ROUND NOTES.

CREAM OF SONG

By

REV. L. L. PICKETT

EVANGELIST O. B. CULPEPPER

WM. EDIE MARKS

PICKETT PUBLISHING CO.
LOUISVILLE, KY.

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Prices: Board, 25c; Muslin, 20 ·: Manilla, 15c.

The Greatest Need

BY FRANK H. HOOSE

CLOTH, 50c.; PAPER, 20c.

The subject of this book is sanctification. When we remember that without holiness "no man shall see the Lord" we feel that Mr. Hoose has rightly named his book. It is certainly a very helpful treatise on the subject. It contains twelve chapters.

I. The Greatest Need.
II. The Life Defined.
III. Regeneration and Sanctification not Identical.
IV. Necessity of Holiness.
V. Entire Sanctification Attainable.
VI. Holiness not by Growth.
VII. Objections Considered.
VIII. How Obtained.
IX. Evidences of Sanctification.
X. How Retained.
XI Witnesses.
XII. Baptism of Holy Ghost and its Results.

The author of this work did wide reading and made close research to collate so many authorities. We notice among the many from whom he quotes the following:

Dougan Clark, C. J. Fowler, Bishops McKendree, George, Roberts, Hedding, Soule, Janes, Foster, Peck and perhaps others. Wesley, Watson, Adam Clark, W. Jones, Luther Lee, G. D Watson, Isaiah Reid, Asa Mahan, A. M. Hills, W. McDonald, John Fletcher, A. T. Pierson, Moody, Carradine, Keen, A. J Gordon, Andrew Murray, and 25 or 30 others.

HE GIVES IN ONE PLACE

an array of sixty-one widely-known Christian ministers or writers as advocates of this doctrine and experience.

BESIDES ALL THESE HUMAN

authorities he gives scripture to confirm our faith. There is also a strong, clear experience from the pen of Rev. T. L. Adams and an article by Bro. Adams entitled, "Sanctification as taught in the Bible" This is splendid, and fully confirms the work of Mr. Hoose. All told, it is a clear, helpful book and merits a wide circulation.

PICKETT PUB CO. LOUISVILLE, KY

B53.
25w

Myrtle Kincaid
Falmouth
Ky
1905

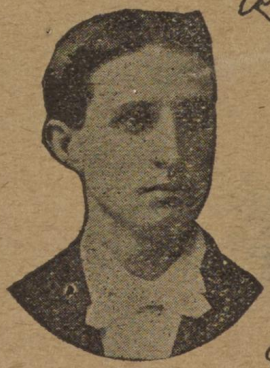
Some of Our Evangelists.

Some of Cur Evangelists.

CREAM OF SONG

By

REV. L. L. PICKETT



EVANGELIST O. B. CULPEPPER

WM. EDIE MARKS

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Prefatory

We believe this collection of songs will fully justify its title. Please examine the whole book carefully, but especially Nos. 1, 2, 5, 6, 8, 11, 15, 18, 24, 25, 29, 31, 38, 44, 46, 48, 57, 58, 63, 64, 69, 79, 81, 85, 104, 114, 124, 156, 164, 169, 179, 181, 183, 185, 228, 230, 238, 244, 245, 246, 254.

Besides these choice new songs you will find an uncommonly large number of standard hymns like Nos. 125—155, 197—215. Here also are many beautiful invitation hymns which are so scarce in the average book and yet so much needed in revival work. For this class of songs see especially Nos. 7, 10, 17, 27, 30, 35, 41, 50, 56, 67, 70, 71, 75, 77, 78, 111, 117, 121, 124, 233 These and others.

For consecration and missionary hymns see Nos: 4, 9, 14, 33, 34, 43, 47, 61, 64, 68, 70, 107, 167, 174, 180, 183, 184, 187, 236. For solos, duetts and quartetts try Nos. 6, 16, 19, 20, 23, 25, 32, 36, 46, 54, 63, 67, 104, 105, 168, 172, 184, 192, 228.

You will find a number of beautiful songs on the return of our Lord and kindred themes. See Nos. 164, 171, 173, 219, 226, 231.

We pray and believe that God's blessing will accompany these songs. Use them, reader, for His glory and may He bless you.

THE EDITORS.

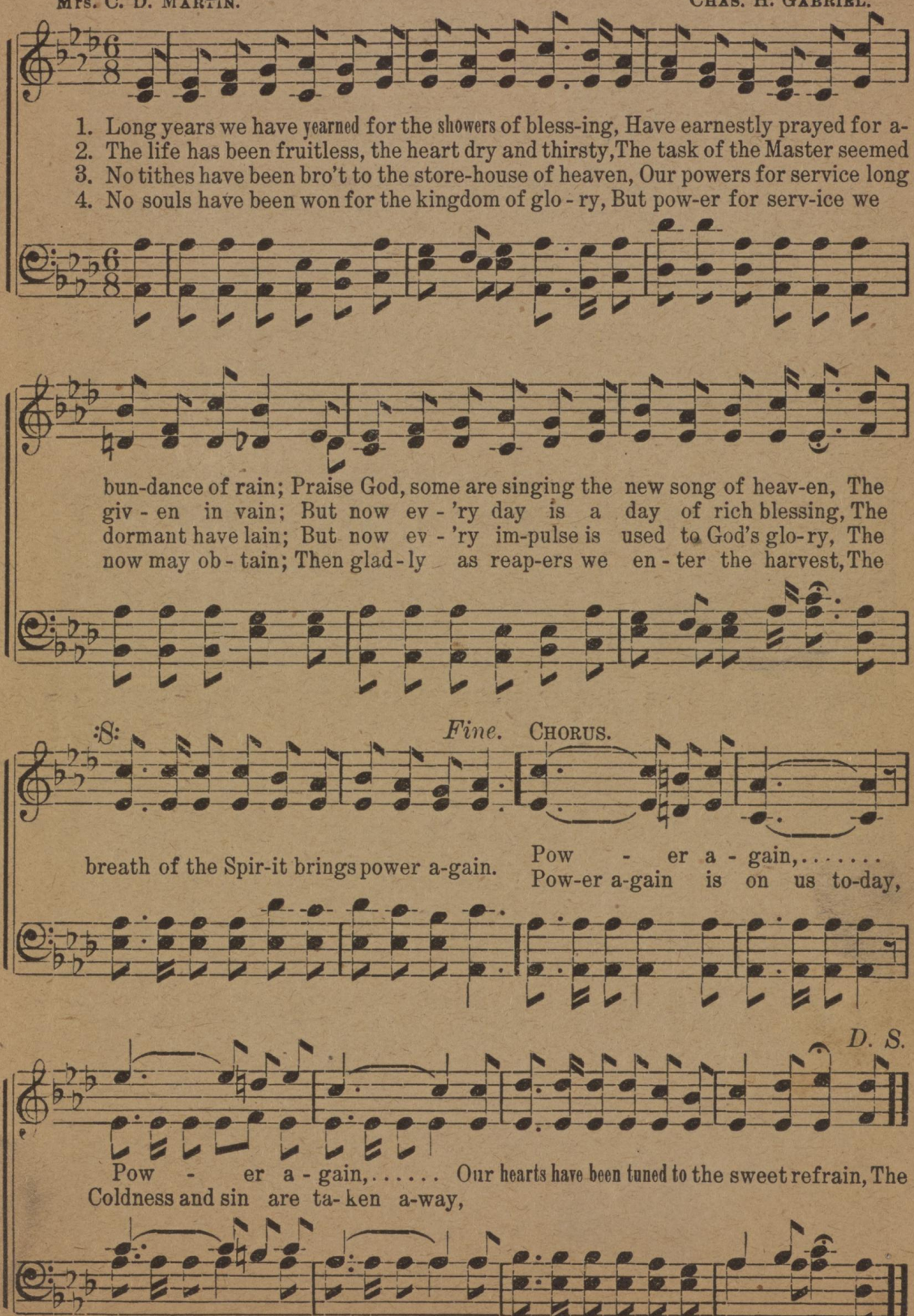
October 1906.

+ Sp Coll X-93 BLACK SWAN $25.00

Cream of Song.

1 THE BREATH OF THE SPIRIT.

Mrs. C. D. Martin. Chas. H. Gabriel.



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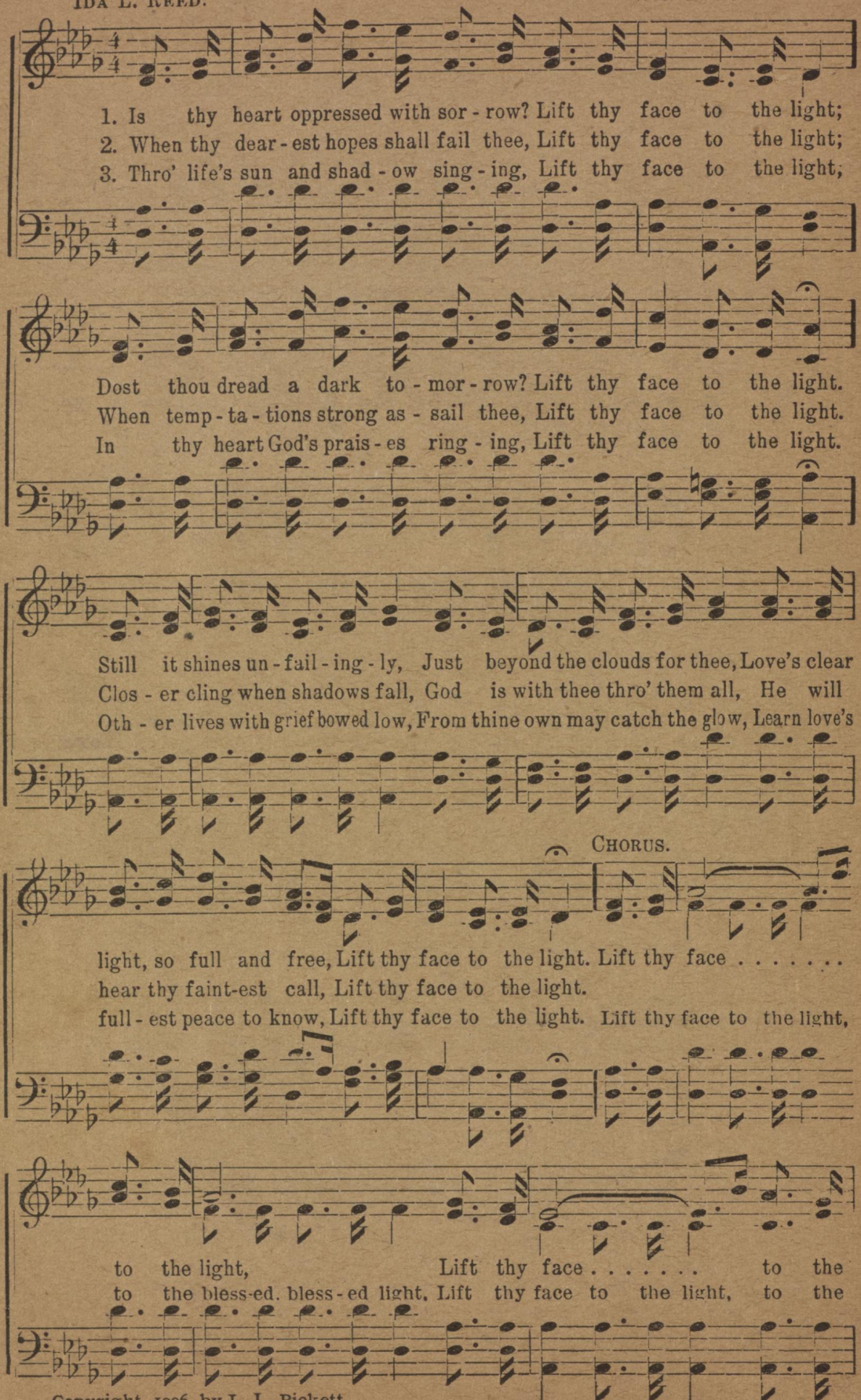
LIFT THY FACE TO THE LIGHT!

IDA L. REED. WM. EDIE MARKS.



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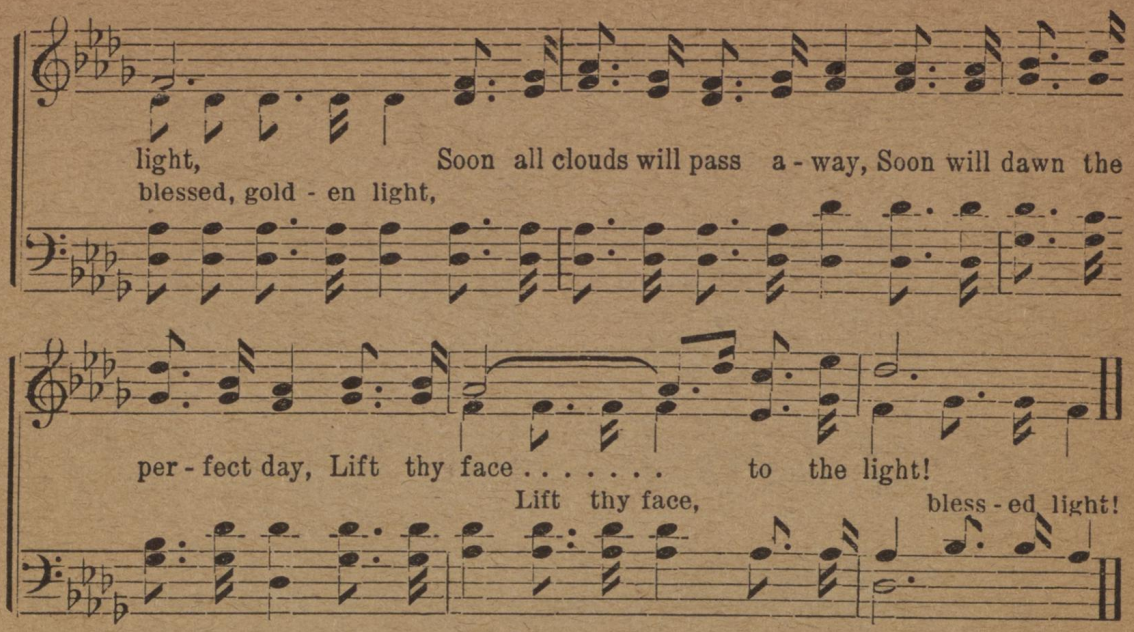
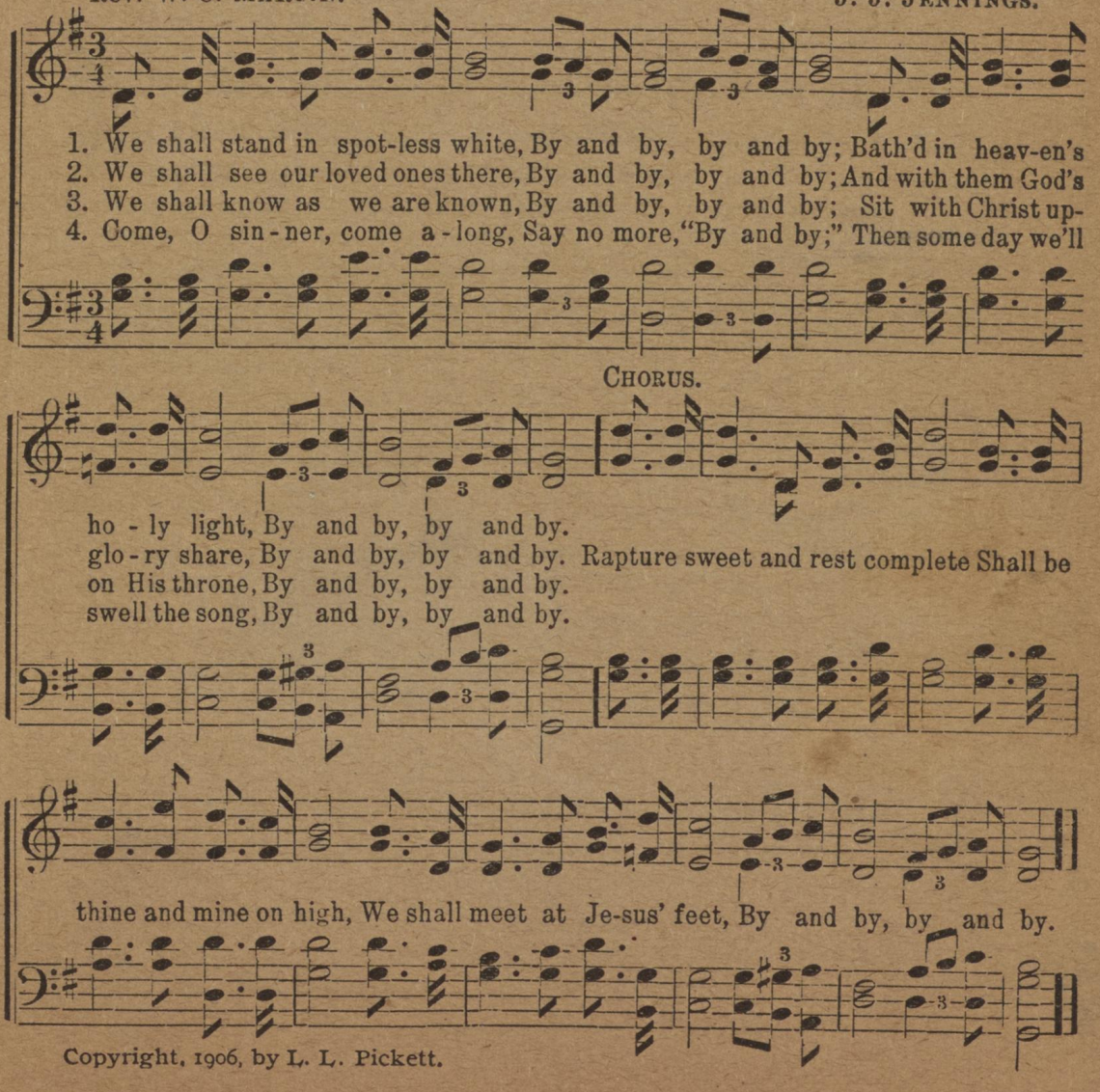
LIFT THY FACE TO THE LIGHT! Concluded.



3 WE SHALL STAND IN SPOTLESS WHITE.

Rev. W. C. MARTIN. J. J. JENNINGS.

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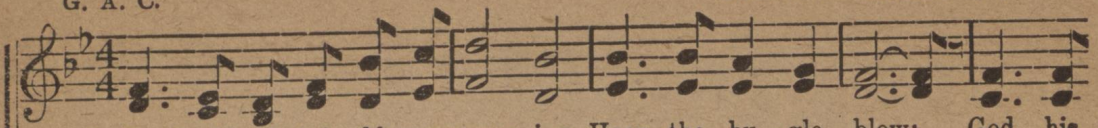
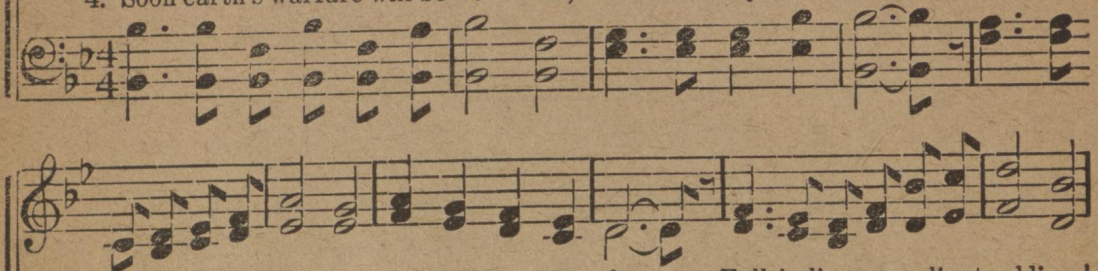
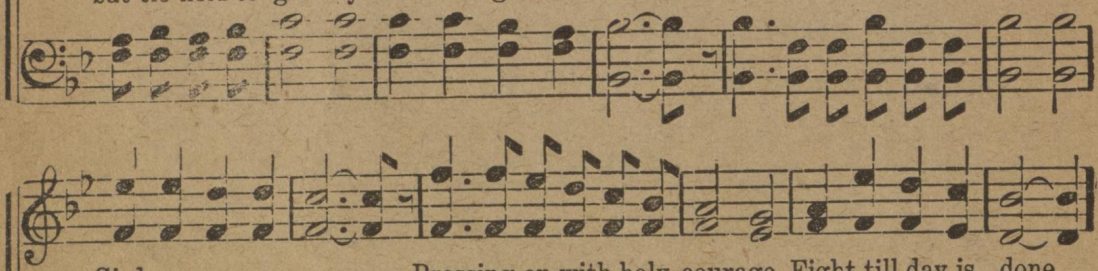
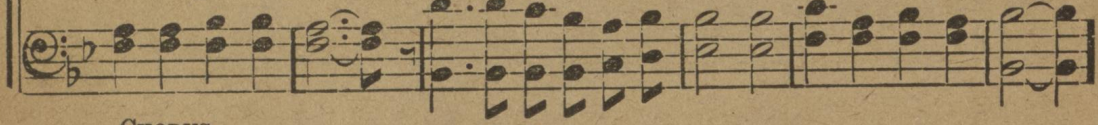
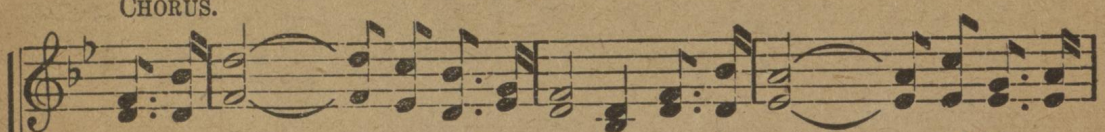
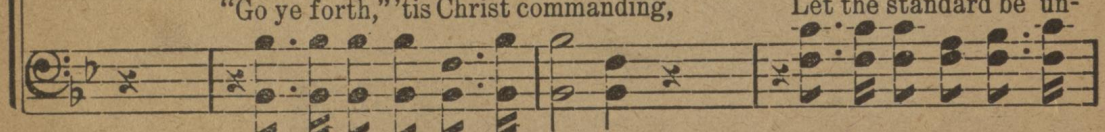
4 SEE THE BLOOD-STAINED BANNER WAVING.

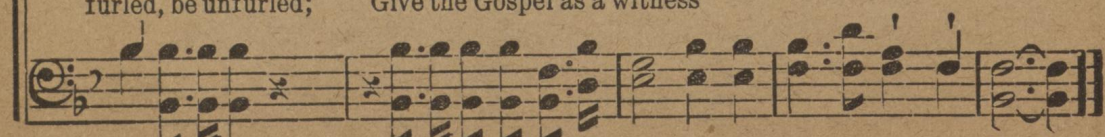
G. A. C. GUSTAV A. COLLIN, by per.



1. See the blood-stained banner wav - ing, Hear the bu - gle blow; God his
2. Hosts of hell and dark-ness ral - ly, Mus-t'ring for the fray; Saints of
3. Tho' the hosts of sin as - sail us, Nev - er will we fear; God is
4. Soon earth's warfare will be o - ver, Sol - dier-days be done; From the



chosen ones is call-ing Forth to face the foe. Fall in line, ye valiant soldiers!
God, a-rise, go forward, Dare and do to - day. Conquer Satan's mighty legions
for us, we shall ev - er Prove His presence near. Safe in his almighty keep-ing,
bat-tle-field to glo - ry We shall gather home. Oh, what singing, oh, what shouting,

Gird your armor on; Pressing on with holy courage, Fight till day is done.
In Je - ho-vah's name; To sin's weary bruised captives, Lib-er - ty pro - claim.
'Neath his shelt'ring wing, Hills and valleys shall re-ech-o Vict'ry-songs we sing.
As we gath-er in, "More than conquerors thro' Jesus," O'er the foes of sin.

CHORUS.

"Go ye forth,".... 'tis Christ commanding, Let the stand - ard be un-
"Go ye forth," 'tis Christ commanding, Let the standard be un-

furled; Give the Gos - pel as a witness Throughout the whole wide world.
furled, be unfurled; Give the Gospel as a witness



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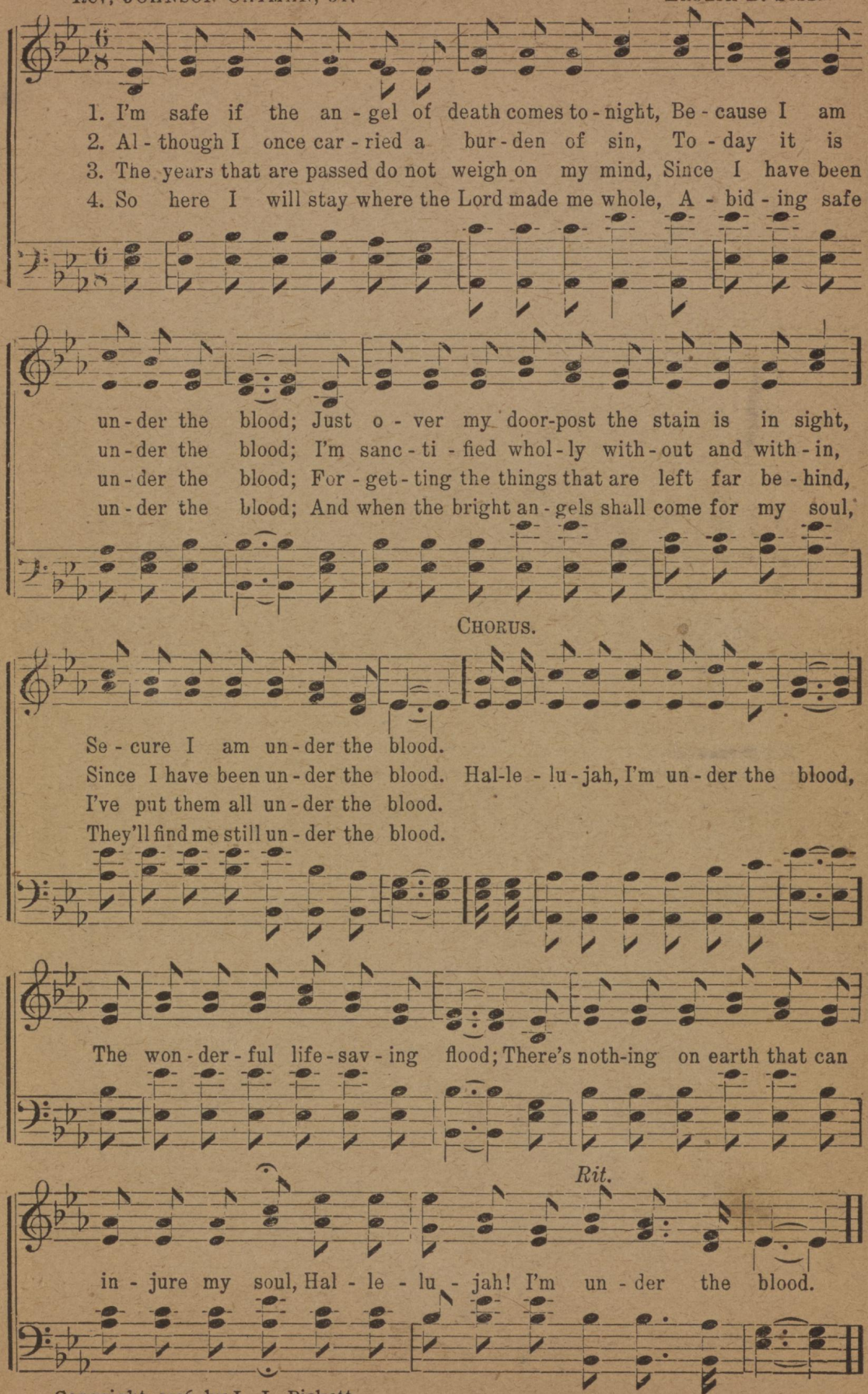
UNDER THE BLOOD.

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr. LESLIE B. SISK.



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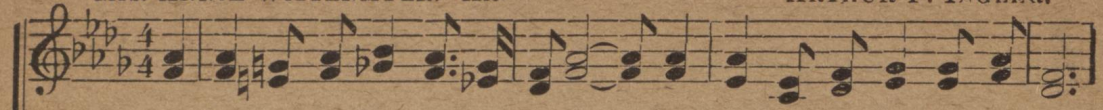
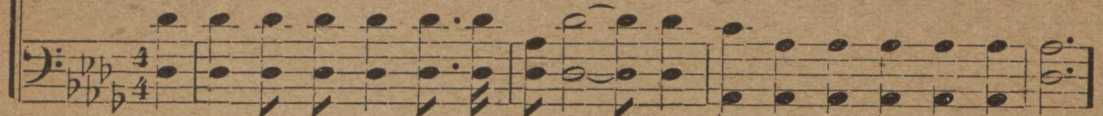
ON THE STREETS OF GOLD.

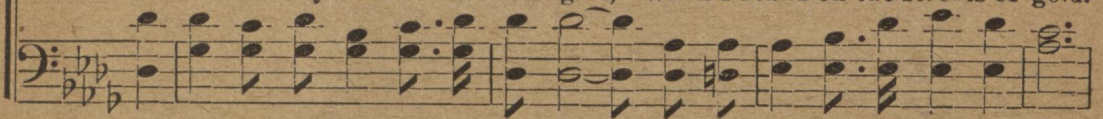
(Rev. 21: 21.)

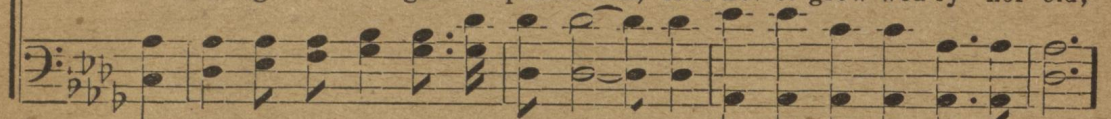
Mrs. ANNIE WITTENMYER. Alt. ARTHUR F. INGLER.



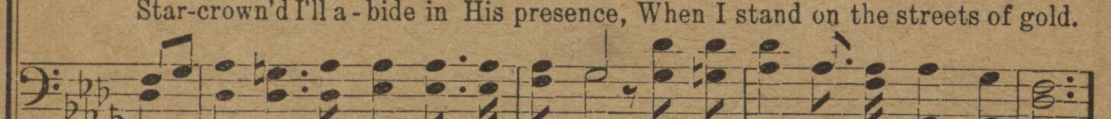
1. The bur-dens of life may be ma-ny, The frowns of the world may be cold;
2. What won-der-ful vis-ions of beauty, What glo-ri-ous scenes shall unfold;
3. The tri-als of earth will have ended, And I shall be safe in His fold;



To me it will mat-ter but lit-tle, When I stand on the streets of gold.
What bright, dazzling splendors surround me, When I stand on the streets of gold.
Shut in with my Lord and His an-gels, When I stand on the streets of gold.

With joy I shall en-ter the cit-y, The face of my Sav-ior be-hold;
I'll see the white throne of His glo-ry, The names of the saints there enroll'd,
For a-ges on a-ges I'll praise Him, And nev-er grow wea-ry nor old;



And I shall be changed and be like Him, When I stand on the streets of gold.
The mansions that Christ is pre-par-ing, When I stand on the streets of gold.
Star-crown'd I'll a-bide in His presence, When I stand on the streets of gold.



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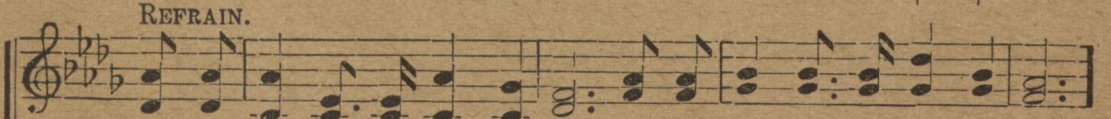
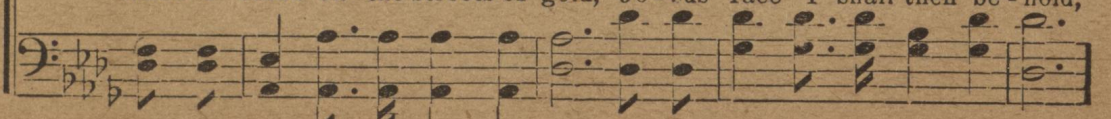


When I stand on the streets of gold, Je-sus' face I shall then be-hold,



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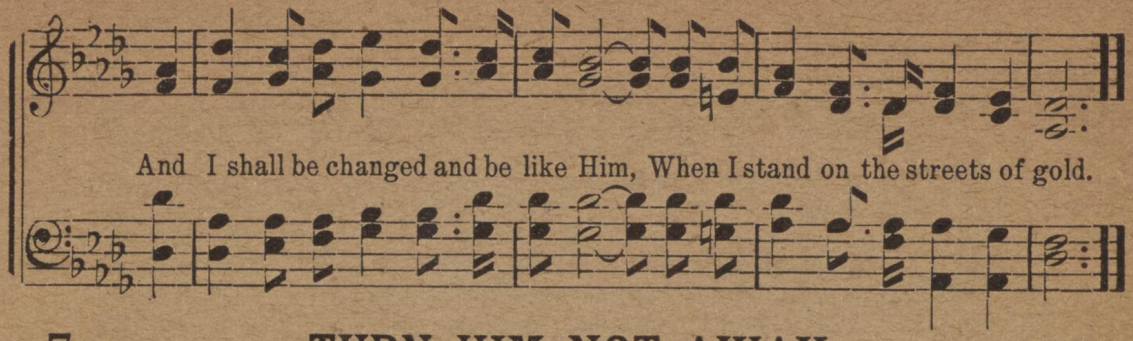
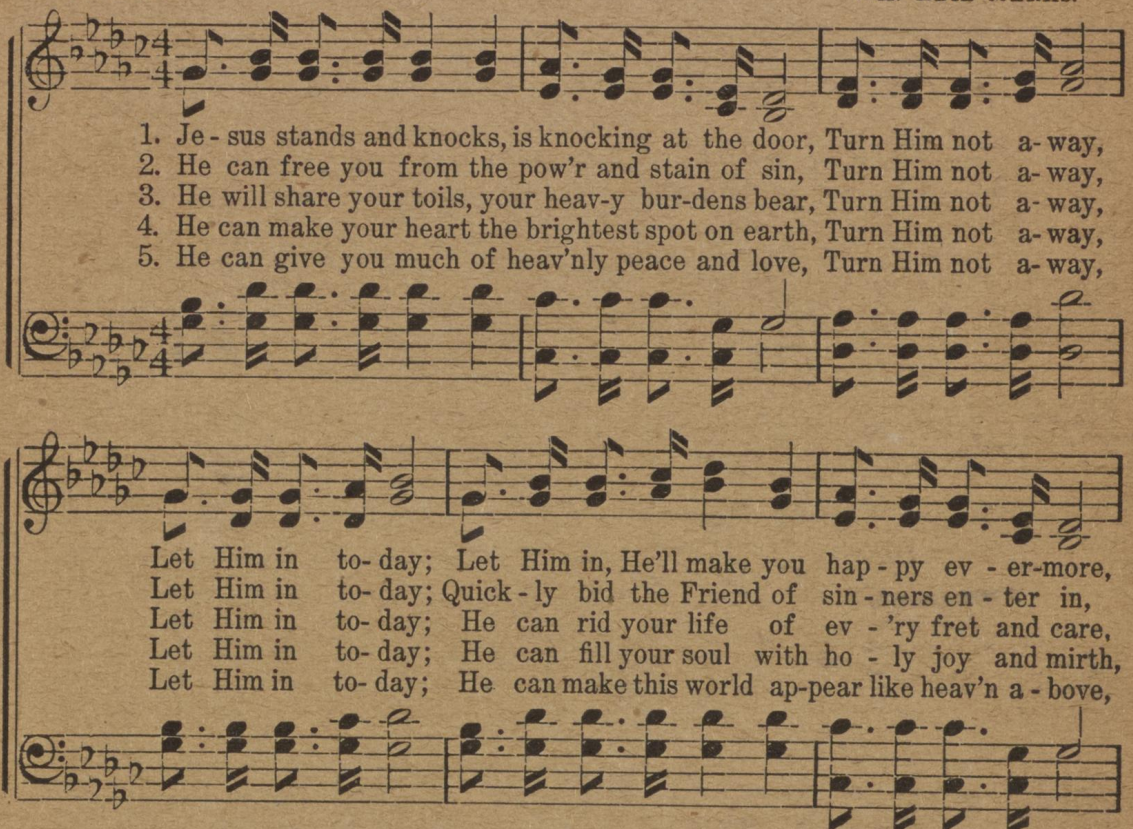
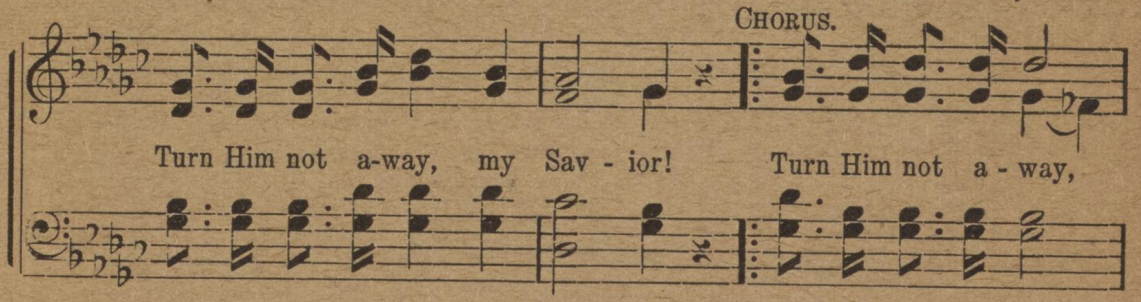
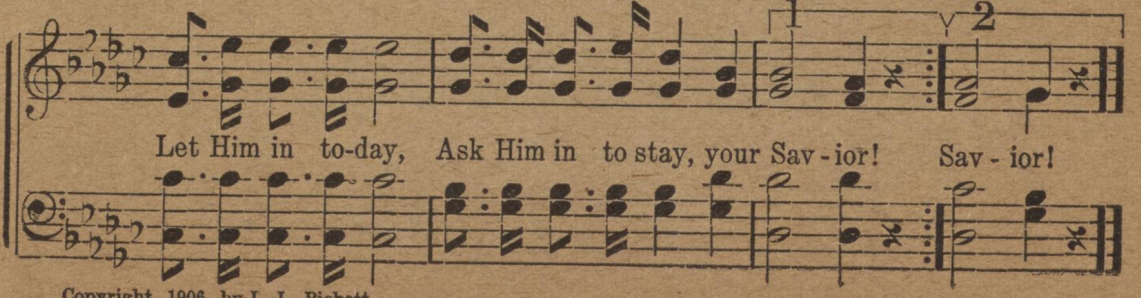


7 TURN HIM NOT AWAY.

E. DEE. WM. EDIE MARKS.





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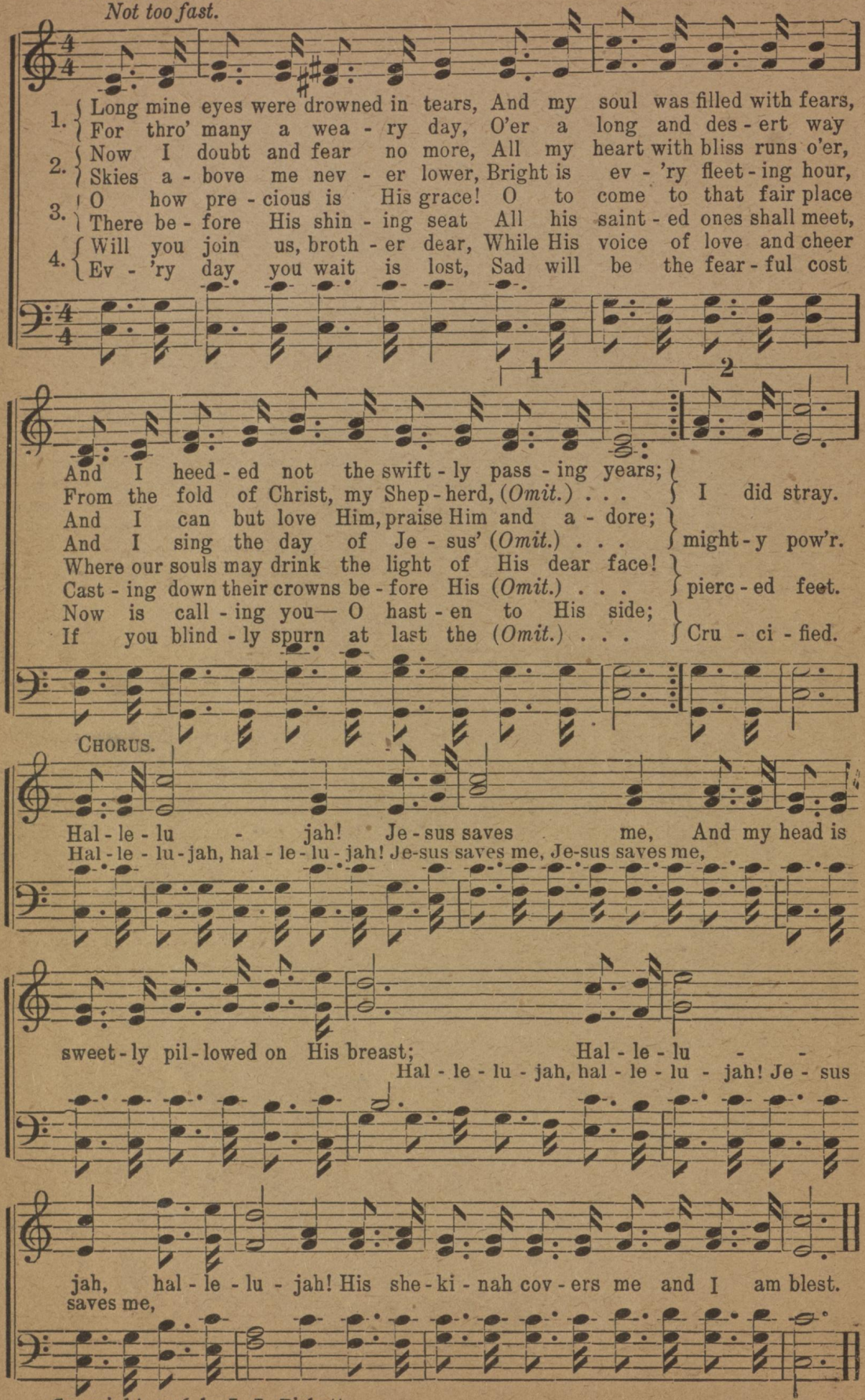
HALLELUJAH! JESUS SAVES ME.

Rev. J. B. KENYON. 4th verse by L. L. P. C. C. GREENWOOD.

Not too fast.



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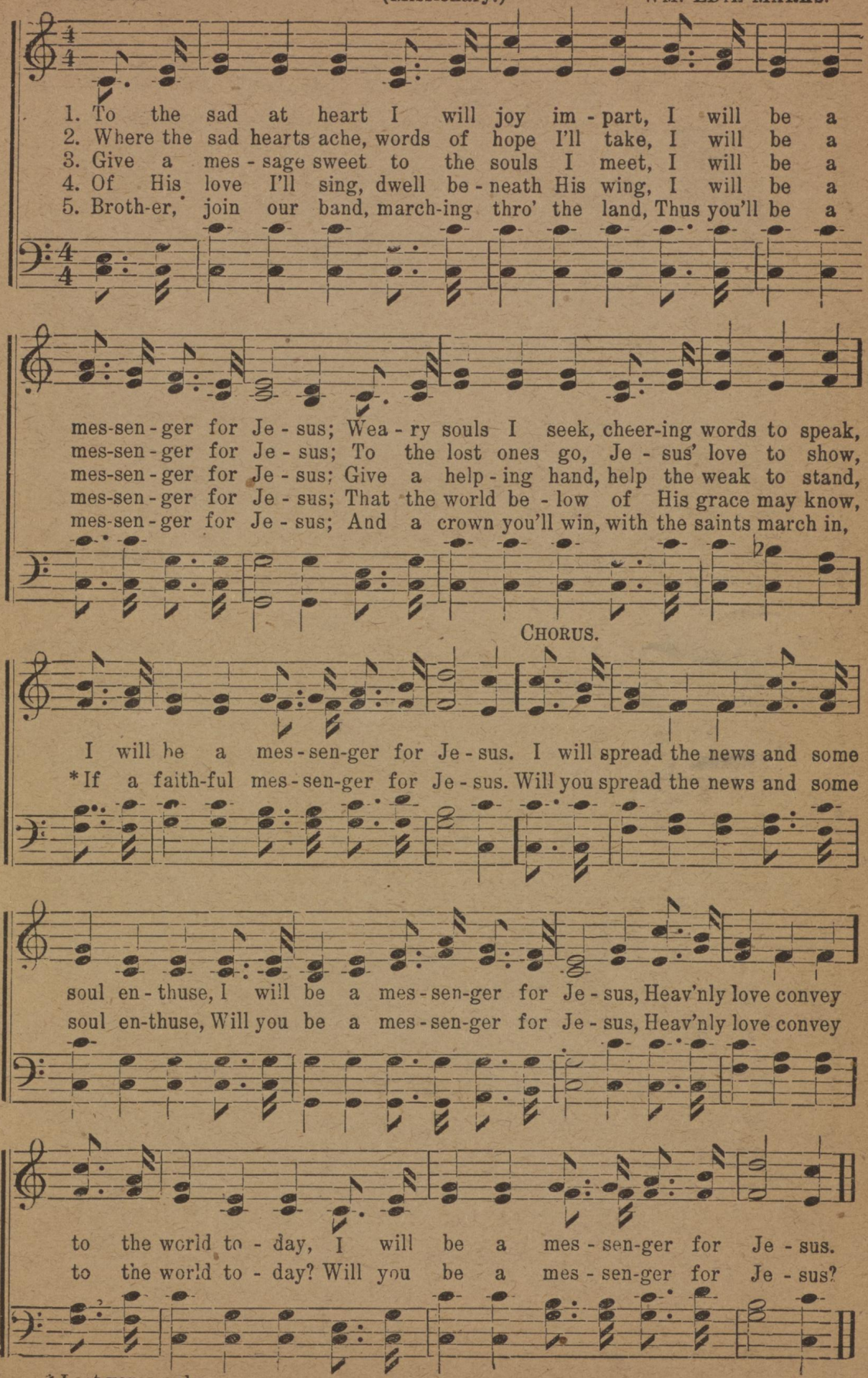
BE A MESSENGER.

E. DEE. (Missionary.) WM. EDIE MARKS.



* Last verse only.

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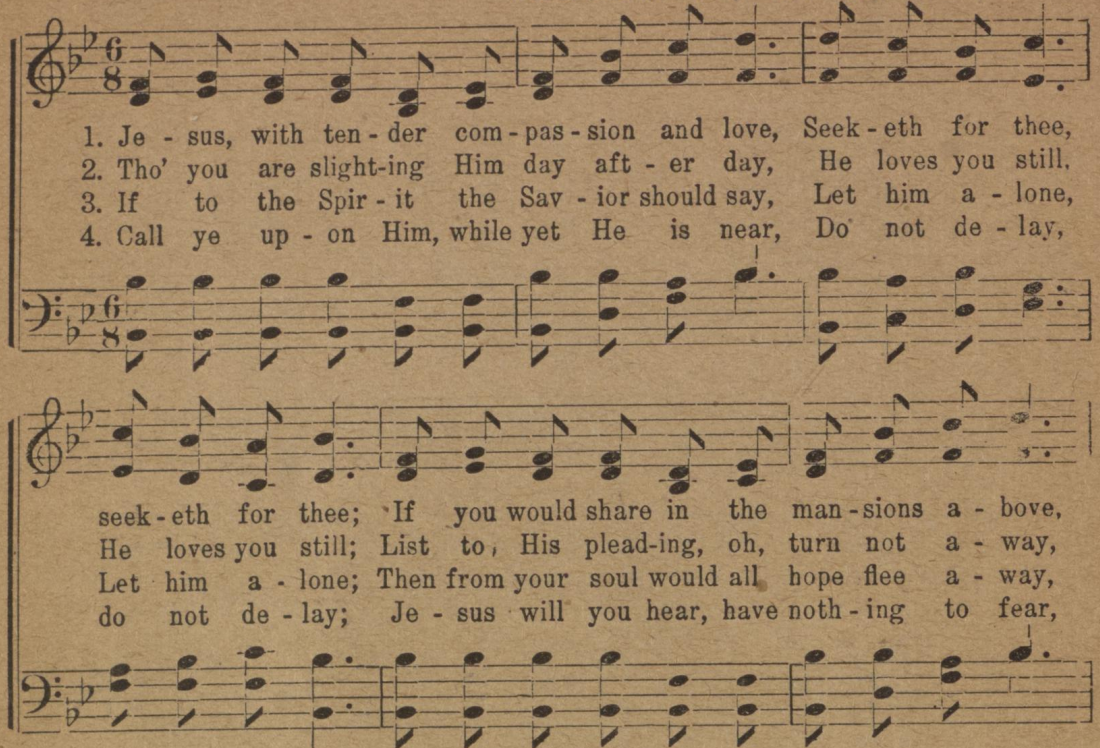
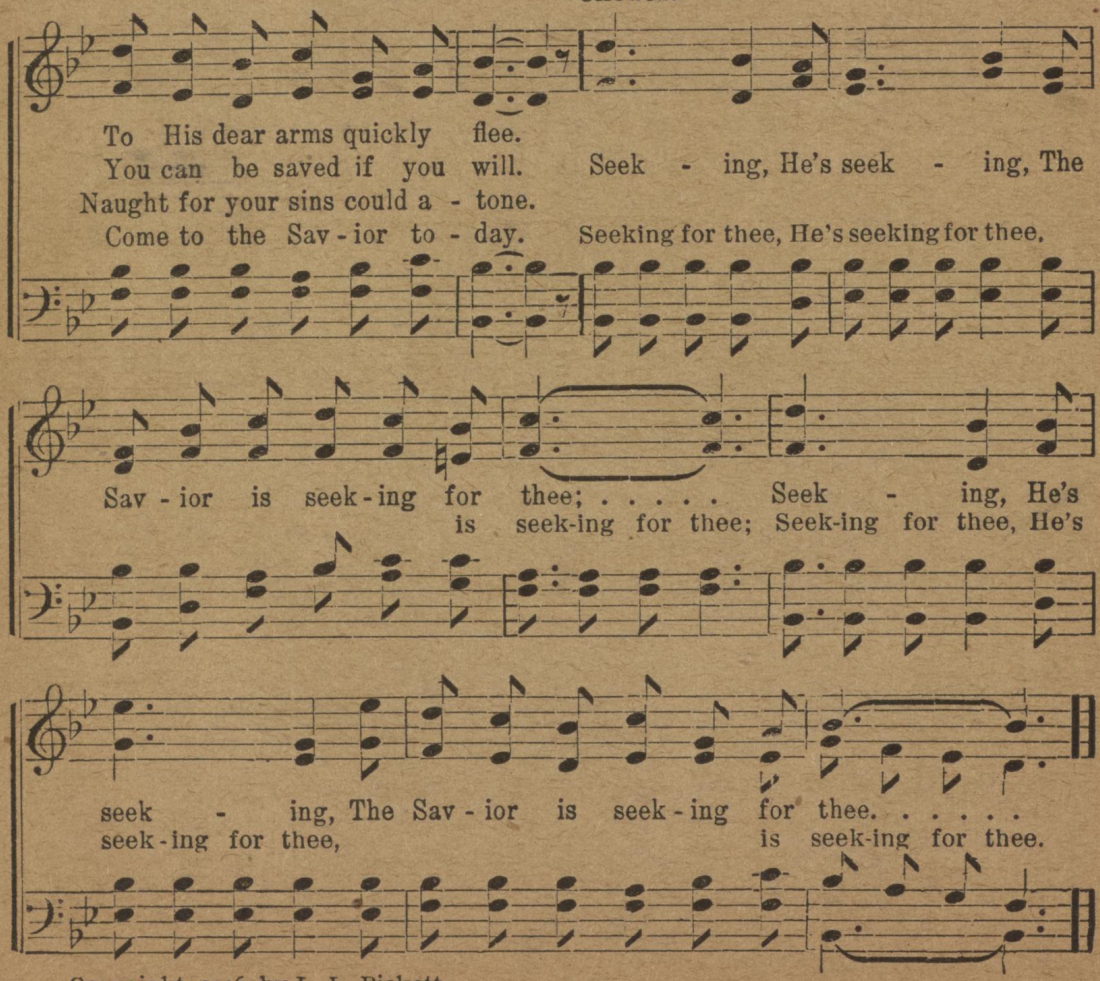
THE SAVIOR IS SEEKING FOR THEE.

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

Words and Music by CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK



CHORUS.



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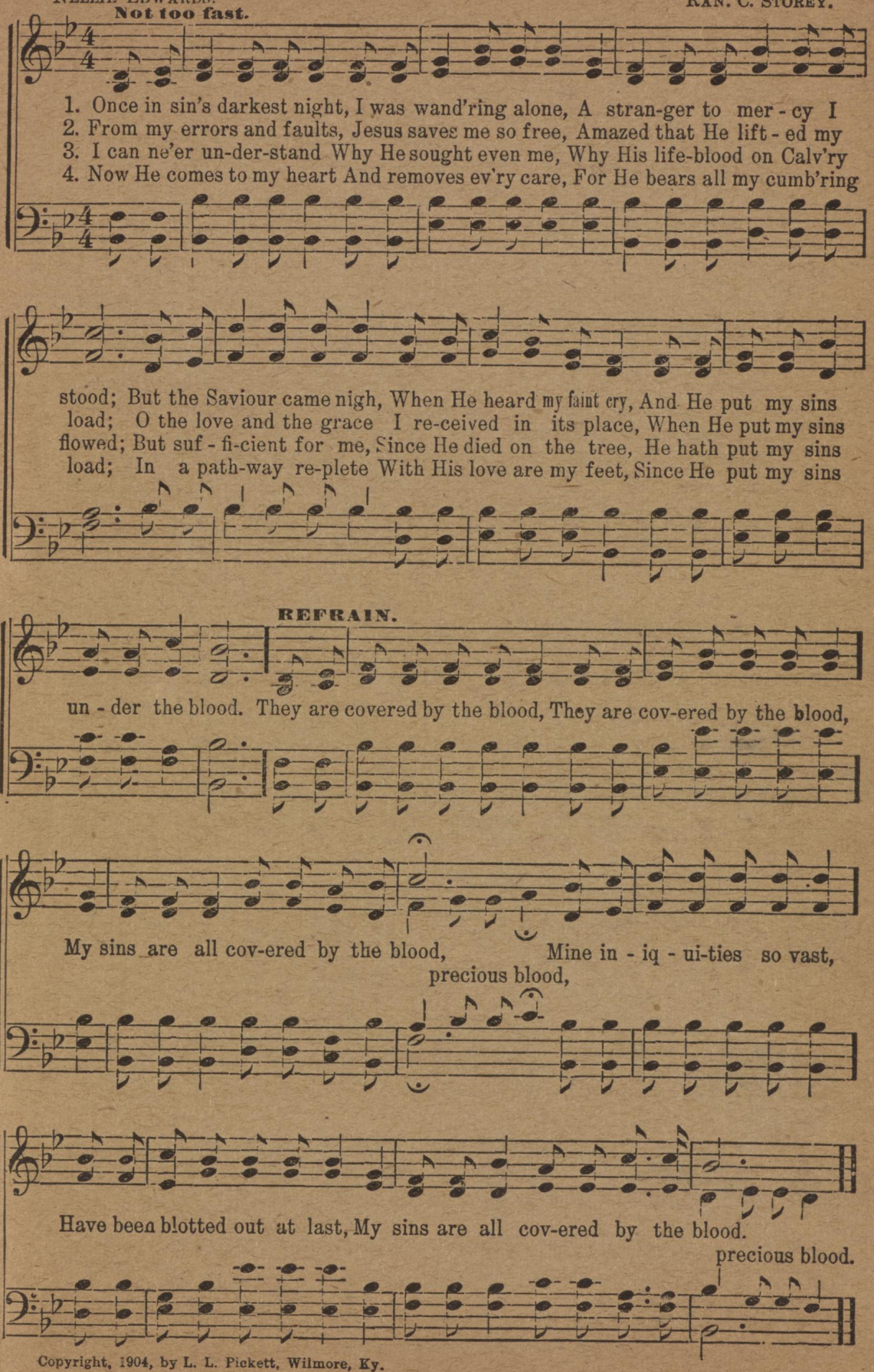
"Blessed is he whose iniquities are forgiven and whose sins are under the blood."

NELLIE EDWARDS. RAN. C. STOREY.



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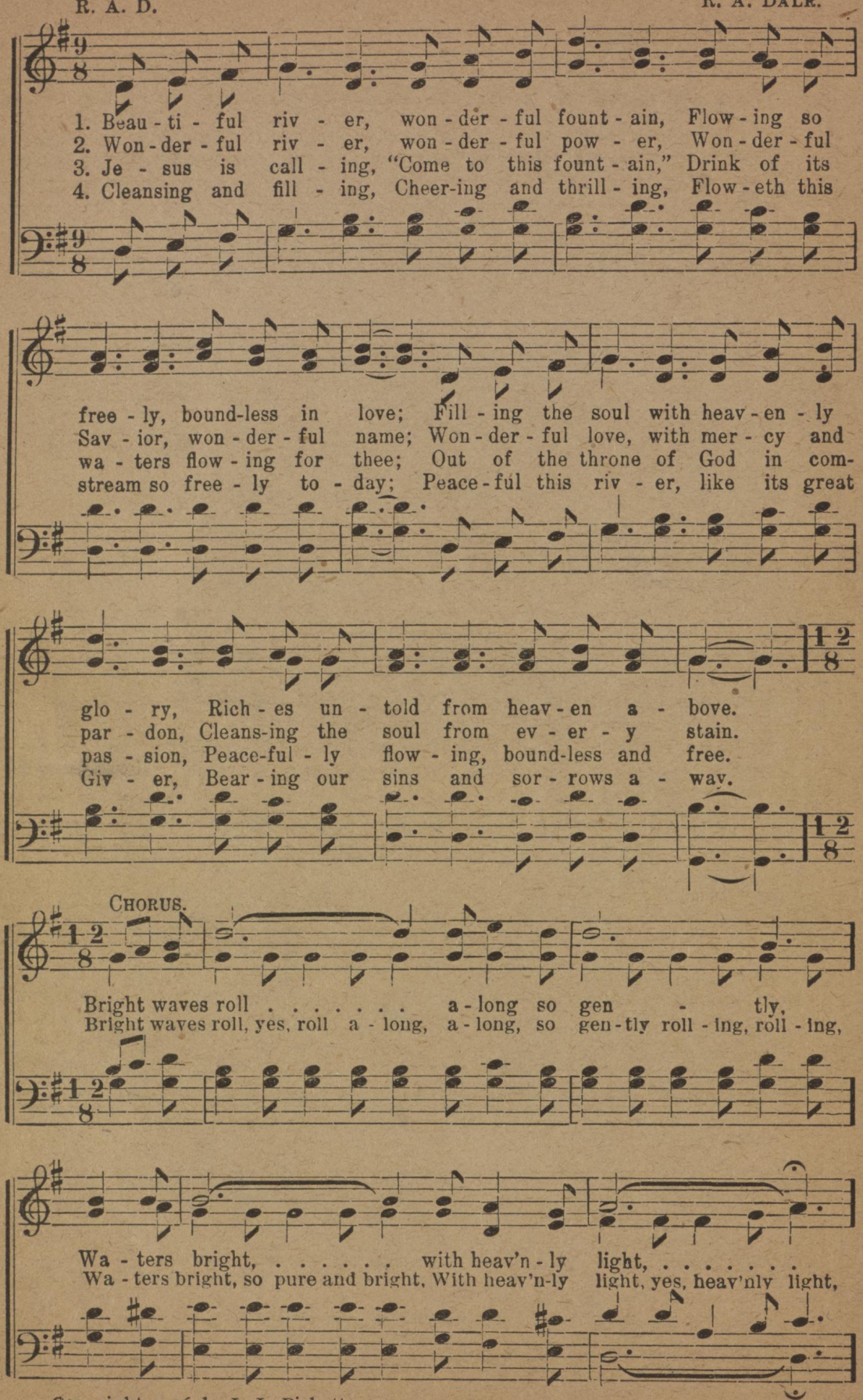
BEAUTIFUL RIVER.

R. A. D. R. A. DALE.

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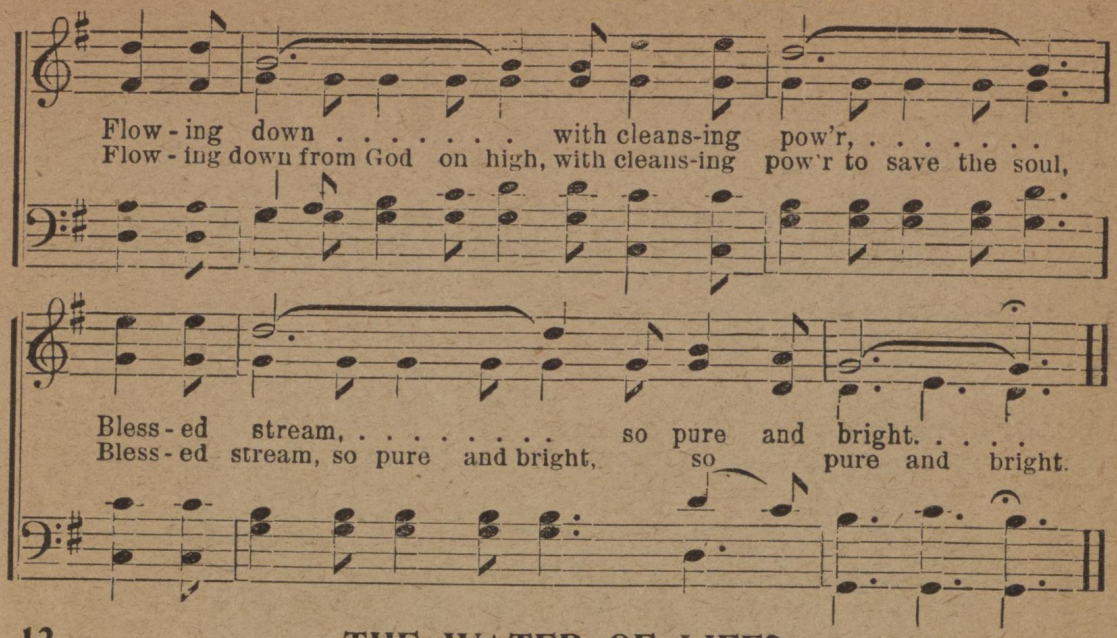


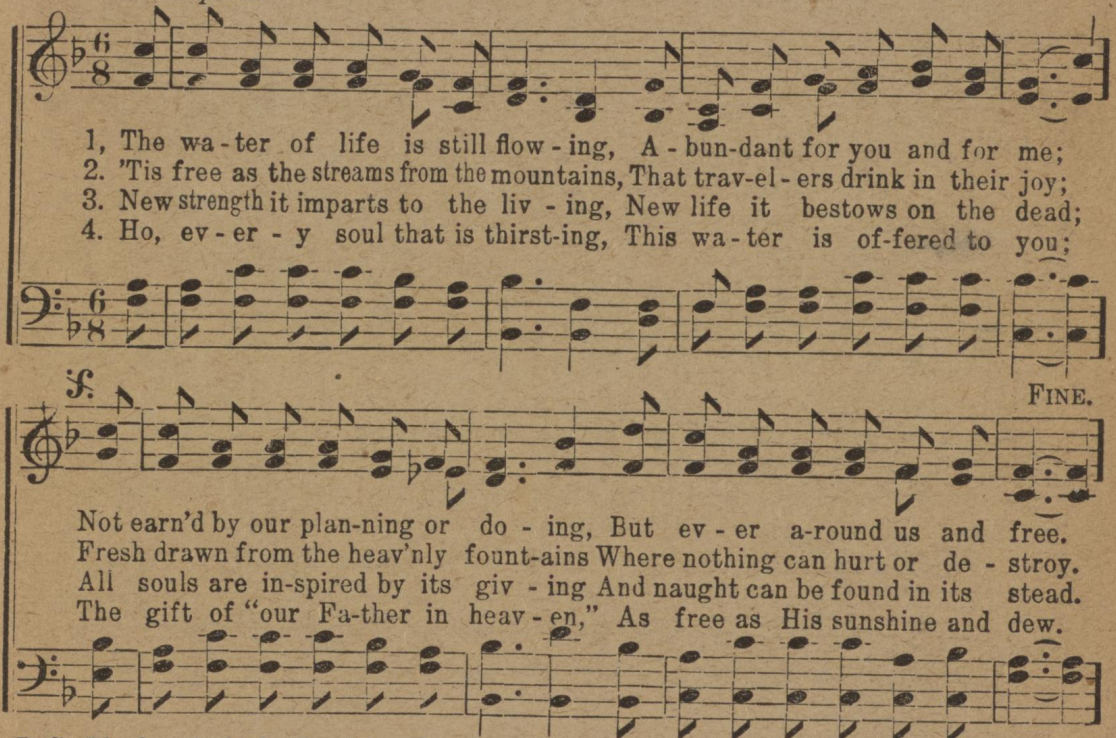
13

THE WATER OF LIFE?

"If any man thirst, let him take the water of life freely."—Rev. 22: 17.

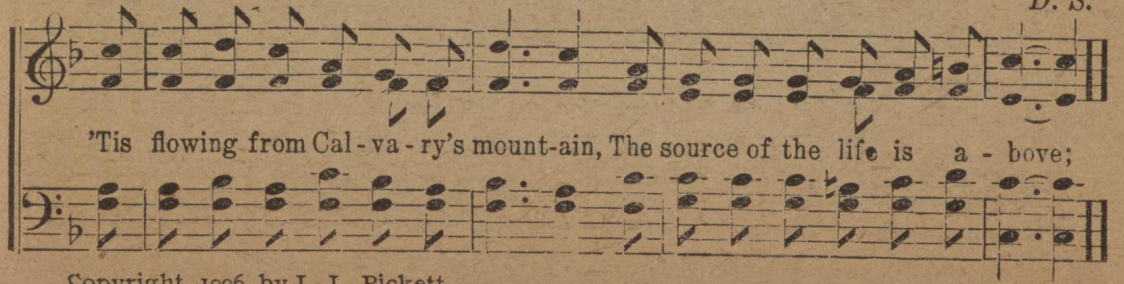
Rev. F. DENISON. J. F. KING.

With spirit.



D. S.-*The heart of the Lord is the fount-ain, Re - veal-ing the depths of His love.*

CHORUS. *D. S.*



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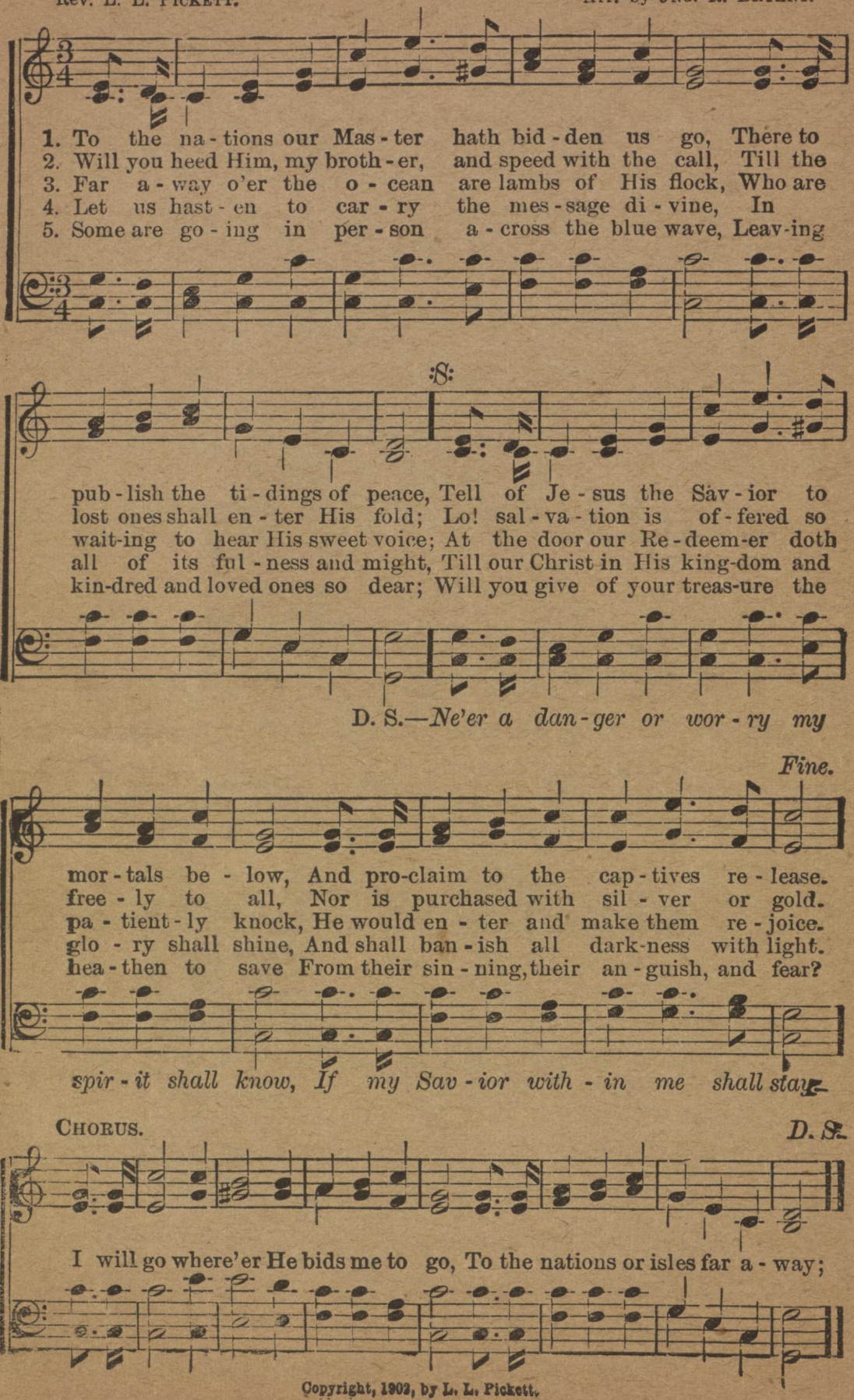
I WILL GO.

"Go teach all nations."—Matt. 28: 19.

Rev. L. L. PICKETT. Arr. by JNO. R. BRYANT.



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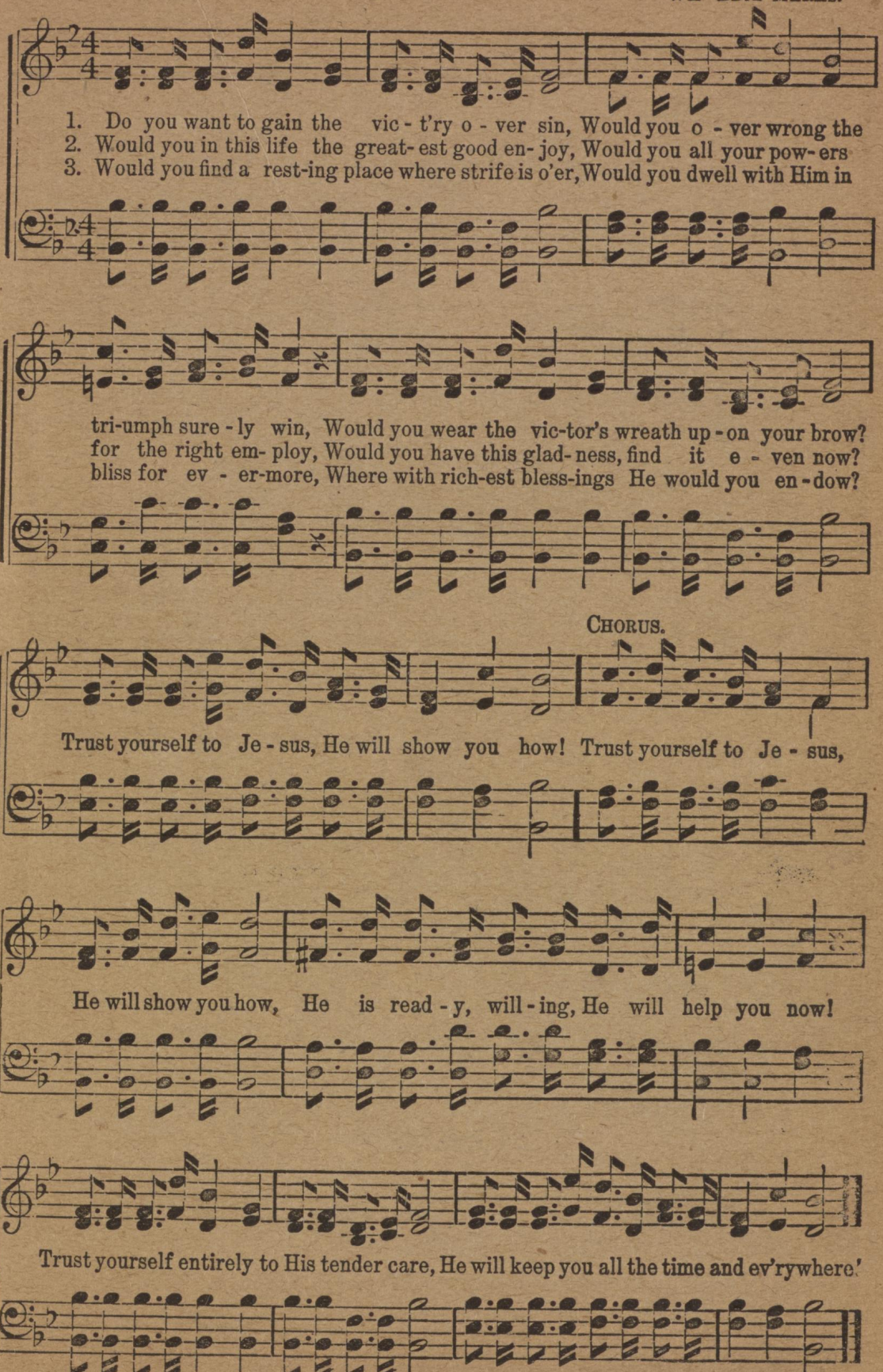
JESUS WILL SHOW YOU.

H. O DEVAR. WM EDIE MARKS.



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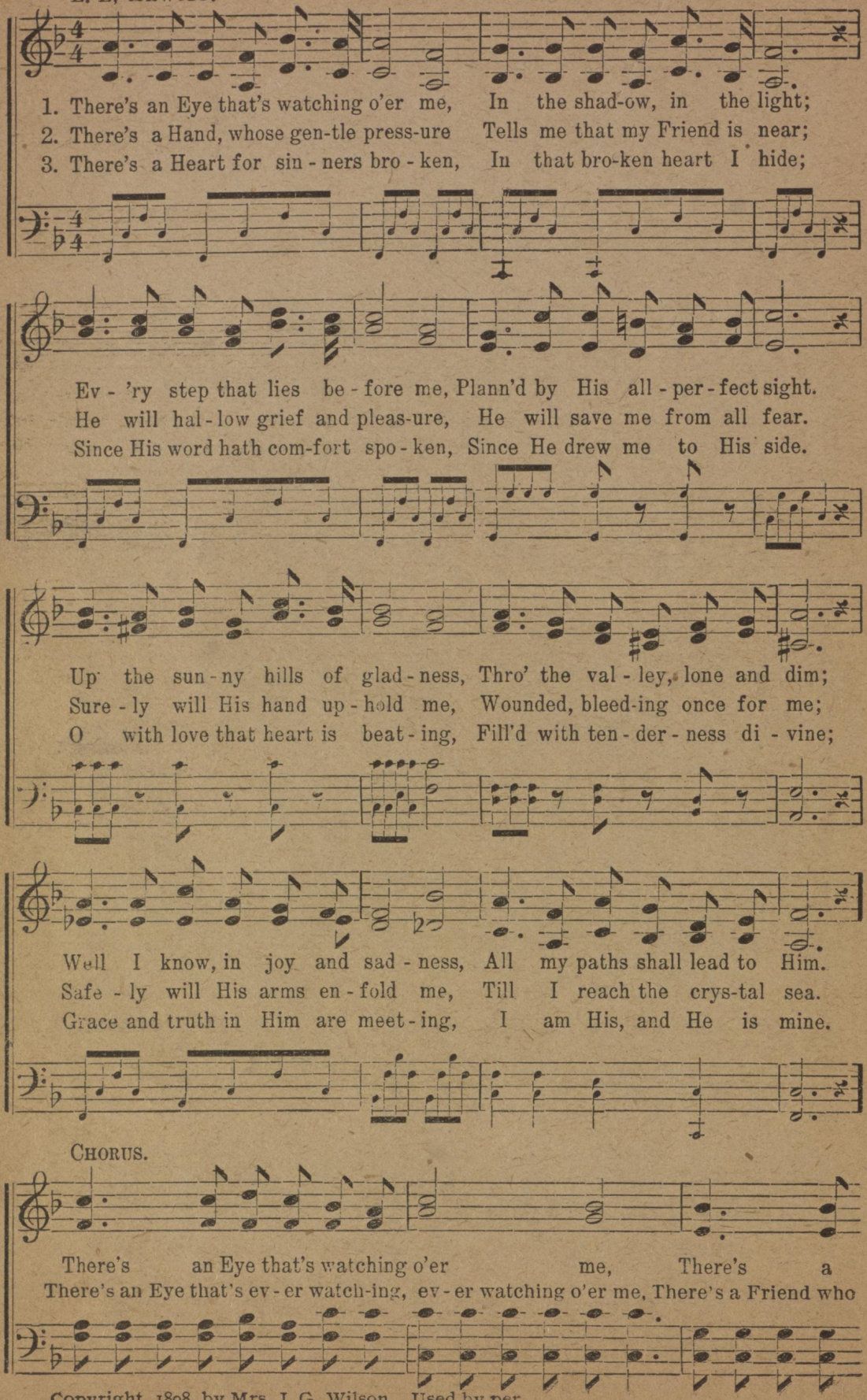
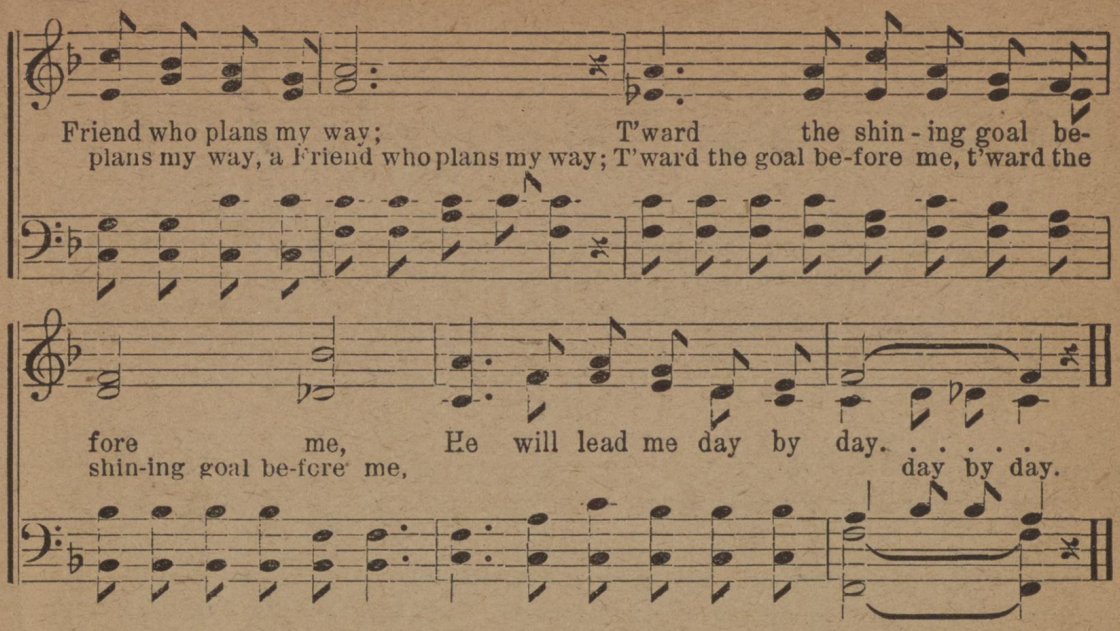
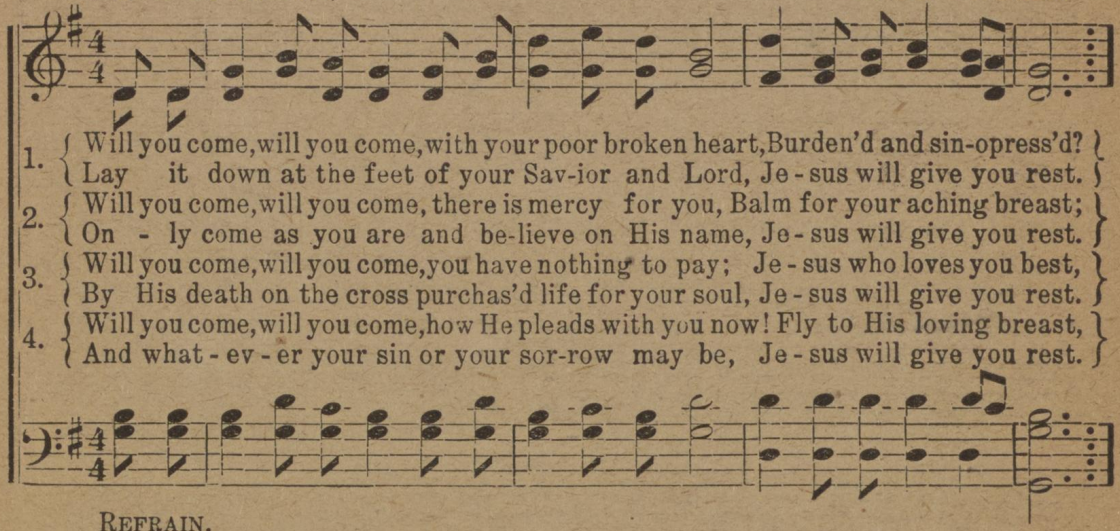
THE WATCHFUL EYE.

E. E. HEWITT. Mrs. J. G. WILSON.

Copyright, 1898, by Mrs, J. G. Wilson. Used by per.

THE WATCHFUL EYE. Concluded.

17 JESUS WILL GIVE YOU REST.

FANNY J. CROSBY, JNO. R. SWENEY.



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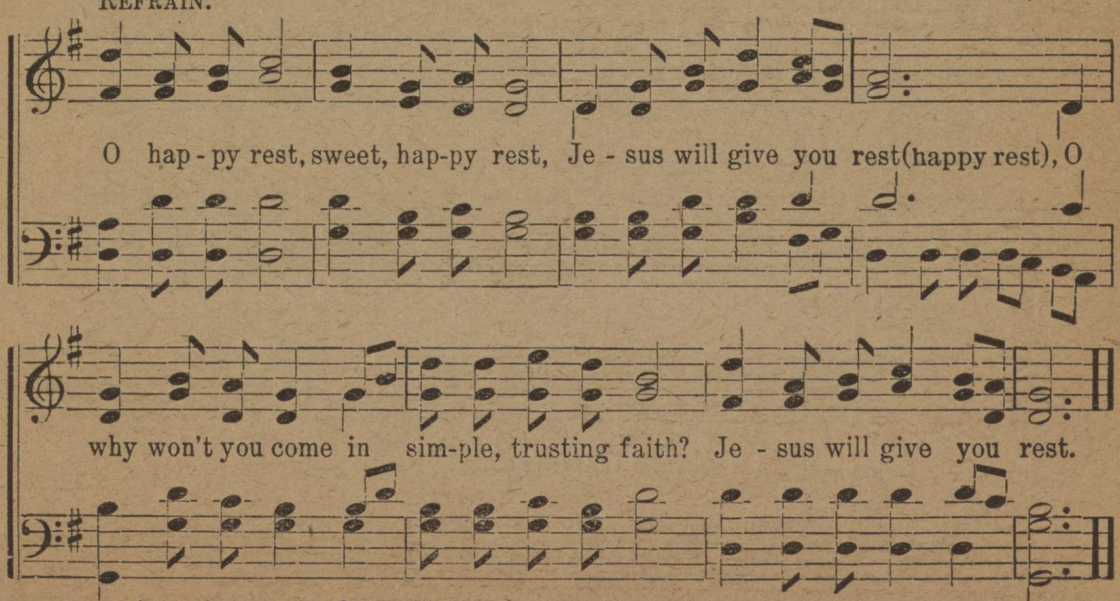

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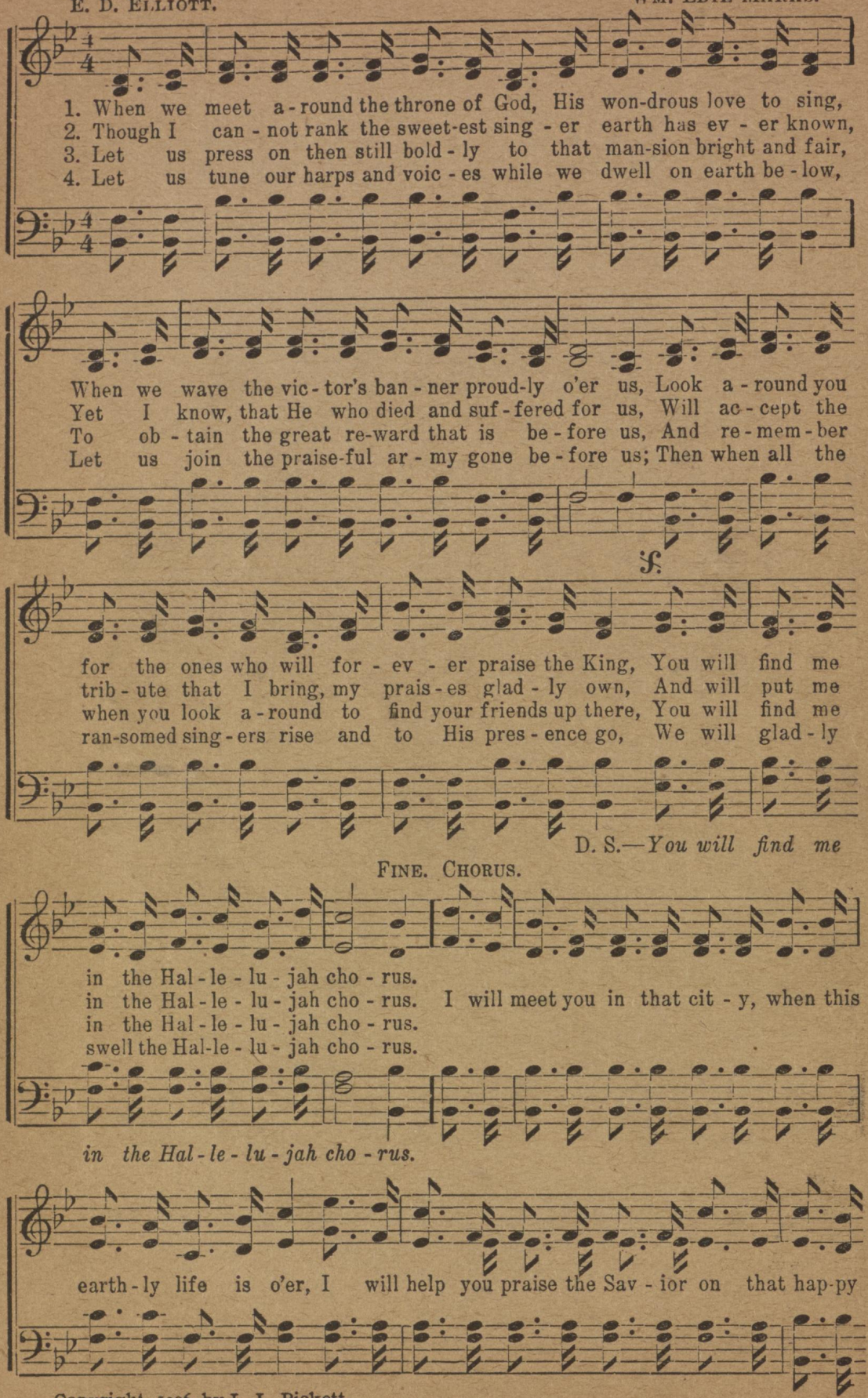
YOU WILL FIND ME THERE.

E. D. Elliott. Wm. Edie Marks.

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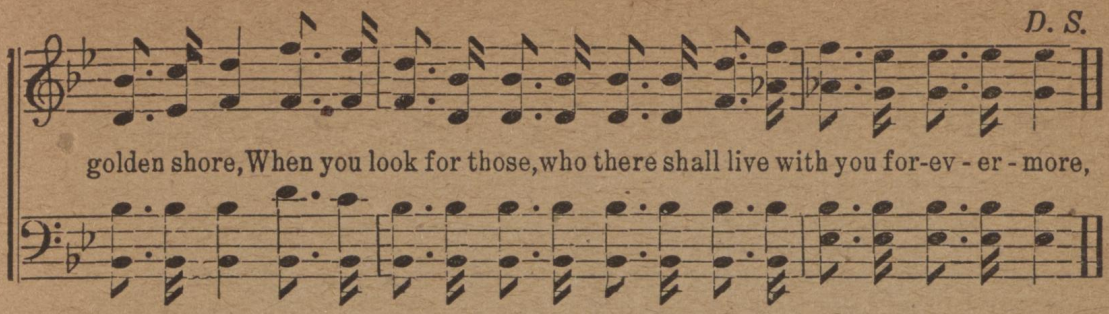
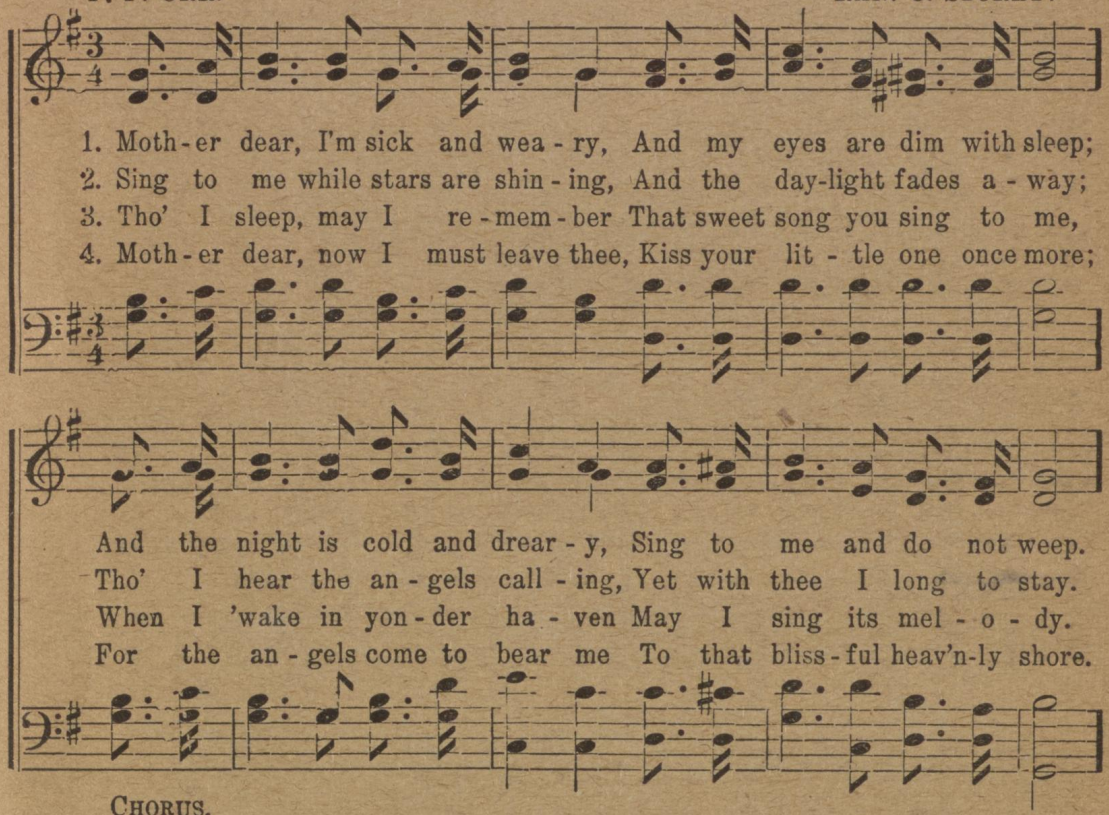
YOU WILL FIND ME THERE. Concluded.

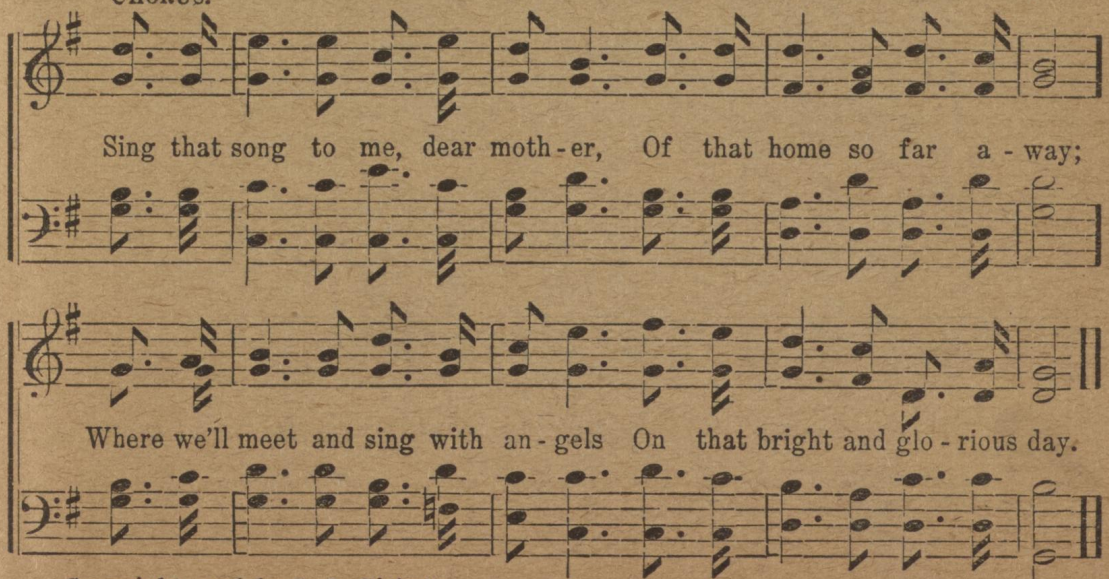


19 SING TO ME MOTHER.

P. P. ORR. RAN. C. STOREY.



CHORUS.



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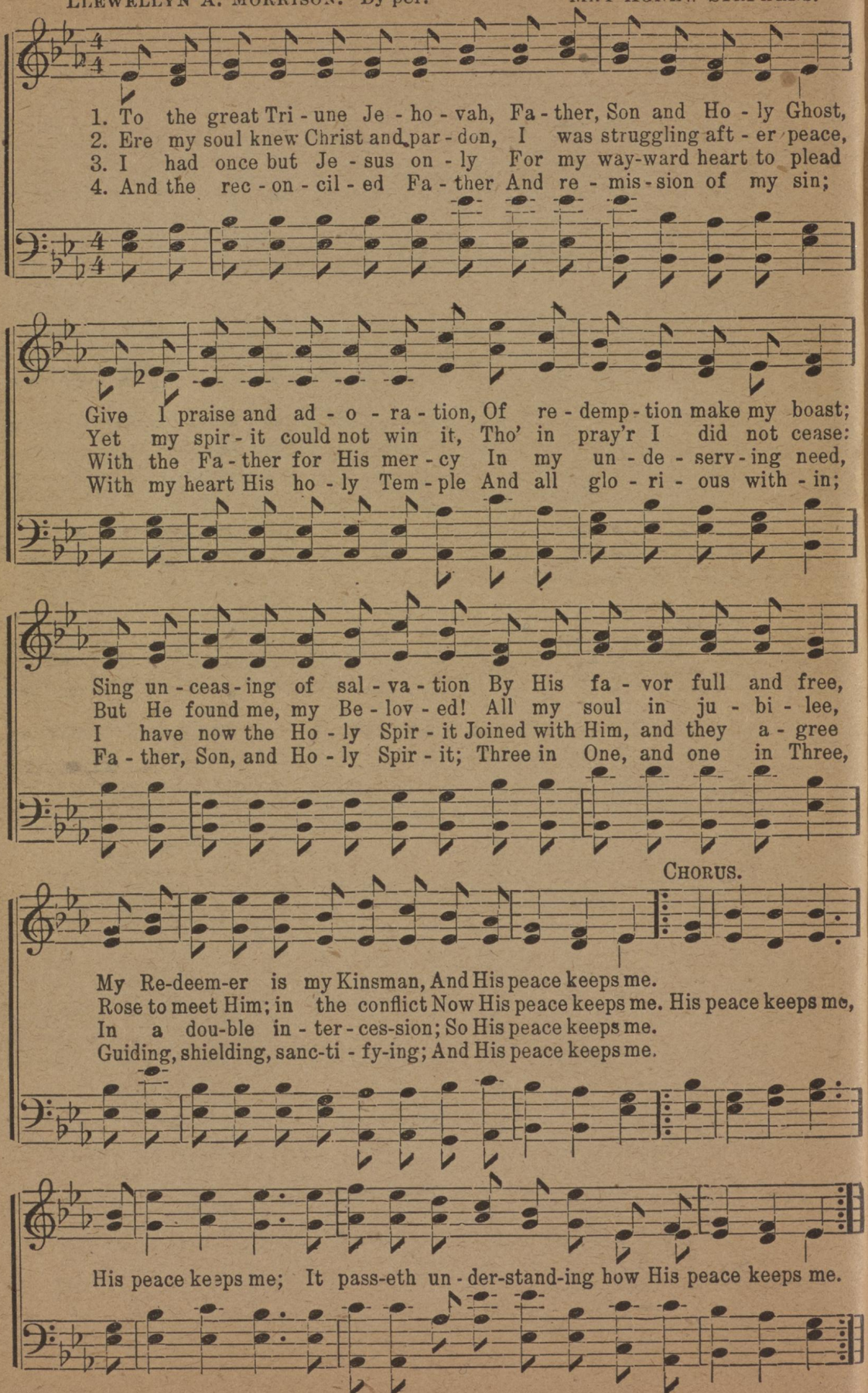
HIS PEACE KEEPS ME.

LLEWELLYN A. MORRISON. By per. MAY AGNEW STEPHENS.



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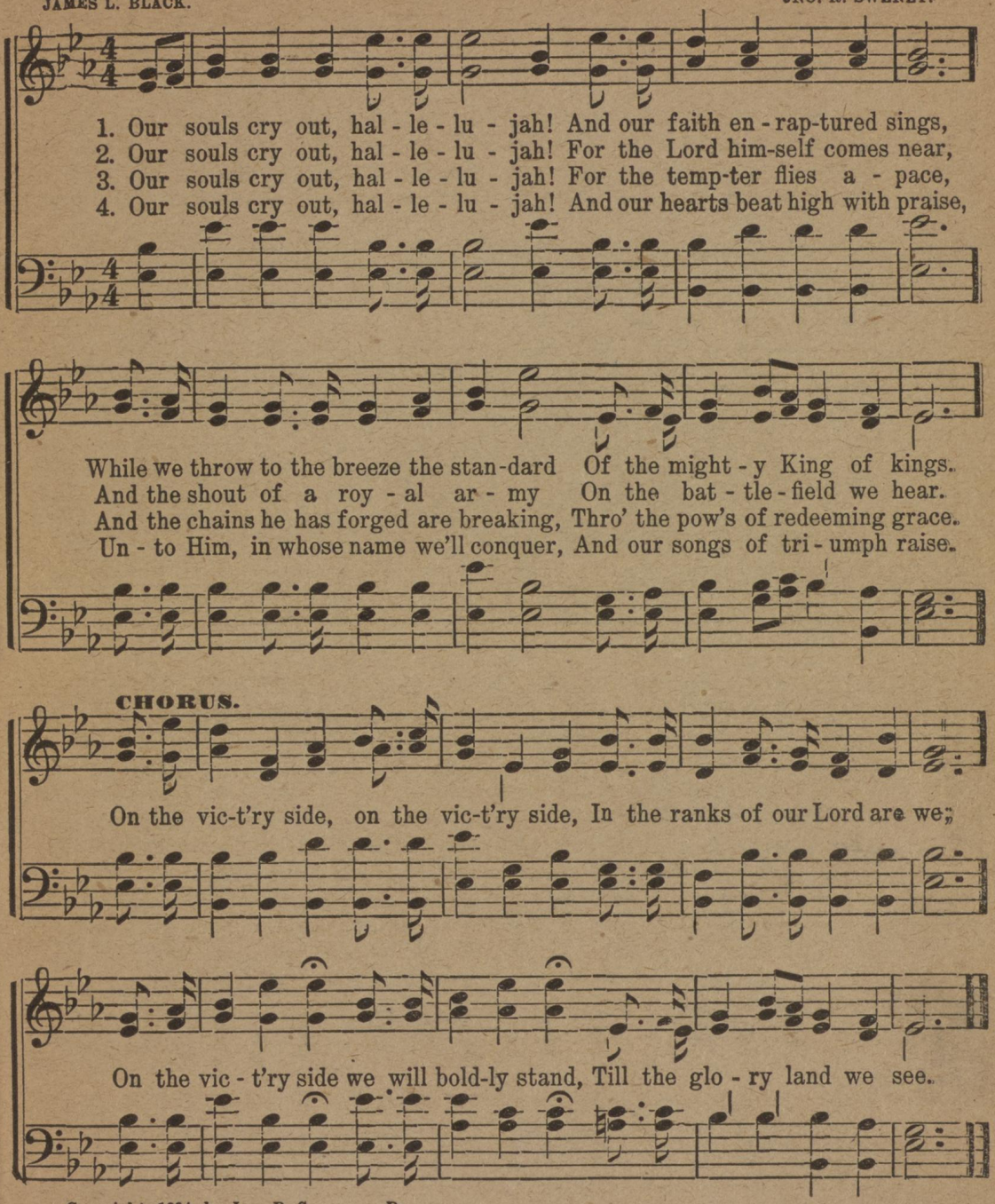
No. 21. On the Victory Side.

"This is the victory that hath overcome the world, even our faith."—I. John 5: 4.

JAMES L. BLACK. JNO. R. SWENEY.



Copyright, 1894, by Jno. R. Sweney. By per.

No. 22. Webb. (Key of B♭.)

1 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
Ye soldiers of the cross;
Lift high His royal banner,
It must not suffer loss:
From victory unto victory
His army shall He lead,
Till every foe is vanquished
And Christ is Lord indeed.

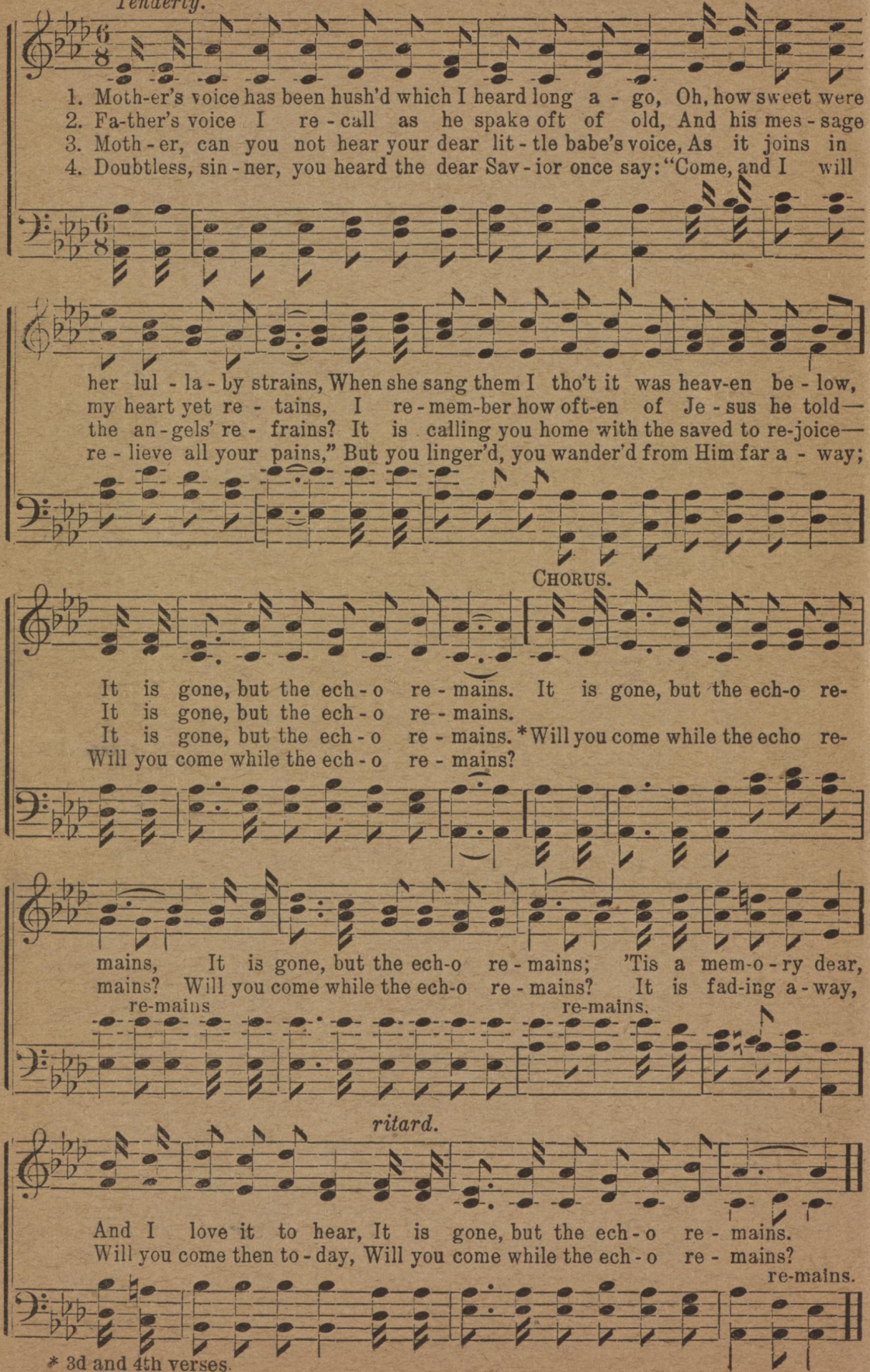
2 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
The trumpet call obey;
Forth to the mighty conflict,
In this His glorious day:
"Ye are men, now serve Him,"
Against unnumbered foes;
Your courage rise with danger,
And strength to strength oppose.

GEO. DUFFIELD, JR.

ONLY AN ECHO!

W. E. M. (Good for solo.) WM. EDIE MARKS.

Tenderly.



* 3d and 4th verses.

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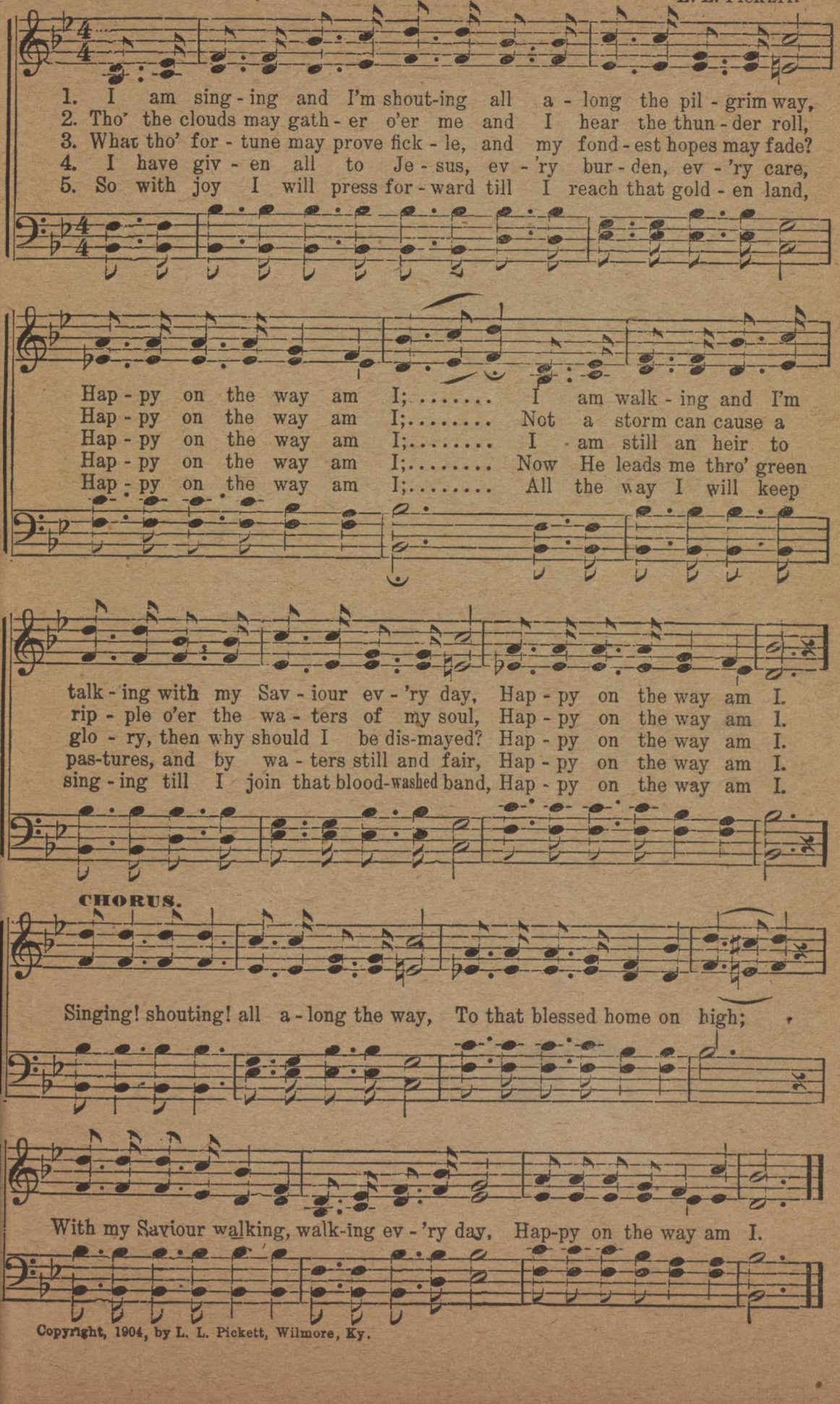
HAPPY ON THE WAY AM I.

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR. L. L. PICKETT.

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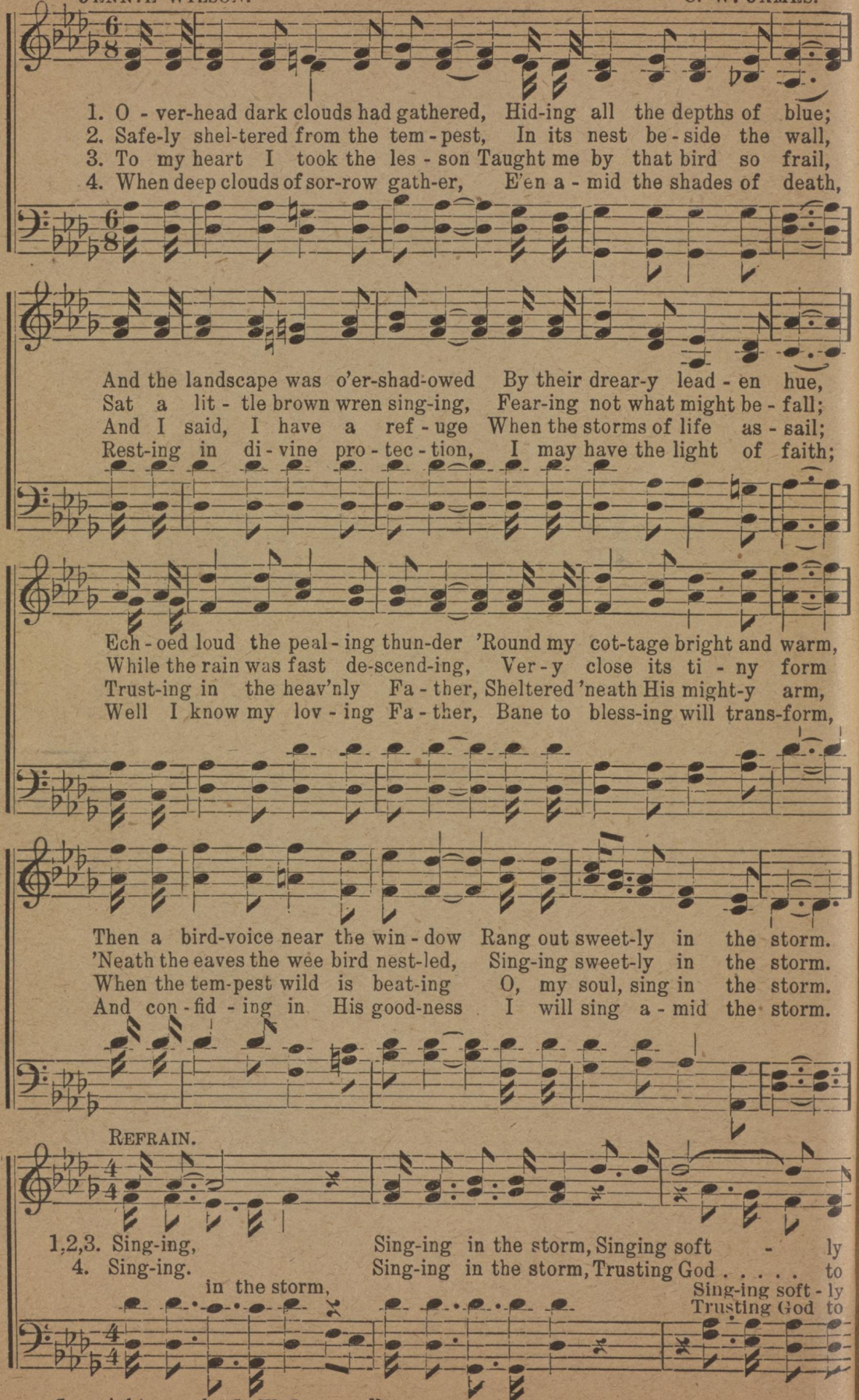
SINGING IN THE STORM.

JENNIE WILSON. C. W. JAMES.



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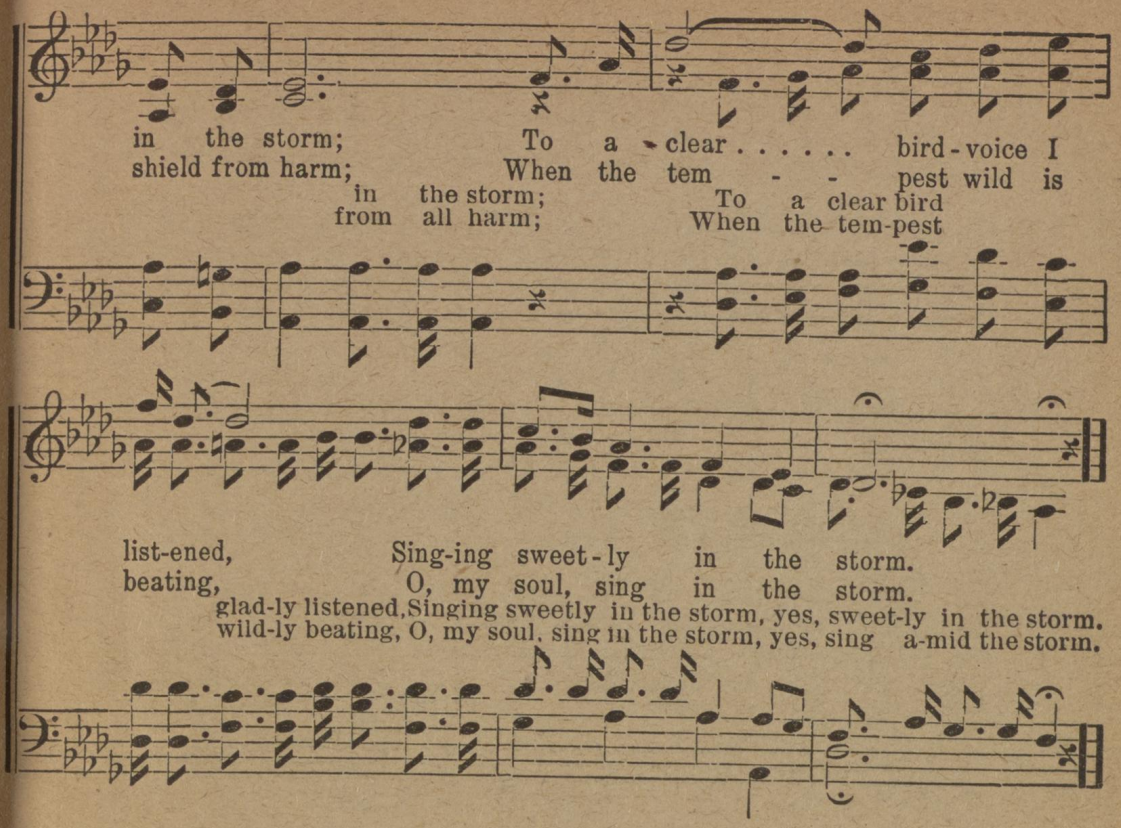
SINGING IN THE STORM. Concluded.

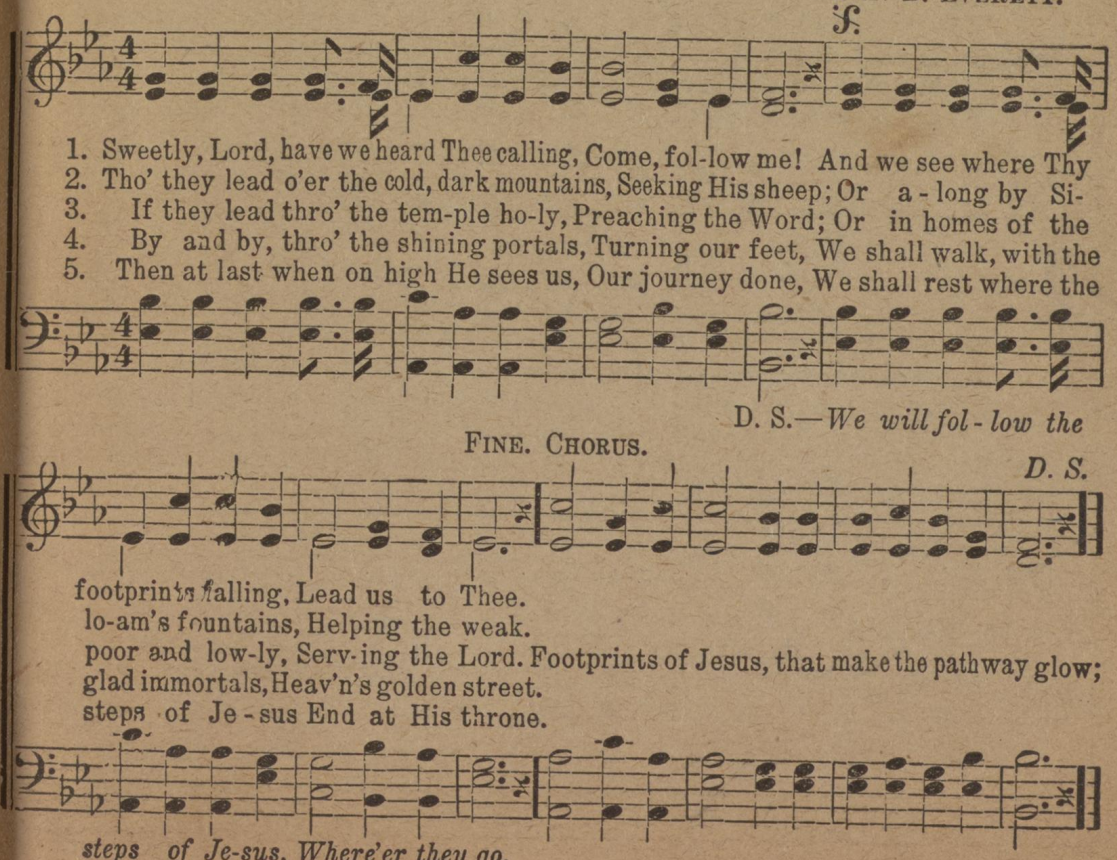


26

FOOTSTEPS OF JESUS.

"Leaving us an example, that ye should follow in His steps."—1 Peter 2: 21.

Mrs. M. B. C. SLADE. Dr. A. B. EVERETT.

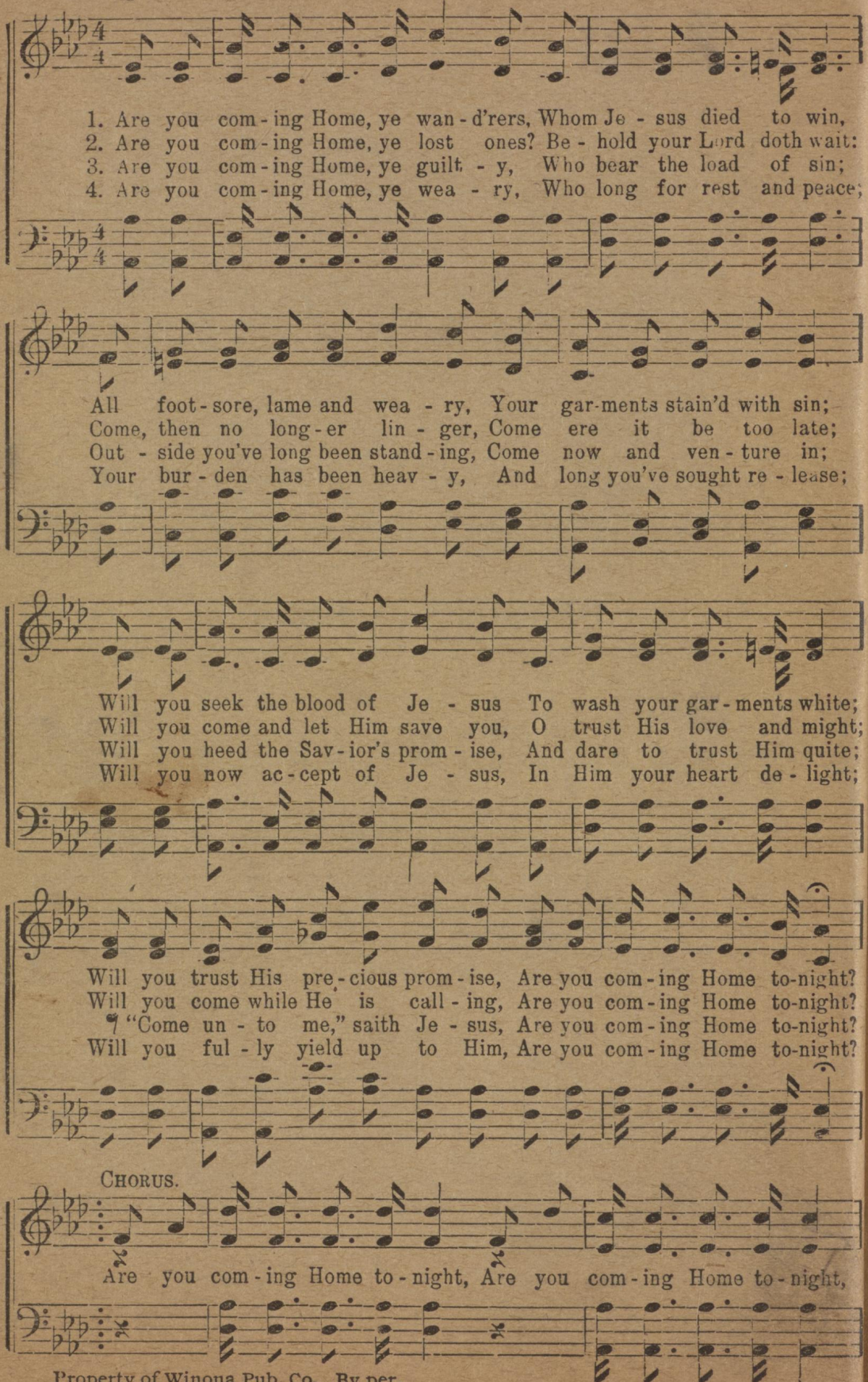


By per. of R. M. McIntosh.

27 ARE YOU COMING HOME TO-NIGHT?

"All things are ready, come."—Matt. 22: 4.

Arranged. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.



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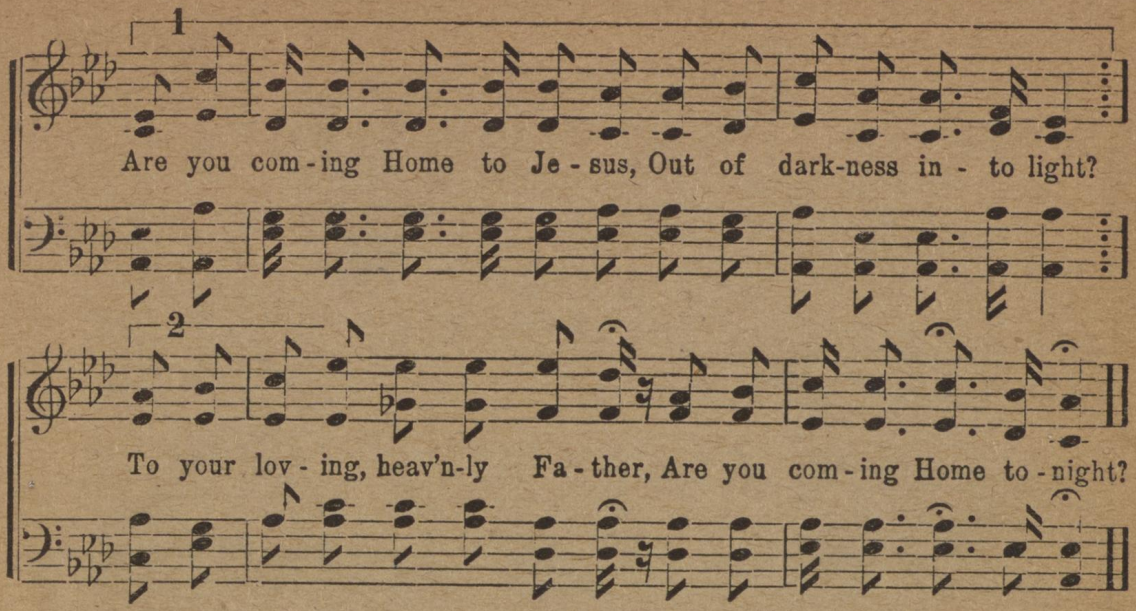
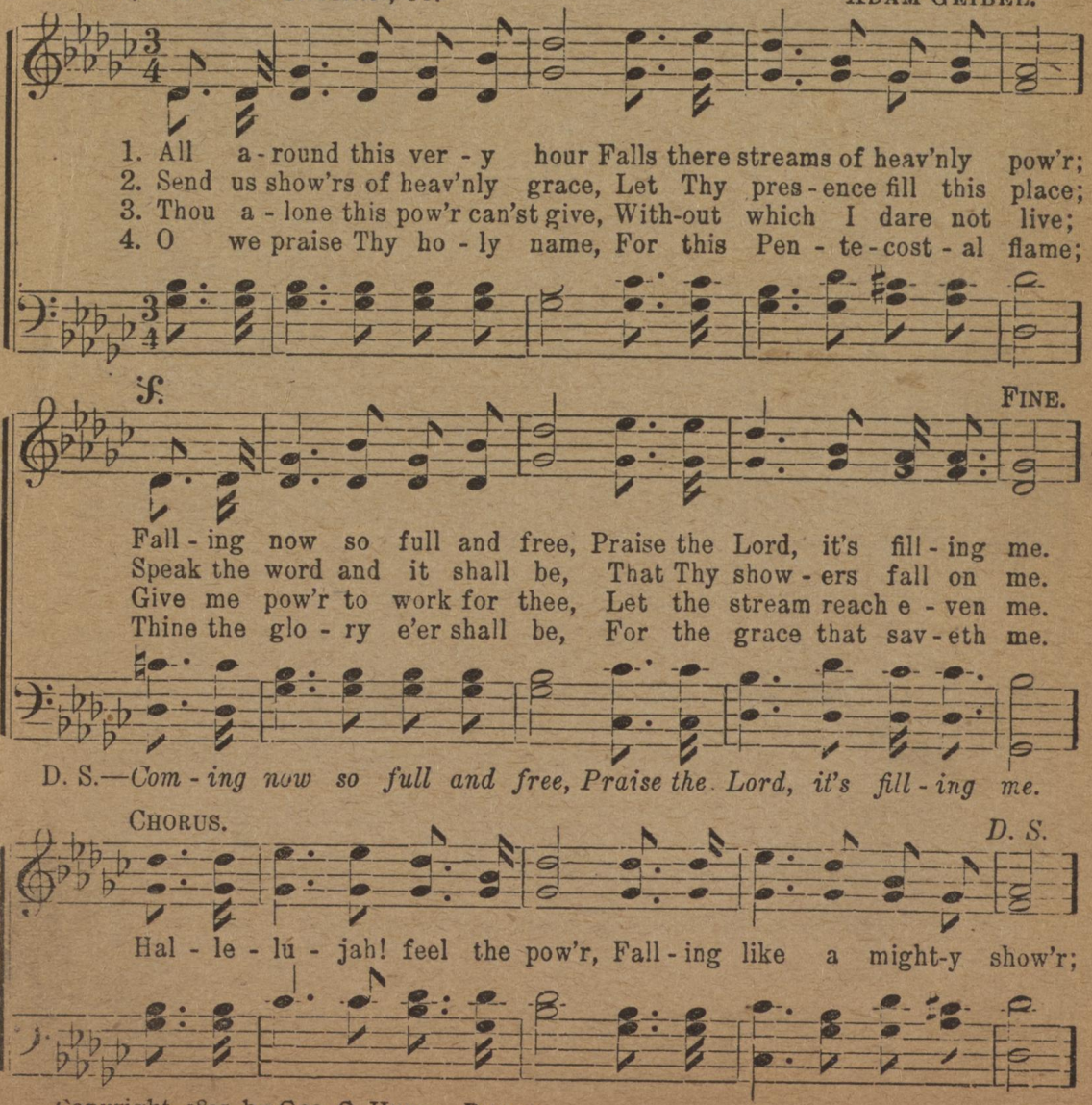
ARE YOU COMING HOME TO-NIGHT? Concluded.



28

IT'S FILLING ME.

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr. ADAM GEIBEL.



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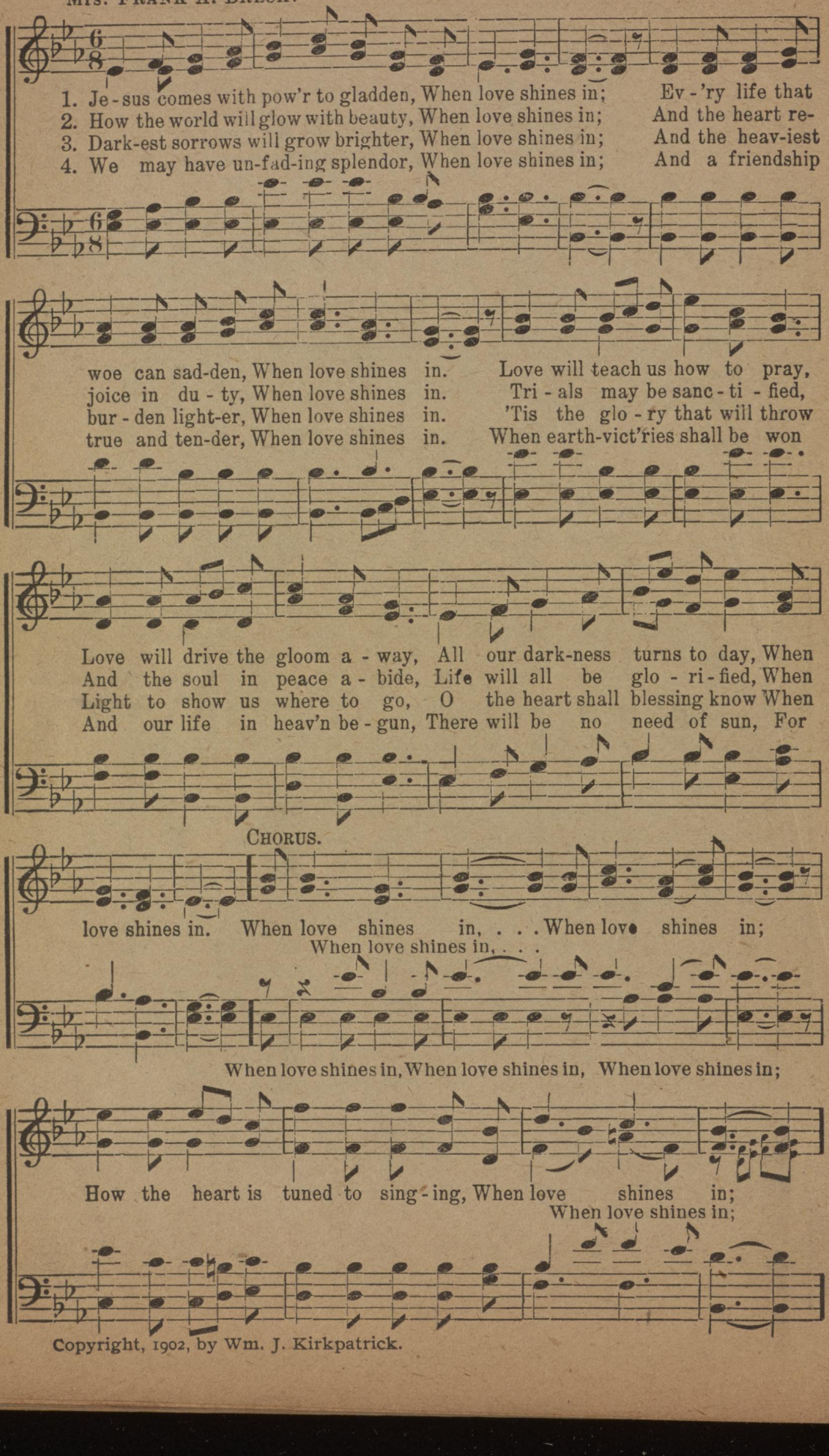
WHEN LOVE SHINES IN.

MRS. FRANK A. BRECK. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



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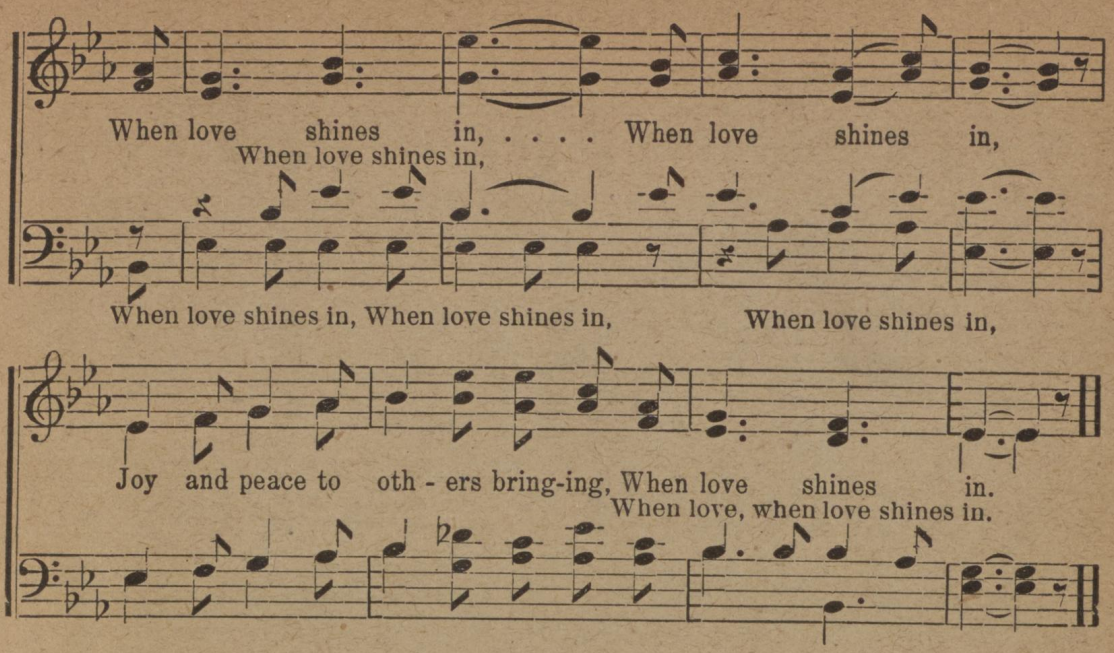
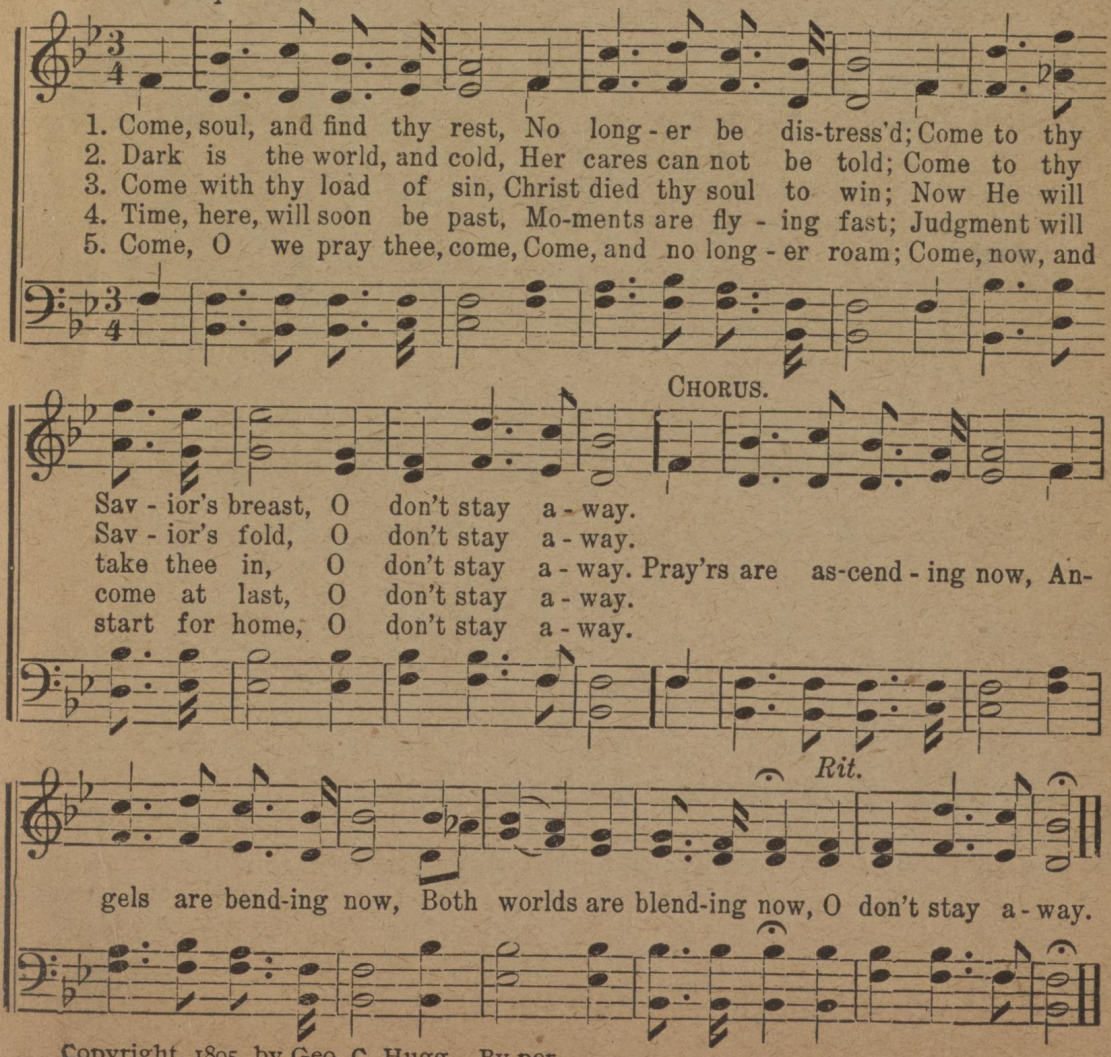
WHEN LOVE SHINES IN. Concluded.

30

O DON'T STAY AWAY.

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr. Rev. W. J. STUART, A. M.

With expression.



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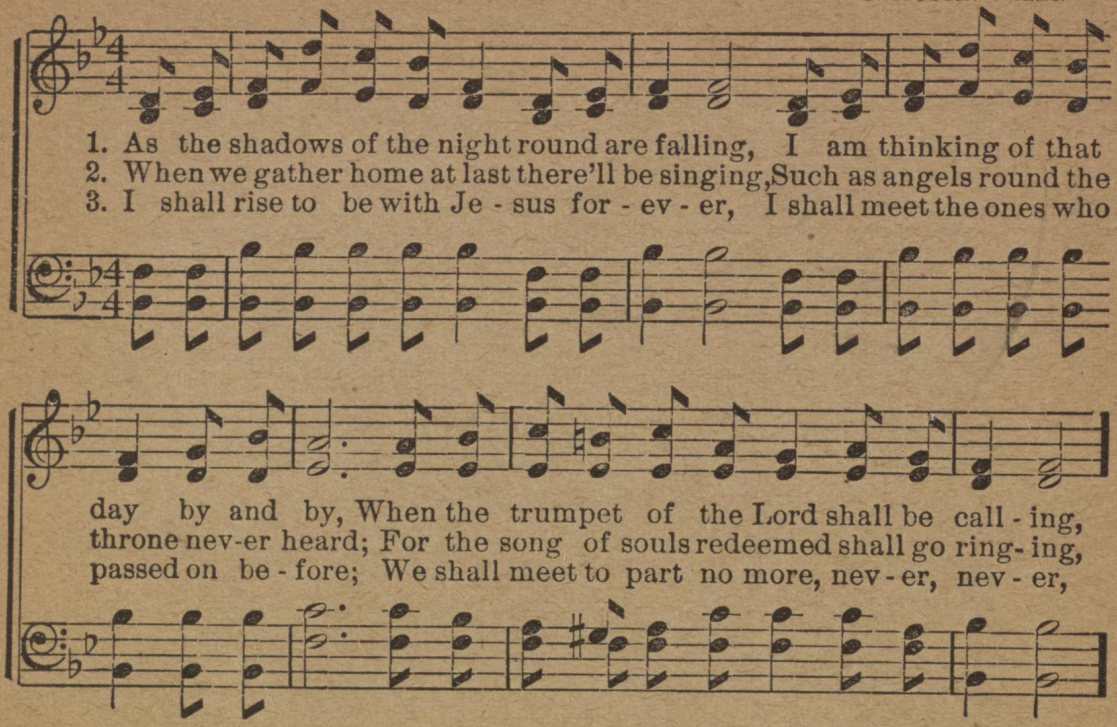
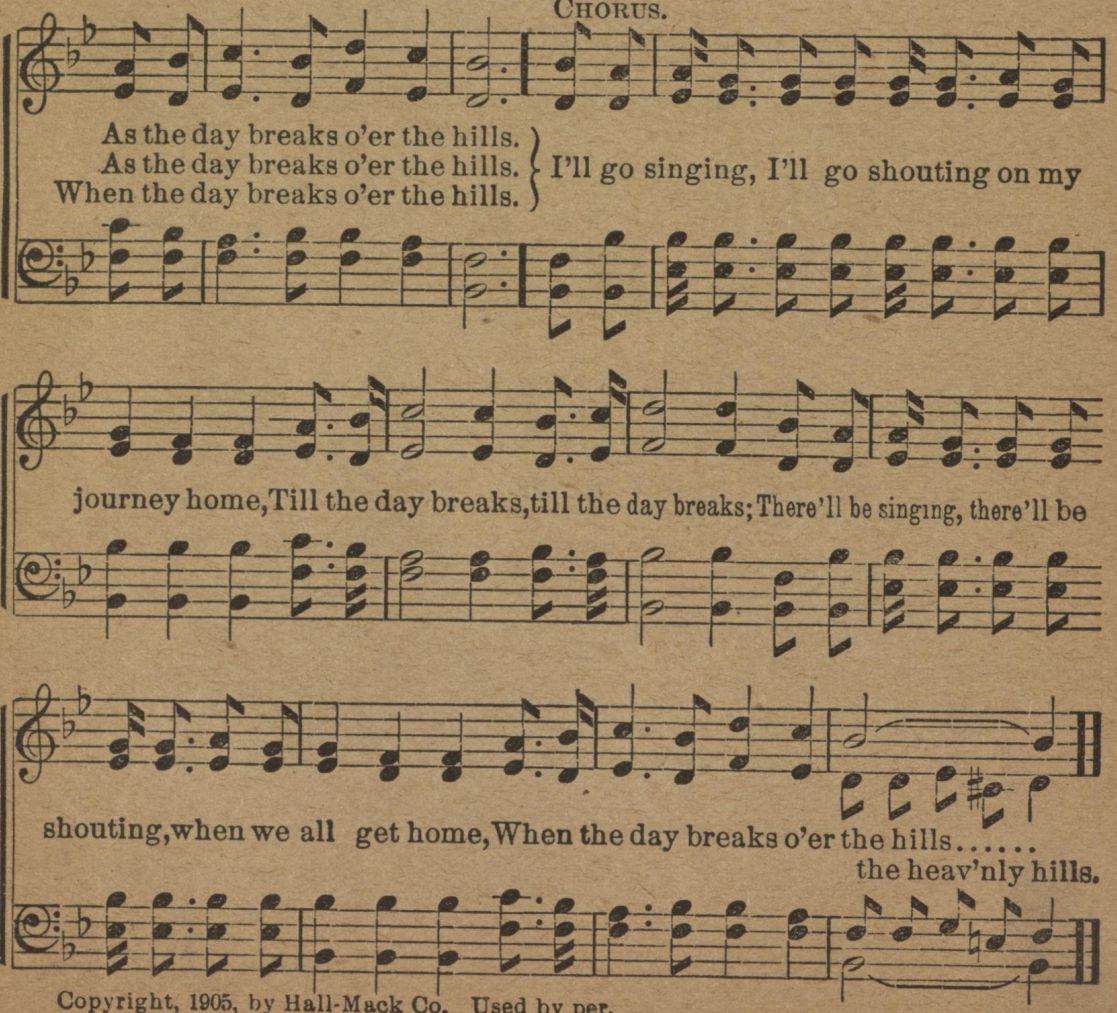
No. 31. AS THE DAY BREAKS.

. A. PAYN. C. AUSTIN MILES.



CHORUS.



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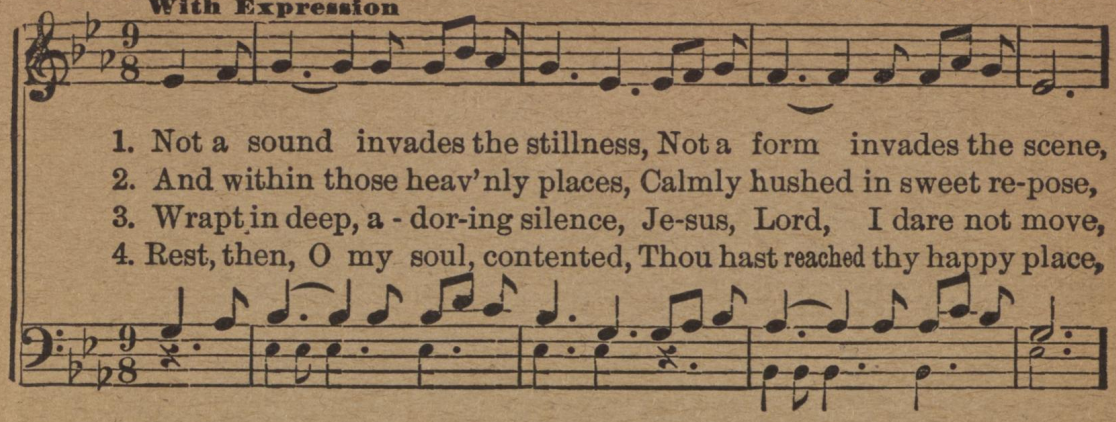
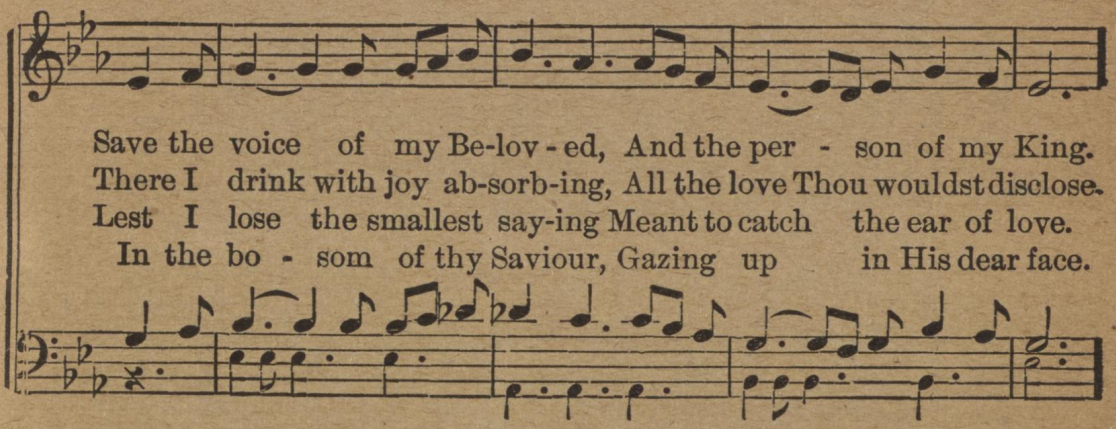
No. 32. WHISPERINGS OF JESUS.

"I will betroth thee unto Me for ever."—Hosea ' : 19.

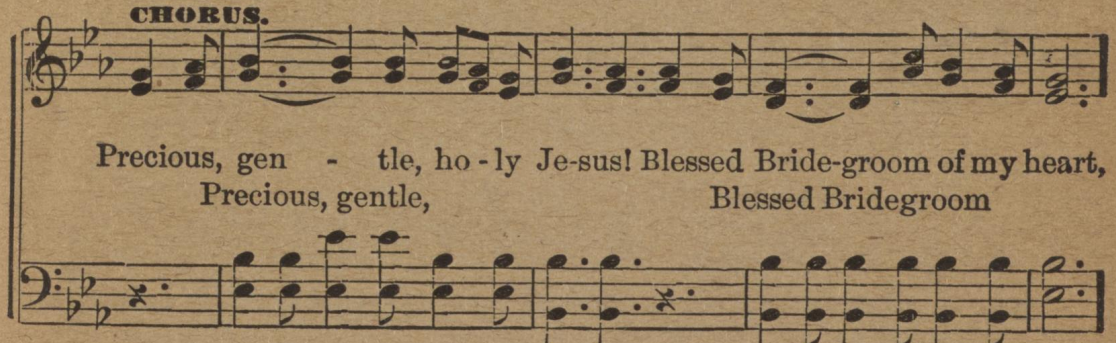
D. K. W. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

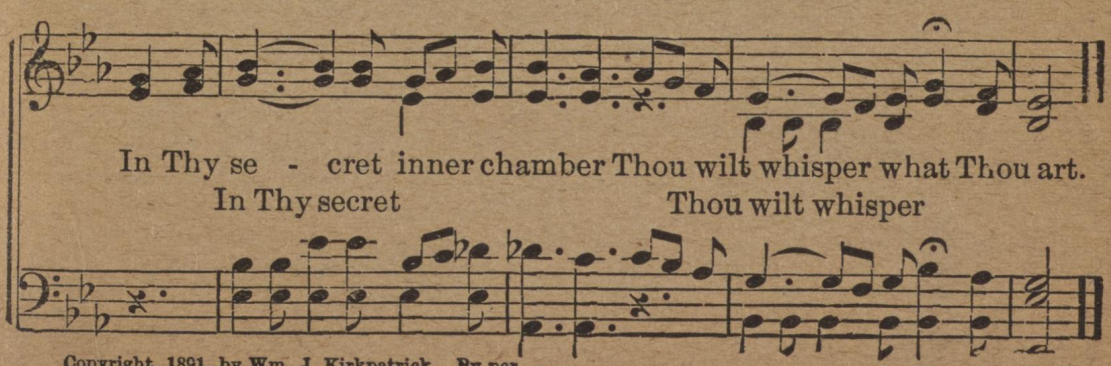
With Expression





CHORUS.





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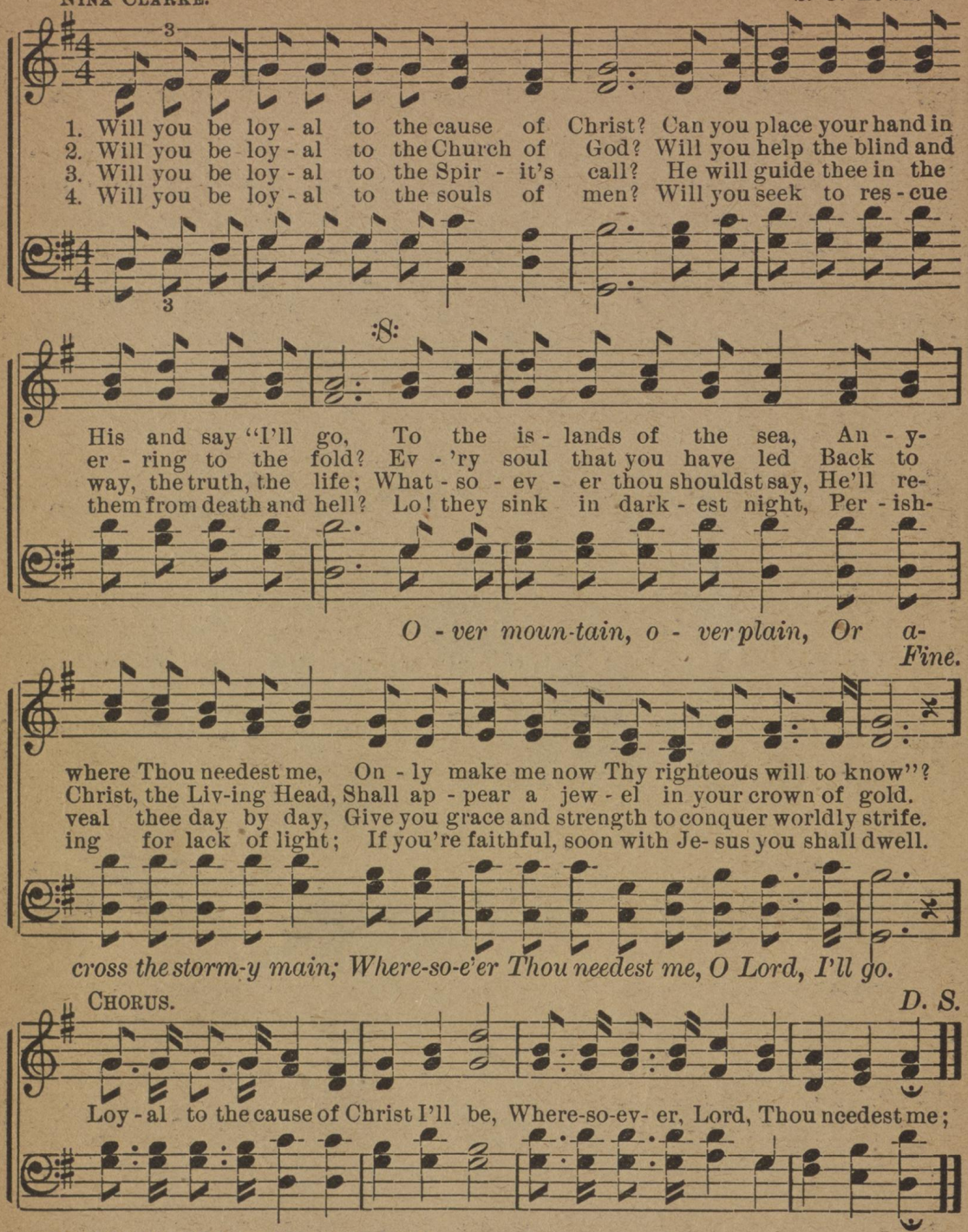
33 WILL YOU BE LOYAL?

NINA CLARKE. S. O. LOWE.

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34 I'll Go Where You Want Me to Go.

KEY OF F.

1 It may not be on the mountain's height,
Or over the stormy sea;
It may not be at the battle's front
My Lord will have need of me;
But if by a still small voice He calls
To paths that I do not know,
I'll answer, dear Lord, with my hand in Thine.
I'll go where you want me to go. [Lord.

CHO.—I'll go where you want me to go, dear
Over mountain, or plain, or sea:
I'll say what you want me to say, dear Lord,
I'll be what you want me to be.

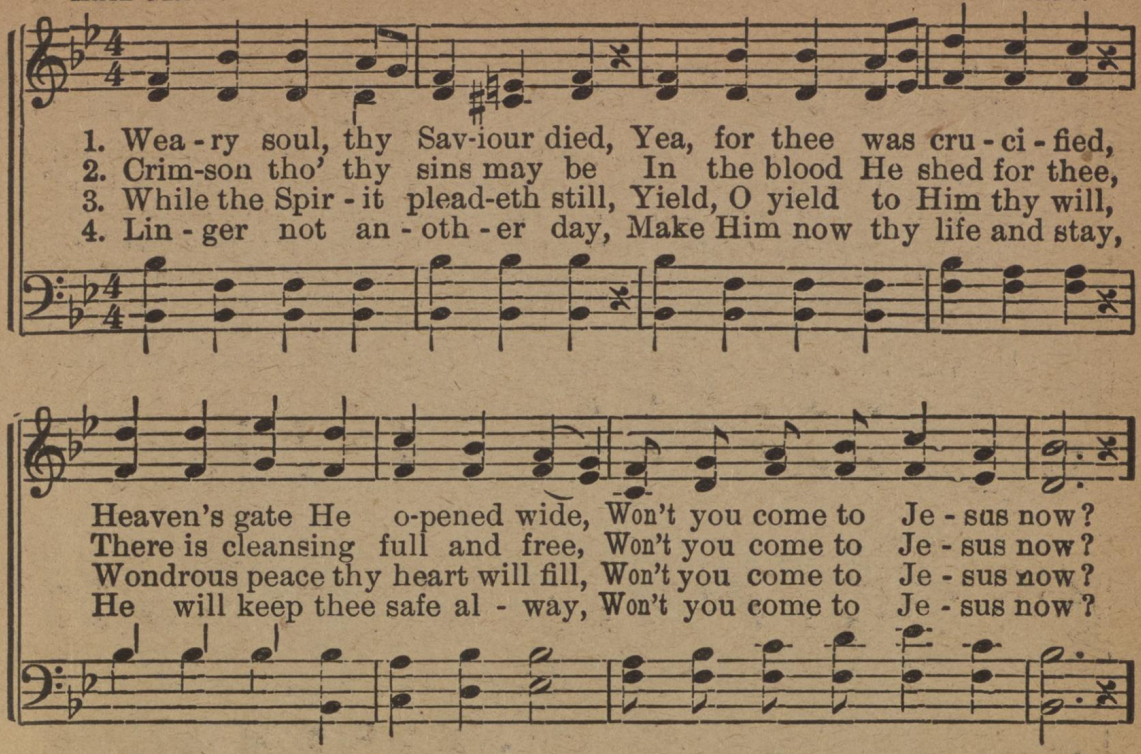
2 Perhaps to-day there are loving words
Which Jesus would have me speak—
There may be now in the paths of sin
Some wanderer whom I should seek;
O Saviour, if Thou wilt be my guide,
Though dark and rugged the way,
My voice shall echo Thy message sweet,
I'll say what you want me to say.

3 There's surely somewhere a lowly place,
In earth's harvest fields so wide—
Where I may labor through life's short day
For Jesus the Crucified—
So trusting my all to Thy tender care,
And knowing Thou lovest me,
I'll do Thy will with a heart sincere,
I'll be what you want me to be.

MARY BROWN.

WON'T YOU COME TO JESUS NOW?

KATE ULMER. JNO. R. BRYANT.



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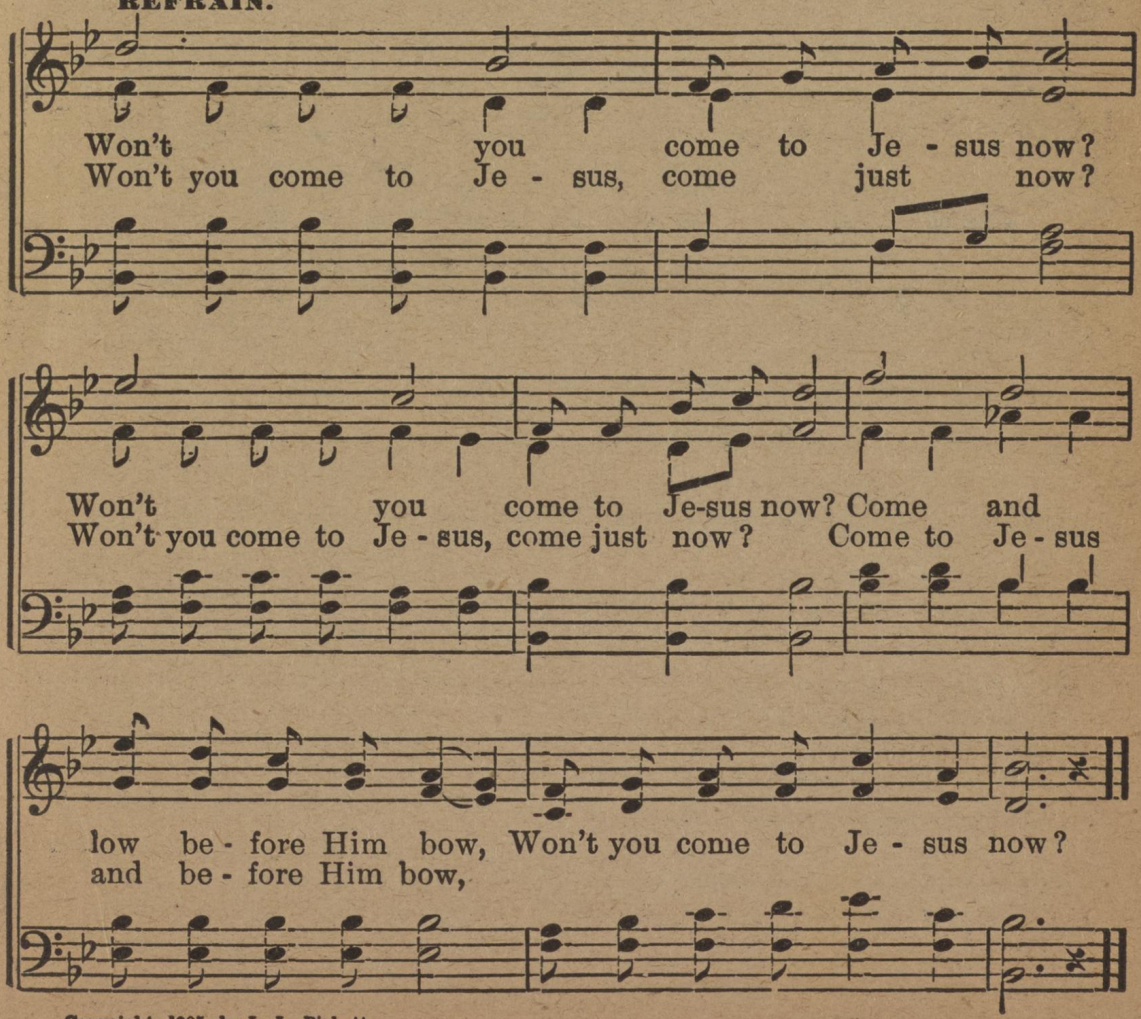

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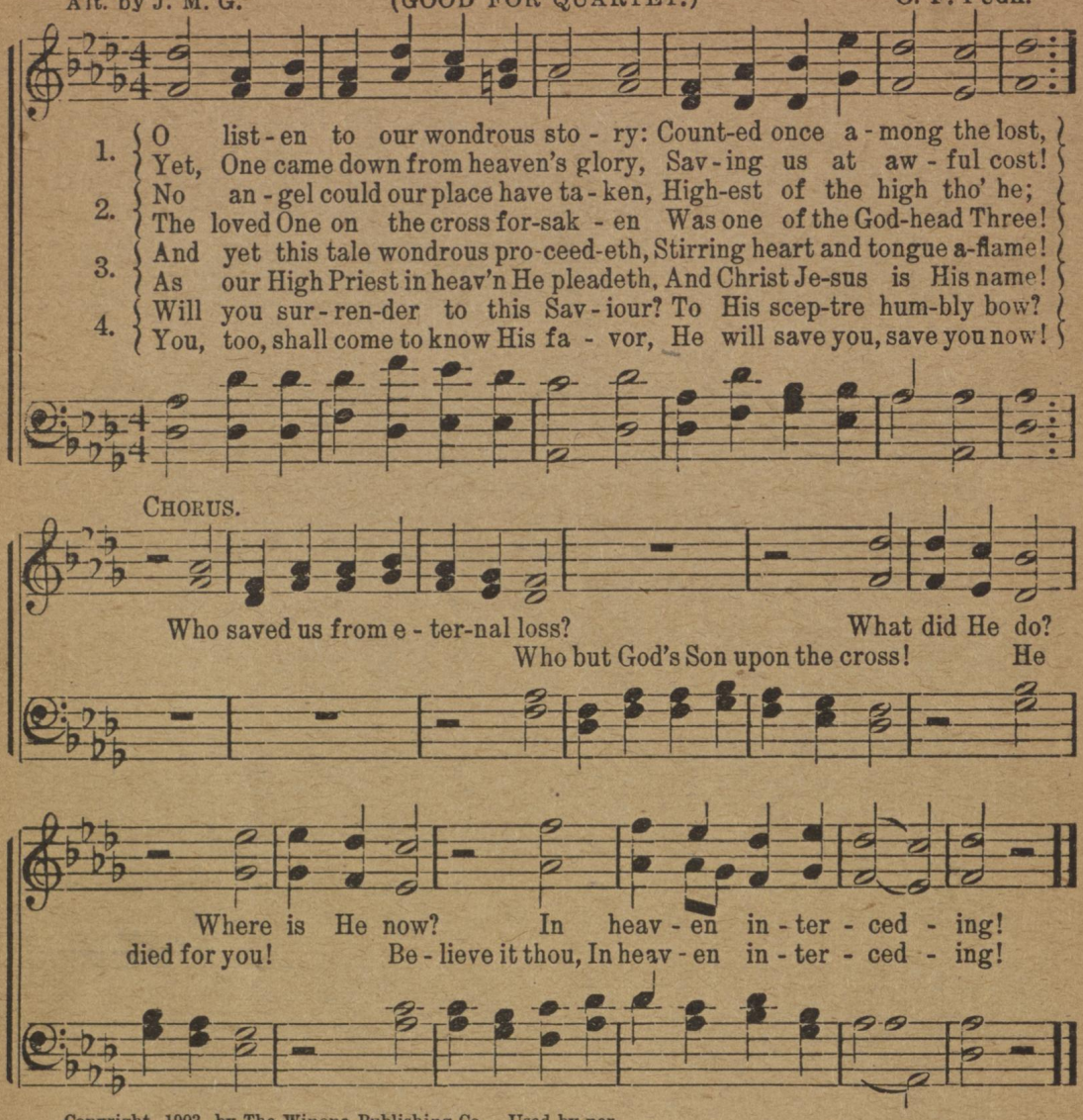
36 WHAT DID HE DO?

Alt. by J. M. G. (GOOD FOR QUARTET.) O. F. PUGH.



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37 BEYOND DEATH'S SEA.

KEY OF G-FLAT.

1 Beyond death's sea where the Saviour calleth me,
We know is the city of light;
'Tis the city of God! 'tis the home of the blest;
And there falleth no shadow of night.

CHO.—Blessed, blessed city,
Thou city of the King; [walls,
May we shelter find and a home within thy
And a refuge 'neath our Father's wing.

2 There the Saviour reigns in His glory all divine,
Sweet peace and great plenty abide;
Lovely angels vie in their worship and praise,
Loudest "hallelujahs" swell like the tide.

3 There no sickness comes and no sorrow shall be known,
No death e'er invades its domain;
No tears ever fall and no sighs shall ever rise,
No sin shall ever enter, or pain.

4 There are jasper walls and the gates of richest pearl,
And streets of the finest, pure gold;
The inhabitants shall never be sick,
And none of them shall ever grow old.

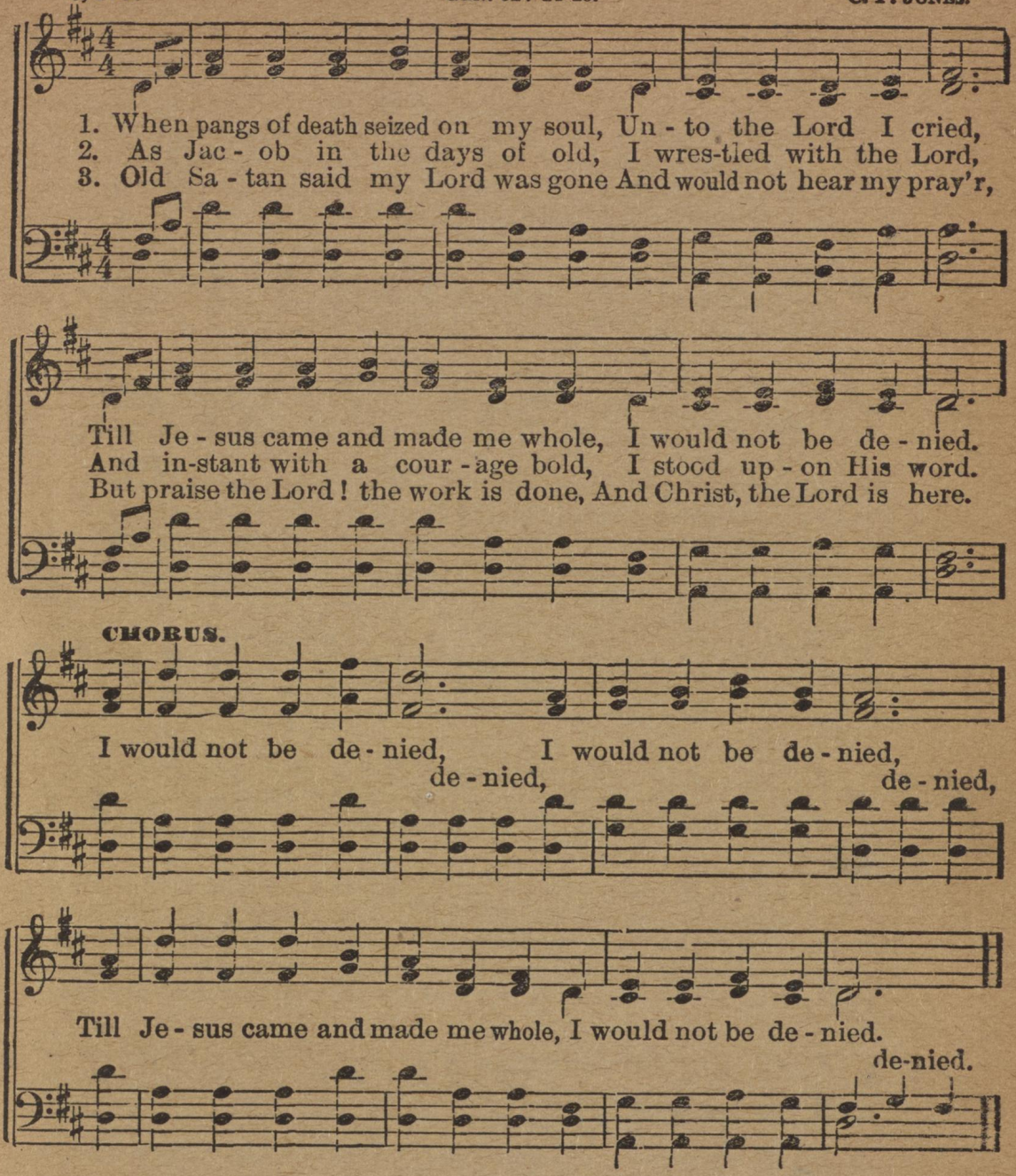
5 The King in His beauty the saints shall behold,
And He shall be light unto them;
They each shall wave the conqueror's palm,
And be crowned then with bright diadem.

6 Let us forward press to that country so fair,
That city all glorious and bright,
Where no darkness shall fall and no shadow shall come, [night.
We are told that there shall then be no

L. L. PICKETT.

No. 38 I WOULD NOT BE DENIED.

C, P. J. GEN. 32: 24-28. C. P. JONES.



No. 39 A SHELTER.

(Key of F.)

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

CHO.—O, Jesus is a Rock in a weary land,
A weary land, a weary land,
O, Jesus is a Rock in a weary land,
A shelter in the time of storm.

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

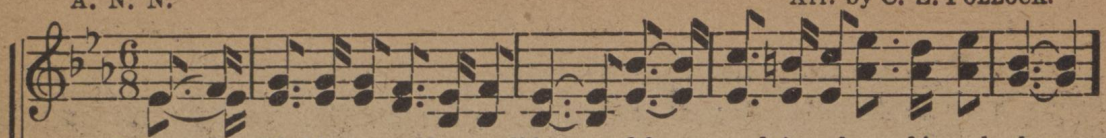
3 The raging storms may round us beat,
A shelter in the time of storm;
We'll never leave our safe retreat,
A shelter in the time of storm.

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

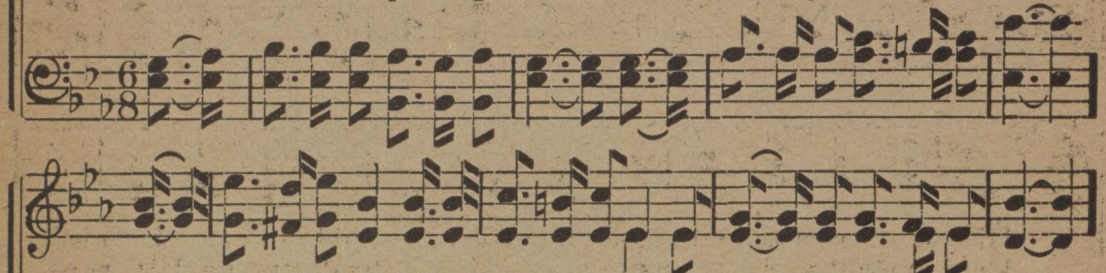
Words arr.

GLORY TO GOD, HE'S COME HOME.

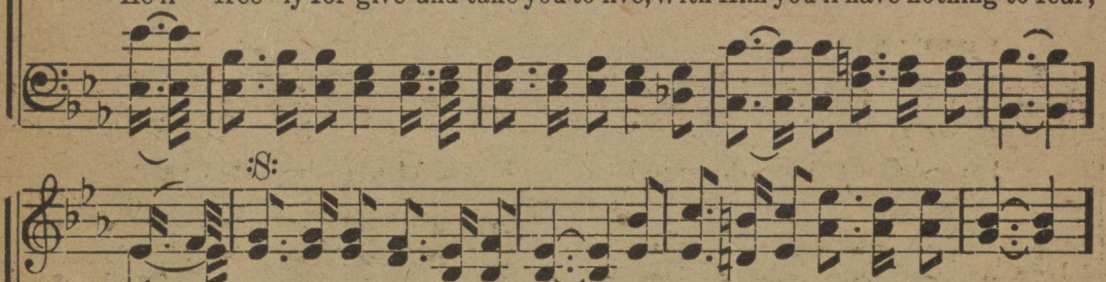
A. N. N. Arr. by C. E. POLLOCK.



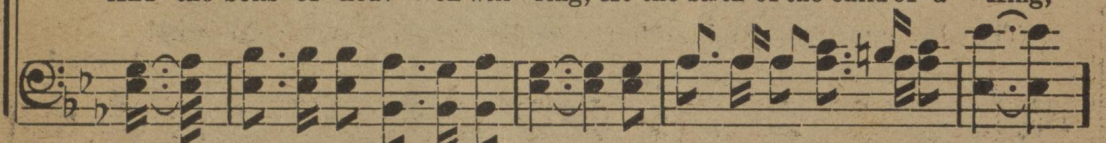
1. In the Bi - ble we read, you all know, Of a prod- i - gal saved here be-low;
2. How bright were his hopes on that day, When the prod-i-gal turned him a-way,
3. We know ver-y well that the lad Came home ver-y wear-y and sad,
4. The el - der broth-er drew near, He the danc-ing and music could hear,
5. O if there's a prod-i-gal here, Come now, to your Father draw near,



If you'll open your book to the gos-pel of Luke, The fifteenth chapter will show
From home and from rest, from all that was best, He put no restraint nor delay;
He knew he'd gone wrong, with the riotous throng, He tho't of all that was bad;
So his servant he sent to ask what it meant, They told him his brother had come;
He'll free - ly for-give and take you to live, With Him you'll have nothing to fear;

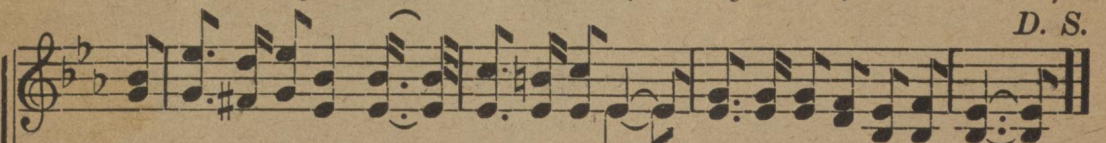


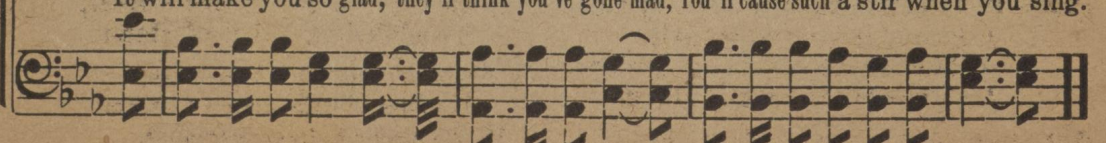
How they bro't forth a robe and a ring, Made mer-ry, did shout and did sing,
He banished all tho't of his home, And wished but in freedom to roam,
But to cheer him his father would sing, While the air with the music would ring,
Then his fa-ther came outside to him, And begged him that he would come in,
And the bells of heav - en will ring, At the birth of the child of a King,



D. S.—*Glo-ry to God, he's come home,* *Glory to God, he's come home,*

D. S.



Did dance and did laugh round the fatted calf, Glo - ry to God, he's come home.
Till friendless he stood, without clothing or food, He said, I'll arise and go home.
Come let us re-joice with heart and with voice, Glo - ry to God, he's come home.
He said, Don't be sad, we're all merry and glad, Glo - ry to God, he's come home.
It will make you so glad, they'll think you've gone mad, You'll cause such a stir when you sing.

From sin and from crime, from feeding the swine, Glory to God, he's come home.

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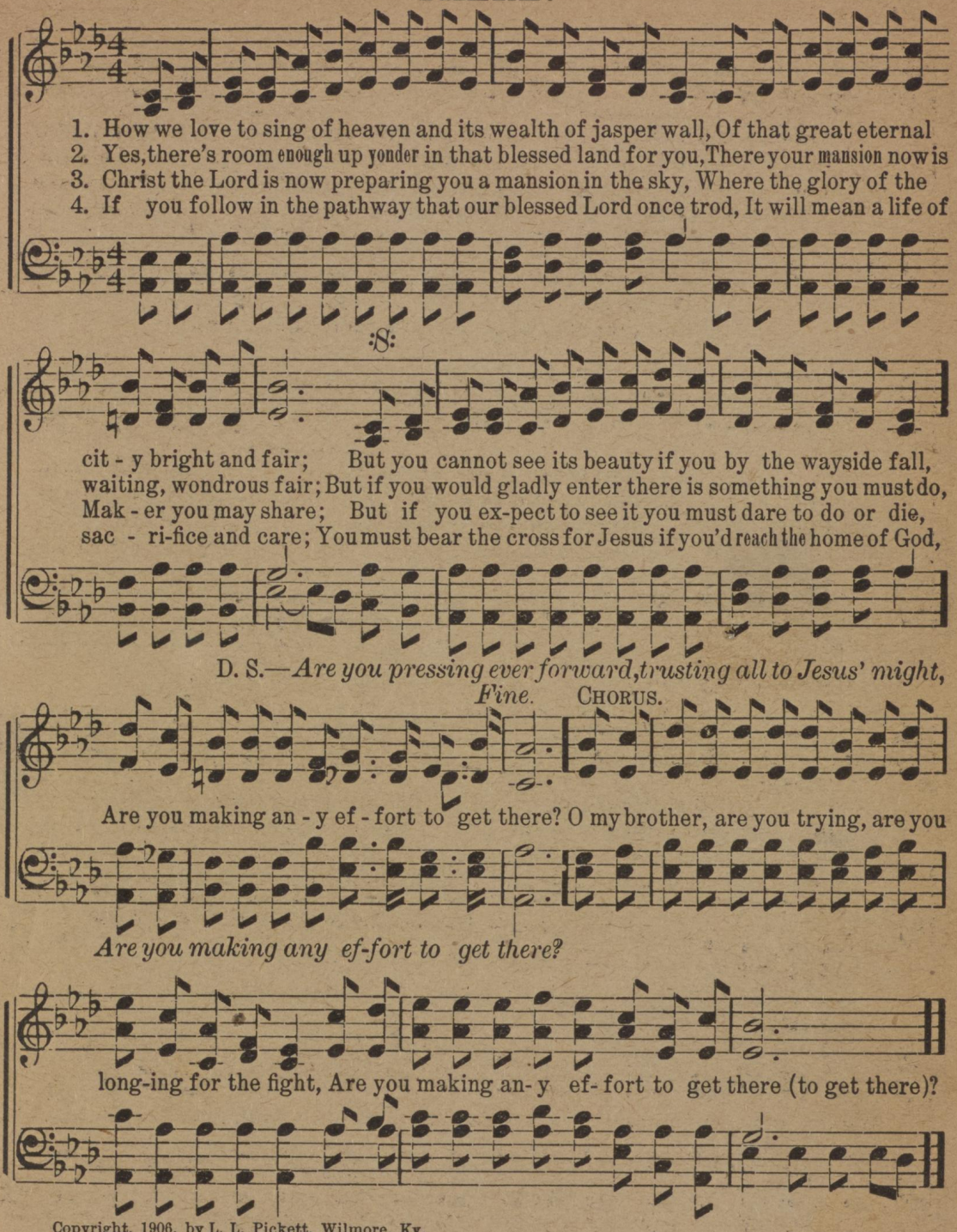
41 ARE YOU MAKING ANY EFFORT TO GET THERE?

JOHNSON OATMAN. HOWARD SWEETEN.

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42 NEAR THE CROSS.

KEY OF F.

1 Jesus, keep me near the cross,
There a precious fountain
Free to all, a healing stream,
Flows from Calvary's mountain.

CHO.—In the cross, in the cross,
Be my glory ever;
Till my raptured soul shall find
Rest beyond the river.

2 Near the cross, a trembling soul,
Love and mercy found me;
There the bright and Morning Star
Sheds its beams around me.

3 Near the cross! O Lamb of God,
Bring its scenes before me;
Help me walk from day to day,
With its shadows o'er me.

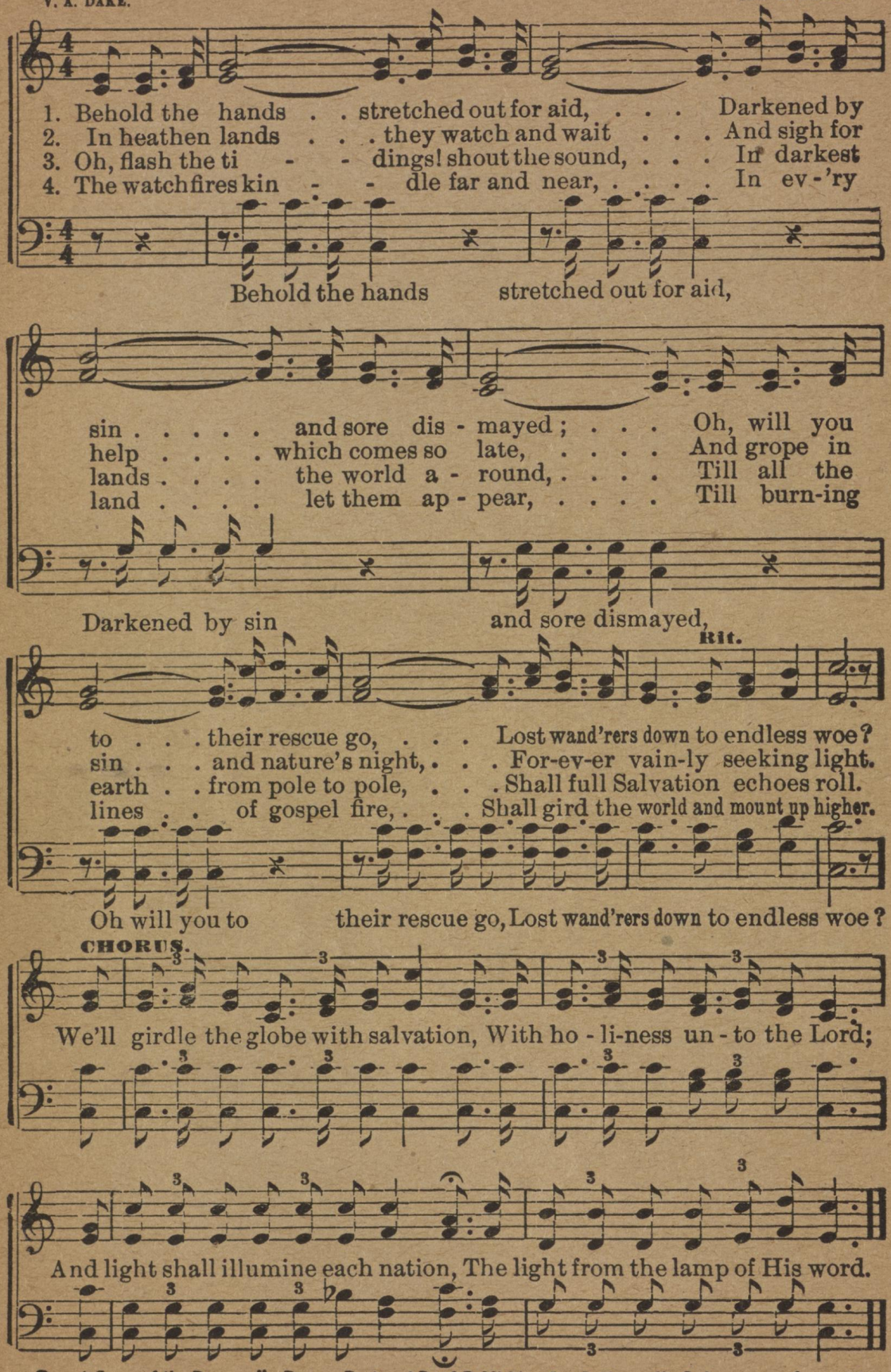
4 Near the cross I'll watch and wait,
Hoping, trusting ever,
Till I reach the golden strand,
Just beyond the river.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

No. 43.

WE'LL GIRDLE THE GLOBE.

"Then thou shalt see, and flow together, and thine heart shall fear, and be enlarged, because the abundance of the sea shall be converted unto thee, the forces of the Gentiles shall come unto thee."—Isa. 60 : 5.

V. A. DAKE. IDA M. DAKE.

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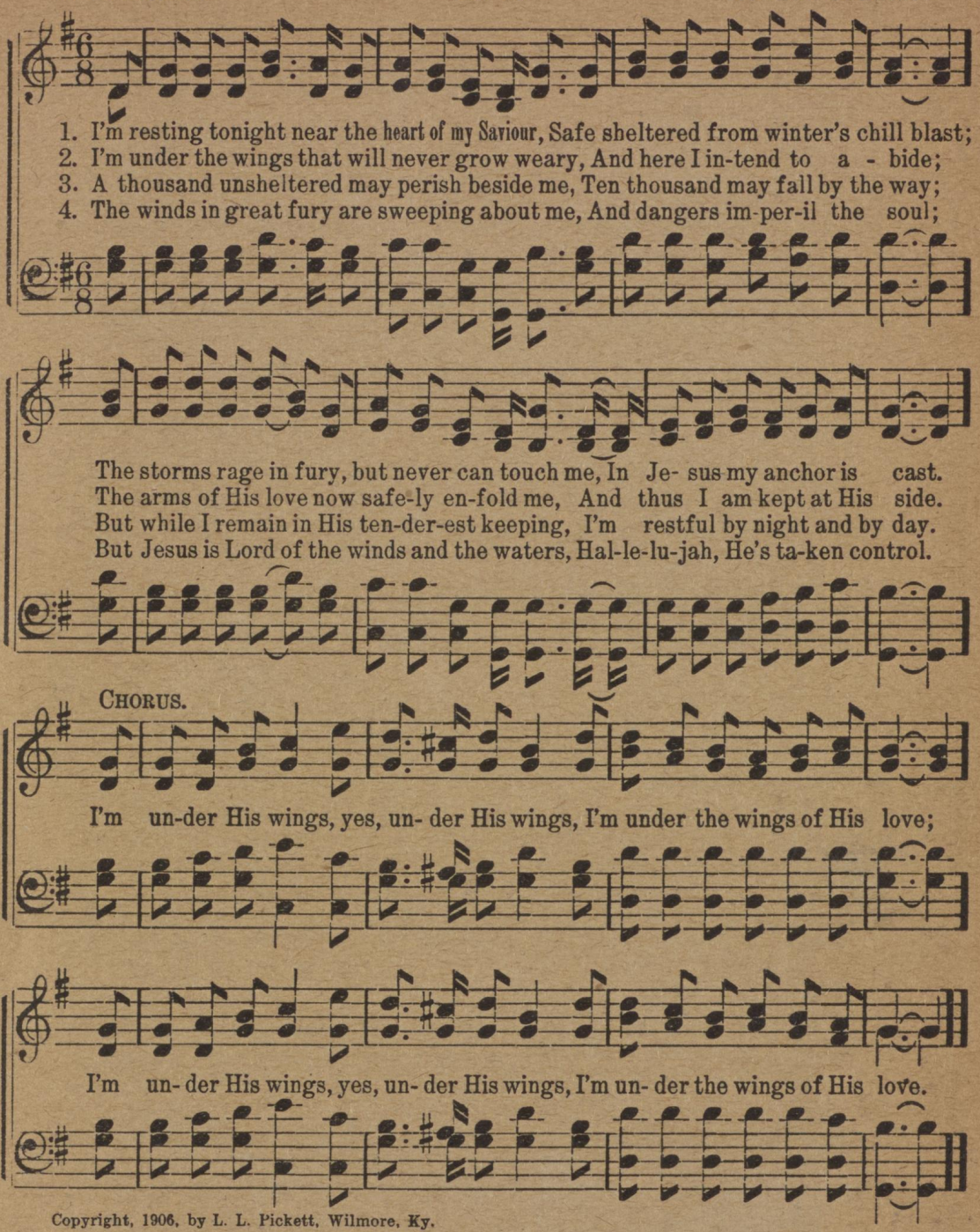
44 I'M UNDER HIS WINGS.

L. L. PICKETT. PSA. 91. HOWARD SWEETEN.



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45 HALLELUJAH.

KEY OF A.

1 My sins are forgiven, my soul is set free,
Hallelujah!
My Jesus redeemed me, His own will I be,
Hallelujah!

CHO.—O hallelujah! hallelujah!
I'm so glad to tell,
O hallelujah! hallelujah!
With my soul 'tis well.

2 Once far from my Saviour, I'm near Him to-day,
Hallelujah!
He points me to heaven, and leads all the way,
Hallelujah!

3 His blood bought my pardon, and cleanses within,
Hallelujah!
A crown through His mercy I'm hoping to win,
Hallelujah!

4 Our army's advancing, the bugle sounds shrill,
Hallelujah!
Fresh orders from Jesus our spirits now thrill,
Hallelujah!

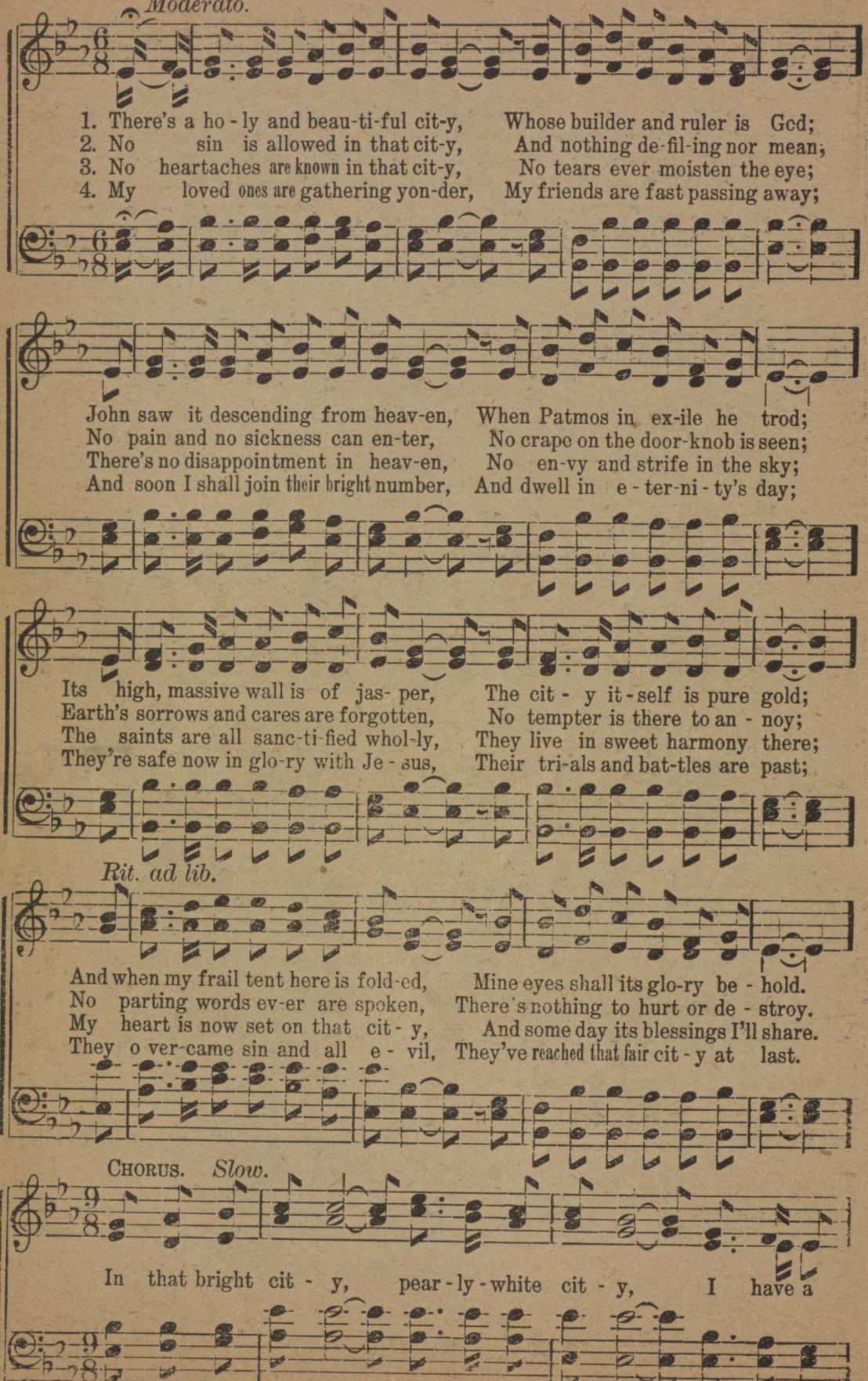
5 The glory-dawn breaketh, our Saviour is near,
Hallelujah!
We hope to be ready when He shall appear,
Hallelujah!

L. L. PICKETT.

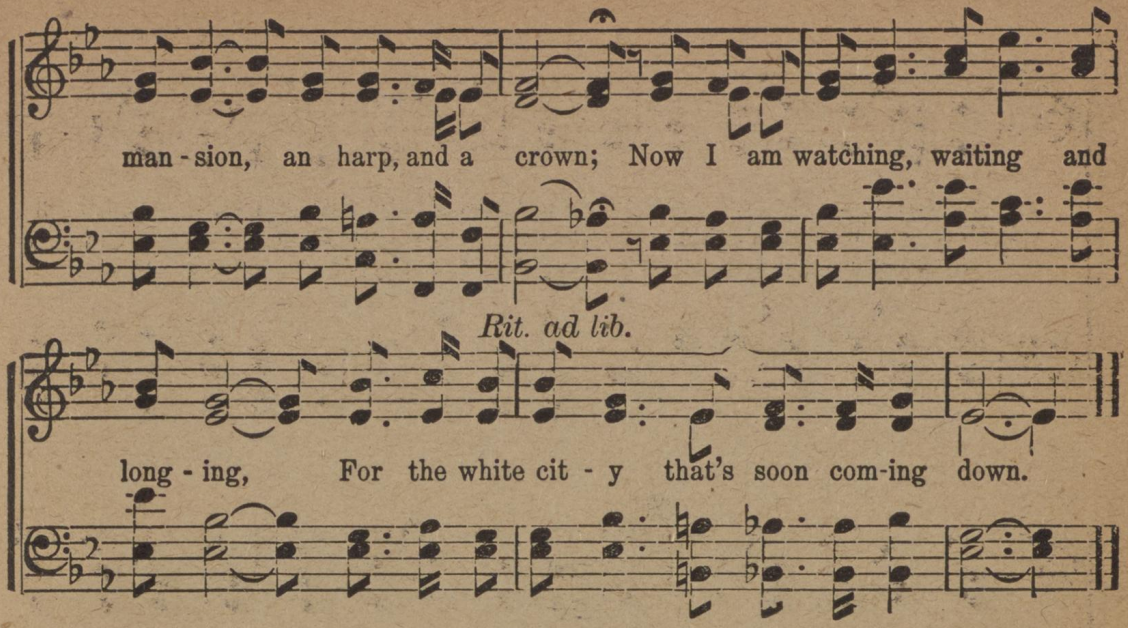
46 THE CITY THAT'S COMING DOWN.

A. F. I. ARTHUR F. INGLER. By per.

Moderato.

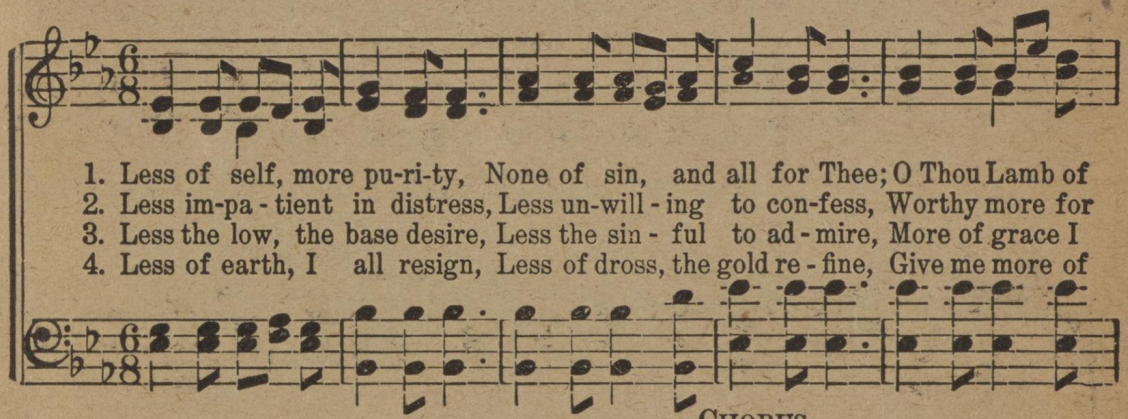


THE CITY THAT'S COMING DOWN. Concluded.

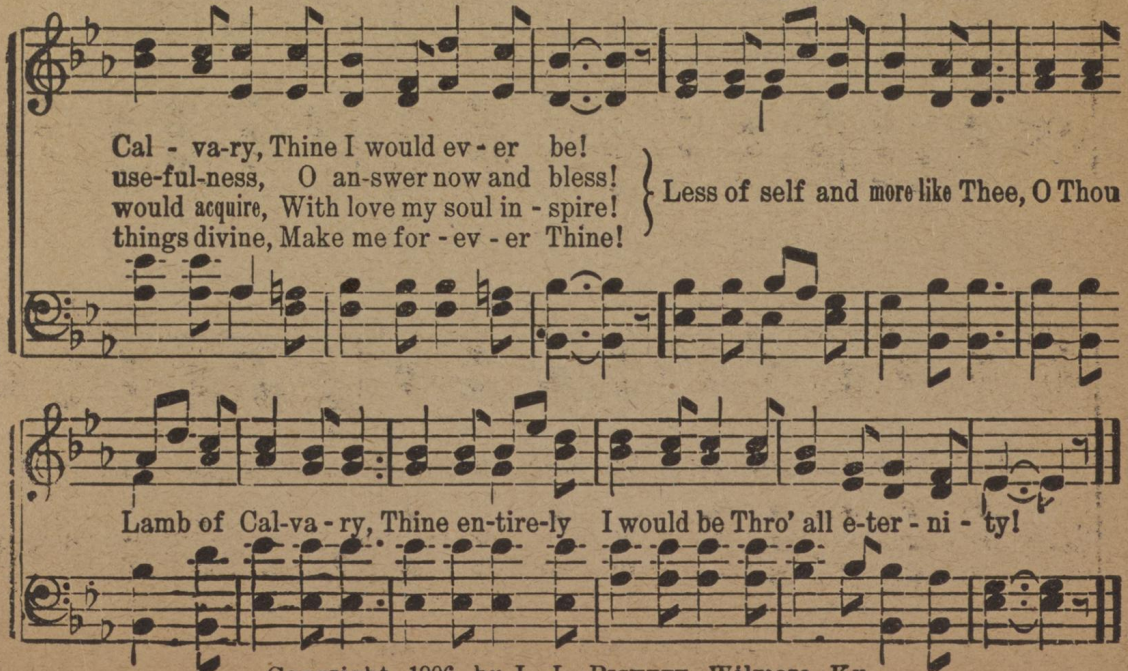


47 LESS OF SELF.

E. D. ELLIOTT. WM. EDIE MARKS.



CHORUS.



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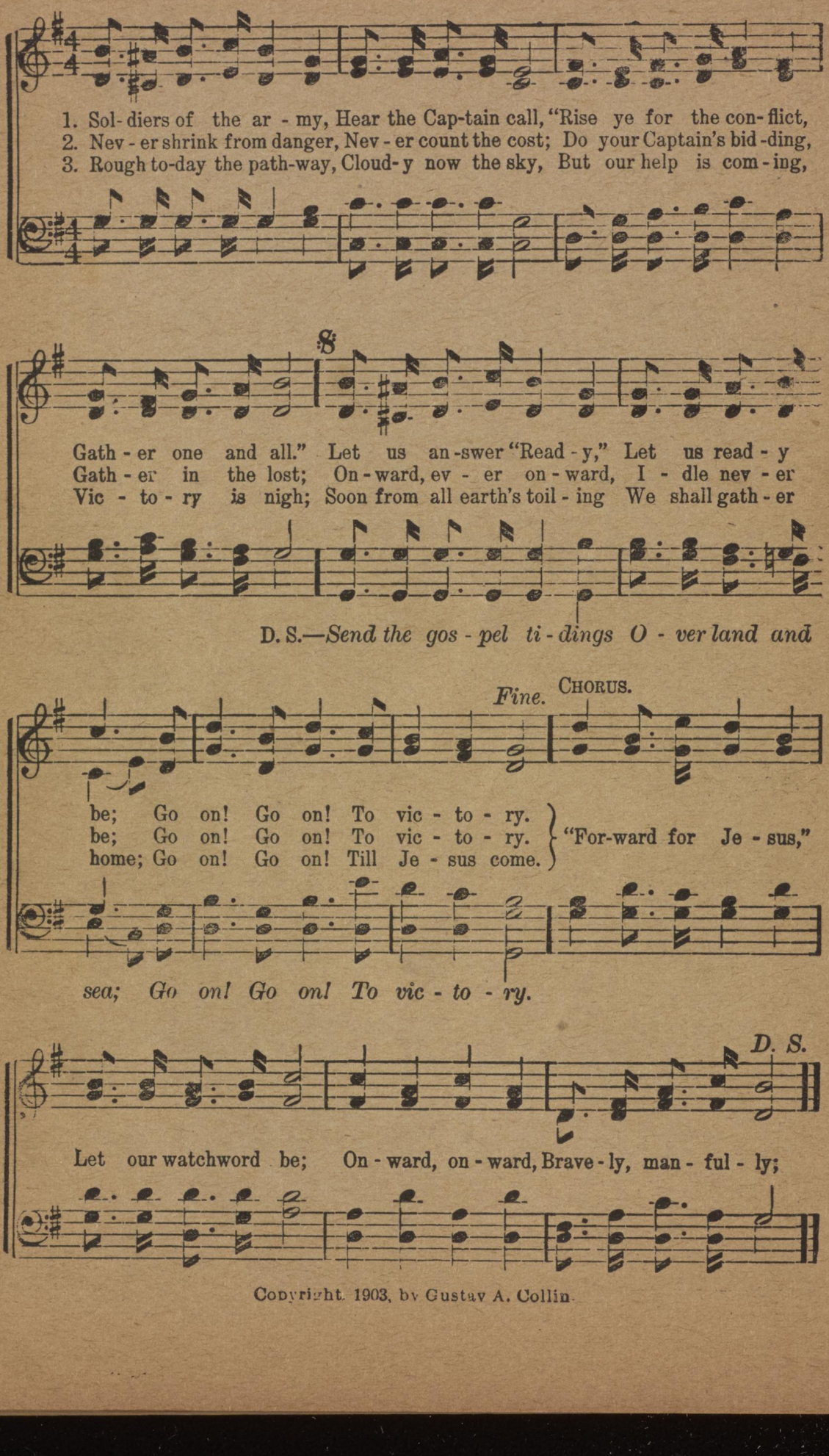
SOLDIERS OF THE ARMY.

Dedicated to the Nyack Gospel Mission, Nyack, N. Y.

G. A. C. GUSTAV A. COLLIN.

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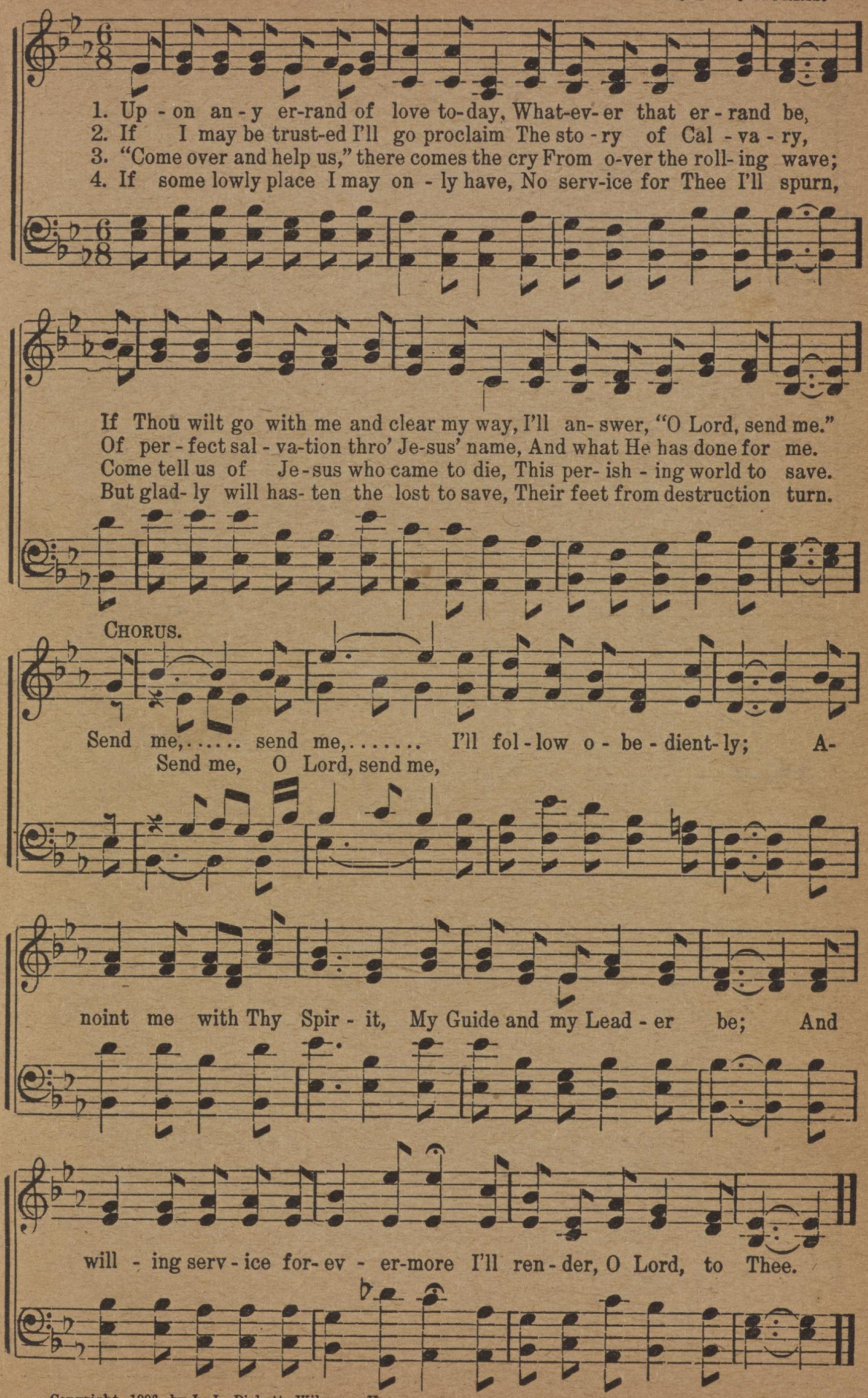
49 WILLING SERVICE.

Mrs. C. H. M. Mrs. C H. Morris.



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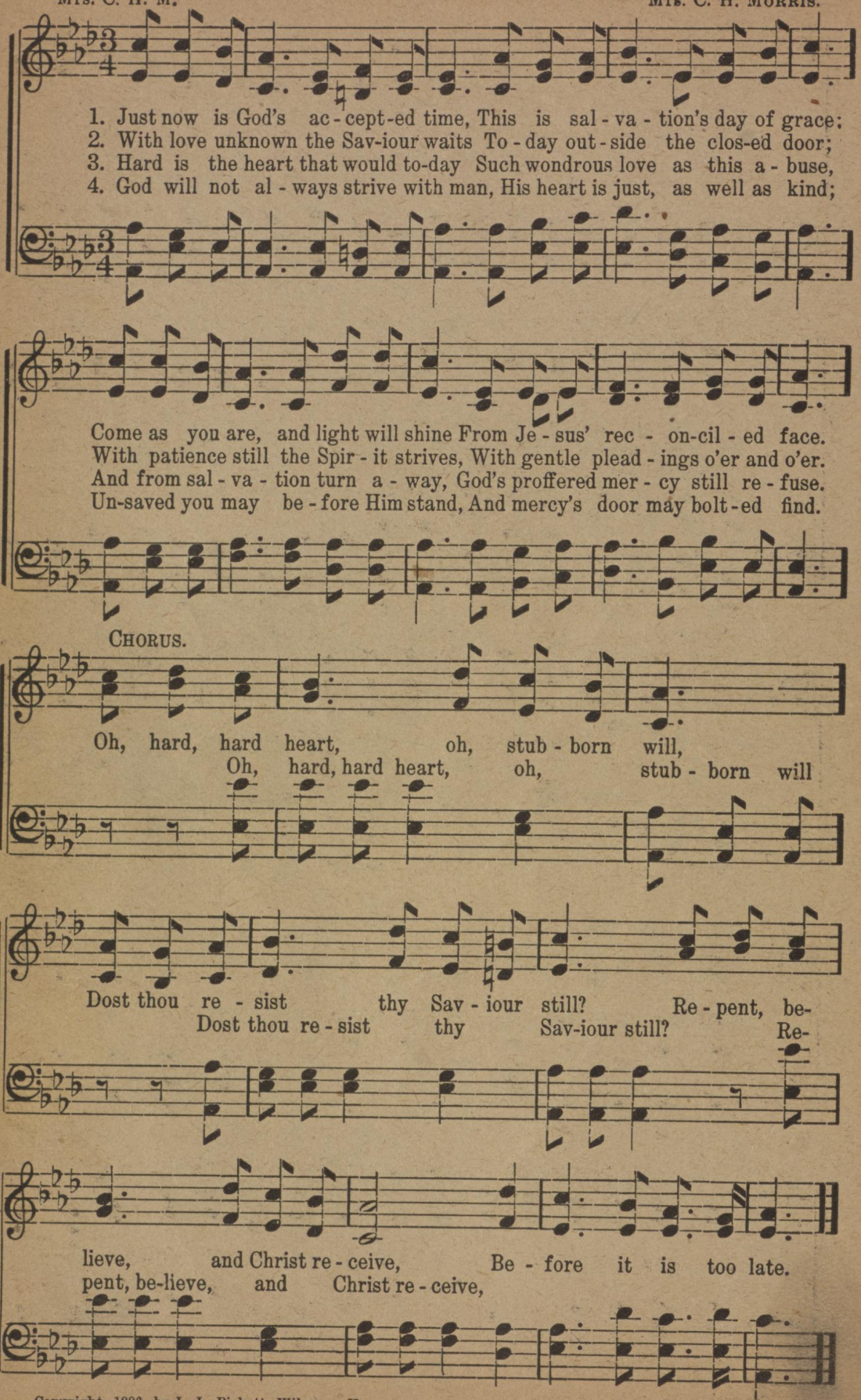
50 BEFORE IT IS TOO LATE.

Mrs. C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. Morris.



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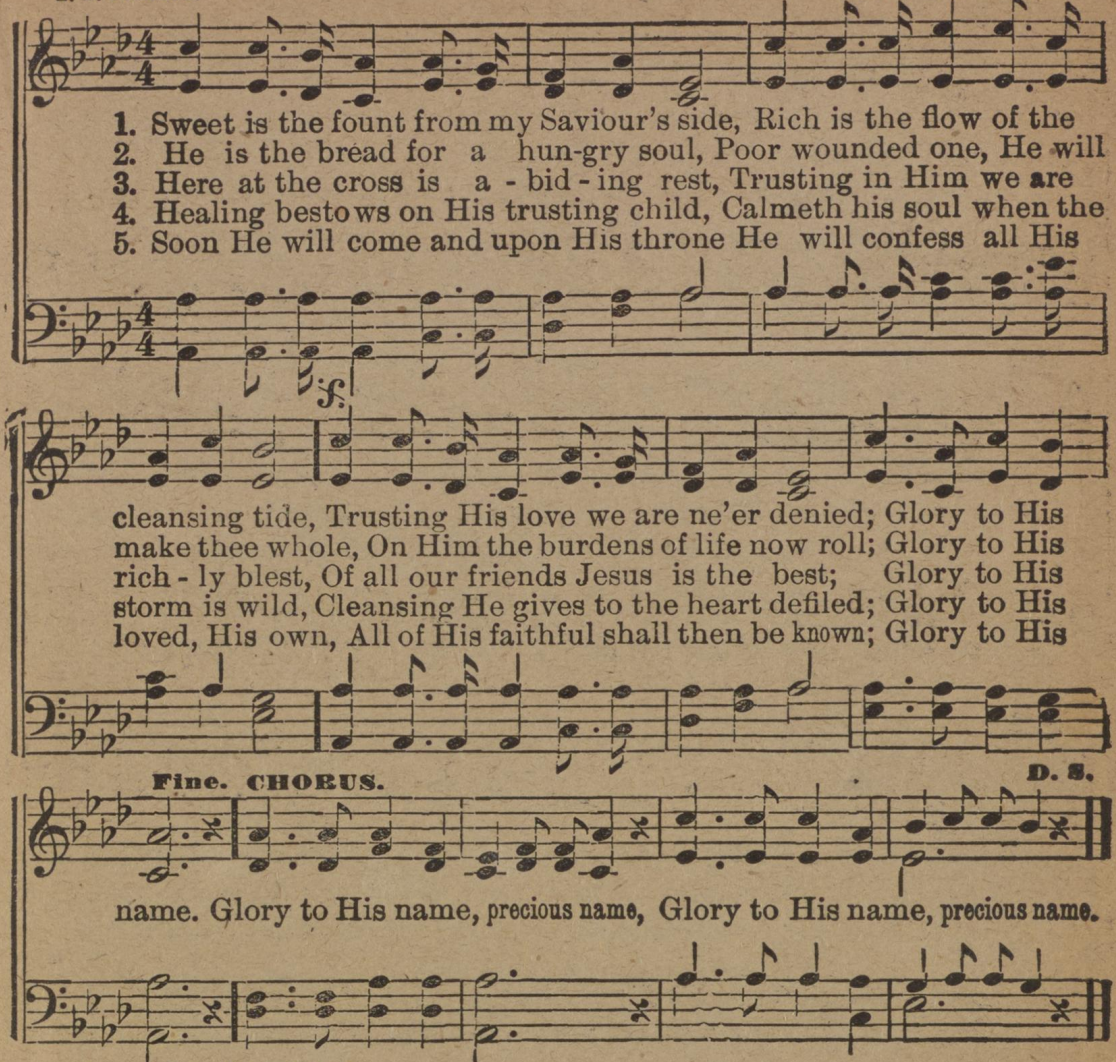
51 GLORY TO HIS NAME.

"God forbid that I should glory save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ."—GAL. 6: 14.

L. L. PICKETT. Rev. J. H. STOCKTON.



By permission of Jno. J. Hood.

52 DOWN AT THE CROSS.

"I will glorify thy name for evermore."

1 Down at the cross where my Saviour died,
Down where for cleansing from sin I cried,
There to my heart was the blood applied;
Glory to His name.

CHO.—Glory to His name,
Glory to His name,
There to my heart was the blood applied;
Glory to His name.

2 I am so wondrously saved from sin,
Jesus so sweetly abides within,
There at the cross where he took me in;
Glory to His name.

3 O precious fountain, that saves from sin,
I am so glad I have entered in,
There Jesus saves me and keeps me clean;
Glory to His name.

4 Come to this fountain, so rich and sweet,
Cast thy poor soul at the Saviour's feet
Plunge in to-day, and be made complete;
Glory to His name. Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN

53 COME TO JESUS.

KEY OF G.

1 Come to Jesus,
Come to Jesus,
Come to Jesus just now,
Just now come to Jesus,
Come to Jesus just now.

2 He will save you, etc.

3 He is able, etc.

4 He is willing, etc.

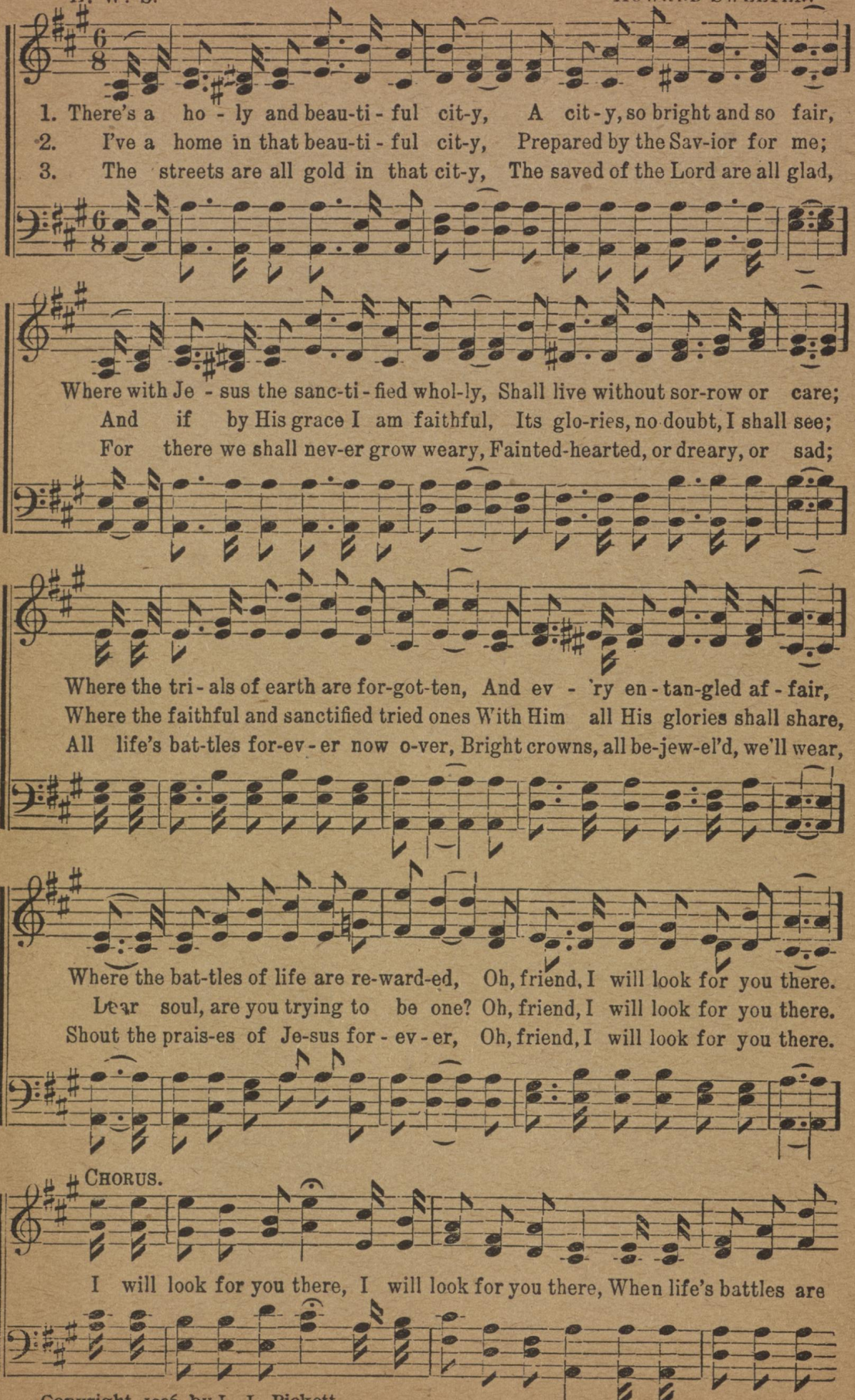
5 He is waiting, etc.

6 O believe Him, etc.

7 He will bless you, etc.

I WILL LOOK FOR YOU THERE.

H. W. S. HOWARD SWEETEN.



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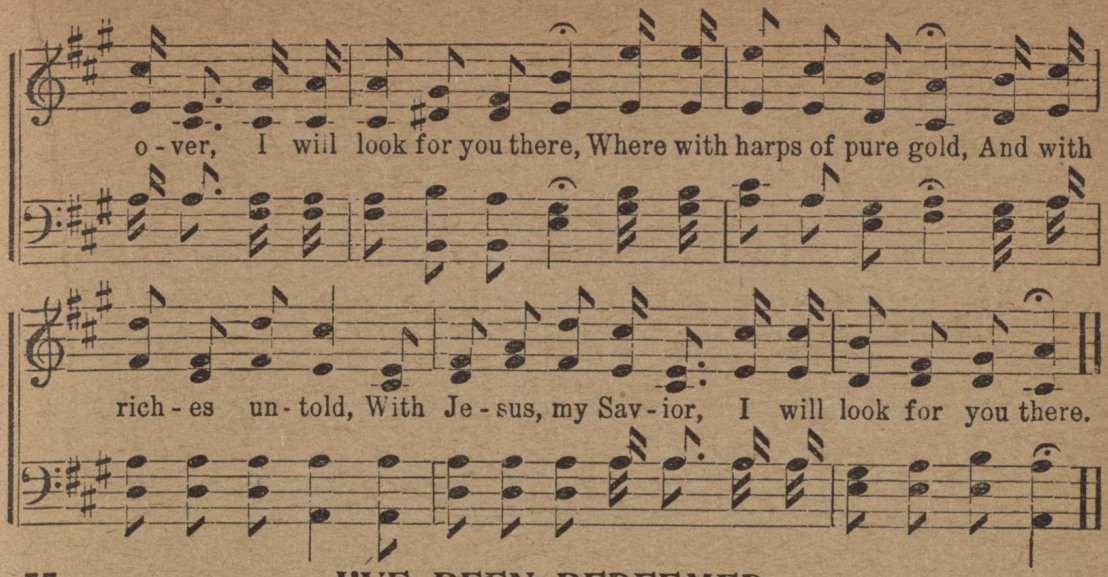
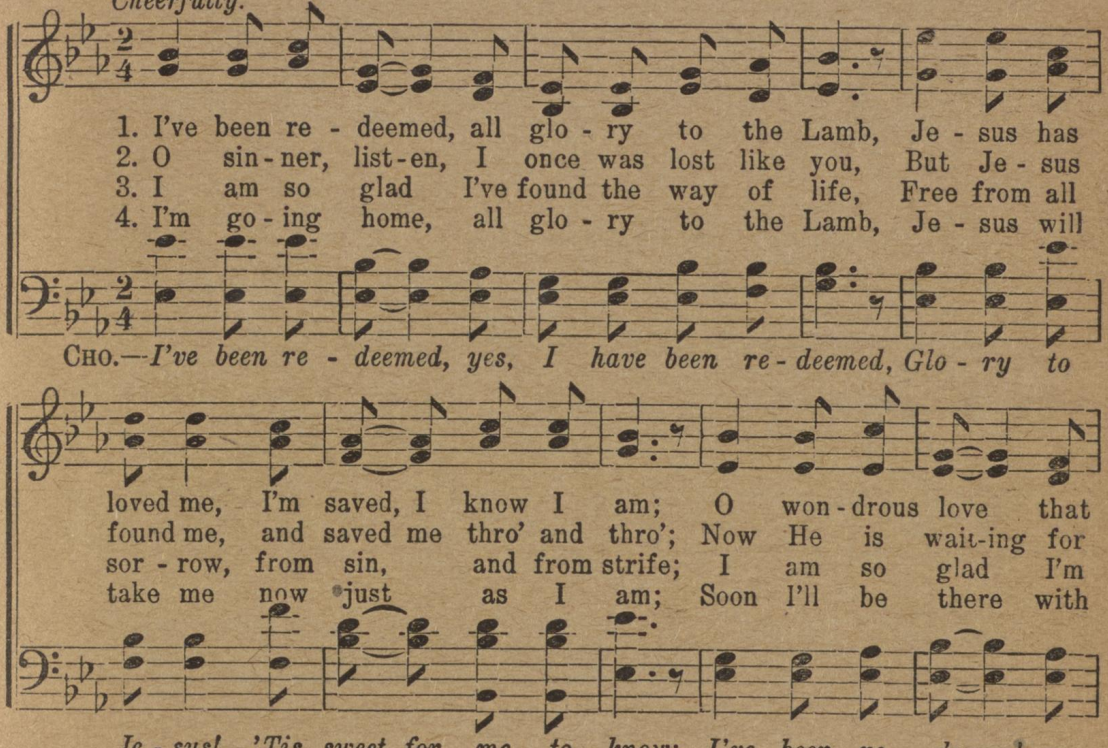
I WILL LOOK FOR YOU THERE. Concluded.



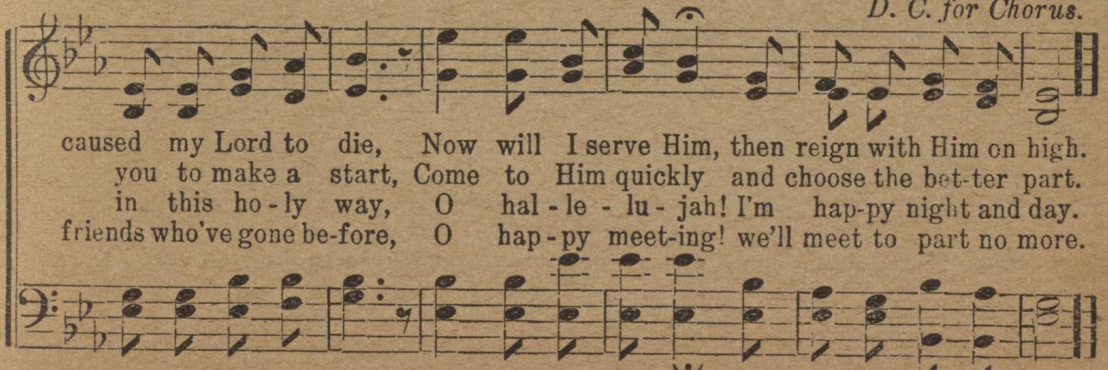
55 I'VE BEEN REDEEMED.

Furnished by E. A. F. Arr. by A. F. I.

Cheerfully.



D. C. for Chorus.



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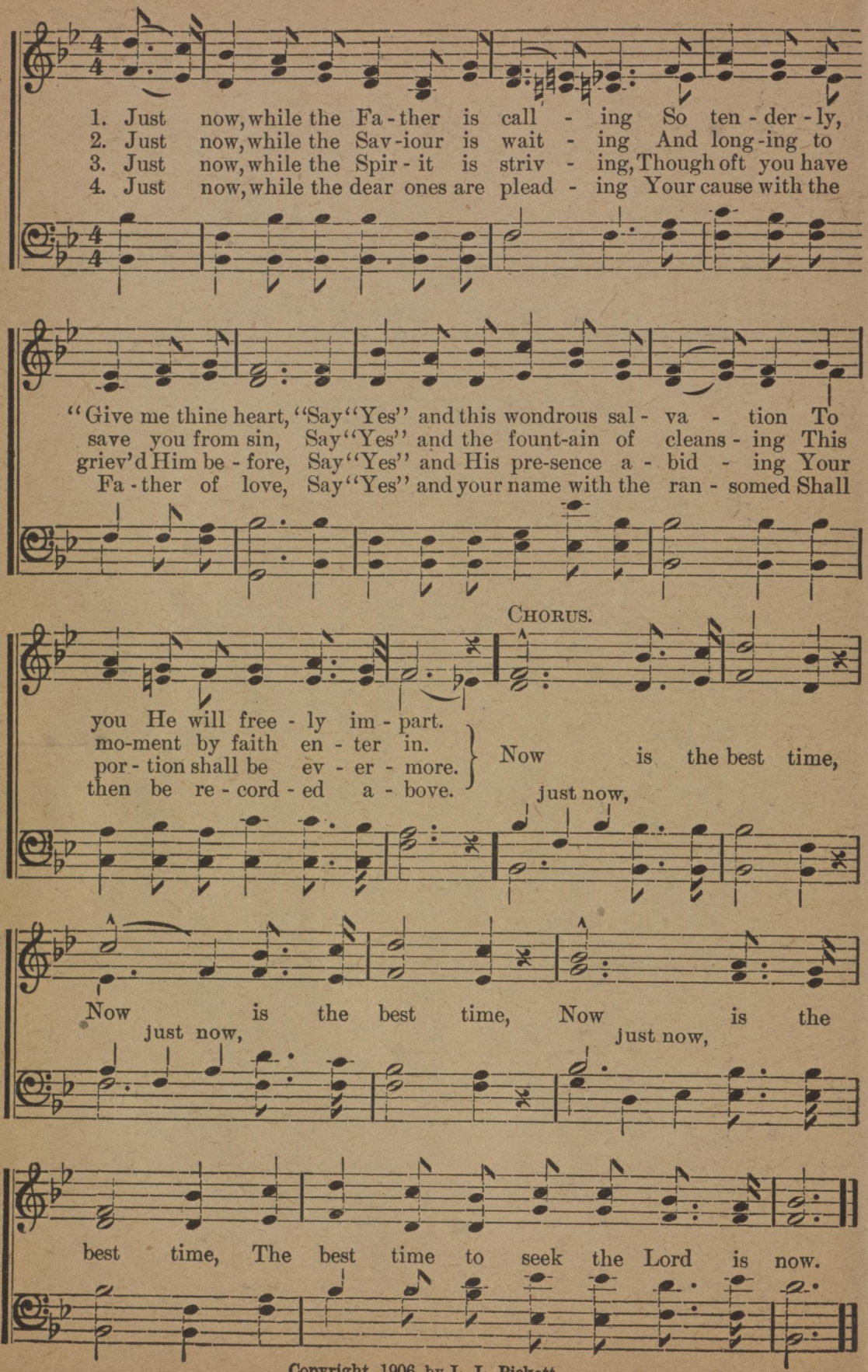
No. 56. NOW IS THE TIME.

(Second Cor. 6: 2.)

Mrs. C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. Morris.



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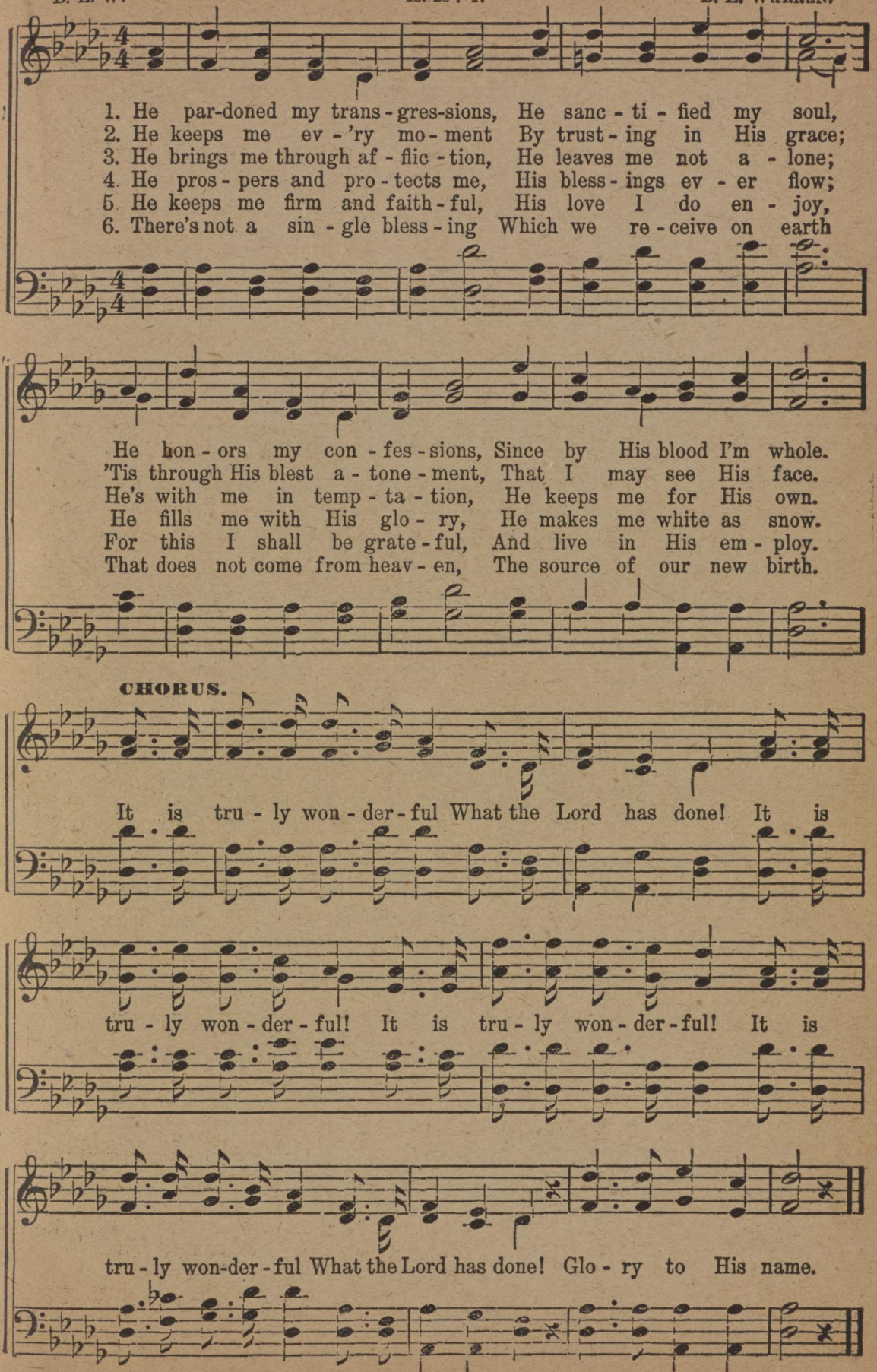
No. 57. IT IS TRULY WONDERFUL.

B. E. W. Is. 25 : 1. B. E. WARREN.



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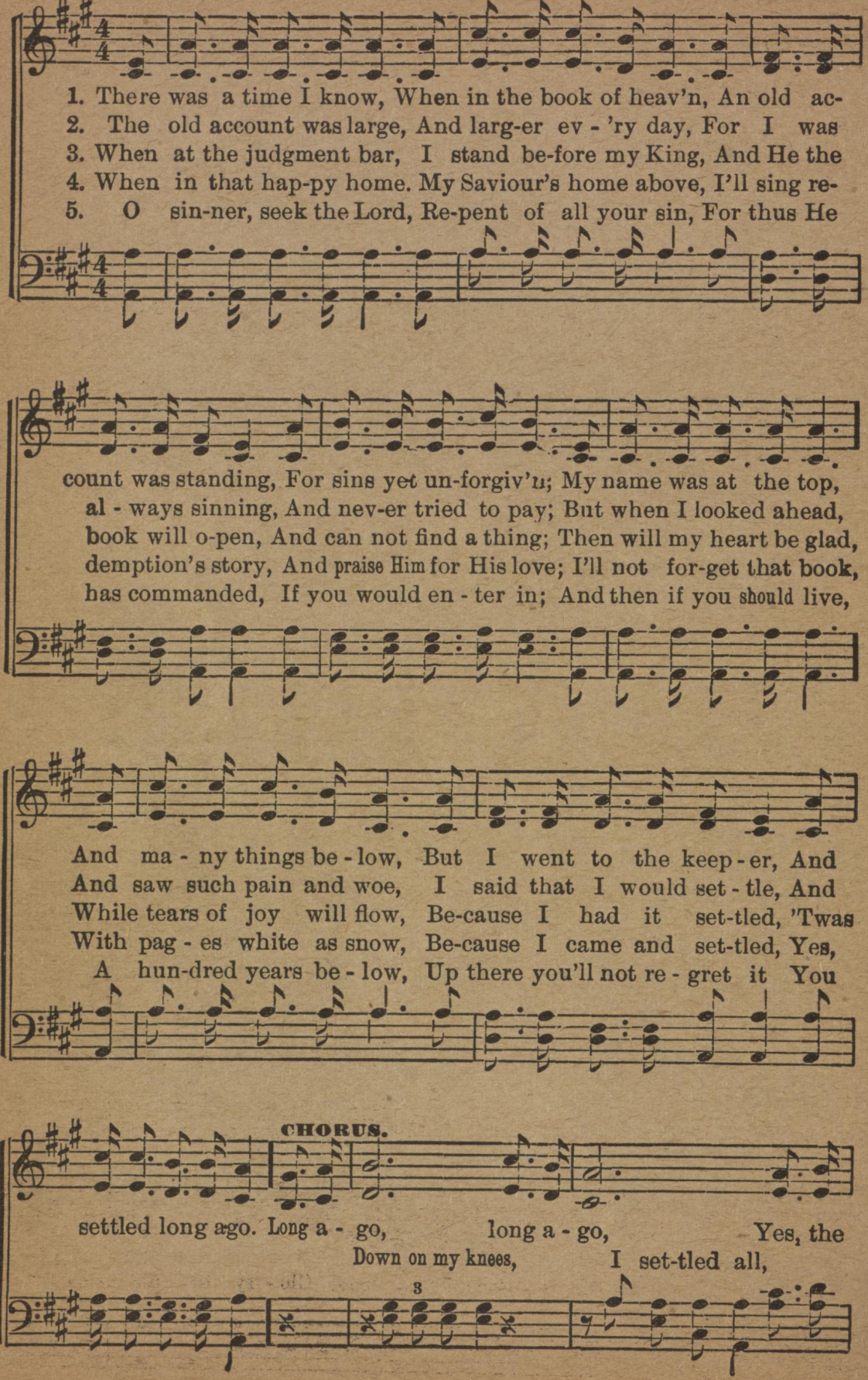
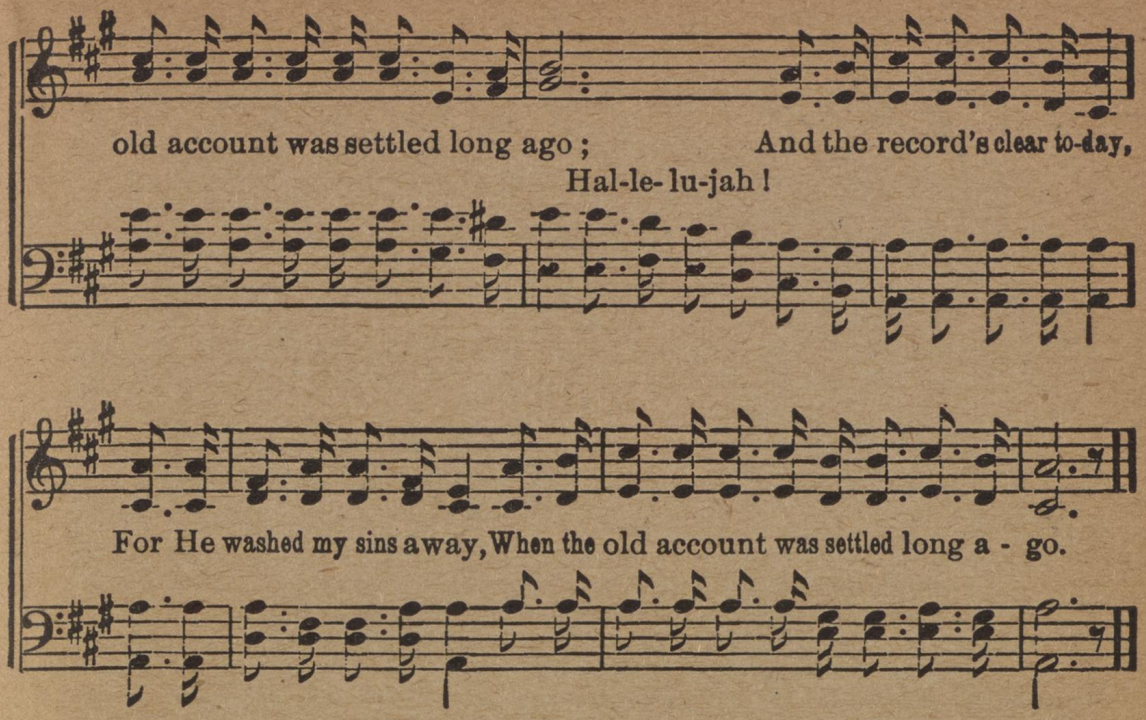
THE OLD ACCOUNT SETTLED LONG AGO.

F. M. G. F. M. GRAHAM. By per.

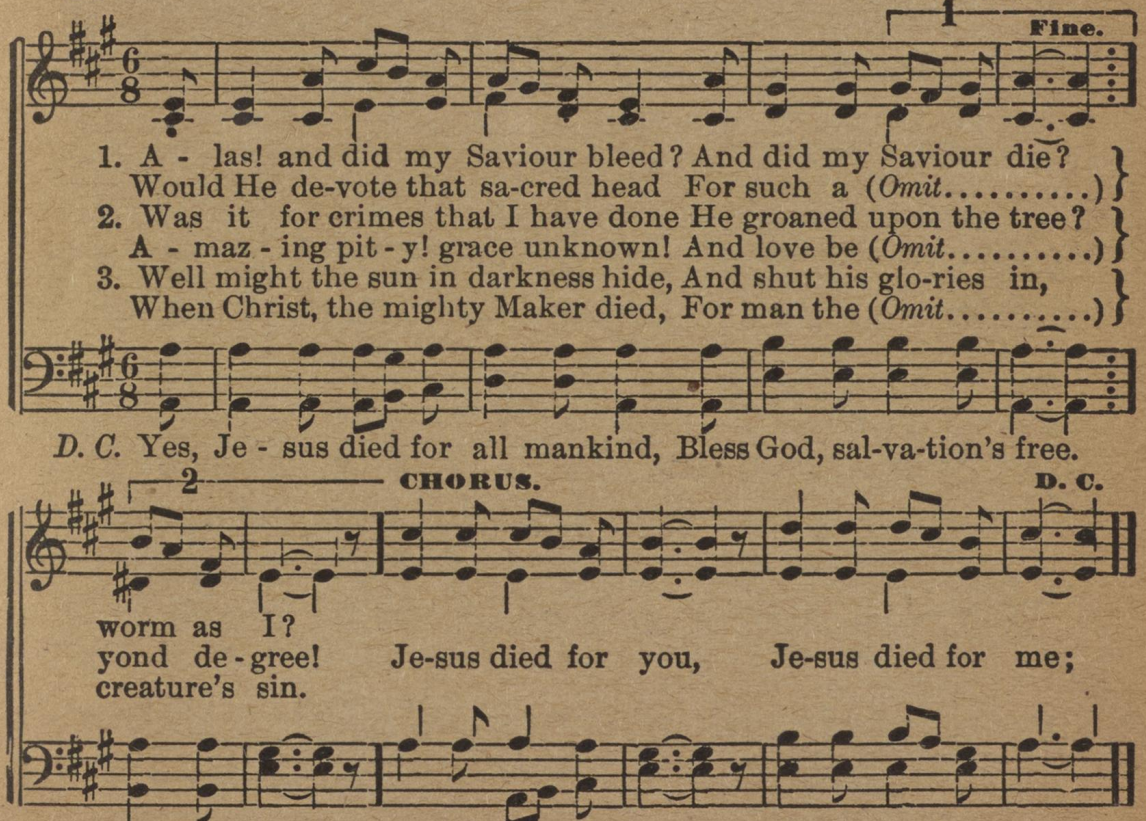




JESUS DIED FOR ME. 59

"We have redemption through his blood."—EPH. 1: 7.

ISAAC WATTS. Arr. by J. R. B.



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

5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe:
Here, Lord, I give myself to Thee,
'Tis all that I can do.

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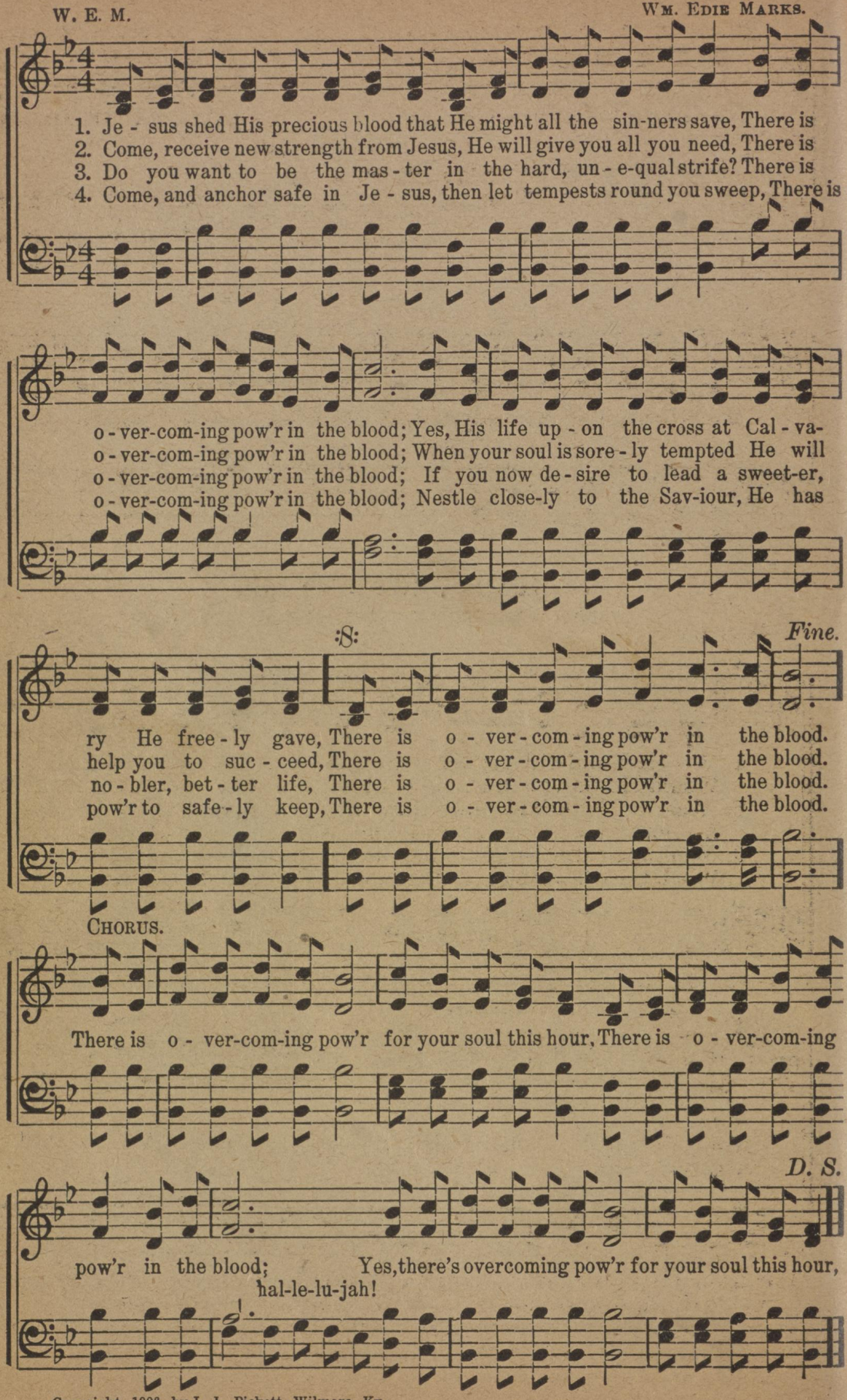
OVERCOMING POWER.

W. E. M. Wm. Edie Marks.

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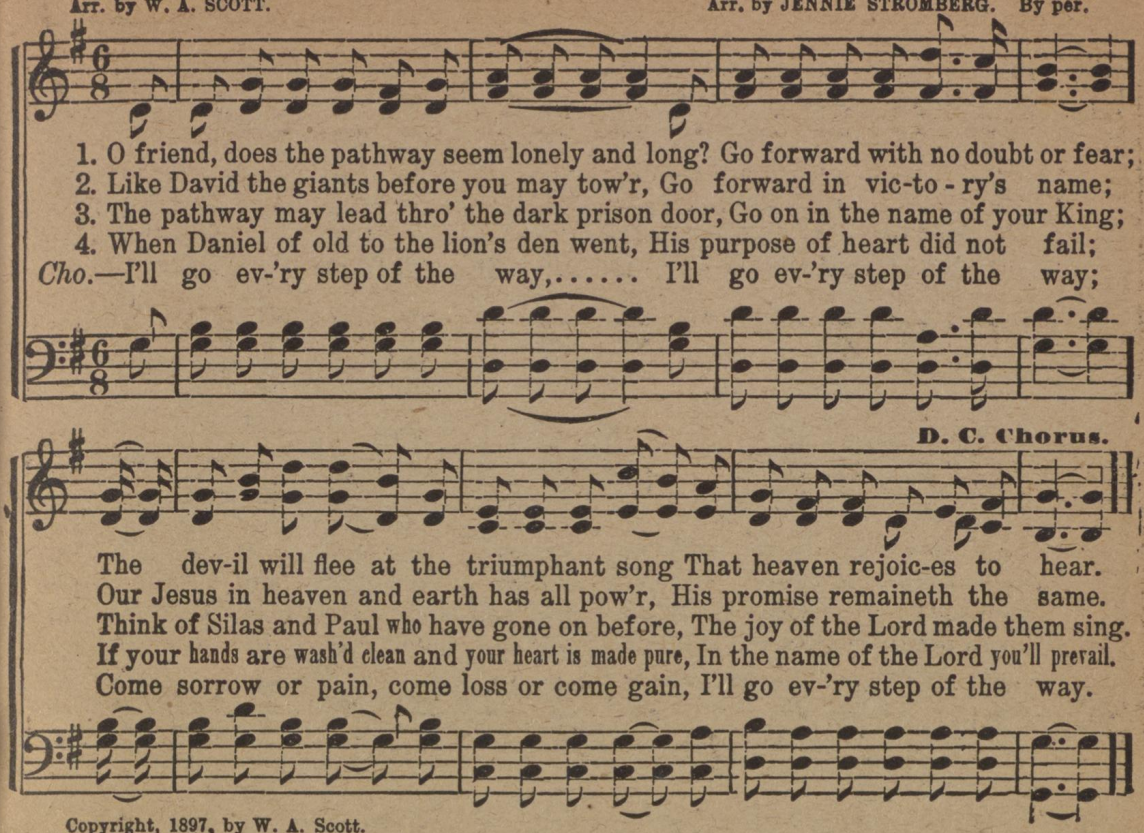
61 I'LL GO EVERY STEP OF THE WAY.

Arr. by W. A. SCOTT. Arr. by JENNIE STROMBERG. By per.



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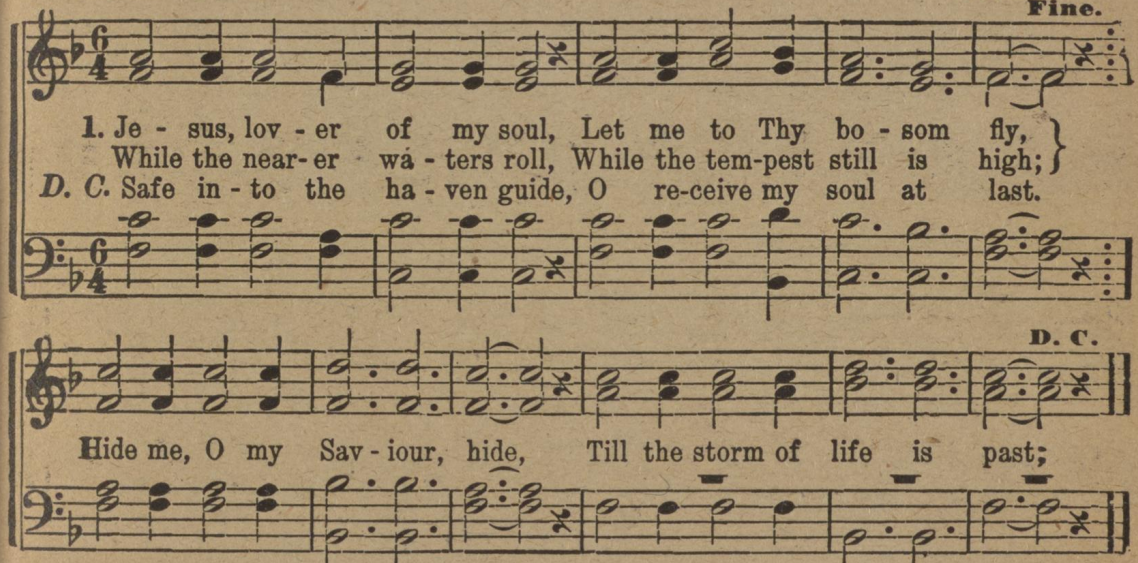
62 JESUS, LOVER OF MY SOUL.

CHARLES WESLEY. S. B. MARSH.

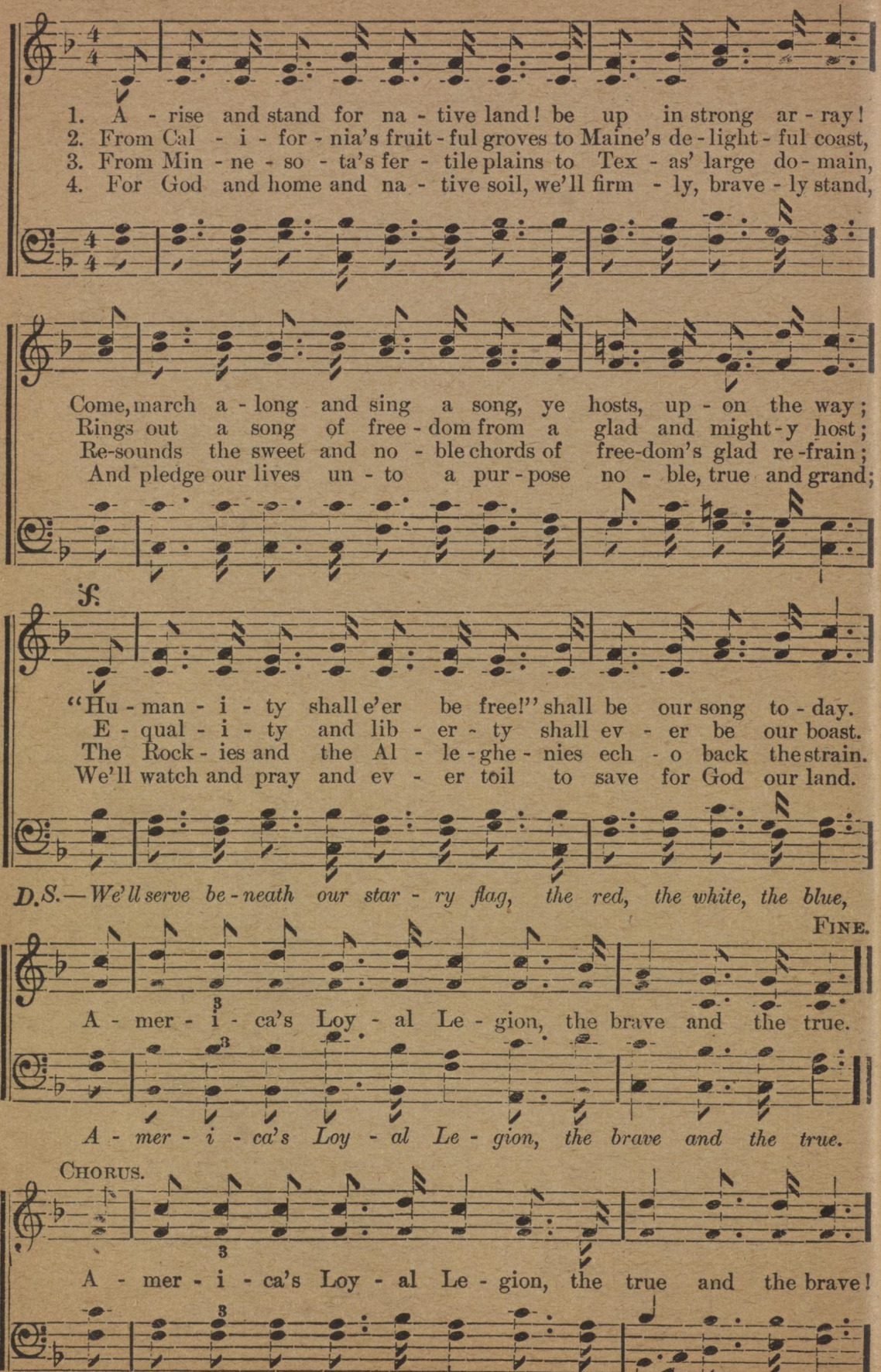


2 Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
Leave, O leave me not alone.
Still support and comfort me.
All my trust on Thee is stayed,
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want,
More than all in Thee I find;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is Thy name,
I am all unrighteousness;
Vile and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

No. 63. AMERICA'S LOYAL LEGION.

W. E. M. Wm. Edie Marks.



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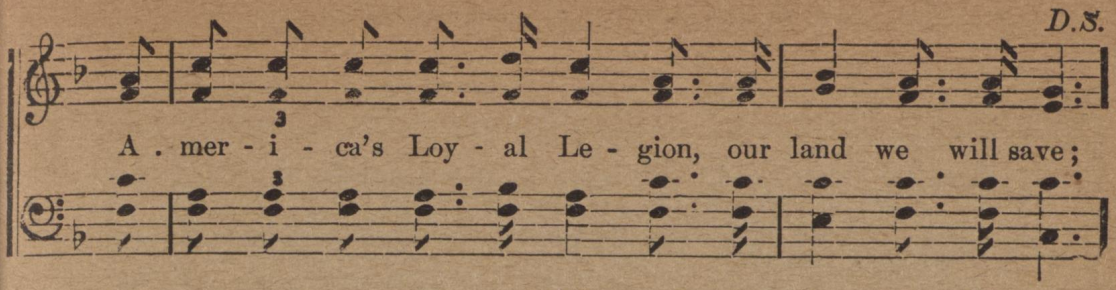
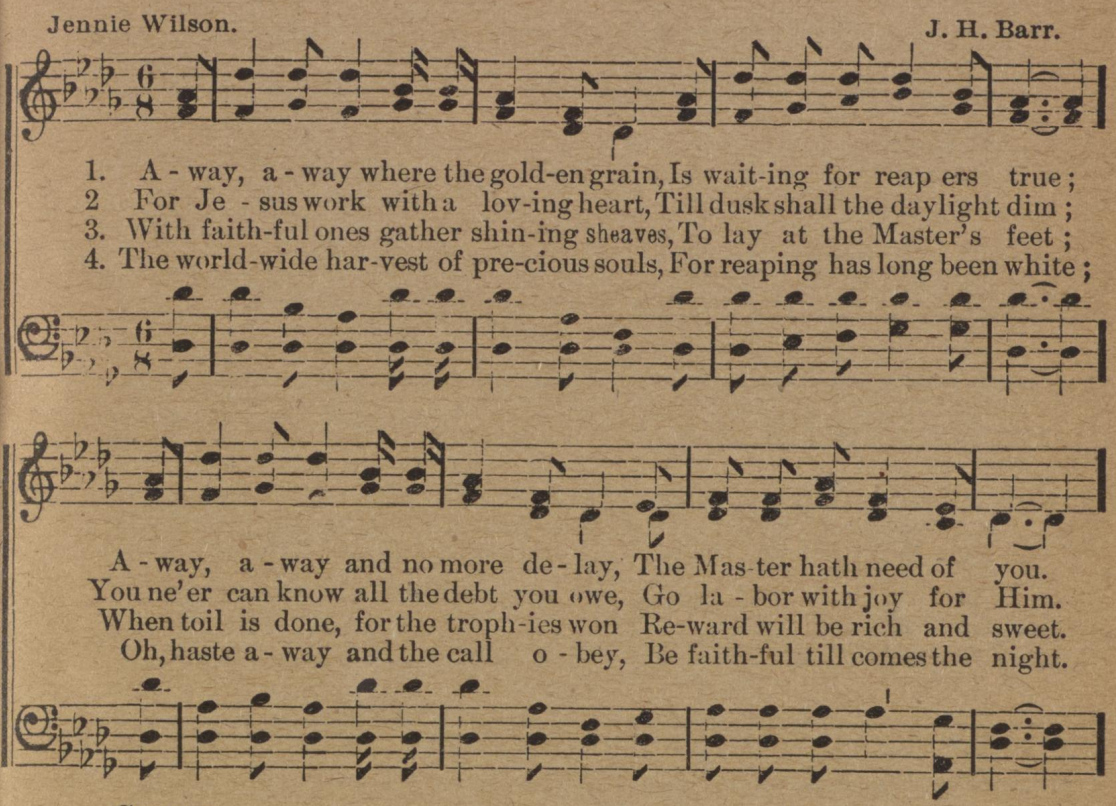
D.S.

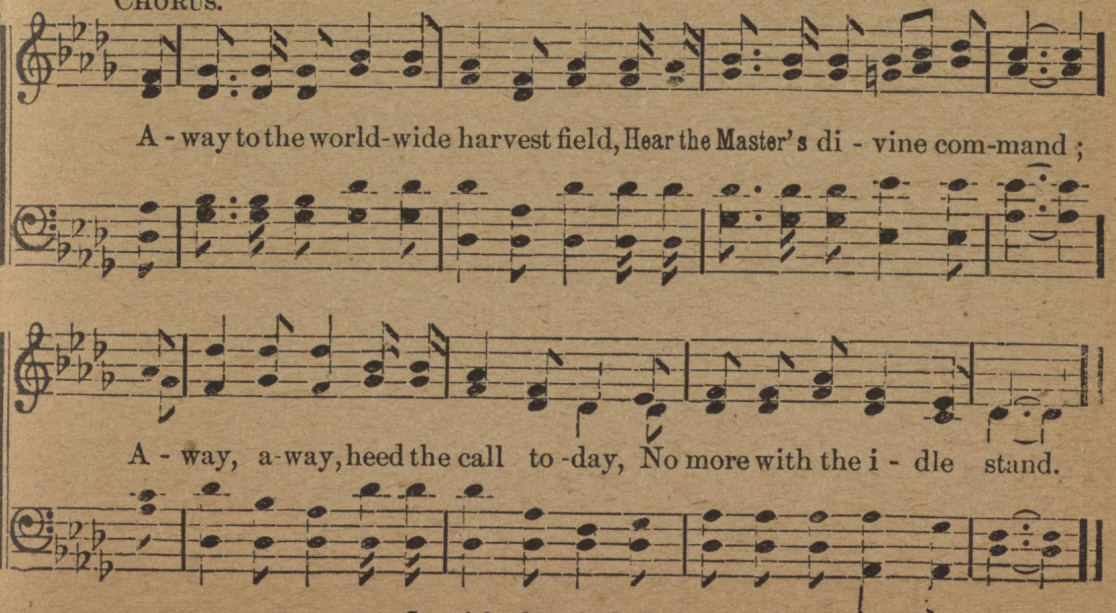


No. 64. AWAY TO THE HARVEST FIELD!

Jennie Wilson. J. H. Barr.



CHORUS.



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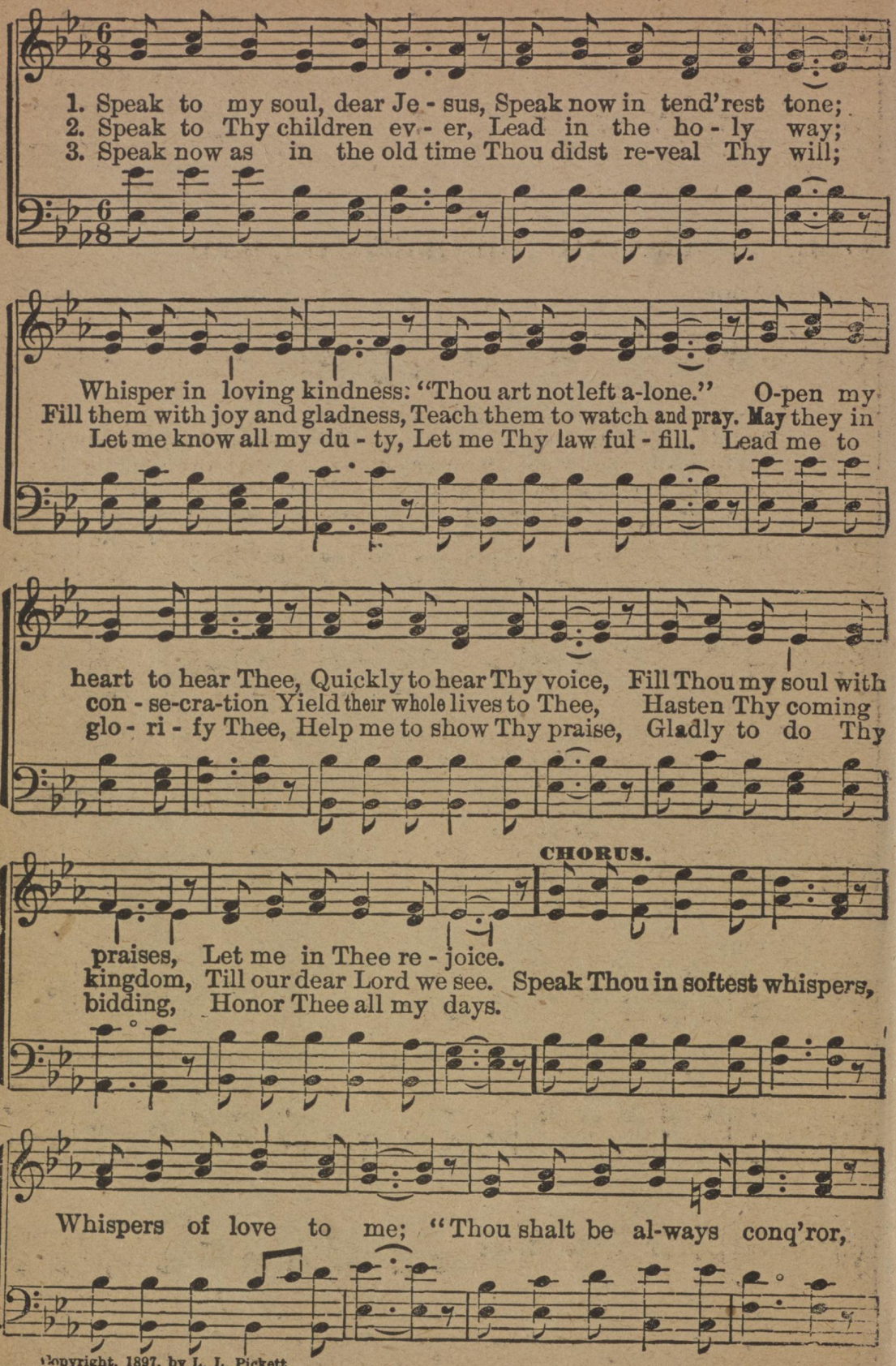
SPEAK TO ME, JESUS.

"And the Lord spake unto Moses face to face, as a man speaketh unto his friend."—Ex. 33: 11.

L. L. P. Adapted by L. L. PICKETT.

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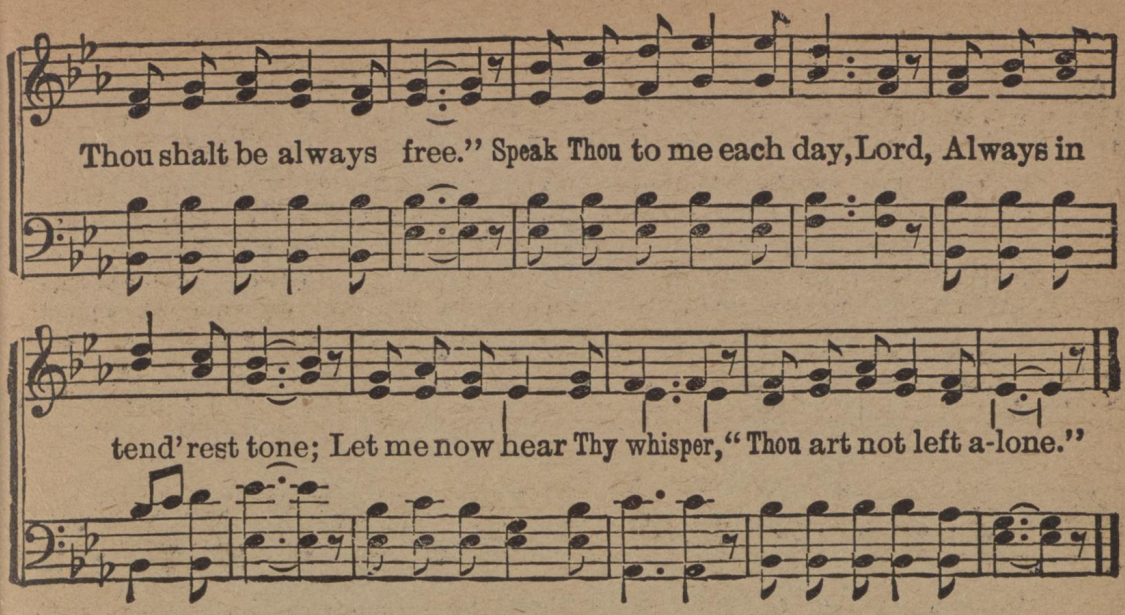
SPEAK TO ME, JESUS. Concluded.



66

I NEED THEE.

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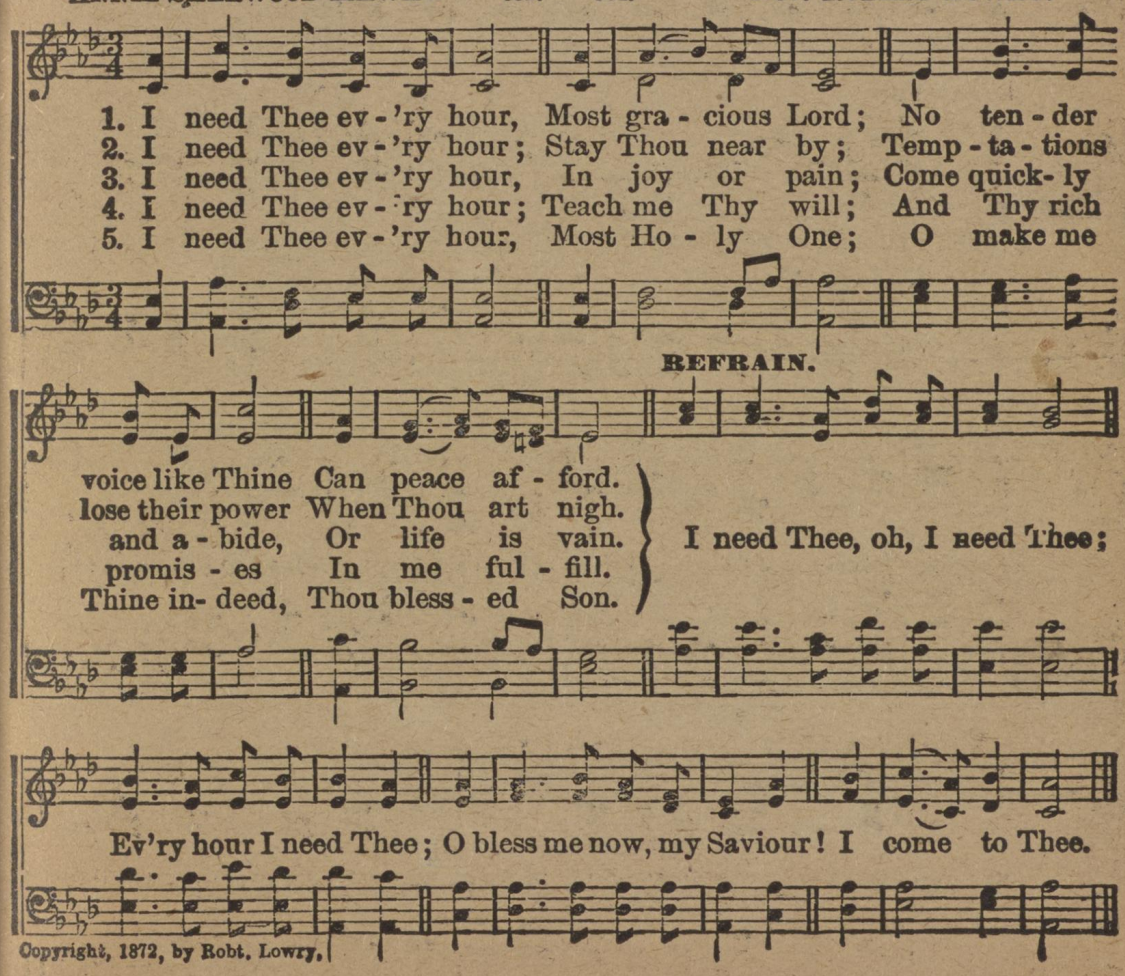
ANNIE SHERWOOD HAWKS. * M. H. 851. B. H. 364. Rev. ROBERT LOWRY.

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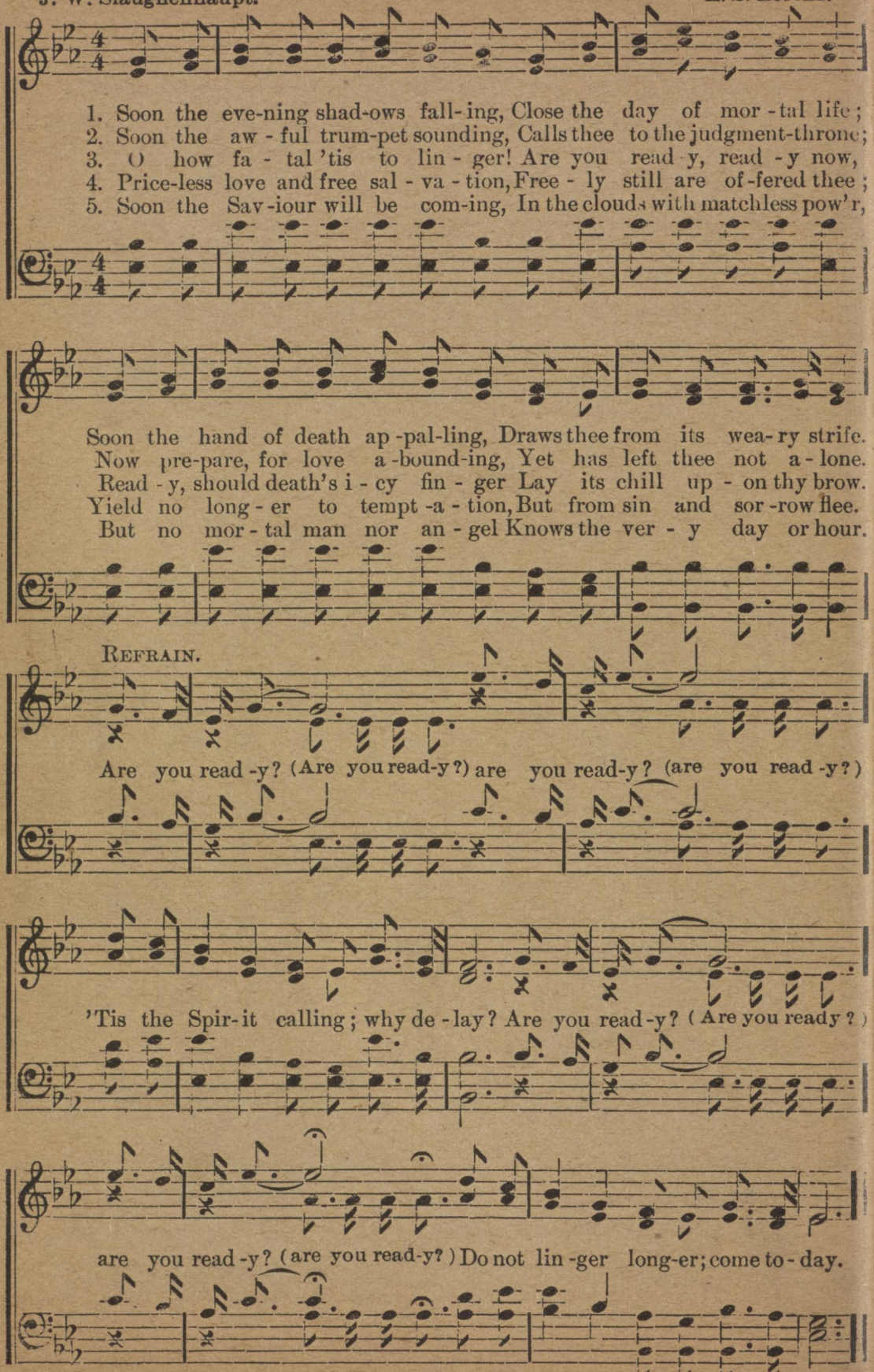
No. 67. ARE YOU READY?

J. W. Slaughenhaupt. E. S. Lorenz.



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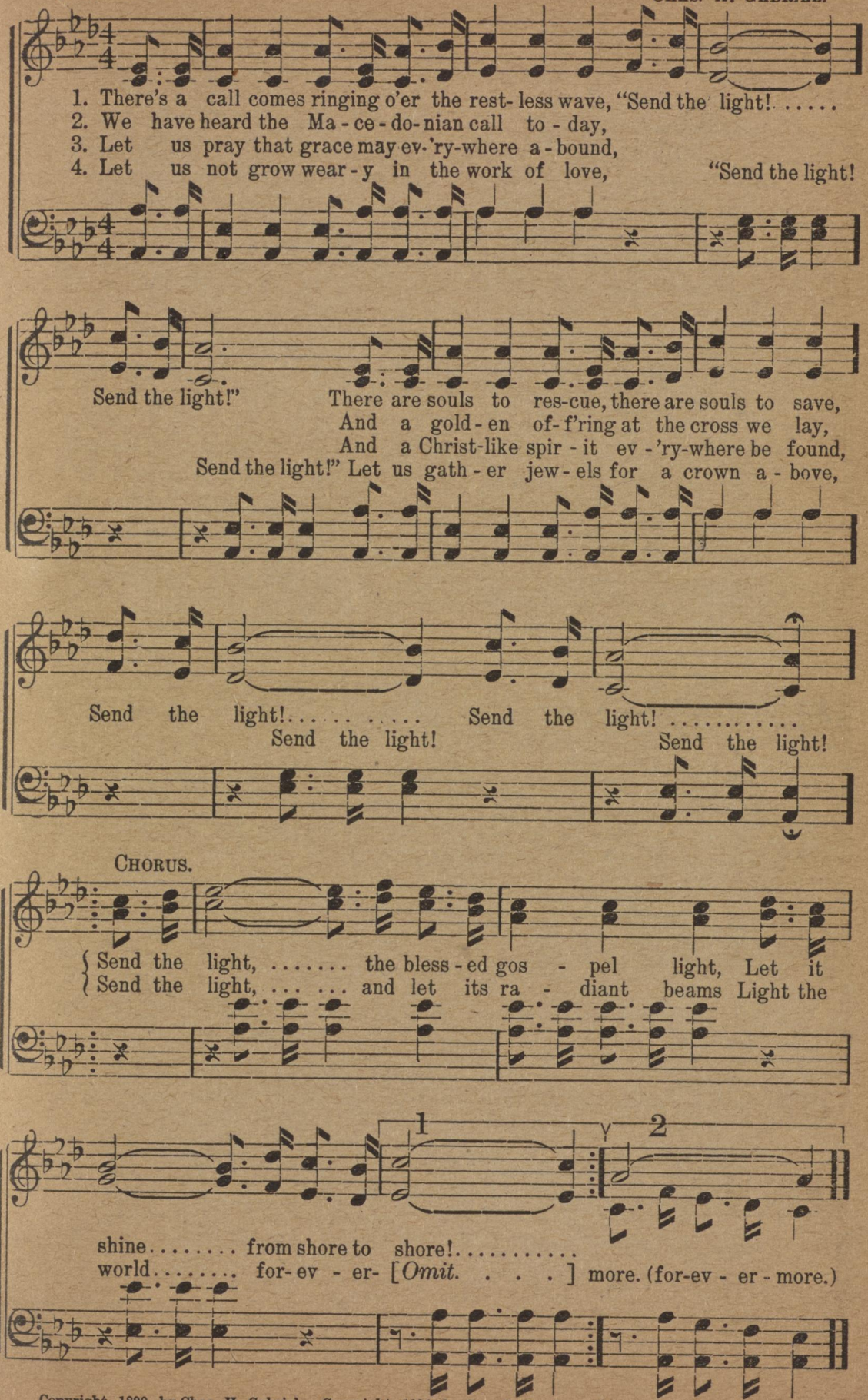
68 SEND THE LIGHT.

C. H. G. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



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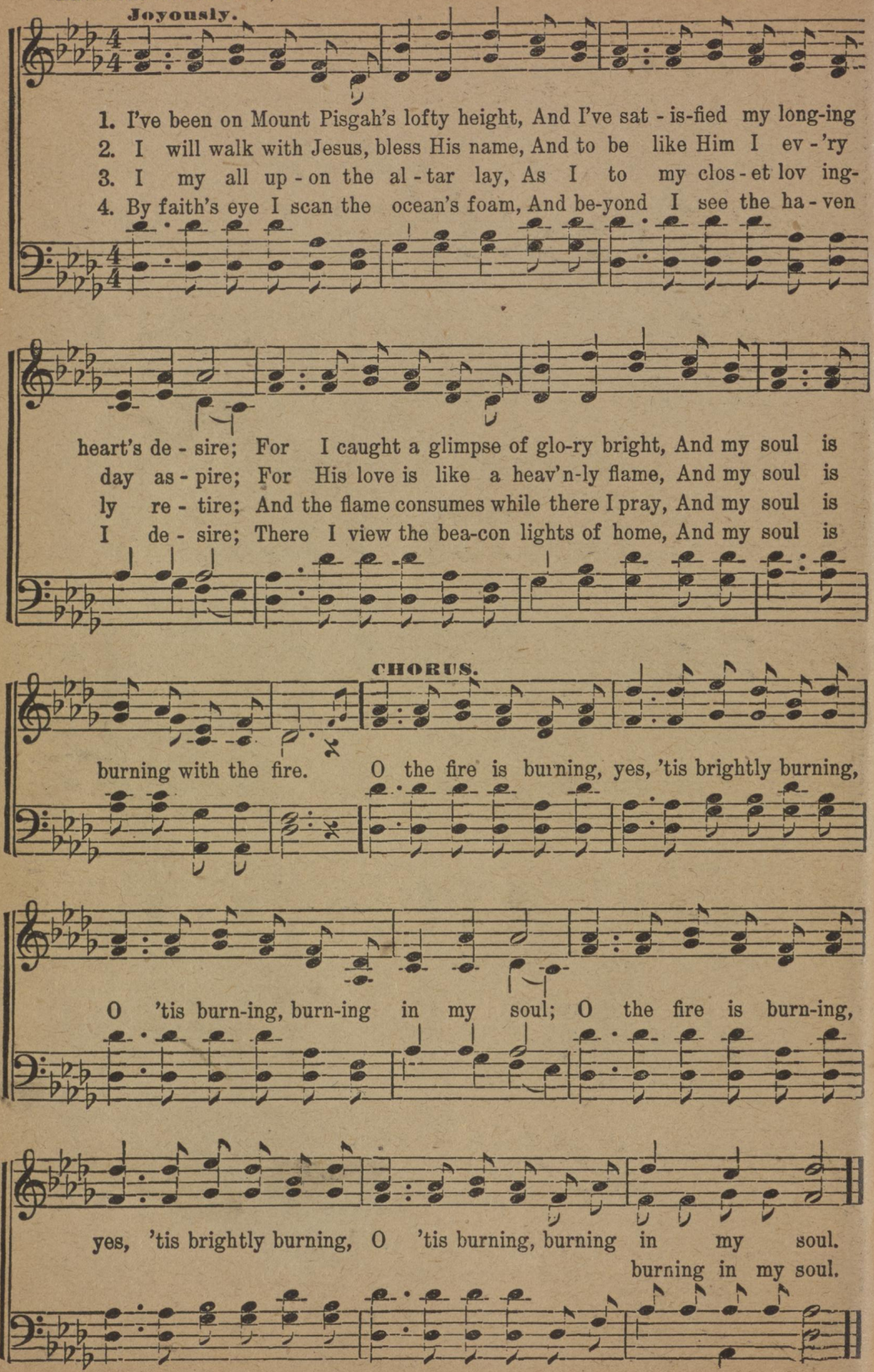
No. 69. THE FIRE IS BURNING.

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR. GEO. C. HUGG.



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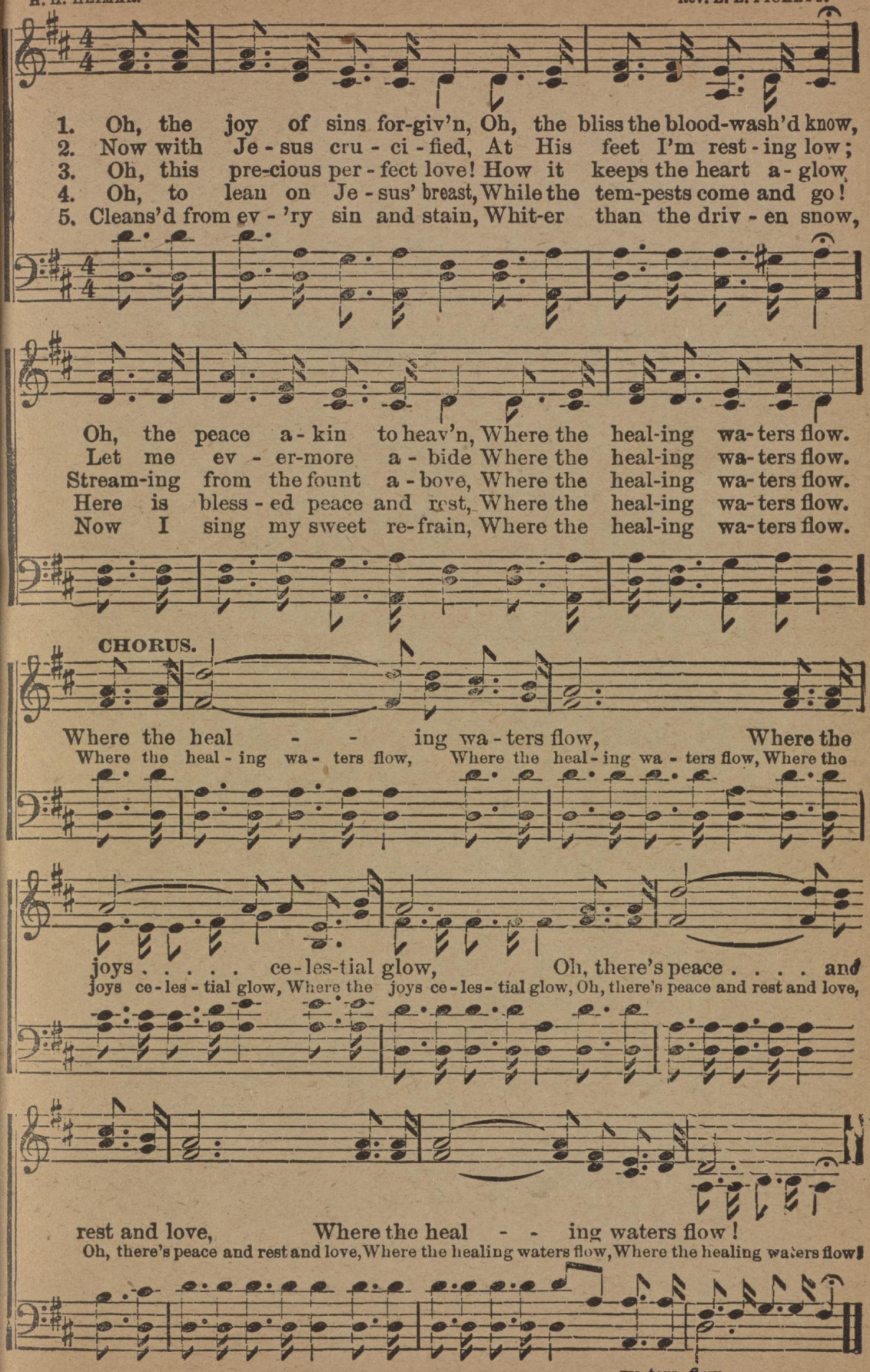
THE HEALING WATERS.

H. H. HEIMAR. Rev. L. L. PICKETT.



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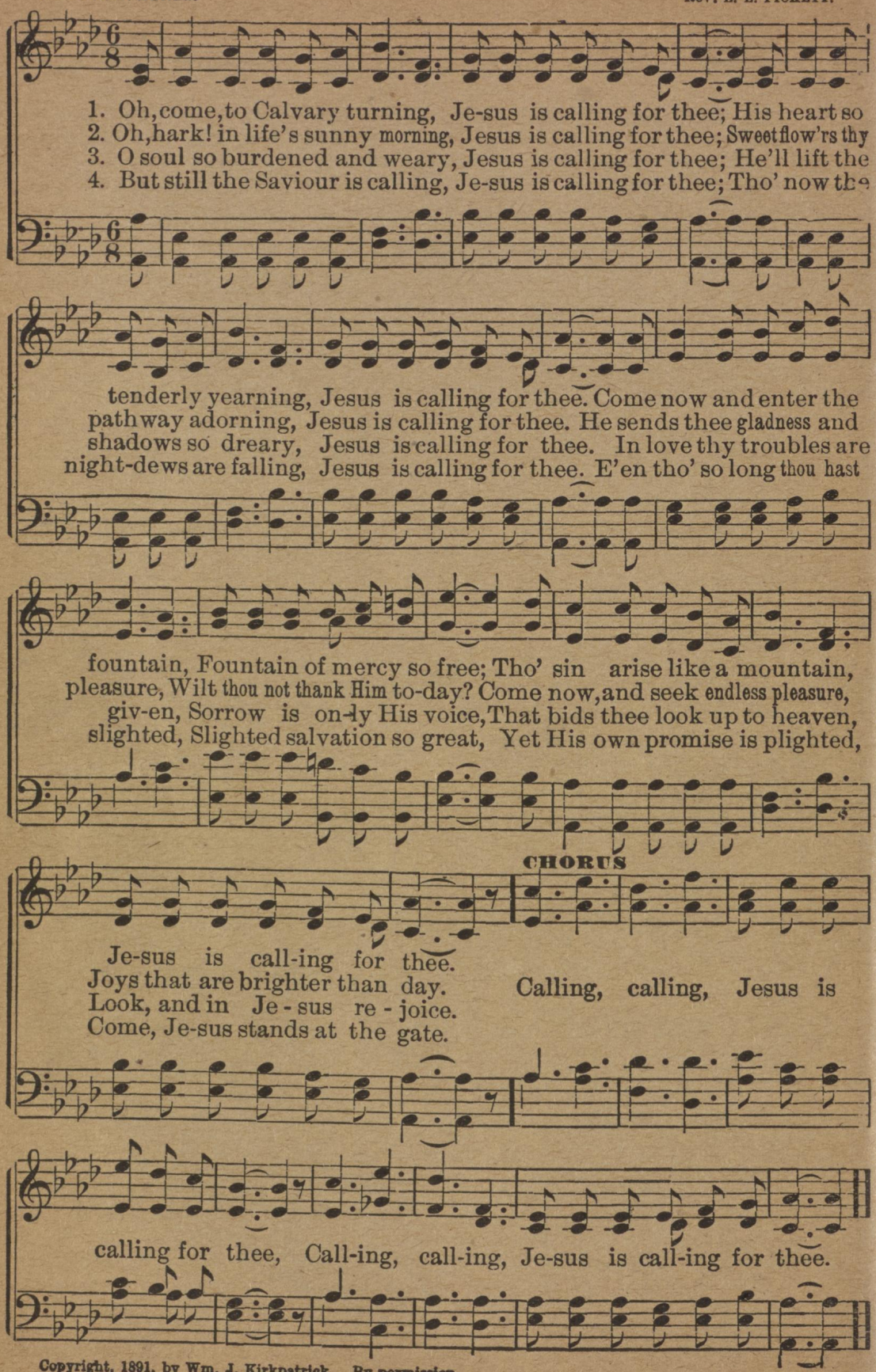
No. 71. JESUS IS CALLING FOR THEE.

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

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



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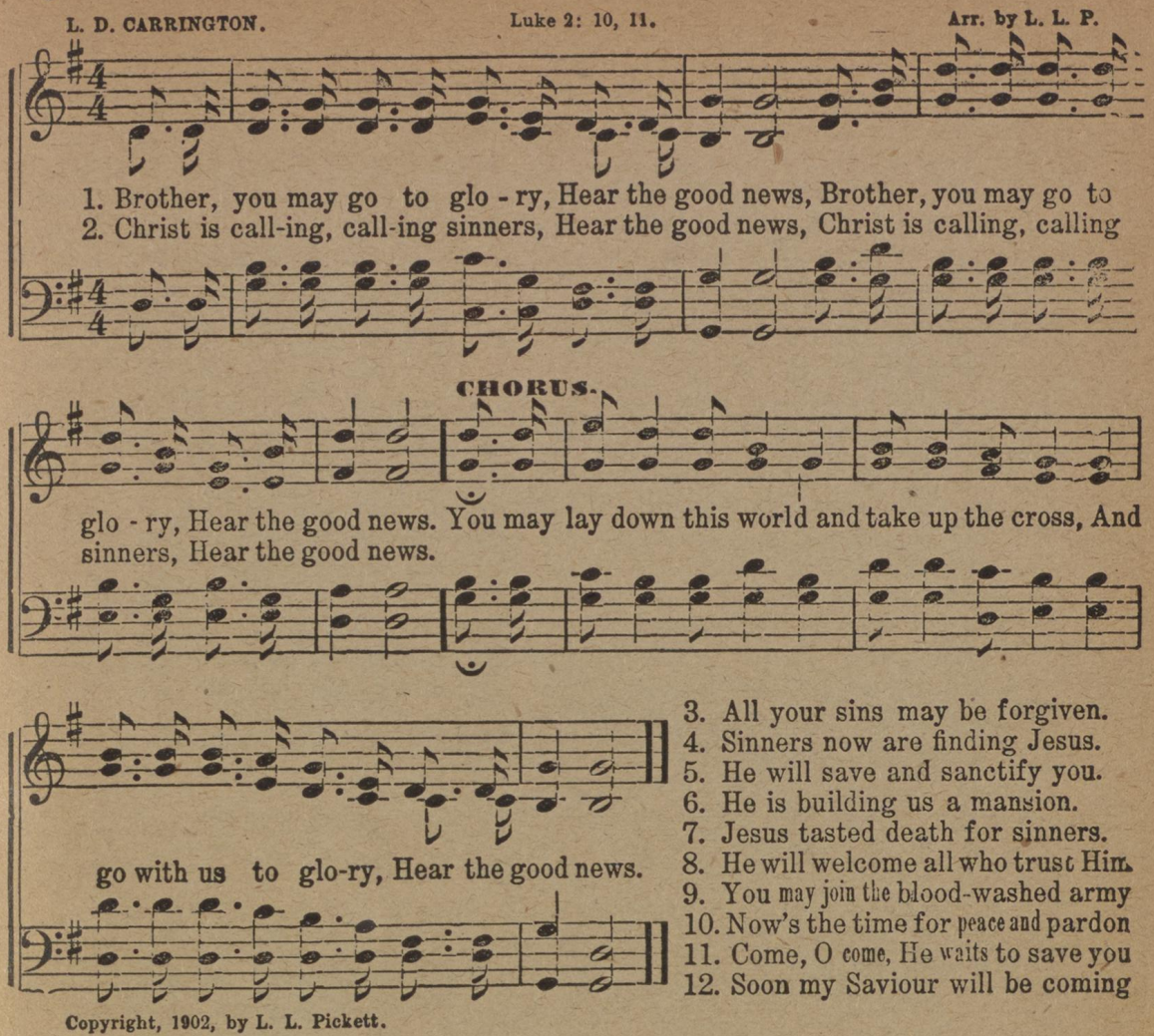
HEAR THE GOOD NEWS.

L. D. CARRINGTON. Luke 2: 10, 11. Arr. by L. L. P.



3. All your sins may be forgiven.
4. Sinners now are finding Jesus.
5. He will save and sanctify you.
6. He is building us a mansion.
7. Jesus tasted death for sinners.
8. He will welcome all who trust Him.
9. You may join the blood-washed army
10. Now's the time for peace and pardon
11. Come, O come, He waits to save you
12. Soon my Saviour will be coming

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73 He Fully Saves Me Now.

Music in T. and T. Combined. Key of E.

1 I came to Jesus with my sins,
He fully saves me now;
He washed away its every stain,
He fully saves me now.

CHO.—He fully saves me now,
He fully saves me now,
He washed away sin's every stain,
He fully saves me now.

2 Once guilty fears oppressed my soul,
His cleansing blood has made me whole.

3 Sin's iron chains once held me fast,
But I'm redeemed, I'm free at last.

4 Once all was dark, but now there's light,
He found me blind, He gave me sight.

5 The sun of righteousness has risen,
His beams have turned my hell to heav'n.

6 Converted first at Calv'ry's cross,
My bark on many a wave was tossed.

7 I sought again my Saviour's side,
At my pentecost was sanctified.

8 And now I'm saved from all my sin,
For Christ my Lord abides within.

9 I'm saved from care, I'm saved from fret,
He saved once, He saves me yet.

74 Salvation in My Heart.

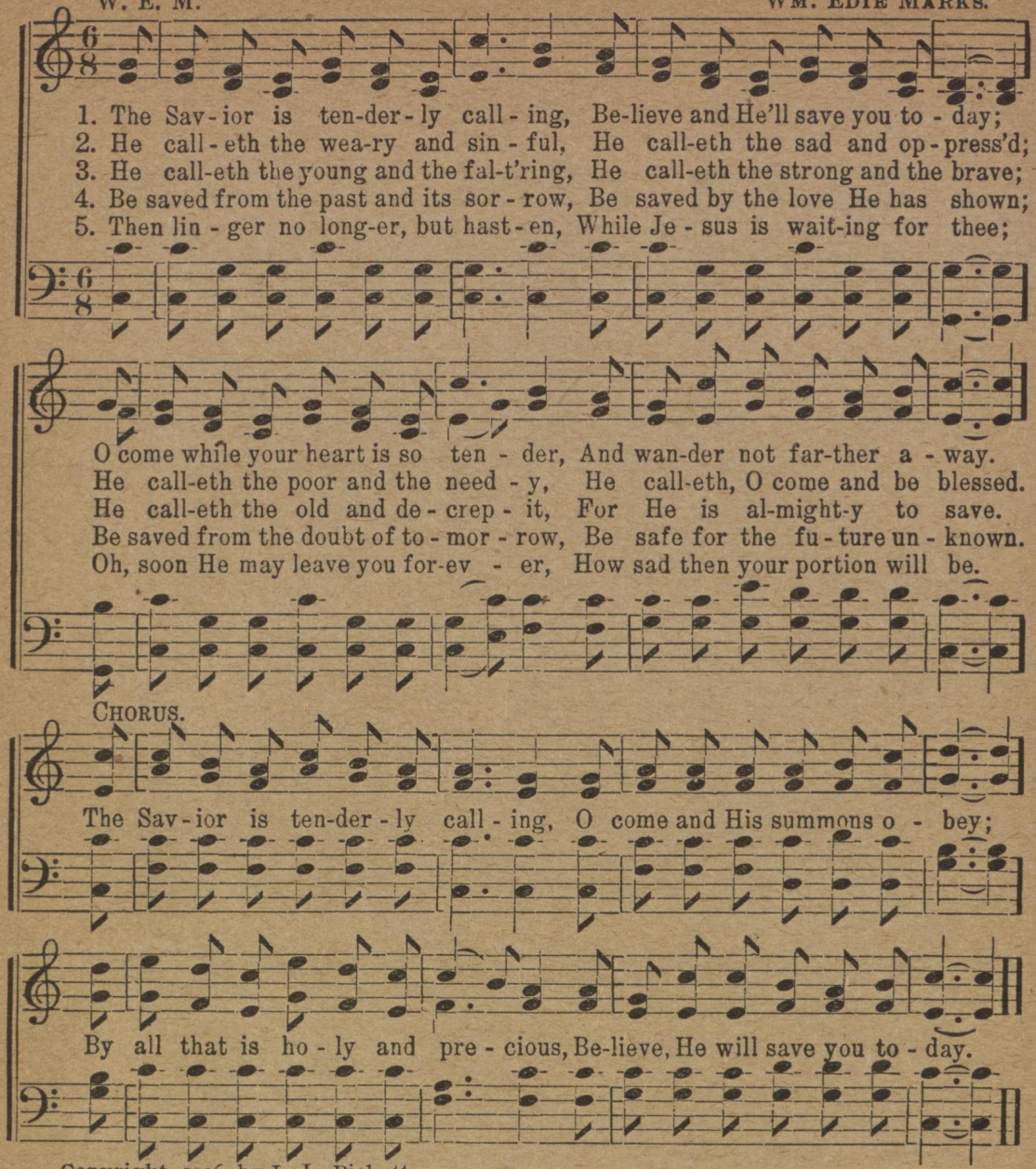
Music in T. and T. Combined. Key of F.

1 I'm glad I have salvation in my heart,
I'm glad I have salvation in my heart,
In my heart, in my heart,
I'm glad I have salvation in my heart.

2 I want to be like Jesus in my heart.
3 I will not be deceitful in my heart.
4 I want to love my neighbor in my heart.
5 I want to love my enemies in my heart.
6 'Tis the old-time religion in my heart.
7 I feel the Spirit burning in my heart.
8 I have the Saviour dwelling in my heart.
9 Hallelujahs now are ringing in my heart.

75 BE SAVED!

W. E. M. WM. EDIE MARKS.



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76 "OLD TIME RELIGION."

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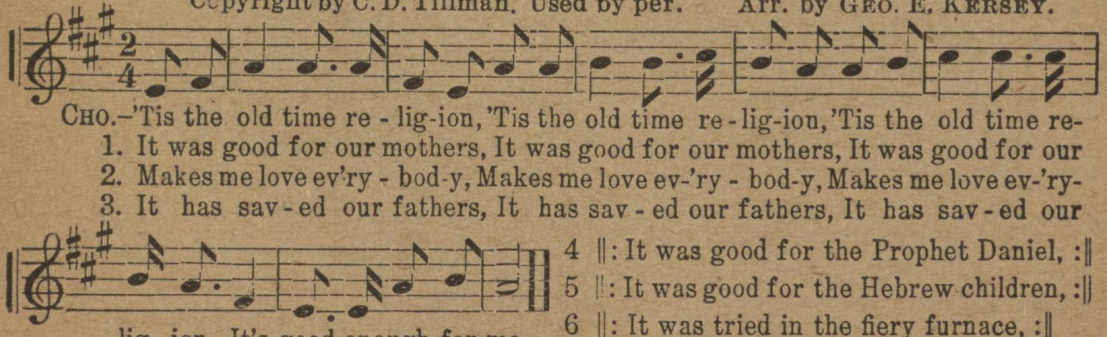

4 ‖: It was good for the Prophet Daniel, :‖
5 ‖: It was good for the Hebrew children, :‖
6 ‖: It was tried in the fiery furnace, :‖
7 ‖: It was good for Paul and Silas, :‖
8 ‖: It will do when I am dying, :‖
9 ‖: It will take us all to heaven, :‖

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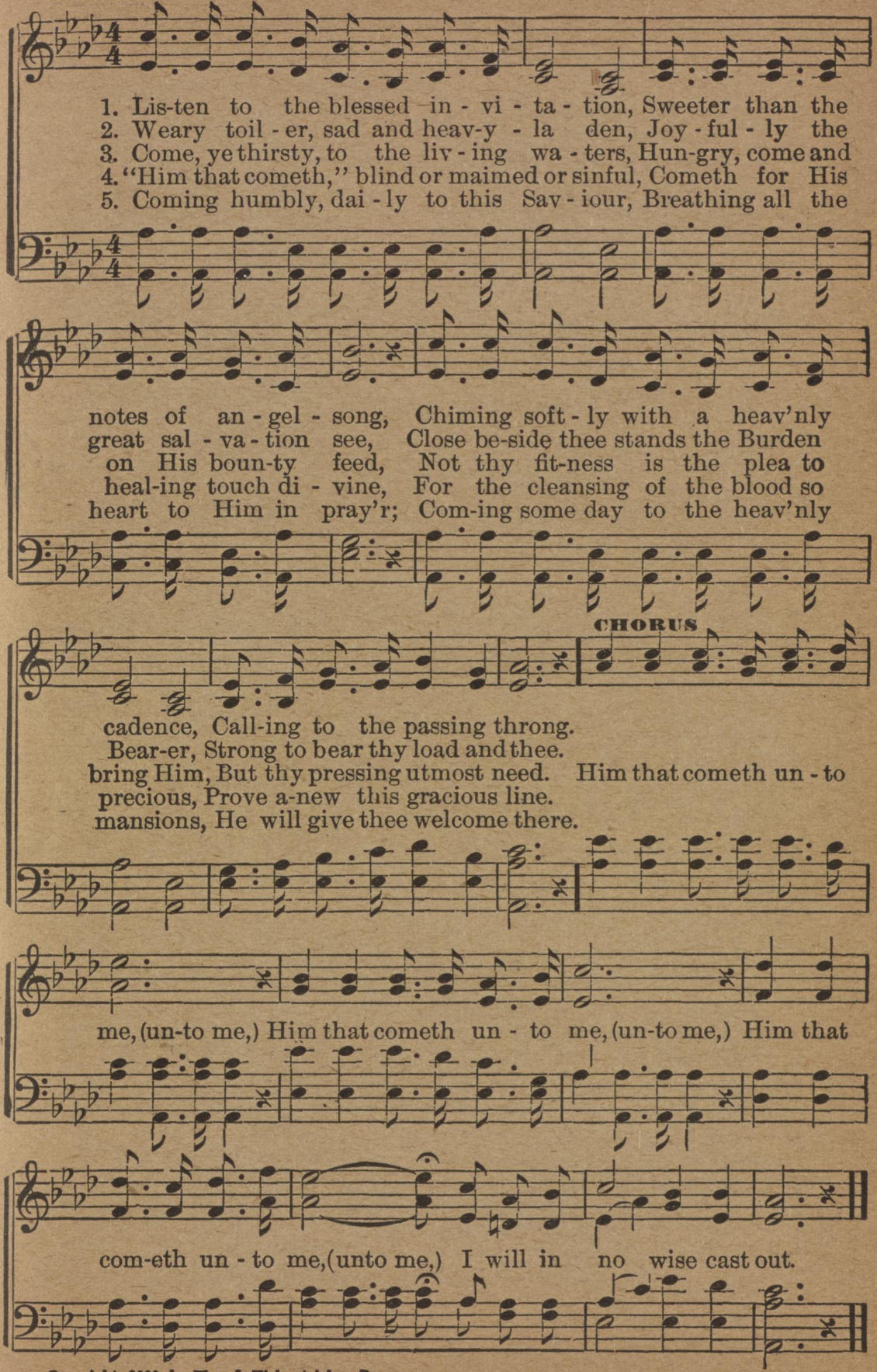
No. 77. HIM THAT COMETH UNTO ME.

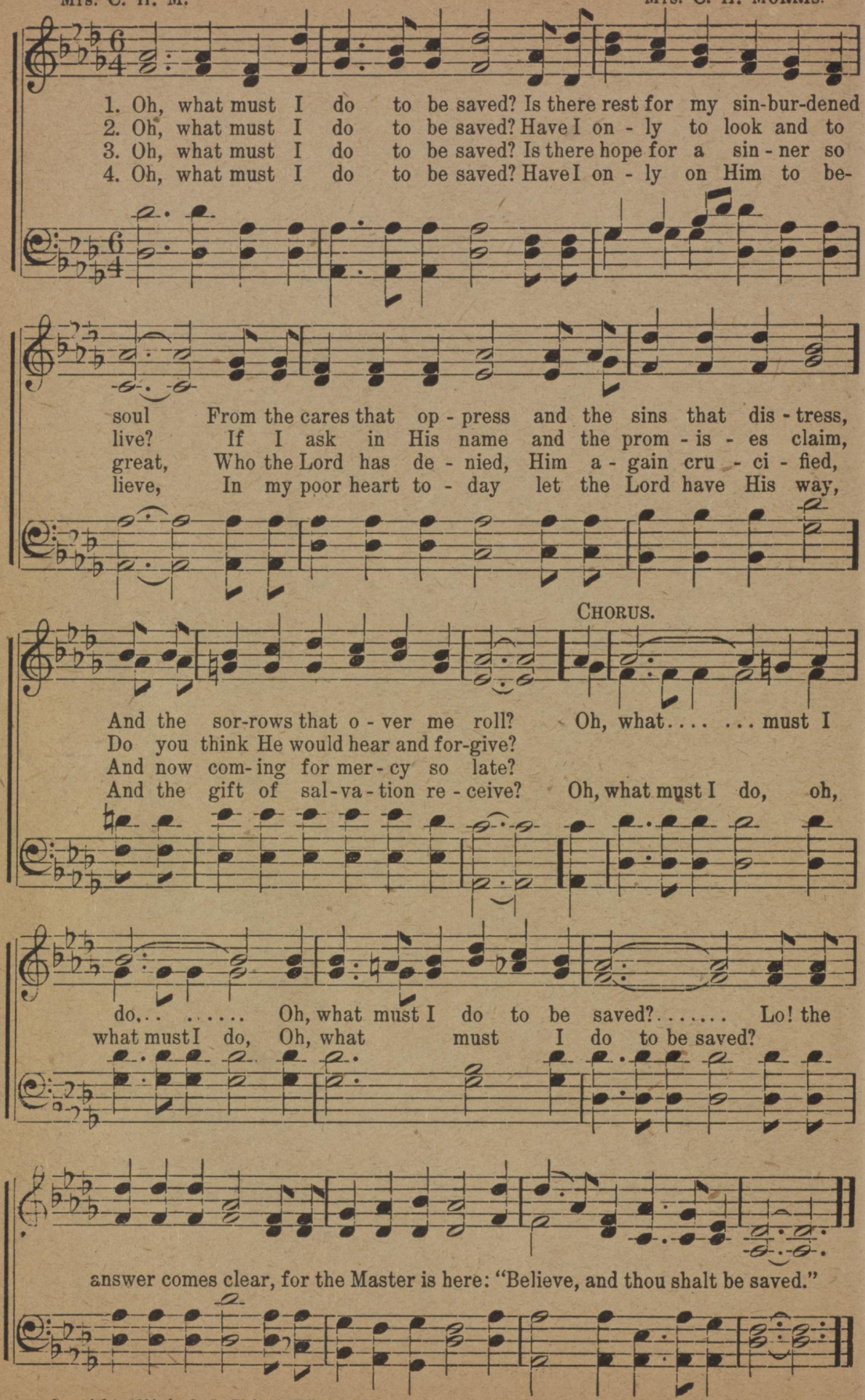
"Behold, he cometh with clouds; and every eye shall see him."—Rev. 1: 7.

E. E. HEWITT. John 4: 37, WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



Copyright, 1888, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick. By per

78 BELIEVE AND BE SAVED.

Mrs. C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. Morris.

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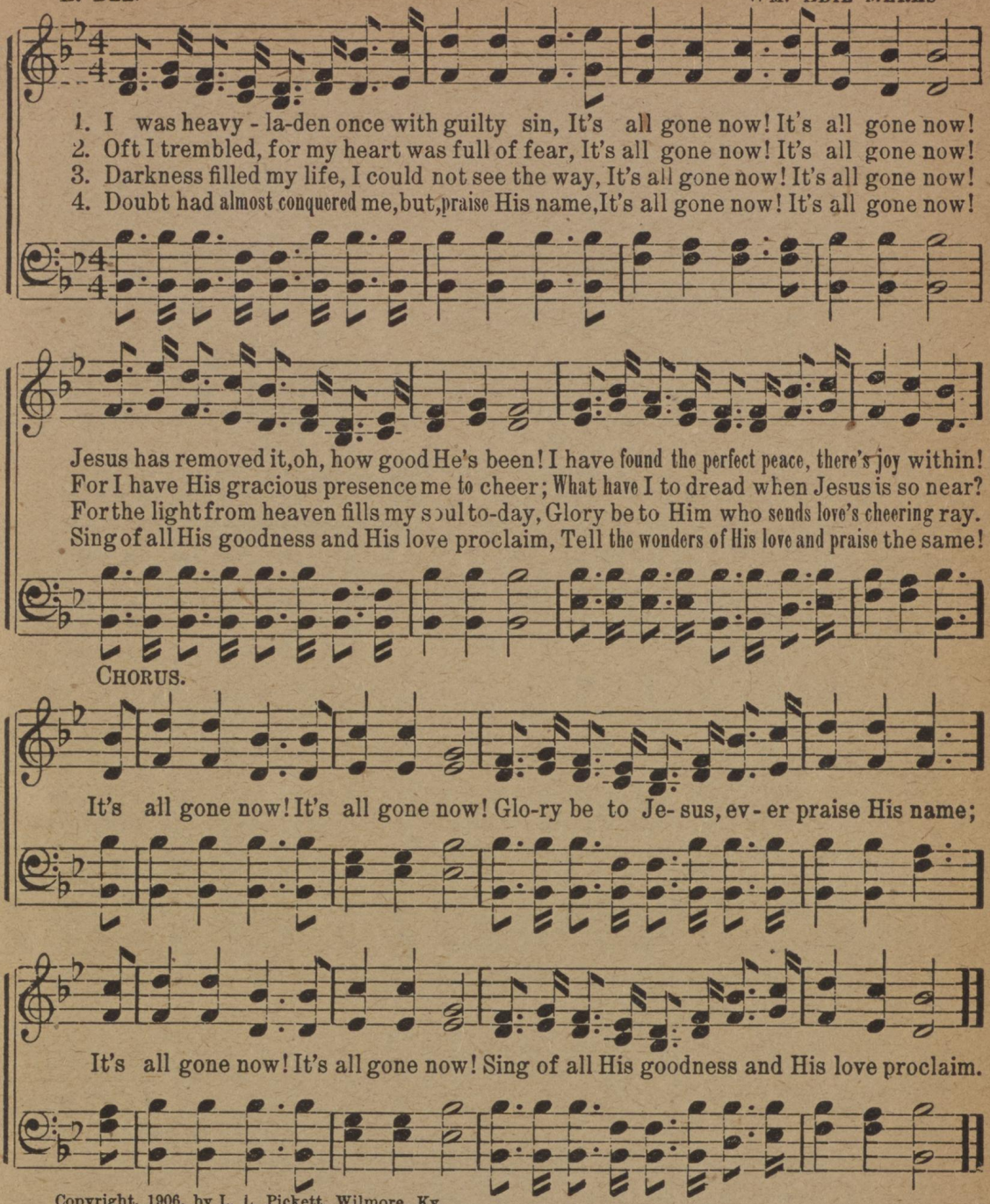
79 IT'S ALL GONE NOW!

E. DEE. WM. EDIE MARKS



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80 I'M THE CHILD OF A KING.

KEY OF E.

1 My Father is rich in houses and lands,
He holdeth the wealth of the world in His hands!
Of rubies and diamonds, of silver and gold,
His coffers are full,—He has riches untold.

CHO.—I'm the child of a King,
The child of a King!
With Jesus, my Saviour,
I'm the child of a King!

2 My Father's own Son, the Saviour of men,
Once wandered o'er earth as the poorest of men:
But now He is reigning forever on high,
And will give me a home in heaven by and by.

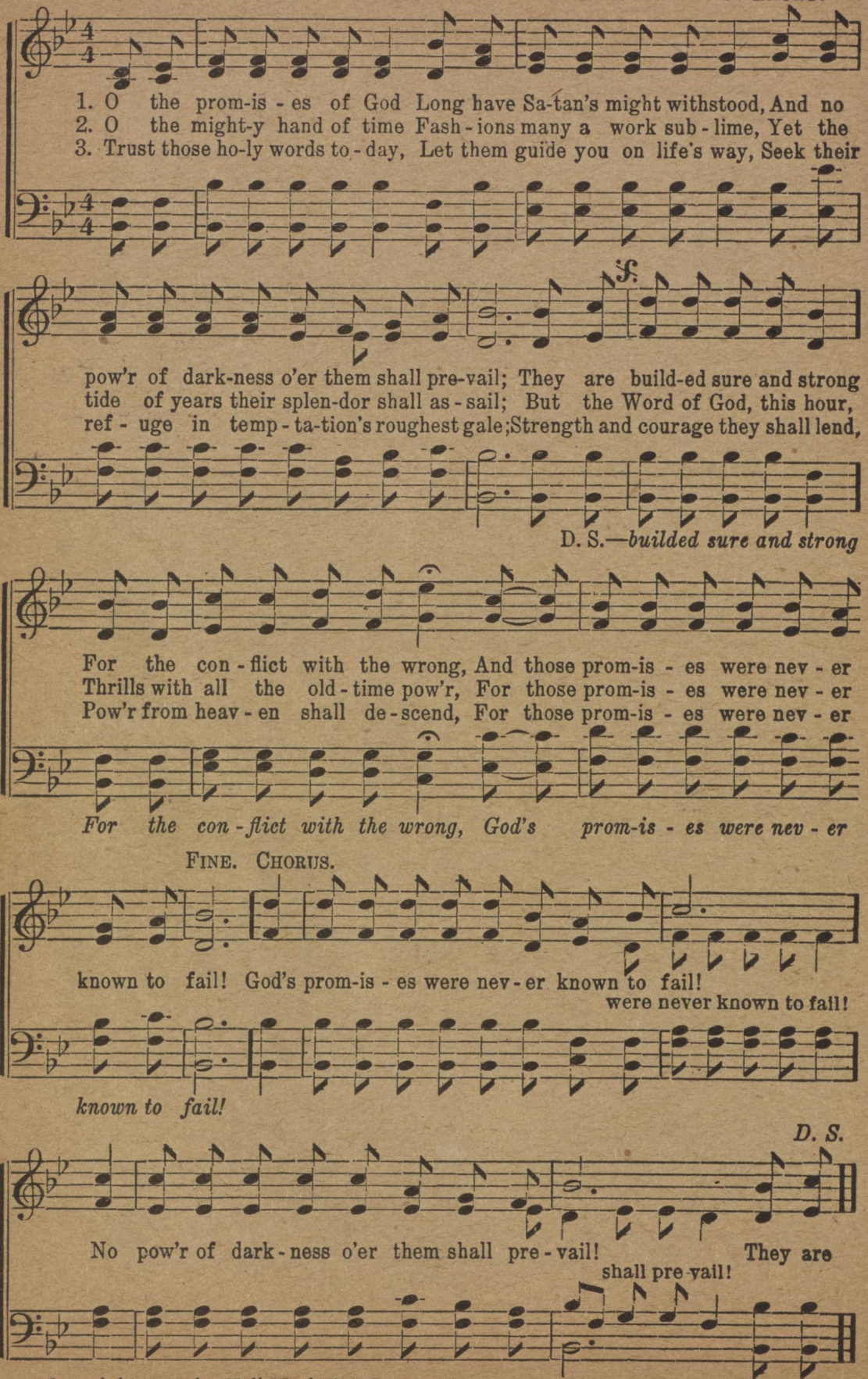
3 I once was an outcast stranger on earth,
A sinner by choice, and an alien by birth!
But I've been adopted, my name's written down,—
An heir to a mansion, a robe, and a crown.

4 A tent or a cottage, why should I care?
They're building a palace for me over there!
Though exiled from home, yet still may I sing:
All glory to God, I'm the child of a King.

NEVER KNOWN TO FAIL.

"The promises of God in Him are yea, and in Him, Amen."—2 Cor. 1: 20.

ALICE JEAN CLEATOR. HERBERT J. LACEY.



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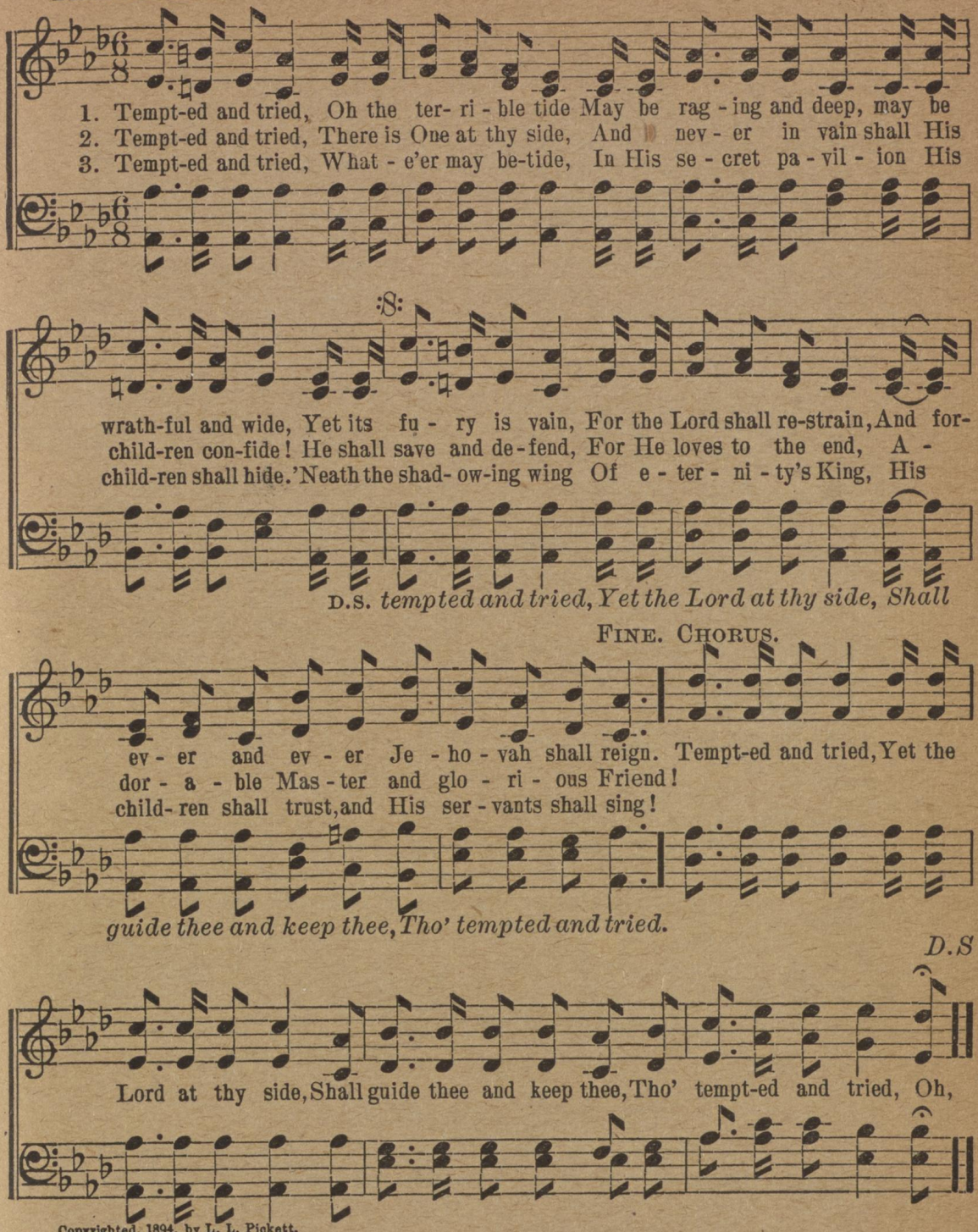
No. 82. # TEMPTED AND TRIED.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL. L. L. PICKETT.

Copyrighted, 1894, by L. L. Pickett.

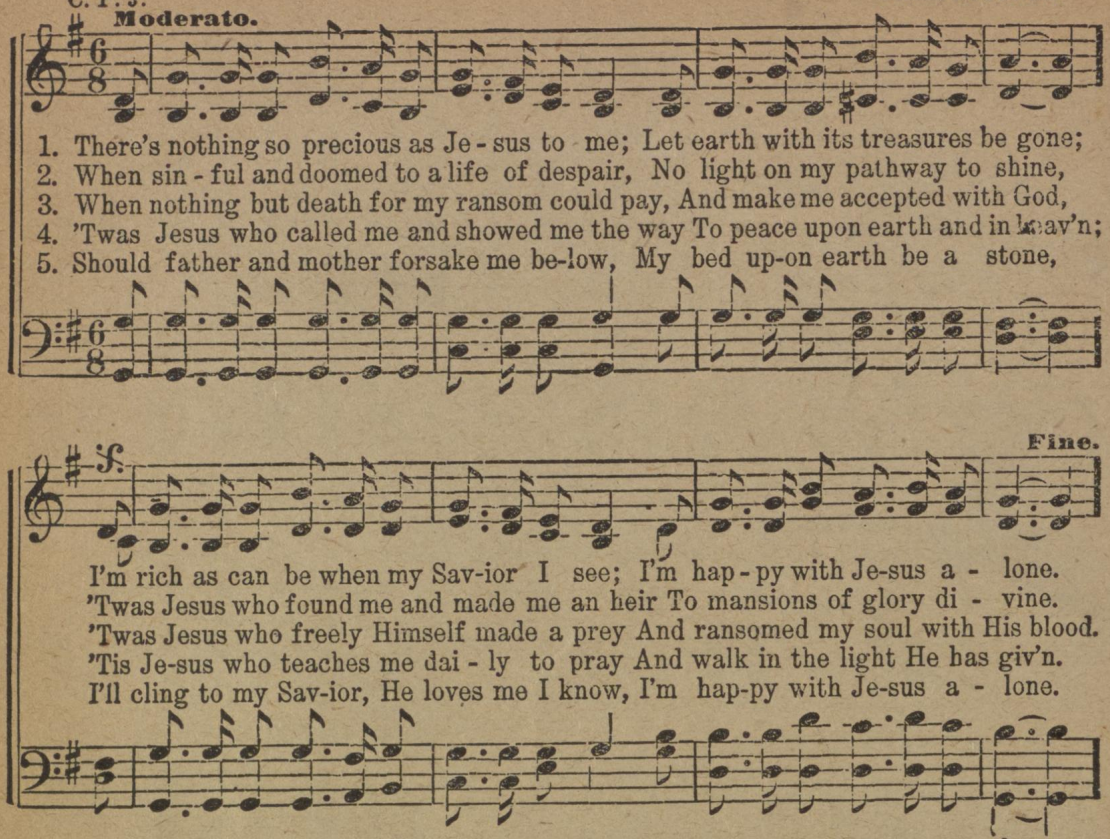
4 Tempted and tried!
Yet the Lord will abide,
Thy faithful Redeemer, thy keeper and Guide,
Thy Shield and thy Sword,
Thine exceeding Reward,
Then enough for the servant to be as his Lord.

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

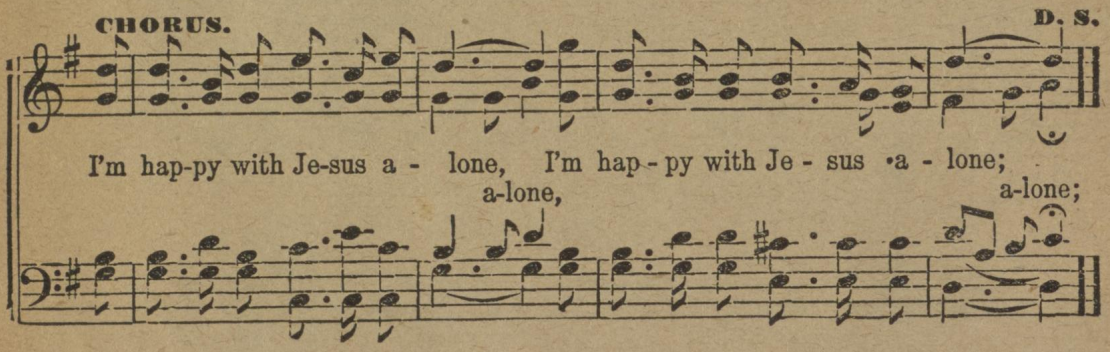
No. 83. I'M HAPPY WITH JESUS ALONE.

"Blessed is the man that trusteth in the Lord, and whose hope the Lord is."—JER. 17: 7.

C. P. J. CHAS. P. JONES.



D. S.—Tho' poor and deserted, thank God, I can say I'm hap-py with Jesus a - lone.



No. 84. THE VERY SAME JESUS.

Key of G. H. L. EDMUNDS.

1 Come, sinners, to the Living One,
He's just the same Jesus
As when He raised the widow's son,
The very same Jesus.

CHO.—The very same Jesus,
The wonder-working Jesus;
Oh, praise His name He's just the same,
The very same Jesus.

2 Come, feast upon the "living bread,"
He's just the same Jesus
As when the multitudes He fed,
The very same Jesus.

3 Come, tell Him of your griefs and fears,
He's just the same Jesus
As when He shed those loving tears,
The very same Jesus.

4 Come unto Him for clearer light,
He's just the same Jesus
As when He gave the blind their sight,
The very same Jesus.

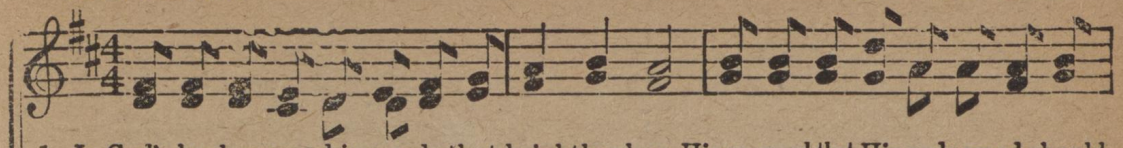
5 Calm midst the wave of trouble be,
He's just the same Jesus
As when He hushed the raging sea,
The very same Jesus.

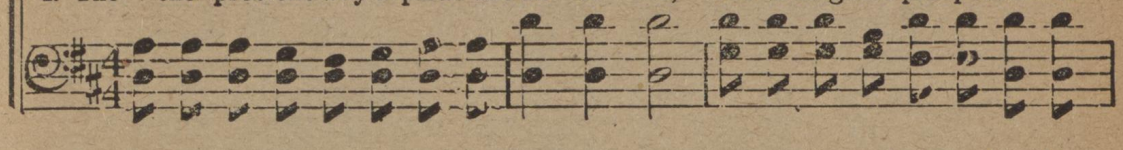
6 Some day our raptured eyes shall see,
He's just the same Jesus,
Oh blessed day for you and me!
esus.

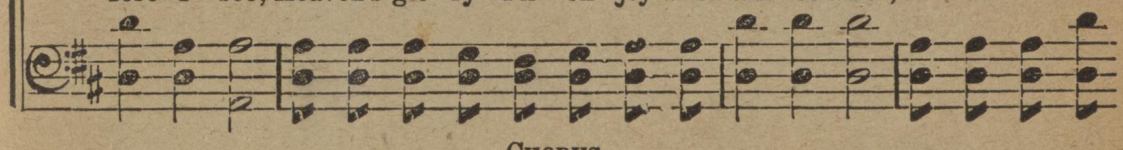
85

HAPPY, HAPPY.

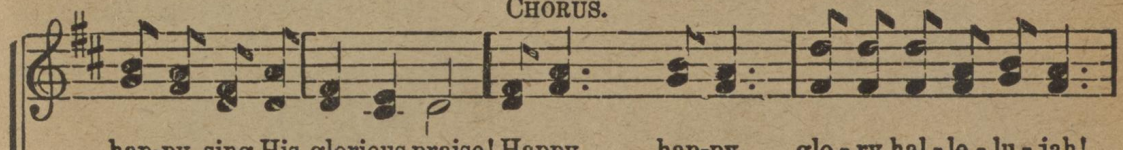
E. D. ELLIOTT. WM. EDIE MARKS.



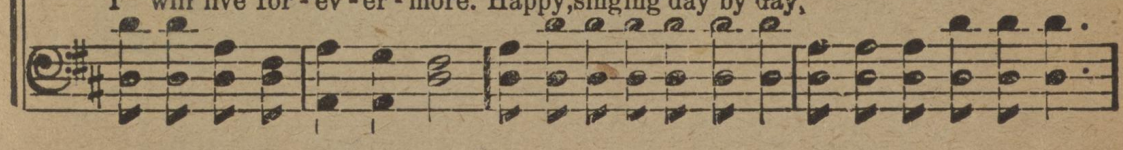
1. In God's book we read in words that brightly glow, His command that His redeemed should
2. Joy a-bounds with-in my hap-py soul to - day, For my grievous sins have all been
3. Since the day when Je-sus pardoned all my sin, Since I start-ed out a home in
4. Tho' the pres-ent way is pleas-ant un - to me, Yet a brighter prospect on be-

all say so; Give Him thanks for He is good in all His ways, He has made us
washed away; Peace that passeth un-der-stand-ing fills my heart, Sure-ly I have
heav'n to win, Since the cross of Je - sus has been made my choice, Life has been all
fore I see; Heaven's glo - ry I'll en - joy when this life's o'er, And with Je - sus



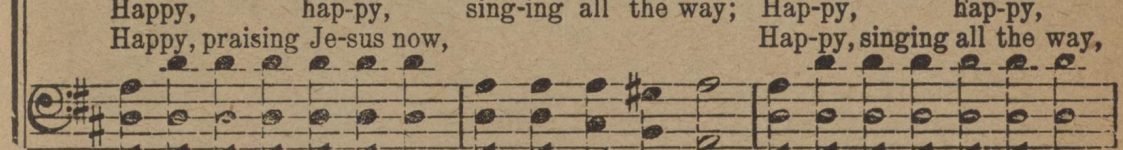
CHORUS.



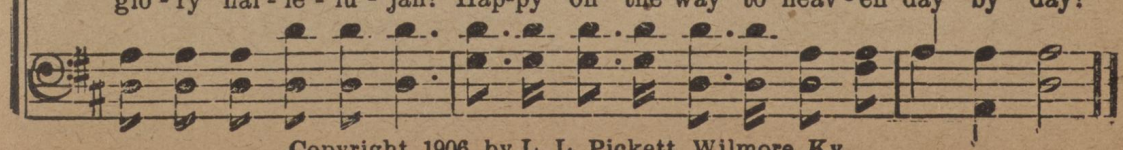
hap-py, sing His glorious praise! Happy, hap-py, glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah!
found in life the bet - ter part.
sunshine, in Him I re - joice.
I will live for - ev - er - more. Happy, singing day by day,



Happy, hap-py, sing-ing all the way; Hap-py, hap-py,
Happy, praising Je-sus now, Hap-py, singing all the way,



glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah! Hap-py on the way to heav - en day by day!



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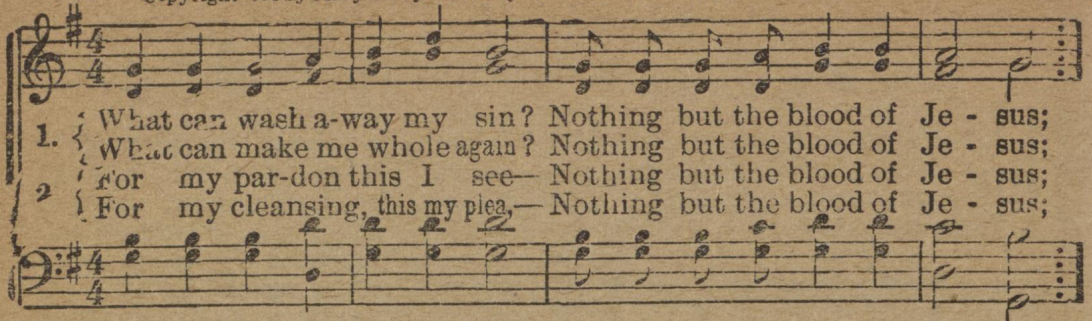
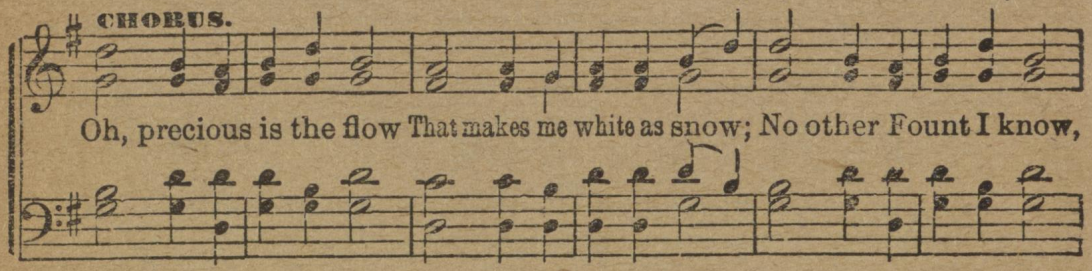
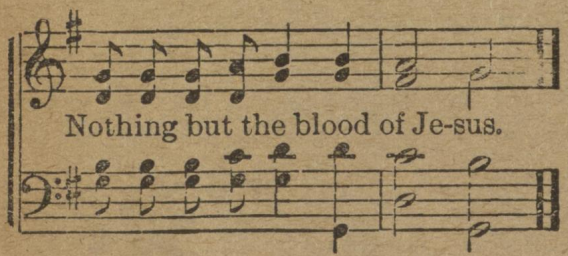
No. 86. NOTHING BUT THE BLOOD OF JESUS.

R. L. Copyright 1904 by Mary Runyon Lowry. Renewal. Used by per. Music by R. LOWRY. By per.



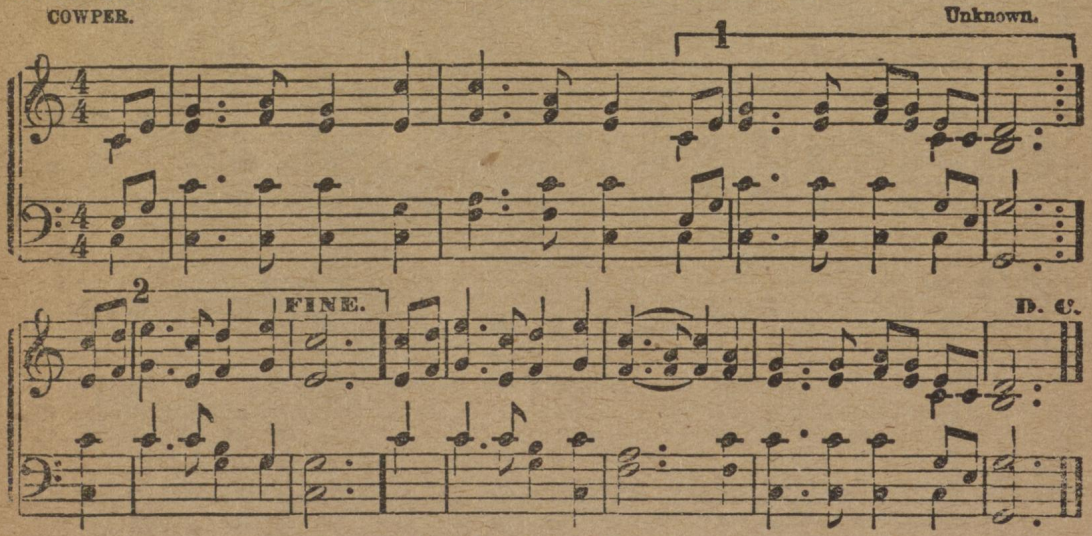




3 Nothing can for sin atone,
Nothing but the blood of Jesus;
Naught of good that I have done,
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

4 This is all my hope and peace—
Nothing but the blood of Jesus;
This is all my righteousness—
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

No. 87. THERE IS A FOUNTAIN.

COWPER. Unknown.

1 There is a fountain filled with blood
Drawn from Immanuel's veins,
And sinners plunged beneath that flood
Lose all their guilty stains.

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there have I, as vile as he,
Washed all my sins away.

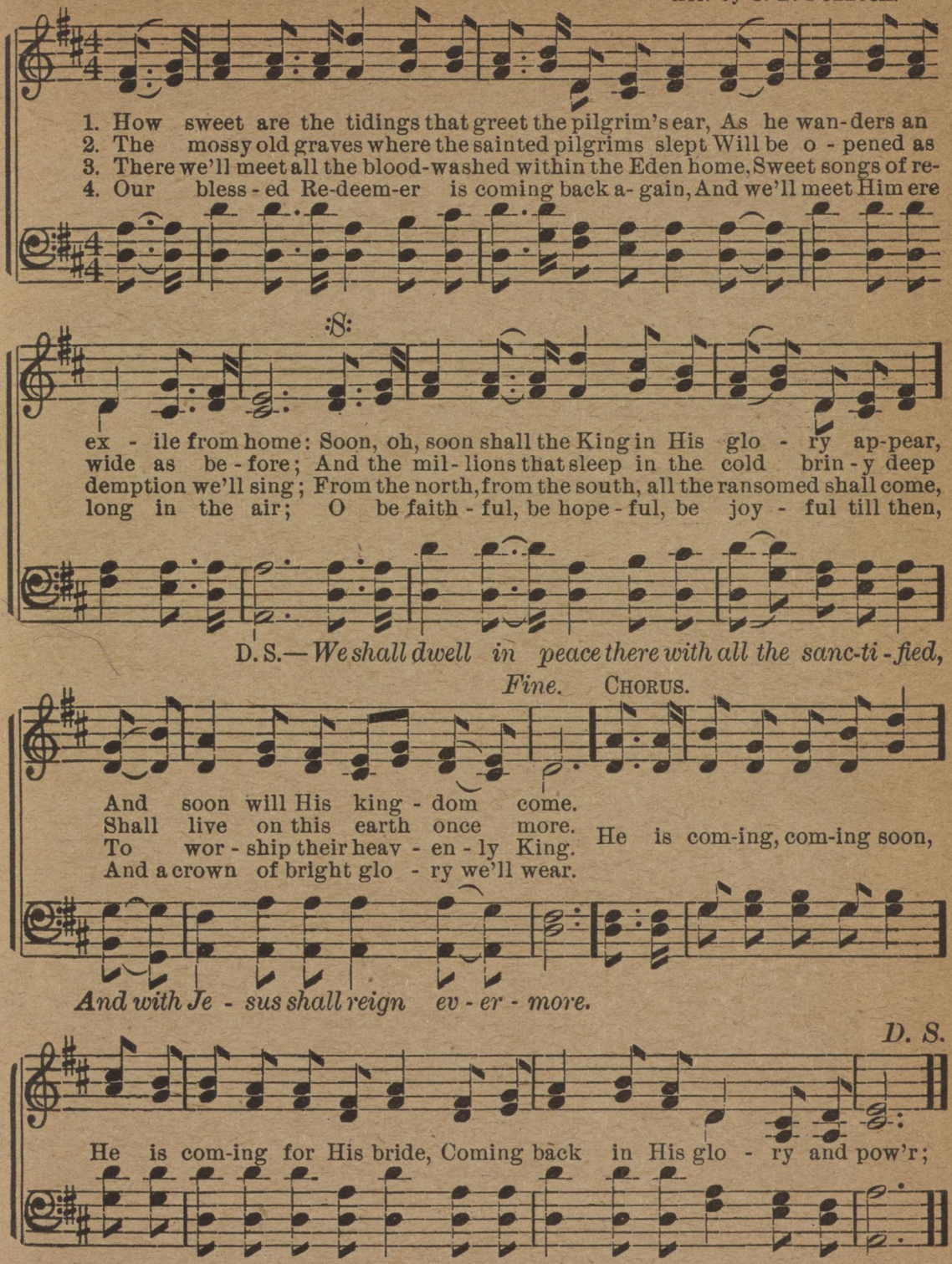
3 Dear dying Lamb, Thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed Church of God
Be saved to sin no more.

4 E'er since by faith I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

5. Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing Thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

88 COMING BACK AGAIN.

Arr. by C. E. POLLOCK.



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89 AT A THOUSAND SOURCES.

(Sing to tune above.)

1 At a thousand sources I tried to find relief
From the sorrows that burdened my soul,
And if pleasure could stifle the bitter voice of grief,
It would long have been under control.

CHO.—But sweeter, purer, and dearer far to me
Is the peace that in Jesus I find;
So I'm resting, resting, resting, Lord, in Thee,
Tender Saviour of lost mankind.

2 I have wandered far o'er the mountains and the sea,
Still pursued by a vain regret;
Seeking ever a place where I from myself might flee,
But I never could find it yet.

3 O the friends of youth that have seemed so firm and true,
Time and distance that circle divide;
And I sought to be happy in scenes and friendships new,
Yet my heart could not be satisfied.

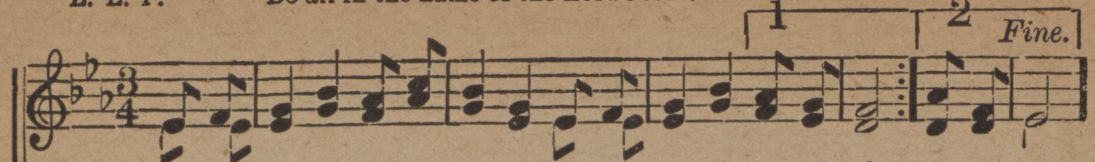
4 Over childhood's Eden a flaming sword is crossed,
I can never return there again;
But an Eden far brighter than childhood ever lost
Is my heart where the Saviour doth reign.

Capt. MCINDOE.

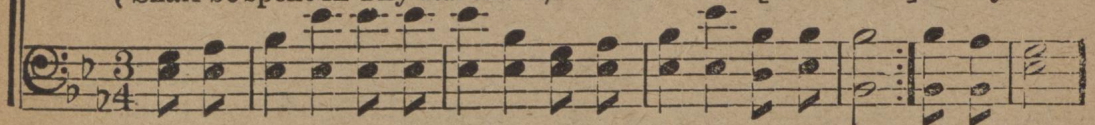
90

THOU ART MORE TO ME.

L. L. P. "Do all in the name of the Lord Jesus."—Col. 3: 17. L. L. PICKETT.

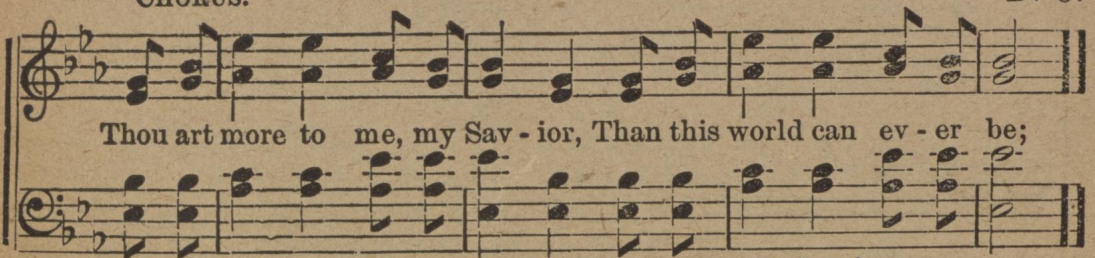


1. Ev'rything that life containeth, All there is of me and mine,
   Un - to Thee in con-se-cra-tion, Blessed Master, [*Omit. . .*] I re-sign.
2. All my time and all my talents, All my strength and earth-ly store,
   All my bod-y, soul, and spirit, Wholly Thine for- [*Omit. . .*] ever-more.
3. All my days and all my moments, All my weeks, and months, and years,
   Shall be spent in Thy dear service, Thou who dri-est [*Omit. . .*] all my tears.



D. C.—*So I glad-ly yield up to Thee All there is of . . . . mine and me.*

CHORUS. *D. C.*



Thou art more to me, my Sav - ior, Than this world can ev - er be;

4 In my eating and my drinking,
In my sleep and waking hours,
I shall seek to glorify Thee,
Using all my ransomed powers.

5 When my pilgrimage is over,
And I see Thee on Thy throne,
May I gladly yield up to Thee
All the goods which were Thine own.

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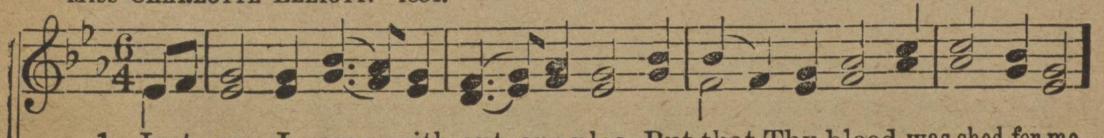
91

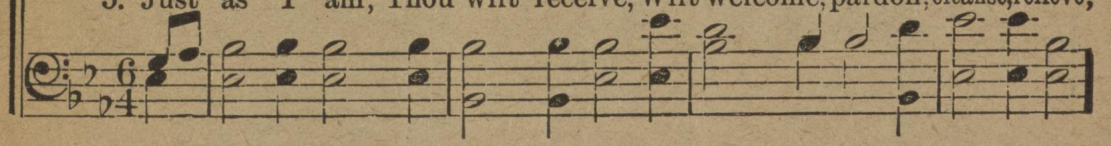
JUST AS I AM.

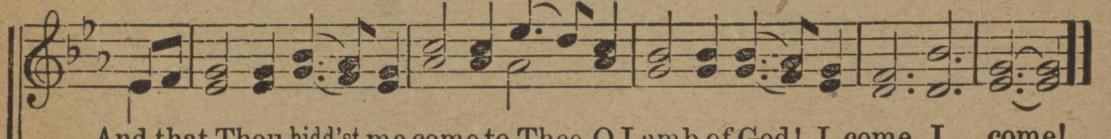
"Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out."—John 6: 37.

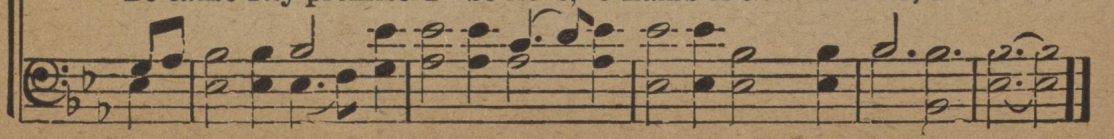
Miss CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT. 1834. WM. B. BRADBURY.



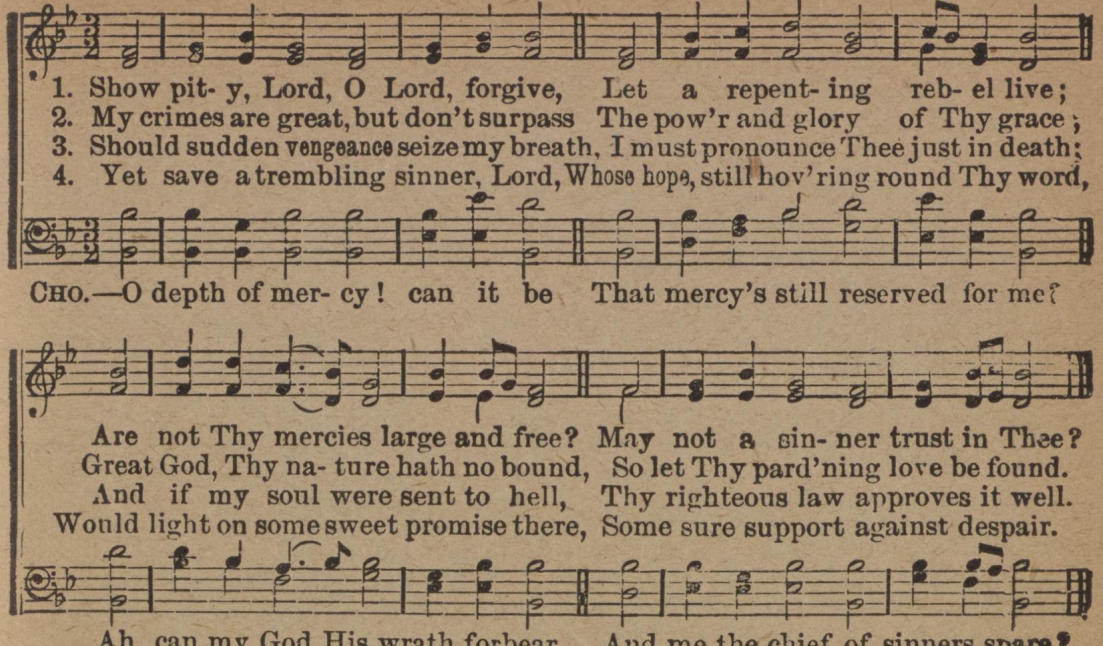
1. Just as I am, with-out one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me,
2. Just as I am, and wait-ing not To rid my soul of one dark blot,
3. Just as I am, tho' tossed a-bout, With many a conflict, many a doubt,
4. Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind; Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
5. Just as I am; Thou wilt receive, Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;





And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee. O Lamb of God! I come, I come!
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God! I come, I come!
Fightings within, and fears without, O Lamb of God! I come, I come!
Yea, all I need, in Thee to find, O Lamb of God! I come, I come!
Be-cause Thy promise I be-lieve, O Lamb of God! I come, I come!

No. 92. SHOW PITY, LORD.

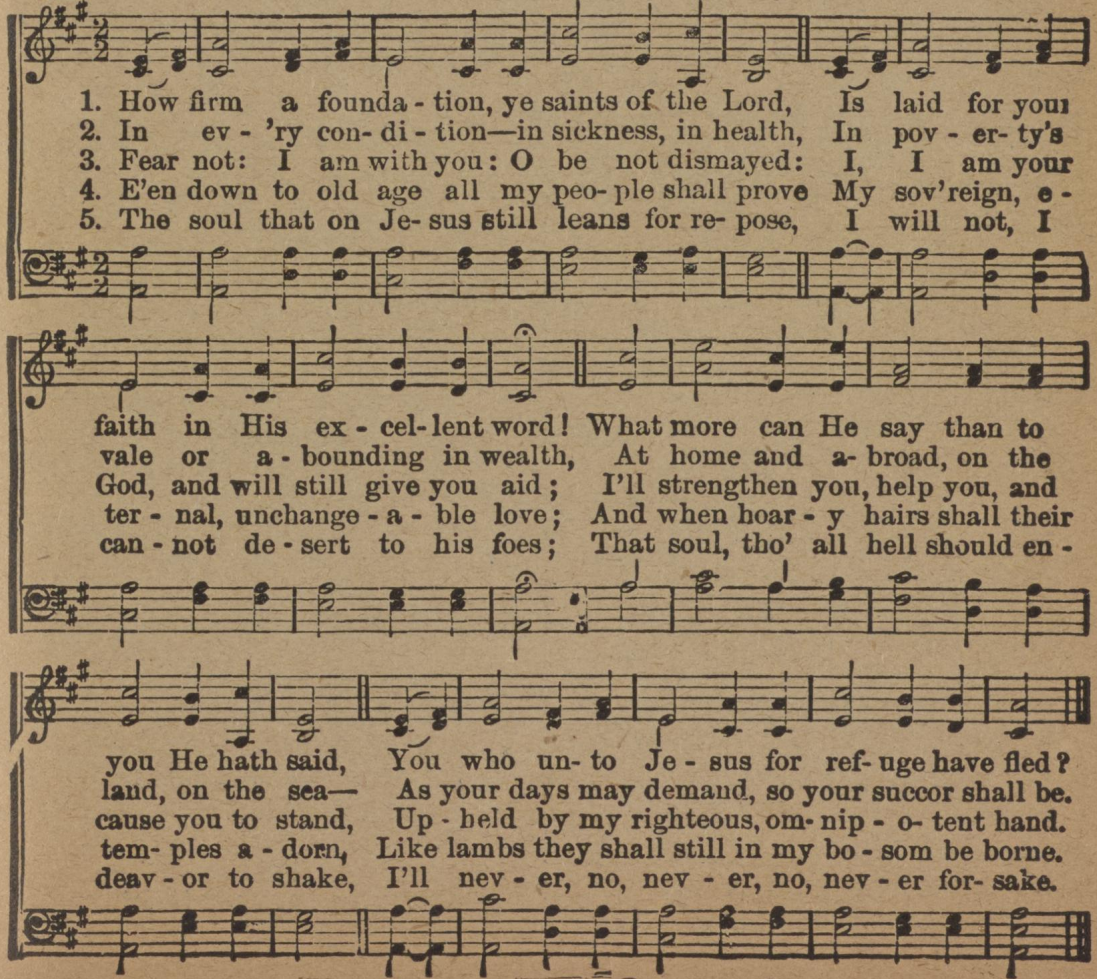
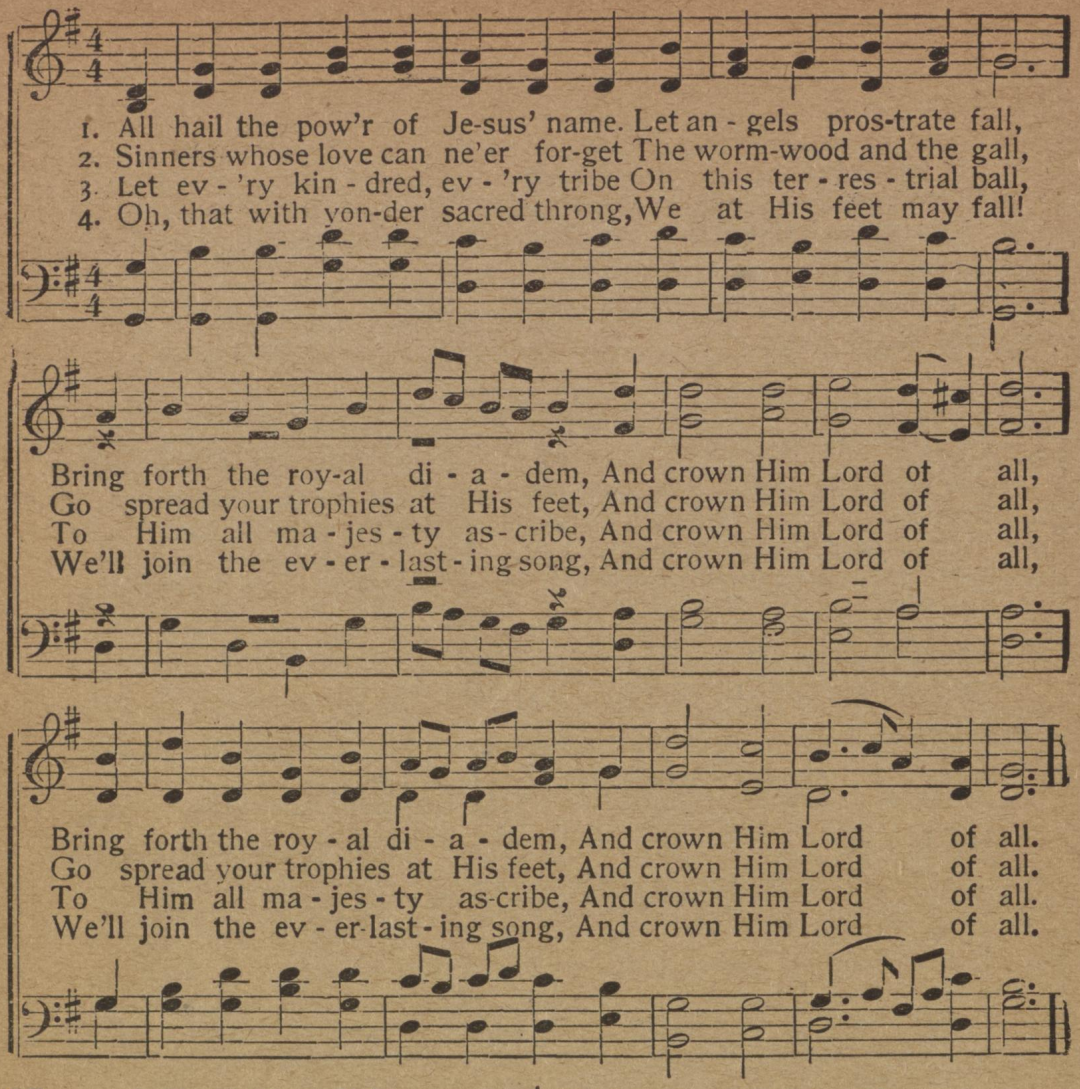
ISAAC WATTS. Old Southern Melody.



•M. H. (Methodist Hymnal.) B. H. (Baptist Hymnal.) P. H. (Presbyterian Hymnal.)

No. 93. HOW FIRM A FOUNDATION. 11s.

GEO. KEITH. Arr. by R. M. MCINTOSH.



95 ROCK OF AGES.

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

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

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

Toplady.

96 I AM COMING TO THE CROSS.

1 I am coming to the cross;
I am poor, and weak, and blind;
I am counting all but dross,
I shall full salvation find.

CHO.—I am trusting, Lord, in thee,
Blessed Lamb of Calvary;
Humbly at Thy cross I bow,
Save me, Jesus, save me now.

2 Long my heart has sighed for Thee,
Long has evil dwelt within;
Jesus sweetly speaks to me,
"I will cleanse you from all sin."

3 Here I give my all to Thee,
Friends, and time, and earthly store;
Soul and body Thine to be,
Wholly Thine for evermore.

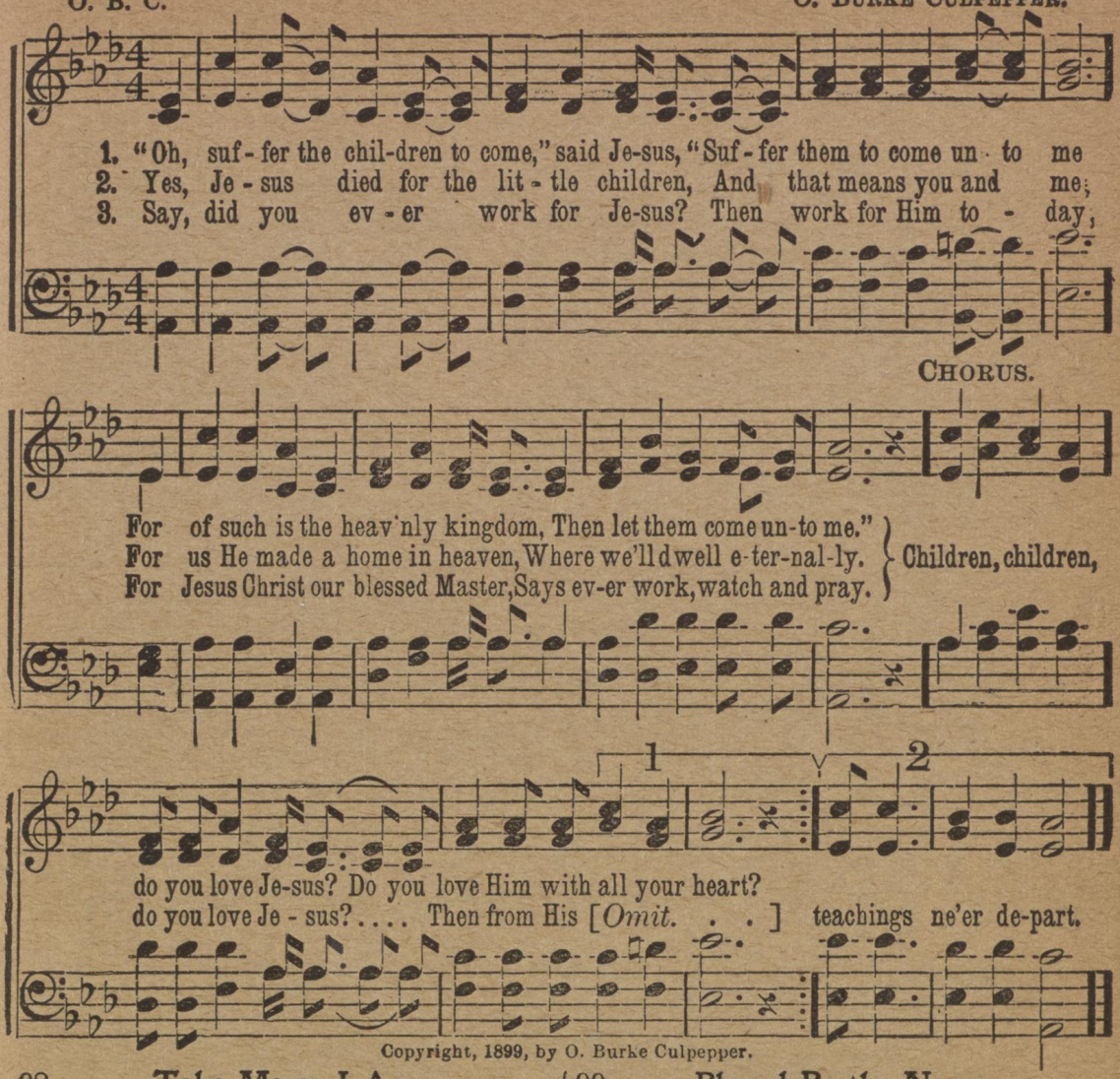
4 In Thy promises I trust,
Now I feel the blood applied,
I am prostrate in the dust,
I with Christ am crucified.

5 Jesus comes! He fills my soul!
Perfected in love I am;
I am every whit made whole;
Glory, glory to the Lamb!

Wm. McDonald.

97 OH, SUFFER THE CHILDREN TO COME.

O. B. C. — O. BURKE CULPEPPER.



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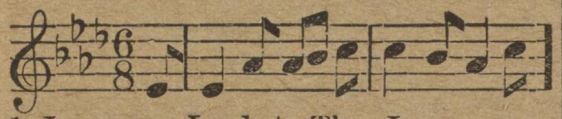
98 Take Me as I Am.



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

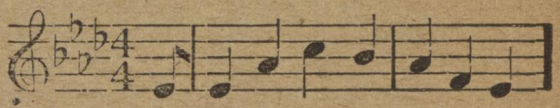
REFRAIN.—Take me as I am,
Take me as I am;
Oh, bring Thy free salvation nigh,
And take me as I am!

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

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

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

99 Blessed Be the Name.



1 In God the Lord my trust I place,
So have no anxious care;
In darkest hours I trust His grace,—
He doth my burdens bear.

CHO.—‖:Blessed be the name,
Blessed be the name.
Blessed be the name of the Lord.:‖

2 His holy name is my high tower,
A shelter from the blast;
Here safely hid from Satan's power,
All burdens down I cast.

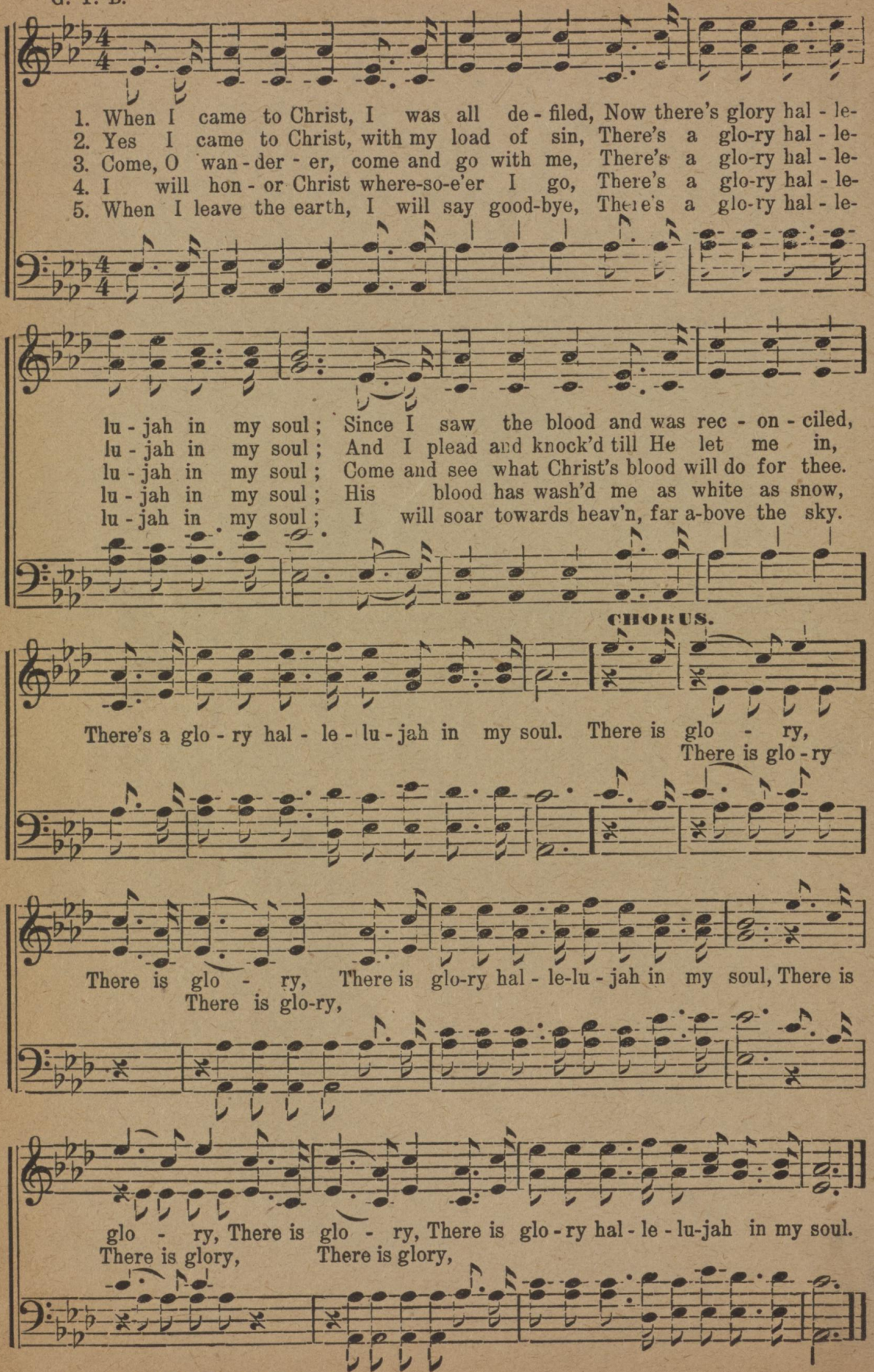
3 There is no refuge such as this,
Where we can safely hide;
In which we taste unchanging bliss,
Whene'er our souls are tried.

4 Sweet peace we find, and holy joy,
Eternal life is ours;
His service here our glad employ,—
He sends refreshing showers.

L. L. PICKETT.

No. 100. GLORY HALLELUJAH IN THE SOUL.

G. T. B. G. T. Byrd.



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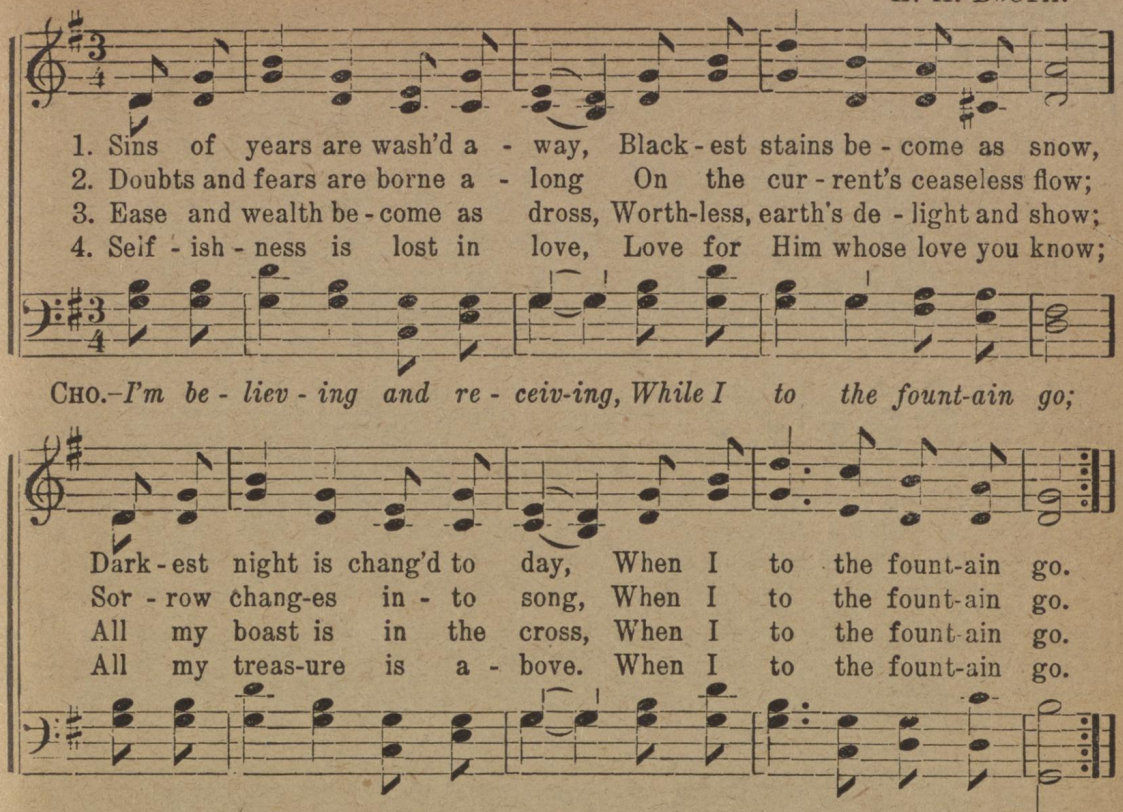
101 I'M BELIEVING, AND RECEIVING.

H. H. Booth.



102 Tune—Sweet By—and—By. Key of G.

1 I am coming to Jesus for rest,
Rest, such as the purified know;
My soul is athirst to be blest,
To be wash'd and made whiter than snow.

Chorus.

I believe Jesus saves,
And His blood washes whiter than snow,
I believe Jesus saves,
And His blood washes whiter than snow.

2 In coming, my sin I deplore,
My weakness and poverty show;
I long to be saved evermore,
To be wash'd and made whiter than snow.

3 To Jesus I give up my all,
Ev'ry treasure and idol I know;
For His fullness of blessing I call,
Till His blood washes whiter than snow.

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

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

Rev. Wm. McDonald.

103 Tune—Marching to Zion Key of G.

1 Come, ye that love the Lord,
And let your joys be known;
‖: Join in a song with sweet accord, :‖
‖: While ye surround His throne. :‖

Chorus.

We're marching to Zion,
Beautiful, beautiful Zion,
We're marching upward to Zion,
The beautiful city of God.

2 Let those refuse to sing
Who never knew our God,
‖: But servants of the heavenly King, :‖
‖: May speak their joys abroad. :‖

3 There we shall see His face,
And never, never sin;
‖: There, from the rivers of His grace, :‖
‖: Drink endless pleasures in. :‖

4 The hill of Zion yields,
A thousand sacred sweets,
‖: Before we reach the heavenly fields, :‖
‖: Or walk the golden streets. :‖

5 Then let our songs abound,
And ev'ry tear be dry;
‖: We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground, :‖
‖: To fairer worlds on high. :‖

Isaac Watts.

THE SILENT RIVER.

A. N. J. H. BARR

1. Be - yond the si - lent riv - er, In the glo-rious summer - land, In the
2. And when I cross the riv - er, The first I will a - dore, The
3. The next one that will greet me In the mansions fair and bright, Will
4. Then cur - ly-head - ed broth-er, And lit - tle ba - by dear, And

beau-ti - ful for - ev - er, Where the jeweled Cit-y stands, Where ev-'ry blooming
first to bid me welcome Up - on the gold-en shore, Will be my lov-ing
be my saint-ed moth-er, Ar - rayed in garments white; And then my grey-haired
bright-eyed little sis - ter With mer-ry laugh and cheer, They all shall gather

flow-er Sends forth its sweet per-fume, My own most loved and cherished In
Sav-iour, The One who died for me, That in the long for - ev - er, From
fa - ther, Close press-ing by her side, Will clasp my hand with fer - vor Just
round me, And bid me welcome home, To wait with them the gath'ring Of

CHORUS.

heav'n-ly beau-ty bloom.
sin I might be free. O the joy that there a - waits us, When we reach
o'er the swelling tide.
loved ones yet to come.

the oth - er shore, And clasp the hands of loved ones, To part with them no more.

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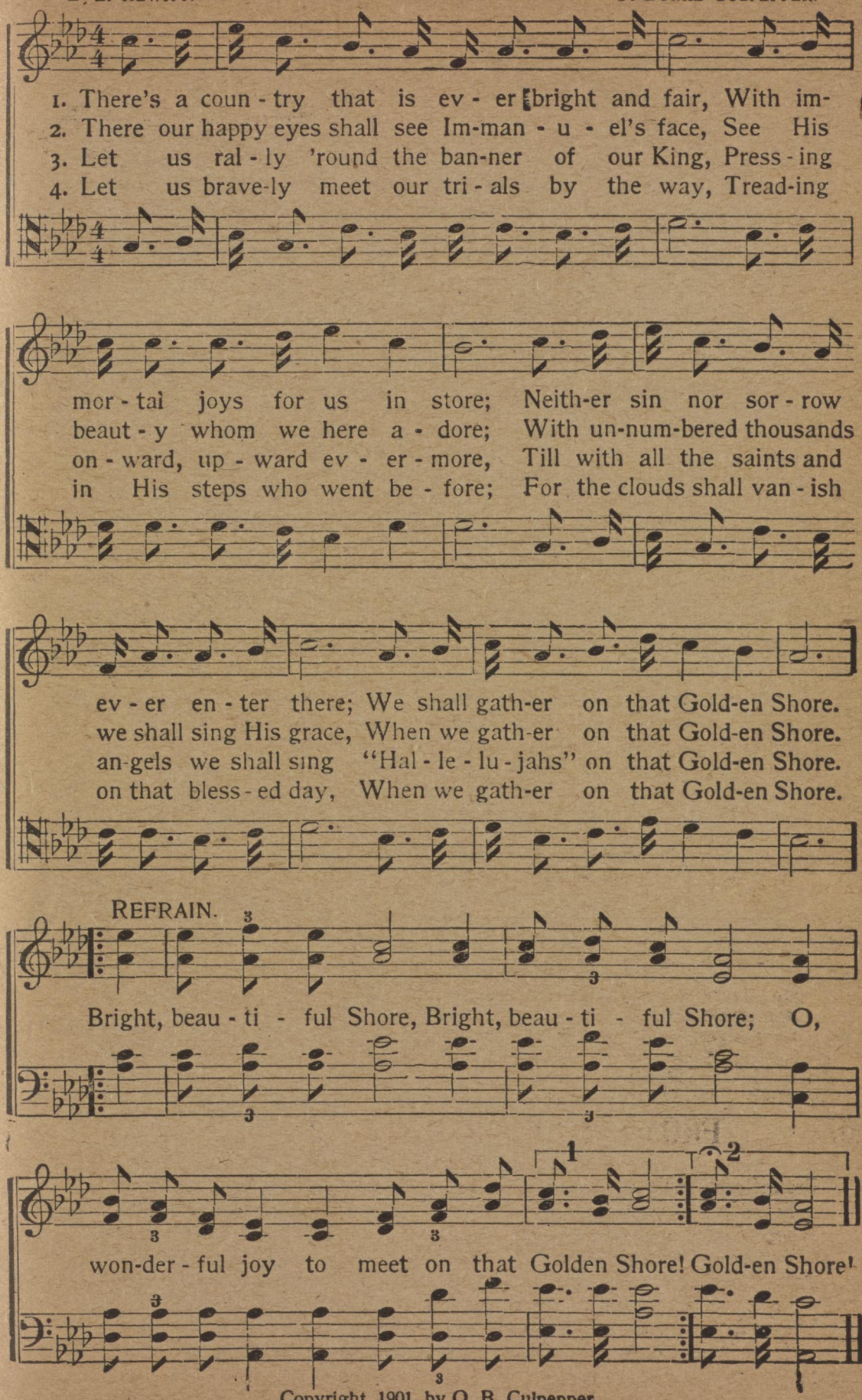
BRIGHT, BEAUTIFUL SHORE.

E. E. HEWITT. O. BURKE CULPEPPER.



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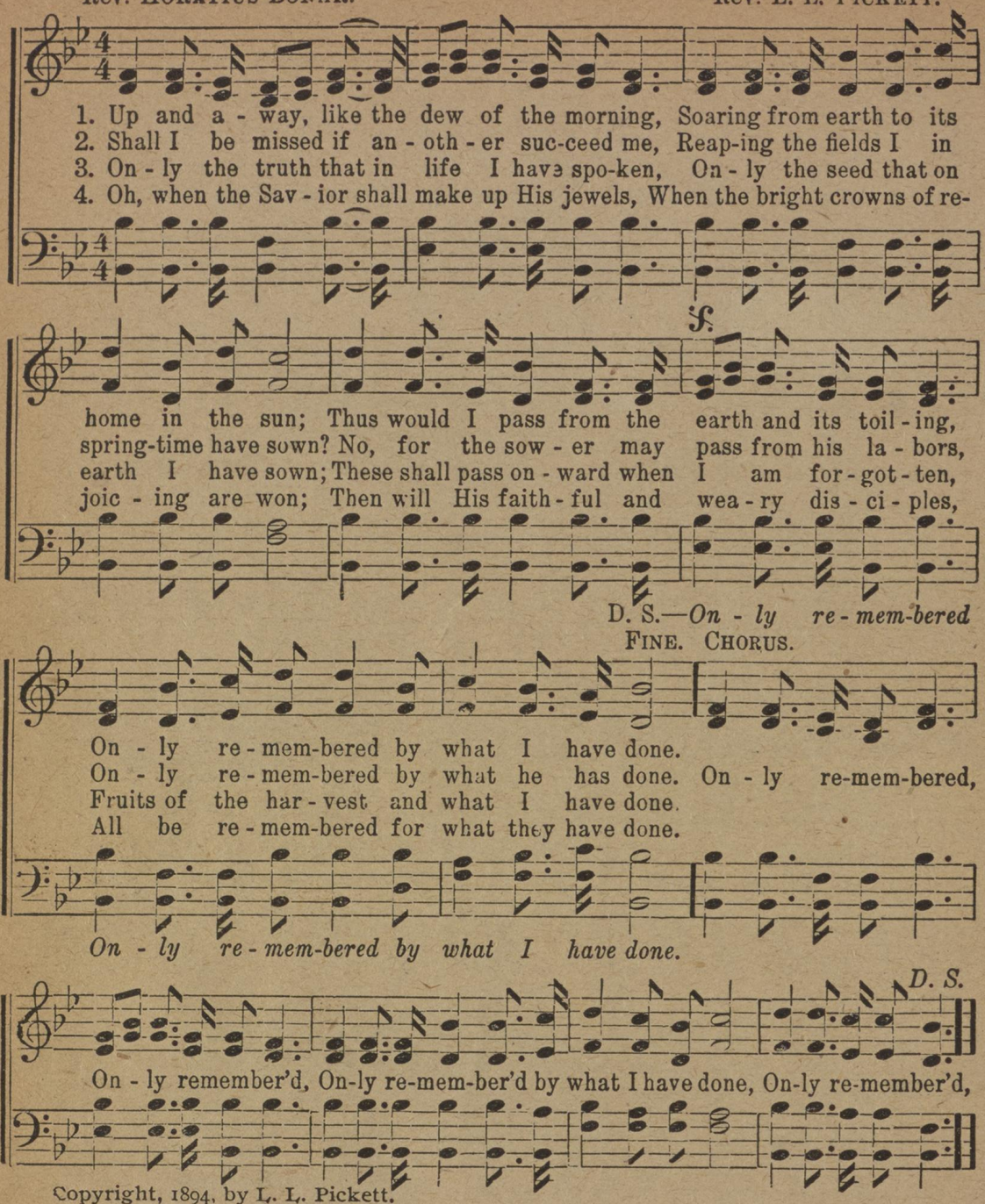
106 ONLY REMEMBERED.

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



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107 FROM GREENLAND'S ICY MOUNTAINS.

(Key of F.)

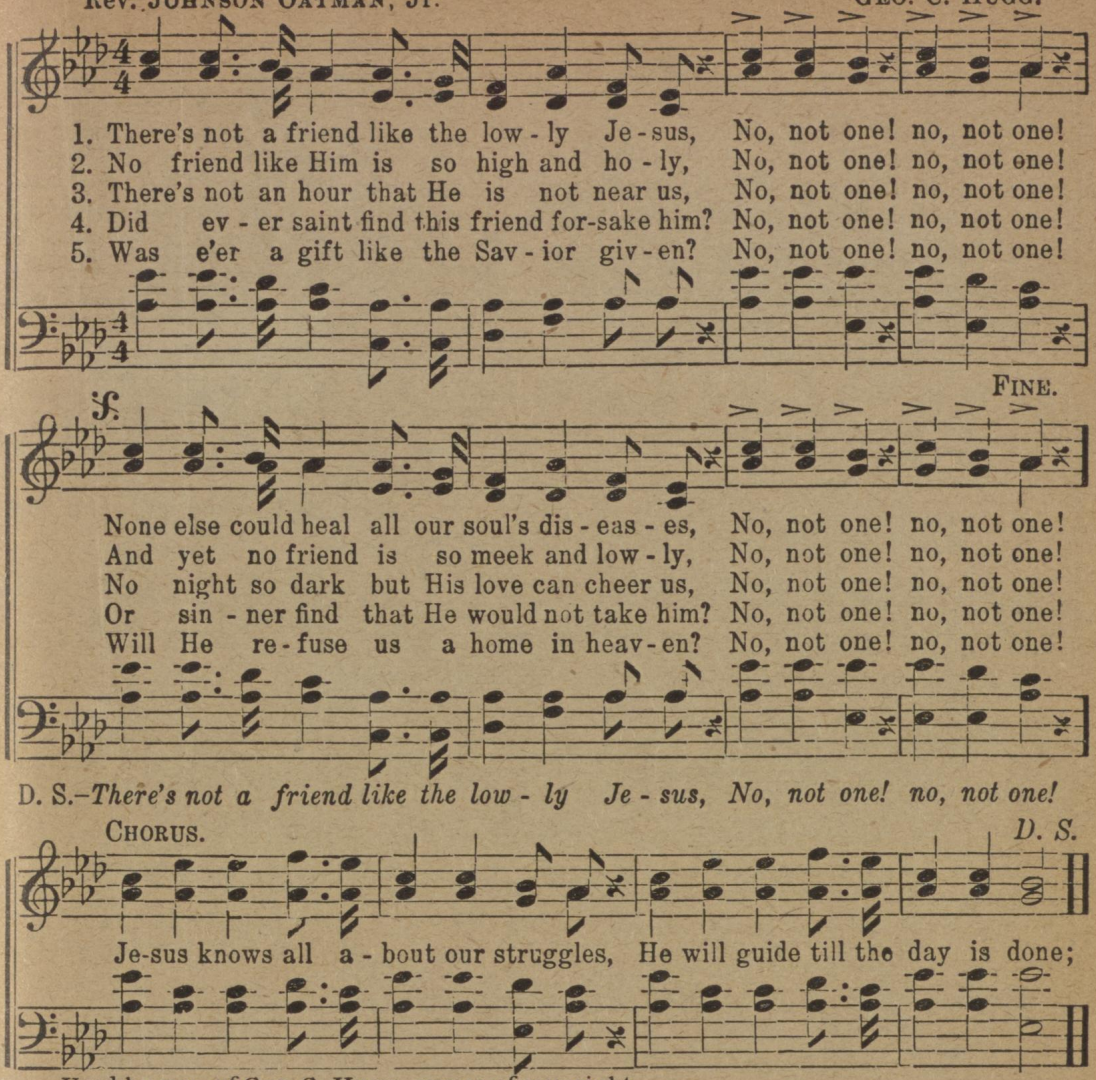
1. From Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain:
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

2 What tho' the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle!
Tho' ev'ry prospect pleases,
And only man is vile.
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strewn;
The heathen, in his blindness,
Bows down to wood and stone.

3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Shall we to men benighted,
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation, O salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.

R. Heber

108 NO, NOT ONE!

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr. GEO. C. HUGG.

D. S.–*There's not a friend like the low - ly Je - sus, No, not one! no, not one!*

CHORUS. *D. S.*

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109 (Key of D.)

1 O'er all the world our blessed Lord shall reign,
Banishing death and driving out all pain;
O'er all the lands His banner bright shall wave,
Till all shall know His mercy and His pow'r to save.

Cho.—He's coming, He's coming,
The King we've looked for long,
When o'er the earth shall swell
The glad Redemption song.

2 O'er all the world we long to see the day
When He shall drive the shadows far away;
Then ev'ry one shall bow to Him the knee,
His banner wave in glory over land and sea.

3 O'er all the world His righteousness shall spread,
Earth's hungry ones shall of His store be fed;
Then all the sin shall quickly flee away,
The night-shades fly before our Savior's world-wide day.

4 O'er all the world our anthems then shall ring,
Glad hallelujahs to our Savior King;
Up to yon heav'n our swelling notes shall rise,
While angels waft the chorus thro' those God lit skies.

L. L. Pickett.

109½ (Key of D♭.)

1 If you want pardon, if you want peace,
If you want sorrow and sighing to cease,
Look to the Saviour who died on the tree,
Jesus can save you, for He saved me.

Cho.-Glory to Jesus, He satisfies me,
Glory to Jesus, I'm free, I am free,
Glory to Jesus, I'll shout it, I will,
Glory to Jesus, I cannot keep still.

2 Living beneath the shade of the cross,
Counting the jewels of earth all as dross,
Cleans'd in the blood flowing free from His side,
Jesus can save you, for you He died.

3 If you want boldness, take part in the fight,
If you want purity, walk in the light,
If you want liberty, shout and be free,
Jesus can cleanse you, for He cleans'd me.

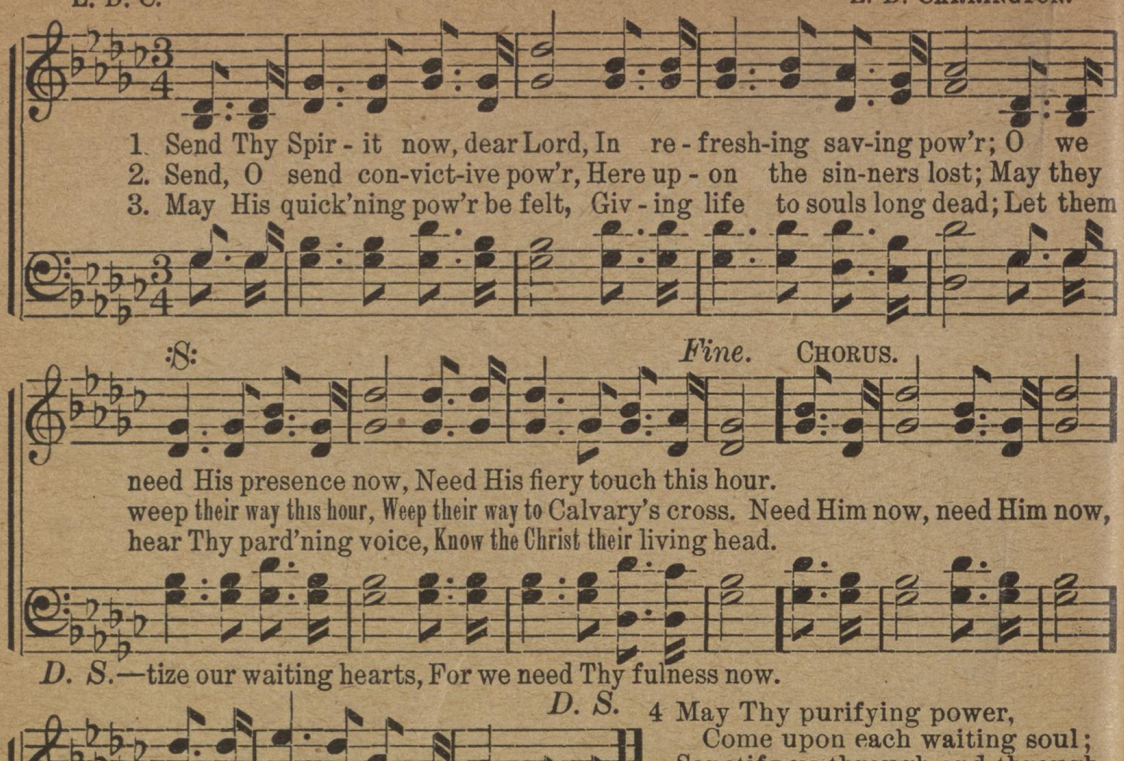
4 If you want Jesus to reign in your soul,
Plunge in the fountain and you shall be whole,
Wash in the blood that is flowing for thee,
Jesus can cleanse you, for He cleans'd me.

A. F. Myers.

110 WE NEED HIM NOW.

"If any man have not the Spirit of Christ he is none of his."—ROM. 8: 9.

L. D. C. L. D. CARRINGTON.



4 May Thy purifying power,
Come upon each waiting soul;
Sanctify us through and through,
Make each broken spirit whole.

5 While we tarry at Thy feet,
Send, O send the promised show'r;
Fill us, thrill us, every one,
O descend with mighty power.

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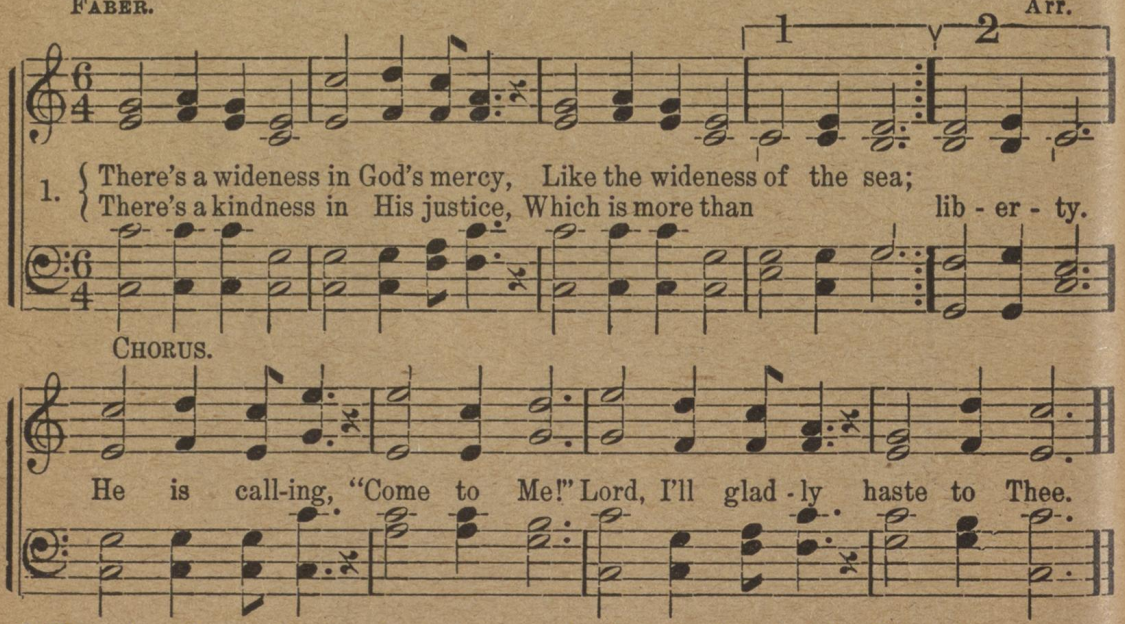
111 HE IS CALLING.

FABER. Arr.



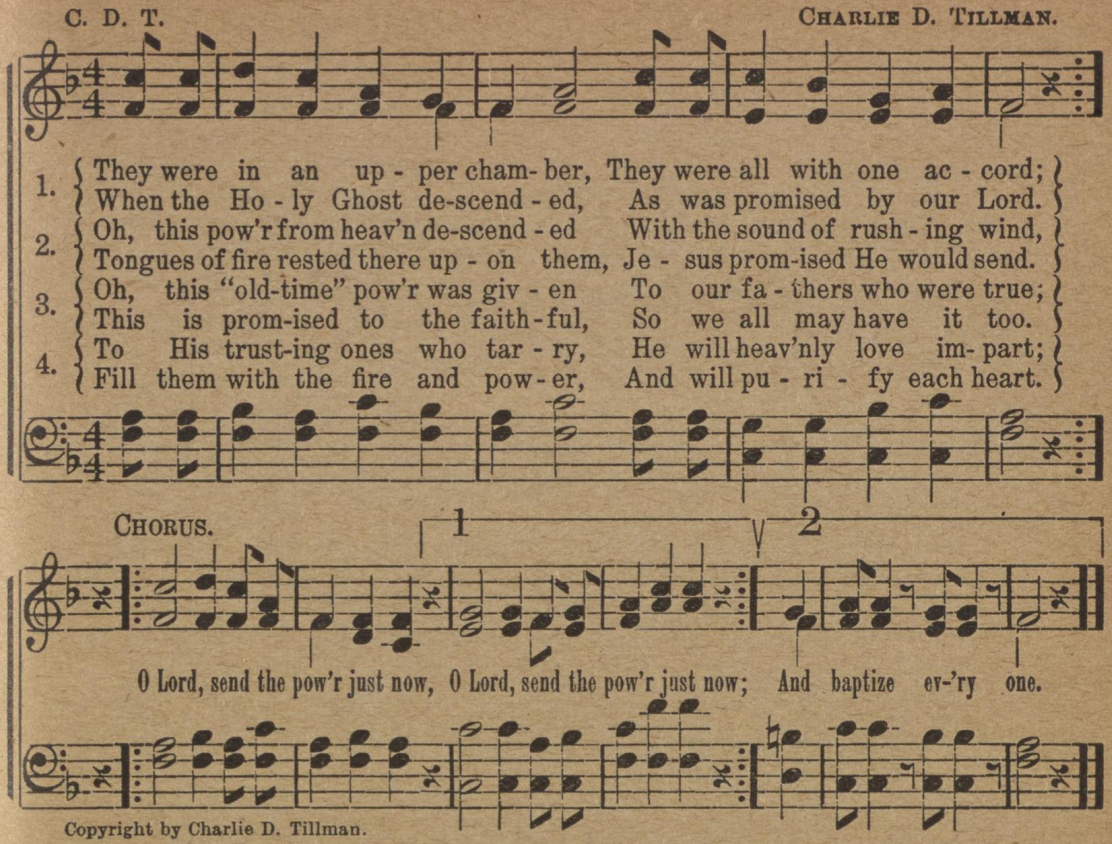
2 There is welcome for the sinner,
And more graces for the good;
There is mercy with the Saviour;
There is healing in His blood.

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

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

112 "OLD-TIME POWER."

C. D. T. CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.



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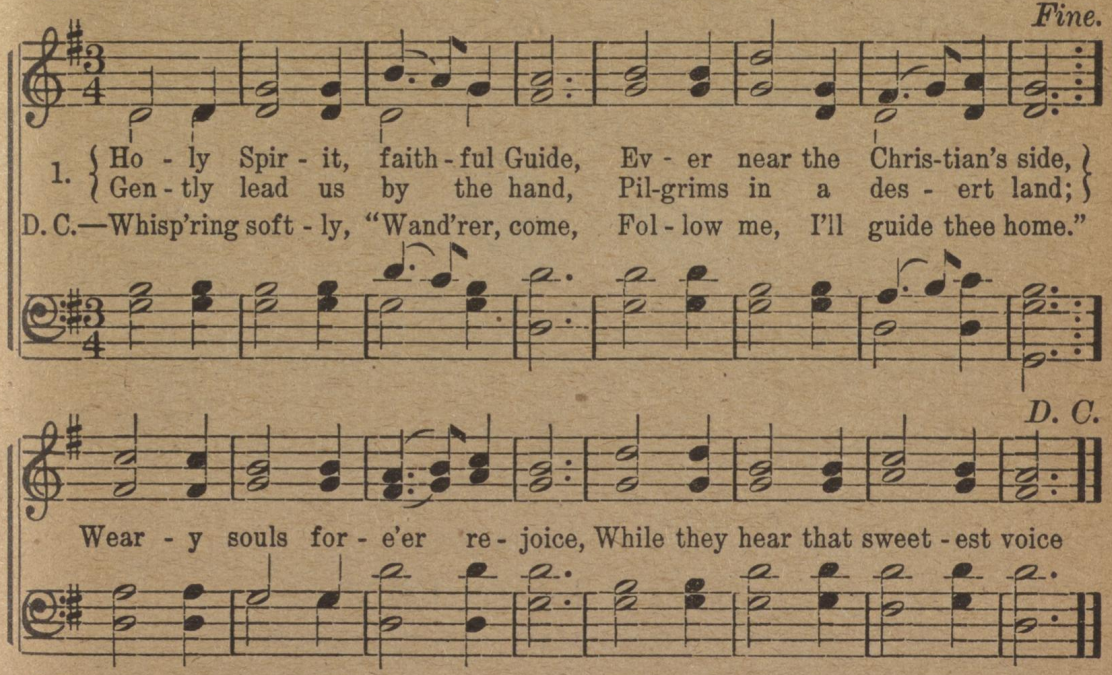
113 HOLY SPIRIT, FAITHFUL GUIDE.

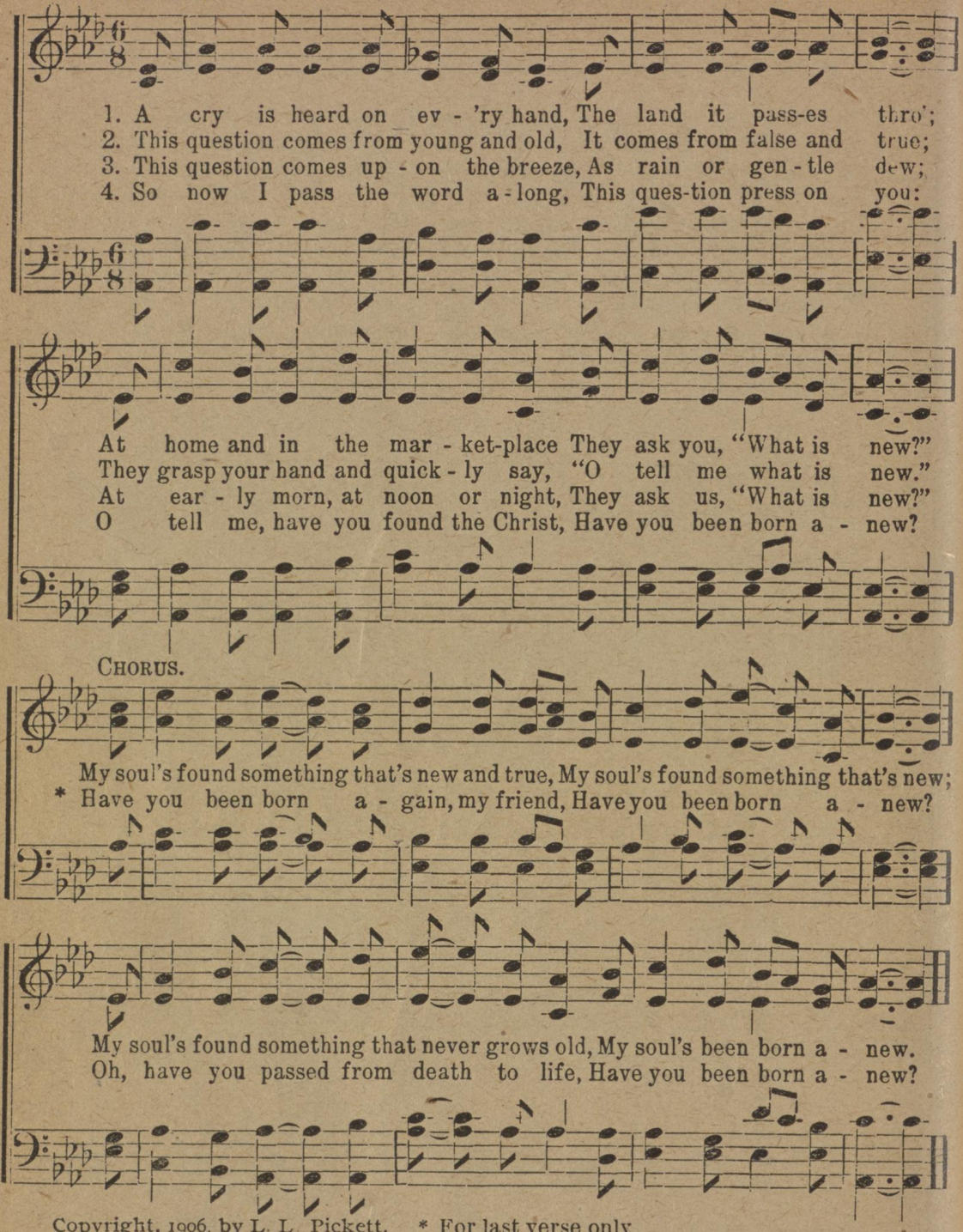


2 Ever-present, truest Friend,
Ever near Thine aid to lend,
Leave us not to doubt and fear,
Groping on in darkness drear:
When the storms are raging sore,
Hearts grow faint, and hopes give o'er,
Whisper softly, "Wanderer, come,
Follow me, I'll guide thee home."

3 When our days of toil shall cease,
Waiting still for sweet release,
Nothing left but heaven and prayer,
Wondering if our names are there;
Wading deep the dismal flood,
Pleading naught but Jesus' blood,
Whisper softly, "Wanderer, come,
Follow me, I'll guide thee home."

114 MY SOUL'S FOUND SOMETHING THAT'S NEW.

L. L. PICKETT. ARR. L. D. CARRINGTON.



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115 WHEN I CAN READ.

(Can be sung to above tune and chorus. Key of G.)

1 When I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I'll bid farewell to ev'ry fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.

CHORUS.—We will stand the storm,
We will anchor by and by. :‖

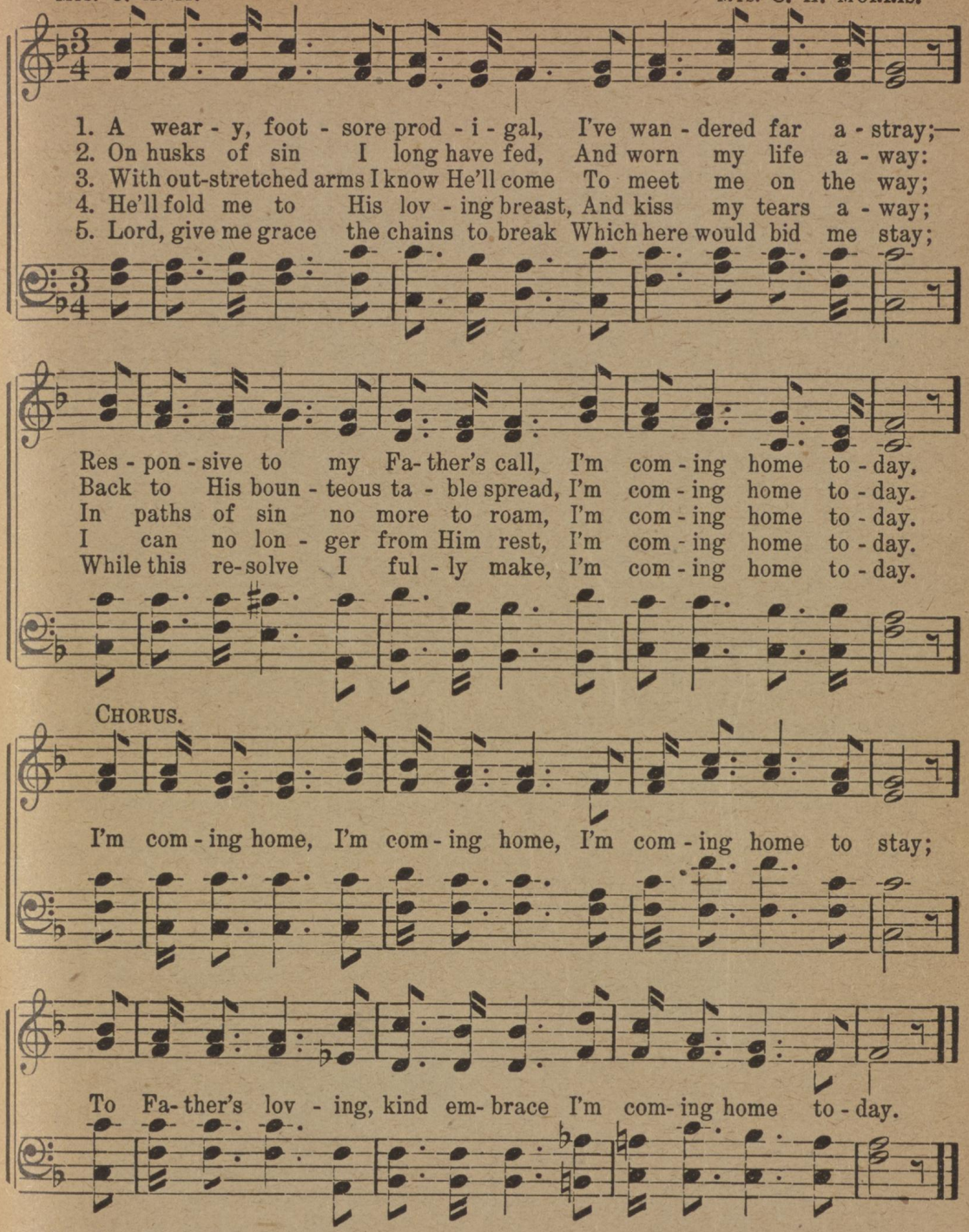
2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And fiery darts be hurled,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.

3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,
Let storms of sorrow fall—
So I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heav'n, my all.

4 There I shall bathe my weary soul,
In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

116 THE PRODIGAL'S RETURN.

Mrs. C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. Morris.



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117 COME, EVERY SOUL.

(Sing to Tune 114.)

1 Come, every soul by sin oppressed,
There's mercy with the Lord,
And He will surely give you rest,
By trusting in His word.

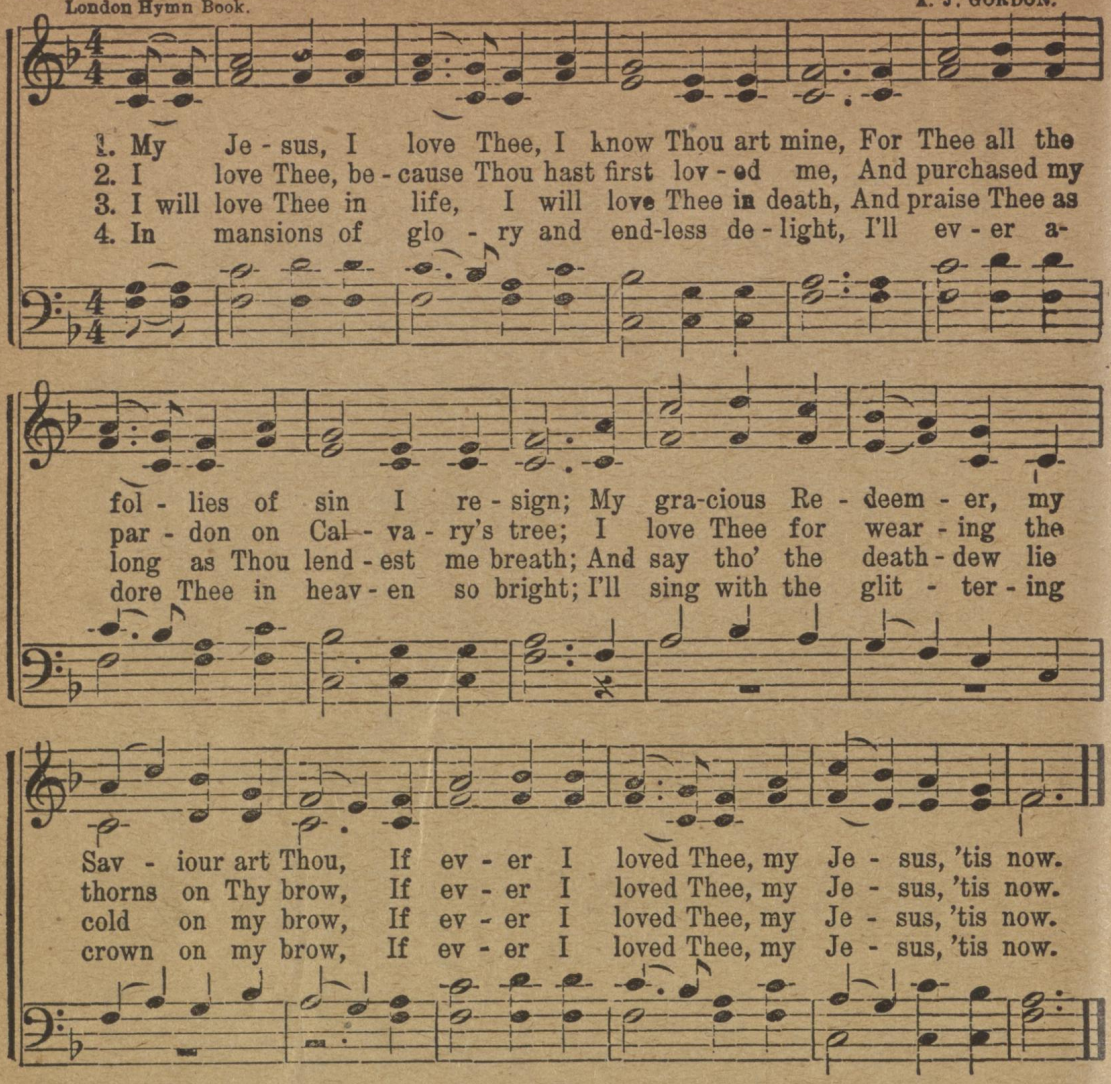
Cho.—O come to Jesus, as you are,
And every sin forsake;
He'll pardon all your guilt to-day,
Your heart anew will make.

2 For Jesus shed His precious blood
Rich blessings to bestow;
Plunge now into the crimson flood
That washes white as snow.

3 Yes, Jesus is the Truth, the Way,
That leads you into rest;
Believe in Him without delay,
And you are fully blest.

4 Come, then, and join this holy band,
And on to glory go,
To dwell in that celestial land
Where joys immortal flow.

118 MY JESUS, I LOVE THEE.

London Hymn Book. A. J. GORDON.

119 "Tune—Leaning on Everlasting Arms."

Key of A-flat. L. L. PICKETT.

1 How my heart doth sing,
Walking with my King,
Trusting in His everlasting love;
He doth comfort give
Since for Him I live,
Trusting in His everlasting love.

Cho.—Trusting, trusting,
Trusting in His everlasting love;
Trusting, trusting,
Trusting in His everlasting love.

2 He is more to me
Than this world can be,
Trusting in His everlasting love;
Saved and satisfied
Through the crucified,
Trusting in His everlasting love.

3 Christ is good and true,
Saves me through and through,
Trusting in His everlasting love;
Come and walk with me
To eternity,
Trusting in His everlasting love.

120 Jerusalem, my Happy Home.

Music in "Cheerful Songs." Key G.

1 Jerusalem, my happy home,
O how I long for thee!
When will my sorrows have an end?
Thy joys, when shall I see?

Cho.—I will meet you in the city of the New Jerusalem,
I am washed in the blood of the Lamb;
I will meet you in the city of the New Jerusalem,
I am washed in the blood of the Lamb.

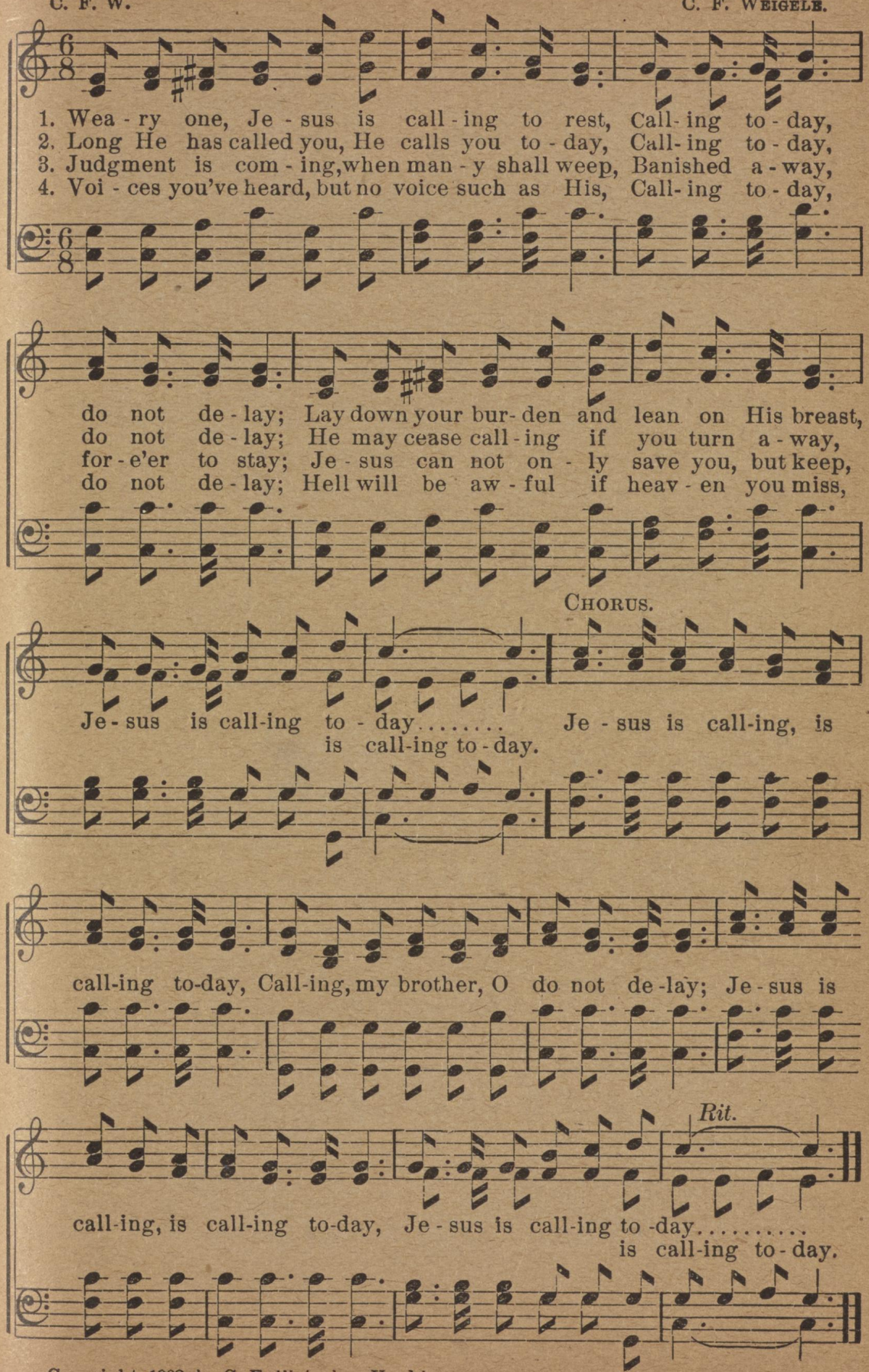
2 Thy walls are all of precious stones
Most glorious to behold;
Thy gates are richly set with pearl,
Thy streets are paved with gold.

3 Thy gardens and thy pleasant streams
My study long have been,
Such sparkling gems by human sight
Have never yet been seen.

4 Reach down, reach down thine arms of grace,
And cause me to ascend
Where congregations ne'er break up,
And praises never end.

No. 121. JESUS IS CALLING TO-DAY.

C. F. W. C. F. WEIGELE.



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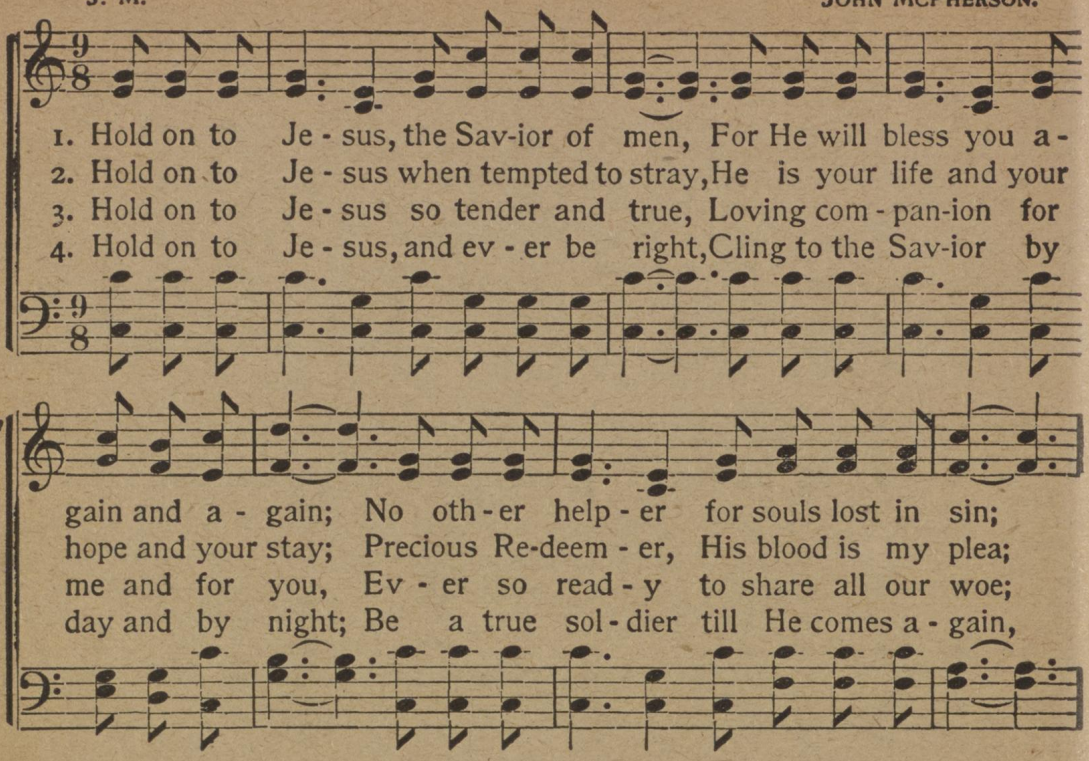
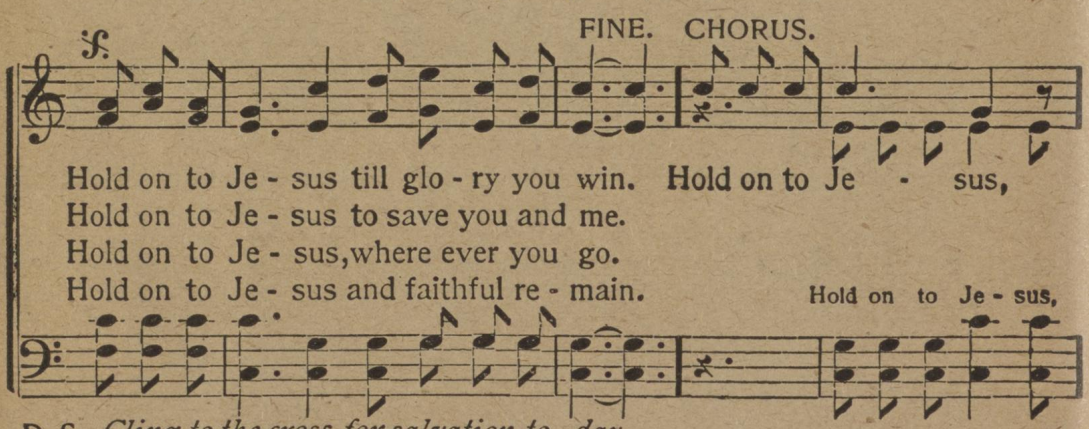
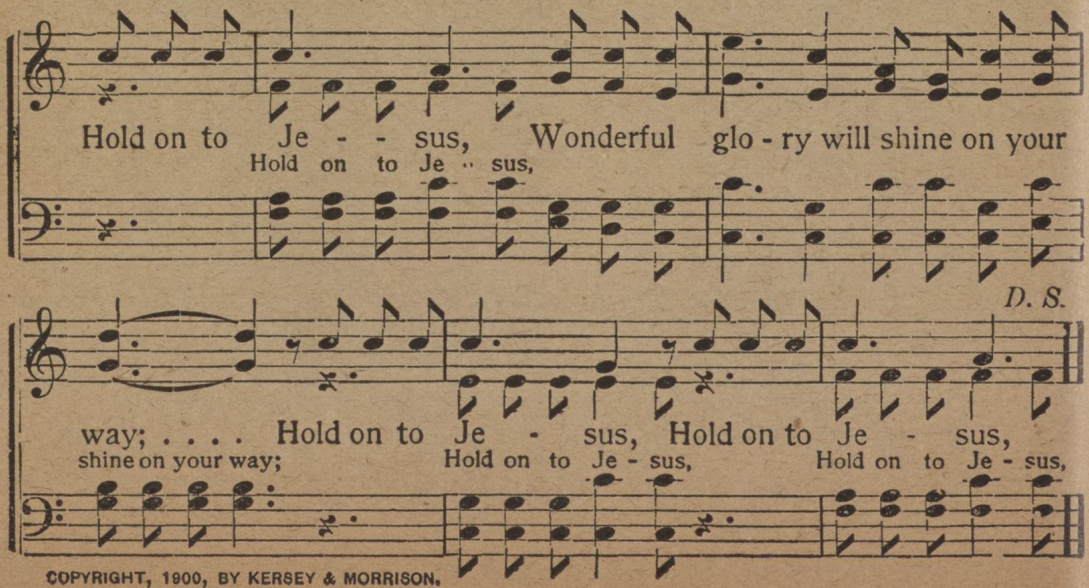
HOLD ON TO JESUS.

J. M. JOHN McPHERSON.



D. S.–*Cling to the cross for salvation to - day.*

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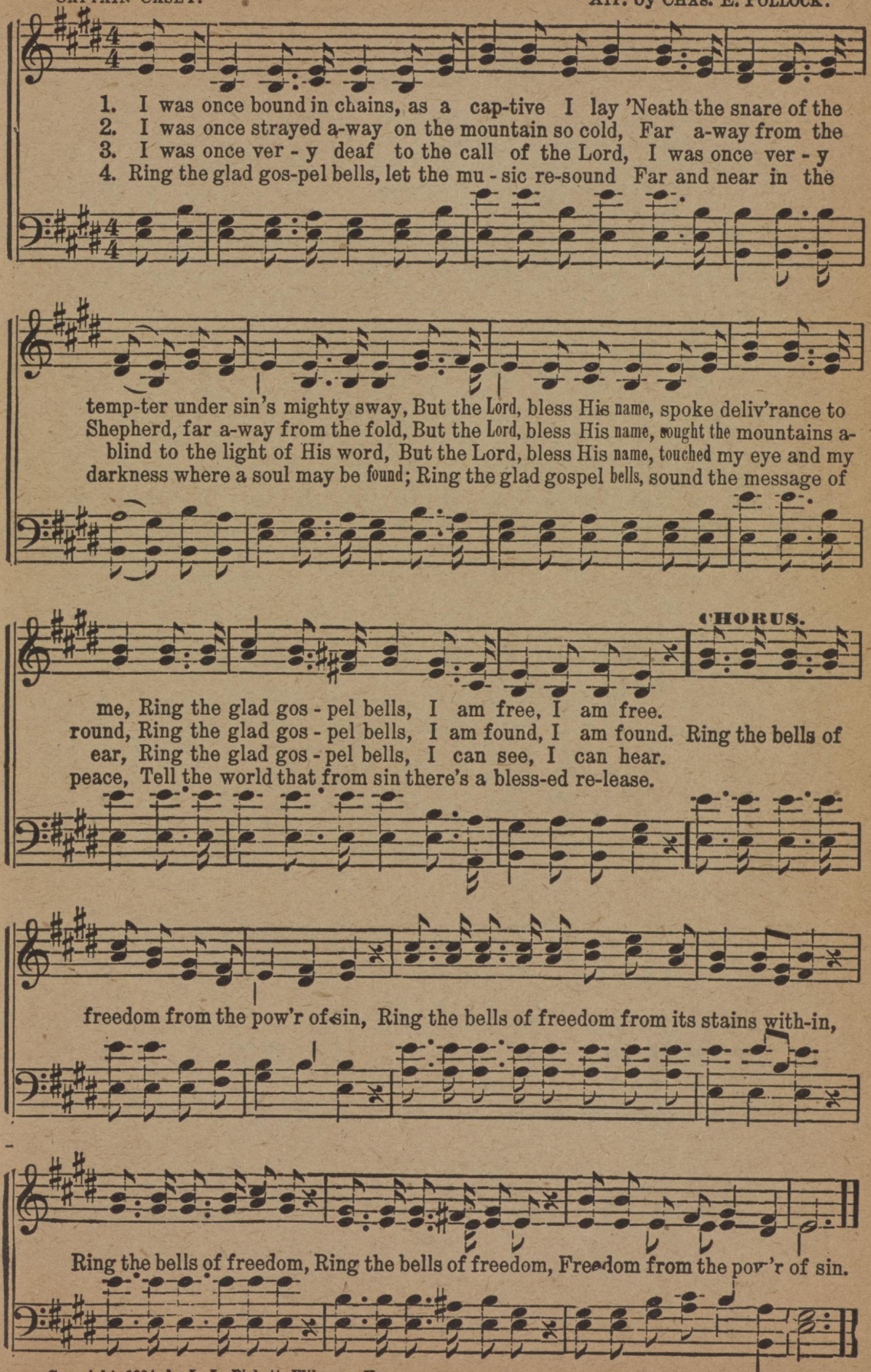
RING THE BELLS OF FREEDOM.

CAPTAIN CASEY. Arr. by CHAS. E. POLLOCK.



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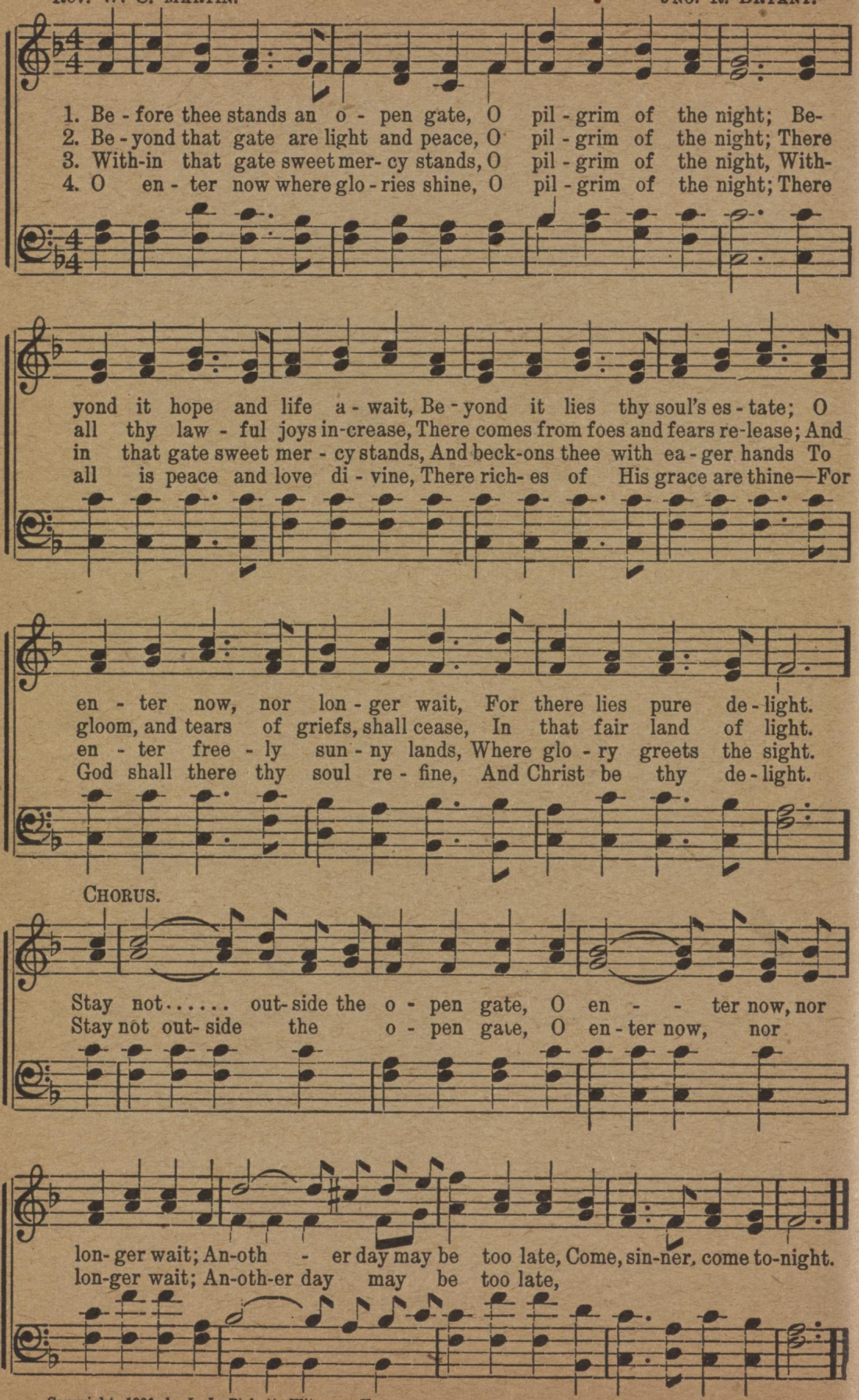
THE OPEN GATE.

Rev. W. C. MARTIN. JNO. R. BRYANT.

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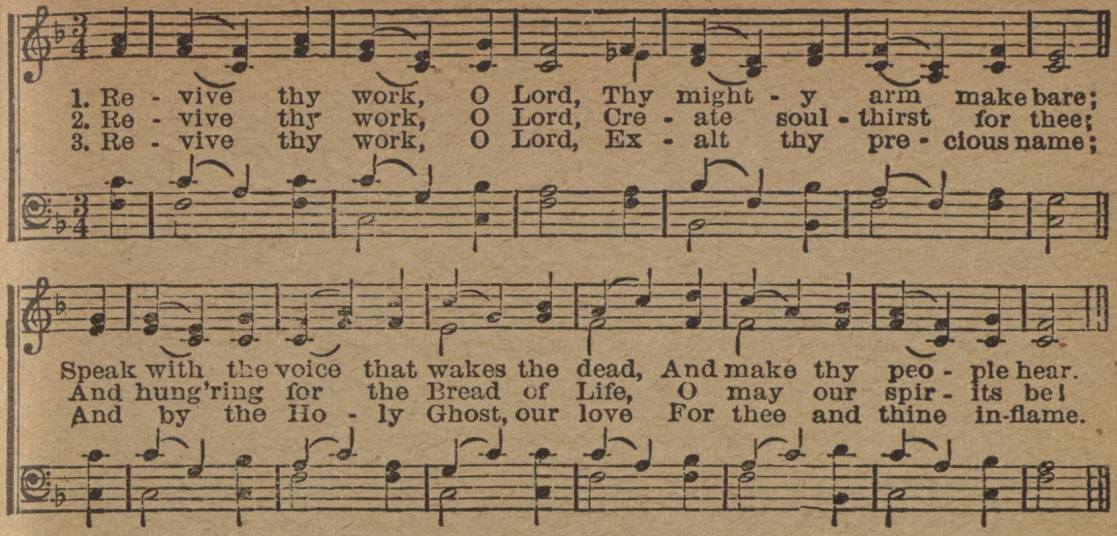
No. 125. DENNIS. S. M.

ALBERT MIDLANE. H. G. NÄGELI.



No. 126. Blest Be the Tie. S. M.

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

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

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

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

JOHN FAWCETT.

No. 127. A Charge to Keep. S. M.

1 A charge to keep I have,
A God to glorify;
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky.

2 To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfill,
O may it all my powers engage,
To do my Master's will!

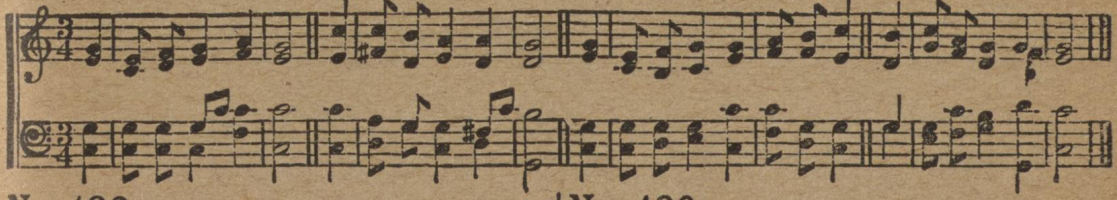
3 Arm me with jealous care,
As in thy sight to live;
And O, thy servant, Lord, prepare
A strict account to give!

4 Help me to watch and pray,
And on thyself rely,
Assured, if I my trust betray,
I shall forever die.

CHAS. WESLEY.

BOYLSTON. S. M.

LOWELL MASON.



No. 128. And Can I Yet Delay. S. M.

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

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

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

4 Come, and possess me whole,
Nor hence again remove:
Settle and fix my wav'ring soul
With all thy weight of love.

CHAS. WESLEY.

No. 129. Evils of Intemperance. S. M.

1 Mourn for the thousands slain,
The youthful and the strong;
Mourn for the wine cup's fearful reign
And the deluded throng.

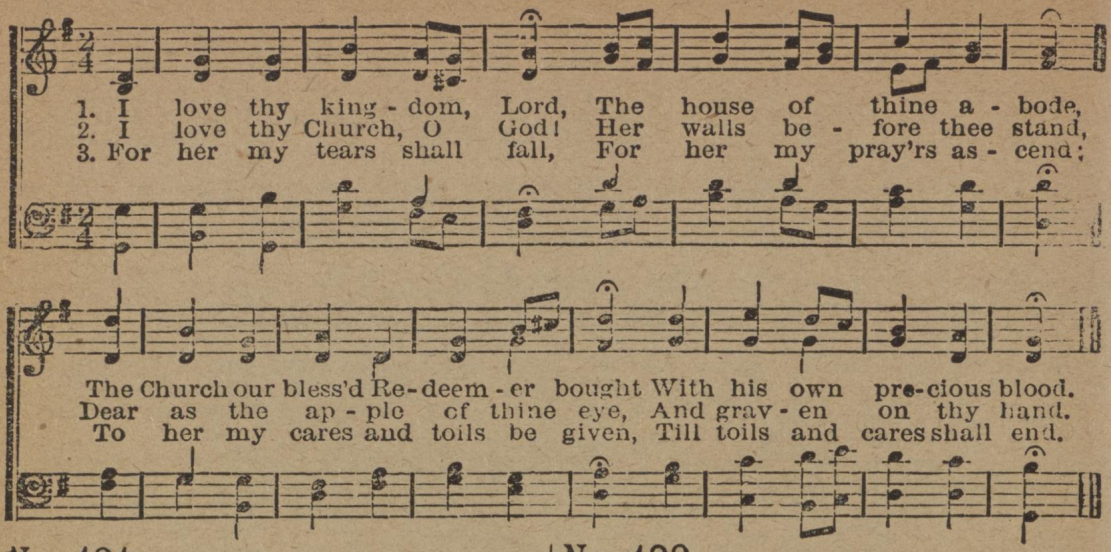
2 Mourn for the ruined soul—
Eternal life and light
Lost by the fiery, maddening bowl,
And turned to hopeless night.

3 Mourn for the lost; but call,
Call to the strong, the free;
Rouse them to shun that dreadful fall,
And to the refuge flee.

4 Mourn for the lost; but pray,
Pray to our God above,
To break the fell destroyer's sway,
And show his saving love.

No. 130. ST. THOMAS. S. M.

TIMOTHY DWIGHT. GEORGE F. HANDEL.



No. 131. Lord God, the Holy Ghost.

1 Lord God, the Holy Ghost!
In this accepted hour,
As on the day of Pentecost,
Descend in all thy power.

2 We meet with one accord
In our appointed place,
And wait the promise of our Lord,
The Spirit of all grace.

3 Like mighty rushing wind
Upon the waves beneath,
Move with one impulse every mind;
One soul, one feeling, breathe.

4 The young, the old, inspire
With wisdom from above;
And give us hearts and tongues of fire
To pray, and praise, and love.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

No. 132. Grace!

1 Grace! 'tis a charming sound!
Harmonious to my ear!
Heaven with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.

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

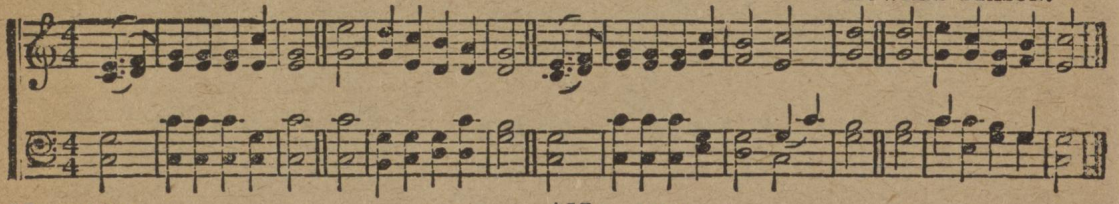
3 Grace taught my wand'ring feet
To tread the heavenly road;
And new supplies each hour I meet,
While pressing on to God.

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

P. DODDRIDGE.

LABAN. S. M.

LOWELL MASON.



No. 133. Spirit of Faith.

1 Spirit of faith, come down,
Reveal the things of God;
And make to us the Godhead known,
And witness with the blood.

2 'Tis thine the blood t' apply,
And give us eyes to see,
Who did for every sinner die
Hath surely died for me.

3 O that the world might know
The all-atoning Lamb!
Spirit of faith, descend, and show
The virtue of his name.

4 The grace which all may find,
The saving power, impart;
And testify to all mankind,
And speak in every heart.

CHARLES WESLEY.

No. 134. My Soul, Be on Thy Guard.

1 My soul, be on thy guard,
Ten thousand foes arise,
The hosts of sin are pressing hard
To draw thee from the skies.

2 O watch, and fight, and pray,
The battle ne'er give o'er,
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.

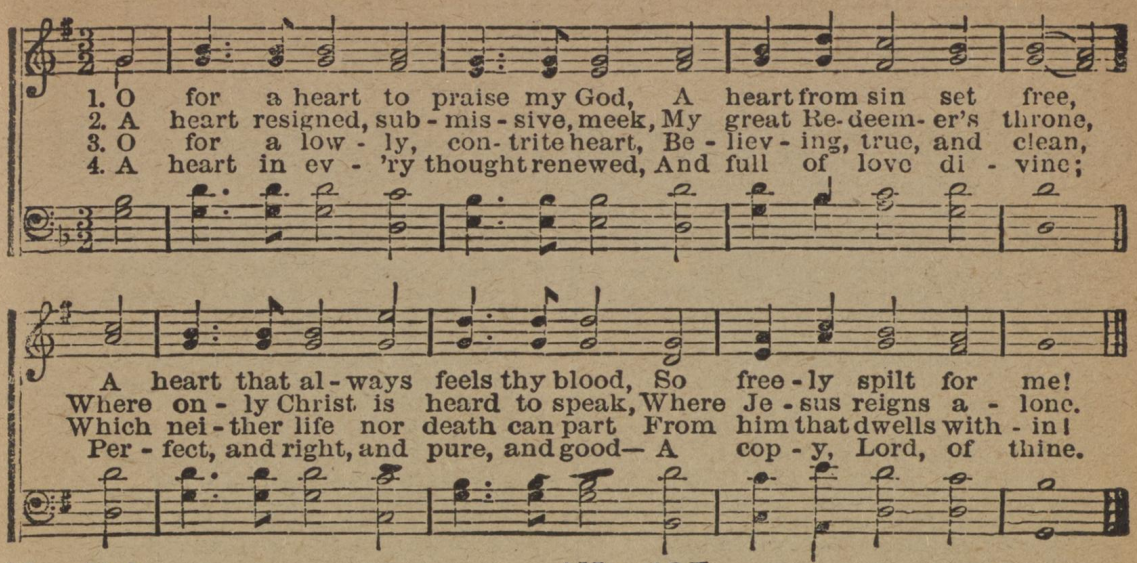
3 Ne'er think the vict'ry won,
Nor lay thine armor down:
The work of faith will not be done,
Till thou obtain the crown.

4 Fight on, my soul, till death
Shall bring thee to thy God;
He'll take thee, at thy parting breath,
To his divine abode.

GEORGE HEATH.

No. 135. ARLINGTON. C. M.

CHARLES WESLEY. THOMAS A. ARNE.



No. 136. O for a Faith. C. M.

1 O for a faith that will not shrink,
Though pressed by ev'ry foe,
That will not tremble on the brink
Of any earthly woe!

2 That will not murmur nor complain
Beneath the chast'ning rod,
But, in the hour of grief or pain,
Will lean upon its God;

3 A faith that shines more bright and clear
When tempests rage without;
That when in danger knows no fear,
In darkness feels no doubt;

4 Lord, give us such a faith as this;
And then, whate'er may come,
We'll taste, e'en here, the hallowed bliss
Of an eternal home.

WILLIAM HILEY BATHURST.

No. 137. Am I a Soldier. C. M.

1 Am I a soldier of the cross,
A foll'wer of the Lamb,
And shall I fear to own his cause,
Or blush to speak his name?

2 Must I be carried to the skies
On flow'ry beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize,
And sailed through bloody seas?

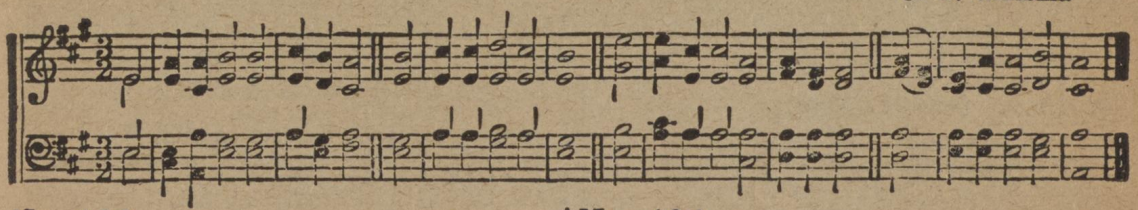
3 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?

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

ISAAC WATTS.

AZMON. C. M.

C. G. GLASER.



No. 138. Forever Here My Rest. C. M.

1 Forever here my rest shall be,
Close to thy bleeding side;
This all my hope, and all my plea,
For me the Saviour died.

2 My dying Saviour and my God,
Fountain for guilt and sin,
Sprinkle me ever with thy blood,
And cleanse and keep me clean.

3 Wash me, and make me thus thine own;
Wash me, and mine thou art;
Wash me, but not my feet alone,
My hands, my head, my heart.

4 Th' atonement of thy blood apply,
Till faith to sight improve;
Till hope in full fruition die,
And all my soul be love.

CHARLES WESLEY.

No. 139. The Dearest Name. C. M.

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

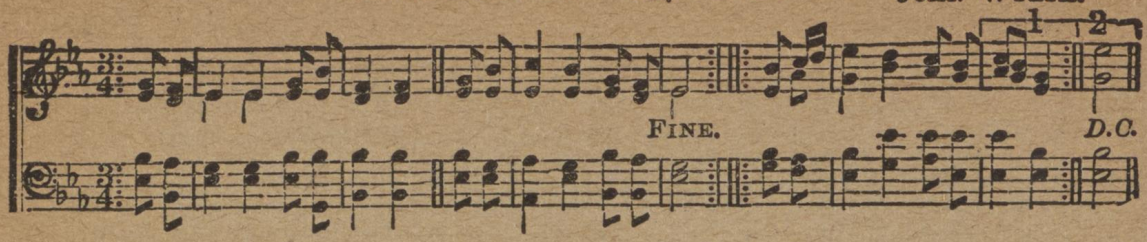
2 It makes the wounded spir't whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary, rest.

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

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

JOHN NEWTON.

NETTLETON. 8s, 7s. D.

JOHN WYETH.

No. 140. Come, Thou Fount.

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

2 Here I'll raise mine Ebenezer,
Hither, by thy help, I'm come;
And I hope, by thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.
Jesus sought me, when a stranger,
Wand'ring from the fold of God:
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed his precious blood!

3 O! to grace how great a debtor,
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let thy goodness, like a fetter,
Bind my wand'ring heart to thee!
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,
Prone to leave the God I love;
Here's my heart, O take and seal it!
Seal it for thy courts above.

R. ROBINSON.

No. 141. Tune.—874 Hymnal.

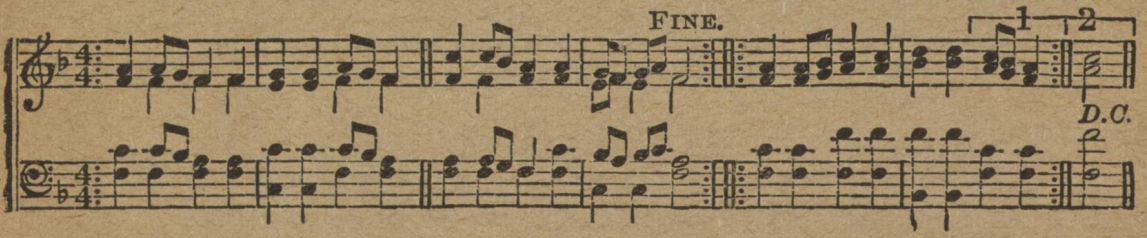
1 What a friend we have in Jesus,
All our sins and griefs to bear!
What a privilege to carry
Everything to God in prayer!
O what peace we often forfeit,
O what needless pain we bear—
All because we do not carry
Everything to God in prayer.

2 Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Can we find a friend so faithful,
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

3 Are we weak and heavy laden,
Cumbered with a load of care?
Precious Saviour, still our refuge,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?
Take it to the Lord in prayer;
In his arms he'll take and shield thee,
Thou wilt find a solace there.

JOSEPH SCRIVEN.

GREENVILLE. 8s, 7s. D.

J. T. ROSSEAU.

No. 142. Come, Ye Sinners.

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

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

3 Let not conscience make you linger
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness he requireth
Is to feel your need of him:
This he gives you;
'Tis the Spirit's glimm'ring beam.

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

JOSEPH HART.

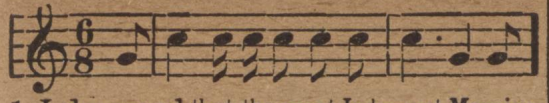
No. 143. The Pilgrim's Guide.

1 Guide me, O thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land;
I am weak, but thou art mighty;
Hold me with thy powerful hand:
Bread of heaven,
Feed me till I want no more.

2 Open, Lord, the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing waters flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through:
Strong Deliv'rer,
Be thou still my strength and shield.

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Bear me through the swelling current;
Land me safe on Canaan's side:
Songs of praises
I will ever give to thee.

WILLIAM WILLIAMS.

144 (Music in Gems.)

1 I dreamed that the great Judgment Morning
Had dawned, and the trumpet had blown;
I dreamed that the nations had gathered
To judgment before the white throne.
From the throne came a bright shining angel
And stood on the land and the sea,
And swore with his hand raised to heaven,
That time was no longer to be.

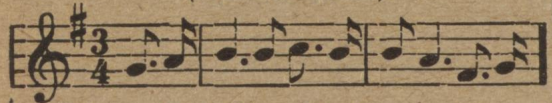
Cho.—And oh, what a weeping and wailing,
As the lost were told of their fate;
They cried for the rocks and the mountains,
They prayed, but their prayer was too late.

2 The rich man was there, but his money
Had melted and vanished away;
A pauper he stood in the judgment,
His debts were too heavy to pay.
The great man was there, but his greatness
When death came was left far behind;
The angel that opened the records,
Not a trace of his greatness could find.

3 The widow was there and the orphans,
God heard and remembered their cries;
No sorrow in heaven forever,
God wiped all the tears from their eyes.
The gambler was there and the drunkard,
And the man who had sold them the drink,
With the people who gave him the license—
Together in hell they did sink.

4 The moral man came to the judgment,
But his self-righteous rags would not do;
The men who had crucified Jesus
Had passed off as moral men, too.
The souls that had put off salvation—
"Not to-night; I'll get saved by and by;
No time now to think of religion!"
At last they had found time to die.

145 (Music in Gems.)



1 ‖:I have heard my Saviour calling,:‖
"Take thy cross and follow, follow me."

Cho.—‖: Where He leads me I will follow,:‖
I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.

2 ‖: Tho' He lead me thro' the valley,:‖
I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.

3 ‖: Tho' He lead me thro' the garden,:‖
I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.

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

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

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

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

146 of B-flat.

1 Did you ever hear such words before,
Washed in the blood of the Lamb,
As "go in peace and sin no more,"
Washed in the blood of the Lamb.

Chorus.

‖: 'Tis a glorious church without spot or wrinkle,
Washed in the blood of the Lamb. :‖

2 Did you hear what Jesus said to me,
Washed in the blood of the Lamb,
"Your sins are pardoned, you are free,"
Washed in the blood of the Lamb.

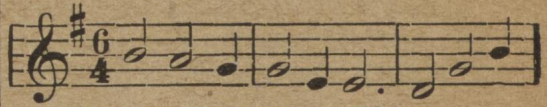
3 I have plunged beneath the crimson tide,
Washed in the blood of the Lamb,
And now by faith I'm sanctified,
Washed in the blood of the Lamb.

4 Oh, lift up your heads, ye sons of light,
Washed in the blood of the Lamb,
For Zion now is just in sight,
Washed in the blood of the Lamb.

5 If I get there before you do,
Washed in the blood of the Lamb,
How glad I'll be to welcome you,
Washed in the blood of the Lamb.

6 When that illustrious day shall rise
Washed in the blood of the Lamb,
In robes of victory through the skies,
Washed in the blood of the Lamb.

147 —*Arr. by E. T. Rinehart.*



1 Nearer, my God, to Thee;
Nearer to Thee;
E'en though it be a cross,
That raiseth me,
Still all my song shall be,
‖: Nearer, my God, to Thee, :‖
Nearer to Thee.

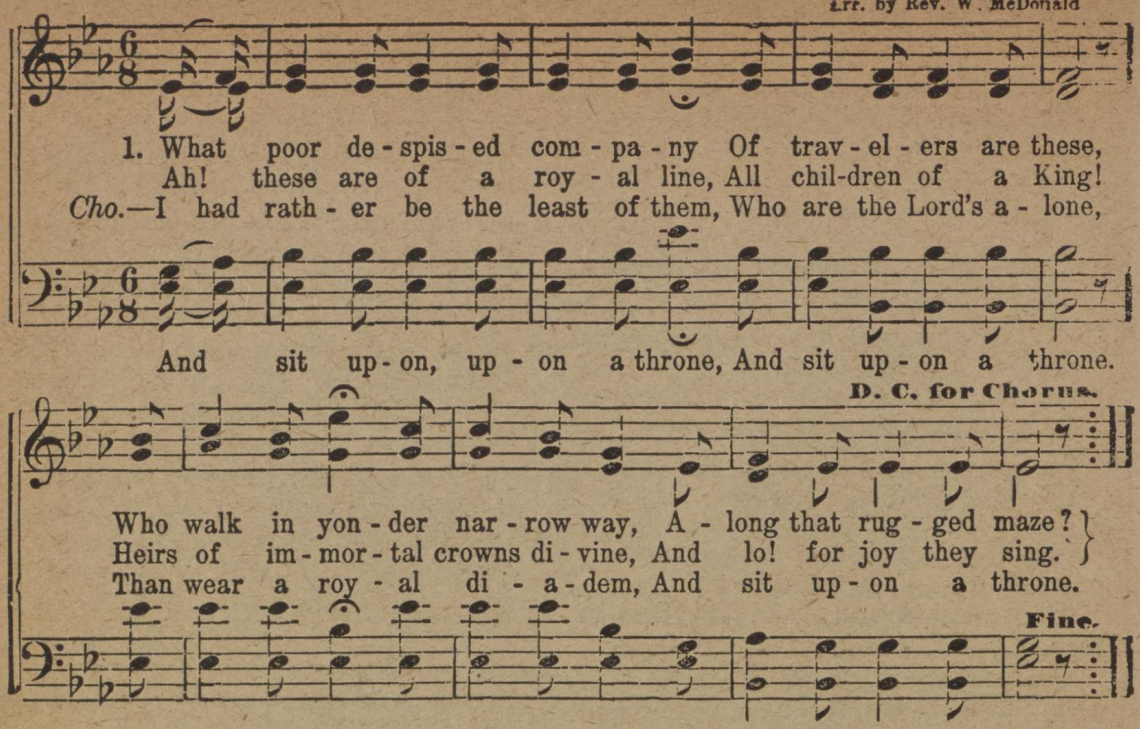
2 Though like the wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone,
Yet in my dreams I'd be
‖: Nearer, my God to Thee, :‖
Nearer to Thee.

3 There let the way appear,
Steps unto heaven;
All that Thou sendest me,
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
‖: Nearer, my God, to Thee, :‖
Nearer to Thee.

4 Nearer, my God, to Thee;
Nearer to Thee;
Jesus our only hope
And all our plea:
Through Him O may I be,
‖: Nearer, my God, to Thee, :‖
Nearer to Thee.

—*Sarah F. Adams.* (*4th verse by L. C. Pickett*)

Arr. by Rev. W. McDonald



2 Why do they then appear so mean?
And why so much despised?
Because of their rich robes unseen
The world is not appris'd.
But some of them seem poor, distress'd,
And lacking daily bread;
Ah! they're of boundless wealth possess'd
With heavenly manna fed.

3 Why do they shun the pleasing path
That worldlings love so well?
Because it is the way to death:
The open road to hell.
But why keep they the narrow road,
That rugged thorny maze?
Why, that's the way their Leader trod·
They love and keep His ways.

149 *Music above.*

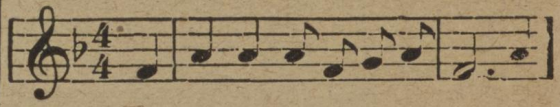
1 When Moses and the Israelites
From Egypt's land did flee,
Behind them were proud Pharaoh's host,
In front of them the sea.
God raised the water like a wall
And opened up their way;
And the God that lived in Moses' time
Is just the same to-day.

Cho.—He's just the same, the same to-day,
He's just the same to-day,
The God that lived in olden time,
Is just the same to-day.

2 When Daniel, faithful to his God,
Would not bow down to men,
And by his enemies was hurl'd
Into the lions' den;
God shut the lions' mouths, we read,
And robb'd them of their prey;
And the God that lived in Daniel's time
Is just the same to-day.

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

150



1 O do not let the word depart,
And close thine eyes against the light;
Poor sinner, harden not your heart,
Be saved, O to-night.

Cho.—O why not to-night?
O why not to-night?
Wilt thou be saved?
Then why not to night?

2 To-morrow's sun may never rise,
To bless thy long-deluded sight;
This is the time, O then be wise,
Be saved, O to-night.

3 Our Lord in pity lingers still,
And wilt thou thus His love requite?
Renounce at once thy stubborn will;
Be saved, O to-night.

4 Our blessed Lord refuses none
Who would to Him their souls unite.
Believe, obey, the work is done,
Be saved, O to-night.

Elizabeth Reed, Ala.

151 Key G.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Chas. Wesley. Chorus by M. W. Knapp.

152 Music in T. & T. Key A♭.

1 I have learned the wondrous secret
Of abiding in the Lord;
I have found the strength and sweetness,
Of confiding in his word;
I have tasted life's pure fountain,
I am drinking of his blood,
I have lost myself in Jesus,
I am sinking into God.

Cho.—I'm abiding in the Lord,
And confiding in his word,
And I'm hiding, safely hiding,
In the bosom of his love.

2 I am crucified with Jesus,
And he lives and dwells in me,
I have ceased from all my struggling,
'Tis no longer I, but he;
All my will is yielded to him,
And his Spirit reigns within,
And his precious blood each moment
Keeps me cleansed and free from sin.

3 All my sicknesses I bring him,
And he bears them all away;
All my fears and griefs I tell him,
All my cares from day to day.
All my strength I draw from Jesus,
By his breath I live and move;
E'en his very mind he gives me,
And his faith, and life, and love.

4 For my words I take his wisdom,
For my works his Spirit's power,
For my ways his gracious Presence
Guards and guides me every hour.
Of my heart he is the Portion,
Of my joy the ceaseless Spring;
Saviour, Sanctifier, Healer,
Glorious Lord and coming King!

Rev A. B. Simpson.

153 Key D.

1 He leadeth me! oh, blessed thought,
Oh, words with heavenly comfort fraught
Whate'er I do, where'er I be,
Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me!

Cho.—He leadeth me, He leadeth me,
By His own hand He leadeth me;
His faithful foll'wer I would be,
For by His hand He leadeth me.

2 Sometimes mid scenes of deepest gloom,
Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom,
By waters still, o'er troubled sea,—
Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me.

3 Lord, I would clasp thy hand in mine,
Nor ever murmur or repine,
Content, whatever lot I see,
Since 'tis my God that leadeth me.

154 Music in "Cheerful Songs." Key A♭.

1 I was once far away from the Saviour,
And as vile as a sinner could be;
I wondered if Christ, the Redeemer,
Would save a poor sinner like me.
I wandered on in the darkness,
Not a ray of light could I see;
And the thought fill'd my heart with sadness,
There's no hope for a sinner like me.

2 But there in that lonely hour
A voice sweetly whisper'd to me,
Saying, "Christ, the Redeemer, hath power
To save a poor sinner like thee."
I listen'd, and lo! 'twas the Saviour
That was speaking so kindly to me,
I cried, "I'm the chief of sinners,
Thou cans't save a poor sinner like me."

3 I fully then trusted in Jesus,
And oh, what a joy came to me!
My heart was filled with his praises,
For he sav'd a poor sinner like me.
No longer in darkness I'm walking,
For the light it is shining on me;
And now unto others I'm telling
How he sav'd a poor sinner like me.

C. J. Butler. By per

155 Music in T. & T. Key G.

1 Am I a soldier of the cross,
A foll'wer of the Lamb,
And shall I fear to own His cause,
Or blush to speak His name?

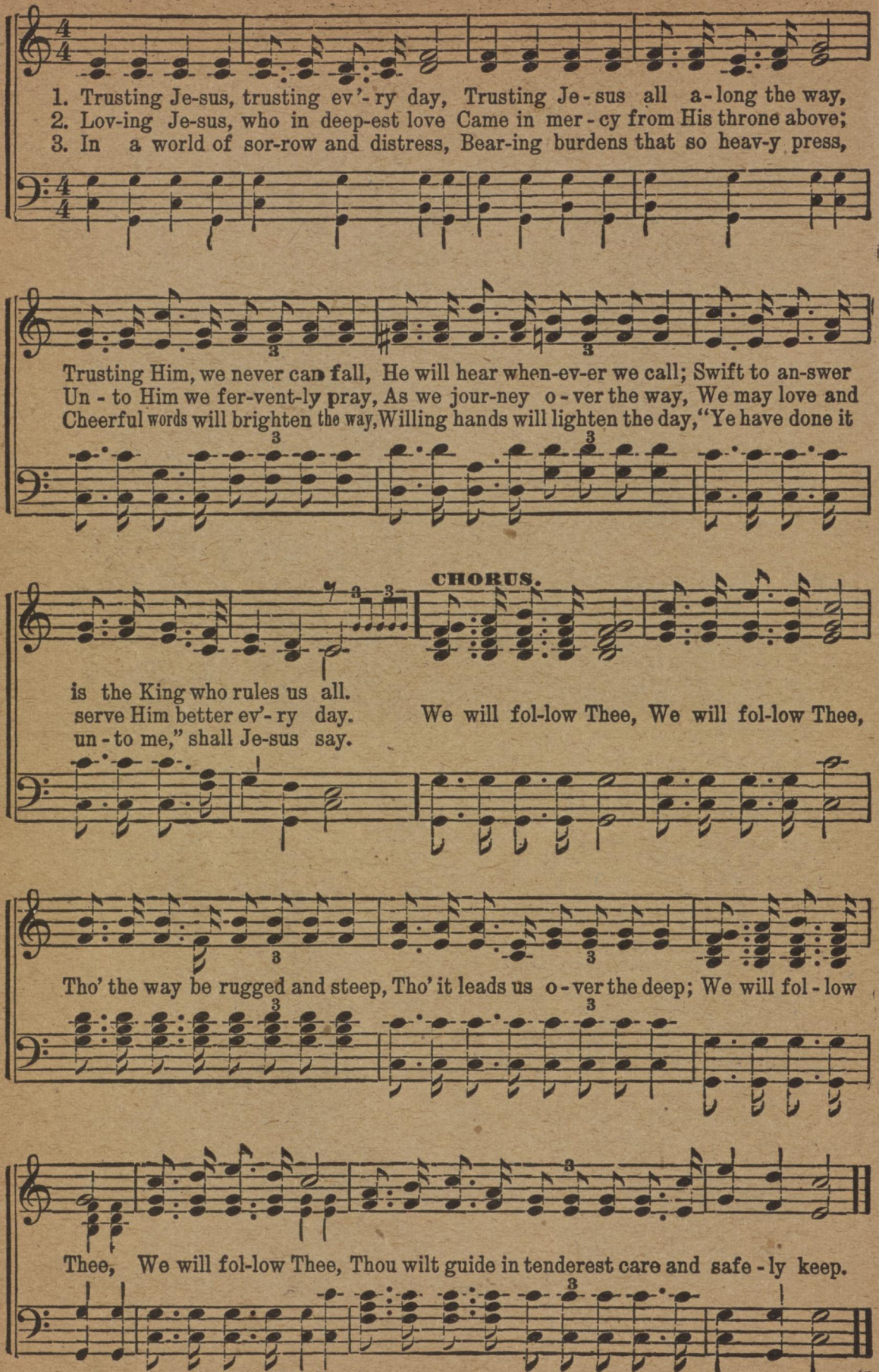
Cho.—And when the battle's over we shall wear a crown!
Yes, we shall wear a crown! Yes, we shall wear a crown!
And when the battle's over we shall wear a crown
In the new Jerusalem.

2 Must I be carried to the skies
On flow'ry beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize
And sailed thro' bloody seas?

3 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace
To help me on to God?

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

No. 156. WE WILL FOLLOW THEE.

A. A. PAYN. C. AUSTIN MILES.

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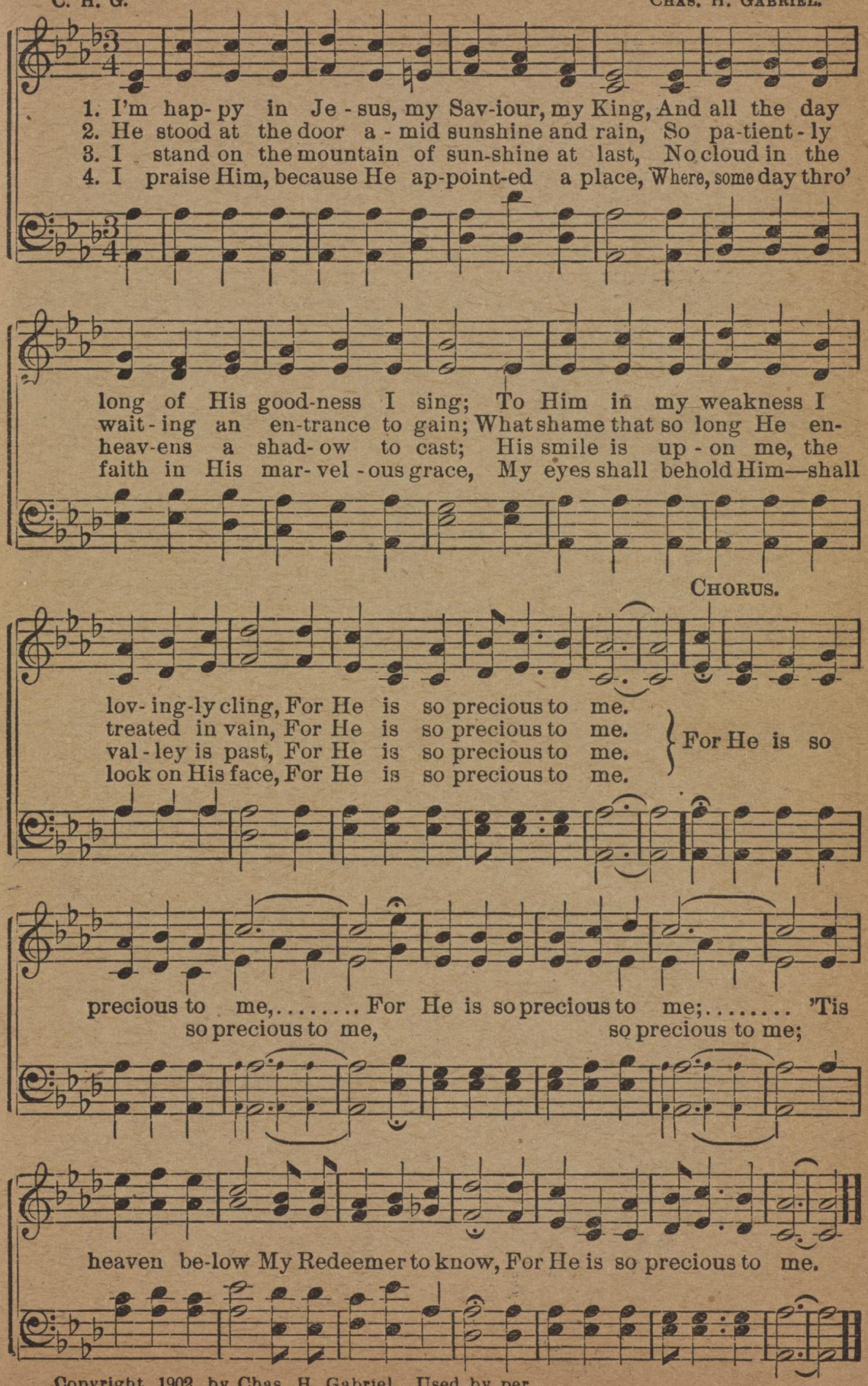
No. 157 HE IS SO PRECIOUS TO ME.

C. H. G. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



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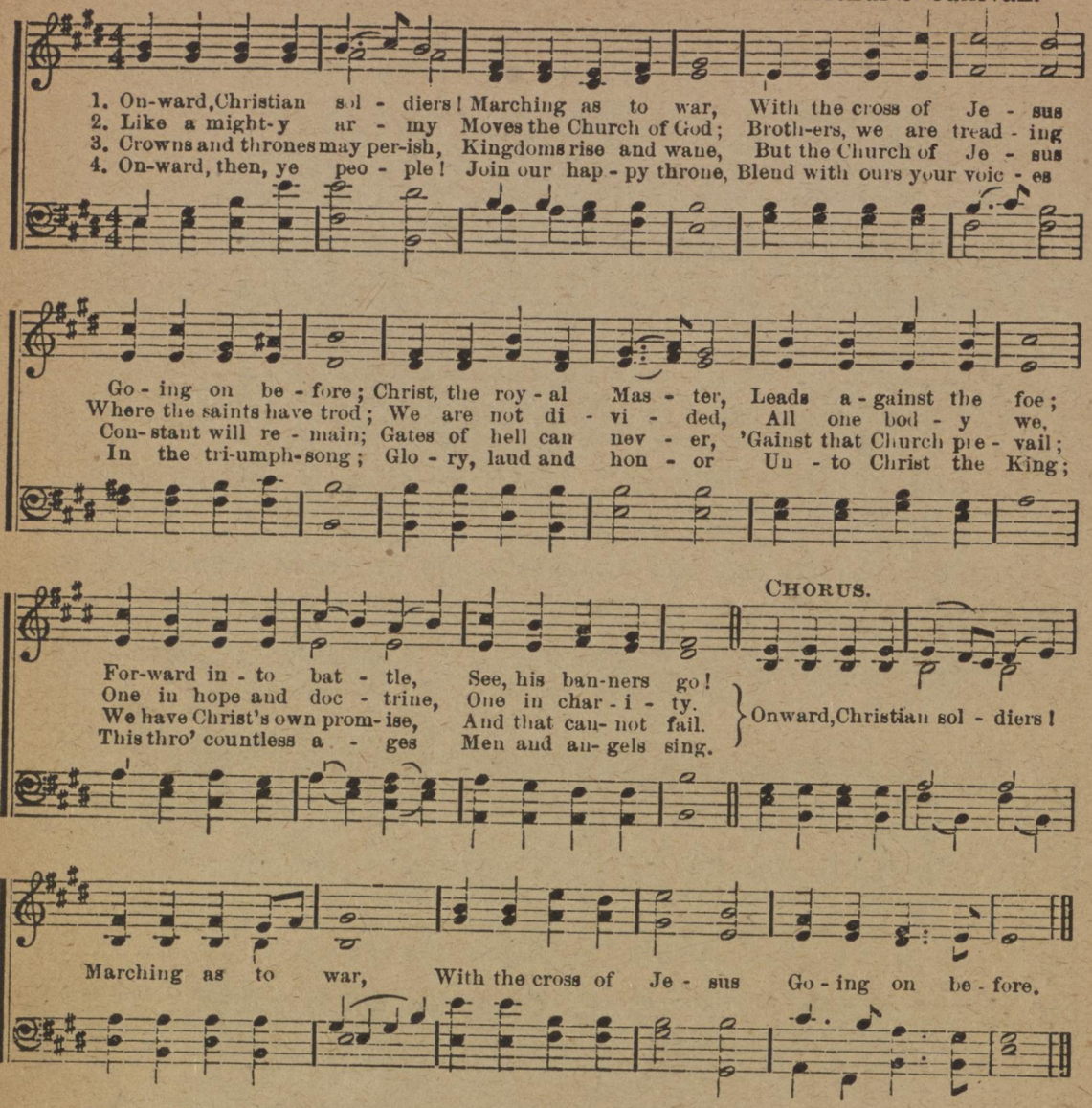
No. 158. ONWARD, CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS.

S. B. Gould. Arthur S. Sullivan.



No. 159. Key C.

Copyright by W. H. Doane. Used by per.

1 I stand all bewildered with wonder,
And gaze on the ocean of love;
And over its waves to my spirit
Comes peace, like a heaven done.

CHO.—The cross now covers my sins;
The past is under the blood;
I'm trusting in Jesus for all;
My will is the will of my God.

2 I struggled and wrestled to win it,
The blessing that setteth me free;
But when I had ceased from my struggles,
His peace Jesus gave unto me.

3 He laid His hand on me and healed me,
And bade me be every whit whole;
I touched but the hem of His garment,
And glory came thrilling my soul.

4 The Prince of my peace is now passing,
The light of His face is on me;
But listen, beloved, He speaketh:
"My peace I will give unto thee."

Rev. W. F. CRAFTS.

No. 160. Key A.

1 Take the name of Jesus with you,
Child of sorrow and of woe;
It will joy and comfort give you,
Take it, then, wher'er you go.

CHO.—Precious name, O how sweet,
Hope of earth and joy of heaven;
Precious name, O how sweet,
Hope of earth and joy of heaven.

2 Take the name of Jesus ever,
As a shield from every snare;
If temptations round you gather,
Breathe that Holy Name in prayer.

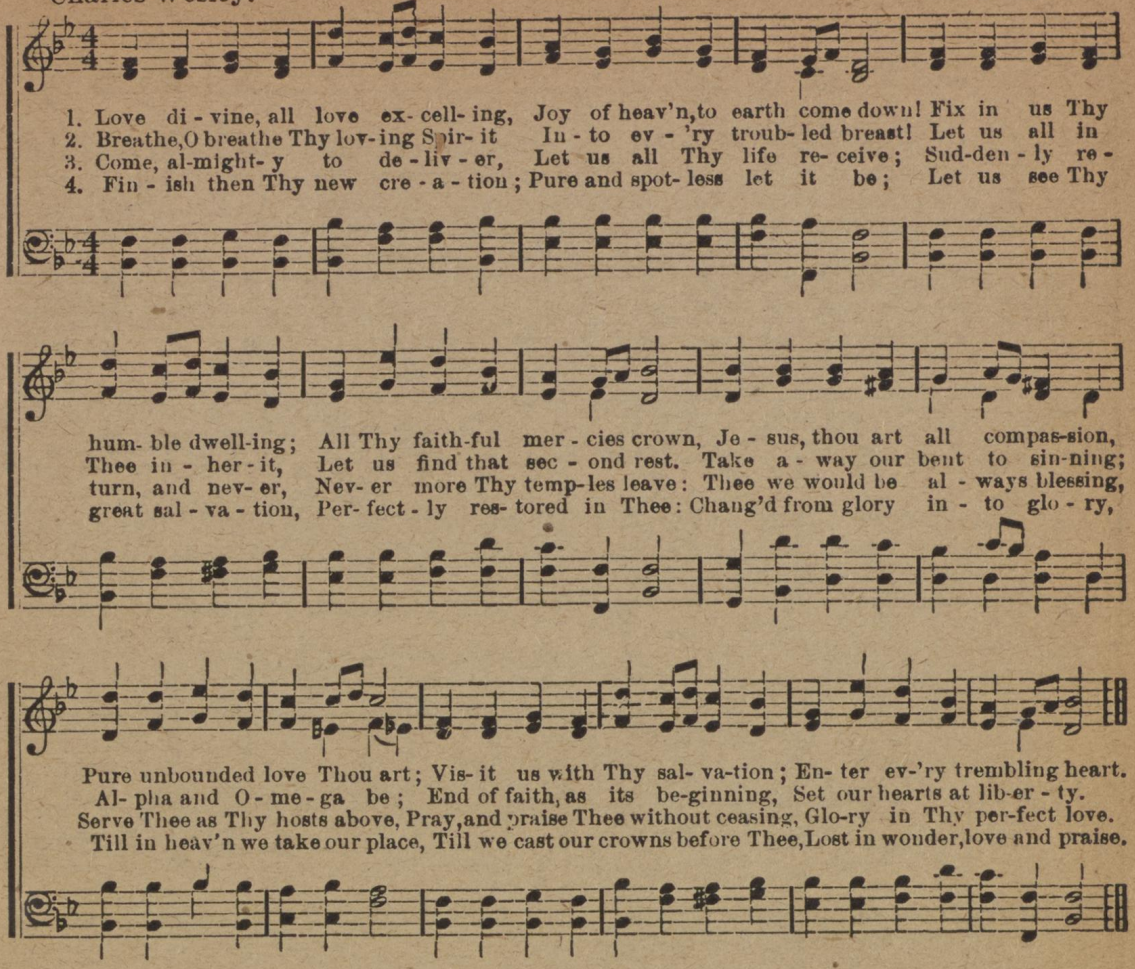
3 Oh! the precious name of Jesus;
How it thrills our souls with joy;
When His loving arms receive us,
And His songs our tongues employ.

4 At the name of Jesus bowing,
Falling prostrate at His feet,
King of kings in heaven we'll crown Him,
When our journey is complete.

LYDIA BAXTER.

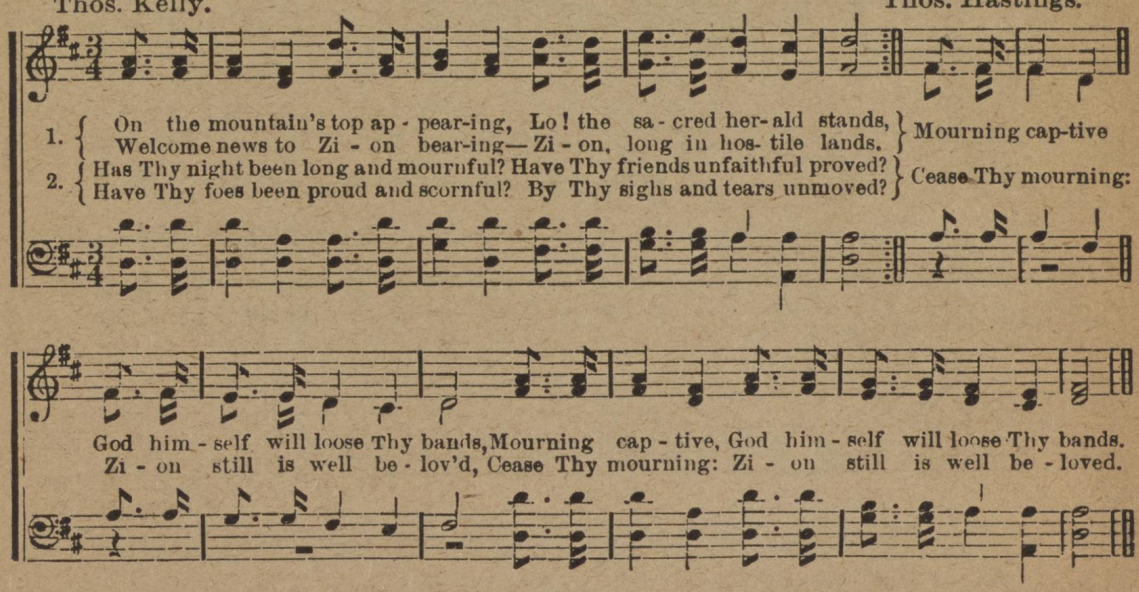
No. 161. LOVE DIVINE, ALL LOVE EXCELLING.

Charles Wesley. John Zundel.



No. 162. ZION. 8s, 7s & 4s.

Thos. Kelly. Thos. Hastings.



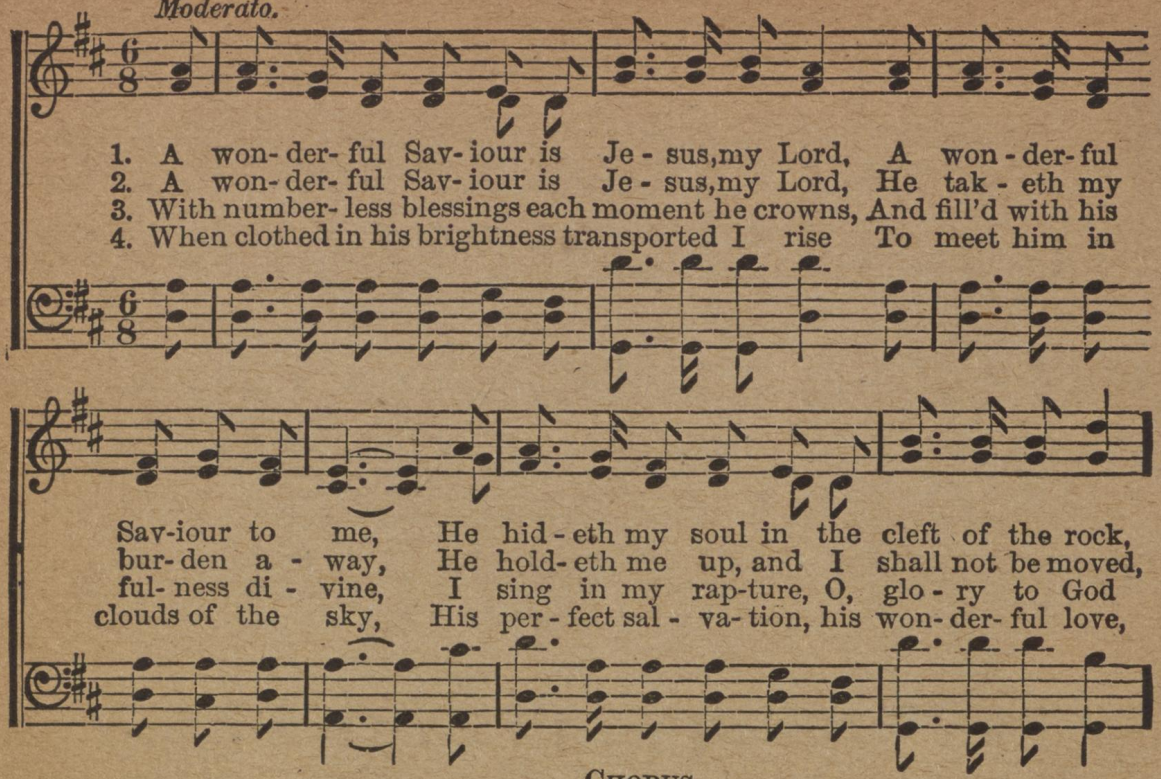
3 God, Thy God, will now restore Thee;
He Himself appears Thy Friend;
All Thy foes shall flee before Thee;
Here Their boasts and triumphs end;
Great deliverance
Zion's King will surely send.

4 Peace and joy shall now attend Thee;
All Thy warfare now be past:
God, Thy Saviour, will defend Thee;
Victory is Thine at last;
All Thy conflicts
End in everlasting rest.

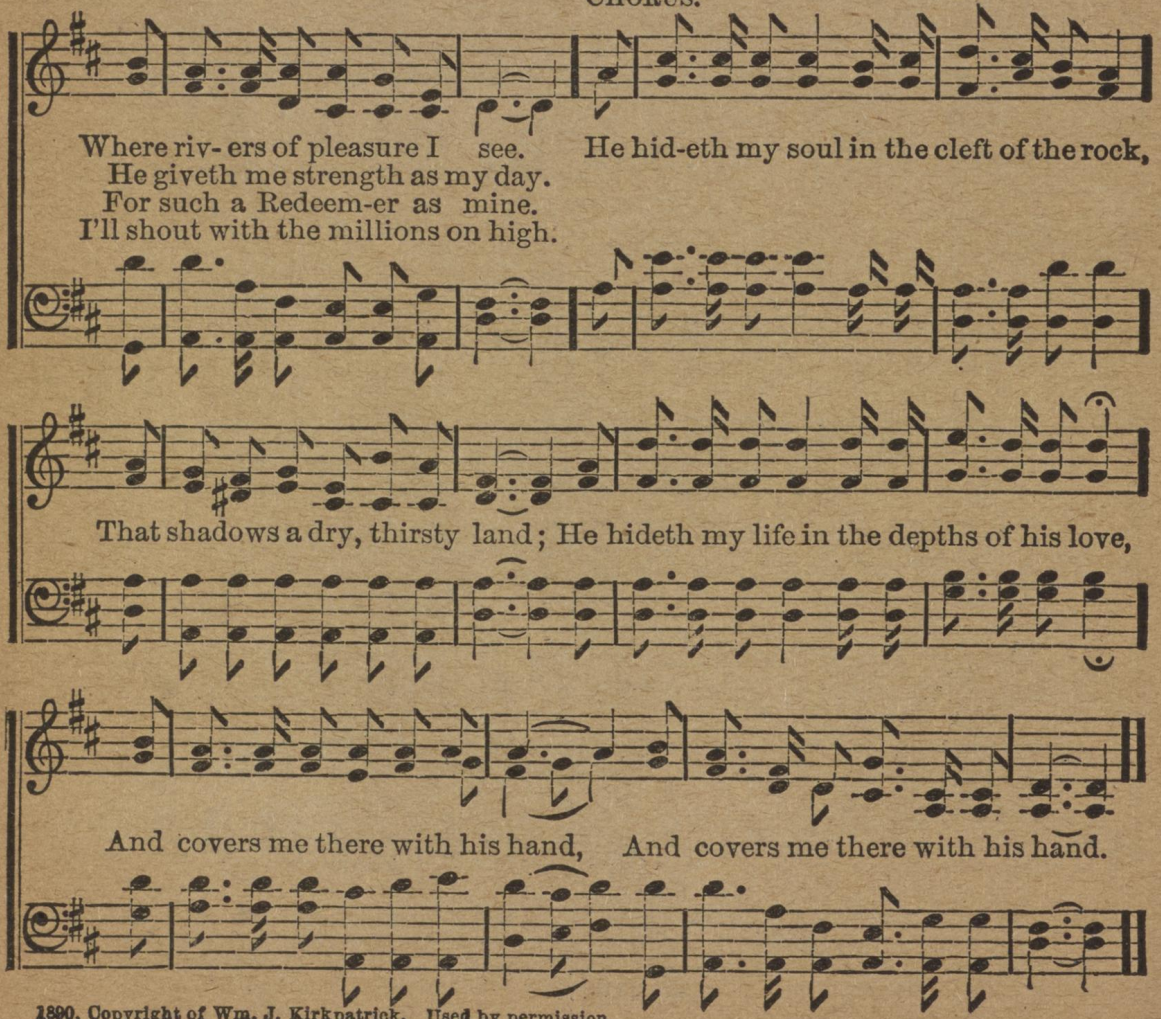
HE HIDETH MY SOUL.

FANNY J. CROSBY. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

Moderato.



CHORUS.



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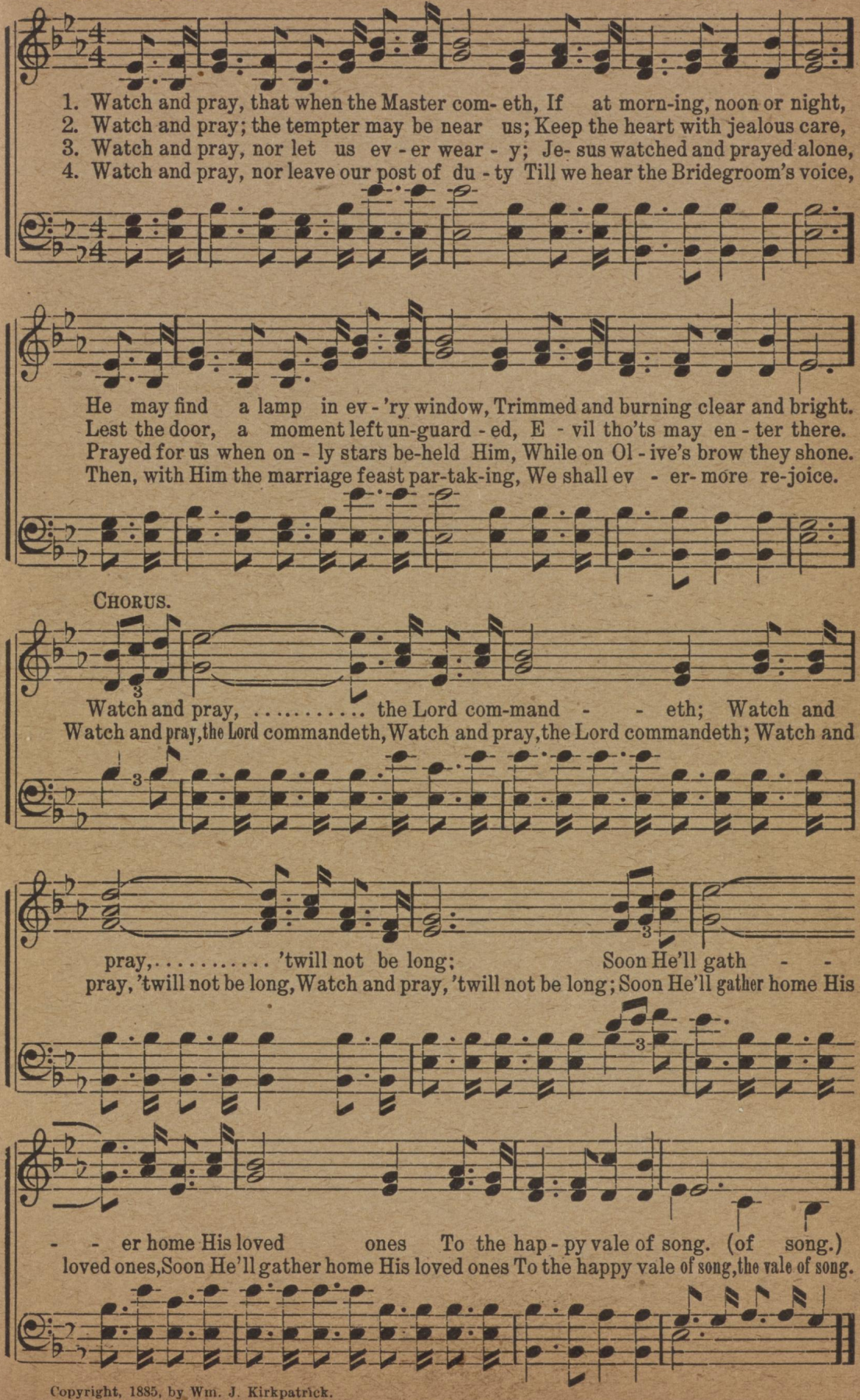
164 WATCH AND PRAY.

FANNY J. CROSBY. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



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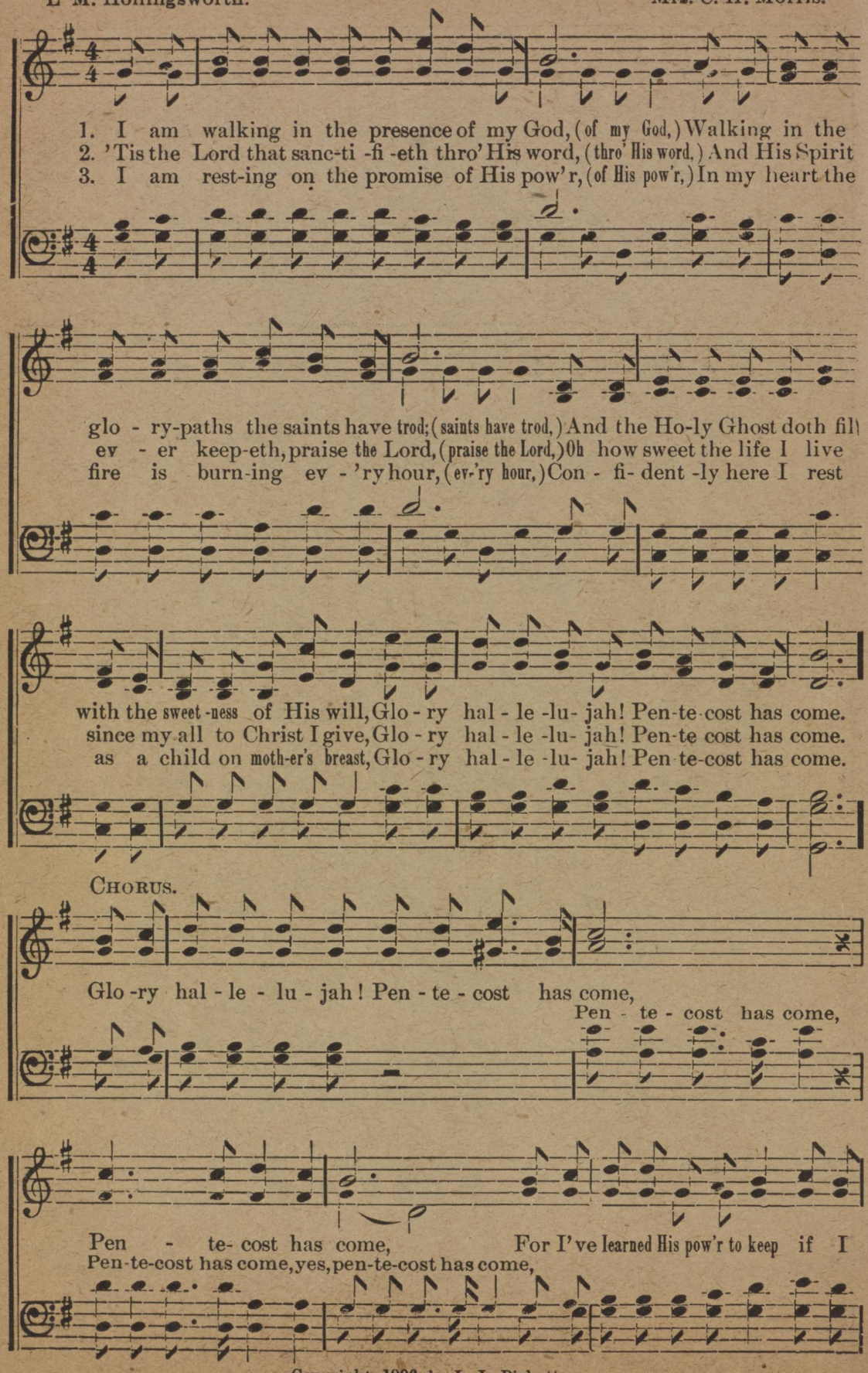
No. 165. PENTECOST HAS COME.

L M. Hollingsworth. Mrs. C. H. Morris.



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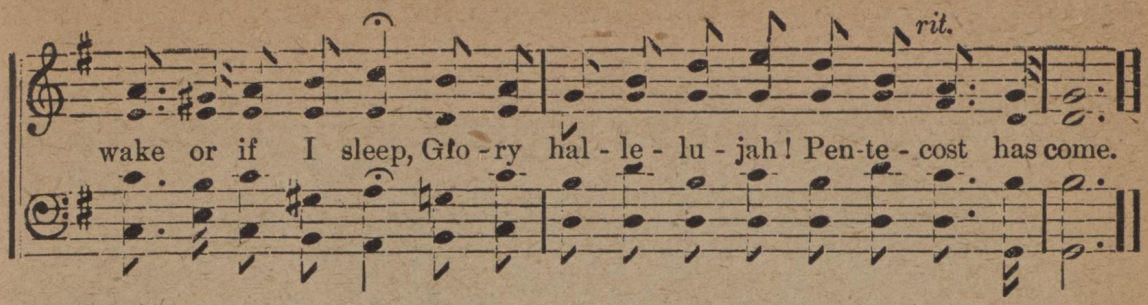
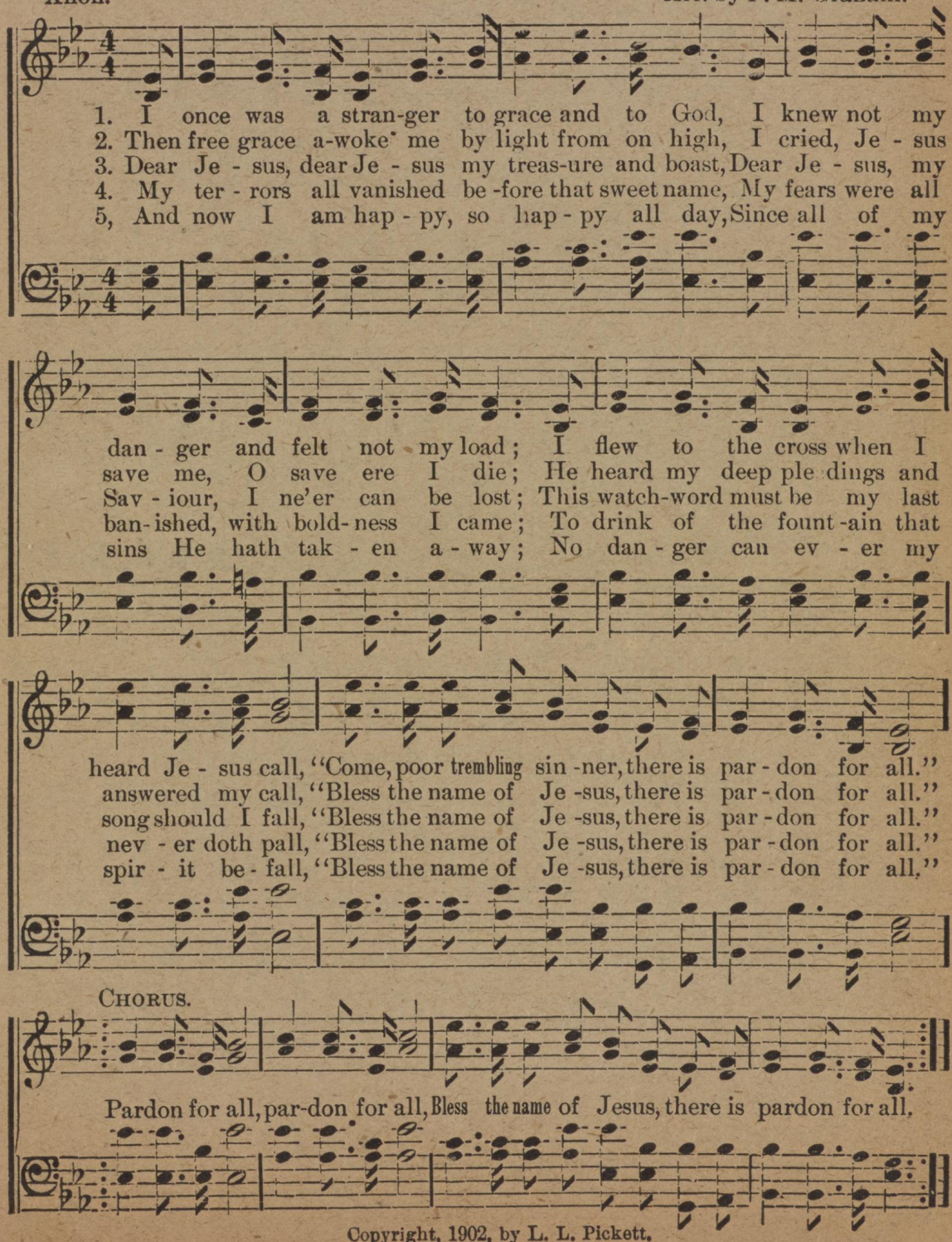


No. 166. PARDON FOR ALL.

Anon. Arr. by F. M. Graham.



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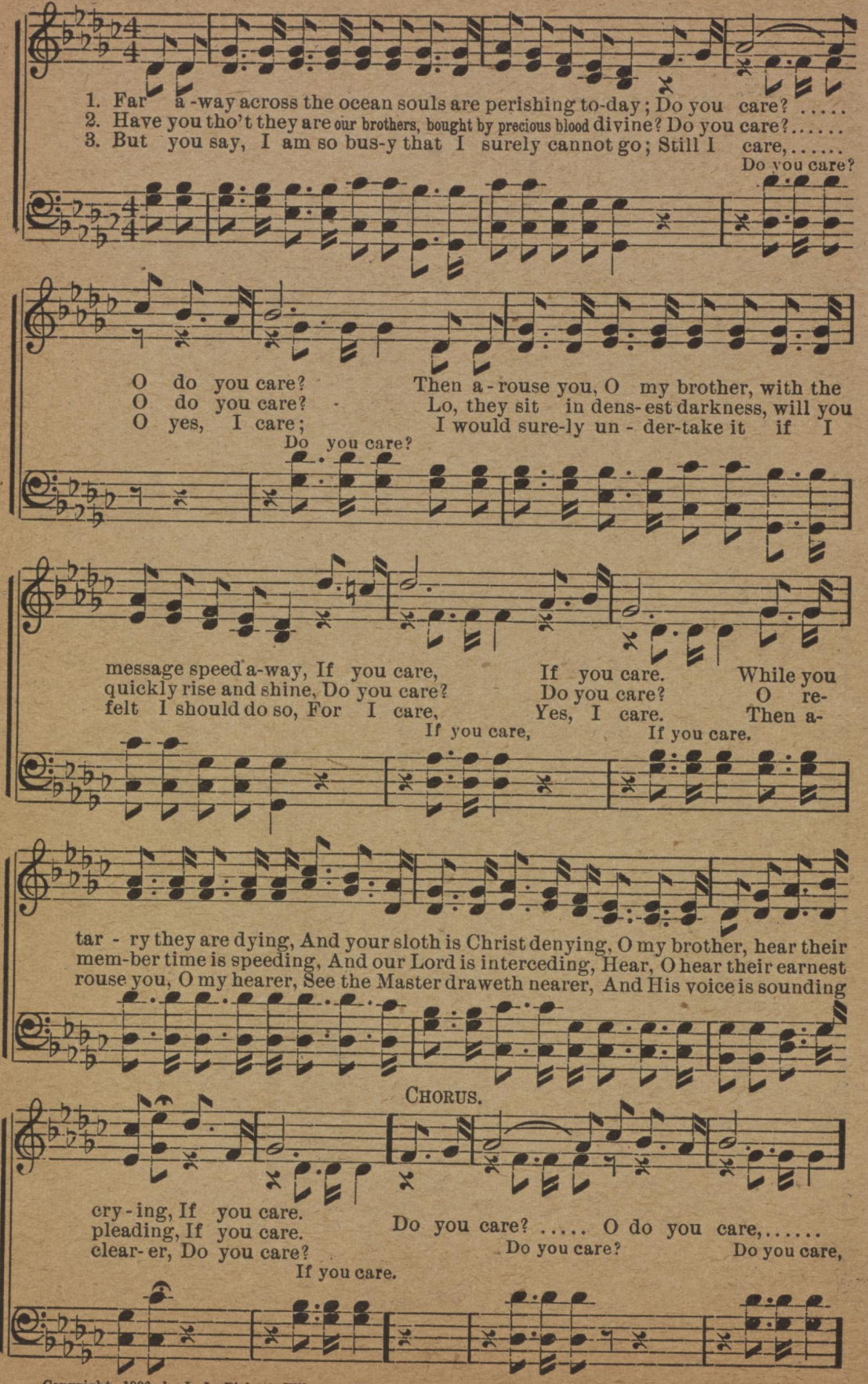
167 DO YOU CARE?

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



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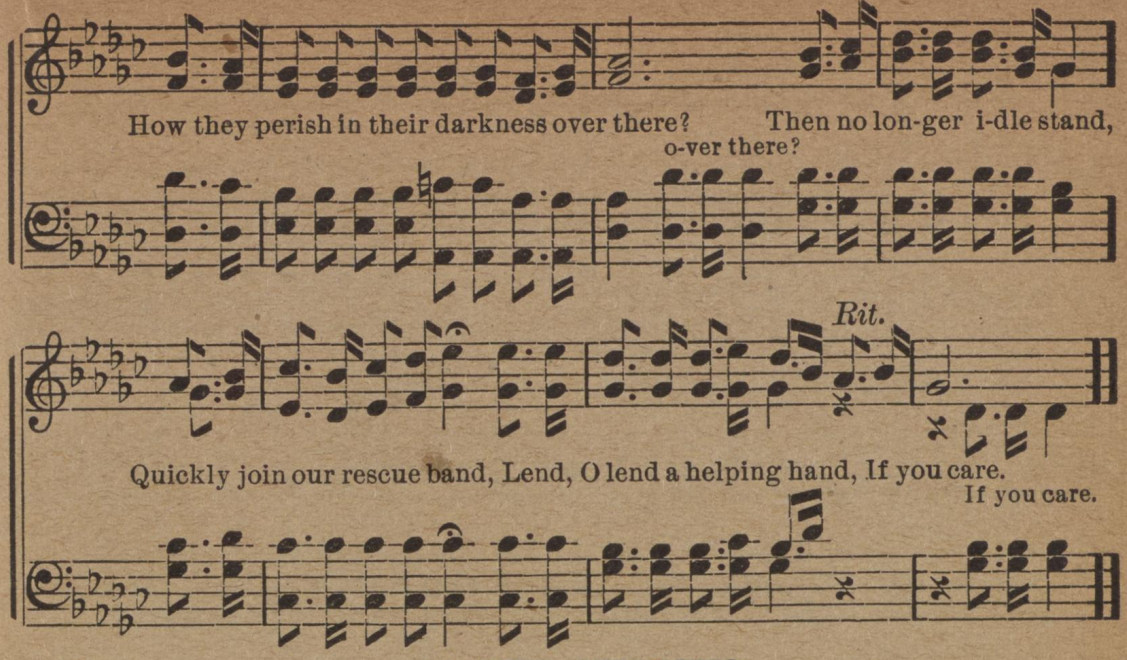
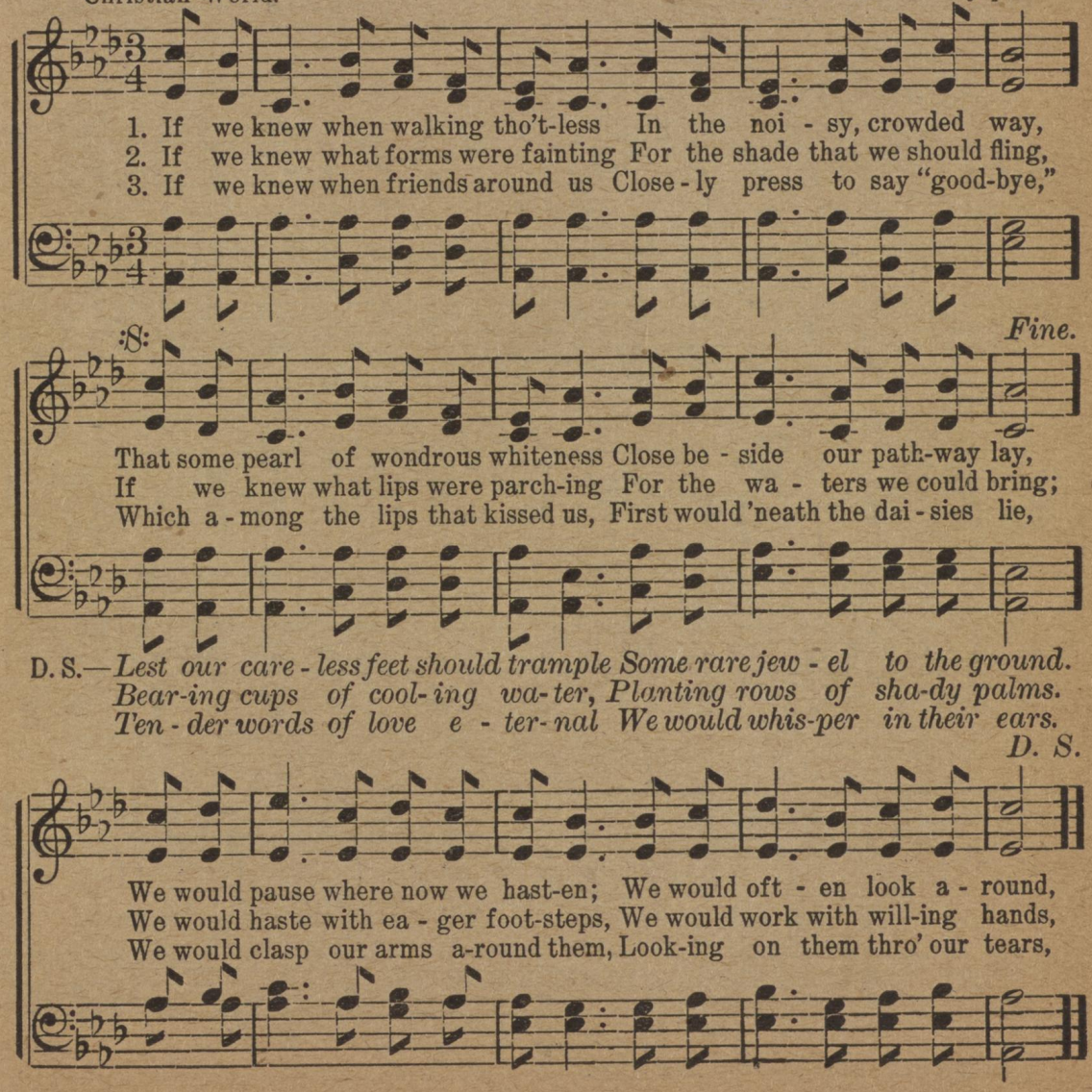
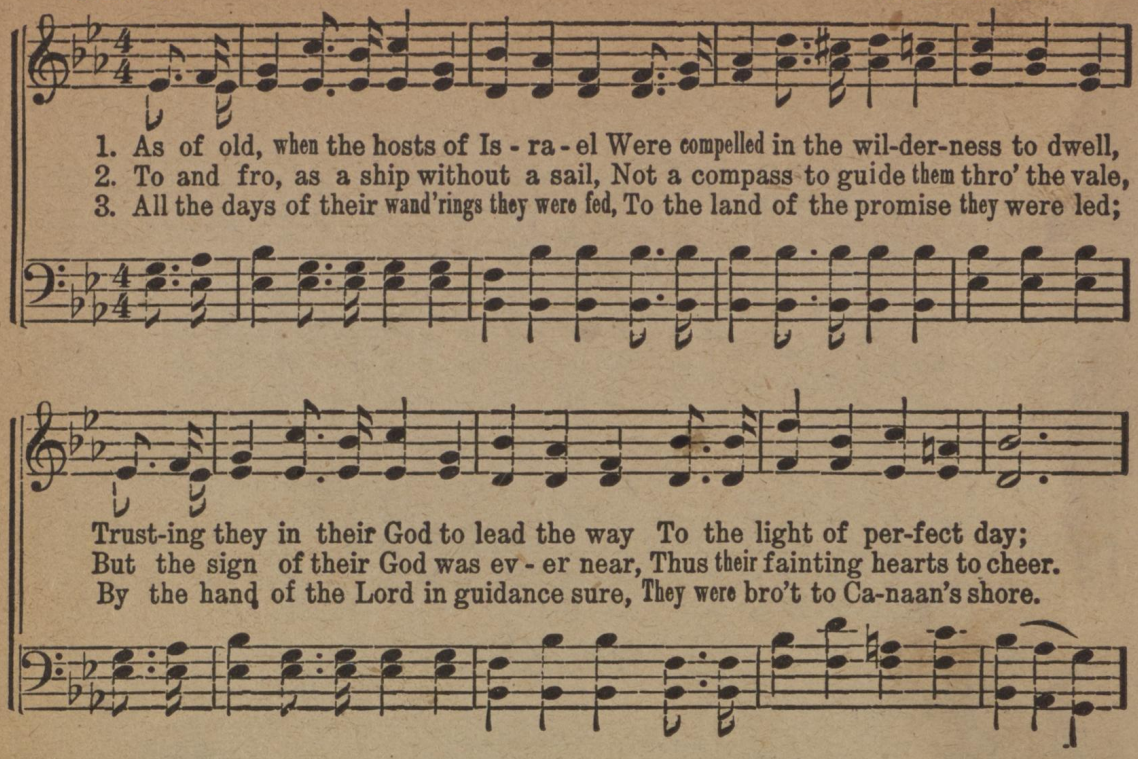
DO YOU CARE?—Concluded.



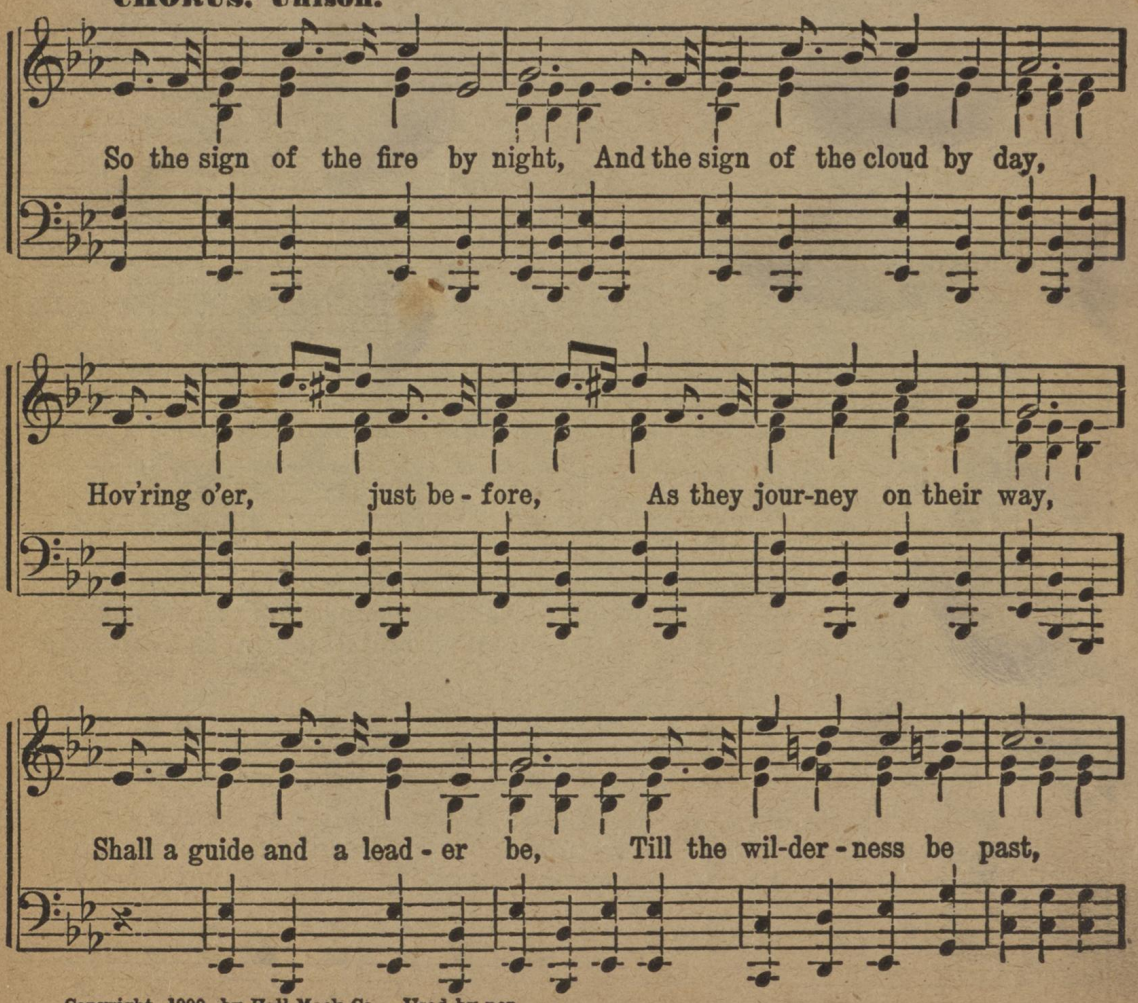
168 IF WE KNEW?

"Christian World." WM. M. WALLER. By per.

No. 169. THE CLOUD AND FIRE.

C. A. M. C. AUSTIN MILES.



CHORUS. Unison.



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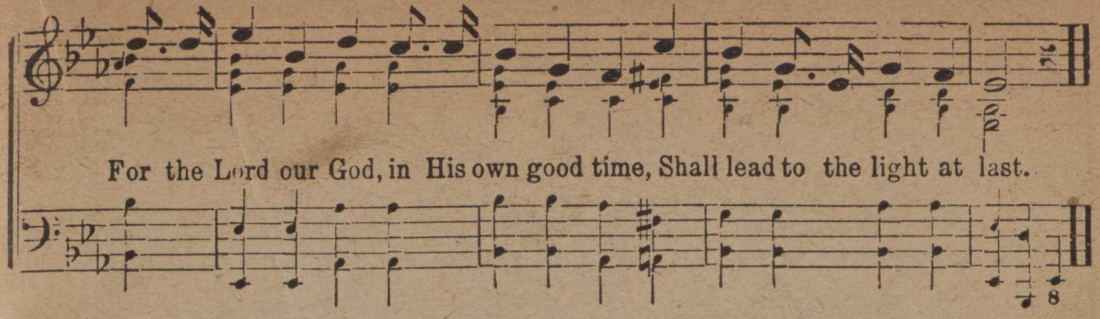
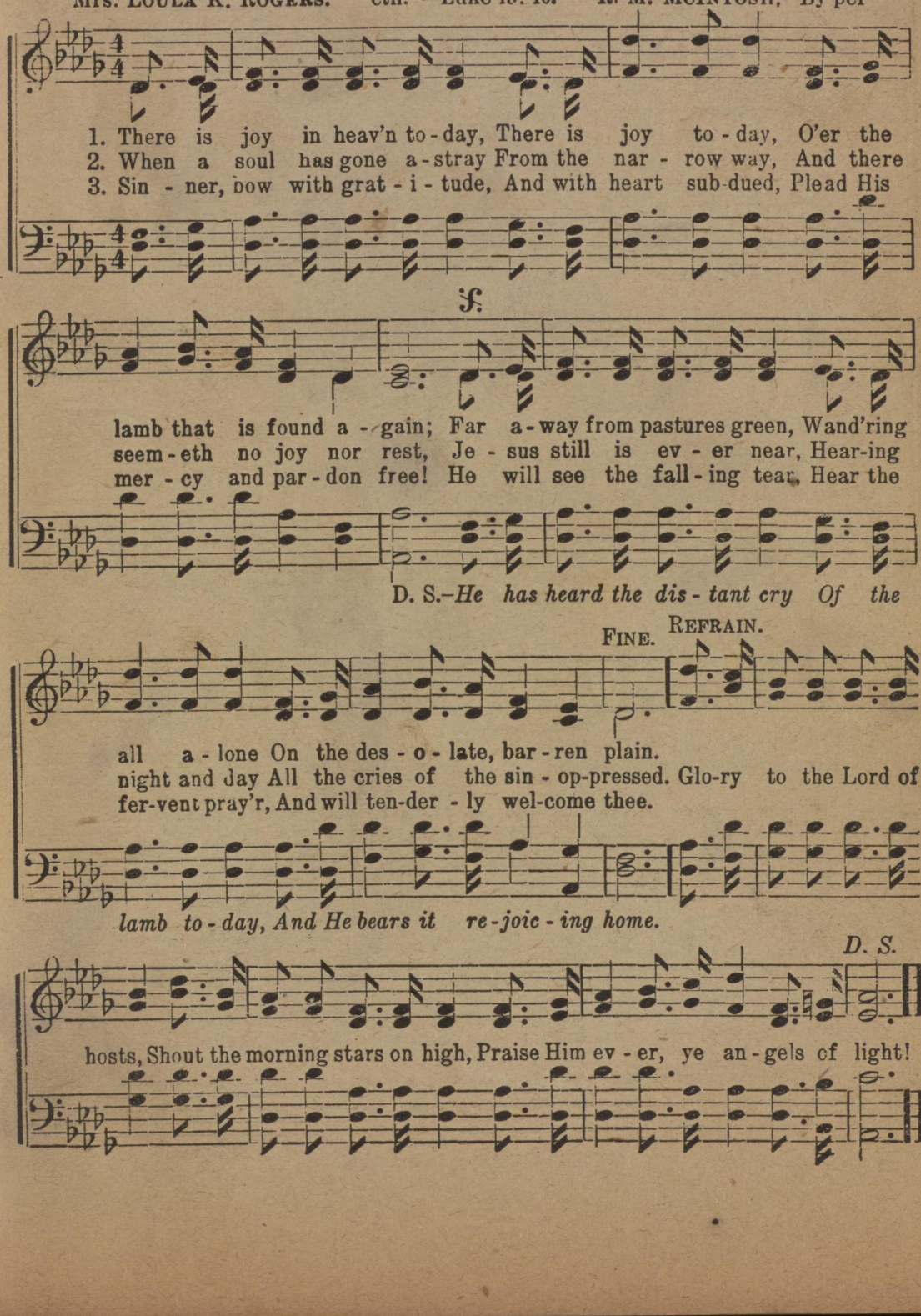
THE CLOUD AND FIRE. Concluded.



170 THERE IS JOY TO-DAY.

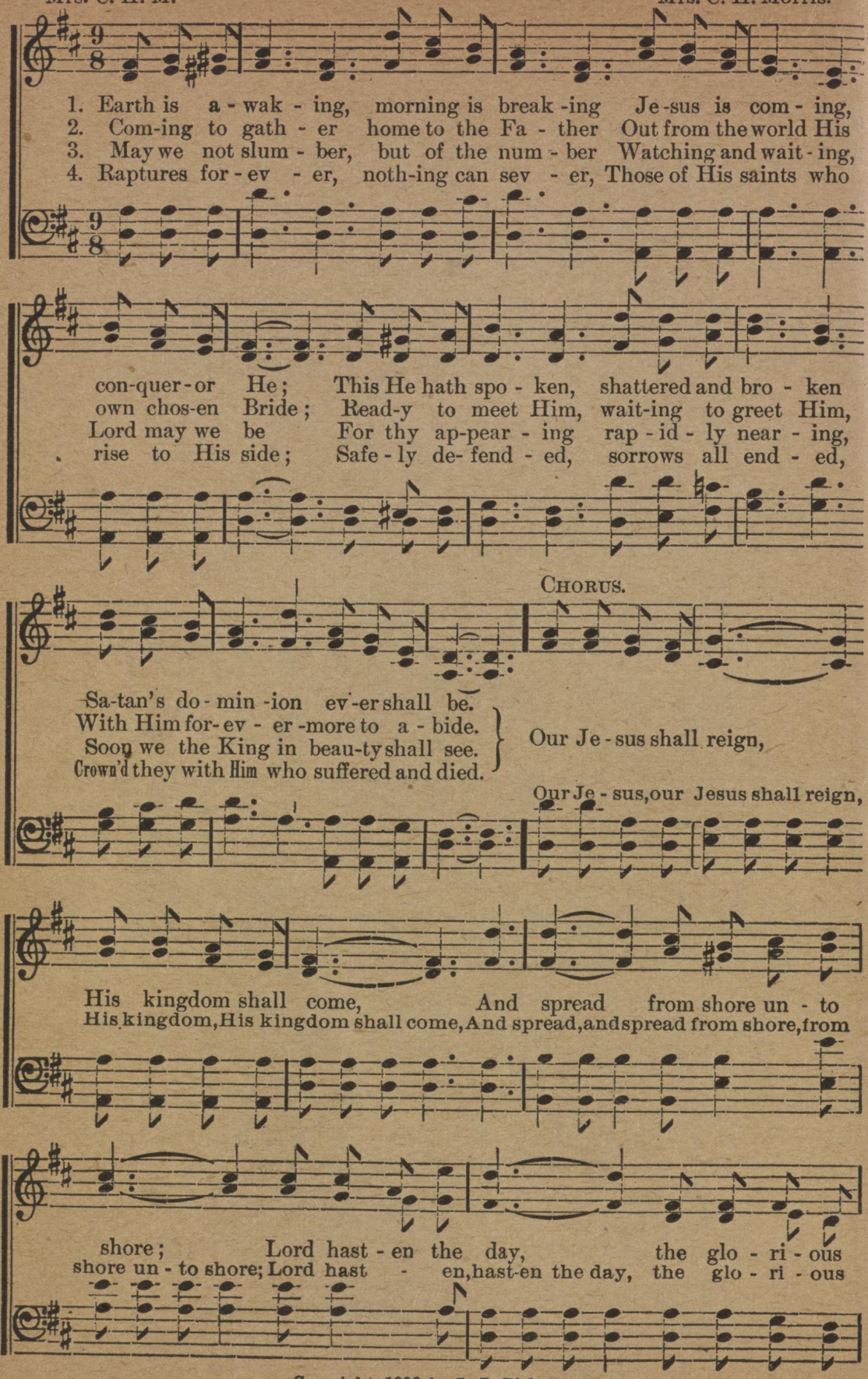
"There is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repent-
Mrs. LOULA K. ROGERS. eth."—Luke 15: 10. R. M. McINTOSH, By per



No. 171. OUR JESUS SHALL REIGN.

Rev. 11 :15.

Mrs. C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. Morris.



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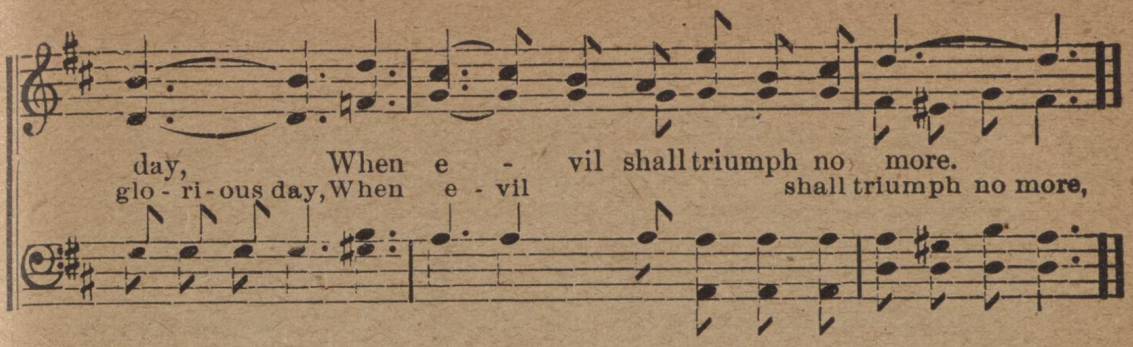
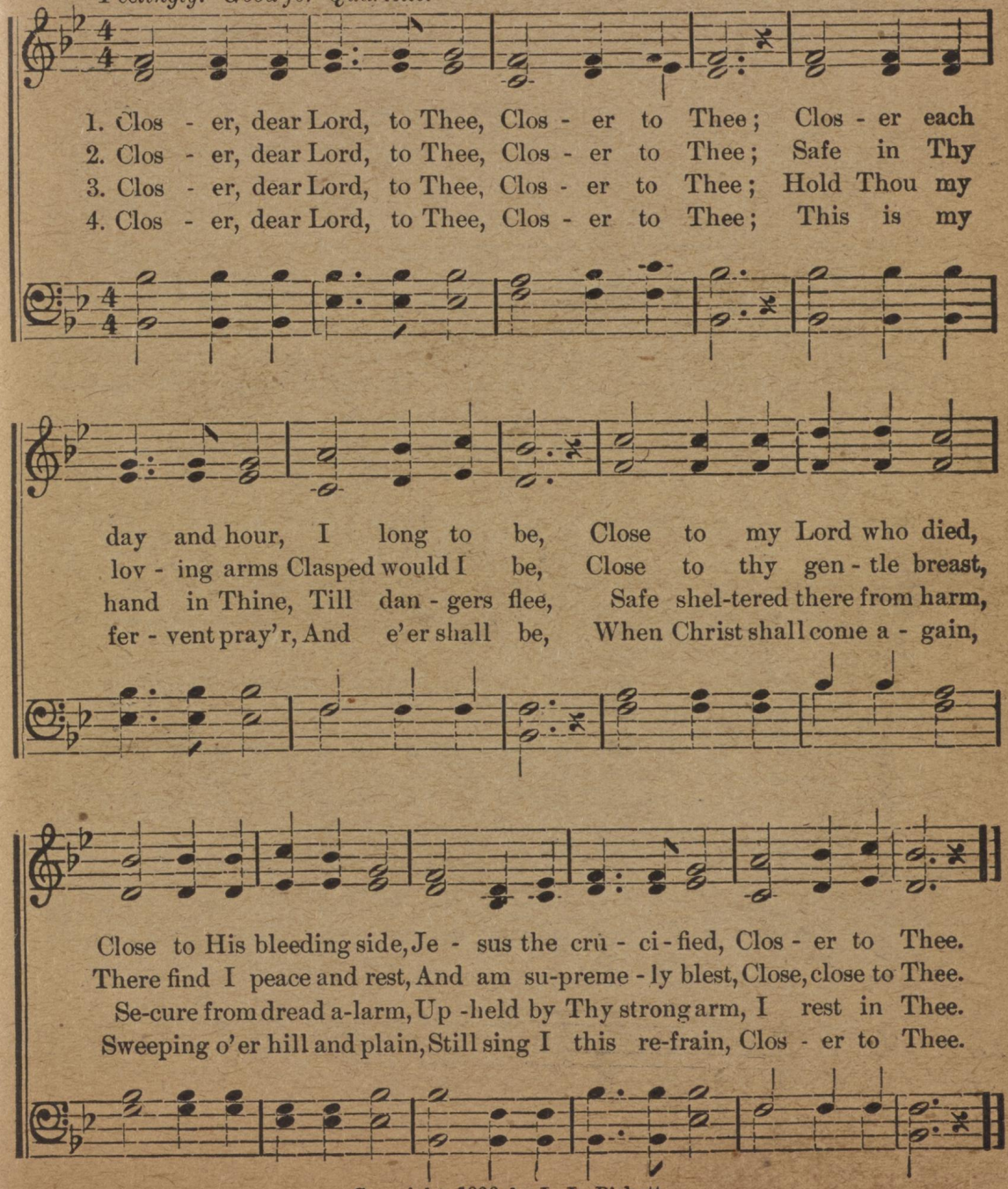

No. 172. CLOSER TO THEE.

"It is good for me draw near to God." Psa. 73: 28.

C. E. P. Chas. Edw. Pollock.

Feelingly. Good for Quartette.



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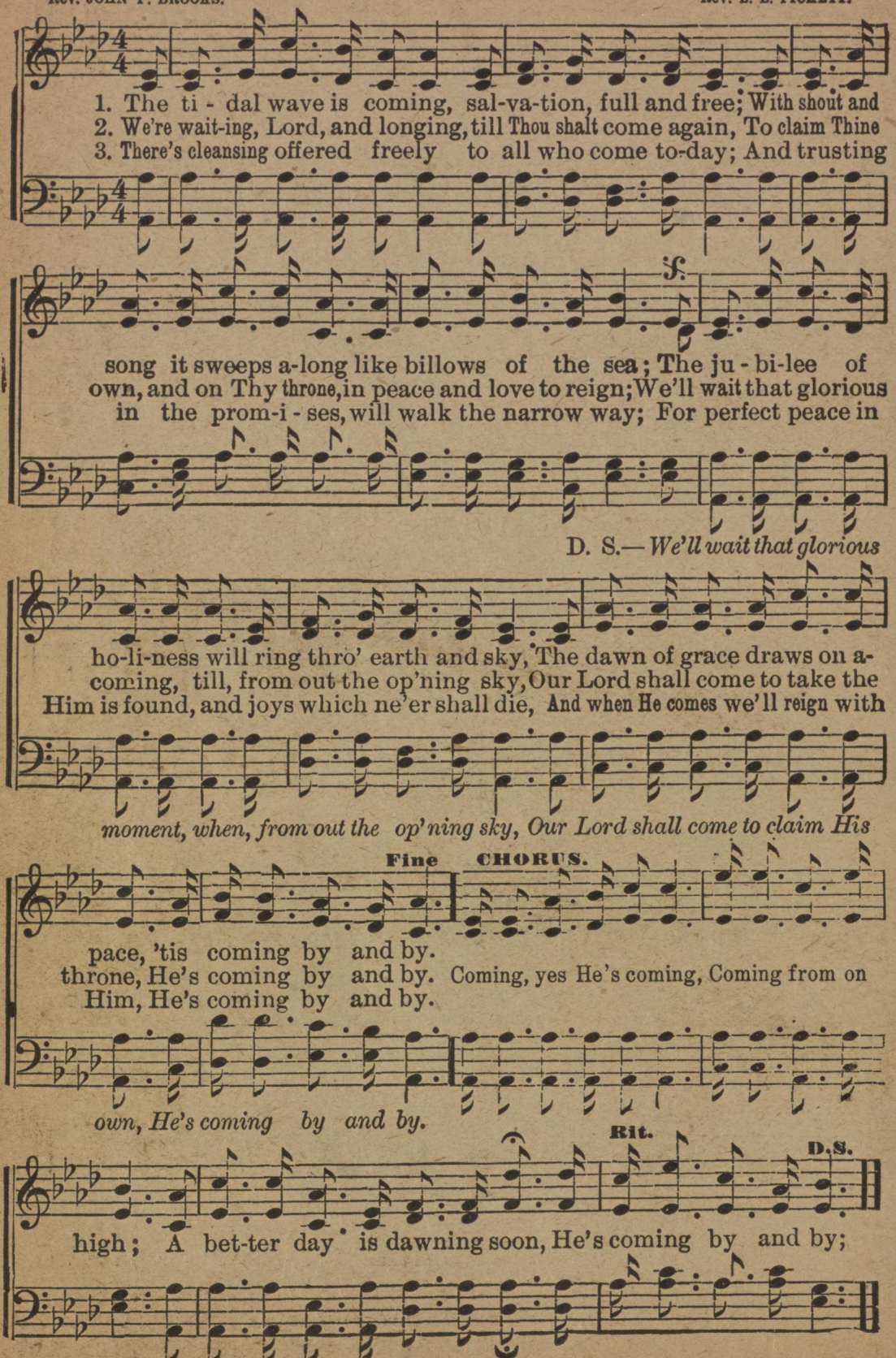
No. 173.

COMING BY AND BY.

"Behold I come quickly."—Rev. 22 : 7.

Rev. JOHN P. BROOKS. Rev. L. L. PICKETT.

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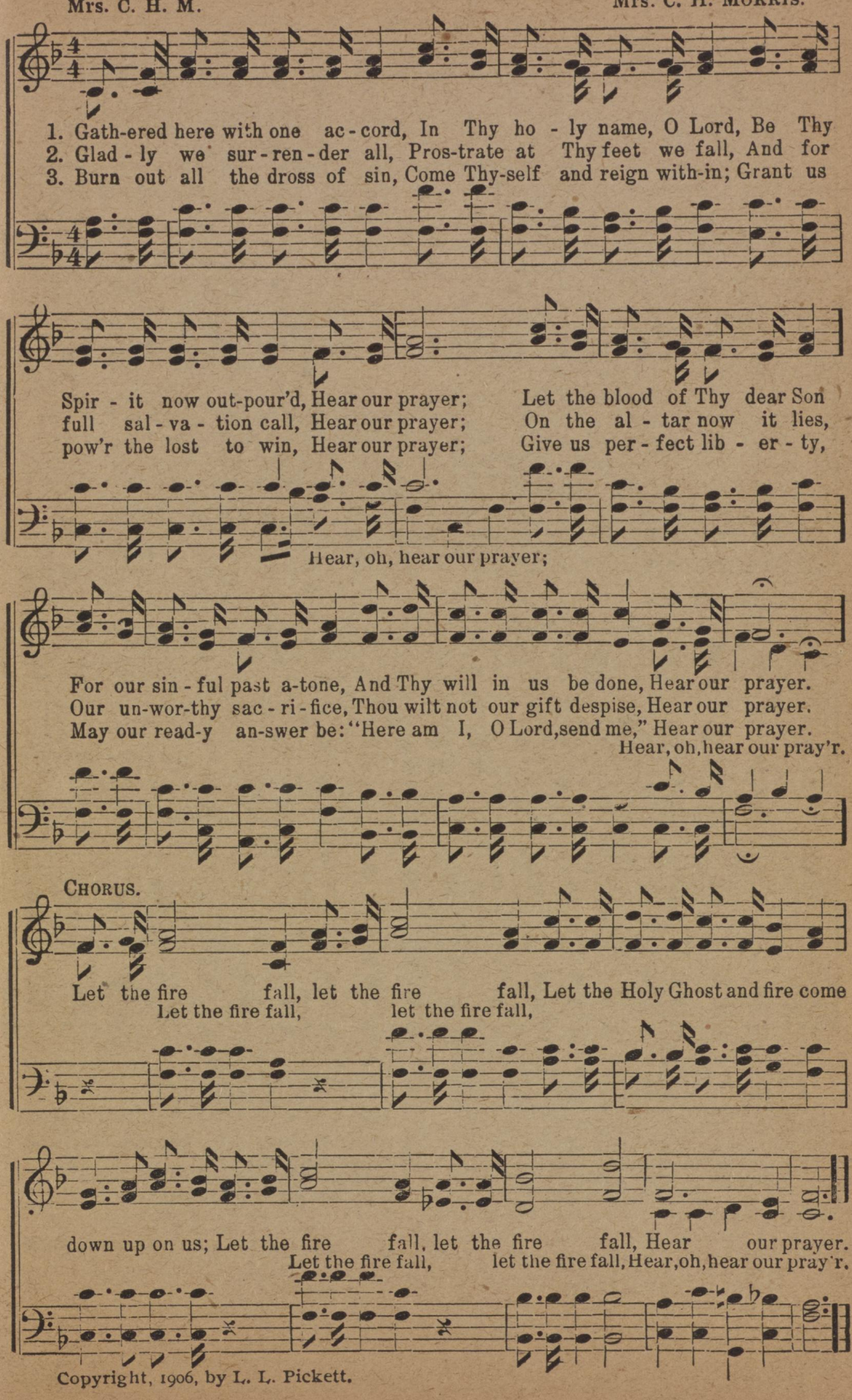
LET THE FIRE FALL.

Mrs. C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.



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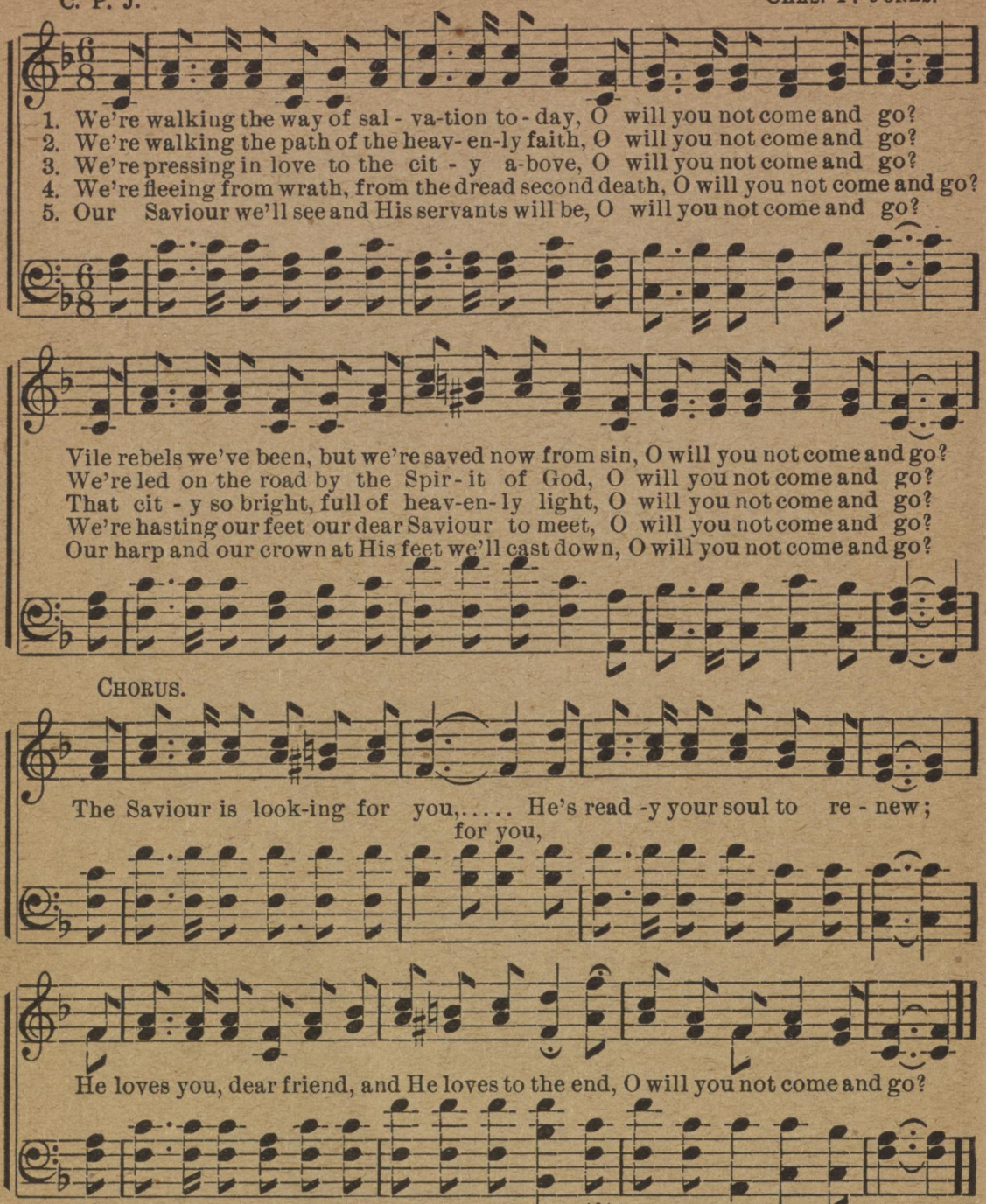
175 O WILL YOU NOT COME AND GO?

"*Come ye, and let us go up to the mountain of the Lord.*"—Isa. 2: 3.

C. P. J. CHAS. P. JONES.



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176 A LITTLE TALK WITH JESUS.

KEY OF E-FLAT.

1 While fighting for my Saviour here.
The devil tries me hard;
He uses all his mighty power
My progress to retard;
He's up to every move,
And yet through all I prove,
A little talk with Jesus makes it right, all right.

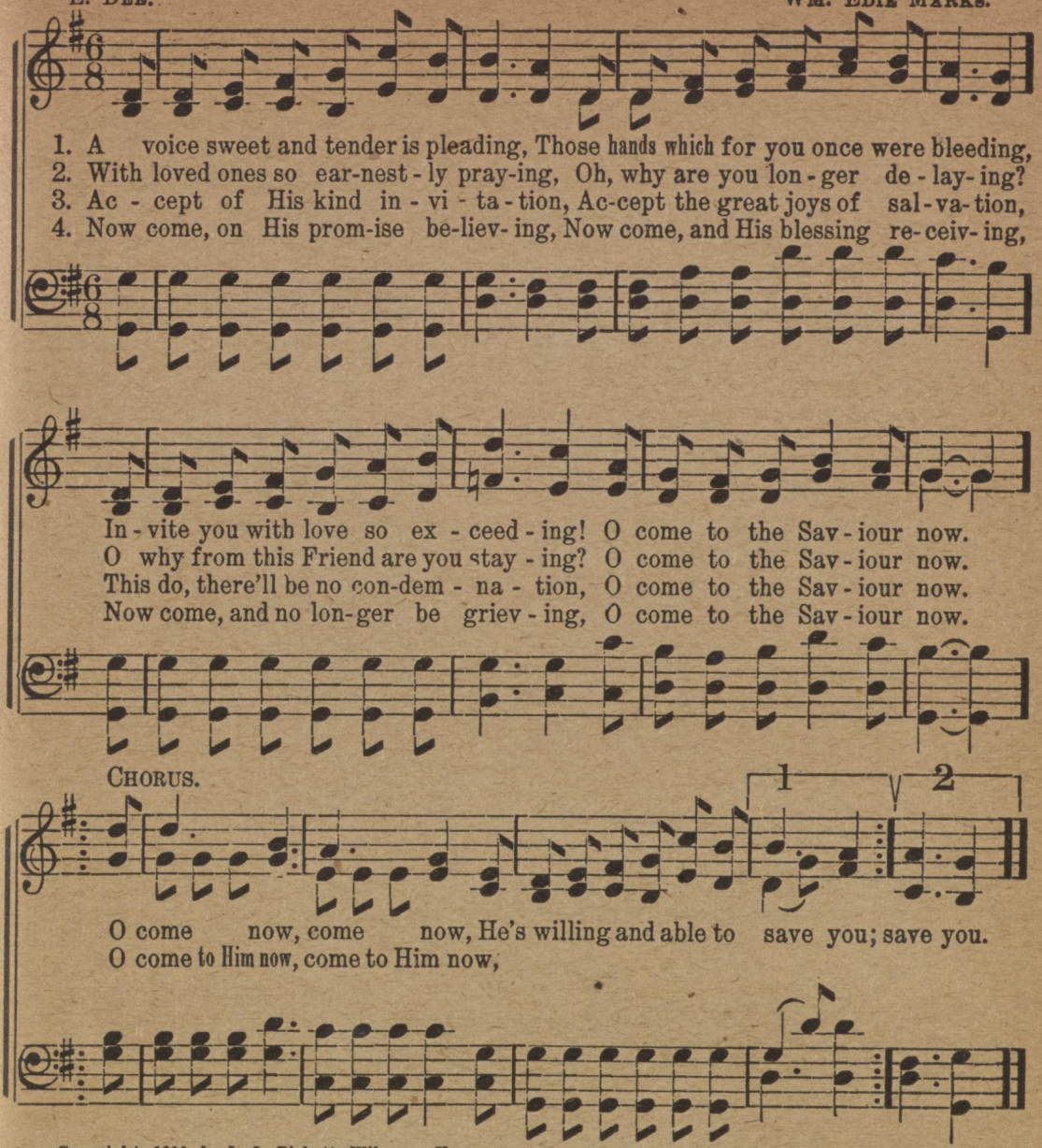
CHO.—A little talk with Jesus makes it right, all right,
A little talk with Jesus makes it right, all right,
In trials of every kind,
Praise God, I always find,
A little talk with Jesus makes it right, all right.

2 Tho' dark the night, and clouds look black
And stormy overhead,
And trials of almost every kind
Across my path are spread,
How soon I conquer all,
As to the Lord I call,
A little talk with Jesus makes it right, all right.

3 When those who once were dearest friends
Begin to persecute,
And more who once professed to love
Have distant grown, and mute,
I tell Him all my grief,
He quickly sends relief,
A little talk with Jesus makes it right, all right.

4 And thus by frequent little talks
I gain the victory;
And march along with cheerful song,
Enjoying liberty;
With Jesus as my Friend,
I'll prove until the end,
A little talk with Jesus makes it right, all right.

177 O COME NOW!

E. Dee. Wm. Edie Marks.

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178 Are You Washed in the Blood?

Key of A.

1 Have you been to Jesus for the cleansing power?
Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?
Are you fully trusting in His grace this hour?
Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?

Cho.—Are you washed in the blood,
In the soul-cleansing blood of the Lamb?
Are your garments spotless?
Are they white as snow?
Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?

2 Are you walking daily by the Saviour's side?
Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?
Do you rest each moment in the Crucified?
Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?

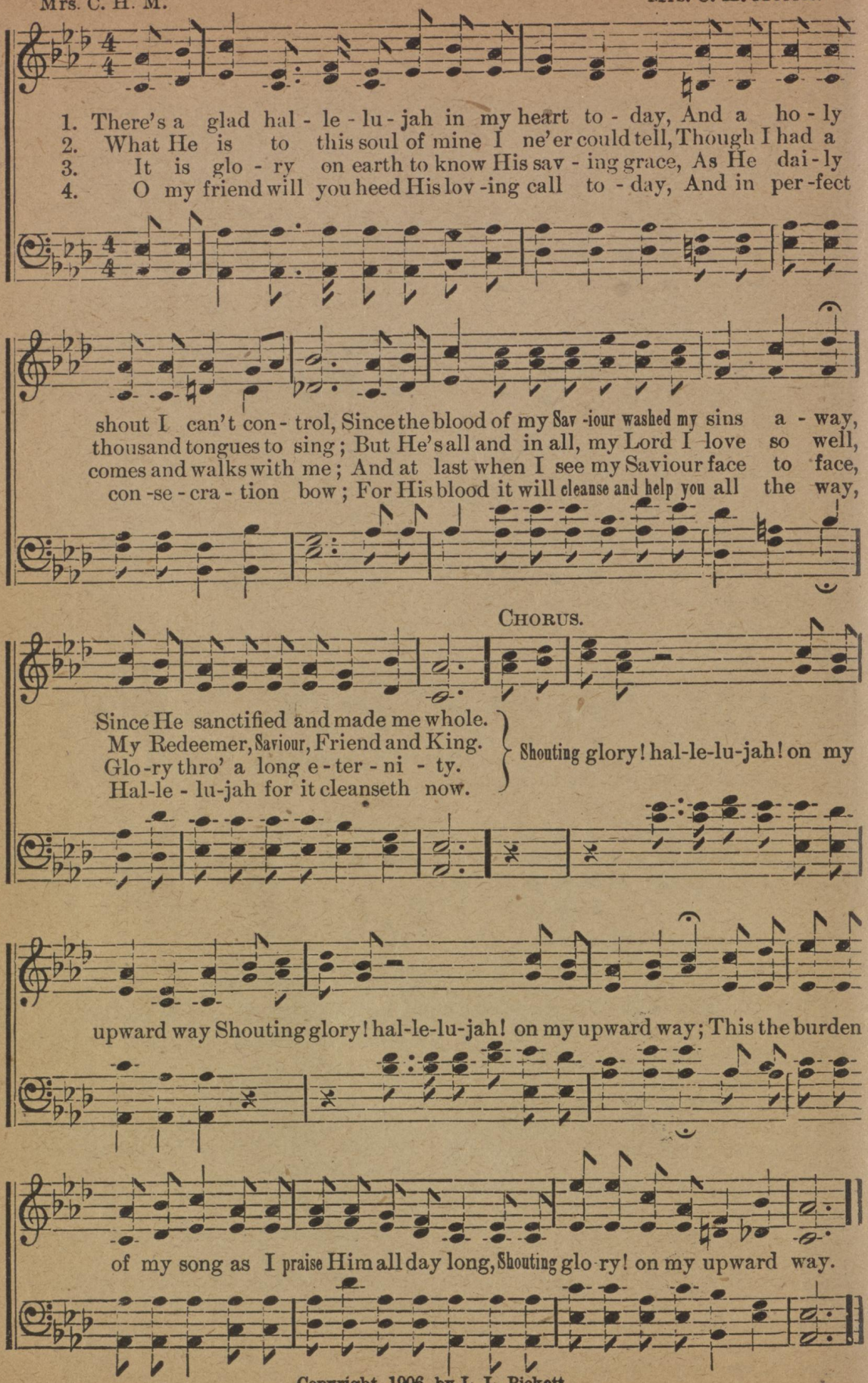
3 When the Bridegroom cometh will your robes be white,
Pure and white in the blood of the Lamb?
Will your soul be ready for the mansions bright,
And be washed in the blood of the Lamb?

4 Lay aside the garments that are stained with sin,
And be washed in the blood of the Lamb?
There's a fountain flowing for the soul unclean,
O be washed in the blood of the Lamb!

Rev. Elisha A. Hoffman.

No. 179. SHOUTING GLORY!

Mrs. C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. Morris.



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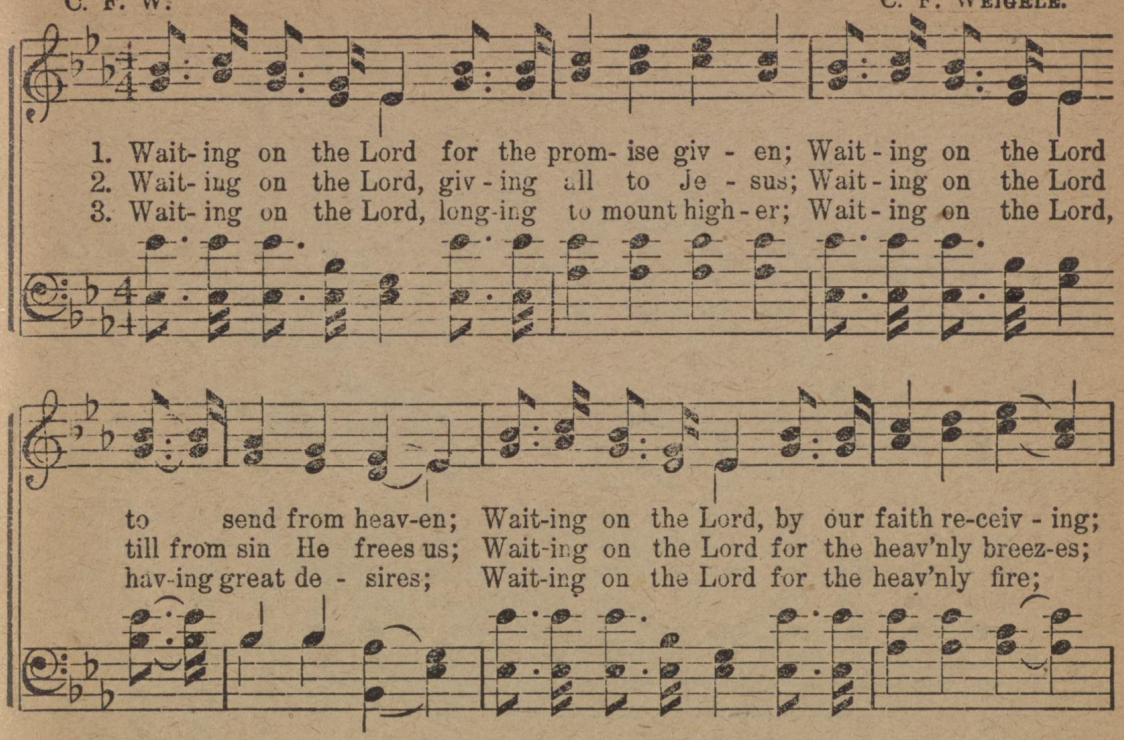
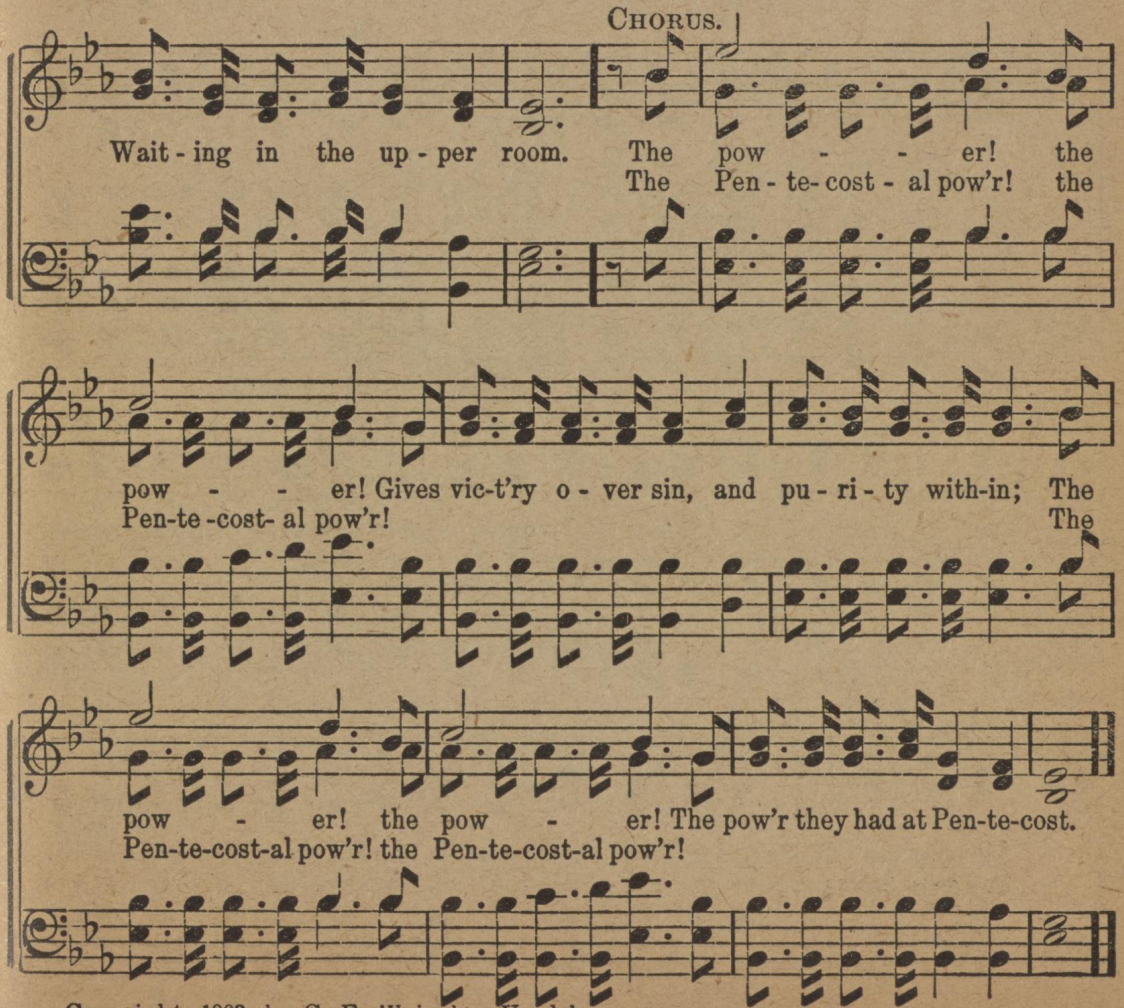
No. 180. WAITING ON THE LORD.

C. F. W. C. F. WEIGELE.



CHORUS.



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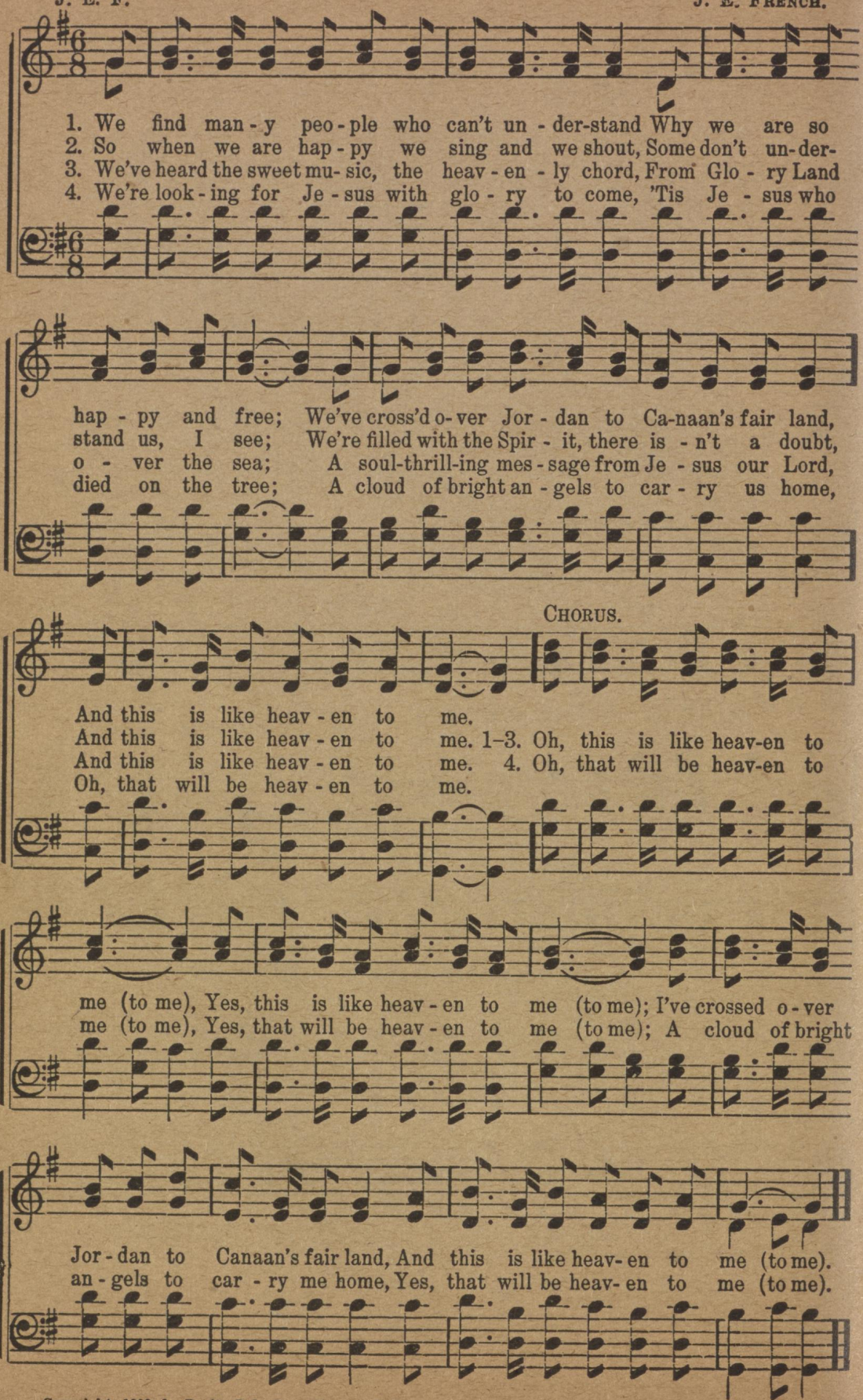
181 THIS IS LIKE HEAVEN TO ME.

J. E. F. J. E. FRENCH.

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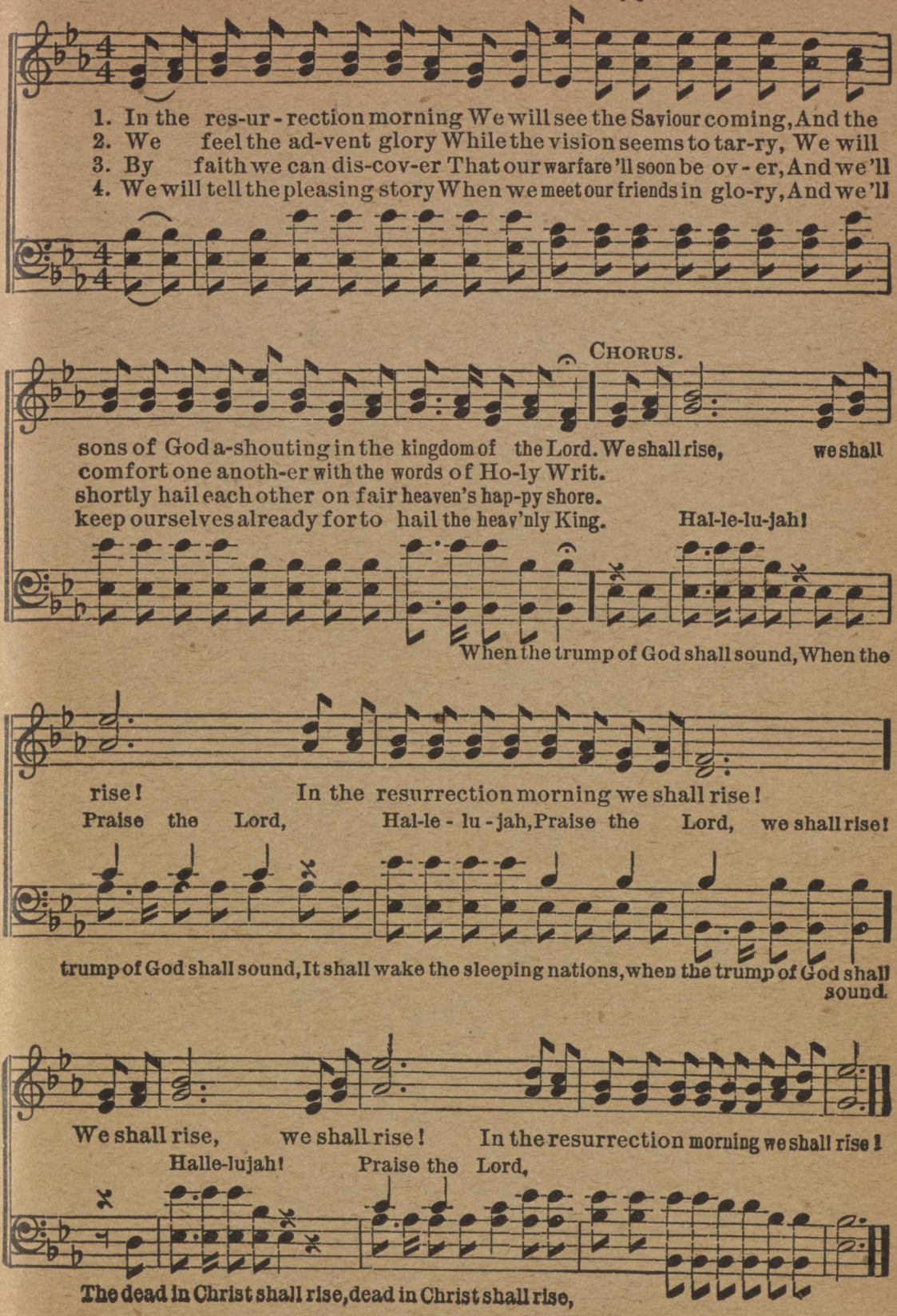
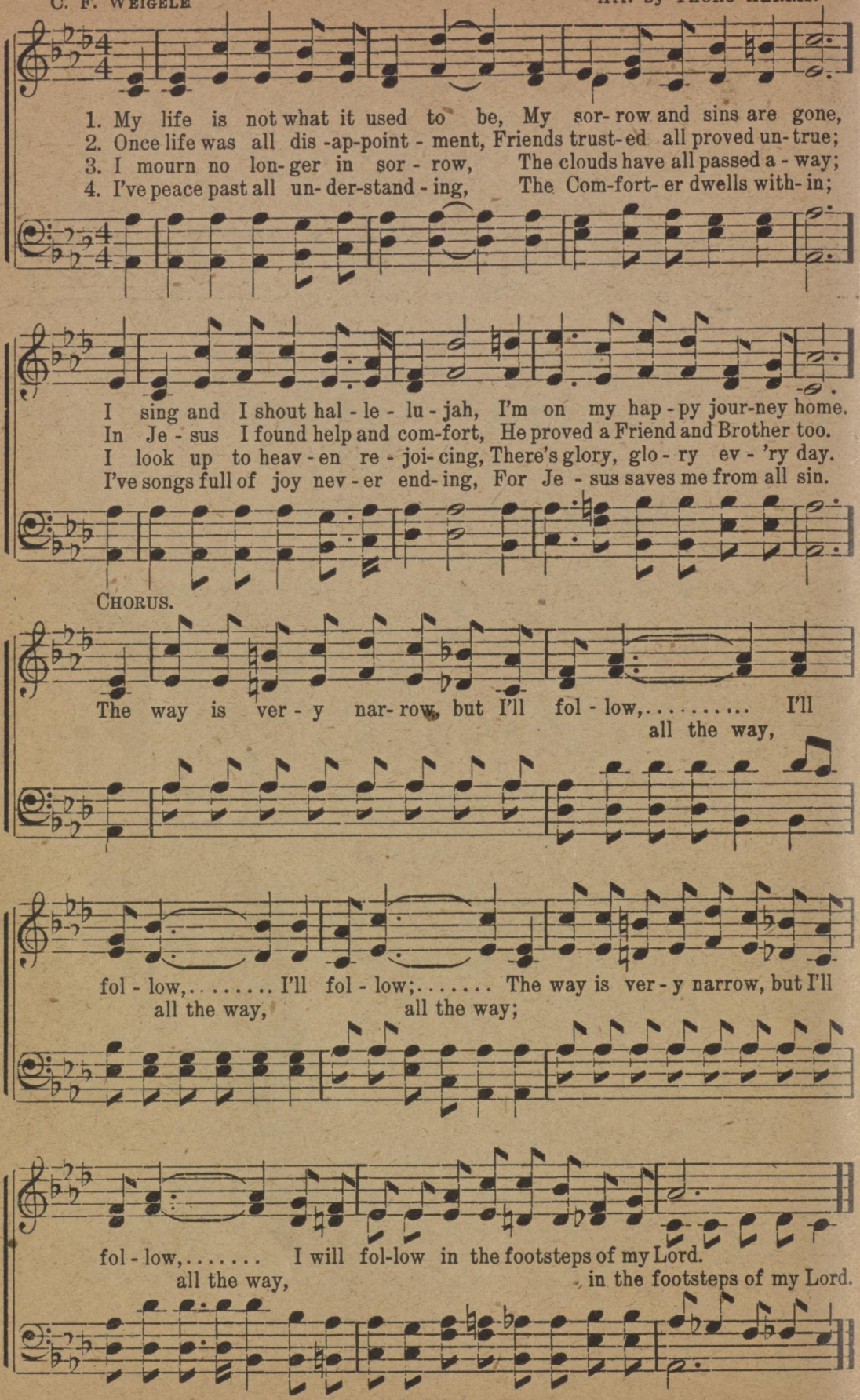
No. 182. # THE RESURRECTION.

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



183 THE WAY IS NARROW.

C. F. WEIGELE — Arr. by THORO HARRIS.

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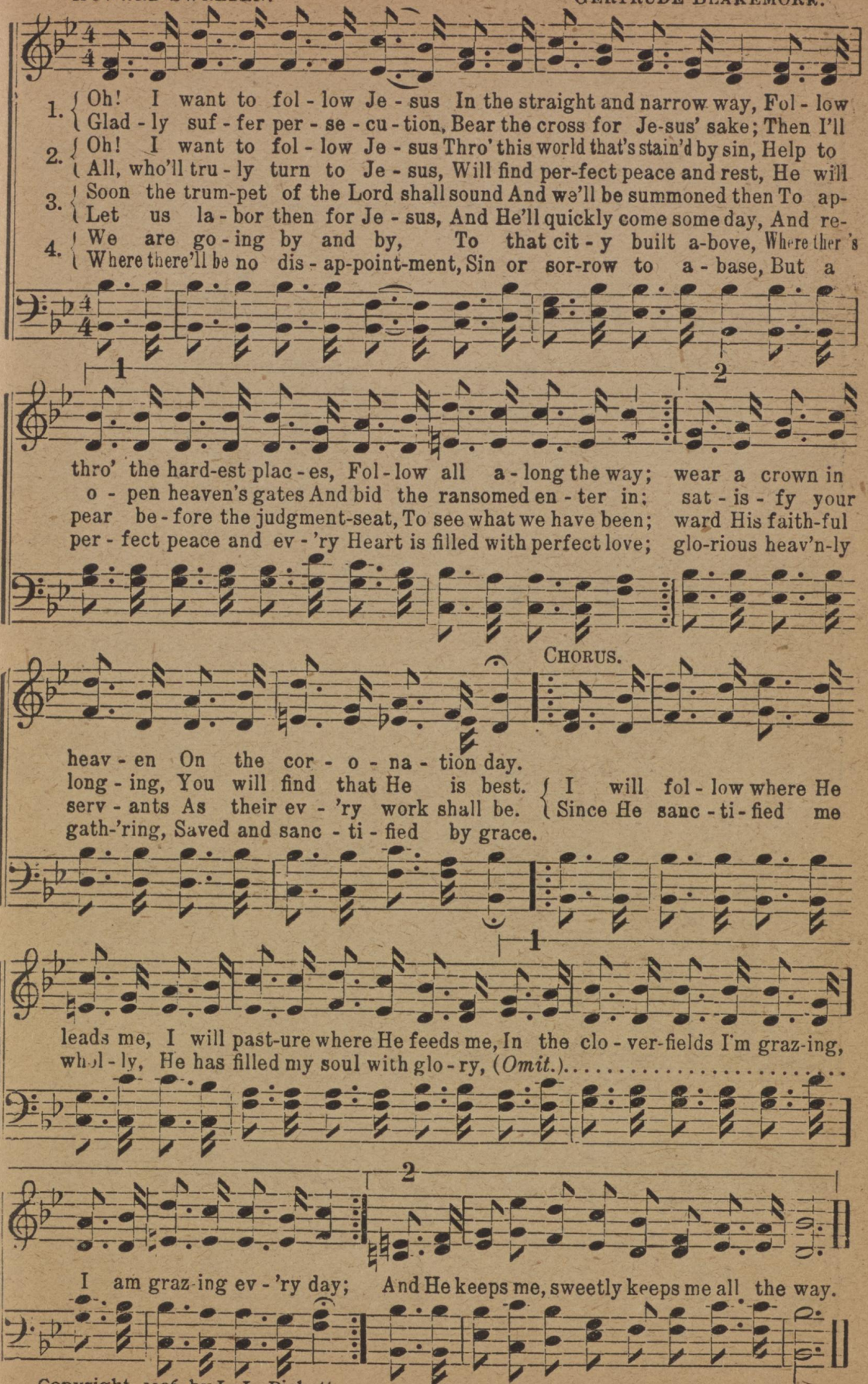
WHERE HE LEADS ME, I WILL FOLLOW.

(Dedicated to colored Berachah Home, St. Louis, Mo.)

HOWARD SWEETEN. GERTRUDE BLAKEMORE.

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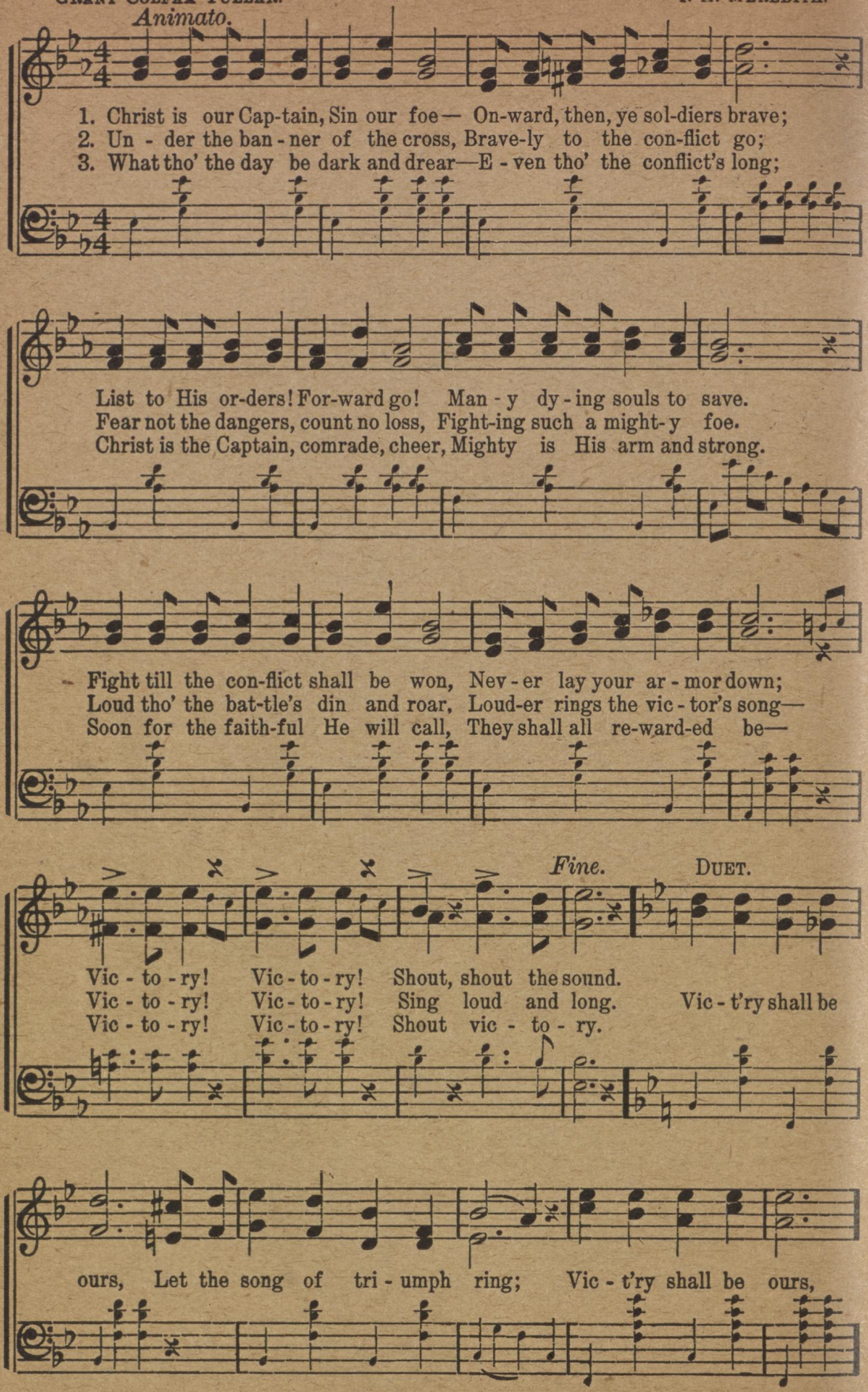
SONG OF VICTORY.

GRANT COLFAX TULLAR. I. H. MEREDITH.

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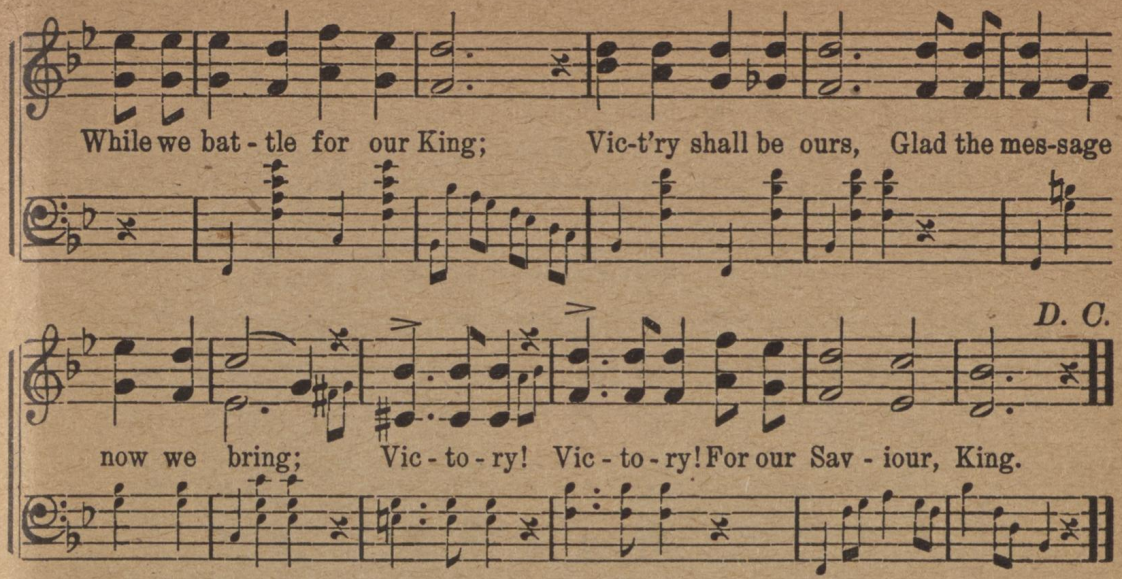
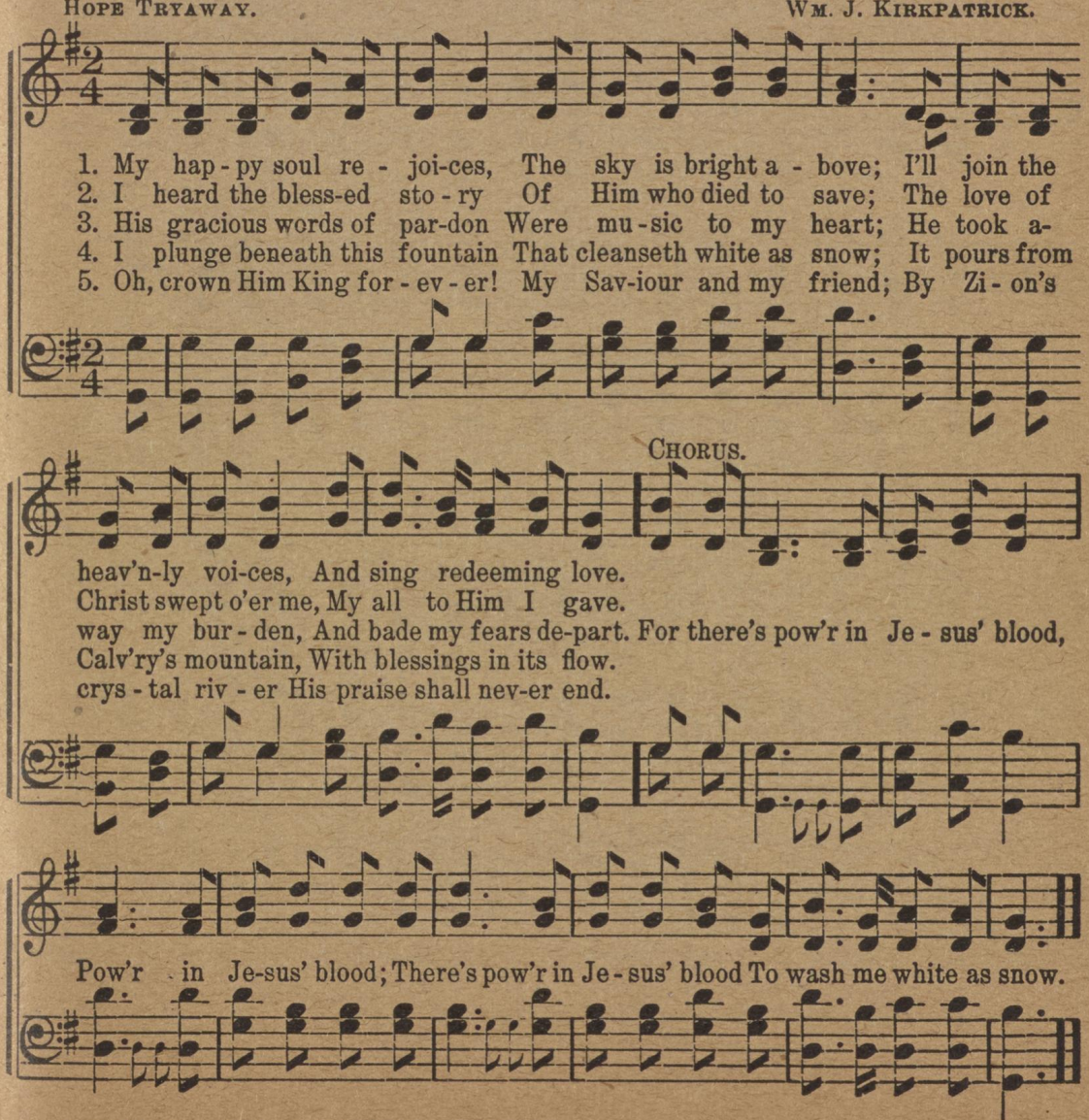
SONG OF VICTORY. Concluded.

186 THERE'S POWER IN JESUS' BLOOD.

HOPE TRYAWAY. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



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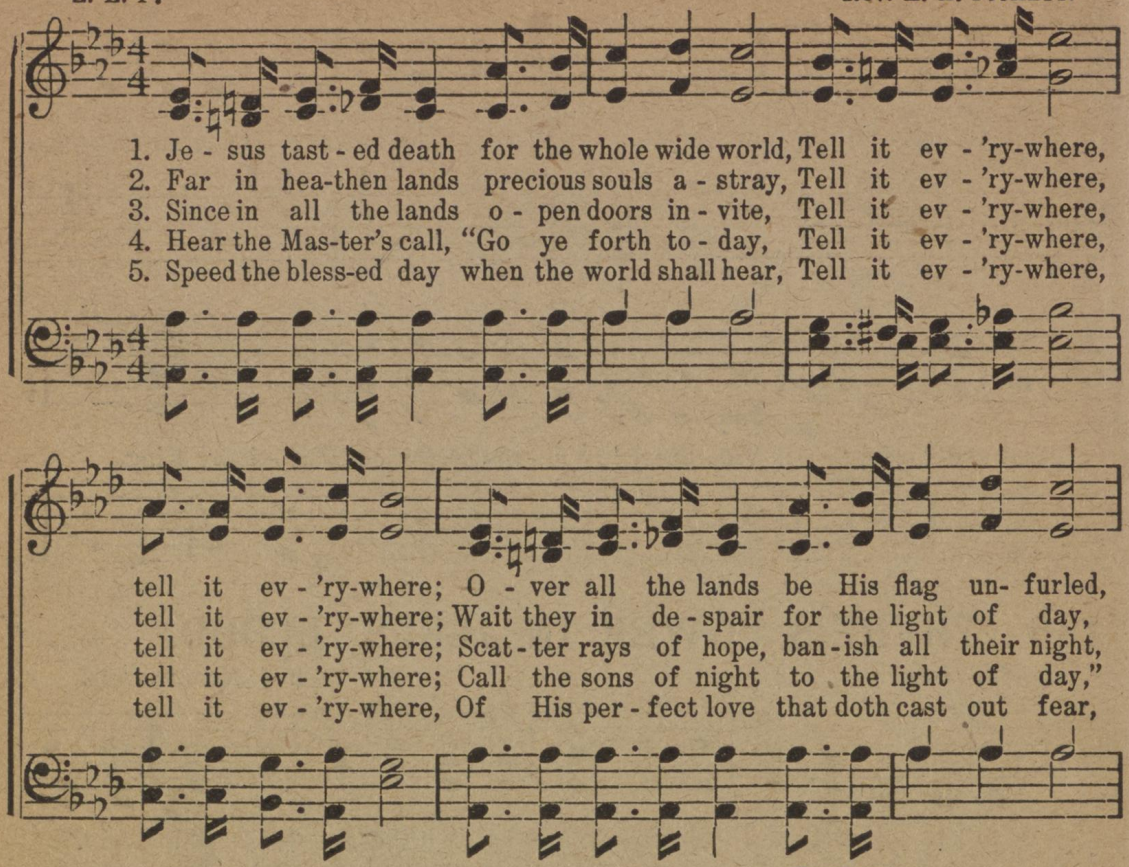
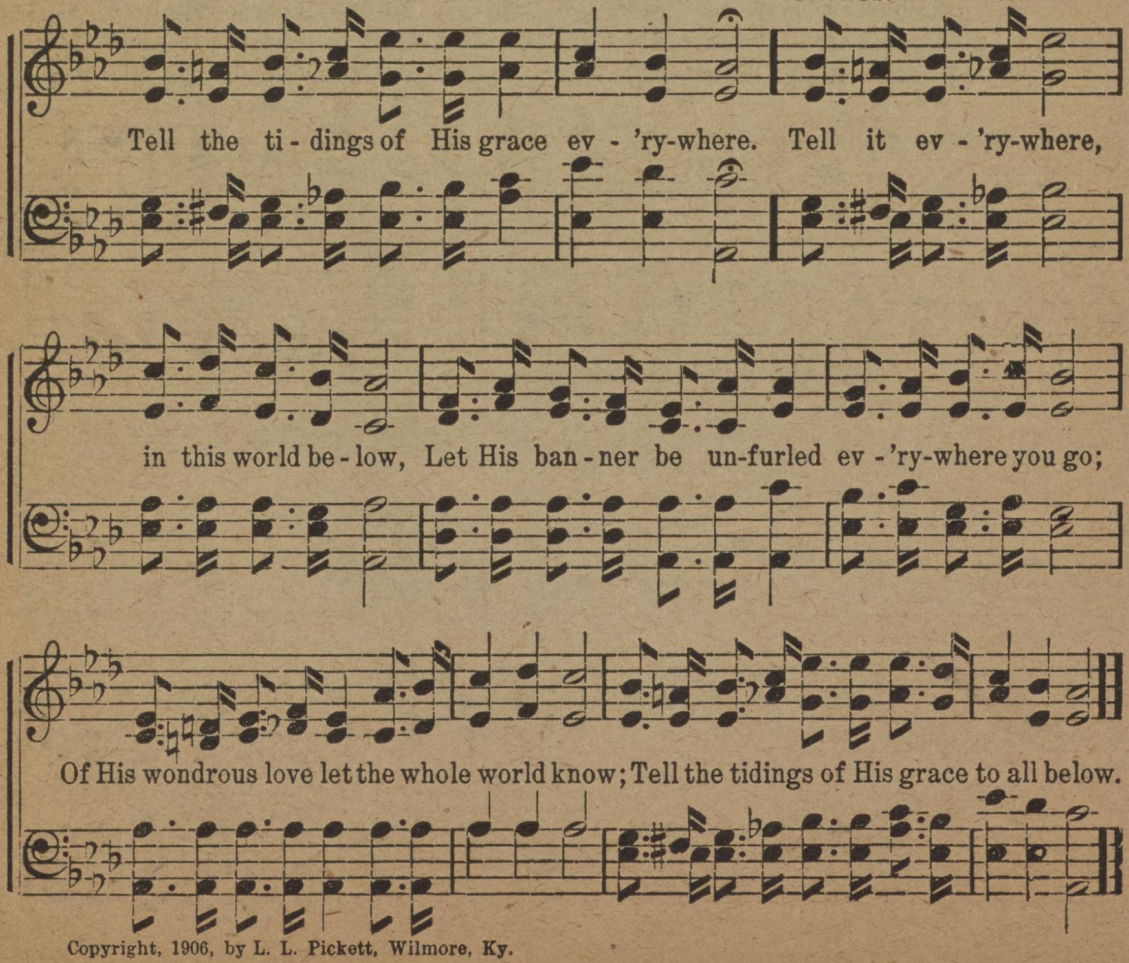
187 TELL IT EVERYWHERE.

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



CHORUS.



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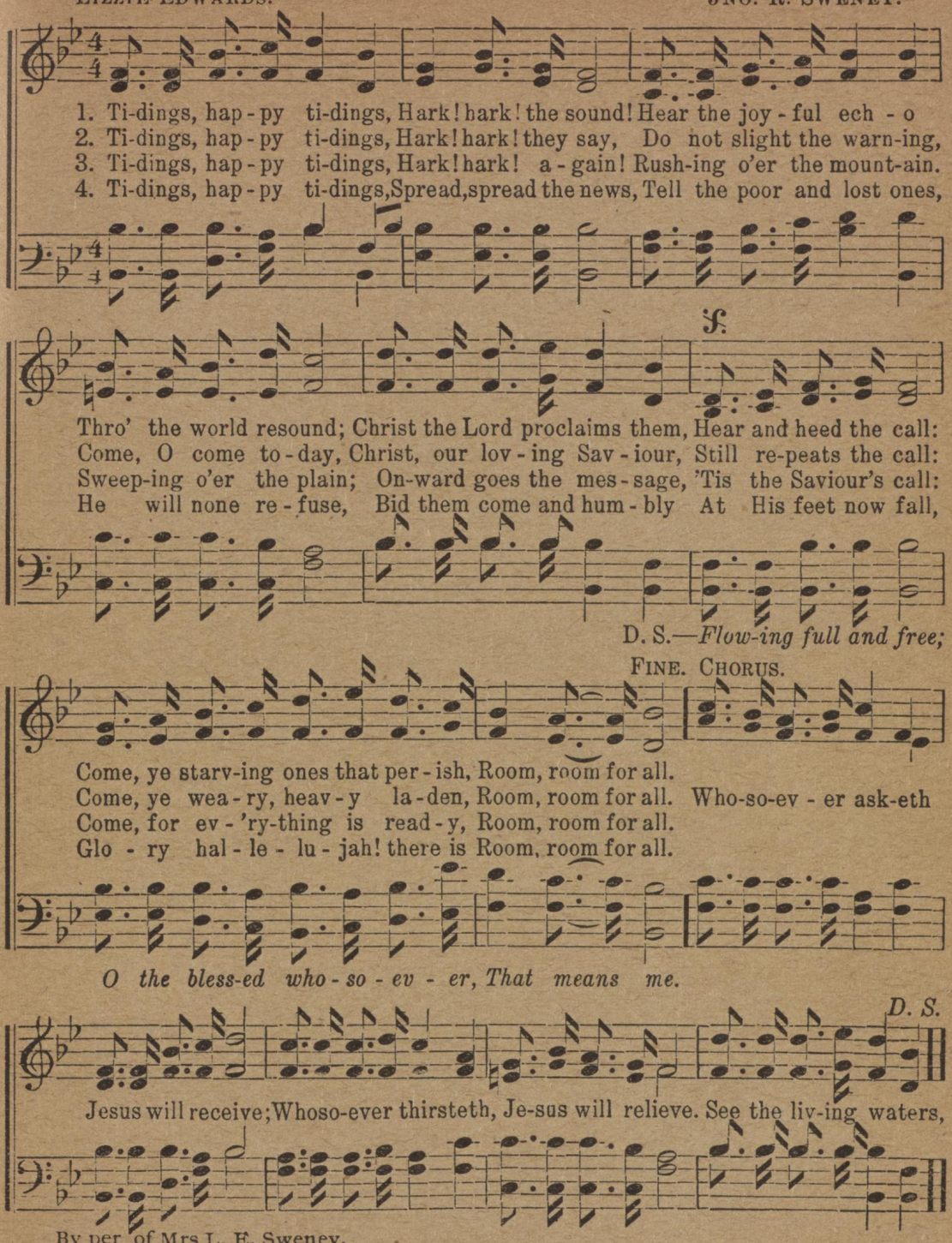
188 TIDINGS, HAPPY TIDINGS.

LIZZIE EDWARDS. JNO. R. SWENEY.



By per of Mrs L. E. Sweney.

189 ALL TAKEN AWAY.

Arr. by S. H. PRATHER. (Key of E♭)

1 Oh, who will now from sleep awake,
They're all taken away;
And fully ev'ry sin forsake,
They're all taken away!

CHO.—‖: They're all taken away, :‖
My sins are all taken away.

2 I came to Him, my heart was sad,
He saved my soul and now I'm glad,

3 I never can forget the hour,
When first I felt His pard'ning pow'r,

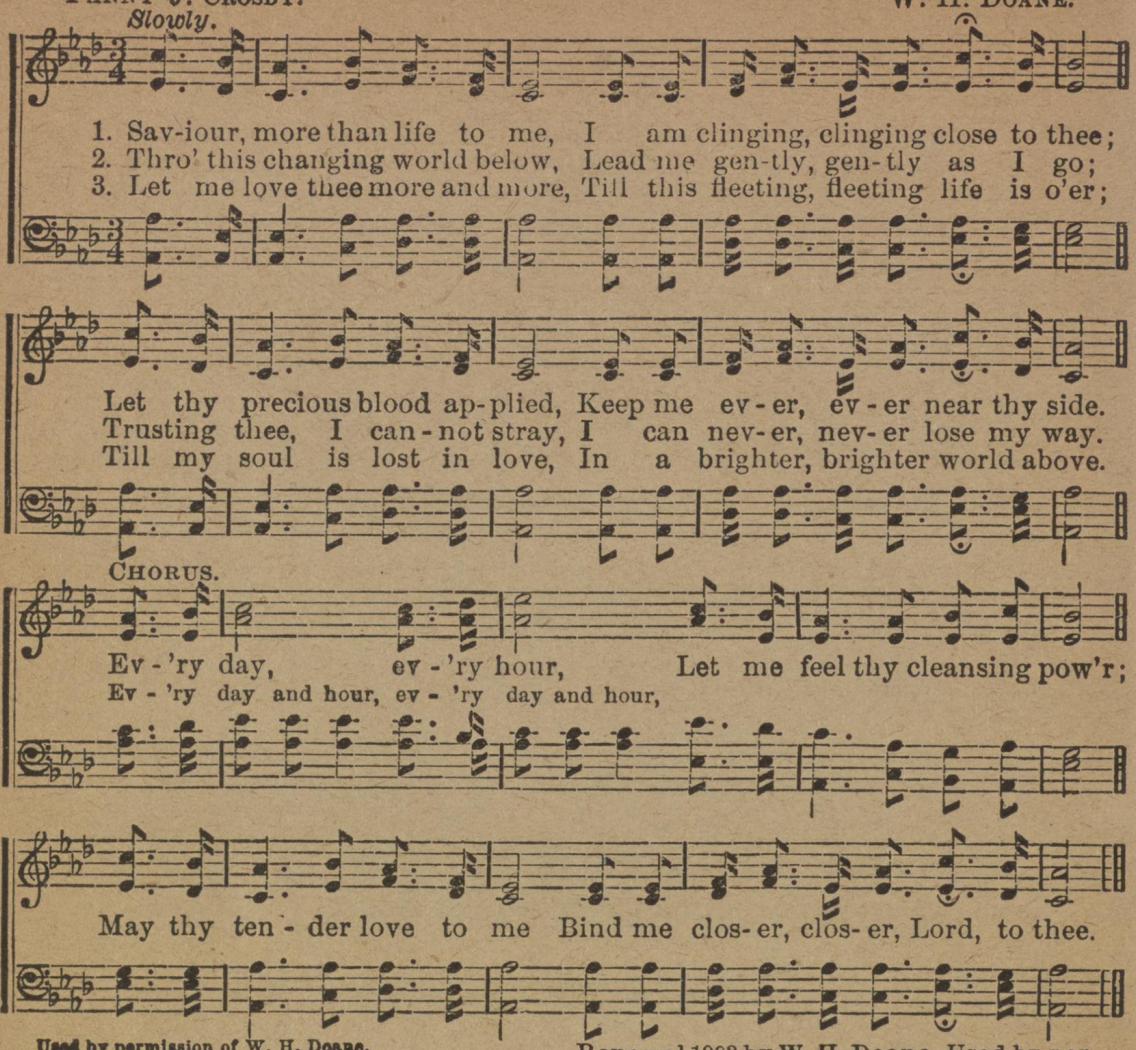
4 Now Jesus is so good and kind,
As when, of old, He healed the blind,

5 I never could believe before,
That I could go and sin no more,

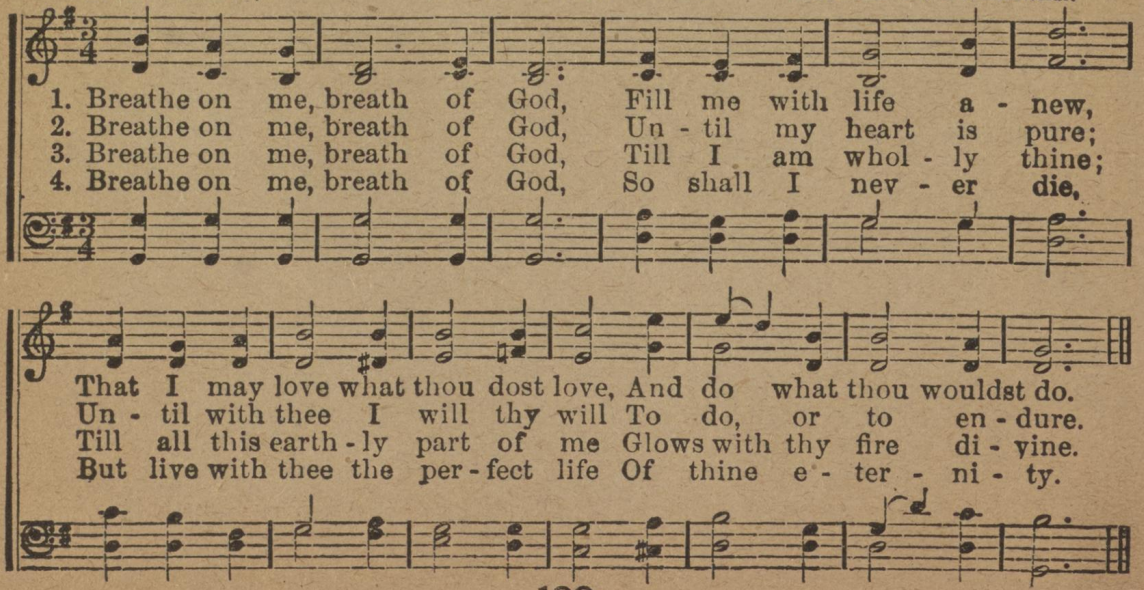
6 I've consecrated all to Thee,
And now from sin I know I'm free,

No. 190. EVERY DAY AND HOUR.

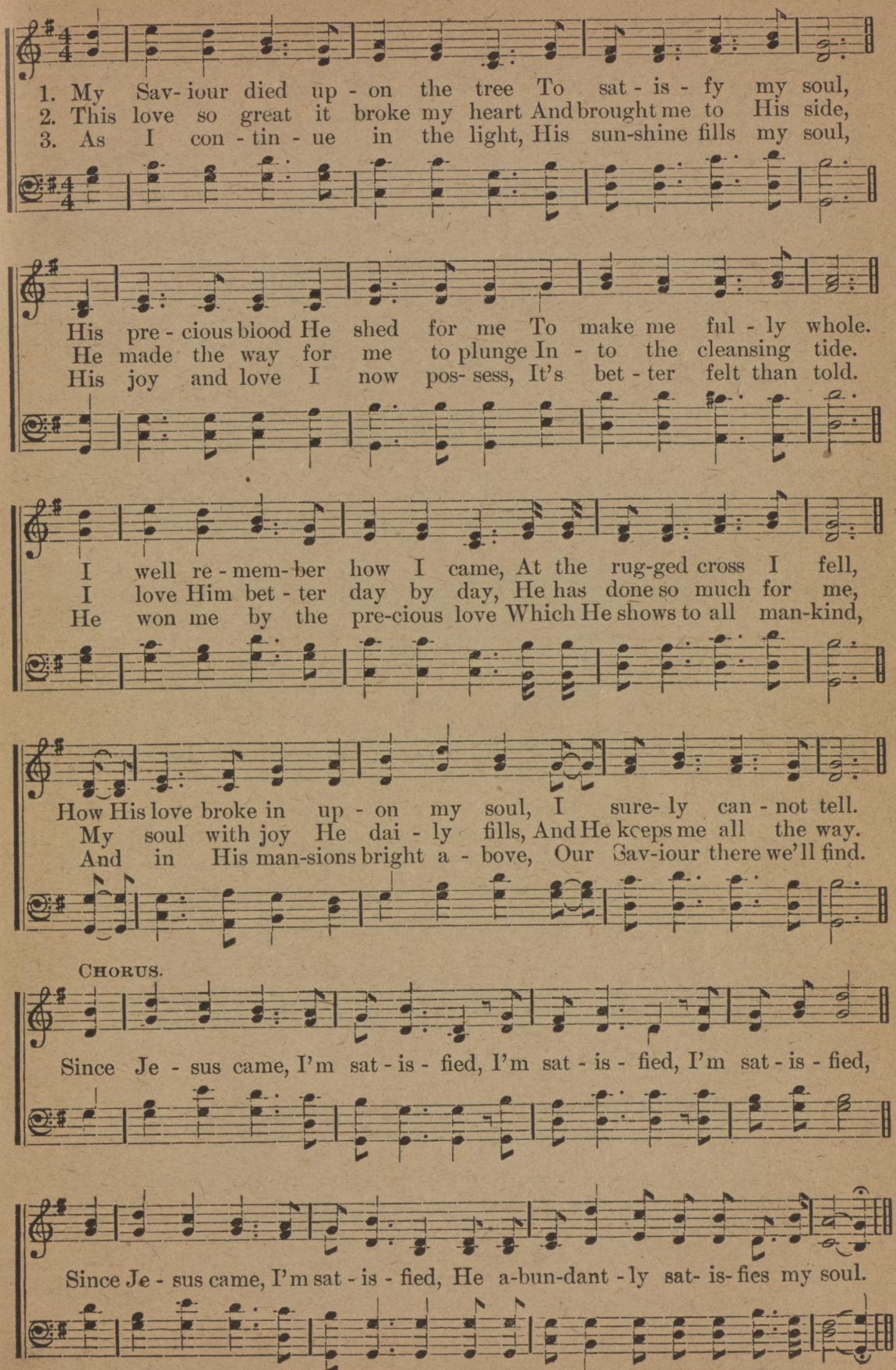
FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

Slowly.

Used by permission of W. H. Doane. Renewal 1903 by W. H. Doane. Used by per.

No. 191. BREATHE ON ME, BREATH OF GOD.

EDWIN HATCH, (GREENWOOD. S. M.) JOSEPH E. SWEETSER.

No. 192. SATISFIED.

H. W. S. HOWARD W. SWEETEN.



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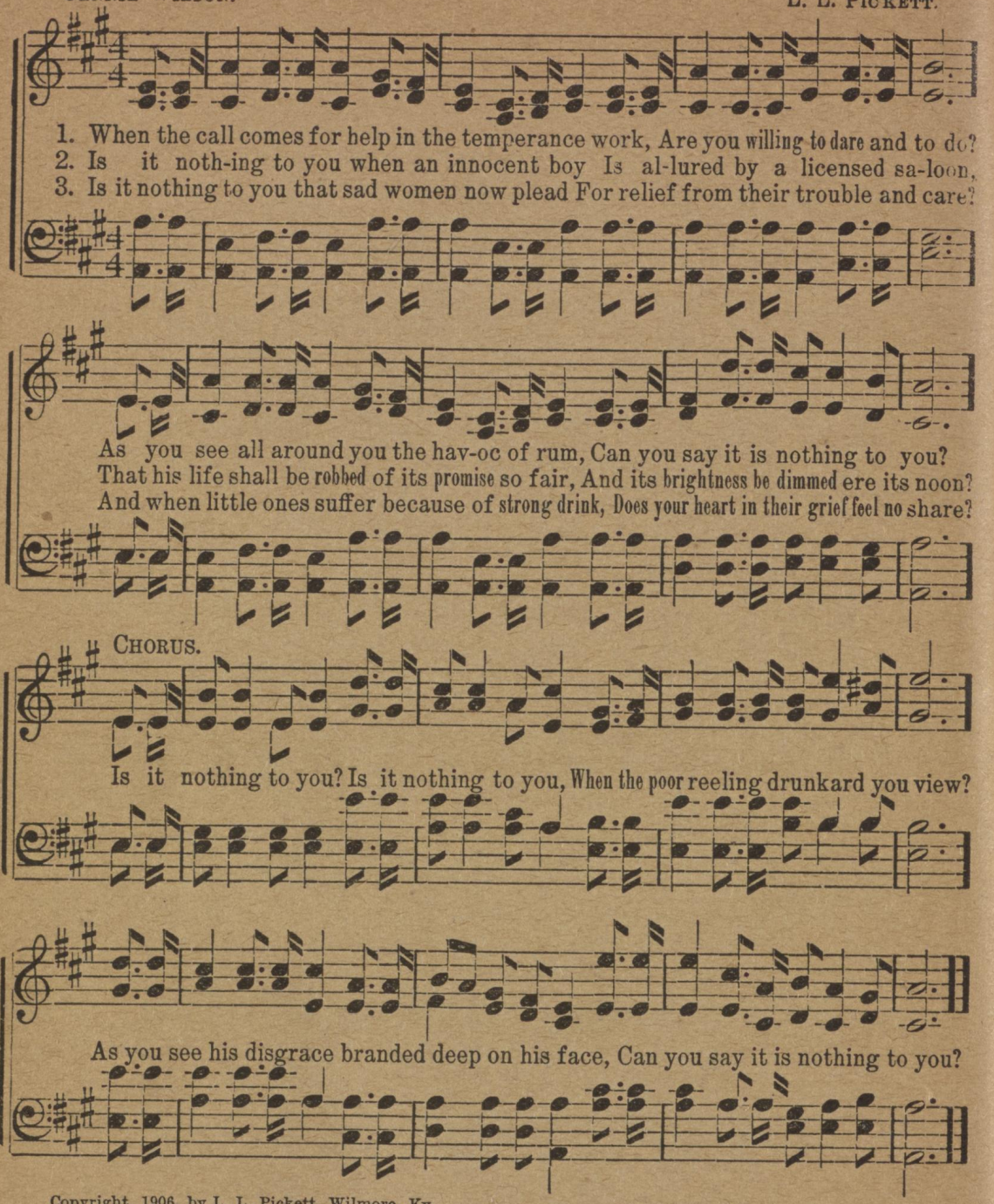
193 IS IT NOTHING TO YOU?

JENNIE WILSON. L. L. PICKETT.



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194 SWEET BYE-AND-BYE.

KEY OF G.

1 There's a time that is coming at last,
Oh! hasten the long looked-for day!
When the rum-fiend no shackles can cast,
For all Christians will vote as they pray.

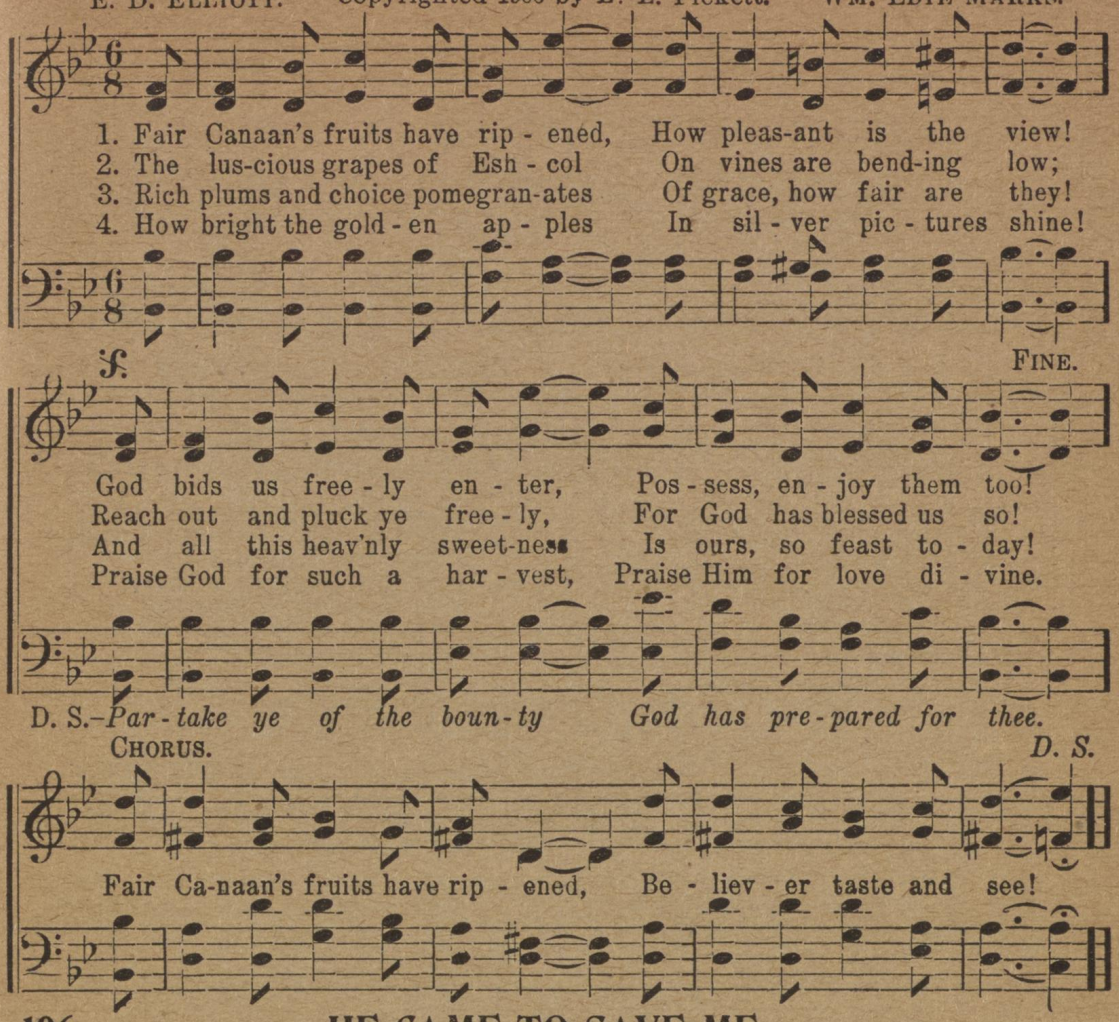
CHO.—In the sweet bye-and-bye,
We shall welcome that beautiful day;
In that sweet bye-and-bye,
When all Christians shall vote as they pray.

2 When the fire shall go out at the still,
And the worm shall be taken away,
And its ruins give place to the mill,
Making bread that doth hunger allay.

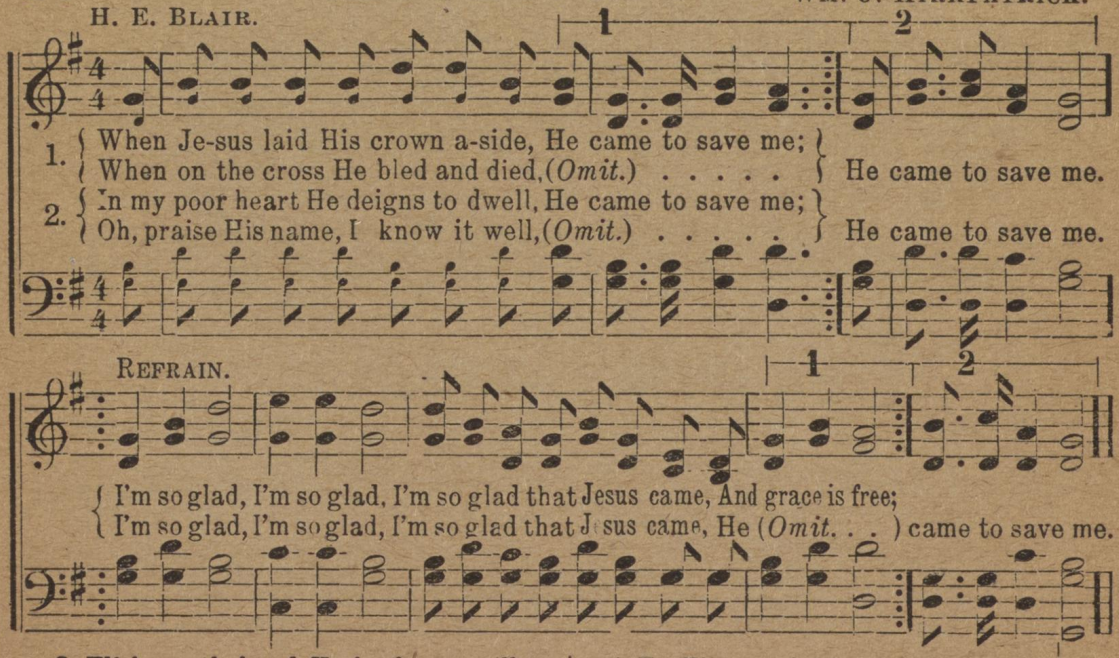
3 And the prisons shall close every door,
And the poor-houses tenantless stand;
When the dram-shops shall darken no more
The dear homes of our beautiful land.

4 When the Church and the State shall arise
In the strength of their virtue and might,
And improve every moment that flies,
In their daring to vote for the right.

195 CANAAN'S FRUITS HAVE RIPENED.

E. D. ELLIOTT. Copyrighted 1906 by L. L. Pickett. WM. EDIE MARKS.

196 HE CAME TO SAVE ME.

H. E. BLAIR. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



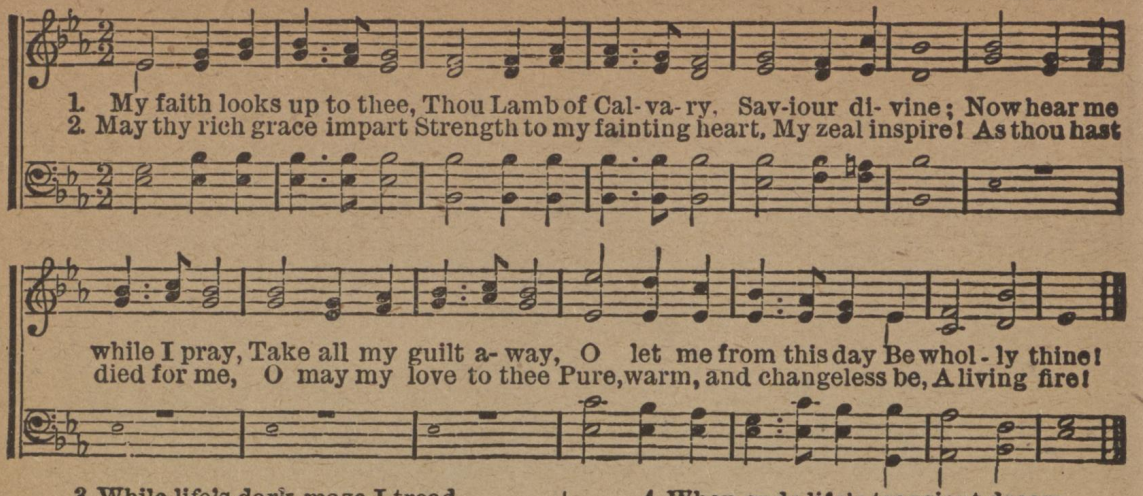
3 With gentle hand He leads me still,
He came to save me;
And trusting Him I fear no ill,
He came to save me.

4 To Him my faith with rapture clings,
He came to save me;
To Him my heart looks up and sings,
He came to save me.

Copyright, 1885, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick. By per.

No. 197. MY FAITH LOOKS UP TO THEE.

RAY PALMER. (OLIVET. 6s, 4s.) LOWELL MASON.

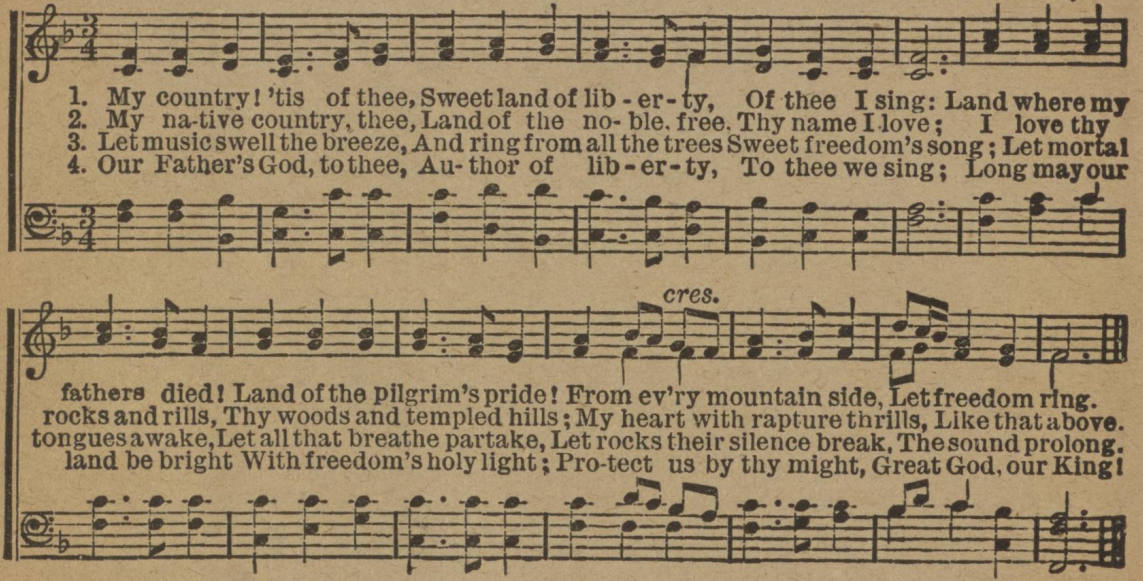


3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be thou my Guide;
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From thee aside.

4 When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll;
Blest Saviour, then, in love,
Fear and distrust remove;
O bear me safe above,
A ransomed soul!

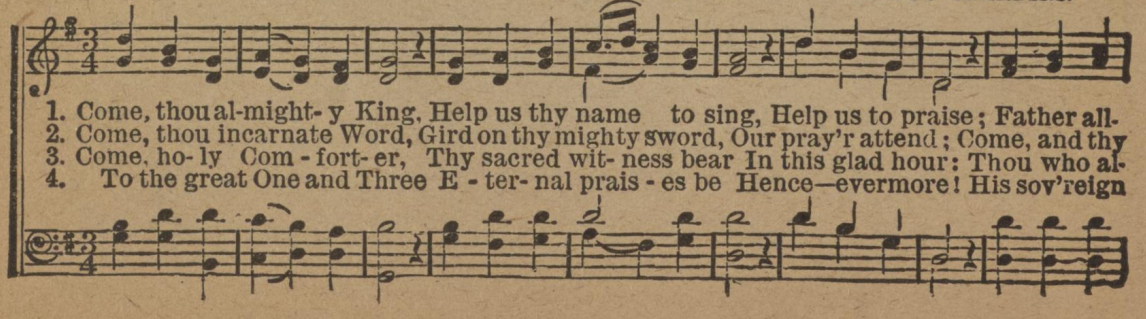
No. 198. MY COUNTRY! 'TIS OF THEE.

S. F. SMITH. (AMERICA. 6s, 4s.) Ad. HENRY CAREY.

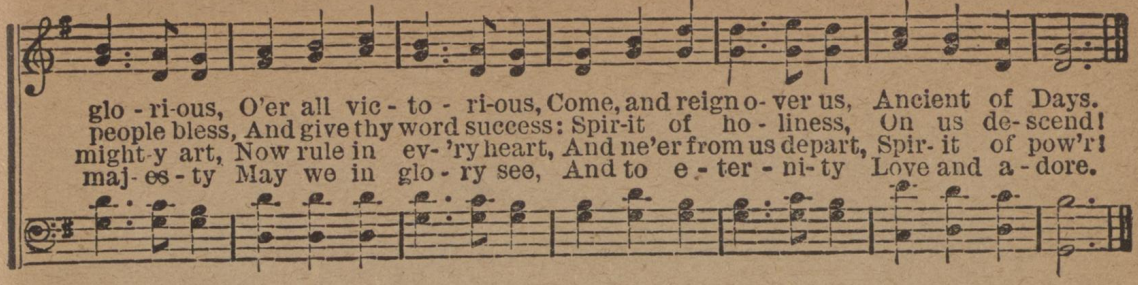


No. 199. COME, THOU ALMIGHTY KING.

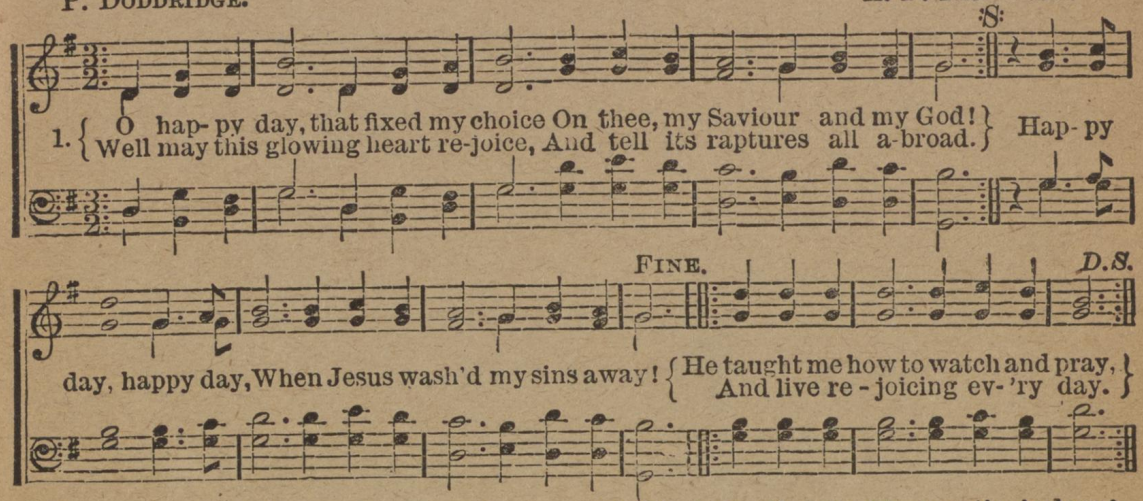
C. WESLEY. (ITALIAN HYMN. 6s, 4s.) FELICE GIARDINI.



COME, THOU ALMIGHTY KING. (Concluded.)



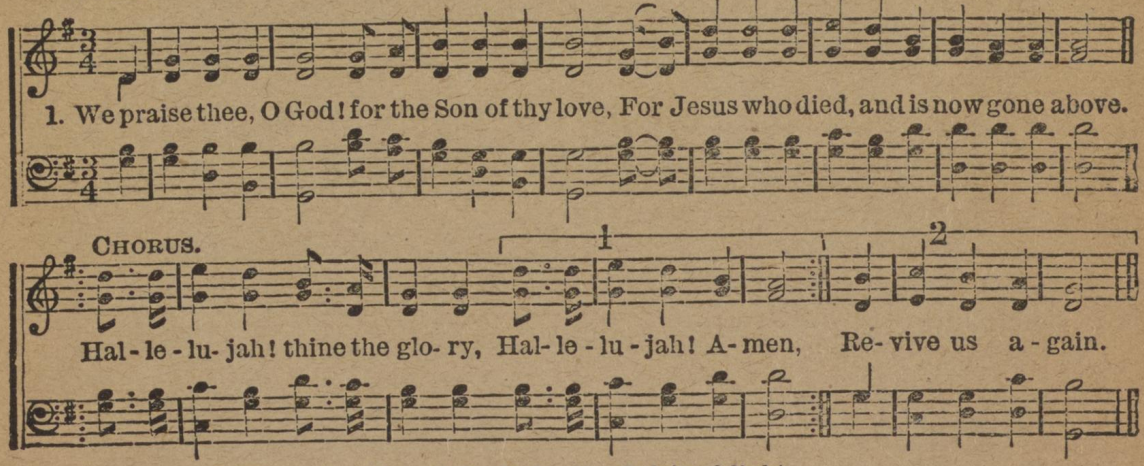
No. 200. HAPPY DAY.

P. DODDRIDGE. E. F. RIMBAULT.

2 O happy bond, that seals my vows
To Him who merits all my love!
Let cheerful anthems fill his house,
While to that sacred shrine I move.

3 'Tis done: the great transaction's done!
I am my Lord's, and he is mine;
He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice divine.

No. 201. REVIVE US AGAIN.

WM. P. MACKAY. J. J. HUSBAND.



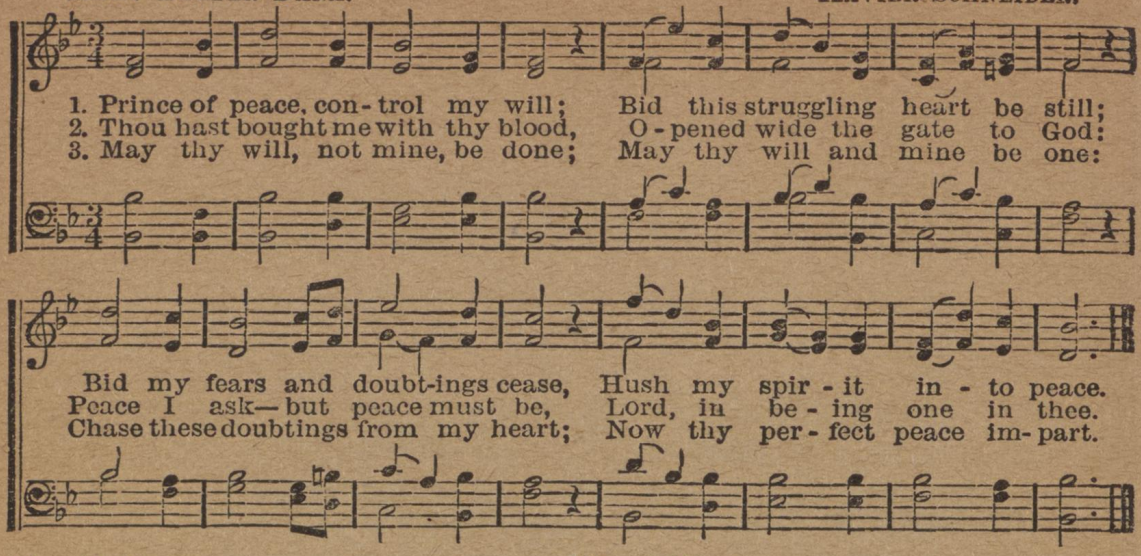
2 We praise thee, O God! for thy Spirit of light,
Who has shown us our Saviour, and scattered our night.

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

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

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

No. 202. HORTON. 7s.

MARY BARBER DANA. XAVIER SCHNEIDER.

No. 203. Holy Ghost, with Light. 7s.

1 Holy Ghost, with light divine,
Shine upon this heart of mine;
Chase the shades of night away,
Turn my darkness into day.

2 Holy Ghost, with power divine,
Cleanse this guilty heart of mine;
Long hath sin, without control,
Held dominion o'er my soul.

3 Holy Ghost, with joy divine,
Cheer this saddened heart of mine;
Bid my many woes depart,
Heal my wounded, bleeding heart.

4 Holy Spirit, all divine,
Dwell within this heart of mine;
Cast down every idol-throne,
Reign supreme—and reign alone.

ANDREW REED.

No. 204. Lord, We Come. 7s.

1 Lord, we come before thee now,
At thy feet we humbly bow;
O! do not our suit disdain;
Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain?

2 Lord, on thee our souls depend;
In compassion now descend;
Fill our hearts with thy rich grace,
Tune our lips to sing thy praise.

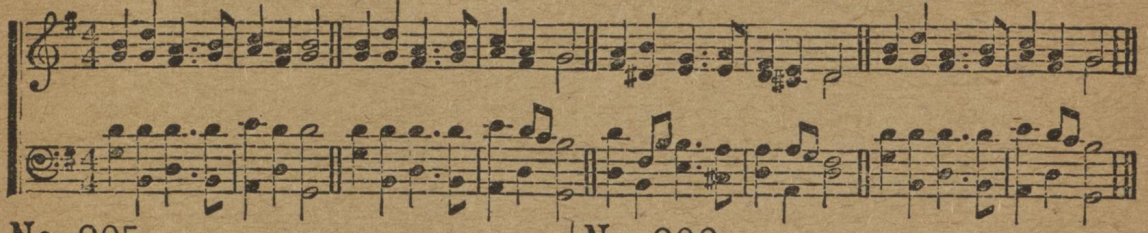
3 Send some message from thy word,
That may joy and peace afford;
Let thy Spirit now impart
Full salvation to each heart.

4 Grant that all may seek and find
Thee a gracious God, and kind;
Heal the sick, the captive free;
Let us all rejoice in thee.

WM. HAMMOND.

PLEYEL'S HYMN. 7s.

IGNACE PLEYEL.



No. 205. Depth of Mercy. 7s.

1 Depth of mercy! can there be
Mercy still reserved for me?
Can my God his wrath forbear?
Me, the chief of sinners, spare?

2 I have long withstood his grace,
Long provoked him to his face;
Would not hearken to his calls;
Grieved him by a thousand falls.

3 Kindled his relentings are;
Me he now delights to spare;
Cries, "How shall I give thee up?"
Lets the lifted thunder drop.

4 There for me the Saviour stands,
Shows his wounds, and spreads his hands;
God is love! I know, I feel;
Jesus weeps and loves me still.

CHARLES WESLEY.

No. 206. Holy Bible, Book Divine. 7s.

1 Holy Bible, book divine,
Precious treasure, thou art mine;
Mine, to tell me whence I came;
Mine to teach me what I am.

2 Mine, to chide me when I rove;
Mine, to show a Saviour's love;
Mine art thou to guide my feet;
Mine to judge, condemn, acquit.

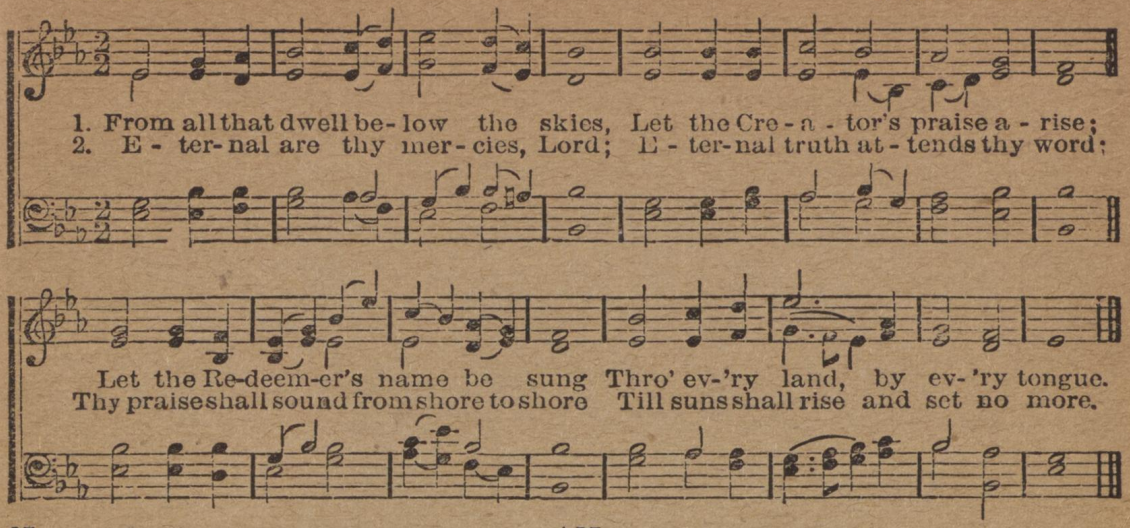
3 Mine to comfort in distress,
If the Holy Spirit bless;
Mine, to show by living faith
Man can triumph over death.

4 Mine to tell of joys to come,
And the rebel sinner's doom;
O thou holy book divine,
Precious treasure, thou art mine.

JOHN BURTON, SR.

No. 207. DUKE ST. L. M.

ISAAC WATTS. JOHN HATTON.



No. 208. Jesus Shall Reign. L. M.

1 Jesus shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

2 From north to south the princes meet
To pay their homage at his feet;
While western empires own their Lord,
And savage tribes attend his word.

3 To him shall endless prayer be made,
And endless praises crown his head;
His name, like sweet perfume, shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

4 People and realms, of every tongue,
Dwell on his love with sweetest song,
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his name.

ISAAC WATTS.

No. 209. Glorying in the Cross. L. M.

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

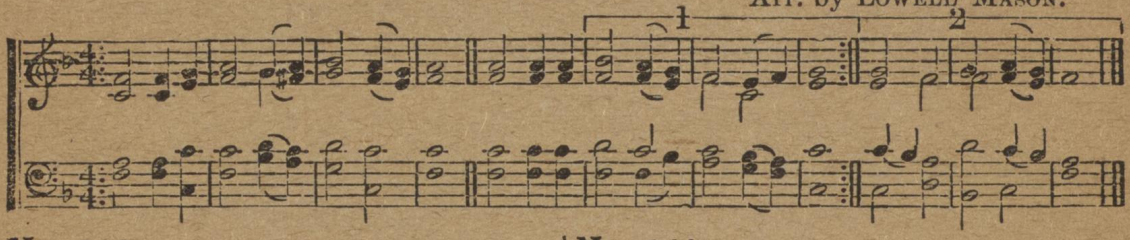
2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my God;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to his blood.

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

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

ISAAC WATTS.

HAMBURG. L. M.

Arr. by LOWELL MASON.

No. 210. Lord, I Am Thine. L. M.

1 Lord, I am thine, entirely thine,
Purchased and saved by blood divine;
With full consent thine would I be,
And own thy sovereign right in me.

2 Thine would I live, thine would I die,
Be thine through all eternity;
The vow is past, beyond repeal,
Now will I set the solemn seal.

3 Here, at that cross where flows the blood
That bought my guilty soul for God,
Thee my new Master now I call,
And consecrate to thee my all.

4 Do thou assist a feeble worm
The great engagement to perform;
Thy grace can full assistance lend,
And on that grace I dare depend.

SAMUEL DAVIES.

No. 211. Not Ashamed of Jesus. L. M.

1 Jesus! and shall it ever be,
A mortal man ashamed of thee?
Ashamed of thee, whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine thro' endless days?

2 Ashamed of Jesus! sooner far
Let evening blush to own a star:
He sheds the beams of light divine
O'er this benighted soul of mine.

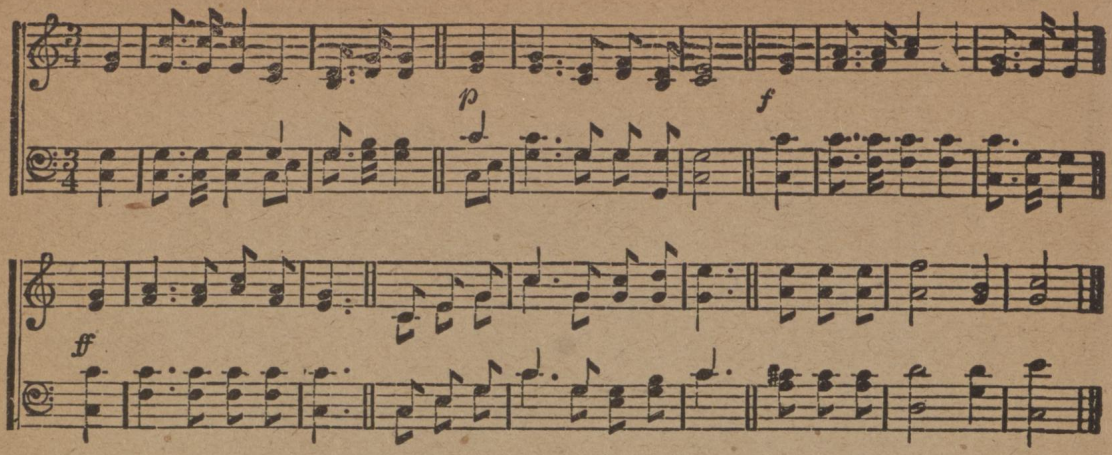
3 Ashamed of Jesus! just as soon
Let midnight be ashamed of noon:
'Tis midnight with my soul till he,
Bright Morning Star, bid darkness flee.

4 Ashamed of Jesus! that dear Friend,
On whom my hopes of heaven depend?
No: when I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more revere his name.

JOSEPH GRIGG.

ZERAH. C. M.

Dr. L. Mason.



No. 212. The Prince of Peace. C. M.

1 To us a Child of hope is born;
To us a Son is given;
Him shall the tribes of earth obey,
Him all the hosts of heav'n.

2 His name shall be the Prince of peace,
For evermore adored;
The Wonderful, the Counselor,
The great and mighty Lord.

3 His power, increasing, still shall spread;
His reign no end shall know;
Justice shall guard his throne above,
And peace abound below.

4 To us a Child of hope is born,
To us a Son is given;
The Wonderful, the Counselor,
The mighty Lord of heaven.

JOHN MORRISON.

No. 213. Awake, my Soul. C. M.

1 Awake, my soul! stretch every nerve,
And press with vigor on:
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.

2 A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey:
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.

3 'Tis God's all-animating voice
That calls thee from on high;
'Tis his own hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye.

4 Blest Saviour, introduced by thee,
Have I my race begun;
And, crowned with vict'ry, at thy feet
I'll lay my honors down.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

No. 214. Come, Let us Join. C. M.

1 Come, let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne:
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.

2 Worthy the Lamb that died, they cry,
To be exalted thus:
Worthy the Lamb, our hearts reply,
For he was slain for us.

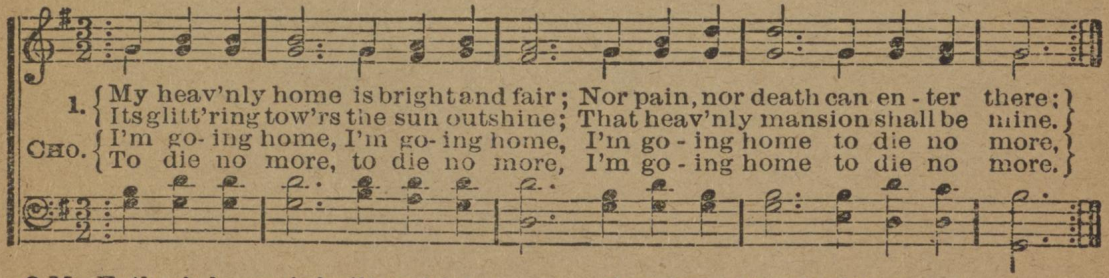
3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honor and power divine;
And blessings, more than we can give,
Be, Lord, forever thine.

4 The whole creation join in one
To bless the sacred name
Of him that sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

ISAAC WATTS.

No. 215. I'M GOING HOME.

Wm. Hunter, Arr. by Rev. W. McDonald.



2 My Father's house is built on high:
Far, far above the starry sky;
When from this earthly prison free,
That heavenly mansion mine shall be.

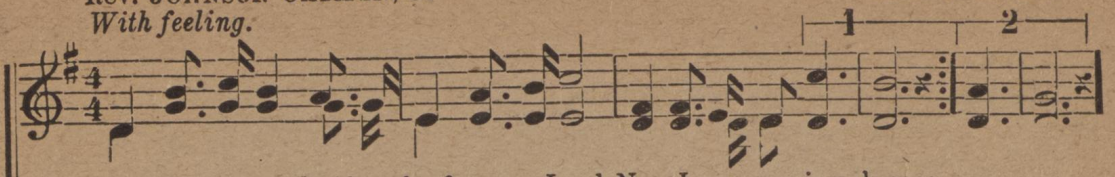
3 Let others seek a home below,
Which flames devour, or waves o'erflow,
Be mine a happier lot, to own
A heavenly mansion near the throne.

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

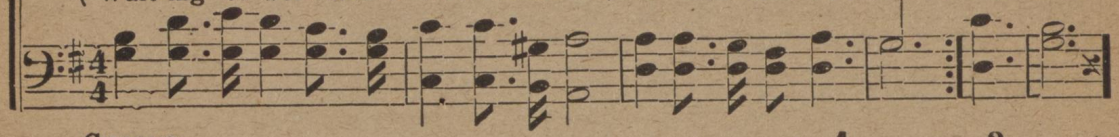
216 NOW I'M COMING HOME.

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr. GEO. C. HUGG.

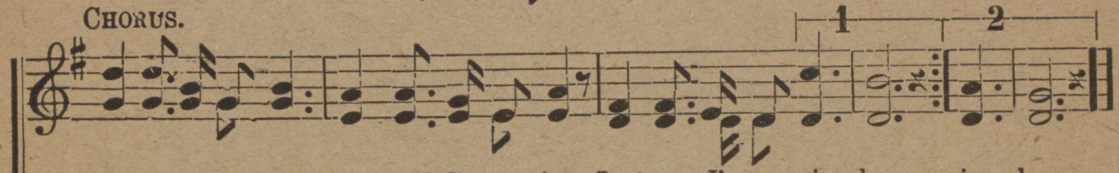
With feeling.



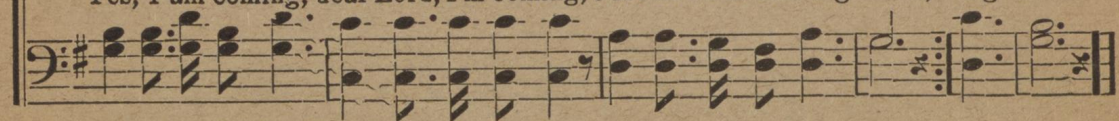
1. Long I have wander'd a - far from my Lord, Now I am com-ing home;
   Long-ing to be to His fa-vor re-stored, Now I am com-(*Omit. . .*) ing home.
2. Tired of the world with its fol - ly and sin, Now I am com-ing home;
   Sure - ly the Sav-ior will wel-come me in, Now I am com-(*Omit. . .*) ing home.
3. Knowing my Sav-ior can give me His rest, Now I am com-ing home;
   Long-ing to anchor my soul on His breast, Now I am com-(*Omit. . .*) ing home.
4. Hum-bly I crave but a poor servant's place, Now I am com-ing home;
   On - ly de-sir-ing to taste of His grace, Now I am com-(*Omit. . .*) ing home.
5. Oh, bless the Lord, my dear Sav-ior I see, Now I am com-ing home;
   Wait-ing to wel-come a sin-ner like me, Now I am com-(*Omit. . .*) ing home.



CHORUS.



Yes, I am coming, dear Lord, I'm coming, Just now I'm com-ing home; ing home.



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217 BLESSED ASSURANGE.

(Key of D.) FANNY CROSBY.

1 Blessed assurance, Jesus is mine!
O what a foretaste of glory divine!
Heir of salvation, purchase of God,
Born of His Spirit, washed in His blood.

CHO.–This is my story, this is my song,
Praising my Savior all the day long;
This is my story, this is my song,
Praising my Savior all the day long.

2 Perfect submission, perfect delight,
Visions of rapture burst on my sight,
Angels descending, bring from above
Echoes of mercy, whispers of love.

3 Perfect submission, all is at rest,
I in my Savior am happy and blest,
Watching and waiting, looking above
Filled with His goodness, lost in His love.

218 IS MY NAME WRITTEN THERE?

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

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

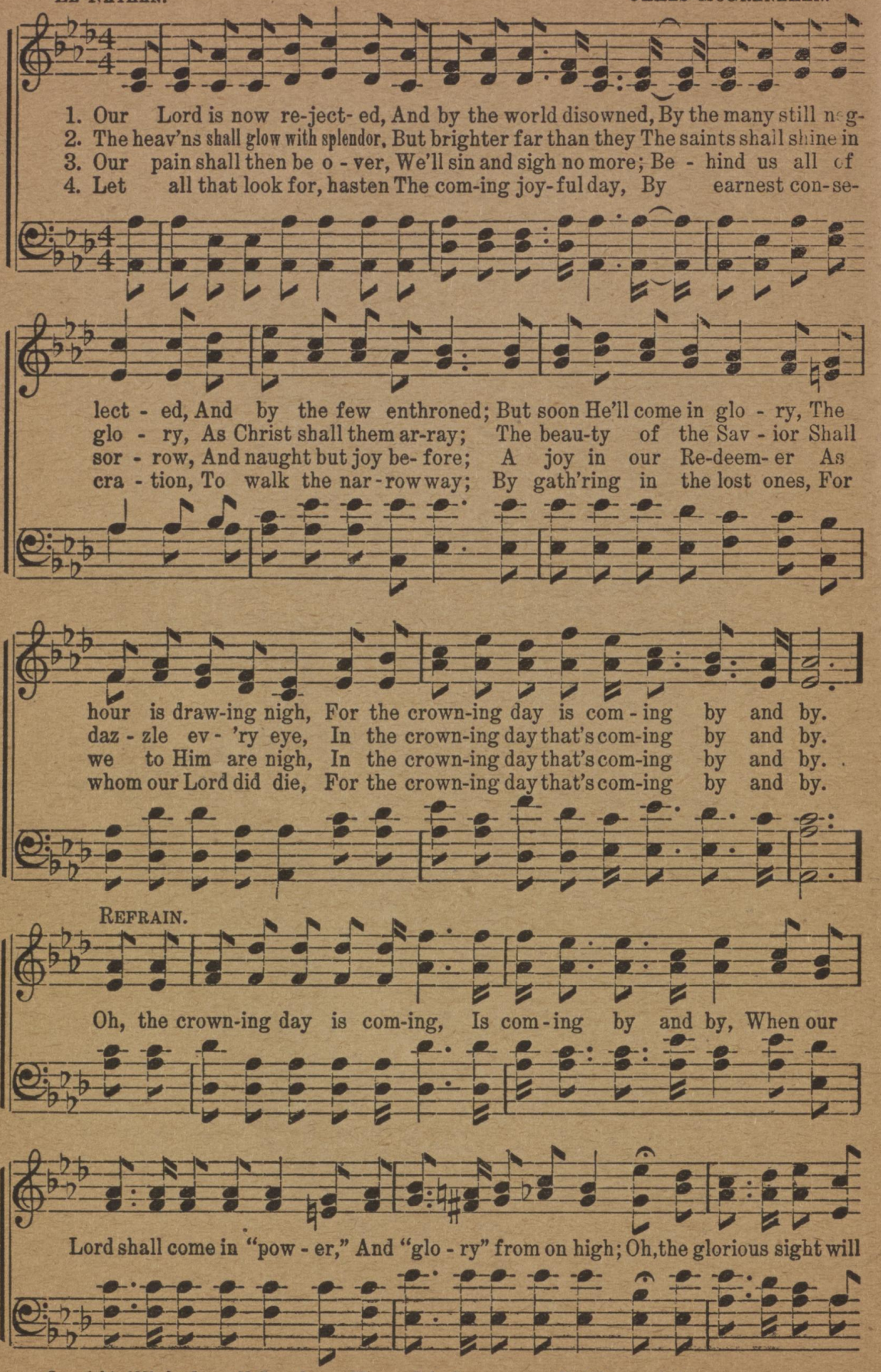
2 Lord, my sins they are many,
Like the sands of the sea,
But Thy blood, O my Savior,
Is sufficient for me;
For Thy promise is written,
In bright letters that glow,
"Though your sins be as scarlet,
I will make them like snow."

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

219 THE CROWNING DAY.

"They shall see the Son of man coming in the clouds of heaven, with power and great glory."—MATT. 24: 30.

EL NATHAN. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.



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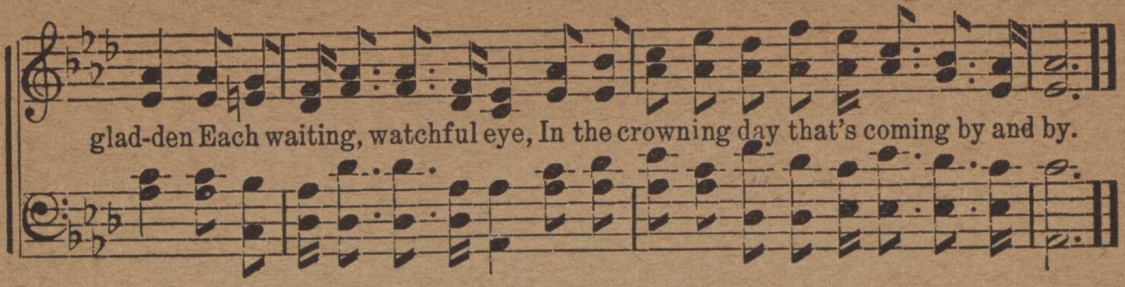
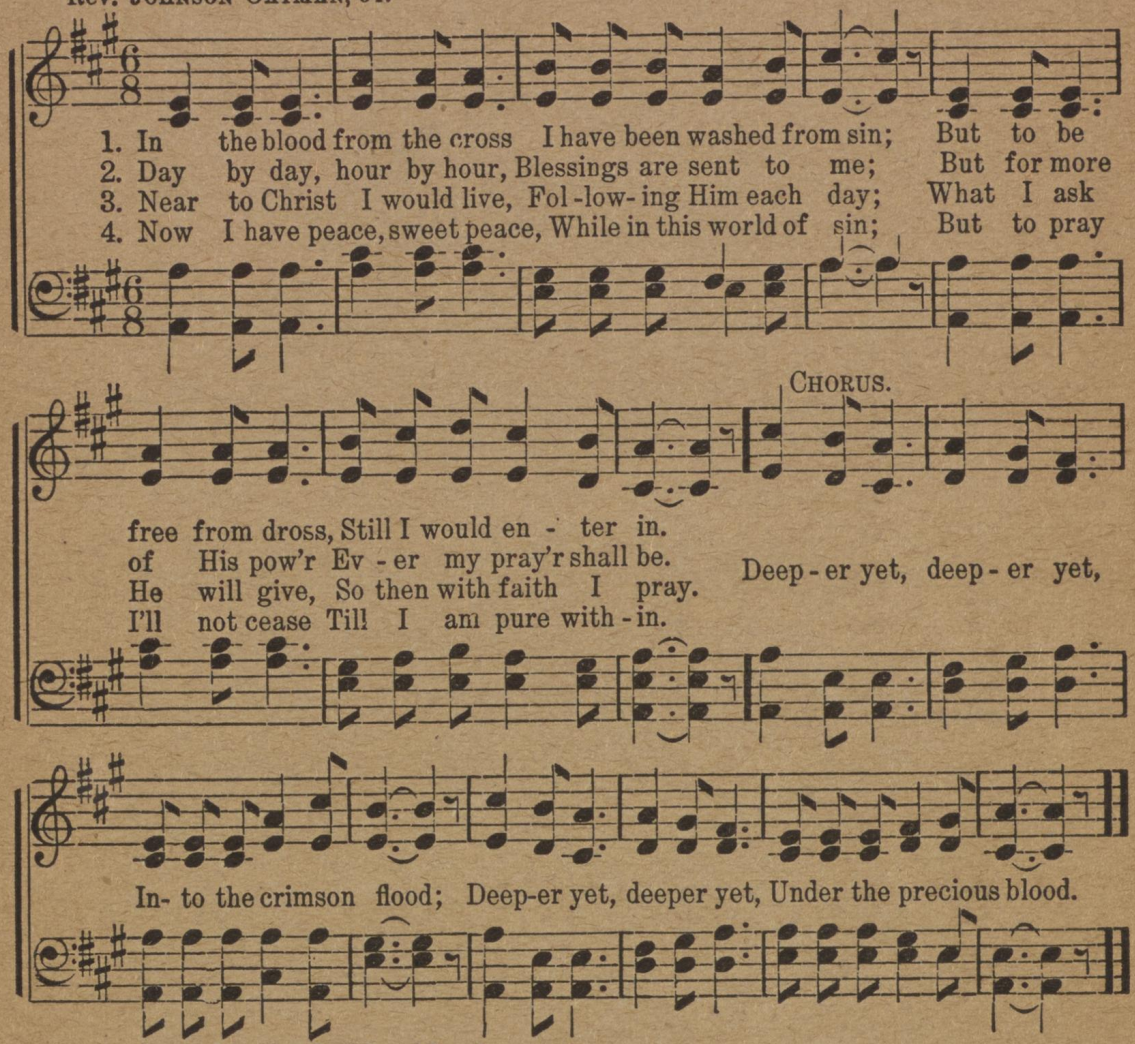
THE CROWNING DAY. Concluded.

220 DEEPER YET.

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

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221 Sweet Hour of Prayer.

KEY OF D.

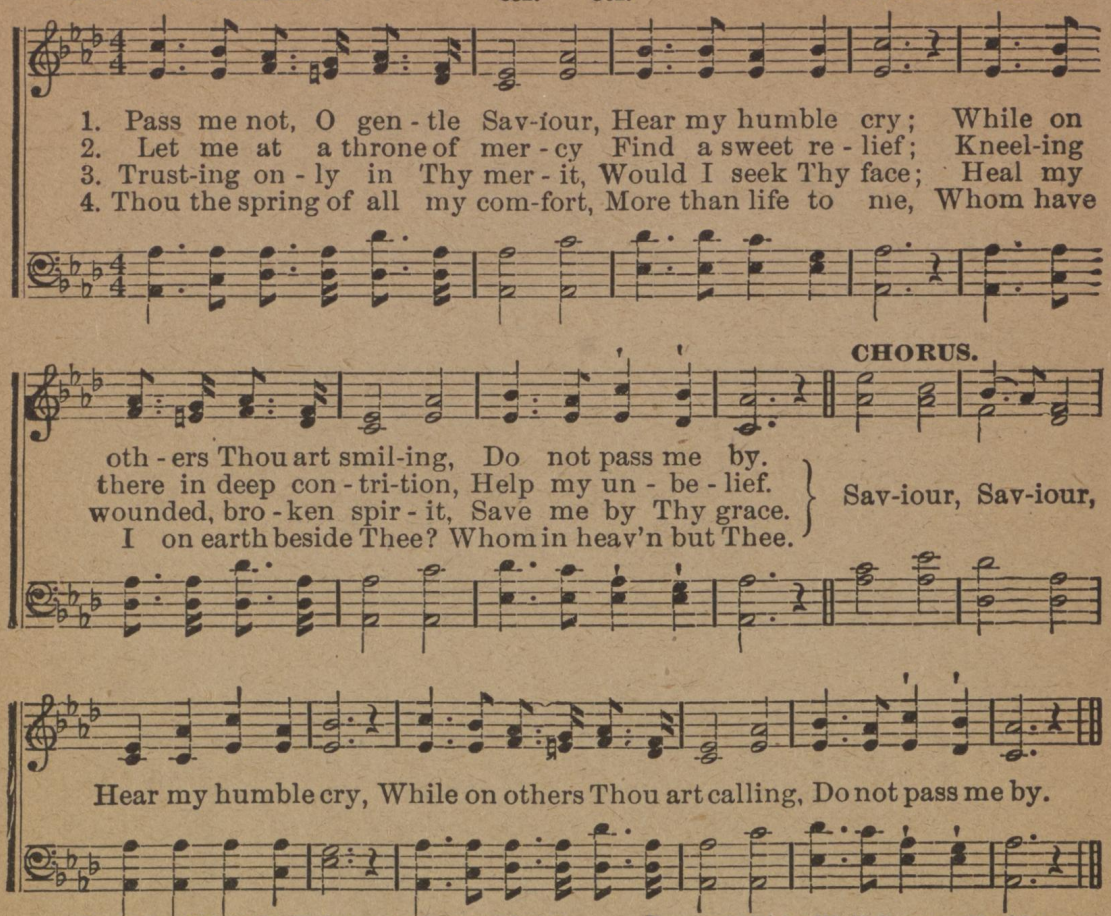
1 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,
That calls me from a world of care,
And bids me, at my Father's throne,
Make all my wants and wishes known!
In seasons of distress and grief,
My soul has often found relief,
And oft escaped the tempter's snare,
By thy return, sweet hour of prayer.

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

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

No. 222. PASS ME NOT.

FANNY J. CROSBY. *M. H. 852. B. H. 361. W. H. DOANE.



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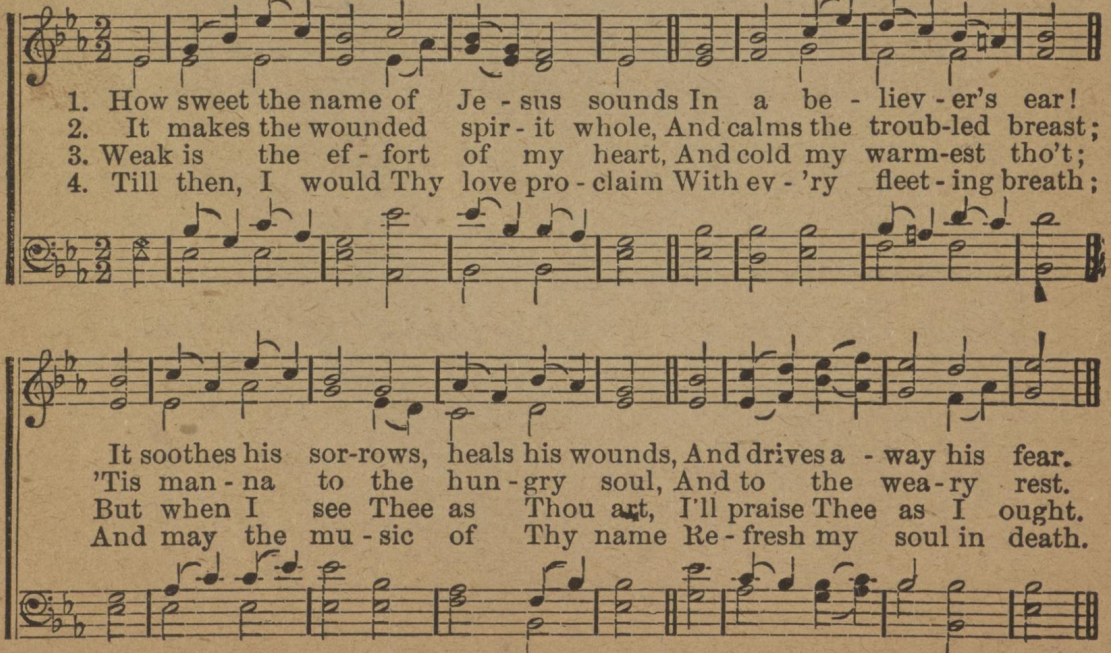
No. 223. How Sweet the Name of Jesus Sounds.

JOHN NEWTON. *M. H. 153. B. H. 170. P. H. 229. SAMUEL STANLEY.

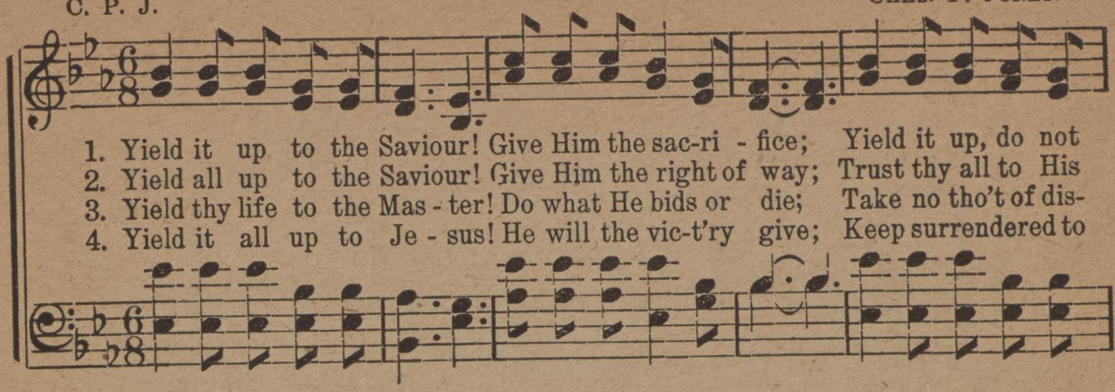


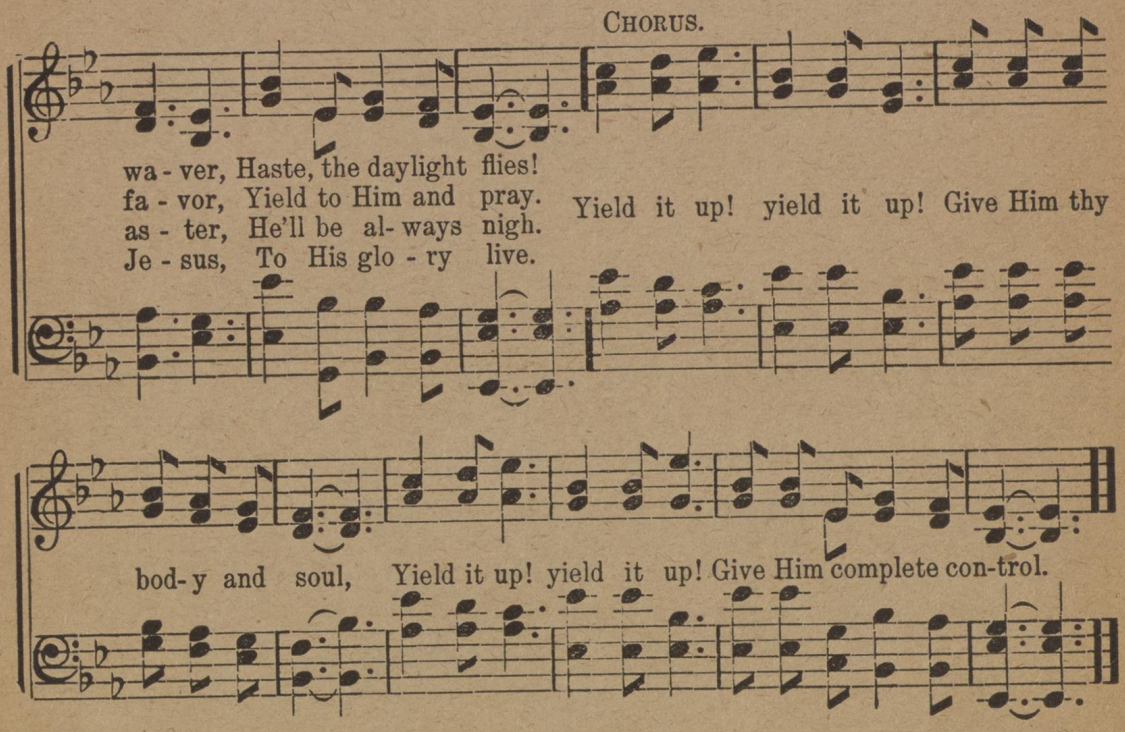
*M. H. (Methodist Hymnal.) B. H. (Baptist Hymnal.) P. H. (Presbyterian Hymnal.)

224 YIELD IT UP.

"Yield yourselves unto God, as those that are alive from the dead."—Rom. 6: 13.

C. P. J. CHAS. P. JONES.





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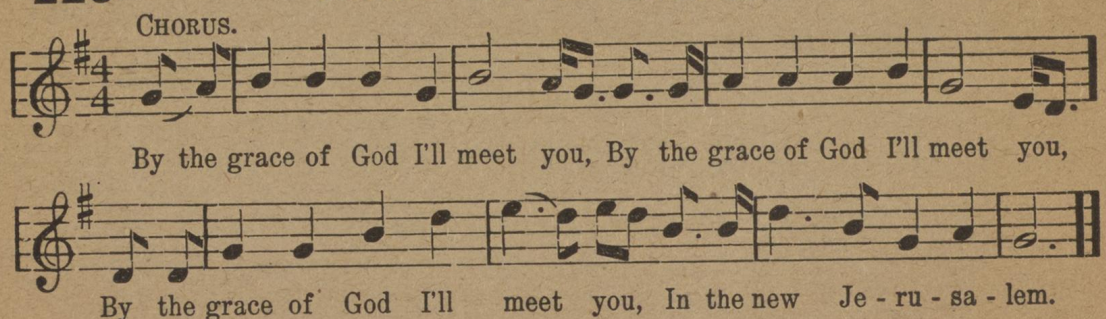
225 HOMEWARD BOUND.



1 We are homeward bound to glory,
We are homeward bound to glory,
We are homeward bound to glory,
To the new Jerusalem.

2 We will follow Christ, our Leader,
To the new Jerusalem.

3 By and by we hope to enter,
In the new Jerusalem.

4 We will shout and sing hosanna,
In the new Jerusalem.

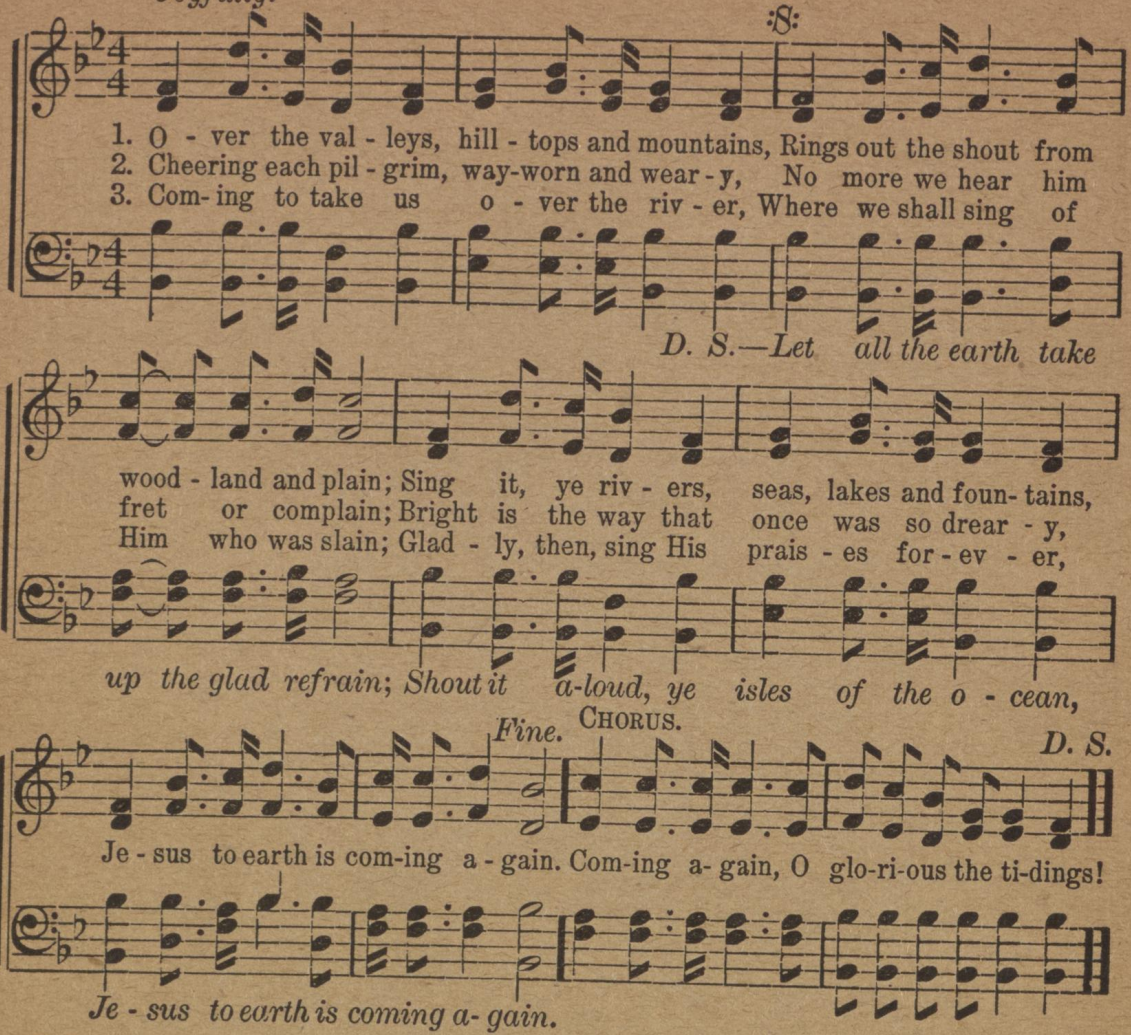
5 We have fathers gone to glory,
To the new Jerusalem.

6 O brothers, will you meet me?
In the new Jerusalem.

226 JESUS IS COMING AGAIN.

D. W. CRIST, by per.

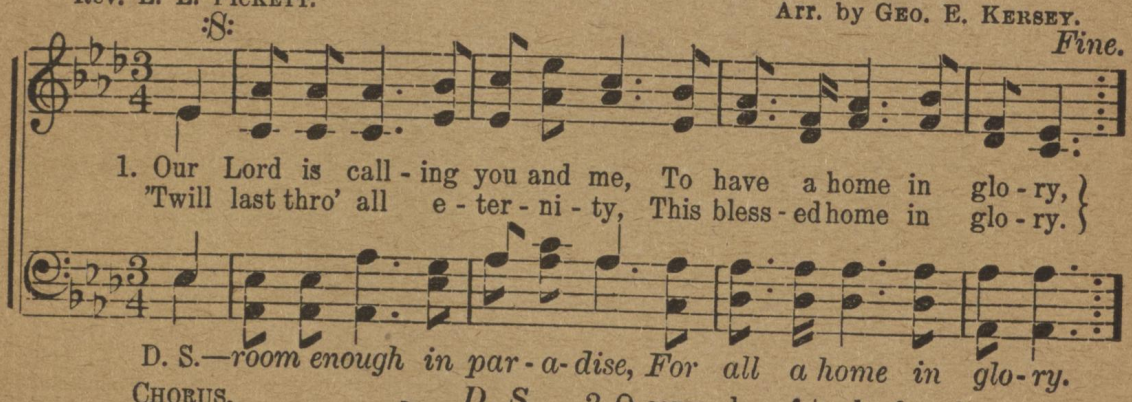
Joyfully.

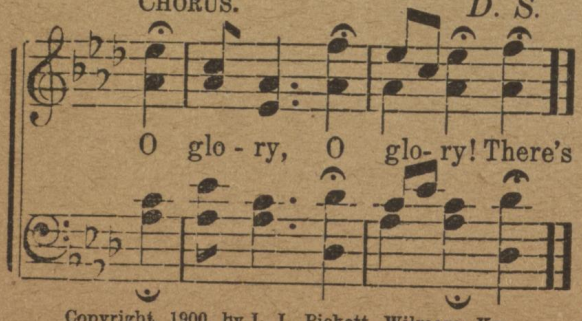


227 A HOME IN GLORY.

Rev. L. L. PICKETT.

Arr. by GEO. E. KERSEY.





2 O come, dear friends, forsake all sin,
At last with shoutings we'll go in.

3 So many holy ones have gone,
They beckon us to follow on.

4 The prophets faithful to our God,
O let us tread the paths they trod.

5 The way is straight, and narrow, too,
But all who will may travel through.

6 O come to-day and join our band,
Ere long we'll reach the golden strand.

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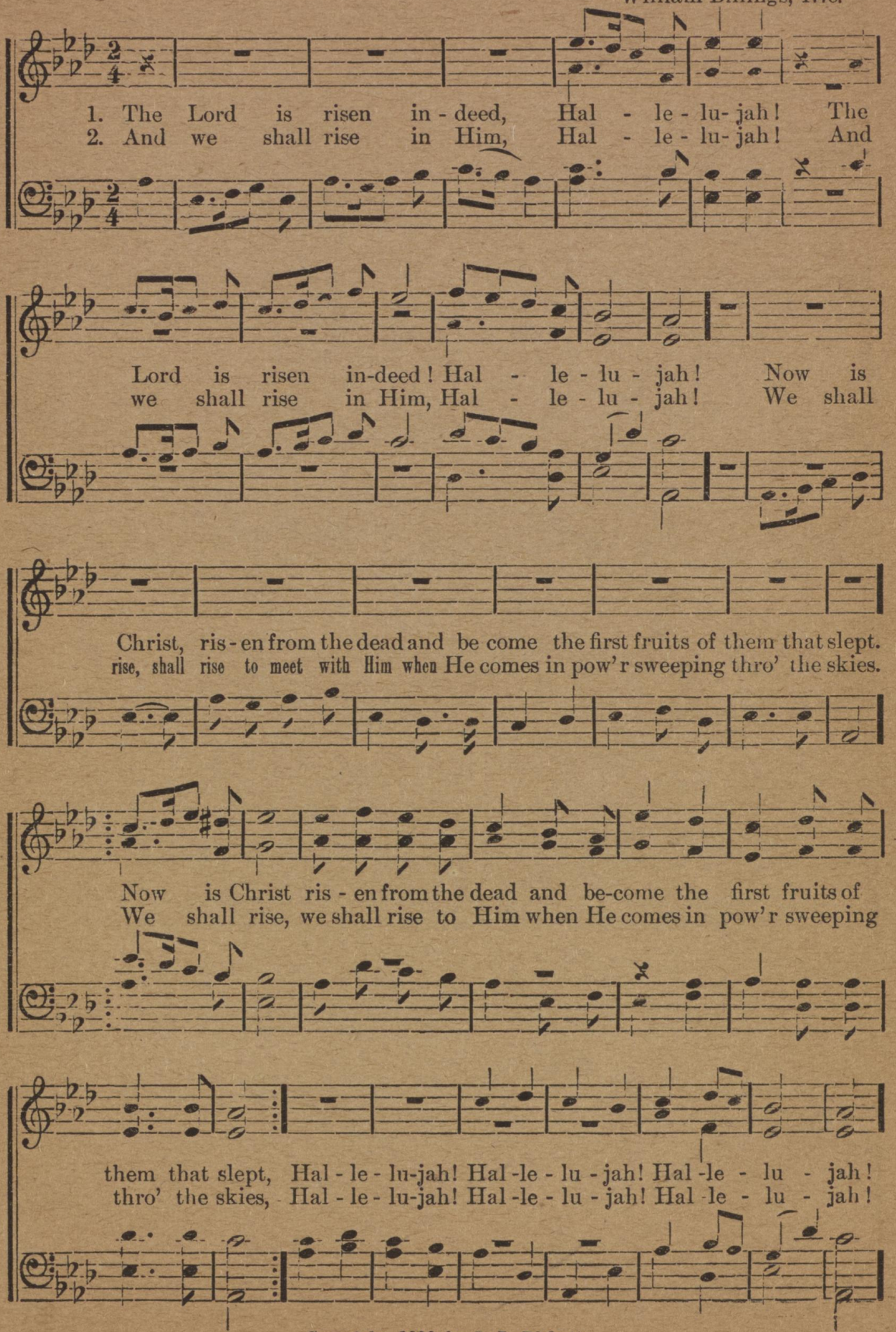
No. 228.

HE AROSE.

(EASTER ANTHEM.)

This beautiful chorus composed in the 18th Century is one of the greatest pieces of music ever written. It is old "Easter Anthem." I add a verse and change its title, as it is a singable and inspiring piece for any chorus work. L. L. P.

William Billings, 1778.



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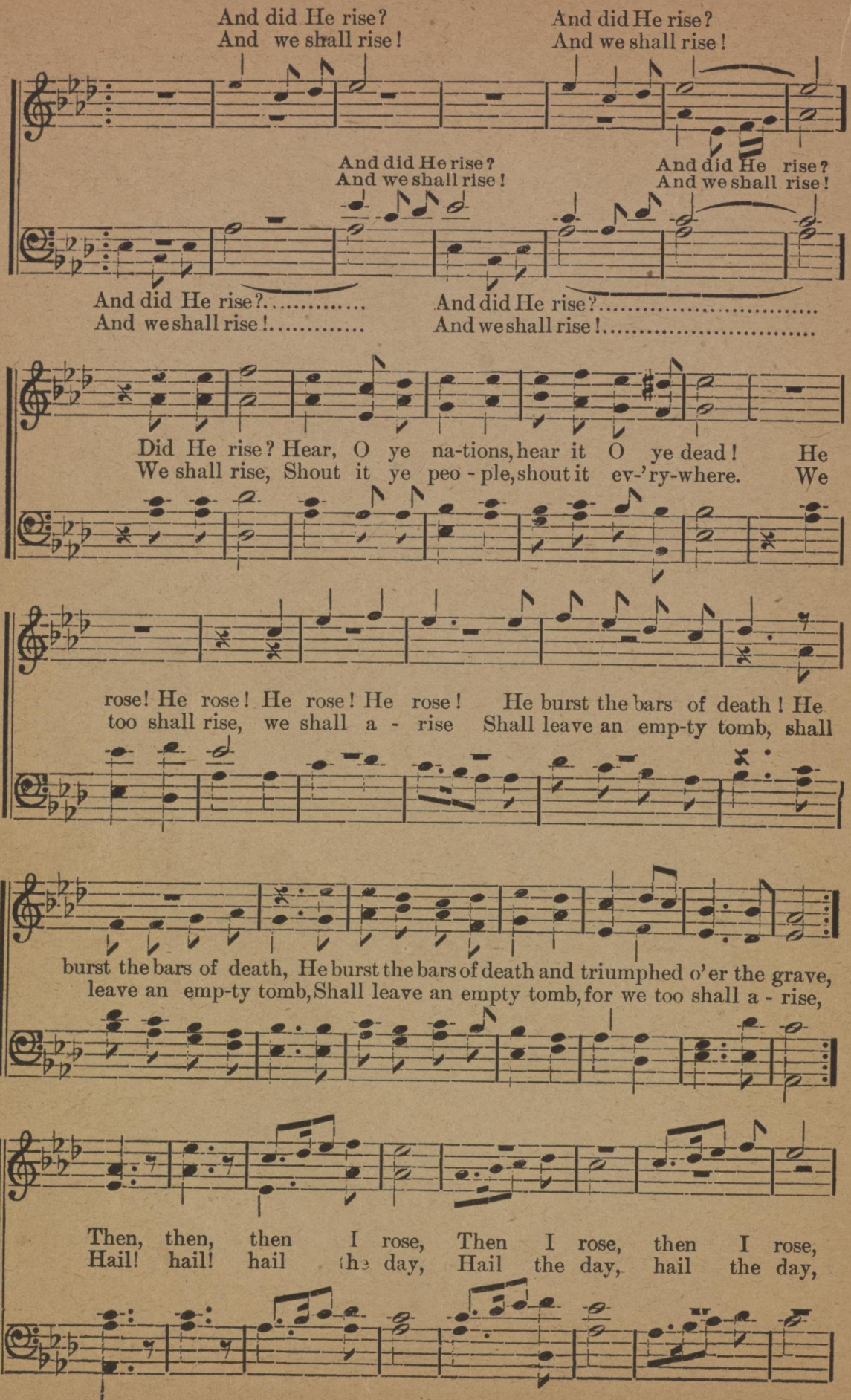
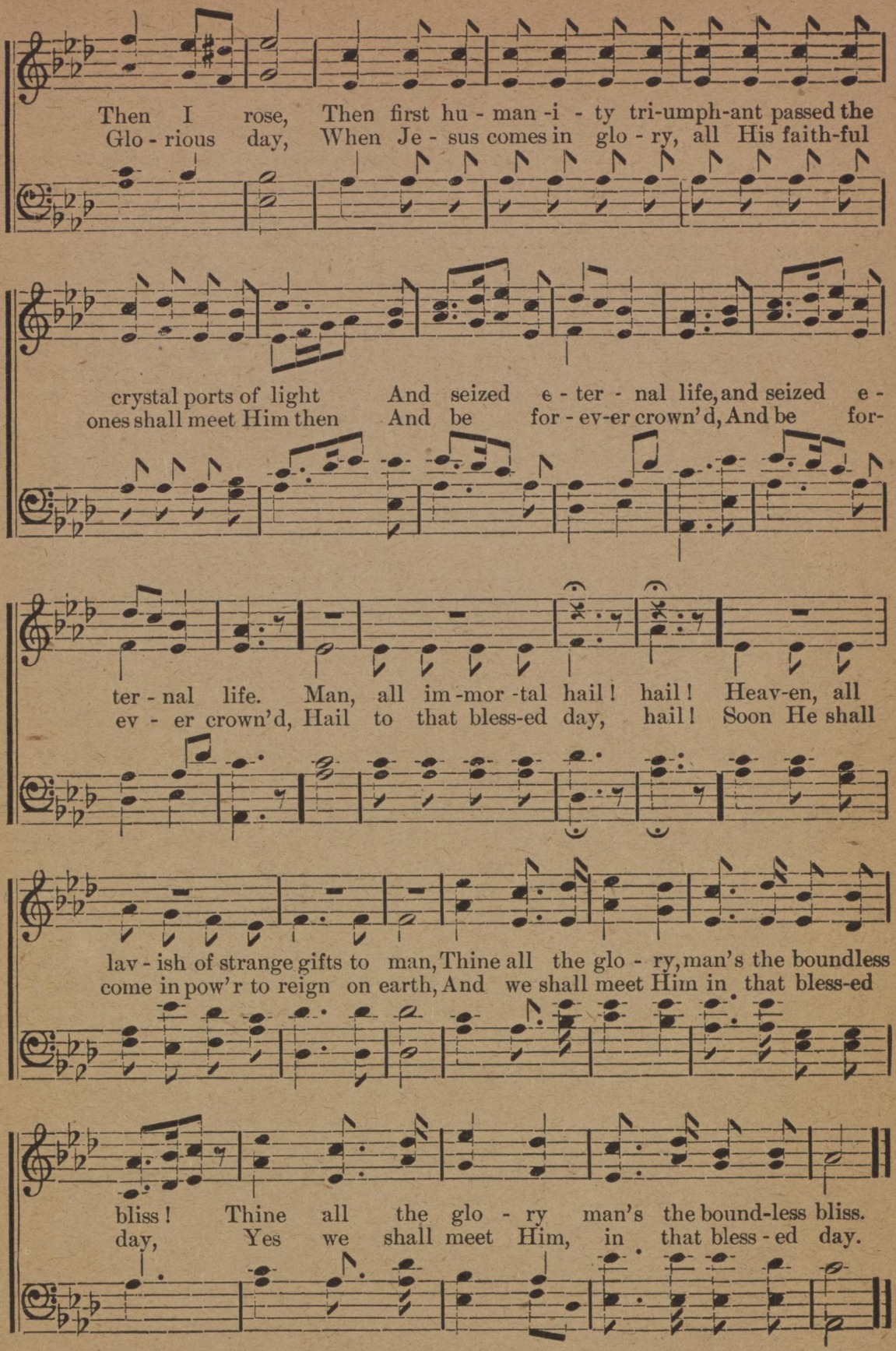
HE AROSE—Continued.

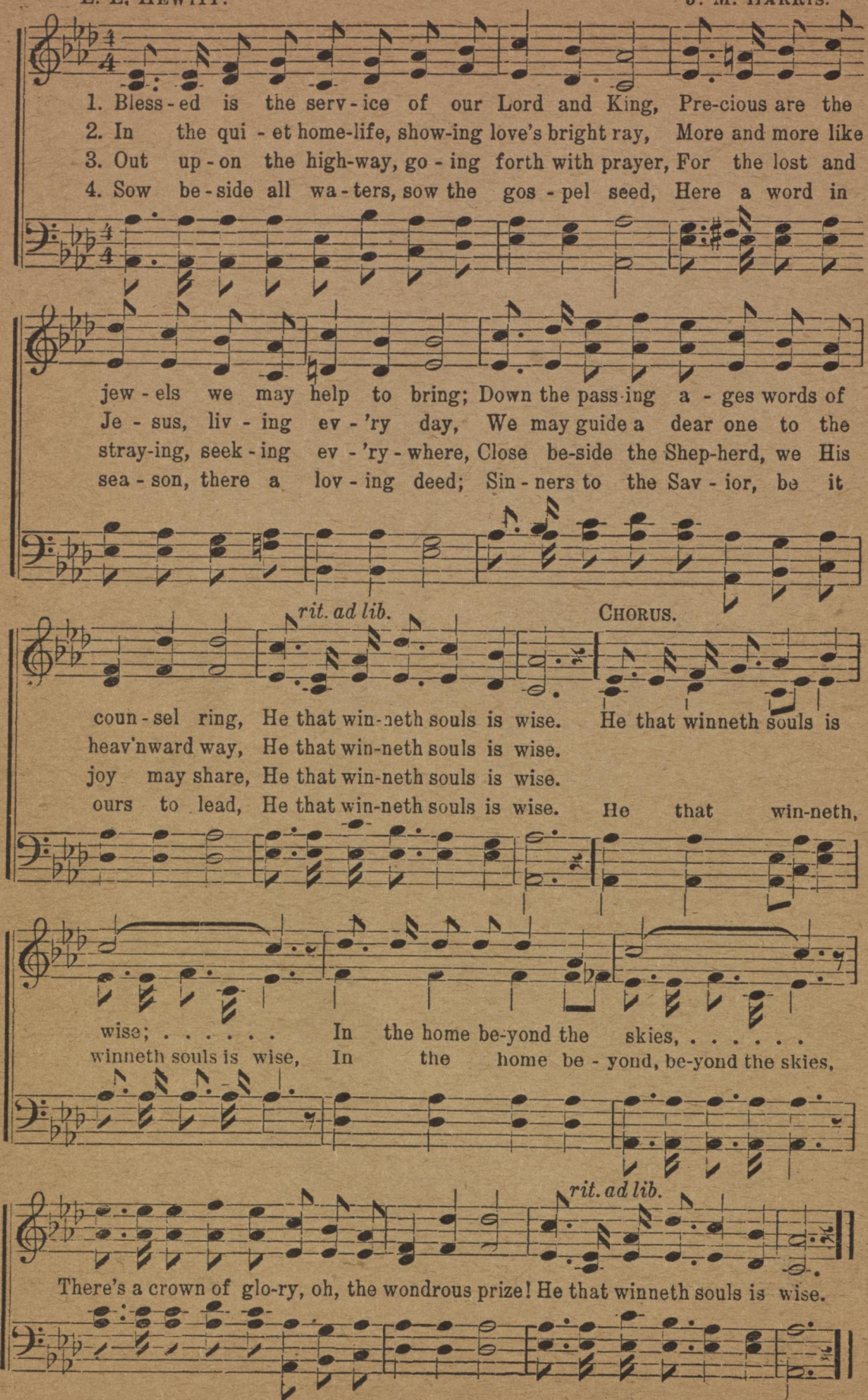


HE AROSE—Concluded.

No. 229.

Praise God from whom all blessings flow,
Praise Him all creatures here below;
Praise Him above ye heavenly host,
Praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

230 HE THAT WINNETH SOULS.

E. E. HEWITT. J. M. HARRIS.



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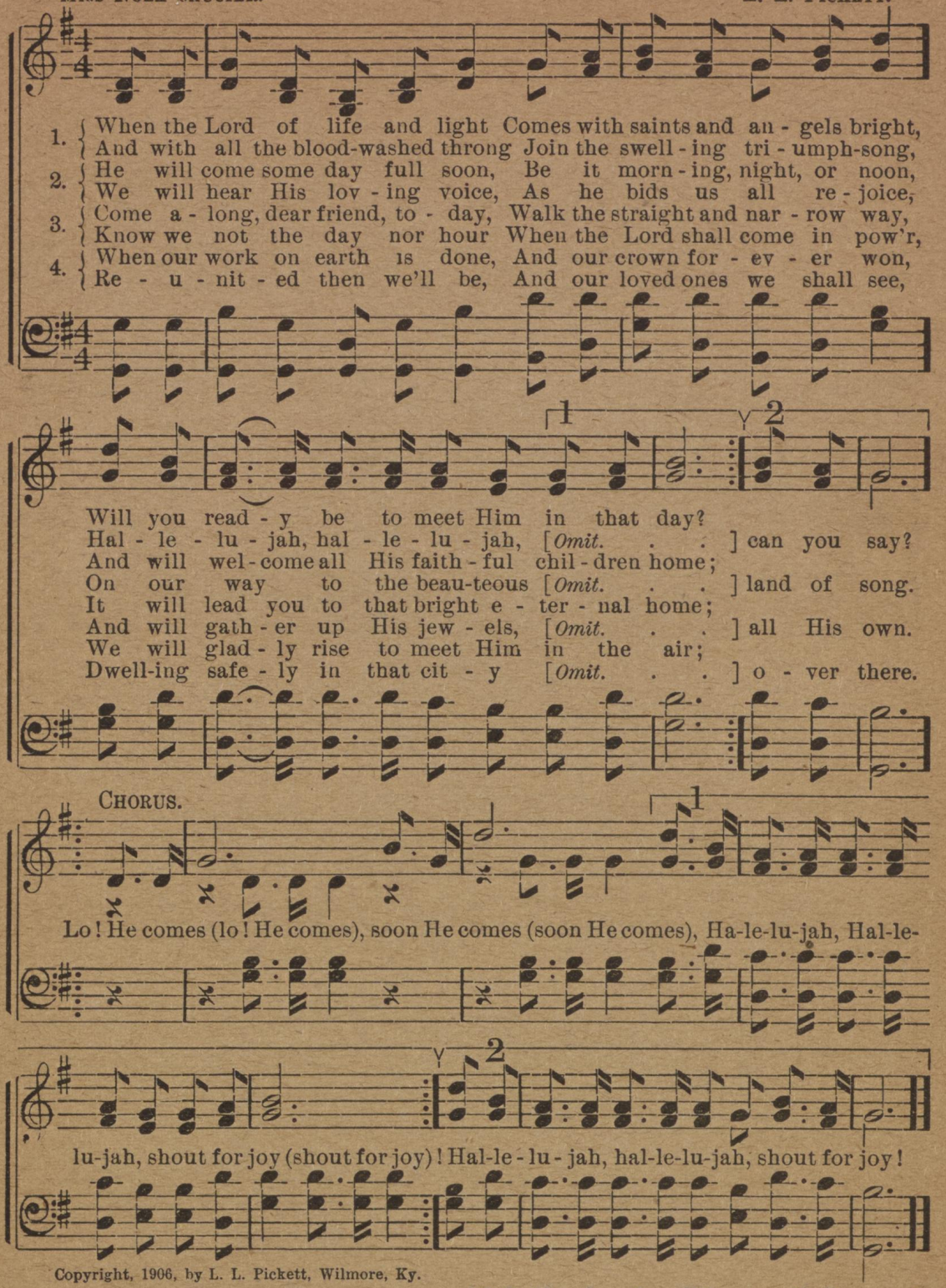
231

LO! HE COMES.

Miss Nola Saucier. L. L. Pickett.

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232

ETERNITY'S NIGHT.

Key of E-Flat.

1 O sinner, remember, though fair be life's day,
There's only one step to the tomb;
Thy life like a vapor will soon pass away,
Then cometh eternity's gloom.

Cho.—To be lost in the night, in eternity's night,
To sink in despair and in woe;
But such is thy doom, if thou turn from the light,
God's mercy refusing to know.

2 On the edge of perdition now blindly you tread,
Its fires, how fearful they gleam;
Ah, soon you will be with the numberless dead,
Where Jesus can never redeem.

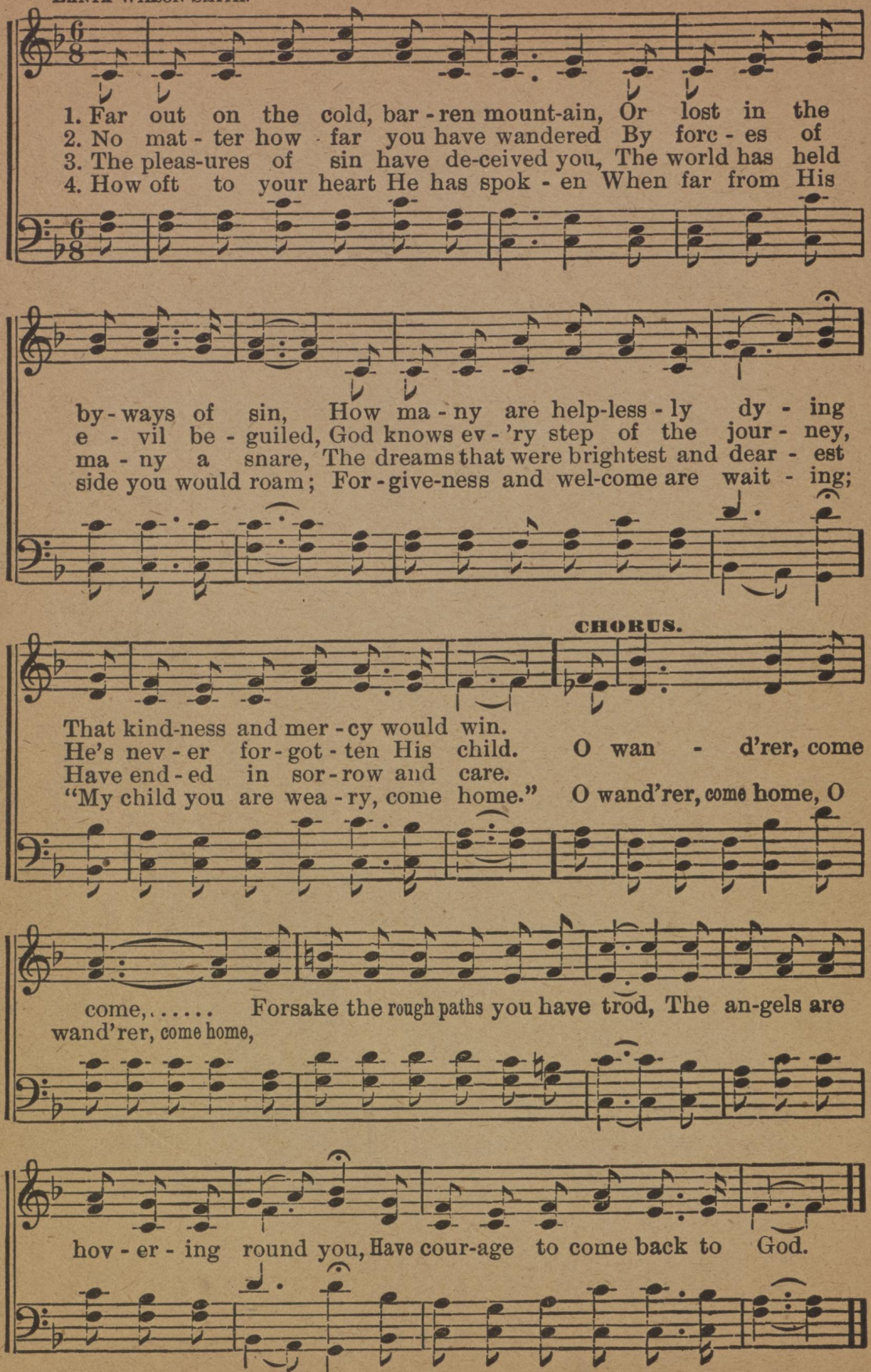
3 O eternity's darkness! its gloom doth affright,
No star beams of hope from on high;
No morning shall dawn on the gloom with its light,
There cometh no sweet by and by.

4 O eternity's darkness now falls on the shore,
Its twilight begins to appear;
Soon there will be mercy, sweet mercy no more,
But darkness and death draweth near.

233

COME BACK TO GOD.

LANTA WILSON SMITH. J. M. BLACK.



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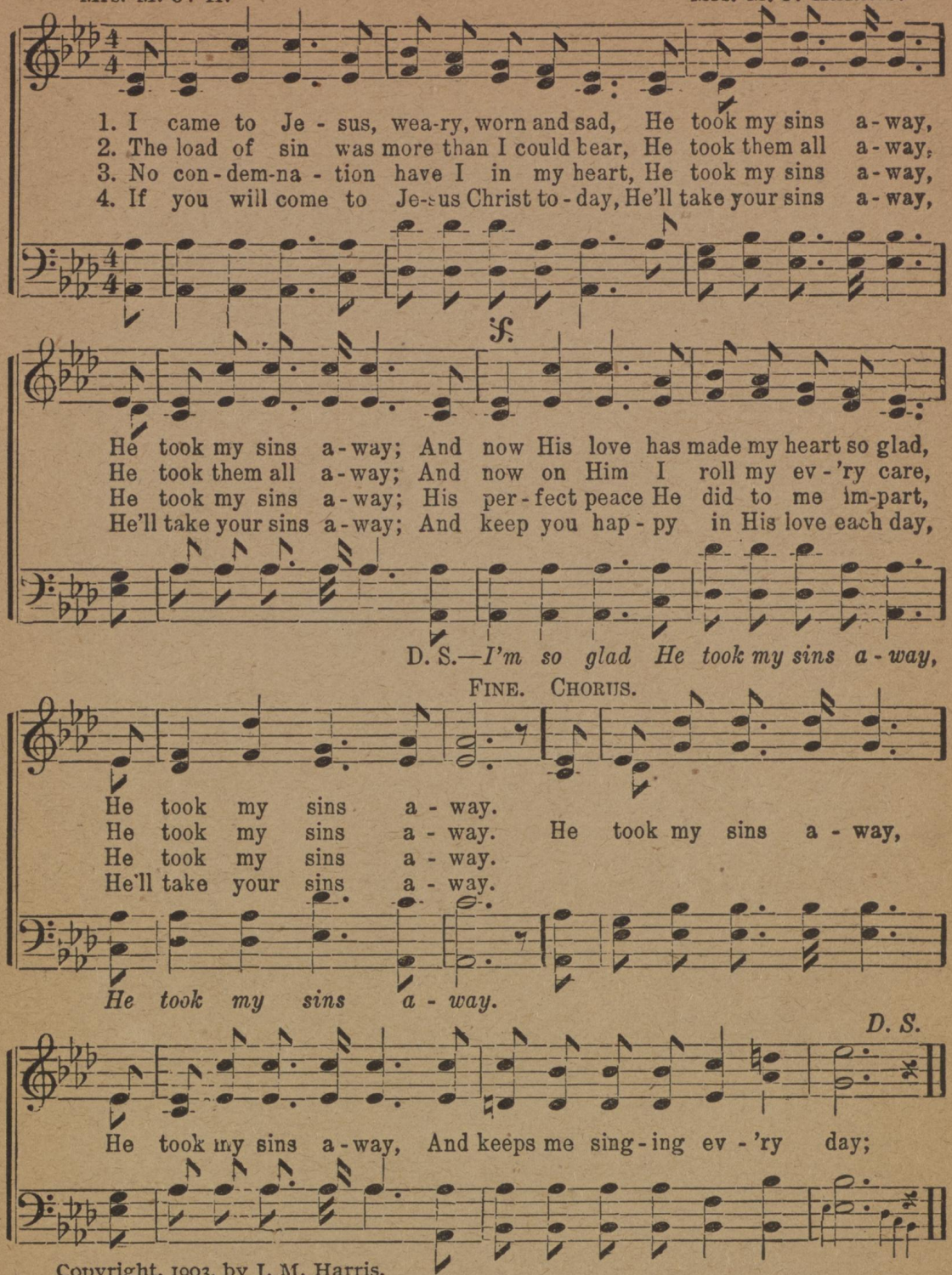
234 HE TOOK MY SINS AWAY.

Mrs. M. J. H. Mrs. M. J. HARRIS.

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235 DID CHRIST O'ER SINNERS WEEP?

BEDDOME.

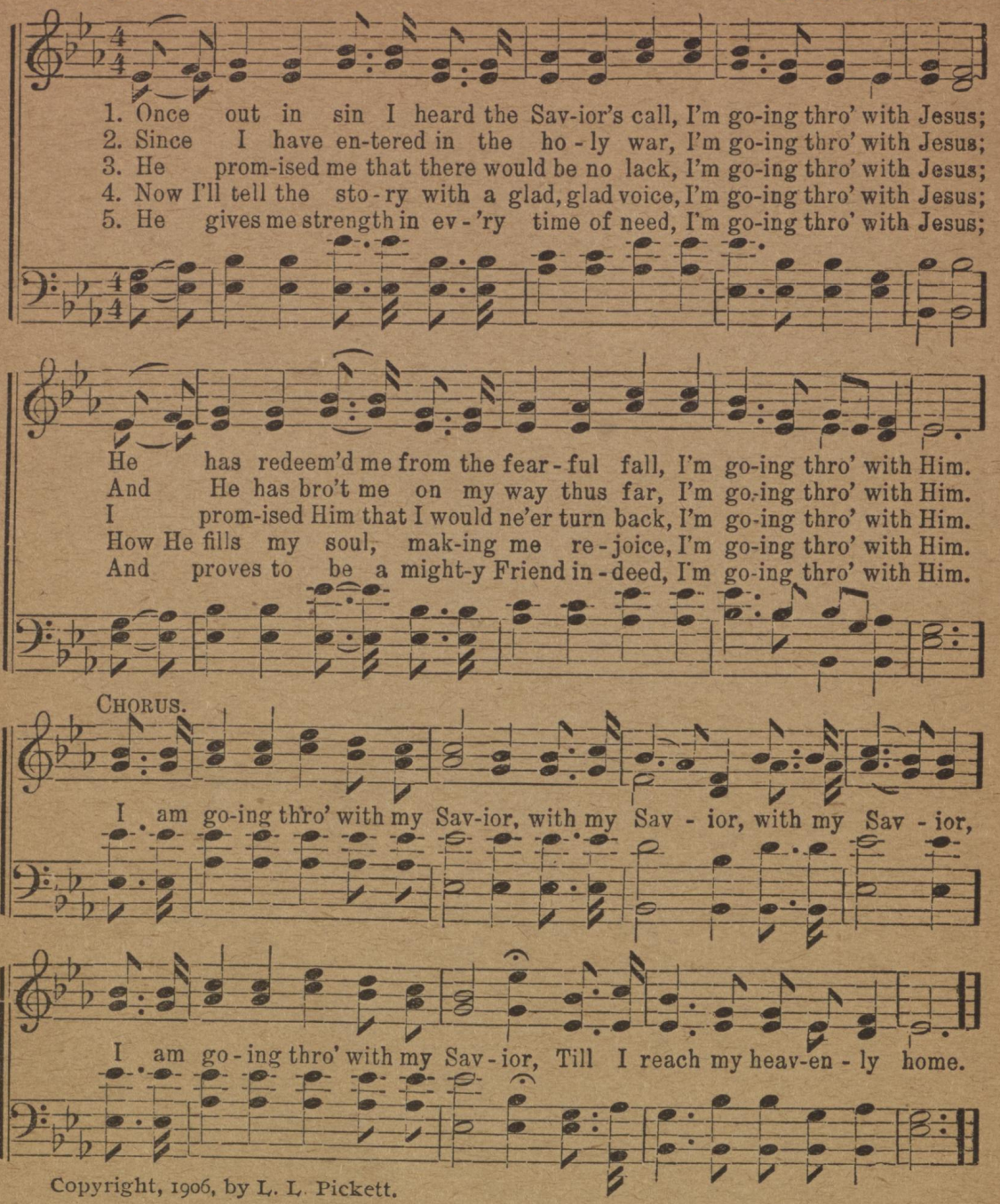
1 Did Christ o'er sinners weep?
And shall our cheeks be dry?
Let floods of penitential grief
Burst forth from ev'ry eye.

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

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

236 I'M GOING THROUGH.

HOWARD SWEETEN. L. L. PICKETT.



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237 THE GREAT PHYSICIAN.

(Key of E♭)

1 The great Physician now is here,
The sympathizing Jesus;
He speaks the drooping heart to cheer,
Oh, hear the voice of Jesus.

CHO.–Sweetest note in seraph song,
Sweetest name on mortal tongue,
Sweetest carol ever sung,
Jesus, blessed Jesus.

2 Your many sins are all forgiven,
Oh, hear the voice of Jesus;
Go on your way in peace to heaven,
And wear a crown with Jesus.

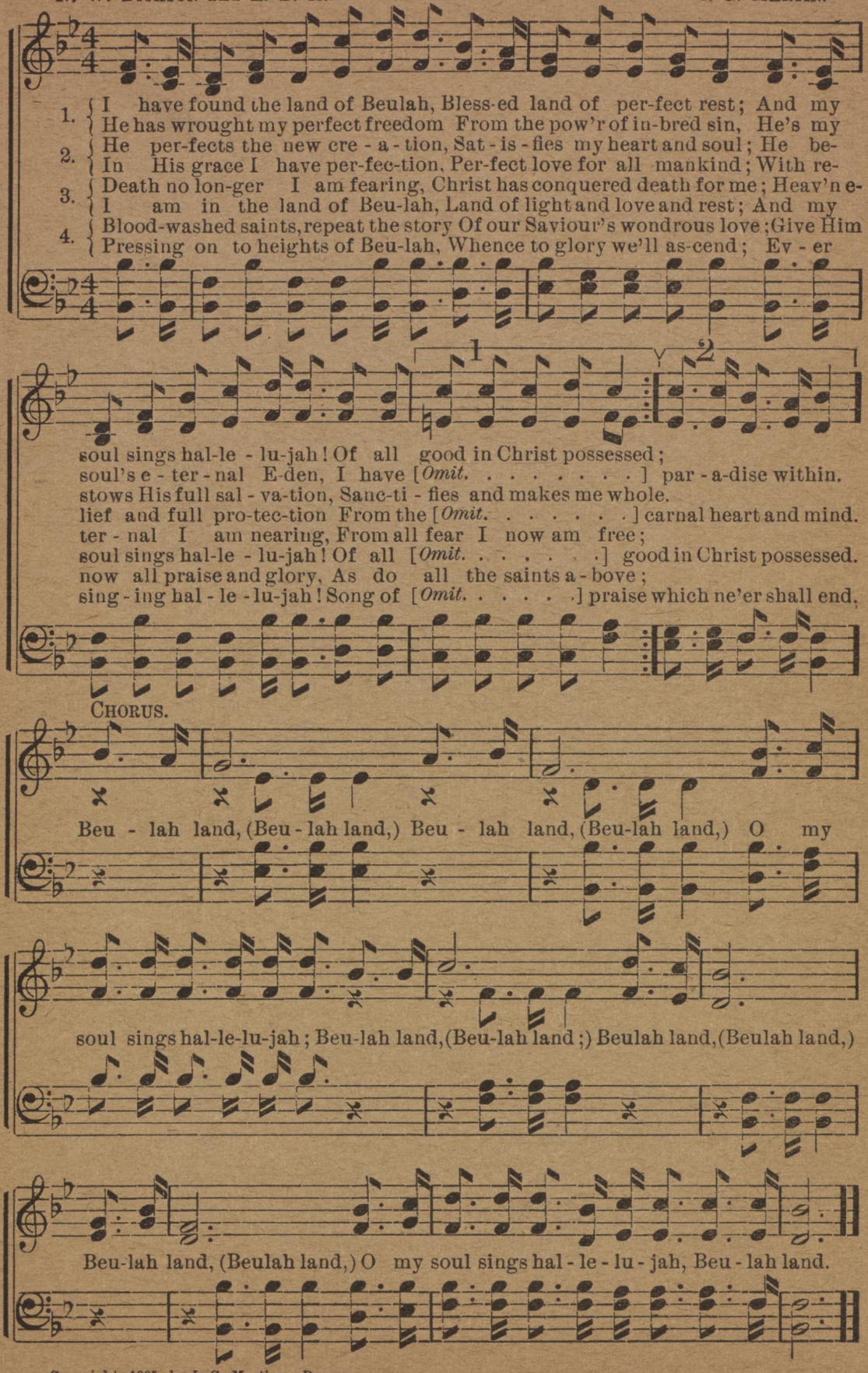
3 All glory to the dying Lamb!
I now believe in Jesus;
I love the blessed Savior's name,
I love the name of Jesus.

4 His name dispels my guilt and fear,
No other name but Jesus;
Oh, how my soul delights to hear
The precious name of Jesus.

5 And when to that bright world above
We rise to see our Jesus,
We'll sing around the throne of love
His name, the name of Jesus.

238 THE BEULAH LAND.

(Dedicated to Arthur Johnston and wife.)

N. W. Dickson and L. B. K. I. G. Martin.

Copyright, 1905, by I. G. Martin. By per.

239 Music in T. & T. Key G

1 Precious Saviour, thou hast sav'd me;
Thine and only thine I am;
Oh, the cleansing blood has reach'd me,
Glory, glory to the Lamb!

Cho.—Glory, glory, Jesus saves me,
Glory, glory to the Lamb!
Oh, the cleansing blood has reach'd me,
Glory, glory to the Lamb!

2 Long my yearning heart was trying
To enjoy this perfect rest;
But I gave all trying over:
Simply trusting, I was blest.

3 Trusting, trusting every moment;
Feeling now the blood applied;
Lying at the cleansing fountain;
Dwelling in my Saviour's side.

4 Consecrated to thy service,
I will live and die to thee;
I will witness to thy glory
Of salvation full and free.

5 Yes, I will stand up for Jesus;
He has sweetly saved my soul,
Cleansed me from inbred corruption,
Sanctified, and made me whole.

6 Glory to the blood that bought me,
Glory to its cleansing power!
Glory to the blood that keeps me!
Glory, glory evermore!

Louise M. Rouse.

240 Key G.

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

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

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

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

241 Tune.—"Laban." Key C.

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

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

Charles Wesley

242 Key F.

1 O tell abroad His wondrous love,
Jesus the light of the world;
Go preach with power men's hearts to move,
Jesus the light of the world.

Cho.—Walk in the light, beautiful light,
Come where the dew-drops of mercy are bright;
Shine all around us by day and by night,
Jesus the light of the world.

2 His name dispels the shadows drear,
Jesus the light of the world;
O how my soul delights to hear,
Jesus the light of the world.

3 The hope of men in every clime,
Jesus the light of the world;
His matchless glories how sublime,
Jesus the light of the world.

4 While angels sing let mortals praise,
Jesus the light of the world;
His grace abounds thro' all our days,
Jesus the light of the world.

5 O bid the lost and wand'ring come,
Jesus the light of the world;
Invites them to His heavenly home,
Jesus the light of the world.

6 Where'er the curse of sin extends,
Jesus the light of the world;
His grace affords—His love befriends
Jesus the light of the world.

L. D. Carrington.

243 Music in T. & T. Key A♭.

1 O mourner in Zion, how blessed art thou,
For Jesus is waiting to comfort thee now,
Fear not to rely on the word of thy God;
‖:Step out on the promise,—get under the blood.:‖

2 O ye that are hungry and thirsty, rejoice!
For ye shall be filled; do you hear that sweet voice
Inviting you now to the banquet of God?
‖:Step out on the promise,—get under the blood.:‖

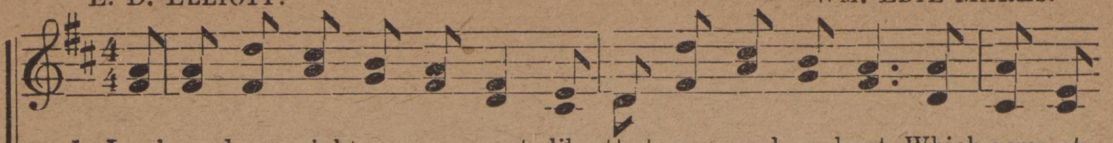
3 Who sighs for a heart from iniquity free?
O poor, troubled soul! there's a promise for thee,
There's rest, weary one, in the bosom of God,
‖:Step out on the promise,—get under the blood.:‖

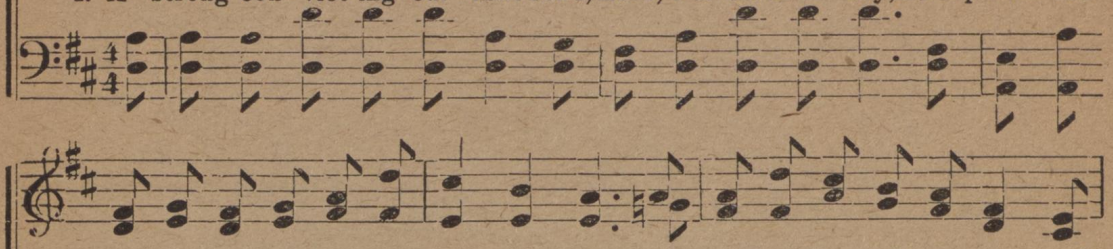
4 Step out on the promise, and Christ you shall win, [sin,"
"The blood of his Son cleanseth us from all
It cleanseth me now, hallelujah to God!
‖:I rest on his promise,—I'm under the blood.:‖

5 The promise can't save, tho' the promise is true;
'Tis the blood we get under that cleanseth us through,
It cleanses me now, hallelujah to God,
‖:I rest on the promise,—I'm under the blood:‖

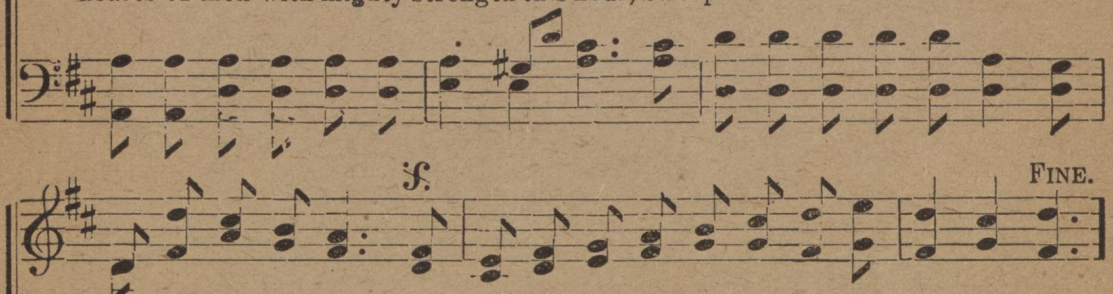
Maggie Potter

SEND A MIGHTY CURRENT!

E. D. ELLIOTT. WM. EDIE MARKS.

1. Lord, send a might-y cur-rent like that we read a-bout, Which came at
2. Lord, send a chang-ing cur-rent, sweep back the storm of sin, Sweep back the
3. A pur-i-fy-ing cur-rent we need, O Lord to-day, Sweep out the
4. A strong con-vict-ing cur-rent send, Lord, o'er earth to-day, Sweep thro' the

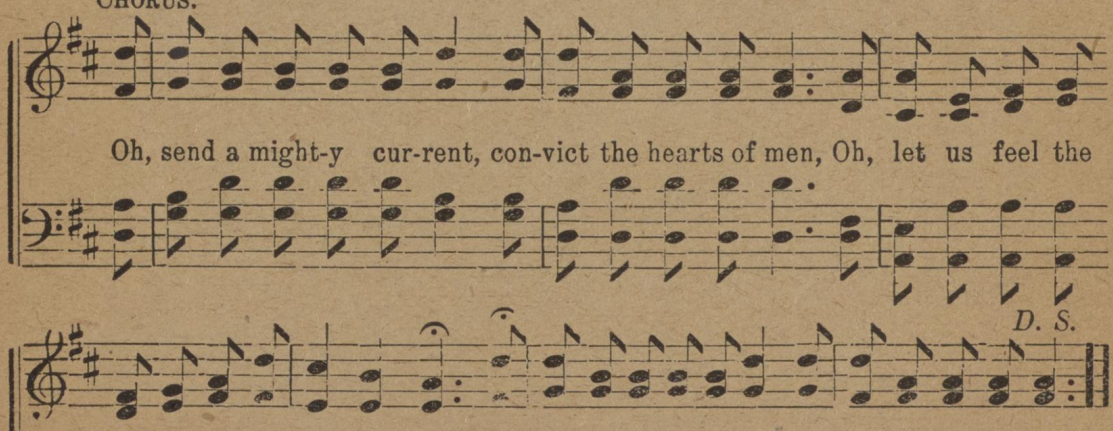


Pen-te-cost and chang'd the hearts of men; Lord, send the heav'nly breezes and
threat'ning clouds which gather in the sky; Sweep back the howling tem-pest and
sin-ful dross and make us clean with-in; Sweep out the dreadful pas-sion and
hearts of men with mighty strength this hour, Sweep o'er the lands and na-tions with



sweep a-way all doubt, Oh, let us see Thy soul-re-viv-ing pow'r a-gain!
give sweet peace within, Oh, break the pow'r of sin and bring sal-va-tion nigh!
cleanse the stain a-way, Sweep out en-tire-ly, Lord, the least de-sire to sin!
un-mis-tak-en sway, Sweep on un-til the last on earth shall own Thy pow'r!

D. S.—*O send us, Lord, a pen-te-cost-al breeze this hour.*

CHORUS.

Oh, send a might-y cur-rent, con-vict the hearts of men, Oh, let us feel the

"rushing mighty wind" of pow'r; Oh, send a mighty current and sweep the world again;

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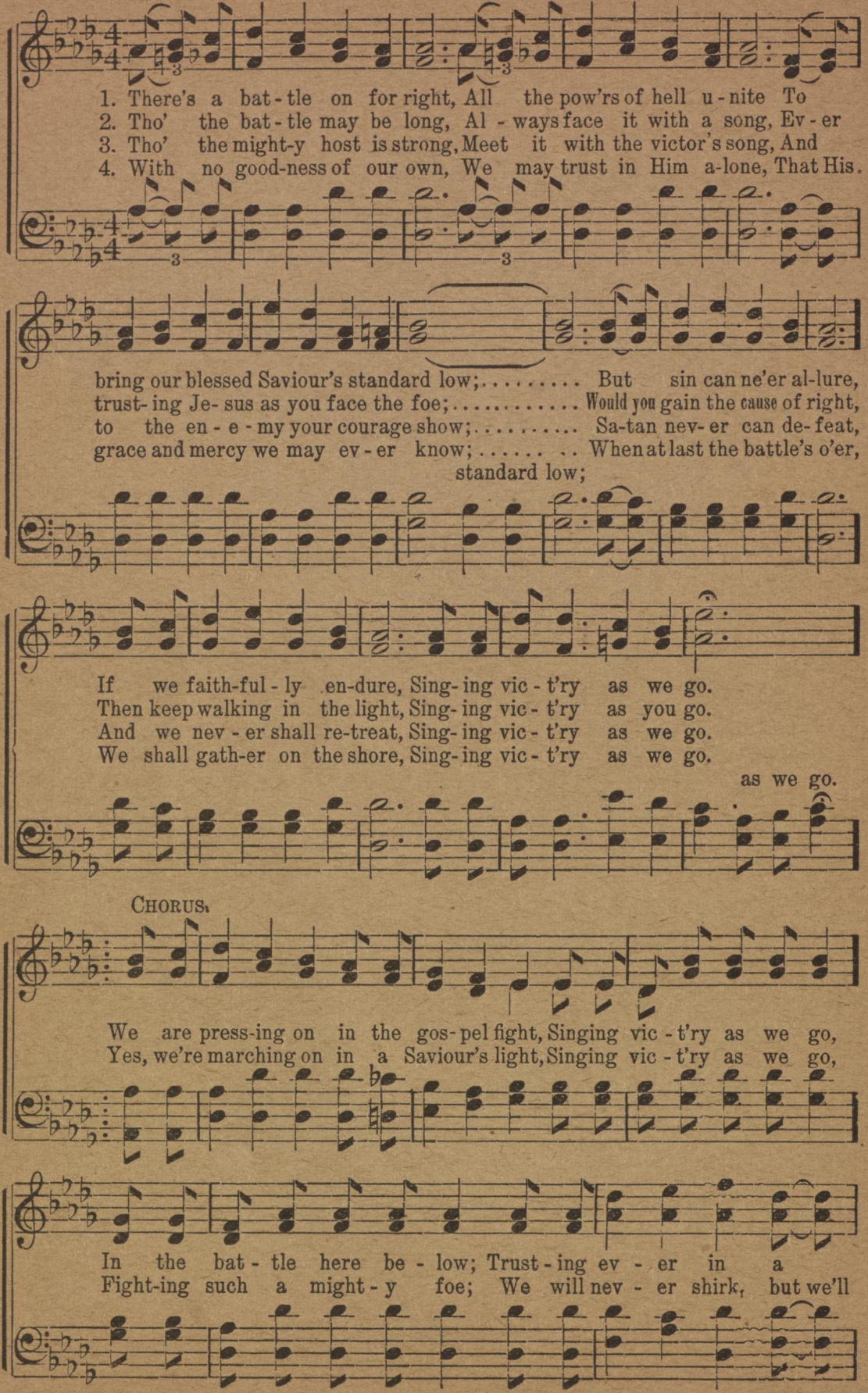
245

SINGING VICTORY AS WE GO.

H. W. S.

HOWARD W. SWEETEN.



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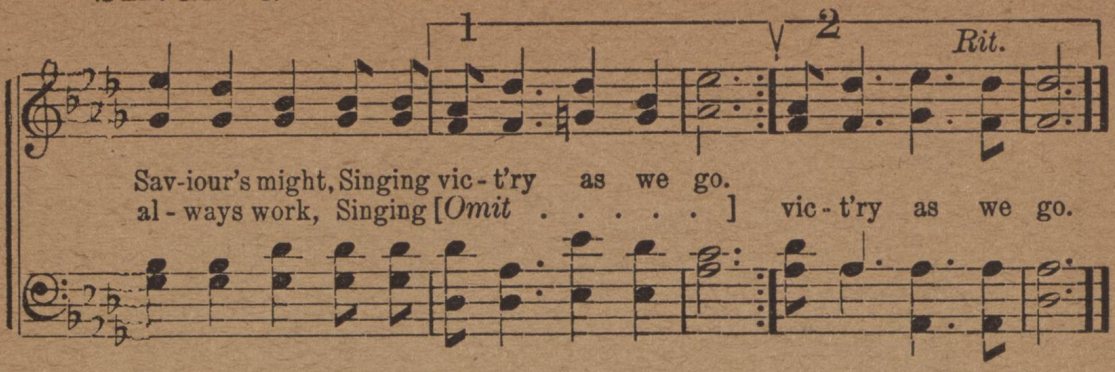
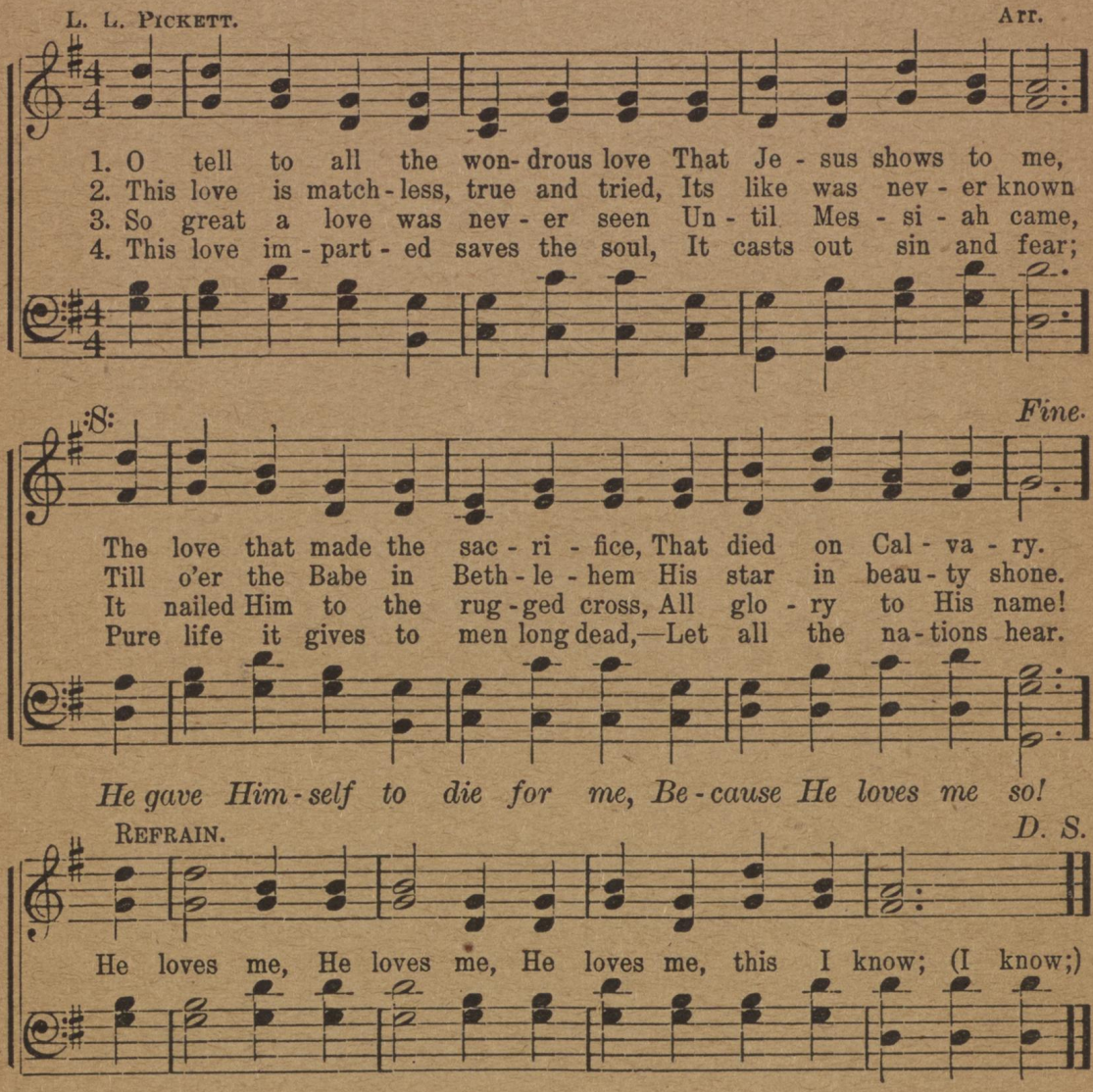
SINGING VICTORY AS WE GO—Concluded.



246

HE LOVES ME.

L. L. PICKETT. Arr.



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247 **LORD JESUS, I LONG TO BE.**

KEY OF A.

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

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

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

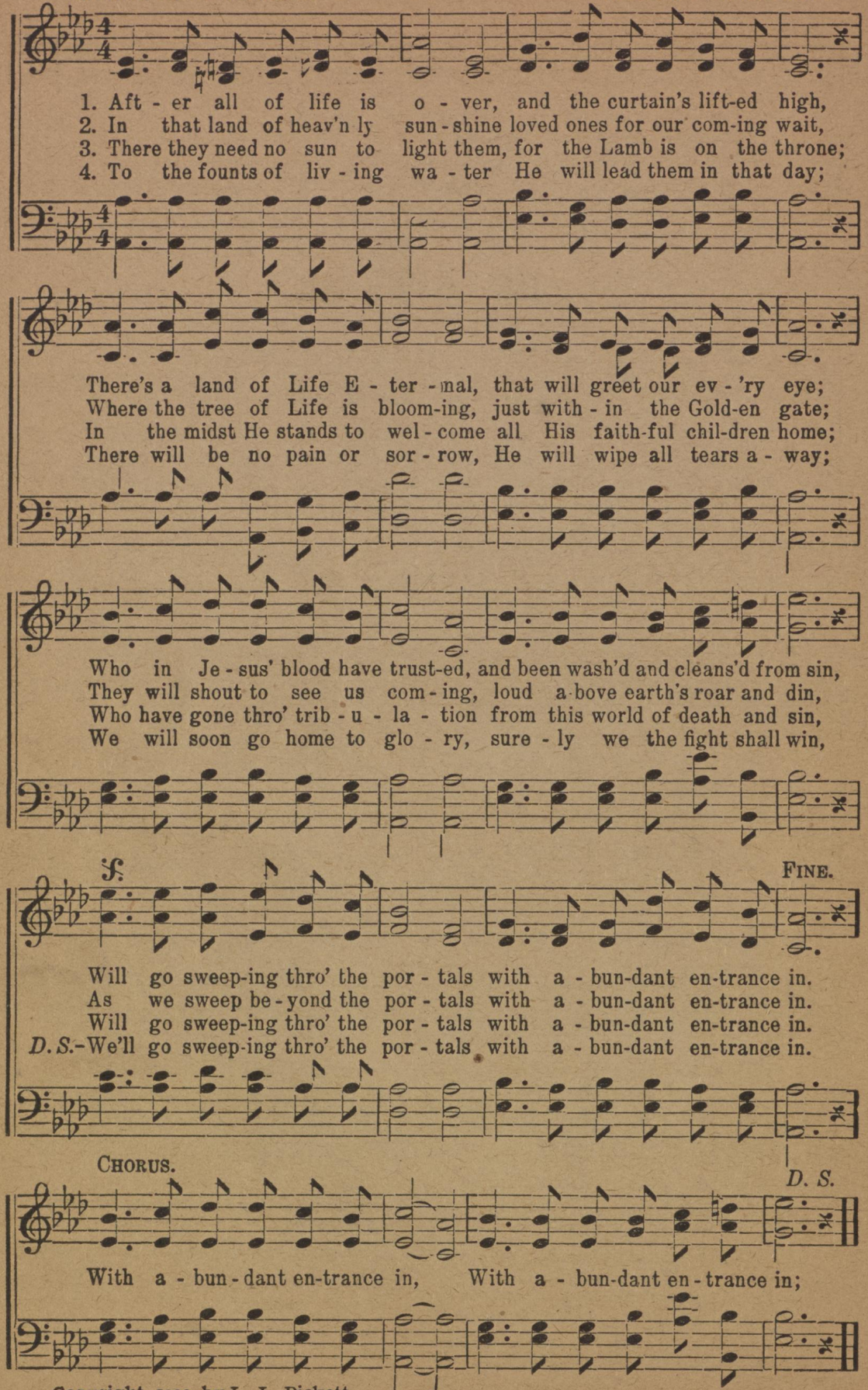
3 Lord Jesus, for this I most humbly entreat,
I wait, blessed Lord, at Thy crucified feet.
By faith, for my cleansing, I see Thy blood flow,
Now wash me and I shall be whiter than snow.

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

JAS. NICHOLSON.

ABUNDANT ENTRANCE IN.

Rev. E. A. FERGERSON. LUTHER R. ROBINSON.



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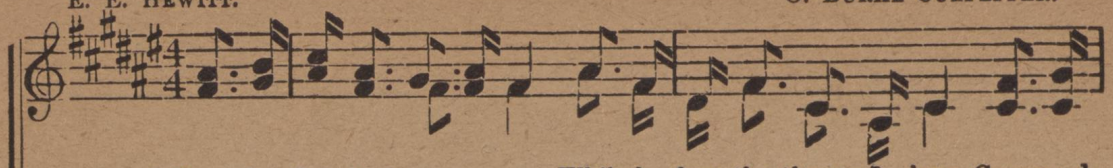
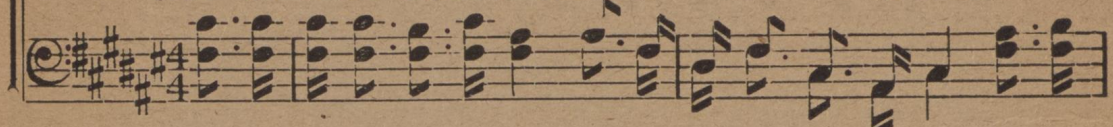
249 HOLY SPIRIT, HEAR ME NOW.

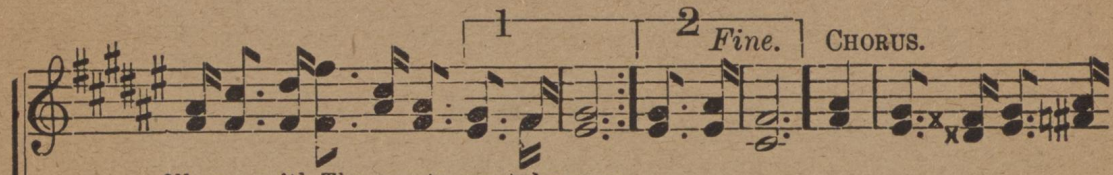
E. E. Hewitt. O. Burke Culpepper.

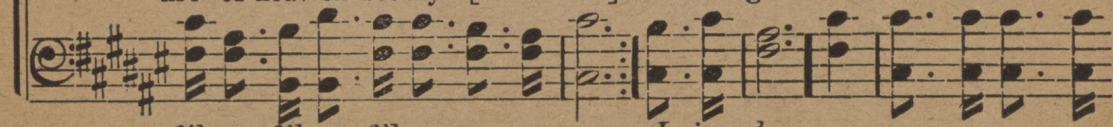


1. Ho - ly Spir-it, hear me now, While be-fore the throne I bow, Come and
   Come, Thy servant now prepare, I would faithful wit - ness bear To the
2. Ho - ly Spir-it, set me free From all e - vil Thou canst see, Search and
   Then up - hold me by Thy might, Lead me in the liv - ing light, In the
3. Ho - ly Spir-it, be my guide To the pastures, large and wide, Let the
   Un - to oth-ers let me bring Wa-ters from the liv - ing spring, Let the

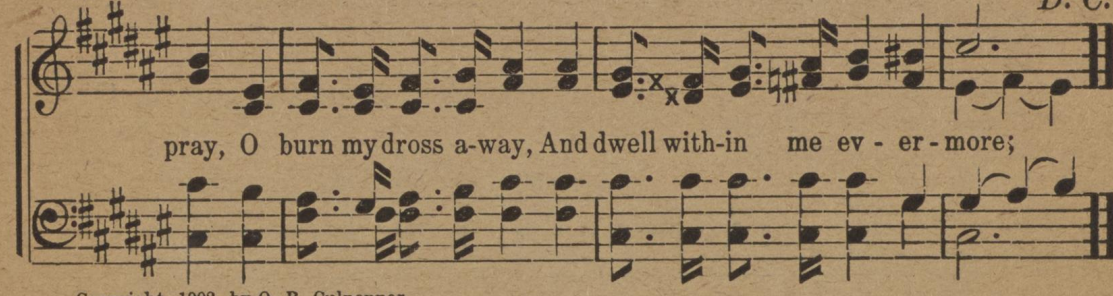


D. C.—*More like Je - sus I would be, Shed abroad His love in me, Come and*



fill me with Thy pen-te-cos-tal pow'r;
blessed One who keeps me [*Omit.* .] hour by hour.
try me with Thy soul-discerning grace; Come, Ho - ly One, I
light that streams from my Re- [*Omit.* .] deem-er's face.
riv - ers of Thy blessing o - ver - flow.
fire of heav-en set my [*Omit.* . .] life a - glow.

fill me, fill me, fill me, ... I im-plore.

D. C.



pray, O burn my dross a-way, And dwell with-in me ev - er - more;

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250 Come to Jesus, Weary Soul.

(*Sing to above tune.*)

1 Come to Jesus, weary soul,
See the living fountains roll,
That shall cleanse thee, sweetly cleanse thee
from all sin;
Thy Redeemer calls for thee,
Waiting now to set thee free,
He will give thee His abiding peace within.

Cho.—Come, sinner, come to-day,
He'll wash thy sins away,
O to the Rock of Ages flee,
His own precious blood He gave,
He is mighty still to save,
He is calling, calling, calling now for thee.

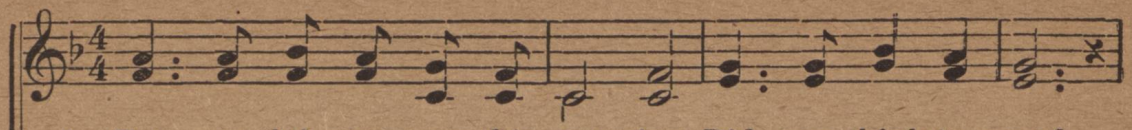
2 While His Spirit strives within,
Let His love the wanderer win,
Come, and find salvation while 'tis called
to-day;
Humbly to thy Saviour go,
In repentance bowing low,
Hasten, for the golden moments speed away.

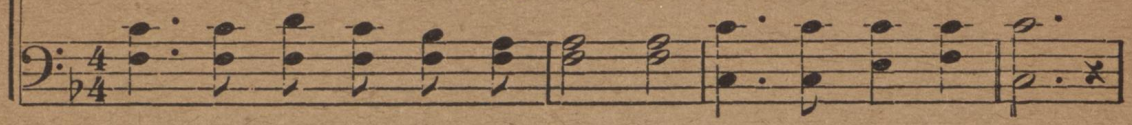
3 Come to Jesus, weary soul,
He hath grace to make thee whole,
Turn in meek surrender to this wondrous
Friend;
Only trust Him and obey,
Walk beside Him day by day,
He will save you, He will keep you to the end.

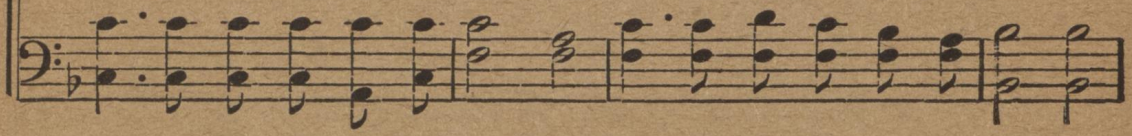
E. E. Hewitt.

No. 251. DID YOU THINK TO PRAY?

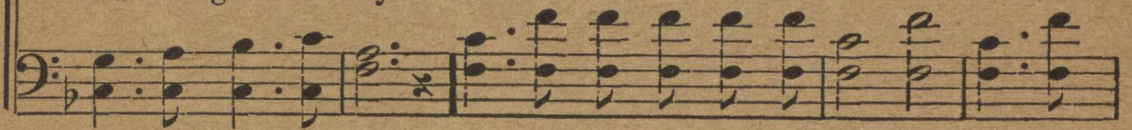
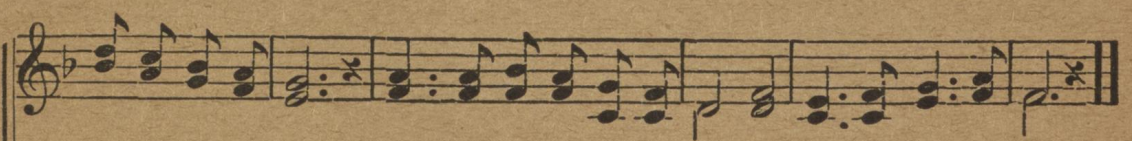
"Be careful for nothing; but in every thing by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving let your requests be made known unto God."—Phil. 4 : 6.

Mrs. M. A. KIDDER. W. O. PERKINS.

1. Ere you left your room this morning, Did you think to pray?
2. When you met with great temp-ta - tion, Did you think to pray?
3. When your heart was filled with an - ger, Did you think to pray?
4. When sore tri - als came up - on you, Did you think to pray?

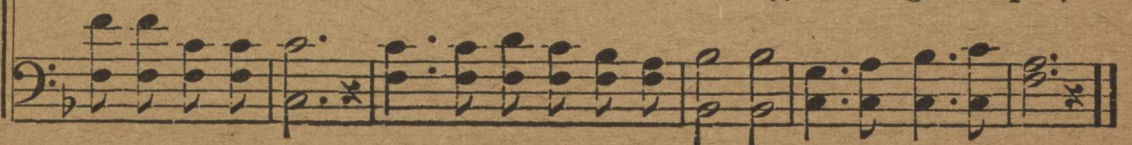


In the name of Christ, our Sav-iour, Did you sue for lov-ing fa - vor,
By His dy - ing love and mer - it, Did you claim the Ho - ly Spir - it
Did you plead for grace, my brother, That you might forgive an-oth - er
When your soul was bowed in sor-row, Balm of Gil-ead did you borrow

CHORUS

As a shield to-day?
As your guide and stay? Oh, how praying rests the wea-ry! Pray'r will
Who had crossed your way?
At the gates of day?



change the night to day; So, when seems life dark and dreary, Don't forget to pray.



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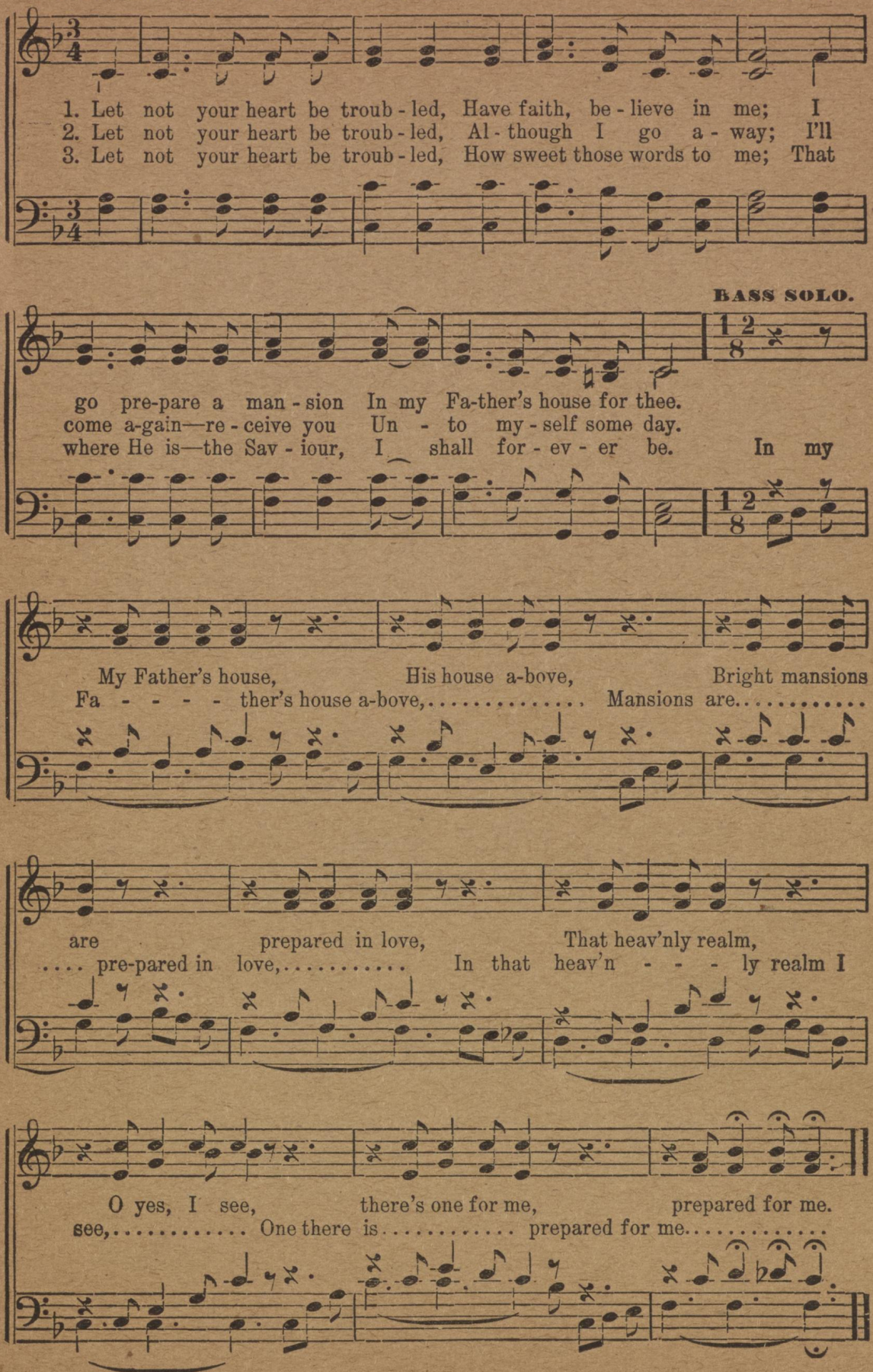
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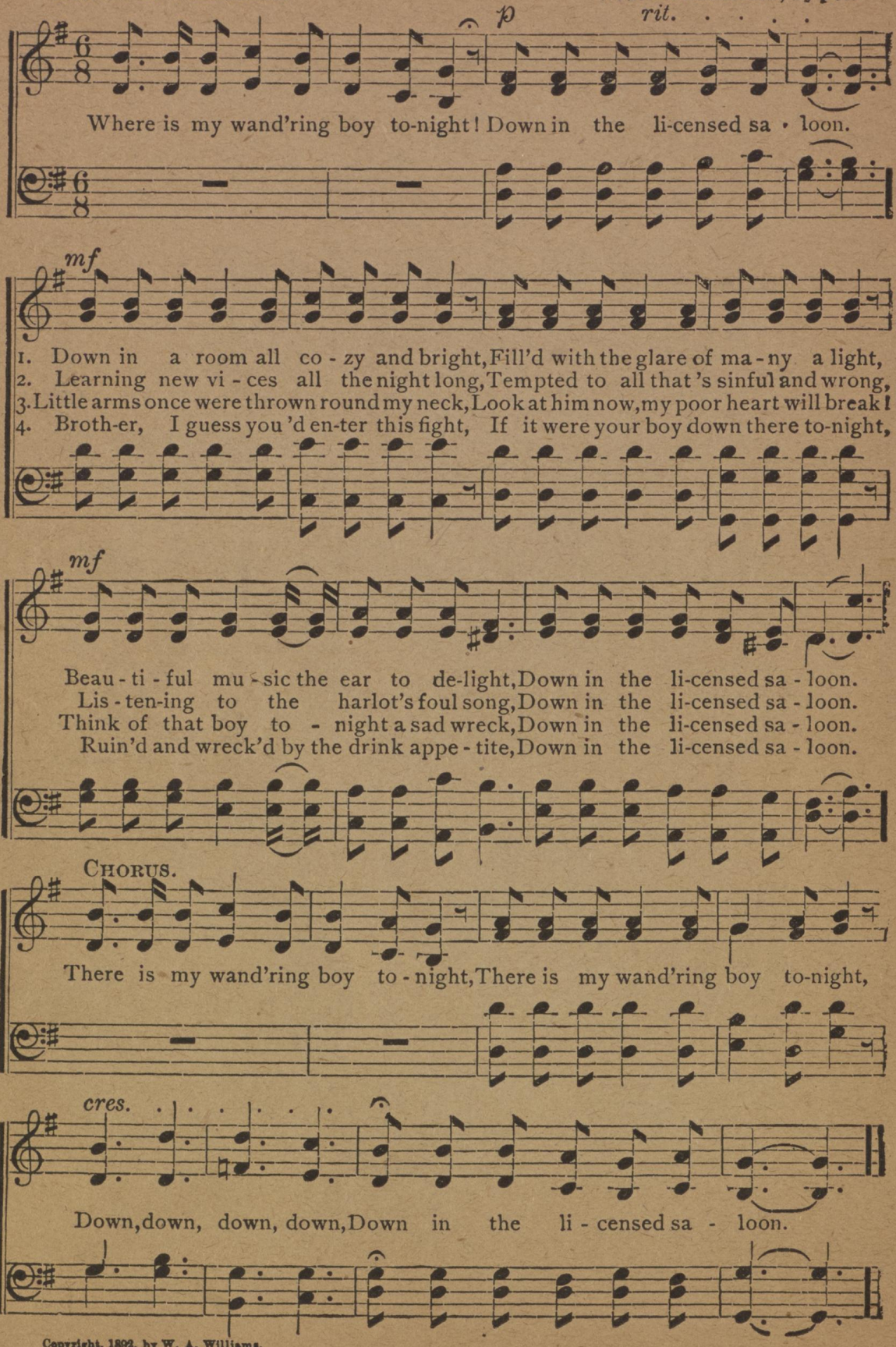
An answer to "Where is my Wandering Boy To-night?"

For Temperance Meetings.

Rev. W. A. WILLIAMS. W. A. WILLIAMS, by per.

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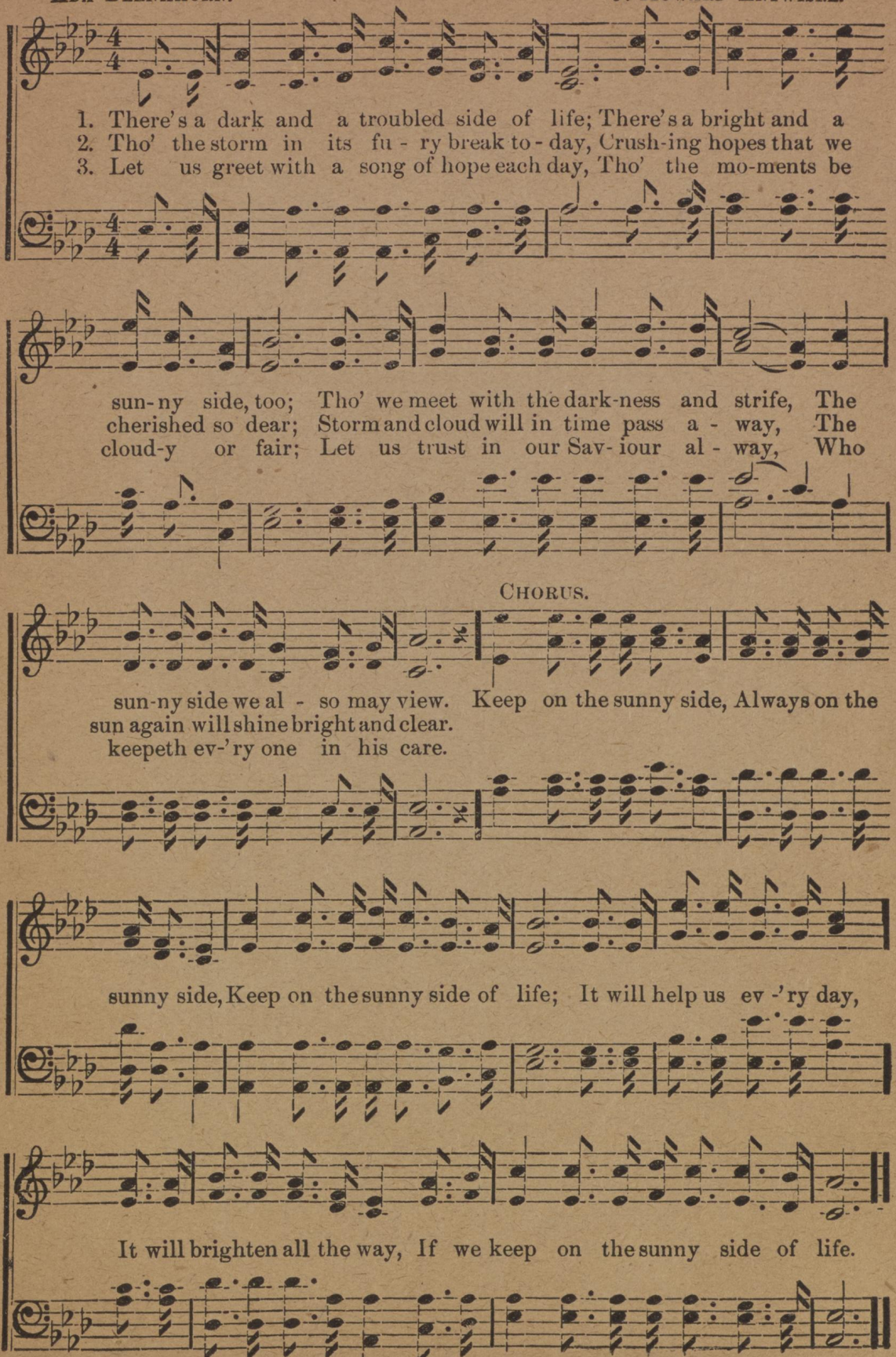

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