand
On the borders of our land:
Jesus Christ, our Father's Son,
Bids us undismayed go on.

5 Lord, obediently we'll go,
Gladly leaving all below;
Only Thou our Leader be,
And we still will follow Thee.

No. 156. Heaven, Sweet Heaven.

Arr. for this Work.



Copyrighted, 1894, by Jno. R. Bryant.

2 When shall these eyes thy heav'n-built walls
And pearly gates behold?
Thy bulwarks with salvation strong,
And streets of shining gold?

3 Oh, when, thou city of my God,
Shall I thy courts ascend?
Where congregations ne'er break up,
And Sabbath has no end?

4 There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,
Nor sin nor sorrow know. [scenes
Blest seats! thro' rude and stormy
I onward press to you.

5 Jerusalem, my happy home!
My soul still pants for thee;
Then shall my labors have an end,
When I thy joys shall see.

No. 157. Full and Free Salvation.

M. W. KNAPP.

Tune: "THE OLD TIME RELIGION," No. 152.

Salvation: Present and full—free and for all.—*Our Motto.*

1 Freely, fully, justifying,
And completely purifying,
It is sweetly satisfying,
For it makes me fully whole.

Chorus.—
O, this free and full salvation,
Which can clear from condemnation,
And can keep in every station,
O, 't is glory in my soul.

2 All that's carnal crucifying,
All the being sanctifying,
Both while living and when dying,
It will keep me fully whole.

3 It now saves me every hour,
And it keeps from getting sour,
For 't is Pentecostal power,
And it keeps me fully whole.

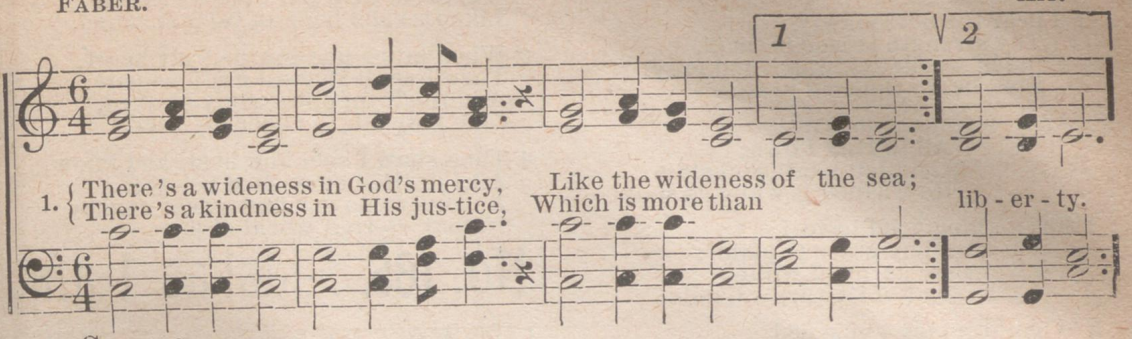
4 O, from fear and fret it frees us
In the sight of God who sees us;
All the glory be to Jesus,
That He keeps us fully whole.

5 'T is the long expected Spirit,
Which all Christians may inherit;
O ye hungry-hearted hear it!
For 't will make you fully whole,

6 When my soul from earth is riven,
And with joy I fly to heaven,
All the glory shall be given
Unto Him who made me whole.

No. 158. He is Calling.

FABER. Arr.

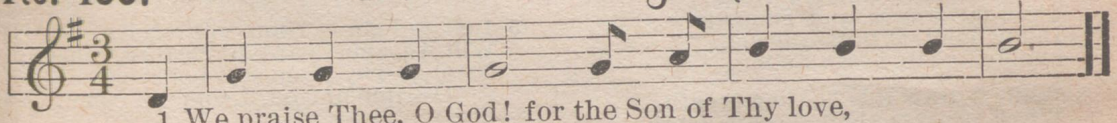


2 There is welcome for the sinner,
And more graces for the good.
There is mercy with the Saviour;
There is healing in His blood.

3 For the love of God is broader
Than the measure of man's mind;
And the heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderful and kind.

4 If our love were but more simple,
We should take Him at His word;
And our lives would be all sunshine
In the sweetness of our Lord.

No. 159. Revive us again.



1 We praise Thee, O God! for the Son of Thy love,
For Jesus who died and is now gone above.

Cho.—Hallelujah! Thine the glory; hallelujah! amen!
Hallelujah! Thine the glory; revive us again.

2 We praise Thee, O God! for Thy Spirit of light,
Who has shown us our Saviour, and scattered our night.

3 All glory and praise to the Lamb that was slain,
Who has borne all our sins, and has cleansed every stain.

4 All glory and praise to the God of all grace,
Who has bought us, and sought us, and guided our ways.

5 Revive us again; fill each heart with Thy love;
May each soul be rekindled with fire from above.

No. 160. Work, for the Night is Coming.

SIDNEY DYER.

1 Work! for the night is coming;
Work through the morning hours;
Work, while the dew is sparkling;
Work, 'mid springing flowers;
Work, when the day grows brighter;
Work, in the glowing sun;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man's work is done.

2 Work, for the night is coming;
Work through the sunny noon;
Fill brightest hours with labor;
Rest comes sure and soon.
Give every flying minute
Something to keep in store;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man works no more.

3 Work, for the night is coming,
Under the sunset skies;
While their bright tints are glowing,
Work, for daylight flies.
Work, till the last beam fadeth,
Fadeth to shine no more;
Work, while the night is darkening,
When man's work is o'er.

No. 161..

1 I hear the Saviour say,
Thy strength indeed is small,
Child of weakness, watch and pray:
Find in Me thine all in all.

Cho. — Jesus paid it all!
All to Him I owe;
Sin had left a crimson stain:
He washed it white as snow.

2 For nothing good have I
Whereby Thy grace to claim;
I 'll wash my garment white
In the blood of Calvary's Lamb.

3 When from my dying bed
My ransomed soul shall rise,
Then " Jesus paid it all! "
Shall rend the vaulted skies.

4 And when before the throne
I stand in Him complete,
I'll lay my trophies down,
All down at Jesus' feet.

No. 162.

1 Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From Thy wounded side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure,
Save from wrath, and make me pure.

2 Could my tears forever flow,
Could my zeal no languor know,
These for sin could not atone,
Thou must save, and Thou alone;
In my hand no price I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyes shall close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold Thee on Thy throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

No. 163.

ISAAC WATTS.

1 Salvation! O the joyful sound!
What pleasure to our ears!
A sovereign balm for every wound,
A cordial for our fears.

2 Salvation! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around,
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.

3 Salvation! O Thou bleeding Lamb!
To Thee the praise belongs:
Salvation shall inspire our hearts,
And dwell upon our tongues.

No. 164.

ISAAC WATTS.

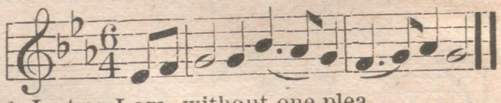
1 Sweet is the work, my God, my King,
To praise Thy name, give thanks, and sing;
To show Thy love by morning light,
And talk of all Thy truths by night.

2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest;
No mortal cares shall seize my breast;
O may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound.

3 When grace has purified my heart,
Then I shall share a glorious part;
And fresh supplies of joy be shed,
Like holy oil, to cheer my head.

4 Then shall I see, and hear, and know,
All I desired or wished below;
And every power find sweet employ
In that eternal world of joy.

No. 165. Just as I am.



1 Just as I am, without one plea,
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

2 Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To Thee whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

3 Just as I am, though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings within, and fears without,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

4 Just as I am — poor, wretched, blind;
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

5 Just as I am — Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

6 Just as I am, — Thy love unknown
Hath broken every barrier down,
Now, to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

No. 166.

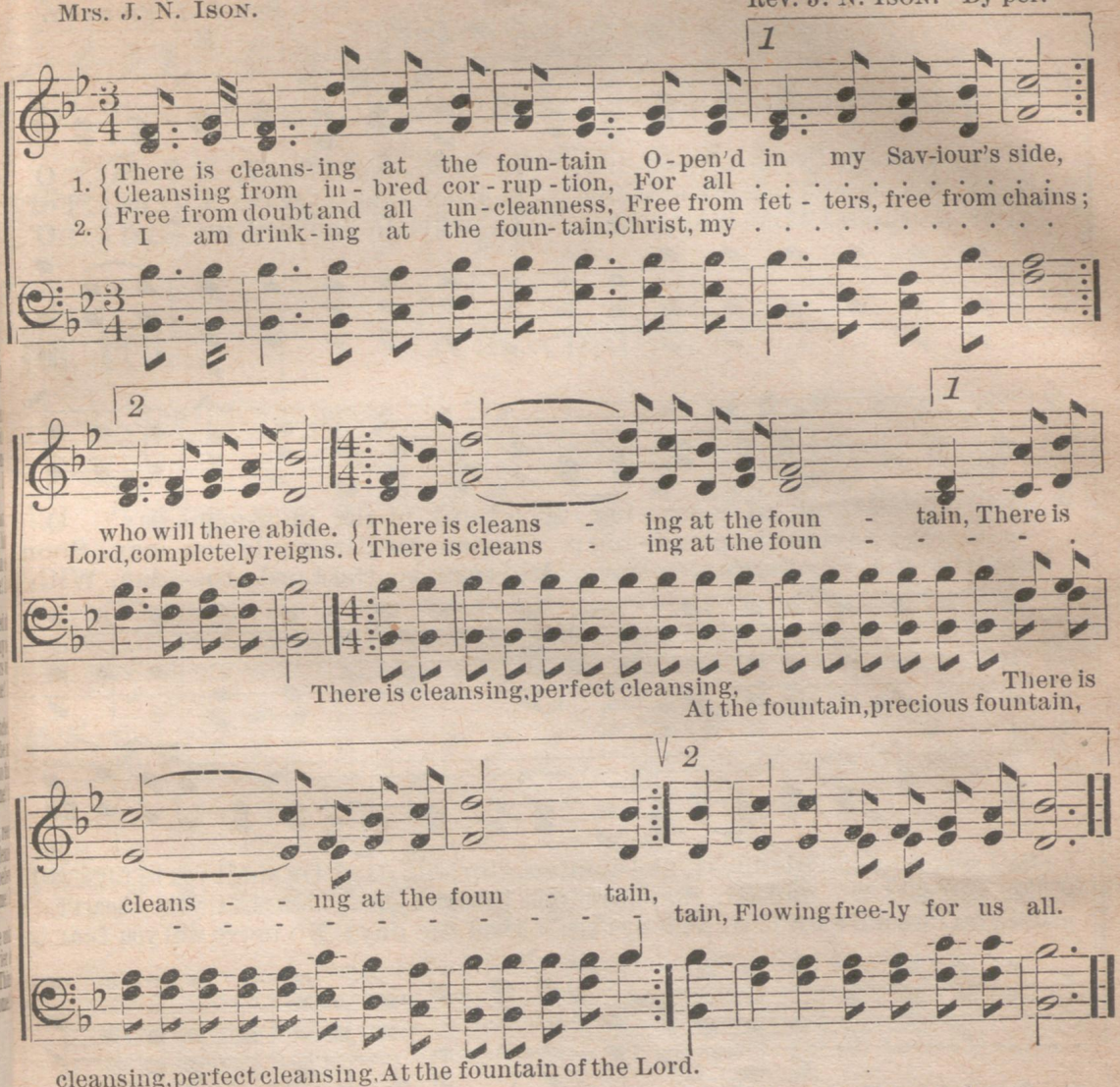
1 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,
That calls me from a world of care,
And bids me at my Father's throne,
Make all my wants and wishes known.
In seasons of distress and grief,
My soul has often found relief,
‖:And oft escaped the tempter's snare,
By thy return, sweet hour of prayer.:‖

2 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,
Thy wings shall my petition bear
To Him whose truth and faithfulness
Engage the waiting soul to bless.
And since He bids me seek His face,
Believe his word and trust His grace,
‖:I 'll cast on Him my every care,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.:‖

3 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,
May I thy consolation share,
Till from Mount Pisgah's lofty height,
I view my home and take my flight:
This robe of flesh I 'll drop, and rise
To seize the everlasting prize;
‖:And shout, while passing through the air,
Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of prayer.:‖

No. 167. There is Cleansing at the Fountain.

Mrs. J. N. Ison. Rev. J. N. Ison. By per.

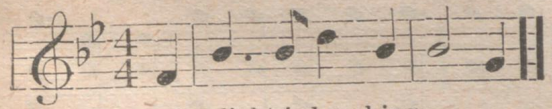


3 Oh! there's glory at the fountain,
There is life and joy and rest;
Jesus called, I quickly answered,
And in coming I was blest.

4 I am resting at the fountain,
Safe from sin and all alarms;
Yes, I'm resting, sweetly resting,
In my Saviour's loving arms.

No. 168. The Morning Light is Breaking.

S. F. Smith.



1 The morning light is breaking
The darkness disappears;
The sons of earth are waking
To penitential tears;
Each breeze that sweeps the ocean
Brings tidings from afar,
Of nations in commotion,
Prepared for Zion's war.

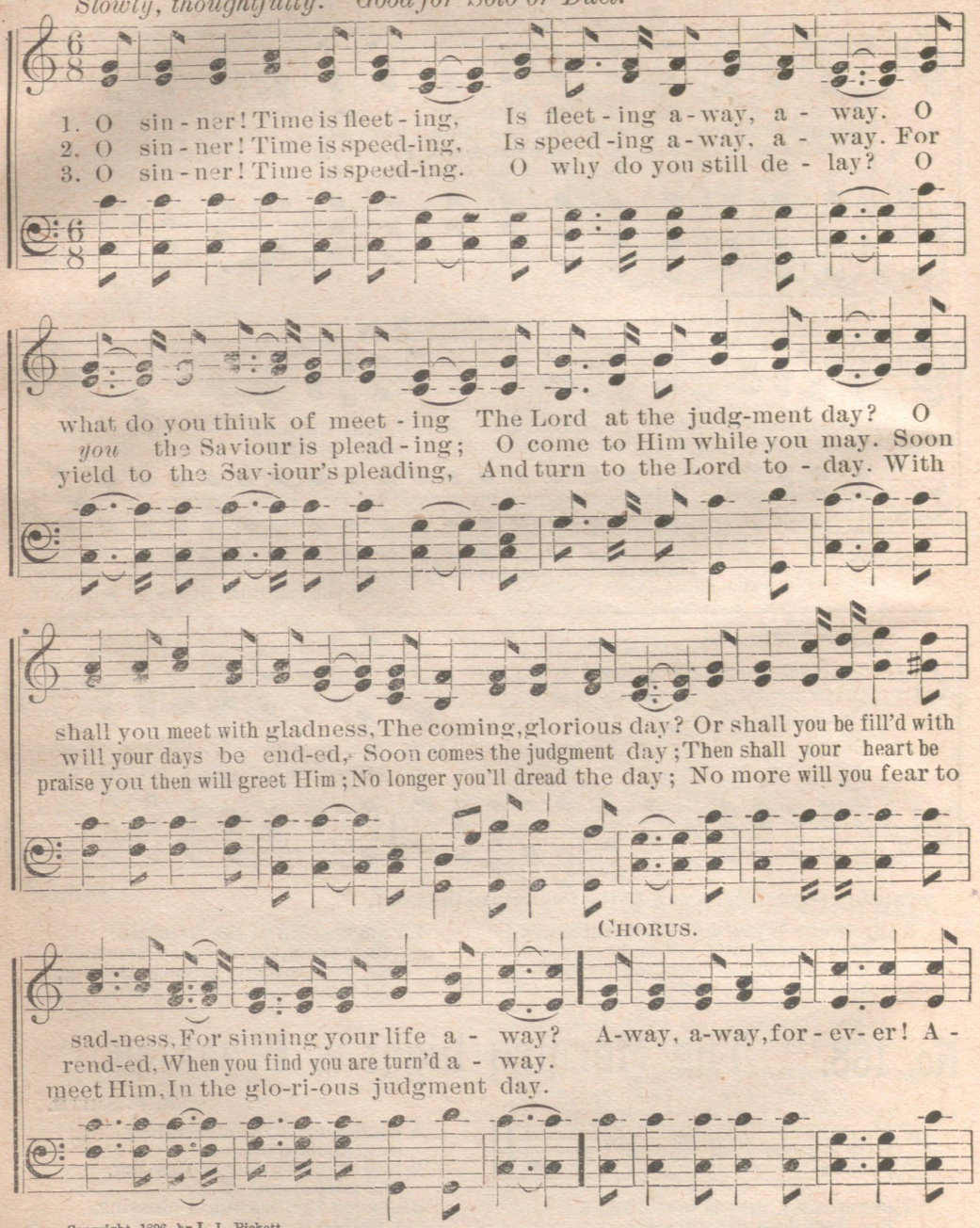
2 See heathen nations bending
Before the God we love,
A thousand hearts ascending
In gratitude above;
While sinners, now confessing,
The gospel call obey,
And seek the Saviour's blessing.
A nation in a day.

3 Blest river of salvation,
Pursue 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. 169. Away, Away Forever.

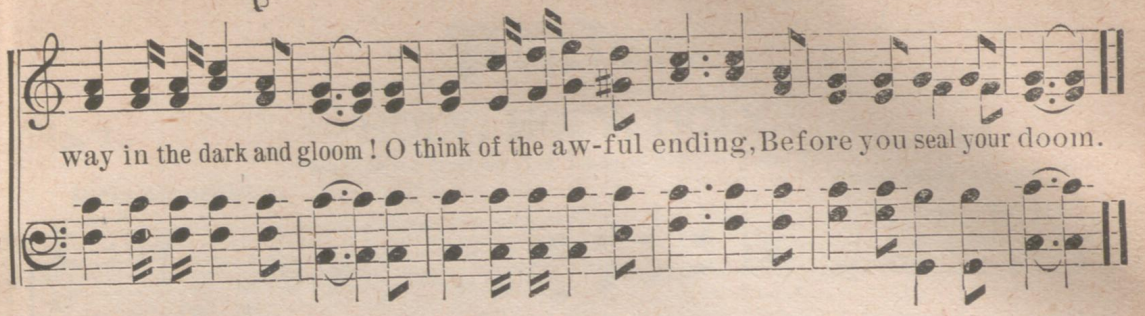
O. M. LINDLEY. Rev. L. L. PICKETT.

Slowly, thoughtfully. Good for Solo or Duet.



Copyright, 1896, by L. L. Pickett.

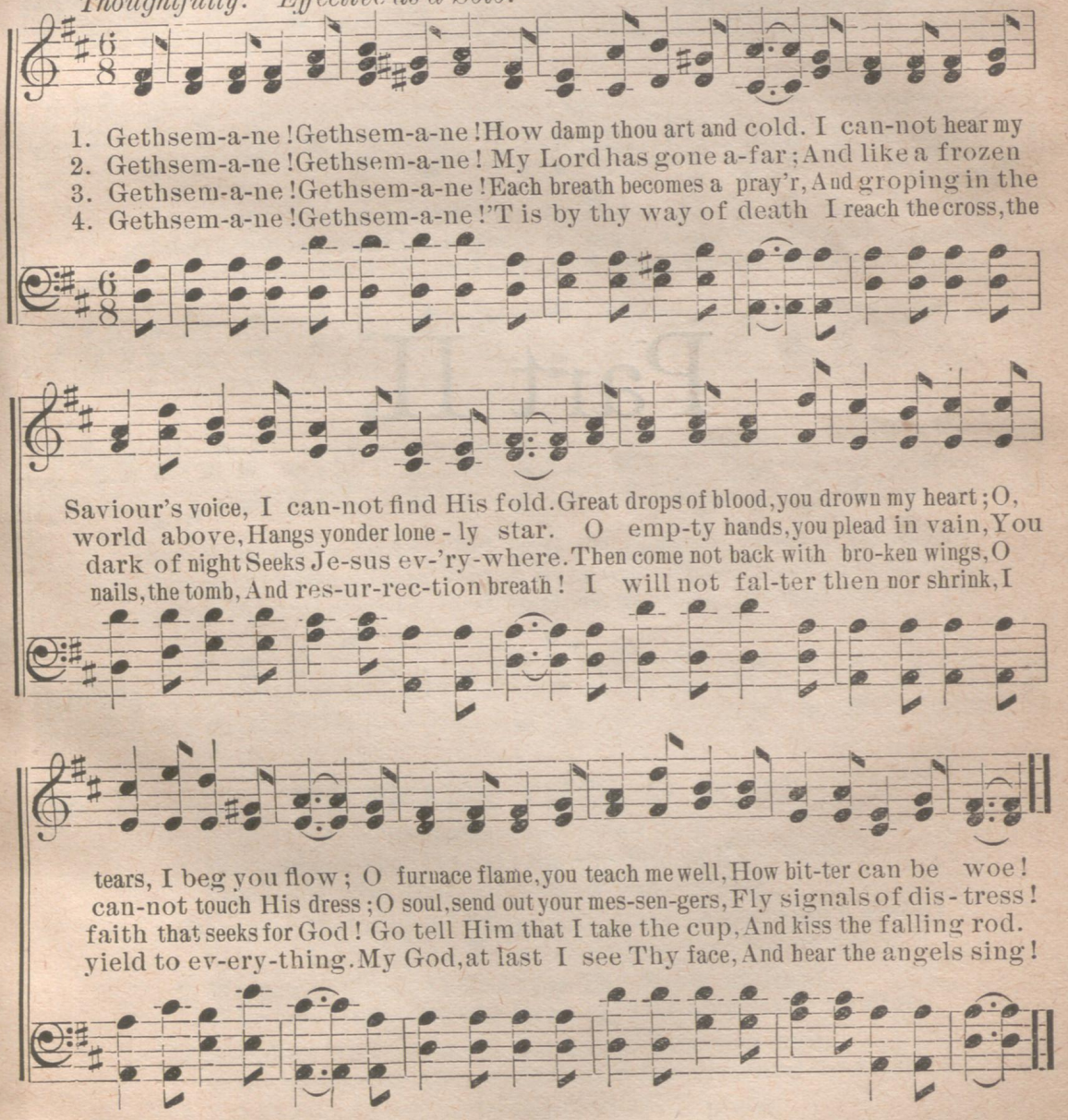
Away Forever Concluded.



No. 170. Gethsemane.

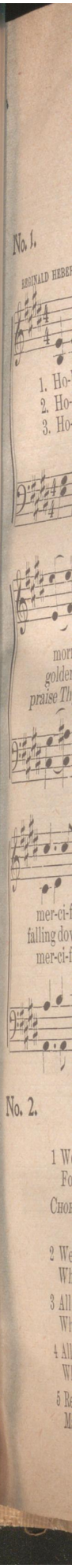
Mrs. MARY MCGEE SNELL. Rev. L. L. PICKETT.

Thoughtfully. Effective as a Solo.



Copyright, 1896, by L. L. Pickett, Wilmore, Ky.

Part II.



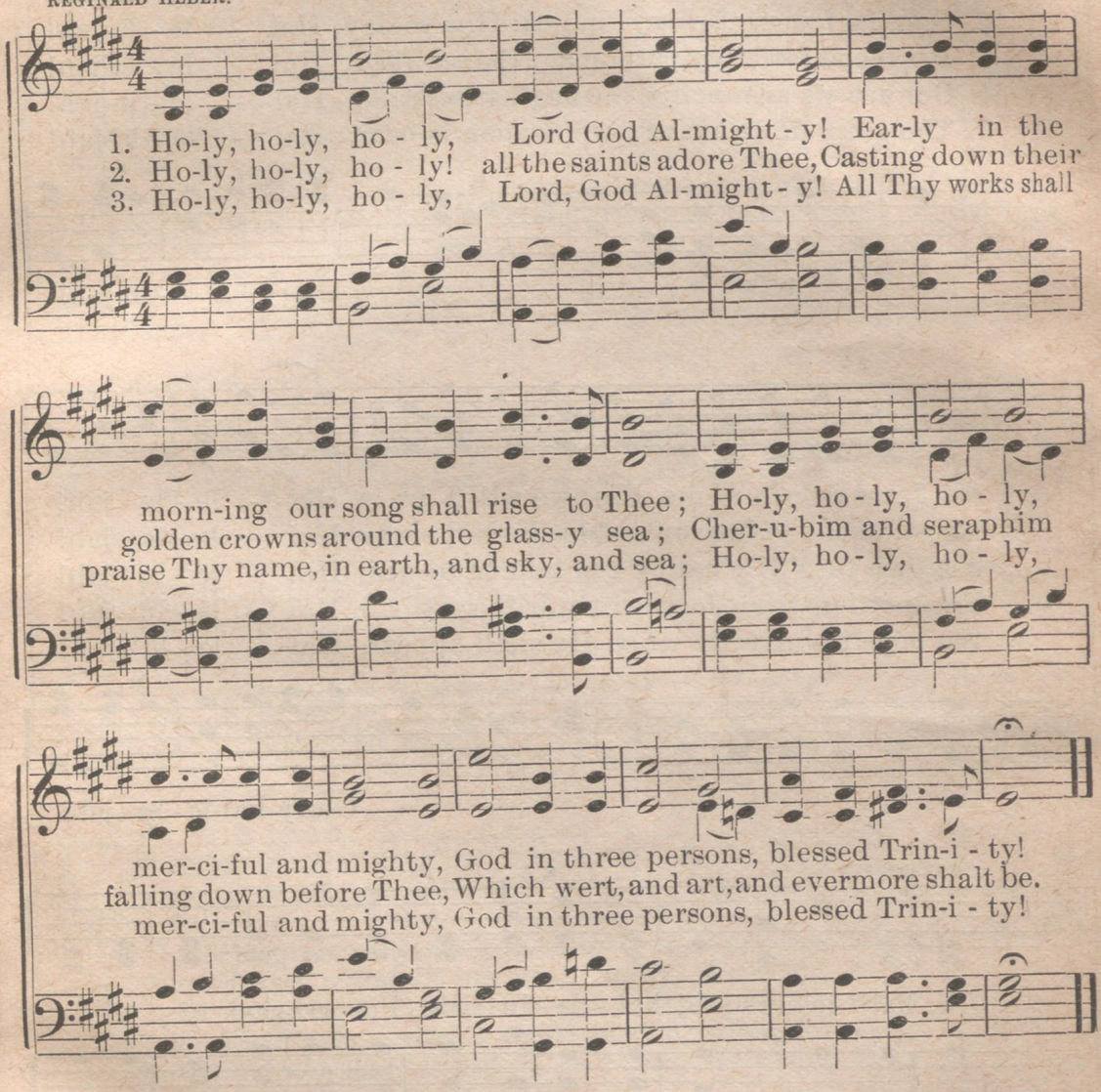
Praise.

No. 1. HOLY, HOLY, HOLY.

"Exalt ye the Lord our God, for he is holy."—Psalm 99 : 5.

Tune: NICEA. 11, 12, 10.

REGINALD HEBER.



No. 2. WE PRAISE THEE, O GOD!

"Give praises to God."—Psalm 47 : 6.

1 We praise Thee, O God! for the Son of Thy love,
For Jesus who died and is now gone above.

Chorus.—Hallelujah! Thine the glory; hallelujah! amen!
Hallelujah! Thine the glory; revive us again.

2 We praise Thee, O God! for Thy Spirit of light,
Who has shown us our Saviour, and scattered our night.

3 All glory and praise to the Lamb that was slain,
Who has borne all our sins, and has cleansed every stain.

4 All glory and praise to the God of all grace,
Who has bought us, and sought us, and guided our ways.

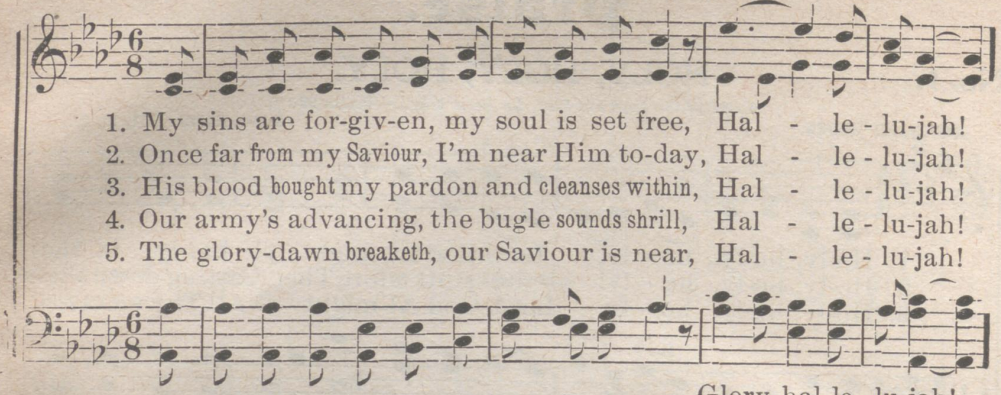
5 Revive us again; fill each heart with Thy love;
May each soul be rekindled with fire from above.

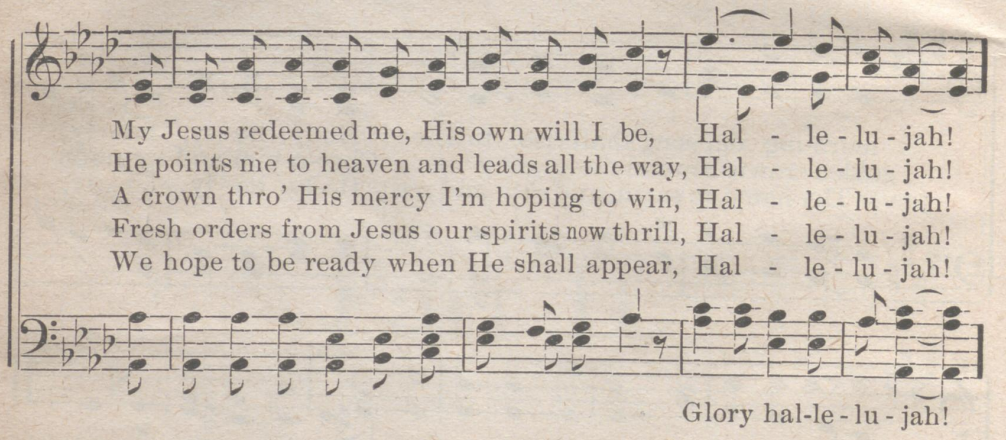
No. 3.

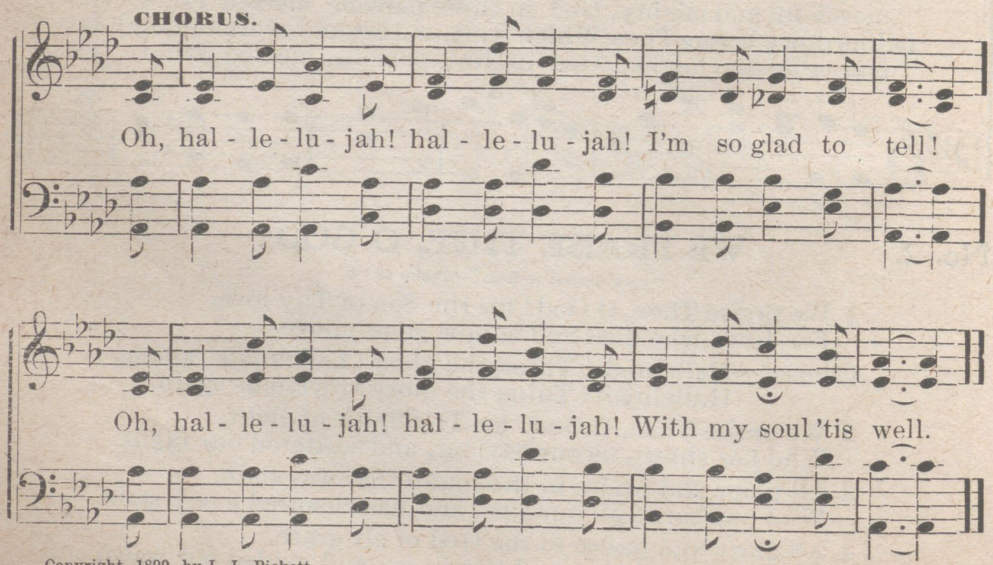
HALLELUJAH!

"Amen! Alleluia!"—Rev. 19: 4.

L. D. Carrington. Arr. by B. R. J. for this Work.



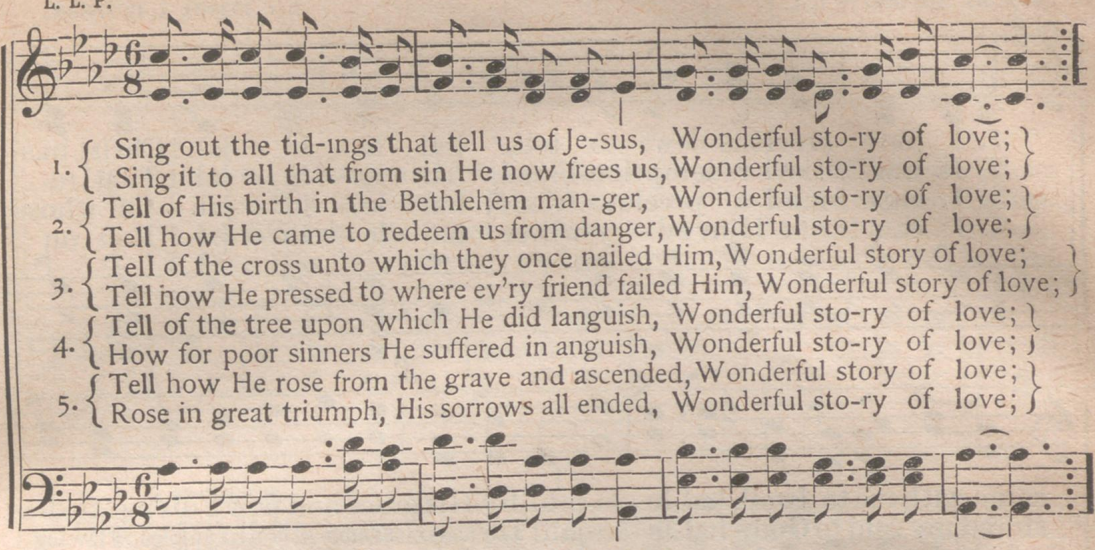




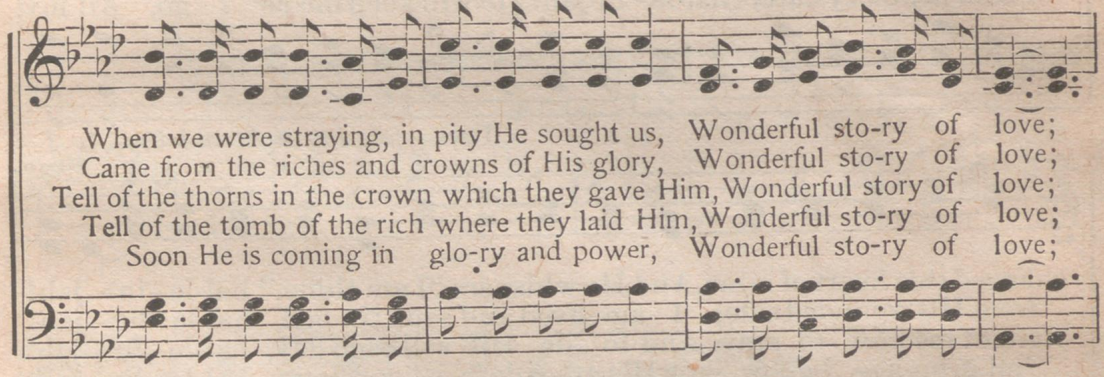
Copyright, 1899, by L. L. Pickett.

No. 4. WONDERFUL STORY OF LOVE.

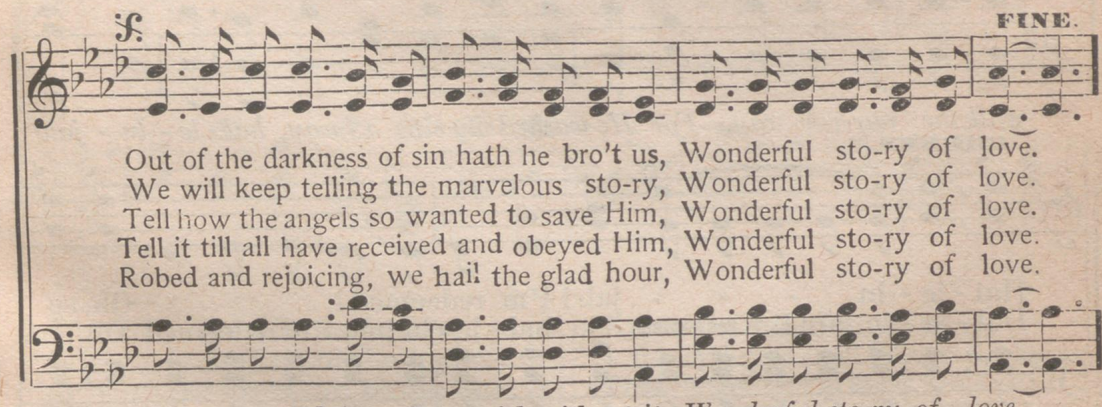
L. L. P. L. L. PICKETT.



1. Sing out the tid-ings that tell us of Je-sus, Wonderful sto-ry of love;
   Sing it to all that from sin He now frees us, Wonderful sto-ry of love;
2. Tell of His birth in the Bethlehem man-ger, Wonderful sto-ry of love;
   Tell how He came to redeem us from danger, Wonderful sto-ry of love;
3. Tell of the cross unto which they once nailed Him, Wonderful story of love;
   Tell how He pressed to where ev'ry friend failed Him, Wonderful story of love;
4. Tell of the tree upon which He did languish, Wonderful sto-ry of love;
   How for poor sinners He suffered in anguish, Wonderful sto-ry of love;
5. Tell how He rose from the grave and ascended, Wonderful story of love;
   Rose in great triumph, His sorrows all ended, Wonderful sto-ry of love;



When we were straying, in pity He sought us, Wonderful sto-ry of love;
Came from the riches and crowns of His glory, Wonderful sto-ry of love;
Tell of the thorns in the crown which they gave Him, Wonderful story of love;
Tell of the tomb of the rich where they laid Him, Wonderful sto-ry of love;
Soon He is coming in glo-ry and power, Wonderful sto-ry of love;

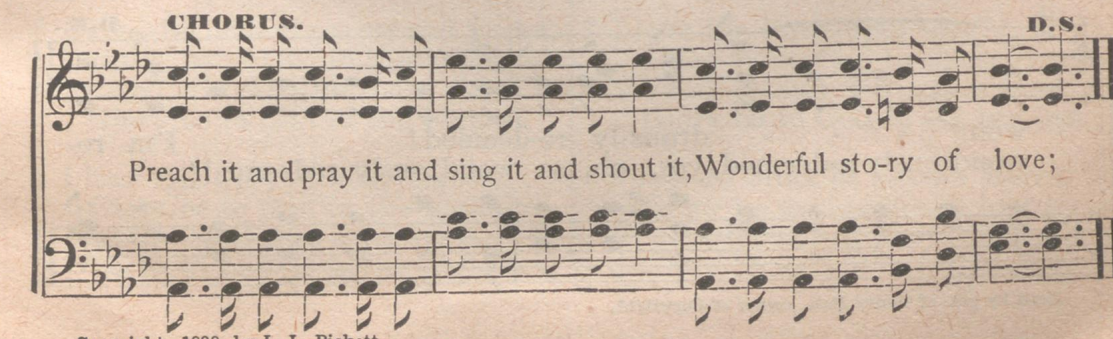


FINE.

Out of the darkness of sin hath he bro't us, Wonderful sto-ry of love.
We will keep telling the marvelous sto-ry, Wonderful sto-ry of love.
Tell how the angels so wanted to save Him, Wonderful sto-ry of love.
Tell it till all have received and obeyed Him, Wonderful sto-ry of love.
Robed and rejoicing, we hail the glad hour, Wonderful sto-ry of love.

D.S.—*Men are now dying, they perish without it, Wonderful sto-ry of love.*

CHORUS. D.S.



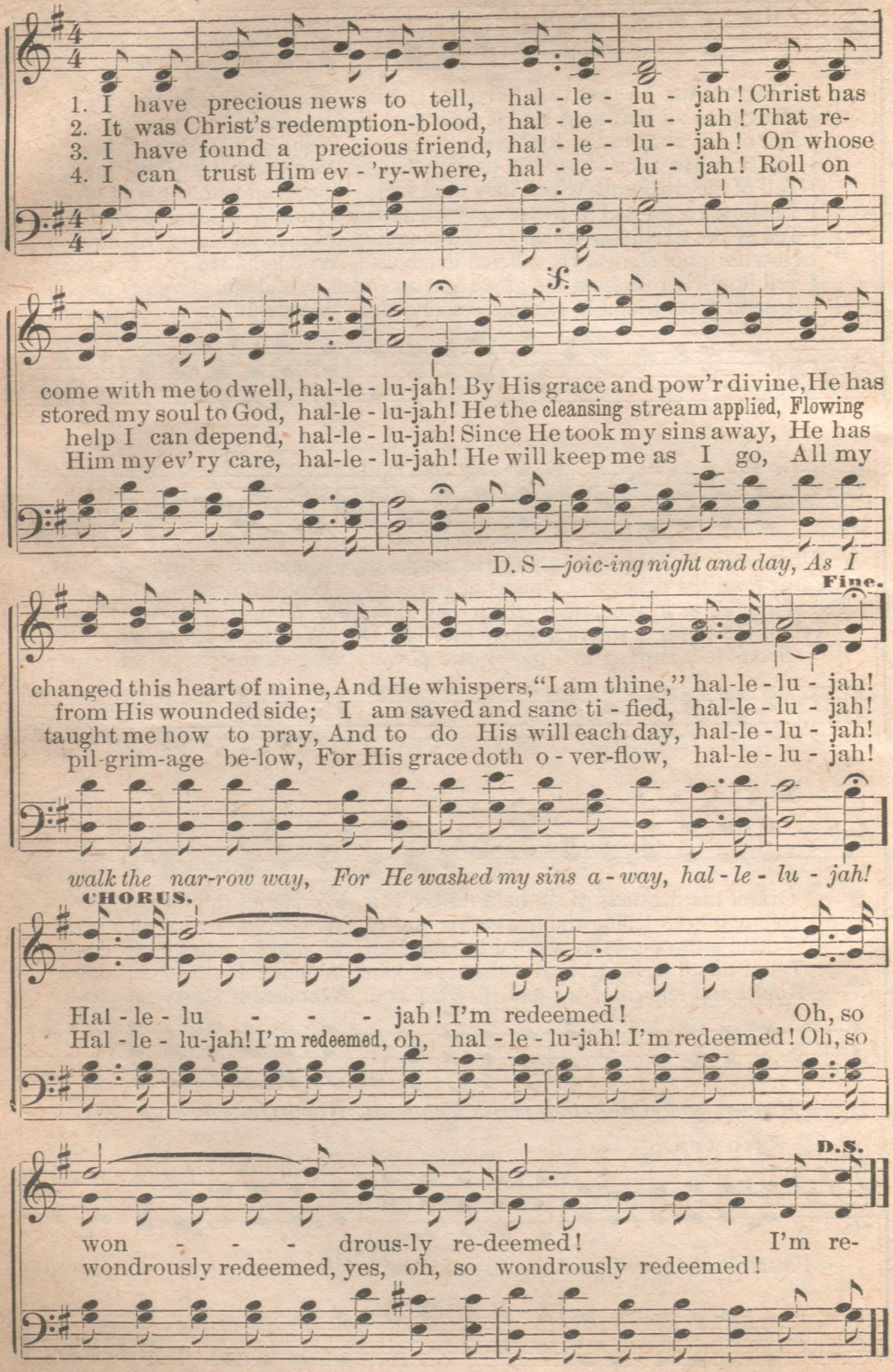
Preach it and pray it and sing it and shout it, Wonderful sto-ry of love;

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No. 5. WONDROUSLY REDEEMED.

"That he might redeem us from all iniquity." – Titus 2 : 14.

E. A. H. 4th verse by L. L. P. Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.



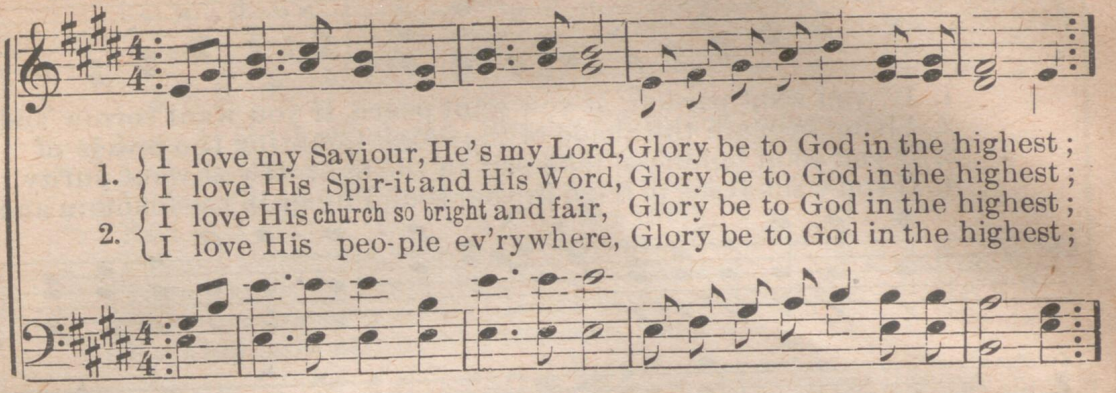
Used by per. of Henry Date, owner of Copyright.

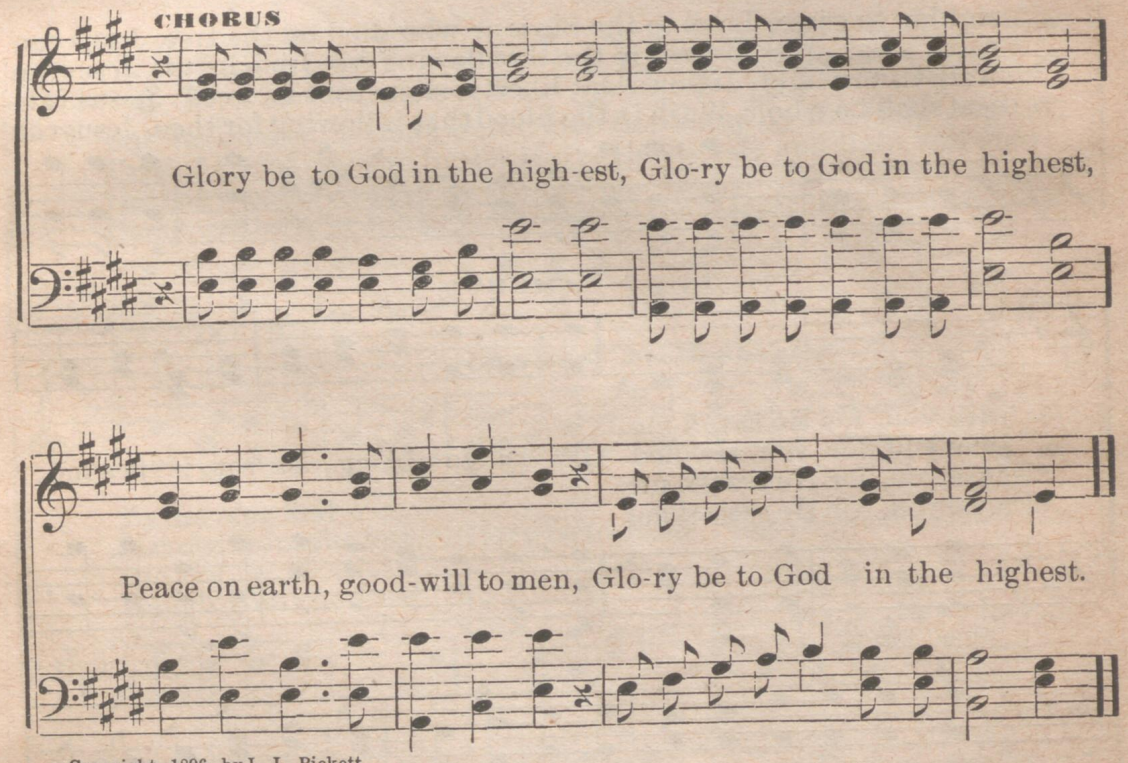
No. 6. GLORY BE TO GOD IN THE HIGHEST.

"Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men."—Luke 2 : 14

Rev. L. L. PICKETT.

L. L. P.





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3 I love His holy Sabbath day,
Glory be to God in the highest;
It helps me learn the living way,
Glory be to God in the highest.

4 I love the hour of prayer and praise,
Glory be to God in the highest;
And all His peaceful, holy ways,
Glory be to God in the highest.

5 I love His work, I love His rest,
Glory be to God in the highest;
And in His service I am blest,
Glory be to God in the highest.

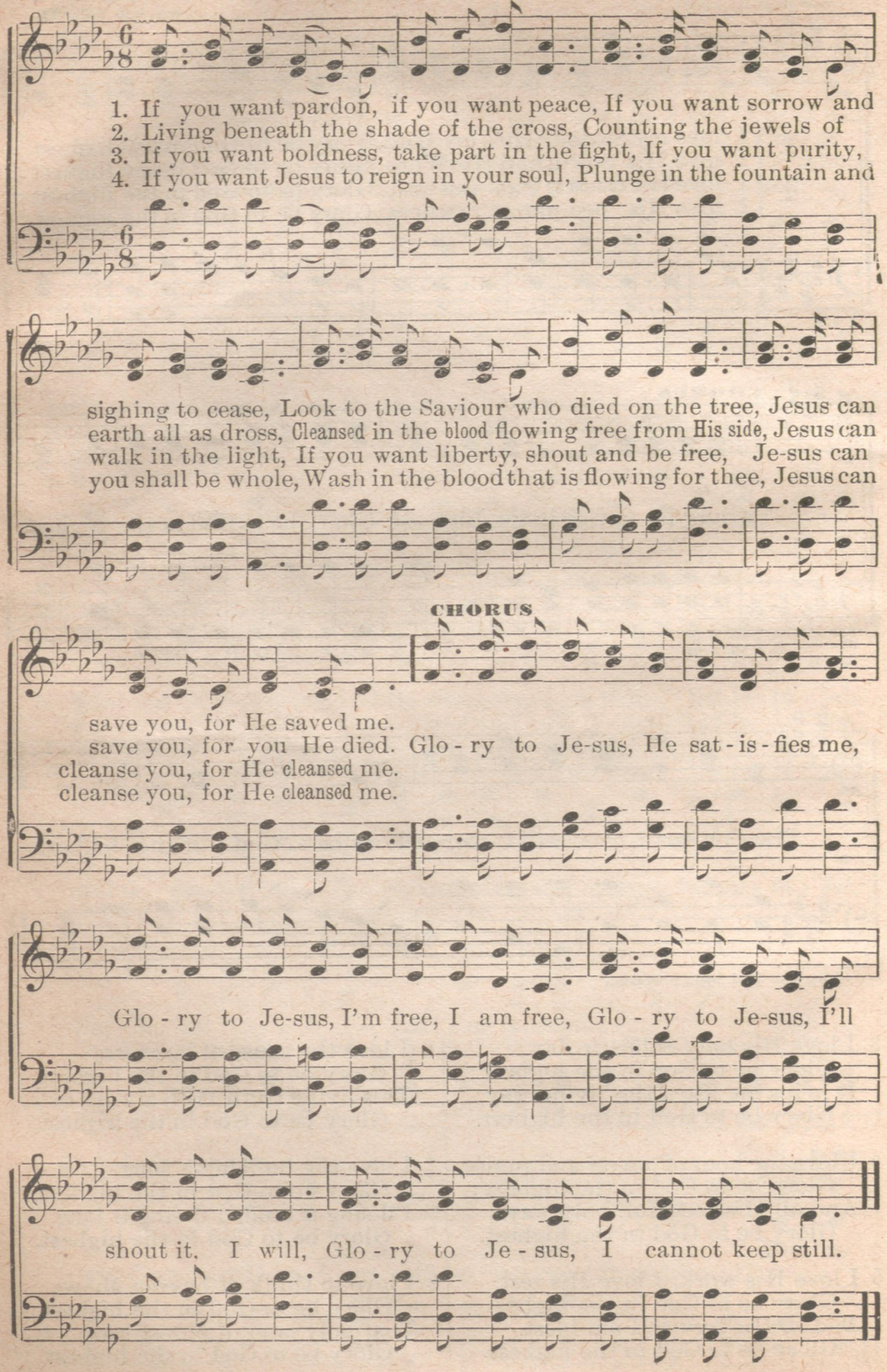
6 I love the cause of holiness,
Glory be to God in the highest;
This living truth He'll always bless,
Glory be to God in the highest.

7 I love the hallelujah song,
Glory be to God in the highest;
I'll sing it loud, I'll sing it long,
Glory be to God in the highest.

8 I love to think of heaven above,
Glory be to God in the highest;
That holy land of purest love,
Glory be to God in the highest.

No. 7. GLORY TO JESUS.

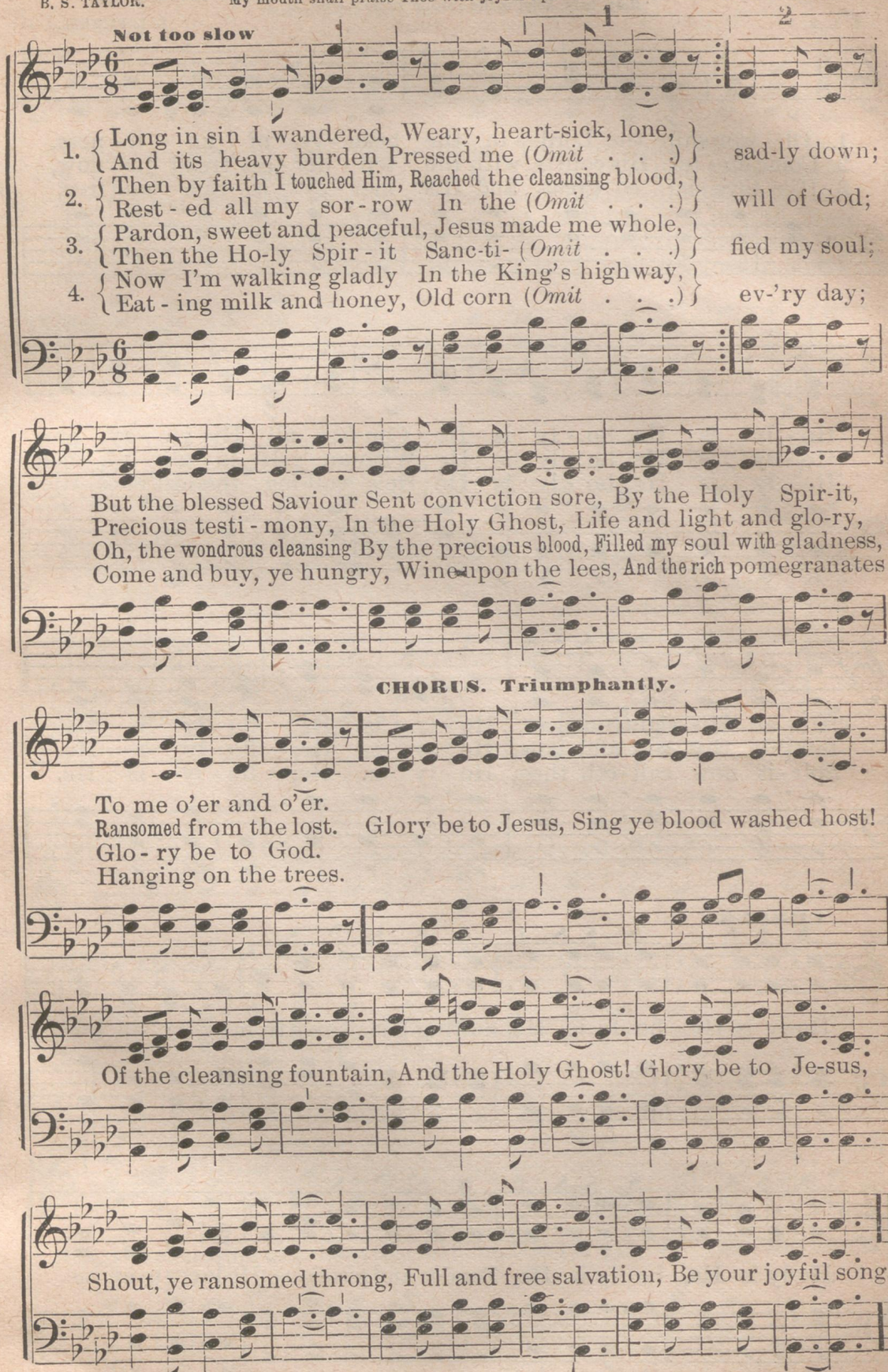
A. F. M. Arr. "To Him be glory and dominion forever."—Rev. 1: 6. A. F. MYERS. By per.



No. 8.

OUR JOYFUL SONG.

B. S. TAYLOR. "My mouth shall praise Thee with joyful lips."—Ps. 63: 5. L. L. PICKETT.

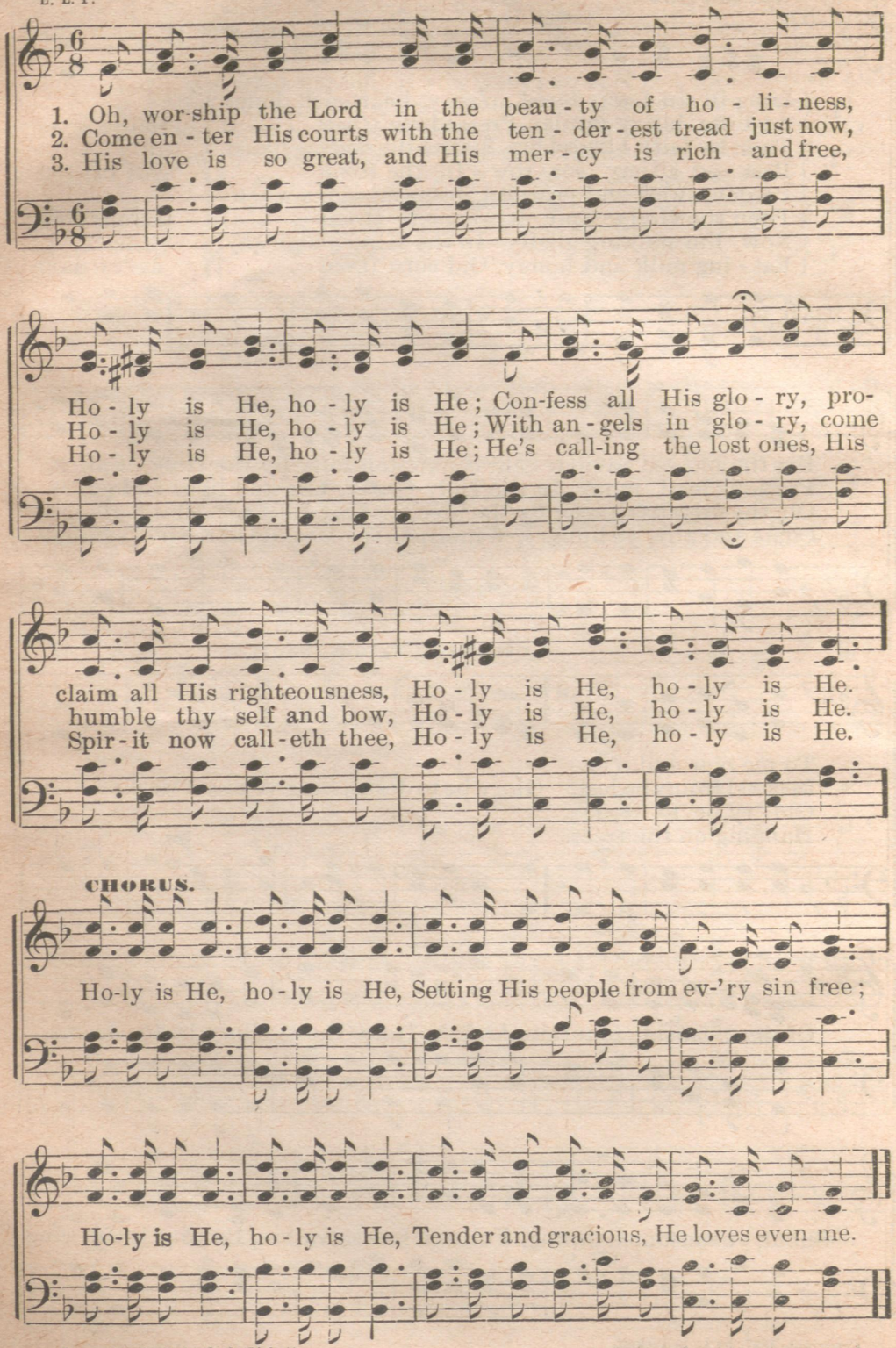


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No. 9. HOLY IS HE.

"Holy, holy, holy, is the Lord of Hosts."—Isa. 6 : 3.

L. L. P. L. L. PICKETT.

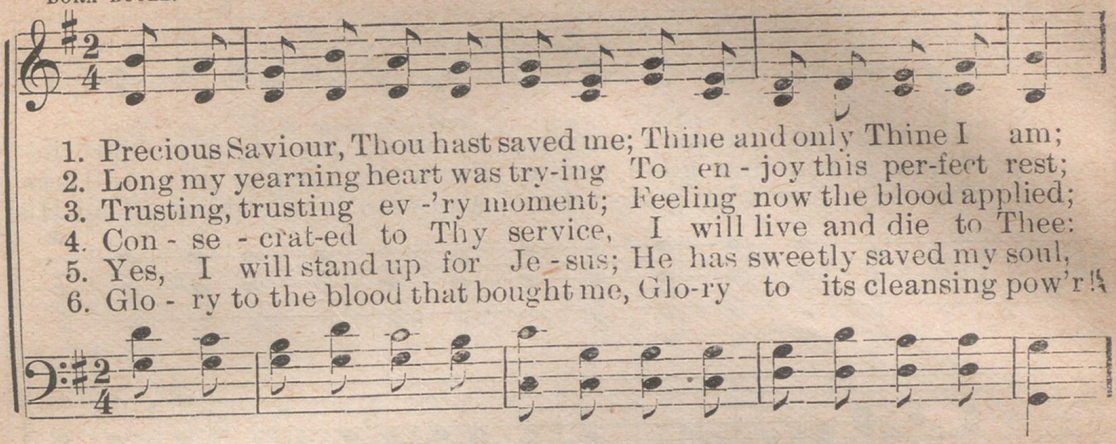


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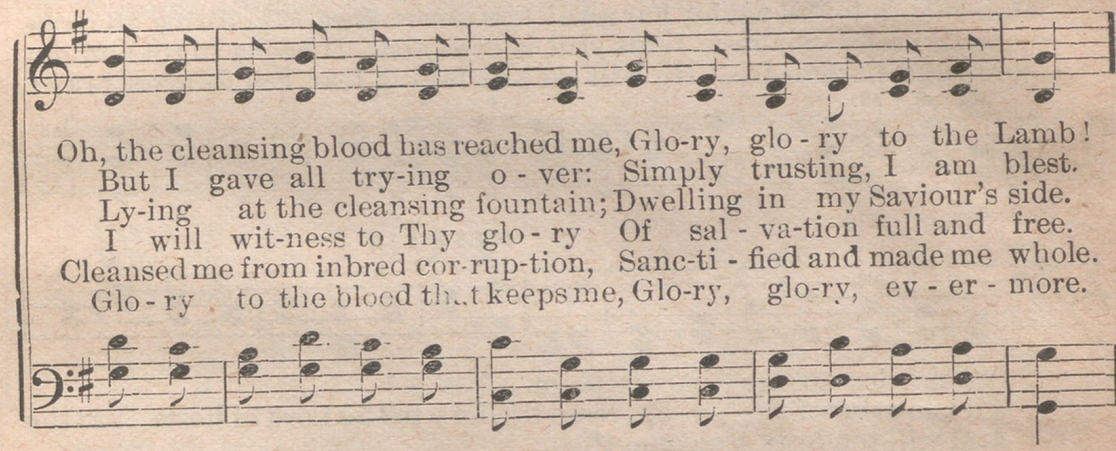
No. 10. GLORY, GLORY, JESUS SAVES ME.

"Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honour, and glory, and blessing."—Rev. 5 : 14.

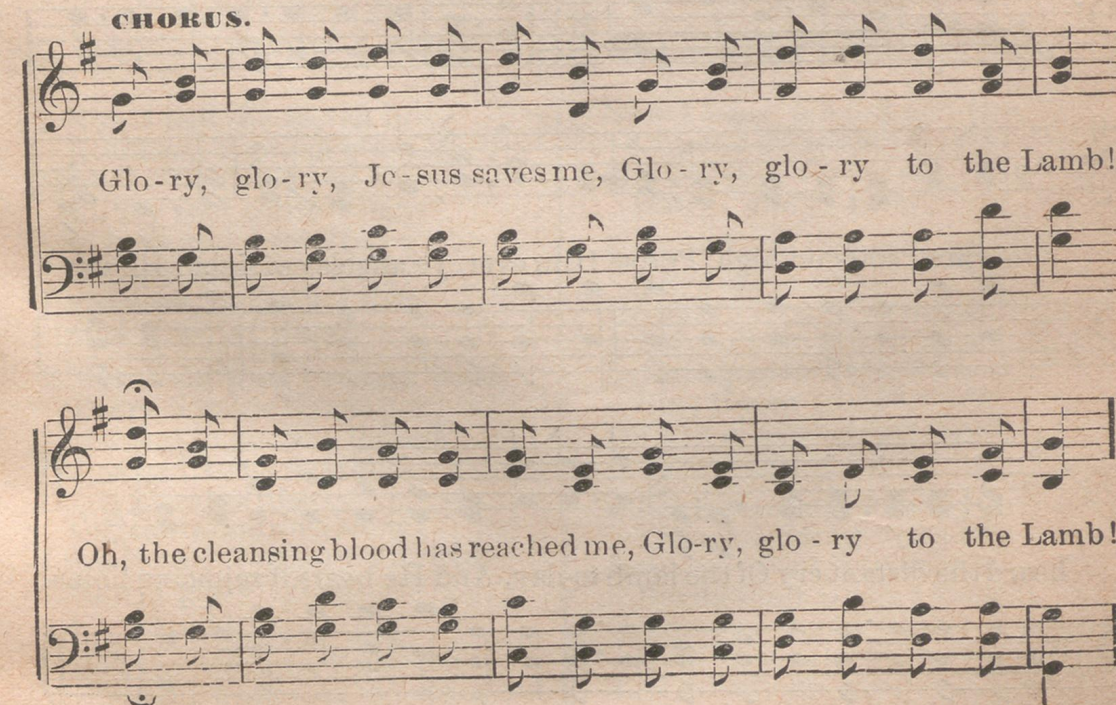
DORA BOOLE. S. H. PRATHER. Typer.



1. Precious Saviour, Thou hast saved me; Thine and only Thine I am;
2. Long my yearning heart was try-ing To en - joy this per-fect rest;
3. Trusting, trusting ev -'ry moment; Feeling now the blood applied;
4. Con - se - crat-ed to Thy service, I will live and die to Thee:
5. Yes, I will stand up for Je - sus; He has sweetly saved my soul,
6. Glo - ry to the blood that bought me, Glo-ry to its cleansing pow'r!



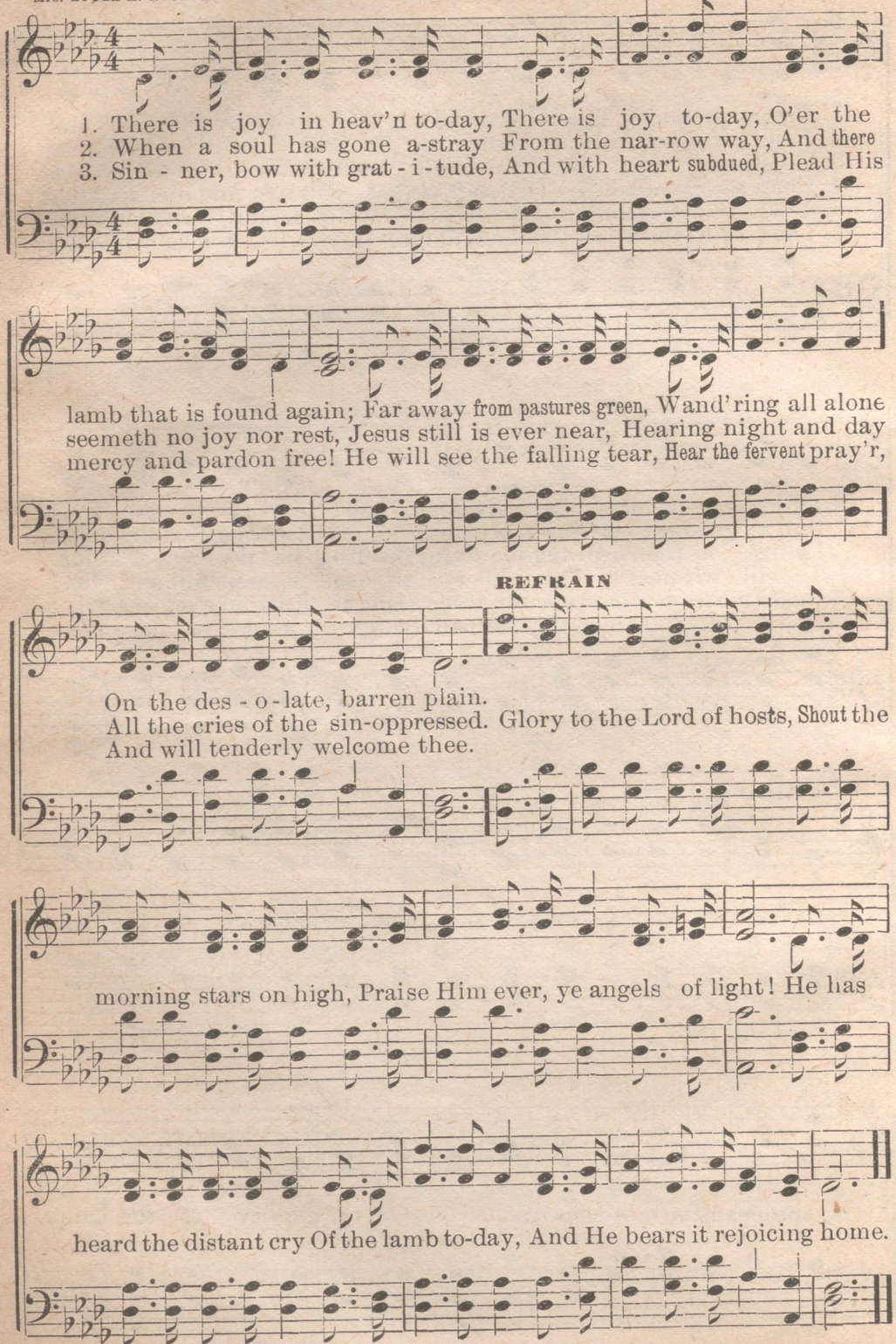
Oh, the cleansing blood has reached me, Glo-ry, glo - ry to the Lamb!
But I gave all try-ing o - ver: Simply trusting, I am blest.
Ly-ing at the cleansing fountain; Dwelling in my Saviour's side.
I will wit-ness to Thy glo - ry Of sal - va-tion full and free.
Cleansed me from inbred cor-rup-tion, Sanc-ti - fied and made me whole.
Glo - ry to the blood that keeps me, Glo-ry, glo-ry, ev - er - more.



No. 11. THERE IS JOY IN HEAVEN.

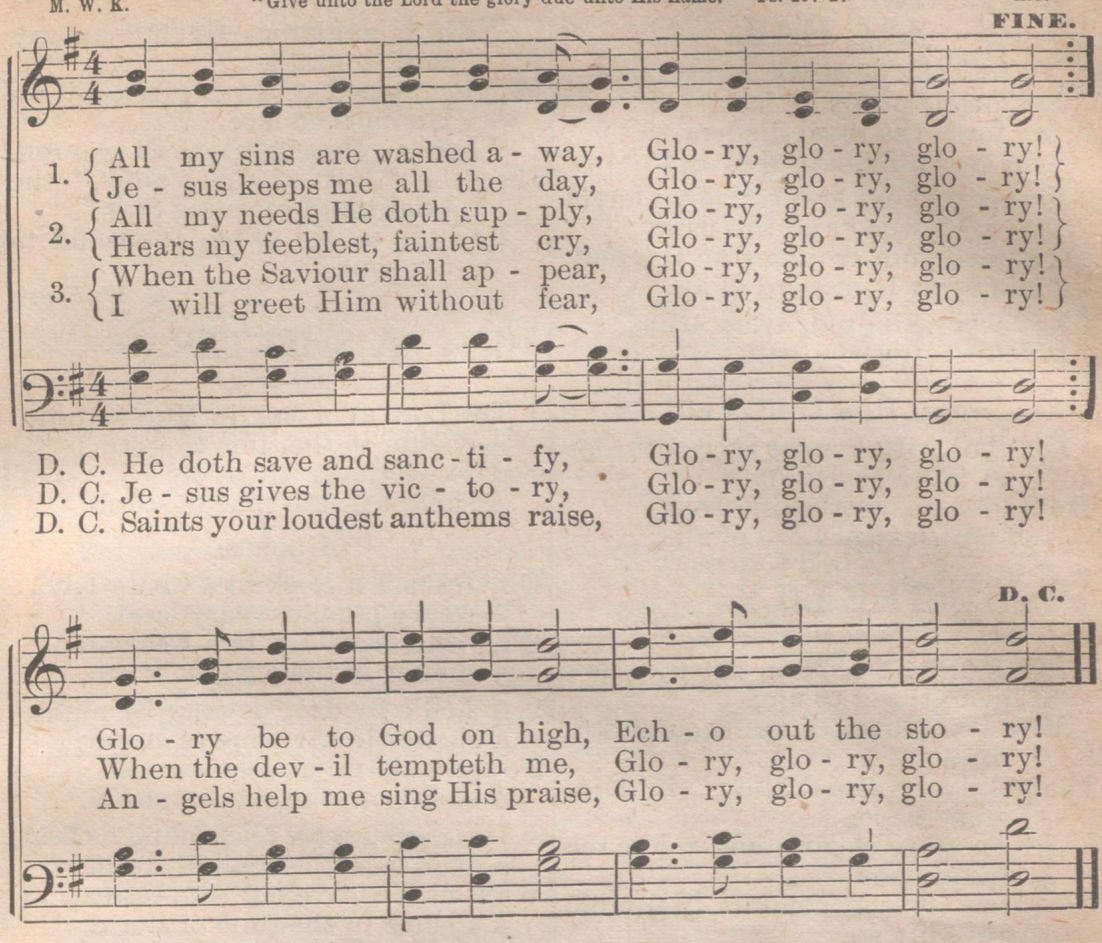
"There is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth."—Luke 15: 10.

Mrs. LOULA K. ROGERS. R. M. McINTOSH. By per.



No. 12. GLORY! GLORY! GLORY!

M. W. K. "Give unto the Lord the glory due unto His name."—Ps. 29: 2. Arr.



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No. 13. NOW I FEEL THE SACRED FIRE.

1 Now I feel the sacred fire,
Kindling, flaming, glowing,
Higher still and rising higher,
All my soul o'erflowing;
Life immortal I receive,—
Oh, the wondrous story!
I was dead, but now I live,
Glory! glory! glory!

2 Now I am from bondage freed,
Every bond is riven;
Jesus makes me free indeed,
Just as free as heaven;
'Tis a glorious liberty—
Oh, the wondrous story!
I was bound, but now I'm free,
Glory! glory! glory!

3 Let the testimony roll,
Roll through every nation;
Witnessing from soul to soul,
This immense salvation;
Now I know it's full and free,
Oh! the wondrous story!
For it now is saving me,
Glory! glory! glory!

4 Glory be to God on high,
Glory be to Jesus!
He hath brought salvation nigh,
From all sin He frees us;
Let the golden harps of God
Ring the wondrous story;
Let the pilgrim shout aloud,
Glory! glory! glory!

5 Let the trump of jubilee,
The glad tidings thunder;
Jesus sets the captives free,
Bursts their bonds asunder:
Fetters break and dungeons fall,
Oh, the wondrous story!
This salvation's free to all,
Glory! glory! glory!

Jesus Christ.

14 ALL HAIL.

1 All hail the power of Jesus' name,
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown Him Lord of all.

2 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall:
Go, spread your trophies at His feet,
And crown Him Lord of all.

3 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all.

4 Oh, that with yonder sacred throng
We at His feet may fall!
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown Him Lord of all.

Edward Perronet. Alt.

15 THE LILY.

KEY OF F.

1 I've found a friend in Jesus,—He's everything to me;
He's the fairest of ten thousand to my soul!
The "Lily of the Valley," in Him alone I see,
All I need to cleanse and make me fully whole.
In sorrow He's my comfort, in trouble He's my stay;
He tells me every care on Him to roll;
He's the "Lily of the Valley," the bright and morning Star;
He's the fairest of ten thousand to my soul!

2 He all my grief has taken, and all my sorrows borne;
In temptation He's my strong and mighty tower;
I've all for Him forsaken, I've all my idols torn
From my heart, and now He keeps me by His power.
Though all the world forsake me, and Satan tempts me sore,
Through Jesus I shall safely reach the goal;
He's the "Lily of the Valley," the bright and morning Star;
He's the fairest of ten thousand to my soul!

3 He'll never, never leave me, nor yet forsake me here,
While I live by faith, and do His blessed will;
A wall of fire about me, I've nothing now to fear,
With His manna He my hungry soul shall fill.
When crowned at last in glory, I'll see His blessed face,
Where rivers of delight shall ever roll,
He's the "Lily of the Valley," the bright and morning Star;
He's the fairest of ten thousand to my soul.

C. W. Fry.

16 A SHELTER.

KEY OF F.

1 The Lord's our Rock, in Him we hide
A shelter in the time of storm;
Secure whatever ill betide,
A shelter in the time of storm.

CHORUS.

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

2 A shade by day, defense by night,
A shelter in the time of storm;
No fears alarm, no foes affright,
A shelter in the time of storm.

3 The raging storms may round us beat,
A shelter in the time of storm;
We'll never leave our safe retreat,
A shelter in the time of storm.

4 Oh, Rock divine, oh, refuge dear,
A shelter in the time of storm;
Be Thou our helper ever near,
A shelter in the time of storm.

Words arr.

17 AT THE CROSS.

1 Must Jesus bear the cross alone,
And all the world go free?
No; there's a cross for every one,
And there's a cross for me.

REFRAIN.

At the cross, at the cross, where I first saw the light,
And the burden of my heart rolled away.
It was there by faith I received my sight,
And now I am happy night and day.

2 How happy are the saints above,
Who once went sorrowing here;
But now they taste unmingled love,
And joy without a tear.

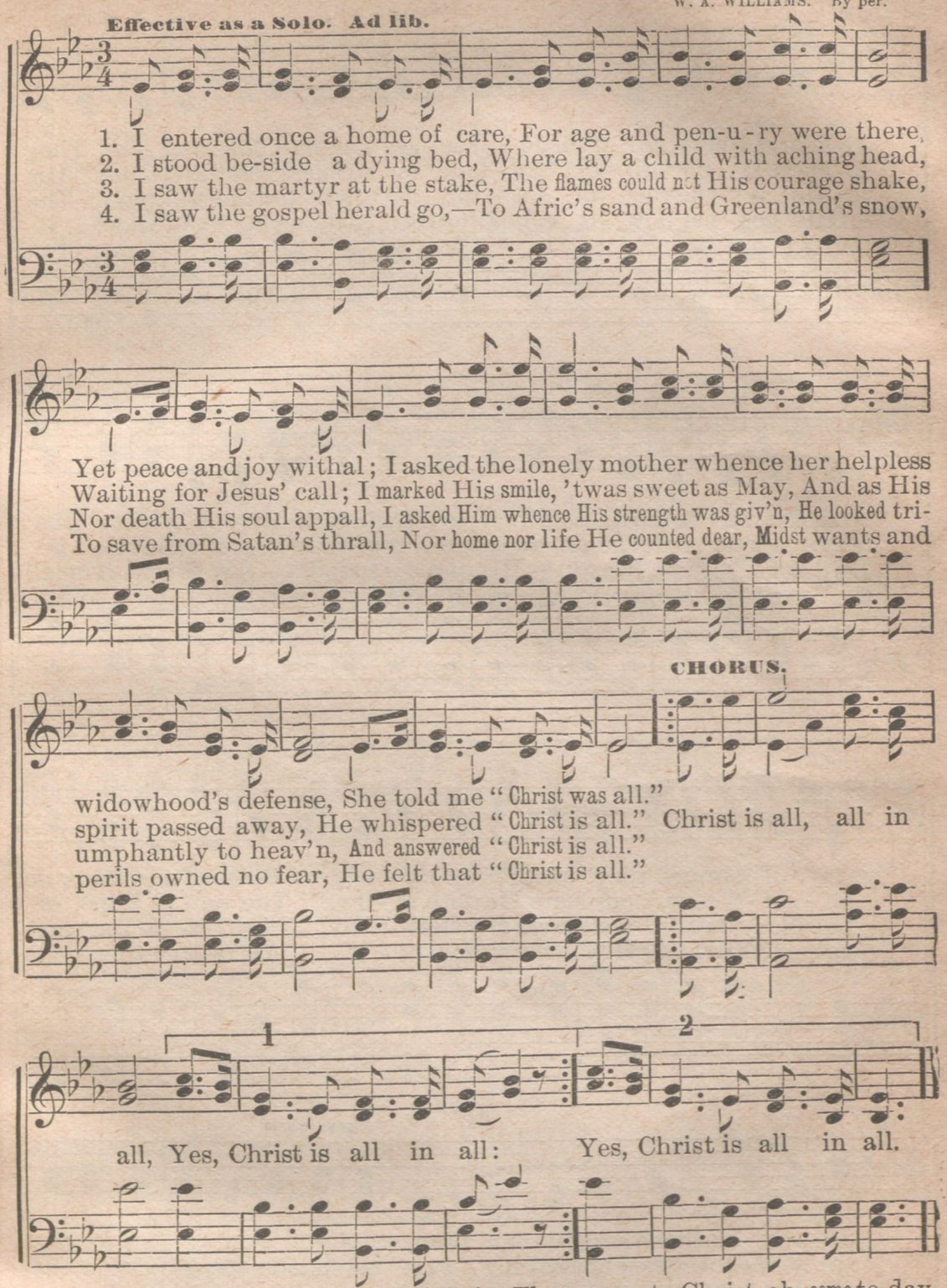
3 The consecrated cross I'll bear,
Till death shall set me free,
And then go home my crown to wear,
For there's a crown for me.

Thomas Shepherd.

No. 18. CHRIST IS ALL.

"Unto you therefore which believe He is precious."—I Peter 2: 7.

W. A. WILLIAMS. By per.



5 I dreamed that hoary time had fled,
And earth and sea gave up their dead,
A fire dissolved this ball,
I saw the church's ransomed throng,
I heard the burden of their song,
'Twas "Christ is all in all."

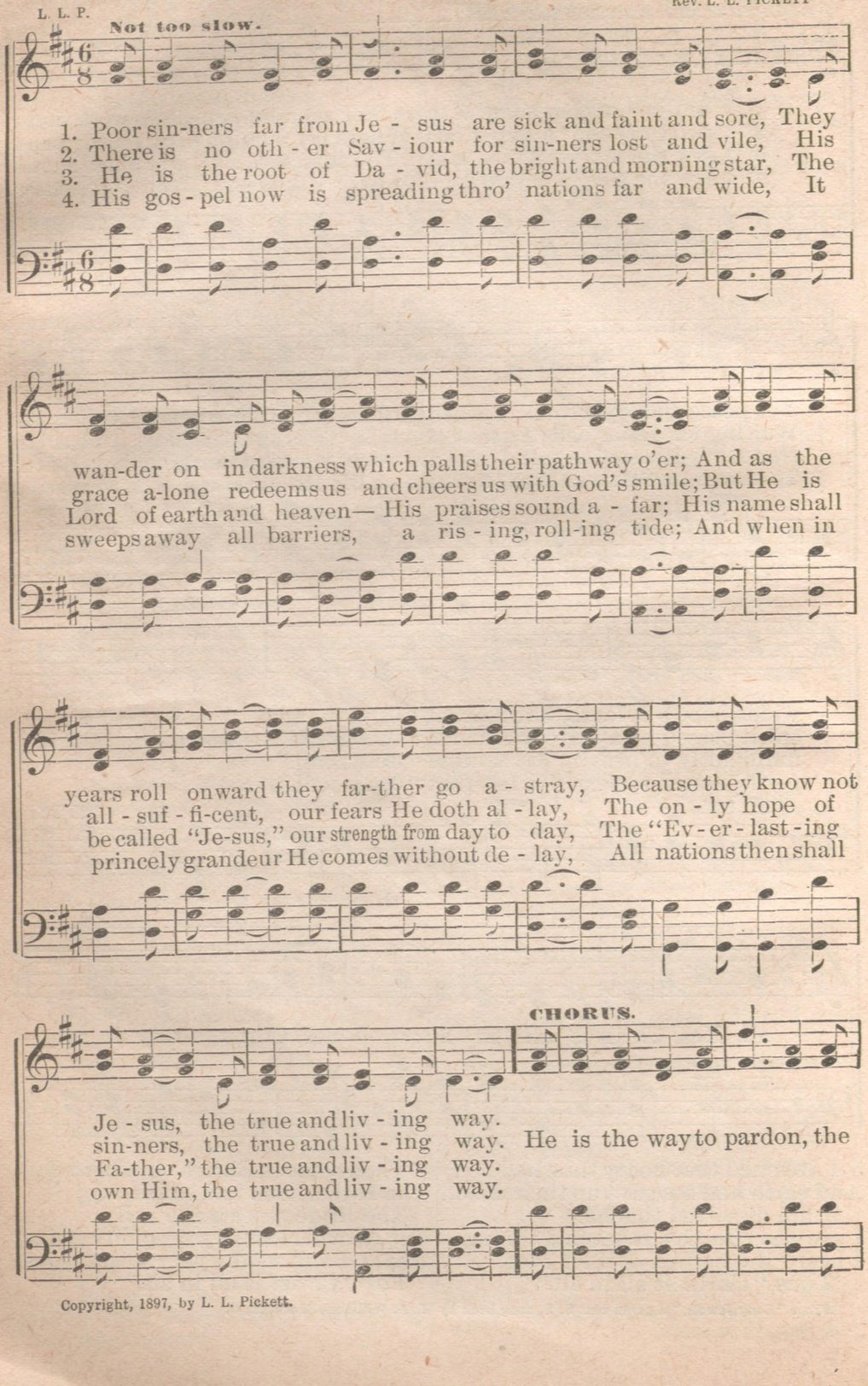
6 Then come to Christ, oh, come to-day,
The Father, Son and Spirit say;
The Bride repeats the call;
For He will cleanse your guilty stains,
His love will soothe your weary pains,
For "Christ is all in all."

From "Song Jewels," a seven-cent S. S. song book by W. A. Williams, Warnock, O.

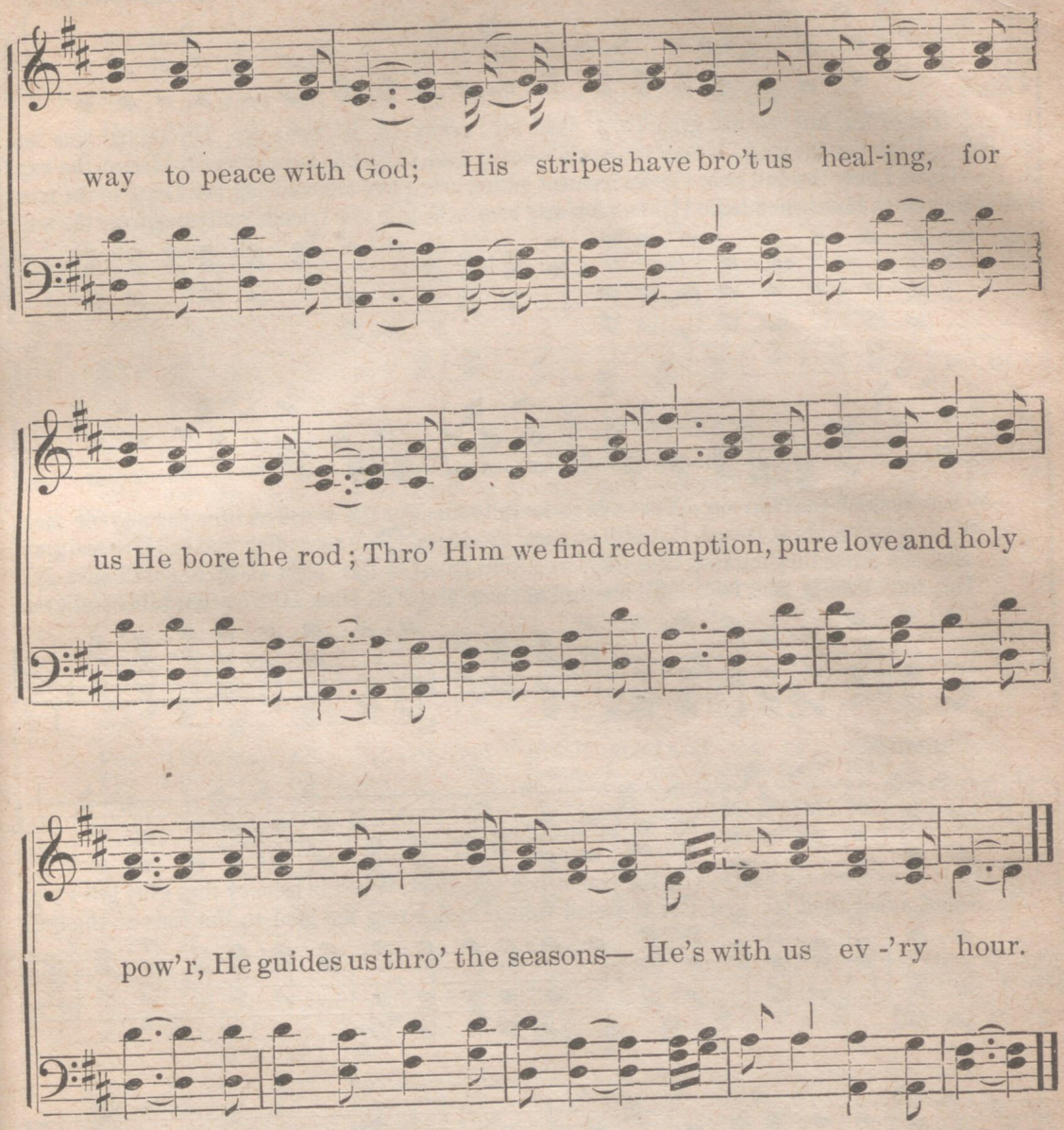
No. 19. THE TRUE AND LIVING WAY.

"I am the way, the truth, and the life."—John 14:6.

L. L. P. Rev. L. L. PICKETT



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No. 20. JESUS OF NAZARETH. L. M.

KEY G.

1 What means this eager, anxious throng,
Which moves with busy haste along,—
These wondrous gatherings day by day?
What means this strange commotion, say?
In accents hushed the throng reply:
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

2 Who is this Jesus? Why should He
The city move so mightily?
A passing stranger, has He skill
To move the multitude at will?
Again the stirring notes reply:
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

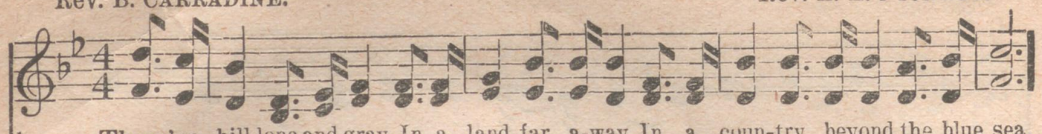
3 Ho! all ye heavy-laden, come!
Here's pardon, comfort, rest, and home
Ye wanderers from a Father's face,
Return, accept His proffered grace.
Ye tempted, there's a refuge nigh:
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

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

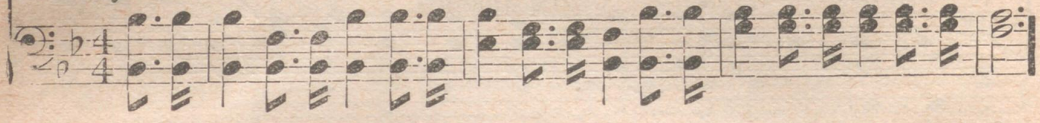
By per. T. E. Perkins.

No. 21. CALVARY.

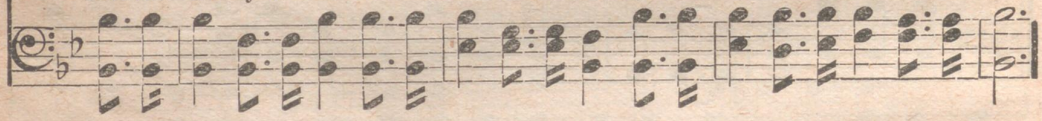
Rev. B. CARRADINE. Rev. L. L. PICKETT.



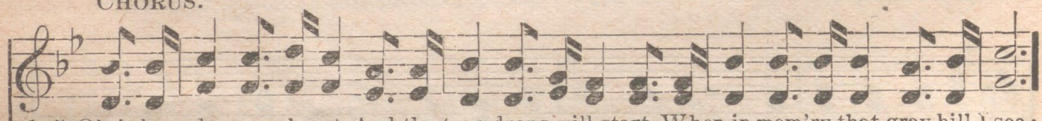
1. There's a hill lone and gray, In a land far a-way, In a coun-try beyond the blue sea,
2. Behold! faint on the road, 'Neath the world's heavy load, Comes a thorn-crown'd Man on the way!
3. Hark, I hear the dull blow Of the hammer swung low, They are nail-ing my Lord to the tree!
4 How they mock Him in death To His last lab'ring breath, While His friends sadly weep o'er the way!



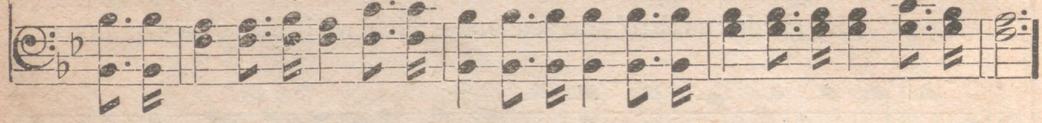
Where beneath that fair sky, Went a Man forth to die, For the world and for you and for me.
With a cross He is bowed, But still on thro' the crowd He 's ascending that hill lone and gray.
And the cross they upraise While the multitude gaze On the blest Lamb of dark Calva-ry!
But tho' lone-ly and faint Still no word of complaint Fell from Him on that hillock of gray.

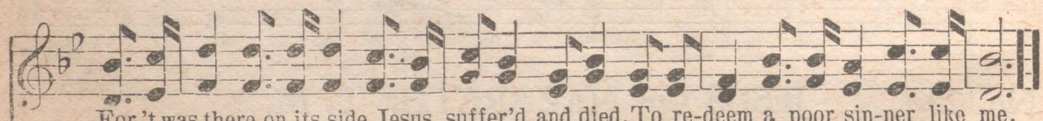


CHORUS.

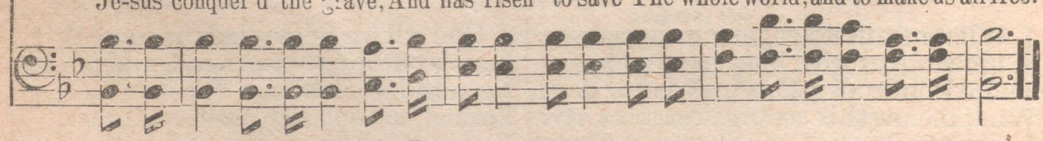


1–5. Oh, it bows down my heart, And the tear-drops will start, When in mem'ry that gray hill I see;
6. Shout aloud, then, my soul, Let the glad tidings roll From the land to the ends of the sea!





For 't was there on its side Jesus suffer'd and died, To re-deem a poor sin-ner like me.
Je-sus conquer'd the grave, And has risen to save The whole world, and to make us all free.



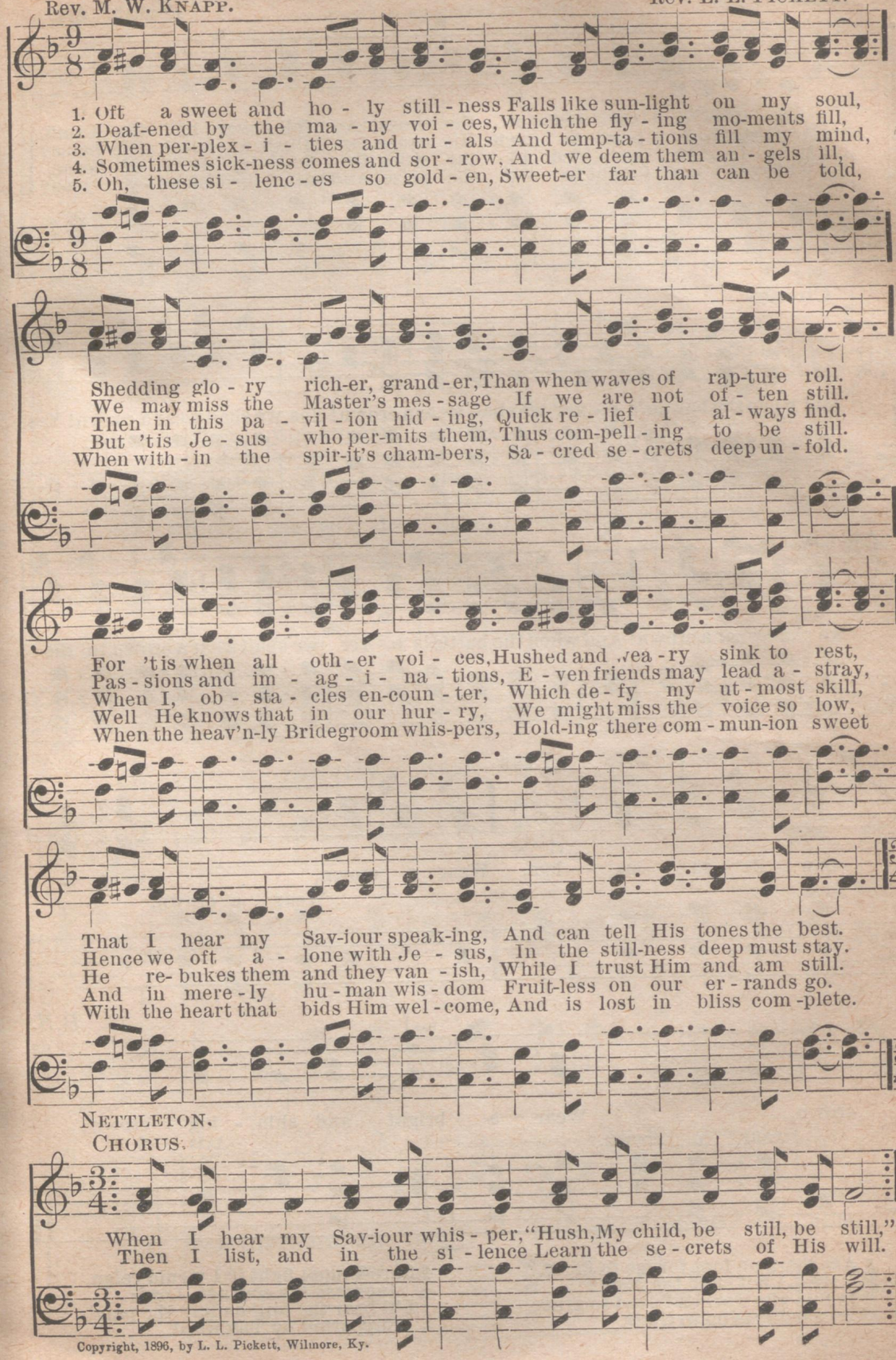
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5 Then the darkness came down,
And the rocks rent around,
And a cry pierced the sad-laden air!
'T was the voice of our King,
Who received death's dark sting,
All to save us from endless despair.

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

No. 22. BE STILL.

Rev. M. W. KNAPP. Rev. L. L. PICKETT.



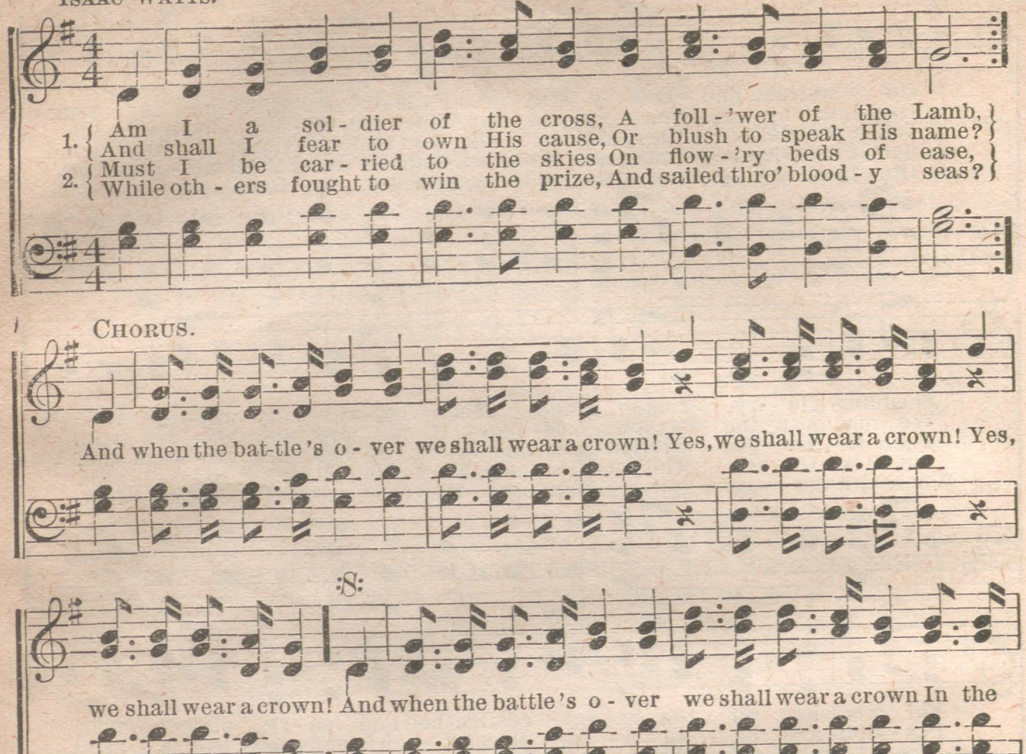
NETTLETON.

CHORUS.

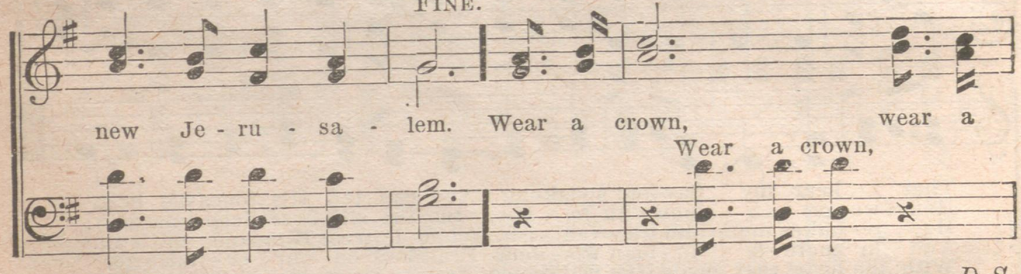
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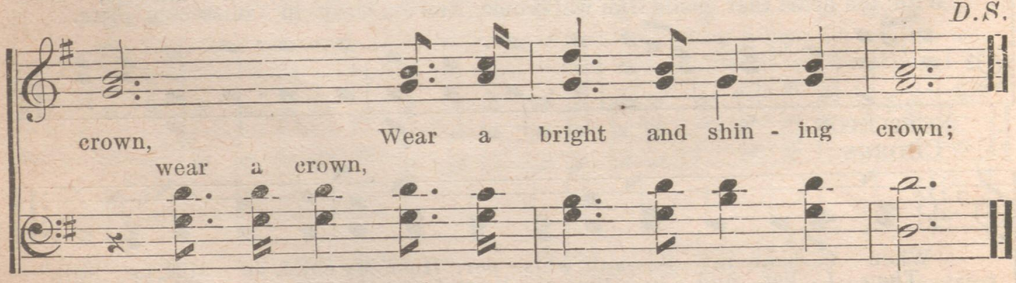
No. 23. BATTLE HYMN.

ISAAC WATTS. English. Arr.



CHORUS.





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?

4 Sure I must fight if I would reign,
Increase my courage, Lord:
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain
Supported by Thy word.

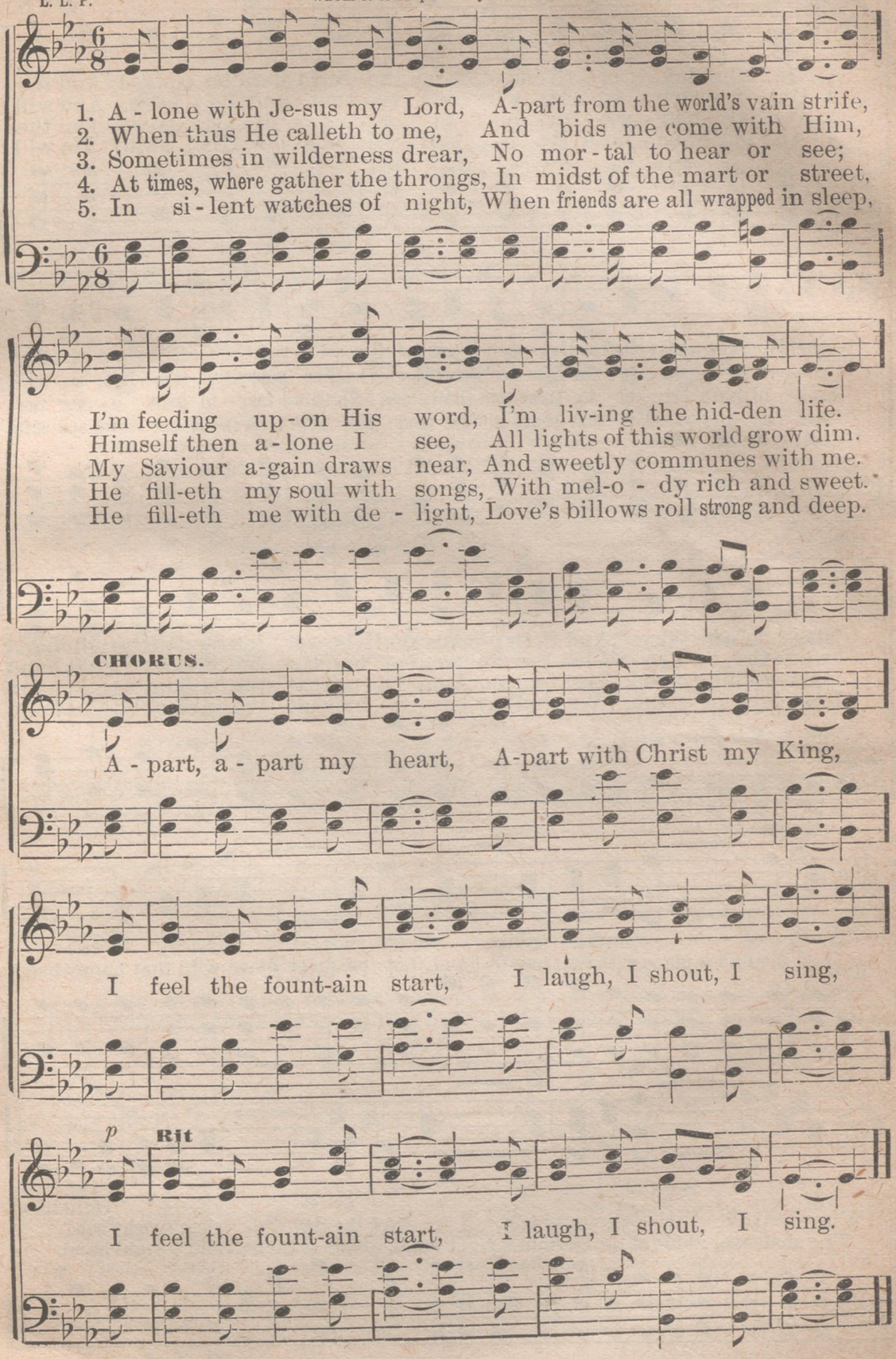
No. 24.

ALONE WITH JESUS.

"Your life is hid with Christ in God."—Col. 3: 3.

Suggested by a sermon of Mrs. Mary Snell Hall's, who indited the chorus, and to whom it is respectfully inscribed.

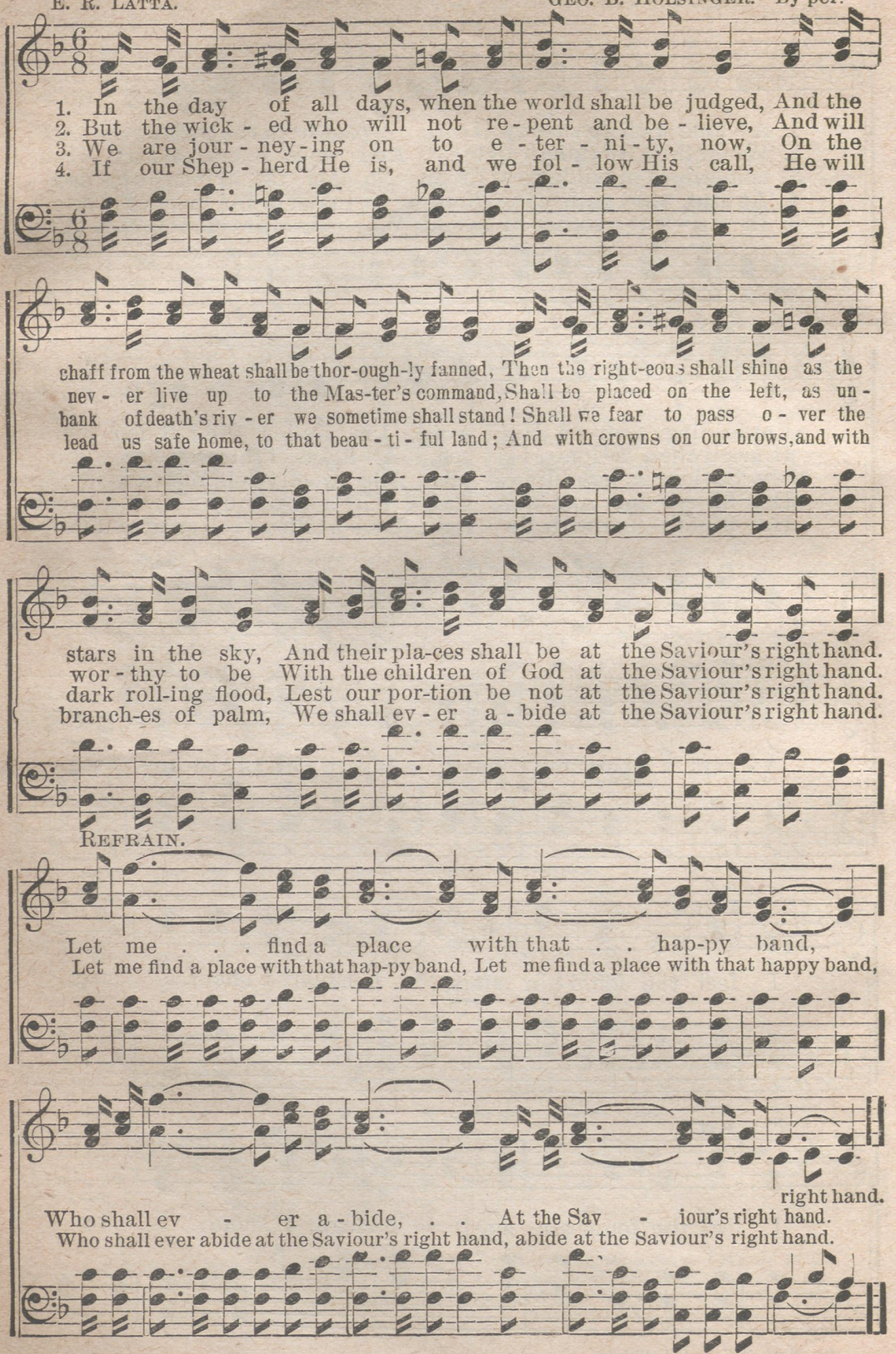
L. L. P. L. L. PICKETT.



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No. 25. AT THE SAVIOUR'S RIGHT HAND.

E. R. LATTA. GEO. B. HOLSINGER. By per.

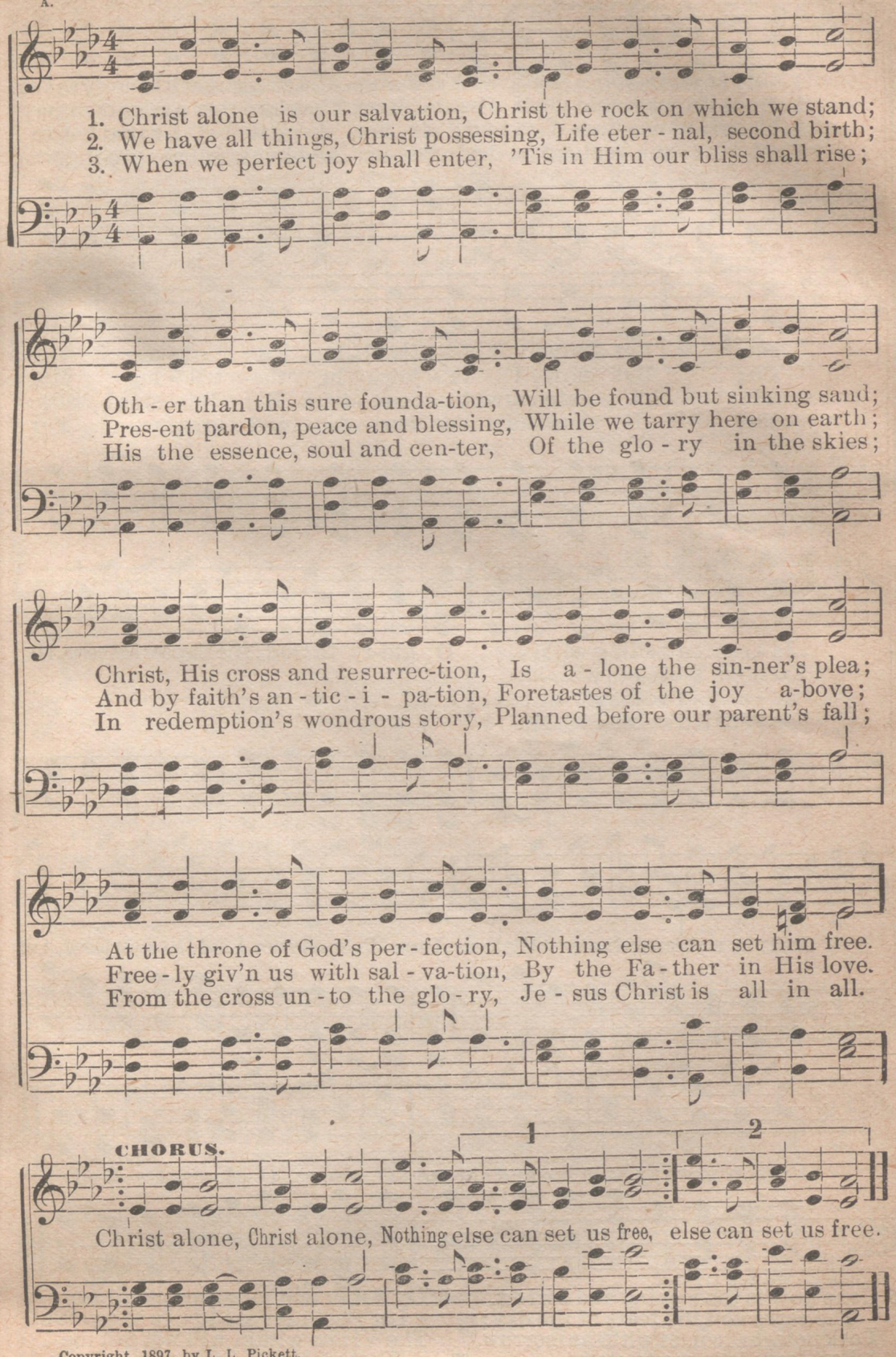


No. 26. CHRIST ALONE.

"For there is none other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved."—Acts 4: 12.

L. L. PICKETT.

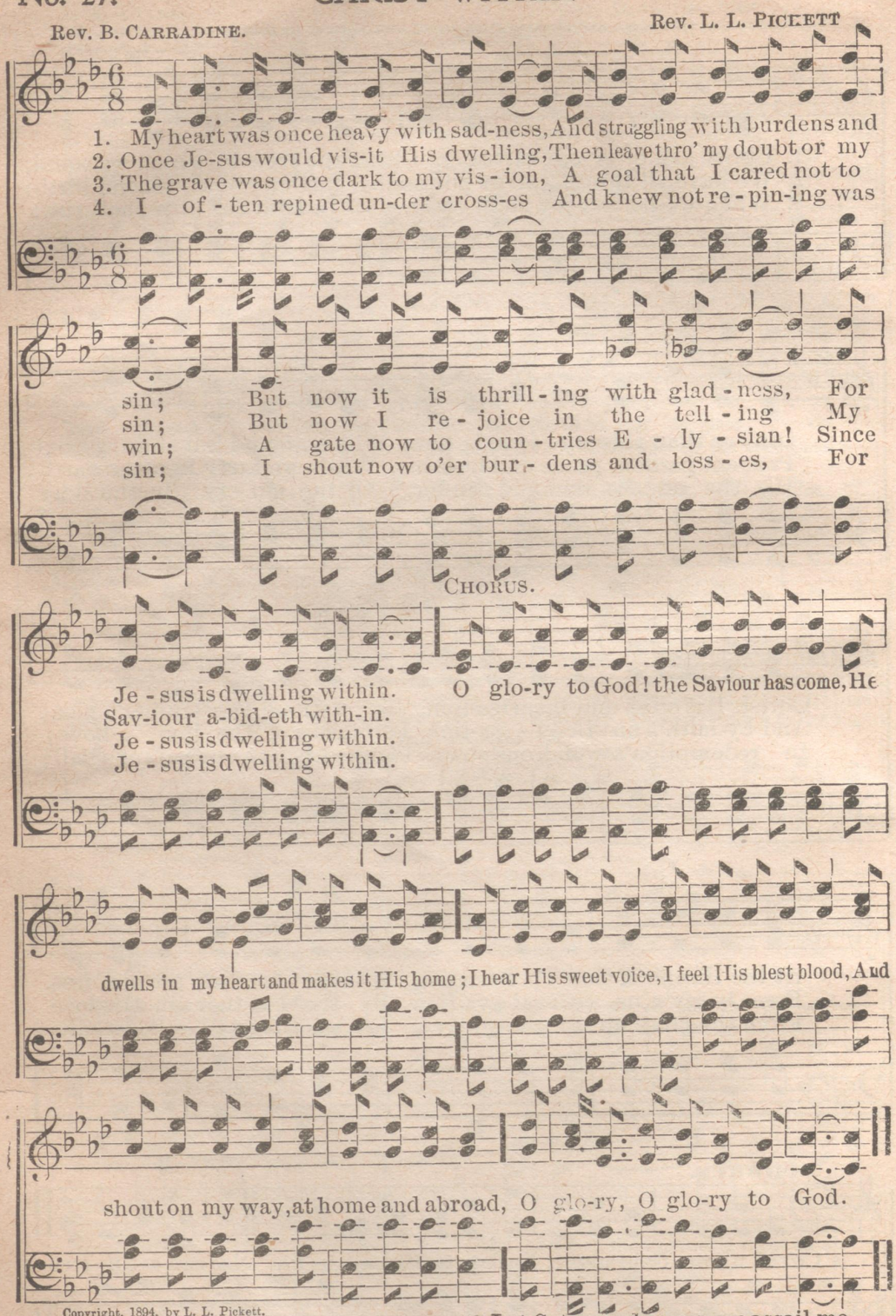
A.



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No. 27. CHRIST WITHIN.

Rev. B. CARRADINE. Rev. L. L. PICKETT



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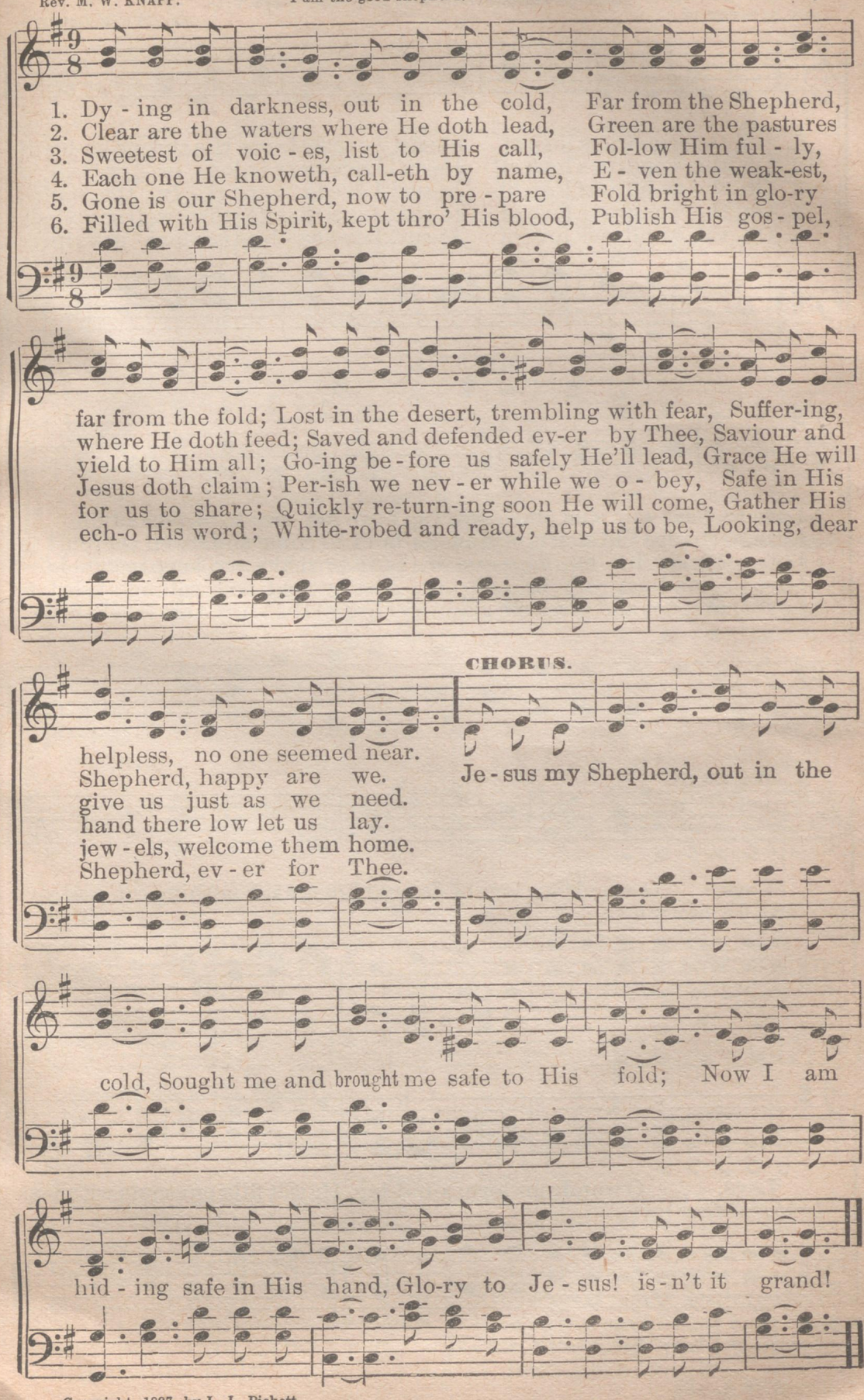
5 Gone now is the sighing and sorrow,
The cares and the fears of the day;
I ask not what comes with the morrow,
For Jesus is in me to stay.

6 Let Satan and men now assail me,
Let Death lay me low in the grave!
The Victor within will not fail me
What more can I pray for or have.

7

No. 28. THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

Rev. M. W. KNAPP. "I am the good shepherd."—John 10: 11. SIDNEY WILLIAMS.

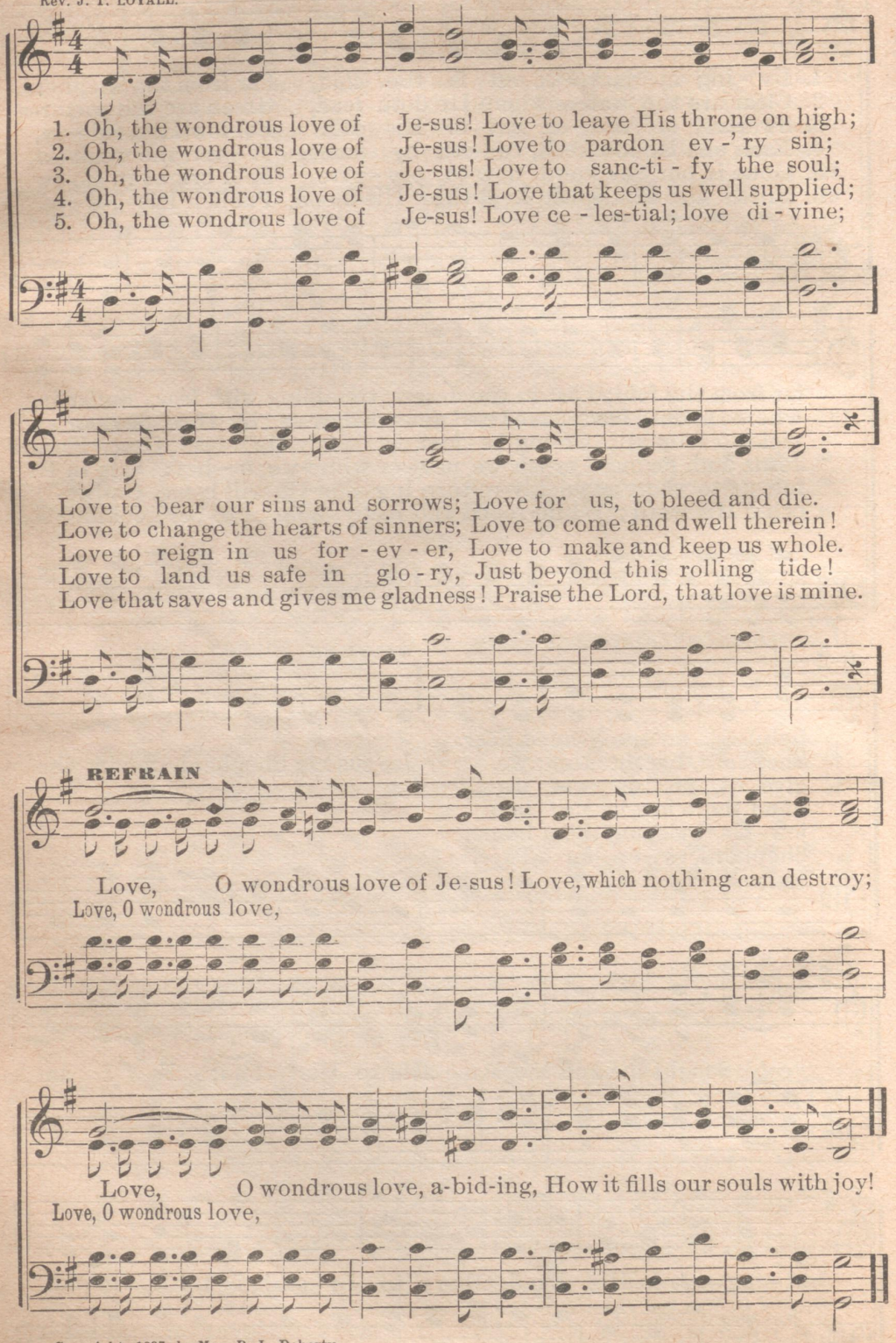


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No. 29. THE WONDROUS LOVE OF JESUS.

"The love of Christ, which passeth knowledge."—Eph. 3: 19.

Rev. J. T. LOYALL. Mrs. R. L. DOHERTY.

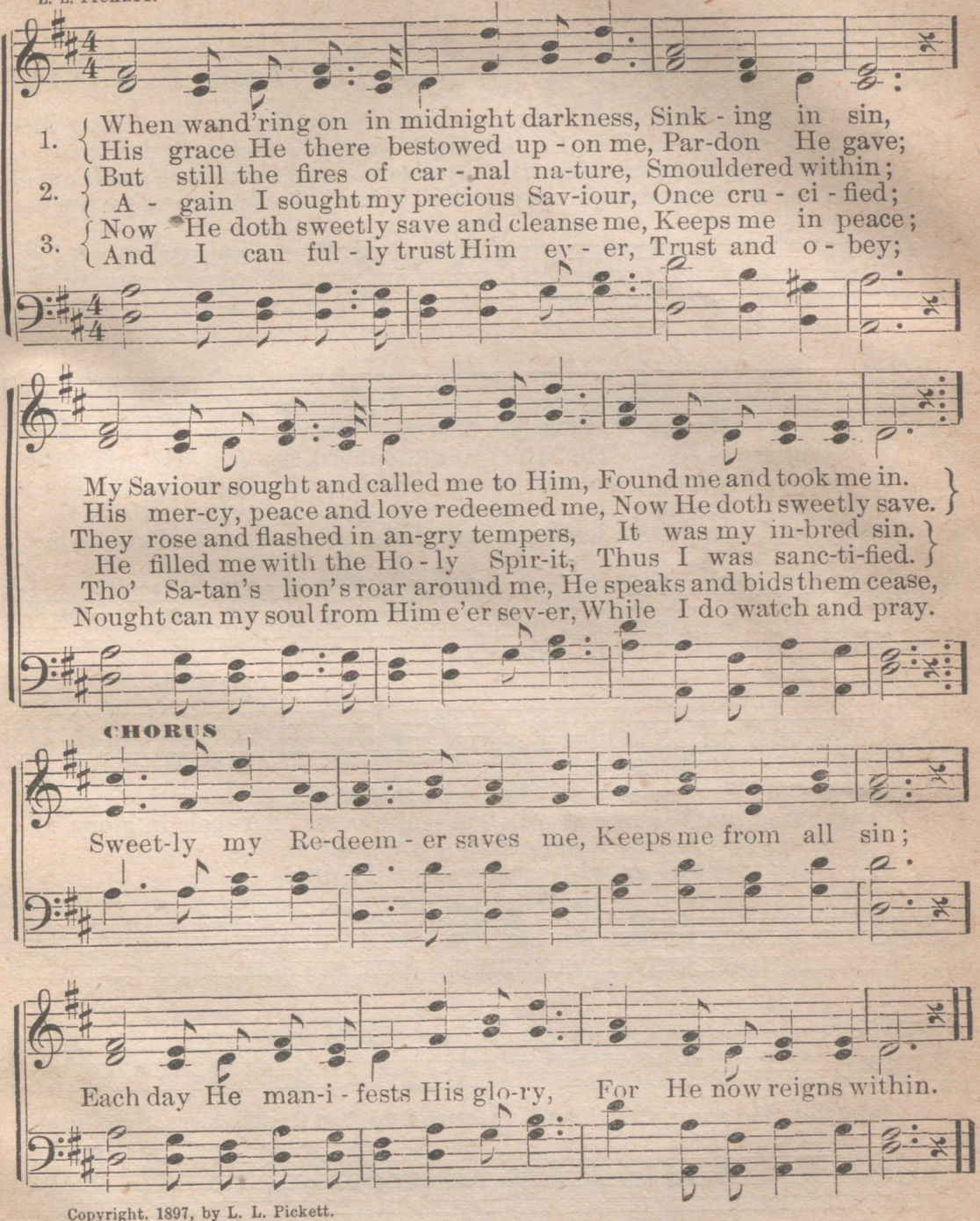


Copyright, 1897, by Mrs. R. L. Doherty.

No. 30. HE FOUND ME AND TOOK ME IN.

"Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out."—John 6: 37.

L. L. PICKETT. S. C. FOSTER. Arr.



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No. 31. JESUS SAVES TO-DAY.

Tune "Glory to His Name." A♭.

1 I am so glad that my Saviour came,
And that His promise is ever the same;
Oh, glory be to His gracious name!
Jesus saves to-day!

REFRAIN.

Jesus saves to-day, Jesus saves to-day;
Oh, glory be to His gracious name!
Jesus saves to-day!

2 He shed His blood from sin to redeem
All who will come to the cleansing stream;
Salvation! Oh, what a joyful theme!
Jesus saves to-day!

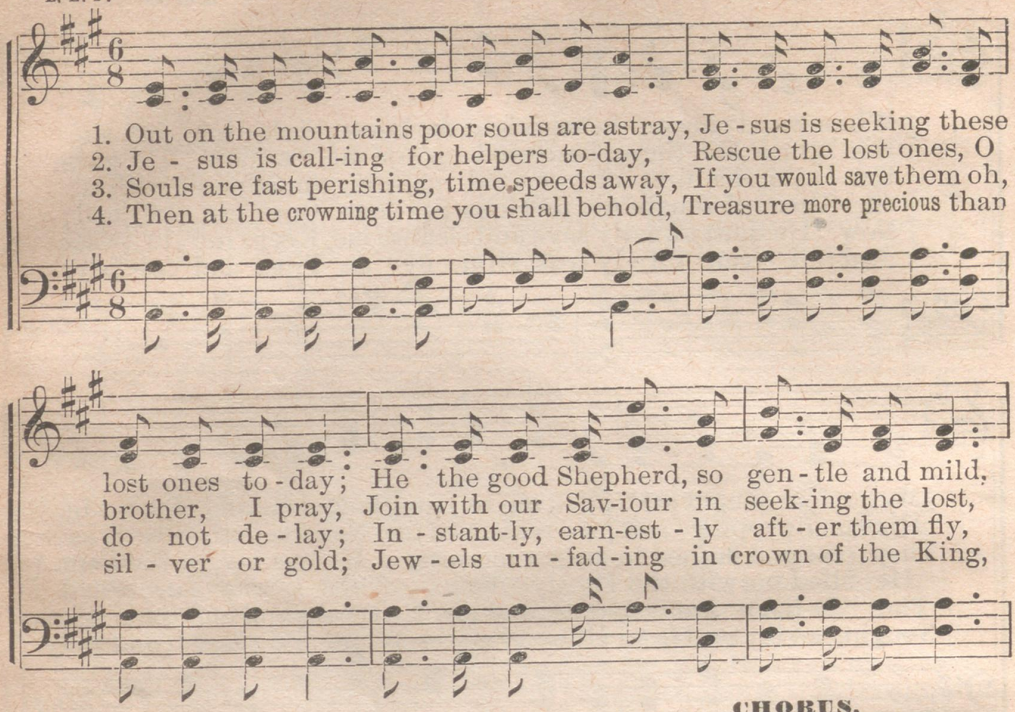
3 Oh, sinners, come, ere it be too late!
Come, and be saved from your lost estate;
Come, Mercy pleads, tho' your sins are great,
Jesus saves to-day!

Rev. J. T. Loyall.

No. 32. OUT ON THE MOUNTAINS.

"For the Son of man is come to seek and to save that which was lost."—Luke 19: 10.

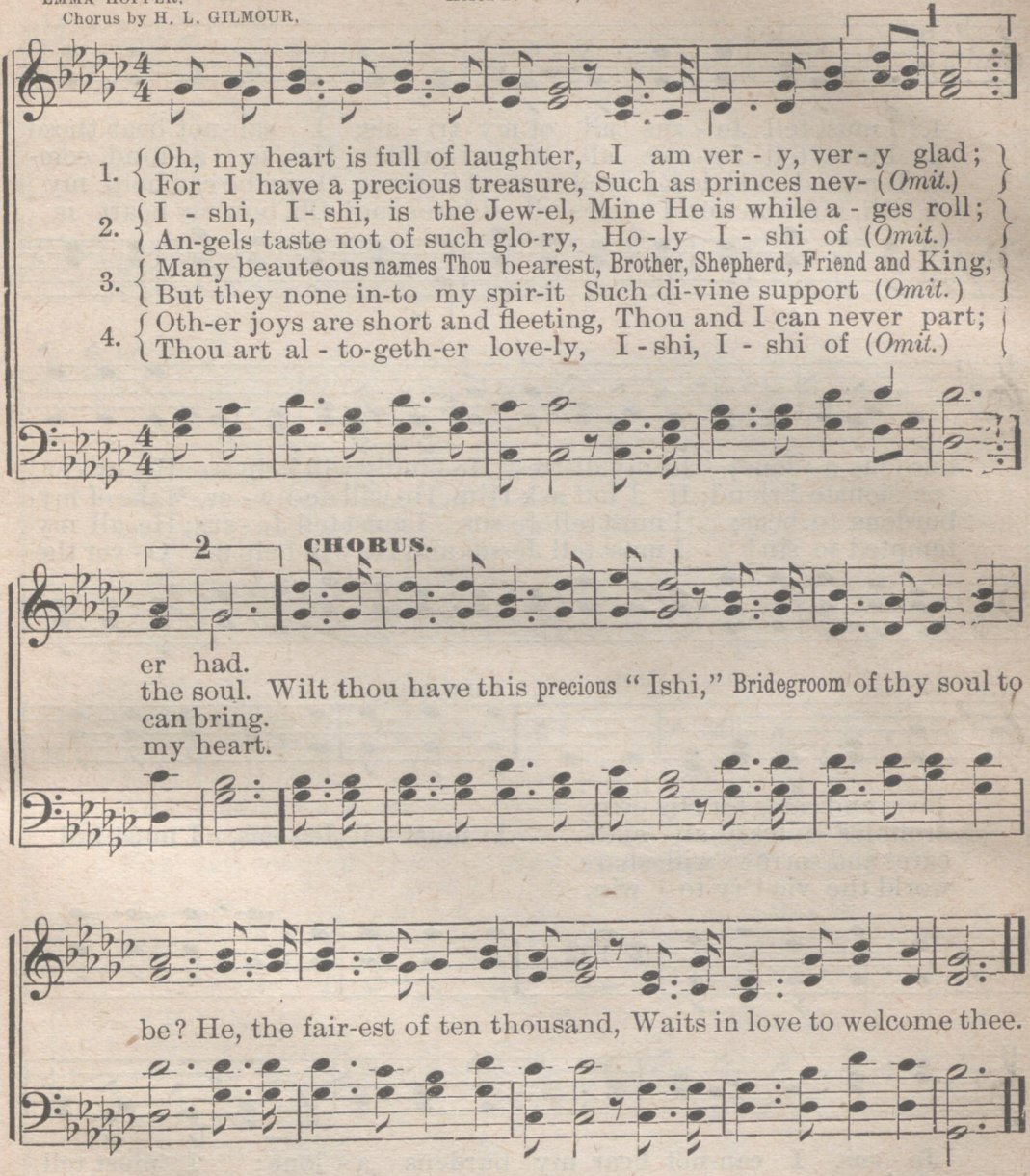
L. L. P. Rev. L. L. PICKETT.



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No. 33. ISHI.

EMMA HOPPER, Chorus by H. L. GILMOUR. Hosea 2: 14–23, L. L. PICKETT.



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No. 34. IT IS FINISHED. 8s, 7s & 4s.

Tune: HARWELL. Key G.

1 Hark! the voice of love and mercy,
Sounds aloud from Calvary;
See! it rends the rocks asunder,
Shakes the earth, and veils the sky;
"It is finished:"
Hear the dying Saviour cry.

2 "It is finished!" O what pleasure
Do those precious words afford!
Heavenly blessings, without measure,
Flow to us from Christ the Lord:
"It is finished:"
Saints, the dying words record.

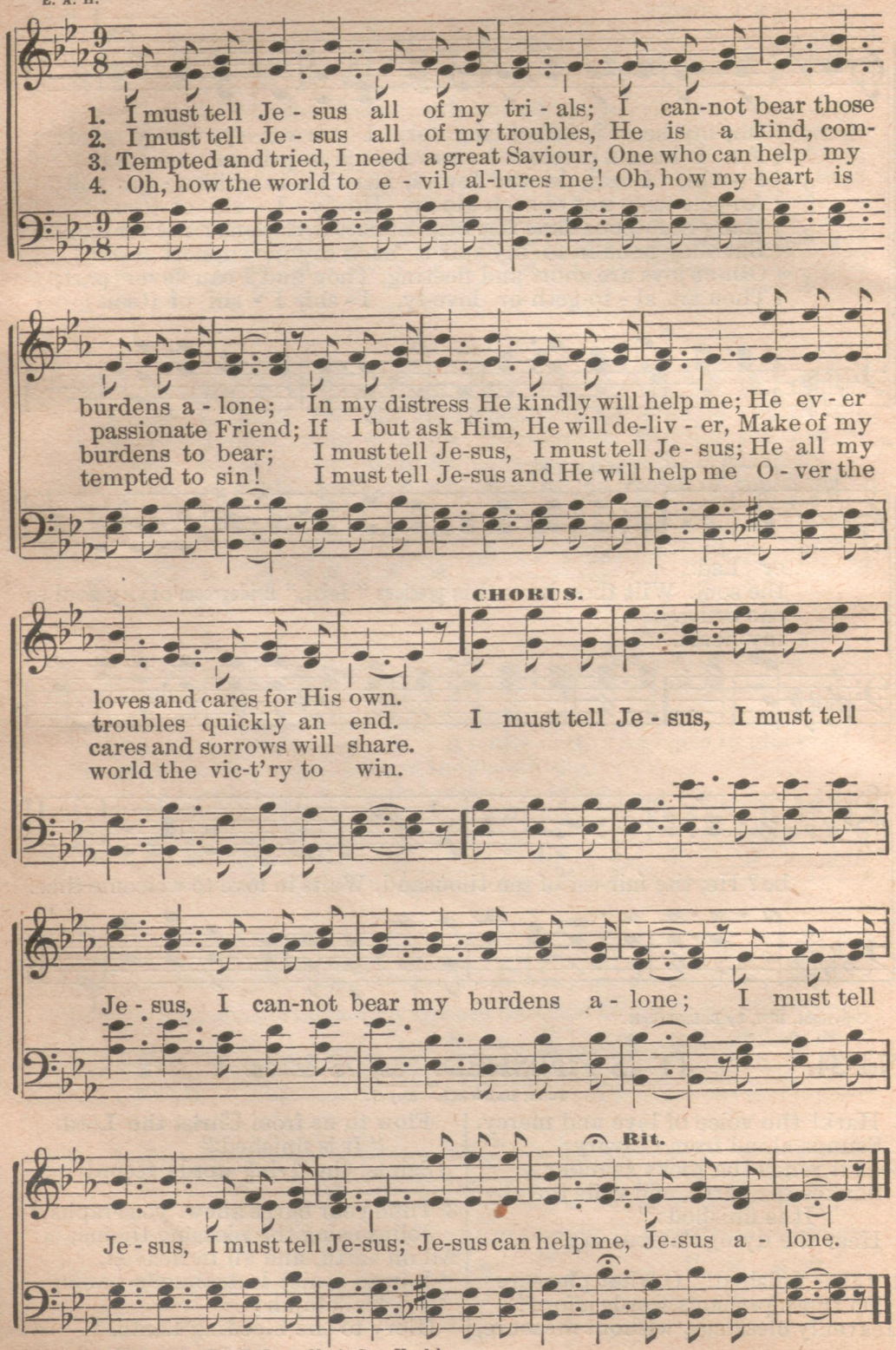
3 Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs;
Join to sing the pleasing theme;
All on earth, and all in heaven,
Join to praise Immanuel's name;
Hallelujah!
Glory to the bleeding Lamb.

Jonathan Evans.

No. 35. I MUST TELL JESUS.

"Casting all your care upon him; for he careth for you."—1 Peter 5: 7.

E. A. H. Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

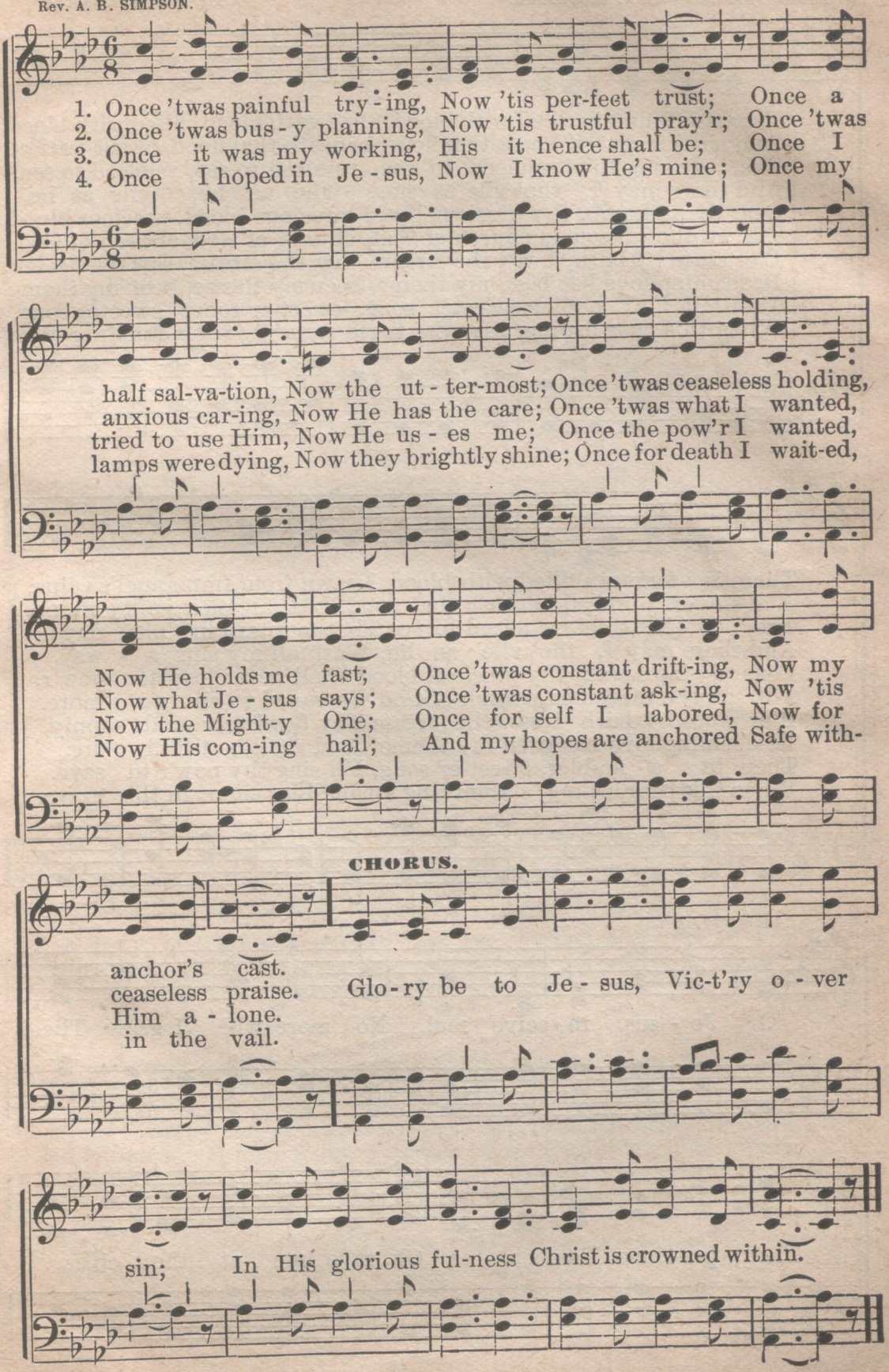


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No. 36. HIMSELF.

"That in all things he might have the preeminence,"—Col. 1: 18.

Rev. A. B. SIMPSON. CHAS. A. HUMPHREY.

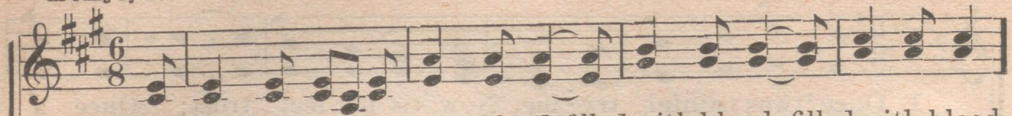


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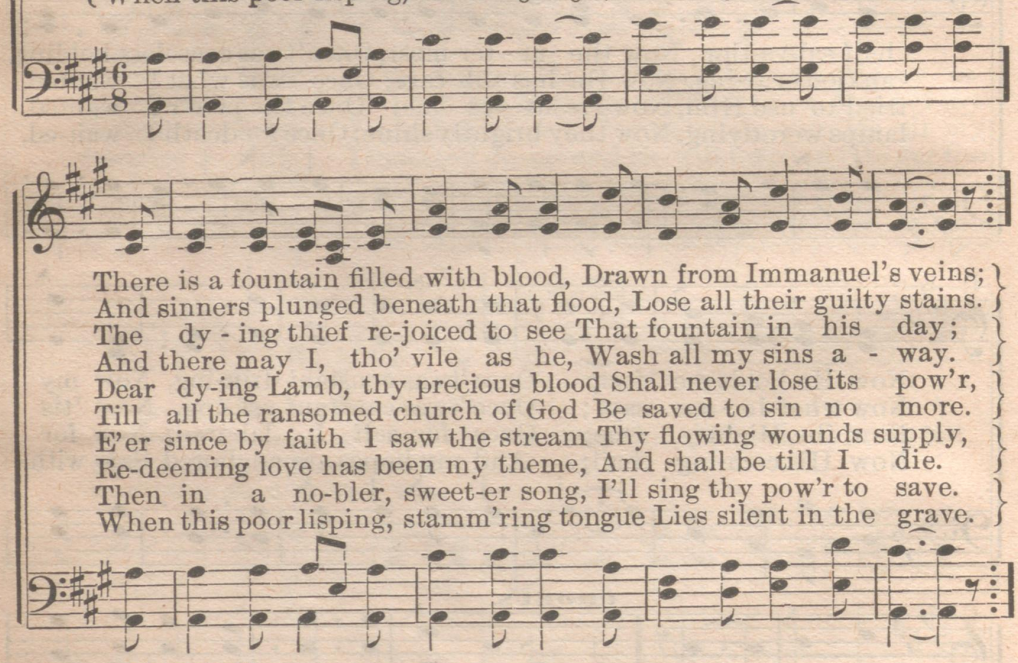
No. 37. THERE IS A FOUNTAIN.

"In that day shall be a fountain opened for sin and uncleanness."--Zech. 13: 1.

As sung by Rev. GEORGE W. YARBROUGH. Arr. by R. M. McINTOSH.

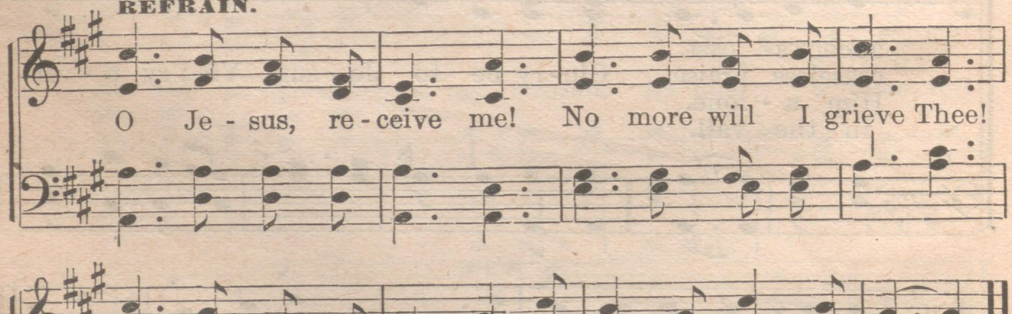


1. There is a fountain filled with blood, filled with blood, filled with blood,
   And sinners, plunged beneath that flood, beneath that flood, beneath that flood,
2. The dy - ing thief rejoiced to see, rejoiced to see, rejoiced to see,
   And there may I, tho' vile as he, vile as he, vile as he,
3. Dear dying Lamb, thy precious blood, precious blood, precious blood,
   Till all the ransomed church of God, church of God, church of God,
4. E'er since by faith, I saw the stream, saw the stream, saw the stream,
   Redeeming love has been my theme, been my theme, been my theme.
5. Then, in a nobler, sweeter song, sweet-er song, sweeter song,
   When this poor lisping, stamm'ring tongue, stamm'ring tongue, stamm'ring tongue,

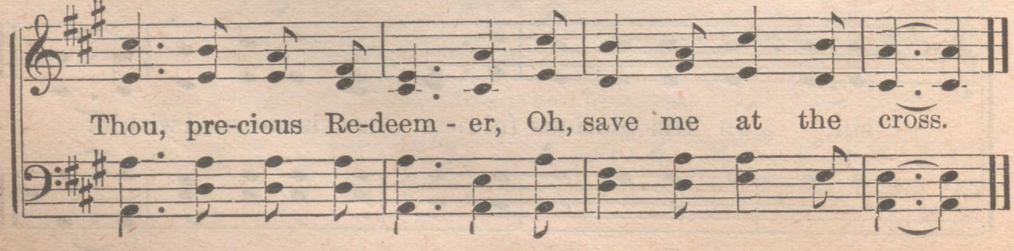


There is a fountain filled with blood, Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
And sinners plunged beneath that flood, Lose all their guilty stains.
The dy - ing thief re-joiced to see That fountain in his day;
And there may I, tho' vile as he, Wash all my sins a - way.
Dear dy-ing Lamb, thy precious blood Shall never lose its pow'r,
Till all the ransomed church of God Be saved to sin no more.
E'er since by faith I saw the stream Thy flowing wounds supply,
Re-deeming love has been my theme, And shall be till I die.
Then in a no-bler, sweet-er song, I'll sing thy pow'r to save.
When this poor lisping, stamm'ring tongue Lies silent in the grave.

REFRAIN.



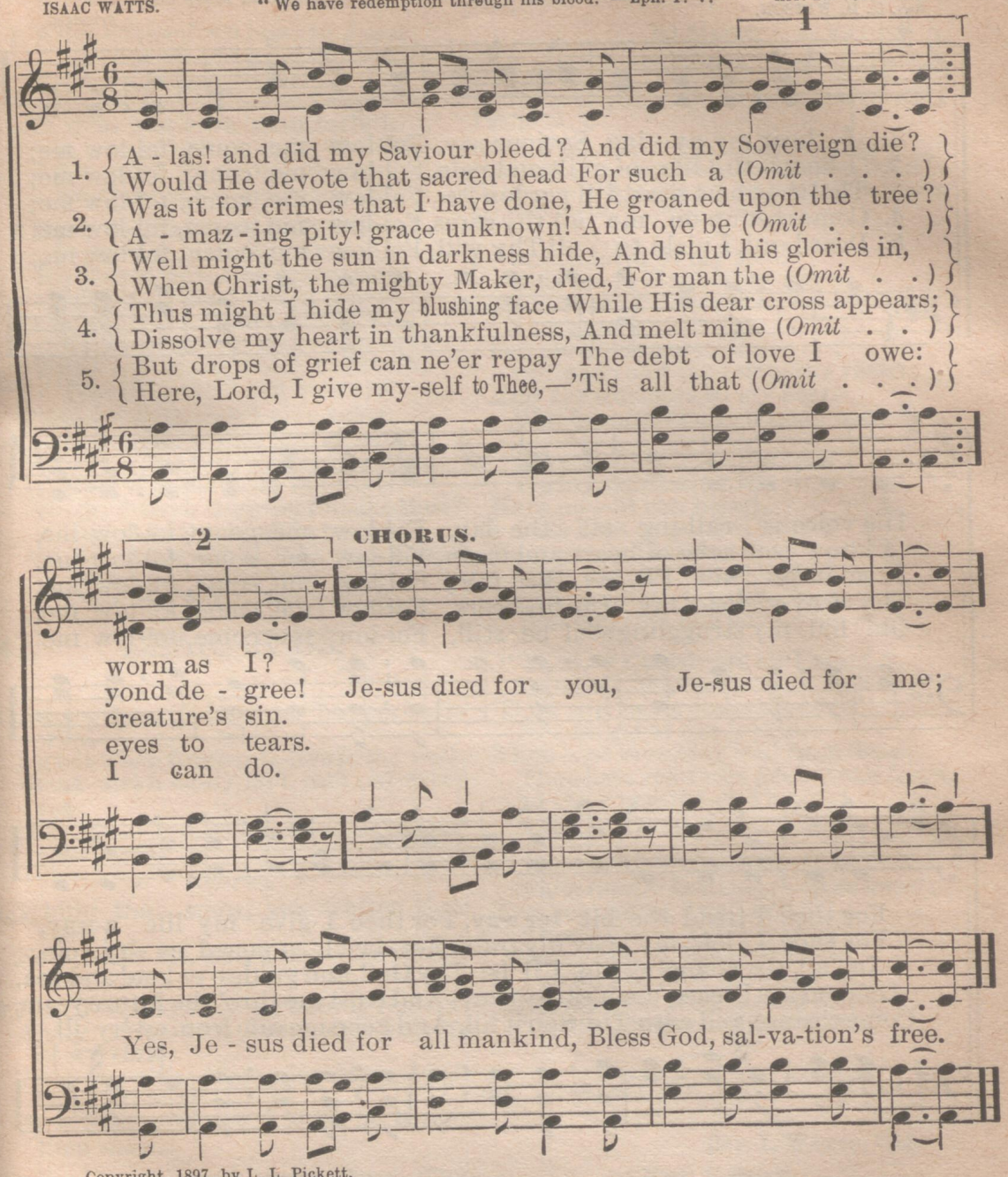
O Je - sus, re - ceive me! No more will I grieve Thee!



Thou, pre-cious Re-deem - er, Oh, save me at the cross.

No. 38. JESUS DIED FOR ME.

ISAAC WATTS. "We have redemption through his blood."—Eph. 1: 7. Arr. for this Work.



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No. 39. WHEN I SURVEY THE WONDROUS CROSS.

Tune: EUCHARIST. L. M.

1 When I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my God;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to His blood.

3 See, from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down:
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

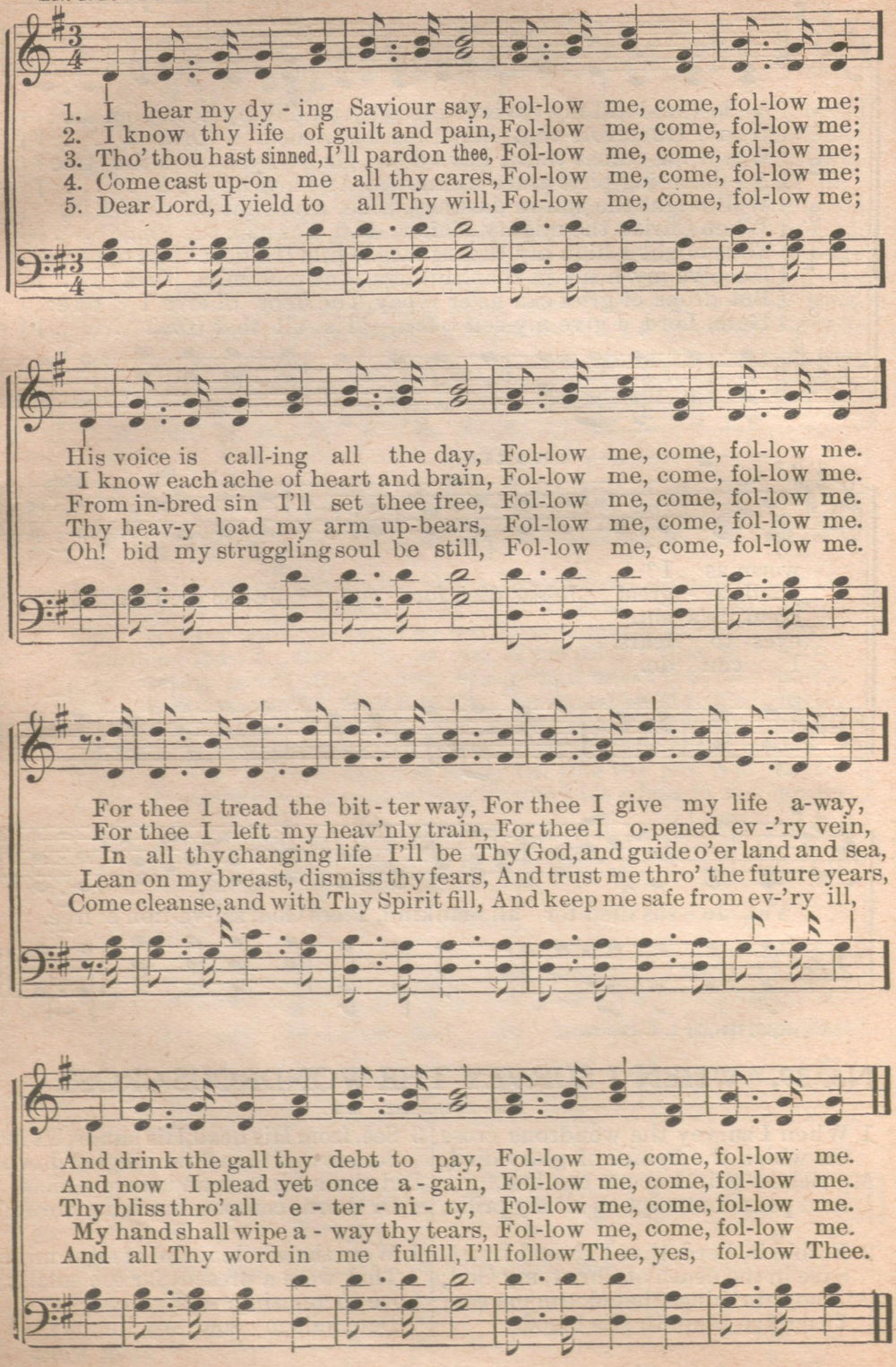
4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

Isaac Watts.

No. 40. FOLLOW ME.

"If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, take up his cross daily, and follow me."—Luke 9: 23.

Rev. G. D. WATSON. Arranged.



41. WHAT A FRIEND.

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!
O, what peace we often forfeit,
O, 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 Saviour, 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.

42. DEAR JESUS.

By Per.

1 Dear Jesus, I long to be perfectly whole;
I want Thee forever to live in my soul:
Break down every idol, cast out every foe;
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

Chorus.

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

2 Dear Jesus, let nothing unholy remain:
Apply Thine own blood, and remove every stain.
To have this blest cleansing, I all things forego;
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

3 Dear Jesus, come down from Thy throne in the skies,
And help me to make a complete sacrifice;
I give up myself, and whatever I know;
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

4 The blessing, by faith, I receive from above:
O glory! my soul is made perfect in love.
My prayer has prevailed, and this moment I know
The blood is applied: I am whiter than snow.

43. THE NEW SONG.

By Martha A. Eaton.

Tune: "Jesus, Lover of my Soul."

"He hath put a new song in my mouth." Psalm xl: 3.

"The beloved of the Lord shall dwell in safety by him, and the Lord shall cover him all the day long, and he shall dwell between his shoulders." Deut. xxxiii: 12.

1 "Jesus, lover of my soul,"
Bids me in His bosom stay;
And though billows round me roll,
I am safely hid away,
For He holds me in His arms,
Quite beyond the tempest's reach;
And He whispers to my heart
Words unknown to human speech.

2 "Other refuge have I none,"
He my habitation is,
Here no evil can befall,
I am kept in perfect peace,
I am covered all day long
With the shadow of His wing,
Dwell in safety through the night,
Waking, this is what I sing,—

3 "Thou, O Christ, art all I want,"
Rests my helpless soul in Thee;
Thou wilt never leave alone
Nor forget to comfort me.
Thou hast saved my soul from death,
Thou hast scattered doubts and fears,
And the sunshine of Thy face
Sweetly drieth all my tears.

4 "Thou of Life the fountain art,"
Thou dost wash me white as snow;
I 'm content to dwell apart
From all else Thy love to know.
Blessed Sun of Righteousness,
I so love to look on Thee
That my eyes are growing blind
To the things once dear to me.

44. ANTIOCH: C. M.

Rev. I. Watts, 1719.

Key E Flat.

1 Joy to the world, the Lord is come!
Let earth receive her King;
Let every heart prepare Him room,
And heaven and nature sing.

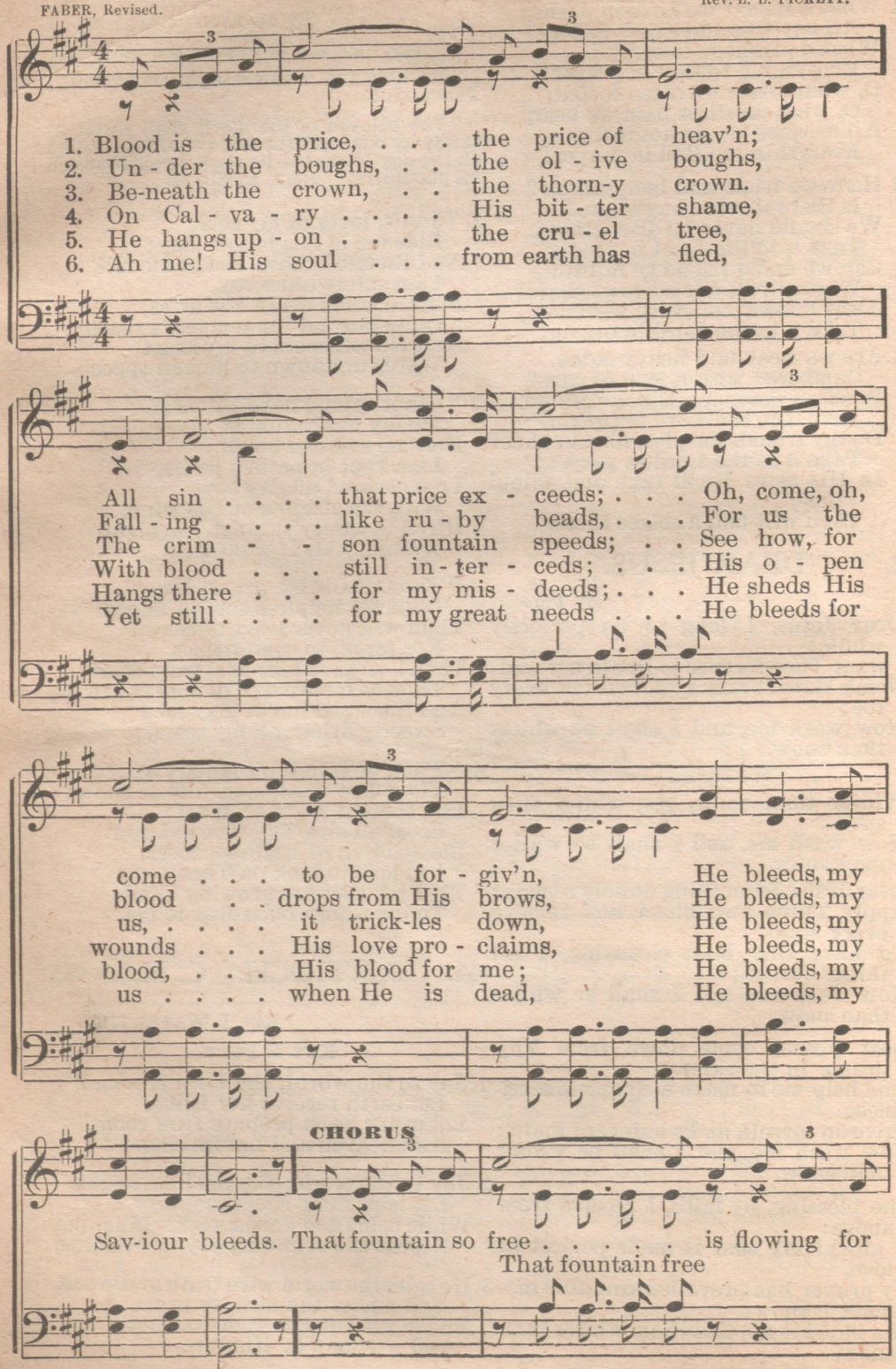
2 Joy to the world, the Saviour reigns,
Let men their songs employ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains,
Repeat the sounding joy.

3 He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of His righteousness,
And wonders of His love.

No. 45. HE BLEEDS FOR ME.

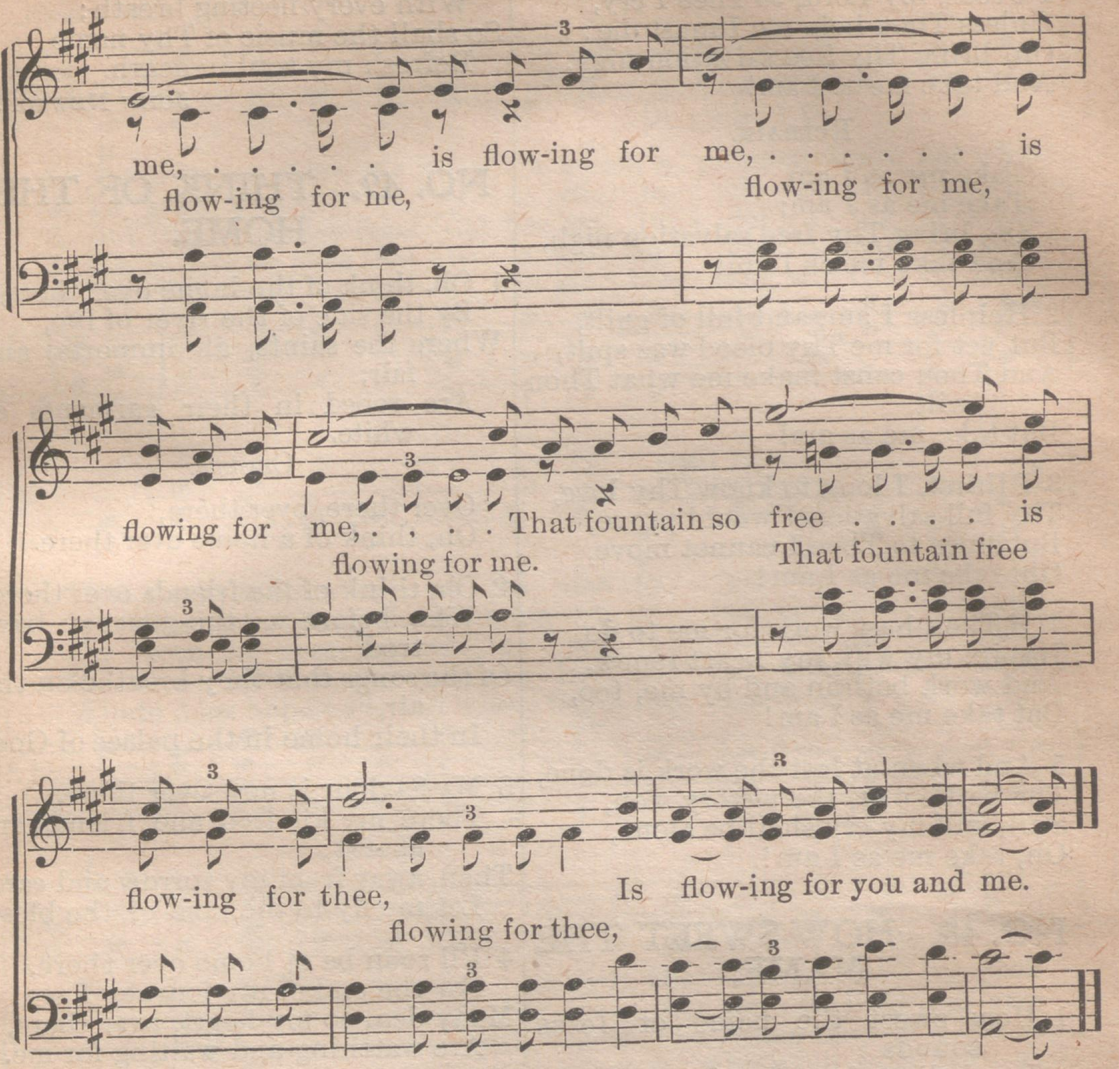
"Unto him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood."—Rev. 1: 5.

FABER, Revised. Rev. L. L. PICKETT.



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HE BLEEDS FOR ME. Concluded.



7 His precious blood is flowing still,
My thirsty soul it feeds,
He lets me drink of it my fill,
He bleeds, my Saviour bleeds!

8 Oh, precious blood, my Saviour's blood!
What love, what love it breeds,
Ransom, reward, and daily food,
He bleeds, my Saviour bleeds!

No. 46. COME, YE SAINTS. 8s, 7s & 4s.

1 Come, ye saints, look here and wonder;
See the place where Jesus lay:
He has burst His bands asunder;
He has borne our sins away;
Joyful tidings!
Yes, the Lord has risen to-day.

2 Jesus triumphs! sing ye praises;
By His death He overcame:
Thus the Lord His glory raises,
Thus He fills His foes with shame:
Sing ye praises!
Praises to the Victor's name.

3 Jesus triumphs! countless legions
Come from heaven to meet their King;
Soon, in yonder blessed regions,
They shall join His praise to sing:
Songs eternal
Shall thro' heaven's high arches ring.

Thomas Kelly.

NO. 47. TAKE ME AS I AM.

1 Jesus, my Lord, to Thee I cry,
Unless Thou help me I must die;
Oh, bring Thy free salvation nigh,
And take me as I am!

REFRAIN.

Take me as I am,
Take me as I am;
Oh, bring Thy free salvation nigh,
And take me as I am!

2 Helpless I am, and full of guilt,
But yet for me Thy blood was spilt,
And Thou canst make me what Thou wilt,
But take me as am!

3 I thirst, I long to know Thy love,
Thy full salvation I would prove;
But since to Thee I cannot move,
Oh, take me as I am!

4 If Thou hast work for me to do,
Inspire my will, my heart renew,
And work both in and by me, too,
But take me as I am!

5 And when at last the work is done,
The battle o'er, the victory won,
Still, still my cry shall be alone,
Oh, take me as I am!

NO. 48. HOW SWEET THE NAME.

1 How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds
And drives away his fear.

CHORUS.

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

2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary, rest.

3 Dear name! the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding-place;
My never-failing treasure, filled
With boundless stores of grace!

4 Jesus, my Shepherd, Saviour, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King,
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring!

5 I would Thy boundless love proclaim
With every fleeting breath;
So shall the music of Thy name
Refresh my soul in death.

JOHN NEWTON.

NO. 49. THINK OF THE HOME.

1 Oh, think of the home over there,
By the side of the river of life,
Where the saints, all immortal and fair,
Are robed in their garments of white.

CHORUS.

Over there, over there,
Oh, think of a home over there.

2 Oh, think of the friends over there,
Who before us the journey have trod,
Of the songs that they breathe on the air,
In their home in the palace of God.

3 My Saviour is now over there,
There my kindred and friends are at rest;
Then, away from my sorrow and care,
Let me fly to the land of the blest.

4 I'll soon be at home over there,
For the end of my journey I see;
Many dear to my heart, over there,
Are watching and waiting for me.

NO. 50. BLEST BE THE TIE THAT BINDS.

1 Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love;
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

2 Before our Father's throne,
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.

3 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

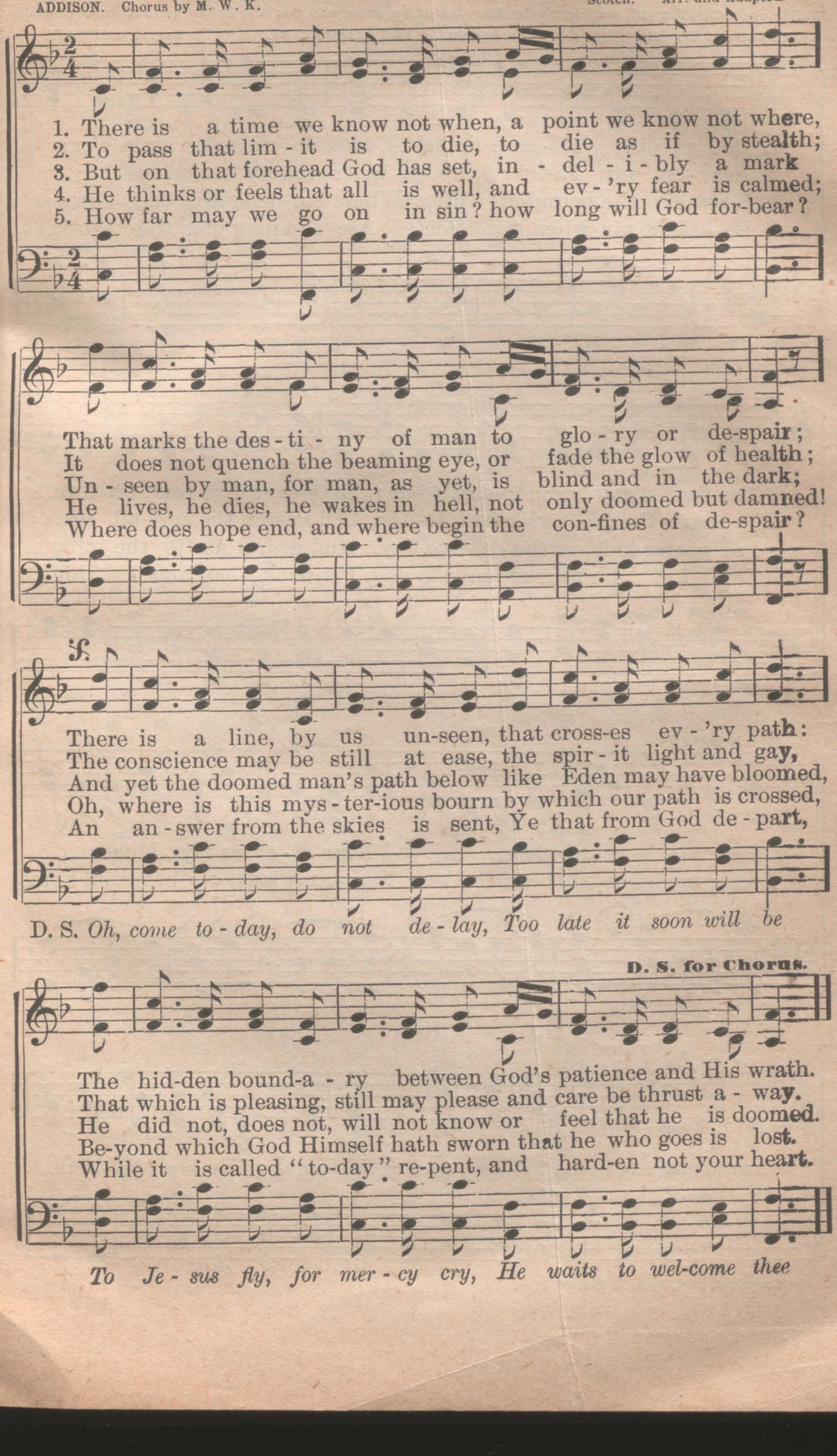
4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.

JOHN FAWCETT.

No. 51. THE DEATH LINE.

"My Spirit shall not always strive with man."—Gen. 6. 3. "Quench not the Spirit."—1 Thess. 5: 19.

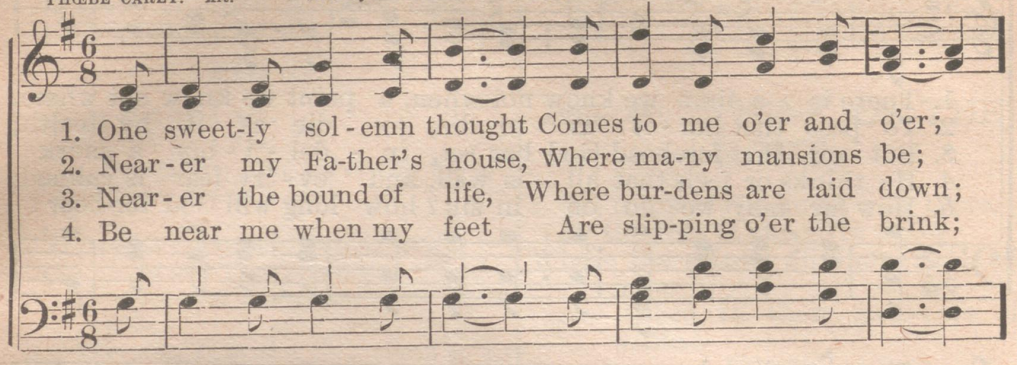
ADDISON. Chorus by M. W. K. "Scotch." Arr. and Adapted.

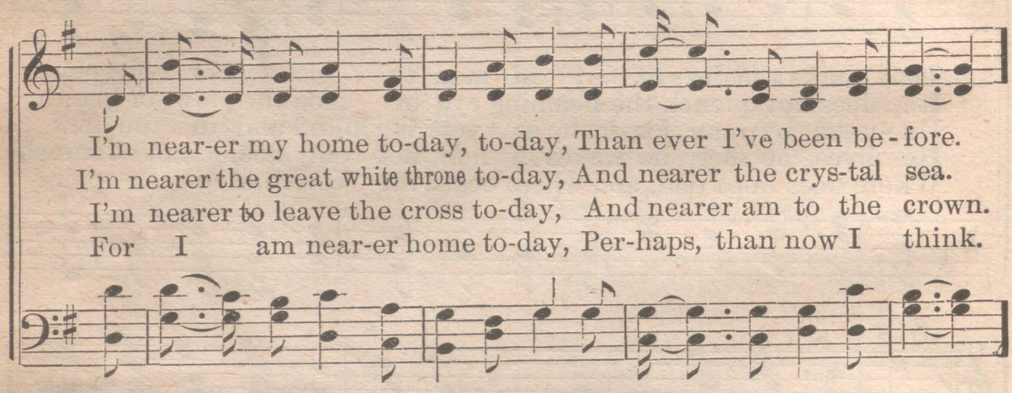


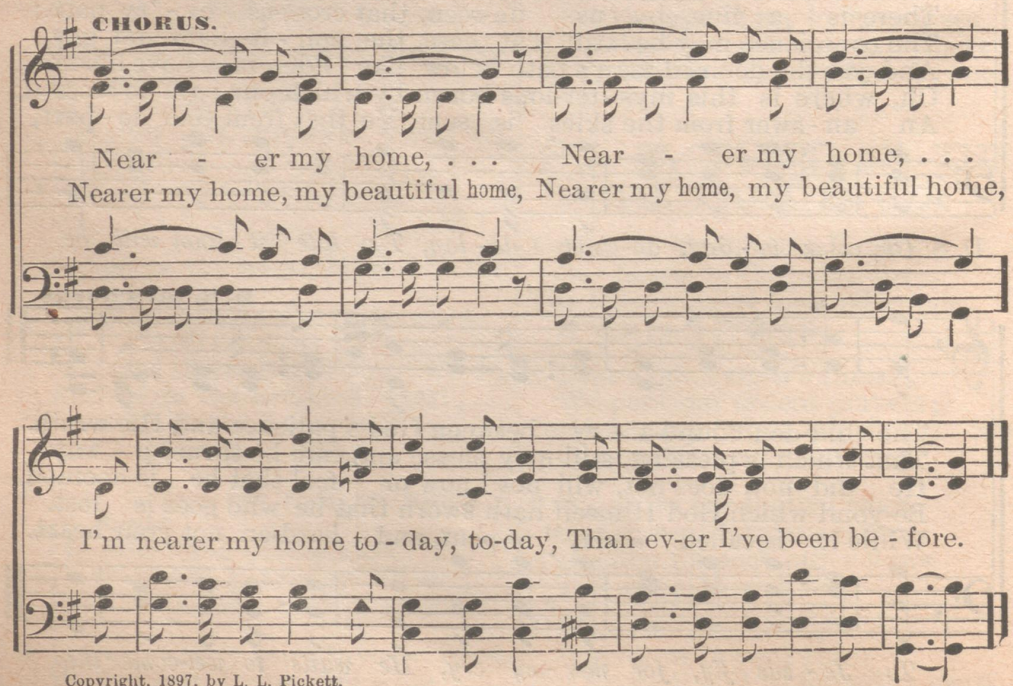
No. 52. NEARER MY HOME.

While a sweet Christian girl, a minister's daughter, was at the organ with this song before her, she was accidentally shot by her brother. "BE YE ALSO READY."

PHŒBE CAREY. Alt. Rev. L. L. PICKETT.



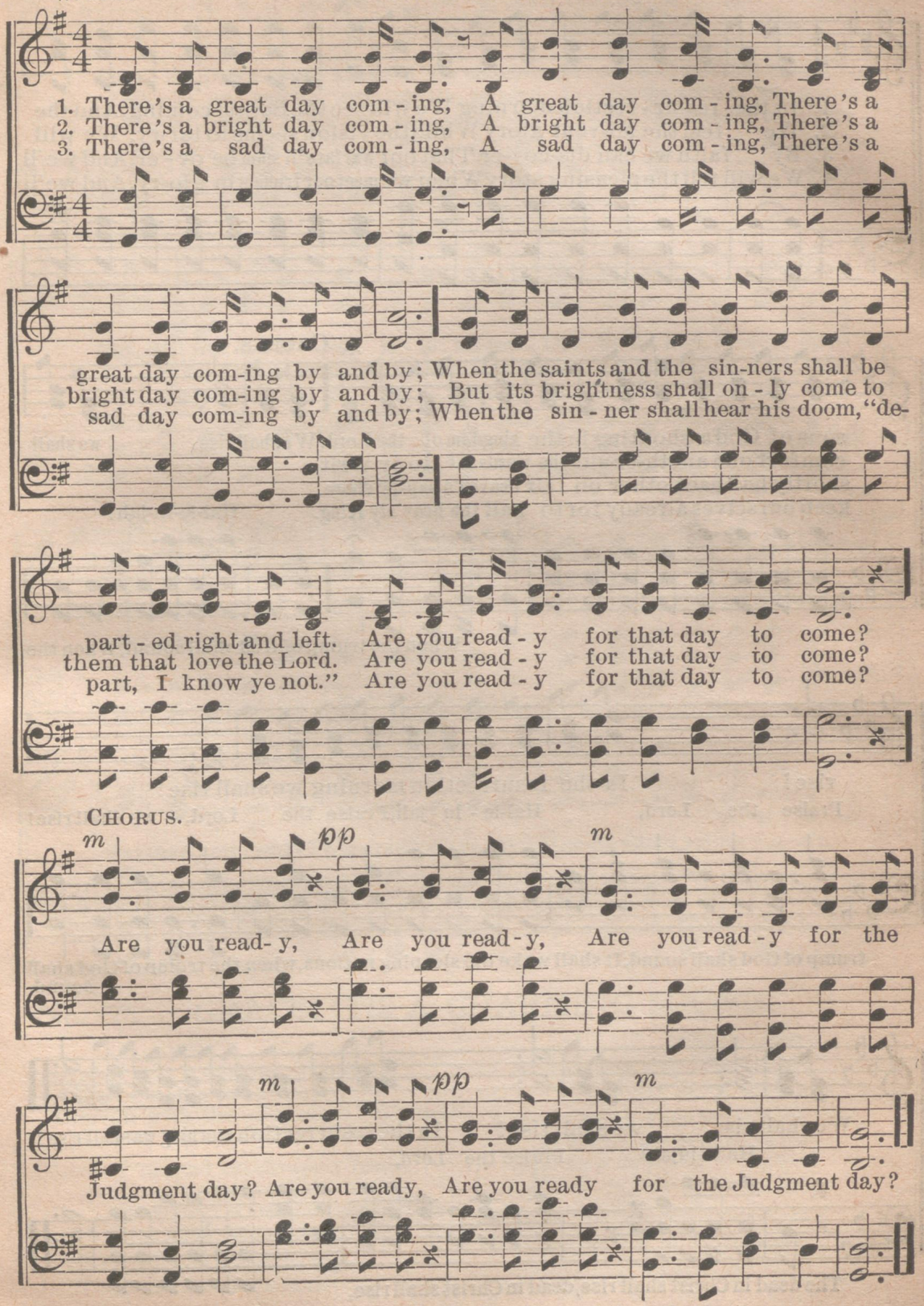




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No. 53. THERE'S A GREAT DAY COMING.

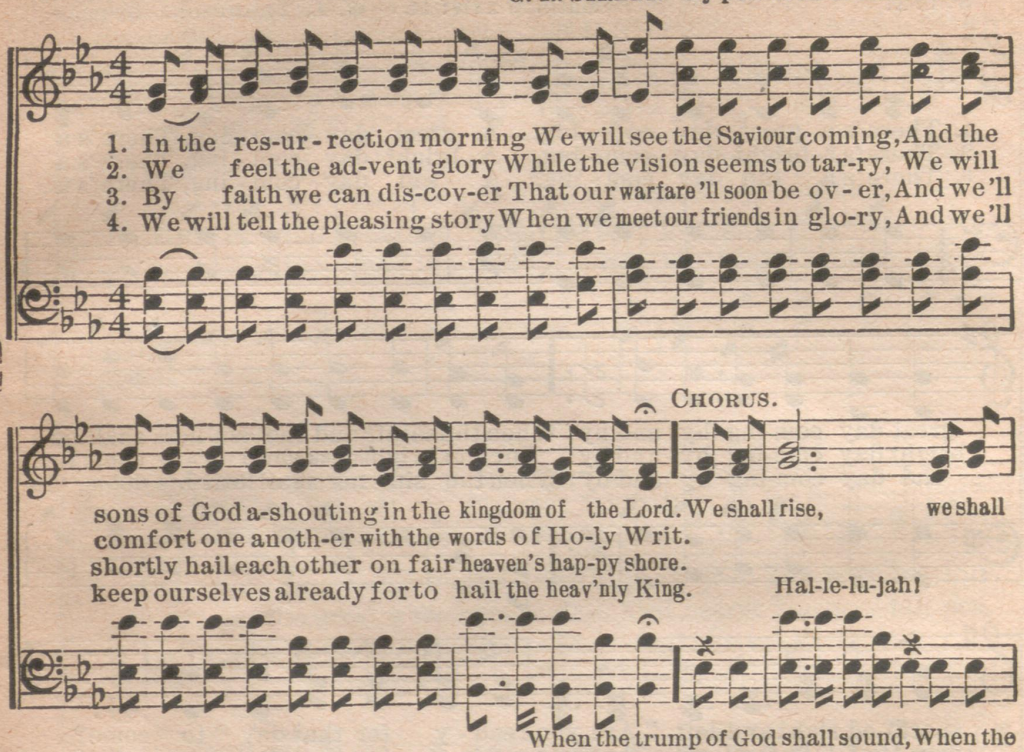
"Therefore, be ye also ready: for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of man cometh."
W. L. T. Matthew xxiv: 14. W. L. THOMPSON. By per.



By per. W. L. Thompson & Co., East Liverpool, O., and Chicago

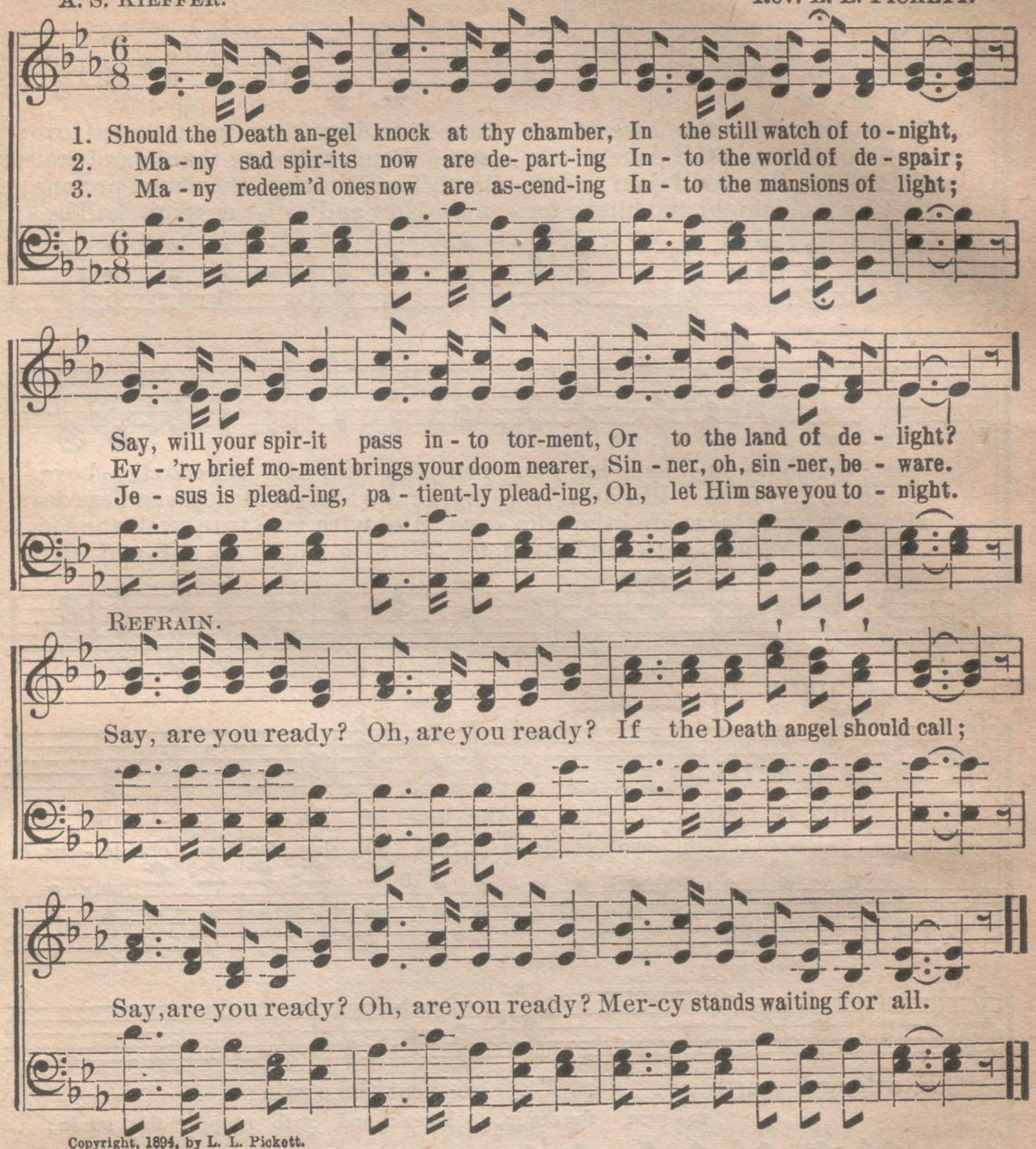
No. 54. THE RESURRECTION.

G. R. STREET. By per. of A. S. KIEFFER.



No. 56. SAY, ARE YOU READY?

A. S. KIEFFER. Rev. L. L. PICKETT.



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No. 57. GRACE! 'TIS A CHARMING SOUND.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

1 Grace! 't is a charming sound,
Harmonious to the ear;
Heaven with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.

Cho. — I 'm glad salvation 's free,
I 'm glad salvation 's free,
Salvation 's free for you and me,
I 'm glad salvation 's free.

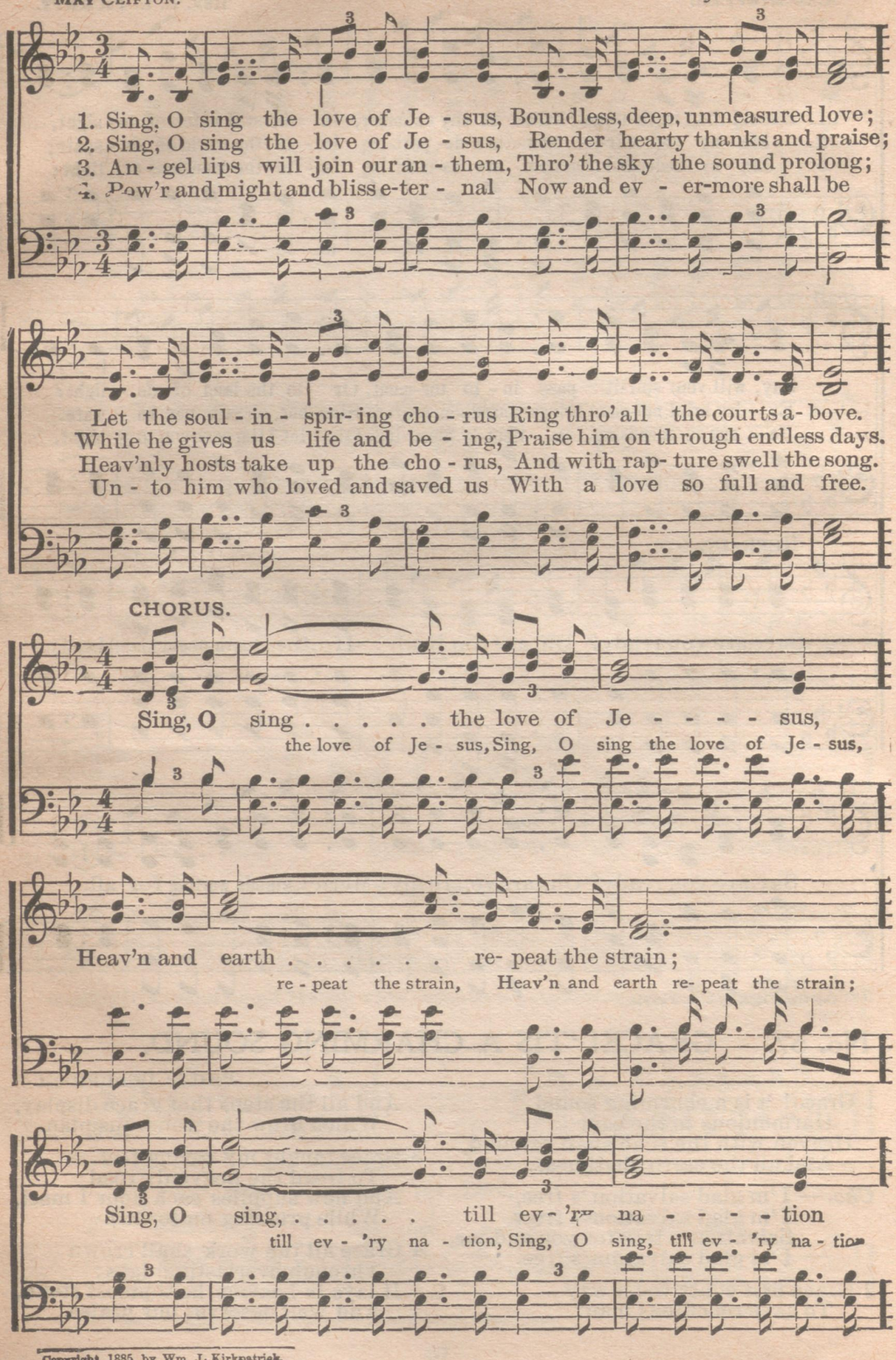
2 Grace first contrived a way
To save rebellious man:
And all the steps that grace display,
Which drew the wondrous plan.

3 Grace taught my roving feet
To tread the heavenly road;
And new supplies each hour I meet,
While pressing on to God.

4 Grace all the work shall crown
Through everlasting days;
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves our praise.

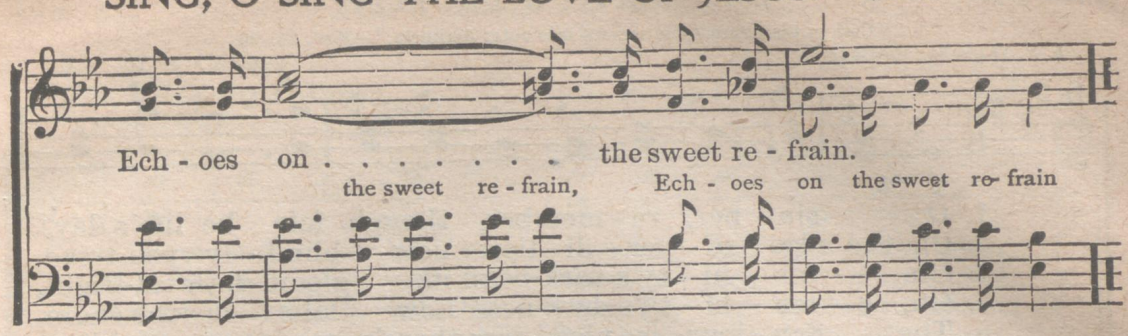
No. 58. SING, O SING THE LOVE OF JESUS.

MAY CLIFTON. W. J. KIRKPATRICK.



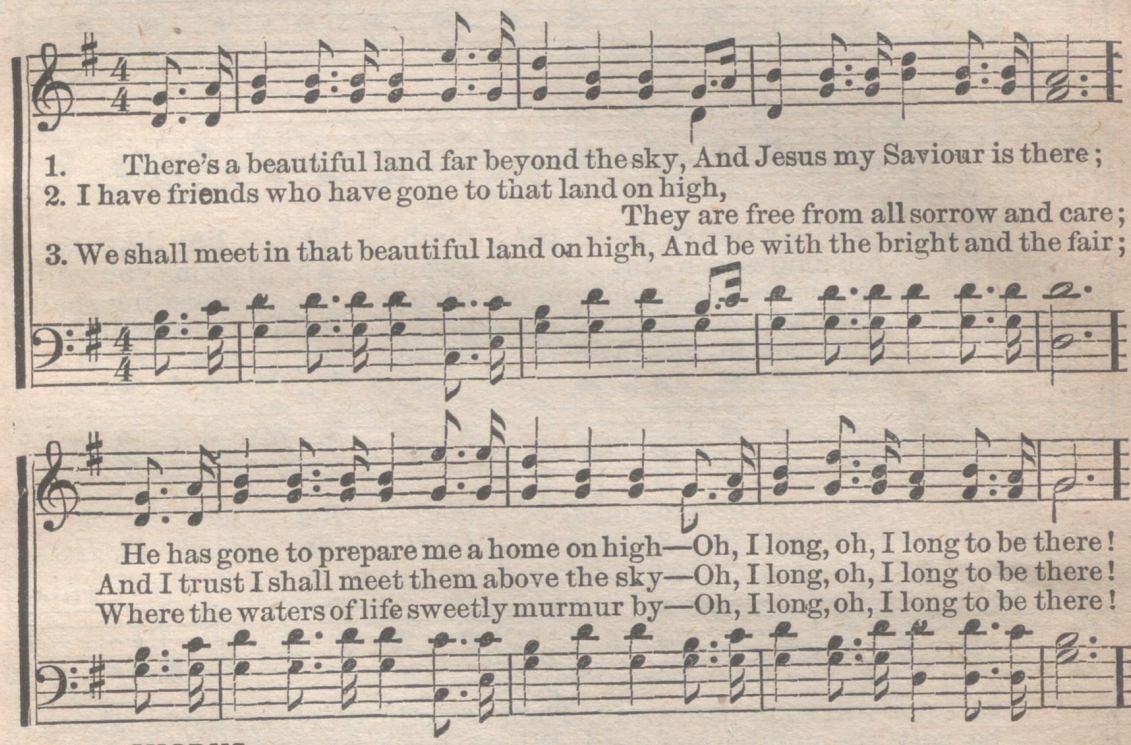
Copyright, 1885, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

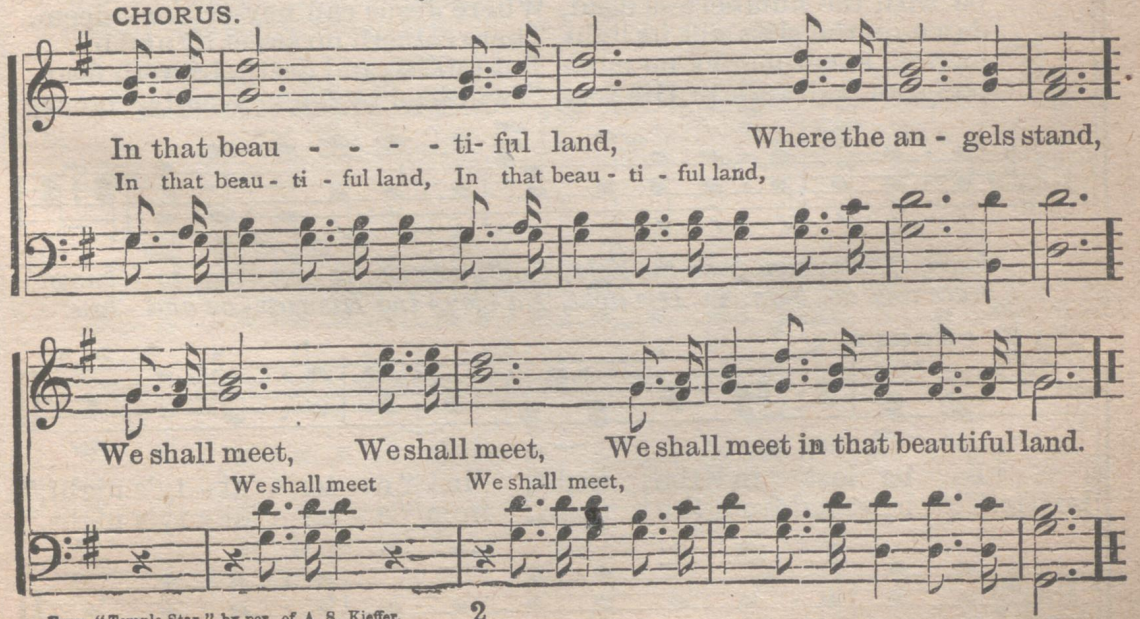
SING, O SING THE LOVE OF JESUS. Concluded.



No. 59. THE BEAUTIFUL LAND.

H. E. Engle.

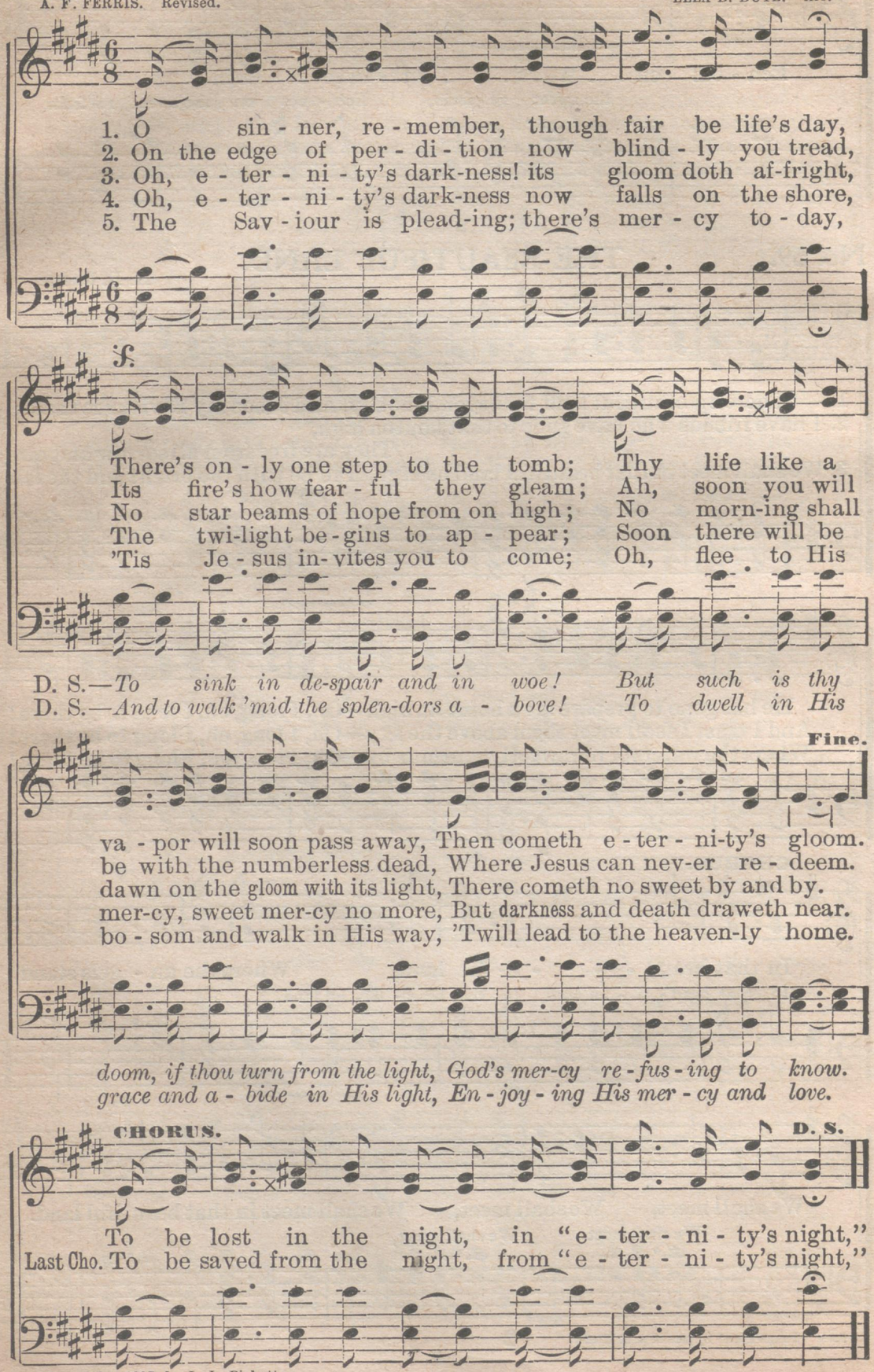




No. 60. ETERNITY'S NIGHT.

"Cast ye the unprofitable servant into outer darkness."—Matt. 25: 30.

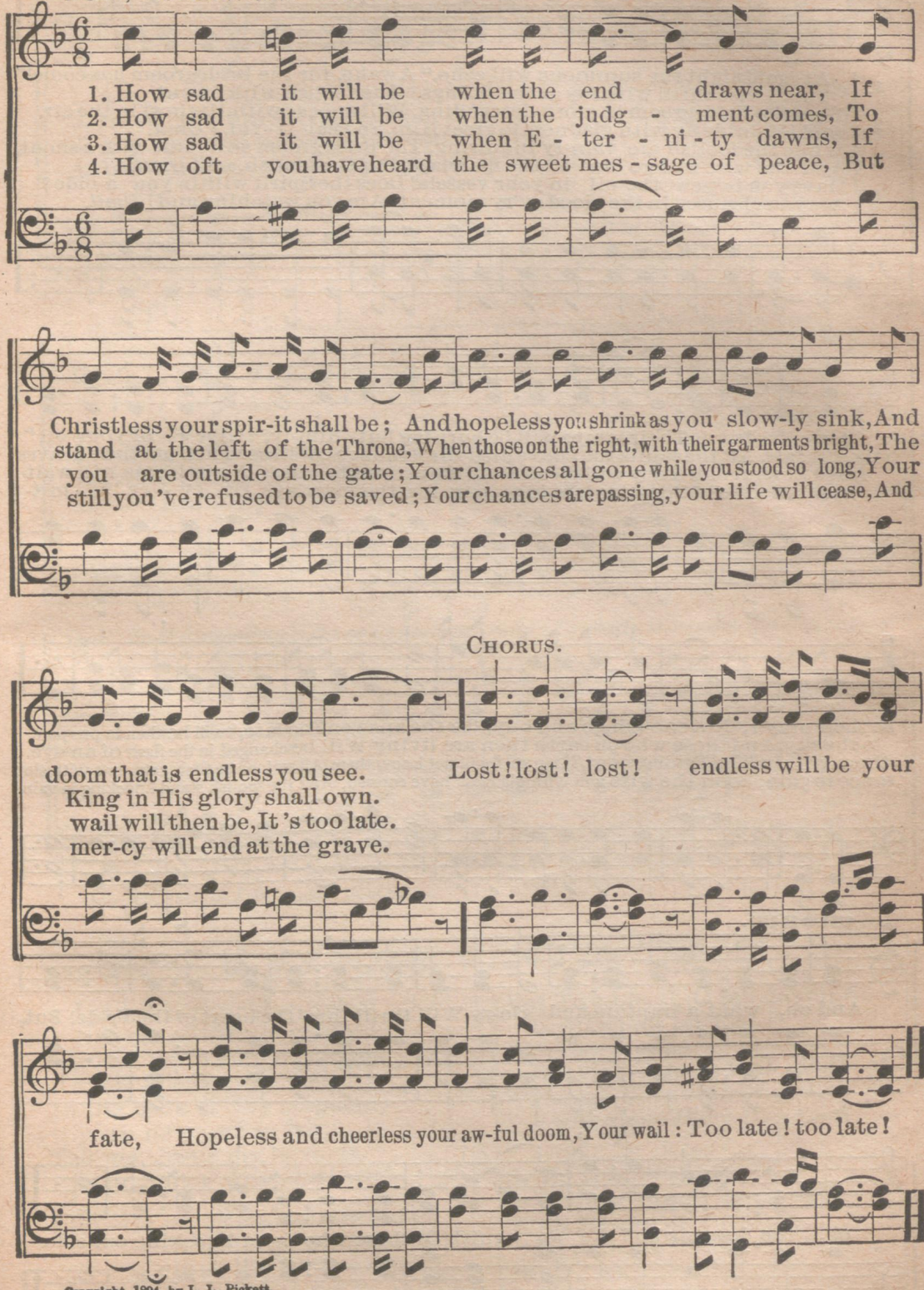
A. F. FERRIS. Revised. ELLA B. BUTE. Arr.



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No. 61. HOW SAD IT WILL BE.

Rev. M. W. KNAPP. Rev. L. L. PICKETT.
Fourth Verse by PEARSON.
DUET, SOPRANO AND TENOR.



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No. 62. THE MIDNIGHT CRY.

"And at midnight there was a cry made, behold, the bridegroom cometh ; go ye out to meet him."—Matt. 25: 10.

M. W. KNAPP. L. L. PICKETT.

Good for Solo.

1. { At midnight the summons will echo, "Awake, for the Bridegroom has come!"
   { The wise thrill with joy at the tidings, The foolish with [*Omit.*
2. { Then the Bridegroom in glory descending, Will appear with His host in the air,
   { And His bride fly with gladness to greet Him, So beau-ti-ful, [*Omit.*
3. { While the foolish are vain-ly inquiring, The Bridegroom will come with a shout,
   { And the wise will go in to the marriage, But the foolish, re- [*Omit.*
4. { Have you tak-en the oil in your vessels? Does the Spirit within you a-bide?
   { Are you cleansed in the blood ev'ry moment? Are you watching and [*Omit.*

terror be dumb. Their lamps will be burning but dim-ly, "Give us of your oil"
holy, and fair. All the saints that have died thro' the ages, Will ascend from their graves
fused, be shut out. They will plead all in vain "open to us," No welcome will wait
now sanctified? Soon, too late, to prepare for the marriage, Or ev - er ad - mit-

be their pray'r, "Not enough, go and buy," be the answer, Too late, 'twill be then to pre-pare.
to the sky, And those who on earth then are living Will be changed in the flash of an eye.
them within, The Bridegroom, Himself will not know them, All stained be their garments with sin.
tance to gain; Soon the wise will with gladness have entered, And the foolish stand knocking in vain.

CHORUS.

And oh, what a rapture and glo-ry Will thrill thro' the heart of the Bride! But,

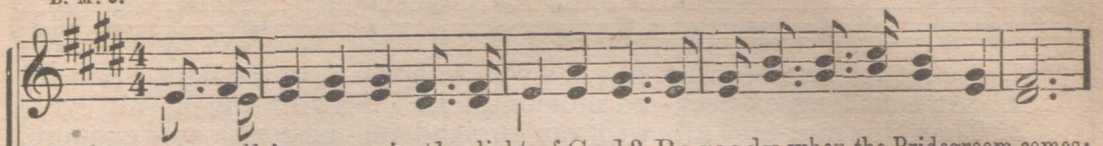
oh, the de-spair and the an - guish Of those who stand knocking out-side.

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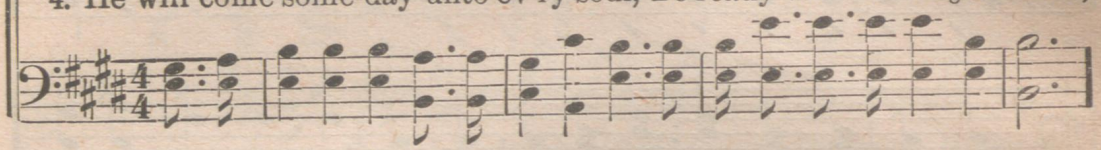
No. 63. BE READY WHEN THE BRIDEGROOM COMES.

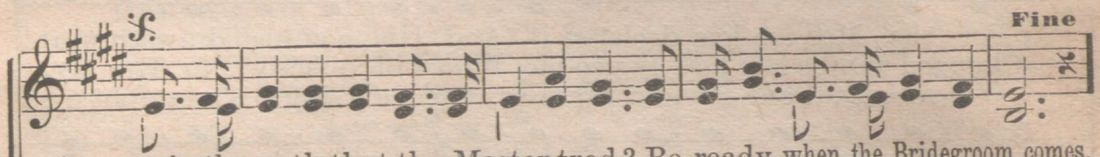
"Watch therefore; for ye know neither the day nor the hour wherein the Son of man cometh."—Matt. 25: 13.

B. M. J. J. M. BLACK.

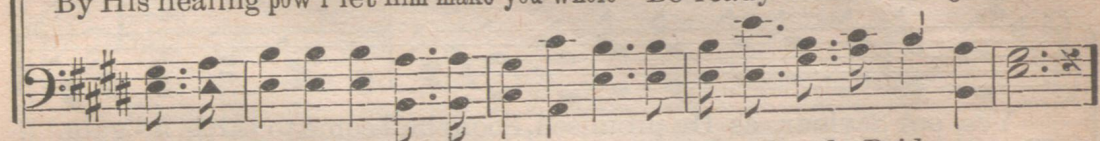


1. Are you walking now in the light of God? Be ready when the Bridegroom comes;
2. Have you full salvation from ev'ry sin? Be ready when the Bridegroom comes;
3. Is your heart made clean by the precious blood? Be ready when the Bridegroom comes;
4. He will come some day unto ev'ry soul, Be ready when the Bridegroom comes;

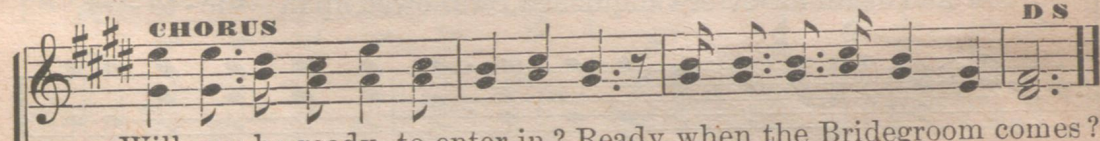




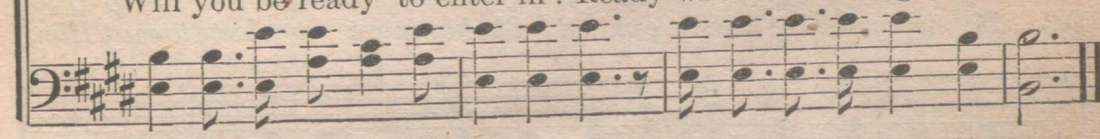
Are you in the path that the Master trod? Be ready when the Bridegroom comes.
Trusting in His word, have you peace within? Be ready when the Bridegroom comes.
Have you been made white in the cleansing flood? Be ready when the Bridegroom comes.
By His healing pow'r let Him make you whole—Be ready when the Bridegroom comes.



D. S. *In the morning light or at noon or night, Be ready when the Bridegroom comes.*



Will you be ready to enter in? Ready when the Bridegroom comes?



Copyright, 1897, by J. M. Black. Used by per.

No. 64. IS MY NAME WRITTEN THERE?

1 Lord, I care not for riches
Neither silver nor gold;
I would make sure of heaven,
I would enter the fold.
In the book of Thy kingdom,
With its pages so fair,
Tell me, Jesus my Saviour,
Is my name written there?

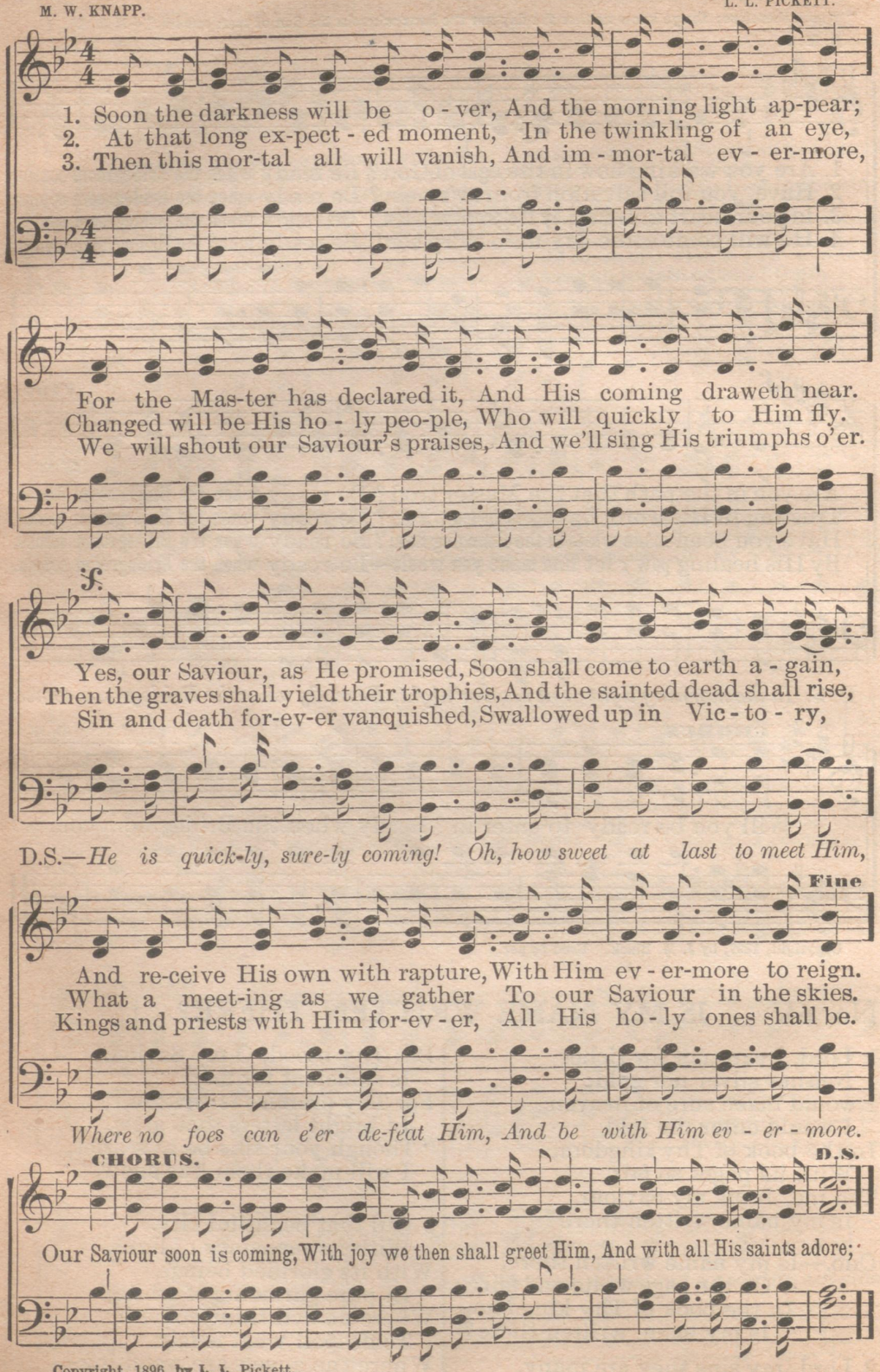
CHO.—Is my name written there,
On the page white and fair?
In the book of Thy kingdom,
Is my name written there?

2 Lord, my sins they are many,
Like the sands of the sea,
But Thy blood, O my Saviour,
Is sufficient for me;
For Thy promise is written,
In bright letters that glow,
"Though your sins be as scarlet,
I will make them like snow."

3 Oh! that beautiful city,
With its mansions of light,
With its glorified beings,
In pure garments of white;
Where no evil thing cometh
To despoil what is fair;
Where the angels are watching,—
Is my name written there?

No. 65. THE RAPTURE.

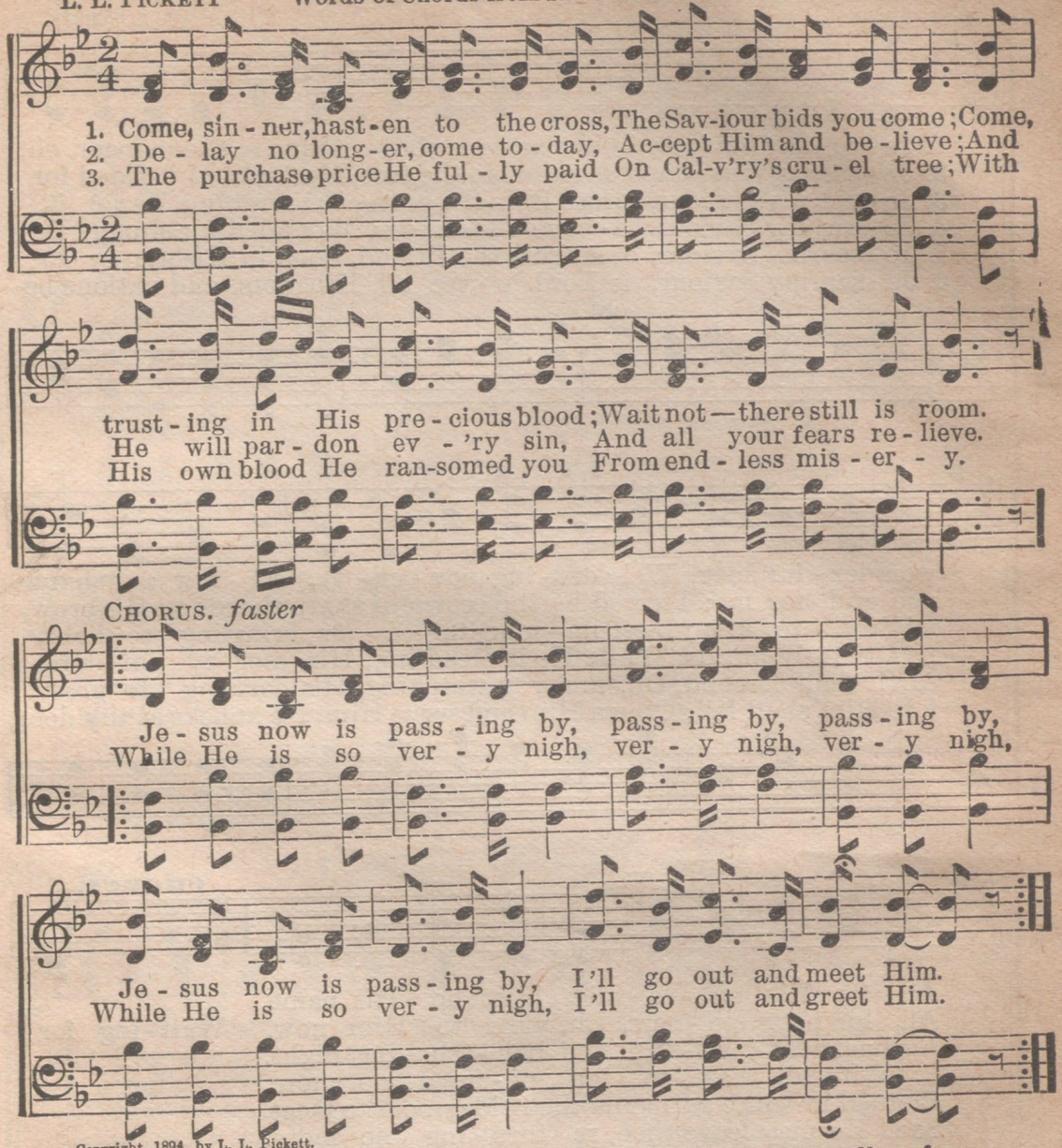
M. W. KNAPP. L. L. PICKETT.



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No. 66. JESUS IS PASSING.

L. L. PICKETT Words of Chorus from SALVATION ARMY. L. L. PICKETT.



Copyright, 1894, by L. L. Pickett.

4 Oh, turn to Him with all your heart,
And yield at once your will;
He long has sought to save your soul,
He waits in mercy still.

5 But if you still His calls refuse,
Fearful will be the cost;
Your days of grace will soon be o'er,
And you forever lost.

No. 67. THE DAY OF GRACE.

Tune: CAPELLO. S. M.

1 Now is the accepted time,
Now is the day of grace;
Now, sinners, come without delay,
And seek the Saviour's face.

2 Now is the accepted time,
The Saviour calls to-day;
To-morrow it may be too late—
Then why should you delay?

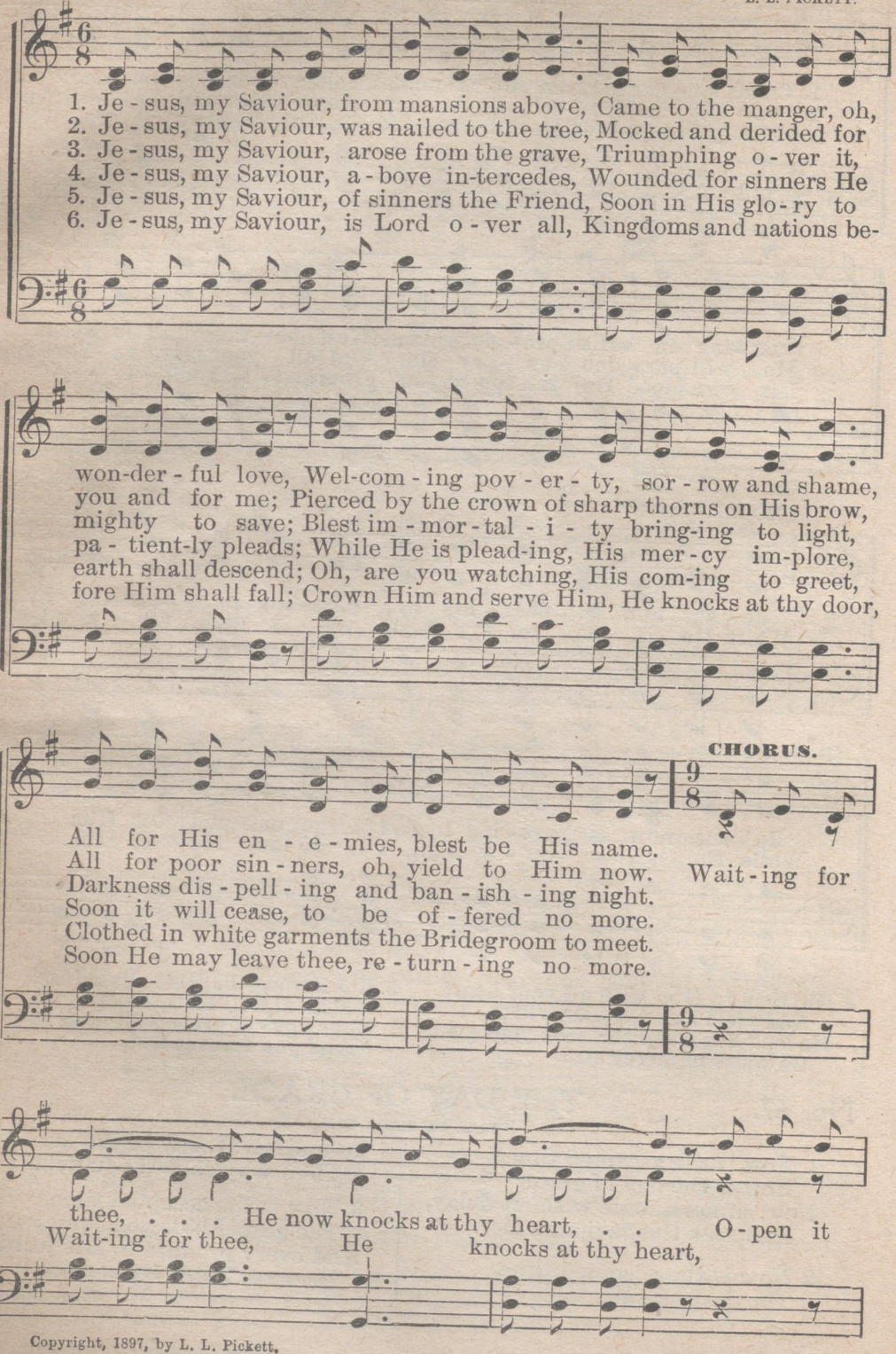
3 Now is the accepted time,
The gospel bids you come;
And every promise in His word
Declares there yet is room.

John Dobell.

No. 68. WELCOME HIM GLADLY.

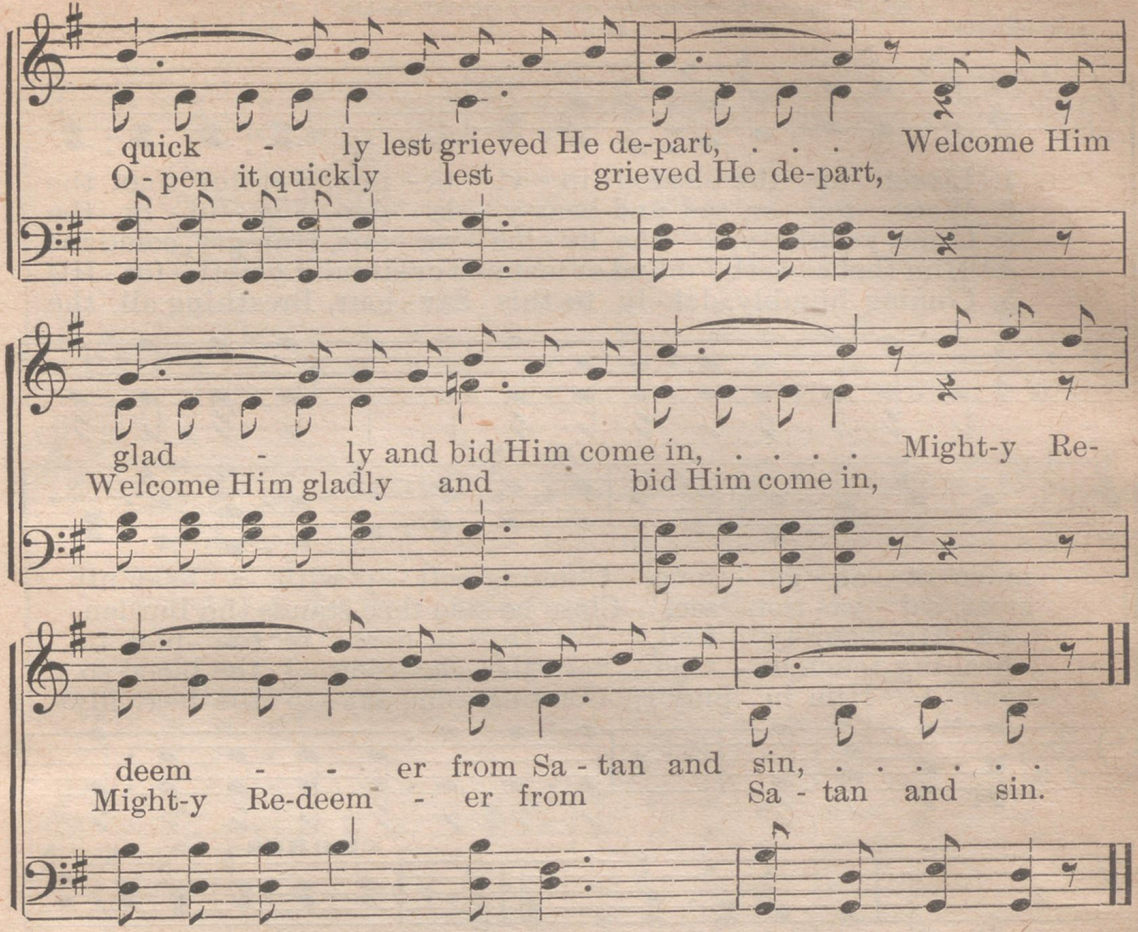
"For your sakes he became poor that ye through his poverty might be rich."—2 Cor. 13: 9.

M. W. KNAPP. L. L. PICKETT.



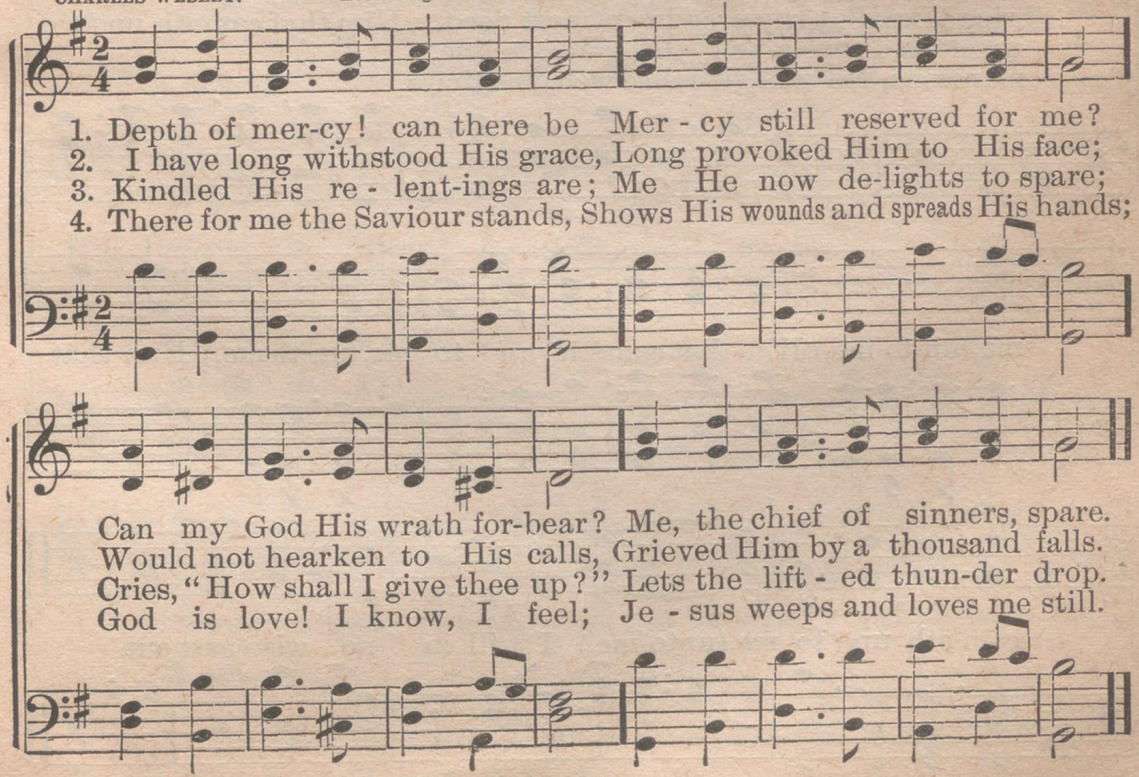
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WELCOME HIM GLADLY. Concluded.



No. 69. DEPTHS OF MERCY.

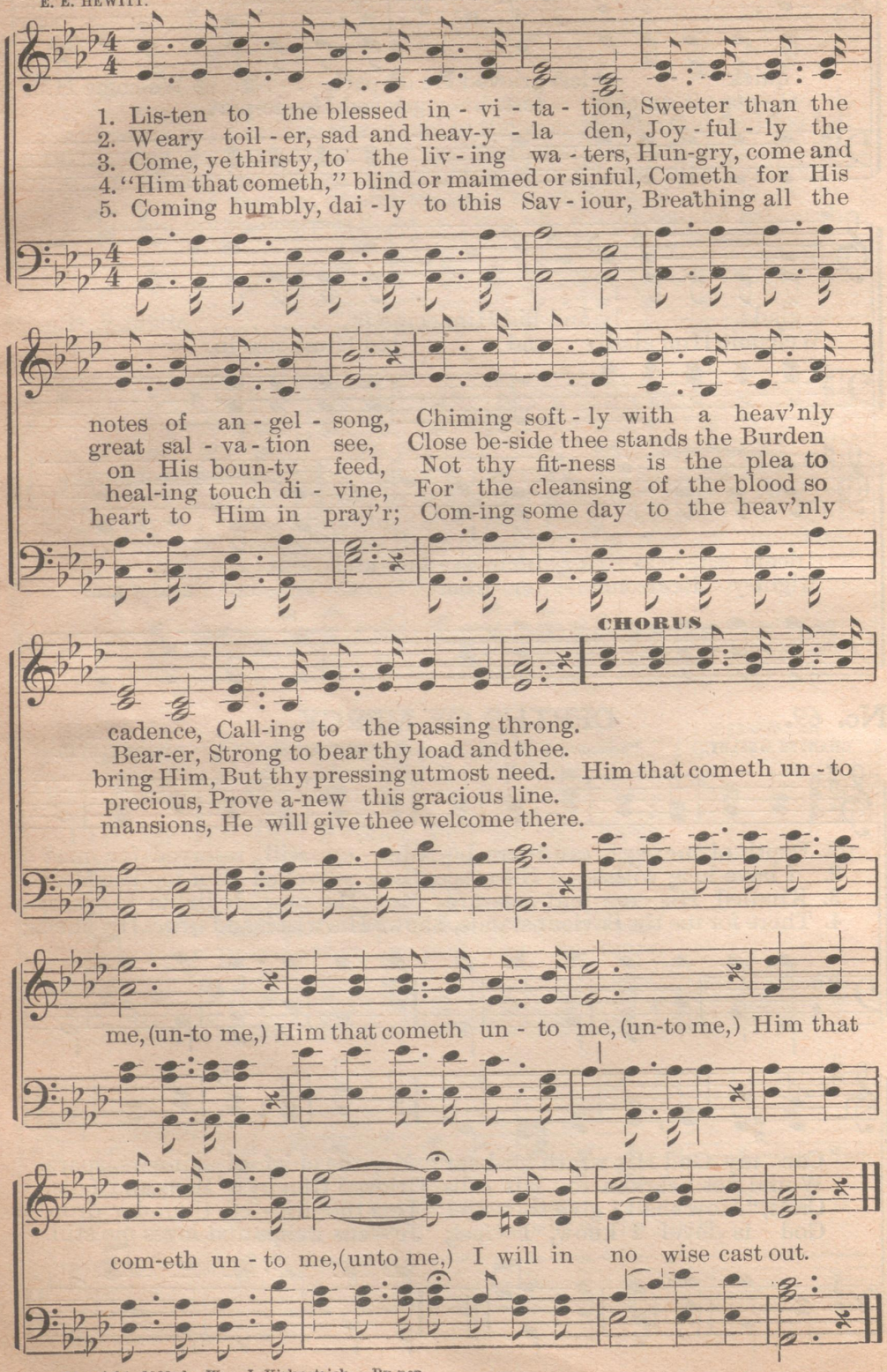
CHARLES WESLEY. "According to his abundant mercy."—1 Peter 1: 3. IGNACE PLEYEL.



No. 70. HIM THAT COMETH UNTO ME.

"Behold, he cometh with clouds; and every eye shall see him."—Rev. 1: 7.
John 4: 37.

E. E. HEWITT. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

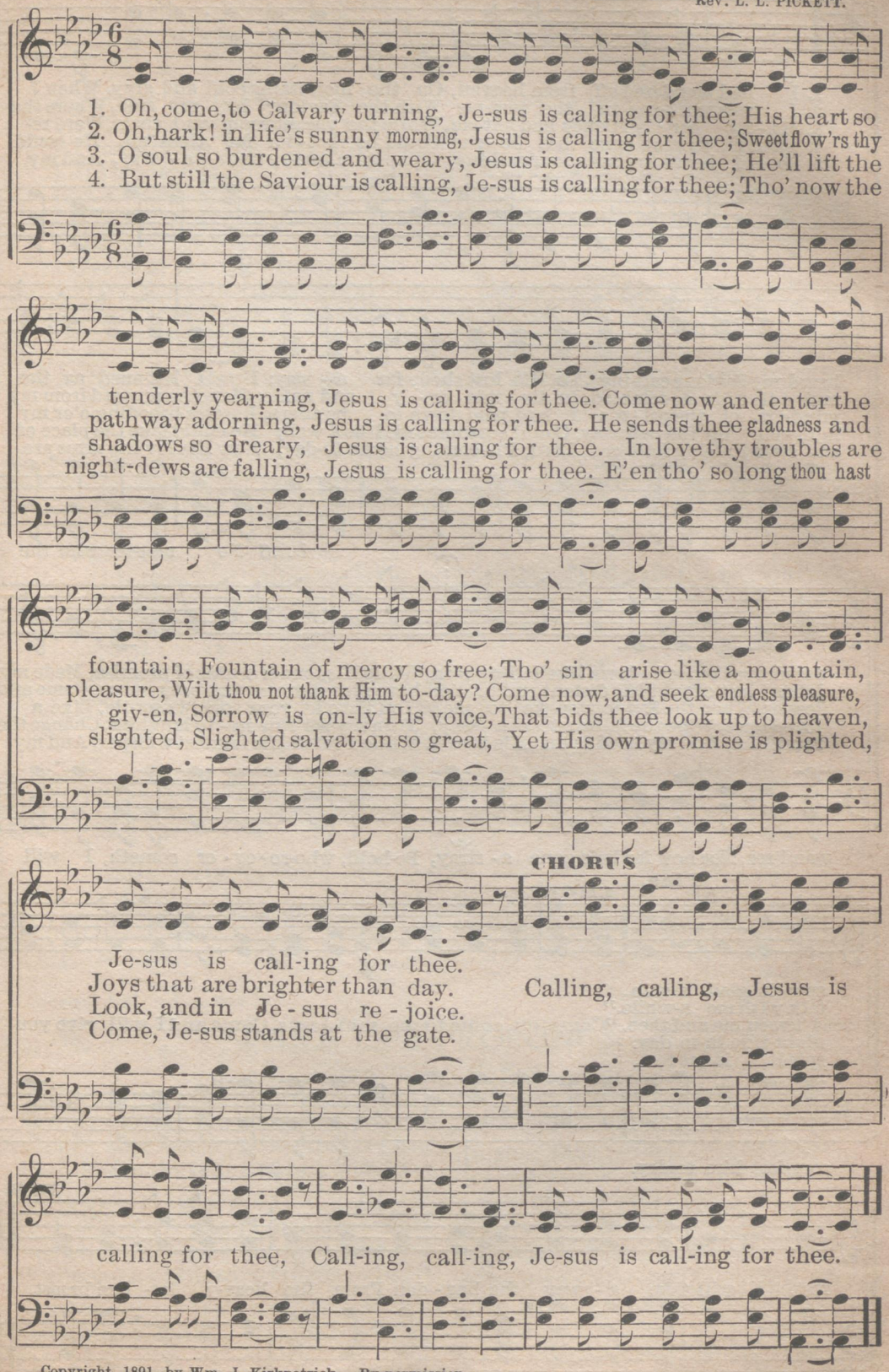


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No. 71. JESUS IS CALLING FOR THEE.

"Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters."—Isa. 55: 1.

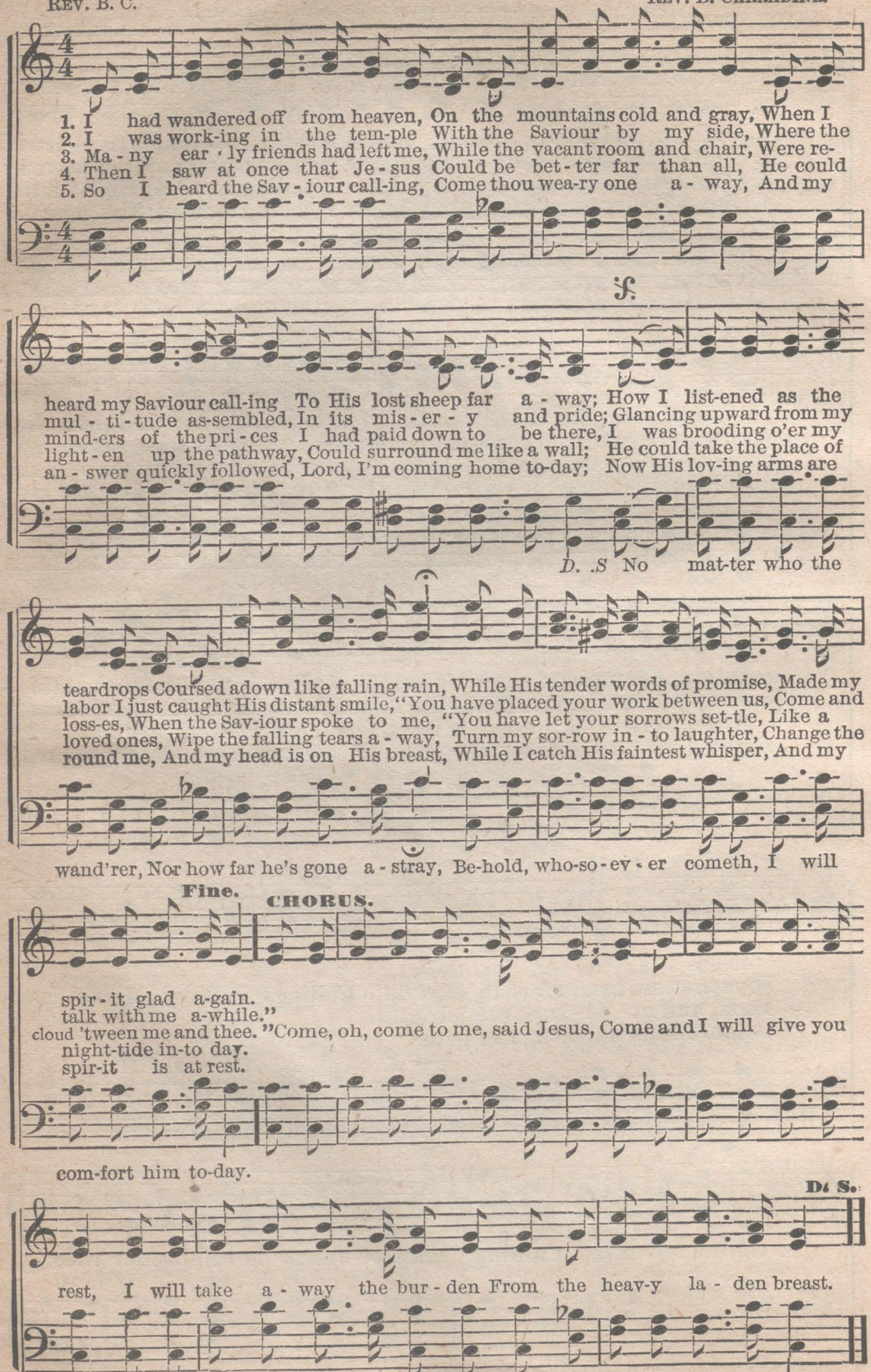
LIDIE H. EDMUNDS. Rev. L. L. PICKETT.



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No. 72. The Wanderer.

REV. B. C. REV. B. CARRADINE.



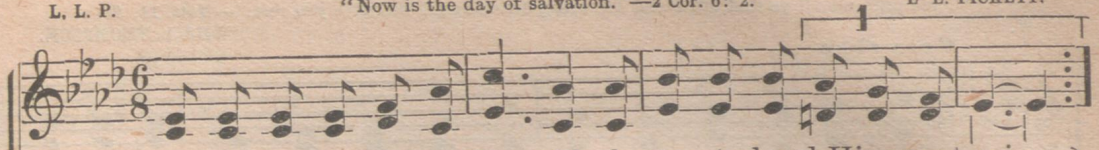
Copyright, 1897, by E. T. Rhinehart' Used by per. of L. L. Pickett. Wilmore Ky.

No. 73. HASTE THEE.

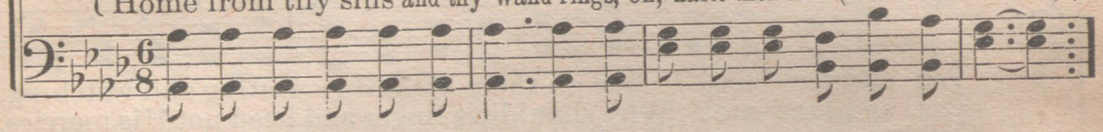
L. L. P.

"Now is the day of salvation."—2 Cor. 6: 2.

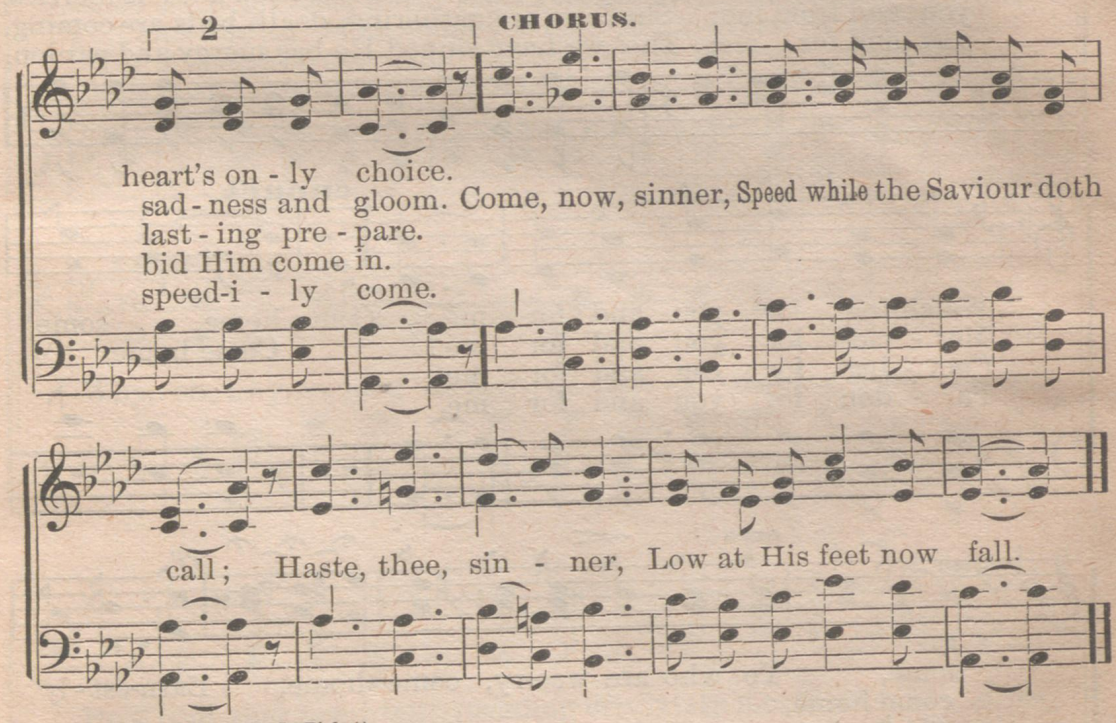
L. L. PICKETT.



1. Sinner, while Jesus is calling, Oh, hasten to heed His sweet voice;
   Turn now from all thy transgression, And make Him thy (*Omit . . . .*)
2. Time rushes speedily onward, 'Tis bringing thee nearer thy doom;
   Turn then at once to thy Saviour, Ere cometh death's (*Omit . . .*)
3. Sa - tan is seeking thy ru - in, To sink thee in endless de-spair;
   Flee then at once un-to Je - sus, For life ev - er- (*Omit . . . .*)
4. Come while the Spirit is pleading, And striving to save you from sin;
   Christ at thy door standeth knocking, Delay not, but (*Omit . . .*)
5. Friends, too, are praying and longing, They're waiting to welcome thee home;
   Home from thy sins and thy wand'rings, Oh, haste then and (*Omit . . .*)



CHORUS.



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No. 74. WHILE LIFE PROLONGS.

Tune: HEBRON. L. M.

1 While life prolongs its precious light
Mercy is found, and peace is given;
But soon, ah, soon, approaching night
Shall blot out every hope of heaven.

2 While God invites, how blest the day!
How sweet the gospel's charming sound!
Come, sinners, haste, oh, haste away,
While yet a pardoning God is found.

3 Soon, borne on time's most rapid wing,
Shall death command you to the grave,
Before His bar your spirits bring,
And none be found to hear or save.

4 In that lone land of deep despair,
No Sabbath's heavenly light shall rise,
No God regard your bitter prayer,
No Saviour call you to the skies.

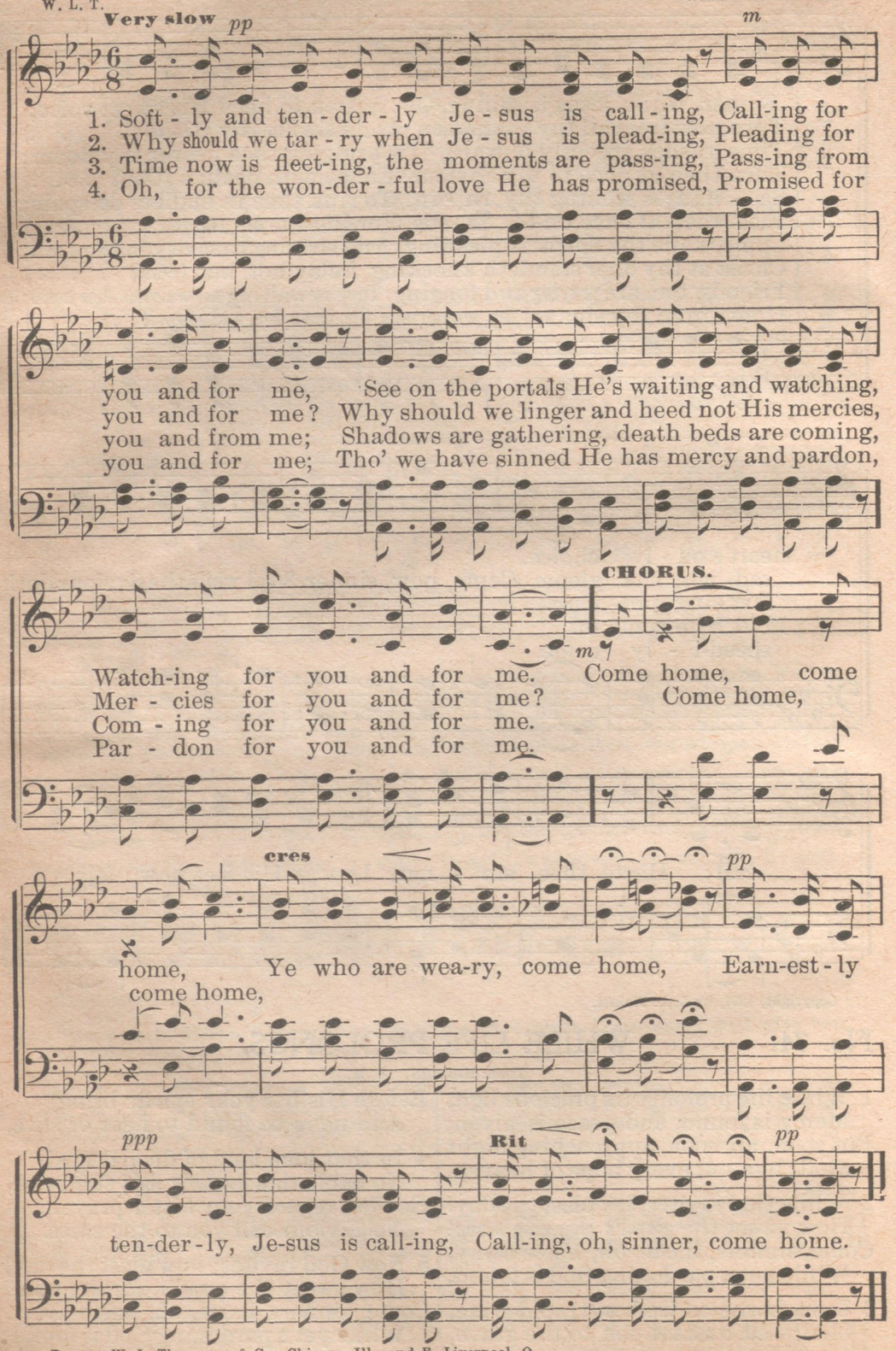
5 Now God invites; how blest the day!
How sweet the gospel's charming sound!
Come, sinners, haste, oh, haste away,
While yet a pardoning God is found.

Timothy Dwight.

No. 75. SOFTLY AND TENDERLY.

"Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy-laden and I will give you rest."—Matt. 11: 28.

W. L. T. WILL L. THOMPSON.

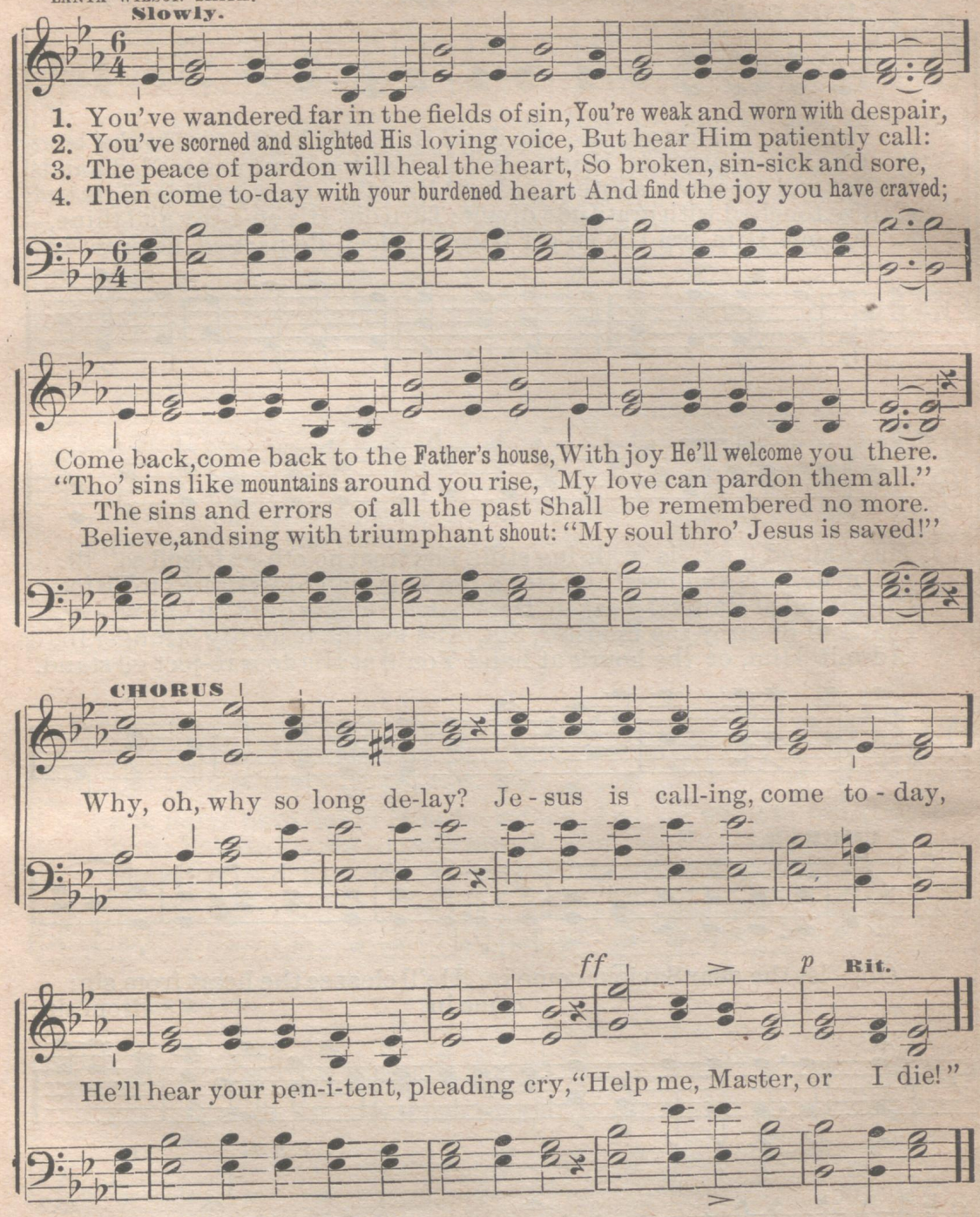


By per. W. L. Thompson & Co., Chicago, Ill., and E. Liverpool, O.

No. 76. HELP ME, MASTER?

"Lord, save us: we perish."—Matt. 8: 25.

LANTA WILSON SMITH. J. M. BLACK.



Copyright, 1897, by J. M. Black. By per.

No. 77. COME TO JESUS.

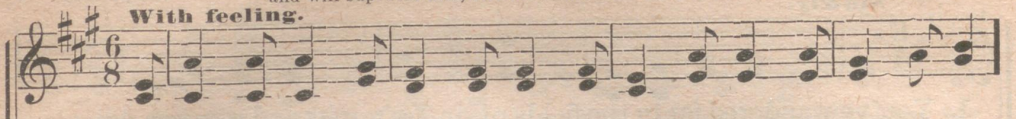
KEY G.

1 Come to Jesus.
2 He will save you.
3 Oh, believe Him.
4 He is able.
5 He is willing.
6 He'll receive you.
7 Call upon Him.
8 He will hear you.
9 Look unto Him.
10 He'll forgive you.
11 Flee to Jesus.
12 Only trust Him.
13 Jesus loves you.
14 Don't reject Him.
15 I believe Him.
16 He is waiting.
17 Do not tarry.
18 Hallelujah, Amen.

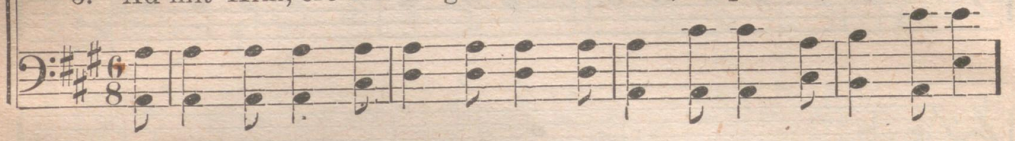
No. 78. THE STRANGER AT THE DOOR.

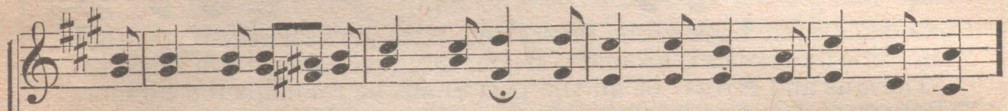
"Behold, I stand at the door, and knock: if any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with me."— Rev. 3: 20. T. C. O'KANE.

With feeling.

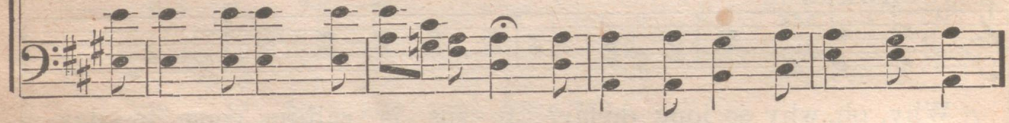


1. Behold a stranger at the door! He gently knocks,—has knocked before;
2. Oh, love-ly attitude! He stands With melting heart and loaded hands;
3. But will He prove a Friend indeed? He will,—the very Friend you need;
4. Rise, touched with gratitude divine: Turn out His en-e-my and thine,—
5. Ad-mit Him, ere His an-ger burn: His feet, de-part-ed, ne'er return?

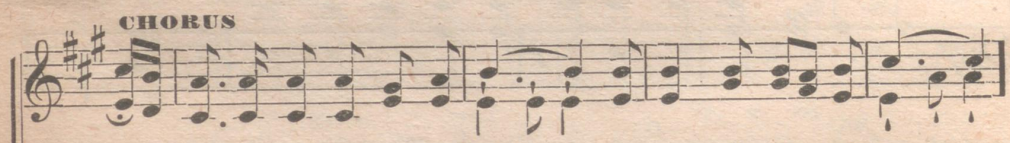




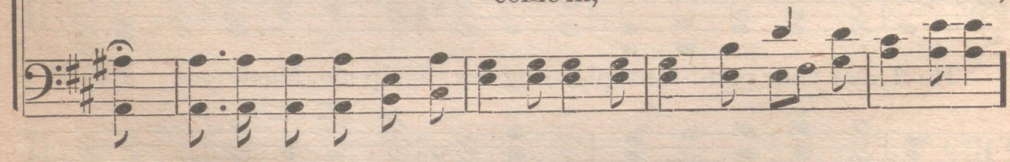
Has wait-ed long, is wait-ing still: You treat no oth-er friend so ill.
Oh, matchless kindness! and He shows This matchless kindness to His foes.
The Friend of sinners? Yes 'tis He, With garments dyed on Cal-va - ry.
That soul-de-stroy-ing monster, Sin, And let the heav'nly Stranger in.
Ad-mit Him, or the hour's at hand You'll at His door re-ject-ed stand.

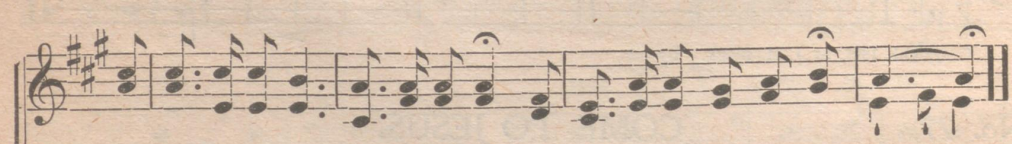


CHORUS

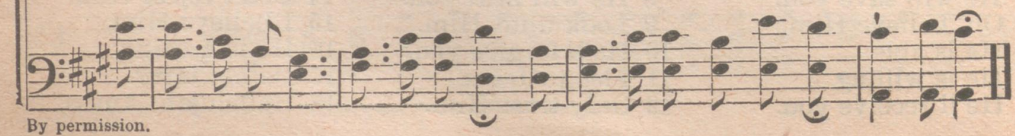


Oh, let the dear Saviour come in, He'll cleanse the heart from sin;
come in, from sin;





Oh, keep Him no more out at the door, But let the dear Saviour come in.
come in.

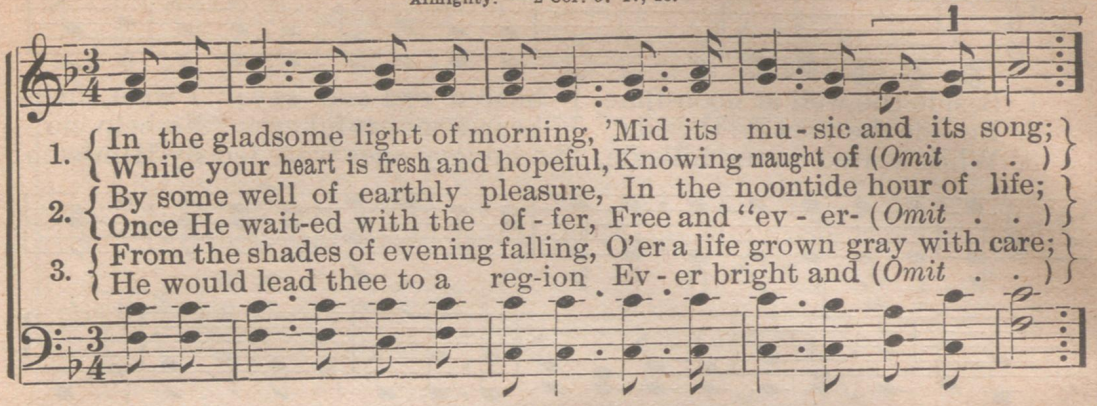


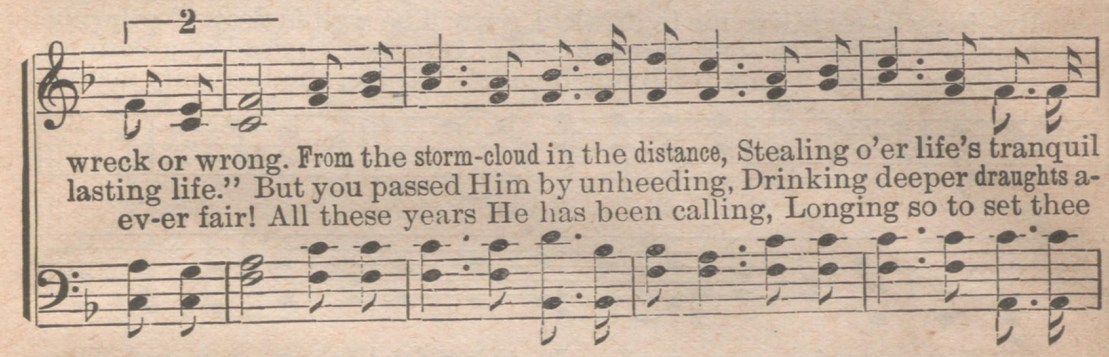
By permission.

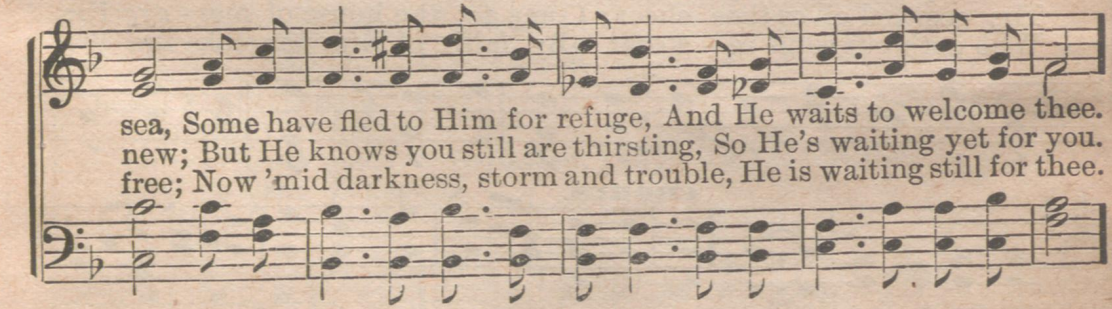
No. 79. HE WAITS TO WELCOME THEE.

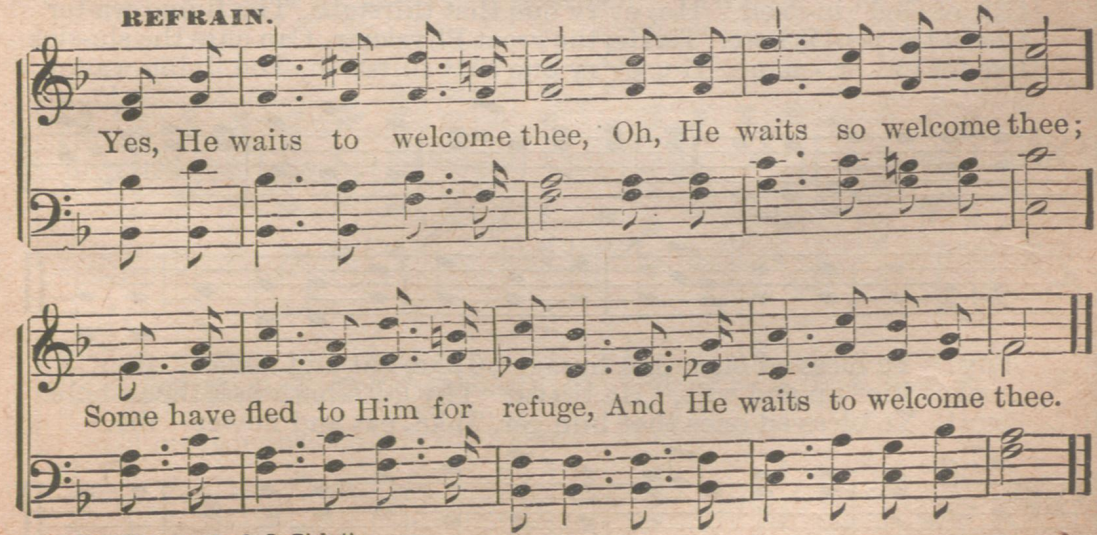
"Wherefore come out from among them, and be ye separate, saith the Lord, and touch not the unclean thing; and I will receive you, and will be a Father unto you, and ye shall be my sons and daughters, saith the Lord Almighty."—2 Cor. 6: 17, 18.

L. L. PICKETT.





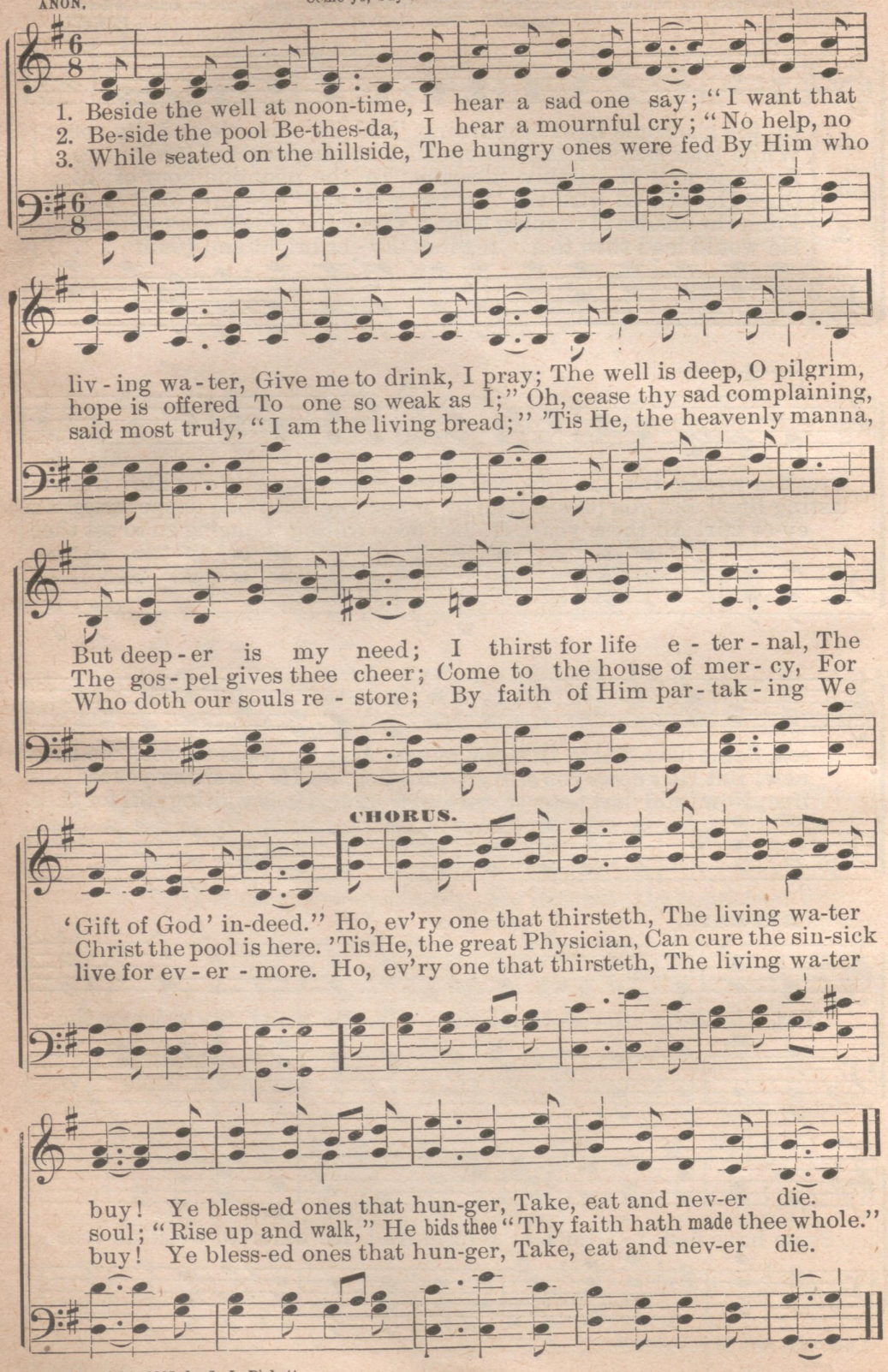




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No. 80. HO, EVERY ONE THAT THIRSTETH.

ANON. "Come ye, buy and eat."—Isa. 55: 1. JNO. R. BRYANT.



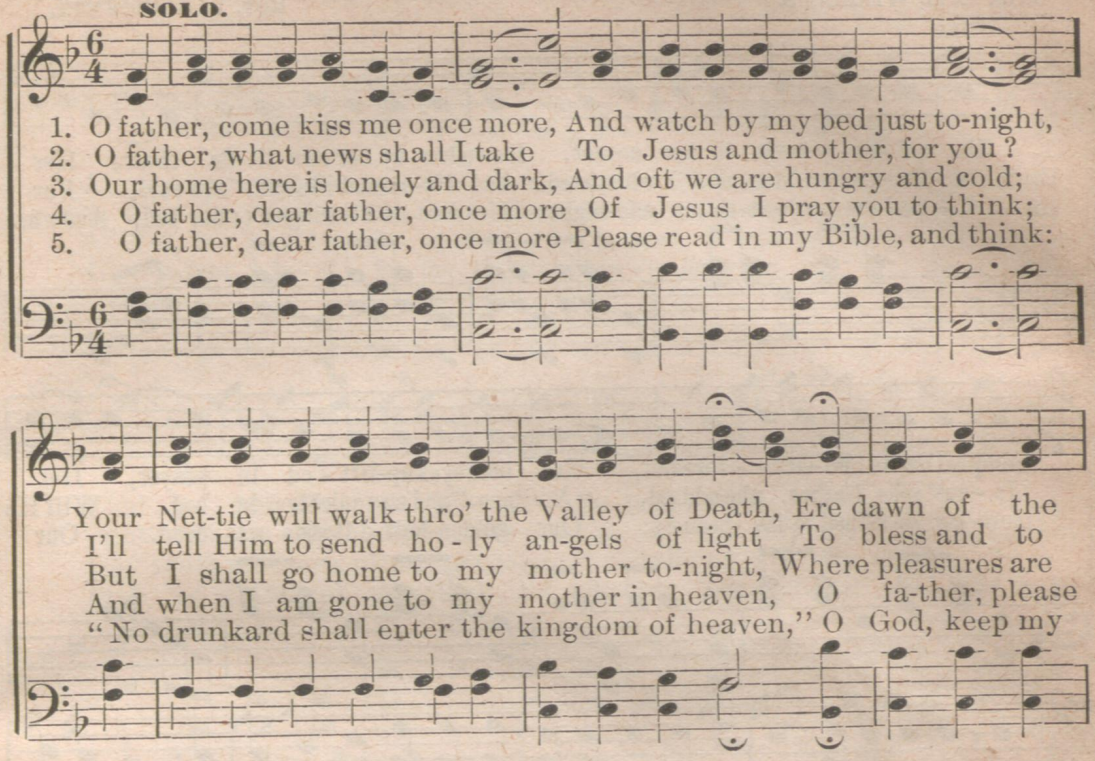
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No. 81. HOME TO MOTHER IN HEAVEN.

A. S. K. A. S. KIEFFER. By per.

SOLO.

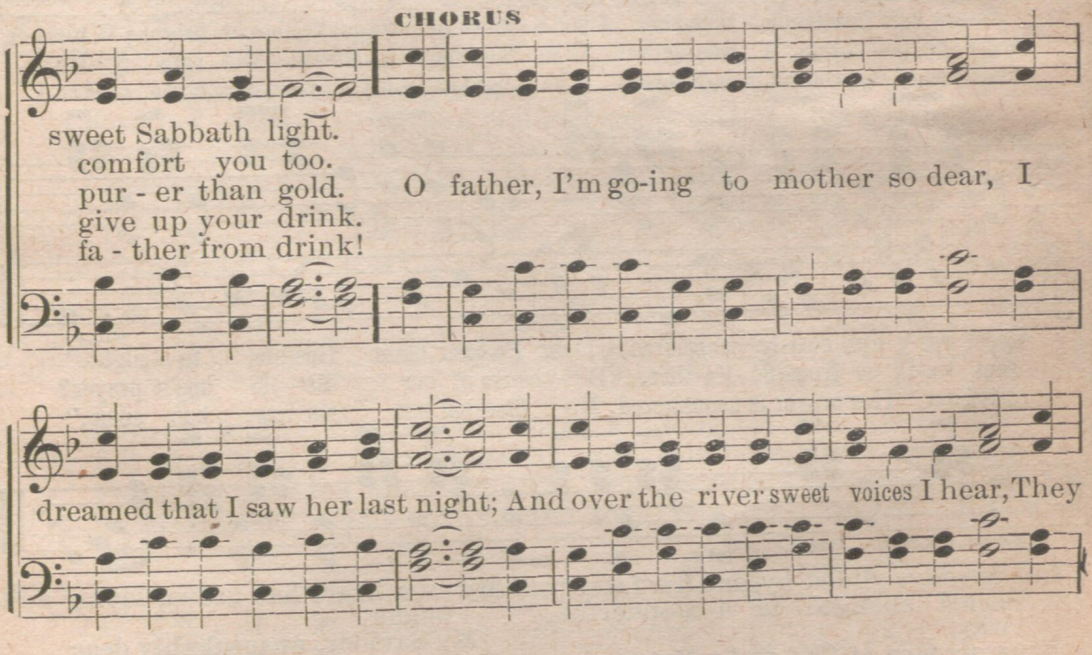
1. O father, come kiss me once more, And watch by my bed just to-night,
2. O father, what news shall I take To Jesus and mother, for you?
3. Our home here is lonely and dark, And oft we are hungry and cold;
4. O father, dear father, once more Of Jesus I pray you to think;
5. O father, dear father, once more Please read in my Bible, and think:



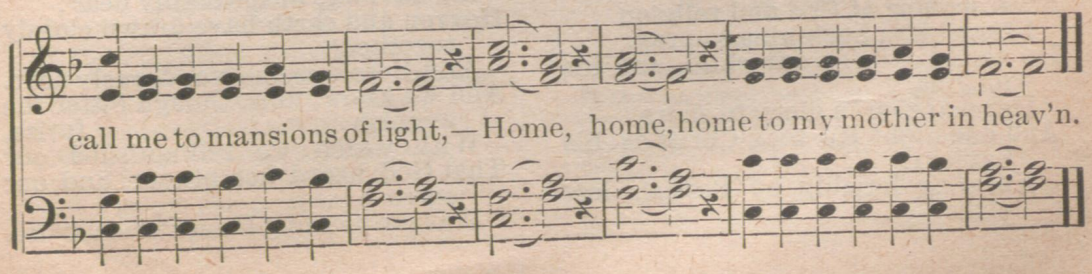
Your Net-tie will walk thro' the Valley of Death, Ere dawn of the
I'll tell Him to send ho-ly an-gels of light To bless and to
But I shall go home to my mother to-night, Where pleasures are
And when I am gone to my mother in heaven, O fa-ther, please
"No drunkard shall enter the kingdom of heaven," O God, keep my

CHORUS

sweet Sabbath light.
comfort you too.
pur-er than gold. O father, I'm go-ing to mother so dear, I
give up your drink.
fa-ther from drink!



dreamed that I saw her last night; And over the river sweet voices I hear, They



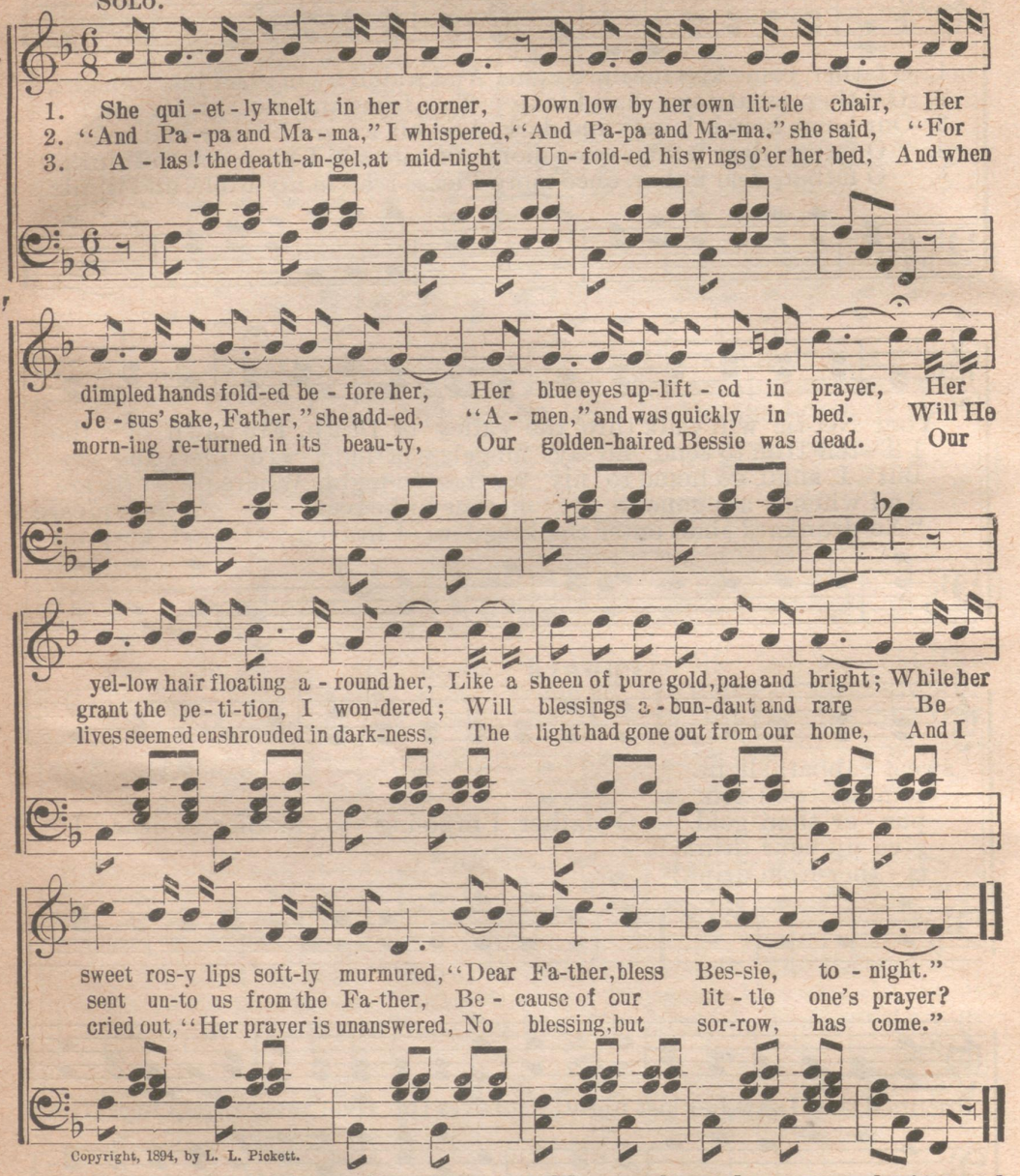
call me to mansions of light,—Home, home, home to my mother in heav'n.



No. 82. ANSWERED PRAYER.

Mrs. E. E. WILLIAMS. Rev. L. L. PICKETT.

SOLO.



Copyright, 1894, by L. L. Pickett.

4 But the days glided by, and her father
Seemed changed in a wonderful way,
From scoffing at God and religion
I found him beginning to pray.
He would talk of our child, and his longing
Her mansion in glory to share,
And one night He took Christ as his Saviour,
Kneeling humbly by Bessie's low chair.

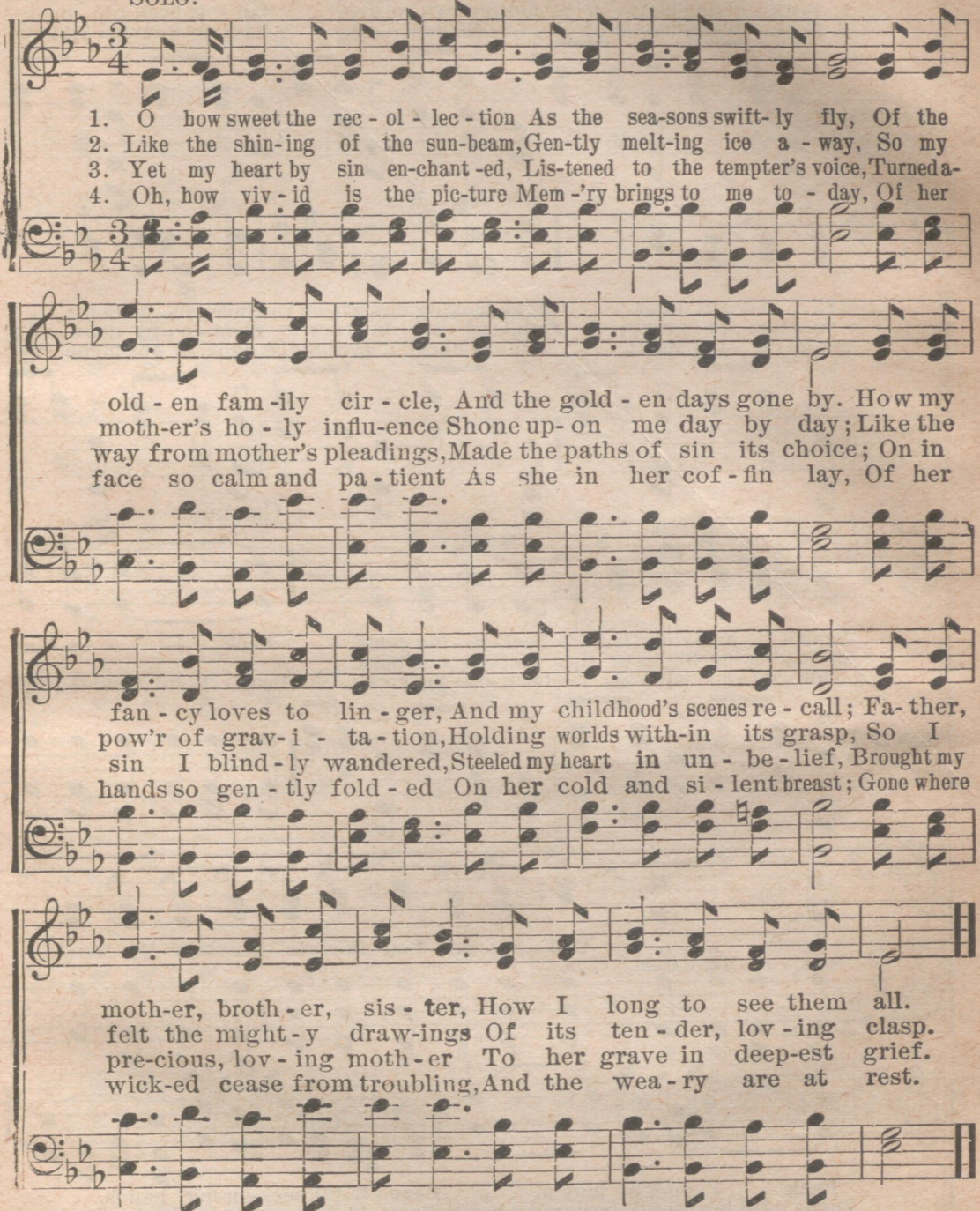
5 My own heart has grown loving and tender,
My Saviour, unspeakably dear;
Heaven and earth have drawn closely together,
And Bessie seems wondrously near.
And we know, now, though bitter the anguish [prize,
With which we relinquished our
That God heard her prayer, and our sorrow
Was the blessing He sent in disguise.

No. 83. A MOTHER'S INFLUENCE.

Suggested by the testimony of a man who in one of Rev. L. L. Pickett's meetings said that he was converted through his mother's influence *fifty years after she had died.*

Rev. M. W. KNAPP. L. L. PICKETT.

SOLO.



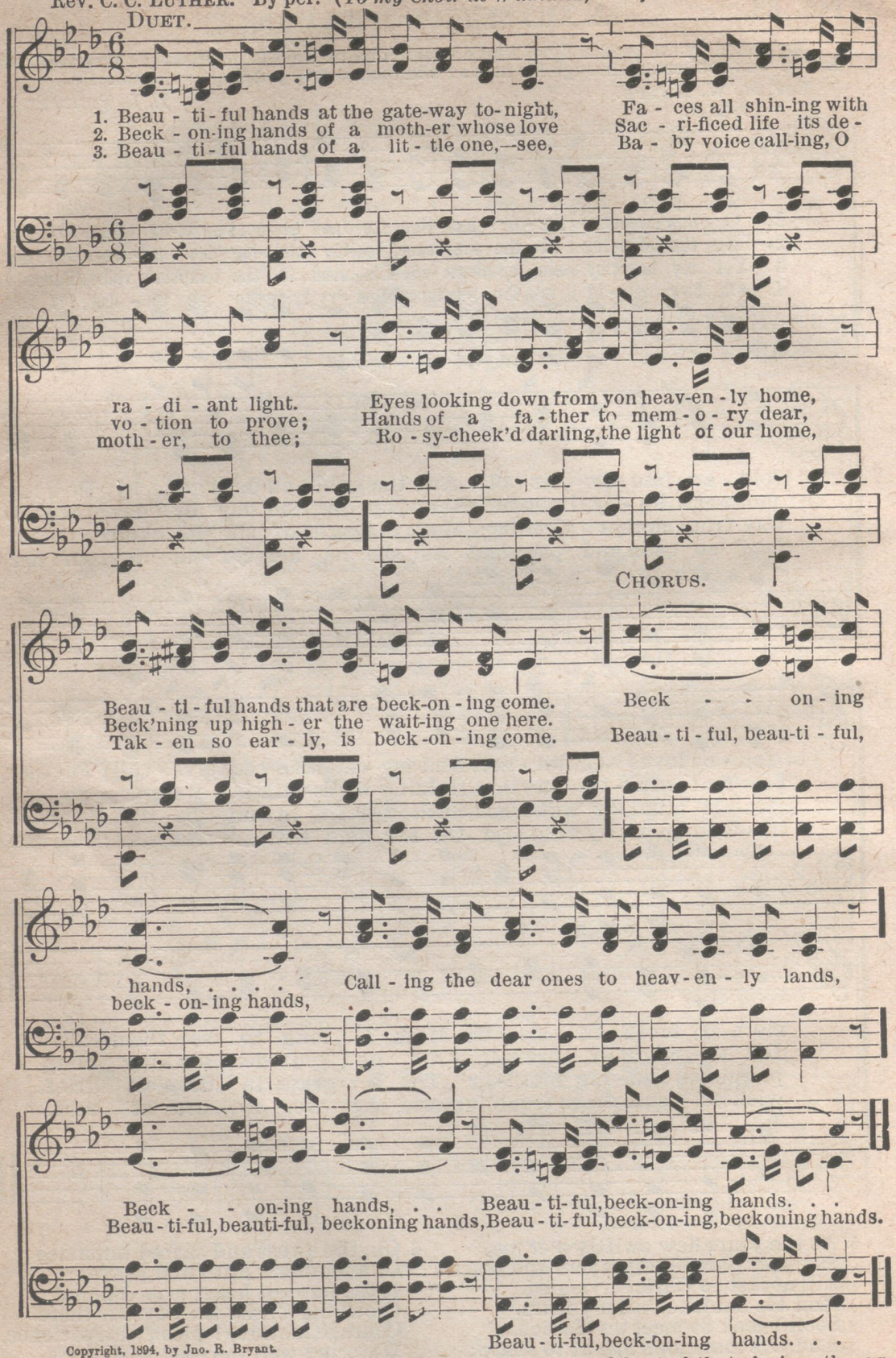
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5 As the years flew swiftly o'er me,
Stronger plead her prayers and tears,
Till at last to Christ I yielded,
And He banished all my fears.
Soon I look to meet my Saviour,
And His mansions bright to share;
And I know the next to greet me,
Will be Mother when I 'm there.

6 Oh, the sweet and sacred influence
Of a mother's faith and prayer;
It the hardest heart may conquer,
Crowning Christ the Saviour there.
Courage, mothers! plead with patience,
Watering well the seed with tears,
For with joy you 'll reap the harvest,
Through the bright eternal years.

No. 84. BEAUTIFUL, BECKONING HANDS.

Rev. C. C. Luther. By per. (*To my Choir at Walhalla, S. C.*) Jno. R. Bryant.



Copyright, 1894, by Jno. R. Bryant.

4 Beckoning hands of a husband or wife,
Waiting and watching the lov'd ones of life;
Hands of a brother, a sister, a friend,
Out from the gate-way to-night they extend.

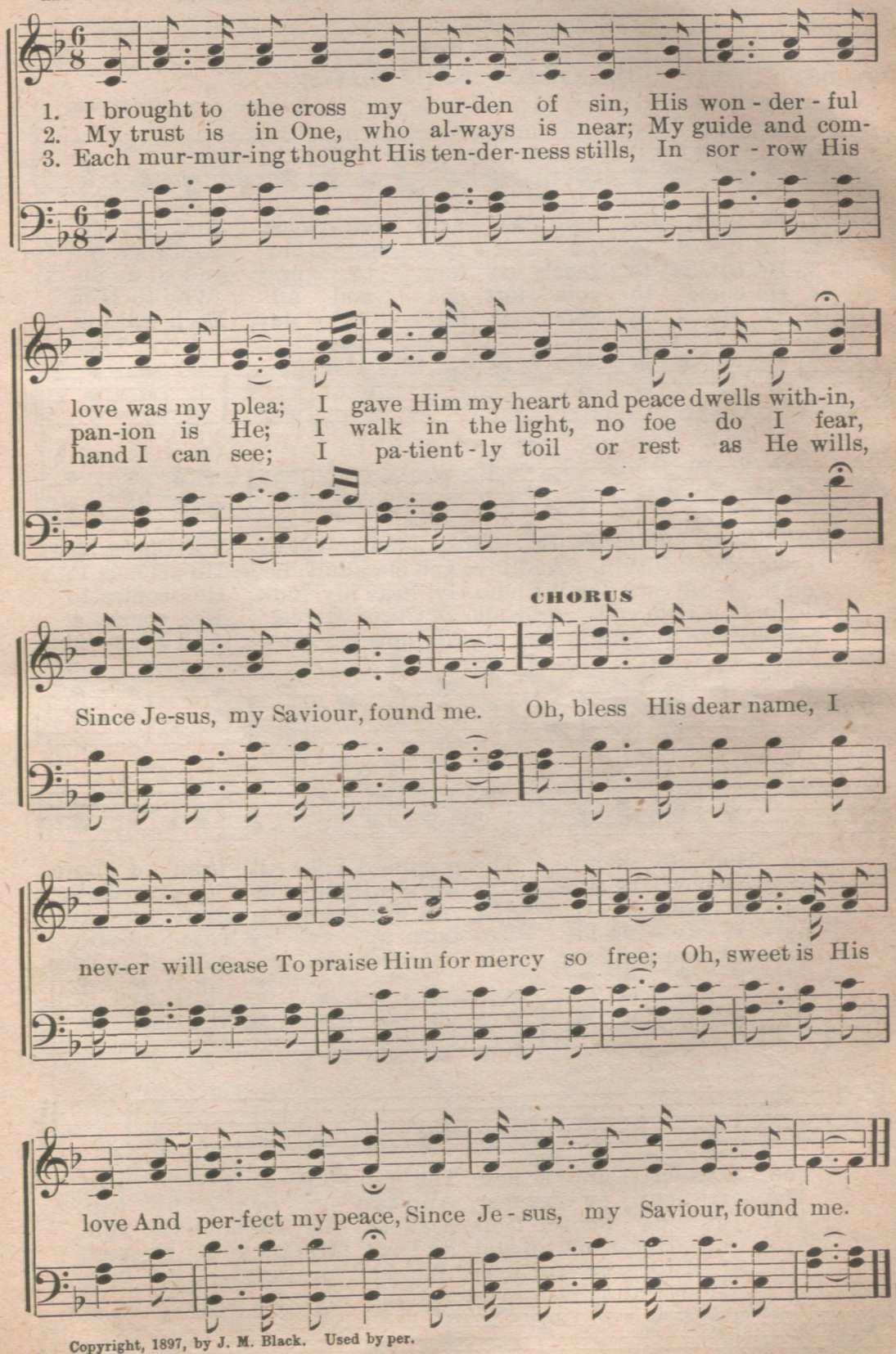
5 Brightest and best of that glorious throng,
Center of all, and the theme of our song,
Jesus, our Saviour, the pierced one stands,
Lovingly calling, with beckoning hands.

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No. 85. SINCE JESUS, MY SAVIOUR, FOUND ME.

"Hosanna: Blessed is the King of Israel."—John 12: 13.

KATHARINE E. PURVIS. J. M. BLACK.



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The Holy Spirit.

Seeking and Finding.

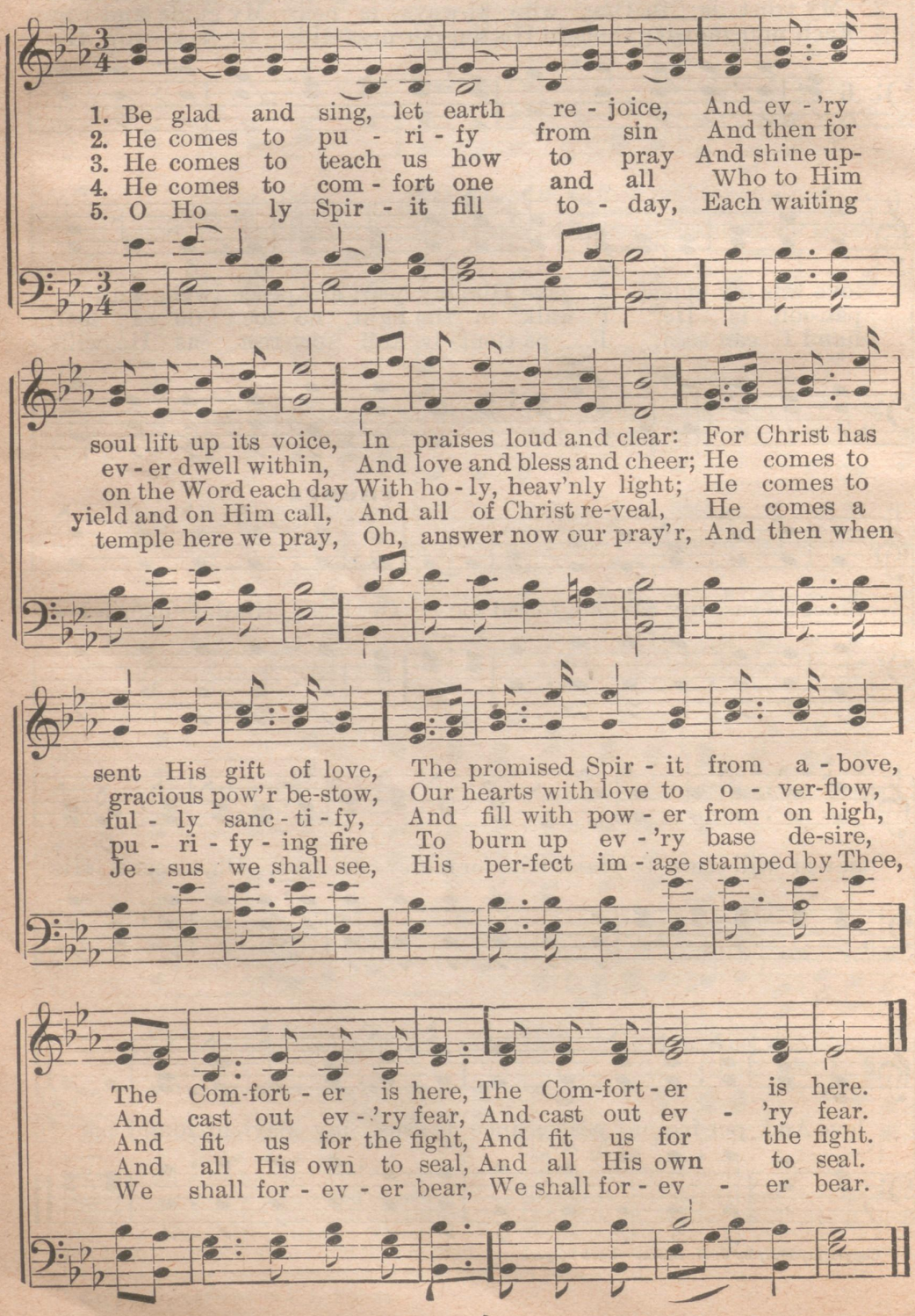
"If ye love me, keep my commandments and I will send you another Comforter, that he may abide with you for ever."—John 14: 15, 16.

No. 86.

BE GLAD AND SING:

M. W. KNAPP.

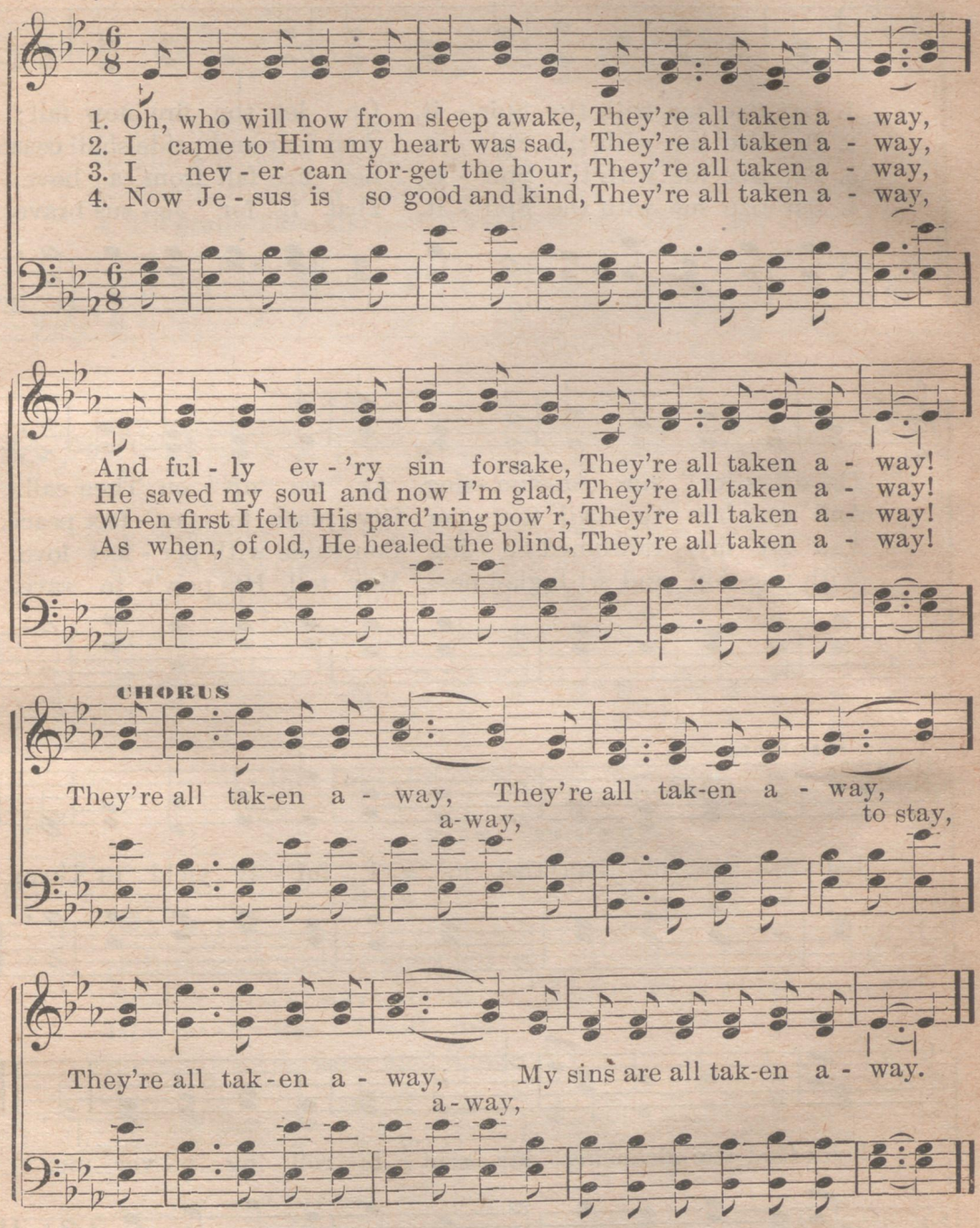
Arr. by LOWELL MASON.



No. 87. ALL TAKEN AWAY.

"I have blotted out, as a thick cloud, thy transgressions, and, as a cloud, thy sins: return unto me; for I have redeemed thee."—Isa. 44: 22.

Arr. by S. H. PRATHER. Arr. by J. M.



5 I never could believe before,
They're all taken away,
That I could go and sin no more,
They're all taken away.

6 I've consecrated all to Thee,
They're all taken away,
And now from sin I know I'm free,
They're all taken away.

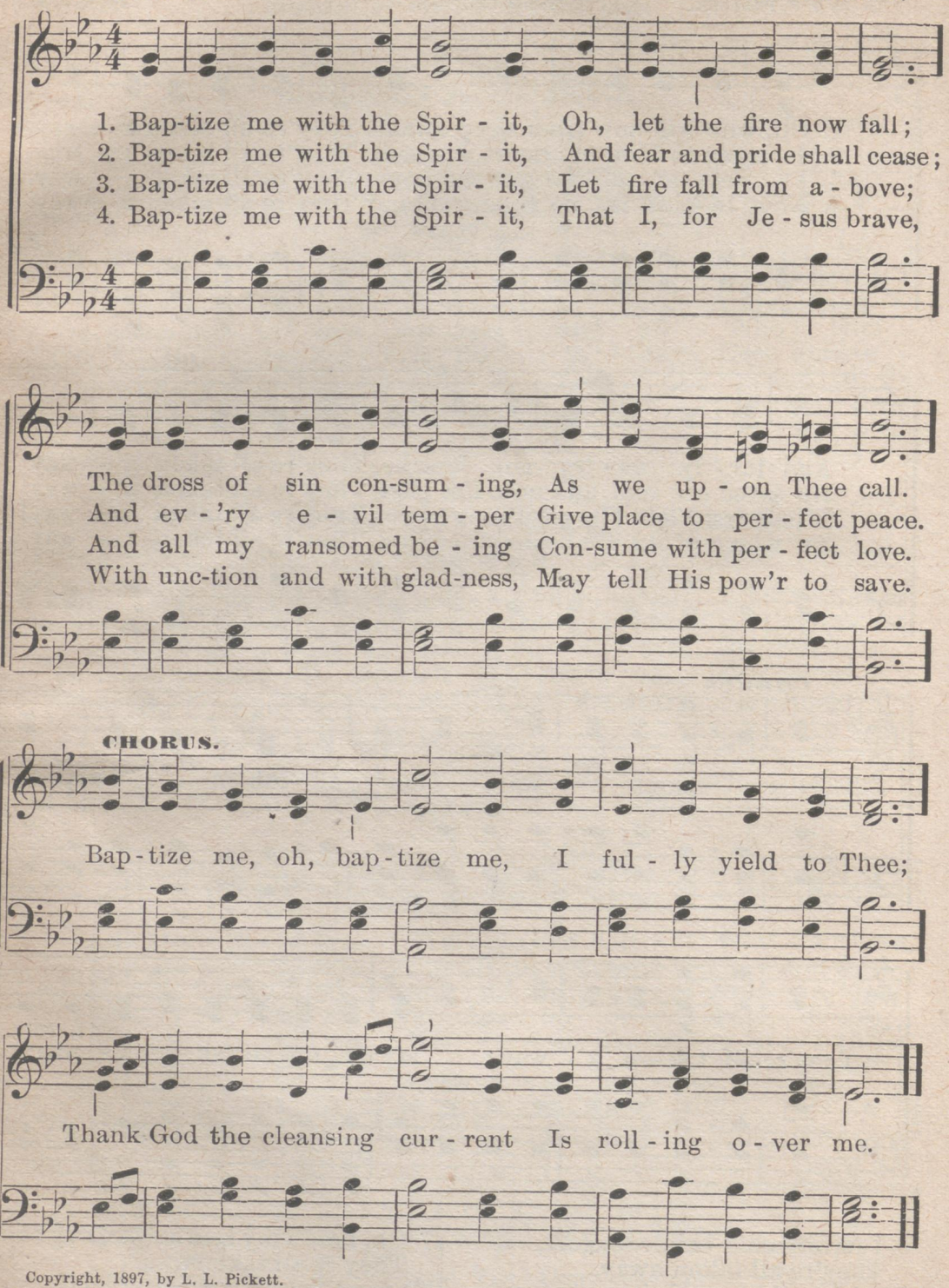
7 Oh, here's my heart and here's my hand,
They're all taken away,
To meet you in the better land,
They're all taken away.

8 So now I'll serve Him till I die,
They're all taken away,
And then we'll meet beyond the sky,
They're all taken away.

No. 88. BAPTIZE ME.

"He shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost, and with fire."—Matt. 3: 13.

Rev. M. W. KNAPP. SIDNEY WILLIAMS.



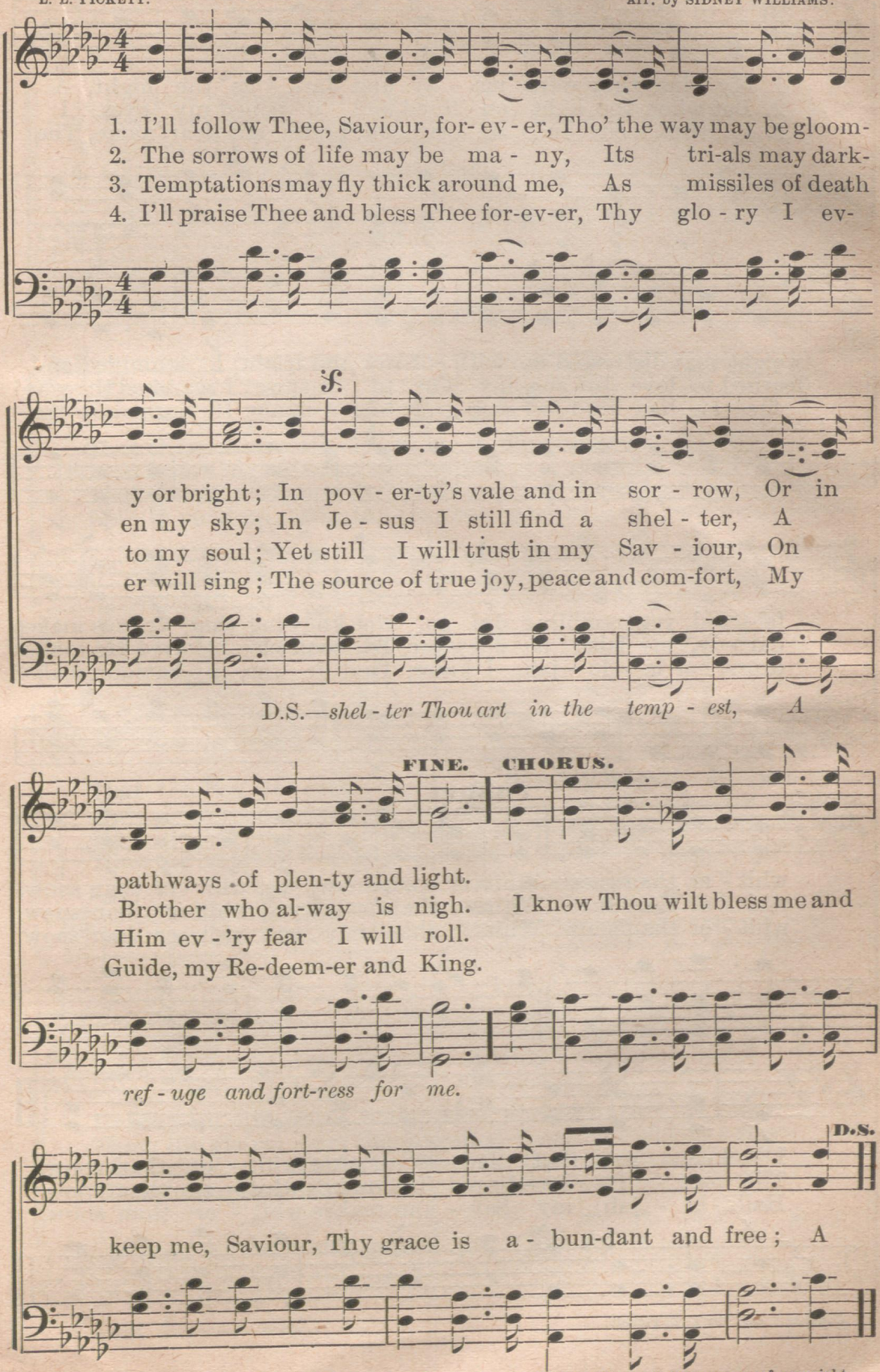
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5 Baptize me with the Spirit,
Uniting me with all,
Of every name and nation,
Who thus upon Thee call.

6 Baptize me with the Spirit,
Thy promise now I claim,
Oh, now in me fulfill it,
I pray in Jesus' name.

No. 89. I'LL FOLLOW THEE.

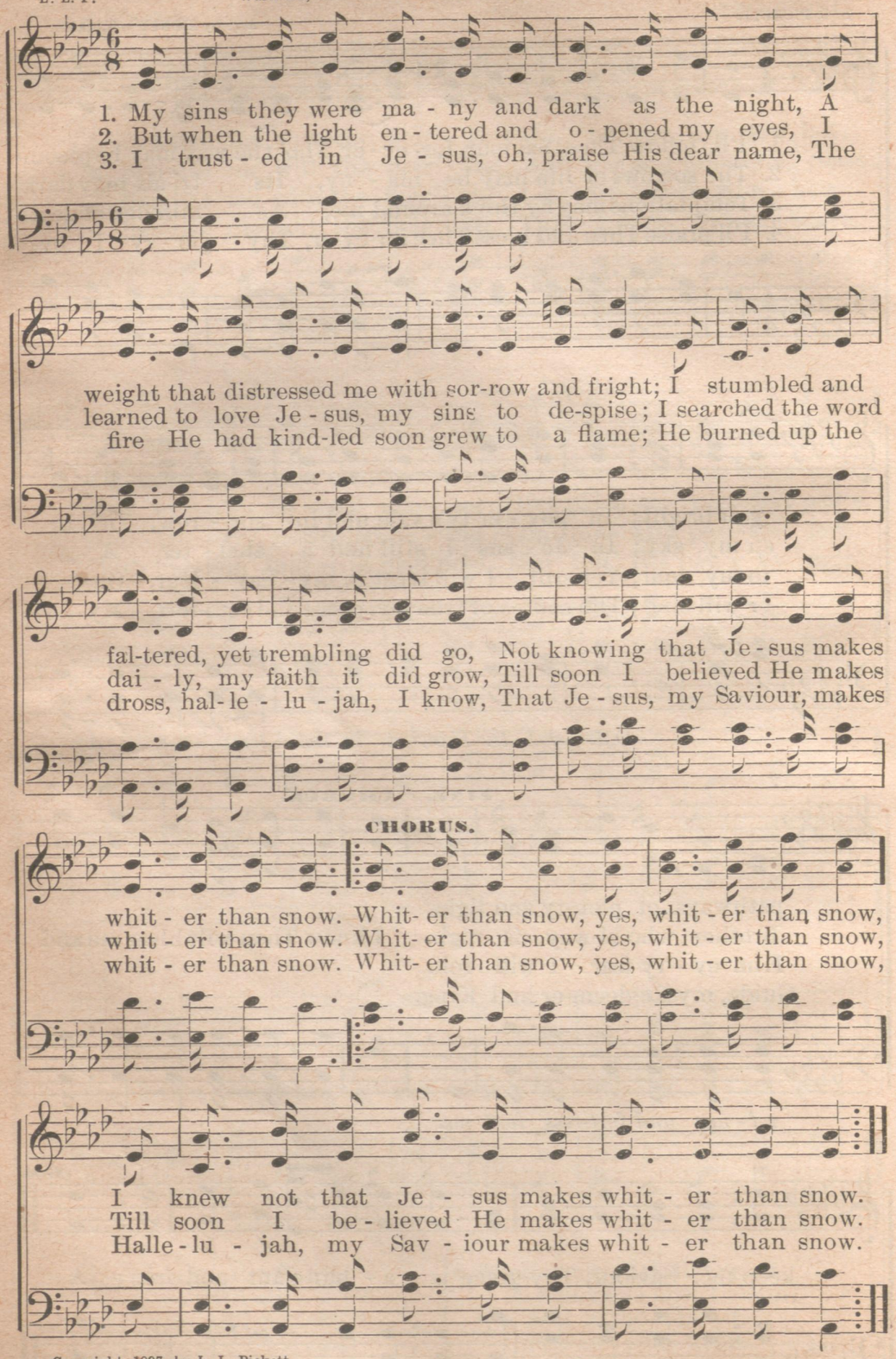
L. L. PICKETT. Arr. by SIDNEY WILLIAMS.



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No. 90. WHITER THAN SNOW.

L. L. P. "Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow."— Ps. 51: 7. L. L. PICKETT.

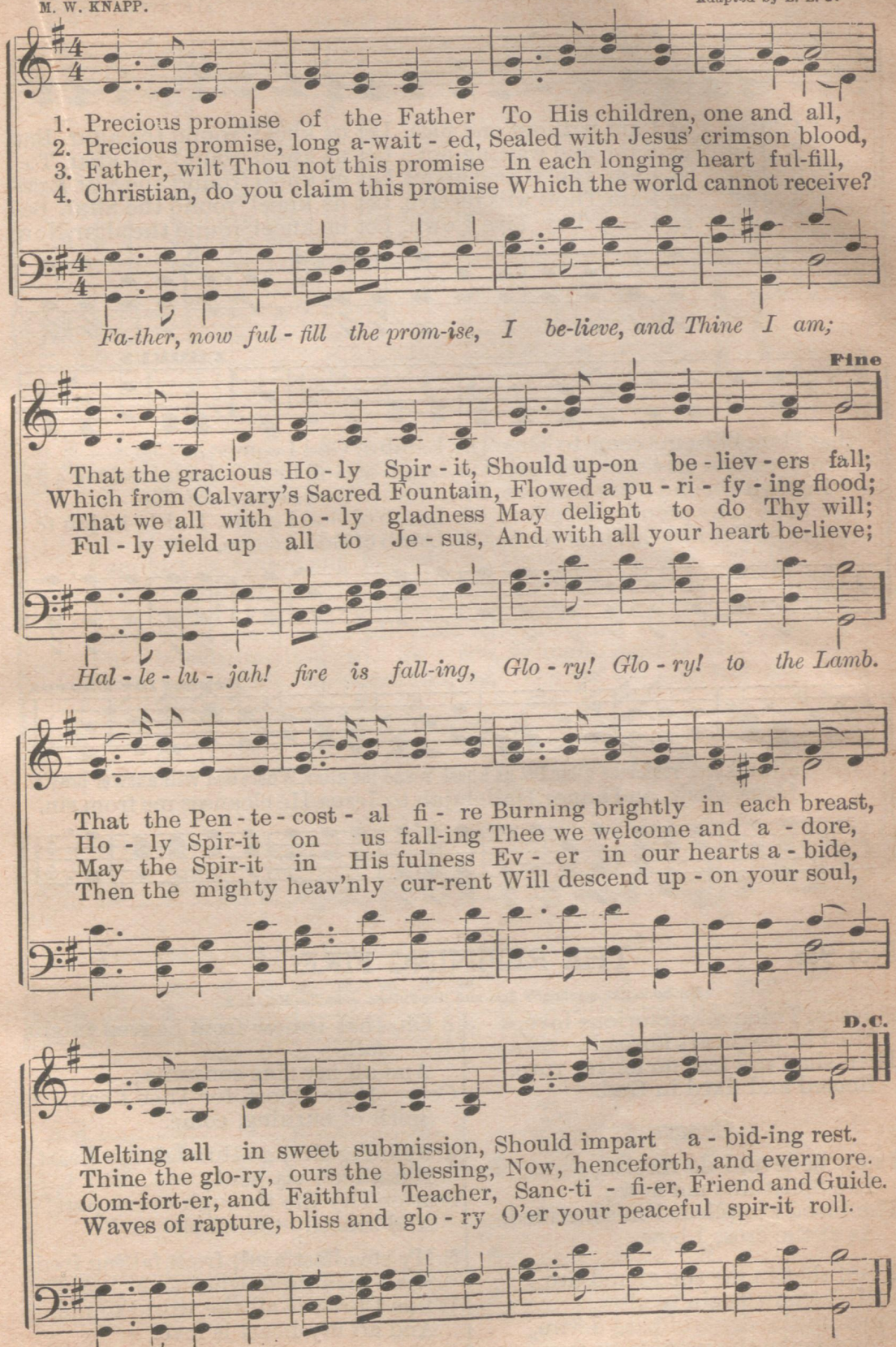


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No. 91. PROMISE OF THE FATHER.

"And, behold, I send the promise of my Father upon you."—Luke 24: 49.

M. W. KNAPP. Adapted by L. L. P.

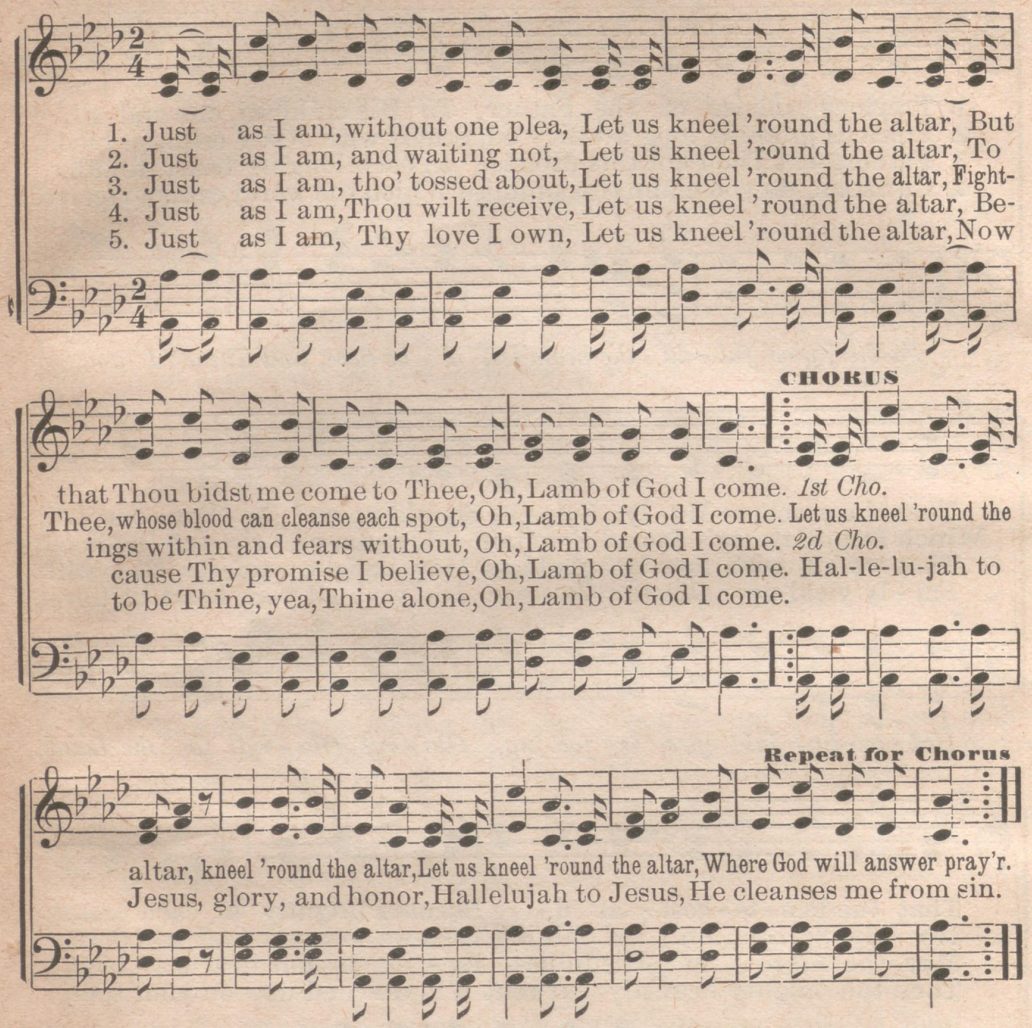


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No. 92. JUST AS I AM.

"Behold the Lamb of God who taketh away the sin of the world."—John 6: 2.

A. F. MYERS. By per.



No: 93: THE REFINING FIRE:

"For he is like a refiner's fire, and like fullers' soap."—Mal. 3: 2.

1 Jesus, Thine all victorious love,
Shed in my heart abroad;
Then shall my feet no longer rove,
Rooted and fixed in God.

CHORUS.

I now believe, I do receive,
The Spirit fills me now;
The blood's applied, I'm sanctified,
As at the cross I bow.

2 Oh, that in me the sacred fire
Might now begin to glow,
Burn up the dross of base desire,
Aud make the mountains flow.

3 Oh, that it now from heaven might fall,
And all my sins consume;
Come, Holy Ghost, for Thee I call,
Spirit of burning, come.

4 Refining fire, go through my heart,
Illuminate my soul;
Scatter Thy life through every part,
And sanctify the whole.

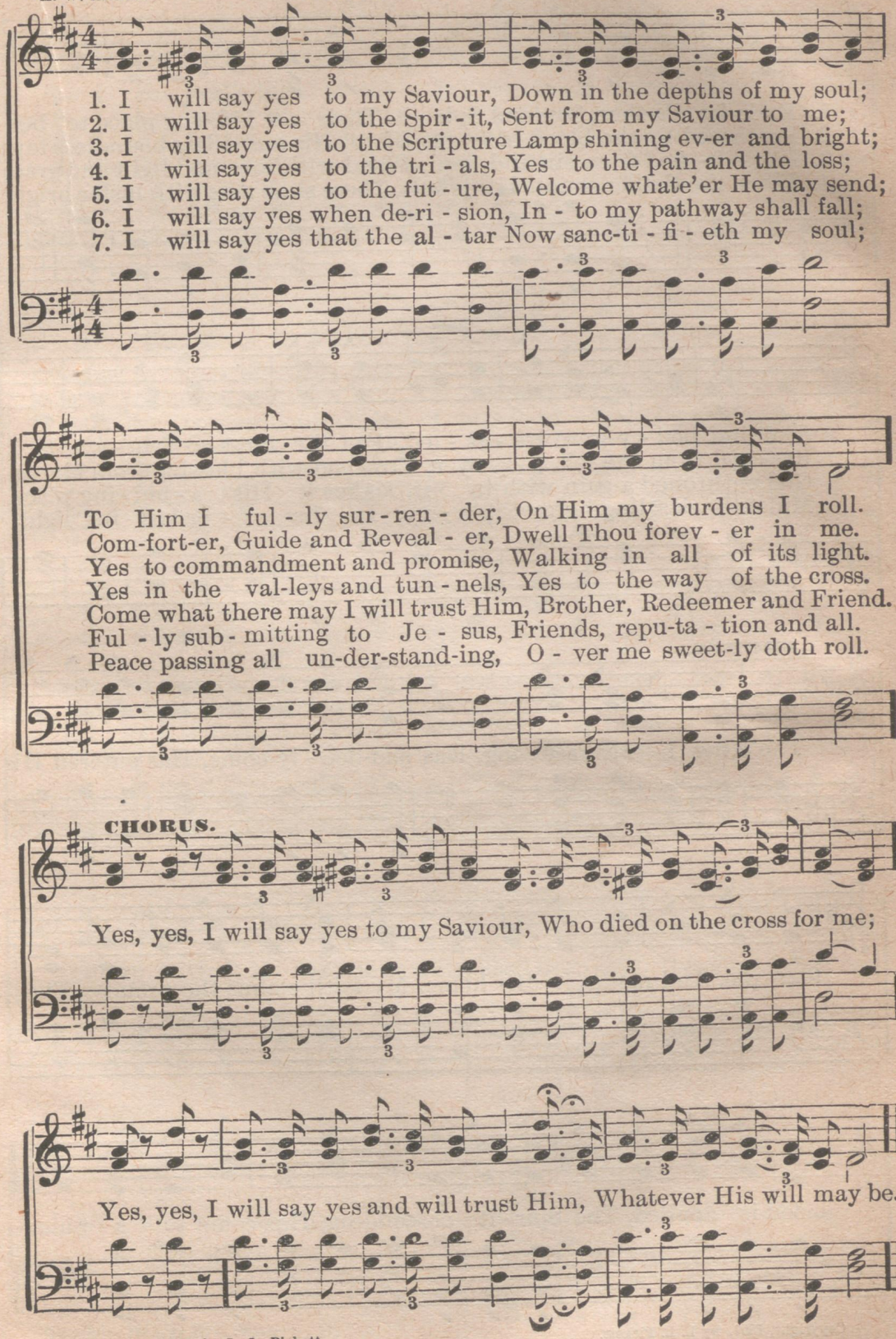
5 My steadfast soul, from falling free,
Shall then no longer move,
While Christ is all the world to me,
And all my heart is love.

Chas. Wesley. Chorus by M. W. K.

No. 94. I WILL SAY YES TO MY SAVIOUR.

"If a man love me, he will keep my words: and my Father will love him, and we will come unto him, and make our abode with him."—John 14: 23.

M. W. KNAPP. L. L. PICKETT.

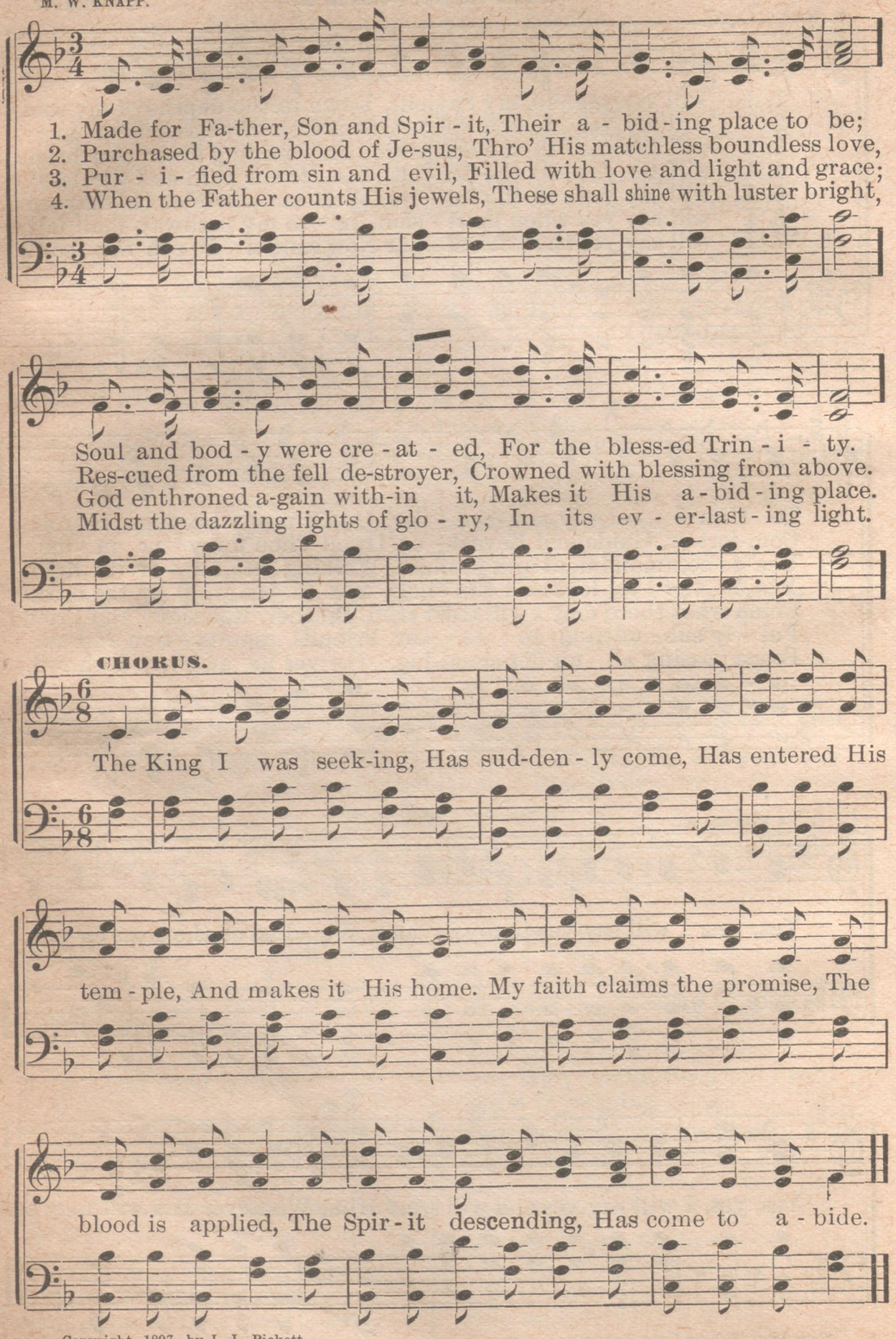


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No. 95. TEMPLE OF THE SPIRIT.

"In whom ye also are builded togethed far a habitation of God through the Spirit."—Eph. 2: 22.

M. W. KNAPP. L. L. PICKETT.

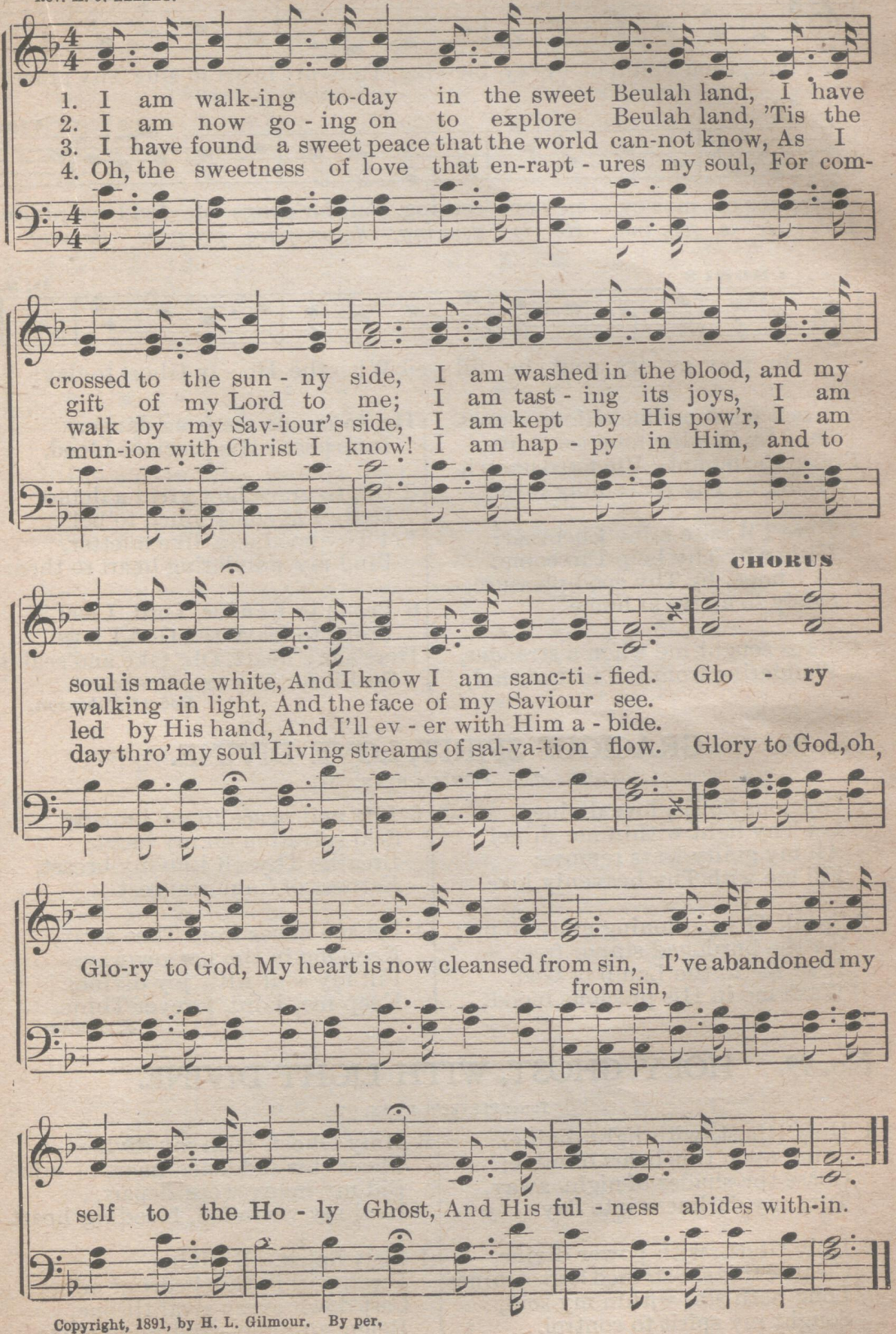


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No. 96. THE SWEET BEULAH LAND.

"Let us go up at once and possess it."—Num. 13: 30.

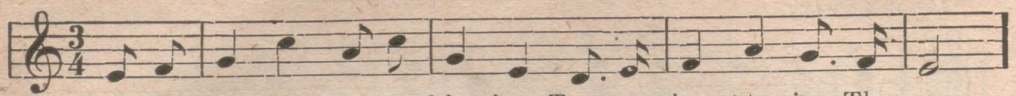
Rev. H. J. ZELLEY. H. J. GILMOUR.



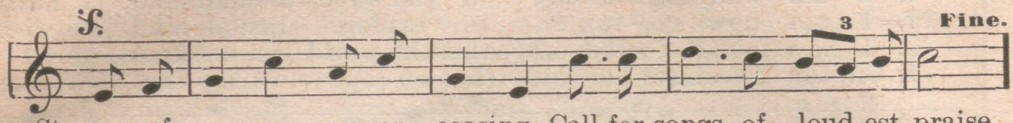
Copyright, 1891, by H. L. Gilmour. By per,

No. 97. MAY EVERY SOUL BE FILLED.

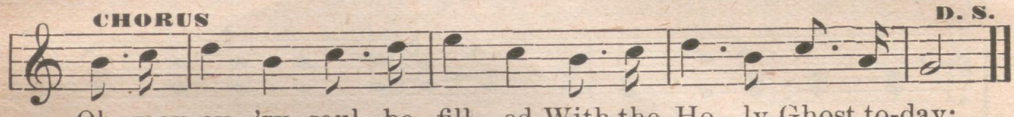
"Be filled with the Spirit."—Eph. 5: 18.



1. Come, thou Fount of ev-'ry blessing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace;



Streams of mer-cy, nev-er ceasing, Call for songs of loud-est praise.
D.S.—*He is com-ing, He is com-ing, Oh, pre-pare, pre-pare the way.*



Oh, may ev - 'ry soul be fill - ed With the Ho - ly Ghost to-day;

2 Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above;
Praise the mount—I'm fixed upon it—
Mount of Thy redeeming love!

3 Here I'll raise mine Ebenezer;
Hither by Thy help I'm come;
And I hope, by Thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.

4 Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed His precious blood.

5 Oh, to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let Thy goodness, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to thee:

6 Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,
Prone to leave the God I love;
Here's my heart, Oh, take and seal it;
Seal it for Thy courts above.

Robert Robinson.

No. 98. GRACIOUS SPIRIT, LOVE DIVINE.

Tune: PLEYEL'S HYMN. 7s.

1 Gracious Spirit, love divine,
Let Thy light within me shine!
All my guilty fears remove;
Fill me with Thy heavenly love.

2 Speak Thy pardoning grace to me;
Set the burdened sinner free;
Lead me to the Lamb of God;
Wash me in His precious blood.

3 Life and peace to me impart;
Seal salvation on my heart:
Breathe Thyself into my breast,
Earnest of immortal rest.

4 Let me never from Thee stray;
Keep me in the narrow way;
Fill my soul with joy divine;
Keep me, Lord, forever Thine.

J. Stocker.

No. 99. HOLY GHOST, WITH LIGHT DIVINE.

Tune: PLEYEL'S HYMN. 7s.

1 Holy Ghost, with light divine,
Shine upon this heart of mine;
Chase the shades of night away,
Turn my darkness into day.

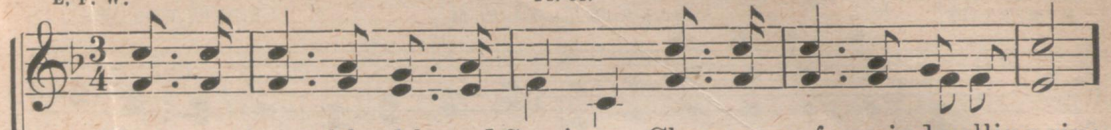
2 Holy Ghost, with power divine,
Cleanse this sin-stained heart of mine;
Long hath sin, within my soul,
Sought my spirit to control.

3 Holy Ghost, with joy divine,
Cheer this saddened heart of mine,
Bid my many woes depart,
Heal my wounded, bleeding heart.

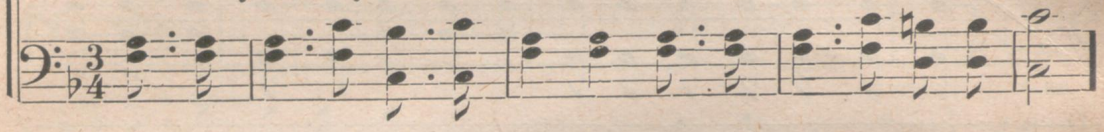
4 Holy Spirit, all divine,
Dwell within this heart of mine;
Cast down every rival throne,
Reign supreme—and reign alone.

No. 100. WASH ME THROUGHLY.

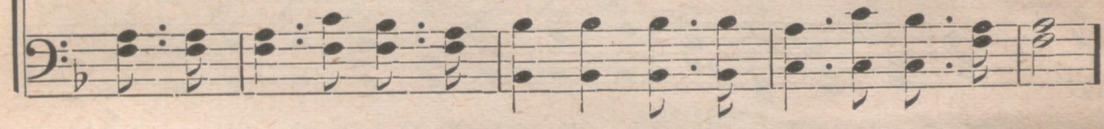
E. F. W. Ps. 51. Rev. E. F. WALKER.



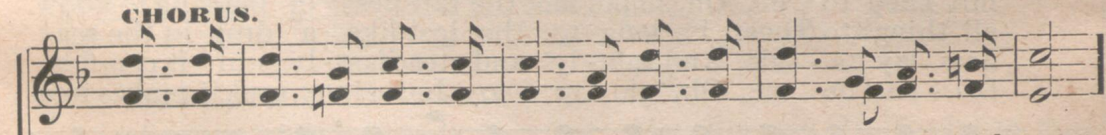
1. Wash me throughly, blessed Sav-iour, Cleanse me from indwelling sin;
2. Purge me with the branch of healing, Wash me whit-er than the snow;
3. Let the joy of full sal - va - tion Now be giv - en to my soul;
4. Then shall sin-ners be con-vert-ed, And transgressors learn Thy ways,
5. Now I yield my all to Je - sus; Now I trust His cleansing blood;



Bathe me in the sa-cred fountain, Now complete the work within.
Cleanse, oh, cleanse my inmost being, Thro' and thro' let Thy blood flow.
And, up-held by Thy free Spir - it, I shall ev - 'ry whit be whole.
And my hum-ble lips be opened, And my mouth show forth Thy praise.
Now the work is done with-in me, GLO - RY! GLO - RY BE TO GOD!



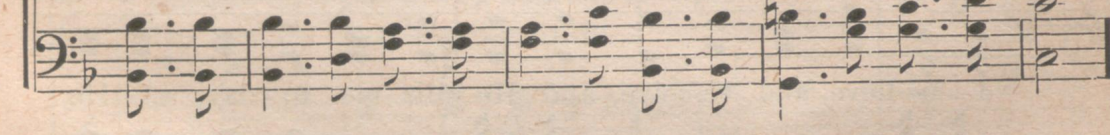
CHORUS.

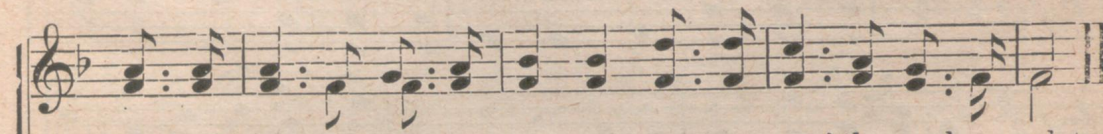


Wash me throughly, wash me throughly; For the Mas-ter's use made meet;

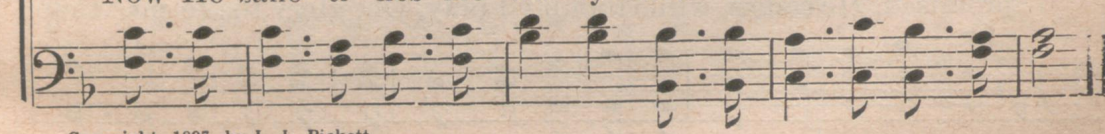
After last verse.

Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! For the Master's use made meet;





Pu - ri - fy and make me ho - ly! Now! just now! the work complete.
Now He sanc - ti - fies me tru - ly: Now I am in Him complete.

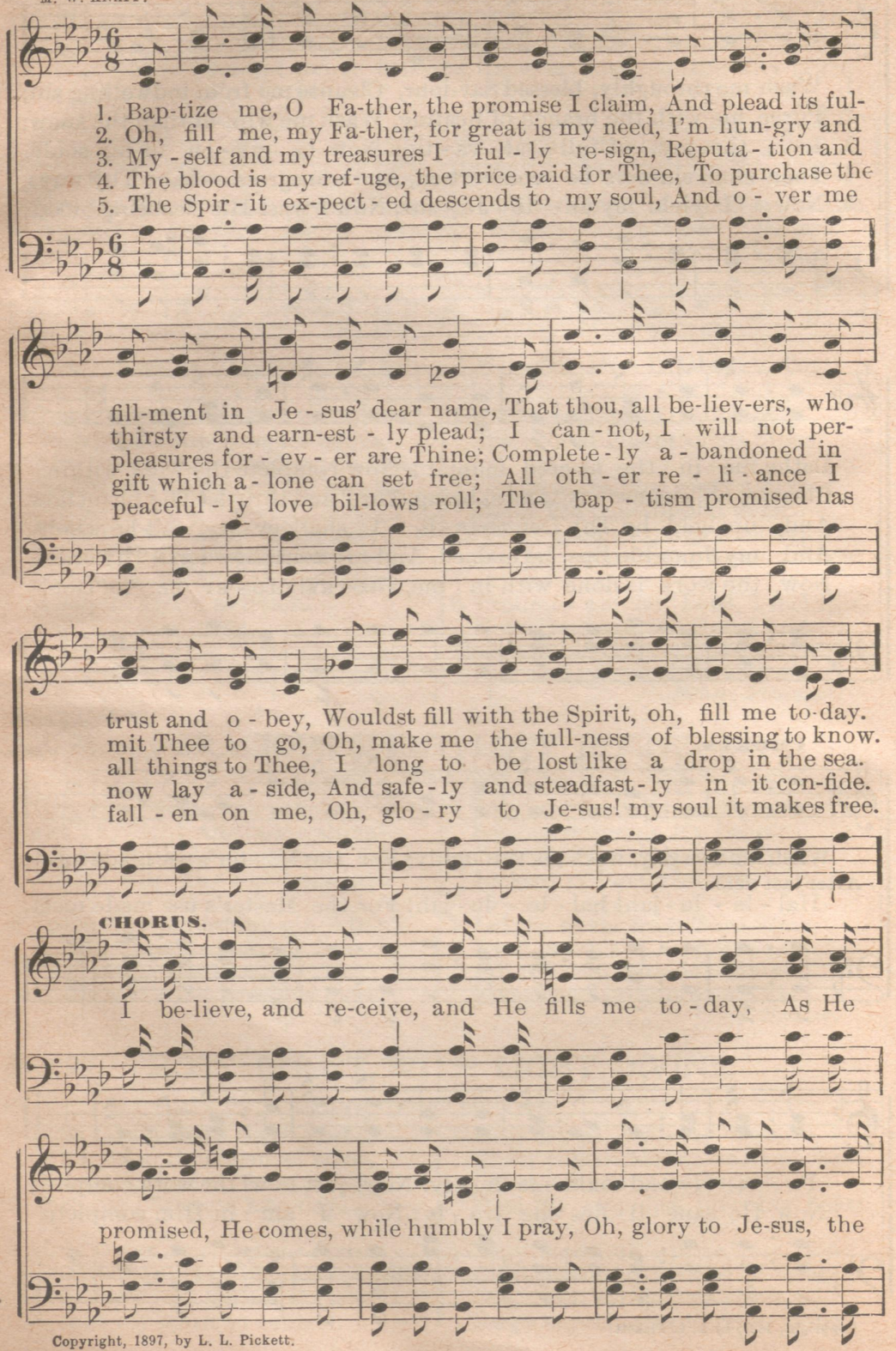


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No. 101. PRAYER FOR THE SPIRIT.

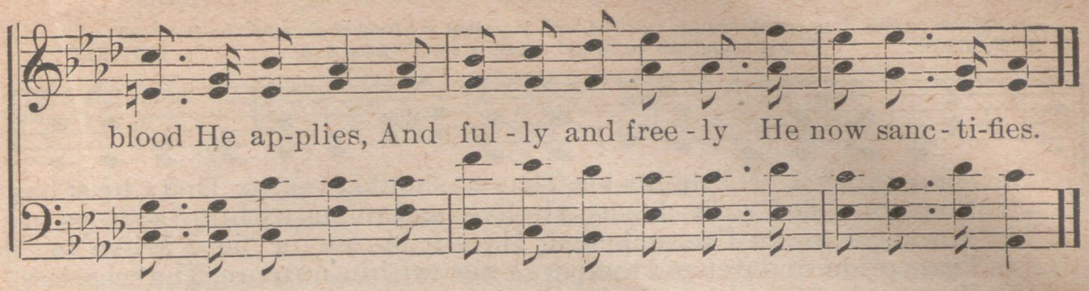
"If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children; how much more shall your heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask him?—Luke 11: 13. "That we might receive the promise of the Spirit through faith."—Gal. 3: 14.

M. W. KNAPP. SIDNEY WILLIAMS.



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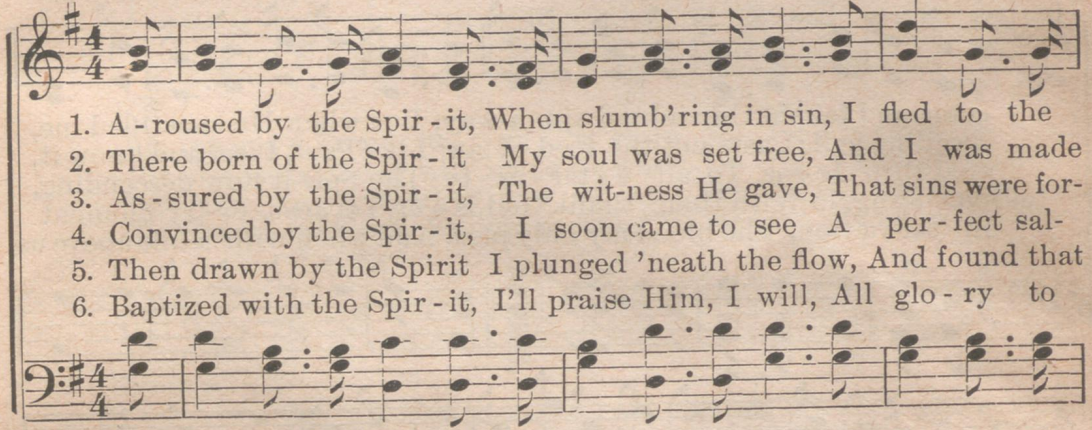
PRAYER FOR THE SPIRIT. Concluded.

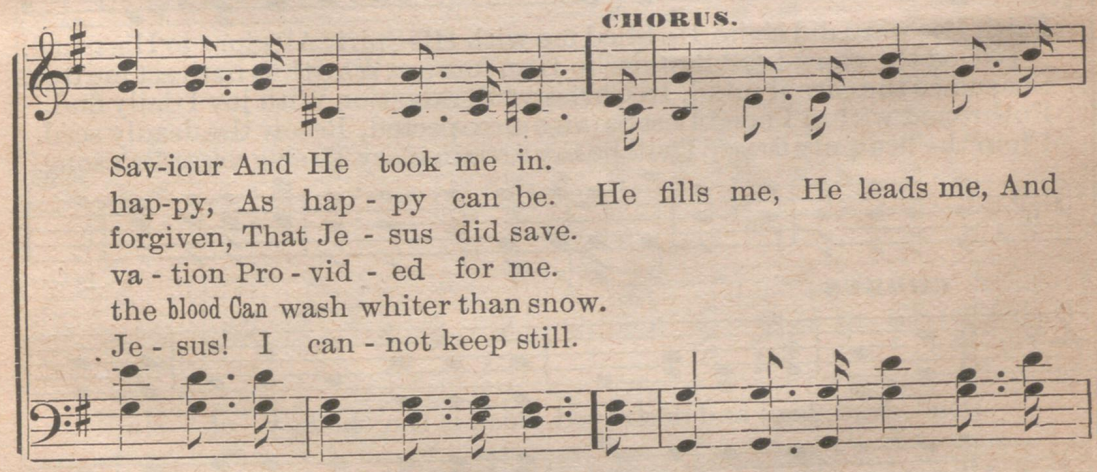


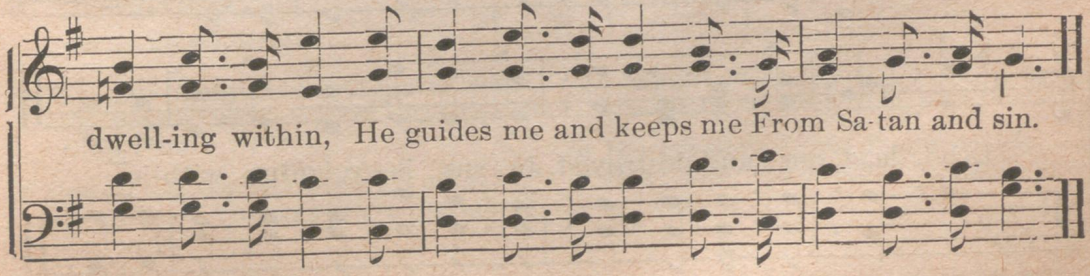
No. 102. THE SPIRIT RECEIVED.

"For as many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God.—Rom. 8: 14.

Rev. M. W. KNAPP. SIDNEY WILLIAMS.



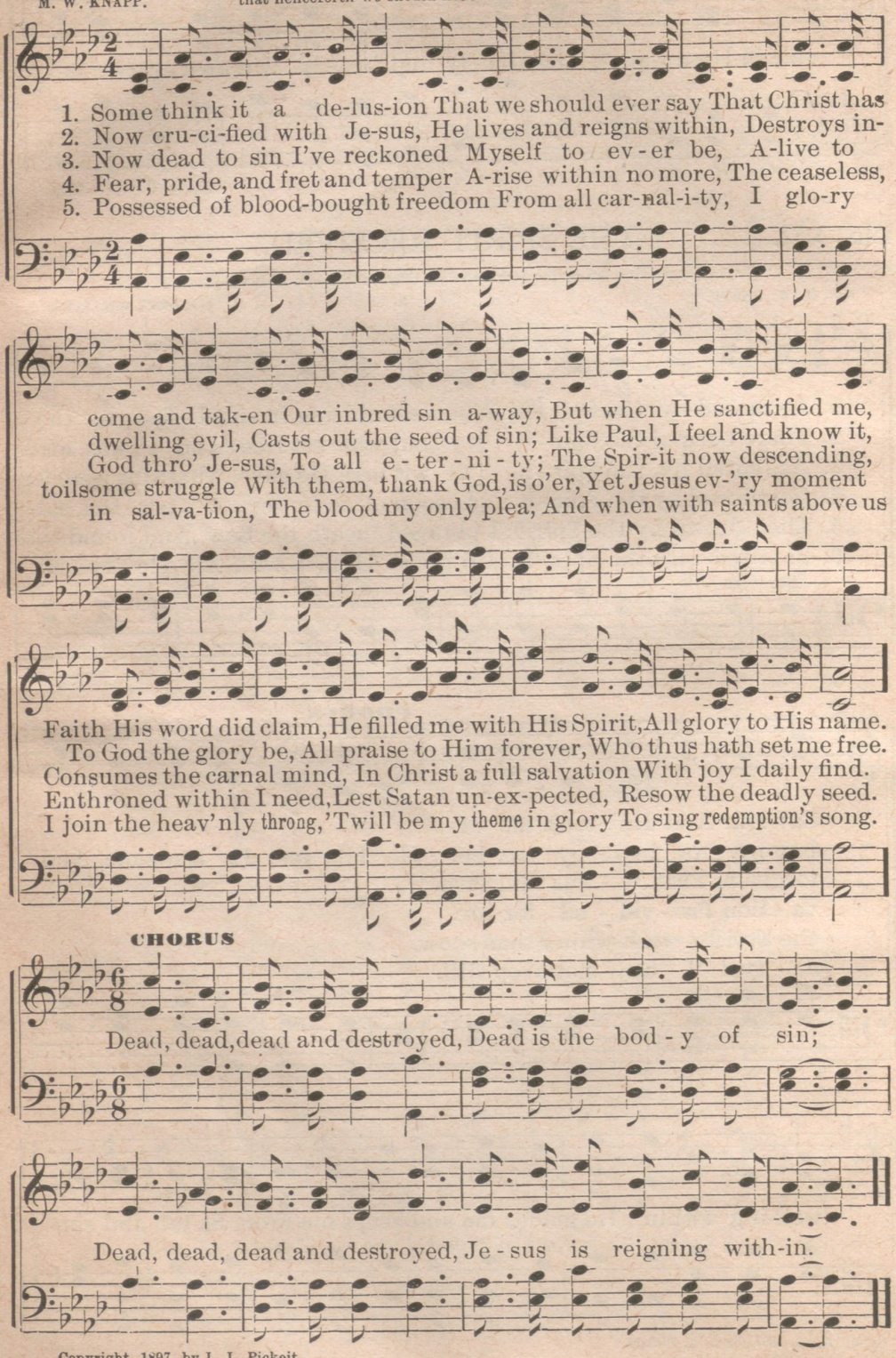




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No. 103. JESUS REIGNING WITHIN.

"Knowing this, that our old man is crucified with him, that the body of sin might be destroyed.
M. W. KNAPP. that henceforth we should not serve sin."—Rom. 6: 6. L. L. PICKETT.

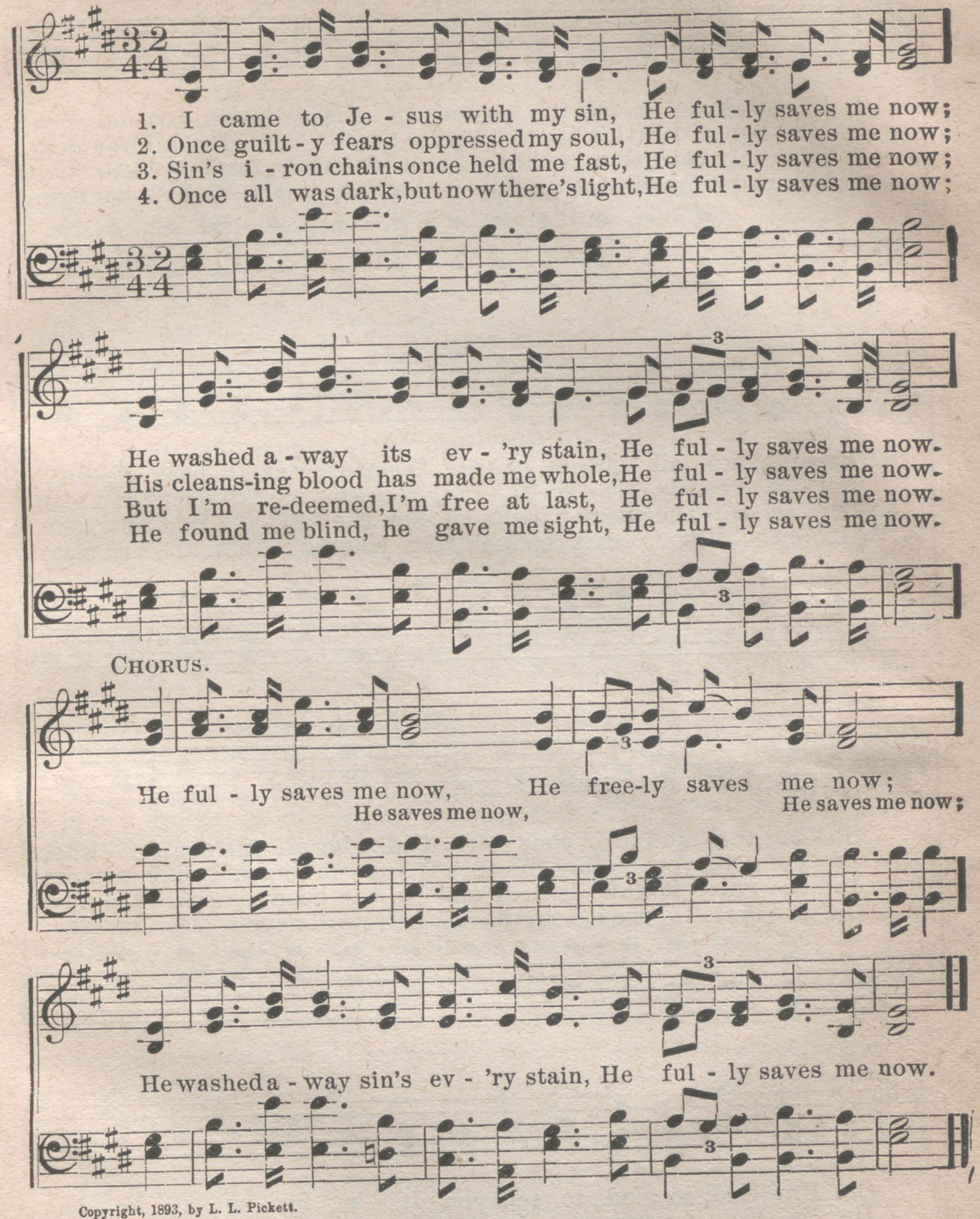


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No. 104. HE FULLY SAVES ME NOW.

"Wherefore he is able to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by him."—Heb. 7: 25.

L. L. P. Rev. L. L. PICKETT.



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5 The Sun of righteousness has risen,
His beams have turned my hell to heaven.

6 Converted first at Calvary's cross,
My barque on many a wave was tossed.

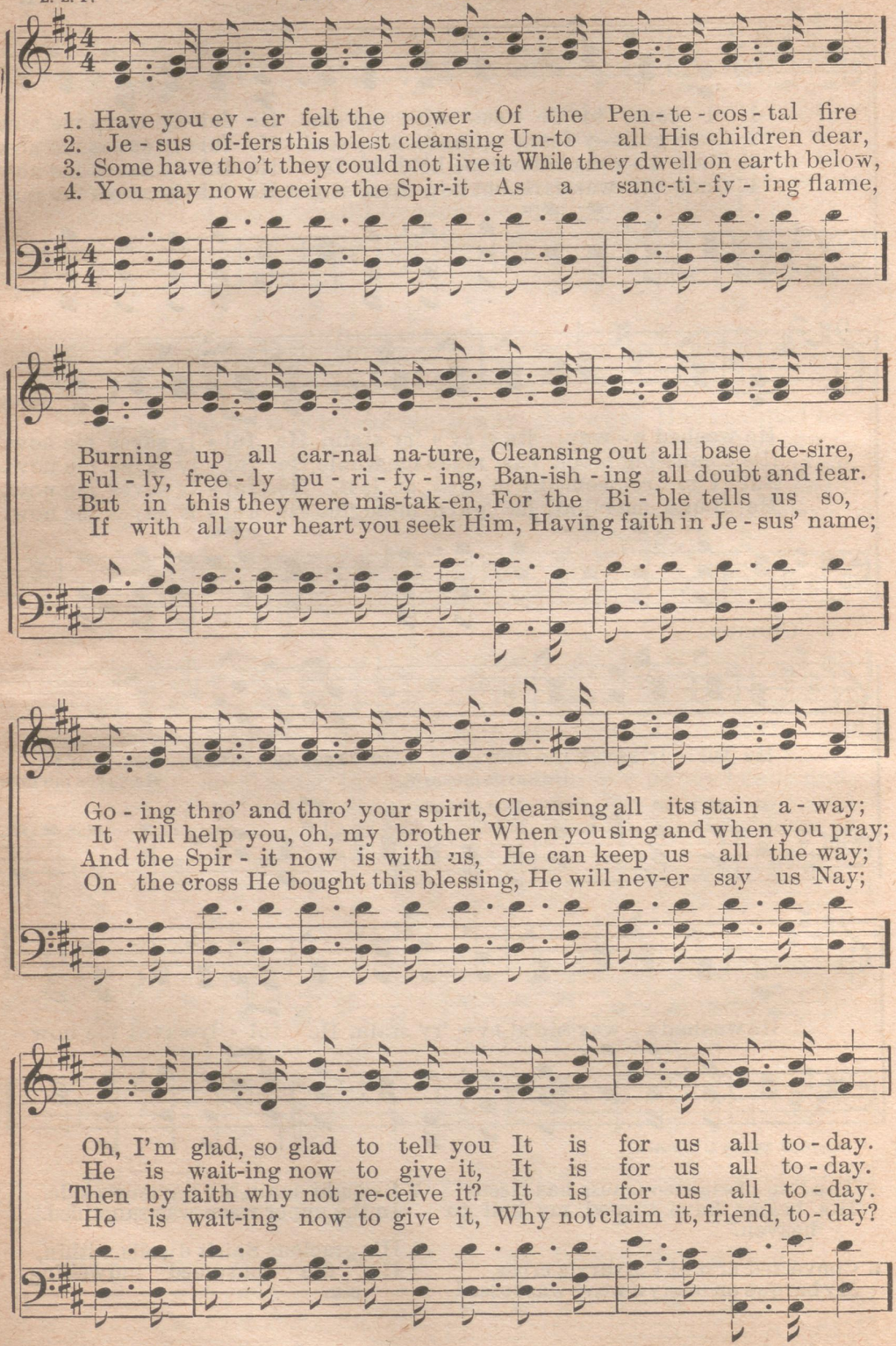
7 I sought again my Saviour's side,
In the upper room was sanctified.

8 His gracious Spirit dwells within,
His fire consumed indwelling sin.

No. 105. IT IS FOR US ALL TO-DAY.

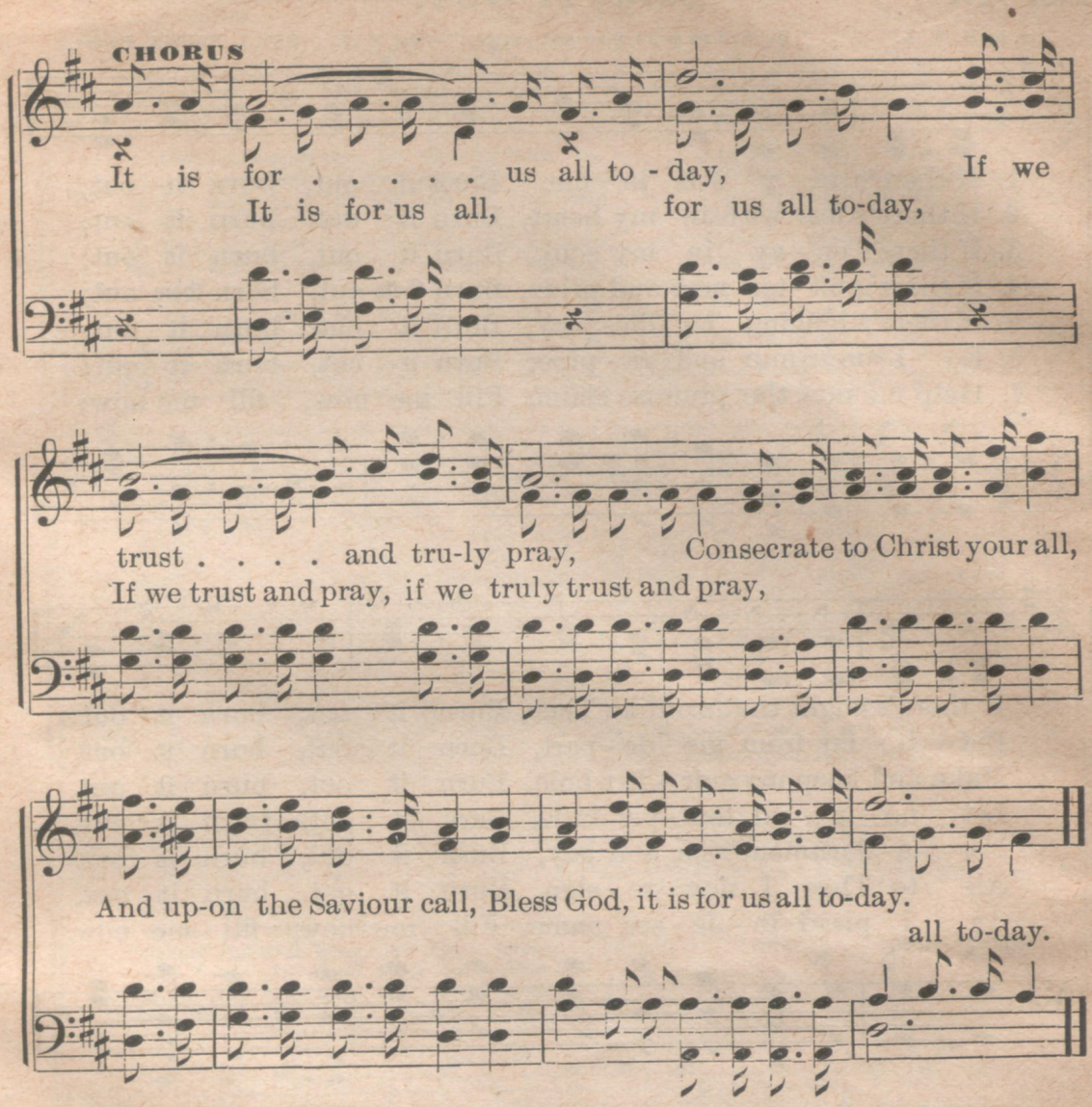
"For the promise is unto you, and to your children, and all that are afar off, even as many as the Lord our God shall call."—Acts 2: 39.

L. L. P. Rev. L. L. PICKETT.



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IT IS ALL FOR US TO-DAY. Concluded.



No. 106. TAKE MY LIFE AND LET IT BE.

1 Take my life, and let it be
Consecrated, Lord, to Thee;
Take my hands, and let them move
At the impulse of Thy love.

CHORUS.

Now my life is hid with Christ in God,
Wholly sanctified by His own blood,
Lord, my heart doth thrill, one with
Thy holy will,
As Thou now my soul doth fill.

2 Take my feet, and let them be
Swift and beautiful for Thee;
Take my voice, and let me sing
Always, only for my King.

3 Take my lips, and let them be
Filled with messages from Thee;
Take my moments and my days
Let them flow in ceaseless praise.

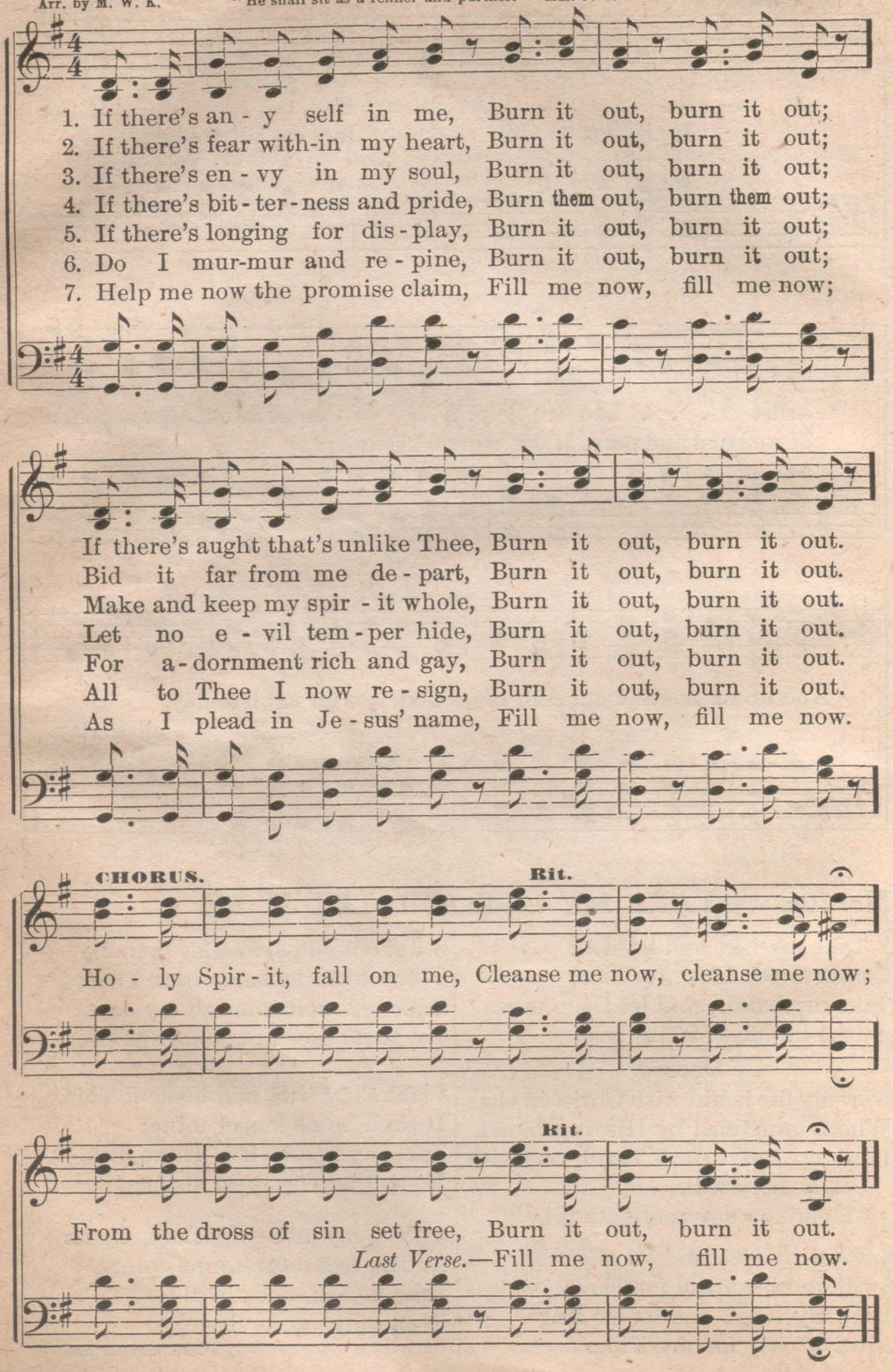
4 Take my will, and make it Thine,
It shall be no longer mine;
Take my heart—it is Thine own,
It shall be Thy royal throne

5 Take my love—my Lord, I pour
At Thy feet its treasure-store;
Take myself, and I will be
Ever, only, all for Thee!

F. R. Havergal.

No. 107. BURN IT OUT.

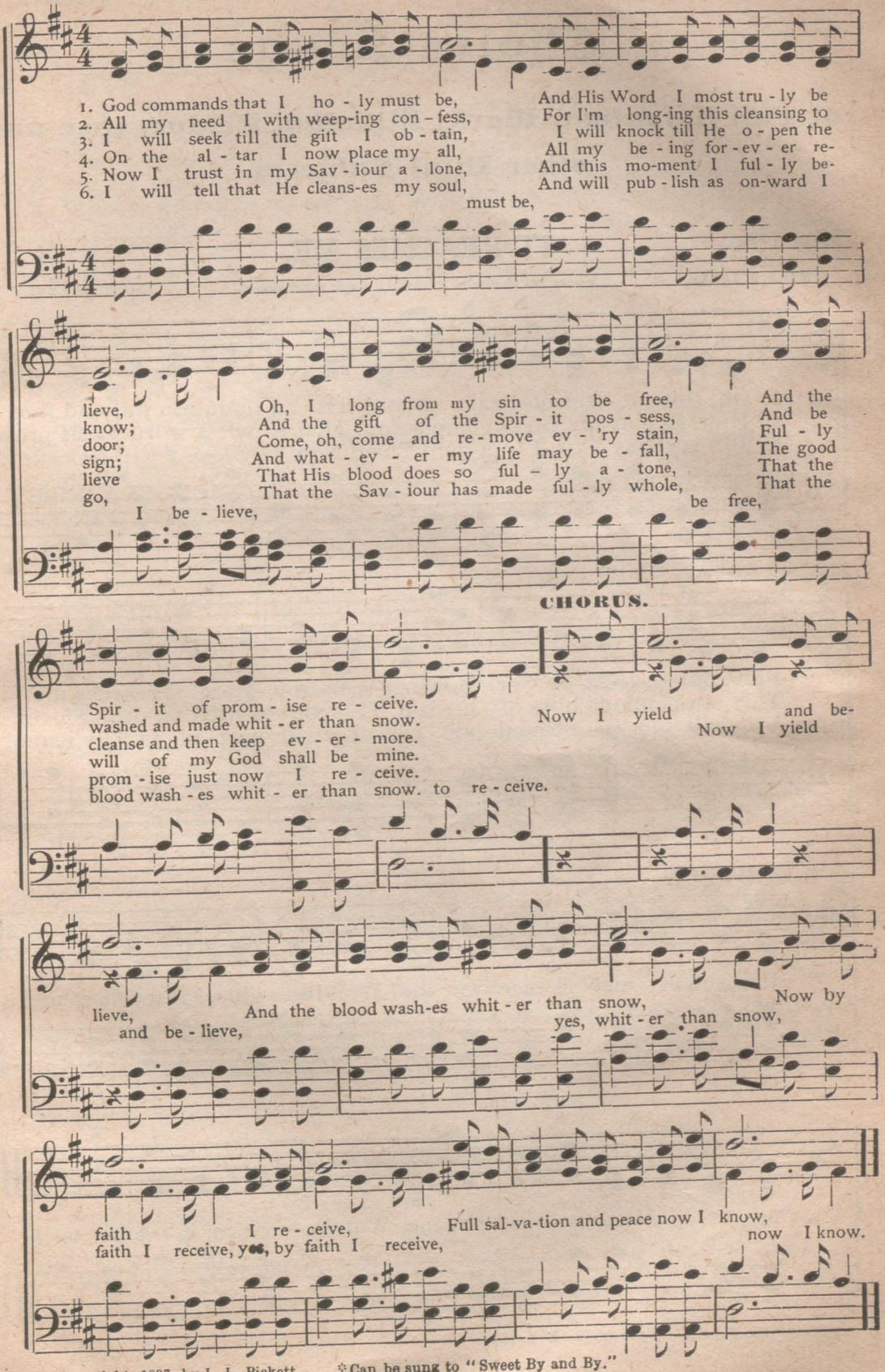
Arr. by M. W. K. "He shall sit as a refiner and purifier."—Mal. 3: 3. GEO. L. BROWN. By per.



No. 108. *STEPS INTO THE FOUNTAIN.

"If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness."—1 John 1: 9.

Rev. M. W. KNAPP. Rev. L. L. PICKETT.



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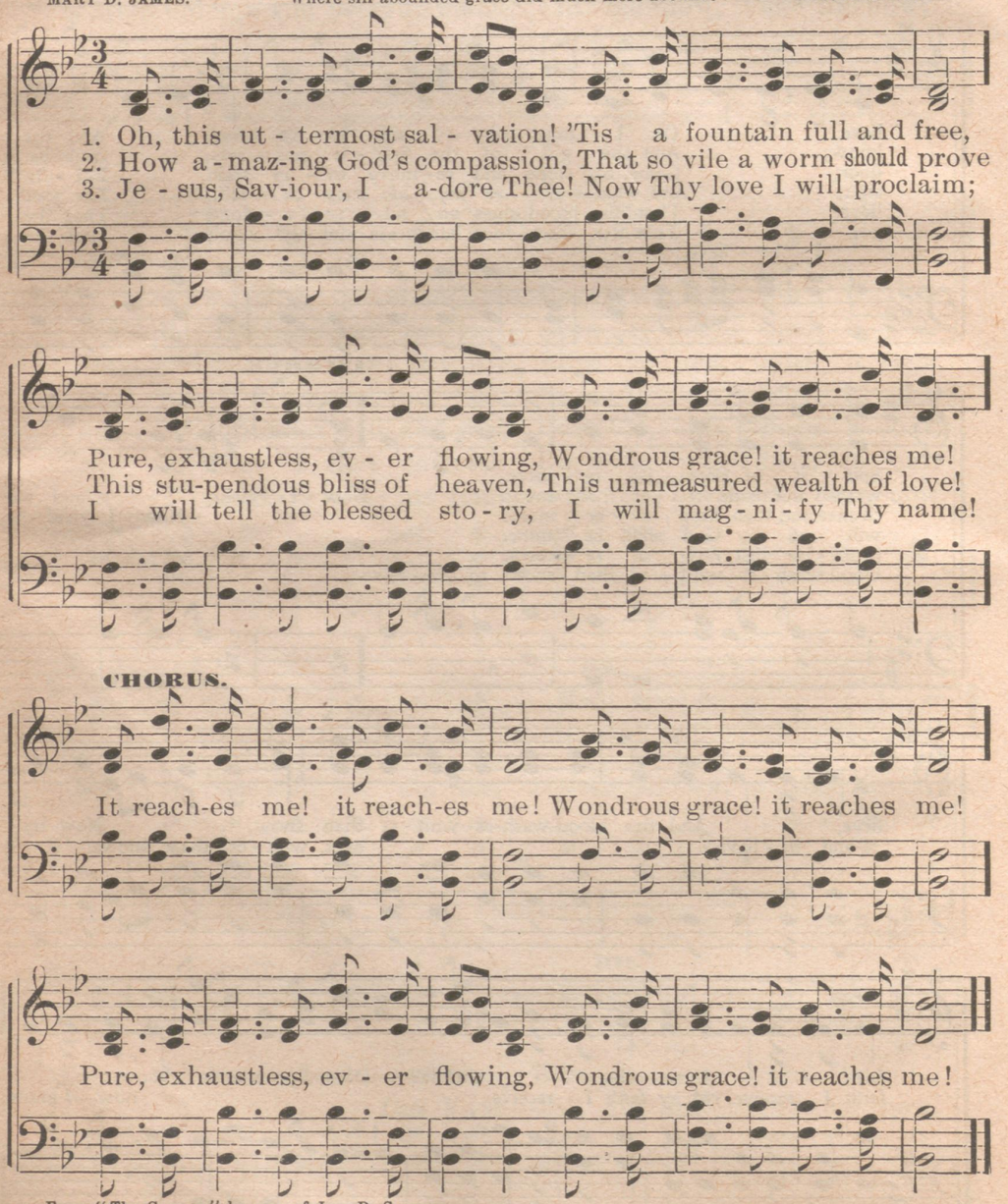
*Can be sung to "Sweet By and By."

Choice Songs

of Full Salvation, Work, Mission, Temperance and other Vital Subjects.

No. 109. IT REACHES ME.

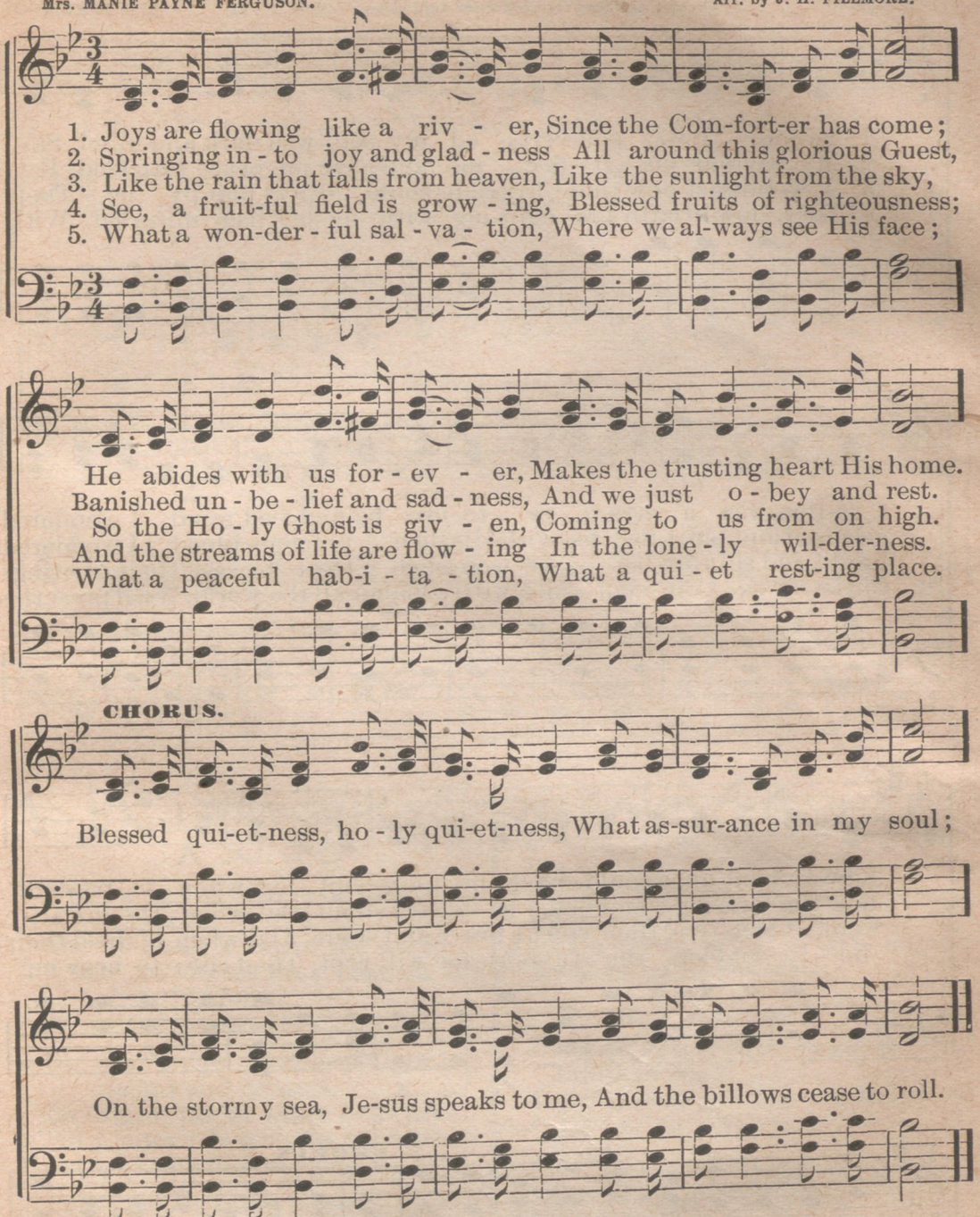
MARY D. JAMES. "Where sin abounded grace did much more abound." JNO. R. SWENEY.



From "The Garner," by per. of Jno. R. Sweney.

No. 110. BLESSED QUIETNESS.

Mrs. MANIE PAYNE FERGUSON. Arr. by J. H. FILLMORE.



Copyright, 1898, by L. L. Pickett. Words by per. of Mrs. Manie Payne Ferguson.

No. 111. ARE YOU WASHED IN THE BLOOD?

1 Have you been to Jesus for the cleansing power?
Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?
Are you fully trusting in His grace this hour?
Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?

CHO. Are you washed in the blood,
In the soul-cleansing blood of the Lamb?
Are your garments spotless?
Are they white as snow?
Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?

2 Are you walking daily by the Saviour's side?
Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?
Do you rest each moment in the crucified?
Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?

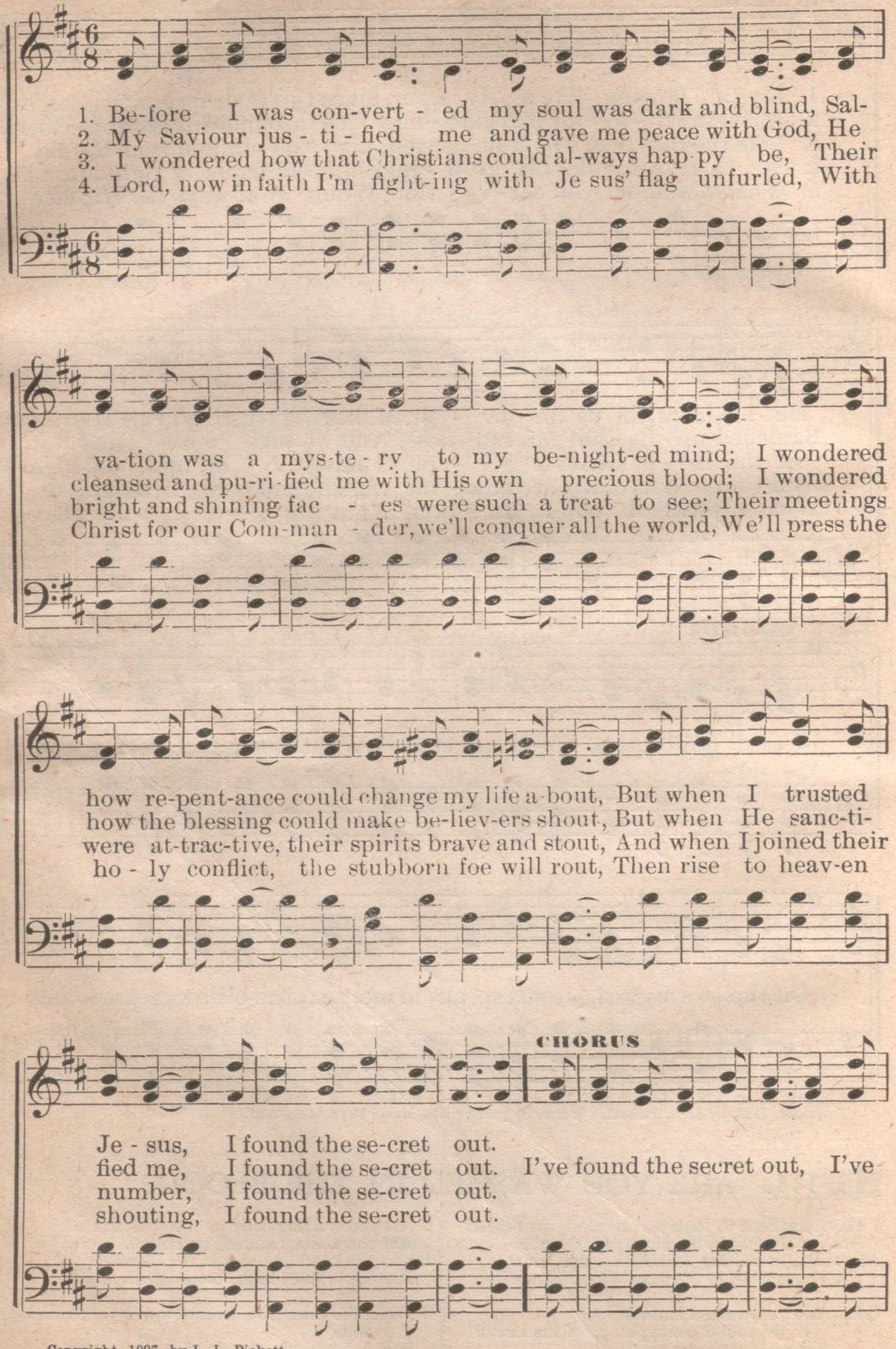
3 When the Bridegroom cometh will your robes be white,
Pure and white in the blood of the Lamb?
Will your soul be ready for the mansions bright,
And be washed in the blood of the Lamb?

Rev. Elisha A. Hoffman. By Per.

No. 112. I'VE FOUND THE SECRET OUT.

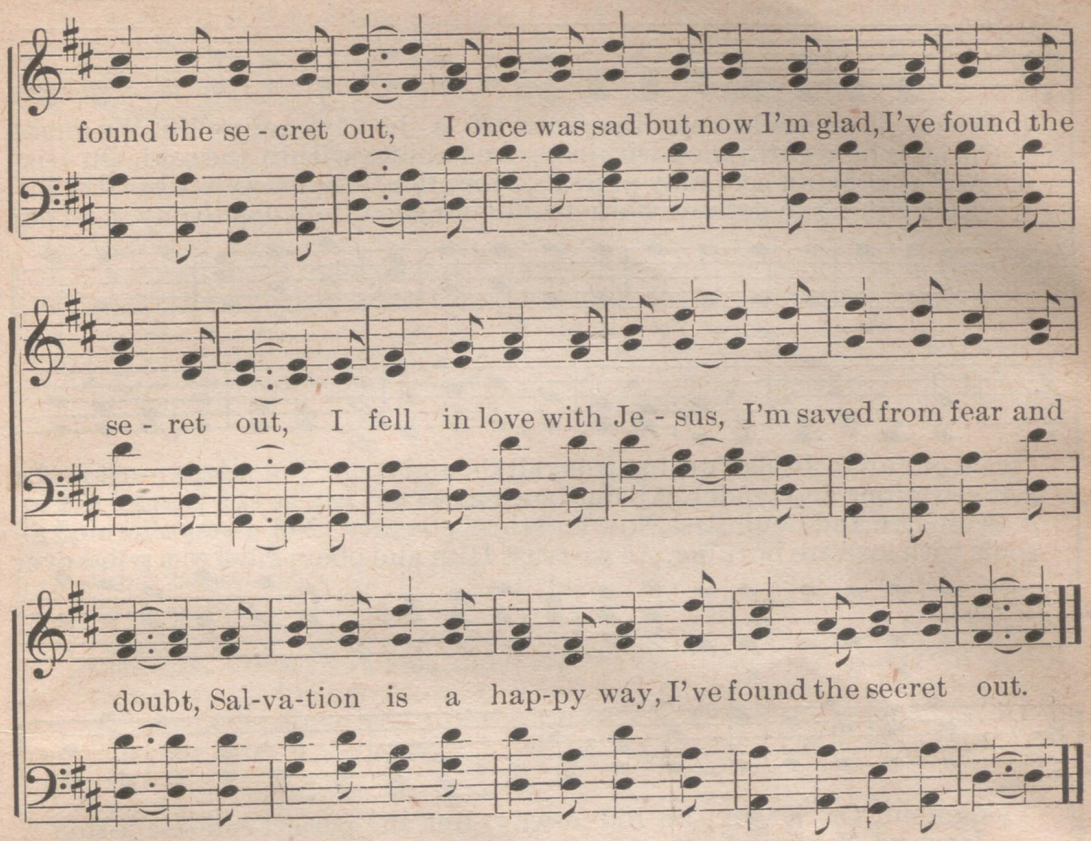
"I thank thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, because thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes."—Matt. 11: 25.

PEARSON. L. L. PICKETT.



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I'VE FOUND THE SECRET OUT. Concluded.



No. 113. I WILL SING YOU A SONG.

1 I will sing you a song of that beautiful land,
The far-away home of the soul;
‖: Where no storms ever beat on the glittering strand,
While the years of eternity roll. :‖

2 Oh, that home of the soul in my visions and dreams,
Its bright, jasper walls I can see;
‖: Till I fancy but thinly the vail intervenes
Between the fair city and me. :‖

3 That unchangeable home is for you and for me,
Where Jesus of Nazareth stands;
‖: The King of all kingdoms forever is He,
And He holdeth our crowns in His hands. :‖

4 Oh, how sweet it will be in that beautiful land,
So free from all sorrow and pain;
‖: With songs on our lips and with harps in our hands
To meet one another again. :‖

MRS. ELLEN H. GATES.

No. 113½. COME, EVERY SOUL.

1 Come, every soul by sin oppressed,
There's mercy with the Lord,
And He surely will give you rest,
By trusting in His word.

CHORUS.

Come to Jesus, come to Jesus,
Come to Jesus now;
He will save you, He will save you,
He will save you now.

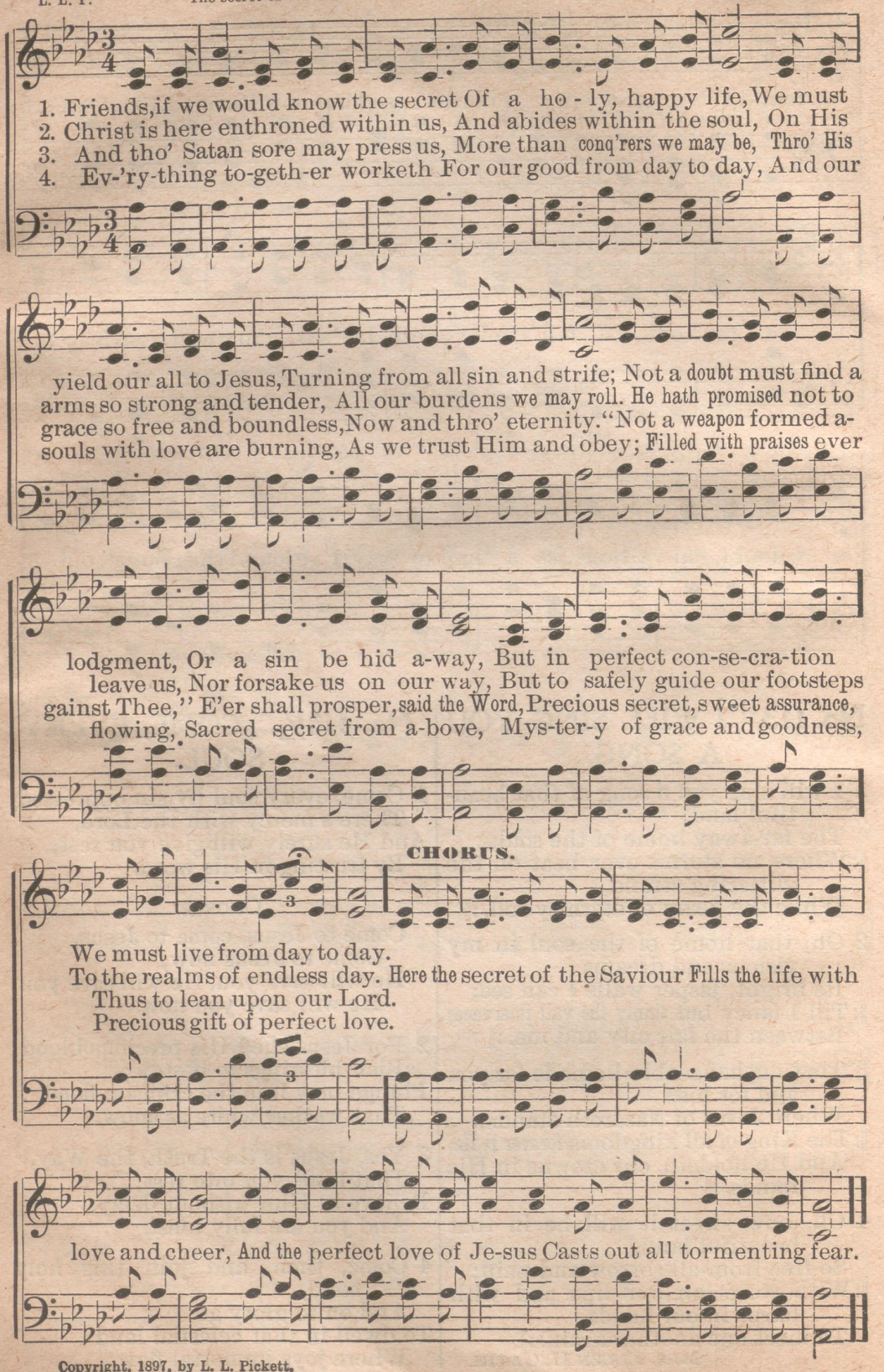
2 For Jesus shed His precious blood
Rich blessings to bestow;
Plunge now into the crimson flood
That washes white as snow.

3 Yes, Jesus is the Truth, the Way,
That leads you into rest;
Believe in Him without delay,
And you are fully blest.

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

No. 114. SECRET OF A HAPPY LIFE.

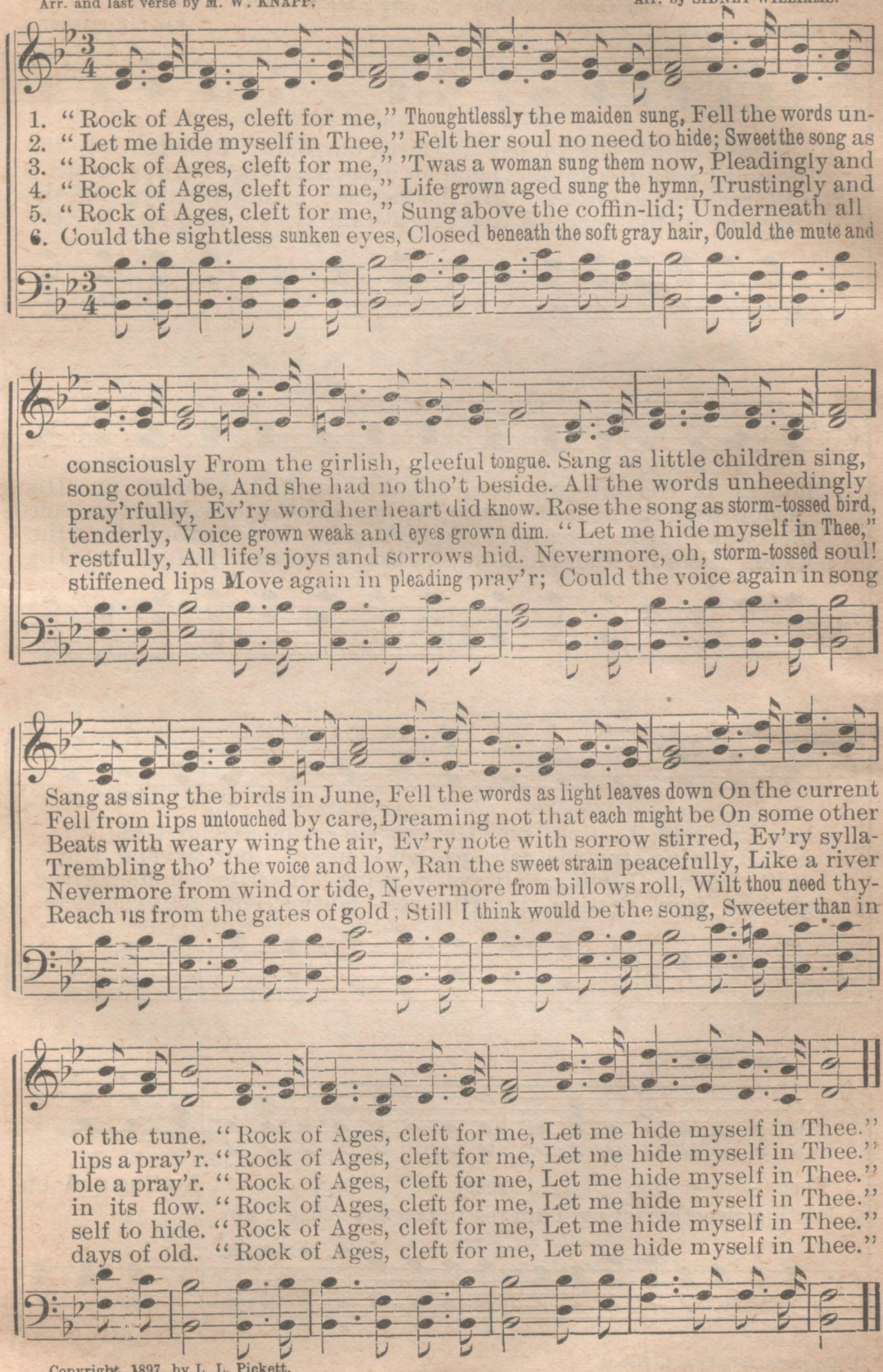
L. L. P. "The secret of the Lord is with them that fear him."—Psalm 25: 14. L. L. PICKETT.



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No. 115. CLEFT FOR ME.

Arr. and last verse by M. W. KNAPP. Arr. by SIDNEY WILLIAMS.

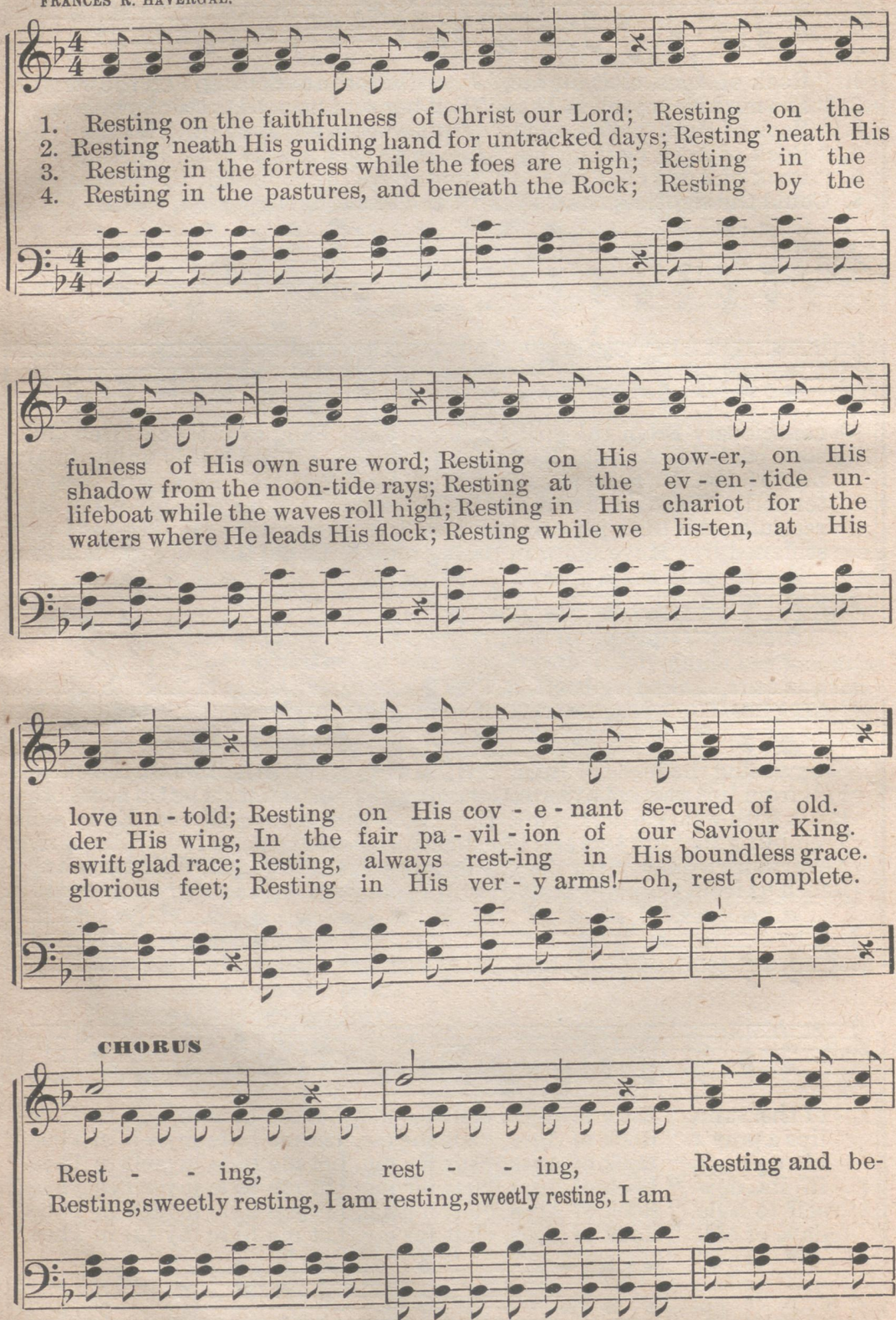


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No. 116. RESTING.

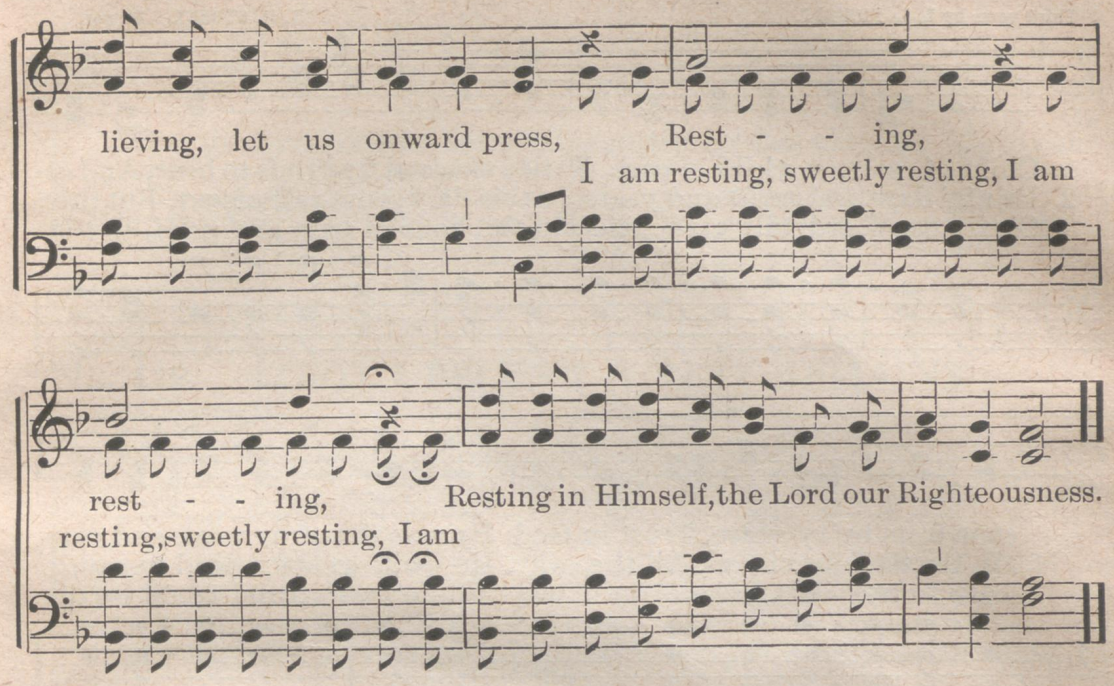
"For we which have believed do enter into rest."—Heb. 4: 3.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. Rev. L. L. PICKETT.



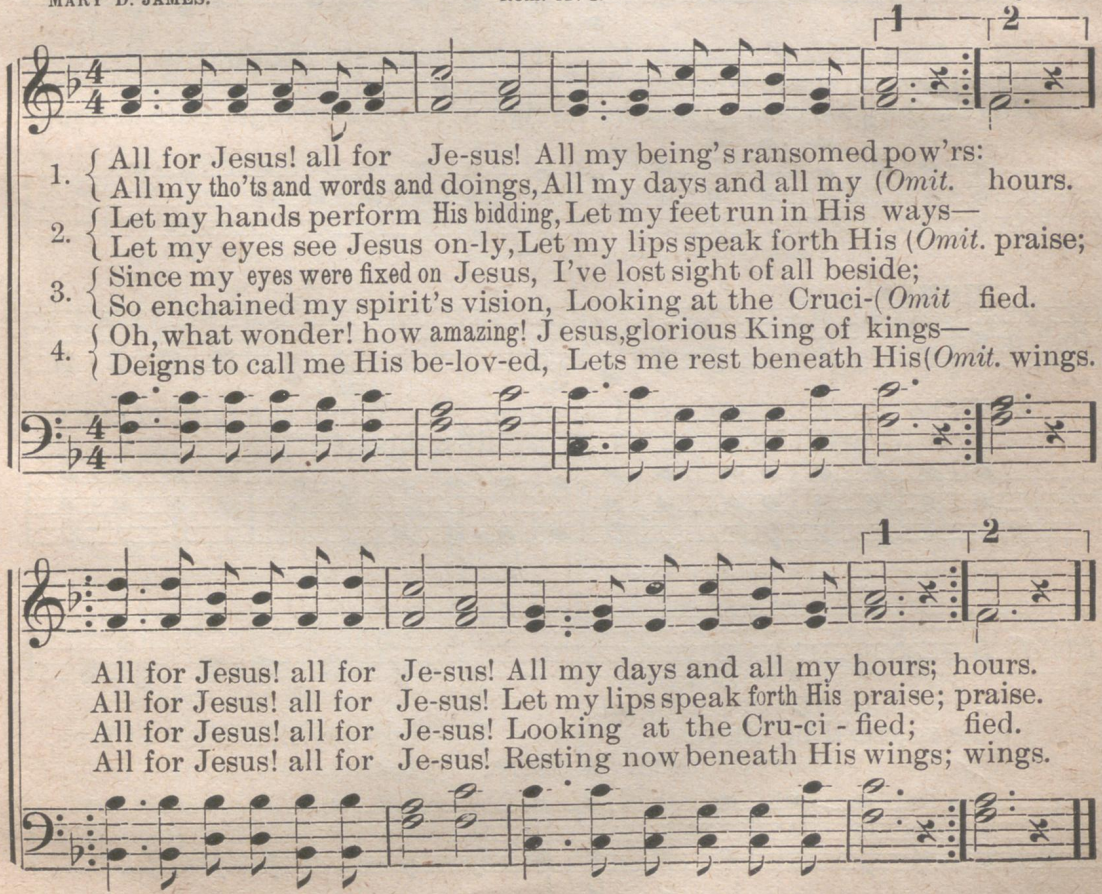
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RESTING. Concluded.



No. 117. ALL FOR JESUS.

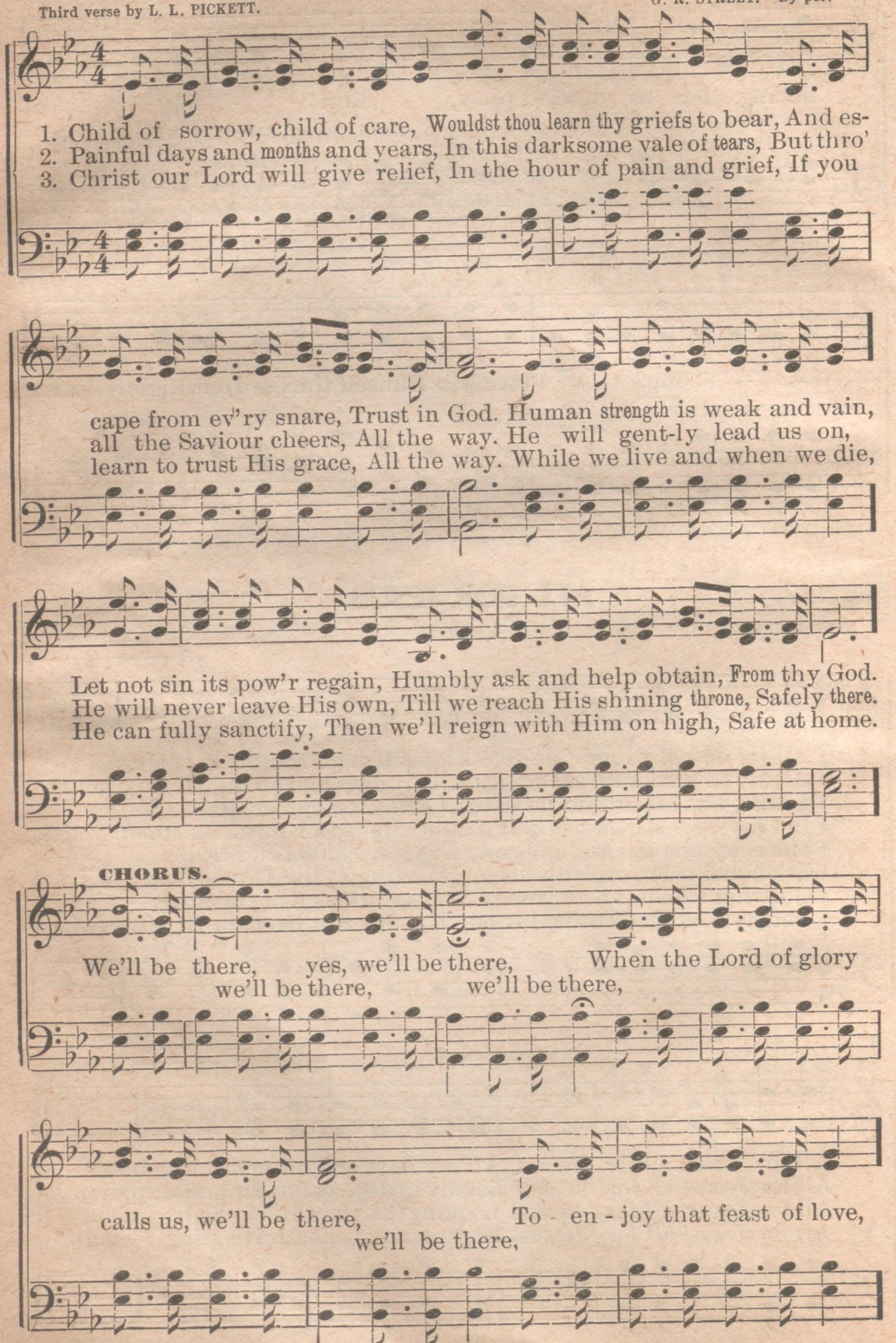
MARY D. JAMES. Rom. 12: 1. Arranged.



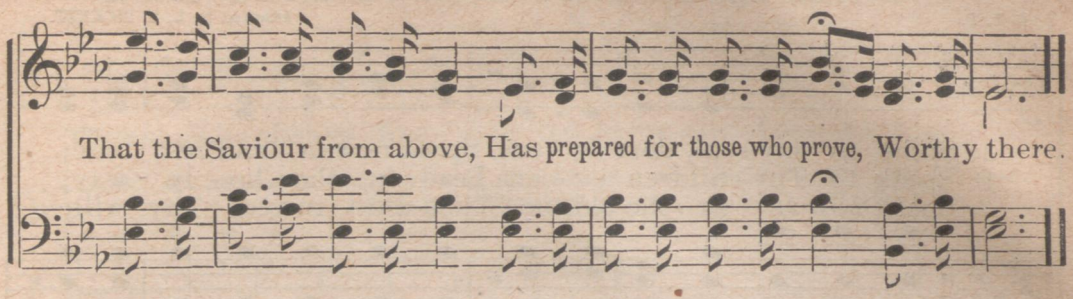
No. 118. THE FEAST OF LOVE.

"I will come in and sup with him and he with me."—Rev. 3: 20.

Third verse by L. L. PICKETT. G. R. STREET. By per.

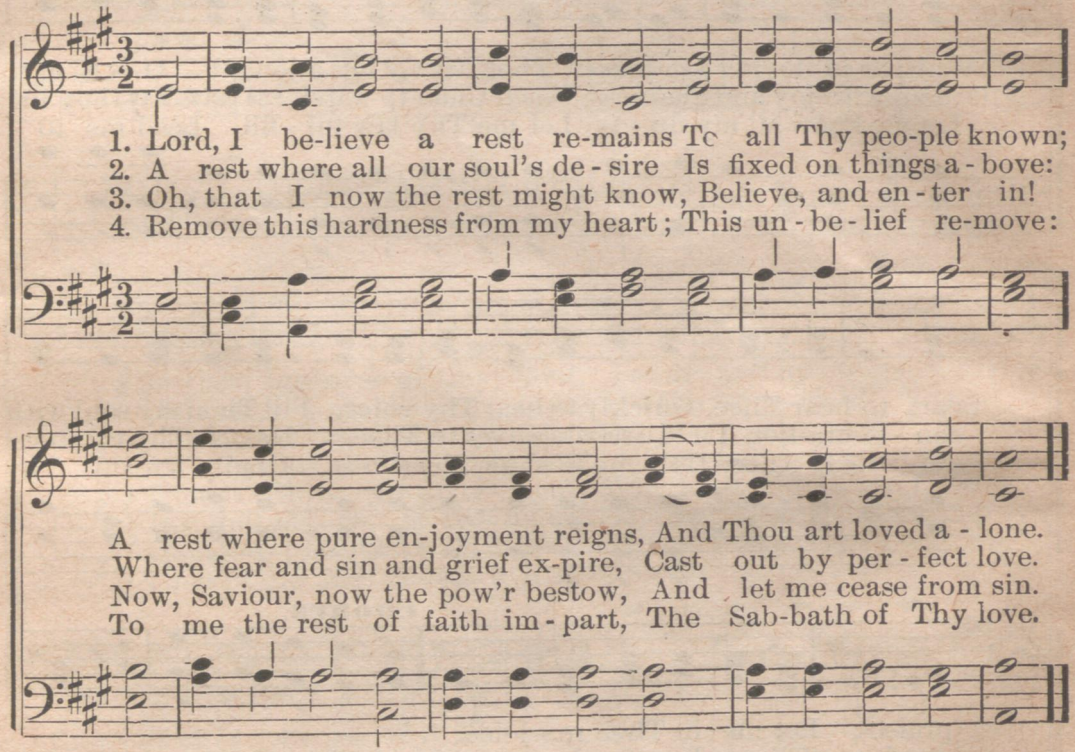


THE FEAST OF LOVE: Concluded.



No. 119. LORD, I BELIEVE A REST REMAINS.

CHARLES WESLEY.



No. 120. SITTING AT THE FEET OF JESUS.

Music at No 117.

1 Sitting at the feet of Jesus,
Oh, what words I hear Him say!
Happy place! so near, so precious!
May it find me there each day;
Sitting at the feet of Jesus,
I would look upon the past;
For His love has been so gracious,
It has won my heart at 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.

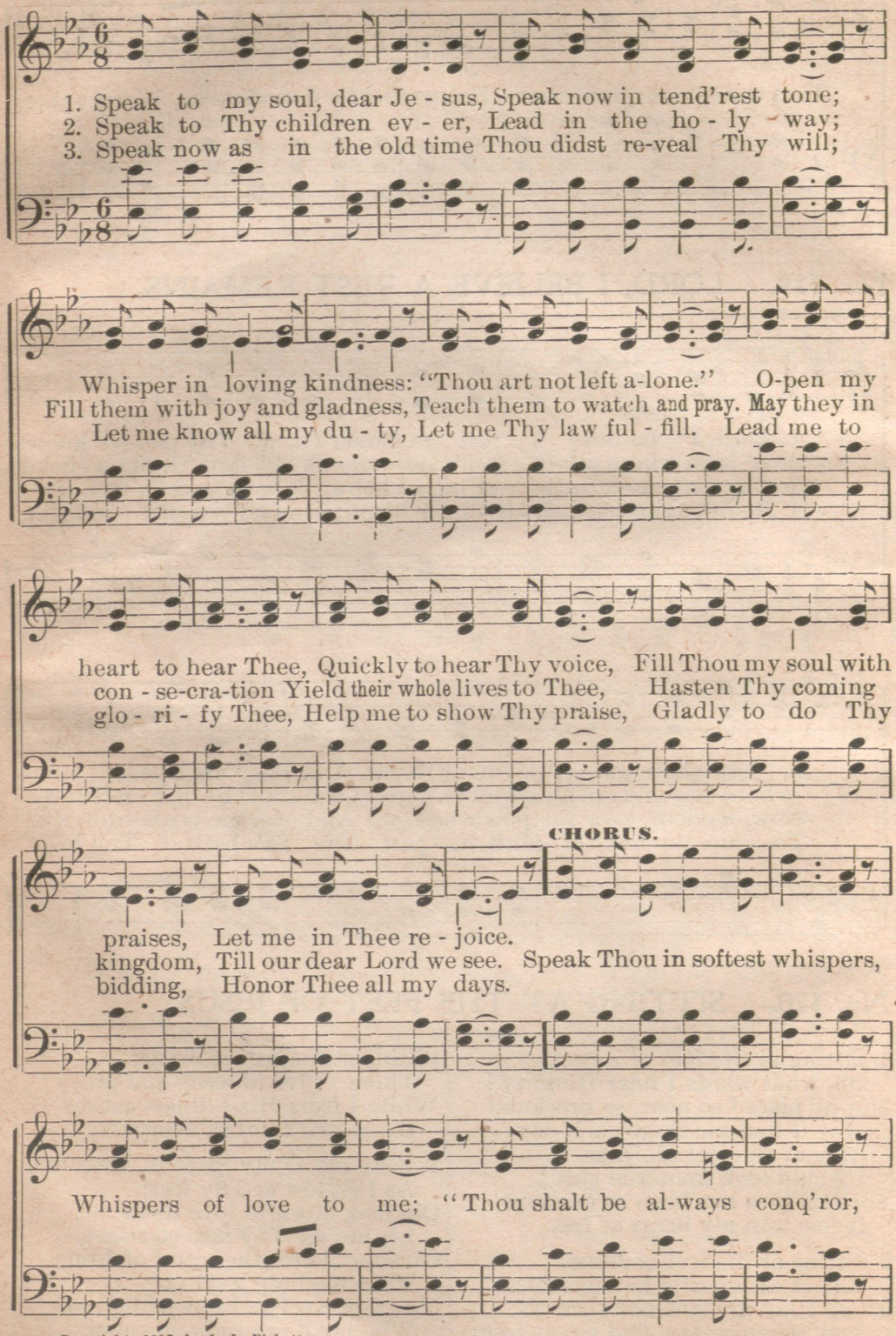
3 Bless me, O my Saviour, bless me,
As I sit low at Thy feet;
Oh, look down in love upon me,
Let me see Thy face so sweet,
Give me, Lord, the mind of Jesus,
Make me holy as He is;
May I prove I've been with Jesus,
Who is all my righteousness.

J. H.

No. 121. SPEAK TO ME, JESUS.

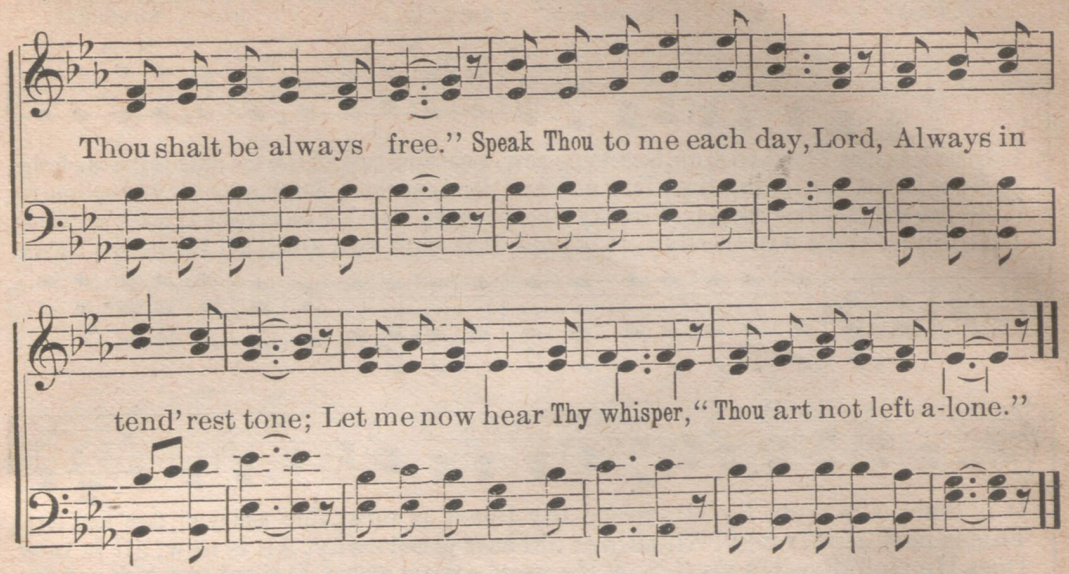
"And the Lord spake unto Moses face to face, as a man speaketh unto his friend."—Ex. 33: 11.

L. L. P. Adapted by L. L. PICKETT.



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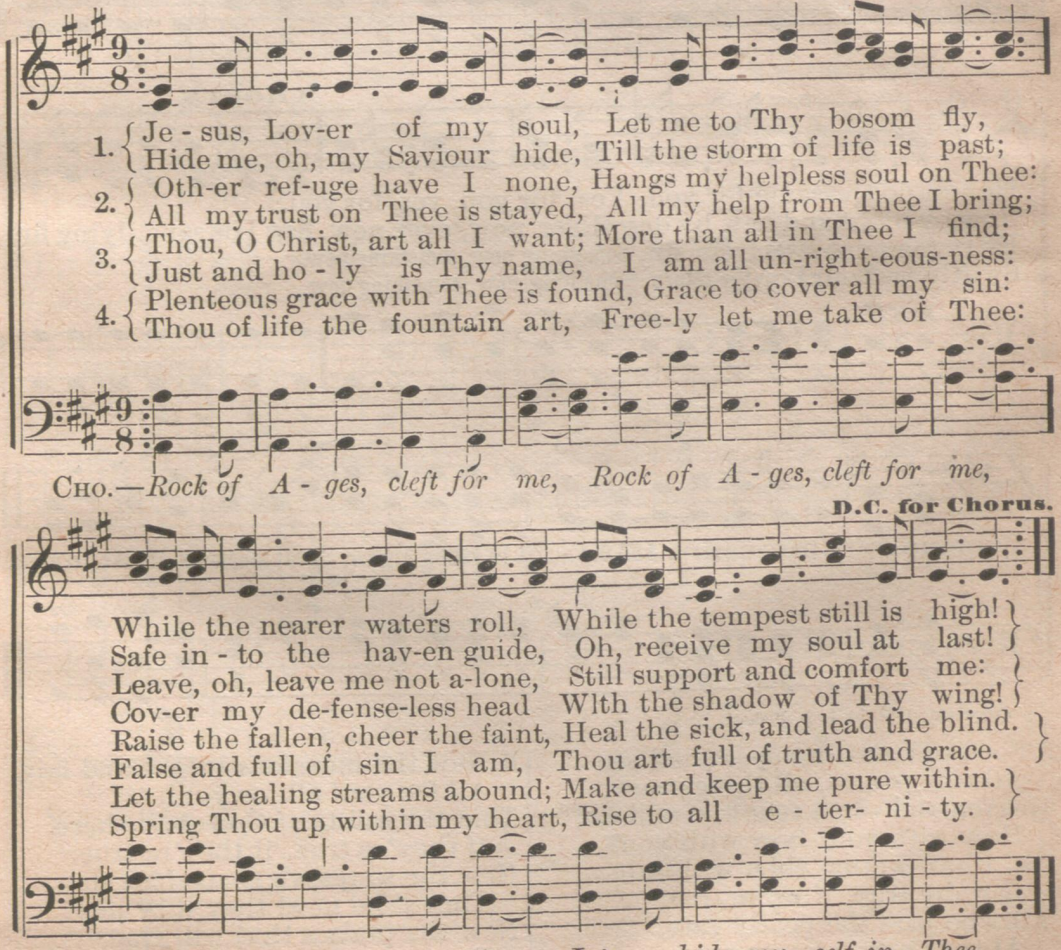
SPEAK TO ME, JESUS. Concluded.



No. 122. YARBROUGH. 7s.

"As the Father hath loved me, so have I loved you: continue ye in my love."—John 15: 9.

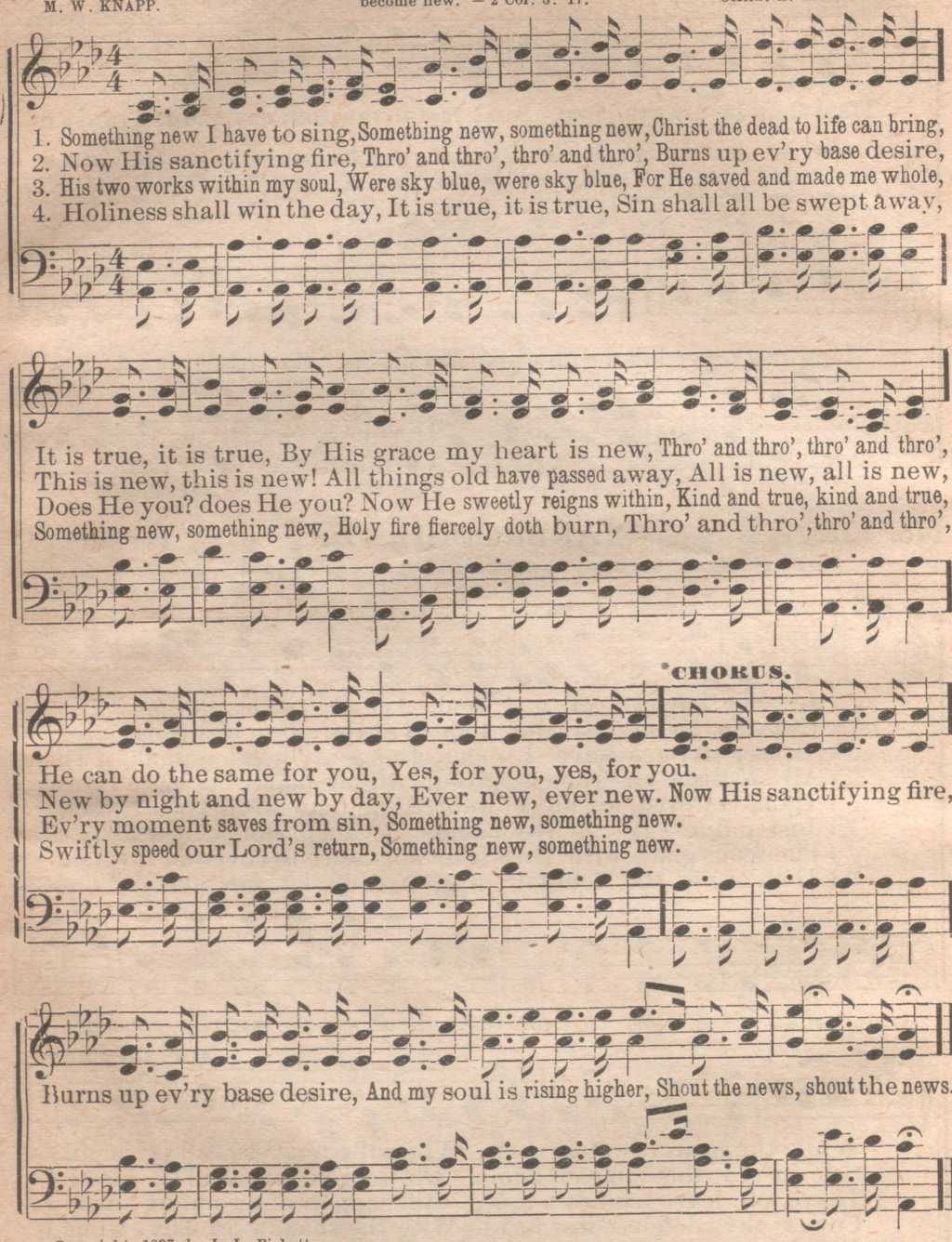
Arr. by R. M. McINTOSH.



No. 123. SOMETHING NEW.

"Therefore if any man be in Christ, he is a new creature: old things are passed away; behold, all things are become new."—2 Cor. 5: 17.

M. W. KNAPP. CHAS. A. HUMPHREY.



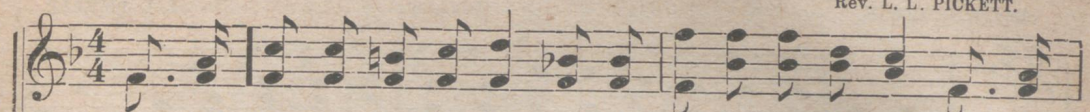
Copyright, 1897, by L. L. Pickett.

5 Soon our waiting eyes shall see
All things new, all things new,
Heaven and earth renewed will be,
How with you? how with you?
Oh, what rapture then will wait
If we're true, if we're true,
All who pass the pearly gate,
Always new, always new!

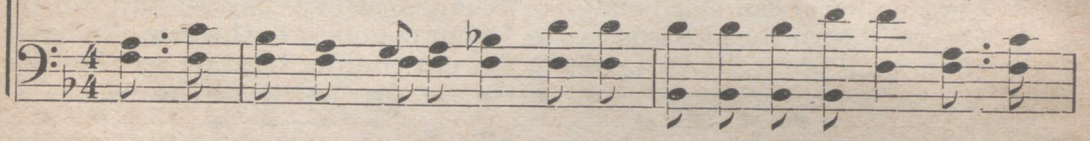
6 New the mansions bright and fair,
All for you! all for you!
That the saints of God shall share,
If they're true, if they're true;
New the songs we then shall sing,
They'll be new! they'll be new!
New the praises that will ring,
Ever new! always new!

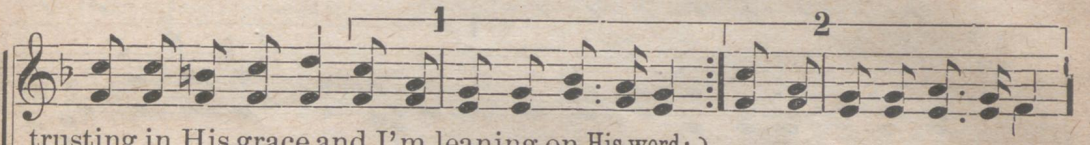
No. 124. MY CANAAN EXPERIENCE.

L. L. P. Rev. L. L. PICKETT.

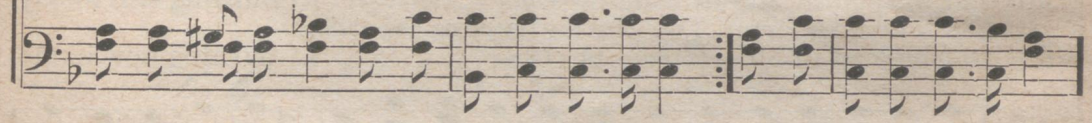


1. I am liv - ing in the land of the Canaan of my Lord, I am
   Out of Egypt's bitter woes, out of bondage, out of grief, My dear
2. All my bondage now is o'er, I am free for ev - er-more, I am
   I am thro' the wilderness, and have crossed the Jordan's tide, I am
3. I have marched around the walls of de-fi - ant Jer-i - cho, And have
   'Twas not in my skill or strength but by faith in God's own might, When I
4. 'Tis a place of corn and wine and with milk and honey flows, All the
   Here the day is bright and clear and the air so fresh and sweet, In this

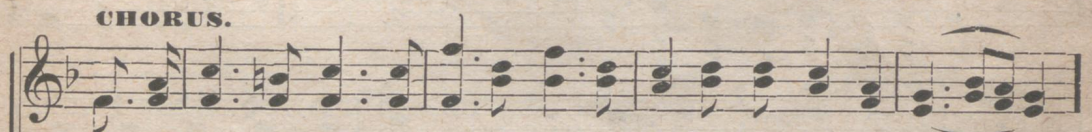




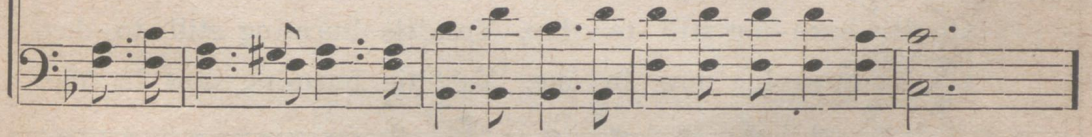
trusting in His grace and I'm leaning on His word;
Sav - iour set me free (*Omit . . . . . .*) and He gave me sweet relief.
done with Egypt's tasks and its burdens great and sore;
fight - ing in the land (*Omit . . . . . .*) with my Saviour at my side.
seen them tumble down, till within it I could go;
shout - ed at His word (*Omit . . . . . .*) then He did my battles fight.
blessings of the land He with grace and love bestows;
Ca - naan of my Lord (*Omit . . . . . .*) there are joys supremely sweet.

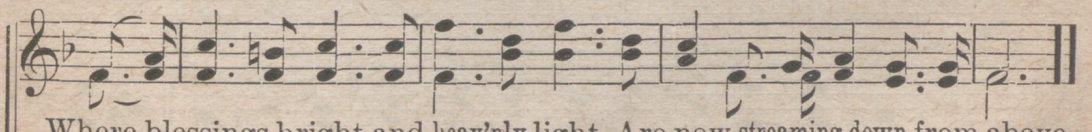


CHORUS.

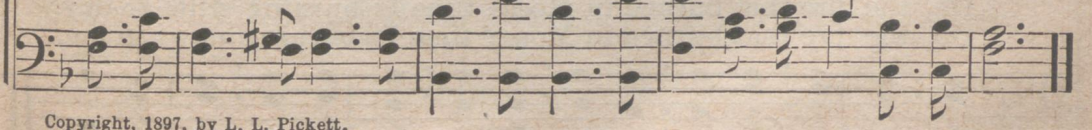


I am in the land, the Canaan land, The sweet land of perfect love,





Where blessings bright and heav'nly light, Are now streaming down from above.

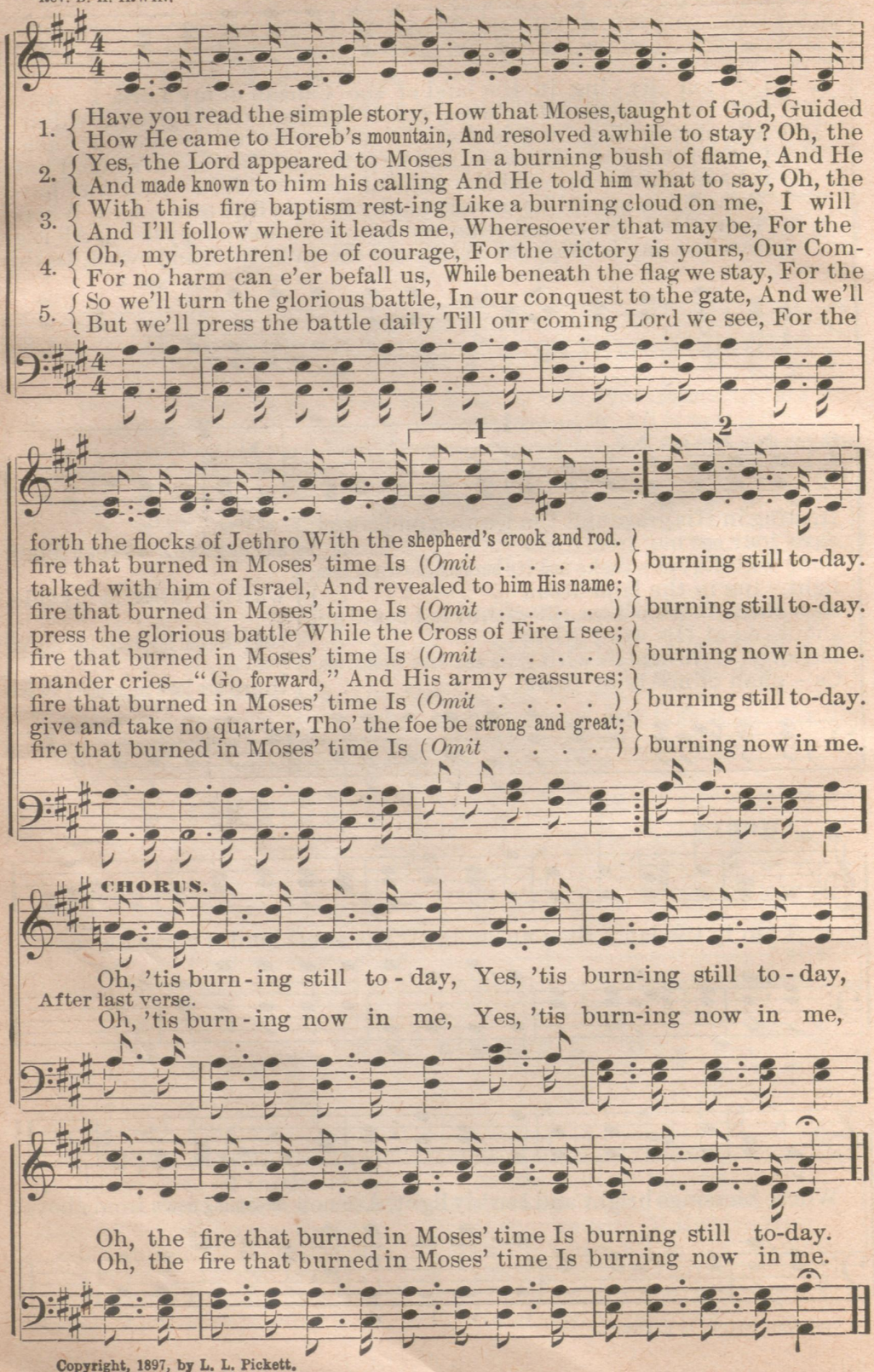


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No. 125. IT IS BURNING STILL TO-DAY.

"Behold, the bush burned with fire, and the bush was not consumed."—Ex. 3: 2.

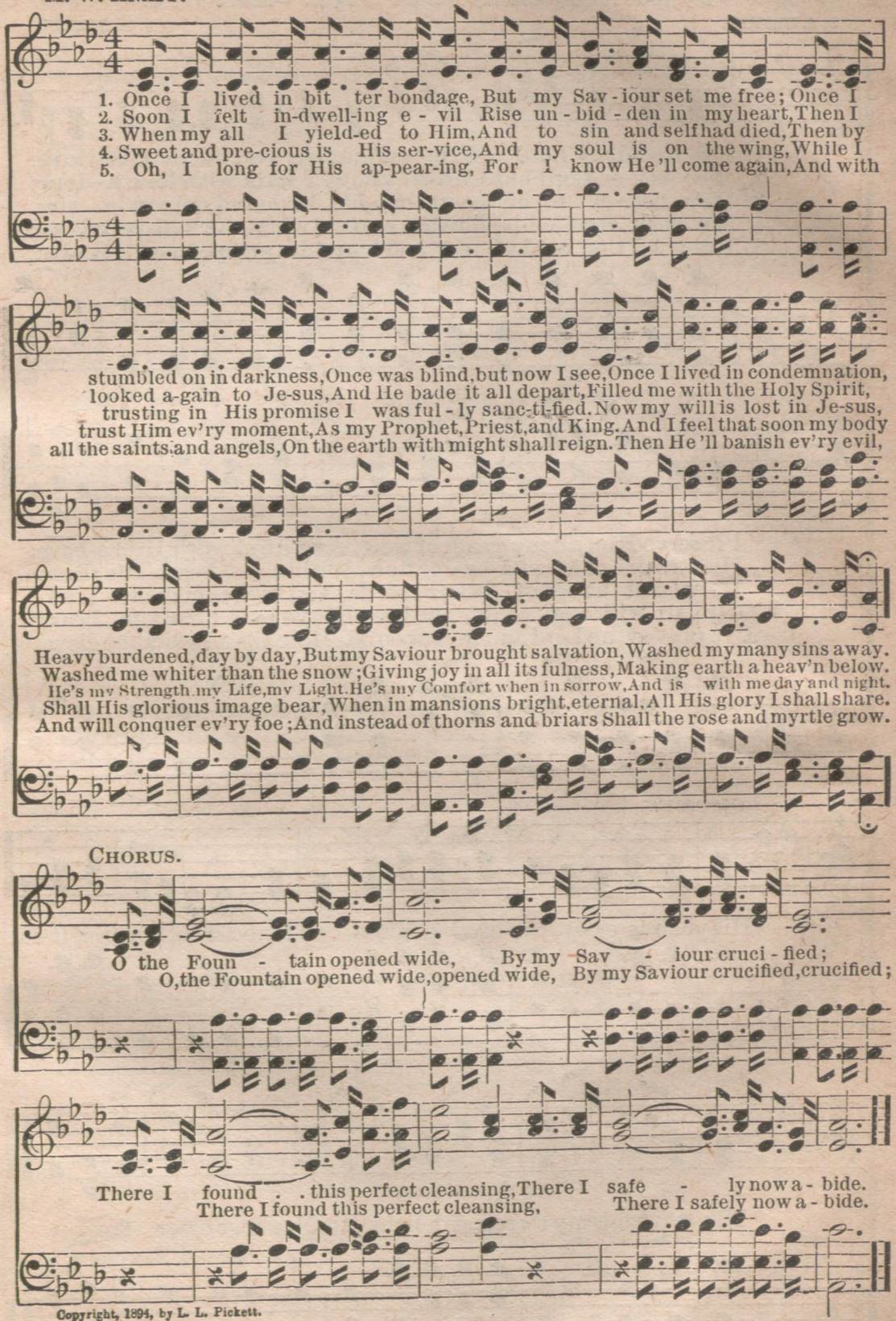
Rev. B. H. IRWIN. L. L. PICKETT.



Copyright, 1897, by L. L. Pickett.

No. 126. THE OPENED FOUNTAIN.

M. W. KNAPP. L. L. PICKETT.

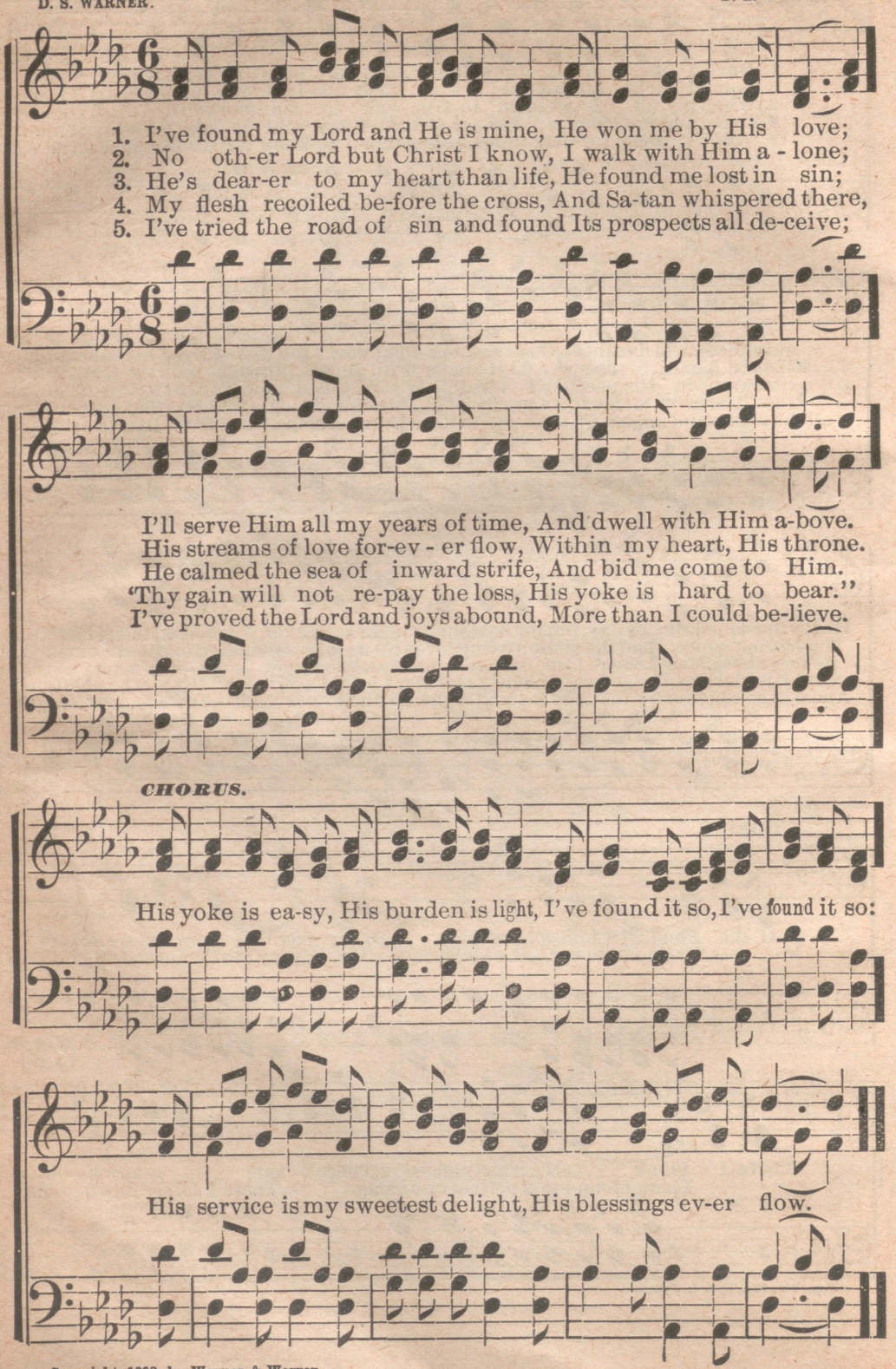


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No. 127. HIS YOKE IS EASY.

"My yoke is easy and my burden is light."—MATT. 11 : 30.

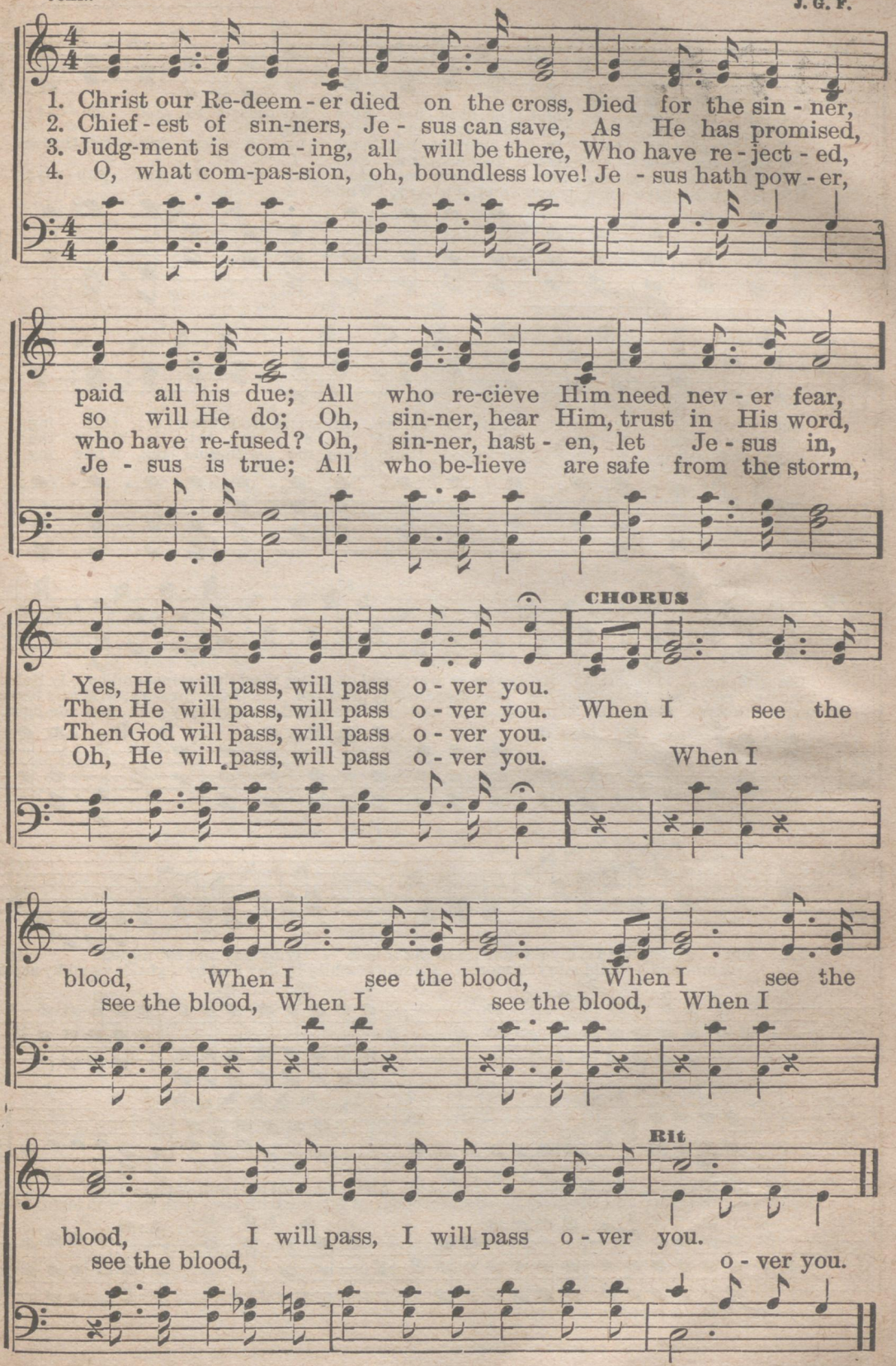
D. S. WARNER. B. E. WARREN.



Copyright, 1893, by Warner & Warren.

No. 128. WHEN I SEE THE BLOOD.

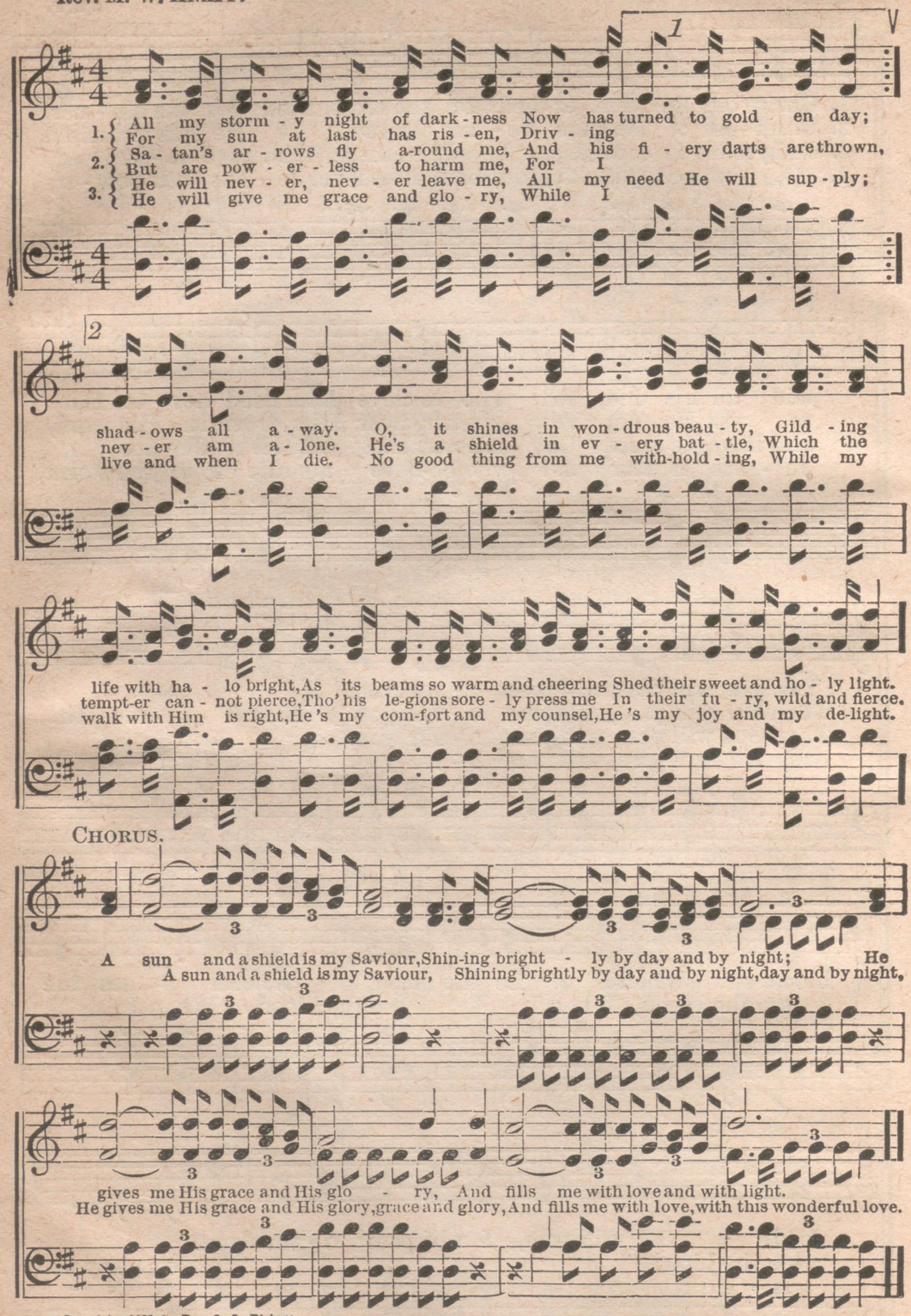
JOHN. J. G. F.



By Foote Bros., not copyrighted. Let no one do so. May this song ever be free to be published for the glory of God.

No. 129. # GRACE AND GLORY.

Rev. M. W. KNAPP. Rev. L. L. PICKETT.

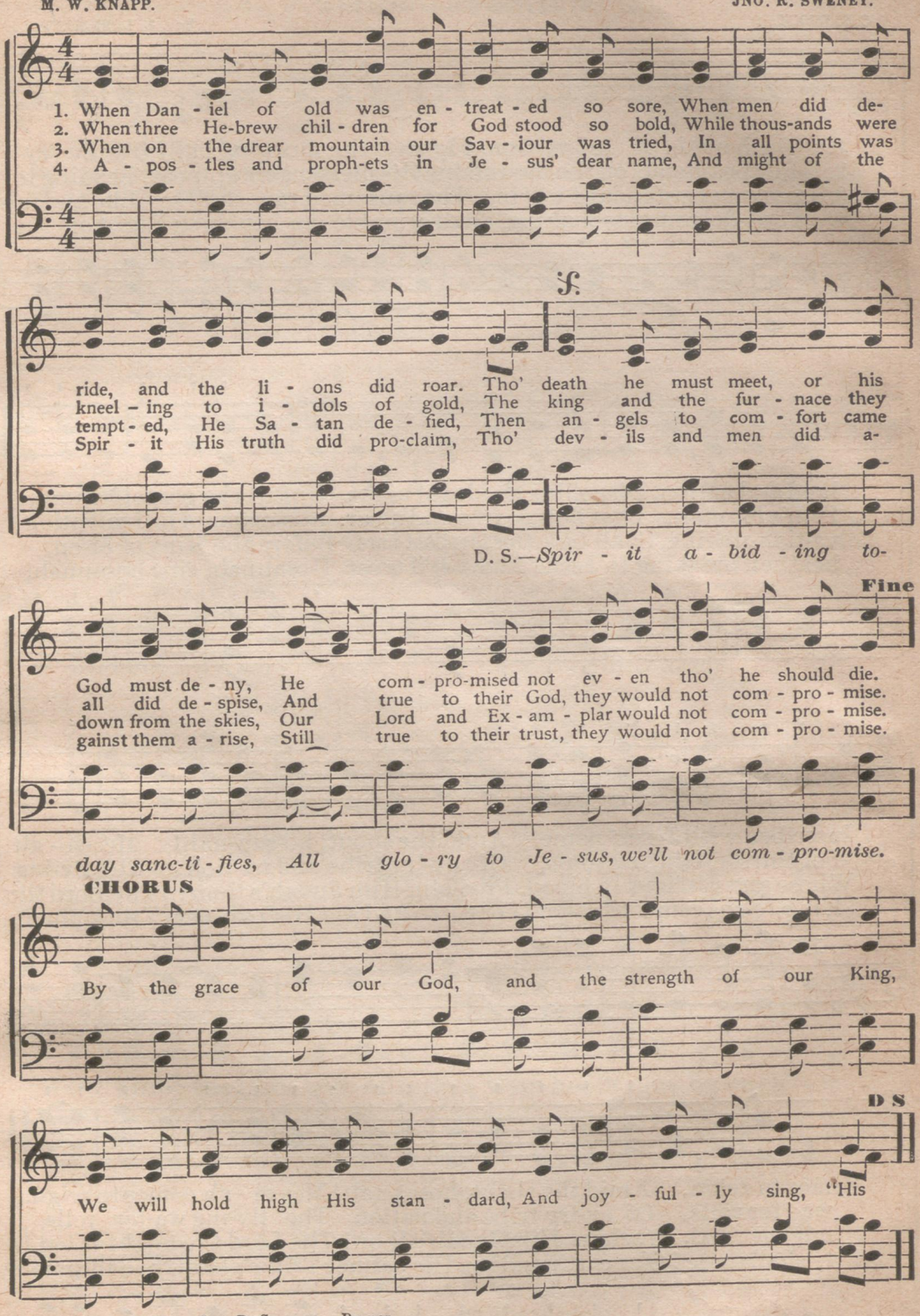


Copyright, 1896, by Rev. L. L. Pickett.

No. 130. WE WILL NOT COMPROMISE.

"Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life."—Rev. 2: 10.

M. W. KNAPP. JNO. R. SWENEY.



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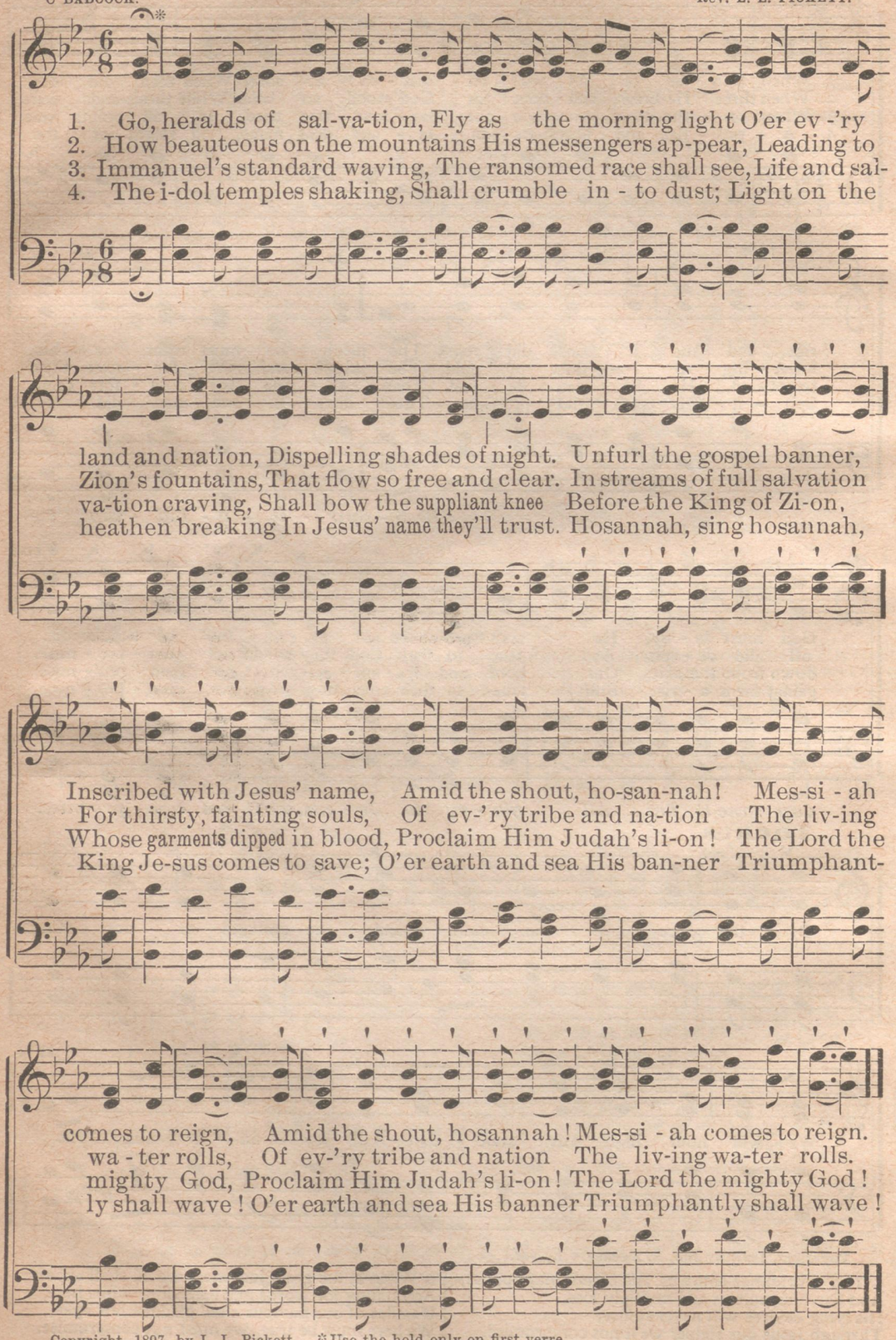
5 Tho' worldlings entice us, and friends may oppose,
And Satan assault us and multiply foes,
His lying devices will never suffice,
Through Jesus our Helper we'll not compromise.

6 When at the great Judgment we all shall appear
Accounting for words and behaviour while here,
If smiles of our Saviour shall gladden our eyes,
We here must be true, we must not compromise.

No. 131. GO, HERALDS OF SALVATION.

"Ask of me, and I shall give thee the heathen for thine inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for thy posssession."—Psalm 2 : 8.

C BABCOCK. Rev. L. L. PICKETT.

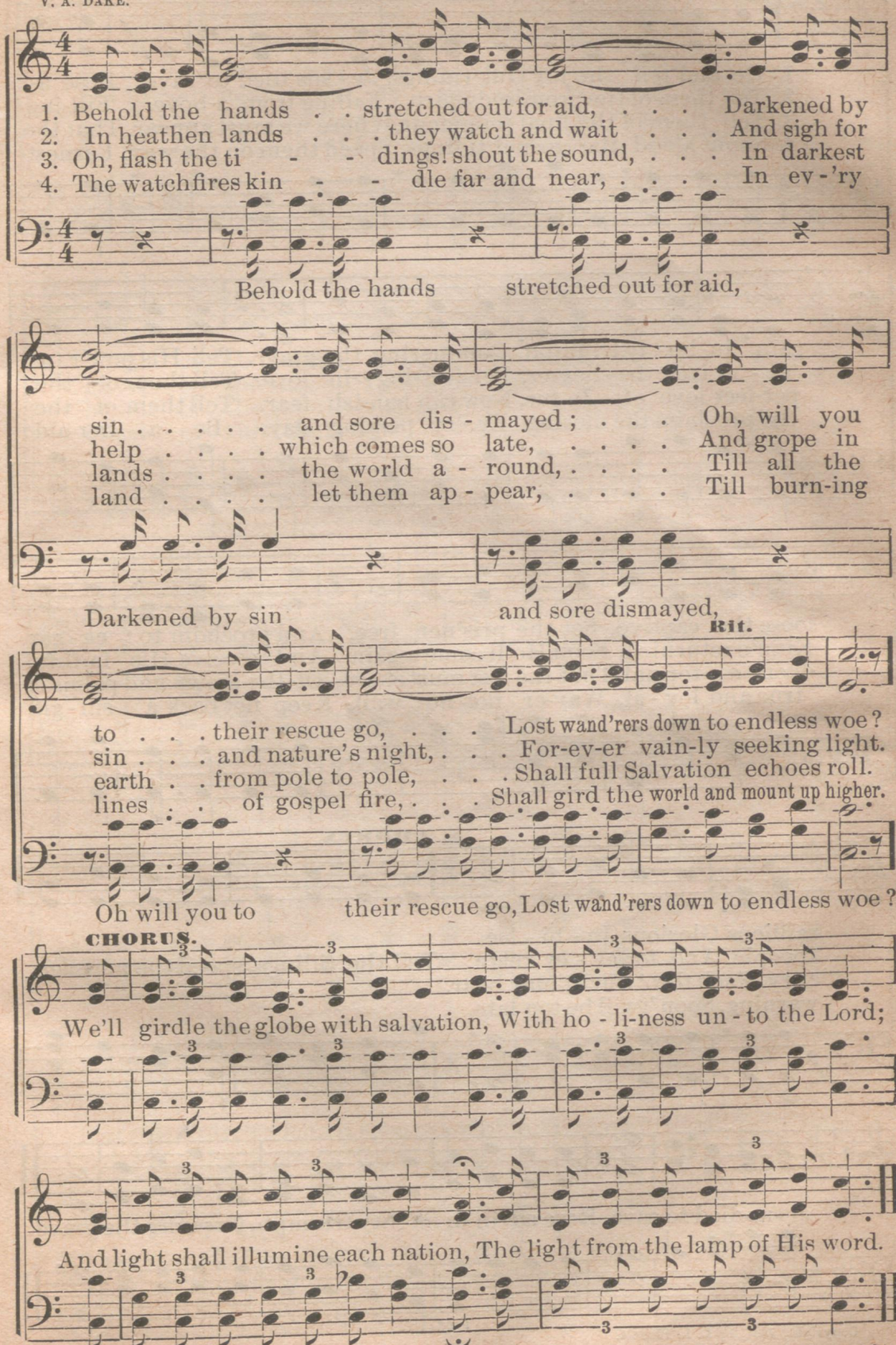


Copyright, 1897, by L. L. Pickett. *Use the hold only on first verre.

No. 132. WE'LL GIRDLE THE GLOBE.

"Then thou shalt see, and flow together, and thine heart shall fear, and be enlarged, because the abundance of the sea shall be converted unto thee, the forces of the Gentiles shall come unto thee."—Isa. 60 : 5.

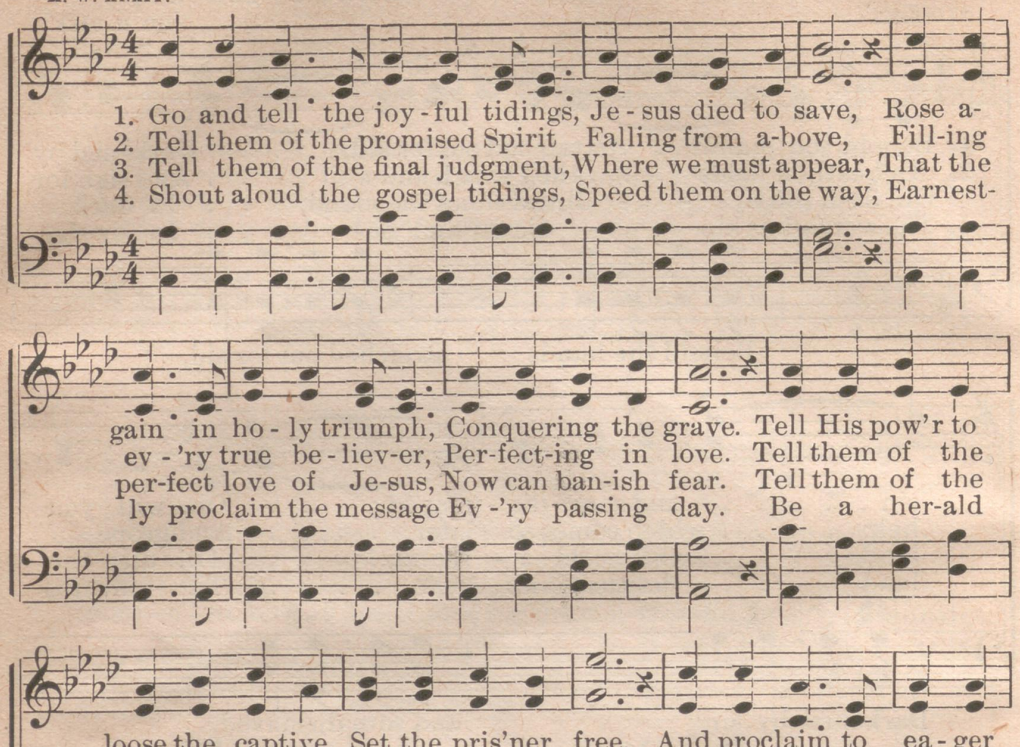
V. A. DAKE. IDA M. DAKE.

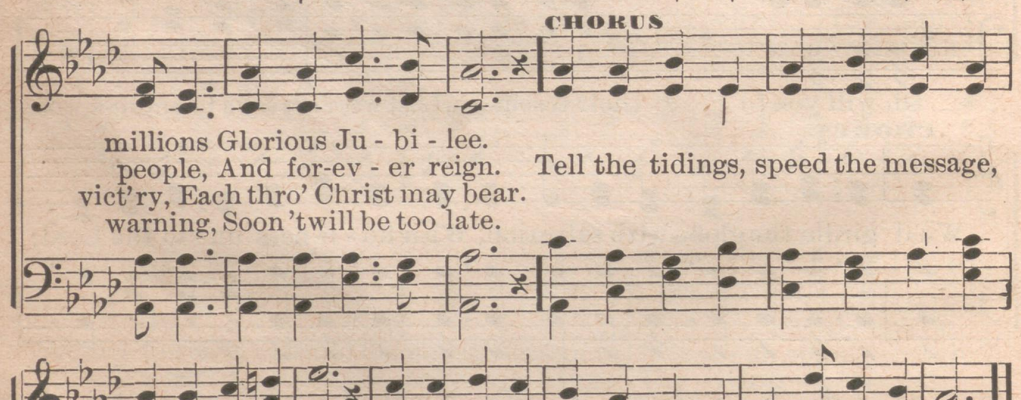


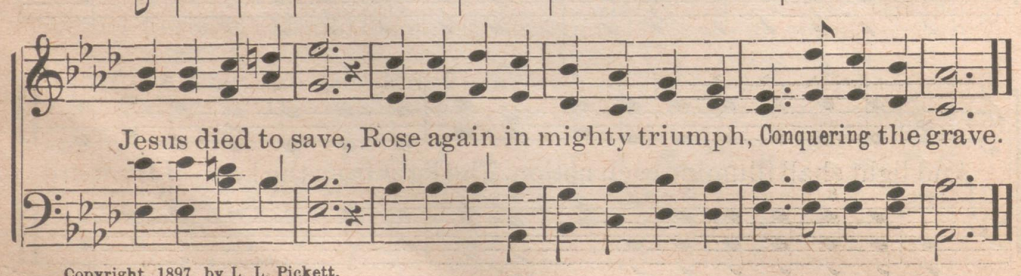
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No. 133. TELL THEM.

M. W. KNAPP. L. L. PICKETT.



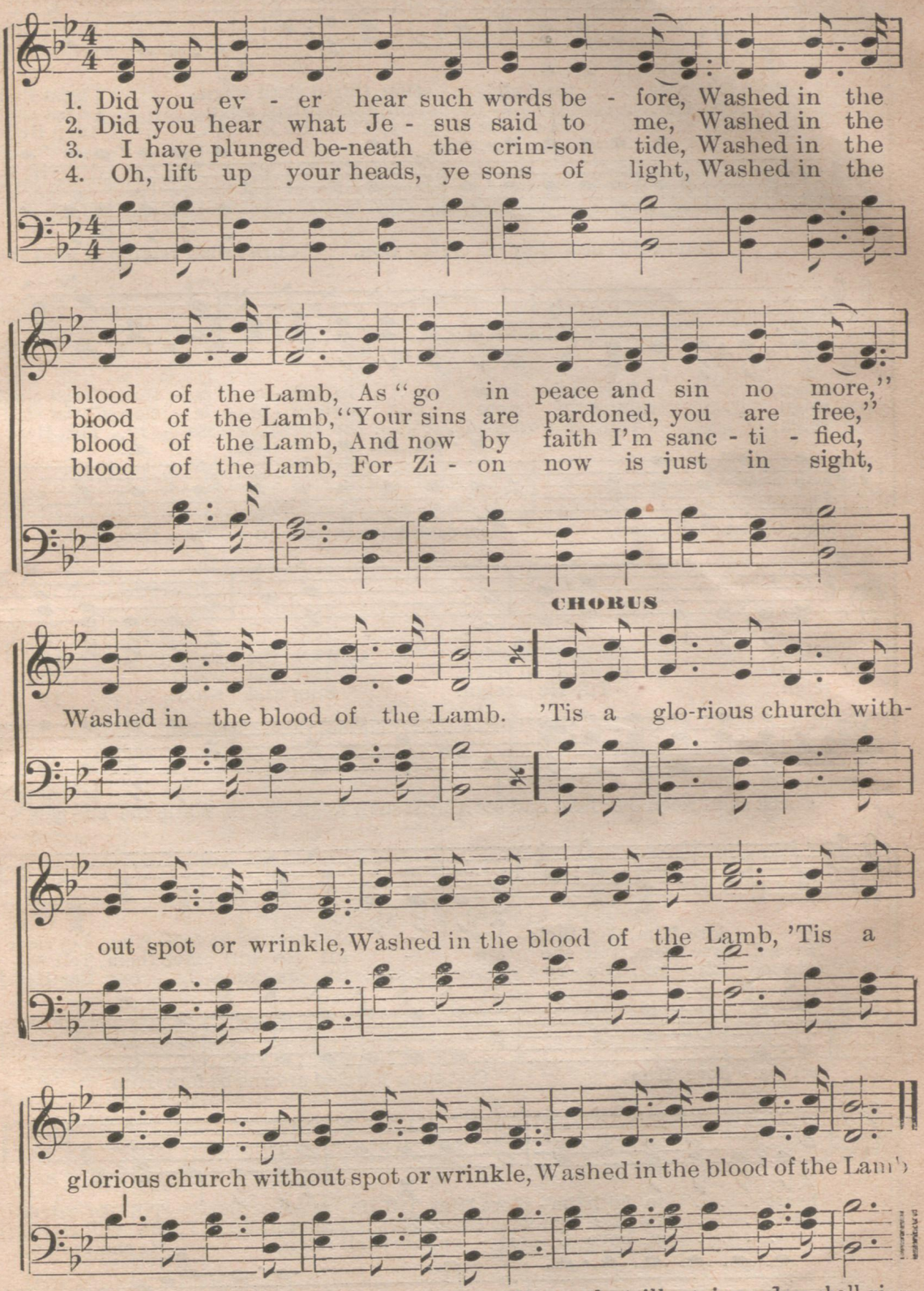




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No. 134. 'TIS A GLORIOUS CHURCH.

Arr. by E. T. RINEHART.

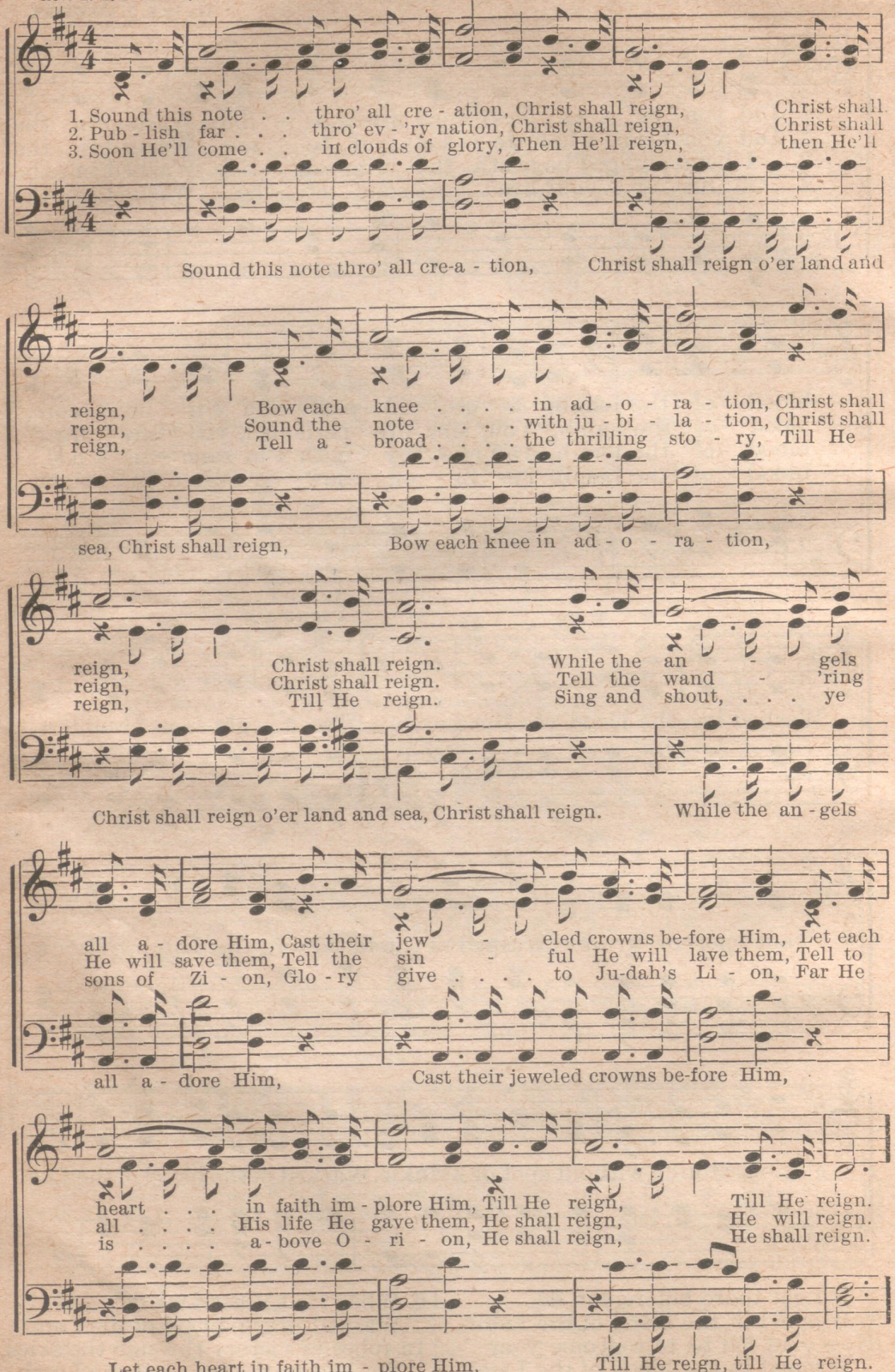


5 If I get there before you do,
Washed in the blood of the Lamb,
How glad I'll be to welcome you,
Washed in the blood of the Lamb.

6 When that illustrious day shall rise,
Washed in the blood of the Lamb,
In robes of victory through the skies,
Washed in the blood of the Lamb.

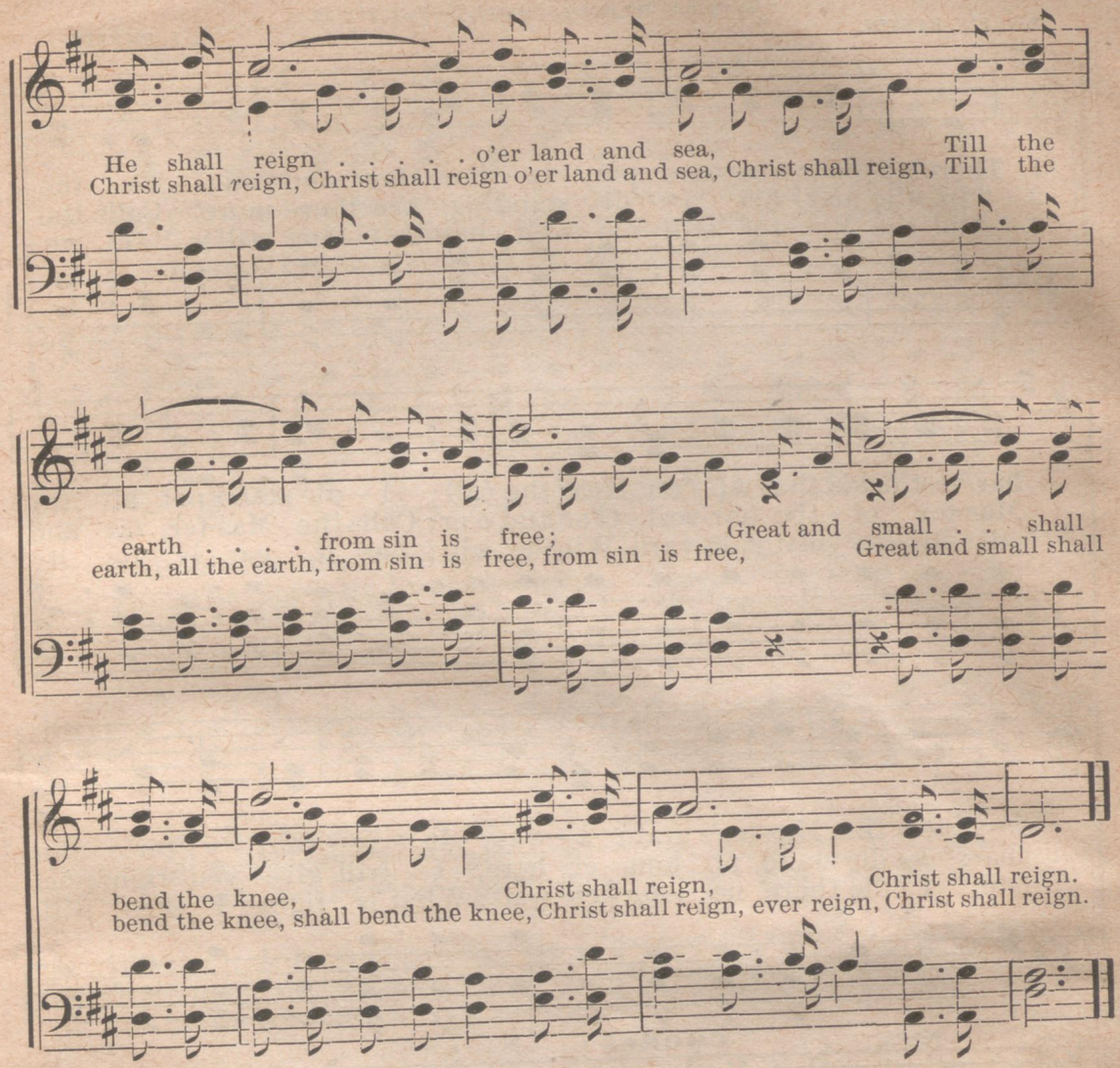
No. 135. CHRIST SHALL REIGN.

Rev. L. L. PICKETT. W. S. WEEDEN.



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CHRIST SHALL REIGN. Concluded.



136 THE NINETY AND NINE.

Key A♭.

1 There were ninety and nine that safely lay
In the shelter of the fold,
But one was out on the hills away,
Far off from the gates of gold—
Away on the mountains wild and bare
Away from the tender Shepherd's care.

2 "Lord, Thou hast here Thy ninety and nine;
Are they not enough for Thee?"
But the Shepherd made answer: "This of mine
Has wandered away from me,
And although the road be rough and steep,
I go to the desert to find my sheep."

3 But none of the ransomed ever knew
How deep were the waters crossed;
Nor how dark was the night that the Lord passed through
Ere He found His sheep that was lost.
Out in the desert He heard its cry—
Sick and helpless, and ready to die.

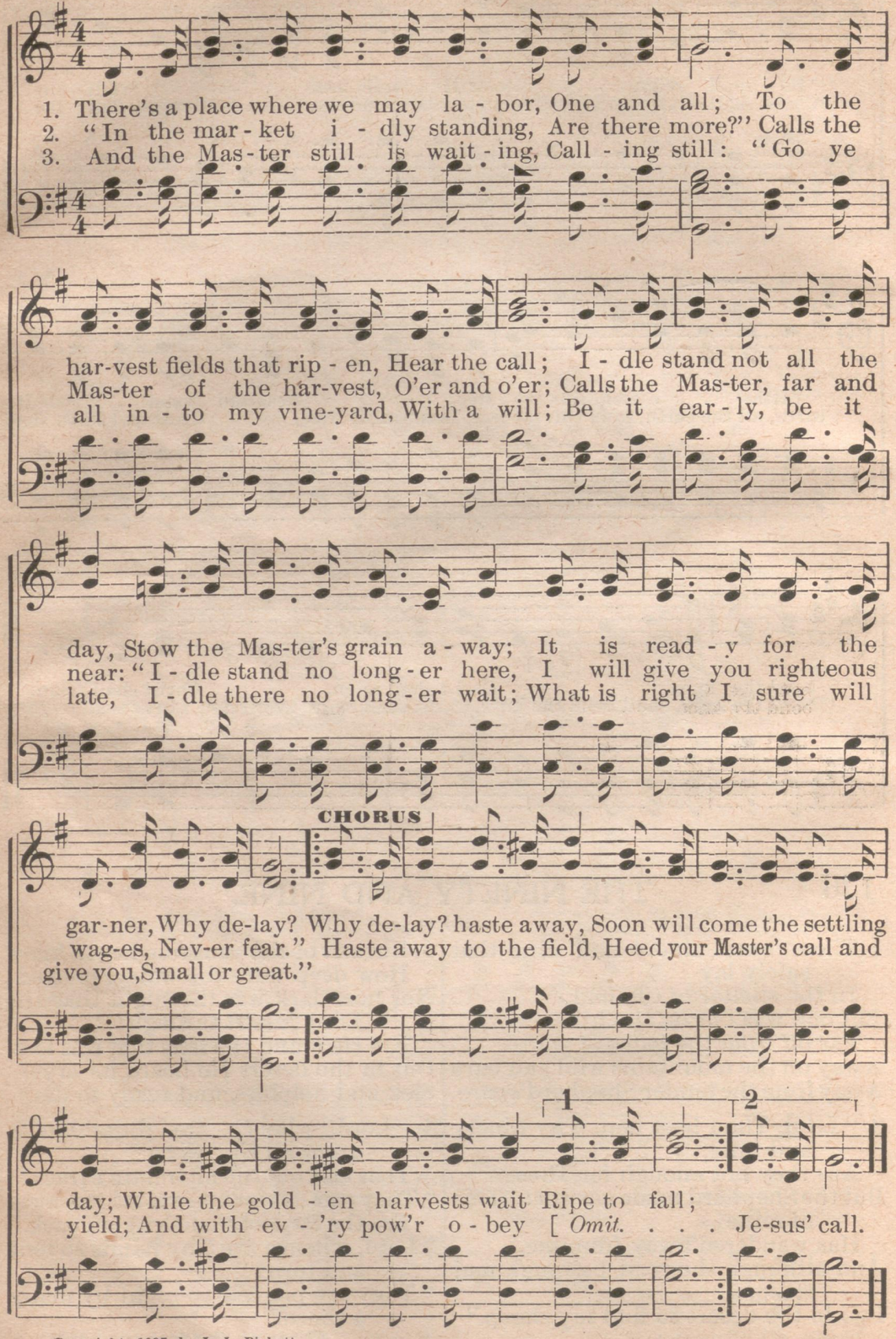
4 "Lord, whence are those blood-drops all the way
That mark out the mountain's track?"
"They were shed for one who had gone astray
Ere the Shepherd could bring him back."
"Lord, whence are Thy hands so rent and torn?"
"They are pierced to-night by many a thorn."

Elizabeth C. Clephane. 1868.

No. 137. WHY DELAY?

"Go work to-day in my vineyard."—Matt. 21 : 28.

Rev. J. E. RANKIN. L. L. PICKETT.

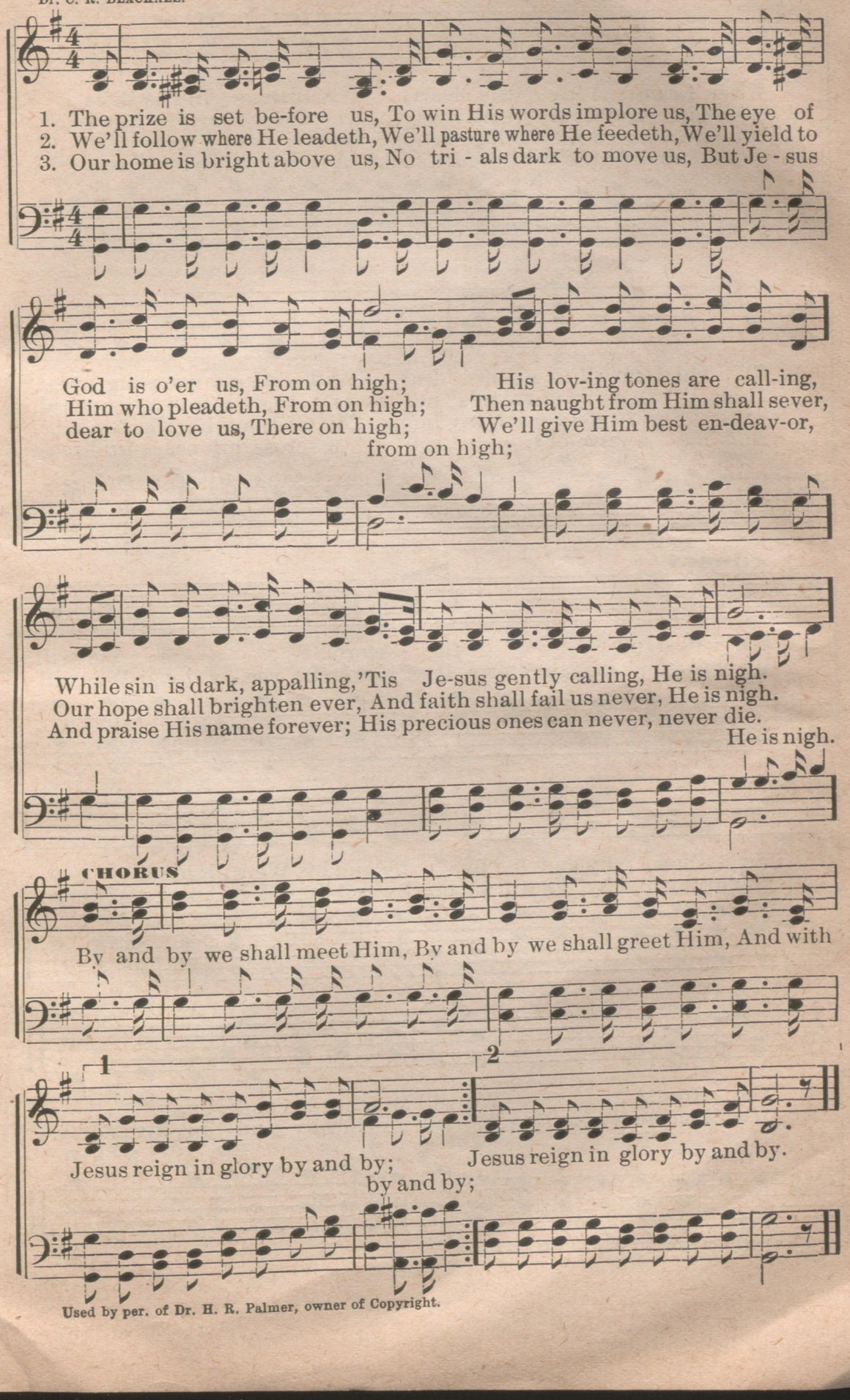


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No. 138. TRIUMPH BY AND BY.

"For he must reign, till he hath put all enemies under his feet."—1 Cor. 15 : 25.

Dr. C. R. BLACKALL. H. R. PALMER.

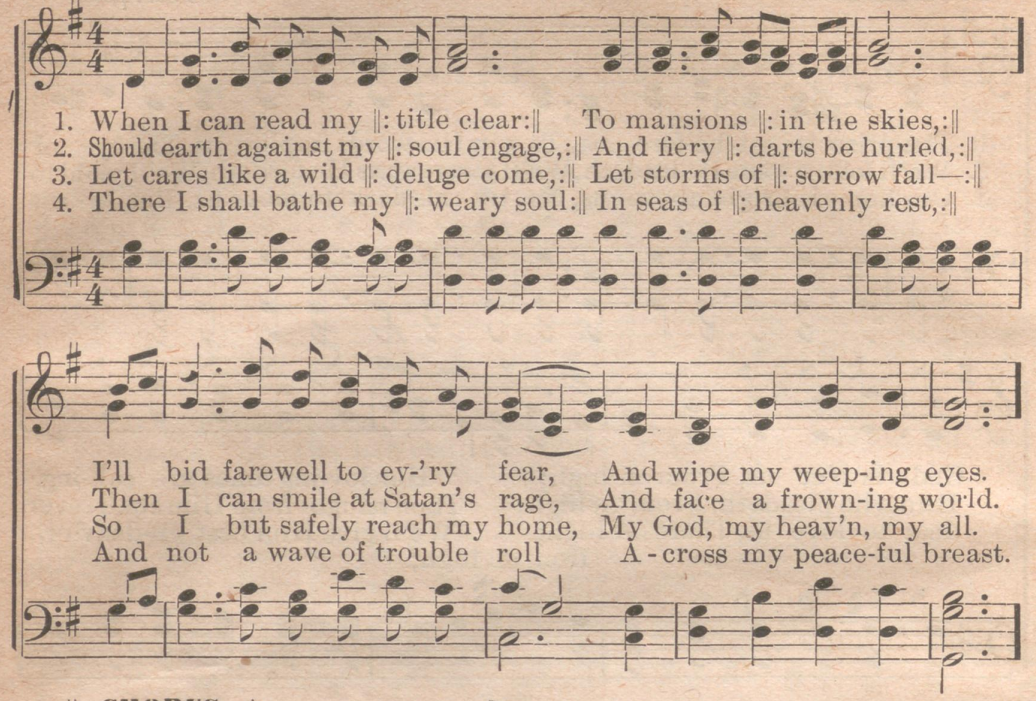


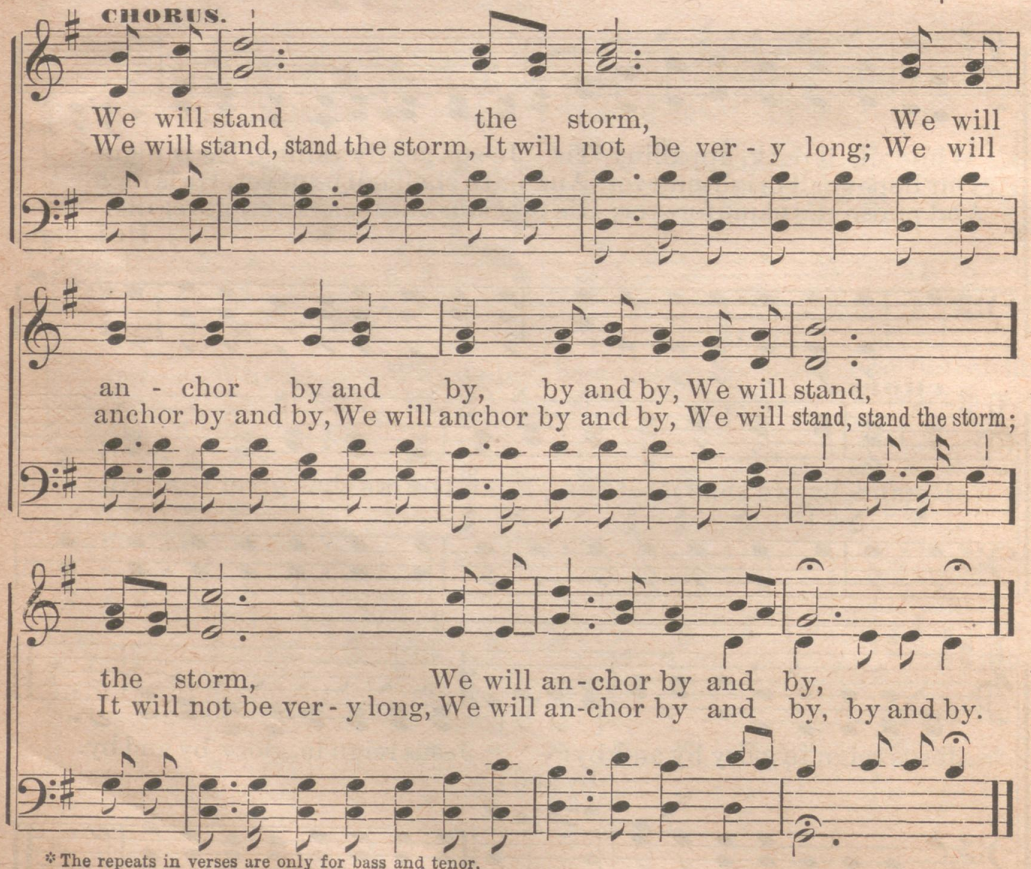
Used by per. of Dr. H. R. Palmer, owner of Copyright.

No. 139. "TITLE CLEAR."*

"Thou therefore endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ."—2 Tim. 2: 3.

May also sing, Am I a Soldier of the Cross. Rearranged with Chorus by T. C. O'KANE.



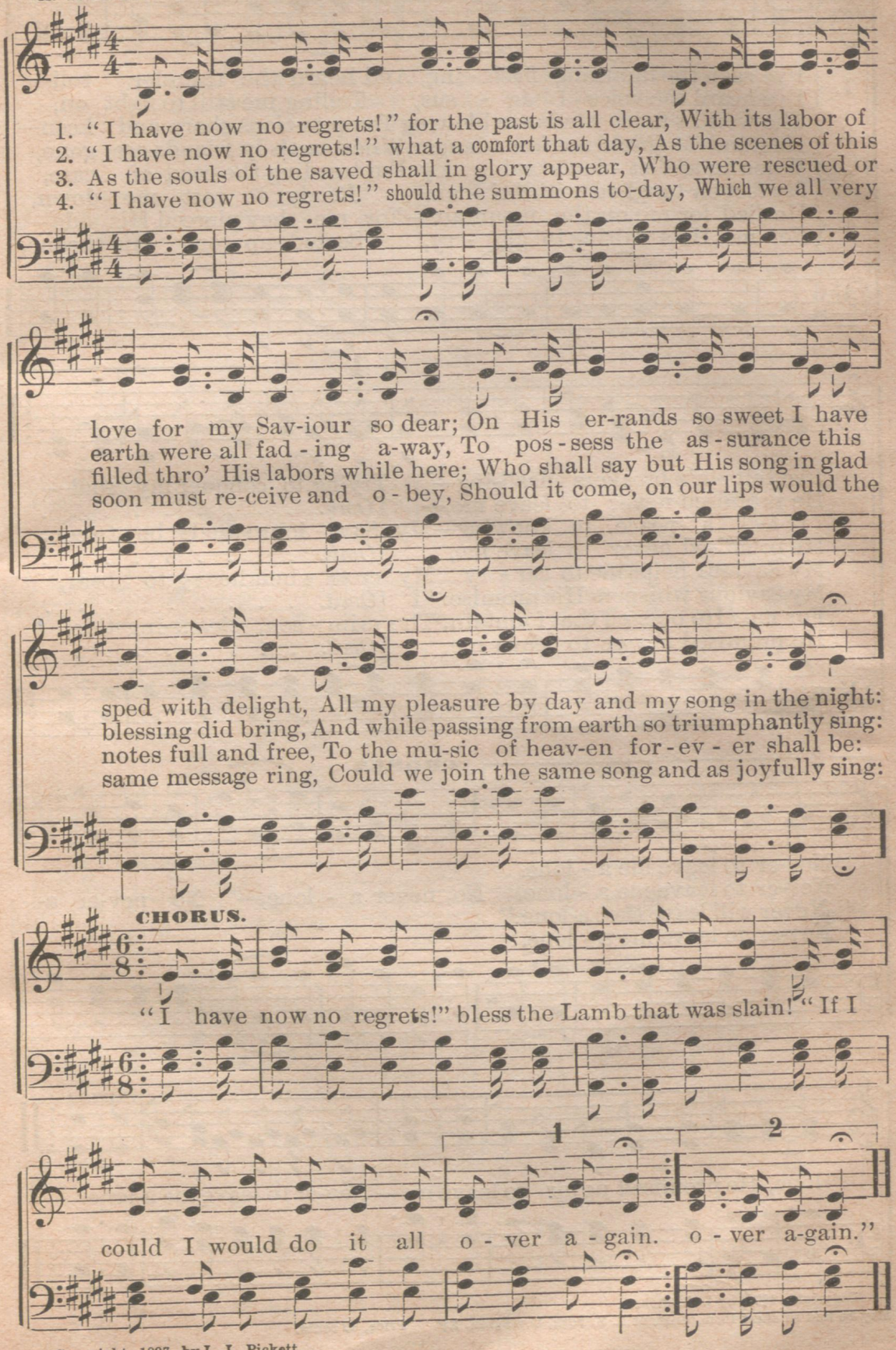


*The repeats in verses are only for bass and tenor.

No. 140. "I HAVE NOW NO REGRETS."

Shortly before his translation Rev. S. A. Keen, the pastor evangelist and author said, "They think I have worked too hard; but I have now no regrets, and if I could I would do it all over again."

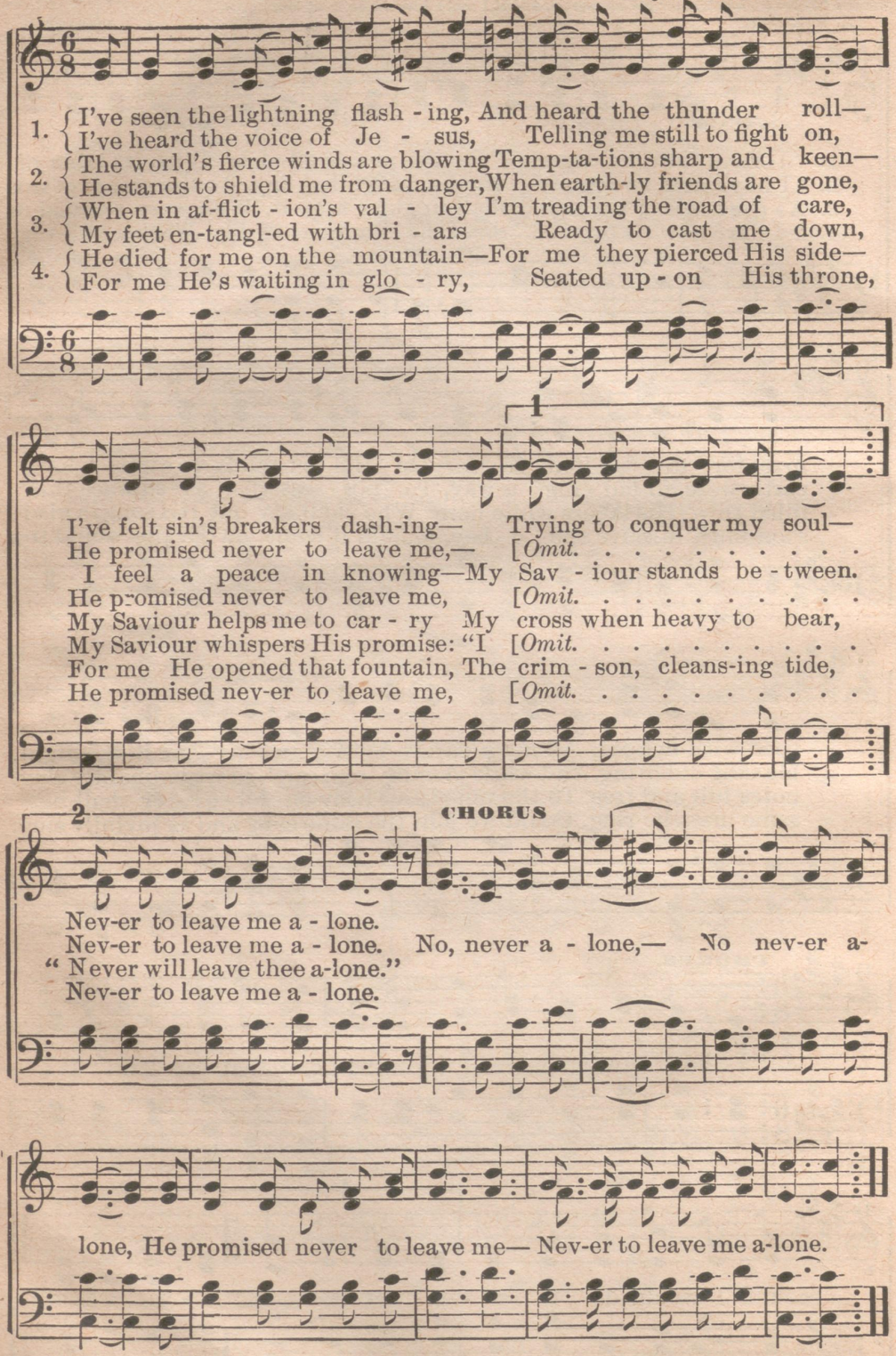
M. W. KNAPP. L. L. PICKETT.



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No. 141. NEVER ALONE.

English. Arr. for this work.

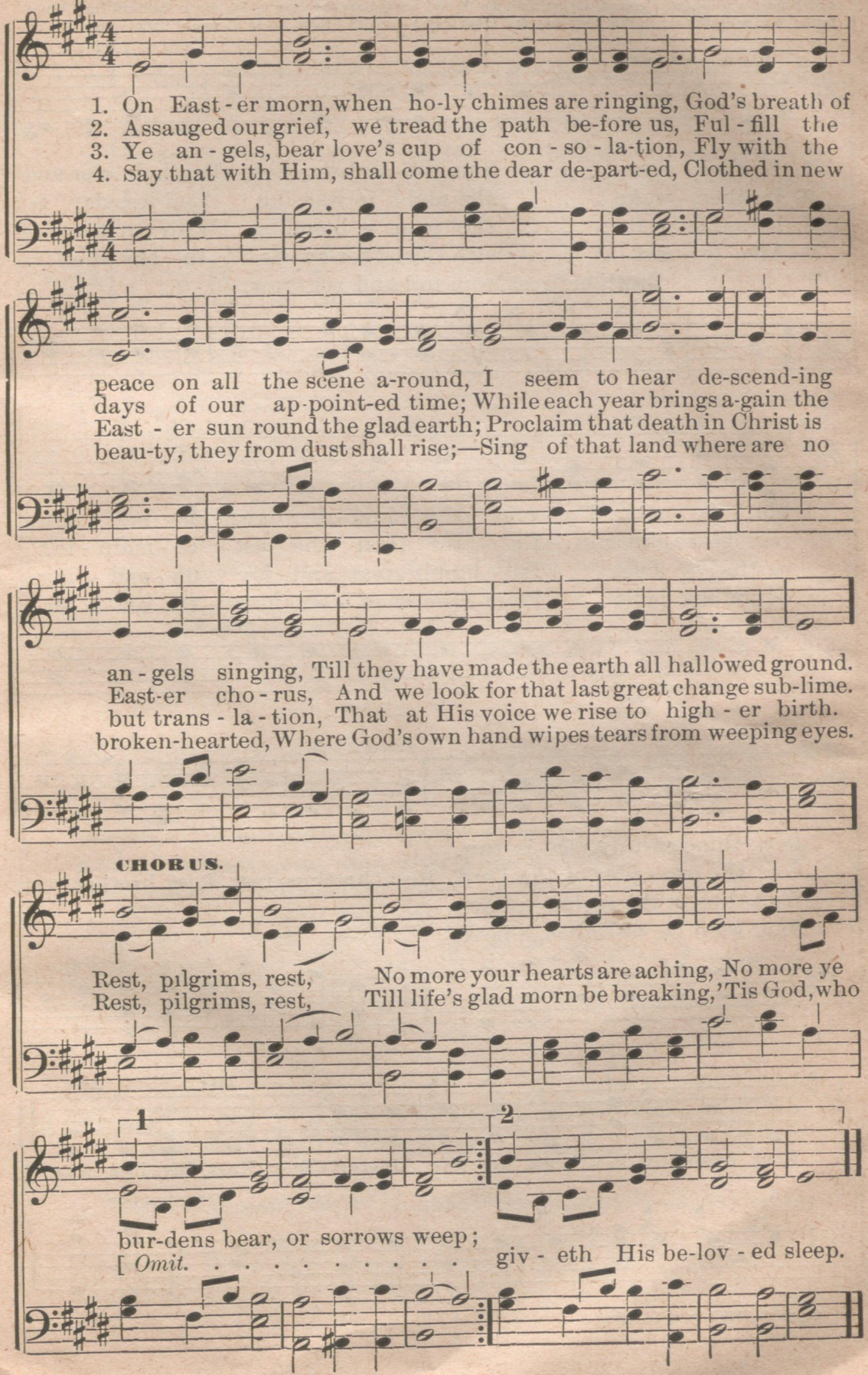


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May be had in sheet form, duet, of E. S. Fogg, Covington, Ky. Price, 30 cents.

No. 142. THE SONG OF THE EASTER ANGELS.

Rev. J. E. RANKIN. In Memory of Eames Birge Rankin. Rev. R. DeW. MALLARY. By per.



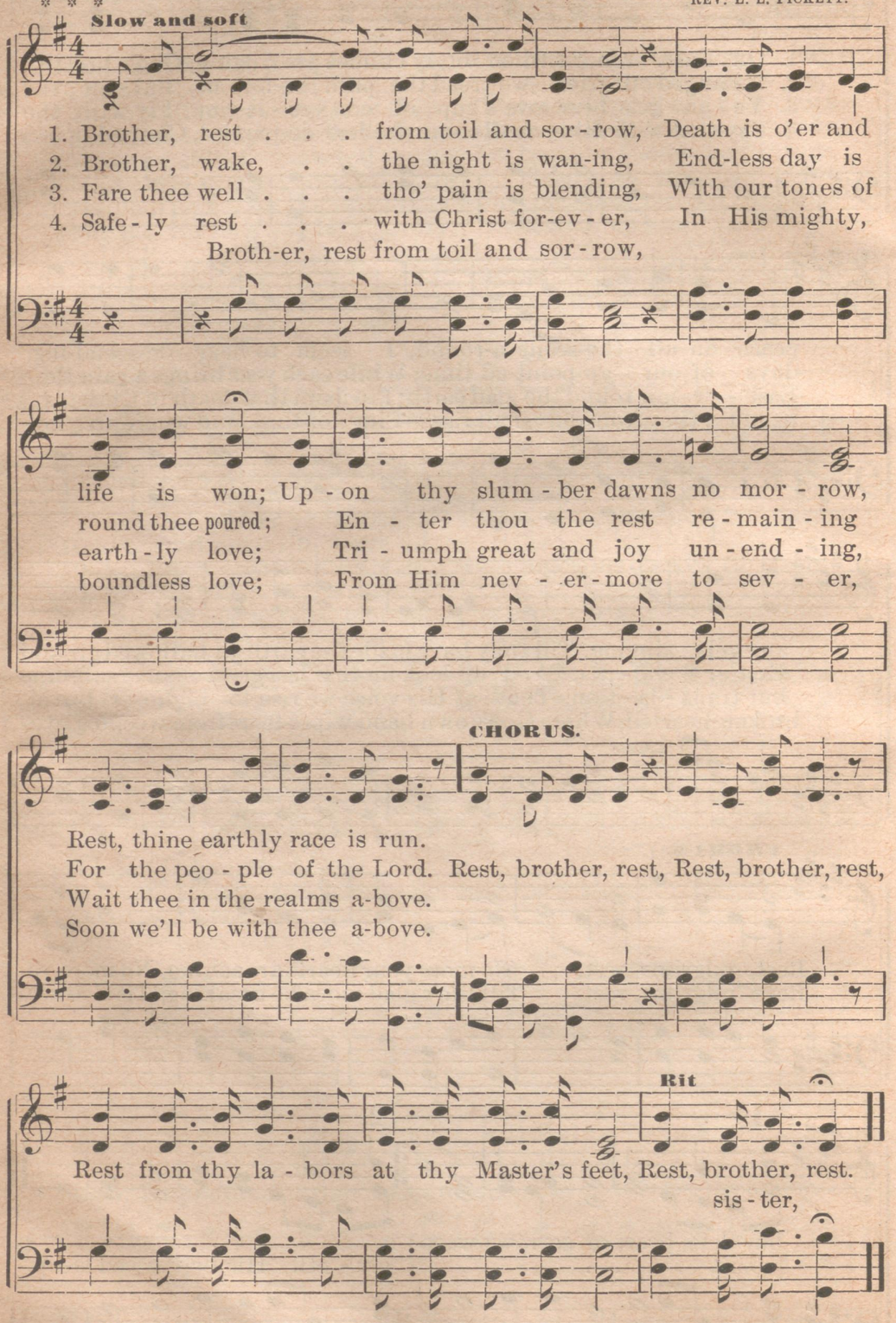
Copyright, 1897, by Rev. J. E. Rankin and R, DeW. Mallary.

No. 143. REST, BROTHER, REST.

And I heard a voice from heaven, saying unto me, Write, blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: Yea, saith the spirit, that they may rest from their labors, and their works do follow them.—Rev. 14: 13.

REV. L. L. PICKETT.

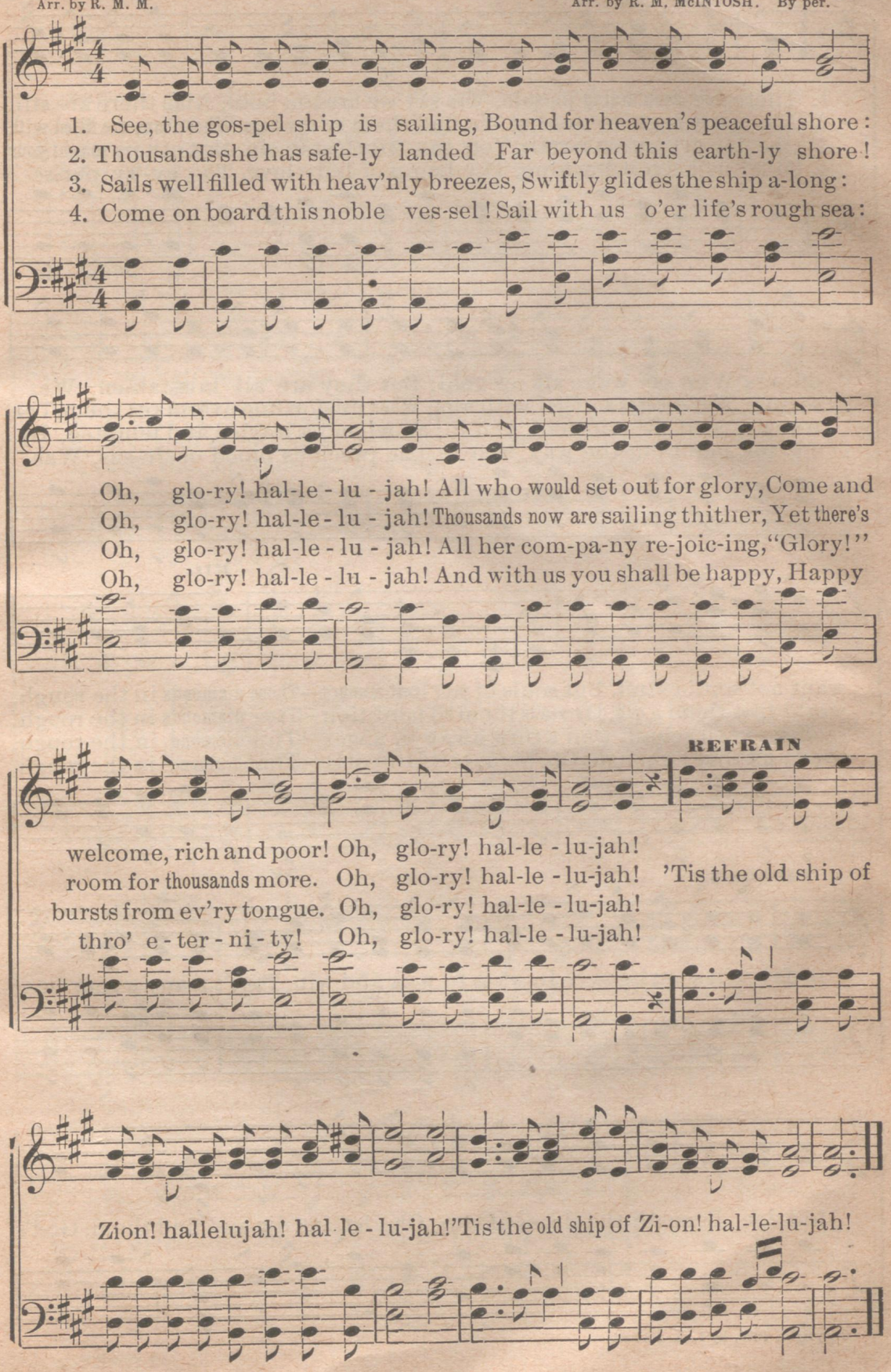
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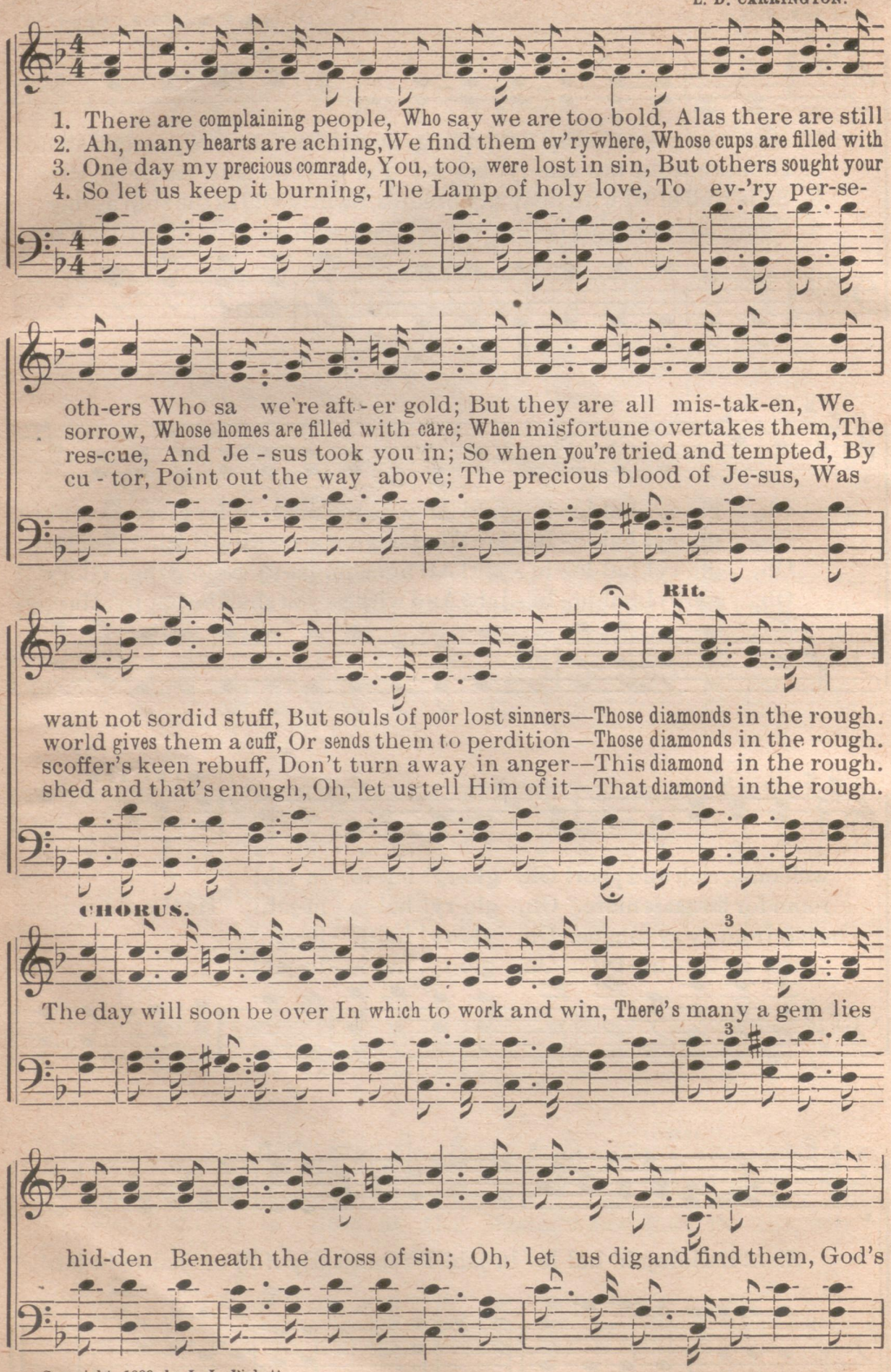
No. 144. THE OLD SHIP OF ZION.

Arr. by R. M. M. Arr. by R. M. McINTOSH. By per.



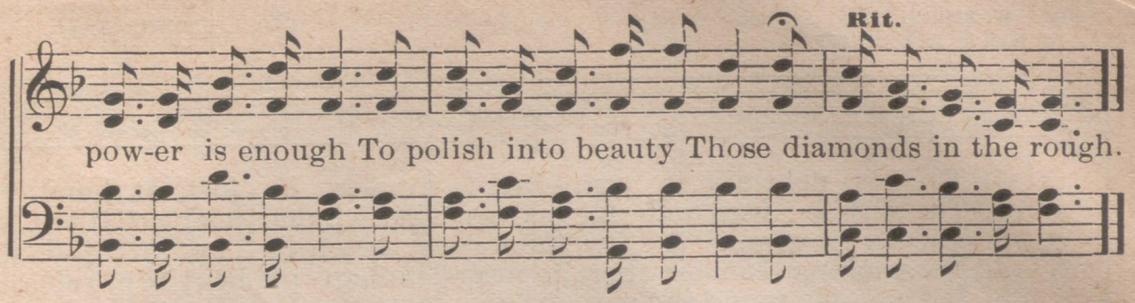
No. 145. DIAMONDS IN THE ROUGH.

L. D. CARRINGTON.



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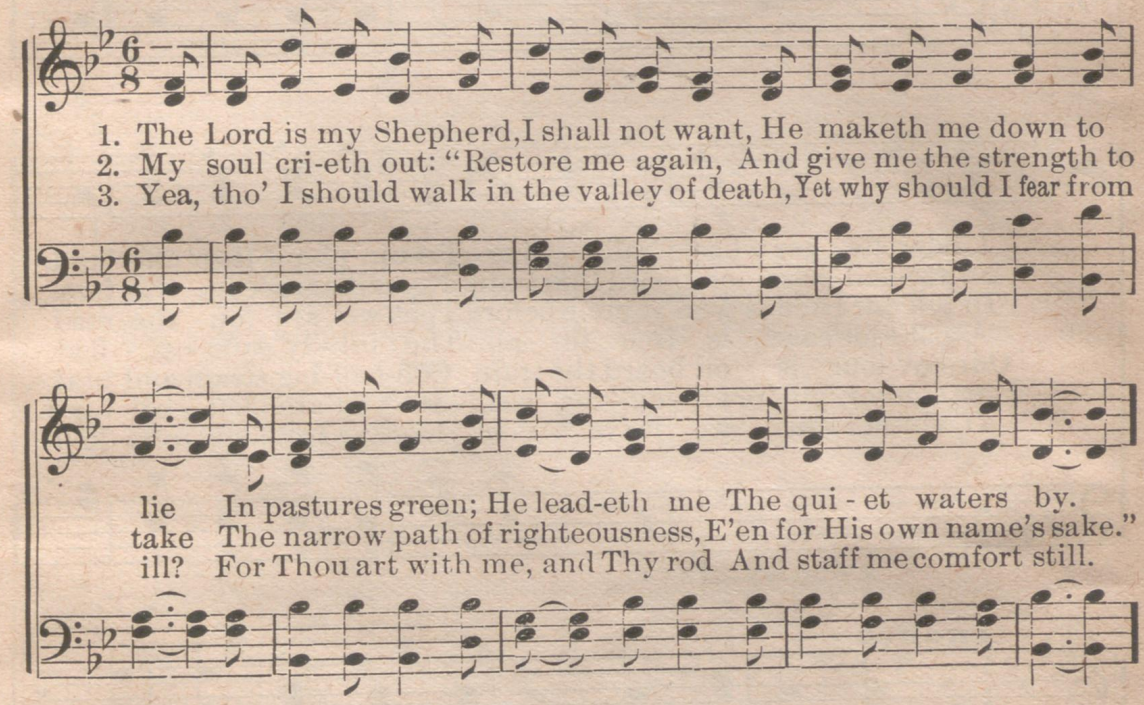
DIAMONDS IN THE ROUGH. Concluded.

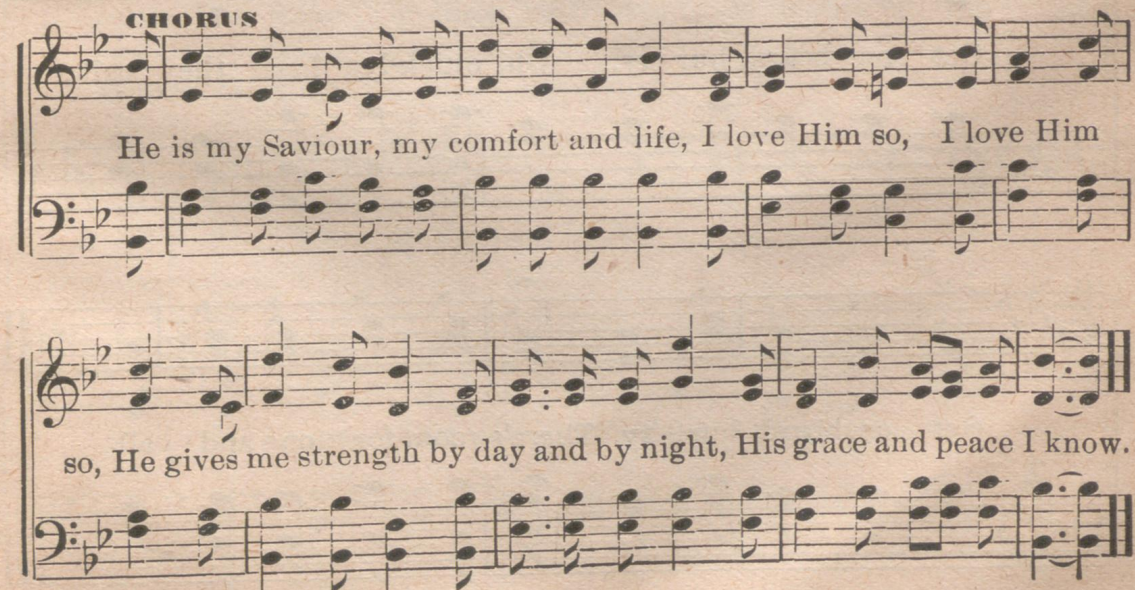


No. 146. I LOVE HIM SO.

"For my yoke is easy, and my burden is light."—Matt. 12: 30.

L. L. PICKETT.



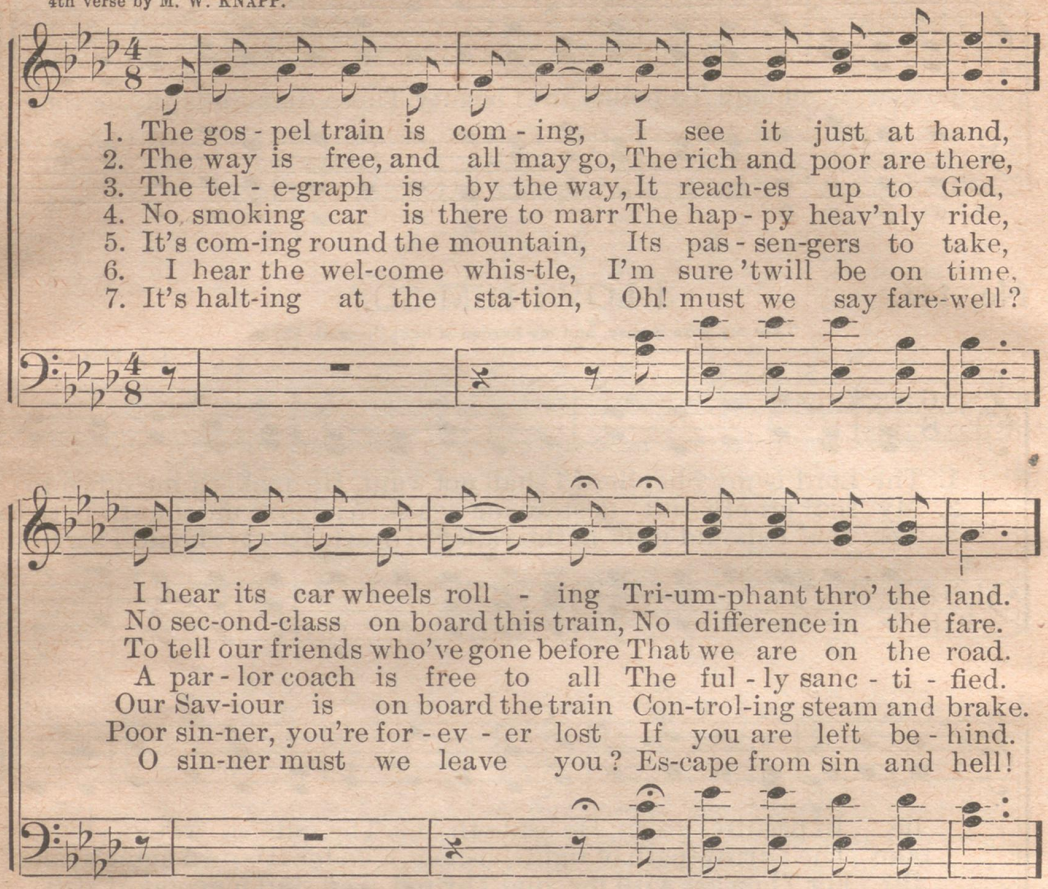


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No. 147. THE GOSPEL TRAIN.

GEO. W. PERRY. Arr.
4th verse by M. W. KNAPP.

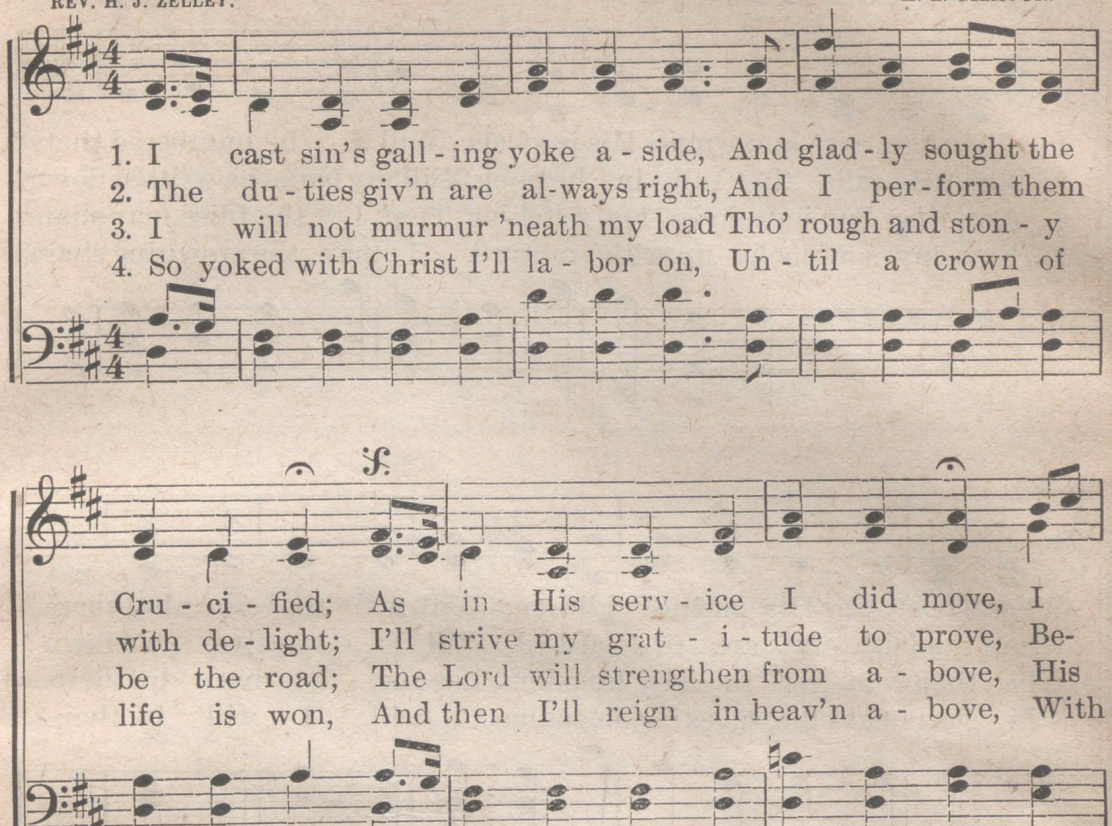
GEO. L. BROWN. By per.



No. 148. HIS YOKE IS LINED WITH LOVE.

"For my yoke is easy, and my burden is light."—Matt. 11: 30.

REV. H. J. ZELLEY. H. L. GILMOUR.

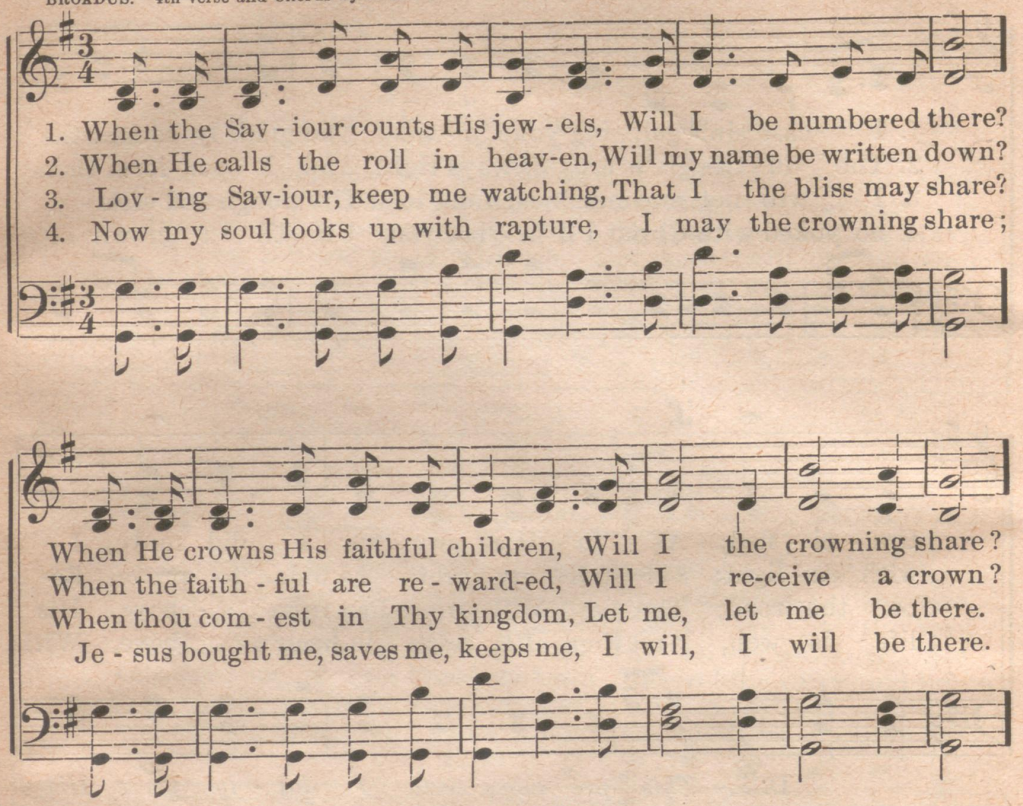


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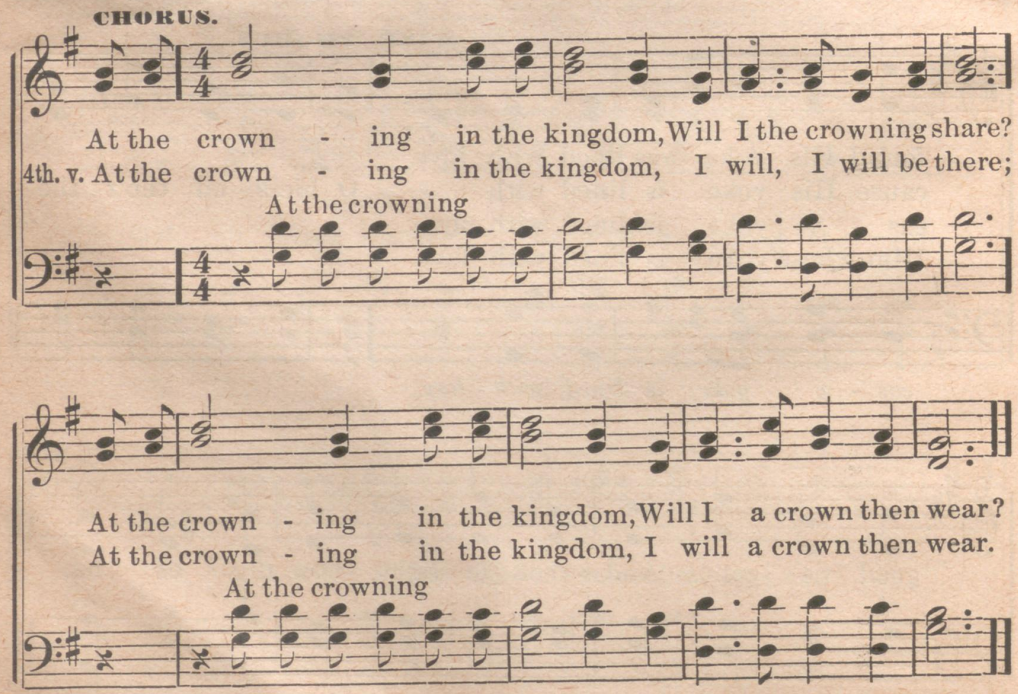
No. 149. AT THE CROWNING.

"Behold, I come quickly. Hold that fast which thou hast, that no man take thy crown."—Rev. 3 : 11.

BROADUS. 4th verse and Chorus by C. A. H. C. A. HUMPHREY.



CHORUS.

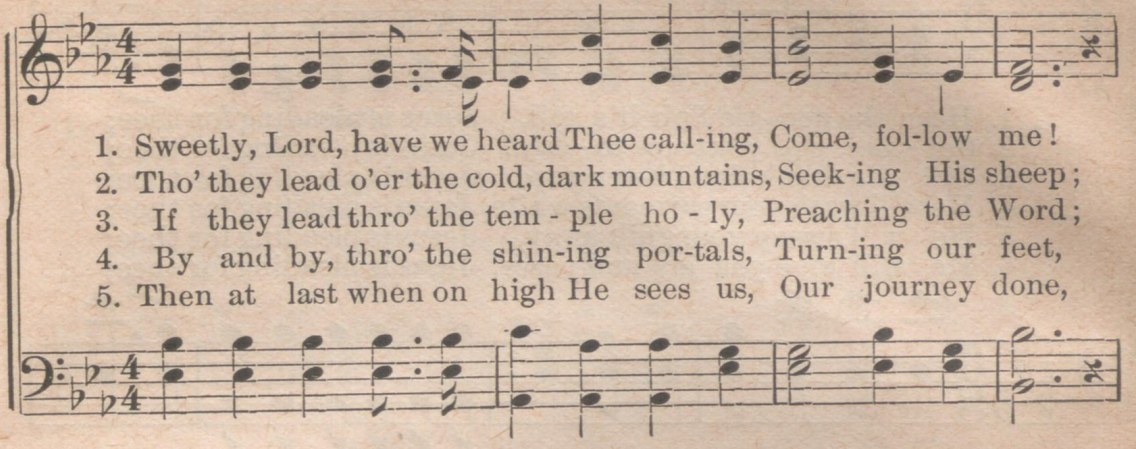


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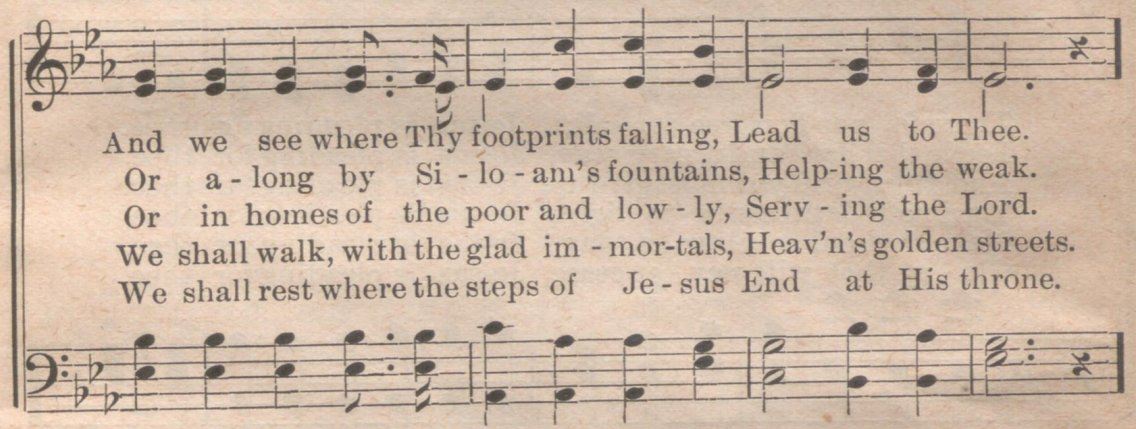
No. 150. FOOTSTEPS OF JESUS.

"Leaving us an example, that ye should follow in his steps."—1 Peter 2 : 21.

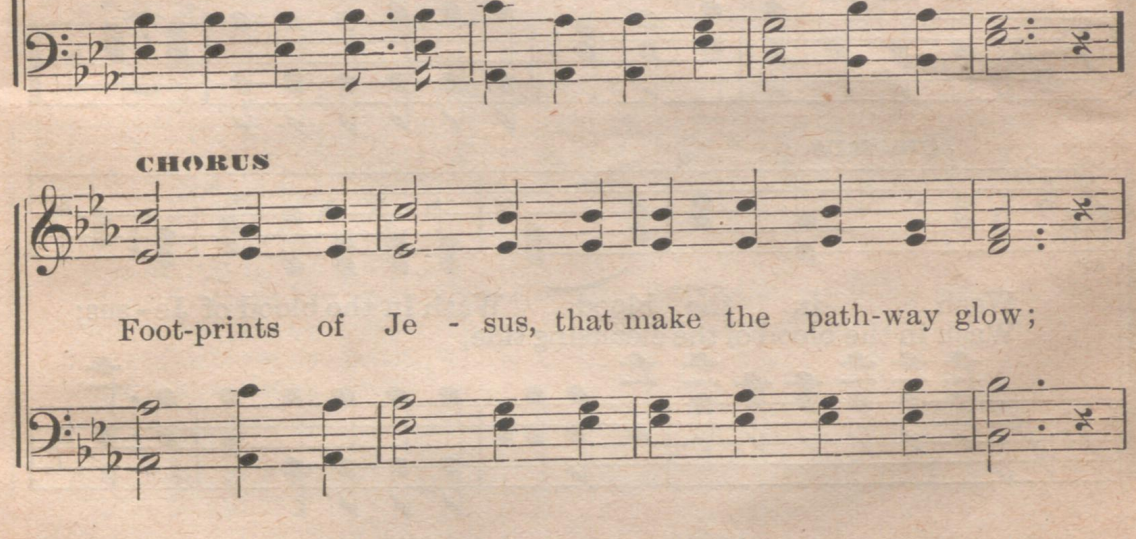
Mrs. M. B. C. SLADE. Dr. A. B. EVERETT.



1. Sweetly, Lord, have we heard Thee call-ing, Come, fol-low me!
2. Tho' they lead o'er the cold, dark mountains, Seek-ing His sheep;
3. If they lead thro' the tem - ple ho - ly, Preaching the Word;
4. By and by, thro' the shin-ing por-tals, Turn-ing our feet,
5. Then at last when on high He sees us, Our journey done,



And we see where Thy footprints falling, Lead us to Thee.
Or a - long by Si - lo - am's fountains, Help-ing the weak.
Or in homes of the poor and low - ly, Serv - ing the Lord.
We shall walk, with the glad im - mor-tals, Heav'n's golden streets.
We shall rest where the steps of Je - sus End at His throne.



CHORUS

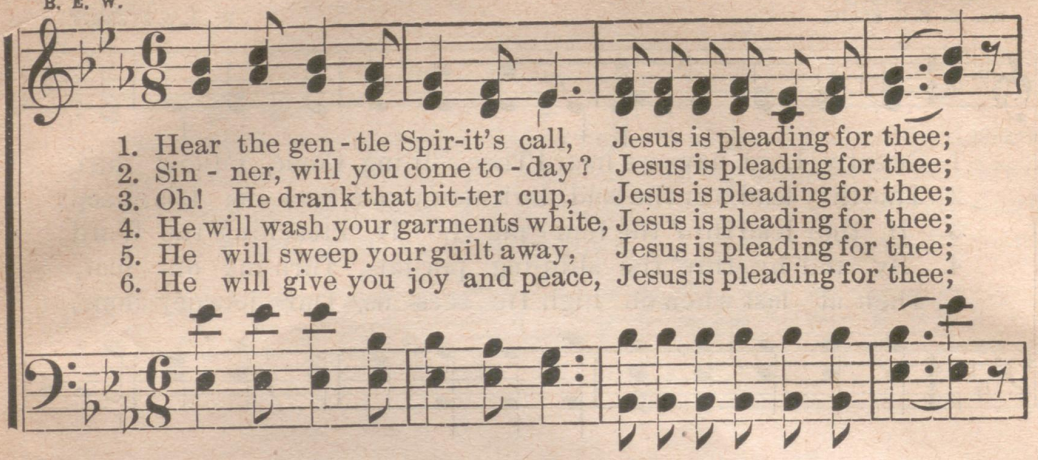
Foot-prints of Je - sus, that make the path-way glow;

We will fol-low the steps of Je - sus, Where-e'er they go.

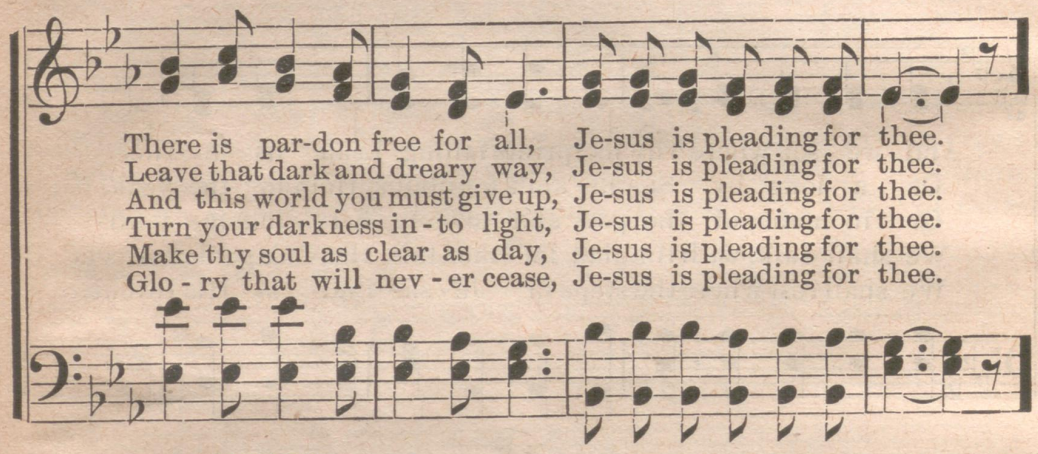
By per. of R. M. McIntosh.

No. 151. JESUS IS PLEADING FOR THEE.

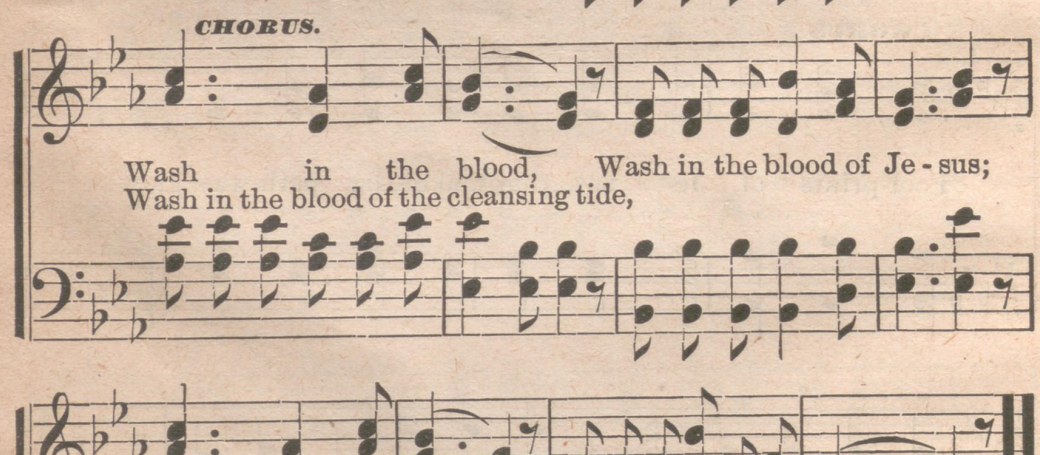
B. E. W. B. E. WARREN.



1. Hear the gen - tle Spir-it's call, Jesus is pleading for thee;
2. Sin - ner, will you come to - day? Jesus is pleading for thee;
3. Oh! He drank that bit-ter cup, Jesus is pleading for thee;
4. He will wash your garments white, Jesus is pleading for thee;
5. He will sweep your guilt away, Jesus is pleading for thee;
6. He will give you joy and peace, Jesus is pleading for thee;

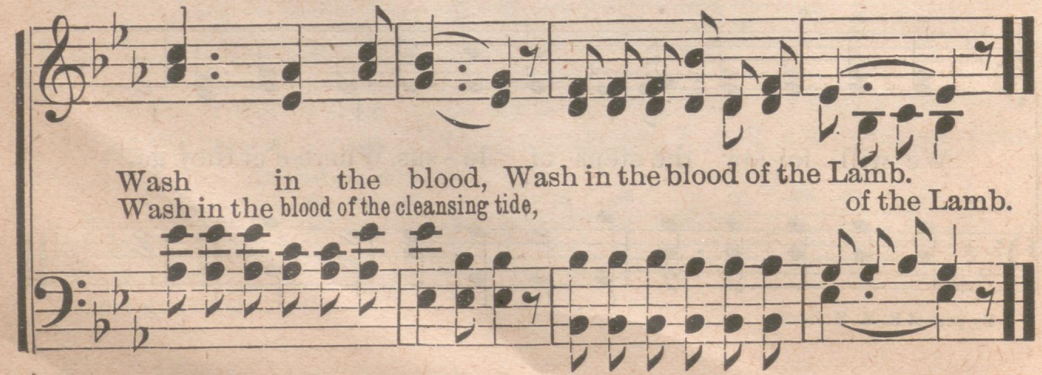


There is par-don free for all, Je-sus is pleading for thee.
Leave that dark and dreary way, Je-sus is pleading for thee.
And this world you must give up, Je-sus is pleading for thee.
Turn your darkness in - to light, Je-sus is pleading for thee.
Make thy soul as clear as day, Je-sus is pleading for thee.
Glo - ry that will nev - er cease, Je-sus is pleading for thee.



CHORUS.

Wash in the blood, Wash in the blood of Je - sus;
Wash in the blood of the cleansing tide,



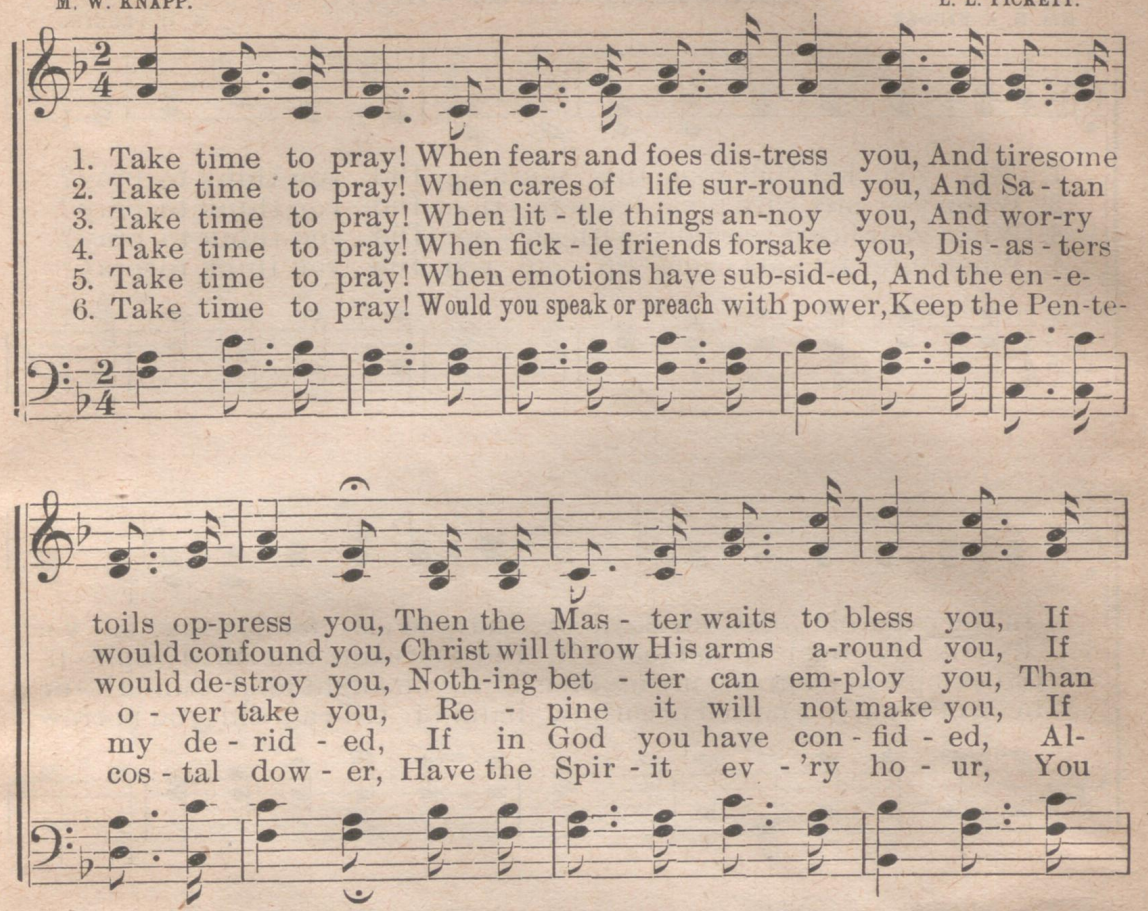
Wash in the blood, Wash in the blood of the Lamb.
Wash in the blood of the cleansing tide, of the Lamb.

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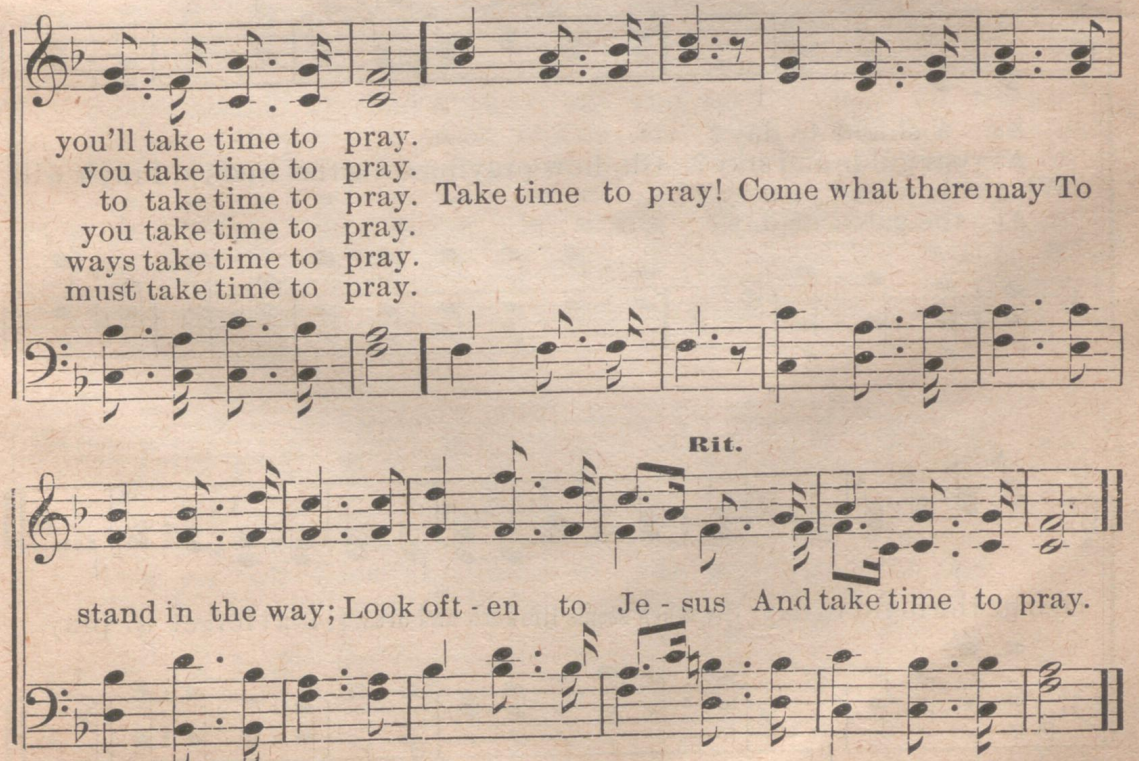
No. 152. TAKE TIME TO PRAY.

"Men ought always to pray and not to faint."—Luke 18 : 1.

M. W. KNAPP. L. L. PICKETT.



CHORUS.

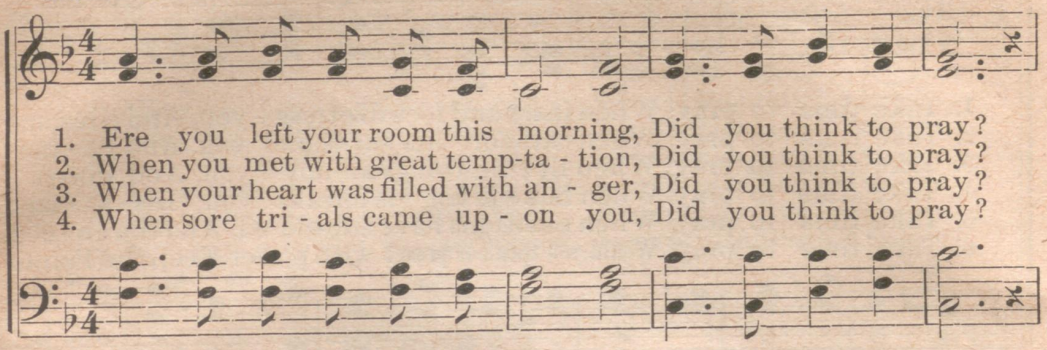


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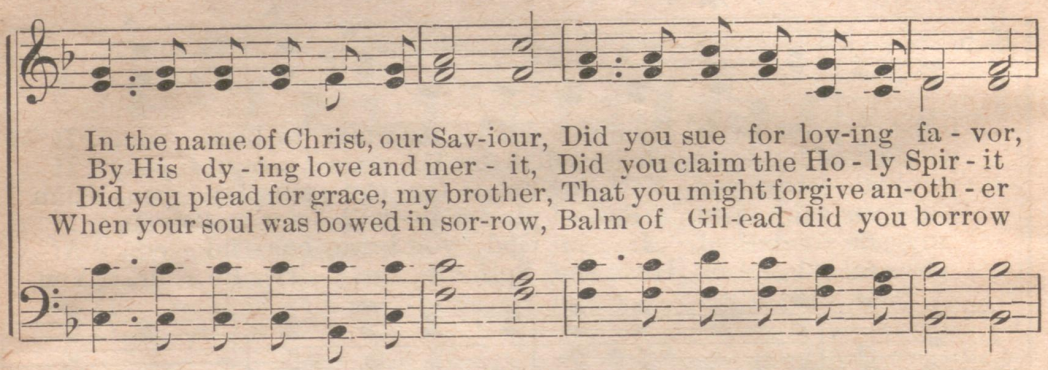
No. 153. DID YOU THINK TO PRAY?

"Be careful for nothing; but in every thing by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving let your requests be made known unto God."—Phil. 4 : 6.

Mrs. M. A. KIDDER. W. O. PERKINS.

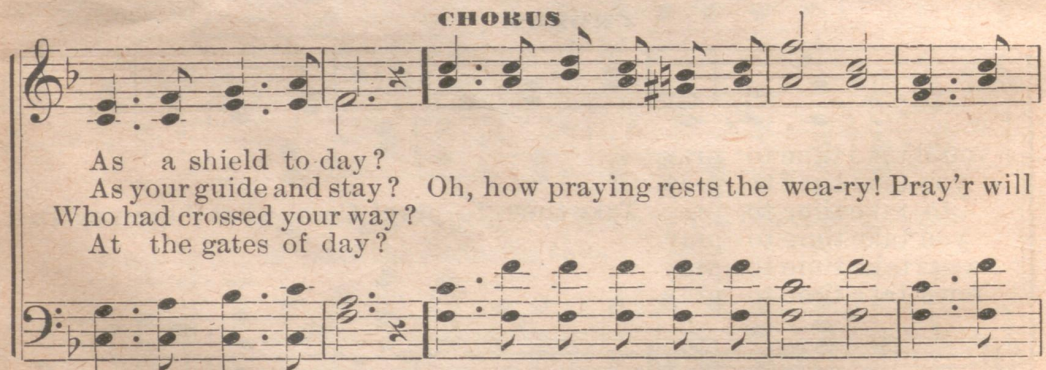


1. Ere you left your room this morning, Did you think to pray?
2. When you met with great temp-ta - tion, Did you think to pray?
3. When your heart was filled with an - ger, Did you think to pray?
4. When sore tri - als came up - on you, Did you think to pray?

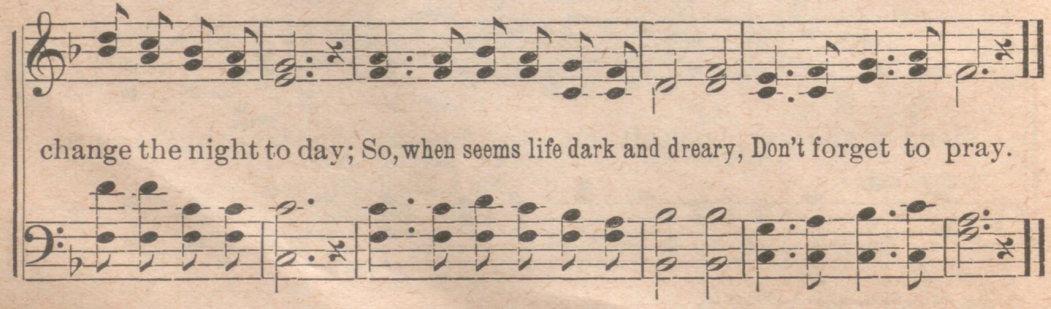


In the name of Christ, our Sav-iour, Did you sue for lov-ing fa - vor,
By His dy - ing love and mer - it, Did you claim the Ho - ly Spir - it
Did you plead for grace, my brother, That you might forgive an-oth - er
When your soul was bowed in sor-row, Balm of Gil-ead did you borrow

CHORUS



As a shield to-day?
As your guide and stay? Oh, how praying rests the wea-ry! Pray'r will
Who had crossed your way?
At the gates of day?

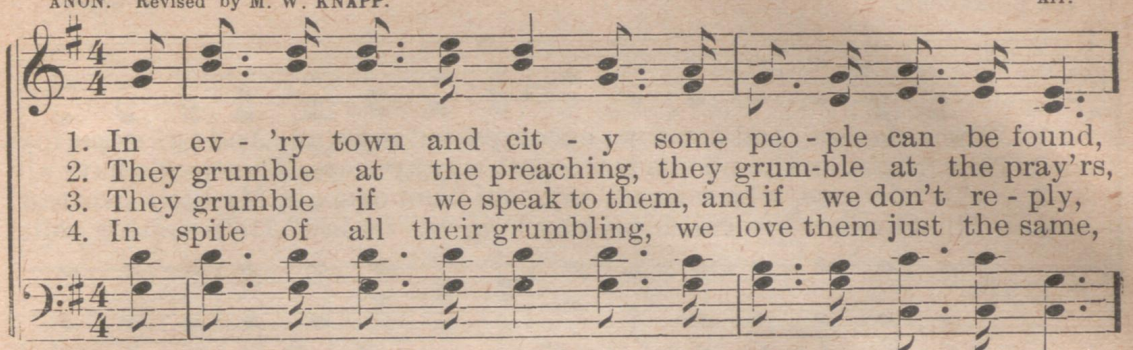


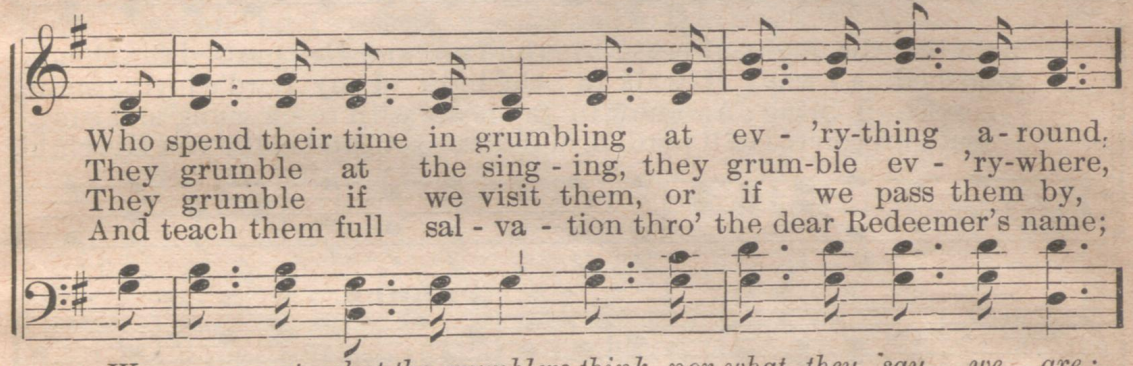
change the night to day; So, when seems life dark and dreary, Don't forget to pray.

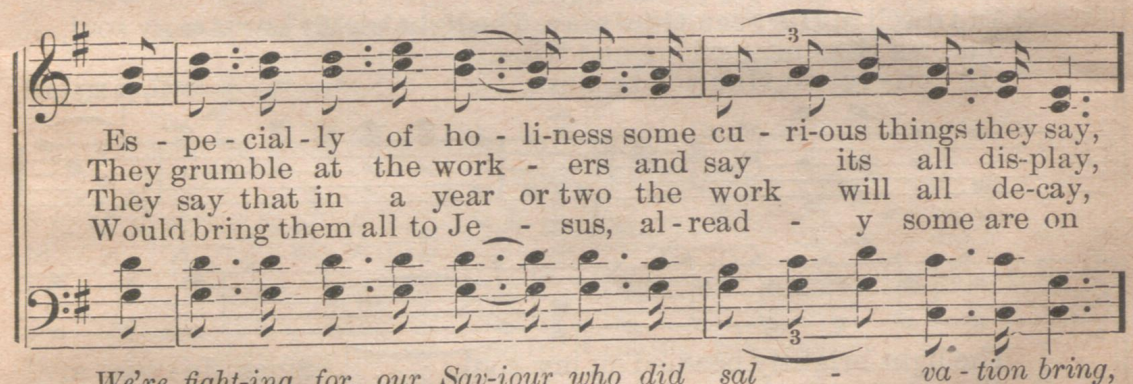
No. 154. THE GRUMBLER'S SONG.

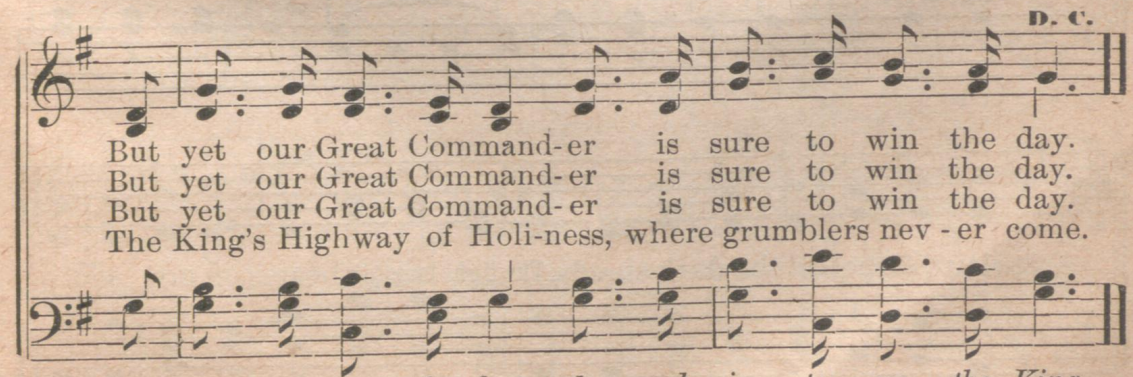
"Neither murmur ye, as some of them also murmured, and were destroyed of the destroyer."—1 Cor. 10: 10.

ANON. Revised by M. W. KNAPP. Arr.







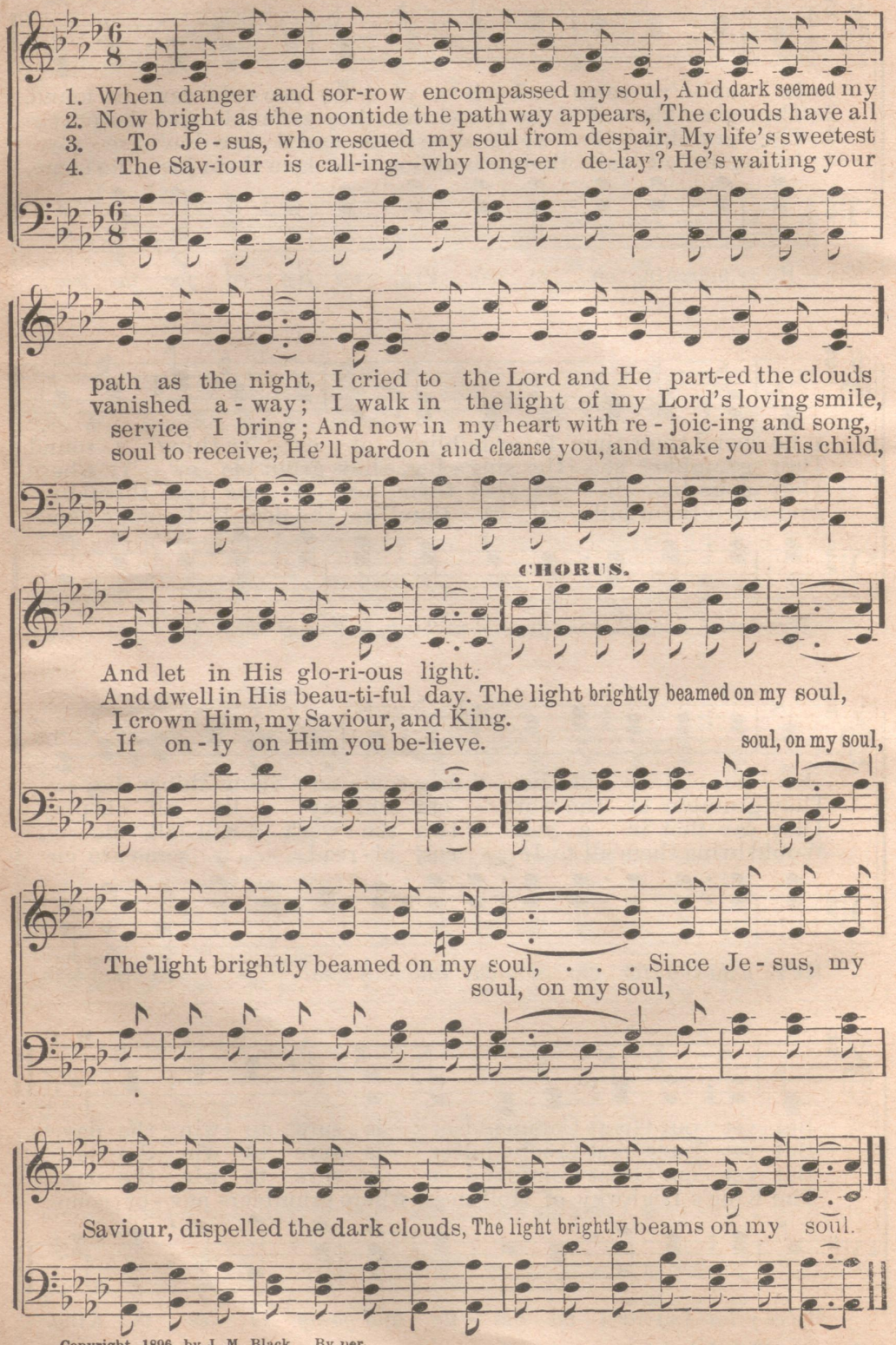


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No. 155. THE LIGHT BRIGHTLY BEAMED.

"That ye should shew forth the praises of him who hath called you out of darkness with his marvelous light." 1 Peter 2: 9.

ADA BLENKHORN. J. M. BLACK.

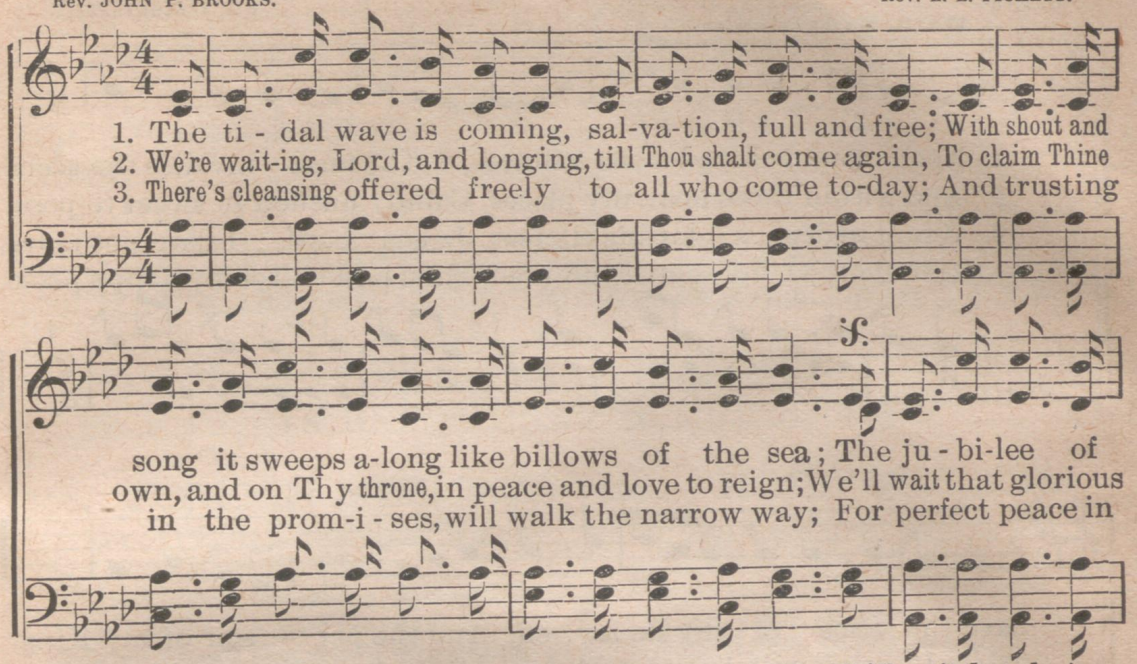


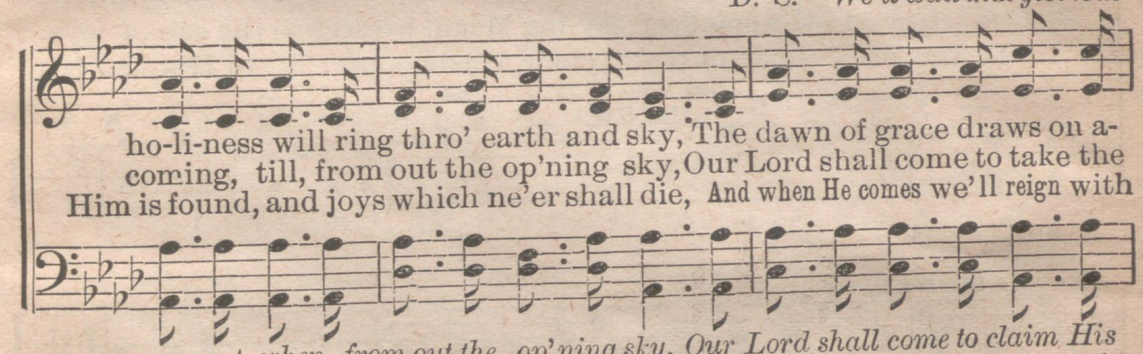
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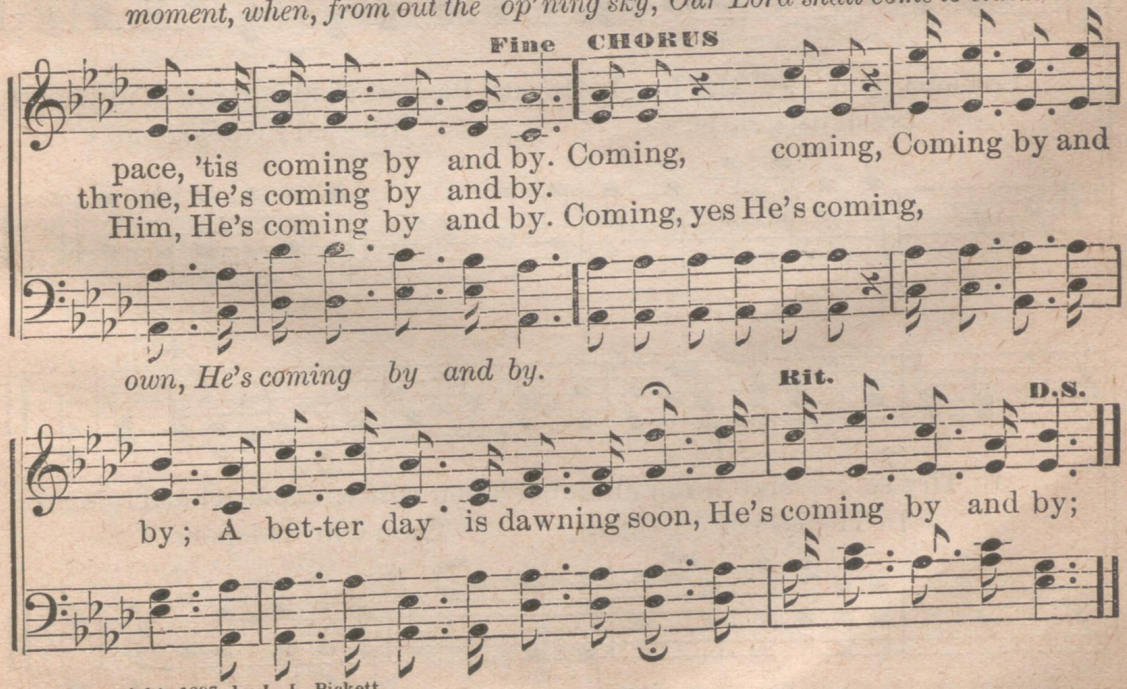
No. 156. COMING BY AND BY.

"Behold I come quickly."—Rev. 22 : 7.

Rev. JOHN P. BROOKS. Rev. L. L. PICKETT.







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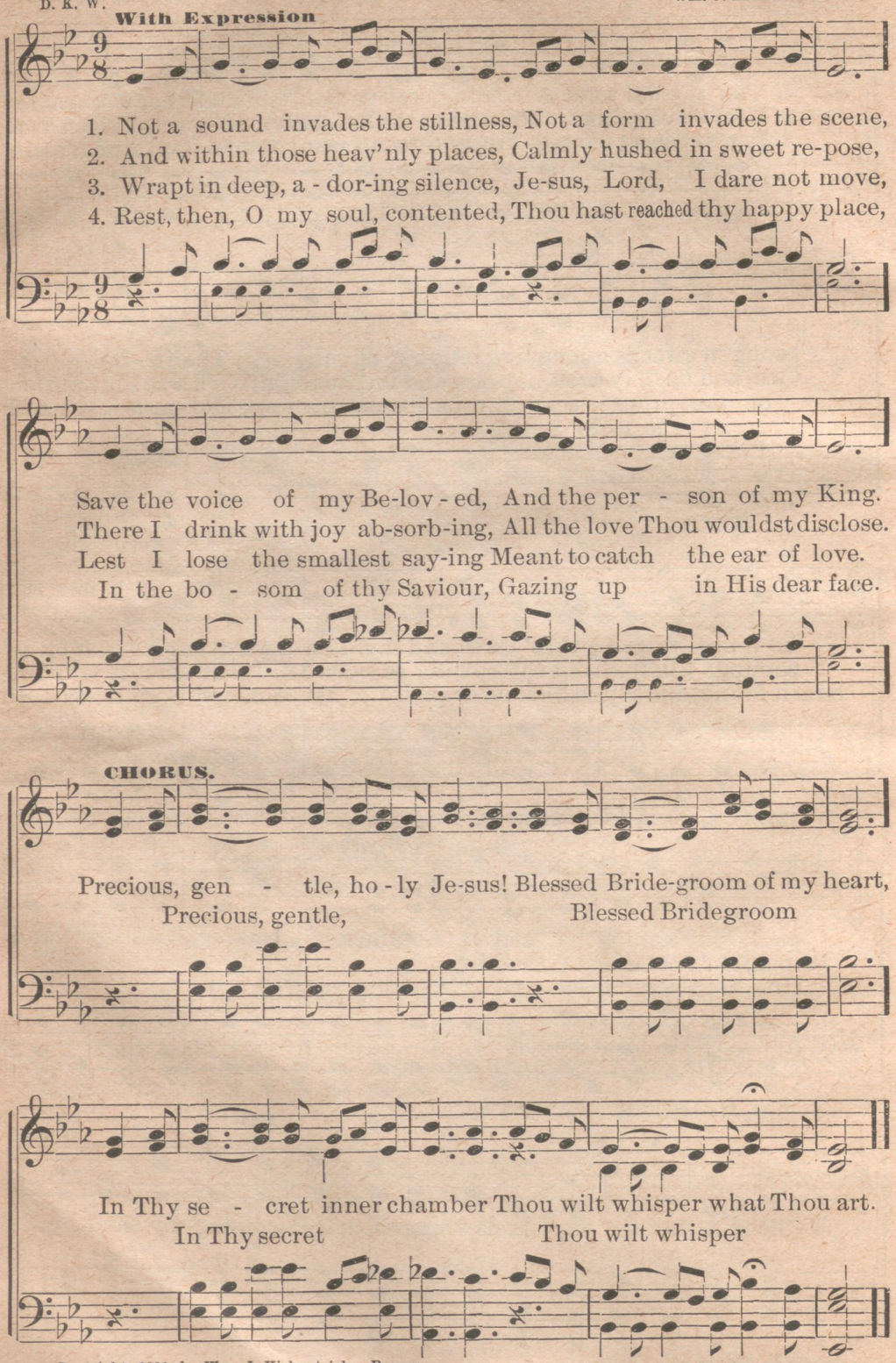
No. 157.

WHISPERINGS OF JESUS.

"I will betroth thee unto Me for ever."—Hosea 2 : 19.

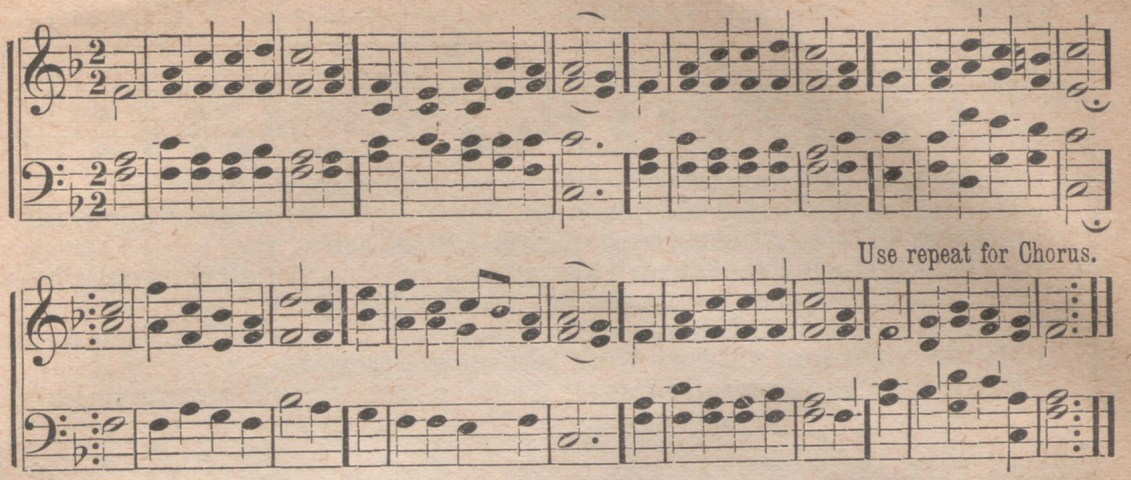
D. K. W.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



Copyright, 1891, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick. By per,

MISSIONARY HYMN. 7s & 6s D.



158. FOREIGN MISSIONS.

1 From China's dark dominions
Unto Columbia free,
We've heard the cries of anguish
Which echo o'er the sea.
We've heard the royal summons
Of Jesus crucified,
To hasten to the rescue
Of those for whom he died.

CHORUS.

We're coming, yes, we're coming,
On wings of love we fly,
To bear the gospel message
Ere waiting millions die.

2 Our hearts with pain are bleeding
That we have been so slow,
To heed these pleading voices
And on our mission go.
Forgive us! oh, forgive us!
Ye nations far away,
Forgive us gracious Father!
In Jesus' name we pray.—CHO.

3 With songs of joy and gladness
Our offerings we give,
That all the heathen nations
May look to Christ and live.
Though deep the pain in parting,
Our children, too, may go,
And tell the thirsting millions
Where living waters flow.—CHO.

4 Then heathen nations bending
At Jesus' feet shall fall,
And join with saints and angels,
And crown Him Lord of all.
Till over earth triumphant
His ransomed Church shall reign,
When Jesus in His glory
With joy shall come again.—CHO.

Rev. M. W. Knapp.

159. HOME MISSIONS.

1 From California's vineyards
To Carolina's strand,
We hear the wail of anguish
That rises in our land.
From Maine to Mississippi,
We see the blight of sin,
And hear the groans of sorrow
Above our city's din.

CHORUS.

We'll heed the Saviour's summons,
On wings of love will fly,
And bear the gospel message
Ere at our door they die.

2 From Asia's dark dominions,
And Afric's burning sand,
Like mighty streams of water
They pour into our land.
From Europe's crowded cities,
They flow from year to year,
And bring their crimes and vices
And superstitions here.—CHO.

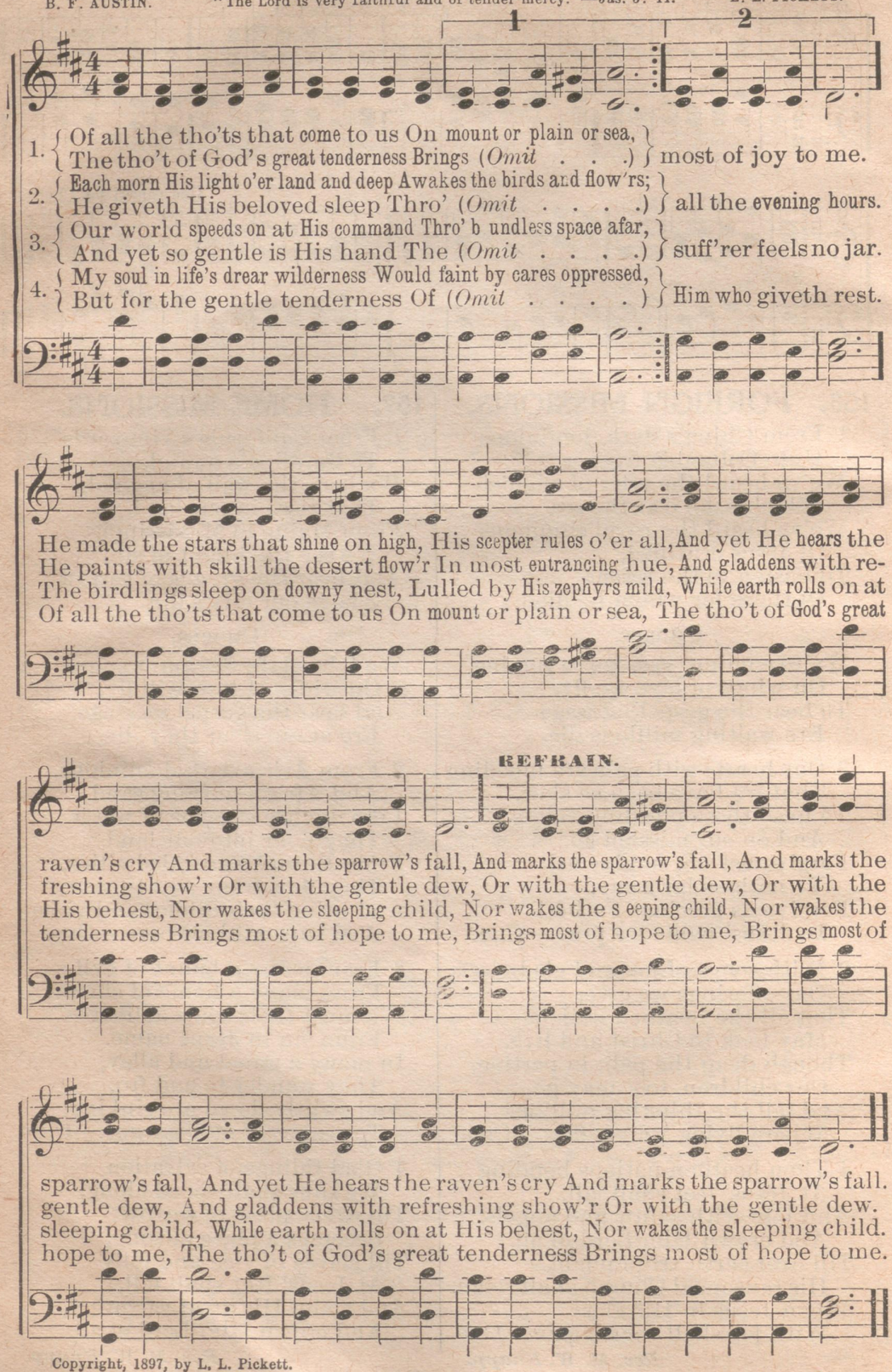
3 From many a haunt of evil,
From many a home of shame,
We must their souls deliver
From sin in Jesus name.
In many a street and alley,
They wander to and fro,
And swiftly down are sinking,
To realms of endless woe.—CHO.

4 Glad tidings of salvation
We thus shall speed along,
Till every place of sorrow
Becomes a place of song;
Till slaves of vice and folly
At Jesus' feet shall fall,
And claim His great salvation,
And crown Him Lord of all.

Rev. M. W. Knapp.

No. 160. THE TENDERNESS OF GOD.

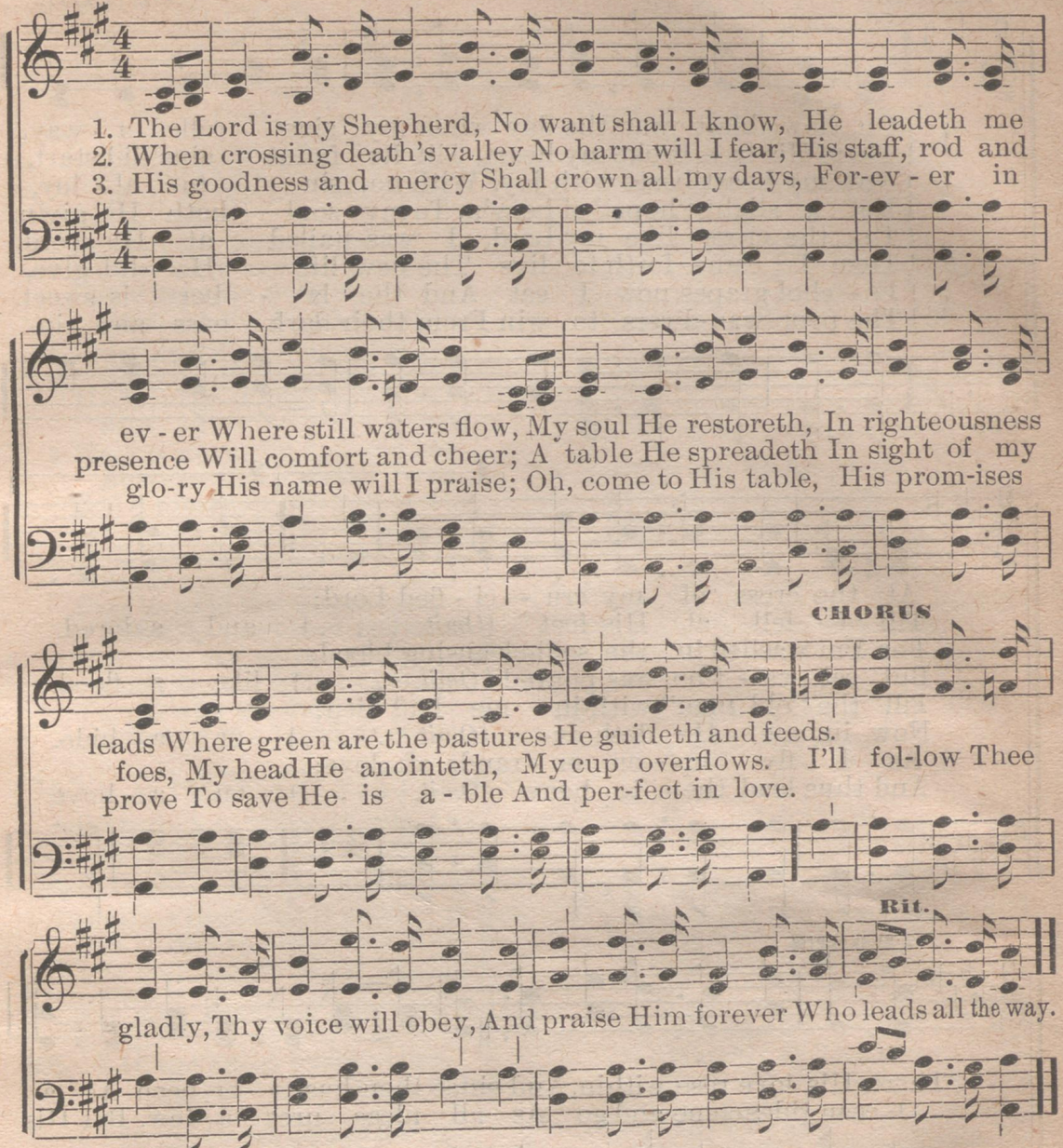
B. F. AUSTIN. "The Lord is very faithful and of tender mercy."—Jas. 5: 11. L. L. PICKETT.



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No. 161. I'LL FOLLOW HIM GLADLY.

M. W. KNAPP. Psalm 23. L. L. PICKETT.



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No. 162. WHAT HAST THOU DONE FOR ME?

Key C.

1 I gave my life for thee,
My precious blood I shed
That thou might'st ransomed be,
And quickened from the dead.
‖:I gave, I gave my life for thee,:‖
What hast thou given for me?

2 My Father's house of light,
My glory-circled throne
I left, for earthly night,
For wanderings sad and lone,
‖:I left, I left it all for thee,:‖
Hast thou left aught for me?

3 I suffered much for thee,
More than thy tongue can tell,
Of bitterest agony,
To rescue thee from hell;
‖:I've borne, I've borne it all for thee,:‖
What hast thou borne for me?

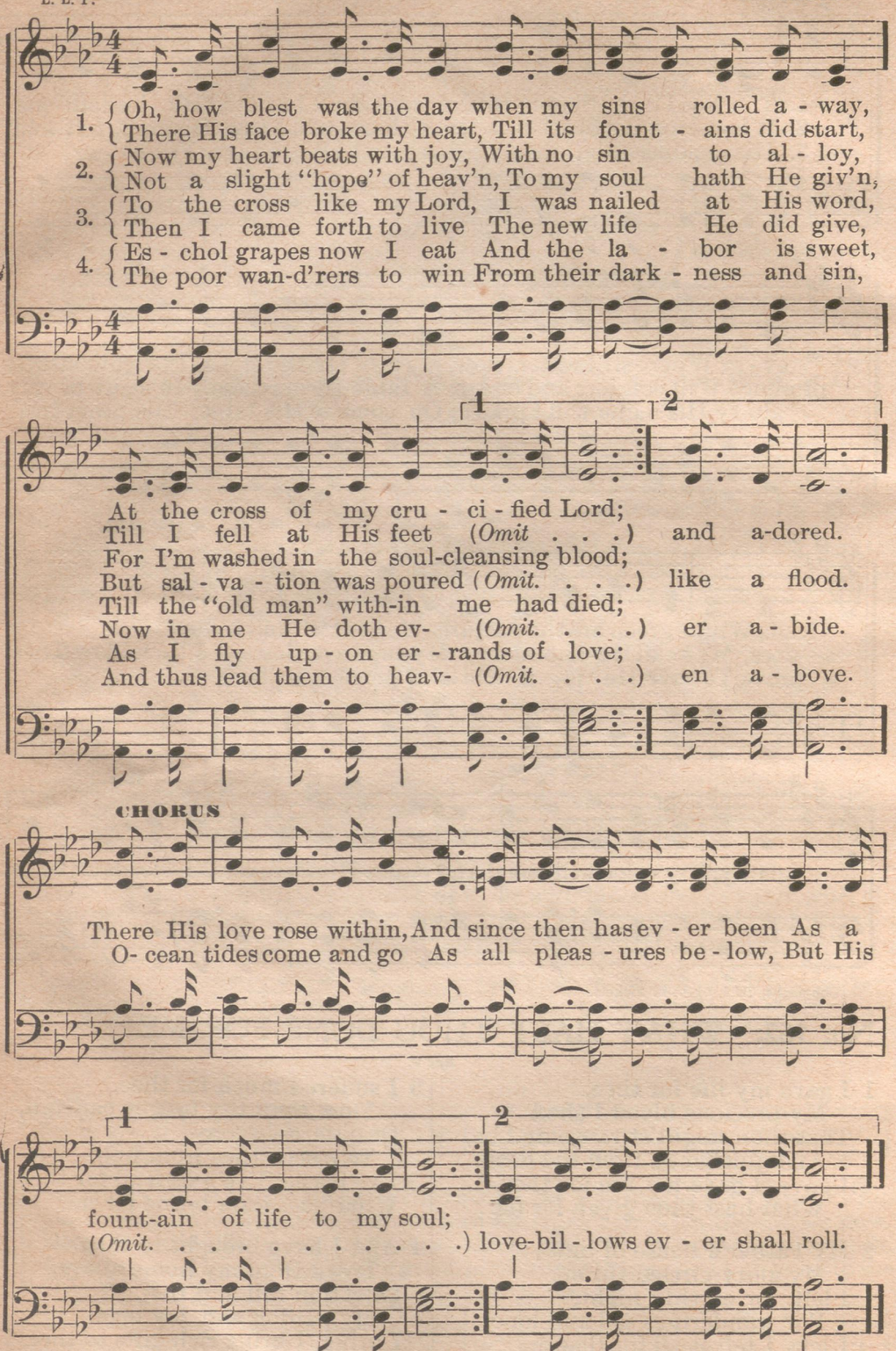
4 And I have brought to thee
Down from my home above,
Salvation full and free,
My pardon and my love;
‖:I bring, I bring rich gifts to thee,:‖
What hast thou brought to me?

F. R. Havergal.

No. 163. AT THE CROSS OF MY LORD.

"God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ."—Gal. 6: 14.

L. L. P. L. L. PICKETT.



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164. ENTER BY THE BLOOD.

Tune: "NOTHING BUT THE BLOOD."
Rev. J. B. FOOTE.

1 The Holiest Place stands open wide,
Enter by the blood of Jesus;
The shadowing veil now hangs aside
Enter by the blood of Jesus.

Chorus.—
Beyond the second veil
Pure Love and joy prevail,
God's promise ne'er can fail,
Enter by the blood of Jesus.

2 Enter now this holiest place,
Enter by the blood of Jesus;
Here Christ shows His shining face,
Enter by the blood of Jesus.

3 Here is cleansing full and free,
Enter by the blood of Jesus;
God's shekinah you can see,
Enter by the blood of Jesus.

4 Now by faith you may prevail,
Enter by the blood of Jesus;
Pass beyond the second veil,
Enter by the blood of Jesus.

5 Here you can be satisfied,
Enter by the blood of Jesus;
This is why the Saviour died,
Enter by the blood of Jesus.

165. WHEN CHRISTIANS VOTE AS THEY PRAY.

Tune: "SWEET BYE AND BYE."—Key of G.

1 There's a time that is coming at last,
Oh! hasten the long looked-for day!
When the rum-fiend no shackles can cast,
For all Christians will vote as they pray.

Cho.—In the sweet bye-and-bye,
We shall welcome that beautiful day;
In the sweet bye-and-bye,
When all Christians shall vote as they pray.

2 When the fire shall go out at the still,
And the worm shall be taken away,
And its ruins give place to the mill,
Making bread that doth hunger allay.

3 And the prisons shall close every door,
And the poor-houses, tenantless stand;
When the dram-shops shall darken no more
The dear homes of our beautiful land.

4 When the Church and the State shall arise
In the strength of their virtue and might,
And improve every moment that flies.
In their daring to vote for the right.

166. NOTHING BUT THE BLOOD OF JESUS.

Rev. R. LOWRY. By per.

1 What can wash away my sin?
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.
What can make me whole again?
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

Chorus.—
Oh, precious is the flow
That makes me white as snow;
No other fount I know,
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

2 For my pardon this I see,
Nothing but the blood of Jesus;
For my cleansing, this my plea,
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

3 Nothing can for sin atone,
Nothing but the blood of Jesus;
Naught of good that I have done,
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

4 This is all my hope and peace,
Nothing but the blood of Jesus;
This is all my righteousness,
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

167. I AM COMING TO THE CROSS.

John vi: 37.
Rev. WM. MCDONALD. By per.

1 I am coming to the cross;
I am poor, and weak, and blind;
I am counting all but dross,
I shall full salvation find.

Cho.—I am trusting, Lord, in Thee,
Blest Lamb of Calvary;
Humbly at Thy cross I bow,
Save me, Jesus, save me now.

2 Long my heart has sighed for Thee,
Long has evil dwelt within;
Jesus sweetly speaks to me.
"I will cleanse you from all sin."

3 Here I give my all to Thee,
Friends, and time, and earthly store;
Soul and body Thine to be,
Wholly Thine for evermore.

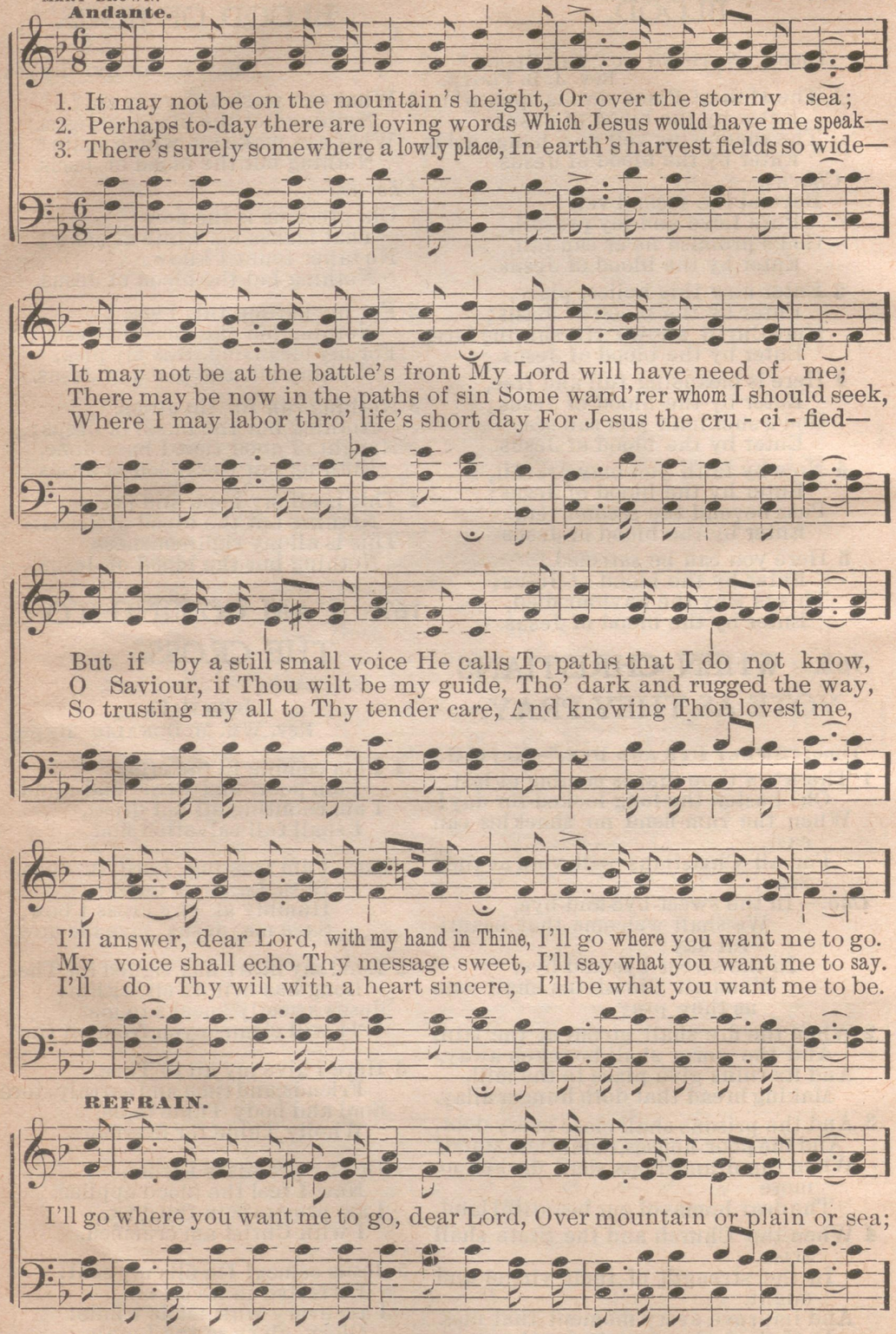
4 In Thy promises I trust,
Now I feel the blood applied.
I am prostrate in the dust,
I with Christ am crucified.

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

No. 168. CONSECRATION.

MARY BROWN. CARRIE E. ROUNSEFELL. By per.

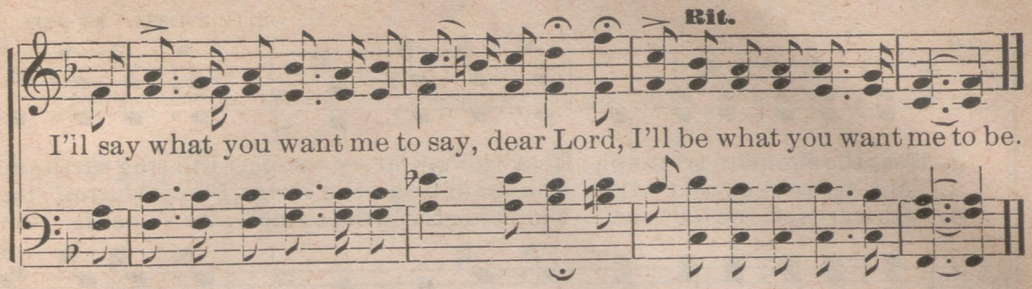
Andante.



Copyright, 1894, by C. E. Rounsefell.

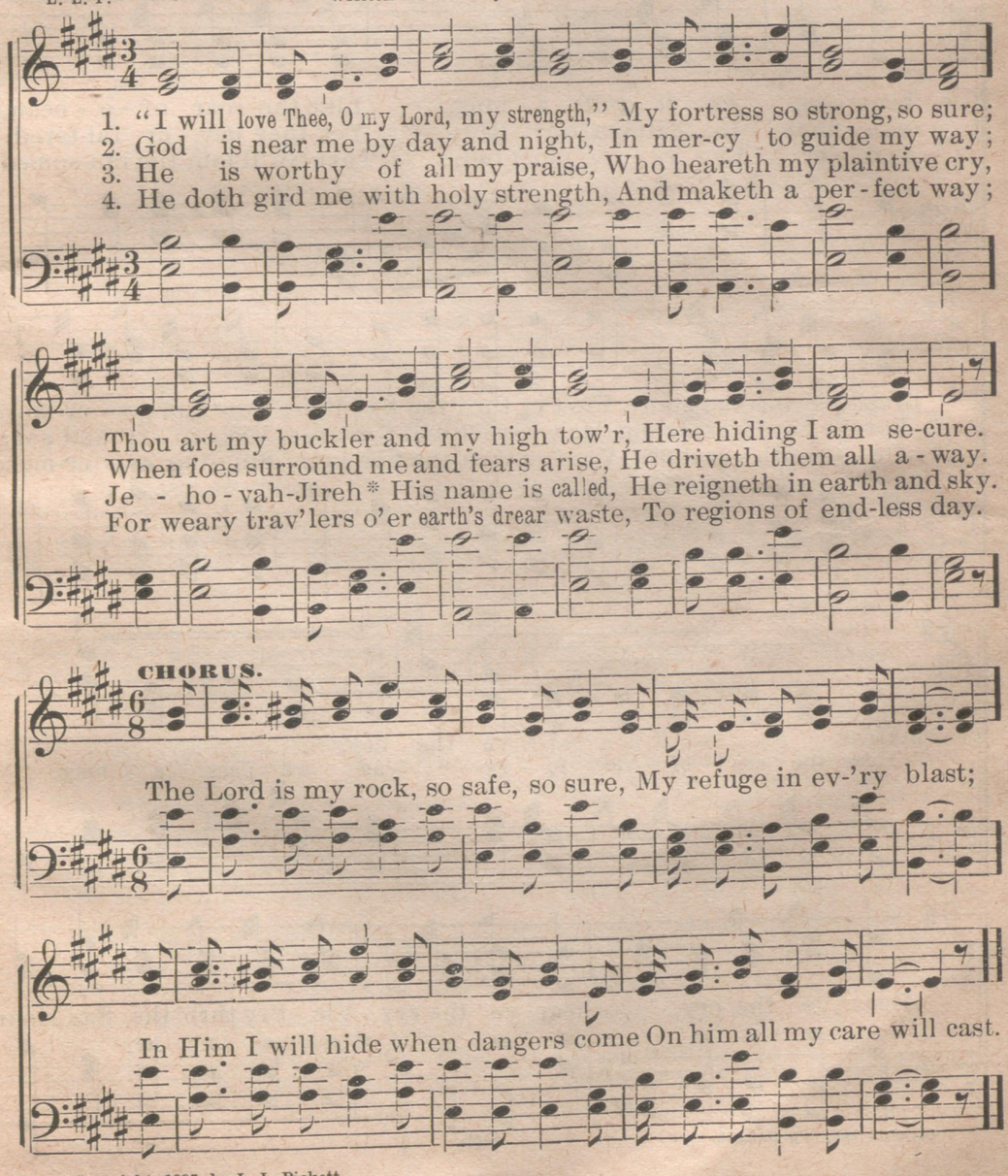
Published in sheet form by W. E. Rounsefell, 18 Blodgett St., Manchester, N. H Price 5 cents May also be ordered through the publisher of this book.

CONSECRATION. Concluded.



No. 169. THE LORD IS MY ROCK.

L. L. P. Written the first day of 1897. Psalm 18. L. L. PICKETT.

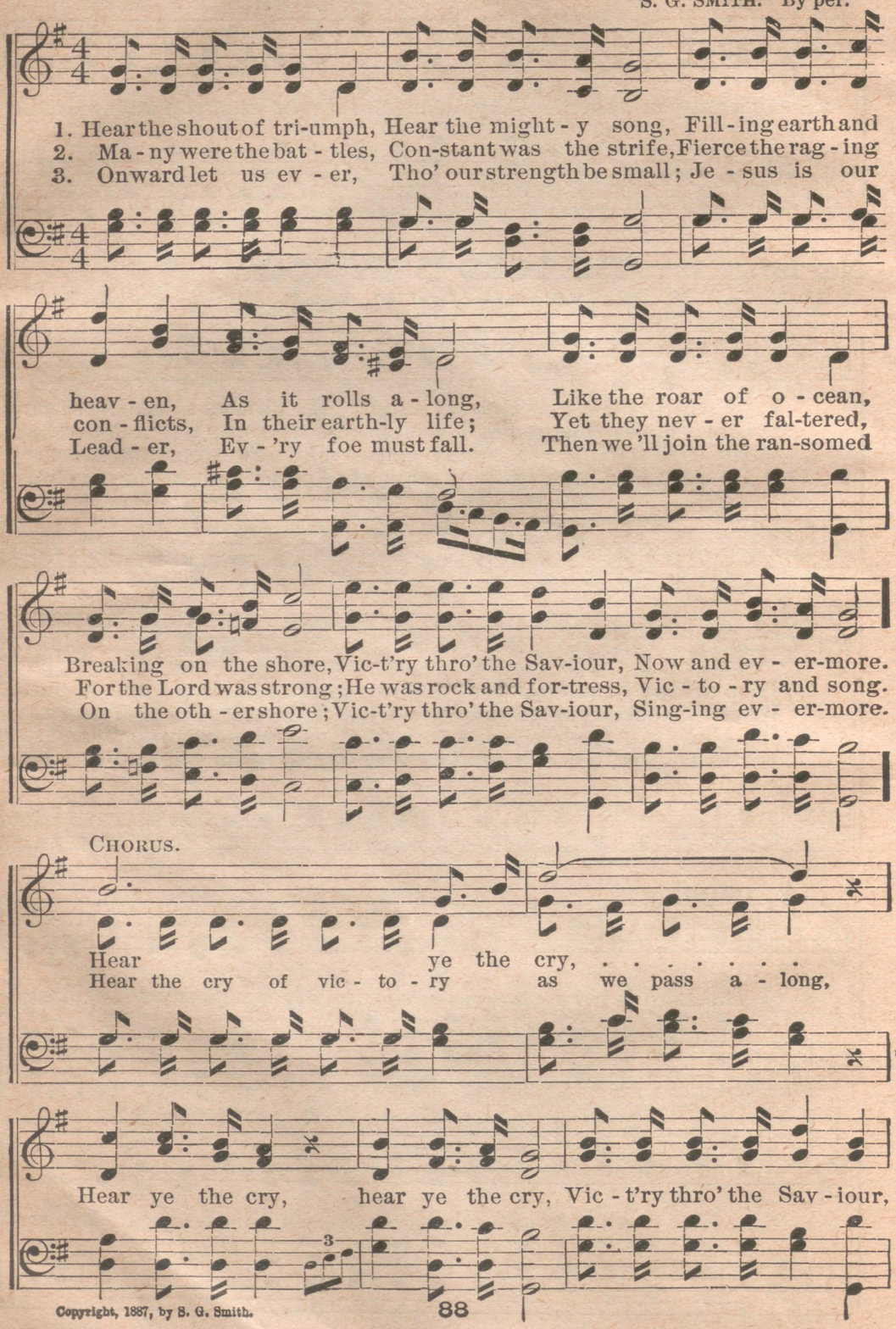


Copyright, 1897, by L. L. Pickett.

*"The Lord will provide."—Gen. 22: 14.

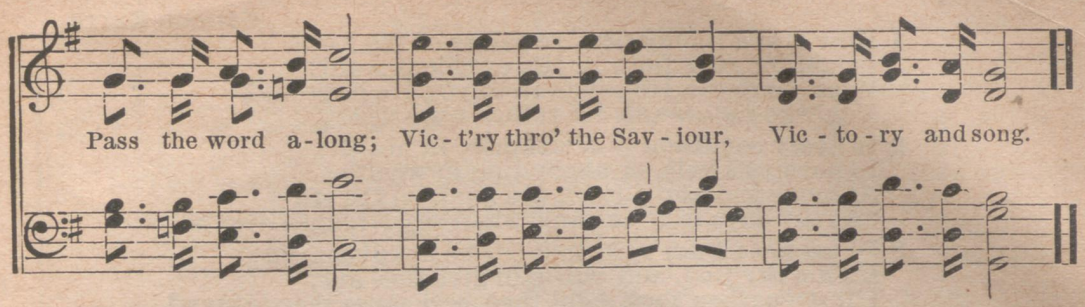
No. 170. HEAR THE SHOUT OF TRIUMPH.

S. G. SMITH. By per.



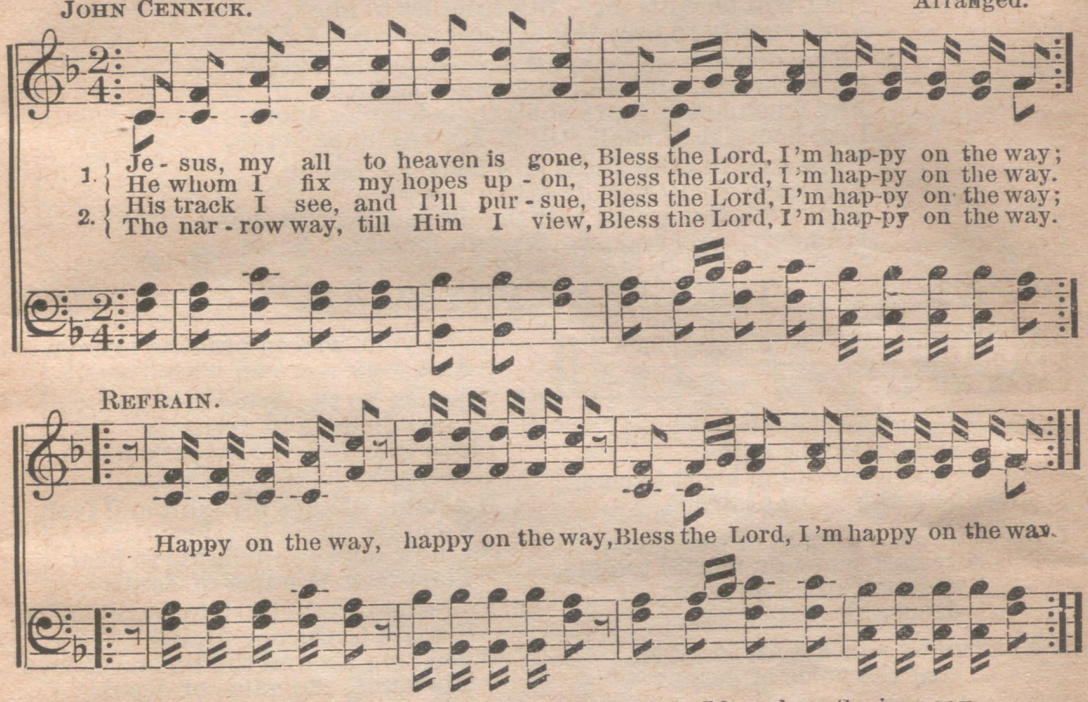
Copyright, 1887, by S. G. Smith.

HEAR THE SHOUT OF TRIUMPH. Concluded.



No. 171. HAPPY ON THE WAY.

JOHN CENNICK. Arranged.



REFRAIN.

3 The way the holy prophets went,
Bless the Lord, I'm happy on the way;
The road that leads from banishment,
Bless the Lord, I'm happy on the way.

4 The King's highway of holiness,
Bless the Lord, I'm happy on the way;
I'll go, for all His paths are peace,
Bless the Lord, I'm happy on the way.

5 This is the way I long have sought,
Bless the Lord, I'm happy on the way;
And mourned because I found it not,
Bless the Lord, I'm happy on the way.

6 My grief a burden long has been,
Bless the Lord, I'm happy on the way;
Because I was not saved from sin,
Bless the Lord, I'm happy on the way.

7 The more I strove against its power,
Bless the Lord, I'm happy on the way;
I felt its weight and guilt the more,
Bless the Lord, I'm happy on the way.

8 Till late I heard my Saviour say,
Bless the Lord, I'm happy on the way;
"Come hither, soul, I am the way,"
Bless the Lord, I'm happy on the way.

6 Lo! glad I come; and Thou, blest Lamb,
Bless the Lord, I'm happy on the way;
Shalt take me to Thee, as I am,
Bless the Lord, I'm happy on the way.

10 Nothing but sin have I to give,
Bless the Lord, I'm happy on the way;
Nothing but love shall I receive,
Bless the Lord, I'm happy on the way.

11 Then will I tell to sinners round,
Bless the Lord, I'm happy on the way;
What a dear Saviour I have found,
Bless the Lord, I'm happy on the way.

12 I'll point to Thy redeeming blood,
Bless the Lord, I'm happy on the way;
And say, "Behold the way to God,"
Bless the Lord, I'm happy on the way.

No. 172. HOW FIRM A FOUNDATION. 11s.

GEORGE KEITH.

1 How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,
Is laid for your faith in His excellent word!
What more can He say than to you He hath said,
You who unto Jesus for refuge have fled?

2 In every condition—in sickness, in health;
In poverty's vale, or abounding in wealth;
At home and abroad; on the land, on the sea—
"As thy days may demand, shall thy strength ever be.

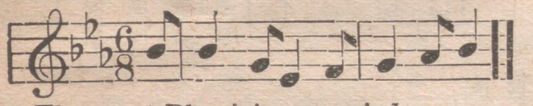
3 "Fear not; I am with thee; O be not dismayed!
I, I am thy God, and will still give thee aid;
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,
Upheld by my righteous, omnipotent hand.

4 "When through the deep waters I call thee to go,
The rivers of woe shall not thee overflow;
For I will be with thee, thy troubles to bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

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

6 "The soul that on Jesus still leans for repose,
I will not, I *will* not, desert to His foes;
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,
I'll never, *no, never*, NO, NEVER forsake."

No. 173. THE GREAT PHYSICIAN.



1 The great Physician now is here,
The sympathizing Jesus;
He speaks the drooping heart to cheer,
Oh, hear the voice of Jesus.

Cho.—Sweetest note in seraph song,
Sweetest name on mortal tongue,
Sweetest carol ever sung,
Jesus, blessed Jesus.

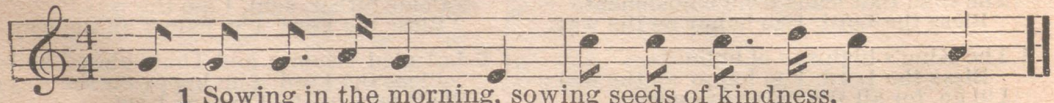
2 Your many sins are all forgiven,
Oh, hear the voice of Jesus;
Go on your way in peace to heaven,
And wear a crown with Jesus.

3 All glory to the dying Lamb!
I now believe in Jesus;
I love the blessed Saviour's name,
I love the name of Jesus.

4 His name dispels my guilt and fear,
No other name but Jesus;
Oh, how my soul delights to hear
The precious name of Jesus.

5 And when to that bright world above,
We rise to see our Jesus,
We'll sing around the throne of love
His name, the name of Jesus.

No. 174. BRINGING IN THE SHEAVES.



1 Sowing in the morning, sowing seeds of kindness,
Sowing in the noon-tide, and the dewy eves;
Waiting for the harvest, and the time of reaping,
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.

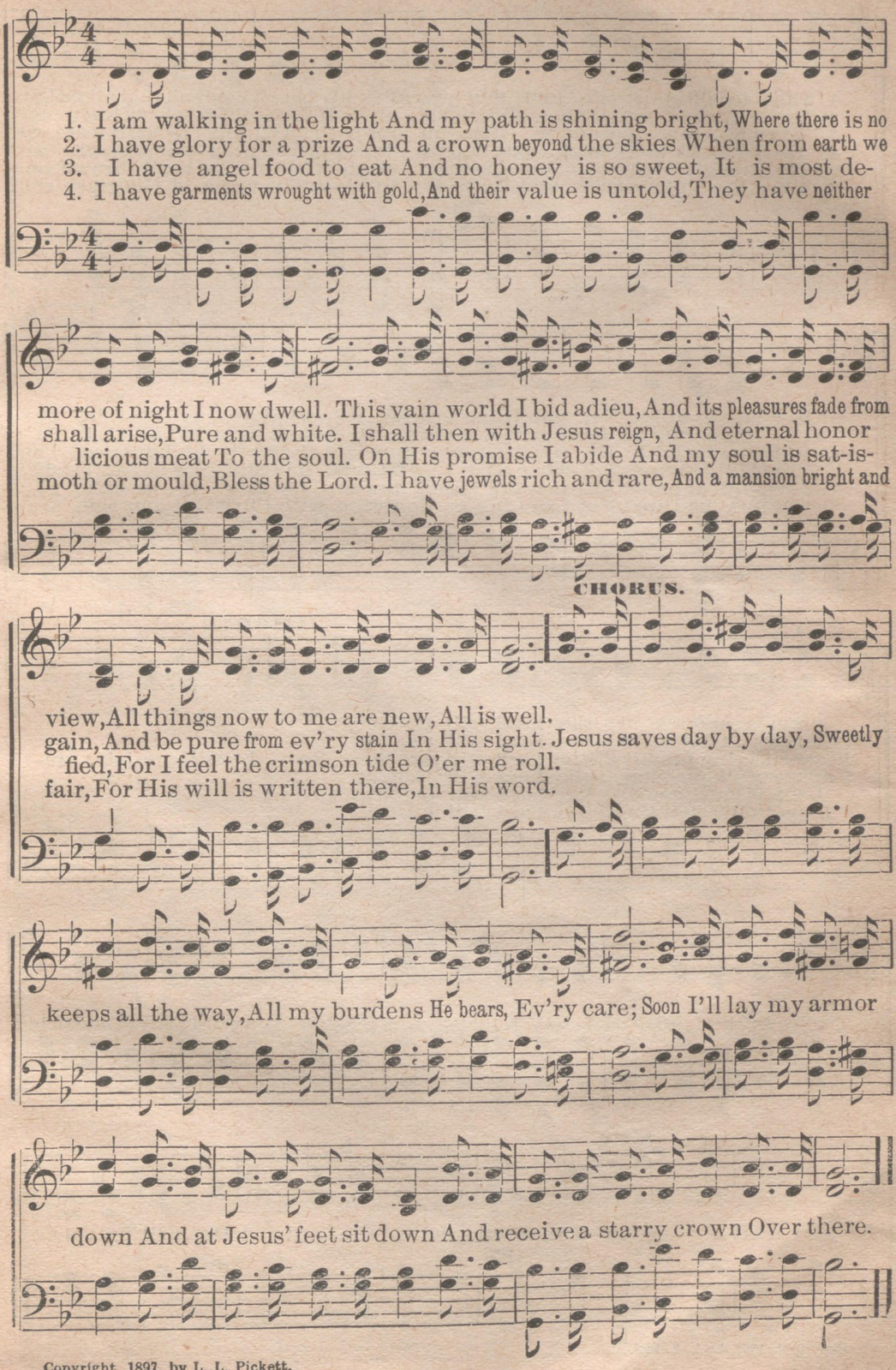
Cho.—Bringing in the sheaves, bringing in the sheaves,
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.

2 Sowing in the sunshine, sowing in the shadows,
Fearing neither clouds nor winter's chilling breeze,
By and by the harvest, and the labor ended,
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.

3 Go, then, even weeping, sowing for the Master,
Though the loss sustained our spirit often grieves;
When our weeping's over He will bid us welcome,
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.

No. 175. WALKING IN THE LIGHT.

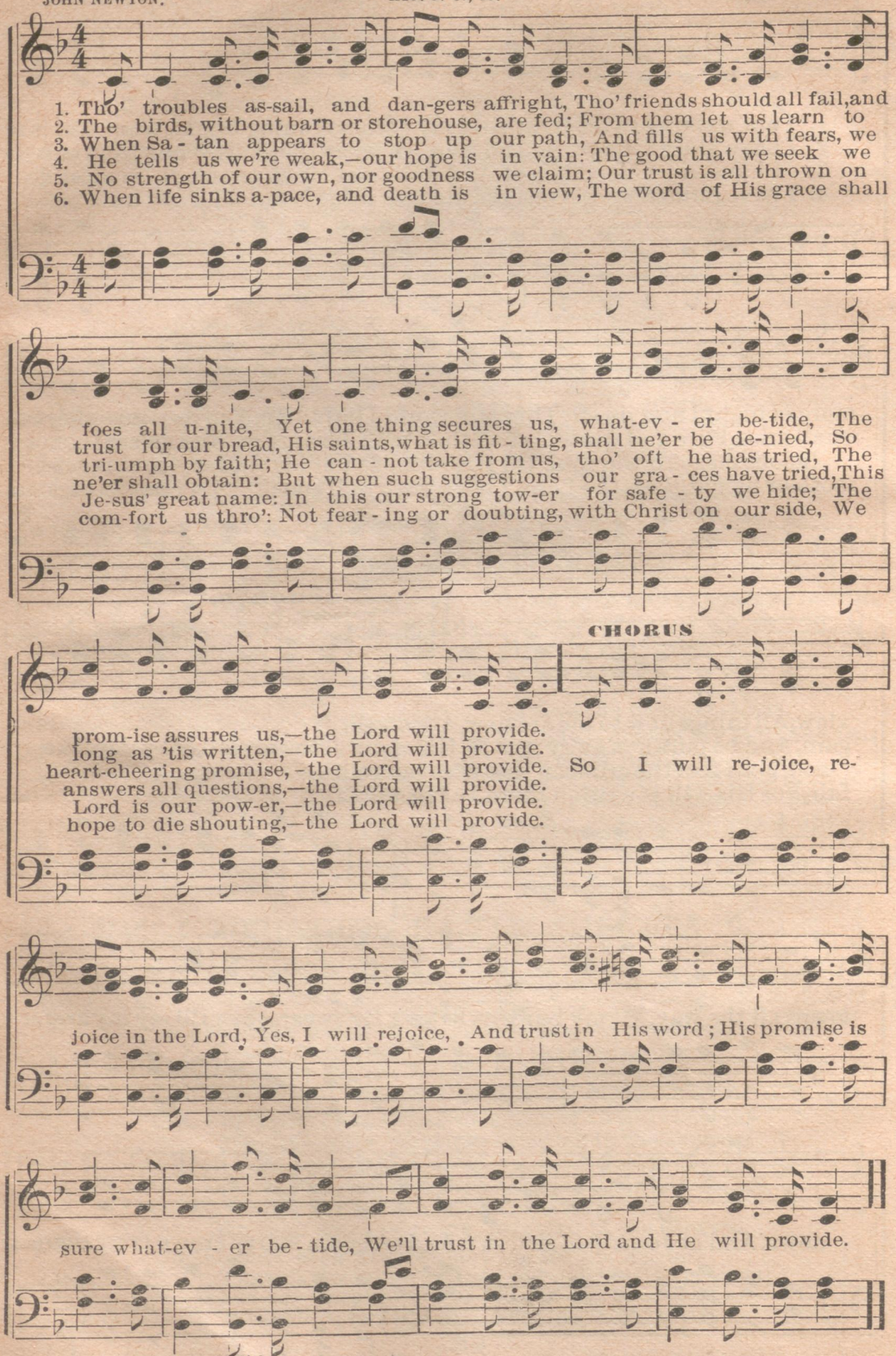
"If we walk in the light."—1 John 1. Arr. by L. L. PICKETT.



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No. 176. THE LORD WILL PROVIDE.

JOHN NEWTON. Hab. 3: 17, 18. L. L. PICKETT.



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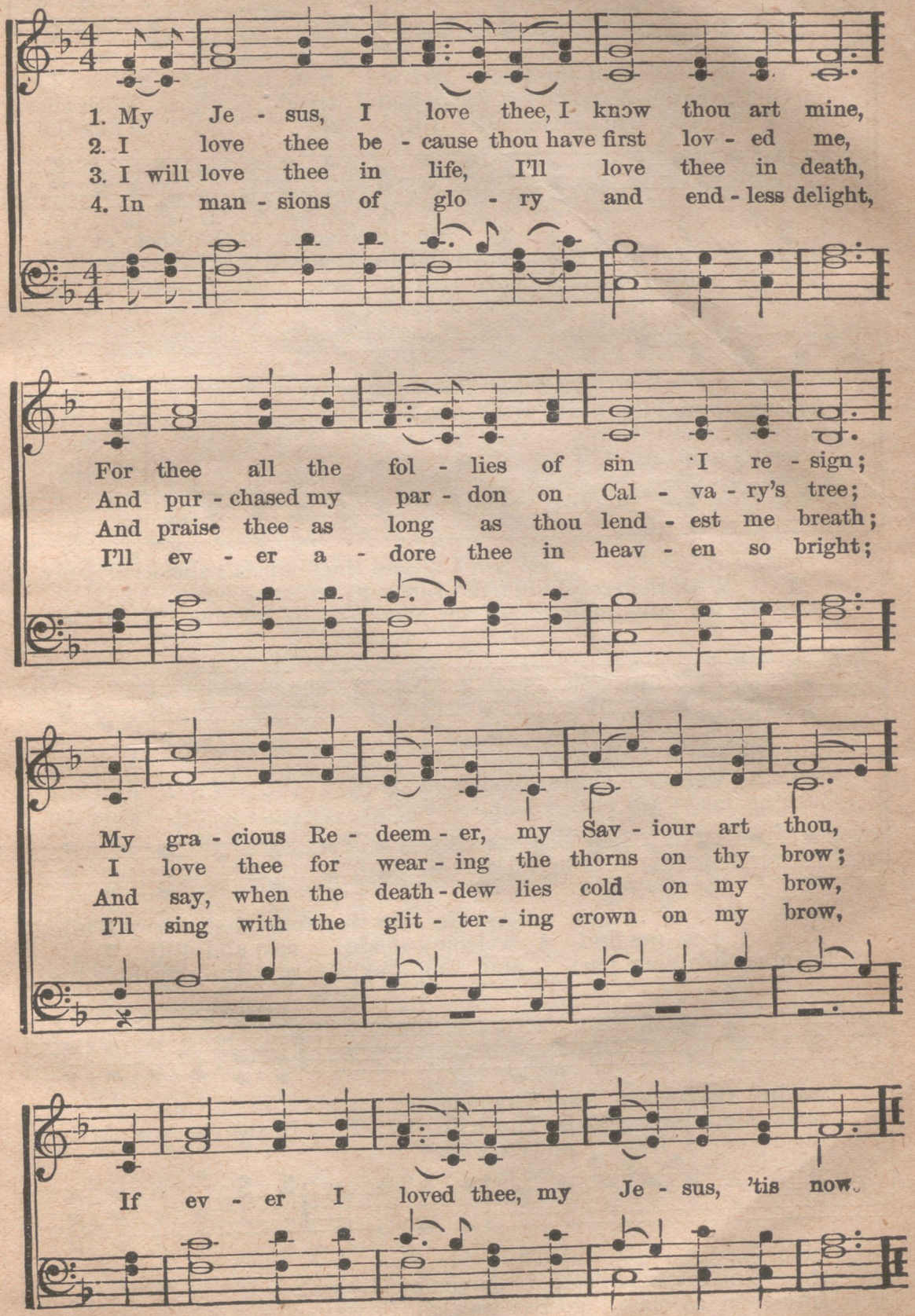
No. 177.

MY JESUS, I LOVE THEE.

"London Hymn Book."

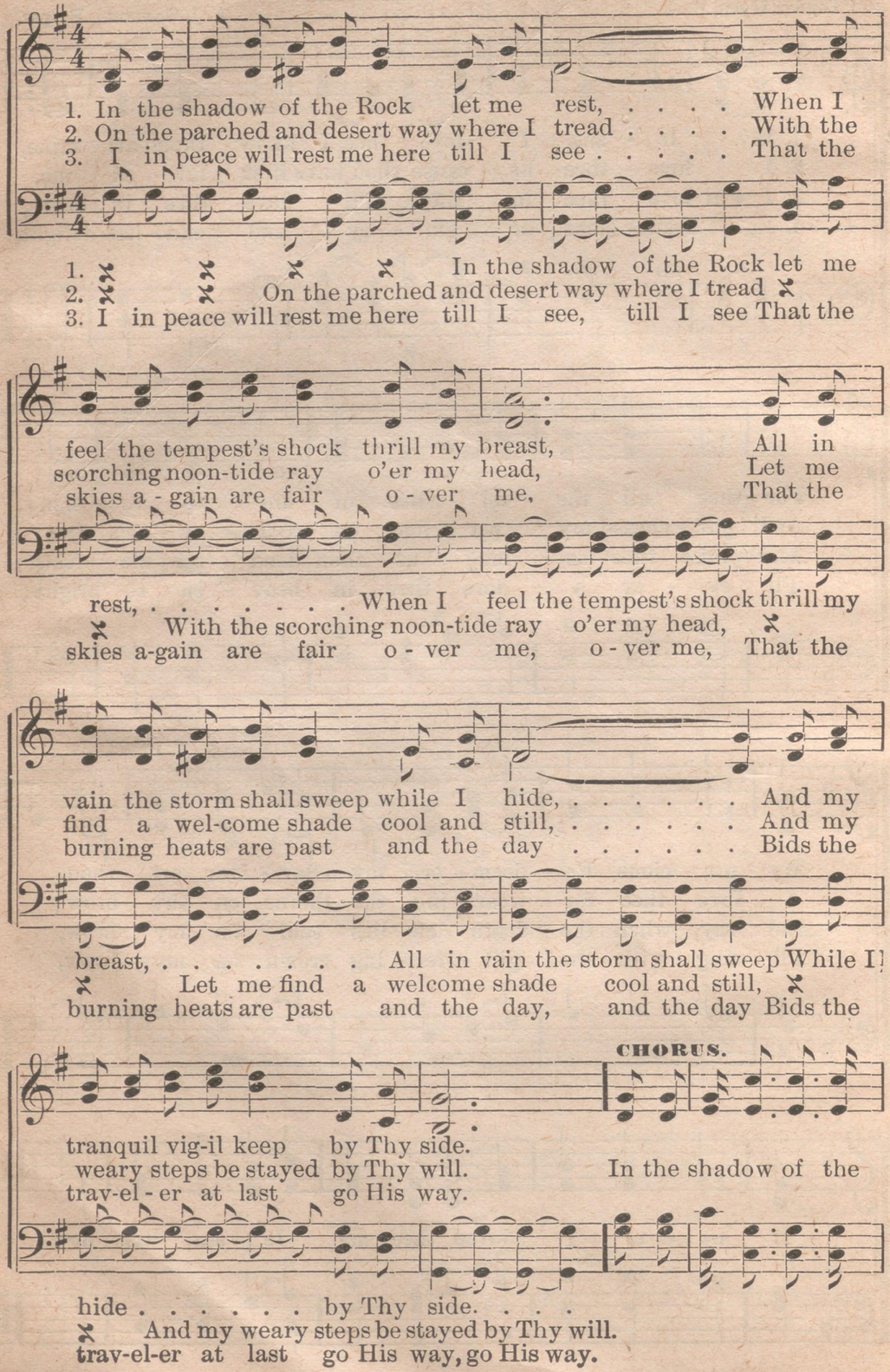
"Mine are thine and thine are mine."
John xvii. 10.

A. J. Gordon. By per.

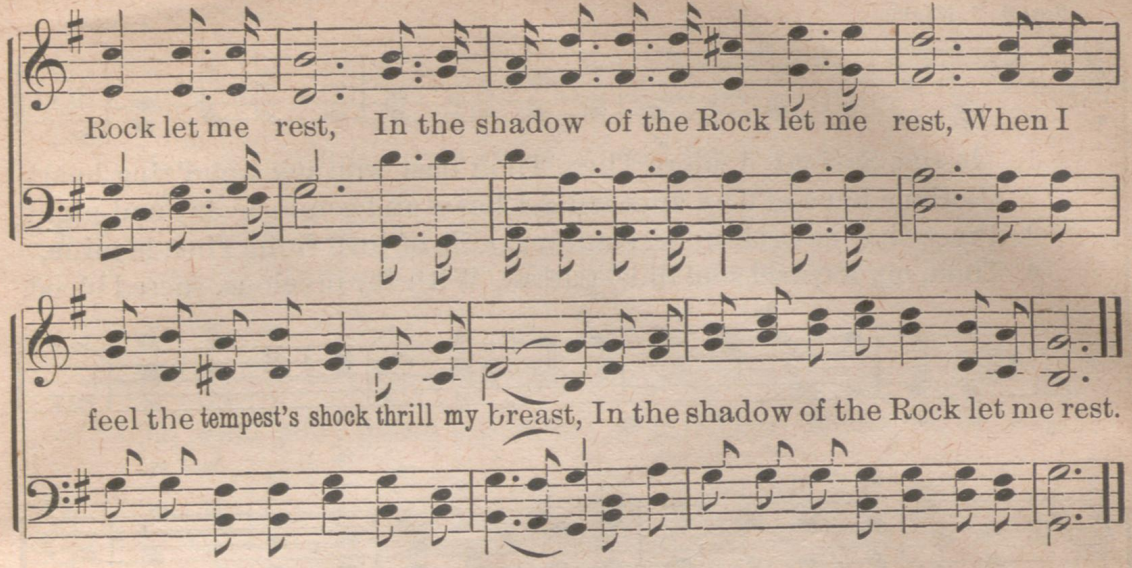


No. 178. LET ME REST.

H. BONAR. "Shadow of a great rock in a weary land."—Isa. 32: 2. H. N. LINCOLN. By per.



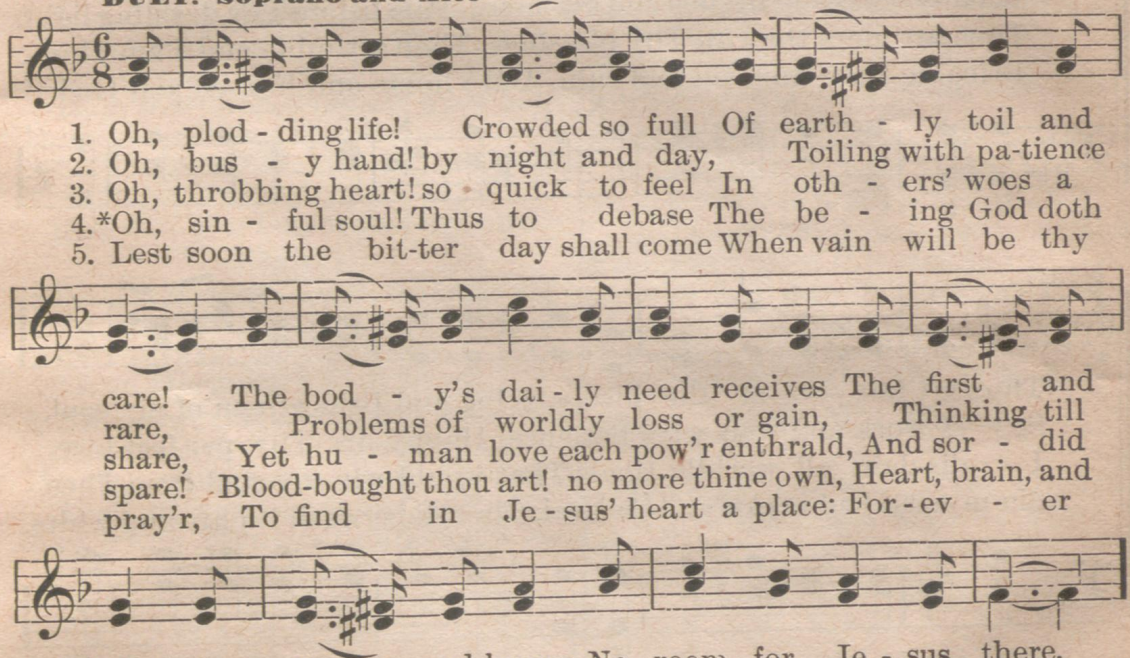
LET ME REST. Concluded.



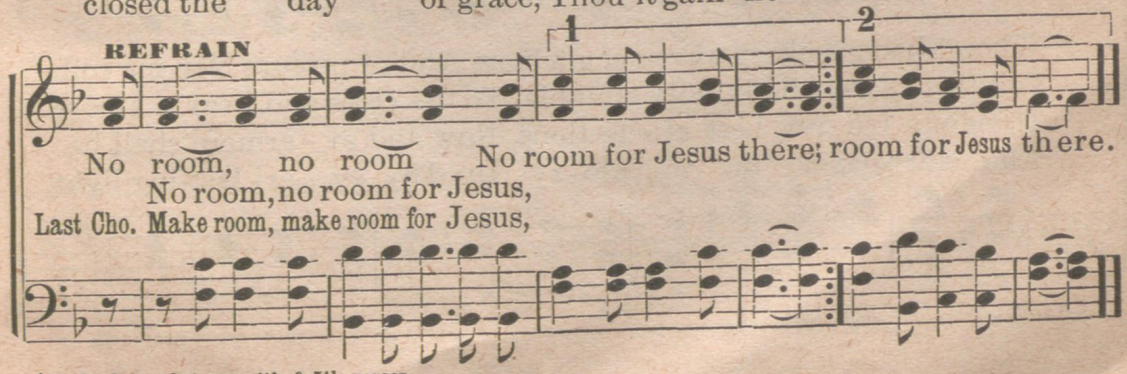
No. 179. ROOM FOR JESUS.

"There was no room for them in the inn."—Luke. 2: 7. CHAS. A. HUMPHREY.

DUET. Soprano and Alto



REFRAIN

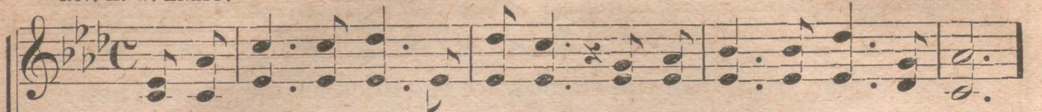


*Omit chorus between 4th & 5th verses.

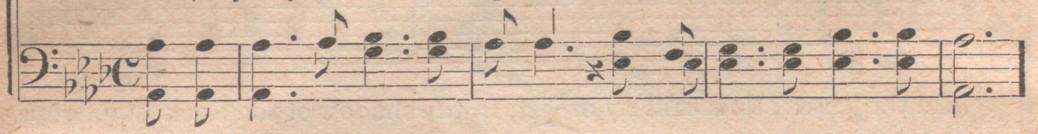
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No. 180. JESUS, SAVIOUR, I ADORE THEE.

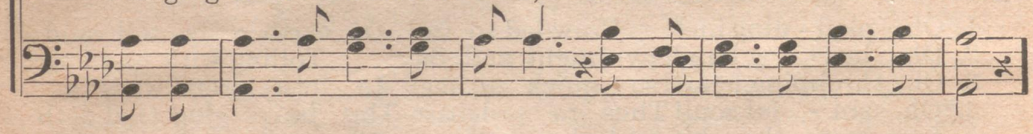
Rev. M. W. KNAPP. Arranged.



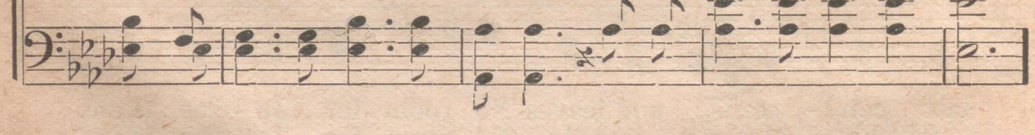
1. Je-sus, Saviour, I adore Thee, Thou hast won my wand'ring heart;
2. Glorious hope of Thy appearing, Cheers and comforts day and night,
3. Peace that passeth understanding, Gift of love from Thee is mine,
4. Thou, my wayward soul didst purchase, With Thy precious, sacred blood,



All I glad-ly leave to follow, And be with Thee where Thou art.
Earthly loves and friends and day-dreams, Pale before Thy dazzling light,
Thou art more than all Thy blessings, Thou art mine and I am Thine.
Bringing back from sin and ruin, Unto home and heaven and God.



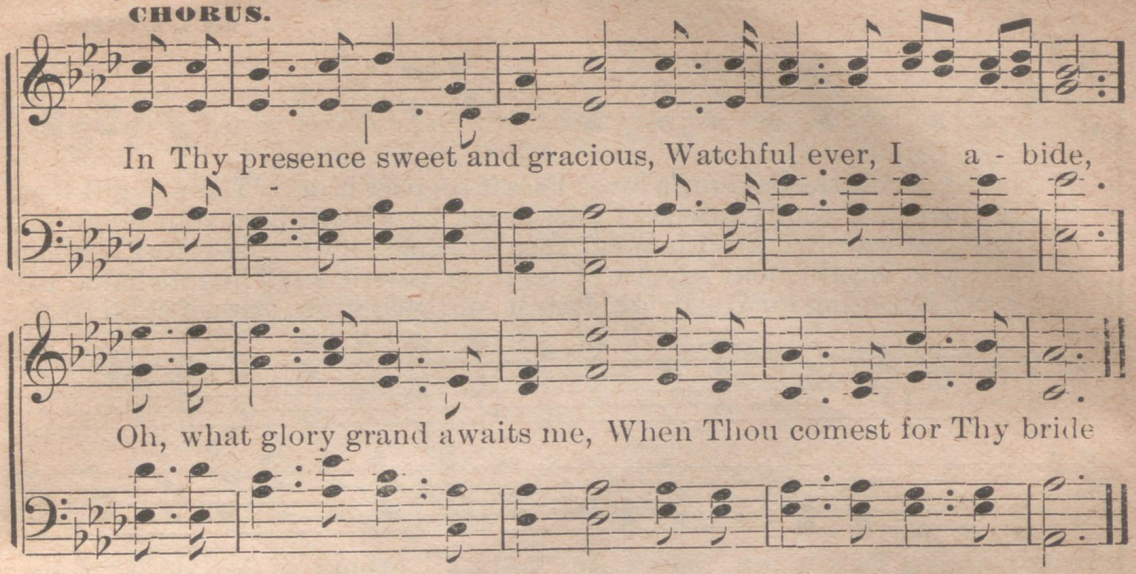
Thou art fair - est of the lovely, King and Bridegroom of my soul,
So I work and wait with patience, Happy in Thy per-fect love,
I dis-dain all worldly rivals That would win my soul from Thee,
Sin my soul had wrecked and blackened, Thou didst wash it pure and white,



When Thou speakest waves of gladness And of rapture o'er me roll.
Pointing those who blindly stumble, To the cross and heav'n a-bove.
Thine my tru - est, best af - fections, Now and ev - ermore shall be.
And wilt bear me up to glo - ry In Thy ev - er - last-ing light.

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JESUS, SAVIOUR, I ADORE THEE. Concluded.



181. Jesus, I My Cross.

Above tune.

1 Jesus, I my cross have taken,
All to leave and follow Thee;
Poor, despised, by friends forsaken,
Thou from hence my all shalt be;
Perish every fond ambition,
All I've sought, and hoped, and known,
Yet how rich is my condition,
God and heaven are still my own.

CHORUS.

Soon my Saviour, King, will call me,
To His mansions bright and fair,
Where no evil can befall me,
There His glory I shall share.

2 Let the world despise and leave me,
They have left my Saviour too;
Human hearts and looks deceive me;
Thou art not, like man, untrue;
And, while Thou shalt smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love and might,
Foes may hate, and friends may shun me,
Show Thy face, and all is bright.

3 Go, then, earthly fame and treasure!
Come, disaster, scorn and pain!
In Thy service, pain is pleasure;
With Thy favor, loss is gain.
I have called Thee, "Abba, Father;"
I have stayed my heart on Thee:
Storms may howl, and clouds may gather,
All must work for good to me.

4 Man may trouble and distress me,
'Twill but drive me to Thy breast;
Life with trials hard may press me,
Heaven will bring me sweeter rest.
Oh, 'tis not in grief to harm me,
While Thy love is left to me;
Oh, 'twere not in joy to charm me,
Were that joy unmixed with Thee.

5 Know, my soul, thy full salvation;
Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care;
Joy to find in every station
Something still to do or bear.
Think what Spirit dwells within thee;
What a Father's smile is thine;
What a Saviour died to win thee;
Child of heaven, shouldst thou repine?

6 Haste thee on from grace to glory,
Armed by faith, and winged by prayer;
Heaven's eternal day's before thee,
God's own hand shall guide thee there.
Soon shall close thy earthly mission,
Swift shall pass thy pilgrim days,
Hope shall change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

Henry F. Lyte. Cho. by M. W. K.

182. Shall We Meet?

A♭.

1 Shall we meet beyond the river,
Where the surges cease to roll?
Where in all the bright forever
Sorrow ne'er shall press the soul?

CHORUS.

Shall we meet, shall we meet,
Shall we meet beyond the river?
Shall we meet beyond the river?
Where the surges cease to roll.

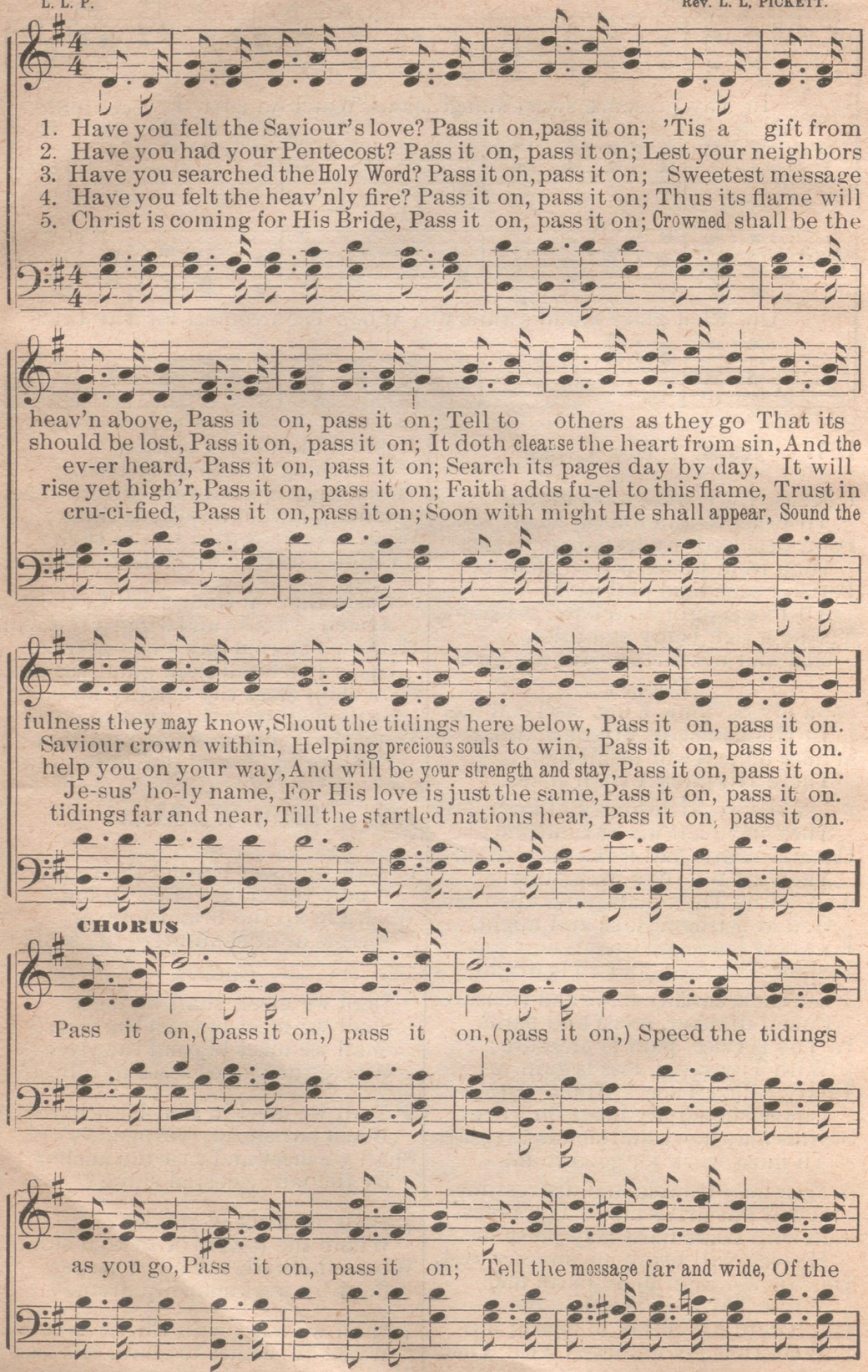
2 Shall we meet in that blest harbor
When our stormy voyage is o'er?
Shall we meet and cast the anchor
By the fair, celestial shore?

3 Shall we meet in yonder city,
Where the towers of crystal shine?
Where the walls are all of jasper,
Built by workmanship divine?

4 Shall we meet with Christ our Saviour
When He comes to claim His own?
Shall we know His blessed favor,
And sit down upon His throne?

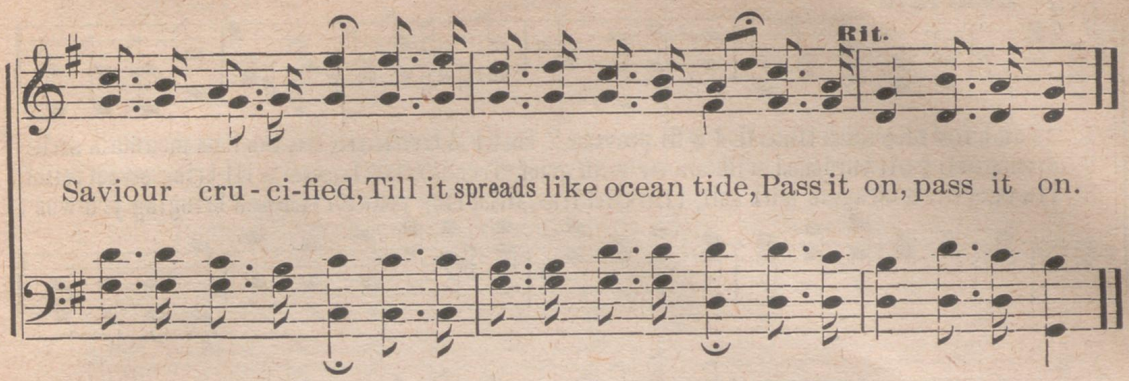
No. 183. PASS IT ON.

L. L. P. Rev. L. L. PICKETT.



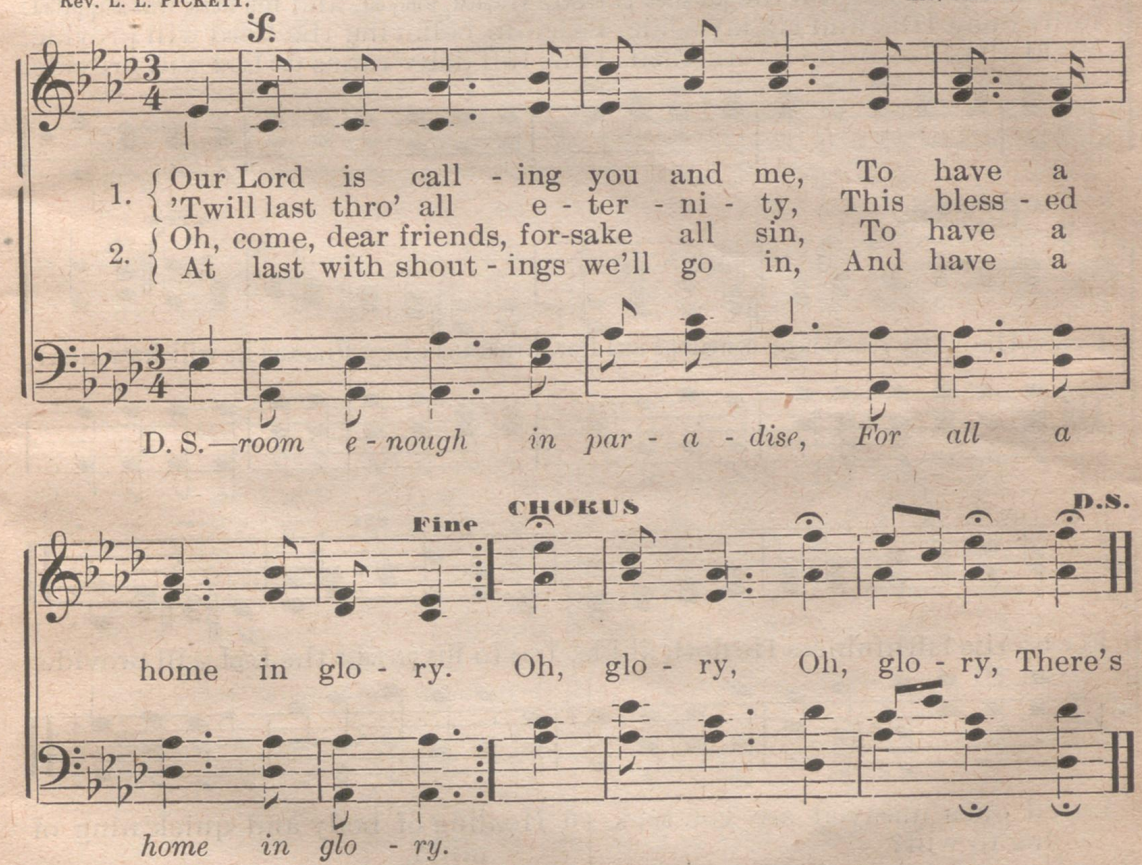
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PASS IT ON. Concluded.



No. 184. A HOME IN GLORY.

Rev. L. L. PICKETT. Arr. for this work



Copyright, 1897, by L. L. Pickett.

3 So many holy ones have gone
To have a home in glory;
They beckon us to follow on
And have a home in glory.

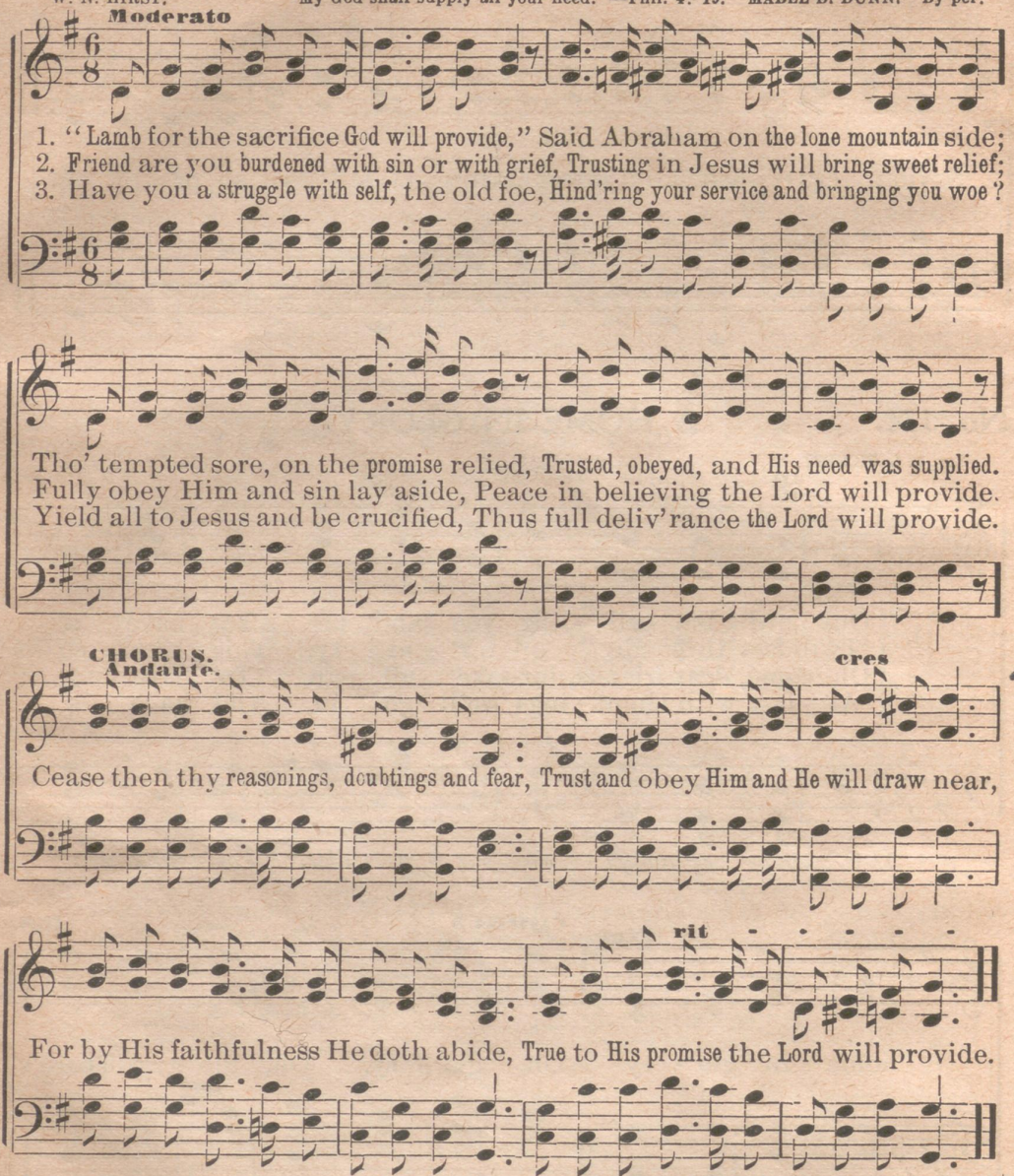
4 The prophets faithful to our God
All have a home in glory;
Oh, let us tread the paths they trod
And have a home in glory.

5 The way is straight and narrow, too,
To that bright home in glory;
But all who will may travel through,
And reach that home in glory.

6 Oh, come to-day and join our band
To have a home in glory;
Ere long we'll reach the golden strand
And share that home in glory.

No. 185. ALL NEEDS SUPPLIED.

W. N. HIRST. "My God shall supply all your need."—Phil. 4: 19. MABEL B. DUNN. By per.



4 Loved ones unsaved, are you seeking to win?
Pray for a mighty conviction of sin.
Children of God, would you see sanctified?
Pray and believe, for the Lord will provide.

5 Wisdom and guidance you need in the fight;
Honor the Spirit, He giveth thee light;
Follow the Word, in its counsels confide,
Trust in this promise, "The Lord will provide."

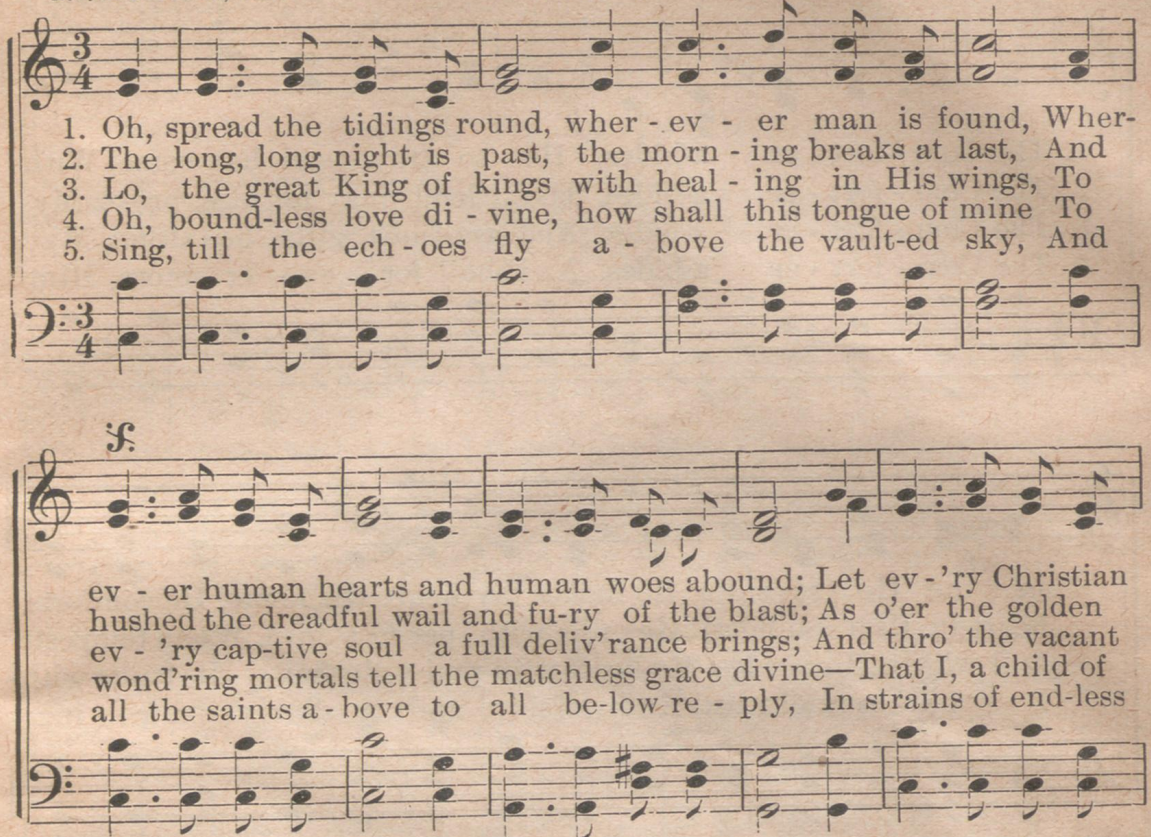
6 Healing of body and quick'ning of mind,
Money or raiment, if needed, you'll find;
True is this promise, whatever betide,
Glory to Jesus! the Lord will provide.

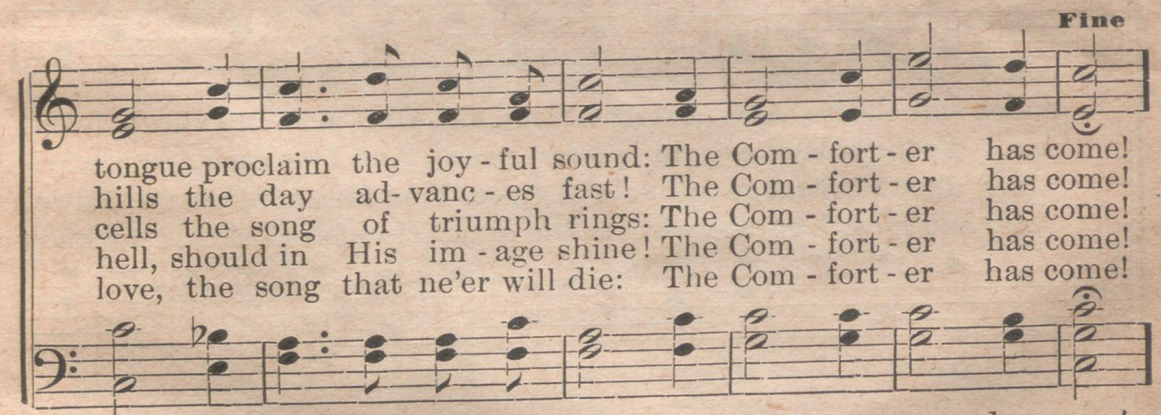
7 Friends may forsake! hallelujah! Amen!
Jesus will nearer and dearer be then;
Though some may scorn thee, and others deride,
Shout, "Hallelujah! the Lord will provide."

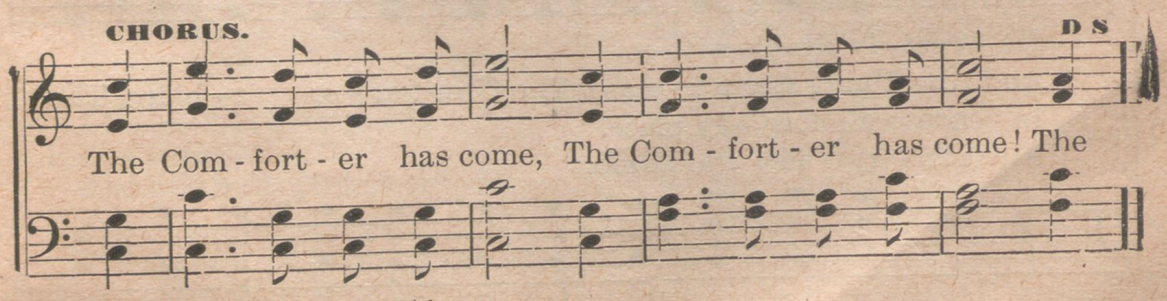
No. 186. THE COMFORTER HAS COME.

"I will pray the Father, and He shall give you another Comforter, that He may abide with you forever."

Rev. F. BOTTOME, D. D. —John 14: 16. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



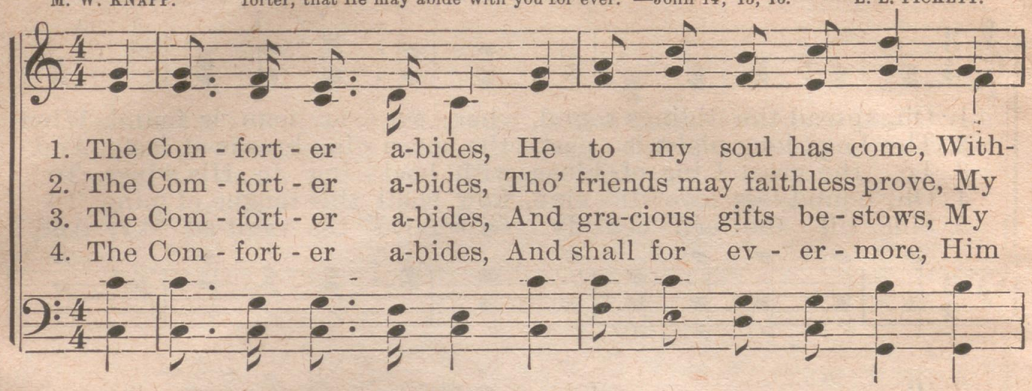




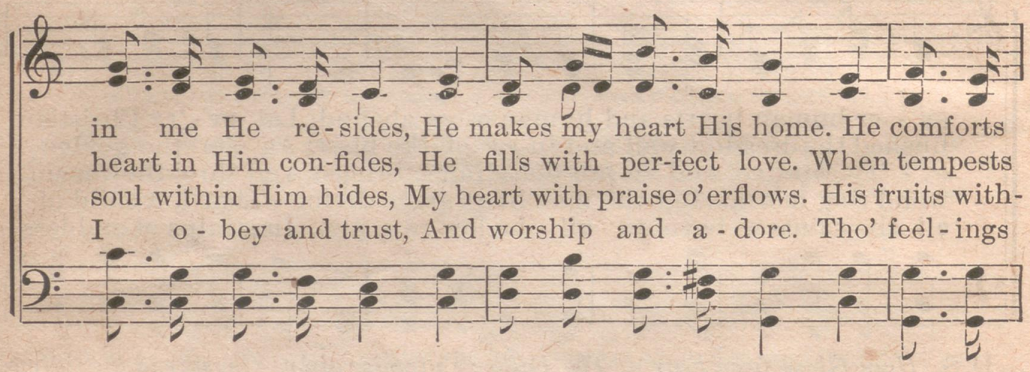
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No. 187. THE COMFORTER ABIDES.

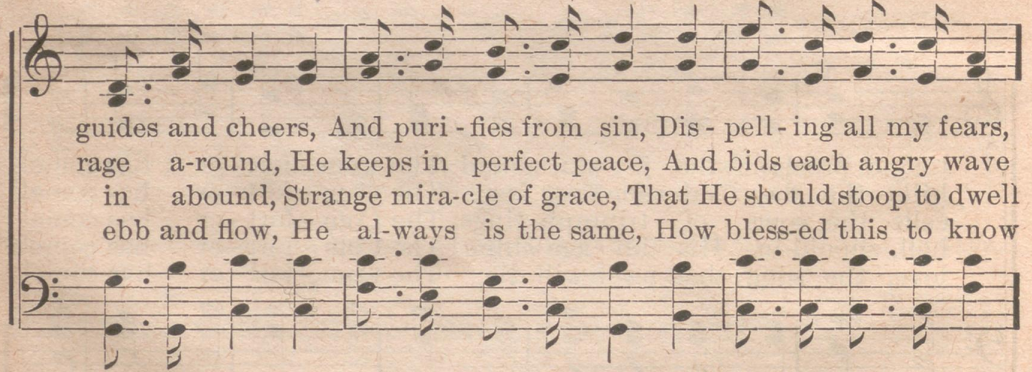
"If ye love me, keep my commandments. And I will pray the Father, and He shall give you another Com-
M. W. KNAPP. forter, that He may abide with you for ever."—John 14; 15, 16. L. L. PICKETT.



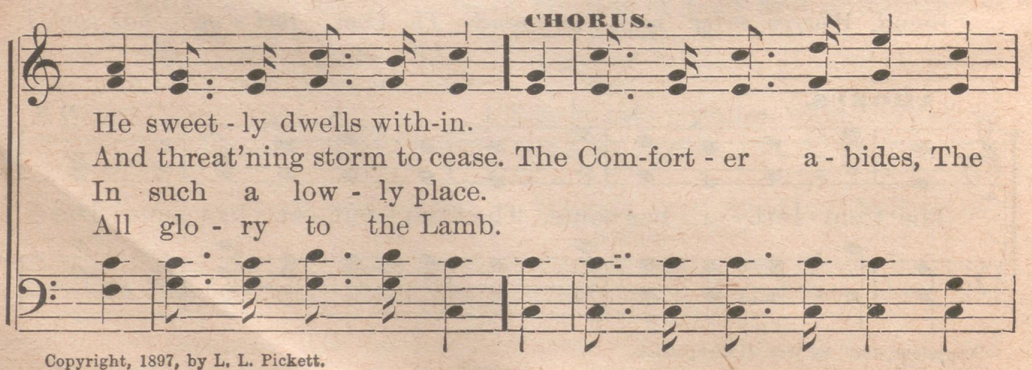
1. The Com - fort - er a-bides, He to my soul has come, With-
2. The Com - fort - er a-bides, Tho' friends may faithless prove, My
3. The Com - fort - er a-bides, And gra-cious gifts be - stows, My
4. The Com - fort - er a-bides, And shall for ev - er - more, Him



in me He re - sides, He makes my heart His home. He comforts
heart in Him con-fides, He fills with per-fect love. When tempests
soul within Him hides, My heart with praise o'erflows. His fruits with-
I o - bey and trust, And worship and a - dore. Tho' feel - ings



guides and cheers, And puri - fies from sin, Dis - pell - ing all my fears,
rage a-round, He keeps in perfect peace, And bids each angry wave
in abound, Strange mira-cle of grace, That He should stoop to dwell
ebb and flow, He al-ways is the same, How bless-ed this to know

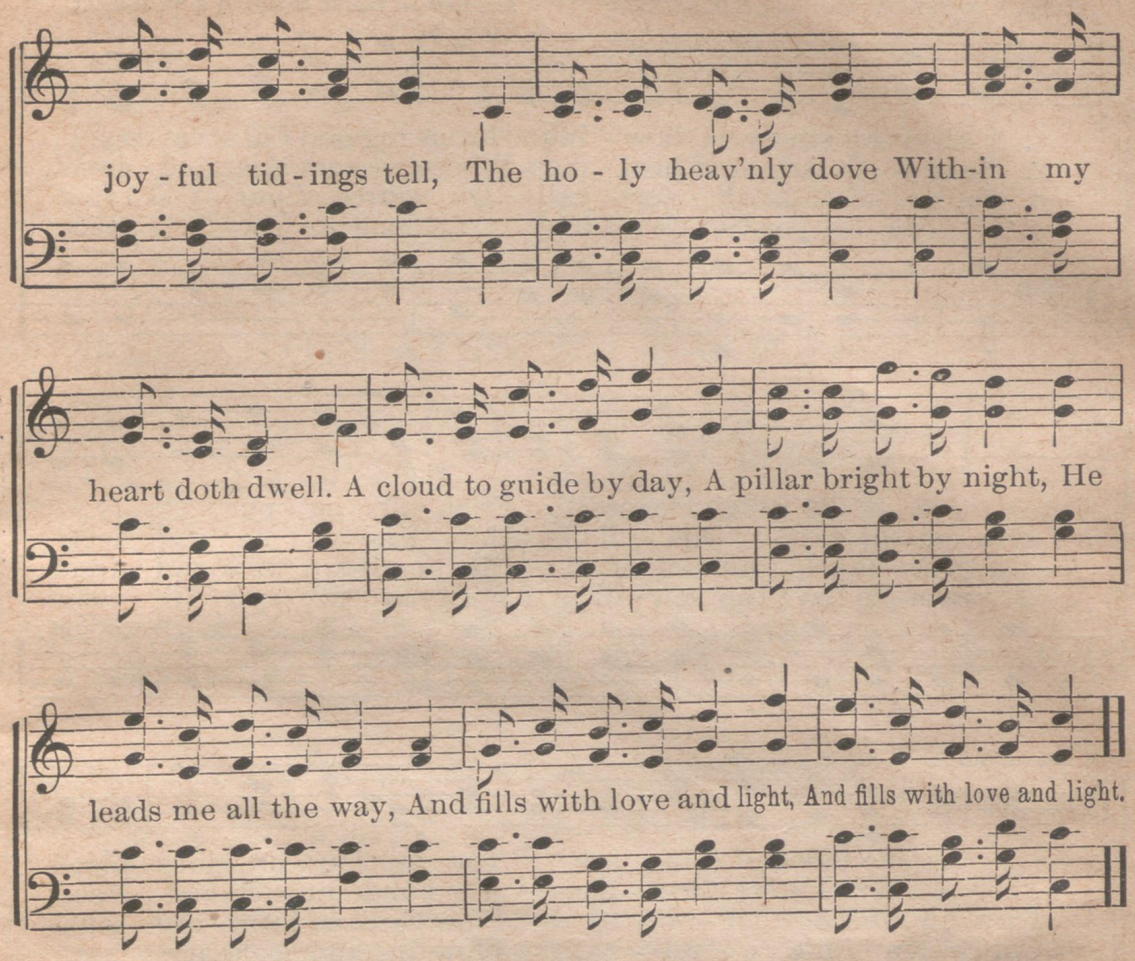


CHORUS.

He sweet - ly dwells with-in.
And threat'ning storm to cease. The Com-fort - er a - bides, The
In such a low - ly place.
All glo - ry to the Lamb.

Copyright, 1897, by L. L. Pickett.

THE COMFORTER ABIDES. Concluded.



No. 188. THE COMFORTER HAS COME. No. 2.

Tune—No. 187, The Comforter Abides.

1 The Comforter has come,
The promised heavenly guest,
To all believers fill
With perfect peace and rest;
A rest from pride and fear
And all the carnal mind,
Transforming like our Lord,
Serene and calm and kind.

CHORUS.

The Comforter has come!
Our hearts with praises ring,
Angels with us unite
While earth and heaven sing:
"The Comforter has come!
All praise to God above,
He on believers falls
And fills with perfect love."

2 The Comforter has come,
The "power from on high,"
That holy might imparts
For Christ to do or die;
He needed boldness lends,
The threatening foe to face,
And gracious unction gives
And boundless streams of grace.

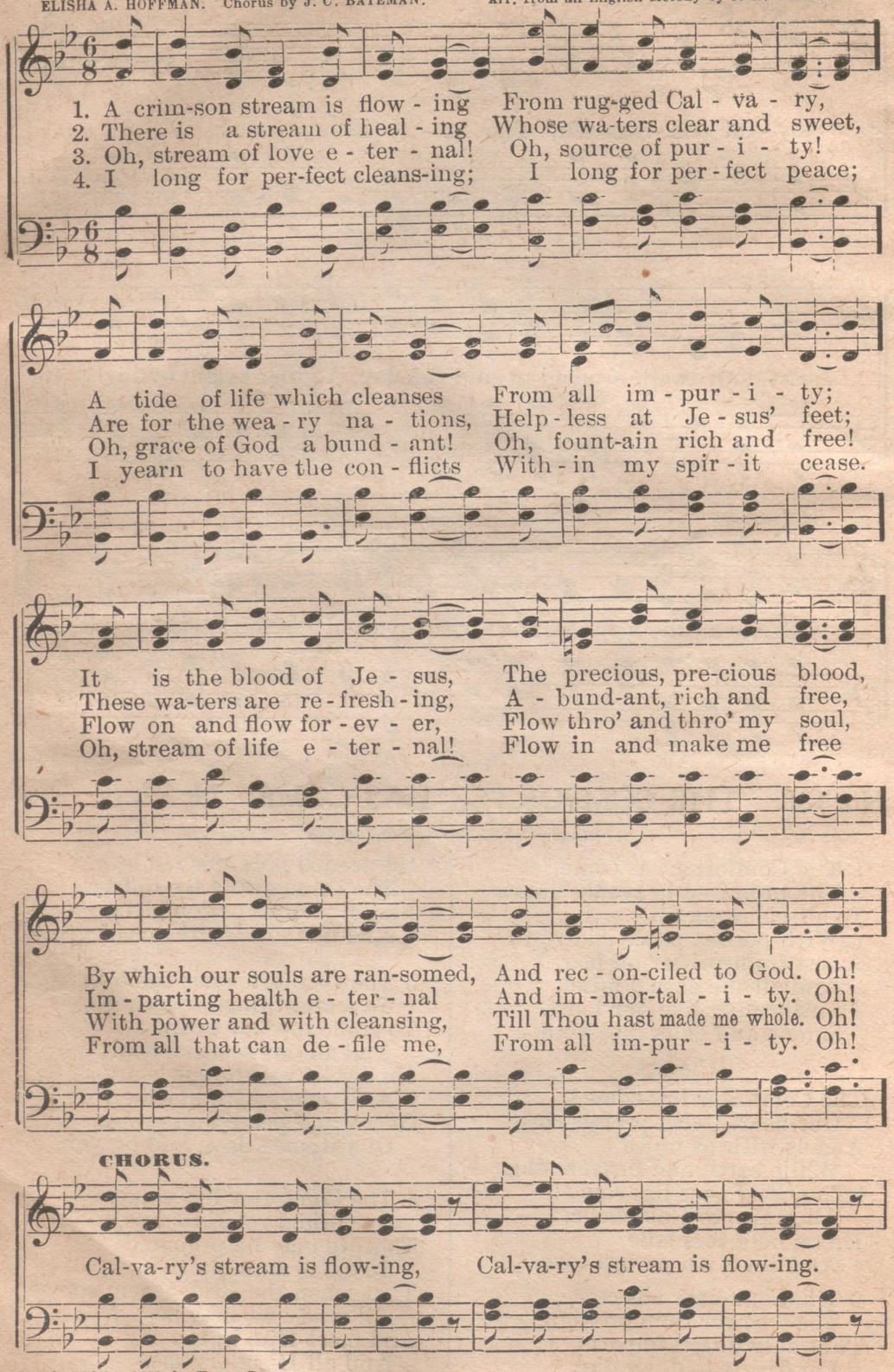
3 The Comforter has come
To secret things reveal,
To guide into all truth
And all our sorrows heal;
He dwells within our hearts,
A ceaseless fountain there
Of joy and peace and praise,
Of patience, love and prayer.

4 The Comforter has come,
Our bridal robes to give,
That we may be prepared
To die or humbly live.
That when the Bridegroom comes
All ready we may be,
And meet Him in the sky
And all His glory see.

M. W. Knapp.

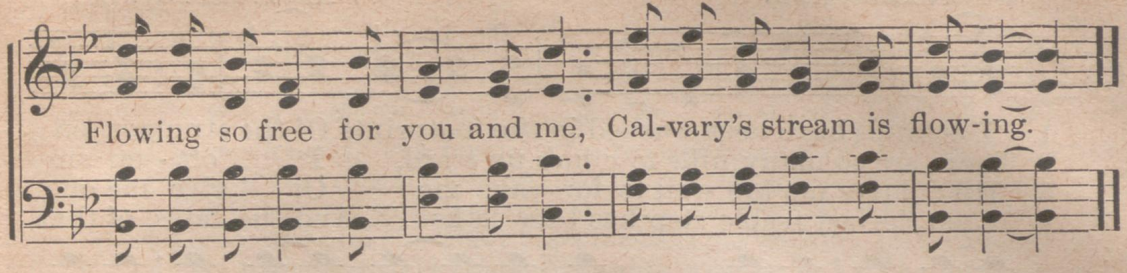
No. 189. CALVARY'S STREAM IS FLOWING.

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN. Chorus by J. C. BATEMAN. Arr. from an English Melody by J. H. TENNEY.



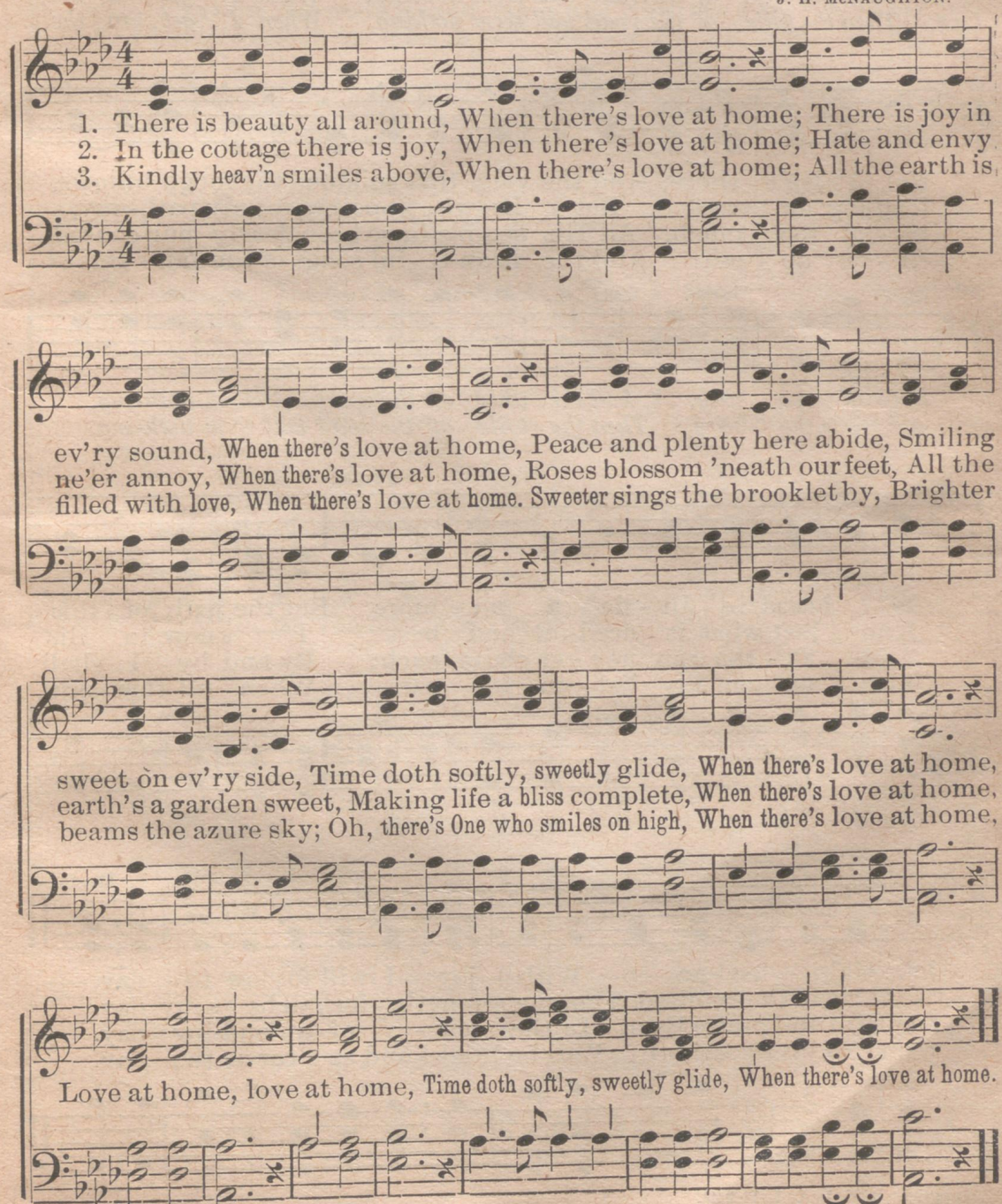
Copyright, 1894, by Henry Date.

CALVARY'S STREAM IS FLOWING. Concluded.



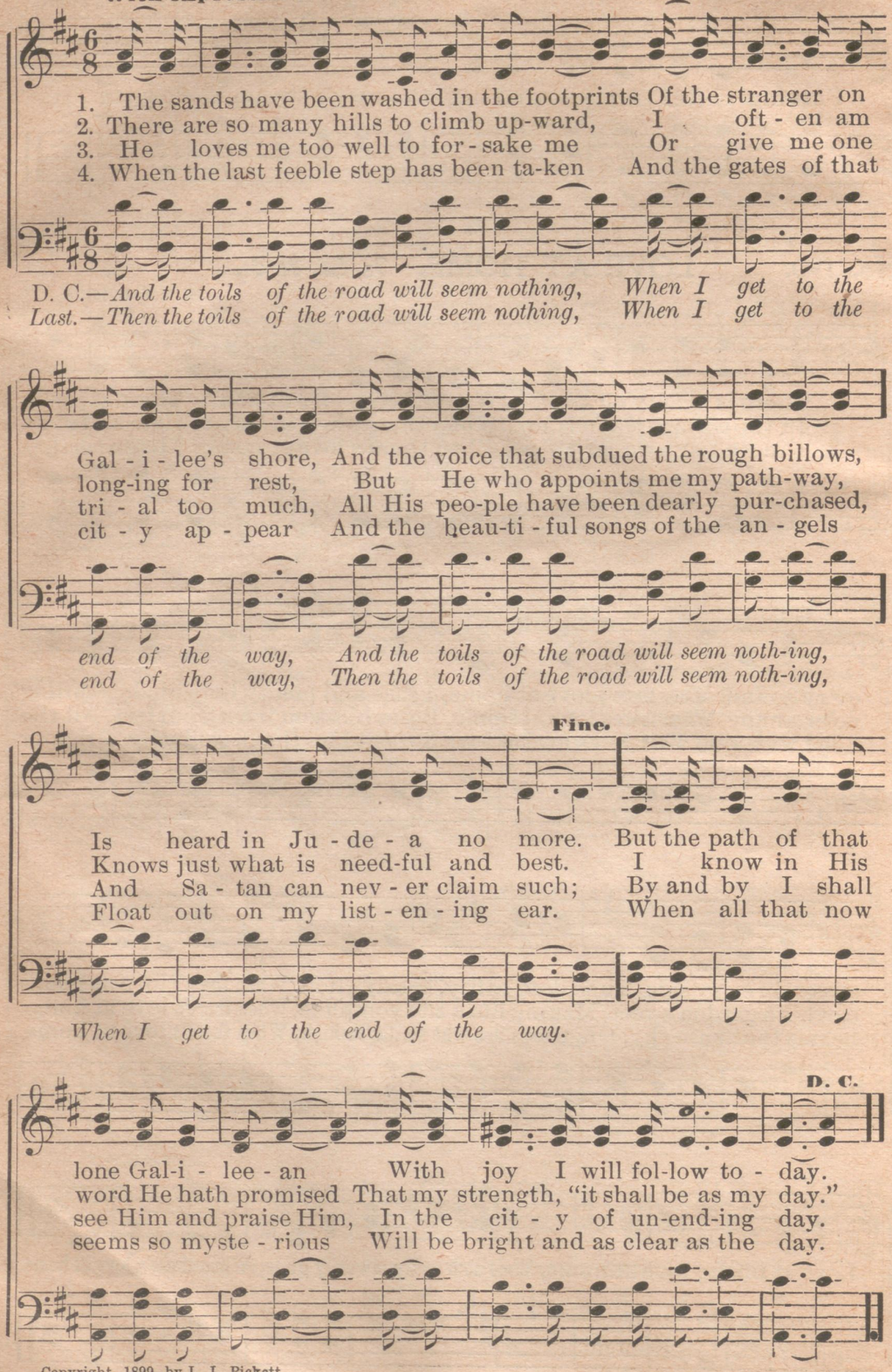
No. 190. LOVE AT HOME. 7s, 5s, & 3s.

J. H. McNAUGHTON.



No. 191. THE END OF THE WAY.

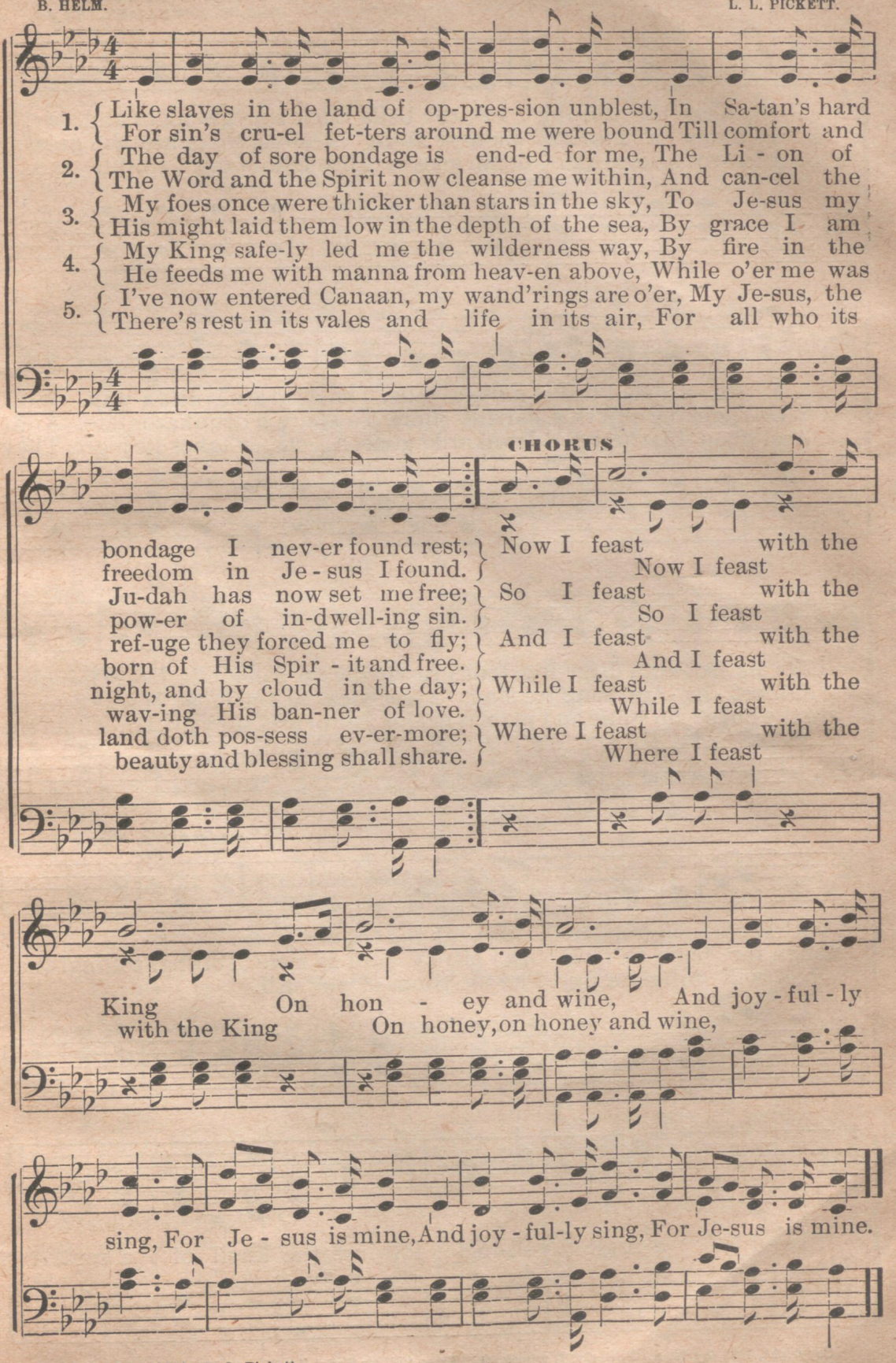
With expression. Mrs. F. McD. Hunter.



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No. 192. FEASTING.

B. HELM. L. L. PICKETT.

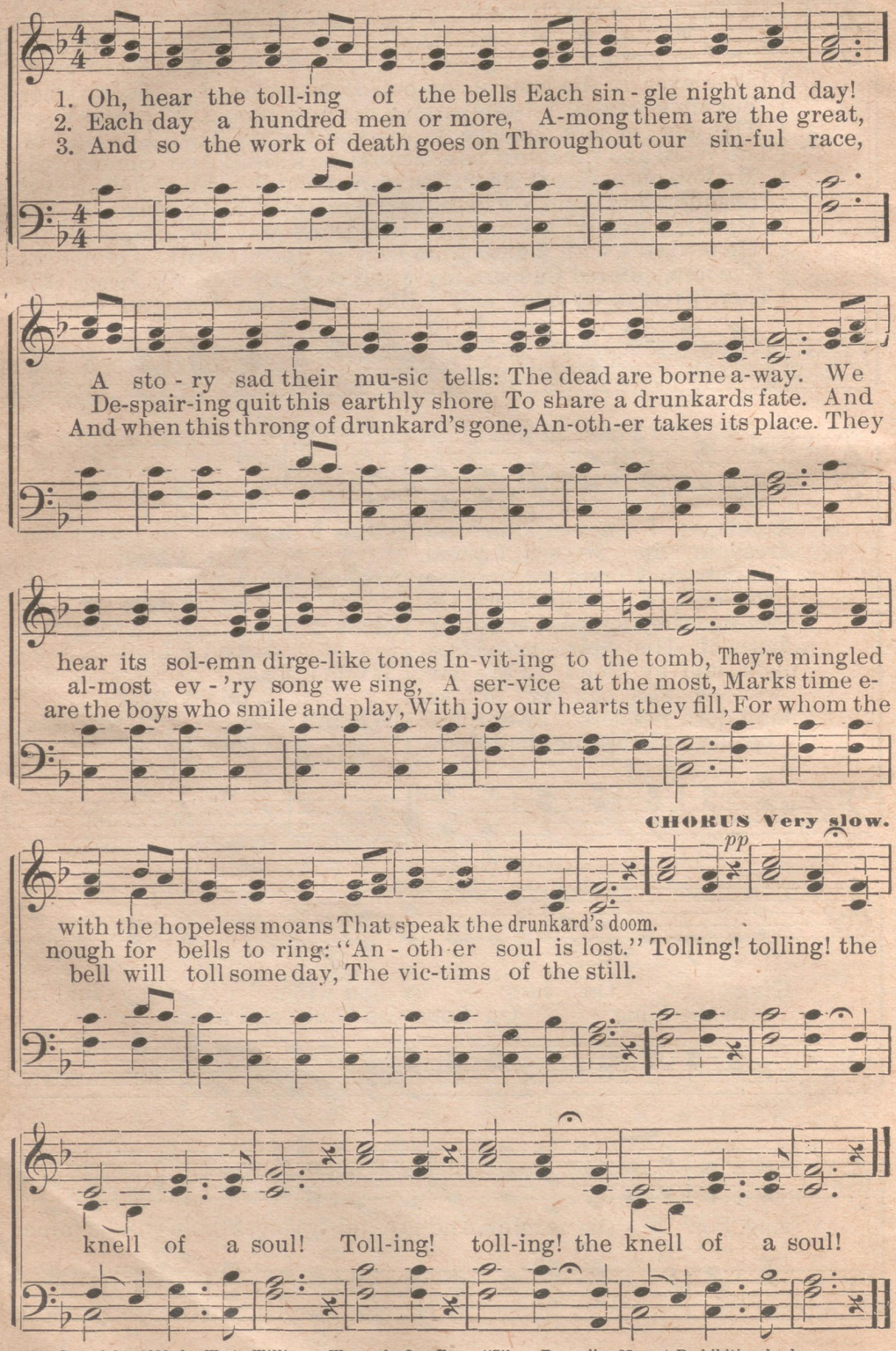


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No. 193. THE TOLLING BELLS.

"Therefore hell hath enlarged herself, and opened her mouth without measure."—Isa. 5: 14.

W. A. W. Rev. W. A. WILLIAMS. By per.



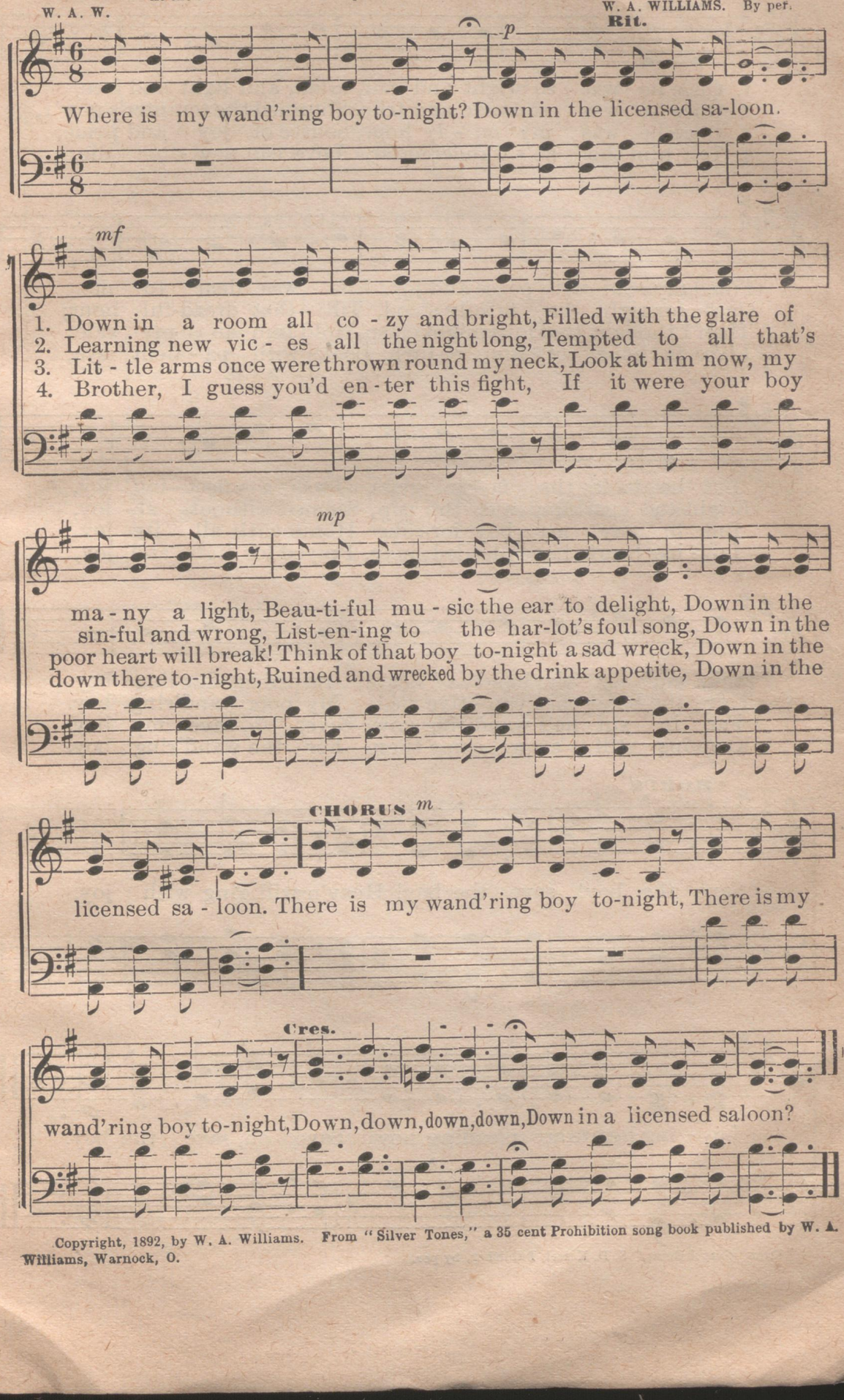
Copyright, 1892, by W. A. Williams, Warnock, O. From "Silver Tones," a 35 cent Prohibition book.

No. 194. DOWN IN THE LICENSED SALOON.

(An answer to "Where is my Wandering Boy To-night?")

"At the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder,"—Prov. 23: 32.

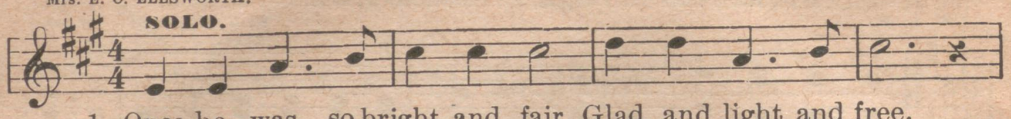
W. A. W. W. A. WILLIAMS. By per.



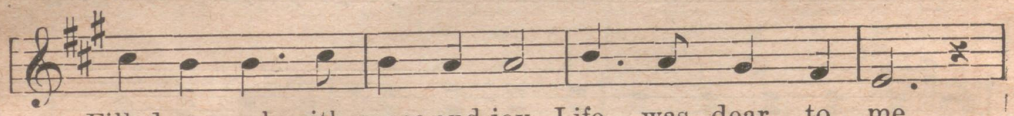
Copyright, 1892, by W. A. Williams. From "Silver Tones," a 35 cent Prohibition song book published by W. A. Williams, Warnock, O.

No. 195. SAVE THE BOY!

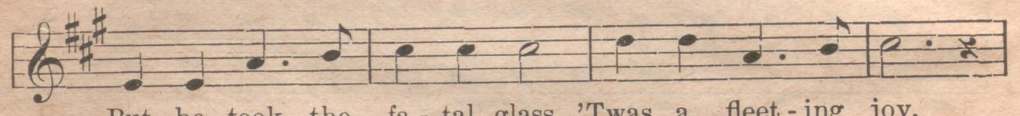
Mrs. E. C. ELLSWORTH. W. WARREN BENTLY.



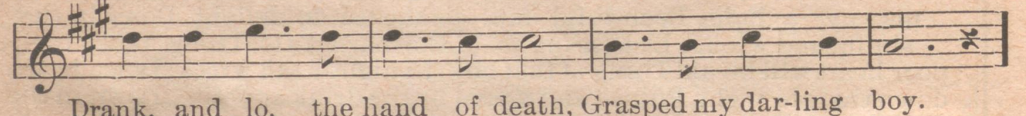
1. Once he was so bright and fair, Glad, and light and free,
2. Once he was so brave and true, Shunned the tempter's pow'r,
3. Once he was my on - ly hope, Source of joy and pride,
4. Tell him tho' he's wandered far, Love can nev - er die,



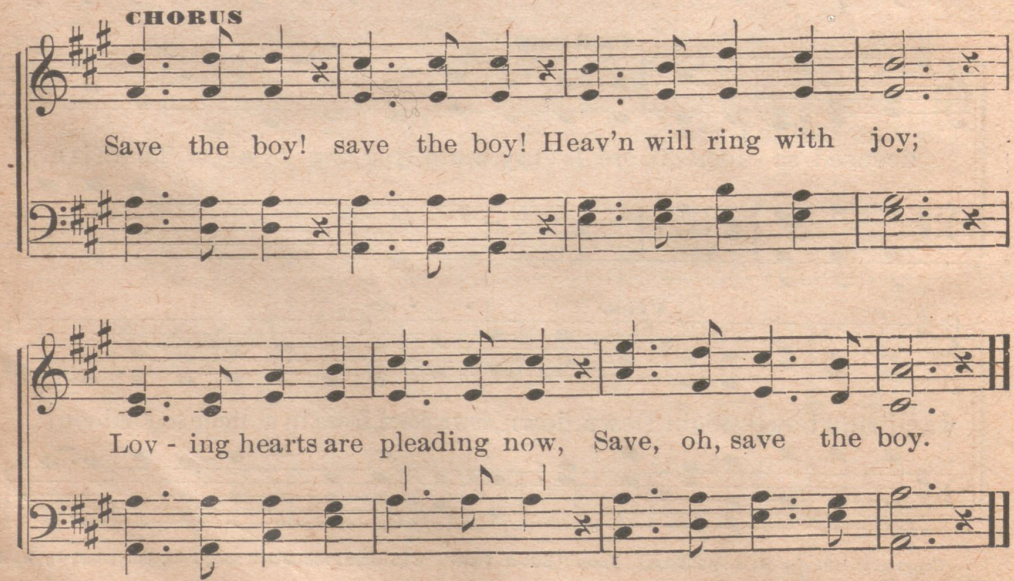
Filled my soul with peace and joy, Life was dear to me,
Once for right he firm-ly stood, Till that dread-ful hour;
Then I thought that love might clasp, Hold him to my side;
Lives in hope of his re-turn, Looks with pa - tient eye;



But he took the fa - tal glass, 'Twas a fleet - ing joy,
Bright and sparkling was the cup, Seemed without al - loy,
But to - day my boy for-sakes Home with all its joy,
Lov - ing hearts have pleaded long, Prayed for light and joy,



Drank, and lo, the hand of death, Grasped my dar-ling boy.
Fair the hand that cap - tive led, My poor wand'ring boy.
Far in sin he's wand'ring now, Save, oh, save my boy.
Keep-ing still a wel-come there For the wand'ring boy.

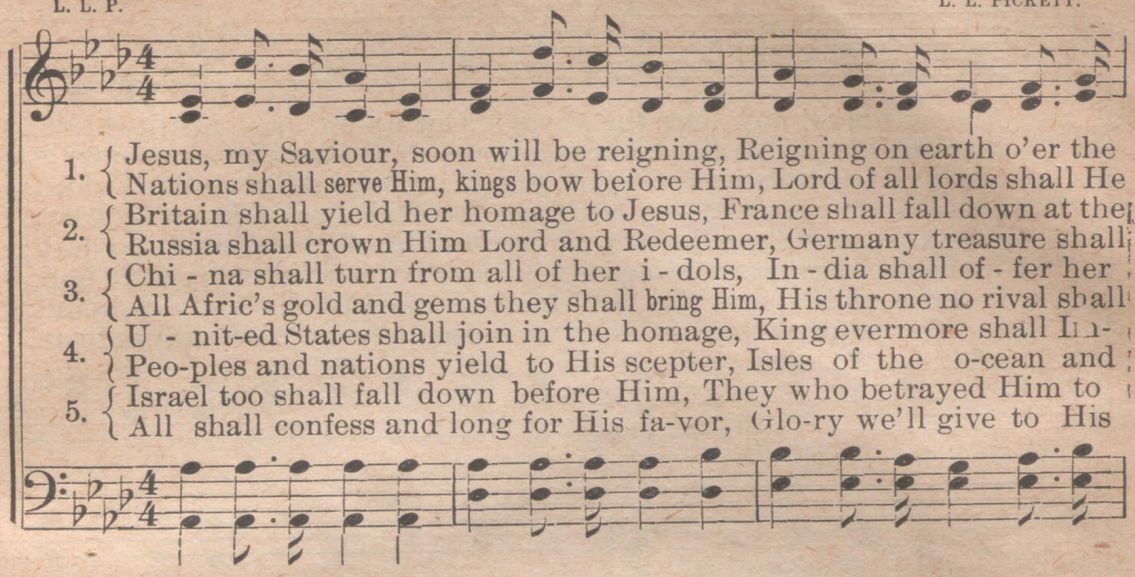


From "Gospel Gems," S. D. Kassel, Publisher, by per.

No. 196. SPEED THE DAY.

"He which testifieth these things saith, Surely I come quickly: Amen. Even so, come, Lord Jesus." Rev. 22: 20.

L. L. P. L. L. PICKETT.



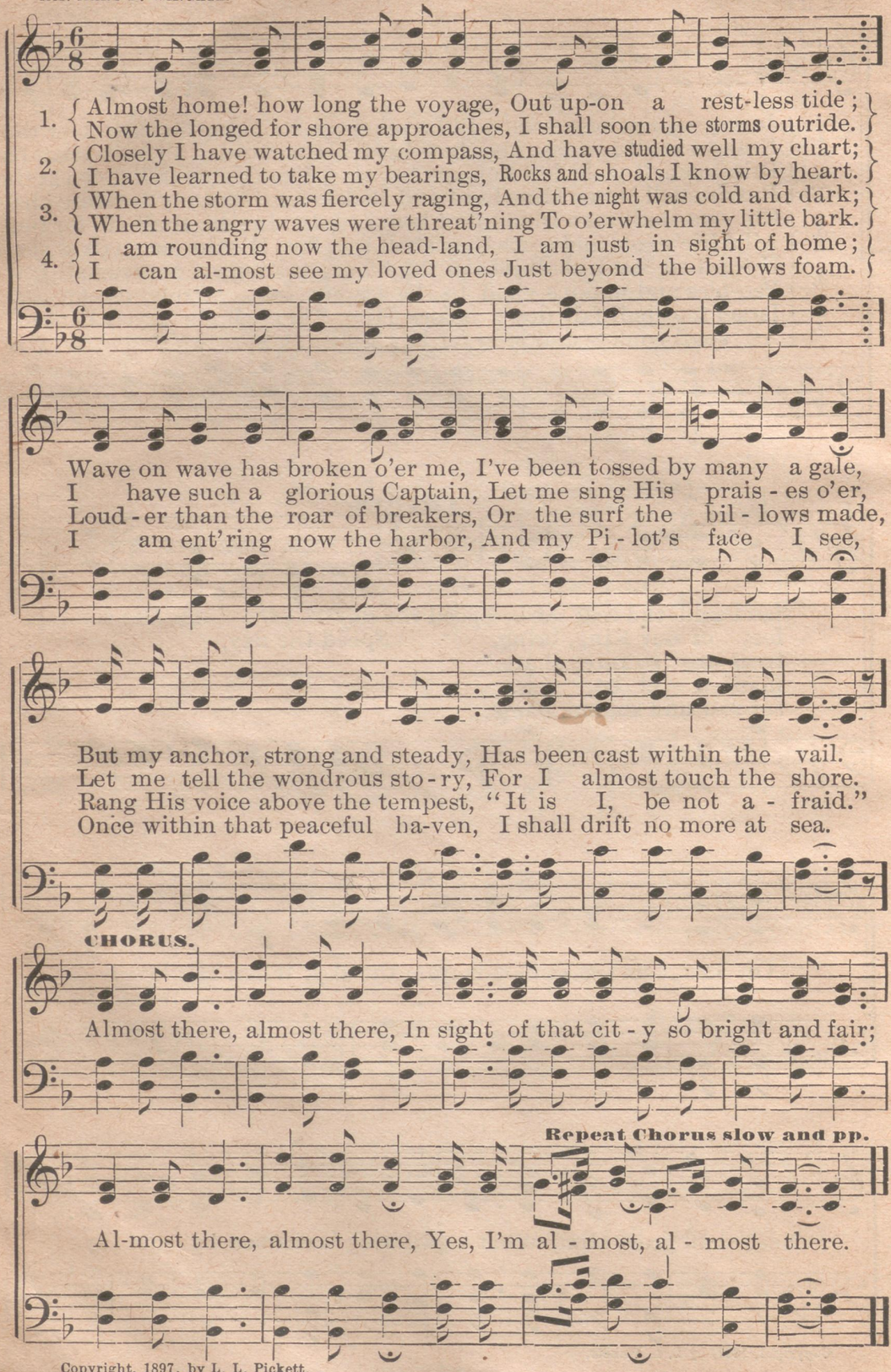
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No. 197.

ALMOST THERE.

Mrs. MARY B. WINGATE.

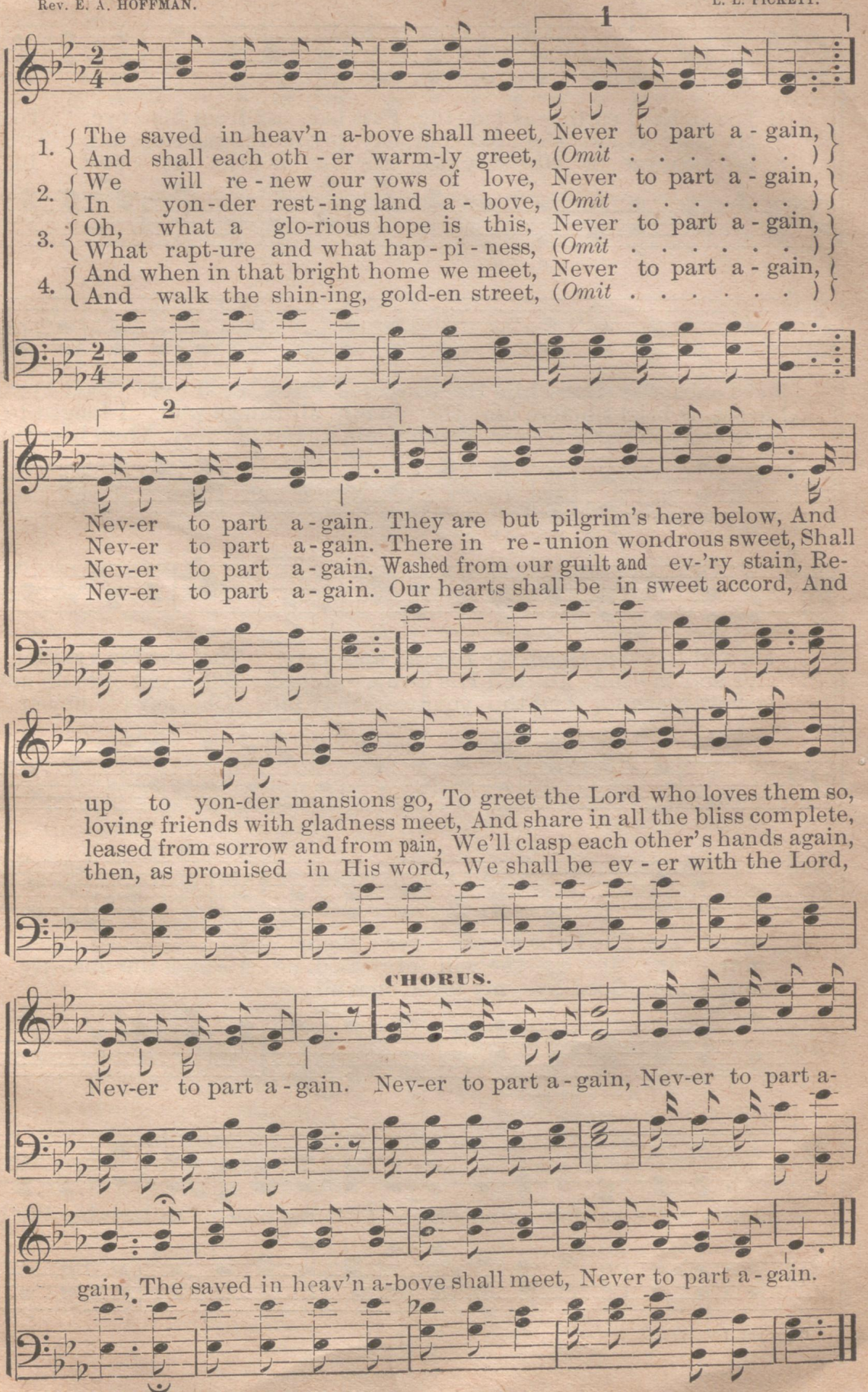
Rev. L. L. PICKETT.



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No. 198. NEVER TO PART AGAIN.

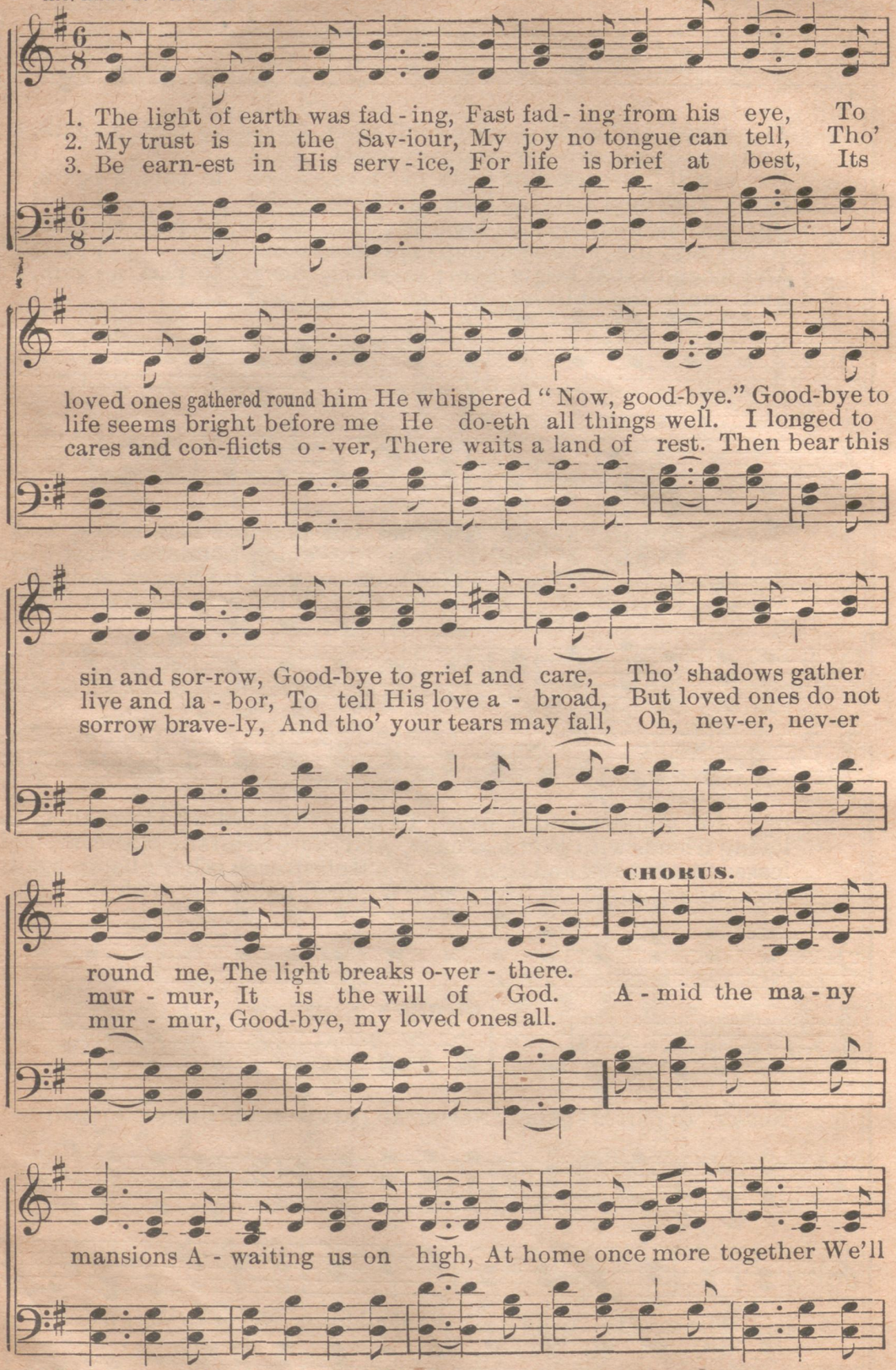
Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN. L. L. PICKETT.



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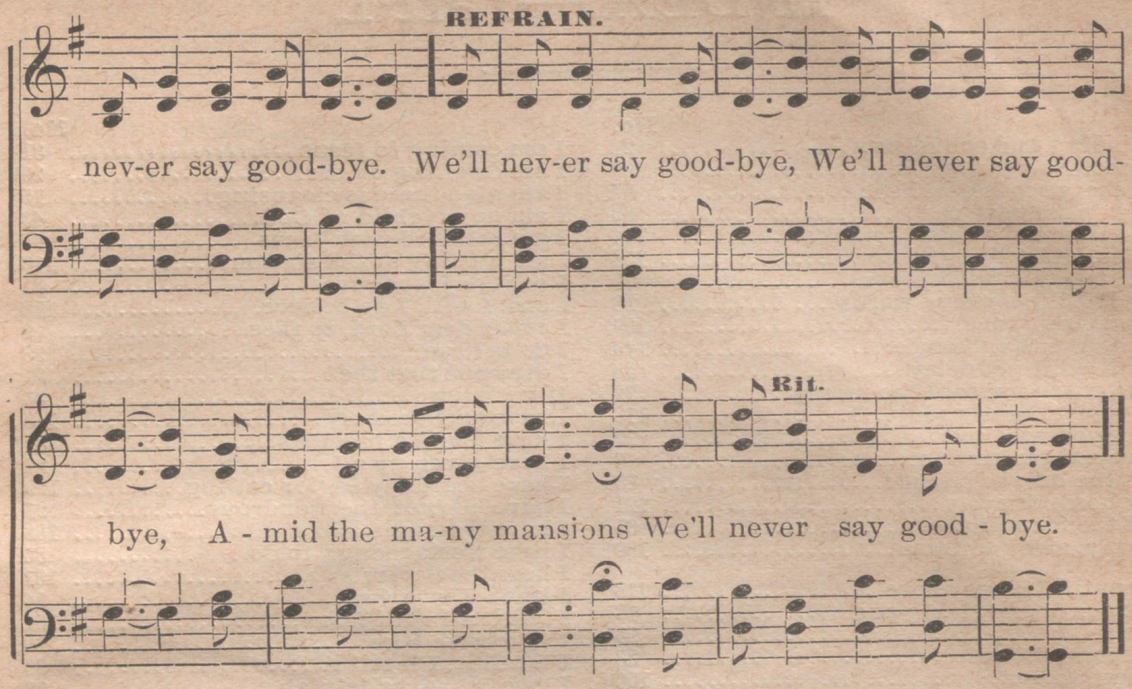
No. 199. WE'LL NEVER SAY GOOD-BYE.

Mrs. MARY B. WINGATE. Rev. L. L. PICKETT.



Copyright, 1897, by L. L. Pickett.

WE'LL NEVER SAY GOOD-BYE. Concluded.



No. 200. WE'LL NEVER SAY GOOD-BYE.

"And they all wept sore, and fell on Paul's neck, and kissed him, sorrowing most of all for the words which he spake that they should see his face no more. And they accompanied him unto the ship."—Acts 20: 37, 38.

Music on preceding page.

1 Praise God for sweet communion
With kindred spirits here;
But sad the thoughts of sund'ring,
When time to part draws near;
Yet deep the consolation,
Though now we part with pain,
That soon in realms of glory
We all may meet again.

CHORUS.

The golden age is dawning,
The moments swiftly fly,
When free from pain and parting
We'll never say good-bye.
We'll never say good-bye,
We'll never say good-bye;
Then free from pain and parting,
We'll never say good-bye.

2 *Our Savior, soon returning,
Will claim His waiting bride,
As sainted dead and living
Are summoned to His side;
Then with our Lord united
May we forever be,
†And reign with Him in glory,
Through all eternity.

3 When at the final judgment
We all before Him stand,
Oh, may it be triumphant
With those at His right hand.
When into "outer darkness"
‡The wicked shall be cast,
May we be crowned forever,
Our earthly sorrows past.

4 ‖Our "Tears" will then be banished,
Our "Triumphs" endless be,
The "King in all His beauty,"
Our raptured eyes shall see;
In sweet eternal union,
In mansions bright on high,
⁋We'll serve Him in His temple,
And never say good-bye.

M. W. KNAPP.

*I Thess. 4: 16. †Rev. 22: 5. ‡Matt. 25: 14-30. ‖Rev. 21: 4. ⁋Rev. 22: 3.

No. 201. DOXOLOGY.

Tune—Duane Street.

Praise God from whom all blessings flow,
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host,
Praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

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