

GLORIOUS  
PRAISE.

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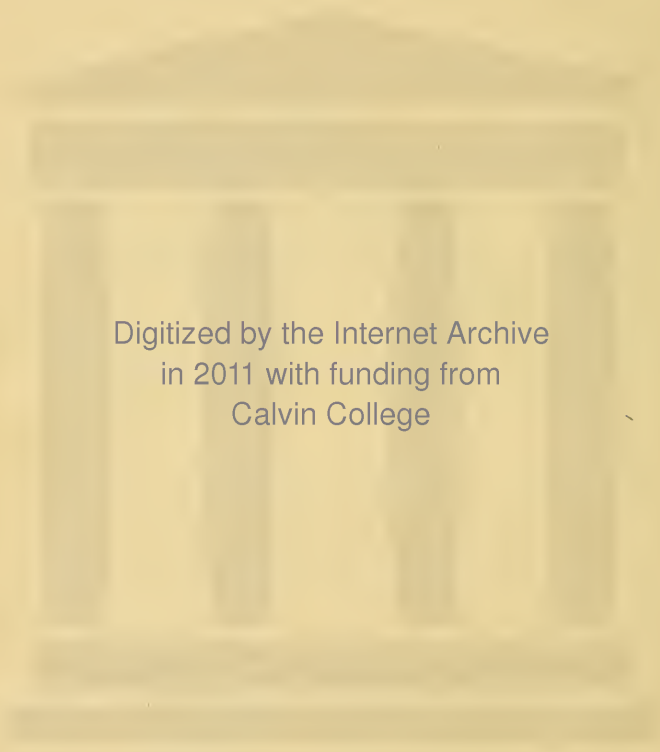
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# Glorious Praise

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Specially Prepared for use in

THE PRAYER MEETING

THE CHURCH SERVICE

THE YOUNG PEOPLE'S MEETINGS

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

THE EVANGELISTIC

AND OTHER RELIGIOUS GATHERINGS

BY

W. H. DOANE, Mus. Doc.

Assisted by

W. J. KIRKPATRICK

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Published by

HARVEY & BURNETT

642 Fourth Street

Louisville, Ky.

## Preface.

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**G**LORIOUS PRAISE is a treasury of song containing over *three-hundred* of the best *Christian Hymns* and music extant.

It has been carefully compiled, and includes the old favorites, endeared to Christian hearts wherever praise is sung, as well as the latest and most popular work of the very best composers of *Sacred Song* of to-day.

Every phase of Christian work has been supplied, the *Prayer Meeting*, *Sunday-School*, *Young People's Societies*, *Evangelistic Work*, and the *Church Service* for the smaller churches which may not feel able to procure the larger hymnals:

*Glorious Praise*, will, it is believed, supply a long felt want in all our churches large and small for a book containing the better class of hymns, and a higher grade of devotional music.

With a sincere prayer that God may bless and use it in kindling the fires of true devotion, and bringing souls into a more loving communion with Him, *Glorious Praise* is sent forth.

HARVEY & BURNETT.

*Louisville, Ky.*

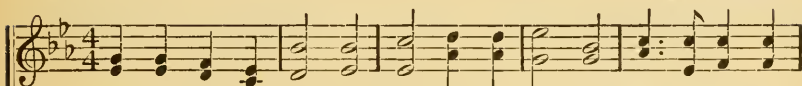
# Glorious Praise.

## No. 1.

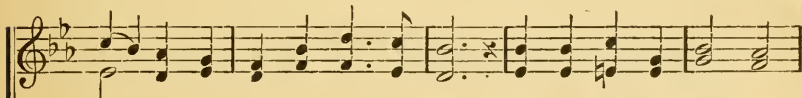
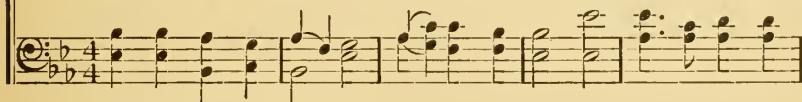
## Glory, Glory.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

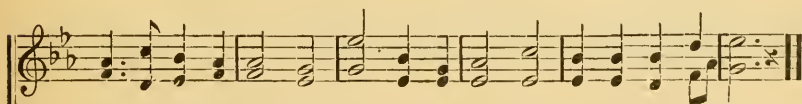
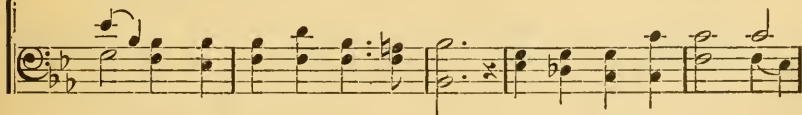
W. H. DOANE.



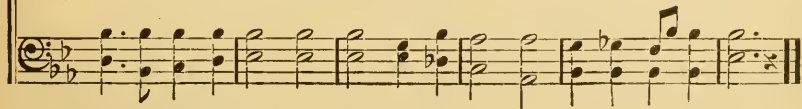
1. Glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry, Lord our Cre - a - tor; Numbers with-out
2. Glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry, Lord our Cre - a - tor; Thou a-lone hast
3. Glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry, Thine be the glo - ry, Fa - ther, Son, and



num - ber a-round thy throne pro-claim      Glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry,  
conquered, the kingdom thine shall be;      Glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry,  
Spir - it, e - ter - nal Three in One;      Glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry,



maj - es - ty, do - min - ion, Truth, love and mer - cy crown thy ho - ly name.  
mul - ti - tudes a dor - ing Now with re - joic - ing lift their souls to thee.  
as in the be - gin - ning, Now and for - ev - er let thy will be done.



# No. 2.

# Light of My Life.

B. W. BURLEIGH.

D. B. TOWNER.

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

brought to this dark world the light; Once the dark - ness of sin  
 brought from thy boun - ti - ful store Ma - ny treas - ures and rich -  
 gath - er thy poor scat - tered sheep From the moun - tains of sin  
 heart I would ev - er - more raise, With the hosts of re - deemed

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

## CHORUS.

O thou Light, O Light, thou my Light of my life, O thou

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

## Light of My Life.—Concluded.

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

### No. 3. I Now Believe in Christ the Lord.

REV. E. A. HOFFMAN.

W. H. DOANE.

1. I now be-lieve in Christ the Lord, And trust his grace for - ev - er,  
2. I now be-lieve he saves my soul, His grace is so as - sur - ing;  
3. I now be-lieve his blood has pow'r, To sat - is - fy me whol - ly,  
4. I now be-lieve and doubt no more, And van - ished is my sad - ness;

For well I know he loves his child, And will for-sake me nev - er.  
So I go on in faith and love, Un - to the end en - dur - ing.  
And so I trust my all to him, This Saviour meek and low - ly.  
My faith lays hold up - on his grace, And I have peace and gladness.

CHORUS.

I now be-lieve with all my heart, That he can bless and save me;

To make a - tone - ment for my sin, His precious life he gave me.

# No. 4. The Hour We Spend with Jesus.

IDA SCOTT TAYLOR.

W. H. DOANE.

1. There is no sweet-er time than this, The hour we spend with Je - sus;  
 2. We hear his voice in mer-cy plead, The hour we spend with Je - sus;  
 3. Re - deem-ing love cur theme shall be, The hour we spend with Je - sus;

We taste with him e - ter - nal bliss, The hour we spend with Je - sus;  
 He shows each heart its great-est need, The hour we spend with Je - sus;  
 Re-newed by grace di - vine are we, The hour we spend with Je - sus;

We feel his pres-ence and we know His love will nev - er let us go,  
 What peace we find, what comfort sweet, When gathered 'round his mercy-seat,  
 O wondrous love, O sa - cred hour! The clouds of sin no lon-ger low'r;

We drop our bur - den and our woe, The hour we spend with Je - sus.  
 There par-don and com-pas-sion meet, The hour we spend with Je - sus.  
 We feel the Spirit's quick'ning pow'r, The hour we spend with Je - sus.

CHORUS.

The hour . . . we spend with Je - sus, How pre-cious and how sweet;  
 The hour Je - sus here, how sweet.



# The Hour We Spend.—Concluded.

To drop . . . . our care and leave it there, And dwell in him com-plete.

to drop

## No. 5. Close to Thy Cross.

JOSEPHUS ANDERSON, D. D.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Close, close to thy cross, O Christ! My sin - ful soul would fly;  
 2. Close, close to thy cross, O Christ! My troubled soul would go;  
 3. Close, close to thy cross, O Christ! My tempted soul would stand;  
 4. Close, close to thy cross, O Christ! My wea - ry soul would rest;

Thy flow - ing blood can wash me white From sins of crim - son dye!  
 There's sweet re - lief in thy warm love For ev - 'ry grief I know!  
 No foe can harm, no work o'er-task, While un - der thy kind hand!  
 No wrath, no fear, no shadows there Dis - turb my qui - et breast!

### CHORUS.

Close to thy cross, close to thy cross, Je - sus, my Lord, I cling; . . .  
 I cling;

Shel - ter me there, shel - ter me there, 'Neath thy protect - ing wing.

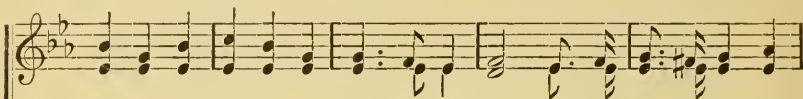
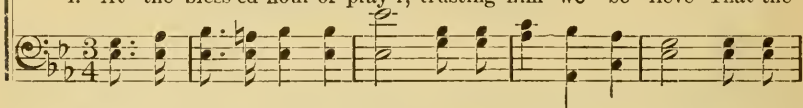
# No. 6. 'Tis the Blessed Hour of Prayer.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

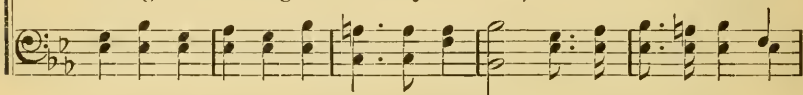
W. H. DOANE.



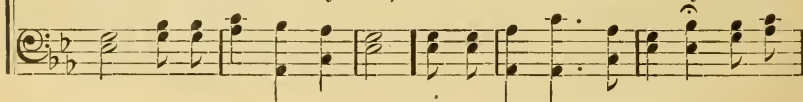
1. 'Tis the bless-ed hour of pray'r, when our hearts low-ly bend, And we
2. 'Tis the bless-ed hour of pray'r, when the Saviour draws near, With a
3. 'Tis the bless-ed hour of pray'r, when the tempted and tried, To the
4. At the bless-ed hour of pray'r, trusting him we be-lieve That the



gath-er to Je-sus, our Sav-iour and Friend; If we come to him in  
ten-der com-pas-sion his chil-dren to hear; When he tells us we may  
Saviour who loves them their sorrow con-fide; With a sym-pa-thiz-ing  
blessing we're need-ing we'll sure-ly re-ceive, In the full-ness of this



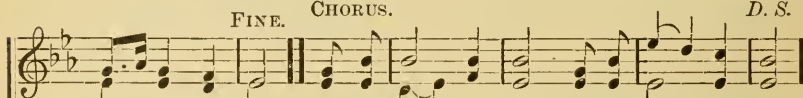
faith, his pro-tec-tion to share, What a balm for the wea-ry! O how  
cast at his feet ev-'ry care, What a balm for the wea-ry! O how  
heart he removes ev-'ry care; What a balm for the wea-ry! O how  
trust we shall lose ev-'ry care; What a balm for the wea-ry! O how



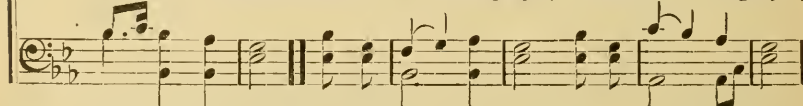
*D. S.*—What a balm for the wea-ry! O how

FINE. CHORUS.

*D. S.*



sweet to be there! Bless-ed hour of pray'r, Blessed hour of pray'r;



sweet to be there!



# No. 7.

# Ask and Receive.

E. E. HEWITT.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Ask and re-ceive; it is God's chos-en way; Heav-en draws near us when  
 2. Ask and re-ceive; yet our Fa-ther knows best Just how to an-swer each  
 3. Ask and re-ceive; ev-'ry bur-den and grief Take to the Fa-ther and  
 4. Ask and re-ceive precious gifts for the soul; "Rich-es in glo-ry" are

hum-bly we pray; Come in the name that will al-ways pre-vail,  
 fer-vent re-quest; Just when to send the right bless-ing we need;  
 find sweet re-lief; Noth-ing too trif-ling to bring to his care;  
 in his con-trol; Won-der-ful treas-ures that ev-er in-crease;

### REFRAIN.

Trusting the prom-ise that nev-er will fail. }  
 Deep-er than words are the wants he can read. } Ask and re-ceive; The  
 Noth-ing too heav-y for Je-sus to bear. }  
 Love's golden sunshine and star-light of peace. }

prom-ise be-lieve; Trust-ful-ly, joy-ful-ly, Ask and re-ceive.

# No. 8. One Blessed Hour With Jesus.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE.

1. One bless-ed hour with Je - sus our Lord, One bless-ed hour to  
 2. One bless-ed hour with Je - sus to plead, One bless-ed hour to  
 3. One bless-ed hour from la - bor to rest, One bless-ed hour to  
 4. One bless-ed hour with Je - sus our King, One bless-ed hour to

feast on his word; One bless-ed hour with Je - sus a - part,  
 tell him our need; One bless-ed hour re - fresh - ing and sweet,  
 lean on his breast; Lov - ing and loved, his fa - vor to share,  
 speak and to 'sing; One bless-ed hour with Je - sus, how dear!

One bless - ed hour to calm the troub - led heart.  
 One bless - ed hour to sit at Je - sus' feet.  
 One bless - ed hour of soul re - viv - ing pray'r.  
 Sure - ly 'tis Heav'n, and Heav'n it - self is here.

## CHORUS.

One sweet hour of ho - ly, calm de - light, One sweet hour of ten - der,

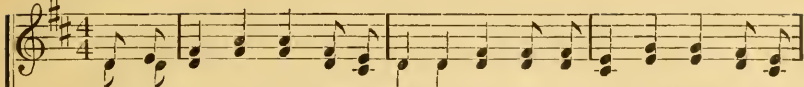
melting love; One sweet hour, O pre - cious Saviour, One sweet hour with thee.

## No. 9.

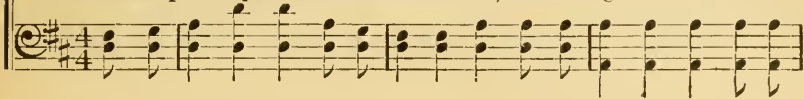
## A Blessing in Prayer.

E. E. HEWITT.

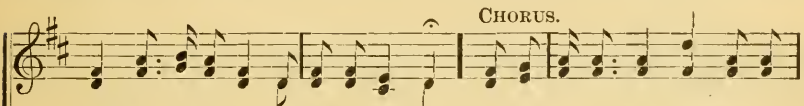
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. There is rest, sweet rest, at the Master's feet, There is fa - vor now at the
2. There is grace to help in our time of need, For our Friend a - bove is a
3. When our songs are glad with the joy of life, When our hearts are sad with its
4. There is perfect peace tho' the wild waves roll, There are gifts of love for the

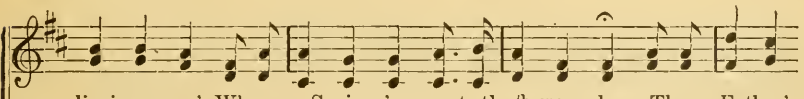
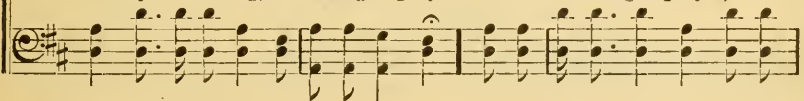


mer - cy seat, For a - ton - ing blood has been sprinkled there; There is  
 Friend in - deed, We may cast on him ev - 'ry grief and care; There is  
 ills and strife, When the pow - ers of sin would the soul ensnare, There is  
 seek - ing soul, Till we praise the Lord in his home so fair, There is

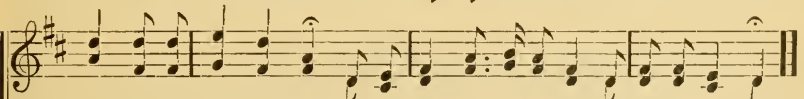
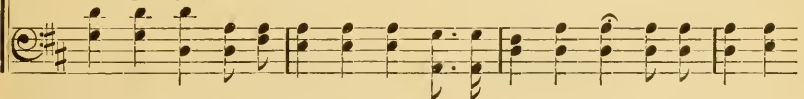


## CHORUS.

al - ways a blessing, a blessing in pray'r. There's a blessing in pray'r, in be -



lieving pray'r, When our Saviour's name to the throne we bear; Then a Father's



love will re - ceive us there; There is always a blessing, a blessing in pray'r.



# No. 10.

# A Blest Eternity.

\*\*\*

Duet, Soprano and Tenor.

W. H. DOANE.

*Tenderly.*

1. After the clouds their flight have sped, After our days and years have fled,  
 2. Aft-er our seed on earth is sown, Aft-er the time to reap has flown,  
 3. After these changeful scenes shall end, After our parting, friend with friend,  
 4. Aft-er the cross we here lay down, Is there for us a robe and crown?

*ritando.*

Aft-er our care and toil, what then? Say, shall we wake to life a - gain?  
 Aft-er the sun - set hour is past, Say, shall we wake in Heav'n at last?  
 Aft-er a night of pain is o'er, Say, shall we meet to weep no more?  
 Borne on the wings of joy and love, Say, shall we dwell with Christ, above?

CHORUS.

If, on the Rock, . . . . our faith a - bide, . . . . If, in its cleft, . . . .  
 If, on the Rock, our faith in Christ a-bide, If, in its cleft,

our souls we hide, . . . . Then, with the Lord, . . . . we all may  
 our souls, our souls we hide, Then, with the Lord,

*ritando.*

be Safe in a blest E - ter - ni - ty.

# No. 11. Heirs and Joint-Heirs.

MRS. MARY B. WINGATE.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Heir of a night-y King, heir to a throne, Why art thou wan-der-ing  
 2. Heir of a Con-queror, why dost thou fear? Foes can-not trouble thee  
 3. Heir of the King of kings, nev-er re-pine, Talk not of pov-er-ty,  
 4. Heir by in-her-i-tance! child of thy God! Right to thy son-ship is

sad and a-lone? Heir to the love of God, heir to his grace,  
 when he is near; Child of the prom-is-es, be not op-pressed,  
 rich-es are thine; Heir of the Ho-ly One, canst thou not see  
 found in his word; Walk with the no-ble ones, nev-er a-lone;

CHORUS.

Rise to thy priv-i-lege, claiming thy place. Heirs! we are joint-heirs with  
 Claim what be-longs to thee, find sweetest rest.  
 Treas-ures un-bounded are wait-ing for thee? }  
 Prince of the Royal Blood come to thy throne. yes!

Je-sus our Lord! Heirs of the cov-enant, found in his word! Rise to thy  
 Joint-heirs!

priv-i-lege, heir to his grace! Heir to the love of God, Rise, claim thy place.



# No. 12. When Love Shines In.

MRS. FRANK A. BRECK.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Je - sus comes with pow'r to gladden, When love shines in, Ev-'ry life that  
 2. How the world will glow with beauty, When love shines in, And the heart re-  
 3. Dark - est sorrow will grow brighter, When love shines in, And the heaviest  
 4. We may have unfad - ing splendor, When love shines in, And a friendship

woe can sadden, When love shines in. Love will teach us how to pray,  
 joice in du - ty, When love shines in. Tri - als may be sanc - ti - fied,  
 bur - den light - er, When love shines in. 'Tis the glo - ry that will thro'w  
 true and ten - der, When love shines in. When earth - vic't'ries shall be won,

Love will drive the gloom away, Turn our darkness into day, When love shines in.  
 And the soul in peace abide, Life will all be glo - ri - fied, When love shines in.  
 Light to show us where to go; O the heart shall blessing know When love shines in.  
 And our life in heav'n begun, There will be no need of sun, For love shines in.

## CHORUS.

When love shines in, . . . . . When love shines in, How the heart is  
 When love shines in, . . . . .

When love shines in, When love shines in, When love shines in,  
 tuned to singing, When love shines in; . . . . . When love shines in, . . . . . When  
 When love shines in; . . . . . When love shines in, . . . . .

When love shines in, When love shines in.

# When Love Shines In.—Concluded.

love shines in, Joy and peace to others bringing, When love shines in.  
when love shines in.

When love shines in,

## No. 13. I Shall Be Like Him.

W. A. S.

REV. A. SPENCER, D. D.

1. When I shall reach the more excellent glory, And all my tri-als are past,  
2. We shall not wait till the glorious dawning Breaks on the vision so fair,  
3. More and more like him, repeat the blest story, O-ver and o-ver a - gain,

I shall be like him, O won-der-ful sto-ry! I shall be like him at last.  
Now we may welcome the heavenly morning, Now we his image may bear.  
Changed by his spirit from glory to glo-ry, I shall be sat-is-fied then.

CHORUS.

I shall be like him, I shall be like him, And in his beauty shall shine,

I shall be like him, Wondrously like him, Je-sus, my Saviour di-vine.

# No. 14.

# The Hour of Prayer.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE.

1. There's an hour that comes like a heal-ing balm, When evening shades are  
 2. 'Tis the hour of pray'r that renews our strength, Makes Christian du-ty  
 3. 'Tis the pray'r of faith that dis-pels our clouds, Gives joy be-yond ex-

fall - ing, And we lay our cares at the Sav - iour's feet, His  
 clear - er, 'Tis the hour of pray'r and its pow'r that draws Our  
 pres - sion, For it fills our hearts and it crowns our lives With

CHORUS. *Slower.*

gift of grace re - call - ing } Loving-ly now, fervent-ly  
 heav'nly home still near - er. }  
 all that's worth pos - sess - ing. } Lov-ing-ly now,

bow, fer - vent - ly bow, Wel-come this hour of ho - ly calm so

sweet; . . . . Lov - ing - ly now, fer - vent - ly  
 sweet, so sweet, Lov - ing - ly now,



# The Hour of Prayer—Concluded.

bow, Breathing the pray'r of faith at Je - sus' feet.  
fer - vent - ly bow,

## No. 15. Humbly, O Lord, I Wait.

IDA L. REED.

W. H. DOANE.

1. Hum - bly, O Lord, I wait, Be - side thy throne, No treas - ure
2. With emp - ty hands I come, No gifts I bring To thee, thou
3. Cold is the world to me, And dark, dear Lord, With - out thy
4. No oth - er friend I know, No friend like thee, Whose heal - ing

rich or great, I call my own. But all I am is thine, Bought by thy  
Ho - ly One, My gracious King; But in thy loving eyes, Each scar and  
mer - cy free, Thy Ho - ly word, On which to lean and rest, When weary  
love doth flow, So full and free; That ev - 'ry sor - row dies, And wea - ry

love di - vine, Take thou this heart of mine, My Lord and King.  
sac - ri - fice Be - fore thy throne will rise And plead for me.  
and op - pressed, O Friend of all the best, To thee I come.  
ach - ing eyes, With joy and glad sur - prise, Their weep - ing cease.

# No. 16.

# Blessed Assurance.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

MRS. JOSEPH. F. KNAPP.

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

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

CHORUS.

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

this is my song, Praising my Sav-iour all the day long; This is my

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

# No. 17. Sweet Peace is My Portion.

E. E. HEWITT.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Sweet peace is my por-tion, my gift from a-b-ove, Sweet peace in my  
 2. I'm trust-ing his keeping, on life's check-ered road, I praise him for  
 3. All praise, blessed Sav-i-our, all praise to thy grace, My Light in the

Sav-i-our, re - ceiv - ing his love; He died to re-deem me, he  
 bless-ing so free - ly be-stowed; In faith, pure and child-like, still  
 dark-ness, my Strength in the race; With joy - ful thanksgiv-ing thy

liv - eth on high, And gra-cious-ly saves me, as moments pass by.  
 may I a-bide, And find, as I jour-ney, sweet peace at his side.  
 prom-ise I see, "All things work to-geth-er for good" un - to me.

Peace, peace, looking above, Peace, peace, trusting his love, Peace, peace,  
 Peace, sweet peace, Peace, blessed peace, Peace, sweet peace,

noth-ing can harm, Leaning on his bo-som, And rest-ing on his arm.

# No. 18. Make Me a Blessing To-day.

IDA SCOTT TAYLOR.

W. H. DOANE.

1. O soft - ly the Spir - it is whisp'ring to me, With ten - der com -  
 2. Some heart may be long - ing for on - ly a word, Whose love by the  
 3. Some soul may be plunged in the darkest de - spair, Whose shadows would  
 4. Come all ye that la - bor, ye wea - ry and worn, Come ye who in

pas - sion, with pit - y - ing plea; I hear his be - seech - ing, and  
 Spir - it is quickened and stirred; Now grant, bless - ed Sav - iour, this  
 melt in the sun - light of pray'r; O give me, dear Sav - iour, I  
 sor - row or sin - ful - ness mourn; With me this pe - ti - tion to

earn - est - ly pray That Je - sus will make me a bless - ing to - day.  
 serv - ice to me, Of speak - ing a com - fort - ing mes - sage for thee.  
 hum - bly im - plore, The sweet con - so - la - tion that soul to re - store,  
 Je - sus con - vey: O make me a bless - ing, dear Sav - iour, to - day.

## CHORUS.

Lord, make . . . me a blessing to - day, A blessing to some one, I pray;  
 Lord, make me a blessing, I pray;

In all that I do, in all that I say, O make me a blessing to - day.

# No. 19. Tell of the Love of Jesus.

JAMES ROWE.

D. B. TOWNER.

1. Out in the world where so ma - ny are sad, Tell of the  
 2. Out in the high - ways of strug - gle and strife, Tell of the  
 3. Down in the val - leys of grief and de - spair, Tell of the  
 4. Out in the ev - er dark plac - es of sin, Tell of the

love of Je - sus; Ev - er it com - forts and makes the soul glad;  
 love of Je - sus; Tell how it sweet - ens and bright - ens your life;  
 love of Je - sus; Say he is long - ing their sor - rows to share;  
 love of Je - sus; Help some poor sin - ner sal - va - tion to win;

## CHORUS.

Tell of the love of Je - sus. Tell of it, sing of it ev - 'ry hour;

Tell of its sweetness and sing of its pow'r, O what a bless - ing to

oth - ers you'll be, If you'll tell of the love of Je - sus.

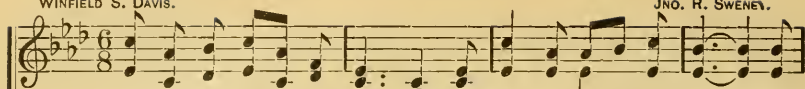


# No. 20.

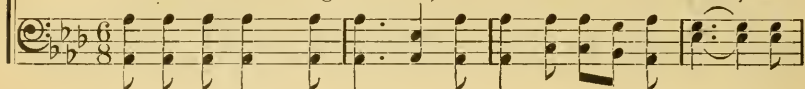
# Jesus Unerring Pilot.

WINFIELD S. DAVIS.

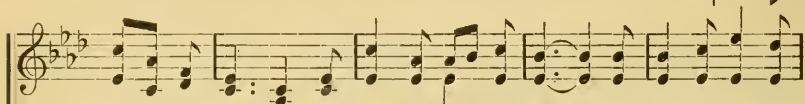
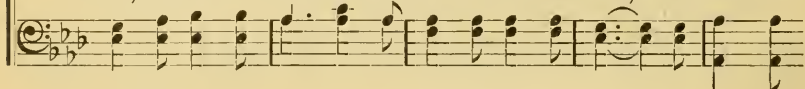
JNO. R. SWENEY.



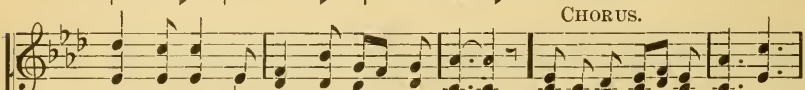
1. Je - sus un - err - ing Pi - lot, life's sea is rough and wide, I
2. Je - sus un - err - ing Pi - lot, sometimes long are the nights, Yet
3. Je - sus un - err - ing Pi - lot, to thee is known the way, To
4. Je - sus un - err - ing Pi - lot, no boat how-ev - er tossed, With



need thy constant pres-ence, I need a faith-ful guide; I see the thro' the gathered dark-ness, I see the dis-tant lights; I know where thee ap-pear the dan-gers, thou canst all fears al-lay. The rocks may thee, can in the bil-lows or on the rocks be lost; Be-side the

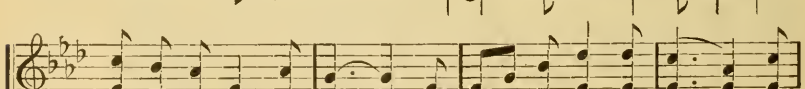
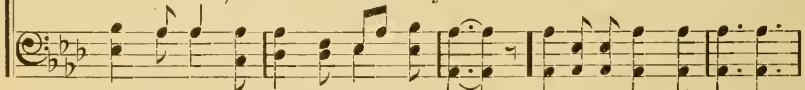


surg-ing wa-ters thro' which my bark must go, But O my Lord! with they are burn-ing no tempests ev-er sweep, And that O Lord! with line the o-cean, washed by its whitened foam, But O my Lord! with peace-ful hav-en, be-yond the breakers' roar, O mighty Lord! with

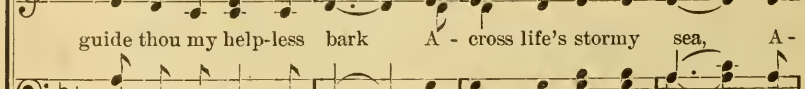


## CHORUS.

thee on board, I'll safe-ly cross I know.  
 thee on board, I'll safe-ly cross the deep. } Jesus un-err-ing Pi-lot,  
 thee on board, I'll safe-ly reach my home.  
 thee on board, I'll reach the heav'nly shore.



guide thou my help-less bark A - cross life's stormy sea, A -



## Jesus Unerring Pilot.—Concluded.

cross life's stormy sea; Blest with thy gracious presence, tho' the voyage be

rough and dark, My soul shall peaceful be, My soul shall peaceful be.

## No. 21. The Music of the Story.

F. M. D.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. Sing of Je - sus and his glo - ry, He who rules and reigns a - bove;
2. Sing of him who changes nev - er, He who is the sin - ner's friend;
3. May the sto - ry sweet and ten - der, Find an ech - o in each heart;

FINE.

There is mu - sic in the sto - ry Of his sweet re - deem - ing love.  
Sing the sto - ry, sing it ev - er, May its mu - sic have no end.  
May each voice his prais - es ren - der, From his love may none de - part.

*D.S.*—Sing it here and sing it yon - der, While e - ter - nal a - ges roll.

CHORUS.

*D.S.*

O the mu - sic of the sto - ry, How it thrills my rap - tured soul!

# No. 22. In the Shadow of the Rock.

DR. H. BONAR.

H. N. LINCOLN.

1. In the shad-ow of the rock let me rest, (let me rest,) When I  
 2. On the parch'd and des-ert way where I tread, (where I tread,) With the  
 3. I in peace will rest me here till I see, (till I see,) That the

feel the tem-pest's shock thrill my breast, (thrill my breast,) All in  
 scorch-ing noon-tide ray o'er my head, (o'er my head,) Let me  
 skies a - gain are fair o - ver me, (o - ver me,) That the

vain the storm shall sweep while I hide, (while I hide,) And my  
 find a - wel - come shade, cool and still, (cool and still,) And my  
 burn - ing heats are past and the day, (and the day,) Bids the

CHORUS.

tran-quil vig - il keep, by thy side. (by thy side.)  
 wea - ry steps be stay'd by thy will. (by thy will.) } In the shadow of the  
 trav - el - er at last go his way. (go his way.) }

rock let me rest, In the shadow of the rock let me rest; When I



# In the Shadow of the Rock.—Concluded.

feel the tempest's shock thrill my breast, In the shadow of the rock let me rest.

## No. 23. Hide Me.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE.

1. Hide me, O my Sav - iour, hide me In thy ho - ly place;  
 2. Hide me, when the storm is rag - ing O'er life's troub - led sea;  
 3. Hide me, when my heart is break - ing With its weight of woe;

Rest - ing there beneath thy glo - ry, O let me see thy face.  
 Like a dove on o - cean's bil - lows, O let me fly to thee.  
 When in tears I seek the com - fort Thou canst a - lone be - stow.

### CHORUS.

Hide me, hide me, O bless - ed Sav - iour, hide me;  
 Hide me, hide me, safe - ly hide me,

O Sav - iour, keep me Safe - ly, O Lord, with thee.  
 O, my Sav - iour, keep thou me,

# No. 24. I will Sing the Wondrous Story.

F. H. RAWLEY.

Ps. 1: 89.

PETER BILHORN.

1. I will sing the wond'rous sto - ry, Of the Christ who died for me,  
 2. I was lost, but Je - sus found me, Found the sheep that went astray,  
 3. I was bruised, but Jesus healed me, Faint was I from many a fall,  
 4. Days of darkness still come o'er me, Sor-row's paths I oft - en tread,  
 5. He will keep me till the riv - er, Rolls its wa - ters at my feet;

How he left his home in glo - ry, For the cross of Cal - va - ry.  
 Threw his lov - ing arms a - round me, Drew me back 'in - to his way.  
 Sight was gone, and fears possessed me, But he freed me from them all.  
 But the Sav - iour still is with me, By his hand I'm safe - ly led.  
 Then he'll bear me safe - ly o - ver, Where the loved ones I shall meet.

## CHORUS. 3

Yes, I'll sing..... the wondrous sto - - ry Of the  
 Yes, I'll sing the wondrous sto - ry,

Christ..... who died for me,..... Sing it with.... the saints in  
 Of the Christ who died for me, sing it with

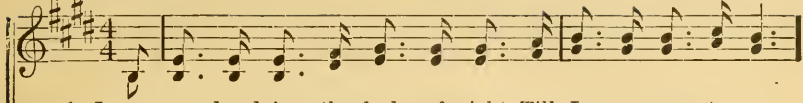
glo - - ry, Gathered by..... the crys - tal sea.....  
 the saints in glo - ry, gathered by the the crys - tal sea.

# No. 25.

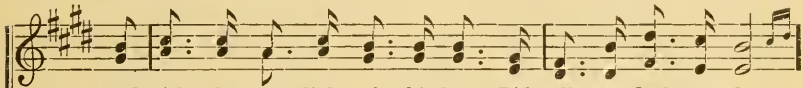
# Sunlight.

J. W. VAN DE VENTER.

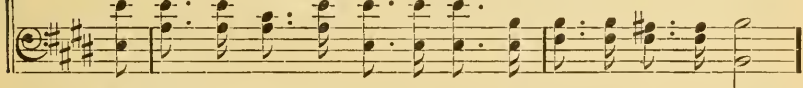
W. S. WEEDEN.



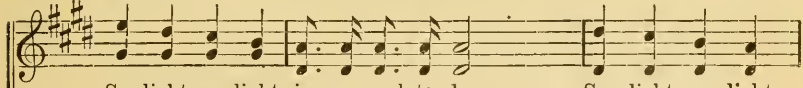
1. I wan-dered in the shades of night, Till Je - sus came to me,
2. Tho' clouds may gath - er in the sky, And bil-lows round me roll,
3. While walk - ing in the light of God, I sweet commun-ion find;
4. I cross the wide ex - tend - ed fields, I jour - ney o'er the plain,
5. Soon I shall see him as he is, The Light that came to me,



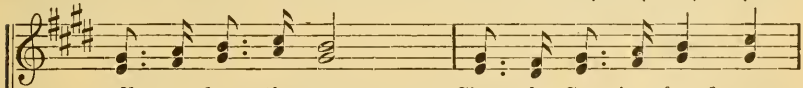
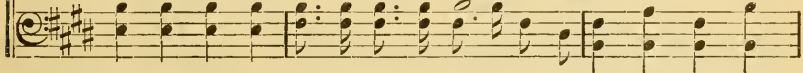
And with the sun - light of his love Bid all my dark-ness flee.  
 How - ev - er dark the world may be I've sun-light in my soul.  
 I press with ho - ly vig - or on, And leave the world be-hind.  
 And in the sun - light of his love I reap the gold - en grain.  
 Be - hold the bright-ness of his face, Thro'out e - ter - ni - ty.



## CHORUS.



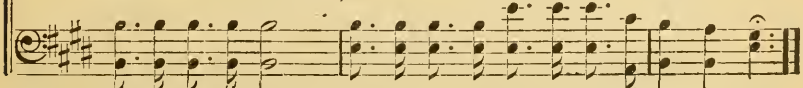
Sunlight, sunlight in my soul to-day, Sun-light, sun-light  
 to-day, yes,



all a - long the way; Since the Sav - iour found me,  
 nar - row way;



took a-way my sin, I have had the sunlight of his love with-in.  
 load of sin,



# No. 26. You May Have the Joybells.

J. EDW. RUARK.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. You may have the joy-bells ring-ing in your heart, And a peace that  
 2. Love of Je - sus in its ful-ness you may know, And this love to  
 3. You will meet with tri-als as you journey home, Grace suf-fi-cient  
 4. Let your life speak well of Je - sus ev - 'ry day, Own his right to

from you nev - er will de - part; Walk the straight and narrow way,  
 those a-round you sweet-ly show; Words of kind-ness al - ways say,  
 he will give to o - ver-come; Tho' un - seen by mor - tal eye,  
 ev - 'ry serv - ice you can pay; Sin - ners you can help to win

Live for Je-sus ev-'ry day, He will keep the joybells ringing in your heart.  
 Deeds of mercy do each day, Then he'll keep the joybells ringing in your heart.  
 He is with you ever nigh, And he'll keep the joybells ringing in your heart.  
 If your life is pure and clean, And you keep the joybells ringing in your heart.

CHORUS.

Joy - - bells ringing in your heart, Joy - - bells  
 Ringing in your heart, You may have the joy bells

ringing in your heart; Take the Saviour here below, With you ev - 'ry -



## You May Have the Joybells.—Concluded.

where you go, He will keep the joy - bells ring - ing in your heart.

## No. 27. O Refuge Sweet.

Psa. 9 : 9.

ARATUS M. DEUEL.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1. Like Noah's dove, I found no rest Out-side the Ark, unsaved, unblest,
2. As to the Ark the dove did fly For rest and safe - ty, so did I;
3. Now safe in him, tho' storms a-rise, And darkness seem to veil the skies;
4. Within the Ark—'twere death outside—I dwell secure, and sat - is - fied;

But when a - way on sin's deep sea, A sweet voice said, "Come unto me,"  
My wea - ry soul found refuge there, Where Jesus waits to answer pray'r.  
Sweet peace is mine, I trust his care Whose mercies now enclose me there.  
My soul is safe from all a-larms, Up-held by "Ev - er-last-ing arms."

ORUS.

O refuge sweet, on Je - sus' breast, In him a - lone is per - fect rest;

From ev - 'ry fear and sin set free, Dear Saviour, let me rest in thee.

No. 28.

Trusting and Hoping.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE.

1. I am re-joic-ing, trusting and hop-ing, Looking to Je-sus,  
 2. I am re-joic-ing, trusting and hop-ing; He is my Sav-our;  
 3. I am re-joic-ing, trusting and hop-ing; In-to the man-sions

Sav-our di-vine; He is my ref-uge; soft-ly he whis-pers,  
 what shall I fear? He like a shep-herd lead-eth me gen-tly,  
 wait-ing a-bove, Clothed in his brightness, he will re-ceive me,

CHORUS.

“I have redeemed thee, child, thou art mine.”  
 Close by the wa-ters flow-ing so clear. } I am re-joic-ing,  
 Heir to his king-dom, child of his love. }

I will re-joice,

ev-er re-joic-ing, Trusting and hop-ing all the day  
 ev-er re-joice, Trusting in hope all the day,

long;..... Look-ing to Je-sus, on-ly to  
 all the day long; Look-ing to him,

## Trusting and Hoping.—Concluded.

Je - - sus; He is my ref - uge, com-fort, and song.  
on - ly to him;

## No. 29. Jesus All the Way.

FLORA KIRKLAND.

W. S. WEEDEN.

1. I am walking thro' this earth-life, Oft - en wea - ry, oft - en sad;  
2. I am trav'ling to a cit - y Where the light is nev - er dim,  
3. I am look-ing for re - demp-tion Thro' the mer-its of my King;

But my Sav-iour walk-eth with me, And his presence makes me glad.  
And my Sav-iour leads so gen-tly, It is sweet to walk with him.  
Bless-ed beams of free sal - va - tion Shine a - bout me as I sing.

CHORUS.

Je - sus knoweth ev - 'ry sor - row, Je - sus know-eth ev - 'ry fear;

And he whispers thro' life's shadows, "Do not tremble, I am near!"

# No. 30.

# Draw Me Nearer.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE.

1. I am thine, O Lord, I have heard thy voice, And it told thy  
 2. Con - se - crate me now to thy serv - ice, Lord, By the pow'r of  
 3. O the pure de - light of a sin - gle hour That be - fore thy  
 4. There are depths of love that I can - not know Till I cross the

love to me; But I long to rise in the arms of faith,  
 grace di - vine; Let my soul look up with a stead - fast hope,  
 throne I spend, When I kneel in pray'r, and with thee, my God,  
 nar - row sea, There are heights of joy that I may not reach,

### CHORUS.

And be clos - er drawn to thee. Draw me near - er,  
 And my will be lost in thine.  
 I com - mune as friend with friend. }  
 Till I rest in peace with thee. near - er, near - er,

near - er, bless - ed Lord, To the cross where thou hast died; Draw me

near - er, near - er, nearer, blessed Lord, To thy precious, bleeding side.

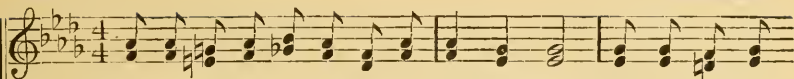


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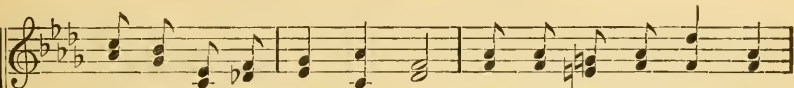
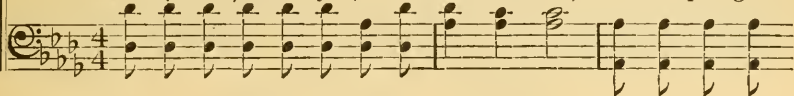
# Jesus Understands!

BIRDIE BELL.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. Bow'd beneath your burden, is there none to share? Wea-ry with the
2. Ev - 'ry heav - y bur - den he will glad - ly share, Are you sad and
3. Tho' temptation meet you, Je - sus can sus - tain, Life has vex - ing
4. Wea - ry heart, he calls you, "Come to me and rest," Does the path grow

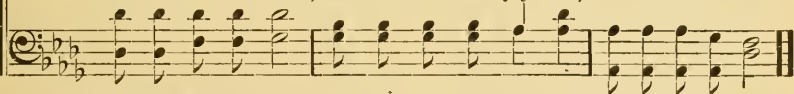


jour - ney, is there none to care? Cour - age, way - worn trav - 'ler,  
wea - ry? Je - sus has a care; Well he knows the path - way  
problems which he can ex - plain; Serve him where he sends you  
rug - ged? yet his way is best; Leave the unknown fu - ture



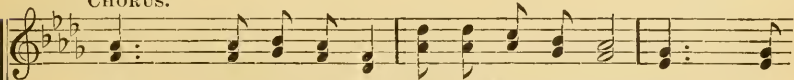
FINE.

heed your Lord's com - mands, There's a tho't to cheer you, Je - sus understands.  
o'er life's burning sands, Courage, fainting pil - grim, Je - sus understands.  
though in distant lands, Do not doubt or ques - tion, Je - sus understands.  
in the Master's hands, Whether sad or joy - ful, Je - sus understands.

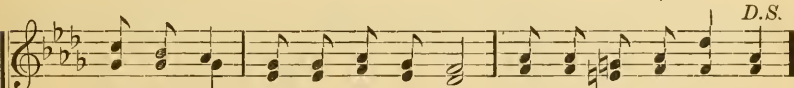
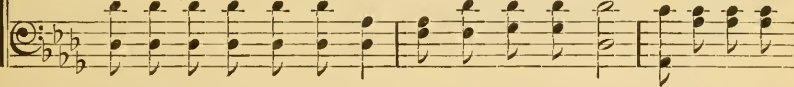


*D. S.*—in the Master's hand, Whether sad or joy - ful, Je - sus understands.

CHORUS.



Yes, he un - der - stands, All his ways are best. Hear, he  
O yes, O hear,



calls to you, "Come to me and rest." Leave the unknown fu - ture



# No. 32. More Holy Would I Be.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE.

*Gently.*

1. O to be gen-tle and ho-ly, Bless-ed Re-deem-er like thee,  
 2. O to be gen-tle and ho-ly, Pa-tient, sub-mis-sive and meek,  
 3. O to be gen-tle and ho-ly, Al-ways a-bound-ing in love,

O that mine eyes may be o-pened, More of thy beau-ty to see.  
 Ten-der, for-giv-ing and watch-ful, On-ly thy glo-ry to seek.  
 Looking a-way to the man-sion Thou art pre-par-ing a-bove.

O to be gen-tle and ho-ly, Dai-ly thine im-age to bear,  
 Toil-ing but nev-er re-pin-ing, Faith-ful-ly bear-ing my part,  
 Counting each tri-al a bless-ing, Trust-ing what-ev-er be-fall,

Then from the wiles of the temp-er I shall be safe in thy care.  
 Je-sus my bless-ed Re-deem-er, This is the pray'r of my heart.  
 This is my earn-est en-deav-or, Je-sus my Ref-uge, my All.

**CHORUS.**

Ho-ly, more ho-ly, O still... would I be,.....  
 Ho-ly, more ho-ly, Holy, more ho-ly, Blessed Redeemer, O still would I be,

## More Holy Would I Be.—Concluded.

Fill . . . . . with thy Spir - it, And draw me clos - er to thee.  
 Fill with thy Spirit, O fill with thy Spirit,

## No. 33. What Have I Done?

F. M. D.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. What have I done for Je - sus, Who did so much for me;  
 2. What have I done for Je - sus, Who gave his life that I  
 3. What have I done for Je - sus, Who keeps me day by day?

Who fills my soul with glad - ness, And sets my spir - it free?  
 Might know the pow'r of par - don, Its joys that nev - er die?  
 The source of all my com - fort, My Light, my Strength, my Stay.

### CHORUS.

What have I done, what have I done, O Christ my Lord for thee?

Thou who hast been my all in all, And done so much for me.

# No. 34. There's a Story Sweet and True.

MRS. W. T. MORRIS.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. There's a sto-ry sweet and true, Tho' 'tis old, 'tis ev-er new; 'Tis the  
 2. Yes, I'll tell it o'er and o'er, Tell it now and ev-er more, For the  
 3. When my life is end-ed here, As I reach the portals there, And the

sto - ry of my Saviour and his love; How he hung up-on the tree, Ev-en  
 story of my Saviour ne'er grows old; How he cleansed me from all sin, Made me  
 loved ones who have gone before I greet; I shall tell them of his love, How he

died for you and me, To pre-pare us for his glorious realms a-bove.  
 white and pure with-in; 'Tis the dearest, sweetest sto-ry ev-er told.  
 brought me safe a-bove, To his glo-ry will I tell the sto-ry sweet.

## CHORUS.

O re-peat it o'er and o'er, Some have nev-er heard be-fore How that

Jesus for us suffered, bled and died; 'Tis a theme that ne'er grows old, Sweetest

# There's a Story Sweet and True.—Concluded.

sto-ry ev-er told, 'Tis the sto-ry of our Sav-iour cru-ci-fied.

## No. 35. He Gave His Life For Thee.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE.

1. O soul from Cal-v'ry's cross! A voice is call-ing thee,  
 2. They nailed him to the cross, With thorns they pierced his brow,  
 3. "'Tis done, my work is o'er;" O hear his bit-ter cry,  
 4. He died but lives a-gain; O bless-ed truth di-vine!

The voice of him who died To make you free.  
 O come in faith a-lone, And trust him now.  
 That shook the trem-b-ling earth, And rent the sky.  
 Thro' him e-ter-nal joy May yet be thine!

CHORUS. *Slower.*

He gave his life for thee, He gave his life for me,  
 He gave he gave

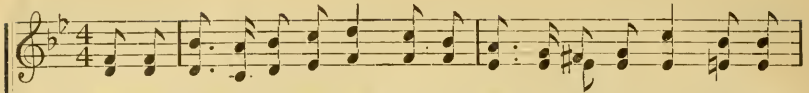
And still in pa-tient love, He pleads now with thee.  
 And still in



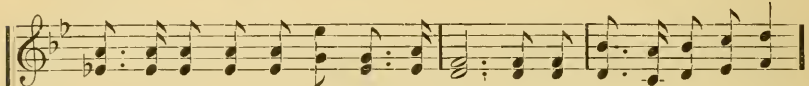
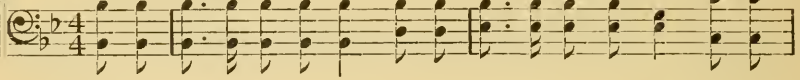
# No. 36. Keep Your Heart Singing.

C. H. G.

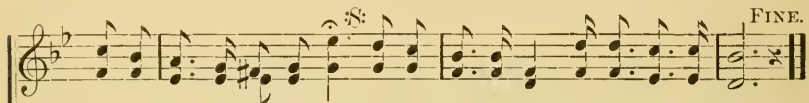
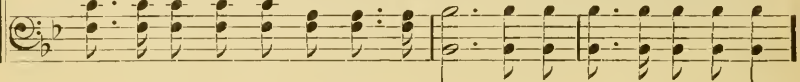
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



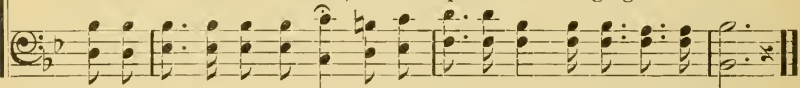
1. We may light-en toil and care, Or a heav - y bur-den share, With a
2. If his love is in the soul, And we yield to his con-trol, Sweetest
3. How a word of love will cheer, Kin-dle hope, and ban-ish fear, Soothe a



word, a kind-ly deed, or sun - ny smile; We may gir-dle day and night,  
mu - sic will the lone-ly hours be-guile; We may drive the clouds away,  
pain, or take a - way the sting of guile; O how much we all may do,

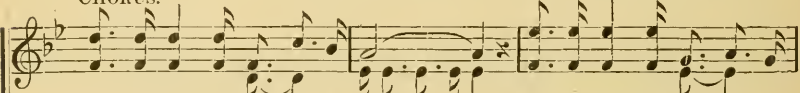


With a ha - lo of de-light, If we keep our hearts singing all the while.  
Cheer and bless the darkest day, If we keep our hearts singing all the while.  
In the world we travel thro', If we keep our hearts singing all the while.

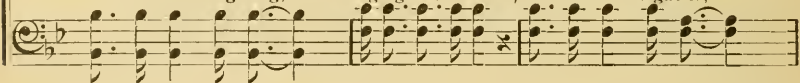


*D.S.*—If we keep our hearts singing all the while.

## CHORUS.



Keep your heart singing all the while, . . . . . Make the world brighter with a  
sing - ing, singing all the while; brighter,



*D.S.*



smile, . . . . . Keep the song ringing! lone-ly hours we may be-guile,  
brighter with a smile,



# No. 37.

# To God be the Glory.

FANNY J. CROSSBY.

W. H. DOANE.

1. To God be the glo-ry, great things he hath done, So loved he the  
 2. O per - fect re - demp - tion, the purchase of blood, To ev - 'ry be -  
 3. Great things he hath taught us, great things he hath done, And great our re -

world that he gave us his Son, Who yield - ed his life an a -  
 liev - er the prom - ise of God; The vil - est of - fend - er who  
 joic - ing thro' Je - sus the Son; But pur - er, and high - er, and

*D. S.*—come to the Fa - ther, thro'

tone - ment for sin, And o - pened the Life - gate that all may go in.  
 tru - ly believes, That moment from Je - sus a par - don receives.  
 great - er will be Our won - der, our trans - port, when Je - sus we see.

FINE.

Je - sus the Son, And give him the glo - ry, great things he hath done

CHORUS.

Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, Let the earth hear his voice;

Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, Let the peo - ple re - joice; O

*D. S.*

# No. 38. There is Power in the Blood.

L. E. J.

L. E. JONES.

1. Would you be free from your bur-den of sin? There's pow'r in the blood,  
 2. Would you be free from your passion and pride? There's pow'r in the blood,  
 3. Would you be whit-er, much whiter than snow? There's pow'r in the blood,  
 4. Would you do serv-ice for Je-sus your King? There's pow'r in the blood,

pow'r in the blood; Would you o'er e-vil a vic-to-ry win?  
 pow'r in the blood; Come for a cleans-ing to Cal-va-ry's tide,  
 pow'r in the blood; Sin-stains are lost in its life-giv-ing flow,  
 pow'r in the blood; Would you live dai-ly his prais-es to sing?

**CHORUS.**  
 There's won-der-ful pow'r in the blood. There is pow'r, pow'r,  
 There is pow'r,

wonder-working pow'r In the blood of the Lamb; There is  
 In the blood of the Lamb;

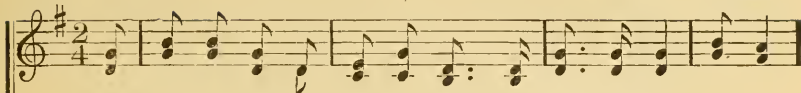
pow'r, pow'r, wonder-working pow'r In the precious blood of the Lamb.  
 There is pow'r,

# No. 39. The Very Same Jesus.

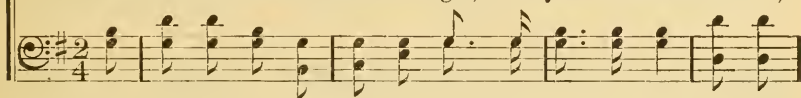
"This same Jesus."—Acts 1: 2.

H. L. EDMUNDS.

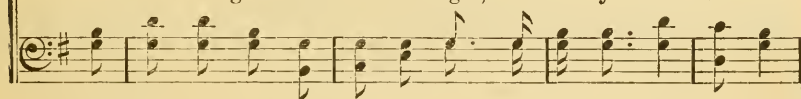
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



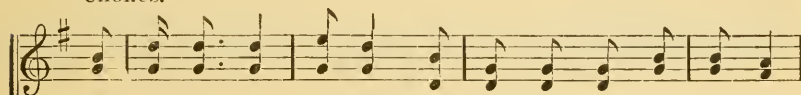
1. Come, sin-ners, to the Liv-ing One, He's just the same Je - sus,
2. Come, feast up - on the "living bread," He's just the same Je - sus,
3. Come, tell him all your griefs and fears, He's just the same Je - sus,
4. Come un - to him for clear-er light, He's just the same Je - sus,



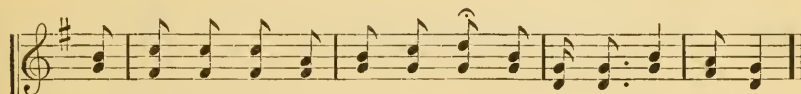
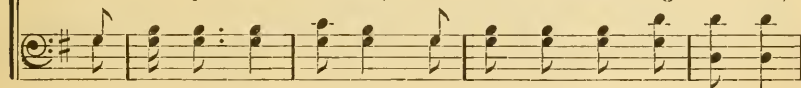
As when he raised the wid-ow's son, The ver - y same Je - sus.  
 As when the mul - ti - tudes he fed, The ver - y same Je - sus.  
 As when he shed those lov - ing tears, The ver - y same Je - sus.  
 As when he gave the blind their sight, The ver - y same Je - sus.



## CHORUS.



The ver - y same Je - sus, The won - der - work - ing Je - sus;



O, praise his name, he's just the same, The ver - y same Je - sus.



5 Calm 'midst the waves 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,  
 O, blessed day for you and me!  
 The very same Jesus.

# No. 40. Life through the Crucified One.

IDA SCOTT TAYLOR.

W. H. DOANE.

1. O what joy the be-liev - er may know, In rememb'ring what  
 2. If our days on the earth have been long, Or our jour - ney what  
 3. Then we'll sing of the good - ness of God, From the dawn to the

Je - sus has done; Tho' in sin we abound, With the Lord grace is found;  
 scarcely be - gun, With the Lord as our light, We will live it a - right;  
 set - ting of sun, Till the whole world below Shall re - joic - ing - ly know;

CHORUS.

There is life thro' the cru-ci - fied One. There is life thro' the cru-ci - fied

One, There is life thro' the cru-ci - fied One; If a  
 cru - ci - fied One, cru - ci - fied One;

touch he will give, or a look, we may live, There is life thro' the crucified One.



# No. 41. I Know that My Redeemer Liveth.

JESSIE BROWN POUNDS.

J. H. FILLMORE.

1. I know that my Redeemer liv - eth, And on the earth.....  
 2. I know his promise never fail - eth, The word he speaks, .....  
 3. I know my mansion he pre-par - eth, That where he is.....  
 And on the earth

a - gain shall stand; I know e - ter - nal life he giv - eth, That grace and  
 it can - not die; Tho' cru - el death my flesh assail - eth, Yet I shall  
 there I may be; O wondrous thought, for me he car - eth, And he at  
 Again shall stand;

CHORUS.

pow'r..... are in his hand.  
 see..... him by and by. } I know, I know..... that Je - sus  
 last..... will come for me. }  
 That grace and pow'r I know, I know,

liv - eth, And on the earth..... a - gain shall stand; I know, I  
 And on the earth,

know... that life he giv - eth, That grace and pow'r... are in his hands.  
 I know. I know that grace and pow'r

# No. 42. Sing and Pray, All the Day.

BERTHA C. MASON.

W. H. DOANE.

1. Would we make our du - ty light, Sing and pray, all the day;  
 2. When our la - bor weighs us down, Sing and pray, all the day;  
 3. Wea - ry not, O wea - ry not, Sing and pray, all the day;  
 4. Look - ing up to God a - bove, Sing and pray, all the day;

Thus we keep the prom - ise bright, That hap - py rest will come.  
 Bear the cross and win the crown, That bless - ed rest will come.  
 Joy will crown each rug - ged spot, That bless - ed rest will come.  
 Work for him with pa - tient love, That bless - ed rest will come.

CHORUS.

Sing - ing all the day, Trust - ing ev - 'ry day, As we jour - ney

homeward In the nar - row way. Cheer the work with pray'r and song,

Ev'ry day, sing and pray; Labor on, 'twill not be long, Happy rest will come.

# No. 43. Peace Through the Blood.

E. E. HEWITT.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. Come while God is call-ing, hear his word to - day, Peace thro' the  
 2. Sink the past for - ev - er 'neath the cleansing tide, Peace thro' the  
 3. Bless - ing free and boundless flow-ing from a - bove, Peace thro' the  
 4. Tell the joy - ful sto - ry ev - 'ry-where you go, Peace thro' the

blood of the cross; Take the gift he of-fers, come without de-lay,  
 blood of the cross; Let the Ho - ly Spir - it in your heart a - bide,  
 blood of the cross; Ev - er - last - ing mer - cy, ev - er - last - ing love,  
 blood of the cross; Till the wide world over, ransom'd souls shall know,

## CHORUS.

Peace thro' the blood of the cross. Peace!..... wonder-ful  
 Peace! wonderful peace!

peace!..... Peace!..... wonder-ful peace!.....  
 Peace! wonderful peace! Peace! wonderful peace! Peace! wonderful peace!

1  
 2  
 Peace thro' the blood of the cross; Peace thro' the blood of the cross.

# No. 44.

# He Saves Me.

J. W. VAN DE VENTER.

W. S. WEEDEN.

1. The dear lov - ing Sav - iour has found me, And shattered the fetters that  
 2. He sought me so long e'er I knew him, But fi - nal - ly winning me  
 3. I nev - er, no, nev - er will leave him, Grow wea - ry of serv - ice and

bound me, Tho' all was con - fu - sion a - round me, He came and spoke  
 to him, I yield - ed my all to pur - sue him, And asked to be  
 grieve him, I'll constant - ly trust and be - lieve him, Re - main in his

peace to my soul; The bless - ed Re - deem - er that bought me, In  
 filled with his grace; Al - though a vile sin - ner be - fore him, Thro'  
 pres - ence di - vine; A - bid - ing in love ev - er flow - ing, In

ten - der - ness constant - ly sought me, The way of sal - va - tion he  
 faith I was led to im - plore him, And now I re - joice and a -  
 knowledge and grace ev - er grow - ing, Con - fid - ing im - plic - it - ly,

CHORUS.

taught me, And made my heart per - fect - ly whole. }  
 dore him, Re - stored to his lov - ing em - brace. } He saves me, he  
 know - ing That Je - sus the Sav - iour is mine. }



## He Saves Me.—Concluded.

saves me, His love fills my soul, hal - le - lu - jah! O glo - ry,

O glo - ry, { His Spir - it a - bid - eth with - in; His blood cleanses (Omit. ....) me from all sin. *Rit.*

## No. 45. Love My Ransom Paid.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

HUBERT P. MAIN.

- O love, a - maz - ing love, That wounded thou should'st be For my trans-
- Thou, like a gen - tle lamb, Wast to the slaughter led, My guilt - y
- The law my soul condemns, I have no ref - uge there; The law for
- Yes, 'till my lat - est hour, And with my lat - est breath, Thy wondrous

### CHORUS.

gressions, Lord, And sac - ri - ficed for me.  
sins were laid Up - on thy guiltless head. } Love my ransom paid,  
vengeance calls, But Mer - cy cries for - bear. } ransom paid,  
love I'll sing, E'en thro' the gates of death.

Love my sor - row bore, Love has open'd the gate of life; That Love will I adore.  
sorrow bore,



# No. 46. Will You Come to the Cross?

FANNY J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE.

1. O burdened soul no lon-ger wait, But give your wand' rings o'er;  
2. Be - hold a fountain filled with blood, He o - pened long a - go;  
3. Be - hold a straight and nar - row path, That leads to end - less day;  
4. Then turn to him in sim - ple faith, Ac - cept his prom - ise true;

Now hum-bly kneel at Je - sus' feet And slight his call no more.  
And there your sins, tho' crim-son red, Shall be as white as snow.  
O seek it now thro' Christ the Lord, There is no oth - er way.  
And O! be - lieve with all your heart That Je - sus died for you.

## CHORUS.

Will you come to the cross Where hap - py you may be? Will you

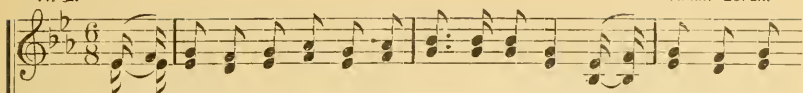
come to the cross, His blood your on - ly plea? In the cross, bless - ed cross,

Is par - don full and free; Will you come, he will save you there?

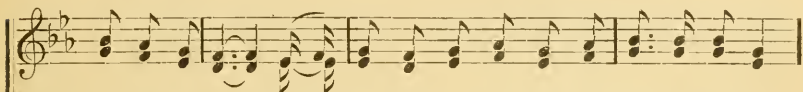
# No. 47. I Want to Go There.

H. L.

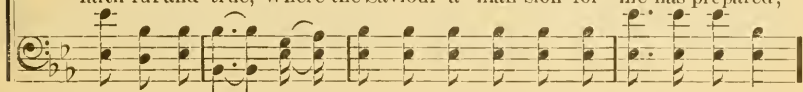
HARRY LOPER.



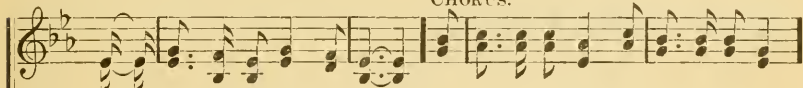
1. We are told of a home in that cit - y a - bove, When with life and its
2. Since here God has called me, I'll stand at my post, And do what he
3. Soon this brief life is ended, our work here is done, For the days are so
4. There none but the pure shall that cit - y be - hold; 'Tis the home of the



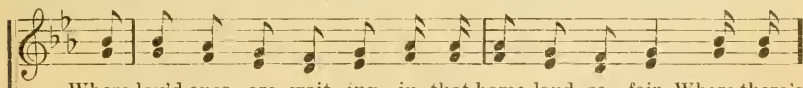
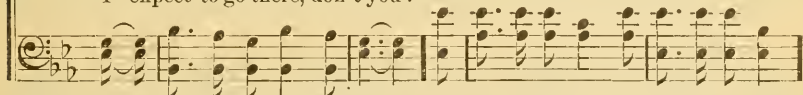
cares we are thro', Where the walls are of jas - per, the streets are of gold;—  
 gives me to do, For the thought is re - fresh - ing as homeward I look;—  
 fleet - ing and few, Where lov'd ones have gathered no death ever comes;—  
 faith - ful and true, Where the Saviour a man - sion for me has prepared;—



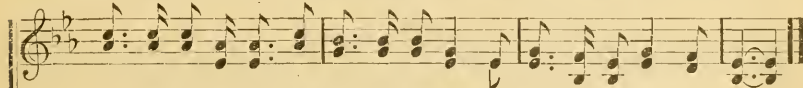
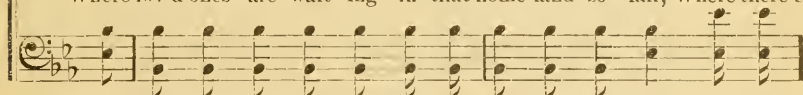
CHORUS.



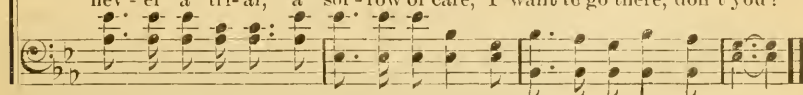
I want to go there, don't you?	} I want to go there, I want to go there,
I want to go there, don't you?	
I want to go there, don't you?	
I expect to go there, don't you?	



Where lov'd ones are wait - ing in that home - land so fair, Where there's



nev - er a tri - al, a sor - row or care, I want to go there, don't you?



## No. 48.

## I Cannot Let Him Go.

MRS. S. A. COLLINS.

W. H. DOANE.

1. One is stand- ing at the door, Hear him knock, knock, knock, O my  
 2. Still he stand- eth at the door, Hear him call, call, call, He has  
 3. Yes, he stand- eth at the door, See him wait, wait, wait, Will he

heart wilt thou yield or no; Shall I now as oft be- fore,  
 died for my guilt and sin; I am wea- ry and would rest,  
 leave and re- turn no more? No, that gen- tle voice so dear,

From my Sav- iour close the door, No, I can- not let him go.  
 I may find it on his breast, I will quick- ly let him in.  
 How it calms my ev- 'ry fear, I will o- pen now the door.

## CHORUS.

He stands and knocks, No, I cannot let him go, Shall I  
 He stands, and knocks, let him go,

now as oft before, From my Saviour close the door? No, I cannot let him go!

# No. 49.

# Our Burden Bearer.

Duet.

AMELIA M. STARKWEATHER.

J. M. BLACK.

1. Cast thy care up-on the Sav-iour, He will all thy burdens bear;  
 2. He will make thy life to praise him, And thy tongue to sing for joy;  
 3. He will not per-mit one sor-row More thy com-fort to mo-lest

He has prom-ised to sus-tain thee;—Claim his pre-cious word in pray'r.  
 He will give thee in af-flic-tion Hap-pi-ness without al-loy.  
 Than will fit thee for life's du-ties And the sweet, e-ter-nal rest.

### CHORUS.

Je - sus is . . . . . our bur - den bear - er; All the  
 Je-sus is our bur-den bear-er,

world . . . . . may now go free; Hear his lov - ing in - vi -  
 All the world may now go free; Hear his lov-ing

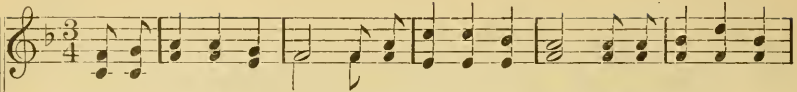
ta - tion, "Wea-ry soul, . . . . . come un-to me." . . . . .  
 in - vi - ta - tion, "Wea-ry soul, come un-to me, come un-to me."

# No. 50.

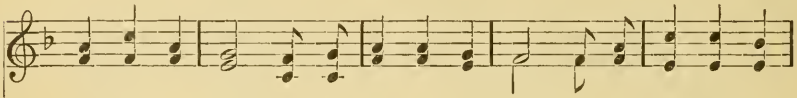
# Trust and Obey.

REV. J. H. SAMMIS.

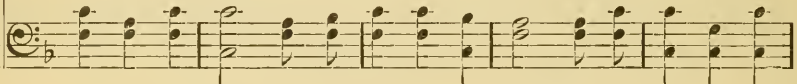
D. B. TOWNER.



1. When we walk with the Lord, In the light of his word, What a glo- ry he
2. Not a shad-ow can rise, Not a cloud in the skies, But his smile quickly
3. Not a bur-den we bear, Not a sor-row we share, But our toil he doth
4. But we nev-er can prove The delights of his love Un-til all on the
5. Then in fel-low-ship sweet We will sit at his feet, Or we'll walk by his



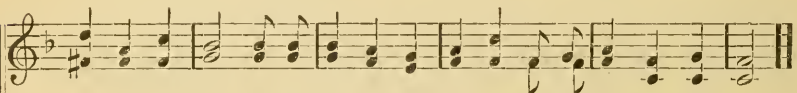
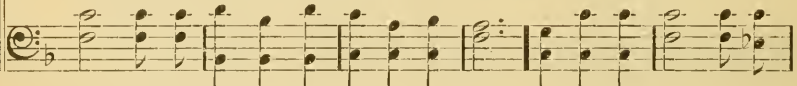
sheds on our way! While we do his good will, He a-bides with us  
drives it a-way; Not a doubt nor a fear, Not a sigh nor a  
rich-ly re-pay; Not a grief nor a loss, Not a frown nor a  
al-tar we lay, For the fav-or he shows, And the joy he be-  
side in the way; What he says we will do, Where he sends we will



## CHORUS.



<p>still, And with all who will trust and o-bey. tear Can a-bide while we trust and o-bey. cross, But is blest if we trust and o-bey. stows, Are for all who will trust and o-bey. go, Nev-er fear, on-ly trust and o-bey.</p>	}	Trust and obey, For there's
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no oth-er way To be hap-py in Je-sus, But to trust and o-bey.





# No. 51. All Will Be Glory, By and By.

LYDIA N. WILLIAMS.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

*f* *p*

1. { By and by we'll be gathered home, Gathered home, gathered home;  
Sheltered there we shall no more roam, No more roam, no more roam;

2. { By and by we shall cross the tide, Cross the tide, cross the tide;  
Thro' his grace we'll be glo - ri - fied, Glo - ri - fied, glo - ri - fied;

3. { Meet-ing there at the riv-er's brink, Riv-er's brink, riv-er's brink;  
May there be not a miss-ing link, Miss-ing link, miss-ing link;

4. { O the joy when we meet up there, Meet up there, meet up there;  
O the rap-ture we soon shall share, Soon shall share, soon shall share;

{ By and by we'll be gathered home To the pal-ace of the King. }  
{ Sheltered there we shall no more roam, While immor-tal love we sing. }

{ By and by we shall cross the tide To the ha-ven of the blest. }  
{ Thro' his grace we'll be glo - ri - fied In the peace-ful land of rest. }

{ Meeting there at the riv-er's brink We shall en-ter joys a - bove. }  
{ May there be not a miss-ing link In the jeweled chain of love. }

{ O the joy when we meet up there On the hap-py Gold-en shore. }  
{ O the rap-ture we soon shall share With the loved ones gone be - fore! }

## CHORUS.

We shall meet in the bright to-morrow, God shall wipe ev'ry tear-ful eye;

No more sighing, and no more sor-row, All will be glo-ry, by and by.

# No. 52. Safe in the Arms of Jesus.

"Underneath are the everlasting arms."—Deut. 33 : 27.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE.

1. Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe on his gen - tle breast—  
 2. Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe from cor - ro - ding care;  
 3. Je - sus, my heart's dear ref - uge, Je - sus has died for me;

*D. C.*—Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe on his gen - tle breast—

There by his love o'er - shad - ed, Sweetly my soul shall rest.  
 Safe from the world's temp - ta - tions, Sin can - not harm me there.  
 Firm on the Rock of A - ges, Ev - er my trust shall be.

FINE.

There by his love o'er - shad - ed, Sweetly my soul shall rest.

Hark! 'tis the voice of an - gels, Borne in a song to me,  
 Free from the blight of sor - row, Free from my doubts and fears;  
 Here let me wait with pa - tience, Wait till the night is o'er;

*D. C. CHORUS.*

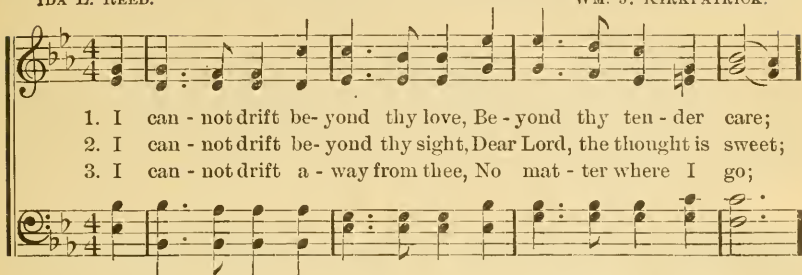
O - ver the fields of glo - ry, O - ver the jas - per sea.  
 On - ly a few more tri - als, On - ly a few more tears.  
 Wait till I see the morn - ing Break on the gold - en shore.

# No. 53. I Cannot Drift Beyond Thy Love.

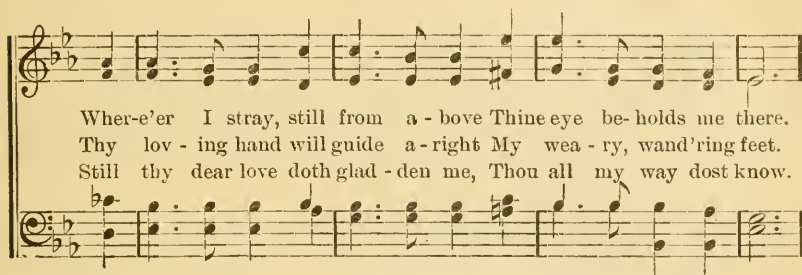
"I know not where his islands lift their fringed palms in air;  
I only know I cannot drift beyond his love and care."—Whittier.

IDA L. REED.

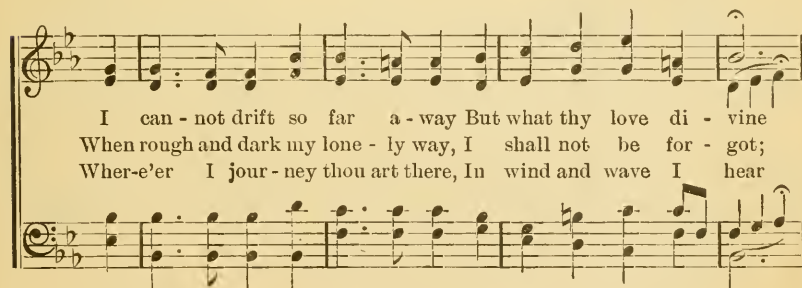
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



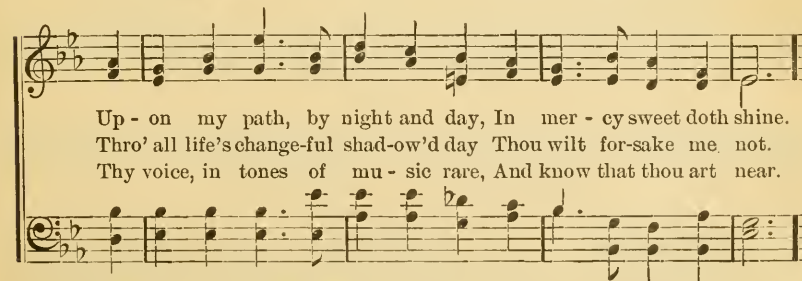
1. I can - not drift be - yond thy love, Be - yond thy ten - der care;  
2. I can - not drift be - yond thy sight, Dear Lord, the thought is sweet;  
3. I can - not drift a - way from thee, No mat - ter where I go;



Wher - e'er I stray, still from a - bove Thine eye be - holds me there.  
Thy lov - ing hand will guide a - right My wea - ry, wand'ring feet.  
Still thy dear love doth glad - den me, Thou all my way dost know.



I can - not drift so far a - way But what thy love di - vine  
When rough and dark my lone - ly way, I shall not be for - got;  
Wher - e'er I jour - ney thou art there, In wind and wave I hear



Up - on my path, by night and day, In mer - cysweet doth shine.  
Thro' all life's change - ful shad - ow'd day Thou wilt for - sake me not.  
Thy voice, in tones of mu - sic rare, And know that thou art near.

# No. 54.

# To the Work.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE.

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

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

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

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

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

## To the Work.—Concluded.

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

### No. 55. All the Way Long it is Jesus.

I. H. M.

I. H. MEREDITH.

1. Joy-ful I sing as I jour-ney each day; All the way long it is  
 2. Tho' I am tempted and sor-row-op-pressed, All the way long it is  
 3. Nothing shall sev-er my Sav-iour from me; All the way long it is  
 4. There I shall sing on that beau-ti-ful strand; All the way long it is

Je-sus; Safe while he leads me, I nev-er shall stray; All the way  
 Je-sus; Still I can trust him, his spir-it gives rest; All the way  
 Je-sus; Soon in its beau-ty his face I shall see; All the way  
 Je-sus; There in the pres-ence of Christ I shall stand; All the way

#### CHORUS.

long it is Je-sus. Je-sus, Je-sus, All the way long it is

Je-sus; Je-sus, Je-sus, All the way long it is Je-sus.





# When the Saints are Marching In.—Concluded.

thro' the sky shall ring, When the saints . . . . . are marching in. marching in.

When the saints

## No. 57. Come, Great Deliverer, Come.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE.

1. O hear my cry, be gracious now to me, Come, Great Deliverer, come;
2. I have no place, no shelter from the night, Come, Great Deliverer, come;
3. My path is lone, and weary are my feet, Come, Great Deliverer, come;
4. Thou wilt not spurn contrition's broken sigh, Come, Great Deliverer, come;

My soul bowed down is longing now for thee, Come, Great Deliverer, come.  
 One look from thee would give me life and light, Come, Great Deliverer, come.  
 Mine eyes look up thy loving smile to meet, Come, Great Deliverer, come.  
 Re - gard my pray'r and hear my humble cry, Come, Great Deliverer, come.

### CHORUS.

I've wander'd far away o'er mountains cold, I've wander'd far away from home;

O take me now, and bring me to thy fold, Come, Great Deliverer, come.

# No. 58. More and More I Need Thee.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE.

1. More and more I need thee, Pre-cious Friend di - vine; More and  
 2. More and more I need thee, Thou, my all in all; More and  
 3. More and more I need thee, In temp - ta - tion's hour; More and  
 4. More and more I need thee, While the days go by; More and

more I need thee, In this heart of mine; Thou hast led me  
 more I need thee, Lest I faint and fall; I am weak and  
 more I need thee, Need thy keep - ing power; Let my soul up -  
 more I need thee, While the mo - ments fly; In thy se - ret

ev - er, Still my ref - uge be; Sav - iour, lov - ing Sav - iour, A -  
 help - less, Thou, my strength must be; Sav - iour, lov - ing Sav - iour, A -  
 lift - ed, Cling by faith to thee; Sav - iour, lov - ing Sav - iour, A -  
 pres - ence, Let my dwelling be; Sav - iour, lov - ing Sav - iour, A -

## CHORUS.

bide with me. More.... and more.... I need thee, O I  
 More and more, yes, more and more,

need thee! Sav - iour, lov - ing Sav - iour, A - bide with me.

# No. 59.

# O to be Like Thee.

T. O. CHISHOLM.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. O to be like thee! bless-ed Re-deem-er, This is my con-stant  
 2. O to be like thee! full of com-pas-sion, Lov-ing, for-giv-ing,  
 3. O to be like thee! low-ly in spir-it, Ho-ly and harm-less,  
 4. O to be like thee! while I am plead-ing, Pour out thy Spir-it,

long-ing and pray'r; Glad-ly I'll for-feit all of earth's treas-ures,  
 ten-der and kind, Help-ing the help-less, cheer-ing the faint-ing,  
 pa-tient and brave; Meek-ly en-dur-ing cru-el re-proach-es,  
 fill with thy love, Make me a tem-ple meet for thy dwell-ing,

CHORUS.

Je-sus, thy per-fect like-ness to wear.  
 Seek-ing the wan-d'ring sin-ner to find.  
 Will-ing to suf-fer, oth-ers to save. } O to be like thee!  
 Fit me for life and heav-en a-bove.

O to be like thee, Bless-ed Re-deem-er, pure as thou art; Come in thy

*rit.*

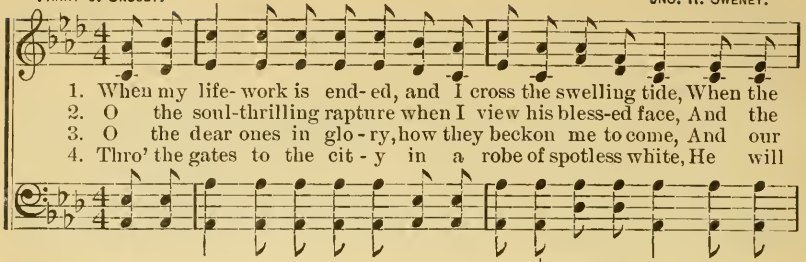
sweetness, come in thy ful-ness; Stamp thine own image deep in my heart.



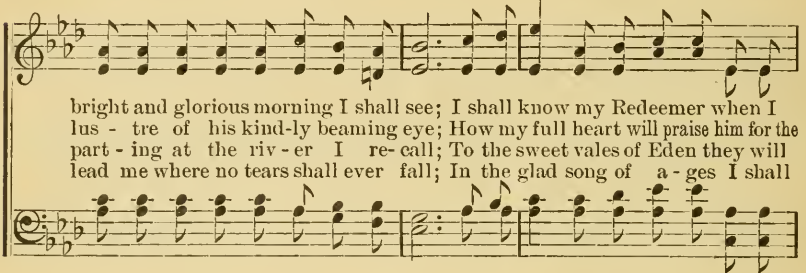
# No. 60. My Saviour First of All.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

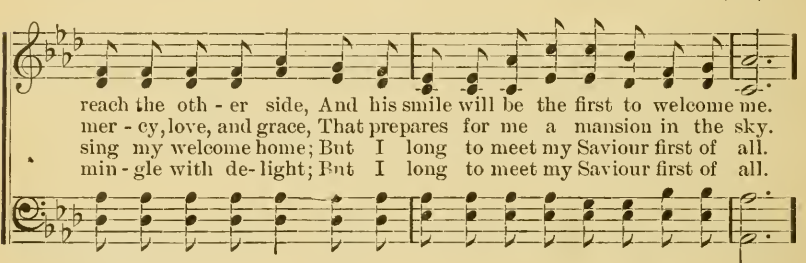
JNO. R. SWENEY.



1. When my life-work is end-ed, and I cross the swelling tide, When the  
 2. O the soul-thrilling rapture when I view his bless-ed face, And the  
 3. O the dear ones in glo-ry, how they beckon me to come, And our  
 4. Thro' the gates to the cit-y in a robe of spotless white, He will

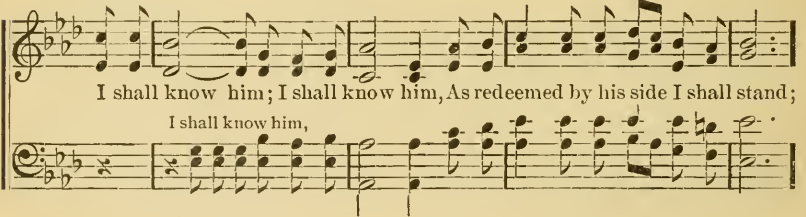


bright and glorious morning I shall see; I shall know my Redeemer when I  
 lus-tre of his kind-ly beaming eye; How my full heart will praise him for the  
 part-ing at the riv-er I re-call; To the sweet vales of Eden they will  
 lead me where no tears shall ever fall; In the glad song of a-ges I shall

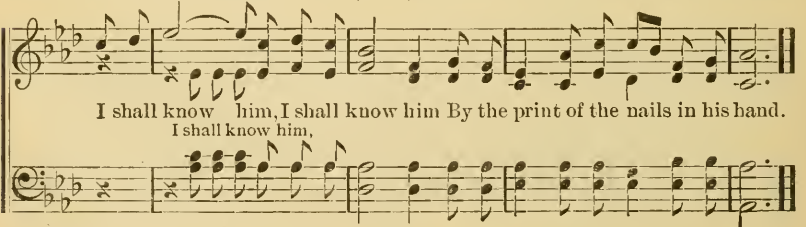


reach the oth-er side, And his smile will be the first to welcome me.  
 mer-cy, love, and grace, That prepares for me a mansion in the sky.  
 sing my welcome home; But I long to meet my Saviour first of all.  
 min-gle with de-light; But I long to meet my Saviour first of all.

## CHORUS.



I shall know him; I shall know him, As redeemed by his side I shall stand;  
 I shall know him,



I shall know him, I shall know him By the print of the nails in his hand.  
 I shall know him,



# No. 61. The Best Friend is Jesus.

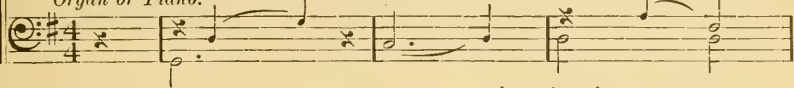
P. P. B.

P. P. BILHORN.

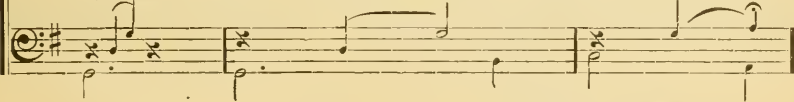
DUET.



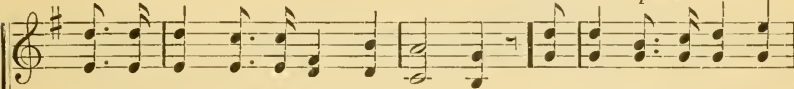
1. O the best friend to have is Je - sus, When the cares of life up - on you
  2. What a friend I have found in Je - sus! Peace and comfort to my soul he
  3. Tho' I pass thro' the night of sor - row, And the chil - ly waves of Jordan
  4. When at last to our home we gath - er, With the lov'd ones who have gone be -
- Organ or Piano.*



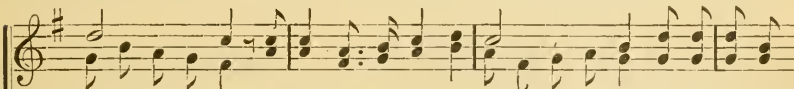
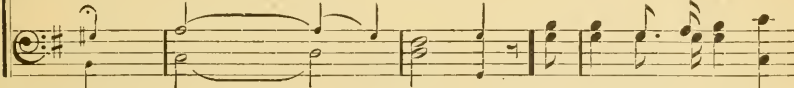
roll; He will heal the wound - ed heart, He will strength and grace impart;  
brings; Lean - ing on his might - y arm, I will fear no ill nor harm;  
roll, Nev - er need I shrink nor fear, For my Sav - iour is so near;  
fore, We will sing up - on the shore, Prais - ing him for - ev - er - more;



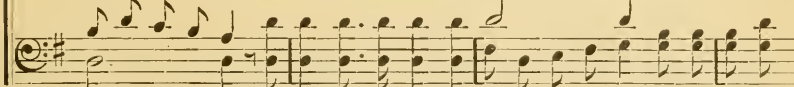
CHORUS. *Spirited.*



O the best friend to have is Je - sus. The best friend to have is



Je - sus, The best friend to have is Je - sus, He will help you  
Je - sus ev - 'ry day, Je - sus all the way,



when you fall, He will hear you when you call; O the best friend to have is Jesus.



# No. 62.

# Keep Very Close.

IDA SCOTT TAYLOR.

W. H. DOANE.

1. Would you in wis-dom and righteousness grow, Seek-ing the joys of the  
 2. Would you be filled with the spir-it of love, Would you be ho - ly and  
 3. Would you a-bide in the man-sion so fair, Christ your Redeem-er has  
 4. Keep ver - y close to the Sav-iour each day, Lean on his prom-ise, his

king-dom to know? Fol - low your Mas - ter wher - ev - er you go,  
 pure as a dove? Would you in - her - it the king-dom a - bove?  
 gone to pre-pare? Would you the crown of the glo - ri - fied wear?  
 teachings o - bey, He is the Truth, and the Life, and the Way,

CHORUS.

Keep ver-y close to your Sav - iour. Keep ver-y close, To Jesus your Guide;  
 ver-y close,

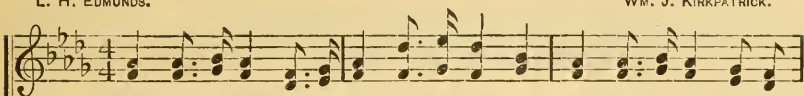
Un-der his wings of mer-cy a-bide, Keep ver - y close, What  
 ver - y close,

ev - er be - tide, Close to the heart of your Sav - iour.

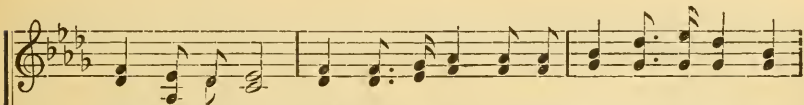
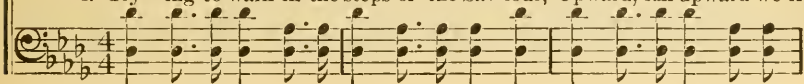
# No. 63. Stepping in the Light.

L. H. EDMUNDS.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



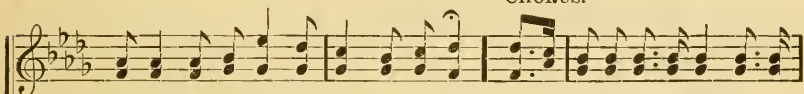
1. Try - ing to walk in the steps of the Sav-iour, Try - ing to fol - low our
2. Pressing more closely to him who is lead - ing, When we are tempted to
3. Walking in footsteps of gen-tle for-bearance, Footsteps of faithfulness,
4. Try - ing to walk in the steps of the Sav-iour, Upward, still upward we'll



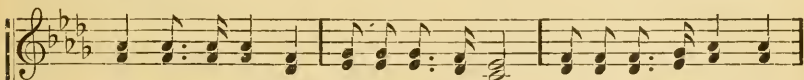
Sav - iour and King; Shap-ing our lives by his bless-ed ex - am - ple,  
 turn from the way; Trusting the arm that is strong to de-fend us,  
 mer - cy, and love, Look-ing to him for the grace free-ly promised,  
 fol - low our Guide, When we shall see him, "the King in his beau-ty."



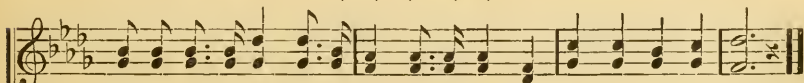
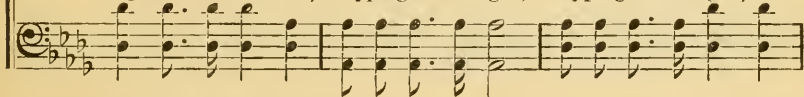
## CHORUS.



Happy, how happy, the songs that we bring.  
 Happy, how happy, our prais-es each day. } How beautiful to walk in the  
 Happy, how happy, our journey a - bove. }  
 Happy, how happy, our place at his side.



steps of the Sav-iour, Stepping in the light, Stepping in the light; How



beau-ti-ful to walk in the steps of the Saviour, Led in paths of light.



# No. 64.

# There is Peace.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE.

1. Thro' the sac - ri - fice of Je - sus the Lamb, (the Lamb,) Thro' his  
 2. Thro' the sac - ri - fice of Je - sus the Lamb, (the Lamb,) Thro' the  
 3. Thro' the sac - ri - fice of Je - sus the Lamb, (the Lamb,) Un - to  
 4. As in A - dam we are ruin - ed and lost, (and lost,) So in

blood full a - tone - ment is made, (is made,) He has car - ried all our  
 blood of the Lamb that was slain, (was slain,) We are res - cued from our  
 all who re - pent and be - lieve, (be - lieve,) What a com - fort in the  
 Christ, shall our life be re - stored, (re - stored,) And the Fa - ther in his

bur - dens of sor - row, And on him our transgressions were laid.  
 bond - age for - ev - er, And the way of re - dem - tion is plain.  
 prom - ise he left us, Thro' the blood we may par - don re - ceive.  
 mer - cy will own us Thro' the blood of our cru - ci - fied Lord.

## CHORUS.

There is peace, thro' the blood, Thro' the precious blood he  
 There is peace, thro' the blood,

of - fers so free; There is peace thro' the  
 so free; There is peace



## There is Peace.—Concluded.

blood, (thro' the blood,) O that pre-cious blood is flow-ing for me.

## No. 65. I Never Will Leave My Saviour.

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR.

A. A. BALDWIN.

1. Tho' in this world of sin and woe, I nev-er will leave my Saviour;
2. Let friends prove false, let friends prove true, I nev-er will leave my Saviour;
3. Tho' worldly pleas-ure bids me stay, I nev-er will leave my Saviour;
4. Let fears ap-pall, let doubts as-sail, I nev-er will leave my Saviour;

Tho' stormy winds around may blow, I never will leave my Sav-iour.  
 No mat-ter what I may pass thro', I never will leave my Sav-iour.  
 From all its smiles I'll turn a-way, I never will leave my Sav-iour.  
 My an-chor holds with-in the veil, I never will leave my Sav-iour.

### CHORUS.

I nev-er will leave my Sav-iour, I nev-er will leave my Sav-iour;

On Cal - va - ry he ransomed me, My pre-cious, pre-cious Sav-iour.

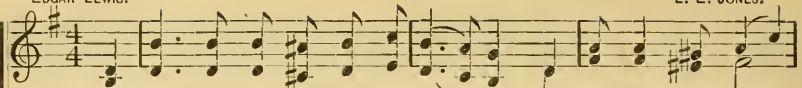


# No. 66.

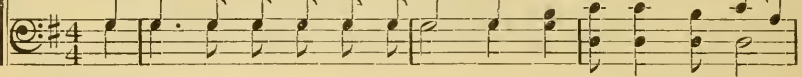
# Lean Upon His Arms.

EDGAR LEWIS.

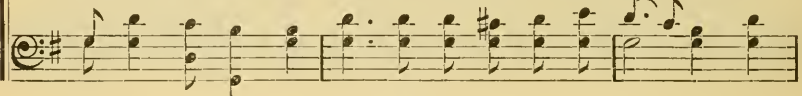
L. E. JONES.



1. Just lean up - on the arms of Je - sus, He'll help you a - long,
2. Just lean up - on the arms of Je - sus, He'll brighten the way,
3. Just lean up - on the arms of Je - sus, O bring ev - 'ry care,
4. Just lean up - on the arms of Je - sus, Then leave all to him,



help you a - long; If you will trust his love un - fail - ing, He'll  
brighten the way; Just fol - low glad - ly where he lead - eth, His  
bring ev - 'ry care; The bur - den that has seemed so heav - y, Take  
leave all to him; His heart is full of love and mer - cy, His



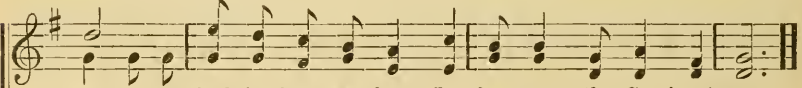
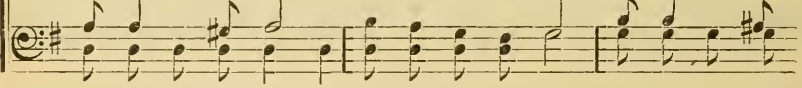
## CHORUS.



fill your heart with song. Lean on his arms, trusting in his love,  
gen - tle voice o - bey. }  
to the Lord in pray'r. }  
eyes are nev - er dim. } Lean up - on his arms, ful - ly trust - ing in his love.



Lean on his arms, all his mer - cies prove, Lean on his  
Lean up - on his arms, and all his mer - cies prove, Lean up - on his



arms, look - ing home a - bove, Just lean on the Sav - iour's arms.  
arms ev - er,

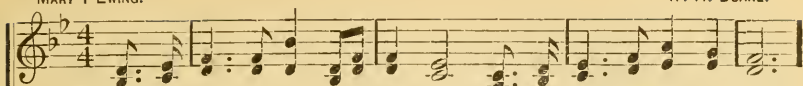


# No. 67.

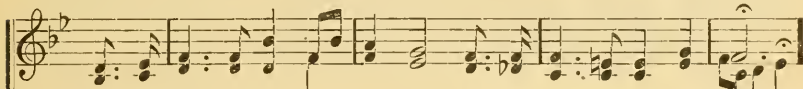
# Our Golden Sheaves.

MARY I EWING.

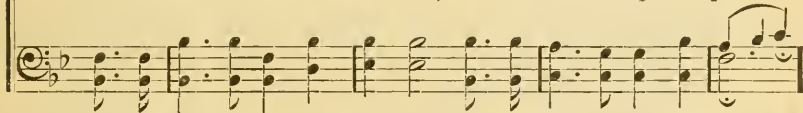
W. H. DOANE.



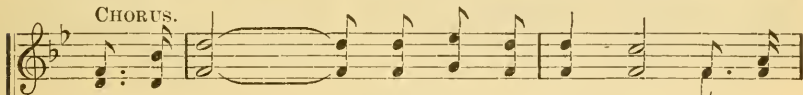
1. When the cares of life are end-ed, And our har-vest days are o'er;
2. We shall hear the bless-ed wel-come, When be-fore his throne we bow,
3. In that home of fade-less beau-ty, Night and clouds will pass a-way,
4. In that home of peer-less glo-ry, Ev - 'ry throeb of pain shall cease;



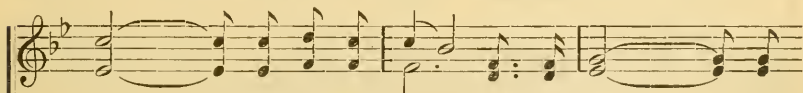
When the veil of time is lift-ed, And we meet to part no more,—  
 And re-ceive the crown of prom-ise, That his love is keep-ing now.  
 And our eyes will see the splen-dor Of a long e-ter-nal day.  
 Kin-dred souls that here were sev-ered, There shall dwell in perfect peace.



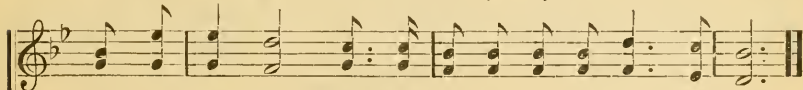
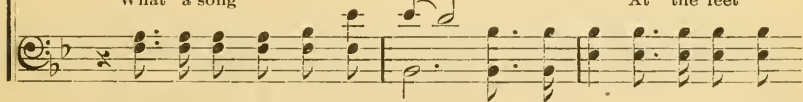
## CHORUS.



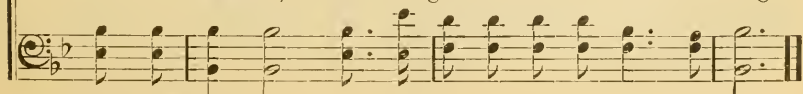
There with all..... the saints in glo - ry, What a  
 There with all



song..... we there shall sing, At the feet..... of  
 What a song At the feet



our Re - deem - er, When our gold-en sheaves to him we bring.



# No. 68.

# Glory All the Way!

REV. J. H. SAMMIS.

D. B. TOWNER.

1. Sav'd by grace a-lone, God's own Word be-liev-ing; It is glo-ry  
 2. Not a care have I since my Sav-iour car-eth! It is glo-ry  
 3. Sev-ered from the world his dear name con-fess-ing; It is glo-ry  
 4. Sin-ner, put your trust in this lov-ing Sav-iour; It is glo-ry  
 5. Working day by day, mind-ed that he sees us, It is glo-ry

all the way! Walk-ing in the light, dai-ly grace re-ceive-ing; It is  
 all the way! Guid-ed by his eye, while with me he far-eth; It is  
 all the way! Tak-ing up the cross, shar-ing in the blessing; It is  
 all the way! Free-ly he for-gives all our past be-hav-ior; It is  
 all the way! Watch and wait and pray, look-ing un-to Je-sus; It is

## CHORUS.

glo-ry all the way! Glo-ry! Glo-ry!  
 Glo-ry all the way, yes, glo-ry all the way!

It is glo-ry all the way!..... Glo-ry!  
 It is glo-ry, glo-ry all the way! Glo-ry all the way, yes.

# Glory all the Way!—Concluded.

Glo - - ry! It is glo - ry all the way!.....  
 Glo - ry all the way, It is glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry all the way!

## No. 69. Never Will I Cease to Love Him.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE.

*Gently.*

1. Je - sus washed my sins a - way, Bless-ed be his name for - ev - er;  
 2. Je - sus' blood has made me whole, Bless-ed be his name for - ev - er;  
 3. What a gift of grace di - vine, Bless-ed be his name for - ev - er;  
 4. There's a crown laid up for me, Bless-ed be his name for - ev - er;

Je - sus taught me how to pray, Bless-ed be his name for - ev - er.  
 There is glo - ry in my soul, Bless-ed be his name for - ev - er.  
 I am his and he is mine, Bless-ed be his name for - ev - er.  
 Soon my Sav - iour I shall see, Bless-ed be his name for - ev - er.

CHORUS.

Nev - er will I cease to love him, Nev - er will I cease to praise him;

Nev - er will I cease to love him; Be - cause he first loved me.

# No. 70.

# Could I Tell It.

INA DULEY OGDON.

P. P. BILHORN.

1. If I could on - ly tell him as I know him, My Re -  
 2. If I could on - ly tell you how he loves you, And if  
 3. If I could tell how sweet will be his wel - come, In that  
 4. But I can nev - er tell him as I know him; Hu - man

deem - er who has brightened all my way; If I could tell how  
 we could thro' the lone - ly gar - den go; If I could tell his  
 home whose wondrous beauty ne'er was told; And tell you how he  
 tongue can nev - er tell of love di - vine; I on - ly can en -

pre - cious is his pres - ence, I am sure that you would make him yours to - day.  
 dy - ing pain and par - don, You would worship at his wounded feet I know.  
 waits and longs to save you, You would seek him, and abide within his fold.  
 treat you to ac - cept him; Come and know the joy and peace forever mine.

CHORUS.

Could I tell it, could I tell it, How the  
 Could I tell it, yes, I would, Could I tell it as I should,

sun - shine of his presence lights my way, I would tell it,  
 I would tell you, yes, I would,



## Could I Tell It.—Concluded.

I would tell it, And I'm sure that you would make him yours to-day.  
I would tell you if I could,

## No. 71. Carry the News of Jesus.

GRACE LINDSEY.

(Missionary.)

W. H. DOANE.

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

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

### CHORUS.

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

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

# No. 72. Some Sweet Day, By and By.

EDNA L. PARK.

"Then shall I know."—1 Cor. 13: 12.

W. H. DOANE.

*Tenderly.*

1. We shall reach the summer land, Some sweet day, by and by; We shall  
 2. At the cry - tal river's brink, Some sweet day, by and by; We shall  
 3. O these parting scenes will end, Some sweet day, by and by; We shall

press the golden strand, Some sweet day, by and by; O the loved ones  
 find each bro - ken link, Some sweet day, by and by; Then the star, that  
 gath - er, friend with friend, Some sweet day, by and by; There be - fore our

watching there, By the tree of life so fair, Till we come their  
 fad - ing here, Left our hearts and homes so drear, We shall see more  
 Father's throne, When the mists and clouds have flown, We shall know as

## CHORUS.

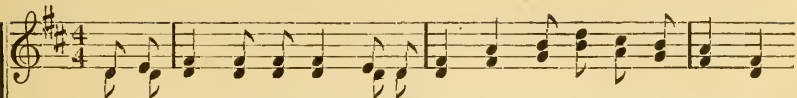
joy to share, Some sweet day, by and by. } By and by,  
 bright and clear, Some sweet day, by and by. }  
 we are known, Some sweet day, by and by. } By and by, yes, by and by.

Some sweet day, We shall meet our loved ones gone, Some sweet day, by and by.

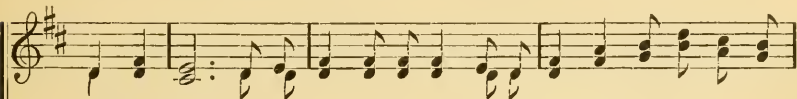
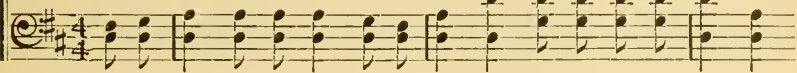
# No. 73. Sowing the Seed of the Kingdom.

F. A. F.

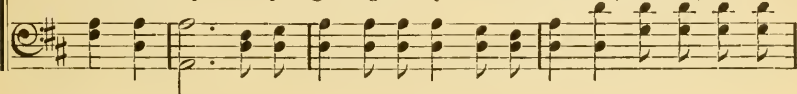
FRED. A. FILLMORE.



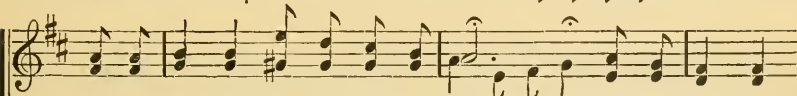
1. Are you sow - ing the seed of the king - dom, brother, In the morn - ing
2. Are you sow - ing the seed of the king - dom, brother, In the still and
3. Are you sow - ing the seed of the king - dom, brother, All a - long the



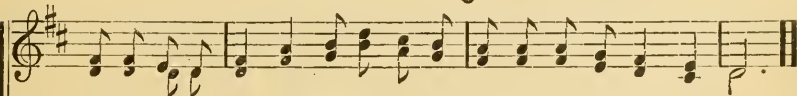
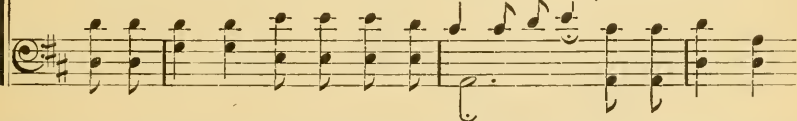
bright and fair? Are you sowing the seed of the kingdom, brother, In the  
sol - emn night? Are you sowing the seed of the kingdom, brother, For a  
fer - tile way? Are you getting read - y for the har - vest, brother, That will



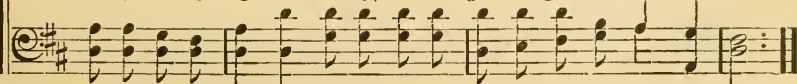
heat of the noon - day's glare? }  
har - vest pure and white? } For the har - vest time is coming on,  
come at the last great day? } coming on,



And the reap - er's work will soon be done; Will your sheaves be  
soon be done;



ma - ny? will you gar - ner a - ny, For the gath'ring at the har - vest home?



# No. 74.

# Jesus Has Promised Me.

IDA SCOTT TAYLOR.

W. H. DOANE.

1. Je - sus has promised me a home in heav'n, Safe with the lov'd ones
2. Je - sus has promised me a crown of gold, When by and by I
3. Je - sus has promised me a robe of white, Wash'd in the blood that
4. Je - sus has promised me e - ter - nal life, There in the Home-land,

in his man-sion fair; O 'twill be sweet when earthly ties are riv'n,  
 join the ransom'd throng; Then shall I taste the joys of heav'n un-told,  
 flow'd on Cal - va - ry; O I shall praise him in that world of light,  
 on the gold - en shore, I shall be done with all the pain and strife,

### CHORUS.

Rest - ing with Je - sus o - ver there. Home..... in my  
 Then shall I sing the glad New Song. }  
 When to my home he beck - ons me. }  
 Safe with my Lord for - ev - er - more. Home, dear home,

Father's kingdom fair, Home,..... that my Sav-iour will pre- pare;  
 Home, dear home,

Home, . . where the blessed angels are, Je - sus has promised me o - ver there.  
 Home, dear home,



# No. 75.

# 0 It is Wonderful.

E. E. HEWITT.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. O it is won-der-ful! when I was drear-i-ly Wan-der-ing  
 2. O it is won-der-ful! safe-ly en-fold-ing me With the strong  
 3. O it is won-der-ful! keep-ing and hid-ing me From e-vil  
 4. O it is won-der-ful! still he is lead-ing me In the green

far in the gloom of the night, Christ, the Good Shep-herd, came  
 arms of his in-fin-ite grace; "Mo-ment by mo-ment," so  
 foes that my soul would en-snare; All that I need he, is  
 pas-tures of mer-cy and love; By the still wa-ters, a-

call-ing so cheer-i-ly, Bring-ing me in-to his mar-vel-ous light.  
 kind-ly up-hold-ing me, Shed-ding up-on me the light of his face.  
 rich-ly pro-vid-ing me, Bid-ding me cast up-on him ev-'ry care.  
 bund-ant-ly feed-ing me, Lead-ing me on to his glo-ry a-bove.

CHORUS.

O it is won-der-ful, glo-ri-ous and won-der-ful! Love's blessed

bar-ner shall o-ver me wave; Je-sus is might-y to save.



# No. 76. We Consecrate Ourselves Anew.

REV. GEO. WHITMAN, D. D.

W. D. HOWARD.

1. Here on the al - tar of true love, We give our - selves a - new;  
 2. In un - ion sweet we love to meet, And feel "the tie that binds,"  
 3. We con - se - crate our - selves a - new, Our hearts best of - f' rings give,

One faith is ours, one God a - bove, One aim to will or do,  
 It gives re - lief to wea - ry feet, And balm to fainting minds;  
 Re - solved to do as he would do, And live as he would live;

And O the flame that bla - zes bright, And nev - er wax - es dim,  
 And O the com - mon ties of earth Are small compared with his,  
 And O we know we must suc - ceed, With such a Guide and Friend;

Is heart - y love for God and right, In - spired by love for him.  
 For ours the bond of prince - ly birth The hope of heav'ly bliss.  
 Our vows will blos - som in - to deeds And in fru - i - tion end.

## CHORUS.

We con - se - crate ourselves a - new, Our all to him we give, we give.

# We Consecrate Ourselves Anew.—Concluded.

O may we do as he would do, And love as he would love.

## No. 77. O My Saviour, Hear Me.

GRACE J. FRANCES.

HUBERT P. MAIN.

*Slowly.*

1. O my Sav-iour, hear me, Draw me close to thee; Thou hast paid my  
 2. O my Sav-iour, bless me, Bless me while I pray; Grant thy grace to  
 3. O my Sav-iour, love me, Make me all thine own; Leave me not to  
 4. O my Sav-iour, guard me, Keep me ev - er - more; Bless me, love and

ran - sion, Thou hast died for me; Now by sim-ple faith I claim Par - don  
 help me, Take my fear a - way; I believe thy promise, Lord; I will  
 wan - der In this world a - lone; Bless my way with light divine, Let thy  
 guide me, Till my work is o'er, May I then, with glad surprise, Chant thy

thro' thy gracious name; Thou, my ark of safe - ty, Let me fly to thee.  
 trust thy ho - ly word; Thou, my soul's Redeemer, Bless me while I pray.  
 glo - ry round me shine; Thou, my Rock, my Refuge, Make me all thine own.  
 praise beyond the skies; There with thee, my Saviour, Dwell for ev - er - more.

# No. 78. He's Just the Same To-day.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE.

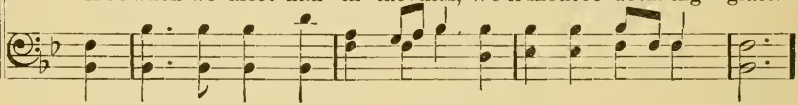
*Gently, not too fast.*



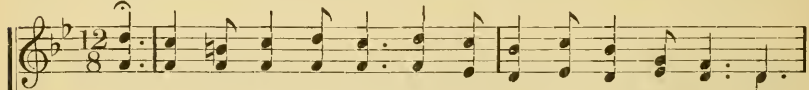
1. There is a Friend, a pa-tient Friend, Who lov'd us long a - go; (long a - go;)
2. Up - on the cross his pre-cious blood For all he free-ly gave; (freely gave;)
3. The same who stood with lifted hands, And bless'd his faithful few; (faithful few;)
4. The same who yet shall come a-gain, And we shall see his face; (see his face;)



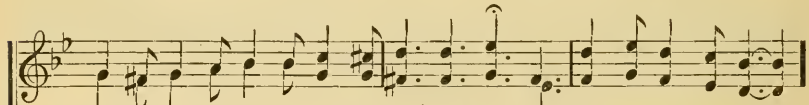
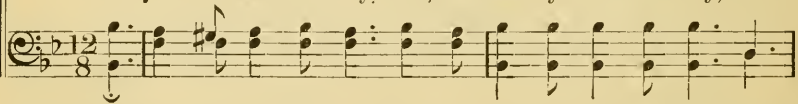
And laid a - side his roy - al crown, That wondrous love to show.  
 He rose tri - umph - ant from the tomb, And lives the world to save.  
 Then in a cloud was tak - en up, And part - ed from their view.  
 And when we meet him in the skies, We'll shout re - deem - ing grace.



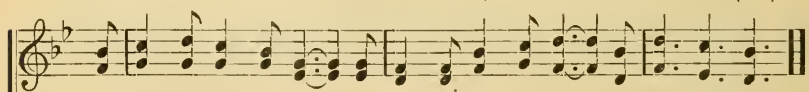
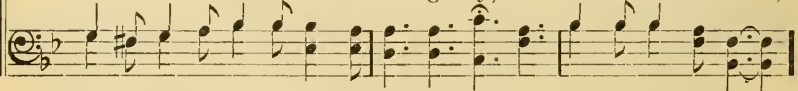
## CHORUS.



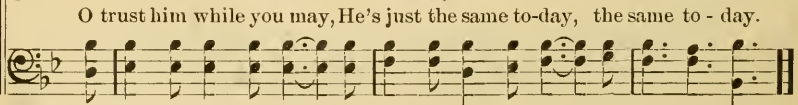
He's just the same to - day, Yes, the ver - y same to - day, As



when he said "I am the true and living Way;" O come and trust him now,



O trust him while you may, He's just the same to - day, the same to - day.



# No. 79.

# The Better Land.

GURDON ROBINS, ARR.

Heb. 11: 16.

DANIEL B. TOWNER.

1. There is a land mine eye hath seen In vis-ions of enraptured thought,  
 2. A land up-on whose blissful shore There rests no shadow, falls no stain;  
 3. Its skies are not like earthly skies, With varying hues of shade and light;  
 4. There sweeps no des-o-lat-ing wind A-cross the calm, se-re-ne a-bode.

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

## CHORUS.

O, land of love, . . . of joy and light, . . . Thy glo-ries  
 O, land of love, of joy and light,

gild . . . earth's darkest night; . . . Thy tranquil shore,  
 Thy glories gild earth's darkest night (earth's darkest night,) Thy tranquil shore,

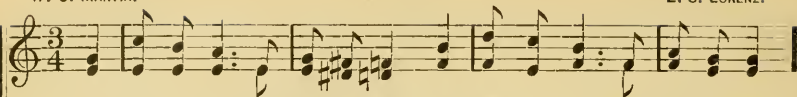
we, too, shall see, . . . When day shall break . . . and shadows flee.  
 (we, too, shall see,) When day shall break

# No. 80.

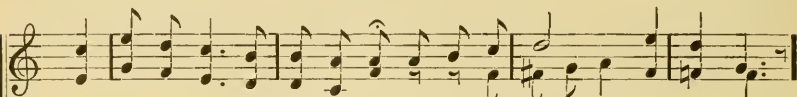
# The Name of Jesus.

W. C. MARTIN.

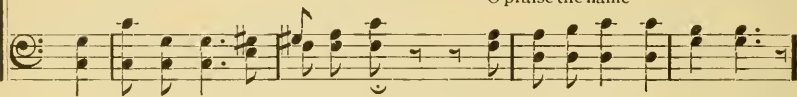
E. S. LORENZ.



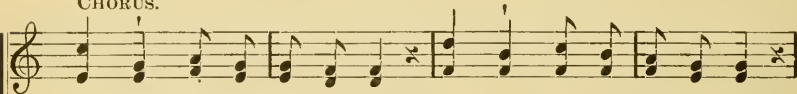
1. The name of Je - sus is so sweet, I love its mu - sic to re - peat;
2. I love the name of him whose heart Knows all my griefs and bears a part;
3. That name I fond - ly love to hear, It nev - er fails my heart to cheer,
4. No word of man can ev - er tell How sweet the name I love so well;



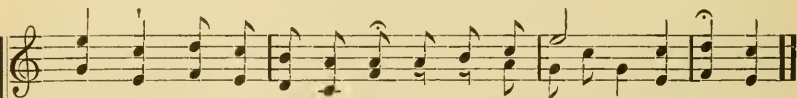
It makes my joys full and complete, The precious name of Je - sus.  
The pre - cious name  
 Who bids all anxious fears depart—I love the name of Je - sus.  
I love the name  
 Its mu - sic dries the fall - ing tear; Ex - alt the name of Je - sus.  
Ex - alt the name  
 O let its prais - es ever swell! O praise the name of Je - sus!  
O praise the name



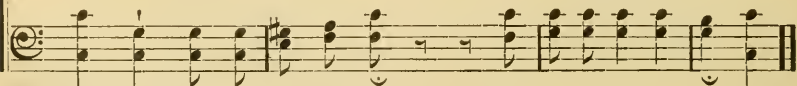
## CHORUS.



“Je - sus,” O how sweet the name! “Je - sus,” ev - ’ry day the same;



“Je - sus,” let all saints proclaim Its wor - thy praise for - ev - er.  
Its wor - thy praise

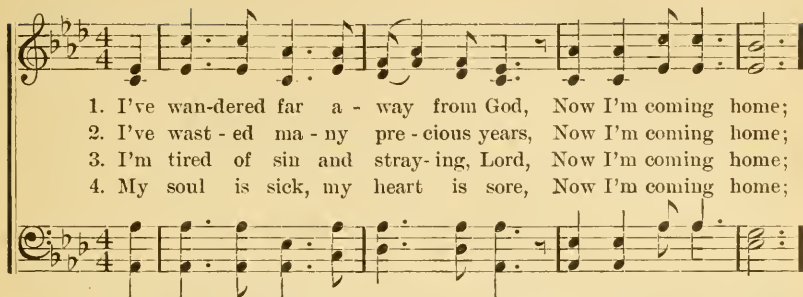




# No. 81. Lord, I'm Coming Home.

W. J. K.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

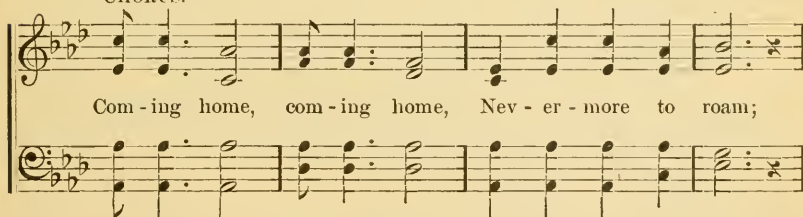


1. I've wan-dered far a - way from God, Now I'm coming home;  
2. I've wast - ed ma - ny pre - cious years, Now I'm coming home;  
3. I'm tired of sin and stray - ing, Lord, Now I'm coming home;  
4. My soul is sick, my heart is sore, Now I'm coming home;



The paths of sin too long I've trod, Lord, I'm coming home.  
I now re-pent with bit - ter tears, Lord, I'm coming home.  
I'll trust thy love, be - lieve thy word, Lord, I'm coming home.  
My strength renew, my hope re - store, Lord, I'm coming home.

## CHORUS.



Com - ing home, com - ing home, Nev - er - more to roam;



O - pen wide thine arms of love, Lord, I'm com - ing home.

5 My only hope, my only plea,  
Now I'm coming home;  
That Jesus died, and died for me.  
Lord, I'm coming home.

6 I need his cleansing blood I know,  
Now I'm coming home;  
O wash me whiter than the snow,  
Lord, I'm coming home.

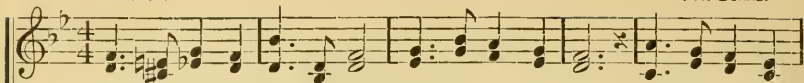
# No. 82.

# Whosoever Will.

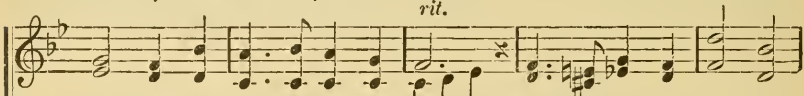
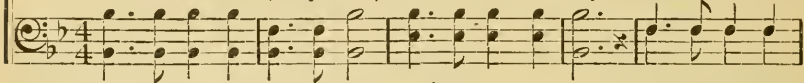
REV. S. B. LEMON.

Solo or Duet.

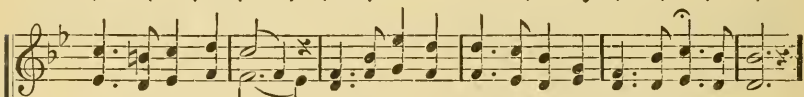
W. H. DOANE.



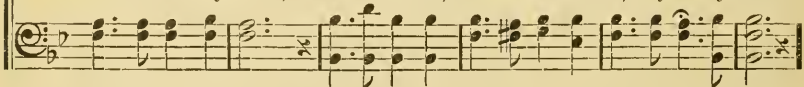
1. Hear the voice of Je - sus say: "I will give you rest; Wea - ry, heav - y
2. With a righteous Phar - i - see, Je - sus sat at meat; Ma - ry Mag - da -
3. Come then to the Gospel - feast, Lam - e, and halt, and blind; He who seeks the
4. Who - so - ev - er will, may come; Hear the Sav - iour say: "Who - so - ev - er



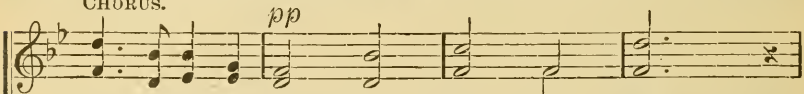
la - den, In me you shall be blest; Take my yoke up - on you,  
 le - ne Knelt weeping at his feet; He would not re - ject her,  
 Sav - iour, The Sav - iour he shall find; Tho' thy tongue may fal - ter  
 com - eth, I will not cast a - way;" While the door is o - pen



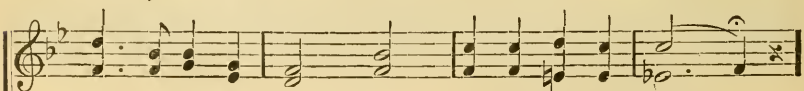
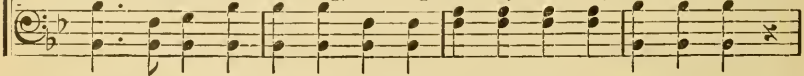
And no longer roam; Who - so - ev - er, Who - so - ev - er will, may freely come."  
 Tho' outcast, for - lorn, "Who - so - ev - er, Who - so - ev - er will, may freely come."  
 And thy lips be dumb, "Who - so - ev - er, Who - so - ev - er will, may freely come."  
 To the heav'nly home, "Who - so - ev - er, Who - so - ev - er will, may freely come."



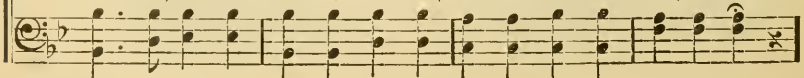
## CHORUS.



'Tis the Sav - iour call - ing, call - ing thee;  
 'Tis the Sav - iour call - ing, call - ing, soft - ly call - ing, call - ing thee;



Bless - ed in - vi - ta - tion, O how full and free!  
 Bless - ed, bless - ed in - vi - ta - tion, O how full and free, so free!



# Whosoever Will.—Concluded.

Who-so-ev-er, Who-so-ev-er will, may free-ly come; come.  
may come;

## No. 83. Hear and Answer Prayer.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. I am pray-ing, bless-ed Sav-iour, To be more and more like thee;
2. I am pray-ing, bless-ed Sav-iour, For a faith so clear and bright
3. I am pray-ing, to be humbled By the pow'r of grace di-vine,
4. I am pray-ing, bless-ed Sav-iour, And my constant pray'r shall be

I am pray-ing that thy Spir-it Like a dove may rest on me.  
That its eye shall see thy glo-ry Thro' the deep-est, dark-est night.  
To be clothed up-on with meekness, And to have no will but thine.  
For a per-fect con-se-cra-tion, That shall make me more like thee.

### CHORUS.

Thou who knowest all my weakness, Thou who knowest all my care,

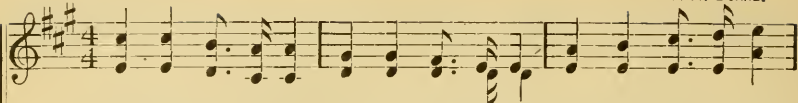
While I plead each precious prom-ise, Hear, O hear and an-swer pray'r.

# No. 84.

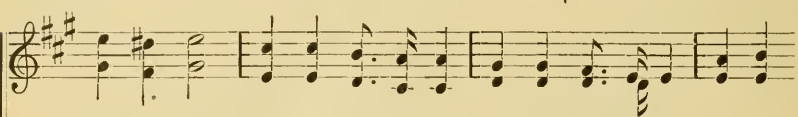
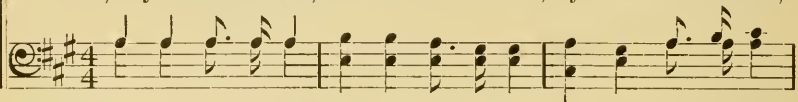
# Guard the Bible Well.

THOS. McDUGALL.

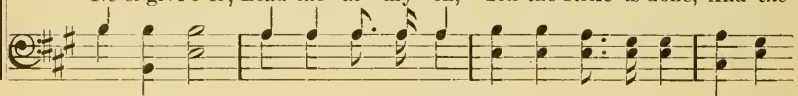
W. H. DOANE.



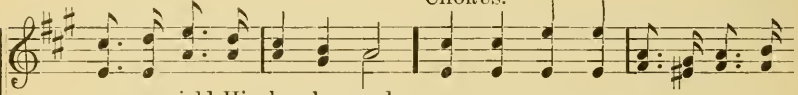
1. Guard the Bi - ble well, All its foes re - pel, The sweet sto - ry tell
2. Book of love di - vine, Precious word of thine, Let it ev - er shine
3. Shout the Bi - ble song, Swell the mighty throng, In the cause be strong
4. O, ye Christian band, For this Bi - ble stand, By the Lord's command,



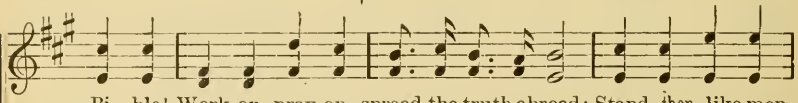
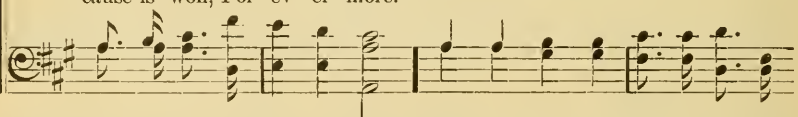
Of the Lord; Guard what God revealed, As our sun and shield; Nev - er,  
All a - broad; In the Spirit's might, We must win the fight, For this  
Of the right; Look to God in pray'r, When the foe you dare, And for -  
Ne'er give o'er; Lead the ar - my on, Till the strife is done, And the



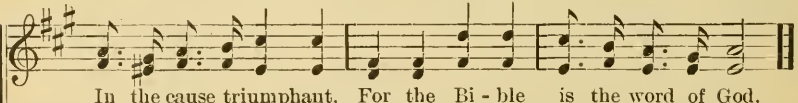
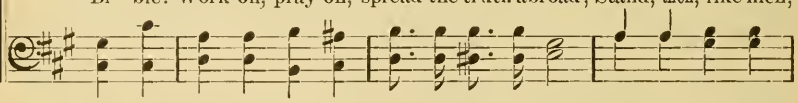
### CHORUS.



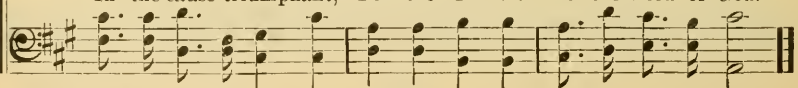
nev - er yield His ho - ly word.  
Gos - pel light, The truth of God. } Rouse then, Christians, Rally for the  
ev - er wear His armor bright. }  
cause is won, For - ev - er - more.



Bi - ble! Work on, pray on, spread the truth abroad; Stand, then, like men,



In the cause triumphant, For the Bi - ble is the word of God.



# No. 85.

# I Will Trust.

HATTIE H. PIERSON.

D. B. TOWNER.

1. On my will - ing lips is a hymn of praise, In my heart a  
 2. Tho' my place may be at the bat - tle's front, He will be my  
 3. Tho' he lead - eth me by a path un - known, 'Tis be - cause a -  
 4. By his pow'r up - held, in his love se - cure, From my heart his

glad new song; For the bless - ed Lord is my guide and guard,  
 strength and shield; In his ar - mor clad there is naught to fear,  
 long that way Grow the flow'rs of faith and of per - fect trust,  
 praise I sing; And I safe - ly rest, while the days go by,

CHORUS.

And my ref - uge safe and strong.  
 To his might the foe must yield. } I will trust him, ful - ly  
 That will bloom to end - less day. }  
 'Neath the shadow of his wing. } I will trust him,

trust him, In his strength go forth undismayed, For his promise  
 ful - ly trust him, For his promise

fail - eth nev - er, I will trust, and not be a - fraid.  
 fail - eth nev - er,

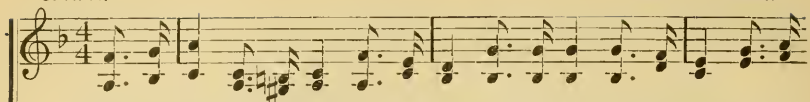


# No. 86.

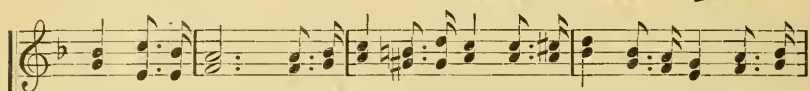
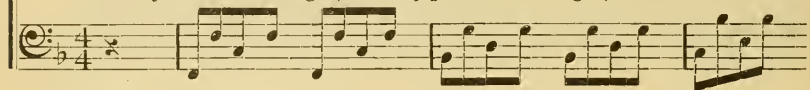
# Doing His Will.

C. H. M.

Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.



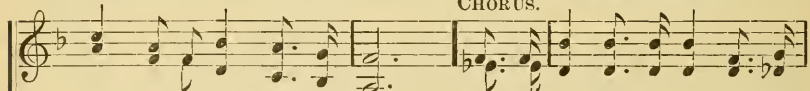
1. Just to trust in the Lord, just to lean on his word, Just to feel I am  
 2. When my way darkest seems, when are blighted my dreams, Just to feel that the  
 3. Then my heart will be light, then my path will be bright, If I've Je - sus for



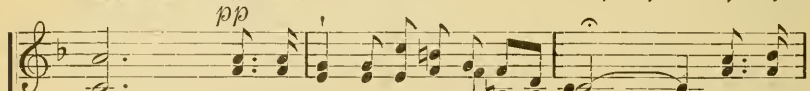
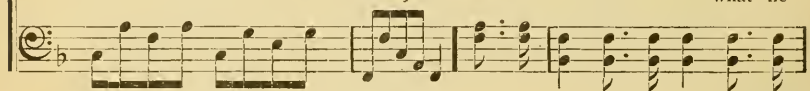
his ev-'ry day; Just to walk by his side with the Spirit to guide, Just to  
 Lord knoweth best; Just to yield to his will, just to trust and be still, Just to  
 my dearest friend; Counting all loss but gain, such a friend to ob-tain, True and



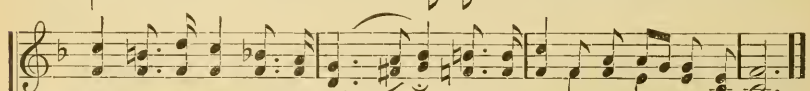
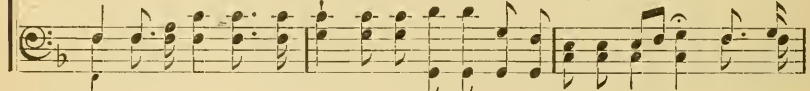
### CHORUS.



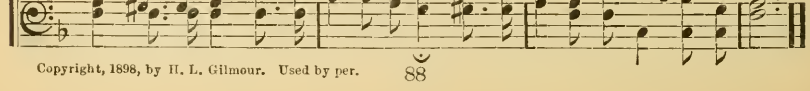
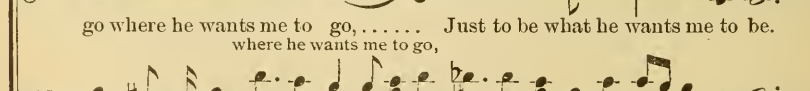
fol - low where he leads the way.	} Just to say what he wants me to
lean on his bos - om and rest.	
faith - ful he'll be to the end.	



say, And be still when he whispers to me, . . . . . Just to  
 wants me to say, when he whispers to me;



go where he wants me to go, . . . . . Just to be what he wants me to be.  
 where he wants me to go,



# No. 87.

# Lower and Lower.

E. E. HEWITT.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Low - er and low - er, dear Lord, at thy feet, Seek - ing thy Spir - it, thy  
 2. Low - er and low - er, dear Sav - iour, we pray, Los - ing the self - life still  
 3. Low - er and low - er; yet high - er we rise, Lift - ed in Je - sus, led

mer - cy so sweet; Down in our need, bless - ed Mas - ter, we fall,  
 more ev - 'ry day; Weak and un - worthy, we're look - ing a - bove,  
 on to the skies; Hum - bly we fol - low the way of the cross,

CHORUS.

Low - er and low - er be thou all in all.  
 Emp - ty us, Je - sus; then fill us with love. } Low - er and low - er,  
 Then, crowns of glo - ry, and gain for all loss. }

down at thy cross, All the world's treasure, counting but dross; Down at thy

*rit.*  
 feet, bless - ed Saviour, we fall, Low - er still lower, Christ all in all!

D. H. W.

W. H. DOANE.

1. I love to sit at Je - sus' feet In pen - i - ten - tial pray'r,  
 2. I love to sit, in sor - row's hour, With - in that blest re - treat,  
 3. I love to breathe his ho - ly name Where kindred spir - its meet,

To know the bliss of par - don sweet He free - ly gives me there;  
 And prove the gra - cious heal - ing pow'r Of cleans - ing at his feet;  
 I love in trust - ing faith to claim, A bless - ing at his feet;

And there I love to plead my case, His ten - der love en - treat,  
 And there I gain the strength to dare, And all my foes de - feat,  
 And when my Father's home I see, And all my dear ones greet,

And feel his soul - re - fresh - ing grace Flow o'er me at his feet.  
 The grace each cru - el wrong to bear, He gives me at his feet.  
 No place will be so dear to me, As sit - ting at his feet.

CHORUS.

Par - don sweet at his feet ev - er free, Pre - cious  
 ev - er free,

## At Jesus' Feet.—Concluded.

blood like a flood flows to me; Come ye wea-ry while you may,  
flows to me;

Come, O come, his voice o - bey, He will wash your sins a - way.

## No. 89. Where Jesus Is, 'Tis Heaven.

C. F. BUTLER.

J. M. BLACK.

1. Since Christ my soul from sin set free, This world has been a heav'n to me;  
2. Once heav - en seem'd a far - off place, Till Jesus showed his smiling face;  
3. What matters where on earth we dwell? On mountain top, or in the dell;

*S:* FINE.

And 'mid earth's sorrows and its woe, 'Tis heav'n my Je - sus here to know.  
Now it's be - gun with - in my soul, 'Twill last while endless a - ges roll.  
In cot - tage, or a mansion fair, Where Jesus is, 'tis heaven there.

*D. S.*—On land or sea, what matters where? Where Jesus is, 'tis heav - en there.

CHORUS.

*D. S.*

O hal - le - lu - jah, yes, 'tis heav'n, 'Tis heav'n to know my sins forgiv'n;



# No. 90. Leaning on the Everlasting Arms.

REV. E. A. HOFFMAN.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. What a fel-lowship, what a joy di-vine, Lean-ing on the ev-er-  
 2. O how sweet to walk in this pilgrim way, Lean-ing on the ev-er-  
 3. What have I to dread, what have I to fear, Lean-ing on the ev-er-

last-ing arms; What a bless-ed-ness, what a peace is mine,  
 last-ing arms; O how bright the path grows from day to day,  
 last-ing arms? I have bless-ed peace with my Lord so near,

## CHORUS:

Lean-ing on the ev-er-last-ing arms. } Lean-ing,  
 Lean-ing on the ev-er-last-ing arms. } Lean-ing on Je-sus,  
 Lean-ing on the ev-er-last-ing arms. } Lean-ing on Je-sus,

lean-ing, Safe and se-secure from all a-larms;  
 Lean-ing on Je-sus,

Lean-ing, lean-ing, Leaning on the ev-er-last-ing arms.  
 Lean-ing on Jesus, lean-ing on Je-sus,



H. C. AYERS.

W. H. DOANE.

*Gently.*

1. One there is who loves thee, Waiting still for thee; Canst thou yet re-  
 2. Ten - der - ly he woos thee, Do not slight his call; Tho' thy sins are  
 3. Je - sus still is wait - ing; Sin - ner, why de - lay? To his arms of

ject him? None so kind as he. Do not grieve him long - er,  
 ma - ny, He'll for-give them all. Turn to him re - pent - ing,  
 mer - cy Rise and haste a - way. On - ly come be - liev - ing,

Come and trust him now; He has wait - ed all thy days,  
 He will cleanse thee now; He is wait - ing at thy heart,  
 He will save thee now; He is wait - ing at the door,

## CHORUS.

Why wait - est thou? Still his love would save thee, O re - ceive him

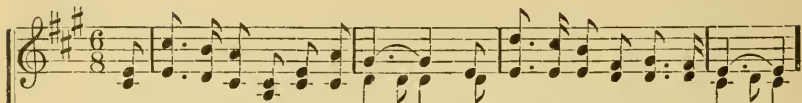
now; He has wait - ed all thy days, Why wait - est thou?

# No. 92. Sweet Peace, the Gift of God's Love.

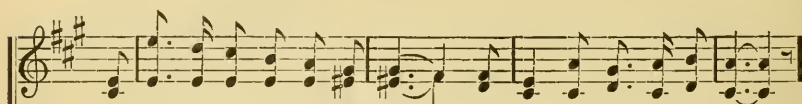
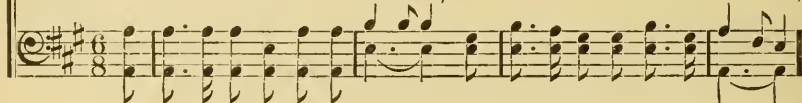
P. P. B.

John 14: 27.

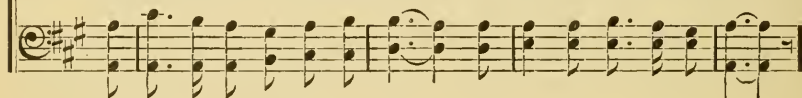
P. P. BILHORN.



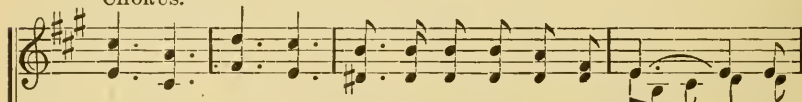
1. There comes to my heart one sweet strain, A glad and a joy-ous re - frain,  
sweet strain, refrain,
2. By Christ on the cross peace was made, My debt by his death was all paid,  
was made, all paid,
3. When Jesus as Lord I had crowned, My heart with this peace did abound,  
had crowned, abound,
4. In Je - sus for peace I a - bide, And as I keep close to his side,  
abide, his side,



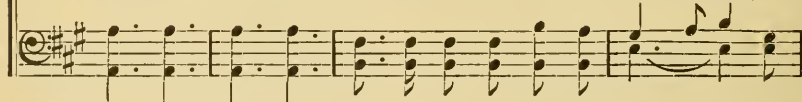
I sing it a - gain and a - gain, Sweet peace, the gift of God's love.  
 No oth - er founda - tion is laid For peace, the gift of God's love.  
 In him the rich blessing I found, Sweet peace, the gift of God's love.  
 There's nothing but peace doth betide, Sweet peace, the gift of God's love.



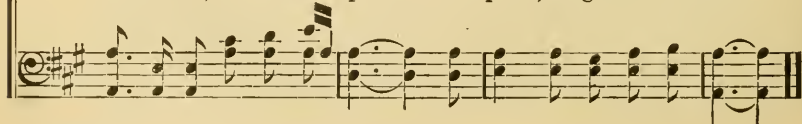
## CHORUS.



Peace, peace, sweet peace! Won - der - ful gift from a - bove!.... O  
a - bove!



won - der - ful, won - der - ful peace! Sweet peace, the gift of God's love!



PRISCILLA J. OWENS.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. We have heard the joy - ful sound: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!  
 2. Waft it on the roll - ing tide: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!  
 3. Sing a - bove the bat - tle strife: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!  
 4. Give the winds a might - y voice: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!

Spread the tid - ings all a - round: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!  
 Tell to sin - ners far and wide: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!  
 By his death and end - less life, Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!  
 Let the na - tions now re - joice: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!

Bear the news to ev - 'ry land, Climb the steeps and cross the waves;  
 Sing, ye is - lands of the sea, Ech - o back, ye o - cean caves;  
 Sing it soft - ly thro' the gloom, When the heart for mer - cy craves;  
 Shout sal - va - tion full and free, High - est hills and deep - est caves;

On - ward!—'tis our Lord's command: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!  
 Earth shall keep her ju - bi - lee: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!  
 Sing in tri - umph o'er the tomb,—Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!  
 This our song of vic - to - ry,— Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!

# No. 94. Loyalty to Christ in All Things.

REV. O. W. VAN OSDELL, D. D.

OLD MELODY ARRANGED.

## 1ST CHORUS.

Loy - al - ty to Christ in all things, Loy - al - ty to Christ,

loy-al-ty to Christ, Loy-alty to Christ at all times, Shall be our rule each day.

## VERSE.

1. A trib-ute to the Christ we bring, Of prais-es loyalty hearts may sing;  
2. Christ's people are his bod-y true, His bless-ed work we have to do;  
3. The sons of God his Spir-it needs To show "the things of Christ" in deeds,  
4. O may each youthful Christian band For Christ's full truth with courage stand;

An of-fer-ing of incense sweet, And purpose true for serv-ice meet.  
He dies and lives in us each day, And is the "life, the truth, the way."  
"To keep our hearts," to love the Lord, And ev-er to o-bey his word.  
And pray, and serve, and teach, and give, In loyalty to Christ to live.

## FULL CHORUS.

Loy-al-ty to Christ in all things, Loy-al-ty to Christ at all times,

# Loyalty to Christ in All Things.—Concluded.

Musical score for 'Loyalty to Christ in All Things.—Concluded.' in G major, 2/4 time. The score consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line has two endings. The lyrics are: 'Loy-al, loy-al, loy-al, loy-al, Loy-al-ty to Christ our King; our King.'

## No. 95. I Know My Saviour is Near.

D. W. W.

W. H. DOANE.

Musical score for 'I Know My Saviour is Near.' in F major, 6/8 time. The score consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: '1. I have a faith in Christ my Lord, That will not yield to fear; 2. Where'er the path of du - ty leads, His will my joy shall be; 3. And when my faith is lost in sight, And I a crown shall wear,'

Musical score for 'I Know My Saviour is Near.' in F major, 6/8 time. The score consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: 'Tho' tri - als come and clouds a - rise, I know he still is near. I'll go in faith and mur-mur not, But trust his grace to me. My sweet-est song in heav'n shall be His love, that brought me there.'

### CHORUS.

Musical score for the chorus of 'I Know My Saviour is Near.' in F major, 6/8 time. The score consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: 'I know my Saviour is near, His message of love I hear, my Saviour is near, soft - ly hear,'

Musical score for the final part of 'I Know My Saviour is Near.' in F major, 6/8 time. The score consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: 'And tho' my way I can - not see, I know my Sa - viour is near.'



# No. 96. If the Saviour Journey With Me.

D. B. PURINTON.

Duet and Chorus.

W. H. DOANE.

*Gently.*

1. If the Sav-iour journey with me, If he be my con-stant stay,  
 2. If the Sav-iour journey with me, If he be my faith-ful Friend,  
 3. If the Sav-iour journey with me, If he keep me at his side,

If his presence guide and keep me, Thro' the dark as thro' the day; I will  
 If he nev - er cease to love me, Love and keep me to the end; I will  
 If he shield me from the dangers That along my path may hide; I will

fear no harm, dread no fierce alarm; He for me the path of peace is seeking,  
 seek his face, I will plead his grace, Trust my life to him who ever liv - eth,  
 nev - er stray from the perfect way, Till at last I stand within the por-tal

And the voice of love is speaking, While he safely guards me all the way.  
 Give my all to him who giv-eth Love divine, that naught can e'er transcend.  
 Of the dwelling-place immortal, Where the blest of God shall e'er abide.

CHORUS.

If the Saviour journey with me, If his guiding hand he give me,

## If the Saviour.—Concluded.

*rit.*

If his lov-ing heart receive me, I will love and trust him all the way.

## No. 97. If We Have the Love of Jesus.

MAUD MANION.

B. C. UNSELD.

1. If we have the love of Je - sus In our hearts, a constant flame,
2. If we have the love of Je - sus, Wide and boundless, deep and free,
3. If we have the love of Je - sus, Pride and en - vy then will cease,
4. We may have the love of Je - sus, We may feel it more and more,

How we all shall love each oth - er, And a - dore his pre - cious name.  
 We shall find no room for an - ger, Per - fect un - ion there will be.  
 We shall walk with one an - oth - er, In the bonds of hal - lowed peace.  
 Grow - ing stronger, pur - er, deep - er, Till we reach the gold - en shore.

### CHORUS.

Love will rule our ev - 'ry ac - tion, Love in - spire our sweet - est lays;

Ev - 'ry voice will shout ho - san - na, Ev - 'ry heart be full of praise.

# No. 98. Is It Well With Thy Soul?

ANNIE L. JAMES.

W. D. HOWARD.

7- 1. Tho' joys like the sun-shine il - lum - ine the way, And light-ly thy  
 2. Say, where is thy ref - uge for years that shall come? And what of thy  
 / - 3. When storms of af - flic - tion a - round thee may fall, And bil - lows like  
 4. If Christ, thy Re - deem - er, is pre - cious to thee, And makes thee in

care may dis - pel, . . . Is Je - sus thy hope and thy an - chor to - day?  
 faith canst thou tell? . . . O where is thy treasure, thy heart and thy home?  
 mountains may roll, . . . O hast thou a trust that is great - er than all?  
 safe - ty to dwell, . . . What - ev - er thy cares or temp - tations may be,

CHORUS.

Is it well with thy soul, is it well? Is it well, . . . . .  
 Is it well with thy soul, is it well? \*It is well, . . . . .  
 Is it well with thy soul, is it well? }  
 Praise the Lord! with thy soul it is well! Is it well,  
 \*It is well,

*rit.*

With thy soul, . . . . . Is it well, Is it well with thy soul?  
 With my soul, . . . . . It is well, It is well with my soul!  
 With thy soul,  
 With my soul,

\* After 4th Verse.

# No. 99. One More Day's Work for Jesus.

ANNA WARNER.

ROBERT LOWRY.

1. One more day's work for Je - sus, One less of life for me;  
 2. One more day's work for Je - sus; How glo - rious is my King!  
 3. One more day's work for Je - sus; How sweet the work has been,  
 4. One more day's work for Je - sus— O yes, a wea - ry day;  
 5. O bless - ed work for Je - sus! O rest at Je - sus' feet!

But heav'n is near-er, And Christ is dear-er, Than yes - ter - day, to  
 'Tis joy, not du - ty, To speak his beau - ty; My soul mounts on the  
 To tell the sto - ry, To show the glo - ry Where Christ's flock en - ter  
 But heav'n shines clearer, And rest comes nearer, At each step of the  
 There toil seems pleasure, My wants are treasure, And pain for him is

me; His love and light Fill all my soul to - night.  
 wing At the mere tho't How Christ my life has bought.  
 in! How it did shine In this poor heart of mine!  
 way; And Christ in all— Be - fore his face I fall.  
 sweet; Lord, if I may, I'll serve an - oth - er day.

## CHORUS.

One more day's work for Je - sus, One more day's work for Je - sus,

One more day's work for Je - sus, One less of life for me.

# No. 100. Jesus is Passing this Way.

ANNIE L. JAMES.

W. H. DOANE.

*Gently.*

1. Is there a heart that is wait - ing, Long - ing for par - don to - day ?
2. Is there a heart that has wander'd ? Come with thy bur - den to - day ;
3. Is there a heart that is bro - ken ? Wea - ry and sighing for rest ?
4. Come to thy on - ly Re - deem - er, Come to his in - fi - nite love ;

*rit.*

Hear the glad message proclaim - ing, Je - sus is pass - ing this way.  
 Mer - cy is ten - der - ly plead - ing, Je - sus is pass - ing this way.  
 Come to the arms of thy Sav - iour, Pil - low thy head on his breast.  
 Come to the gate that is lead - ing Homeward to mansions a - bove.

## CHORUS.

Je - sus is pass - ing this way, . . . . . This way, . . . . . to - day ; . . . .  
 Je - sus is pass - ing, is pass - ing this way, Is pass - ing this way, Is pass - ing to - day ;

*rit.*

Je - sus is pass - ing this way, Is pass - ing this way to - day.  
 way to - day,



# No. 101.

# Trusting in Thee.

GRACE J. FRANCES.

HUBERT P. MAIN.

1. My bless-ed Re-deem-er I'm trusting in thee, For thou art my  
 2. O why should I fal-ter when thou art so near, To shield from the  
 3. I read of a cit-y of beau-ty un-told, The light of its

Ref-uge wher-e'er I may be; In glad-ness or weep-ing,  
 tempt-er, to com-fort and cheer? Thy mer-cy will guide me,  
 glo-ry I soon shall be-hold: While onward for-ev-er,

wak-ing or sleep-ing, Still thou art keep-ing a watch o-ver me.  
 shel-ter and hide me, Thou art be-side me, then why should I fear.  
 life's gen-tle riv-er Flows thro' that cit-y whose streets are of gold.

*D.S.*—pa-tient-ly trust-ing, Lov-ing-ly trust-ing my Saviour in thee.  
 CHORUS.

Thy word is my treas-ure, Where joy with-out meas-ure, Clear as the

noon-day re-flect-ed I see; While faith-ful-ly trust-ing,

1. Res - cue the per - ish - ing, Care for the dy - ing,  
 2. Tho' they are slight - ing him, Still he is wait - ing,  
 3. Down in the hu - man heart, Crush'd by the temp - ter,  
 4. Res - cue the per - ish - ing, Du - ty de - mands it;

Snatch them in pit - y from sin and the grave; Weep o'er the  
 Wait - ing the pen - i - tent child to re - ceive. Plead with them  
 Feel - ings lie bur - ied that grace can re - store; Touch'd by a  
 Strength for thy la - bor the Lord will pro - vide: Back to the

err - ing one, Lift up the fal - len, Tell them of Je - sus the  
 earn - est - ly, Plead with them gen - tly; He will for - give if they  
 lov - ing heart, Wak - ened by kind - ness, Chords that were bro - ken will  
 nar - row way Pa - tient - ly win them; Tell the poor wan - d'rer a

CHORUS.

might - y to save.  
 on - ly be - lieve. } Res - cue the per - ish - ing, Care for the  
 vi - brate once more.  
 Sav - iour has died.

dy - ing; Je - sus is mer - ci - ful, Je - sus will save.

# No. 103. Turned Away From the Beautiful Gate.

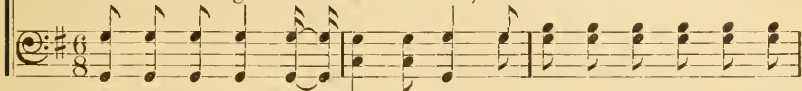
D. E. D.

D. E. DORTCH.

*Not too fast.*



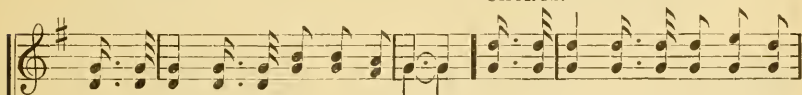
1. Someone will knock at the saints' bright home, And hear the Lord saying, " You
2. Someone will hear the an-gels' song, And wish he could join with the
3. Someone will stand with an ach- ing heart, While Je- sus pronoun- es the
4. Someone will lin- ger with tearful eyes, While Christ and his peo- ple as -
5. Someone will go in-to darkness drear, Far off from the Saviour and



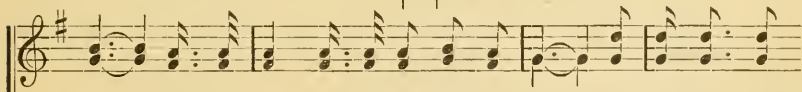
can - not come;" With sad-ness he'll mourn o'er his sor- row-ful state,  
 hap - py throng; With sigh- ing he'll mourn o'er his sor- row-ful state,  
 word "depart;" With groanings he'll mourn o'er his sor- row-ful state,  
 cend the skies; With weep- ing he'll mourn o'er his sor- row-ful state,  
 all that's dear; With an- guish he'll mourn o'er his sor- row-ful state,



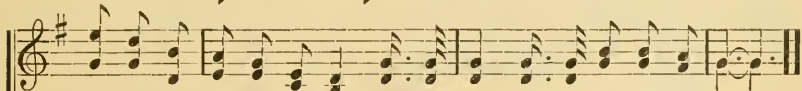
## CHORUS.



Turned a-way from the beau- ti - ful gate. Turned a-way from the beau- ti - ful



gate, Turned a - way from the beau- ti - ful gate; With sad-ness he'll



mourn o'er his sor- row-ful state, Turned a-way from the beau- ti - ful gate.



# No. 104.

# Seeds of Promise.

JESSIE H. BROWN.

FRED A. FILLMORE.

1. O scat-ter seeds of lov - ing deeds, A - long the fer - tile field,  
 2. Tho' sown in tears thro' wea - ry years, The seed will sure - ly live;  
 3. The har-vest home of God will come, And, af - ter toil and care,

For grain will grow from what you sow, And fruit-ful har-vest yield.  
 Tho' great the cost, it is not lost, For God will fruit-age give.  
 With joy un-told your sheaves of gold, Will all be gar-nered there.

### CHORUS.

Then day by day..... a-long your way,..... The seeds of  
 Then day by day along your way,

prom - ise cast,..... That ripened grain..... from hill and  
 The seeds of promise cast, the seeds of promise cast, That ripened grain,

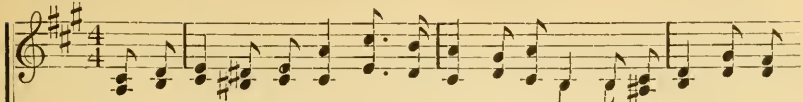
plain,..... Be gathered home..... at last.....  
 from hill and plain, Be gathered home at last, be gathered home at last.

Be gathered home at last.....

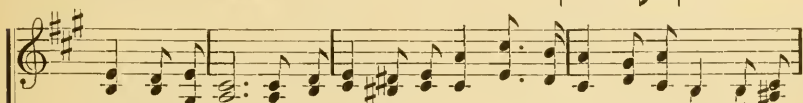
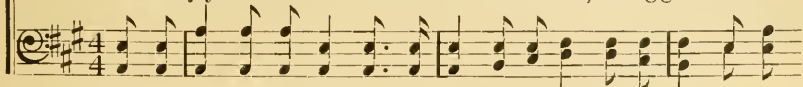
# No. 105. Will There Be Any Stars?

E. E. HEWITT.

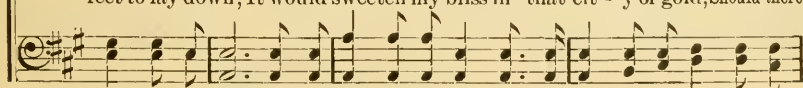
JNO. R. SWENEY.



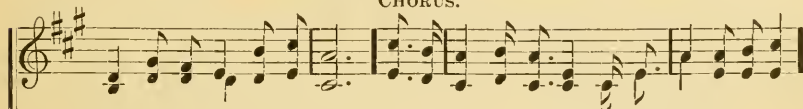
1. I am thinking to-day of that beau-ti-ful land I shall reach when the
2. In the strength of the Lord let me la-bor and pray, Let me watch as a
3. O what joy will it be when his face I be-hold, Living gems at his



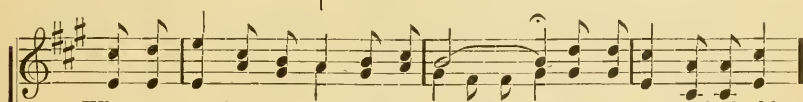
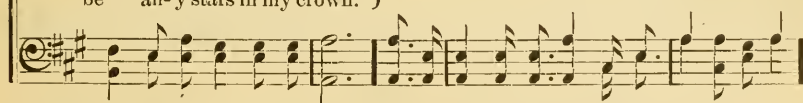
sun goeth down; When thro' wonderful grace by my Sav-iour I stand, Will there  
win-ner of souls; That bright stars may be mine in the glorious day, When his  
feet to lay down; It would sweeten my bliss in that cit - y of gold, Should there



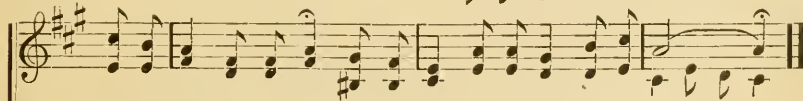
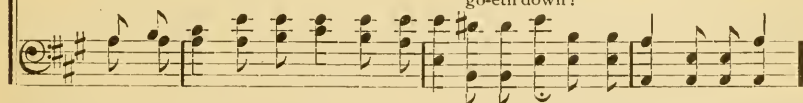
## CHORUS.



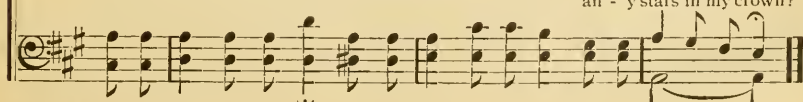
be an - y stars in my crown ? } Will there be any stars, any stars in my crown,  
praise like the seabillow rolls. }  
be an - y stars in my crown. }



When at evening the sun go-eth down ? . . . When I wake with the blest  
go-eth down ?



In the mansions of rest, Will there be a - ny stars in my crown ? . . .  
an - y stars in my crown ?





## No. 106.

## Valley of Rest.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Val - ley of E - den, be - yond the sea, Ha - ven of rest,  
 2. Val - ley of E - den, the soul's dear home, Bright are thy hills,  
 3. Val - ley of E - den, be - yond the sea, Love - ly thy bow'rs,

tran - quil and blest; An - chored fore - ver we soon shall be, Gath - ered with  
 peace - ful thy rills; Hap - py for - ev - er we soon shall roam O - ver thy  
 fadeless thy flow'rs: Val - ley of E - den, we dream of thee, Dream of thy

Je - sus to rest; Songs of the ransomed are float - ing in air,  
 bright bloom - ing hills; Thine are the beau - ties that nev - er de - cay,  
 beau - ti - ful bow'rs. Friends that were parted with rapture shall meet,

Waft - ed to earth from thy re - gions so fair; An - gels are  
 Thine is the light of a shad - ow - less day; Voic - es of  
 Cast - ing their crowns at Im - man - u - el's feet; Still the glad

ten - der - ly call - ing us there, Call - ing the wea - ry to rest.  
 loved ones are call - ing a - way, Home to thy bright bloom - ing hills.  
 voic - es of an - gels re - peat, "Come to the val - ley of flow - ers."

## Valley of Rest.—Concluded.

CHORUS. *Repeat pp.*

Come, come, come, come,  
Come to this valley of E - den fair, Wea - ry and sor - row op - pressed;

Angels are tenderly call - ing us there, Come to this valley of rest. . . . .  
Come, come, come, come, Come to this val - ley, this valley of rest.

## No. 107. Jesus, Saviour, Pilot Me!

REV. EDWARD HOPPER.

Pilot. 7s. 6 lines.

J. E. GOULD.

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

Un - known waves before me roll, Hid - ing rock and treach'rous shoal:  
Boist'rous waves o - bey thy will, When thou say'st to them "Be still!"  
'Twixt me and the peaceful rest, Then, while lean - ing on thy breast,

Chart and com - pass come from thee: Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me.  
Wondrous Sov'reign of the sea, Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me.  
May I hear thee say to me, "Fear not, I will pi - lot thee!"

# No. 108. When I Get to the End of the Way.

B. P. C.

W. H. DOANE.

1. My life is a wear-i-some journey, I'm sick with the dust and the heat;  
 2. I know there are hills to climb upward, And oft I am sighing for rest;  
 3. O when the last step has been taken, And I to the Cit-y draw near;—

The rays of the sun beat up-on me, The bri-ars are wounding my feet;  
 But he who appoints me my pathway Will lead me as seem-eth him best;  
 When beau-tiful songs from the an-gels Are waft-ed with joy to my ear;—

But the Cit-y to which I am go-ing Will more than my trials re-pay;  
 For I know in his word he has promised That strength he will give as my day;  
 O the rapture and bliss of that moment Will more than my sorrow re-pay;

All the toils of the road will seem nothing When I get to the end of the way.

## CHORUS.

All the toils of the road, toils of the road, Jesus my Saviour will more than repay;

# When I Get to the End of the Way.—Concluded.

All the toils of the road will seem nothing, When I get to the end of the way.

## No. 109. Trusting Jesus.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE.

1. Sim - ply trust - ing all the way, Tak - ing Je - sus at his word;  
 2. Trusting when my sky is bright, Trust - ing when my heart is glad;  
 3. Trusting when 'tis well with me, Trust - ing what - so - e'er be - fall;  
 4. Trusting, tho' my strength may fail, Trust - ing when the night is dim;

Sim - ply trust - ing, when I pray, Ev - 'ry prom - ise of my Lord.  
 Trust - ing in the gloom of night, When my ev - 'ry tho't is sad.  
 Trust - ing Je - sus' love for me, Sim - ply trust - ing, that is all.  
 Trust - ing till, with - in the vail, I shall an - chor safe with him.

### CHORUS.

Sim - ply trust - ing, sim - ply trust - ing, Trusting Je - sus, that is all;

At the cross of Christ I fall, Sim - ply trust - ing that is all.

# No. 110. Heavenly Sunlight.

REV. H. J. ZELLEY.

G. H. COOK.

1. Walking in sun-light, all of my jour-ney; O-ver the mountains,  
 2. Shadows a-round me, shadows a-bove me, Nev-er con-veal my  
 3. In the bright sun-light, ev-er re-joic-ing, Pressing my way to

thro' the deep vale; Je-sus has said I'll nev-er for-sake thee,  
 Sav-iour and Guide; He is the light, in him is no dark-ness;  
 man-sions a-bove; Sing-ing his prais-es, glad-ly I'm walk-ing,

CHORUS.

Prom-ise di-vine that nev-er can fail,  
 Ev-er I'm walk-ing close to his side. } Heav-en-ly sun-light,  
 Walk-ing in sun-light, sun-light of love. }

heav-en-ly sun-light; Flooding my soul with glo-ry di-vine: Hal-le-

lu-jah, I am re-joic-ing, Singing his prais-es, Je-sus is mine.



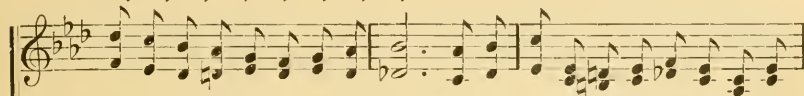
# No. 111. No Shadow in the Valley.

E. E. HEWITT.

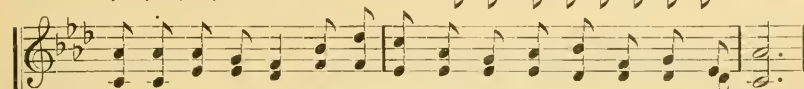
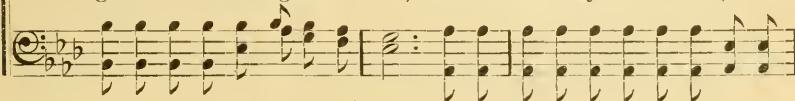
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



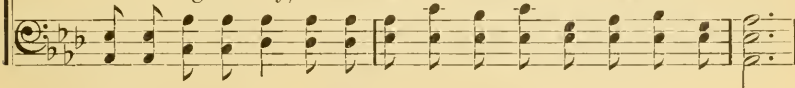
1. There's no shadow in the val-ley, 'tis no longer lone and chill, When our
2. There's no shadow in the valley when the glory-light shines thro', When the
3. There's no shadow in the valley, since the Saviour passed that way; Still the



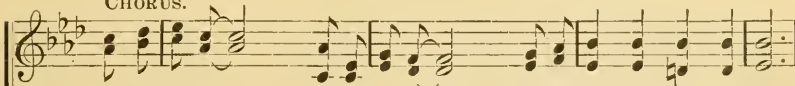
blessed Jesus comes to meet us there; If his rod and staff be with us, then our  
bright and pearly gates shall open wide, And the golden harps of heav-en will ring  
Light of Life is shining for his own; He will chase away the darkness, he will



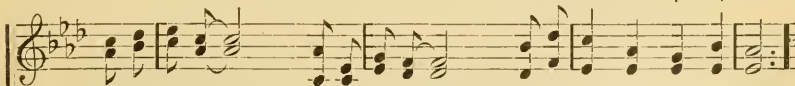
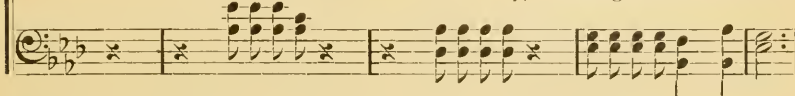
souls shall fear no ill, And around us shall en-camp his an-gels fair.  
ont a welcome true, When we en-ter in the cif-y to a-bide.  
turn the night to day, Till we stand be-fore the rain-bow-cir-cled throne.



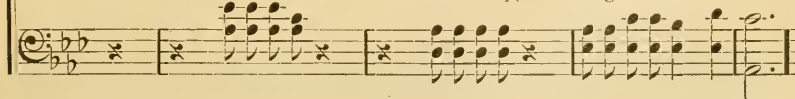
## CHORUS.



There's no shadow in the val-ley, Leaning on our Saviour there;  
There's no shadow in the valley, Leaning on our Saviour there;



There's no shadow in the valley, Passing to the mansions fair.  
There's no shadow in the valley, Passing to the mansions fair.



# No. 112. There is Pardon at the Cross.

FANNY. J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE.

1. There is par-don at the cross Where my Sav-iour died; I will  
 2. There is par-don thro' the blood That was shed for all; I will  
 3. There is mer-cy at the cross, There is joy and peace; I will

go, (I will go,) I will go; (I will go;) To re-claim the sin-ner lost  
 go, (I will go,) I will go; (I will go;) There's a balm in ev-'ry drop  
 go, (I will go,) I will go; (I will go;) There my faith will make me whole,

He was cru-ci-fied; I will go, (I will go,) I will go.  
 For the wound-ed soul; I will go, (I will go,) I will go.  
 And my fear will cease; I will go, (I will go,) I will go.

CHORUS.  
 Par-don sweet, and par-don free, Par-don free, and for me, At the

cross is par-don free there for me; In the blessed, blessed cross,  
 there for me;

## There is Pardon at the Cross.—Concluded.

Shall my glo-ry ev-er be, There is pardon there for me, par-don free.

## No. 113. Whisper it to Jesus.

JAMES ROWE.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Are you wea-ry? do you grieve? Whisper it to Je-sus, whisper it to  
 2. Can you not your bur-den bear? Whisper it to Je-sus, whisper it to  
 3. Are you lost in sin's dark night? Whisper it to Je-sus, whisper it to

Je-sus; He is will-ing to re-lieve, Whisper it, whis-per it to  
 Je-sus; Ere it sinks you in de-spair, Whisper it, whis-per it to  
 Je-sus; He will quickly give you light, Whisper it, whis-per it to

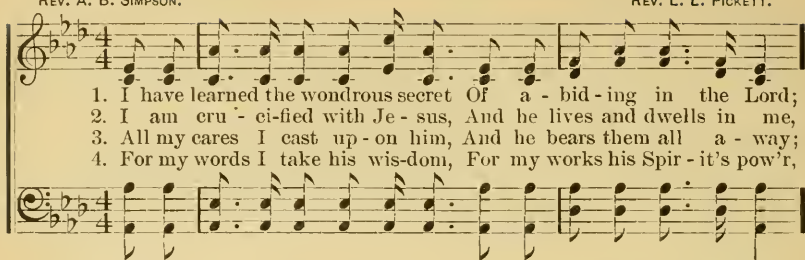
Je-sus. Heart, by worldly cares distressed, He will take you to his breast,  
 Je-sus. Do not strug-gle on a-lone; He will al-ways help his own;  
 Je-sus. Let your soul no long-er stray, Je-sus is the per-fect way;

Comfort you and give you rest, Whisper it, whisper it to Je-sus.  
 Only make your weakness known, Whisper it, whisper it to Je-sus.  
 He will change your night to day, Whisper it, whisper it to Je-sus.

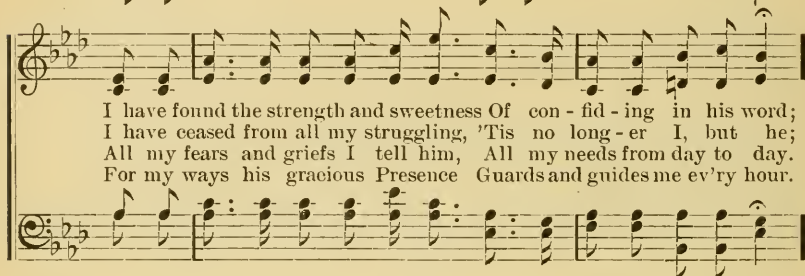
# No. 114. Abiding and Confiding.

REV. A. B. SIMPSON.

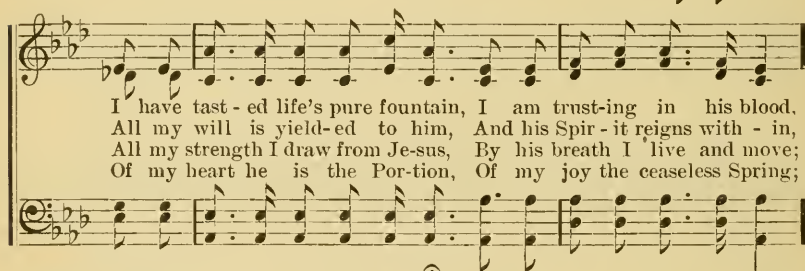
REV. L. L. PICKETT.



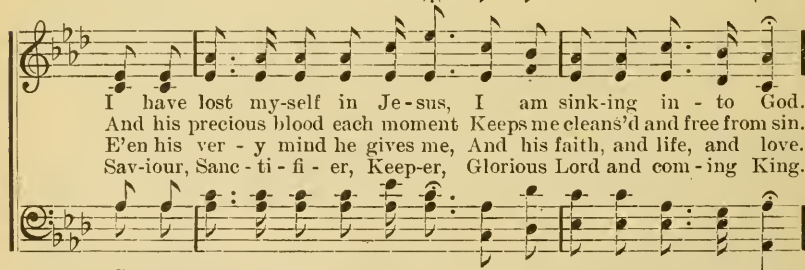
1. I have learned the wondrous secret Of a - bid - ing in the Lord;  
 2. I am cru - ci - fied with Je - sus, And he lives and dwells in me,  
 3. All my cares I cast up - on him, And he bears them all a - way;  
 4. For my words I take his wis - dom, For my works his Spir - it's pow'r,



I have found the strength and sweetness Of con - fid - ing in his word;  
 I have ceased from all my struggling, 'Tis no long - er I, but he;  
 All my fears and griefs I tell him, All my needs from day to day.  
 For my ways his gra - cious Presence Guards and guides me ev'ry hour.

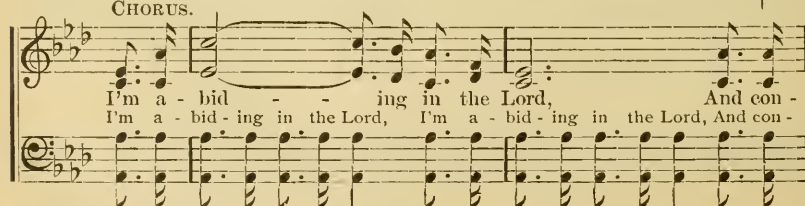


I have tast - ed life's pure fountain, I am trust - ing in his blood,  
 All my will is yield - ed to him, And his Spir - it reigns with - in,  
 All my strength I draw from Je - sus, By his breath I live and move;  
 Of my heart he is the Por - tion, Of my joy the ceaseless Spring;



I have lost my - self in Je - sus, I am sink - ing in - to God.  
 And his precious blood each moment Keeps me cleans'd and free from sin.  
 E'en his ver - y mind he gives me, And his faith, and life, and love.  
 Sav - iour, Sanc - ti - fi - er, Keep - er, Glorious Lord and com - ing King.

## CHORUS.



I'm a - bid - ing in the Lord, And con -  
 I'm a - bid - ing in the Lord, I'm a - bid - ing in the Lord, And con -



## Abiding and Confiding.—Concluded.

fid - - ing in his word, And I'm hid - -  
 fid - ing in his word, And con - fid - ing in his word, And I'm hid - ing, safe - ly  
 - - ing, safe - ly hid - - ing, In the bos - om of his love.  
 hid - ing, I am hid - ing, safe - ly hid - ing,

## No. 115. Jesus Thy Precious Blood.

IDA SCOTT TAYLOR.

W. H. DOANE.

1. Je - sus thy precious blood, I would ex - tol, Wash'd in its crimson flood,  
 2. O may thy will be mine, Saviour and Friend, Lead me by light divine,  
 3. Since thou hast pardoned me, Lord, I am thine; Saved evermore by thee,  
 I shall be whole, Cleans'd by its pow'r I know, I shall be  
 My steps at - tend; Lord, I am blest in - deed, That I thy  
 By grace di - vine; Res - cued from sin's a - byss, Heir of e -  
 white as snow, Save me from end - less woe, Par - don my soul.  
 love may plead, Thou wilt supply my need, Guide and de - fend.  
 ter - nal bliss, What can I ask but this, Sav - iour Di - vine.



E. A. H.

REV. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

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

bur - dens a - lone; In my dis - tress he kind - ly will help me;  
 pas - sion - ate Friend; If I but ask him, he will de - liv - er,  
 bur - dens to bear; I must tell Je - sus, I must tell Je - sus;  
 tempt - ed to sin! I must tell Je - sus, and he will help me

CHORUS.

He ev - er loves and cares for his own.  
 Make of my troub - les quickly an end. } I must tell Je - sus!  
 He all my cares and sor - rows will share.  
 O - ver the world the vic - t'ry to win.

I must tell Je - sus! I can - not bear my burdens a - lone; I must tell

*Rit.*  
 Je - sus! I must tell Je - sus! Je - sus can help me, Je - sus a - lone.

# No. 117.

# Precious Name.

MRS. LYDIA BAXTER.

W. H. DOANE.

1. Take the name of Je - sus with you, Child of sor - row and of woe;  
 2. Take the name of Je - sus ev - er, As a shield from ev - 'ry snare;  
 3. O the precious name of Je - sus! How it thrills our souls with joy  
 4. At the name of Je - sus bow - ing, Fall - ing pros - trate at his feet,

It will joy and com - fort give you, Take it then where'er you go.  
 If temptations 'round you gath - er, Breathe that ho - ly name in pray'r.  
 When his lov - ing arms re - ceive us, And his songs our tongues employ!  
 King of kings in heav'n we'll crown him, When our jour - ney is com - plete.

## CHORUS.

Pre - cious name, Pre - cious name, O how sweet! O how sweet!

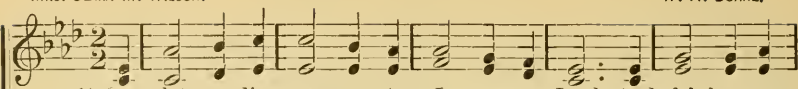
Hope of earth and joy of heav'n, Pre - cious name, Pre - cious name,

O how sweet! . . . . Hope of earth and joy of heav'n.  
 O how sweet, how sweet!

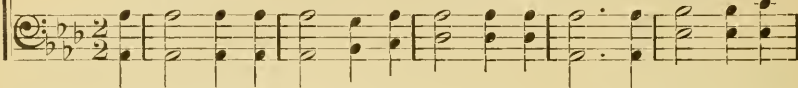
# No. 118. Trust In His Promise.

MRS. CLARA M. WILSON.

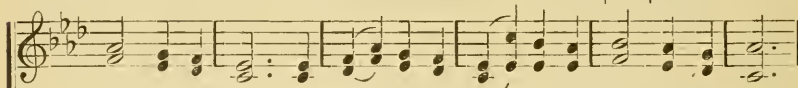
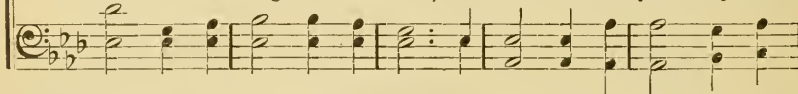
W. H. DOANE.



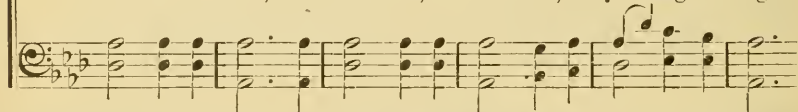
1. O let us live near - er to Je - sus our Lord, And fol - low more  
 2. Live near - er to Je - sus by watch - ing and pray'r, And help - ing each  
 3. To faith add - ing pa - tience, for - give - ness, and love, O live to in -



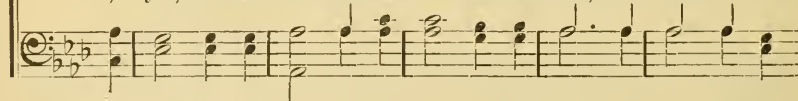
close - ly the light of his word; Be - liev - ing the prom - ise while  
 oth - er our bur - dens to bear; In kind - ness un - wea - ried, in  
 her - it the king - dom a - bove; And then when our jour - ney is



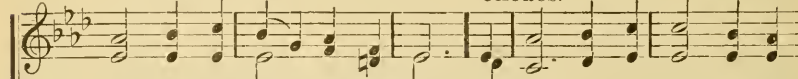
here we a - bide, For all that's be - fore us his grace will pro - vide.  
 tem - per se - rene, Let Chris - tian ex - am - ple be con - stant - ly seen.  
 end - ed be - low, To Je - sus, our Sav - iour, re - joic - ing we'll go.



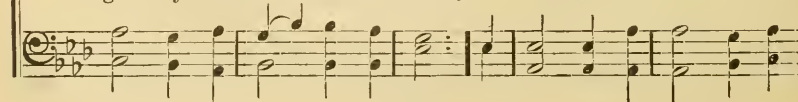
We know that his hand was our guide in the past, We know he will  
 Our jour - ney thro' life be as clear as the sun; Thro' sor - row and  
 O, yes, on the shore we shall rest ev - er - more, And hail him in



## CHORUS.



lead us safe on to the last. }  
 tri - al our crown must be won. } Then trust in the prom - ise he  
 glo - ry when sor - row is o'er. }



## Trust In His Promise.—Concluded.

gives in his word, And dai - ly live near - er to Je - sus our Lord.

### No. 119. The Palace Gate of Prayer.

D. B. P.

D. B. PURINTON.

1. At the pal - ace gate con - fess - ing All our sor - row, all our care,
2. At the pal - ace gate a - bid - ing, We are free from ev - 'ry snare,
3. At the pal - ace gate to - geth - er, We shall find our Sav - iour near,
4. At the pal - ace gate of heav - en, Bless - ed spir - its lin - ger there,

Peace we find, and joy and blessing, At the roy - al pal - ace gate of pray'r.  
 In the King himself con - fid - ing, At the roy - al pal - ace gate of pray'r.  
 And re - joice in him for - ev - er, At the roy - al pal - ace gate of pray'r.  
 Glo - ry crowned and sin forgiv - en, At the roy - al pal - ace gate of pray'r.

#### CHORUS.

We are wait - ing, humbly wait - ing, At the pal - ace gate of pray'r;

O - pen, Lord, that we may en - ter At the roy - al palace gate of pray'r.

# No. 120.

# His Way with Thee.

C. S. N.

REV. CYRUS S. NUSBAUM.

1. Would you live for Je - sus, and be al - ways pure and good?  
 2. Would you have him make you free, and fol - low at his call?  
 3. Would you in his king - dom find a place of con - stant rest?

Would you walk with him with-in the nar - row road? Would you have him  
 Would you know the peace that comes by giv - ing all? Would you have him  
 Would you prove him true each prov - i - den - tial test? Would you in his

bear your burden, car - ry all your load? Let him have his way with thee.  
 save you, so that you need nev - er fall? Let him have his way with thee.  
 serv - ice la - bor al - ways at your best? Let him have his way with thee.

## CHORUS.

His pow'r can make you what you ought to be; His blood can

cleanse your heart and make you free; His love can fill your soul, and



# His Way with Thee.—Concluded.

*rit.*  
 you will see 'Twas best for him to have his way with thee.

## No. 121. Keep Thou Thine Own.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE.

1. Now at a throne of grace, Thy dear mer - cy seat,  
 2. Un - der thy might - y wings, Naught sure can mo - lest,  
 3. When from the shores of time, Thy word, Lord, com - mands,

Lord, in thy ho - ly name Once more we meet; Each heart its  
 There from the tempter's pow'r, Safe shall we rest; There love its  
 Home to our Fa-ther's house, Made not with hands; Then by the

bur - den brings, O Sav - iour, King of Kings, Un - der thy  
 ban - ner flings, There faith ex - pect - ant sings, Un - der thy  
 liv - ing springs, O Sav - iour, King of Kings, Be - neath thy

*rit.*  
 might-y wings, Keep thou thine own, Keep thou thine own.  
 might-y wings, Keep thou thine own, Keep thou thine own.  
 might-y wings, Keep thou thine own, Keep thou thine own.  
 thine own,

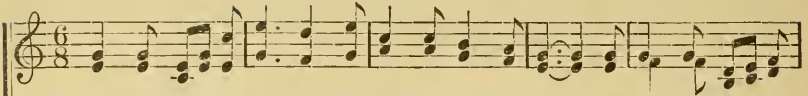
# No. 122.

# Never Alone.

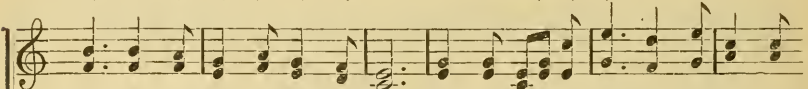
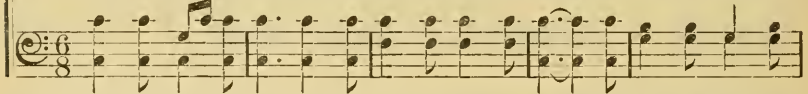
May be sung as a Duet and Chorus.

C. F. O.

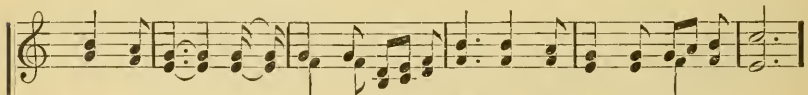
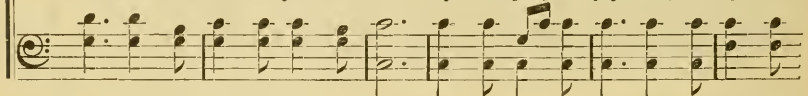
J. C. H. AND V. A. WHITE



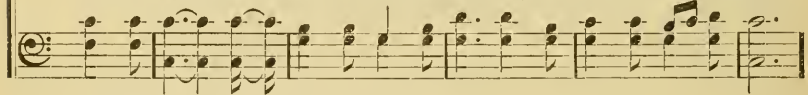
1. Lone-ly? no, not lone-ly While Jesus standeth by; His presence always  
 2. Wea-ry? no, not wea-ry While leaning on his breast; My soul hath full en-  
 3. Waiting? O yes, waiting; He bade me watch and wait; I on-ly wonder



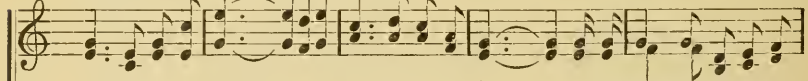
cheers me; I know that he is nigh. Friendless? no, not friendless, For Jesus  
 joy-ment, 'Tis his e-ter-nal rest. Helpless? yes, so help-less; But, I am  
 oft-en, What makes my Lord so late. Joy-ful? yes, so joy-ful, With joy too



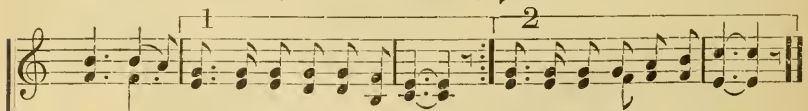
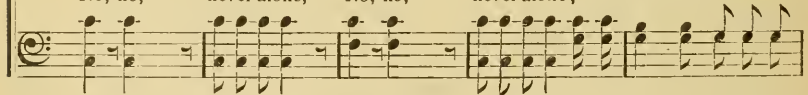
is my Friend; I change, but he remain-eth The same un-to the end.  
 lean-ing hard On the might-y arms of Je-sus, And he is keeping guard.  
 deep for words; A pre-cious, sure founda-tion, The joy that is my Lord's.



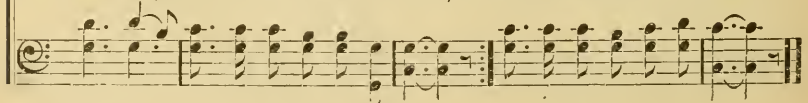
## CHORUS.



No, never a-lone, . . . . no, never a-lone, . . . He has promised never to  
 No, no, never alone, No, no, never alone;



leave me, Nev-er to leave me a-lone; Nev-er to leave me a-lone.



# No. 123. Sunshine Every Day.

EMMA PITT.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Hap - py are the peo - ple whose trust is in the Lord, Walking with the  
 2. Walking with the Mas - ter we find our sweetest joy, Working for his  
 3. All his ransom'd chil-dren a victor's crown shall wear, He will guide us

Sav - iour, rest - ing on his word; Trusting in his prom - ise tho' dark may  
 king - dom, O what blest employ! Fol - low in his foot - steps a - long the  
 on - ward to the mansions fair; Nev - er will he leave us, his love shall

be the way, Je - sus dwelling in the heart Makes sunshine ev - ry day.  
 nar - row way, — Je - sus dwelling in the heart Makes sunshine ev - ry day.  
 light the way, Je - sus dwelling in the heart Makes sunshine ev - ry day.

## CHORUS.

Sun - shine ev - ry day, Sun - shine all the way, Je - sus dwell - ing

in the heart Makes sunshine ev - ry day. || Makes sunshine ev - ry day.

# No. 124.

# Not One Forgotten.

"Not one of them is forgotten before God."—Luke 12: 6.

E. E. HEWITT.

May be sung as a Solo and Chorus.

H. L. GILMOUR.

1. There's a word of ten-der beau-ty In the say-ings of our Lord,  
 2. Though I'm least of all his children, So un-wor-thy of his love,  
 3. O the wound-ed hands of Je-sus All the springs of life con-trol,

How it stirs the heart to mu-sic, Wak-ing grat-itude's sweet chord;  
 Yet, for me, there's kind remembrance In the Fa-ther-heart a-bove;  
 Is there an-y ill can harm me While his blood is on my soul?

For it tells me that "Our Father," From his throne of roy-al might,  
 He will ev-er save and keep me, He will guide me on the way:  
 Let me, like the lit-tle sparrow, Trust him where I can-not see,

CHO.—In my Fa-ther's bless-ed keeping I am hap-py, safe, and free;

*D. S. Chorus.*

Bends to note a fall-ing sparrow, For 'tis pre-cious in his sight.  
 For my Sav-iour gen-tly whispers, "Are ye not much more than they?"  
 In the sun-shine and the shad-ow, Sing-ing, "He will care for me."

While his eye is on the spar-row I will not for-got-ten be.



# No. 125. Though Your Sins be as Scarlet.

"Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow."—Isaiah 1: 18.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE.

DUET. *Gently.*

1. "Tho' your sins be as scar-let, They shall be as white as snow; as snow;
2. Hear the voice that entreats you, O re-tun ye un - to God! to God!
3. He'll forgive your transgressions, And remember them no more; no more;

QUARTET.

Tho' they be red..... like crim - son, They shall be as wool;"  
 He is of great..... com - pas - sion, And of wondrous love;  
 "Look un - to me,..... ye peo - ple," Saith the Lord your God;

Tho' they be red

DUET. *p*

QUARTET. *f*

"Tho' your sins be as scar - let, Tho' your sins be as scar - let,  
 Hear the voice that en-treats you, Hear the voice that en-treats you,  
 He'll for - give your transgressions, He'll for - give your transgressions,

*p Rit.*

They shall be as white as snow, They shall be as white as snow."  
 O re - turn ye un - to God! O re - turn ye un - to God!  
 And re - mem - ber them no more, And re - mem - ber them no more.



# No. 126. I Am Resting in the Saviour's Love.

"We which have believed do enter into rest."—Heb. 4: 3.

REV. E. A. HOFFMAN.

D. E. DORTCH.

1. O my heart is thrilled with wondrous joy to-day! I am rest-ing in the  
 2. At the fount-ain opened for the soul un-clean, I am rest-ing in the  
 3. All my doubts are vanished, all my fears are gone, I am rest-ing in the  
 4. O the bliss and rapture! O the wondrous place! I am rest-ing in the  
 5. So I live re-joic-ing in his love each day, I am rest-ing in the

Sav-our's love; Christ, the Lord, has taken all my sins a-way, I am  
 Sav-our's love; Trusting in his grace I ventured free-ly in, I am  
 Sav-our's love; When I trust-ed Je-sus, lo! the work was done, I am  
 Sav-our's love; I have nev-er known so pure a joy as this, I am  
 Sav-our's love; I am walk-ing with him in the nar-row way, I am

## CHORUS.

rest-ing in the Saviour's love. ||: I am resting, sweet-ly resting,  
 sweetly, sweetly

I am rest-ing in the Sav-our's love; || in the Sav-our's love.

Used by permission.

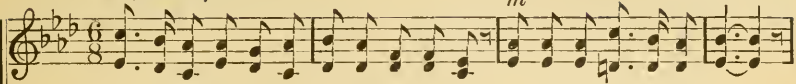
# No. 127. For You and For Me.

W. L. T.

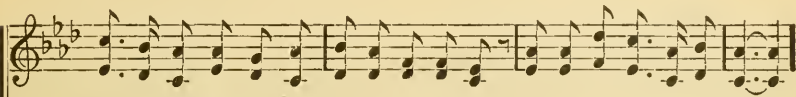
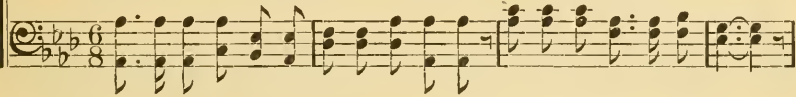
WILL L. THOMPSON.

*Very slow.*  $p$

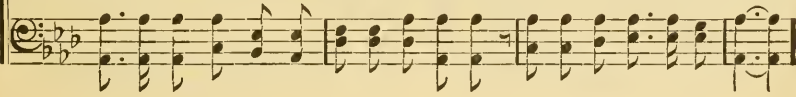
*m*



1. Soft - ly and tender-ly Je-sus is calling, Calling for you and for me;
2. Why should we tarry when Jesus is pleading, Pleading for you and for me?
3. Time is now fleeting, the moments are passing, Passing from you and from me;
4. O for the wonderful love he has promised, Promised for you and for me;



See on the portals he's waiting and watching, Watching for you and for me.  
 Why should we linger and heed not his mercies, Mer-cies for you and for me.  
 Shadows are gath-er-ing, death beds are coming, Coming for you and for me.  
 Tho' we have sinned he has mercy and par-don, Pardon for you and for me.



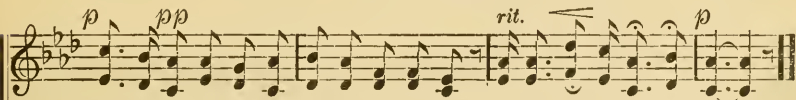
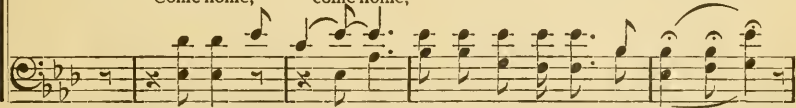
*m* CHORUS.

*cres.*



Come home, come home, Ye who are wea-ry, come home; ...

Come home, come home,



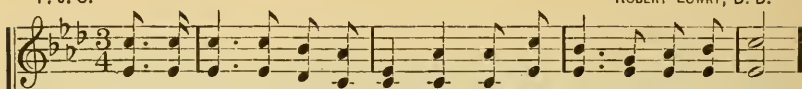
Earnestly, tender-ly, Je-sus is calling, Calling, O sinner, come home!



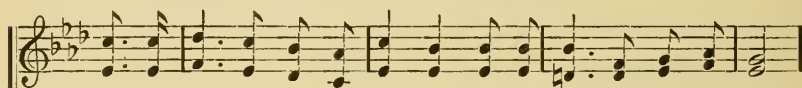
# No. 128. All the Way My Saviour Leads.

F. J. C.

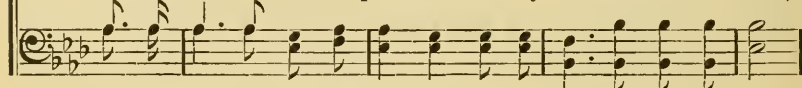
ROBERT LOWRY, D. D.



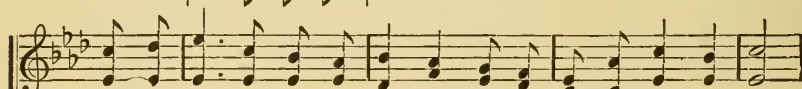
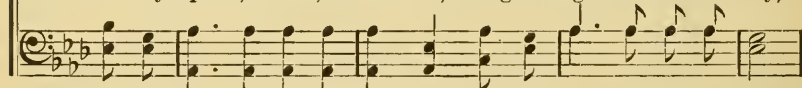
1. All the way my Saviour leads me, What have I to ask be-side?
2. All the way my Saviour leads me, Cheers each winding path I tread;
3. All the way my Saviour leads me; O the ful-ness of his love!



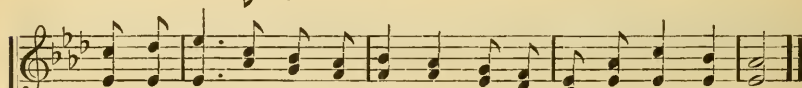
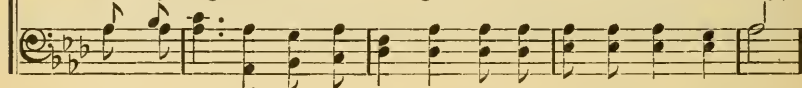
Can I doubt his ten-der mer-cy, Who thro' life has been my guide?  
 Gives me grace for ev-'ry tri-al, Feeds me with the liv-ing bread;  
 Per-fect rest to me is prom-ised In my Fa-ther's house a-bove;



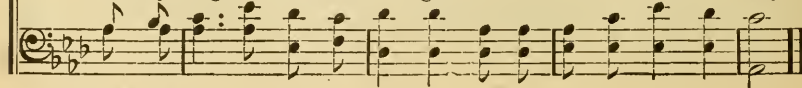
Heav'nly peace, di-vin-est com-fort, Here by faith in him to dwell!  
 Tho' my wea-ry steps may fal-ter, And my soul a-thirst may be,  
 When my spir-it, clothed, im-mor-tal, Wings its flight to realms of day,



For I know, what-e'er be-fall me, Je-sus do-eth all things well;  
 Gush-ing from the Rock be-fore me, Lo! a spring of joy I see;  
 This my song thro' end-less a-ges—Je-sus led me all the way;



For I know, what-e'er be-fall me, Je-sus do-eth all things well.  
 Gush-ing from the Rock be-fore me, Lo! a spring of joy I see.  
 This my song thro' end-less a-ges—Je-sus led me all the way.



# No. 129.

# Hiding in Thee.

REV. WILLIAM O. CUSHING.

IRA D. SANKEY.

1. O safe to the Rock that is high - er than I,  
 2. In the calm of the noon - tide, in sor - row's lone hour,  
 3. How oft in the con - flict, when press'd by the foe,

My soul in its con - flicts and sor - rows would fly;  
 In times when temp - ta - tion casts o'er me its pow'r;  
 I have fled to my Ref - uge and breath'd out my woe;

So sin - ful, so wea - ry, thine, thine would I be;  
 In the tem - pests of life, on its wide, heav - ing sea;  
 How oft - en, when tri - als like sea - bil - lows roll,

### CHORUS.

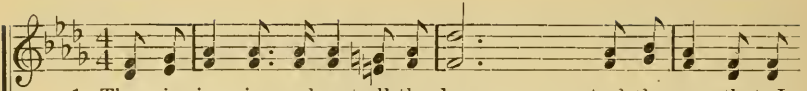
Thou blest "Rock of A-ges," I'm hid-ing in thee. }  
 Thou blest "Rock of A-ges," I'm hid-ing in thee. } Hid-ing in thee,  
 Have I hid - den in thee, O thou Rock of my soul. }

Hid - ing in thee, thou blest "Rock of A - ges," I'm hid - ing in thee.

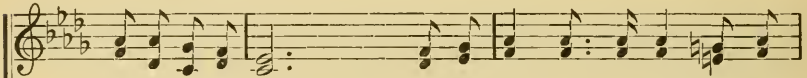
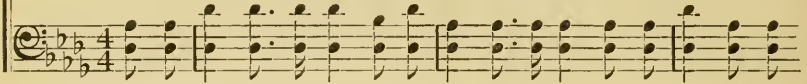
# No. 130. I am Anchored Safe.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

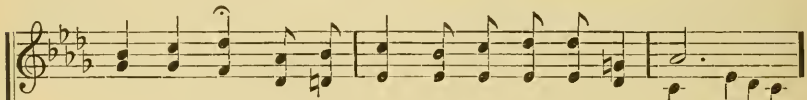
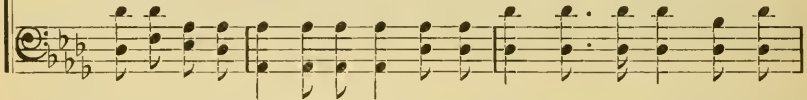
W. H. DOANE.



1. There is joy in my heart all the day, (all the day,) And the song that I  
 2. There is peace in my heart all the day, (all the day,) For I know my Re-  
 3. There is love in my heart all the day, (all the day,) And the law of the



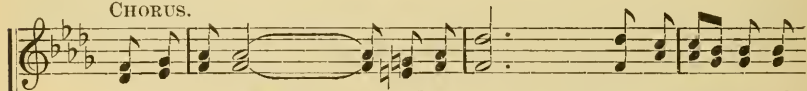
sing is ev-er new, (ev-er new,) I have an-chor-ed my hope on the  
 deemer still is near, (still is near,) O he tells me of rest, that shall  
 Lord is my de-light, (my delight,) And a man-sion e-ter-nal is



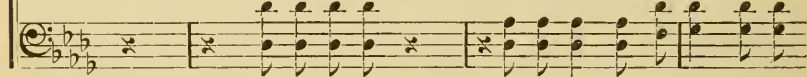
Rift-ed Rock, And its clear flow-ing wa-ter I view. (I view.)  
 yet be mine, And his voice in my spir-it I hear. (I hear.)  
 wait-ing me, In the home that with glo-ry is bright. (is bright.)



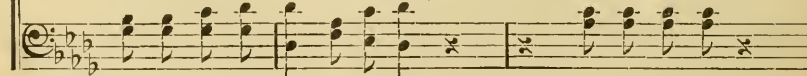
## CHORUS.



I am an-chor-ed, . . . . . and se-cure, And I dread not the  
 I am anchored, and se-cure.



stormy waves that roll, I am an-chor-ed . . . . . firm and  
 waves that roll, I am an-chor-ed





## I am Anchored Safe.—Concluded.

sure, (firm and sure,) Safe-ly anchored on the Rock of my soul.

## No. 131. Such a Friend is Jesus.

JAMES ROWE.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

- 'Tis sweet to have a faith-ful friend On whom we ev - er may de-pend,
- 'Tis sweet to have a friend who cheers Our spir-its thro' the try-ing years,
- 'Tis sweet to have a friend whose love Doth ev-'ry fear of death re-move,
- O heart of grief, O child of sin, O burden'd one, if you would win,

Whose love will last un-til the end, And such a friend is Je - sus.  
 Who ban-ish-es our doubts and fears, And such a friend is Je - sus.  
 And fit us for the home a - bove, And such a friend is Je - sus.  
 The best of friends, let Je-sus in, For such a friend is Je - sus.

### CHORUS.

Such a friend is Je - sus, Such a friend is Je - sus; Whatev - er may be -

fall, The tru - est friend of all Is Je - sus, bless - ed Je - sus.

# No. 132. This is a Faithful Saying.

E. E. HEWITT.

GEO. T. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Hear the precious gos-pel sto - ry, Told to sinners long a - go;  
 2. Now ac-cept this "faithful say - ing," Let it draw you to his feet;  
 3. All your sins shall be for - giv - en, Wash'd in Calv'ry's stream to-day;  
 4. Grasp a-new this "faithful say - ing," Trust-ing Je-sus, doubt no more;  
 5. Free - ly take the great sal - va - tion Bought up-on the cross for you;

O what comfort, O what glo - ry, From this bless-ed truth shall flow.  
 Come to him, no more de - lay - ing, Find in him de - liv - rance sweet.  
 All your fet - ters shall be riv - en, All your darkness flee a - way.  
 Press-ing onward, watch-ing, pray-ing, En - ter ev - 'ry o - pen door.  
 Bow the heart in ad - o - ra - tion, Give your life in serv-ice true.

CHORUS. *Faster.* 1 Tim. 1: 15.

"This is a faithful say - ing, This is a faithful say - ing, This is a faithful

say - ing, And worthy of all ac-cep - ta - tion, That Christ Je - sus came, That

Christ Jesus came, That Christ Jesus came into the world to save sin - ners."

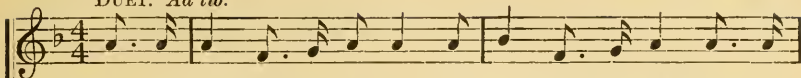
# No. 133.

# Nailed to the Cross.

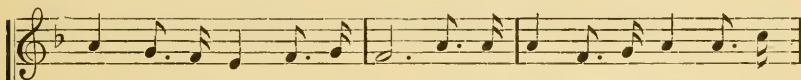
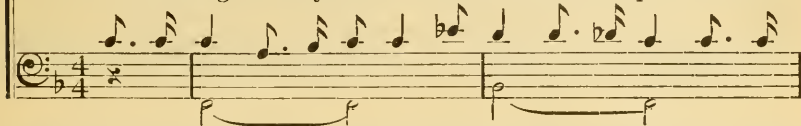
MRS. FRANK A. BRECK.

GRANT COLFAX TULLAR.

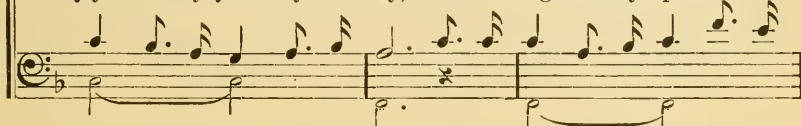
DUET. *Ad lib.*



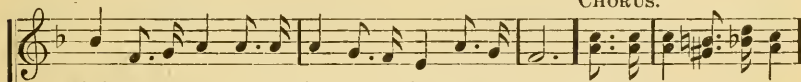
1. There was One who was willing to die in my stead That a  
 2. He is ten - der and lov - ing and pa - tient with me, While he  
 3. I will cling to my Sav - iour and nev - er de - part—I will



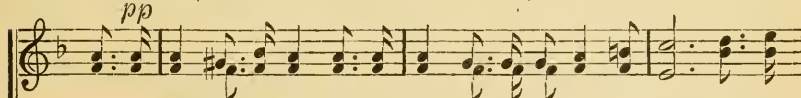
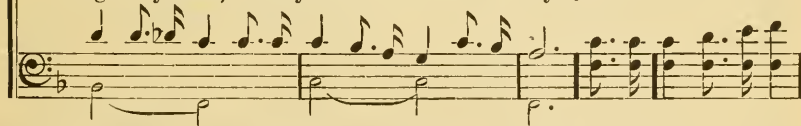
soul, so un - worth - y, might live, And the path to the cross he was  
 cleans - es my heart of its dross, But "there's no condemnation"—I  
 joy - ful - ly jour - ney each day, With a song on my lips and a



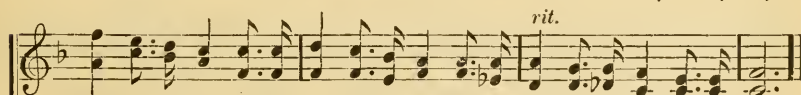
CHORUS.



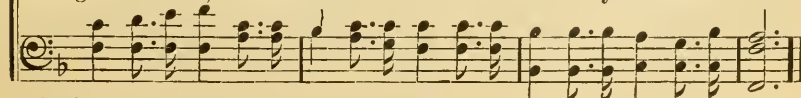
willing to tread, All the sins of my life to for - give.  
 know I am free, For my sins are all nailed to the cross. } They are nailed to the cross,  
 song in my heart, That my sins have been taken away. }



they are nailed to the cross, O how much he was willing to bear! With what



anguish and loss, Jesus went to the cross! And he carried my sins with him there.



No. 134.

The Gospel Bells.

S. W. M.

S. WESLEY MARTIN.

*Allegro.*

1. The gos-pel bells are ring-ing O-ver land from sea to sea; Bless-ed  
 2. The gos-pel bells in-vite us To a feast pre-pared for all; Do not  
 3. The gos-pel bells are joy-ful, As they ech-o far and wide, Bearing

news of free sal-va-tion Do they of-fer you and me. "For God so loved the  
 slight the in-vi-ta-tion, Nor re-ject the gracious call. "I am the bread of  
 notes of perfect par-don, Thro' a Saviour cru-ci-fied. "Good tidings of great

world That his on-ly Son he gave, Who-so-e'er believ-eth in him Ev-er-  
 life; Eat of Me, thou hungry soul; Tho' your sins be red as crimson, They shall  
 joy To all peo-ple I do bring, Un-to you is born a Sav-iour, Which is

CHORUS.

lasting life shall have." } Gospel bells, how they ring, Over land from sea to  
 be as white as wool." } Gospel bells, how they ring,  
 Christ, the Lord and King." }

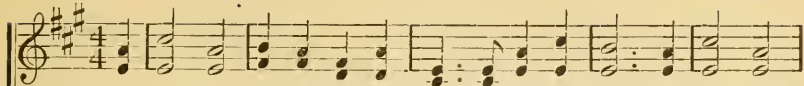
sea; Gos-pel bells, free-ly bring Blessed news to you and me.  
 Gospel bells, freely bring



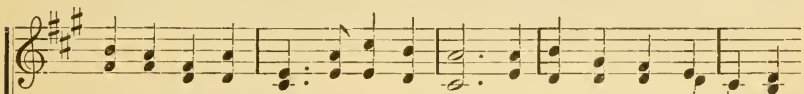
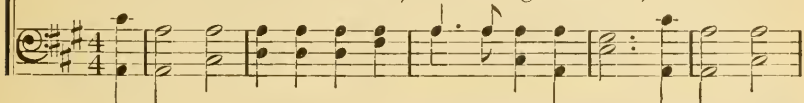
# No. 135. A Few More Marchings Weary.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

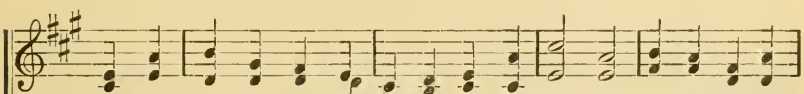
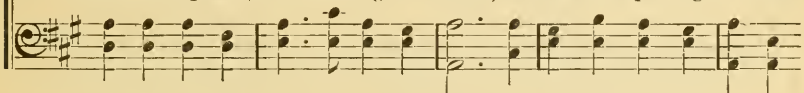
W. H. DOANE.



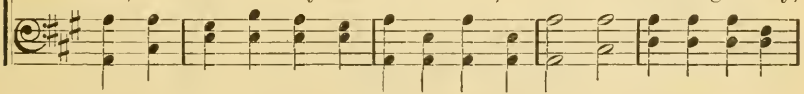
1. A few more marchings weary, Then we'll gather home; A few more
2. A few more nights of weeping, Then we'll gather home; A few more
3. A few more sweet links broken, Then we'll gather home; A few more



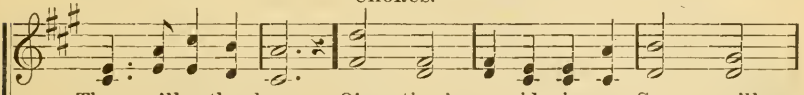
storm-clouds dreary, Then we'll gather home; A few more days the cross to  
 watch - es keep - ing, Then we'll gather home; A few more vict'ries o - ver  
 kind words spoken, Then we'll gather home; A few more partings on the



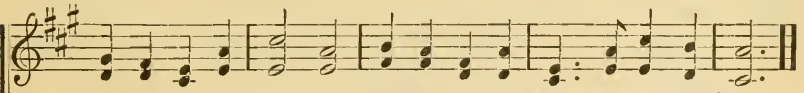
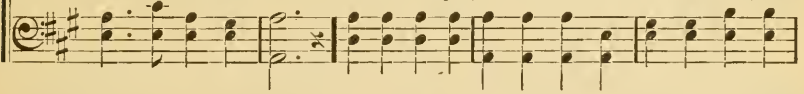
bear, And then with Christ a crown to wear; A few more marchings weary,  
 sin, A few more sheaves to gath - er in, A few more marchings weary,  
 strand, And then a - way to Canaan's land; A few more marchings weary,



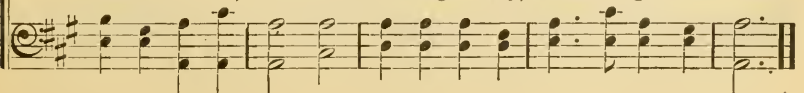
## CHORUS.



Then we'll gather home. O'er time's rap - id riv - er, Soon we'll  
 O'er time's rapid, Soon we'll rest, we'll



rest for ev - er; No more marchings weary, When we gath - er home.





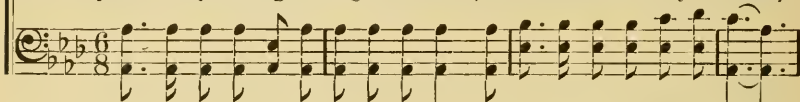
# No. 136. Let Jesus Come Into Your Heart.

C. H. M.

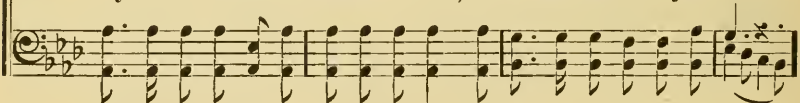
MRS. C. H. MORRIS.



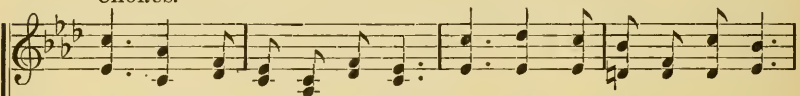
1. If you are tired of the load of your sin, Let Jesus come in-to your heart;
2. If 'tis for pur-ity now that you sigh, Let Jesus come in-to your heart;
3. If there's a tempest your voice cannot still, Let Jesus come in-to your heart;
4. If friends, once trusted, have proven untrue, Let Jesus come in-to your heart;
5. If you would join the glad songs of the blest, Let Jesus come in-to your heart;



If you de-sire a new life to be-gin, Let Je-sus come in-to your heart.  
 Fountains for cleausing are flowing near by, Let Je-sus come in-to your heart.  
 If there's a void this world never can fill, Let Je-sus come in-to your heart.  
 Find what a Friend he will be unto you, Let Je-sus come in-to your heart.  
 If you would enter the mansions of rest, Let Je-sus come in-to your heart.



## CHORUS.



Just now, your doubtings give o'er; Just now, re-ject him no more;  
*5th. v.* Just now, my doubtings are o'er; Just now, re-ject-ing no more;



Just now, throw o - pen the door; Let Je-sus come in - to your heart.  
 Just now, I o - pen the door; And Je-sus comes in - to my heart.



# No. 137. The Comforter has Come!

"I will pray the Father, and he shall give you another Comforter, that he may abide with you for ever."—John 14: 16.

REV. F. BOTTOE, D. D.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. O spread the tid - ings round, wher - ev - er man is found, Wher -  
 2. The long, long night is past, the morn - ing breaks at last; And  
 3. Lo, the great King of kings, with heal - ing in his wings, To  
 4. O bound - less Love di - vine! how shall this tongue of mine To  
 5. Sing, till the ech - oes fly a - bove the vault - ed sky, And

ev - er human hearts and hu - man woes a - bound; Let ev - 'ry Christian  
 hush'd the dreadful wail and fu - ry of the blast, As o'er the gold - en  
 ev - 'ry cap - tive soul a full deliv'rance brings; And thro' the va - cant  
 wond'ring mortals tell the matchless grace di - vine—That I, a child of  
 all the saints a - bove to all be - low re - ply, In strains of end - less

*D.S.*—Ho - ly Ghost from heav'n, The Father's promise giv'n; O spread the tid - ings

tongue pro - claim the joy - ful sound; The Com - fort - er has come!  
 hills the day ad - van - ces fast! The Com - fort - er has come!  
 cells the song of triumph rings: The Com - fort - er has come!  
 sin, should in his im - age shine! The Com - fort - er has come!  
 love, the song that ne'er will die: The Com - fort - er has come!

round, Wher - ev - er man is found—The Com - fort - er has come!

CHORUS.

The Com - fort - er has come, The Com - fort - er has come! The

# No. 138. Tell Me the Old, Old Story.

KATE HANKEY.

Rom. 3: 24.

W. H. DOANE.

1. Tell me the old, old sto - ry Of unseen things a - bove, Of Je - sus  
 2. Tell me the sto - ry slow - ly, That I may take it in— That wonder -  
 3. Tell me the sto - ry soft - ly, With earnest tones, and grave; Re - mem - ber,  
 4. Tell me the same old sto - ry, When you have cause to fear That this world's

and his glo - ry, Of Je - sus and his love. Tell me the sto - ry  
 ful re - demption, God's rem - e - dy for sin Tell me the sto - ry  
 I'm the sin - ner Whom Je - sus came to save. Tell me that sto - ry  
 empty glo - ry Is cost - ing me too dear. Yes, and when that world's

sim - ply, As to a lit - tle child; For I am weak and wea - ry,  
 oft - en, For I for - get so soon; The ear - ly dew of morning  
 al - ways, If you would really be, In an - y time of troub - le,  
 glo - ry Is dawning on my soul, Teach me the old, old sto - ry,

## CHORUS.

And help - less and de - filed.  
 Has passed a - way at noon. } Tell me the old, old sto - ry, Tell me the  
 A com - fort - er to me. }  
 "Christ Jesus makes thee whole."

old, old sto - ry, Tell me the old, old sto - ry Of Je - sus and his love.

# No. 139. I Love to Tell the Story.

KATE HANKEY.

W. G. FISCHER BY PER.

1. I love to tell the sto - ry Of unseen things a - bove, Of Je - sus  
 2. I love to tell the sto - ry! More wonder - ful it seems Than all the  
 3. I love to tell the sto - ry! 'Tis pleasant to re - peat What seems each  
 4. I love to tell the sto - ry! For those who know it best Seem hun - ger -

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

sto - ry! Be - cause I know 'tis true; It sat - is - fies my long - ings,  
 sto - ry! It did so much for me! And that is just the rea - son  
 sto - ry! For some have nev - er heard The mes - sage of sal - va - tion  
 glo - ry, I sing the new, new song, 'Twill be the old, old sto - ry

## CHORUS.

As noth - ing else can do.  
 I tell it now to thee. } I love to tell the sto - ry, 'Twill be my  
 From God's own ho - ly Word.  
 That I have lov'd so long.

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



1. O, glo - rious prom - is - es of God! Each one a price - less gem!  
 2. No fail - ure in his prom - is - es, But stead - fast, firm and sure;  
 3. Be - liev - ing them, the Spir - it's pow'r Re - news and pu - ri - fies,

The rich - est diamonds of the earth Are naught compar'd to them.  
 The word of our un - chang - ing God For ev - er shall en - dure.  
 Thro' Christ's all - cleansing, pre - cious blood, Our per - fect sac - ri - fice.

Most bless - ed boon to mor - tals giv'n, To cheer life's drear - y way;  
 Tho' heav'n and earth shall pass a - way, And all we love may die,  
 O, glo - rious leg - a - cy of heav'n, So rich, so vast and free!

Bright lights let down to show the path To ev - er - last - ing day.  
 God's prom - is - es to us re - main, — On these we may re - ly.  
 These pre - cious promis - es di - vine, Se - cur - ing all to me.

*D.S.*—these I'm rich, with these se - cure, While end - less a - ges roll.

CHORUS.

*D. S.*

Sweet prom - is - es! God's prom - is - es! Dear treasures of my soul: With



# No. 141.

# Give Me Thy Heart.

E. E. HEWITT.

ANNIE F. BOURNE.

1. "Give me thy heart," says the Father a-bove, No gift so pre-cious to  
 2. "Give me thy heart," says the Saviour of men, Call-ing in mer-cy a-  
 3. "Give me thy heart," says the Spirit di-vine, "All that thou hast, to my

him as our love, Soft-ly he whis-pers wher-ev-er thou art,  
 gain and a-gain; "Turn now from sin, and from e-vil de-part,  
 keep-ing re-sig-n; Grace more a-bound-ing is mine to in-part,

### CHORUS.

"Grate-ful-ly trust me, and give me thy heart."  
 Have I not died for thee? give me thy heart."  
 Make full sur-ren-der and give me thy heart." } "Give me thy heart,

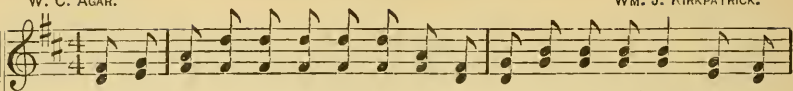
*p*  
 Give me thy heart," Hear the soft whisper, wherever thou art; From this dark

*rit.*  
 world, he would draw thee apart, Speaking so tenderly, "Give me thy heart."

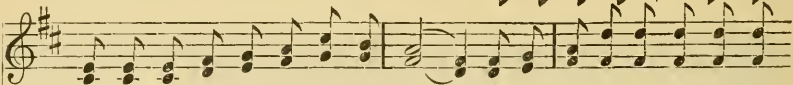
# No. 142. My Saviour Face to Face.

W. C. AGAR.

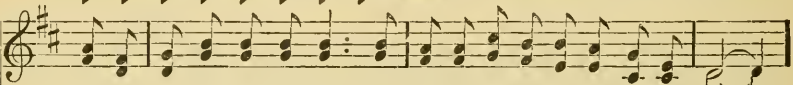
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. I am glad I found the Saviour, for he makes my heart rejoice, And I
2. Yes, I know he ev - er loves me, dai - ly guides my erring feet, And I'm
3. When life's sun is slowly set - ting, twilight shadows veil the sky, And I'm
4. When I tread the crys - tal pavement of the new Je - ru - sa - lem, Where my



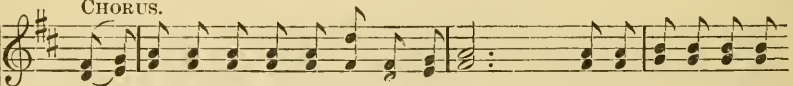
feel with - in my soul his sav - ing grace; But I want to talk with Je - sus,  
rest - ing in his ten - der, fond em - brace; But I want to know him better,  
near the ending of life's wea - ry race; In my heart will be this longing,  
Saviour has prepared for me a place; Where the angel choirs are singing



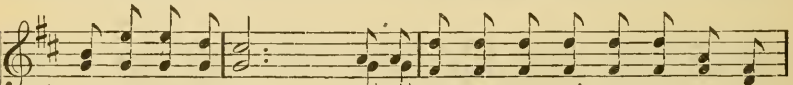
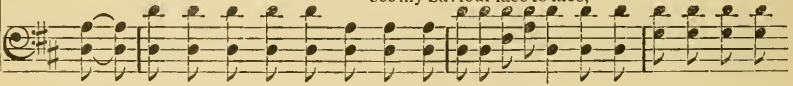
hear his lov - ing, gen - tle voice, I want to see my Saviour face to face.  
and my dear Redeem - er meet, I want to see my Saviour face to face.  
none but Christ can sat - is - fy, I want to see my Saviour face to face.  
praise and glo - ry to the Lamb, O then I'll see my Saviour face to face.



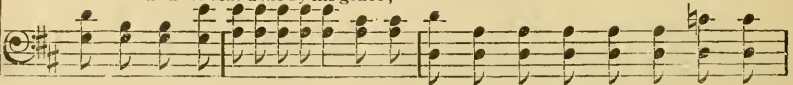
## CHORUS.



O I want to see my Saviour face to face, Who hath lov'd me and re -  
*Last v.* O then I'll see my Saviour face to face,  
see my Saviour face to face,



deem - ed by his grace; In his kingdom, crown'd with glory, on his  
and redeem'd me by his grace;



# My Saviour Face to Face.—Concluded.

ev - er - lasting throne, I want to see my Saviour face to face.....  
see my Saviour face to face,

## No. 143. No, Not One.

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR.

GEO. C. HUGG.

1. There's not a friend like the low-ly Je-sus, No, not one! no, not one!
2. No friend like him is so high and ho-ly. No, not one! no, not one!
3. There's not an hour that he is not near us, No, not one! no, not one!
4. Did ev-er saint find this Friend forsake him? No, not one! no, not one!
5. Was e'er a gift like the Sav-iour giv-en? No, not one! no, not one!

FINE.

None else could heal all our soul's diseas-es, No, not one! no, not one!  
And yet no friend is so meek and low-ly, No, not one! no, not one!  
No night so dark, but his love can cheer us, No, not one! no, not one!  
Or sin-ner find that he would not take him? No, not one! no, not one!  
Will he refuse us a home in heaven? No, not one! no, not one!

*D.S.*—There's not a friend like the lowly Jesus, No, not one! no, not one!

CHORUS.

*D. S.*

Je-sus knows all a-bout our struggles, He will guide till the day is done;

# No. 144. The Mother's Good-By.

FANNY J. CROSBY.  
SOLO. *Tenderly.*

W. H. DOANE.

1. Sit down by the side of your mother, my boy, You have on - ly a  
2. You'll find in your satch-el a Bi-ble, my boy, 'Tis the book of all  
3. Your fa - ther is com-ing to bid you good-by, O how lone-ly and

moment, I know; But you'll stay till I give you my parting ad-vice,  
oth - ers the best; It will teach you to live, it will help you to die,  
sad we shall be; But when far from the scenes of your childhood and youth,

*rit.*.....

'Tis all that I have to be-stow. You leave us to seek for em -  
And lead to the gates of the blest. I gave you to God, in your  
You'll think of your fa - ther and me. I want you to feel ev - 'ry

ployment, my boy, By the world you have yet to be tried; But in  
cra - dle, my boy, I have taught you the best that I knew; And as  
word I have said, For it came from the depths of my love; And, my

*rit.*.....

all the temp-tations and struggles you meet, May your heart in the  
long as his mer-cy per-mits me to live, I shall nev - er cease  
boy, if we nev - er be-hold you on earth, Will you prom - ise to



# The Mother's Good-By.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

Sav-our con - fide. }  
 pray-ing for you. } Hold fast to the right, Hold fast to the right, Where-  
 meet us a - bove? }

ev - er your foot-steps may roam; O for - sake not the way of sal -

*rit.*  
 va - tion, my boy, That you learn'd from your mother at home.

## No. 145. I'll Live for Him,

R. E. HUDSON.

C. R. DUNBAR.

1. My life, my love, I give to thee, Thou Lamb of God, who died for me;  
 2. I now believe thou dost receive, For thou hast died that I might live;  
 3. O thou, who died on Cal - va - ry, To save my soul and make me free,

Chor.—I'll live for him who died for me, How hap - py then my life shall be;  
 D. C. Chorus.

O may I ev - er faith - ful be, My Sav-our and my God!  
 And now henceforth I'll trust in thee, My Sav-our and my God!  
 I con - se - crate my life to thee, My Sav-our and my God!

I'll live for him who died for me, My Sav-our and my God!



# No. 146. Hiding From the Storm.

E. E. HEWITT

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. In the riv - en Rock there's a ref - uge for my soul, When the  
 2. In the riv - en Rock there is room for ma - ny more; There's a  
 3. In the riv - en Rock there are bless - ed songs that ring, Songs of

light'nings flash and the night-y thun-ders roll; For I heard a  
 stream to cleanse, there is mer - cy to re - store; Come to Je - sus  
 peace and joy un - to heav'n's e - ter - nal King; I will praise him,

voice that so sweet-ly said to me, "In my bleed-ing side there's a  
 now, for a shel-ter sure and sweet; He will keep you still when the  
 too, I will sing his grace so free, For my Sav-iour's side is a

## CHORUS.

hid-ing-place for thee.' }  
 swelling currents meet. } In the riv - en Rock I am hiding from the storm,  
 hid-ing - place for me. }

Hid-ing from the storm, hid-ing from the storm; In the riv - en Rock

# Hiding From the Storm.—Concluded.

I am hid-ing from the storm, In the Rock that was cleft for me.

## No. 147.

FANNY J. CROSBY.  
*Gently.*

## Tread Softly.

Solo and Quartet.

W. H. DOANE.

1. Be si - lent, be si - lent, A whis - per is heard,  
2. Be si - lent, be si - lent, For ho - ly of this place,  
3. Be si - lent, be si - lent, Breathe hum - bly our pray'r,  
4. Be si - lent, be si - lent, His mer - cy re - cord,

Be si - lent, and list - en, O treas - ure each word!  
This al - tar that ech - oes The mes - sage of grace.  
A fore - taste of E - den This mo - ment we share.  
Be si - lent, be si - lent, And wait on the Lord.

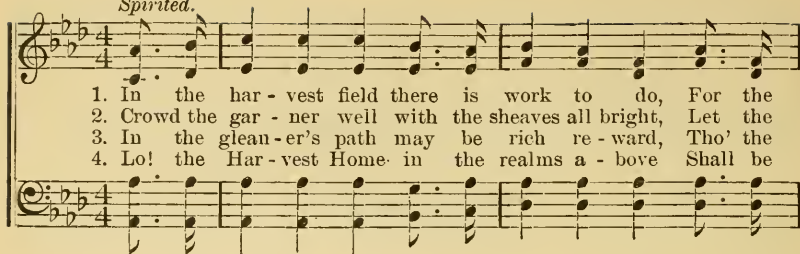
### CHORUS.

Tread soft - ly, tread soft - ly, The Mas - ter is here,  
soft - ly here, soft - ly here,

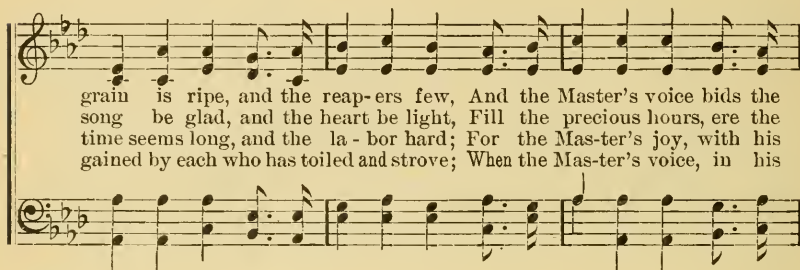
Tread soft - ly, tread soft - ly, He bids us draw near.  
soft - ly here, tread soft - ly here,

DR. C. R. BLACKALL.  
*Spirited.*

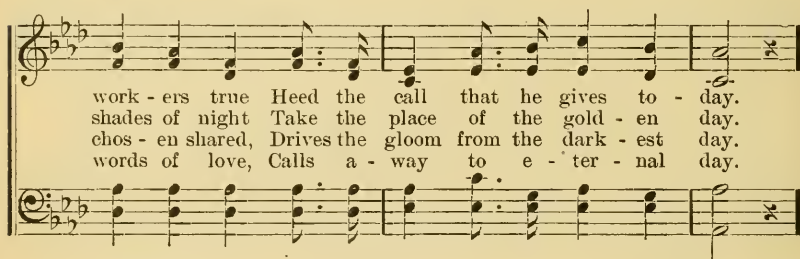
W. H. DOANE.



1. In the har - vest field there is work to do, For the  
2. Crowd the gar - ner well with the sheaves all bright, Let the  
3. In the glean - er's path may be rich re - ward, Tho' the  
4. Lo! the Har - vest Home in the realms a - bove Shall be

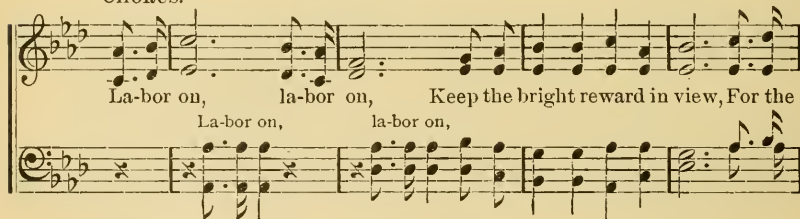


grain is ripe, and the reap - ers few, And the Master's voice bids the  
song be glad, and the heart be light, Fill the precious hours, ere the  
time seems long, and the la - bor hard; For the Mas - ter's joy, with his  
gained by each who has toiled and strove; When the Mas - ter's voice, in his

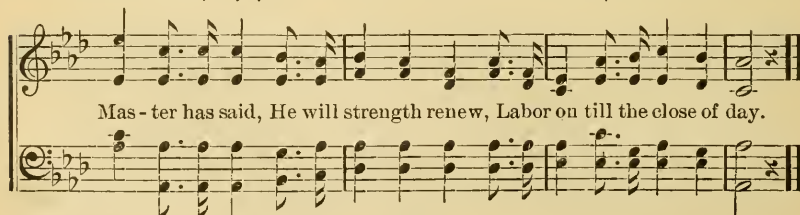


work - ers true Heed the call that he gives to - day.  
shades of night Take the place of the gold - en day.  
chos - en shared, Drives the gloom from the dark - est day.  
words of love, Calls a - way to e - ter - nal day.

## CHORUS.



La - bor on, la - bor on, Keep the bright reward in view, For the  
La - bor on, la - bor on,



Mas - ter has said, He will strength renew, Labor on till the close of day.

# No. 149.      Companionship With Jesus.

MARY D. JAMES.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. O bless - ed fel - low-ship di-vine! O joy supremely sweet! Com-  
 2. I'm walk-ing close to Je - sus' side; So close that I can hear The  
 3. I'm lean-ing on his lov-ing breast, A - long life's weary way; My  
 4. I know his shelt'ring wings of love Are al-ways o'er me spread; And

pan - ion-ship with Je - sus here Makes life with bliss re - plete : In  
 soft - est whis-pers of his love In fel - low-ship so dear, And  
 path, il - lu-mined by his smile, Grows brighter day by day: No  
 tho' the storms may fiercely rage, All calm and free from dread, My

un - ion with the pur - est One, I find my heav'n on earth be - gun.  
 feel his great Al-might - y hand Pro-jects me in this hos - tile land.  
 foes, no woes my heart can fear, With my Al-might - y Friend so near,  
 peaceful spir - it ev - er sings, "I'll trust the cov - ert of thy wings."

## CHORUS.

O wondrous bliss! O joy sublime! I've Je - sus with me all the time!

O wondrous bliss! O joy sublime! I've Je - sus with me all the time!

# No. 150. O for a Heart Whiter than Snow.

E. E. HEWITT.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. O for a heart that is whit-er than snow! Kept, ev - er kept, 'neath the  
 2. O for a heart that is whit-er than snow! Calm in the peace that he  
 3. O for a heart that is whit-er than snow! With the pure flame of the  
 4. O for a heart that is whit-er than snow! Then in his grace and his

life - giv - ing flow; Cleansed from all pas-sion, self - seek-ing, and pride,  
 loves to be-stow; Dai - ly refreshed by the heav-en - ly dews,  
 Spir - it a - glow; Filled with the love that is true and sin - cere,  
 knowledge to grow; Grow - ing like him who my pat - tern shall be,

CHORUS.

Washed in the foun-tain of Cal - va - ry's tide.  
 Read - y for serv - ice whene'er he shall choose. } O for a heart  
 Love that is a - ble to ban - ish all fear.  
 Till in his beau - ty my King I shall see.

whit - er than snow! Sav - iour di - vine, to whom else can I go?

Thou who didst die, loving me so, Give me a heart that is whit-er than snow.



# No. 151. Will Jesus Find Us Watching?

FANNY J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE.

1. When Je - sus comes to re - ward his ser - vants, Whether it be  
 2. If at the dawn of the ear - ly morn - ing, He shall call us  
 3. Have we been true to the trust he left us? Do we seek to  
 4. Bless - ed are those whom the Lord finds watching, In his glo - ry

noon or night, Faith - ful to him will he find us watching,  
 one by one, When to the Lord we re - store our tal - ents,  
 do our best? If in our hearts there is naught con - demns us,  
 they shall share; If he shall come at the dawn or midnight,

*rit.* CHORUS.

With our lamps all trimm'd and bright.  
 Will he an - swer thee—Well done. } O can we say we are  
 We shall have a glo - rious rest.  
 Will he find us watch - ing there?

read - y, broth - er? Read - y for the soul's bright home? Say, will he

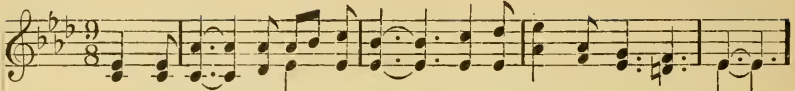
find you and me still watching, Waiting, waiting when the Lord shall come?

# No. 152.

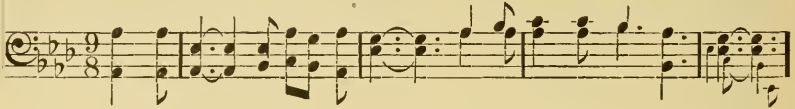
# The Blessed Rock.

GRACE J. FRANCES.

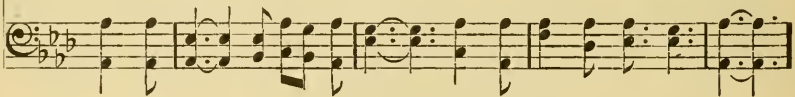
HUBERT P. MAIN.



1. 'Mid the wild and fear-ful blast, I have reached the Rock at last;
2. Wrecked by sin and tempest tossed, Compass, chart and anchor lost,
3. Rock, that hides my trembling soul, From the storms that darkly roll;
4. When be - yond the vale of night, I shall soar to realms of light;



Help-less, weak and sore dis-mayed, To the cross I'll cling for aid.  
 He whose pow'r a-lone can save, Lulls the wind and stills the wave.  
 While be - neath, the sur-ges dash, Thunders roar, and lightnings flash.  
 When mine eyes be-hold the King, Heart and soul and tongue shall sing.



## CHORUS.



"Rock of A - ges, cleft for me; Let me hide.. my-self in thee,  
 "Rock of A-ges. Let me hide



Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my-self in thee."  
 Rock of A-ges,



# No. 153. Some Blessed Day.

REV. C. W. RAY, D. D.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Some day, but when I can-not tell, To toil and tears I'll bid fare-well;  
 2. Some day, with-in those gates so fair, A golden harp my hands shall bear;  
 3. Some day, I'll see my Saviour's face, And, welcomed to his blest em-brace,  
 4. Some day, some blessed day, I know I'll meet the lov'd of long a - go,

For I shall with the an-gels dwell, Some day, some blessed day.  
 And glist-ning robes of white I'll wear, Some day, some blessed day.  
 Shall with his peo-ple find a place, Some day, some blessed day.  
 And learn how much to Christ I owe, Some day, some blessed day.

## CHORUS.

Some day,..... Some day,..... I'll be at  
 Some bless-ed day, Some bless-ed day;

*Ritard.*.....

home with Christ to stay, Some day, some bless-ed day.

\* \* \*

1. The Spir - it is soft - ly call - ing, His warn - ing now o - bey;  
 2. The Spir - it is soft - ly plead - ing, The an - gels chide thy stay;  
 3. Re - mem - ber the world is fleet - ing, Thy life is wan - ing fast,  
 4. Sur - ren - der thy all to Je - sus, His life for thee he gave;

He plead with thy heart O sin - ner, Then grieve him not a - way.  
 There's mer - cy for thee and par - don, Then why not come to - day.  
 The shad - ows of night draw near - er, This hour may be thy last.  
 Ac - cept him as thy Re - deem - er, None else thy soul can save.

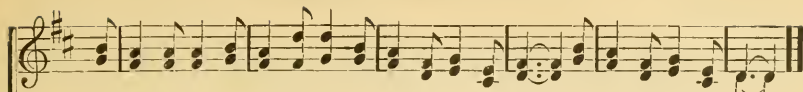
CHORUS.

O say yes, to the Spir - it, O say 'yes, to the Spir - it,

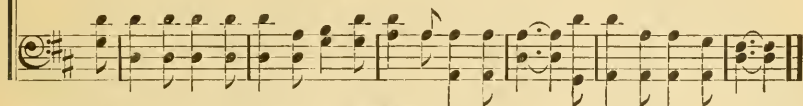
He lov - ing - ly still is plead - ing, Then answer while here we bow,

O, say yes, to the Spir - it, O, say yes, to the Spir - it,

# Say Yes to the Spirit.—Concluded.



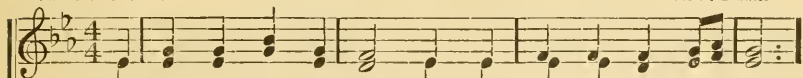
I can, I will, I do believe, That Jesus saves me now, That Jesus saves me now.



## No. 155. I'll Praise Him While I Live.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

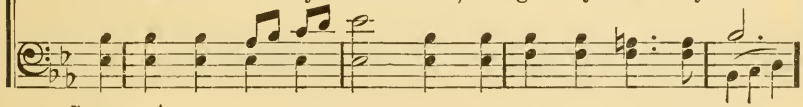
H. P. DANKS.



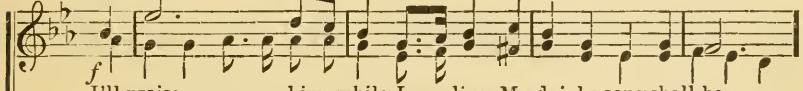
1. No oth - er name but Je - sus, Be - fore the throne I plead;
2. No ear like that of Je - sus Can hear me when I pray;
3. No words like those of Je - sus Can give me joy and rest;
4. For - ev - er and for - ev - er, While all the a - ges roll,



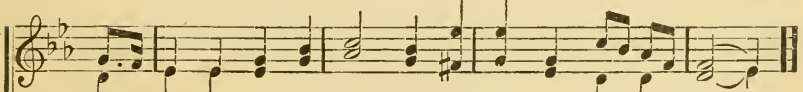
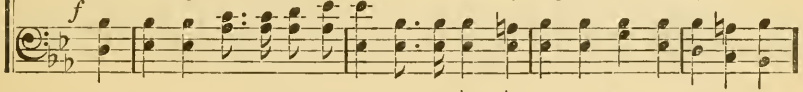
No oth - er friend but Je - sus, For me can in - ter - cede.  
 No hand like that of Je - sus, Can smooth life's de - vious way.  
 No love like that of Je - sus, Can make me tru - ly blest.  
 His name shall be my watch - word, His glo - ry fill my soul.



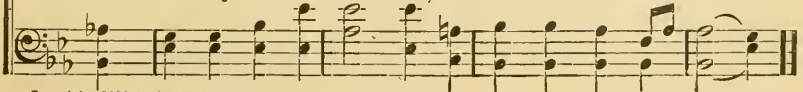
### CHORUS.



*f* I'll praise him while I live; My dai - ly song shall be,  
*f* I'll praise him, praise him, while I live, while I live; My song, my dai - ly song shall be,



I love my bless - ed Sav - iour, Be - cause he first lov'd me.





1. I'll work for Je - sus, for he saves my soul, His blood re -  
 2. I'll work for Je - sus, tho' so weak am I, Rich stores of  
 3. I'll work for Je - sus, while the day is bright, The way is  
 4. I'll work for Je - sus, till the glad "well done," When palms are

deemed me, and his touch made whole, He took my bur - den, and my  
 mer - cy will my need sup - ply; O, for his Spir - it in a -  
 o - pen, fields al - read - y white; The sow - ers min - gle hap - py  
 giv - en, and the crown is won; Then high - er serv - ice be it

heart is free To serve the Mas - ter who will care for me.  
 bun - dant pow'r, To strengthen, help me, ev - 'ry pass - ing hour.  
 songs of praise, With shouts of rap - ture which the reap - ers raise.  
 mine to know, Where streams of pleas - ure ev - er - more shall flow.

CHORUS.

I will work till the shadows fall, Work till I hear his call To  
 for Je - sus for Je - sus

mansions waiting, ever bright and fair, Then hal - le - lu - jah, I shall see him there.

1. O think of a home o - ver there, By the side of the riv - er of  
 2. O think of the friends o - ver there, Who be - fore us the jour - ney have  
 3. I'll soon be at home o - ver there, For the end of my jour - ney I

light, Where the saints, all im - mor - tal and fair, Are  
 trod; Of the songs that they breathe on the air, In their  
 see; Ma - ny dear to my heart, o - ver there, Are

over there,

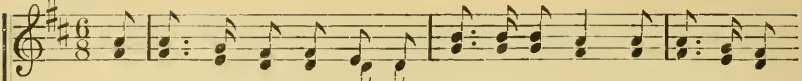
CHORUS.

robed in their gar - ments of white. } Over there, o - ver  
 home in the pal - ace of God. } Over there, o - ver  
 watch - ing and wait - ing for me. } Over there, o - ver  
 o - ver there. o - ver there,

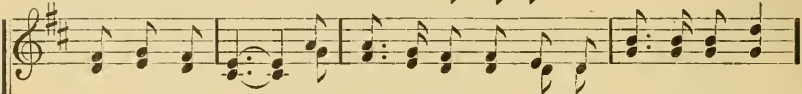
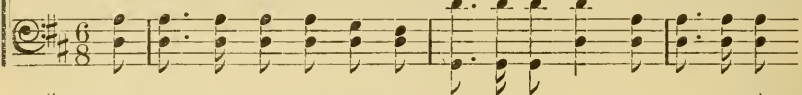
there, O think of a home o - ver there, O - ver  
 there, O think of the friends o - ver there, O - ver  
 there, I'll soon be at home o - ver there, O - ver  
 o - ver there, over there.

there, o - ver there, o - ver there, O think of a home o - ver there.  
 there, o - ver there, o - ver there, O think of the friends o - ver there.  
 there, o - ver there, o - ver there, I'll soon be at home o - ver there.

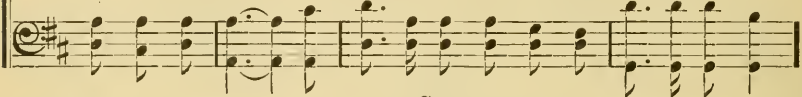
over there,



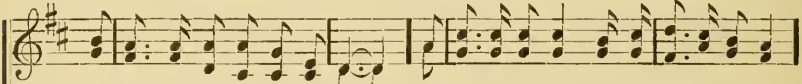
1. A won - der - ful Sav-iour is Je - sus my Lord, A won-der-ful
2. A won - der - ful Sav-iour is Je - sus my Lord, He tak - eth my
3. With num - ber - less blessings each moment he crowns, And fill'd with his
4. When cloth'd in his brightness trans-port - ed I rise To meet him in



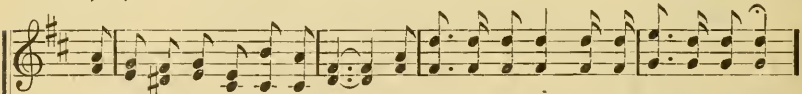
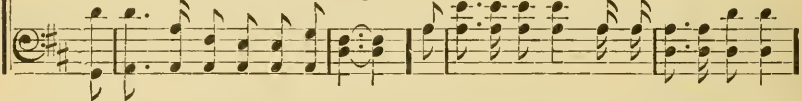
Sav - iour to me; He hid - eth my soul in the cleft of the rock,  
 bur - den a - way, He hold - eth me up, and I shall not be moved,  
 ful - ness di - vine, I sing in my rap - ture, O, glo - ry to God  
 clouds of the sky, His per - fect sal - va - tion, his won - der - ful love,



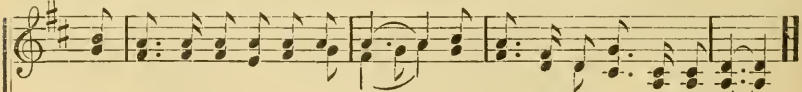
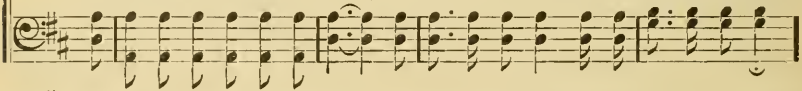
CHORUS.



Where riv - ers of pleasure I see.  
 He giveth me strength as my day.  
 For such a Redeemer as mine! } He hideth my soul in the cleft of the rock,  
 I'll shout with the millions on high.



That shadows a dry, thirsty laud; He hid - eth my life in the depths of his love,



And covers me there with his hand, And cov - ers me there with his hand.



# No. 159. To Jesus I Will Go.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

Ps. 27: 8.

W. H. DOANE.

1. There's a gen-tle voice with-in calls a - way, (calls a-way,) 'Tis a  
 2. He has promised all my sins to for-give, (to for-give,) If I  
 3. I will try to bear the cross in my youth, (in my youth,) And be  
 4. Still the gen-tle voice with-in calls a - way, (calls a-way,) And its

warn-ing I have heard o'er and o'er; (o'er and o'er;) But my heart is melt-ed  
 ask in sim-ple faith for his love; (for his love;) In his ho-ly word I  
 faith-ful to its cause till I die; (till I die;) If with cheerful step I  
 warn-ing I have heard o'er and o'er; (o'er and o'er;) But my heart is melt-ed

now, I o - bey; (I o - bey;) From my Saviour I will wan-der no more.  
 learn how to live, (how to live,) And to la - bor for his kingdom a - bove.  
 walk in the truth, (in the truth,) I shall wear a star-ry crown by and by.  
 now, I o - bey; (I o - bey;) From my Saviour I will wan-der no more.

## CHORUS.

Yes, I will go; yes, I will go; To Je-sus I will go and be saved;

Yes, I will go; Yes, I will go; To Je-sus I will go and be saved.



# No. 160. When the Bridegroom Comes.

E. R. LATTÀ, ALT.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Will our lamps be filled and read - y, When the Bridegroom comes?  
 2. Shall we hear a wel-come sounding, When the Bridegroom comes?  
 3. Don't de - lay our prep - a - ra - tion, Till the Bridegroom comes,  
 4. It may be a time of sor - row, When the Bridegroom comes;  
 5. O there'll be a glo - rious meet - ing, When the Bridegroom comes;

And our lights be clear and stead - y, When the Bride-groom comes?  
 And a shout of joy re-sound-ing, When the Bride-groom comes?  
 Lest there be a sep - a - ra - tion, When the Bride-groom comes.  
 If our oil we hope to bor - row, When the Bride-groom comes.  
 And a hal - le - lu - jah greet-ing, When the Bride-groom comes.

In the night, that sol - emn night, (that solemn night,) Will our  
 In the night, that sol - emn night, (that solemn night,) Will our  
 In the night, that sol - emn night, (that solemn night,) Will our  
 In the night, that sol - emn night, (that solemn night,) Will our  
 In the night, that joy - ful night, (that joy - ful night,) With our

CHORUS.

lamps be burn-ing bright, When the Bridegroom comes?  
 lamps be burn-ing bright, When the Bridegroom comes?  
 lamps be burn-ing bright, When the Bridegroom comes?  
 lamps be burn-ing bright, When the Bridegroom comes?  
 lamps all burn-ing bright, When the Bridegroom comes. } { O be ready!  
 } { O be ready!



# When the Bridegroom Comes.—Concluded.

O be read-y! O be ready when the Bridegroom comes!  
 O be read-y! O be ready when the (Omit. . .) Bridegroom comes!

## No. 161.

## Only a Step.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE.

1. On-ly a step to Je-sus! Then why not take it now? Come, and thy sin con-
2. On-ly a step to Je-sus! Believe, and thou shalt live; Lov-ing-ly now he's
3. On-ly a step to Je-sus! A step from sin to grace; What hast thy heart de-
4. On-ly a step to Je-sus! O why not come, and say, Gladly to thee, my

CHORUS.

fess-ing, To him thy Sav-iour bow.  
 wait-ing, And read-y to for-give.  
 cid-ed? The moments fly a - pace. } On-ly a step, on-ly a step;  
 Sav-iour, I give my-self a - way.

Come, he waits for thee; Come, and thy sin confess-ing, Thou shalt receive a

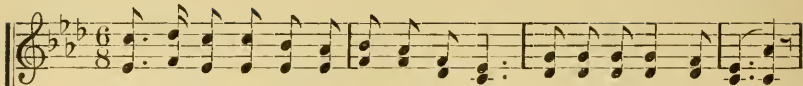
bles-sing; Do not re-ject the mer-cy He free-ly of-fers thee.

# No. 162.

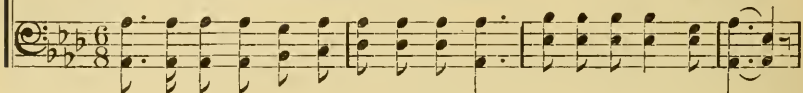
# All Taken Away.

REV. E. A. HOFFMAN.

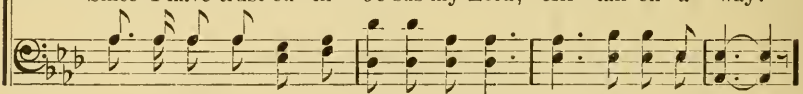
W. H. DOANE.



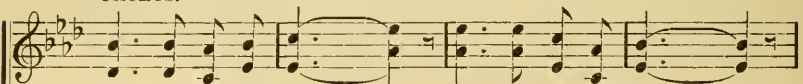
1. Where are the sins that once burden'd my soul? Where are these sins to-day?
2. Where is my soul-con-demnation now gone? Where is my guilt to-day?
3. Where are the darkness, the doubts and the fears, Since I have learn'd to pray?
4. Where is the dread of the future unknown, Dread of the judgment-day?
5. Where is the proneness to wander from God, And to forget to pray?



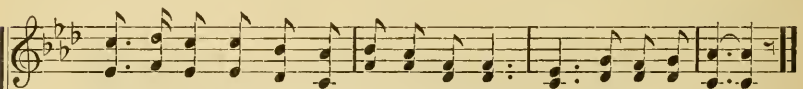
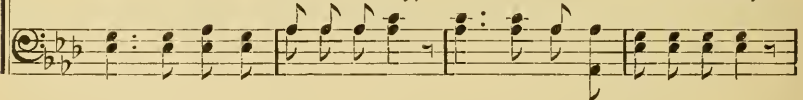
Un - der the blood of the dear Lamb of God; All tak-en a - way!  
 All is removed by the blood of the Lamb; All tak-en a - way!  
 They have been roll'd on the heart of the Lord; All tak-en a - way!  
 Far from my thought it for - ev - er has gone; All tak-en a - way!  
 Since I have trust-ed in Je-sus my Lord; All tak-en a - way!



## CHORUS.



All tak-en a - way, . . . . . All tak-en a - way, . . . . .  
 All tak-en a - way, All tak-en a - way.



Un - der the blood of the dear Lamb of God; All tak-en a - way.

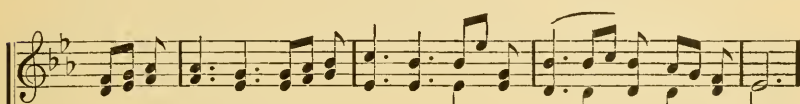
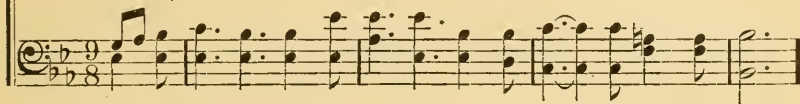


E. E. HEWITT.

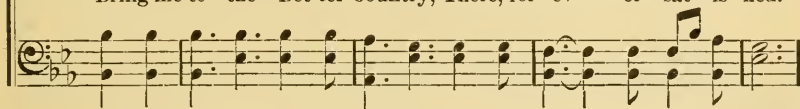
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. When I fol - low Christ my Saviour Where-so-ev - er he may guide,
2. When the wa-ters of temp-ta-tion Threaten to en-gulf my soul,
3. Du - ties hard and cares per-plex-ing Surge a - cross the heav'nward way,
4. Saviour, when this life is end - ed, Lift me o - ver Jor-dan's tide,



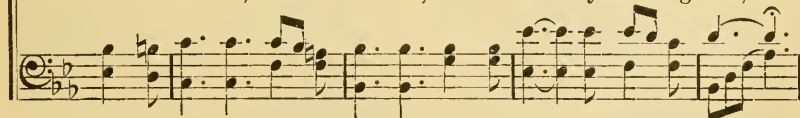
He will safe - ly lift me o - ver Ev - 'ry dark and stormy tide.  
 In his arms shall be my ref - uge, Backward then the waves shall roll.  
 But in Je - sus I am find - ing Sweet de - liv - 'rance ev - 'ry day.  
 Bring me to the Bet - ter Country, There, for - ev - er sat - is - fied.



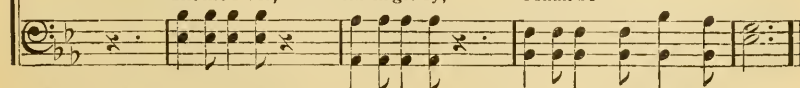
## CHORUS.



Lift me o - ver, bless - ed Sav - iour, O - ver ev - 'ry swelling sea,



Lift me o - ver, till in glo - ry, I shall be . . . . at home with thee.  
 Lift me o - ver, till in glo - ry, I shall be



# No. 164. Is it Nothing to Thee?

D. B. PURINTON.  
SOLO SOP.

W. H. DOANE.

1. Is it noth-ing to thee, is it noth-ing to thee, That thy  
2. Is it noth-ing to thee, is it noth-ing to thee, That thy  
3. Is it noth-ing to thee, is it noth-ing to thee, That E -

Lord and Redeem-er his love hath revealed? Is it nothing to thee, is it  
sin - laden feet from the Saviour hath turned? Is it nothing to thee, is it  
ter - ni-ty cometh and death draweth near? Is it nothing to thee, is it

noth-ing to thee, That he died on the cross and thy pardon sealed?  
noth-ing to thee, That the voice of his mercy thy heart hath spurned?  
noth-ing to thee, Canst thou go when he call - eth, with-out a fear?

## 2D VOICE TENOR RESPONSE.

1. O, 't is something to me, yes, 't is something to me, That the  
2. O, 't is something to me, yes, 't is something to me, That he  
3. O, 't is something to me, yes, 't is something to me, When at

voice of his love still is call-ing to - day! O, 't is something to me,  
call - eth me back, where-so - ev - er I roam! O, 't is something to me,  
last I shall stand on E - ter - ni-ty's shore! O, 't is something to me,

# Is it Nothing to Thee?—Concluded.

Yes, 't is something to me, I will hear from my heart and with joy o - bey!  
 Yes, 't is something to me, That I still may return and be welcomed home!  
 Yes, 't is something to me, To be ho - ly and hap - py for ev - er - more!

## CHORUS.

Come, come, come, he's call - ing to - day,  
 Come, come, come, he's call - ing to - day, call - ing to - day,

Haste, no longer de - lay, List, list,  
 Haste, haste, haste, no long - er de - lay, do not de - lay,

Je - sus is call - ing thee, now, Come, come, be - fore him bow.  
 Come, come, come,

# No. 165. One There is Above All Others.

REV. JOHN NEWTON.

Talmar. 8, 7.

I. B. WOODBURY.

1. { One there is above all others, Well deserves the name of Friend,  
 His is love be - yond a brother's, Costly, (Omit . . . . .) } free, and knows no end.

2 Which of all our friends, to save us,  
 Could or would have shed his blood?  
 But our Jesus died to have us  
 Reconciled in him to God.

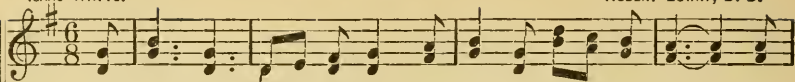
3 O for grace our hearts to soften!  
 Teach us, Lord, at length to love;  
 We, alas! forget too often  
 What a friend we have above.



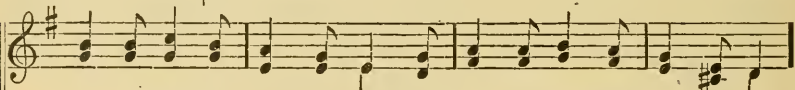
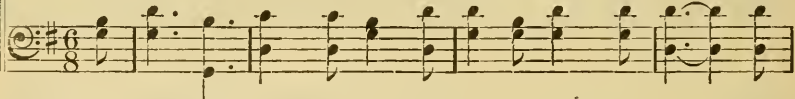
# No. 166. We're Marching to Zion.

ISAAC WATTS.

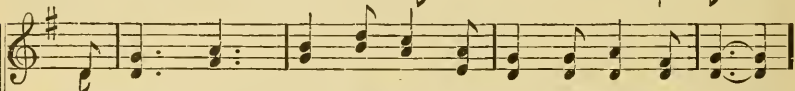
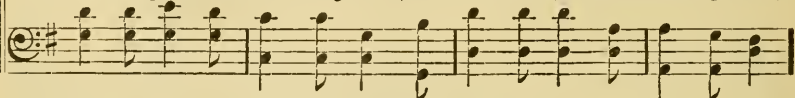
ROBERT LOWRY, D. D.



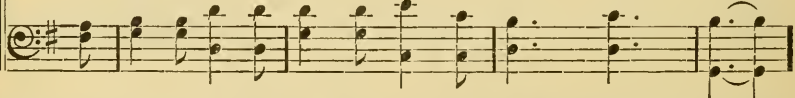
1. Come, ye that love the Lord, And let your joys be known, Join
2. Let those re - fuse to sing Who nev - er knew our God; But
3. The hill of Zi - on yields A thousand sa - cred sweets, Be -
4. Then let our songs abound, And ev - 'ry tear be dry; We're



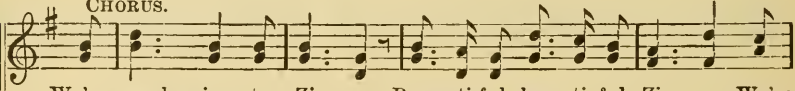
in a song with sweet ac - cord, Join in a song with sweet ac - cord,  
 chil - dren of the heav'n - ly King, But chil - dren of the heav'nly King,  
 fore we reach the heav'n - ly fields, Be - fore we reach the heav'nly fields,  
 marching thro' Immanuel's ground, We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground,



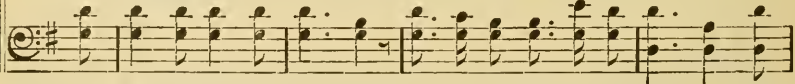
And thus sur - round the throne, And thus sur - round the throne.  
 May speak their joys a - broad, May speak their joys a - broad.  
 Or walk the gold - en streets, Or walk the gold - en streets.  
 To fair - er worlds on high, To fair - er worlds on high.  
 thus surround the throne, And thus sur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



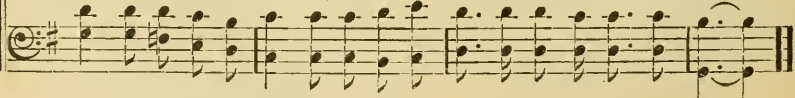
## CHORUS.



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



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



# No. 167.

# Freedom in Jesus.

EMMA F. BENNETT.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. I'm hap - py in Je - sus, re - joic - ing to - day; And Je - sus my  
 2. This free - dom in Je - sus means bless - ed re - lease, From sin and from  
 3. This free - dom in Je - sus is glo - ri - ous rest, A peace - ful re -  
 4. His love is so ten - der, his pow'r so di - vine, My all to his  
 5. No long - er I'm fet - tered the Lord hath con - trol, The clear light of

Sav - iour with me has his way; The Com - fort - er comes in my  
 sin - ning for - ev - er to cease; And free - dom from self brings such  
 clin - ing on his lov - ing breast; And when I just trust him my  
 keep - ing I glad - ly re - sign; A ves - sel of clay for my  
 heav - en breaks in on my soul; I'll sing while the years of e -

CHORUS.

glad heart to stay; O glo - ry to Je - sus! I'm free! I'm free, free!  
 in - fi - nite peace; O glo - ry to Je - sus! I'm free!  
 soul is so blest; O glo - ry to Je - sus! I'm free!  
 Lord to de - sign; O glo - ry to Je - sus! I'm free!  
 ter - ni - ty roll, O glo - ry to Je - sus! I'm free! I'm free, I'm

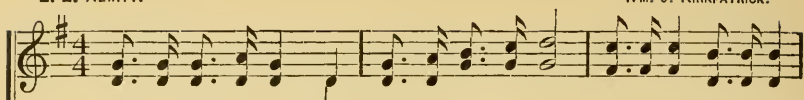
glorious - ly free! No long - er by sin I am bound; The precious blood

cleanseth and sat - is - fies me, This freedom in Je - sus I've found.

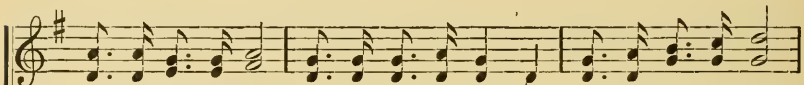
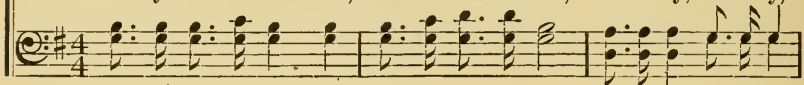
# No. 168. Victory All the Way Along.

E. E. HEWITT.

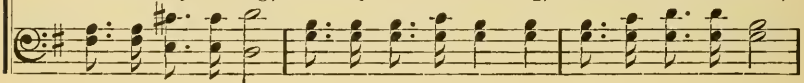
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



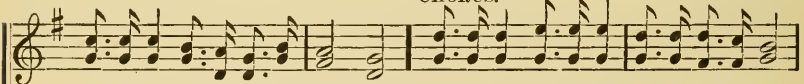
1. Have we learn'd the se-cret of the Christian's pow'r? Vic-to-ry, vic-to-ry,
2. By the Word indwell-ing, "watching un-to pray'r," Vic-to-ry, vic-to-ry,
3. Let him do the planning, let him use our days, Vic-to-ry, vic-to-ry,
4. On - ly "earthen ves-sels," his the treasure rare, Vic-to-ry, vic-to-ry,



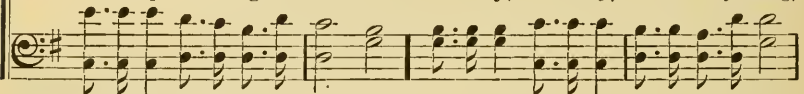
all the way a-long; List'ning and o - bey - ing, trust-ing ev - 'ry hour,  
 all the way a-long; Rest-ing, while we serve him, in his keep-ing care,  
 all the way a-long; Yield-ing to his spir - it, his shall be the praise,  
 all the way a-long; Hum-bly o - ver-com - ing, —then the mansions fair,



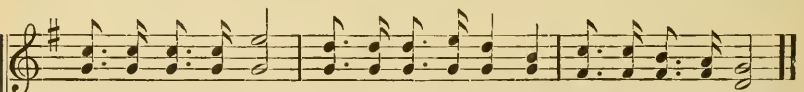
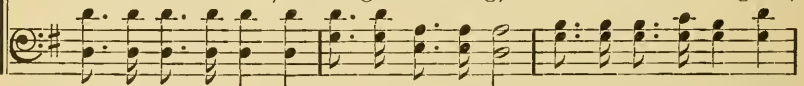
## CHORUS.



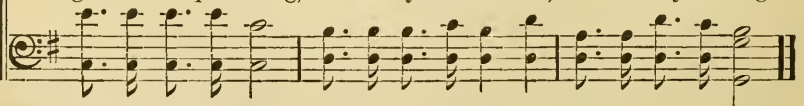
Vic-to-ry all along thro' Je - sus. Vic-to-ry, vic-to-ry, all the way along,



Lift Immanuel's banner, marching on with song; Christ shall have the kingdom,



right shall conquer wrong, Vic - to - ry thro' Je - sus, all the way a - long.



# No. 169. On Our Journey Home.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE.

1. We are chil-dren of a King, Marching on to Zi - on; O the  
 2. Toil and dan-ger we shall meet, Marching on to Zi - on; Thorns will  
 3. True and faith-ful let us be, Marching on to Zi - on; Till our

songs of joy we sing, On our jour-ney home; Come and go with  
 pierce our wea - ry feet, On our jour-ney home; Yet the King his  
 eyes the King shall see, On our jour-ney home; Hark, he bids us

us to-day, Marching on to Zi - on; Where the King will lead the way,  
 own will cheer, Marching on to Zi - on; O how oft his words we hear,  
 watchand wait, Marching on to Zi - on; Till we reach the pearl-y gate,

## CHORUS.

On our jour-ney home. Zi - on, Zi - on, Marching on to Zi - on;

Soon we'll en - ter the pearl - y gate, Soon we'll gath - er home.



# No. 170.

# Will the Angels Come?

FANNY J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE.

1. When I have fin - ished my jour - ney on earth, End - ed my  
 2. When I am breathing my lat - est fare - well, Part - ing from  
 3. When, as I gaze from the thresh - old of time, Faint - er and  
 4. Yes; they will come from the bright, sun - ny land, Come on their

la - bor of love, When I am wait - ing for Je - sus to say,  
 all that is dear, When on my pil - low I wear - i - ly turn,  
 faint - er the light, Soft - er and soft - er the voic - es I hear,  
 pin - ions so fair; Je - sus will send them its glo - ry to tell,

### CHORUS.

“Haste to thy mansion a - bove;” Will... they come?...  
 Say, will the an - gels be near? }  
 Bid - ding my spir - it good - night; }  
 An - gels will car - ry me there. } Will the an - gels joy - ful - ly come?

Will... they come?... Say, will the an - gels come,  
 Will the an - gels joy - ful - ly come?

1 2  
 And to Je - sus car - ry me home? And to Je - sus car - ry me home?



# No. 171. I Am Praying for You.

S. O'MALLEY CLOUGH.

IRA D. SANKEY.

1. I have a Sav-iour, he's plead-ing in glo - ry, A dear lov - ing  
 2. I have a Fa - ther: to me he has giv - en A hope for e -  
 3. I have a robe: 'tis re - splendent in white-ness, A - wait - ing in  
 4. I have a peace: it is calm as a riv - er—A peace that the  
 5. When Jesus finds you, tell oth - ers the sto - ry, That my lov - ing

Sav - iour tho' earth-friends be few; And now he is watch - ing in  
 ter - ni - ty, bless - ed and true; And soon he will call me to  
 glo - ry my won - der - ing view; O when I re - ceive it all  
 friends of this world nev - er knew; My Sav - iour a - lone is its  
 Sav - iour is your Sav - iour too; Then pray that your Sav - iour may

ten - der-ness o'er me, But O that my Sav-iour were your Saviour too!  
 meet him in heav - en, But O that he'd let me bring you with me too!  
 shin - ing in bright-ness, Dear friends, could I see you re - ceiv - ing one too!  
 Au - thor and Giv - er, And O could I know it was giv - en to you!  
 bring them to glo - ry, And pray'r will be answered—'twas answered for you!

**CHORUS.**

*f* For you I am pray - ing, For you I am pray - ing,  
*p*

*f* For you I am pray - ing, *pp* *rall.* I'm pray - ing for you.

# No. 172. Some Day the Silver Cord Will Break.

IDA SCOTT TAYLOR.

W. H. DOANE.

*Gently with feeling.*

1. Some day the sil- ver cord will break, And earthly dreams and vig-ils cease;  
 2. Some day for me my Lord shall call, With gentle whis- per in my ear;  
 3. O, when shall break life's silver cord, And when the morn of morns I see,

*rit.*  
 My spir- it will its clay for- sake, And find the ha- ven- land of peace.  
 The sil- ver cord will loose and fall, When I his ten- der voice shall hear.  
 With friends I love, my King and Lord At heaven's gate shall wel- come me.

CHORUS. *Slower.*

The sil- ver cord some day will break, And I to  
 sil- ver cord will break,

end - - less joys a- wake; O then for me  
 end - less, end - less, me, for me

*Rit.*  
 shall life be done, E- ter- nal life and heav'n be won!  
 be done,

# No. 173. Saviour, I Am Coming.

L. H. EDMUNDS.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. The liv - ing fount is flow - ing now, Lord, help me en - ter in;  
 2. Thy kind, in - vit - ing voice I heard, Thy Spir - it drew me near;  
 3. Sweet Mer - cy meets me at the cross, And breathes of love di - vine;  
 4. Dear Sav - iour, keep me ev - 'ry hour, When tides of bless - ing pour;

The stream from Calv'ry's sa - cred brow Shall take a - way my sin,  
 Now may thy re - as - sur - ing word Speak comfort, peace and cheer.  
 Lord, free my heart from sin - ful dross, And make me whol - ly thine.  
 Aud safe be - neath the fountain's pow'r, I'll praise thee more and more.

## CHORUS.

Sav - iour, I am com - ing to the cleans - ing blood, Com - ing where the

heal - ing wa - ters flow; Wash me in the crim - son flood,

And I shall be whit - er than the snow.....  
 shall be whit - er than the snow.

# No. 174. Who Will Follow Jesus?

E. E. HEWITT.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Who will fol - low Je - sus, Standing for the right, Holding up his ban - ner  
 2. Who will fol - low Je - sus, In life's bus - y ways, Working for the Mas - ter,  
 3. Who will fol - low Je - sus, When the tempter charms, Fleeing, then, for safety  
 4. Who will fol - low Je - sus, In, his work of love? Leading oth - ers to him,

In the thick - est fight? List'ning for his or - ders, Read - y to o - bey,  
 Giv - ing him the praise? Earn - est in his vineyard, Hon - or - ing' his laws,  
 To the Sav - iour's arms? Trusting in his mer - cy, Trust - ing in his pow'r,  
 Lift - ing pray'rs a - bove? Cour - age, faith - ful serv - ant; In his word we see,

CHORUS.

Who will fol - low Je - sus, Serv - ing him to - day?  
 Faith - ful to his coun - sel, Watchful for his cause?  
 Seek - ing fresh re - new - als Of his grace each hour?  
 On our side for - ev - er Will this Sav - iour be. } Who will follow Je - sus?

Who will make reply, "I am on the Lord's side, Master, here am I?" Who will follow

Jesus? Who will make reply, "I am on the Lord's side, Master, here am I?"

# No. 175. The Beautiful City of God.

MARY A. MCKEE.

ADAM GEIBEL.

1. With mansions of fairness, And beau-ty and rareness, And streets with a  
 2. Its riv-ers of gladness Will ban-ish all sadness, And sor-row shall  
 3. But light will be giv-en, All storm-clouds be riv-en, From o-ver that  
 4. No sor-row or sigh-ing, Nor an-guish or dy-ing, Can shad-ow the

pavement of gold; Where no one grows weary,— No pros-pect is  
 van-ish a-way; The moon shall not lighten, The sun shall not  
 cit-y of God; We'll view them in won-der, Thro' all that may  
 bliss of that home; And pilgrims who rest there, For-ev-er are

CHORUS.

dear-y,—And no one can ev-er grow old.  
 brighten That cit-y by night or by day. } O, there is a cit-y a  
 sun-der, The path that in sorrow we trod. }  
 blest there, Nor yearn in their rapture to roam.

beau-ti-ful cit-y, Whose builder and maker is God; A far-a-way

cit-y, A won-der-ful cit-y, The beau-ti-ful cit-y of God.



# No. 176.

# He is Calling Me Now.

MARY JEFFREY.

W. H. DOANE.

1. I hear the words of a precious Friend, And one that I would not grieve;  
 2. I hear the words of a precious Friend, And still he is watching near;  
 3. I hear the words of a precious Friend, And O what a joy to know;

He bids me come with a loving heart, Now on his name be-lieve.  
 I'll come to-day for I can-not stay From a Friend like him so dear.  
 The heart I bring to the Saviour's feet, He will make as white as snow.

### CHORUS.

He is call - ing me now, . . . . He is tenderly calling me now, . . . .  
 call-ing ten-der-ly, calling me now, calling me now

• He is call - ing me now, just now, And this shall my answer be,  
 call-ing, calling me,

I will seek his face, I will trust his grace, And his smile I then shall see.

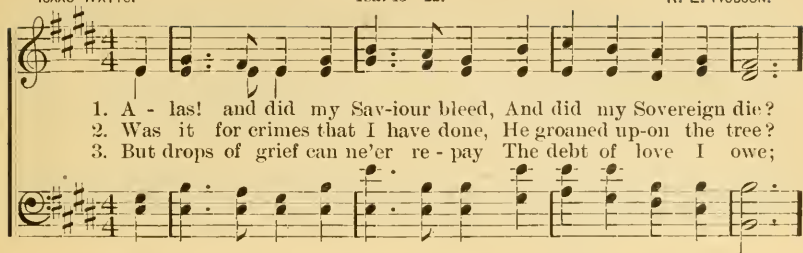
## No. 177.

## At the Cross.

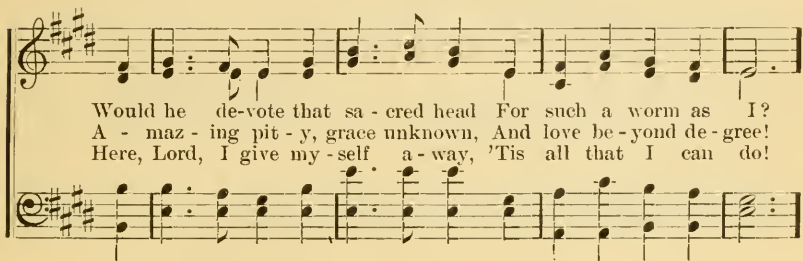
ISAAC WATTS.

Isa. 45 : 22.

R. E. HUDSON.

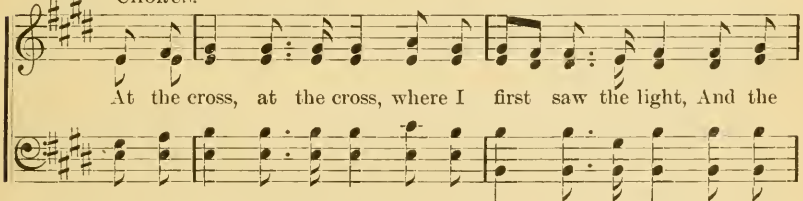


1. A - las! and did my Sav-iour bleed, And did my Sovereign die?  
 2. Was it for crimes that I have done, He groaned up-on the tree?  
 3. But drops of grief can ne'er re - pay The debt of love I owe;

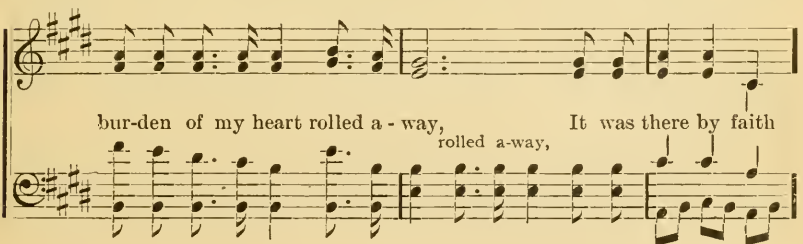


Would he de-vote that sa - cred head For such a worm as I?  
 A - maz - ing pit - y, grace unknown, And love be - yond de - gree!  
 Here, Lord, I give my - self a - way, 'Tis all that I can do!

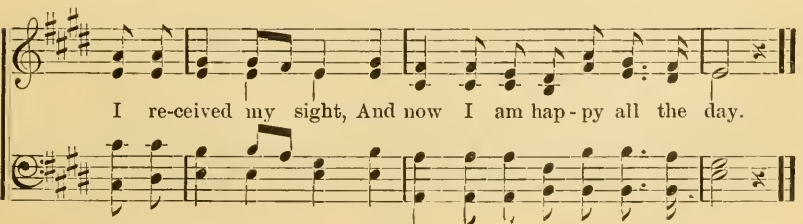
## CHORUS.



At the cross, at the cross, where I first saw the light, And the



bur-den of my heart rolled a - way, It was there by faith  
 rolled a-way,



I re-ceived my sight, And now I am hap - py all the day.

# No. 178.

# The Wonderful Name.

C. W. R.

C. W. RAY

1. How won-der-ful, won-der-ful is the dear name, The hope of sal-  
 2. How won-der-ful, won-der-ful is the dear name, More pre-cious than  
 3. How won-der-ful, won-der-ful is the dear name, Let earth with the

va-tion, Redeemer and King; Naught ev-er the soul can so sweetly inflame,  
 sil-ver or jew-els and gold; To ran-som the lost in his mer-cy he came,  
 an-gels re-joic-ing-ly bend; In wor-ship his in-fin-ite glo-ry proclaim,

CHORUS.

Or cheer to the sor-rowing bring. } O won-der-ful, won-der-ful,  
 As prophets had oft-en fore-told. }  
 As Mak-er, Re-deem-er and Friend. }

won-derful name; More fragrant than spic-es from o-ver the sea; A

Saviour, Almighty, for-ev-er the same; His name is a glo-ry to me!

# No. 179. Nothing but Mercy for Me.

MRS. FRANK A. BRECK.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. My blest Re-deem-er left heav-en one day, From
2. My Lord was will-ing to suf-fer and die, To
3. My Lord and Sav-iour now liv-eth a-gain At

sin he made me free; He took my grief and guilt a-way,  
bring me lib-er-ty, My sin-ful soul to pur-i-fy;  
God's right hand is he, And there he lives for me to plead,

## CHORUS.

And so there is mer-cy for me. O won-der-ful, won-der-ful

mer-cy of God, As deep as the boundless sea, His blood was

spilt to cleanse my guilt, And there's nothing but mercy for me.

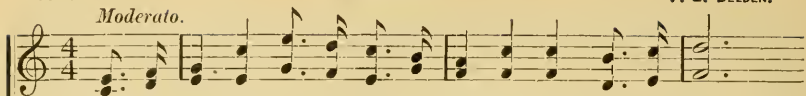
# No. 180. Send the Gospel Light.

F. E. B

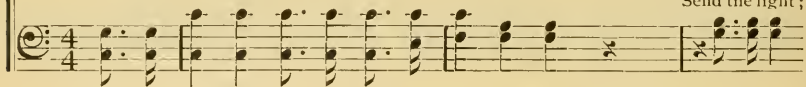
Matt. 4: 16.

F. E. BELDEN.

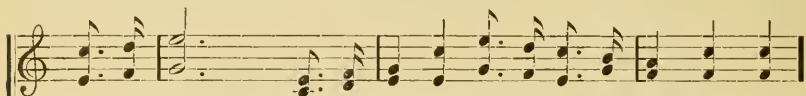
*Moderato.*



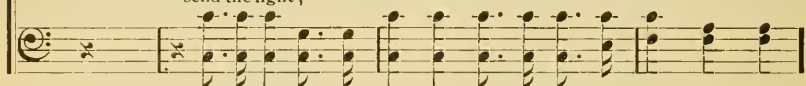
1. Hear the voic - es call - ing o'er the stormy main; "Send the light;
2. In our own fair country there are homes of night; "Send the light;
3. Bring your shining treasure, lay it at the cross; "Send the light;



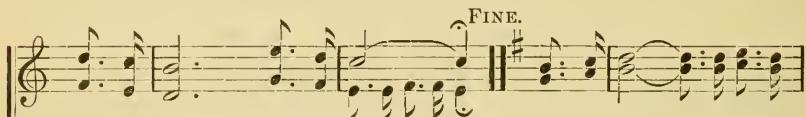
CHO.—Tell the man - ger sto - ry which the an - gels sing; "Send the light;



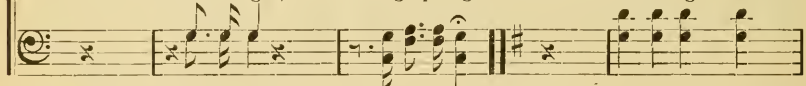
send the light;" There is life for sinners thro' the Lamb once slain;  
 send the light;" 'Tis the word of Je - sus gives the blind eyes sight;  
 send the light;" Find e - ter - nal rich - es for a mo - ment's loss;  
 send the light;"



send the light;" Preach a ris - en Sav - iour and a com - ing King;



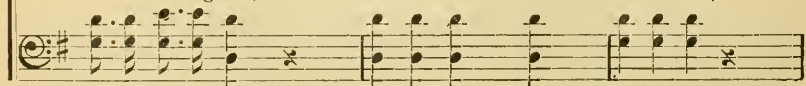
"Send the light, send the light."..... Send the light across the  
 "Send the light, send the light."..... Send the light to ev-'ry  
 "Send the light, send the light."..... Send the light the jewels  
 "Send the light, the gospel light." Send the light a -



"Send the light, send the light."



roll - ing tide, Bless - ed word, .... "Sal - va - tion free;" Let the  
 dark - ened home, Raise the sick, .... and cheer the sad; Gath - er  
 must be found, This shall be, .... our glad em - ploy; They shall  
 cross the roll - ing tide, Bless - ed word "Sal - va - tion free;"





# Send the Gospel Light.—Concluded.

*D. C. Chorus.*

name . . of Christ, the Cru - ci - fied, Light the world from sea to sea.  
 in . . . . the homeless ones who roam, Let the poor be fed and clad.  
 shine . . in King Immanuel's crown, We shall share his ho - ly joy.  
 Let the name of Christ the Cruci-fied, Light the world from sea to sea.

## No. 181.

## I Am Satisfied.

W. H. DOANE.

\*\*\*

1. If he, my Lord, is with me still, And I in him a - bide,
2. Thro' pastures green, or shadows deep, With him my con-stant Guide,
3. And tho' at times the things I ask In love are oft de - nied,
4. From him my soul, in life or death, No pow'r shall e'er di - vide;

If he but whis-per to my heart, Then I am sat - is - fied.  
 If step by step he leads me on, Then I am sat - is - fied.  
 I know he gives me what is best, And I am sat - is - fied.  
 I read the prom-ise in his word, And I am sat - is - fied.

### CHORUS.

Sat - is - fied in Je - sus, my Lord, He knows my sorrow and care; . . . .  
 and care,

I'll praise his name wherever I go, And seek his blessing in pray'r.

E. E. HEWITT.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Loy-al-ty to the Mas-ter, loy-al-ty to the King; Loy-al-ty now and  
 2. Loy-al-ty to the Mas-ter; let-ting him lead the way; Glo-ri-ous is his  
 3. Loy-al-ty to the Mas-ter; looking to him a-lone, Turning away from

ev - er, cheer-i - ly let us sing; Whol-ly at his commandment,  
 ban - ner, fol - low it ev - 'ry day; In - to the midst of bat - tle,  
 e - vil, Je - sus will keep his own; On - ward, still on - ward press - ing,

let ev-'ry sol-dier be Joy-ful-ly serv-ing Je - sus, serv-ing with loy-al-ty.  
 conquering as we go, Vic-to-ry he has promised o-ver the dead-ly foe.  
 see-ing the star-ry prize; Waiting for all the faithful, meeting beyond the skies.

CHORUS.

Loy - al soldiers, let us joy - ful - ly march a-long; For - ward,  
 Joy-ful-ly march,

for - ward, with a triumphant song; On - ward, on - ward, a  
 stead-i - ly march, Joyful - ly march, steadi - ly march,

## Loyalty to the Master.—Concluded.

hap-py and loy-al throng, Loy-al to our Saviour and our King. . . . .  
to our Saviour and our King.

## No. 183. I Surrender All to Jesus.

MARY DE WITT.

W. H. DOANE.

1. Like a wand'ring sheep from the fold I stray'd, From the Shepherd's tender care;
2. There was joy and peace in this heart of mine, That the world can never give,
3. I will praise his name while he gives me breath, For he's cleans'd and made me whole;

But I heard his voice and I came by faith To the bless-ed gate of pray'r.  
When I felt the touch of my Saviour's hand, And he whispered, look and live.  
I will praise his name for redeeming grace, And the love that fills my soul.

CHORUS.

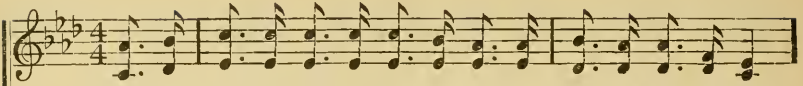
I sur-ren-der all to Je-sus, And to him the glo-ry be,

I snr-ren-der all to Je-sus, On the cross he died for me.

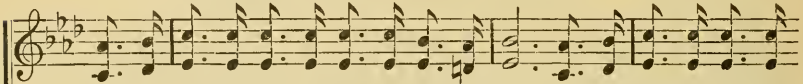
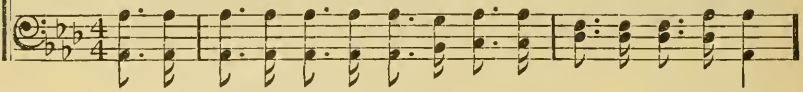
# No. 184. When the Roll is Called up Yonder.

J. M. B.

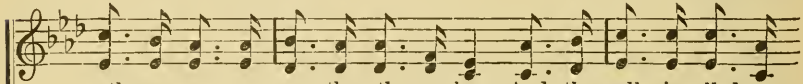
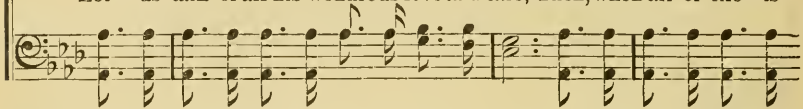
J. M. BLACK.



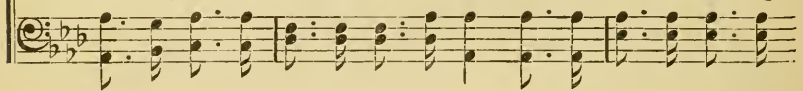
1. When the trum-pet of the Lord shall sound, and time shall be no more,
2. On that bright and cloudless morning when the dead in Christ shall rise,
3. Let us la - bor for the Mas - ter from the dawn till set-ting sun,



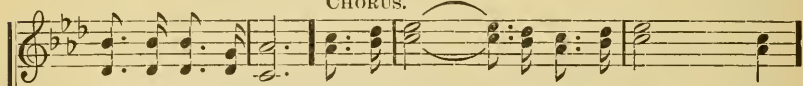
And the morning breaks, eternal, bright and fair; When the sav'd of earth shall  
And the glo - ry of his res - ur - rection share; When his chos - en ones shall  
Let us talk of all his wondrous love and care, Then, when all of life is



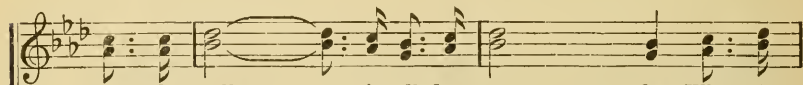
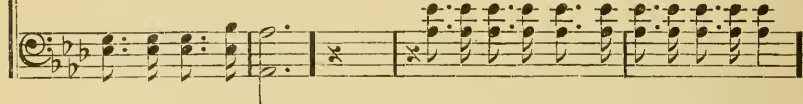
gath - er o - ver on the oth - er shore, And the roll is called up  
gath - er to their home be - yond the skies, And the roll is called up  
o - ver, and our work on earth is done, And the roll is called up



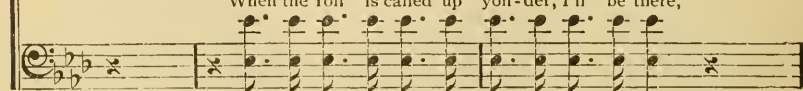
## CHORUS.



yon - der, I'll be there. When the roll . . . . . is called up yon - der,  
When the roll is called up yonder, I'll be there,



When the roll . . . . . is called up yon - der, When the  
When the roll is called up yon - der, I'll be there,





# When the Roll is Called up Yonder.—Concluded.

roll . . . . . is call'd up yonder, When the roll is call'd up yonder, I'll be there.  
When the roll

## No. 185. There is No Dearer Friend.

REV. E. A. HOFFMAN.

W. H. DOANE.

1. There is no near-er, dear-er friend Than Je-sus Christ, my Sav-our,  
2. There is no oth-er friend on earth Who loves me so sin-cere-ly,  
3. There is no one so kind as he, So gra-cious and so ten-der,

Up-on his good-ness I de-pend, And seek his love and fa-vor.  
In him my soul is sat-is-fied, And O I love him dear-ly.  
A ver-y pres-ent help in need, A guardian and de-fen-der.

### CHORUS.

There is no sweeter name than his, No friend to me is near-er;

And dai-ly, as with him I walk, The way is grow-ing clear-er.



1. Up to the bounti-ful Giv-er of life,—Gathering home! gathering home!  
 2. Up to the city where falleth no night,—Gathering home! gathering home!  
 3. Up to the beautiful mansions above,—Gathering home! gathering home!

Up to the dwelling where cometh no strife, The dear ones are gathering home.  
 Up where the Saviour's ownface is the light, The dear ones are gathering home.  
 Safe in the arms of his in-fin-ite love, The dear ones are gathering home.

CHORUS.

Gath-er-ing home!..... gath-er-ing home!.....  
 Gath-er-ing home! gath-er-ing home!

Nev-er to sor-row more, never to roam; Gather-ing home!.....  
 Gather-ing home!

gath-er-ing home!..... God's children are gather-ing home.  
 gath-er-ing home!

# No. 187.

# God Be With You.

J. E. RANKIN, D. D.

W. G. TOMER.

1. God be with you till we meet a-gain, By his counsels, guide, uphold you,  
 2. God be with you till we meet a-gain, 'Neath his wings securely hide you,  
 3. God be with you till we meet a-gain, When life's perils thick confound you,  
 4. God be with you till we meet a-gain, Keep love's banner floating o'er you,

With his sheep securely fold you, God be with you till we meet a-gain.  
 Dai - ly manna still provide you, God be with you till we meet a-gain.  
 Put his arms unfailing round you, God be with you till we meet a-gain.  
 Smite death's threaten'g wave before you, God be with you till we meet a-gain.

## CHORUS.

Till we meet, ..... till we meet, Till we  
 Till we meet, till we meet, a - gain, Till we

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

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

# No. 188.

# Nearer, Still Nearer.

C. H. M.

Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.

1. Near-er, still near-er, close to thy heart, Draw me, my Sav-iour, so  
 2. Near-er, still near-er, noth-ing I bring, Naught as an off-ring to  
 3. Near-er, still near-er, Lord, to be thine Sin, with its fol-lies, I  
 4. Near-er, still near-er, while life shall last, Till safe in glo-ry my

precious thou art; Fold me, O fold me close to thy breast, Shel-ter me  
 Je-sus my King; On-ly my sin-ful, now con-trite heart, Grant me the  
 glad-ly re-sign; All of its pleasures, pomp and its pride, Give me but  
 an-chor is cast; Thro' end-less a-ges, ev-er to be, Near-er, my

safe in that "Haven of Rest," Shelter me safe in that "Haven of Rest."  
 cleansing thy blood doth impart, Grant me the cleansing thy blood doth impart.  
 Je-sus, my Lord cru-ci-fied, Give me but Je-sus, my Lord cru-ci-fied.  
 Sav-iour, still nearer to thee. Near-er, my Sav-iour, still nearer to thee.

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# No. 189.

# Deeper Yet.

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR.

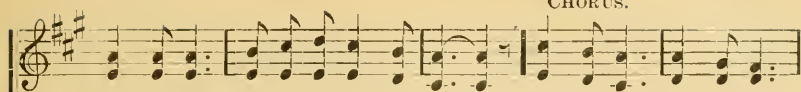
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. In the blood from the cross I have been wash'd from sin; But to be  
 2. Day by day, hour by hour Blessings are sent to me; But for more  
 3. Near to Christ I would live, Fol-low-ing him each day; What I ask  
 4. Now I have peace, sweet peace, While in this world of sin; But to pray

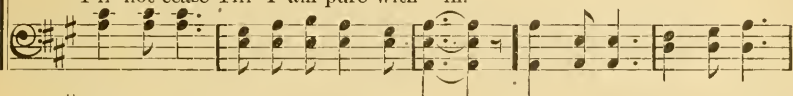
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# Deeper Yet.—Concluded.

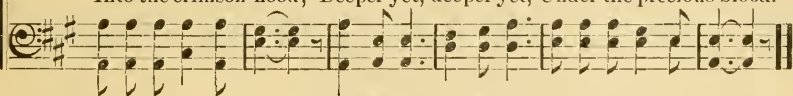
CHORUS.



free from dross Still I would en - ter in.  
of his pow'r Ev-er my pray'r shall be,  
he will give, So then with faith I pray. } Deep-er yet, deep-er yet,  
I'll not cease Till I am pure with - in.



Into the crimson flood; Deeper yet, deeper yet, Under the precious blood.



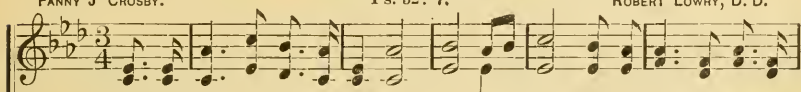
## No. 190.

## Hide Thou Me.

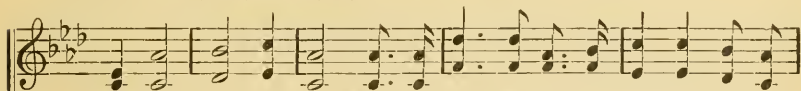
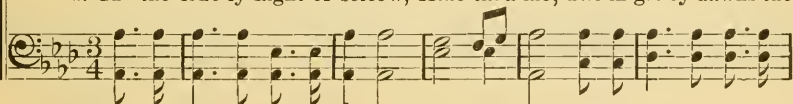
FANNY J. CROSBY.

Ps. 32: 7.

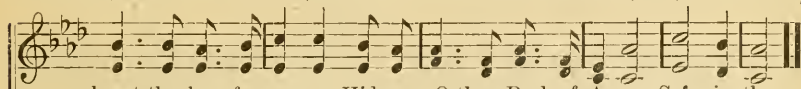
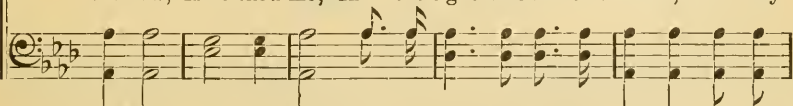
ROBERT LOWRY, D. D.



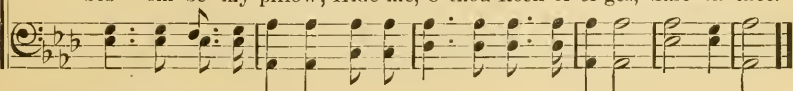
1. In thy cleft, O Rock of A-ges, Hide thou me; When the fitful tempest  
2. From the snare of sinful pleasure, Hide thou me; Thou, my soul's eternal  
3. In the lone-ly night of sorrow, Hide thou me; Till in glo-ry dawns the



rag-es, Hide thou me; Where no mor-tal arm can sev-er From my  
treasure, Hide thou me; When the world its pow'r is wielding, And my  
morrow, Hide thou me; In the sight of Jor-dan's billow, Let thy



heart thy love for-ev-er, Hide me, O thou Rock of A-ges, Safe in thee.  
heart is almost yielding, Hide me, O thou Rock of A-ges, Safe in thee.  
bos-om be my pillow; Hide me, O thou Rock of A-ges, Safe in thee.

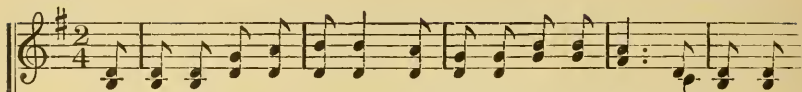




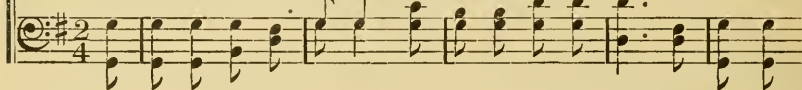
# No. 191. There's Power in Jesus' Blood.

HOPE TRYAWAY.

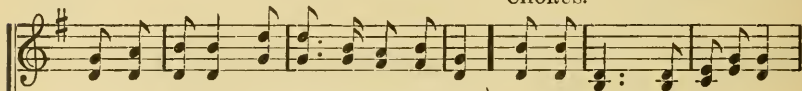
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



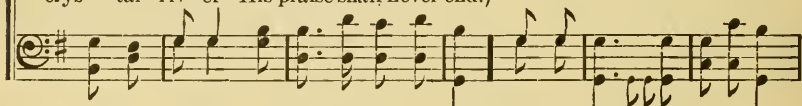
1. My hap-py soul re-joic-es, The sky is bright a-bove; I'll join the
2. I heard the blessed sto-ry Of him who died to save; The love of
3. His gracious words of pardon Were mu-sic to my heart; He took a-
4. I plunge beneath this fountain, That cleanseth white as snow; It pours from
5. O crown him King for-ev-er! My Saviour and my Friend; By Zi-on's



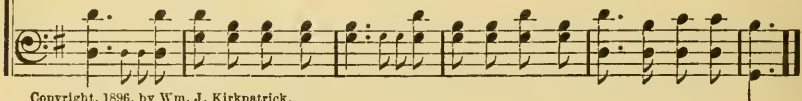
## CHORUS.



- heav'n - ly voic-es, And sing redeeming love.)  
 Christ swept o'er me, My all to him I gave.)  
 way my bur-den, And bade my fears depart. } For there's pow'r in Jesus' blood,  
 Calv'ry's mountain, With blessings in its flow.)  
 crys - tal riv - er His praise shall never end.)



Pow'r in Jesus' blood; There's pow'r in Jesus' blood To wash me white as snow.



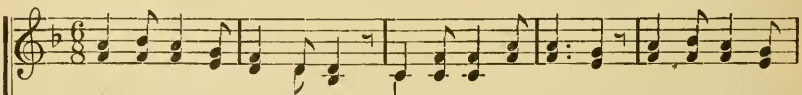
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# No. 192. Near the Cross.

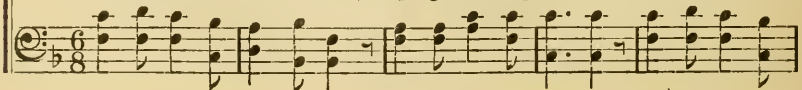
FANNY J. CROSBY.

Col. 1: 20.

W. H. DOANE.



1. Je-sus, keep me near the cross; There a precious fountain, Free to all— a
2. Near the cross, a trembling soul, Love and mercy found me; There the bright and
3. Near the cross, O Lamb of God, Bring its scenes before me; Help me walk from
4. Near the cross I'll watch and wait, Hoping, trusting ev - er, Till I reach the



Copyright, 1870, by W. H. Doane.

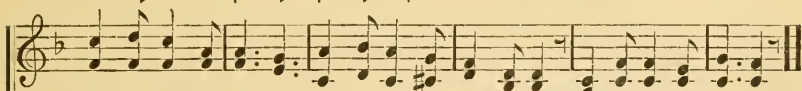
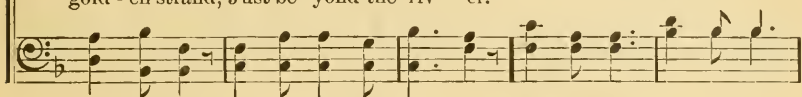


# Near the Cross.—Concluded.

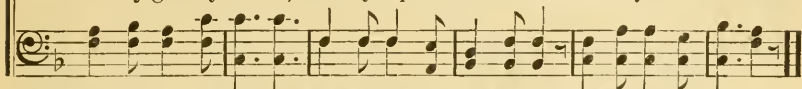
CHORUS.



heal-ing stream—Flows from Calvary's mountain.  
Morn-ing Star Sheds its beams a-round me.  
day to day With its shad-ow o'er me. } In the cross, in the cross,  
gold - en strand, Just be - yond the riv - er.



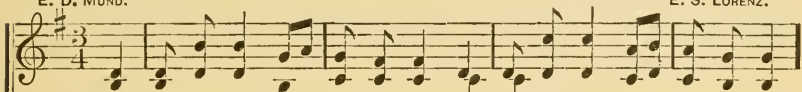
Be my glo - ry ev - er, Till my raptured soul shall find Rest beyond the riv - er.



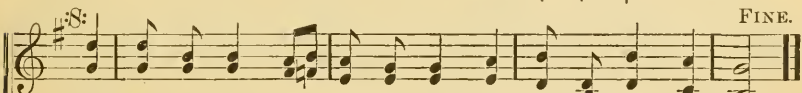
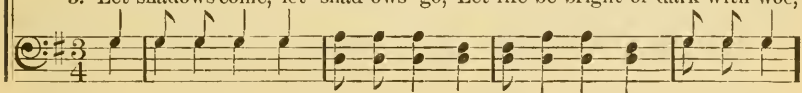
## No. 193. Thou Thinkest, Lord, of Me.

E. D. MUND.

E. S. LORENZ.

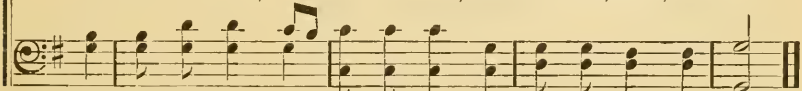


1. A - mid the tri - als which I meet, A - mid the thorns that pierce my feet,  
2. The cares of life come thronging fast, Up - on my soul their shad-ow cast;  
3. Let shadows come, let shad-ows go, Let life be bright or dark with woe,



FINE.

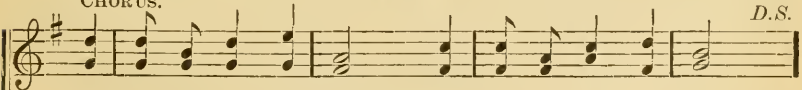
One tho't re - mains su - preme - ly sweet, Thou thinkest, Lord, of me!  
Their gloom re - minds my heart at last, Thou thinkest, Lord, of me!  
I am con - tent, for this I know, Thou thinkest, Lord, of me!



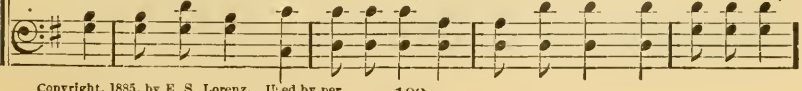
D. S.—What need I fear when thou art near, And thinkest, Lord, of me?

CHORUS.

D. S.



Thou thinkest, Lord, of me, Thou think-est, Lord, of me;  
of me, of me;



# No. 194.

# Keep Me Thine.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE.

1. Make thine a - bode with me, Be thou my guest; Thou art my  
 2. Why should I doubt and fear When thou art mine? How can I  
 3. Tho' hedged on ev - 'ry side My path may be, Glad - ly I  
 4. Thine, tho' my days be long, Sav - iour di - vine, Thine, when their

por - tion here, Thou art my rest; Tho', like a sum - mer day,  
 faint or fall, My hand in thine? Light of my pil - grim way,  
 fol - low on, Trust - ing in thee; Love, on ce - les - tial wings,  
 light shall fade, No more to shine; O thou un - changing Word,

Fond hopes may fade away, Je - sus, my heart can say, Thou knowest best.  
 My soul's e - ter - nal day, Help me to watch and pray, Lord, keep me thine.  
 Peace to my spir - it brings, While faith looks up and sings, Glo - ry to thee.  
 Thou from all time adored—Liv - ing or dy - ing, Lord, Still I am thine.

Copyright, 1904, by W. H. Doane.

# No. 195.

# Bless Me Now.

ALEXANDER CLARK, D. D.

ROBERT LOWRY, D. D.

1. Heav'n - ly Fa - ther, bless me now; At the Cross of Christ I bow;  
 2. Now, O Lord! this ve - ry hour, Send thy grace and show thy pow'r;  
 3. Now, just now, for Je - sus' sake, Lift the clouds, and fet - ters break;  
 4. Nev - er did I so a - dore Je - sus Christ, thy Son, be - fore!

Copyright, 1901, by Mary R. Lowry. Used by per.

## Bless Me Now.—Concluded.

Take my guilt and grief a-way; Hear and heal me now, I pray.  
 While I rest up-on thy word, Come and bless me now, O Lord!  
 While I look, and as I cry, Touch and cleanse me ere I die.  
 Now the time! and this the place! Gra-cious Fa-ther, show thy grace.

CHORUS.

Bless me now, bless me now, Heav'n-ly Fa-ther, bless me now.

## No. 196. Sweet Moments of Prayer.

FANNY J. CROSBY,  
*Gently.*

W. H. DOANE.

1. Here from the world we turn, Je-sus to seek; Here may his lov-ing voice
2. Come, Ho-ly Com-fort-er, Presence di-vine, Now in our longing hearts
3. Sav-iour, thy work revive, Here may we see Those who are dead in sin

Ten-der-ly speak; Je-sus, our dear-est friend, While at thy  
 Gra-cious-ly shine; O for thy might-y Pow'r, O for a  
 Quickened by thee; Come to our hearts to-night, Make ev-'ry

feet we bend, O let thy smile de-scend, 'Tis thee we seek.  
 bless-ed show'r, Fill-ing this hal-lowed hour With joy di-vine.  
 bur-den light, Cheer thou our wait-ing sight, We long for thee.

# No. 197. All the Promises are Mine.

E. H. STOKES, D. D.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. All the prom - is - es of Je - sus, All his bless - ed words di - vine;
2. All his prom - is - es of par - don, Coming from the throne a - bove,
3. All his prom - is - es of com - fort, Ev - 'ry prom - ise of re - lief;
4. All his prom - is - es e - ter - nal, Honored in the a - ges past,

All his prom - is - es of fa - vor, All are mine, for - ev - er mine.  
 All his prom - is - es of cleansing, All his prom - is - es of love.  
 All his prom - is - es of glad - ness, Prom - is - es of joy in grief.  
 Words which must remain unbroken, Prom - is - es of heav'n at last.

## CHORUS.

All are mine, O matchless mer - cy! O how boundless is the store!

All his prom - is - es of fa - vor, All are mine for - ev - er more.

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# No. 198. My Saviour.

DORA GREENWELL.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. I am not skill'd to un - der - stand What God hath will'd, what God hath plann'd;
2. I take him at his word indeed: "Christ died for sinners," this I read;
3. That he should leave his place on high, And come for sinful man to die,
4. And O that he fulfilled may see The trav - ail of his soul in me!
5. Yea, liv - ing, dy - ing, let me bring My strength, my solace from this spring,

Copyright, 1885, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.



## My Saviour.—Concluded.

I on - ly know at his right hand Stands One who is my Sav-iour!  
 For in my heart I find a need Of him to be my Sav-iour!  
 You count it strange?—so once did I, Be - fore I knew my Sav-iour!  
 And with his work con - tent-ed be, As I with my dear Sav-iour!  
 That he who lives to be my King Once died to be my Sav-iour!

## No. 199. Jesus Has Lifted the Load.

E. E. HEWITT.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. The trust-ing heart to Je - sus clings, Nor an - y ill for - bodes,  
 2. The pass - ing days bring man - y cares, "Fear not," I hear him say,  
 3. He tells me of my Father's love, And nev - er-slumb'ring eye;  
 4. When to the throne of grace I flee, I find the prom - ise true,

But at the cross of Cal - v'ry, sings, Praise God for lift - ed loads.  
 And when my fears are turned to prayers, The bur - dens slip a - way.  
 My ev - er - last-ing King a - bove Will all my needs sup - ply.  
 The might - y arms up - hold-ing me Will bear my bur - dens too.

### CHORUS.

Sing-ing I go a-long life's road, Praising the Lord, prais-ing the Lord,

*rit ad lib.*  
 Sing-ing I go a-long life's road, For Je - sus has lift - ed my load.



# No. 200.

# Deeper Love.

W. H. D.

W. H. DOANE.

1. Pre - cious Sav - iour, dear - est Friend, While we bend the knee,  
 2. Come and con - se - crate us now, Seal us ev - er thine;  
 3. Trust - ing as a lit - tle child Help us, Lord, to be,  
 4. Deep - er love, yes, deep - er love, This our con - stant plea;

Come and give our long - ing hearts Deep - er love to thee.  
 May we to thy ho - ly will Ev - 'ry pow'r re - sign.  
 While we ask in sim - ple faith Deep - er love to thee.  
 Deep - er love, yes, deep - er love, Till we're lost in thee.

## CHORUS.

Sav - iour, lov - ing Redeem - er, Sav - iour, precious to me, Grant me, I

pray thee, More of thy Spir - it, Drawing me clos - er, Clos - er to thee.

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# No. 201.

# Amazing Grace.

CHARLES WESLEY.

Arlington. C. M.

THOMAS A. ARNE.

1. A - maz - ing grace, how sweet the sound That sav'd a wretch like me!  
 2. 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear, And grace my fears re - lieved;  
 3. Thro' ma - ny dan - gers, toils and snares, I have al - read - y come;

## Amazing Grace.—Concluded.

I once was lost, but now am found: Was blind, but now I see.  
 How pre-cious did that grace ap-pear, The hour I first be-lieved.  
 'Tis grace that bro't me safe thus far, And grace will lead me home.

## No. 202. Bless the Lord, My Soul.

E. A. BARNES.

Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. O bless the Lord, my soul, As the Friend who died for thee;  
 2. O bless the Lord, my soul, As the Rock in which we hide;  
 3. O bless the Lord, my soul, As the Hope so sure and sweet;  
 4. O bless the Lord, my soul, As the Guide in days to come;

And bless him for the sav-ing grace, That is so full and free.  
 And bless him for the sense of peace, A - mid the surg - ing tide.  
 And bless him for the lov - ing call To wor - ship at his feet.  
 And bless him for the crown of life In thy e - ter - nal home.

### CHORUS.

Bless the Lord, my soul, Bless the Lord, my  
 Bless the Lord, Bless the Lord,

soul; And all that is with - in me bless his ho - ly name.

# No. 203.

# Holy, Holy, Holy!

REGINALD HEBER, D. D.

REV. JOHN B. DYKES.

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

morn - ing our song shall rise to thee; Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly!  
 golden crowns a - round the glass - y sea; Cher - u - bim and ser - a - phim,  
 sin - ful man thy glo - ry may not see; On - ly thou art ho - ly!  
 praise thy name, in earth, and sky and sea; Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly!

mer - ci - ful and might - y, God in three per - sons, blessed Trin - i - ty!  
 fall - ing down before thee, Which wert, and art, and ev - er - more shalt be.  
 there is none beside thee, Per - fect in pow'r, in love, and pu - ri - ty.  
 mer - ci - ful and might - y, God in three per - sons, blessed Trin - i - ty!

# No. 204.

# He is All in All to Me.

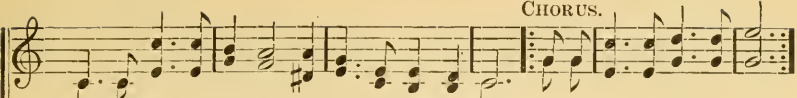
FANNY J. CROSBY.

ARR. BY W. J. K.

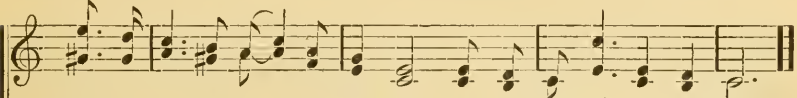
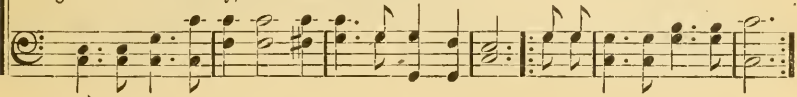
1. There is constant joy a - bid - ing In Christ my Lord and King; Of his  
 2. When my path is veiled in shad - ows, And clouds a - bove me roll, I can  
 3. I can see his bow of prom - ise Thro' tears and tri - als deep; I can  
 4. I shall yet behold and praise him, And dwell in per - fect peace, In the

# He is All in All to Me.—Concluded

CHORUS.



love that passeth knowledge My heart and tongue shall sing,  
 smile a - mid the tem - pest, His glo - ry fills my soul. } { He is all in all to me, }  
 hear his voice like mu - sic, that lulls my care to sleep. } { And my song of songs shall be, }  
 gold - en land of beau - ty, Where cloud and wave shall cease.



Hal - le - lu - jah, O my Sav - iour! I am trust - ing on - ly thee.

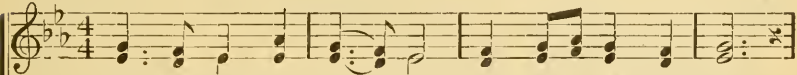


## No. 205.

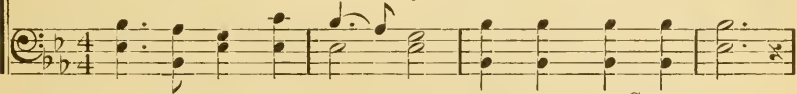
## Rest in Jesus.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

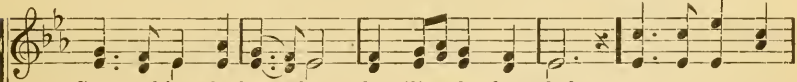
W. H. DOANE.



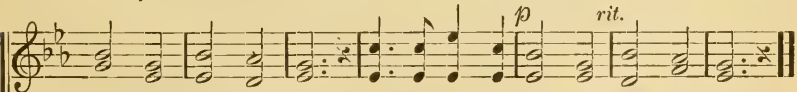
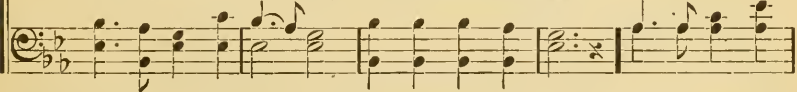
1. Come with all thy sor - row, Wea - ry, wan-d'ring soul!
2. He, thy strength in weak - ness, Will thy ref - uge be;
3. Come in faith, be - liev - ing, To his will re - signed;
4. See the door of mer - cy! Wouldst thou en - ter there?



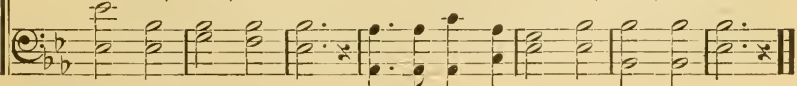
CHORUS.



Come to him who loves thee—He will make thee whole.  
 Cast on him thy bur - den—He will care for thee. } There is rest in  
 Ask, and he will give thee; Seek, and thou shalt find. }  
 Knock, and he will o - pen; Lo! the key is pray'r.



Je - sus, sweet, sweet rest: There is rest in Je - sus, sweet, sweet rest.



# No. 206. 0 Hearts That are Weary.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. O hearts that are wea-ry of toil-ing and tears, Come clos-er to
2. O, why are ye troub-led, when Je - sus the Lord Has left for your
3. Come clos-er to Je - sus, and lean on his breast, Come clos-er to
4. Tho' oft on life's o - cean your ves - sel is tossed, With Je - sus our

CHO.—O hearts that are wea-ry of toil-ing and tears, Come clos-er to

FINE.

Je - sus, and ban - ish your fears; Tho' ma - ny your tri - als, your  
com-fort the light of his word? He tells you to trust him, what -  
Je - sus, your ref - uge and rest; O, heed not the bil - lows that  
pi - lot you can - not be lost; Your sails may be shattered and

Je - sus, and ban - ish your fears.

*D. C. Chorus.*

cross - es and cares, Re - mem - ber his prom - ise to an - swer your pray'rs.  
ev - er be - tide, And gives the as - sur - ance that he will pro - vide.  
dark - ly may roll, His smile is the sun - shine of peace to the soul.  
torn by the blast, But in - to the bar - bor he'll bring you at last.

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# No. 207. Is There Room for Me?

E. E. HEWITT.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

*Gently.*

1. Sav - iour, in whose name I pray, Thou the Life, the Truth, the Way;
2. At the sprinkled mer - cy - seat Let nie find ac - cept - ance sweet;
3. Ma - ny, in the life be - low, Sought thee, press'd by want and woe;
4. In that cit - y built on high, Far be - yond this changeful sky,

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# Is There Room for Me?—Concluded.

CHORUS.

At the cross of Cal-va-ry, Is there room for me? Is there room for me?  
 Thousands there for refuge flee; Is there room for me?  
 Ma - ny now are seeking thee; Is there room for me?  
 Lov'd ones now thy beauty see; Is there room for me? for me?

Is there room for me? Saviour, on thy loving breast Let me sweetly rest.  
 for me, sweetly rest.

## No. 208. True Rest.

JESSE P. TOMPKINS.

JOHN R. THOMAS.

1. O weary souls who long for rest, O troubled, restless hearts, There is a  
 2. The shadows dark that cloud the sky, The burdens hard to bear, The joys that  
 3. He trod the wine-press all alone, Sorrow and grief he knew; The hands that  
 4. Rest only comes when his dear voice Bids calm the troubled sea; 'Tis when we  
 5. Then do not slight the proffered hand, And drive the nails a-new; Look up and

*D. S.*—The love that

**FINE. CHORUS.** *Con express. D. S.*

kind and lov-ing breast, Where pity ne'er departs.  
 bloom to fade and die, He marks with tender care.  
 felt the cru-el nails He reach-es down to you.  
 hear his "Peace be still!" Earth's darkest shadows flee.  
 see your Sav-iour stand, And of-fer rest to you.

Rest, rest, sweet, sweet rest;

calms life's troubled sea Will give you rest, sweet rest.

# No. 209.

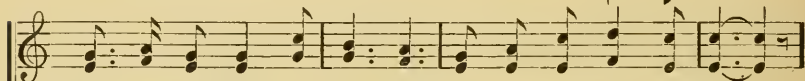
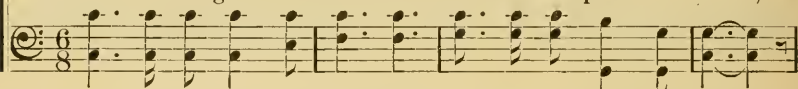
# Wonderful Love.

GRACE J. FRANCES.

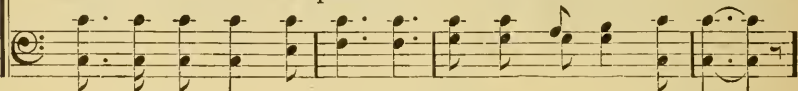
HUBERT P. MAIN.



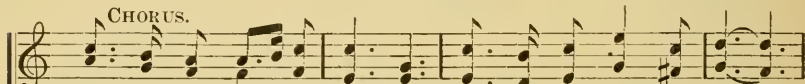
1. Won - der - ful love that found us Out on the moun - tain cold!
2. Won - der - ful love whose presence, Beam - ing with light di - vine,
3. Won - der - ful love that keeps us Near to the Sav - iour's throne!
4. When to the gate of E - den Gath - ered in peace we come,



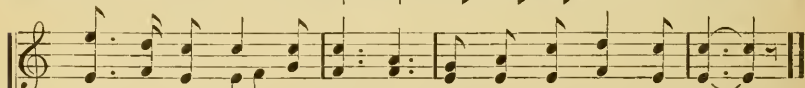
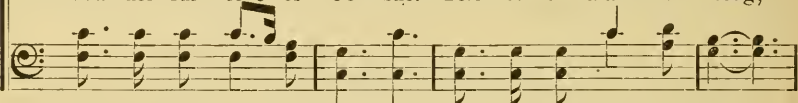
Won - der - ful love that brought us In - to the Sav - iour's fold.  
 Ev - er thro' clouds and dark - ness Mak - eth the sun to shine.  
 Drop - ping in ten - der bless - ings, Filled with a joy un - known.  
 Won - der - ful love our pass - word In - to the soul's dear home.



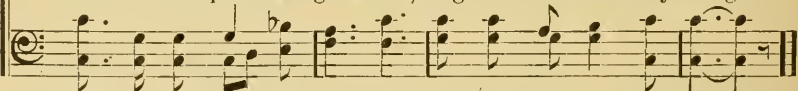
## CHORUS.



Won - der - ful love of Je - sus! Tell it in thank - ful song;



Tell of its pow'r and great - ness; Sing it the whole day long.



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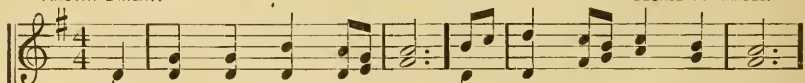
# No. 210.

# I Love Thy Kingdom, Lord.

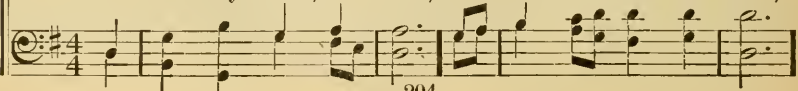
TIMOTHY DWIGHT.

St. Thomas. S. M.

GEORGE F. HANDEL.



1. I love thy king - dom, Lord, The house of thine a - bode -
2. I love thy church, O God; Her walls be - fore thee stand,



# I Love Thy Kingdom. Lord.—Concluded.

The church our blest Re - deem-er saved With his own precious blood.  
Dear as the ap - ple of thine eye, And grav-en on thy hand.

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

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

## No. 211. Graven On Thy Palms.

D. B. PURINTON

W. H. DOANE.

1. If grav-en on thy palm, Dear Lord, I be, If from thine  
2. When grav-en on thy palm, Lord, I shall be Held in thy  
3. If grav-en on thy palm, Lord, I am sure, What-ev-er

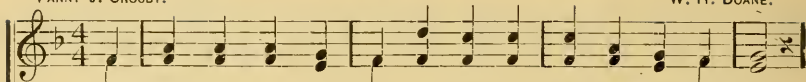
o - pen hand Thy face I see; No oth - er face than thine  
lov - ing hand From dan - ger free; All e - vil ways I leave,  
may be - tide, My hope se - cure— That I shall ev - er be,

Shall fix my sight, Or fill my rap-tured soul With heav'nly light.  
Lord, thee to own, My - self I free-ly give To thee a - lone.  
Kept by thy love, Till thy dear face I see In realms a - bove.

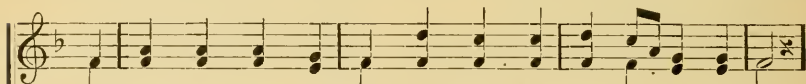
# No. 212. Keep Praying as You Go.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

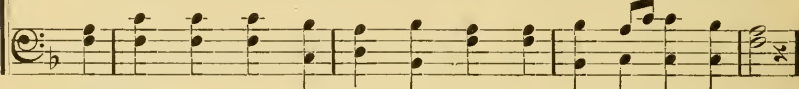
W. H. DOANE.



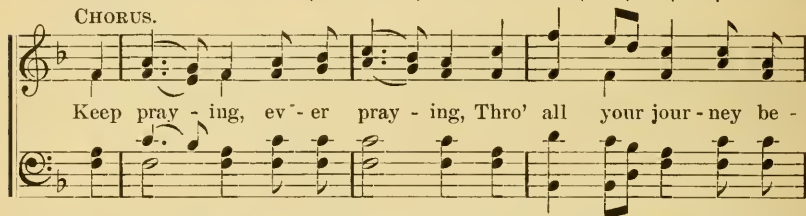
1. Come, burdened souls, with all your guilt, And all your weight of woe,
2. Be - hold the pre-cious Lamb who died For man, his love to show;
3. Now, sol - diers, gird your ar - mor on, And bold - ly meet the foe;
4. Ye pil-grims on the heav'n-ly way, Thro' tri - als here be - low,



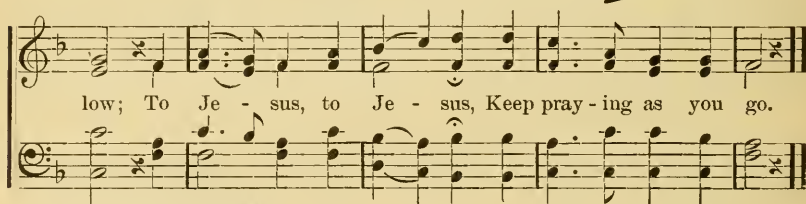
There's mer - cy at a throne of grace; Keep pray - ing as you go.  
 And while you seek the blood-stained cross, Keep pray - ing as you go.  
 Let faith di - rect, and hope in - spire; Keep pray - ing as you go.  
 O, nev - er doubt a Sav - iour's love; Keep pray - ing as you go.



## CHORUS.



Keep pray - ing, ev - er pray - ing, Thro' all your jour - ney be -



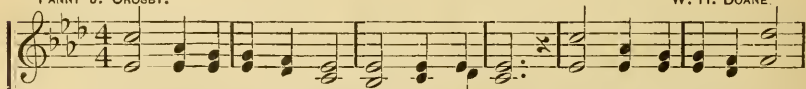
low; To Je - sus, to Je - sus, Keep pray - ing as you go.

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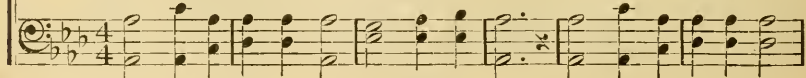
# No. 213. O Thou that Hearest Prayer.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE.



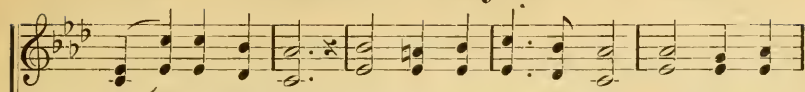
1. O Thou that hearest pray'r, Now from thy throne Bow down thine ear to us,
2. More of thy righteous will Grant we may know; More of thy precious love,
3. Star of the ris - ing morn, Shine on our way; Source of e - ter - nal truth,



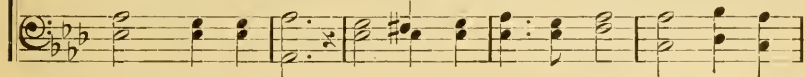
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## O Thou that Hearest Prayer.—Concluded.



We are thine own; While in thy name we plead Grace for this  
Lord, may we show; Lift up the faint-ing heart, Strength to the  
Teach us to pray; Still may our souls a-bide Close to thy



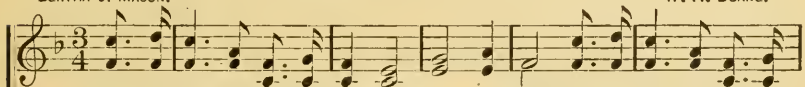
hour of need, O Sav-iour, in-ter-cede; Help, Lord, thine own.  
weak im-part; Thou our de-liv-'rer art; Help, Lord, thine own.  
bleeding side; O Sav-iour, be our guide; Help, Lord, thine own.



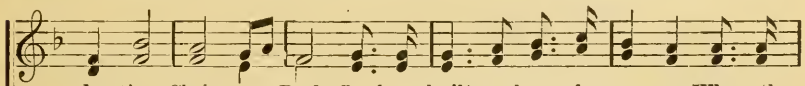
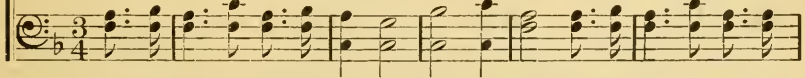
## No. 214. Christ, My Rock.

BERTHA J. MASON.

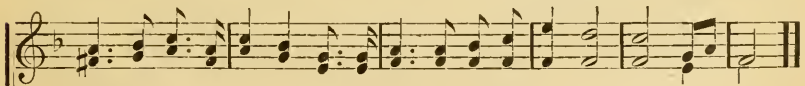
W. H. DOANE.



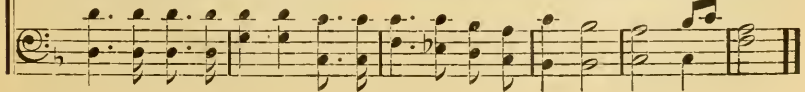
1. I will sing of my sal-va-tion, Christ, my Rock; On the on-ly sure foun-  
2. I will praise the pow'r that holds me, Christ, my Rock; I will sing the love that  
3. On the tow'ring heights reposing, Christ, my Rock; When these eyes on earth are



da-tion, Christ, my Rock; I have built my house for-ev-er, Where the  
folds me, Christ, my Rock; Sol-id Rock unmoved, a-bid-ing, While e-  
clos-ing, Christ, my Rock; Then my soul shall waft the sto-ry, Thro' the



flood can reach me never, Blessed Hope of my sal-va-tion, Christ, my Rock.  
ter-nal years are gliding, Blessed Hope of my sal-va-tion, Christ, my Rock.  
gates of endless glo-ry, Blessed Hope of my sal-va-tion, Christ, my Rock.





# No. 215.

# There is a Fountain.

W. COWPER.

LOWELL MASON.

1. There is a fount-ain filled with blood, Drawn from Im-man-uel's veins;  
 2. The dy - ing thief re-joiced to see That fount-ain in his day;

And sinners, plunged beneath that flood, Lose all their guilt-y stains.  
 And there may I, though vile as he, Wash all my sins a - way.

*D.S.*—And sinners, plunged beneath that flood, Lose all their guilt-y stains.  
*D.S.*—And there may I, though vile as he, Wash all my sins a - way.

Lose all their guilt-y stains, ... Lose all their guilt-y stains,  
 Wash all my sins a - way, .... Wash all my sins a - way,

<p>3 Thou dying Lamb! thy precious blood                  Shall never lose its power,                  Till all the ransomed Church of God                  Be saved, 'to sin no more.</p>	<p>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.</p>
--	--

# No. 216.

# Just As I Am.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.

Woodworth. L. M.

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 con-flict, many a doubt,

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 with-in, and fears with-out, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

<p>4 Just as I am, thou wilt receive,                  Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;                  Because thy promise I believe,                  O Lamb of God, I come! I come!</p>	<p>5 Just as I am,—thy love unknown                  Has brbken every barrier down;                  Now, to be thine, yea, thine alone,                  O Lamb of God, I come! I come!</p>
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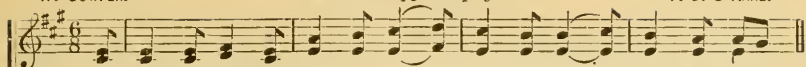
# No. 217.

# O Glorious Fountain!

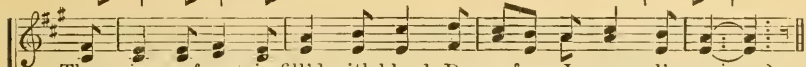
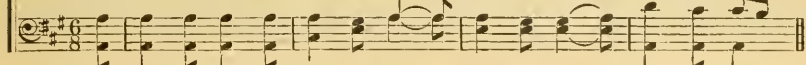
W. COWPER.

Words on opposite page.

T. C. O'KANE.



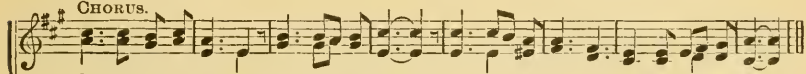
1. { There is a fount-ain fill'd with blood, fill'd with blood, fill'd with blood,  
And sinners, plunged beneath that flood, beneath that flood, beneath that flood,  
2. { The dy-ing thief rejoiced to see, re-joiced to see, rejoiced to see,  
And there may I, tho' vile as he, tho' vile as he, tho' vile as he,



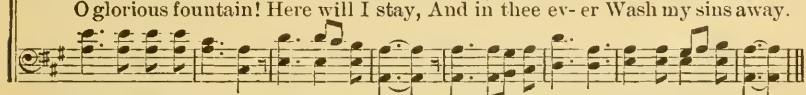
There is a fountain fill'd with blood, Drawn from Immanuel's veins,  
And sinners, plunged beneath that flood, Lose all their guilt-y stains. }  
The dy-ing thief re-joiced to see That fount-ain in his day, }  
And there may I, tho' vile as he, Wash all my sins a-way. }



## CHORUS.



O glorious fountain! Here will I stay, And in thee ev-er Wash my sins away.

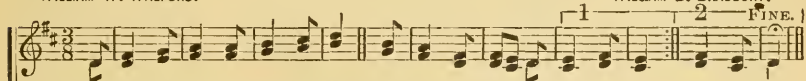


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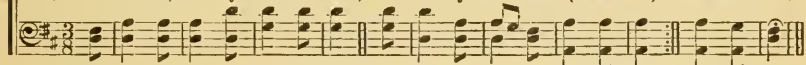
# Sweet Hour of Prayer.

WILLIAM W. WALFORD.

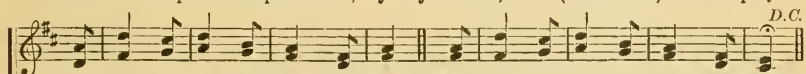
WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.



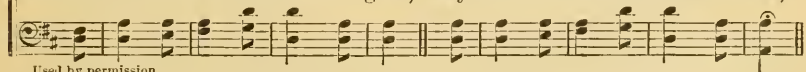
1. { Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer, That calls me from a world of care,  
And bids me, at my Father's throne, Make all my wants and (Omit. . . ) wishes known! }



*D.C.*—And oft escaped the tempter's snare, By thy re-turn, sweet (Omit. . . ) hour of prayer.



In sea-sons of dis-tress and grief, My soul has oft-en found re-lief,



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- 2 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,  
3 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.

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. 219. In the Hour of Trial.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

Penitence. 6s, 5s. D.

SPENCER LANE.

1. In the hour of tri - al, Je - sus, plead for me, Lest by base de -  
 2. With for - bid - den pleas - ures Would this vain world charm; Or its sor - did  
 3. Should thy mercy send me Sor - row, toil and woe; Or should pain at -  
 4. When my last hour com - eth, Fraught with strife and pain, When my dust re -

ni - al I de - part from thee, When thou see'st me waver, With a  
 treas - ures Spread to work me harm; Bring to my remembrance Sad Geth -  
 tend me On my path be - low: Grant that I may nev - er Fail thy  
 turn - eth To the dust a - gain; On thy truth re - ly - ing, Thro' that

look re - call, Nor for fear nor fa - vor Suf - fer me to fall.  
 sem - a - ne, Or, in dark - er semblance, Cross - crown'd Calva - ry.  
 hand to see; Grant that I may ev - er Cast my care on thee.  
 mor - tal strife, Je - sus, take me, dy - ing, To e - ter - nal life.

# No. 220. Look Away to Jesus.

REV. HENRY BURTON.

JOSEPH BARNBY.

1. Look a - way to Je - sus, Sol - dier in the fight;  
 2. Tho' thy foes be ma - ny, Tho' thy strength be small,  
 3. Look a - way to Je - sus, 'Mid the toil and heat;  
 4. For the guests are bid - den, And the feast is spread;

When the bat - tle thick - ens Keep thine ar - mor bright.  
 Look a - way to Je - sus; He shall con - quer all.  
 Soon will come the rest - ing At the Mas - ter's feet.  
 Look a - way to Je - sus, In his foot - steps tread.

Keep thine ar - - - mor bright.

# No. 221. Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

CHARLES WESLEY.

Refuge. 7s. D.

J. P. HOLBROOK.

1. Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to thy bos - om fly,  
2. Oth - er ref - uge have I none, Hangs my helpless soul on thee;

While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the tem - pest still is high;  
Leave, ah! leave me not a - lone, Still sup - port and com - fort me!

Hide me, O my Sav - iour, hide, Till the storm of life is past;  
All my trust on thee is stayed, All my help from thee I bring;

Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, O re - ceive my soul at last.  
Cov - er my de - fenceless head With the shad - ow of thy wing.

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;  
More than all in thee I find;  
Raise the 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.

4 Plenteous grace with thee is found,  
Grace to cover all my sin;  
Let the healing streams abound;  
Make and keep me pure within.  
Thou of life the fountain art,  
Freely let me take of thee;  
Spring thou up within my heart,  
Rise to all eternity.

# No. 222. Martyn. 7s. D.

S. B. MARSH. D. C.

1-3-7 2-4-8 FINE 5-6



# No. 223. My Jesus, I Love Thee.

LONDON HYMN BOOK.

A. J. GORDON.

1. My Je - sus, I love thee, I know thou art mine, For thee all the  
 2. I love thee, be - cause thou hast first lov - ed me, And purchased my  
 3. I will love thee in life, I will love thee in death, And praise thee as  
 4. In man - sions of glo - ry and end - less de - light, I'll ev - er a -

fol - lies of sin I re - sign; My gra - cious Re - deem - er, my  
 par - don on Cal - va - ry's tree; I love thee for wear - ing the  
 long as thou lend - est me breath; And say when the death - dew lies  
 dore thee in heav - en so bright; I'll sing with the glit - ter - ing

Sav - iour art thou, If ev - er I loved thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.  
 thorns on thy brow; If ev - er I loved thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.  
 cold on my brow, If ev - er I loved thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.  
 crown on my brow, If ev - er I loved thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.

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# No. 224. Rock of Ages

REV. A. M. TOPLADY.

DR. THOS. HASTINGS.  
FINE.

1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in thee;

*D.C.*—Be of sin the doub - le cure, Save from wrath, and make me pure.

Let the wa - ter and the blood, From thy side a heal - ing flood,

2 Should my tears forever flow,  
 Should my zeal no languor know,  
 All 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 mine eyelids close in death,  
 When I rise to worlds unknown,  
 See thee on thy judgment throne—  
 Rock of Ages, cleft for me,  
 Let me hide myself in thee.



# No. 225. More, More Like Thee.

MRS. EDNA L. PARK.

W. H. DOANE.

1. Grant me a deep er love, Sav - iour di - vine, Love that has  
 2. Grant me a trust - ing love, Guile - less and pure; Still with a  
 3. Grant me a plead - ing love, Lost souls to win; Cleanse me from  
 4. Grant me for - giv - ing love, Thou didst for - give; Near - er the

learned to say, No will but thine; Draw me from earth a - way,  
 cheer - ful heart All to en - dure; Guide thou my on - ward way,  
 se - cret faults, Dwell thou with - in; Purge all my dross a - way,  
 cross with thee Still would I live; Be thou thro' life my stay,

Help me to watch and pray; O make me ev - ry day More, more like thee.

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# No. 226. Saviour Thy Dying Love.

S. D. PHELPS, D. D.

ROBERT LOWRY.

1. Sav - iour, thy dy - ing love Thon gav - est me, Nor should I  
 2. Give me a faith - ful heart, Like - ness to thee— That each de -  
 3. All that I am and have—Thy gifts so free— Ev - er, in

ought withhold, Dear Lord, from thee; In love my soul would bow,  
 part - ing day Henceforth may see Some work of love be - gun,  
 joy or grief, My Lord, for thee! And when thy face I see,

My heart ful - fill its vow, Some offering bring thee now, Something for thee.  
 Some deed of kindness done, Some wanderer sought and won, Something for thee.  
 My ransomed soul shall be, Thro' all e - ter - ni - ty, Something for thee.

Copyright, 1898, by Mary R. Lowry.

# No. 227.

# He Leadeth Me.

REV. J. H. GILMORE.

WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.

1. He lead-eth me! O blessed thought! O words with heav'nly comfort fraught!  
 2. Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom, Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom,  
 3. Lord! I would clasp thy hand in mine, Nor ev-er mur-nor re-pine;  
 4. And when my task on earth is done, When, by thy grace, the vict'ry's won,

What-e'er I do, wher-e'er I be, Still 'tis God's hand that lead-eth me.  
 By wa-ters still, o'er troubled sea,—Still 'tis his hand that lead-eth me.  
 Con-tent, what-ev-er lot I see, Since 'tis my God that lead-eth me.  
 E'en death's cold wave I will not flee, Since God thro' Jor-dan lead-eth me.

CHORUS.

He lead-eth me! he lead-eth me! By his own hand he lead-eth me;

His faith-ful fol-low'r I would be, For by his hand he lead-eth me.

By per. Biglow & Main Co., owners.

# No. 228. From Every Stormy Wind.

REV. HUGH STOWELL.

Retreat. L. M.

DR. THOMAS HASTINGS.

1. From ev-'ry storm-y wind that blows, From ev-'ry swelling tide of woes,  
 2. There is a place where Je-sus sheds, The oil of gladness on our heads;  
 3. There is a scene where spirits blend, Where friend holds fellowship with friend:  
 4. There, there on eagles wings we soar, And sin and sense mo-lest no more,

There is a calm, a sure re-treat: 'Tis found be-neath the mer-cy-seat.  
 A place than all besides more sweet: It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.  
 Tho' sundered far, by faith they meet A-round one com-mon mer-cy-seat.  
 And heav'n comes down our souls to greet, While glory crowns the mer-cy-seat.

# No. 229. 'Tis So Sweet to Trust in Jesus.

MRS. LOUISA M. R. STEAD WOODHOUSE.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK

1. 'Tis so sweet to trust in Je - sus, Just to take him at his Word;
2. O, how sweet to trust in Je - sus, Just to trust his cleansing blood;
3. Yes, 'tis sweet to trust in Je - sus, Just from sin and self to cease;
4. I'm so glad I leard to trust thee, Pre-cious Je - sus, Saviour, Friend;

Just to rest up - on his prom-ise; Just to know, "Thus saith the Lord."  
 Just in sim - ple faith to plunge me 'Neath the heal - ing, cleansing flood.  
 Just from Je - sus sim - ply tak - ing Life, and rest, and joy, and peace.  
 And I know that thou art with me, Wilt be with me to the end.

CHORUS.

Je - sus, Je - sus, how I trust him; How I've prov'd him o'er and o'er.

Je - sus, Je - sus, Pre-cious Je - sus! O for grace to trust him more.

Copyright, 1882, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

# No. 230. Sun of My Soul.

JOHN KEBLE.

Hursley. L. M.

PETER RITTER.

1. Sun of my soul, thou Sav-iour dear, It is not night if thou be near;
2. When the soft dews of kind-ly sleep My wearied eye-lids gent-ly steep,
3. A - bide with me from morn till eve, For without thee I can - not live;
4. Come near and bless us when we wake, Ere thro' the world our way we take;

O may no earth-born cloud a-rise To hide thee from thy serv-ant's eyes.  
 Be my last tho't, how sweet to rest For-ev-er on my Saviour's breast!  
 A - bide with me when night is nigh, For without thee I dare not die.  
 Till in the o - cean of thy love, We loose ourselves in heav'n a - bove.

# No. 231. All to Christ I Owe.

ELVINA M. HALL.

JOHN T. GRAPE.

1. I hear the Saviour say—Thy strength indeed is small; Child of weakness,  
 2. Lord, now indeed I find Thy pow'r, and thine alone, Can change the  
 3. For noth - ing good have I Whereby thy grace to claim—I'll wash my  
 4. When from my dy - ing bed My ransomed soul shall rise, Then "Je - sus  
 5. And when before the throne I stand in him complete, I'll lay my

CHORUS.

watch and pray, Find in me thine all in all.  
 lep - er's spots, And melt the heart of stone.  
 garments white In the blood of Calv'ry's Lamb. } Je - sus paid it all!  
 paid it all!" Shall rend the vault-ed skies.  
 tro - phies down, All down at Je - sus' feet. }

All to him I owe; Sin had left a crimson stain; He washed it white as snow.

# No. 232. Lord, I Hear of Showers.

MRS. E. CODNER.

Even Me. 8, 7, 3.

WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.

1. { Lord, I hear of show'rs of blessing Thou art scattering full and free; }  
 { Show'rs the thirst - y laud re - fresh - ing; Let some droppings fall on me, }

E - ven me, E - ven me, Let some droppings fall on me.

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <p>2 Pass me not, O God our Father,<br/>         Sinful though my heart may be;<br/>         Thou might'st leave me, but the rather<br/>         Let thy mercy light on me,<br/>         Even me.</p> <p>3 Pass me not, O gracious Saviour,<br/>         Let me live and cling to thee;<br/>         I am longing for thy favor;<br/>         Whilst thou'rt calling, O call me,<br/>         Even me.</p> | <p>4 Pass me not, O mighty Spirit,<br/>         Thou canst make the blind to see;<br/>         Witnesser of Jesus' merit,<br/>         Speak the word of power to me,<br/>         Even me.</p> <p>5 Love of God, so pure and changeless,<br/>         Blood of Christ, so rich, so free;<br/>         Grace of God, so strong and boundless,<br/>         Magnify them all in me,<br/>         Even me.</p> |
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# No. 233.

# I Will Go.

MARtha J. LANKTON.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



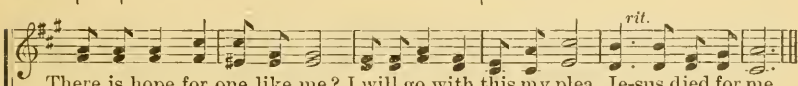
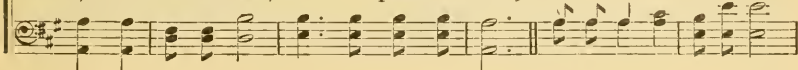
1. I will go, I can-not stay From the arms of love a-way; O for
2. Tho' I long have tried in vain, Tried to break the tempter's chain, Yet to -
3. I am lost, and yet I know Earth can nev - er. heal my woe; I will
4. Something whispers in my soul, Tho' your sins like mountains roll, Je - sus'
5. I o - bey the Sav-iour's call, Now to him I yield my all, At his



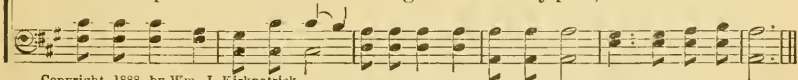
CHORUS.



strength of faith to say, Je - sus died for me.  
 day I'll try a - gain, Je - sus, help thou me.  
 rise at once and go, Je - sus died for me. } Can it be, O can it be  
 blood will make me whole, Je - sus died for me.  
 feet, where oth-er's fall, There's a place for me. }



There is hope for one like me? I will go with this my plea, Je-sus died for me.



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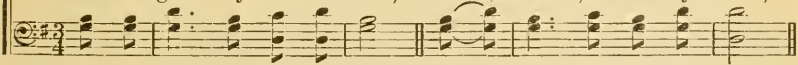
# No. 234. I am Trusting, Lord, in Thee.

REV. WM. McDONALD.

WM. G. FISCHER.

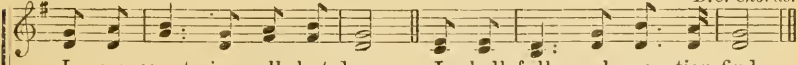


1. I am com - ing to the cross; I am poor and weak, and blind;
2. Long my heart has sighed for thee; Long has e - vil dwelt with - in;
3. Here I give my all to thee, — Friends, and time, and earthly store;

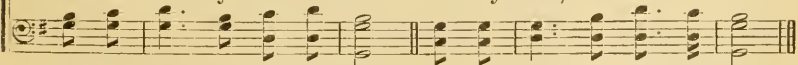


CHO.—I am trust - ing, Lord, in thee, Dear Lamb of Cal - va - ry;

*D.C. Chorus.*



I am count - ing all but dross; I shall full sal - va - tion find.  
 Je - sus sweet - ly speaks to me, I will cleanse you from all sin.  
 Soul and bod - y thine to be — Wholly thine, — for - ev - er more.



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

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <ol style="list-style-type: none"> <li>4 In the promises I trust;<br/>Now I feel the blood applied;<br/>I am prostrate in the dust;<br/>I with Christ am crucified.</li> </ol> | <ol style="list-style-type: none"> <li>5 Jesus comes! he fills my soul!<br/>Perfect in him I am;<br/>I am every whit made whole,<br/>Glory, glory to the Lamb.</li> </ol> |
|--|---|

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# No. 235. What a Friend We Have in Jesus.

JOSEPH SCRIVEN, ALT.

CHARLES C. CONVERSE.

1. What a friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to bear!  
 2. Have we tri - als and temp - ta - tions? Is there trouble an - y - where?  
 3. Are we weak and heavy - la - deu, Cumbered with a load of care?

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

*D.S.*—All because we do not car - ry Ev - 'ry - thing to God in prayer!  
*D.S.*—Je - sus knows our ev - 'ry weak - ness, Take it to the Lord in prayer.  
*D.S.*—In his arms he'll take and shield thee; Thou wilt find a so - lace there.

*D.S.*  
 O what peace we oft - en for - feit, O what needless pain we bear, —  
 Can we find a friend so faith - ful, Who will all our sor - rows share?  
 Do thy friends despise, for - sake thee? Take it to the Lord in prayer;

# No. 236. Holy Spirit, Faithful Guide.

M. M. W

Guide. 7s. D.

M. M. WELLS.

*FINE.*  
 1. { Ho - ly Spir - it, faith - ful Guide, Ev - er near the Christian's side, }  
 { Gen - tly lead us by the hand, Pil - grims in a bar - ren land; }

*D.C.*—Whisper soft - ly, "Wanderer, come! Fol - low me, I'll guide thee home."

*D.C.*  
 Wea - ry souls for e're re - joice, While they hear that sweet - est voice,

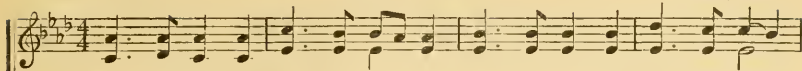
- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <p>2 Ever present, truest Friend,<br/>         Ever near thine aid to lend,<br/>         Leave us not to doubt and fear,<br/>         Groping on in darkness drear.<br/>         When the storms are raging sore,<br/>         Hearts grow faint, and hopes give o'er:</p> | <p>3 When our days of toil shall cease,<br/>         Waiting still for sweet release,<br/>         Nothing left but heaven and prayer,<br/>         Wondering if our names are there;<br/>         Wading deep the dismal flood,<br/>         Pleading naught but Jesus' blood,—</p> |
|--|--|

# No. 237. Jesus, I My Cross Have Taken.

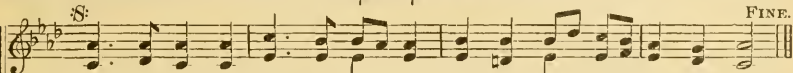
REV. H. F. LYTE.

Disciple. 8, 7. D.

MOZART, ARR.



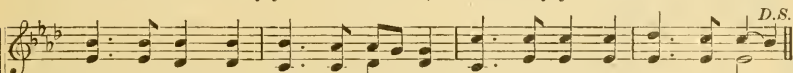
1. Je - sus, I my cross have tak - en, All to leave and fol - low thee;
2. Let the world de - spise and leave me, They have left my Sav - iour too;
3. Man may trou - ble and dis - tress me, 'Twill but drive me to thy breast;



Na - ked, poor, despised, for - sak - en, Thou, from hence, my all shalt be:  
Hu - man hearts and looks de - ceive me; Thou art not, like them, un - true:  
Life with tri - als hard may press me, Heav'n will bring me sweeter rest:



- D.S.—Yet, how rich is my con - di - tion! God and heav'n are still my own.  
D.S.—Foes may hate and friends may shun me, Show thy face and all is bright.  
D.S.—O 'twere not in joy to charm me, Were that joy unmixed with thee.



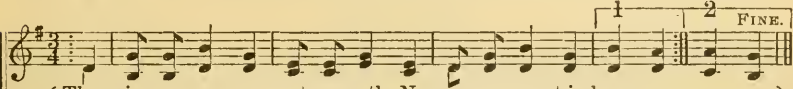
Per - ish ev - 'ry fond am - bi - tion, All I've sought, or hoped, or known;  
And while thou shalt smile up - on me, God of wis - dom, love and might,  
O 'tis not in grief to harm me, While thy love is left to me;



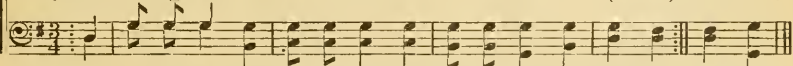
# No. 238. The Sweetest Name.

GEO. W. BETHUNE.

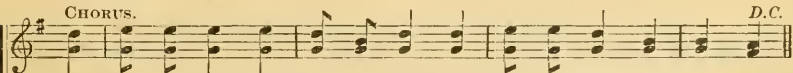
WM. B. BRADBURY.



1. { There is no name so sweet on earth, No name so sweet in heav - en  
The name, before his wondrous birth, To Christ the Saviour (*Omit.*) giv - en. }
2. { And when he hung up - on the tree, They wrote this name above him  
That all might see the rea - son we For - ev - er - more must (*Omit.*) love him. }



D.C.—For there's no word ear - ev - er heard So dear, so sweet, as (*Omit.*) "Je - sus!"



CHORUS. We love to sing of Christ our King, And hail him bless - ed Je - sus!



- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <p>3 So now, upon his Father's throne—<br/>Almighty to release us<br/>From sin and pain—he ever reigns,<br/>The prince and Saviour, Jesus.</p> | <p>4 O Jesus! by that matchless name<br/>Thy grace shall fail us never,<br/>To-day as yesterday the same,<br/>Thou art the same for ever!</p> |
|--|---|

# No. 239.

# Abide With Me.

REV. H. F. LYTE.

Eventide. 10s.

WM. H. MONK.

1. A - bide with me! fast falls the e - ven - tide; The dark - ness  
 2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day; Earth's joys grow  
 3. I need thy pres - ence ev - 'ry pass - ing hour; What but thy  
 4. Hold thou thy cross be - fore my clos - ing eyes; Shine through the

deep - ens; Lord, with me a - bide! When oth - er help - ers  
 dim, its glo - ries pass a - way; Change and de - cay in  
 grace can foil the tempt - ers pow'r? Who, like thy - self, my  
 gloom, and point me to the skies; Heav'n's morn - ing breaks, and

fail, and comforts flee, Help of the help - less, O a - bide with me!  
 all a - round I see; O thou, who changest not a - bide with me!  
 guide and stay can be? Thro' cloud and sunshine, Lord, a - bide with me.  
 earth's vain shadows flee! In life, in death, O Lord, a - bide with me!

# No. 240. Blest be the Tie that Binds.

REV. JOHN FAWCETT.

Dennis. S. M.

H. G. NAGEL

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

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

# No. 241.

# Loving Kindness.

REV. SAMUEL MEDLEY.

WM. CALDWELL.

1. A - wake, my soul, in joy - ful lays, And sing thy great Redeemer's praise;  
 2. He saw me ru - ined by the fall, Yet lov'd me, not-withstanding all;  
 3. I oft - en feel my sin - ful heart Prone from my Saviour to de - part;  
 4. Soon shall I pass the gloom - y vale, Soon all my mortal pow'rs must fail;

He just - ly claims a song from me, His lov - ing kindness, O, how free!  
 He saved me from my lost es - tate, His lov - ing kindness, O, how great!  
 But though I oft have him for - got, His lov - ing kindness chang - es not.  
 O, may my last ex - pir - ing breath, His lov - ing kindness sing in death.

REFRAIN.

His lov - ing kindness, lov - ing kindness, His lov - ing kindness, O, how free!

# No. 242. We may not Climb the Heavenly Steeps.

J. G. WHITTIER.

Serenity. C. M.

W. V. WALLACE.

1. We may not climb the heav'nly steeps To bring the Lord Christ down;  
 2. The heal - ing of the seam-less dress Is by our beds of pain;  
 3. Thro' him the first fond pray'rs are said Our lips of childhood frame;  
 4. O Lord and Mas - ter of us all, What - e'er our name or sign,

In vain we search the low - est deeps, For him no depths can drown.  
 We touch him in life's throng and press, And we are whole a - gain.  
 The last low whispers of our dead Are bur - dened with his name.  
 We own thy sway, we hear thy call, We test our lives by thine!



# No. 243.

# More Like Jesus.

F. J. C.

*Slow, with feeling.*

W. H. DOANE.

1. More like Je - sus would I be; Let my Sav - iour dwell in me,  
 2. If he hears the ra - ven's cry, If his ev - er - watch - ful eye  
 3. More like Je - sus when I pray, More like Je - sus day by day,

*Fine*  
 Fill my soul with peace and love, Make me gen - tle as a dove.  
 Marks the sparrows when they fall, Sure - ly he will hear my call.  
 May I rest me by his side, Where the tranquil wa - ters glide.

*D.S.*—Poor in spir - it would I be— Let my Sav - iour dwell in me.  
*D.S.*—Pure in heart I still would be— Let my Sav - iour dwell in me.  
*D.S.*—Rich in faith I still would be— Let my Sav - iour dwell in me.

*D. S.*  
 More like Je - sus, while I go, Pil - grim in this world be - low;  
 He will teach me how to live, All my sin - ful thoughts forgive;  
 Born of him thro' grace re - newed, By his love my will subdued,

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# No. 244.

# Show Pity, Lord.

ISAAC WATTS.

Hebron. L. M.

DR. LOWELL MASON.

1. Show pi - ty, Lord; O Lord, forgive; Let a re - pent - ing re - bel live;  
 2. My crimes, tho' great, can not surpass The pow'r and glo - ry of thy grace:  
 3. O wash my soul from ev - 'ry sin, And make my guilty conscience clean;  
 4. Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord, Whose hope, still hov'ring round thy word,

Are not thy mer - cies large and free? May not a sin - ner trust in thee?  
 Great God, thy na - ture hath no bound; So let thy pard'ning love be found.  
 Here, on my heart, the bur - den lies, And past of - fens - es pain mine eyes.  
 Would light on some sweet promise there, Some sure support a - gainst de - spair.



# No. 245.

# Pass Me Not.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE.

1. Pass me not, O gen - tle Sav - iour, Hear my humble cry; While on  
 2. Let me at thy throne of mer - cy Find a sweet re - lief; Kneel - ing  
 3. Trusting on - ly in thy mer - it, Would I seek thy face; Heal my  
 4. Thou the Spring of all my com - fort, More than life to me, Whom have

CHORUS.

oth - ers thou art smil - ing, Do not pass me by.  
 there in deep con - tri - tion, Help my un - be - lief.  
 wounded, broken spir - it, Save me by thy grace. } Sav - iour, Sav - iour,  
 I on earth be - side thee? Whom in heav'n but thee?

Hear my humble cry, While on others thou art calling, Do not pass me by.

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# No. 246. I Need Thee Every Hour.

MRS. ANNIE S. HAWKS.

REV. R. LOWRY.

1. I need thee ev'ry hour, Most gra - cious Lord; No ten - der voice like thine  
 2. I need thee ev'ry hour, Stay thou near by; Temptations lose their pow'r  
 3. I need thee ev'ry hour, Teach me thy will; And thy rich promis - es  
 4. I need thee ev'ry hour, Most Ho - ly One; O make me thine in - deed,

CHORUS.

Can peace af - ford.  
 When thou art nigh. } I need thee, O, I need thee; Ev - 'ry hour I  
 In me ful - fill.  
 Thou bless - ed Son.

need thee; O bless me now, my Sav - iour! I come to thee.

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# No. 247. Saviour, We Come to Thee.

E. E. HEWITT.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Sav - iour, we come to thee, In low - ly pray'r, Here, at thy  
 2. Sav - iour, we come to thee, With grate - ful praise, Thanks for the  
 3. Sav - iour, we come to thee, Drawn by thy love; Help us to

mer - cy - seat, Leav - ing our care. Thou wilt for - give our sin,  
 bless - ings sweet, Crown - ing our days. Praise for thy bound - less grace,  
 love thee more, All friends a - bove. O bind our hearts to thee,

Kind - ly re - ceive; Speak thou in ten - der tones; Lord, we he - lieve.  
 Un - fail - ing might, Thanks that thy smile can cheer Sor - row's dark night.  
 Teach us thy will; Now may thy pre - cious word, Like dews dis - till.

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# No. 248. Meek and Lowly.

CHARLES JEFFERYS.

STEPHEN GLOVER.

1. Meek and lowly, pure and holy, Chief among the blessed three; Turning sadness into  
 2. Hop - ing ev - er, fail - ing never, Tho' deceived, believing still; Long abiding, all con -

*D. C.*—Meek and lowly, pure and holy, Chief among the blessed three; Turning sadness into

FINE.

gladness, Heav'n-born art thou, chari - ty. Pit - y dwelleth in thy bosom, Kindness  
 fid - ing To thy heav'nly Father's will; Nev - er wea - ry of well - do - ing, Nev - er

gladness, Heav'n-born art thou, chari - ty.

*D. C. Chorus.*

reigneth o'er thy heart; Gentle tho'ts alone can sway thee, Judgment hath in thee no part.  
 fear - ful of the end; Claiming all mankind as brothers, Thou dost all alike befriend.

# No. 249.

# O how He Loves!

MARIANNE NUNN.

HUBERT P. MAIN.

1. One there is a - bove all oth - ers, O how he loves! His is love be -  
 2. 'Tis e - ter - nal life to know him, O how he loves! Think, O think how  
 3. All your sins shall be for - giv - en, O how he loves! Backward shall your

yond a brother's, O how he loves! Earthly friends may fail or leave us, One day  
 much we owe him, O how he loves! With his precious blood he bought us, In the  
 foes be driv-en, O how he loves! Best of blessing's he'll provide you, Nought but

soothe, the next day grieve us, But this Friend will ne'er deceive us, O how he loves!  
 wil - der - ness he sought us, To his fold he safe - ly brought us, O how he loves!  
 good shall e'er be-tide you, Safe to glo - ry he will guide you, O how he loves!

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# No. 250.

# Jesus, My All.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

ANON.

*rit.*.....  
 1. Lord, at thy mer - cy-seat Hum - bly I fall; Plead - ing thy  
 2. Tears of re - pent - ant grief Si - lent - ly fall; Help thou my  
 3. Still at thy mer - cy-seat, Sav - iour, I fall; Trust - ing thy

*rit.*.....  
 prom - ise sweet, Lord, hear my call; Now let thy work be - gin,  
 un - be - lief, Hear thou my call; O how I pine for thee!  
 prom - ise sweet, Heard is my call; Faith wings my soul to thee!

*rit.*.....  
 O make me pure with-in, Cleanse me from ev-'ry sin, Je - sus, my all.  
 'Tis all my hope and plea: Je - sus has died for me, Je - sus, my all.  
 This all my song shall be, Je - sus has died for me, Je - sus, my all.

By per. Theo. E. Perkins.

# No. 251. Every Day and Hour.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE.

1. Sav-our, more than life to me, I am clinging, clinging close to thee;  
 2. Thro' this changing world be- low, Lead me gen- tly, gen- tly as I go;  
 3. Let me love thee more and more, Till this fleeting, fleet- ing life is o'er;

Let thy pre- cious blood ap- plied, Keep me ev- er, ev- er near thy side.  
 Trust- ing thee, I can- not stray, I can nev- er, nev- er lose my way.  
 Till my soul is lost in love, In a brighter, bright- er world a- bove.

CHORUS.

Ev- 'ry day, ev- 'ry hour, Let me feel thy cleans- ing pow'r;  
 Ev- 'ry day and hour, ev- 'ry day and hour,

May thy ten- der love to me Bind me clos- er, clos- er, Le d, to thee.

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# No. 252. Only Trust Him.

J. H. S.

REV. J. H. STOCKTON.

1. Come, ev- 'ry soul by sin oppressed, There's mercy with the Lord, And he will surely  
 2. For Jesus shed his precious blood Rich blessings to bestow; Plunge now into the  
 3. Yes, Je- sus is the Truth, the Way, That leads you in-to rest; Be- lieve in him with-  
 4. Come, then, and join this holy band, And on to glo- ry go, To dwell in that ce-

D. S.—He will save you,

FINE. CHORUS. D.S.  
 give you rest, By trusting in his word.  
 crimson flood That washes white as snow. } Only trust him, only trust him, Only trust him now;  
 out de- lay, And you are fully blest.  
 les- tial land, Where joys immortal flow.

He will save you, He will save you now.



# No. 253. Weeping will not Save Me.

R. L.

REV. R. LOWRY.

1. Weeping will not save me—Tho' my face were bathed in tears, That could not all—  
 2. Working will not save me—Pur-est deeds that I can do, Holiest thoughts and  
 3. Wait-ing will not save me—Help-less, guilty, lost, I lie; In my ear is  
 4. Faith in Christ will save me—Let me trust thy weep-ing Son, Trust the work that

lay my fears, Could not wash the sin of years—Weeping will not save me,  
 feel-ings too, Can not form my soul a - new—Working will not save me.  
 mer-ey's cry; If I wait I can but die—Wait-ing will not save me,  
 he has done; To his arms, Lord, help me run— Faith in Christ will save me.

D.S.—Je - sus waits to make me free; He a - lone can save me.

CHORUS. D.S.

Je - sus wept and died for me; Je - sus suf - fered on the tree;

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# No. 254. Come, Ye Sinners.

JOSEPH HART.

Invitation. 8s, 7s, 4s.

J. INGALLS.

FINE.

1. Come, ye sin - ners, poor and need - y, Weak and wounded, sick and sore,  
 2. Let not conscience make you lin - ger, Nor of fit - ness fond - ly dream;

D. C.—He is a - ble, he is a - ble, He is will - ing, doubt no more.  
 D. C.—This he gives you, this he gives you, 'Tis the Spir - it's ris - ing beam.

Je - sus read - y stands to save you, Full of pit - y, love, and pow'r.  
 All the fit - ness he re - quir - eth Is to feel your need of him:

3 Agonizing in the garden,  
 Lo! your Maker prostrate lies;  
 On the bloody tree behold him;  
 Hear him cry before he dies,  
 "It is finished;"  
 Sinners, will not this suffice?

4 Lo! the incarnate God, ascended,  
 Pleads the merit of his blood;  
 Venture on him, venture wholly;  
 Let no other trust intrude:  
 None but Jesus  
 Can do helpless sinners good.



# No. 255.

# I Surrender All.

J. W. VAN DEVENTER.  
SOLO.

W. S. WEEDEN.

1. { All to Je - sus I sur - ren - der, All to him I free - ly give; }  
 { I will ev - er love and trust him, In his pres - ence dai - ly live. }  
 2. { All to Je - sus I sur - ren - der, Hum - bly at his feet I bow; }  
 { World - ly pleas - ures all for - sak - en, Take me, Je - sus, take me now. }  
 3. { All to Je - sus I sur - ren - der, Make me, Sav - iour, whol - ly thine; }  
 { Let me feel the Ho - ly Spir - it, Tru - ly know that thou art mine. }

## CHORUS.

I sur - ren - der all, I sur - ren - der all, I sur - ren - der all;  
 I sur - ren - der all, I sur - ren - der all, I sur - ren - der all;

All to thee, my bless - ed Sav - iour, I sur - ren - der all.

4 All to Jesus I surrender,  
 Lord, I give myself to thee;  
 Fill me with thy love and power,  
 Let thy blessing fall on me.

5 All to Jesus I surrender,  
 Now I feel the sacred flame!  
 O the joy of full salvation!  
 Glory, glory to his name!

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# No. 256.

# In the Cross of Christ.

SIR JOHN BOWRING.

Rathbun. 8s, 7s.

ITHAMER CONKEY.

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

All the light of sa - cred sto - ry Gath - ers round its head sub - lime.  
 Nev - er shall the cross for - sake me; Lo! it glows with peace and joy.  
 From the cross the ra - dianc - e streaming Adds new lus - ter to the day.  
 Peace is there, that knows no meas - ure, Joys that thro' all time a - bide.

# No. 257. I Hear Thy Welcome Voice.

L. H.

REV. LEWIS HARTSOUGH.

1. I hear thy welcome voice That calls me, Lord, to thee For cleansing in thy  
 2. Tho' coming weak and vile, Thou dost my strength assure, Thou dost my vileness  
 3. 'Tis Je - sus calls me on To per - fect faith and love, To per - fect hope, and  
 4. 'Tis Je - sus who con - firms To bless - ed work within, By add - ing grace to

CHORUS.

pre - cious blood That flow'd on Cal - va - ry.  
 ful - ly cleanse, Till spot - less all and pure. } I am com - ing Lord! Com - ing  
 peace, and trust, For earth and heav'n a - bove. }  
 welcomed grace, Where reign'd the pow'r of sin.

now to thee! Wash me, cleanse me, in the blood That flow'd on Cal - va - ry.

5 And he the witness gives  
 To loyal hearts and free,  
 That every promise is fulfilled,  
 If faith but brings the plea.

6 All hail! atoning blood!  
 All hail, redeeming grace!  
 All hail, the gift of Christ, our Lord,  
 Our Strength and Righteousness!

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# No. 258. O for a Closer Walk.

WILLIAM COWPER.

Ortonville. C. M.

DR. THOMAS HASTINGS.

1. O for a clos - er walk with God, A calm and heav'nly frame: A light to  
 2. Re - turn, O ho - ly Dove, re - turn, Sweet messenger of rest! I hate the  
 3. The dear - est i - dol I have known, Whate'er that i - dol be, Help me to  
 4. So shall my walk be close with God, Calm and se - rene my frame; So pur - er

shine up - on the road That leads me to the Lamb! That leads me to the Lamb!  
 sins that made thee mourn, And drove thee from my breast, And drove thee from my breast.  
 tear it from thy throne, And wor - ship on - ly thee, And wor - ship on - ly thee.  
 light shall mark the road That leads me to the Lamb! That leads me to the Lamb!

# No. 259.

# More Love to Thee.

MRS. ELIZABETH PRENTISS.

W. H. DOANE

1. More love to thee, O Christ! More love to thee! Hear thou the  
 2. Once earth-ly joy I craved, Sought peace and rest; Now thee a-  
 3. Let sor-row do its work, Come grief or pain; Sweet are thy  
 4. Then shall my lat-est breath, Whis-per thy praise, This be the

pray'r I make On bend-ed knee; This is my earn-est plea,  
 lone I seek, Give what is best; This all my pray'r shall be,  
 mes-sen-gers, Sweet their re-frain, When they can sing with me,—  
 part-ing cry My heart shall raise; This still its pray'r shall be:

More love, O Christ, to thee, More love to thee! More love to thee!

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# No. 260. When Thou, My Righteous Judge.

S. SHIRLEY.

Meribah. C. P. M.

DR. LOWELL MASON.

1. When thou, my righteous Judge, shalt come To take thy ransomed people home,  
 2. I love to meet a-mong them now, Be-fore thy gracious feet to bow,  
 3. Pre-vent, pre-vent it by thy grace; Be thou, dear Lord, my hid-ing-place,

Shall I a-mong them stand? Shall such a worthless worm as I,  
 Tho' vil-est of them all; But—can I bear the piercing thought?—  
 In this, th' ac-cept-ed day; Thy pard'ning voice, O let me hear,

Who sometimes am a-fraid to die, Be found at thy right hand?  
 What if my name should be left out, When thou for them shalt call?  
 To still my un-be-liev-ing fear, Nor let me fall, I pray.

# No. 261. why Will Ye Wander?

FANNY J. CROSBY.

STEPHEN C. FOSTER.

1. O ye thirst-y ones that lan-guish On life's drift-ing sand!  
 2. From the riv-er gen-tly flow-ing Drink a full sup-ply;  
 3. O, the bliss of life e-ter-nal You may al-so share!  
 4. Lo, the sum-mer days are end-ing, They will soon be o'er;

FINE.

'Tis the Sav-iour bend-ing o'er you, Reaching out his toil-worn hand.  
 Free to all its bless-ed wa-ters, Wherefore will ye faint and die?  
 Come to Je-sus, and be-liev-ing, En-ter thro' the gate of pray'r.  
 While the Spir-it still is plead-ing, Grieve your dearest Friend no more.

*D.S.*—To the lov-ing arms of mer-cy Who-so-ev-er will may come.

CHORUS.

Why will ye wan-der, Far a-way from home?

*D. S.*

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# No. 262. Glory to His Name.

REV. E. A. HOFFMAN.

REV. J. H. STOCKTON.

1. Down at the cross where my Sav-iour died, Down where for cleansing from  
 2. I am so won-drous-ly saved from sin! Je-sus so sweet-ly a-  
 3. O pre-cious foun-tain that saves from sin, I am so glad I have  
 4. Come to this foun-tain, so rich and sweet; Cast thy poor soul at the

sin I cried; There to my heart was the blood ap-plied; Glo-ry to his  
 bides with-in; There at the cross where he took me in; Glo-ry to his  
 en-tered in; There Je-sus saves me and keeps me clean; Glo-ry to his  
 Saviour's feet; Plunge in to-day, and be made com-plete; Glo-ry to his

*D.S.*—There to my heart was the blood ap-plied; Glo-ry to his

FINE. CHORUS.

name! Glo-ry to his name! Glo-ry to his name!

*D. S.*



# No. 263. Love Divine, All Love Excelling.

CHARLES WESLEY.

Beecher. 8s, 7s. D.

JOHN ZUNDEL.

1. Love di-vine, all love ex-cel-ling, Joy of heav'n to earth come down!  
 2. Breathe, O breathe thy lov-ing Spir-it. In-to ev-'ry trou-bled breast!  
 3. Come, al-might-y to de-liv-er, Let us all thy life re-ceive;  
 4. Fin-ish then thy new cre-a-tion; Pure and spot-less let us be;

Fix in us thy hum-ble dwell-ing; All thy faith-ful mer-cies crown.  
 Let us all in thee in-her-it, Let us find thy prom-ised rest.  
 Sud-den-ly re-turn, and nev-er, Nev-er more thy tem-ple leave:  
 Let us see thy great sal-va-tion, Per-fect-ly re-stored in thee:

Je-sus, thou art all com-pas-sion, Pure un-bound-ed love thou art;  
 Take a-way the love of sin-ning; Al-pha and O-me-ga be;  
 Thee we would be al-ways bless-ing, Serve thee as thy hosts a-bove,  
 Changed from glory in-to glo-ry, Till in heav'n we take our place,

Vis-it us with thy sal-va-tion; En-ter ev-'ry trem-bling heart.  
 End of faith, as its be-gin-ning, Set our hearts at lib-er-ty.  
 Pray, and praise thee with-out ceas-ing, Glo-ry in thy per-fect love.  
 Till we cast our crowns be-fore thee, Lost in won-der, love, and praise.

# No. 264. Must Jesus Bear the Cross Alone.

THOS. SHEPHERD.

Maitland. C. M.

GEORGE N. ALLEN.

1. Must Je-sus bear the cross a-lone, And all the world go free?  
 2. How hap-py are the saints a-bove, Who once went sorrowing here;  
 3. The con-se-cra-ted cross I'll bear Till death shall set me free,

No; there's a cross for ev-'ry one, And there's a cross for me.  
 But now they taste un-min-gled love, And joy with-out a tear.  
 And then go home my crown to wear, For there's a crown for me.



# No. 265. How Firm a Foundation.

GEORGE KEITH.

Portuguese Hymn. 11s.

J. READING.

1. How firm a foun - da - tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your  
 2. "Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dis - mayed, For I am thy  
 3. "When thro' the deep wa - ters I call thee to go, The riv - ers of  
 4. "The soul that on Je - sus hath leaned for re - pose, I will not, I

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

you he hath said,..... To you, who for ref - uge to  
 cause thee to stand,..... Up - held by my gra - cious, om -  
 tri - als to bless,..... And sanc - ti - fy to thee thy  
 deav - or to shake,..... I'll nev - er, no nev - er, no

Je - sus have fled, To you, who for ref - uge to Je - sus have fled?  
 nip - o - tent hand, Up - held by my gra - cious, om - nip - o - tent hand.  
 deep - est dis - tress, And sanc - ti - fy to thee thy deep - est dis - tress.  
 nev - er for - sake! I'll nev - er, no nev - er, no nev - er forsake!"

# No. 266. Father, Whate'er of Earthly Bliss.

ANNE STEELE.

Naomi. C. M.

DR. LOWELL MASON.

1. Fa - ther, what - e'er of earth - ly bliss Thy sov - 'reign will de - nies,  
 2. Give me a calm, a thankful heart, From ev - 'ry mur - mur free;  
 3. Let the sweet hope that thou art mine, My life and death at - tend;

Ac - cept - ed at thy throne of grace, Let this pe - ti - tion rise:  
 The bless - ings of thy grace im - part, And make me live to thee.  
 Thy pres - ence thro' my jour - ney shine, And crown my jour - ney's end.

# No. 267. Entire Consecration.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

(CHORUS BY W. J. K.)

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Take my life, and let it be Con - se - cra - ted, Lord, to thee;  
 2. Take my feet, and let them be Swift and beau - ti - ful for thee;  
 3. Take my lips, and let them be Filled with mes - sa - ges for thee;  
 4. Take my moments, and my days, Let them flow in end - less praise;

Take my hands, and let them move At the im - pulse of thy love.  
 Take my voice, and let me sing Al - ways, on - ly for my King.  
 Take my sil - ver and my gold, Not a mite would I with - hold.  
 Take my in - tel - lect, and use Ev - 'ry pow'r as thou shalt choose.

CHORUS.

{ Wash me in the Saviour's precious blood, (the precious blood,) } Lord, I give to  
 { Cleanse me in its pu - ri - fy - ing flood; (the heal - ing flood; }

thee my life and all, to be Thine, hence - forth e - ter - nal - ly.

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5 Take my will, and make it thine;  
 It shall be no longer mine;  
 Take my heart,—it is thine own,  
 It shall be thy royal throne.

6 Take my love,—my Lord, I pour  
 At thy feet its treasure store!  
 Take myself, and I will be  
 Ever, only, all for thee!

# No. 268. Lord, We Come Before Thee Now.

WILLIAM HAMMOND.

Hendon. 7s.

C. H. A. MALAN.

1. Lord, we come before thee now, At thy feet we hum - bly bow; O do not our  
 2. Lord, on thee our souls depend; In com - pas - sion now descend; Fill our hearts with  
 3. Send some message from thy word, That may joy and peace afford; Let thy Spir - it

suit dis - dain; Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain? Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain?  
 thy rich grace, Tune our lips to sing thy praise; Tune our lips to sing thy praise.  
 now im - part Full sal - va - tion to each heart; Full sal - va - tion to each heart.

# No. 269. Who'll Be the Next?

ANNA S. HAWKS.

REV. ROBERT LOWRY.

1. Who'll be the next to fol - low Je - sus? Who'll be the next his cross to bear?  
 2. Who'll be the next to fol - low Je - sus—Fol - low his wea - ry, bleed - ing feet?  
 3. Who'll be the next to fol - low Je - sus? Who'll be the next to praise his name?  
 4. Who'll be the next to fol - low Je - sus, Down thro' the Jordan's roll - ing tide?

Some one is read - y, some one is wait - ing; Who'll be the next a crown to wear?  
 Who'll be the next to lay ev - 'ry bur - den Down at the Father's mer - cy - seat?  
 Who'll swell the cho - rus of free re - demp - tion—Sing, hal - le - lu - jah! praise the Lamb?  
 Who'll be the next to join with the ransomed, Sing - ing up - on the oth - er side.

## CHORUS.

Who'll be the next? Who'll be the next? Who'll be the next to fol - low Je - sus?

Who'll be the next to fol - low Je - sus now? Fol - low Je - sus now.

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# No. 270. Come, Says Jesus' Sacred Voice.

ANNA L. BARBAULD.

Horton. 7s,

XAVIER SCHNYDER VON WARTENSEE.

1. Come, says Je - sus' sa - cred voice, Come, and make my paths your choice;  
 2. Thou who, home - less and for - lorn, Long hast borne the proud world's scorn,  
 3. Ye who, tossed on beds of pain, Seek for ease, but seek in vain;  
 4. Hith - er come! for here is found, Balm that flows for ev - 'ry wound;

I will guide you to your home; Wea - ry pil - grim, hith - er come.  
 Long hast roamed the bar - ren waste, Wea - ry pil - grim, hith - er haste.  
 Ye, by fiere - er an - guish torn, In re - morse for guilt who mourn;  
 Peace that ev - er shall en - dure; Rest e - ter - nal, sa - cred, sure.

# No. 271.

# Blessed Be the Name.

W. H. CLARK.

ARR. BY WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. All praise to him who reigns a - bove, In ma - jes - ty su - preme,  
 2. His name a - bove all names shall stand, Ex - alt - ed more and more,  
 3. His name shall be the Coun - sel - or, The mighty Prince of Peace,  
 4. Re - deem - er, Sav - iour, Friend of man, Once ru - ined by the fall,

Who gave his Son for man to die, That he might man re - deem.  
 At God the Fa - ther's own right hand, Where an - gel hosts a - dore.  
 Of all earth's kingdoms con - quer - or, Whose reign shall nev - er cease.  
 Thou hast de - vised sal - va - tion's plan, For thou hast died for all.

CHORUS.

Bless - ed be the name, blessed be the name, Blessed be the name of the Lord;

Bless - ed be the name, blessed be the name, Blessed be the name of the Lord.

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# No. 272.

# I Do Believe.

CHAS. WESLEY.

UNKNOWN.

1. Fa - ther, I stretch my hands to thee, No oth - er help I know;  
 2. What did thine on - ly Son en - dure, Be - fore I drew my breath?  
 3. Au - thor of faith! to thee I lift My wea - ry, long - ing eyes;  
 4. How would my faint - ing' soul re - joice Could I but see thy face!

CRO.—I do be - lieve, I now be - lieve, That Je - sus died for me,

D. C. Chorus.

If thou with - draw thy - self from me, Ah, whith - er shall I go?  
 What pain, what la - bor to se - cure My soul from end - less death!  
 O may I' now re - ceive that gift! My soul with - out it dies.  
 Now let me hear thy quick'ning voice, And taste thy par - d'ning grace.

And thro' his blood, his pre - cious blood, I shall from sin be free.



# No. 273.

# Whiter than Snow.

JAMES NICHOLSON

Wm. G. FISCHER.

1. Lord Je-sus, I long to be per-fect-ly whole; I want thee for-ev-er to  
 2. Lord Je-sus, look down from thy throne in the skies, And help me to make a com-  
 3. Lord Je-sus, for this I most humbly en-treat; I wait, blessed Lord, at thy  
 4. Lord Je-sus, thou se-est I pa-tient-ly wait: Come now, and within me a

live in my soul; Break down ev-'ry i-dol, cast out ev-'ry foe; Now  
 plete sac-ri-fice; I give up my-self, and what-ev-er I know: Now  
 cru-ci-fied feet, By faith, for my cleansing, I see thy blood flow; Now  
 new heart cre-ate; To those who have sought thee, thou never said'st "No," Now

### CHORUS.

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

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

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# No. 274. Holy Ghost, with Light Divine.

REV. ANDREW REED.

Last Hope. 7s.

L. M. GOTTSCHALK.

1. Ho-ly Ghost, with light di-vine, Shine up-on this heart of mine;  
 2. Ho-ly Ghost, with pow'r di-vine, Cleanse this guilt-y heart of mine;  
 3. Ho-ly Ghost, with joy di-vine, Cheer this sad-den'd heart of mine;  
 4. Ho-ly Spir-it, all di-vine, Dwell with-in this heart of mine;

Chase the shades of night a-way, Turn my dark-ness in-to day.  
 Long hath sin, with-out con-trol, Held do-min-ion o'er my soul.  
 Bid my ma-ny woes de-part, Heal my wound-ed, bleeding heart.  
 Cast down ev-'ry i-dol-throne, Reign su-preme—and reign a-lone.



# No. 275.

# Thy Will is Mine!

ELTA M. LEWIS.

"What'er It Be."

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. I take my por-tion from thy hand, And do not seek to un-der-stand;  
 2. When darkness doth thy face ob-scure, And ma-n-y sor-rows I en-dure;  
 3. When ten-der joys to me are known, I ren-der thanks to thee a-lone;  
 4. Thus calm-ly do I face my lot, Ac-cept it, Lord, and doubt thee not;

CHO.—What'er it be! what'er it be! I do not fear, what-e'er it be;

*D. C. Chorus.*  
 For I am blind, while thou dost see; Thy will is mine, what-e'er it be.  
 I think of Christ's Geth-sem-a-ne; Thy will is mine, what-e'er it be.  
 I know my cup is filled by thee; Thy will is mine, what-e'er it be.  
 Lo! all things work for good to me; Thy will is mine, what-e'er it be.

Thy love di-vine sus-tain-eth me; Thy will is mine, what-e'er it be.

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# No. 276.

# God is Faithful.

E. E. HEWITT.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. God is faith-ful, ev-er faith-ful; He will sure-ly keep his word;  
 2. God is faith-ful; he will do it; Not my own weak heart I trust;  
 3. God is faith-ful; this my ref-uge When the storms of tri-al rise;  
 4. God is faith-ful; he will make me More than conqueror in the strife;

*FINE.*  
 To the ut-ter-most ful-fill-ing Ev-'ry prom-ise I have heard.  
 But his Spir-it dwell-ing in me, Wise and ho-ly, kind and just.  
 Help is com-ing, swift-ly com-ing From the hills be-yond the skies.  
 Yielding whol-ly to his guid-ance, This is bless-ing, this is life!

*D. S.*—God is faith-ful, ev-er faith-ful; He will keep me night and day.

CHORUS.

*D. S.*  
 God is faith-ful, ev-er faith-ful; I will trust him all the way;

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# No. 277. Nearer, My God, to Thee.

SARAH F. ADAMS.

Bethany. 6s, 4s.

DR. LOWELL MASON.

1. Near - er, my God, to thee, Near - er to thee! E'en tho' it be a cross  
 2. Tho' like the wan - der - er, The sun gone down, Dark-ness be o - ver me,  
 3. There let the way ap - pear, Steps un - to heav'n; All that thou send-est me,  
 4. Then, with my wak-ing tho'ts Bright with thy praise, Out of my sto - ny griefs  
 5. Or if, on joy - ful wing, Cleav-ing the sky, Sun, moon, and stars for-got,

*D. S.*—Near - er, my God, to thee,

FINE. *D. S.*

That rais - eth me; Still all my song shall be, Near - er, my God, to thee,  
 My rest a stone, Yet in my dreams I'd be Near - er, my God, to thee,  
 In mer - cy given; An - gels to beek - on me Near - er, my God, to thee,  
 Beth - el I'll raise; So by my woes to be Near - er, my God, to thee,  
 Up - ward I fly, Still all my song shall be Near - er, my God, to thee,

Near - er to thee!

# No. 278. Lead, Kindly Light.

JOHN H. NEWMAN.

Lux Benigna. 10s, 4s.

JOHN B. DYKES.

1. Lead, kindly Light, amid th' encircling gloom, Lead thou me on! The night is  
 2. I was not ev - er thus, nor prayed that thou Shouldst lead me on; I loved to  
 3. So long thy pow'r has blest me, sure it still Will lead me on O'er-moor and

dark, and I am far from home; Lead thou me on! Keep thou my feet; I  
 choose and see my path; but now Lead thou me on! I loved the gar - ish  
 fen, o'er crag and torrent, till The night is gone, And with the morn those

do not ask to see The dis-tant scene; one step e - nough for me.  
 day, and spite of fears Pride ruled my will. Re-mem-ber not past years!  
 an - gel fa - ces smile While I have loved long since, and lost a - while!

# No. 279.

# O Could I Speak.

SAMUEL MEDLEY.

Ariel. C. P. M.

DR. L. MASON.

1. O could I speak the match-less worth, O could I sound the glo-ries forth  
 2. I'd sing the pre-cious blood he spilt, My ransom from the dreadful guilt  
 3. I'd sing the char-ac-ters he bears, And all the forms of love he wears,  
 4. Well, the de-light-ful day will come When my dear Lord will bring me home,

Which in my Saviour shine! I'd soar and touch the heav'nly strings, And vie with  
 Of sin and wrath di-vine; I'd sing his glorious righteousness, In which all  
 Ex - alt-ed on his throne; In loft-iest songs of sweetest praise, I would to  
 And I shall see his face; Then with my Saviour, Brother, Friend, A blest e-

Ga-briel, while he sings, In notes al-most di-vine, In notes al-most di-vine.  
 per-fect, heav'nly dress My soul shall ev-er shine, My soul shall ev-er shine.  
 ev-er-last-ing days Make all his glories known, Make all his glo-ries known.  
 ter-ni-ty I'll spend, Tri-umphant in his grace, Tri-umphant in his grace.

# No. 280.

# Come, Thou Fount.

REV. R. ROBINSON.

Nettleton. 8s, 7s.

JOHN WYETH.  
FINE.

1. { Come, thou Fount of ev-'ry bless-ing, Tune my heart to sing thy grace; }  
 { Streams of mer-ey, nev-er ceas-ing, Call for songs of loud-est praise; }

*D. C.*—Praise the mount—I'm fixed up-on it! Mount of thy re-deem-ing love.

Teach me some mel-o-dious son-net, Sung by flam-ing tongues a-bove;

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

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

# No. 281. Wonderful Words of Life.

P. P. B.

P. P. BLISS.

1. Sing them o - ver a - gain to me, Wonderful words of Life, Let me more of their  
 2. Christ, the blessed One, gives to all Wonderful words of Life; Sin - ner, list to the  
 3. Sweet - ly eeh - o the gos - pel call, Wonderful words of Life, Of - fer pardon and

beau - ty see, Wonderful words of Life. Words of life and beauty, Teach me faith and duty;  
 lov - ing call, Wonderful words of Life. All so free - ly giv - en, Woo - ing us to heav - en.  
 peace to all, Wonderful words of Life. Je - sus, on - ly Saviour, Sanc - ti - fy for - ev - er.

Beau - ti - ful words, wonderful words, Wonderful words of Life, . . . Life.

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# No. 282. Over the Ocean Wave.

MRS. J. W. SAMPSON.

W. B. BRADBURY.

1. O - ver the ocean wave, far, far a - way, There the poor heathen live, waiting for day;

CHO.—Pity them, pity them, Christians at home, Haste with the bread of life, hasten and come.

*D. C. Chorus.*

Groping in ig - norance, dark as the night, No blessed Bi - ble to give them the light;

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2 Here in this happy land we have the light,  
 Shining from God's own word, free, pure,  
 and bright;  
 Shall we not send to them Bibles to read,  
 Teachers, and preachers, and all that they  
 need?

CHO.—Pity them, &c.

3 Then, while the mission ships glad tidings  
 bring,  
 List! as that heathen band joyfully sing,  
 "Over the ocean wave, O, see them come,  
 Bringing the bread of life, guiding us  
 home."

CHO.—Pity them, &c.



# No. 283.

# Jesus is Mine!

MRS. CATHARINE J. BONAR.

T. E. PERKINS.

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

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

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

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# No. 284.

# The Solid Rock.

EDWARD MOTE

WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.

1. My hope is built on nothing less Than Jesus' blood and righteousness; I dare not  
 2. When darkness veils his lovely face, I rest on his unchanging grace; In ev - 'ry  
 3. His oath, his cov - e - nant, his blood, Sup - port me in the whelming flood; When all a -

CHORUS.  
 trust the sweetest frame, But wholly lean on Je - sus' name. }  
 high and stormy gale, My anchor holds with - in the veil. } On Christ, the sol - id  
 round my soul gives way, He then is all my hope and stay. }

rock, I stand; All oth - er ground is sinking sand, All oth - er ground is sinking sand.

By per. Biglow & Main Co., owners.



# No. 285.

# All Hail the Power.

REV. E. PERRONET

Coronation. C. M.

OLIVER HOLDEN.

1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels pros - trate fall;  
 2. Ye chos - en seed of Is - rael's race, Ye ran - somed from the fall,  
 3. Let ev - 'ry kin - dred, ev - 'ry tribe, On this ter - res - trial ball,  
 4. O that with you - der sa - cred throng We at his feet may fall;

Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown him Lord of... all;  
 Hail him who saves you by his grace, And crown him Lord of... all;  
 To him all maj - es - ty as - cribe, And crown him Lord of... all;  
 We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song, And crown him Lord of... all;

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

# No. 286.

# O Worship the King.

ROBERT GRANT.

Lyons. 10, 11.

F. J. HAYDN.

1. O wor - ship the King all glo - rious a - bove, And grate - ful - ly  
 2. Thy boun - ti - ful care what tongue can re - cite? It breathes in the  
 3. Frail chil - dren of dust, and fee - ble as frail, In thee do we

sing his won - der - ful love; Our Shield and De - fen - der, the  
 air, it shines in the light, It streams from the hills, it de -  
 trust, nor find thee to fail; Thy mer - cies how ten - der! how

An - cient of days, Pa - vil - ioned in splen - dor, and gird - ed with praise.  
 scends to the plain, And sweet - ly dis - tills in the dew and the rain.  
 firm to the end, Our Mak - er, De - fen - der, Re - deem - er, and Friend.

# No. 287. We Shall Meet, By and By.

REV. JOH-N ATKINSON.

HUBERT P. MAIN.

1. We shall meet beyond the riv - er, By and by, by and by; And the darkness  
 2. We shall strike the harps of glo - ry, By and by, by and by; We shall sing re -  
 3. We shall see and be like Je - sus, By and by, by and by; Who a crown of  
 4. There our tears shall all cease flowing, By and by, by and by; And with sweetest

shall be o - ver, By and by, by and by; With the toilsome journey done, And the  
 demption's story, By and by, by and by; And the strains forever - more Shall re -  
 life will give us, By and by, by and by; And the an - gels who ful - fil All the  
 rapture knowing, By and by, by and by; All the blest ones, who have gone To the

glo - rious bat - tle won, We shall shine forth as the sun, By and by, by and by.  
 sound in sweetness o'er Yonder ev - er - lasting shore, By and by, by and by.  
 mandates of his will Shall attend, and love us still, By and by, by and by.  
 land of life and song, We with shoutings shall rejoice, By and by, by and by.

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# No. 288. From Greenland's Icy Mountains.

REGINALD HEBER, D. D.

Missionary Hymn. 7s, 6s. D.

LOWELL MASON.

1. From Greenland's icy mountains, From India's cor-al strand, Where Afric's sun-ny  
 2. What tho' the spi - cy breez - es Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle, Tho' ev - 'ry prospect  
 3. Shall we, whose souls are lighted By wisdom from on high, Shall we to men be -  
 4. Waft, waft, ye winds, his sto - ry, And you, ye wa - ters, roll, Till, like a sea of

fount - ains Roll down their golden sand; From many an ancient riv - er, From many a  
 pleas - es, And on - ly man is vile? In vain, with lavish kindness, The gifts of  
 night - ed The lamp of life de - ny? Sal - va - tion! O sal - va - tion! The joy - ful  
 glo - ry, It spreads from pole to pole; Till o'er our ransom'd na - ture, The Lamb, for

# From Greenland's Icy Mountains.—Concluded.

palm-y plain, They call us to de-liv-er Their land from er-ror's chain.  
 God are strown: The heathen, in his blind-ness, Bows down to wood and stone.  
 sound pro-claim, Till earth's remot-est na-tion Has learned Messi-ah's name.  
 sin-ners slain, Re-deemer, King, Cre-a-tor, In bliss re-turns to reign!

## No. 289. The Son of God Goes Forth.

REGINALD HEBER, D. D.

HENRY S. CUTLER.

1. The Son of God goes forth to war, A king-ly crown to gain;
2. The mar-tyr first, whose ea-gle eye Could pierce be-yond the grave,
3. A glo-ri-ous band, the chos-en few On whom the Spir-it came,
4. A no-ble ar-my,—men and boys, The ma-tron and the maid;

His blood-red ban-ner streams a-far: Who fol-lows in his train?  
 Who saw his Mas-ter in the sky, And called on him to save;  
 Twelve val-iant saints, their hope they knew, And mocked the cross and flame;  
 A-round the Sav-iour's throne re-joice, In robes of light ar-rayed:

Who best can drink his cup of woe, Tri-umph-ant o-ver pain;  
 Like him, with par-don on his tongue In midst of mor-tal pain,  
 They met the ty-rant's brandished steel, The li-on's go-ry mane;  
 They climbed the steep as-cent of heav'n Thro' per-il, toil, and pain:

Who pa-tient bears his cross be-low,—He fol-lows in his train.  
 He prayed for them that did the wrong: Who fol-lows in his train?  
 They bowed their necks the death to feel; Who fol-lows in their train?  
 O God, to us may grace be giv'n To fol-low in their train.

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# No. 290. Onward, Christian Soldiers.

S. B. GOULD

ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN.

1. On-ward, Christian sol - diers! Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus  
 2. Like a might-y ar - my Moves the Church of God; Brothers, we are tread-ING  
 3. Crowns and thrones may perish, Kingdoms rise and wane, But the Church of Je-sus  
 4. On-ward, then, ye peo - ple! Join our hap-py throng, Blend with ours your voices

Go - ing on be - fore; Christ, the roy - al Mas - ter, Leads a - gainst the foe;  
 Where the saints have trod; We are not di - vi - ded, All one bod - y we,  
 Con-stant will re - main; Gates of hell can nev - er, 'Gainst that Church prevail;  
 In the triumph-song; Glo - ry, laud and hon - or Un - to Christ the King;

CHORUS.  
 For-ward in - to bat - tle, See, his ban-ners go!  
 One in hope and doc - trine, One in char - i - ty.  
 We have Christ's own promise, And that can not fail.  
 This thro' countless a - ges Men and an - gels sing. } Onward, Christian sol - diers!

Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore.

# No. 291. Work, for the Night is Coming.

SIDNEY DYER.

LOWELL MASON.

1. { Work, for the night is coming, Work thro' the morning hours; }  
 { Work, while the dew is sparkling, (Omit. ....) } Work 'mid springing flow'rs.

D.C.—Work, for the night is com-ing, (Omit. ....) When man's work is done.

Work, when the day grows bright - er, Work in the glow - ing sun;

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

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



# No. 292.

# Stand Up for Jesus.

G. DUFFIELD, D. D.

Webb. 7s, 6s. D.

G. J. WEBB.

1. Stand up!—stand up for Jesus! Ye soldiers of the cross; Lift high his royal ban-ner,

*D. S.*—Till ev'-ry foe is vanquished,

*FINE.*  
It must not suffer loss: From vic-t'ry un-to vic-t'ry His army shall he lead,

And Christ is Lord indeed.

2 Stand up!—stand up for Jesus!  
Stand in his strength alone;  
The arm of flesh will fail you;  
Ye dare not trust your own;  
Put on the gospel armor,  
And, watching unto prayer,  
Where duty calls or danger,  
Be never wanting there.

4 Stand up!—stand up for Jesus!  
The strife will not be long;  
This day, the noise of battle,  
The next, the victor's song:  
To him that overcometh,  
A crown of life shall be;  
He with the King of glory  
Shall reign eternally.

# No. 293.

# The Morning Light.

S. F. SMITH.

TUNE,—WEBB. 7s, 6s. D.

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

2 Rich dews of grace come o'er us  
In many a gentle shower,  
And brighter scenes before us  
Are opening every hour:

Each cry, to heaven going,  
Abundant answers brings,  
And heavenly gales are blowing,  
With peace upon their wings.

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

# No. 294.

# Zion. 8s, 7s, 4.

REV. THOMAS KELLY.

DR. THOMAS HASTINGS.

1. { Zion stands with hills surrounded,—Zi-on, kept by pow'r di-vine; } Happy Zi-on,  
{ All her foes shall be confounded, Tho' the world in arms combine; }

What a favored lot is thine! Hap-py Zi-on, What a favored lot is thine!

2 Every human tie may perish;  
Friend to friend unfaithful prove;  
Mothers cease their own to cherish;  
Heaven and earth at last remove;  
But no changes  
Can attend Jehovah's love.

3 In the furnace God may prove thee,  
Thence to bring thee forth more bright,  
But can never cease to love thee:  
Thou art precious in his sight:  
God is with thee,  
God, thine everlasting light.



# No. 295. My Faith Looks Up to Thee.

RAY PALMER.

Olivet. 6s, 4s.

LOWELL MASON.

1. My faith looks up to thee, Thou Lamb of Calva-ry, Saviour di-vine; Now hear me  
2. May thy rich grace impart Strength to my fainting heart, My zeal inspire! As thou hast

while I pray, Take all my guilt a-way, O let me from this day Be whol-ly thine!  
died for me, O may my love to thee Pure, warm, and changeless be, A living fire!

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. 296. My Country! 'Tis of Thee.

S. F. SMITH, D. D.

America. 6s, 4s.

AD. HENRY CAREY.

1. My country! 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib-er-ty, Of thee I sing; Land where my  
2. My native country, thee, Land of the no-ble, free, Thyname I love; I love thy

fathers died! Land of the Pilgrims' pride! From ev'ry mountain side, Let freedom ring.  
rocks and rills, Thy woods and templed hills; My heart with rapture thrills, Like that above.

3 Let music swell the breeze,  
And ring from all the trees  
Sweet freedom's song;  
Let mortal tongues awake;  
Let all that breathe partake;  
Let rocks their silence break,  
The sound prolong.

4 Our fathers' God! to thee,  
Author of liberty,  
To thee we sing;  
Long may our land be bright  
With freedom's holy light;  
Protect us by thy might,  
Great God, our King!

# No. 297. Come, Thou Almighty King.

CHARLES WESLEY.

Italian Hymn. 6s, 4s.

FELICE GIARDINI.

1. Come, thou al-might-y King, Help us thy name to sing, Help us to praise; Father all-  
2. Come, thou incarnate Word, Gird on thy mighty sword, Our pray'r attend; Come and thy  
3. Come, ho-ly Com-fort-er, Thy sacred wit-ness bear In this glad hour: Thou who al-  
4. To the great One in Three, The highest prais-es be, Hence evermore! His sov'reign

# Come, Thou Almighty King.—Concluded.

glo - ri - ous, O'er all vic - to - ri - ous, Come, and reign o - ver us, An - cient of Days,  
 peo - ple bless, And give thy word success: Spir - it of ho - li - ness, On us de - scend!  
 mighty art, Now rule in ev - 'ry heart, And ne'er from us depart, Spir - it of pow'r!  
 ma - jes - ty May we in glo - ry see, And to e - ter - ni - ty Love and a - dore.

## No. 298. Happy Day.

P. DODDRIDGE.

E. F. RIMBAULT.

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

day, happy day, When Jesus wash'd my sins away! { He taught me how to watch and pray. }  
 { And live re - joic - ing ev - 'ry day. }

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

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

## No. 299. Revive Us Again.

Wm. P. MACKAY.

J. J. HUSBAND.

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

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

- 2 We praise thee, O God! for thy Spirit of light,  
 Who has shown us our Saviour, and scattered our night.
- 3 All glory and praise to the Lamb that was slain,  
 Who has borne all our sins, and has cleansed every stain.
- 4 All glory and praise to the God of all grace,  
 Who has bought us, and sought us, and guided our ways.
- 5 Revive us again; fill each heart with thy love;  
 May each soul be rekindled with fire from above.

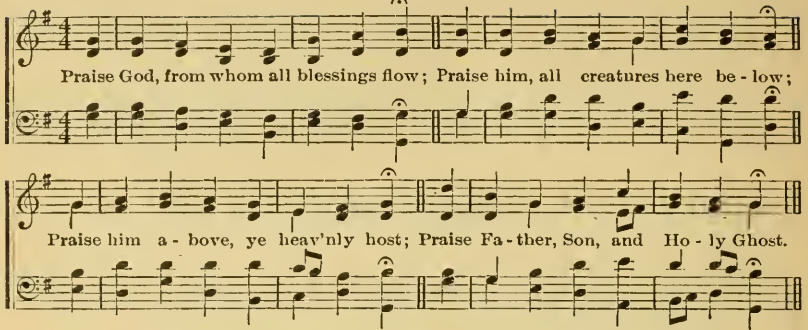
# No. 300.

THOS. KEN.

# Doxology.

Old Hundred. L. M.

LOUIS BOURGEOIS.

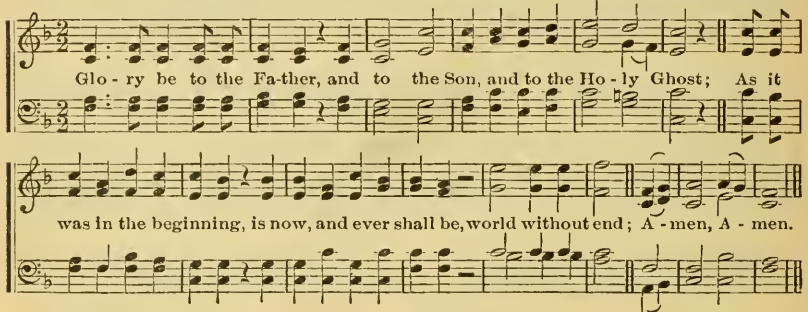


Praise God, from whom all blessings flow; Praise him, all creatures here be-low;

Praise him a-bove, ye heav'nly host; Praise Fa-ther, Son, and Ho-ly Ghost.

# No. 301. Gloria Patri. No. 1.

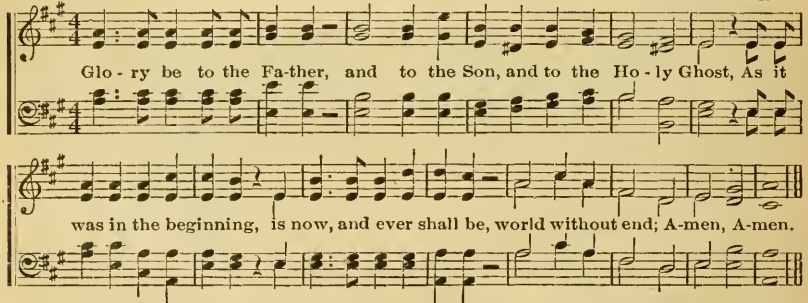
HENRY W. GREATOREX.



Glo-ry be to the Fa-ther, and to the Son, and to the Ho-ly Ghost; As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end; A-men, A-men.

# No. 302. Gloria Patri. No. 2.

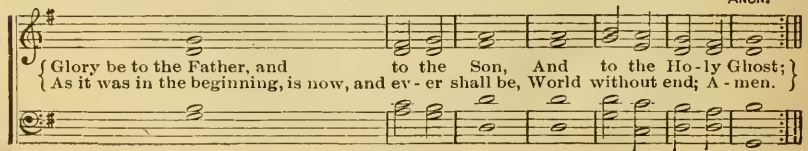
CHARLES MEINEKE.



Glo-ry be to the Fa-ther, and to the Son, and to the Ho-ly Ghost, As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end; A-men, A-men.

# No. 303. Gloria Patri. No. 3.

ANON.



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

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