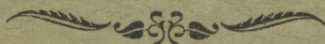


Sacred Hymnal



A Book of Gospel Songs and
Standard Hymns



THE RUEBUSH-KIEFFER CO.
MUSIC PUBLISHERS
Dayton, Virginia

PRICE 30 CENTS; PER DOZEN, \$3.00

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1899

THE
SACRED HYMNAL

FOR THE

*Church, Prayer Meetings, Young People's Meetings,
Sunday Schools, Revivals,*

AND

RELIGIOUS MEETINGS OF ALL KINDS

BY

J. H. HALL, J. H. RUEBUSH,
AND W. H. RUEBUSH

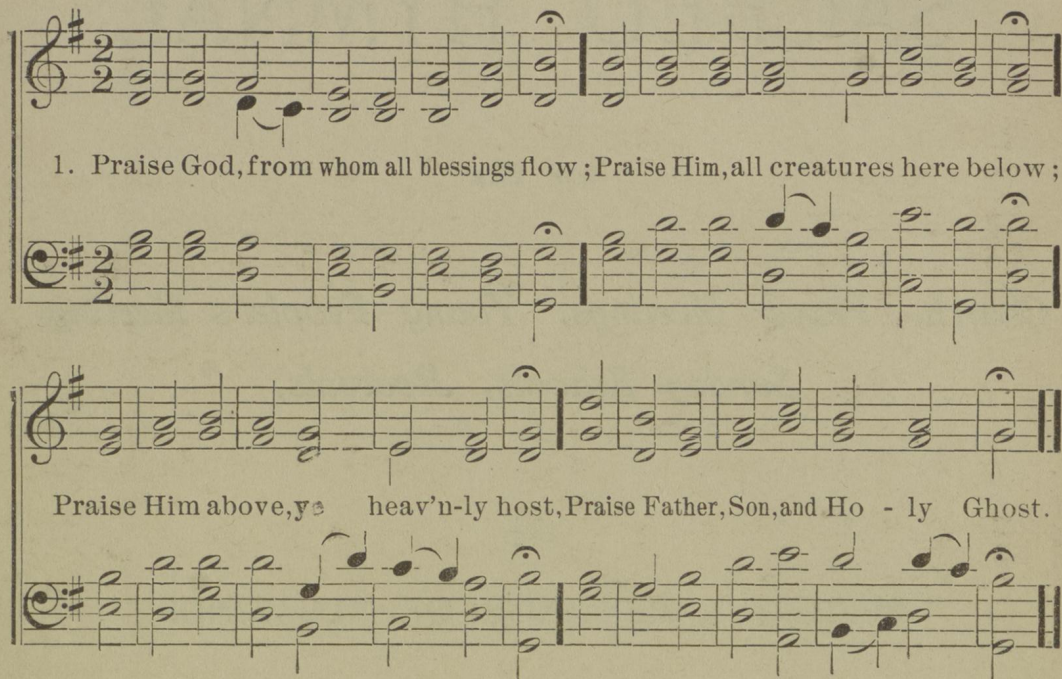
Price, 30c. per Copy, \$3.00 per doz., postpaid

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Preface.

Old Hundred. L. M.

G. FRANC, 1545.

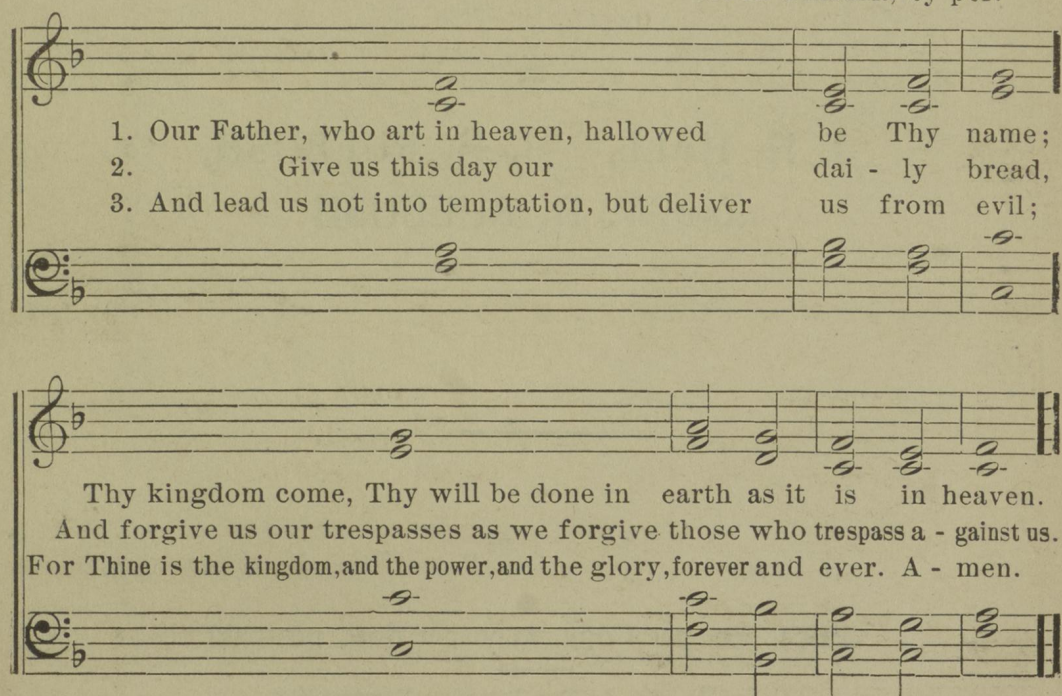


1. Praise God, from whom all blessings flow; Praise Him, all creatures here below;

Praise Him above, ye heav'n-ly host, Praise Father, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost.

The Lord's Prayer.

H. R. PALMER, by per.



1. Our Father, who art in heaven, hallowed be Thy name;
2. Give us this day our dai - ly bread,
3. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil;

Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done in earth as it is in heaven.
And forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass a - gainst us.
For Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, forever and ever. A - men.

THE SACRED HYMNAL.

WORSHIP.

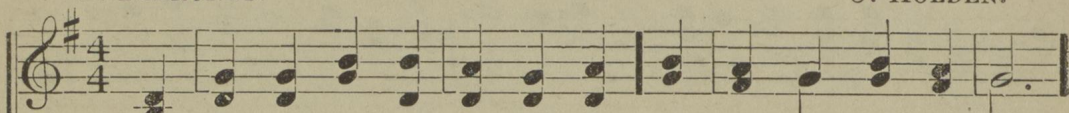
"O come, let us sing unto the Lord: let us make a joyful noise to the Rock of our Salvation." Ps. 95: 1.

No. 1.

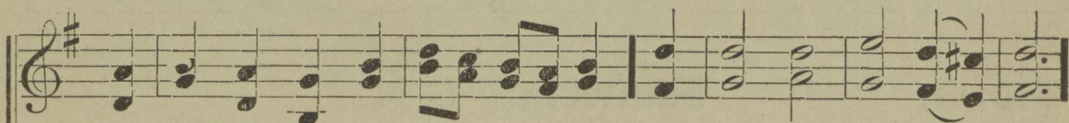
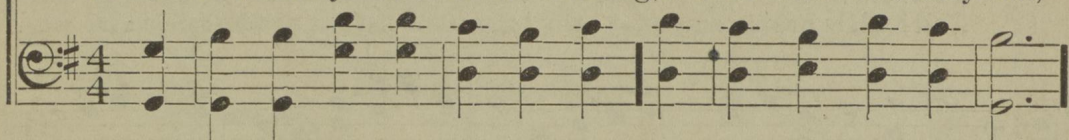
Coronation. C. M.

E. PERRONET.

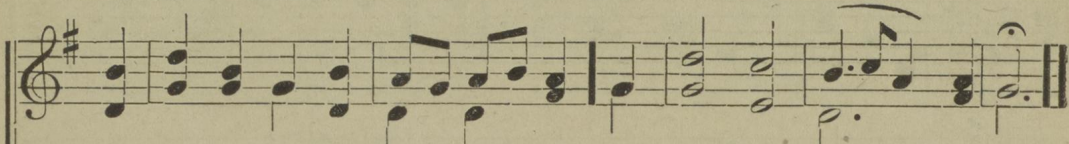
O. HOLDEN.



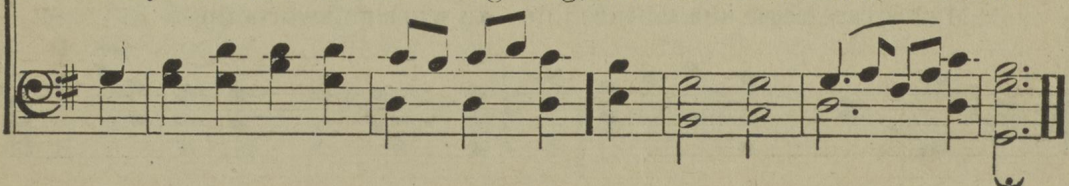
1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels prostrate fall;
2. Ye chos - en seed of Is - rael's race, A rem - nant weak and small,
3. Ye Gen - tile sin - ners, ne'er for - get The worm - wood and the gall;
4. Let ev - 'ry kin - dred, ev - 'ry tribe On this ter - res - trial ball,
5. O that, with yonder sa - cred throng, We at His feet may fall,



Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all;
Hail Him who saves you by His grace, And crown Him Lord of all;
Go, spread your tro - phies at His feet, And crown Him Lord of all;
To Him all maj - es - ty as - cribe, And crown Him Lord of all;
We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song, And crown Him Lord of all;



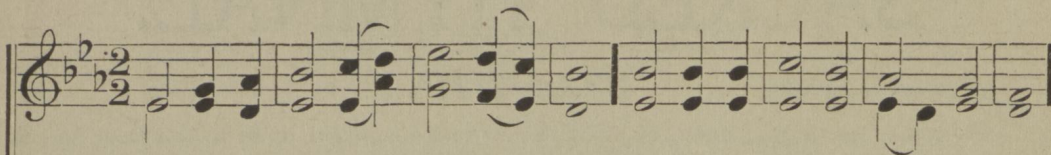
Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all.
Hail Him who saves you by His grace, And crown Him Lord of all.
Go, spread your trophies at His feet, And crown Him Lord of all.
To Him all maj - es - ty as - cribe, And crown Him Lord of all.
We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song, And crown Him Lord of all.



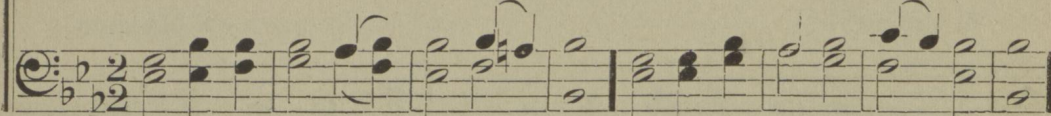
No. 2.

Duke St. L. M.

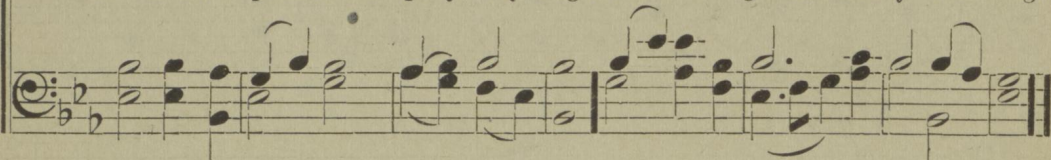
J. L. HATTON.



1. Come, O my soul, in sa - cred lays, Attempt thy great Cre - a - tor's praise;
2. Enthroned a - mid the ra - diant spheres, He glo - ry like a garment wears;
3. Raised on de - vot-ion's loft-y wing, Do thou, my soul, His glo - ries sing;



But, oh, what tongue can speak His fame? What verse can reach the loft-y theme?
 To form a robe of light di - vine, Ten thousand suns around Him shine.
 And let His praise em - ploy thy tongue Till list'ning worlds shall join the song.



No. 3.

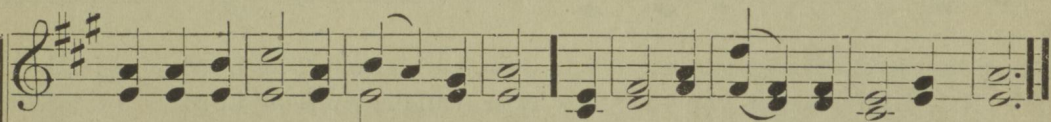
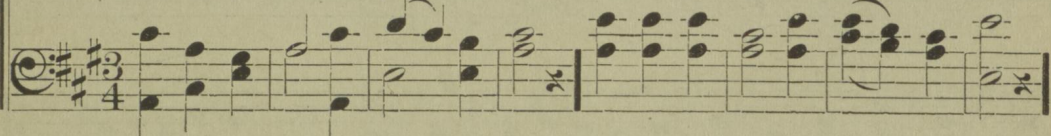
Hauweta. L. M.

ISAAC WATTS.

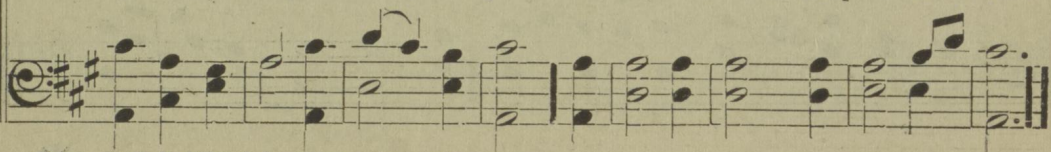
R. M. MCINTOSH.



1. Bless, O my soul, the liv - ing God; Call home thy tho'ts that rove a-broad;
2. Bless, O my soul, the God of grace; His favors claim the high-est praise.
3. 'Tis He, my soul, that sent His Son To die for crimes which thou hast done!
4. Let ev'-ry land His pow'r confess; Let all the earth a - dore His grace.



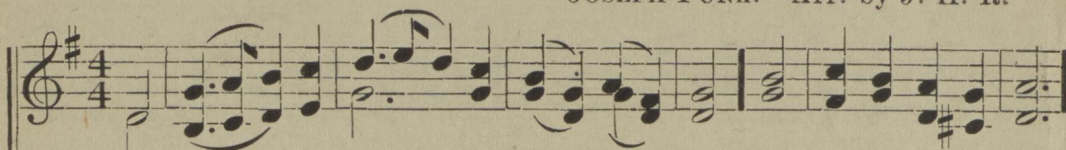
Let all the pow'rs with-in me join In work and wor-ship so di - vine.
 Let not the wonders He hath wrought Be lost in si - lence and for - got.
 He owes the ransom, and for-gives The hour-ly fol - lies of our lives.
 My heart and tongue, with rapture join In work and wor-ship so di - vine.



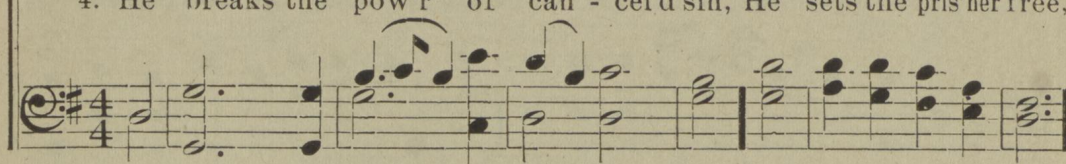
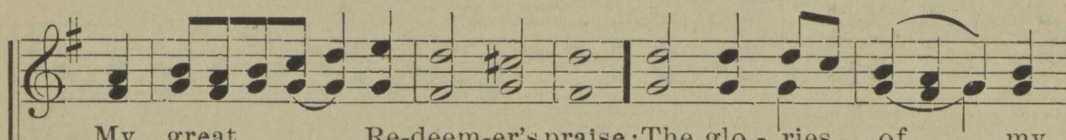
No. 4.

Lingham. C. M.

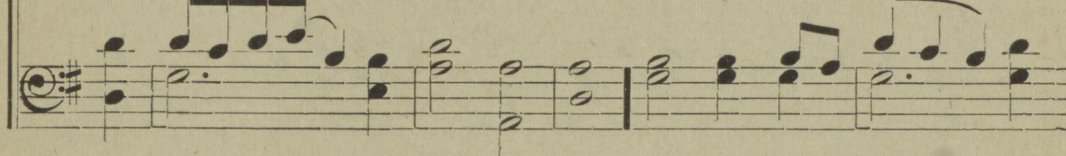
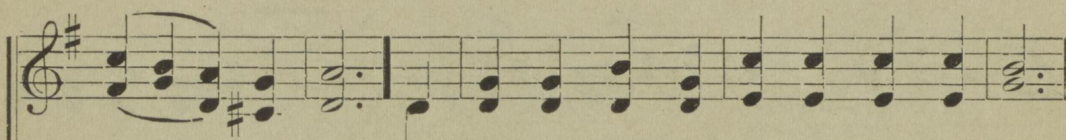
JOSEPH FUNK. Arr. by J. H. R.



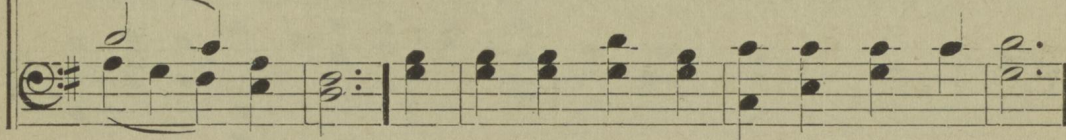
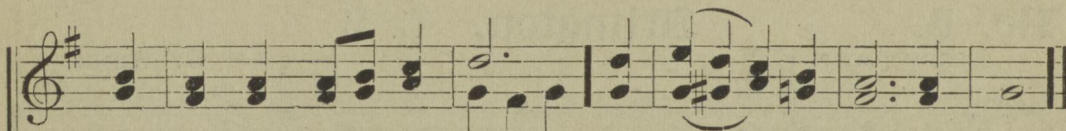
1. O for a thou - sand tongues to sing My great Redeemer's praise,
 2. My gra - cious Mas - ter and my God, As - sist me to proclaim,
 3. Je - sus, the name that calms our fears, That bids our sorrows cease,
 4. He breaks the pow'r of can - cel'd sin, He sets the pris'ner free,

My great Re-deem-er's praise; The glo - ries of my
 As - sist me to pro-claim, To spread thro' all the
 That bids our sor-rows cease, 'Tis mu - sic in the
 He sets the pris'-ner free; His blood can make the

God . . and King, The tri-umphs of, the triumphs of His grace,
 earth . . a-broad, The hon-ors of, the hon-ors of Thy name,
 sin - ner's ears, 'Tis life and health, 'tis life and health and peace,
 foul - est clean, His blood a - vails, His blood a - vails for me,

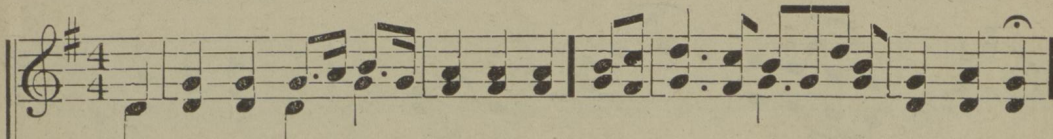
The triumphs of His grace, The tri - umphs of His grace!
 The hon - ors of Thy name, The hon - ors of Thy name.
 'Tis life and health and peace, 'Tis life and health and peace
 His blood a - vails for me, His blood a - vails for me



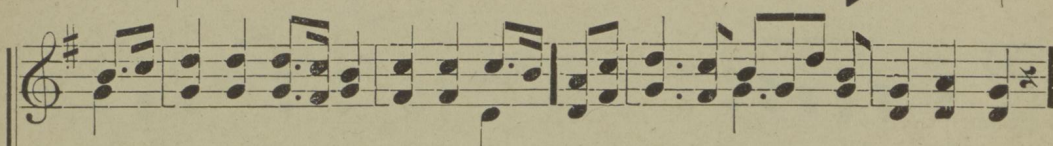
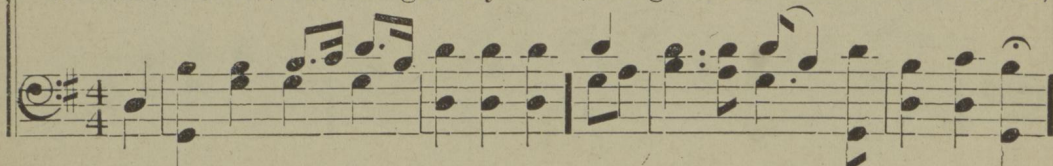
No. 5. Loving-kindness. L. M.

SAMUEL MEDLEY.

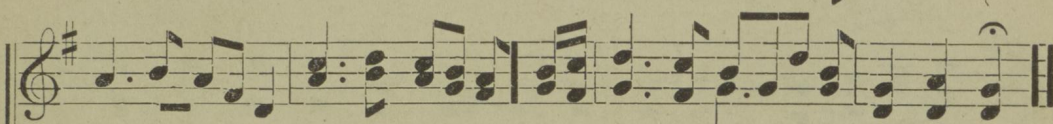
American Tune.



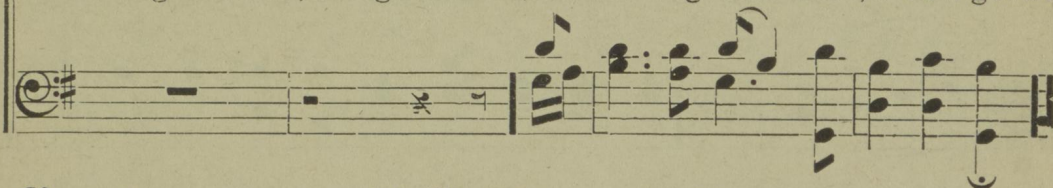
1. A-wake, my soul, to joy-fullays And sing thy great Redeemer's praise;
2. He saw me ruin-ed by the fall, Yet loved me not-withstanding all;
3. Tho' num-'rous hosts of might-y foes, Tho' earth and hell my way oppose,
4. When trouble, like a gloomy cloud, Has gathered thick and thunder'd loud,



He just-ly claims a song from me; His lov-ing-kind-ness, O how free!
 He saved me from my lost es-tate; His lov-ing-kind-ness, O how great!
 He safe-ly leads my soul a-long; His lov-ing-kind-ness, O how strong!
 He near my soul has always stood! His lov-ing-kind-ness, O how good!



Loving-kindness, loving-kindness, His lov-ing-kind-ness, O how free!
 Loving-kindness, loving-kindness, His lov-ing-kind-ness, O how great!
 Loving-kindness, loving-kindness, His lov-ing-kind-ness, O how strong!
 Loving-kindness, loving-kindness, His lov-ing-kind-ness, O how good!

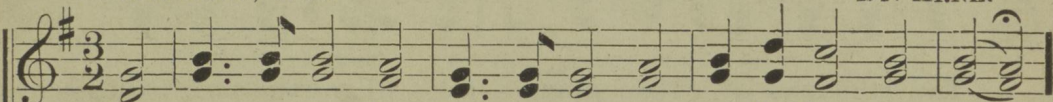


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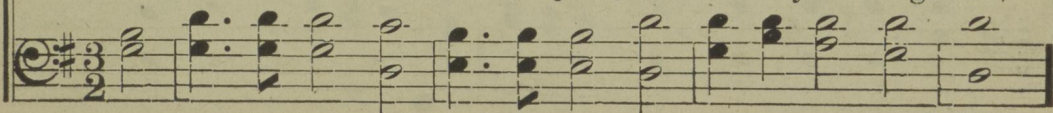
Arlington. C. M.

JOSEPH HART, 1768.

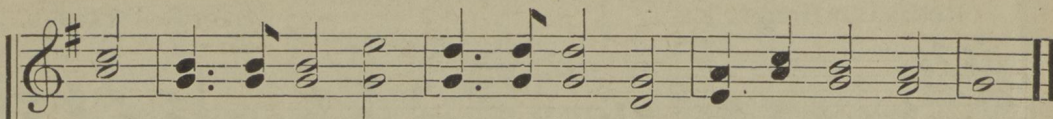
Dr. ARNE.



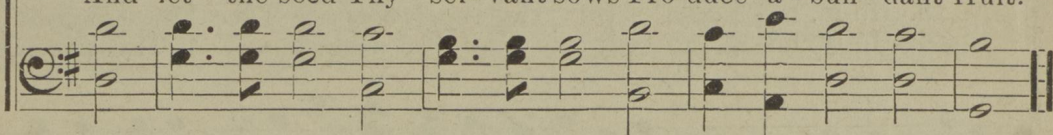
1. Once more we come be-fore our God; Once more His bless-ings ask.
2. Fa-ther, Thy quick-'ning Spir-it send From heav'n in Je-sus' name,
3. May we re-ceive the word we hear, Each in an hon-est heart;
4. To seek Thee all our hearts dis-pose, To each Thy blessings suit,



Arlington. (Concluded.)



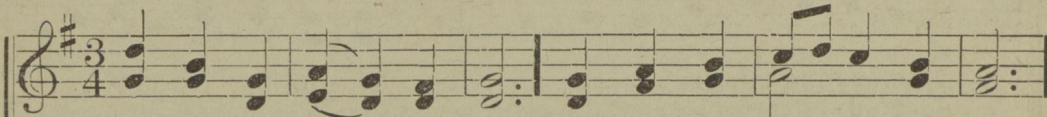
O may not du - ty seem a load, Nor wor-ship seem a task!
 To make our wait-ing minds at-tend, And put our souls in frame.
 And keep the pre-cious treas-ure there, And nev-er with it part.
 And let the seed Thy ser-vant sows Pro-duce a - bun - dant fruit.



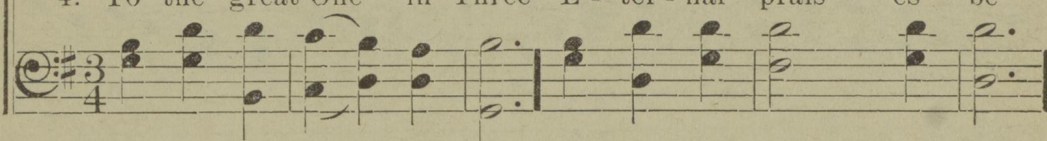
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CHARLES WESLEY.

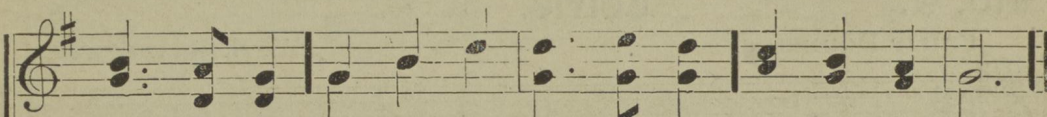
F. GIARDINI.



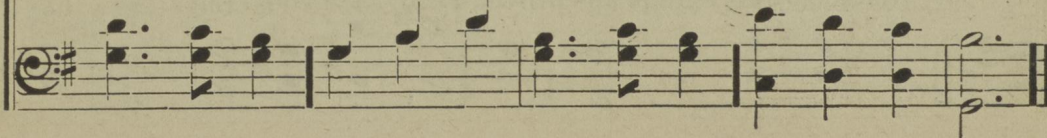
1. Come, Thou al - might - y King, Help us Thy name to sing,
 2. Come, Thou in - car - nate word, Gird on Thy might - y sword,
 3. Come, Ho - ly Com - fort - er, Thy sa - cred wit - ness bear,
 4. To the great One in Three E - ter - nal prais - es be




Help us to praise! Fa - ther all glo - ri - ous, O'er all vic -
 Our pray'r at - tend. Come and Thy peo - ple bless, And give Thy
 In this glad hour. Thou who al - might - y art, Now rule in
 Hence—ev - er - more! His sov'-reign ma - jes - ty May we in

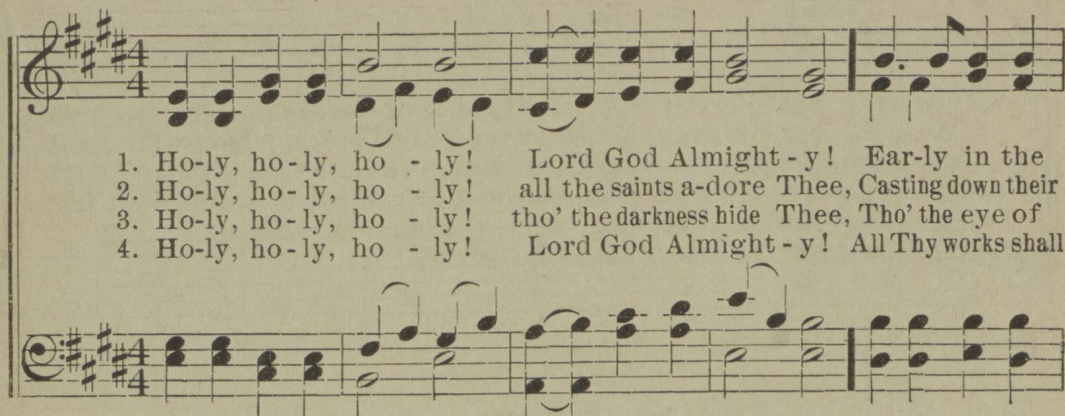
to - ri - ous, Come and reign o - ver us, An - cient of days.
 word suc - cess; Spir - it of ho - li - ness, On us de - scend.
 ev - 'ry heart, And ne'er from us de - part, Spir - it of pow'r.
 glo - ry see, And to e - ter - ni - ty Love and a - dore.



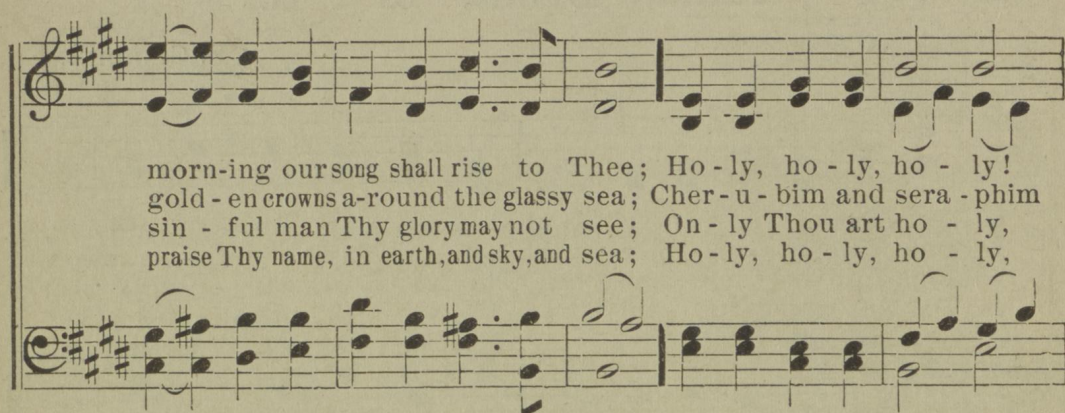
No. 8. Nicæa. 11s, 12s, & 10s.

REGINALD HEBER, alt.

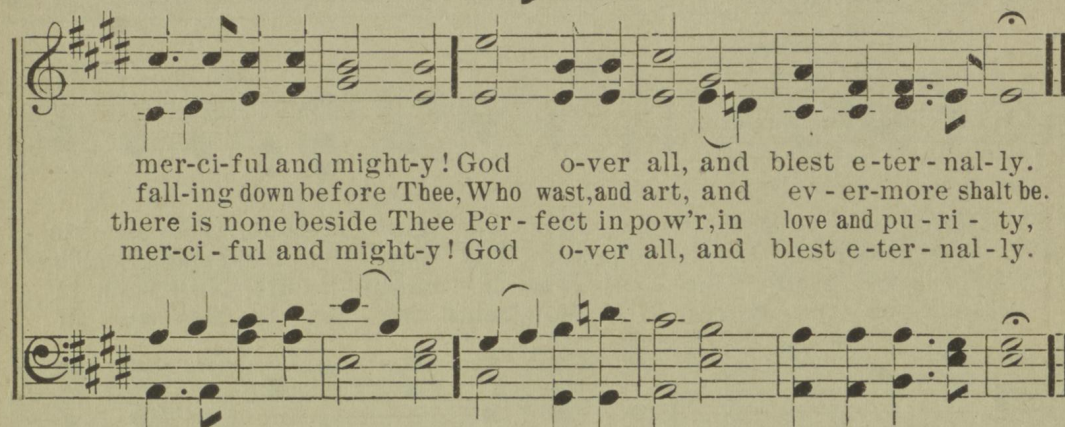
JOHN B. DYKES.



1. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly! Lord God Almighty - y! Early in the
 2. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly! all the saints a-dore Thee, Casting down their
 3. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly! tho' the darkness hide Thee, Tho' the eye of
 4. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly! Lord God Almighty - y! All Thy works shall



morn-ing our song shall rise to Thee; Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly!
 gold - en crowns a-round the glassy sea; Cher-u-bim and sera-phim
 sin - ful man Thy glory may not see; On - ly Thou art ho - ly,
 praise Thy name, in earth, and sky, and sea; Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly,

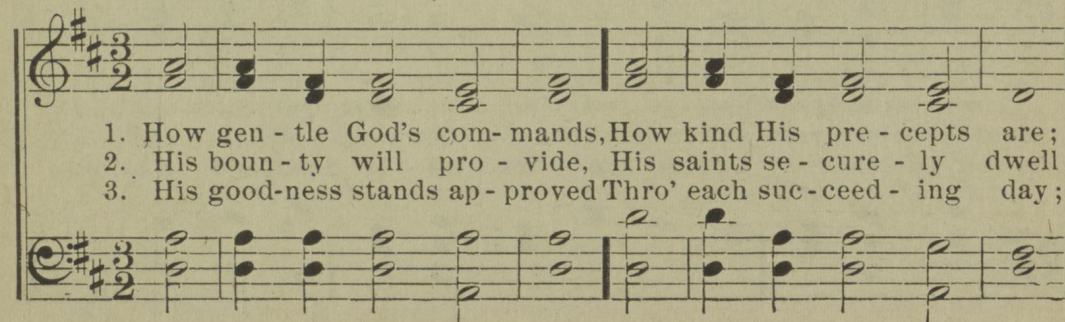


mer-ci-ful and might-y! God o-ver all, and blest e-ter-nal-ly.
 fall-ing down before Thee, Who wast, and art, and ev - er-more shalt be.
 there is none beside Thee Per-fect in pow'r, in love and pu - ri - ty,
 mer-ci-ful and might-y! God o-ver all, and blest e-ter-nal-ly.

No. 9. Lottie. S. M.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

W. B. BRADBURY.



1. How gen - tle God's com-mands, How kind His pre - cepts are;
 2. His boun - ty will pro - vide, His saints se - cure - ly dwell;
 3. His good-ness stands ap - proved Thro' each suc-ceed - ing day;

Lottie. (Concluded.)

Come, cast your bur - den on the Lord, And trust His con - stant care
That hand which bears cre - a - tion up, Shall guard His chil - dren well.
I'll drop my bur - den at His feet, And bear a song a - way.

No. 10. Amsterdam. 7s, 6s.

ROBERT SEAGRAVE.

JAMES NARES.

1. { Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings, Thy bet - ter por - tion trace;
2. { Rise from tran - si - to - ry things Toward heav'n, thy na - tive place.
3. { Riv - ers to the o - cean run, Nor stay in all their course;
4. { Fire, as - cend - ing, seeks the sun; Both speed them to their source.
5. { Cease, ye pil - grims, cease to mourn, Press on - ward to the prize;
6. { Soon our Sav - iour will re - turn, Tri - um - phant in the skies.

Sun and moon and stars de - cay; Time shall soon this earth re - move;
So a soul that's born of God, Pants to view His glo - rious face,
Yet a sea - son, and you know Hap - py en - trance will be given,

Rise, my soul, and haste a - way To seats pre - pared a - bove.
Up - ward tends to His a - bode, To rest in His em - brace.
All our sor - rows left be - low, And earth exchanged for heaven

No. 11.

Guide. 7s. D.

M. M. WELLS.

MARCUS MORRIS WELLS.

FINE.

1. { Ho - ly Spir - it, faith - ful guide, Ev - er near the Christian's side, }
 { Gen - tly lead us by the hand, Pilgrims in a des - ert land. }
 2. { Ev - er pres - ent, tru - est friend, Ev - er near, Thine aid to lend, }
 { Leave us not to doubt and fear, Groping on in dark - ness drear. }
 3. { When our days of toil shall cease, Waiting still for sweet re - lease, }
 { Noth - ing left but heav'n and pray'r, Wond'ring if our names were there, }

D.C. Whis - per soft - ly, wan - d'r'er, come ! Fol - low Me, I'll guide thee home.

D.C.

Wea - ry souls for - e'er re - joice, While they hear that sweetest voice,
 When the storms are rag - ing sore, Hearts grow faint, and hopes give o'er.
 Wad - ing deep the dis - mal flood, Plead - ing nought but Je - sus' blood.

No. 12.

Spring. C. M.

CHARLES WESLEY.

L. C. EVERETT.

1. O for a heart to praise my God, A heart from sin set free,
 2. A heart re - signed, submis - sive, meek, My great Re - deem - er's throne—
 3. O for a low - ly, contrite heart, Con - fid - ing, true, and clean,
 4. A heart in ev - 'ry thought renewed, And full of love di - vine,
 5. Thy Spir - it, gra - cious Lord, im - part; Di - rect me from a - bove;

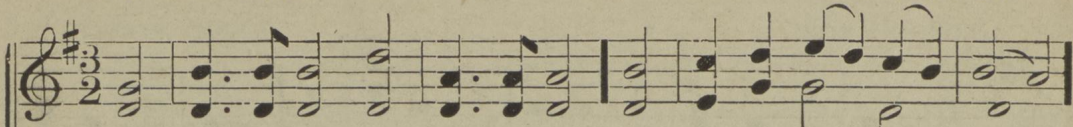
A heart that al - ways feels the blood So free - ly shed for me;
 Where on - ly Christ is heard to speak, Where Je - sus reigns a - lone!
 Which neither life, nor death can part From Him that dwells with - in.
 Per - fect and right, and pure and good, A cop - y, Lord, of Thine!
 May Thy dear name be near my heart—That dear, best name is Love.

No. 13.

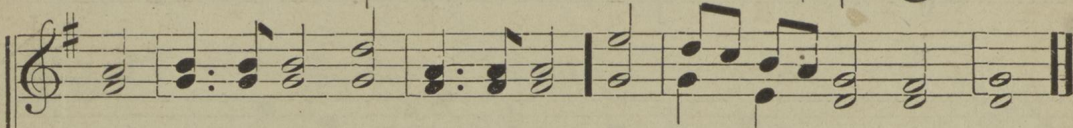
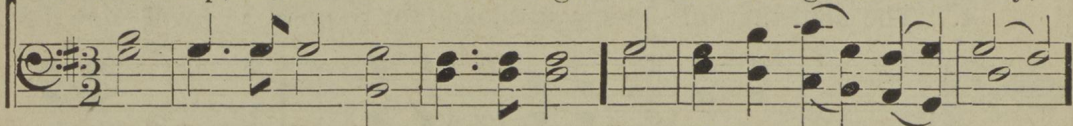
Woodstock. C. M.

JOHN FAWCETT.

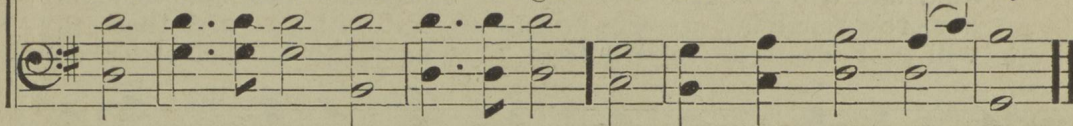
DUTTON, 1829.



1. How precious is the book divine, By in-spi-ra-tion giv'n!
2. O'er all the strait and narrow way Its ra-diant beams are cast;
3. It sweetly cheers our droop-ing hearts, In this dark vale of tears;
4. This lamp, thro' all the tedious night Of life shall guide our way,



Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine, To guide our souls to heav'n.
 A light whose nev-er wea-ry ray Grows brightest at the last.
 Life, light, and joy it still imparts, And quells our ris-ing fears.
 Till we behold the clear-erlight Of an e-ter-nal day.

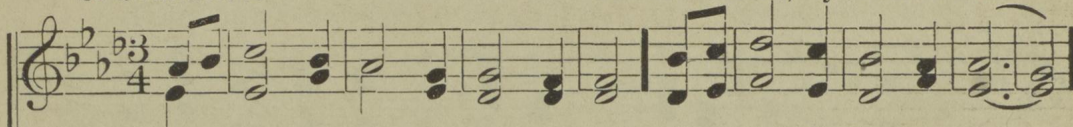


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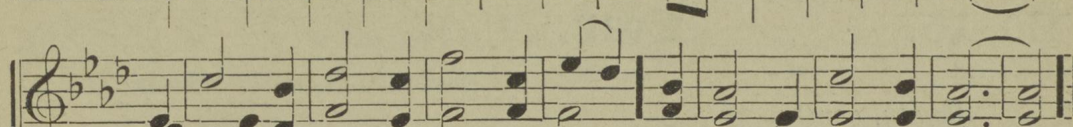
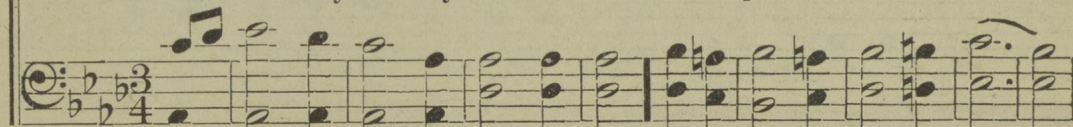
Mandoah. C. M.

S. STENNETT.

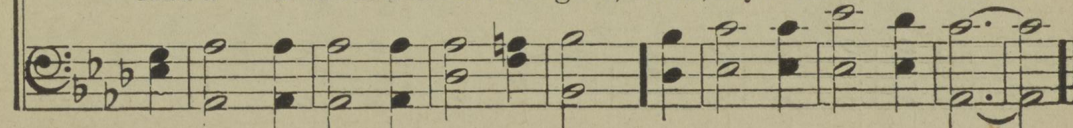
From ROSSINI, by GREATOR EX.



1. Ma-jes-tic sweetness sits enthron'd Up-on the Saviour's brow;
2. No mor-tal can with Him compare, A-mong the sons of men;
3. He saw me plung'd in deep dis-tress, And flew to my re-lief;
4. To Him I owe my life and breath, And all the joys I have;
5. To heav'n, the place of His a-bode, He brings my weary feet,
6. Since from Thy boun-ty I re-ceive Such proofs of love di-vine,



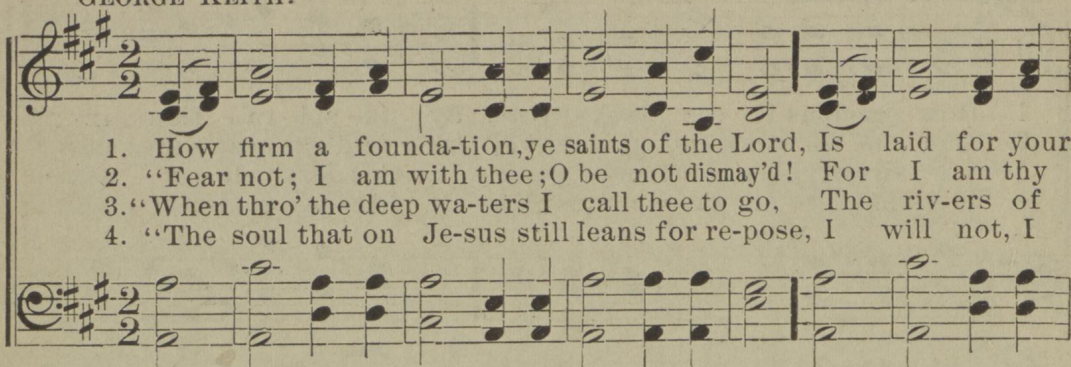
His head with radiant glo-ries crown'd, His lips with grace o'erflow.
 Fair-er is He than all the fair Who fill the heav'nly train.
 For me He bore the shameful cross, And car-ried all my grief.
 He makes me triumph o-ver death, And saves me from the grave.
 Shows me the glo-ries of my God, And makes my joys complete.
 Had I a thousand hearts to give, Lord, they should all be Thine.



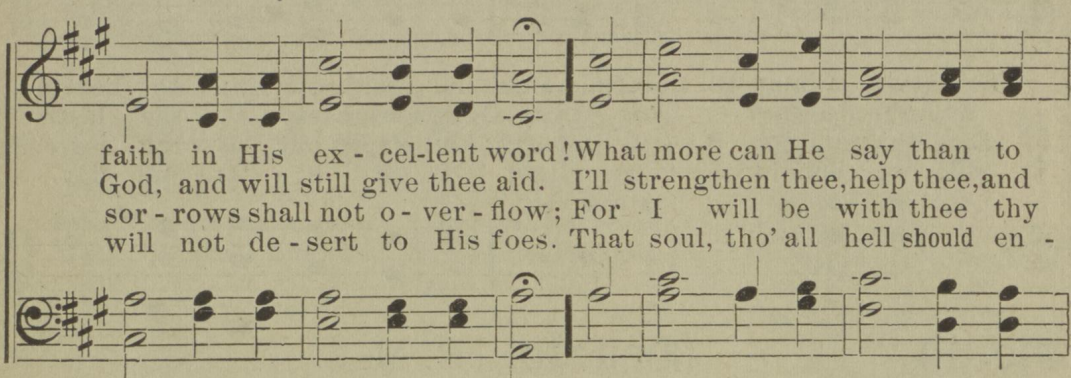
No. 15. How Firm a Foundation. 11s.

GEORGE KEITH.

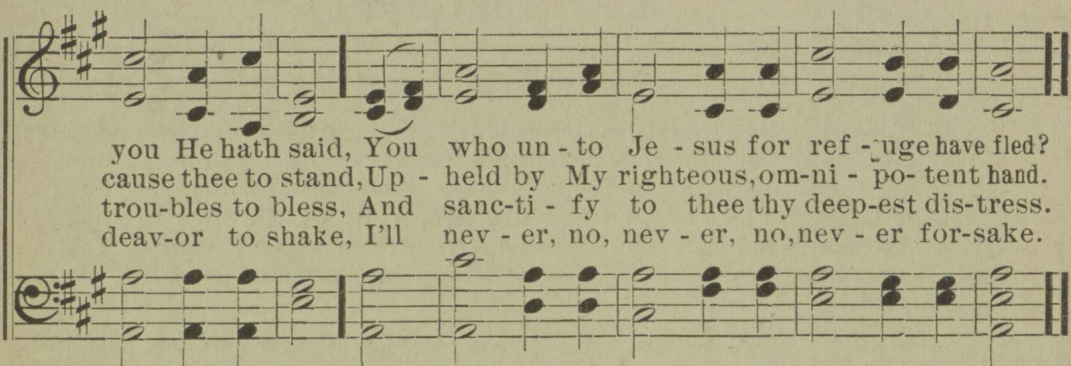
ANNIE STEELE.



1. How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your
 2. "Fear not; I am with thee; O be not dismay'd! For I am thy
 3. "When thro' the deep waters I call thee to go, The rivers of
 4. "The soul that on Je-sus still leans for re-pose, I will not, I



faith in His ex-cel-lent word! What more can He say than to
 God, and will still give thee aid. I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and
 sor-rows shall not o-ver-flow; For I will be with thee thy
 will not de-sert to His foes. That soul, tho' all hell should en-

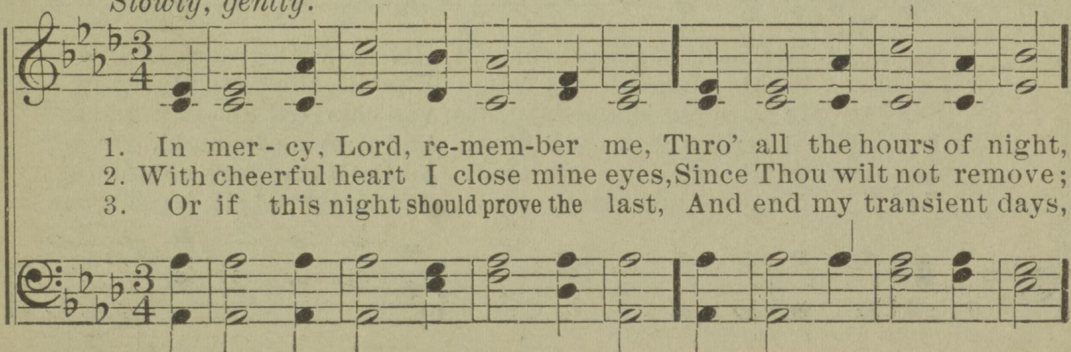


you He hath said, You who un-to Je-sus for ref-uge have fled?
 cause thee to stand, Up-held by My righteous, om-ni-po-tent hand.
 trou-bles to bless, And sanc-ti-fy to thee thy deep-est dis-tress.
 deav-or to shake, I'll nev-er, no, nev-er, no, nev-er for-sake.

No. 16. Evan. C. M.

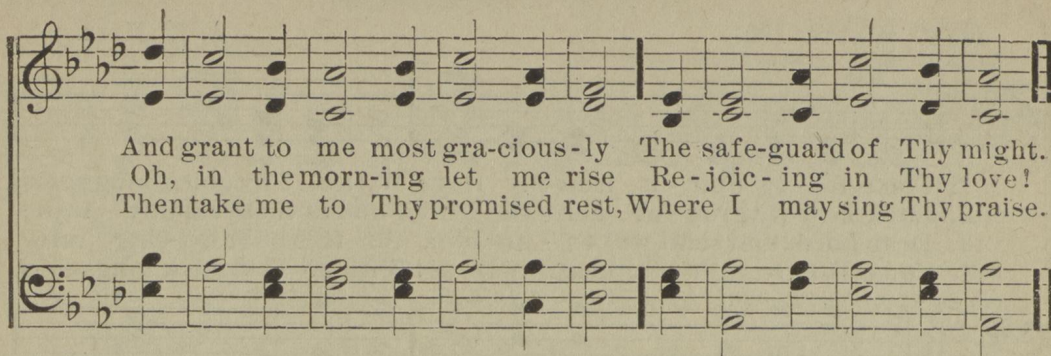
Rev. WILLIAM H. HAVERGAL.

Slowly, gently.



1. In mer-cy, Lord, re-mem-ber me, Thro' all the hours of night,
 2. With cheerful heart I close mine eyes, Since Thou wilt not remove;
 3. Or if this night should prove the last, And end my transient days,

Evan. (Concluded.)



And grant to me most gra-cious-ly The safe-guard of Thy might.
Oh, in the morn-ing let me rise Re-joic-ing in Thy love!
Then take me to Thy promised rest, Where I may sing Thy praise.

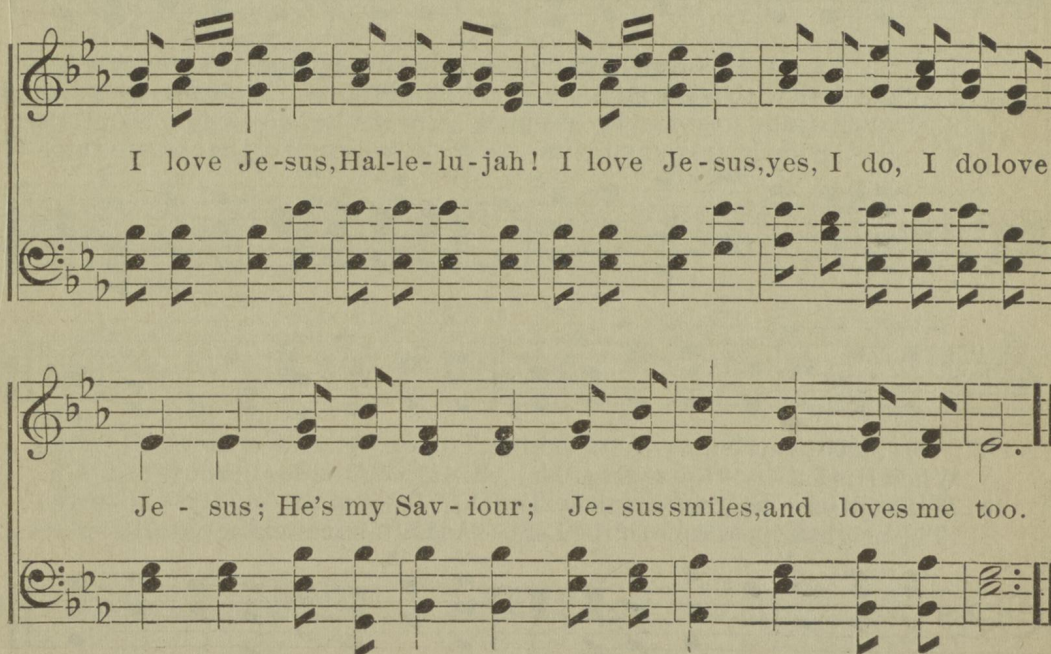
No. 17. I Love Jesus. 8s & 7s.

Arr.



1. { When the world my heart is rend-ing, With its heav-iest storm of care,
My glad tho'ts to God as-cend-ing, Find a ref-uge from despair.
2. { There's a hand of mer-cy near me, Tho' the waves of trou-ble roar;
There's an hour of rest to cheer me, When the toils of life are o'er.
3. { O, to rest in peace for ev-er, Joined with hap-py souls a-bove,
Where no foe my heart can sev-er From the Sav-iour whom I love.
4. { This the hope that shall sustain me, Till life's pil-grim-age is past;
Tears may vex and trou-ble pain me; I shall reach my home at last.

CHORUS.



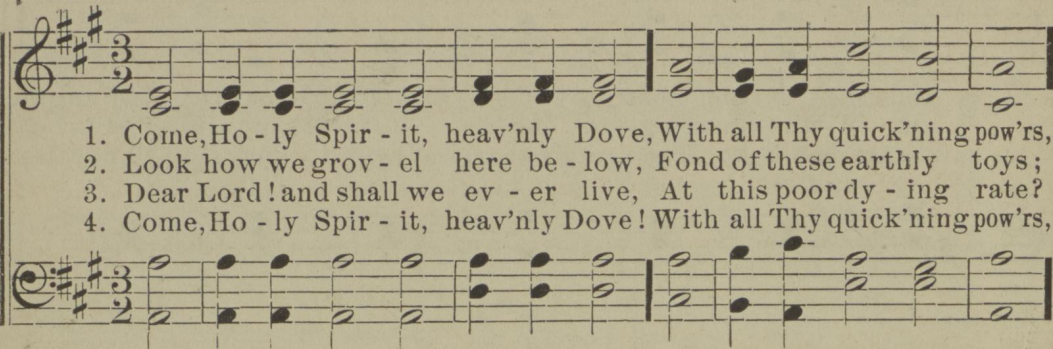
I love Je-sus, Hal-le-lu-jah! I love Je-sus, yes, I do, I do love
Je - sus; He's my Sav - iour; Je - sus smiles, and loves me too.

No. 18.

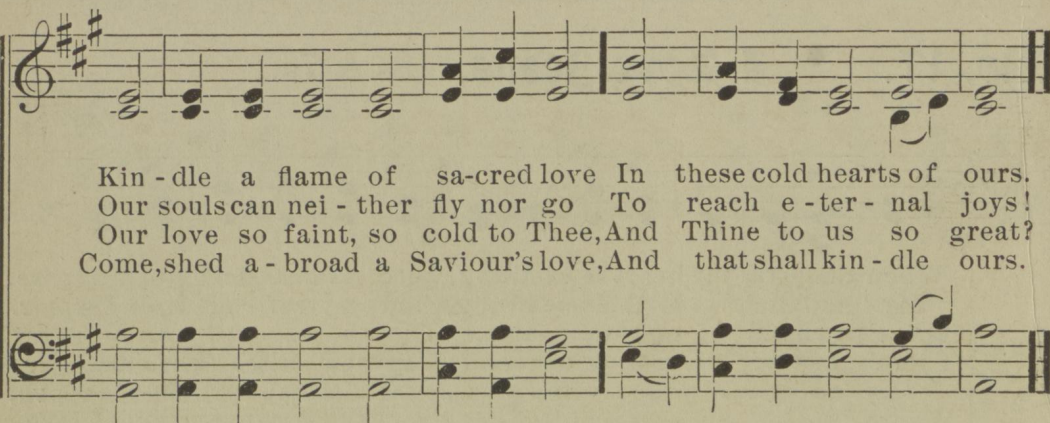
Urbana. C. M.

ISAAC WATTS, 1707.

J. H. HALL.



1. Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, heav'nly Dove, With all Thy quick'ning pow'rs,
 2. Look how we grov - el here be - low, Fond of these earthly toys;
 3. Dear Lord! and shall we ev - er live, At this poor dy - ing rate?
 4. Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, heav'nly Dove! With all Thy quick'ning pow'rs,



Kin - dle a flame of sa - cred love In these cold hearts of ours.
 Our souls can nei - ther fly nor go To reach e - ter - nal joys!
 Our love so faint, so cold to Thee, And Thine to us so great?
 Come, shed a - broad a Saviour's love, And that shall kin - dle ours.

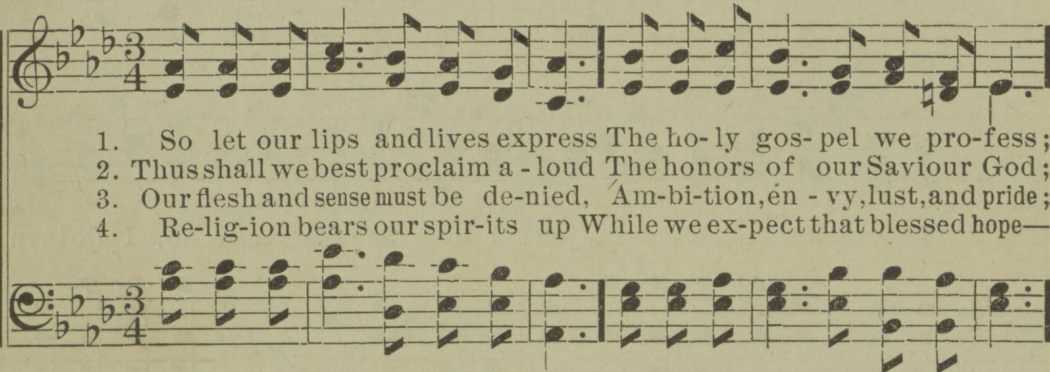
The Ruebush-Kieffer Co., owners.

No. 19.

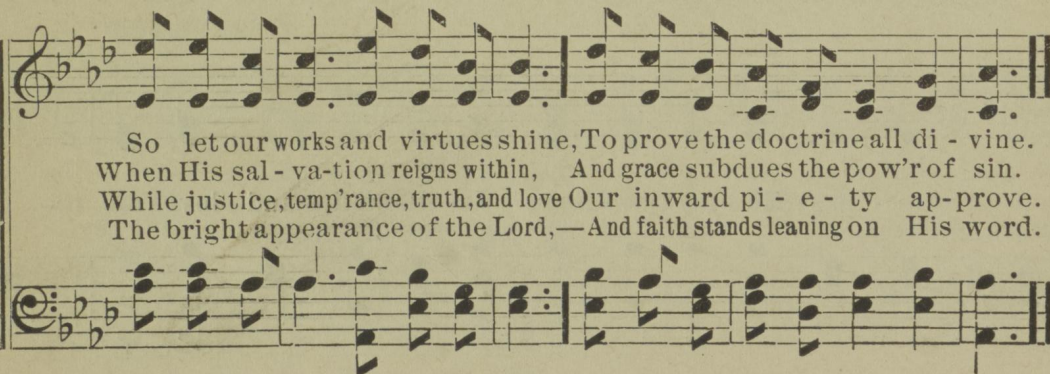
Ancil. L. M.

ISAAC WATTS.

G. J. WEBB.



1. So let our lips and lives express The ho - ly gos - pel we pro - fess;
 2. Thus shall we best proclaim a - loud The honors of our Saviour God;
 3. Our flesh and sense must be de - nied, Am - bi - tion, en - vy, lust, and pride;
 4. Re - lig - ion bears our spir - its up While we ex - pect that blessed hope—



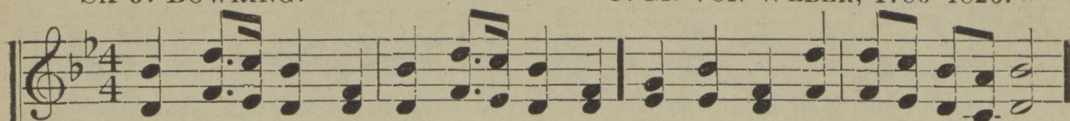
So let our works and virtues shine, To prove the doctrine all di - vine.
 When His sal - va - tion reigns within, And grace subdues the pow'r of sin.
 While justice, temp'rance, truth, and love Our inward pi - e - ty ap - prove.
 The bright appearance of the Lord, — And faith stands leaning on His word.

No. 20.

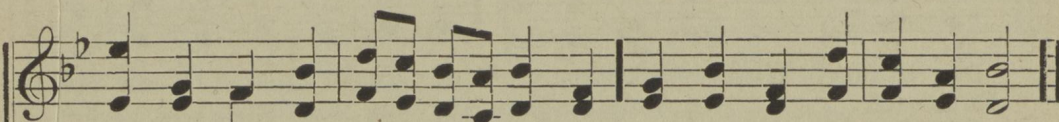
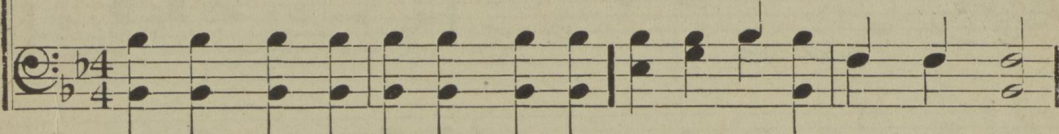
Wilmot. 8s & 7s.

Sir J. BOWRING.

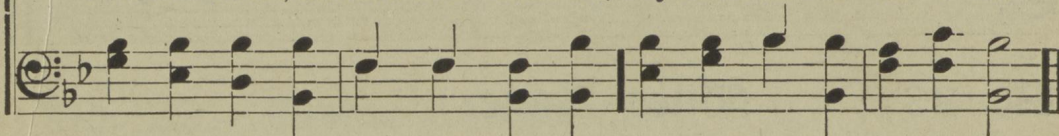
C. M. VON WEBER, 1786-1826.



1. In the cross of Christ I glo-ry, Tow'ring o'er the wrecks of time;
2. When the woes of life o'ertake me, Hopes de-ceive and fears an - noy,
3. When the sun of bliss is beaming Light and love upon my way,
4. Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure, By the cross are sanc-ti - fied;



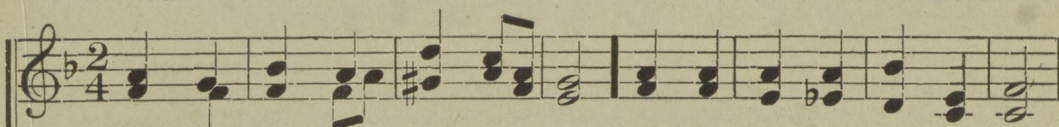
All the light of sa - cred sto - ry Gathers round its head sublime.
 Nev - er shall the cross for-sake me: Lo! it glows with peace and joy.
 From the cross the ra - diance streaming Adds new lus-tre to the day.
 Peace is there, that knows no measure, Joys that thro' all time a - bide.



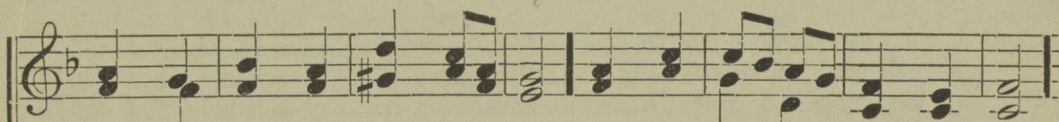
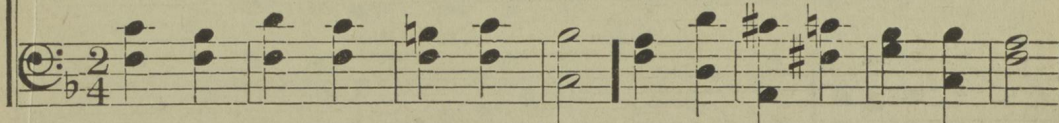
No. 21.

Seymour. 7s.

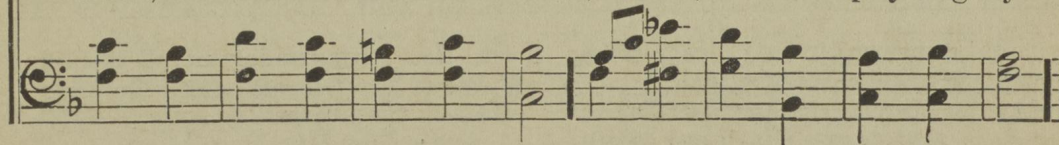
C. M. VON WEBER.



1. Soft - ly now the light of day Fades up - on my sight a - way;
2. Thou, whose all - per - vad - ing eye Naught escapes, without, with-in,
3. Soon for me the light of day Shall for - ev - er pass a - way;
4. Thou who, sin - less, yet hast known All of man's in - firm - i - ty;



Free from care, from la - bor free, Lord, I would commune with Thee.
 Par - don each in - firm - i - ty, O - pen fault, and se - cret sin.
 Then, from sin and sor - row free, Take me, Lord, to dwell with Thee.
 Then, from Thine e - ter - nal throne, Je - sus, look with pity - ing eye.

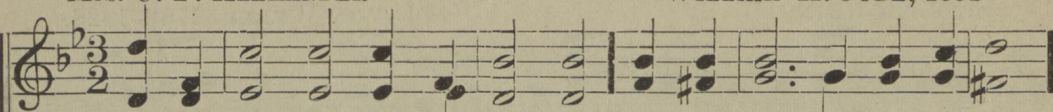


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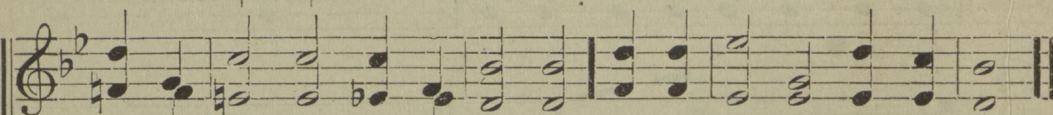
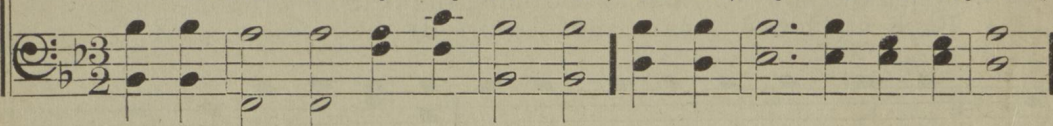
Galilee. 8s, 7s.

Mrs. C. F. ALEXANDER

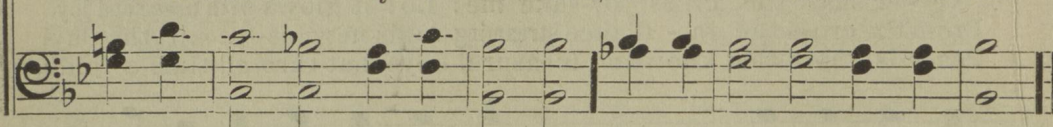
WILLIAM H. JUDE, 1851-



1. Je - sus calls us, o'er the tu - mult Of our life's wild, rest-less sea;
2. Je - sus calls us, from the wor - ship Of the vain world's gold-en store,
3. In our joys and in our sor - rows, Days of toil and hours of ease,
4. Je - sus calls us: by Thy mer - cies, Sav - ior, may we hear Thy call,



Day by day His sweet voice sound-eth, Say-ing, "Christian, fol-low Me!"
From each i - dol that would keep us, Say-ing, "Christian, love Me more."
Still He calls, in cares and pleasures, "Christian, love Me more than these."
Give our hearts to Thy o - be-dience, Serve and love Thee best of all.

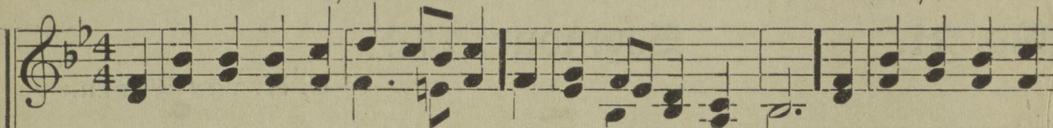


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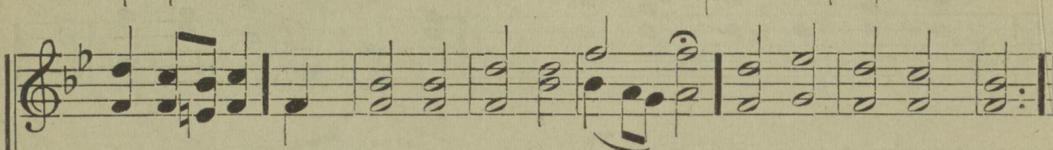
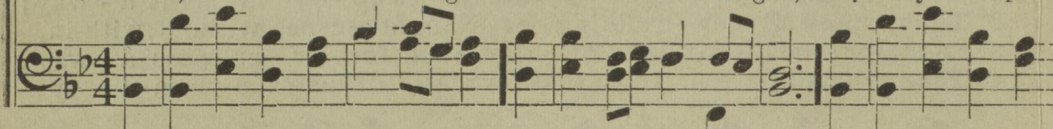
Miles' Lane. C. M.

EDWARD PERRONET, 1779-1780.

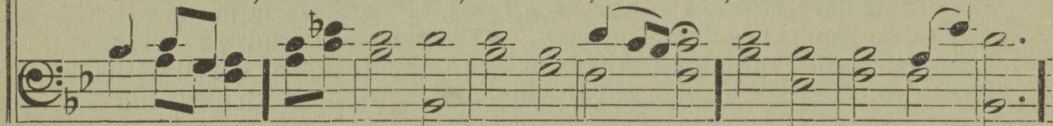
WILLIAM SHRUBSOLE, 1779.



1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name! Let an-gels prostrate fall; Bring forth the roy-al
2. Crown Him, ye mar-tyrs of your God Who from His al-tar call; Ex - tol the stem of
3. Ye seed of Is-rael's chos-en race, Ye ran-somed of the fall, Hail Him who saves you
4. Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget The wormwood and the gall, Go spread your trophies



di - a - dem, And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, Crown Him Lord of all.
Jes - se's rod, And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, Crown Him Lord of all!
by His grace, And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, Crown Him Lord of all!
at His feet, And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, Crown Him Lord of all!



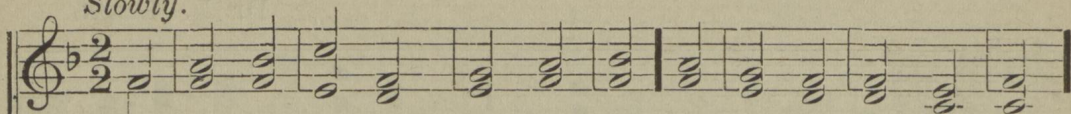
- 5 Let every kindred, every tribe, 6 Oh, that with yonder sacred throng
On this terrestrial ball, We at His feet may fall,
To Him all majesty ascribe, Join in the everlasting song,
And crown Him Lord of all! And crown Him Lord of all!

No. 24.

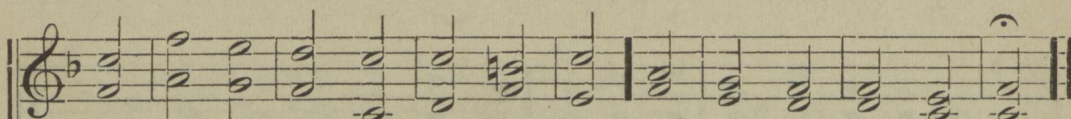
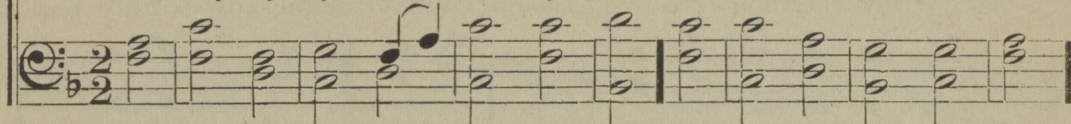
Dundee. C. M.

GUIL. FRANC, 1545.

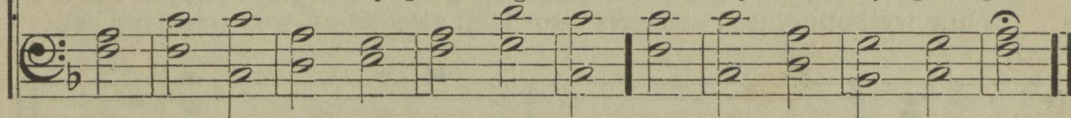
Slowly.



1. Let not de-spair nor fell re-venge Be to my bo-som known;
2. Feed me, O Lord, with need-ful food; I ask not wealth, nor fame;
3. Oh, may my days ob-scure-ly pass, With-out re-morse or care!



Oh, give me tears for oth-er's woes, And pa-tience for my own.
But give me eyes to view Thy works, A heart to praise Thy name.
And let me for my part-ing hour From day to day pre-pare.

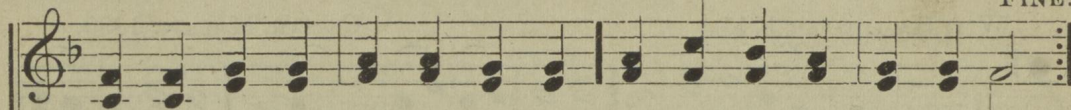


No. 25. Divine Compassion.

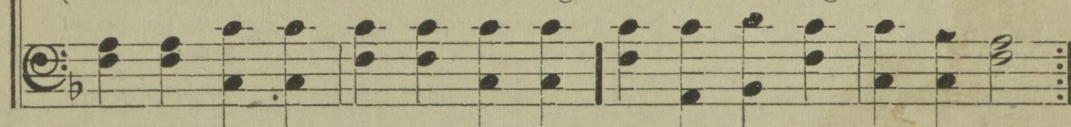
8s & 7s.

JAMES ALLEN.

FINE.

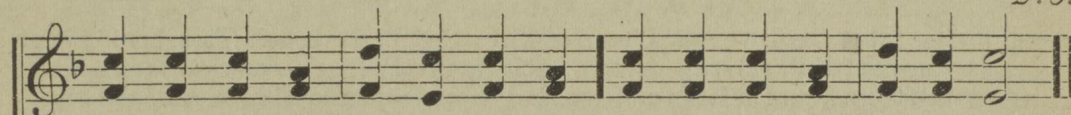


1. { Sweet the mo-ments, rich in bless-ing, Which be-fore the cross I spend,
Life and health and peace possessing From the sin-ner's dy-ing Friend.
2. { Tru-ly bless-ed is this sta-tion, Low be-fore His cross to lie;
While I see di-vine com-pass-ion Float-ing in His lan-guid eye.
3. { Love and grief my heart di-vid-ing, With my tears His feet I bathe;
Constant still in faith a-bid-ing, Life de-riv-ing from His death.

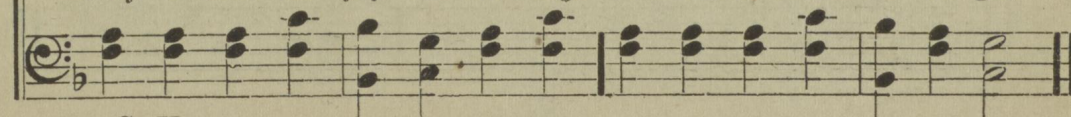


D.C. Precious drops my soul be-dew-ing, Plead and claim my peace with God.
Love I much—I've much for-giv-en; I'm a mir-a-cle of grace.
Prove His wounds each day more healing, And Him-self more deep-ly known.

D.C.



Here I'll sit for-ev-er view-ing Mer-cy's streams in streams of blood,
Here it is I find my heav-en, While up-on the Lamb I gaze,
May I still en-joy this feel-ing, In all need to Je-sus go,



No. 26.

Hebron. L. M.

Dr. L. MASON.

1. Thus far the Lord has led me on; Thus far His pow'r prolongs my days;
2. Much of my time has run to waste, And I, per-haps, am near my home;
3. I lay my bod-y down to sleep; Peace is the pil-low for my head,

And ev'-ry eve-ning shall make known Some fresh memo-rials of His grace.
But He for-gives my fol-lies past; He gives me strength for days to come.
While well-appointed an-gels keep Their watchful sta-tions round my bed.

No. 27.

Thendon. 7s.

WM. HAMMOND, 1745.

CÆSAR MALAN, 1830.

1. Lord! we come be-fore Thee now, At Thy feet we humbly bow; Oh, do not our
2. Send some message from Thy word, That may joy and peace af-ford; Let Thy Spir-it
3. Comfort those who weep and mourn; Let the time of joy re-turn; Those that are cast
4. Grant that those who seek may find Thee, a God sin-cere and kind; Heal the sick, the

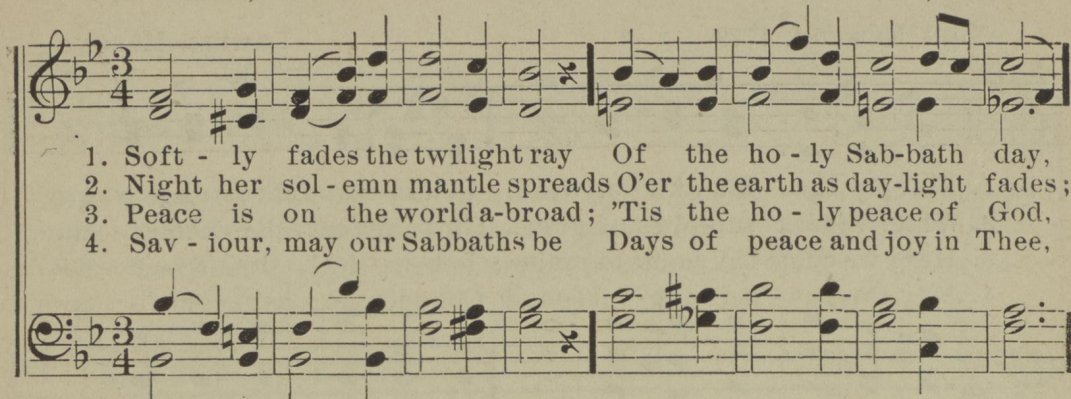
suit dis-tain; Shall we seek Thee, Lord, in vain? Shall we seek Thee, Lord, in vain?
now im-part Full sal-va-tion to each heart, Full sal-va-tion to each heart.
down lift up, Strong in faith, in love, and hope, Strong in faith, in love, and hope.
cap-tive free, Let us all re-joice in Thee, Let us all rejoice in Thee.

No. 28.

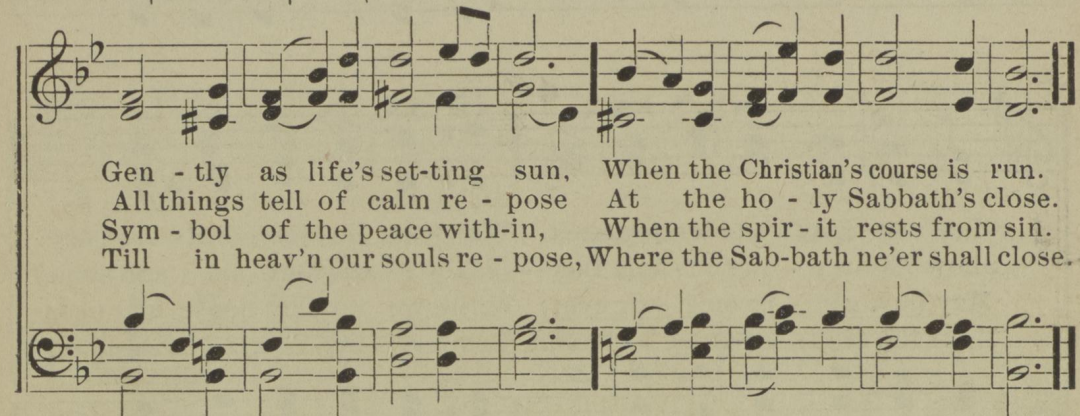
Last Hope. 7s.

S. F. SMITH, 1843.

Arr. from L. M. GOTTSCHALK, 1854.



1. Soft - ly fades the twilight ray Of the ho - ly Sab-bath day,
 2. Night her sol - emn mantle spreads O'er the earth as day-light fades;
 3. Peace is on the world a-broad; 'Tis the ho - ly peace of God,
 4. Sav - iour, may our Sabbaths be Days of peace and joy in Thee,



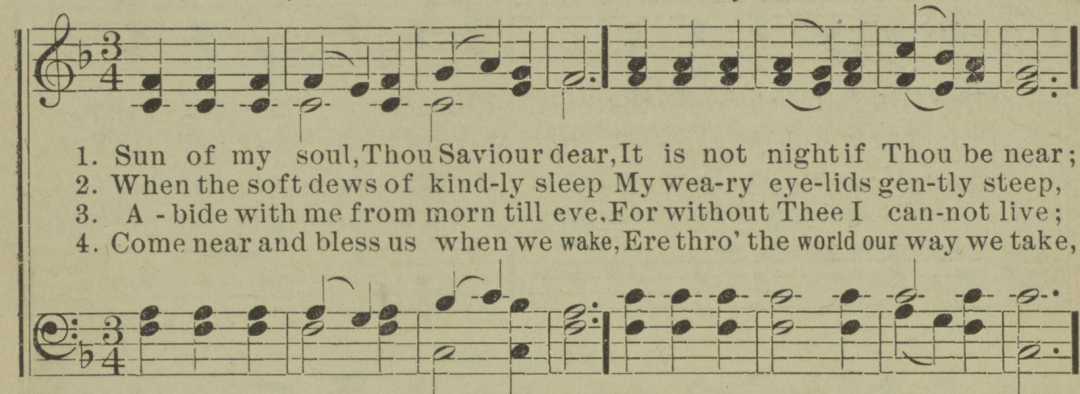
Gen - tly as life's set-ting sun, When the Christian's course is run.
 All things tell of calm re - pose At the ho - ly Sabbath's close.
 Sym - bol of the peace with-in, When the spir - it rests from sin.
 Till in heav'n our souls re - pose, Where the Sab-bath ne'er shall close.

No. 29.

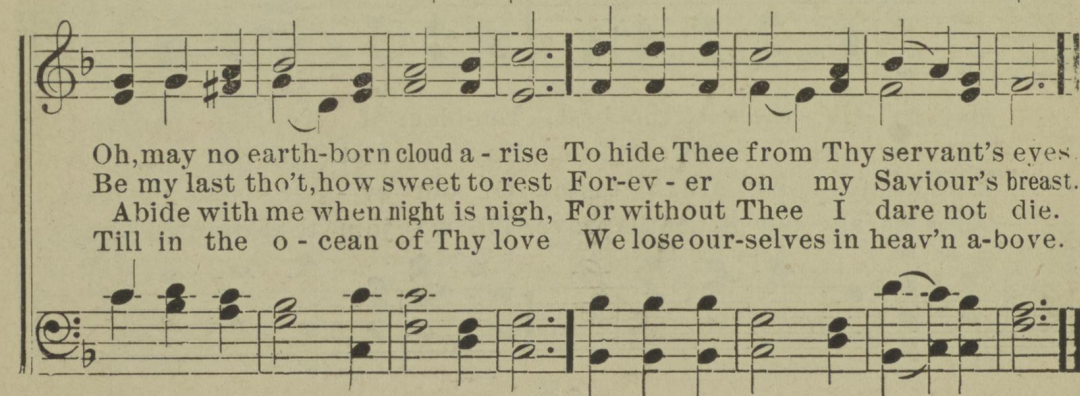
Thursley. L. M.

Rev. J. KEBLE, 1827.

PETER RITTER, 1792.
 Arr. by W. H. MONK, 1861.



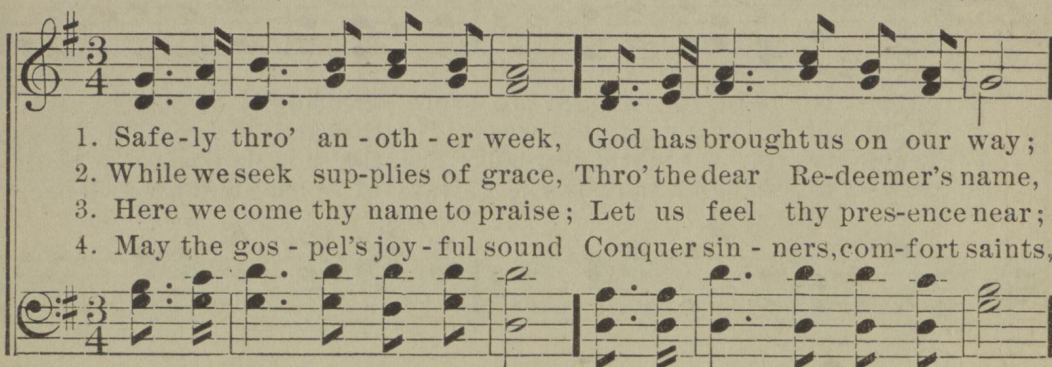
1. Sun of my soul, Thou Saviour dear, It is not night if Thou be near;
 2. When the soft dews of kindly sleep My wea-ry eye-lids gen-tly steep,
 3. A - bide with me from morn till eve, For without Thee I can-not live;
 4. Come near and bless us when we wake, Ere thro' the world our way we take,



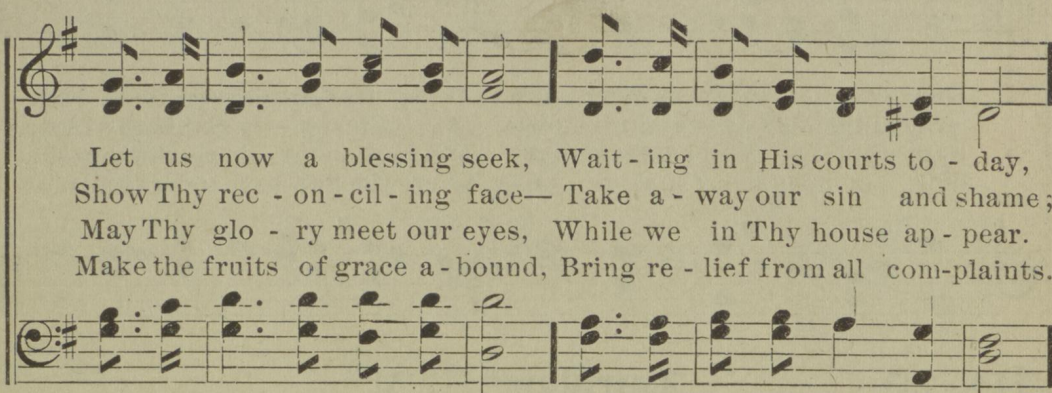
Oh, may no earth-born cloud a - rise To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes.
 Be my last tho't, how sweet to rest For-ev - er on my Saviour's breast.
 Abide with me when night is nigh, For without Thee I dare not die.
 Till in the o - cean of Thy love We lose our-selves in heav'n a-bove.

JOHN NEWTON, 1779.

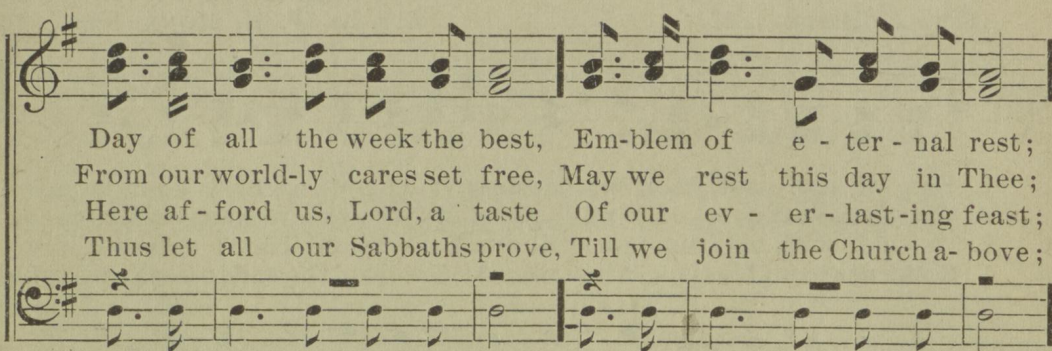
LOWELL MASON.



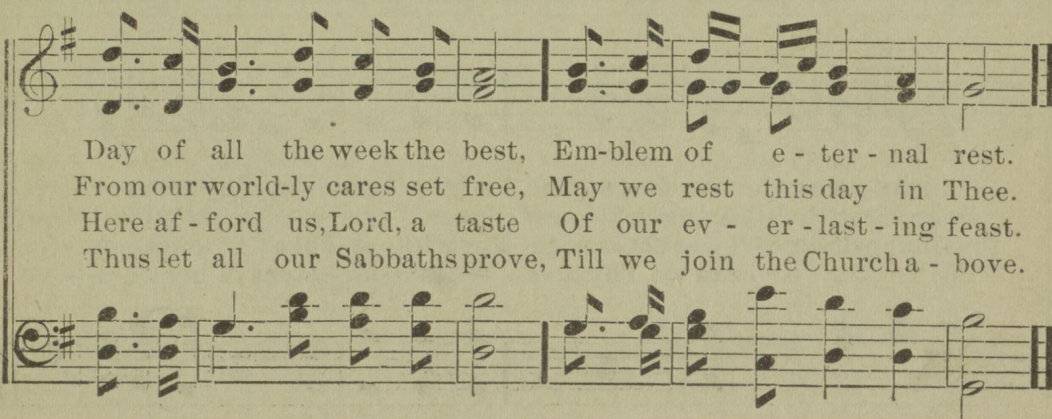
1. Safe-ly thro' an - oth - er week, God has brought us on our way;
 2. While we seek sup-plies of grace, Thro' the dear Re-deemer's name,
 3. Here we come thy name to praise; Let us feel thy pres-ence near;
 4. May the gos - pel's joy - ful sound Conquer sin - ners, com-fort saints,



Let us now a blessing seek, Wait-ing in His courts to - day,
 Show Thy rec - on - cil - ing face— Take a - way our sin and shame;
 May Thy glo - ry meet our eyes, While we in Thy house ap - pear.
 Make the fruits of grace a - bound, Bring re - lief from all com-plaints.



Day of all the week the best, Em-blem of e - ter - nal rest;
 From our world-ly cares set free, May we rest this day in Thee;
 Here af-ford us, Lord, a taste Of our ev - er - last - ing feast;
 Thus let all our Sabbaths prove, Till we join the Church a - bove;



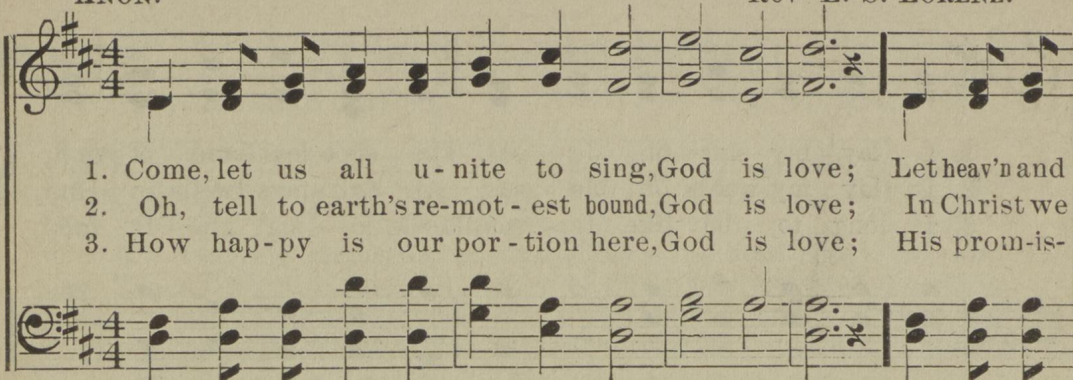
Day of all the week the best, Em-blem of e - ter - nal rest.
 From our world-ly cares set free, May we rest this day in Thee.
 Here af-ford us, Lord, a taste Of our ev - er - last - ing feast.
 Thus let all our Sabbaths prove, Till we join the Church a - bove.

No. 31.

God is Love. P. M.

ANON.

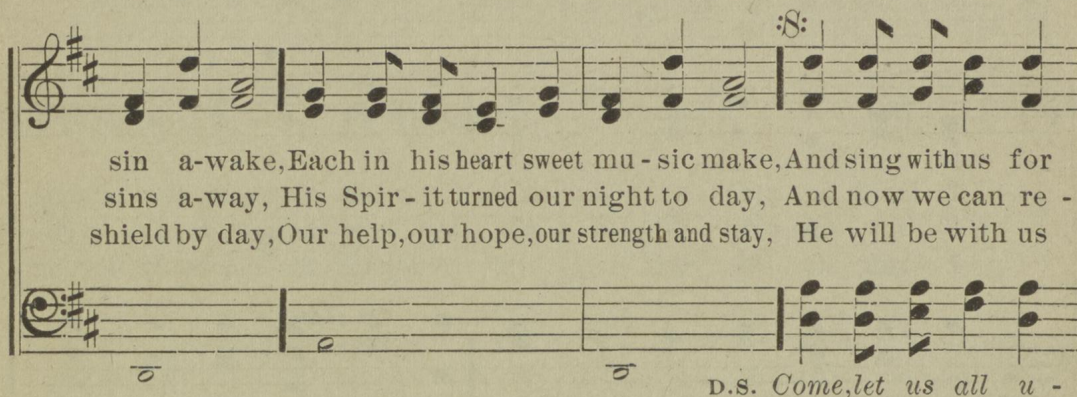
Rev E. S. LORENZ.



1. Come, let us all u-nite to sing, God is love; Let heav'n and
 2. Oh, tell to earth's re-mot-est bound, God is love; In Christ we
 3. How hap-py is our por-tion here, God is love; His prom-is-



earth their prais-es bring, God is love; Let ev-'ry soul from
 have re-demption found, God is love; His blood has wash'd our
 es our spir-its cheer, God is love; He is our sun and



sin a-wake, Each in his heart sweet mu-sic make, And sing with us for
 sins a-way, His Spir-it turned our night to day, And now we can re-
 shield by day, Our help, our hope, our strength and stay, He will be with us

D.S. Come, let us all u -

FINE. REFRAIN. D.S.



Je-sus' sake, For God is love. God is love, God is love
 joice to say That God is love.
 all the way, Our God is love. God is love, God is love.

nite to sing That God is love.

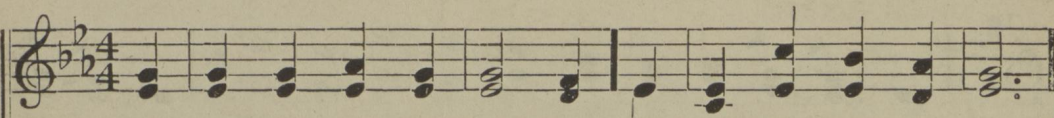
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No. 32.

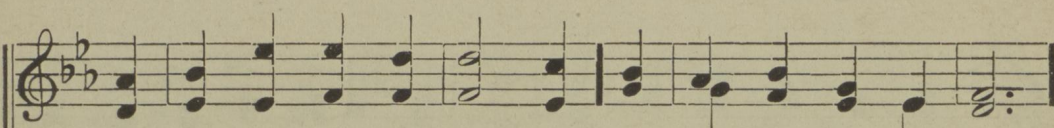
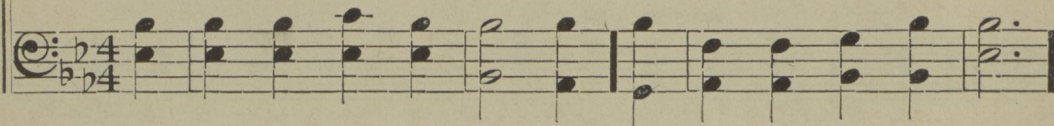
Aurelia. 7s, 6s, 8l.

HORATIUS BONAR, 1843.

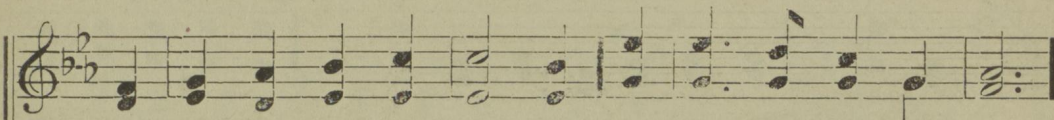
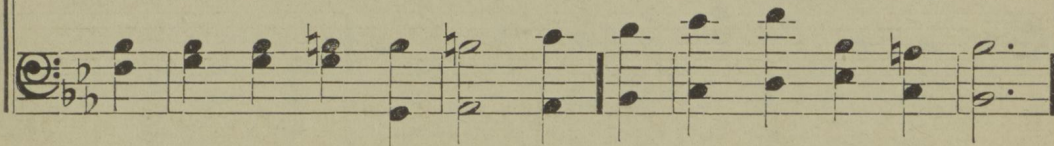
S. S. WESLEY, 1864.



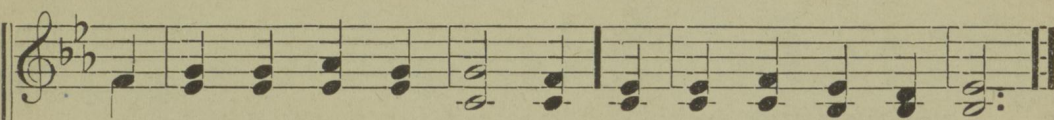
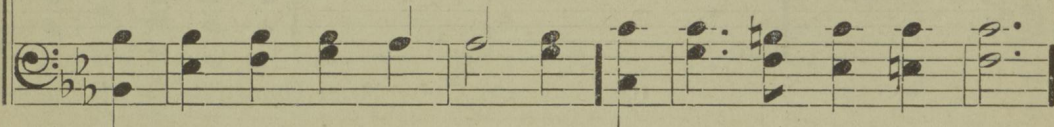
1. I lay my sins on Je - sus, The spot-less Lamb of God,
2. I lay my wants on Je - sus, All full-ness dwells in Him;
3. I long to be like Je - sus, Meek, lov - ing, low - ly, mild;



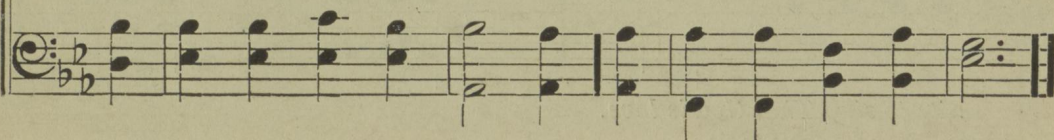
He bears them all, and frees us From the ac - curs - ed load:
He heals all my dis - eas - es, He doth my soul re - deem:
I long to be like Je - sus, The Fa - ther's ho - ly child:



I bring my guilt to Je - sus, To wash my crim - son stains
I lay my griefs on Je - sus, My bur - dens and my cares;
I long to be with Je - sus, A - mid the heav - en - ly throng,



White in His blood most pre - cious, Till not a stain re - mains.
He from them all re - leas - es, He all my sor - row shares.
To sing with saints His prai - es, To learn the an - gels' song.



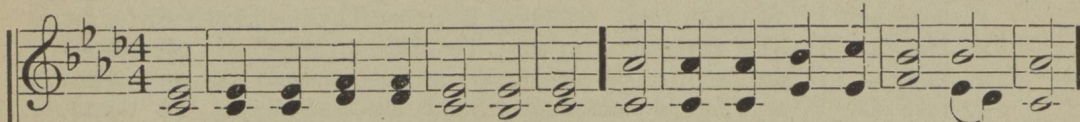
MAN'S RUIN AND REDEMPTION.

"For as in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive."—1 Cor. 15: 22.

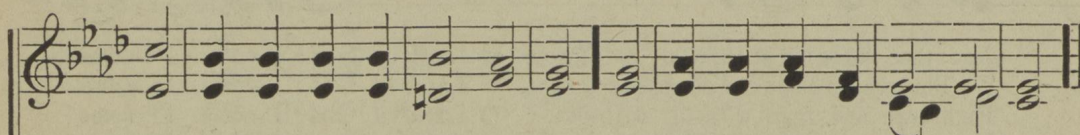
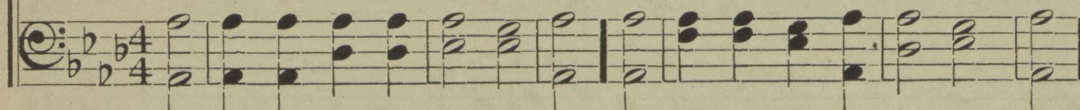
No. 33. Olive's Brow. L. M.

Rev. WM. BINGHAM TAPPAN.

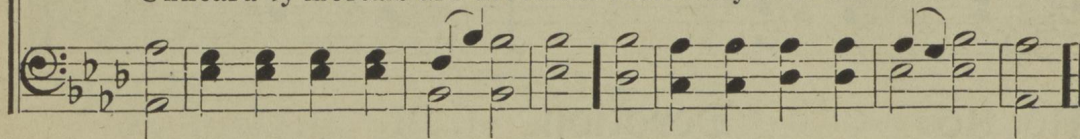
WM. B. BRADBURY.



1. 'Tis midnight, and on Olive's brow The star is dimm'd that late-ly shone;
2. 'Tis midnight, and from all remov'd The Saviour wrestles 'lone with fears;
3. 'Tis midnight, and for others' guilt The Man of Sorrows weeps in blood;
4. 'Tis midnight, and from ether-plains Is borne the song that an - gels know;

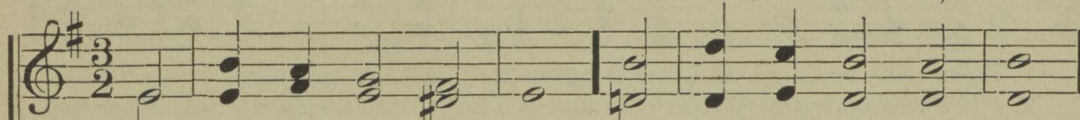


'Tis midnight in the gar-den now, The suff'ring Saviour prays a-lone.
E'en that dis-ci-ple whom He lov'd, Heeds not His Master's grief and tears.
Yet He who hath in anguish knelt, Is not for-sak-en by His God.
Unheard by mortals are the strains That sweetly soothe the Saviour's woe.

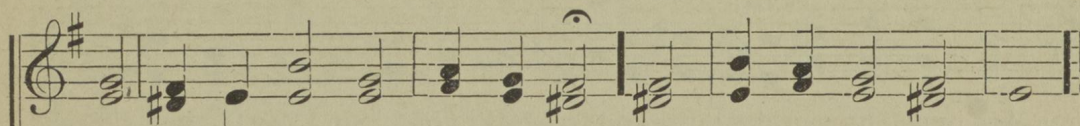
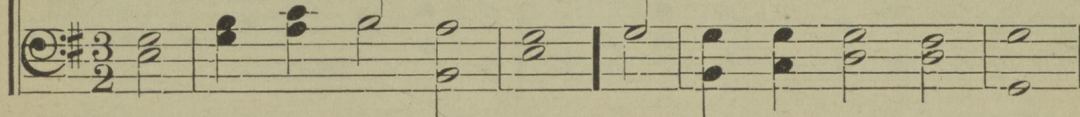


No. 34. Aylesbury. S. M.

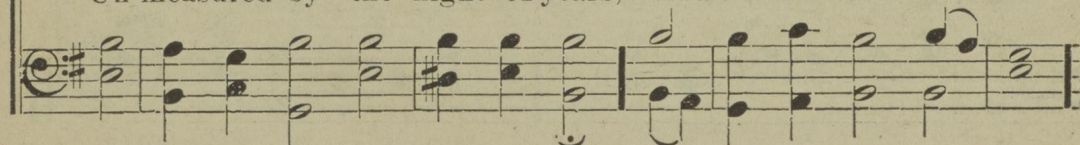
JAMES GREEN, 1710.



1. Oh! where shall rest be found, Rest for the wea - ry soul?
2. The world can nev - er give The bliss for which we sigh:
3. Be - yond this vale of tears, There is a life a - bove,



'Twere vain the o - cean depths to sound, Or pierce to eith - er pole.
'Tis not the whole of life to live, Nor all of death to die.
Un-measured by the flight of years,—And all that life is love.

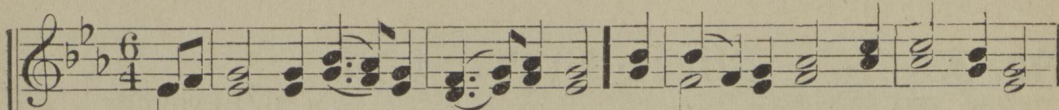


No. 35.

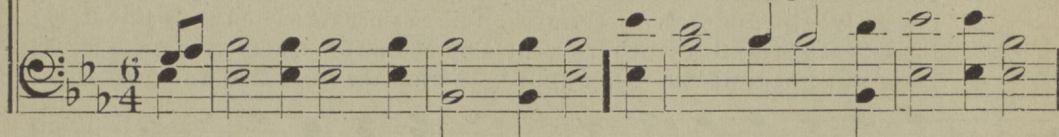
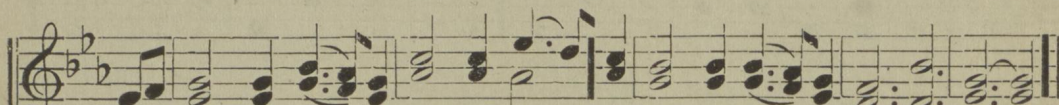
Woodworth. L. M.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOT.

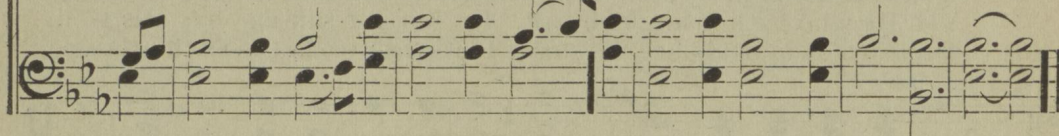
WM. B. BRADBURY.



1. Just as I am! with-out one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me,
 2. Just as I am! and wait-ing not To rid my soul of one dark blot;
 3. Just as I am! tho' toss'd a-bout, With man-y a con-flict, man-y a doubt,
 4. Just as I am! poor, wretch-ed, blind, Sight, rich-es, heal-ing of the mind,
 5. Just as I am! Thou wilt re-ceive, Wilt wel-come, par-don, cleanse, relieve,

And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God! I come, I come!
 To Thee whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God! I come, I come!
 Fightings and fears with-in, with-out, O Lamb of God! I come, I come!
 Yea, all I need in Thee to find, O Lamb of God! I come, I come!
 Be-cause Thy prom-ise I be-lieve; O Lamb of God! I come, I come!

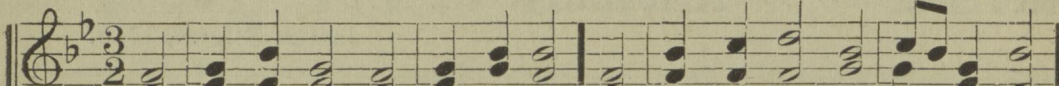


No. 36.

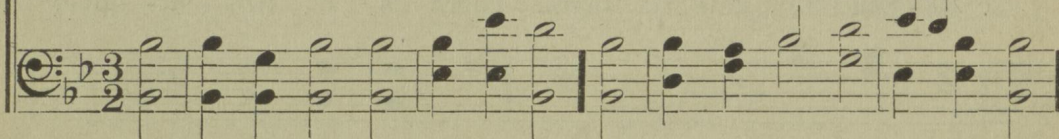
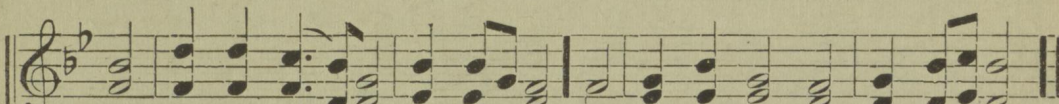
Devotion. L. M.

ISAAC WATTS.

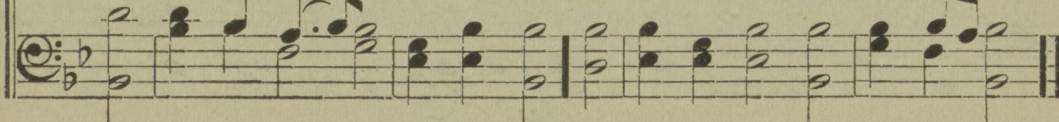
Old Southern Melody.



1. Show pi-ty, Lord, O Lord, forgive, Let a re-pent-ing reb-el live.
 2. My crimes are great, but don't surpass The pow'r and glo-ry of Thy grace;
 3. Should sudden vengeance seize my breath, I must pronounce Thee just in death;
 4. Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord, Whose hope, still hov'ring round Thy word,

Are not Thy mercies large and free? May not a sin-ner trust in Thee?
 Great God, Thy na-ture hath no bound, So let Thy pard'ning love be found.
 And if my soul were sent to hell, Thy righteous law approves it well.
 Would light on some sweet promise there, Some sure support against de-spair.



No. 37.

Toplady. 7s.

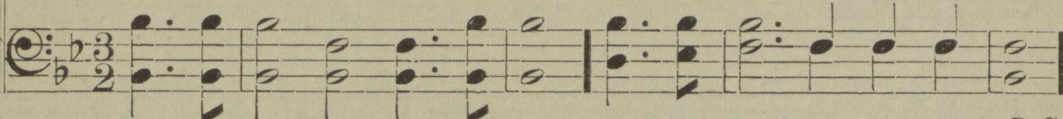
Rev. A. M. TOPLADY.

Dr. THOS. HASTINGS.

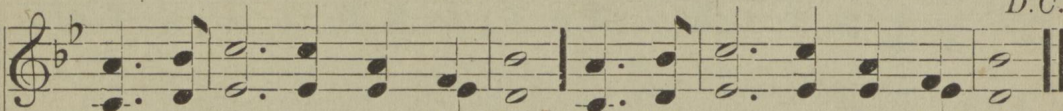
FINE.



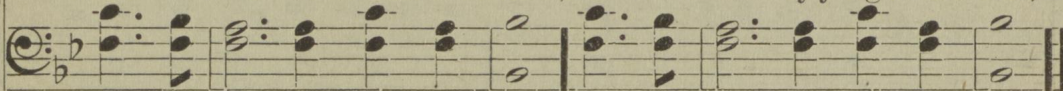
1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee;
D.C. Be of sin the dou - ble cure, Save me from its guilt and pow'r.
2. Not the la - bor of my hands Can ful - fil Thy laws' demands;
D.C. All for sin could not a - tone, Thou must save, and Thou a - lone.
3. Noth - ing in my hand I bring, Sim - ply to Thy cross I cling;
D.C. Foul, I to the foun - tain fly, Wash me, Sav - iour, or I die.
4. While I draw this fleet - ing breath, When my eyes shall close in death,
D.C. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee.



D.C.



Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy riv - en side which flow'd,
Could my zeal no res - pite know, Could my tears for - ev - er flow,
Nak - ed, come to Thee for dress, Help - less, look to Thee for grace;
When I soar to worlds unknown, See Thee on Thy judgment throne, —



No. 38.

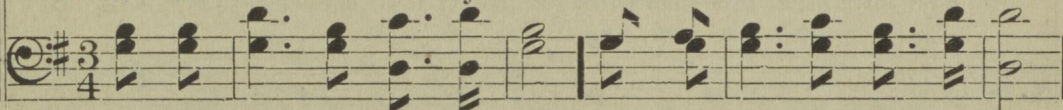
Trusting. 7s.

WM. McDONALD.

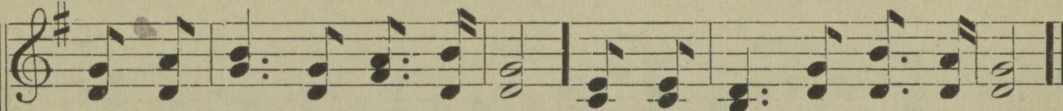
W. G. FISCHER, by per.



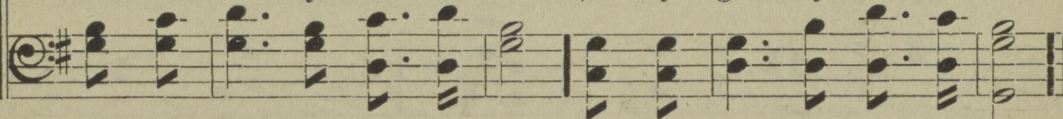
1. I am com - ing to the cross; I am poor, and weak, and blind;
2. Long my heart has sigh'd for Thee; Long has e - vil reign'd with - in;
3. Here I give my all to Thee—Friends, and time, and earth - ly store;
4. In the prom - is - es I trust; Now I feel the blood ap - plied;
5. Je - sus comes! He fills my soul! Per - fect - ed in love I am!



CHO. I am trust - ing, Lord, in Thee; Thou dear Lamb of Cal - va - ry;



I am count - ing all but dross; I shall Thy sal - va - tion find.
Je - sus sweet - ly speaks to me— I will cleanse you from all sin
Soul and bod - y Thine to be—Whol - ly Thine—for - ev - er - more.
I am pros - trate in the dust; I with Christ am cru - ci - fied.
I am ev - 'ry whit made whole; Glo - ry! glo - ry to the Lamb!

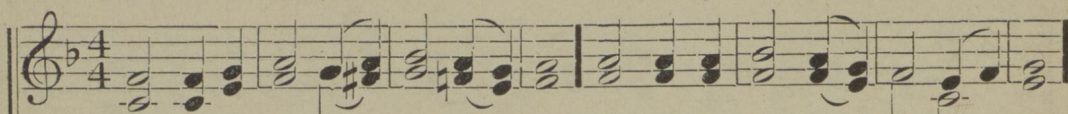


Hum - bly at Thy cross I bow; Save me, Je - sus, save me now.

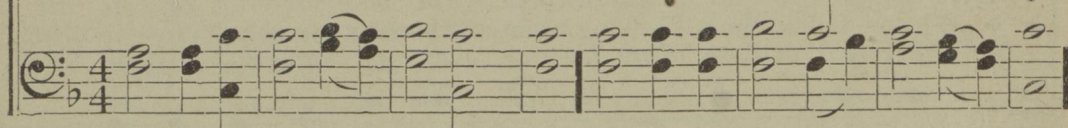
No. 39. Hamburg. L. M.

CHARLES WESLEY, 1742.

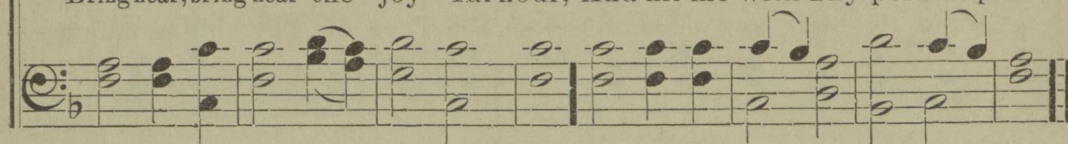
Arr. by Dr. LOWELL MASON.



1. O that my load of sin were gone! O that I could at last sub-mit,
2. Rest for my soul I long to find; Sav-iour of all, if mine Thou art,
3. Fain would I learn of Thee, my God, Thy light and easy bur-den prove,
4. I would, but Thou must give the pow'r; My heart from ev-'ry sin re-lease;



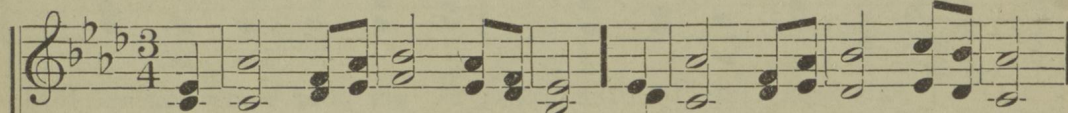
At Je-sus' feet to lay it down, To lay my soul at Je-sus' feet!
Give me Thy meek and low-ly mind, And stamp Thine image on my heart.
The cross, all stain'd with hal-low'd blood, The la-bor of Thy dy-ing love.
Bring near, bring near the joy-ful hour, And fill me with Thy perfect peace.



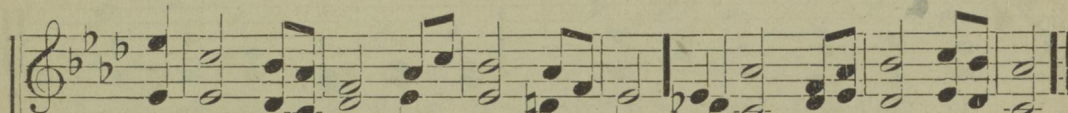
No. 40. Gavin. S. M.

CHARLES WESLEY.

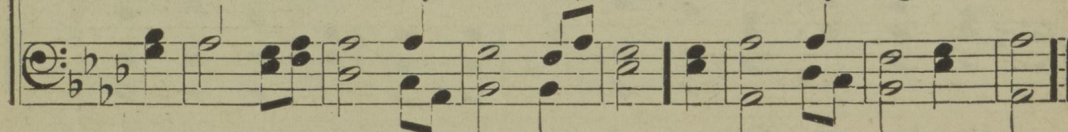
AARON CHAPIN.



1. And can I yet de-lay My lit-tle all to give?
2. Nay, but I yield, I yield! I can hold out no more;
3. Tho' late, I all for-sake; My friends, my all, re-sign;
4. Come, and pos-sess me whole, Nor hence a-gain re-move;



To tear my soul from earth a-way, For Je-sus to re-ceive?
I sink, by dy-ing love com-pell'd, And own Thee Con-quer-or!
Gracious Re-deem-er, take, O take, And seal me ev-er Thine!
Set-tle and fix my wav-ring soul With all Thy weight of love.



No. 41.

I Do Believe. C. M.

ISAAC WATTS.

American Spiritual.

1. A - las! and did my Sav-iour bleed, And did my Sov'reign die?
 2. Was it for crimes that I have done He groan'd up-on the tree?
 3. But drops of grief can ne'er re - pay The debt of love I owe;

CHO. I do be-lieve, I now be-lieve, That Je - sus died for me;

Would He de-vote that sa-cred head For such a worm as I?
 A - mazing pit - y, grace unknown, And love be-yond de - gree!
 Here, Lord, I give my - self a - way, 'Tis all that I can do.

And thro' His blood, His precious blood, I shall from sin be free.

No. 42.

Pleyel's Hymn. 7s.

THOMAS SCOTT, 1773.

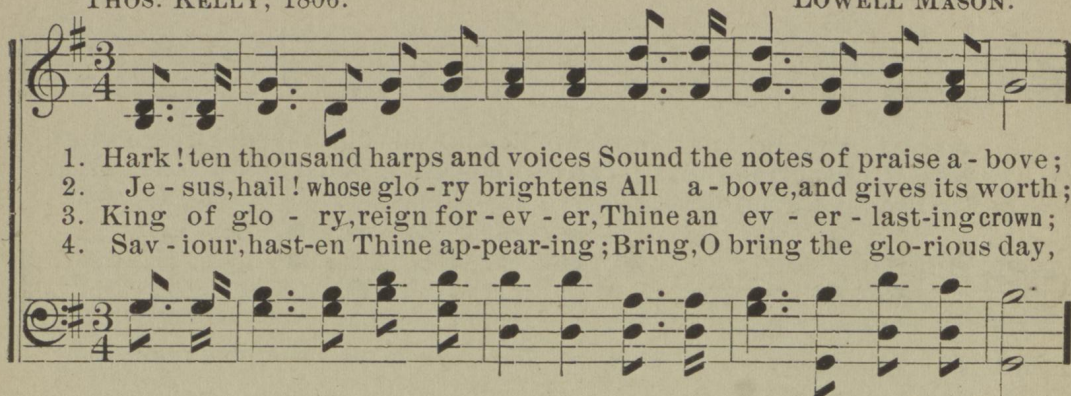
IGNACE PLEYEL.

1. Has - ten, sin - ner, to be wise! Stay not for the morrow's sun;
 2. Has - ten, mer - cy to im-plore! Stay not for the morrow's sun,
 3. Has - ten, sin - ner, to re - turn! Stay not for the morrow's sun,
 4. Has - ten, sin - ner, to be blest! Stay not for the morrow's sun,

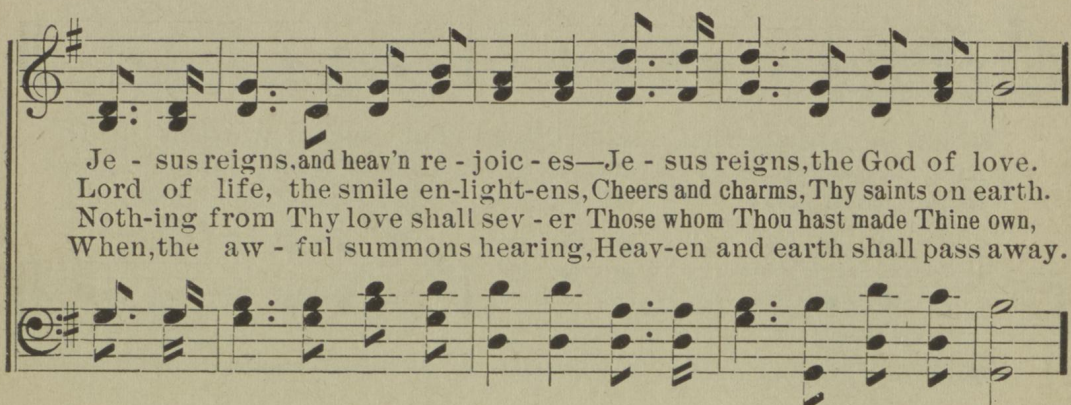
Wis-dom, if you still de-spise, Hard-er is it to be won.
 Lest thy sea - son should be o'er, Ere this evening's stage is run.
 Lest thy lamp should fail to burn, Ere sal - va-tion's work is done.
 Lest per-di - tion thee ar - rest, Ere the mor-row is be - gun.

THOS. KELLY, 1806.

LOWELL MASON.



1. Hark! ten thousand harps and voices Sound the notes of praise a - bove;
 2. Je - sus, hail! whose glo - ry brightens All a - bove, and gives its worth;
 3. King of glo - ry, reign for - ev - er, Thine an ev - er - last - ing crown;
 4. Sav - iour, hast - en Thine ap - pear - ing; Bring, O bring the glo - rious day,

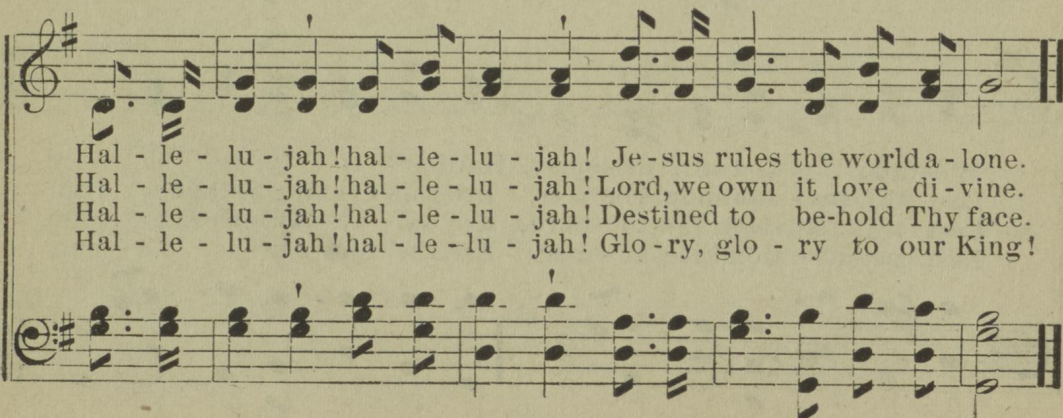


Je - sus reigns, and heav'n re - joic - es—Je - sus reigns, the God of love.
 Lord of life, the smile en - light - ens, Cheers and charms, Thy saints on earth.
 Noth - ing from Thy love shall sev - er Those whom Thou hast made Thine own,
 When, the aw - ful summons hearing, Heav - en and earth shall pass away.



See, He sits on yonder throne;	Jesus rules the world a - lone.
When we think of love like Thine,	Lord, we own it love di - vine.
Happy objects of Thy grace,	Destined to behold Thy face.
Then, with golden harps, we'll sing,	"Glo - ry, glo - ry to our King!"

See, He sits on yon - der throne; Je - sus rules the world a - lone.
 When we think of love like Thine, Lord, we own it love di - vine.
 Hap - py ob - jects of Thy grace, Des - tined to be - hold Thy face.
 Then, with gold - en harps, we'll sing, "Glo - ry, glo - ry to our King!"



Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! Je - sus rules the world a - lone.
 Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! Lord, we own it love di - vine.
 Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! Destined to be - hold Thy face.
 Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! Glo - ry, glo - ry to our King!

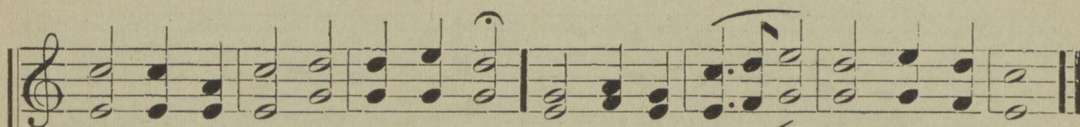
No. 44.

Sessions. L. M.

L. O. EMERSON.



1. Sin-ner, oh why so tho'tless grown? Why in such dreadful haste to die?
 2. Wilt thou de-spise e - ter-nal fate, Urged on by sin's de - lusive dreams?
 3. Stay, sin-ner, on the gos-pel plains! And hear the Lord of life unfold



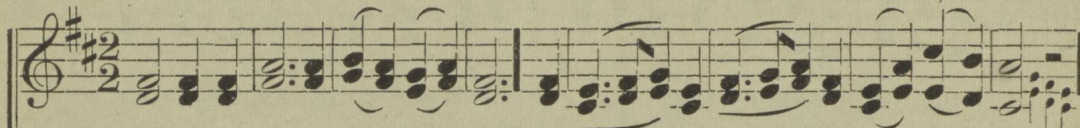
Dar-ing to leap to worlds unknown, Heedless a - gainst thy God to fly.
 Mad-ly at the in - fer-nal gate, And force thy pass - age to the flames.
 The glo-ries of His dy-ing pains, For-ev-er tell - ing, yet un - told.

No. 45.

Olivet. L. M.

ISAAC WATTS.

I. B. WOODBURY, 1852.



1. When I survey the wondrous cross, On which the Prince of glo - ry died,
 2. Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast, Save in the death of Christ my God;
 3. See, from His head, His hands, His feet, Sorrow and love flow mingled down;
 4. Were the whole realm of na-ture mine, That were a pres - ent far too small;

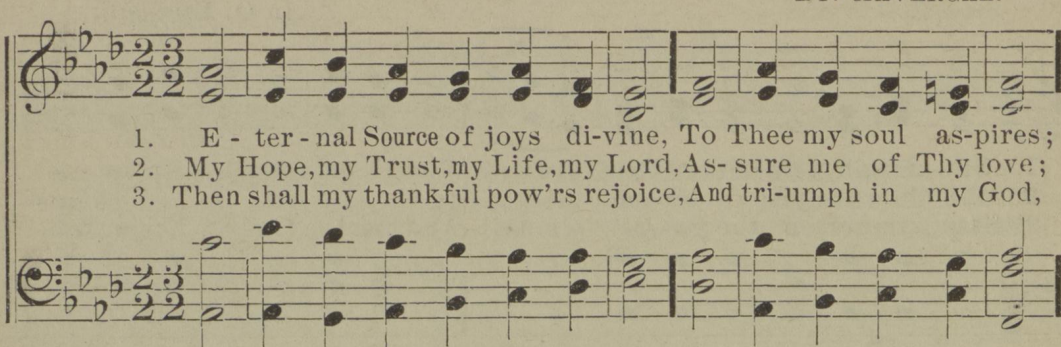


My richest gain I count but loss, And pour con-tempt on all my pride.
 All the vain things that charm me most, I sac - ri - fice them to His blood.
 Did e'er such love and sor - row meet, Or thorns compose so rich a crown?
 Love so a-maz-ing, so di - vine, De - mands my soul, my life, my all.

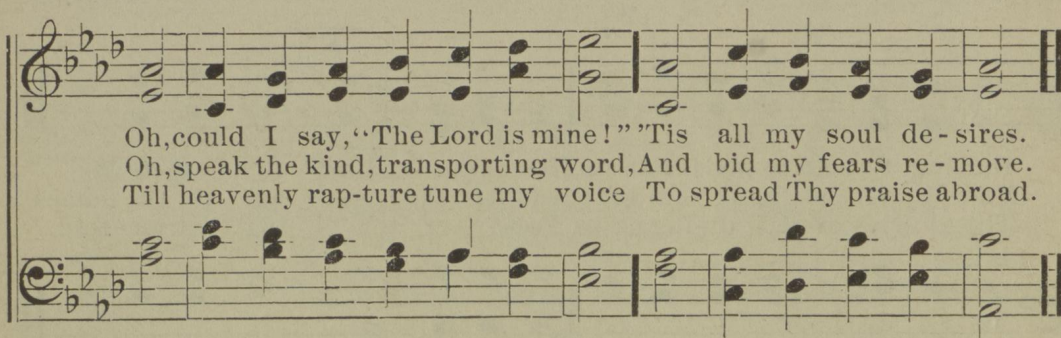
No. 46.

St. Nicholas. C. M.

Dr. HAVERGAL.



1. E - ter - nal Source of joys di - vine, To Thee my soul as - pires;
2. My Hope, my Trust, my Life, my Lord, As - sure me of Thy love;
3. Then shall my thankful pow'rs rejoice, And tri - umph in my God,

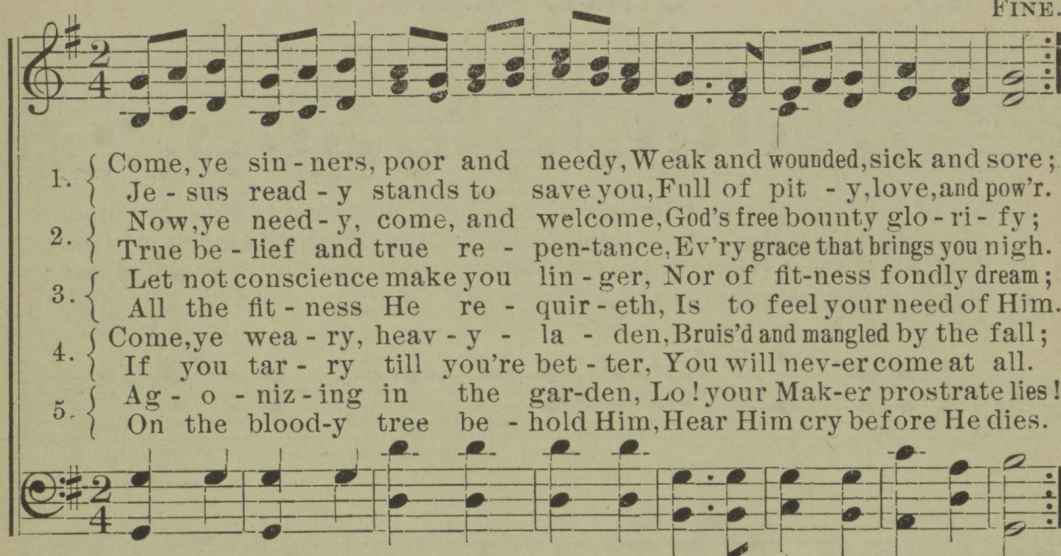


Oh, could I say, "The Lord is mine!" 'Tis all my soul de - sires.
Oh, speak the kind, transporting word, And bid my fears re - move.
Till heavenly rap - ture tune my voice To spread Thy praise abroad.

No. 47.

Come, ye Sinners. 8s & 7s.

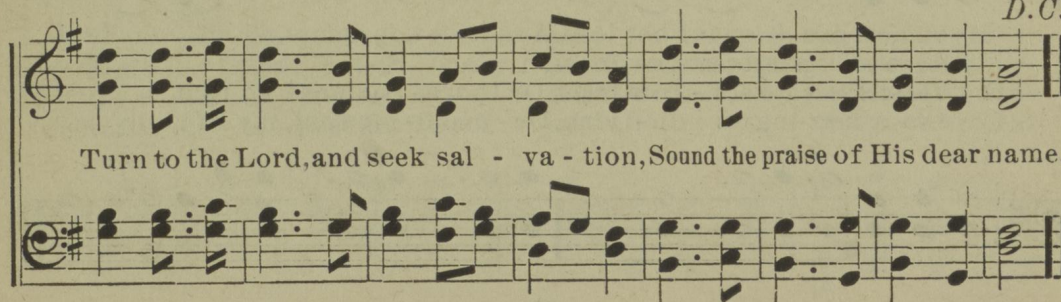
FINE.



1. { Come, ye sin - ners, poor and needy, Weak and wounded, sick and sore;
Je - sus read - y stands to save you, Full of pit - y, love, and pow'r.
2. { Now, ye need - y, come, and welcome, God's free bounty glo - ri - fy;
True be - lief and true re - pen - tance, Ev'ry grace that brings you nigh.
3. { Let not conscience make you lin - ger, Nor of fit - ness fondly dream;
All the fit - ness He re - quir - eth, Is to feel your need of Him.
4. { Come, ye wea - ry, heav - y - la - den, Bruis'd and mangled by the fall;
If you tar - ry till you're bet - ter, You will nev - er come at all.
5. { Ag - o - niz - ing in the gar - den, Lo! your Mak - er prostrate lies!
On the blood - y tree be - hold Him, Hear Him cry before He dies.

D.S. Glo - ry, hon - or, and sal - va - tion, Christ the Lord is come to reign.

D.C.



Turn to the Lord, and seek sal - va - tion, Sound the praise of His dear name.

No. 48. Church Hill. 8s & 7s.

JOHN CAWOOD.

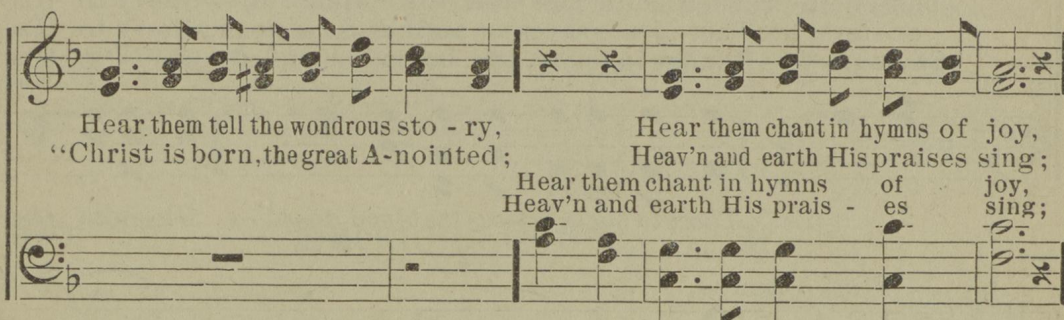
WM. MINGLE.



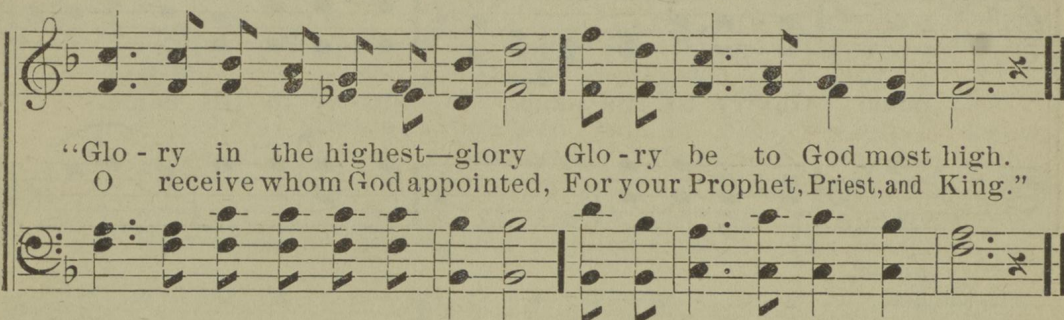
1. Hark! what mean those ho-ly voic - es, Sweet-ly sounding thro' the skies?
2. "Peace on earth, good-will from heav-en, Reaching far as man is found;



Lo! th'angel-ic host re-joic - es, Heav'n-ly hal - le - lu - jahs rise.
Souls redeem'd, and sins forgiv-en," Loud our golden harps shall sound.



Hear them tell the wondrous sto - ry, Hear them chant in hymns of joy,
"Christ is born, the great A-nointed; Heav'n and earth His praises sing;
Hear them chant in hymns of joy,
Heav'n and earth His prais - es sing;

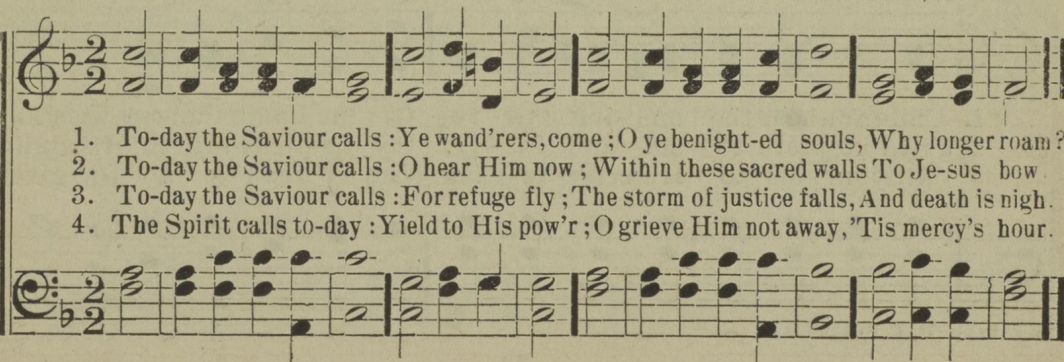


"Glo - ry in the highest—glory Glo - ry be to God most high.
O receive whom God appointed, For your Prophet, Priest, and King."

No. 49. Today. 6s & 4s.

Rev. SAMUEL FRANCIS SMITH.

LOWELL MASON, 1831.



1. To-day the Saviour calls : Ye wand'ers, come ; O ye benight-ed souls, Why longer roam ?
2. To-day the Saviour calls : O hear Him now ; Within these sacred walls To Je-sus bow.
3. To-day the Saviour calls : For refuge fly ; The storm of justice falls, And death is nigh.
4. The Spirit calls to-day : Yield to His pow'r ; O grieve Him not away, 'Tis mercy's hour.

No. 50.

Glory to His Name.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.

Rev. J. H. STOCKTON.

1. Down at the cross where my Sav-iour died, Down where for cleansing from
 2. I am so wondrously sav'd from sin, Je - sus so sweetly a -
 3. Oh, precious foun-tain that saves from sin, I am so glad I have
 4. Come to this fountain so rich and sweet; Cast thy poor soul at the

sin I cried; There to my heart was the blood applied, Glo-ry to His
 bides with-in; There at the cross where He took me in, Glo-ry to His
 en-ter'd in; There Jesus saves me and keeps me clean, Glo-ry to His
 Saviour's feet; Plunge in today, and be made complete, Glo-ry to His

D.S. There to my heart was the blood ap-plied, Glo-ry to His

FINE. CHORUS. D.S.
 name. Glo-ry to His name, Glo-ry to His name.
 name.

By permission.

No. 51.

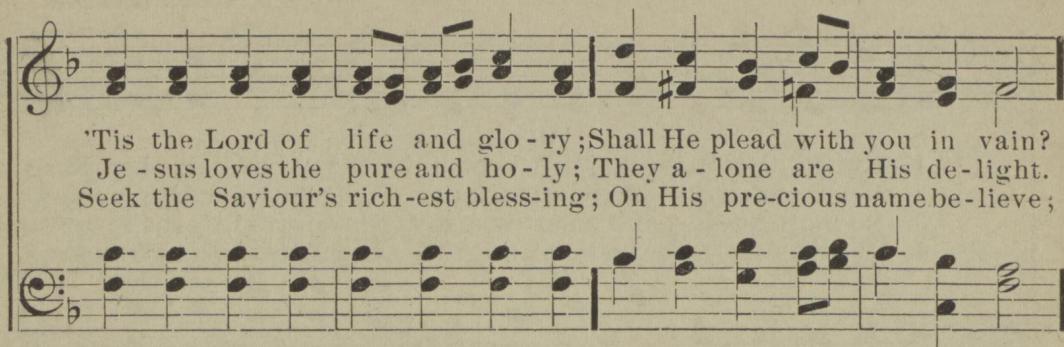
Nonia. 8s, 7s, & 4s.

Dr. A. B. EVERETT.

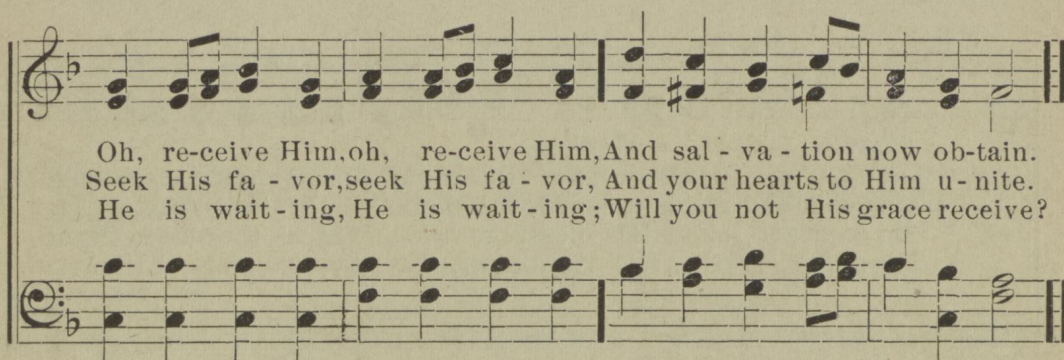
1. Children, hear the melt-ing sto-ry Of the Lamb that once was slain;
 2. Yield no more to sin and fol-ly, So dis-pleas-ing in His sight;
 3. All your sins to Him con-fess-ing, Who is read-y to for-give,

By per. The R. M. McIntosh Co.

Nonia. (Concluded.)



'Tis the Lord of life and glo-ry; Shall He plead with you in vain?
 Je-sus loves the pure and ho-ly; They a-lone are His de-light.
 Seek the Saviour's rich-est bless-ing; On His pre-cious name be-lieve;

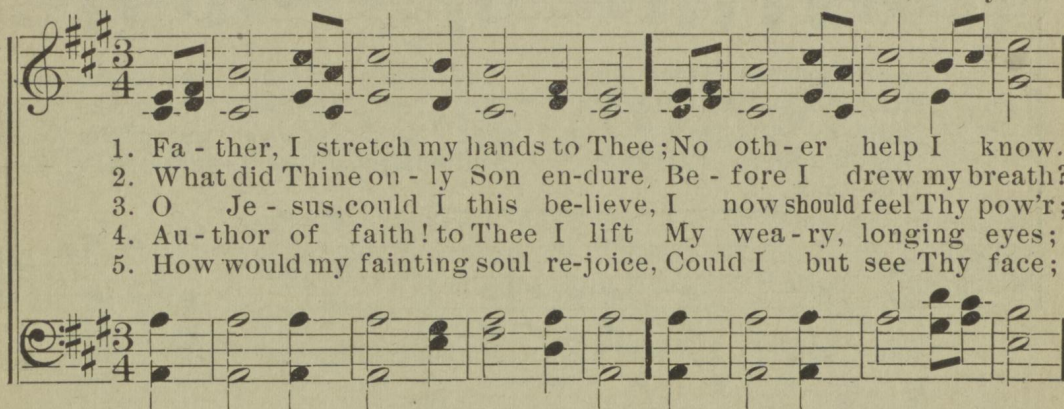


Oh, re-ceive Him, oh, re-ceive Him, And sal-va-tion now ob-tain.
 Seek His fa-vor, seek His fa-vor, And your hearts to Him u-nite.
 He is wait-ing, He is wait-ing; Will you not His grace receive?

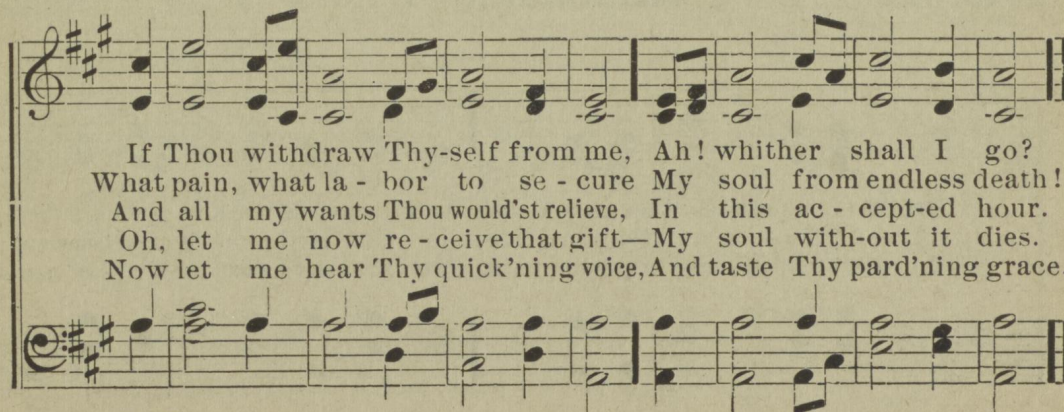
No. 52. Harmony Grove. C. M.

CHARLES WESLEY.

Southern Melody.



1. Fa-ther, I stretch my hands to Thee; No oth-er help I know.
 2. What did Thine on-ly Son en-dure, Be-fore I drew my breath?
 3. O Je-sus, could I this be-lieve, I now should feel Thy pow'r;
 4. Au-thor of faith! to Thee I lift My wea-ry, longing eyes;
 5. How would my fainting soul re-joice, Could I but see Thy face;

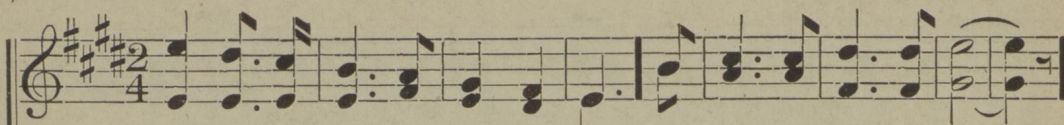


If Thou withdraw Thy-self from me, Ah! whither shall I go?
 What pain, what la-bor to se-cure My soul from endless death!
 And all my wants Thou would'st relieve, In this ac-cept-ed hour.
 Oh, let me now re-ceive that gift—My soul with-out it dies.
 Now let me hear Thy quick'ning voice, And taste Thy pard'ning grace.

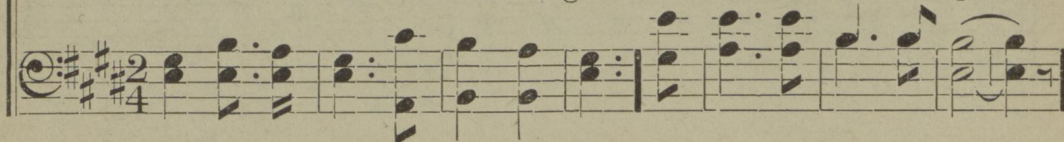
No. 53.

Antioch. C. M.

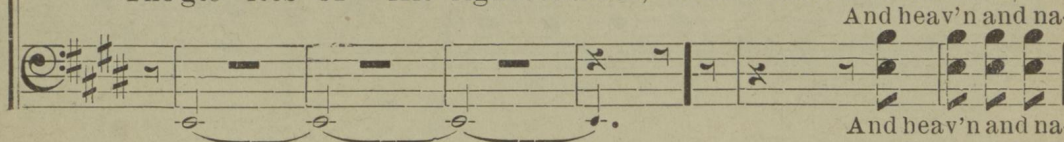
G. F. HANDEL.



1. Joy to the world—the Lord is come! Let earth re-ceive her King;
2. Joy to the earth—the Sav-iour reigns! Let men their songs employ;
3. No more let sins and sor-rows grow, Nor thorns infest the ground:
4. He rules the world with truth and grace, And makes the na-tions prove



Let ev - 'ry heart prepare Him room, And heav'n and nature sing,
 While fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains, Repeat the sounding joy,
 He comes to make His blessings flow, Far as the curse is found,
 The glo - ries of His righteousness, And wonders of His love,



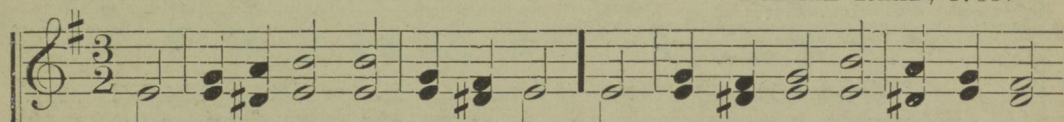
And heav'n and nature sing, And heav'n, and heav'n and nature sing.
 Re - peat the sounding joy, Re - peat, re - peat the sounding joy.
 Far as the curse is found, Far as, far as the curse is found.
 And wonders of His love, And wonders, and won - ders of His love
 ture sing,



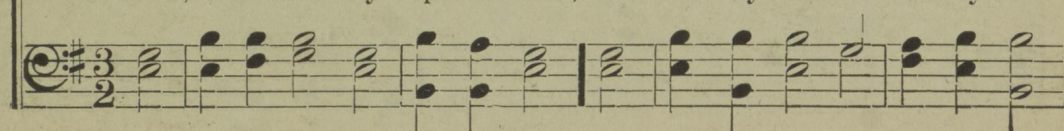
No. 54.

Windham. L. M.

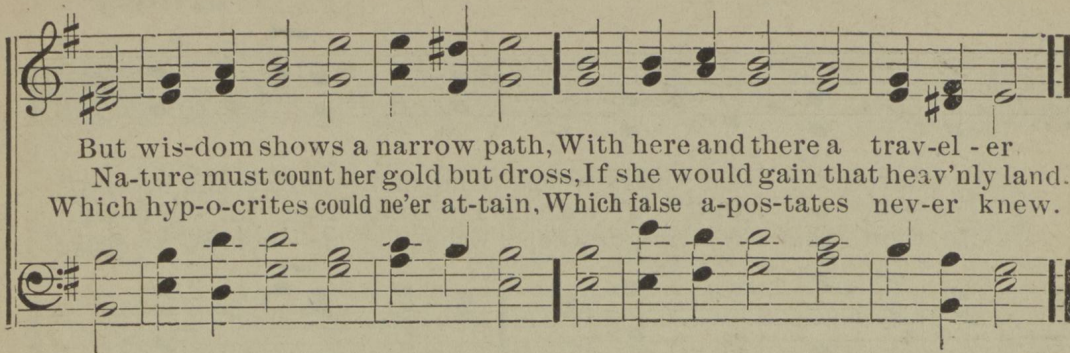
DANIEL READ, 1785.



1. Broad is the road that leads to death, And thousands walk to-geth-er there;
2. De - ny thyself, and take thy cross, Is the Redeemer's great command;
3. Lord, let not all my hopes be vain, Cre - ate my heart en-tire - ly new —



Windham. (Concluded.)

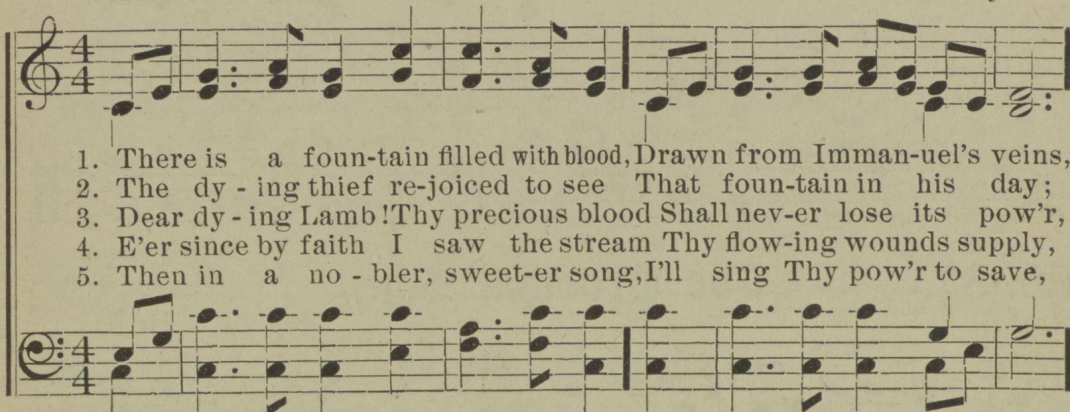


But wis-dom shows a narrow path, With here and there a trav-el - er.
Na-ture must count her gold but dross, If she would gain that heav'nly land.
Which hyp-o-crites could ne'er at-tain, Which false a-pos-tates nev-er knew.

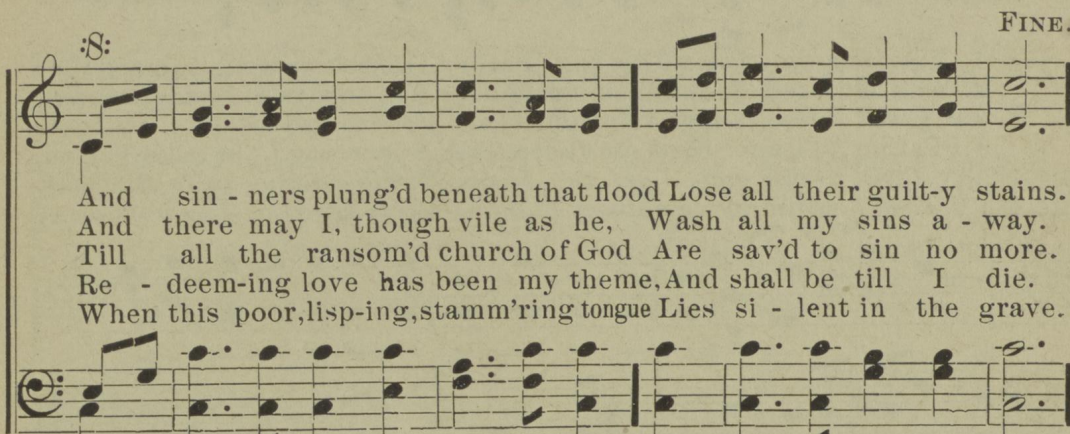
No. 55. There is a Fountain. C. M.

WILLIAM COWPER.

Western Melody.



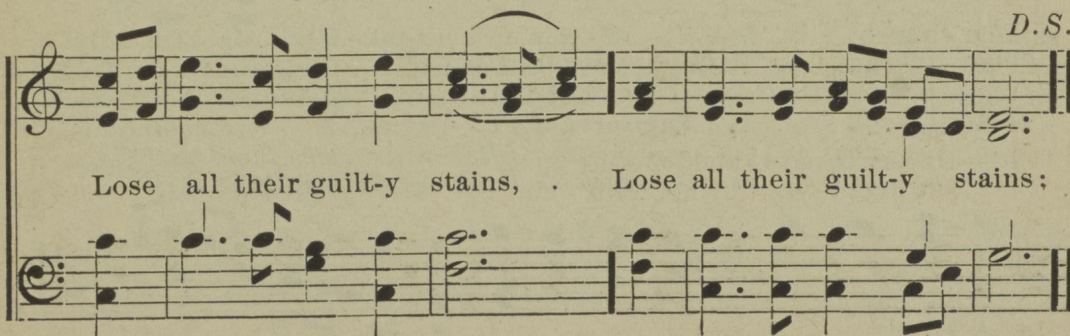
1. There is a foun-tain filled with blood, Drawn from Imman-uel's veins,
2. The dy-ing thief re-joiced to see That foun-tain in his day;
3. Dear dy-ing Lamb! Thy precious blood Shall nev-er lose its pow'r,
4. E'er since by faith I saw the stream Thy flow-ing wounds supply,
5. Then in a no - bler, sweet-er song, I'll sing Thy pow'r to save,



FINE.

And sin - ners plung'd beneath that flood Lose all their guilt-y stains.
And there may I, though vile as he, Wash all my sins a - way.
Till all the ransom'd church of God Are sav'd to sin no more.
Re - deem-ing love has been my theme, And shall be till I die.
When this poor, lisp-ing, stamm'ring tongue Lies si - lent in the grave.

D.S. And sin-ners, plung'd beneath that flood, Lose all their guilt-y stains.



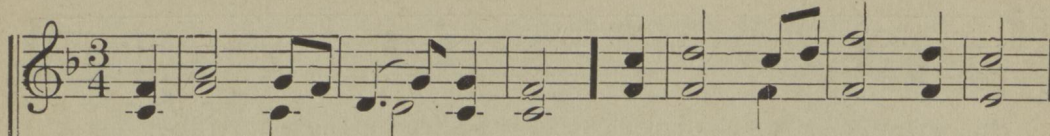
D.S.

Lose all their guilt-y stains, . Lose all their guilt-y stains;

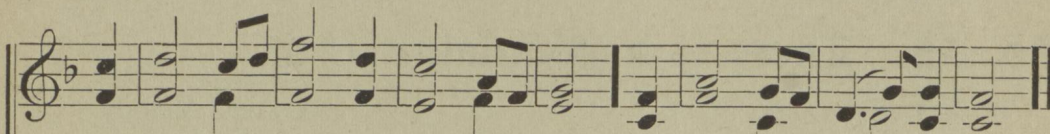
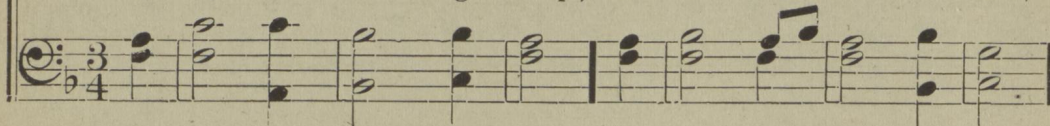
No. 56.

Golden Hill. S. M.

A. DAVISSON.



1. Did Christ for sin - ners weep, And shall our cheeks be dry?
2. The Son of God in tears, The wond'-ring an - gels see;
3. He wept that we might weep; Each sin de - mands a tear;



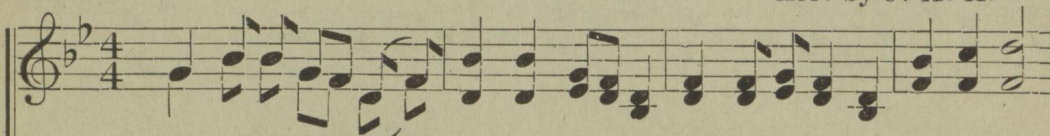
Let tears of pen - i - ten - tial grief Pour forth from ev - 'ry eye.
 Be thou as - ton-ish'd, O my soul! He shed those tears for thee.
 In heav'n a - lone no sin is found, And there's no weep-ing there.



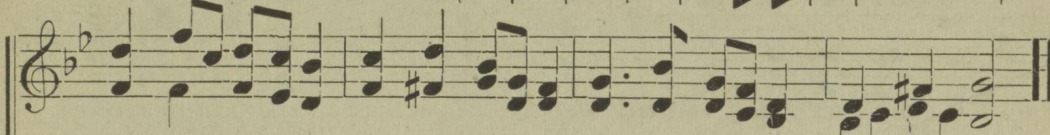
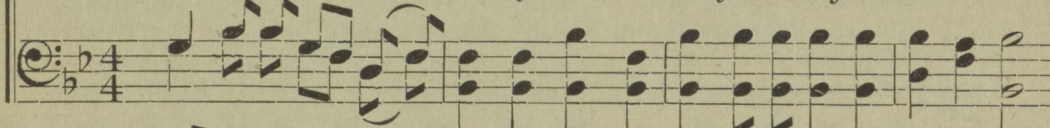
No. 57.

The Prodigal Son.

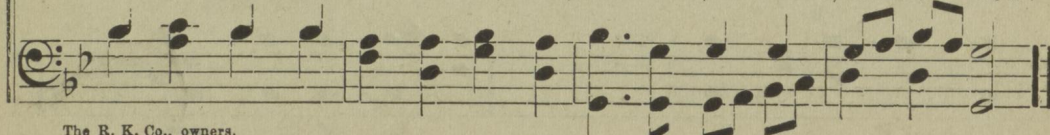
Arr. by J. H. H.



1. Far, far a-way from my lov-ing Father, I had been wand'ring, wayward, wild;
 2. Fain had I fed on the husks around me, Till to myself I came, and said,
 - 3 "I will a-rise, though faint and weary, Home to my Fa-ther I will go;
 4. "Father," I'll say, "I have sinn'd before Thee, No more may I be called Thy son,
- CHO. 1, 2, 3 v. *I will a-rise and go to Je-sus, He will embrace me in His arms,*
 CHO. 4th v. *Then I arose and came to my Father—Mercy amazing! love unknown!*



Fear-ing on - ly lest His an - ger O - ver-take His sin - ful child.
 "Plen - ty have my Father's servants, Per-ish I for want of bread."
 Woe is me that e'er I wander'd: Ah, that I such need should know!"
 Make me on - ly as Thy servant, Pi - ty me, a wretch undone!"
In the arms of my dear Saviour, Oh, there are ten thou-sand charms.
He be - held me, ran, embraced me, Pardoned, welcomed, called me "son!"



No. 58. The Great Physician.

Rev. W. M. HUNTER.

Rev. J. H. STOCKTON.

8: FINE.

1. { The great Phy-si - cian now is near, The sym - pa-thiz-ing Je-sus; }
 { He speaks the drooping heart to cheer, Oh, hear the voice of Je-sus. }
 2. { Your man - y sins are all forgiv'n, Oh, hear the voice of Je-sus, }
 { Go on your way in peace to heav'n, And wear a crown with Je-sus. }
 3. { All glo - ry to the dy-ing Lamb! I now be-lieve in Je-sus; }
 { I love the blessed Saviour's name, I love the name of Je-sus. }
 4. { His name dis-pels my guilt and fear, No oth - er name but Je-sus; }
 { Oh! how my soul de-lights to hear The charming name of Je-sus. }

D. S. 7 Sweet-est car - ol ev - er sung, 7 Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus.

CHORUS.

D.S.

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

No. 59.

Depth of Mercy.

CHARLES WESLEY.

J. STEVENSON.

1. { Depth of mer-cy, can there be Mer - cy still re-served for me? }
 { Can my God His wrath for-bear, Me, the chief of sin-ners, spare? }
 2. { I have long with-stood His grace; Long provok'd Him to His face; }
 { Would not hearken to His calls; Griev'd Him by a thousand falls. }
 3. { Now in-cline me to re-lent; Let me now my sins la-ment; }
 { Now my foul re - volt de-plore; Weep, be-lieve, and sin no more. }

REFRAIN.

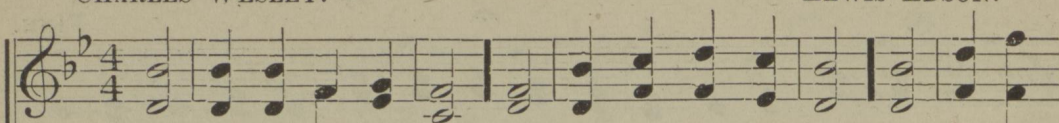
{ God is love, I know, I feel; }
 { Jesus weeps and loves me still; } Je - sus weeps, He weeps and loves me still.

No. 60.

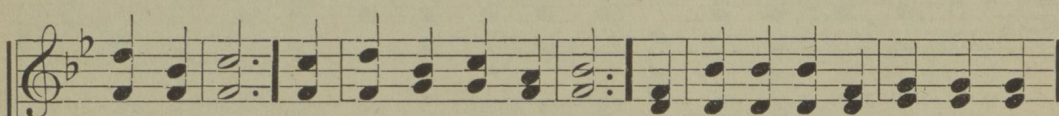
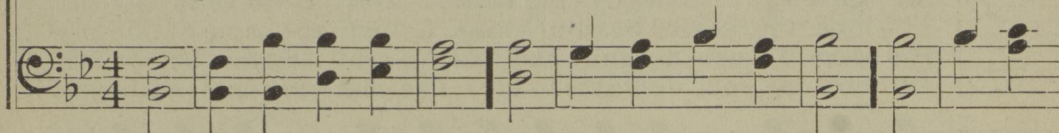
Lenor. H. M.

CHARLES WESLEY.

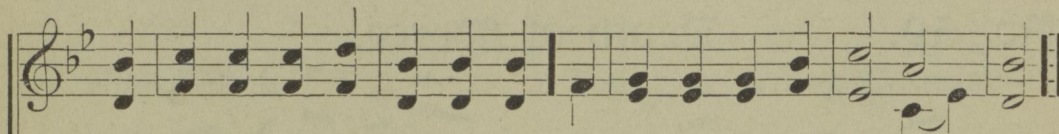
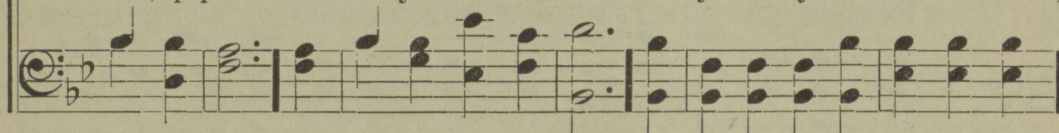
LEWIS EDSON.



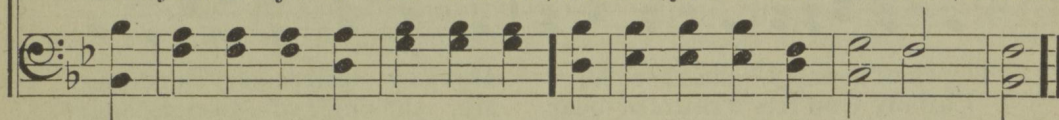
1. Blow ye the trumpet, blow, The glad - ly sol - emn sound; Let all the
2. Je - sus, our great High Priest, Hath full a - tone - ment made; Ye wea - ry
3. Ex - tol the Lamb of God, The all - a - ton - ing Lamb; Redemption
4. The gos - pel trumpet hear, The news of heav'nly grace; And, sav'd from



nations know, To earth's remotest bound, The year of ju - bi - lee is come;
spir - its, rest; Ye mournful souls, be glad: The year of ju - bi - lee is come;
thro' His blood Throughout the world pro - claim, The year of ju - bi - lee is come;
earth, ap - pear Be - fore your Saviour's face: The year of ju - bi - lee is come;



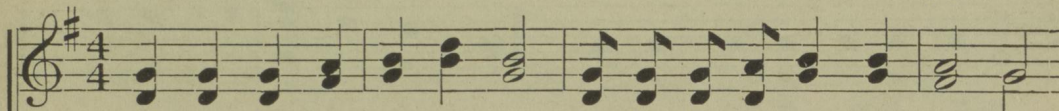
The year of ju - bi - lee is come, Re - turn, ye ransom'd sin - ners, home.



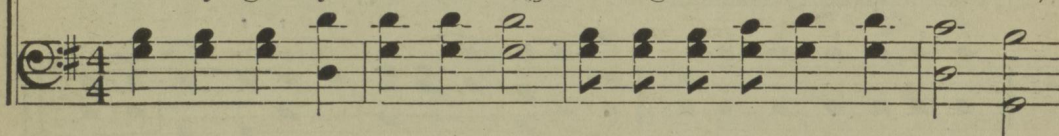
No. 61. Nothing but the Blood of Jesus.

Rev. R. LOWRY.

Rev. R. LOWRY, by per.



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



Nothing but the Blood of Jesus. (Concluded.)

S: FINE.

What can make me whole a - gain? Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus.
 For my par-don this my plea—Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus.
 Naught of good that I have done—Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus.
 This is all my righteousness—Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus.
 All my praise for this I bring—Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus.

REFRAIN. D.S.

Oh, precious is the flow That makes me white as snow; No oth-er fount I know,

No. 62. I will Follow Jesus.

Arr.

1. I can hear my Sav-iour call-ing, I can hear my Saviour call-ing,
 2. I'll go with Him thro' the gar-den, I'll go with Him thro' the garden,
 3. I'll go with Him thro' the judg-ment, I'll go with Him thro' the judgment,
 4. He will give me grace and glo-ry, He will give me grace and glo-ry,

D.C. Where He leads me I will fol-low, Where He leads me I will fol-low,

ad lib. D.C.

I can hear my Saviour calling, "Take thy cross and fol-low, fol-low Me."
 I'll go with Him thro' the gar-den, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
 I'll go with Him thro' the judg-ment, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
 He will give me grace and glo-ry, And go with me, with me all the way.

Where He leads me I will fol-low; I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.

No. 63. Coming now, O Lord, to Thee!

Rev. GEO. P. HOTT.

ALDINE S. KIEFFER.

1. Sav-iour, to Thee I come, Bur-dened with sin; O - pen the
 2. Plead-ing Thy grace a-lone, Hum - bly I bow; No oth - er
 3. Trust-ing Thy mer-cy, Lord, Night turn to day; Rest - ing up -

door I pray, O let me in! How can I long - er stay,
 help I know, Save me just now. Heal Thou my brok - en heart,
 on Thy word, Doubts flee a - way. Ev - er my path shall be

My God, from Thee; Thou art the Life, the Way, All in all to me.
 Sav-iour di - vine; On me Thy love bestow, Make me wholly Thine.
 Where Thou hast trod; I come, O Christ, to Thee, Bless-ed Lamb of God.

Copyright, 1898, by A. S. Kieffer and G. P. Hott.

No. 64. Come to Jesus.

1. Come to Je - sus, Come to Je - sus, Come to Je - sus just

now, Just now come to Je - sus, Come to Je - sus just now.

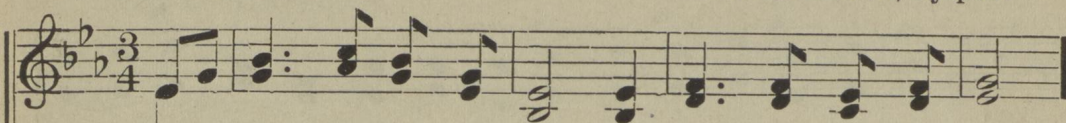
- | | | |
|--------------------------|----------------------|-----------------------|
| 2 He will save you, etc. | 6 He'll receive you. | 10 He'll forgive you. |
| 3 Oh, believe Him. | 7 Call upon Him. | 11 Don't reject Him. |
| 4 He is able. | 8 He will hear you. | 12 Jesus loves you. |
| 5 He is willing. | 9 Look unto Him. | 13 Only trust Him. |

No. 65.

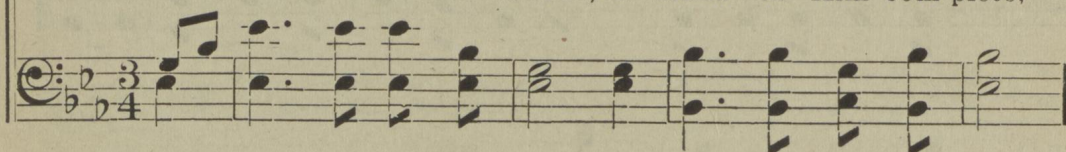
All to Christ I Owe.

Mrs. ELVINA M. HALL.

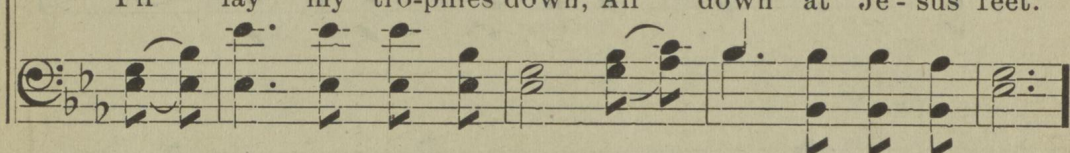
JOHN T. GRAPE, by per.



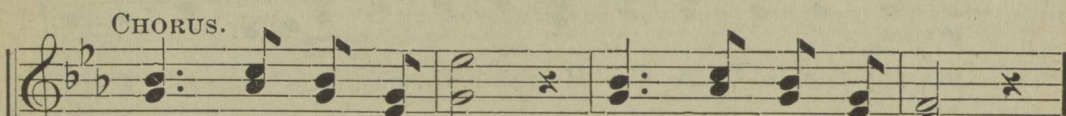
1. I hear the Sav-iour say, Thy strength in-deed is small;
 2. Lord, now in-deed I find Thy pow'r, and Thine a - lone,
 3. For noth - ing good have I Where - by Thy grace to claim;
 4. When from my dy - ing bed My ran - som'd soul shall rise,
 5. And when be-fore the throne, I stand in Him com-plete,



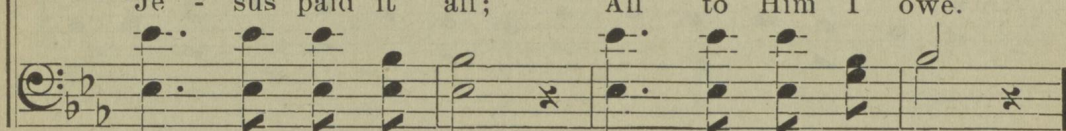

Child of weak-ness, watch and pray, Find in Me thine all in all.
 Can change the lep - er's spots, And melt the heart of stone.
 I'll wash my garment white In the blood of Calvary's Lamb.
 Then "Je - sus paid it all" Shall rend the vaulted skies.
 I'll lay my tro-phies down, All down at Je - sus' feet.



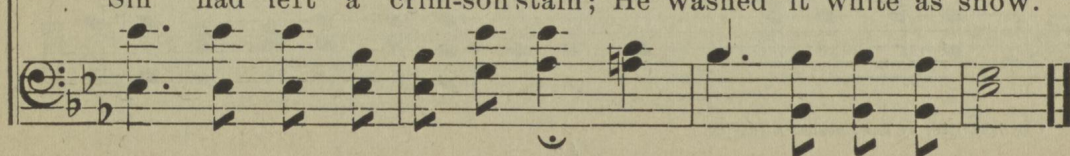
CHORUS.



Je - sus paid it all; All to Him I owe.




Sin had left a crim-son stain; He washed it white as snow.

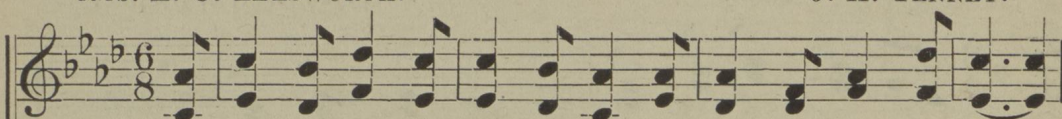


No. 66.

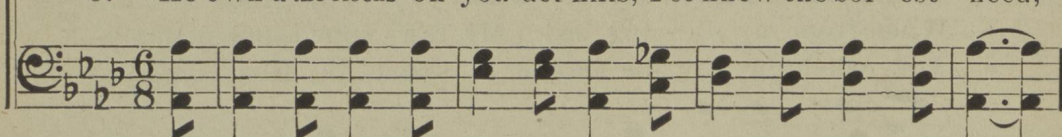
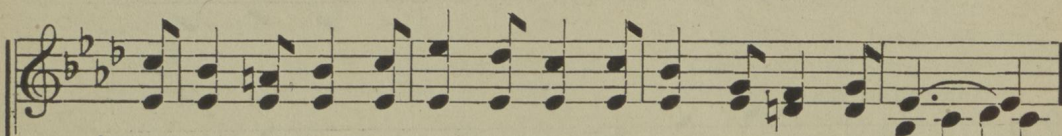
Christ's Sacrifice.

Mrs. E. C. ELLSWORTH.

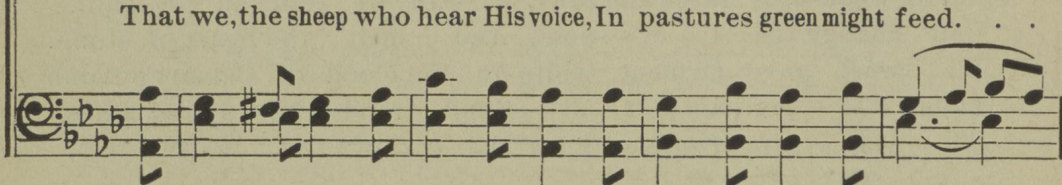
J. H. TENNEY.



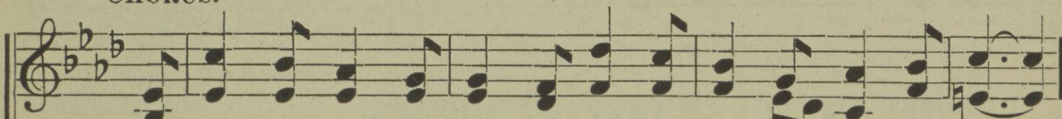
1 Christ laid a gold - en scep - ter down, And left a vast do - main,
2. He laid a - side a roy - al robe, Put on a beg - gar's dress,
3. He own'd the flocks on yon - der hills, Yet knew the sor - est need,

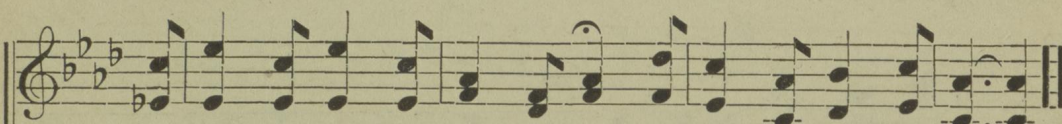
To purchase sinners such as we, And give to us a name. . .
That we for - ev - er might be cloth'd In His own right - eous - ness. . .
That we, the sheep who hear His voice, In pastures green might feed. . .



CHORUS.



Oh, why for sin - ners did He this? Oh, why this sac - ri - fice?

'Twas love, yes, love for you and me, Such love as nev - er dies.



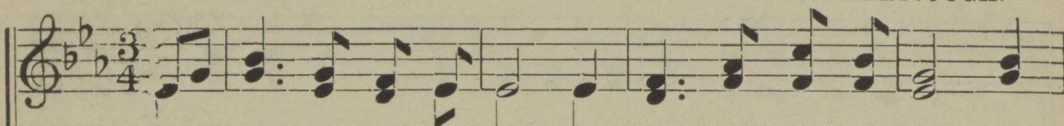
No. 67. I hear Thy Welcome Voice.

"Come unto Me, all ye that labor and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest."

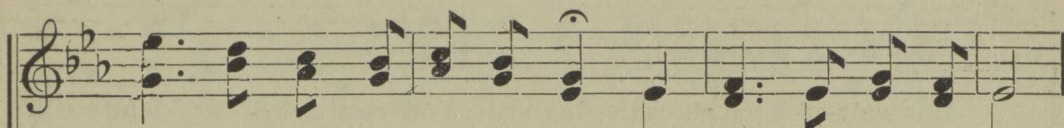
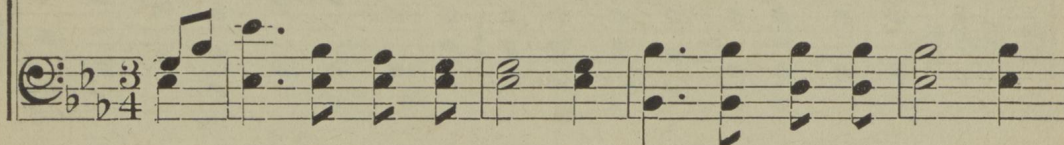
Matt. 11: 28.

Rev. L. HARTSOUGH.

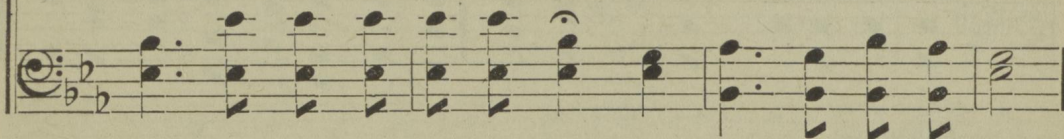
Rev. L. HARTSOUGH.



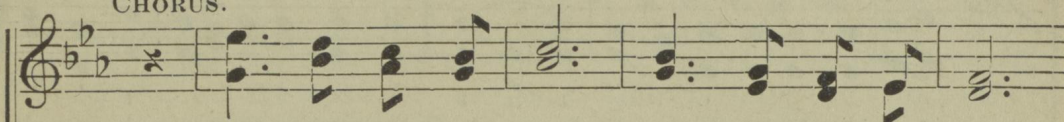
1. I hear Thy welcome voice That calls me, Lord, to Thee, For
2. Tho' com-ing weak and vile, Thou dost my strength as-sure; Thou
3. 'Tis Je - sus calls me on To per - fect faith and love, To
4. 'Tis Je - sus who con-firms The bless - ed work with-in, By
5. And He the wit-ness gives To loy - al hearts and free, That
6. All hail, a - ton-ing blood! All hail, re - deem-ing grace! All



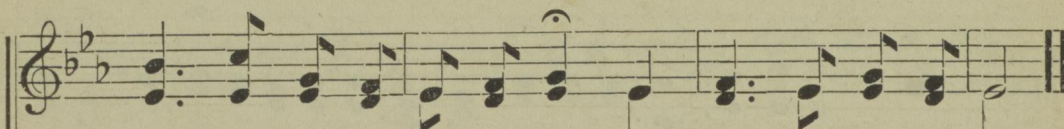
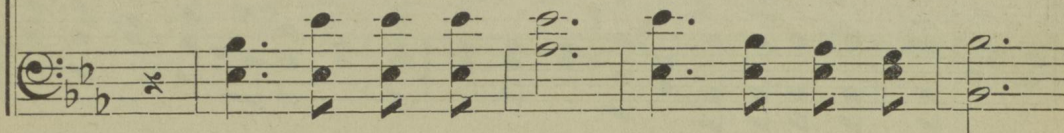
cleans-ing in Thy precious blood That flowed on Cal - va - ry.
dost my vile-ness ful-ly cleanse, Till spot-less all and pure.
per-fect hope, and peace, and trust, For earth and heav'n a-bove.
add-ing grace to welcom'd grace, Where reigned the pow'r of sin.
ev-'ry prom-ise is ful-filled, If faith but brings the plea.
hail, the gift of Christ, our Lord, Our Strength and Righteous-ness!



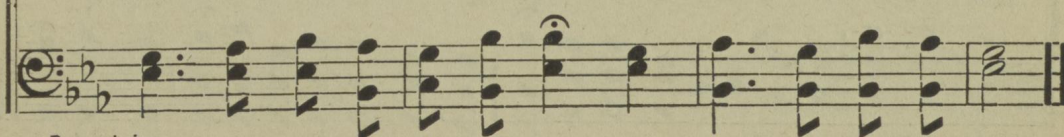
CHORUS.



I am com-ing, Lord, Com-ing now to Thee!



Wash me, cleanse me in the blood That flowed on Cal - va - ry.

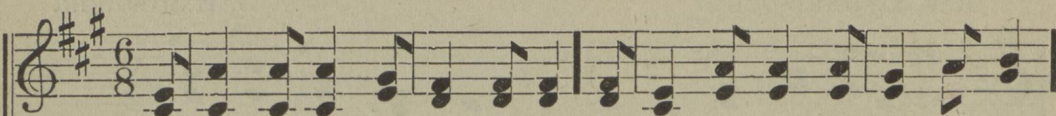


By permission.

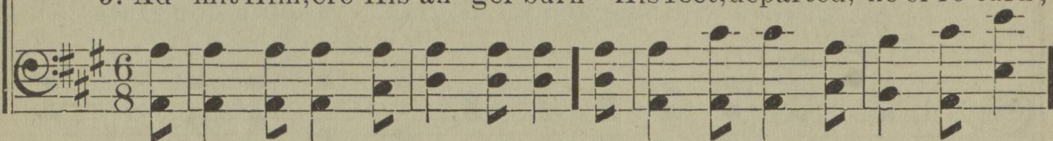
No. 68. The Stranger at the Door.

JOSEPH GRIGG, 1765.

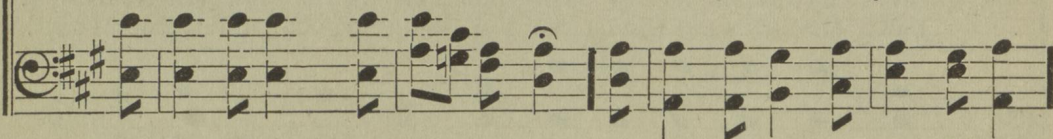
T. C. O'KANE.



1. Be-hold a stranger at the door; He gen-tly knocks, has knock'd before,
2. Oh, love-ly at - titude—He stands With melting heart and loaded hands;
3. But will He prove a friend indeed? He will—the ver-y friend you need;
4. Rise, touch'd with grat-i - tude divine, Turn out His en - e - my and thine,
5. Ad - mit Him, ere His an - ger burn—His feet, departed, ne'er re-turn;



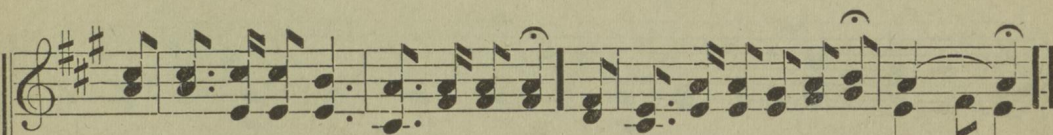
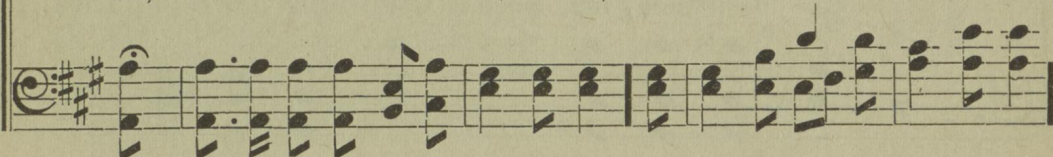
Has wait-ed long, is wait - ing still; You treat no oth - er friend so ill.
 Oh, matchless kindness—and He shows This matchless kindness to His foes.
 The Friend of sinners? Yes, 'tis He, With garments dyed on Cal-va-ry.
 That soul-de-destroy - ing monster, sin, And let the heav'nly Stranger in.
 Ad-mit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



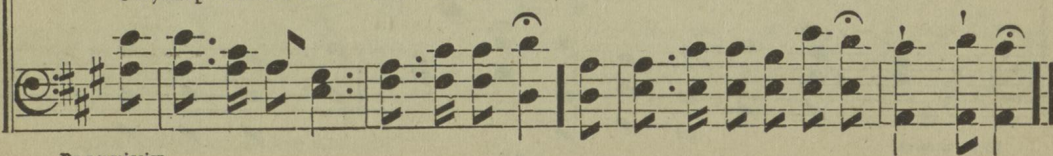
CHORUS.



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



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



By permission.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

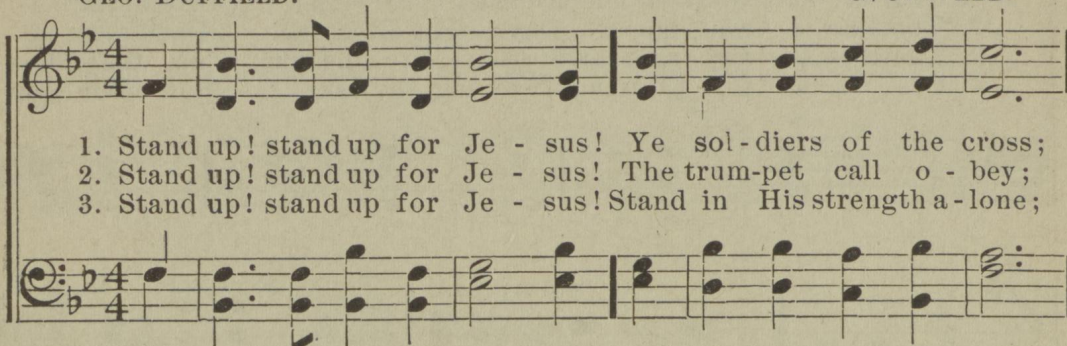
"I live by the faith of the Son of God." Gal. 2: 20.

No. 69.

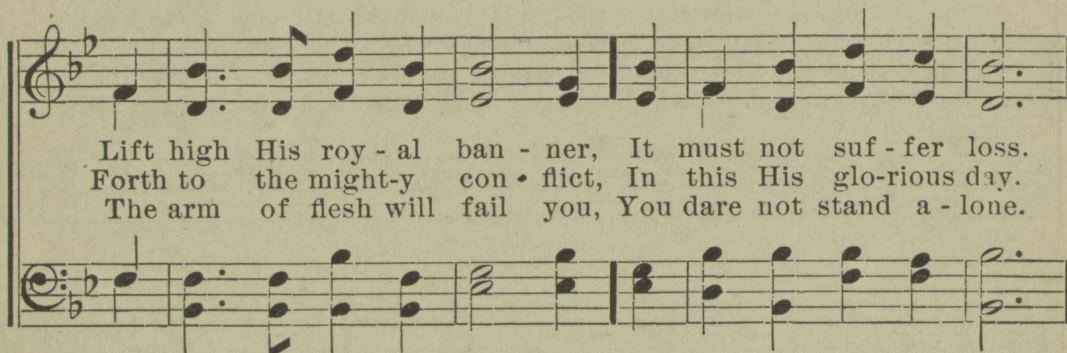
Webb. 7s & 6s.

GEO. DUFFIELD.

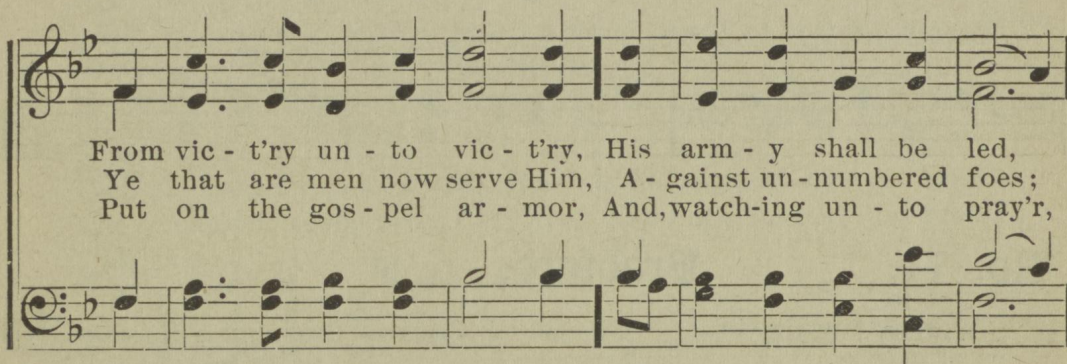
G. J. WEBB.



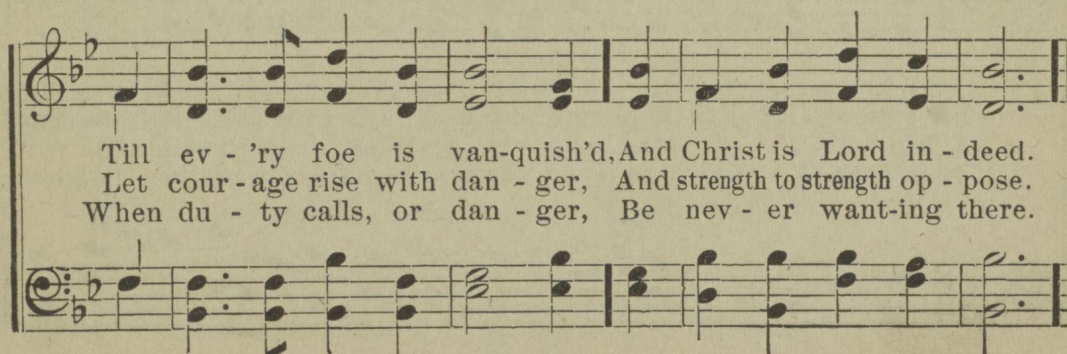
1. Stand up! stand up for Je - sus! Ye sol-diers of the cross;
2. Stand up! stand up for Je - sus! The trum-pet call o - bey;
3. Stand up! stand up for Je - sus! Stand in His strength a-lone;



Lift high His roy - al ban - ner, It must not suf - fer loss.
Forth to the might-y con - flict, In this His glo - rious day.
The arm of flesh will fail you, You dare not stand a - lone.



From vic - t'ry un - to vic - t'ry, His arm - y shall be led,
Ye that are men now serve Him, A - gainst un - numbered foes;
Put on the gos - pel ar - mor, And, watch - ing un - to pray'r,



Till ev - 'ry foe is van - quish'd, And Christ is Lord in - deed.
Let cour - age rise with dan - ger, And strength to strength op - pose.
When du - ty calls, or dan - ger, Be nev - er want - ing there.

No. 70.

Bethany. 6s & 4s.

Mrs. SARAH F. ADAMS.

Dr. LOWELL MASON.

1. Near-er, my God, to Thee, Near-er to Thee; E'en tho' it
 2. Tho' like a wan-der-er, Day - light all gone, Dark-ness be
 3. There let the way ap-pear, Steps up to heav'n; All that Thou
 4. Or, if, on joy-ful wing, Cleav-ing the sky, Sun, moon, and

be a cross That rais - eth me; Still all my song shall be,
 o - ver me, My rest a stone; Yet in my dreams I'd be,
 send-est me In mer - cy giv'n; An - gels to beck - on me,
 stars for-got, Up - ward I fly, Still all my song shall be,

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

No. 71.

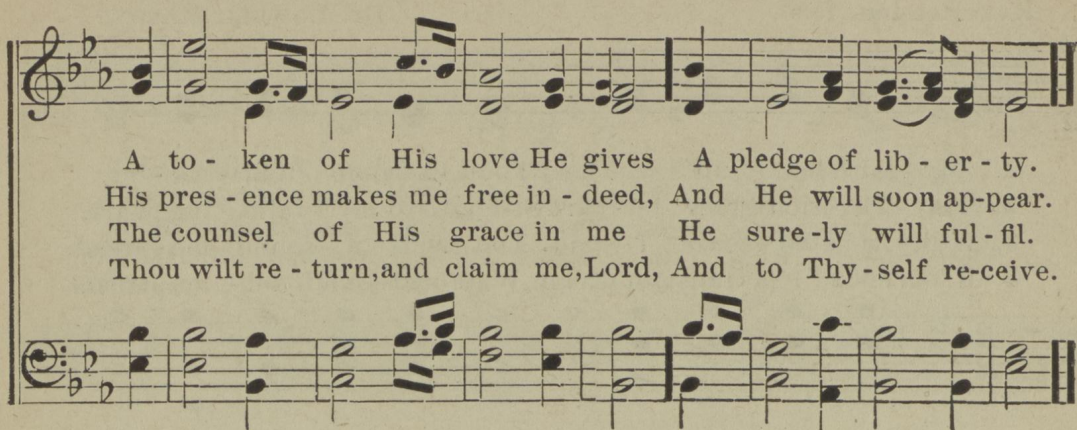
Bradford. C. M.

CHARLES WESLEY.

GEORGE FREDERICK HANDEL.

1 I know that my Re - deem-er lives, And ev - er prays for me;
 2. I find Him lift-ing up my head; He brings sal - va-tion near;
 3. He wills that I should ho - ly be! What can withstand His will;
 4. Je - sus, I hang up - on Thy word; I stead-fast-ly be-lieve;

Bradford. (Concluded.)

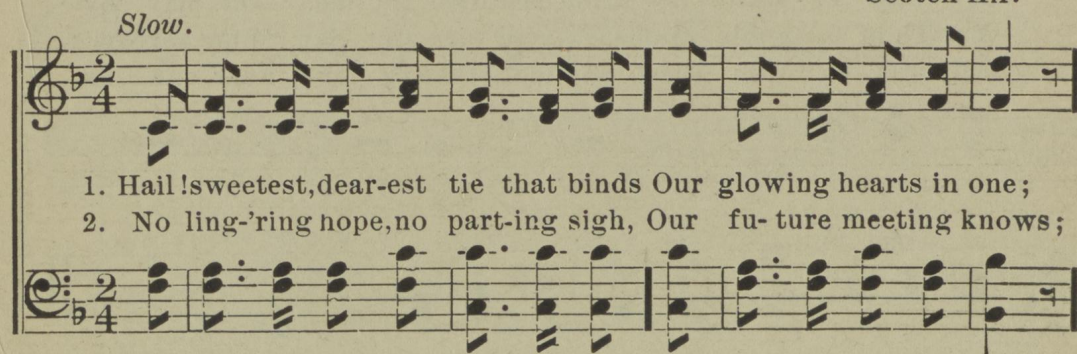


A to - ken of His love He gives A pledge of lib - er - ty.
His pres - ence makes me free in - deed, And He will soon ap - pear.
The counsel of His grace in me He sure - ly will ful - fil.
Thou wilt re - turn, and claim me, Lord, And to Thy - self re - ceive.

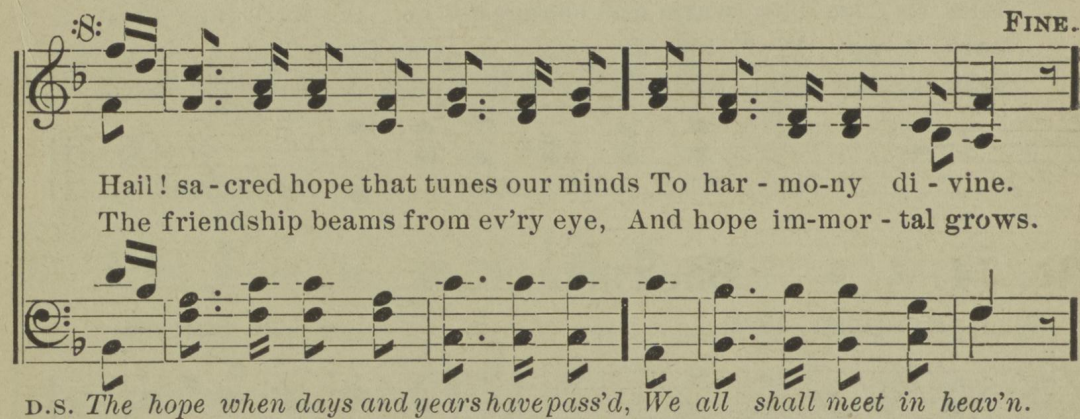
No. 72. Fair Haven. C. M.

Scotch Air.

Slow.



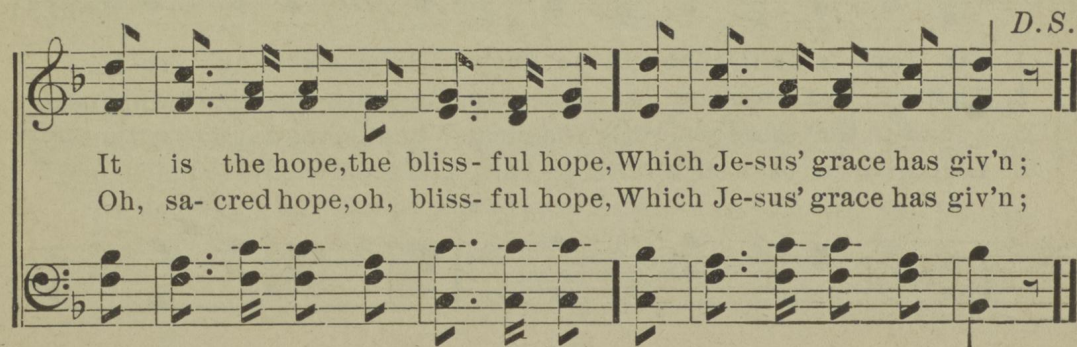
1. Hail! sweetest, dear - est tie that binds Our glowing hearts in one;
2. No ling - ring hope, no part - ing sigh, Our fu - ture meeting knows;



FINE.

Hail! sa - cred hope that tunes our minds To har - mo - ny di - vine.
The friendship beams from ev'ry eye, And hope im - mor - tal grows.

D.S. The hope when days and years have pass'd, We all shall meet in heav'n.



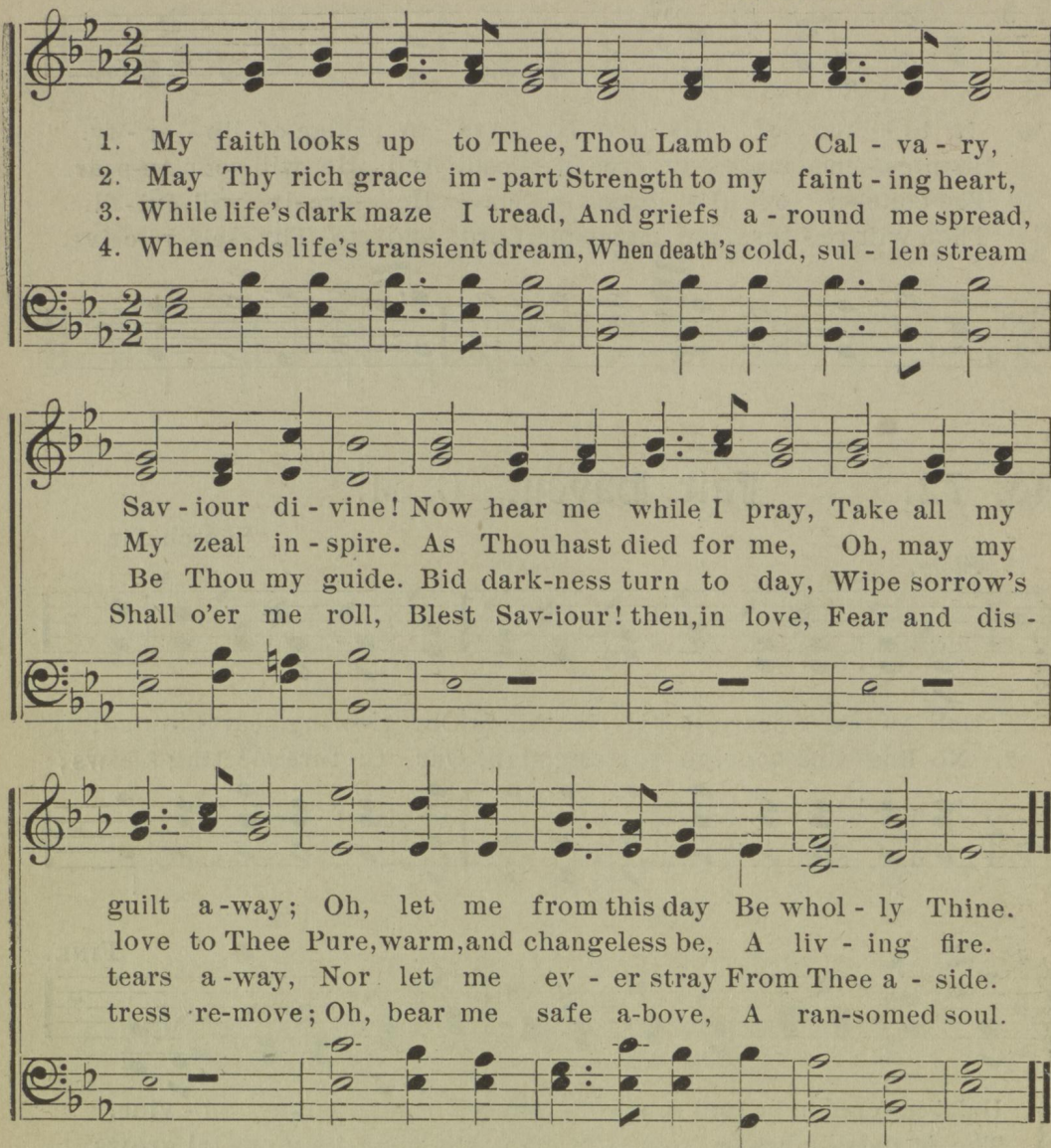
D.S.

It is the hope, the bliss - ful hope, Which Je - sus' grace has giv'n;
Oh, sa - cred hope, oh, bliss - ful hope, Which Je - sus' grace has giv'n;

No. 73. My faith Looks up to Thee. 6s, 4s.

RAY PALMER, 1830.

Dr. LOWELL MASON.



1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry,
 2. May Thy rich grace im - part Strength to my faint - ing heart,
 3. While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs a - round me spread,
 4. When ends life's transient dream, When death's cold, sul - len stream

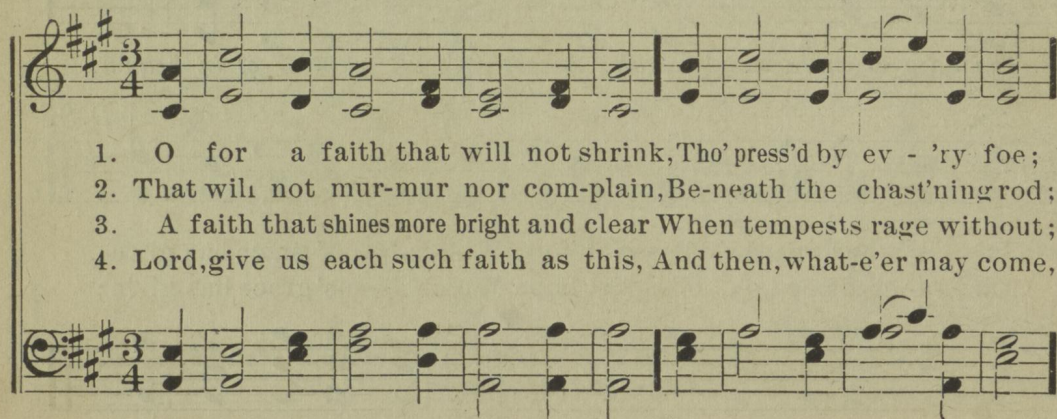
Sav - iour di - vine! Now hear me while I pray, Take all my
 My zeal in - spire. As Thou hast died for me, Oh, may my
 Be Thou my guide. Bid dark - ness turn to day, Wipe sorrow's
 Shall o'er me roll, Blest Sav-iour! then, in love, Fear and dis -

guilt a - way; Oh, let me from this day Be whol - ly Thine.
 love to Thee Pure, warm, and changeless be, A liv - ing fire.
 tears a - way, Nor let me ev - er stray From Thee a - side.
 tress re - move; Oh, bear me safe a - bove, A ran - somed soul.

No. 74. Balerna. C. M.

W. H. BATHURST, 1831.

R. SIMPSON.



1. O for a faith that will not shrink, Tho' press'd by ev - 'ry foe;
 2. That will not mur - mur nor com - plain, Be - neath the chast'ning rod;
 3. A faith that shines more bright and clear When tempests rage without;
 4. Lord, give us each such faith as this, And then, what - e'er may come,

Balerna. (Concluded.)

That will not trem-ble on the brink Of an - y earth-ly woe.
 But, in the hour of grief and pain, Will lean up-on its God.
 That when in dan - ger knows no fear, In dark-ness feels no doubt.
 We'll taste, e'en here, the hallowed bliss Of an e - ter - nal home.

No. 75. The Happy Day. L. M.

Rev. PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

EDWARD F. RIMBAULT.

1. { O hap-py day that fixed my choice On Thee, my Saviour and my God!
 Well may this glowing heart re-joice, And tell its rap-ture all a-broad.
2. { O hap-py bond that seals my vows, To Him who mer-its all my love.
 Let cheerful an-thems fill His house, While to that sa-cred shrine I move.
3. { 'Tis done, the great transaction's done, I am my Lord's and He is mine,
 He drew me, and I followed on, Charmed to confess the voice di-vine.
4. { Now rest, my long-di-vid-ed heart, Fixed on this bliss-ful cen-ter, rest;
 Nor ev-er from thy Lord de-part, With Him of ev-'ry good possessed.
5. { High heav'n that heard the solemn vow, That vow renewed shall dai-ly hear,
 Till in life's lat-est hour I bow, And bless in death a bond so dear.

REFRAIN.

Hap-py day, hap-py day, When Je-sus wash'd my sins a-way.

FINE.

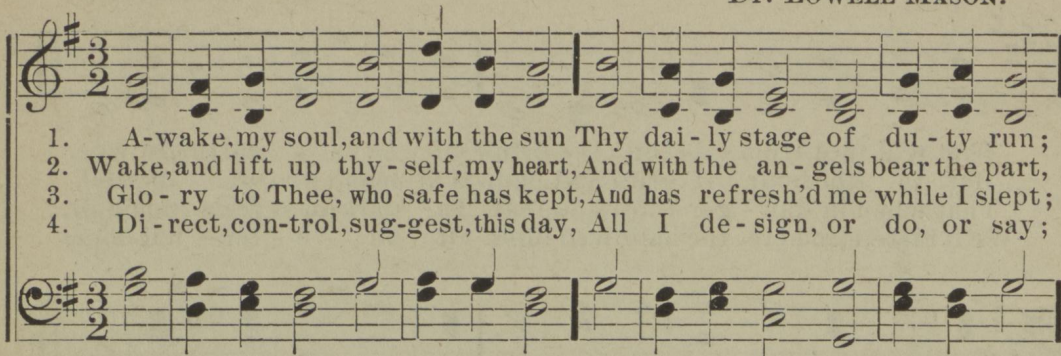
D. S.

He taught me how to watch and pray, And live re-joic-ing ev-'ry day.

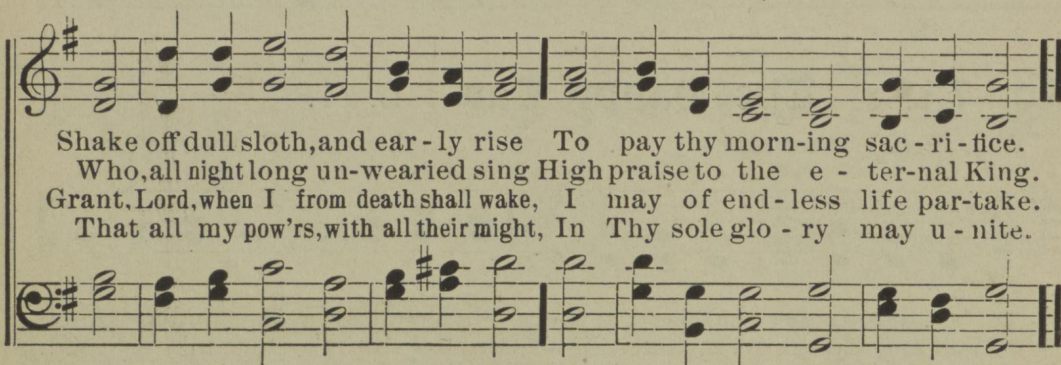
No. 76.

Rockingham. L. M.

Dr. LOWELL MASON.



1. A-wake, my soul, and with the sun Thy dai-ly stage of du-ty run;
 2. Wake, and lift up thy-self, my heart, And with the an-gels bear the part,
 3. Glo-ry to Thee, who safe has kept, And has refresh'd me while I slept;
 4. Di-rect, con-trol, sug-gest, this day, All I de-sign, or do, or say;



Shake off dull sloth, and ear-ly rise To pay thy morn-ing sac-ri-fice.
 Who, all night long un-wearied sing High praise to the e-ter-nal King.
 Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake, I may of end-less life par-take.
 That all my pow'rs, with all their might, In Thy sole glo-ry may u-nite.

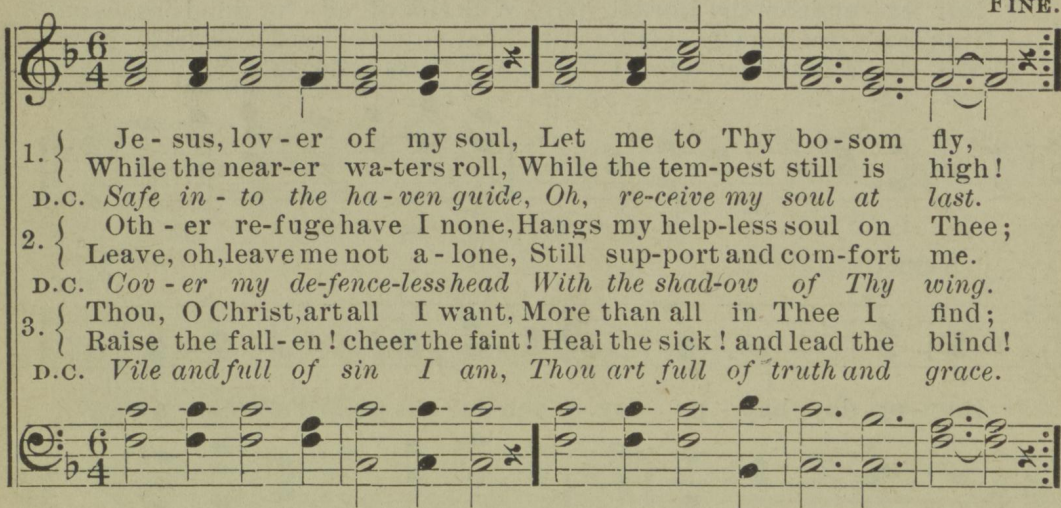
No. 77.

Martyn. 7s, D.

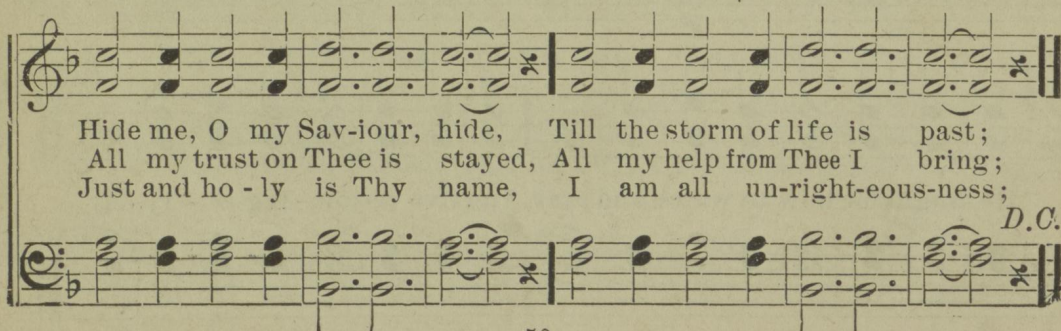
CHARLES WESLEY.

S. B. MARSH.

FINE.



1. { Je-sus, lov-er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo-som fly,
 While the near-er wa-ters roll, While the tem-pest still is high!
 D.C. Safe in - to the ha-ven guide, Oh, re-ceive my soul at last.
 2. { Oth-er re-fuge have I none, Hangs my help-less soul on Thee;
 Leave, oh, leave me not a-lone, Still sup-port and com-fort me.
 D.C. Cov-er my de-fence-less head With the shad-ow of Thy wing.
 3. { Thou, O Christ, art all I want, More than all in Thee I find;
 Raise the fall-en! cheer the faint! Heal the sick! and lead the blind!
 D.C. Vile and full of sin I am, Thou art full of truth and grace.

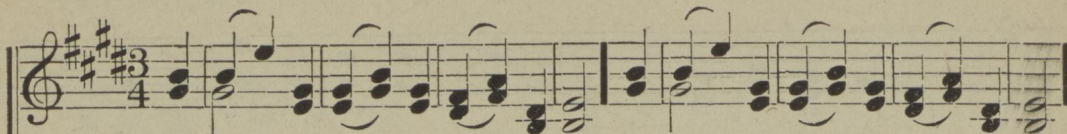


Hide me, O my Sav-iour, hide, Till the storm of life is past;
 All my trust on Thee is stayed, All my help from Thee I bring;
 Just and ho-ly is Thy name, I am all un-right-eous-ness;
 D.C.

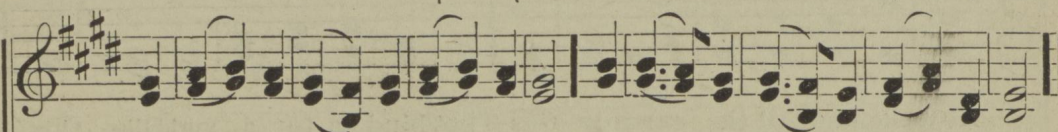
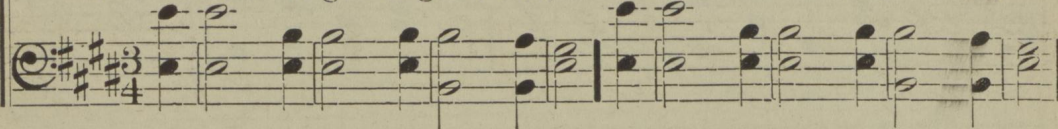
No. 78.

Gratitude. L. M.

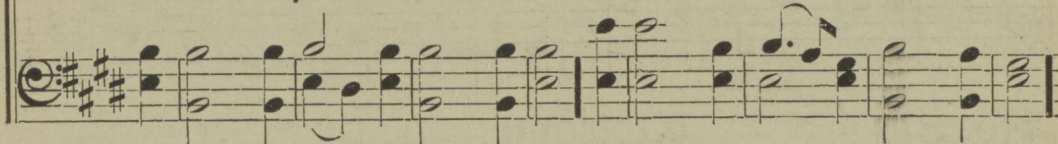
Rev. P-A. I-D. BOST.



1. How blest the sa - cred tie that binds, In u - nion sweet, ac - cord - ing minds !
2. To each the soul of each how dear ! What jealous care, what ho - ly fear !
3. Their streaming tears to - geth - er flow, For hu - man guilt and hu - man woe ;
4. Nor shall the glowing flame expire 'Mid na - ture's drooping, sick - 'ning fire ;



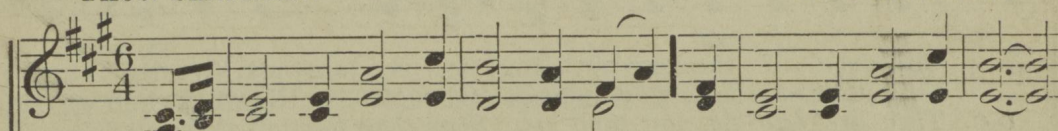
How swift the heav'nly course they run, Whose hearts and faith and hopes are one !
 How doth the gen'rous flame within, Re - fine from earth and cleanse from sin.
 Their ar - dent pray'rs u - nit - ed rise, Like ming - ling flames in sac - ri - fice.
 Soon shall they meet in realms above, A heav'n of joy, be - cause of love.



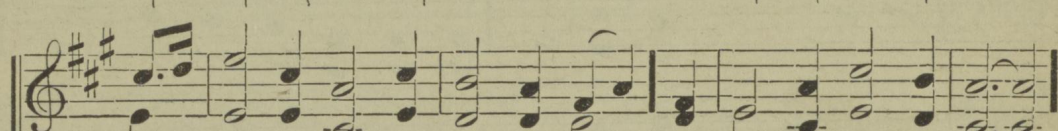
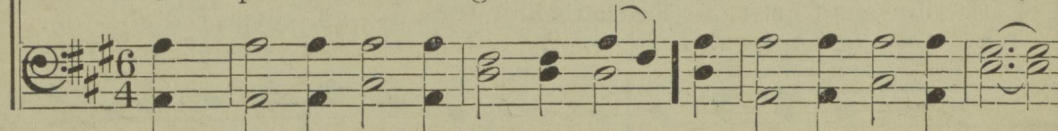
No. 79. Cross and Crown. C. M.

THOS. SHEPHERD.

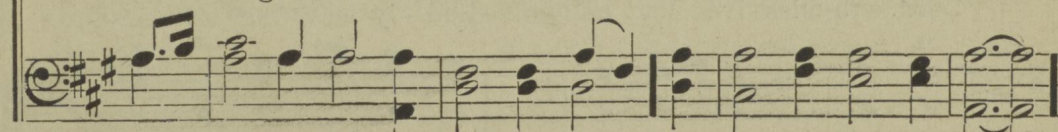
GEO. N. ALLEN.



1. Must Je - sus bear the cross a - lone, And all the world go free ?
2. The con - se - crat - ed cross I'll bear, Till death shall set me free ;
3. Up - on the crys - tal pavement, down At Je - sus' piercéd feet,
4. O pre - cious cross ! O glo - rious crown ! O res - ur - rec - tion day !



No, there's a cross for ev - 'ry one, And there's a cross for me.
 And then go home my crown to wear, For there's a crown for me.
 With joy I'll cast my gold - en crown, And His dear name re - peat.
 Ye an - gels, from the stars come down, And bear my soul a - way.

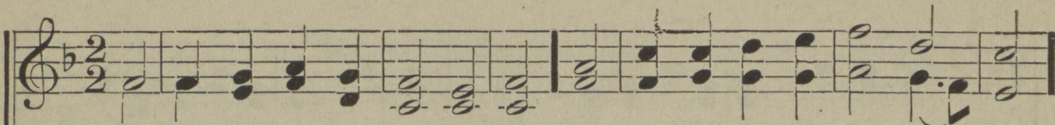


No. 80.

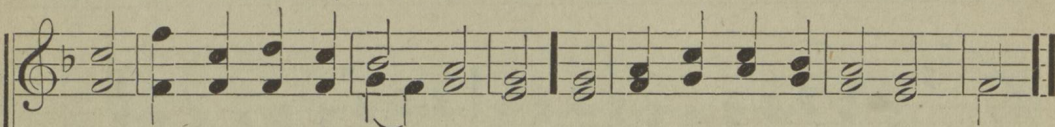
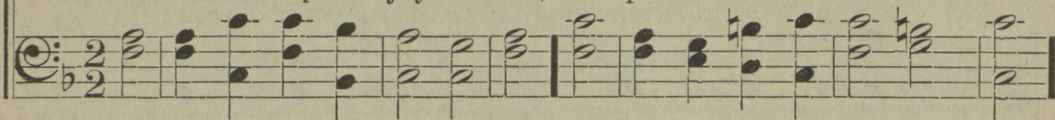
Urbridge. L. M.

D. E. FORD.

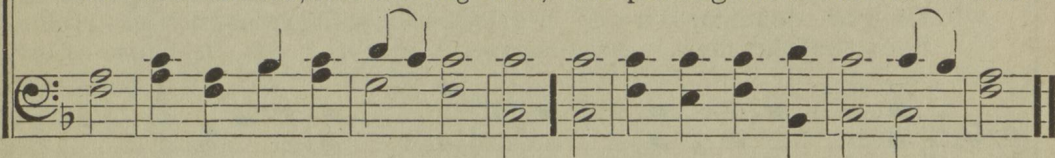
Dr. LOWELL MASON.



1. How vain is all be-neath the skies! How transient ev - 'ry earth-ly bliss!
2. The eve-ning cloud, the morn-ing dew, The with'ring grass, the fad - ing flow'r,
3. Then let the hopes of joy to come, Dis - pel our cares and chase our fears.



How slender all the earth-ly ties That bind us to a world like this!
Of earth-ly hopes are em-blems true—The glo-ry of a pass-ing hour!
If God be ours, we're trav-'ling home, Tho' passing thro' a vale of tears.

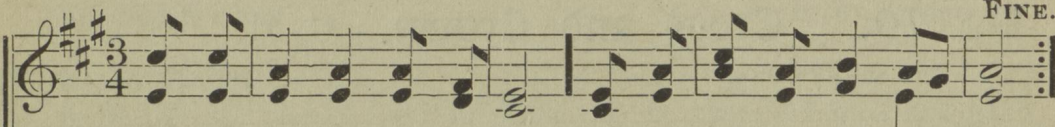


No. 81.

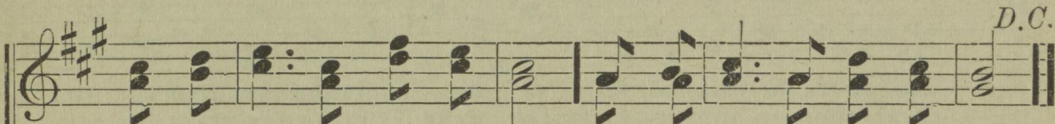
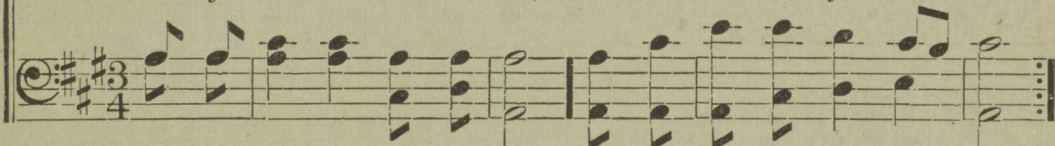
Welcome. 7s, D.

G. W. LINTON.

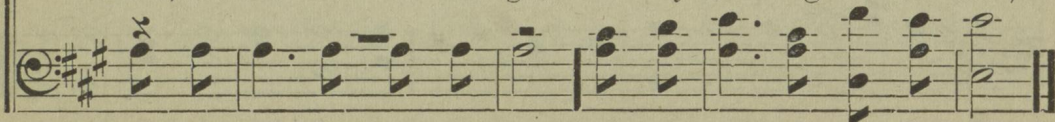
FINE.



1. { Chil-dren of the heavn'ly King, As ye jour-ney, sweetly sing, }
Sing your Saviour's worthy praise, Glorious in His works and ways. }
- D.C. They are hap-py now, and ye, Soon their hap-pi - ness shall see.
2. { O ye morn-ing souls, be glad, Christ our Ad - vo - cate is made; }
Us to save, our flesh assumes, Broth-er to our soul be-comes. }
- D.C. There your seat is now pre-pared, There your kingdom and re - ward.
3. { Fear not, brethren, joy-ful stand On the bor-ders of your land; }
Je - sus Christ, our Fa - ther's Son, Bids us un - dismayed go on. }
- D.C. On - ly Thou our Lead - er be, And we still will fol - low Thee.



Ye are trav-'ling home to God In the way the fa-therstrod;
Shout, ye lit - tle flock, and blest, Soon you'll en - ter in - to rest;
Lord, sub-miss-ive let us go, Glad - ly leav - ing all be - low;



No. 82.

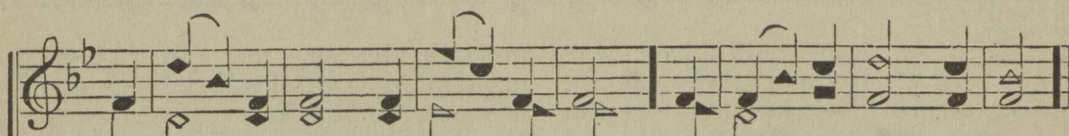
Geer. C. M.

F. WHITFIELD.

H. W. GREATOREX.



1. There is a name I love to hear; I love to sing its worth;
 2. It tells me of a Saviour's love, Who died to set me free;
 3. It tells of One whose lov-ing heart Can feel my smallest woe,
 4. It bids my trembling soul re-joice, And dries each ris-ing tear;



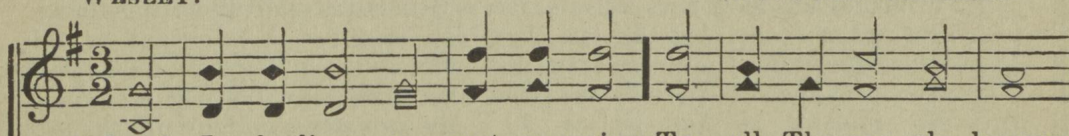
It sounds like mu-sic in mine ear, The sweetest Name on earth.
 It tells me of His pre-cious blood, The sin-ner's per-fect plea.
 Who in each sor-row bears a part That none can bear be-low.
 It tells me in "a still, small voice," To trust, and not to fear.

No. 83.

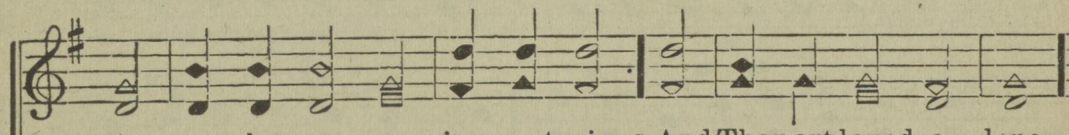
Marlow. C. M.

WESLEY.

Rev. JOHN CHETHAM.



1. Lord, I be-lieve a rest re-mains To all Thy peo-ple known;
 2. A rest where all our soul's de-sire Is fix'd on things a-bove;
 3. Oh, that I now the rest might know, Be-lieve, and en-ter in!
 4. Re-move this hardness from my heart, This un-be-lief re-move;



A rest where pure en-joyment reigns, And Thou art loved a-lone.
 Where fear, and sin, and grief ex-pire, Cast out by per-fect love.
 Now, Saviour, now the pow'r be-stow, And let me cease from sin.
 To me the rest of faith im-part, The Sab-bath of Thy love.

No. 84.

Dayton. S. M.

Rev. GEO. P. HOTT.

J. H. HALL.

1. To them that love the Lord, The prom-is-es are giv'n,
 2. To them that love the Lord, A few more sor-rows here,
 3. To them that love the Lord, The saints se-cure-ly blest,
 A hun-dred fold re-ward on earth, E-ter-nal life in heav'n.
 A few more days of toil on earth, And Christ will then ap-pear.
 A life in Je-sus hid be-low, In heav'n e-ter-nal rest

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No. 85.

De Fleury. 8s, D.

JOHN NEWTON.

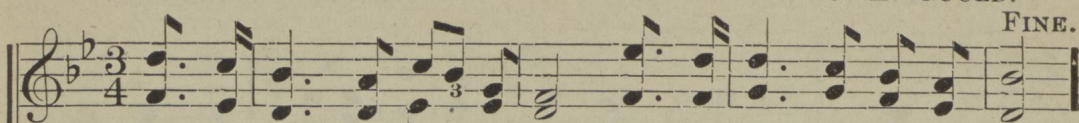
LEWIS EDSON.

FINE.

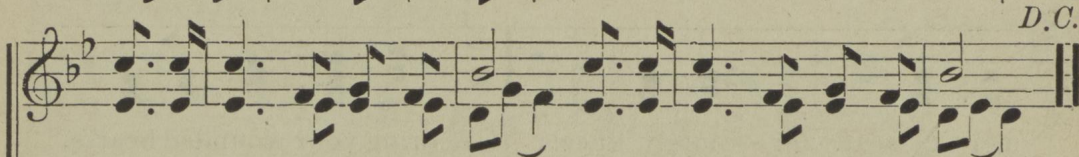
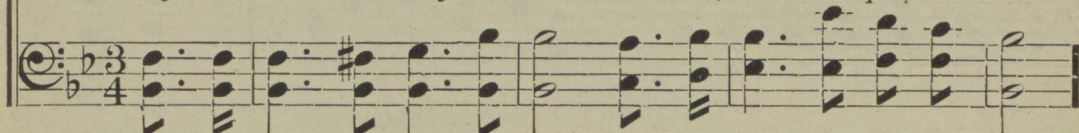
1. { How ted-ious and tasteless the hours When Je-sus no long-er I see! }
 { Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet flow'rs Have lost all their sweetness to me. }
 D.C. But when I am hap-py in Him, De-cem-ber's as pleasant as May.
 2. { His name yields the richest perfume, And sweeter than mu-sic His voice; }
 { His presence dis-pers-es my gloom, And makes all with-in me rejoice. }
 D.C. No mor-tal so hap-py as I; My summer would last all the year.
 3. { Content with be-holding His face, My all to His pleas-ure resigned, }
 { No changes of sea-son or place Would make an-y change in my mind. }
 D.C. And prisons would pal-a-cies prove, If Je-sus would dwell with me there.
 4. { Dear Lord, if in-deed I am Thine, If Thou art my sun and my song, }
 { Say, why do I languish and pine? And why are my winters so long? }
 D.C. Or take me un-to Thee on high, Where winter and clouds are no more.
 The mid-summer sun shines but dim; The fields strive in vain to look gay;
 I should, were He always so nigh, Have nothing to wish or to fear;
 While blest with a sense of His love, A pal-ace a toy would appear;
 O, drive these dark clouds from my sky; Thy soul-cheering presence re-store;

No. 86. Jesus, Saviour, Pilot Me. 7s.

J. E. GOULD.



1. Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me O - ver life's tempestuous sea;
D.C. Chart and com - pass came from Thee, Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me.
2. As a moth - er stills her child, Thou canst hush the o - cean wild;
D.C. Wondrous Sovereign of the sea, Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me.
3. When at last I near the shore, And the fear - ful breakers roar,
D.C. May I hear Thee say to me, "Fear not, I will pi - lot thee!"



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

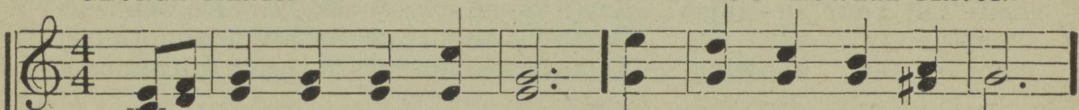


No. 87.

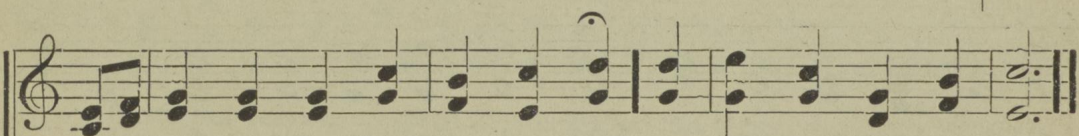
Laban. S. M.

GEORGE HEATH.

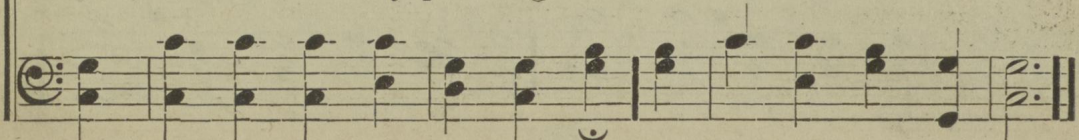
Dr. LOWELL MASON.



1. My soul, be on thy guard; Ten thou - sand foes a - rise;
2. O watch, and fight, and pray; The bat - tle ne'er give o'er;
3. Ne'er think the vic - t'ry won, Nor lay thine ar - mor down;
4. Fight on, my soul, till death Shall bring thee to thy God;



The hosts of sin are press-ing hard To draw Thee from the skies.
Re - new it bold - ly ev - 'ry day, And help di - vine im - plore.
Thy ar - duous work will not be done, Till thou ob - tain thy crown.
He'll take thee, at thy part - ing breath, To His di - vine a - bode.



No. 88. Come, Ye Disconsolate. 11s & 10s.

THOS. MOORE, 1816.

SAMUEL WEBBE, 1800.

CHOIR.

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

CONGREGATION.

mer-cy-seat, fer-vent-ly kneel; Here bring your wounded hearts,
 pen-i-tent, fade-less and pure! Here speaks the Com-fort-er,
 throne of God, pure from a-bove; Come to the feast of love;
 here tell your an-guish; Earth has no sorrow that heav'n cannot heal.
 ten-der-ly say-ing, Earth has no sorrow that heav'n cannot cure.
 come, ev-er knowing, Earth has no sorrows but heav'n can remove.

No. 89. Boylston. S. M.

CHARLES WESLEY, 1762.

DR. LOWELL MASON, 1832.

1. A charge to keep I have, A God to glo-ri-fy;
 2. To serve the pres-ent age, My call-ing to ful-fill,—
 3. Arm me with jeal-ous care, As in Thy sight to live;
 4. Help me to watch and pray, And on Thy-self re-ly;

Boylston. (Concluded.)

A nev - er - dy - ing soul to save, And fit it for the sky.
 Oh! may it all my pow'rs engage—To do my Mas-ter's will.
 And, oh! Thy ser - vant, Lord, pre-pare A strict ac - count to give.
 As-sur'd, if I my trust be - tray, I shall for - ev - er die.

No. 90.

Jesus is Mine.

Mrs. CATHARINE J. BONAR.

T. E. PERKINS.

1. Fade, fade, each earthly joy, Je - sus is mine! Break, ev - 'ry
 2. Tempt not my soul a - way, Je - sus is mine! Here would I
 3. Fare - well, ye dreams of night, Je - sus is mine! Lost in this
 4. Fare - well, mor - tal - i - ty, Je - sus is mine! Welcome, e -

ten - der tie, Je - sus is mine! Dark is the wil - derness,
 ev - er stay, Je - sus is mine! Per - ish - ing things of clay,
 dawning light, Je - sus is mine! All that my soul has tried
 ter - ni - ty, Je - sus is mine! Wel - come, O lov'd and blest,

Earth has no resting place, Je - sus a - lone can bless, Je - sus is mine.
 Born but for one brief day, Pass from my heart a - way, Je - sus is mine.
 Left but a dismal void, Je - sus has sat - is - fied, Je - sus is mine.
 Welcome sweet scenes of rest, Welcome, my Saviour's breast, Je - sus is mine.

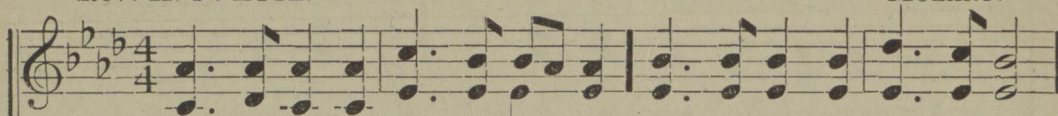
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No. 91.

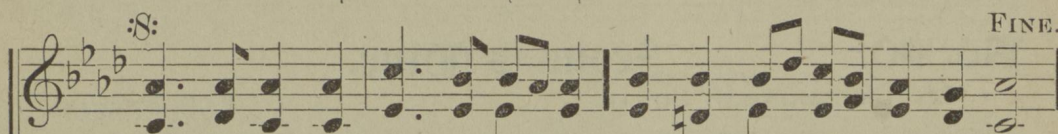
Disciple. 8s & 7s.

Rev. H. F. LYTE.

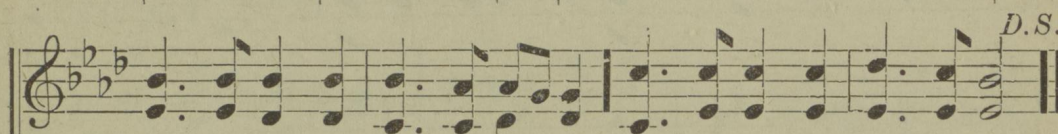
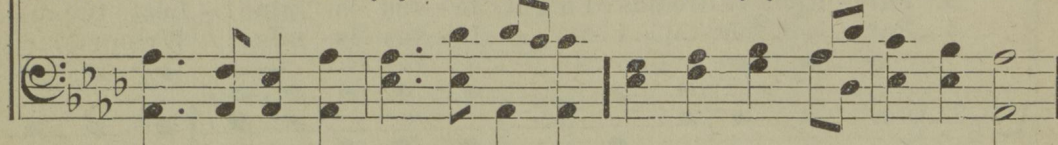
MOZART.



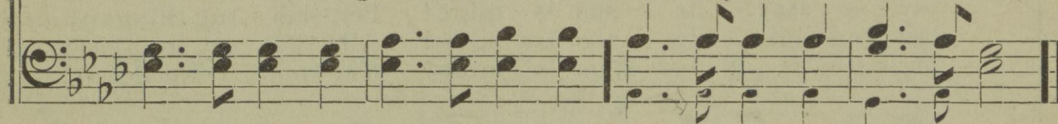
1. Je - sus, I my cross have tak-en, All to leave and fol-low Thee;
2. Let the world de-spise and leave me, They have left my Saviour, too;
3. Man may trouble and dis-tress me, 'Twill but drive me to Thy breast;



- Na - ked, poor, despised, forsak-en, Thou, from hence, my all shalt be.
- D.S. *Yet, how rich is my con-di-tion! God and heav'n are still my own.*
Human hearts and looks deceive me; Thou art not, like them, untrue.
- D.S. *Foes may hate and friends may shun me, Show Thy face and all is bright.*
Life with tri - als hard may press me, Heav'n will bring me sweeter rest.
- D.S. *Oh, 'twere not in joy to charm me, Were that joy un-mix'd with Thee.*



- Per - ish ev - 'ry fond am-bi - tion, All I've sought, or hop'd, or known;
And while Thou shalt smile up-on me, God of wis-dom, love, and might,
Oh, 'tis not in grief to harm me, While Thy love is left to me;



No. 92.

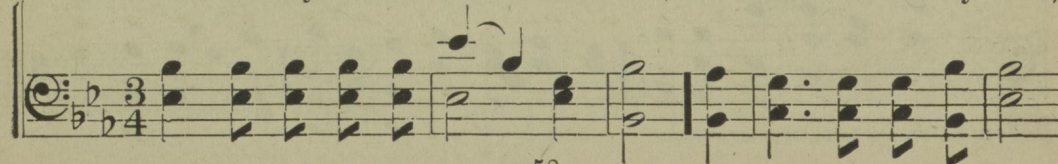
Elizabethtown. C. M.

W. COWPER, 1772.

GEORGE KINGSLEY.



1. Oh, for a clos-er walk with God! A calm and heav'nly frame!
2. Where is the blessed - ness I knew When first I saw the Lord?
3. What peaceful hours I then en - joyed! How sweet their mem-'ry still!
4. Re - turn, oh, ho - ly Dove, re - turn, Sweet mes-sen-ger of rest;
5. So shall my walk be close with God, Calm and se-rene my frame;



Elizabethtown. (Concluded.)

A light to shine up - on the road That leads me to the Lamb!
Where is the soul-re-fresh-ing view Of Je-sus and His word?
But now I find an ach-ing void The world can nev-er fill.
I hate the sins that made Thee mourn, And drove Thee from my breast.
So pur-er light shall mark the road That leads me to the Lamb.

No. 93. Thou Thinkest, Lord, of me. 8s & 6s.

E. D. MUND.

E. S. LORENZ.

1. A - mid the tri - als which I meet, A - mid the thorns that pierce my feet,
2. The cares of life come thronging fast, Up - on my soul their shadow cast;
3. Let shadows come, let shadows go, Let life be bright, or dark with woe,

One tho't re-mains su - preme-ly sweet, Thou thinkest, Lord, of me!
Their gloom re-minds my heart at last, Thou thinkest, Lord, of me!
I am con-tent, for this I know, Thou thinkest, Lord, of me!

D.S. What need I fear when Thou art near, And think-est, Lord, of me.

CHORUS. D.S.
Thou think-est, Lord, of me, Thou think-est, Lord, of me.
of me, of me.

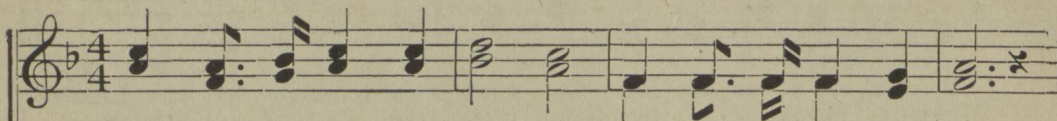
No. 94.

Work, for the Night.

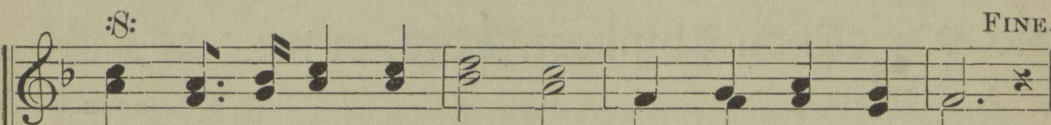
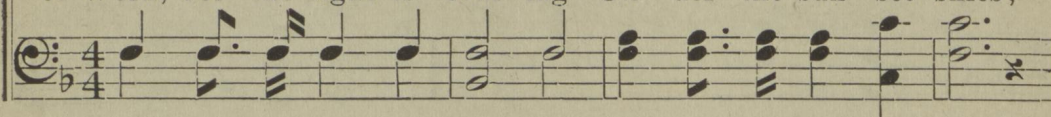
"The night cometh." John 9: 4.

ANNA L. WALKER.

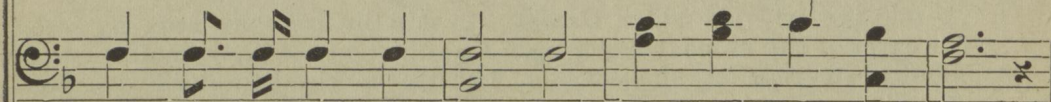
Dr. LOWELL MASON, by per.



1. Work, for the night is com - ing, Work thro' the morn - ing hours,
2. Work, for the night is com - ing, Work thro' the sun - ny noon,
3. Work, for the night is com - ing Un - der the sun - set skies;



Work while the dew is spark - ling, Work 'mid springing flowers,
Fill bright - est hours with la - bor, Rest comes sure and soon.
While their bright tints are glow - ing, Work, for the day - light flies.



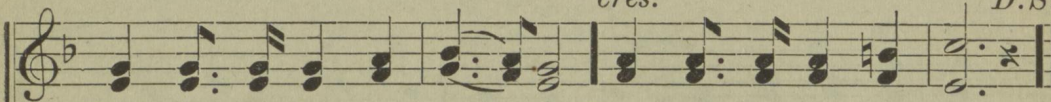
D.S. Work, for the night is com - ing, When man's work is done.

D.S. Work, for the night is com - ing, When man works no more.

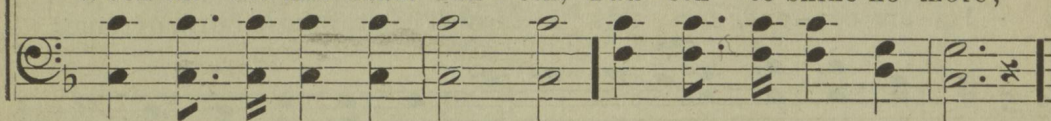
D.S. Work while the night is dark - ning, When man's work is o'er.

cres.

D.S.



Work when the day grows bright - er, Work in the glow - ing sun,
Give ev - 'ry fly - ing min - ute Something to keep in store;
Work till the last beam fad - eth, Fad - eth to shine no more;

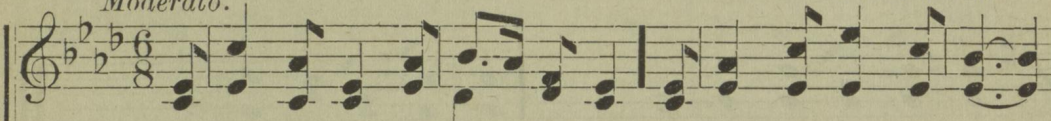


No. 95.

Gates. C. M.

Moderato.

T. J. GRIGGS.



1. Dear Fa - ther! to Thy mer - cy seat, My soul for shel - ter flies;
2. My cheerful hope can nev - er die, If Thou, my God, art near;
3. Oh! nev - er let my soul re - move From this di - vine re - treat;



Gates. (Concluded.)

'Tis here I find a safe re-treat, When storms and tempests rise.
Thy grace can raise my comforts high, And ban-ish ev-'ry fear.
Still let me trust Thy pow'r and love, And dwell be-neath Thy feet.

No. 96. How I Love Jesus. C. M.

FREDERICK WHITFIELD.

American Spiritual.

1. There is a name I love to hear, I love to sing its worth;
2. It tells me of a Saviour's love, Who died to set me free;
3. It tells me what my Fa-ther hath In store for ev-'ry day,
4. It tells of One whose loving heart Can feel my deepest woe,

It sounds like mu-sic in mine ear, The sweetest name on earth.
It tells me of His precious blood, The sin-ner's per-fect plea.
And, though I tread a darksome path, Yields sunshine all the way.
Who in each sor-row bears a part, That none can bear be-low.

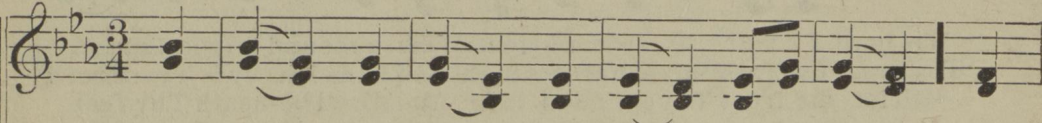
CHORUS.

Oh, how I love Je-sus! Oh, how I love Je-sus!

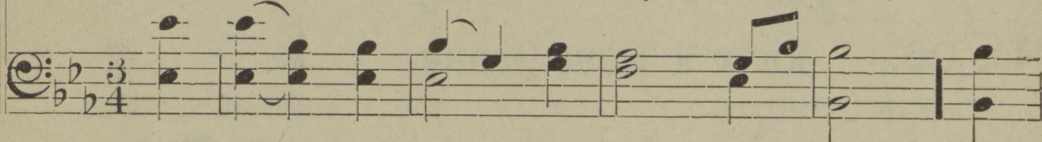
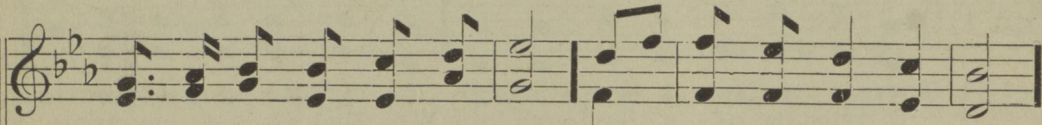
Oh, how I love Je-sus! Be-cause He first loved me.

S. MEDLEY.

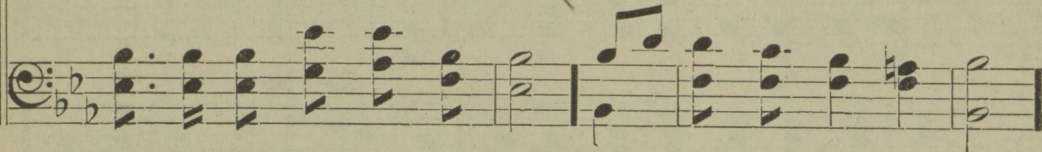
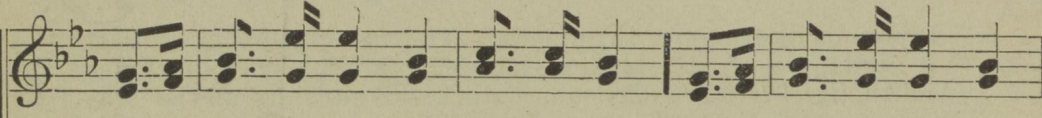
Dr. LOWELL MASON.



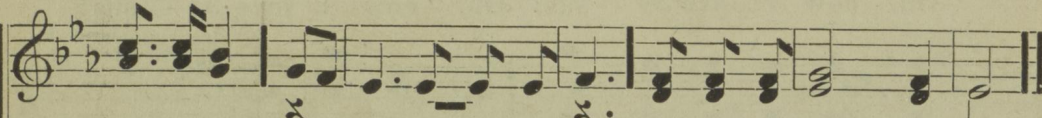
1. Oh, could I speak the match - less worth, Oh,
 2. I'd sing the pre - cious blood He spilt, My
 3. I'd sing the char - ac - ter He bears, And
 4. Well—the de - light - ful day will come, When

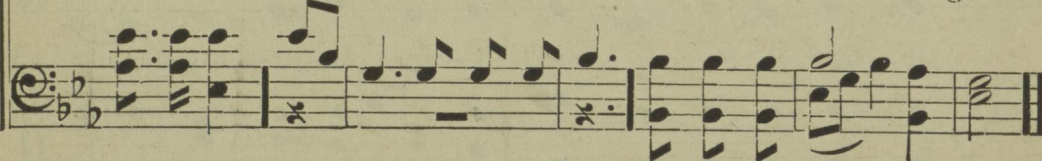
could I sound the glo - ries forth Which in my Sav-iour shine,
 ran - som from the dread-ful guilt Of sin and wrath di - vine!
 all the forms of love He wears, Ex - alt - ed on His throne.
 my dear Love will bring me home, And I shall see His face.

I'd soar, and touch the heav'nly strings, And vie with Ga - briel
 I'd sing His glo - rious righteousness, In which all per - fect
 In lof-tiest songs of sweet-est praise, I would to ev - er -
 Then with my Sav-iour, broth-er, friend, A blest e - ter - ni -

while He sings, In notes al-most di-vine, In notes al-most di-vine.
 heav'nly dress My soul shall ev - er shine, My soul shall ev - er shine.
 last-ing days, Make all His glo-ries known, Make all His glo - ries known.
 ty I'll spend, Tri-um-phiant in His grace, Triumphant in His grace.



No. 98. Sweet Hour of Prayer. L. M. D.

Rev. W. W. WALFORD.

J. H. HALL.

With expression.

1. Sweet hour of pray'r, sweet hour of pray'r, That calls me from a world of care,
2. Sweet hour of pray'r, sweet hour of pray'r, Thy wings shall my pe - ti-tion bear
3. Sweet hour of pray'r, sweet hour of pray'r, May I thy con - so-la-tion share,

The first system of music consists of a treble and bass staff in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The key signature has one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 4/4. The music is written in a simple, hymn-like style with many dotted notes.

And bids me at my Father's throne Make all my wants and wishes known.
To Him whose truth and faith-ful-ness En-gage the wait-ing soul to bless.
Till from Mount Pisgah's loft-y height, I view my home and take my flight.

The second system of music continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system. It features the same treble and bass staff arrangement in G major and 4/4 time.

In sea-sons of distress and grief, My soul has of - ten found re-lief,
And since He bids me seek His face, Believe His word, and trust His grace,
This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise, To seize the ev - er-last-ing prize,

The third system of music continues the melody and accompaniment. It maintains the same musical structure of a treble and bass staff in G major and 4/4 time.

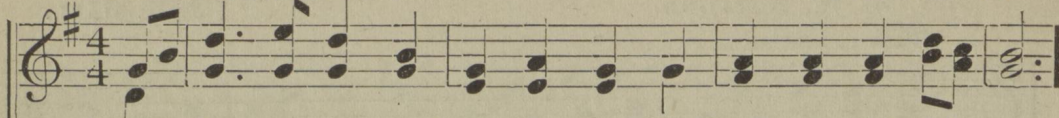
And oft escaped the tempter's snare, By thy re-turn, sweet hour of pray'r.
I'll cast on Him my ev - 'ry care, And wait for thee, sweet hour of pray'r.
And shout, while passing thro' the air, Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of pray'r.

The fourth system of music concludes the piece. It features the same treble and bass staff arrangement in G major and 4/4 time, ending with a final cadence.

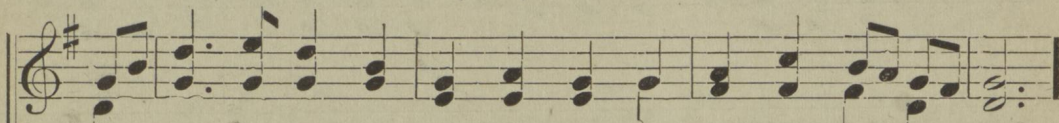
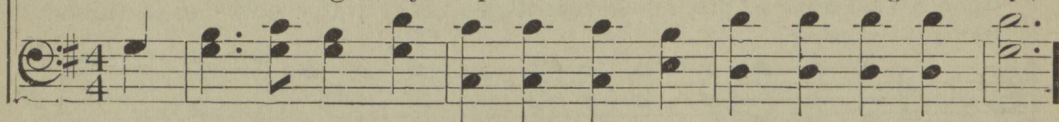
No. 99. On Jordan's Stormy Banks.

Rev. SAMUEL STENNET.

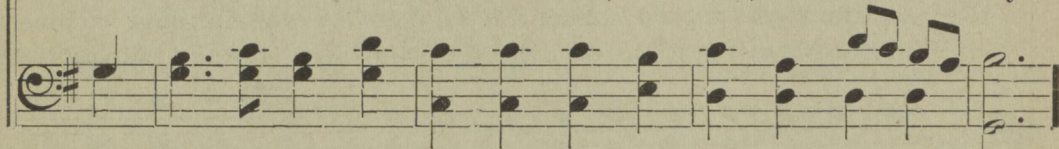
T. C. O'KANE.



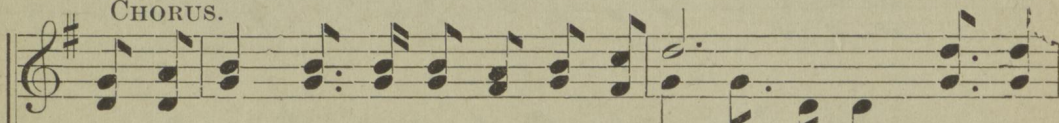
1. On Jor-dan's stormy banks I stand, And cast a wish-ful eye
2. O'er all those wide, ex-tend-ed plains Shines one e-ter-nal day;
3. When shall I reach that hap-py place, And be for-ev-er blest?
4. Fill'd with de-light, my rap-tured soul Would here no long-er stay;



To Ca-naan's fair and hap-py land, Where my pos-ses-sions lie.
There God the Son for-ev-er reigns, And scat-ters night a-way.
When shall I see my Fa-ther's face, And in His bos-om rest?
Tho' Jor-dan's waves a-round me roll, Fear-less, I'd launch a-way.



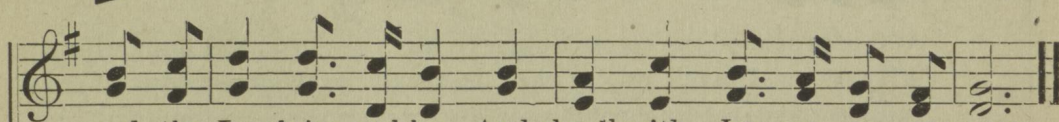
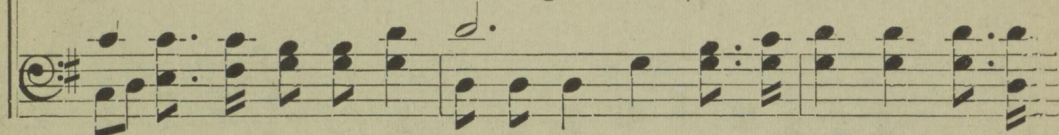
CHORUS.



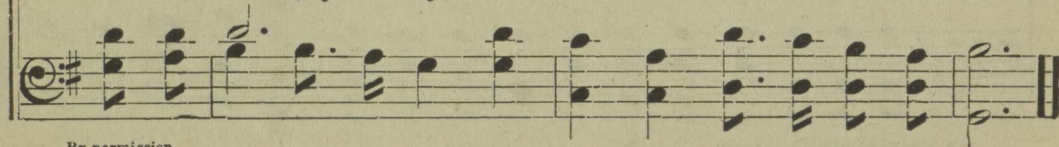
We will rest in the fair and hap-py land, (by and by,) Just a-



cross on the ev-er-green shore; . . . Sing the song of Mos-es
ev-er-green shore;



and the Lamb, by and by, And dwell with Je-sus ev-er-more.

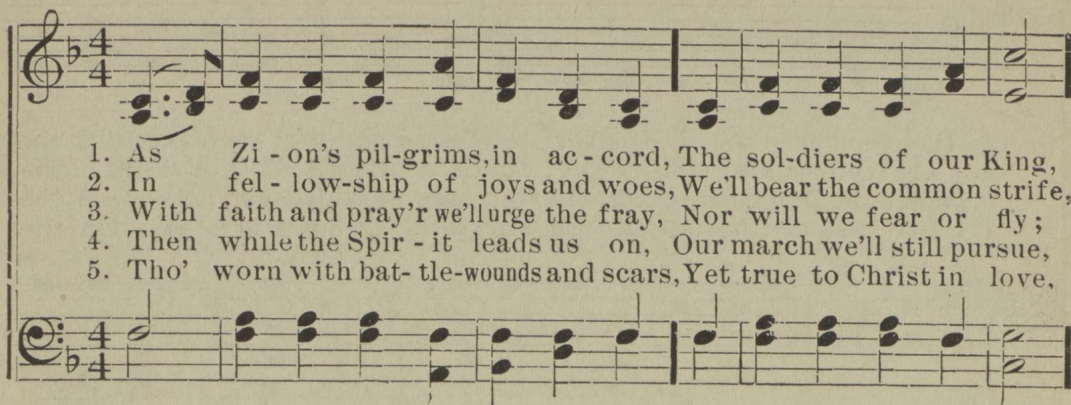


By permission.

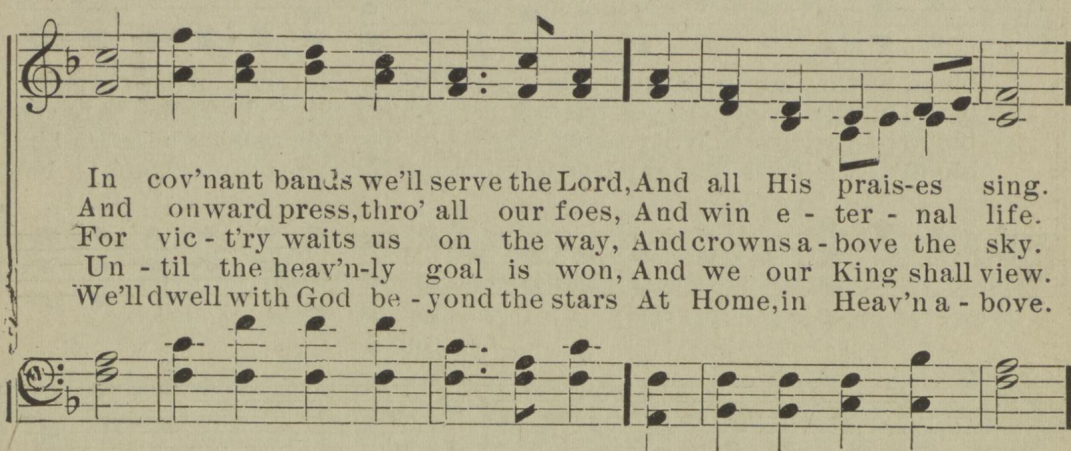
No. 100. The Righteous Marching Home.

Rev. W. P. RIVERS.

Arr. by R. M. McINTOSH.

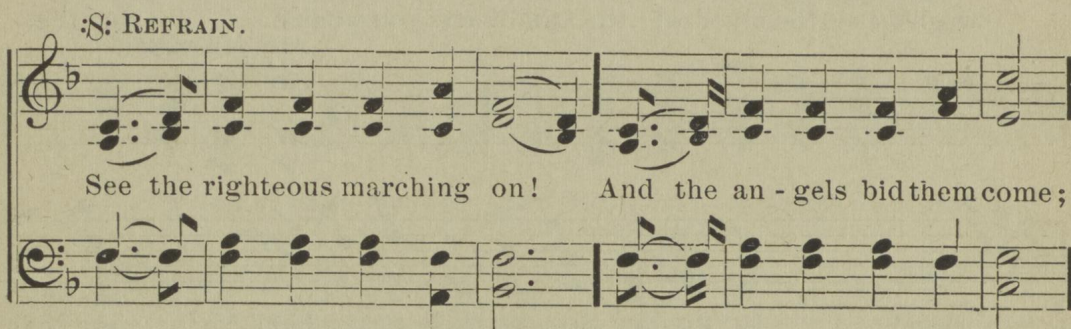


1. As Zi-on's pil-grims, in ac-cord, The sol-diers of our King,
 2. In fel-low-ship of joys and woes, We'll bear the common strife,
 3. With faith and pray'r we'll urge the fray, Nor will we fear or fly;
 4. Then while the Spir-it leads us on, Our march we'll still pursue,
 5. Tho' worn with bat-tle-wounds and scars, Yet true to Christ in love.



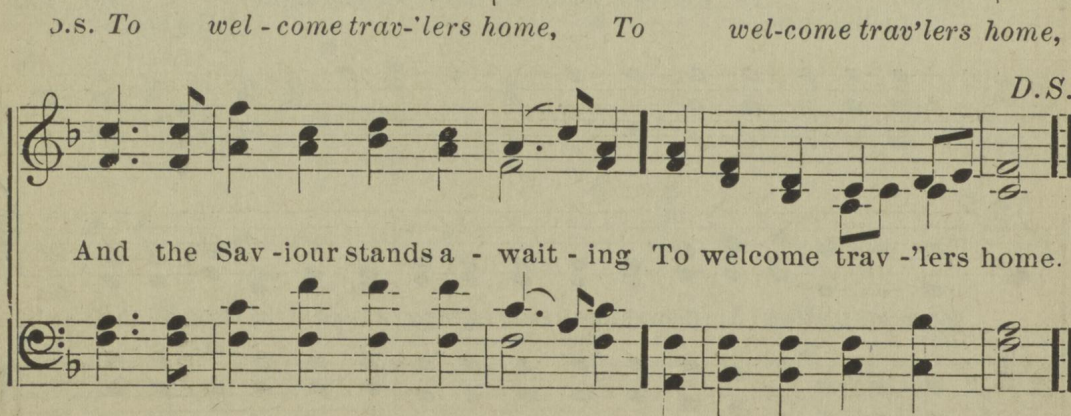
In cov'nant bands we'll serve the Lord, And all His prais-es sing.
 And onward press, thro' all our foes, And win e-ter-nal life.
 For vic-t'ry waits us on the way, And crowns a-bove the sky.
 Un-til the heav'n-ly goal is won, And we our King shall view.
 We'll dwell with God be-yond the stars At Home, in Heav'n a-bove.

:S: REFRAIN.



See the righteous marching on! And the an-gels bid them come;

D.S. To wel-come trav'-lers home, To wel-come trav'-lers home,



D.S. And the Sav-iour stands a-wait-ing To welcome trav'-lers home.

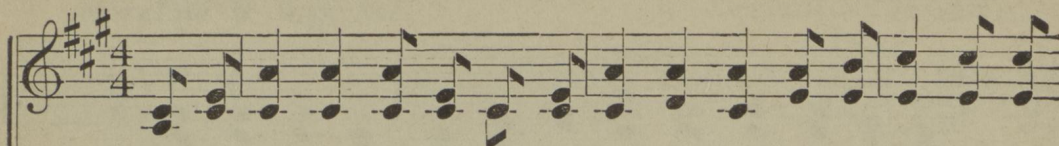
And the Sav-iour stands a-wait-ing To wel-come trav'-lers home.

5.—G. H.

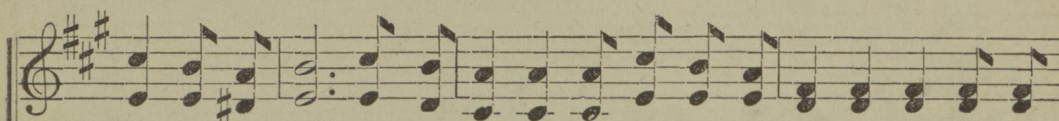
No. 101. Are you Washed in the Blood.

E. A. H.

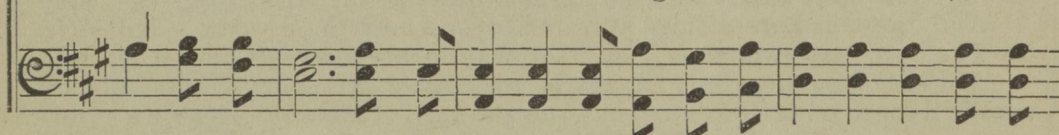
Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN



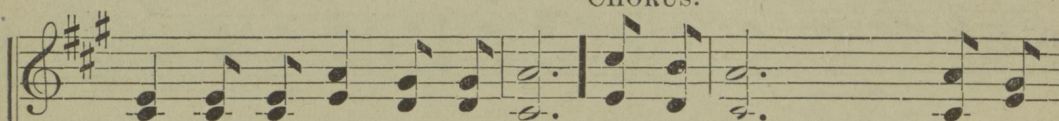
1. Have you been to Je-sus for the cleans-ing pow'r? Are you washed in the
2. Are you walking dai-ly by the Saviour's side? Are you washed in the
3. When the Bridegroom cometh will your robes be white, Pure and white in the
4. Lay a-side the gar-ments that are stained with sin, And be washed in the



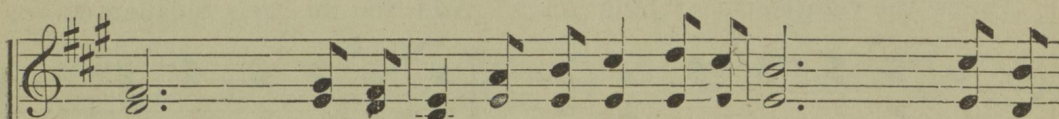
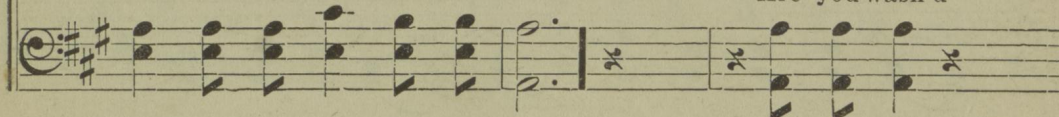
blood of the Lamb? Are you ful-ly trusting in His grace this hour? Are you
blood of the Lamb? Do you rest each moment in the Cru-ci-fied? Are you
blood of the Lamb? Will your soul be read-y for the mansions bright, And be
blood of the Lamb, There's a foun-tain flowing for the soul unclean, O be



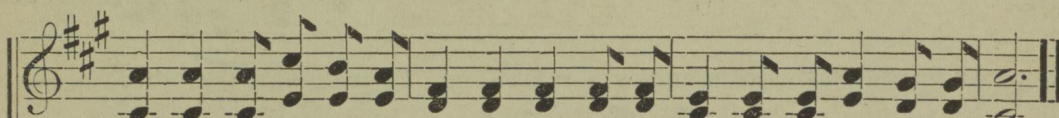
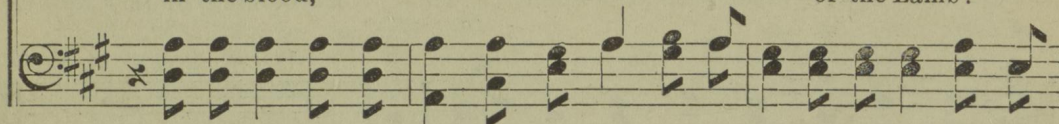
CHORUS.



wash'd in the blood of the Lamb? Are you wash'd in the
Are you wash'd



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



gar-ments spotless? Are they white as snow? Are you wash'd in the blood of the Lamb?



By permission of the author.

No. 102.

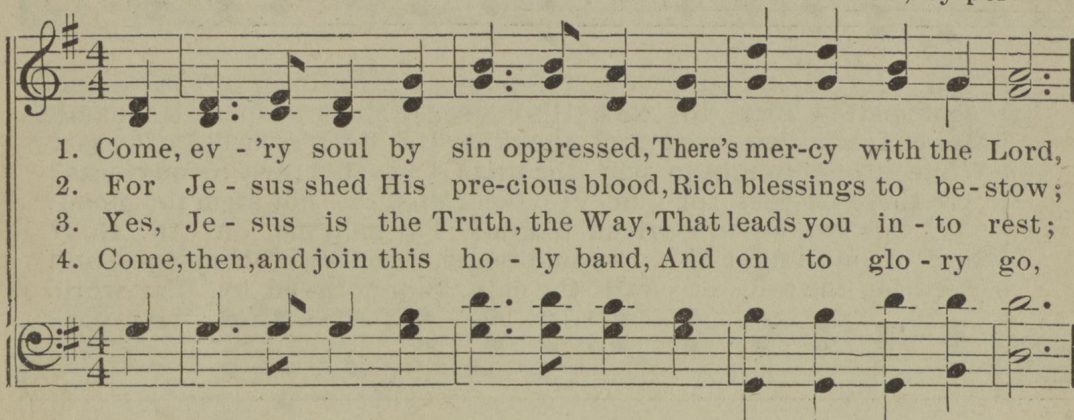
Only Trust Him.

"Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me: and ye shall find rest unto your souls."

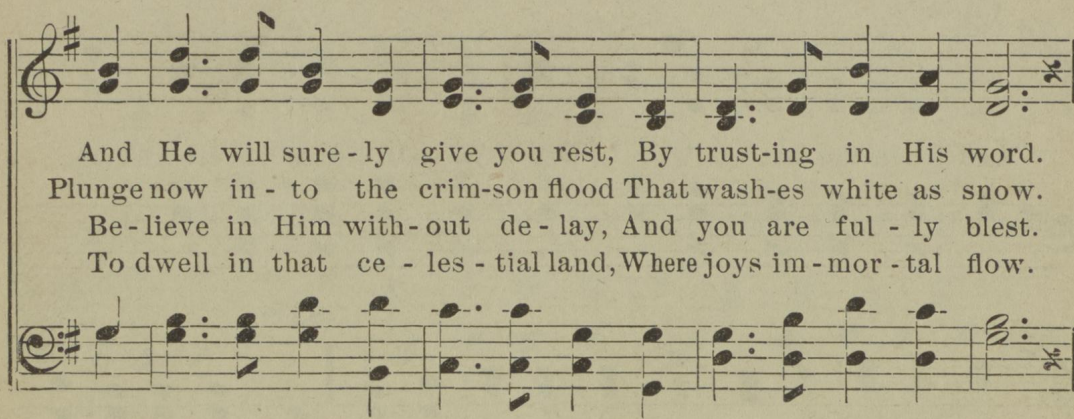
Matt. 11: 29.

Rev. J. H. S.

Rev. J. H. STOCKTON, by per.

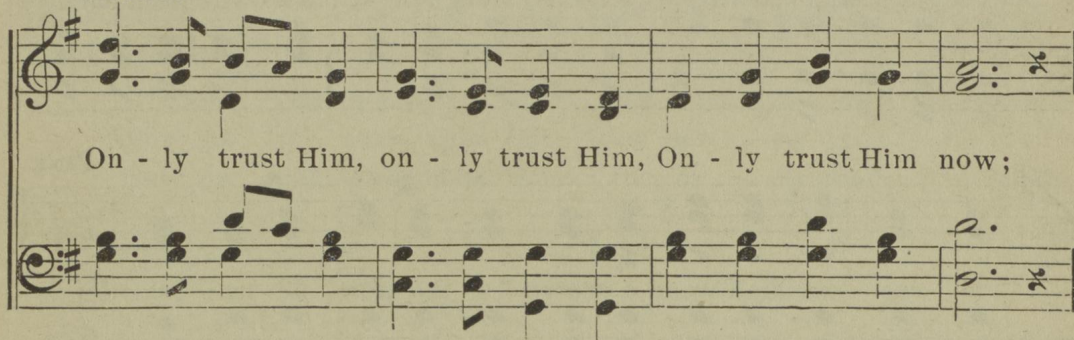


1. Come, ev - 'ry soul by sin oppressed, There's mer-cy with the Lord,
 2. For Je - sus shed His pre-cious blood, Rich blessings to be-stow;
 3. Yes, Je - sus is the Truth, the Way, That leads you in - to rest;
 4. Come, then, and join this ho - ly band, And on to glo - ry go,

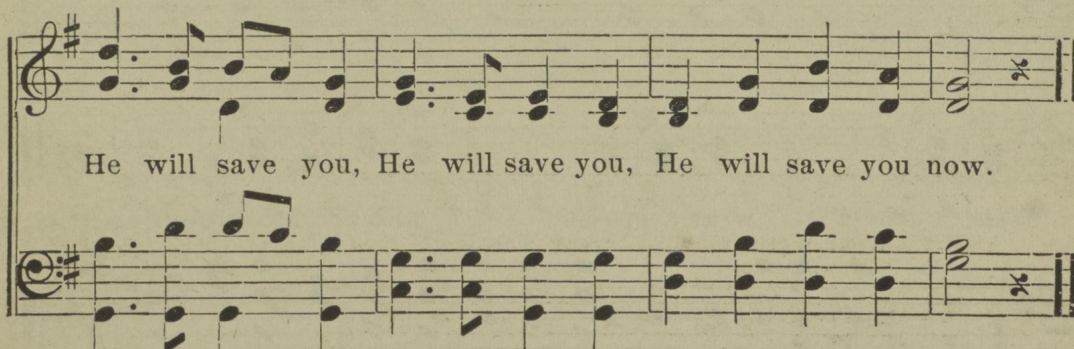


And He will sure-ly give you rest, By trust-ing in His word.
 Plunge now in - to the crim-son flood That wash-es white as snow.
 Be-lieve in Him with-out de-lay, And you are ful - ly blest.
 To dwell in that ce - les - tial land, Where joys im-mor - tal flow.

CHORUS.



On - ly trust Him, on - ly trust Him, On - ly trust Him now;



He will save you, He will save you, He will save you now.

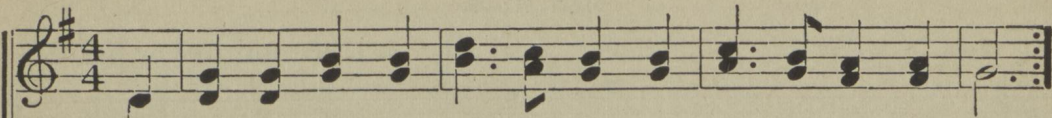
Used by per. of John J. Hood, owner.

No. 103.

Battle Hymn.

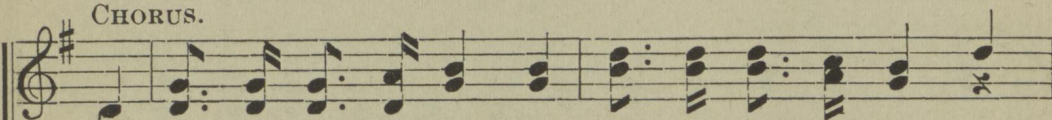
Rev. I. WATTS, D.D.

Arr. by Wm. B. BLAKE.

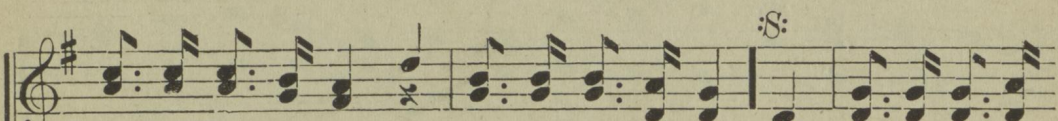


1. { Am I a sol-dier of the cross, A fol-l'wer of the Lamb?
 2. { And shall I fear to own His cause, Or blush to speak His name?
 3. { Must I be car-ried to the skies On flow'ry beds of ease,
 4. { While oth-ers fought to win the prize, And sail'd thro' bloody seas?
 5. { Are there no foes for me to face? Must I not stem the flood?
 6. { Is this vile world a friend to grace To help me on to God?
 7. { Sure I must fight if I would reign; In-crease my cour-age, Lord.
 8. { I'll bear the toil, en-dure the pain, Sup-port-ed by Thy word.

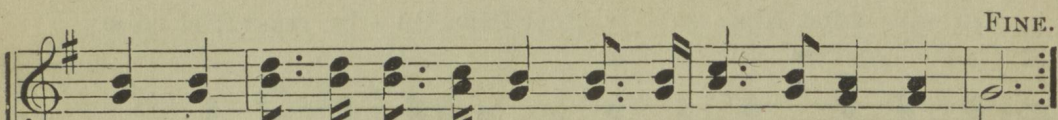
CHORUS.



And when the bat-tle's o-ver we shall wear a crown! Yes,

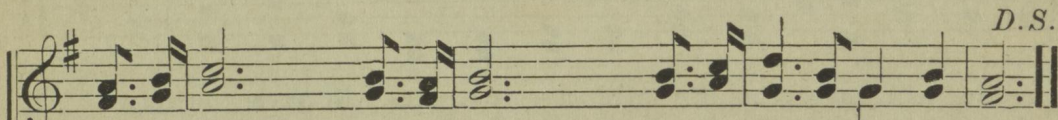


we shall wear a crown! Yes, we shall wear a crown! And when the battle's



o-ver we shall wear a crown In the new Je-ru-sa-lem.

FINE.



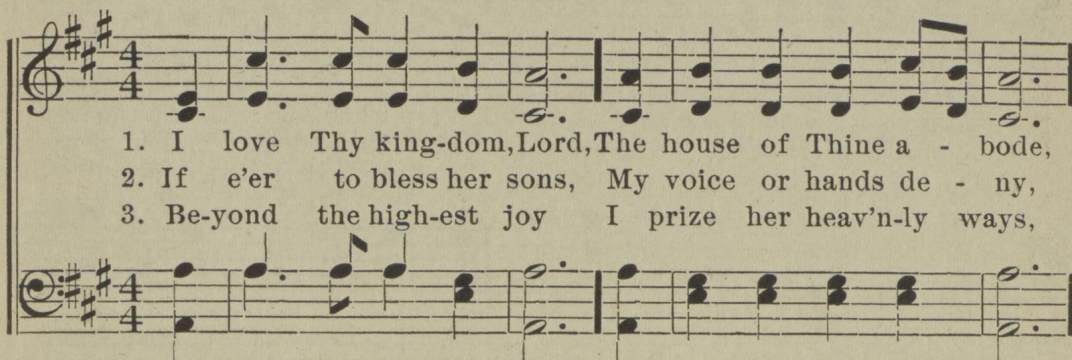
Wear a crown, wear a crown, Wear a bright and shining crown;
 Wear a crown, wear a crown, Wear a crown,

D.S.

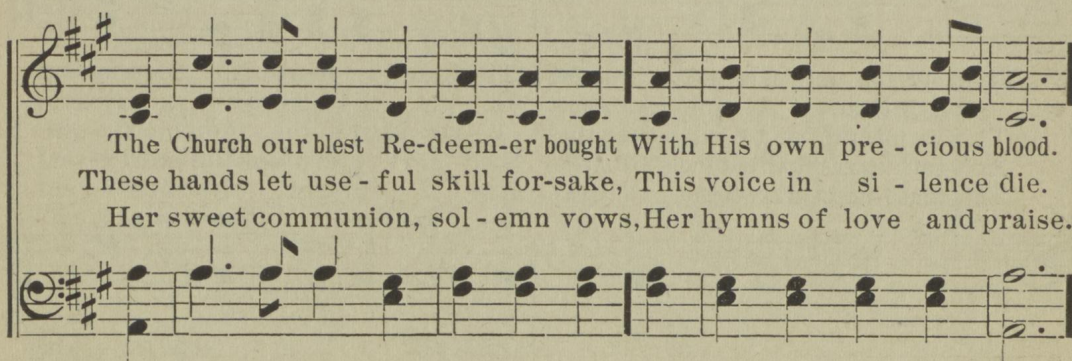
THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH.

Unto him be glory in the Church by Christ Jesus throughout all ages, world without end,
Amen." Eph. 3: 21.

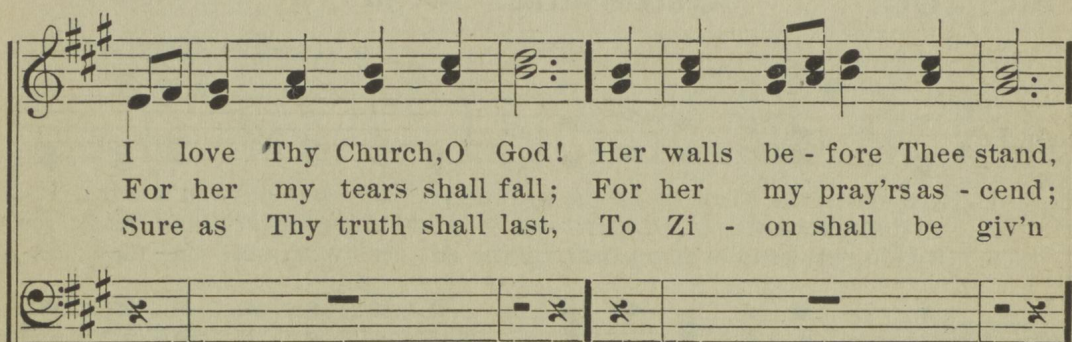
No. 104. Bealoth. S. M. D.



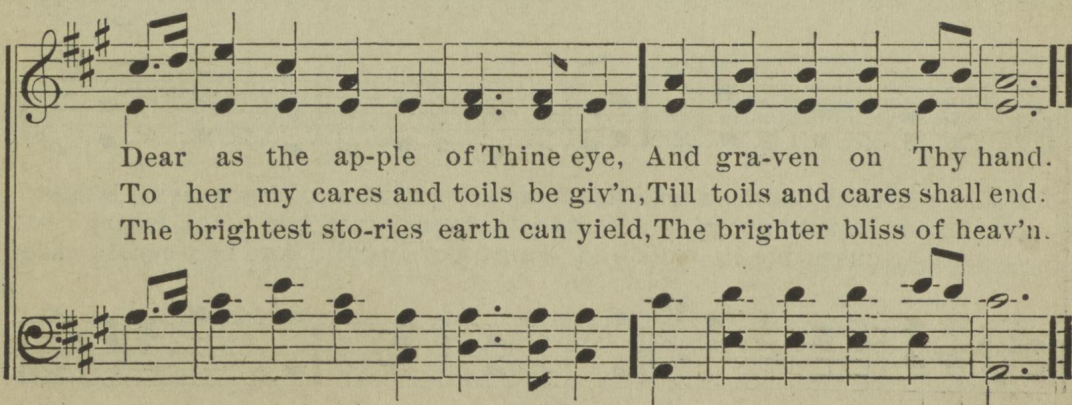
1. I love Thy king-dom, Lord, The house of Thine a - bode,
2. If e'er to bless her sons, My voice or hands de - ny,
3. Be-yond the high-est joy I prize her heav'n-ly ways,



The Church our blest Re-deem-er bought With His own pre - cious blood.
These hands let use - ful skill for-sake, This voice in si - lence die.
Her sweet communion, sol - emn vows, Her hymns of love and praise.



I love Thy Church, O God! Her walls be - fore Thee stand,
For her my tears shall fall; For her my pray'rs as - cend;
Sure as Thy truth shall last, To Zi - on shall be giv'n



Dear as the ap-ple of Thine eye, And gra-ven on Thy hand.
To her my cares and toils be giv'n, Till toils and cares shall end.
The brightest sto-ries earth can yield, The brighter bliss of heav'n.

No. 105.

Retreat. L. M.

H. STOWELL.

THOS. HASTINGS.

1. From ev-'ry storm-y wind that blows, From ev-'ry swelling tide of woes,
 2. There is a place where Je-sus sheds The oil of glad-ness on our heads—
 3. There is a scene where spir-its blend, Where friend holds fellowship with friend;
 4. There, there, on ea-gle wings we soar, And sense and sin molest no more;
 5. O let my hand for-get her skill, My tongue be silent, cold, and still,

ritard.

There is a calm, a sure re-treat; 'Tis found be-neath the mercy-seat.
 A place than all besides more sweet; It is the blood-bo't mercy-seat.
 Tho' sunder'd far, by faith they meet A - round one com - mon mercy-seat.
 And heav'n comes down our souls to greet, And glo - ry crowns the mercy-seat.
 This bound-ing heart for-get to beat, Ere I for-get the mercy-seat.

No. 106.

Ortonville. C. M.

Dr. THOMAS HASTINGS.

1. How sweet the name of Je-sus sounds In a be-liev-er's ear! It
 2. It makes the wounded spirit whole, And calms the troubled breast; 'Tis
 3. By Him my pray'rs acceptance gain, Al - tho' with sin de - filed; Sa-

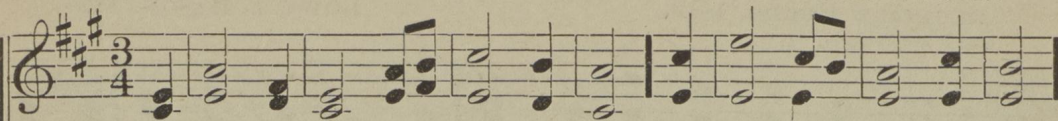
soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds, And drives a - way his fear, And drives a - way his fear.
 manna to the hungry soul, And to the weary rest, And to the weary rest.
 tan ac-cuses me in vain. And I am owned a child, And I am owned a child

No. 107.

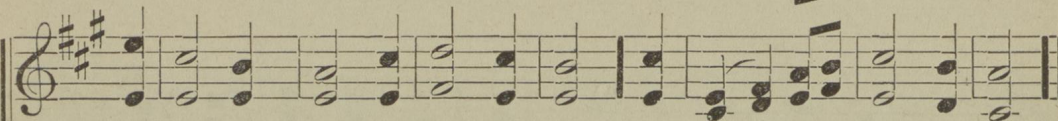
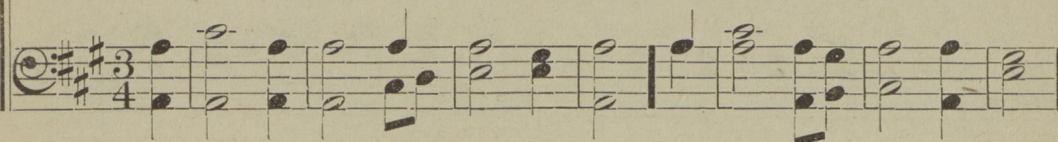
Avon. C. M.

JOSEPH HART.

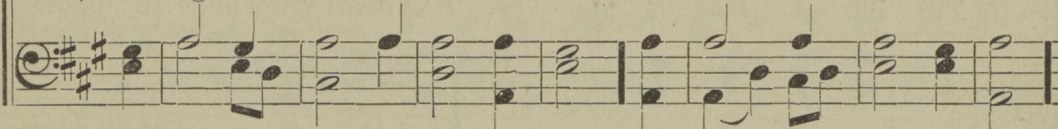
HUGH WILSON.



1. That dreadful night be - fore His death, The Lamb, for sin - ners slain,
2. To keep the feast, Lord, we have met, And to re - mem - ber Thee;
3. Thy suff'rings, Lord, each sa - cred sign To our remembrance brings;
4. O tune our tongues, and set in frame Each heart that pants for Thee,



Did al-most with His dy - ing breath, This sol - emn feast or - dain.
Help each re - deem'd one to re - peat, "For me, He died for me!"
We eat the bread, and drink the wine, But think on no - bler things.
To sing, Ho - san - na to the Lamb! The Lamb that died for me!



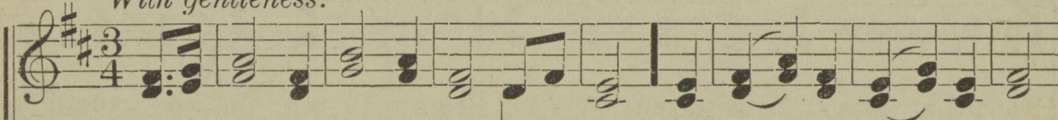
No. 108.

Siloam. C. M.

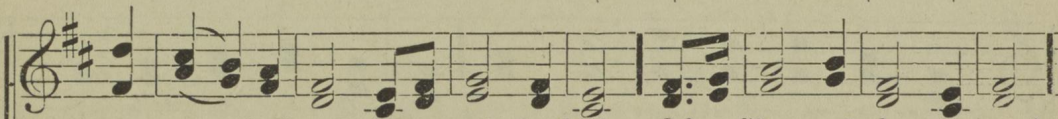
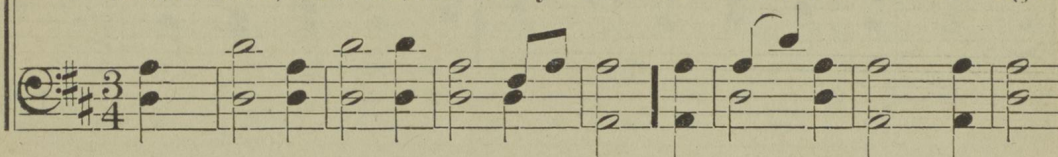
REGINALD HEBER, 1812.

I. B. WOODBURY, 1850.

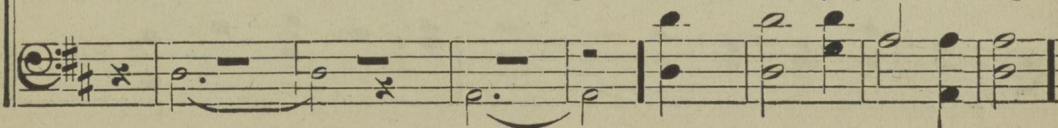
With gentleness.



1. By cool Si - lo - am's sha - dy rill How fair the lil - y grows!
2. Lo! such the child whose ear - ly feet The paths of peace have trod,
3. By cool Si - lo - am's sha - dy rill The lil - y must de - cay;
4. And soon, too soon, the wintry hour Of man's ma - tur - er age



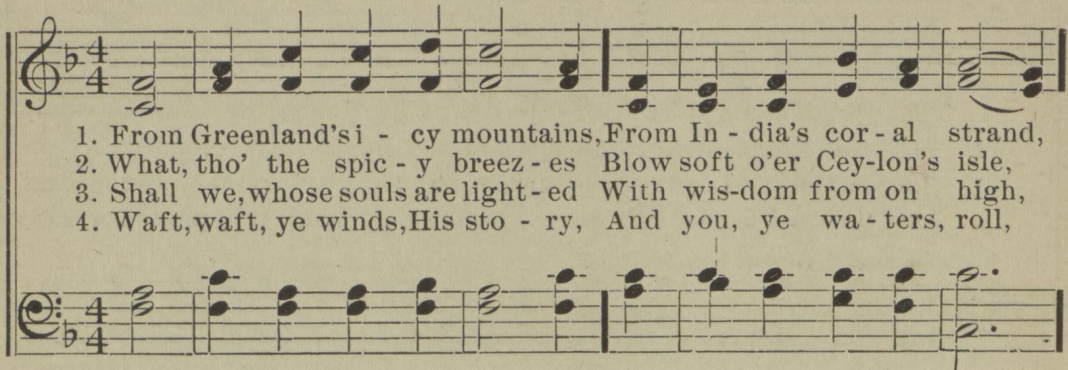
How sweet the breath, be - neath the hill, Of Shar-on's dew - y rose!
Whose se - cret heart, with influence sweet, Is upward drawn to God.
The rose that blooms be - neath the hill Must short - ly fade a - way.
Will shake the soul with sorrow's pow'r, And storm - y passion's rage.



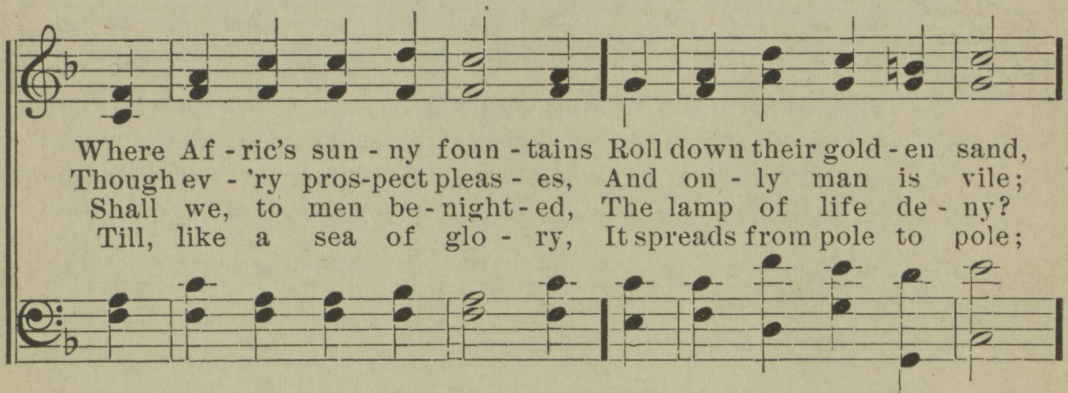
No. 109. Missionary Hymn. 7s & 6s, D.

REGINALD HEBER, 1819.

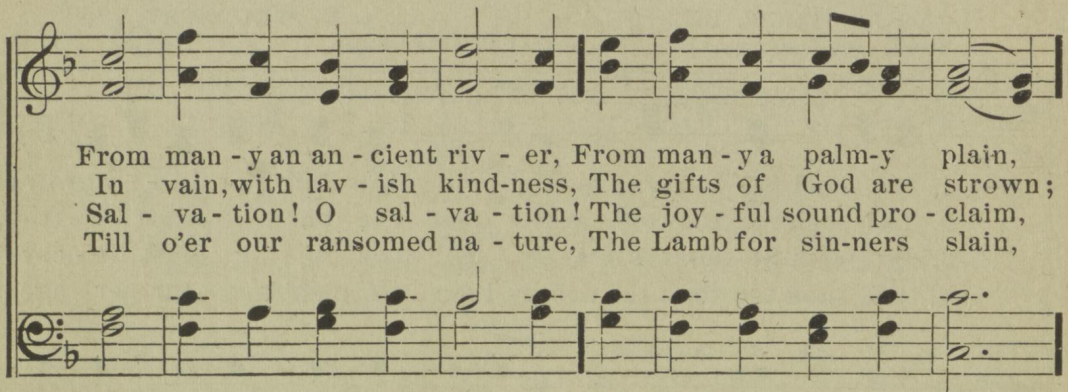
LOWELL MASON, 1824.



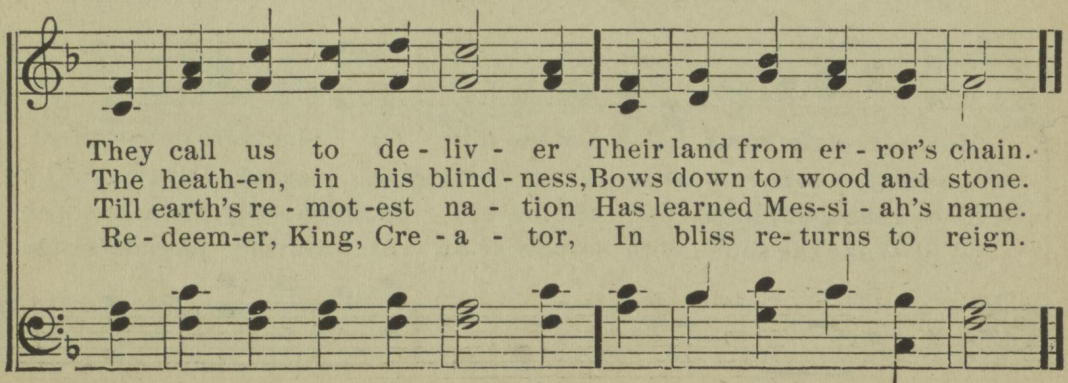
1. From Greenland's i - cy mountains, From In - dia's cor - al strand,
 2. What, tho' the spic - y breez - es Blow soft o'er Cey-lon's isle,
 3. Shall we, whose souls are light-ed With wis-dom from on high,
 4. Waft, waft, ye winds, His sto - ry, And you, ye wa - ters, roll,



Where Af - ric's sun - ny foun - tains Roll down their gold - en sand,
 Though ev - 'ry pros-pect pleas - es, And on - ly man is vile;
 Shall we, to men be - night - ed, The lamp of life de - ny?
 Till, like a sea of glo - ry, It spreads from pole to pole;



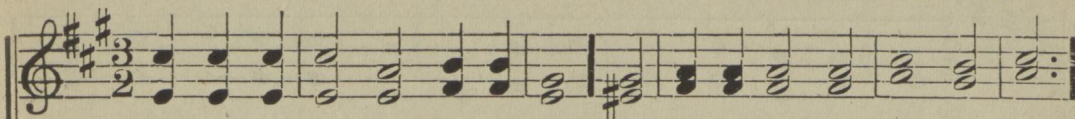
From man - y an an - cient riv - er, From man - ya palm-y plain,
 In vain, with lav - ish kind-ness, The gifts of God are strown;
 Sal - va - tion! O sal - va - tion! The joy - ful sound pro - claim,
 Till o'er our ransomed na - ture, The Lamb for sin - ners slain,



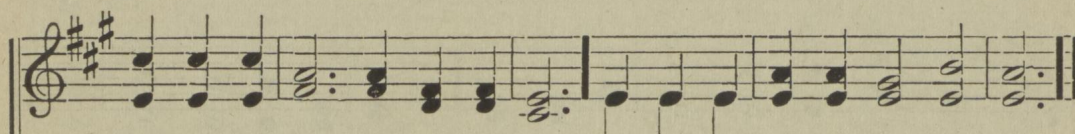
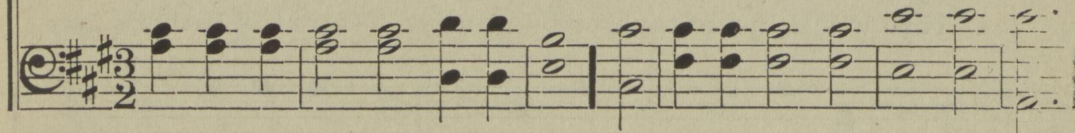
They call us to de - liv - er Their land from er - ror's chain.
 The heath-en, in his blind-ness, Bows down to wood and stone.
 Till earth's re - mot - est na - tion Has learned Mes - si - ah's name.
 Re - deem - er, King, Cre - a - tor, In bliss re - turns to reign.

No. 110. Missionary Chant. L. M.

CH. ZEUNER.



1. Ye Christian heralds, go, proclaim Sal-vation in Im-manuel's name:
2. He'll shield you with a wall of fire, With ho-ly zeal your hearts in-spir.
3. And when our la-bors are all o'er, Then may we meet to part no more.—



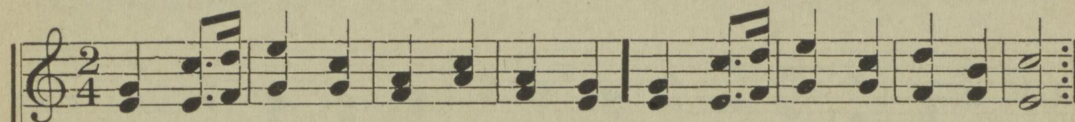
To distant climes the tidings bear, And plant the rose of Sha-ron there.
Bid rag-ing winds their fu-ry cease, And calm the sav-age breast to peace.
Meet, with the ran-som'd throng to fall, And crown the Saviour Lord of all.



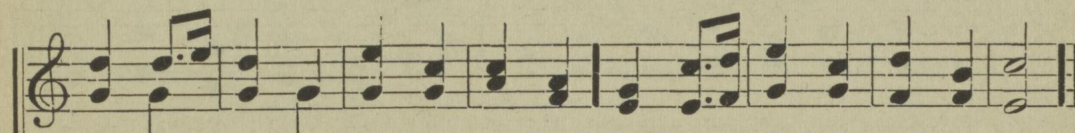
No. 111. Happy Zion. 8s & 7s.

THOMAS KELLEY.

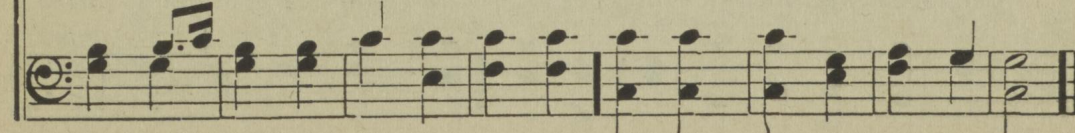
I. B. WOODBURY.



1. { Zi-on stands with hills surrounded, Zi-on, kept by pow'r divine; }
2. { All her foes shall be con-founded, Tho' the world in arms combine. }
1. { Ev-'ry hu-man tie may per-ish, Friend to friend un-faithful prove, }
2. { Moth-ers cease their own to cher-ish, Heav'n and earth at last remove; }



Hap-py Zi-on, Hap-py Zi-on, What a fa-vor'd lot is thine!
But no changes, But no changes Can at-tend Je-hovah's love.

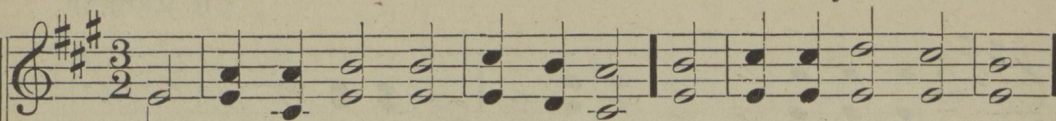


No. 112.

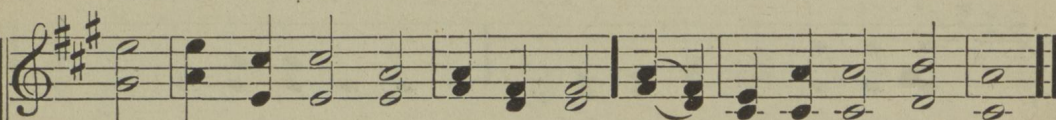
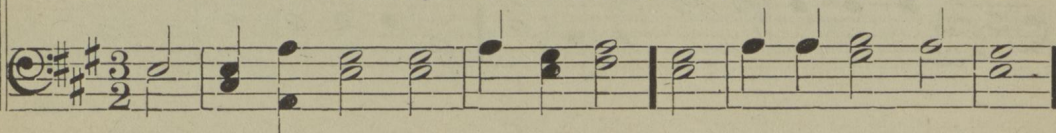
Azmon. C. M.

ISAAC WATTS.

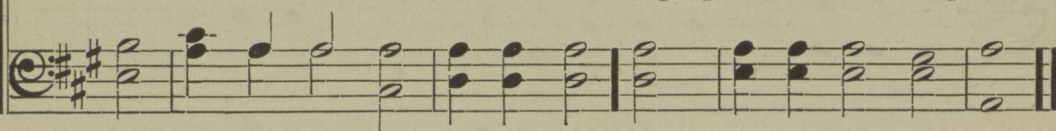
Arr. by L. MASON.



1. I'm not a-sham'd to own my Lord, Nor to de-fend His cause,
2. Je - sus, my Lord, I know His name, His name is all my trust;
3. Firm as His throne His promise stands, And He can well se - cure
4. Then will He own my worth-less name Be-fore His Father's face,



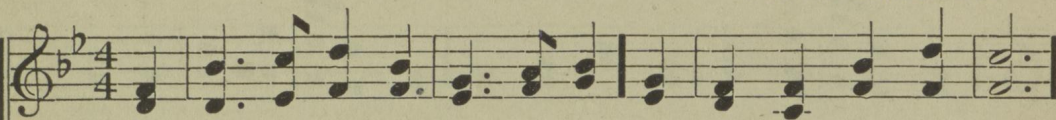
Main-tain the hon - ors of His word, The glo - ry of His cross.
 Nor will He put my soul to shame, Nor let my hope be lost.
 What I've com-mit - ted to His hands, Till the de-ci - sive hour.
 And in the new Je - ru - sa - lem Ap - point for me a place.



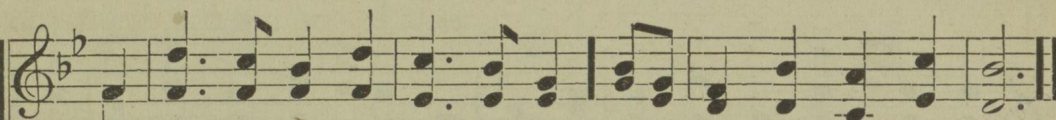
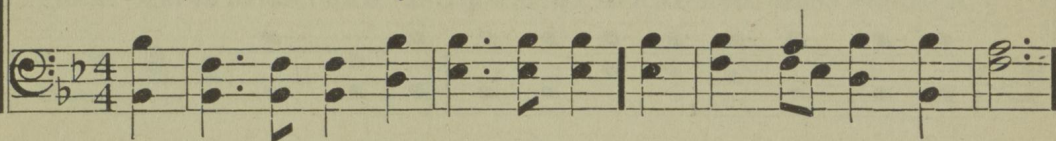
No. 113.

Brown. C. M.

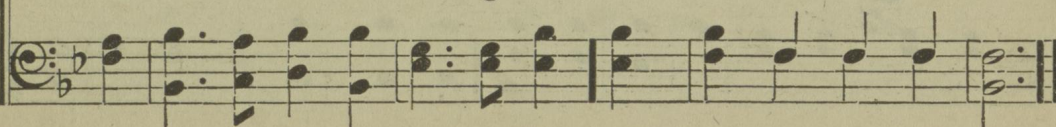
WM. B. BRADBURY.



1. How sweet, how heav'nly is the sight, When those that love the Lord,
2. When each can feel his brother's sigh, And with him bear a part;
3. When, free from en - vy, scorn, and pride, Our wish-es all a - bove,



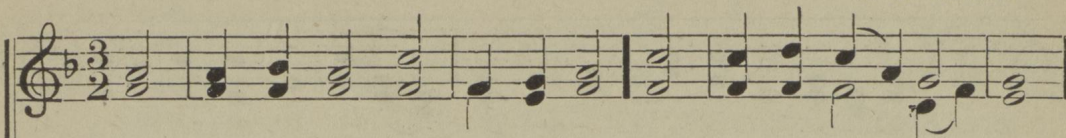
In one an - oth - er's peace de-light, And so ful - fil the word.
 When sorrow flows from eye to eye, And joy from heart to heart.
 Each can his broth - er's fail-ings hide, And show a broth - er's love.



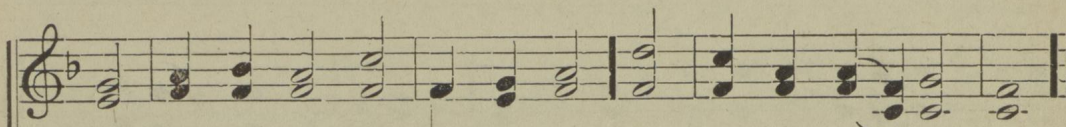
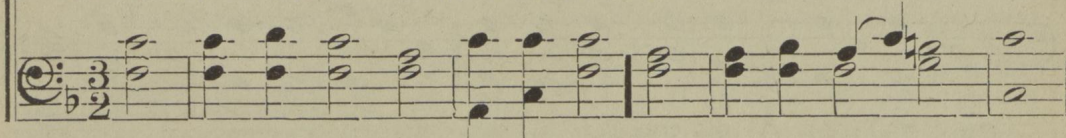
No. 114.

Communion. C. M.

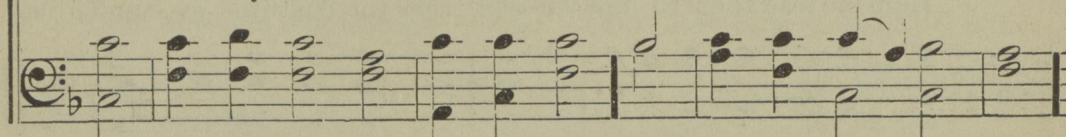
J. H. HALL.



1. Here at Thy ta - ble, Lord, we meet, To feed on food di - vine;
2. He that pre-pares this rich re-past, Him-self comes down and dies;
3. Sure there was nev - er love so free, Dear Sav-iour, so di - vine!



Thy bod - y is the bread we eat, Thy pre-cious blood the wine.
And then in - vites us thus to feast Up - on the sac - ri - fice.
Well Thou mayst claim that heart of me, Which owes so much to Thine.



The Ruebush-Kieffer Co., owners.

No. 115.

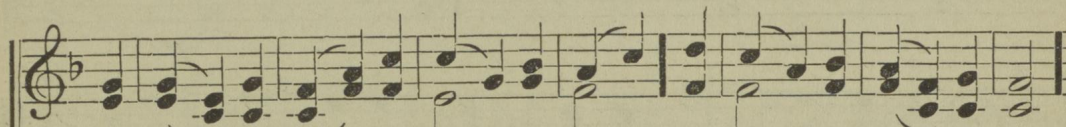
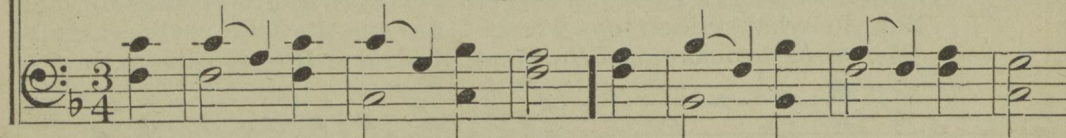
Dennis. S. M.

Rev. JOHN FAWCETT.

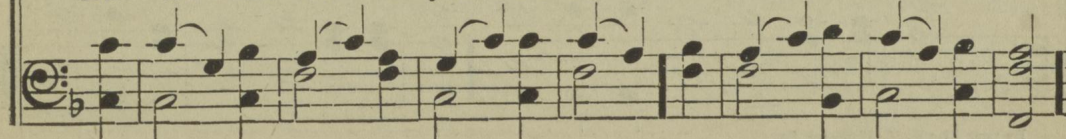
H. G. NAGELI.



1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Chris-tian love;
2. Be - fore our Fa - ther's throne, We pour our ar - dent pray'rs;
3. We share our mu - tual woes; Our mu - tual bur - dens bear;
4. When we a - sun - der part, It gives us in - ward pain;



The fel - low-ship of kin - dred minds Is like to that a - bove.
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one, Our com-forts and our cares.
And oft - en for each oth - er flows The sym - pa - thiz-ing tear.
But we shall still be join'd in heart, And hope to meet a - gain.

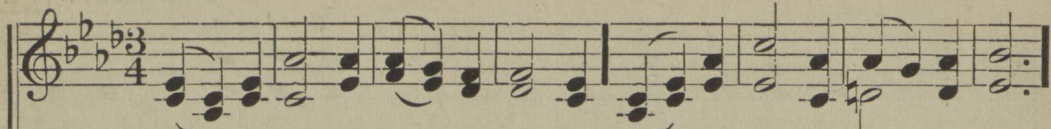


No. 116.

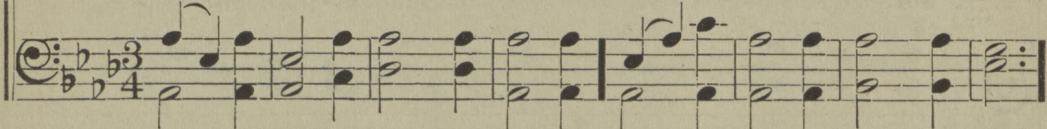
Bland. 8s & 7s.

R. F. PAYNE.

J. H. RUEBUSH.

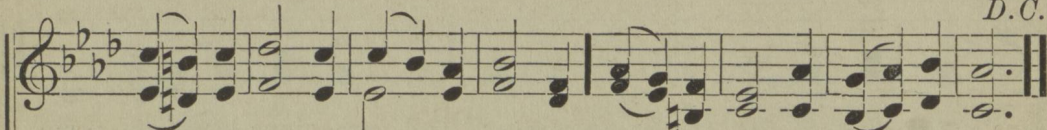


1. Help me, O my bless-ed Saviour, In Thy vineyard ev - 'ry day;
2. Help me, O my bless-ed Saviour, With Thy sheep to fold the lambs;
3. Help me, O my bless-ed Saviour, Feed Thy flock with food di - vine;

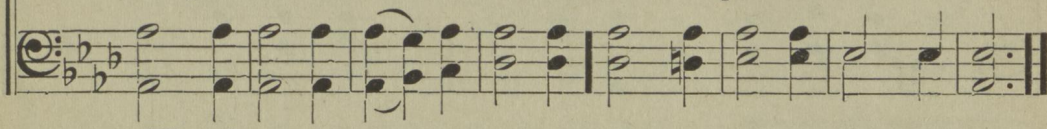


CHO. Help me, O my bless-ed Saviour, To be like Thee all my day—

D.C.



Help me from the fields to gather Gold-en harvest by the way.
Help me lead them to the Father's Kind, protecting, gen-tle hands.
Help me lead them to the wa-ters And the pastures ev - er Thine.



When I sow, or reap, or gath-er, When I speak, or sing, or pray.

The Ruebush-Kieffer Co., owners.

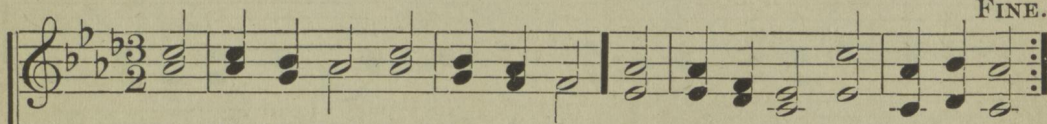
No. 117.

Beaufort. L. M. D.

ISAAC WATTS.

L. C. EVERETT.

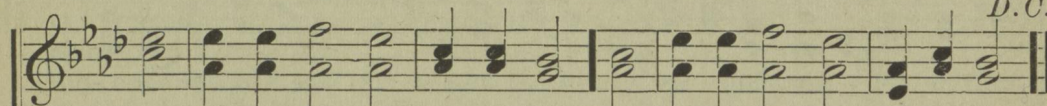
FINE.



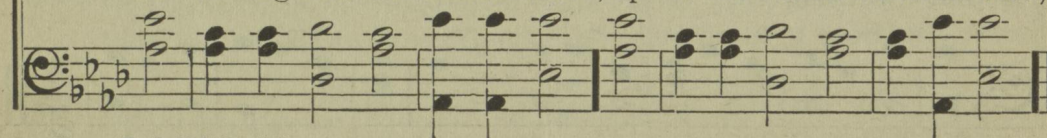
1. { He dies! the Friend of sinners dies! Lo! Salem's daughters weep a-round;
A solemn darkness veils the skies; A sudden trembling shakes the ground.
D.C. He shed a thousand drops for you, A thousand drops of richest blood.
2. { Here's love and grief beyond de-gree, The Lord of glo-ry dies for men;
But lo! what sudden joys we see! Je - sus, the dead, revives a-gain.
D.C. Cher-u-bic legions guard Him home, And shout Him welcome to the skies.



D.C.



Come, saints, and drop a tear or two, For Him who groan'd beneath your load;
The ris-ing God forsakes the tomb, Up to the Father's court He flies;



By per. The R. M. McIntosh Co.

No. 118.

Ennius. 7s, D.

FINE.

1. { Peo - ple of the liv - ing God, I have sought the world a - round, }
 { Paths of sin and sor - row trod, Peace and comfort nowhere found. }
 D.C. Brethren, where your al - tar burns, O re - ceive me in - to rest.

2. { Lone - ly I no long - er roam, Like the cloud, the wind, the wave; }
 { Where you dwell, shall be my home, Where you die, shall be my grave; }
 D.C. Earth can fill my soul no more, — Ev - 'ry i - dol I re - sign.

D.C.

Now to you my spir - it turns — Turns a fu - gi - tive un - blest;
 Mine the God whom you a - dore, Your Re - deem - er shall be mine;

No. 119.

Gerar. S. M.

Dr. LOWELL MASON.

1. Bless'd are the sons of peace, Whose hearts and hopes are one;
 2. Bless'd is the pi - ous house, Where zeal and friend - ship meet;
 3. Thus, on the heav'n - ly hills The saints are bless'd a - bove,

Whose kind de - signs to serve and please Thro' all their ac - tions run.
 Their songs of praise, their min - gled vows, Make their communion sweet.
 Where joy, like morn - ing dew, dis - tils, And all the air is love.

No. 120. Duane Street. L. M. D.

REV. GEORGE COLES, 1835.

1. Be mer-ci-ful, O God of grace, To us Thy peo-ple; let Thy face
2. Let them with joy Thy praises sing, Earth's righteous Judge and sov'reign King;

Beam on us that Thy church may shine In this dark world with light di-vine.
D.S.—Let dis-tant na-tions hear Thy word, Let all the na-tions praise the Lord.
Il-lumined by Thy ho-ly word, Let all the na-tions praise the Lord.
D.S.—Our God shall rich-ly bless us then, And all men praise His name. A-men.

No. 121.

Zephyr. L. M.

Mrs. VOKE.

WM. B. BRADBURY, 1844.

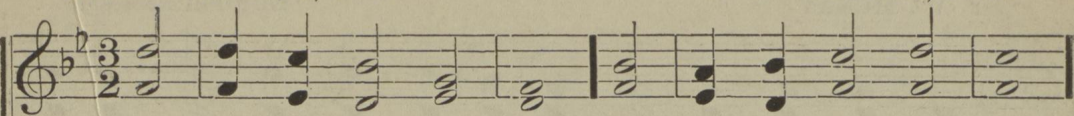
1. Behold, the heathen waits to know The joy the gos-pel will bestow;
2. Come, let us, with a grate-ful heart, In this blest la-bor bear a part;
3. Our hearts exult in songs of praise, That we have seen these lat-ter days,
4. Where'er His hand hath spread the skies, Sweet incense to His name shall rise,

The ex-iled cap-tive to re-ceive The freedom Je-sus has to give.
Our pray'rs and of-f'rings glad-ly bring To aid the triumphs of our King.
When our Redeemer shall be known Where Sa-tan long has held his throne.
And slave and freeman, Greek and Jew, By sov'reign grace be form'd a - new.

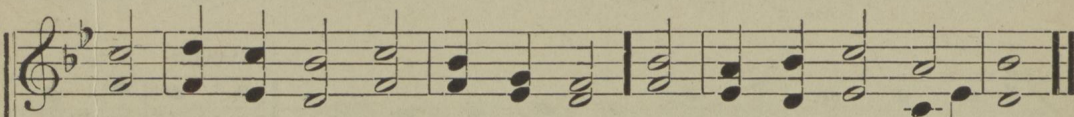
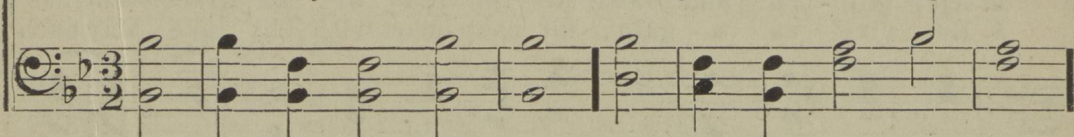
No. 122. State Street. S. M.

ALBERT MIDLANE, 1861.

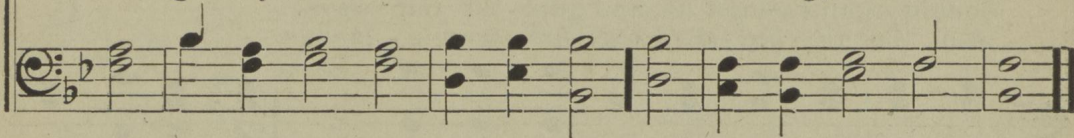
J. C. WOODMAN, 1844.



1. Re - vive Thy work, O Lord! Thy might-y arm make bare;
2. Re - vive Thy work, O Lord! Dis - turb this sleep of death;
3. Re - vive Thy work, O Lord! Ex - alt Thy pre - cious name;
4. Re - vive Thy work, O Lord! And give re - fresh - ing show'rs;



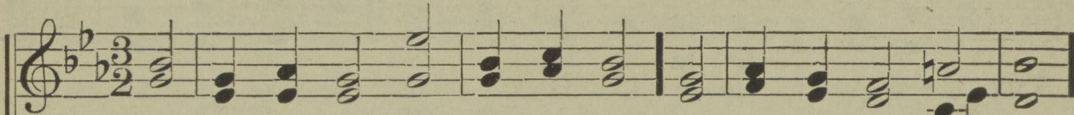
Speak with the voice that wakes the dead, And make Thy peo - ple hear.
Quick - en the smold'ring em-bers now, By Thine al-might-y breath.
And, by the Ho - ly Ghost, our love For Thee and Thine in - flame.
The glo - ry shall be all Thine own, The bless-ing, Lord! be ours.



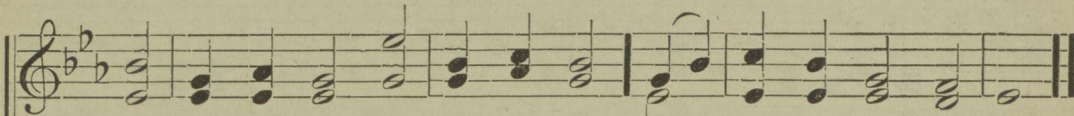
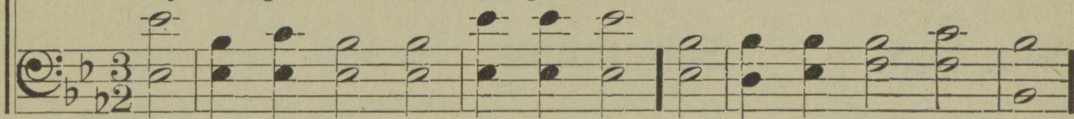
No. 123. Copp. C. M.

WILLIAM C. BRYANT, 1835.

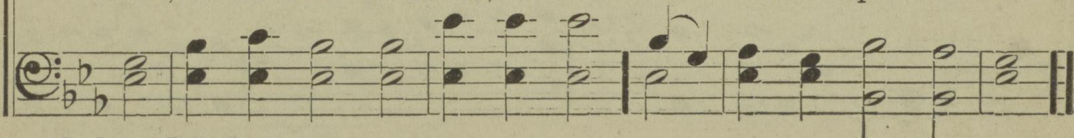
J. H. HALL.



1. Oh, Thou, whose own vast tem-ple stands, Built o - ver earth and sea,
2. Lord! from Thine in - most glo - ry send, With-in these walls t'a - bide,
3. May err-ing minds, that worship here, Be taught the bet - ter way;
4. May faith grow firm, and love grow warm, And pure de - vo - tion rise,



Ac - cept the walls that hu-man hands Have rais'd to wor-ship Thee.
The peace that dwelleth with-out end Se - rene-ly by Thy side!
And they who mourn, and they who fear, Be strengthen'd as they pray.
While, round these hal - low'd walls, the storm Of earth-born pas-sion dies.

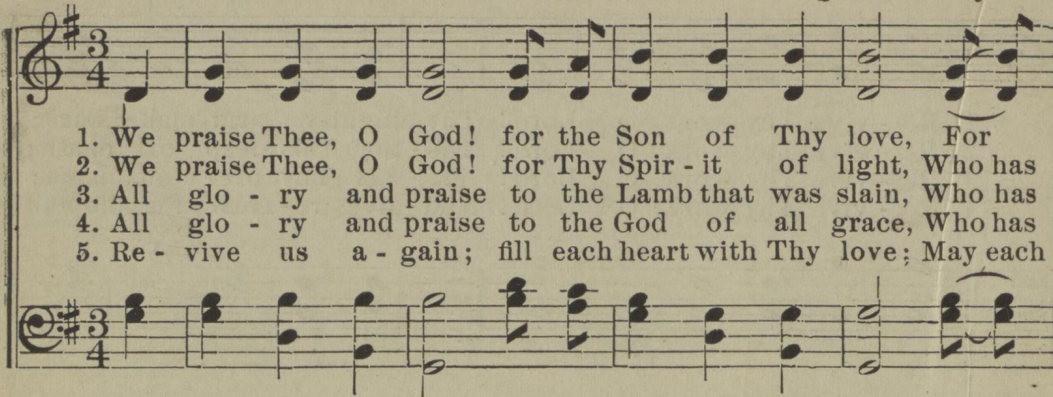


No. 124.

Revive us Again.

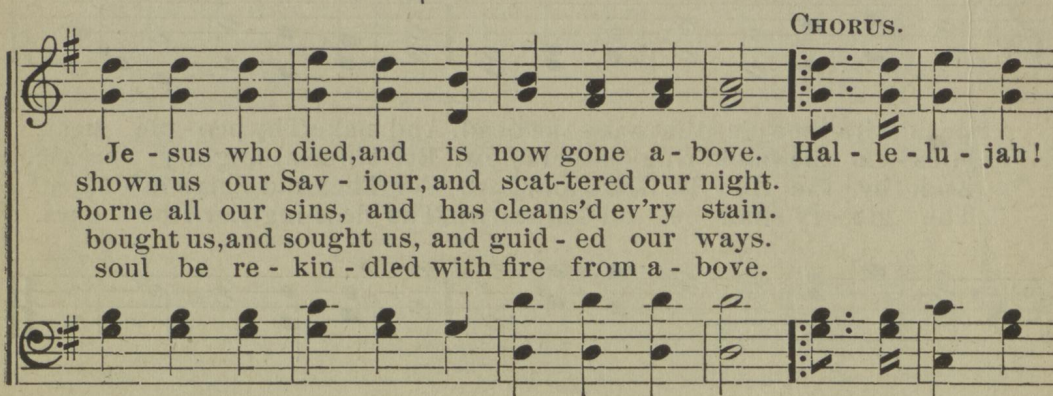
Dr. W. McKAY.

English Melody.

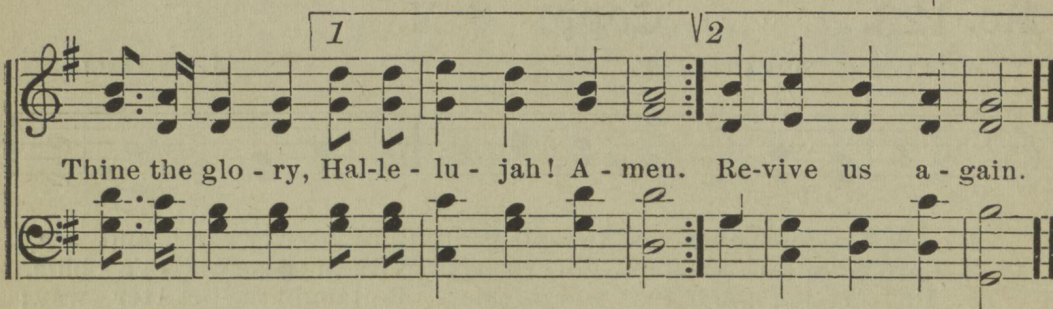


1. We praise Thee, O God! for the Son of Thy love, For
 2. We praise Thee, O God! for Thy Spir - it of light, Who has
 3. All glo - ry and praise to the Lamb that was slain, Who has
 4. All glo - ry and praise to the God of all grace, Who has
 5. Re - vive us a - gain; fill each heart with Thy love; May each

CHORUS.



Je - sus who died, and is now gone a - bove. Hal - le - lu - jah!
 shown us our Sav - iour, and scat - tered our night.
 borne all our sins, and has cleans'd ev'ry stain.
 bought us, and sought us, and guid - ed our ways.
 soul be re - kin - dled with fire from a - bove.



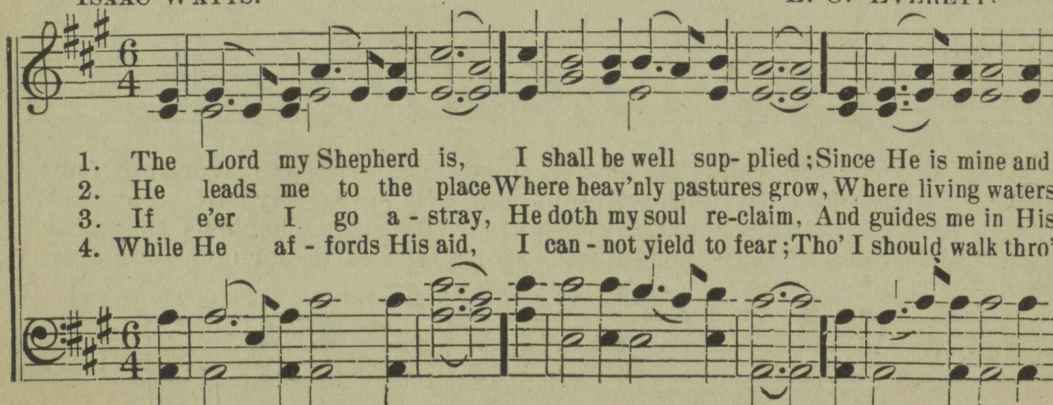
Thine the glo - ry, Hal - le - lu - jah! A - men. Re - vive us a - gain.

No. 125.

Schumann. S. M.

ISAAC WATTS.

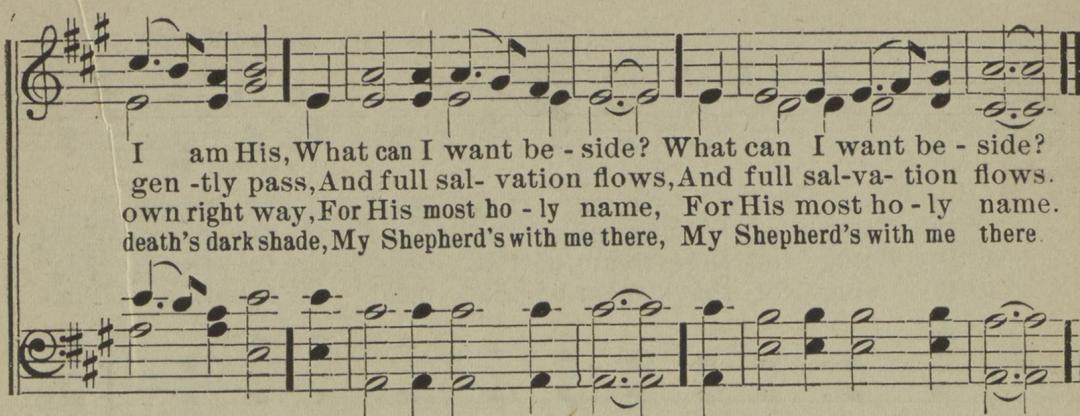
L. C. EVERETT.



1. The Lord my Shepherd is, I shall be well sup - plied; Since He is mine and
 2. He leads me to the place Where heav'nly pastures grow, Where living waters
 3. If e'er I go a - stray, He doth my soul re - claim, And guides me in His
 4. While He af - fords His aid, I can - not yield to fear; Tho' I should walk thro'

By per. The R. H. McIntosh Co.

Schumann. (Concluded.)



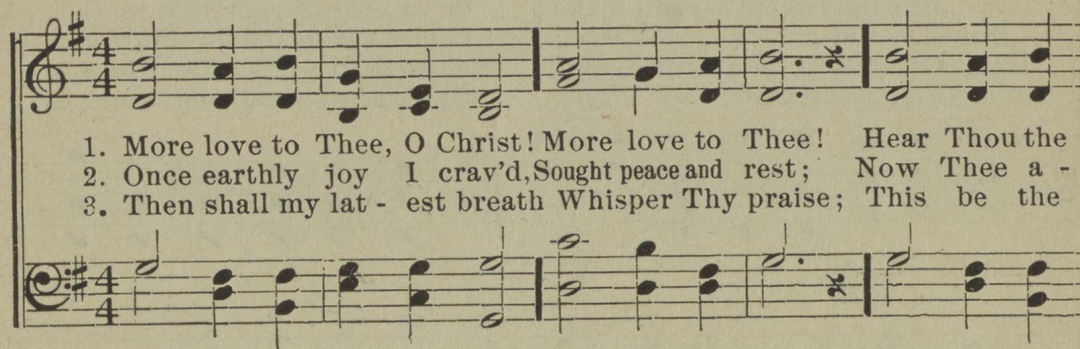
I am His, What can I want be - side? What can I want be - side?
 gen - tly pass, And full sal - vation flows, And full sal - va - tion flows.
 own right way, For His most ho - ly name, For His most ho - ly name.
 death's dark shade, My Shepherd's with me there, My Shepherd's with me there.

No. 126. More Love to Thee.

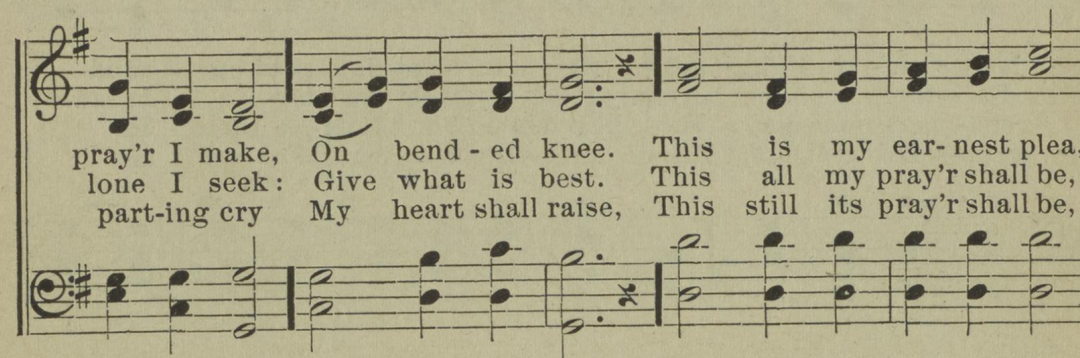
"Lovest thou me?" John 21 : 16.

E. P. PRENTISS.

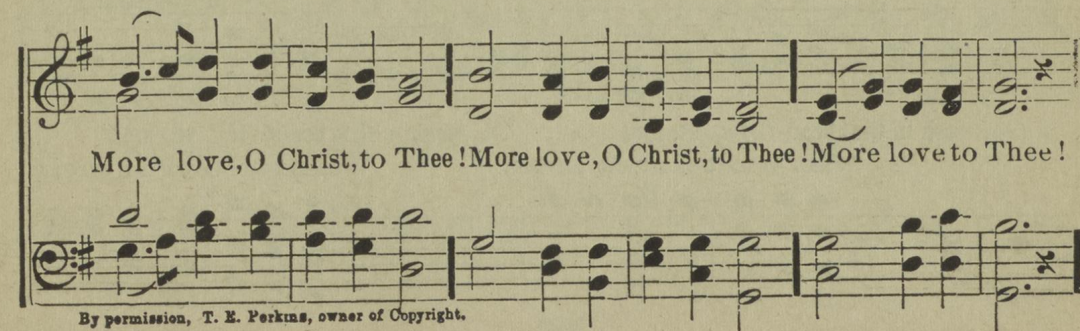
T. E. PERKINS.



1. More love to Thee, O Christ! More love to Thee! Hear Thou the
 2. Once earthly joy I crav'd, Sought peace and rest; Now Thee a -
 3. Then shall my lat - est breath Whisper Thy praise; This be the



pray'r I make, On bend - ed knee. This is my ear - nest plea,
 lone I seek: Give what is best. This all my pray'r shall be,
 part-ing cry My heart shall raise, This still its pray'r shall be,



More love, O Christ, to Thee! More love, O Christ, to Thee! More love to Thee!

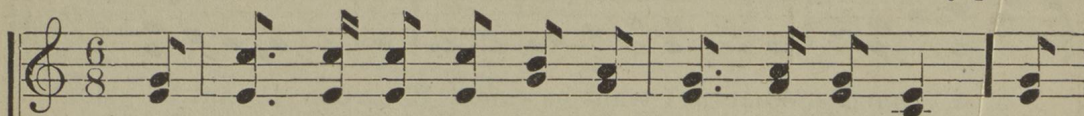
By permission, T. E. Perkins, owner of Copyright.

No. 127. Go, Wash in the Stream.

"A fountain is opened for sin." Zech. 16: 1.

R. TORREY, Jr.

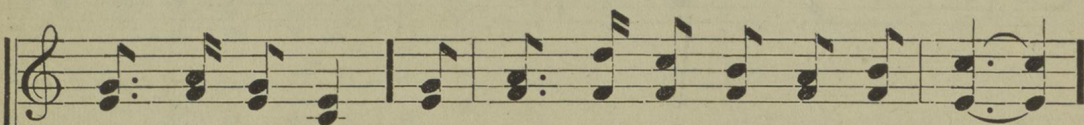
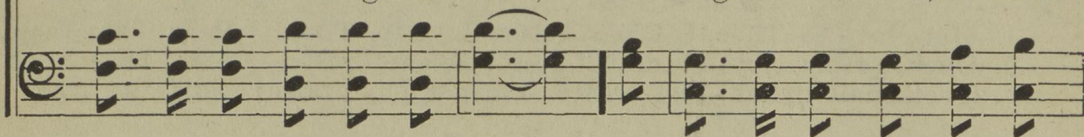
Rev. I. BALTZELL, by per.



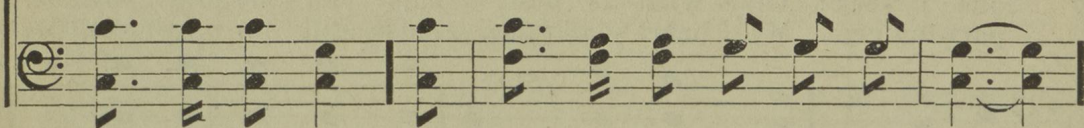
1. I'll sing of that stream, of that beau - ti - ful stream, That
2. I'll sing of that stream, of that beau - ti - ful stream, Which
3. I'll sing of that stream, of that beau - ti - ful stream, That
4. I'll sing of that stream, of that beau - ti - ful stream, That



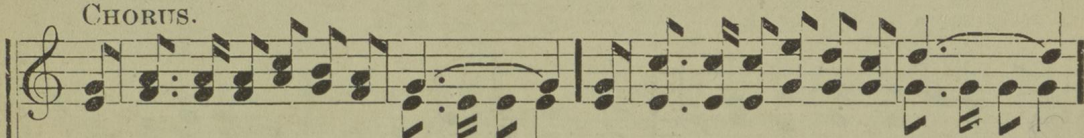
flows thro' the sweet Ca-naan Land; Its wa-ters gleam bright in their
glad-dens the cit - y of God; It flows from the throne of the
fount God has o - pen'd for sin; That stream from His side who for
fount that is flow-ing so free; I'll sing of that flood, which is



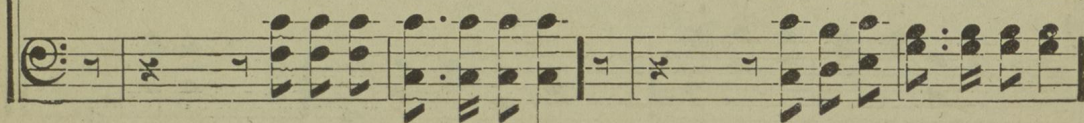
heav - en - ly light, And rip - ple o'er bright gold-en sand.
Fa - ther a - lone, And spreads its sweet wa - ters a - broad.
sin - ners once died; He's heal'd, who but plung-es there - in.
crim-son'd with blood, From sin, that has cleans'd e - ven me.



CHORUS.



Go, wash in that beau-ti-ful stream, . . . Go, wash in that beau-ti-ful stream, . . .
Wash in the beau-ti-ful stream, Wash in the beautiful stream,



Go, Wash in the Stream. (Concluded.)

Its waters so free, are flowing for thee, Go, wash in that beautiful stream.

No. 128. O Come, Immanuel.

Rev. R. LOWRY, by per.

1. O come, O come, Im - man - u - el! And ransom captive Is - ra - el, That
 2. O come, thou Day-spring, come and cheer Our spirits by Thine advent here; Dis-
 3. O come, thou Key of Dav-id, come, And o-pen wide our heav'nly home; Make
 4. O come, O come, Thou Lord of might, Who to Thy tribe on Sinai's height, In

mourns in lone-ly ex - ile here, Un - til the Son of God ap - pear.
 perse the gloomy clouds of night, And death's dark shad-ows put to flight.
 safe the way that leads on high, And close the path of mis - er - y.
 ancient time didst give the law, In cloud, and maj - es - ty, and awe.

CHORUS.

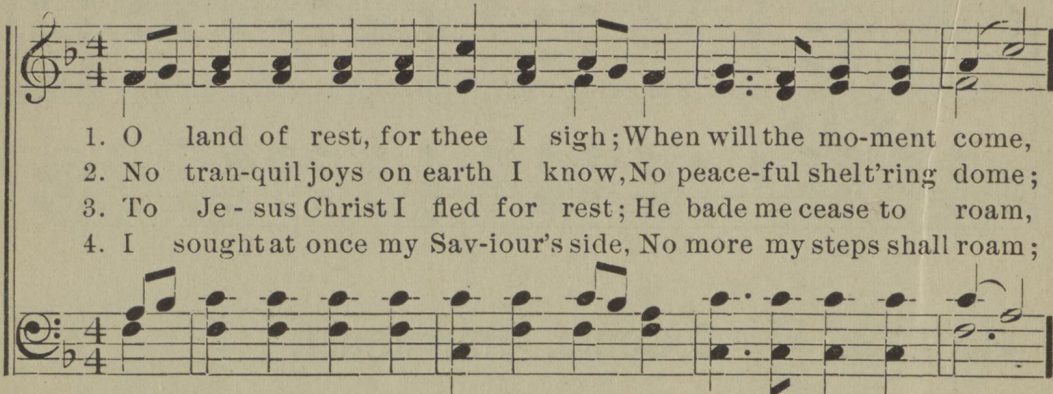
Re-joice! re-joice! Imman - u - el shall come to thee, O Is - ra - el.

No. 129. We'll Work Till Jesus Comes.

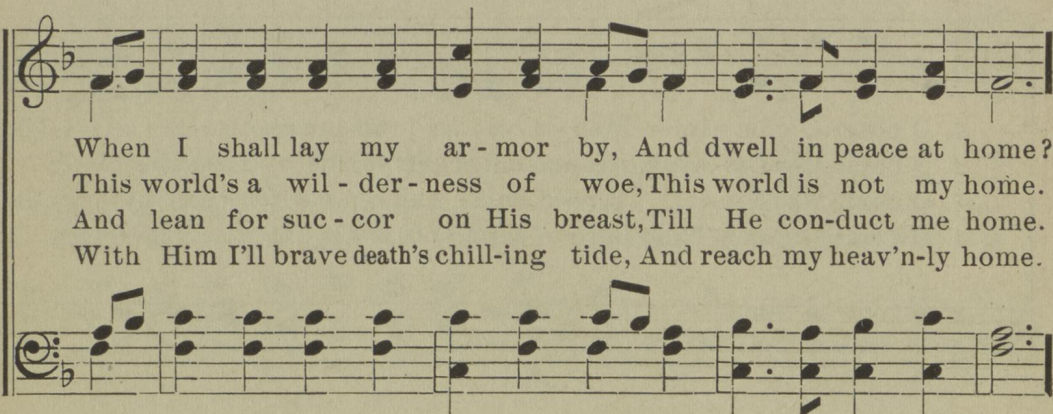
"Thy work shall be rewarded." Jer. 31: 17.

Mrs. ELIZABETH MILLS.

Dr. WM. MILLER.

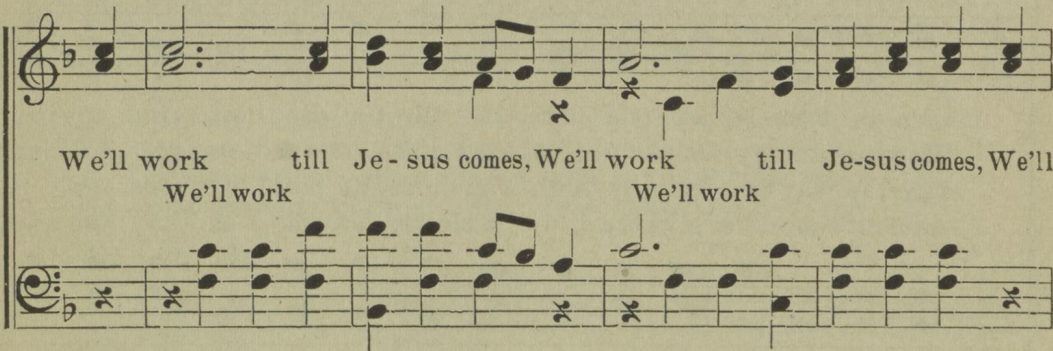


1. O land of rest, for thee I sigh; When will the moment come,
 2. No tranquil joys on earth I know, No peaceful shelt'ring dome;
 3. To Je-sus Christ I fled for rest; He bade me cease to roam,
 4. I sought at once my Sav-iour's side, No more my steps shall roam;

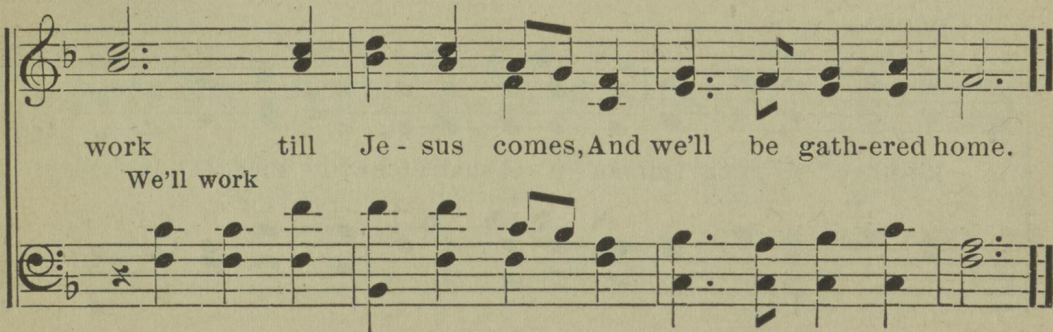


When I shall lay my ar-mor by, And dwell in peace at home?
 This world's a wil-der-ness of woe, This world is not my home.
 And lean for suc-cor on His breast, Till He con-duct me home.
 With Him I'll brave death's chill-ing tide, And reach my heav'n-ly home.

CHORUS.



We'll work till Je-sus comes, We'll work till Je-sus comes, We'll
 We'll work We'll work



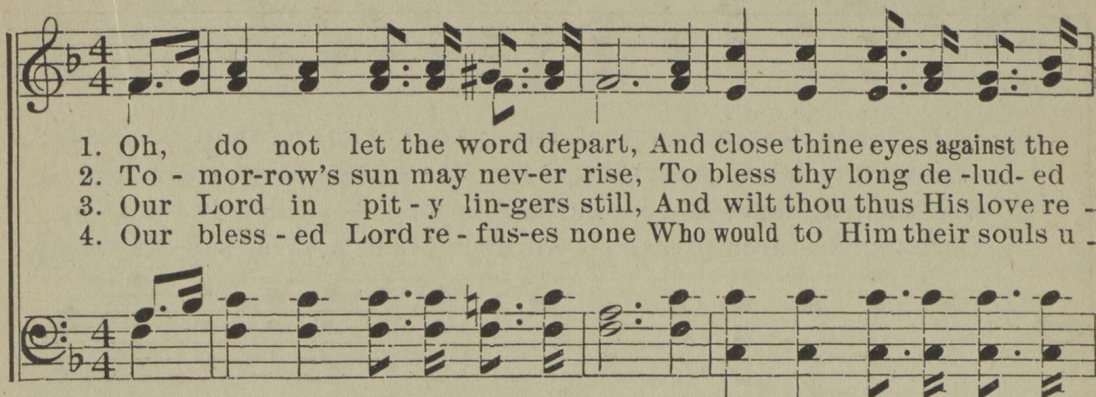
work till Je-sus comes, And we'll be gath-ered home.
 We'll work

No. 130. Oh, Why not Tonight?

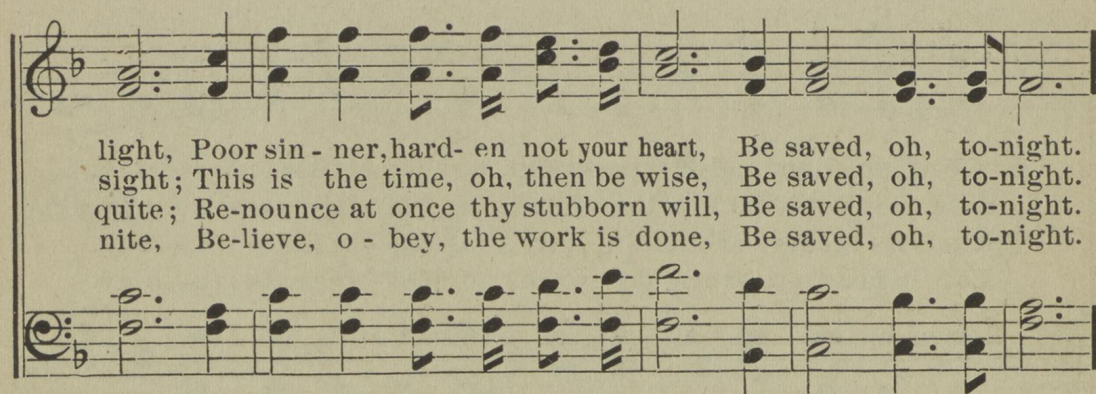
"Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Matt. 11: 28.

Rev. H. BONAR, D.D.

J. CALVIN BUSHEY.

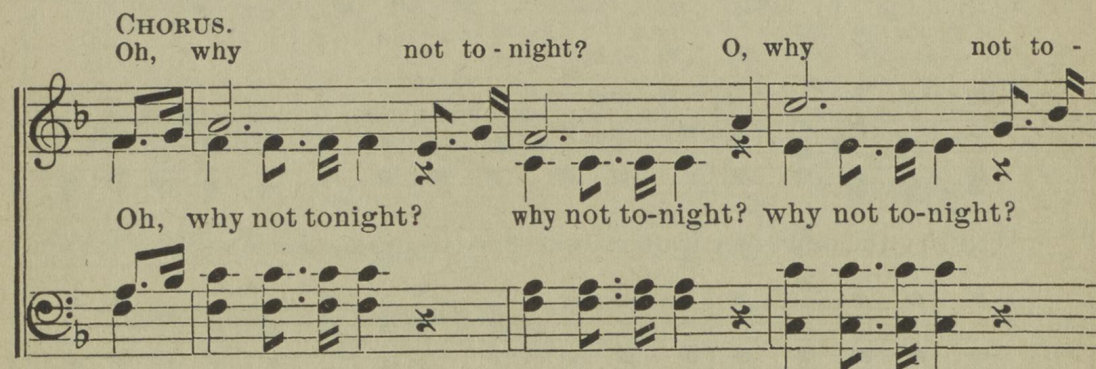


1. Oh, do not let the word depart, And close thine eyes against the
 2. To - mor-row's sun may nev-er rise, To bless thy long de - lud - ed
 3. Our Lord in pit - y lin-gers still, And wilt thou thus His love re -
 4. Our bless - ed Lord re - fus-es none Who would to Him their souls u -

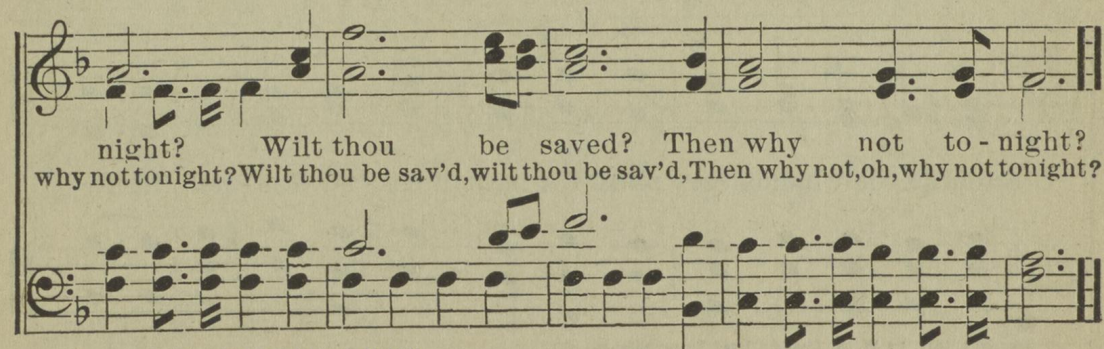


light, Poor sin - ner, hard - en not your heart, Be saved, oh, to-night.
 sight; This is the time, oh, then be wise, Be saved, oh, to-night.
 quite; Re-nounce at once thy stubborn will, Be saved, oh, to-night.
 nite, Be-lieve, o - bey, the work is done, Be saved, oh, to-night.

CHORUS.



Oh, why not to - night? O, why not to -
 Oh, why not tonight? why not to-night? why not to-night?



night? Wilt thou be saved? Then why not to - night?
 why not tonight? Wilt thou be sav'd, wilt thou be sav'd, Then why not, oh, why not tonight?

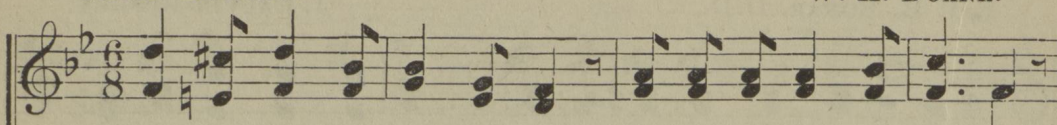
Re-entered and copyright, 1895, by J. H. Hall.

No. 131. Carry the News to Jesus.

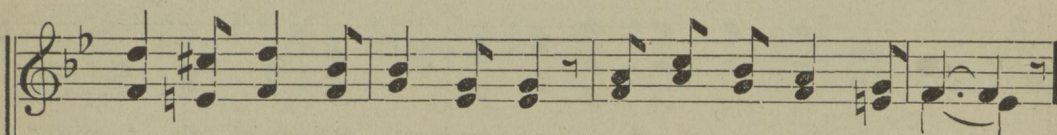
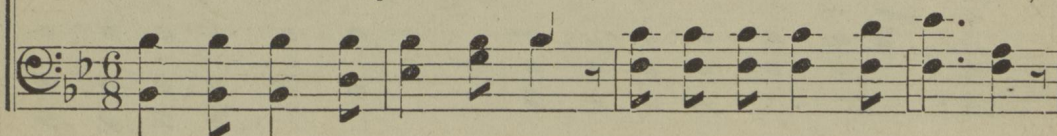
"Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature." Mark 16: 15.

GRACE LINDSEY.

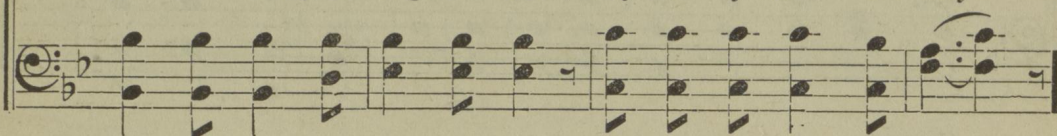
W. H. DOANE.



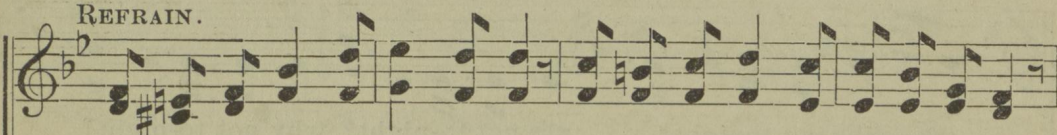
1. Christian breth-ren, o'er the main Car-ry the news of Je - sus;
2. On-ward, quick-ly, hear their cry O - ver the deep re-sound-ing;
3. Tell them Ju-dah's Morn-ing Star, Peace-ful-ly, calm-ly shin-ing,
4. Christian brethren, preach the word, Pub-lish a free sal - va - tion;



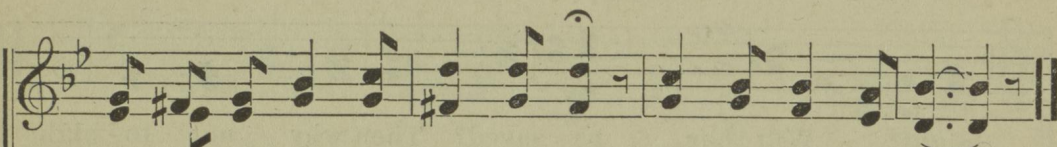
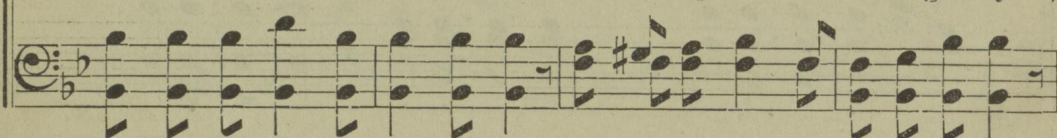
Go where night and darkness reign, Lov-ing - ly haste a - way.
 Save the mil-lions ere they die, Ear-nest-ly haste a - way.
 Spreads its beams o'er climes a - far, Pray'rful - ly haste a - way.
 Lo, in heav'n your bright re-ward, Joy-ful - ly haste a - way.



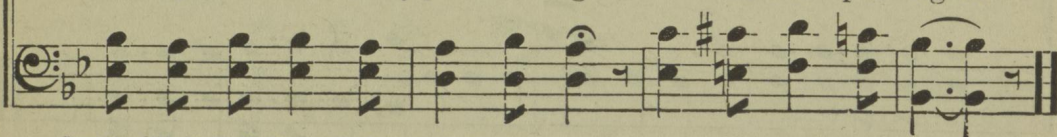
REFRAIN.



Car - ry the news o'er wa-ters blue, Per-ish-ing souls are waiting for you;



Stretching their hands, they plead for light, Bless - ed Gos - pel light.



No. 132.

God be with You.

"The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you." Romans 16: 20.

J. E. RANKIN, D.D.

W. G. TOMER, by per.

1. God be with you till we meet a-gain, By His counsels guide, up-hold you,
 2. God be with you till we meet a-gain, 'Neath His wings secure-ly hide you,
 3. God be with you till we meet a-gain, When life's perils thick con-found you,
 4. God be with you till we meet a-gain, Keep love's banner floating o'er you,

With His sheep secure-ly fold you, God be with you till we meet again.
 Dai-ly man-na still provide you, God be with you till we meet again.
 Put His arms un-failing round you, God be with you till we meet again.
 Smite death's threat'ning wave before you, God be with you till we meet again.

REFRAIN.

Till we meet, . . . till we meet, Till we
 Till we meet, till we meet, till we meet,

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

meet, till we meet, God be with you till we meet a - gain.

No. 133. Holy! Lord God of Sabaoth.

Dr. LOWELL MASON.

Maestoso.

Ho - ly! Ho - ly! Ho - ly! Lord God of Sa - ba-oth!

Heav'n and earth are full of the maj-es-ty of Thy glo - ry!

Glo - ry be to Thee, Glo - ry be to Thee, Glo - ry be to Thee, Glo - ry be to Thee, O Lord most high.

Slow.

No. 134.

Gloria Patri.

Anon.

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

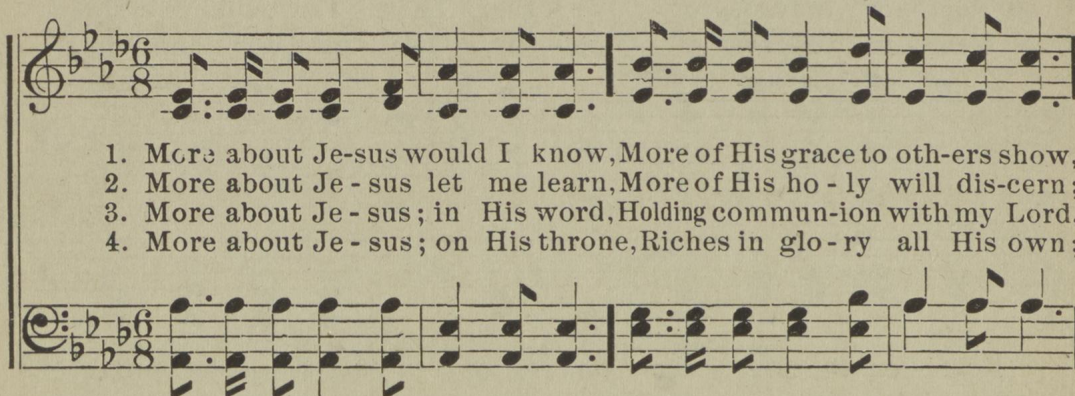
YOUNG PEOPLE'S DEPARTMENT.

"And Jesus increased in wisdom and stature and in favor with God and man." Luke 2: 52.

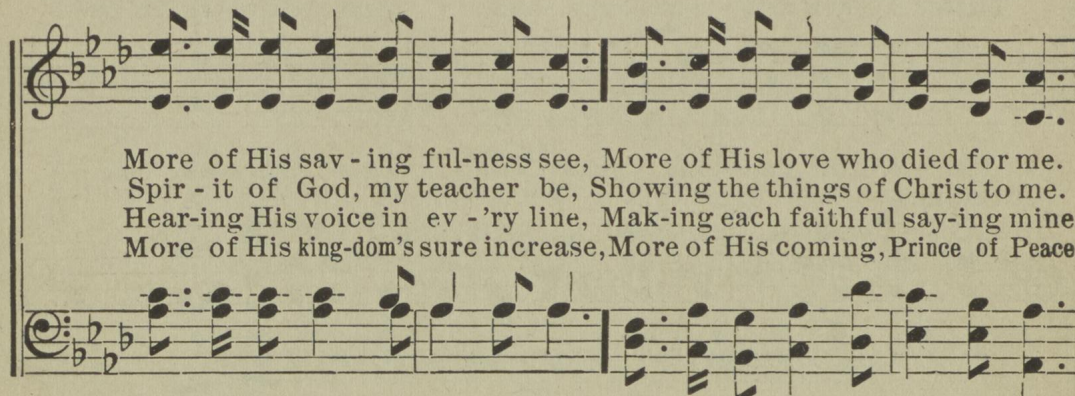
No. 135. More about Jesus.

E. E. HEWITT.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

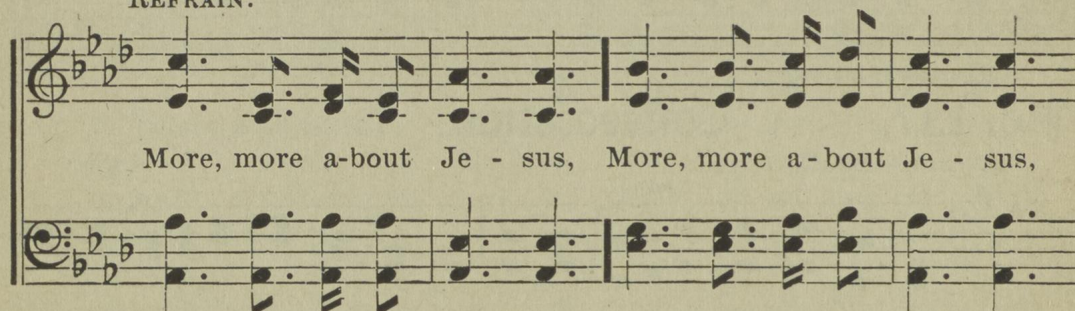


1. More about Je-sus would I know, More of His grace to oth-ers show,
 2. More about Je - sus let me learn, More of His ho - ly will dis-cern;
 3. More about Je - sus; in His word, Holding communion with my Lord,
 4. More about Je - sus; on His throne, Riches in glo-ry all His own;

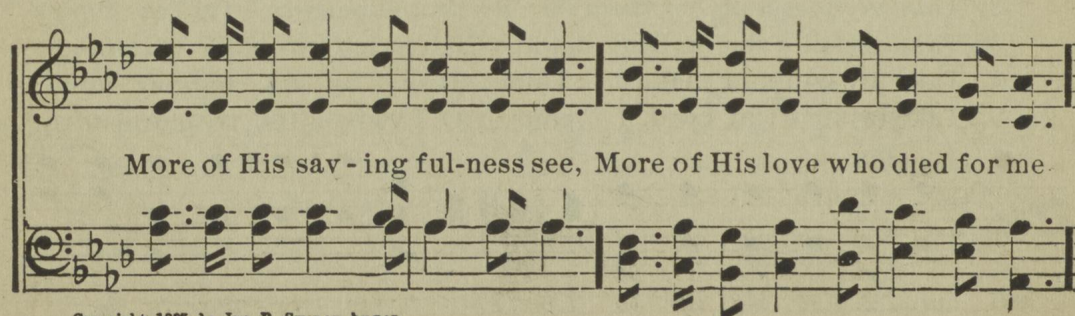


More of His sav - ing ful-ness see, More of His love who died for me.
 Spir - it of God, my teacher be, Showing the things of Christ to me.
 Hear-ing His voice in ev - 'ry line, Mak-ing each faithful say-ing mine.
 More of His king-dom's sure increase, More of His coming, Prince of Peace.

REFRAIN.



More, more a-bout Je - sus, More, more a-bout Je - sus,



More of His sav - ing ful-ness see, More of His love who died for me.

Copyright, 1887, by Jno. R. Sweeney, by per.

No. 136.

Nearer the Cross.

"The Cross of our Lord Jesus Christ." Gal. 6: 14.

CHARLOTTE ABBEY.

J. H. HALL.

1. Near - er the cross of Je - sus, Ev - er let me be;
 2. Near - er the cross of Je - sus, There I would a - bide;
 3. Near - er the cross of Je - sus, Let me live and die;

Near - er the flow - ing foun - tain, That cleans-eth me.
 There let me rest for - ev - er, Near Je - sus' side.
 There I will find sweet ref - uge, And safe - ty nigh.

D.S. Near - er the flow - ing foun - tain, That cleans-eth me.
 CHORUS.

Near - er the cross, Near-er the cross, Near-er the cross of Je - sus;

Copyright, 1894, by J. H. Hall.

No. 137.

Consecration. 7s.

FRANCÈS E. HAVERGAL.

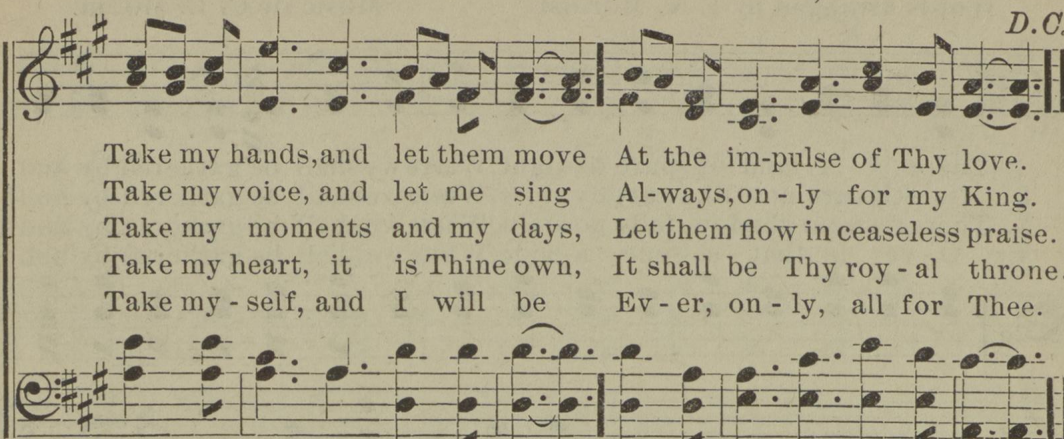
Arr.

1. Take my life, and let it be Con-se-cra - ted, Lord, to Thee;
 2. Take my feet, and let them be Swift and beau-ti - ful for Thee;
 3. Take my sil - ver and my gold, Not a mite would I with-hold;
 4. Take my will and make it Thine, It shall be no long-er mine;
 5. Take my love; my Lord, I pour At Thy feet its treasure-store;

CHO. Lord, I give my life to Thee, Thine for-ev - er - more to be;

Consecration. (Concluded.)

D.C.



Take my hands, and let them move At the im-pulse of Thy love.
 Take my voice, and let me sing Al-ways, on - ly for my King.
 Take my moments and my days, Let them flow in ceaseless praise.
 Take my heart, it is Thine own, It shall be Thy roy - al throne.
 Take my - self, and I will be Ev - er, on - ly, all for Thee.

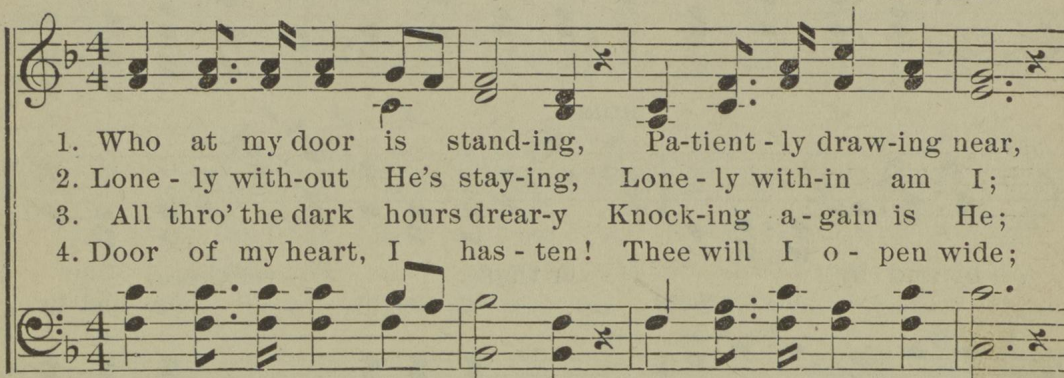
Lord, I give my life to Thee, Thine for-ev - er - more to be.

No. 138. Knocking at the Door.

"Behold, I stand at the door and knock." Rev. 3: 20.

Mrs. M. B. C. SLADE.

Dr. A. B. EVERETT.



1. Who at my door is stand-ing, Pa-tient - ly draw-ing near,
 2. Lone - ly with-out He's stay-ing, Lone - ly with-in am I;
 3. All thro' the dark hours drear-y Knock-ing a-gain is He;
 4. Door of my heart, I has - ten! Thee will I o - pen wide;

FINE.

En-trance with-in de - mand-ing? Whose is the voice I hear?
 While I am still de - lay ing, Will He not pass me by?
 Je - sus, art Thou not wea - ry, Wait-ing so long for me?
 Tho' He re-buke and chas - ten, He shall with me a - bide.

D.S. If thou wilt heed my call - ing, I will a - bide with thee."

REFRAIN.

D.S.



Sweet-ly the tones are fall - ing, "O - pen the door for Me!

No. 139.

Glory Over There.

Words arranged by I. N. McHose.

Music by C. L. MOORE.

1. There is a land of pure de-light, Where we shall be gathered by and
 2. Its skies are not like earthly skies, Where we shall be gathered by and
 3. There rests no shadow, falls no stain, Where we shall be gathered by and
 4. O-ver in that se-rene a-bode, Where we shall be gathered by and

by; In - fin - ite day excludes the night, Where we shall be gathered
 by; It hath no need of sun to rise, Where we shall be gathered
 by; And those long part-ed meet a gain, Where we shall be gathered
 by; There we will meet and live with God, Where we shall be gathered

CHORUS.

by and by, O-ver there, O-ver there, by and by, by and by,

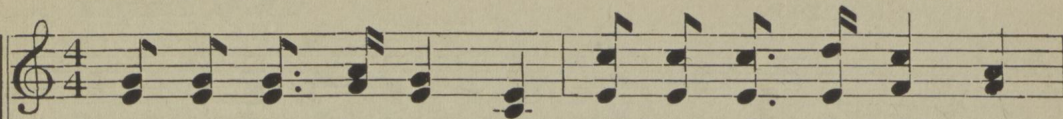
O won't that be glo-ry by and by; O-ver there, O-ver there; by and by,

O-ver there, by and by, O won't that be glo-ry by and by. o-ver there.

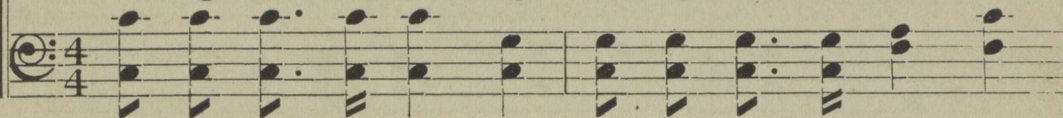
No. 140. Bringing in the Sheaves.

KNOWLES SHAW.

GEO. A. MINOR.



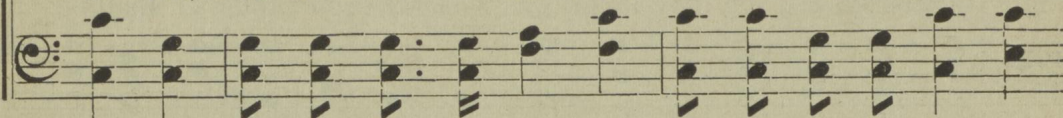
1. Sow - ing in the morn - ing, sow-ing seeds of kind - ness,
2. Sow - ing in the sun - shine, sow-ing in the shad - ows,
3. Go - ing forth with weep - ing, sow-ing for the Mas - ter,



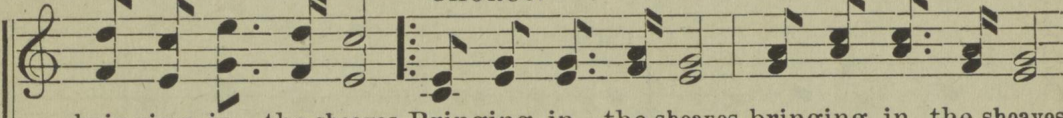
Sow-ing in the noon-tide and the dew - y eve; Waiting for the
Fear-ing nei-ther clouds nor win-ter's chill-ing breeze; By and by the
Tho' the loss sus-tain'd our spir - it oft - en grieves, When our weeping's



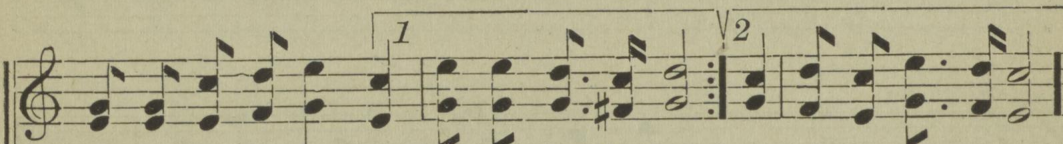
har - vest, and the time of reap - ing, We shall come, re-joic - ing,
har - vest, and the la - bor end - ed, We shall come, re-joic - ing,
o - ver, He will bid us wel-come, We shall come, re-joic - ing,



CHORUS.

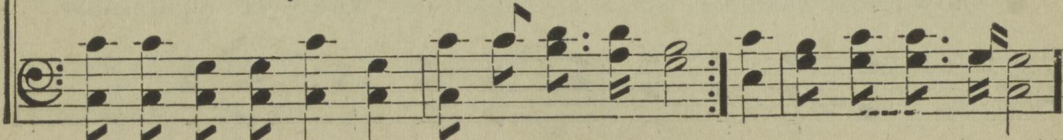


bringing in the sheaves. Bringing in the sheaves, bringing in the sheaves,



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

We shall come, re-joic - (Omit. . . .) ing, Bringing in the sheaves.



By per. of Geo. A. Minor, owner of copyright.

No. 141.

Whiter than Snow.

JAMES NICHOLSON.

WM. G. FISCHER.

1. Lord Je - sus, I long to be per - fect - ly whole, I
 2. Lord Je - sus, look down from Thy throne in the skies, And
 3. Lord Je - sus, for this I most hum - bly en - treat; I

want Thee for - ev - er to live in my soul; Break down ev - 'ry
 help me to make a com - plete sac - ri - fice; I give up my -
 wait, bless - ed Lord, at Thy cru - ci - fied feet; By faith, for my

i - dol, cast out ev - 'ry foe; Now wash me, and I shall be
 self, and what - ev - er I know; Now wash me, and I shall be
 cleansing, I see Thy blood flow; Now wash me, and I shall be

CHORUS.

whit - er than snow. Whit - er than snow, yes, whit - er than

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

No. 142. Is my Name Written There?

Mrs. MARY A. KIDDER.

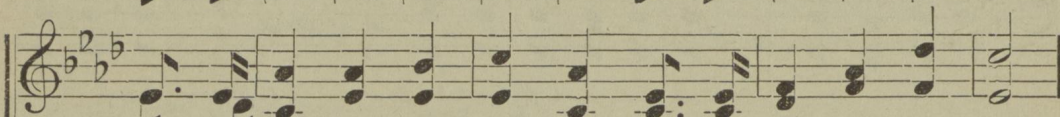
FRANK M. DAVIS.



1. Lord, I care not for rich-es, Nei-ther sil-ver nor gold;
 2. Lord, my sins they are man-y, Like the sands of the sea,
 3. Oh! that beau-ti-ful cit-y, With its man-sions of light,



I would make sure of heav-en, I would en-ter the fold.
 But Thy blood, O my Sav-iour, Is suf-fi-cient for me;
 With its glo-ri-fied be-ings, In pure gar-ments of white;

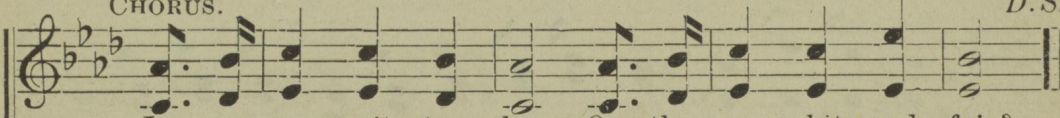


In the book of Thy king-dom, With its page white and fair,
 For Thy prom-ise is writ-ten, In bright let-ters that glow,
 Where no e-vil thing com-eth, To de-spoil what is fair;



Tell me, Je-sus, my Sav-iour, Is my name writ-ten there?
 "Tho' your sins be as scar-let, I will make them like snow."
 Where the an-gels are watch-ing, Yes, my name's writ-ten there.

D.S. In the book of Thy king-dom, Is my name writ-ten there?
 D.S. In the book of Thy king-dom, Yes, my name's writ-ten there.
 CHORUS. D.S.



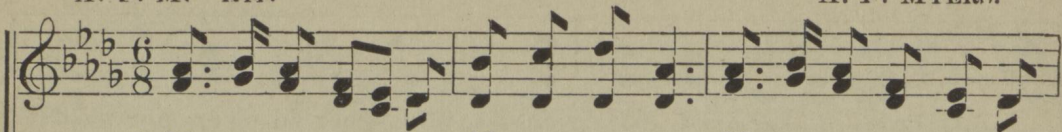
Is my name writ-ten there, On the page white and fair?
 2 & 3. Yes, my name's writ-ten there, On the page white and fair.

No. 143.

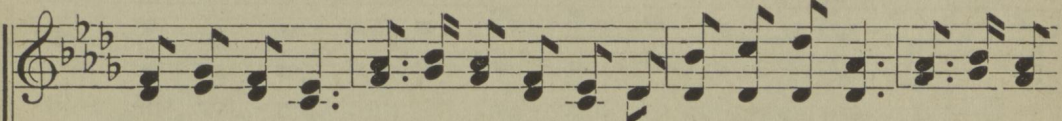
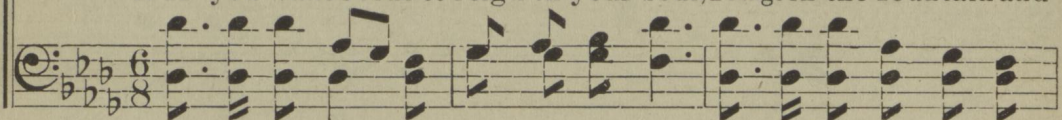
Glory to Jesus!

A. F. M. Arr.

A. F. MYERS.



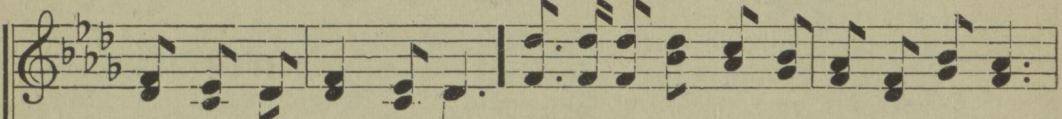
1. If you want par-don, if you want peace, If you want sorrow and
2. Liv-ing be-neath the shade of the cross, Counting the jewels of
3. If you want boldness, take part in the fight; If you want pu-ri-ty,
4. If you want Jesus to reign in your soul, Plunge in the fountain and



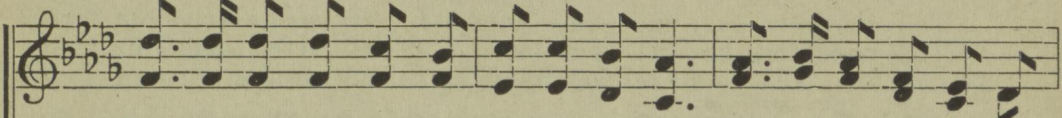
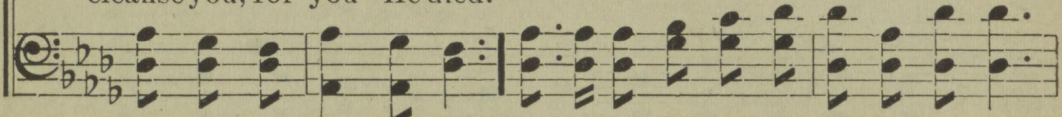
sigh-ing to cease, Look to the Saviour who died on the tree; Je-sus can
earth all as dross, Cleans'd in the blood flowing free from His side, Je-sus can
walk in the light; If you want lib-er-ty, shout and be free; Je-sus can
you shall be whole. Wash'd in the blood of the One, cru-ci-fied, Je-sus can,



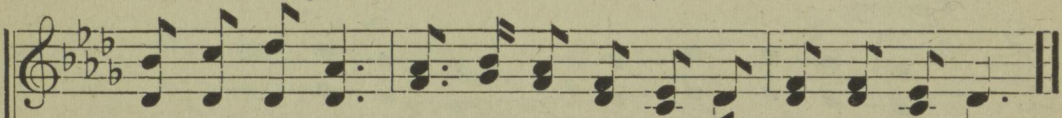
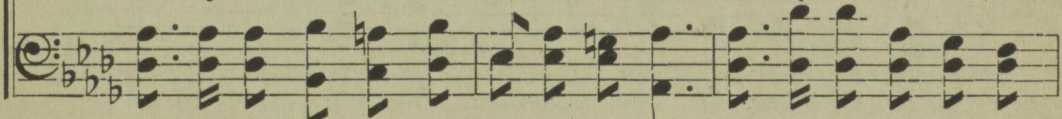
CHORUS.



save you, for He saved me. Glo-ry to Je-sus, He sat-is-fies me!
save you, for you He died.
cleanse you, for He cleans'd me.
cleanse you, for you He died.



Glo-ry to Je-sus, I'm free, I am free! Glo-ry to Je-sus, I'll



shout it, I will! Glo-ry to Je-sus, I can-not keep still.

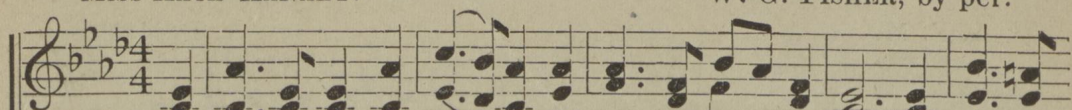


No. 144. II Love to Tell the Story.

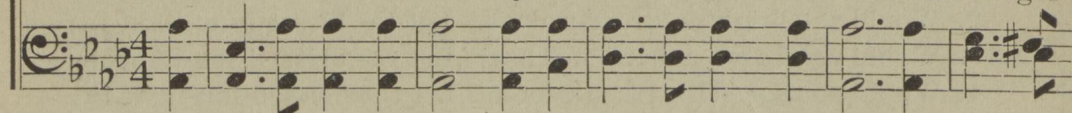
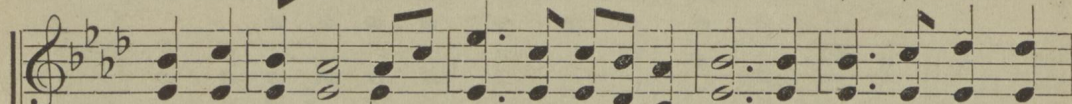
"I will speak of Thy wondrous work."

Miss KATE HANKEY.

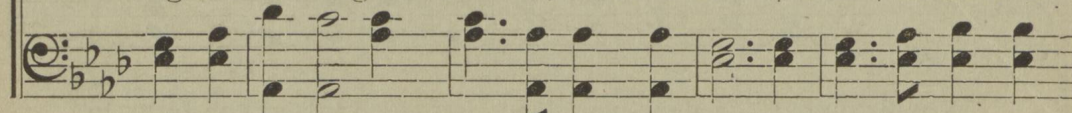
W. G. FISHER, by per.



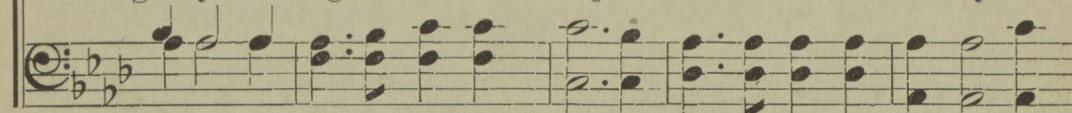
1. I love to tell the Sto-ry Of un-seen things a-bove, Of Je-sus
2. I love to tell the Sto-ry! More wonderful it seems, Than all the
3. I love to tell the Sto-ry! 'Tis pleasant to re-peat. It seems, each
4. I love to tell the Sto-ry! For those who know it best Seem hunger-

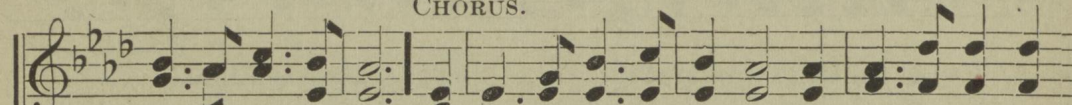
and His glo-ry, Of Je-sus and His love! I love to tell the
gold-en fan-cies Of all our gold-en dreams. I love to tell the
time I tell it, More won-der-ful - ly sweet. I love to tell the
ing and thirsting To hear it, like the rest. And when, in scenes of



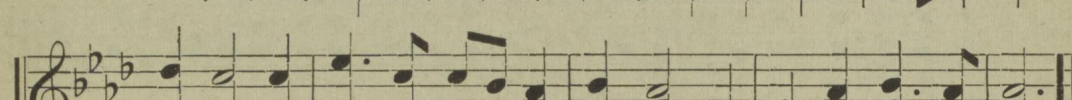

Sto-ry, Be-cause I know its true; It sat-is-fies my longings, As
Sto-ry! It did so much for me! And that is just the rea-son I
Sto-ry! For some have nev-er heard The message of sal-va-tion From
glo-ry, I sing the New, New Song, T'will be the Old, Old Sto-ry That



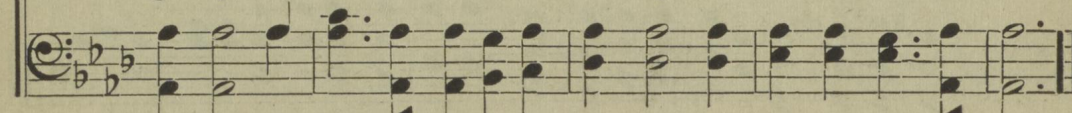
CHORUS.



noth-ing else would do. I love to tell the Sto-ry! 'Twill be my theme in
tell it now to thee.
God's own ho-ly word.
I have loved so long.

glo-ry, To tell the Old, Old Sto-ry Of Je-sus and His love.



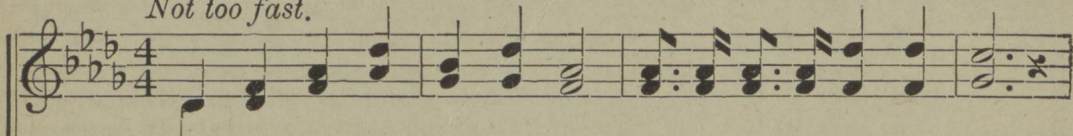
No. 145. Let the Blessed Sunlight In.

"God is Light, and in him is no darkness at all." 1 John 1: 5.

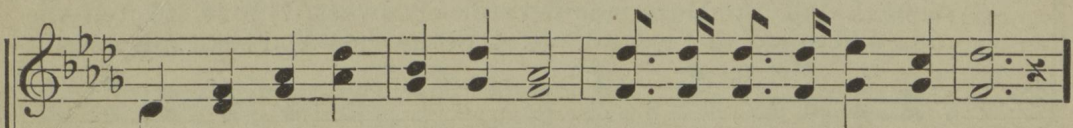
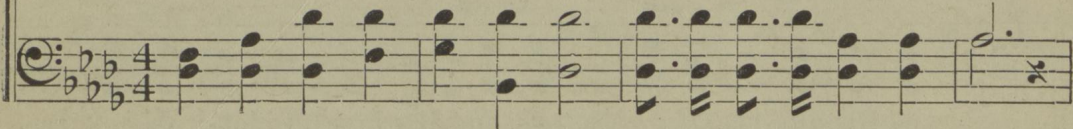
A. F. M.

A. F. MYERS.

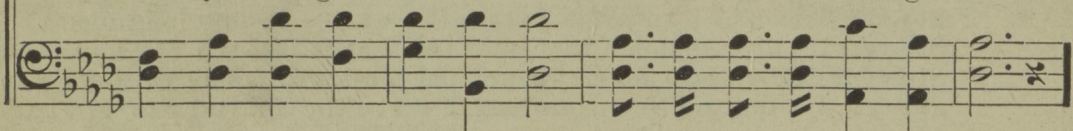
Not too fast.



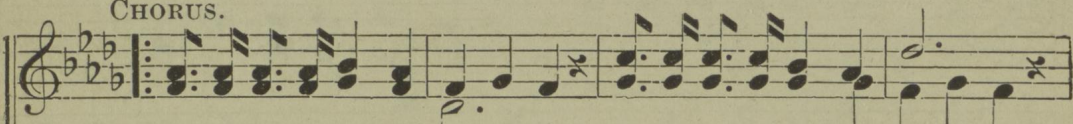
1. Would you al-ways cheer-ful be, Let the blessed sun-light in;
2. Would you brighten drear-y days, Let the blessed sun-light in;
3. Would you ease a burdened heart, Let the blessed sun-light in;
4. Would you speed the truth a-broad, Let the blessed sun-light in;



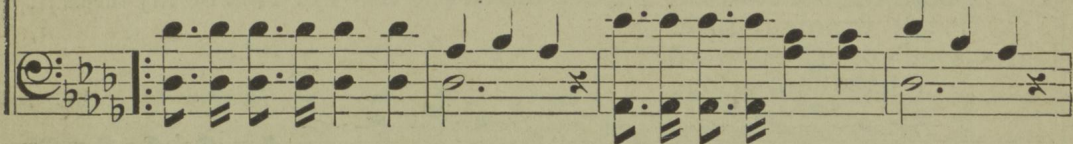
Would you bid the dark-ness flee, Let the bless-ed sun-light in.
 Would you fill your heart with praise, Let the bless-ed sun-light in.
 Would you joy and strength im-part, Let the bless-ed sun-light in.
 Would you bring the world to God, Let the bless-ed sun-light in.



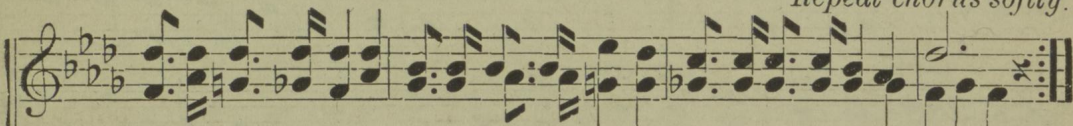
CHORUS.



Let the blessed sunlight in, Let the blessed sunlight in;
 sun-light in, sun-light in;



Repeat chorus softly.



Would you nev-er weary, When the days are dreary, Let the blessed sunlight in.
 sunlight in.



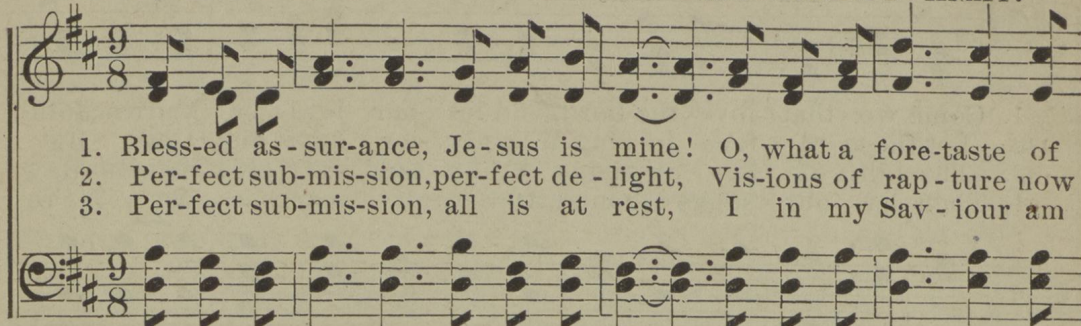
No. 146.

Blessed Assurance.

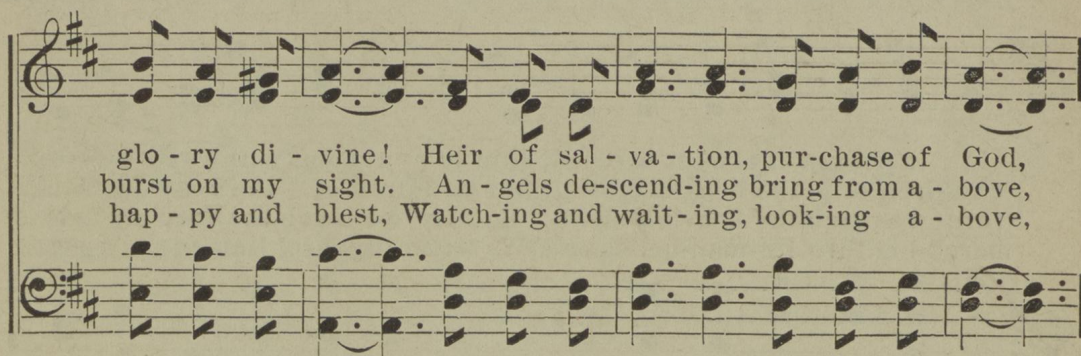
"He is faithful that promised." — Heb. 10: 23.

F. J. CROSBY.

Mrs. JOSEPH F. KNAPP.

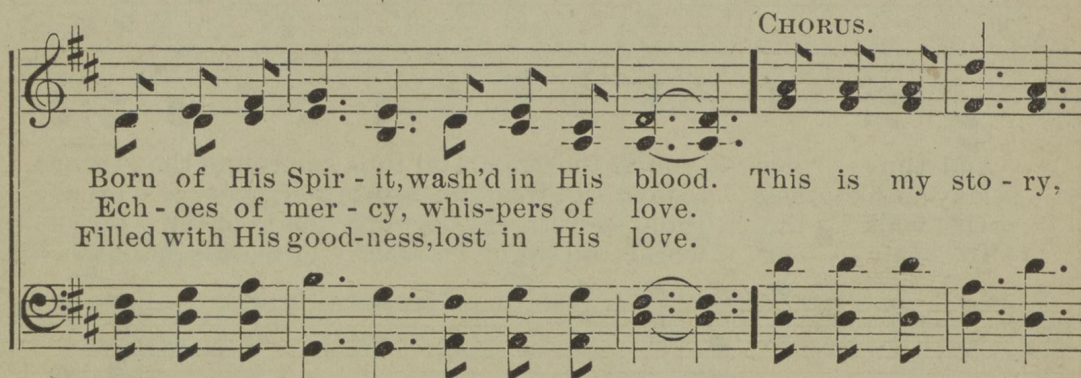


1. Bless-ed as-sur-ance, Je-sus is mine! O, what a fore-taste of
 2. Per-fect sub-mis-sion, per-fect de-light, Vis-ions of rap-ture now
 3. Per-fect sub-mis-sion, all is at rest, I in my Sav-iour am

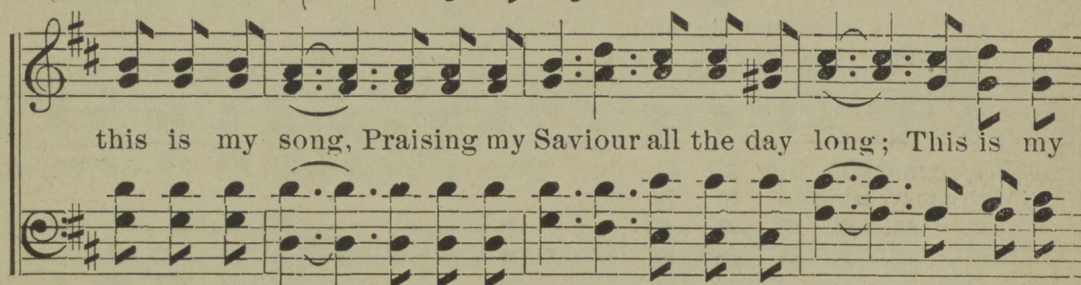


glo-ry di-vine! Heir of sal-va-tion, pur-chase of God,
 burst on my sight. An-gels de-scend-ing bring from a-bove,
 hap-py and blest, Watch-ing and wait-ing, look-ing a-bove,

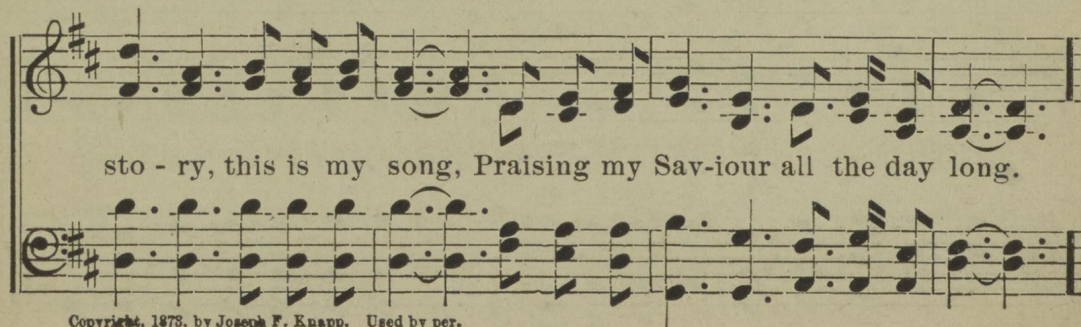
CHORUS.



Born of His Spir-it, wash'd in His blood. This is my sto-ry,
 Ech-oes of mer-cy, whis-pers of love.
 Filled with His good-ness, lost in His love.



this is my song, Praising my Saviour all the day long; This is my



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

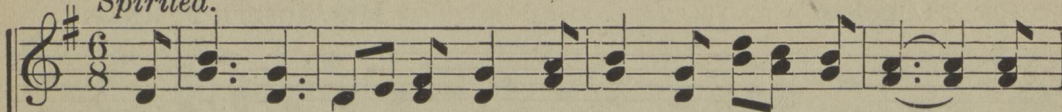
Copyright, 1878, by Joseph F. Knapp. Used by per.

No. 147. We're Marching to Zion.

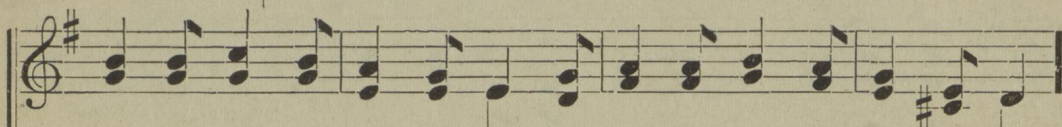
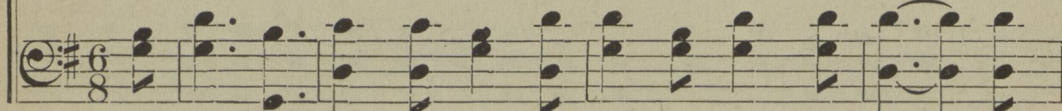
I. WATTS.

R. LOWRY.

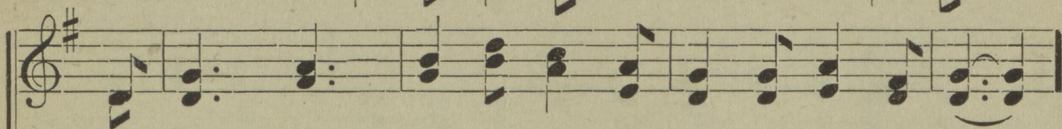
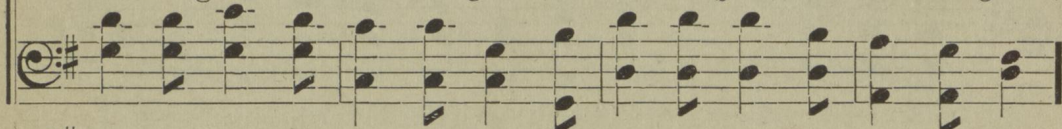
Spirited.



1. Come we that love the Lord, And let our joys be known; Join
2. Let those re - fuse to sing Who nev - er knew our God; But
3. The hill of Zi - on yields A thou - sand sa - cred sweets, Be -
4. Then let our songs a-bound, And ev - 'ry tear be dry; We're



in a song with sweet ac - cord, Join in a song with sweet ac - cord,
chil - dren of the heav'nly King, But chil - dren of the heav'nly King,
fore we reach the heav'nly fields, Be - fore we reach the heav'nly fields,
march - ing thro' Im - man - uel's ground, We're marching thro' Imman - uel's ground,

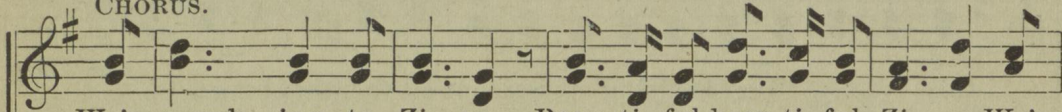


And thus sur - round the throne, And thus sur - round the throne.
May speak their joys a - broad, May speak their joys a - broad.
Or walk the gold - en streets, Or walk the gold - en streets.
To fair - er worlds on high, To fair - er worlds on high.

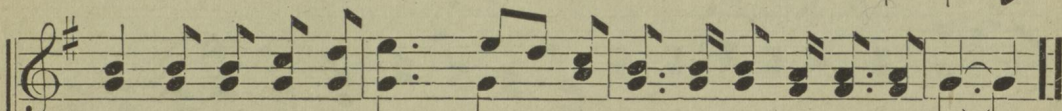
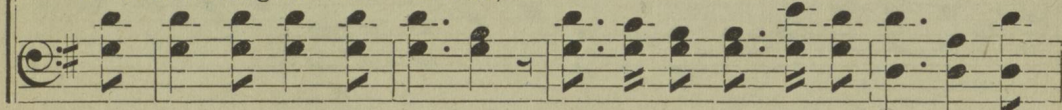


And thus surround the throne, And thus sur - round the throne.

CHORUS.



We're march - ing to Zi - on, Beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful Zi - on; We're
We're march - ing on to Zi - on,



marching upward to Zi - on, The beau - ti - ful cit - y of God.
Zi - on, Zi - on,

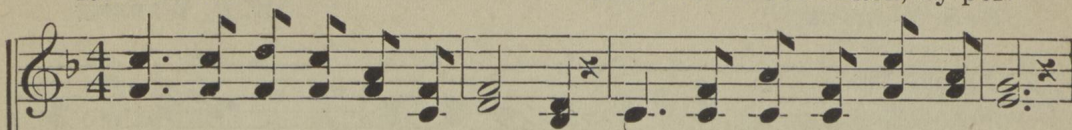


No. 148. What a Friend we have in Jesus.

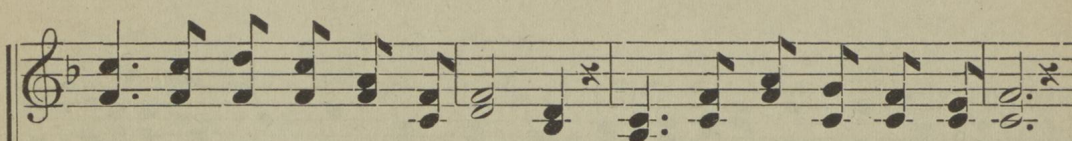
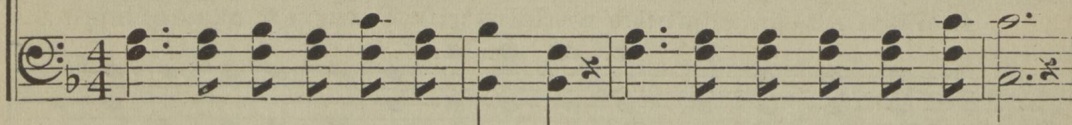
"There is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother." Prov. 18: 24.

Rev. H. BONAR.

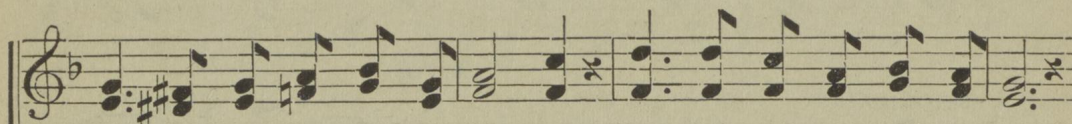
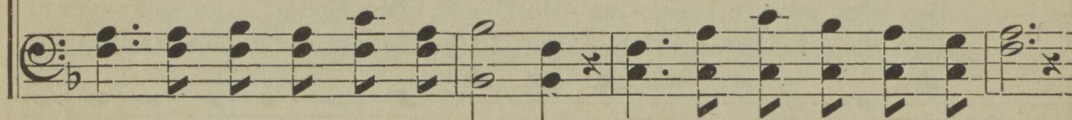
CHARLES C. CONVERSE, by per.



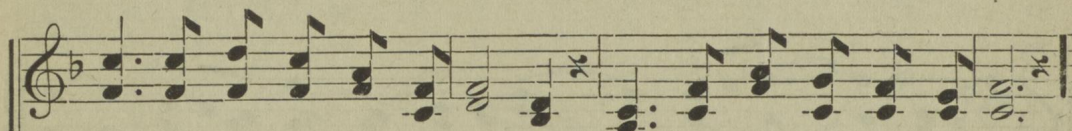
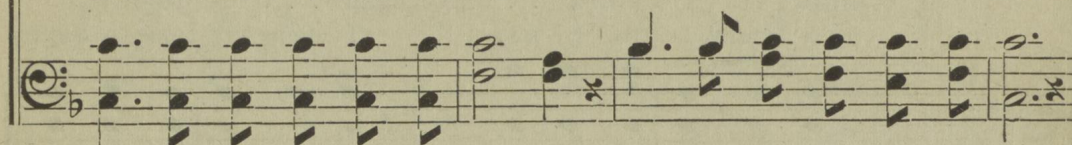
1. What a friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to bear;
2. Have we tri - als and temp-ta-tions? Is there trou-ble a - ny-where?
3. Are we weak and heavy-la - den, Cumber'd with a load of care?



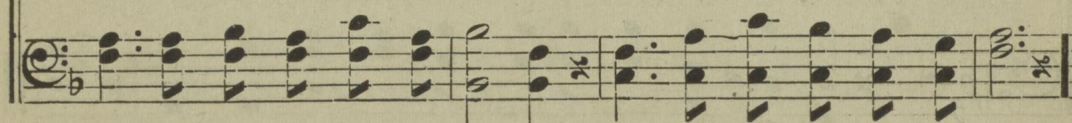
What a priv - i - lege to car - ry Ev - 'ry-thing to God in prayer.
We should nev - er be dis - cour - aged; Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Pre - cious Saviour, still our ref - uge, Take it to the Lord in prayer.



Oh, what peace we oft - en for - feit; Oh, what need - less pain we bear;
Can we find a friend so faith - ful, Who will all our sor - rows share?
Do thy friends de - spise, for - sake thee? Take it to the Lord in pray'r;



All be - cause we do not car - ry Ev - 'ry-thing to God in prayer
Je - sus knows our ev - 'ry weakness; Take it to the Lord in prayer
In His arms He'll take and shield thee, Thou wilt find a sol - ace there.

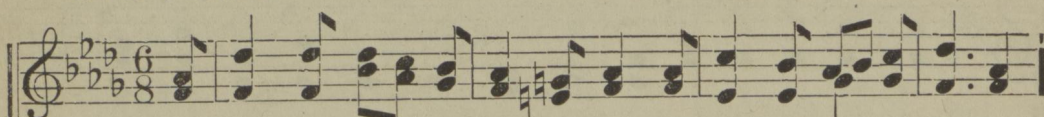


No. 149. I know My Name is There.

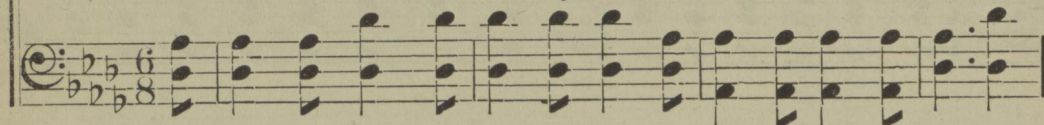
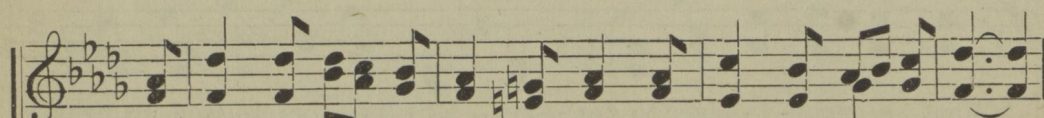
Luke 10: 20.

D. S. WARNER.

B. E. WARREN



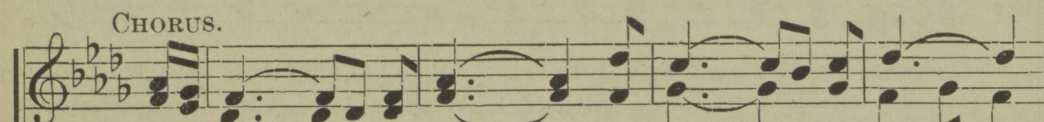
1. My name is in the book of Life, Oh, bless the name of Je-sus!
 2. My name once stood with sinners, lost, And bore a painful rec-ord;
 3. Yet in-ward trou-ble oft-en cast A shad-ow o'er my ti-tle;
 4. While oth-ers climb thro' worldly strife, To carve a name of hon-or,

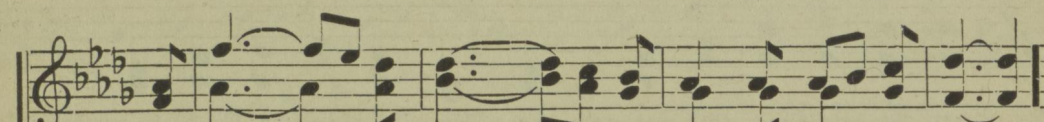
I rise a - bove all doubt and strife, And read my ti - tle clear.
 But by His blood the Saviour cross'd, And placed it on His roll.
 But now with full sal - va - tion blest, Praise God! it's ev - er clear.
 High up in heav-en's book of Life, My name is written there.



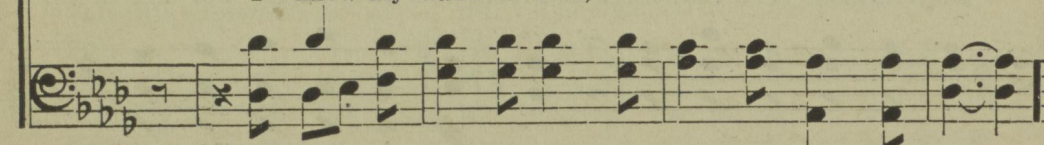
CHORUS.



I know, . . . I know . . . my name . . . is there; . . .
 I know, I tru - ly know, I know my name is there;

I know, . . . I know . . . my name is writ-en there.
 I know my name is there,



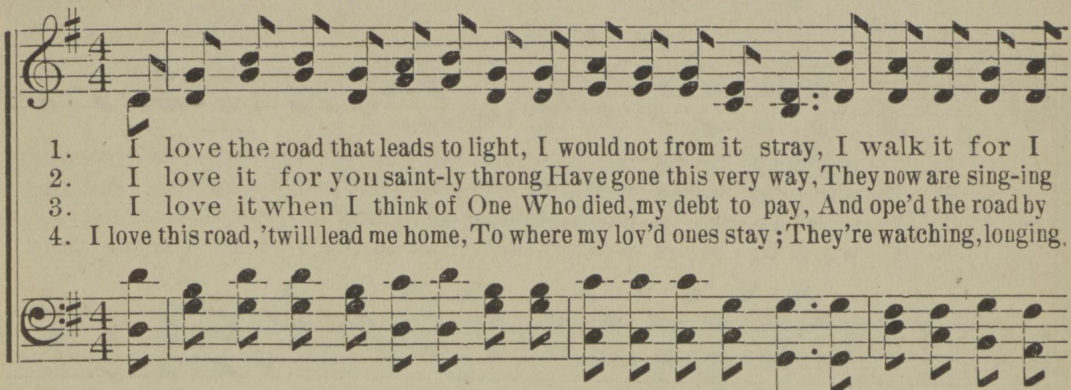
By permission of B. E. Warren.

No. 150. It's Happier Every Day.

The testimony of a good old Christian "thirty odd years on the way."

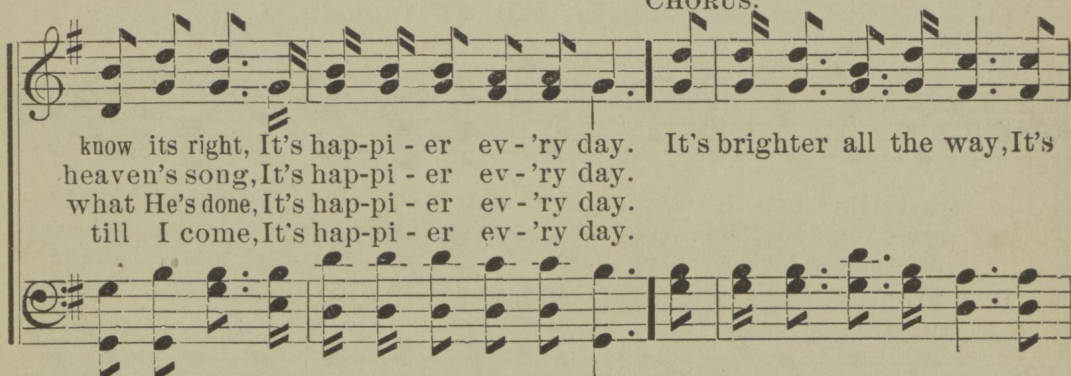
JOHN R. CLEMENTS.

Rev. E. S. UFFORD.

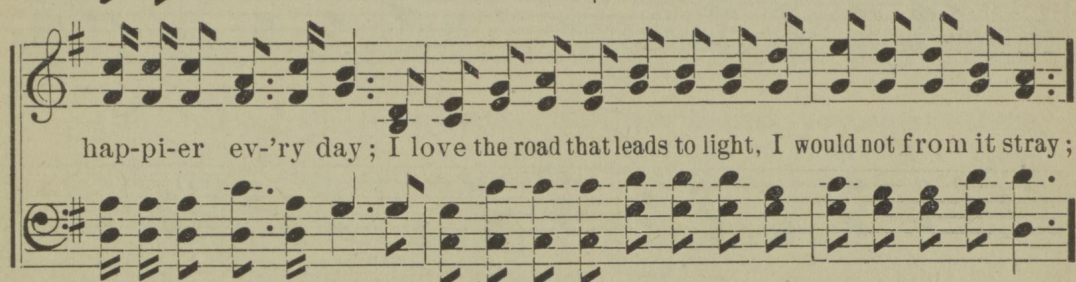


1. I love the road that leads to light, I would not from it stray, I walk it for I
 2. I love it for you saint-ly throng Have gone this very way, They now are sing-ing
 3. I love it when I think of One Who died, my debt to pay, And ope'd the road by
 4. I love this road, 'twill lead me home, To where my lov'd ones stay; They're watching, longing.

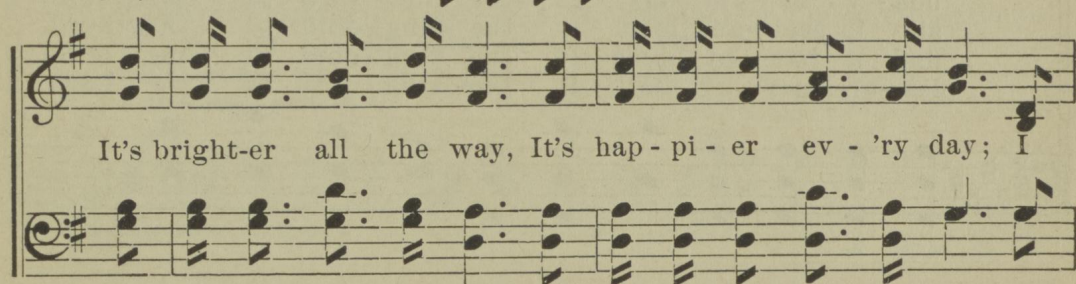
CHORUS.



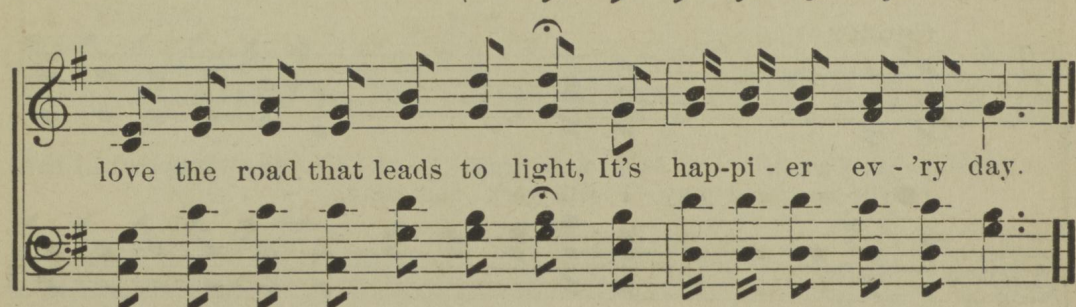
know its right, It's hap-pi - er ev - 'ry day. It's brighter all the way, It's
 heaven's song, It's hap-pi - er ev - 'ry day.
 what He's done, It's hap-pi - er ev - 'ry day.
 till I come, It's hap-pi - er ev - 'ry day.



hap-pi - er ev - 'ry day; I love the road that leads to light, I would not from it stray;



It's bright-er all the way, It's hap - pi - er ev - 'ry day; I



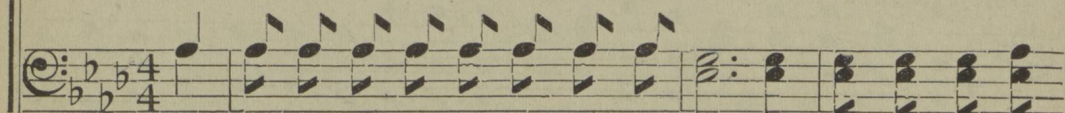
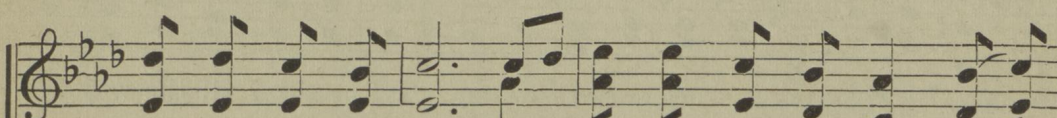
love the road that leads to light, It's hap-pi - er ev - 'ry day.

No. 151. I Want to be a Worker.

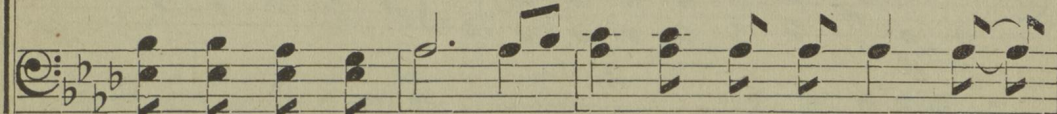
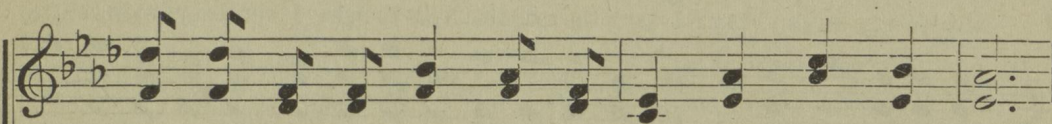
I. BALTZELL, by per.



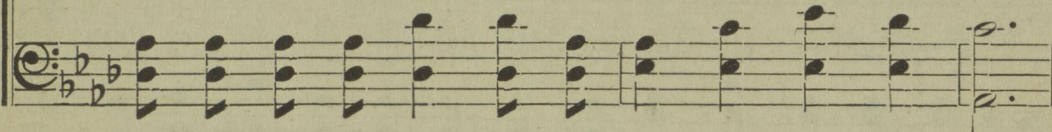
1. I want to be a worker for the Lord, I want to love and
 2. I want to be a worker ev - 'ry day, I want to lead the
 3. I want to be a worker strong and brave, I want to trust in
 4. I want to be a worker; help me, Lord, To lead the lost and

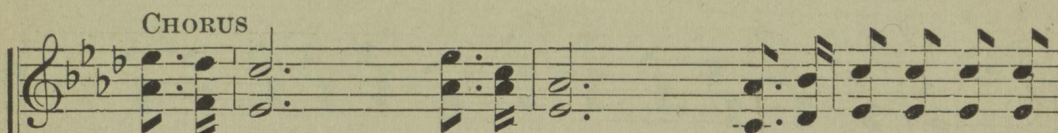
trust His ho - ly word, I want to sing and pray, and be
 err - ing in the way That leads to heav'n a - bove, where
 Je - sus' pow'r to save; All who will tru - ly come, shall
 err - ing to Thy word, That points to joy on high, where

bus - y ev - ry day In the vine - yard of the Lord.
 all is peace and love, In the king - dom of the Lord.
 find a hap - py home In the king - dom of the Lord.
 pleas - ures nev - er die, In the king - dom of the Lord.



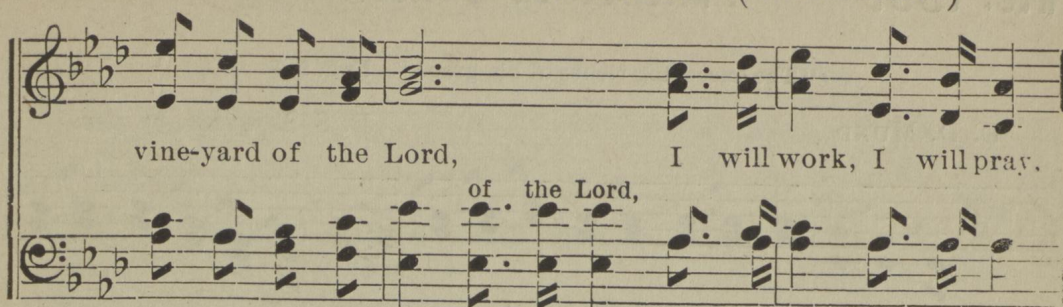
CHORUS



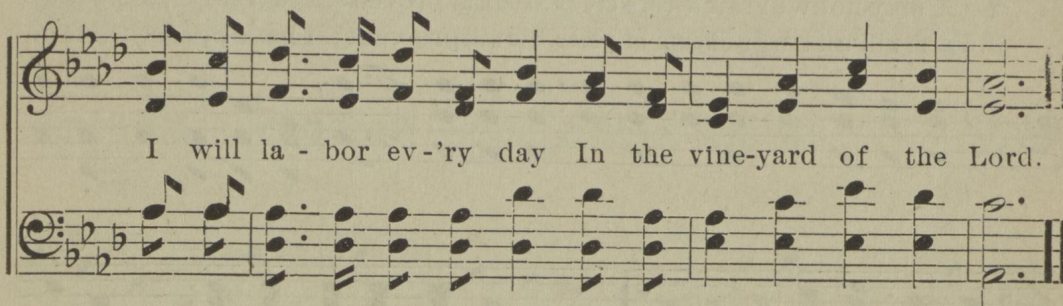
I will work, I will pray, In the vineyard, in the
 I will work and pray, I will work and pray,



I Want to be a Worker. (Concluded.)



vine-yard of the Lord, I will work, I will pray.



I will la - bor ev - ry day In the vine-yard of the Lord.

No. 152. I'm Happy on the Way.

Respectfully inscribed to Rev. Z. H. Copp.

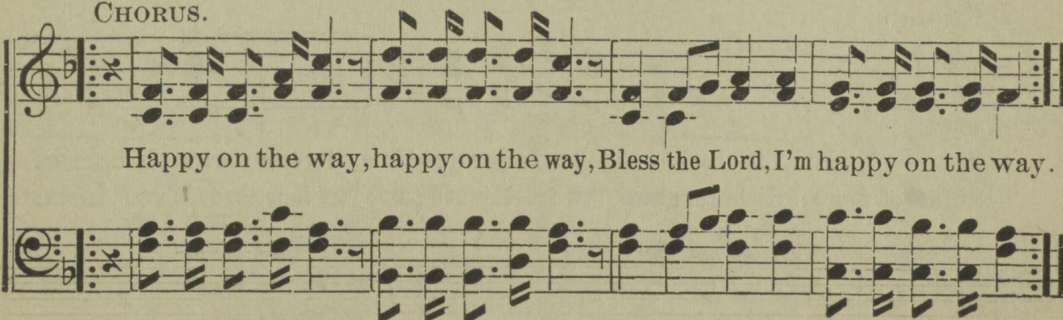
JOHN CENNICK.

Arr. by J. H. HALL.



1. { Je - sus, my all, to heav'n is gone, Bless the Lord, I'm happy on the way;
He whom I fix my hopes up - on, Bless the Lord, I'm happy on the way.
2. { His track I see, and I'll pursue, Bless the Lord, I'm happy on the way;
The narrow way, till Him I view, Bless the Lord, I'm happy on the way.
3. { The way the ho - ly 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 ho - li - ness, 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 mourn'd because I found it not, Bless the Lord, I'm happy on the way.

CHORUS.



Happy on the way, happy on the way, Bless the Lord, I'm happy on the way.

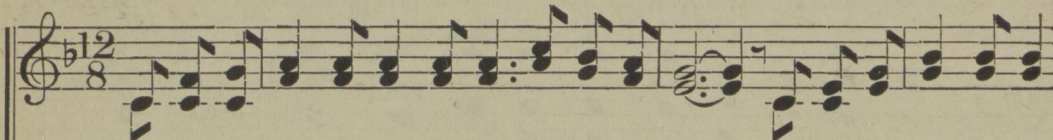
No. 153.

Riches of Grace.

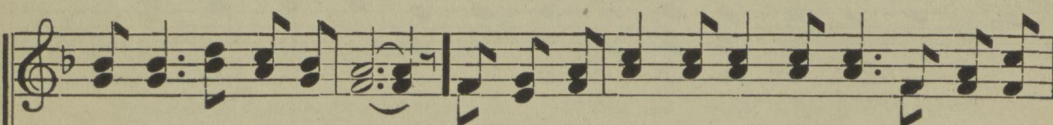
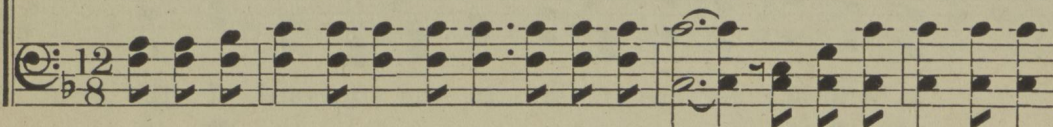
"The exceeding riches of his grace." Eph. 2: 7.

E. D. MUND.

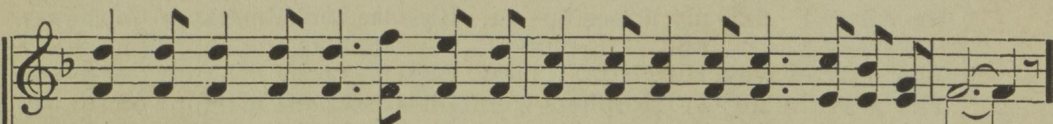
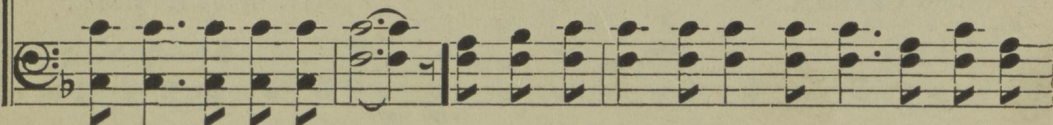
E. S. LORENZ, by per.



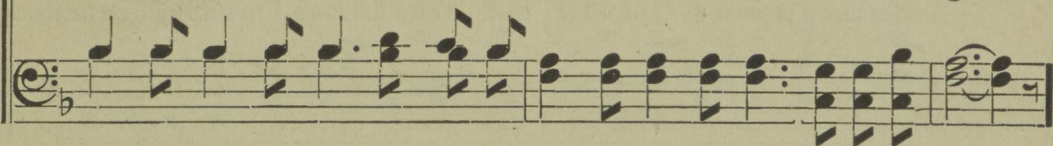
1. Riches of earth I may not see, God may prevent; Riches of grace are of-
2. I may not win fair honor's crown, God may prevent; Heavenly hon-ors are
3. Earth will not bring me hours of peace, Sin will pre-vent; I have a peace that can-



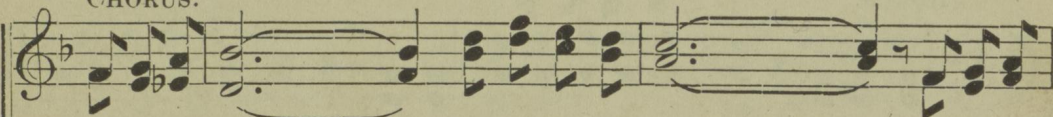
ferred me, I am con-tent. Wealth of the world must fade and fail, Earthly de-my own, I am con-tent. Children of God and heirs of grace, Walking in not cease, God hath it sent. Sweetly the hours of life glide by, Harmless its



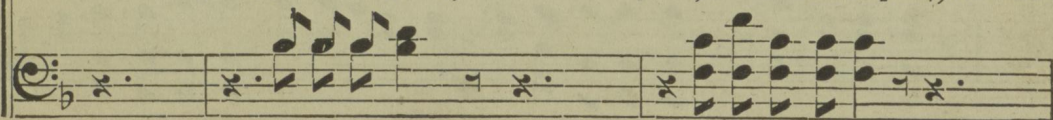
lights grow tasteless, stale; I have the wealth that must avail—Riches of grace.
light be-fore His face, Resting in peace in His embrace—Riches of grace.
tri-als past me fly, Strong in His grace I all de-fy—Riches of grace.



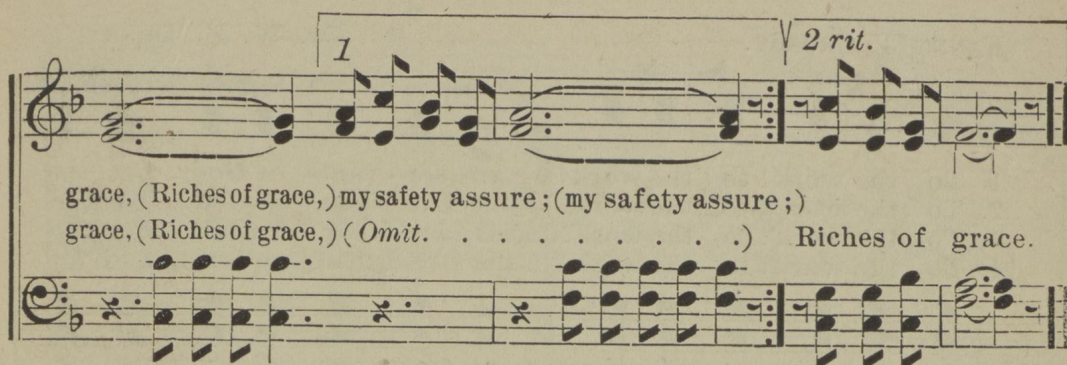
CHORUS.



Riches of grace, (Riches of grace,) forever en-dure, (forever endure,) Riches of
Riches of grace, (Riches of grace,) are fadeless and pure, (are fadeless and pure,) Riches of



Riches of Grace. (Concluded.)

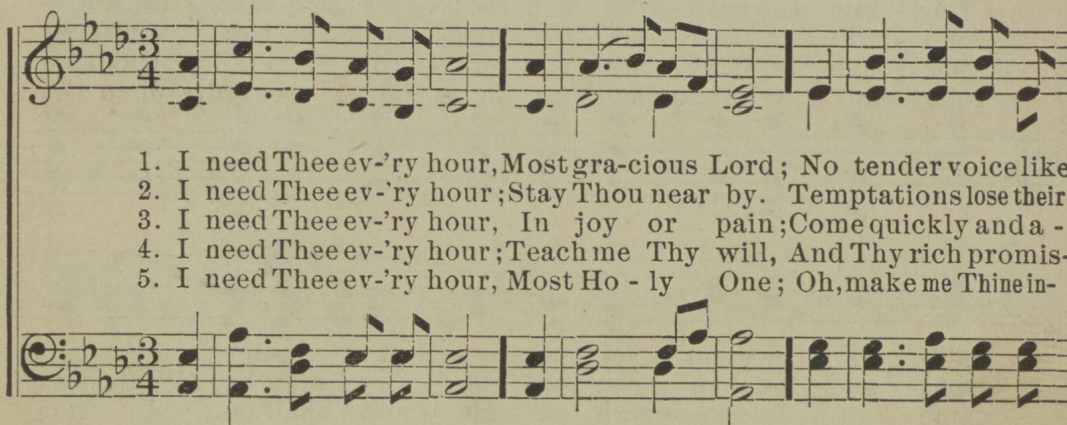


grace, (Riches of grace,) my safety assure; (my safety assure;)
grace, (Riches of grace,) (Omit.) Riches of grace.

No. 154. I Need Thee Every Hour.

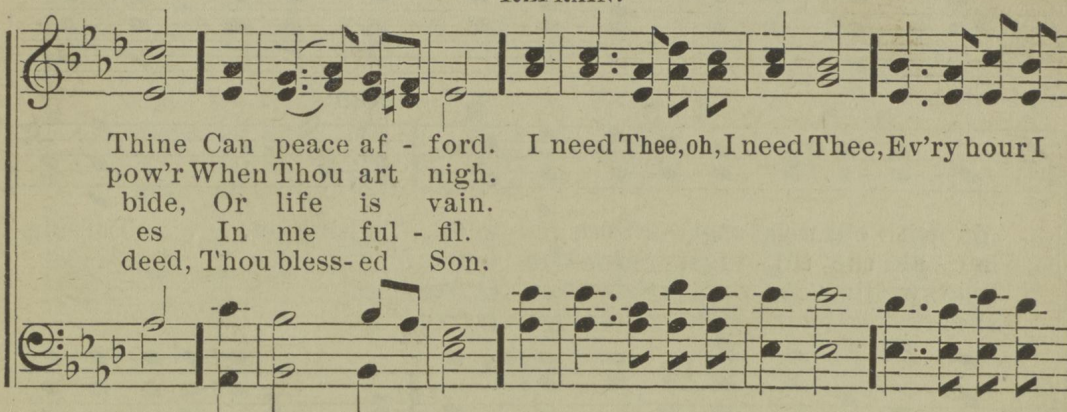
ANNIE S. HAWKS.

Rev. ROBERT LOWRY.

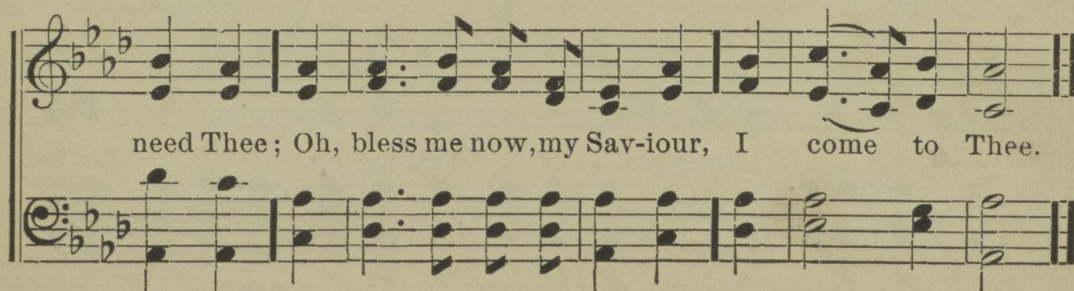


1. I need Thee ev'-ry hour, Most gra-cious Lord; No tendervoice like
2. I need Thee ev'-ry hour; Stay Thou near by. Temptations lose their
3. I need Thee ev'-ry hour, In joy or pain; Come quickly and a -
4. I need Thee ev'-ry hour; Teach me Thy will, And Thy rich promis-
5. I need Thee ev'-ry hour, Most Ho - ly One; Oh, make me Thine in-

REFRAIN.



Thine Can peace af - ford. I need Thee, oh, I need Thee, Ev'ry hour I
pow'r When Thou art nigh.
bide, Or life is vain.
es In me ful - fil.
deed, Thou bless-ed Son.



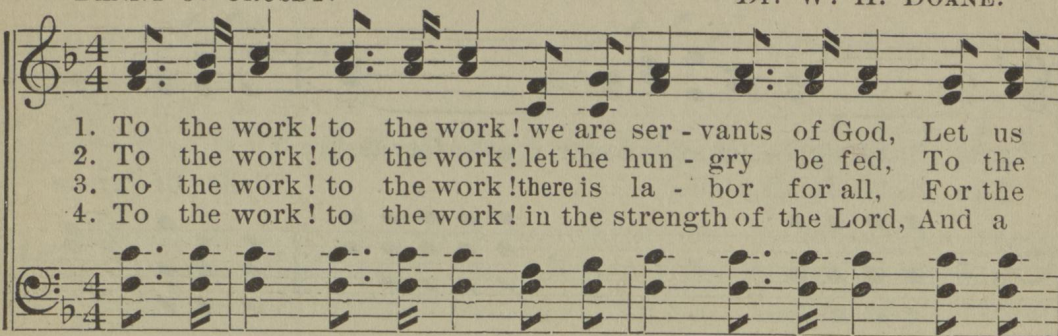
need Thee; Oh, bless me now, my Sav-iour, I come to Thee.

No. 155.

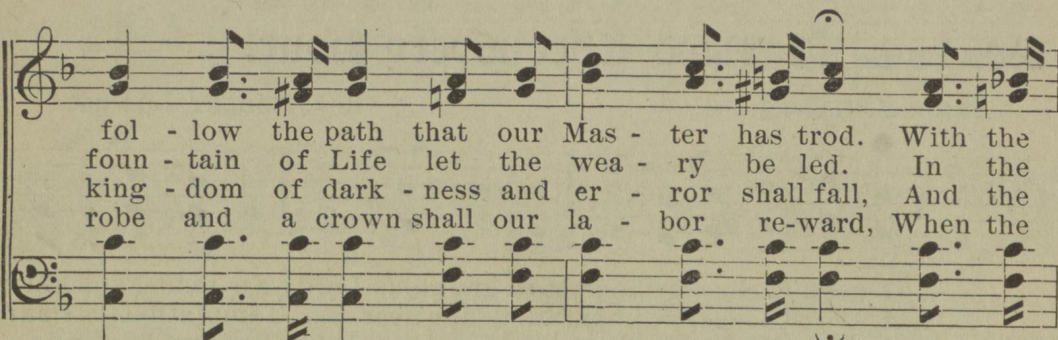
To the Work.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

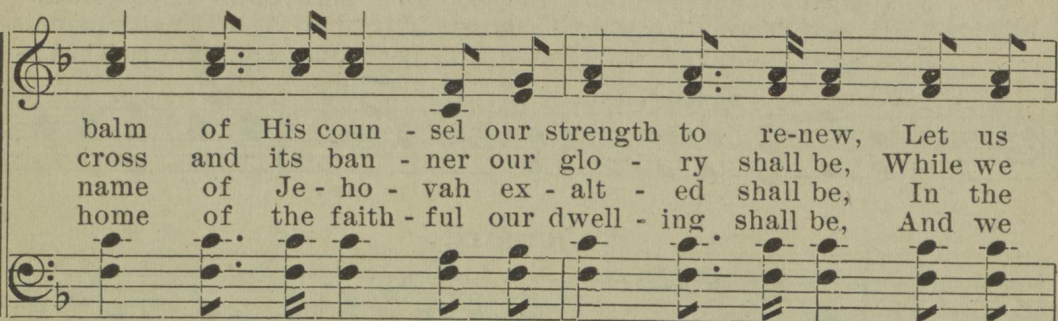
Dr. W. H. DOANE.



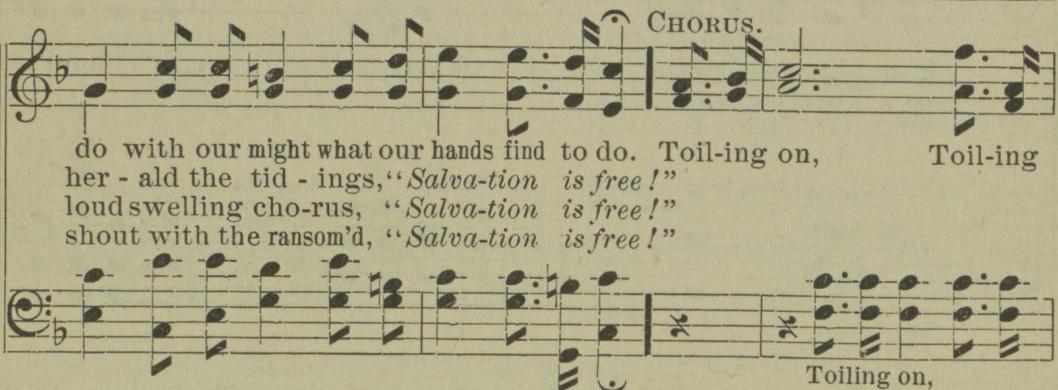
1. To the work! to the work! we are ser - vants of God, Let us
 2. To the work! to the work! let the hun - gry be fed, To the
 3. To the work! to the work! there is la - bor for all, For the
 4. To the work! to the work! in the strength of the Lord, And a



fol - low the path that our Mas - ter has trod. With the
 foun - tain of Life let the wea - ry be led. In the
 king - dom of dark - ness and er - ror shall fall, And the
 robe and a crown shall our la - bor re - ward, When the



balm of His coun - sel our strength to re - new, Let us
 cross and its ban - ner our glo - ry shall be, While we
 name of Je - ho - vah ex - alt - ed shall be, In the
 home of the faith - ful our dwell - ing shall be, And we



CHORUS.
 do with our might what our hands find to do. Toil-ing on, Toil-ing
 her - ald the tid - ings, "Salva - tion is free!"
 loud swelling cho - rus, "Salva - tion is free!"
 shout with the ransom'd, "Salva - tion is free!"



on, Toil-ing on, Toil-ing on, Let us
 Toil - ing on, Toil-ing on, Toil-ing on,

To the Work. (Concluded.)

hope, Let us watch, And la - bor till the Mas-ter comes.

and trust, and pray,

This block contains the musical notation for the song 'To the Work. (Concluded.)'. It features a treble and bass staff. The treble staff has a melody with notes and rests, and the bass staff has a harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the notes.

No. 156. Let us Walk in the Light.

Words arranged.

Anon.

1. { 'Tis re-lig-ion that can give, In the light, in the light, Sweetest pleasure
'Tis re-lig-ion must supply, In the light, in the light, Sol-id com-fort

2. { Af-ter death its joy will be, In the light, in the light, Lasting as e -
Be the liv-ing God my friend, In the light, in the light, Then my bliss shall

This block contains the musical notation for the song 'Let us Walk in the Light.' It features a treble and bass staff. The treble staff has a melody with notes and rests, and the bass staff has a harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the notes.

CHORUS.

while we live, In the light of God. Let us walk in the light,
when we die, In the light of God.
ter - ni - ty, In the light of God.
nev - er end, In the light of God.

This block contains the musical notation for the chorus of the song 'Let us Walk in the Light.' It features a treble and bass staff. The treble staff has a melody with notes and rests, and the bass staff has a harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the notes.

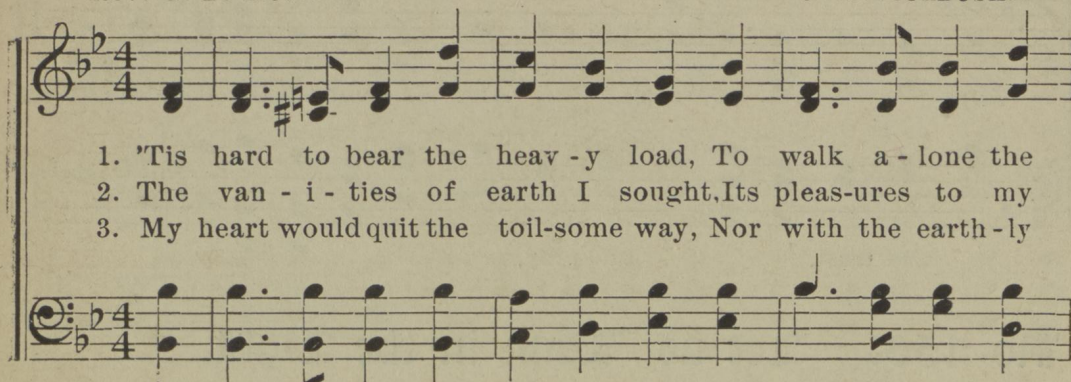
In the light, in the light, Let us walk in the light, In the light of God.

This block contains the musical notation for the final line of the song 'Let us Walk in the Light.' It features a treble and bass staff. The treble staff has a melody with notes and rests, and the bass staff has a harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the notes.

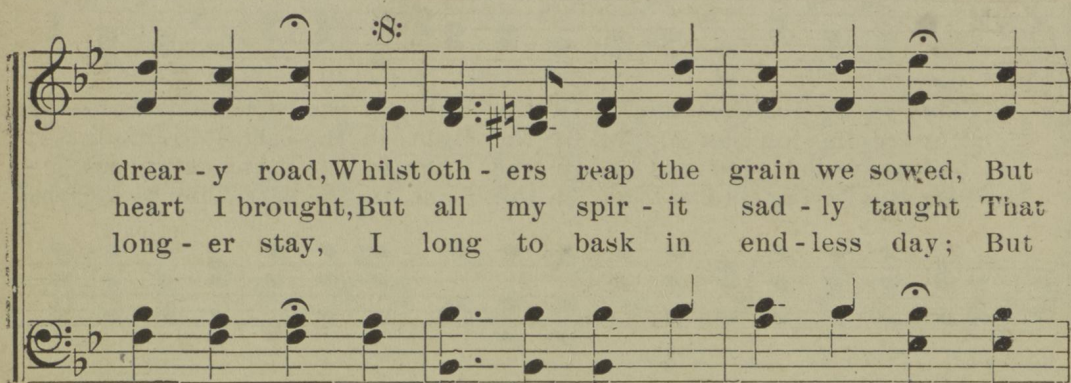
No. 157. God knows What is Best.

Rev. G. P. HOTT.

J. H. RUEBUSH.



1. 'Tis hard to bear the heav-y load, To walk a-lone the
 2. The van-i-ties of earth I sought, Its pleas-ures to my
 3. My heart would quit the toil-some way, Nor with the earth-ly



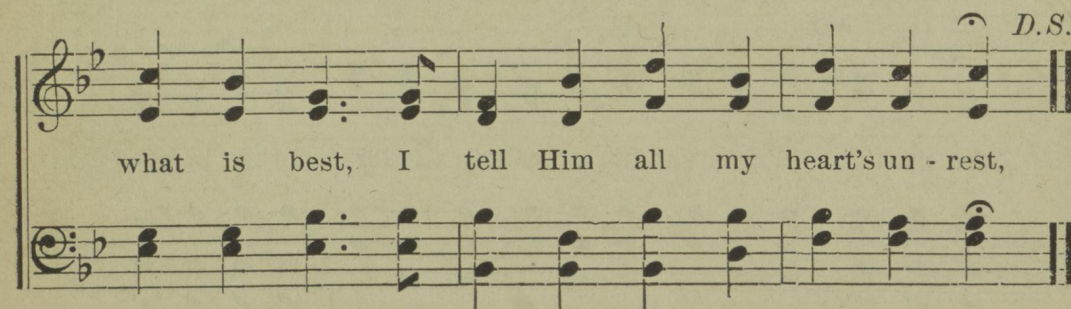
drear-y road, Whilst oth-ers reap the grain we sow-ed, But
 heart I brought, But all my spir-it sad-ly taught That
 long-er stay, I long to bask in end-less day; But

D.S. While to His bo-som fond-ly pressed, For

FINE. REFRAIN.



God knows what is best. He knows, He knows just
 God knows what is best.



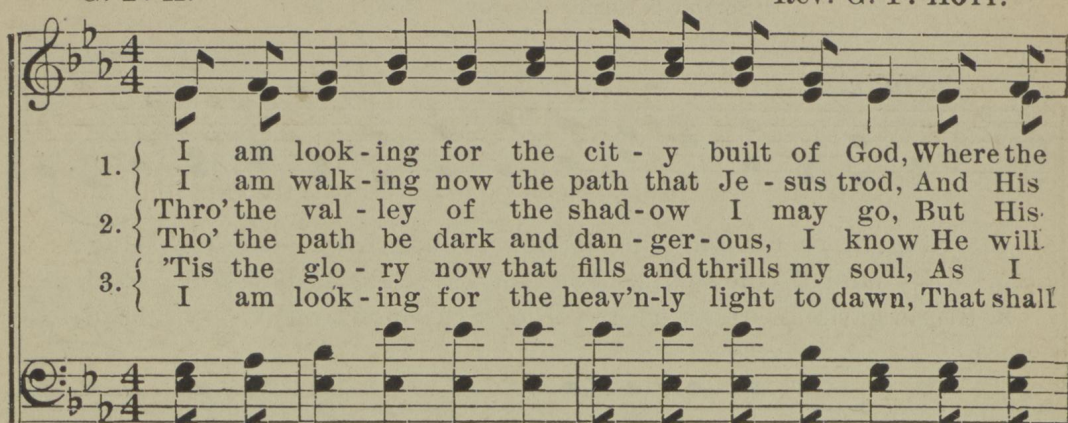
what is best, I tell Him all my heart's un-rest,

No. 158.

Glory Gates.

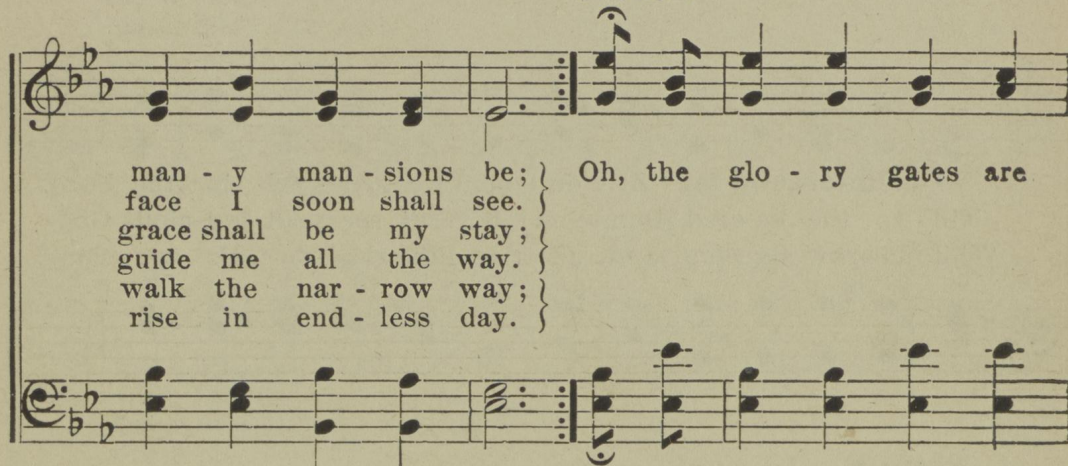
G. P. H.

Rev. G. P. Horn.

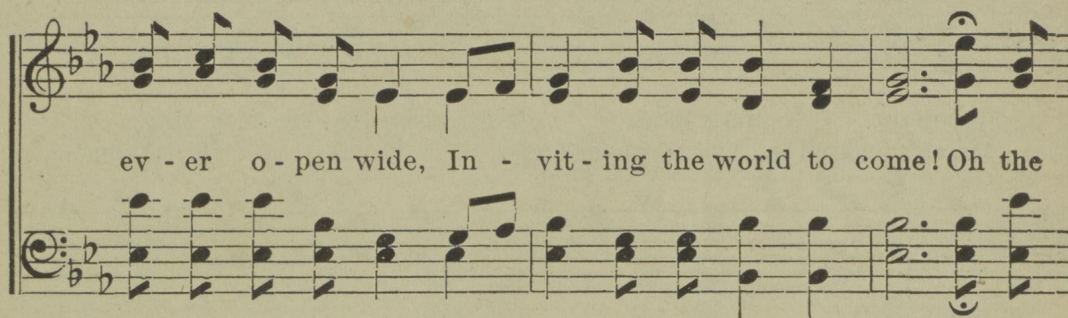


1. { I am look-ing for the cit - y built of God, Where the
 2. { I am walk-ing now the path that Je - sus trod, And His
 3. { Tho' the val - ley of the shad-ow I may go, But His
 4. { Tho' the path be dark and dan-ger-ous, I know He will
 5. { 'Tis the glo - ry now that fills and thrills my soul, As I
 6. { I am look-ing for the heav'n-ly light to dawn, That shall

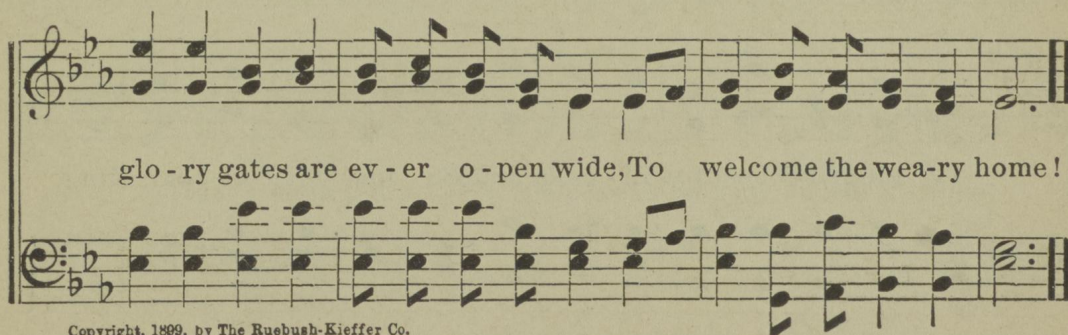
CHORUS.



man - y man - sions be; } Oh, the glo - ry gates are
 face I soon shall see. }
 grace shall be my stay; }
 guide me all the way. }
 walk the nar - row way; }
 rise in end - less day. }



ev - er o - pen wide, In - vit - ing the world to come! Oh the



glo - ry gates are ev - er o - pen wide, To welcome the wea-ry home!

No. 159.

March On.

"Sorrow is turned into joy." Job 41 : 22.

J. H. HALL.

Joyfully.

1. Sing, all ye ransom'd of the Lord, Your great De-liv-'rer sing; . .
 2. His hand di-vine shall lead you on, Thro' all the bliss-ful road, . .
 3. Bright garlands of im-mor-tal joy Shall bloom on ev-'ry head, . .

Ye pil-grims, now for Zi-on bound, Be joy-ful in the Lord.
 Till to the sa-cred Mount you rise, And see your gra-cious God.
 While sor-row, sigh-ing, and dis-tress, Like shad-ows, all are fled.

REFRAIN.

March on, . . march on, . . Your great De-liv-'rer sing;
 March on, march on, ye ransomed ones, March on,

Ye pil-grims, now for Zi-on bound, Be joy-ful in your King.

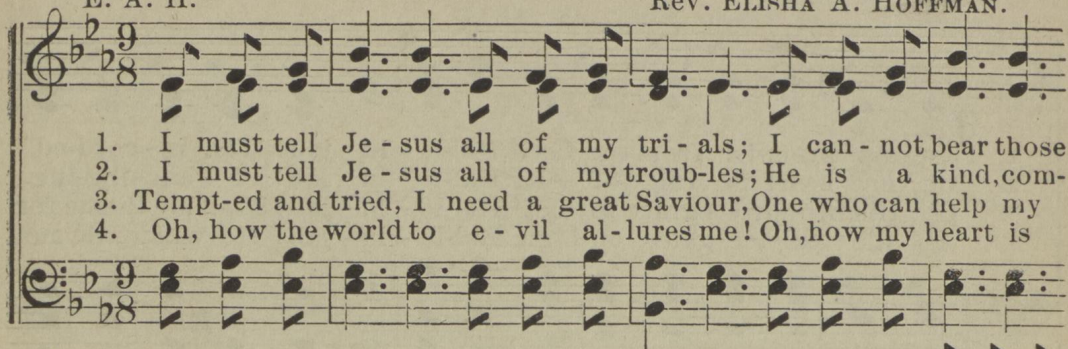
No. 160.

I Must Tell Jesus.

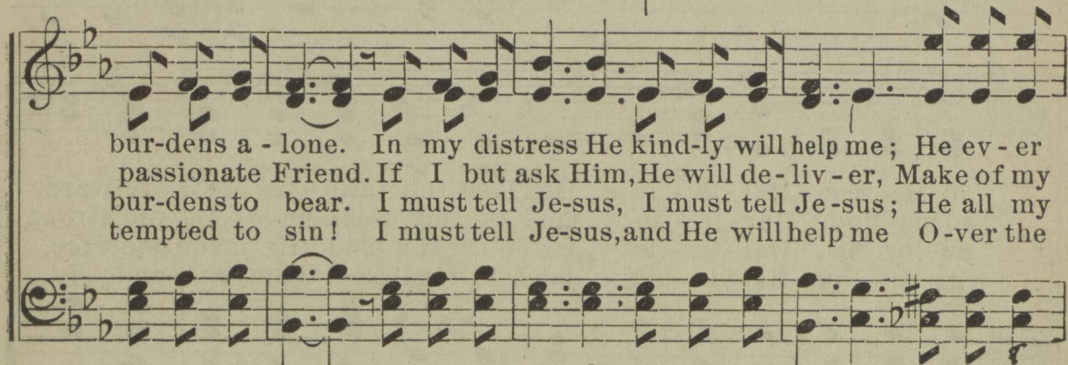
"Casting all your care upon him; for he careth for you." 1 Peter 5:7.

E. A. H.

Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

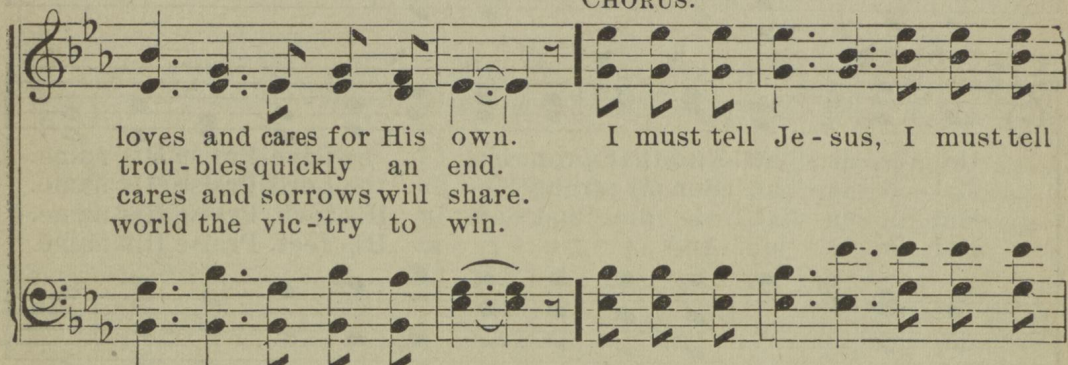


1. I must tell Je - sus all of my tri - als; I can - not bear those
 2. I must tell Je - sus all of my troub - les; He is a kind, com -
 3. Tempt - ed and tried, I need a great Saviour, One who can help my
 4. Oh, how the world to e - vil al - lures me! Oh, how my heart is

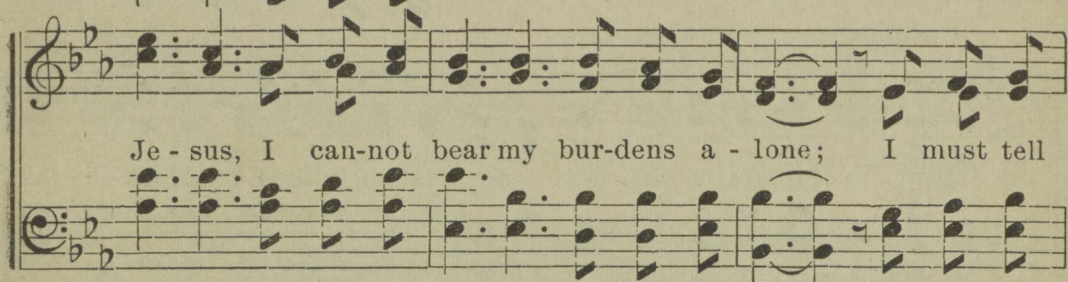


bur - dens a - lone. In my distress He kind - ly will help me; He ev - er
 passionate Friend. If I but ask Him, He will de - liv - er, Make of my
 bur - den to bear. I must tell Je - sus, I must tell Je - sus; He all my
 tempted to sin! I must tell Je - sus, and He will help me O - ver the

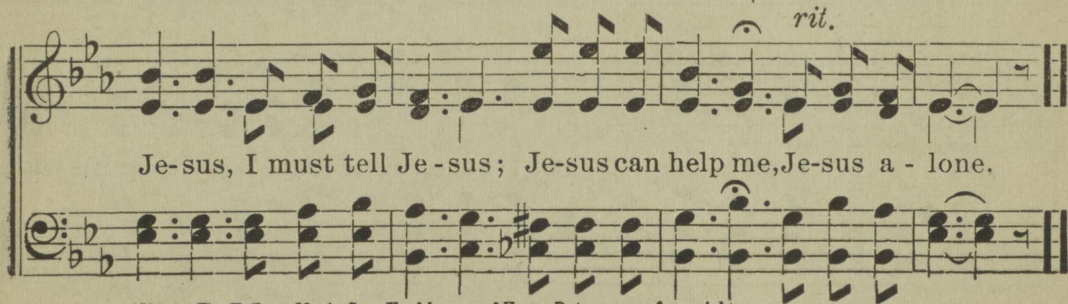
CHORUS.



loves and cares for His own. I must tell Je - sus, I must tell
 trou - bles quickly an end.
 cares and sorrows will share.
 world the vic - 'try to win.



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



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

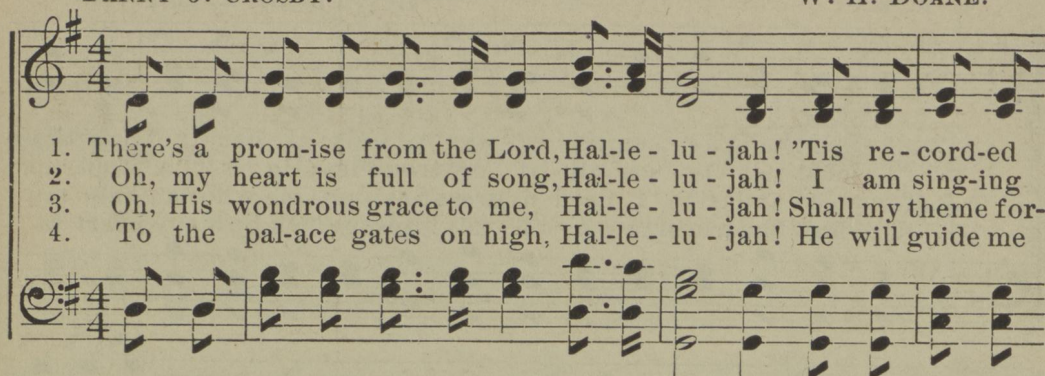
Copyright, 1894, by The Hoffman Music Co. Used by per. of Henry Date, owner of copyright.

No. 161. There's a Promise from the Lord.

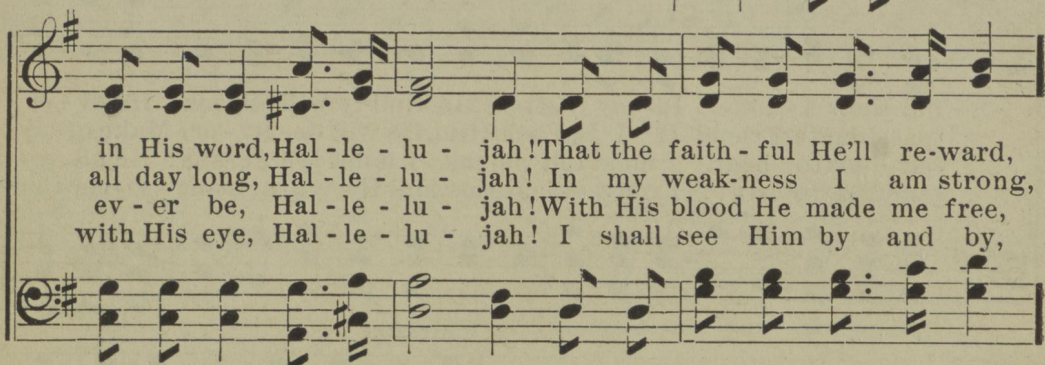
"And this is the promise . . . eternal life." 1 John 2: 25.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

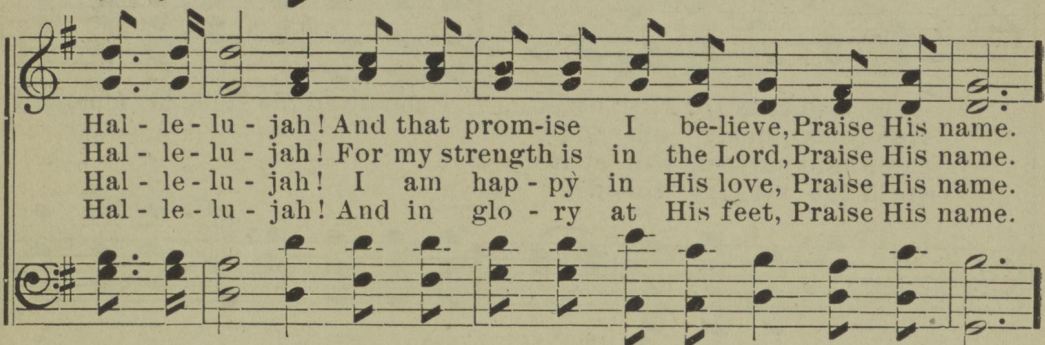
W. H. DOANE.



1. There's a prom-ise from the Lord, Hal-le - lu - jah! 'Tis re - cord - ed
 2. Oh, my heart is full of song, Hal-le - lu - jah! I am sing - ing
 3. Oh, His wondrous grace to me, Hal-le - lu - jah! Shall my theme for -
 4. To the pal - ace gates on high, Hal-le - lu - jah! He will guide me

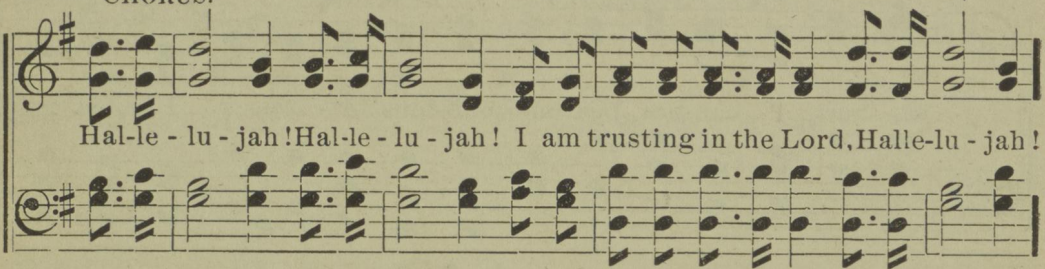


in His word, Hal - le - lu - jah! That the faith - ful He'll re - ward,
 all day long, Hal - le - lu - jah! In my weak - ness I am strong,
 ev - er be, Hal - le - lu - jah! With His blood He made me free,
 with His eye, Hal - le - lu - jah! I shall see Him by and by,

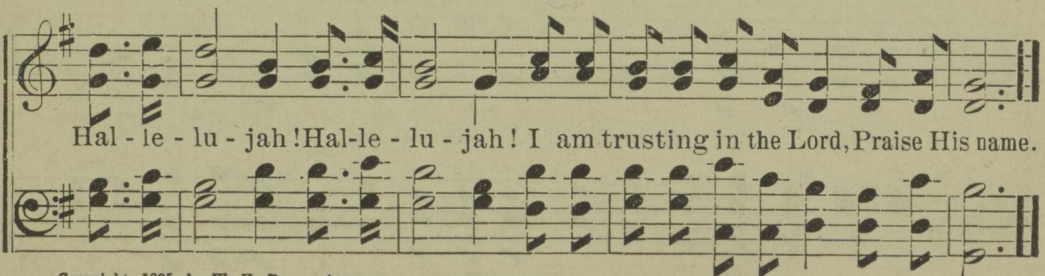


Hal - le - lu - jah! And that prom - ise I be - lieve, Praise His name.
 Hal - le - lu - jah! For my strength is in the Lord, Praise His name.
 Hal - le - lu - jah! I am hap - py in His love, Praise His name.
 Hal - le - lu - jah! And in glo - ry at His feet, Praise His name.

CHORUS.



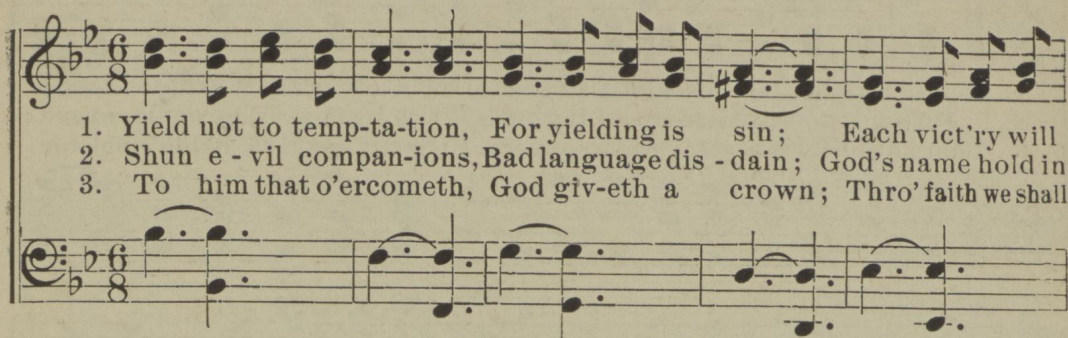
Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! I am trusting in the Lord, Hal - le - lu - jah!



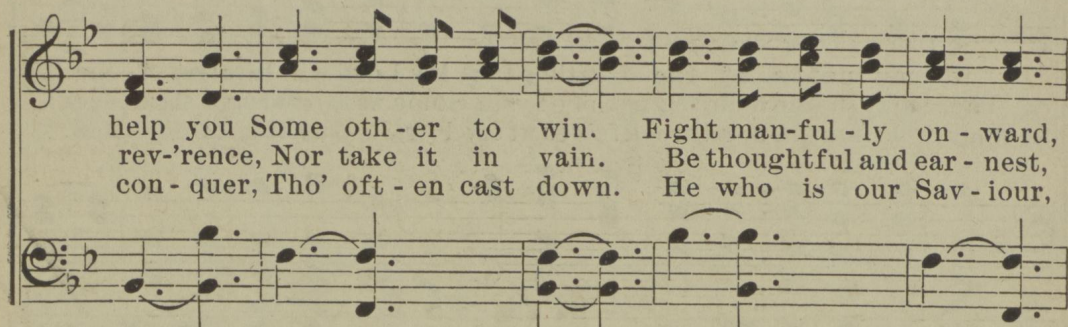
Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! I am trusting in the Lord, Praise His name.

No. 162. Yield Not to Temptation.

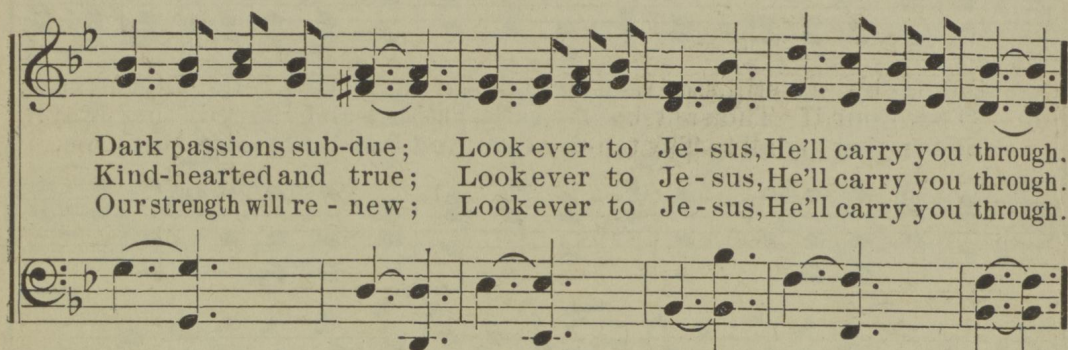
Words and music by Dr. H. R. PALMER.



1. Yield not to temp-ta-tion, For yielding is sin; Each vict'ry will
 2. Shun e-vil compan-ions, Bad language dis-dain; God's name hold in
 3. To him that o'ercometh, God giv-eth a crown; Thro' faith we shall

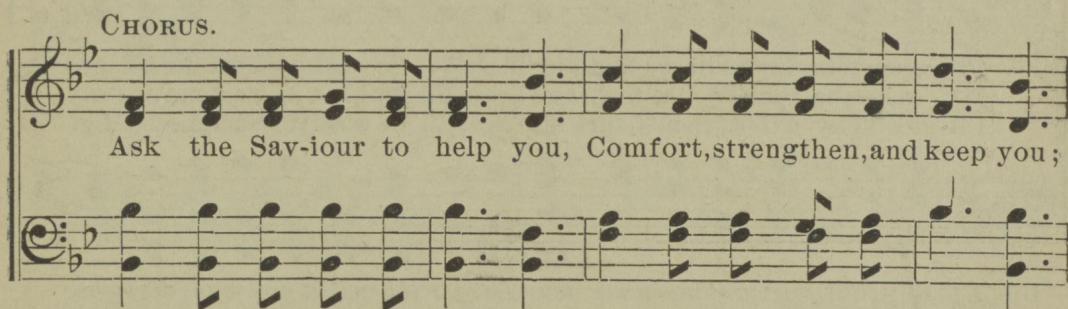


help you Some oth-er to win. Fight man-ful-ly on-ward,
 rev'-rence, Nor take it in vain. Be thoughtful and ear-nest,
 con-quer, Tho' oft-en cast down. He who is our Sav-iour,

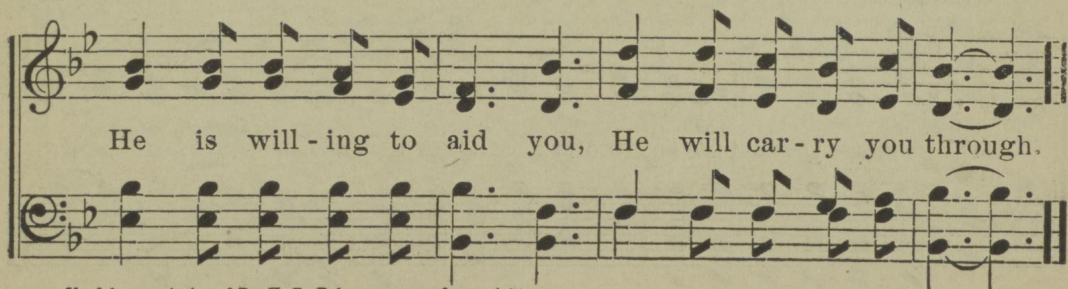


Dark passions sub-due; Look ever to Je-sus, He'll carry you through.
 Kind-hearted and true; Look ever to Je-sus, He'll carry you through.
 Our strength will re-new; Look ever to Je-sus, He'll carry you through.

CHORUS.



Ask the Sav-iour to help you, Comfort, strengthen, and keep you;



He is will-ing to aid you, He will car-ry you through.

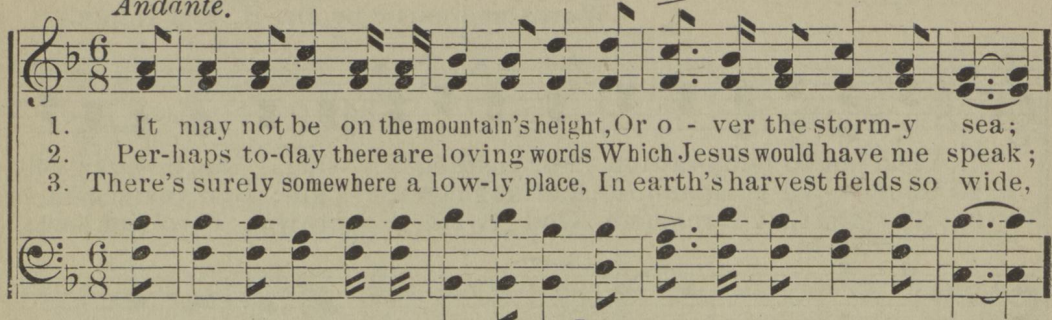
Used by permission of Dr. H. R. Palmer, owner of copyright.

No. 163. I'll Go Where You Want Me to Go.

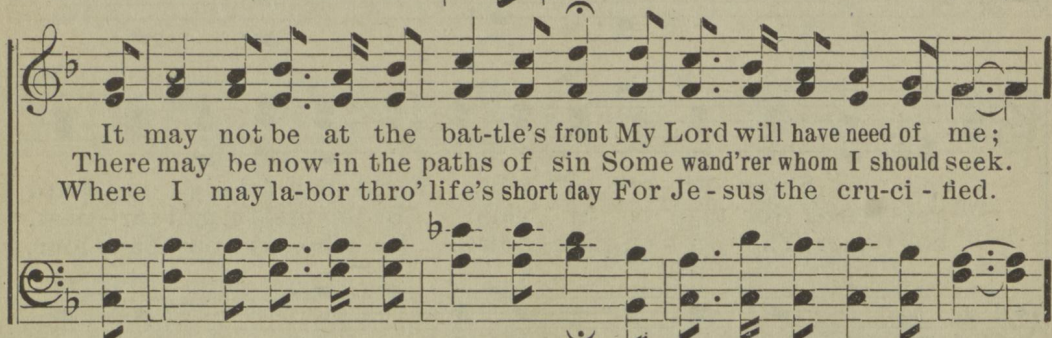
MARY BROWN.

CONSECRATION. CARRIE E. ROUNSEFELL.

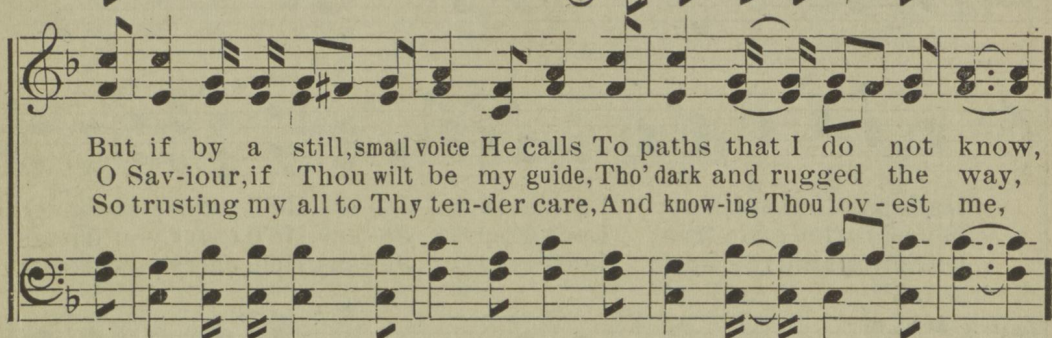
Andante.



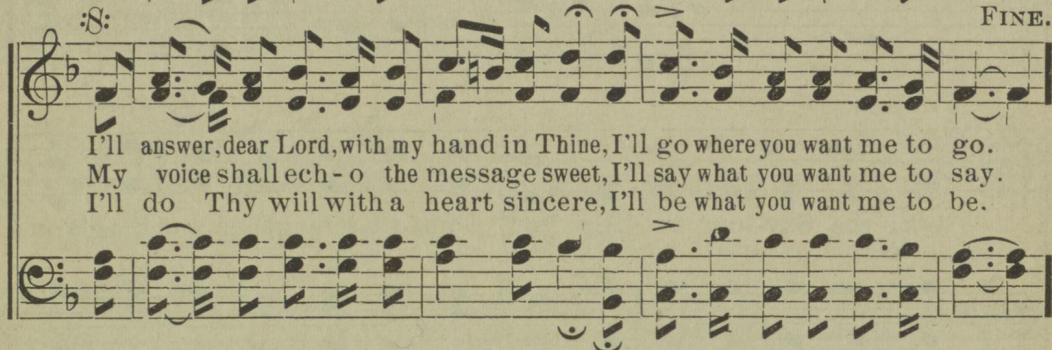
1. It may not be on the mountain's height, Or o - ver the storm-y sea;
 2. Per-haps to-day there are loving words Which Jesus would have me speak;
 3. There's surely somewhere a low-ly place, In earth's harvest fields so wide,



It may not be at the bat-tle's front My Lord will have need of me;
 There may be now in the paths of sin Some wand'rer whom I should seek.
 Where I may la-bor thro' life's short day For Je - sus the cru-ci - fied.



But if by a still, small voice He calls To paths that I do not know,
 O Sav-iour, if Thou wilt be my guide, Tho' dark and rugged the way,
 So trusting my all to Thy ten-der care, And know-ing Thou lov - est me,

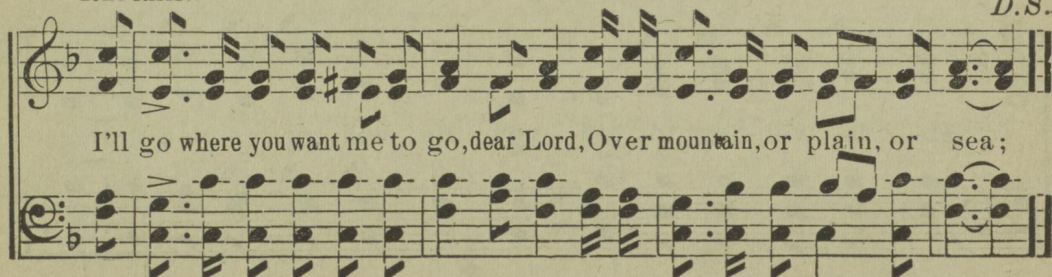


FINE.

I'll answer, dear Lord, with my hand in Thine, I'll go where you want me to go.
 My voice shall ech - o the message sweet, I'll say what you want me to say.
 I'll do Thy will with a heart sincere, I'll be what you want me to be.

D.S. I'll say what you want me to say, dear Lord, I'll be what you want me to be.

REFRAIN.



D.S.

I'll go where you want me to go, dear Lord, Over mountain, or plain, or sea;

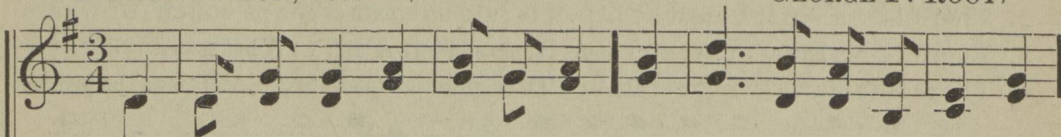
THE LIFE BEYOND.

"And the ransomed of the Lord shall return and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads." Isa. 35: 10.

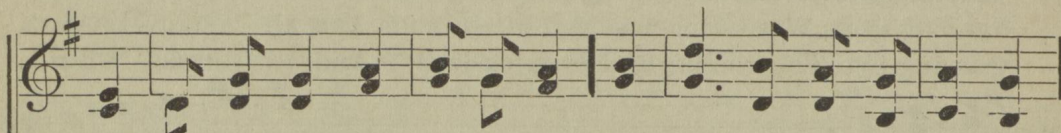
No. 164. Shining Shore. 8s & 7s.

DANIEL NELSON, 1835.

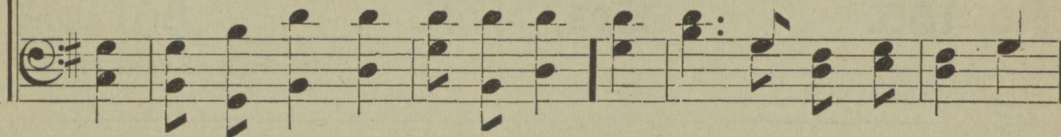
GEORGE F. ROOT.



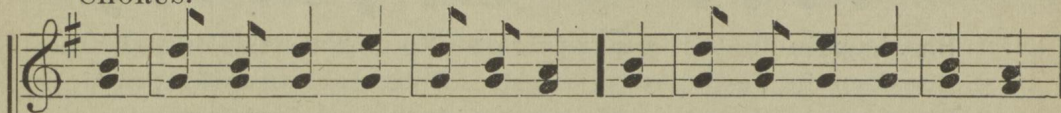
1. My days are glid-ing swiftly by, And I, a pil-grim stranger,
2. We'll gird our loins, my brethren dear! Our heav'nly home discern-ing;
3. Should com-ing days be cold and dark, We need not cease our sing-ing;
4. Let sor-row's rud-est tempest blow, Each cord on earth to sev-er;



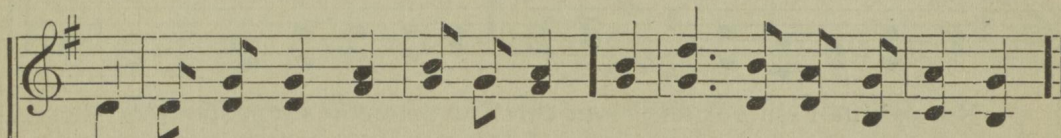
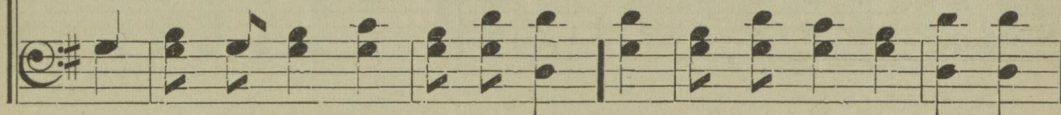
Would not de-tain them as they fly, Those hours of toil and dan-ger.
Our ab-sent Lord has left us word,—“Let ev-’ry lamp be burn-ing.”
That per-fect rest none can mo-lest, Where gold-en harps are ring-ing.
Our King says,—“Come!”—and there’s our home, For-ev-er, oh! for-ev-er!



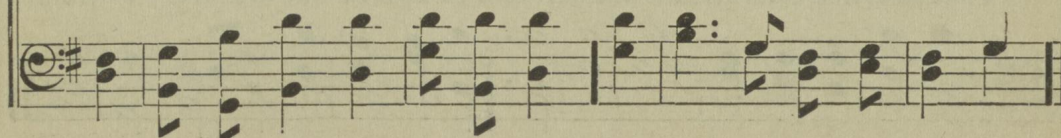
CHORUS.



For, oh! we stand on Jordan’s strand, Our friends are pass-ing o-ver;



And, just be-fore, the shin-ing shore We may al-most dis-cov-er.



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No. 165.

Woodland. C. M.

WM. B. TAPPAN, 1829.

N. D. GOULD, 1832.

1. There is an hour of peaceful rest To mourning wand'ers giv'n; There is a joy for
 2. There is a soft, a downy bed, 'Tis fair as breath of ev'n; A couch for weary
 3. There is a home for wea-ry souls By sin and sorrow driv'n; When toss'd on life's tem-
 4. There faith lifts up her cheerful eye To brighter prospects giv'n; And views the tempest

souls distressed, A balm for ev-'ry wounded breast—'Tis found above—in heav'n.
 mortals spread, Where they may rest the aching head, And find repose—in heav'n.
 pestuous shoals, Where storms arise, and o-cean rolls, And all is drear—but heav'n.
 passing by, The evening shadows quick-ly fly, And all serene—in heav'n.

No. 166.

Eva. L. M.

Dr. A. B. EVERETT.

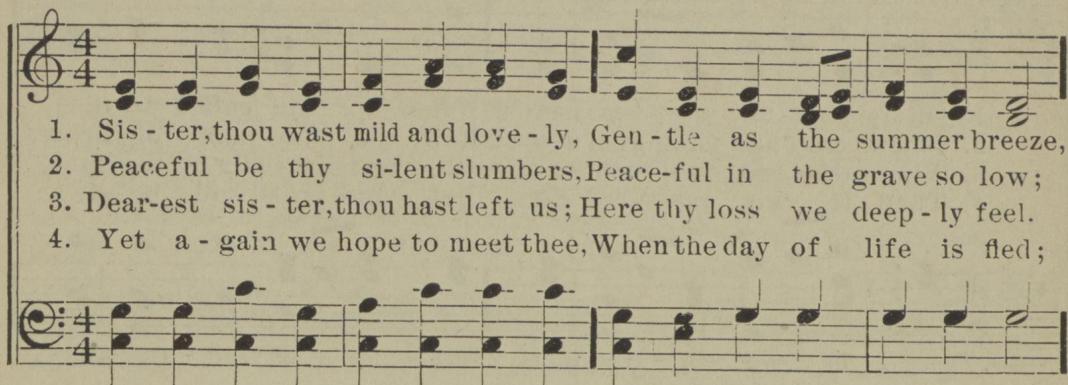
1. She sleeps in Je-sus—peace-ful rest—No mortal strife invades her breast;
 2. She sleeps in Je-sus—soon to rise, When the last trump shall rend the skies;
 3. She sleeps in Je-sus—cease thy grief; Let this af-ford thee sweet re-lief,

Nor pain, nor sin, nor anx-ious care Can reach the silent slumb'rer there.
 Then burst the fet-ters of the tomb, To wake in full im-mor-tal bloom.
 That, freed from death's trium-phant reign, In heaven she will live a-gain.

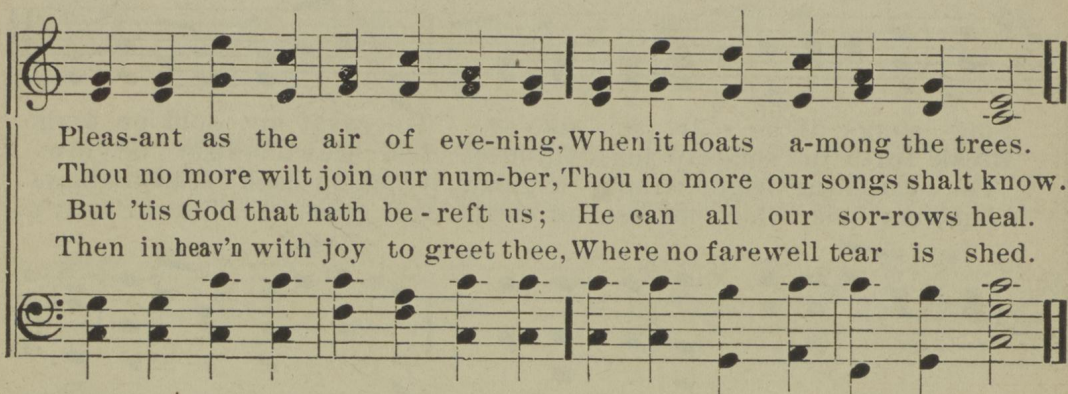
No. 167. Mount Vernon. 8s & 7.

S. F. SMITH.

Dr. LOWELL MASON.



1. Sis - ter, thou wast mild and love - ly, Gen - tle as the summer breeze,
 2. Peaceful be thy si - lent slumbers, Peace - ful in the grave so low;
 3. Dear - est sis - ter, thou hast left us; Here thy loss we deep - ly feel.
 4. Yet a - gain we hope to meet thee, When the day of life is fled;

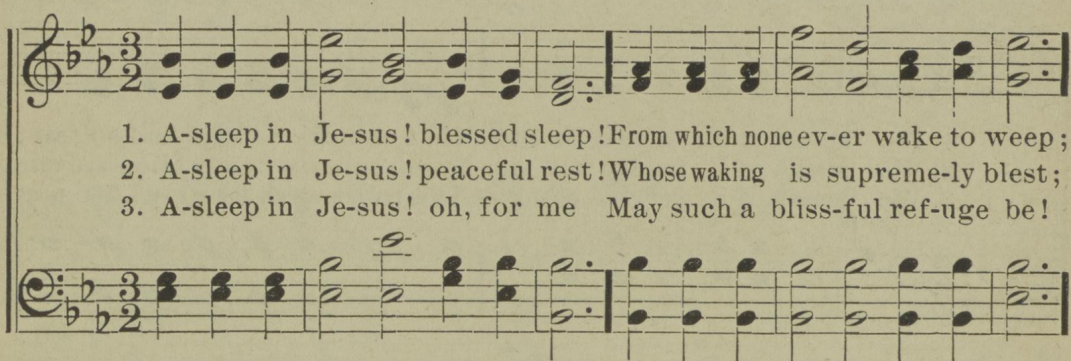


Pleas - ant as the air of eve - ning, When it floats a - mong the trees.
 Thou no more wilt join our num - ber, Thou no more our songs shalt know.
 But 'tis God that hath be - reft us; He can all our sor - rows heal.
 Then in heav'n with joy to greet thee, Where no farewell tear is shed.

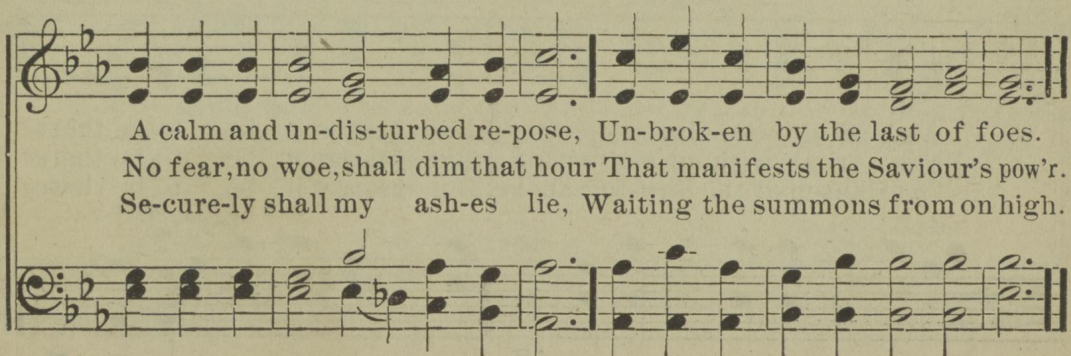
No. 168.

Rest. L. M.

W. B. BRADBURY.



1. A - sleep in Je - sus! blessed sleep! From which none ev - er wake to weep;
 2. A - sleep in Je - sus! peaceful rest! Whose waking is supreme - ly blest;
 3. A - sleep in Je - sus! oh, for me May such a bliss - ful ref - uge be!



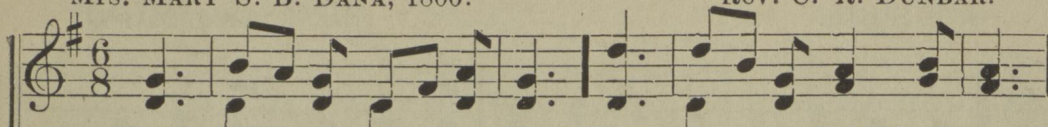
A calm and un - dis - turbed re - pose, Un - brok - en by the last of foes.
 No fear, no woe, shall dim that hour That manifests the Saviour's pow'r.
 Se - cure - ly shall my ash - es lie, Waiting the summons from on high.

No. 169.

Dunbar. S. M.

Mrs. MARY S. B. DANA, 1800.

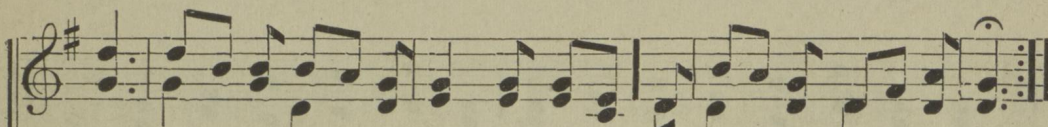
Rev. C. R. DUNBAR.



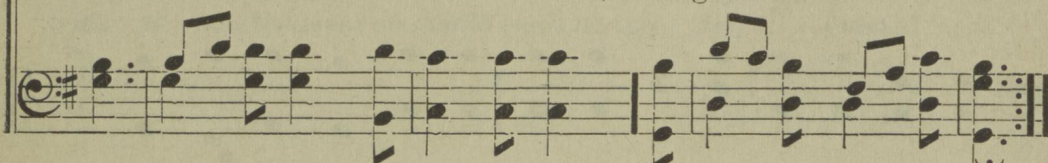
1. Oh! sing to me of heav'n, When I am called to die;
2. When cold and slug-gish drops Roll off my mar - ble brow,
3. When the last mo - ments come, Oh, watch my dy - ing face,
4. Then to my rap-tured ear Let one sweet song be giv'n;



CHO. There'll be no sor - row there, There'll be no sor - row there;



Sing songs of ho - ly ec - sta - sy, To waft my soul on high.
Break forth in songs of joy - ful-ness, Let heav'n be - gin be - low.
To catch the bright seraph - ic gleam, Which on each fea - ture plays.
Let mu - sic cheer me last on earth, And greet me first in heav'n.



In heav'n a - bove, where all is love, There'll be no sor - row there.

No. 170.

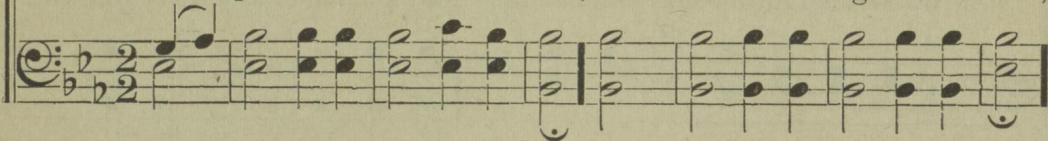
Pierce. 8s.

ELIZABETH MILLS.

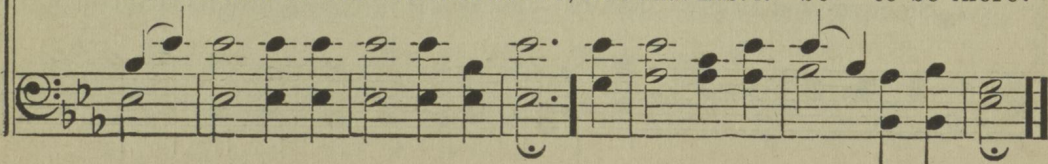
I. B. WOODBURY.



1. We speak of the realms of the blest, That country so bright and so fair;
2. We speak of its freedom from sin, From sor-row, temptation, and care,
3. We speak of its service of love, The robes which the glo - ri - fied wear,

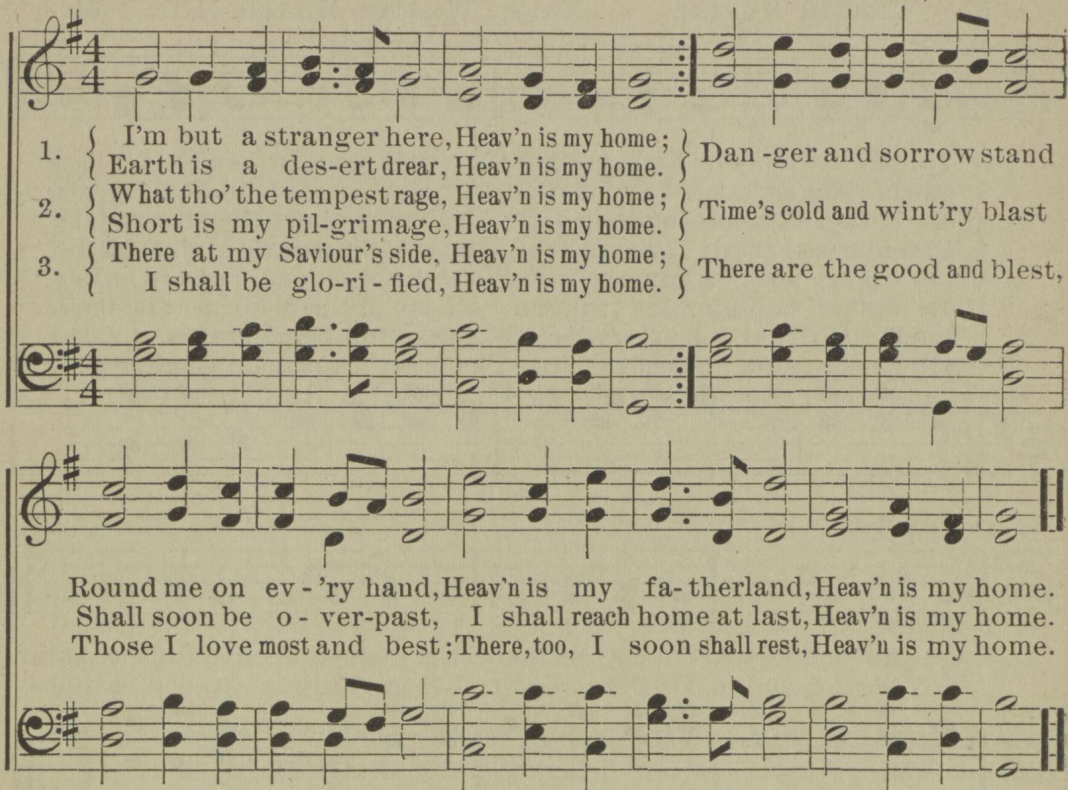


And oft are its glories confess'd, But what must it be to be there?
From tri-als without and within; But what must it be to be there?
The Church of the First-born above, But what must it be to be there?



No. 171. Heaven is my home. 6s & 4s.

Dr. L. MASON, 1834.



1. { I'm but a stranger here, Heav'n is my home; } Dan-ger and sorrow stand
 { Earth is a des-ert drear, Heav'n is my home. }

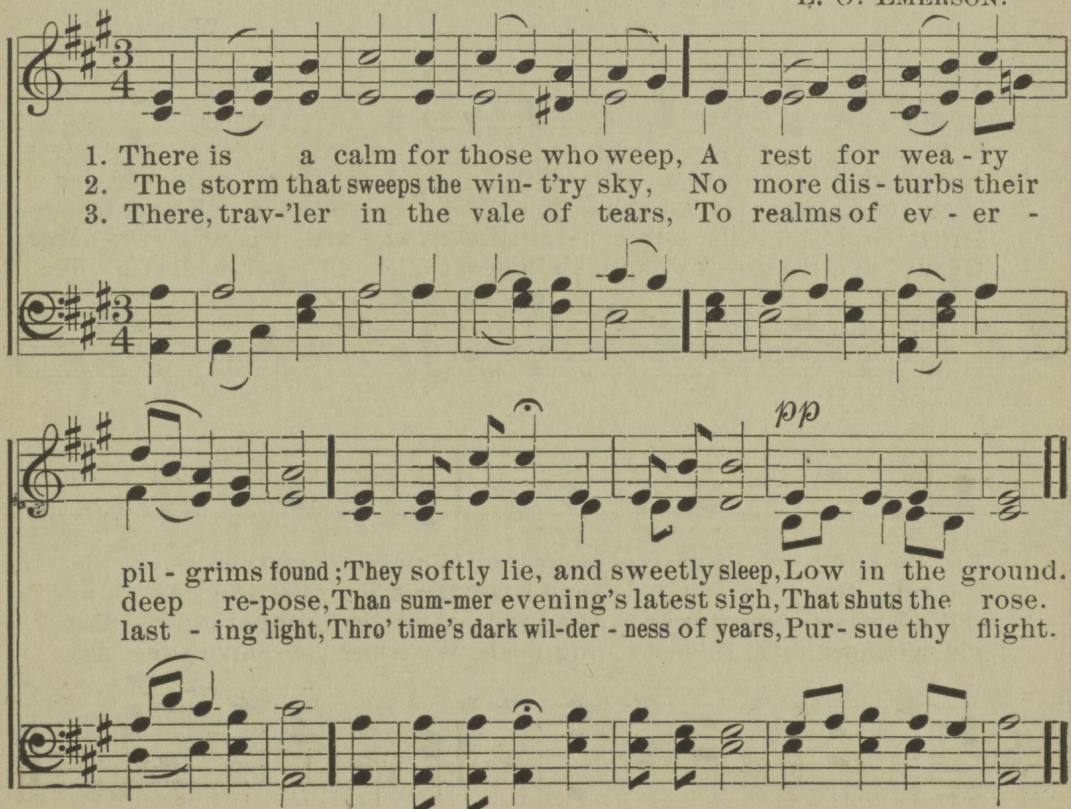
2. { What tho' the tempest rage, Heav'n is my home; } Time's cold and win'try blast
 { Short is my pil-grimage, Heav'n is my home. }

3. { There at my Saviour's side, Heav'n is my home; } There are the good and blest,
 { I shall be glo-ri-fied, Heav'n is my home. }

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

No. 172. Peaceful Rest. 8s & 4s.

L. O. EMERSON.



1. There is a calm for those who weep, A rest for wea-ry
 2. The storm that sweeps the win-t'ry sky, No more dis-turbs their
 3. There, trav-ler in the vale of tears, To realms of ev-er -

pil - grims found; They softly lie, and sweetly sleep, Low in the ground.
 deep re-pose, Than sum-mer evening's latest sigh, That shuts the rose.
 last - ing light, Thro' time's dark wil-der - ness of years, Pur-sue thy flight.

No. 173.

Going Home. L. M.

Rev. WILLIAM HUNTER.

Arr. by WILLIAM MILLER, M.D., 1854.

1. { My heav'nly home is bright and fair; Nor pain nor death can en-ter there; }
 { Its glit-t'ring tow'rs the sun outshine; That heav'nly mansion shall be mine. }
 2. { My Father's house is built on high, Far, far a-bove the star-ry sky; }
 { When from this earthly pris-on free, That heav'nly mansion mine shall be. }
 3. { Let others seek a home be-low, Which flames devour, or waves o'erflow; }
 { Be mine a hap-pier lot to own A heav'nly mansion near the throne. }
 4. { Then fail this earth, let stars decline, And sun and moon refuse to shine, }
 { All na-ture sink and cease to be, That heav'nly mansion stands for me. }

CHORUS.

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.

No. 174.

Dear. C. M.

Welsh Air.

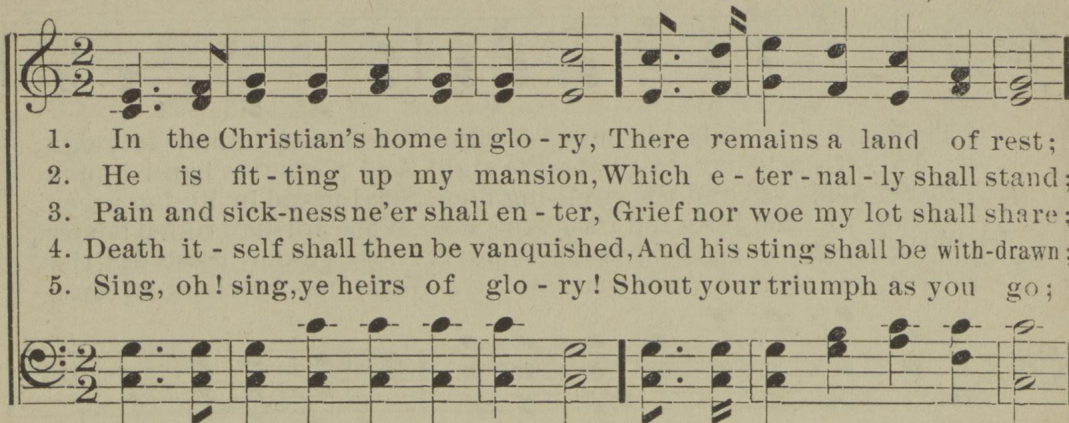
1. Hark! from the tombs a dole-ful sound! My ears, at-tend the cry:
 2. "Prin-ces, this clay must be your bed, In spite of all your tow'rs;
 3. Great God! is this our cer-tain doom? And are we still se-secure?
 4. Grant us the pow'r of quick'ning grace, To fit our souls to fly;

"Ye liv-ing men, come view the ground Where you must short-ly lie.
 The tall, the wise, the rev'-rend head, Must lie as low as ours."
 Still walk-ing downward to the tomb, And yet prepared no more!
 Then, when we drop this dy-ing flesh, We'll rise a-bove the sky.

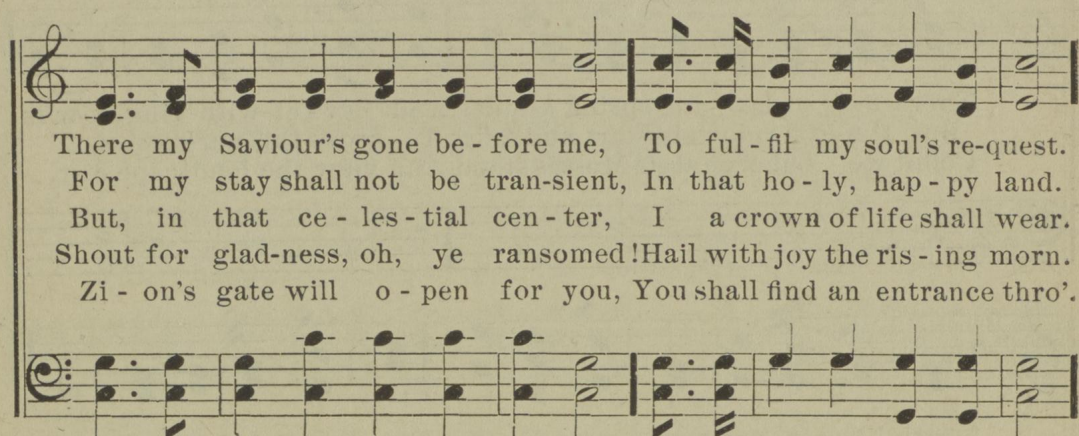
No. 175. Rest for the Weary. 8s & 7s.

WILLIAM HUNTER, 1857.

J. W. DADMUN, 1860.

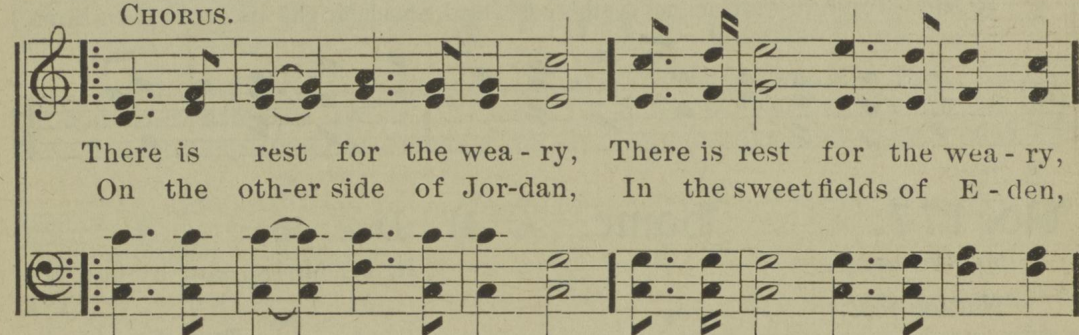


1. In the Christian's home in glo - ry, There remains a land of rest;
 2. He is fit - ting up my mansion, Which e - ter - nal - ly shall stand;
 3. Pain and sick - ness ne'er shall en - ter, Grief nor woe my lot shall share;
 4. Death it - self shall then be vanquished, And his sting shall be with -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

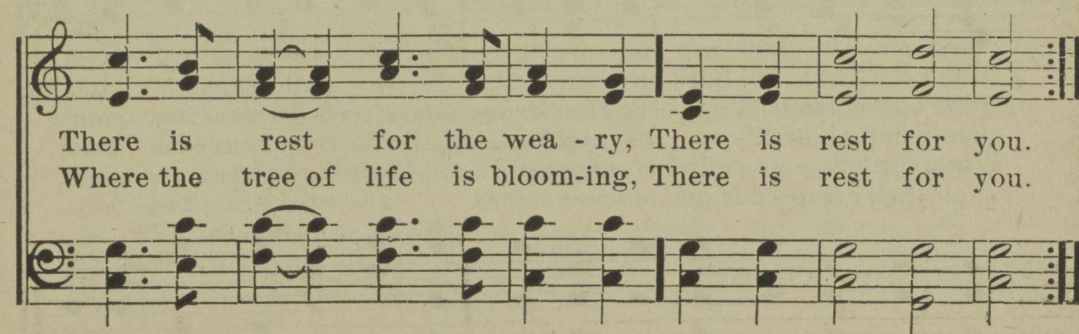


There my Saviour's gone be - fore me, To ful - fil my soul's re - quest.
 For my stay shall not be tran - sient, In that ho - ly, hap - py land.
 But, in that ce - les - tial cen - ter, I a crown of life shall wear.
 Shout for glad - ness, oh, ye ransomed! Hail with joy the ris - ing morn.
 Zi - on's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

CHORUS.



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



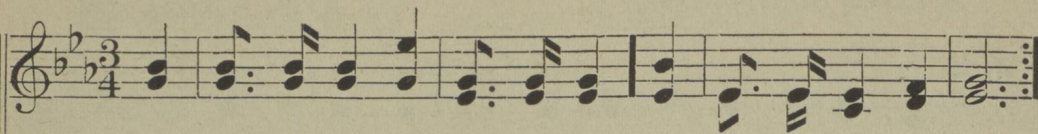
There is rest for the wea - ry, There is rest for you.
 Where the tree of life is bloom - ing, There is rest for you.

No. 176.

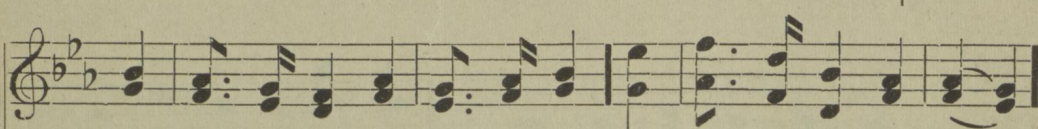
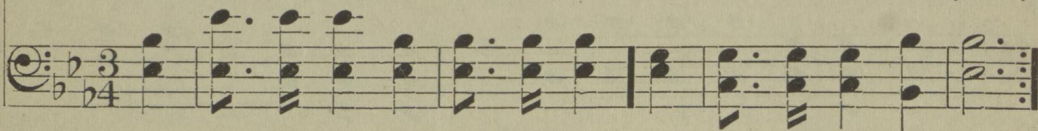
Land of Promise.

ISAAC WATTS.

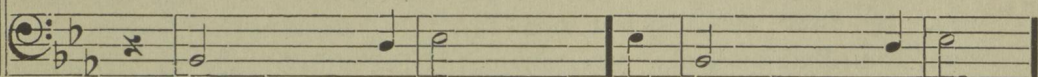
Arr. from RINK by G. F. ROOT.



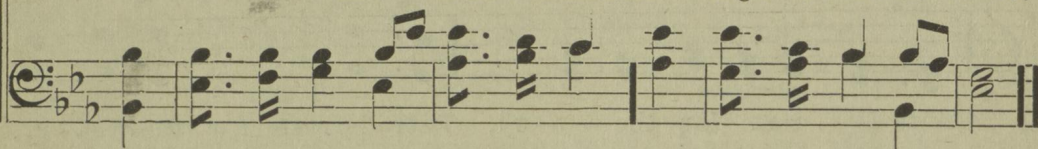
1. { There is a land of pure de-light, Where saints immor-tal reign; }
In - fi - nite day ex-cludes the night, And pleasures ban-ish pain. }
2. { Sweet fields, beyond the swell-ing flood, Stand dressed in liv-ing green; }
So, to the Jews, old Ca-naan's stood, While Jor-dan rolled between. }
3. { Oh, could we make our doubts remove, Those gloomy doubts that rise, }
And see the Ca-naan that we love With un - be-cloud-ed eyes, - }



There ev - er-last-ing spring a-bides, And nev - er-with-'ring flow'rs;
But tim-'rous mortals start, and shrink To cross this nar-row sea,
Could we but climb where Mo-ses stood, And view the landscape o'er,



Death, like a nar-row sea, di-vides This heav'n-ly land from ours.
And lin - ger, shiv'ring, on the brink, And fear to launch a - way.
Not Jor-dan's stream, nor death's cold flood, Should fright us from the shore,



No. 177.

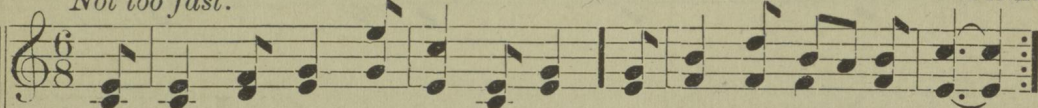
Home. C. M., D.

MONTGOMERY.

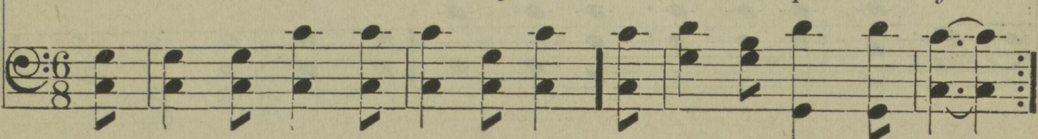
R. M. McINTOSH, by per.

Not too fast.

FINE.

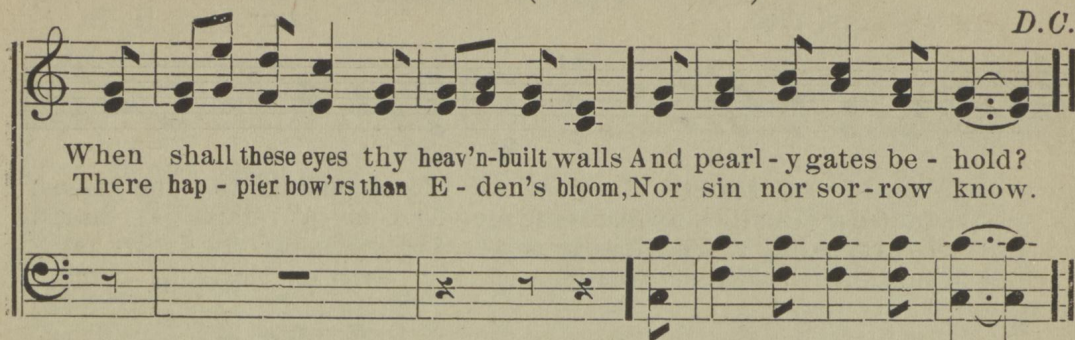


1. { Je - ru - sa - lem, my hap - py home! Name ev - er dear to me! }
When shall my la - bors have an end, In joy and peace in thee? }
- D.C. Thy bul-warks with sal - va-tion strong, And streets of shin-ing gold?
2. { Oh, when, thou ci - ty of my God, Shall I thy courts as - cend, }
Where con-gre - ga-tions ne'er break up, And Sab-baths have no end? }
- D.C. Blest seats! thro' rude and storm-y scenes I on-ward press to you.



Home. (Concluded.)

D.C.

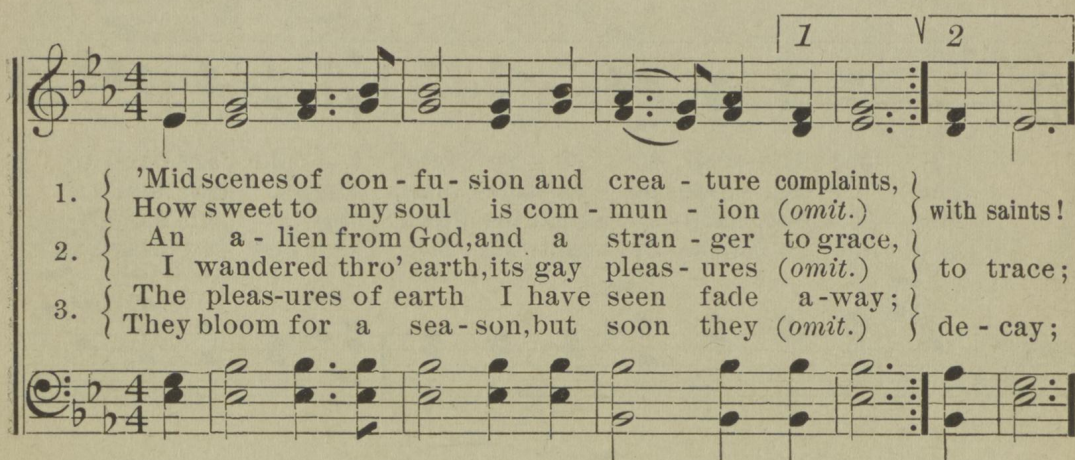


When shall these eyes thy heav'n-built walls And pearl-y gates be - hold?
There hap - pier bow'rs than E - den's bloom, Nor sin nor sor-row know.

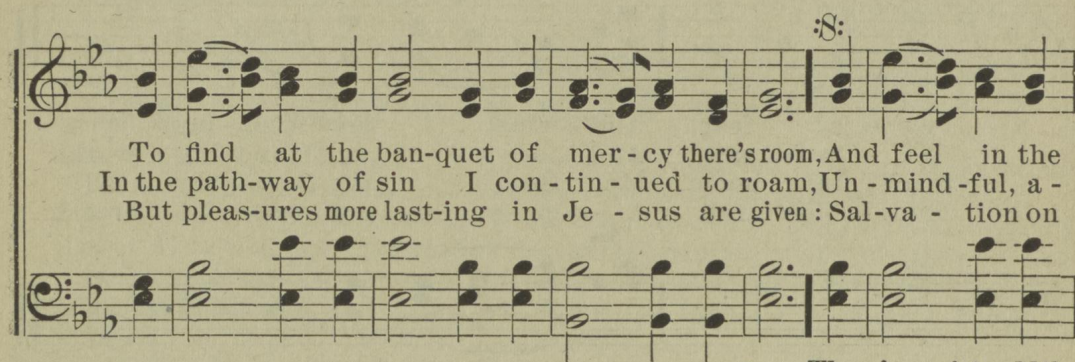
No. 178. Home, Sweet Home.

DAVID DENHAM.

H. R. BISHOP.



1. { 'Mid scenes of con - fu - sion and crea - ture complaints, }
How sweet to my soul is com - mun - ion (omit.) } with saints!
2. { An a - lien from God, and a stran - ger to grace, }
I wandered thro' earth, its gay pleas - ures (omit.) } to trace;
3. { The pleas - ures of earth I have seen fade a - way; }
They bloom for a sea - son, but soon they (omit.) } de - cay;

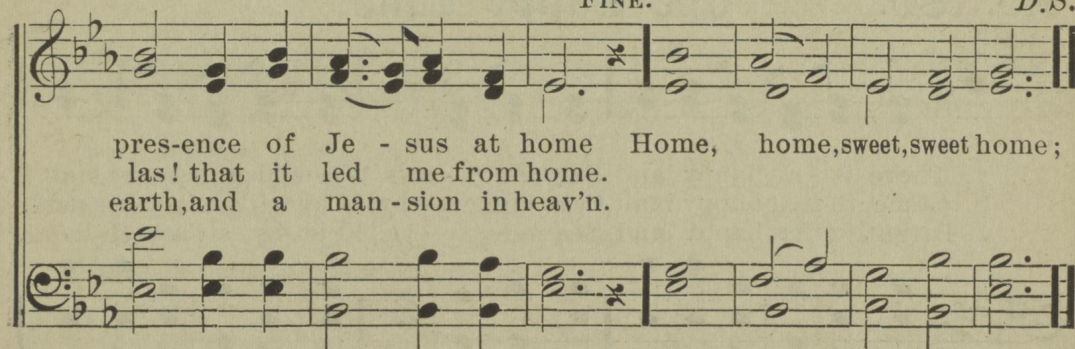


To find at the ban - quet of mer - cy there's room, And feel in the
In the path - way of sin I con - tin - ued to roam, Un - mind - ful, a -
But pleas - ures more last - ing in Je - sus are given: Sal - va - tion on

D.S. There's no friend like

FINE.

D.S.



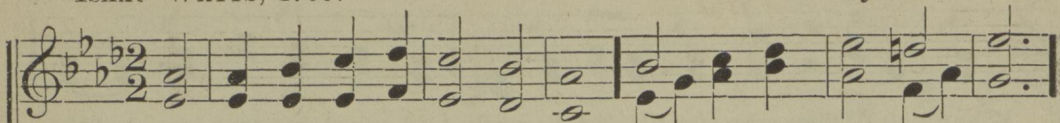
pres - ence of Je - sus at home Home, home, sweet, sweet home;
las! that it led me from home.
earth, and a man - sion in heav'n.

Je - sus, there's no place like home.

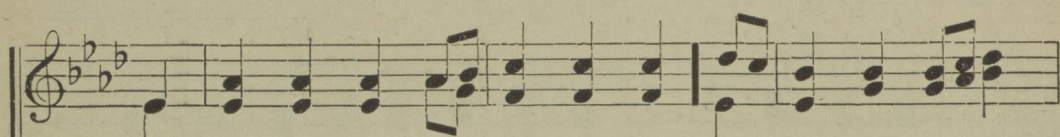
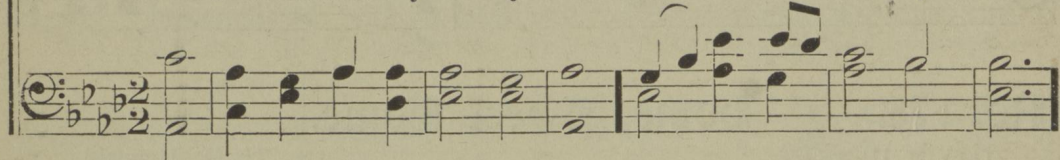
No. 179. Ninety-Fifth. C. M.

ISAAC WATTS, 1700.

Arr. by J. H. H.



1. When I can read my ti - tle clear To mansions in the skies,
2. Should earth against my soul en-gage, And fie - ry darts be hurl'd,
3. Let cares like a wild del-uge come, And storms of sor - row fall!
4. There shall I bathe my wea-ry soul In seas of heav'nly rest,



I bid fare-well to ev - 'ry fear, I bid fare-well to
Then I can smile at Sa - tan's rage, Then I can smile at
May I but safe - ly reach my home, May I but safe - ly
And not a wave of trou - ble roll, And not a wave of

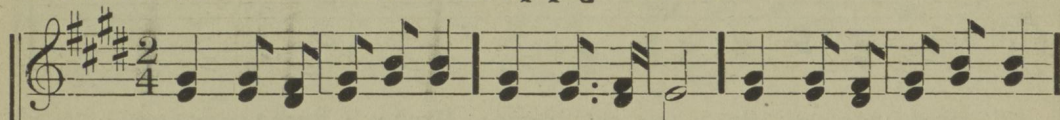


ev - 'ry fear, And wipe . . my weep - ing eyes.
Sa - tan's rage, And face . . a frown - ing world.
reach my home, My God, . . my heav'n, my all.
trou - ble roll A - cross . . my peace - ful breast.

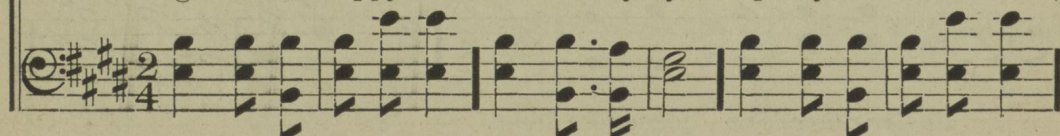


The R. K. Co., owners.

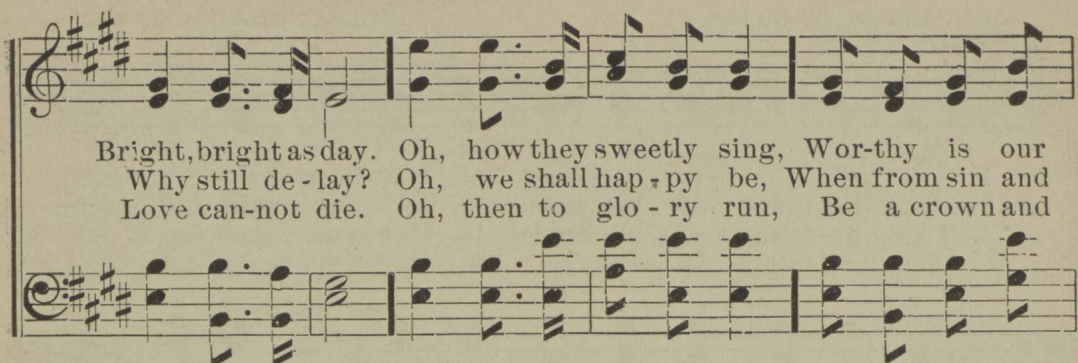
No. 180. The Happy Land.



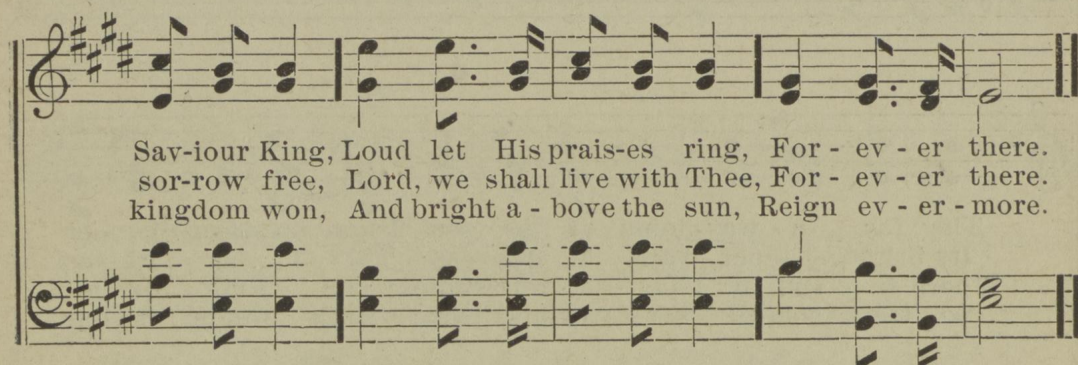
1. There is a happy land, Far, far a - way, Where saints in glo - ry stand,
2. Come to that happy land, Come, come a - way, Why will ye doubt - ing stand?
3. Bright in that happy land, Beams ev'ry eye, Kept by a Father's hand,



The Happy Land. (Concluded.)



Bright, bright as day. Oh, how they sweetly sing, Wor-thy is our
Why still de-lay? Oh, we shall hap-py be, When from sin and
Love can-not die. Oh, then to glo-ry run, Be a crown and

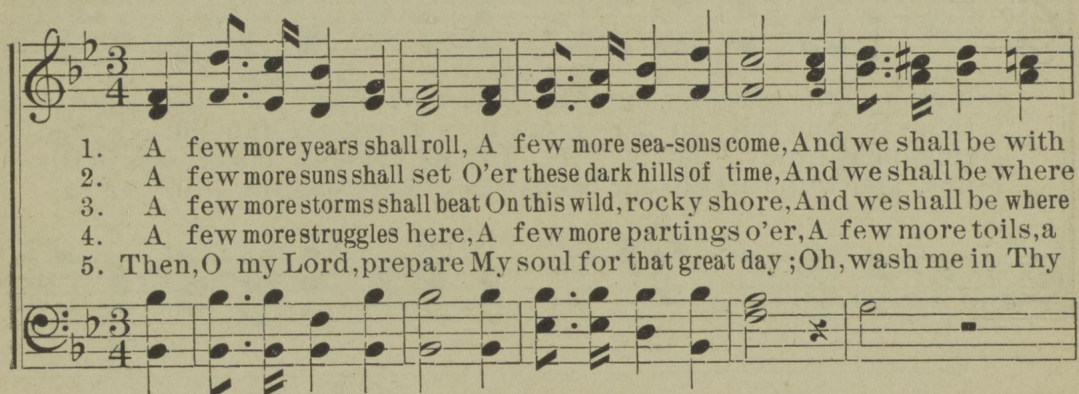


Sav-iour King, Loud let His prais-es ring, For - ev - er there.
sor-row free, Lord, we shall live with Thee, For - ev - er there.
kingdom won, And bright a - bove the sun, Reign ev - er - more.

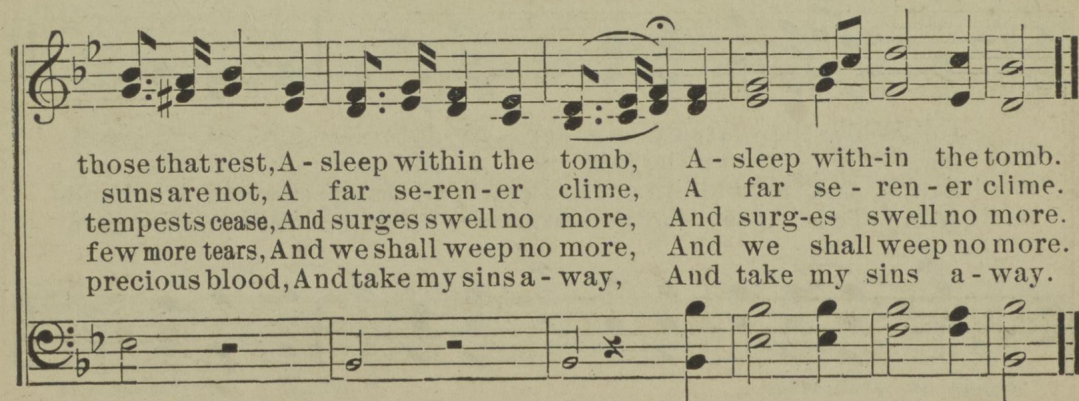
No. 181. Glendale. S. M.

HORATIUS BONAR, 1856.

WYATT MINSHALL.



1. A few more years shall roll, A few more sea-sons come, And we shall be with
2. A few more suns shall set O'er these dark hills of time, And we shall be where
3. A few more storms shall beat On this wild, rocky shore, And we shall be where
4. A few more struggles here, A few more partings o'er, A few more toils, a
5. Then, O my Lord, prepare My soul for that great day ; Oh, wash me in Thy



those that rest, A - sleep within the tomb, A - sleep with-in the tomb.
suns are not, A far se-ren-er clime, A far se - ren - er clime.
tempests cease, And surges swell no more, And surg-es swell no more.
few more tears, And we shall weep no more, And we shall weep no more.
precious blood, And take my sins a - way, And take my sins a - way.

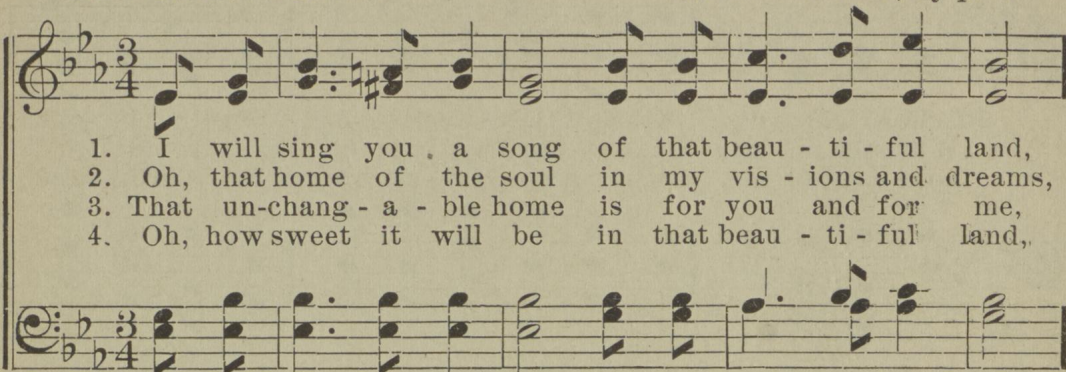
The Ruebush-Kieffer Co., owners.

No. 182.

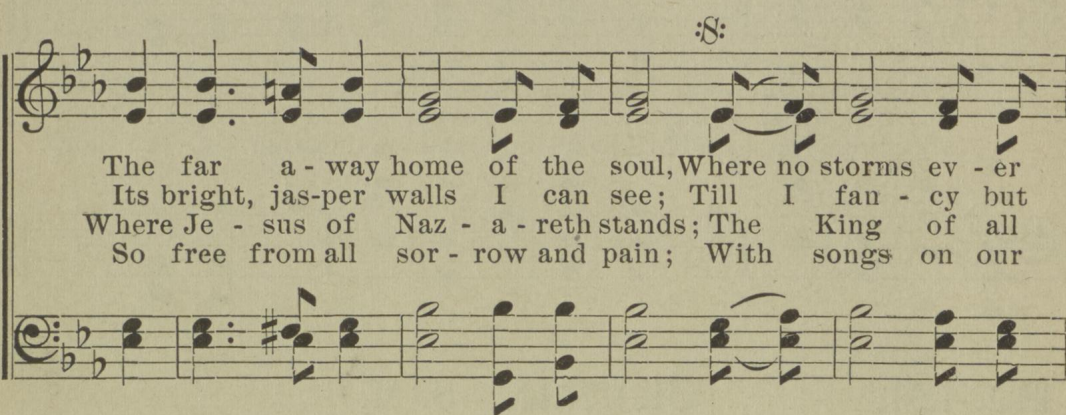
Home of the Soul.

Mrs. ELLEN H. GATES.

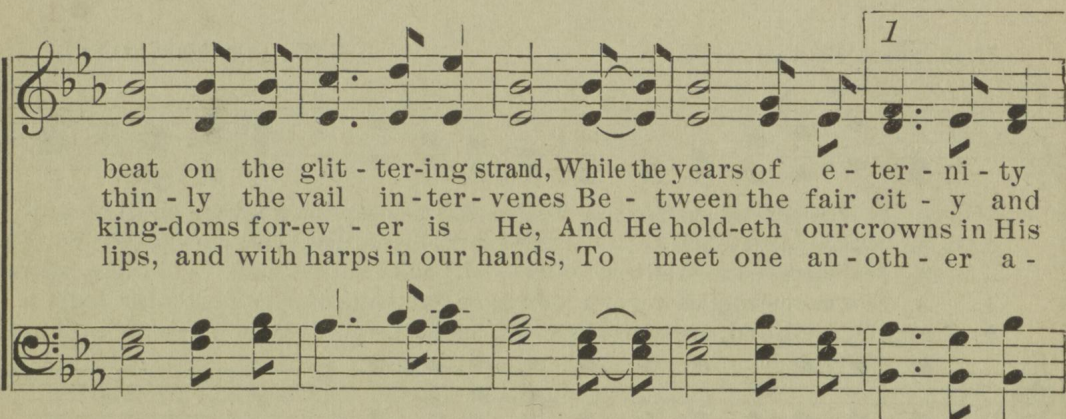
PHILIP PHILLIPS, by per.



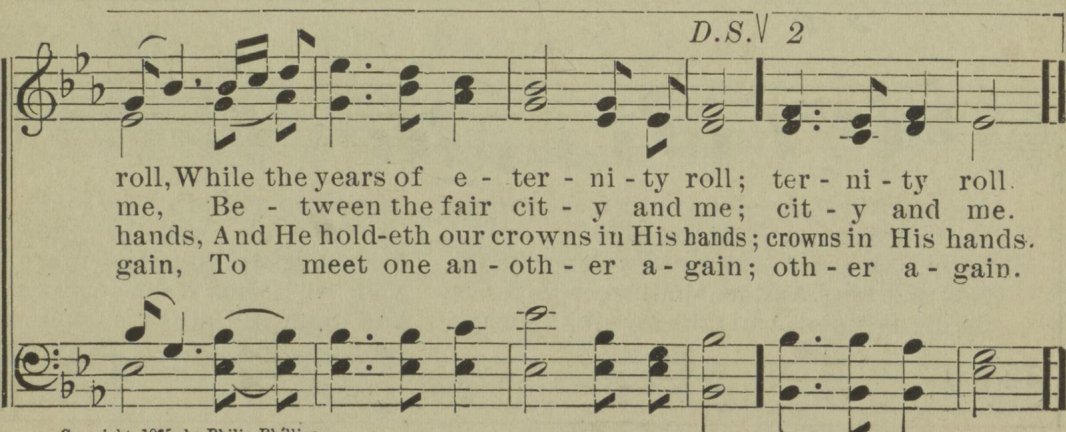
1. I will sing you a song of that beau - ti - ful land,
 2. Oh, that home of the soul in my vis - ions and dreams,
 3. That un - chang - a - ble home is for you and for me,
 4. Oh, how sweet it will be in that beau - ti - ful land,



The far a - way home of the soul, Where no storms ev - er
 Its bright, jas - per walls I can see; Till I fan - cy but
 Where Je - sus of Naz - a - reth stands; The King of all
 So free from all sor - row and pain; With songs on our



beat on the glit - ter - ing strand, While the years of e - ter - ni - ty
 thin - ly the vail in - ter - venes Be - tween the fair cit - y and
 king - doms for - ev - er is He, And He hold - eth our crowns in His
 lips, and with harps in our hands, To meet one an - oth - er a -

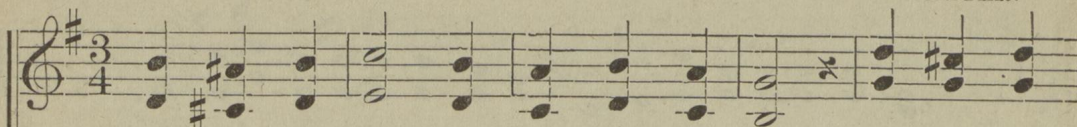


roll, While the years of e - ter - ni - ty roll; ter - ni - ty roll.
 me, Be - tween the fair cit - y and me; cit - y and me.
 hands, And He hold - eth our crowns in His hands; crowns in His hands.
 gain, To meet one an - oth - er a - gain; oth - er a - gain.

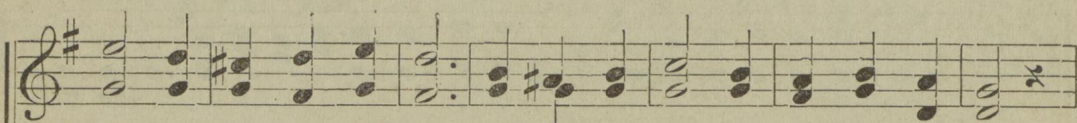
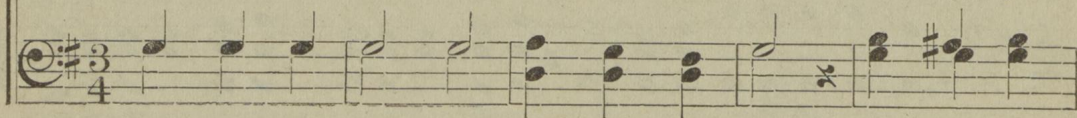
No. 183.

Consolation.

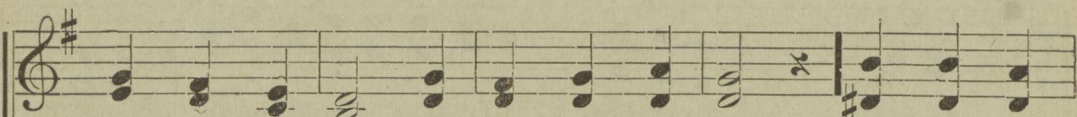
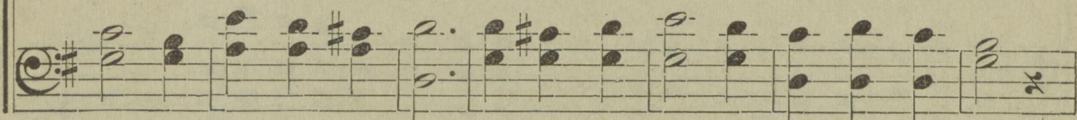
A. L. THAYER.



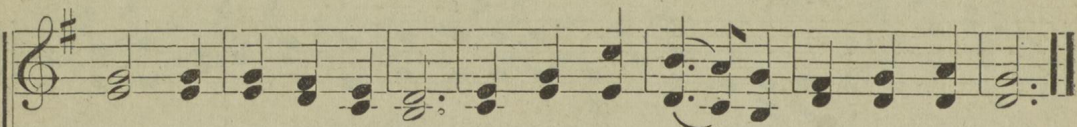
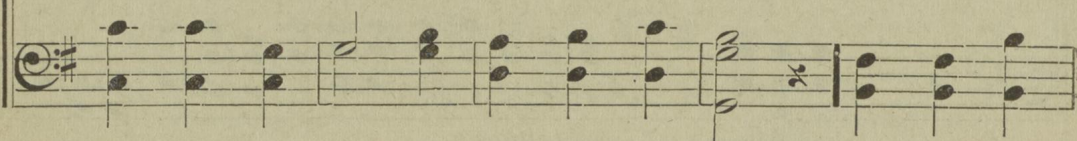
1. Sor - row - ful mourn - er, si - lent - ly weep, Weep, for thy
2. Bear her a - way, friends, to her last home, Peace - ful - ly
3. Beau - ti - ful song - birds, sing round her grave, Gen - tly, ye



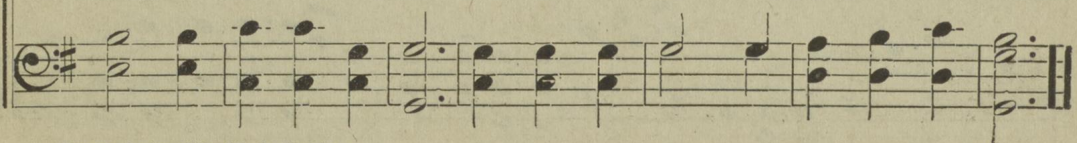
loved one sleeps her last sleep, Gaze on the form where beauty once bloomed,
lay her down in the tomb, Lightly, tread lightly round the low bed,
pine boughs, o - ver her wave, Blow, ye soft breezes, sweet breath of spring,



Now in the dust it must be en - tombed. Sor - row - ful
Sweet - ly now sleeps the beau - ti - ful dead. Sor - row - ful
Mu - si - cal rill, your lul - la - by sing. Sor - row - ful



mourn - er, si - lent - ly weep, Weep, for thy loved one sleeps her last sleep.
mourn - er, si - lent - ly weep, Weep, for thy loved one sleeps her last sleep.
mourn - er, weeping no more, Meet her up - on yon beau - ti - ful shore.



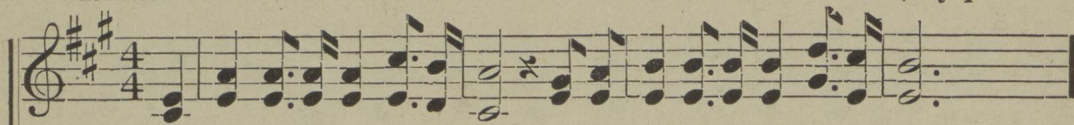
By permission of Dr. W. O. Perkins.

No. 184.

Over There.

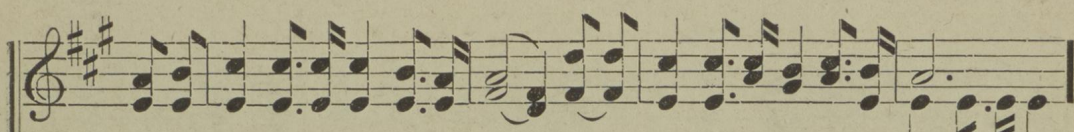
Rev. D. W. C. HUNTINGTON.

TULLIUS C. O'KANE, by per.

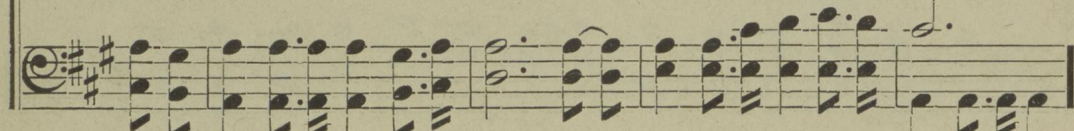


1. Oh, think of the home o-ver there, By the side of the riv-er of light,
 2. Oh, think of the friends o-ver there, Who be-fore us the jour-ney have trod;
 3. My Sav-iour is now o-ver there, There my kin-dred and friends are at rest;
 4. I'll soon be at home o-ver there, For the end of my jour-ney I see;

o-ver there;



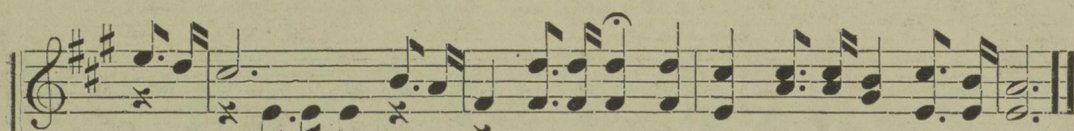
Where the saints, all im-mor-tal and fair, Are robed in their garments of white, o-ver there.
 Of the songs that they breathe on the air, In their home in the pal-ace of God, o-ver there.
 Then a-way from my sor-row and care, Let me fly to the land of the blest, o-ver there.
 Ma-ny dear to my heart, o-ver there, Are watch-ing and wait-ing for me, o-ver there.



REFRAIN.

Over there, over there, Oh, think of the home o-ver there, over there;
 Over there, over there, Oh, think of the friends over there, over there;
 Over there, over there, My Sav-iour is now o-ver there, o-ver there;
 Over there, over there, I'll soon be at home o-ver there, o-ver there;

O-ver there, o-ver there,



O-ver there, o-ver there, o-ver there, o-ver there, Oh think of the home o-ver there.
 O-ver there, o-ver there, o-ver there, o-ver there, Oh think of the friends o-ver there.
 O-ver there, o-ver there, o-ver there, o-ver there, My Sav-iour is now o-ver there.
 O-ver there, o-ver there, o-ver there, o-ver there, I'll soon be at home o-ver there.

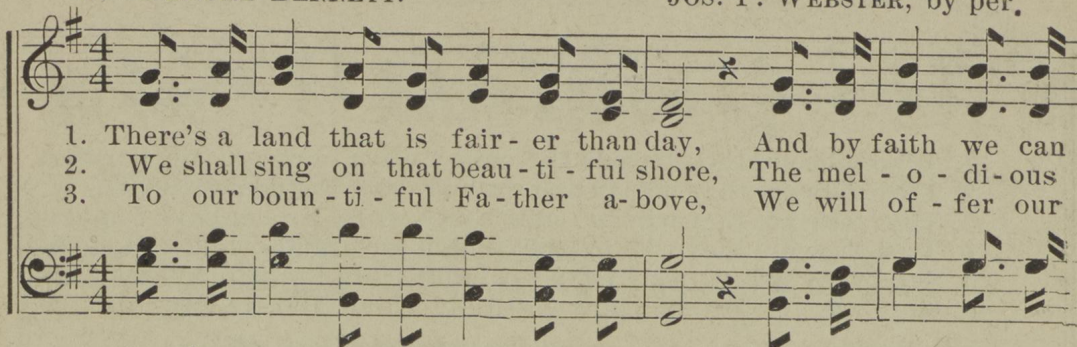
O-ver there,

No. 185.

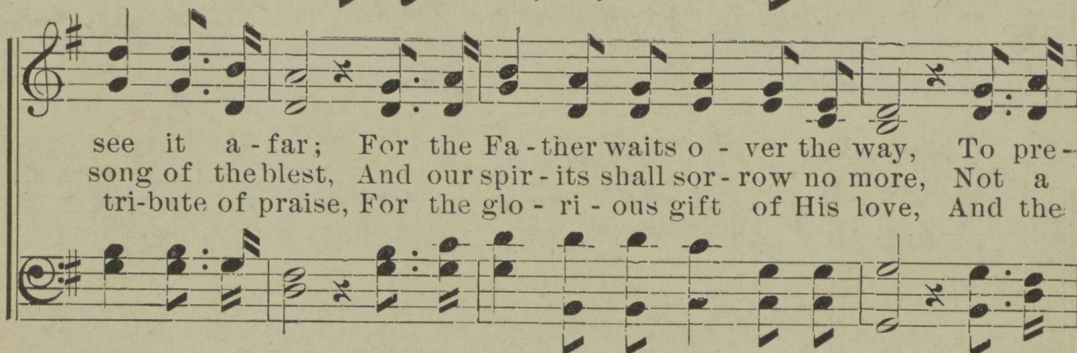
Sweet By and By.

S. FILLMORE BENNETT.

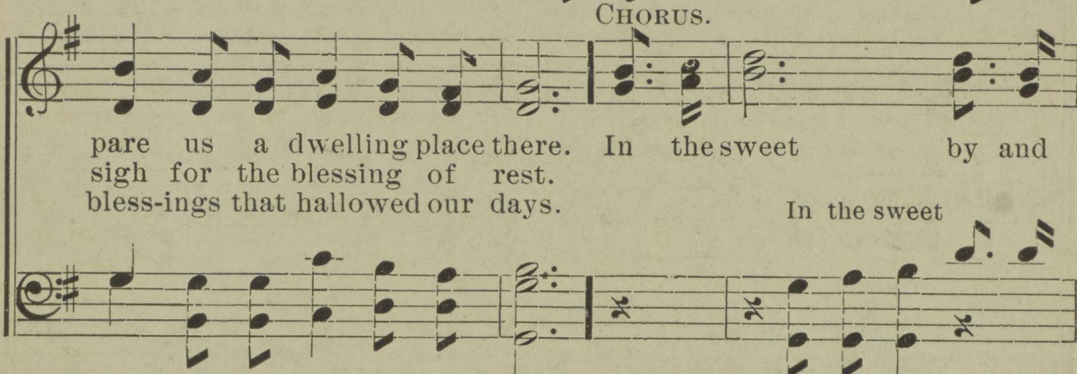
JOS. P. WEBSTER, by per.



1. There's a land that is fair-er than day, And by faith we can
 2. We shall sing on that beau-ti-ful shore, The mel-o-di-ous
 3. To our boun-ti-ful Fa-ther a-bove, We will of-fer our

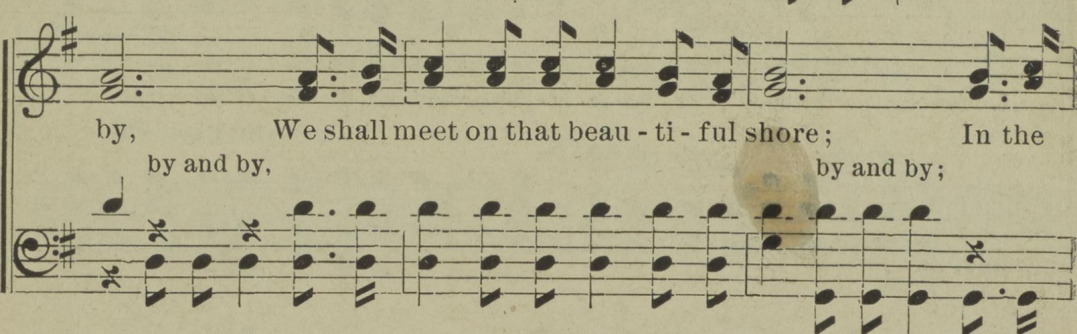


see it a-far; For the Fa-ther waits o-ver the way, To pre-
 song of the blest, And our spir-its shall sor-row no more, Not a
 tri-bute of praise, For the glo-ri-ous gift of His love, And the

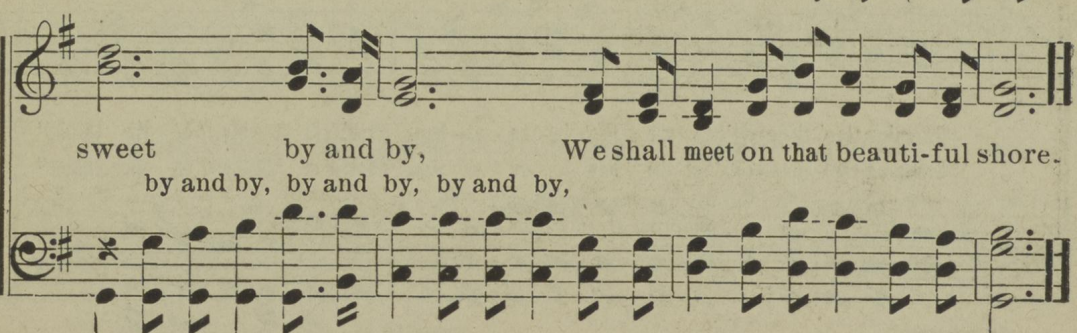


CHORUS.

pare us a dwelling place there. In the sweet by and
 sigh for the blessing of rest.
 bless-ings that hallowed our days. In the sweet



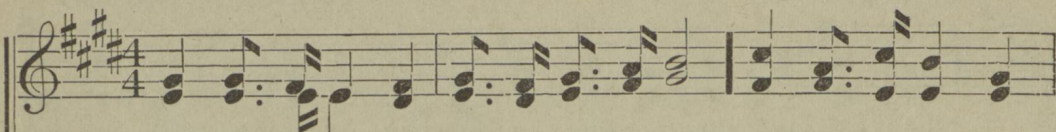
by, We shall meet on that beau-ti-ful shore; In the
 by and by, by and by;



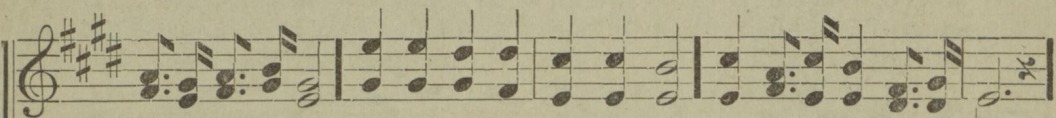
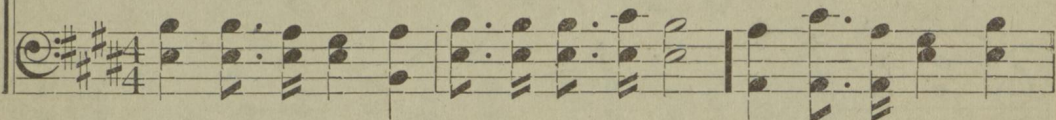
sweet by and by, We shall meet on that beauti-ful shore.
 by and by, by and by, by and by,

No. 186. Sweeping Through the Gates.

Words and Music by T. C. O'KANE.



1. Who, who are these beside the chill-y wave, Just on the bor-ders
2. These, these are they who in their youth-ful days Found Je-sus ear - ly,
3. These, these are they who in affliction's woes, Ev - er have found in
4. These, these are they who in the conflict dire, Bold - ly have stood a -
5. Safe, safe up-on the ev - er-shining shore, Sin, pain, and death, and
6. May we, O Lord, be now en-tire-ly Thine, Dai - ly, from sin be



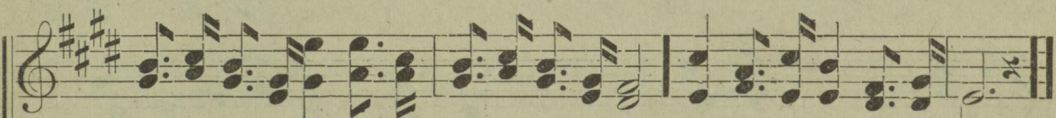
of the si - lent grave, Shout - ing Je - sus' pow'r to save, Wash'd in the blood of the Lamb?
and in wisdom's ways, Prov'd the ful - ness of His grace, Wash'd in the blood of the Lamb.
Je - sus calm re - pose, Such as from a pure heart flows, Wash'd in the blood of the Lamb.
mid the hot - test fire, Je - sus now says, "Come up higher," Wash'd in the blood of the Lamb.
sor-row all are o'er; Hap - py now and ev - er - more, Wash'd in the blood of the Lamb.
kept by pow'r di - vine, Then in heav'n the saints we'll join, Wash'd in the blood of the Lamb.



CHORUS.



- 1, 2, 3, 4. "Sweeping thro' the gates" to the New Je - ru - sa - lem, "Wash'd in the blood of the Lamb." . . .
5, 6. "Sweeping thro' the streets" of the New Je - ru - sa - lem, "Wash'd in the blood of the Lamb." . . .
in the blood of the Lamb.



“Sweeping thro’ the gates” to the New Je - ru - sa - lem, “Wash’d in the blood of the Lamb.”
 “Sweeping thro’ the streets” of the New Je - ru - sa - lem, “Wash’d in the blood of the Lamb.”



By permission.

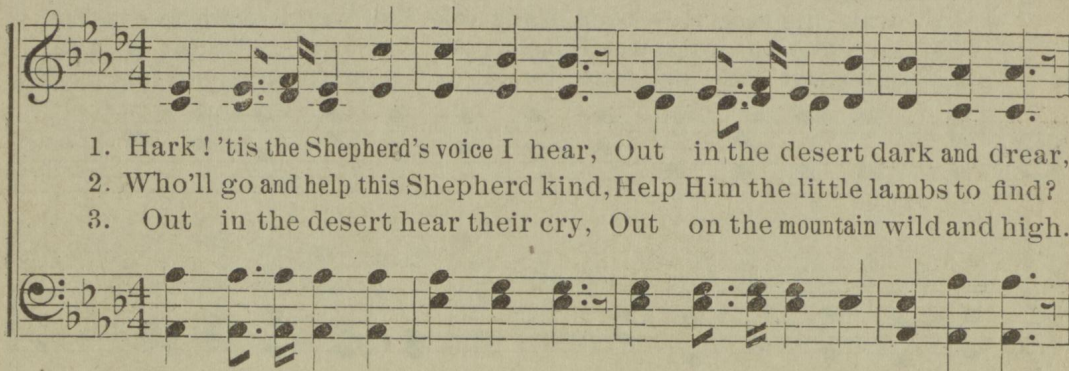
MISCELLANEOUS.

"Whosoever will, let him take of the water of life freely."—Rev. 22: 17.

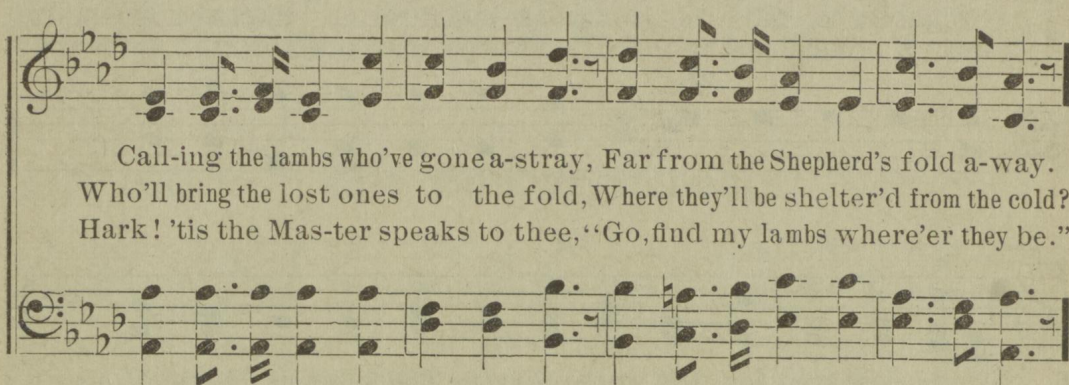
No. 187. Bring Them In.

ALEXCENAH THOMAS.

W. A. OGDEN.

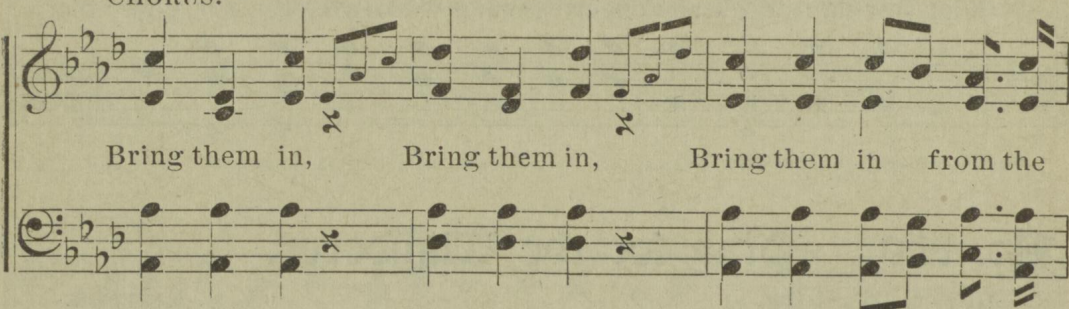


1. Hark! 'tis the Shepherd's voice I hear, Out in the desert dark and drear,
 2. Who'll go and help this Shepherd kind, Help Him the little lambs to find?
 3. Out in the desert hear their cry, Out on the mountain wild and high.

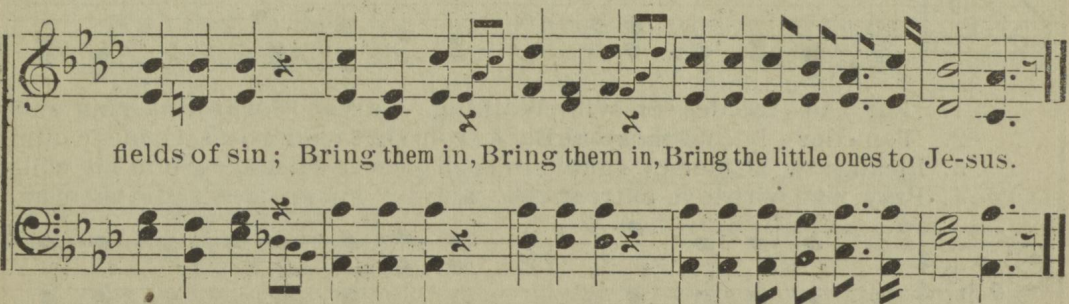


Call-ing the lambs who've gone a-stray, Far from the Shepherd's fold a-way.
 Who'll bring the lost ones to the fold, Where they'll be shelter'd from the cold?
 Hark! 'tis the Mas-ter speaks to thee, "Go, find my lambs where'er they be."

CHORUS.



Bring them in, Bring them in, Bring them in from the



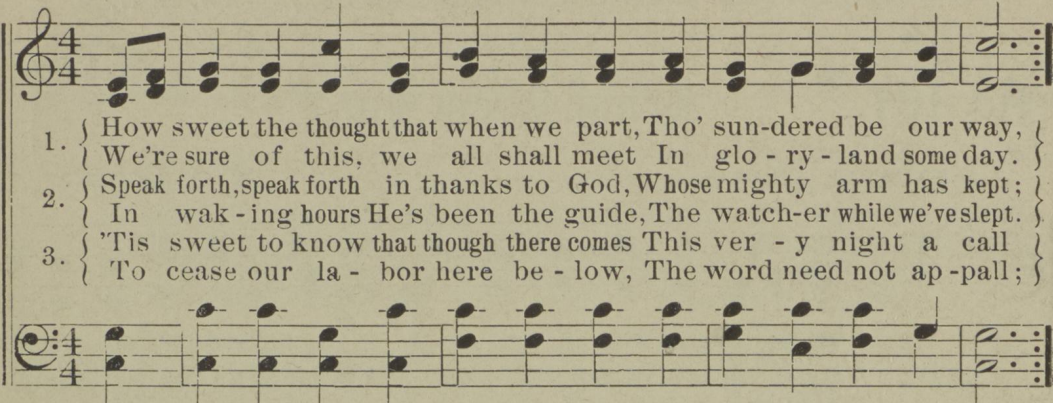
fields of sin; Bring them in, Bring them in, Bring the little ones to Je-sus.

No. 188.

Parting Song.

JOHN R. CLEMENTS.

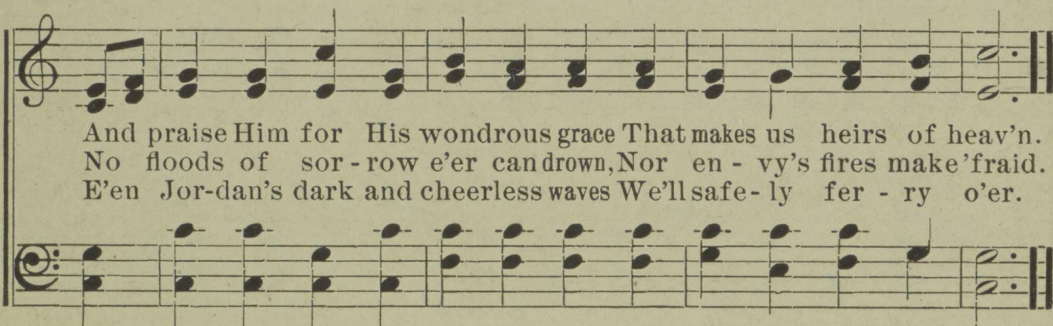
J. H. HALL.



1. { How sweet the thought that when we part, Tho' sun-dered be our way, {
 2. { We're sure of this, we all shall meet In glo-ry-land some day. {
 3. { Speak forth, speak forth in thanks to God, Whose mighty arm has kept; {
 4. { In wak-ing hours He's been the guide, The watch-er while we've slept. {
 5. { 'Tis sweet to know that though there comes This ver-y night a call {
 6. { To cease our la-bor here be-low, The word need not ap-pall; }



And there we'll sing be-fore our King, With voi-ces new-ly giv'n,
 No harm be-falls the soul whose trust Firm on the Lord is staid;
 For if our hope is fixed on Christ, The pi-lot to "that shore,"



And praise Him for His wondrous grace That makes us heirs of heav'n.
 No floods of sor-row e'er can drown, Nor en-vy's fires make 'fraid.
 E'en Jor-dan's dark and cheerless waves We'll safe-ly fer-ry o'er.

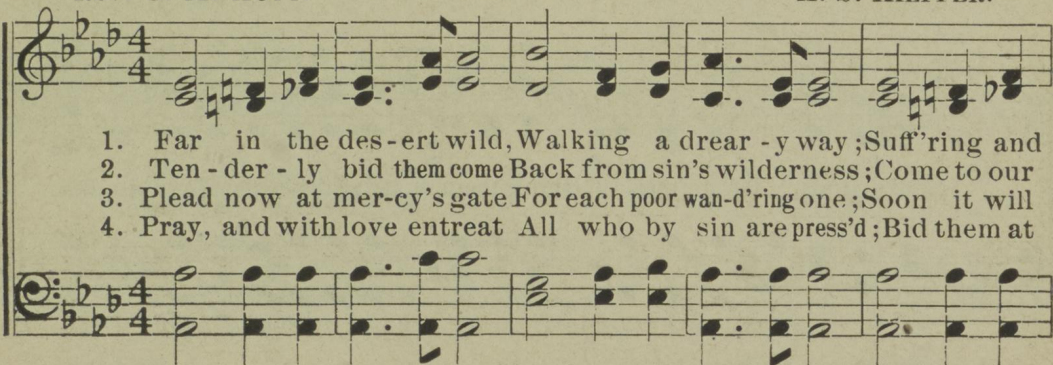
Copyright, 1899, by The Ruebush-Kieffer Co.

No. 189.

Pray for the Wanderer.

Rev. C. M. HOTT.

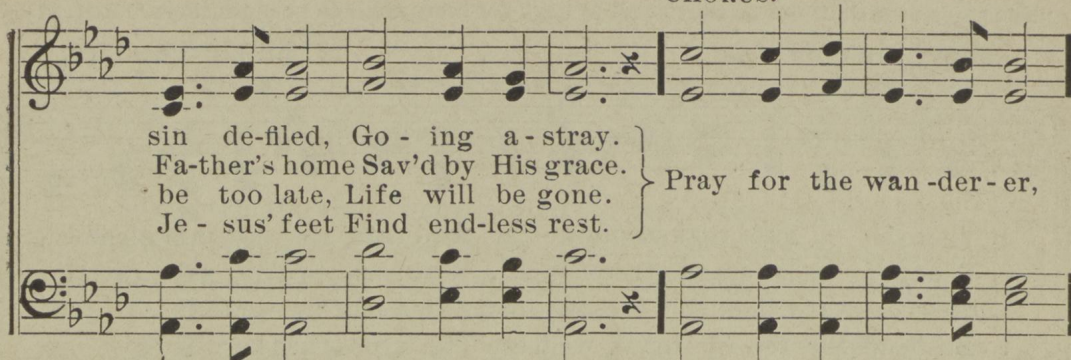
A. S. KIEFFER.



1. Far in the des-ert wild, Walking a drear-y way; Suff'ring and
 2. Ten-der-ly bid them come Back from sin's wilderness; Come to our
 3. Plead now at mer-cy's gate For each poor wan-d'ring one; Soon it will
 4. Pray, and with love entreat All who by sin are press'd; Bid them at

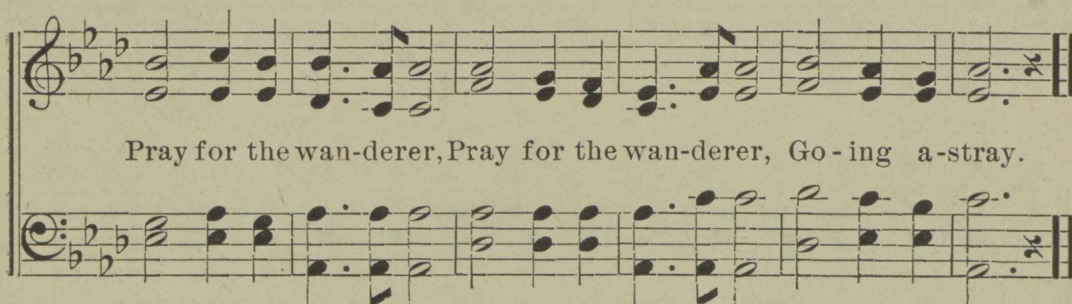
Pray for the Wanderer. (Concluded.)

CHORUS.



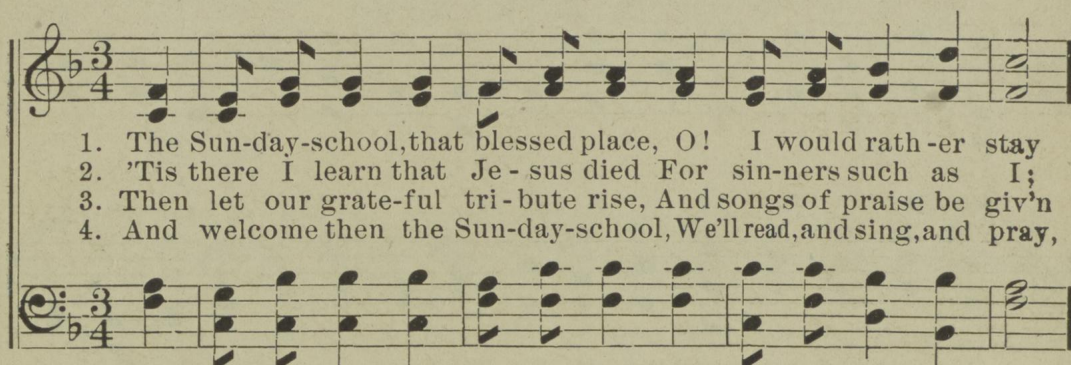
sin de-fled, Go - ing a-stray.
 Fa-ther's home Sav'd by His grace.
 be too late, Life will be gone.
 Je - sus' feet Find end-less rest.

Pray for the wan-der-er,



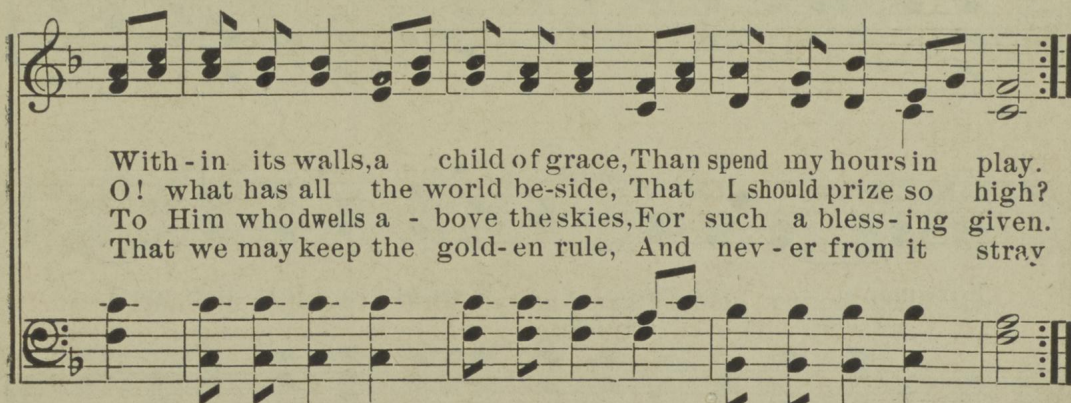
Pray for the wan-derer, Pray for the wan-derer, Go - ing a-stray.

No. 190. The Sunday-School.



1. The Sun-day-school, that blessed place, O! I would rath-er stay
2. 'Tis there I learn that Je - sus died For sin-ners such as I;
3. Then let our grate-ful tri-bute rise, And songs of praise be giv'n
4. And welcome then the Sun-day-school, We'll read, and sing, and pray,

CHO. — The Sun-day-school, the Sun-day-school, O! 'tis the place I love,



With - in its walls, a child of grace, Than spend my hours in play.
 O! what has all the world be-side, That I should prize so high?
 To Him whodwells a - bove theskies, For such a bless-ing given.
 That we may keep the gold-en rule, And nev - er from it stray

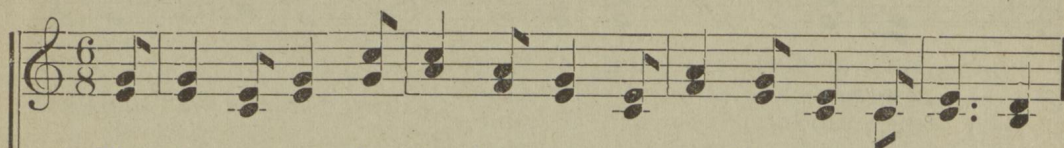
For there I learn the gold-en rule Which leads to joys a - bove.

No. 191. The Gate Ajar for Me.

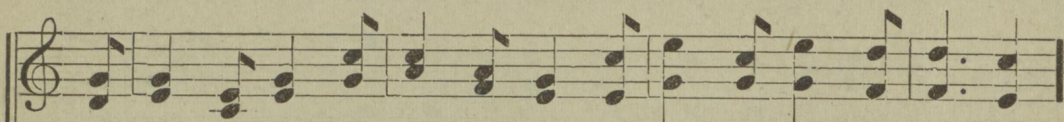
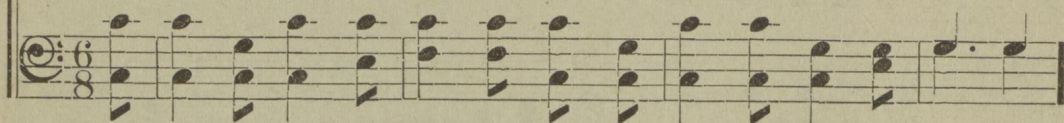
"The gates of it shall not be shut at all by day; for there shall be no night there." Rev. 21: 25

Mrs. LYDIA BAXTER.

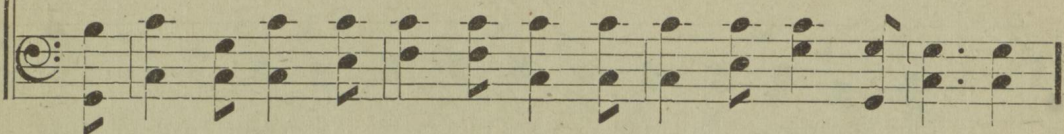
PHILIP PHILLIPS.



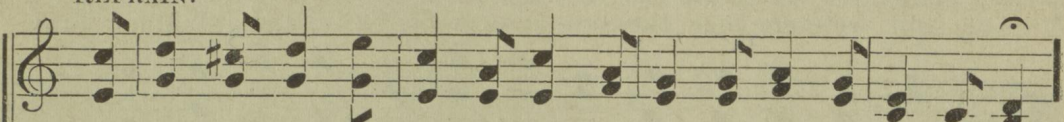
1. There is a gate that stands a - jar, And thro' its por - tals gleaming,
2. That gate a - jar stands free for all, Who seek thro' it sal - va - tion;
3. Press on - ward, then, tho' foes may frown, While mer - cy's gate is o - pen;
4. Be - yond the riv - er's brink we'll lay The cross that here is giv - en,



A rad - iance from the cross a - far, The Sav - iour's love re - veal - ing.
The rich and poor, the great and small, Of ev - 'ry tribe and na - tion.
Ac - cept the cross and win the crown, Love's ev - er - last - ing tok - en.
And bear the crown of life a - way, And love Him more in heav - en.



REFRAIN.



O depths of mer - cy! can it be That gate was left a - jar for me?



For me, . . . for me, . . . Was left a - jar for me? .
for me, for me,

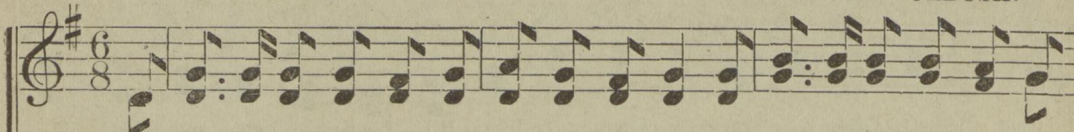


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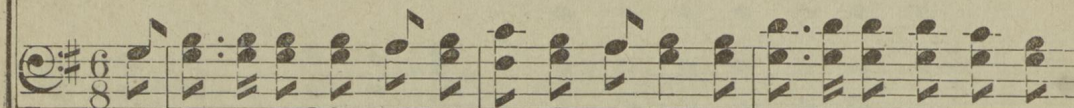
No. 192. Look Not on the Wine.

JNO. R. CLEMENTS.

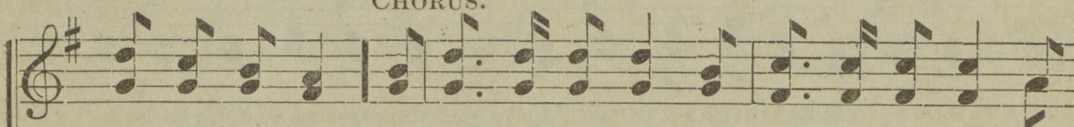
J. H. RUEBUSH.



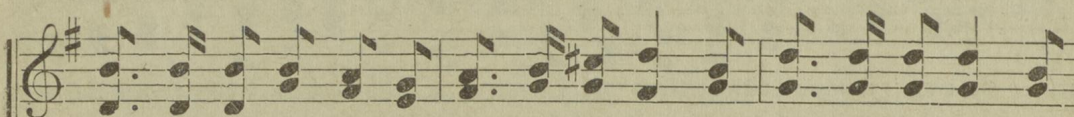
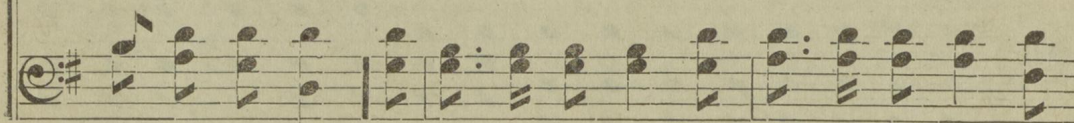
1. Look not on the wine! In the cup ru - by red, Where juices seem sweet, Lurks a
2. Look not on the wine! There is mis-ery there, There's heartache and pain, There's re-
3. Look not on the wine! For a sip may be hell. Keep it out of sight, Or the



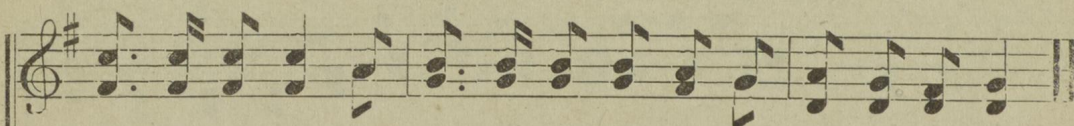
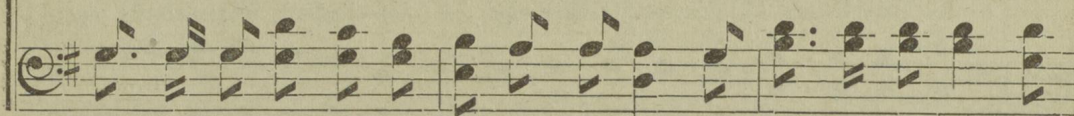
CHORUS.



ser - pent in - stead! Look not on the wine! Have courage! say no! Look
morse and de - spair.
end none can tell.



not on the wine! 'Tis a cup full of woe. Look not on the wine! Have



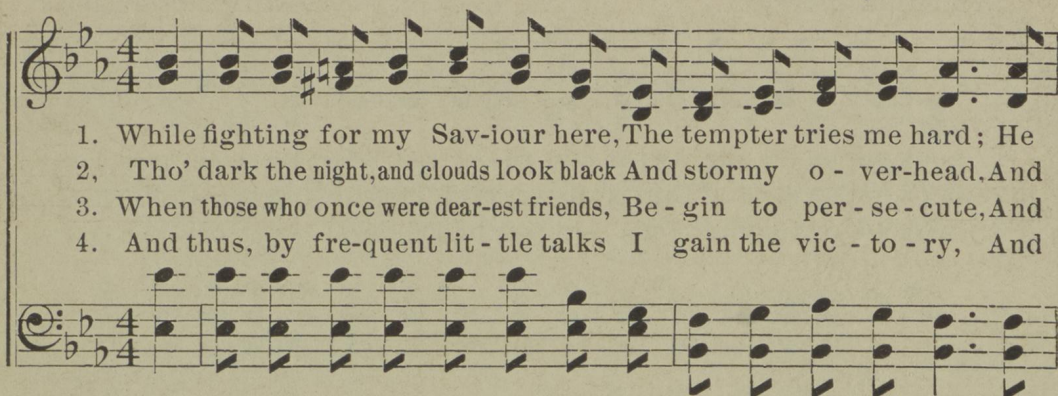
cour - age! say no! Look not on the wine! 'Tis a cup full of woe



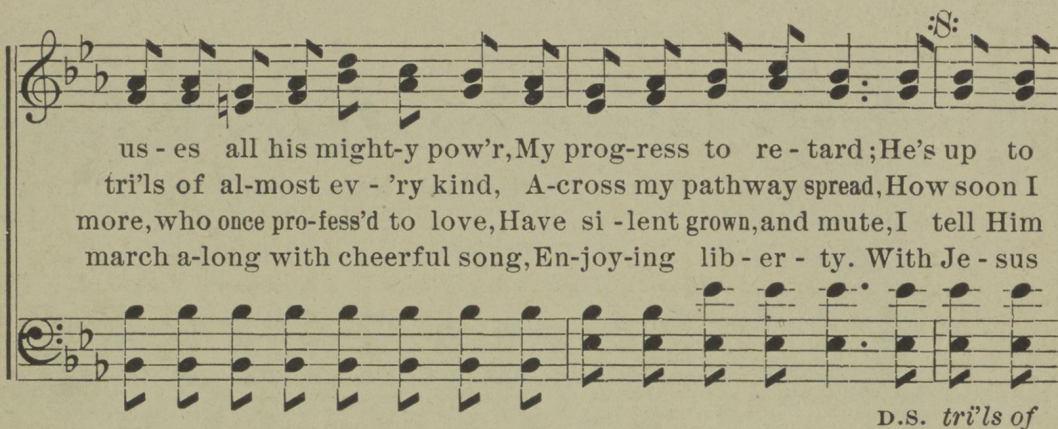
No. 193. A Little Talk with Jesus.

Arr.

Arr. by J. H. H.

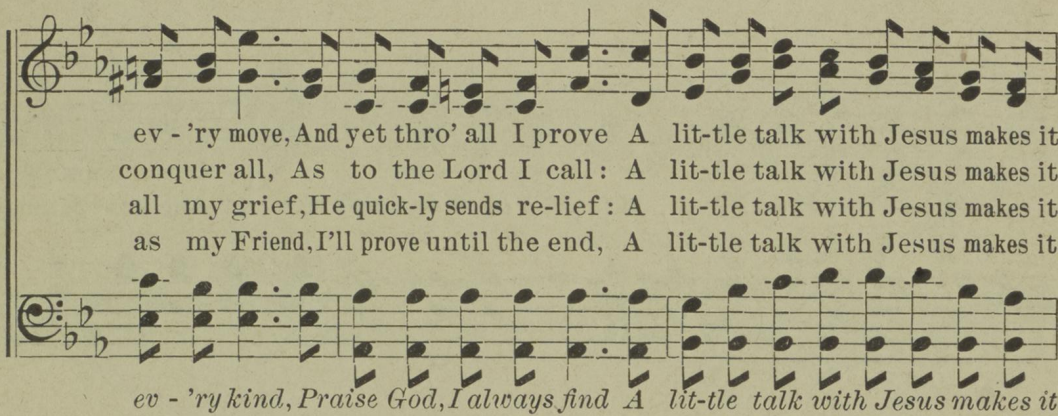


1. While fighting for my Sav-iour here, The tempter tries me hard; He
 2. Tho' dark the night, and clouds look black And stormy o - ver-head. And
 3. When those who once were dear-est friends, Be - gin to per - se - cute, And
 4. And thus, by fre-quent lit - tle talks I gain the vic - to - ry, And



us - es all his might-y pow'r, My progress to re - tard; He's up to
 tri'ls of al-most ev - 'ry kind, A-cross my pathway spread, How soon I
 more, who once pro-fess'd to love, Have si - lent grown, and mute, I tell Him
 march a-long with cheerful song, En-joy-ing lib - er - ty. With Je - sus

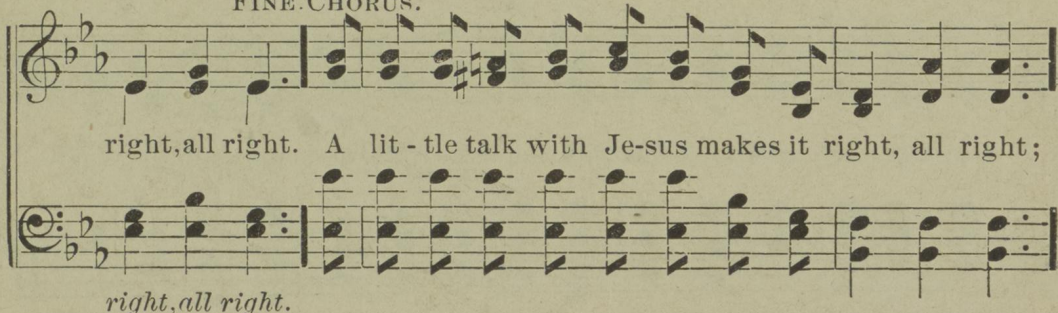
D.S. tri'ls of



ev - 'ry move, And yet thro' all I prove A lit-tle talk with Jesus makes it
 conquer all, As to the Lord I call: A lit-tle talk with Jesus makes it
 all my grief, He quick-ly sends re-lief: A lit-tle talk with Jesus makes it
 as my Friend, I'll prove until the end, A lit-tle talk with Jesus makes it

ev - 'ry kind, Praise God, I always find A lit-tle talk with Jesus makes it

FINE. CHORUS.



right, all right. A lit - tle talk with Je - sus makes it right, all right;
 right, all right.

The Ruebush Kieffer Co., owners.

A Little Talk with Jesus. (Concluded.)

D.S.

A lit - tle talk with Je - sus makes it right, all right; In

No. 194.

Come and Live.

ELIZA SHERMAN.

J. H. HALL.

1. "Peace with God," what gift more pre-cious, From His treasure-house a-bove,
2. On - ly trust His lov-ing kindness; "When the heart on Him is stayed,
3. Tell-ing oft the dear, old sto - ry, Point-ing them to heav'n a-bove,

FINE.

Could our Fa - ther send His chil-dren, As a to - ken of His love?
It shall nev - er more be troub-led, It shall nev - er be a - fraid."
Sav-iour, help me show to oth - ers, More of faith, of Christian love.

D.S. 'Tis a lov - ing Fa - ther calls thee, Come to Him and ye shall live.

CHORUS.

D.S.

On - ly trust Him, on - ly trust Him, "Christ is faith - ful to for-give";

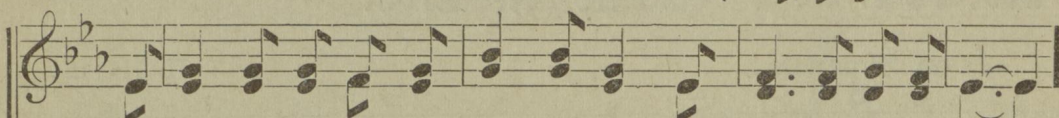
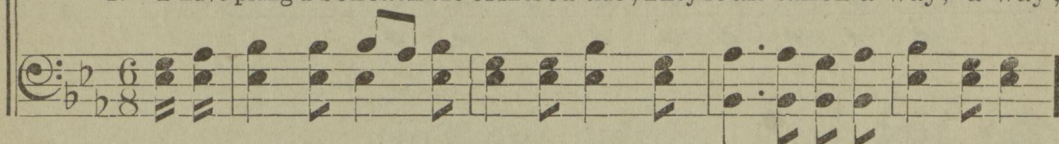
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R. KELSO CARTER (except 1st verse).

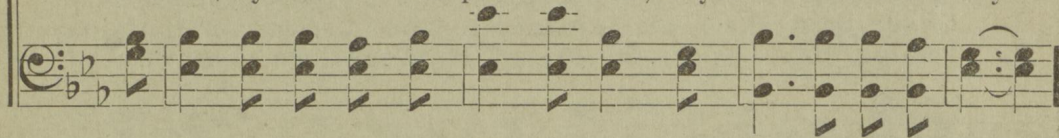
A. A.



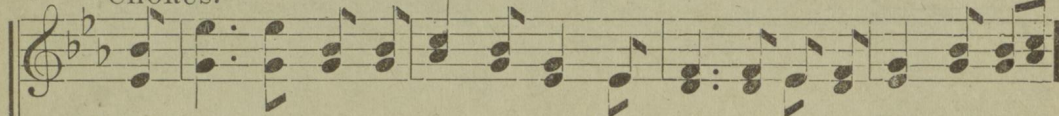
1. Did you hear what Je-sus said to me? They're all taken a-way, a-way;
2. Oh, this won-drous grace so free and full; They're all taken a-way, a-way;
3. Now the cleansing streams of mer-cy flow; They're all taken a-way, a-way;
4. I have plung'd beneath the crimson tide; They're all taken a-way, a-way;



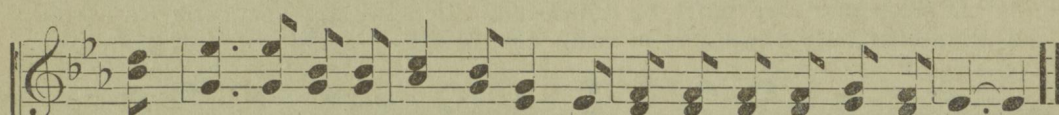
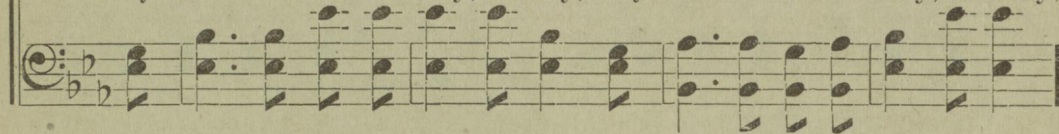
Your sins are pardon'd and you are free, They're all tak-en a - way.
 Tho' red like crim-son, they're now as wool, They're all tak-en a - way.
 My sins like scarlet are white as snow; They're all tak-en a - way.
 And now by faith I am pur - i - fied; They're all tak-en a - way.



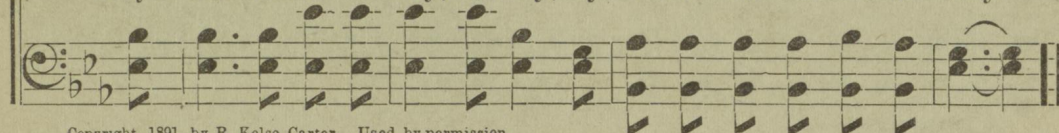
CHORUS.



They're all tak-en a - way, a - way, They're all tak-en a - way, a - way,



They're all tak-en a-way, a-way, My sins are all tak-en a - way.



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- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>5 Oh, the cleansing blood has washed my soul;
 They're all taken away, away;
 And Jesus healing has made me whole;
 They're all taken away.</p> | <p>7 So I praise the Lord for sins forgiven,
 They're all taken away, away;
 While onward pressing my way to heav'n;
 They're all taken away.</p> |
| <p>6 Now the Spirit witnesses to me;
 They're all taken away, away;
 And keeps me standing in liberty;
 They're all taken away.</p> | <p>8 And when in glory we meet above;
 They're all taken away, away;
 We'll sing the song of redeeming love;
 They're all taken away.</p> |

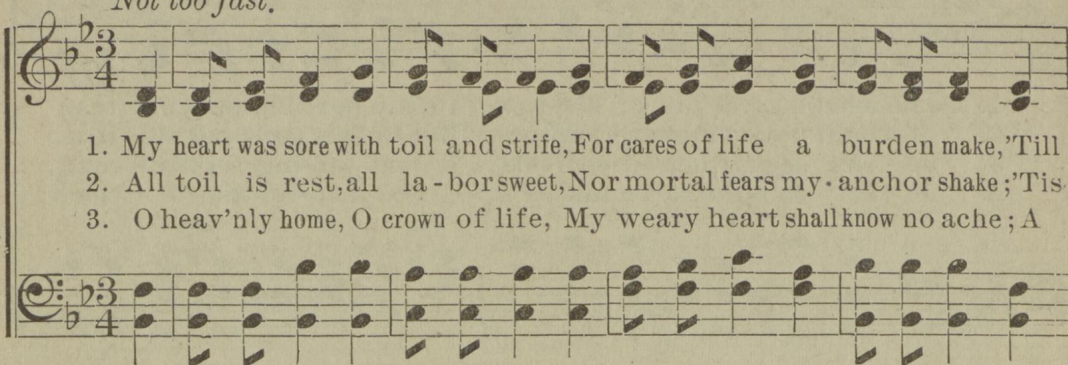
No. 196.

For Jesus' Sake.

Rev. G. P. HOTT, A. M.

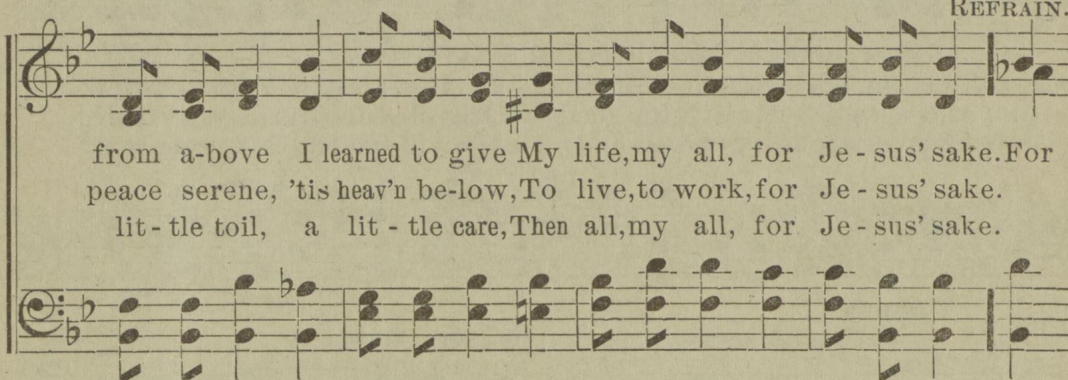
WILL H. RUEBUSH.

Not too fast.

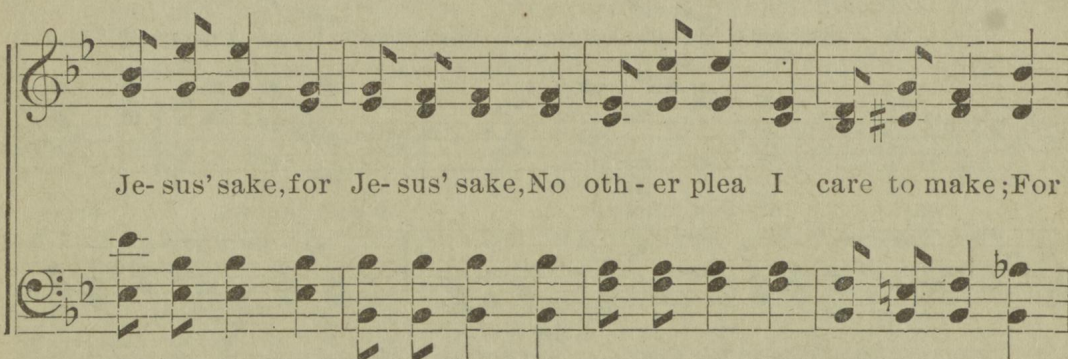


1. My heart was sore with toil and strife, For cares of life a burden make, 'Till
2. All toil is rest, all la-bors sweet, Nor mortal fears my anchor shake; 'Tis
3. O heav'nly home, O crown of life, My weary heart shall know no ache; A

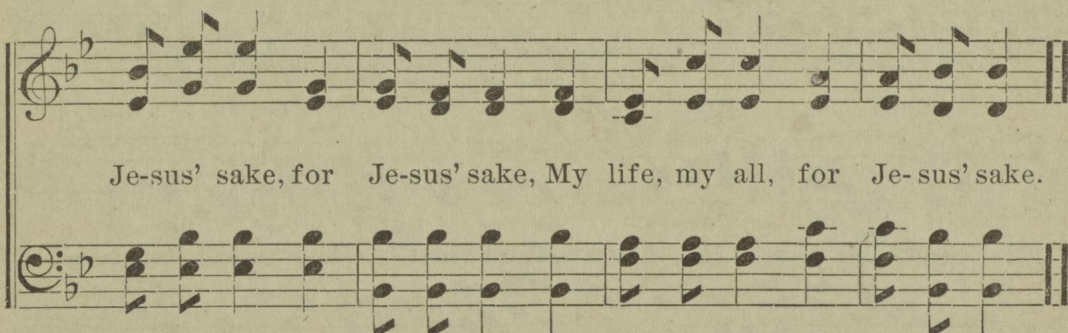
REFRAIN.



from a-bove I learned to give My life, my all, for Je-sus' sake. For
peace serene, 'tis heav'n be-low, To live, to work, for Je-sus' sake.
lit-tle toil, a lit-tle care, Then all, my all, for Je-sus' sake.



Je-sus' sake, for Je-sus' sake, No oth-er plea I care to make; For



Je-sus' sake, for Je-sus' sake, My life, my all, for Je-sus' sake.

No. 197.

Jesus Knows.

LAURA E. NEWELL.

J. H. HALL.

1. Come what may of joy or sor-row, Be my por-tion pain or rest,
 2. I would nev-er choose my path-way, But by faith would walk with Him;
 3. Je - sus sees if heav-y heart-ed, I am toil-ing on life's road;
 4. Je - sus calls me to be faith-ful, To be help-ful as I roam;

Je-sus guides me and directs me, And His way is al-ways best.
 Trusting ev - er, and be-liev-ing, If the skies are bright or dim.
 And with love He lifts the shadows That obscure His blest a - bode.
 And when toils and tears are end-ed, He will bid His child "come home."

CHORUS.

Je - sus knows, Je - sus knows,

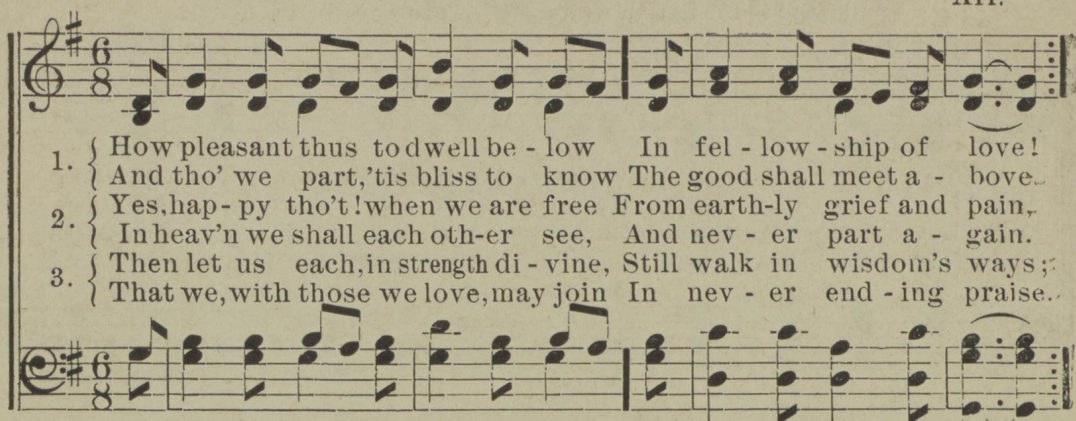
Je - sus knows, Je - sus knows, Je - sus knows, Je - sus knows, All the

way . . . my feet must go; Je - sus knows, . . . Jesus

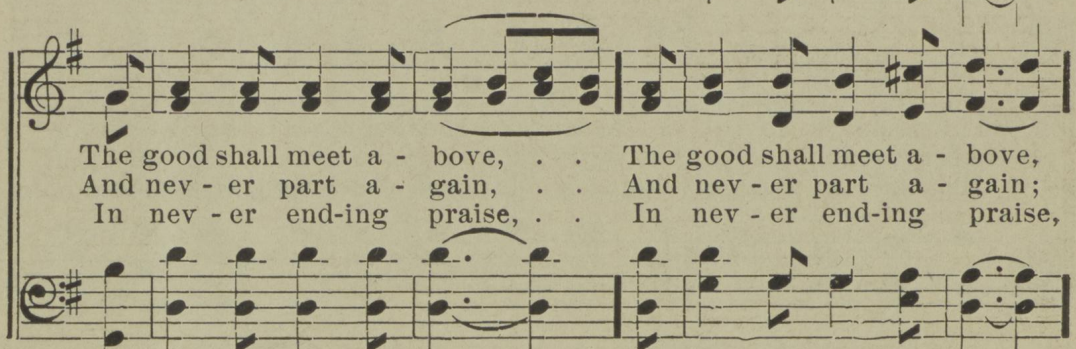
way, all the way, my feet must go, feet must go; Je - sus knows, Je - sus knows, Jesus

knows, . . . Him I trust, *rit.* who loves me so. . . .

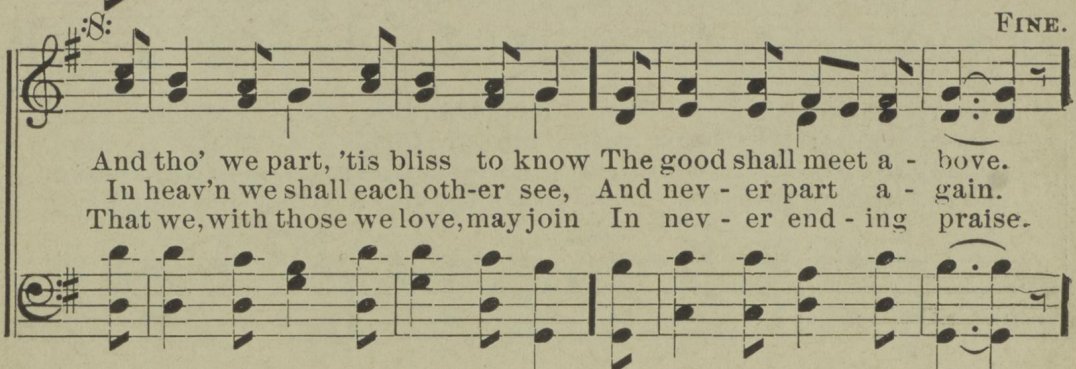
knows, Jesus knows, Him I trust, Him I trust, who loves me so, loves me so.



1. { How pleasant thus to dwell be - low In fel - low - ship of love!
 And tho' we part, 'tis bliss to know The good shall meet a - bove.
 2. { Yes, hap - py tho't! when we are free From earth - ly grief and pain,
 In heav'n we shall each oth - er see, And nev - er part a - gain.
 3. { Then let us each, in strength di - vine, Still walk in wisdom's ways;
 That we, with those we love, may join In nev - er end - ing praise.



The good shall meet a - bove, . . . The good shall meet a - bove,
 And nev - er part a - gain, . . . And nev - er part a - gain;
 In nev - er end - ing praise, . . . In nev - er end - ing praise,

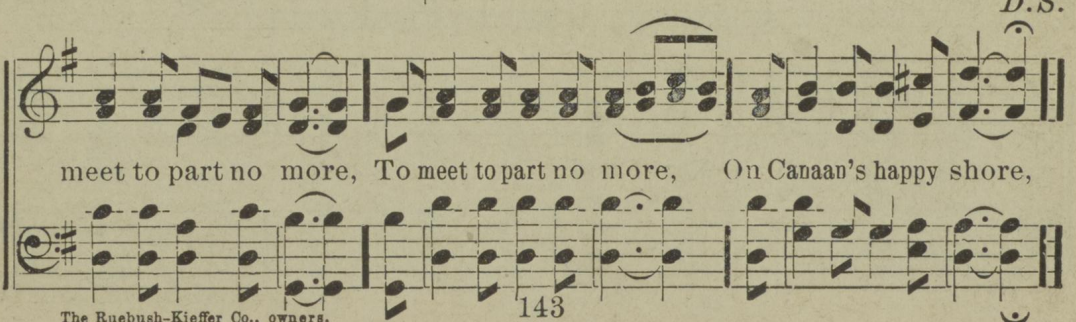


And tho' we part, 'tis bliss to know The good shall meet a - bove.
 In heav'n we shall each oth - er see, And nev - er part a - gain.
 That we, with those we love, may join In nev - er end - ing praise.

D.S. And sing the ev - er - last - ing song With those who've gone be - fore.
 CHORUS.



Oh! that will be joy - ful, joy - ful, joy - ful! Oh! that will be joy - ful, To



meet to part no more, To meet to part no more, On Canaan's happy shore,

No. 199.

America. 6s & 4s.

"Blessed is the nation whose God is the Lord." Ps. 33: 12.

S. F. SMITH.

HENRY CAREY.

1. My coun - try, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty,
 2. My na - tive coun - try, thee, Land of the no - ble free,
 3. Let mu - sic swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees
 4. Our fa - ther's God, to Thee, Au - thor of lib - er - ty.

Of thee I sing; Land where my fa - thers died, Land of the
 Thy name I love; I love thy rock's and rills, Thy woods and
 Sweet freedom's song; Let mor - tal tongues a - wake, Let all that
 To thee we sing; Long may our land be bright, With free - dom's

cres.

Pil - grim's pride, From ev - 'ry moun - tain side Let free - dom ring.
 tem - pled hills; My heart with rap - ture thrills, Like that a - bove.
 breathe par - take, Let rocks their si - lence break, The sound pro - long.
 ho - ly light; Pro - tect us by thy might, Great God, our King.

No. 200.

Benediction.

J. H. HALL.

{ The grace of our Lord } love of God { And the communion of }
 { Jesus Christ, and the } the Holy Ghost, be }

with you all, | Now and ev - er - more A - MEN.

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MAN'S RUIN AND REDEMPTION.

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