

A decorative laurel wreath with leaves and berries arches over the title.

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BY
E. O. EXCELL

NO. 4

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- | | |
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| <ul style="list-style-type: none"> "Redeeming Love." "Under the Cross." "I am Going Home." (Tune, Suwannee River.) "The Vows of God are on You." (Christian Endeavor Song.) "That Beautiful Stream." "Rejoice, Rejoice, the Lost is Found." "We'll Meet in the Morning." | <ul style="list-style-type: none"> "Follow All the Way." Responsive Service, "Follow All the Way." Nos. 210, 211. "We'll be Gathered Home." Responsive Service, "We'll be Gathered Home." Nos. 237, 238. "Let the Little Ones Come." Responsive Service, "Let the Little Ones Come." Nos. 243, 244, 245. |
|---|--|

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- | | |
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| <ul style="list-style-type: none"> "The Golden Shore." "My Resting Place." "All the Day Long." "Scatter Sunshine." "The Great Redeemer Lives." "Throw Out the Life Line." "Heaven's Gates Will Open Wide." "Pardon is Waiting for Thee." | <ul style="list-style-type: none"> "God is Calling Thee." "Pilot Me." "The Way of the Cross." "He is Just the Same To-day." "Holy Spirit, Faithful Guide." Responsive Service, "Holy Spirit." "Savior, Like a Shepherd." Responsive Service, "The Shepherd." |
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| <ul style="list-style-type: none"> "We Shall Stand Before the King." "Jesus, Lover of My Soul." "He is Able to Deliver Thee." "Blest be the Tie That Binds." "When We Gather." "Seeds of Promise." "The Bible." "Blessed be the Fountain." | <ul style="list-style-type: none"> "As Thy Days Thy Strength Shall Be." "Sinners Turn, Why Will Ye Die?" "In the Shadow of His Wings." "Jesus is Calling." "Blessed Assurance." "Lend a Hand." Responsive Service, "Lend a Hand." Nos. 431 and 432. |
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SOMETHING SELDOM EVER READ.

TRIUMPHANT SONGS

SUNG THE WORLD OVER.



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Triumphant Songs, No. 4.

No. 1. Tell of His Love.

(To C. E. Reese.)

E. E. HEWITT.

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E. O. EXCELL.

1. Je-sus came from heav'n for me, Tell of His love, won-der-ful love,
2. Scorn'd, reject-ed, cru-ci-fied, Tell of His love, won-der-ful love,
3. Ris'n from the ac-curs-ed grave, Tell of His love, won-der-ful love,
4. All your burdens He will bear, Tell of His love, won-der-ful love,

Came from sin to set me free, Tell of His won-der-ful love.
'Twas for you and me He died, Tell of His won-der-ful love.
Sin-ners still He seeks to save, Tell of His won-der-ful love.
He will hear your humble pray'r, Tell of His won-der-ful love.

CHORUS.

Love, love, Tell of His won-der-ful love,
Love, love, won-der-ful love, won-der-ful love,

Love, love, Tell of His won-der-ful love,
Love, love, won-der-ful love,

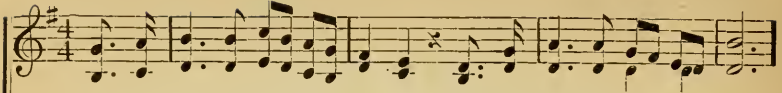
No. 2.

Lord. For-give!

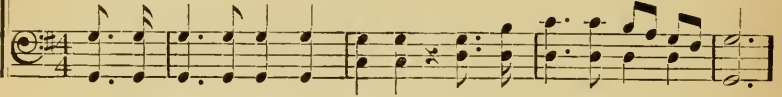
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Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.



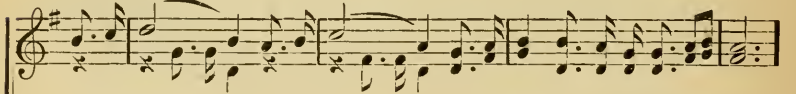
1. "Ho-ly Fa-ther, free-ly par-don," Is our earnest plea to-day;
2. Mem-o-ries a-round us gath-er Of the time we left Thy side,
3. Tho'ts of un-done du-ties meet us, Tho'ts of words we might have said,
4. So we kneel, Thy con-trite children, Kneel and ear-nest-ly en-treat



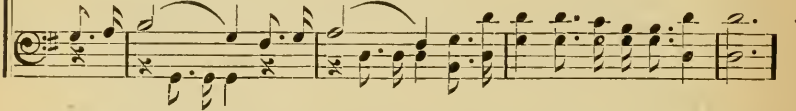
"Oh, for-give Thy sin-ful children, Ere this hour shall pass a-way!"
 Chasing vis-ion-a-ry pleas-ure, Wan-der-ing from Thee, our Guide.
 Op-por-tu-ni-ties neg-lect-ed, Now, a-las! for-ev-er fled.
 That our sins may be for-giv-en; As we press the mer-cy seat.



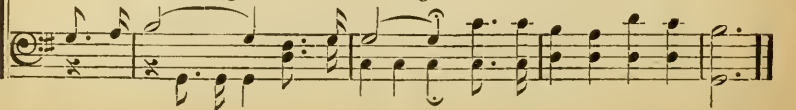
CHORUS.



O for-give, O for-give, Grant us peace and forgiveness to-day;
 Lord, forgive! Lord, forgive!



O for-give, O for-give, Ere this hour shall pass a-way.
 Lord, forgive! for-give!



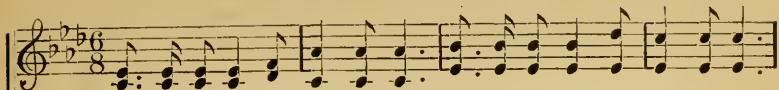
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More About Jesus.

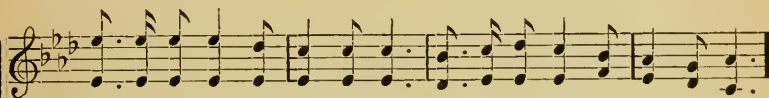
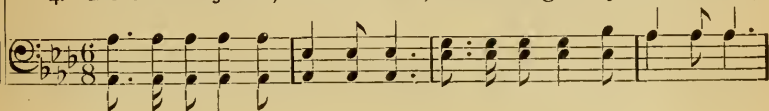
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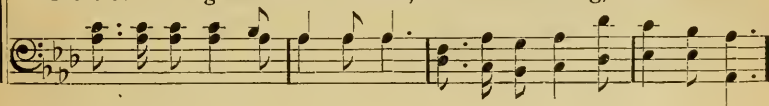
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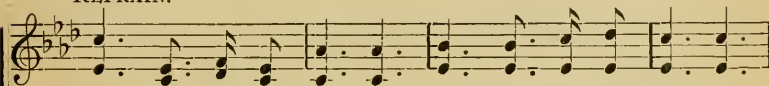
1. More about Je-sus would I know, More of his grace to oth-ers show;
2. More about Je-sus let me learn, More of his ho - ly will dis-cern;
3. More about Je-sus; in his word, Holding communion with my Lord;
4. More about Je-sus; on his throne, Riches in glo - ry all his own;



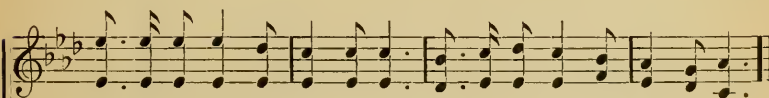
More of his sav-ing full-ness see, More of his love who died for me.
 Spir - it of God, my teach-er be, Showing the things of Christ to me.
 Hearing his voice in ev - 'ry line, Making each faith-ful say-ing mine.
 More of his kingdom's sure increase; More of his coming, Prince of Peace.



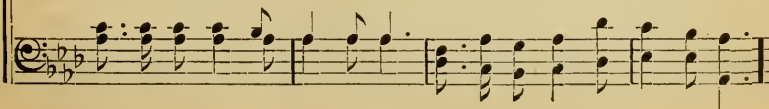
REFRAIN.



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



More of his sav - ing full-ness see, More of his love who died for me.



No. 4.

Scatter Sunshine.

LANTA WILSON SMITH.

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E. O. EXCELL.

1. In a world where sorrow Ev - er will be known, Where are found the
2. Slight - est ac - tions oft - en Meet the sor - est needs, For the world wants
3. When the days are gloomy, Sing some happy song, Meet the world's re-

need - y, And the sad and lone; How much joy and com - fort
 dai - ly, Lit - tle kind - ly deeds; Oh, what care and sor - row,
 pin - ing, With a cour - age strong; Go with faith un - daunt - ed,

You can all be - stow, If you scat - ter sunshine Ev - 'ry - where you go.
 You may help remove, With your songs and courage, Sympathy and love.
 Thro' the ills of life, Scatter smiles and sunshine, O'er its toil and strife,

CHORUS.

Scat - ter sun - shine all a - long your way, Cheer and bless and
 Scatter the smiles and o - ver the way,

brighten Ev - 'ry pass - ing day, Ev - 'ry pass - ing day.

No. 5. I Love to Sing About Jesus.

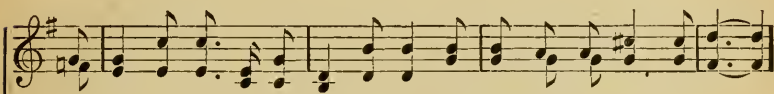
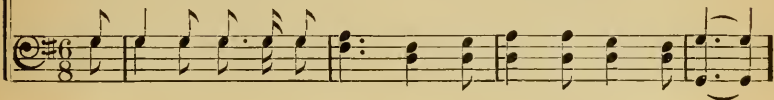
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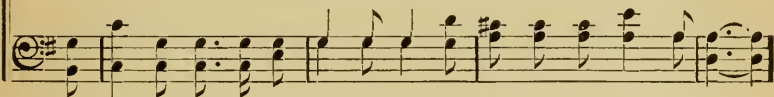
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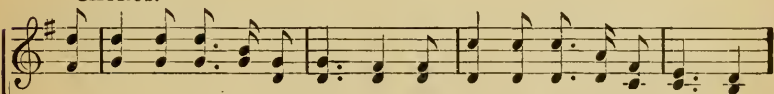
1. I love to sing a-bout Je - sus, When all are glad and gay;
2. I love to sing a-bout Je - sus, When sor-row clouds the day;
3. I love to sing a-bout Je - sus, It keeps my heart from sin;
4. I love to sing a-bout Je - sus, 'Tis all that I can do;



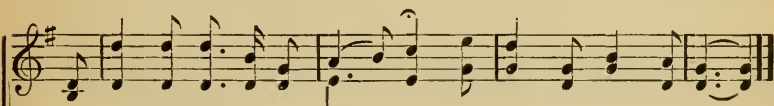
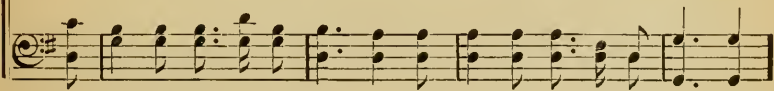
The heart sings out with a joy-ful shout The words that we long to say.
I know some song of His ten-der love Will scat-ter the clouds a - way.
For when it's full of my Savior's praise, No e - vil can dwell therein.
And if I faith-ful-ly sing His praise, Some others may love Him too.



CHORUS.



I love to sing a-bout Je - sus, I love to sing a-bout Je - sus,



I love to sing a-bout Je - sus, Be-cause He died for me.



No. 6.

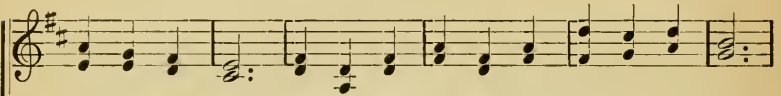
Jesus for Me.

W. J. K.

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1. Je - sus, my Sav-ior, is all things to me, Oh, what a won-der-ful
2. Je - sus in sickness, and Je - sus in health, Je - sus in pov - er - ty,
3. He is my Refuge, my Rock, and my Tower, He is my Fortress, my
4. He is my Prophet, my Priest and my King, He is my Bread of Life,
5. Je - sus in sor-row, in joy, or in pain, Je - sus my Treasure in



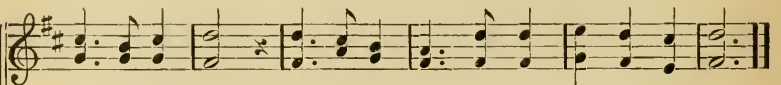
Sav-ior is He: Guid-ing, pro - tect-ing, o'er life's roll-ing sea,
 com-fort or wealth; Sun-shine or tem-pest, what-ev - er it be,
 Strength and my pow'r; Life Ev - er - last - ing, my Day's man is He,
 Fountain and Spring; Bright Sun of Righteousness, Day-star is He,
 loss or in gain; Con-stant Companion wher - e'er I may be,



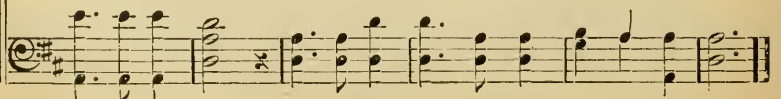
CHORUS.



Might-y De - liv - 'rer— Je - sus for me. Je - sus for me,
 He is my safe - ty;— Je - sus for me.
 Bless-ed Re - deem-er— Je - sus for me.
 Horn of Sal - va - tion— Je - sus for me.
 Liv-ing or dy - ing— Je - sus for me.



Je - sus for me, All the time, ev - 'ry-where, Je - sus for me.



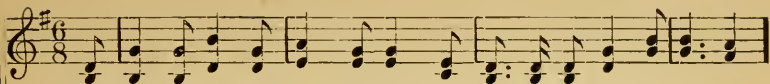
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More Like Jesus.

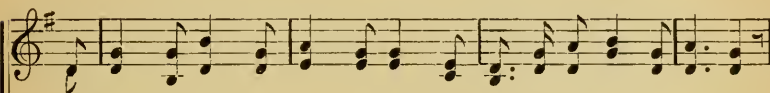
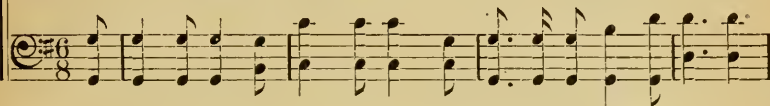
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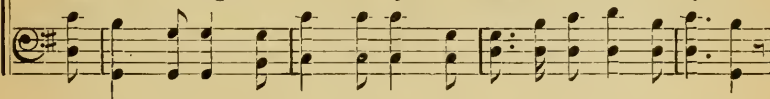
GEORGE H. CROSBY.



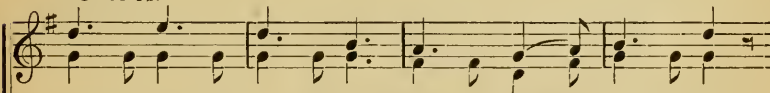
1. Thro' all the changing scenes of life, I want to be more like Je-sus!
2. As from His word I dai - ly read, I want to be more like Je-sus!
3. When crosses weigh my spir-it down, I want to be more like Je-sus!
4. When by temptations tossed a-bout, I want to be more like Je-sus!
5. While I can sing, my song shall be: I want to be more like Je-sus!



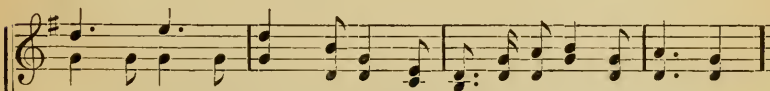
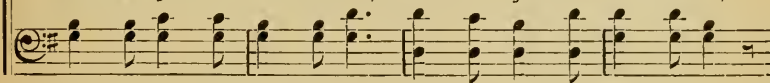
In strength or weakness, peace or strife, I want to be more like Je-sus!
 For grace and pa-tience is my need, I want to be more like Je-sus!
 And when, by faith, I view my crown, I want to be more like Je-sus!
 When sink-ing in the sea of doubt, I want to be more like Je-sus!
 And thro' a long e - ter - ni - ty, I want to be more like Je-sus!



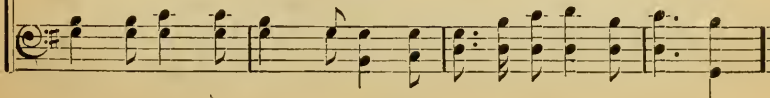
CHORUS.



More like Je - sus, more like Je - sus
 More like Je - sus I would be, more like Je - sus I would be,



all a - long the way, I want to be more like Je - sus.
 Day by day a - long the way;



No. 8. Tell it Far and Wide.

MARY A. CROCKER.

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WM. A. MAY.

1. Tell it! let the peo-ple hear it, "Je-sus saves from sin!" Let the
 2. Tell it to the lone and wea-ry, To the blithe and gay; To the
 3. Free the mer-cy, full the par-don, Je-sus died to give! Sweet the

breezes bear the mes-sage, "Je-sus makes men clean; Je - sus shed His
 a - ged with their burdens, To the child at play. "There is full and
 welcome that the sin - ner Sure - ly will re - ceive. Weary, weak and

blood to save us!" Tell it far and wide, "In no oth - er is re-demp-tion
 free sal-va-tion!" Hear the blessed word, "There is mercy and true healing
 heav - y la - den, Come to Him to - day, Let the cleansing blood of Jesus,

REFRAIN.

Save the cru - ci - fied!" Tell it far and wide, Tell it far and wide, "In no
 In Christ's precious blood!"
 Wash your sins a - way.

oth - er is redemption, Save the Cru - ci - fied; Save the Cru - ci - fied!"

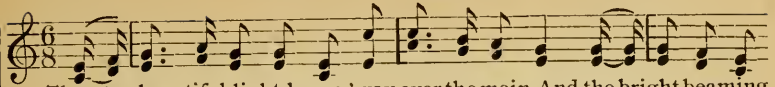
No. 9.

Steer for the Light.

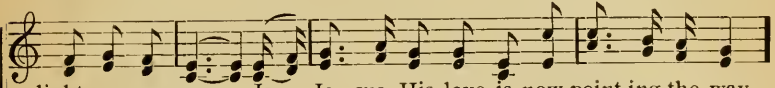
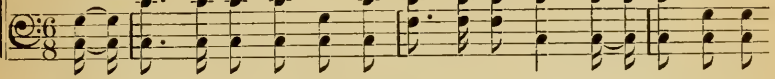
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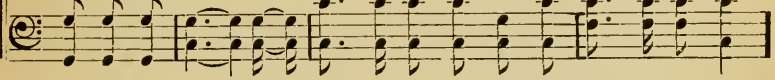
JAMES McGRANAHAN.



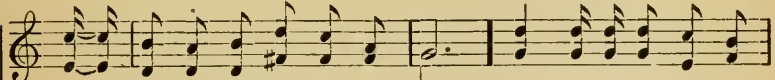
1. There's a beautiful light-house 'way over the main, And the bright beaming
2. O'er the beau-ti-ful riv-er with wa-ters so deep, Bright an-gels are
3. See, there from its height waves the banner of love, All stud-ded with
4. For that ha-ven of rest, wea-ry sail-or now steer, Or per-ish on



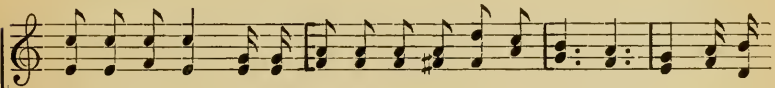
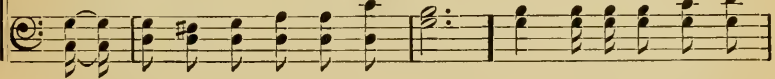
light you now see Is Je-sus, His love is now point-ing the way,
 watch-ing the shore, The light-house stands firm and the storms never sweep,
 stars bright and free, And the echo comes, list! I've been saved from the wreck,
 life's storm-y sea, Fix your eyes on that light and His voice you shall hear,



CHORUS.



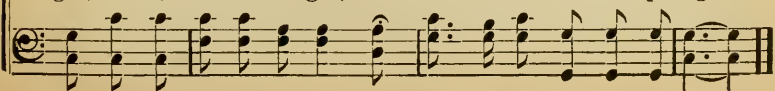
Come, sail-or, He's waiting for thee. Steer for the light, sail-or,
 For Je-sus has en-tered be-fore.
 By the light that's now beaming for thee.
 "Come, sail-or, I'm wait-ing for thee."



steer for the light, To the oar bravely bend and be bold; O steer for the



light, sail-or, steer for the light, That beams from the shores of pure gold.



No. 10.

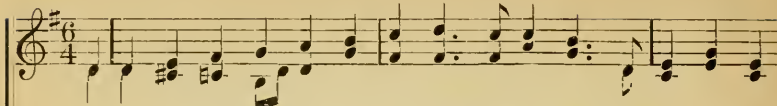
I Cannot Tell Why.

Rev. JOHN McPHAIL.

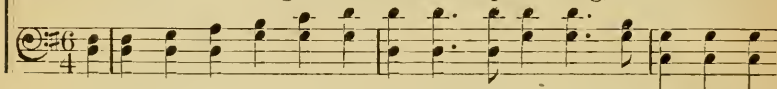
COPYRIGHT, 1890, BY M. L. McPHAIL, USED BY PER.

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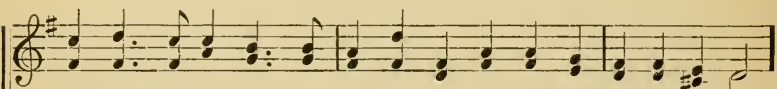
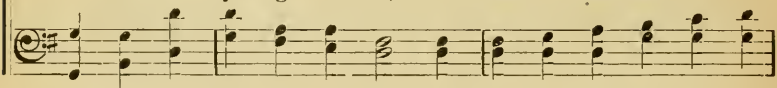
M. L. McPHAIL.



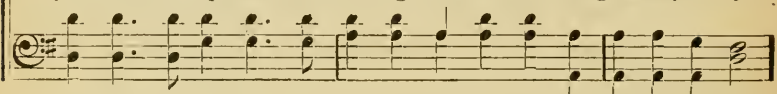
1. I can - not tell why the dear Sav-ior should love me, Or why He should
2. And when I con-sid-er the great con - de-scen-sion, The an-guish en-
3. I look up - on Je - sus sur-round-ed by sin - ners, I look up - on
4. I won-der if an-gels can tell the deep mean-ing, Of love so un-



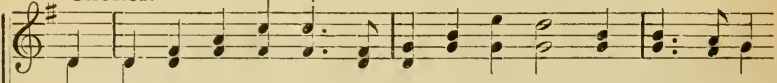
come from His throne in the sky; I can - not tell why He should
 dured in the gar - den at night; His sor - row - ful heart and the
 Him as He hangs on the tree; I hear the pe - ti - tion, "Oh,
 sel - fish—His dy - ing for me; Or does it not reach far be-



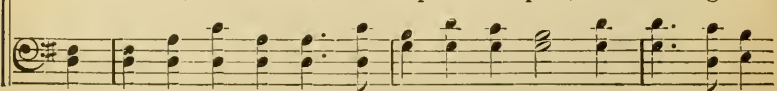
suf - fer to save me,—A sin - ner un - wor - thy and helpless as I.
 cup of de - ri - sion, I stand in a - maze - ment to wit - ness the sight.
 Fa - ther, for - give them, Forgive them for all they have done unto me."
 yond all con - cep - tion, Re - main - ing, for - ev - er, the great mys - ter - y.



CHORUS.



He loves me, I know it, tho' help-less and poor, For noth-ing is



I Cannot Tell Why. Concluded.

plain - er to me, I am sure; But why He should love me to

suf - fer and die, I an - swer, I know not, I can - not tell why.

No. II. Come, Ye Disconsolate.

THOMAS MOORE.

SAMUEL WEBBE.

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

mer - cy - seat, fer - vent - ly kneel; Here bring your wounded hearts,
pen - i - tent, fade - less and pure, Here speaks the Com - fort - er,
throne of God, pure from a - bove; Come to the feast of love;

here tell your an - guish; Earth has no sorrow that heav'n cannot heal.
ten - der - ly say - ing, "Earth has no sorrow that heav'n cannot cure."
come, ev - er knowing Earth has no sorrow but heav'n can remove.

No. 12.

Follow all the Way.

W. A. O

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W. A. OGDEN.

1. Oh, I love to think of Je - sus, As He journey'd to and fro,
 2. Oh, I love to think of Je - sus, And His prais-es I would tell,
 3. Oh, I love to think of Je - sus, As He walk'd up-on the wave,

O'er the bar - ren hills of Ju - dah, In the a - ges long a - go,
 How He gave the liv - ing wa - ter To the wom-an at the well,
 How the el - e-ments obeyed Him, When the mighty word He gave,

How He heal'd the wayside beggar, How He made the lep-er whole,
 How He filled the emp-ty ves-sels, At the marriage feast that day,
 Speak the word now to my spir - it, Lord, thy bless-ed peace be still;

How in love He lit the al - tar, On the sin po - lu - ted soul.
 How He spake the word of comfort To the poor who throng'd this way.
 I would fol-low where Thou leadest, I would mag-ni - fy Thy will.

CHORUS.

I will fol - low where He lead - - eth, I will
 I will fol-low where He lead-eth fol-low-where He leadeth,

Follow all the Way. Concluded.

past - - ure where He feed - eth, I will follow, follow,
Pasture where He feedeth, pasture where He feedeth,

fol-low all the way, I will fol - low Je - sus ev - 'ry day.
fol - low, fol - low,

No. 13. God is Love.

CHAS. WESLEY.

J. STEVENSON.

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

REFRAIN. *Faster.*

Smoothly.

Repeat pp.

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

4 Kindled His relentings are;
Me He now delights to spare;
Cries, "How shall I give thee up?"—
Lets the lifted thunder drop.

5 There for me the Savior stands;
Shows His wounds and spreads His
God is love, I know, I feel; [hands;
Jesus weeps and loves me still.

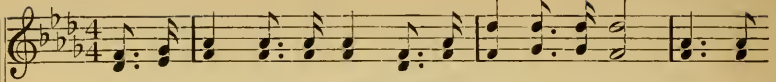
No. 14.

Glory! Jesus Saves.

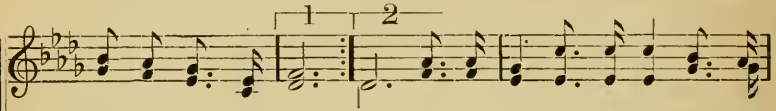
F. M. D

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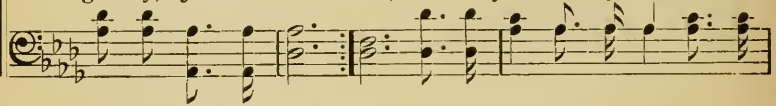
FRANK M. DAVIS.



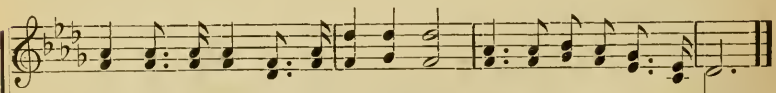
1. { I have bathed in the fount for the cleansing of sin, Glo - ry,
I have found sweet re - lief and a joy with - in, Glo - ry,
2. { I am ful - ly redeem'd by the blood of the lamb, Glo - ry,
I will wit - ness for Je - sus wher - ev - er I am; Glo - ry,
3. { At the cross of my Sav - ior I first found the light, Glo - ry,
I was blind but 'twas there I re - ceived my sight; Glo - ry,



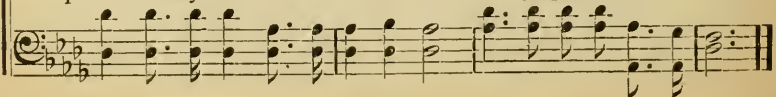
glo - ry, Je - sus saves; }
glo - ry, Je - sus } saves; Oh, that won - der - ful fount - ain of
glo - ry, Je - sus saves; }
glo - ry, Je - sus } saves; By His won - der - ful grace and His
glo - ry, Je - sus saves, }
glo - ry, Je - sus } saves; I re - joice that by faith I in



mer - cy free, Flow - ing so sweet - ly from Cal - va - ry, Now the
pow'r di - vine, Je - sus has chang'd this poor heart of mine, Now with
Him a - bide, Je - sus, my Lord, the once cru - ci - fied, With His



soul cleansing pow'r reaches e - ven me, Glo - ry, glo - ry, Je - sus saves.
joy I can say I am whol - ly Thine, Glo - ry, glo - ry, Je - sus saves.
peace in my soul I am sat - is - fied, Glo - ry, glo - ry, Je - sus saves.



No. 17.

Be Thou My Guide.

IDA L. REED.

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CHAS. EDW. PRIOR.

DUET. *Andante.*

1. Be Thou my Guide, dear Lord, I pray, Walk Thou beside me all the way;
 2. Be Thou my Guide where'er I go, What-e'er betide me here be-low;
 3. Be Thou my Guide, my all in all, My faithful friend whate'er be-fall;

Life's rugged path will joy-ful be If Thou but walk there-in with me.
 Keep Thou my steps within the way That leads me on to end-less day.
 I will not fear or troub-led be While Thou art near to com-fort me.

CHORUS.

Be Thou my Guide wher-e'er I stray; Walk Thou be-side me

all the way, all the way; Walk Thou be-side me, Walk Thou be-

side me, Walk Thou be-side me all the way, all the way. *rit.*

No. 18.

Snow Flakes.

Mrs. IDA M. BUDD.

COPYRIGHT, 1894, BY E. O. EXCELL.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Ti - ny lit - tle snow-flakes, Sailing thro' the air, Where can you be
 2. Bus - y little snowflakes, Now your work I've found, Weaving soft white
 3. Hap - py lit - tle snow-flakes, Turning work to play, I have learn'd a

go-ing? Will you tell me where? From your cloudland harbor, Downward
 car-pet For the cold, hard ground; Folding all the wheat fields In your
 les - son, Watching you to - day; If I do my du - ty Faith-ful-

drifting slow, Like a fleet of fair - y sails, On and on you go.
 blankets deep, Keeping them all safe and warm, For their win-ter sleep.
 ly and true, Work will seem like play, and I Shall be glad as you.

CHORUS.

Mer-ry little snowflakes How you dance and play, Just like happy chil-dren
 Rushing fast and fast-er, Skipping here and there; (*Omit.*)

On a hol - i - day, Have you a - ny work to do In the wint'ry air?

No. 19. Will You Meet Me Over Yonder?

E. A. H.

COPYRIGHT, 1894, BY E. O. EXCELL.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.

1. I jour - ney to the bet - ter land, The New Je - ru - sa - lem,
2. Oh, meet me on that far - ther shore, A - mid the saved and blest,
3. Di - rect your feet t'ward heaven's gate, Nor leave the nar - row way,

To wel - come from my Sav - ior's hand, A roy - al di - a - dem.
There sin and sor - row come no more, And all have per - fect rest!
Till safe with those who for thee wait In yon - der realms of day.

CHORUS.

Will you meet me o - ver yon - der in the New Je - ru - sa - lem, Where the

faith - ful will be rob'd in spot - less white, And wear with Christ's re -

deem'd ones the roy - al di - a - dem O - ver yon - der in the pal - a - ces of light?

No. 20. Walking in the Light.

E. A. PECK.

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E. O. EXCELL.

1. Je - sus, Thou art the "Liv-ing Way" In Thee I can - not
2. Je - sus, the bless-ed "Truth" Thou art, Im-plant this truth deep
3. Thou art "The Door"—the "Only Way" That leads me up to
4. Thou art "The Light," bid darkness flee, For in Thy light, true

go a - stray; Walk-ing in the beau - ti - ful Light of God;
 in my heart; Walk-ing in the beau - ti - ful Light of God;
 end-less day, Walk-ing in the beau - ti - ful Light of God;
 light I see, Walk-ing in the beau - ti - ful Light of God;

Let me this way now clear - ly see, Help me, O! Lord, to
 Then I e - ter - nal life shall see, That life is on - ly
 "The Great Phy - si - cian" of the soul, One word from Thee can
 O! "Sun of Right - eous - ness," a - rise, And light my path - way

trust in Thee, Walk-ing in the beau - ti - ful Light of God.
 found in Thee, Walk-ing in the beau - ti - ful Light of God.
 make me whole, Walk-ing in the beau - ti - ful Light of God.
 to the skies, Walk-ing in the beau - ti - ful Light of God.

CHORUS.

We are walking in the Light, We are walking in the Light, We are

Walking in the Light. Concluded.

walking in the Light, the beautiful Light of God, beautiful Light of God.

No. 21.

Follow Me.

T. M. T.

COPYRIGHT, 1894 BY E. O. EXCELL.

T MARTIN TOWNE.

1. For sal - va - tion are you pray - ing? Fol - low Me, fol - low Me;
2. I've been tempted with - out fall - ing, Fol - low Me, fol - low Me;
3. I've been mock'd and scourg'd and taunted, Follow Me, fol - low Me;
4. For your sins my life was giv - en, Fol - low Me, fol - low Me;

Leave your nets with - out de - lay - ing, Follow, fol - low Me,
 Heed the Ho - ly Spir - it's call - ing, Follow, fol - low Me,
 With a heart and faith un - daunt - ed, Follow, fol - low Me,
 From the grave I rose to heav - en, Follow, fol - low Me,
 fol - low Me.

CHORUS.

I am the way, the on - ly way, Fol - low Me, fol - low Me;

Yield thy heart, O yield to - day, Fol - low, fol - low Me.
 fol - low me.

No. 22.

Will You Come?

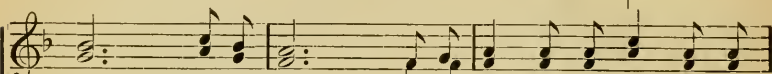
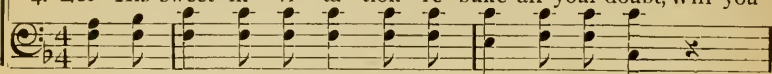
E. E. HEWITT.

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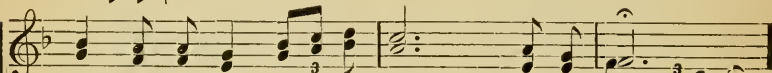
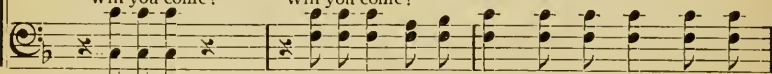
CHAS. EDW. PRIOR.



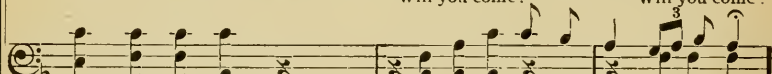
1. There's a voice soft and gen - tle; 'tis call - ing to - day, Will you
2. Will you come to the fount-ain once o - pened for sin, Will you
3. Will you come to the past-ures all sun - ny and fair, Will you
4. Let His sweet in - vi - ta - tion re - buke all your doubt, Will you



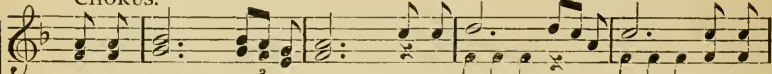
come? Will you come? 'Tis the voice of the Lord, hear Him
 come? Will you come? Will you yield to the Spir - it who
 come? Will you come? Will you fol - low the Shep-herd, and
 come? Will you come? "Who-so com-eth to me, I will
 Will you come? Will you come?



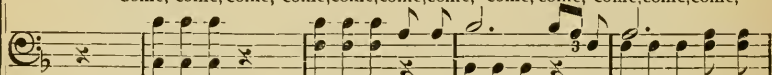
ten - der - ly say: Will you come? Will you come?
 whis-pers with-in: Will you come? Will you come?
 trust in His care; Will you come? Will you come?
 nev - er cast out." Will you come? Will you come?
 Will you come? Will you come?



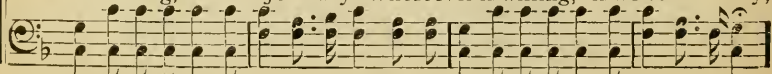
CHORUS.



Will you come? will you come? Will you come? will you come? "Whoso-
 Come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come,



ev-er is willing," O hear Jesus say "Whosoever is willing," is welcome to-day;



Will You Come? Concluded.

Will you come? will you come? Will you come? O will you come?
 Come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, will you come?

No. 23. Take Me In.

MARY A. LATHBURY.

COPYRIGHT, 1894, BY E. O. EXCELL.

FLORA H. CASSEL.

1. Heart of Je-sus rent in twain, By Thy dying passion's pain,
 rent in twain, passion's pain,
 2. Arms of Je-sus cru-ci-fied, To the a-ges open'd wide,
 cru-ci-fied, open'd wide,
 3. Love of Je-sus, wider far, Than the widest heavens are,
 wid-er far, heavens are,

I to Thee for refuge run, Lifeless, loveless and un-done,
 refuge run, and undone,
 To Thy fold I fainting flee, From the foes that compass me,
 fainting flee, compass me,
 Deeper than my sin can be, Who shall separate from Thee,
 sin can be, far from Thee,

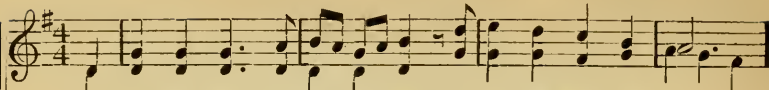
From myself and from my sin, Heart of Jesus, take me in.
 from my sin, take me in.
 From myself and from my sin, Arms of Jesus, take me in.
 from my sin, take me in,
 Safe from self and safe from sin, Love of Jesus, take me in.
 safe from sin, take me in,

No. 24. Be Active in the Battle.

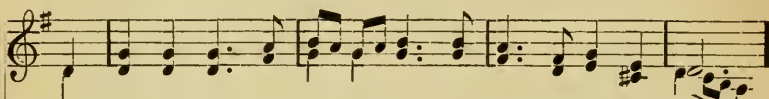
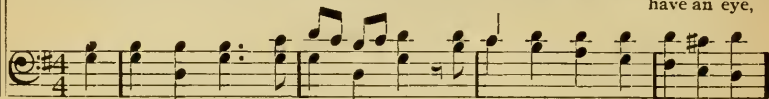
T. M. T.

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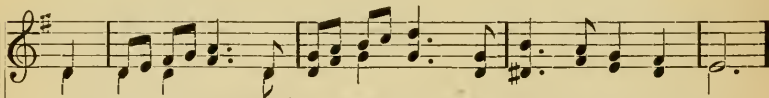
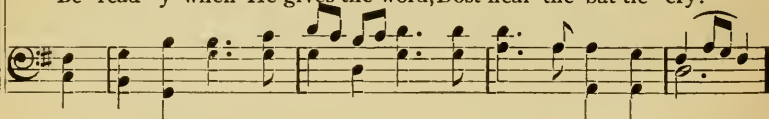
T. MARTIN TOWNE.



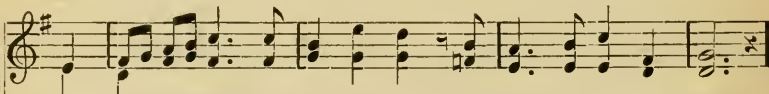
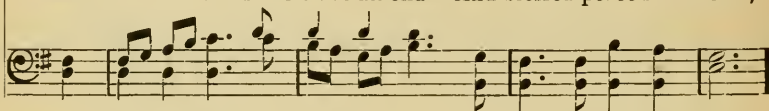
1. Be ac - tive in the bat - tle field, The war is sure - ly on, sure - ly on,
2. En - list, my com - rades "for the war;" Your armor burnish bright, burnish bright,
3. Then train your ear for His commands, To signals have an eye: have an eye,



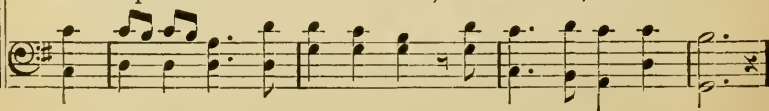
And you must con - quer if you'd be A brave and loy - al one.
 En - dur - ance you must sure - ly have If you would win the fight.
 Be read - y when He gives the word, Dost hear the bat - tle cry?



Your Cap - tain calls you to the front, Would you be in the rear?
 You have a foe, the e - vil one, His track you may not see,
 And when the war shall have an end And blessed peace shall come,



Take cour - age from the bu - gle notes And bid a - dieu to fear.
 But if you trust your Captain true You'll gain the vic - to - ry.
 Your Captain then this word will send, "Brave soldier, haste thee home."



Be Active in the Battle. Concluded.

CHORUS. *Vigorously.*

Marching, marching, How our hearts are stirred, For-ward, for-ward,

Is our Cap-tain's word, Is our Cap-tain's word.

No. 25. God is Every-where.

OLIVER HOLDEN.

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E. O. EXCELL.

1. They who seek the throne of grace, Find that throne in ev'ry place; If we
2. In our sick-ness, or our health, In our want or in our wealth; If we
3. When our earthly com-forts fail, When the foes of life pre-vail; 'Tis the
4. Then my soul in ev-'ry state, To thy Fa-ther come and wait; He will

REFRAIN.

live the life of prayer, God is present ev-'ry-where, Ev-'ry-
look to God in prayer, God is present ev-'ry-where,
time for ear-nest prayer, God is present ev-'ry-where,
an-swer ev-'ry prayer, God is present ev-'ry-where, God is present

where, ev-ry-where, God is present ev-'ry-where, ev-'ry-where.
ev-'ry-where, God is present ev-'ry-where,

No. 26. No One is Forgotten.

FRANK W. HUTT.

COPYRIGHT, 1894, BY E. O. EXCELL.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. No one is for - got - ten at the feast the Lord pre - par - eth,
 2. No one is for - got - ten! see His ser - vants on the high - way,
 3. No one is for - got - ten; tho' thy life be cold and drear - y,

When the faithful bridegroom comes to call and save His own; He, in
 Tell to sin - ners how He waits to bid them welcome home, While from
 Where the heav'ny feast is spread there's life, and light, and peace; Christ will

D. S. Poor and

mer - cy, all the boun - ty of His Fa - ther shareth, - No one who is
 plain and des - ert, and from ev - 'ry vale and by - way, Glad to know the
 lift the bur - den, He will sat - is - fy the wea - ry, And a - round the
need - y, sad and lone - ly there is room and welcome No one is for -

Fine. CHORUS.

will - ing stands for - got - ten or a - lone. No one is for - got - ten,
 roy - al fa - vor of the King, they come.
 tempt - ed ones His care shall nev - er cease.
got - ten, Je - sus died to save us all.

D. S.

No one is for - got - ten! Come, the feast is waiting, hear the gos - pel - call:

No. 27. When the Roll is Called up Yonder.

B. M. J.

COPYRIGHT 1893, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL, BY PER.

J. M. BLACK.

1. { When the trump-et of the Lord shall sound, and time shall be no
When the saved of earth shall gath-er o - ver on the oth-er

2. { On that bright and cloudless morning, when the dead in Christ shall
When His chos-en ones' shall gath-er to their home be-yond the

3. { Let us la bor for the Mas-ter from the dawn till set-ting
Then when all of life is o - ver, and our work on earth is

more, And the morn-ing breaks e - ter - nal, bright and fair; }
shore, And the (Omit.) }
rise, And the glo - ry of His res - ur - rec - tion share; }
skies, And the (Omit.) }
sun, Let us talk of all His won-drous love and care; }
done, And the (Omit.) }

2. *Fine.* CHORUS.
roll is called up yonder, I'll be there. When the roll is
roll is called up yonder, I'll be there. When the roll is
roll is called up yonder, we'll be there.

D. S. roll is call'd up yonder, I'll be there.

called up you - - - der, When the roll is called up
called up you - der, I'll be there, When the roll is called up

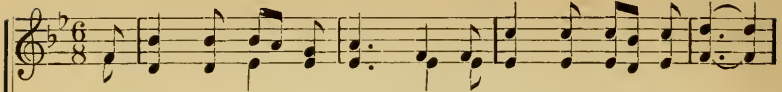
D. S.
you - - - der, When the roll is called up yonder, When the
you - der, I'll be there,, When the roll is called up you - der,

No. 28. In Heavenly Love Abiding.

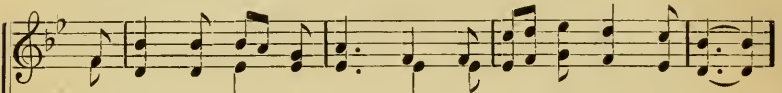
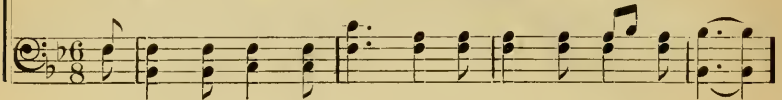
ANNA L. WARING.

COPYRIGHT, 1886, BY E. O. EXCELL.

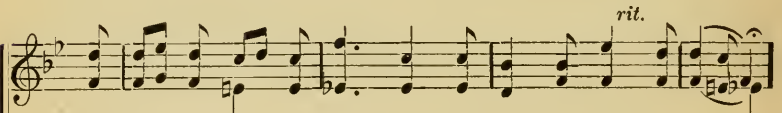
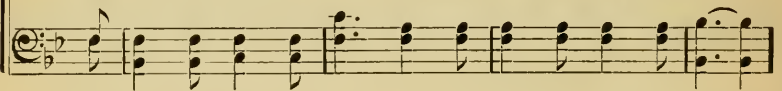
E. O. EXCELL.



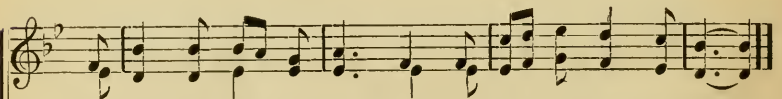
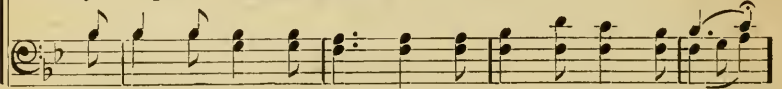
1. In heav'n-ly love a - bid - ing, No change my heart shall fear;
2. Wher-ev - er He may guide me, No want shall turn me back,
3. Green pastures are be - fore me, Which yet I have not seen;



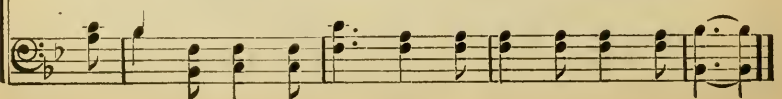
And safe is such con - fid - ing, For noth-ing changes here.
My Shepherd is be - side me, And noth-ing can I lack.
Bright skies will soon be o'er me, Where darkest clouds have been.



The storm may roar with-out me, My heart may low be laid,
His wis-dom ev - er wak - eth, His sight is nev - er dim,
My hope I can-not meas - ure, My path to life is free,



But God is 'round a - bout me, And can I be dis - mayed?
He knows the way He tak - eth, And I will walk with Him.
My Sav - ior has my treas - ure, And He will walk with me.

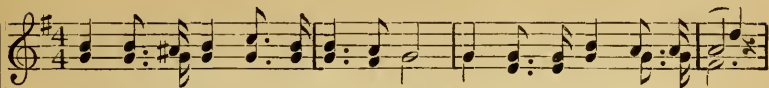


No. 29. What, Sinner, Then Will You Do ?

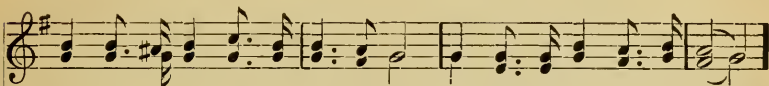
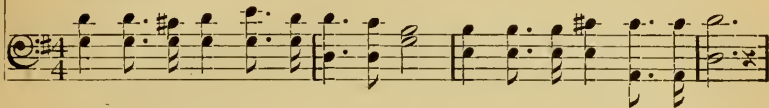
E. A. H.

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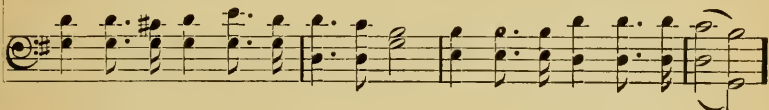
Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.



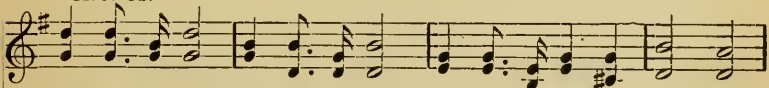
1. If un - re-pent-ant you pass a-way, What, sinner, then will you do?
2. When you shall come to your endless doom, What, sinner, then will you do?
3. Faithless, unsav'd, and probation o'er, What, sinner, then will you do?
4. Je - sus re-fused, and no arm to save, What, sinner, then will you do?
5. When all the hopes of your life are fled, What, sinner, then will you do?



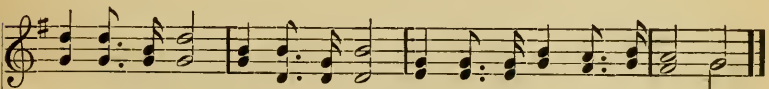
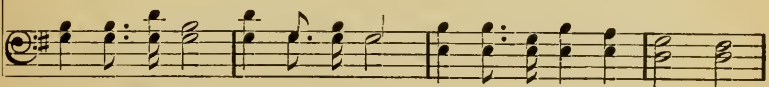
Oh! when you stand in the judgment-day, What, sinner, then will you do?
And for your soul, find in heav'n no room, What, sinner, then will you do?
Far from God's presence for-ev-er-more, What, sinner, then will you do?
Doom'd to the darkness beyond the grave, What, sinner, then will you do?
When faith and love are for-ev - er dead, What, sinner, then will you do?



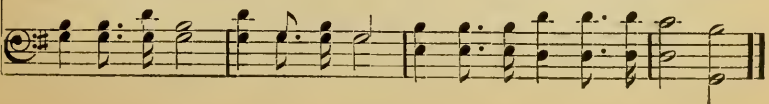
CHORUS.



Faith-less, un-true, what will you do When that dread day is near - ing?



No hope for you, what will you do When in His presence ap-pear-ing?

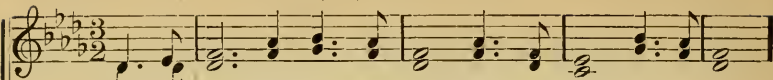


No. 30. Some Sweet Day, By and By.

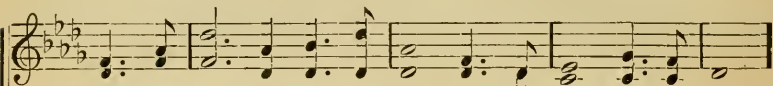
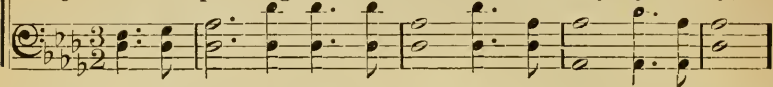
EDNA L. PARK.

COPYRIGHT, 1884, BY BIGLOW & MAIN, BY PER.

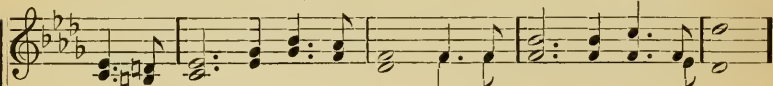
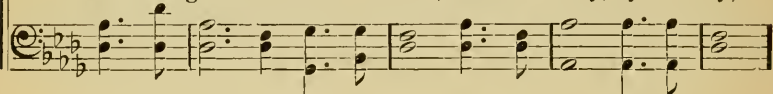
W. H. DOANE.



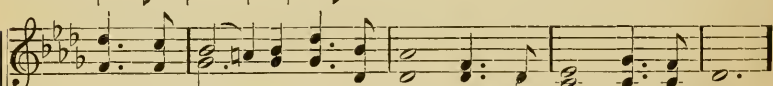
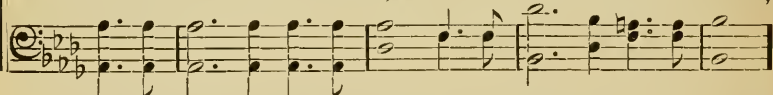
1. We shall reach the sum-mer land, Some sweet day, by and by;
2. At the crys - tal riv - er's brink, Some sweet day, by and by;
3. O these part - ing scenes will end, Some sweet day, by and by;



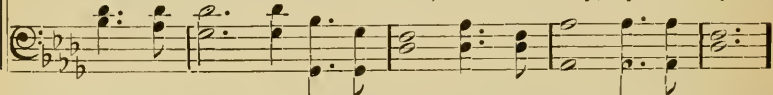
We shall press the gold-en strand, Some sweet day, by and by;
 We shall find each brok-en link, Some sweet day, by and by;
 We shall gath-er friend with friend, Some sweet day, by and by;



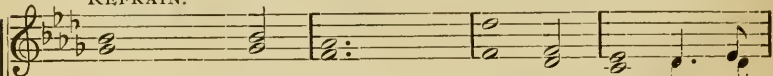
O the loved ones watching there, By the tree of life so fair,
 Then the star that, fad-ing here, Left our hearts and homes so drear,
 There be-fore our Father's throne, When the mists and clouds have flown,



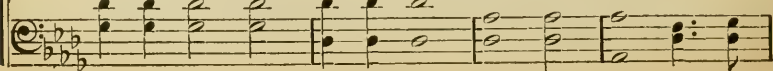
Till we come their joy to share, Some sweet day, by and by.
 We shall see more bright and clear, Some sweet day, by and by.
 We shall know as we are known, Some sweet day, by and by,



REFRAIN.



By and by, Some sweet day, We shall
 By and by, yes, by and by,



Some Sweet Day, By and By, Concluded.

meet our loved ones gone, Some sweet day, by and by,

No. 31. Weary the Waiting.

F. L. STANTON

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J. M. DUNGAN.

1. { There's an end to all toil-ing, some day, sweet day, But its wea-ry the
 { There's a har-bor somewhere, its a peace-ful bay, (*Omit.*)
 2. { There's an end to the troub-les of souls oppressed, But its wea-ry the
 { At some-time in the fu-ture when God thinks best, (*Omit.*)
 3. { There's an end to the world with its storn-y frown, But its wea-ry the
 { There's a light in that land that no dark can drown, (*Omit.*)

waiting, weary; }
 waiting, weary; }
 waiting, weary; }

Where the sails will be furled and the ship will lay At
 He will lay us so ten-der-ly down to rest, And
 And where life's heavy burdens are all laid down,—A

an-chor some-where in the far a-way, But its weary the waiting, weary.
 roses will bloom where the thorns have prest, But its weary the waiting, weary.
 crown, O thank God for each cross, a crown; But its weary the waiting, weary.

No. 32. The Gospel Proclamation.

Rev. J. E. RANKIN.

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E. O. EXCELL.

1. Hear the gos-pel proc-la-ma-tion, Sounding out o'er land and sea;
 2. Stray no more on earth's dark mountain, Where eternal shad-ows lie;
 3. Ah, say not, "We have no money!" Take, O take you His ad-vice;

Hear God's ten-der in-vi-ta-tion, Christ has died on Cal-va-ry.
 Hast-en, lost ones, to the foun-tain, On the wings of morning fly;
 Grapes of Esh-col, Canaan's hon-ey, With-out mon-ey, with-out price,

rit.
 Ho, earth's thirsting sons and daughters, She has nothing you to give;
 God will cast your sins be-hind Him, 'Tis His spir-it brood-ing here;
 All, up-on His mer-cy fling-ing, Kind and gracious as He stands;

Fine.
 Come ye to the liv-ing wa-ters, To love's fountain, drink and live.
 "Seek the Lord while ye may find Him, Call up-on Him while He's near."
 Earth shall break forth in-to sing-ing, And the trees shall clap their hands.

D. S. Here flows free, a full sal-va-tion, Christ has died to save us all.

CHORUS.

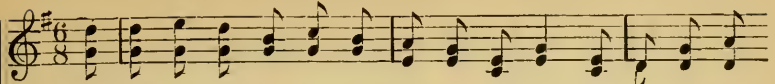
D. S.
 Hear the gos-pel proc-la-ma-tion, Hear the sil-ver trumpet's call;

No. 33. I'm Trusting in Jesus To-day.

T. M. T.

COPYRIGHT, 1894, BY E. O. EXCELL.

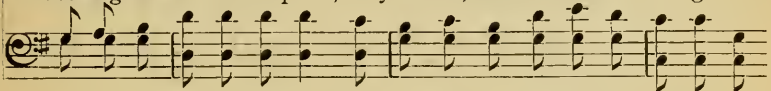
T. MARTIN TOWNE,



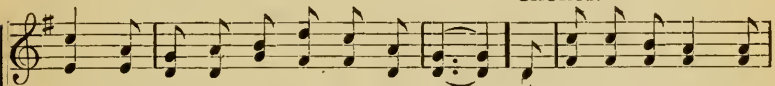
1. I'm trust-ing, I'm trusting in Je - sus to - day, My soul is a -
2. I'll show it to oth-ers, this peace I have found, By send-ing out
3. I'll point out the way up to heav - en and God, So those who are



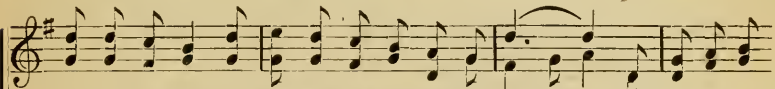
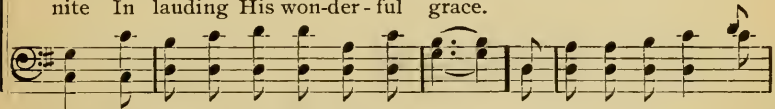
flame with His spir-it di-vine; He sought me, He saved me, He keeps me al-
sunshine and love and goodwill, To brighten their path and their burdens help
seeking that beau-ti-ful place, May find it, and there with the angels u-



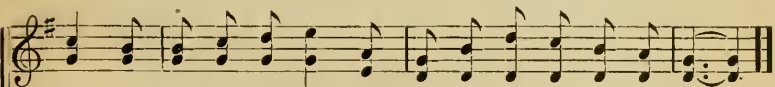
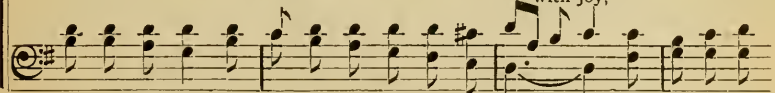
CHORUS.



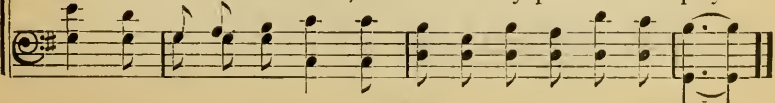
way, The glo - ry, oh, Sav-ior, be Thine. There's love in my soul, there's
lift, And thus the good rule to ful - fill.
nite In lauding His won-der - ful grace.



love in my soul, It fills me with peace and with joy; As long as I
with joy,



live I'll bless His dear name, For Him all my pow-ers em - ploy.



No. 34. Since I Have Been Redeemed.

E. O. E.

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E. O. EXCELL.

1. I have a *song* I love to sing, Since I have been re-deem'd,
 2. I have a *Christ* that sat - is - fies, Since I have been re-deem'd,
 3. I have a *Wit-ness* bright and clear, Since I have been re-deem'd,
 4. I have a *joy* I can't ex-press, Since I have been re-deem'd,
 5. I have a *home* pre-pared for me, Since I have been re-deem'd,

Of my Re-deem-er, Sav-ior, King, Since I have been re-deem'd.
 To do His will my high-est prize, Since I have been re-deem'd.
 Dis-pell-ing ev-'ry doubt and fear, Since I have been re-deem'd.
 All thro' His blood and right-eous-ness, Since I have been re-deem'd.
 Where I shall dwell e-ter-nal-ly, Since I have been re-deem'd.

CHORUS.

Since I have been re-deem'd, Since I have been re-deem'd,
 Since I have been re-deem'd, Since I have been re-deem'd,

I will glo-ry in His name, I will glo-ry in my Sav-ior's name.

No. 35. Carry Every Thing to Jesus.

E. A. H.

COPYRIGHT, 1894, BY E. O. EXCELL.

Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

1. * Pray when the days are bright-est with glad-ness, O - pen
 2. Pray in the time of fail - ure and weakness; O - pen
 3. Pray when the hopes long cher-ished are fail - ing, O - pen
 4. Pray in the dark for help and for guid - ing, O - pen

then your heart to Je - - sus; Pray, too, in hours of
 then your heart to Je - - sus; Strong in thy trust, sub -
 then your heart to Je - - sus; Pray when the foe, your
 then your heart to Je - - sus; In ev - 'ry hour be

sor - row and sad-ness, O - pen then your heart to Je - sus.
 miss - ive in meekness, O - pen then your heart to Je - sus.
 faith is as - sail - ing, O - pen then your heart to Je - sus.
 trust - ful, con - fid - ing, O - pen then your heart to Je - sus.

CHORUS.

Car - ry ev-'ry thing to Je - sus; Who a tru-er friend could be?
 Je - sus, Je - sus,

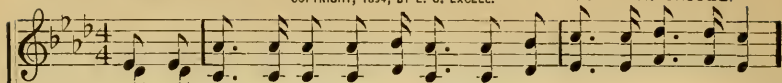
Who more good and kind to thee? Pray and He will answer thee.

No. 36. The Coming of the Lord.

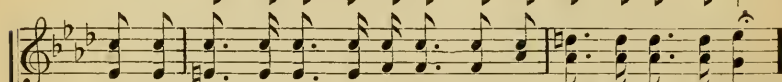
ELIZA H. MORTON.

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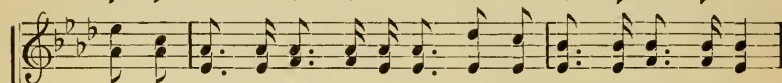
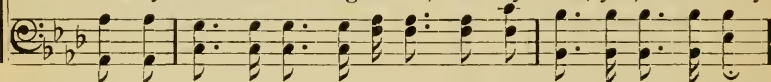
FLORA H. CASSEL.



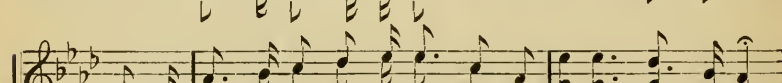
1. Do you hear the might-y clashing Of the tho'ts of men of pow'r?
2. All the schemes of social schemers All the struggles of the years,
3. What the out-come of the conflict? What the end, ah, who can say?



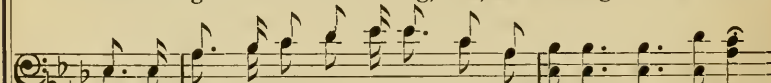
Do you see the o-mens thick'ning Of a cri - sis ev - 'ry hour?
 All the dreams of po-et dreamers Are obscured with doubts and fears.
 We may read in liv - ing letters, We may know, yea, *know* to-day!



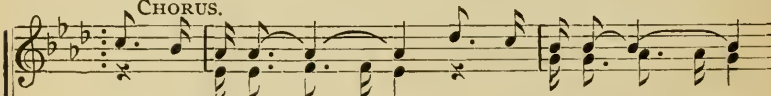
What is this? and what the other? Why this strange unrest abroad?
 And the world is waiting, breathless, For an ev - o - lu - tion vast:
 More than mor-tal words pro-claim it, Rev - e - la - tions from our God,



Ah, the signs fore-tell the coming, Yes, the com-ing of the Lord.
 Wrought in God and like an anchor In a might-y cur-rent cast.
 All the signs fore-tell the coming, Yes, the com-ing of the Lord.



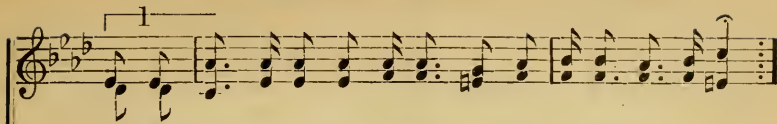
CHORUS.



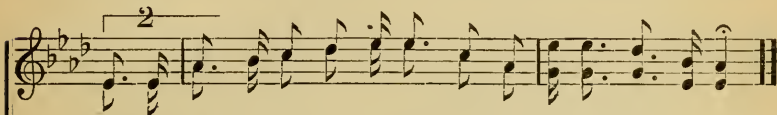
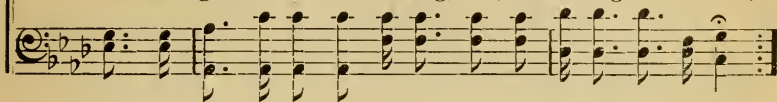
Oh, the com-ing, Oh, the com-ing,
 Com-ing of the Lord, Com-ing of the Lord,



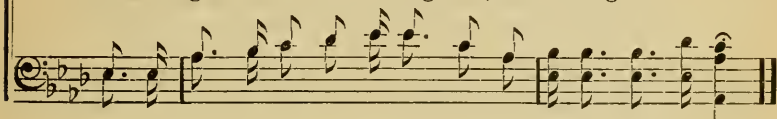
The Coming of the Lord. Concluded.



All the signs fore-tell the coming, Yes, the coming of the Lord,



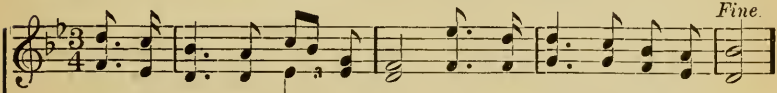
All the signs foretell the com-ing, Yes, the com-ing of the Lord.



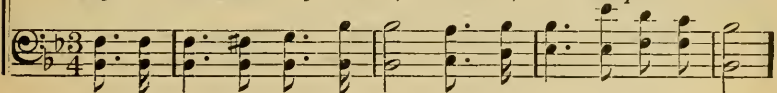
No. 37. Jesus, Savior, Pilot Me.

J. E. GOULD.

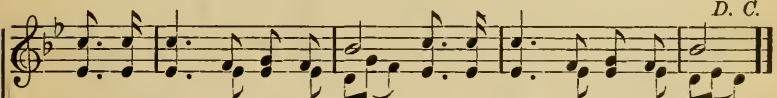
Fine.



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

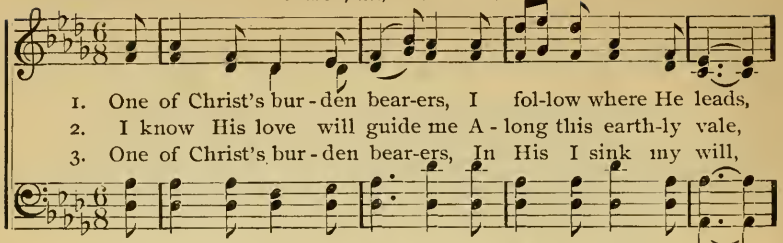


D. C.

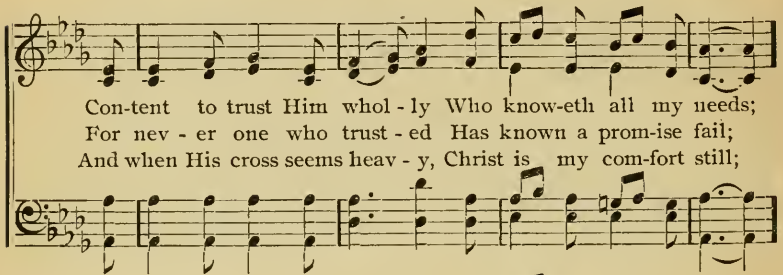


Unknown waves be-fore me roll, Hid-ing rocks and treacherous shoal;
 Boisterous waves o-bey Thy will When Thou say'st to them, "Be still!"
 'Twi^xt me and the peaceful rest, Then, while lean-ing on Thy breast,

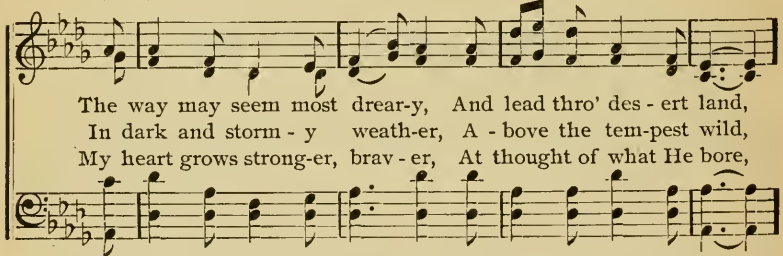




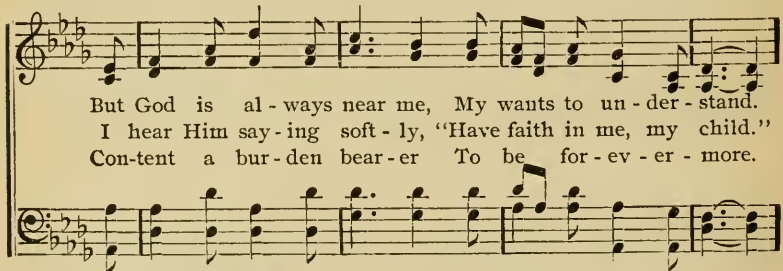
1. One of Christ's bur-den bear-ers, I fol-low where He leads,
 2. I know His love will guide me A-long this earth-ly vale,
 3. One of Christ's bur-den bear-ers, In His I sink my will,



Con-tent to trust Him whol-ly Who know-eth all my needs;
 For nev-er one who trust-ed Has known a prom-ise fail;
 And when His cross seems heav-y, Christ is my com-fort still;

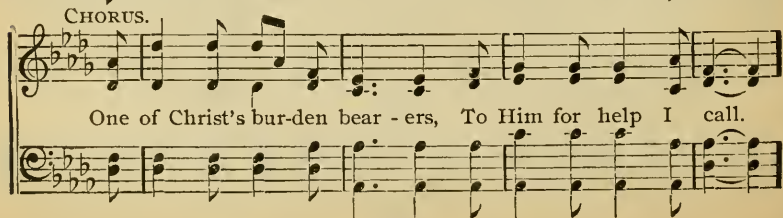


The way may seem most drear-y, And lead thro' des-ert land,
 In dark and storm-y weath-er, A-bove the tem-pest wild,
 My heart grows strong-er, brav-er, At thought of what He bore,



But God is al-ways near me, My wants to un-der-stand.
 I hear Him say-ing soft-ly, "Have faith in me, my child."
 Con-tent a bur-den bear-er To be for-ev-er-more.

CHORUS.



One of Christ's bur-den bear-ers, To Him for help I call.

A Burden Bearer. Concluded.

And know-ing He will an - swer, I trust Him all in all.

No. 39. Leaning on Thee.

WM. H. GARDNER.

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EDWIN MOORE.

1. Of - ten do my foot-steps fal - ter, Shad-ows gath-er ov - er me,
2. Hu - man love is of - ten faith-less, Earth-ly rich-es from us flee,
3. When death's val-ley dark I en-ter, Tho' no light there comes to me,

But I find Thee, Lord, be-side me, And I trust-ing, lean on Thee.
Then we find our sweet-est com-fort, Lean-ing, bless-ed Lord, on Thee.
Yet no doubts my soul will tor-ture, Lean-ing there, dear Lord, on Thee.

REFRAIN.

Lean - ing, Lord, on Thee, Lean - ing, Lord, on Thee,

When the way the dark-est seem-eth, then, dear Lord, I lean on Thee,

No. 40. Where the Living Waters flow.

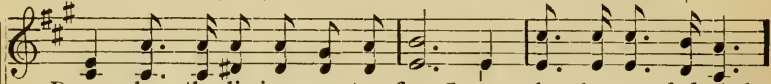
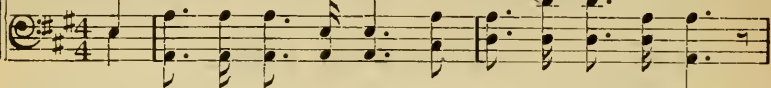
WORDS ARR.

COPYRIGHT, 1889, BY E. C. AVIS, BY PER.

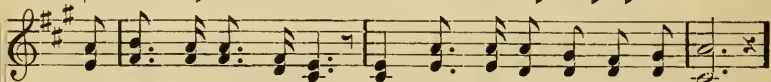
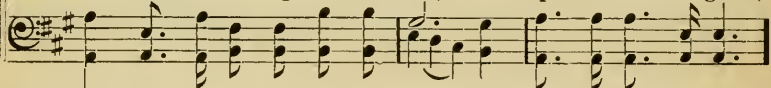
EDWARD E. NICKERSON,



1. Rest to the wea - ry soul And ach - ing breast is giv'n,
2. For thee, my soul, for thee, These price-less joys were bought,
3. Come, with the ran-som'd train, The Sav - ior's prais-es sing,
4. And soon be - fore His face, We'll praise in light a - bove.



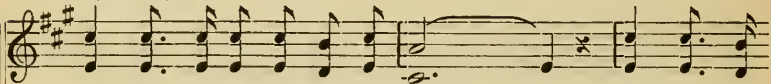
Down where the liv-ing wa - ters flow; Grace makes the wounded whole,
 Down where the liv-ing wa - ters flow; Thine is the mer - cy free,
 Down where the liv-ing wa - ters flow; Re-joyce! the Lamb was slain,
 Down where the liv-ing wa - ters flow; Tri-umph-ant thro' His grace,



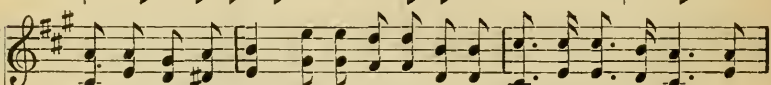
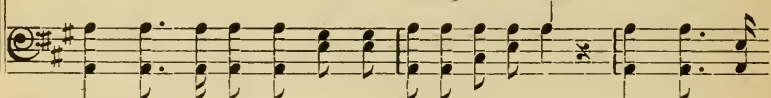
Love fills our heart with heav'n, Down where the liv-ing wa-ters flow.
 That Christ to earth has bro't, Down where the liv-ing wa-ters flow.
 A-dore! He reigns a King, Down where the liv-ing wa-ters flow.
 Made per-fect by His love, Down where the liv-ing wa-ters flow.



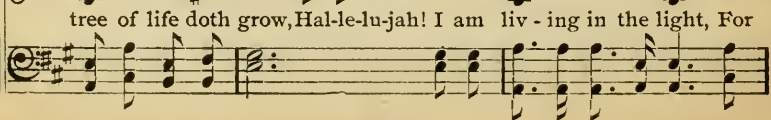
REFRAIN.



Down where the liv-ing wa-ters flow, Down where the
 liv-ing wa-ters flow,



tree of life doth grow, Hal-le-lu-jah! I am liv - ing in the light, For



Where the Living Waters Flow. Concluded.

Musical notation for the first system, featuring a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody is written on a five-line staff with eighth and quarter notes.

Je-sus and the right, Down where the living waters flow.
liv-ing wa-ters flow.

Musical notation for the second system, featuring a bass clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The accompaniment is written on a five-line staff with eighth and quarter notes.

No. 41. Sunshine in the Soul.

E. E. HEWITT.

COPYRIGHT, 1887, BY JNO. R. SWENEY. BY PER.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

Musical notation for the first system, featuring a treble clef and a key signature of two flats (Bb, Eb). The melody is written on a five-line staff with eighth and quarter notes.

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

Musical notation for the second system, featuring a bass clef and a key signature of two flats (Bb, Eb). The accompaniment is written on a five-line staff with eighth and quarter notes.

Musical notation for the third system, featuring a treble clef and a key signature of two flats (Bb, Eb). The melody is written on a five-line staff with eighth and quarter notes.

Than glows in an - y earth-ly sky, For Je - sus is my light.
And Je - sus, list-en - ing can hear The songs I can-not sing.
The dove of peace sings in my heart, The flowers of grace appear.
For blessings which He gives me now, For joys "laid up" a - bove.

Musical notation for the fourth system, featuring a bass clef and a key signature of two flats (Bb, Eb). The accompaniment is written on a five-line staff with eighth and quarter notes.

REFRAIN.

Musical notation for the first system of the Refrain, featuring a treble clef and a key signature of two flats (Bb, Eb). The melody is written on a five-line staff with eighth and quarter notes, including a triplet of eighth notes.

Oh, there's sun-shine, blessed sun-shine, When the peaceful, happy moments
sunshine in the soul, blessed sunshine in the soul,

Musical notation for the second system of the Refrain, featuring a bass clef and a key signature of two flats (Bb, Eb). The accompaniment is written on a five-line staff with eighth and quarter notes, including a triplet of eighth notes.

Musical notation for the third system of the Refrain, featuring a treble clef and a key signature of two flats (Bb, Eb). The melody is written on a five-line staff with eighth and quarter notes.

roll; When Jesus shows His smiling face There is sunshine in the soul.
happy moments roll;

Musical notation for the fourth system of the Refrain, featuring a bass clef and a key signature of two flats (Bb, Eb). The accompaniment is written on a five-line staff with eighth and quarter notes.

No. 42. Take My Yoke Upon You.

NELLIE DUNGAN.

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J. M. DUNGAN.

1. Take my yoke up-on you, and learn of me, For my yoke is
 2. Take my yoke up-on you, for light-er far, Ev-'ry bur-den
 3. Take my yoke up-on you, 'twil be your aid, When life's cares and

eas - y and my bur-den shall be light, You shall be made
 seem - eth when I all your weakness share, shall be light, Tho' life's cares an-
 sor - rows dark-ly gath - er 'round your way, weak-ness share, Look-ing un - to
 'round your way,

hap - py, from sin you'll be free, Fol - low-ing Je - sus your
 noy you, they nev - er can mar, The bless-ed Sav - ior can
 Je - sus, you'll not be dis-may'd, And He will guide you to

CHORUS.

path-way will be bright. Take my yoke up-on you, and
 light - en ev-'ry care.
 ev - er - last - ing day. Take my yoke up-on you and

learn of me, For my yoke is eas - y
 learn, and learn of me, of me, For my yoke is eas - y, eas - y.

Take My Yoke Upon You. Concluded.

and my burden is light, Take my yoke up-on you and
 and my bur-den is light, Take my yoke up-on you and

learn of me, You shall find rest unto your souls. . . .
 learn, and learn of me, of me You shall find rest un-to your souls.

rest.

No. 43. Jesus Saves Me.

COPYRIGHT, 1894. BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL, BY PER.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. { I have no mer - it of my own, My on-ly plea is Je-sus! }
 { I'm saved by Him and Him a - lone, My on-ly plea is } Je-sus!

2. { He is the Truth, the Life, the Way, My on-ly plea is Je-sus! }
 { It fills my soul with joy to say, My on-ly plea is } Je-sus!

3. { When in the Judgment I shall stand, My on-ly plea is Je-sus! }
 { I shall be safe at God's right hand, My on-ly plea is } Je-sus!

CHORUS.

Je - sus saves me, I am hap-py on my homeward
 Je - sus saves me ev - 'ry day,

way! Yes, Je - - sus saves me, Glo - ry to His name!
 Je - sus saves me ev - 'ry day,

No. 44. Will You be With the Sleepers?

T. P. W.

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THOS. P. WESTENDORF.

1. { When you hear the bridegroom coming, Will your lamp be burning bright?
Will He find you faith-ful, watching, For the com-ing of the light?

2. { Will you stand among the righteous Who confess His mighty pow'r?
Will you feel the dew's of heav-en As they fall a blessed show'r?

3. { Will you join the hal - le - lu-jah, That the ransomed ones shall sing?
Will you bend the knee before Him As your Savior and your King?

1
Will you read - y stand to meet Him In the darkness of the night?
Will your anx-ious heart be burning For the com-ing of the hour?
Will your soul re-ceive the blessing Of re-demp-tion He will bring?

2 *Slow and earnestly.* CHORUS.
Or will you be with the sleepers when He comes? } Oh! awake! a -
Who will all go

wake! my brother, Be among the joyous throng, When He comes, yes,
out to meet Him With a glad triumphant song, When He (Omit.)
When He comes,

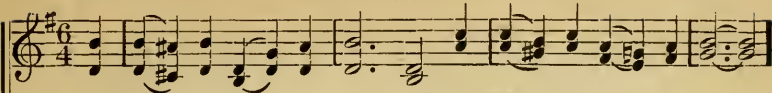
when He comes, . . . comes, . . . yes, when He comes.
when He comes, when He comes,

No. 45. I Always go to Jesus.

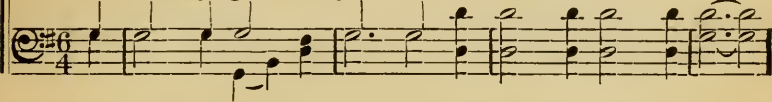
JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

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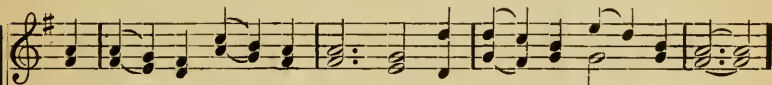
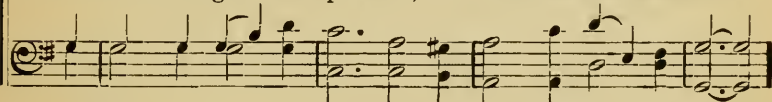
M. L. McPHAIL.



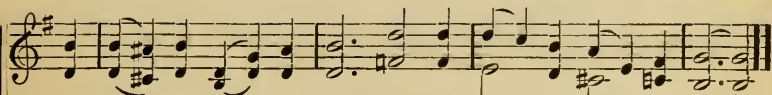
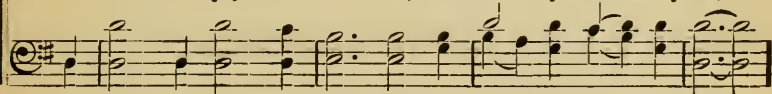
1. I al - ways go to Je - sus, When troubled or dis - tress'd;
2. When full of dread fore - bod - ings, And flow - ing o'er with tears,
3. When those are cold and faith - less Who once were fond and true,
4. I al - ways go to Je - sus, No mat - ter when or where



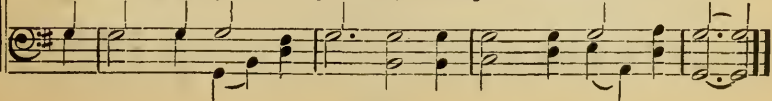
I al - ways find a ref - uge When I with Him can rest.
He calms a - way my sor - rows, And hush - es all my fears.
With care - less hearts for - sak - ing The old friends for the new.
I seek His gra - cious presence, I'm sure to find Him there.



I tell Him all my tri - als, I tell Him all my grief;
He com - pre - hends my weak - ness, The per - il I am in,
I turn to Him whose friendship Knows neither change nor end;
In times of joy or sor - row, What - e'er my need may be,



And while my lips are speak - ing He gives my heart re - lief.
And He sup - plies the ar - mor I need to con - quer sin.
I al - ways find in Je - sus, An ev - er faith - ful friend.
I al - ways go to Je - sus, And Je - sus com - forts me.



No. 46. Abundantly Able to Save.

USED BY ARR. WITH THE BIGLOW & MAIN CO., OWNERS OF COPYRIGHT.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.

P. P. BLISS.

1. Who-ev-er re - ceiv - eth the Cru - ci - fied One, Who-ev - er be
 2. Who-ev-er re - ceiv - eth the mes-sage of God, And trusts in the
 3. Who-ev-er re - pents and for-sakes ev - 'ry sin, And o - pens his

liev - eth on God's on - ly Son, A free and a per - fect sal-
 pow'r of the soul-cleansing blood, A full and e - ter - nal re -
 heart for the Lord to come in, A pres - ent and per - fect sal-

va-tion shall have, For He is a - bun - dant - ly a - ble to save.
 demption shall have, For He is both a - ble and willing to save.
 va-tion shall have, For Je-sus is read - y this moment to save.

CHORUS.

My brother, the Mas - - ter is calling for thee; . . His grace and His
 Brother, the Mas - ter is come and is call - ing for thee;

mer - cy are wondrously free; . . His blood as a ran - som for
 Brother, His grace and His mercy are wondrously free, Brother, His blood as a

Abundantly Able to Save. Concluded.

sinners He gave, . . . And He is a - bun - dant - ly a - ble to save.
 ran - som for sinners He gave, And He is a - bun - dant - ly a - ble to save.

No. 47. Steal Away to Jesus.

FROM THE GOSPEL IN SONG, BY PER.

E. O. EXCELL.

1. Re - turn, O wan-d'rer, to thy home, Thy Fa - ther calls for thee;
 2. Re - turn, O wan-d'rer, to thy home, 'Tis Je - sus calls for thee;
 3. Re - turn, O wan-d'rer, to thy home, 'Tis madness to de - lay;

No long - er now an ex - ile roam In guilt and mis - er - y.
 The Spir - it and the Bride say, Come, O now for ref - uge flee.
 There are no par - dons in the tomb, And brief is mer - cy's day.

CHORUS. *pp*

Steal a - way, steal a - way, Steal a - way to Je - sus;

rit.

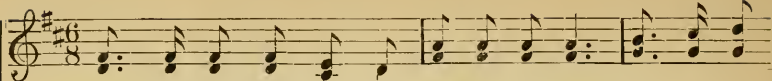
Steal a - way, steal a - way home, For Je - sus waits to save you.

No. 48. Beautiful, Beckoning Hands.

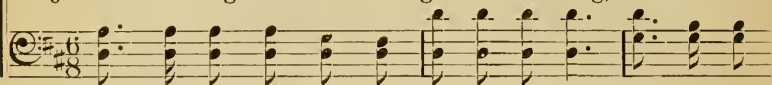
C. C. L.

COPYRIGHT, 1883, BY C. C. LUTHER, BY PER.

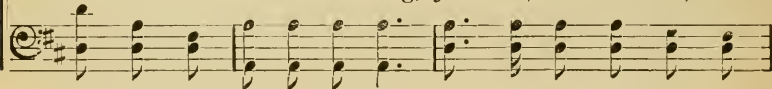
C. C. LUTHER.



1. Beck - on - ing hands at the gate-way to-night, Fa - ces a -
2. Beck - on - ing hands of a moth-er whose love Sac - ri - ficed
3. Beck - on - ing hands of a lit - tle one, see! Ba - by voice
4. Beck - on - ing hands of a hus-band, a wife, Watch-ing and
5. Beck - on - ing hands of that glo - ri-ous throng, Cen - tre of



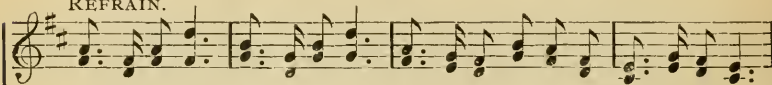
shin - ing with ra - di - aut light; Eyes look - ing down from you
 life its de - vo - tion to prove; Hands of a fa - ther to
 call - ing, O, moth - er, for thee; Ro - sy - cheek'd dar - ling, a
 wait - ing the lov'd one of life; Hands of a broth - er, a
 all and the theme of their song, Je - sus, our Sav - ior, the



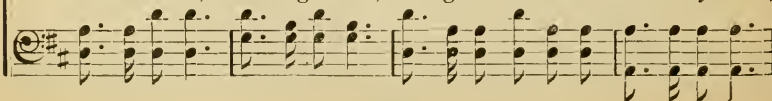
heav - en - ly home, Beau - ti - ful hands they are beck-on-ing "come."
 mem - o - ry dear, Beck-on up high - er the wait - ing ones here.
 light of the home, Tak - en so ear - ly, is beck-on-ing "come."
 sis - ter, a friend, Out from the gate-way to-night they ex - tend.
 pier - ced one stands, Lov - ing - ly call - ing with beck-on - ing hands.



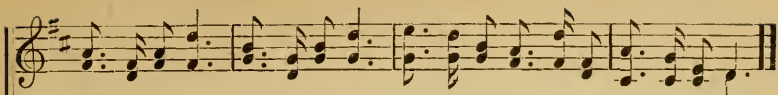
REFRAIN.



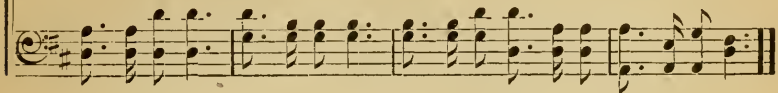
Beautiful hands, beckoning hands, Calling the dear ones to heavenly lands;



Beautiful, Beckoning Hands. Concluded.



Beautiful hands, beckoning hands, Beautiful, beautiful, beckoning hands.

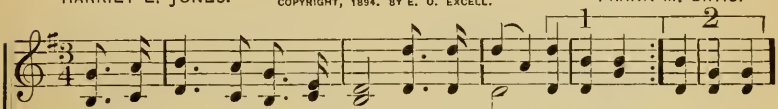


No. 49. How They Sing in Glory.

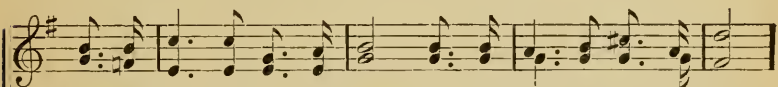
HARRIET E. JONES.

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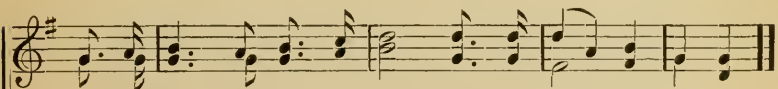
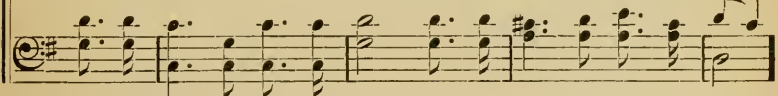
FRANK M. DAVIS.



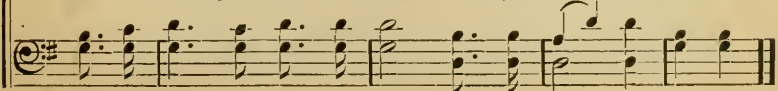
1. { When the burden'd heart relents, How they sing in glo - ry, }
 { When the soul un-done re-pents, How they sing (*Omit.*) } in glo-ry;
2. { When they seek for Him who died, How they sing in glo - ry, }
 { Come to Christ, the Cru-ci - fied, How they sing (*Omit.*) } in glo-ry;
3. { Would you help to swell the strain In the realms of glo - ry, }
 { Come with all your woe and stain, To the King (*Omit.*) } of glo-ry;



When is heard the wea - ry sigh And the pen - i - te:n - tial cry,
 All the hosts of heav'n re-joice Prais - ing God with harp and voice,
 Come, my broth - er, come to - day, Come to Je - sus while you may,



"Save me Je - sus, or I die," How they sing in glo - ry.
 When He proves the sin - ners' choice, Christ, the King of glo - ry.
 He will wash your sins a - way, Lead you home to glo - ry.



No. 50. Go Forward, Christian Soldiers.

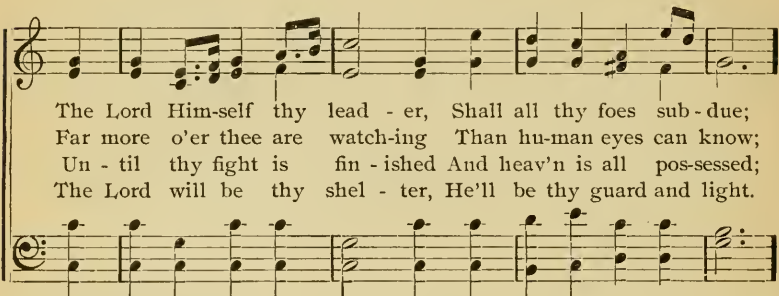
L. TUTTIETT.

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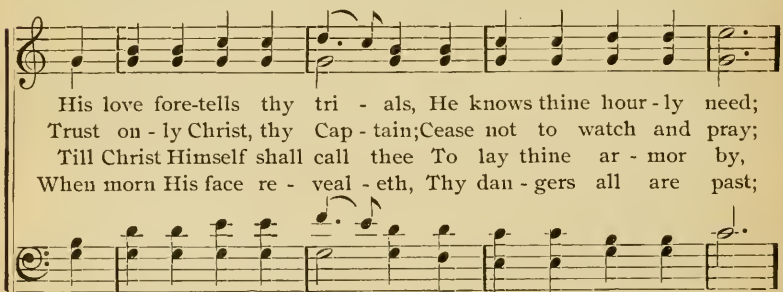
M. L. McPHAIL.



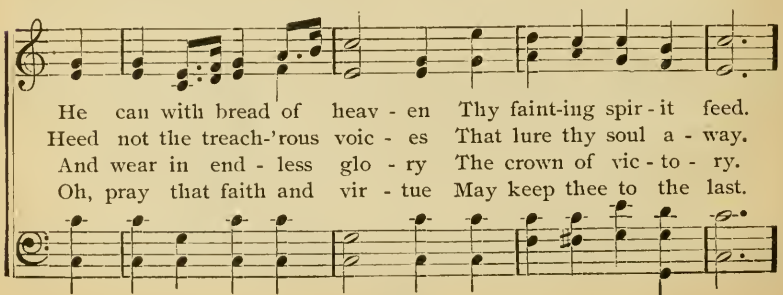
1. Go for - ward Christian sol - diers! Be - neath His ban - ner true;
2. Go for - ward Christian sol - diers! Fear not the se - cret foe,
3. Go for - ward Christian sol - diers! Nor dream of peaceful rest,
4. Go for - ward Christian sol - diers! Fear not the gath - ring night,



The Lord Him - self thy lead - er, Shall all thy foes sub - due;
Far more o'er thee are watch - ing Than hu - man eyes can know;
Un - til thy fight is fin - ished And heav'n is all pos - sessed;
The Lord will be thy shel - ter, He'll be thy guard and light.



His love fore - tells thy tri - als, He knows thine hour - ly need;
Trust on - ly Christ, thy Cap - tain; Cease not to watch and pray;
Till Christ Himself shall call thee To lay thine ar - mor by,
When morn His face re - veal - eth, Thy dan - gers all are past;



He can with bread of heav - en Thy faint - ing spir - it feed.
Heed not the treach - rous voic - es That lure thy soul a - way.
And wear in end - less glo - ry The crown of vic - to - ry.
Oh, pray that faith and vir - tue May keep thee to the last.

Go Forward, Christian Soldiers. Concluded.

CHORUS.

Go for - ward Christian soldiers! Be - neath His banner true; . . .
Go for-ward Chris-tian, Christian sol-diers, Be-neath His ban-ner, His ban-ner true;

The Lord Himself thy Lead - er, Shall all . . . thy foes subdue.
The Lord Him-self, thy Lead-er, thy Leader, Shall all thy foes, thy foes sub-due.

No. 51. Just as I Am.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOT.

WM. BRADBURY.

1. Just as I am! with-out one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me,
2. Just as I am! and wait-ing not To rid my-self of one dark blot,
3. Just as I am! tho' toss'd about, With many a conflict, 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!
Fight-ing and fears with-in, with-out, O Lamb of God! I come! I come!

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

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

No. 52.

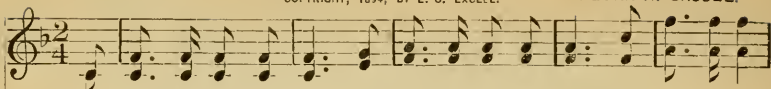
Loyalty to Christ.

Dedicated to the B. Y. P. U. of America.

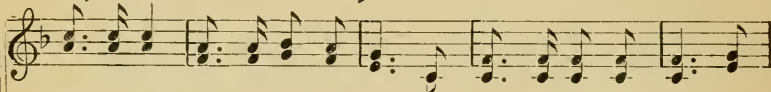
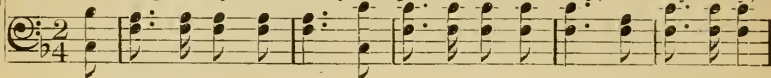
Dr. E. T. CASSEL.

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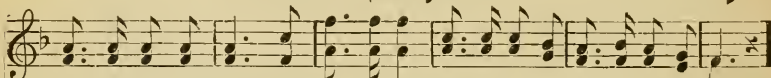
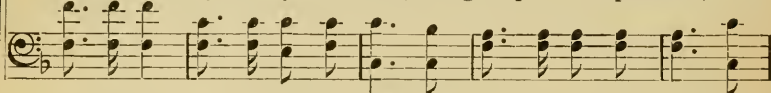
FLORA H. CASSEL.



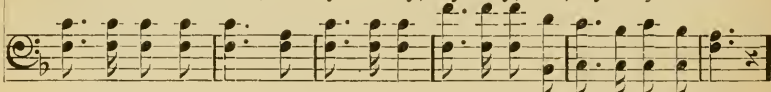
1. Up - on the western plain There comes the signal strain 'Tis loy-al-ty,
2. O hear ye brave the sound That moves the earth around 'Tis loy-al-ty,
3. Come, join our loy-al throug We'll rout the giant wrong, 'Tis loy-al-ty,
4. The strength of youth we lay At Je - sus' feet to - day, 'Tis loy-al-ty,



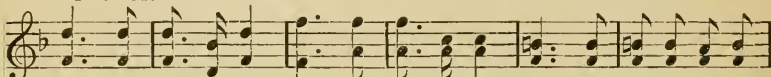
loy - al - ty, loy - al - ty to Christ; Its mu - sic rolls a - long, The
 loy - al - ty, loy - al - ty to Christ; A - rise to dare and do, Ring
 loy - al - ty, loy - al - ty to Christ; Where Satan's banners float, We'll
 loy - al - ty, loy - al - ty to Christ; His gos - pel we'll proclaim, Thro'



hills take up the song, Of loy - al - ty, loy-al-ty, Yes, loy-al-ty to Christ.
 out the watch-word true, Of loy - al - ty, loy-al-ty, Yes, loy-al-ty to Christ.
 send this bu-gle note, Of loy - al - ty, loy-al-ty, Yes, loy-al-ty to Christ.
 out the world's domain, Of loy - al - ty, loy-al-ty, Yes, loy-al-ty to Christ.



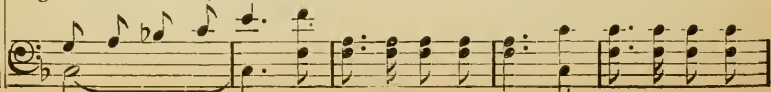
CHORUS.



"On to vic - to - ry! On to vic-to-ry!" Cries our great Commander;



"On!" we'll move at His command, We'll soon possess the
 great Com-mand-er, "On!"



Loyalty to Christ. Concluded.

land, Thro' loy - al - ty, loy - al - ty, Yes, loy - al - ty to Christ.

No. 53. Jesus Is Passing By.

E. A. H.

COPYRIGHT, 1894, BY E. O. EXCELL.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.

1. This is the sea - son of hope and grace, Je - sus is pass - ing by;
2. This is the hour for the soul's re - lease, Je - sus is pass - ing by;
3. This is the mo - ment to seek the Lord, While He is pass - ing by;
4. Trust in the Lord in this hour of need, While He is pass - ing by;

This, for sal - va - tion the time and place, Je - sus is pass - ing by.
 Trust Him and thou shalt go forth in peace, Je - sus is pass - ing by.
 This is the time to be - lieve His word, While He is pass - ing by.
 And you will find Him a friend in - deed, Je - sus is pass - ing by.

CHORUS.

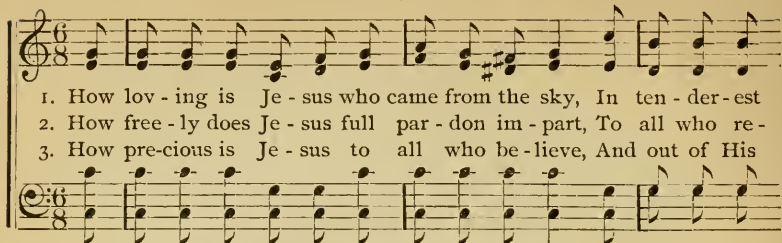
Je - sus is pass - ing by, Je - sus is pass - ing by;

Bring Him thy heart ere in grief He depart; Je - sus is pass - ing by.

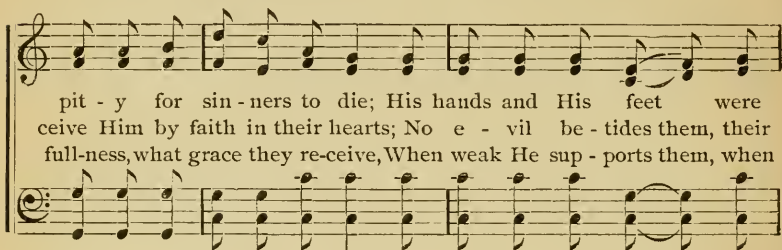
ANON.

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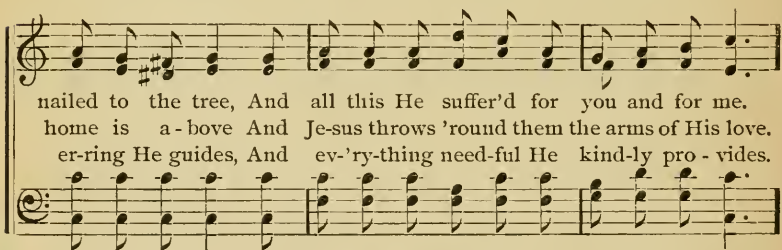
HENRY A. LEWIS.



1. How lov - ing is Je - sus who came from the sky, In ten - der - est
 2. How free - ly does Je - sus full par - don im - part, To all who re -
 3. How pre - cious is Je - sus to all who be - lieve, And out of His

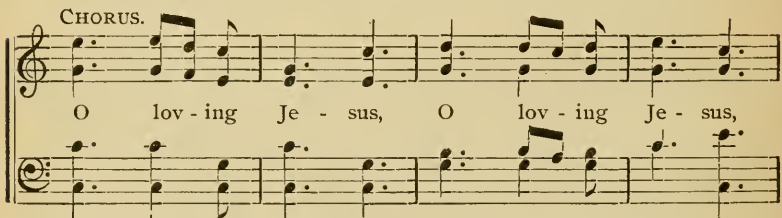


pit - y for sin - ners to die; His hands and His feet were
 ceive Him by faith in their hearts; No e - vil be - tides them, their
 full - ness, what grace they re - ceive, When weak He sup - ports them, when

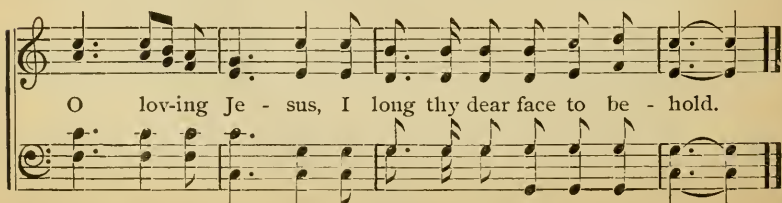


nailed to the tree, And all this He suffer'd for you and for me.
 home is a - bove And Je - sus throws 'round them the arms of His love.
 er - ring He guides, And ev - 'ry - thing need - ful He kind - ly pro - vides.

CHORUS.



O lov - ing Je - sus, O lov - ing Je - sus,



O lov - ing Je - sus, I long thy dear face to be - hold.

No. 55. Glory, Glory to His Name!

C. G. HOMER.

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CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. To my Sav - ior cling - ing, All the way I'm sing - ing, Glo - ry,
 2. Blind, He safe - ly leads me; Faint, He free - ly feeds me, Glo - ry,
 3. Walk - ing close be - side me, He will guard and guide me, Glo - ry,

glo - ry to His name! For He in mer - cy sought me,
 glo - ry to His name! In fear, His grace up - holds me,
 glo - ry to His name! O'er Jor - dan He will take me,
 Oh, hal - le - lu - jah!
 D. S. His life in love He gave me,

With His blood He bought me, Glo - ry, glo - ry to His name.
 Weak, His love en - folds me, Glo - ry, glo - ry to His name.
 And in heav'n a - wake me, Glo - ry, glo - ry to His name.
 Yes, He died to save me, Glo - ry, glo - ry to His name.
 CHORUS.

All the day long, This is my song, Hal - le - lu - jah to the King for -
 I'm singing, of rapture,
 Sav - ior di - vine, Yes, He is mine! (Omit.)
 Re - deem - er, Oh praise Him,

ev - er - more to reign! Glory to the Lamb for sinners slain!
 Oh, hal - le - lu - jah!

No. 56.

Calling the Prodigal.

C. H. G.

COPYRIGHT, 1889, BY E. O. EXCELL.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. { God is call-ing the prod-i-gal, come with-out de-lay, Hear, O
 Tho' you've wander'd so far from His presence, come to-day, Hear His
 2. { Pa-tient, lov-ing, and ten-der-ly still the Fa-ther pleads, Hear, O
 Oh! re-turn while the spir-it in mer-cy in-ter-cedes, Hear His
 3. { Come, there's bread in the house of thy Fa-ther, and to spare, Hear, O
 Lo! the ta-ble is spread and the feast is waiting there, Hear His

hear Him call-ing, call-ing now for thee, } call-ing still. . . .
 lov-ing voice (Omit.) for thee, call-ing still.

CHORUS.

Call - - ing now for thee, Oh! wea - - ry prodigal,
 Calling now for thee, Calling now for thee, weary prodigal, come,

come, Call - - ing now for thee,
 wea-ry prod-i-gal, come, Call-ing now for thee, call-ing now for thee,

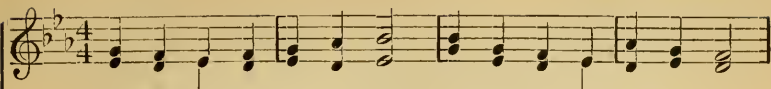
Oh, wea - - - ry prod-i-gal, come.
 wea-ry prod-i-gal, come, wea-ry prod-i-gal come.

No. 57. Joy Cometh in the Morning.

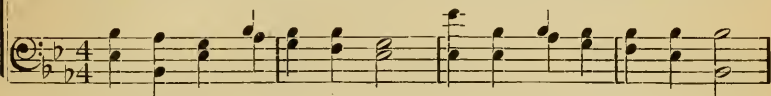
H. V. WARREN.

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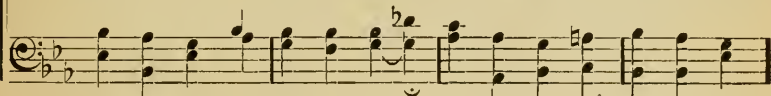
CAREY BOGGESS.



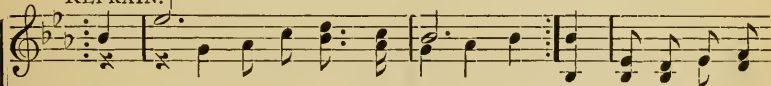
1. Blessed words for e - vil day: This, this, too, will pass a - way!
2. Bravely hope, as-pire, en - dure; God's own counsel standeth sure,
3. Speeds the hour when tears and pain I can nev - er know a - gain,
4. Blessed words for e - vil day: This, this, too, will pass a - way!



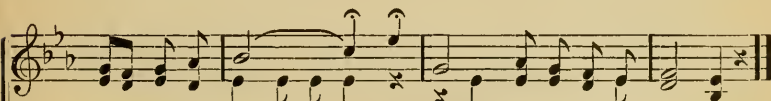
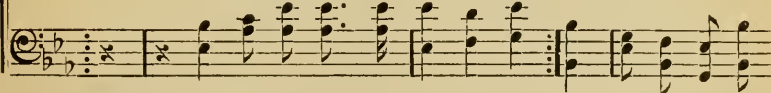
Weep-ing for a night en-dures; Joy the morn-ing light ensures.
 Ev - 'ry day of for-tune's frown Hast-ens joy with robe and crown.
 Trust-ful, to this truth I cling; Raptured, I this grace shall sing.
 Weep-ing for a night en-dures; Joy the morn-ing light ensures.



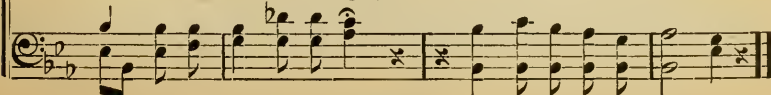
REFRAIN.



Re - joi-ce in the Lord! For weep-ing may en-
 Be joy - ful in the Lord al - way!



dure for a night, But joy com-eth in the morn-ing!
 For a night,



1. Out where the reapers are toil-ing, Out where they earnestly call,
 2. Out where the gleaners are toil-ing, Pa-tient-ly, cheer-ful-ly still,
 3. Out where the sheaves they are binding, Sheaves for the garner above;

Let us a - way in the morn-ing, There is a work for us all;
 If we are will-ing to la - bor, Here is a place we can fill;
 Go in the name of the Mas-ter, Go in the spir-it of love;

Lift-ing the vines that are drooping. Try-ing their bloom to re-new,
 Speak-ing a word to the wea - ry, Help-ing the weak ones a - long,
 Hark! He is ten - der - ly say - ing, "Work in my vineyard to-day,"

Bath-ing their leaves in a fount-ain Pur-er and sweeter than dew.
 Shedding bright sunshine a-round them, Cheering their hearts with a song.
 Haste, for the sum-mer is wan-ing, Har-vest is passing a - way.

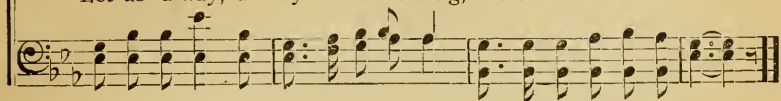
CHORUS.

Out where the reapers are toiling, Out where they earnestly call,
 Out where the reapers, the reapers are toil-ing, Out where they earnestly, earnestly call,

Work for Us All. Concluded.



Let us a-way, a - way in the morning, There is a work for us ali.

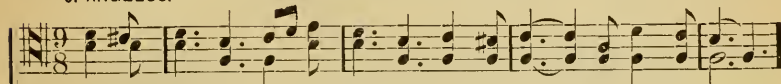


No. 59. I Will Love Thee.

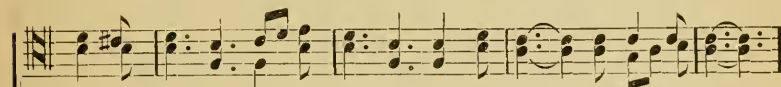
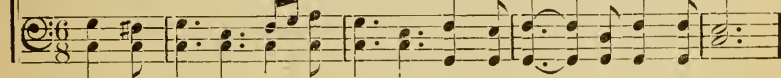
J. ANGELUS.

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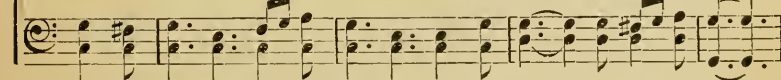
HENRY A. LEWIS.



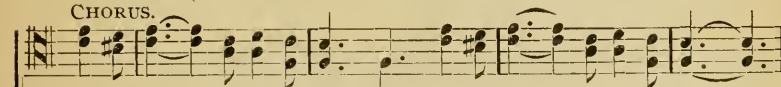
1. I will love, Thee all my treas-ure, I will love Thee all my strength;
2. I will praise Thee, Sun of Glo - ry! For the bliss Thy beams have bro't;
3. Be my heart more warmly glowing, Sweet and calm the tears I shed;



I will love Thee without measure, And with-out a stain at length.
I will praise Thee, will a-dore Thee, For the light I long have sought.
'And its love, its ar - dor showing, Let my spir - it on-ward tread.



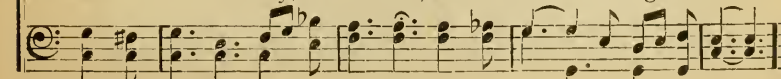
CHORUS.



I will love in joy or sor - row, While I in this bod-y dwell;
I will love in joy or sor-row, While I in this bod-y dwell.



I will love to - day, to - mor-row, With a love no tongue can tell.

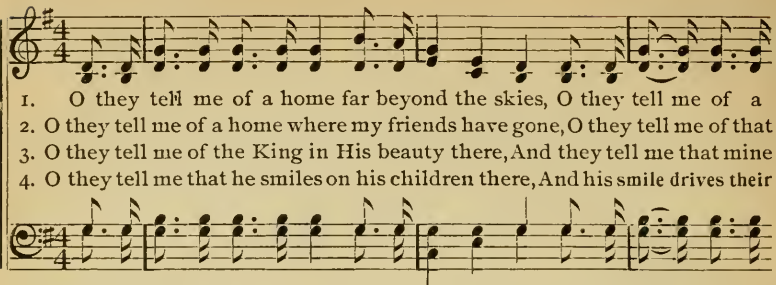


No. 60. The Unclouded Day.

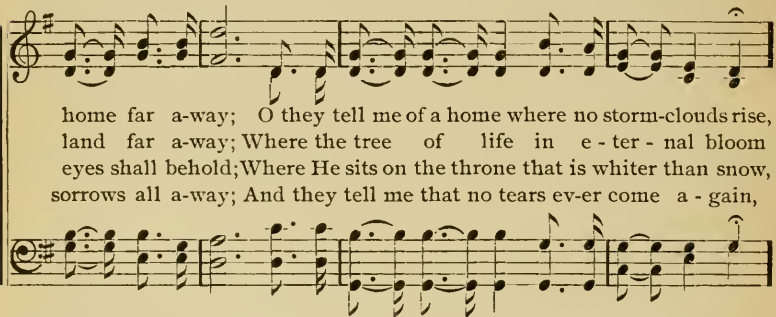
Words and Melody by
Rev. J. K. ALWOOD.

BY PER. OF THE ECHO MUSIC CO.

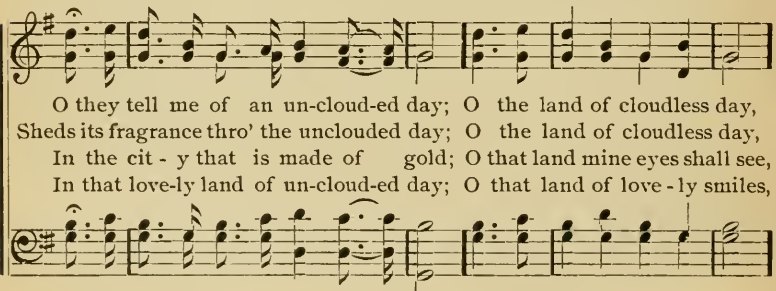
Harmony by
J. F. KINSEY.



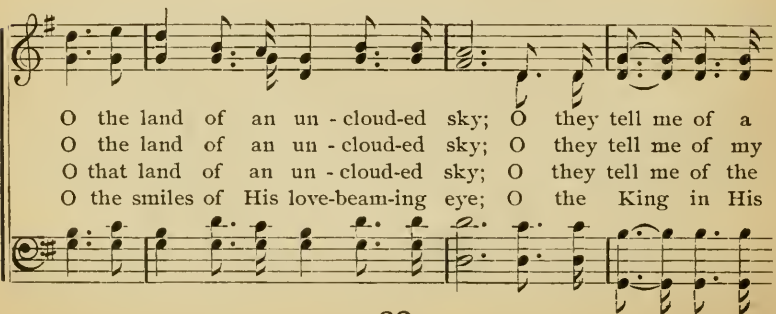
1. O they tell me of a home far beyond the skies, O they tell me of a
2. O they tell me of a home where my friends have gone, O they tell me of that
3. O they tell me of the King in His beauty there, And they tell me that mine
4. O they tell me that he smiles on his children there, And his smile drives their



home far a-way; O they tell me of a home where no storm-clouds rise,
land far a-way; Where the tree of life in e - ter - nal bloom
eyes shall behold; Where He sits on the throne that is whiter than snow,
sorrows all a-way; And they tell me that no tears ev - er come a - gain,



O they tell me of an un-cloud-ed day; O the land of cloudless day,
Sheds its fragrance thro' the unclouded day; O the land of cloudless day,
In the cit - y that is made of gold; O that land mine eyes shall see,
In that love-ly land of un-cloud-ed day; O that land of love - ly smiles,



O the land of an un - cloud-ed sky; O they tell me of a
O the land of an un - cloud-ed sky; O they tell me of my
O that land of an un - cloud-ed sky; O they tell me of the
O the smiles of His love-beam-ing eye; O the King in His

The Unclouded Day. Concluded.

home where no storm-clouds rise, O they tell me of an un-cloud-ed day.
 friends by the tree of life, In the land of the un-cloud-ed day.
 King on His snow-white throne, In the land of the un-cloud-ed day.
 beau-ty in-vites me there, To the land of the un-cloud-ed day.

No. 61. Yes, We Will Meet.

Mrs. H. E. JONES.

COPYRIGHT, 1894, BY E. O. EXCELL.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. We'll meet a-gain on E-den's plains Some happy summer morn-ing,
2. No wea-ry moan when all a-lone, No drea-ry hours of sad-ness,
3. No tempter's smiles that here beguiles In yon-der home su-per-nal,
4. No cross to bear when safe-ly there But then bright crowns of glory,

Where crowns of light and robes of white, Shall be our sweet a-dorn-ing.
 But lov'd ones dear our souls shall cheer, In yon-der home of glad-ness.
 Where all are pure and all se-cre Thro'-out the years e-ter-nal.
 While ev-er-more we o'er and o'er Will sing redemption's sto-ry.

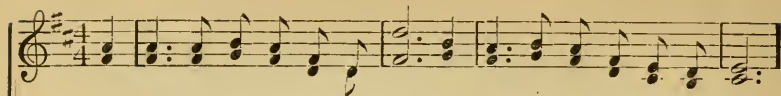
CHORUS.

Yes, we will meet—each other greet, When safe across the riv-er,

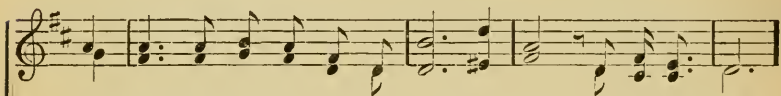
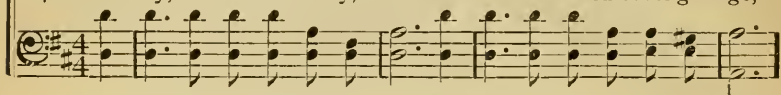
Close by our King, His praise we'll sing, For-ev-er and for-ev-er.

No. 62. Some Blessed Day.

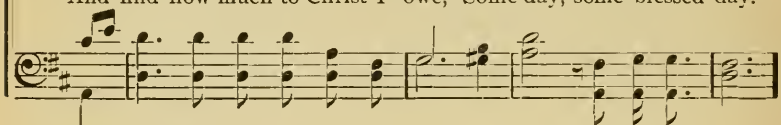
Rev. C. W. RAY, D. D. COPYRIGHT, 1893, BY WM. J. KIRKPATRICK. BY PER. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



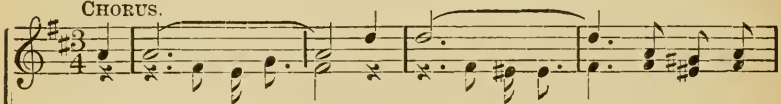
1. Some day, but when I can-not tell, To toil and tears I'll bid farewell;
2. Some day, within the gates so fair, A gold-en harp my hands shall bear;
3. Some day, I'll see my Savior's face. And welcomed to His blest embrace,
4. Some day, some blessed day, I know I'll find the loved of long a - go,



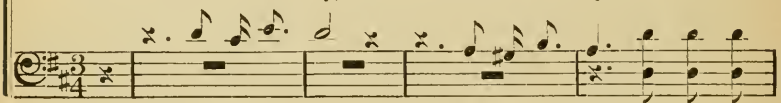
For I shall with the an-gels dwell, Some day, some blessed day.
 And glist'ning robes of white I'll wear, Some day, some blessed day.
 Shall with His peo-ple find a place, Some day, some blessed day.
 And find how much to Christ I owe, Some day, some blessed day.



CHORUS.



Some day, Some day, I'll be at
 Some bless-ed day, some bless-ed day,

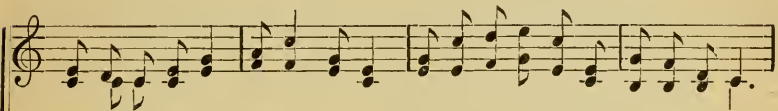
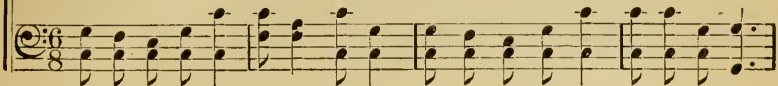


home with Christ to stay, Some day, some bless-ed day.

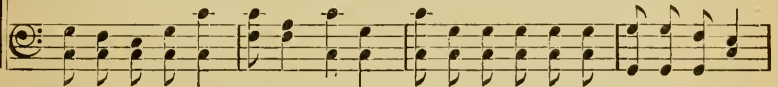




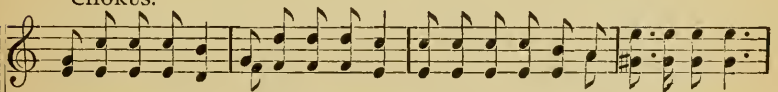
1. Out on the desert, looking, looking, Sinner, 'tis Je-sus looking for thee;
2. Still He is waiting, waiting, waiting, O, what compassion beams in His eye,
3. Lovingly pleading, pleading, pleading, Mercy, tho' slighted, bears with thee yet;
4. Spirits in glory, watching, watching, Long to behold thee safe in the fold;



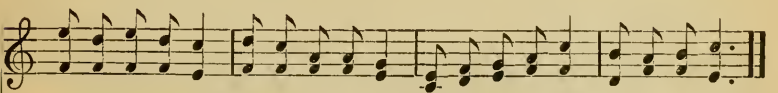
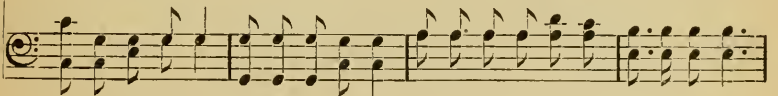
Ten-der-ly calling, calling, calling, Hither, thou lost one, O, come unto me.
 Hear Him repeating gently, gently, Come to thy Savior, O, why wilt thou die.
 Thou canst be happy, happy, happy, Come, ere thy life-star forever shall set.
 Angels are waiting, waiting, waiting, When shall thy story with rapture be told?



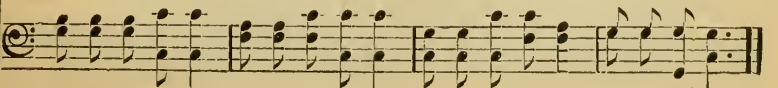
CHORUS.



Je-sus is looking, Jesus is calling, Why dost thou linger, why tarry away?



Run to Him quickly, say to Him gladly, Lord, I am coming, coming to-day.



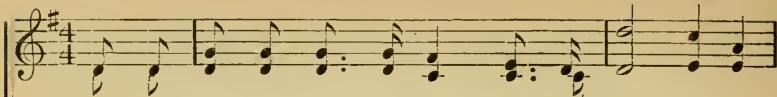
No. 64.

Look and Live.

W. A. O.

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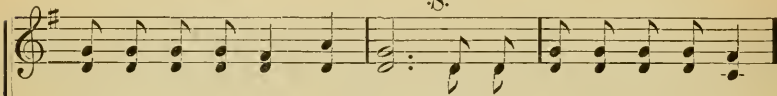
W. A. OGDEN.



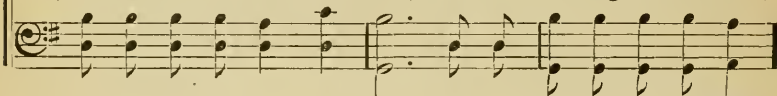
1. I've a mes - sage from the Lord, Hal - le - lu - jah! The
2. I've a mes - sage full of love, Hal - le - lu - jah! A
3. Life is of - fered un - to thee, Hal - le - lu - jah! E -
4. I will tell you how I came; Hal - le - lu - jah! To



♩:

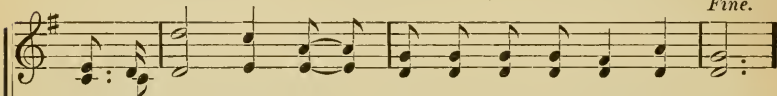


mes - sage un - to you I'll give, 'Tis re - cord - ed in His word,
 mes - sage, oh! my friend for you, 'Tis a mes - sage from a - bove,
 ter - nal life thy soul shall have, If you'll on - ly look to Him,
 Je - sus, when He made me whole; 'Twas be - liev - ing on His name,



D. S. 'Tis re - cord - ed in His word,

Fine.



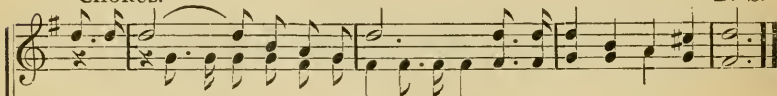
Hal - le - lu - jah! It is on - ly that you "look and live."
 Hal - le - lu - jah! Je - sus said it; and I know 'tis true.
 Hal - le - lu - jah! Look to Je - sus, who a - lone can save.
 Hal - le - lu - jah! I trust - ed and He saved my soul.



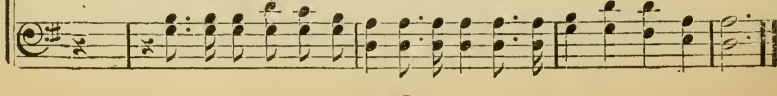
Hal - le - lu - jah! It is on - ly that you "look and live."

CHORUS.

D. S.

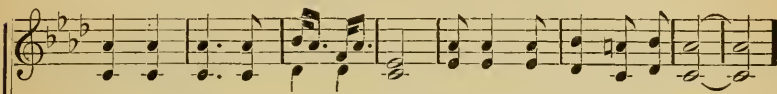
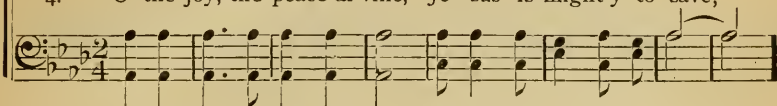


"Look and live," my brother, live, Look to Je - sus now and live,
 "Look and live," my brother, live, "Look and live."

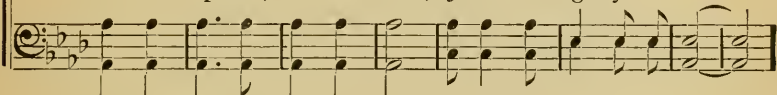




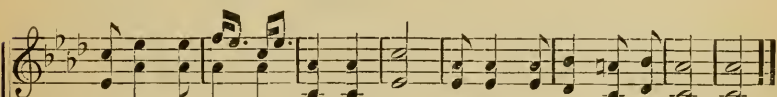
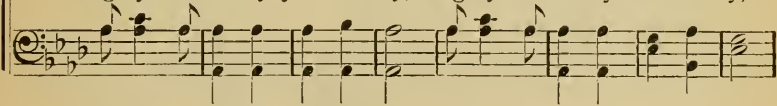
1. Have you found a hid-ing place, Je - sus is might-y to save;
2. Tho' your way be dark as night, Je - sus is might-y to save;
3. Sin - ner, at the mer-cy seat, Je - sus is might-y to save;
4. O the joy, the peace di-vine, Je - sus is might-y to save;



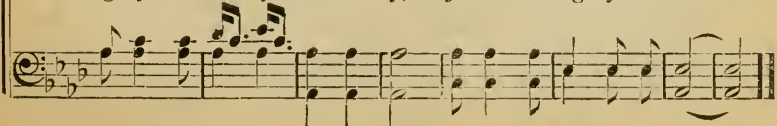
Where the soul can taste His grace? Je-sus is might-y to save.
 He can make your pathway bright Je-sus is might-y to save.
 Seek His par-don, 'tis so sweet, Je-sus is might-y to save.
 O the rap-ture, He is mine, Je-sus is might-y to save.



Mighty to save you from all sin, Mighty to keep you pure within,
 Mighty to lead you in the way, Mighty to bless you day by day,
 Mighty to bid thy sor-row cease, Mighty to give thy soul re-lease,
 Mighty to free-ly jus - ti - fy, Mighty to sweet-ly sanc - ti - fy,



Mighty to help you, call on Him, Je-sus is mighty to save.
 Mighty to be thy Rock and Stay, Je-sus is mighty to save.
 Mighty to make thy joys in-crease, Je-sus is mighty to save.
 Mighty to ful - ly sat - is - fy, Je-sus is mighty to save.



No. 66. The Penitent's Plea.

H. H. B.
DUET.

BY PERMISSION.

COMMANDANT BOOTH.

1. { Sav - ior, hear me, while be - fore Thy feet I the rec - ord of my
Canst Thou still in mer - cy think of me, Stoop to set my shackled

2. { Back with all the guilt my spir - it bears, Past the haunting memo -
Sav - ior, to Thy cross I press my way, And a bro - ken heart be -

3. { Yet why should I fear, hast Thou not died That no seeking soul should
By the love and pit - y Thou hast shown, By the blood that did for

sins re - peat, Stain'd with guilt, my - self ab - hor - ring,
spir - it free? (*Omit.*)
ries of years, Self and shame and fear de - spis - ing,
fore it lay; (*Omit.*)
be de - nied? To that heart its sins con - fess - ing,
me a - tone, (*Omit.*)

Fill'd with grief, my soul out - pour - ing, Raise my sinking heart, and
Foes and taunting fiends sur - pris - ing, Ere I leave, oh, let me
Canst Thou fail to give a bless - ing? Bold - ly will I kneel be -

CHORUS.

bid me be Thy child once more! (once more!) Grace there
hear Thee say, It shall be thine! (be thine!)
fore Thy throne, A plead - ing soul.
plead - ing soul. Grace there is my

The Penitent's Plea. Concluded.

is my ev-'ry debt to pay, Blood to wash my ev-'ry sin a-way,
 ev - 'ry debt to pay, Blood to wash my ev - 'ry sin a - way,

Power to keep me sin-less day by day, For me, for me!
 Power to keep me sin - less day by day,

4. All the rivers of Thy grace I claim,
 Over every promise write my name:
 As I am I come believing,
 As Thou art Thou dost, receiving,
 Bid me rise a freed and pardoned slave;
 Master o'er my sin, the world, the grave,
 Charging me to preach Thy pow'r to save
 To sin-bound souls.

No. 67. From All that Dwell.

ISAAC WATTS.

DUKE STREET. L. M.

JOHN HATTON.

1. From all that dwell be-low the skies, Let the Cre-a - tor's praise a-rise;
2. E - ter-nal are Thy mercies, Lord; E - ter-nal truth attends Thy word:
3. Your loft-y themes, ye mortals, bring; In songs of praise di-vine-ly sing;
4. In ev-'ry land be - gin the song; To ev-'ry land the strains belong;

Let the Re-deemer's name be sung, Thro' ev-'ry land, by ev-'ry tongue.
 Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore, Till suns shall rise and set no more.
 The great sal-va-tion loud pro-claim, And shout for joy the Savior's name.
 In cheerful sounds all voic-es raise, And fill the world with loudest praise.

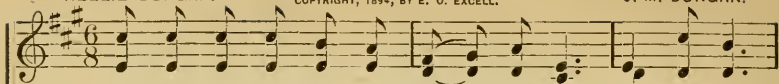
No. 68.

Call Them In.

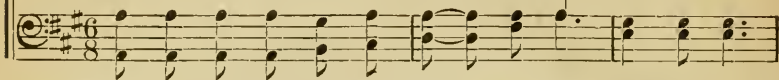
NELLIE DUNGAN.

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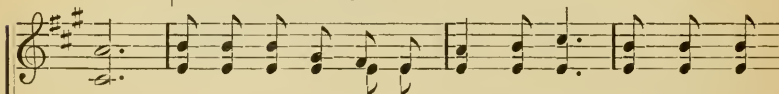
J. M. DUNGAN.



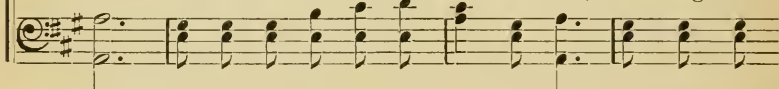
1. Gath - er them to us from ev - 'ry side, Call them in,
2. Waifs from the highways are wand'ring to-day, Call them in,
3. Ma - ny are out in the paths of sin, Call them in,



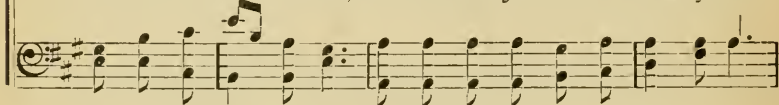
Call them in; O - pen the doors of mer - cy wide, Gently call them
 Call them in; In - to the straight and nar - row way, Gently call them
 Call them in; Help them a home of light to win, Gently call them



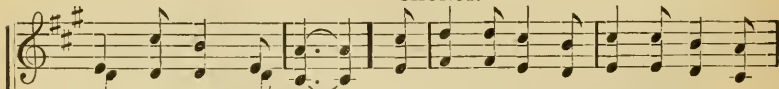
in. In from the path - ways of sin and woe, In from temp -
 in. In - to the life of peace and joy, Pleas - ures are
 in. Tell these dear chil - dren the Sav - ior died, Draw - ing them



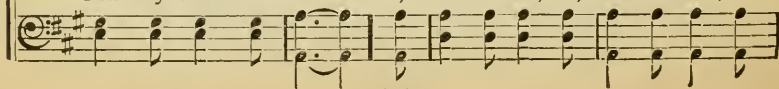
ta - tion to downward go, In from the dan - ger of ev - 'ry foe.
 there which can nev - er cloy, Fol - low - ing Je - sus will not an - noy.
 close to His wounded side, Teach them in Je - sus to al - ways hide.



CHORUS.



Gen - tly call them in. Oh, call them in, oh, call them in, A -



Call Them In! Concluded.

way from temp-ta-tions that lead to sin; Their souls are pre - cious

in His sight, And bright-ly will shine in the realms of light.

No. 69. Where He Leads Me.

E. W. BLANDLY.

BY PERMISSION.

ARRANGED.

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

CHO. *Where He leads me I will fol-low, Where He leads me I will fol-low,*

ad lib.

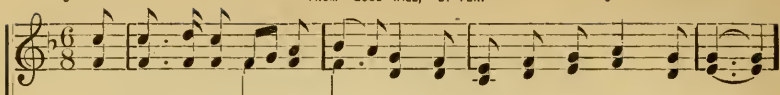
I can hear my Sav-ior calling, "Take thy cross, and follow, follow me."
 I'll go with Him thro' the garden, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
 I'll go with Him thro' the judgment, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
 He will give me grace and glo-ry, And go with me, with me all the way.

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

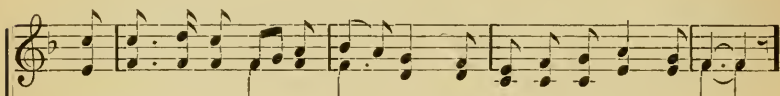
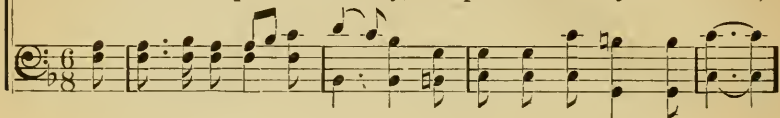
J. M. S.

FROM "GOOD WILL," BY PER.

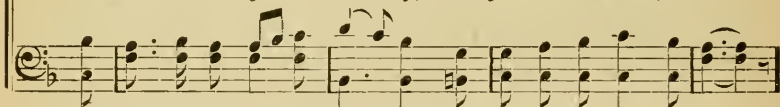
J. M. STILLMAN.



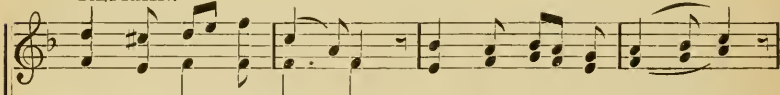
1. I want to be more like Je - sus, And fol - low him day by day;
2. I want to be kind and gen - tle, To those who are in dis - tress;
3. I want to be meek and low - ly, Like Je - sus our Friend and King;
4. I want to be pure and ho - ly, As pure as the crys - tal snow;



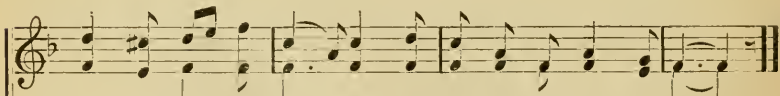
I want to be true and faith - ful, And ev - ry command o - bey.
 To com - fort the brok - en heart - ed, With sweet words of tenderness.
 I want to be strong and earnest, And souls to the Sav - ior bring.
 I want to love Je - sus dear - ly, For Je - sus loves me, I know.



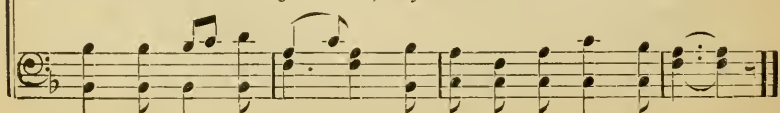
REFRAIN.



More and more like Je - sus, I would ev - er be,
 ev - er be,



More and more like Je - sus, My Sav - ior who died for me.



No. 71. Standing on the Promises.

R. K. C.

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R. KELSO CARTER.

1. Standing on the prom-is-es of Christ, my King, Thro' e-ter - nal a-ges
 2. Standing on the prom-is-es that cannot fail, When the howling storms of
 3. Standing on the prom-is-es I now can see Perfect, present cleansing
 4. Standing on the prom-is-es of Christ the Lord, Bound to Him e-ter-nal-
 5. Standing on the prom-is-es I can - not fall, List'ning ev-'ry moment

let His prais-es ring; Glo - ry in the highest, I will shout and sing,
 doubt and fear as-sail, By the liv-ing Word of God I shall pre-vail,
 in the blood for me; Stand-ing in the liberty where Christ makes free,
 ly by love's strong chord, O-ver-com-ing dai-ly with the Spir-it's sword,
 to the Spir - its' call, Rest-ing in my Sav-ior, as my all in all,

CHORUS.

Standing on the promises of God. Stand - ing, stand - ing,
 Standing on the promises, Standing on the promises,

Standing on the prom-is-es of God my Sav-ior; Stand - ing,
 Standing on the prom-is-es,

stand - - ing, I'm standing on the prom-is-es of God
 Stand-ing on the prom-is-es,

No. 72. I Shall be Satisfied.

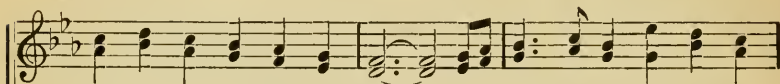
G. C. WELLS.

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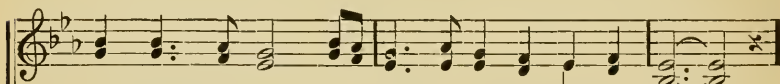
M. L. McPHAIL.



1. If I in Thy like-ness, O Lord may a-wake, And
2. I know this stained tab-let must first be made white, And
3. And O the blest morn-ing al-read-y is here, The
4. When on Thine own im-age in me Thou hast smiled, With-



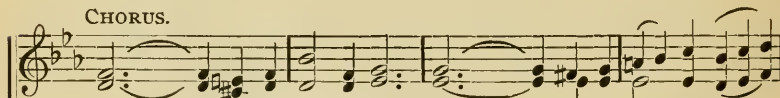
shine a pure im-age of Thee; Then I shall be sat-is-fied
 there Thy bright features be drawn; I know I must suf-fer the
 shad-ows of earth soon shall fade; And soon in Thy like-ness I'll
 in Thy blest mansions, and when The arms of my Fa-ther en-



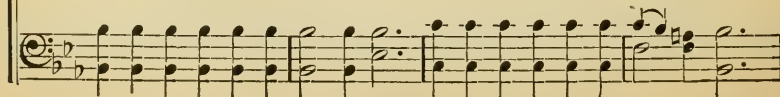
when I can break The fet-ters of flesh and be free.
 dark-ness of night To wel-come the com-ing of dawn.
 with Thee ap-pear, In glo-ry and beau-ty ar-ray'd.
 cir-cle His child, O! I shall be sat-is-fied then.



CHORUS.



I shall be sat-is-fied; I shall be sat-is-fied
 I shall be sat-is-fied, sat-is-fied; I shall be sat-is-fied, sat-is-fied;



I Shall be Satisfied. Concluded.

I shall be sat - is - fied; When I a - wake in Thy like - ness.
I shall be sat - is - fied, sat - is - fied;

No. 73. Rescue the Perishing.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

BY PER. W. H. DOANE.

W. H. DOANE.

1. { Res - cue the perishing, Care for the dy - ing Snatch them in pit - y from
Weep o'er the erring one, Lift up the fall - en, Tell them of Je - sus, the
2. { Tho' they are slighting Him, Still He is waiting, Waiting the pen - i - tent
Plead with them earnestly, Plead with them gently: He will forgive if they

1 2 CHORUS.
sin and the grave; might - y to save. Res - cue the per - ish - ing,
child to re - ceive; on - ly be - lieve.

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

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>3. Down in the human heart,
Crushed by the tempter,
Feelings lie buried that grace can re - store:
Touched by a loving heart,
Wakened by kindness,
Chords that were broken will vibrate
once more.</p> | <p>4. Rescue the perishing,
Duty demands it;
Strength for thy labor the Lord will
provide:
Back to the narrow way
Patiently win them;
Tell the poor wanderer a Savior has
died.</p> |
|---|---|

1. When you start for the land of heaven - ly rest, Keep close to
 2. Nev - er mind the storms or tri - als as you go, Keep close to
 3. To be safe from the darts of the e - - vil one, Keep close to
 4. We shall reach our home in heaven by and by, Keep close to

Je - sus all the way; For He is the Guide and He knows the way best,
 Je - sus all the way; 'Tis a com - fort and joy His fa - vor to know,
 Je - sus all the way; Take the shield of faith till the vic - to - ry is won,
 Je - sus all the way; Where to those we love we'll never say good - bye,

CHORUS.

Keep close to Je - sus all the way. Keep close to Je - sus,

Keep close to Je - sus, Keep close to Jesus all the way; By day or by

night nev - er turn from the right, Keep close to Je - sus all the way.

No. 75. 'Tis For You and Me.

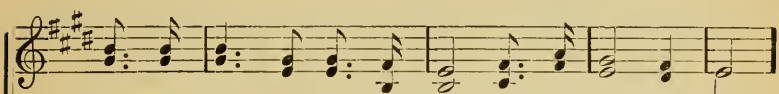
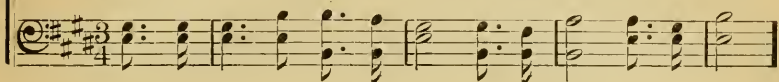
E. E. HEWITT.

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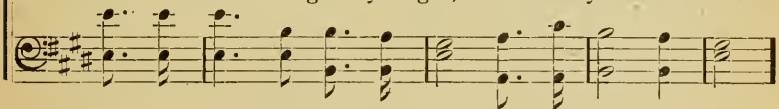
E. O. EXCELL,



1. There's a par-don full and sweet, 'Tis for you, 'tis for me;
2. There's a peace be-yond all tho't, 'Tis for you, 'tis for me;
3. There's a love no tongue e'er told, 'Tis for you, 'tis for me;
4. There's a help for ev - 'ry day, 'Tis for you, 'tis for me;
5. There's a robe of snow - y white, 'Tis for you, 'tis for me;



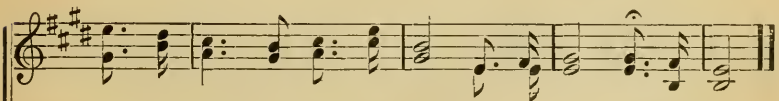
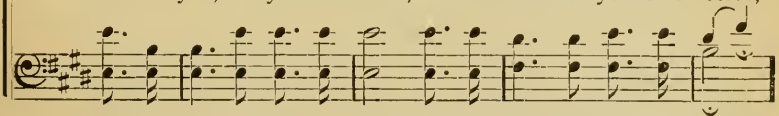
Bless - ed rest at Je - sus' feet, 'Tis for you and me.
 There's a joy earth nev-er brought, 'Tis for you and me.
 There's a wealth of heav-en's gold, 'Tis for you and me.
 Strength and bless - ing by the way, 'Tis for you and me.
 There's a home of glo - ry bright, 'Tis for you and me.



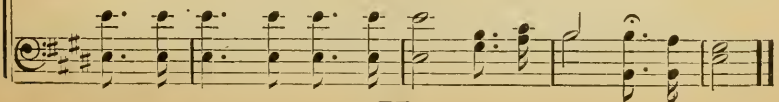
CHORUS.



All for you, if you be - lieve, If sal - va - tion you'll re - ceive,



There's a wel-come, warm and true, All for you, all for me



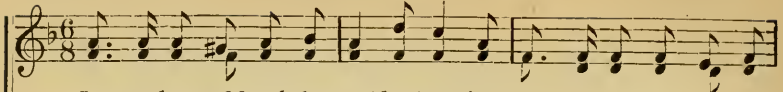
No. 76.

Jesus is Calling.

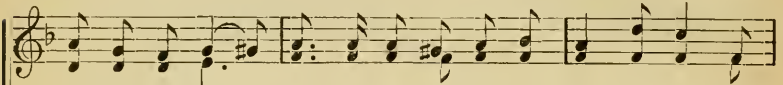
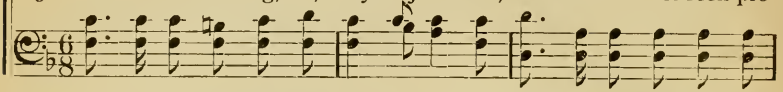
NELLIE DUNGAN.

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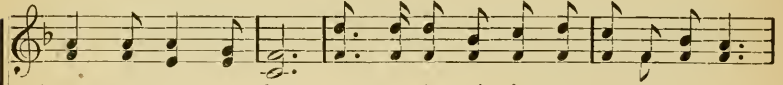
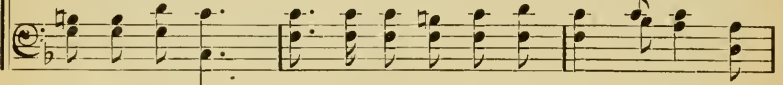
J. M. DUNGAN.



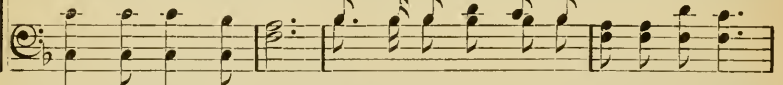
1. Je - sus has of - fered the world sal - va - tion, All who will bow to His
 2. While you are waiting the fly - ing moments, Warn you that life and its
 3. Still He is call - ing, oh, why re - ject Him, In His dear arms seek pro -



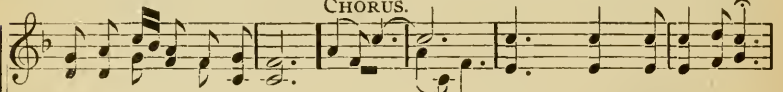
will and o - bey; Par - don is giv - en to ev - 'ry na - tion,
 pleas - ures are vain; Do not de - lay it but seek sal - va - tion,
 tec - tion and rest; Bow at His feet with your hea - vy bur - den,



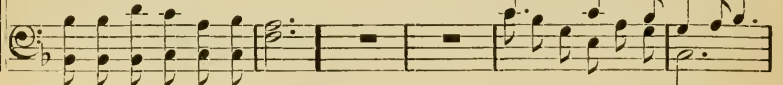
Come, oh, come to - day. See, He is wait - ing so lov - ing and true,
 All its pleas - ures gain. See, He is wait - ing so lov - ing and true,
 And you will be blest. See, He is wait - ing so lov - ing and true,



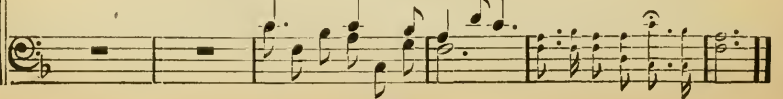
CHORUS.



Wait - ing for me and for you. Call - ing, . . . Call - ing to - day, to - day,
 call - ing, Je - sus is call - ing to - day,



Call - ing, . . . call - ing to - day, to - day, Je - sus is calling to - day.
 call - ing, Je - sus is call - ing to - day,



No. 77. The Very Same Jesus.

L. H. EDMUNDS.

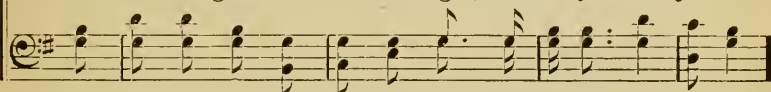
COPYRIGHT, 1891, BY WM. J. KIRKPATRICK. BY PER. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. Come, sin-ners, to the Liv-ing One, He's just the same Je - sus
2. Come, feast up-on the "liv-ing 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;



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



- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>5. Calm 'midst the waves of trouble be,
 He's just the same Jesus
 As when he hush'd the raging sea,
 The very same Jesus.</p> | <p>6. Some day our raptured eyes shall see
 He's just the same Jesus;
 Oh, blessed day for you and me!
 The very same Jesus.</p> |
|---|--|

No. 78. Go Spread the Light.

Rev. G. W. CROFTS.

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FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. Go spread the light and let it shine, In all its
2. Go spread the light of Him who taught These truths with
3. Go spread the light of Him who died, The bless - ed
4. Go spread the light of Him who rose, Tri - umph - ant

brill-ian - cy di-vine, Where shad-ows dark and deep re-cline; Go
love and mercy fraught, That priest and prophet long had sought, Go
Sav-ior cru - ci - fied, With wounded hands and feet and side; Go
o - ver all His foes, The heal - er of man's deepest woes; Go

CHORUS.

spread the light, Go spread the light. Oh, blood bought souls,
Oh, blood bought souls,

from slumber rise, The morn is break - ing o'er the
from slumber rise, The morn is breaking o'er the skies, o'er the

skies, A bless - ed work be-fore you lies,
skies, o'er the skies, be-fore you lies,

Go Spread the Light. Concluded.

Musical notation for the conclusion of the hymn. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and a common time signature. The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The melody in the treble clef ends with a *rit.* (ritardando) marking. The lyrics are: "Go spread the light, Go spread the light." with the first phrase aligned under the treble staff and the second phrase aligned under the bass staff.

5. Go spread the light that man may see
 In Christ his immortality,
 And be in Him forever free;
 Go spread the light, Go spread the light.

6. Go spread the light on pinions fleet,
 Until this world and heaven meet
 In love and fellowship complete;
 Go spread the light, Go spread the light.

No. 79. I Come to Thee.

ANNA MARLIM.

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E. O. EXCELL.

Musical notation for the first part of the hymn. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#) and a 4/4 time signature. The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The melody in the treble clef is accompanied by chords in the bass clef. The lyrics are: "1. { Thou art my strength and shield, My ref-uge and my grace; }
 { When earth-ly help - ers flee, Thou art my hid-ing place. }
 2. { A home for wea - ry souls, A rock my trust to stay, }
 { My Shep-herd and my guide, Who on - ly knows the way. }
 3. { My sins how man - i - fold, Yet, Thou canst cleanse them all; }
 { Oh, lead me to Thy home, And keep me lest I fall. }"

CHORUS.

Musical notation for the first line of the chorus. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of two sharps and a 4/4 time signature. The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The lyrics are: "I come, I come, In sor-row and in my dis-tress,
 to Thee, to Thee,"

Musical notation for the second line of the chorus. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of two sharps and a 4/4 time signature. The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The lyrics are: "I come, I come, To Thee for ho-li-ness.
 to Thee, to Thee,"

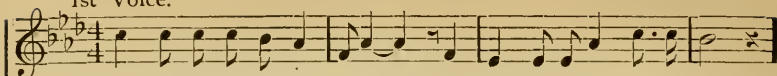
No. 80. Where is Your Trust?

F. G. BURROUGHS.

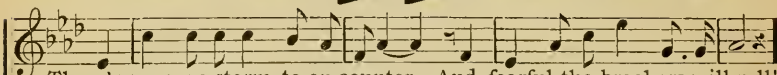
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CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1st Voice.



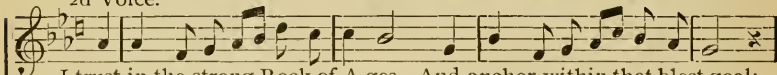
1. What are you trusting in, brother, Where anchors the hope of your soul?
2. What are you boasting of, brother, In what do you glo-ry to - day?
3. What do you joy in, my brother, And why is your heart of good cheer?



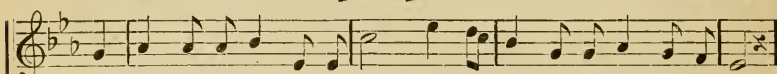
There's ma-ny a storm to en-counter, And fearful the breakers will roll!
For you there is much trib-u-la-tion, And narrow and straight is the way!
When darkness and clouds oft surround you, And rumors of wars you can hear?



2d Voice.



I trust in the strong Rock of A-ges, And anchor within that blest goal;
I boast of the Lord, who redeem'd me, And glo-ry in Cal-va-ry's cross;
I joy in the Lord, my Sal-va-tion, And He is my strength and my song!

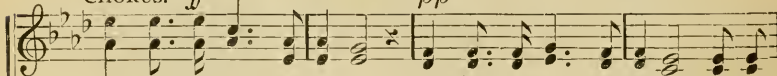


No tempest can shake or o'er-whelm me, While there is the rest of my soul.
I fear not the world's per-se-cu-tions, I count all its treasures as dross.
I fear not the val-ley of shadows, My Shepherd is faithful and strong.

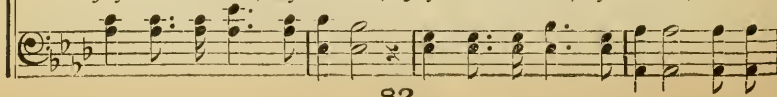


CHORUS. *ff*

pp



Trust in the Rock of A-ges, Trust in the Rock of A-ges; If you
Boast of the Lord, my brother, Boast of the Lord, my brother, Earthly
Joy in the Lord, my brother, Joy in the Lord, my brother, Tho' the



Where is Your Trust? Concluded.

cres. *rit. ad lib.*

on-ly believe, And His pardon receive, You are safe for-ev - er-more.
 pleasures will end, But, with Jesus your friend, You are safe for-ev - er-more.
 tempest may beat, In this blessed retreat, You are safe for-ev - er-more.

No. 81.

Here Am I.

T. M. T.

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T. MARTIN TOWNE.

1. Like Sam - u - el of old we wait; Thy still, small voice to hear,
2. As days and weeks and months roll by, And strong temptations come;
3. For - bid that we should be a-shamed When e'er Thy voice we hear,
4. And when the call of death shall come, And come it sure - ly will;

Once more at - tune our trembling hearts; O Ho - ly One, draw near.
 Lord, may we nev - er miss Thy voice And in - to dark-ness roam.
 To an - swer as did Sam - u - el, With-out a thought of fear.
 May we be found in faith and love, These words re-pea-ting still.

CHORUS.

Here am I, here am I, Speak, for Thy ser - vant hear - eth;

Here am I, here am I, Speak, for Thy ser - vant hear - eth.

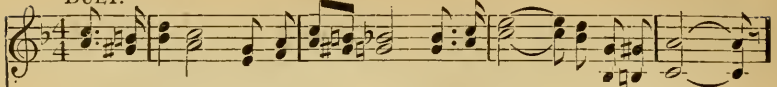
No. 82. Raise Me, Jesus, to Thy Bosom.

GEO. BIRDSEYE.

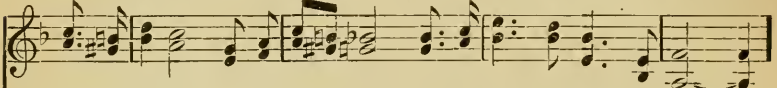
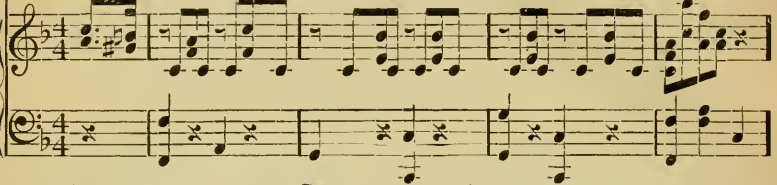
COPYRIGHT, 1885. BY W. F. SHAW. USED BY PER.

WM. A. HUNTLEY.

DUET.



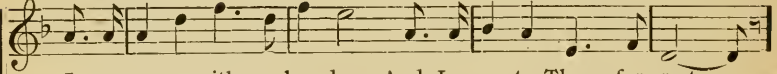
1. Raise me, Je-sus, to Thy bo-som, From this world of sin and woes,
2. Raise me, Je-sus, to Thy bo-som, For my heart is slave to fear,
3. Raise me, Je-sus, to Thy bo-som, Hear a con-trite spir-it's prayer,



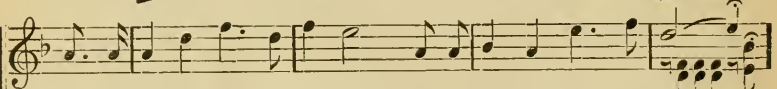
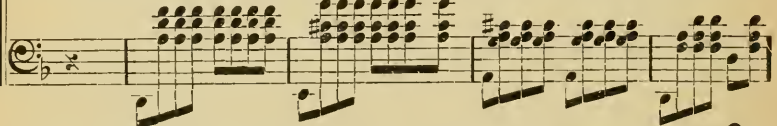
Let me feel Thine arms around me Then my soul may know re-pose;
That will van-ish as a shad-ow, When it feels Thy presence near,
Raise me from the sin a-round me Ere I yield me to de-spair,



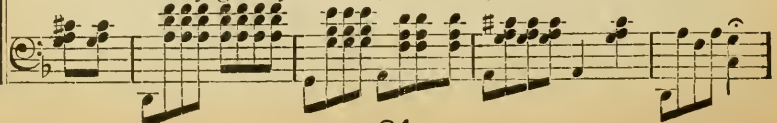
SOLO.



I am wea-ry with my bur-den And I come to Thee for rest,
In my anguish deign to hear me All my sin and grief con-fess,
Oh, I feel that Thou wilt hear me And will give me ho-ly rest,



Kneel-ing at Thy feet I pray Thee Lift me, Je-sus, to Thy breast.
By the promise Thou hast giv-en, Lift me, Je-sus, to Thy breast.
Now I feel Thy glo-ry near me, Lift me, Je-sus, to Thy breast.



Raise Me, Jesus, to Thy Bosom. Concluded.

CHORUS.

Raise me Je - sus, to Thy bo - som, From this world of sin and woes,

Let me feel Thine arms a-round me Then my soul may know re-pose.

No. 83. Hark! Ten Thousand.

THOMAS KELLY.

HARWELL. 8s & 7s.

LOWELL MASON.

Fine.

1. { Hark! ten-thousand harps and voices Sound the note of praise a-bove; }
 Je - sus reigns, and heav'n re-joices, Je - sus reigns, the God of love, }

2. { Je - sus, hail! whose glory brightens, All a-bove, and gives it worth; }
 Lord of life, Thy smile enlightens, Cheers and charms Thy saints on earth. }

D. C. Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah, A - men.

D. C.

See He sits on yon-der throne; Je - sus rules the world alone;
 See, He sits on yon-der throne, Je - sus rules the world a - lone;
 When we think of love like Thine, Lord, we own it love di - vine;
 When we think of love like Thine, Lord, we own it love di - vine;

3 King of glory, reign forever;
 Thine an everlasting crown;
 Nothing from Thy love shall sever[own];
 Those whom Thou hast made Thine
 Happy objects of Thy grace,
 Destined to behold Thy face.

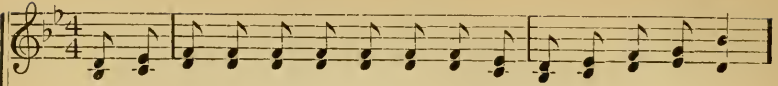
4 Savior, hasten Thine appearing;
 Bring, oh, bring the glorious day,
 When, the awful summons hearing,
 Heaven and earth shall pass away;
 Then with golden harps we'll sing,
 "Glory, glory to our King."

No. 84. I Have Often Heard the Story.

E. A. H.

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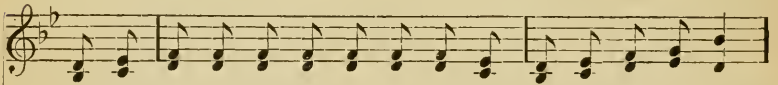
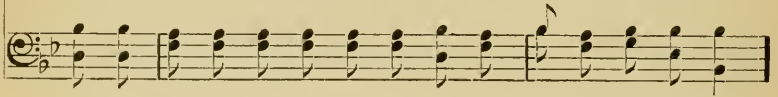
Rev. ELISHA HOFFMAN.



1. I have oft - en heard the sto - ry of the Sav - ior's pre - cious love,
2. I have oft - en read of Je - sus, as He walked from day to day,
3. I shall meet with ma - ny tri - als, as I go my pil - grim way,



How it brought Him from the portals of the Par - a - dise a - bove;
With His faith - ful few dis - ci - ples, how He cheered them on the way;
Strong temp - ta - tions will as - sail me to al - lure my feet a - stray;



To a - tone for help - less sin - ners on the cross of Cal - va - ry,
What a feast of rich com - mun - ion such a fel - low - ship must be,
But there's One who can de - liv - er, and from sin can keep me free,

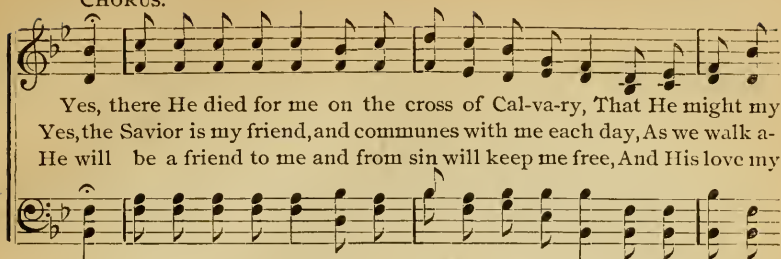


But the best of the sweet sto - ry is, that there He died for me.
But the best of the sweet sto - ry is, He walks and talks with me.
And the best of all is, Je - sus will be such a friend to me.

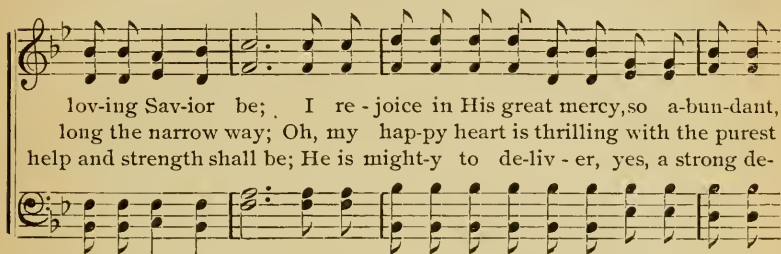


I Have Often Heard the Story. Concluded.

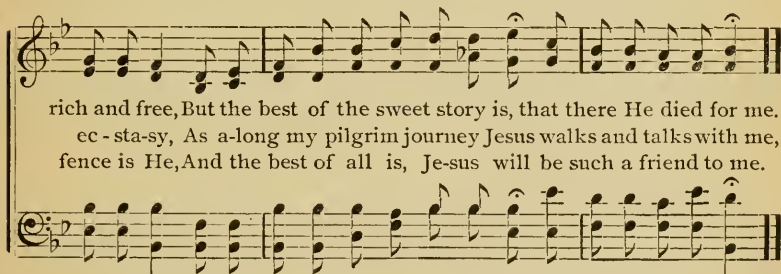
CHORUS.



Yes, there He died for me on the cross of Cal-vary, That He might my
Yes, the Savior is my friend, and communes with me each day, As we walk a-
He will be a friend to me and from sin will keep me free, And His love my



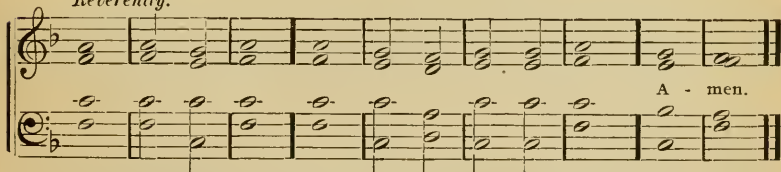
lov-ing Sav-ior be; I re-joyce in His great mercy, so a-bun-dant,
long the narrow way; Oh, my hap-py heart is thrilling with the purest
help and strength shall be; He is might-y to de-liv-er, yes, a strong de-



rich and free, But the best of the sweet story is, that there He died for me.
ec-sta-sy, As a-long my pilgrim journey Jesus walks and talks with me,
fence is He, And the best of all is, Je-sus will be such a friend to me.

No. 85. The Lord's Prayer.

Reverently.



A - men.

1. Our Father which art in heaven, hallowed be thy name, Thy kingdom come, thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven.
2. Give us this day our daily bread, And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us.
3. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil; For thine is the kingdom, and the power and the glory forever and ever. Amen.

No. 86.

Trust Thy Father.

IDA L. REED

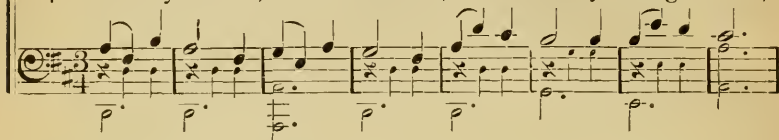
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CHAS. EDW. PRIOR.

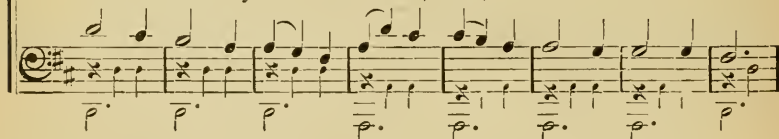
DUET.



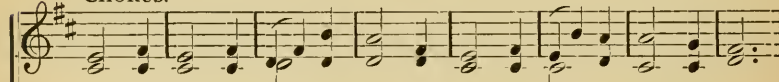
1. Trust thy Fa-ther, ev - er trust Him, Closely cling to His dear hand,
2. Trust thy Fa-ther, nev-er ask - ing Why the way is hard and long;
3. Trust thy Fa-ther, tho' He lead thee Thro' the valley dark and low;
4. Trust thy Fa-ther, ev - er trust Him, Nev-er let thy faith grow dim;



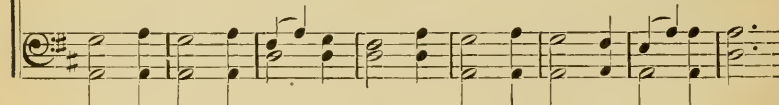
Tho' thy path is lost in darkness, And thy feet can scarcely stand.
 Learn with hope the bit - ter les - son, Tri - als make the spir-it strong.
 Thou with Him shall pass it safe - ly, And thy way with light shall glow.
 He doth know thy loss and sor-row, Trust, O trust it all to Him.



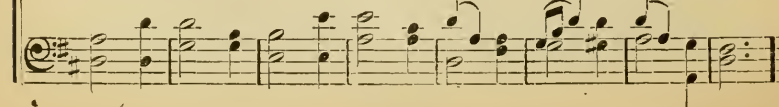
CHORUS.



Trust thy Fa-ther, ev - er trust Him, Nev-er can His prom-ise fail;



He thy strength will be, thy ref-uge, Shel-ter in each stormy gale.



No. 87. The Beautiful Land.

J. NICHOLSON.

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E. O. EXCELL.

1. There's a beau - ti - ful land on high, To its glo - ries I fain would
2. There's a beau - ti - ful land on high, I shall en - ter it by and
3. There's a beau - ti - ful land on high, Then why should I fear to
4. There's a beau - ti - ful land on high, Where we nev - er shall say good-

fly, When by sor - row press'd down, I long for my crown,
by; There, with friends hand in hand, I shall walk on the strand,
die, When death is the way To the realms of day,
by! When o - ver the riv - er, We're hap - py for - ev - er,

CHORUS.

In that beau - ti - ful land on high. In that beau - ti - ful land I'll be, I'll

be, From care and from sor - row set free, set free, My Sav - ior is

there, He has gone to pre - pare, A home in that land for me.

No. 88. Behold, I Stand at the Door.

F. M. D.

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FRANK M. DAVIS

Be-hold, I stand at the door and knock, knock, knock, knock,

1. If a - ny one will hear my voice And o - pen
 If a - ny one will hear my voice

2. And shall I stand and knock in vain At thy heart's
 And shall I stand and knock in vain

3. O wea-ry heart O trembling soul. Un - do the
 O wea-ry heart, O trembling soul,

wide . . . to me the door, . . . I will come in and sup with
 And o - pen wide to me the door, I will come in

door, . . . O child of sin? I've waited long and pa-tient-
 At thy heart's door, O child of sin? I've waited long

door long clos'd with sin, I bring you joy . . . from heav'n a -
 Un-do the door, long clos'd with sin, I bring you joy

him, And he with Me. for-ev-er - more.
 and sup with him, And he with Me for-ev-er-more.

ly, Un-do the door and let me in.
 and pa-tient-ly, Un-do the door and let me in.

bove And glad-ly I would enter in.
 from heav'n above, And glad-ly I would en-ter in.

Behold, I Stand at the Door. Concluded.

rit.

And he with Me for - ev - er - more, (for - ev - er - more.)
 Un - do the door and let me in, (and let me in.)
 And glad - ly I would en - ter in, (would en - ter in.)

No. 89. Glory to His Name.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.

BY PERMISSION,

Rev. J. H. STOCKTON.

1, Down at the cross where my Sav-ior died, Down where for cleans-
 2, I am so won-drous - ly sav'd from sin, Je - sus so sweet-
 3, Oh, pre-cious fount-ain, that saves from sin, I am so glad
 4, Come to this fount - ain, so rich and sweet; Cast thy poor soul

ing from sin I cried; There to my heart was the blood ap-plied;
 ly a-bides with - in; There at the cross where He took me in;
 I have en - tered in; There Je-sus saves me and keeps me clean,
 at the Sav-ior's feet; Plunge in to-day, and be made complete;

D. C. There to my heart was the blood ap-plied;

Fine. CHORUS.

D. S.

Glo-ry to His name. Glory to His name, Glo-ry to His name,

Glo-ry to His name!

No. 90. Scattering Precious Seed.

W. A. OGDEN.

BY PER. OF GEO. C. HUGG, OWNER OF COPYRIGHT.

GEO. C. HUGG.

1. Scat-ter - ing pre-cious seed by the way - side, Scat - ter - ing
 2. Scat-ter - ing pre-cious seed for the grow - ing, Scat - ter - ing
 3. Scat-ter - ing pre-cious seed, doubting nev - er, Scat - ter - ing

pre-cious seed by the hill - side; Scat - ter - ing pre-cious seed
 pre-cious seed, free - ly sow - ing; Scat - ter - ing pre-cious seed,
 pre-cious seed, trust - ing ev - er; Sow - ing the word with pray'r

o'er the field, wide, Scat - ter - ing pre-cious seed by the way.
 trust - ing, know - ing, Sure - ly the Lord will send it the rain.
 and en - deav - or, Trusting the Lord for growth and for yield.

CHORUS.

Sow - - ing in the morn - - ing, Sow - - ing
 Sowing the precious seed, Sowing the precious seed, Sowing the seed at noon -

at the noon - - tide; Sow - - ing in the
 tide, Sowing the precious seed; Sowing the precious seed,

Scattering Precious Seed. Concluded.

Musical notation for the first staff of 'Scattering Precious Seed'. The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 3/4. The melody features several triplet markings (indicated by '3' above the notes) and a dynamic marking of 'pp 6' (pianissimo, sixteenth notes). There are some handwritten annotations and a large arrow pointing to the right at the end of the staff.

ev - 'ning, Sowing the precious seed by the way. . . .
Sowing the precious seed, by the way.

Musical notation for the second staff of 'Scattering Precious Seed', which serves as the bass line. It includes triplet markings and continues the harmonic accompaniment.

No. 91. All Hail the Power.

Rev. E. PERRONET.

CORONATION. C. M.

O. HOLDEN.

Musical notation for the first staff of 'All Hail the Power'. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 4/4. The melody is a simple, hymn-like tune.

1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name! Let an-gels pros-trate fall;
2. Let ev - 'ry kin-dred, ev - 'ry tribe, On this ter-res - trial ball;
3. Sin - ners, whose love can ne'er for-get The wormwood and the gall,
4. Oh, that with yon-der sa-cred throng We at His feet may fall;

Musical notation for the second staff of 'All Hail the Power', serving as the bass line.

Musical notation for the third staff of 'All Hail the Power', which is the vocal melody line.

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

Musical notation for the fourth staff of 'All Hail the Power', serving as the bass line.

Musical notation for the fifth staff of 'All Hail the Power', which is the vocal melody line.

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

Musical notation for the sixth staff of 'All Hail the Power', serving as the bass line.

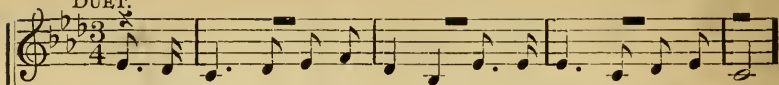
No. 92. Take the World but Give Me Jesus.

R. L. FLETCHER.

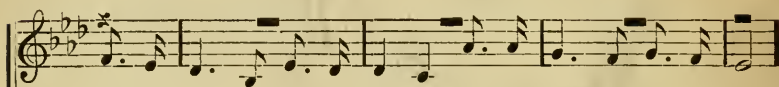
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CHAS. EDW. PRIOR.

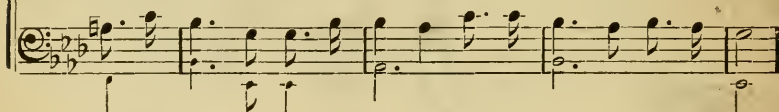
DUET.



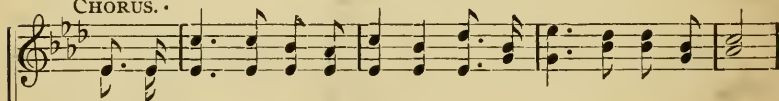
1. Take the world but give me Je - sus, He who died, He lov'd me so;
2. Now I hail my gracious Sav-ior, Liv-ing Head and glorious King;
3. Take the world but give me Je - sus, And my heart shall be His throne;



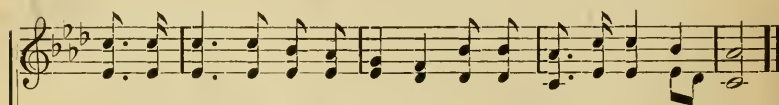
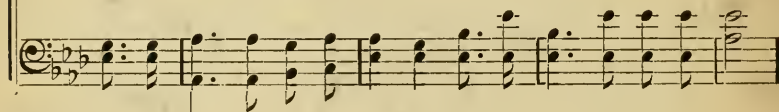
Glad-ly now I yield earth's treasures, Je-sus on - ly would I know.
And for His re-demp-tive fa - vor, All my gifts and pow'rs I bring.
King of kings, and Lord for-ev - er, He shall rule, and He a - lone.



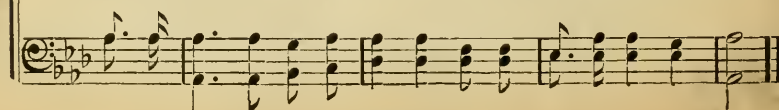
CHORUS.



Take the world but give me Je-sus, That dear Friend who loves me so;



All the world I leave, to fol - low Je - sus thro' this vale be - low.



Behold, I Stand at the Door. Concluded.

rit.

And he with Me for - ev - er - more, (for - ev - er - more.)
 Un - do the door and let me in, (and let me in.)
 And glad - ly I would en - ter in, (would en - ter in.)

No. 89. Glory to His Name.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.

BY PERMISSION.

Rev. J. H. STOCKTON.

1, Down at the cross where my Sav-ior died, Down where for cleans-
 2, I am so won-drous - ly sav'd from sin, Je - sus so sweet-
 3, Oh, pre-cious fount-ain, that saves from sin, I am so glad
 4, Come to this fount-ain, so rich and sweet; Cast thy poor soul

ing from sin I cried; There to my heart was the blood ap-plied;
 ly a-bides with - in; There at the cross where He took me in;
 I have en - tered in; There Je-sus saves me and keeps me clean,
 at the Sav-ior's feet; Plunge in to-day, and be made complete;

D. C. There to my heart was the blood ap-plied;

Fine. CHORUS. *D. S.*

Glo-ry to His name. Glory to His name, Glo-ry to His name,

Glo-ry to His name!

No. 90. Scattering Precious Seed.

W. A. OGDEN.

BY PER. OF GEO. C. HUGG, OWNER OF COPYRIGHT.

GEO. C. HUGG.

1. Scat-ter - ing pre-cious seed by the way - side, Scat-ter - ing
 2. Scat-ter - ing pre-cious seed for the grow-ing, Scat-ter - ing
 3. Scat-ter - ing pre-cious seed, doubting nev - er, Scat-ter - ing

pre-cious seed by the hill - side; Scat - ter - ing pre-cious seed
 pre-cious seed, free - ly sow - ing; Scat - ter - ing pre-cious seed,
 pre-cious seed, trust - ing ev - er; Sow - ing the word with pray'r

o'er the field, wide, Scat - ter - ing pre-cious seed by the way.
 trust-ing, know-ing, Sure - ly the Lord will send it the rain.
 and en - deav - or, Trusting the Lord for growth and for yield.

CHORUS.

Sow - - ing in the morn - - ing, Sow - - ing
 Sowing the precious seed, Sowing the precious seed, Sowing the seed at noon-

at the noon - - tide; Sow - - ing in the
 tide, Sowing the precious seed; Sowing the precious seed,

Scattering Precious Seed. Concluded.

ev - 'ning, Sowing the precious seed by the way. . . .
Sowing the precious seed, by the way.

pp

Musical score for 'Scattering Precious Seed. Concluded.' featuring a treble and bass staff with lyrics and musical notation including triplets and a piano (*pp*) dynamic marking.

No. 91. All Hail the Power.

Rev. E. PERRONET.

CORONATION. C. M.

O. HOLDEN.

Musical score for 'All Hail the Power.' featuring a treble and bass staff with lyrics and musical notation.

1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name! Let an-gels pros-trate fall;
2. Let ev - 'ry kin-dred, ev - 'ry tribe, On this ter-res - trial ball;
3. Sin - ners, whose love can ne'er for-get The wormwood and the gall,
4. Oh, that with yon-der sa-cred throng We at His feet may fall;

Musical score for 'All Hail the Power.' featuring a bass staff with lyrics and musical notation.

Musical score for 'All Hail the Power.' featuring a treble staff with lyrics and musical notation.

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

Musical score for 'All Hail the Power.' featuring a bass staff with lyrics and musical notation.

Musical score for 'All Hail the Power.' featuring a treble staff with lyrics and musical notation.

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

Musical score for 'All Hail the Power.' featuring a bass staff with lyrics and musical notation.

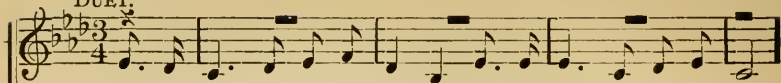
No. 92. Take the World but Give Me Jesus.

R. L. FLETCHER.

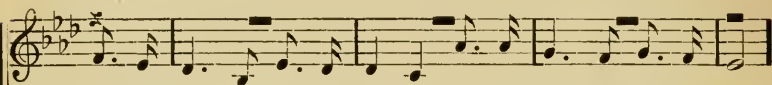
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CHAS. EDW. PRIOR.

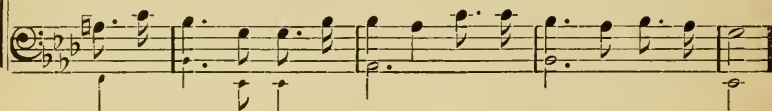
DUET.



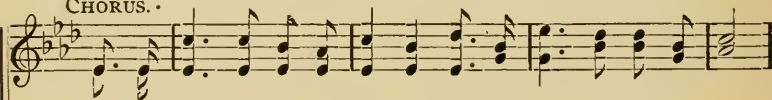
1. Take the world but give me Je - sus, He who died, He lov'd me so;
2. Now I hail my gracious Sav-ior, Liv-ing Head and glorious King;
3. Take the world but give me Je - sus, And my heart shall be His throne;



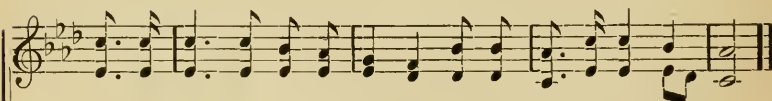
Glad-ly now I yield earth's treasures, Je-sus on - ly would I know.
And for His re-demp-tive fa - vor, All my gifts and pow'rs I bring.
King of kings, and Lord for-ev - er, He shall rule, and He a - lone.



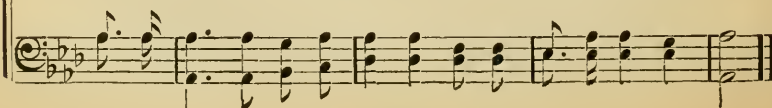
CHORUS.



Take the world but give me Je-sus, That dear Friend who loves me so;



All the world I leave, to fol - low Je - sus thro' this vale be - low.



No. 93. There's a Great Day Coming.

W. L. T.

BY PER. W. L. THOMPSON & CO, EAST LIVERPOOL, O. AND
THE THOMPSON MUSIC CO., CHICAGO.

W. L. THOMPSON.

1. There's a great day com-ing, A great day com-ing, There's a
2. There's a bright day com-ing, A bright day com-ing, There's a
3. There's a sad day com-ing, A sad day com-ing, There's a

great day com-ing by and by, When the saints and the sin-ners
bright day com-ing by and by, But its bright-ness shall on - ly
sad day com-ing by and by, When the sin - ner shall hear his

shall be part - ed right and left; Are you read-y for that
come to those who love the Lord; Are you read-y for that
doom, "De-part! I know ye not;" Are you read-y for that

CHORUS.

day to come? Are you read-y? Are you read-y?

Are you read-y for that Judgment day? for that Judgment day?

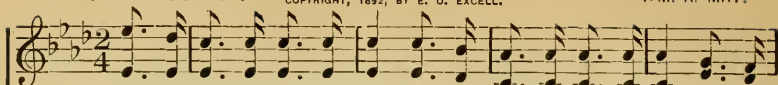
No. 94.

In the Morning!

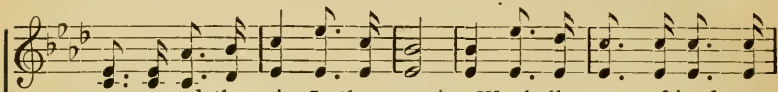
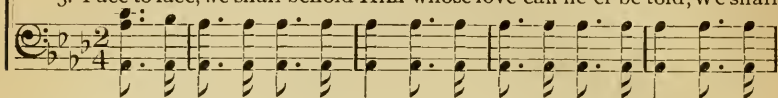
Rev. HENRY BURTON.

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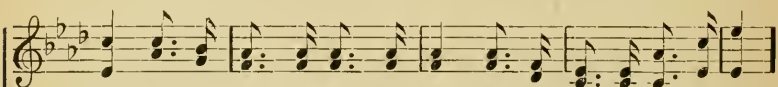
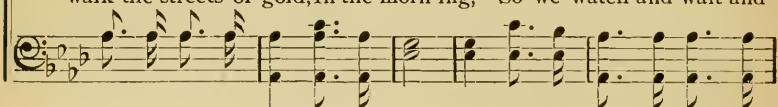
WM. A. MAY.



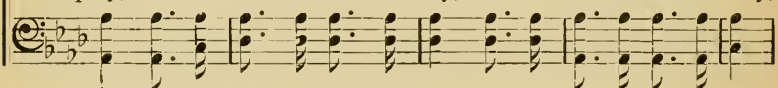
1. We shall have the flow'rs again In the shin-ing af - ter rain, Past the
2. We shall know as we are known, In the sunlight of the throne, And all
3. Face to face, we shall behold Him whose love can ne'er be told; We shall



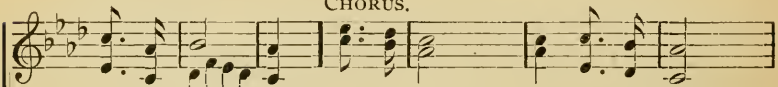
sor-row and the pain, In the morn-ing, We shall greet our friends once
heav'n will be our own, In the morn-ing, We shall leave the sin and
walk the streets of gold, In the morn-ing, So we watch and wait and



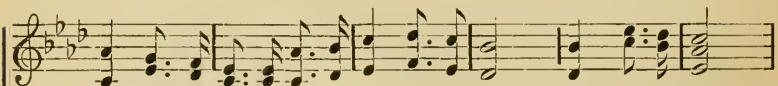
more! All the dear ones gone be-fore, They will meet us on the shore,
wrong, We shall join the white rob'd throng, We will sing the triumph song,
pray, Till the shad-ows flee a - way, Till we see the break of day,



CHORUS.



In the morn - ing! In the morn - ing, In the morn -
We shall meet, we shall



ing, We shall meet upon the shore, In the morn - ing, In the morn -
meet, In the morning, we shall



In the Morning! Concluded.

ing, In the morning! We shall meet upon the golden shore.
meet, the golden shore.

No. 95. The Temperance Call.

FRANZ ABT,

Allegro con fuoco.

1. { Hear the Temp'rance call, Free-men, one and all! Hear your
See your na - tive land Lift its beck-'ning hand, (*Omit.*)
2. { Leave the shop and farm, Leave your bright hearths warm; To the
Let your lead - ers be True and no - ble, free, (*Omit.*
3. { Hail! our fa - ther - land! Here thy chil - dren stand, All re -
In the Temp'rance cause, Ne'er to faint or pause! (*Omit.*)

2
coun-try's ear - nest cry! "Sons of free - dom, come ye nigh;
polls! the land to save; Fear-less, temp'rate, good, and brave;
solved, u - nit - ed, true, This our pur - pose is, and vow;

Chase the monster from our shore, Let his cru - el reign be
Chase the monster from our shore, Let his

ff
o'er; Chase the monster from our shore, Let his cruel reign be o'er.
cru-el reign be o'er, from our shore,

F. H. C.

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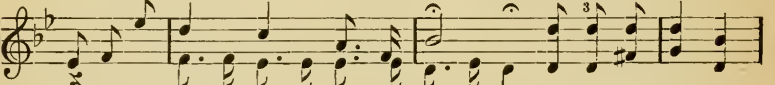
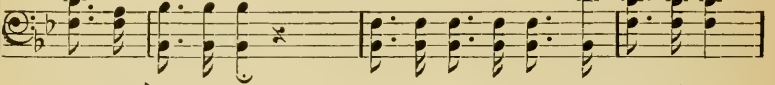
FLORA H. CASSEL.



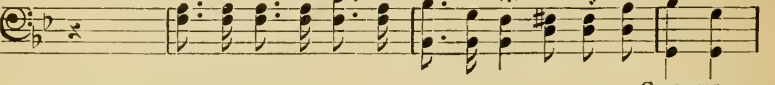
1. How I love Je - sus I nev-er can tell, For He first loved me
How I love I can - not, can-not tell, For He lov'd me,
2. How I love Je - sus I nev-er can tell, For He has freed from
How I love I can - not, can-not tell, For He made me
3. How I love Je - sus I nev-er can tell, Let the glad chor-us
How I love I can - not, can-not tell, Let the chorus



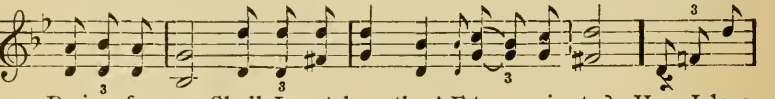
Oh, so well, Coming from heav'n to suffer for me;
loved me Oh, so well Came from heav'n, from heav'n to die for me,
Sorrow's spell, Made in my soul the joy-bells to ring;
free from sor-row's spell, In my soul made joy - bells, joy-bells ring,
Praises swell, Ring thro' the earth our glad ju - bi-lee,
prais - es, prais - es swell, Ring thro' earth, thro' earth our ju - bi - lee,



Wearing the thorns to make me free. Je - sus, my Sav - ior,
Wear-ing thorns to make me, make me, free.
Giv-en me voice His praise to sing, Je - sus, so kind, so
Gave me voice to sing His, sing His praise.
Je - sus, our Sav - ior, made us free, Wor-thy all hon - or,
Je - sus, bless - ed Sav - ior, made us free.



CHORUS.



Dy-ing for me, Shall I not love thro' E-ter - ni - ty? How I love
Faithful to me, In Thy dear presence Hap-py I'll be;
Wisdom and pow'r, Blessing and glo - ry, His ev-'ry hour.



How I Love Jesus. Concluded.

Je - sus I never can tell, For He first lov'd me Oh, so well.
 How I love I can - not, can-not tell,, For He lov'd me,lov'd me,Oh, so well,

No. 97. Ever Will I Pray.

A. CUMMINGS.

BY PERMISSION.

J. H. TENNEY.

1. Fa-ther, in the morn-ing Un - to Thee I pray, Let Thy lov-ing
2. At the busy noon-tide, Press'd with work and care, Then I'll wait with
3. When the evening shadows Chase away the light, Fa-ther, then I'll
4. Thus in life's glad morning, In its bright noon-day, In the shad-ow

CHORUS.

kind-ness Keep me thro' this day. I will pray, I will pray,
 Je - sus Till He hear my pray'r.
 pray Thee, Bless Thy child to-night.
 eve-ning, Ev-er will I pray. I will pray, I will pray,

Ev-er will I pray; Morning, noon and evening Unto Thee I'll pray.
 Ever will I pray; Unto Thee I'll pray.

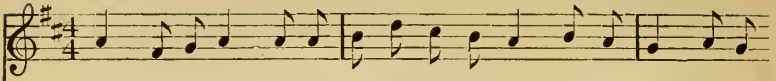
No. 98.

"Let Us Alone."

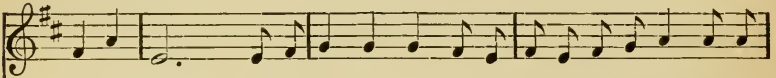
T. P. W.

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THOS. P. WESTENDORF.



1. "Let us a-lone" hear the e - vil spir-its cry, As the voice of the
2. Still do we cling to the e - vil in our hearts, And we hear how the
3. Are you con-tent, oh! my brother, thus to live, While the days and the



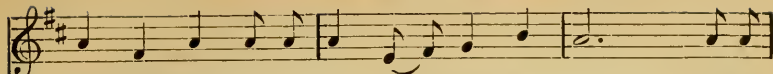
Sav-ior spake To the poor af-lict-ed, that stood so meekly by, Who the tempters laugh, And we feel the sting of the quickly flying darts, As the years go by, Have you no de-sire for the pardon He can give, Are you



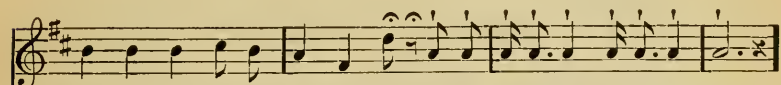
bands of sin would break; And they all came forth at His cup of death we quaff; For our eyes are blind and we will - ing thus to die; Bring your heart to Him, let Him



"Let Us Alone" Concluded.



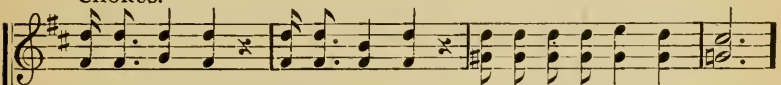
blest com-mand, And his won - drous power was shown, For the
 can - not see How for sin He would still a - tone, How His
 make it whole, Let Him take a - way the stain, That is



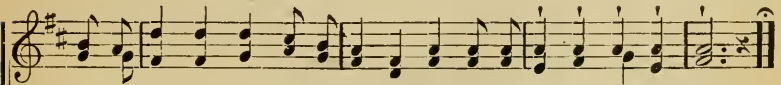
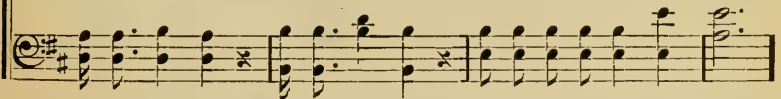
blind did see and the lame did walk, While the spirits said "Let us a-lone."
 life He gave that we might be free, While the spirits said "Let us a-lone."
 weighing down unto death your soul, With this cry of "Let us a-lone."



CHORUS.



"Let us a - lone," "Let us a-lone," "What have we to do with thee?"



'Tis the old, old cry as in sin we die, While His help would make us free.



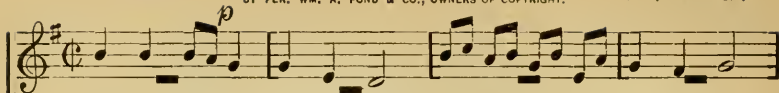
No. 99.

Rock of Ages.

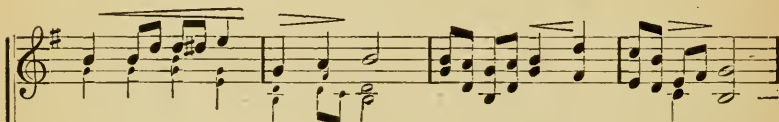
A. M. TOPLADY.

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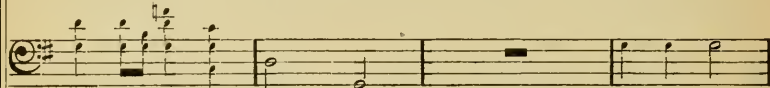
G. W. WARREN.



Rock of a - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in thee;
D. C. *While I draw this fleet - ing breath, When mine eye - lids close in death;*



Let the wa - ter and the blood, Let the wa - ter and the blood,
When I rise to worlds un - known, When I rise to worlds un - known,



From Thy side, a heal - ing flood, Be of sin the doub - le cure,
And be - hold Thee on Thy throne, Rock of a - ges, cleft for me,



Save from wrath and make me pure.
Let me hide my - self in Thee.



Rock of Ages. Concluded.

TENOR SOLO.

Should my tears for - ev - er flow, Should my zeal no

This system contains the first line of the Tenor Solo. It features a vocal line on a treble clef staff and piano accompaniment on grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The lyrics are "Should my tears for - ev - er flow, Should my zeal no".

lan - guor know, This for sin could not a - tone,

This system contains the second line of the Tenor Solo. The lyrics are "lan - guor know, This for sin could not a - tone,". The piano accompaniment continues with a steady eighth-note pattern.

rit. SOPRANO SOLO.
Thou must save, and Thou a - lone; In my hand no price I bring,

colla voce.

This system marks the beginning of the Soprano Solo. It includes the instruction "rit." (ritardando) above the vocal line and "SOPRANO SOLO." above the piano part. The lyrics are "Thou must save, and Thou a - lone; In my hand no price I bring,". The piano part includes the instruction "colla voce." (colla voce) above the bass line.

rall. D. C.
Simply to Thy cross I cling, Simply to Thy cross I cling.

rall.

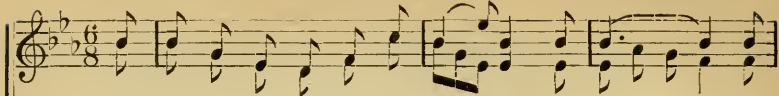
This system contains the final line of the Soprano Solo. It includes the instruction "rall." (rallentando) above the vocal line and "D. C." (Da Capo) above the piano part. The lyrics are "Simply to Thy cross I cling, Simply to Thy cross I cling." The piano part also includes a "rall." instruction.

No. 100. An Heir to the Kingdom.

NELLIE DUNGAN.

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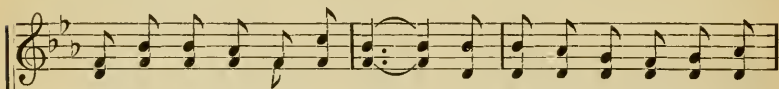
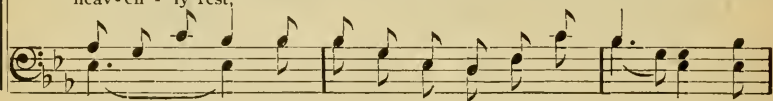
J. M. DUNGAN.



1. I'm heir to the man-sions of glo - ry, I'm heir, A-
I'm heir with the King. In
2. We long for that home with our Sav - ior, That home. . . . So
That home ev - er bright, In
3. How hap-py the faith - ful in glo - ry, The saints At
The saints who are blest, With



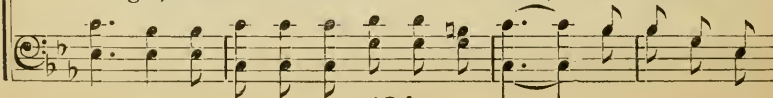
bove The Fa-ther has giv - en the prom - ise Of
heav - en a - bove,
bright Where sin can - not en - ter to harm us, And
man-sions of light,
rest Are sing - ing the song of re - demp-tion, Sal-
heav - en - ly rest,



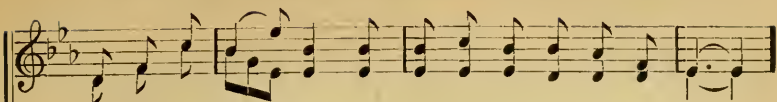
joys in the kingdom of love. No sick-ness nor sor - row shall
life is one dream of de - light. We ask Thee for strength, our dear
va-tion for sin - ners op - press'd. For there are the blest of all



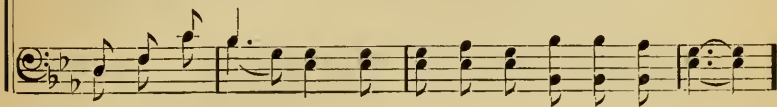
en - ter, No shad - ow of eve - ning ap - pear. But bliss all im -
Fa - ther, To brave - ly stand up for the right, That when our earth -
a - ges, Who wait on the beau - ti - ful shore, To welcome the



An Heir to the Kingdom. Concluded.



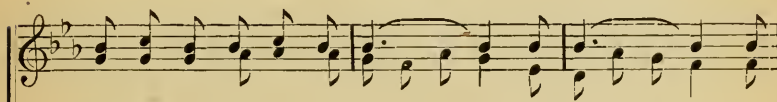
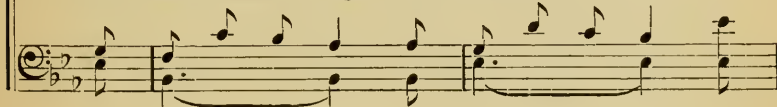
mor - tal shall greet us, And pleasures with nev - er a fear.
 cares are all end - ed, We'll en - ter the king - dom of light.
 dear ones to heav - en, To dwell in that land ev - er - more.



CHORUS.



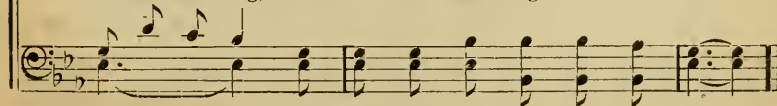
I'm heir, I'm heir To
 I'm heir with the King, I'm heir with the King, To



man - sions in heav - en a - bove; I'm heir, I'm
 man - sions in heav - en, in heav - en a - bove; I'm heir with the King, I'm



heir I'm heir to the king - dom of love.
 heir with the King, I'm heir to the king - dom of love.

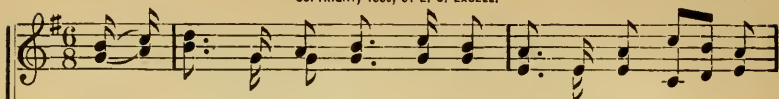


No. 101. That Old, Old Story is True.

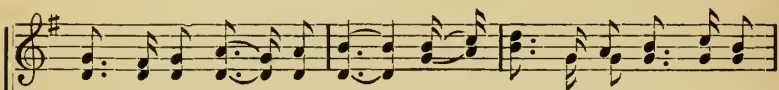
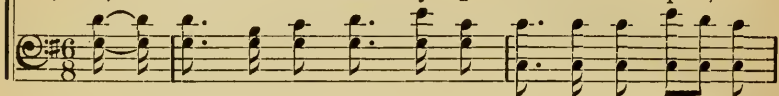
D. B. WATKINS.

COPYRIGHT, 1886, BY E. O. EXCELL.

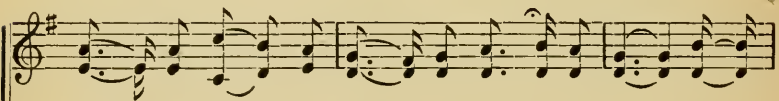
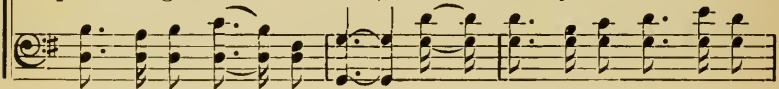
E. O. EXCELL.



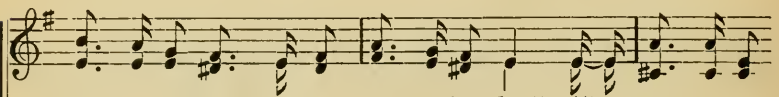
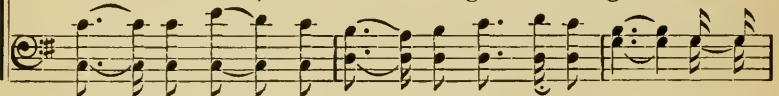
1. There's a won - der - ful sto - ry I've heard long a - go, 'Tis
 2. They told of a be - ing so love - ly and pure, That
 3. He a - rose and as - cend - ed to heav - en, we're told, Tri -
 4. Oh, that won - der - ful sto - ry I love to re - peat, Of



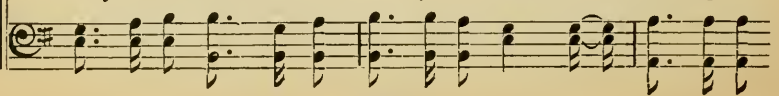
call'd "The sweet sto-ry of old" I hear it so oft - en, wher-
 came to the earth to dwell, To seek for His lost ones, and
 umph-ant o'er death and hell; He's pre-par - ing a place in that
 peace and good will to men; There's no sto - ry to me that is



ev - er I go, That same old sto - ry was told; And I've
 make them se - cure From death and the pow - er of hell; That
 cit - ty of gold, Where lov'd ones for - ev - er may dwell. Where our
 half so sweet, As I hear it a - gain and a - gain. He in -



thought it was strange that so oft - en they'd tell That sto - ry as
 He was despis'd and with thorns He was crown'd, On the cross was ex-
 kin-dred we'll meet, and we'll nev - er more part, And oh, while I
 vites you to come—He will free - ly re - ceive, And this message He



That Old, Old Story is True. Concluded.

if it were new; But I've found out the rea-son they loved it so
 tend-ed to view; But Oh, what sweet peace in my heart since I've
 tell it to you, It is peace to my soul, it is joy to my
 send-eth to you, "There's a man-sion in glo-ry for all who be-

REFRAIN.

well, That old, old sto-ry is true. That old, old sto-ry is true,
 found That old, old sto-ry is true. That old, old sto-ry is true,
 heart, That old, old sto-ry is true. That old, old sto-ry is true,
 lieve," That old, old sto-ry is true. That old, old sto-ry is true,
 It is true,

That old, old sto-ry is true; But I've found out the rea-son they
 That old, old sto-ry is true; But Oh, what sweet peace in my
 That old, old sto-ry is true; It is peace to my soul, it is
 That old, old sto-ry is true; "There's a man-sion in glo-ry for
 It is true;

loved it so well, That old, old sto-ry is true.
 heart since I've found That old, old sto-ry is true.
 joy to my heart, That old, old sto-ry is true.
 all who be-lieve," That old, old sto-ry is true.

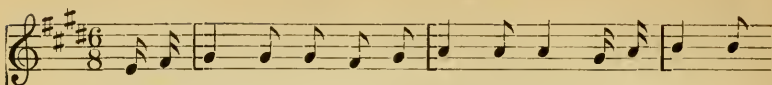
No. 102.

Peace Be Unto You.

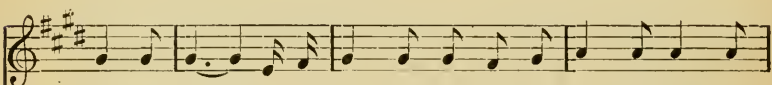
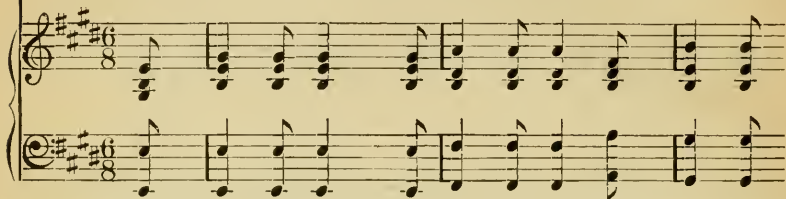
Harmonized by T. M. T.

COPYRIGHT, 1894 BY E. O. EXCELL.

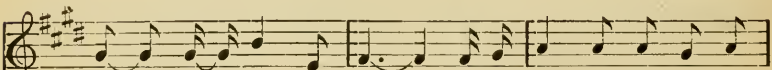
Melody and Words by W. E. WATT.



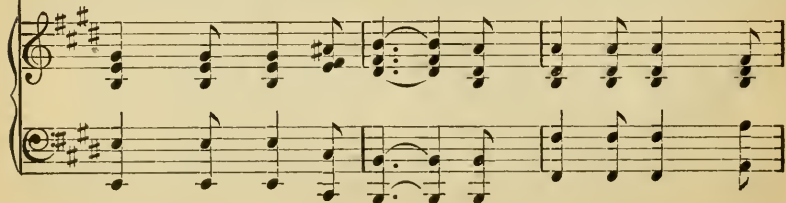
1. When the evening came and the doors were barr'd, They had gather'd
2. There the dear Lord show'd both His hands and side To the friends who
3. There was one a-way from the com - pa - ny When the Lord ap -



there in fear, For the cru - el Jews who had slain their Lord, Might
 loved Him most, Breath'd a mission forth to the world so wide—"Re-
 peared to them, But he said, "Un-less I can feel and see, I



now be lurk - ing near. 'Twas a fear - ful time in Je-
 ceive ye the Ho - ly Ghost." 'Twas a glo - rious time in Je-
 will not be-lieve He came." Then the Sav - ior came at the



Peace Be Unto You. Concluded.

ru - sa - lem, For all His dis - ci - ples true, But the Lord Christ
 ru - sa - lem, For all His dis - ci - ples true, For the Lord Christ
 close of day, And drew him in love a - side, "*See-ing* thou hast

came to the midst of them, And said "Peace be un - to you."
 stood in the midst of them, And said "Peace be un - to you."
 be - lieved, yet blest are they Who see not, yet in faith a - bide."

REFRAIN.

Lord, keep us from slav-ish fear; May our hearts val - iant be,
 Lord, keep us from slav-ish fear; May our hearts val - iant be,
 Lord, keep us from servile doubt; May our faith con-stant be,

Be Thou in love and pow-er near, May we re-joyce in Thee,
 Be Thou in love and pow-er near, May we re-joyce in Thee.
 Wheth-er we see and feel or not, We will be-lieve in Thee.

No. 103.

Rock of Ages.

A. M. TOPLADY.

COPYRIGHT, 1884, BY E. O. EXCELL.

E. O. EXCELL.

1. Rock of A - - ges cleft for me,
2. Could my tears for - ev - - er flow,
3. While I draw this fleet - - ing breath,

1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Blest Rock of A - ges, cleft for me,
 2. Could my tears for - ev - er flow, Oh! Could my tears for - ev - er flow,
 3. While I draw this fleet-ing breath, Yes, While I draw this fleet-ing breath,

Let me hide my - self in thee;
 Could my zeal no lan - - guor know,
 When mine eyes shall close in death,

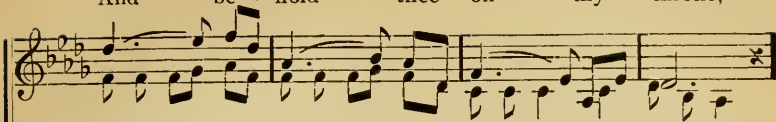
Let me hide my - self in thee, Oh! Let me hide my - self in thee;
 Could my zeal no lan-guor know, Oh! Could my zeal no languor know,
 When mine eyes shall close in death, Yes, When mine eyes shall close in death,

Let the wa - - ter and the blood,
 These for sin could not a - tone,
 When I rise to worlds un - known,

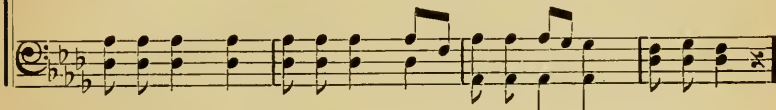
Let the wa - ter and the blood, Oh! Let the wa - ter and the blood,
 These for sin could not a - tone, No, These for sin could not a - tone,
 When I rise to worlds un-known, Yes, When I rise to worlds un-known,

Rock of Ages. Concluded.

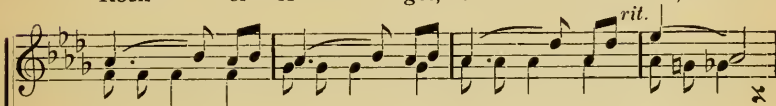
From thy wound - ed side which flow'd,
 Thou must save and thou a - lone,
 And be - hold thee on thy throne;



From thy wound-ed side which flow'd, Yes, From thy wound-ed side which flow'd,
 Thou must save and thou a - lone, Yes, Thou must save and thou a - lone,
 And be - hold thee on thy throne, Yes, And be-hold thee on thy throne,



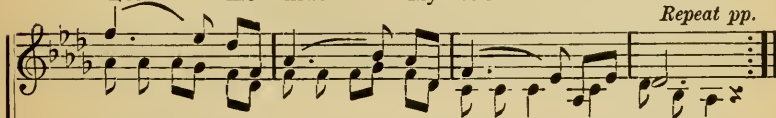
Be of sin the dou - - ble cure,
 In my hand no price I bring;
 Rock of A - - ges, cleft for me,



Be of sin the dou-ble cure, Yes, Be of sin the dou-ble cure,
 In my hand no price I bring, Lord, In my hand no price I bring,
 Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Blest Rock of A - ges, cleft for me,



Save from wrath and make me pure.
 Sim - ply to thy cross I cling.
 Let me hide my - self in thee.



Save from wrath and make me pure, Yes, Save from wrath and make me pure.
 Sim - ply to thy cross I cling, Lord, Sim-ply to thy cross I cling.
 Let me hide my - self in thee, Oh, Let me hide my - self in thee.



No. 104. The Sinner and the Song.

W. L. T.

BY PER. WILL L. THOMPSON & CO.

WILL L. THOMPSON.

SOLO.

Organ.

1. A sin-ner was wand'ring at e - ven-tide, His tempter was
2. He stopped and listened to ev'ry sweet chord, He remembered the

watch-ing close by at his side, In his heart raged a bat-tle for
time he once loved the Lord, Come on! says the tempter, come,

right against wrong, But hark! from the church he hears the sweet song;
on with the throng, But hark! from the church a-gain swells the song,

pp QUARTET.

1. Je - sus, lov - er of my soul, Let me to thy bo - som fly,
2. While the bil-lows near me roll, while the tempest still is high,

SOLO.

Organ.

Oh, tempter, de - part, I have served thee too long, I fly to the

The Sinner and the Song. Concluded.

Sav-ior, he dwells in that song, O Lord, can it be that a

sin-ner like me, May find a sweet refuge by com-ing to thee?

pp QUARTET.

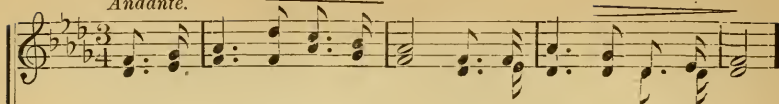
Oth-er ref-uge have I none; Hangs my helpless soul on thee.

SOLO.

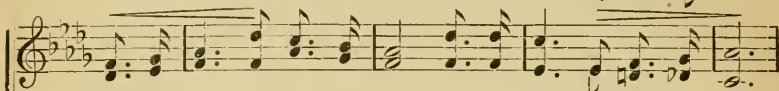
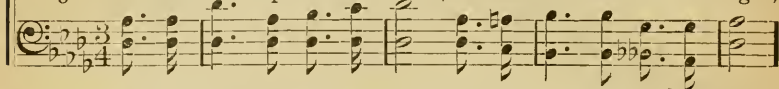
Organ.
I come, Lord, I come, Thou'lt for-give the dark past, And

pp QUARTET.

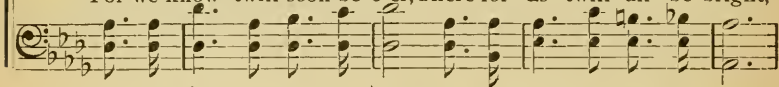
O, re-ceive my soul at last.

Andante.

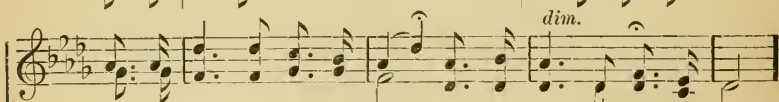
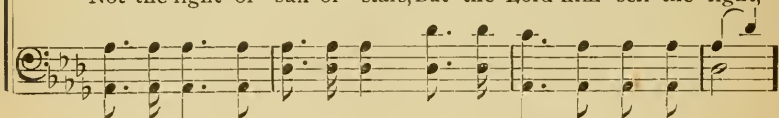
1. These are words of Bi - ble lore, Dear to ev - 'ry Christian heart,
2. On - ly here a lit - tle while, Then to en - ter home a - bove,
3. But while left up-on time's shore, Let us work with all our might,



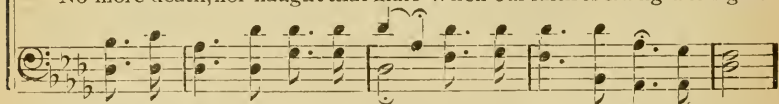
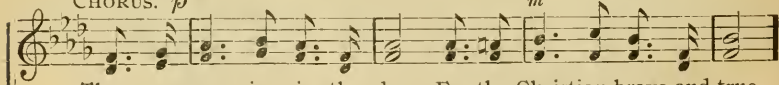
How we long, yet more and more, Christ to meet and nev - er part,
 Where there's noth - ing to de - file, All is brighten'd by His love
 For we know 'twill soon be o'er, There for us 'twill all be bright,



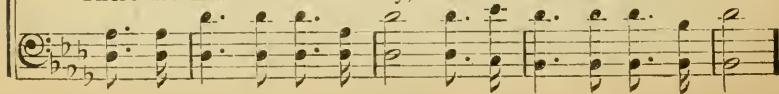
But the Sav - ior bids us rest, On his prom - ise sweet and true,
 Oh, to be with Je - sus there, Bet - ter far than earth - ly friends,
 Not the light of sun or stars, But the Lord him - self the light,



In my Fa - ther's house on high, I'll pre - pare a place for you.
 Sweet - est rest for - ev - er share, Bless - ed rest, it nev - er ends.
 No more death, nor naught that mars When our faith is chang'd to sight.

CHORUS. *p*

There are man - sions in the sky, For the Christian brave and true,



My Father's House. Concluded.

f In my Fa-ther's house on high, I'll pre - pare a place for you. *dim.*

No. 106. Oh, Could I Speak.

S MEDLEY.

ARIEL. C. P. M.

Dr. LOWELL MASON.

1. Oh, could I speak the match - less worth, Oh, could I
2. I'd sing the pre - cious blood He spilt, My ran - som
3. Well — the de - light - ful day will come, When my dear

sound the glo - ries forth Which in my Sav - ior shine, I'd
from the dread - ful guilt, Of sin and wrath di - vine! I'd
Lord will bring me home, And I shall see His face: Then

soar, and touch the heav'nly strings, And vie with Gabriel while he sings,
sing His glo - rious righteousness, In which all per - fect heav'nly dress
with my Sav - ior, Brother, Friend, A blest e - ter - ni - ty I'll spend,

In notes al - most di - vine, In notes al - most di - vine.
My soul shall ev - er shine, My soul shall ev - er shine.
Tri - umph - ant in his grace, Tri - umph - ant in his grace.

No. 107

Let Him In.

COPYRIGHT, 1881, BY JOHN J. HOOD, E. O. E. OWNER.

Rev. J. B. ATCHINSON.

E. O. EXCELL.

1. There's a stran-ger at the door, Let Him in;
 2. O - pen now to Him your heart, Let Him in;
 3. Hear you now His lov-ing voice? Let Him in;
 4. Now ad - mit the heavenly Guest, Let Him in;
 Let the Savior in, let the Savior in;

He has been there oft be - fore, Let Him in;
 If you wait He will de - part, Let Him in;
 Now, oh, now make Him your choice, Let Him in;
 He will make for you a feast, Let Him in;
 Let the Savior in, let the Savior in;

Let Him in, ere He is gone, Let Him in, the Ho - ly One,
 Let Him in, He is your Friend, He your soul will sure de - fend,
 He is stand-ing at the door, Joy to you He will re - store,
 He will speak your sins for-given, And when earth ties all are riven,

Je-sus Christ, the Fa-ther's Son, Let Him in.
 He will keep you to the' end, Let Him in.
 And His name you will a - dore, Let Him in.
 He will take you home to heaven, Let Him in.
 Let the Savior in, let the Savior in.

1. Pa - tient - ly we toil a - long We will gath - er by and by,
 2. With the ransom'd host a - bove Look - ing on our Sav - ior's face,
 3. Hal - le - lu - jah! by and by, Near our Lord in white ar - ray,

In the sum - mer land of song, In the bless - ed home on high.
 Sing the sto - ry of His love, Sing the rich - es of His grace.
 We shall find a cloud - less sky, With the tear - drops wiped a - way.

CHORUS.

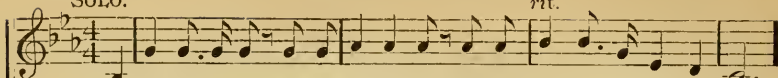
By and by, yes, by and by Gain the
 By and by, yes, by and by, by and by, yes, by and by,

home for which we long, Dwell with Je - - sus by and
 Gain the home for which we long, for which we long, Dwell with Jesus by and by, Dwell with

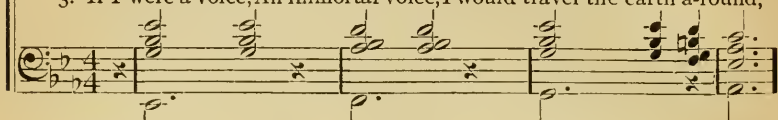
by, In the sum - mer land of song.
 Je - sus by and by, In the summer land, of song, land of song.

SOLO.

rit.



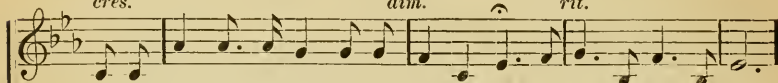
1. If I were a voice, A persuasive voice, I would travel the wide world thro'
2. If I were a voice, A consoling voice, I would travel with wings of air;
3. If I were a voice, An immortal voice, I would travel the earth a-round,



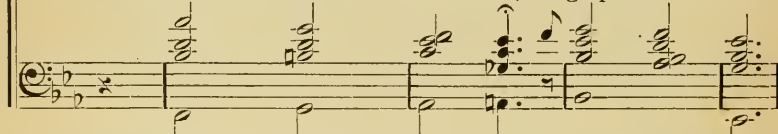
cres.

dim.

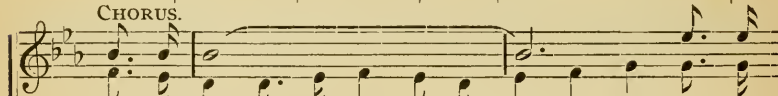
rit.



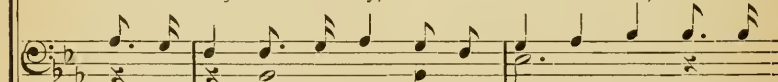
I would fly on the gleam of the morning beam, And tell men to be true.
 And the dwellings of sorrow and guilt I'd seek, To save men from despair.
 And wher-ev - er a man to his i-dols bow'd, The gospel note I'd sound.



CHORUS.



I would fly Far a -
 Far a - way I would fly, O'er the land and sea, I would



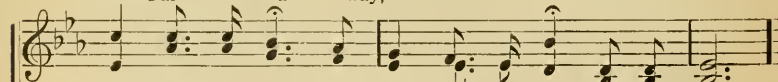
I would fly,



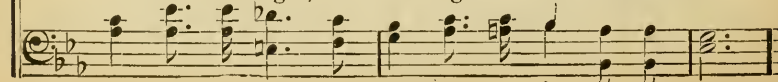
way I'd point to the light, Show
 fly far a - way, O'er the land and sea,



Far a - - way,



sin's dark-some night, That men might take heed and be free.



No. 110.

Blessed Assurance.

F. J. CROSBY.

COPYRIGHT, 1873, BY JOS. F. KNAPP. BY PER.

Mrs. JOS. F. KNAPP.

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

glo - ry di - vine! Heir of sal - va-tion, purchase of God, Born of His
 burst on my sight, An-gels descending, bring from a - bove Ech-oes of
 hap-py and blest, Watching and waiting, look-ing a-bove, Fill'd with His

CHORUS.

Spir - it, washed in His blood. This is my sto - ry, this is my
 mer - cy, whis-pers of love.
 good-ness, lost in His love.

song, Prais-ing my Sav - ior all the day long; This is my

sto - ry, this is my song, Prais-ing my Sav-ior all the day long.

No. III. In the Shadow of His Wings.

Rev. J. B. ATCHINSON.

COPYRIGHT, 1882, BY E. O. EXCELL.

E. O. EXCELL.

1. In the shad-ow of his wings There is rest, sweet rest; There is
 2. In the shad-ow of his wings There is peace, sweet peace, Peace that
 3. In the shad-ow of his wings There is joy, glad joy, There is

rest from care and la - bor, There is rest for friend and neighbor,
 pass - eth un - der - stand - ing, Peace, sweet peace that knows no end - ing,
 joy to tell the sto - ry, Joy ex - ceed - ing, full of glo - ry;

In the shad - ow of his wings, There is rest, sweet rest, In the
 In the shad - ow of his wings, There is peace, sweet peace, In the
 In the shad - ow of his wings, There is joy, glad joy, In the

CHORUS.

shad-ow of his wings, There is rest. (sweet rest.) There is rest, There is
 shad-ow of his wings, There is peace, (sweet peace.)
 shad-ow of his wings, There is joy, (glad joy.) sweet rest,

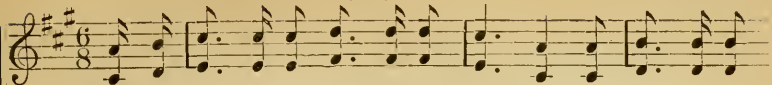
peace, There is joy, In the shadow of his wings; shadow of his wings.
 sweet peace, glad joy;

No. 112. Hast Thou Heard of Jesus?

Mrs. E. C. ELLSWORTH.

COPYRIGHT, 1878, BY J. H. TENNEY.
COPYRIGHT, 1894, BY E. O. EXCELL.

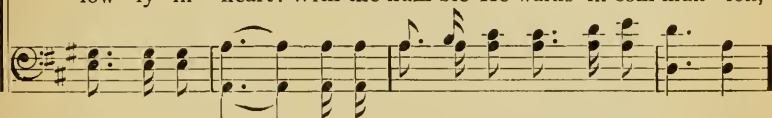
J. H. TENNEY.



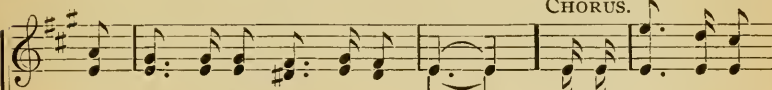
1. Hast thou heard of that won-der-ful Je - sus, Who dwelt a-mong
2. Hast thou heard of that won-der-ful Je - sus, Re - ject - ed by
3. Hast thou heard that this wonderful Je - sus, Dwells now with the



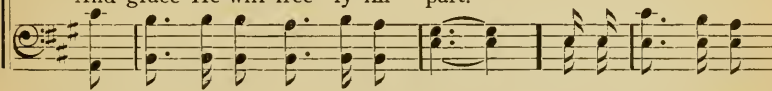
sin - ners, a God? Who in pu - ri - ty walk'd with the vil - est,
sin - ners of old? He is wait - ing to - day to be gra - cious,
low - ly in heart? With the hum - ble He walks in com - mun - ion,



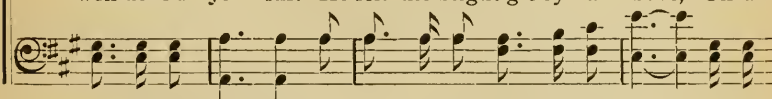
CHORUS.



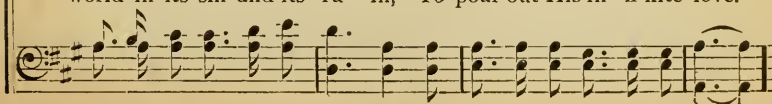
Dis - pens - ing His fa - vors a - broad? O that won - der - ful,
Yet slight - ed by num - bers un - told.
And grace He will free - ly im - part.



won - der - ful Je - sus! He left the bright glo - ry a - bove, On a



world in its sin and its ru - in, To pour out His in - fi - nite love.



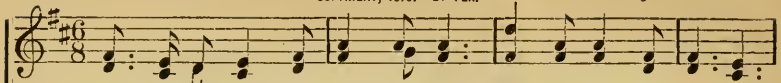
No. 113.

Nearer the Cross.

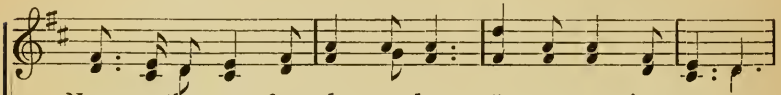
Mrs. F. J. CROSBY.

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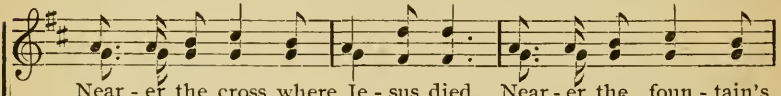
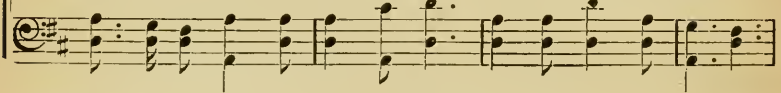
Mrs. J. F. KNAPP.



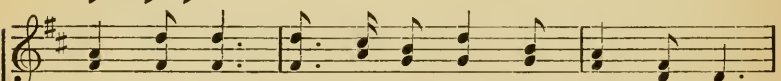
1. "Near - er the cross!" my heart can say, I am com-ing near-er,
2. Near - er the Christian's mer - cy seat, I am com-ing near-er,
3. Near - er in pray'r my hope as-pires, I am com-ing near-er,



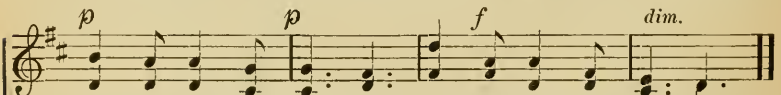
Near - er the cross from day to day, I am com - ing near-er;
 Feast-ing my soul on man - na sweet, I am com - ing near-er;
 Deep - er the love my soul de-sires, I am com - ing near-er;



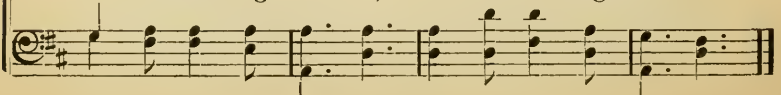
Near - er the cross where Je - sus died, Near - er the foun - tain's
 Strong - er in faith, more clear I see Je - sus, who gave him-
 Near - er the end of toil and care, Near - er the joy I



crim - son tide, Near - er my Sav - ior's wound - ed side,
 self for me; Near - er to Him I still would be;
 long to share, Near - er the crown I soon shall wear,



I am com - ing near - er, I am com - ing near - er.
 Still I'm com - ing near - er, Still I'm com - ing near - er.
 I am com - ing near - er, I am com - ing near - er.

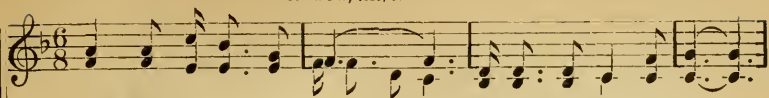


No. 114. Sleep, my Little One, Sleep.

Miss A. BENSEL. Arr.

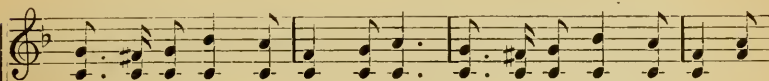
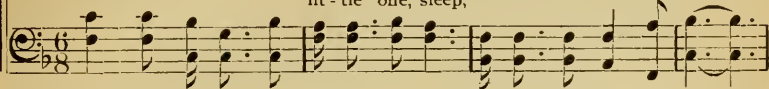
COPYRIGHT, 1889, BY E. O. EXCELL.

E. O. EXCELL.

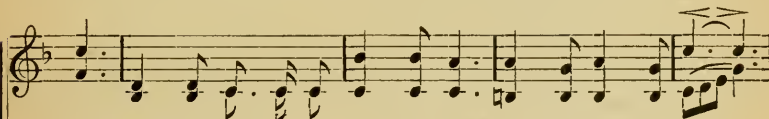


1. Sleep, my lit - tle one, sleep, . . . Nar-row thy bed and deep,
2. Sleep, my lit - tle one, sleep, . . . Nar-row thy bed and deep,
3. Sleep, my lit - tle one, sleep, . . . Nar-row thy bed and deep,
4. Sleep, my lit - tle one, sleep, . . . Nar-row thy bed and deep,

lit - tle one, sleep,



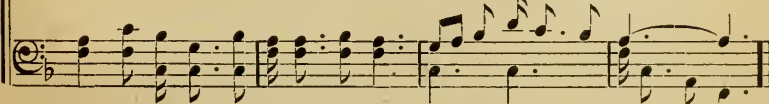
Hun-ger, nor thirst, nor cru - el pain, Ev - er can hurt my babe a-
 Soon in the an - gels' ten-der arms, Close sheltered there from earth's a-
 Folded your hands in death's mute pray'r, Nev - er to reach in wild de-
 I too shall soon be laid to rest, Close by the side of ba - by



gain; I, thy moth-er, will bend and sing, Watch thee slum-ber-ing,
 larms, Thou wilt wak-en, sweet ba - by mine, In thy home di-vine;
 spair, Hun-ger, an-guish, will soon be o'er I can weep no more;
 blest; Safe is ba-by, earth's anguish done, Keep thee, ho - ly one,



Sleep, my lit-tle one, sleep, sleep.
 lit - tle one, sleep, Sleep, my lit - tle one, sleep



Sleep, sleep, lit - tle one, sleep.

No. 115.

Seeking The Lost.

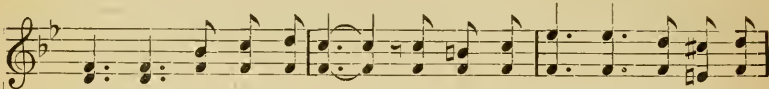
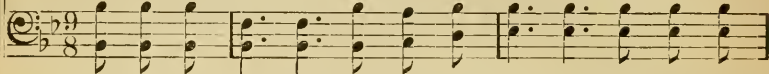
W. A. O.

COPYRIGHT, 1884, BY S. T. GORDON & SON. USED BY PER.

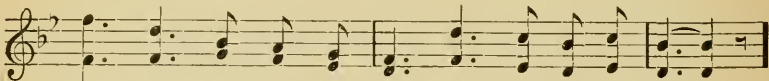
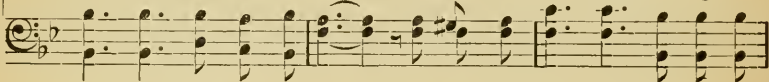
W. A. OGDEN.



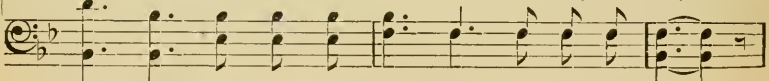
1. Seek-ing the lost, yes, kind-ly en-treat-ing Wan-der-ers
2. Seek-ing the lost, and point-ing to Je-sus, Souls that are
3. Thus I would go on mis-sions of mer-cy, Fol-low-ing



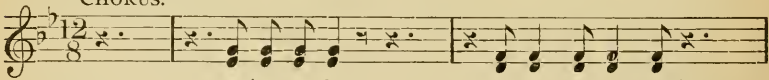
on the moun-tain a-stray; "Come un-to me," His mes-sage re-weak, and hearts that are sore; Lead-ing them forth in ways of sal-Christ from day un-to day; Cheering the faint, and rais-ing the



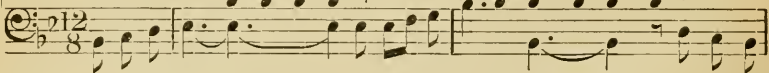
peat-ing, Words of the Mas-ter speak-ing to-day.
va-tion, Show-ing the path to life ev-er-more.
fall-en; Point-ing the lost to Je-sus, the way.



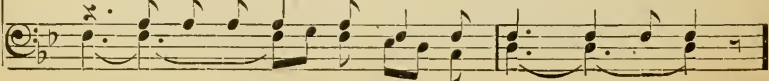
CHORUS.



Go-ing a-far up-on the mountain,
Go-ing a-far up-on the mount-ain, . . . Bring-ing the



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



Seeking The Lost. Concluded.

In-to the fold of my Redeemer,
 In-to the fold of my Re-deem-er, Je-sus the
 Je-sus, the Lamb for sin-ners slain, for sin-ners slain.
 Lamb for sin-ners slain.

No. 116.

Pilot Me.

F. M. D.

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FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. { O-ver Ju-de-a's rug-ged hills, Down by the sounding sea, }
 { Wher-e'er Thy blessed foot-steps lead, (Omit.) }
 2. { O-ver the storm-y sea of life, Where wind and wave is free. }
 { Guide my frail bark to har-bor safe, (Omit.) }
 3. { When to the shad'wy vale I come, Trust-ing, O Lord, in Thee, }
 { Show me the path Thy feet have trod, (Omit.) }

Fine. CHORUS.
 Je-sus, oh, pi-lot me. Pi-lot me, pi-lot me,
 D. S. Je-sus, oh, pi-lot me.

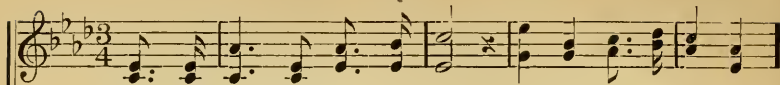
Je-sus, oh, pi-lot me; Thro' all the changes life de-crees,
 D. S.

No. 117. Savior, Blessed Savior.

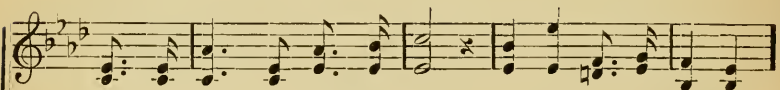
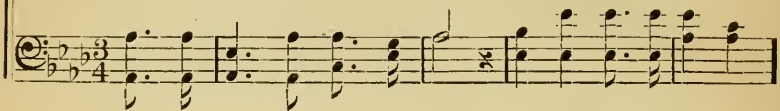
FANNY J. CROSBY.

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JNO. R. SWENEY.



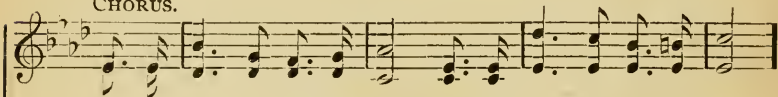
1. O the joy, the bliss di - vine, Sav-ior, bless-ed Sav-ior,
2. Once my path was dark as night, Sav-ior, bless-ed Sav-ior,
3. Thou did'st give Thy life for me, Sav-ior, bless-ed Sav-ior,
4. Make me strong - er, day by day, Sav-ior, bless-ed Sav-ior,



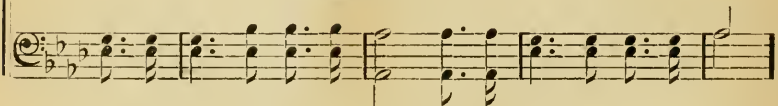
Thus to know and call Thee mine, Sav-ior, bless-ed Sav - ior.
Now Thy pres - ence makes it bright, Sav-ior, bless-ed Sav - ior.
Now I give my all to Thee, Sav-ior, bless-ed Sav - ior.
Still to run the heav'n-ly way, Sav-ior, bless-ed Sav - ior.



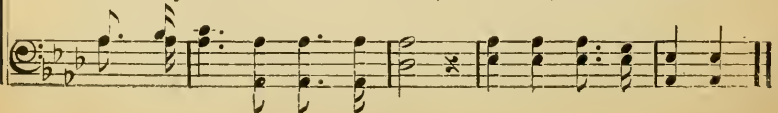
CHORUS.



Not a sor - row, not a care, Thou dost all my bur-dens bear,



While Thy con-stant love I share, Sav - ior, bless-ed Sav - ior.



No. 118. The Blood is All My Plea.

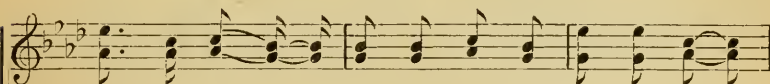
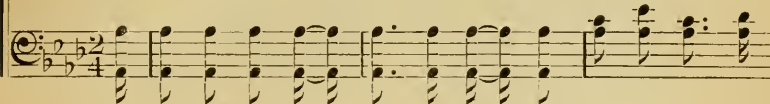
Rev. F. C. BAKER.

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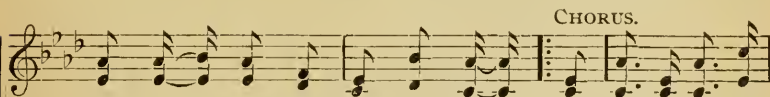
E. F. MILLER.



1. I knew that God in His Word had spoken, The pow'r of sin can
2. Must I go on in sin and sorrow, To-day in sun-shine,
3. With anguish wrung, I cried, My Lord, Is there not pow'r in
4. Oh, yes, my love will take you in, The blood will cleanse you
5. And there I stand this ver - y hour, Kept by Al-might - y

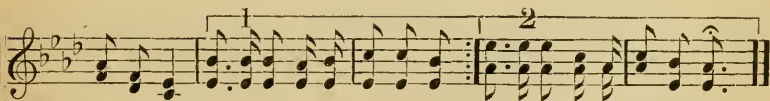


all be bro-ken, The heart held cap - tive yet be free,
clouds to - mor - row? First I'm sin - ning, then re - pent - ing,
Je - sus' blood To make in me a per - fect cure?
from all sin, Will wash a - way your guilt - y stains,
keep - ing pow'r, Temp - ta - tions come, the blood's my plea,

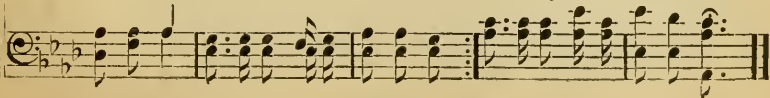


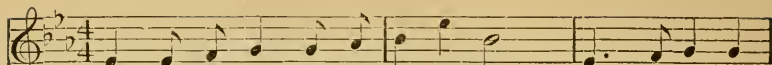
CHORUS.

Lord, is this bless - ing not for me? The blood, the blood is
Now I'm stub - born, then re - lent - ing.
To cleanse my heart and keep it pure?
And cleanse till not one spot re - mains.
The precious blood now cleans - es me.

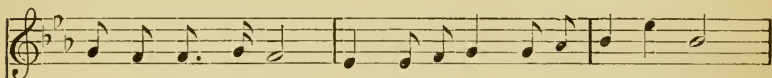


all my plea, Hallelujah! it cleanseth me; Hallelujah! it cleanseth me.





1. What if the watchman should cry a-loud; And proclaim the
2. What will you do on that dreadful day, As be-fore the
3. What will you do in that sad, sad hour, When the Judge has



day of judgment near? What would you do if you heard him say,
 Judge you trembling wait? What will you do if the door is shut,
 said, "de-part" to thee? What will you do as He turns you back,



"You must at the judgment bar ap-pear?" What would you do?
 And you hear it said "too late, too late?" What will you do?
 If your soul is lost e - ter - nal-ly? What will you do?



What Will You Do? Concluded.

f *ff* *dim.*

What would you do? Say, What would you do? What would you do
 What will you do? Say, What will you do? What will you do
 What will you do? Say, What will you do? What will you do

mf *rit.*

if you heard him say, "You must at the judgment bar appear?"
 if the door is shut, And you hear it said, "too late, too late?"
 as He turns you back, If your soul is lost e - ter - nally?

No. 120. Wake the Song.

Rev. L. BACON.

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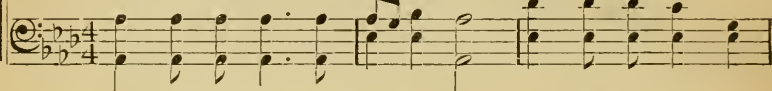
E. O. EXCELL.

1. Wake the song of ju - bi - lee, Let it ech - o o'er the sea!
 2. All ye na-tions join to sing, Praise your Sav-ior and your King,
 3. Hark! the des - ert lands re-joice, And the is - lands join the voice,

Now is come the promised hour, Je - sus reigns with glorious pow'r!
 Let it sound from shore to shore, Je - sus reigns for - ev - er - more!
 Joy! the whole cre - a - tion sings, Je - sus is the King of Kings!



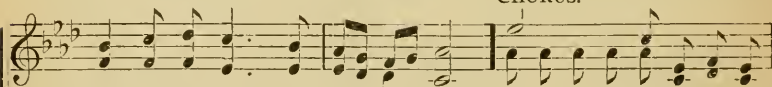
1. God call-ing yet! shall I not hear? Earth's pleasures shall I
2. God call-ing yet! shall I not rise? Can I His lov - ing
3. God call-ing yet! and shall He knock, And I my heart the
4. God call-ing yet! and shall I give No heed, but still in
5. God call-ing yet! I can-not stay; My heart I yield with



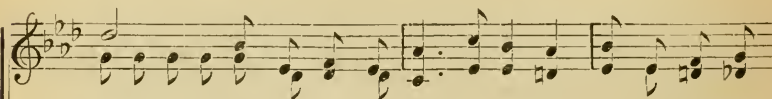
still hold dear? Shall life's swift pass - ing years all fly,
 voice de - spise, And base - ly His kind care re - pay?
 clos - er lock? He still is wait - ing to re - ceive,
 bond - age live? I wait, but He does not for - sake;
 out de - lay: Vain world, fare-well, from thee I part;



CHORUS.



And still my soul in slum-ber lie? Call - ing, oh, hear Him,
 He calls me still; can I de - lay?
 And shall I dare His Spir - it grieve?
 He calls me still; my heart, a - wake!
 The voice of God has reached my heart. God is call-ing yet,



Call - ing, oh, hear Him, God is call-ing yet, oh, hear Him
 God is call-ing yet,



God is Calling Yet. Concluded.

call-ing, call-ing, Call - ing, oh, hear Him, Call - -
 God is call-ing yet, God is call - ing

ing, oh, hear Him, God is call-ing yet, oh, hear Him call-ing yet.
 yet,

No. 122. The Hallowed Spot.

Rev, WM. HUNTER, D. D.

ARRANGED.
Fine.

1. { There is a spot to me more dear Than native vale or mountain;
 A spot for which af-fec-tion's tear Springs grateful from its fountain. }
 D. S. *where I first my Sav-ior found, And felt my sins for-giv-en.*

2. { Hard was my toil to reach the shore, Long toss'd upon the o - cean; }
 A - bove me was the thunder's roar, Beneath, the waves' commotion. }
 D. S. *that dark hour how did my groan Ascend for years of er - ror.*

D. S.
 'Tis not where kindred souls abound, Tho' that is almost heav-en, But
 Darkly the pall of night was thrown Around me, faint with terror; In

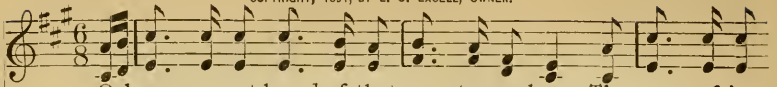
- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>3 Sinking and panting as for breath
 I knew not help was near me;
 I cried, "Oh, save me, Lord, from death,
 Immortal Jesus, hear me;"
 Then quick as thought I felt Him mine
 My Savior stood before me;
 I saw His brightness 'round me shine,
 And shouted "Glory, glory."</p> | <p>4 O sacred hour! O hallowed spot!
 Where love divine first found me;
 Wherever falls my distant lot
 My heart shall linger 'round thee,
 And when from earth I rise, to soar
 Up to my home in heaven,
 Down will I cast my eyes once more,
 Where I was first forgiven.</p> |
|--|---|

No. 123. It Will Never Grow Old.

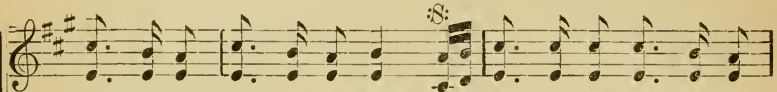
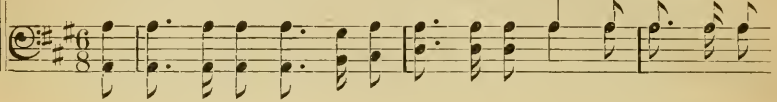
Rev. W. W. BAILY.

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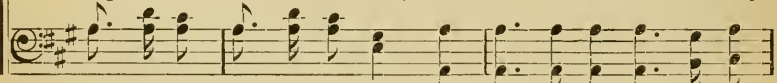
I. N. MCHOSE.



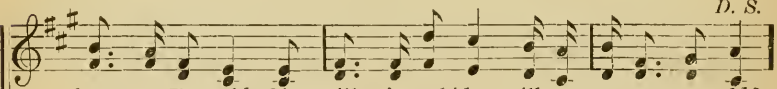
1. O have you not heard of that coun-try a - bove, The name of its
2. That won-der-ful land has a cit - y of life, Ne'er darken'd with
3. A man - sion of won-der-ful beau - ty is there, And Je - sus that
4. They tell me its friendships and love are so pure, Its joys nev - er
5. In life's wea-ry conflicts, there's fainting and care, Each year the gray



King and His in - fi - nite love? His chil-dren are death-less and
an-guish, nor dy - ing, nor strife; Its tem - ples and streets are all
man-sion has gone to pre-pare; Its bright jasper walls how I
die, and its treas-ures are sure; And loved ones de-part-ed, so
deep-ens a shade in the hair; But in the blest book where my



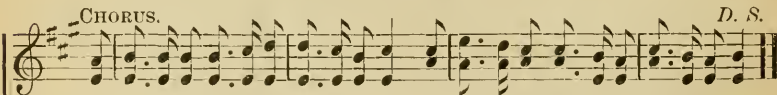
D. S. It glad-dens my heart with a



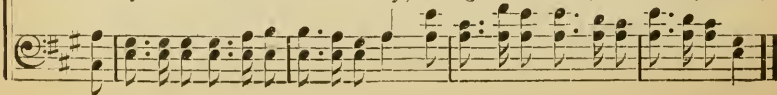
hap - py, I'm told; Oh, will it a-bide—will we nev-er grow old?
flash-ing with gold, Oh, can it be true, will we nev-er grow old?
long to be - hold, And join in the song that will nev-er grow old.
si-lent and cold, Will greet us again where we'll nev-er grow old.
name is en-rolled, I read of that land where we'll nev-er grow old.



joy that's un-told, To think of that land where we'll nev-er grow old.



CHORUS. 'Twill always be new, it will never decay; No night ever comes, it will always be day.



No. 124. Where Are the Reapers?

F. M. D.

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FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. O where are the reap - ers to gar - ner in The bright golden sheaves
 2. O where are the reap - ers to gath - er home The wan - der - ing ones
 3. O where are the reap - ers the Lord de - mands To gath - er His har -

from the fields of sin, The Mas - ter is call - ing for reap - ers true, O
 that from Je - sus roam, O who will go out in - to sin's high - way And
 vest in ma - ny lands; To lift up the fall - en, to aid the weak, The

CHORUS.

who will be one of the fa - vored few? O where are the
 res - cue the souls that have gone a - stray.
 er - ring and lost of the world to seek? O where are the reapers. O

reapers, O where are the reapers, O where are the
 where are the reapers, O where are the reapers, O where are the reapers,

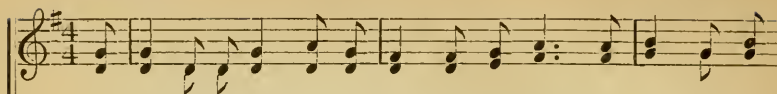
reap - ers to gar - ner in The bright golden sheaves from the fields of sin?

No. 125. I Will Go to the King.

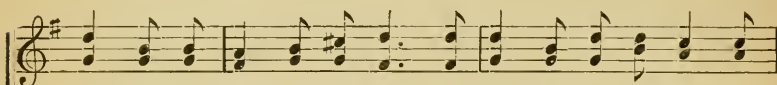
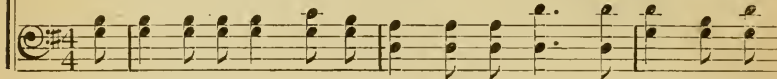
E. E. HEWITT.

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CHAS. EDW. PRIOR.



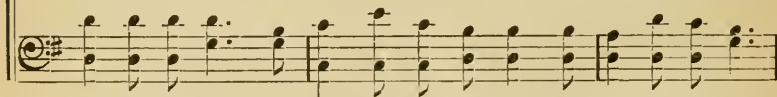
1. I'll go to the King with my bur - den of sin; I know that His
2. I'll go to the King, in His won - der - ful love, Ex - tend - ing His
3. I'll go to the King for my needs by the way, He gives me fresh
4. I'll go to the King for com - mun - ion so sweet, With - in His pa -



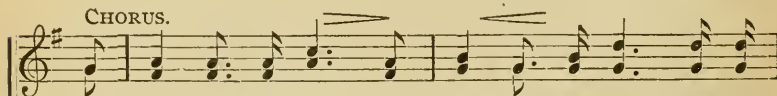
touch will give heal - ing with - in; He o - pen'd a foun - tain, so
scep - tre, He smiles from a - bove; He draws me still clos - er to
man - na, e - nough for each day, With bright springs of comfort, so
vil - ion my hal - lowed re - treat, Un - til in His pal - ace I



bles - sed its flow, Tho' stains are like crimson, He makes them as snow.
lean on His breast, And whispers "What wilt thou, and what thy request?"
full and so free, And light that will guide me till shad - ows shall flee.
see face to face, My King in His beau - ty, and feast on His grace.



CHORUS.



I'll go to the King; My care I will bring To the



I Will Go to the King. Concluded.

feet of King Je - sus to - day; He'll re - ceive me I know, For His

word tells me so, He will take my trans - ges - sions a - way.

No. 126. We Come, Come Again.

ADELINE HOF BEERY.

COPYRIGHT, 1893 BY T. MARTIN TOWNE.

T. MARTIN TOWNE.

1. { We come to wor-ship Thee, O Ho - ly One, Thy gracious name to
Be - fore Thy throne in thankfulness we bow, Thy lov - ing kind-ness

2. { Send down Thy Ho - ly Spir - it, Lord, we pray, To move our wayward
Fill us with sym - pa - thy and purpose true, That faith - ful help - ers

3. { While here we mingle with sweet song and pray'r, We gather strength for
O Sav - ior, keep us all in du - ty's path, And to the heav'nly

own and bless; to con - fess.
hearts to Thee; we may be. { We come, come again, we come, come a -
dai - ly need; mansions lead. { We come, come again, we come, come a -

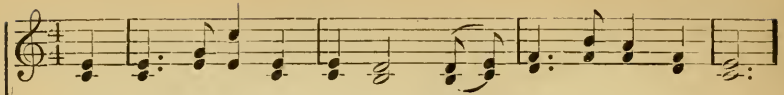
gain To praise the Lord, our King; } match-less love to sing.
gain His (Omit.) }

No. 127. A Little Talk With Jesus.

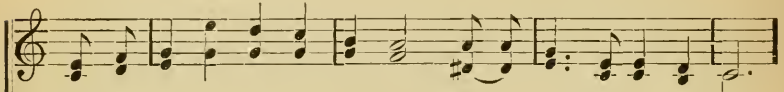
UNKNOWN

COPYRIGHT, 1894, BY E. O. EXCELL,

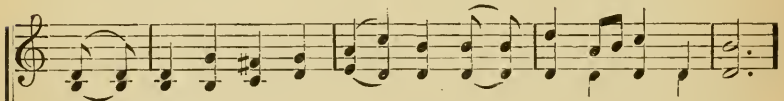
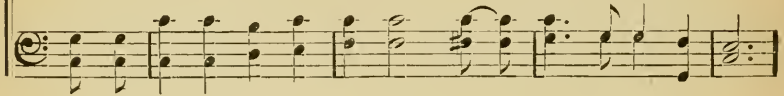
M. L. McPHAIL.



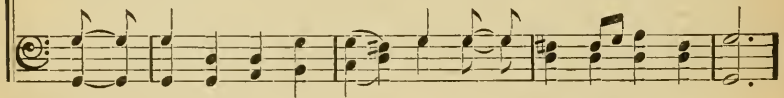
1. A lit - tle talk with Je - sus, — How it smooths the rug-ged road!
2. I tell Him I am wea - ry; And I fain would be at rest;
3. Ah! that is what I'm want-ing, His love - ly face to see;



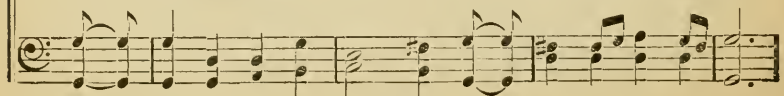
How it seems to help me on - ward, When I faint beneath my load.
But I still will wait His bid-ding, For His way is al-ways best.
And I'm not a - fraid to say it, I know He's want-ing me.



When my heart is crush'd with sor-row, And my eyes with tears are dim,
Then His promise al - ways cheers me A-mid all the cares of life;
He gave His life, a ran - som To make me all His own,



There is nought can yield me com - fort Like a lit - tle talk with Him.
"I am come and soon in glo - ry Thou wilt end thy toil and strife."
And He'll ne'er for-get His prom - ise To me, His pur-chased one.



A Little Talk With Jesus. Concluded.

CHORUS.

He is al - - - to-geth - er love - - ly, None
He is al - to-geth er love - ly, He is al - to - geth - er love - ly, None

can with Him com - pare, He's the
can with Him com - pare, None can with Him com - pare, He's the

chief a-mong ten-thous - - and, The
chief a-mong ten-thous-and, He's the chief a-mong ten-thous-and, The

fair - - est of the fair.
fair - est of the fair, the fair - est of the fair.

4. The way is sometimes weary
To yonder nearing clime,
But a little talk with Jesus
Has helped me many a time.
The more I come to know Him,
And all His grace explore,
It sets me ever longing
To know Him more and more.

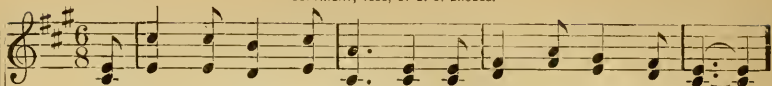
No. 128. The Vows of God are on You.

(To the Young People of America.)

J. E. RANKIN, D. D.

COPYRIGHT, 1888, BY E. O. EXCELL.

E. O. EXCELL.



1. The vows of God are on you, Ye Christian youth, a - rise;
2. It is no i - dle sto - ry, It is no dream of night,
3. Then, ev - 'ry fet - ter sun - der, A - side lay ev - 'ry chain,
4. With sin, then, do not dal - ly, With flow'rs do not de - lay;



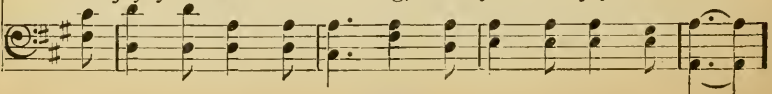
The blood of Christ has won you, Your her - it - age, the skies.
Re - deem'd in Christ to glo - ry, Ye chil - dren of the light.
And dream no more, nor wan - der, Your call - ing high at - tain.
But to Christ's standard ral - ly, As chil - dren of the day;



Rise up, cast off your fet - ters; Born of ce - les - tial birth;
The vows of God are on you, Rise up and make them good;
He sets the prize be - fore you, Who won the prize be - fore,
Rise up, no wish re - serv - ing, Lay ev - 'ry weight a - side,



Ye are no long - er debt - ors To live to dust and earth.
He will at last en - throne you, In death, for you He stood.
His love the ban - ner o'er you Shall float for - ev - er - more.
With joy your Mas - ter serv - ing, For you with joy who died.



The Vows of God are on You. Concluded.

CHORUS.

The vows of God are on you, Ye are no more your own:

Christ claims Him-self to own you, He calls with trumpet tone.

No. 129. When We Are There.

E. R. LATTA.

COPYRIGHT, 1894, BY E. O. EXCELL.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. { There will be a won-drous meet-ing When we are there, }
 { There will be a glo-rious greet-ing When we are there. }
 2. { There will be no earth-ly loss-es When we are there, }
 { There will be no heav-y cross-es When we are there. }
 3. { There will be no tears or cry-ing When we are there, }
 { There will be no pains or dy-ing When we are there. }

CHORUS.

In the shin-ing man-sions fair, That He promised to pre-pare,

We shall safe-ly dwell for-ev-er, When we are there.

4 There will be no more unkindness,
 When we are there;
 There will be no halt or blindness
 When we are there.

5 There will be no evil near us,
 When we are there;
 But the Lord will keep and cheer us,
 When we are there.

No. 130. Kind Words Can Never Die.

A. H.

BY PERMISSION.

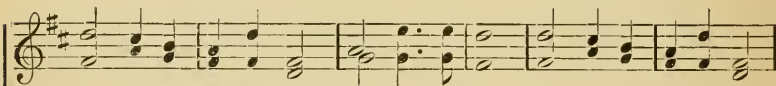
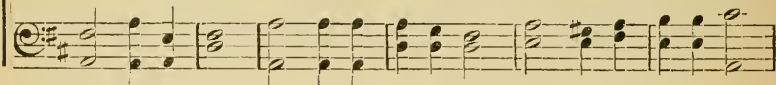
ABBY HUTCHINSON.



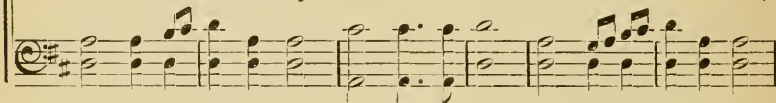
1. Kind words can never die, Cherish'd and blest, God knows how deep they lie,
2. Sweet tho'ts can never die, Tho', like the flow'rs, Their brightest hues may fly
3. Our souls can nev-er die, Tho' in the tomb We may all have to lie,



Stor'd in the breast: Like childhood's simple rhymes, Said o'er a thousand times
In wintry hours. But when the gentle dew Gives them their charms anew,
Wrapp'd in its gloom. What tho' the flesh decay, Souls pass in peace away,



Ay, in all years and climes, Distant and near. Kind words can never die,
With many an added hue They bloom again. Sweet tho'ts can never die,
Live thro' e - ter - nal day With Christ a - bove. Our souls can never die,



Nev-er die, nev-er die, Kind words can never die, No, nev-er die.
Nev-er die, nev-er die, Sweet tho'ts can never die, No, nev-er die.
Nev-er die, nev-er die, Our souls can never die, No, nev-er die.



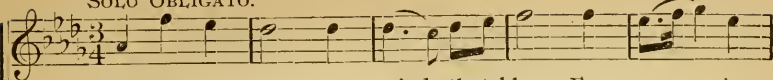
No. 131. From Every Stormy Wind.

H. STOWELL.

BY PERMISSION.

S. WILDER.

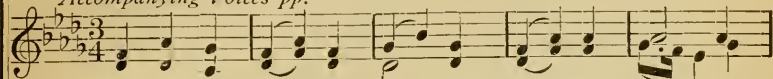
SOLO OBLIGATO.



1. From ev - 'ry storm - y wind that blows, From ev - 'ry

2. There is a place where Je - sus sheds The oil of

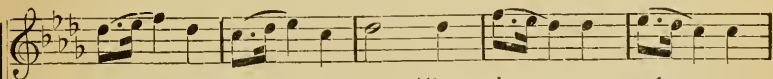
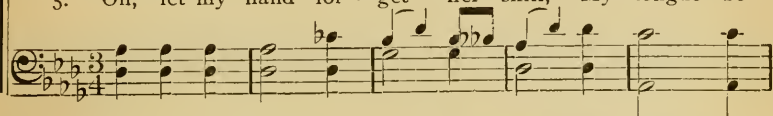
Accompanying Voices pp.



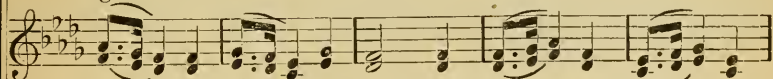
3. There is a scene where spir - its blend, Where friend holds

4. There, there, on ea - gle wings we soar, And sense and

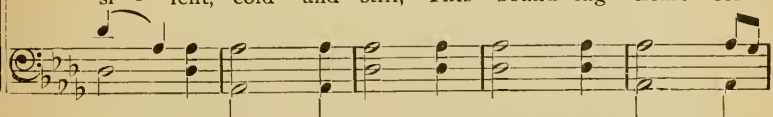
5. Oh, let my hand for - get her skill, My tongue be



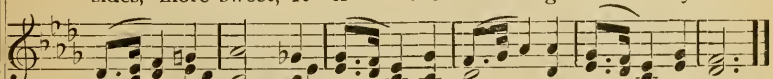
swell - ing tide of woes, There is a calm, a
glad - ness on our heads, A place, than all be -



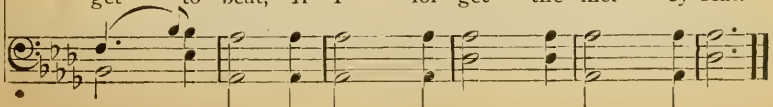
fel - low - ship with friend; Tho' sun - der'd far, by
sin mo - lest no more, And heav'n comes down our
si - lent, cold and still, This bound - ing heart for -



sure re - treat; 'Tis found be - neath the mer - cy seat.
sides, more sweet; It is the blood - bought mer - cy seat.



faith they meet A - round one com - mon mer - cy seat.
souls to greet, And glo - ry crowns the mer - cy seat!
get to beat, If I for - get the mer - cy seat!



No 132.

Riches Unsearchable.

E. E. HEWITT.

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CHAS. EDW. PRIOR.

1. Rich-es un - search - a - ble, rich - es di - vine, In my dear
 2. Fleeting the treas - ures of sil - ver and gold, Wealth more en-
 3. Rich-es of mer - cy my prais-es in - crease, Love ev - er -
 4. Earth's brightest gar - ners will short - ly de - cay, Bless - ed the

Sav - ior for - ev - er are mine; When His sal - va - tion I
 dur - ing in Je - sus I hold, Wealth that for ev - 'ry new
 last - ing, "a - bun - dance of peace," Strength that is giv - en as
 por - tion that melts not a - way; Meet - ing my Sav - ior on

ful - ly em - brace, Won - der - ful full - ness of in - fi - nite grace.
 want will suf - fice, This is my jew - el, the "pearl of great price."
 tri - als a - rise, Rain - bows of hope on the dark, storm - y skies.
 E - den's fair shore, Rich - es of glo - ry with Him ev - er - more.

CHORUS.

Rich - - es in Je - - sus, how hap - - py am
 Rich - es in Je - sus, how hap - py am I! Rich - es in Je - sus, how

Riches Unsearchable. Concluded.

I Ev - - - 'ry-thing need - ful He'll
hap - py am I! Ev - 'ry-thing need - ful He'll ful - ly sup - ply;

ful - - ly sup - ply; Rich - - es un -
Ev - 'ry-thing needful He'll ful - ly sup - ply; Rich - es un - search - a - ble,

search - a - ble, rich - - es di - viue,
rich - es di - vine, Rich - es un - search - a - ble, rich - es di - vine,

Heav - - en 're-served' for me Je - sus is mine!
Heav - en re-serv'd for me, heav-en re-served for me,

No. 133. In Heavenly Love Abiding.

ANNA WARING.

COPYRIGHT, 1894, BY E. O. EXCELL.

F. KUCKEN,

Arr. by E. O. E.

DUET.

1. In heav'n-ly love a - bid - ing, No change my heart shall fear;
 2. Wher-ev - er He may guide me, No want shall turn me back;
 3. Green pastures are be - fore me, Which yet I have not seen;

And safe is such con - fid - ing, For noth-ing chang-es here.
 My Shepherd is be - side me, And noth-ing can I lack.
 Bright skies will soon be o'er me, Where darkest clouds have been.

ALTO.

The storm may roar with - out me, My heart may low be laid,
 His wis - dom ev - er wak - eth, His sight is nev - er dim,
 My hope I can - not meas - ure, My path to life is free,

SOPRANO.

The storm may roar with-out me, My heart may low be
 His wis - dom ev - er wak - eth, His sight is nev - er
 My hope I can - not meas - ure, My path to life is

In Heavenly Love Abiding. Continued.

laid. But God is 'round a - bout
dim. He knows the way He tak -
free. My Sav - ior has my treas -

But God is 'round a - bout me,
He knows the way He tak - eth,
My Sav - ior has My treas - ure,

me, And can I be dis -
eth, And I will walk with
ure, And He will walk with

And can I be, And can I be dismay'd, And
And I will walk, And I will walk with Him, And
And He will walk, And He will walk with me, And

may'd, be dis - may'd; But God is
Him, walk with Him; He knows the
me, walk with me; My Sav - ior

can I be dis - may'd; But God is 'round
I will walk with Him; He knows the way
He will walk with me; My Sav - ior has

In Heavenly Love Abiding. Concluded.

'round a - bout me, And
 way He tak - eth, And
 has my treas - ure, And

a - bout me, And can I be dismay'd, And
 He tak - eth, And I will walk with Him, And
 my treas - ure, And He will walk with me, And

can I be dis - may'd, Be dis -
 I will walk with Him, Walk with
 He will walk with me Walk with

can I be dismay'd, I be dis-may'd,
 I will walk with Him, Will walk with Him,
 He will walk with me, Will walk with me,

may'd, Be dis-may'd, And can I be dis - may'd, , , , ,
 Him, Walk with Him, And I will walk with Him, , , , ,
 me, Walk with me, And He will walk with me, , , , ,

No. 134. He Giveth His Beloved Sleep.

T. C. T.

COPYRIGHT. 1888, BY E. O. EXCELL.

ABT.

Arr. by H. P. D.

SOLO.

1. 7 Sor-row and care may meet, The tem-pest cloud may low'r,
 2. The din of war may roll, With all its rag-ing flight,
 3. In child-hood's win-some page, In man-hood's joy-ous bloom,

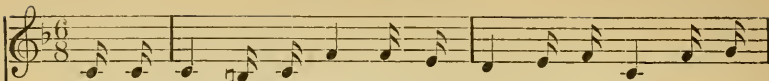
f The surge of sin may beat Up-on earth's troubled shore;
 7 Grief may op-press the soul, Thro'-out the wea-ry night;
 In fee-ble-ness and age, In death's dark gath'ring gloom;

dim. pp

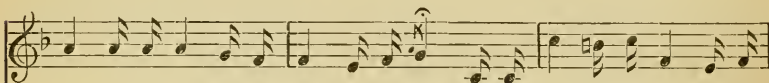
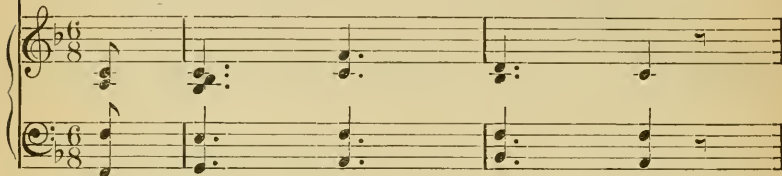
CHORUS.

God doth His own in safe-ty keep, He giv-eth His be-

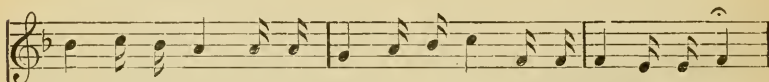
dim.
 lov-ed sleep, He giv-eth His be-loved - - ed sleep.
 be-lov-ed, be-lov-ed sleep.



1. Have you heard the good news from the coun - try a - far, Where the
2. Have you heard the good news from the land where they say That no
3. Have you heard the good news? will you tell it a - gain? Will you
4. Have you heard the good news from the Sav - ior we love? Nev - er -



an - gels of God and the glo - ri - fied are? That a mansion of joy is pre - shadow of night dims its beau - ti - ful day, Not a sor - row shall darken its speed on the word to the children of men? For the Lord who has gone to pre - more is it far to that Coun - try a - bove! For our union with Him brings its



pared there for you If your trust is in Je - sus, "the Faithful and True." por - tals so fair, And no sin dare invade, for the King dwelleth there. pare you a place, Has a wel - come for all, thro' His won - der - ful grace. glo - ries so near, That we fan - cy its grand hal - le - lu - jahs we hear.



CHORUS.

Good News. Concluded.

Good news, good news, from the country afar Where the Lamb that was
 'Have you heard the good news,

slain is the Bright Morning Star? Good news, good news, There's a
 There's a hope ev - er new,

man - sion for you, If your trust is in Je - sus, "The Faithful and True."

No. 136.

Away the Bowl!

OLD MELODY.

Fine.

1. { Our youthful hearts with temp'rance burn, A-way, a-way the bowl, }
 { From dram shops all our steps we turn, A - way, a-way the bowl, }

2. { See how the stagg'ring drunkard reels, A - way, a-way the bowl, }
 { A - las! the mis-'ry he re-veals, A - way, a-way the bowl, }

3. { No al - co - hol we'll buy or sell, A - way, a-way the bowl, }
 { The tip-pler's of - fer we re - pel, A - way, a-way the bowl, }

D. S. *A - way the bowl, a - way the bowl, A-way, a - way the bowl!*

D. S.

Good-bye to rum and all its harms, Farewell the wine cup's boasted charms,
 Good-bye to rum and all its harms, Farewell the wine cup's boasted charms,
 U-nit-ed in a temp'rance band, We're join'd in heart, we're join'd in hand,

No. 137. He Keepeth Me, Ever.

E. R. LATTA.

COPYRIGHT, 1891, BY GEO. F. ROSCHE, BY PER.

GEO. F. ROSCHE.

1. He keep-eth me, ev - er, Wher-e'er be the place! I've on-ly to
 2. He keep-eth me, ev - er, With ten-der-est care! I've on-ly to
 3. He keep-eth me, ev - er, From yielding to dread; Tho' darkness be

ask it— Most won-der-ful grace! Tho' sor - est temp-ta - tions,
 ask Him My bur-dens to bear! A word of His prom-ise,
 'round me, And clouds o-ver - head! He still-eth my doubtings,

My spir - it may try, I know my Re - deem - er
 He nev - er will break! Who - ev - er may leave me,
 He light - ens my grief! I've on - ly to trust Him—

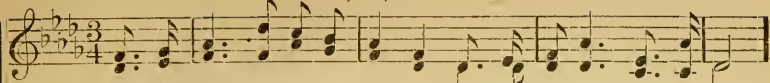
CHORUS.

Will ev - er be nigh! He keepeth me, ev - er! His love endeth
 He ne'er will for - sake!
 He'll give me re - lief!

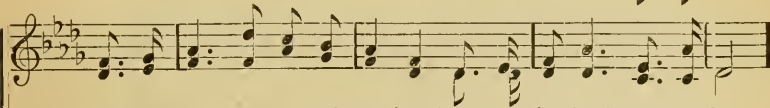
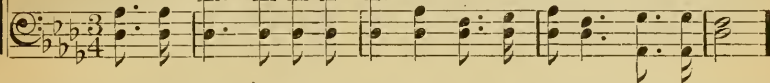
nev-er! From Him naught shall sev - er! He keep-eth my soul!

ARRANGED.

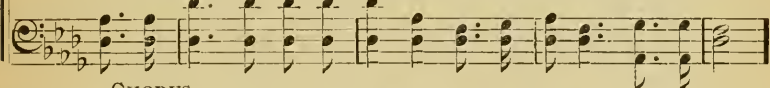
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1. Would you know why I love Je - sus? Why He is so dear to me?
2. Would you know why I love Je - sus? Why He is so dear to me?
3. Would you know why I love Je - sus? Why He is so dear to me?
4. Would you know why I love Je - sus? Why He is so dear to me?
5. Would you know why I love Je - sus? Why He is so dear to me?



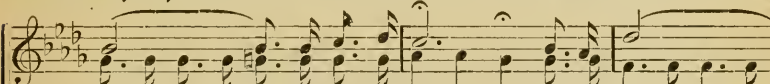
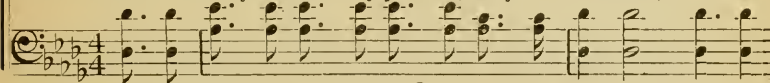
'Tis be-cause my blessed Sav-ior From my sins hath set me free.
 'Tis be-cause the blood of Je - sus Ful - ly saves and cleanses me.
 'Tis be-cause, a - mid temptation, He supports and strengthens me.
 'Tis be-cause, in ev - 'ry con-flict, Je - sus gives me vic - to - ry.
 'Tis be-cause my Friend and Savior He will ev - er, ev - er be.



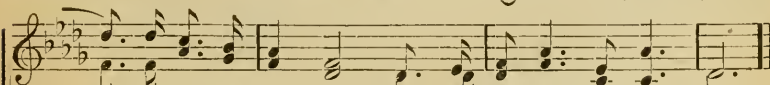
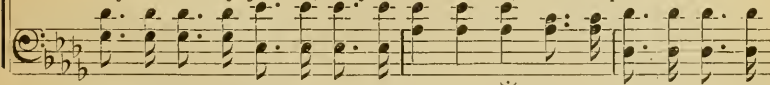
CHORUS.



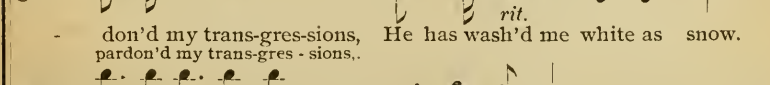
This is why Yes, why I love Him, This is
 This is why I love my Je - sus, Why I love Him, This is



why I love Him so; He has par
 why I love my Je - sus, Why I love Him so; He has par-don'd, He has

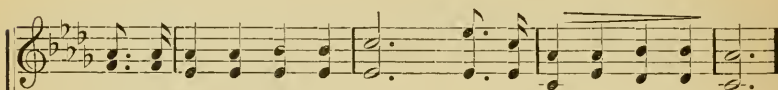
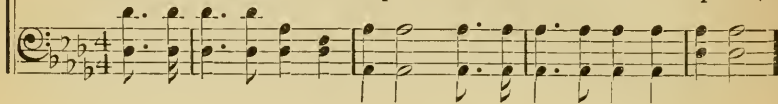


don'd my trans-gres-sions, He has wash'd me white as snow.
 pardon'd my trans-gres - sions.

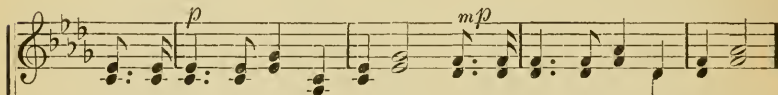
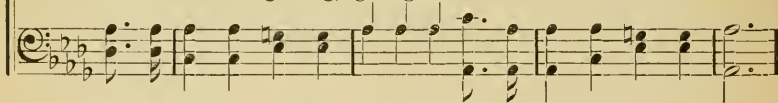




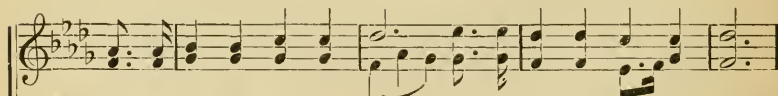
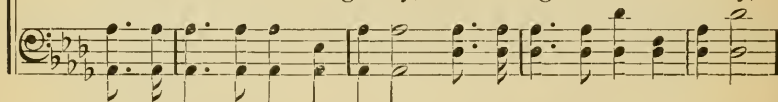
1. O-ver there what rest is wait-ing, For earth's trials com-pen-sating,
2. O-ver there we shall know Je-sus, In the home from which He sees us
3. O-ver there! no words can capture All the soul's ex-ul-tant rapt-ure,



When we lay our bur-dens down, When we lay our bur-dens down;
 When we lay our heav-y bur-dens down,
 Journeying heav'nward day by day, Journeying heav'nward day by day;
 Journeying heav'nward, heav'nward day by day,
 When we think of go-ing home, When we think of go-ing home,
 When we think of go-ing, go-ing home,



Nev-er a - ny pain or sor-row, O-ver there in God's to-morrow
 We shall feel His arms a-round us, In the mighty love that found us
 To the rest and to the glo-ry, Told in song and sa-cred sto-ry,



Where we'll find the victor's crown, Where we'll find the victor's crown.
 When we wandered from the way, When we wandered from the way.
 Nev-er-more from God to roam, Nev-er-more from God to roam.



Over There. Concluded.

CHORUS.

O-ver there, oh, rest e - ter - nal! O-ver there, oh, joys su-per-nal!

In the coun-try al-ways ver-nal, O - ver there, o - ver there!

No. 140. Christ is All the World to Me.

ARRANGED.

1. { My soul is now u - nit-ed To Christ, the liv-ing vine; }
 { His grace I long have slighted, (Omit.) } But now I

2. { Soon as my all I ven-tured On the a-ton-ing blood, }
 { His Ho-ly Spir- it en - tered, (Omit.) } And I was

CHORUS.

feel Him mine. { Christ is all the world to me, } And before I'd leave my
 born of God. { And His glo-ry I shall see. }

Sav-ior, I'd lay me down and die.

3. Still Christ is my salvation,
 What can I covet more?
 I fear no condemnation,
 My Father's wrath is o'er.
4. I taste a heavenly pleasure,
 And need not fear a frown;
 Christ is my joy and treasure,
 My glory and my crown.

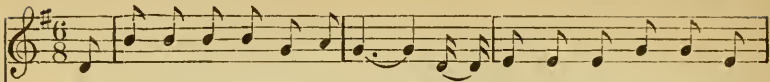
No. 141.

Praying for You.

COPYRIGHT, 1891, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL. E. O. EXCELL OWNER.

Rev. H. G. JACKSON, D. D.

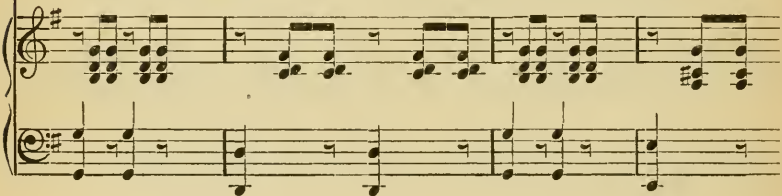
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



1. Your mother is pray-ing for you; Young man, will you list-en to-
2. Your mother, how oft when a child, In her dear loving arms you found
3. Your mother is pray-ing for you, With grief - la-den sighs and with
4. Your mother's in heav-en to-night! Ah! she turns from the soul-thrilling



night? Ver-y far you have wander'd a - way From the pathway of rest, As she sooth'd you and sang you to sleep, With your head pillow'd tears; You have wander'd from God, but her love Has follow'd you joy Of the ransom'd, with yearnings t'ward earth, And prays for her



vir - tue and right; You are lost in the maz - es of sin;— Oh, re - soft on her breast; How fond-ly she gazed on you then, Her thro' the long years: Though oth-ers have failed you, her heart Has wan-der-ing boy. In heav - en she's pray-ing for you, As she



Praying-for You. Concluded.

turn! to your manhood be true! Come to Je-sus and par-don re - ceive;
 mother-heart throbbing with joy, While soft-ly she murmured the pray'r,
 ev - er been faithful and true, Tho' long you have slighted her love,
 pray'd with her last fleeting breath, When the light of her love beaming eyes

rit.
 Your moth-er is praying for you, Your moth-er is pray-ing for you.
 "God bless you, my darling, my boy, God bless you, my dar-ling, my boy."
 She's praying, still praying for you, She's praying, still praying for you.
 Was veil'd by the shadow of death, Was veil'd by the shadow of death.

CHORUS.

Your moth - er is pray - ing, Still pray - ing for you, . . .
 Your moth-er is praying for you, for you! Your mother is pray-ing for you, for you;

Your moth - er is pray - ing, Still pray - ing for you. . .
 You have wander'd away; Oh, return while you may! Your mother is praying for you, for you.

1. Are you read-y for the Bride-groom's com-ing? Are you read-y
 2. Are you read-y for the Bride-groom's com-ing? Has the sum-mons
 3. Are you read-y for the Bride-groom's com-ing? Are you go-ing

now the feast to share? Is your lamp all trimm'd and bright, Sending
 reach'd a list - 'ning ear? Are you watching all the day, For the
 forth to meet Him, say? He is com-ing, brother, see, He is

forth a ra-diant light? Do you still the wed-ding gar-ment wear?
 Bride-groom on His way? Are you wait-ing till the Lord draws near?
 call-ing now for thee; Oh! be read-y, for He comes this way.

CHORUS.

Oh! be ready, when the Bridegroom comes, Bridegroom comes, Whether it be

ev'ning, Or whether it be morning, Oh! be ready when the Bride-groom comes!

1. Tell it to Je - sus— all of thy sor - row, All of thy
 2. Tell it to Je - sus, He is thy Sav - ior, Tell it, and
 3. Tell it to Je - sus, He is a ref - uge, In - to His

cares what-e'er they be; Sure-ly and sweet-ly, He will de - liv - er,
 His sal - va - tion see; Do not de - ny Him, Do not de - fy Him,
 arms for mer - cy flee; Tell it be - liev - ing, Tell it re - ceiv - ing,

CHORUS.

He will sus-tain and com-fort thee. Tell it to Je - sus, tell it to
 He will sus-tain and com-fort thee.
 Grace to sus-tain and com-fort thee. Tell it to Je-sus,

Je - sus, Tell it to Je - sus, He will hear, On - ly be -
 Tell it to Je - sus, Tell it to Je - sus,

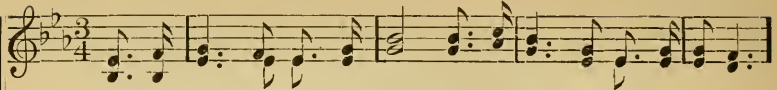
lieve Him, trust and re-ceive Him, He will sustain and comfort thee.

No. 144. Just Beyond the River.

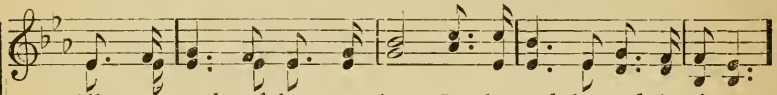
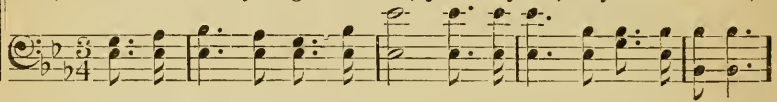
FRED WOODROW.

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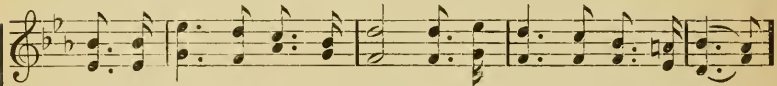
T. C. O'KANE.



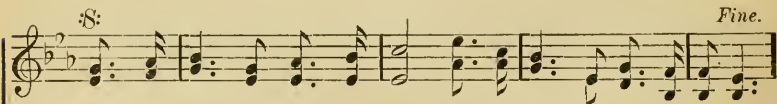
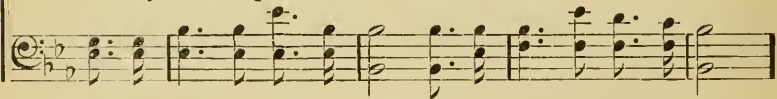
1. There's a cit - y bright and fair, Just be-yond, be-yond the riv-er,
2. Sin and sor - row are no more, Just be-yond, be-yond the riv-er,
3. There we shall with Je - sus meet, Just be-yond, be-yond the riv-er,
4. In that cit - y bright and fair, Just be-yond, be-yond the riv-er,



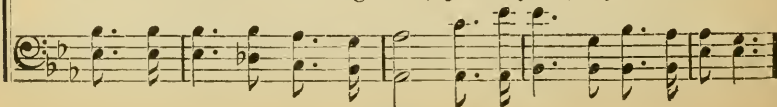
All are good and hap - py there, Just beyond, beyond the riv-er;
 Death comes not up - on the shore, Just beyond, beyond the riv-er;
 And the good in glo - ry greet, Just beyond, beyond the riv-er;
 All at last may gath - er there, Just beyond, beyond the riv-er;



Streets of gold are shin-ing bright, An-gels walk the plains of light,
 None are sad with want or care, Pain or sick-ness none shall bear,
 Lives whose tale no tongue has told, Men of God and saints of old,
 We may meet to part no more,—All our trou-bles will be o'er,



And there nev - er com - eth night, Just beyond, beyond the riv-er.
 All are hap - py "o - ver there," Just beyond, beyond the riv-er.
 Mar - tyr's with their crowns of gold, Just beyond, beyond the riv-er.
 When we reach that "shining shore," Just beyond, beyond the riv-er.



Just Beyond the River. Concluded.

REFRAIN.

D. S.

Just be - yond . . . the riv - er, Just be - yond . . . the riv - er.
 Just beyond the riv - er, Just beyond the riv - er.

No. 145. Soldiers of the Captain.

I. D. K.

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M. L. McPHAIL.

- Sol - diers of the Cap - tain! Stand for Him, and fight, Hardness glad en -
- Lead - er nev - er vanquished, more than conqu' rer too, Thro' Himself He
- Take ye then the helmet, breastplate, shield and sword, Thus equipp' d for
- Je - sus, Captain! help us sol - diers good to be, Liv - ing, dy - ing,

CHO. *Sol - diers of the Cap - tain! Stand for Him and fight, Hardness glad en -*

Fine.

dur - ing, arm - ored in His might! He is that great Victor, praised in
 mak - eth all His sol - diers true; O' er the foe tri - umphant, He must
 bat - tle read - y at His word; Fierce tho' be the warfare, sure is
 ev - er fight - ing Lord, for Thee; Ea - ger to march for - ward, in those

dur - ing, Arm - ored in His might!

D. C.

an - gels' songs, Glo - ry of each sol - dier who to Him be - longs.
 still pre - vail, So, His sol - diers faith - ful, with Him can - not fail.
 the re - nown, And tho' dark the conflict, bright the promised crown.
 ranks of Thine, Wait - ing but the or - der, From Thy voice di - vine!

No. 146.

All for Jesus.

Rev. J. B. ATCHINSON.

COPYRIGHT, 1889 BY E. O. EXCELL.

E. O. EXCELL.

1. All, yes all I give to Je - sus, It be-longs to Him,
2. All, yes all I give to Je - sus, It be-longs to Him,
3. All, yes all I give to Je - sus, It be-longs to Him,
4. All, yes all I give to Je - sus, It be-longs to Him,

All my heart I give to Je - sus, It be-longs to Him,
 All my voice I give to Je - sus, It be-longs to Him,
 All my love I give to Je - sus, It be-longs to Him,
 All my life I give to Je - sus, It be-longs to Him,

Ev - er-more to be His dwelling, Ev - er-more His praises swell-ing,
 Pleading for the young and hoary, Tell-ing of His pow'r and glo-ry,
 Lov-ing Him for love un-ceas-ing, For His mer-cy e'er in-creas-ing,
 Hour by hour I'll live for Je - sus, Day, by day I'll work for Je - sus,

Ev - er-more His good-ness tell-ing, It be-longs to Him.
 Sing-ing o'er and o'er the sto - ry, It be-longs to Him.
 For His watchcare nev - er ceas-ing, It be-longs to Him.
 Ev - er-more I'll hon - or Je - sus, It be-longs to Him.

No. 147. Onward and Upward.

E. E. HEWITT.

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JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. On-ward still, and up-ward, Fol - low ev - er-more Where our mighty
 2. On-ward, ev-er onward, Thro' the pastures green, Where the streams flow
 3. Up-ward, ev-er up-ward, T'ward the radiant glow, Far a-bove the

Lead-er Goes in love be - fore; "Looking un - to Je - sus, Reach a
 soft - ly Un - der skies se - rene; Or, if need be, up-ward, O'er the
 valley, Where the mist hangs low, On with songs of gladness, Till the

helping hand To a struggling neighbor, Helping Him to stand.
 rock - y steep, Trusting Him who guides us, Strong to save and keep.
 march shall end, Where ten-thousand thousand Hal - le - lu - jahs blend.

CHORUS.

1
 March - ing, on - - ward, up - - ward, Marching steadily,
 Marching onward, marching onward, onward, upward, marching upward, upward,

2
 onward, Jesus leads the way, Marching Onward unto glory, To the perfect day.

No. 148. The Wonderful Word.

To Rev. W. D. Parr, D. D.

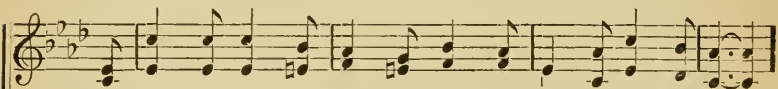
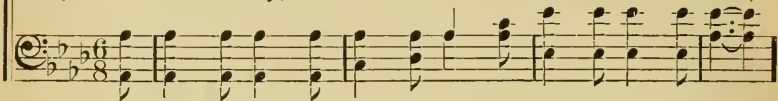
M. E. J.

COPYRIGHT, 1894, BY E. O. EXCELT.

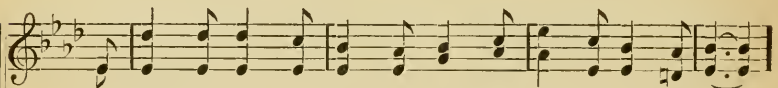
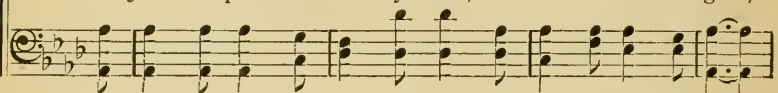
M. EDWIN JOHNSON



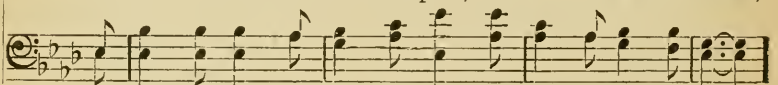
1. The pre-cious book is fill'd with gems, Which ease my troubled mind,
2. If rich or great it bids me bless The need - y on my way,
3. The bread of heav'n is of - fer'd me, Which I may eat and live,
4. I am the Way, the Truth, the Life, Come un - to me and live,



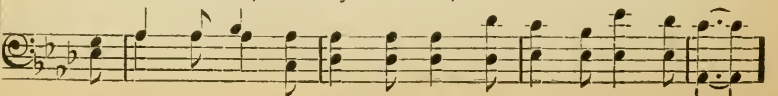
And treasures there so beau - ti - ful, In searching I may find;
 If poor, it tells me look to Him, Who answers while I pray;
 The fount of life to quench my thirst, Which God alone can give;
 'Tis Je - sus speaks to ev - 'ry man, And will sal - va - tion give;



And when so dark, I can - not see, The path my feet should tread,
 In dark - est hours He bids me come, And cast on Him my care,
 The new life which I must pos - sess If I the crown would win,
 No need to miss the nar - row path, E'en in this world of strife,



I trust the Word, the light breaks forth, And shines around my head.
 And He will take a - way the cross, That seems so hard to bear.
 And grace I need for ev - 'ry hour, To keep me free from sin.
 We're bound to win, our stay shall be, The bless - ed Word of Life.



The Wonderful Word. Concluded.

CHORUS.

I'll trust in the wonderful word, I'll prize more this letter of love,
 won-der-ful word, this let-ter of love,

The book of salvation for every nation, God's wonderful gift from above.

No. 149. He is Calling.

F. W. FABER.

ARRANGED.

1. { There's a wideness in God's mercy like the wideness of the sea;
 There's a kindness in His justice Which is more than (*Omit.*) lib-er-ty.

2. { There is welcome for the sinner, And more graces for the good;
 There is mercy with the Savior, There is healing (*Omit.*) in His blood.

He is call-ing, "Come to me!" Lord, I glad-ly haste to Thee.

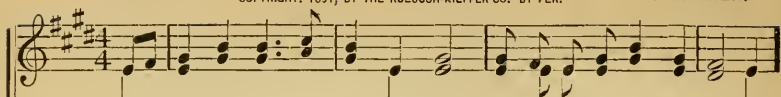
- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>3 For the love of God is broader
 Than the measure of man's mind;
 And the heart of the Eternal
 Is most wonderfully kind.</p> | <p>4 If our love were but more simple,
 We should take Him at His word;
 And our lives would be all sunshine,
 In the sweetness of our Lord.</p> |
|---|--|

No. 150. Sitting at the Feet of Jesus.

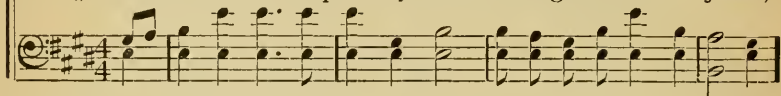
A. A. ARMEN.

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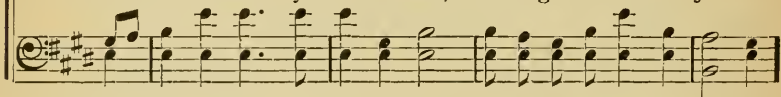
A. A. ARMEN.



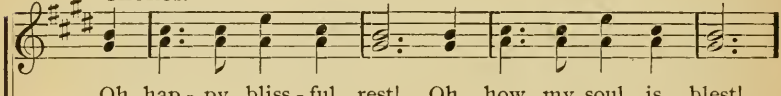
1. My heart has found a resting place—Sit-ting at the feet of Je-sus;
2. Here all my doubts and fears depart—Sit-ting at the feet of Je-sus;
3. Here I take coun-sel how to live,— Sit-ting at the feet of Je-sus;
4. Here I am e'er su-preme-ly blest—Sit-ting at the feet of Je-sus;



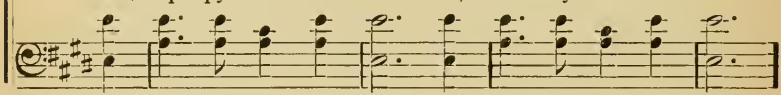
'Tis where I share the richest grace,—Sitting at the feet of Je - sus.
 Here Christ's own blood doth cleanse my heart,—Sitting at the feet of Jesus.
 Such wis-dom God a-lone can give,— Sitting at the feet of Je - sus.
 When worn and wea - ry I find rest,— Sitting at the feet of Je - sus.



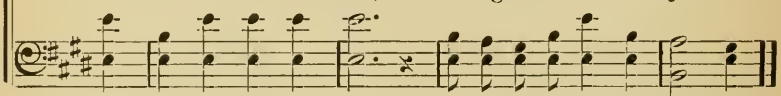
CHORUS.



Oh, hap - py bliss - ful rest! Oh, how my soul is blest!



Of all the world 'tis best; Sit-ting at the feet of Je - sus.



- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>5 Here I enjoy communion sweet,—
 Sitting at the feet of Jesus; [greet,
 The Lord comes down my soul to
 Sitting at the feet of Jesus.</p> | <p>6 Here I shall ever safely hide,—
 Sitting at the feet of Jesus;
 For, God, with me, forever abide,—
 Sitting at the feet of Jesus.</p> |
|---|--|

No. 151. Silently the Shades of Evening.

C. C. COX.

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CAREY BOGGESS.

1. Si - lent-ly the shades of eve-ning Gather 'round my low-ly door;
 2. Oh, the lost, the un-for - got-ten, Tho' the world be oft for - got!
 3. Liv-ing in the si - lent hours, Where our spir-its on - ly blend,
 4. How such holy mem'ries cluster, Like the stars when storms are past,

Si - lent-ly they bring be-fore me, Fac - es I shall see no more.
 Oh, the shrouded and the lone-ly, In our hearts they perish not.
 They, unlinked with earthly trouble, We, still hoping for its end.
 Point-ing up to that fair heav-en, We may hope to gain at last.

CHORUS.

Come the si - lent shades of eve-ning, Ho - ly mem'ries
 Come the shades of eve-ning, si - lent-ly,

clus - ter 'round me, Point - ing up to that fair
 si - lent - ly,

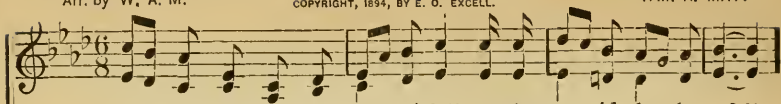
heav - en si - lent - ly, We may hope to gain at last.

No.152. Scatter Germs of the Beautiful.

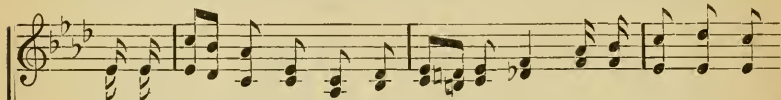
Arr. by W. A. M.

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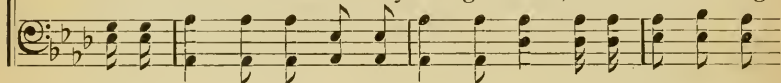
WM. A. MAY.



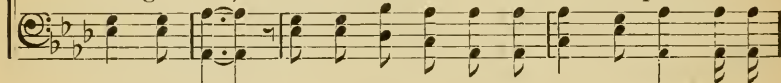
1. Scat-ter germs of the Beau-ti-ful! By the way-side let them fall,
2. Scat-ter germs of the Beau-ti-ful! At the sa-cred shrine of home,
3. Scat-ter germs of the Beau-ti-ful! In the depths of the human soul,



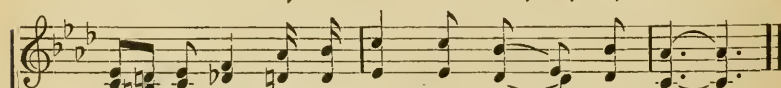
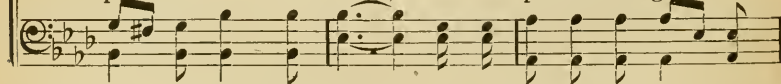
That the *Rose* may bloom at the cot-tage gate Like the *Lil-y* in
Let the pure, the true and the ho - ly things There in sweetest at -
Where each bud and blos-som may bear good fruit, While the unending



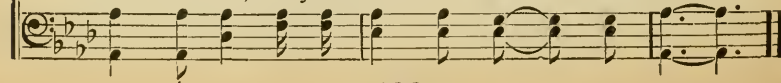
pal-ace hall; Sow in the lanes and the strange by-path Ma-ny
trac-tion bloom; Leave not a trace of un-pleas-ant-ness In the
a - ges roll; Scat - ter the flow-ers of Christian hope 'Round the



seeds of heav'n-ly grace, That the joy-less and wea-ry
tem-ple of the heart, For a - dorn-ing each life with
por-tals of the home, There to spar-kle and glow un -



may be cheer'd At each rough and rug - ged place.
Christian, love Will to oth - ers joy im - part.
til at last, They in Par - a - dise shall bloom.



No. 153.

To the Rescue.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS.

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CHAS. EDW. PRIOR.

1. Death-bells' toll - ing, toll - ing, toll - ing, Wrecks a - drift and
 2. Voic - es cheer - ing, life - boats steer - ing, See, the help - ing
 3. Joy - bells ring - ing, ring - ing, ring - ing, Friends a heart - y

break - ers roll - ing; Where the floods of in - tem - p'rance rave,
 hands are near - ing, While the pledge, our glad sig - nal, flies
 wel - come bring - ing; Heav'n bends down our joy a - near,

CHORUS.

Light the bea - con, and speed to save. Sign our
 Hope - ful mes - sage to wea - ry eyes.
 Greets the res - cued with words of cheer. Sign our pledge, oh,

pledge, now sign, And strength di - vine shall yet be thine;
 sign, now sign,

Sign our pledge, now sign, Touch not, taste not the wine.
 Sign our pledge, oh, sign, now sign.

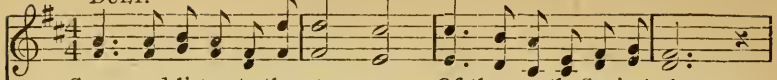
No. 154. The Wondrous Story.

E. L. A.

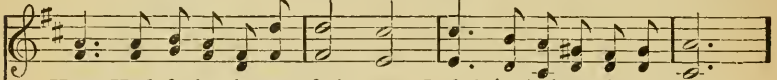
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E. L. ASHFORD,

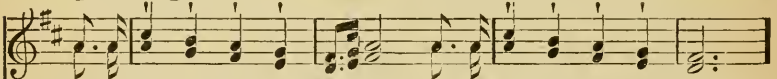
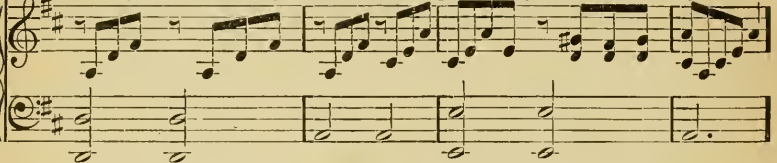
DUET.



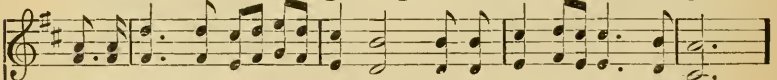
1. Come, and listen to the sto - ry, Of the gentle Savior's love,
2. Hear, O hear the wondrous story, How they nail'd Him to a tree,
3. Let us worship and a-dore Him, For His love so rich and free,



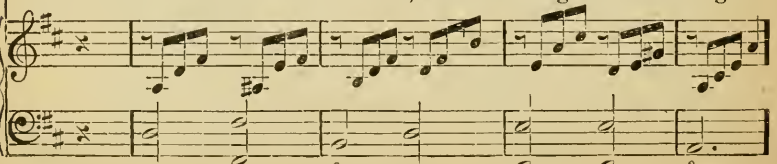
How He left the throne of glo - ry, Left His Father's home above;
Cru - ci - fied our loving Sav - ior, Lo! He dies for you and me;
For the grace that brings sal - va - tion, Light and joy and lib - er - ty;



Came to save each wretched sinner, Tossed upon life's troubled wave,
Dies, that He may bring sal - va - tion To a world so dark and drear;
Let us ev - er strive to serve Him, Strive the lost ones home to bring,



Bringing peace and joy and gladness, All mankind He came to save.
Tell His love to ev - 'ry na - tion, Sound His praises far and near.
Till in heav'n we fall be - fore Him, With the an - gel choirs to sing.



The Wondrous Story. Concluded.

CHORUS.

Sing it out with a shout, All His wondrous love proclaim;
Sing it out with a shout, sing it out;

Sing it out with a shout, Sing Ho-san-nah to His name.
Sing it out with a shout,

No. 155. Jesus, the Light of the World.

G. D. E. Arr.

COPYRIGHT, 1890, BY GEO. D. ELDERKIN. BY PER.

GEO. D. ELDERKIN. Arr.

1. { Hark! the Her - ald an - gels sing, Je-sus, the Light of the world; }
 { Glo - ry to the new-born King, (Omit.) }
 2. { Joy - ful all ye na - tions rise, Je-sus, the Light of the world; }
 { Join the triumphs of the skies, (Omit.) }
 3. { Christ by high-est heav'n a - dored, Je-sus, the Light of the world; }
 { Christ, the ev - er - last - ing Lord, (Omit.) }
 4. { Hail! the heav'n-born Prince of peace, Je-sus, the Light of the world; }
 { Hail the sun of right - eous-ness, (Omit.) }

Fine. CHORUS.
 Jesus, the Light of the world. We'll { walk in the light, } Come where the
 { beau-ti - ful light, }

D. S. *Jesus, the Light of the world.*

dew-drops of mer-cy are bright, Shine all around us by day and by night,

D. S.

No. 156. Will You have this Christ, or No?

Arr. H. A. L.

COPYRIGHT, 1894, BY E. O. EXCELL.

HENRY A. LEWIS.

1. To-day if you will hear His voice, will hear His voice,
 To-day if you will hear His voice,
 2. Come now dear friends do not de-lay, do not de-lay,
 Come now dear friends, do not de-lay,
 3. Once more, we ask you in His name, you in His name,
 Once more, we ask you in His name,

Now is the time to make your choice
 Now is the time to make your choice,
 The gos-pel's sound haste to o-bey
 The gospel's sound haste to o-bey,
 For yet His love re-mains the same,
 For yet His love re-mains the same,

Say, will you to Mount Zi-on go,
 Say, will you to Mount Zi-on go,
 Come, go with us and you shall prove
 Come, go with us and you shall prove
 Say, will you to Mount Zi-on go,
 Say, will you to Mount Zi-on go,

Say, will you have this Christ, or no?
 Say, will you have this Christ, or no?
 The joy of Christ's re-deem-ing love,
 The joy of Christ's re-deem-ing love.
 Say, will you have this Christ, or no?
 Say, will you have this Christ, or no?

Will You have this Christ, or No? Concluded.

CHORUS.

Shall God in-vite you from above? Shall Je-sus urge His dy-ing love?

Then come, O come, do not delay, But seek His blessed love to-day, . . .
to-day.

No. 157. There is a Fountain.

COWPER.

UNKNOWN.

1, { There is a fountain fill'd with blood Drawn from Immanuel's veins, }
And sin-ners plung'd beneath that flood (Omit.)
D, S, And sin-ners plung'd beneath that flood (Omit.)

2 *Fine.* *D. C.*

Lose all their guilty stains, Lose all their guilty stains, Lose all their guilty stains,
Lose all their guilty stains.

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

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

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

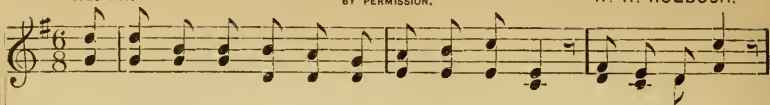
5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing Thy power to save, [tongue
When this poor lisp'ing stammering
Lies silent in the grave.

No. 158. Something to Do.

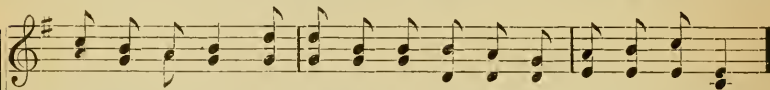
Words Arr.

BY PERMISSION.

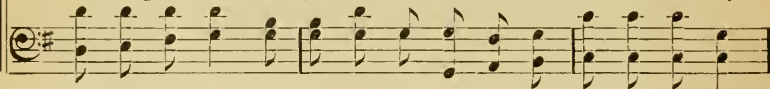
W. H. RUEBUSH.



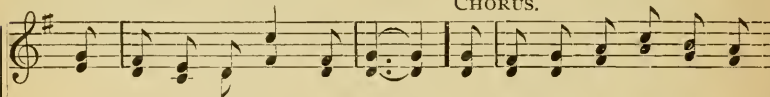
1. There's work for the hand and there's work for the heart, Something to do,
2. The sick must be sooth'd and the hungry be fed, Something to do,
3. The Mas-ter says "work" and has shown us the way, Something to do,



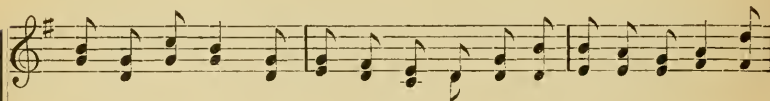
something to do; And each should be bus-y per - form-ing his part,
something to do; The nak-ed be cloth'd and the er-ring be led,
something to do; He says "not to - mor-row, the time is to - day,"



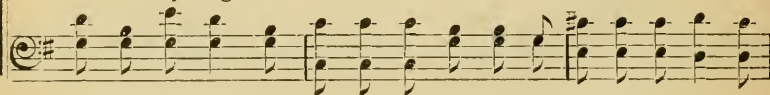
CHORUS.



There's something for all to do. There's work for the a - ged and



work for the young, There's work for us all and ex-cus-es for none, There's



work for the feeble and work for the strong, There's something for all to do.



No. 159. Savior, Wash Me in the Blood.

COWPER.

COPYRIGHT, 1887, BY E. O. EXCELL.

E. O. EXCELL.

1. { There is a fountain fill'd with blood, Drawn from Immanuel's veins; }
 { And sin-ners plung'd beneath that flood, Lose all their guilt-y stains. }

2. { 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.

Sav - ior, wash me in the blood, Sav-ior,
 Sav - ior, wash me in the blood, In the blood, the blood of the Lamb, Sav - ior,

wash me in the blood, Oh, wash
 wash me in the blood, In the blood, the blood of the Lamb, Oh, wash me in the

. . . me in the blood, And I shall be whiter than the snow.
 blood, in the blood, the blood of the Lamb,

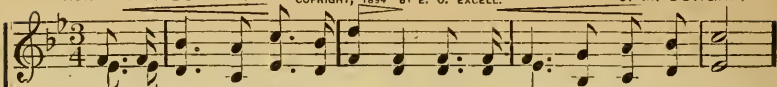
<p>3 Thou dying Lamb, Thy precious blood Shall never lose its power, Till all the ransomed church of God Are saved, to sin no more.</p>	<p>4 E'er since by faith I saw the stream, Thy flowing wounds supply, Redeeming love has been my theme, And shall be till I die.</p>
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No. 160. In the Secret of His Presence.

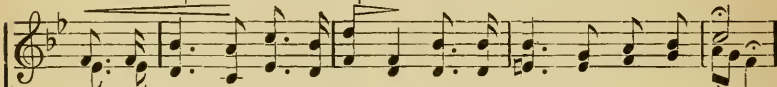
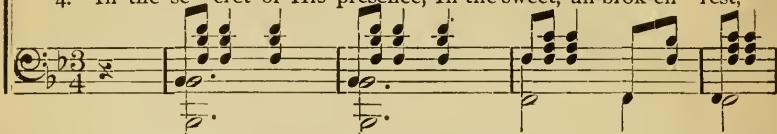
Rev. HENRY BURTON.

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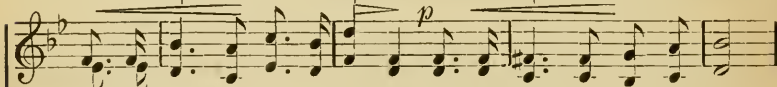
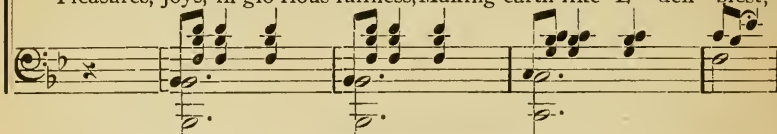
J. M. DUNGAN.



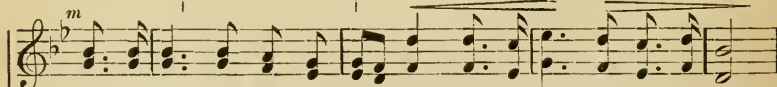
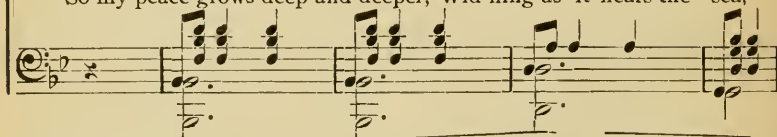
1. In the se - cret of His presence, I am kept from strife of tongues,
2. In the se - cret of His presence, All the dark-ness dis - appears,
3. In the se - cret of His presence, Nev-er-more can foes a - larm;
4. In the se - cret of His presence, In the sweet, un-brok-en rest,



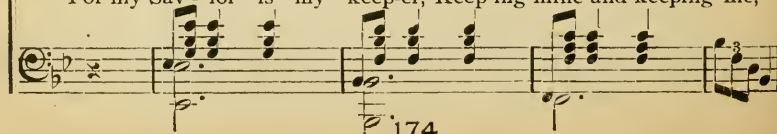
His pa - vil - ion is a-round me, And with-in are cease-less songs;
 For a sun that knows no setting, Throws a rain-bow on my tears;
 In the shad-ow of the highest, I can meet them with a song;
 Pleasures, joys, in glo-rious fullness, Making earth like E - den blest;



Storm-y winds, His words fulfilling, Beat with-out but can - not harm,
 So the day grows ev-er brighter, Broad'ning to the per-fect noon,
 For the strong pa-vil-ion hides me, Turns their fier-y darts a - side,
 So my peace grows deep and deeper, Wid'ning as it nears the sea,



For the Master's voice is still - ing Storm and tempest to a calm.
 So the way grows ev-er bright-er, Heav'n is coming near and soon,
 And I know what-e'er be - tides me, I shall live because He died,
 For my Sav - ior is my keep-er, Keep-ing mine and keeping me,



In the Secret of His Presence. Concluded.

SOP. *f* *p* ALTO.

In the se-cret of His presence, How my soul delights, delights to hide,

SOP. *m*

There I long to rest in the arms of love; There for-ev - er-more a-bide,

No. 161. I'll Live For Him.

R. E. HUDSON.

COPYRIGHT, 1882, BY R. E. HUDSON. USED BY PER.

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. Oh, Thou, who died on Cal - va-ry To save my soul and make me free,

CHO. *I'll live for Him who died for me, How hap-py then my life shall be!*

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

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

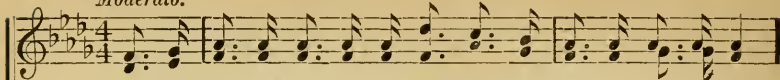
No. 162. When the Mists Have Rolled Away.

ANNIE HERBERT.

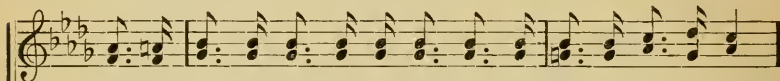
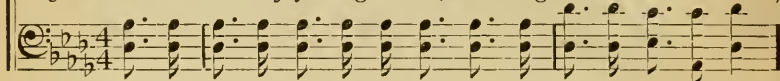
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IRA D. SANKEY.

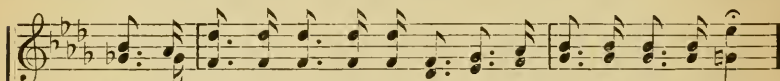
Moderato.



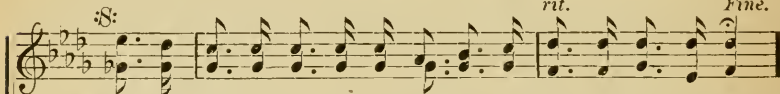
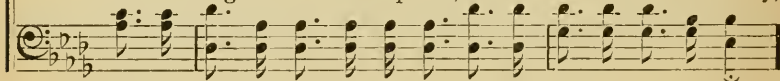
1. When the mists have roll'd in splendor From the beauty of the hills,
2. Oft we tread the path be-fore us With a wea-ry burden'd heart;
3. We shall come with joy and gladness, We shall gather 'round the throne;



And the sun-light falls in gladness On the riv-er and the rills,
Oft we toil a - mid the shadows, And our fields are far a - part;
Face to face with those that love us, We shall know as we are known:



We re - call our Fa-ther's promise In the rain-bow of the spray:
But the Sav-ior's "Come, ye blessed" All our la - bor will re - pay,
And the song of our re-demp-tion, Shall resound thro' endless day,

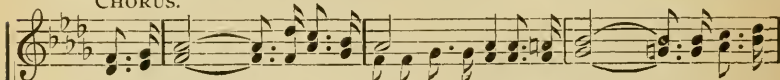


We shall know each oth-er bet-ter, When the mists have roll'd away.
When we gath-er in the morning Where the mists have roll'd away.
When the shadows have de-part-ed, And the mists have roll'd away.



D. S. *We shall know each oth-er bet-ter, When the mists have roll'd away.*

CHORUS.



We shall know as we are known, Nev-er - more to walk a -
We shall know as we are known, Never-more to walk a -



When the Mists Have Rolled Away. Concluded.

lone, . . . In the dawning of the morning Of that bright and happy day,
lone, to walk a-lone,

D. S.

This system contains the first two staves of music. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and a common time signature. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The music features a melodic line in the upper staff and a harmonic accompaniment in the lower staff. The piece concludes with a double bar line and the instruction 'D. S.' (Da Capo).

No. 163. Nearer Thee.

Alt. from F. L. S.

COPYRIGHT, 1894, BY E. O. EXCELL.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. "Nearer Thee" oh, precious feel-ing! Near-er Thee in gain and loss;
2. Near-er Thee, when love descending Falls in bless-ing on my head;
3. Near-er Thee in joy, or sor-row, 'Tis the same wher-e'er I roam;

This system contains the first two staves of music for the first three verses. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 3/4 time signature. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The music features a melodic line in the upper staff and a harmonic accompaniment in the lower staff. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

Near-er Thee, when I am kneeling, In the shadow of the cross!
Near-er Thee, when I am bend-ing O'er the graves that hide my dead.
Near-er Thee, to-day, to-morrow, Oh, my King, my Christ, my Home.

This system contains the second two staves of music for the first three verses. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 3/4 time signature. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The music features a melodic line in the upper staff and a harmonic accompaniment in the lower staff. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

CHORUS.

Near-er Thee, O precious Sav-ior, Draw me near-er to Thee;

This system contains the first two staves of music for the chorus. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 3/4 time signature. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The music features a melodic line in the upper staff and a harmonic accompaniment in the lower staff. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

Let me feel Thy blessed fa-vor, Nearer, nearer, Lord, to Thee.

This system contains the second two staves of music for the chorus. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 3/4 time signature. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The music features a melodic line in the upper staff and a harmonic accompaniment in the lower staff. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

1. Up and be doing! Brief is the day; Soon comes the night-time
 2. Fields now are waiting White in the sun; Har-vests all rip-en'd,
 3. Soon day-light di-eth La - bor is o'er! Long are the shad - ows

Light all a - way— "Work in my vine-yard!" Hark to the call
 What hast thou done? Few are the reap-ers, Much to be done,
 Stretching be - fore. Rouse careless id - ler! "Noth - ing but leaves?"

CHORUS.

Which the Good Mas - ter Giv - eth to all. Go work in my
 Where is thy sick - le, Fast falls the sun.

What wilt thou answer When asked for sheaves? Go work in my vineyard, Go

vine - yard, . . . Go work in my vine - yard . . . And
 la - bor to - day, Go work in my vine - yard, The sum - mons o - bey, And

gath - - er the har - vest, Ere dark - ness shall fall. . . .
 gather the harvest, and gather the harvest, Ere darkness shall fall, ere darkness shall fall.

No. 165. Find Something to do.

Mrs. E. C. ELLSWORTH.

COPYRIGHT, 1894, BY E. O. EXCELL.

J. H. TENNEY.

1. Why stand ye here i-dle? Work presses to-day, Find something to
 2. Don't say you are bus-y, too old, or un-fit, That's noth-ing to
 3. Then up and a-way! in the vine-yard to-day, Christ wait-eth for

do; The field is en-larg-ing, the la-b'ers are few, There
 you; He sure-ly has some kind of call-ing for you, He
 you; His love should remind you, and grat-i-tude speak, The

al-ways is something or oth-er to do, Yes, something to do.
 sure-ly has something or oth-er to do, Yes, something for you.
 debt you are ow-ing should press you to seek For something to do.

CHORUS.

Find some-thing to do, . . . something, yes, something to do . . . Why
 yes, something to do, Find something, yes, something to do;

rall.
 stand ye here i-dle? work presses to-day, Find something to do.

No. 166. Coming Unto Jesus.

E. E. HEWITT.

COPYRIGHT, 1894 BY E. O. EXCELL.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. I am com - ing un - to Je - sus, for His voice I hear, —I'm
 2. I am com - ing un - to Je - sus, wea - ry and de - filed, I'm
 3. I am com - ing un - to Je - sus, hum - bly, hour by hour, I'm
 4. O how per - fect is His par - don, read - y full and free, I'm

com - ing un - to Je - sus now: Sweet - ly ring - ing thro' the dark - ness,
 com - ing un - to Je - sus now: Cling - ing to His bless - ed promise
 com - ing un - to Je - sus now: Find - ing for His bless - ed ser - vice,
 com - ing un - to Je - sus now: O how kind the Shep - herd, bid - ding,

bringing hope and cheer, I am com - ing, com - ing now.
 like a lit - tle child, I am com - ing, com - ing now.
 plenteous grace and pow'r, I am com - ing, com - ing now.
 "Rise, and fol - low me," I am com - ing, com - ing now.

I am coming, coming.

CHORUS.

Coming from the shadows of the dreary night, Finding in His welcome,

ev - er - last - ing light; Com - ing un - to Je - sus heav'n - ly

Coming Unto Jesus. Concluded.

glo - ries shine; Sing His wondrous mer - cies, Sing His love di - vine.

The musical notation consists of a treble and bass staff. The treble staff has a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature. The bass staff has a key signature of two sharps (D# and F#) and a common time signature. The melody is primarily in the treble staff, with accompaniment in the bass staff.

No. 167. Come, Sinner, Come.

E. L. A.

COPYRIGHT, 1894, BY E. O. EXCELL.

E. L. ASHFORD.

1. Je - sus with you is pleading, Come, sinner, come; Ten - der - ly
 2. Is sin your soul oppressing, Come, sinner, come; Come, all your
 3. Say, is your bur - den heavy? Come, sinner, come; Are you of
 4. Let not the world enslave you, Come, sinner, come; Christ died that

The musical notation consists of a treble and bass staff. The treble staff has a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 6/4 time signature. The bass staff has a key signature of two sharps (D# and F#) and a 6/4 time signature. The melody is primarily in the treble staff, with accompaniment in the bass staff.

in - ter - ced - ing, Come, sinner, come; O, do not turn a - way, His
 guilt confessing, Come, sinner, come; He will your sins forgive, He'll
 striving weary? Come, sinner, come; He will your burden bear, And
 He might save you, Come, sinner, come, Come, lean up - on His breast, Here

The musical notation consists of a treble and bass staff. The treble staff has a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature. The bass staff has a key signature of two sharps (D# and F#) and a common time signature. The melody is primarily in the treble staff, with accompaniment in the bass staff.

rit.

lov - ing call o - bey, Still, still, with you He's pleading, Come, sinner, come.
 bid you "Look and live," Come and receive a blessing, Come, sinner, come.
 all your sorrows share, Now, while for you we're praying, Come, sinner, come.
 find sweet peace and rest, Now, while for you we're praying, Come, sinner, come.

The musical notation consists of a treble and bass staff. The treble staff has a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature. The bass staff has a key signature of two sharps (D# and F#) and a common time signature. The melody is primarily in the treble staff, with accompaniment in the bass staff.

No. 168. Ring Out the Tidings.

HARRIET E. JONES.

COPYRIGHT, 1854, BY E. O. EXCELL.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. Ring out the tid - ings in notes loud and clear, There is a
 2. Ring out the tid - ings, sal - va-tion pro - claim, Call to the
 3. Ring out the tid - ings, o'er mountain and plain, Warn-ing the

broth - er, the wel-come may hear, Some sin-sick wand-'rer may
 lep - er, the blind and the lame, Ring out the sto - ry, let
 sin - ner of sor - row and pain; Tell him of Je - sus, who

catch the glad sound, That leadeth to mansions where pleasures a-bound.
 wave af-ter wave Be tell-ing of Je - sus, the might-y to save.
 rose from the grave, The King of the nations, the might-y to save.

CHORUS.

Ring out the tid - ings, Ring out the tid - ings,
 Ring out the tid - ings, Ring out the tid - ings,

Warning of sin and the grave; Ring out the tid - ings,
 Warning of sin and the grave; Ring out the tid-ings,

Ring Out the Tidings. Concluded.

Ring out the tid - ings, Je - sus is might - y to save.
Ring out the tid - ings, Je - sus is might - y, is might - y to save.

No. 169. He Loved Me So.

E. O. E.

COPYRIGHT, 1894, BY E. O. EXCELL.

E. O. EXCELL.

1. By faith the Lamb of God I see, Ex - pir - ing on the cross for me;
2. For me the Fa - ther sent His Son; For me the vic - to - ry He won;
3. So glad I am that He is mine, So glad that I with Him shall shine;
4. O Lamb of God, that made me free, I con - se - crate my all to Thee;
5. And when my Lord shall bid me come, To join the lov'd ones round the throne,

He paid the might - y debt I owe; He died because He lov'd me so.
To save my soul from endless woe, He died because He lov'd me so.
I'll trust in Him, for this I know, He died because He lov'd me so.
My all, — for this I sure - ly know, He died because He lov'd me so.
I'll sing, as thro' the gates I go, He died because He lov'd me so.

REFRAIN.

He lov'd me so, He lov'd me so, He died because He lov'd me so.
He lov'd me so, He lov'd me so,

No. 170. We Are Marching On.

Mrs. HARRIET E. JONES.

COPYRIGHT, 1894, BY E. O. EXCELL.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. In the ar - my of the Lord, We are march - ing on;
 2. Serv - ing Je - sus day by day, We are march - ing on;
 3. Cling - ing close to Je - sus' hand, We are march - ing on;

With our fac - es Zi - on - ward, We are march - ing on;
 Slay - ing li - ons by the way, We are march - ing on;
 Bound for E - den's shin - ing land, We are march - ing on;

Clad in ar - mor al - ways bright, Ev - er read - y for the fight,
 Thro' our Cap - tain, ev - er strong, He, our watch - word and our song,
 For the vic - tors' palms so bright, For the crowns and robes of white,

Sol - diers of the King of light, We are march - ing on.
 All the pleas - ant way a - long, We are march - ing on.
 For e - ter - nal joy and light, We are march - ing on.

CHORUS.

March - ing, onward march - ing, Marching onward hand in hand,
 Marching, marching on, marching, marching on, We are marching hand in hand;

We Are Marching On. Concluded.

March - ing to the shin-ing land, Hallelujah! we are marching on.
 Marching, marching on to the shining land,

No. 171. My Happy Home.

ANON.

COPYRIGHT, 1889, BY E. O. EXCELL.

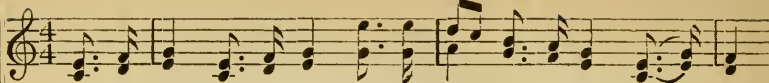
E. O. EXCELL.

1. Je - ru - sa - lem, my hap-py home, O how I long for thee!
2. Thy walls are all of pre-cious stone Most glo-rious to be - hold;
3. Thy gar-dens and thy pleas-ant streams, My stud-y long have been—
4. Reach down, reach down thine arms of grace, And cause me to as-cend

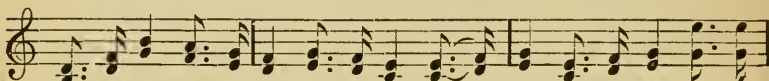
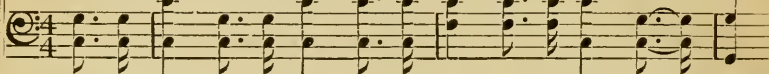
When will my sor-rows have an end? Thy joys, when shall I see?
 Thy gates are rich-ly set with pearl, Thy streets are pav'd with gold.
 Such spark-ling gems by hu-man sight Have nev-er yet been seen.
 Where con-gre-ga-tions ne'er break up, And prais-es nev-er end.

CHORUS.

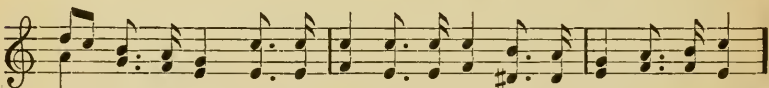
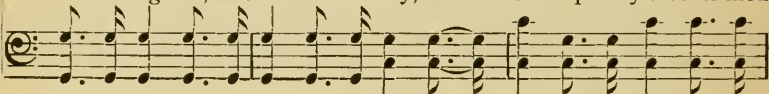
I will meet you in the City of the New Jerusalem, I've been wash'd in the
 blood of the Lamb, I will I've been wash'd in the blood of the Lamb.
 in the blood of the Lamb,



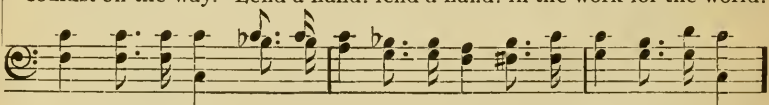
1. Lend a hand! lend a hand! in the work for the world! Place these words
2. Lend a hand! do not think that be-cause yours is small, Or be-cause
3. There are eyes that are weeping where none wipe the tear; There are hearts
4. There are lips that are burning where none hold the cup; There are chil-
5. Lend a hand! lend a hand! there is com-ing a day When He



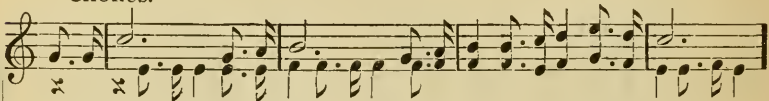
in your banner, ne'er let it be furled While sin, pain and sadness holds
from its fin-gers no rich-es may fall; It was meant you should render no
that are breaking for tidings of cheer; There are sinners would turn from their
dren who starve for a bite and a sup; There are forms that are sinking, your
who shall weigh us, to each one will say, "Didst thou help ev'ry brother thou



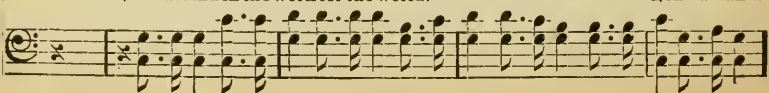
sway in the world, Lend a hand! lend a hand! in the work for the world!
suc-cor at all, Lend a hand! lend a hand! in the work for the world!
sins were you near, Lend a hand! lend a hand! in the work for the world!
hand might hold up, Lend a hand! lend a hand! in the work for the world!
couldst on the way?" Lend a hand! lend a hand! in the work for the world!



CHORUS.



Lend a hand! Lend a hand! Lend a hand in the work for the world!
Lend a hand in the work for the world! Lend a hand!



Lend a Hand! Concluded.

Lend a hand! Lend a hand! Lend a hand in the work for the world!
Lend a hand! Lend a hand!

No. 173. Jesus Saved Others.

E. E. HEWITT.

COPYRIGHT, 1894, BY E. O. EXCELL.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Je - sus saved oth - ers; burden'd, oppress'd, Throng'd they around Him
2. Je - sus saved oth - ers; life they obtained, Par-don and cleansing,
3. Je - sus saved oth - ers; trusting Him here, Mul - ti-tudes yon - der

find-ing sweet rest; Num-ber - less sin - ners seek - ing His face,
free - ly they gained; Might-y sal - va - tion! — al - ways the same,
spot-less ap - pear; Give Him the glo - ry, joy - ful - ly say:—

CHORUS.

Now are re - joic - ing, praising His grace. Je - sus saved oth - ers,
None ev - er per - ish pleading His name.
He who saved oth - ers, saves me to - day.

Mer - cy is free! Sing Hal - le - lu - jah! Je - sus saves me!

No. 174. Hear the Master Calling.

LYDIA BAXTER.

COPYRIGHT, 1894, BY E. O. EXCELL.

HENRY A. LEWIS.

1. The Mas - ter is com - ing, He call-eth for thee, And lov'd ones are
 2. The Mas - ter is com - ing, re - ceive Him and live; Oh, will you not
 3. The Mas - ter is com - ing, He call-eth to - day; A - wake from thy
 4. The Mas - ter is com - ing, to call from the grave His lov'd ones to

hast - ning their Sav - ior to see; He's full of com - pas - sion, why
 trust Him your sins to for - give? On Cal - va - ry's cross, a - mid
 slum - bers, to la - bor and pray; The morn - ing is break - ing, the
 glo - ry; He's might - y to save; And all who be - lieve Him in

will you de - lay? He's call - ing, still call - ing, oh, come, come to - day!
 anguish and pain, Thy ran - som was pur - chased when Je - sus was slain.
 noon - tide is near, And evening's dark shad - ows will quick - ly be here.
 rapture shall sing, Sal - va - tion thro' Je - sus, our Mas - ter and King.

CHORUS.

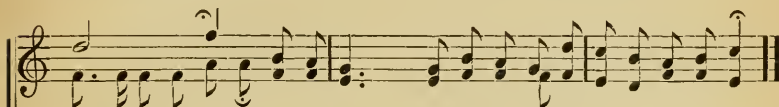
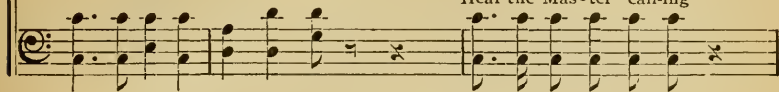
Call - - ing oh, hear Him call - - ing, still call - ing,
 Hear the Mas - ter call - ing, hear the Mas - ter call - ing,

Hear the Master Calling. Concluded.



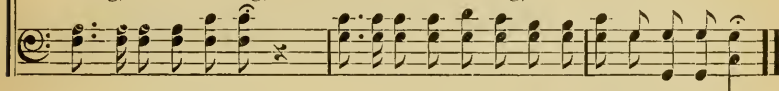
Why, O why will you de - lay, Oh, hear Him call - - ing, so sweet-ly

Hear the Mas-ter call-ing



call - - ing, hear Him, Hear the Master calling, come, oh, come to-day.

call-ing, still He's calling, Hear the Master call-ing,

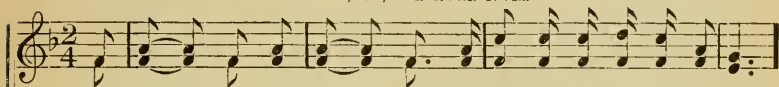


No. 175. The Angels are Looking on Me.

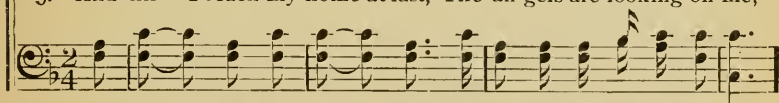
Rev. JOHN PARKER.

COPYRIGHT, 1889, BY E. C. AVIS. BY PER.

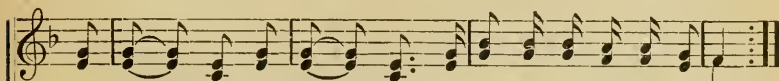
ARRANGED.



1. Like Ja-cob, in his Beth-el rest, The an-gels are looking on me;
2. Each night I lay me down to sleep, The an-gels are looking on me;
3. And when I wake, new toils to meet, The an-gels are looking on me;
4. A pil-grim to the heav'ly land, The an-gels are looking on me;
5. And till I reach my home at last, The an-gels are looking on me;



REFRAIN. *All night, all night, The an-gels are look-ing on me;*



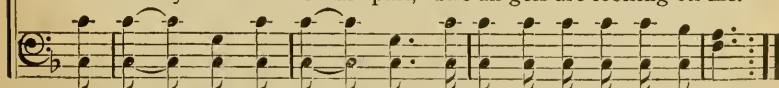
They watch my pil - low—I am blest, The an-gels are looking on me.

I know I'm safe, for an-gels keep, The an-gels are looking on me.

God's presence makes my joy complete, The an-gels are looking on me.

My steps are kept by God's command, The an-gels are looking on me.

With ev - 'ry tear and tri - al past, The an-gels are looking on me.



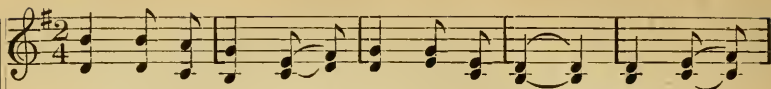
All night, all night, The an-gels are look-ing on me.

No. 176. Let Me in the Life-boat.

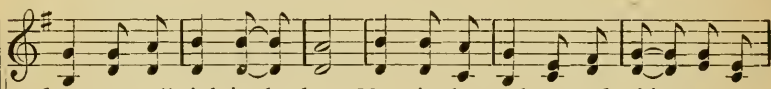
Melody by W. J. H.

COPYRIGHT, 1894, BY E. O. EXCELL.

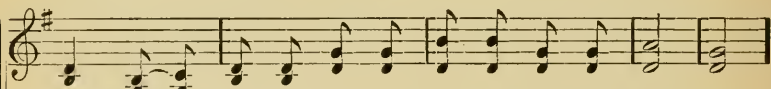
Harmonized by E. O. E.



1. Come, christian sail - or, and don't fall a - sleep; Pray night and
2. See, christian sail - or, the voy - age is short, Hoist up your
3. Storms they are heav-y and winds they are loud, Thun - ders are
4. Some at the helm, and some down be - low, The ship is
5. See, christian sail - or, the or - ders have come, The bat - tle is
6. Glo - ry to Je - sus for what He has done; The storm it is



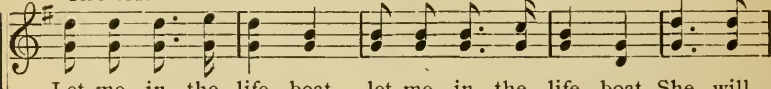
day, or you'll sink in the deep, Hope is the anch-or, and this you must
sails, and we'll soon make the port, Call up your soldiers and send them a-
roll-ing and bursting the cloud, Fathers and mothers are cry - ing so
dashing, her deck's overflowed, See ev - 'ry sail - or is standing at his
fought and the vic - t'ry is won; Go, tell your shipmates what Je - sus has
past and I've reach'd my home, Soon with the an-gels in glo - ry, we'll



keep, If you want to sit with Je - sus in the life - boat.
loft, For Christ is com - ing for you in the life - boat.
loud, Saying, Je - sus, will you take us in the life - boat?
post, And he's waiting for the or - ders from the life - boat.
done, He took a dy - ing sail - or in the life - boat.
sing, My soul is safe - ly land - ed in the life - boat.



CHORUS.



Let me in the life - boat, let me in the life - boat, She will



Let Me in the Life-boat. Concluded.

stand the rag - ing storm, Let me in the life - boat,

let me in the life - boat, She will bear my spir - it home.

No. 177. Have Faith in God.

E. A. H.

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Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.

1. Trust thou in God! Trust thou in God! No e - vil can thy
 2. Have faith in God! Have faith in God! And naught can sep-a-
 3. Be true to God! Be true to God! He has been good and
 4. Go on in faith, in trust-ing faith! The heav'n where soon we

soul be-tide While thou art close to Je - sus' side; Trust thou in
 rate thy soul From His di-vine and safe con-trol; Have faith in
 kind to thee, And ev - er-more thy friend will be; Be true to
 hope to be Is reach'd by way of Cal - va - ry; Go on in

God! Trust thou in God! A-long life's road trust thou in God!
 God! Have faith in God! A-long life's road have faith in God!
 God! Be true to God! A-long life's road be true to God!
 faith, a-long life's road; The goal is reach'd by trust in God!

No. 178.

Onward!

IDA L. REED.

COPYRIGHT, 1894, BY E. O. EXCELL.

CHAS. EDW. PRIOR.

1. On-ward, on-ward, joy - ful - ly we go dear Savior, Strengthen'd in Thy
 2. On-ward, on-ward, this shall be our watchword ever, Onward, onward,
 3. On-ward, on-ward, soon the bat-tle will be o-ver, Then we all, as

love we will no e - vil fear; Glad-ly, glad - ly, by Thy help, the
 up-ward to the realms a-bove; Marching, marching, 'neath the banner
 vic - tors, shall be-fore Him stand; Crowns of glory to each one will

way we're keeping, And Thy lov-ing smile doth all our pathway cheer.
 of King Je - sus, Forward, joy-ful - ly at His command we move.
 then be giv - en, And a palm of vic - t'ry for the toil-worn hand.

Bless-ed Light, shine on a-mid the gloom for-ev - er, Guide us in
 Toil-ing, toil - ing on a-mid the heat of bat-tle, Serv-ing with
 Then our Lord will wipe a-way our tears for - ev - er, And He will

CHORUS.

love and make our vis-ion clear. On-ward, onward, joy - ful-ly we
 gladness, Him whose cause we love.
 wel-come us to E - den-land.

Onward! Concluded.

go dear Sav-ior, Thou art our God, we ful - ly trust in Thee.

Musical notation for the first system, including treble and bass staves.

No. 179. Abide With Me.

H. F. LYTE.

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 thro' the

Musical notation for the first system, including treble and bass staves.

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-er's pow'r? Who, like Thy-self, my
gloom, and point me to the skies; Heav'n's morning breaks and

Musical notation for the second system, including treble and bass staves.

fail, and comforts flee, Help of the helpless, oh, 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, oh, a - bide with me!
earth's vain shadows flee! In life, in death, O Lord, a - bide with me!

Musical notation for the third system, including treble and bass staves.

No. 180.

Beautiful Robes.

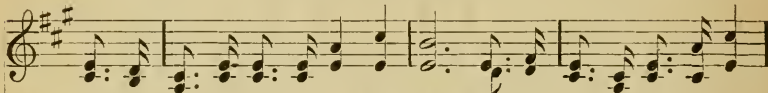
E. E. HEWITT.

COPYRIGHT, 1890, BY WM. J. KIRKPATRICK, BY PER.

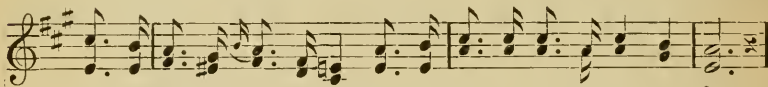
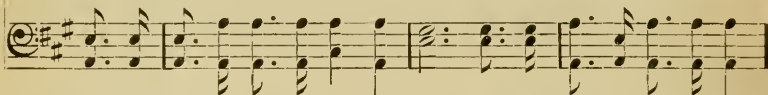
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



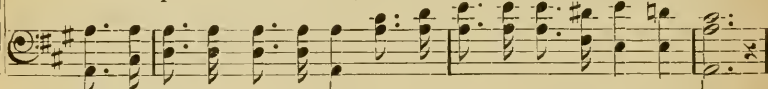
1. We shall walk with Him in white, In that country pure and bright,
2. We shall walk with Him in white, Where faith yields to blissful sight,
3. We shall walk with Him in white, By the fountains of de - light,



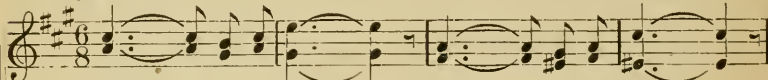
Where shall enter naught that may defile; Where the day-beam ne'er declines,
When the beau-ty of the King we see; Holding converse full and sweet,
Where the Lamb His ransom'd onesshall lead, For His blood shall wash each stain,



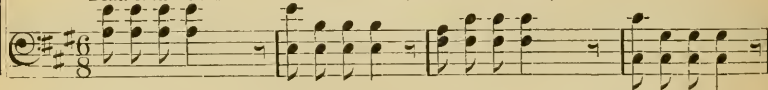
For the blessed light that shines Is the glo - ry of the Sav-ior's smile.
In a fel-low-ship complete; Waking songs of ho-ly mel - o - dy.
Till no spot of sin re-main, And the soul for-ev-er-more is freed.



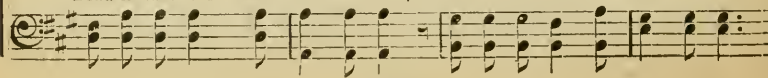
CHORUS.



Beau - ti - ful robes, Beau - ti - ful robes,
Beau-ti-ful robes beau-ti-ful robes, Beau-ti-ful robes, beau-ti-ful robes,



Beau - - ti - ful robes we then shall wear,
Beau-ti-ful robes we theu shall wear, Beau-ti - ful robes we theu shall wear,



Beautiful Robes. Concluded.

Gar - ments of light, Love - ly and bright,
 Garments of light, Garments of light, Lovely and bright, Love-ly and bright,

Walk-ing with Je-sus in white, Beau-ti-ful robes we shall wear.

No. 181. Weighed in the Balance.

Mrs. E. C. ELLSWORTH.

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R. B. MAHAFFEY.

1. Weighed by thy love for thy brother; Weighed by thy love for thy God;
 2. Weighed by thy hope of sal-va-tion; Weighed by the Rock where 'tis built;
 3. Weighed by the rich-es of treasures; Weighed by their in-fi-nite loss;

Fine.

Weighed by thy faith in an-oth-er; Weighed by the shedding of blood.
 Weighed by the sweet in-vi-ta-tion: "Come, e-ven now, if thou wilt."
 Weighed by the brightest of pleasures, Weighed by the dark, heavy cross.

D.S. Weighed, but my soul has been trifling; Weighed but found lighter than air.

REFRAIN.

D. S.

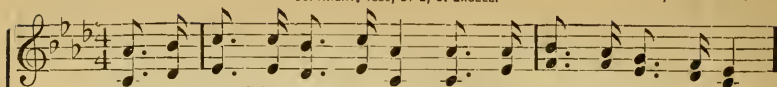
Weighed in the bal-ance and wanting; Weighed, but no Sav-ior is there;

No. 182. We Shall Stand Before the King.

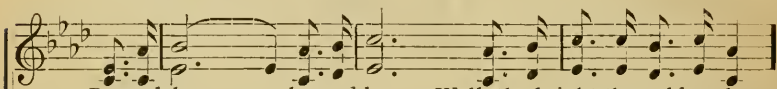
E. O. E.

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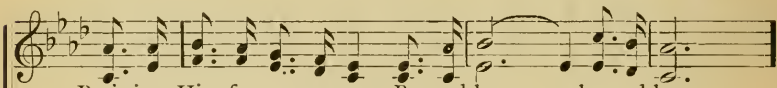
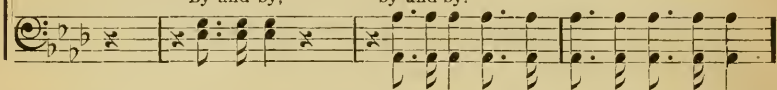
E. O. EXCELL.



1. We shall stand be-fore the King, With the an - gels we shall sing,
2. Ring, ye bells of heav - en, ring, We shall stand before the King,
3. Wake, my soul, thy tribute bring, Thou shalt stand before the King,



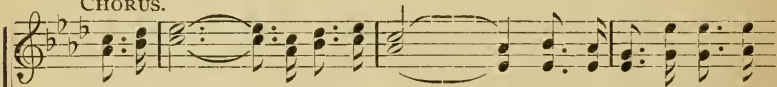
By and by, . . . by and by. Walk the bright, the golden shore,
 By and by, . . . by and by. There our sor-rows will be o'er,
 By and by, . . . by and by! Lay thy tro-phies at His feet,
By and by, by and by.



Prais-ing Him for-ev - er-more, By and by, . . . by and by.
 There His name we will a - dore, By and by, . . . by and by.
 In His likeness stand complete, By and by, . . . by and by.
By and by, by and by.



CHORUS.



We shall stand, . . . before the King, . . . With the angels we shall
We shall stand before the King,



sing, Glo-ry, glo - ry to our King, Hal - le - lu - - jah, hal - le -
Hal - le - lu - jah,



We Shall Stand Before the King. Concluded.

lu - jah, We shall stand be-fore the King.
Hal - le - lu - jah, We shall stand

No. 183.

America.

S. F. SMITH.

NATIONAL HYMN.

UNKNOWN.

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

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

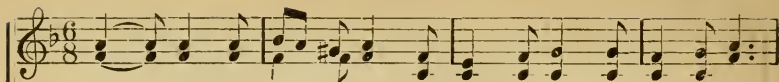
cres.
Pil-grims' pride, From ev - 'ry moun-tain side, Let free - dom ring.
tem-pled hills, My heart with rap-ture thrills, Like that a - bove.
breathe partake, Let rocks their si-lence break, The sound pro-long.
ho - ly light, Pro - tect us with Thy might, Great God, our King!

No. 184. O God be Merciful.

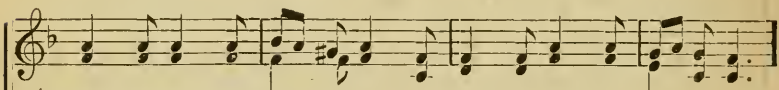
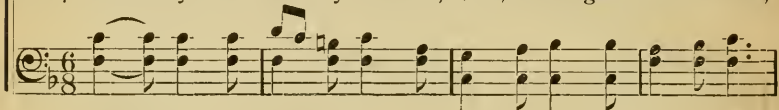
J. E. RANKIN.

COPYRIGHT, 1894, BY E. O. EXCELL.

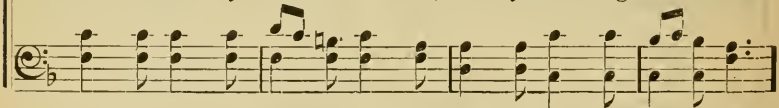
E. L. ASHFORD.



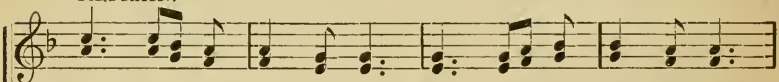
1. Wea - ry and heav - y la - den With my sins, O Lord, I roam,
2. Make my stubborn spir - it will - ing To o - bey Thy gracious voice,
3. Thy sweet yoke I'd take upon me, And would learn, O Lord, of Thee,
4. Wea - ry and heav - y la - den, Lord, no lon - ger will I roam,



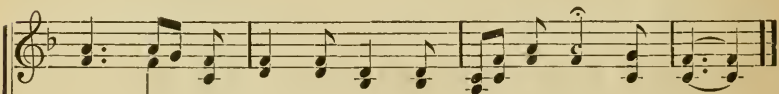
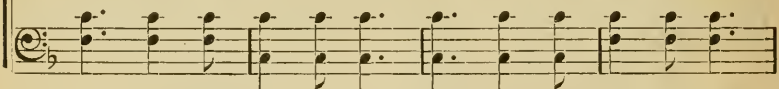
While I know Thou hast in - vit - ed All such wand'ers to their home.
 At the cross to leave its bur - den, And de - part - ing to re - joice.
 Thou art meek in heart, and low - ly, Teach me like Thy - self to be.
 Here I fix my hab - i - ta - tion, In Thy sheltering love at home.



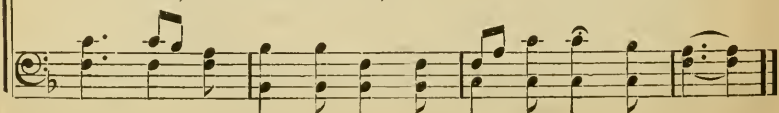
REFRAIN.



O God, be mer - ci - ful, O God, be mer - ci - ful,



O God, be mer - ci - ful, be mer - ci - ful to me.



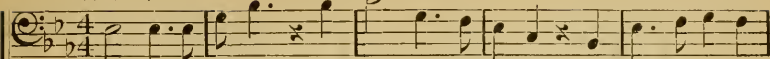
No. 185.

Wine is a Mocker.

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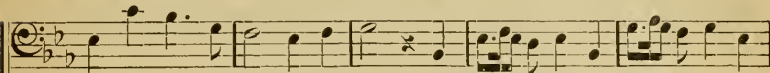
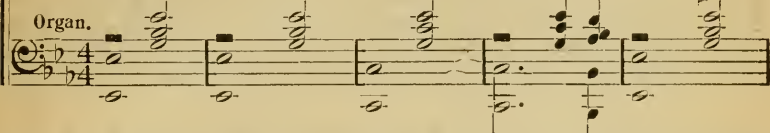
EDWIN SHERRETT.

BASS SOLO.

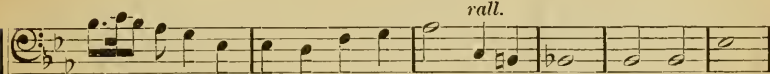


Wine is a mocker, and strong drink is raging, And who-so-ev - er

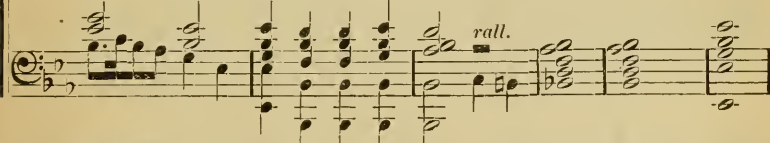
Organ.



is deceived there-by is not wise, And who-so - ev - er, who-so-ev - er,

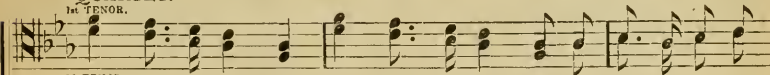


who - so-ev - er is deceived there-by is not wise, is not wise.



QUARTET.

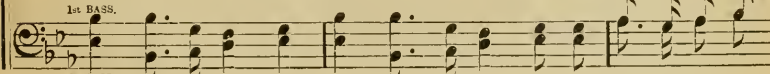
1st TENOR.



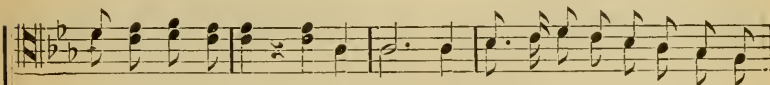
2d TENOR.

Wine is a mock - er, strong drink is ra-ging, And who-so-ev - er

1st BASS.



2d BASS.



is deceived there-by is not wise, And who-so-ev - er is deceived there-



Wine is a Mocker. Continued.

by is not wise, They that tar-ry long at the wine,
Who hath woe,

They that tar-ry long at the wine,
Who hath sorrow, Who hath contentions.

They that tarry long at the wine. They that tarry long
Who hath babbling?

at the wine, They that tar-ry long at the
Who hath wounds without cause?

wine, They that tar-ry long at the wine.
Who hath redness of eyes?

Wine is a Mocker. Concluded.

TENOR SOLO.

Look not thou up-on the wine when it is red, When it

The first system of the Tenor Solo features a treble clef with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and a common time signature. The melody consists of eighth and quarter notes. The bass line is a simple accompaniment of chords and single notes.

mov-eth it - self a - right, Death lurk-eth there, For it bit - eth

The second system continues the melody with a fermata over the final note of the phrase. The accompaniment remains consistent.

QUARTET.

like a ser-pent, And it sting-eth like an ad-der, For it

The quartet section begins with a treble clef and a key signature of two flats. The melody is marked with 'x' symbols, indicating a specific performance technique. The accompaniment consists of chords.

bit - eth like a ser-pent and it sting-eth, like an ad-der, And

The second system of the quartet continues the melody and accompaniment.

who-so - ev - er is de-ceived there-by is not wise, is not wise.

rit.

The final system of the quartet concludes with a *rit.* (ritardando) marking. The melody and accompaniment end with sustained chords.

No. 186. The Heavenly Gate.

(Written Expressly for my Friend, E. O. E)

ADELE M. HAYWARD.

COPYRIGHT, 1894, BY E. O. EXCELL.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

p cres.

1. My soul and I had wandered far, From deepest deeps, to wid - est
2. My soul and I went wand'ring far, Wag-ing the spir - it's wea - ry

f dim. ad lib.
star, And wea-ry, worn and tempest-rock'd, Came to the heav'nly gate and war, And knock'd a gain at the heav'nly gate, When the lamp of life was burning

dim. e rit. f tempo. ad lib. mp
knock'd, Came to the heav'nly gate and knock'd. "Who is there?" said the late,
When the lamp of life was burning late. "Who is there?" said the

p
heav'nly Friend, "Who is there?" "If my-self!" was the answer;
heav'nly Friend, "Who is there?" "Thou! Thyself!" was the answer;

The Heavenly Gate. Continued.

a tempo. espress.

And to my soul and I, Came sad re-ply, More
And to my soul and I, Came sweet re-ply, As the

ad lib.

cres. *1st Stanza only.*

sad than sor-row's self may be, "There is not
heav'nly gate swung o - pen wide, (Omit.)
Sostenuto.

(May be used as a Violin Obligato.)

room, not room for thee and Me! There is not room, not

f

room for thee and Me!"

dim. *f* *dim.* *D. C. 2d. v.*

The Heavenly Gate. Concluded.

2d. Stanza.

2. "Cast out self! and I will a-bide, a-bide in thee, and

cres e accel.
 thou in Me, In heav'n there is room for Me and

cres e accel.

rit. *ff* *sfz* *sustain.*
 thee, In heav'n there's room, there's room for Me and thee."

rit. *ff*

ff rit. *dim.*

No. 187.

Come Thou Fount.

ROBINSON.

UNKNOWN.

Fine.

I. { Come, thou Fount of ev - 'ry blessing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace, }
 { Streams of mer-cy, nev - er ceas-ing, Call for songs of loud-est praise. }

D. C. Praise the mount—I'm fixed upon it! Mount of Thy re-deem-ing love.

D. C.
 Teach me some me-lo-dious son-net, Sung by flaming tongues above;

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

3 Oh, to grace, how great a debtor,
 Daily I'm constrained to be!
 I, et 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, oh, take and seal it,
 Seal it for Thy courts above.

No. 188. *The Fountain Stands Open.

ARRANGED.

CHORUS.

O, the foun - tain stands o - pen, The foun - tain stands

o - pen, Sin-ner, come and bathe your wea - ry soul.

* To be used as a chorus to "Come Thou Fount," omitting last half of said tune.

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

2. { O hap-py 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. }

Fine.

Hap - py day, hap - py day, When Je - sus washed my sins a - way;
 D. s. *Hap - py day, hap - py day, When Je - sus washed my sins a - way.*

D.S.

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

3 'Tis done, the great transaction's done | Now rest, my long divided heart,
 I am my Lord's, and He is mine; | Fixed on this blissful centre, rest;
 He drew me, and I followed on, | Nor ever from thy Lord depart,
 Cleared to confess the voice divine. | With Him of every good possessed.

No. 190. Sinner, Go, Will You Go?

Fine.

1. { Sin - ner, go, will you go To the high - lands of heav - en? }
 { Where the storms nev - er blow, And the long sum - mer's giv - en; }

D. c. And the leaves of the bow'rs In the breez - es are flit - ting.

Sinner, Go, Will You Go? Concluded.

D. C.

Where the bright blooming flow'rs Are their o - dors e - mit - ting;

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>2 Where the saints, robed in white,
Cleansed in life's flowing fountain,
Shining beautiful and bright,
They inhabit the mountain;
Where no sin nor dismay,
Neither trouble nor sorrow,
Will be felt for a day,
Nor be feared for the morrow.</p> | <p>3 He's prepared thee a home,—
Sinner, canst thou believe it?
And invites thee to come,—
Sinner, wilt thou receive it?
Oh, come, sinner come,
For the tide is receding;
And the Savior will soon
And forever cease pleading.</p> |
|---|--|

No. 191. The Road to Heaven.

COPYRIGHT, 1887, BY E. O. EXCELL.

E. O. EXCELL.

I. { The road to heav'n by Christ was made, With heav'nly truth the rails are laid;
From earth to heav'n the line extends, To life e - ter - nal where it ends. }

CHORUS

{ I'm go-ing home, I'm going home, I'm going home to die no more!
To die no more, to die no more, I'm going home to die no more! }

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>2 Repentance is the station, then,
Where passengers are taken in;
No fee for them is there to pay,
For Jesus is himself the way.</p> | <p>4 God's love the fire, his truth the steam
Which drives the engine and the train;
All you who would to glory ride,
Must come to Christ—in him abide.</p> |
| <p>3 The Bible is the engineer—
It points the way to heaven so clear,
Thro' tunnels dark and dreary here—
It does the way to glory steer.</p> | <p>5 Come, then, poor sinner, now is the
At any station on the line; [time
If you repent and turn from sin,
The train will stop and take you in.</p> |

No. 192. 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 sigh'd 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;*

I am connt-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-ey - er - more.

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

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>4. In the promises I trust;
 In the cleansing blood confide;
 I am prostrate in the dust;
 I with Christ am crucified.</p> | <p>5. Jesus comes, He fills my soul!
 Perfected in love I am;
 I am every whit made whole;
 Glory, glory to the Lamb!</p> |
|---|---|

No. 193. Washed in the Blood.

Rev. W. McDONALD.

BY PERMISSION.

ARRANGED.

1. Je - sus, Lord, I come to Thee, Wash'd in the blood of the Lamb!
 2. Speak, and let my heart be clean, Wash'd in the blood of the Lamb!
 3. Cleanse me, wash me white as snow, Wash'd in the blood of the Lamb!
 4. To my heart the bliss re - veal, Wash'd in the blood of the Lamb!

Set my long - ing spir - it free, Wash'd in the blood of the Lamb!
 Ful - ly sav'd from in - bred sin, Wash'd in the blood of the Lamb!
 Let me all Thy ful-ness know, Wash'd in the blood of the Lamb!
 Fix on me the Spir - it's seal, Wash'd in the blood of the Lamb!

Washed in the Blood. Concluded.

CHORUS

I'm re-deem'd, re - deem'd, Wash'd in the blood of the Lamb!

I'm re-deem'd, re-deem'd, I am wash'd in the blood of the Lamb!

No. 194. Old Time Religion.

ARRANGED.

CHO. Give me that old time re - lig-ion, Give me that old time re-lig-ion,
 1. It was good for our mothers, It was good for our mothers,
 2. It has sav - ed our fa - thers, It has sav - ed our fa - thers,
 3. Makes me love ev - 'ry - bod - y, Makes me love ev - 'ry - bod - y,

Give me that old time re - lig - ion, It's good e - nough for me.
 It was good for our moth - ers, It's good e - nough for me.
 It has sav - ed our fa - thers, It's good e - nough for me.
 Makes me love ev - 'ry - bod - y, It's good e - nough for me.

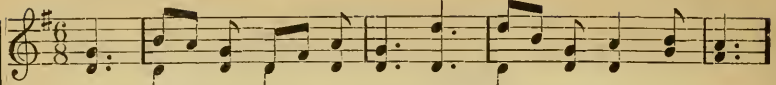
- 4 It was good for the Prophet Daniel,
It's good enough for me.
- 5 It was good for the Hebrew Children,
It's good enough for me.
- 6 It was tried in the fiery furnace,
It's good enough for me.
- 7 It was good for Paul and Silas,
It's good enough for me.

- 8 It will do when I am dying,
It's good enough for me.
- 9 It is good in time of trouble,
It's good enough for me.
- 10 It will take us all to heaven,
It's good enough for me.
- 11 Come and go with us to glory,
It's good enough for me.

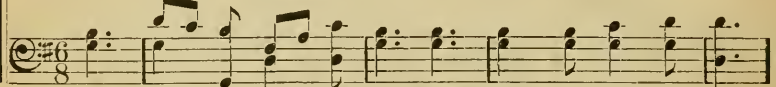
No. 195. Come, Ye That Love the Lord.

ISAAC WATTS.

ARRANGED.



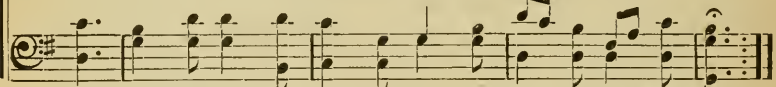
1. Come, ye that love the Lord, And let your joys be known;
2. Let those re - fuse to sing Who nev - er knew our God;
3. There we shall see His face, And nev - er, nev - er sin;
4. Then let our songs a-bound, And ev - 'ry tear be dry;



CHO. *I'm glad sal - va - tion's free, I'm glad sal - va - tion's free;*



Join in a song with sweet accord, While ye surround the throne.
But ser - vants of the heav'n - ly King May speak their joys a - broad.
There, from the riv - ers of His grace, Drink endless pleasures in.
We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground To fair - er worlds on high.

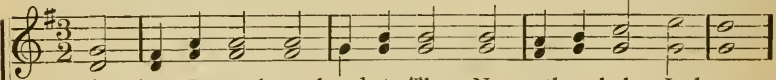


Sal - va - tion's free for you and me; I'm glad sal - va - tion's free.

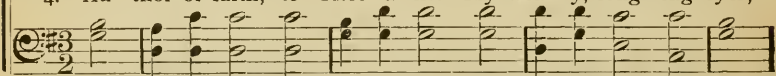
No. 196. I Do Believe. C. M.

CHAS. WESLEY.

UNKNOWN.



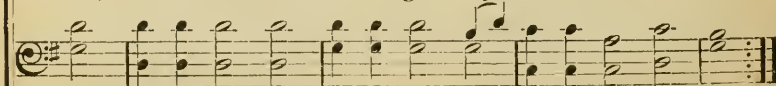
1. Fa - ther, I stretch my hands to Thee, No oth - er help I know;
2. What did Thine on - ly Son en - dure, Be - fore I drew my breath;
3. O Je - sus, could I this be - lieve, I now should feel Thy pow'r;
4. Au - thor of faith, to Thee I lift My wea - ry, long - ing eyes;



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



If Thou with - draw Thy - self from me, Ah! whither shall I go?
What pain, what la - bor to se - cure My soul from end - less death!
And all my wants Thou would'st relieve, In this ac - cept - ed hour.
Oh, let me now re - ceive that gift; My soul with - out it dies.



And thro' His blood, His pre - cious blood I shall from sin be free!

No. 197.

Come, Ye Sinners.

HART.

J. INGALLS.

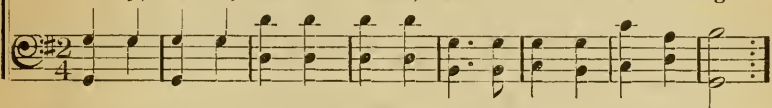
Fine.



1. { Come, ye sin-ners, poor and need-y, Weak and wounded, sick and sore; }
 { Je - sus read-y stands to save you, Full of pit - y, love and pow'r. }

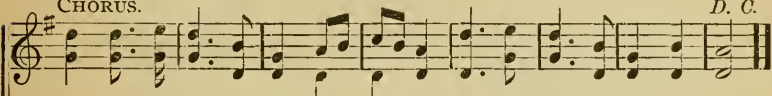
2. { Now, ye need-y, come and wel-come, God's free bounty glo-ri - fy; }
 { True be - lief and true re-pent-ance, Ev'ry grace that brings you nigh. }

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



CHORUS.

D. C.



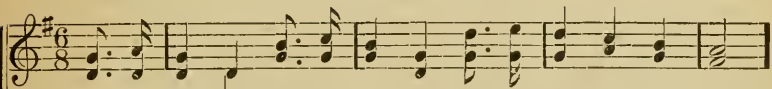
Turn to the Lord, and seek sal - va-tion, Sound the praise of his dear name,



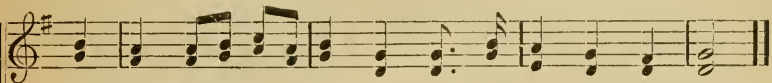
3 Let not conscience make you linger,	4 Come, ye weary, heavy-laden,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;	Bruised and mangled by the fall,
All the fitness he requireth,	If you tarry till you're better,
Is to feel your need of him.	You will never come at all.

No. 198.

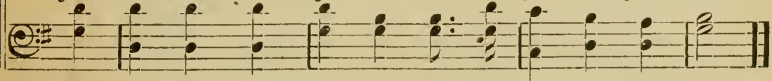
Come to Jesus.



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



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



2. He will save you.	5. Call upon Him.	8. He'll forgive you.
3. He is able.	6. He will hear you.	9. Don't reject Him.
4. Only trust Him.	7. Look to Jesus.	10. Hallelujah, Amen.

No. 199.

How I Love Jesus.

FREDERICK WHITFIELD.

Arr. by E. O. E.

1
2

1. { There is a name I love to hear, I love to sing its worth; It }
 sounds like music in mine ear, The (Omit.) } sweetest name on

2

{ earth, Oh, how I love Jesus, Oh, how I love Jesus, }
 Oh, how I love Jesus, Be - (Omit.) } cause he first lov'd me.

- 2 It tells me of a Savior's love,
 Who died to set me free;
 It tells me of His precious blood,
 The sinner's perfect plea.
- 3 It tells me what my Father hath
 In store for every day,

- And, tho' I tread a darksome path,
 Yields sunshine all the way.
- 4 It tells of One, whose loving heart
 Can feel my deepest woe,
 Who in each sorrow bears a part,
 That none can bear below.

No. 200. Angels Hovering 'Round.

ANON.

UNKNOWN.

1. There are an-gels hov'ring 'round, There are an - gels hov'ring 'round,
 2. They will carry the tid-ings home; They will carry the tidings home;

There are an - - gels, an - - gels hov - 'ring 'round.
 They will car - - ry, car - - ry the tid - ings home.

- 3 To the new Jerusalem, etc. | 5 And Jesus bids them come, etc.
- 4 Poor sinners are coming home, etc. | 6 There's glory all around, etc.

1. { Je - sus, my all, to heav'n is gone, Glory hallelujah, Jesus saves me; }
 { He whom I fix my hopes up-on; Glory hallelujah, Jesus saves me. }
 2. { His track I see, and I'll pur-sue Glory hallelujah, Jesus saves me; }
 { The nar-row way, till Him I view, Glory hallelujah, Jesus saves me. }

Fine.
 He saves me, He saves me, Glo-ry hal-le-lu-jah, Je-sus saves me.
D. s. saves me, He saves me, Glo-ry hal-le-lu-jah, Je-sus saves me.

He redeem'd me, for-gave me and sanc - ti-fied my soul, And

D. S.
 now I'm hap-py all day long, because He made me whole. He

- | | |
|---|--|
| 3 The way the holy prophets went,
The road that leads from banishment | 8 Till late I heard my Savior say,
"Come hither, soul, I am the way." |
| 4 The King's highway of holiness,
I'll go, for all His paths are peace. | 9 Lo! glad I come; and Thou, blest Lamb
Shalt take me to Thee, as I am; |
| 5 This is the way I long have sought,
And mourned because I found it not; | 10 Nothing but sin have I to give;
Nothing but love shall I receive. |
| 6 My grief a burden long has been,
Because I was not saved from sin. | 11 Then will I tell to sinners 'round,
What a dear Savior I have found, |
| 7 The more I strove against its power,
I felt its weight and guilt the more; | 12 I'll point to Thy redeeming blood,
And say, "Behold the way to God." |

No. 202. I'm Kneeling at the Mercy-Seat.

(Use any C. M. Metre Hymn with either Chorus.)

ARRANGED.

1. Je-sus, Thine all-vic-torious love, Je-sus, Thine ali-vic-torious love,
 CHO. 1. I'm kneeling at the mer-cy-seat, I'm kneeling at the mer-cy-seat,
 CHO. 2. I can, I will, I do be-lieve, I can, I will, I do be-lieve,
 Je-sus, Thine all vic-torious love, Shed in our hearts a-broad;
 I'm kneel-ing at the mer-cy-seat, Where Je-sus an-swears pray'r.
 I can, I will, I do be-lieve That Je-sus saves me now.

No. 203. Jesus, Thine All-victorious.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>1 Jesus, Thine all-victorious love
 Shed in my heart abroad;
 Then shall my feet no longer rove,
 Rooted and fixed in God.</p> <p>2 Oh, that in me the sacred fire
 Might now begin to glow,
 Burn up the dross of base desire
 And make the mountains flow!</p> | <p>3 Oh, that it now from heav'n might fall
 And all my sins consume!
 Come, Holy Ghost, for Thee I call;
 Spirit of burning, come!</p> <p>4 Refining fire, go thro' my heart,
 Illuminate my soul;
 Scatter Thy life through every part,
 And sanctify the whole.</p> |
|---|--|

No. 204. The Cleansing Wave.

Mrs. PHOEBE PALMER.

BY PERMISSION.

Mrs. JOS. F. KNAPP.

1. { Oh, now I see the crimson wave, The fountain deep and wide; }
 { Je-sus, my Lord, mighty to save, (Omit.) }
 2. { I rise to walk in heav'n's own light, A-bove the world and sin, }
 { With heart made pure and, garments white, (Omit.) }
 3. { A-maz-ing grace! 'tis heav'n below To feel the blood ap-plied; }
 { And Je-sus, on-ly Je-sus know, (Omit.) }

The Cleansing Wave. Concluded.

2 CHORUS.

Points to His wound-ed side.
 And Christ enthron'd with-in. { The cleans-ing stream I
 My Je-sus cru-ci-fied. { Oh, praise the Lord! it

see! I see! I plunge, and oh, it cleanseth me;
 cleanseth me, It cleanseth me, (*Omit.*) } yes, cleanseth me.

No. 205. At the Fountain.

OLD MELODY.

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

CHORUS.

Glo-ry to God, I'm at the fountain drinking, on my journey home.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>2 Ask but His grace and lo! 'tis given,
 I'm at the fountain drinking,
 Ask and He returns your hell to heav'n,
 I'm on my journey home.</p> | <p>4 Where'er I am, where'er I move,
 I'm at the fountain drinking,
 I meet the object of my love,
 I'm on my journey home.</p> |
| <p>3 Tho' sin and sorrow wound my soul,
 I'm at the fountain drinking,
 Jesus, Thy balm will make me whole,
 I'm on my journey home.</p> | <p>5 Insatiate to this spring I fly,
 I'm at the fountain drinking,
 I drink and yet am ever dry,
 I'm on my journey home.</p> |

No. 206. Jesus, I My Cross Have Taken.

HENRY F. LYTE.

Tune: ELLESDIE. 8, 7, D.

MOZART.

1. Je - sus, I my cross have taken, All to leave and fol-low Thee;

Fine.
Na-ked, poor, de-spised, forsaken, Thou, from hence, my all shalt be:
D. S. *Yet how rich is my con-di-tion, God and heav'n are still my own!*

D. S.
Per - ish ev - 'ry fond ambition, All I've sought and hoped and known;

2 Let the world despise and leave me,
They have left my Savior, too;
Human hearts and looks deceive me;
Thou art not, like man, untrue;
And, while Thou shalt smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love and might, [me;
Foes may hate, and friends may shun
Show thy face and all is bright.

3 Go, then, earthly fame and treasure!
Come, disaster, scorn and pain!
In Thy service, pain is pleasure;
With Thy favor, loss is gain.
I have called Thee, "Abba, Father;"
I have stayed my heart on Thee; [er,
Storms may howl, and clouds may gath-
All must work for good to me.

4 Haste thee on from grace to glory,
Armed by faith and wing'd by prayer;
Heaven's eternal day's before thee,
God's own hand shall guide thee there
Soon shall close thy earthly mission,
Swift shall pass thy pilgrim days,
Hope shall change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

No. 207. (See music above.)

1 Glorious things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God;
He, whose word cannot be broken,
Formed thee for His own abode;
On the Rock of Ages founded,
What can shake thy sure repose?
With salvation's walls surrounded,
Thou mayest smile at all thy foes.

2 See, the streams of living waters,
Springing from eternal love,
Still supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove:
Who can faint while such a river
Ever flows our thirst to assuage?
Grace, which, like the Lord, the giver,
Never fails from age to age.

3 Round each habitation hovering,
See the cloud and fire appear,
For a glory and a covering,
Showing that the Lord is near!
He who gives us daily manna,
He who listens when we cry,
Let Him hear the loud hosanna
Rising to His throne on high.

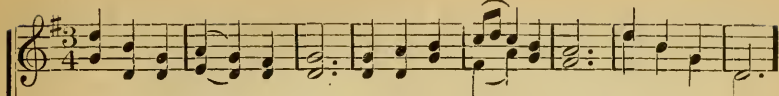
JOHN NEWTON.

No. 208. Come, Thou Almighty King.

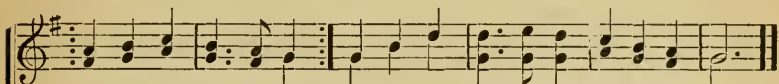
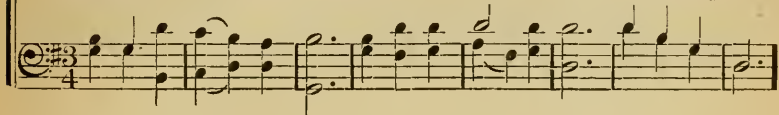
MARTIN MADIN.

ITALIAN HYMN. 6s, 4s.

F. GIARDINI.



1. Come, Thou almighty King, Help us Thy name to sing, Help us to praise:



{ Fa-ther all glo-ri-ous, } Come and reign o-ver us, Ancient of days!
{ O'er all vic-to-ri-ous, }



2 Come, Thou incarnate Word!
Gird on Thy mighty sword;
Our prayer attend;
Come, and Thy people bless,
And give Thy word success;
Spirit of holiness!
On us descend.

3 Come, holy Comforter!
Thy sacred witness bear,
In this glad hour;
Thou who almighty art,
Now rule in every heart,
And ne'er from us depart,
Spirit of power.

4 To the great One in Three,
The highest praises be,
Hence ever-more!
His sovereign majesty
May we in glory see,
And to eternity
Love and adore.

2. For her our prayers shall rise
To God, above the skies;
On Him we wait;
Thou who art ever nigh,
Guarding with watchful eye,
To Thee aloud we cry,
God save the State!

JOHN DWIGHT,

No. 210. (See music above.)

1. Christ, for the world we sing,
The world to Christ we bring,
With love and zeal,
The poor and them that mourn,
The faint and overborne,
Sin sick and sorrow worn,
Whom Christ doth heal.

2. Christ for the world we sing,
The world to Christ we bring,
With fervent prayer;
The wayward and the lost,
By restless passion tossed,
Redeemed at countless cost,
From dark despair.

3. Christ for the world we sing,
The world to Christ we bring,
With one accord:
With us the work to share,
With us reproach to dare,
With us the cross to bear,
For Christ our Lord.

SAMUEL WOLCOTT.

No. 209. (See music above.)

1. God bless our native land!
Firm may she ever stand,
Through storm and night;
When the wild tempests rave,
Ruler of wind and wave,
Do Thou our country save
By Thy great might!

No. 211. Stand up, Stand up for Jesus.

GEO. DUFFIELD.

WEBB. 7s. 6s.

GEO. WEBB.

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

3 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
Stand in His strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you,
Ye dare not trust your own;
Put on the gospel armor,
Each piece put on with prayer,
Where duty calls, or danger,
Be never wanting there.

3 Blest river of salvation,
Pursue thy onward way;
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy richness stay:
Stay not till all the lowly,
Triumphant reach their home;
Stay not till all the holy
Proclaim, "The Lord is come!"
SAMUEL F. SMITH.

No. 212 (See music above.)

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

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

No. 213. (See music above.)

1 Unfurl the Temp'rance Banner,
And fling it to the breeze,
And let the glad hosanna
Sweep over land and seas;
To God be all the glory
For what we now behold—
Oh, let the cheering story
In every ear be told.

2 The drunkard shall not perish
In Alcohol's dire chain,
But wife and children cherish
Within his home again;
And sobered men, repenting,
Will bow at Jesus' feet,
Their thankful hearts relenting
Before the mercy-seat.

3 A new-waked zeal is burning
In this and every land,
And thousands now are turning
To join our temp'rance band;
The light of truth is shining
In many a darkened soul;
Ere long its rays combining
Will blaze from pole to pole.

No. 214. Must Jesus Bear the Cross Alone?

THOS. SHEPHERD.

MAITLAND. C. M.

GEO. N. ALLEN.

1. Must Je - sus bear the cross a - lone, And all the world go free?—

No; there's a cross for ev - 'ry one, And there's a cross for me.

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

3 Upon the crystal pavement, down
At Jesus' pierced feet,
Joyful, I'll cast my golden crown,
And His dear name repeat.

4 O precious cross! O glorious crown!
O resurrection day!
Ye angels from the stars come down,
And bear my soul away.

Come, shed abroad a Savior's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

ISAAC WATTS.

No. 216. (See music above.)

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

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

3 Dear Name, the Rock on which I
My shield and hiding place; [build,
My never falling treasure, filled
With boundless stores of grace.

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

JOHN NEWTON.

No. 215. (See music above.)

1 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly dove,
With all Thy quickening powers;
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.

2 Look how we grovel here below,
Fond of these earthly toys;
Our souls how heavily they go,
To reach eternal joys.

3 In vain we tune our formal songs
In vain we strive to rise;
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

4 Father, and shall we ever live
At this poor dying rate,
Our love so faint, so cold to Thee,
And Thine to us so great?

5 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly dove
With all thy quickening powers;

No. 217. (See music above.)

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

2 Thro' many dangers, toils, and snares,
I have already come;
'Tis grace has brought me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home.

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

No. 218. Arise, My Soul, Arise!

CHARLES WESLEY.

L'ENOX. H. M.

LEWIS EDSON.

1. A-rise, my soul, a - rise; Shake off thy guilty fears; The bleeding sacri-

fice In my be-half ap-pears; Before the throne my surety stands, Be-

fore the throne my surety stands, My name is writ-ten on His hands.

2 He ever lives above
For me to intercede,
His all redeeming love,
His precious blood to plead;
||: His blood atoned for all our race, :||
And sprinkles now the throne of grace.

3 The Father hears him pray,
His dear anointed one;
He can not turn away
The presence of His Son;
||: His Spirit answers to the blood, :||
And tells me I am born of God.

No. 219. (See music above.)

1 Blow ye the trumpet, blow
The gladly solemn sound;
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound,
||: The year of jubilee is come; :||
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

2 Jesus, our great High priest;
Has full atonement made;
Ye weary spirits, rest;
Ye mourning souls, be glad;
||: The year of jubilee is come; :||
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

3 Exalt the Lamb of God,
The sin atoning Lamb;
Redemption by His blood
Through all the world proclaim;
||: The year of jubilee is come; :||
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

CHARLES WESLEY.

No. 220. (See music above.)

1 Let earth and heaven agree,
Angels and men be joined,
To celebrate with me
The Savior of mankind;
||: T' adore the all-atoning Lamb, :||
And bless the sound of Jesus' name.

2 Jesus! transporting sound!
The joy of earth and heaven;
No other help is found.
No other name is given,
||: By which we can salvation have; :||
But Jesus came the world to save.

3 Oh, for a trumpet voice!
On all the world to call,—
To bid their hearts rejoice
In Him who died for all;
||: For, all my Lord was crucified; :||
For all, for all, my Savior died.

CHARLES WESLEY.

No. 221. O For a Thousand Tongues.

CHARLES WESLEY.

AZMON. C. M.

LOWELL MASON.

1. O for a thousand tongues, to sing My great Re-deem-er's praise;

The glo-ries of my God and King, The triumphs of His grace!

- 2 My gracious Master and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,
To spread thro' all the earth abroad,
The honors of Thy name.
- 3 Jesus! the name that charms our
That bids our sorrows cease; [fears,
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.
- 4 He breaks the power of canceled sin,
He sets the prisoner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean;
His blood availed for me.

- 2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
My great Redeemer's throne;
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone.
- 3 O for a lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean, [part
Which neither life nor death can
From Him that dwells within!
- 4 A heart in every thought renewed,
And full of love divine;
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
A copy, Lord, of Thyne.

CHARLES WESLEY.

No. 222. (See music above.)

- 1 Salvation! O the joyful sound
What pleasure to our ears?
A sovereign balm for every wound,
A cordial for our fears.
- 2 Salvation! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around,
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.
- 3 Salvation! O thou bleeding Lamb!
To Thee the praise belongs:
Salvation shall inspire our hearts,
And dwell upon our tongues.

JOHN NEWTON.

No. 223. (See music above.)

- 1 O for a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free!
A heart that always feels Thy blood,
So freely spilt for me!

No. 224. (See music above.)

- 1 Am I a soldier of the cross,
A follower of the Lamb,
And shall I fear to own His cause,
Or blush to speak His name?
- 2 Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease, [prize,
While others fought to win the
And sailed through bloody seas?
- 3 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?
- 4 Sure I must fight, if I would reign;
Increase my courage, Lord;
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain;
Supported by Thy word.

ISAAC WATTS.

No. 225. Alas! and Did My Savior Bleed?

ISAAC WATTS.

AVON. C. M.

HUGH WILSON.

I. A - las! and did my Sav-ior bleed? And did my Sovereign die?

Would He de - vote that sa - cred head For such a worm as I?

2 Was it for crimes that I have done,
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!

3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut His glories in, [died;
When Christ, the mighty Maker,
For man, the creature's sin.

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

A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb!

2 Where is the blessedness I knew,
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and His word?

3 Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest! [mourn,
I hate the sins that made Thee
And drove Thee from my breast.

4 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from Thy throne,
And worship only Thee.

WM. COWPER.

No. 226. (See music above.)

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

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

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

4 That bears, unmoved, the world's dread
Nor heeds its scornful smile; [frown,
That seas of trouble cannot drown,
Nor Satan's arts beguile.

No. 227. (See music above.)

1 O for a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame;

No. 228. (See music above.)

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

2 My dying Savior and my God,
Fountain for guilt and sin,
Sprinkle me ever with Thy Blood,
And cleanse and keep me clean.

3 Wash me and make me thus Thine
Wash me and mine Thou art; [own;
Wash me, but not my feet alone, —
My hands, my head, my heart.

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

CHAS. WESLEY.

No. 229. Guide Me, O Thou Great Jehovah.

WILLIAM WILLIAMS.

ZION. 8s, 7, 4.

THOMAS HASTINGS.

1. { Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah, Pilgrim thro' this barren land: } Bread of
I am weak, but Thou art mighty; Hold me with Thy pow'rful hand; }

heaven, Feed me till I want no more, Bread of heaven, Feed me till I want no more.

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

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

3 Peace and joy shall now attend thee;
All thy warfare now is past;
God thy Savior will defend thee;
Victory is thine at last;
All thy conflicts
End in everlasting rest.

THOMAS KELLY.

No. 230. (See music above.)

1 On the mountain's top appearing,
Lo! the sacred herald stands,
Welcome news to Zion bearing,—
Zion, long in hostile lands:
Mourning captive!
God Himself shall loose thy bands.

2 Hasthy night been long and mournful?
Have thy friends unfaithful proved,
Have thy foes been proud and scornful?
By thy sighs and tears unmoved?
Cease thy mourning;
Zion still is well beloved.

No. 231. (See music above.)

1 Zion stands with hills surrounded,
Zion, kept by power divine;
All her foes shall be confounded,
Though the world in arms combine;
Happy Zion,
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.

THOMAS KELLY.

No. 232. Hail, Thou Once Despised.

JOHN BAKEWELL.

AUTUMN. 8, 7, D.

1. Hail, Thou once de-spis-ed Je - sus! Hail, thou Gal - i - le - an King!

Thou didst suf - fer to re - lease us; Thou didst free sal - va-tion bring.
D. S. *By Thy mer-its we find fa - vor; Life is giv - en thro' Thy name.*

Hail, Thou ag - o - niz - ing Sav - ior, Bear - er of our sin and shame!

2 Jesus, hail! enthroned in glory,
There forever to abide;
All the heavenly hosts adore thee,
Seated at thy Father's side:
There for sinners thou art pleading,
There thou dost our place prepare;
Ever for us interceding,
Till in glory we appear.

3 Worship, honor, power and blessing,
Thou art worthy to receive;
Loudest praises, without ceasing,
Meet it is for us to give.
Help, ye bright angelic spirits,
Bring your sweetest, noblest lays;
Help to sing our Savior's merits;
Help to chant Immanuel's praise!

No. 233 (See music above.)

1 Gently, Lord, oh, gently lead us
Through this lonely vale of tears,
Thro' the changes Thou'st decreed us,
Till our last great change appears;
When temptation's darts assail us,
When in devious paths we stray,
Let Thy goodness never fail us,
Lead us in Thy perfect way.

2 In the hour of pain and anguish,
In the hour when death draws near,
Suffer not our souls to languish,
Suffer not our souls to fear,
And when mortal life is ended,
Bid us in Thine arms to rest,
Till by angel bands attended
We awake among the blest.

THOS. HASTINGS.

No. 234. (See music above.)

1 Hark, the voice of Jesus calling,
"Who will go and work to-day?
Fields are white, and harvests waiting,
Who will bear the sheaves away?"
Loud and long the Master calleth,
Rich reward He offers free;
Who will answer, gladly saying,
"Here am I, send me, send me?"

2 Let none hear you idly saying,
"There is nothing I can do,"
While the souls of men are dying,
And the Master calls for you:
Take the task He gives you gladly;
Let His work your pleasure be;
Answer quickly when He calleth,
"Here am I, send me, send me."

DANIEL MARCH.

No. 235. When I Survey the Cross.

ISAAC WATTS.

ISAAC WOODBURY.

1. When I survey the wondrous cross On which the Prince of glo-ry died,

My richest gain I count but loss, And pour con-tempt on all my pride.

- 2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my God;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to His blood.
- 3 See, from His head, His hands, His feet
Sorrow and love flow mingled down;
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?
- 4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

There is a calm, a sure retreat:
'Tis found beneath the mercy-seat.

2 There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads;
A place than all besides more sweet:
It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.

3 There is a scene where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend:
Tho' Sundered far, by faith they meet
Around one common mercy-seat.

4 Ah! whither could we flee for aid,
When tempted, desolate, dismayed;
Or how the hosts of hell defeat,
Had suffering saints no mercy-seat?

HUGH STOWELL.

No. 236. (See music above.)

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

2 Ashamed of Jesus! that dear friend
On whom my hopes of heaven depend!
No; when I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more revere His name.

3 Ashamed of Jesus! yes, I may,
When I've no guilt to wash away;
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
No fears to quell, no soul to save.

4 Till then—nor is my boasting vain—
Till then I boast a Savior slain;
And O, may this my glory be,
That Christ is not ashamed of me!

JOSEPH GRIGGS, ALT. BY B. FRANCIS.

No. 238. (See music above.)

1 I thirst, Thou wounded Lamb of God,
To wash me in Thy cleansing blood;
To dwell within Thy wounds; then pain
Is sweet, and life or death is gain.

2 Take my poor heart, and let it be
Forever closed to all but Thee:
Seal Thou my breast, and let me wear
That pledge of love forever there.

3 How blest are they who still abide
Close sheltered in Thy bleeding side!
Who thence their life and strength derive,
And by Thee move, and in Thee live.

4 Hence our hearts melt, our eyes o'erflow,
Our words are lost, nor will we know
Nor will we think of aught beside;
"My Lord, my Love is crucified."

No. 237. (See music above.)

1 From every stormy wind that blows,
From every swelling tide of woes,

No. 239. How Firm a Foundation.

GEORGE KEITH.

115.

ANNE STEELE.

The musical score consists of three systems, each with a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment (bass clef). The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 2/2. The lyrics are printed below the vocal line.

1. How firm a foun-da-tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your
 faith in His ex - cel-lent word! Why more can He say than to
 you He hath said, You who un-to Je - sus for ref-uge have fled?

- 2 In every condition—in sickness, in health; [wealth; And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn,
 In poverty's vale, or abounding in Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be borne.
 At home and abroad; on the land, on the sea—
- 3 "As thy days may demand, shall thy strength ever be.
- 3 "Fear not; I am with thee; O be not dismayed! [aid; I, I am thy God, and will still give thee I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand, [hand. Upheld by my righteous, omnipotent
- 4 "When through the deep waters I call thee to go, [flow; The rivers of woe shall not thee over-For I will be with thee, thy troubles to bless, [tress. And sanctify to thee thy deepest dis-
- 5 "When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie, [ply: My grace, all-sufficient, shall be thy sup-The flame shall not hurt thee—I only design [refine. Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to
- 6 "E'en down to old age, all my people shall prove [love; My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable
- 7 "The soul that on Jesus still leans for repose, I will not, I will not, desert to his foes; That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake, [sake." I'll never, *no, never, NO, NEVER* for-

No. 240. (See music above.)

- 1 Oh, turn ye, oh, turn ye, for why will ye die,
 When God in great mercy is coming so nigh?
 Now Jesus invites you, the Spirit says, Come,
 And angels are waiting to welcome you home.
- 2 And now Christ is ready your souls to receive,
 Oh! how can you question, if you will believe?
 If sin is your burden, why will you not come?
 'T is you He bids welcome; He bids you come home.

ANON.

No. 241.

Revive Us Again.

WM. P. MACKAY.

J. J. HUSBAND.

1, We praise Thee, O God! for the Son of Thy love,
 2, We praise Thee, O God! for Thy Spir - it of light,
 3, All glo - ry and praise to the Lamb that was slain,
 4, All glo - ry and praise to the God of all grace,

For Je - sus who died and is now gone a - bove,
 Who has shown us our Sav - ior and scat - tered our night,
 Who has borne all our sins and has cleansed ev - 'ry stain,
 Who has bought us, and sought us, and guid - ed our ways,

REFRAIN.

Hal - le-lu-jah! Thine the glory; Hal-le-lu-jah! a-men! Re-vive us a-gain,

No. 242. God's Love.

Leader:—For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.

Response:—In this was manifested the love of God toward us, because that God sent His only begotten Son into the world, that we might live thro' Him.

Leader:—Beloved, if God so loved us, we ought also to love one another.

All sing. 1st verse No. 241, We praise, etc.

Leader:—But the Comforter, which is the Holy Ghost, whom the Father will send in my name, he shall teach you all things and bring all things to your remembrance, whatsoever I have said unto you.

Response:—When He, the Spirit of Truth, is come. He will guide you into

God's Love. Concluded.

all truth; for he shall not speak of himself; but whatsoever he shall hear, that shall he speak: and he will show you things to come.

Leader:—He shall glorify me: for he shall receive of mine, and shall show it unto you.

All sing. 2d verse, We praise Thee, etc.

Leader:—And I beheld, and I heard the voice of many angels round about the throne, and the living creatures and the elders; and the number of them was ten-thousand times ten-thousand, and thousands of thousands.

Response:—Saying with a loud voice, Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honor, and glory, and blessing.

All Sing. 3d verse, All glory, etc.

No. 243. Holy Spirit, Faithful Guide.

M. M. WELLS.

Fine.

D. C. Whispering softly, "wanderer, come, Fol - low me, I'll guide thee home."

D. C.

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

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

No. 244. Holy Spirit, No. 1.

Holy Spirit. Concluded.

Leader.—That which is born of the flesh is flesh; and that which is born of the Spirit is spirit.

Response.—If any man have not the spirit of Christ, he is none of his.

Leader.—As many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God.

Response.—The Spirit itself beareth witness with our spirit that we are the children of God.

All Sing; 1st verse, No. 243, Holy Spirit, etc

Leader.—After that ye believed, ye were sealed with that Holy Spirit of promise, which is the earnest of our inheritance until our redemption of the purchased possessions unto the praise of his glory.

Response.—Grieve not the holy Spirit of God, whereby ye are sealed unto the day of redemption.

Leader.—The Comforter, which is

the Holy Ghost, whom the Father will send in my name, he shall teach you all things and bring all things to your remembrance whatsoever I have said unto you.

Response.—The Spirit also helpeth our infirmities, for we know not what we should pray for as we ought, but the Spirit itself maketh intercession for us.

All Sing; 2d verse, Ever present, etc.

Leader.—The fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, long suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance; if we live in the Spirit, let us also walk in the Spirit.

Response.—He that soweth to the flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption, but he that soweth to the Spirit, shall of the Spirit reap life everlasting.

All sing; 3d verse, When our days, etc.

No. 245. How Gentle God's Commands.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

DENNIS. S. M.

GEO. NAEGELI.

1. How gen - tle God's com - mands! How kind His pre - cepts are!
 2. Be - neath His watch - ful eye His saints se - cure - ly dwell;
 3. Why should this anx - ious load Press down your wea - ry mind?
 4. His good - ness stands approved, Unchang'd from day to day:

Come, cast your bur - dens on the Lord, And trust His constant care.
 That hand which bears all na - ture up Shall guard His children well.
 Hasten to your heav - en - ly Father's throne, And sweet re - fresh - ment find.
 I'll drop my bur - den at His feet, And bear a song a - way.

No. 246. Wisdom.

Leader:—Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth. Serve him with gladness, and magnify his name forever!

Response:—What shall I render unto the Lord for all his benefits towards me? I will take the cup of salvation and call upon the name of the Lord.

Leader:—Give us, O Lord, the wisdom from above, which is first pure, then peaceable, gentle, easy to be entreated, full of mercy and good fruits, without partiality, and without hypocrisy.

Response:—Whence then cometh wisdom? and where is the place of understanding?

Leader:—Behold, the fear of the Lord, that is wisdom, and to depart from evil is understanding.

Response:—Happy is the man that findeth wisdom, and the man that getteth understanding.

Leader:—The merchandise of it is better than the merchandise of silver,

Wisdom. Concluded.

and the gain thereof than fine gold.

Response:—She is more precious than rubies.

Leader:—And all things thou canst desire are not to be compared unto her.

Response:—Length of days is in her right hand: and in her left hand riches and honor.

Leader:—Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace.

Response:—She is a tree of life to them that lay hold upon her; and happy is every one that retaineth her.

Leader:—And beside this, giving all diligence, add to your knowledge temperance.

Response:—And to temperance, patience.

Leader:—And to patience, godliness.

Response:—And to godliness, brotherly kindness.

Leader:—And to brotherly kindness, charity.

All Sing: 1st and 2d verses, No. 245,
 How gentle God's commands! etc.

No. 247. Holy, Holy, Holy!

NICEA, 11, 12, 10. (M. H. 136.) Rev. JOHN B. DYKES.

1. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly! Lord God Al-might-y! Ear-ly in the

morn - ing, Our songs shall rise to Thee; Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly!

Mer - ci-ful and Might-y! God in three Per-sons, Blessed Trin-i - ty!

2 Holy, holy, holy!
All the saints adore Thee,
Casting down their golden crowns
Around the glassy sea;
Cherubim and Seraphim
Falling down before Thee,
Which wert and art and
Evermore shalt be.

3 Holy, holy, holy!
Lord God Almighty!
All Thy work shall praise Thy name
In earth and sky and sea:
Holy, holy, holy!
Merciful and Mighty!
God in three Persons,
Blessed Trinity!

No. 248. Holy. Holy!

Leader:—Holy, holy, holy, is the Lord of hosts; the whole earth is full of his glory.

All Sing: 1st verse, No. 247, Holy, holy, holy! Lord God Almighty! etc.

Leader:—For thou art not a God that hath pleasure in wickedness: neither shall evil dwell with Thee.

Response:—But thou art holy, O thou that inhabitest the praises of Israel.

All Sing: 2d verse, Holy, holy, holy! All the saints adore thee, etc.

Holy, Holy! Concluded.

Leader:—Exalt ye the Lord our God and worship at his footstool; for he is holy.

Response:—And the four beasts had each of them six wings about him, and they were full of eyes within, and they rest not day and night, saying, Holy, holy, holy! Lord God Almighty, which was, and is, and is to come!

All Sing: 3d verse, Holy, holy, holy! Lord God Almighty! etc.

No. 249. My Faith Looks Up.

RAY PALMER.

OLIVET. (M. H. 762.)

LOWELL MASON.

i. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal-va-ry, Sav - ior di-vine!

{ Now hear me while I pray, }
 { Take all my guilt a-way, } Oh, let me from this day Be whol-ly Thine.

- 2 May thy rich grace impart
 Strength to my fainting heart,
 My zeal inspire;
 As thou hast died for me,
 Oh, 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 Savior, then, in love,
 Fear and distrust remove;
 Oh, bear me safe above,
 A ransomed soul!

No. 250. Faith.

All Sing: 1st verse No. 249, My faith, etc.

Leader:—As many as received him, to them gave he power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on his name.

Response:—He that believeth on him is not condemned; but he that believeth not, is condemned already, because he hath not believed in the name of the only begotten Son of God.

Leader:—He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life; and he that believeth not the Son, shall not see life; but the wrath of God abideth on him.

Response:—If ye believe not that I am he, ye shall die in your sins.

All Sing: 2d verse, May Thy rich, etc.

Leader:—And whosoever liveth, and

Faith. Concluded.

believeth in me, shall never die.

Response:—Gracious is the Lord, and righteous; yea, our God is merciful.

Leader:—Even when we were dead in sins, hath he quickened us together with Christ; (by grace ye are saved.)

Response:—That in the ages to come he might show the exceeding riches of his grace in his kindness towards us, through Christ Jesus.

All Sing: 3d verse, While life's dark, etc.

Leader:—Being justified freely by his grace, through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus.

Response:—And if by grace, then it is no more of works; otherwise grace is no more grace.

All Sing: 4th verse, When ends life's etc.

No. 251.

H. BONAR.

What a Friend.

8s, 7s, D. (M. H. 728.)

C. C. CONVERSE.

1. What a friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to bear!

What a priv - i - lege to car - ry Ev - 'ry thing to God in pray'r!
 D. S. *All be-cause we do not car - ry, Ev - 'ry thing to God in pray'r!*

Oh, what peace we oft - en for - feit, Oh, what needless pain we bear,

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

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

No. 252. Prayer. No. I.

Leader:—If my people, which are called by my name, shall humble themselves and pray, and seek my face, and turn from their wicked ways, then will I hear from heaven, and will forgive their sin.

Response:—And whatsoever ye shall ask in my name, that will I do, that the Father may be glorified in the Son.

All Sing: 1st verse, No. 251, What a, etc.

Leader:—In everything by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving let your requests be made known unto God.

Response:—The Spirit also helpeth our infirmities, for we know not what we should pray for as we ought; but the Spirit itself maketh intercession for us with groanings which cannot be uttered.

All Sing: 2d verse, Have we trials, etc.

Prayer. Concluded.

Leader:—Confess your faults one to another, and pray for one another, that ye may be healed. The effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much.

Response:—The sacrifice of the wicked is an abomination to the Lord; but the prayer of the upright is His delight.

All Sing: 3d verse, Are we weak, etc.

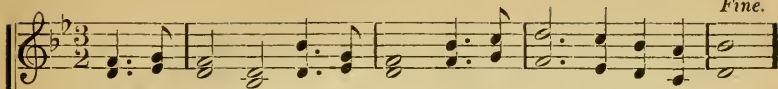
Leader:—After this manner therefore pray ye:

All:—Our Father which art in heaven, hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil. For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, forever. Amen.

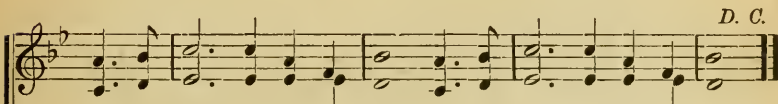
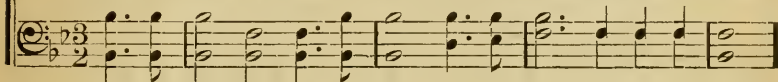
A. M. TOPLADY.

TOPLADY. 7s.

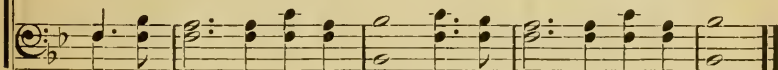
THOS. HASTINGS,

Fine.

1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my-self in Thee:
 D. C. *Be of sin the dou-ble cure, Save from wrath and make me pure.*

*D. C.*

Let the wa - ter and the blood, From thy wounded side which flow'd.



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

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

No. 254. Rock of Ages.

Leader:—Behold the Lamb of God who taketh away the sins of the world.

Response:—He was wounded for our transgressions. He was bruised for our iniquity. The chastisement of our peace was upon him, and with his stripes we are healed.

Leader:—Thou shalt call his name Jesus, for he shall save his people from their sins.

All Sing: 1st verse, No. 253, Rock of Ages,

Leader:—The blood of Jesus Christ, his Son, cleanseth us from all sin.

Response:—Neither is there salvation in any other, for there is none other name given under heaven among men whereby we must be saved.

Leader:—Without shedding of blood is no remission.

Rock of Ages. Concluded.

Response:—The eternal God is thy refuge and underneath are the everlasting arms.

All sing; 2d verse, Could my tears, etc.

Leader:—The gift of God is eternal life, through Jesus Christ, our Lord.

Response:—By grace are ye saved through faith, and that not of yourselves; it is the gift of God.

Leader:—How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation.

All.—When thou passest through the waters I will be with thee and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee; when thou walkest through the fire thou shalt not be burned, neither shall the flame kindle upon thee.

All Sing: 3d verse, While I draw, etc.

No. 255. Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

CHARLES WESLEY.

MARTYN. 7 D. (M. H. 656.)

S. B. MARSH.

Fine.

I. { Je - sus, lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly, }
 { While the nearer wa - ters roll, While the tempest still is high; }

D. C. Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, Oh, re - ceive my soul at last.

D. C.

Hide me, O my Sav - ior, hide, Till the storm of life is past;

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

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

No. 256. Refuge.

Leader:—I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills from whence cometh my help. My help cometh from the Lord who made heaven and earth.

Response:—He shall be as an hiding place from the wind, and a covert from the tempest; as rivers of water in a dry place, as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land.

Leader:—Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid:

All Sing. 1st verse, No. 255, Jesus, lover, etc.

Leader:—Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest.

Response;—I will both lay me down

Refuge. Concluded.

in peace and sleep, for thou Lord only maketh me to dwell in safety.

Leader:—The Lord will be a refuge for the oppressed, a refuge in time of trouble.

Response:—What time I am afraid I will trust in thee.

All Sing. 2d verse, Other refuge have, etc.

Leader:—Behold he that keepeth Israel shal! neither slumber nor sleep.

Response:—The name of the Lord is a strong tower. The righteous runneth into it, and is safe.

Leader:—Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on thee because he trusteth in thee.

All Sing; 3d verse, Thou, O Christ, etc.

No. 257. Prayer, No. 2.

Leader:—Enter into his gates with thanksgiving, and into his courts with praise.

Response:—I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go into the house of the Lord.

Leader:—They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles;

Response:—They shall run, and not be weary; they shall walk, and not faint.

Leader:—Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled.

Response:—Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God.

Leader:—Draw nigh to God, and he will draw nigh to you.

Response:—Ask, and ye shall receive; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you.

Leader:—Let us therefore come boldly unto the throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy, and find grace to help in time of need.

Response:—O come, let us worship and bow down; let us kneel before the Lord our Maker.

All Sing: (See music No. 251.)

What a friend we have in Jesus,

All our sins and griefs to bear!

What a privilege to carry

Everything to God in prayer!

Oh, what peace we often forfeit,

Oh, what needless pain we bear,

All because we do not carry,

Everything to God in prayer!

No. 258. Holy Spirit, No. 2.

Leader:—And it shall come to pass in the last days, saith God, I will pour out my Spirit upon all flesh.

Response:—And your sons and your daughters shall prophesy, and your young men shall see visions, and your old men shall dream dreams.

Leader:—And on my servants and on my handmaidens I will pour out in those days of my Spirit, and they shall prophesy.

Response:—But ye shall receive power after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you; and ye shall be witnesses unto me both in Jerusalem and in all Judea, and in Samaria, and unto the uttermost parts of the earth.

Leader:—And when the day of Pen-

Holy Spirit. Concluded.

tecost was fully come, they were all with one accord in one place.

Response:—And suddenly there came a sound from heaven as of a rushing mighty wind, and it filled all the house where they were sitting.

Leader:—And there appeared unto them cloven tongues like as of fire, and it sat upon each of them.

Response:—And they were all filled with the Holy Ghost, and began to speak with other tongues, as the Spirit gave them utterance.

Leader:—Have ye received the Holy Ghost since ye believed?

Response:—Hereby know that we dwell in him, and he in us, because he hath given us of his Spirit.

All Sing: (See music No. 243.)

Holy Spirit, faithful guide,

Ever near the Christian's side,

Gently lead us by the hand;

Pilgrims to a better land.

Weary souls, fore'er rejoice,

While they hear that sweetest voice

Whispering softly, "wand'rer come

Follow me, I'll guide thee home."

No. 259. Praise, No. 2.

Leader:—Praise ye the Lord, sing unto the Lord a new song, and his praise in the congregation of saints.

Response:—For the Lord taketh pleasure in his people; he will beautify the meek with salvation.

Leader:—Praise ye the Lord. Praise God in his sanctuary; praise him in the firmament of his power.

Response:—Praise him for his mighty acts; praise him according to his excellent greatness.

Leader:—Praise him with the sound of the trumpet; praise him with the psaltery and harp.

Response:—Praise him with the timbrel and dance; praise him with stringed instruments and organs.

Leader:—Praise him upon the loud cymbals; praise him upon the high sounding cymbals.

Response:—Let everything that hath breath praise the Lord. Praise ye the Lord.

All Sing: (See music No. 264.)

Praise God from whom all blessings flow

Praise Him, all creatures here below,

Praise Him above, ye heavenly host;

Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

No. 264.

THOS. KEN.

Doxology.

OLD HUNDRED. L. M.

G. FRANC.

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

Praise Him a-bove ye heav'nly host, Praise Father, Son and Ho-ly Ghost.

No. 265. Invitation to Worship.*(See music above.)*

- | | |
|---|---|
| 1 All people that on earth do dwell,
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice:
Him serve with fear, His praise forth tell
Come ye before Him, and rejoice. | 3 O enter then His gates with praise,
Approach with joy His courts unto:
Praise, laud, and bless His name always,
For it is seemly so to do. |
| 2 The Lord, ye know, is God indeed,
Without our aid He did us make;
We are His flock, He doth us feed,
And for His sheep He doth us take. | 4 For why? the Lord our God is good,
His mercy is forever sure;
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure. |

WILLIAM KETHE.

No. 266.

THOS. KEN.

Doxology.

SESSIONS. L. M.

L. O. EMERSON.

1. All people that on earth do dwell, Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice:

Him serve with fear, His praise forth tell, Come ye before Him and re-joice.

No. 267.**Gloria Patri.**

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

INDEX.

Titles in SMALL CAPS; First Lines in Roman; metrical titles in *Italic*.

	No.		No.	No.
ABIDE WITH ME....	179	<i>Elleside, 8s, 7s, D...</i>	206	I ALWAYS GO TO JES 45
ABUNDANTLY ABLE.	46	EVER WILL I PRAY..	97	I am coming to the 192
A BURDEN BEARER...	38	Father, in the morn	97	I am coming unto.. 169
ALAS AND DID MY SA	225	Father, I stretch my	196	I AM TRUSTING LORD 192
A LITTLE TALK WIT.	127	FIND SOMETHING TO	165	I can hear my Savio 69
ALL FOR JESUS.....	146	FOLLOW ALL THE... 12		I CANNOT TELL WHY 10
ALL HAIL THE POWER	91	FOLLOW ME..... 21		I COME TO THEE.... 79
All people that on...	265	For all the Lord has	15	I DO BELIEVE..... 196
All, yes all, I give to	146	Forever here my res	228	If I in thy likeness.. 72
AMAZING grace, how	217	For salvation are yo	21	IF I WERE A VOICE. 109
AMERICA.....	183	FROM ALL THAT DW	67	If unrepentant you 29
Am I a soldier of the	224	FROM EVERY STO 131-237		I have a song I love 34
ANGELS HOV'RING..	200	Gather them to us fr	68	I have bathed in the 14
AN HEIR TO THE KIN	100	Gently Lord, O gent	233	I have no merit.... 43
Are you ready for th	142	GLORIA PATRI..... 267		I HAVE OFTEN HEA. 84
<i>Ariel C. P. M.....</i>	106	Glorious things of th	207	I journey to the bett 19
ARISE, MY SOUL, ARI	218	Glory be to the Fath	267	I knew that God in 118
A sinner was wand'	104	GLORY, GLORY TO.. 55		I'LL LIVE FOR HIM.. 161
AT THE FOUNTAIN..	205	GLORY JESUS SAVES 14		I LOVE TO SING ABO 5
<i>Autumn, 8s, 7s, D...</i>	232	GLORY TO HIS NAME 89		I'm heir to the man 100
<i>Avon, C. M.....</i>	225	God bless our native	209	I'M KNEELING AT TH 202
AWAY THE BOWL... 136		God calling yet.... 121		I'm trusting, I'm tru 33
<i>Azmon, C. M.....</i>	221	God is calling the... 56		I'M TRUSTING IN JES 33
BE ACTIVE IN THE .. 24		GOD IS CALLING YET 121		In a world where sor 4
BEAUTIFUL, BECKON 48		GOD IS EVERYWHER 25		I NEVER WILL CEASE 15
BEAUTIFUL ROBES.. 180		GOD IS LOVE... .. 13		IN HEAVENLY LOV 28-133
Beckoning hands at	48	GO FORWARD, CHRIS 50		In the army of the.. 170
BEHOLD I STAND AT 88		GOOD NEWS..... 135		IN THE MORNING... 94
BE THOU MY GUIDE 17		Go, SPREAD THE LIG 78		IN THE SECRET OF.. 160
BLESSED ASSURANCE 110		GUIDE ME O THOU.. 229		IN THE SHADOW OF 111
Blessed words for.. 57		HAIL THOU ONCE DE 232		INVITATION TO WOR 265
Blow ye the trumpet 219		HAPPY DAY..... 189		I SHALL BE SATISFIE 72
By faith the Lamb.. 169		HARK, TEN THOUSA 83		I shall have the flow 94
CALLING THE PRODI 56		Hark, the herald an 155		<i>Italian Hymn, 6s, 4s</i> 208
CALL THEM IN..... 68		Hark, the voice of.. 234		I thirst thou wound 238
CARRY EVERYTHING 35		<i>Harwell, 8s, 7s,...</i> 83		It was good for our 194
Christ for the world 210		HAST THOU HEARD. 112		IT WILL NEVER GRO 123
CHRIST IS ALL THE.. 140		HAVE FAITH IN GOD 177		I've a message from 64
Come and listen to 154		Have you found a.. 65		I want to be more li 70
Come, christian sail 176		Have you heard the 135		I want to serve Jesu 16
Come, Holy Spirit.. 215		Hear our pray 260-61-62		I WILL GO TO THE KI 125
COME, SINNER COME 167		Heart of Jesus... .. 23		I WILL LIFT UP MINE 263
Come sinners to the 77		Hear the gospel.... 32		I WILL LOVE THEE.. 59
COME THOU ALMIGH 208		HEAR THE MASTER.. 174		Jerusalem, my happ 171
COME THOU FOUNT 187		Hear the temperanc 95		Jesus and shall.... 236
COME TO JESUS... 198		HE GIVETH HIS BELO 134		Jesus came from hea 1
COME YE DISCONSOL 11		HE IS CALLING..... 149		JESUS FOR ME..... 6
COME YE SINNERS... 197		HE KEEPETH ME EV 137		Jesus has offered the 76
COME YET THAT LOVE 195		HE LOVED ME SO... 169		JESUS, I MY CROSS.. 206
COMING TO DAY... 63		HERE AM I..... 81		JESUS IS CALLING... 76
COMING UNTO JESUS 166		Holy Father, freely. 2		JESUS IS PASSING BY 53
<i>Coronation, C M...</i>	91	HOLY HOLY, HOLY. 247		Jesus Lord I come.. 193
Death bells tolling.. 153		HOLY SPIRIT, FAITH 243		JESUS LOVER OF MY 255
<i>Dennis, S. M.....</i>	245	HOW FIRM A FOUND 239		Jesus my all to heav 201
Depth of mercy.... 13		HOW GENTLE GOD'S 245		Jesus my Savior is a 6
Down at the cross.. 89		HOW I LOVE JESU 96-199		JESUS SAVED OTHER 173
Do you hear the mig 36		How loving is Jesus 54		JESUS SAVES ME.. 43-201
DOXOLOGY..... 264-266		How sweet the name 216		JESUS SAVIOR PILOT 37
<i>Duke St., L. M.....</i>	67	HOW THEY SING IN.. 49		JESUS THE LIGHT OF 155

INDEX.

No.		No.		No.	
JESUS THINE ALL VI	203	ONWARD.....	178	SOME SWEET DAY BY	30
Jesus thou art the.	208	ONWARD AND UPWA	147	SOMETHING TO DO..	158
Jesus with you is pl	167	ONWARD onward joy	178	SORROW and care ma	134
JOY COMETH IN THE	57	ONWARD still and...	147	STANDING ON THE..	71
JUST AS I AM.....	51	O the fountain stan	188	STAND UP STAND UP	211
JUST BEYOND THE..	144	O the joy, the bliss..	117	STEAL AWAY TO JES	47
KEEP CLOSE TO JES	74	O they tell me of a..	60	STEER FOR THE LIGH	9
KIND WORDS CAN NE	130	Our father which ar	85	SUNSHINE IN THE SO	41
LAND OF SONG.....	108	Our youthful hearts	136	TAKE ME IN.....	23
LEANING ON THEE..	39	Out on the desert...	63	TAKE MY YOKE UPO	42
LEND A HAND.....	172	Out where the reape	58	TAKE THE WORLD..	92
<i>Lenox, H. M.</i>	218	Over Judea's rugge	116	TELL IT FAR AND WI	8
Let earth and heav	220	OVER THERE.....	139	Tell it, let the peopl	8
LET HIM IN.....	107	Over there what res	139	TELL IT TO JESUS...	143
LET ME IN THE LIFE	176	O where are the rea	124	TELL OF HIS LOVE..	1
LET US ALONE.....	98	Patiently we toil al	108	THAT OLD OLD STOR	101
Like Jacob in his Be	175	PEACE BE UNTO YOU	102	THE ANGELS ARE LO	175
Like Samuel of old.	81	PILOT ME.....	116	THE BEAUTIFUL LAN	87
LOOK AND LIVE....	64	Praise God from wh	264	THE BLOOD IS ALL..	118
LORD FORGIVE....	2	PRAYING FOR YOU..	141	THE CLEANSING WA	204
LOYALTY TO CHRIST	52	Pray when the days	35	THE COMING OF THE	36
<i>Mailland, C. M.</i>	214	RAISE ME JESUS TO	82	THE FOUNTAIN STAN	188
<i>Martyn, 7s, D.</i>	255	RESCUE THE PERISH	73	THE GOSPEL PROCLA	32
MIGHTY TO SAVE...	65	RESPONSES...260-261-262		THE HALLOWED SPO	122
MORE ABOUT JESUS	3			THE HEAVENLY GAT	186
MORE LIKE JESUS..	7-70	RESPONSIVE SERVICES.		THE LORD'S PRAYER	85
MUST JESUS BEAR..	214	FAITH.....	250	The Master is comin	174
My country 'tis of th	183	GOD'S LOVE....	242	The morning light is	212
MY FAITH LOOKS UP	249	HOLY HOLY....	248	THE PENITENT'S PLE	66
MY FATHER'S HOUSE	105	HOLY SPIRIT 244-258		The precious book is	148
MY HAPPY HOME....	171	PRAISE.....	259	There are angels ho	200
My heart has found	150	PRAYER....	252-257	THERE IS A FOUN 157-159	
My life, my love I..	161	REFUGE.....	256	There is a name....	199
My soul and I.....	186	ROCK OF AGES..	254	There is a spot....	122
My soul is now unit	140	WISDOM.....	246	There's a beautiful	87
<i>National Hymn</i>	183	Rest to the weary so	40	There's a beautiful	9
NEARER THEE.....	163	Return, O wand'rer	47	There's a city bright	144
NEARER THE CROSS.	113	REVIVE US AGAIN...	241	There's an end to al	31
<i>Nicea 11s, 12s, 10s.</i>	247	RICHES UNSEARCHA	132	THERE'S A GREAT...	98
NO ONE IS FORGOTT.	26	RING OUT THE TIDIN	168	There's a pardon....	75
Of him who did salv	205	ROCK OF AGES 99-103-253		There's a stranger..	107
O for a closer walk.	227	Salvation O the joyf	222	There's a voice soft.	22
O for a faith that wi	226	SAVIOR BLESSED SAV	117	There's a wideness..	149
O for a heart to prai	223	Savior hear me whil	66	There's a wonderful	101
O FOR A THOUSAND	221	SAVIOR WASH ME IN	159	There's sunshine in	41
Often do my footste	39	SCATTER GERMS OF..	152	There's work for the	158
O GOD BE MERCIFU	184	SCATTERING PRECIO	90	There will be a won	129
<i>Old Hundred L. M.</i> ..	264	SCATTER SUNSHINE.	4	THE ROAD TO HEAV	191
O happy day.....	189	SEEKING THE LOST..	115	These are words of	105
O have you not hear	123	SERVING JESUS....	16	THE SINNER AND TH	104
OH BE READY.....	142	SILENTLY THE SHAD	151	THE TEMPERANCE..	95
OH COULD I SPEAK.	106	SINCE I HAVE BEEN	34	THE UNCLOUDED DA	60
Oh I love to think..	12	SINNER GO WILL YO	190	THE VERY SAME JES	77
Oh now I see the cri	204	SITTING AT THE FEE	150	THE VOWS OF GOD.	128
Oh turn ye, oh turn	240	SLEEP MY LITTLE ON	114	THE WONDERFUL...	148
OLD TIME RELIGION	194	SNOW FLAKES.....	18	THE WONDROUS STO	154
<i>Olivet</i>	249	SOLDIERS OF THE... 145		They who seek the.	25
O LOVING JESUS... 54		SOME BLESSED DAY.	62	This is the season of	53
One of Christ's burd	38	Some day, but when	62	Thou art my strengt	79
On the mountain's to	230			Thro' all the changi	7

INDEX.

	No.		No.		No
Tiny little snowflak	18	Weighed by thy love	181	When you start for	74
'TIS FOR YOU AND..	75	WEIGHED IN THE BA	181	WHERE ARE THE...	124
To day if you will..	156	We'll meet again on	61	WHERE HE LEADS..	69
To my Savior clingi	55	We praise thee O...	241	WHERE IS YOUR TRU	80
<i>Toplady, 7s</i>	253	We shall reach the..	30	WHERE THE LIVING	40
TO THE RESCUE.....	153	WE SHALL STAND BE	182	Whoever receiveth.	46
Trust thou in God..	177	We shall walk with	180	WHY I LOVE JESUS.	138
TRUST THY FATHER.	86	WHAT A FRIEND....	251	Why stand ye here..	165
Unfurl the temperan	213	What are you trusti	80	WILL YOU BE WITH	44
UP AND BE DOING..	164	What if the watchm	119	WILL YOU COME....	22
Upon the western pl	52	WHAT SINNER THEN	29	WILL YOU HAVE THI	156
WAKE THE SONG....	120	WHAT WILL YOU DO	119	WILL YOU MEET ME	19
WALKING IN THE LI	20	WHEN I SURVEY....	235	WINE IS A MOCKER	185
WASHED IN THE BLO	193	When the burdened	49	WORK FOR US ALL..	58
WE ARE MARCHING	170	When the evening..	102	Would you know...	138
Weary and heavy la	184	WHEN THE MISTS...	162	YES, WE WILL MEET	61
WEARY THE WAITIN	31	WHEN THE ROLL IS	27	Your mother is pray	141
<i>Webb, 7s, 6s</i>	211	When the trumpet..	27	<i>Zion, 8s, 7s, 4s</i>	229
WE COME, COME AGA	126	WHEN WE ARE THER	129	Zion stands with hil	231
We come to worship	126	When you hear the	44		

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